

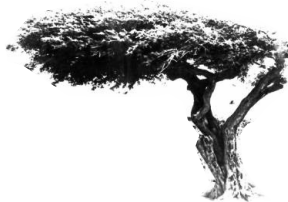
Downey. They have a four year old daughter, Dona Lee.

Brenda joined our family October 17, 1952. She finished High School in Aruba, attended Jacksonville University, later transferring to the University of Florida and there she received a Master's degree in economics and in business administration. Her husband, Jack Vansteen also received a PHD in biochemistry, University of Florida. They both went to Holland where Brenda went to work for Pete Marwick and Mitchell. He studied medicine at the Erasmus University in Rotterdam and is now a doctor at the Horacio Oduber Hospital in Oranjestad. Brenda is now the Chamber of Commerce secretary of the island of Aruba.

Frederick Paul was born April 2, 1955. After completing his schooling in Aruba, he attended school a year at Marionapolis in Connecticut. From there he went to Jacksonville University where he studied economics. He now works for the City Bank in Aruba.

Our youngest daughter, Bernadetta "Detta" Marie, was born May 1, 1957. She finished high school in Aruba and studied in Holland to be a physical therapist. Detta has been working at the Horacio Oduber Hospital as a therapist since 1979. Her husband, Lawrence Henriquez is a doctor the same hospital.

Raymond Joseph was born November 19, 1960 and he completed high school in Aruba. He went to the Florida Institute of Technology, transferring to the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in Massachusetts where he graduated BSME-1984. Returning to Aruba, he was married August 15, 1985 to Geneva Oduber. She is now working in the Horacio Oduber hospital in Oranjestad in the blood bank section. Raymond is the manager of an ice cream plant in Oranjestad.



The Robert Spense Ewart Story

THE BEGINNING

My name is Robert Spense Ewart, and I was born on December 10, 1916. Ewart's the family name of a kid who was born to make a bed. The two mothers just swapped. The other guy is Alfred Ewart Spense.

I lived on the outskirts of Boston. Tom Egan went up on a hiring trip for the job trainers, and he got me and Georgie Molan. Georgie was a carpenter. I don't know what other cities he went to. Frank Griffin came from that area also. He used to say, "Aruber."

I had a chief electrician's job in a plastics plant and it paid \$75 a week. The outfit went broke and then I went to work for a contractor in Boston. I had done my four year apprenticeship with General Electric.

I met a chap on a job, and in '47 things had begun to slow down. He said he was teaching vocational school nights. You had to take a course on teaching methods from the state. They didn't teach you about your trade. If you qualified, you could teach anywhere in the state; you got on the qualified list. He was going to take a full time job teaching. It was depression proof and it paid good money. I took a course and had just about completed it when Tom Eagan came along. There were two of us that Tom had liked. He ruled out the other guy because he was a mulatto. I got the job. That was around Thanksgiving. The day after Christmas I was gone.

ARRIVING IN ARUBA

I was 32 years old when I arrived in Aruba in December 27, 1948. I left home on the 25th. It was a two day flight, and I had to stop in New York on the way down. It took a day to get to Miami on the DC-4's they were flying then.

The day after I got to Aruba, a whole slew of junior engineers came in. Dick Spellman wound up as my roommate. Kurt Weill, Clyde Rodkey. The last I heard of them, they were both about to retire.

I was "baching" for the first six months I was in Aruba. Ruth came down later.

Joe Swingle did a lot of special assignments out of the lab and on the power house. He was a cocky son of a gun. He rubbed many people the wrong way, but he could get the job done.

Dick Busacker, Tom and Dick Toothoil. The two brothers wound up in the lab with Kurt Weill and Dick Spellman. Hugh Knickerbocker, a great big guy, wound up in the working for Busacker in the M & C office. And did he hate it.⁵

Let me tell you about the guy who buzzed the colony. He was a bachelor and he had nothing to pack except his hat. A guy ran off the road, Alex Shaw. He'd had a heart attack and he was blue, 56 or '57 years old. He was coming back from the village. He was inside the Colony.

GATE SIX AND THE WATCHMEN

Gate six reminds me of something funny. Walt Spitzer was a very serious chief of police. They closed gate six and we went out through the tank farm and the Lago Heights gate. That was part of a move to reduce the size of the watching force. Kids got a bright idea. They sawed the padlock off the chain that held the gate closed. Then they put their own padlock on. Every night they opened the gate and went to Sea Grape Grove, have their party, come back and lock it all up again. They got away with that for quite a while before a watchman looked at the lock and saw that it wasn't a Company lock. They rounded the kids and told them if anything more happened like that again, they were in trouble. They made a federal case out of what the Colony thought was a big joke.

They used to give the Watching Service fits at night. One stunt was a party on Rodger's Beach. They called the cops and said the kids were making too much noise. The cops came down in their pickups and went down the steps to the beach. The kids turned the pickups' searchlights to point at their steering wheels, and took the keys out of their ignitions. The cops came back, couldn't start the pickups, and couldn't find the keys. The kids started helping them find the keys, and all of a sudden somebody found them in the trucks. The cops got in their pickups and started up their trucks, and the searchlights hit them in the eyes. They had to sit there for a couple of minutes, until their eyes got readjusted.

ADULT SOCIAL LIFE

We had an adult's party at Rodger's Beach one night. It was a steak cookout put on by the Esso Club. You brought your own bottles. That was one of those parties that took off and went like heck until it was over. Downey had his sailboat there and they kept taking it out for a sail. The whole colony was there. It was a new idea of something to do. Ruth got picked up in her chair, clothes and everything, and she got thrown into the drink. I pulled a ligament in my knee. The next day I had off,

and I went to a doctor. It was a Saturday night party. Nineteen people were casualties that night. It was a new thing and all of them they put on after that weren't the same.¹

Nearly every Saturday was a party in Aruba, with everybody looking forward to it. Once the Colony shrunk to under a hundred families, there was only drinking. People were depressed; women at bridge at 9:00 a.m. began drinking . . . Would you like a salty dog?²

When the Colony was up around 600 families, you could get into groups where you didn't know any of the people. Usually it was best to get into groups that weren't connected to your department. Those who got into departmental groups usually would up with somebody getting into a heavy argument.³

At one of the parties at S. Stanley's house, things got to going pretty good, but the hors d'oeuvres weren't flowing fast enough, so Kamma Jensen went into the kitchen and got a bowl of food and ate it. It was a bowl of cat food, but she liked it fine.⁴

ARUBA MEMORIES

- Up near Schlageter's bungalow there were the three tanks for the hospital. Kids used to go up there and go swimming in the brackish water tank. One night there was a hell of a racket, a kid hollering and screeching. Len Moritz, the rigger, came out of his nearby bungalow and went to see what the trouble. It was a girl in the tank and the level of the water had dropped, and she couldn't get out. Len had to fish her out. A couple of days later they roofed the tank.

Clara Gallacanti had a vacation house up near there, and kids used to string her trash barrels on rope, climb the two tanks, tie them off and cut the two ends of the rope. When you untied the rope, it was too short to let the barrels down.

- We were in BQ number seven. One night George Cvejanovich and I

¹*Streeter, the guy from M.I.T., was the only graduate of that year, and they couldn't figure out what to do with him because he couldn't do anything with his hands. They put him to straightening up files.*

²*The salty dogs were started over in Venezuela because those people were known for that.*

³*People usually invited the boss and made sure he got the thickest steaks and the best service.*

⁴*She was always like that.*

- Decided to go cave prowling near the Chinese Gardens. You had to go at night or they would run you off. We had flashlights and did some looking around, came out and went back to camp. We caught the bacon and eggs thing at the dining hall they had for shift workers. Six Englishmen from the fleet were at the table beside us. There were four of us and we were talking about what we'd done because we'd split up. Danny Streeter reached in his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief and put it on the table. A 12 inch coral snake came out of it. He was damned lucky he didn't get bit by it. The crowd of Englishmen left without eating their breakfast. I guess they were squeamish.⁵
- Queen Juliana visited, and we lived next door to the hospital at that time. Marion Hart was determined to get a picture of the Queen. Prince Bernhardt, her husband, went over to the Colony to look while the Queen went to the Lago Hospital. When the Queen got out of the car Marion was standing there with her camera waiting for her. Marion said, "Look this way, Queen." And she took her picture.

The Boy Scouts had a picnic for the Prince at the other end of the island, and the Girl Scouts had a picnic for the Queen. Bill Norris and I got tagged for it. The first thing we did was to look for transportation at the garage. Ruth was president of the Island Council for Scouting. The first thing she did was jump on Bert Teagle for hot dogs and dining hall stuff such as utensils and plates. We got a big panel truck from the garage and loaded it up with hot dogs and soda pop. We had our one ice pack full of Pepsi. By the time we got to the other side of Oranjestad, we were going pretty good. We got there and found out the local scouts had no idea how to set up a serving line and get it going. They dumped it on us. We set it up and the Prince was the first one through. He asked Bill something, and Bill asked him if he wanted it Coney Island style, and the Prince said, yeah. As time went on, we were going into the storeroom and getting soda pop. It was going too fast, and when we got to checking it out, we found

⁵*Danny Streeter had a jeep and on Saturday mornings, he would say, let's go to Hooiberg Sunday to one kid. Come Sunday morning, the whole Cub Scout pack was there. He didn't have the heart to tell anybody they couldn't go.*

We went with him on one of those trips. Danny had so many kids they wouldn't fit on his jeep. We didn't count them or find out whose kids they were. If they had gotten lost, we would have had no way of knowing whose kids they were. They got out and ran up Hooiberg.

the various scout leaders were taking cases and stashing them for themselves for when the party was over. We reclaimed it and had it all passed out before they knew what had happened. Seven years after that, Bill was at the Prince's inspection at the Cat Plant, in 1954, and he was talking with the Prince about the Scout Picnic. The Prince asked about the friend he had with him at the picnic. Bill told him he wasn't included in the party this time. The Prince told Bill to send him his felicitations. Frank Griffin had a memory like the Prince's.

- Paul had Brown hair, had a bad leg and a limp. He was a general foreman for the Instrument Department. He was in the Navy during the First World War. He broke his leg on a ship. In the early days, transportation was by a motorcycle with a side car. They put their tools in the sidecar. There were three of them, and Jensen rode one of them to work. He was used to starting up and going between two four inch pipe posts. He took off and did that with the sidecar, but it wasn't wide enough.⁶
- Joe Josephson had a 3 wheeled Cushman Motor Scooter with a box on the front two wheels. He run off the road near Bob Schlageter's house at the end of a crossroads, and he hit the pipe alley. He managed to get the three-wheeler off the pipe and tried to start it. It didn't start, so he started talking, and he started cussing, and he started crying. He had a hell of a time with that motor scooter.
- J. Terry Smith left Aruba before I retired.⁷
- Toward the end of our stay in Aruba we had Austin's and Morris's, and they were leased from a dealer. The Morris Oxford was exactly like the Austin Cambridge, right down to the last piece of trim in the inside. We had two Fords in Antigua and they were junk.
- There was a guy who was a pipefitter who had been hurt on the job. That's how he wound up as a mail deliveryman. He got a small English panel truck. It had 1 1/4 inch pipe front and rear bumpers. He used to stop at the high school just before the kids went into class. One day he got in the truck and the kids picked up the rear end of the truck. He put it into first, and let out the clutch. Nothing happened. He put it into second, and still nothing happened. Then they dropped

⁶*One time he didn't make the corner and went off down a pipe alley.*

⁷*He was the hero of the day at the time of the submarine attack. Everybody was calling the Power Plant. His low deep voice was so calm; it calmed everybody when they called him.*

it and he went fish-tailing across the play ground and he didn't know what was happening. They had a good imagination and they pulled a lot of stunts like that. Usually it was good clean fun.

- Somebody had a little Austin to Aruba in the old days. They parked it in front of the Esso club. The parking lot had six inch pipe railing to keep vehicles from hitting the building. This Austin parked near the big, wide steps leading into the club. Two guys were looking at the little car, and they decided to have some fun. They picked the front end of it up and put it on the railing. The guy came out and started it up and put it gear, but he didn't go anywhere. The two who had done the dirty deed were sitting some distance away watching. It took the driver a while before he figured out what was happening. When he did, he went over to the two culprits and said he knew they were the ones who did it, and he wanted them to lift it off the pipe. They'd had all the fun they could get out of it, so they lifted the Austin off.
- The kids used to give the cops a bad time on the lower road in Aruba. They'd call up the cops when they had rigged the lower road with strings and tin cans from one post to another. And they would say a noisy party was disturbing them. The cops came down and they'd start dragging those tin cans. The kids would be parked on the upper road with their lights out, watching.
- Some people used to fool around and the kids found who it was. One guy had a local date on Colorado Hill one night. One of the kid's cars pulled up in front of his front bumper, and one pulled behind his rear bumper. Another came up beside him and they started talking to him. He's trying to hide the broad all the while.
- The doctor operated on my knee. I hurt it at that beach party that went so wild. I had a month off. They told me to go to the beach and wave that leg in the water. I was in the hospital for a week and down at the beach for three weeks.
- Doc Hendrickson was very wealthy and well thought of down there. People trusted him on any kind of operation he suggested. After he got to be medical director, and George Matthews was acting head of M & C, he went to a staff meeting in G.O.B., and George said, "Hey doc, so-and-so from M & C is being treated in quarters. I was up at the commissary at 10:00 a.m. and I saw him there. What do you think of that?" Doc said, "Well, the minute he got put on treatment, he went on my payroll. He's my worry and not yours."
- Jeff Hoyt used to be a character. He was a line gang foreman and

somebody gave him a parrot that cussed like a trooper. One day in the Bachelor Quarters the parrot cut loose, "Back up that g.d. truck, you stupid S.O.B." Women around the area were shocked.

- There were 19 in the foreign staff when I went down there in the Electrical department. Bennie Dimurro was the assistant general foreman and Jess Dortch was general foreman, O.J. Richardson, Tony Federale, Jeff Hoyt, Bill Rafloski (he left around 1950, and Cecil Drake took his job), Henry Beck (He used to fight all his kids' battles with the neighbor kids. I walked into the office one morning before 7:00 a.m., and I found him with his chin in hand, looking sad as hell. "Those nasty kids were rocking my house last night.")
- Henry was psalm-singer. Koopman came over with Beck. Henry rounded up a group of passengers for psalm singing. He had Henry Gillis for shift man. Gillis would line up 15 year olds for singing, and he called Beck at home. Beck would pretend like it was a big emergency at the plant, and off he would go to the village. Koopman used to laugh at him a lot.

Bill Koopman came to the States and was in Seminole, Oklahoma. He was learning English and he was staying with some American family. Bill said that the woman looked after him like a son. He told her what he'd done and what new words he'd learned. One day he was sitting at the table, and he said, "Pass that son-of-a-bitch sugar."

They did that to Doc Broz. He couldn't speak any English either. The first thing he learned was, "Good morning, you son-of- a-bitch."

- Ken was in Cub Scouts. Bill Norris and I were coaching Cub Scouts. They played by the Jr. Esso Club.
- One time the Company brought a group of young graduate engineers down and they called them "contact" men. They went out to Technical services. They acted liaison. The men used to play tricks on them at the different plants. Jack Hagerman was Process Foreman in the Alky Plant area at the time. A new kid would be sitting there with his back to the office door while he was having his morning meeting. When they'd see his boss coming up the steps to come into the office, Jack would say, "I don't care what you say, I don't think so-and-so is an S.O.B., I think he's a good guy." They kept playing that on every new guy.
- Bill Egan was telling about some assistant shift foreman who was a worry-wart back in the days when they had foreign staff level among the housemen. Every once and a while, they'd see one of these guys

coming, and they'd start running around like there was an emergency. The new guy would come up and say, "What's the trouble, what's the trouble." He was looking for an upset.

ANTIGUA

We left Aruba in '55.⁸ I had just turned 50. Schindeler was the guy who helped build the little 30,000 barrel refinery on the island of Antigua, outside of St. Johns. Lou Dill and Joe Tricarico were there. Gator Johnson was head of Process. Fred Kerr worked two contracts in Aruba before he went to Venezuela. That assignment was funny. We stayed in bachelor status until we brought out families. They put us up in the Caribbean Beach Club, and in 1965, the room ran \$50 a day. There was a dining table in a courtyard for each room. Antigua sugar was between brown and white sugar. One of birds picked the top off the container and he couldn't quite get off with the lid. He hit the ground. The Club had a cable car down to the beach and cottages up on a hill. You had to watch what you were going there because of the water situation. Their rainfall was as scant as Aruba's. You could be showering in your \$100 a day hotel room, and bang, no water to wash the soap off with. The soft drink bottling plant worked when the rain filled the reservoirs. It was owned by Amoco. I was a staff electrician.

Fred Kerr, a chemist, used to say a chief's chemist's duty was to make sure there was enough salt water in the bunker fuel so that the Company could make a profit. One day in Antigua I went looking for Fred to get up a golf game for Sunday. I couldn't find Lou. I finally bumped into Fred and asked him where Lou was. He said, "Yeah, he's downtown 'bumping his beads' (saying the rosary)."

Another time we wanted to know what to do for fun. In a W.C. Fields voice he said, "Let's go down to the dock and take pictures of the tourists." They'd see Fred coming. One huge female who was as big as he was said, "Here comes Mr. Lou. He's my kinda man." And Lou yelled back something. He kept up a funny conversation until we were out of earshot.

The golf course was a funny kind of thing. Kids used to play cowboys and Indians on donkeys. We'd be going down the fairway shooting and there'd come cowboys and Indians going like heck, chasing each other. There was a law that you couldn't fence off livestock.

I was there for four months before I quit. It was a chintzy outfit.

⁸*Schindeler was the guy who got you off.*

They bought a 40 year old barge with DC motors and equipment. One of the main 500 D.C. motors had the old streetcar type controls. A drum attached to the handle. You kept the drum lubricated with Vaseline to keep it from pitting. We tried to order new parts for it, but no luck, it was obsolete. A few days after he got back, the chief engineer came down and looked at the controller with me. He said we would use shim stock. That was completely idiotic. Phosphor bronze is the nearest thing to tempering you can get on bronze. Shim stock is meant for lining up motors and pumps. If you put eight thicknesses of that on it, the first time you would use it, they would stay bent back and wouldn't return to position. I put up an argument, and he told me that if I didn't like that, there was a plane out every day. I said, let's go. I had no use for anybody who keeps throwing that in your face every day.

My furniture had just come from Aruba. It was in a warehouse downtown, and I was just about to get a house when this thing happened. I shipped it back out.

They hired an Englishman who was in town as chief electrician. They tried to fix that thing up and couldn't. They were cutting corners. The first thing I bump in on that, I knew enough about it to recognize that it was going to be a problem. We used that at Westinghouse for all cranes and we also used it for tools that had no accurate speed control for their motors. This small motor kept speeding up and flashing, slowing down, speeding back up and flashing. I'd seen that before. You've got your series fields, and you've got inter poles, and if they're hooked up to the inter poles bucking the series fields, you'll get that phenomena. Many people worked up on it and never figured out the answer. I got that fixed and had a lot of other stuff fixed when the controller blew. They were also trying to run some of their pumps out on the loading dock. They were trying to short cut something and save money. After I left there I ran into Bill and Pat DeMouy. They had about four kids. It turned out Bill had worked for this manager, Delmeyer Devoe. He was close to retirement and they wanted to get him out of the way so they shoved him down there in Antigua. This was Amoco of Indiana. Bill had worked for Devoe up in the Whiting plant. Bill said he was pretty much a loud noise and nothing much else. Bernie Vigneault became active in the Saint Christopher Club. One time he took the kids on a Sunday picnic to the other end of the island. Coming back through Oranjestad, they saw tourists off a ship. They started yelling, "Yankee go home." The cops bagged Bernie. They didn't want any tourists discouraged. The funny thing was that it was American kids hollering. They gave Bernie a bad time for a week. He didn't know whether he was

going to be leaving or not. That's typical of the things kids would get into. Put 80 kids into that atmosphere and surroundings.

I had to go down to the government offices in Antigua several times a week. They had the old English native clerks and clerical system. They had file folder after file folder. They never threw a paper away. We drove on the left side of the street in a second hand Morris Oxford.

At the refinery, I had a war surplus troop carrier of some kind. It had a Rolls Royce engine in it and four wheel drive, and the ignition was encased in water proof armor. The mufflers and tail pipe were up in the air. You could run with that engine practically submerged, and we'd get some gully washers during the rainy season. I used to spend half my day pulling other vehicles out of the mud.

FAMILY

We were damned lucky to raise our kids in the atmosphere we had. Living in a goldfish bowl, and everybody telling you what your kids were doing. Outside of a beer party with the boys you didn't have much to worry about. The girls didn't get outside the gate at night, and you usually knew where they were. You didn't have to worry about drugs. The year before we left, they started picking up seamen with dope. After we left, some of the Colony kids started getting it. We missed a hell of a lot of headaches.

Of my kids, Terrel did pretty well. Pam was a sharpie. She figured everything. If she needed a 79 on a test to pass, she got a 79. If she needed a 64, she got a 64. Ken wasn't much of a scholar. He's a mechanic for Petro Petroleum, who bought out Sun down here in Corpus Christi. It's a pretty small company, but they had no trouble scaring up the \$400 million they needed to buy Sun. They are a private company. They don't have to pay dividends. They can hold onto their money unless their stock holders want them to pay. He likes the varied work. He'd had a number of indoor jobs, but he didn't like them.

Warren Michael was an architect. He was president of the Island Scout Council. That included the Boy and Girl Scouts--the Dutch, British and American Scouts. She took over from Ruth Kilpatrick.

Ken came up to the States to attend 11th and 12th grade. He had four driver's licenses and never took an exam in the States. We went to Antigua and he turned in his Colony license and they gave him an Antiguan license. He went to Arkansas, turned that in to them, and he got his Arkansas license. Turned his Arkansas license in Iowa, and it into Nebraska. He didn't take a U.S. license exam until a year ago when

he got his U.S. commercial license to drive trucks with.

Ruth wasn't in Scouting before she came to Aruba. She, Maggie Norris, and Barbara Malcolm opened up a nursery school. They had fun at it and enjoyed it. I met her one time when she was superintendent of nurses in the Fondren, Alcock Towers. She was making rounds one day and my roommate and I were sitting up playing cards at a table. We started to talk, and finally she mentioned Boston. She trained in New England Baptist. She wanted to see Ruth, so every time we come down we look her up. Now she's a patient's representative. She got sick of the responsibilities of the other jobs and decided to slow down.

Carolyn graduated from the same school that Ruth did. We had three of them matching notes about how the school used to be. She was accepted at Duke, and about three weeks before she was scheduled to take off, she told her mother she wanted to go to Baptist where she had gone. That called for some hurried letter writing, but she got in. She got her RN in Massachusetts. Ken was going to summer camp in Ontario. He and quite a few kids from Aruba went there. She heard about the camp's nurse's job, and being sick of bedside nursing, she took the job for the summer. The other nurse was also a three year RN, and she was thinking of going back to college and getting a degree. She and the other girl roomed together and did that in London, Ontario. First she had to complete grade 13 in Canadian school. There was no getting around it. There was some Canadian history in that grade.

Carolyn got her degree in public health and was in the Arctic Circle for a year. She called me during one of her college years and told me if she signed up for a (bursary), she'd get tuition, books, and spending money, but she had to agree to a year's government service. I advised her that she might have other plans by the time she graduated. I was paying the tuition. She graduated and signed up on her own for the same thing. It was Nubic, Alaska, and it had one road into it. It was an artificial town set up by the government, and a school system was set up there. They collected the Indian national kids in the fall, put them through the school year, and then sent them home to their parents for the summer. Carolyn did the nursing. She stayed sixteen months. She had to set up baby clinics in surrounding Eskimo communities. A bush plane dropped her off in a clinic, and took her to the next town when she was through. She'd be gone for two or three days at a time, depending on how many clinics she had set up. She liked cold weather. One time she called up and said the other girls told her about a herd of reindeer that was crossing the road down at the end, and she took a ride out to see it. They didn't see them, but they got the jeep stuck in the snow, and it was -

65 degrees. They started walking back to town, and the deer herd crossed right in front of them. Another jeep came out and got them. I told her not to go anywhere without telling people where she was going and how long she would be gone. If they lost consciousness, they could freeze to death.

LEAVING ARUBA

I was 49 years old when I retired. I got the Golden Handshake. My move to Antigua wasn't a transfer. We knew what was coming so we built up the maximum amount of vacation--four months. I had a little lay-off allowance. All together I had 17 months before my pension started. It had me retiring with 21 years service even though I didn't work that long. I only worked 17 and one half years. We were on furlough and when we came back, it was happening. Age 50 and 15 years service. They could get their annuity fattened up or they could take a lump sum in cash without it affecting their pension. If they got their annuity fattened up, they'd draw a better pension. If you had a kid in school in the States, they would pay three semesters of tuition. I took the pension and gave Ruth a shot at the survivor benefits. Going out at 50, there is a 50% reduction right there. If you discounted 50% for survivors, that leaves a small pension. I haven't asked her what she thinks of survivor benefits. Another thing you look at is, leave it in the bank. I can get another job. I came back to the states and started working for a contractor. I got my union card and I had a ball. I took anything the company threw at me, sing and whistle all day long. I didn't need to impress anybody. I'd work within 60 or 70 mile radius. I worked construction, power houses, Safeway warehouses and cold storage, in Kansas City, a brand new International Paper plant down in Atlanta, Texas, Firestone plant in Orange, Texas. If I was close enough, I'd drive home weekends. If it wasn't, I'd fly home. Or I'd have Ruth fly in on weekends and we'd see what was around--Memphis. We went to the first zoo we had been to in 30 years. We took one of those paddle wheel rides up the Mississippi. It wasn't a lot of pressure and the money was pretty good. I could work a few months and take a few months off. I knew where the jobs were. I always did like tools better than running the job. I like to do it myself and see how it comes out.

There was one time when we went up through Jamaica. The airport was one small tin garage after a hurricane they had had. It had wiped everything out but the brick buildings, and they were operating out of that tin garage. They were getting one or two of the tanks ready as shelters as the same hurricane approached Aruba. The Company boarded up things, and they took down scaffolding all over the refinery.

Nothing much happened when it came through.

It's a shock when you come back to the States and you are no longer Mr. Ewart. You are just a man on the street. Another thing is when they are counting the change back from a \$20 bill. When they stop at 20, you have to remind yourself that they are counting change for a 20 and not a 25 guilder bill. Going into Burdines in Miami, you find yourself asking the clerk whether the price they quoted you is guilders or dollars. We always converted the guilder price into dollars to remind ourselves how much something was worth.⁹

When we sailed back into New York harbor and I saw the Statue of Liberty, I always got a thrill when I was a kid.¹⁰

⁹*The Company used to have a shock program for employees who came back to the States. They told us that two things were not discussed while you were overseas: religion, and politics. And we never did. It seemed like many people overseas were anti American. The only place we found that was pro American was Australia. People were always needling you about what they saw America did in the news. One time we had a New Year's party and people were talking about how the US did. This friend of ours, a drilling superintendent's wife, was an alcoholic we finally figured out. She was a thoughtful, helpful old gal. She finally got disgusted and said at this party, "America is a big g.d. country, and we make big g.d. mistakes."*

¹⁰*These interviews were made while Bob was in Methodist Hospital in Houston. Bob had informed the doctors that he didn't want any chemotherapy or other such treatment. All he wanted was some pain relievers. He said if they couldn't offer any more than 20% chance of beating the cancer he had then he didn't want to waste any time or money. He didn't want to put his family through the trauma of prolonging his illness. He was very calm about it as he explained his decision. The doctors were impressed with his courage. He had a cancerous growth on his spine in the small of his back. Within a week or so they flew him in a small plane to his home in Arkansas. His wife, Ruth, took care of him at home in his final days.*

The William Lawrence Ewart Story

My name is William Lawrence Ewart and I was born in Lake City, Colorado, November 23, 1902. Lake City (About 56 miles southwest of Gunnison) was a dying mining town at that time.

I graduated from Lake City High School in 1920, by which time the school's enrollment had dwindled to the point where there were only seven students in my graduating class when we sat on the stage for commencement activities. I was the only boy and I was in the middle with girls on either side. We didn't have much extra-curricular activity; there weren't enough students to support a good baseball or football team.

My father died in February of 1920 when I was 17 years old. As the oldest of five in a single parent family it was necessary for me to become the breadwinner as soon as the school term finished. I had been working after school and during summers around the mines and mills, but it became full time.

BECOMING AN ELECTRICIAN

I started a correspondence course in electrical engineering immediately after graduating from high school, and completed the course in 1923. Meanwhile, I managed to get considerable experience more or less helping the millwrights in the mines and mills in the area. By 1922 I was working at a small mine near Lake City when they began having problems meeting their payroll. I later found employment in the town of Kenawata in their deep, hot mines until June of 1923.

GONE TO CALIFORNIA

In California I went to work for the Pan American Petroleum Corporation which was building the refinery from grassroots at a crossroads called Watson, about 7 or 8 miles north of San Pedro. I tell you all this because I refer now to how my career with the oil companies started and straight through to Aruba.

My first job with the Pan American Company was pick-and-shovel work in pipe trenches on a 3:00 to 11:00 shift. This lasted a few days until I was hired as a gunnite inspector on one of these multi-million barrel oil reservoirs the company was building to store fuel oil.¹

¹ *Gunnite is a cement mixture that is sprayed on the area to be sealed as in temporary reservoirs.*

Before it was completed, I managed to transfer to the electrical department and worked there as a helper on the 3:00 to 11:00 shift for six months. Then I was transferred to day work and we put in the wiring on about 25 service stations in Southern California. Those stations were the beginning of the Pan American Company's venture into marketing. While working for them, I took civil service exams to qualify myself for a job with Los Angeles Power and Light Company. The job description said I was an electrical mechanic, but I was really a master electrician.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND BOUND

The company had decided to build a small paving asphalt refinery in Baltimore to supply product to Germany. This was shortly after WWI in the days when Germany was spending a lot of money on building highways.

The Baltimore refinery was operated by a subsidiary of Pan American, the Mexican Petroleum Corporation. There were plans for building a refinery in Carteret, New Jersey for processing crude oil which was being produced at Quiri-Quiri, Venezuela.

When I went to work at the Baltimore construction project I was put in charge of electrical work. In order to fill the electrical foreman's job it was necessary for me to take a written exam before a Baltimore board of electrical examiners for a master electrician's license.

I remained at the Baltimore refinery for some time after the completion of construction, expecting to be transferred to Carteret for the new project. Pan American had difficulty raising sufficient money to finance this new refinery, and after considerable delay, it was decided to build it either in Venezuela or one of the offshore islands. By that time Standard Oil of Indiana had bought the controlling interest in Pan American.

THE ARUBA REFINERY PROJECT

I began planning the Aruba project's electrical design early in March of 1928. I ordered equipment, tools, and materials for the electrical system. On the drawing board were the proposed drafts for a power house, seven small stills, a crude booster pump house, an acid plant, the beginning of a housing development and a hospital. While I was there, a number of the old timers passed through on their way to Aruba.

One of these old-timers was, Oscar Henschke, Chuck Henschke's uncle, had been employed as a blacksmith in Casper, Wyoming, and he was to supervise the installation of a blacksmith shop with 3 steam hammers. He was to take charge of the shop and to make forging's for

the refinery.

Jim Bluejacket, Jim Crosby, and Gus Cassio were three other old timers who were also on their way to Aruba. Bill Rae went at about the same time, but I didn't see him.

MY TRIP TO ARUBA

As a 26-year-old, I arrived at Aruba June 16, 1928 on the tanker, *S/S Crampton Anderson*. Bea was 24 years old when she arrived in Aruba in 1939, to serve as a 4th grade teacher for the Lago school system.

My recollections of this trip are vague. Over the years I sailed from a number of eastern ports to Aruba on tankers, but I am reasonably sure that on this trip I traveled from Boston, Massachusetts to Aruba. The captain had his wife with him, and there were two other passengers bound for Aruba. The trip took a little over 7 days. Then, the best tankers steamed at about 11 knots and this one wasn't one of the best.

What I remember best about the trip was that the captain was a very garrulous man who didn't believe anybody other than himself knew anything worth telling. A fellow passenger read true detective stories and insisted on entertaining us by recounting them. The second man came from Destrehan, Louisiana to operate a pipe machine. He was about 45 years old and was so homesick that about all he could talk about was how well his family treated him at home and if he ever got back he would never leave again.

When we tied up at the dock in Aruba, there was a tramp freighter on the inside berth which had brought in a load of boiler plates and had been unloading for several weeks with rather primitive gear. It was a coal burning ship and they kept the ashes and cinders from the boilers in bins all over the ship's deck for disposal when they went to sea again. I don't remember how long they took to unload their cargo, but I do remember that the ship's captain passed away before they finished unloading it.

OCEAN GOING TANKERS

Other tankers I traveled on while living in Aruba included the *S/S W. L. Steed*, the *S/S Pan Bolivar*, and the *S/S Pan Aruba*. The *S/S Pan Bolivar* was built in England in 1930, at the cost of \$750,000. Even in 1930 dollars, it was a cheap ship! Among the tankers which used to run to Aruba, one of the more popular ones was the *S/S I. C. White*. Two others were the *S.S Oscar B .Bennet* and the *S/.S Paul Harwood*.

POLICEMEN

When I first arrived, the government employed black policemen who wore khaki uniforms and "lion tamer" (pith) helmets. Although I had

never been there, by my work in planning the refinery I knew where everything was. I took my two suitcases and went down the gangplank. One of these policemen met me at the foot of the gangplank and very officiously demanded to know my name. When I told him, he said, "Oh! All right." I'm sure he had no idea who I was, but he wanted to demonstrate his watchfulness.

PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT

The Personnel Department in those days consisted of one foreign staff person, a strange little man, probably 50 years old, with two Aruban clerks. There were no arrangements for meeting incoming passengers on the docks or helping with providing transportation or their luggage.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LIVING AREA

Since I knew the layout of the project I walked about 3/4 of a mile, from the docks, carrying my suitcases until I reached the area where the *sheep sheds*, my new living quarters were. These buildings were located in the area occupied by the number ten vacuum still several years later. In time, the *sheep sheds* were relocated to the area now occupied by the naphtha fractionating complex, more commonly known as the Alkylation Plant area. The *sheep sheds*, as we called them, were actually bunkhouses. If my memory is correct, there were four rooms in each *sheep shed*, each room had 3 single beds or cots, and for each occupant there was a portable cedar closet for hanging up your spare clothing. The *sheep sheds* were arranged in two rows, and for each there was a community bathhouse in the center.

One *sheep shed* had been modified to include a hallway full length of the building and a bathroom at one end. Each room was occupied by two people. D.J. Smith, Lloyd Smith's brother, was in Aruba on a visit at the time I arrived, and he was living in one of these rooms with Vigor Hansen, the construction superintendent. Other rooms were occupied by E.H. Clendenen, engineer, W.R.C. Miller, a labor foreman by the name of M.C. Cuen, and a carpenter foreman whose name was Frank Hawkins.

MATTRESSES

The company had outfitted the sheep shed beds with hair mattresses and pillows since they had been advised hair was the only material able to withstand the tropical climate. They were so hard and lumpy it was like sleeping on a rock pile. Eventually kapok-filled mattresses and pillows were substituted for the old ones. When I arrived, the newcomers had the old hair mattresses and pillows, but were trading them in as fast as they could get the kapok items.

Don Smith went to New York and I was assigned the bed in the room

where he had been living. Interestingly, this bed had the only Beauty-Rest mattress in Aruba. Hanson, the construction superintendent, looked at me that evening and said, "I know you won't like that mattress, so I would advise you to throw it out and get a regular one." I replied that I would give it a try anyway. Every time we moved somebody tried to get it from me, but I held onto that mattress until they standardized on them.

THE DINING HALL

We ate in an old coral block building we called "The Old White House" down near the head of the "T-docks." This old building was one of those built by the phosphate mining company who operated in Seroco Colorado during the late 1800's. There were rows of long fir tables with benches for the diners. A mess hall was under construction at the site where number 10 crude still was later built. When it was finished we began eating there. In two months that whole camp was turned over to the M.W. Kellogg Company, which was the new contractor for the Cracking Plants. Their company employees were moved into bungalows which were under construction.

OLDTIMERS BEFORE ME

I only know of two people, who are still alive who arrived in Aruba before I did. One was Bill Rae who lives near Casper, Wyoming and C.C. "Buzz" Cross who lives in Calvert, Texas.¹

PERSONNEL WORKING WHEN I ARRIVED

When I arrived, there were 200 men employed in the area preparing the harbor environs for the refinery development. Heading the list of men were Captain Robert Rodger, Fred Penny, Ralph Watson and J.J.P. Oduber. Captain Rodger lived in a coral block house near the present Naphthenic Acid Unit.

Messrs. Penny and Watson lived in a wooden house that still stands on the road behind the government police station in San Nicholas.

LIVING QUARTERS

While in Aruba, I lived in bungalows number 81, 86, 328, 322, and 67. Bungalows 81 and 86 were located in the area known as "Snob Hill", just north of the bungalows allocated to the top company officials. Bungalows 322 and 328 were close together near the entrance to the caves. Bungalow 67, where I lived last, still stands across the street from the community church.

EARLY GOVERNMENT POLICEMEN AND REFINERY GUARDS

Our first refinery guards were black but I'm not sure if they wore the

¹ *This interview was conducted in 1982.*

khaki uniforms and lion-tamer helmets. The government police were black and wore uniforms. These government police were very meddlesome and delighted in beating up foreign staff employees if they were found drinking beer in San Nicholas. Their practice of abusing them became so bad we almost had a riot just before Christmas of 1928.

There was a party in Oranjestad, honoring the coming of Lago to Aruba, the 4th anniversary of the construction of the docks. I rode to this party with D.J. Smith, and when we returned at midnight, we met a mob formed of the foreign staff employees. We stopped and D.J. got out and talked to them. They said they were on their way to the San Nicholas, and they intended to beat up the police in retaliation for the beating of two foreign staff, one of which could not be found. D.J. persuaded them to return to camp by promising he would talk to the government officials the following morning, and see that the problem was rectified. He did so, and within a few days the black police were replaced by Dutch police who patrolled the island until the war began.

COMMUNISTS

The communists were trying to take over in Latin America in those days, and one Sunday afternoon, a messenger came to the sheep sheds to tell us a mob was gathering to kill off the Americans because they were responsible for bringing the oil industry to the island, and upsetting the status quo. They were parading and waving red flags, putting on quite a militant demonstration. Guns were not allowed on the island, but Tom Cooke, who represented the owners of the company, was visiting, and he had a hunting rifle. He went to the gate to help hold back the mob. Several others with unregistered guns and the rest carried ball bats. The Dutch marines came and rounded up the mob, holding them near the main gate until they could be put on a schooner and shipped off to Venezuela. The leader of this mob was Urbina, a Venezuelan who later made a lot of trouble in Aruba and Curacao.

CAVES

The largest cave on the island was the one under the colony. I toured in all of the branches of it that were large enough to admit a person, taking a compass and sketch pad to make a map. I used a tape line to measure all of the runs, and was able to lay it out with reasonable accuracy on a surface map.

BEACHES

All of the beaches--Eagle, Baby, B.A, Fontein, and Rodger--consisted of coral sand, which was somewhat coarser sand than was normally used in mixing concrete. This sand came from the grinding

motion of the waves on the offshore coral.

EARLY COLONY SCHOOL

My memory of the early school is sketchy indeed. The first teacher was T. Florey and I believe she used one of the early bungalows for the first school house. Soon after, school houses were built in the colony grounds, and they remained in service until the refinery began to eliminate foreign staff personnel. Other early teachers I recall are: Margaret Fassler, who married the manager of the Eagle Refinery; a Miss Cook; Charlie Green's wife, Jenny; Cary Daly's wife, Eula; Maude Thomas; Myrtle Parham; and a little later; Vina Waltz. My daughter by an earlier marriage, Netta, was in school one year. Other students I recall were, Jimmy Bluejacket, Virginia Work, Claude Dixon, Maurice Featherston, Ian Douglas, Mary Douglas, Patty Hobart, Marylynn Holtane, Forrestine Hughes, Bruce and Ray Immler, Joanne Mechling and Clarence Work.

CAMPOUTS

I did attend several campouts when my son, Billy, was in the scouts at about the same time that the Lopez boys were.

FOURTH OF JULY

I don't remember much about the 4th of July parades, but I do have vivid recollections of a 4th of July when Jack Emory set off the fireworks. Normally Paul Walker set off the fireworks from a barge out in the lagoon each year, but on this occasion he was away. Jack Emory volunteered, and he chose a place on the waterfront directly below the guest house. He decided to group all of the fireworks close together. I was sitting on the steps of the guest house with Paul and Eleanor Linster when Jack lit the first one. When I saw the ignition, I told them I thought the whole thing was going to go off. It did before I finished speaking. Rockets and roman candles began shooting all over the place. Several people were injured including Ev Wade's son, Johnny. One rocket went through the radiator of Ralph Watson's nearby automobile.

A NEWSPAPER INTERVIEW

I was on leave, when the Mock Convention took place at the Esso Club, but I do remember when Harry Mills was interviewed by a newspaper reporter in Pueblo, Colorado while on vacation. I don't know how accurately the reporter covered Harry's comments but when the paper came out it was noticed by some Colony citizen and a copy brought to Aruba. Harry was an operator in the refinery. He evidently indicated that he was General Manager of the refinery - and had charge

of a very large organization!

OUR WEATHER CONDITIONS

We had a prevailing easterly wind running as high as 30 miles an hour during the day and tapering off at night. The direction varied between 90 degrees and 100 degrees from the East. The sun was out nearly every day. Ambient temperatures ran from 68 to 80 degrees. Water temperatures in the lagoon ran from 68 to 73 degrees. Rainfall averaged approximately 10 inches a year. Some years were above 36 inches and others were closer to 3 inches. My first years Aruba I saw land crabs walking all over, as far as 100 yards from the beach. I used to take a walk at night in the area where the first post office was built. One night, I saw a tremendous land crab heading towards me.

FISHING

I didn't do much fishing as I had problems with "mal de mar" but I did observe the natives out fishing with their throw nets. I understood they were catching bait for deep sea fishing. Their fishing boats were very small and they were loaded with rock for ballast. Quite often they became lost and in later years the flying club was often requested to search for them.

I remember the cabin cruiser owned by John Sherman, George Larsen, and Clyde Fletcher. They liked to take A.J. Desollo and me trolling. Occasionally we hooked barracuda and once in a while we caught tuna, but I do believe they enjoyed watching me suffer with sea sickness as much as they did the fishing.

PHOSPHATE MINES

The phosphate mines were quite extensive, and surrounded Colorado flats, extending into the area near the spheroid tank farm. In the early days Lago filled many of the shafts of these old mines with coke, partly to store the coke and partly to make it safe for the children in the area. Unfortunately the coke in many of the shafts caught fire, and we had a smoke problem in the colony until it burned out. Following this, most of the shafts were filled with non-combustible rubble from the refinery.

Apparently some phosphate was mined from old cave bottoms and there was graffiti on the walls of the caves put there by the miners with dates before 1900. The phosphate mining company had a railroad running from the dock area, out to the Seroe Colorado Hill, with branches to the various shafts where they had brought up ore. One of their locomotives was in a shelter near the hospital. There was also a quite large water reservoir of coral rock with a concrete lining. We were told that the old building near the lighthouse had been the residence of

the lighthouse keeper in the days before roads were built. The main line of the phosphate company railroad ran down the grade by where "Bird Cage" houses were later built. (The "Bird Cage" houses were three room bungalows originally intended for newly weds.) It continued from there, its path later paralleled by the refinery road, and branched off near the shop area. From there, it went down the hill to the phosphate company's docks. The mining company had a fairly large white building which served as their headquarters just up from the "T" docks. They also had two other concrete block buildings farther west, one of them used by the government hired port physician, a Doctor Nunes. I've forgotten what the second one was used for.

The phosphate company left two other buildings, one of which was a large concrete block building with a red tile roof. It had been used as a residence, and was renovated and used by Captain Rodger, the company's marine department manager. A large, bunkhouse building was used by the supervisors of the crew which built the marine railways. Later, this structure was used as the process laboratory by the company. I remember Sid Tucker having an office in this building in 1936. The third, a rather small building, was located on a flat tract close to the old dock area later occupied by the welding shop. This small building was being used as the personnel office the day I got off the ship, and continued to be so used for several years afterwards.

OIL TERMINAL AND HARBOR

Captain Rodger was sent to the area about 1924 to select a site for a harbor where small crude tankers from Lake Maracaibo could unload their cargo for transshipment by ocean-going tankers. One tanker, the *George G. Henry*, remained anchored at Oranjestad and was used as a transfer station until the T-docks, tanks and pump house were completed in 1927. There was a skeleton crew on the *George G. Henry*, enough men to operate the boilers and pumps for taking on and discharging cargo. Jimmie Armstrong, who later worked at the power house, was one of those people.

RAILROAD TRACKS

In 1927, railroad tracks were put on the T dock to unload cargo, and in 1928, following additional refinery construction; two more tracks which followed the old phosphate road into the colony were added. From there, they branched off into one of relatively flat areas where cargo from the ships was stored temporarily.

UNLOADING CARGO

This cargo was in charge of the stevedores and they unloaded crates

of machinery and supplies all over the concession by the simple expedient of rolling them off the flatcars. Much of the equipment was so badly damaged replacements had to be ordered.

OUR EARLY WATER SYSTEM

Most if not all of the original brackish water wells were set up by the phosphate company. There were 9 windmill-driven wells scattered around the colony area, each of which had a 40 foot windmill with 10-foot blades. Two or three of these wells were sunk down through the old caves until they reached bedrock. The entire Lago Colony is above a granite intrusion and these wells bottomed well above sea level so the water they produced was relatively pure. The phosphate company used this convenient source of water for their steam operated locomotives.

When I arrived, virtually all of our bath-water came from the Mangle Cora well near the Baby Lagoon. The other wells had no names that I can recall. They turned over the operation of this water system to me. I had two men who went around every day starting and stopping windmills as the wells went dry. In some cases the well was dry in less than a day. The Mangle Cora well had a gasoline powered pump and there were native operators on each shift to operate it. They were there primarily to keep the tank full, and were known to fall asleep after consuming copious quantities of rum, allowing the engine die. The natives had a crude wooden cross on the bank above the well with cloth wrapped around it. This kept the evil spirits away, they informed us. They were so unreliable that we soon put a larger fuel tank on the engine and eliminated the operators. As soon as electric power was available, we installed electrical pumps. The windmill wells were dismantled soon after because it was cheaper to bring fresh water in by tanker.

GOLD

For many years the natives had found gold nuggets in Aruba. It was reported that the largest one, weighing 35 pounds, is in a museum in The Hague. Frequently, after heavy rains, the natives would walk up these gulches on the northeast side of the island and find nuggets. This generated considerable excitement and efforts were made to get permission from the government to mine for gold. Early underground gold mining operations began in Bushiribana area. An extensive network of shafts was dug on Sera Crystal and toward the southwest--up the slope in the direction of Miramar. The mill first erected was at Bushiribana and its foundation remains to this day. Local wags have told tourists it is either an abandoned castle, or an old pirate's fort. After the mines in this area were worked out, the mill was moved to the Spanish Lagoon where mining operations were resumed. Mining also began again at the

Miramar mine on a hilltop north of Yamanota. The old boiler and part of the old hoist still remained at this mine when we first lived on Aruba, and at the Spanish Lagoon, stood an old stamp mill used in crushing the gold ore, and a number of tanks used for process of cyanide extraction by which the gold was separated from the ore. This method of operation was discontinued during WWI when cyanide was no longer available. We know the ore was hauled from the Miramar mine to the Spanish Lagoon knoll in wagons because we found the remains of a fairly good road and loading chutes at the upper end.

At the Bushiribana area, the ore had to have been transported by pack burros as we found no roads in the vicinity of the Sera Crystal Flats.

MUSIC

Information on Aruban music can better be obtained from some other source. I do remember Padu Lampe quite well. In fact he and I sat in a restaurant in Oranjestad when we were in Aruba about 7 years ago.

EARLY RELIGIOUS EFFORTS

In regards to religious efforts on the island I remember Jack Emory very well. He came to Aruba as a carpenter and was on single status part of the time, a result of the housing shortage. He began holding church services in the dining hall.

The effort to develop the church in the colony was led by George Keller and George Wilkins, a shift foreman in the pressure stills. About the committees that resulted in the Lago Community Church eventually being built, I couldn't tell you, but I do know there weren't any churches in the village. I regret not being able to recall the name of the first minister. When our first regular minister moved on, a man named Percy Dawe took his place and held the position for some time. He was away when Bea and I were married in 1944, the pulpit being filled by an Anglican missionary who lived out in the village and conducted regular services in the Anglican church there. The next regular minister was Don Evans, and his wife's name was Kay. He had a son, named Roger and a daughter whose name, I am sorry to say, Bea and I don't remember.

THE BEATRICE OLSEN EWART MEMORIES

I arrived in Aruba on the Grace Line ship, the Santa Paula, September 1st, 1939. Upon disembarking, the first news we learned was that the Germans had entered Poland. Ed Byington was the one who met us at the dock.

The other two new teachers were: Carolyn Morris, the 1st grade teacher; Ann Goode, who had the 2nd grade.

I taught the fourth grade until 1944, and since teachers were forbidden to marry during the school year, Bill and I waited until school was out, June 3rd, 1944.

We have 3 marriage certificates, one in Dutch, issued by the government, one by the American consul and one by the Anglican missionary who married us. We were married in two separate ceremonies. The first was on June 2nd at the government office in Oranjestad, a ceremony presided over by a Dutch judge and witnessed by two local secretaries. We sat at opposite ends of the desk in front of the judge who conducted the ceremony entirely in Dutch. When he finished he stood and offered his hand.

I asked, "Are we married?"

He said, "Yeah."

I asked, "Do I get a wedding ring?"

"Oh! If you wish," he replied.

Then he handed Bill a marriage book, which was written in Dutch, and provided places for the names for twelve children. He said to Bill, "If you have more than twelve, you can get another book! You are allowed to beat your wife, and if you can't do it by yourself, you may get two policemen to help you!"

Our second ceremony was in the Lago Community Church. Etta Williamson was my maid of honor and Rolland Ewart, Bill's brother, was best man. The reception was held at the girl's dormitory. Two weeks prior to our marriage we had made arrangements to spend our wedding night at the old Strand hotel. When we arrived at the Strand we introduced ourselves and asked for our room we were told that no one had made any reservations for us and that they didn't have any rooms. Someone suggested a room down the hall that was not cleaned or made up. Along with the lost reservation, Bill had requested an arrangement of roses, champagne and supper, and of course, none of it was to be had. They did eventually bring champagne and scrambled eggs, make up the beds, after which they said goodnight!

Bill and I have two children, Bill Jr, born May 11, 1945 and Barbara Louise, born July 16, 1947.

BEA'S SUBMARINE ATTACK STORY

I'd like to go back a few years, to February 16, 1942, when the U-boat torpedoed the lake tankers 1:30 a.m. A few of us girls at the dorm had a small party, and retired before 10:00 p.m. About 1:30 a.m, we

heard footsteps racing along the porch corridor, and someone knocked at doors, saying, "Wake up, there's a big wall of fire outside the reef of the big lagoon." We jumped out of bed, put on our robes, and ran down to the front porch. Sure enough, there was a tremendous wall of flames stretching all along the reef. We were bewildered. No one could explain it. A young man I had been dating was on the graveyard shift, and I telephoned him to ask what was going on. He said, "For God's sake, hang up! Turn out your lights, squash all the lighted cigarettes! We are being torpedoed by German submarines! Those are lake tankers on fire!" He hung up.

It wasn't long after that Mr. Kennerty came to the dorm and announced, "This place must be evacuated at once! Don't wait for anything! Just come with me!" Someone asked, "Where are we going?" He replied, "The best place is the community church until further orders come."

Teachers and stenographers in hair curlers, robes, and slippers crept up to the church. We were there until quarter to five in the morning when Mr. and Mrs. Bob Heinze, who lived in a bungalow across from the church, invited us to stay on their enclosed front porch for the rest of the night. They served us coffee and donuts while we watched tankers burn and wondered what was in store for us. About 7:00 a.m. someone came to the Heinze's and told us it was safe to return to the dorm. On the way to school that morning we noticed a large sign on the post office which proclaimed, "Enemy action during the night." It seems we were evacuated from the dorm because it was feared shells from the submarines might be fired on the aviation gasoline tank farm behind the dorm. One did hit a tank, but fortunately, it ricocheted off and no harm was done. This event occurred early that Monday morning.

Early Thursday morning of that week, we were awakened by more explosions! It was still dark when I ran to my window to see what was happening. Looking up into the sky I saw star shells flying over the dormitory and heard loud explosions like big guns firing something! It was one of the most frightening experiences of my life! We discussed the latest bombast in the mess hall over breakfast and wondered what it was all about.

Later at the post office another sign was put up that announced, "Not enemy action! Our own navy thought they spotted a submarine between their ship and the shore, and they fired on it!" I have since wondered why those 5" shells were fired over the dorm. One of them almost demolished the bowling alley and another went tearing through Tex

Schelfhorst's room in the men's bachelor quarters. I cannot recall whose automobile was damaged when the shell hit it. I talked it over with Bill and he explained that they were actually flare shells which were expected to disintegrate high in the air above Colorado Point and release their parachute flares. They failed to function properly, and the damage was the result of the unexploded projectiles falling on the island.

During the war, we saw such slogans as, "Don't Use a Gallon When a Quart Will Do!" A permanent black-out was instituted; headlights on cars were painted dark blue with tiny slits for a small amount of light to illuminate the road. People built mazes around front doors to prevent light from showing when the door was opened; all windows were covered with black or dark curtains. Lighting a cigarette in the open was forbidden. Periodically the big gun on Colorado Point was fired and depth charges were dropped outside the reef. Both of these made such loud explosions school children jumped from their seats and ran to the windows to see what was happening. They were entertained by all of this. After the second "attack" by our own navy, women and children who wished to be evacuated from Aruba were allowed to do so as quickly as possible. Most remained, the school continued to hold classes, and no teachers departed.

Well, this ends some of the history in the '40s from my point of view.

THE HOUSING ALLOCATION SYSTEM

I was on the housing board for many years. In general, bungalows were allocated to the people who were considered most essential to the operation of the refinery, and divided as evenly as possible among the various departments. From time to time there were modifications of the system, but basically it remained intact. Housing was provided for expatriate personnel until about 1938 when the company decided to build 100 houses in the section we called Lago Heights, and a smaller section known as the Intermediate Housing. The latter dwellings were built in hopes that Aruban foremen and key personnel from around the islands would settle in this area close to the refinery and they would be available in case of emergency.

Several bachelors' quarters and a mess hall were also built in the Lago Heights area. They were available to local employees from the surrounding area and during the next work boom in preparation for WWII they filled with temporary employees from Trinidad, Jamaica, British Guiana, and wherever else men could be found who were willing to work in Aruba. The mess hall became a beehive of activity.

In those days people were coming from all over the island to work in

the refinery. Many arrived on burros as much as two hours before work, sleeping in the shade until their shift went on duty. The round trip between Noord to Lago was quite an excursion by itself. There were light trucks with hand-made beds used to haul those men to and from work, but there were not enough of them to accommodate the numbers employed by a long shot. It was believed that the Lago Heights and the Intermediate Housing editions would become popular with the Arubans, but this was not the case. They preferred to live where they had grown up - out in the Cunucu (country), and to somehow find their own way to work. The houses sat there, as useless as television sets without electricity.

We had a large refinery construction program going on in 1938, and these same units were made available for the several hundred temporary employees who were brought in for this program. A theater had also been built at Lago Heights, and there was some use made of it, but not enough to support its operating cost. After the construction program was completed it was decided that these houses should also be offered to locally hired personnel from other areas. There was an immediate demand for them, so we allocated them on the same basis as we had the Expatriate Housing.

One requirement applied to Expatriate housing as well as the housing in Lago Heights--individuals had to be married to be considered for a house.

We had one employee in the Instrument Department from Surinam applying for a house in Lago Heights who had quite a large family. He could have easily been assigned a house but unfortunately he wasn't married, and it was difficult to find a delicate way to tell him that he couldn't have the house because he was not married. He may have jumped over the broomstick in Surinam, but a certificate was required for proof of marriage in the colony. Several months later he came back with his marriage certificate and demanded his house. By this time his house was assigned to someone else and no others were available. He was very bitter about it, feeling we had forced him into getting married and now we would not give him a house.

THE INDIANS

For several years during the commencement of the 1928 construction program, the company had a recruiter by the name of Richardson canvassing the surrounding countries and islands in an attempt to secure personnel with experience in the trades. I remember him quite well. He had a son who later worked in the laboratory.

Among the new employees he rounded up was a tribe of Indians from Colombia. There were twenty of them, including three women. When their schooner unloaded them in Oranjestad they disappeared, spreading out all over the island. The Indians were rounded up and given temporary housing in good frame buildings similar to the original *sheep sheds*. Their quarters extended along the fence near the main gate where the foundry was later built. They cooked out in the open, using a communal fire.

The Indians would walk from their quarters to the job site in single file behind their chief, with the oldest first behind him, and the youngest last. They could not speak anything other than their Indian dialect, but their chief spoke Spanish. When they had to be instructed, an interpreter relayed the orders the chief in Spanish, and the chief translated to his men.

This group was used on the original excavation for the power house. The old chief sat on the edge of the excavation all day and relayed the orders to the braves who did the physical labor. Much of this was dug below sea level, with the excavated material being hauled out by wheelbarrows, up wooden ramps. The Indians were not acquainted with such modern labor-saving devices as wheelbarrows, and had to be taught how to push them up and down the ramps, and how to empty them. They were somewhat lax about getting to work on time until their overall supervisor, Oscar Henske, had a bright idea of offering them cigarettes as a token of appreciation. He broke out Lucky Strikes, gave each man two and explained through the interpreters that, henceforth every morning, when they appeared for work on time, each man would get two cigarettes.

They were on the payroll for about three months, and at one time during their stay, my men and I taught them how to use post hole diggers, and how to set the tall posts that carried our power lines.

This particular labor the Indians thoroughly enjoyed and it became difficult to make them stop working at dusk. But the real problem arose when there were no more posts to be set up. We could not convince them that all the posts were up -- no more were needed. They wanted to continue setting up posts regardless of whether we wanted them or not. Finally, through the chief, we were able to convince them that this work was finished.

After that there was no more tardiness until one day in the spring they all appeared in a bunch in front of the main office, and through the interpreter told the management that they were going back to Colombia.

It was planting time and they weren't going to work any more. In spite of such abrupt notice everything possible was done to get them shipped back to Colombia, and I believe they arrived home safely, in time for the planting season.

LAKE TANKER FLEET HOUSING

Ten three-room houses were built along the waterfront to accommodate the officers of the lake tanker fleet. The captains and the chief engineers of these ships were entitled to houses as they became available. They were more simply constructed than the three-room houses for the American part of the colony; no clothes closets were provided. Clothing was hung on nails driven in the backs of doors. Later these houses were modified to make them more livable and become more like the general housing after the lake tanker fleet was replaced by larger ships.

SIZE OF HOUSING

The Expatriate Housing varied in size from three-room to six-room, with the exception of the guest houses, Captain Rodger's house, and L.G. Smith's "Casa Grande" when it was built. The rules regarding moving from small houses to larger ones either as the family expanded, or under special circumstances, made it possible to move. In my own case, I lived in five different houses.

The policy on maintenance changed somewhat over the years. For a long period houses were scheduled for repainting and refinishing every two years. This policy was later extended a couple of times so that eventually the renovation was done every five years. The earlier dwellings were all wood framed, fitted inside and out with Steeltex material and plastered so that they were stucco outside and smooth plastered walls inside. The practice of using external finish was continued until the last 50 houses were built after WWII, but plastering the inside was discontinued and the use of sheetrock was introduced. The earlier houses had ceilings of Cellotex. This practice was also eliminated and sheetrock substituted after about 200 houses were built.

The policy regarding modifications changed from time to time and was liberalized over the years. Ten years before I left it was agreed that approved modifications would be bought back from the occupants when they left the house. In my case, I had extensive improvements to sell.

Gardens were another problem. It was necessary to have soil hauled in from around the island and they required fresh water; when brackish water was used the resulting plants were inclined to be puny. After 1946 water meters were installed and there was little resistance to using all of

the water you wanted even though it was quite expensive. I found that roses would grow quite well on brackish water.

Furniture was standardized, and in the beginning, living rooms were furnished with what appeared to be rattan furniture. Actually, it was paper twisted over wire and painted. The bedroom furniture was identical for all. There were a few who imported their own furniture.

As years went on, the quality of the furniture supplied by the company improved, and the policy changed so that people could take their furniture with them when they retired, providing certain requirements were met. This was also true of the rugs supplied for the bedrooms and the dining room - living room combination.

MEDICAL SERVICES

In regards to hospitals and clinics--when I first arrived, the government port doctor was the only medical or first aid assistance we had. Shortly afterward, two nurses were brought in from the United States and a temporary clinic was established in the vicinity of where the diesel electric plant was built.

The government doctor came there twice a day to take care of minor injuries and prescribe medications. On one occasion I had a problem at certain times of the year which was referred to by the locals as Bulla Wya. I went to the doctor's home, which was where he maintained his drugstore, and left with a pint beer bottle filled with some sort of solution. He told me to drink it several times a day. When I returned to my room, I found my room-mate had a bottle of the same solution which he had been given for an entirely different complaint.

After two days I decided to try it, and found it worked quite well. I later identified it as a paregoric solution.

The first hospital was a 35 to 50 bed, wood, frame structure whose construction was similar to the bungalows. It stood almost where the cat plant was later built. It was completed during 1929, and two doctors from the U.S. arrived to staff it. Doctor Mailer was the chief physician, and his assistant was a little guy by the name of Shearer. Soon after, a dispensary or clinic was built in the refinery near the head of the lake tanker dock. In the daytime two or more doctors on duty, and under them, there were usually two or three male nurses who primarily treated minor injuries and ailments.

RELOCATING THE HOSPITAL

When it became necessary to move the hospital to clear the site for construction projects early in 1939, Oscar Henske was in charge of its

relocation.

The first site chosen was up where the spheroid tank field was built later, but before the move could be completed, it was decided that the tank field would be better placed in that area. The hospital site was relocated on the hill where it now stands. I had been away from Aruba at that time, and when I came back they were in the process of moving the hospital from the tank field up to the hill.

Not long after, the clinic in the refinery area was outgrown and a much larger building was put up farther west and across the street from where the old commissary used to be. This edifice accommodated several more doctors and was able to handle many more people.

By the end of the war we had a total of approximately 8,000 employees on the payroll at Lago. The company had agreed to care for the families of the local and staff personnel as well as the foreign staff, and the hospital was overloaded. A two-story addition was built on the hill to further accommodate the increasing personnel.

When Bea and I visited Aruba in 1975, this hospital installation had been dismantled and the bulldozers were demolishing the foundations. The only hospitalization available on the island is the government hospital in Oranjestad.

The company did operate a first aid and minor treatment clinic until the refinery was closed down in 1985.

The first company automobile I had in Aruba was a composite of two wrecked Model T Fords assembled by the garage foreman. The front end of one Model T had been wiped out and the rear end of the other, so he welded the two good halves together. It had no fenders, no windshield, and no hood when he completed it.

I was traveling to job sites all over the concession, and I had been covering the ground on foot. I learned that this monstrosity was being assembled, and when it was completed I walked in commandeered it for myself. The garage foreman was very angry as he had planned to use it for himself. He went to the front office to complain, but they decided I needed it worse than he did.

At that time the head of the company was an accountant living in Whiting, Indiana. I no longer remember his name, but he believed renting cars and trucks for transportation for the refinery was cheaper than the company could buy them and import them. The company owned three Chevrolet touring cars, one of which was driven by the general

labor foreman, a man by the name of McCuen. The other was driven by the chief engineer, C. H. Clendenin, and the third was used by W.R.C. Miller. Higher officials had rented cars. There were two chauffeured rental cars provided for the ships' captains to take them to Oranjestad to register the papers required for each trip of their tanker.

I drove the old Ford for several weeks. It possessed a coil ignition system which shorted out every time a little shower came along, the upholstery was smoldering and fires would break out whenever a little breeze would blow through. I would go down the bank and fill a bucket with sea water which I sloshed on the upholstery in an attempt to extinguish the blaze. The smoldering continued until all of the padding was gone out of the upholstery.

One day, when it quit on me during a shower, I pushed it to the side of the road and went to the front office. I told them if I didn't get an automobile to drive, I would take the next boat back to the States. They rented a Pontiac automobile for me, paying \$230 a month for it, and they were responsible for the maintenance and providing the gasoline.

I drove this vehicle for about two months until they located a Ford owned by an Aruban which was available for the sum of \$150 a month. This one, I drove until the company finally began to purchase automobiles. After I abandoned the old Ford, Alex Shaw drove it for awhile. He became fed up with it and gave it to Buzz Cross, who also drove it for some time.

The company eventually bought pick-up trucks for working foremen like Buzz Cross who needed it for transporting tools.

HAIR CUTS

When I first arrived it was necessary to go to San Nicholas to get a haircut. Bungalows became available for bunkhouses, and several company employees began moonlighting as barbers. Pop Fuller was one who continued with it for quite some time in the dining room of a four-room house.

It seems to me like Louie Lopez also did some barbering for a while. I do remember Tony, the barber, who worked in the Pan Am Club barber shop, which was called The Professional Barber Shop. I can't think of his last name.

THE CLUBHOUSE

The club house in Aruba was built when the Pan American Company was operating the property. It had no roof over the dance floor. The low annual rain of Aruba notwithstanding, it seemed to rain every time we

had a dance with the result being that the dance was called off. This went on for two years until an overall roof was built, and at the same time, the floors were sanded and polished. The first dance had many people practicing pratfalls as well as the latest dance steps since they were used to the rough old weather-beaten floor. The Marine Club was later built for officers off the lake tanker fleet, but colony residents were also welcomed.

The original club burned down in 1942. We then had a temporary club near the commissary, built like the sheep sheds for the remainder of the war years. The new Esso Club was built at the end of the war. There was a bus which regularly took housewives to the old commissary. I believe the driver's name was Mario Croes. Some of the boys put on a skit at the Esso Club about this bus trip. George Cleveland played the part of one of the housewives getting onto the bus. It was quite an amusing skit.

MARVIN CASE

Marvin Case was in Aruba working as a confidential secretary in the executive office at the time I arrived there. I believe he was the organizer of the first dance band. He was very proud of the fact that he had played with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians back in the States.

Some of the band members were: Andy Houge, McDonald, and Tippy Tipton. There were usually five or six instruments in the band. It seems to me that it continued on until about the outbreak of the war, or maybe it disbanded when the club burned. Case went to work for one of the government agencies in the States during the war, and was in Aruba at least once, on official business.

THE COMMISSARY

The original commissary was built in 1925 by the Marine Department, possibly by the same men who built the first dock. It was located near the docks on the right hand side of the road as you went towards San Nicholas, and faced the road. The same building also served as a warehouse for marine supplies and parts for the lake tankers.

The first company-operated commissary was built quite close to this one on the perimeter of the tank farm fence. A road ran in front of it and went out to what finally became the main refinery gate. Across the road from the commissary were the original bakery and the laundry, which were built about the same time. The laundry was built around the fence corner from the commissary, and faced the docks. The British supervised the original commissary and the marine warehouse.

Andy Weatherby was the first company commissary supervisor at the old commissary and was later supervisor of the one built in the colony. His assistant at that time was Charlie Wills.

You could buy almost anything imaginable. If they didn't have it in commissary stock, they would take your order and procure it from the States as soon as possible.

THE BAKERY

Lee Dew came to Aruba to supervise the operation of the original bakery which opened early in 1929. They baked marvelous breads, cakes, pies and rolls. Everything was sold on a price per pound basis.

Tom Brown, who had charge of the accounting department, reasoned that there was no reason to have price differentials between pies, cakes, bread and scrapple. For so much a pound you could buy a loaf of bread or a birthday cake.

THE LAUNDRY

When the laundry began operation, Arthur Krottenauer father was in charge. He had ship laundry experience and had been working for the company in the labor department.

Arthur Krottenauer Sr. was in charge of the laundry for quite some time. I can't recall the circumstances of his departure.

Pop Eveland was only in the laundry for a short time, perhaps as a vacation relief. Pop worked at the power house and was later transferred to Caripito, Venezuela.

Gene Keesler was a pressure still operator who transferred to the laundry and took over following the promotion of Preston Hunt to a job in the colony service.

CLUB MEMBERSHIPS

I did not belong to the Engineers' Club, but I frequently went to the Instrument Society meetings. I belonged to the Yacht Club, the Golf Club, the Skeet Club and the Flying Club for a while.

EARLY FLYING

I first took flying lessons from A.J. Desellio in 1934 using the old mud flat out at Saveneta for a landing strip. We flew in a little biplane which had been brought down by Viana, Jim Nassy, and another welder who worked for the company. They were attempting to get permission from the government to start air service between Aruba and Curacao. Permission was finally granted on a temporary basis in 1936.

ARUBA FLYING CLUB

John McCord and I tried to get permission to have a flying club in Aruba, after Viana's flying service went out of business, but we didn't have any success until the flying club was started in Curacao. Then, with the aid of certain Dutch officials in Aruba, Commander De Vuijst and others, we managed to get permission from the government to charter our own club.

Commander De Vuijst, Burnie Sharon and his wife and Cal Dunahue had many night meetings developing the rules which were put into effect when approved by the government. These were largely plagiarized from the private aircraft regulations in effect in the U.S. at that time.

THE ASTRONOMERS CLUB

Membership in the Astronomers' club included: Alex Shaw, Vernon Turner, Bob Dowart and Joe Gritte. Each of these men built a telescope. There may have been other members--I don't recall. I didn't become involved in the Poker Club although I did watch the plays occasional at the club house. The so-called "refined one" that Halpert and Broz belonged to had quite an extensive membership.

THE FIRST AIRPORT ON ARUBA

It could be argued that the first airport in Aruba was the mud flats near Saveneta. A small, French-built monoplane landed there about two years before the Viana group started, and after the government granted permission to Viana and his friends to fly to Curacao, this mud flat was used for the landing field for the aluminum amphibian plane which was based in Aruba. As one of A.J. Desellio's students, I made several trips to Curacao as copilot in this airplane. Copilots had two functions. One was to wind up the inertia starter for the engine; the other was to remember to put the landing gear down before landing. The Dakota field at Oranjestad was built after KLM opened regular air service to the island.

THE FLYING CLUB LANDING STRIP

The Flying Club landing strip was cleared and smoothed by volunteer help from many of the club's members. I remember spending several Sundays out there drilling and blasting boulders that stuck up in the runway and parking areas.

When Bea and I revisited Aruba in 1975, the Flying Club had dwindled. All, with one exception, were local employees. One man invited us out for a barbecue, but when we arrived there we were not made welcome and felt out of place.

One foreign staff member had been an electrical department

employee who had bought the Cessna which bore the registration letters, WLE. He took us for a ride around the island in it.

THE ROAD FROM SAN NICHOLAS TO ORANJESTAD

I remember the original road to Oranjestad very well. The majority of it was corduroy-surfaced and very rough. If you drove faster than 50 miles an hour, you sort of floated over those areas. You had to watch out for goats and burros every step of the way because they were liable to pop out onto the road at any time. The main road was improved, widened and well paved in 1975, they had raised the speed limit to 90 kilometers, and we were having wrecks due to reckless driving.

MATERIAL ORDERS FOUL UPS

I don't remember the foul up on the order for sheet rock or the mixed nuts that people always talk about, but I remember well the time that they brought in a ship load of cranberries by mistake. These were sold at the commissary until it appeared they were going bad. Amie Mass, who had charge of the dining hall as well as the commissaries, began to serve cranberry pie, cranberry sauce and cranberry jelly in the mess hall until its boarders were about ready to go on strike.

There was a similar situation on matches when an oversupply was ordered and received. I believe they actually built bonfires with some of these matches to get rid of them to minimize the fire hazard.

BASEBALL

A fellow named Van Der Porten was a shift foreman at the power house and loved to play baseball. He was not very good, but he wanted to be a catcher in the worst way. Porten spent a lot of money buying equipment, and bankrolling his own team. The pitcher on his team was a large, left handed fellow by the name of Rich Born, who threw a very fast ball. I believe they would have won some games, but Van Der Porten could not catch Rich's fast ball. Every time Rich threw a hot ball, Van would meet him in the middle of the field and protest. Rich then pitched balls so slowly that the opposition beat them continually.

The earlier ball players I remember by name are: Rebel English, from the accounting department, Harmon Poole, from the electrical department, Lloyd Monroe, from the light oils department (Lloyd was Harmon's nephew). Lloyd's brother, Ricky O'Neil, came somewhat later, and was a pretty good ball player also). Linkogle was one of the earlier players, so was Rae Brown, Single-Barrel and Joe Strong, Herman Bechnel, Jake Walsko, Tommy Jancosec, Dutch Engle. Most of these fellows were good all around athletes and later were active in the basketball games. When the original ball field was required for tank

space, a new ball diamond and bleachers were set up near where the Esso Club was built later. The new one was called Lone Palm Stadium.

Considerable interest in baseball was popular in Venezuela, and some very good teams were developed there. On several occasions, Venezuelan teams came to Aruba and played the Lago teams and I believe our teams played return games with them in Maracaibo and other Venezuelan cities.

BASKET BALL

Basketball was started in the old Pan Am Club shortly after it was built, and there were a number of good teams. Most of the players were the previously mentioned as baseball players. Dr. Reeve, John Mechling and Ward Goodwin were three of the better basketball players. Kenny Meyers was an outstanding player also, but his practicing was mostly done with beer. He was a rather strange figure to see on the basketball court; a spindly fellow with a big water melon belly from all the beer he drank.

DOMINOS

Another activity in the club in those days was dominoes. The less athletically inclined sat around in the evenings and played dominoes in our spare time--if we had any. There was a big chemist, who originally had come from Whiting Indiana, who was very much overweight and quite lame from a previous injury. He enjoyed dominoes and must have drunk about 20 bottles of beer every evening while playing dominoes, but he was still able to go home under his own power.

GOLF

Golf was first started by the Stiehl brothers, Warren and Harry, and they came to Aruba from Tampico in the early 1930's. Working jointly with Viana they acquired a lease of some sort on land near Saveneta and started the first golf course, a nine-hole course with sand greens along the fairways. This course was abandoned when a somewhat improved course was built just east of it, towards the refinery. The new one had longer fairways and quite a bit more area than the first. Golf continued at this site until about 1940. Stewart Harrison became interested in establishing a golf course where the present day course is located. Stewart really was the leader in golf, and he succeeded in obtaining considerable assistance from the company in grading and building, planting grass, etc. I helped Stewart find and develop a source of water for this golf course. When Bea and I were there in 1975, it was still being used, but the irrigation was in decline, and it looked like it wouldn't be long before it would be abandoned for lack of water.

TENNIS

The first tennis court must have been completed early in 1929. Its lights, bought by Don Smith while he was in New York, were not suitable for a court in such a restricted area, but we made the best of it. This court was first surfaced with lightly oiled sand. I tried to learn to play tennis there with the help of George Keller and Bill Morris. Both of them were considerably older than I, but delighted in running me to death chasing their serves.

BOWLING

The bowling alleys were built about 1938. Bea tells me that when our navy fired the flare shells over the colony, one of them went into the bowling alley and did considerable damage, but not too long after that they were going again. I remember going there one afternoon and finding Frank Lynch bowling with two young soldiers. Each time one of them spoke to Frank he called him "Chief." Chief, how did you do that; Chief, where are you going? I've called Frank "Chief" ever since.

QUEENS BIRTHDAY

The queen's birthday was of course the national celebration and the big day of the year. I believe the date was April 30th. When we first went to Aruba, the company observed all of the holidays observed in the U.S, including the 4th of July. Before long, they decided it would be in order to only observe the national holidays of the country in which they were operating, a decision which resulted in the dropping of the 4th of July. There was considerable feeling over this decision. Some Dutch employees were more resentful of it than were the Americans.

GERMAN SHIPS SHELTERED IN ARUBA WATERS DURING WWII

At one point during the war all German ships on the high seas were given orders to proceed to a neutral port where they were to await further orders. Three of them came to Aruba and anchored off the shore near Palm Beach, near Oranjestad. Two of these ships sneaked away, but the largest, a new ship, remained anchored there. When Germany invaded Holland, the commander of the marines in Aruba sent a message out to the captain of this ship instructing him to bring his men ashore, and informing him that Germany had invaded Holland. The captain sent word ashore that he would not leave the ship until after daylight. Between that time and daylight arrangements were made to set the ship on fire. This was done, the sea cocks were opened and the ship sank in about 20 or 25 feet of water off Palm Beach. It came to rest on its side and at low tide; the ship was out of the water about 5 feet on that side.

John McCord, Alex Shaw, Jerry Krastel and I decided to try to raise the ship. I had a plan. The trouble was the government wouldn't let us raise it unless we paid for it. Not long after, I happened to be in New York where I made contact with salvage concerns there, seeking to get them to raise it on a contingency basis--they would get their money after the ship was raised. I was informed that there wasn't much point in it because it was still the property of Germany and if the ship was raised and brought to a harbor in the U.S, the German consul would simply go in and claim the ship as German property. At this point, we gave up the whole idea. The ship is still laying there. When I went to see it in 1975, it was broken in two by tidal action; otherwise it was relatively intact.

MAY 10, 1945

When Holland was liberated there was a big celebration in Aruba. I'm sorry to say I don't remember much of the details. I flew a number of trips to Bonaire after the war and became acquainted with a man named Meir who was one of the prisoners of war. He had decided to remain on Bonaire and was quite an enterprising business man. He operated a little restaurant where the prisoner of war dining room had been, and had renovated a number of the cabins to rent as tourist quarters. He also had one or two automobiles to rent, and I believe he was part owner of the power company on the island. He married a Bonaire woman and had a little boy, about five years old.

THE QUEENS OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

The Cameron Highlanders came in to replace the French marines in 1941. And I think they were there well over a year. The officers were very tall men--well above 6 feet; whereas the privates were all short, stocky fellows. It was quite a sight to see them marching down the street in their kilts. The commander in chief was a tall, rawboned Scotsman, Colonel Barber.

CHRISTMAS TIME IN THE COLONY

At Christmas time L.G. Smith sent out open house invitations indicating that his home would be open from ten to twelve - two to four - and six to eight. I went to the early open house and saw the colonel there. In the evening I was at Paul Gardere's home. The colonel announced he had to leave as he had to go to Smith's house for the last opening of the evening. I guess he thought it obligatory that he attend all three of the open houses that Smith had announced, and I guess he drank his fill at each of them.

Next in line was a Colonel Beggs whose wife had accompanied him to Aruba. All of the other officers were single. The third in the chain of

command was a Major Monroe, a very good looking young man, much admired by the ladies. The chaplain's name was McDonald, and he married a colony girl, Betty Russell. Not too long after their wedding, he was posted to another place, I don't recall where.

U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS GROUP

There was a major in charge, a big man, who didn't do much flying with the flying club. He made the statement that our airplane was so small that he had to take his shoes off to get into it.

I remember the pilots. One young man named Martin, whose father was an official in the Douglas Aircraft Company, made a forced landing in a B-18 between Aruba and Venezuela. The airplane was towed into the Lago harbor, but it sank alongside the company docks when they attempted to lift it out of the water. This very likeable young fellow was called "Meatball" by his fellow pilots.

Lew King was another pilot I knew fairly well, as well as a fellow named McCabe, and there was another named Tom Diefel. These fellows gave free instructions to all flying club members who had not learned to fly.

I had obtained a private pilot's license but did not have an instructor's rating and did not try to give any instructions. Later on I was authorized by the Dutch government to instruct and ultimately I got a license from the U.S. Government.

We taught a great many Dutch nationals to fly. The Dutch government had helped us to get the first airplane. They awarded the flying club the equivalent of \$100 for each Dutch national who soloed and qualified to fly solo around the island. One Dutchman, Radon, flipped the plane over on its back while landing and made it unusable for a good many months. This unfortunate accident grounded the Flying Club for a while. Eventually the government helped us to get two more airplanes through Lend-Lease and they were kept in service until 4 or 5 years after the war when they were declared beyond repair.

Lew King became a B-29 pilot after leaving Aruba, and I believe was in the group from which the "Enola Gay" was chosen to drop the atom bomb on Japan. I am sorry to say that Lew is in poor health. He is living near Lubbock, but he has had strokes and I believe has become an invalid. I haven't seen him for about 10 years.

The first U.S Army group to arrive in Aruba consisted of men from the United States, but later, many of them were replaced by Puerto Ricans. And there was one Puerto Rican nurse in the army hospital

which was established in their camp in Sabeneta.

QUEEN JULIANA'S VISIT

When Queen Juliana visited Aruba, Bea was given the assignment of getting all of the school children to sing the "Wilhelmus", the Dutch National Anthem), and Vina Wals played the piano. The queen did visit the school and this performance was played out for her.

When Eleanor Roosevelt visited Aruba, I don't think anyone saw her except the top military brass. Admiral Clements gave a cocktail party for her in one of the exclusive bungalows where he was living. The school people were very disappointed that she did not visit the school.²

O.H. SHELTON

O.H. Shelton was very fond of sports and devoted a good deal of effort to finding good baseball players and basket ball players to fill open jobs of all descriptions. He also tried hard to hire attractive school teachers and nurses. I think this outlines his policy for hiring.

ORCHIDS

I remember that Russ Ewing was in the Engineering Department. He had his orchids in an improvised hot house that he had built just north of number 7 bachelor quarters. There was a depression in the coral over which he had constructed a sort of sunshade roof, and I visited it on one occasion. When Russ left Aruba he took the orchids with him to Florida, and went into the orchid growing business.

VARIOUS PERSONNEL

Johnnie Crawford, a machinist from Texas, was working at number one power house and I had to fire him for beating up Van Der Porten at the refinery gate. Not long after that, I fired Van Der Porten for flooding the pumphouse at number one power house.

Ferrow Himes was a chemist who came from Ingleside, Texas after the union put the refinery there out of business. Jesse Reynolds came from there at the same time.

Leroy Miller was a refugee from Palambang, Sumatra. He worked in the mechanical department as a zone supervisor until he retired, which was shortly before I did.

Eddie McCoart came to Aruba early with the Kellogg Company and later went to work for Lago. He followed a man named George Knight as

² *Mom has a letter from Eleanor Roosevelt apologizing for not coming to see the Lago ladies, explaining that she did not know they were there.*

mason and insulating foreman.

Frank Gladman was his assistant for many years. Eddie McCoart and Harmon Poole were members of the Esso Club Poker Club.

J.F.X. Auer was the manager of the mess hall who succeeded Magner. Magner was later picked up as a German national and sent to Bonaire.

"Army" Armstrong was a clerk in the marine department who worked mostly with ships' papers. He and Esselstein were great drinking companions.

Jimmy Armstrong was an engineer on a tanker before coming to Aruba as a power plant operator. He was the foreman of number two power house when he retired. Actually he was on Aruba before the refinery was built, stationed on the ship which was anchored at Oranjestad as a transfer station for Venezuelan crude.

Scottie Auldie, from Whiting, Indiana, was one of the start-up still men on the low pressure stills where he worked with Sonny Boy Williams from Destrehan. One day he came into the office and said, "Sonny Boy hit me." He was about twice the size of Sonny Boy.

Unless memory fails me, Marcial worked at the dining hall. I believe he was a Peruvian who sold Peruvian silver sets to many people in the colony.

Roberto Garcia, I am sure, was Oscar Henske's interpreter when dealing with Indians in the excavation of number one power house.

I don't remember when Gus Stutzman came to Aruba, but he spent all of his time in the instrument department. He was in the instrument department when he became engaged to a girl in Germany. She came to Aruba on another ship with Al Holsner, another German, who found out about the coming marriage and sent a radio message to Gus that had him in a dither. He thought he was going to lose his girl friend before she got to Aruba.

Fritz Gemelar was a German electrician I interviewed in New York before coming to Aruba. I later hired him for the electrical department.

Charlie Schlechta worked in the instrument department I believe we hired him locally, although I am not completely sure. They all were sent to Bonaire when the Germans invaded Holland.

Al Zucchini, an Italian, had an outstanding technical education, and was a professor in an Italian university. We hired him locally. I don't

know why he left Italy. He was in the electrical department for a short while and spent the remainder of his time in Aruba at the Instrument Department.

C. Pieren was a Dutch electrician hired about 1935 when Shelton was sent to Holland during a recruitment drive. Many of them didn't stay long, although Pieren stayed for a number of years. He was active in the flying club, and he was one of a group who brought in a number of P-50 war surplus fighters after the war.

WHAT PEOPLE DID IN THEIR SPARE TIME

What did people do in their spare time? Jack Schnurr built boats. It is almost unbelievable the number of boats he built. I guess he first built eight stock boats, and after snipe boats became fashionable, he built a number of them.

Scuba diving became popular about the time my son, Bill, reached the age when he could go along with Jack Watkins, Godfrey Frey, Mark Dittle, and two or three others. They preferred to do their diving around Bonaire, so I made a number of flights to Bonaire to take Billy and his friends scuba diving.

I don't recall many active shark fishermen except that a welder, Herbie Call, who in the early days, caught a female shark in the intake channel at number one power house. It was about eight feet long and contained seven baby sharks.

Another Instrument Department man of that period was Cyril Rex, an Englishman, who was hired locally. He had a great deal of fun with Gus and was quite a practical joker. I don't know when he left Aruba, probably while I was away on a trip.

BUNGALOW IMPROVEMENTS

A number of us worked at improving company houses, George Mathews, George Royer, Alex Shaw, and I. George Mathews not only built a large patio, but he built an additional room and classroom on his house, number 222.

I attended several of the Cub Scout and Boy Scout campouts and very well remember Jack Opdyke, Dr. Brace, and Jimmie Lopez. On one occasion when I was with Billy at a Sea Grape Grove campout, the derrick working at number one power house dropped one of the smokestacks on the roof. I went in to see the damage.

I am not sure there is any way to measure how many barrels of oil were recovered from under the island, although there were 7 or 8 small

Sears and Roebuck well pumps used around the tank farm and the refinery to pump it into the slop tanks. This may have been gauged by someone, but most of the oil was trapped by the diversion canal we built around the perimeter, from number 2 power house, to the secondary separator west of number 1 power house. The oil that flowed into this canal was pumped back with the separator slop, and was not gauged separately.

There was so much oil under the island that we had a great deal of trouble at the power house. This was the reason the canal was built.

The early sewers built in 1928 were simply flumes in the coral rock, in many cases, covered with a slab. The engineers did not realize that the acid in the sewer water from the units would eat the coral rock out. There was a concrete flume on the north side of the number 7 low pressure stills which continued to a place where it crossed the road to a point where the number 12 aviation still was later built. This sewer went into operation along with the units before the separator box was completed so the effluent went down over the hillside into the bay adjacent to where the stock oil tanks were later built.

After operating a short time, this flow of acid water cut through the coral and made a waterfall just south of the edge of the road, where it flowed down to sea level and the main sewer canal, and finally discharged into the lagoon.

Soon thereafter the separator was completed and a complete concrete lined flume was built from where this failure occurred, which ran into the separator. Here, the water was reconfined and run through the plant separator, a process during which a considerable volume of oil was recovered. The sewer system including the colony sewers were made part of the utilities department about the time all of these headaches became obvious and kept us busy for a long time checking sewers and getting them repaired.

Many leaks occurred in cases where the acid ate through the concrete bottom between number 1 low pressure still and the road. At one time we found we had a canyon over most of this run which was filled with coral sand and a new heavy concrete flume built on top of it. At this point, the acid water coming from the treating plant was diverted through a tile sewer, which was run parallel to the concrete sewer all the way to the separator box. Unfortunately this tile sewer was put together poorly with ordinary cement and it wasn't long before it was found that many of these joints had eaten out and the water was not reaching the separator box. Again we had a canyon below the sewer system.

In 1938 and 1939 we had an expansion program at number one power house which involved putting in a condenser discharge tunnel the full length of the building. This was built under the firing aisle and it was necessary to operate the boilers over planked decking while the work was in progress. We endeavored to have this work done in small sections so that it could be sealed off properly, with concrete, as the work progressed. We were over-ruled in this matter and full length trenches were dug right down to sea level and the oil seepage came in the full length of the power house. This was believed to save considerable labor and operating cost and construction time, but actually the reverse was the case.

On one occasion the oil floating on this water caught fire. We had a fire the full length of the power house, in front of the boilers in the firing aisle. The aisle that ran the length of the power house in front of the boilers was used by the boiler firemen and was called the "firing aisle". For a brief period we did not have access to the boiler fronts to control the boilers. We succeeded in putting the fire out with foam from portable extinguishers. After quite a struggle we did get it put out and kept on operating. It later became necessary to drill holes to sea level under all of the boilers and pump in grout, since explosive gas mixtures were seeping up, through the coral, underneath the boiler furnaces.

LAKE TANKER LA SALINAS BURNED AT LAKER DOCKS

The tanker which burned at the docks was a La Salinas class tanker. And I think it was either the *La Salinas*, or the *Savaneta*. There was complete confusion in rigging the hoses on the dock. The captain, Captain Wright, ordered the ship to cast off, and moved out near the reef where the high pressure water pumps on the tug succeeded in extinguishing the fire. I am pretty sure this fire occurred in 1932. By the time I drove to the foot of the docks, the Dutch marines had taken control. I had forgotten my badge, and they wouldn't let me on the dock, so I sat on shore near the marine office and watched the frustrating procedure.

JITJMTMRT COURSES

Early in the war there were two instructors sent down from the States to teach us how to better instruct our employees how to plan their work. They ran such courses as "JIT" and "JMT." Everybody went through this I believe from L.G. Smith down, in order that we all would be familiar with it. For a demonstration they used "Underwriters Knots." One person taught the other how to make the "Underwriters Knot," demonstrating that first one and then the other knew how to make the knot. Each person, in turn, had to plan a demonstration.

I remember Stewart Harrison decided to teach Tom Brown how to gauge an oil tank. They pretended they had to climb a stairway up on to the oil tank, and Harrison showed Tom how to raise the hatch and let the tape down to gauge the oil in the tank. At this point, he said, "Tom, are you any dizzy when you are up high like this?" And Don What's-his-name was very upset over this whole affair. The program was very amateurish; apparently the instructor assumed that no one knew anything about what they were doing and they were showing us how to begin training personnel properly.

POWER HOUSE PUMP PIT FLOODING

When the number one power house was put in service, all of the original salt water pumps were installed below sea level so they would have positive suction, and they would be more easily primed and started. In 1934, this arrangement was regretted as we had a flooding of the low area. All of the motors became submerged, which resulted in a partial shutdown of the power plant. I was ready to leave on vacation when things began to go to pieces.

Immediately, I began to attempt to get things back to normal. One of the large service water pumps had been open for repairs, and the shift foreman, very ineptly, decided to open the discharge valve all the way. By the time this mess was straightened out, the pit was flooded. Fortunately there were two or three pumps at each end installed above sea level, and these continued to function. So I believe we had two 4,000 kilowatt units and one 7,500 still operating after this debacle. With these we were able to keep the pressure stills on and supply enough power to effect an orderly shutdown. We washed down the pumps with fresh water, and in some cases it was possible to dry them. In the case of others, they had burned out, and rewinding was necessary. We did not have enough coils in stock to rewind all of them, and an emergency air shipment was made. General Electric and Westinghouse cooperated in getting the coils to us as rapidly as possible. An amphibian aircraft landed in the lagoon in front of the colony to unload these coils. The shift foreman, who ordered this disastrous mistake, Van Der Porten, was no longer in the employ of Esso after that mess.

PERSONNEL

Howard Humphreys and Harry Moore both had relatives on the board of directors of Standard of Indiana, but depended entirely on their own ability to make good on the job.

This was also true of John R. Golden who worked for a while as the

power house clerk. I believe he put in only one contract in Aruba before going back to school.

Jake Walsko spent his time in the accounting department as a bachelor until he married a school teacher in about 1943. Her first name was Grace, but neither Bea nor I can remember her maiden name.

Another man from Whiting, Indiana, Tommy Jancosek, must have come soon after this group. He and Jake played on the accounting department ball team. Jake was an outstanding catcher on that team.

INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT

In Casper, and in Whiting, the instrument department had come under the technical service department. Initially the thought was that the same arrangement would be used in Aruba, and Gerald Cross was the engineer who ordered the instruments from Whiting for the plants. But when the time came to put them into service, there was no one to do the job. This was the reason for my working in my spare time on the instrumentation. A fellow named Roy G. Wiley came to Aruba from Torrance, Colorado where he had worked in an oil refinery. He had been hired to maintain and adjust instruments, but actually hadn't much experience. Management decided at this time to turn the instrument department over to me as part of the utilities department.

I made arrangements to have Harry Moore transferred from the technical service department to be the first instrument department foreman in Aruba. Harry did an outstanding job and before very long was assisted by Paul Jensen, who came early to Aruba.

The Gregorio Frank Story

Gregory Frank was an 18 year old Aruban boy who worked in our Instrument shop when I first met him in 1934. He was a thin, dark skinned young fellow who spoke very good English. He was the "Tool Room Attendant" although I don't think we even had a title for the job. His last name was originally "Franken" and this was legally changed to "Frank" in 1940 when the government inducted Gregorio's brother into the army. At that time the government found there had been an error in recording the family name.

The tool room in which he operated was really a cubby hole with shelving on both sides and there was a window in the outside wall. The door to the tool-room was a half door with a counter on the lower half. It was so narrow that he could stand with one foot on the shelves on one side of the room and one foot on the shelves on the other side. He always wore a white, cloth cap such as golfers used to wear. That was his trademark. He always seemed even tempered and never lost his cool. He was very agile and he later became noted over the island as Aruba's best soccer player.

He and I became good friends and one time he, Rudi Beaujon, and I worked together on a project to make a loud speaker cabinet for our amplifying systems. We made the cabinets of 3/4" thick Surinam Plywood which had a beautiful grain. We found a circuit diagram in the Popular Mechanics Magazine and we wound our own coils. The cabinets had a 12" bass reflex speaker and three - 5" diameter tweeters. For some reason Rudi couldn't work on his cabinet so I put it together and wound up with two of these cabinets. Greg and I borrowed a pick up truck and took the 4' x 8' plywood sheets down to the carpenter shop in the refinery and cut the pieces we needed. We assembled them at our house in our patio. This was when we lived in Bungalow #366. We found an employee who was from British Guiana who had a saw table that would cut the thin trim strips we used to finish the edges of the cabinets. These strips had four grooves lengthwise which added to the looks of the cabinets.)

GOI RELATES HIS STORY IN HIS OWN WORDS:

(Goi is the diminutive of Gregorio as he is called by friends and family) I began to work with Lago August 23, 1933. Prior to that time, I had completed 2 years of high school, (that's all the schooling we had

available at that time) I applied for a job at the Eman's Bank, now known as the Aruba Bank. Mr. Eman told me the one opening he had was filled just a week before, but he said he would give me a letter of recommendation to Lago, where he had good contacts.

A week after I delivered that letter to the personnel office, I was called by Mr. Balanco, the man in charge of hiring local people, and he told me I should report to work the following day, which was August 23, 1933.

When I reached the Instrument Department, which was called the Combustion Department in those days, I almost ran back home. Number One Power House and the Air Compressor House were making such noises I never heard before. You can imagine what I thought. When I was about 7 years old I first heard the noise of a car. And a little later I heard the noise of an airplane. I came from Noord, where you only hear the noise of a truck maybe three times a day! In addition to that noise, terrible gas fumes were coming from the acid treating plant just east of us. Each time they have an acid or caustic line leak, we had to run out to the ice plant or to the storehouse area!

My brother had started to work 2 weeks before me. He told me to hold on, I would get used to it. He was working for the Engineering Department.

I had a hell of a time with Lou Crippen in that old instrument shop across from No. 1 Power House. At the time I was the "tool room boy," and we had a sort of cooperative lunch arrangement. I had to hide our rolls, lunch meat etc, which we were ordering from the old commissary every morning. He loved them.

I remember when we were working together in the pyrometer room. At the time our shop was located in a steel framed building covered with corrugated galvanized metal. It had been used for something else before the Combustion Department took it over. That was what we were called at that time. The floor space of the building was about 120 feet x 100 feet. The main shop area covered 100 x 100 feet on the south side of the building. The offices covered a strip about 15 feet wide and ran the length of the building on the north side. There was a separate office on the west side that was 15 x 15 feet. This was Mr. W. L. Ewart's office. At the time he was superintendent of the Combustion Department which included the Instrument and Electric Departments, the No 1 Power House, the Compressed Air Plant and the Ice Plant. The latter three elements were located along the coast across the Main East West roadway that ran through the refinery a short distance from the shore of

the Lagoon. These units were just across the road and to the west of our shop.

We were called the Combustion Department in those days. The main shop took up an area 100 x 200 feet on the south side of the building. The offices took up an area of 20 x 200 feet between the shop and the north wall of the building. A 20 x 20 feet office on the west side of the building was where the pyrometer room was located. It had a doorway opening into the general shop area. I was working on the thermocouple bench. Louie Crippen kept touching my back with a large screw driver, and I was unable to do my work on the thermocouples. So one of the times he did that, I gave his hand one of a donkey back kick and the large screw driver flew up and got stuck in the ceiling, missing a large light fixture by a hair thickness. After that there was no horse-play for a long time.

He and Jossy Bislick, a local worker, used to calibrate displacement meters, when the test rack was behind the instrument shop, right by the window of the small tool crib. Jossy liked night life, and therefore came to work half asleep, then any chance he got he would climb into the large water test tank and go to sleep. Whenever the foreman asked for him, we threw some bolts against the tank to wake him up. He was a helper to Crippen at that time. So we decided to stop this nonsense. And one morning when all the foremen were in a meeting, and Mr. Jossy went to take his regular nap, Crippen waited about 20 minutes, and then opened the six inch inlet valve they used for checking six inch displacement meters, and gallons of sea water was rushing into the tank.

It didn't take long that Mr. Jossy came out of that tank, like the Flying Nun, all soaking wet. That was the last day in the tank for him, and up to this date (I see him every day) he never found out who did it. It is a good thing also, because he is a strong fellow and would make two of me!

I remember one day Dwight Fryback was working 4:00 to 12:00 and jumped on one of the work benches, I can almost visualize it like it was yesterday. It was the middle bench against the south wall, and accidentally he knocked over and broke a full bottle of muriatic acid that Charlie Schlehta was using for cleaning Foxboro Controller mechanisms. At this time the displacement meter test rack was still in the middle of the main shop, and the acid went all over the bench. Well, it took poor Fryback only a fraction of a second to sit flat in the six inch displacement meter body, which normally was level full with water. And he sat there with all his bottom and I mean his entire bottom in the

meter body for several seconds. Luckily for him the meter body was full of water at the time. That happened so fast that it took us several minutes before the whole shop burst out laughing. Poor Dwight just smiled, but he didn't say one word. After several minutes, he got into the four to twelve shift's pickup truck and went back home to change clothes and take a shower!

I can't remember much about Cyril Rex except how as shop foreman he hopped around helping his men do their work. He always put an "O" on the end of a word and acted like he thought he was speaking Spanish. He would say, "Come on, hand me that el wrencho and let's turn that el valvo." And being English, he was always bedeviling Gus Stutzman about the "square heads." (Ironic as it seems, I later found Rex was married to a German woman).

Gus Stutzman always called me Shody, but we got along very well until he was picked up and shipped off to concentration camp in Bonaire when Germany invaded Holland.

We called Joe Josephson, Joe Peligroso. He actually did not need a telephone; you could hear him from number 12 viscosity unit, or even the acid plant office! (These units were at the extreme ends of the refinery)

Virgil Emanuel was a local mechanic from Saint Vincent. He was working with Ellie Wilkins on the flow meter bench. One day the poor fellow broke the spindle of a Brown flow meter stuffing box. The spindle, a precision machined shaft made to withstand 500 P.S.I.G, connected the float in the float chamber to the flow pen through a "stuffing box." The "stuffing box" as it was commonly called, provided a seal which prevented process liquid or gas in the float chamber from leaking to the inside of case of the meter. This leak could ruin the paper chart as well as the mechanical (or electric) clock that caused the chart to revolve through a 24 hour period. Wilkins was really mad and poor Emanuel was so scared that he told Wilkins not to tell the boss, that he would make a new spindle. As you remember these came as a "mated" unit with the stuffing box, to prevent any possible leak. In those days we were only allowed to carry one spare set in stock. Believe it or not, using only hand tools, that guy made a spindle to fit the stuffing box, and when it was tested, there was no leak under maximum working pressure. All of the foreign staff mechanics on the benches were surprised at this. Well it didn't take long after that, our Emanuel was made first class mechanic. You know how he had a broad smile with a mouth full of big white teeth.

I only remember Eddy Pfeiffer as a nice quiet person and very polite.

Al Zucchini (our Italian Shop Foreman) was a good, smart and technical man, but he only liked himself and no one else. However I still learned a good bit from him.

Carl Reichart, a nasty German, was caught stealing information from Mr. Ewart's desk, just before the war. He was given 8 hours to leave the island. Later we heard he was a German spy.¹⁰

Last we heard from Paul Jensen, he was in St. Croix.

I can remember that the very first day after work when I reached home, I told my mother, I will only work in that place for one month; that's all. But I stayed there for 44 years!

Mr. Burbage, the pipe fitter foreman, to me he was always very cooperative when I needed a meter piping installation. He was the one that told me once, that someday we will do our own meter piping. That day came.

¹⁰*At the time this happened I had a desk near the doorway to Bill Ewart's office. I remember when this incident took place one evening when no one was in the offices. Everyone heard about it the next day.*

The Dwight & Barbara Fryback Story

I was born on a farm near Thorntown, Indiana 3/31/08. We moved to Frankfort, Indiana when I was five years old. I started grade school there and in 1921 we moved to West Lafayette, Indiana. There I finished grade school and three years of high school. I got a job in Chicago with the Brown Instrument Company and went to night school. I attended Lane Technology School to finish high school. I didn't get to college because of the Depression!

GOING TO ARUBA

I was twenty seven years old when I was hired in New York to go to Aruba; I had to get a map to find out where it was. We sailed from Bayonne, New Jersey on January 2, 1934 on the Paul S. Harwood; there was 10" of snow on the ground and fog for two days and nights and was I sick! My room mate was a pipefitter named Claude Eklund, also sick. It took us 5 1/2 days to get to Aruba.

My salary was 92 1/2 cents an hour which was big money in those days. They put me and Claude in B.Q.4 room 411. I lived in that room until Bobbie and I were married March 22, 1944.

Bobbie Maas was born on June 28, 1912 in El Paso, Texas. She was 16 years old when she went to Aruba with her parents in December of 1931. She says the trip took six days.

Amie Maas went to Aruba as supervisor of the Commissary, Cold Storage, and Dining Hall. They lived in Bungalow 80 and later moved to Bungalow 359.

When Bobbie and I were married we were assigned Bungalow #303 which Bill Weber had just vacated for another Bungalow. Chich Berrisford had been the previous occupant.

Amie Maas had regular poker games at his bungalow. This group included Adolph Halpert, Harmon Poole, Eddie McCoart, Rade Broz, Gilbert Brooks, and three fellows from Oranjestad.

THE COLONY

The original road to Oranjestad went past the *sheep sheds*, around the Tank Farm and through San Nicholas. After going through San Nicholas the road turned to the right just before you got to the Spanish Lagoon. The road went through Frenchman's Pass and then along the East end of the old Air Port and on into Oranjestad.

Our brackish water came from the Magnel Cora Well down the hill southwest of the Seroe Colorado Light House.

The Lago Church services were held in the school house yard and also in the Dining Hall by Jack Emery and George Wilkins. The new church was designed by Norman Shirley.

Our Laundry was first run by Arthur Krottenaur, Sr., then successively by Pop Eveland, Preston Hunt, and Gene Keesler.

When I first arrived in Aruba I met Elmer and Jo Robbins and their daughter Margaret. Margaret found out that I had never been to B. A. Beach. One Sunday she invited me go along with a bunch that was going to the beach. Margaret was wearing a two piece swim suit and warned me to be careful of the rough water and undertow. The breakers were rolling in real high so I sat down on the sand to watch those going in. Margaret and five of them ran out and dived in. The next thing a large breaker caught them and here they came tumbling head over heels and upside down. Margaret landed on the sand right beside me covered with sand. She had lost her bra and didn't know it. You know I never did look for that bra!

The Marine Club was having a big dance and just before the dance they found out that the sewer was plugged to the men's and women's toilets. They called out Joe Josephson from the Colony to unplug it. By this time of night Joe had taken on a few drinks, as usual. He and his men did everything possible to get it unplugged. Finally Joe had his men hook up a fire hose to the fire hydrant downstream from the Club House and connect it to the sewer line. Well they gave it full line pressure and the sewer line was unplugged. The walls and ceiling of the Men's and Women's rest rooms were covered with you know what! That is when the real work started.

The only members of Marv Case's Dance Band that we can remember are Marv and Amy Hogue.

Some of the Basket Ball players that Bobbie and I can remember are: Dr. Reeve, Kenny Springer, Kenny Schulenberg, Henry Becknell, Joe Faulstich, Bob Baum, K. Jelf, R. Linkogle, Frosty Litherland, George Mathews, F. Sandell, Si Yates, Paul Hargrove, Tommy Emmitt, and P. W. Moak.

You have to add Butch Borsch to the list of interesting people of the Colony. He was the Colony Bootlegger for many years when he lived in the B. Q.

Ralph Humphrey was one of the Colony's best photographers for passport pictures, portraits, etc.

Right after the American troops arrived to guard our refinery and Aruba a big Costume Dance was held. The Gun Club put on this dance at the old Esso Club with prizes awarded for the best costumes, etc. As usual at such events during wartime, the officers of the Army were invited but not enlisted men.

WORLD WAR II

Bobbie and I decided to dress up as a soldier and a nurse. So I went to the commissary and bought a pair of khaki pants and a khaki shirt. I already had a pair of brown work shoes which I polished good. Then I went to the Army Camp in Savaneta and borrowed a hat, a canteen and a cartridge belt. Bobbie got a nurses uniform from Miss Marian Wylie, the head nurse at the hospital.

When Bobbie and I went on the dance floor we passed by Dr. Reeves table. The commanding officer and a fellow officer were sitting there. The commanding officer got up and came over to us and said: "Soldier no enlisted men are allowed at this dance, get back to camp!" By this time I was feeling no pain and said: "Yes, Sir!" and danced away from him. He came right after me and said: "Soldier I said get out of here now or I will have the MP's take you out!" Why, I don't know but I reached over and pinched his cheek. He then grabbed me. At this point Mr. Odis Mingus, our refinery manager, who happened to be sitting at Dr. Reeves table also got up and joined us. He explained to the officer that I was a Lago Employee; that I was not wearing a soldier's uniform and that this was a Costume Dance. The officer was still mad as hell when we moved away. Bobbie and I won a prize for having one of the best costumes at the dance. Our pictures are in the February 27, 1942 Aruba Esso News.¹

¹*Dwight was promoted to a sub-foreman and then Foreman in the Instrument Department. He was about 5'8" tall and weighed about 175 pounds. He had sandy hair, and reddish complexion. He was muscular and well built as they say. After the war he became the night Mechanical Foreman for the refinery. He worked a steady 4 p.m. to 12 midnight shift. He supervised all of the ten Mechanical Crafts that were working on this shift.*

The R. Gene Goley Story

My parents were living in Enid, Oklahoma at the time I was born. My mother went to be with her mother in Winfield, Kansas at the time of my birth in 1929. I graduated from Enid High School where I played the trumpet in the band. I got a B.S. from the University Of Colorado in 1951. While in college I was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, and the Engineer's Club.

GOING TO ARUBA

In 1951 Standard Oil of New Jersey was sending recruiters to universities to interview students; they interviewed me and offered me a job in Venezuela. I was all set to go, but just before the departure date, they said they had made a mistake--the job didn't exist. They wanted me to go to Aruba; the company there was planning an expansion at that time. I checked around and was unable to find anyone who had either been to or heard of Aruba.

I was 22 when I flew to Aruba from Miami. On the plane with me was a civil engineer, a fellow by the name of Jim Nagle. We were met in Aruba by Ray Colman. His wife, Connie, was away, and he took us out to dinner that night. He also loaned me enough money to pay duty on some things that I had picked up along the way.

HOUSING

The first bungalow that I rented was number 209, and it's still there. We bachelors usually rented from ship's captains who were away for six month's vacation, but I lived in bachelor quarter's number eight for a long time.

When my wife and I were married in 1961, we moved into bungalow 712. Ruben White had lived in that house prior to us.

PERU & POINTS SOUTH

In 1963, we went to Talara, Peru where we spent three years. In Peru, I was division head of engineering in the mechanical engineering department. My boss there was Hap Young (formerly of Barrancabermeja, Colombia). I'm not sure where Hap went from Talara, but I think it might have been Cartagena. Eventually he wound up in Aruba where he worked in the mechanical department. He had two daughters and his wife, Jean, had red hair. Hap is no longer with us; he died of cancer two years ago.

A geologist friend, whom I knew from Talara, was transferred to Bogota, Colombia, where I later visited him. While I was there, he had to inspect a well that had come in. He and I flew down to Barrancabermeja. Felix De La Mata was manager of that refinery then.

AND BACK AGAIN

My wife and I returned to Aruba in 1966, first moved into bungalow number 1567, and then into 275--where we have lived for seventeen or eighteen years. John Brown, the marine department manager, used to live in 275.

Laura, my wife, is from Virginia. She was married once before, and she had lived in Venezuela. She had two daughters, Kathy and Mittie. We have had two sons, Duval and Frank. Duval is 20 and goes to Tulane University in Louisiana. Frank, the younger son, who just left today, March 18, 1985, goes to Woodbury Forest School in Virginia, north of Charlottesville.

JOBS AT ARUBA

When I came to Aruba, the job they had for me was not the one I had been hired for. But I later worked on several buildings. I designed a new dining hall up on the hill to replace the old one across from the general office building. I designed the Light Oils Finishing building, and I worked on the high school and the auditorium there.

I stayed in the technical department and advanced first to Engineer, grade C, and then to Engineer, grade B.

When we had our first labor strike in August of 1951, I had been here about three weeks. I was so new; I didn't know what a refinery looked like. They took everybody from the offices and put them to work in the refinery to replace the strikers. Finally I was all by myself in the office. A guy came in and asked if I wanted to go to work, and I said, "Sure." They put me on number one combination unit. I remember it had four furnaces. The expatriate operator I had never met who was in charge of this unit said, "Gene, I've got this position of houseman open."

A houseman was the man who went around recording the readings of all the meters on the run sheet on the control room desk.

The expatriate operator on the unit said, "But Bob Eula has been around a long time - do you mind being fireman and let him be houseman?" And I said, "That's fine with me, I don't care." So I think I was houseman for one shift. And then Bob came. The job only took 10 minutes every hour and after you did it a couple of times there was

nothing to it.

Bob Eula, who had been our fireman until I came along, was a fellow who always looked busy. He was another fellow who worked in the office. He carried a clip board and was always writing on it.

When Bob took over, he worked his rear end off. He double checked all of his figures, and checked them again.

At this time Gene Keesler was in charge of the laundry but he was also an old operator and they brought him back on the units. And he said, "Okay, Goley, I am going to take you out and show you how to change a burner." In those days office workers wore white shirts and white pants. He said, "Now see all of these valves. Now we've got to turn this one off, then we've got to turn that one off, and then we turn this one off, and be sure to turn that one off." Then he said, "I'm going to show you how it goes once, and then I want you to do it." So he went on and turned off the first valve, and then he turned off the second one. I noticed he didn't turn off the third valve, but I didn't say anything. He yanked that burner out and of course there was a steady stream of oil coming out the open valve. It splattered all over the ground and it got all over his white pants. He looked at me, threw that burner on the ground, and said, "Well, now you know why it's important to turn off that valve." I was never sure if he did that on purpose. He could have done it to teach me a lesson. I've changed many a burner since then, and I've always thought of Gene when I did.

I'll never forget that he told me that if you keep the chart pen steady on the proper temperature, make it draw a straight line, it would result in a much better product.

At first I overcompensated. It got too hot, too cold, and then it got too hot. Finally I learned; I had the chart pen drawing a straight line. But after a couple of shifts there was not much to do, so the operator had us clean the whole place, and he had us paint it. He was in seventh heaven because the place looked so good.

And the first day the strikers came back to work we were required to overlap one shift. The experienced fireman on this unit couldn't or wouldn't keep that temperature pen drawing a straight line. It seemed to me that he didn't really care. It really irritated me--the man I had replaced was so careless that even an inexperienced novice like me could do a better job than he could.

During the August 1951 strike some of the ladies of the colony operated the post office. They cleaned that place out, found old

undelivered mail, and organized it like it had never been before.

They also went into the Esso Club and cleaned and reorganized it like new. The kids of the colony took on the jobs of waiters and waitresses, and the service was never better. The Chinese cooks lived in because they couldn't go out the gate or the union would get after them.

The Edeleanu plant was down and they had almost finished the turn-around when the 1951 strike took place. After about 3 days, Vance Burbage said if he had the bodies, he would finish the turn-around. He got his people, put the unit back together, and the operating people put the unit back in service.

During the following turn-around, they took the unit apart, and when they went into vessels, they found all kinds of things had been left inside. Scaffolding was found in one vessel. It seems that accountants weren't aware that scaffolding and other materials and equipment had to be removed before the vessels were buttoned back up.

The army wanted me in 1954. When I originally came to Aruba in 1951, the Korean Conflict was at hand, and I had to get permission from the draft board to leave the States. They said, "Oh! Yes! You are going to work for an oil company that is an essential industry. They drafted me when it was over because there were no essential industries without a war. I served a two year hitch in the army, taking my basic training at Fort Bliss in El Paso, Texas. The remainder of my hitch, I spent at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, near Washington, D.C. I was in what was called the Engineering Test Unit in the Engineer Corps. It was interesting work; we tested new equipment before it was adopted officially for use by the Engineer Corps. Malcolm Murray and I were in the same unit. One day I found a note on my bunk from Mac which said, "I'm here!"

When I came back to Aruba in 1966, we modernized Aruba's operations. I worked on our biggest tank, a crude oil storage tank that had a capacity of about 440,000 barrels. The spheroid tanks (designed by Louie Lopez) on the southeast corner of the tank farm above the colony held aviation gasoline during the war. These were replaced with 80,000 to 100,000 barrel tanks because the supporting structure of the older tanks failed. We rebuilt pipe stills 9 and 10, and the combination units 5 through 8. Units 1 through 4 and unit 11 have been dismantled. The new pipe stills are able to process between 80,000 to 100,000 barrels a day. The low and high octane plants are gone, as is the catalytic cracking plant.

LIFE IN THE COLONY

The entrance to the caves in the colony is right next to our bungalow (275). Baby Beach is still as pretty as ever. B.A. Beach is still out there, but it has a little oil on it now. I think most of the sand on our beaches is from coral, and I don't believe you will find any finer beaches anywhere!

In the early days everyone had a two month vacation, and everybody traveled by tanker. There was a fellow in the mechanical department, who for sake of this story we will call Joe. A group of fellows always had a going away party at the Marine Club for one of their buddies who were departing, and they were doing a party for Joe. Somehow Joe always managed to miss his ship when it sailed, and his boss was determined that he wasn't going to miss it this time. He told one of Joe's buddies he was to be responsible for seeing that Joe got on ship before it sailed.

Time of the departure came, and they began to become concerned that he wouldn't make it. The man responsible for seeing Joe off told them not to worry; he had everything under control. This guy took Joe down and put him on the pilot boat that was to pick up the pilot from Joe's ship when it cleared the harbor. That way Joe would be able to party until the last minute; and he would get on his ship when the pilot got off. The hour came, and as planned, Joe was put on the pilot boat. Everyone at the party breathed a sigh of relief, and they got down to the serious business of partying. Some time later, Joe, walked into the Marine Club. The responsible buddy was unbelieving. Somehow, instead of getting on the pilot boat which was to pick up the pilot from the outbound ship, Joe got on the one that was delivering a pilot to an inbound ship. When the ship docked, he got off and returned to the party.

We used to have three types of water in the houses: salt water in the sewer system; brackish water for the gardens; and fresh water for cooking, drinking, washing clothes and bathing. A few years back we discontinued the salt water system because maintenance of lines and equipment was too expensive. Brackish water was substituted.

I worked with Jack Opdyke in Cub Scouting. We later had a Sea Scout post, and Ira Kirkman from the equipment inspection department was its advisor while I was his assistant. We fixed up an old fishing boat with a motor. The Craane family, who owned a hardware store, had a 70 foot sailing boat that traveled among the islands carrying produce. The Sea Scouts and their leaders went on an all day trip with them once. I

have been in scouting for the last 12 years. Lately, I have been the scouting coordinator in Seroe Colorado. We have had a very active program, and our sponsor is the church, which has the troop charters hanging on its walls. There was a gap in the program when there were no active units.

I remember the small narrow gauge railroad was here when I came and they used it to move the hospital up to its final location after I came.

Joe Josephson and his wife, Minn used to live across the street from us. And they were noisy.

The last of the old timers that were here were: Lee Stanley, Clyde Rodkey, George Cvejanovich, and Pete Storey. I think Pete had been here 38 years or something like that.

I am trying to think of the name of a tall, lanky fellow who lived in the two story bachelor quarters. The bachelor quarters were built in the shape of an "H", and each floor had a veranda on the inside of the "H" which acted as a hallway connecting all of the rooms. The veranda had a regular wooden railing, and at each end was a stairway. This fellow, whose name I can't remember, lived on the lower floor. It was his habit to vault over the railing to get to the ground level. One evening he was at a party on the second floor, and when he left the party, he automatically vaulted over the railing, fell two floors and broke both of his legs.

There was a fellow by the name of Boyd Bastian who, with three other fellows, owned a Mooney Mite airplane that they kept at the Flying Club. One of them had forgotten to put down the landing gear and broke a blade off the propeller. One Fourth of July we had a parade and a picnic in the colony, as was our custom. Boyd, a short, stocky laboratory chemist, had a few too many beers as was his custom, and he went out to the Flying Club field and examined the jagged edge of the broken propeller on their plane with an engineer's practical eye. He went home, returned with a saw which he used to remove the jagged edge of the broken propeller. He then sawed off the other blade to match. You can imagine how fast that engine turned over with the propeller missing several inches, and lightened by pounds. Boyd managed to get the thing off the ground and he buzzed the parade and the picnic. By the time he landed at De Vuijst Field, the whole board of the Flying Club was there, and they grabbed him. The police showed up after he had gone and they had 27 counts of reckless flying against him. They found out where he lived, but when they went to his room they couldn't find him. About 2:00 the next morning a cable was received from one of the tanker

captains who said he had a stowaway on board. Bastian! Apparently some of his friends had put him aboard on this tanker to keep him out of the authorities' hands. I heard he later worked for the company up in New York.

Aruban music is one of our favorite forms of entertainment. We are especially fond of the Aruban Waltz. Danny Croes whose Galleria Moderna in Oranjestad stocks Aruban music. He used to work for Lago.

The colony church was designed and built by Norm Shirley in 1939. Ten years ago, the congregation of the church dwindled so drastically that we couldn't support a minister. We searched for retired ministers. We offered them a house, a car, paid their utilities, and paid them as much as they could earn without disqualifying them for Social Security. Bob Stewart, the minister you met at the church this last Sunday, came a year ago last September. He retired August 31st, and September first he came to us. He and his wife, Doris, have been here almost a year and a half now.

Bill Rae, who was also called "Scotty", died about a year ago. His daughter, Joanne Rae, married Peter Storey, and they left about a year ago to live Casper, Wyoming.

We are Presbyterians. My dad is very active in his church back home. He is an elder and his wife is a building elder.

There was one fouled up order that I can remember; the time they re-shingled the church. They ordered new shingles, and the shingles were shipped in bundles on pallets. The Labor Department asked where the storehouse wanted them, and they were told the shingles should be delivered directly to the church. The shingles began arriving, and the Labor Department men kept stacking them on the side of the road near the church. Shingles begin to pile up, and they soon had shingles everywhere. Unfamiliar with how shingles came, those responsible ordered 1,200 squares to cover their 1200 square feet of roof. Twelve hundred squares in roofing parlance actually translate to 1200 times 100 square feet, or 120,000 square feet! They had enough shingles to cover their church 100 times over.

The Schoonmakers were active members of the Colony theater group. They also used to direct plays. George Quakenbos was a fellow who worked in the clinic. He was quite a director, and I used to be in his plays from time to time. He had a habit of throwing out a cue line for the third act when the players were doing the first act. When they realized they were being given the wrong cue, they would shout, "Hey! We're not

in the third act; we're supposed to be in the first act!" He would then throw out the correct line. He did that just for the hell of it, just to keep them on their toes.

In the 50's, before I was married, I directed the play, *Laura*, the one in which Gene Tierney played the lead. We presented the play here in the colony during the Oranjestad Culture Center's month long opening celebration when the culture center was opened in Oranjestad. The house was packed. I remember that Peter Storey was in all our plays.

When Princess Beatrix visited here 25 years ago, the Yacht Club put on a regatta. Norm Driebeck and I had a small catamaran. The princess was very interested in this particular boat. Norm was Dutch, and at the time he must have been 23 years old--a nice looking fellow. One of her aides came over and got into a conversation with Norm. The aide said he would talk to the princess and that she might like to take a sail with him. Every body knows the Dutch are sailors as much of their land has been reclaimed from the sea. The princess was eager to sail on our catamaran, so Norm took her for a sail. Her aides followed in a motor boat, but they weren't prepared for the speed at which our catamarans moved. They had trouble keeping up with it, and were more than a little concerned about her safety.

Norm went to Oklahoma State University as an exchange student. When I arrived in the bachelor quarters the first day, there were a bunch of guys there. I remember at that time there was a difference of a half hour between Aruba and Miami as compared to the one hour we now observe. I was a little confused as to whether it was a half hour later or a half hour earlier so I asked what time it was. One of the guys asked if my name was Gene Goley, and when I replied it was, he questioned if I was from Enid, Oklahoma.

I said, "Sure!"

He continued, "You have a sister named Jodie, who's married to Dean Durrel, don't you?"

I replied eagerly, "Yeah! Where are you from?"

"I'm from Holland!"

"Aw, come on!" I was disbelieving at first, but it turned out that he had gone to Oklahoma State University. Not only was he a fraternity brother of my brother-in-law, but he knew my sister. He had heard I was coming to Aruba, and he chanced to come down two months before I did, so he was looking for me.

I remember one Christmas tree delivery in Aruba. Everybody must remember how we all got excited about the Christmas trees when they arrived, and how they would go down to the club and fight over them. Well, one year the trees were supposed to be there on a Saturday, but they were delayed. When they did get in, the storehouse had a list of the people who ordered trees, and they decided to be innovative by delivering them. That sounded innocent enough in the beginning, but it became more hectic than a Chinese fire drill before it was all over. The word got out about the deliveries, and women began chasing the darned truck from stop to stop, trying to get the best trees. The commissary truck had a terrible time delivering them.

Ed O'Brien of the Safety Department was one of those who got his amateur radio operator's license in Aruba when a whole bunch of guys applied for their license. He used to live next door to me. One night while I was living in bungalow 209, I came in late, and to my surprise, I could hear someone talking in my house. I crept in to catch the culprit who had entered my house without my permission. No one was there. A voice was coming out of my hi-fi set although it was switched off. After that I could always hear Ed transmitting when my hi-fi was turned off and he was busy sending his signals into the ether.

At the crossroads near the still existent bungalows 370 and 371 there are a couple of street signs. One of them says "Colorado Point," and has an arrow pointing up the hill towards the beacon that replaces the old lighthouse. On the right side of the road is a bunch of cement block buildings called the "Seaview Apartments," which overlook the Baby Lagoon. A little further along the road, and just at the bottom of the hill, there is a roadway which bears to the left, leading to less elegant wood apartments with kerosene stoves. The stoves were the cause of occasional fires. This used to be where you lived first while you waited for a regular bungalow. A couple by the name of Randolph lived in them. He got drunk one night, went up the hill, and began to throw rocks at the corrugated roofs of nearby apartments. It made a hell of a racket.

ARUBA & THE COLONY IN 1985

On the lower end of the refinery, you can see the hydrosulphurization units. At one time we made 300 tons of sulphur a day. The acid plant has been gone for quite some time. Aruba stopped making its own acid and began importing it.

And then I was in the economics and long range planning group. Harold Ashlock, a bachelor, was in that group for years. At present, I am division superintendent of general services.

Land crabs are still around, but hermit crabs are more numerous. They are unwelcome pests who come into our gardens and eat our plants. I found some in my garden just the other night. Hermit crabs, as you know, outgrow their old shells and must change into a larger one.

You will still see the fishermen and their nets catching bait fish in the lagoon in the evenings.

There is a pair of the nine inch owls living in the ground at the old Five Corners and there is another pair across the street from the new playground, next to the sidewalk. There are quite a few in the colony, and we try to protect them in our Seroe Colorado Preserve for Wild Animals. The area, formerly occupied by the 400 row of bungalows, is overgrown with vegetation now and there are many species of wild life there. There is an abundance of quail which are the approximate size of quail found in the States. Our quail have a little tuft on their head, and look more like grouse. I saw some this morning across the street and down from my house, in the vicinity of bungalow 267. I see them crossing the road and coming inland. There are many big iguanas in the colony; we protect them. The natives used to shoot and eat them.

On Colorado Point there is an "altar" built by Billy Ranking as an Eagle Scout project. This memorial was in honor of his stateside Scout Master who died before Billy came to Aruba. This is where our Colony church will have our coming Easter sunrise service. In recent years we have had three Eagle Scouts in our troop. One was Billy Ranking, another was Mark Scheld, whose father was vice president of Lago at the end, and the third is my son, Frank. They both became Eagle Scouts in 1982. Frank's Eagle Scout project was teaching a group of boys to play soccer. He went to the village and rounded up a group of boys who had never played soccer, trained and coached them.

We have a Meals-on-Wheels program here in Aruba. Berger, "Birdie", Viapree, a Methodist who used to work at Lago, is very active in the program. I think he worked in the storehouse.

There are about 78 students in the Lago School System at this time. When Lago ceases to exist, and the school year is over, the parents have formed an association to make this an international school. I believe the high school graduated their last seniors in June of 1966. Since that time they had students through the 9th grade only. The former high school building has been occupied by the general services for 8 years, and I have been here for three and a half years.

There are 186 houses in Seroe Colorado now, and there are forty

foreign staff employees. A year and a half ago there were more than a hundred. We will all be out of here by the end of this June. I think we are to dismantle the refinery, and we hope to sell the houses. The community will continue, and we might keep the church going. We have been completely renovating houses every five years, painting the kitchens and bathrooms every two and a half years. The houses have been extensively modified and modernized. Almost fifty have had central air-conditioning installed and they have been carpeted throughout. Glass windows have replaced the wooden shutters. We've done as many as we thought it would take to house our expatriates.

Since 1963 the occupants have owned their furniture. I don't know what arrangements were made, but since that time people brought their own furniture. We pay the same rates for the utilities that everyone else pays on the island. It is very expensive. My water bill is about \$150.00 a month, and my electric bill is well over \$200.00. We have been purchasing our utilities from the government plant for over 10 years. We used to buy a minimum of 22 megawatts from the government and we could buy more. The company use 50 megawatts, and we generated the balance. The company charges the same for the electricity as the government does.

The hospital has been torn down, but we have a clinic in the north side of the school building. Since the company hospital was dismantled, we go to the old San Pedro hospital in Oranjestad. The Dutch have constructed a new hotel-like hospital, the Horacio Oboder, near the hotels on the north side of Oranjestad, and our son, Frank, was born there. Doctors on its staff are from Aruba, Holland and Colombia.

There was a barbershop near the 200 row of bungalows, and a ball field behind it. In the same area was the commissary, the Boy Scout house and the youth building. The barber shop in the Esso Club is no longer there, but they have a beauty shop where men may get their ears lowered.

The Women's Club is fifty years old this year. Laura is quite active in it. Raisa Wilson, this year's president, lives at Balashi. Her husband is vice president in charge of the Saybolt Inspection Company. One of the founders of the Women's Club was Mrs. L.G. Smith. We know one of their married daughters, Lucy. She lives in Lynchburg, Virginia, Laura's hometown. They sent Lucy and her brother, Gerald, a doctor in Casper, Wyoming, an invitation. Both came down for the celebration and were here for four days.

In Oranjestad there is a culture center on the right just as you enter

from San Nicholas. On its front lawn is a bust of L.G. Smith who was President of Lago Oil and Transport Co. Ltd. when I first came here.

If you drive up to Colorado Point and look back towards the colony you will see a bunch of pipes sticking out of the coral. These pipes are vents for the Mangle Cora well tunnel system which is actually an extensive system for collecting rain water as it falls on the large area below Colorado Point on the colony side. We are phasing this system out so that after Lago pulls out, there will only be fresh water in the colony. The brackish water system was also quickly corroded by the action of the salt in the water; it was too expensive to maintain. It depends on the time of year, but salt content of the brackish system varies between 8,000 parts per million during the dry season and 2,000 parts per million during the rainy season.

There is another brackish water well, known as the Girl's Dormitory Well. It is located right behind the colony gasoline station, and a small fenced in sub-station. One of the nearby tanks leaked oil into it, and we can't use it. The girl's dormitory has been gone for years, but we had an extensive repair program underway to seal the tanks. We have replaced all of the tank bottoms, and we will get the well cleaned up one of these days. The government is very interested in these wells as a golf course is planned in anticipation of an increase in the tourist trade.

There is one well out by the Aruba Golf Club. A cliff behind the club drops down to the pitch pile, and if you drive out the coast road that runs from the Sea Grape Grove gate, you will see a pipe that goes up to a little green building. This well provides the water to irrigate the fairways at the Golf Club. They haven't been maintaining this system very well since the club has been on its own.

I don't know when the Commissary bus system stopped, but I remember that they had it when our kids were in school.

I played the alto horn in the community band, and McReynolds played the tuba. The leader, a Dutchman by the name of Jan Koulman, was the school's music teacher. His American wife, Mary Lou, was also a musician. They now live in Texas. Don Evans was in the band, I think he also played the tuba.

I don't remember what instrument Don Kurtz played. We had a band of about 20 people, and our instruments were supplied by the Lago Community Council. We used to practice once a week and give concerts. We all drew for the instrument we would play. I drew the alto horn.

I think the commissary was discontinued as a company business while we were in Peru, between 1963 and 1966. It was taken over by a guy whose name was Voss or Bach, I don't remember which. He was operating it as a private enterprise, and renting the building. But we had such few people in the colony it finally folded.

Bungalow 712, where we had lived before going to Peru, was one of the houses dismantled while we were gone. My wife was in tears when she learned of it; we had worked hard remodeling it.

The 50/15 plan took place while we were in Peru. This was the company's plan to retire you with a full pension if you were fifty years old and had 15 years of service with the company.

The Yacht Club now is a sailing club, and our sailing fleet consists of 15 Sunfish. The Sunfish is essentially an overgrown surfboard with a brightly colored sail; a one man boat. To sail it, you stand up, and steer the boat by setting the sail. We have races one Sunday a month.

I bought a snipe after I had been here three weeks. McReynolds and I won consistently, but he was always across the finish line first.

Skippy Culver's island is a miniscule island inside the reef, a mile off Rodger's Beach. In the early days people went on a two month vacation every two years. The year they didn't go on vacation they had a two weeks "local vacation." Usually they went to Venezuela, or another island such as Curacao. Those who were so inclined worked in their yard, or pursued their hobbies. Skippy Culver decided to spend his "local vacation" on an island inside the harbor that was uninhabited. He built himself a little shelter and camped on this island for two whole weeks. Since that time it has been called Skippy's Island by colony residents.

Lou MacNutt told me a sailing story that bears repeating. In those days they were racing just about every Sunday in Snipes, and they were racing one Sunday when a big squall came up suddenly. The wind blew, and the sky became so black you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. Lew's boat blew over and he righted it, and bailed it out. By that time the sun had come back out, the sky was clear, and it was a beautiful day. He figured he hadn't a prayer of winning; he could see no boats other than his own, so he decided to finish the course just for the heck of it. When he got into the docks he found that he was the only one who had crossed the finish line. He was the winner by default.

I remember the Yacht Club docks used to have a little shed with a winch. Members used to work on their boats on Saturdays or their off

day if they were shift workers. The usual rule of thumb was you worked on your boat four hours for every hour you sailed it. They had canvas decks which had to be varnished, rigging which required attention and the planks had to be caulked. It was a lot of work, but that was part of sailing as any good sailor will tell you.

Laura and I have a cruising sailboat, and we have sailed to Bonaire, Curacao, and Venezuela. From the tip of Colorado Point to the tip of Curacao is 45 miles, but you need to go another 20 miles to find a place to land, making it a good 60 to 70 mile trip. It is 18 miles to the tip of the Paraguana Peninsula on the Venezuelan coast. You may go either to the Amuay side or around to the opposite coast of the peninsula. The Santa Anna Mountain that you can see from Aruba on a clear day is 90 miles distant.

Every once in a while you can still see the top of the wrecked tug boat, "Captain Rodger" near "B.A." Beach at low tide.

The old bowling alleys are not too far from the General Services Building. I don't remember how many alleys there were in the old days, but there are now six alleys at the Esso Club. They had planned eight, but had funds for only six.

The Henry & Claire Goodwin Story

Henry and Claire arrived in Aruba on August 4, 1945. This was the same day that 50,000 barrels of drinking water was being unloaded from a tanker. A valve was left open and Caustic soda was mixed with the drinking water.

Buck Johnson was having a cup of coffee in Number 3 Lab. When he went to rinse out his cup in a sink the water and coffee mix turned blue. Buck, being a good (and alert) chemist, had the water checked and found the problem. An alarm was sent out and the drinking water system was shut down until the contamination was removed. Buck's quick action prevented anyone getting hurt. Sales of anything drinkable in the commissary hit an all time high. The water was turned back on 3 days later.

Bill and Bud Learned had been kind enough to stock the Goodwin's refrigerator with food, a jug of drinking water and plenty of ice cubes on Friday afternoon - B.C. (before Caustic). When Henry and Claire Goodwin arrived on Saturday afternoon they were the only ones to have drinking water with ice cubes at that time. The Learned's had already invited the Goodwin's to dinner on Sunday with the stipulation that they bring their own ice cubes.

GOLFING

Several of the high school boys became pretty good golfers. The Golf Club finally decided to let them compete with the men in the Golf Championship. The wind up was that the final championship match was between Al Leak Sr. and Al Leak Jr., father and son. It was a tight match all the way with neither doing any favors for the other. Al Leak Jr. won the match and the Championship.

John Preston was a pretty good golfer too, and spent a lot of his time teaching high school boys the game. Al Leak Jr., Bob and Bill Burbage, and Skip Goodwin became very good at the game.

The Ward H. Goodwin Story

Ward was born on November 5 1904 in St. Paul, Minnesota. Goodwin went to McAlister College, St. Paul, Minnesota and graduated with a degree in Physical Education in 1928. Ward was married in St. Paul Minnesota. Their children were daughters June and Shirley, and son W. H. II.

He lived and breathed baseball from early school days. A newspaper clipping shows that in 1922 Goodwin played on a semi-professional baseball team at the age of 16.

He explains that the Manager of the team told him to hang around with the team and if and when someone didn't show up for whatever reason that he would put him in the game. On this particular day the team, "The Bunnies", was playing an Exhibition game in Bunny Park in Cedar Rapids, Minnesota. The Manager split his team up and made two teams, one the "Whites" and one the "Grays." They played five innings and the final score was Whites 4 and Grays 3. Ward played left field for the GRAYS with a box score of zero: at bat, runs, hits, outs, assist, and errors! Obviously they didn't let him do much!

In 1929, 6'2", brown hair, blue-eyed Ward was on The York Nebraska baseball club playing the right field position. After being released from that club in May it finally penetrated his thick skull (He says since this was the sixth or seventh time he had been released by a ball club even HE got the message) and he decided that maybe baseball wasn't going to be his life's work.

He said that at that time he made one of the most important decisions of his life. Although he didn't know it at the time! The stock market crash came in October of 1929... After he had already gotten a job in Aruba! In June of that year he sent in a job application to the New York office of Standard Oil of Indiana (Later it was the Standard Oil of New Jersey). He had heard from a friend about maybe he could get a position from. Sure enough the famous O. H. "Jumbo" Shelton offered him a job as a Second Class Helper in the Stills.

He sailed from Providence, Rhode Island in the middle of September 1929 on the ocean tanker *Paul H. Harwood*. Among his shipmates were George Cleveland, C. Gibson, and an electrician whose name he can't remember. The trip took 11 days.

When he arrived in Aruba he never saw the Stills. He was put in the Warehouse with his immediate boss being W. Lawrence and C. Gibson was in charge. He was there about two months when they transferred him to the Personnel Department. Up to that time he wasn't sure just what the Personnel Department did in the refinery. At the time Marvin Case and Russell King were the wheels in the Personnel Department. Marvin Case was moved out to the Laboratories and Ward took his place in the Personnel Department.

He became active in the Baseball programs and wound up organizing Leagues and getting very active support from all departments of the refinery. He also became very active in the Basket Ball programs and was one of the consistently high scorers playing Guard Position for the Personnel Department most of the time during the 1930 season.

During the 1931 season he played forward for the Accounting Basketball Team and over the years he became well known in both Baseball and Basket ball. He was picked as a member of the second string All Star Team and then a full member. He was very popular with the *Pan Aruban* sportswriters and the fans over the years.

He also became the promoter of the boxing fights presenting his first card at the Aruba Boxing Stadium on July 24, 1937. Teaming up with John LaVega of the Warehouse he put boxing on an organized footing.

In September of 1934 the following appeared in *The Pan Aruban*:

OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

(Modern Local Version)

He came to Aruba a bach'lor,
But did not remain one for long.
The tropics and girls man's no match for
And soon this poor man had gone wrong.

He was married and went to housekeeping
In a bungalow built for two.
His family increased while he was sleeping
As families quite frequently do.

He moved to a house much more spacious,
The rooms in it now numbered four.
Yet his family kept growing - good gracious!
And the doctors predicted some more.

Then the man took his trouble to Atwood;
And though suave as that person may be,
To stop fam-i-lies growing, he's not that good.
"It's a five-roomer for you, I can see."

To Goodwin the man was referred to.
Ah, there was a man "in the know."
But Ward merely shrugged and referred to
The size of his own bungalow!

At the 1933 end-of-the-season Lago Basketball Banquet a questionnaire was passed out to the guests. These provided some enlightening information when they were collected and read out as part of the program.

One question was: "is Goodwin the fastest man in the league? Please be influenced entirely by your own opinion, not his. Give reasons."

The answer selected was: "Yes, by far the fastest on the lip and also nearest to being fast to the floor."

A memorandum dated August 24, 1937 from the Employees General Advisory Committee and signed H. E. Baker - Secretary, K. E. Dillard - Chairman, Leo W. Baldwin - Vice-Chairman, L. G. Harris, W. E. Brown, W. A. Van Oyen, Harry Weinman, Edwin H. Baxter, Ernest R. Hoffman, Leonard S. McReynolds, M. K. Hamilton, and J. D. Reeves says:

Dear Ward,

It was with the most profound regret that the members of the Employees General Advisory Committee learned of your intended departure from Aruba. We speak not only as individuals, but also as representatives of all contract employees, in saying that we have enjoyed working with you. We have at various times asked for, and you have given, information and advice on problems that have confronted us. We have appreciated information and advice.

Now that the time had come when you are about to leave, we feel a great sense of loss.

We wish you all kinds of success in whatever endeavor you may elect to follow in the future, and add that we hope it will be possible to meet again.

From the San Nicholas newspaper "El Despertador" dated August 14, 1937:

MR. WARD H. GOODWIN HAS RESIGNED?

There are rumors in town that Mr. Goodwin, the popular and esteemed friend of the Arubans, who at present is in charge of the Personnel Department of Lago has resigned.

The reason of this resolution is unknown to us, but we are certain that this would be a great discouragement for all of the workmen of San Nicholas as well as the Arubans and the foreigners, who have always received from Mr. Goodwin a very correct and fair treatment.

It is to be hoped that the rumors are false, for the benefit of our workmen, and in case it is true that Mr. Goodwin will again consider and cancel his resignation.

A newspaper clipping explains some of the good work Ward accomplished during his tenure in Lago's Personnel Department.

"The Gleaner" - Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies - January 10, 1938:

SECOND ARUBA LABOR CONTINGENT READY.

100 Men signed on: 50 sail today; 50 to sail Tuesday.

A second contingent of 100 laborers for Aruba has been signed on and is ready to sail. The information has been received from Mr. Ward. H. Goodwin, Assistant Personnel Director of the Lago Oil and Transport Company Ltd. who has been in Kingston during the past three months, recruiting laborers for his principals.

When this last batch goes, Mr. Goodwin's work will be finished here for the time being. He will leave for Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico to complete, in those countries, a labor survey which he has been working on since his arrival in Jamaica. So far he anticipates no changer in his plans.

During his three months stay here, Mr. Goodwin has made himself quite a figure in the city of Kingston by his friendly disposition, his enlivening spirit, and the very kind treatment given to the thousands of men whom he has had occasion to interview in his search for the right kind of employees for the Lago Oil Company.

Our reporter has spoken to quite a few of the men engaged in both contingents, and to a man they agree that Mr. Goodwin is a "Jolly good American." They express the feeling that as Personnel Director of the concern they are going to work for in Aruba, they have in him A REAL FRIEND one who will see that everything is done to make them contented there. "Whether he can use a man or not, he always has a kind and encouraging word for you," one laborer said, yesterday morning.

At his office yesterday, Mr. Goodwin was pleased to state the he had no difficulty in getting the type and quantity of men he desired. He spoke readily on the respectful demeanor of the men he had come in contact with, and said he felt sure they would not fall below expectations.

Mr. Goodwin commented, with appreciation, on the assistance he received in his work from the Police and Immigration Officers, who did everything possible to facilitate the issuance of visas and getting-through of other important papers to enable the men to go.

The Donovan Ivan Griffith Story

I was born November 4, 1921 in Meadowbrook Township, Koochiching County, Minnesota. My father was Ivan Emil Griffith and he was a Mechanic in the Lago power house in Aruba. My mother was Corrine Ashton Griffith who was a Comptometer Operator in the Accounting Department. This was a responsible job and she did most of her work on the foreign staff payroll.

I arrived in Aruba in September, 1930 aboard the tanker *S/S Elisha Walker*. My mother, sister, Mary, and sister, Phyllis traveled with me.

I remember traveling on the Commissary bus to the "old" Commissary which was located near the refinery gate which opened into the village of San Nicholas. Some of us boys used to get off the bus at the refinery gate and visit The Gateway Saloon to get a soda. We used to hear the phonograph there playing as we rode by. The piece I particularly remember was: "Lindy - Fly the Ocean Man." Other establishments were: Nyes' Music Emporium, and the Ben Hop General Store.

When I was 12 years old I joined the Boy Scouts. Andy Guimont was our Scoutmaster. And then we had someone named Read. He had evidently been a boxer and he taught all of us Scouts boxing. Joe Kennerty and I used to fight in preliminary bouts of the boxing cards organized by Ward Goodwin. We each earned \$8 for each round that we fought. And we usually fought three rounds. \$24 was a lot of money for us kids in those days.

I remember that one time Mr. Gilbert Brooks and L. G. Lopez were in charge of a Scout project that we had. We had been studying signaling with signal flags. Scouts were posted on hills along the road from Santa Cruz to the camp. We were to send a Mothers' Day message: "Greetings to Scout Mothers Happy Mothers' day." The only thing was that the signaling got fouled up some way. The message arriving at the Colony end was: "Carl Pattison is a S. O. B." Of course our leaders had to doctor this message up so it came out as originally intended.

When I graduated from the eighth grade the pastor had prepared a commencement address to deliver at the eighth grade graduation ceremony. At the same time there was a lady in the hospital who was dying of septicemia from childbirth. This same pastor had prepared the service he was going to give at this woman's funeral. In the meantime

one of his parents became very ill and he had to go back to the states to be with his parents. So he left his talk with a Dutch pastor whose English wasn't too good. Well, the Dutch pastor took his place and by mistake read the burial service at the commencement ceremony!

Another time Victor Lopez and I went down in the village and bought a bunch of fireworks. At that time a Dutch Marine patrolled the camp on a bicycle. These were the fellows who wore the green wool uniform, Sam Browne belt, brown leather leggings, and wore a varnished straw hat with one side turned up Australian style. Victor and I climbed up on a water tank in the colony. We lighted a "punk" and from that lighted our fire crackers.

The Dutch Marine came along below us and we dropped one of these lighted fire crackers so it fell behind a house. The marine immediately moved around to see what had happened. We watched him and dropped another lighted fire cracker on the side opposite where he was. We could see he was getting agitated so we decided to quit while we were ahead. Finally he gave up trying to figure it out and drove off.

I was 15 when my family left Aruba in 1936. I went to St. Louis with my mother and sister, Mary, for one year of high school and then to McMinnville, Oregon for my senior year of high school.

After I graduated from high school in 1938 I went to St. Louis with my mother and sister, Phyllis. In 1940 when Mary came up from Aruba to Philadelphia for the birth of her son, David, I went to Philadelphia to keep her company. When the baby was born, on the 12th of December, the forceps marks on his head and face made him look terrible. I was worried that he was not a normal baby. Then when Mary was able to travel with the baby my sister, Phyllis, came from St. Louis and we traveled together to Aruba. This was in February of 1941.

Meanwhile my mother had gotten her old job back in Aruba. She was working for T. C. Brown who was the head of the Accounting Department at the time. She was in her old job of Comptometer Operator and again doing the payroll of the Foreign Staff employees. She had met and married Jack Cassell whose wife had died the year before in Aruba.

When Phyllis and I arrived we stayed with my mother and Jack. I was involved in taking photographs and developing film for others.

I went into the Navy in 1942. I was assigned to naval photography training in Pensacola, Florida. Then I was sent to San Diego, California. In 1943 before shipping out on the *S/S Nahenta Bay*, a baby aircraft

carrier, I met Phyllis (my first wife) and we were married.

In 1945 I was in San Diego where my ship was in dry dock. I suffered a severe pain in my abdomen which was diagnosed as appendicitis. However when they operated they found the appendix was in good shape. The doctor removed it anyway to prevent any future problems. Much later I found that I had actually had a kidney stone attack. Then when the doctor was about to release me I decided I didn't want to return to naval photography. I would rather be on a bomber. So I mentioned to the doctor that I didn't feel comfortable on a small aircraft carrier. He diagnosed that as meaning that I had claustrophobia. And then to add to the confusion I became nauseated at my evening meal and went outside and vomited up my whole supper. The doctor happened to pass by and sent me to the mentally disturbed ward. Then after studying my case for some days I finally was given a 10% disability discharge for claustrophobia.

So I entered Linfield College in McMinnville, Oregon. I attended 1945 to 1947. I took general courses for a B. A. Degree. Then I enrolled in the University of Puerto Rico. I took a general language course there in English and Spanish. I worked part time as a reporter/photographer for the *Puerto Rico Herald*. I was there one year, 1947-1948. Then we moved to Miami, Florida where Phyllis worked as a taxi driver and I took whatever work I could get. Mainly I took care of our five children.

I spent the school year of 1949-1950 at the University of Washington in Seattle taking subjects I needed to obtain a teaching certificate. Then I spent the following year at Linfield College doing the same thing.

In 1953 I worked in a saw mill at Tillamook, Oregon. This was a small town 75 miles northwest of McMinnville, near the coast and on the Columbia River.

Walter E. & Wilma Gruenberg Story

Both Walter and Wilma were born in Colorado. They lived for many years in Casper, Wyoming. Wilma worked as a secretary for the Post Master, Assistant Post master and Inspectors in the Casper Post Office before she went to Aruba.

Walter graduated from the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado in 1936. He worked his way through school during the Great Depression. He graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in Electrical Engineering. While in college he was a member of Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering fraternity and Eta Kappa Nu, an honorary electrical engineering fraternity. Walter arrived in Aruba in 1936 and was assigned to the Engineering Department.

Wilma and Walter were married August 4, 1937. Their Civil ceremony was in Oranjestad and they were also married at the Lago Community Church. Their daughter, Elaine, was born in the Lago Hospital on November 14, 1938. She went through the Lago School system.

The Gruenberg's left Aruba in 1940. Walter worked for the Panama Canal for a year and six months at the Bonneville Power Administration in Portland, Oregon.

Walter returned to Aruba in May of 1942 after receiving a request from the Company.

Edward Gruenberg was born in Casper, Wyoming December 16, 1942. Wilma, Elaine, and Ed returned to Aruba October 1943. Elaine graduated from Cornell University, in Ithaca, New York, majoring in Spanish.

Ed was very active in the Boy Scouts in Aruba. Scoutmaster Jim Lopez remembers that the day Ed was to take his 14 mile hike his mother went with him to verify he had covered the 14 miles. On November 5, 1958 Ed received the Eagle Scout Award in Boy Scouting. Ed was also an avid spear fisherman. He won an unofficial first place trophy in a Bonaire Spear Fishing event in 1958. The award was unofficial because they were under 18 years old.

Ed attended University of Denver for one year and a half and went in the Army Security Agency for three years. Two of those years were at Kagnew Station in Asmara, Ethiopia. Ed returned to University of

Denver graduating with a degree in Mechanical Engineering. He subsequently went to work for the Chicago Bridge Industries. He has been involved in a number of overseas projects for this company.

Wilma and Walter retired from Aruba in 1963. They have kept busy taking courses at the University. They also hike and fish in the region of Ward, Colorado and in the Rollins Pass area.



T-Docks--Yacht Club--Rodger's Beach
circa 1930-1940

Photo courtesy M. G. Lopez

The Edwin Milton Harris Story

Edwin Milton Harris was born in 1896. He was the first son of Samuel and Leola Harris. There were a total of 10 children in that family. Five boys and five girls. He was born in Jersey County, Illinois. His parents were already in the USA. His father worked in Construction. He crossed the Mississippi River in a covered wagon. Later his father worked on the construction of the Scott Air Force Base right across the river from St. Louis in Illinois. His father was one of the main contractors.

Edwin went to work for the company (Standard Oil Company of Indiana) in Alton, Illinois when he was 16. He stoked the furnaces to keep the lines from freezing. He worked at night. Later he had just lost his first wife in childbirth and there were two small children. Clarence was the oldest and then Adair. He was 19 or 20 years old at the time. There was a notice on the Bulletin Board where he worked about a job opening in Aruba. And he went down there. The children stayed with his mother for two or three years.

He was finally able to bring them down to Aruba. I guess there weren't any quarters for a while. Then he brought them down to Aruba. They stayed there through their teens I believe. Then Clarence went off to school. In the meantime when Clarence was 20 and Adair was 17 or 18, our parents married. There was possibly one marriage in between there, but little is known about that. There were no children.

Eleanor, our mother, came down when Adair was about to deliver her first baby, Hudson. Apparently Eleanor came to Aruba once, prior to that time, and visited her father. Her father was Charles Dahlberg. He was there for the construction of the Bungalows. He was a finishing carpenter from Finland. I believe that was when our mother met our father. She went back to New York where she had a job with a bank. We guess they corresponded and she came back to Aruba. She was born in Finland and raised in the Flatbush area of Brooklyn, New York.

Our grandmother, on our mother's side, lived in New York. Her first child was stillborn and she figured New York wasn't a good place to have children. So when she found out she was pregnant again she crossed back across the Atlantic and our mother was born in Borgo, Finland. Our great-aunt still lives on property there near a fishing village. This is right outside of Helsinki. Our mother was 6 weeks old,

when they crossed again to New York. The ship evidently hit an iceberg. This was at the end of February and they were all ill from the cold weather. There apparently wasn't any loss of life. It took them a lot longer to get to New York because they were taken to Newfoundland and then to New York.

Our mother was raised in Brooklyn, New York. Both her brother, Alif (Pete or Steve) Dahlberg and her father, Charles Dahlberg, worked on the construction in Aruba. She came down to visit them.

Our parents were married in 1935 in Oranjestad, and they were in Aruba when my father retired.

Eleanor was born November 20th, 1936 in Aruba in the old hospital which was located west of the mess hall. Myrna Gale was born February 28, 1939 in the new hospital up on the hill just below the light house at Colorado Point. She was the first baby girl born in the new hospital. Gary Edwin (Bucky) was born on January 23, 1941. Mikey was born January 17, 1943. We lived in Bungalow 347.

OUR MEMORIES

BUCKY AND MYRNA GAYLE REMEMBER:

- The soldiers being there. For Thanksgiving we had a whole house-full of soldiers over for dinner. One of them was named "Tish" and we eventually went to his wedding in 1948 either in Minnesota or Wisconsin. We remember the bagpipes and parades of the Scottish soldiers in Aruba. We remember riding with my dad when he took the American soldiers back to their camp in Sabeneta.
- Riding in the bus that went to the Commissary down on the west side of the refinery. We can also remember that you used to be able to call them up on the phone and they would send out your groceries and put them on your kitchen table for you.
- Getting on the bus in the summer time when school was out and taking rides to the commissary and back.
- A very good summer program for the kids. They used to bring in counselors for the various activities. They had aquatic ballets and things like that. They had all kinds of athletic programs and one of our favorites was swimming. Usually you were there for one summer program and then the next summer you would be gone for vacation.
- Eleanor contracted scarlet fever when we were in New York on one vacation. Eleanor was in quarantine in my grandmother's house and my dad took the rest of us to the Hotel Abbey. We went to visit her

every day; playing paper dolls with her under the doorway; and us kids playing with the bell hops in the elevator. We did all of the things that tourists do in New York. We went to see the Rockettes at Radio City. We shopped and shopped to get enough clothes for the next two years. This was the common practice with families that went on vacation in those days. There was a lot of guessing on anticipated shoe and clothing sizes.¹

- We can remember when they put up the new high school which was on the northern side of the Lago Colony. The old one before that had the slides for fire escapes. We would climb up them and slide down on waxed paper if we could get the paper.

In a baby book at home are written down all of our teachers up through the fifth grade.

- Once in the first or second grade the teacher told us, "Happy Turkey Day!" Someone asked what is a Happy Turkey Day. She said that's Thanksgiving. But we did not have a holiday on that day in Aruba. The dads went to work and we went to school. We always had Thanksgiving dinner, but guess it didn't sink in.
- We always ate our biggest meal at lunch time. Dad was off for an hour and we ate our biggest meal at noon. Then he would go back to work and come home at 4:00 p.m. or 4:30 p.m.
- They had Sunday school in the Church.
- The old school was green and the new school was built of cinder brick and was much more modern. We never went to the new high school: We left at the end of the summer before we got to go there.

Bucky had just finished the 5th grade.

- Elna had gone away to Lady of the Lake School for the 8th and 9th grades. But she came back and went the 10th grade in Lago High School year before we moved away. Elna wanted to stay in the States, but dad said no, so she came back for the year before we left. She would probably remember people's names and things that happened. She went to school with the Mingus, and the Chippendale girls. There was another girl whose last name was White. Her mother was a nurse. She went off to boarding school the same time Elna did.

¹*I was full grown before I discovered that you could buy blue jeans in lengths and waist sizes that didn't require you to roll up your pants legs or cinch your waistband till your back pockets came together.*

- It was in 1948 or 49 that we had that Tidal Wave and the water came up where the Yacht Club area was. The water came up almost to the top of the floor. It damaged a lot of the docks and everything. In the area where the stairways went down to the beach the water was all of the way up to the top of the coral. There was a headline in the Miami Herald about the Tidal Wave in Aruba. Some of the beach cabanas along the beach were torn down. We got some rain, but it was the high tide that did the damage. Dad got the Miami Herald at that time and it was in the paper. We had some warning that this wave was coming, because they told everyone to get their boat out of the water or tied down. They didn't expect the water to come up as much as it did.

In the Hurricane Season we would have those calm days, when the water was like glass.

- Bucky and I decided that we were going to go cave exploring and we found a hole in the fence out in the Tank Farm. And we dropped down in this hole to explore this cave. I guess I must have been about ten years old and Bucky was eight. We rode out there on our bicycles and never told anybody where we were going. And we dropped down in this cave. I think we had a flashlight and a candle for light. We never thought how we were going to get back out of that hole. Finally we found a long 2" x 4" board and Bucky shinnied up the 2 x 4 and then he helped me get up out of the hole. It was really scary there for a while.
- When Bucky was going into the first grade, Mom took him down to school and she walked back home. We were about 3 or 4 blocks from the school. She was in the kitchen doing something and she turned around and Bucky was back home. And she said what are you doing back home? And he said I already knew everything that the teacher was teaching. I don't need to go to that school. He had climbed out the window and jumped down and came on back home.
- Tommy Watkins drowning. It seems that other school kids saw them get off the bus together down at the swimming docks. And the two of them were swimming out to the buoys off the shore there. Apparently coming back Tommy got a cramp or something. The other little boy was scared and went home and didn't say anything until the next day. Finally after three days they found his body floating under the swimming docks.
- Admiral Halsey's daughter was there during the War Time. She had married someone who worked in the Refinery. I think she had a child

while she was there.

- In 1946 we went back to the States for the first time after the War. And we picked up a new Hudson Car and drove across country to visit our other grandmother in St. Louis.
- We bought that car from Eman in Aruba. We got it in Aruba put it on a boat and took it to Bayonne. It was a coupe. My father said if we had a four door sedan he couldn't reach us all. So this coupe was so he could keep us all quiet.

When we got back he traded it for a 1949 Chrysler New Yorker sedan. When we left Aruba we had a midnight blue, 1950 Chrysler New Yorker sedan. People would look at the speedometer with the dial in kilometers; and they would say, "Does this car really go 120 miles an hour!?"

- Myrna had a shadow on her lung so she constantly had pneumonia. It was a growth that apparently was from the time she was an egg. The egg was supposed to split and into twins. But it didn't split. Father had twins born in his family. This was the only explanation that the doctors had for this growth. But this thing kept growing along with her body and it kept blocking off more and more lung capacity. She was always a very sickly when a small child. So she would always have pneumonia, but they couldn't do anything except to watch it during the war, because they didn't do lung surgery down in Aruba. It was too dangerous. So in 1945 mother took her to New York. And they stayed for 3 months while Myrna had the surgery. Since that time she has been fine. There is a 17" scar down her back. They went through the back. There were only two places that they did that surgery in the states at that time. One was in St. Louis at The Children's Hospital and the other was at The Children's Hospital in New York. They wrote it up in The Medical Journal because she was the youngest person they had ever performed this operation on. It was at the top of the lung and it wasn't something that would go away. It was blocking the air passage. Therefore if she got just a sniffle the fluid would go into the lung and stay. It was a Dr. Romer in Aruba who said we needed to go do something about this because it kept growing.

They must have taken a hundred X-rays.

- We had a large clothing hamper which we pushed out to the front porch and the Laundry truck would come by and pick it up. They used to do the men's white pants and shirts.

- There were some people named Husing who had a daughter who was about my age and then another about 4 years old. The mother had epilepsy. Both girls had been born in Holland before they came to Aruba.
- One time David Lopez helped Bucky and I with our "mining operation." Dad had built a four foot wall to replace the picket fence that we had before that. So we had all of those pickets back there behind the wall. And we had this bucket and we mined this dirt with those pickets.
- The Fred Quirams had two little girls and one day Mikey, Bucky, Michael, and David were "rocking" these kids. Throwing rocks at them. And then their maid came out to put a stop to this and they rocked her. Fred put up a 6 foot fence and the boys were not allowed to go near that fence.

Bucky confesses, "I'm the one who cut their clothes line."

Dad put a stop to that business. That was before child abuse.

- Bucky can remember Jim Lopez helping him put together a radio. This must have been in 1947 or 48. This was when he was a Cub Scout. This was to get the Lion badge. He never did get into Boy Scouts because we left Aruba and moved to Corpus Christi.

We can remember Momma doing something with the Cub Scouts.

- One time some man came over from Denmark and opened a butcher shop in the village. Everybody was thrilled. He used to make Blinderfinkens. They were good.
- During the strike we had there in 1951 the kids worked everywhere.

Myrna worked in the Club collecting those trays after people had their dinner. One time Mikey went down to the Club and treated all of his friends. Daddy had just gotten a new 20 guilder club book and Mikey was buying ice cream and sodas for all of his friends. Someone at the club called dad and said, "Hey, did you know your son is down here buying everything for everybody?" Mikey suddenly returned home. He couldn't have been more than 6 years old at the time.

- After the War the Von Schlott family came through and put on a concert at the club. We can remember they were on the stage and they sang.
- Princess Beatrix coming to Aruba. Myrna was a Girl Scout and we had to all be in uniform and they had the whole island out to greet her.

Whenever we had a visitor like that the whole island turned out to greet them.

- Mom and dad were great pinochle players. The Descanio's used to come over to play and they would slap that table.
- We can remember when report cards came out and you could hear "Whop - Whop - Whop" as Mae got after the Descanio boys.
- Mom could stand out there and yell all day for us kids to come home for supper and nothing would happen. But, when dad got out there and whistled, we hurried right home.

What we want to know is how those people got permission to build those houses down there on the beach ?

ON TO CORPUS CHRISTI

After we left Aruba we went to Corpus Christi, Texas. Myrna lived there five years; then went away to boarding school for a year. Then got married to an Air Force cryptographer and moved first to Wyoming. Then she moved every so often as service men do. She decided she wasn't moving anymore when he was transferred to Turkey and they got a divorce. She worked for a stock brokerage house, married again and she had three more children for a total of seven. She has six and a half grandchildren right now.

Debbie, born December 29, 1955, is married to a CPA.

Connie, born December 7, 1957, is married and has 3 girls.

Gary, born July 29, 1959, works in medical supplies, has 1 son.

Bruce, born August 29, 1961, is divorced and has 1 son.

Melissa, born January 19, 1960, was not married (at the time).

Sarah, born January 29, 1973, was not married (at the time).

Eric, born July 29, 1974, was not married (at the time).

LEAVING ARUBA

We left Aruba by plane. We flew to Miami and then on to Corpus Christi and bought a house. The address was 4035 West Vanderbilt. Dad had shipped the car to Bayonne on one of the tankers and later he went to New York and drove the car back down to Corpus. I am not really sure why they picked Corpus, however Frank Campbell lived there and my parents had known them.

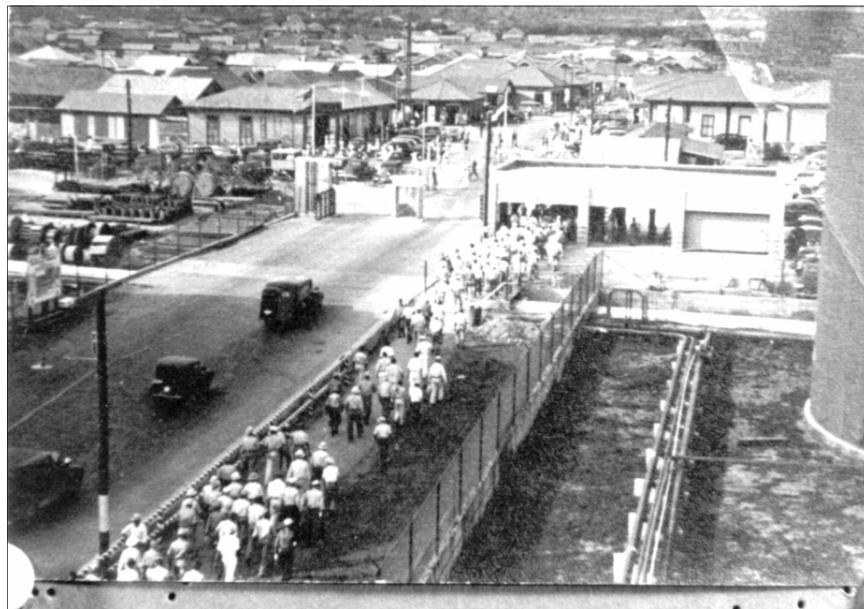
My dad was there for about two years before he left for an overseas job. He built a porch on the back of the house and some shelves. He also worked downtown in a department store for a while. There were some refineries around there and he did try to go to work there, but I

think when you come from overseas the pay differential is just too much less.

When dad went overseas he went to Johannesburg, South Africa to work on a coal gasification plant for M.W. Kellogg. This was about 1953 and he stayed there about 3 or 4 years. Mother went over there in the summer of 1954. The kids all stayed in the states. When she came back from South Africa, we all went back to Corpus and to the W. D. Ray High School there.

When Bucky got out of high school he joined the Air Force. Linda and Bucky were married just before he went into the Air Force. He was there for 4 years. In the Air Force he was in what was called "Crash Rescue." Bucky was with the pipeline part of Coastal. When Coastal divested itself of that part he went with it and it became Valero. He is a vice-president of the Marketing Department; marketing gas throughout the United States.

As told by Myrna Gale and Gary Edwin Harris



Main gate Lago Refinery - - - unknown date

Photo courtesy Joanne Storie

The Donald A. & Louise Haase Story

Don Haase arrived in Aruba in February 1930 to work in the Power House. He signed an eighteen months contract; but due to complications of a hernia operation when death was avoided only because of a dedicated orderly, it was twenty two months before he rejoined his family in Kearney, Nebraska. He returned to Aruba in November 1931 with his wife Louise, and their children, Mary Louise (7), James (6) and Elizabeth Ann (4).

The family's first home was Bungalow #38, a house with a fabulous view and a nice little beach. As Louise couldn't swim the children weren't allowed to use the beach until Corrine Griffith, Mary Lopez's mother, taught them all to swim. Those were the days when all the water faucets in the house flowed with brackish water. The fresh water tap was outside beside the road, but everyone had a good heavy bucket in which to carry it into the house. As the Colony grew and more houses were built, the family moved to Bungalow #340. Later Louise and Don lived in #1537.

Don was active in the Masons and a member of the Eastern Star. He loved the Camera Club and was also a member of the Engineer's Club. He sang in the Lago Church choir, even did tenor solos, and served on the Church Council. He enjoyed golf at the Aruba Golf Club and played as often as he could.

Louise was a charter member of the Mother's Club which was started in 1932 by Mrs. Beshers. Later the Mother's Club became the Woman's Club. She was a member of the Girl Scouts and a leader of the Brownie Scouts for three years. She also sang in the church choir and was a member of the Guild. Louise was active in the Little Theatre and a member of the American Legion Auxiliary. When British troops landed in Aruba Louise baked cakes and made sandwiches for them. Later when American ships docked there Louise and Don often entertained the men in their home. Louise remembers one February when they had twenty six parties. Sometimes there were five men sometimes forty. Their friends, Harriet and Leo Baldwin, owned the magazine concession at the Esso Club. They talked Louise into working for them and serving as Librarian at the Club. Her really fun job was working for her dear friend Helen Leon, at Helen R. Leon's Dress shop in San Nicholas.

Mary graduated in the class of '41 from Lago High School. She

attended Stephens College and came back to Aruba in 1943 where she met William Flippen of Richmond, Virginia. Bill was a Lieutenant with the U. S. Army in Aruba. When he was transferred to Puerto Rico, she joined him and they were married and lived there one year. After the war Bill joined the C.I.A. in Washington, D. C. They lived in Japan and the Philippines before settling down in McLean, Virginia with their three daughters. They are now retired and living in South Carolina.

When Lago High School closed during World War II, both Jim and Libby had to leave Aruba. Jim enrolled in Kemper Military Academy in Missouri, where he roomed with Gene Campbell, a classmate from Aruba. After graduation he served in the Infantry in the Pacific War Theater. After the war he graduated from the University of Virginia and joined the C.I.A. for three years. He then went to work in Venezuela for Creole Petroleum Company in the Accounting Department. Next, he spent seven years in Kuwait with Aminoil. He then joined British Petroleum and worked in New York, San Francisco, Alaska, and Houston. He is now retired and living in California.

Libby also finished high school in the States and graduated from Stephens College before returning to Aruba. She worked for the American Consulate until she married Randolph Chalker of the Engineering Department. Three of their four children were born in Aruba before they left for Holland. After a short stay in Holland Randy left Aramco and they lived in Jacksonville, Florida, Puerto Rico and South Carolina. Randy died in Greenville, South Carolina in 1984 and Libby is now living with Louise in Mexico.

Don was in the Power House February 16, 1942, the night the German submarine attacked the island. At the first shot all the lights in the Colony went on. Mr. L. G. Smith called the Power House and asked, "Don, can't you do something about those lights?" Don answered, "I sure can L. G." He rushed to the switch which was behind a glass panel. With his fist he broke the glass, cutting his wrist, and pulled the switch to cut off power to the Colony. He liked to say that he was wounded in action.

Don suffered a severe heart attack in 1956 forcing his retirement. Don and Louise settled in California, but when Don died in 1972 Louise bought a house on the beach in Mexico. In 1973 the family brought his ashes back to Aruba. Jim and the minister from the Lago Church spread the ashes in the lagoon in front of the Power House.

The George P. & Kathleen Hemstreet Jr. Story

In the fall of 1933, while I was a college student, I had a call from George telling me he was considering a position in Aruba. I listened numbly as he told me where Aruba was, what it was, and why he was going. It was interesting since three years earlier on our second date he asked me if I would be interested in going to South America. Fortunately I said yes. Little did I know what was ahead. George sailed on the *S/S C. G. Black* on February 14, 1934; and his father sent me flowers to mark the date an occasion that created excitement in the dorm and the beginning of what I would term a very interesting life. Four years of letters, cables, excitement tears, depressions, and disappointments followed. Finally, in November of 1937, the signal was sent that it was okay to get married, and that we had a house available. In February of 1938, we were aboard the *Esso Bolivar* with all of our worldly possessions when a radiogram arrived saying we had been assigned Bungalow 187. What excitement aboard the ship!

Bernie Franklin met the ship and said, "What are you two doing on board? You are not expected and your house is not ready." When he saw our big white German shepherd - Oh me! We piled into Bernard's car, and he said we must get to the commissary, as a royal baby is due and all nonessential facilities would be closed down to celebrate. Nipper, our dog, and I were dropped at bungalow 187 while Bernie and George took off. All the louvers were closed and it was hot. The bungalow was a pleasant surprise after the gloomy picture George had painted to prepare me for the worst. The louvers were stuck with paint, and I couldn't open them so I ventured forth with the dog on a leash. I had just rounded the corner of the bungalow when I heard a call I shall never forget, "Kathleen!"

It was Lotje McReynolds. That was when I began to learn that Aruba and its wonderful people combined to make a perfect place to live and raise a family. There is nothing like our "Aruba Family." We have Aruba reunions and meetings all over the world.

I remember the free kerosene the company delivered for our wonderful stoves on certain days. If you were baking a cake and saw the flame going out, you could dash to any neighbor with kerosene bottle in hand. Trying to light the stove with the trade winds blowing was a

chore. You could cook a roast beef so that it was rare on one end and well done on the other by regulating the burners, a feat making it possible to please all who set up to your table.

The domestic help when they first arrived on the island and our efforts to get used to their ways and their efforts to get used to our ways is a memory that is still fresh in my mind. One of them wishing to compliment her employer made a copy of her mistress' dress and wore it to serve at a dinner party.

Superstitions abounded. Not ironing after cleaning the refrigerator was one. I recall my first encounter with the Caribbean delicacy, fresh fish heads - cooked on my stove in a coffee can.

There was a big wedding when Mary Harrison married Neal Griffin. At the airport one of the bridesmaids had a wild ride in a luggage cart. Mary's father, Stuart Harrison, had been a colonel in the army in the First World War and still had that bearing. In Aruba he was the Process Department Superintendent and always directed all firefighting efforts at refinery conflagrations.

Picnics were important events to me. One time George was lying on the beach at dusk and a pelican decided George had his spot. The pelican came in for a landing and narrowly missed George. Another time Nipper chased a goat into a well. The owner wanted five guilders for his goat. Instead George got a rope, got it around the goat somehow and pulled it out of the well. George patted the goat's rump and he was off and away. George told the owner, "There goes your five guilders." We also recall a picnic among the rocks at Ajo. Phil, our son, started to toot his trombone. Slowly but surely native children appeared from out of nowhere to listen to the American pied piper.

I recall being at the Scout House when Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt arrived on her unpublicized trip during the war. I also recall being in front of the main office building when the Queen arrived on her celebrated visit. I also remember how disappointed the children were that she didn't have a crown. The sugar flower basket for the centerpiece on this occasion had to be kept in the refrigerator until the last minute because of the humidity.

Local authorities ordered those responsible to paint the fronts of all the buildings in the village along the route the dignitaries would travel.

George and Kathleen were blessed with two children -- George III (known as Phil in Aruba) in 1941 and Pamela in 1945. They attended Lago Colony schools and say they had the happiest childhood anyone

could have. They loved the life and the wonderful summer programs and other opportunities. Phil is now Doctor George, and Pamela received her Masters degree in Guidance. Since their marriage there are now eight grandchildren.

WAR YEARS MEMORIES

The night of the German submarine attack on the refinery - February 16, 1942, I was one of the guilty ones that used the telephone to keep in touch with Delores Nixon. Jim Nixon of the Marine Department had called George to go with him to the beach to aid the survivors of the damaged and sunken Lake Tankers. Those who had managed to swim to the beach were covered with crude oil. The wives of the Lake Tanker officers who lived in the housing immediately above the beach assisted in the same effort. The survivors were transported to the hospital for emergency treatment. I also recalled seeing star shells from our navy going over the island. I called George every time I saw one. He would come outside, look, and then he went back to bed. On the last one, he said, "Honey, that's the morning star, not a star shell. You can quit calling me, Go back to bed." Years later, a spent shell was found in Captain Fernando's bungalow, the one across from ours.

After the attack, when the company offered to send anyone back to the States. George was in the Transportation Department at that time and he handled transportation arrangements for all families, labor recruits, etc. All wishing to leave were evacuated to other ports in four days time. I didn't think of leaving George after those long years of separation we had had, and besides, I was busy with our new baby. I didn't really realize so many people were leaving. When we received word that unidentified planes were headed our way. I was scared. The realization that we had no place to run to on our island if the enemy did land was what really bothered me. Several hours later, the alert was lifted.

We either had a feast or famine on commissary supplies, a condition caused by the company ordering double shipments to make sure we did receive enough supplies.

Like everyone else in the colony we invited members of the armed services to our house for dinners at various times. These were the soldiers sent to Aruba to protect us, and we did appreciate their presence.

For 18 months, during the black-out, outdoor fires were banned. At the time of the submarine attack there were electric lights at various locations around the tank farms and colony. These were shot out by patrolmen when they couldn't locate their on and off switches.

I often think of the all of the things the company did for the Aruban community - upgrading of educational and living conditions with playgrounds, and various programs. On our return trip in 1973, although I felt the colony looked terrible, we received a warm reception. I am sure the Aruban people appreciated what the company had done for the island community.

In 1960 I was astounded when I bought a basket of cocktail tomatoes in New York that were marked "Grown in Aruba." This was a result of the hydroponics program.

The summer recreation program for all our young people was a wonderful thing. College students who were home for the summer participated as instructors.

When you look back on all of the activities that were going on in the Colony it is amazing how many clubs were organized and the events each club sponsored. The Women's Club had beautiful flower shows which were organized in spite of the difficulty of getting dirt, making flower beds, and water shortages.

Fashion shows with all of those elegantly dressed housewives as models were given. The Little Theatre group that found all kinds of talent in the Colony.

We were very fortunate that the island was practically free of childhood diseases. Not much was known about polio back then, but it was everywhere in the States. There were no reported cases on the island. We hated to go to the States when we vacationed, but most of us had relatives there.

When our Phil went north to enter high school as a junior, he came up with measles and chicken pox. That was when George's ham radio was really put to use. His call letters were PJ2AO. Phil later got his U.S. ham license and we could keep in touch that way.

One of the things I noticed was that the Dutch children never spoke Dutch while they were in the Colony. The children told me they were to learn English. I think it was a shame that we never learned to speak Dutch. Dr. Schendstok was told by one of his patients that she had a nasal problem, and he began to examine her navel!

I often think about the Yacht Club's great Sunday sailboat races that were organized by Paul Jensen, Jack Schnur, the MacNutts, Charlie Ross, the Lloyd Smiths and I can't recall who else. Charlie Ross was the one who built the bachelor quarters, the old Pan Am Club, the bungalows

in the Lago and Eagle Colonies {the name "C.C. ROSS" was imprinted in the concrete slab at the foot of the porch stairs on each bungalow}. These racing boats were Aruban built Snipes. {Jack Schnur built most of the Snipe-class boats of the Yacht Club, and their deck hardware was made in the foundry operated by him.}

After the popularity of the Snipe-class of boats dwindled, Sailfish became fashionable. These surfboard-like craft carried one person who stood on the deck holding on to the mast. The sails were of course smaller than those on the Snipe. Later we had motorboats that towed water skiers.

Dick Turposl, a cousin of George's was temporarily in Aruba on a construction assignment with the Nage Company, and he started to build a motorboat in a bachelor quarters carport. He shaped the wood by steaming it in the shower. This was the "Susan T. Penguin." George and Phil finished the job. Later it was shipped to Long Island and then to the Pocono Mountains where it is now stored.

When the Radio Club had their field exercises we enjoyed the outings. In the late 1950's members of the club set up their stations at various points around the island. The goal of the exercise was to see how many other stations around the world could be contacted in a 24 hour period. All radios were set up to operate on batteries as there was no power available at the outlying points.

George's other love was ham radio. His station's call letters were, legally PJ2AO although he did use the illegal call letters PJ2AF. He, Stan Chapman, and Lloyd McBurney were the pioneers and worked with the Dutch government in Curacao to make ham radio operation legal. There were many Ham Club field trips and many wonderful contacts on the airways were made over the years. One outstanding contact was connecting the Greens' son, who was in Antarctica, with his father in Aruba. Another time, Dr. Van Ogtrop's son, was returning from a stateside school to vacation on the island and he did not arrive. George was able to trace him down and get the family together. There were no phone connections in those early years so the radio club helped many families keep in touch.

Following his disability retirement, George maintained his interest in Ham Radio and became active in the Scranton, PA Radio Club where he taught some courses.

George P. Hemstreet, Jr. was born in Hastings on the Hudson, New York. He attended Wyoming Seminary and New York University

School of Engineering. George sailed for Aruba, via tanker February 14, 1934. He went to work in the Lago refinery and shortly moved to the Safety Department (a part of the Personnel Department). At the time Gordon Owen was in charge of the Safety Department.

Later he joined the Personnel Department, and he headed the Department of Transportation for several years during the war. He remained in Personnel until his disability retirement in 1960. He valued the many years he worked for Exxon and appreciated the opportunities afforded him.

In 1976 when he moved to Venice, Florida his love of boating led him to serve as Fleet Captain of the Venice Power Squadron. Upon his death in 1987 the Power Squadron honored him by participating in his Memorial Service.



The Glenn G. Hendrickson Story

I was born on October 8, 1914 in a little place called The Valley, Kentucky.

Beth and I were in Charlotte, South Carolina and I was partners with a doctor by the name of R. B. McKnight. Our specialty was thyroid surgery. All was not well; the job I was doing was not what I had envisioned when I studied in medical school. I didn't care for Dr. McKnight's ethics, I contributed little to his practice, and we had a less than cordial relationship. After a miserable 11 months with my partner I saw an ad in the American Medical Association Journal for a surgeon at large, a title which had me visualizing travel in exotic locations. I sent the Standard Oil of New Jersey Company a resume, and their personnel department invited Beth and I to New York for an interview. The interview was a resounding success; they offered me a job as surgeon at Lago Oil Company in Aruba, Netherlands West Indies. Without much effort I convinced Beth and myself to take them up on their offer for at least a couple of years until we could save the money to enter private practice. To reach our goal, we had to live on an unknown island. Aruba, where was Aruba, we wondered. It was difficult to locate on a map, but Rand McNally assured us that such a place did actually exist.

Beth's family in Georgia and mine in Kentucky had to be visited before we left. Like many other new employees of S.O.N.J. who went to New York in the spring of 1947, we stayed at the old Abbey Hotel. The Aruba bound Hendrickson family consisted of Beth and I, our young daughter and a little black dog with bristles like a pig.

At the Abbey, mountains of luggage cluttered up our room although we had shipped most of our belongings before setting out. We had continued to collect knick-knacks on the way through Georgia and Kentucky, some of which were things that wouldn't fit in the luggage. Those we just threw in the car. In a little Maryland town I was compelled to purchase more bags to pack the knick-knacks.

We were driving a Dodge that we planned to take with us to our new home. I had delivered it to Bayonne, New Jersey, and from there it was shipped on a tanker to Aruba.

Our dog must have picked up every tick between South Carolina and New York, but she was going with us; she was family. The mongrel

was so housebroken that I had to walk her around the dock before she could do her business.

On the tanker we met Johnny Pfaff, who was honeymooning with his second wife, and he was complaining about how hot it had been at the non-air-conditioned Abbey Hotel. I remember wondering what I was getting my family into. If it was that hot there, how hot would it be in Aruba? When Johnny was finished griping about how hot the Abbey was, I asked if it was hotter in Aruba. Johnny replied, Oh, no! It's not that hot. I was somewhat relieved, but felt compelled to apply the old adage, believe nothing of what you hear, and only half of what you see. I was doubtful that any place as close to the equator could fail to be hot.

We had a pleasant trip down to Aruba on the Esso Bolivar with Captain Ray. On board with us was a woman who had some obstetrical problem. In the early days having a baby on the island was quite a production, and this woman had a bad time during her pregnancy. She did not have good things to say about Lago Oil's medical staff. Captain Ray warned me to beware of them. When I got there I learned Dr. John Borbonus had just recently been put in charge of obstetrics in the Lago Hospital, but I could not believe he was the ogre Captain Ray suggested. I considered the ways they might take advantage of me, but I was 32, and felt competent as a physician. How could they hurt me?

We enjoyed the trip down. I remember as we pulled into the harbor and looked at the refinery with its smoke and pollution that it looked a little desolate. As I looked over the rail of the ship, I saw a guy on the dock with a cast on his arm. I knew the island had to have at least one qualified medical person on duty.

The first night they put us in a guest house between the old bachelor quarters and the dining hall. To be sure she was properly equipped for a foreign land; Beth had brought a supply of nylon stockings. To her dismay, the roaches ate them while we slept.

Let me digress a minute to explain how the bungalows were protected from the tropics' invading insects. They were equipped with screens of course, and the buildings' foundations were set in oil pots to stop the crawling bugs. Roaches could unknowingly be carried into the house in grocery bags, or boxes--you know how that goes. In those days we didn't have the modern products to zap them with we have now. You had to rely on that good old standby, the all-purpose broom, or a kerosene-smelling spray pumped out of your Flit gun.

Fifteen minutes after we arrived, while we were looking the place

over, our two and a half year old daughter found the oil pots, and her new yellow sun suit was a candidate for the rag box.

We were invited to a party at Charlie Garber's house but declined. Beth was uncomfortable in the first trimester of her pregnancy, we were overtired from traveling, and we had no babysitter, so we declined. A couple of nights later we were invited to a party in Bungalow 69 by Odis Mingus, the refinery superintendent. It was a large gathering, and although I met at least 150 people at Bungalow 71 that night, I remember only Mrs. Chippendale as her name reminded me of the furniture by the same name.

Our first night on the island, we went from the guest house to the dining hall. I can still remember how gracious the dining room staff was to us, providing a high chair for our daughter, doting over her like she was one of their nieces.

There was an awkward time when I had an automobile only when I was on call, before my car arrived. I was on call every other night there for a while, so I had a car often. My work at Lago took off with a bang. I was greeted by Barney Mazell, a New York trained temporary replacement who had been in Aruba only a month. Mazell took me on ward rounds, showed me the ropes, and he was gone in less than a week. Before he left, I had to treat him for an unusual disorder. At a party, he ate as many jalapeno peppers as he could to prove how macho he was. At his bungalow I gave him an intravenous infusion to re-hydrate him. He was losing fluids at both ends at a furious rate.

The physician I replaced, the young man before Barney, had had a drinking problem. I think he had trained in the military and it was very difficult for him to cope with surgery involving civilians. It is serious enough business when you are well trained, but it was a real hardship in Aruba because you were practically by yourself, and the responsibility was heavy on your shoulders.

Everett D. Biddle, the chief anesthetist, was leaving for his vacation when I arrived. Fortunately, there were other anesthetists available. Biddle was a nice guy; he came by the bungalow and asked if I wanted to buy a trinket in the village for my parents. I remember buying a souvenir which he took back with him. We were in the old hospital then, not the one down in the refinery, but the south-facing two story part up on the hill. It was section B, C, D, and E. We weren't organized into services very well, with the exception of Borbonus' obstetrical service. I initiated the surgical service and Dr. J. D. Schendstok kicked off the medical service. Our goal was to train people in our specialty to give us depth in

our organization. Instead of having just one man on call at night, we would have one man on general call and various specialists on call to back him up. It was some time before we got people trained but it worked out very well when we did. Some caught on quickly and became quite good at what they were doing; others seemed to have no passion for it.

The following years seemed to be a parade of exciting events, one after another. They added the three story wing on the back of the hospital. We experienced more than our share of elevator trouble, and I continued to ask Dr. Russell C. Carrell, the administrator, to get us better elevators. Finally he told me if I would just quit nagging him about it, I could have my patients on the first floor, and I wouldn't have to worry about it. There was an endless amount of work to be done. One of the staff, Dr. J.B.M. Van Ogtrop, a stalwart fellow, was especially friendly and helpful to me.

Beth and I were **promised** in New York that we were going to have a bungalow overlooking the ocean. When we got there, the housing people denied having such a bungalow. Dr. Van Ogtrop and his five kids were living in one on the lower road which matched that description exactly. He had seniority, he was there, and he was in it--a fine example of that eternal axiom, possession is nine tenths of the law. The first bungalow they showed us was the former marine department manager's. It was sitting quite high on its oil pots, and looked like a nightmare. And my wife said it was reminiscent of a Georgia "mill house," and that all it needed, to complete the impression was an old pig wallowing under it. We finally settled on Bungalow 641 and stayed there about a year. Our second daughter, Anna Katherine, was born in Bungalow 549 on December 21, 1947.

A few days after moving into our new bungalow, I went to general services to ask them to move our lattice work. I didn't want it where it was. Binky Fuller, the man I talked to, advised me in his inimitable style that the company liked the lattice where it was. He said that if I wished it moved, I'd be obliged to move it myself. I didn't object to its location that much, so I left it where it was.

After several months the four of us and our dog moved to Bungalow 547. This bungalow was occupied some time previously, by Mr. Joseph Abadie who was in charge of general services. It had a marvelous wall around the yard and crushed coral on the driveway. Mr. Abadie sent word that he wanted to see me one day. So I went by the general service offices, and he told me he wanted to sell me the crushed coral on the

drive. I was younger and feistier in those days, so I told poor Mr. Abadie I liked the crushed coral where it was and if he wanted it moved he would have to move it himself!

FAMILY

Dr. Borbonus delivered my son, Glenn Gordon. It was a good thing he came to Aruba. I understand they were having a lot of trouble with the obstetrics down there. Most obstetrics is easy, but if you have a difficult case it can turn into a nightmare fast. You need trained people who know what to do. Dr. Borbonus was a competent, board certified obstetrician who trained Dr. Jack De Ruyter, the obstetrician under him. At the same time Dr. Bill Lee came down from Connecticut, worked with me a couple of years, and went back stateside where he worked for the Stanley Tool Company. I had several people work with me, but Dr. van Schouwen turned out to be the most competent. I worked him into the system slowly. He started with minor procedures, and worked his way into the more difficult ones. In my latter years I became more and more involved in administration while he did a lion's share of work.

We lived in Bungalow 547 until Frank Griffin moved out of Bungalow 72 in 1959, paying to have the front porch made into a room. I intended to do it inexpensively, but Beth objected. The floor was raised level with the living/dining room to make it one long room. It was a three bedroom with beautiful hardwood floors, and its dining room and maid's quarters had been converted into bedrooms.

The process of naming our children was a daunting one, but we managed to get good ideas from our environment. I was at the University of Virginia teaching anatomy and surgery to nurses and surgical techniques to doctors when I got my inspiration for a name. While grading papers, I saw the names of many nurses. I remember sitting in the maternity ward with my wife, looking at a list of these names, and how we decided Patricia was the right name for our new daughter. We had no such trouble settling on a name for either our son, Glenn Gordon Hendrickson Jr., born September 12, 1951, or our daughter, Helen, born on March 3, 1954.

WORK EXPERIENCE

When I think back on my early years in Aruba, it was amazing how little social life I had. I was working continuously, day and night. Much of my time was occupied by studying for the American Board, a certification in my specialty. I had taken the first half of it after completing my resident training, and I was due to take the second part of it in December of 1947. I went to Aruba with the understanding that

Lago would allow me to return to Johns Hopkins to take my exams. My first six months with Lago were occupied by my day and night shifts, and my studies for the American Board Exams. The island had no facility where I could review anatomy, so I left a day or two early and went by the University of Virginia. From there, I proceeded to Johns Hopkins at Baltimore and took my exam.

I remember a mountain of hard work during those early years, but it was as rewarding of an experience as I have ever had. I had a good organization, good nurses, and good helpers. We ran our own show; we didn't have to worry about how much to charge people, or any such commonplace considerations. If people needed an operation they damned well got it. We had good public relations--our patients had confidence in us and accepted our work. Malpractice suits were unheard of, or least I never was the subject of one. The years rolled by and our progress was marked by case after dramatic case.

That first six months, I was so busy with work and studying, events went by in a blur. I don't remember much, but I am able to recall some of my more difficult cases. While driving through the refinery to pick up a maid one night, one poor man ran into a crane boom. He suffered massive chest and head injuries. He and his distraught wife are still in my mind.

I called the job at Lago a glorified residency. I was in charge, I had a good organization, good help, and I was able to do what I felt necessary to improve the quality of medicine and surgery I practiced. It was a remote location, but I had the majority of the equipment I required, and I had a good anesthetist, and a good operating staff.

As planned, we returned to the States on vacation after two years in Aruba. I had job opportunities lined up in South Carolina and Arkansas. The most promising of them was a new hospital in Georgetown, South Carolina. They were offering a place for a certified surgeon--his offices were right in the hospital--similar to my arrangement in Aruba. The hospital in South Carolina was as hot as Aruba's climate, and the acid smell of a nearby paper mill hung in the air. We thought long and hard about it and when our vacation was over, we went back to Aruba to stay, and we have never regretted our decision.

We cultivated good friends, I worked with an excellent group of people, and the patients were marvelous. I have only pleasant memories of my stay in Aruba. As one would expect, I had experiences with deaths of good friends resulting from cancer, and I operated on personal friends with critical ailments more frequently than I would have liked.

Once, I took out part of the stomach of a bridge partner with a bleeding ulcer, under emergency conditions. During the procedure he received more than a dozen pints of blood.

Most hospitals transfer terminal cancer patients to a medical service or a tumor service of some kind, but I have always preferred to keep them on my own floor. If they were mine, I stayed with them until the end. I didn't pass them off to someone else, even within my own organization. We didn't have many cancer patients, and I can recall every one. One of my first, a relatively young man from Martinique, had carcinoma of the pancreas, a debilitating, terminal illness.

One couple from Lago Heights who went to Canada returned for a visit ten years later. She had carcinoma of the breasts and I removed them. Now, ten years later, I could see she was doing fine.

In one of my cases, a young man's cancer was undiagnosed until it showed up in the skin of his leg. The cancer had spread from his pancreas to his leg. The only thing you can do for them is keep them comfortable. I always hoped that if I had the misfortune to contract cancer I would be as dignified as they were.

In the new hospital we had about 150 beds, some of which were on large porches. In case of a disaster we could slip in more beds. We had a well set up Delivery Room on the third floor. The second floor was Medicine and Pediatrics. Surgery was on the ground floor. It ran full blast for two or three years, then, in its final days, we closed the third floor as the patient load dropped. After we closed the second floor, everything was on the ground floor.

I knew all of the Walkers at one time: Carl, Paul, and Dwayne. Dwayne told me that he was a deputy sheriff during prohibition, and he said they targeted bootleggers coming from Canada. Sometimes Dwayne would taste their booze to check its quality, and if it was prime stuff, he might let it through. He went prospecting one year, covering a range of hills, back and forth. At the end of the summer, when the weather turned cold, they quit without finding a trace of pay dirt. Not long after, a prospector made a sensational strike just a few yards above their stopping place. That sort of thing was typical of Dwayne's luck.

He had Dupycans Contractis in his right hand, and he asked me for a second opinion. I told him that was what it was, and I explained the condition to him. Dwayne had been in an industrial accident, and had burns on his hand. I explained to him that Dupycans Contractis was not the same thing. It is about as common to office workers as it is to

laborers. I had laryngitis that time, could barely talk, and had written my instructions and explanations on paper.

Three months later Dr. Carrell asked me to verify what I had told Walker. I asked what he was talking about. He said Dwayne told him that, in my opinion, the condition of his hand was the result of an industrial accident. It took a minute for what he was saying to sink in. I told him what was said, and Carrell insisted Dwayne understood me to say his condition was industrial in origin.

In those days I took notes on scrap paper and I threw them on my dresser, where they lay until they were transferred to a drawer. I didn't need to argue; I went home, dug through the notes until I found those from my meeting with Dwayne. I returned to the hospital with the records, and handed them to Dr. Carrell. He sorted it out from there. When confronted with the evidence, Dwayne decided it must have been van Schouwen that told him about the cause of his hand's condition.

Dupycans Contractis affects the fibrous tissue in the palm of the hand down below the skin. It usually affects the ring finger, forming a scar there, which over a period of time, causes it to contract slowly. I saw it often in Aruba, and it seemed to be more commonly present in men and women who were the heaviest drinkers. Without any research to back my theory, I toyed with the idea that it was alcohol related. A woman on the lower colony road, and another in my neighborhood had it, and both were heavy drinkers. It appeared to be unusual in such a small group. On the other hand, I reasoned that Aruba's population tended to drink more heavily than other groups I was familiar with, and I couldn't be sure. Several years later a paper on the subject was published, and it supported my position. I hadn't written it up because I hadn't enough research to determine whether there was a definite relationship between drinkers and the condition.

When we opened up our little Outpatient Clinic we had Dr. De Ruyter, Meiners, Waasdorp, Beerman and myself. Waasdorp and Beerman ran the employee group, Dr. Meiners took care of family members, and De Ruyter helped both groups. I was responsible for the special clinic and keeping up with the local doctors.

Years ago there was an old Marine Clinic. It was replaced by a medical center down in the refinery they called it The Dispensary. Later, when New York wanted to emphasize industrial medicine, they built the Medical Center. It proved too expensive to operate both the Marine Clinic and the Medical Center, and they eliminated the former. At one time the Marine Department had their own doctor. He was a congenial

fellow, an older man I remember as easy going.

They disbanded that Lake Tanker fleet in the 1950's when Lake Maracaibo was dredged to allow the passage of ocean going tankers, and the Marine Department dwindled in size. Soon after, they consolidated the Marine Clinic and the Medical Center. The Medical Center was a bustling place at one time. I was on duty on Tuesday and Friday afternoons. When I arrived, there would be as many as 50 patients waiting. We had it set up like an assembly line. They were screened, a nurse had them dressed or undressed whichever was required. Another nurse wrote up the case, listing who referred it, and its tentative disposition. Yet another nurse translated Papiamento for the locals who didn't speak English. Dr. Brace had the whole thing organized so that I could see a sizeable number of patients, and select those who needed surgery. It was an efficient operation but it didn't always work.

A Papiamento speaking man was sent in and his file indicated he had hemorrhoids. Dr. Brace had a blackboard set up which had a drawing to show the patient how he was to lay on his side for the examination. The Aruban lay down, taking the position for the examination as indicated on the blackboard. And I examined him and I failed to see any sign of hemorrhoids. I asked who had sent the man in for a hemorrhoids exam when he obviously didn't have them. While examining the man, I noticed he kept looking back over his shoulder at me like an old mule would regard a teamster checking his harness. He was apprehensive although he didn't know what was going on. The nurses finally found the error. He had been referred for a tonsillectomy! The things that must have been going through that poor man's head. He must have thought we were no better than voodoo witch doctors. What a way to get to your tonsils.

Tonsillitis in adults was my worst problem. It wasn't possible to operate on local employees using a local anesthetic. Most foreign staff adults receiving tonsillectomies were administered only local anesthetic. We used deep anesthesia for local employees until I decided to try a local anesthetic. I failed to see why these people would be any less cooperative than anyone else. It worked; we had no problems.

It took me a year to get to understand those people. They were the most cooperative patients I have ever had--stoical, cooperative and very loyal. They didn't nitpick about their treatment. I did all I could to please them, and they were always grateful. Ninety-nine point nine percent of them had good results.

When I first went to Aruba I thought I would be seeing a lot of

tropical diseases. That didn't prove to be the case. When I arrived there was a huge backlog of cases to be operated on. Dr. van Ogtrop warned me there was a lot of pathology required on Aruba, but they wouldn't come in for their operation. Arubans were unwilling to have surgery, fearing loss of life or limb, until we performed a few successful cases. After that, the Aruban grapevine swung into action, and we had all of the business we could handle. Essentially, surgery and hospitalization was provided free to employees. For members of his family, he was charged between 15 and 50 guilders for surgery, and two guilders a day for a hospital bed. If they were in the lowest pay scale they didn't have to pay even that; it was completely subsidized by the company.

Before the new hospital was built, obstetrics was taken care of in old Section E. We had careful checks on everything we did. We not only knew the patients, but we checked their name against the procedure for transfusions. For instance, if we had someone with a kidney stone, we would take an X-ray just he went to the operating room to be sure that the stone hadn't moved. The side the stone was on was carefully verified to avoid operating on the wrong side. Our methods worked--we never had that problem.

The nearest I came to blowing it was when I examined the wrong end of that Aruban man. Not getting paid for operations prevented performing unnecessary operations for profit. We were paid to do a good job, and that was it.

I mentioned about the patients being under stress. In the early 50's we had 8 or 10 post-partum cases lined up side by side, with just a small space between each bed. Many women had one baby after another. At first I thought Dr. Borbonus kept them in the hospital 8 or 9 days just to give them a rest between kids. His reasons were more complex than I first thought. Usually there was no one to take care of them when they got home. I remember I had one patient whose husband was a Marine Department fellow from Suriname. This husband called me, and politely asked when his wife could come home. He thanked me when I gave him my prognosis, and said he would be pleased if she came home as soon as possible. They had 9 children, and they were running around like wild animals.

I had frequently done thyroid surgery before going to Aruba. Now my first such experience was going to be put to use in Aruba. Howdeshell had a thyroidectomy at that time. And I was waiting for Ev Biddle to come back from vacation to give the anesthesia unless it was an emergency. And I remember that Ev Biddle gave the anesthesia just

like they did up at the university. He always had the patients under good control. I remember that one of my chief concerns had always been the administering of anesthesia. It was important to have a competent anesthetist. The operating room staff were all nice. The man, who was actually my predecessor, had his surgical problems. Dr. Mazell, who was on loan from New York was somewhat domineering. Frankly, he had the operating room staff and nursing staff intimidated. I remember he once told me every time he went into the operating room; he made it a practice to find something to gripe about. Well that made him an easy act to follow; I didn't subscribe to that philosophy. And the people were better adapted to work with me.

One of my earlier misfortunes in Aruba was something I had a hard time living down. It concerned an agreeable nurse who had been helping me in the operating room and another who had been an orthopedic nurse, who was in charge of the operating room. One day, before an operation during which we intended to put a plate in a hip, I asked the woman in charge if she was going to scrub for the case. The next day, my regular nurse wouldn't speak, and was beside herself. When I asked the reason, she said she had been told that I had asked for the other nurse to do it. Immediately I told her that wasn't the case. In the past she had scrubbed on orthopedic cases and the other nurse had scrubbed on general surgical cases. I had made no such stipulation. I never knew whether she refused to believe me or she intended to leave before the mix-up, but she left shortly after. I hated to have an experienced scrub nurse to leave under those unhappy circumstances, but I couldn't do anything about it. I tried to talk to her three times, but she refused to answer.

During the last years of our hospital we had local nurses in the operating room. At the end I had only one foreign staff nurse in the whole building--the Nursing Director. The local people were good at everything except supervising themselves. They were unable or unwilling to separate their personal lives from their professional lives. We had British trained nurses, Dutch-trained nurses, and Lago trained nurses. We had a little nursing school of our own for a while, but most of them were Dutch toward the end. The British-trained nurses were good, and the best of them was a male nurse from British Guiana who took out Aruban citizenship. Aldrich Guildhouse was intelligent, and had a good eye for the patients. When I had a critically ill patient and they needed special attention, I assigned Guildhouse to the case. Having Guildhouse on the case was like having an extra doctor in the hospital.

Howdeshell was the head of Medical Clinical Laboratory. Howdeshell was a very careful fellow; an alcoholic, but he didn't drink

on the job.

We didn't have many burn cases, but one dock fire was a lollapalooza. We had two serious and 16 moderately burned patients from that one. And I put them all up on one floor and I stayed with them for two nights. We had three bad burn cases at the same time. One was a fellow by the name of Cellaire, a local newspaper reporter who was burned in a plane wreck. He was very proud of the fact that he was an international news reporter. He was wearing a pair of shorts and that was the only part of him that wasn't burned. He was brought directly from De Vuijst Field to the hospital, and we couldn't stabilize him enough to transfer him to the San Pedro Hospital in Oranjestad. Within 15 minutes, he was actually delirious from his burns. He didn't want to leave, and I didn't want him to go because I had gotten too involved in the case. We had to give his medication intravenously through his abdominal region, the only area where he was unburned. He lived 50 days. It was a sad thing; he had a large family.

In the gasoline dock fire they had a blind (A blank metal disk, with matching bolt holes, which is fitted over the flange at the end of a run of pipe.) on a line and they were doing some welding on the dock. It was a hot day, the pipe was closed at both ends, and it began to leak when the gasoline in the pipe expanded. An old Aruban fitter tightened the flanges holding the blind, and from what we could figure out later, this caused the gasket to break and the joint leaked even more. A spark from a welding machine set it off and he was incinerated in the resulting explosion and fire. Three others that were badly burned survived, but they were out of circulation for months. I have some pictures of firefighters earning their pay in one of my photo albums, and it still looks hair-raising.

And then there was another fellow who was involved with a torch of some kind at the end of the pier; his clothing caught fire, and instead of jumping into the ocean, he ran all of the way back to the head of the pier. He died very shortly.

To tell you the truth when that refinery emergency whistle blew it always chilled me. All of us who heard it could picture a process unit being on fire. We had good luck except for the man who ran the length of the pier. He died within an hour. And of course the man who was incinerated was D.O.A.

Dr. Carrell left in the summer of 1962, and I became the hospital administrator, and I continued to perform most of the surgery. The administrative work was not as tough as I expected it would be. Our

hospital had developed a solid organization.

Bill Minier, an American male nurse who worked in the wards in the hospital, left in the sixties. Arthur Meiners, a Dutch doctor, was our most qualified physician. He closed down Lago's Medical Department. After I left De Ruyter was in charge and he was supposed to leave in a few years because he was almost 60, but then they extended his time. When he retired Arthur Meiners took over. He and Waasdorp and Beerman closed the place down. They were all conscientious physicians. Meiners' father had been the governor of St. Marten some years before. These three remaining Dutch doctors were all very competent. Arthur was an intellectual, and was most considerate of his patients. He took care of my family while I was there. Often, when you went into his office he would be speaking Papiamento to some Aruban woman and he treated her as graciously as he would Queen Juliana.

Interestingly enough, Dr. Turfboer started an Alcoholics Anonymous Program in Aruba, and when he came to the States he became an industrial psychiatrist. I didn't think his Alcoholic Anonymous program would ever last when he left, but Dr. Turfboer had trained a very dedicated man who carried on for him for some years. I have given a lot of thought to the problem of alcoholism, and I find I'm more intolerant than I should be. Dupont had a very lenient policy where alcoholics were given six months of paid absence and treatment before they were put back to work. If they fell off the wagon again, they would let them go. We didn't have a policy that generous, but I will say that when the 50/15 program came along, a lot of alcoholics took the offer. Many of those people who drank heavily were hard workers. For some people it was a way to live through something boring. They would use the excuse of going to any sort of celebration to get drunk. Our American Indians are a good example of that. It seemed as the refinery got older, the people became older. There were more local people in the jobs, and there was less drinking.

LIFE IN THE COLONY

Over the years we had a number of loyal maids. One, a girl from Grenada, was with us at 549 and 547. Then we had a girl from Surinam. In Bungalow 72, we had two, one helping with the ironing and heavy work. One of them lived in before we converted the maid's quarters to a bedroom for our children, and one came in from the village every day. We are still in contact with them. We had a letter from one just the other day. The other is now working in Holland to earn an annuity and retire to Aruba. Her five big boys are working in Holland, so she will be there a while. Yet another of our girls is retired in St. Marten.

Since the young man who preceded me had been an alcoholic, I reasoned that the community might be ready for a non-drinking doctor. I was a teetotaler, rarely drinking even coffee, but I thought I had better start holding something in my hand at parties. I started drinking Coke. The only people to urge me to drink were those who drank excessively and wanted someone to drink with. They finally stopped worrying about whether I drank or not, and I think the others were delighted that I didn't.

The same waiters worked these parties year in and year out, and they were probably a little embarrassed for me. My antisocial abstinence was awkward for them, but as they got to know me, they brought Cokes for me without being asked. They would come by with their trays and say that one's for Doc, pointing to the one they had whomped up for me. Those waiters eventually worked at the hospital. Food Services was under General Services, and in the shrinking colony, that fell under the jurisdiction of the Mechanical Department. They had some arrangement where they handled our hospital kitchen. In a bizarre turn of events for a surgeon, I came to be in charge of the cooks, chefs and kitchen workers. There weren't many of them by that time, but I remember Romney and his boys, the waiters who worked for us. They were at almost every party, giving each gathering a well ordered atmosphere. I remember having St. Aubyn as a patient--he was a well liked man who died before his time while I was on vacation. And I don't believe he was working for the company at the time; he was a contract worker. St. Aubyn died of appendicitis or some similar affliction.

I remember those old club coupon books, and I think I may even have one somewhere. They made great birthday presents. I was fond of those social institutions we nurtured.

One Christmas, Fran Garber, Odis Mingus and I were sitting at a party. The two of them were feeling mellow and reminiscing. One said, "Remember so-and-so who was drinking and crying and homesick? The other said, "Yeah! Yeah! We put him on a tanker." And Odis said, "Yeah, and he didn't even have any shoes on!" And Fran said, "That's right!" They had put that guy on a tanker and shipped him home that night, and now, 20 years later they just got around to wondering what happened to him.

In 1964 the Company was offering Foreign Staff employees a lay-off policy for those who were 50 years old and had 15 years of service. It was called the "50/15 Lay-off Policy". An attractive package included a weeks pay for each year of service. The alternative was to be laid off at any time after the cut-off date, in 1965, without any of the benefits

being offered at this time.

Van Ogtrop was a very decent fellow, and I kept him as long as I could. It was interesting to note, that by whipsawing someone with my personal attention and my standing in the community, I could finagle things so that people could leave when they wanted. That way, they got a better layoff allowance and annuity. The whole bunch managed to leave without any significant problems. One I remember quite vividly was a man who worked in the office, Bob Grossman. Bob had been there for a long time. One of his people had asked me a question about an upcoming event in the organization. I had told him what I knew about it, and he took exception. He had been in a line organization for a long time and I should have told him to tell the other guy. I realized he was right, and I explained that it had to do with company policy. I think it was about a rumor that was going around. Rumors always abound in hospitals--like buzzards circling dying livestock. I told him he shouldn't be so rough with me, and that I was trying to be receptive to his needs, trying to keep him on the job as long as I could. It had never dawned on him that he was even considered for a layoff. I said it could be arranged, and that just pleased him no end. He wanted to know when. Here I had worried about what to do for him for a year. I had no idea that he would want to leave. We even found jobs for the local people who were laid off. There were a few hardship cases, but none too cataclysmic to bear.

In 1964 there were about 300 employees in the Medical Department. We let 64 go in 1964. The exact number just happens to stick in my mind. There was a lay-off program for local employees, which was similar to the 50/15 program for Foreign Staff employees. Some of them wanted to go to the States; some wanted to go to Holland. There was one nice nurse, a popular lad, who was unfortunately a non-national. The non-nationals had to go first. He was from one of the British islands, a tall type, who looked as if he should belong to a basketball team. I hated to let him go, but as one of the last non-nationals, it was inevitable. A male nurse is not quite as flexible as his female counterpart. They couldn't be used in as many rooms.

One morning he practically ran into my office and wanted to know if he could have the layoff. After listening to him, I found that he had gotten in trouble with someone's wife, and he really needed to leave. He got his wish.

The local people had to have 15 years of service to receive their annuity, and I made every effort to keep them until they could accumulate their 15 years. I had cases where a supervisor got angry with

a 14 year employee, and wanted to get rid of him, and I kept him until he had his 15 years. I thought most of the time their anger was a personal problem, rather than job related. So we kept most of those people so they could get 15 years of service. Some of them were older and close to retirement age and those locals got what amounted to an early retirement upon their departure.

The last doctors were van Schouwen, De Ruyter, Meiners, Waasdorp, and Beerman. We closed the hospital on December 31, 1972, and that was when van Schouwen left. Schendstok and Borbonus had left some years before, and Brace had taken his leave in 1964 during the 50/15 Layoff Program. Brace expressed interest in the layoff and I told him he could have one if he wanted. I wanted him to finish the summer, but I told him if he wanted to go immediately I'd understand. He went home and checked with his wife and they decided to leave immediately.

The layoff program gave me a lot of headaches, and I was plagued with people unable to leave when they wanted. Early on I adopted the system whereby anyone asking for a layoff would get it. We made do with what we had until we could work out other arrangements. Brace wanted to go, and I cut him loose. I will say this for Brace: he never complained, never said he regretted going earlier.

RETIREMENT

I retired September 30, 1974, and departed Aruba a month later, on October 31. Most who left the island stopped working six weeks ahead of time to wrap up their affairs. To tell the truth, I wasn't anxious to leave, and I wasn't anxious to stop working, so I asked to be allowed to work right up to the last day, and for them to give me a month to get ready to leave afterward. The hospital staff was down to a skeleton crew and each of them did double duty.

We stayed a month to do the packing, and we took a little trip over to Bonaire. Those remaining Lagoites threw us the customary celebrations they saluted departing people with, and we partied for a whole month. We flew over to Bonaire, and visited Curacao. The grapevine was working overtime, and some of the local people told their friends. There was a little informal reception. Several people met us at the airport when we landed. We stayed at an almost deserted hotel whose dining room was on a covered patio-type of thing overlooking the ocean. The open air facility had little birds flying around in its rafters.

Our Patricia had married a few years before, and Anna K had married the summer we were leaving. The schools were closed down for the upper grades then, and Gordon and Helen went off to school. They

went to Nottingham Academy, a prep school in Maryland. There was just the two of us and my mother, and we still had two maids. We didn't need them, but they were part of the family by that time.



Lago Community Church - circa 1937

Photo courtesy M. G. Lopez

The Kenneth Hewlett Story

I was 27 when arrived in Aruba in 1933. I was married but they wouldn't send my wife. It was a year before I could get a house. I had been working for Baytown. I worked for your father. We'd try to run him off, but we couldn't.

My father lived until he was 94. He was about average size. I guess you can't grow very big when you work in the coal mines. I got him out of the coal mines when he was 73. That's the reason we brought him out of it. He'd been covered up several times.

After you took your clothes off, took your shower, the Gas Plant didn't smell too bad.

The boat, the *Prometheus* was being overhauled. It took us 12 days to get to Aruba. Two other fellas were with me, and one was almost as good as I was. Both were Texans. Marteen had muscles. He'd get in a fight and get his head beat off. He was strong but wasn't very quick. I don't remember the other guy's name.

I was in Alaska working, in 1943, in a little plant that made airplane gasoline for planes being delivered to Russia. I was borrowed to bring up that little plant. Doug Peoples and the big man, Jim French, were there with me. It was a Dubs Unit, a cracking unit for Standard Oil of California. My family was in Lake Charles. We brought that up and California got me from Exxon and sent me to Alaska.

All they had there was nobody who knew nothing about bringing that plant up. I just happened to walk up on them and they were waiting for the airplane to let me off. The next morning they were gone. They weren't going to stay there and help me. It was September they "threw" me out there and put me in the hotel and told me to keep my clothes on. I had no winter clothes at all. They took me out in a jeep. They took me to a place for coffee that had heads that looked like bears in it they were wearing so many clothes. They looked at me and told me I was crazy for wearing such light clothing.

It was so cold I like to have died. Two wolf hide coats couldn't keep me warm. I had one guy that had ever done anything and he watched the plant while I slept. I was on call at all times. We got steam up and even underground. We made a path over to the valves on the tanks. The gasoline had two percent water in the feed tube. We never

made a bit of no-knock gasoline. We had a high octane plane but we didn't have sulfuric acid. We couldn't get the water out of the hydrochloric acid, so no good gas. We kept it running, but I couldn't stand the cold weather so they got me a bed in there.

Those guys didn't get another job after they didn't stay to help me get the unit up. We had two fellas from Union Oil that I could ask questions. They were just advisors, but they couldn't do anything. We managed to get the plant up. They got their crude laying on the ground in Alaska. There was plenty of it.

We were making good gasoline for those Russian planes. It didn't have any smoke because we took the smoke out of the fuel. Those big old fat Russian gals would come in and get in those little planes and fly off. They were built like a peanut. This fighter plane fit you like a kayak. That's about all the plane you had.

I was there long enough for them to let me come home. I had to get back to Aruba so I could get warm. I got home three days after New Years and I was in Aruba the next day. The only thing I did while I was in Alaska was catch some of those fish that couldn't get out of the rapids. I enjoyed it after I had gone.

I retired from Aruba in 1960. I had a farm and that's where my family was when I was in Alaska. I went to Vancouver from Alaska, and by train from there to Houston. My wife picked me up from there.

Ken's daughter says, "Ken was from Indiana, mother's from Georgia, they met in Michigan, got married in Ohio, had me in Texas, and they moved to Aruba." She continues, "I was born in 1935".

My wife's name was Martha half the time and Mattie the other half. Her name before she was married was Mattie Milner Iliey.

I had a garden in Aruba. We furnished flowers for the church every Sunday that I was in Aruba: Roses, gladiolas, four sets of fern.

His son adds, "For my driver's test, two Dutch policemen got in the car with me, one in the front and one in the back. You drove for a kilometer, backed up about that far, put your foot on the brake, and that was it." ¹

¹ *Apologies to the Hewlett family, but the tape malfunctioned and part of the story was lost. What remained is offered forth.*

The Helen Humphreys Family Story

(Helen Humphreys tells the story of her family's history) ¹

In the afternoon of the 29th I went down to Clear Lake to take a book back to Helen Humphreys that I had borrowed *Ships of the Esso Fleet in World War II*. We were talking about different things and I ask her not to throw any photographs away as she once threatened to do when I was there. She started bringing out pictures of her grandparents and a bible and started telling me a story. I wish I had my tape recorder with me.

Helen's maternal grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Kindred, was born September 9, 1847. She had "fevers" when she was born that left her a deaf mute. They later sent her to learn to read and learn sign language. They also gave her some voice lessons, but in those days there was not as much emphasis on learning to speak as there is today. And in those days a handicapped child was considered a burden. No one wanted them. She had 4 sisters.

Her maternal grandfather, George W. Baker, was born December 3, 1826. When he was 15 he had some kind of disease that left him deaf. However he was able to talk. When he was 39 years old he showed up one day at the farm of the parents of the grandmother. They later encouraged him to marry Mary Elizabeth who was 18 years old at the time.

In the small Bible Helen showed me there are 3 blank pages with names and dates of family members. One list shows when they were born and another shows when they died. There is an old envelope containing the Marriage Certificate for Mary and George as well as the written instructions used during their Wedding Ceremony.

They were married on October 23, 1865 and their Marriage Certificate was signed by George W. Williams who was Justice of Peace. Their Marriage Certificate says: State of Illinois, Warren County. Because they were both deaf there are four notes written on lined note paper. Apparently the notes were for the benefit of George and Mary to allow them to follow the Marriage Ceremony. (The following are copies of these notes.)

The first slip says: George: *Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife to live together in the holy state of matrimony and love,*

honor, cherish and keep her in sickness and in health forsaking all others keeping thee only unto her so long as you both shall live? (They were both instructed to nod their heads in answer to the questions.)

A second slip says: Mary: *Will you have this man to be your wedded husband to live together in Holy matrimony to love, cherish, serve, honor, obey and keep him in sickness and in health forsaking all others keeping thee only unto him so long as you both shall live?*

A third slip says: *You will join your right hands.*

A fourth slip says: *By this act of joining hands you take upon yourselves the relation of husband and wife; and inasmuch as you have consented together in Holy wedlock in the presence of these witnesses I do in accordance to the laws of the State of Illinois pronounce you husband and wife.*

George was some kind of traveling Salesman who sold soap. They traveled all across the United States. George and Mary had 5 girls:

Alice Cora born February 27, 1867
Jane Lorinda born October 9, 187
Katie born December 26, 1872
Susan Francis born May 27, 1875
Malvina born June 12, 1880.

One day George left and never came back. Mary Elizabeth finally went to live with daughter, Jennie and her family.

Helen's mother, Jane Lorinda, went through life being called Jennie. Jennie went through grammar school and when she graduated from the 8th grade she became a teacher. She taught for 10 years and then took business courses, learning shorthand and typing. She first went to work for a men's clothing factory and became an executive secretary. Then she went with a dry goods store and became a buyer. She lived outside of Chicago and took a commuter train for 60 miles each day into Chicago.

Helen's father, Frank Taylor, was born September 15, 1860. Meanwhile he was working for a railroad and used to travel the same train to work every day. One day they were introduced and later became married. Jennie continued to work for 6 years after they were married because she was helping support two sisters and her mother. George was supporting his parents. Finally they were able to get a small home in the city. They later moved to a small home in the country, but later moved back to the city. They lost two boy babies at birth and Jennie was 40

years old when Helen was born. This was on November 15, 1910. Later they moved to the country again where they had a small farm with a house, barn, and farm animals. Helen has a picture of her, riding a horse, when she was in the 8th grade. She says she rode a horse for 8 miles every day to school. The grandmother, Mary Elizabeth, lived with Helen's family for 20 years until she died at 82 in 1929. Helen was 20 at the time, she says.

As a child Helen learned some of the deaf sign language and could talk to her grandmother. Her grandmother could make sounds and had a hearty laugh. But she did not sound words. Apparently her training hadn't gone far enough.

Helen says she can remember as a child that they traveled around quite a lot at vacation time because her father, as a railroad employee, had free "passes" for the family.

There is a picture of her grandmother, Mary Elizabeth, holding a 2 month old Helen on her lap. It shows a smiling old lady, all dressed up and wearing rimless glasses. She is a nice looking old lady.

There is another picture of George and Augusta Taylor, the parents of Helen's father. Helen says they were from Massachusetts.

There is another larger, black Bible that evidently belonged to the Taylor side of the family. It contains various notes and memos. One of these Memos is evidently written by Frank Taylor, Helen's father, with a pencil. In this note he lists members of his side of the family with their birthdates. Helen says he claimed he had traced his family back to Zachary Taylor and before his time. This Zachary Taylor was born November 24, 1784 in Orange County, Virginia; was the 12th President of the United States; was a National Hero and he died in office. Helen says she has never tried to verify this claim. The handwriting is clear but does show signs of Palsy.

The Howard William Humphreys Story

HOWARD WILLIAM HUMPHREYS III

I was 27 years old when I arrived in Aruba, and the records show that my employment with the company in Aruba began November 13, 1930. The first tanker I sailed on was the Harold Walker; my third trip was on the Elisha Walker.

I retired from Exxon in 1963 when I was 60. The official date of my retirement was March 1, 1963, but I left three months before they offered me the "Golden Handshake" deal.

HELEN HUMPHREYS

I knew one fellow by the name of Red who sort of looked like forty miles of bad road. He came out of the mess hall one night and a bunch of us were standing around at Baldwin's magazine stand just outside of the door. Red walked up, picked up a magazine and began to look at it. He mentioned something about his wife's coming to Aruba in the near future. Somebody was making cracks about the fact that Red was no beauty to look at. Red, who always called it like it was, was used to their snide remarks and didn't give a darn. Finally he turned around to one of the wisecrackers and said, "Hey, wait until you see my wife." We did see her when she came, and you know, she made Ma Kettle look like Mae West by comparison.

I sailed to Aruba on the *Howard Walker*. Other ships I sailed to Aruba on were: *Elisha Walker*, *Eso Aruba*, *Eso Standard*, *Pan Aruba*, *Eso Hartford*, *Canadolite*, *Cerro Azul*, *Cerro Ebano*, *Santa Rosa*.

Although I never had anything to do with the Boy Scouts or Cub Scouts, I became involved with the Girl Scouts.

For lighting at their camps they would install a borrowed Company lantern on a post. On two sides of it were palm fronds, and the other two sides were glass. I always hated to take that stuff down. It was always loaded with centipedes. If they had known about the bugs, the girls wouldn't have stayed in those tents.

Audrey Thomas, a shift worker's wife, worked on the new church committee with me. They started the Women's Guild. It was supposed to be for all denominations. They had divided the colony into three sections, and they had a circle in each section that met once or twice a

month, and once a month they all got together at the church. I was named chairman of the membership committee. It was up to me to call on all the women in the colony to invite them to join. I had two or three people on my committee and Audrey Thomas was one of them. She and I were the only ones who did any work. Nobody else did a thing.

LIFE IN THE COLONY

HOUSING

When I first saw the Colony what really struck me was that there were no chimneys on any of the houses. We lived in Bungalow #231, and a Dutch pharmacist, was in the bungalow next door. He threw the wildest parties for the other Dutch nationals and their wives. These people all had family that were living under the German occupation during WWII. They were very supportive of each other.

Pressure still operator J.J. "Slim" Braud from Baton Rouge lived next to us in Number 232. He returned to Baton Rouge in 1940 when they started building those air raid shelters. Years later, we were driving along in Gonzalez, Louisiana, saw his name on a mail box, and we visited him.

I am still thinking about those bungalows to the east of us on our street. Chippendale was in the end bungalow, and old man Seeley (A carpenter supervisor) was in the bungalow on the corner. I can tell you where everybody lived.

Hatfield, the fellow who had the chicken farm and sold fresh eggs, lived just in the next block from us."

I guess Hatfield was the cause of me getting a telephone. Whenever there was a problem at the Acid or Edeleanu Plant I was called. He had a telephone and I didn't. At the plant they knew he lived near me so they always called his phone number. I think he must have complained because he was always having to come and get me when they had a problem. And we were always having problems.

Rental cost was an on again and off again situation. They charged \$25 a month for a three bedroom house. For a while the commissary took only cash. Then they went to credit. They went back and forth. When they had to pay cash, people were eating in the mess hall and they were stealing food right and left to feed their families.

A lot of student engineers came down and they didn't rate houses. John Denton for one and Rolph was another one. They were married before they left the States, but they didn't tell it. When they got to Aruba they sent for their wives. Still there were no houses, so they either had to

live outside in the village or lived in vacation houses.

We had iguanas around us because we lived in Bungalow Number 231 on the north side of the street. Ours was the second one from the corner of Seventh street (which ran north and south), and Second Avenue. Second Avenue was the same street the church was on, and ran east and west along the edge of a cliff. The Chippendales bungalow number was 274, and was the one at the east end of Seventh Street. We could see the Caribbean from our front porch. Al Leak lived in Bungalow Number 230 on the corner.

I had a roommate once, Slim Low, who was crazy. He'd open a beer at night and put it under the bed. In the morning when he'd wake up, he'd guzzle that beer. If he didn't have a beer, he'd reach in the closet for his bottle, and get a great big swig of whiskey. Every pay day he was taking his pay in guilders, taking them to the Aruba Trading Bank, trading them in for dollars and he made enough money on the deal each time to buy a bottle of whiskey. When he got laid off, I did not realize his condition.

ISLAND LIFE

I had always heard about land crabs, and Helen and I had a chance to find out about large land crabs when we went camping. One of their claws was a large heavy thing that rattled and clattered when they dragged them over the coral. Boy, those crabs made a rattling racket at night.

Helen says: "I wouldn't sleep all night. I kept hearing all those noises in the dark."

Helen wasn't involved with the crabs much. They were almost gone by 1938, the time of her arrival in Aruba. But I remember those durned things. Coming home off 4 p.m. - 12 midnight shift, we didn't have any street lights. The path to the *sheep-sheds* was overrun by those big red crabs, and you had to be careful where you stepped.

Yes, when I first went down there, the caves in the Colony were still open. Hell, they were open for a long time.

Fontein was a palm grove, a garden and a cave over on the north side of the island. It was near the north shore by the sand dunes, just past the Chinese Gardens.

Says Helen, wistfully, "The moonlight in Aruba was beautiful. No smog. When Hump came home at night, we'd go for a drive clear across Aruba, as far as the roads went. In the moonlight, riding with the top

down. We'd turn on the radio; we'd listen to Chicago, Miami and many stations we couldn't get in the house."

SCHOOLS

The school was already organized when I got there in 1930. They had six or eight teachers. I remember Ms. Florey. What was the name of the one who wore the great big hat? No one would go in the mess hall to eat supper until the teachers came down the road. Unfortunately the sun was never behind them (no outline of their form) because it set in the west. When they came down the hill they were coming from the east.

Helen says, "It was well known that one of the teachers carried her liquid refreshments in her purse. She was a substitute teacher, the wife of that boiler-maker from Texas. They lived on the waterfront right close to the refinery - about the second or third house. She was a little thing, thin and her face was wrinkled. She could give her classes for about twenty minutes before she had to take her bulky purse and go to the rest room. Out of sight of the children, she'd take a healthy swig and return to the classroom properly fortified.

There were an awful lot of alcoholics in Aruba. I believe this is true about any group of people overseas, away from their country and serving: The Navy, the Army and other government or private companies. Homesickness, loneliness, and culture shock were enough to send many people looking for any distraction, any way to minimize the differences or numb their senses."

SHOPPING

Eugene Spitz, an acid plant worker, had to do his family's grocery shopping because his Hungarian wife couldn't speak English. Spitz usually stopped at the commissary on the way to work. If they needed perishable goods, he shopped on the way home.

The art of shopping in those days was not quite like it is today. People didn't wait on themselves; a clerk waited on you at the counter. They went back into the warehouse with your order, loaded it into bags, went back to the counter and rang up your charges. When you had paid the cashier for it, they gave it to you. One afternoon while he was shopping, Spitz was on the way to the cash register when something bit him. The second time it bit him, he shed his pants right there in front of God and everybody. It was a good thing he did, because he had a scorpion up his pants leg. Their bite was known to sting like the dickens, but as far as I know nobody ever died of it.

I met Viana in the barbershop one day, and was grumbling to him

about the unavailability of cars. He told me to come to see him at the garage when I was finished with my haircut. I did, we talked, and he sold me a car.

Women were always complaining. One of the things they complained about was the bread. To me, the company bakery bread was the best I have ever eaten as far as white bread goes. The white bread we have here in the States is nothing but air. You bite on it and a whole slice wads up in a little ball.

I didn't know what store-bought bread tasted like for many years. My mother made bread every day. At my Grandparent's house they would sooner think of sending their clothes to the laundry than they would think to buy store-bought bread. We had biscuits, bread, and rolls every day. Sarabelle, my step mother, used to bake bread, but she soon tired of that. My dad came home from work and he and I would finished off a whole loaf of bread. She made biscuits three times a week, and dad liked to carry them to work with him. He never ate them all. They came home in his lunch basket and I ate his leftovers. Holy Christmas, did those biscuits taste like the refinery.

ENTERTAINMENT

Sometime in 1931, fifteen or twenty of us in bachelor quarters number three took to going on picnics together. We would put two or three cases of beer on ice, and buy a pile of tenderloin steaks. Old Doc Case, who used to be in the labor department, borrowed one of the company trucks and we set up camp at the other end of the island near the lighthouse. We spent the whole damn day cooking and eating steaks, swimming, getting a suntan, and drinking beer.

The Company issued the orders that baseball and basket ball players should be recruited for Aruba. The men were leaving darned near as fast as they got hired in because there wasn't anything for them to do when they weren't working. That's why Harmon Poole, and Jim Reeves were hired. Base ball games used to be played at the old Esso Club "house." There was a makeshift field laid out to the north and west of the club. In my time they put a cooler of beer at second base. You didn't rate a beer unless you got a two base hit.

Heinze organized a team from the Acid Plant. Bob had to play second base because we didn't have enough men off shift at one time. Jake Walsko was our pitcher. Bob asked me to catch. We lost more games by one run. I threw the ball to second one time and Bob caught it on the end of his finger. He was hollering for a week.

Helen interjects, "I was new there and I wasn't used to ball games. If I ever watched a ball game, it was kids playing. When Hump got up to bat they just laughed at him, and when he was running they would holler, 'Hey, you're running too long in one spot. Get that piano off your back!' I was ready to cry I was so embarrassed."

Now this was in the days when we played behind that temporary club they put up near the commissary. This was before the club burned down. But the ball diamond and bleachers were near the Junior Esso Club and barber shop building near the new commissary. Al Leak, Coy Cross, a few others and I were playing one night, and I hit a homer way out past the fence. That dadgum Tom Eagan ran out between the cars and caught the danged ball. Once in my life I was about to make a home run, and he spoiled it!

We played basketball one year without winning a game. They finally voted our team the best sportsmen of the year - we never got into any fights. There was Bob Heinze, Joe Getts, Jim Dollar, and others. We formed a team just to fill out the league. We were out there for fun. You know, we never did get too many young college basket ball players down there. Jake Walsko was a doggone good ball handler. Doc Reeves also played. Warren and Harry Steihl, George Mathews didn't play.

Jake Walsko told me that he had a little collection of gold basketballs. These were the ones they gave to each member of the winning basketball team. However he never played in a single game. He couldn't catch the ball worth a darn. He was on one of the office teams, and he showed up at every game, but they never let him play. This was the team made up of guys like Jake Walsko and Dutch Engle.

About the time they installed the first bowling alleys the Esso Club served food. This must have been in 1938 or 1939. They had a hamburger bar, and you could order steaks.

GOLF

Helen learned to play golf the hard way. At the Aruba Colony Golf Club, number 2 hole was near a fence made up of vertical Arizona cactus. This was the typical Aruba Cactus fence. Helen was standing with her back to the fence. She stooped over to address the ball, and backed into that big old cactus fence. Poor Helen had cactus sticking out of her rear end like you wouldn't believe.

Helen says, "Yeah! I couldn't continue playing. I had to go to the clubhouse. My rear end was full of fine needles for two weeks. You

couldn't even see the needles they were so fine."

Helen explained that those women in the golf club were playing all the time, and they were actually quite good. Ida Cross, Gilbert Uhr's wife, and Pearl Ogden were three golfers that she remembers well. They weren't interested in wasting their time playing with someone who didn't know how to play. They used to play lowest score won a golf ball. They gave her a handicap and she was out there with them. They had an annoying habit of moving their ball to improve their lay. She didn't think that was "cricket". She preferred bowling; where everybody could see there was no cheating. You were encouraged to move your ball to improve your lay in the golf game they played. Ida and Pearl didn't count their strokes when they were in the rough. She quit playing with them.

Helen says, "There was a family by the name of Scott who lived in Mundinger's old five-room house in the 1940's. The wife, a tiny little thing, was quite a golfer. The women always teed off in the mornings. She came by at eight o'clock one morning because she heard I was interested in the sport. I told her Hump was coming home for breakfast, and I couldn't walk out and leave him with no breakfast. She asked if I couldn't put the food on the stove and leave him to get his own. After coming by three mornings in a row she gave up on me. I didn't believe in walking out like that on your husband."

I taught Harmon Poole, the baseball player, how to play golf. After he learned to play golf you couldn't get him away from it, and he got good at it. He didn't swing at the ball, he bunted it. Harmon was a comical sight to see when he was learning. On one occasion, he had a concrete block between his ball and the green. I showed him how to loft the ball with a wedge. He tried it, and he cut the ball in two. One day he and I were playing, and we had a bet on that the loser would buy supper. The first hole, I birdied. Harmon got a par. The second and third holes were the same. The next hole we both birdied. By the ninth hole I was still two strokes up on him. Pool beat me in the last nine holes. Coy Cross did the same thing to me later on.

At a tournament I was playing Bill Meyers in the final round. He beat me on the last hole both times we went around the nine hole course. That's about when I gave up playing golf.

SWIMMING

I didn't get too far beyond the mess hall for a long time. To go swimming at B.A. Beach we used to follow the railroad tracks that led out to the old phosphate mines up near where the new hospital was later

located. Out in that area there were no houses at all. Even the tank farm wasn't there at that time. We used to walk on the ties of the railroad track to avoid walking on the coral that was so darn hard on our bare feet.

OTHER FUN THINGS IN ARUBA

- We went to Rudi Beaujon's wedding when he was married to that girl whose father published the Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary. (Sally Funk and her father Wilfred.)
- I remember when Curley Minton's wife had been gone for quite a while and she was coming back. We sat up drinking with him almost all night, and when the ship showed up Curly discovered he didn't have any shoes to wear to go meet her. I had a brand new pair of them in the quarters and he got them.
- A guy landed in the hospital one day and he was really hurting. They messed around with him for a couple of days. One ear was killing him and he wasn't getting any sleep. A nurse got a magnifying glass and looked at it. He had a cockroach leg stuck in there. She pulled it out and all his troubles were over.
- Remember the school principal they brought in who decided that the bar and the club were making too much money because the government set the price too high? You couldn't sell beer for less than two bits a bottle. This happened when they moved the bar to the middle of the club house. Can't remember the date.
- "I can remember it being so cold in Aruba one time that I had to turn the kerosene stove oven on. We had a period when the sun didn't shine for four days, something highly unusual for the island. We wore sweaters in the daytime. For a long time we didn't have electrical storms, and then we began having them. Years later in the States, I experienced an electrical storm and it scared me because I had forgotten what they were like," Helen relates.
- Continuing, "In 1955, as we returned from a vacation, a hurricane kept our plane from landing. It flew around Aruba, over the Paraguana Peninsula, and landed in Curacao where we sat around for hours. We finally took off at eight o'clock at night. Well we weren't very anxious to go I'm telling you. In the vicinity of the island we saw that kind of orange haze that accompanies a hurricane. In Aruba, Hump met us at the airport with our car. The next day we heard that the bridge by Nemi's Garage had washed away, flash floods happened all over the island, and the area around Santa Cruz and Noord was

flooded.”

- She further relates, “We had those old style kitchen cabinets when I first went to Aruba. My cabinets were new and had a built in flour sifter and the lower cupboards were for pot and pan storage. One day, when I opened a door to reach for a pan, I was staring at a great big Cockroach. At the time I didn't know what it was. I screamed bloody murder, ran around the corner and down the street to Bungalow Number 217, Mae Descanio's house. I asked her if she would come over and help me get the (What is it?) out of the house, and although she was busy cooking, she was good enough to help me with my problem.”
- After a heavy rain a large puddle of water always formed on Main Street. This puddle always formed where the surfaced road dropped off about three feet. This drop off was where the asphalt topped street abruptly ended. The street was still being upgraded from a sandy rock filled thoroughfare. I can remember a rain in 1932 that filled the area with water and overflowed the partially completed street. This was indeed news on the island of Aruba since the average rainfall, up until that time, was 36 inches per year.
- In 1930, along the main street in San Nicholas, there was Danceland, Dragger's, Fanny's, Annie Caliper's, and Blondie's Moose Hall. The Lago concession fence extended on West down past the Acid Plant and other areas that were company property. San Nicholas village paralleled the fence. There was a street that ran along on the village side of the fence. On the village side of the street there was The Hija Del Dia, a house of ill repute. The Hija Del Noche, another establishment in the same trade, was on down the street to the west.

VOYAGES

In 1938, when I was coming back from the States where Helen and I had been married, I sailed back on the old *Standard*. A sizeable group of men, including "Plough" Huffman, had been attending a training session, and were assigned to sail back to Aruba on Esso's new ships. The *Standard* was the training ship for the Esso fleet. Breakfast was served very early each morning, and at 9:30 or 10:00 o'clock, the captain met with his officers in the dining room. As the only passenger, I was routinely asked to sit in on these meetings, more as an effort to provide some kind of entertainment I think. It was usually late before they concluded their business. They had high tea at 4:00 p.m., at 6:00 o'clock they had supper, and sandwiches were available later in the evening.

I remember Koostra; he was a Nazi. I was on his ship before the

war, and all but a few of the ship's crew were Nazi. I can't remember who was with me at the time, but we were disturbed I can tell you. The men who weren't Nazis wouldn't give the Nazi salute, and they were beaten, and I don't mean verbally. Koostra was angry at us for playing our radio during the voyage. He claimed the radio interfered with his compass, and we had thrown the ship several miles off course. As soon as we docked, I headed for the office to complain about Koostra.

Sue and Helen and I went aboard the *Santa Rosa* when it was docked at Oranjestad one time. People took advantage of visiting tour ships, often going aboard to have a drink at the bar or a meal. Eman was there, and he came over to have a drink with us while we were sitting at the bar. Somehow he got to talking politics and government with Sue. He must have spent an hour talking with her.

SOCIAL SECURITY COMES TO LAGO

In 1957 Lago introduced the concept of social security to its employees. The U.S. government required that there be 100% participation before it could be applied to us Americans in Aruba. A Standard Oil man from New York explained it to us in detail, and after he did so, not all were willing to join the program. Standard was concerned for us, and after some consideration, they agreed to give us an increase in our paycheck to cover our payment. What they didn't tell us was that they were going to force us to take it whether we wanted it or not.

PLANTS AND PLANT LIFE

One time Hugh Beshers was barreling down the road on his way to a fire in the Pressure Stills, and when he came to the main gate he couldn't stop. He hit the gate and knocked it off its hinges. A bottle rolling around on the floorboard of his car got under the brake pedal.

Nobody knew much about an acid plant except the boss, Bob Heinze. When I arrived on the scene there were only four Hungarians, and George Larson. Eventually we had a total of 13 people. Gene Spitz and Ed Weiss were my right hand men in the Acid Plant. Spitz was a banker, and he was darned good with figures.

There was no Edeleanu Plant until 1938. In the Acid Plant I had all of those men listed. Let's see there were Reed, Slick, Dickson, Spec Bacon, M.C. Bates, Lee Reese, Ed Weiss, Tony Descanio, the Stirl brothers, Eugene Spitz, Gruber Greenbaum, and Dick Palmer.

I remember T-Gar Smith. He and Gilbert Smith were two Cleanout Foremen. When I got there van der What's-his-name was the Chief

Watchman. The company fired him, and Charlie Høglund tried to get me to apply for that job. Man, they were searching everywhere for a replacement. I had only been there for a few days, but Charlie took me all over creation showing me the different gates and explaining how the job went. I told him I wasn't interested.

A few days later Gilbert Brook got the job. T-Gar transferred to the Operating Department, although he didn't last there too long. When they opened the new restaurant at the club, he was made manager of it. Smith was later sent to Havana, Cuba to the little Esso refinery we had there.

I remember I was in the hospital the time the fireworks on the barge blew up. The Wade boy was brought into the hospital shaking so bad he couldn't hold a glass of water. Doctor Mayer finally administered a couple of shots of scotch to him and sent him home.

I remember when the Lake Tanker burned at the docks in 1932. I was still in the hospital. They opened a hatch that had been closed for a long time and it was full of gas. Something set it off, and one Chinaman was badly burned. At the hospital they tried to get him to lie down in bed. He wasn't having any part of it. The man said, "If I lay down I'll die."

I remember Ray Imler. J.W. Harrison was sent down from the New York office as an assistant operator to check up on the guys in the refinery. At one time he was sent by Imler down to a ship at the dock with a wheelbarrow to pick up a case of milk. Later on when Harrison was officially introduced to the operating people he was made the Process Superintendent for the High Pressure Stills. One of the first things he did was bust Imler to Operator. What goes around comes around.

At the time they had that Mock Convention in 1936 I was working all hours. At times I was a lead burner, and at other times I was an operator.

When I wanted to get married there was a tank up in the Poly Plant that was not being put together properly. I had watched a foreign staff lead burner working on a tank in the Poly Plant.

I complained to Heinze that they were using hydrogen instead of acetylene to do their job. I told him the work being done would not hold up, and that the tank would have to be done over. Sure as hell, when I got my leave to get married (I was taking George Larson's place while he was on vacation.) Heinze told me, "Hump before you can get married, you've got to reline that tank." I had Benny Benschaut, a Lithuanian, and

an Aruban working for me. As luck would have it I had a huge stack of lead on hand. We cut it to the sizes we wanted, took all of the old lead out of the tank, painted the inside of it, and boy did we ever bolt the new strips into it. We hung it all in one day. I put bands around the middle - everything went up like clockwork. Two black fellows came in early and they had the equipment in place by the time we got there.

It was the practice of the Company's Aruban 12:p.m. to 8:a.m. shift work employees to leave home early in the evening to get away from their doggone families. They slept on the finished part of the street until it was time to go to work.

At night the same men caught up on their sleep at the Aruba Trading Company store while it was under construction and they continued to do so for a long time after it opened. You could see them sleeping on that nice clean driveway of that building after 11:00 pm. After midnight some of the men on the 4 p.m. to 12 midnight shift who didn't have transportation home slept there on the concrete until the next morning. This was a usual practice since any rainfall was uncommon.

When you went out the "new" main gate, the Aruba Trading Company store was on one side. On the other was the "Brooklyn Bar," and next to it was another bar whose name I cannot remember. Across the street was another bar with a restaurant upstairs with pretty good food.

The Aruba Trading Company was located in a little offset, triangular piece of ground, just outside the Main Gate. Next to the Aruba Trading building was the Lago Refinery fence. There was a cyclone fence around the Lago concession. Also next to Aruba Trading there were a good number of black tanks that made up the Crude Oil Tank Farm. One of the refinery main roads and a ground level "pipe alley" ran along the west side of this tank farm.

The main gate when I got there was by the Acid Plant, and then it moved up where it is now. Before they built the Cat Plant and the Alky Plant, the road ran straight up, right through the tank farm. The Lago Church services were held in the school yard and also in the dining hall by Jack Emery and George Wilkins. The new church was designed by Norm Shirley, and the guy from the foundry, Jack Schnur cast the lights for the church. Jack Schnur was a damn good foundry-man. Not having all of the ingredients he needed for the top grade iron, he used a little extra iron, which meant that we did eat up a lot of it. We saved every dadgum scrap of that stuff. He was the guy who cast the little bronze medallions for the Billion Barrel Day celebration.

Speaking of gates, one time Jake Walsko and his wife and I went to a wedding somewhere in the Colony. We decided to go to the village to get something to eat, and we headed back for the Colony about 10:00 O'clock. The guard stopped us at the gate and wanted to see my badge. I didn't have it with me because I never wore one with my good clothes, and he wasn't going to let me in. I got out of the car and chased him way down the road, came back and kicked the gate open, and drove through it. The next morning boy oh boy was Chief Watchman Brook mad. That happened immediately following the WWII when they were very strict about security.

I was working on a turnaround at the Edeleanu Plant and they had just finished packing an extractor and I crawled in it to inspect the thing and it wasn't right. I hurried out of it because it was almost noon, and I was trying to catch a ride. I was too late; everybody had left for lunch. I jumped in my car and took off to eat at home. At the first gate, I realized I had lost my badge in the tower sure as hell, so I told the Dutch guard to call our office and identify me so I could get through. On the way back from lunch I picked up a temporary pass. I later went back in the tower and recovered my badge.

MEDICINE

I had a shoulder problem and Dr. Hendrickson recommended that I go to the company's New York medical facilities. I wasn't satisfied with the price of the treatment, and I suggested they send me to the Winston Salem Medical School. There, my doctor there told me the treatment would take a while, so I asked him to write a letter to Dr. Hendrickson in Aruba. Hendrickson passed the letter to the personnel department. They put me on medical leave, but they did not offer to pay the hospital bill. By the fourth treatment, unable to contain his curiosity any longer, my doctor asked how I managed to wangle an appointment to see him. He thought he wasn't supposed to see any new patients. I showed him the letter I had from New York Medical Department.

He did a hellava good job, and I was never troubled with it again. As you know, when you get older you lose lubrication in your joints.

BUNGALOWS

In the early days the Company decided they had better check up on the houses that were being built. They sent a company carpenter supervisor, Art Heard, to investigate. That didn't set very well with some of the construction workers. After inspecting five houses he reported to his boss, the overall refinery superintendent, Ed Bartells, saying, "We've got to fasten the roofs to the houses." All the houses had heavy steel

wire that extended from the roof down to the studs below, and they had forgotten to fasten down the loose end of this wire!

Charlie Ross, the contractor building the bungalows made a fortune on those jobs. Three room houses cost about \$7,000.00 each to build, and the four room houses ran about \$9,000.00. The company utilities group had company pipe fitters run the water and sewer lines to each bungalow. There was a hellava difference in the amount of pipe required for the three and the 4, 5, and 6 room houses. The three room bungalows had one bath room. Four and five room bungalows had two bathrooms. Six room bungalows had three bathrooms. Piping for drains and sewer; Fresh, brackish and salt water had to be installed accordingly.

Helen remembers during the war that we sifted the flour through a silk stocking to get rid of the weevils. John Keller used to tell about how the weevils got into the flour in his dad's store. This was the store he had back in the States. They took the flour up on the roof, spread it out on paper where the sun drove the weevils out of it and then they put the flour back in the bags and sold it.

Opines Helen, "I always figured that a weevil or two isn't going to kill you. When it is cooked you don't even know the difference. When I was a kid we lived out in the country, and we had a cellar where we kept the food. Bacon, eggs, cheese, bread, donuts, produce and everything was kept in there. One day when I was in my late twenties I had fixed a meal, and I was out in the kitchen eating a piece of cheese. All of a sudden I took a good look at it, and saw it was crawling with worms. I left the table, trying hard not throw up. Dad laughed and laughed, and the more he laughed, the madder I got. He thought it was the biggest joke, saying, a few worms wouldn't hurt you. He lived to be 92, and he must have eaten a few in his life time.

My folks never threw anything out. If it got real bad they gave it to the dog and the cats. My mother never threw any food out, and to this day I don't either."

The Edgar Jackson Story

My full name is Edgar Jackson. I was born on March 20, 1902 in Chicago, Illinois at the corner of 63rd street and Evans Avenue. My father was an engineer in the press room of the Chicago Tribune. When I was about four years old my parents moved to East Chicago, Indiana, where my father became superintendent of the electric and ice plant, later going into the building business. East Chicago was a growing industrial city, between Whiting and Gary. I attended schools there and graduated from Washington High School, the only one in town at that time in 1919. World War I was winding down, and in 1918 many of the teachers were drafted or joined up, and the ones who took their places likewise. That was how I started teaching biology and English, my last semester, at \$1.65 an hour of classroom time, a good wage then.

ATHLETICS

I played football and basketball and got my letter in each and a big cardinal and white cardigan sweater with two white stripes on each arm. That meant a lot to me then. I was editor-in-chief of the annual. The war had created a lot of shortages and we had to scratch to get materials for it. Everything in it, except the photos and cuts, was composed in the school print shop and, printed by the students.

RESERVE OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

I attended the University of Illinois in 1919-1920. At that time R.O.T.C. was compulsory. At the end of the year I entered the Hazelton competition and came out number two. The winner was a graduate of a military academy.

WORKING IN THE DE-TINNING PLANT

There was a short sharp recession in 1920 - 1921, and my fathers business failed. I went to work in a de-tinning plant, where I had worked during vacations previously. Eleven hours on day shift and thirteen hours nights, seven days a week. Every other week you worked 24 hours on weekends and the other weekend you had 24 hours off. The eight hour day was just coming into fashion, first in the steel mills, later at Ford Motor Company. Although the pay was good, there wasn't much social life.

WORKING AS A CHEMIST IN A LEAD SMELTER

After two years I had the opportunity to begin work as a chemist in

the lab of a lead smelter in Hammond, Indiana. After becoming acquainted with the work, I went on the 4-12 shift and was able to take some classes in the mornings at Armour Institute of Technology (Now the Illinois Institute of Technology), on the south side of Chicago. I liked the work, but was moved to change when I got pneumonia from bromine gas poisoning, and I was afraid of chronic lead poisoning also.

WORKING FOR SINCLAIR OIL COMPANY

Sinclair Oil Company in East Chicago was hiring men to man some new cracking stills they were building. I applied for a job and was hired for the Labor Department. Everyone on the stills had to start in the Labor Department. The General Labor Foreman was Jack Barnes; He was the older brother of Grover Barnes who worked in Aruba. I worked with Grover Barnes in Aruba at a later date. When extra help was needed on the stills, Jack would assign men from the labor gang and I soon had a job as coal passer on the Rerun Stills. This was winter time and the work was tough. These stills burned coal and you would have to thaw it out in the overhead hoppers, then run down below the stills and siphon the ashes into a collecting pit. There were 20 shell stills, ten on each side. The side re-running the treated gasoline had fractionating towers sitting on the shells. The side re-running the crude bottoms for "bright-stock" or wax tailings for wax didn't have the towers. It was mainly a seat-of-the pants operation, not many instruments, and the stillman had a lot of discretion in the operations. I was fortunate in working for stillmen who weren't afraid to divulge their trade secrets. The units I worked on were what you could call a semi-continuous operation. One battery had the cooler on one end and products could be gravitated to the other battery. There were five of them in a row. In one battery we received the gasoline that had been processed in another part of the refinery and reran it and gave it a light treatment of caustic soda and so on. That was one of the batch systems I worked on.

MAKING LUBE OIL

We also made some lube oil. I remember a very heavy one that they called an Onyx Compound. It was about 1500 viscosity. You had to be very careful when you got down toward the high viscosity end of the run. You kept lowering the fire as the viscosity went up. You had to pump it out before it reached the solidifying point and send it down to the wax plant where it was further processed.

CAST IRON VALVE PROBLEMS

Cast iron valves were used where we pumped out the bottoms. In the winter time you would get one of these cock valves about a quarter turn open and it would freeze in that position. You couldn't shut it off. One time I had four of these cast iron valves break in the flanges. Right away we had to go to emergency. When one of these valves cracked you had to pump out the unit some other way. The operator had to know more about operations than the operator on the continuous pipe stills in Aruba really!

WORKING UP TO THE GRADE OF STILLMAN

I worked for a stillman named Paddy Keran. He was Irish. He kind of took a shine to me and he helped me a lot. He had retired from Standard of Indiana at the age of 70 and he didn't want to retire. But they made him retire. Then he came over to Sinclair and they hired him. He was a good old fellow; a good old Irishman.

I worked up to stillman in a comparatively short time. This was temporary stillman, used to spell men on vacation, sick leave, etc. It seemed like it would be some time before a permanent rating would be awarded.

When I went to Aruba, my refinery experience had been with this kind of advanced batch process.

A JOB OFFER BY PAN AMERICAN PETROLEUM COMPANY

In the fall of 1928 I saw an ad in the Oil & Gas Journal, placed by the Pan American Petroleum Company, for operators to go to Aruba for a new refinery being built there. Standard Oil Company of Indiana had bought Pan American and its subsidiaries a few years before and had visions of entering the foreign markets in Mexico, Germany and other countries. Pan American's offices were in New York. I applied for a job and was offered the position of first class helper at \$185.00 a month, with board, room, laundry and medical attention. That was less cash than I was receiving at Sinclair, but I wasn't saving much. So I accepted the offer. I had received a good recommendation from the Sinclair plant manager.

Early in 1929 I was told to go to the Whiting Refinery of Standard of Indiana for a physical exam. I was examined by a future brother-in-law, Dr. Bryce Reeve, who was plant physician at that time at Whiting.

ON OUR WAY TO ARUBA

Evidently he found nothing wrong, for I received instructions in March of 1929 to report to the New York office with my passport.

About this time I heard that another Sinclair man was also going. It was "Sparky" Roebuck. I knew him slightly. He worked as top man on the coke stills, and we both bowled in the Sinclair bowling league. We decided to go to New York together, first class of course, and we stopped overnight at Niagara Falls, neither of us having seen it before, Frank being a Kansas farm boy. In New York we were put up in the Lincoln Hotel. A group of us were assembled in the Pan Am office and Tom Cook, the general manager of this operation, gave us a pep talk. Some of the operators asked about the seven-day week they were signing up for. He said, "Fellows, as soon as we have the stills running you will all go on six-day week." It was about 1937 before that went into effect in Aruba. It never went into effect in Mexico while I was there.

THE WATER CARGO

We were to go to Aruba on the ocean going tanker *S/S Crampton Anderson*, Peter Johnson, master. It had just come out of dry-dock, and we were to sail from Tompkinsville, on Staten Island. It was taking a load of water to Aruba, some of it drinking water. After we got out to sea, it was found that the drinking water tanks had been painted with the wrong kind of paint. It looked like red lead. I'm not sure it wasn't, but we all survived.

There was some hold up in sailing, and we had to spend a couple of nights on the ship. I saw my first talking picture in a storefront in Tompkinsville: Al Jolson in *Sonny Boy*. We also rode the Staten Island ferry, and the railroad.

We went on the payroll when the ship sailed on April 1, 1929. There were about twelve of us on board. Besides Roebuck, the only other one I remember going to Aruba was Bill Brown. I remember him because he became so seasick. Georges Ordonez, the son of the famous Mexican geologist, was on board. He was going to Venezuela.

Captain Johnson was a gentleman. He saw that we were a bunch of green horns, and gave us some good advice, delivered in a kindly manner.

ARUBA & ACCOMMODATIONS

I was 27 years of age when we landed in Aruba on April 1, 1929. I've forgotten the personnel man who met us as the ship docked, but it was probably Marvin Case or Tommy Johnson. They assigned me a room with Lunn Easten in what they called the "old" hospital. There were several Marine Department employees, one of whom I remember named Frazier. Easten, Frazier, a Scotsman named Stewart, and I used to buy a case of Scotch on payday, and other types of liquors in between.

Another resident was Lortentzen, a young engineer, and I think Gus Stutzman. Lorentzen was of German descent and he and Gus pal-ed around together. They knew another German who worked in the power house. They were always on hand when we were breaking out drinks.

THE HOSPITAL FACILITIES

The hospital facilities had been relocated to a larger building just south of the newly erected dining hall, a.k.a. the mess hall. The latter building was about a half mile to the east of where I was located. This "old" hospital building, where we were living was a bungalow housing about ten or twelve people across the road, south, from number one Rerun Still and a little west of what was becoming number one Power House. The Rerun stills were built in a east-west row, with number one being on the west end and number eight being on the east end. From the rerun stills we watched them building the Power House which was about three city blocks to the south at the edge of the lagoon. Our bungalow was located where the Combustion Department building later was built. To orient this building for the old timers: this building was built in an east-west direction and parallel to Rerun Stills one through five and just north across the main road from Number One Power House. This later became the Instrument Department. I lived in these quarters for about seven months.

EARLY HOUSING ARRANGEMENTS

Across the road, to the west of where I was living, was a bungalow housing the offices of the Crandall Engineering, which was building the dry-dock, and three other bungalows, one of which housed three girl clerks, one of whom was Lotje Gravenstein, who later married L. S. McReynolds. One was one of the nurses, Jo, who later married Bob Baum. Lyle Redfoot's sister was another one. She was a red headed girl. There was another that one of the fellows called "BFN." Margaret Reeve, who later became my wife, also worked in the hospital. She was an operating room nurse and worked for Doctor Mailer who became Lago's doctor after Doctor Nunes left for Holland. I didn't meet her until later. I never had to go to the Hospital so I never met Ms Marian Wyle, the Hospital Administrator. I think that Kay Tucker worked for her.

1929 TRIP TO LA SALINA AND MARACAIBO

I made a trip, with another fellow, to Venezuela in 1929 when Coy Cross gave me three days off for the overtime I had worked. I went over on a Lake Tanker. They let us off in La Salinas. I remember when we arrived at the entrance to Lake Maracaibo we had to wait overnight until high tide before the ship could cross the sandbar. At 5:00 a.m. there was

a knock at our door and there was a Chinaman with two cups of tea with milk in them! At La Salina there was a small unit that produced fuel oil, I guess, and the ship was met by a personnel type who arranged for us to get off the ship and the ship went on in to load up its crude cargo.

This fellow showed us around Maracaibo. I always remember how many catfish there were around where the sewers and the slaughter houses emptied into the lake.

ASSIGNMENTS

When I arrived there I was assigned to the Light Oils Finishing Department and worked on the Rerun Stills. I had signed up to go to the Cracking Plant, but they weren't ready for the operators at that time. The units were still being built and the Rerun Stills were being used as Crude Stills in the meantime.

Bill Morris was in charge and his shift foremen was Bob Ellis, Pollock (not Earl), and another with a name something like McNamara. Morris was soon sent over to the Cracking Plant as General Foreman and Coy Cross took over the Light Oils Department. I liked Coy.

The Cracking Plant, or the "High Pressure Stills" as they were called to distinguish between them and the "Low Pressure Stills" or the Rerun Stills, was being built to the east of the Rerun Stills.

About a week before we arrived, the head of an accumulator, on number one Rerun Unit, had blown off and killed two men. The company hadn't anticipated starting up the stills so soon and they were being manned mainly by painters, carpenters, pipefitters, etc. One of these men was Virgil McNamara, who later became a Light Oils Shift Foreman. Another was Mr. Brewer, the father of Faye and the Brewer boys.

I knew Blanket Heath, who was, later, an operator on the Light Oils Units. Blanket was his first name; it wasn't a nickname as a lot of people thought! I believe he was an Oklahoma Indian. Alton Hatfield was working in the Light Oils when I arrived there. He was a helper I remember and helpers spent most of their time walking up and down the overhead walkway which ran the length of the Rerun Stills. Others working in the Light Oils at the time were three McGrew's and a brother-in-law of theirs. There was a cousin of Klaus Dillard, named Dillard, and others whom I can't recall their names at this time. John Mechling and Freddy Beaujon were machinists watching the new centrifugal hot tar pumps. John later in his career became a Mechanical Department Zone Supervisor. Fred later in his life became the Head Cashier in the

Accounting Department. He was the one who gave us our pay each payday. Much later he became Lieutenant Governor of the Island of Aruba.

THE WHITE HOUSE

At the time we were living in the “old” hospital building we ate in the White House, at the head of the docks, along with the Crandall Engineering and Marine Department employees. The White House had originally been a store downstairs and living quarters upstairs. It belonged to one of the Emans. Before it became our dining hall it had been used as an office building. The cooks were Chinese. The food was supposed to be better than that in the Mess Hall near the *sheep sheds*. I ate there until I moved into number one Bachelor Quarters.

NIGHT FIRE

One night while I was sleeping in the “old” hospital the top blew off a Kerosene Treater just west of the number one Rerun Still. It landed on a transformer bank nearby and the treater caught fire. There was a stairway up the side of the tank and I remember Butch Borsch and another fellow carried a Foamite hose up to the top of the tank to extinguish the fire.

BLASTING HAZARDS

Another time I was sleeping in the daytime and blasting was going on near the Power House. A two foot square of coral came down through the roof in our living room, along with some smaller pieces. Some one had forgotten to count the dynamite sticks in the blasting operations going on nearby!

NUMBER ONE BACHELOR QUARTERS

When they closed the “old” hospital building I was moved into number one Bachelor Quarters. At first craft tradesmen and operators were put in the same room. There was a bathroom with a shower between each two rooms. Three people were assigned to each room. I was, for a short time, in a room with Christianson, a blacksmith, and Johnny Gibbons, a Mason. Gibbons followed the stock market and would get a stack of financial times every two weeks. Both were good fellows but it soon became apparent that a shift worker interfered with a day worker's days off. So we were able to change around and I was in a room with Ronnie Nunn and Lee Campbell, whose brother, Oliver, I had known while working at Sinclair in Chicago. Ronnie had worked for Frank Campbell in the laboratory in the refinery in Casper, Wyoming. The two Campbell's were not related.

IMPORTING LABORERS

I remember a schooner docking below the Power House and Captain Allen leading about thirty blacks up the road. He had been recruiting around the islands. He was the father of Paria who later ran a Beauty Shop for the ladies in the Colony.

KELLOGG, CHICAGO BRIDGE, C.C.ROSS, CRANDALL ENGINEERING

There were about four main contractors working at that time. Mr. Watson (no relative of Ralph Watson) headed up Kellogg; Mr. Nelson was in charge of Chicago Bridge; Charlie Ross was building living quarters, and Mr. Butterfield was in charge of Crandall Engineering. He had a tough bunch of Boston divers working for him, but he kept them under control. He would only give them a small amount to squander in the village and would send the rest back to Boston. Mr. Butterfield also sold perfumes and Chinese linens & silks as a side line. He also had Andy Tully under his wing. Andy was young and just out from England, and lived in the Crandall building.

I worked on the Rerun Stills about seven months. When the first Cracking Units were about to start up, I kept badgering Coy Cross to be transferred and he finally gave in. There wasn't enough to do on the reruns, and it was deadly dull.

A 1930 EXCURSION TO VENEZUELA

I remember one time, in 1930 I think it was, an excursion was organized for a group of us to go from Aruba to La Guaira and then by car to Caracas and return. A friend of mine, an American by the name of Lloyd English of the receiving and shipping department and I decided to go together on this trip. He had worked for the company over in east Africa or some place in the production department before coming to Aruba. He later married and lived in the Colony. I got off for three days I think it was because I had been working some overtime and some kind of holiday was involved. In those days they didn't pay for overtime, they gave you time off. I signed up to go and paid whoever was organizing the excursion. I forget how much it was. We sailed over on the *Liberador*, a small passenger ship. There was a special meal on board the ship the night before we sailed. Lloyd and I went down and ate and I was about half sick from the champagne we drank the night before. Anyway that was the first time in my life I was ever seasick on a sea voyage. It came on all of a sudden and I was on a second tier deck. I heaved over the side not worrying about those below!

We arrived in La Guaira and went up to Caracas by the old road.

This was a real winding roadway up the mountains. In Caracas we stayed at a nice hotel which was in the French style with all of the ornate furniture. The following evening they had a celebration in an auditorium and there was dancing. In our group was Margaret Robbins who had come with some lady friend as chaperon. And here comes the president of Venezuela who at the time was Juan Vicente Gomez. By coup d'etat he came into power when he deposed the previous dictator, Cipriano Castro, in 1908. He never accepted the title of president when he was re-elected in 1929 but ruled as commander in chief of the army; he was considered a "dictator" too. Anyway here came Gomez and his entourage. He evidently saw the girls in our party dancing and he asked if he could dance with Margaret Robbins. She danced a couple of dances with him!

EXPLORING THE PHOSPHATE MINE

One time in Aruba I had worked the 12 midnight to 8:a.m. shift when I went exploring with two of the day workers who had the day off. We were going to explore the phosphate mine. This was located up in the area near the Colorado Light House and where the new hospital building was located in later years. One of the shafts west of the lighthouse was wide open, an old skip hoist cage lay on the bottom and an 8" x 8" timber lay across the shaft and a heavy rope was fastened to it and extended to the bottom, maybe forty or fifty feet. We soon located the main excavation, a large room. It had two levels and rail tracks ran to the upper level where a locomotive and some dump cars stood. We spent the entire day exploring the tunnels running out from the main room. It was a tight squeeze getting through some of them and we were amazed at how far they extended. Some of them had ventilation holes open to the sky, but no way to get out. We went back to where we entered, and the other two didn't have too much trouble climbing the rope and swinging up on the timber. Came my turn and I could make it to the top but was too tired to pull myself up on the timber. The other two finally stretched out on the timber and gave me a hand; I think one of them was Ronnie Nunn.

AN ISLAND HIKE

Another time when we had 24 hours off some of us decided to walk up the north coast to Oranjestad. There was no road and it was rough going. We soon ran out of water and stopped at Dos Bocas, where there was a palm grove. The Aruban caretaker climbed some of the trees and cracked some coconuts, so we could drink the water. I had started to get blisters on my feet, as had some of the others, so we started back. We

made it, painfully. I had calluses two inches in diameter come completely off.

A FISHING EXPERIENCE

Ole Bergan, a stillman I worked for on the Cracking Units, and I got seven or eight fellows together, and we hired a Venezuelan fisherman to take us fishing in his sailboat. This fellow only had one hand. He had a little dog on board, and as we went out the harbor by the Power House and met the swells, the dog heaved up on the deck. That set off everyone except Ole and I. Doc Coffman became so sick we had to keep him from falling overboard and finally put him below the deck on the rock ballast. We rounded the point at the lighthouse on the east end of the island and were about even with B.A. Beach, when the line holding the mainsail broke, letting the sail come down. I could just see us drifting on to the rocks, but the skipper, with one hand, fastened on a new line and climbed the mast to run it through the block. As I remember it we didn't catch any fish with our hand lines.

SAILBOAT EXPERIENCE

Later on, with help from Lunn Easten, I bought an Aruban fishing boat, and kept it below the tennis courts to sail it outside the lagoon. It was a lot easier coming in than going out.

I learned then that a sail boat takes a lot of work to keep it up. Frank Campbell's young sons used to come down and watch me work on it, as did Captain Young's boys, Sidney and George.

Bert Mathews, who worked in the Cracking Plant, had a boat built about this time. Some of the boys borrowed it one day and got T.F.X. Kelly to sail it. Kelley had been an officer on tankers before he came ashore to work on the stills. They were tacking merrily up the lagoon when they landed on top of a "coral head", the boat tipped over and they had to scramble. After that Kelley was called Shipwreck Kelly.

Among others, Charlie Ross, the housing contractor, was interested in sailing. Later on, I think he was responsible for importing a star class boat, or maybe several. They were really too large for just sailing in the lagoon, and had too much sail for the waters outside, so smaller boats were later used.

As the eight Cracking Units were put on stream some of the Kellogg construction men switched over to work for Pan Am. I think Whitey Riggs and Steve Joyce of the rigging crew were a couple. Also Ralph "Spike" Ogden. Eddie McCourt, of the insulators was another. I think Jim Bluejacket worked for Pan Am. Skip Culver worked for Pan Am.

He drove the ice truck and delivered ice to colony residents at first.

EIGHT BACHELOR QUARTERS

Eight Bachelor Quarters were built and the shift workers eventually ended up in number Eight, upwind, and supposedly quieter.

BOXING

A boxing ring was set up between Bachelor Quarters no. 6 and no. 8 and the boxing hopefuls used to practice there, also the wrestlers, such as Butch Borsch and Doug Peebles and Hump Humphreys. Some of the boxers used to fight in the village. Kirby Norris had hopes, but I don't think he ever made it.

HANDBALL AND SWIMMING

There was a single wall handball court between the mess hall and the post office. I used to enjoy it. Tommy Jancosek was the champ. Frank Campbell played and a Dr. Tanner, a chemist, was a contender. Johnny Breen was a regular player.

Then there were some swimmers who really worked at it. Jim French and Johnny Breen, and later Charlie Green hardly missed a day.

APPENDIX REMOVED 1931

In 1931 Doctor Mailer removed my appendix. At the time the hospital was just to the west of the mess hall. His assistant was Doctor Sher, a Jewish doctor, who later went to California and became a pediatrician specializing in child care. At the time Doctor Mailer said he wasn't sure, but he thought it was my appendix and I told him to go in and do whatever he thought was necessary. As it turned out the appendix had wrapped itself around the intestine. The ceiling fan in the operating room couldn't be used while they were operating because it stirred up the dust. So there was a nurse standing by the doctor mopping the perspiration off his forehead and face all during the operation! Margaret said afterwards that she was nervous when Doctor Mailer operated because his procedures tended to be unorthodox. She didn't care for his type of surgery.

ASSIGNMENT TAMPICO 1932-1938

In 1932, in my third 18 month contract in Aruba, Jim French, Miles Eppler and I were transferred to Tampico, Mexico, to start up a new combination unit being built there. The job was supposed to last a couple of years, and lasted six, until 1938, when the Mexican government took over. While we were there Standard Oil Company of New Jersey took over Pan American. Margaret Reeve, dentist doctor Virgil Reeve's sister and I were married in Tampico in 1933. While in

Mexico I became pretty fluent in Spanish.

While in Mexico I met Eduardo Dorsey, a Mexican. He was born in the United States, spoke English, and had returned to Mexico with his father and mother. We became very good friends and when he married later he had two sons. He named one of his sons Edgar and I became his godfather. He always insisted that the boys name was "Edgar" and would not have the name Latinized to "Edgardo." Rose, my present wife, and I went to visit Eduardo and his family in Tampico, Mexico one time and he organized a banquet for us. He invited old friends who had worked with me in the refinery there. It was quite a reunion.

While living here in Florida Eduardo came to visit us and presented me with a 100 Peso gold piece which I value very highly.

RETURN TO ARUBA IN 1938

We returned to Aruba on June 1, 1938 (according to what it says on my retirement scroll), so I missed six years of what occurred in Aruba. I retired from Lago on February 21, 1962.

BOWLING

When bowling came to Aruba I already knew something about the game, but I didn't get in much bowling because I was working shift work. I did bowl in the mixed bowling league. I remember Martha Walker was one of the team members.

THE SKEET CLUB

I later became a member of the Skeet Club; however I didn't get to be very active because I was working shift work. Then later on I became Maintenance Supervisor in the Cracking Department; worked days; and had Sundays off. Some times we would have Odis Mingus and some of the visiting "wheels" from the New York office take part in our Sunday morning activities. I also remember that Harmon Poole was a pretty good skeet shooter. He would lay his gun on the stand at the gun position, call, pull. Harmon then picked up his gun and shot the clay bird as it took off! He had wonderful coordination.

GAS TESTING IN THE EARLY DAYS

It wasn't until sometime after the refinery was in operation that we begun to have gas testing equipment and gas tests done on the units. I can remember going up to an open manhole in a tower with a welder. I would stand on one side of the open manhole and the welder on the other and he would light his welding torch and hold it in front of the manhole to see if it was going to flash. We could pretty much tell by our noses whether there were any hazardous gases present. We never had one flash

when the welder held his torch in front of the open manhole!

RETIREMENT

When I retired on February 21, 1962 I finally wound up here at Light House Point, Pompano Beach. We were quite taken with this house. It has a screened in, red tiled, porch that looks out on a canal. Most of our neighbors have a cruiser of some kind tied up at their private docks. I had brought a Lignum Vitae tree seed from Aruba and have a nice 15 year old tree growing (1985) in my front yard. There is a tall palm tree, next to the canal, in the two front corners of my front yard. My hobby these days has been my plants and flowers I have put in the beds and around my house. Every year or so I put in new Rose plants. The horticulturists say the plants wear out. Some trees that I have are: Black Olive, Zapadillo, Meyers Lemon, Mango, Kumquat, Gumbo Limbo and National Plum. Plants are: Gardenia, Garlic Lily, Tipenchine (purple flowers), Snap Dragons (Rocket Mix), Bird of Paradise, Dwarf Bamboo, Nanderina, Begonia, Orange Jasmine, Charde Daisy, Dahlias, African Gerbera Daisy, Plumbago, Bonita (red bell flowers), Carnations, Dracaena Polarama, Parsley, Pansy, Allemande, Geranium, Dwarf Gardenia, Crown of Thorns, Spider Plant, Jatropha, Dracaena Magenell, and Thryallias.



Santa Cruz Church—circa 1940

Photo courtesy M. G. Lopez

The Rose Jackson Story

My mother was Hungarian and my father was German. I still have some cousins in Hungary, and I was there to visit with them a few years ago. My maiden name was Wegerbauer. I do know the translation of the word "weger" is road, but I don't know what the word "bauer" means.

When I visited in Hungary they told me that my father's family had settled, before WWI, in the town of Shotion where Franz Joseph Hayden, Austrian composer and one of the great masters of classical music was born. Geographically, Shotion is 65 miles from Vienna. This was when the region of the Austro-Hungarian Empire was known as Bavaria. The country of Germany was unheard of.

They had a vigorous road building program then, and as they finished a section of it, the government left behind a number of men to maintain it. My great-great grandfather was left in Shotion. He later married a Hungarian, and that is how my German ancestors got there in that part of the country. I have returned to the very spot where they raised grapes, and I found the major crop now grown there is onions. If I hear Hungarian spoken, I have a faint idea of what they are talking about. Some common phrases I can understand are: how are you; happy birthday. I heard the language spoken by my parents when I was a child, but I haven't heard Hungarian spoken anywhere else. My parents spoke it in our home in the United States, but when I speak it, I have to think before saying anything. When I was in Hungary, the husband of one of my cousins was a railroad engineer from Shotion to Vienna, and he knew a little English. Another of my relations had picked up some English from the newspaper in Budapest that employed him.

When I asked for more wine I used the word for glass that Hungarians used to refer to a window. They informed me with some amusement that I was asking for another "window" of wine. My choice of words sometimes caused confusion. I wanted to take them all out for dinner one night, and I asked them if they would take me where they had gypsies. They said that was fine. Their car was so small, that when the taxi arrived to pick us up, I thought we were taking it also since I didn't think all of us could fit into their car. We had a fine dinner with gypsy music and after the evening was over, they asked where else I wanted to go. When I said, back home, they told me they understood I wanted to stay out all night. They had been concerned that they would be too tipsy to drive home.

To explain how Ed and I happened to meet, I must tell you that I worked in a small business in South Bend, Indiana that offered no opportunity for promotion. One day, as I was talking to my boss, he suggested that I go to Chicago, 90 miles distant. Goodyear Rubber Company had an opening in their accounting department.

That was how I happened to be there before they merged. In 1939, they went to IBM computers, and this proved quite interesting to me. World War II began when I was acting chief clerk of the accounting department. There was no such thing, in those days, of getting either the salary or the recognition I felt I deserved. I could see the handwriting on the wall. After the war, I was sure to be demoted and that didn't appeal to me in the least. Bill Hewin, the man in South Bend who had originally hired me for Goodyear, made a lot of money during the war. He bought up parking lots, a number of buildings downtown, and the Goodyear distributorship there. He hired seven employees from Goodyear, and I was one of them. I returned to South Bend in an entirely different capacity; I was his emporium office manager. Another person he pirated from Goodyear was Ed's brother, who became one of his sales representatives. His name was Wilbur "Bill" Jackson. I had known him just very casually while working in the Chicago accounting office. And he was another one to move his whole family to South Bend. We got to talking one day in 1950, and I said, "You know Bill, now the war is ended and all of that excitement is over, I am very sorry that I never joined the WACS or the WAVES." Bill asked me if I were interested in living out of the country, to which I replied, I couldn't think of anything more exciting. He suggested I make an acquaintance with his brother who lived on Aruba. Ed and I started corresponding sometime during August.

By some strange coincidence, my girl friend, Lena Desntile, and I were planning a trip down to the Caribbean. We planned to stop in Florida, Jamaica, and Haiti. Lena is a lovely Frenchwoman from Belgium.

My nephew, who was there for a visit, attended Indiana State University. He had to work for his tuition; my sister had five children and they didn't have enough to send him. His office for the part time job in the publicity department was next door to that of Helen Reeve. Helen was the dean of women and the sister of Dr. Virgil Reeve, Aruba's dentist.

I told my nephew at Christmas that year I was going to meet Bill Jackson's brother in the Caribbean on my vacation. I remarked that Ed

had been previously married to a Margaret Reeve, who later lived in Terra Haute with her family. My nephew asked if Margaret had sister named Helen. When I said she did, he told me Margaret's sister, Helen, had the office next door. I was told that if I knew anyone who belonged to the Reeve family, I should grab him while he was still available.

When I met Helen, she decided since my nephew was such a nice person, I had to be okay. Bill Jackson and his family used to come to our house before I even knew he had a brother. I helped him sell his house when he moved to South Bend. When I was helping him look for a new one, he came over to my sister's and had dinner with us. By the time his family came we knew all about the Jackson's.

In one of my letters to Ed, I mentioned that I would be down that way sometime in February, and he asked me to visit him. I said, "Oh, no, I could never do that." He asked me to meet him on the island of Curacao when he had some time off. We had been writing for six months, and Ed was a good letter writer. That's what got me to agree. Meanwhile Christmas arrived, along with flowers from Africa, and "Christmas Night" perfume. Ed wrote that he might have to go to New York on a business trip and that if I felt like it, he'd see about arranging a transfer to Africa for me. All of this was right up my alley.

Lena and I had a marvelous time in Jamaica before we continued on to Haiti. She stayed in Haiti while I went to Curacao to meet Ed. Ed and I were supposed to have three days together in Curacao. Unfortunately I forgot my birth certificate, and KLM wouldn't let me on their plane in Florida. I lost one of the three days I had planned to be with Ed.

Ed and I felt as if we knew each other because we had been writing for such a long time. I will never forget that day, when we got up, and, contrary to Aruba's average weather, it was raining. I was staying in the Piscadera Bay Club.

Ed said, "I know what we can do. We'll go to Spritzer and Fuhrman, and I'll buy you a diamond ring." I said I'd have to think it over. He told me he'd buy the ring and that I could think it over. If I changed my mind, and don't want to marry him, I could send it back. There was no way I was going to send that ring back.

We married the following May, and I stayed with Jack and Madeleine Friel while on Aruba for the seven day period required before the ceremony could be performed. People have asked me the reason for leaving my friend in Haiti before coming to Aruba, and to that I have always replied, "Very simple! She was better looking!"

We have been married 32 years, and I was married 18 years before, so I have been a married man for 50 years.

Before leaving Aruba we lived in Bungalow 1522, one of the Weed houses overlooking the sea.¹

THE HYDROPONICS GARDEN

There was an experimental hydroponics garden just below us on the sea side where they raised tomatoes, and other vegetables. It was dismantled in 1957.

THE ORCHID SOCIETY OF ARUBA

It was in 1957 that a group of us started the Orchid Society of Aruba. Charter members were Nellie Mingus, Preston Hunt, Jack Groom and Rose Jackson. About four others were members, but I don't recall their names. The studies resulted in quite a few plants at the Jackson's. As expected, Ed eventually inherited the care and raising of orchids. There was sizable orchid house in the Mingus garden. Jack Groom raised enough plants so that he was able to sell some.

THE ARUBA EXPLORERS STOCK CLUB

In February 1958, I received an invitation to join an investment club that was being formed. I am really so grateful for the experience and the knowledge that came to me through membership in that club. I still have a copy of the articles of agreement as well as a report of one of the meetings.

The original officers were: president, Mrs. Gilbert Uhr (Francis); vice president, Mrs. Clyde Moyer (Margaret); secretary, Kay Fodermaier; treasurer, Clara Hull (wife of Captain Hull); treasurer elect, Mrs. Edgar Jackson (Rose). Other members were: B. Anderson; K. Cutting; J. Donohue; N. Donovan; E. Harth; D. Richardson; M. Proterra; E. Reeve; C. Vint; G. Post. Another member, Tom McAuliffe, a broker at Draper, Sears & Co. was a one-time employee of Lago who we felt would give us good tips on the market. Of course, we did not invest enough so that any profits or losses, after being divided among the members, could benefit anyone. The experience was invaluable since each member was assigned a different subject each month. Some of the subjects were; puts and calls; margin buying; p/e ratios. I remember one

¹*This refers to the then new concrete block houses that were built in the early 50's, which were designed and built by the Miami, Florida construction firm of Robert Law Weed. Bungalows built before these times were wood frame with stucco exteriors.*