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# William Keith Gamble

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William Keith Gamble

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## INTRODUCTION

This is a story written for my grandchildren, Allison, Bronwyn, Valerie, Kelly and Noah, so they may know something about my life and their heritage. It is also written for my children, Timothy, Thomas and Kathleen, to remind them of some of their experiences in their early years and it is also for their children to know more of the early life of their parents. For me, it has been a very rewarding experience to put together this life story covering over 80 years of a wonderful time. It has enabled me to reflect on my many experiences from a small farm in Iowa, and a one-room schoolhouse, to a doctorate degree and life as a leader in agricultural education, research and development in Asia, Africa and Latin America. I am very grateful for the unfailing support of my family throughout all the years abroad and for the guidance, counsel and wisdom of my wife, Virginia, through the good times and the hard times of our 60-plus years together.

I wish to especially thank Timothy, Thomas and Virginia for their assistance in editing and many helpful suggestions throughout the writing of this book, Allison for editing and formatting, and Kevin Bertelsen for his assistance in arranging a publisher.

William Keith Gamble  
Madison, Wisconsin  
October 2004



# CHAPTER 1

## GROWING UP – THE EARLY YEARS

### **My Name and Travel at an Early Age**

To my parents, brothers, sisters, and everyone I knew until I left home to go to college I was Keith. All my brothers and sisters were always called by their first name but my mother decided that I would be known by my second name. No one ever explained the reason for this, although I understand my mother was afraid that people would call me Willy. However, in college and afterward, I was Bill.

The early years 1920-25 (my first 5 years) are very faint memories. I know that I, the youngest of 7, was the first in our family to be born in a hospital (all my brothers and sisters<sup>1</sup> had been born at home). Several factors probably influenced my parent's decision. First, my mother was 39 years old, and it had been 4 years since my sister Margaret was born. Second, a hospital (the Hand Hospital) had just been completed in Shenandoah. My family was also in the process of moving from our farm near Shenandoah to Holyoke, Colorado, so it was probably thought my mother should have hospital care to be sure she would be able to travel. The reason for the family move to Colorado was because it was thought that my mother had asthma and they believed the climate in Colorado would be better for her health.

After I was born, Bob, Floyd, Margaret, my mother and I stayed with Uncle Arthur Allen (my mother's youngest brother) and his wife, Vera, at their home near Climax, Iowa. My father and Paul took the car, farm implements, horses and household goods by train to Holyoke where dad had purchased a large wheat farm.

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1. Frances Elizabeth – July 7, 1905; Dorothy Louise – January 18, 1907; Paul Arthur – January 6, 1909; Robert Hollister – December 12, 1910; Floyd J. – December 15, 1913; Margaret Theresa – September 27, 1915.

Dorothy and Frances stayed with dad's parents in Shenandoah, walking 2 miles to country school each day to finish the school year for the 8<sup>th</sup> grade before taking the train to join the family. Those of us staying with the Allens took the train from Red Oak to Colorado when I was a few weeks old.

According to a note I found among some family papers, we were exposed to mumps on the train and later everyone came down with it at the same time. I don't know if that included me since I recollect having the mumps somewhat later in life. The family lived in Colorado for only 2 very unfortunate years. I have no memory of those years but understand we did not harvest any crops – it hailed out one year and no crop the other due to drought. So, economic survival took precedence over concern for mother's health and the family moved back to Iowa to the farm, which is still known to me as the "family farm". Fortunately, dad had owned 2 farms before going to Colorado. He had sold one to purchase the farm in Colorado but had kept the other and rented it to the Moles family. We returned in 1922, one farm poorer than we had left in 1920.

A letter (in 2001) to me from my brother Floyd, in response to my questions about our move to Colorado and back, gives some interesting details of that experience:

"We moved to Colorado in the last part of February in 1920. I had started first grade in September (1919) and you were born on February 10, 1920. Mother and you stayed in the hospital for 10 days. I don't remember you and mother coming back to the farm before we moved. Bill Carter helped dad and Paul load our machinery and horses into the boxcar down at the Burlington depot. I watched as Mr. Carter backed our car up the ramp in the big center door and block it into place the last thing, and then locking the boxcar doors. Dad and Paul rode to Colorado in the caboose and at one stop on the way had to unload the livestock for water and then reload them.

After that, Mother, you, Bob, Margaret and I

stayed at Aunt Vera's for a couple of days til after the funeral of Uncle Sherman's first wife, Joe Allen's mother. It was a real rainy day but we kids all went to the funeral at Uncle Sherman's house and at the Climax Cemetery. That evening, Uncle Arthur took us all to Red Oak to catch the train to Colorado.

We had Pullman Sleeper tickets so Bob and I slept together in the upper berth, Mother and you slept in the berth below us and I don't remember if Margaret had a separate berth or was in with you or slept in the aisle! Aunt Vera had packed sandwiches and food for us so we didn't get to eat in the dining car.

Dorothy and Frances stayed at Grandma Gamble's so they could finish out the eighth grade in Fairview country school. They graduated in May and came to Colorado on the train. That put the whole family under one roof again.

As I remember it, a short time later, dad and Paul went to a sale in another town and bought three horses. Paul was going to ride one and lead the other two and dad would follow them in the car. Very shortly they (or probably dad) decided maybe he should ride the horse. Anyway, it bucked and tossed him way up in the air. When he landed it had broken the stitches that weren't yet healed from an appendix operation he had shortly before moving out there. Between them they got the horses home and I assume that Paul drove the car home (he was 11 years old at the time). Anyway, a few weeks later dad took a train trip back to Omaha to have the damage repaired by the doctor who had originally operated on him.

We stayed in Colorado for most of two years and that is quite a story in itself. However, our crops were pretty well destroyed by hail and we decided to return to Iowa. Dad still had the farm (where we grew up and which Paul later bought) but had been renting it to Emmett Moles.

In the last part of October dad loaded Frances,

Dorothy, Bob, Margaret and me and a minimum of extra clothes in our open Model T sedan and headed for Iowa. Two boards built up from the driver side running board made a real nice baggage carrier. At dark the first night we stopped in a little grove at the side of the road. The bed for Bob and me was the two seat cushions with one pushed against the rear of the front seat. Bed for the girls was made on wooden slats laid lengthwise on the seat back tops over Bob and me. All went well for awhile after Bob and I crawled in dad slept in the baggage storage on the left running board. First thing that happened the slats started breaking up and that caused Bob and me to complain loudly! It seems we had stayed very close to the mainline track and trains ran by every few minutes all night. As a result, none of us got very much sleep. The next night we pulled into a country schoolhouse yard and all of us sat up in the car and tried to get some sleep – not too great a solution!

We arrived at Grandma Gambles' in early afternoon and it was Halloween. Dad had to catch the train early that evening to go back to Colorado. Before he left he chained the front wheel of the car to a tree in Grandpa's yard – hoping that would foil Halloween pranksters (I guess it did). The rest of us settled in for a few days and back into school. Dorothy and Frances were in high school, which was nearby, and the rest walked out to Fairview country school.

Dad soon returned from Colorado by train with the rest of the family (mother, Paul and you), household goods, farm stock and machinery. We moved back into our old house. This time we shared it with the Moles family. They stayed in the back part where there was a kitchen and living room. We stayed in the front part and set up the kitchen and stove and dining area in the old living room. It wasn't too long before the Moles family moved to a house in Tarkio, Missouri."

## Early Memories

Living and growing up on the farm was pleasant for me and I have nice memories of those years that also helped give me a strong work ethic for later life. From an early age I always had chores to do – feeding the chickens, gathering eggs, helping mother with errands and often churning cream into butter in the big crock churn that held 2 or 3 gallons of cream. The butter churn had a pottery lid with a hole to hold the paddle straight and I would sit and constantly move the paddle up and down until the cream turned to butter. I poured off the buttermilk into a pail to take to the barn or farmyard for the chickens or pigs, as no one in our family drank buttermilk. As soon as the cream had turned into butter, mother would shape and salt it and put it in the icebox refrigerator.

When I was about 7, I started driving teams of horses for some field work. Dad, or someone, would harness and hitch up the horses to a wagon or a machine since I was not big enough to put on a horse's harness. Another of my chores in my early years was to walk to the pasture to herd the milk cows to the barn at milking time. No one in our family drank much milk but we made our own butter and cottage cheese. The only time I really remember drinking milk was on Sunday evenings. I would fill a glass with popcorn and then pour in some milk.

Before we knew about organic farming, we only had organic fertilizer and the only pesticide or fungicide I ever remember was a spray on apples. We had large a large orchard with cherry, apple, peach, pear and apricot trees. Also, we had grapevines and a large strawberry patch that I always liked to visit when the fruit was ripe so I could eat the choicest grapes and berries in the field.

I recall Margaret, Floyd and myself spending many days on ladders picking cherries from our cherry trees and raspberries at our grandparents (Gamble). We also had to pit the cherries ready for mother to process and can. Mother always canned a great many quart jars of fruit – cherries, peaches, apricots, pears, and raspberries, lots of applesauce, grape jelly and strawberry and raspberry jam. We stored the jars in our cool room in the cellar. As

I remember, we almost always had some fruit with our dinner, either fresh or canned.

We always had a large vegetable garden that I helped plant and, as they matured, I often went there with a saltshaker and picked and ate delicious tomatoes and radishes. Another nice memory is of going to the watermelon patch in the heat of the day and picking out a ripe watermelon that was somewhat in the cool shade, breaking it open, and eating just the delicious center.

Every year, mother also canned many quarts of peas, beans, sweet corn, beets, and tomatoes that we kept in the basement cool room so we could have our own vegetables throughout the winter months. We put about 40 bushels of potatoes and lots of apples in the cellar for use throughout the winter. Late in the winter or early spring we would have to check all the remaining potatoes. We took off the sprouts and selected potatoes to use for seed for planting in the spring. We had a large walnut grove and collected many bushels of walnuts that we put on the roof of the chicken house to dry. After the hulls were brown and dry we ran them through the one-hole hand operated corn sheller and carried them to the basement. We would crack them throughout the winter to use in cakes or fudge.

I remember summer or fall evening marshmallow and wiener roasts over bonfires with neighbor children. After getting the bonfire going, we would cut a few nice long green branches from a nearby tree and sharpen the ends to a point with a pocketknife so we could pierce the wiener lengthwise, or several marshmallows, and then cook them over the flame. We especially enjoyed this when the weather was getting chilly so the warmth of the fire felt good.

### **Electricity, Reading and an Outhouse**

During these years we had no electricity or running water in the house. We used kerosene lamps or white gas pressure lamps that had special cloth mantles. The mantles glowed when lit, and made at least enough light to read by in the evening. With a large



family there was never time to feel lonely. There were always card games, ball games, or wrestling in the early evenings among the boys and our dad. We did very little reading in the summer months as we all enjoyed outdoor activities and after working all day and rising at daylight, we were usually in bed soon after dark. In the winter, there were usually card games going on in the evenings and I became enthralled with Robert Louis Stevenson's writings and also read and re-read "The Last of the Mohicans". There were not many programs on the radio that attracted our interest but I do remember listening to "Amos and Andy" and baseball and dad always listened to the livestock and grain market news. Of course, TV was not available until many years later.

Our toilet was a 3-holer outhouse over an open pit with a Montgomery Ward or Sears catalog for toilet paper. In hot weather we often put lime on top of the pit to keep the smell down and discourage flies. We used it day and night, even in the cold weather, for as long as we could. In the very coldest weather we had a pot under each bed that could be used in the night and then carried out in the morning and washed out.

## **The Telephone**

Our telephone was the kind that hung on the wall, and we had a party line. In those days a "party line" meant there were at least 3 other homes that had the same number, but each had an identifying number of rings. So, when the phone rang, you had to listen to see whether there were 2, 3 or 4 rings and answer if it was yours. Of course, you could pick up the phone and listen in on whoever was receiving the call and comment to others on the line, if you were so inclined. When you wanted to make a call you had to pick up the receiver and turn the crank to ring for the operator and ask her to place the call to the number you wanted. We would often visit with the operator when making a call because we usually knew her. I think I was in high school before we had our own separate number. I can't recall anyone making a long distance call from our home when I was growing up and I don't remember when

direct long distance dialing came in, but I think it was well after Virginia and I were married. I do remember my dad sitting and listening in on neighbors' calls sometimes on rainy days. He always said he was "just keeping up on the news."

### **Language and a Playmate**

In my childhood, I don't remember ever hearing any of our family members using swear words or "bad language". I never heard my father swear and certainly not my mother. I do remember one day when I must have been in about the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade when I was in the barn harnessing one of the horses and it kept jumping around. I let out a long string of swear words that I had heard at school, and just then my father entered the barn. He just looked at me and said, "Are you practicing for school", and went on his way. Just the way he said it made me feel very bad and I don't remember ever swearing again at home. In later years, I rarely swore or used bad language either at home or in public.

One of my playmates in my early years was a mentally retarded neighbor boy. He was about 10 years older than I, but had a mental age of about 5 or 6. He would come to our home for a day or I would go to his home. I learned to be very careful with him and not to get him angry, because he had great physical strength and could easily have hurt me without recognizing it. He wanted to go to school and do things that normal children of his physical age were doing but in those times there was little understanding of special needs and training. After a few years his family was no longer able to take care of him and placed him in an institution, where he died within a few years.

### **Playing Pool**

When I was about 14, dad had an opportunity to buy a pool table for practically nothing and installed it in our basement. Also, either he or Paul bought a pinball machine from a place that was going out of business. We all really enjoyed learning to play pool and we also became pretty expert at playing pinball.

## **My Pony Boxer and My Horse Daisy**

The most pleasant memory I have of these early years is that I practically grew up on a horse or pony. Almost from the time I can remember, I had a pony named Boxer and I always rode him bareback. I must have been 5 or 6 years old when a neighbor gave the pony to me after their son was killed in an accident. I would go to the pasture and jump on him and ride everywhere with or without a bridle. When I was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade and the only one of the family still going to country school, I rode Boxer to school (a little over 1 mile), where he had a shed to stay in all day. When I was about 7, a colt was born on the farm. It was sired by a riding horse, and its mother (Fanny) was half riding horse and half workhorse. Since I was small, I was allowed to ride the colt, named Daisy, when she was very young. She pretty much became my horse when I outgrew Boxer and we gave him to another family that had small children. I rode Daisy everywhere, either with or without a bridle and saddle. I taught her to respond to knee pressure instead of reins, the same as I had taught Boxer. I always felt this was wonderful to be able to ride just like the American Indians had in the Old West. In those years, I could see myself going “west” when I was older and riding the range as a cowboy. When I was growing up, the Sidney rodeo, just 16 miles from our home, was always a big attraction (and still is). It brought the best rodeo riders, ropers and bulldoggers from all over the United States and Canada. After every rodeo, I tried all the bareback and saddle riding tricks that I had seen. I also would rope calves in our pasture. In addition to the pony and horse, I always enjoyed having a dog but on the farm it was never allowed in the house and our several cats always stayed in the barn.

## **My First Funeral**

I remember the first funeral I went to when I was quite young, for a neighbor on the farm just west of ours. The funeral service was in their family home with an open casket, and after the service we all drove to a cemetery near Norwich (about 6 miles east

of our farm). At the graveside after the preacher's prayer, the pallbearers lowered the coffin into the ground with ropes and then everyone threw in some dirt and people took shovels and started covering the coffin. I can't remember feeling any particular emotion at the funeral as the person was quite old and everyone seemed to take it as a natural event. I can remember going to a number of such funerals when I was young but again I don't recall any special emotion – they seemed like natural life events. On Memorial Day, we always took flowers to the cemetery in Climax where my parents' relatives were buried. It seemed like the day always turned out to be a social get-together of relatives and friends who hadn't seen each other for some time. The flowers we took were always from our yard – usually lilac from our hedge and peonies, spirea, and iris from our yard.

## **Church**

We belonged to the Methodist Church and went to church and Sunday school as a family every Sunday. Families more or less had a certain pew in which they sat every Sunday, so it was easy to tell whether your friends were there or not. The Methodist Church did not approve of dancing or card playing or alcoholic beverages in any form. The minister regularly visited parishioners and we always had to keep our playing cards out of site when he visited our home and we never showed him the pool table in the basement.

## **Our First Home after Colorado**

The first house in which I lived on the farm was the traditional 2-story stucco exterior, square box style with large kitchen. There was a hand pump by the sink in the kitchen that was connected to a cistern where runoff rainwater was collected and used for cooking and washing dishes. The kitchen had a black, wood or coal-burning stove that was also fired with corncobs for quick heat. The stove's oven did not have a temperature gauge and we always marveled at mother's ability to stick her hand in the oven and tell whether it was the right temperature for a pie, cake,

or roast. The kitchen had a small table where we ate breakfast, usually not all together. Lunch and dinner (or dinner and supper as we called it) were always in the dining room with all the family members. There was a hand pump outside the house that supplied our water for baths and general washing, although mother always tried to use rainwater for washing clothes when it was available. There was a pantry just off the kitchen where the icebox refrigerator was placed and shelves along the wall for foodstuffs. On Saturdays, or special days, a big tin tub was placed in the pantry room in which we took our baths. Also in the downstairs of the house were a dining room, parlor, and bedroom, and upstairs there were 4 bedrooms. There were no bathrooms, as we did not have running water in the house.

Our outhouse (toilet), about 30 yards away from the kitchen door, was a small white building with a sloping roof. The building was about 6 feet wide and about 4 or 5 feet deep. Inside, it had a raised bench across the back and 3 holes cut in the top where you sat while going to the toilet, and the waste dropped into an open pit. When the pit filled or became too smelly, we dug another pit was dug nearby and moved the outhouse, and covered the old pit with earth. Needless to say the outhouse was a bit breezy on one's bottom in the winter, and in the summer you had to keep putting lime on the pit to keep down the flies and the odor.

The basement of the house had a large furnace room with an adjacent room for coal and corncobs for fuel. There was also a room with 2 big washtubs, scrub boards and a hand ringer where mother washed every Monday, no matter what the weather. Unless it was raining, everything that was washed was hung on long clotheslines in the yard. It was something of a matter of pride to see if you could get your clothes out on the clothesline on Monday mornings before your neighbor did. I can remember helping mother bring in the laundry on freezing days when everything would be frozen stiff. I first remember mother washing clothes by hand, but later she had a washing machine powered by gasoline engine. She still had to use a hand ringer that I often helped operate. There was a deep cellar

under the south side of the house that was not connected to the rest of the basement. It had a steep entrance from outside of the house and had a flat door just above ground level. Fruits and vegetables and some canned goods were kept there and it also was where we went if we thought a cyclone was about to strike.

## **Our Home Burns**

When I was 6, I remember a very wintry morning when dad was driving Floyd, Margaret and me to school. As we were going out the driveway, we saw smoke coming from the roof of our house. We quickly turned around and raced back to the house where dad called the Shenandoah Fire Department, but before they could arrive, some neighbors who had seen the smoke came. They helped get most of the furniture out, but the house was almost completely destroyed. We think the fire started by a fault in the chimney near the roof. Recently I was wondering why we didn't have any family pictures from my early years but Margaret and Floyd reminded me that all our pictures were burned in the house fire.

The fire occurred in the winter so there was a real problem as to where to live for the 5 children still in school, and our parents (Frances and Dorothy were both working and living away from home). Our neighbors, Arvid and Vera Hart, quickly took Floyd and me in, which meant an extra mile to walk each way, often on a snowy or muddy road. We ate breakfast and dinner with them and they packed our lunches for school. The rest of the family moved into a small building on the farm that had been used as a wash house/corn cob storage<sup>2</sup> house. As soon as spring came, dad closed up the part of the house that was not burned and we all doubled up in that until we built a double garage where Paul, Bob and Floyd stayed. Improvements were made in the wash/house-corn cob storage house and the rest of us moved into that until the new house was built.

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2. Corncobs from shelled corn were stored for quick fires in the cook stove or furnace.

## **Building a New House**

After we had places for all the family to stay, we built a new house on the same site as the old one (this new house is the one that Paul and Dorothy Bill bought and lived in for many years). Paul and Floyd often commented about how much family labor went into building the house. Digging a new basement and clearing away the dirt with a horse drawn scoop was done by family. Floyd and Bob, with 2 teams and wagons, went to the riverbed west of Shenandoah and filled load after load of sand and took it home to be used in the concrete for the foundation and basement. While they were doing this, dad and Paul were working with the carpenters and masons.

The new house included running water and a Delco Battery Electric plant that automatically kept the 12 storage batteries charged. I can't remember what the electrical output was, but it was less than 110 watts and took special electric bulbs. We used the Delco system for about 10 years until the rural electrification system came in. With running water in the house, we were able to enjoy indoor toilet facilities and built our own septic tank system for the waste. Our main water supply came from a windmill that pumped water to a reservoir near the house. Water was then automatically drawn from that reservoir to a pressure tank in the basement. We still had another reservoir that collected rainwater runoff from the roof of the house, and this water was drawn to the laundry room for washing clothes.

Our new home was about the same size as the one destroyed by fire. It had a similar size kitchen, pantry, dining room, parlor and bedroom on the first floor, plus a half bath, and 4 bedrooms and a full bathroom on the upper floor. Also, the house had 2 screened porches, one off the kitchen and one off the dining room and a small porch on the front of the house, off the parlor. This was removed when Paul and Bill purchased the home. The kitchen still had a wood/coal stove but mother also had kerosene stove in the pantry. By the mid-30s, mother had a propane gas stove in the kitchen and in the 40s an electric stove. Mother changed to an

electric washing machine as soon as she could, but still washed every Monday and hung the clothes outside in all weather except rain. As in the previous house, we had furnace and coal storage rooms and added a deep cellar room for cool storage for fruits and vegetables, this time with an entrance from inside the basement.

Our home and farm buildings were on a small hill about 1/4 mile off a gravel highway that was later paved when I was in high school. The highway has now been rerouted so it passes directly in front of the house. When I was growing up, the 1/4 mile from the gravel road was a dirt and uphill for about the last 200 yards to our driveway entrance, so in rainy weather or heavy snow it was almost impossible to get all the way up into our driveway. Many nights, my brothers or I coming home late from a date just abandoned the car where it was stuck and waded home to bed. The next morning we would hitch up a team of horses, or get a tractor after we had one, and tow the car home.

## The Farm

The “home” farm where I grew up and for which I have many memories was 2 miles southeast of Shenandoah and had 120 acres. This size farm was called a family farm, but even in my early years it was not considered big enough to support a large family. My dad always rented extra land and we usually farmed about 500 acres. The 120-acre farm has remained in the family, being purchased from dad and mother by Paul and Dorothy Bill, and now passed on to John.

Dad always wanted the farm buildings and the house in tip-top shape and all were painted white. There was a windbreak of fairly large evergreen trees to the west of the house and running north to the road all along the front yard. We





had several large elm trees in our yard and an especially nice large one in the front yard. A few years after the new house was built, dad erected a large white wooden arch over the entrance to the driveway and had a sign on it, "Elmcrest Farm".

What we called the "back 40 acres" had a small stream running through it that we would dam some years and have a pond for cattle and also in which we swam. The farm had an extensive tile system and these fed into a small creek that fed into the stream, but it only had water during rains. The creek had lots of lovely willow trees and a few cottonwoods. Half of this 40 acres was always in permanent pasture. Young beef cattle were kept there every summer where they always had sufficient water and grass. We placed a block of mineral salt in a feed bunk for them and they took care of themselves, with an occasional visit from one of us.

We had about 10 acres around the farm buildings for orchards, gardens, feed lots, small grass land areas for holding animals for a short time, and an additional 30 acres was kept in pasture along the roadside of the farm each year. This left 60 acres of cropland for grain and hay crops each year. For crops, we followed a 4-year rotation with corn following corn followed by oats or wheat followed by clover. The clover was planted in the oats or wheat and initially grew in the fall, after the oats or wheat were harvested. It lived through the winter and started growth in the spring with an already developed root system. The clover then produced at least two crops of hay during the summer and was plowed under in the fall for green manure. Sometimes alfalfa followed oats or wheat and then it was kept as hay for at least 3 years before being plowed under for green manure. Both clover and alfalfa had nitrogen-fixing properties in the nodules on their roots, which improved soil fertility. The additional land, usually about 400 acres that we rented, was planted almost entirely with corn.

In the 1920's and early 30's (except in the drought years) we harvested about 35-40 bushels of corn per acre and about 25 bushels of wheat or oats. Until the 30's we selected our seed corn from

what we harvested. We had a gunny sack tied on the side of the wagon when we were picking corn and when we observed an exceptionally good plant and ear of corn we would put the ear in the sack to save for next year. Later, these selected ears would be shelled with a one-ear cornsheller and the seed stored until planting time the next spring. When hybrid corn came in during the mid 30s, we were among the first to plant it in our neighborhood. We immediately increased yields to about 60 bushels per acre. For a number of years we also grew hybrid corn seed for Carlson Seed Farm. About the time hybrid corn was being introduced, the State Corn Husking Contest was held on our farm and one of the pioneers of hybrid corn seed production, Mr. Carlson, won the husking contest. He had then started his own seed company and, as a result of getting acquainted with him on our farm, dad and he agreed that we would start producing hybrid seed corn for him.

Dad started planting soybeans in the late 30s, when the yield was about 20-30 bushels per acre. A great change in yield took place over subsequent years with the use of improved seeds, increased fertilizer use and the introduction of herbicides, fungicides and insecticides. Paul told me that in 1999 or 2000, the corn yield on that same farm averaged 160 bushels per acre and soybeans averaged 60 bushels per acre.

In addition to the crops, we always had livestock on the farm – chickens for meat and enough hens for eggs for the family and some to sell, pigs, milk cows, steers or heifers on summer pasture, and dad bought cattle every fall to feed through the winter for sale as fat cattle. Castrating male pigs and male calves and vaccinating pigs was part of our normal work. I helped from an early age, mainly by catching the small pigs and holding them in the right position while dad or Paul did the castration or vaccination.

Until the late 30's, when we were able to buy tractors, horses and mules provided all the farming power (usually 16 to 20 head). We raised a few of the horses but mostly dad bought mules out of Arkansas or unbroken horses from the west. He loved to get fairly wild horses and break them in to work, using one of the old mares

hitched with a new horse. We also had our own rodeos on some Sunday afternoons after dad had brought in some new unbroken horses. Neighbors would come in and everyone would take part in trying to saddle and ride one of the broncos. I remember one Sunday when Emmett Moles was trying to ride one and it threw him off into a barbed wire fence where his new blue jean jacket was ripped to shreds. Fortunately he wasn't hurt. During the first few weeks of fieldwork with some of these horses there were usually a few runaway experiences. I remember one that I had with a 2-row corn planter – the team ran with me trying hard to stop them but they went right into a fence and were all tangled up. Fortunately, Dad had seen me and came with wire cutters and cut them out of the fence before they hurt themselves.

### **Farm Buildings**

The farm had a big barn that had large 8" by 8" beams that were held together with wooden pegs in place of nails. There were 2 floors in the barn, except the center section through which hay dropped was clear to the ground floor. There was a heavy metal track that ran the length of the center of the roof of the barn. It extended out the west end with a pulley attached so hay could be lifted from hayracks on a 4 pronged hook and carried up and through a door to be dumped throughout the barn. Long ropes attached to the fork followed this track and down the other side of the barn, where it was hooked to a cart pulled by a team of horses. The horses would pull forklifts of hay from the hayracks up into the barn. A trip rope was also attached to the fork, and the person on the hayrack would yank this rope to release the hay in the right spot in the barn. I spent many a hot day when I was about 11 years old driving the team pulling the hayfork. I had a little cart with 2 steel wheels and a seat. As soon as Paul or dad (or whoever was there) would holler "ready", I would drive out across the lot until I felt a yank on the line when they released the hay. I would quickly let the line go, turn my team around and race back to the starting position. There was always a contest with my brothers to try to get

my team turned around and back in position to pull the next fork load before they could pull the fork back out of the haymow and reset the fork. Sometimes, I also did this work for neighbors and got paid 50 cents a day.

Our barn was positioned east and west with doors on each end. The north part of the ground floor was a large open space where cattle were fed in the wintertime with hayracks on the side. Horse stalls were along the south side of the barn, and on the east side of the barn there was a milking room with 12 individual holding places and feed bunks, a concrete floor and a gutter that carried the liquid waste outside. On the west end of the barn on the ground floor were bins for various grains and one room for isolation of animals. There was a large open cattle shed in a sloping feedlot and a water tank that was fed from the windmill about 1/8 mile away. Hogs were also kept in this lot except at farrowing time, when they were kept in individual houses in the pasture or in one long pig barn. A corncrib was next to the livestock lots and a grain storage building was nearby. The remaining buildings were machine shed, double garage, workshop, chicken house and the large cob house that was really a small house.

## **Family Remembrances**

Mother and father (Mary and Frank) grew up in the Climax, Iowa neighborhood, about 10 miles north of Shenandoah, and attended the same church, where they met. After graduating from secondary school, mother attended Iowa Normal Teacher Training College in Cedar Rapids, and then taught country school in the Climax neighborhood. She stayed at home and drove a horse and buggy to school. It was always said that she was a great horsewomen and very handsome. My father, after finishing country school, started farming with his father. He went to one winter term at Simpson College but always knew he was going to be a farmer. Since this was in the 1800s just before the turn of the century, it was exceptional for people to go away for any further education after secondary school. Frank and Mary were married on

February 25, 1904, and, after a honeymoon in St. Louis, they moved to the Summit neighborhood about 10 miles south of Shenandoah, then the home of Frank's parents.

Frank was a slight, wiry individual who never seemed to gain or lose any weight, and probably never weighed over 150 pounds. For all the time I knew him, he was bald with a fringe of dark brown hair all around his head and he always complained about going to the barbershop because he was charged the same price for cutting his narrow fringe as were others with a full head of hair. In his 50's he lost all his teeth and had a full set of false teeth. He



He delighted children by pushing out his teeth with his tongue at odd times just for a laugh. He was strong, very hardworking, and expected us to be equally hardworking. He loved spirited horses and we had many of these while I was growing up. He always enjoyed participating in a prank of some kind about the farm. In a quiet way he was a very strict disciplinarian. I can never remember him raising his voice in anger, but had a very steely tone when he was reproaching one of us. He took care of the family discipline, which he usually handled with a few words or a look. In church he would always reach your arm or leg with a tight squeeze, which meant, "shape up".



Mother was always quiet and didn't appear to be slight or heavy. She was an attractive woman, always neat and modestly, but nicely, dressed and wore elegant hats to church. When we went to town, or to church, she set the example for being "presentable". Her discipline measures were not so much to say what we were doing was wrong but say how nice it would be if we could do something better.

Her hair gradually turned gray but had been very dark when she was young. She also lost all her teeth to gum disease when she was in her 50's and had a full set of false teeth. From then on, she reminded me often to take care of my teeth. While I have had some gum disease, I have kept most of my teeth. In her quiet way, mother guided and helped us as we grew up. She lived her life as a good Christian and always was a quiet, wonderful example of how to live in peace and harmony with family and friends.

Dad read farm magazines and the newspaper but I don't recall his reading many books, although I know in his younger years he read a great deal. My mother read the bible every evening and also read magazines and always the newspaper. She kept up on the news and both Frank and Mary always voted on Election Day. Dad was a staunch Republican, as was his father, but I think during the Franklin D. Roosevelt years he probably voted for Roosevelt. I remember that at least into the 30s, everyone had to pay a "poll tax" in order to be able to vote. It was possible to do work for the county or township in lieu of paying the tax and dad always did work on repairing the mile road that ran past our house to pay for his and mother's poll tax. Mother kept her political beliefs to herself. With such a large family, dad and mother had little time for outside activities. Dad attended farm sales and exchanged work with neighbors and mother attended monthly meetings of the neighborhood social club, The Fairview Club, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) of the Methodist Church.

Since I was the youngest, several family members were away from home while I was growing up but there were always many family get-togethers. Floyd, Margaret and I were the closest since we were closer in age. I remember when Bob and Paul were still at home;



we had wonderful football and softball games in the yard. Paul was always very good to me and sometimes he would let me ride in the open-air rumble seat of his model A Ford roadster on one of his dates with Dorothy Bill. When this happened, I thought I was really “hot stuff”. In later years, Paul and I were very close.



**Francis and Dorothy**

Frances and Dorothy graduated from 8<sup>th</sup> grade the year I was born. Due to this age difference I have no memory of them as teens or much about them during my early years. I recall once going with some member of the family to pick Frances up when she was in the Teacher Training School in Nebraska. I also remember when she and Dorothy were in a bad auto accident and Frances's tendons were severed to one of her hands. The local doctor, Dr. Brush, did a marvelous job of reconnecting these so she had very little trouble in use of the hand. After she married Clarence Whisler, she became a wonderful cook and mother and I always enjoyed going to their home. Dorothy was about 18 months younger than Frances and in country school the teacher had her skip a grade, which put them in the same grade. Some family members thought it would have been better for them to have stayed in separate classes and developed more on their own. When I was in high school and in later years, Dorothy and I were very close and she was always a great help for me.

Paul was sort of my guardian when I was very young, and he often was the one who took me to church and for special treats. He was very athletic, nice looking and always very popular. He and Bob were quite close and always got along well. I do recall some tense moments around the family dining room when Paul and Bob were both still at home and had started smoking, much against our father's wishes. Dad persisted but Paul continued to smoke until he was about 50 and had a heart attack and had to quit. I don't remember whether Bob quit or not but somehow I think he did.

Bob was married by the time I was in 8<sup>th</sup> grade and was accidentally killed when he was 30, so I don't have as much of a memory of him as I do of some of the other members of the family. I recall that in physical appearance he more closely resembled our father than anyone else in the family. Here is a quote from Catherine, Bob's wife and Bud's mother, from her notes to Bud: "Physically you'd not call him (Bob) handsome. His torso was too long for his legs. He stood 5'7" and was neither fat nor skinny. His features were ordinary – he was neither handsome nor ugly, just a nice looking, clean-cut young man of twenty. But his hair! Everyone remarked about it. It was a lighter red than it appeared after he applied Vitalis, the popular hair dressing of the thirties. Spiritually, he was the greatest. Like you (Bud) he had the sweetest disposition, especially in those early years."

Floyd and I were together for lots of games and for work around the farm and we have kept in close contact through the years so my memory of him from the early years is pretty good. Floyd was physically slight like Bob and probably didn't weigh over 130 pounds in high school. As I recall, he always tried to make up for his small size by being very tough and trying to athletically bulldoze his way to achieve as much as Paul. Margaret and I were the closest in age and did many things together as we were growing up, and we have remained close throughout the years. She had reddish hair and the disposition to go with it. She loved to be contrary, especially to Paul and was always a risk taker. When we were quite young and would go swimming in a pond with neighbor children she was always there skinny dipping with us all.

All of my brothers and sisters went away at one time for further education or employment. Paul went one year each to Drake University in Des Moines and the University of Nebraska in





Lincoln on partial football scholarships. After 2 years, he decided he did not want to continue in football and in the midst of the depression he had to drop out of college. He had wanted to go to West Point and was selected as an alternate candidate, but the opportunity never opened up. Frances went to Peru Teachers College (Nebraska) and then taught in country schools for many years. After high school, Dorothy started teaching in a one-room country school but disliked it very much and quit in mid-year. She then went to Simpson College for a year before working in a bank in Shenandoah while living at home. Bob went to Coyne Electrical School in Chicago and then went to work for the Electric Power Company in Shenandoah and surrounding communities. In the height of the Great Depression, Floyd joined the Navy in 1932 for a 4-year hitch, and Margaret went to secretarial school in Omaha.

Dorothy was a very good tennis and golf player and got me interested in tennis, which I continue to enjoy. She also took me on my first airplane ride. Small planes used to land in the pasture of Emmett Moles' farm just east of Shenandoah and I remember one time, when I was in high school, Dorothy took me there for a ride. The pilot gave us lots of thrills with low-level flying and hedgehopping. Sometimes there were air shows near Shenandoah and Dorothy always took me to those. They were exciting, with wing walkers on planes, all kinds of aerobatics and usually ended with low-level races around pylons right in front of the spectators. I guess I got my first interest in flying from those flights and races.

Hot summer nights in July and August found most of the family sleeping in the yard or on the porch roof. On hot days we would often come in from the fields in the late afternoon and mother would fix a gallon of ice cream mix. Dad or someone in the family would quickly drive into town and buy a 50 or 100 pound block of ice which we would break up to use in the hand-turned freezer. We would freeze a batch of ice cream and often we would eat it before going to do the evening chores. If that happened, someone would stay and freeze another batch, which we would have for dessert with supper.

Paul, being the eldest boy, sometimes took it on himself to be the disciplinarian of the rest of the boys and his younger sister Margaret. One cold morning in the fall when we were still picking corn dad had said we should all be up and out to the barn at 5 a.m. to do chores before breakfast, so we could go to the field at daylight. Floyd chose to oversleep and Paul went into his room picked him up and carried him to the barn. There was light snow on the ground and Floyd slept in the nude so he made a very fast trip back to the house to get dressed. I don't think he ever overslept again, nor did he ever forgive Paul for this. I can remember once Margaret swore in front of our mother and Paul held her and washed her mouth out with soap. I don't think she ever did it again but she never really forgave Paul for it either.

Bob was the first of our family to be married and in January 1932, he married Catherine Stiles from Sydney, Iowa. Their son, Robert (Bud) was born in July 1933. Bob worked for the Iowa Light and Power Company and was accidentally killed on August 3, 1940, during repair work following wind damage to electric lines in Sydney. We were a very close family so his death was a great blow to all of us but, except for Bob's wife Catherine, it probably was the biggest blow to our mother. Yet, with her strong Christian belief she weathered it with little external emotion.

Frances married Clarence Whisler in August 1933 and they had one daughter, Charlene. Paul married Dorothy Clark in September 1934 and they had two sons, John and Jim. Margaret married Lee Kaserman in September 1935 and they had three daughters, Kay, Anne, and Jennifer. Dorothy married Howard Burton in June 1941 and they had one son, Lynn and a daughter, Carol. Floyd married Joyce Smith in May 1942 and they had one son, Russell.

For a family of nine, we all got along very well with only occasional disagreements. We grew up with a respect for one another and remained good friends. We always had a respect and love for our parents, Frank and Mary. They each gave me a creed, which has had a great part in shaping my life's work. Mother

instilled in me the belief that I could do anything that I set my mind to do and my father instilled in me the belief that any job worth doing is worth doing well.

### **Something Different**

For a few winters when I was 10-14 years old, I trapped raccoons but sometimes caught other animals. I vividly remember catching a few skunks and getting sprayed from their scent sacs while taking them out of the traps. I always wanted to catch mink, since their fur was valuable, but never managed it. I also hunted rabbits and squirrels with a 22 caliber rifle or 410-gauge shotgun and I skinned the animals and stretched the skins on boards to dry. When they were dry, I would take them to town and sell them. I got a nickel per skin for rabbits and squirrels and 25 to 50 cents for other animals. Sometimes, mother would cook a rabbit or squirrel that I shot, but no one in our family was very keen about eating them.

I have many memories of Saturdays. For one thing it was bath day. On other days we washed the obvious dirt off ourselves, often with the pump in the yard. Before the old house burned, baths were in a round metal tub in the pantry off the kitchen. If lucky, I would be first – while the water was clean. Since the tub was difficult to fill and empty, more than one person usually had to use the same water. The thing I remember most about Saturdays was going to town with the whole family on Saturday evening. I was usually given a quarter for the movie and a nickel or a dime for treats, since a soda drink or an ice cream cone cost 5 cents. I would join up with some of my friends to see the movie, usually a Western (Tom Mix was the big star). After the movie, we would walk up and down Main Street, have an ice cream cone, and watch the older kids drive up and down the street looking for dates. About 10:30 the family would meet and go home together, except the older brothers and sisters who had separate transportation and dates.

## **The Chicken and I**

Many have observed that I usually avoid eating chicken, an inclination I acquired at an early age. When I was very young, a rooster jumped up on me when I was in the yard and took a bite out of my cheek. Also, because of our large family and just the generally accepted custom of those times, people often dropped in shortly before lunchtime. My mother was always most gracious and insisted that they stay for lunch. As I was the youngest, and often within calling distance of the house, my mother would have me run down a young rooster or a hen and kill it for lunch. All of the chickens were free range, so I would chase one until I got it in a corner or was able to hook one of its leg with a stiff wire hook I made. Then I would take it to a wooden chopping block and chop off its head. A few times I did the “ringing of the neck” but I decided that was not for me. Mother would have a bucket of very hot water ready and I would dip the headless chicken in the bucket of steaming hot water and then pluck all the feathers before taking it to mother to clean. I would usually stay with mother while she dressed the chicken and then I would take the innards out for disposal. To this day, when I see chicken I can smell the very unpleasant odor of those hot wet feathers. It isn’t that I have any problem with the flavor of chicken; it is only the memory of that odor that turns me off.

## **Holidays**

What we did on holidays on the farm was dependent upon the amount of work that needed to be done. I don’t remember that we ever stayed up on New Year’s Eve. For birthdays, mother would often bake a cake, but giving and receiving birthday presents were never a part of our lives, as we never had money for these. On Sundays, we always went to church and with few exceptions the only farm work we did that day was taking care of the animals. On the 4<sup>th</sup> of July someone would manage to get a few firecrackers, but it was always a busy season of grain harvest and so was another

workday. However, on the evening of the 4<sup>th</sup> we would usually go to the fairgrounds where there was always a carnival with a ferris wheel and other rides and fireworks. Although we were thankful for what we had, Thanksgiving was not a holiday we celebrated when I was growing up. It was still corn picking time. For Christmas, we always had a Christmas tree and a big extended family dinner with all the trimmings. As for gifts, in some years of the Great Depression there were no gifts except maybe oranges and some English walnuts. In better years, we drew names among the children and each received a small gift. There are 2 Christmases that I especially remember, when family must have gotten together. For one, I received real Daisy Air Rifle, and for the other I received a Flexible Flyer Sled. Both got lots of use and for years I used the air rifle for stalking rabbits, and birds and imaginary targets. I can't remember that before I went to college that our parents ever received Christmas gifts. I don't think that any of us ever felt disadvantaged because of the sparse Christmases or having to work on holidays. That was the way life was in those times.

### **Grandparents and Relatives**

I never knew my mother's father, Joseph Eaton Allen, who was born in Ulster County, New York in 1850. He married my grandmother, Addie Hollister, who also was born in Ulster County in 1848. I don't know when they moved to Iowa, but it must have been about 1870 when they homesteaded land near Climax.

My mother was their second child. Her older sister, Jennie, was born on January 12, 1880, and mother was born on March 15, 1881. Mother had one other sister, Theresa (Rese), born on November 12, 1883, and 2 brothers, Sherman, born on December 4, 1886, and Arthur, born on January 8, 1891. Her sister, Jennie, married John Campbell in 1905 but died in the birth of her first child, Clifford, on November 1, 1907. After Jennie died, Theresa went to Laurel, Nebraska, to take care of Jennie's baby and she later married Jennie's husband, John Campbell, in 1910. Mother's father, Joseph Eaton Allen, was a constant pipe smoker and died in 1908

(age 58) from cancer. I recall my father telling us that he had rarely seen Mary's father without a pipe in his mouth.

Mother's mother, Addie Allen (nee Hollister), lived until she was 84, dying in 1932. We were never very close as she was not well in the latter years of her life and it was said that she had tuberculosis. I recall my mother always giving her the best of care and attention.

As children growing up, we frequently visited our Allen and Campbell relatives. Paul was close to Clifford Campbell, and I enjoyed visiting Clark Campbell at their home in Laurel, and my brothers and sisters were friends with Robert, and Mary. Jimmie was younger but we got to know him well when we were older. When I was in about the 4<sup>th</sup> grade and we were visiting the Campbells, Clark took me for a ride on his horse with me sitting behind him. Clark, like myself, enjoyed taking chances on horses and we were galloping down a path when the horse slipped and I went sailing into the weeds. I recall that I said I had "bent" my arm, but it was broken quite badly above the left wrist. When we got back to house, Clark got a real reprimand for causing this (which wasn't really his fault) and I went off to the doctor to have my arm set and put in a cast.

Uncle Sherman's son, Joe Allen, was very close to my age. We were good friends and often visited each other's homes for overnight or weekend stays as we were growing up. His father owned an old-fashioned country store in Climax<sup>3</sup> and when I visited Joe we liked to hang out in the store. Uncle Sherman would give us each a stick of peppermint candy or we could help ourselves from the cookie or cracker barrel. Uncle Sherman remarried in the early 1930s to Flora Lidell and they had 2 children, Merrill, born on April 2, 1935 and Loretha Grace, born June 10, 1937. Mother's other brother, Arthur and his wife, Vera (Clawson), had 4 children – Clinton, Leland, Carol and Mary. Clinton is about 2 years younger

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3. Climax as a community consisted of a church, Walnut Cemetery, and this country store.

than me but we grew up together and still see each other, since he lives in the Shenandoah area where he farmed all his life. Leland studied engineering at Iowa State and we saw him there after World War II. He worked for a railroad company in Louisiana and retired to Clarinda, Iowa, where he lived until his death. Carol was a teacher in the middle school in Shenandoah and married Gordon Jones, and I have kept in touch with them. Mary worked in a bank in Red Oak, is married to Wayne Donahue, and they live in Stanton, Iowa. Wayne is a real bicycle enthusiast and took up sales and bicycle repair after working for some years in a Red Oak bank.

When I was growing up we had a lot of contact with Frank's parents, since they were living in Shenandoah. They had a house with a large garden and a small barn very close to the high school. They had a few chickens to supply them with eggs, a strawberry patch, many raspberry bushes, apple and peach trees. Margaret and I often helped them pick fruit and gather eggs. My grandmother, Vienna Eugenia Gamble, always had a cookie jar where I could always find good cookies. We often had Sunday dinner with them after church. A horse had rolled on my grandfather, John Perry Gamble, when he was 36 years old and his back was broken. His injuries were such that he was never able to do strenuous physical work again, and he was always slightly humped. It is said that he still enjoyed fast horses and always had a fancy team for horse and buggy for many years after his accident.

Dad had two older sisters, Edna, who taught in the Shenandoah High School for many years and Maude, who was born on February 24, 1875. Edna was born in Landmark, Illinois, on April 20, 1871, and an older brother was also born there on August 26, 1869, but died soon after birth. When Edna was only a year old, my grandparents moved by covered wagon from Illinois to Climax, where they homesteaded a farm that is still owned by their great great grandson. Edna never married and always lived with her parents. Maude married Clinton E. Klepinger on February 18, 1897, and they had 4 sons – Glenn, born May 2, 1898, Joyce, born September 2, 1902, Forest, born May 20, 1904 and Wayne, born

July 6, 1912. My elder brothers were always good friends with the Klepinger boys.

In the summer that I broke my arm at Campbell's, we had just visited a cousin of Frank's, Earl Goss, and his family in South Dakota. Earl Goss's parents had died when he was a child and he then lived with my grandparents, and so grew up like a brother to my father. The Goss's had a son, Cecil Goss, who was about Paul's age and I think Paul kept in touch with him and his family. My grandmother Allen was a Hollister and was born in New York, and most of her relatives stayed in the east.

My grandfather Gamble's obituary, written by his friend, Rev. Peter Jacobs (Congregational Church, Shenandoah), was always interesting to me. My grandparents were members of the Methodist Church but grandfather was well known in the community and throughout his life was a staunch Republican. The following are excerpts from his obituary:

"What a long journey was his –

He passed the "three score and ten", he passed "four score", he passed the "four score and ten. From October 20, 1845 to December 25, 1936 is more than 91 years.

When he was born, Iowa was a territory.

He was more than a year old when it became a state.

He was 15 years old when the Civil War started.

The Missouri home in which he was born was built of logs.

The Missouri school, the first one he attended was built of logs.

His childhood recollections held memories of wild turkey, wolves and wild deer.

Of ante-bellum days, intense sectional feelings and civil strife.

His father, Joseph R. Gamble, was a staunch abolitionist, a factor in the "underground railway".

His father moved to Illinois when our citizen was seven.

Of the great 1849 Gold Rush to California, in which his father and two uncles shared, his father had to return home because of illness enroute.

What intense periods of American history his life covered –

A brother, Silas G. Gamble served in the Union Army. Neighbors



paid for a substitute that Mr. Gamble might stay at home with his widowed mother<sup>4</sup> to help care for the family of nine children at home.

What a long period was his American citizenship –

It began in 1845, born when James K. Polk was the 11<sup>th</sup> President of the United States. A citizen of this Republic 91 out of its 147 years. He cast his first presidential ballot for U. S. Grant, being 23 at the time. He lived long enough to cast a ballot for 18 presidents, the first in 1863 and the last in 1936. A citizen of three states, a native of Missouri, a resident there for seven years, in Illinois 20 years and in Iowa since 1872, 64 years. He married Vienna E. Scott in Mt. Carroll, Illinois, on September 8, 1868 when he was 22 years old and she a lass of 18.

What a long journey what a long journey in character building has been his life –

The elements that entered into that character building were the ruggedness and rigors of pioneer life. Life in a log cabin and life upon the open prairie as it was when he and his family came to Climax. The lure of gold, which swept the land when he was four, and the bitterness and hate engendered by civil strife. And, the responsibilities in a fatherless home, one of nine at home while the brother was at the front. The rural church which he and his wife attended in Illinois neighborhoods. When a family came he united with the church, the Methodist at Climax under the pastorate of Rev. Durfee – then transferred to Summit and later to the Methodist Church in Shenandoah. For 35 years he has battled against the handicaps of an injury – riding a mustang, September 20, 1881, the animal reared, fell backward and crushed him. For two weeks he was unconscious. Only his pride in his strength and his determination to master his disadvantages maintained him through the years. He built a character of honesty, dependability, uprightness, moral discernment and spiritual integrity.”

My most vivid memory of my grandfather Gamble is of him with a full beard sitting in his rocking chair in the living room of their home reading the newspaper. He kept up on the news

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4. His father died in 1858 at age 40.

through the newspaper and radio and always had strong opinions about politics and politicians. My grandmother Gamble was always a quiet, slight person who was very nice to me. My memory of both my grandfather and grandmother is their seeming somewhat frail, although I knew them for more than 30 years.

### **Taking on More Work**

For several summers, when I was from 9 to 12 years old, I rode Daisy and worked as water boy during grain harvest. All the neighbors within several miles would work together to haul the straw and grain from the fields to the thresher, and haul the grain to town. The crew that ran the thresher moved it from farm to farm. It was always hot at threshing time. My job was to get water from a pump well, fill two 2-gallon wooden kegs, sling one on each side of my saddle and then ride into the fields and go from wagon to wagon with water. Each man would lift a keg above his head and let the cool water run down into his mouth (and usually some on his head). The evaporation from the wooden kegs helped cool the water. There was no set price for my work since I was available and liked to do it whether I got paid or not, but I usually got 25 or 50 cents a day. Wherever I worked, I always got to eat lunch with the men and I always felt very grown up when I got to sit with them. The women always seemed to try to outdo what the previous homes had done in providing the best possible lunch. The men, at least the younger ones, often had ice tea drinking contests during lunch to see who could drink the most ice tea.

One day, when I was riding at a full gallop on Daisy with my water jugs, she stumbled as we crossed a small ravine and rolled over with me under her. The people in the field who saw it happen felt sure I would have been killed or badly injured, but by my good fortune I was not hurt, nor were the water jugs broken. I got right back on Daisy and continued my water boy duties.

As I got older, I took on different tasks at harvest time and throughout the crop cycle. Instead of being the water boy at grain harvest, I had a team and hayrack to haul bundles of grain to the

thresher for separation of the grain and chaff. Or, I would drive a team and wagonload of grain away from the thresher to the grain elevator in town, which was always a thrill. Soon after I became old enough to do these jobs, grain combines started to come in and in a few years the threshing crews and the community camaraderie that went with them were things of the past.

Other work included plowing, mowing and cultivating. We used a 5-horse team for plowing the fields with a double moldboard plow. There were 3 horses next to the plow and 2 horses in front of them. I always thought that I was really grown up when I could manage them. In haying time, I often mowed the alfalfa or clover with a 2-horse team and a 6-foot sickle mower. Every now and then the sickle would break when it hit a rock or something and I would have to change the blades. Someone would take the broken one to the blacksmith shop in town where the blacksmith would weld the broken ends together. After a day or two, when the hay that I had mowed had dried in the field, I would take the side delivery rake with a 2-horse team and windrow the hay ready for the bunch rake. Cultivating corn was a regular practice in those years to keep the rows clean of weeds. We usually cultivated 3 times with either a one or 2 row cultivator. As tractors started to be common, we gradually shifted from horse-drawn power to tractor power, but always kept one or 2 teams of horses.

Growing up on a farm taught me many lessons about work, the reality of life and death, sex and reproduction, and about the pleasure of seeing crops and animals grow and mature. It taught me that no job is below my dignity, nor are there many jobs that are too difficult to undertake. If, in the spring, you have cleaned 2 feet deep manure out of the cattle shed or milked cows by hand in a barn at below zero temperature or put hay away in a barn with outside temperature over 100 degrees in July, most work in life is relatively easy

## **Surviving the Depression**

When I was 11 or 12 (1931-32) the country went into the

Great Depression. Many neighbors gave up and sold out, or were forced out because they had defaulted on their loans. Livestock prices were very low and grain prices were the lowest on record. I remember one winter day when we desperately needed some protein supplement feed for the pigs and there was no money to buy it. We had one older horse that dad decided was worth more as protein feed for the pigs than alive, so he walked into the barnyard with a rifle, shot the horse, and left it for the pigs to eat. Not a pretty thought for us who were always fond of working with horses, but difficult times bring difficult decisions. Corn prices dropped to 9 or 10 cents a bushel and one winter we burned corn on the cob in the furnace because it was cheaper than coal. Living on a farm we were well off for food since mother preserved hundreds of quart jars of cherries, peaches, apricots, beans, peas, sweet corn and made lots of jams and jellies from our grapes and other fruit that we had grown and harvested. Potatoes and apples stored in our basement cool room also supplemented our food needs.

We also butchered our own hogs, chickens and cattle so we always had plenty of food. Since there were no freezers to keep food safe in those days we would keep much of the pork in barrels of brine. For beef, neighbors took turns butchering on a weekly or bi-weekly basis and shared the meat. Sometimes mother would cook chopped-up pieces of beef and can the beef for stew. We also rendered fat into lard and we even made our own laundry soap from it. However, all that was not enough, since mother and dad still had a mortgage on the farm and there was no money coming in. Fortunately, mother's brother Sherman had a store in addition to his farm and had saved some money. He gave them a loan that enabled us to keep the farm and weather the Depression.

Another factor also helped us survive the Depression. Earlier my parents had decided to start a small dairy and Bob and Floyd (in their years in high school) did the milking and delivered milk door to door and to stores in town before school. By the time they had finished high school dad had purchased a herd of very

good dairy cows. I was the only boy left at home and had to take on this job. However, for a couple years, Margaret's husband, Lee Kaserman, helped with the chores and milking. Margaret and Lee were just married, but had no place to live. They set up house in what had been the old cob house and Lee helped on the farm and got jobs in town. Later, with dad's help they were able to start farming on their own and Lee became a very good farmer. It was Lee's and my responsibility to milk the cows twice each day by hand and to take care of the cows and the milk. After Lee left, it became just my responsibility. When I was 14, I was able to get a driver's license and began to deliver the milk in bottles door to door in Shenandoah each morning as well as to 2 grocery stores before school. Floyd had taught me to drive our Model T Ford when I was about 10 years old, so I had no trouble getting a driver's license. The dairy really saved us during the Depression. When I left home to go to college, dad sold the dairy cows since it was too much for him and at that time larger dairy farms started in our area, forcing out the small producers like us.

People of my generation all remember the Great Depression in the early 30's, at which time we also had a very severe drought. John Steinbeck portrays this era very accurately in his novel "The Grapes of Wrath". I remember times when you could not see the sun for days because of the dust in the air and the grasshoppers came in swarm clouds and ate everything green in their path. Dad plowed furrows across the fields and put kerosene in them, which stopped some of the grasshoppers. That year, we had about 400 acres of corn and did not harvest a single ear. In place of ears of corn, there were only little ears (nubbins) with a few kernels. We dug out trench silos with a bulldozer and lined them with tarpaper and filled them with chopped whole corn, stalks and what grain there was, and spread molasses on the layers as the silos were filled, to make silage to feed the cattle. Floyd reminds me that when he came home from the Navy in 1936 that in 7 out of the previous 8 years there had been either poor crops or almost crop failure.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt became President in 1933 and

made Henry A. Wallace his Secretary of Agriculture, they got congress to approve programs that would provide some benefits to farmers and employment for the millions of those out of work. One of the programs was the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), that brought unemployed workers together in camps for tree planting and soil conservation projects. In 1934, dad asked the workers from the camp near our place to work on terracing our farm to control soil and water erosion. We provided a horse-drawn road grader<sup>5</sup>, several horse-drawn earth scoops. Engineers laid out the terrace lines, determined the height of the terraces to be built and staked out the lines. We, with our teams and implements, and the CCC workers with their hand shovels built the terraces that are still on the farm. The CCC was an excellent program that provided employment and fostered conservation.

Also during these times I remember 2 winters when dad's friend, Emmett Moles, and a couple of his sons, joined us for cutting firewood for our furnace. This happened in the late fall after the harvest of crops. Dad obtained permission or bought some large standing trees on a farm about 6-8 miles east of our place. We went there early in the morning in horse-drawn wagons and cut down the trees with a two-man crosscut saw. We then sawed the logs into about 6 foot lengths and hauled them home. At home we rigged a circular saw on a mount that we powered from a belt wheel bolted on to one of the rear wheels of our car. We jacked up the rear end and after splitting the logs by hand, we sawed the logs into firewood lengths. On those cold days when we were cutting down the trees, we had some of the most delicious meals I can remember. Mother put meat and vegetables in heavy skillets and at noon we placed the skillet in the coals and left it until we could see steam coming from it. After a hard morning's work, we dug into the food for a really delicious lunch.

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5. This was used to smooth out the dirt, which was dumped to build up the terraces.

## CHAPTER 2

### EDUCATION — COUNTRY SCHOOL AND HIGH SCHOOL

#### The First Years of School

At age 5, I started first grade in the one room country school west and slightly south of the farm – about a one-mile walk each way that I made with Floyd and Margaret. When I started school, there were a total of about 20-25 children in grades one to 8 and there were 3 of us in first grade. My first teacher was Marjorie Buntz who was 17 or 18 years old, a high school graduate with “normal teacher training” during her senior year in high school. I think teenagers now would be very surprised at how mature and good these teachers were. The teachers had to teach all subjects to all 8 grades.

As I recall, school started at 8 or 8:30 a.m and went until 4 p.m. We had a half-hour free for outdoor play mid-morning and mid-afternoon and an hour free at noon. For recreation equipment, we had a teeter-totter with 2 boards, a giant stride, and a swing with 2 individual seats. During our free periods in warm weather, we played hide and seek, hopscotch, ball games, tried to bounce each other off the teeter totters, or see who could go the highest on the giant stride or swing the highest. In the winter during the free periods, we usually just sat in the shed where coal and corncob fuel for the school stove were stored and played cards or some kind of game that didn't require equipment. When it was good snowball weather we would build snowmen and have snowball fights. The school was for children from the Fairview school district that covered homes in about 2 ½ square miles. Since there were only about 20-25 students in the school in the 8 years I was there, the teacher dealt with small numbers in each grade and one or 2 grades were missing each year.

For each class session, for each subject from each grade, the teacher would call the students to a front bench facing her. The

rest of the students watched and listened to every class while at the same time were preparing for their next class. While this was a constant distraction it meant that those of us in the lower grades listened to all the classes of all grades, which greatly helped us in preparing for each succeeding grade as well as reinforcing prior lessons.

Even in these small group sessions the teacher had some discipline problems. The rest of the students found time to poke each other, shoot paper wads or cause some other minor mischief. The teacher had no free periods except during the mid-morning, mid-afternoon and lunch breaks with the students and even then she had to monitor the play activities in the schoolyard. I can only imagine the number of evening hours she must have spent preparing for next day's lessons.

The school had a big black iron potbelly coal or wood-burning stove for heat in the winter, and it was the teacher's responsibility to fire it up each morning. During the day she would ask some of the older children to put more coal or wood in it. The library consisted of one 4 or 5-shelf bookcase with a set of old encyclopedias, dictionaries and a few miscellaneous books. There was no laboratory equipment. The front of the room had blackboards behind the teacher's desk. Each student had a fixed desk with fixed seat and the desks were graduated in size with smaller ones to the front and gradually larger to the rear to accommodate the different age children. Toilets were outhouses back of the school, one for girls and one for boys. During school, when you had to go to the toilet, you held up your hand with one finger and if no one else was out of the room to the toilets, the teacher would give permission. Not more than one student was allowed out, just to keep the kids from messing around and staying out longer than necessary to visit and get into trouble.

## **My Teacher**

First grade passed uneventfully and I was promoted to second grade. My 2 classmates had to repeat first grade, so I was



alone in my class for the next 7 years. This teenage teacher made the decision for the 2 to repeat 1<sup>st</sup> grade with no uproar from parents or others. The 2 who had to repeat went on to complete 8<sup>th</sup> grade in that school and high school in Shenandoah, and one went on for further study. After 2 years my teacher moved to another school and later went to college and taught in city schools. For my grades 3-8, Marjorie Drake (later Clatterbaugh) was my teacher. She, like my first teacher, was in her teens with “teacher training” during her senior year in high school. My memory of Marjorie Drake Clatterbaugh has always been of a very kind, helpful person with the ability to command respect and inspire a desire to learn. She was a very positive influence on my life and remained a friend. When I was in college, and she was married, I sometimes hitchhiked to her home (about 100 miles from Ames, Iowa) to spend a weekend with her and her family. Later she went back to college and became an outstanding principal of a large middle school in Iowa City.

### **Lunch at School**

Everyone carried his or her own lunch to school and at lunch time the boys would sit together, as would the girls. The teacher, of course, brought her own lunch and sometimes she would join one of the groups but more often she would eat at her desk. We didn’t have peanut butter so the season determined what kind of sandwiches I was able to have. In season, I liked radish sandwiches, and often had cold beef or pork and sometimes a fried egg sandwich. Many days I had a hardboiled egg in my lunch and almost always a homegrown apple, and a homemade cookie. It was rare to have “store bought” items in my lunch. On some very special occasions there might be candy bar. There was never a soda drink of any kind. For drinking water, there was an old fashioned pump in the schoolyard where in warm weather we would pump water and drink from our hands. Also, there was a crock water jar with a spigot in the schoolroom with a common cup. Most of us had collapsible aluminum cups in our lunch buckets which we

could use in place of the common cup. In the winter the teacher kept a kettle of water sitting on the potbelly stove and we would use the hot water from it to prime the outdoor pump if it was frozen.

### **My Pony Goes to School and a Not So Good Memory**

After Floyd and Margaret moved on to high school in town when I started 4<sup>th</sup> grade, I often rode my pony Boxer to school and kept him in a small barn on the school grounds. Another boy also kept his pony there and we shared responsibility for cleaning out the barn and seeing that the ponies were fed and watered once during the day.

There was one year when I was in the 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> grade, that for some reason I decided that I didn't like another boy who was bigger than I, and in the grade ahead of me. Every afternoon as soon as we got off the school grounds we got in a fight and I would pound him. After this went on for a while, his father came to our home and told my father that I had other boys hold his son while I beat him up. My father said that if that was true he would not need anyone to hold me while I got a whipping. The whipping never came about because our fistfights had always been fair. The teacher finally settled the matter by letting the other boy out 15 minutes early so he could be home before I got out of school. This is not a proud memory and I don't know why it happened. Perhaps the reason I remember it so well is that I had to pass this boy's home on my way home and his mother often was out by the side of the road as I passed and berated me a great deal.

### **School Programs and Box Suppers**

It was the custom in country school to have a student program once a year for the parents. The teacher would string a curtain across the room in back of the recitation bench so the front part of the room would be the stage. The programs we acted out were simple stories that we had studied in our reading classes. On these occasions, each of the girls and their mothers brought box

suppers for 2 and they were auctioned off to the highest bidders (male parents or boys) and the proceeds went to a fund for school supplies. The children's and the adult's boxes were auctioned separately. You were never supposed to know whose box you were buying, but as I recall each boy tried to get the girl whose box he wanted to buy to give some hint as to what it looked like so he could bid on that one. It was usually interesting because there was one girl whose box most of the boys wanted to buy so her box supper always brought the highest bid.

I finished my first 8 grades in this one room country school and have very pleasant memories of it. The year after I graduated from the country school, there were not sufficient students to justify keeping it open so it was closed and children from the area were taken to Shenandoah Public Schools by their parents, since school buses were not yet a part of life.

## **High School**

Going from a one-room country school where I was the only one in my class to High School where there were about 100 in my class was quite an adjustment. I knew I would survive since all the family before me had similar experiences. In 1933, when I started to high school, we were still in the Depression so there was little money for clothes or other things. All the students from farms carried their lunch to school and for most of my freshman year I wore bib overalls, as did other boys from farms. In recent years, bib overalls have become fashionable but in 1933 they were only worn by farmers.

I tried out for football as a freshman, even though practice was always after school and I had lots of chores and milking to do after I got home. The coach, R. B. Glover, expected great things from me since he had coached my brothers. Paul had been an outstanding athlete while Bob and Floyd made up for lack of size with determination and fighting spirit. It took me 2 years to mature and become a good player but in my junior and senior years, at 155 pounds, I became a very good guard. In my senior year, our football

team was undefeated and gained national recognition. As a result, the following year it was invited to play in a special invitational game in Florida where it did very well. I also participated in basketball and track but was never the outstanding athlete in these that Paul had been. I was always very interested in athletics and attended all the high school events.



### **My First Visit to a Dentist**

In my freshman year, I went to a dentist for the first time in my life (14 years old). About that time both Frank and Mary had to have all their teeth pulled and get upper and lower false teeth. On my first visit the dentist found I had 14 cavities. It was a shocking experience. I also had my first eye exam when I was about 16, but unlike the dental experience, my eyes were OK.

### **My First Date**

I had my first date when I was a freshman and in spite of having watched 6 older brothers and sisters, I had no idea about dating. My first date was a real disaster. I had arranged to meet the girl at the movie theatre (she also lived on a farm so her parents had to take her and wait for her). After the movie, we walked out together (I think) but then I just walked off and don't think I even said goodbye. After that, my brothers and sisters took me in hand and instructed me as to how one should act. I finally became more at ease and dated several times my freshman year. The girl with whom I had such a fiasco on my first date remains a friend today, although we rarely dated after our movie together. In my junior and senior years, I dated Jean Moore almost exclusively, and she often visited the farm.

## Other Activities

In my senior year, I tried out for a part in one of the school plays and got it. This was my only venture into acting, but it went OK and I enjoyed the experience. I skipped high school only once when a friend talked me into skipping school and going duck hunting with him. Missing school without an excuse was considered a big deal and I knew my parents wouldn't write an excuse for me, but I thought no one would notice my absence. Unfortunately, that was not the case and when I returned to school the next day the Superintendent called me in to his office for an explanation. He knew exactly what my friend and I had done, and we were suspended from school until we memorized the poem "Thanatopsis" and recited it verbatim for him. It took me about 3 days to accomplish this since there is no rhyme in the poem. Sadly, we didn't even shoot any ducks.

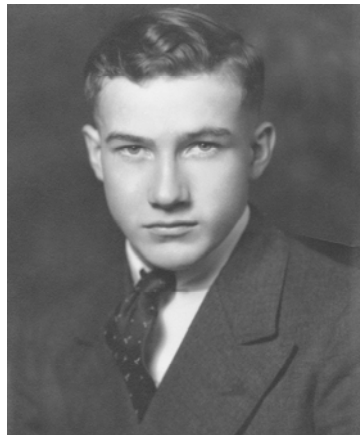
There were no drugs, at least that I knew of, in the school or used by anyone I knew. A few friends smoked cigarettes but there was no alcohol. One girl that I knew became pregnant in her sophomore year and her father took her to Kansas City for an abortion but she was the only one I ever heard about. Only after I graduated from high school did I taste beer and I drank very little before going away to college.

I got along well with my teachers and since all my brothers and sisters had gone to the same school and had many of the same teachers they all knew me very well. I had Latin studies from my Aunt Edna and we were not on the best of terms but otherwise, with little effort, I was always able to maintain fairly good grades. I don't know why I didn't get along well with Aunt Edna but, as I recall, my older brothers and sisters had not gotten along well with her so that no doubt had an influence on me. I think she thought that her relatives should be outstanding students and closely follow all rules and that made some of us do a bit of the opposite. She had a particular kind of walk which had had led students over the years to give her a nickname, Galloping Gussy. Several teachers,

especially the Superintendent, Mr. Guernsey, and Muriel Keenan, both remained life long friends. Mr. Martin, the principal, was always a good guide and had considerable positive influence on my life.

## **The First Year After High School**

After graduating from high school in 1937, I didn't think much about going to college. My parents had no money to support me and I had no driving desire to go that route. I thought I would end up farming. Mr. Martin encouraged me to go to college and drove me to visit Tarkio College and Maryville State College for interviews. By that time I was considered a good enough football player that I could have gotten a football scholarship at one of these colleges. However, the scholarship support was not nearly enough to cover expenses and I had no money, so I decided to go to work.



During my senior year in high school, in addition to working at home on the farm and delivering milk, I had a Saturday job at Swift & Co, in Shenandoah, where I learned to test cream, candle eggs and buy poultry. The farmers would bring these in for sale on Saturday afternoons and evenings so there was plenty of work to do. The actual work would finish about 9 p.m. but I had to stick around until the farmers finished their shopping, visiting, etc. and came to pick up their egg crates and cream cans, which was usually about 11 p.m. Then, the Swift and Co. truck would come by about 11:30 to pick up all the produce we had purchased and take it to Clarinda to the processing plants.

The Swift & Co. buying station, operated by an elderly gentleman who liked the way I worked, offered me a full time job, which I took as soon as I graduated from high school. It was a pretty easy job since the only really busy day was Saturday but

there were customers every day. I was able to do this job and still help dad run the dairy, and deliver milk door to door each morning 7 days a week.

## **A Vision of the Future**

The year after I graduated from high school a Vocational Agriculture Department was started in the high school and Frank Burrell was hired as the teacher. In late fall of that year, he visited all the young farmers in the community and invited us to “young farmer” classes during the winter. I decided to attend as did about a dozen others. Frank was an excellent teacher and brought a lot of interesting discussion to our sessions. For some reason, he took a particular interest in me and often invited me to his home for a chat and a beer after the evening sessions. He was married to a very attractive and nice nurse and I greatly enjoyed my time with them.

During the winter session and on in to the spring and summer I spent a lot of time with the Burrells. Frank encouraged me to go to Iowa State College and study to become a vocational agriculture teacher. He convinced me that I could make it on my own and earn my way through college. I took his advice and never looked back. He was a great positive influence on my life and we remained in contact and good friends until his early death in the late 60s. The last time I saw him was when he visited us when we were living in Mexico.

It was also during this first year after high school that I became interested in tennis. Dorothy was already a good player and played regularly in tournaments in Shenandoah and in surrounding towns. We set up a net in the front yard on the farm and she taught me the basics and I took it from there. I often accompanied her to the tennis tournaments in which she was playing in Atlantic, Clarinda, Creston and other places and became a life-long fan of the game. Later, when I was at Iowa State, I would spend hours on the tennis practice courts and hitting against the backboards.

## **CHAPTER 3**

### **WORKING MY WAY THROUGH IOWA STATE COLLEGE**

#### **Starting College — Things I Did Not Know**

Few people were less prepared for college than I was in 1938. Although Frank Burrell had convinced me I could make it on my own and had arranged with a couple of his old professors for me to do lawn mowing and odd jobs at their homes, there were a number of things he hadn't mentioned. One was arranging to have a place to stay when I got to Ames. Paul and Dorothy Bill drove me and my one suitcase to Ames on Sunday, a week before school was to start, and we started looking for "room rental" signs. We searched high and low in Ames and found some but they were far out of my price range. I don't think I had over \$50. It was getting late in the afternoon and Paul had to get back to the farm for evening chores when we finally found one place which I felt was within my price range. It was a large boarding house where the next day I got a job peeling potatoes to pay for my meals.

Within a day or two after arrival I called on Professors Eldridge and Dorchester, whom Frank Burrell had contacted. They both were very nice and gave me jobs at their homes mowing lawns and working in their gardens so I could earn enough money for my room rent and tuition. I continued to do this work for them on weekends and at odd hours throughout the first fall in addition to my job at the boarding house.

#### **English and Other Course Work**

All freshmen at Iowa State College (now University) had to take an exam in English grammar and usage. As a result of my low score (like many who came from rural backgrounds) I was required to take a first year remedial English class. I took the normal required courses in agricultural sciences – biology, botany, genetics, chemistry, agronomy, animal husbandry, education, economics and



history. In addition, all male students were required to participate in the military Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) for 2 years. If one volunteered and passed the necessary exams, it was possible to take an additional 2 years of training and upon graduation from the university also receive a commission as Second Lieutenants in the field artillery. Those commissioned would then go directly into the military for 2 or 4-year assignments. At Iowa State the military training was in horse-drawn field artillery and was not very good preparation for World War II. However, one of the popular inter-collegiate sports of the time was polo and the college was able to use the horses from the field artillery for polo ponies, and so wanted to keep things as they were. In addition to the ROTC requirement for men, all students had to participate in physical education classes. I took swimming and tennis.

I enjoyed academic life, except for first year chemistry, and maintained average grades while working to pay my expenses. I dropped chemistry twice in my freshman year at the last possible moment I could without having it on my record. Later, after I got past the first term of chemistry, I found I really liked the subject and even taught chemistry at the Ag school in Burma. In the Department of Agricultural Education, my advisor was Professor John McClelland. He was a very lively teacher and advisor and was most helpful to me. His wife was the daughter of missionaries in Japan so both he and Mrs. McClelland had international interests. The teaching method courses in agricultural education were never stimulating and even in later years I questioned their value, but I always enjoyed Dr. McClelland's classes. I remained in close contact with him for many years until his death in the 1970s. My course work in farm crops and soils, animal husbandry, botany, genetics, and physics was interesting and challenging. There were very few options in the social sciences for Ag students but we were required to take psychology and speech. Vocational Agriculture teachers had to teach farm shop as well as agriculture so I took many courses in the Department of Agricultural Engineering.

## **A Lasting Friendship**

In the first few weeks of my new life at Iowa State, I began to get acquainted with Bill Morgan. He was from Farragut, Iowa and lived near my sister Frances, but I had never really known him until we were at Iowa State. He graduated from Farragut High School a year after I had graduated in Shenandoah but since I had stayed out of school a year we started college at the same time. We became life-long friends and I still consider him my best friend.

## **Fraternity Life**

In the winter of my freshman year, Frank Burrell asked his fraternity brothers at Theta Delta Chi to invite me to the fraternity house to become acquainted, which is part of the ritual before one can be invited to join the fraternity. I went there a few times and enjoyed the visits, and was invited to join the fraternity. I was only able to join if I could have some work to replace the job I had at the boarding house, but the fraternity needed help in serving food and washing dishes (no automatic dishwashers at that time) so I accepted the invitation. Dinner at the fraternity house was always a sit-down affair with the serving of individual plates and the separate serving of dessert and coffee. Norrie Nelson from Shenandoah, Jim Jackson and I worked in the kitchen, served and washed dishes. It was a great learning experience about proper serving and table etiquette that was very useful to me in my later international travel and living. Norrie, Jim and I ate in the kitchen and always saved ourselves excellent food. In my junior year, Norrie and I took on the additional job of house cleaning and maintenance. We vacuumed all the carpets, cleaned and dusted all the rooms, and waxed furniture on a weekly basis and cleaned the toilets and shower areas regularly. This brought us some additional much needed cash.

Fraternity life was good, for though I worked there for my board and room, I always joined in all sports and social activities of the fraternity. I represented the fraternity in intra-mural ping-pong games and often bowled with other members in intra-mural

bowling games. I made life long friends and had an excellent place to live and study.

Fraternities often invited all of the members of one of the sororities on campus for a dinner exchange or a dinner dance, and similarly sororities often invited a fraternity. This was an excellent way to meet fellow students of the opposite sex and was a very nice social activity. We had several of these events each year and at one of these exchanges, I met Lois Rooker, from the Delta Zeta sorority. We started going out regularly during the latter part of my first year and continued to for all of my second year. She was an outstanding student and in our third year transferred to Oklahoma State University on a full scholarship.

Several times a year we also had formal dinner dances at our fraternity and we would all invite our dates. Even though I worked in the kitchen and had to serve I would invite Lois and she would dine with the group while I served. After dinner, I would dash to my room, dress in my tux and join the party.

### **Keeping in Touch with Home**

During these years at Iowa State I kept in contact with home through weekly letters to my parents and my sister Dorothy. Mother and Dorothy would write back but I don't recall that my father ever did. I don't remember ever calling home on the phone or my parents ever calling me. There was little money for this and it wasn't the custom in our family. Almost all students, including me, had a laundry box in which we mailed our dirty clothes home to be washed and ironed. When mother returned the clean clothes she would always have a few cookies tucked in among them. For Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Spring breaks I would go home for a few days, usually by hitchhiking a ride on the highway. On my return to Ames, Dorothy would often drive me to Atlantic (about 60 miles from Shenandoah), where I would be on a straight road to Des Moines and it was easy to get a ride. Sometimes, Bill Morgan would have his car at school and he would always give me a ride. Whenever I was in absolute dire straits for money, I would write

Dorothy and she would send me a check. Over the 3 years I was in college, I borrowed \$700 from her, which I repaid during my time in the navy.

### **Drinking in College — My God it's Friday**

In the winter term of my third year at Iowa State, Bob Rasmussen and I became good friends. He was a fraternity brother of Bill Morgan and, for that term, we established a 2- man "My God it's Friday" club which we honored by heavy indulgence. Neither of us was 21 years old (the required age to buy alcohol) so we had to arrange with one of our fraternity brothers to buy a bottle for us. We would sit in either his room at his fraternity house, or mine, and spend the afternoon drinking. Of course, since I had to wait tables at my fraternity house, I had to then drink lots of coffee and take in lots of fresh air to be sufficiently sober and polite to wait tables. At the time it seemed like a wonderful way to spend that time since neither of us had Friday afternoon classes, but when spring came we disbanded the "club".

### **Popping Corn**

My work at the fraternity provided me with room and board but I had to have additional work to earn cash for tuition and other expenses. Professor Eldridge, for whom I had done yard and garden work in my first fall at Iowa State, was a geneticist working on popcorn. He offered me a job the first winter in his lab (which I gladly accepted) to do volume tests on popcorn from his breeding lines. I continued this work throughout my first 3 years at Iowa State. My job was to measure a specific amount of popcorn from each breeding line, pop it, and then measure and record the volume. Increase in volume was an important feature that Dr. Eldridge was looking for. It was a great job and as a side benefit I could have all the popcorn I wanted.

### **Summer Work**

During the summer school holidays, I helped on the farm

and also had jobs in town. The first summer I worked in the ice plant from 3 p.m. until midnight. I filled metal oblong tanks with water in a cold room and when they were frozen, I removed the 300-pound ice blocks from the tanks and moved them to the storage room to be cut into smaller sizes. This was still a time when many homes used iceboxes. The other part of my work was to serve customers who would drive up to the platform of the plant and tell me what weight ice block they would like (either 100, 75, 50 or 25 pounds). I would then cut it from the big block and place it in their car. After a few weeks of this work, I found that I could stand flat-footed and lift a 100-pound block into the back of a pickup without any problem. The second summer I worked for the electric light company on reconstruction projects, mainly using a jackhammer to break up concrete streets and sidewalks.

## **Work and Play**

It may sound like my life was all work and no play but that was not the case. Even after working until midnight there were often friends around to hang out with for awhile, and I had 2 nights a week off. At Iowa State there were wonderful dances on the weekend with big bands of that era, and there were many social activities at the fraternity as well as intercollegiate sports. I still recall the night Dave Roberts, a fraternity brother, and I drove to Lake Okoboji just for the evening to hear the Woody Herman band and dance the night away with young ladies. There also were evenings in downtown Ames (no bars were allowed in campus town) for an evening of beer, which at that time was not approved for Iowa State students. The Dean of Students had his informers and once I was called into the Dean's office and advised that drinking beer was not allowed and if my grades ever slipped I would be out. I didn't hear any more about it, even though we occasionally still went to town.

## **A Night in Omaha**

In the summer between our second and third years at

college, Norrie Nelson, Bill Morgan and I were home. Norrie worked in a clothing store, Bill on the farm with his father, and I for the Light and Power Company in addition to helping on the farm. Norrie had become quite well acquainted with the driver/butler of George Jay, a wealthy pharmacist in Shenandoah and owner of a very good drug store. He had a lovely home and was wealthy enough to have the driver/butler, who had a room in the home. The driver/butler was a very handsome black man (the only black in town) in his 30s, very articulate and well mannered who often went to Omaha. One weekend when the Jay family was away, he invited the 3 of us to accompany him to Omaha to see some of the black jazz clubs. We were delighted to accompany him and we ate, drank and danced the night away in several of the hottest clubs. We were the only whites in any of the clubs but because of our friend we were greeted with open arms. When we returned to Shenandoah in the wee hours we all stayed in the Jay house and had a sumptuous late breakfast the next day. It was an experience I still remember vividly.

### Meeting Virginia



At Christmas break in our third year, Lois, who was then at Oklahoma State, visited my home. At the end of the break Dorothy took us to Afton on New Year's day to meet Dave Roberts, who was driving back to Ames. He was also taking a very attractive girl from Mount Ayr, Virginia Liggett, back to Ames and I met her for the first time. We stopped in Des Moines for something to eat and drink and had time to get acquainted. From Ames, Lois went on to her home in Traer for a few days before returning to school. It wasn't long after that that I phoned Virginia to ask for a date. Happily, Lois also met someone at Oklahoma State and her new romance emerged while I started a lasting one with Virginia.

## **A Decision to Interrupt My Studies**

By the time of my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, in 1941 (my 3<sup>rd</sup> year at Iowa State), we all felt the United States would be in war before long. The universal draft was in effect, so anyone 21 years or older was eligible to be drafted. I might have received deferment from the draft for a year to finish college but I decided that if I was going to be in military service, I wanted to choose which service. I had a strong preference for the navy and its air corps.

On my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, I went to the office of the navy recruiter on campus and took the tests to join the Naval Air Corps, passed and was accepted – so I never registered for the draft. I finished the academic year at Iowa State before reporting for duty.

## CHAPTER 4

### THE NAVY AND WORLD WAR II

#### **Joining the Navy and Initial Flight Training**

On July 7, 1941, I reported for duty at the Naval Air Station in Kansas City, Kansas. There I underwent induction into the navy as a Seaman Second class, V-5 USNR and started flight training. If I failed flight training, then I would have been sent to officers' candidate school for training for sea duty. At induction, I took another physical exam, had any number of vaccinations, was issued a uniform and assigned a bunk in the barracks. As I remember, there were about 30 in the group who reported for duty.

We were not yet at war so military discipline was not very rigid but we did have wake up call every morning, followed by physical fitness exercise before breakfast in the mess hall. For the first week or so, we had classes and military drill formations for most of the day. Almost every evening we were granted leave, standing guard only one or 2 nights a week. I soon made friends with a couple of guys, one of whom had a car, and we spent most of our free evenings in Kansas City, Missouri. We met some attractive nurses from one of the hospitals and had many lovely evenings out with them in Kansas City. We found it to be a great city, which we got to know very well with nice bars, restaurants and good music for dancing.

However, back at the base, we were working hard on aeronautics, flight rules and all the preliminaries to actual flying. After about 2 weeks, we started on actual flight instruction in the trainer planes of that time, the Stearman bi-wing. I had a very good instructor who liked to liven up the training by doing loops and rolls to see how well I could take it. After about 10-12 hours of instruction I was OK'd for solo flight and made it, which was the first real test I had to pass in order to continue flight training. I was then able to get in hours flying solo, doing touch and go landings



with the instructor observing, and just learning to fly with confidence.

Virginia and I stayed in touch through letters while she was working in a Settlement House in the Stock Yards District of South Omaha that summer and she visited me one weekend in Kansas City.

### **On to Corpus Christi Texas for Advanced Training**

After 6 weeks in Kansas City, those of us who passed were given a few days leave and I went home before reporting back for transfer on August 16, 1941, with orders to Corpus Christi, Texas. About 20 of us took the train but, because our train was late in arriving in San Antonio, we missed the connection to Corpus Christi and had to stay overnight in San Antonio. We took the opportunity to check out many of the bars and clubs and fortunately, everyone made it to the train the next morning. We arrived in Corpus Christi without difficulty but broke, as all of us had spent our last cents in San Antonio. Since I had ROTC training at Iowa State, I was put in charge (not really command) of the group so I phoned the navy base, on our arrival, and transport was sent to pick us up.

The Naval Air Station had only recently been carved out of the sand and it had gleaming runways, barracks, a Post Exchange, and airplane hangers – but no airplanes. Tough Marine sergeants were placed in charge of us and we had regular inspections and hours and hours of military drill and physical training on the white runways in the Texas sun. This was our first taste of real military discipline. We soon were all in excellent physical condition and could run miles or complete the obstacle courses in record time. We also spent 2-3 hours in classes each day with lectures on meteorology, air tactics and overall aviation technology.

I was greatly disappointed to find that the station had no airplanes or flight instructors. We were told to be patient and they would arrive, but it was very frustrating. Our frustration was let out in evenings at the Post Exchange, since the Texas breweries

were looking to future sales and provided as much free beer as we wanted to drink. It was amazing the amount of beer one could drink after all this work in the hot sun without ever feeling “high”. We usually had weekend passes in Corpus Christi and one weekend a few friends and I took off across the border to Mexico to see how life was lived on the other side. It was a very interesting experience for an Iowa farm boy.

### **Change of Direction and Learning to Fly Airships**

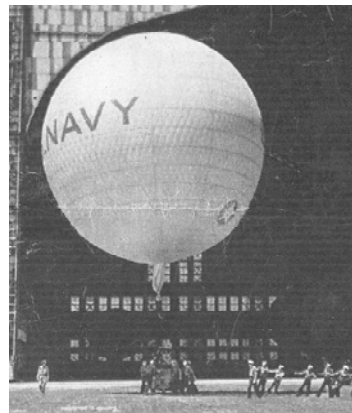
After about 6 weeks of marching and running in the Texas sun with no airplanes in sight, and with the possibility of war coming ever closer, many of us wanted to be part of the real action. An announcement came through of an opportunity to apply for immediate flight training in lighter than aircraft (LTA). Although I knew nothing about airships, I applied and was accepted, as were several guys I had gotten to know. One of these was “Doc” Wilson from North Carolina. He invited me to travel with him to Lakehurst, New Jersey, in his car. We obtained travel orders and left Corpus Christi on October 2, 1941. At this time we were discharged as Seaman 2<sup>nd</sup> Class and appointed Aviation Cadets (LTA) with an increase in pay from \$36 to \$75 per month. We drove straight through from Texas to New Jersey and reported for duty at the Naval Air Station on October 5, 1941.

The Naval Air Station, Lakehurst was small but had a long history and a strong corps of “old-timers” who had flown the helium gas-filled rigid airships (dirigibles such as the Shenandoah and the Macon). It also was the location where the hydrogen gas-filled German luxury passenger airships landed on regular schedules from Europe, until the Hindenburg burned there on landing in 1937.

I became a member of the 16<sup>th</sup> class to undergo LTA training, along with 34 other cadets. All previous classes had been solely composed of graduates of the Naval Academy and a few outstanding Chief Warrant Officers. We took our meals in the Mess Hall with the enlisted men but since we were no longer considered enlisted

men, it was decided that we should be members of the Officers Club for bar and social activities. We wore uniforms similar to the cadets at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, except we had a gold star on our epaulets and caps while at the Naval Academy they had an anchor. The gold star on our uniforms was confusing to others in the military since one star generals in the army had a similar star, but they had lots of gold braid on their hats!

Training was rigorous. We had physical fitness training every day along with class work in meteorology, aeronautics, Morse code, flag signals, ship and aircraft recognition, Navy regulations, and everything about lighter than aircraft. We soon became observers on flights and began actual flight training. I took my first flight on October 16, 1941. An interesting part of the training included several flights in balloons to help us understand air currents and their effect on aircraft. The final test in balloons was an overnight flight, with the



challenge of landing at a specific place by adjusting to wind direction and currents by changing altitude. There were 4 cadets in the basket of a balloon with an instructor observer. By the time I had my crew's final test the balloons were filled with helium. Just prior to my test, one cadet crew with a hydrogen-filled balloon were killed on landing when their balloon exploded. I was lucky and had a good flight, landing near the target area and pulling the balloon rip panel at the right time to release the helium so we weren't dragged along the ground by the wind.

### **After Pearl Harbor**

The attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor changed everything. If it had happened before I left Corpus Christi, I would no doubt have stayed there, because there soon would have been airplanes for flight training. But, that was history and I was in

training to fly anti-submarine patrols. On December 7, 1941, I was in a movie at Lakewood, NJ. They stopped the movie and announced the attack and that all service men were to report to their duty stations. We rushed back to the base at Lakehurst and there was much confusion. They had reports that the Japanese might attack any place on the East Coast so we were all issued rifles, 45 automatic pistols and spades. Under the direction of marines we were ordered to dig trenches along the runways. For 24 hours we manned the trenches and kept a careful watch on the sky. It all was really confusing since none of us had ever been issued an army rifle before or been on the firing range. After 24-48 hours, they realized that no attack was imminent so they pulled us out of the trenches – but for the next few weeks we spent a lot of time on the firing range so we could handle a rifle and side arms.

Military discipline became very strict and all our classes and flight training became more serious. There were many German submarines along the East Coast so our training included observation and flight training on regular patrols over the Atlantic. We had no trouble building up flight hours since each patrol was at least 10 to 12 hours. Flight training was not without its accidents and deaths. In my class, 2 airships on night flight training over water collided and all members of both crews were lost.

### **First Christmas in the Navy**

My first Christmas away from home was in 1941, soon after the U. S. had entered the war. Some of my friends and I had leave that Christmas Eve and we headed for New York in our dress blue cadet uniforms. We spent the evening at what was then the most famous nightclub in New York – Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. It had a wonderful bar, dining room and an extravaganza show with lots of beautiful girls. There were not many service men in uniform by this time so we were extremely popular, and everyone bought us drinks. Also, the elegant girls from the show came out to sit with us or dance with us between shows and after the last show. It was a memorable experience and we all stayed sober enough to enjoy it

and still drive safely back to the base that night.

New York City held great fascination for many of us so a few friends and I made a standing reservation at a Hilton Hotel in New York for a weekend room. It was a nice arrangement and it worked out well for over a year until our group was split up with assignments to different squadrons.

### **Mike, the \$10 Dollar Bill and Our Car**

One of my classmates, Mike, and I became good friends and kept up this friendship throughout my stay at Lakehurst. In 1941, we attended the Army Navy football game in Philadelphia. We were the 2 who initiated the standing hotel reservation in New York, and we went together on weekends when we were both off duty. Both of us were generous in buying drinks for others and we usually had separate dates in New York, so we devised a scheme to always have enough money to take the bus back to Lakehurst.

We took a new \$10 dollar bill and divided it exactly in the middle and each kept half. We had an agreement that if we were separated, we would meet at the bus station and, if necessary, put the \$10 bill together to pay for our tickets. Fortunately, in the more than a year of such activity, we never had to use the bill.

Mike and I did get to know New York very well. We covered most of the nightclubs from 34th street to Central Park and were well-known at one or 2 very nice piano bars in the upper 50s.

Later on, I bought an old used car and we drove back and forth to New York and other places. Late one night when we were driving back the whole gas tank just dropped off the car. We were about 10 miles from the base but were able to flag down a passing car and catch a ride to the base. From there, we phoned a garage and had them tow the car and replace the gas tank (which we had been able to retrieve). After we were married, Virginia and I used the car all the time we were in Lakehurst without any problems. We were able to buy gasoline on the Navy base so did not have to have gas coupons that we would have needed to buy outside. When I was transferred to South America, Virginia took the train to Iowa

and I piloted one of our squadron's airships to Florida where we had training exercises for the squadron. I arranged with one of the maintenance staff who was being transferred to drive the car to Florida so I could have it for the time we would be there. This worked out fine and I then sold it in Miami before we took off for Brazil.

### **Other Recreation**

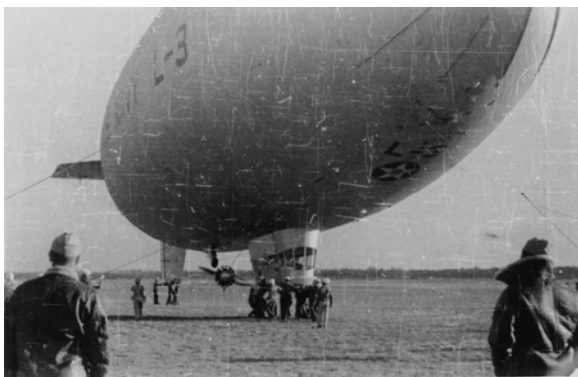
Although training became more serious after Pear Harbor, we still enjoyed our off-duty time to its fullest. During the War, the town of Lakewood (not far from Lakehurst) became the winter capitol for wealthy New York and New Jersey Jews, who normally would have gone to up-state New York. There was big-name entertainment, betting on horse races, and lots of nightclubs. We were the only military base in the area so we dominated the area's available bachelors. We soon found that it helped to be "Jewish", so we all took Jewish names. I became "Mo" Gimbel, and even today, my Navy friends from those days still call me "Mo". We found that this name change was wonderfully helpful in that we rarely had to pay for our own drinks and any number of attractive girls seemed to find us attractive.

It was not all partying in Lakewood. There were beaches nearby which we enjoyed in warm weather and one good lady friend, Jeanne, lived at her parent's home on Barneget Bay and had a sailboat that we enjoyed in good weather. In the summer of 1942, when Virginia visited me, she and I spent some time sailing with Jeanne and having a great time at her home. Jeanne was very nice, and she and Virginia got along very well.

### **Completion of Training and Airship Flight Characteristics**

I successfully completed flight training and received my commission as an Ensign, USNR, and my wings as a Naval Aviator (Airship) on April 17, 1942. Piloting an airship is very different from piloting an airplane. The K-Type Airships we flew were about 200-250 feet long with a large light metal cabin attached to the

underside with one wheel under the center of the cabin. The airship was filled with helium except for one compartment forward



and one aft that were connected by valves which were filled with air. By regulating the valves you could shift the air pressure to force the helium to move either forward or aft to control the horizontal balance of

the airship. A large tail section was attached to the rear of the airship with ailerons and rudder with which the pilot controlled direction and climb or descent. Before takeoff, we estimated the amount of the fuel expected to be burned and the airship was fueled with that amount. The weight of this fuel was the amount of lift that the airship had to obtain from flight dynamics to get off the ground to fly. Therefore, flight takeoff was from a conventional runway or prepared surface and when going on a 12 or 15-hour patrol it would mean a long run to gain lift before takeoff. If the amount of fuel that had been estimated was used, you would then return to base in equilibrium – that is, the lift of the helium would equal the weight of the airship less the fuel added before takeoff. Then it would be easy for the landing crew to hold the airship on the ground and attach the nose cone to the mobile station for mooring until the next flight. Of course, this rarely happened. Usually, you would either return from a patrol early, meaning that the weight was much greater than the lift, or you returned later than expected and the lift was greater than the weight. This meant that every landing was different. One time you would come in heavy and have to land on the runway with enough speed to give you aerodynamic lift, and yet be able to reach the ground handling crew at almost zero speed. The next time you would come in having used up much more fuel weight than anticipated and you

would have to fly the airship nose down with lots of power to bring it down. If there was no wind to help slow you down it was a real challenge. You could release helium to equalize the weight if light, or dump fuel to equalize if you were very heavy but it was considered bad piloting to resort to this. On the ground, the airship had two long lines hanging from the nose of the ship and the ground crew, made up of about a dozen men, would grab these ropes and move the airship to the mobile mast where it was anchored. If the airship was light (excess lift) then sandbags would be hooked to the side of the cabin to hold it on the ground.

### **Assignment to Squadron 11, Lakehurst, New Jersey**

Upon graduation and commission as a Naval Officer, students were assigned to different squadrons for anti-submarine patrol duty. My first choice was Squadron 11 (operating out of Lakehurst) and it was where I was assigned. At that time there were two such squadrons on the East Coast. Eventually, there were 4 bases on the East Coast, each with a squadron, 2 bases on the West Coast, and 3 on the East Coast of South America. After receiving my wings, I flew as a co-pilot for several months and then checked out as a Command Pilot on June 19, 1942. This was a 17-hour patrol flight. My check pilot was the commander of the Lakehurst base, a full 4 striper, Captain Tyler. He had been in charge of the landing crew at the time the Hindenburg blew up. My first flight as commander was on June 23, 1942 and was an 18-hour patrol and escort mission with a convoy out of New York harbor.

A crew on the airship consisted of the pilot, co-pilot, navigator, radioman, engineer<sup>6</sup>, radar/magnetic gear operator, forward gunner, aft gunner<sup>7</sup>, and a cook. There was an electric burner for the cook to prepare some food on board on long flights. There were 2 canvas bunks in the aft part of the cabin where

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6. The airship had 2 quite powerful engines and the crew on long flights (more than 8 hours) always carried 2 engineers.

7. The airship carried a 50-caliber machine gun forward above the cockpit and a 50-caliber machine gun in the rear of the cabin.



crewmembers could take turns resting during part of the patrol. Each airship carried four 250-pound depth charges, 2 hung on the outside of the cabin and 2 in a bomb bay underneath the cabin. The navigator also doubled as the bombardier. The radioman also was responsible for the signal lamp with which we communicated by Morse code with ships at sea.

Many of our patrols were escorting war cargo ships or troop convoys out of East Coast harbors but other patrols were just searching the sea lanes out of the East Coast to discourage submarines. The convoys always had destroyer escorts that accompanied the convoys all the way to Europe. The airships provided extra protection against submarines in the first few hundred miles off the coast where the danger was considered the greatest. We think we helped discourage submarine attacks since no cargo ship or troop carrier was ever lost during the years there was an airship escort. On one occasion while escorting a convoy out from New York harbor, our underwater magnetic gear indicated something metal below us. There were no sunken ships noted on our charts so we made 2 passes over it, dropping 2 depth charges on each pass. Immediately, a destroyer escort raced to the location and made several passes dropping depth charges. We communicated with the destroyer by signal lamp and received a commendation from its captain for our work and my Squadron Commander, Lt. Commander Doug Cordiner, gave me high marks. We never learned whether or not we had made a hit but it was an exciting moment.

### **Carmen Miranda and Abbot and Costello**

Throughout World War II, the United Service Organization (USO) arranged for professional entertainers to visit troops and bases to provide entertainment. Many different groups and individuals came to the Navy base at Lakehurst during my time there. On one occasion, Carmen Miranda, a Brazilian singer/actress visited, put on a show and then posed with some of us by the cabin of an airship. On another occasion the comedians, Abbot and

Costello, came to perform and they arrived ahead of the time for the show. My friend Mike and I were delegated to take them to the Officers Club for dinner before the show. In addition to dinner we all had several drinks together and had a very good time. During the show when they did their famous act of announcing a baseball game with "who's on first" and so on, instead of the names they usually used, they inserted the names Mike and Bill in all of the act. It brought down the house since we were well known on the base.

### **Navigation and Frank Sinatra**

On long flights over water with shifting wind directions, we were not able to measure our drift and had many navigation errors. On returning to base we would make landfall some miles from our desired place. We had good radar, for that time, but it was only good for about 50 miles and on patrol we would be much farther from land than that. When we were on patrol for 12 or more hours in cloudy weather with strong changing winds, and not with a convoy, we were never quite sure where we would make landfall on our return. I once had an admiral aboard (getting in his flight time) and returning to base after about 14 hours on patrol in a heavy rainstorm with lots of wind, I think we hit the coast about 50 miles off course. I was just glad to get back but the admiral was not impressed.

Some new compasses became available which were supposed to help measure wind drift. I was given permission to take a jeep and go to the Navy Yard in Philadelphia to pick up a number of these for our squadron. I obtained permission to stay overnight in Philadelphia and took advantage of that to visit my sister Dorothy and her husband Howard Burton. Howard was then working as a civilian employee at the Navy Yard. The evening I was there I went to see a performance of Tommy Dorsey and his band. Frank Sinatra, who was just getting started at that time, was the singer for the band and had an audience jammed with "bobby soxer girls" who were all screaming for Frankie.

## **Experience in a Submarine**

In early 1943, I was given the opportunity, along with several others on a rotation basis, to proceed to the submarine construction and launching base at New London, Connecticut. The idea behind these assignments was for us to understand more about submarines and their underwater operations so we could better search out their German counterparts. I boarded a new submarine that was going on its initial deep submergence tests. It was a real experience to go from a roomy airship to the close quarters of a submarine. We were out for 2 days testing all operation systems and leakage at various depths. One thing that really surprised me was that at maximum depth (and even at lesser depths) there were many leaks in the hull with water leaking in at a fairly rapid rate. The crew merely went around with chalk and circled the places. Several times at periscope depth we were able to observe how well the airship crew (from Lakehurst) was tracking us. The main thing I learned, or had confirmed, was how skillful the submarine commanders were at rapid changes of direction, depth and speed to avoid detection, but I also gained an appreciation of how vulnerable the submarines were in case of a direct or nearly direct depth charge hit.

## **Memorable Flight**

My most memorable flight in my years at Lakehurst occurred in the winter of 42-43 (I didn't indicate in my flight log that flight as a special event so can't find that date). The French battleship, Richeleau, was proceeding to New York harbor. The Richeleau had escaped the scuttling of the French Navy ships in Dakar at the time the French were defeated by the Germans, and was one of the largest battleships of that time. It was a terrible stormy day with freezing sleet and evidently there were no destroyers available to escort it into New York harbor and no planes were able to fly. I was the duty pilot on standby that day so I was ordered to fly and escort the Richeleau into harbor. We did this

and after entering New York harbor I decided to do a foolish thing, since there were no ships around and no planes in the air. I saw the New Jersey Bridge and thought that probably no one had ever flown an airship under it. So, I did and fortunately there was enough room for the airship to pass under. Also, fortunately, none of the crew ever told anyone that we had done it so I was not reprimanded.

On return to base we had about an inch of ice over the front of the cockpit and no way to remove it, so I had to lean my head out of the side window to see the ground. Because of heavy ice all over the airship, there was no way that I could lighten our weight, so I had to make a faster than normal approach to maintain airlift until the wheel touched on the runway and yet I had to have enough runway room to slow down before reaching the ground crew. This was complicated on my approach because the wind direction made it necessary to approach over the barracks at the edge of the runway. Fortunately, I was able to accomplish this and brought it in with almost full power, but still managed to land with enough runway to roll to an easy stop.

## **Courtship and Marriage**

Since Virginia and I had our 60<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary this year (2003), I should write something about our courtship and marriage.

I have previously mentioned that I met her in Dave Robert's car in Afton, Iowa, on the late afternoon of January 1, 1941. My sister Dorothy had driven my girlfriend, Lois Rooker, to Afton so we could ride back to Ames with Dave, a fraternity brother. Virginia's home in Mt. Ayr was near Diagonal where Dave lived, and she had had known Dave for some time. Virginia was not feeling well and I, not knowing her, assumed she was suffering from a New Year's Eve hangover. We stopped in Des Moines at a club for something to eat and by then I knew Virginia was actually ill, so I consoled her some.

I found Virginia very attractive. Since I didn't take my

relationship with Lois very seriously (and since she was going away) I phoned Virginia within a few days and asked her to meet me at the Student Union for a coke. She accepted, and very soon we were meeting there quite often for a coke or coffee, which Virginia bought since I had no money. Then, I asked her for a date to a dance, which was our first real date. The dance was downtown so we had to take a taxi and we had a very good time. On the way back to her sorority house in a taxi after the dance I tried to kiss her but she thought that was not a good idea since we really weren't on that kind of terms. She also thought that I was engaged to Lois so it was not proper for me to be kissing someone else. However, we kept on seeing each other.

From then on, until school was out in June and Virginia graduated, we were together often for dances at the Union and other social activities. We both loved to dance and danced very well together. To complete a requirement for her degree, she had to live in a house on campus with other Home Economics majors and a professor. They had to take care of everything about the house, including a baby. I often stopped by to see her and if she were in charge of the baby that day, I would help her. We did lots of things together and enjoyed each other's company.

One weekend, Virginia invited me to her home in Mt. Airy to meet her parents and her sister, Jean. Her mother, Fern, and a friend drove to Ames and picked us up. Fern asked me to drive part of the way, which she regretted because she thought I drove too fast. Towards the end of the school year, Virginia had to go to Livermore, Iowa, for an interview for a teaching position at the high school. Dave Roberts loaned her his car and I drove it to take her to this interview, which was successful, and she got the job.

Just a few days before Virginia was to graduate, we took a long walk one evening out on the college golf course. It was damp and somehow we walked through poison ivy and both had a very bad reaction. Virginia had to spend a day or two in the hospital and I spent a lot of time in the University Clinic being treated for serious reaction to poison ivy. She was still suffering on graduation

day and didn't want to get dressed in her black gown for graduation, but Fern and Harry convinced her that she was going to do it so they could see her walk across the stage.

We separated after graduation and I went home for a few weeks before going to Kansas City to be sworn in for the naval service. By this time, Lois had a new friend at Oklahoma State and we pleasantly agreed to go our separate ways. Before I left for Kansas City, a friend and his wife and I drove to Mt. Ayr, where we picked up Virginia and went to a dance in Creston and then took her home and drove back home to Shenandoah the same evening.

I entered flight training in early July and Virginia had a job for the summer working in a Settlement House in the Stockyards District of South Omaha so we wrote letters occasionally but I don't recall that we talked on the phone. After I had passed the solo test and was assured of going on for training, I invited Virginia to visit for a weekend. There was good train service between Omaha and Kansas City so she traveled by train. She stayed in a hotel in downtown Kansas City and it was fun being together again. She returned to Omaha, then to her teaching job in Livermore and I went to Corpus Christi.

From Corpus Christi I went to Lakehurst for flight training and Virginia continued her teaching. We wrote occasional letters and on rare occasions talked by phone. We thought well of each other but never talked of marriage and at that time I was not thinking of a long-term commitment. After I completed my training and received my commission as a Naval Officer, at the end of Virginia's 1941-42 school year of teaching, I invited her to visit me in Lakehurst. She took the train to New York where I met her. She still remembers that as we walked down the streets in New York I kept telling her not to keep looking up at the tall buildings like a country kid. After a day of sightseeing, we went to a nightclub at the Astor Hotel for the evening, where there was a big orchestra playing for dancing and the Andrews Sisters were performing. The next day we drove to Lakehurst to show her around the station and the Officers Club and then to her hotel in

Lakewood. On my days off we went sightseeing, to the beach, and to the home of my friend, Jeanne, who lived in a nice house on Barneget Bay and sailed. When I was on duty, Jeanne hosted Virginia, but we had a lot of time together and both enjoyed it very much. When it was time for her to leave, I drove her to New York where she caught the train to Wisconsin to join Jean who was visiting her aunts.

For the rest of 1942 and the first part of 1943, we still wrote occasionally and talked on the phone once in awhile. Then, in April, I had an appendectomy and had leave time for recuperation. Several of my friends at Lakehurst were getting married and I suddenly thought that would be a good idea for me. I made a terrible kind of proposal to Virginia. I knew that in Iowa one had to have a medical test to make sure you did not have syphilis before you could get a marriage license. So, since I just had a week's leave, I sent her a telegram to ask her how soon she could take this test in Iowa. Then, I think I did call her to discuss it and we agreed that marriage was a good idea. Thus, my proposal!

Virginia told her parents and everyone started making wedding preparations. Virginia was able to get some days off from teaching and went home to help with preparations. I took the train to Creston, where Virginia joined me and we traveled on to Red Oak where my parents met us –and met Virginia for the first time. I'm not sure I had ever talked to my parents about Virginia so they were in the dark about it all, but liked her very much when they met her. She stayed at my home for a day and then took the bus to Mt. Ayr. Paul and I went to Omaha so I could get my medical test and buy a wedding ring.

I took the bus to Mt. Ayr the next day (April 21<sup>st</sup>) and my family joined us in the United Presbyterian Church. We were married, with my brother Paul as best man



and Jean as Maid of Honor. One of Virginia and Jean's friends played the church's little pump organ. Virginia and Jean's friends, Bob Wilson and Jean Prentis were ushers.

Fern and Harry had a nice reception for us, with about 30 guests at their home. In the late afternoon my father loaned us his car, gave us gas coupons, and we drove to Kansas City for a few days. Although our relationship had lasted over a fairly long period, we had not been together very much. However, we both felt it was the right thing to do and it seems to have turned out OK. In these days of sexual freedom it may surprise some that the first night of our honeymoon in Kansas City was the first time we slept together.

From Kansas City, we drove to Shenandoah, dropped off Frank's car and took the bus to Mt. Ayr and then to Des Moines where I caught the train back to New Jersey and Virginia caught her train back to teaching in Northern Iowa. It was our first of many separations! She joined me in Lakehurst after school was out (2 months) and we were together in our lovely little house in Toms River until I was transferred out of the country in October.

### **Starting Married Life**

Marriage, followed by almost immediate separation while Virginia finished the school year, was not a good way to start married life. When I returned to Lakehurst, my single friends expected me to join them on their evenings out, and I generally did. When Virginia arrived, my friends wanted us to continue to join them. I was usually willing, but Virginia thought there were better things to do than drinking and carousing. She was right, of course, but my actions caused some strain in our marriage in those early days. Virginia was very popular with my friends and soon made friends with some of the wives of other officers. We had a lovely home, many social activities at the Officers Club, and I improved all too slowly. Fortunately, we got through those times. She has always been a wonderful influence in my life.

Virginia bought a bicycle and loved to wander through Toms River, which was a wonderfully quaint little town in the woods.



She would often take a picnic lunch and a book and cycle to the beach. When I had duty assignment or was flying the next day I had to remain on the base, so she had many days by herself. One weekend when I was on duty and had to remain on the base, she went into New York with the wife of another officer and had a great time seeing the sights and going to a musical.

Regular patrols and escort missions continued with both day and night flights. If we were escorting a convoy, we would always spend several hundred miles at sea before heading for our base. There was often bad weather and flying back to base at night, with rain and strong headwinds was always a great experience. When that occurred, I would drop down until I could almost reach out and touch the water, since the headwinds were less at that altitude. On patrol we usually flew at a speed of about 35 to 40 knots, but going back to base we always used full power and would average about 60 knots.

Often when I was returning in the early morning after an all night patrol, or in the evening after escorting a convoy all day, I would pass quite low over our house in Toms River and Virginia would know I was returning. If she had the car, she would drive to the base to pick me up. In the summer of 1943, my flight crew and I spent time on improving our skills in placing our depth charges on targets. For this, our squadron set up a temporary base in Cape May, New Jersey close to the beach so we could make our bomb runs and return quickly to base to reload. We would do about 6 runs per day. This improved our skill a great deal in judging the release point of the depth charges to get the right trajectory to target. Virginia joined me in Cape May for a week or so and it was a delightful time of flying and spending time on the beach with her.

### **Transfer to Squadron 42 – Ipatanga – Bahia, Brazil**

In late summer of 1943, the Germans were starting to move their submarines into the south Atlantic to disrupt shipping. Also, it was reported that they were sending a number of submarines south to go around South America to the Pacific. Therefore, the

navy decided to open LTA bases in Brazil to join forces with regular navy planes patrolling the area between Brazil and Ascension Island. Several of us who had been at Lakehurst since our first flight training days volunteered for duty for the new stations opening in Brazil, Maceio (near Recife) and at Ipatanga, near Bahia (now called Salvadore). I was among the senior pilots in experience at Lakehurst and had been promoted from Ensign to Lt. jg (Lieutenant Junior Grade) so my request for transfer was readily approved. I left Lakehurst on October 31, 1943. As was the case for many families in WWII, temporary separation was a way of life, and Virginia and I gave up our lovely little house. She took the train from New York to Creston, Iowa, where her parents met her and she went to Mount Ayr to stay with them and Jean.

Our new squadron was formed with 2 airships and 4 flight crews plus ground staff. The first leg of our journey was to a base at Brunswick, Georgia, and then on to Homestead, Florida, where we spent 2 weeks getting the squadron organized. We flew regular patrols out of Florida so our flight crews would learn to work together while the ground crews checked equipment and spare parts to be sure we could operate from a fairly isolated base.

On the flight from Florida to Brazil, the 2 airships left Florida on different days since ground crews had to be flown ahead of each and there was only a single ground mast at each stop along the way. With 2 flight crews for each airship, one flight crew would go ahead by navy transport plane to be ready to handle the airship on landing and get it ready for almost immediate take off for the next leg of the flight. I flew one airship on the first leg from Florida to Puerto Rico and then took the transport plane to Trinidad. I have never forgotten what a beautiful blue the Caribbean was as I flew over it for the first time. It was also a dangerous place. About that time, an airship out of the Florida base made a run on a German submarine and the sub blew the airship out of the sky killing all the crew, many of whom were friends of mine.

On landing in Puerto Rico, I immediately caught a navy air

transport to Trinidad where I had a free day. I joined some officers from the naval base there for time on a lovely beach. I found Trinidad to be a beautiful place. I then ferried our airships on the next leg to Georgetown, British Guiana. The crew in the second airship, a day behind mine, loaded so many cases of rum on their airship in Trinidad that they couldn't get enough lift to get off the runway and had to drop 2 of their depth charges to decrease weight so they could take off before crashing. Fortunately, the depth charges were not armed so they could not detonate.

I remember the trip along the coast of South America well, seeing all the different rural villages, great rivers, small agricultural plots and tropical plants I had never seen before. We flew at about 300 feet and so had a perfect view of the countryside as we passed over, cruising at about 45 knots (51 mph). We could see everything with binoculars. From Georgetown, I took the transport plane to the next stop of Belem, Brazil. We passed over the French Devils Island, which has had so much international recognition, and the pilot made several low passes to give us a good look. After being dropped at Belem we stayed overnight, and when our airship arrived we ferried it to Forteleza. We had crossed the equator at 11:43 a.m. on November 8, 1943, at 48 degrees 47 minutes longitude. In Forteleza, Roy Wicker and I had the evening free so decided to explore the city and some of its clubs. We got along fine but also found how difficult it is to get around when we didn't know the language. Few people in Brazil spoke English at that time. At Forteleza, we doubled up aircrews and flew to our permanent base at Ipatanga, arriving on November 12, 1943.

### **Our Base of Operations**

The recently constructed naval base was about an hour by road from Bahia near the coast and just out of heavy forest. There were mobile masts for the airships, runways for the airships and a squadron of twin engine Navy PV planes, as well as office buildings and workshops on the edge of the airfield. There were long, low barracks some distance from the airfield for enlisted men and, in a

separate area, the same type buildings but divided into double rooms for officers' quarters. There was a mess hall that was divided between officers and enlisted men, but we usually all ate together. By military regulation there was to be no fraternization between officers and enlisted men but we did not strictly maintain this. However, there was an enlisted men's recreation building and a separate building for the officers club. After we were there a couple of months, we decided to improve the officers club and pooled our money to have a beautiful mahogany bar built. We hired a bright young Brazilian boy from a nearby village as bartender.

Life went on week by week at our isolated base. We had a radio and could keep up with some news and gradually got a few books, but mostly we just entertained ourselves in off duty hours. We put up volleyball net and had games going most of the time. We also built a backboard for handball and I spent hours playing or practicing, and kept in excellent physical condition. Occasionally, on a day off, I caught a ride with one of the Navy PV patrol planes, covering the ocean space between Brazil and Ascension Island, just to have something to do.

### **A Quick Trip to Rio**

After we improved our officers club with the beautiful bar, it became very popular and we had a supply problem. We had rum that one crew had brought from Trinidad, but that didn't last long. Although we could get some beer and soft drinks from Bahia, it seemed we were always running out of something. The officers rotated responsibility for managing the club along with our regular duties, and on one of my first rotations, I caught a ride on a patrol plane going to Rio de Janeiro to pick up spare parts. I got directions from the liquor supplier in Bahia to where to go in Rio to buy supplies. He had written out directions so I could show them to a taxi driver. While the pilot was doing his business in Rio, I bought up huge wooden cases of quart bottles of Brazilian beer and cases of scotch, gin, mix and soft drinks and had a truck deliver everything to the airport. Some things were easier to arrange in those days and

we were able to get the delivery truck to back up to the plane to load the supplies. We took off from Rio with a heavy load and returned to our base to be met by a cheering crowd of officers.

### **Bahia the City**

Most weekends when we didn't have duty, we just stayed on the base and played volleyball or handball and enjoyed a few drinks at the club. Sometimes we would go into Bahia for dinner and to stay overnight. There was quite a good hotel, with excellent food, and Bahia was an interesting city with nice shops and a trolley system that made it easy to get about the city. It was divided into 2 parts – one part built on a high bluff overlooking the large and beautiful bay, which was crowded with ocean-going vessels, and the other part on the lower level beside the bay. There was a road from one level to the other but it was not convenient. For pedestrians, there was a large elevator from upper level of the city to the lower level and vice versa. We rarely went to the lower level except to ride the elevator for the wonderful view of the harbor.

We experienced Mardi Gras in Bahia and it was quite a scene. Fortunately, I was able to spend a day or two in the city with friends during this celebration. We rode the trolleys (free during the celebrations), enjoyed the music and parades, and sat in open cafes drinking beer and observing the festivities. The local residents all had pressure cans of ether, which they inhaled to get high, and also sprayed on anyone they could, including us. Now, when I see TV pictures of Mardi Gras in New Orleans or Brazil, I have a very good idea of all the excitement and merrymaking.

### **Christmas in Brazil**

On Christmas in 1943, some friends and I took a jeep and went exploring jungle roads that seemed to go nowhere but occasionally passed a mud or thatched hut and a family with a small plot of land. Eventually we found a nice inland lake where we had our picnic lunch and played catch with a baseball. It was an interesting day, and I think the sight of those desolate families in

their poor housing and unproductive agriculture started my thinking about one day working to improve such conditions. I thought people had a right to a better life than what these poor people had.

### **Night Patrols and Escort Missions**

Most of my patrols from Ipatanga were 12 to 16 hour night flights that were always exciting. Because submarines often ran on the surface at night to recharge their batteries, we flew most



of our patrols then. For us, it was easier to find them on the surface with our radar than it would be with underwater detection gear. What made it especially interesting was that we had no information on non-U.S.

shipping in the area or on fishing boats. There always seemed to be dozens of ships or fishing boats which our radar picked up in the sectors I was to patrol. When our radar picked up a “blip” we would radio our position back to base and then go down to less than 500 feet and make a run over the object, flying low enough to make visual identification. The fore and aft machine gunners were manned and the bombardier would be set to release the depth charges, if it turned out to be a submarine. Of course, we knew that if it really turned out to be a submarine the chances were good that it would shoot us down at the same time, or before, we dropped our depth charges. We usually made 4 or 5 such runs each night patrol, which kept us alert and gave us all the excitement we wanted.

While I never encountered a submarine on one of these night runs, the chance was always there. We also learned later that there were submarines in the area but they would usually dive when they heard our motors in order to avoid detection and a much more intensive search.

One of my memorable flights out of Brazil was escorting a convoy of U.S. Navy ships into Bahia harbor. Two airships from our squadron were assigned. I was in command of one and the Commander of all airship operations in Brazil commanded the other. He came to Ipatanga from Maceo, just for this mission, so we knew it was important. When the convoy was safely in harbor I flew over the deck of the lead battleship to take a look, since I had never been close to one of ours before. When I returned to base the Commander raked me over the coals for what I had done, but I still enjoyed the close up view of the battleship. I never learned for sure who was on the battleship but believe it was President Roosevelt and the Naval Chief of Staff returning from a meeting with Churchill and Stalin.

### **Rio de Janeiro Again**

Since we had no hanger at Ipatanga, we used the old German Zeppelin hanger at Santa Cruz, outside Rio de Janeiro, for our maintenance base. This was the base the Germans had established for their passenger flights from Germany to Rio and it had a huge permanent hanger. The first time I went there, another crew had taken the airship in and my crew chief and I flew in to Rio on a Navy transport to check on maintenance. I was to be in command for the flight back to our base. Neither of us spoke Portuguese, and when we got a taxi at the airport to take us to the train station we had a real communication problem. The cab driver could not understand where we wanted to go so I finally bent over in the back seat of the cab and made like a locomotive. We got to the station. With considerable difficulty we found what train to take to get to Santa Cruz and managed to get off at the right station. After that, I made certain that others going in to Rio had the information they needed written in Portuguese.

We found that we had several days before the airship would be ready to fly and some officers at the hanger base took us to a nice hotel on Copacabana Beach and introduced us to nightlife in Rio. It was interesting, and for a farm boy from Iowa, very exotic. To this

day, after traveling to major cities around the world, I have never seen nightlife as it was in Rio in 1943-44. The Copacabana Hotel had a beautiful casino where we played several of the tables and watched fabulous floorshows. The hotel also had a "Meio Noite" (midnight) room that only opened at midnight and stayed open until 8 a.m. It was a gorgeous room<sup>8</sup> with wonderful floorshows and I enjoyed it most evenings that I was in Rio.

The white sand beaches along beautiful walks were wonderful and we enjoyed swimming, sun bathing, volleyball and watching the lovely Brazilian women on both Copacabana and Ipanema beaches. I had an opportunity to return a few more times and in addition to the nightlife and beautiful beaches, I enjoyed the sights with a trip on the cable car to Sugar Loaf Mountain, and a visit to the statue of Christ at the top of a mountain overlooking the city. On one occasion, my friend Roy Wicker and I were there together and we went to the horse races and played golf on a nice 9-hole golf course overlooking the city. It was a great way to break the isolation of our base in Bahia.

For some reason we usually flew back to Bahia at night, arriving back at our base in the early morning. I can still visualize the sight of the city of Rio, Sugar Loaf Mountain, and the lights along Copacabana Beach as we flew over them.

## **Check Pilot**

In South America, I was the designated check pilot for our squadron. That is, I was the officer who flew with junior pilots who felt they were qualified to become command pilots and fly in command on patrols. We were not a large squadron so this was not a position that took a great number of flights, but it happened once or twice a month. Even if you were a qualified command pilot it didn't mean that you always flew in command. but it did mean that you could take command when needed.

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8. I returned to Rio in the 60s and Virginia and I were there together on another occasion in the 60s and the Copacanana Hotel and the beach were not nearly as nice as they had been in the 40s.



I had an experience that greatly affected my judgment in later years in evaluating persons in professional position.. In this case, one of the officers with whom I had become very friendly, requested a check flight. In a check flight, the officer being “checked” is observed on how well he carries out the pre-flight check of the airship, his instructions to crew, his skill in take-off, flight, and landing, his observance of flight rules, patrol requirements, on-board command, and post-flight check and reporting. In this case, I felt the officer was a borderline pilot for command but because we were good friends, I certified him. While he never damaged an airship or made a major mistake on a patrol, he turned out to be a poor command pilot in terms of in-flight discipline and in being a responsible officer. I was very unhappy with his actions and told him so very firmly, which ended our friendship. It was a good lesson for me and in later years, when I was in charge of projects or organizations, I did not hesitate to transfer or terminate individuals who did not perform to the level required.

### **Transfer to Heavier Than Air for Flight Training**

In the spring of 1944 (US spring as it was fall in Brazil), Roy Wicker<sup>9</sup> and I decided we would try to return to heavier than air flying and try to get fighter pilot duty in the Pacific. Although we had been flying for 3 years, we still felt we wanted more action. We put our requests in together through official channels and our requests were granted.

On May 11, 1944, I flew my longest patrol, actually a day and a night mission of 21 hours. On June 9, 1944, I flew my last patrol as an airship pilot, at which time I had accumulated 2003

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9. Roy Wicker was from Atlanta, Georgia, and we had arrived at Lakehurst at the same time and had been together ever since. We continued to be together for the rest of our military service and have kept in contact ever since. He became a dentist in Atlanta and after retirement moved to his wife Dolly’s former home in Quitman, Georgia. Virginia, Jean and I visited them on one of our trips to Florida in the 90’s.

airship flight hours with over 1500 of these hours as a command pilot.

Roy and I received orders to proceed to the U.S. Naval Air Station, Dallas, Texas, for heavier than air flight training and were given leave enroute. I had priority for a seat (a bucket seat facing inward on a DC3 cargo plane) by naval transport from Bahia to Miami, Florida. I left Bahia at noon on June 15 for Natal, Brazil, and we arrived there in the late afternoon and stayed overnight. On the 16<sup>th</sup>, I left Natal at 6 a.m. and flew to Belem, Brazil, arriving there at noon, but there was a problem with the plane so we had to overnight again. We left Belem at 6 a.m. on the 17<sup>th</sup>, made fuel stops in Zandarij (Surinam), Trinidad and San Juan before arriving in Miami at 11:45 p.m. That was a long day in a bucket seat. In Miami, I was able to get a seat (hardwood bench) the next morning on a train to Chicago, via Atlanta, and from Chicago to Creston, Iowa, where Virginia met me. We stayed a few days in Mt. Ayr with Virginia's parents and then took the bus to Shenandoah to visit my family before taking the bus to Kansas City and the train to Dallas.

## **Dallas**

In Dallas, Virginia and I stayed in a hotel a few days, bought a second-hand car and started looking for a place to rent. Roy arrived about the same time from his home in Atlanta, Georgia, but since he was single he was assigned a room in the Bachelor Officers Quarters. The previous occupant had been killed in a training accident and his effects were still there, which shocked Roy somewhat. Dallas was a booming city with lots of entertainment for service men and Roy enjoyed it all while we were waiting to start our training. One night, while we were still at the hotel, he knocked on our hotel door about 2 a.m., since he couldn't get back to the base, and spent the rest of the night on the floor in our room.

Apartments were scarce, especially for service people like us who were only certain of short-term assignments, but we found one in a barracks-like building with little insulation. That July, the

temperature was over 100 every day, and not much cooler at night. There was no air-conditioning, but we bought a fan to blow hot air over us and enjoyed life the best we could. Soon after arriving at Dallas, I received my promotion to Lt. Sr. Grade but with a rigorous training schedule starting there was little time to celebrate.

Most of the students at Dallas were new entrants into the service but there were a number of officers like myself. I became friends with a very nice Marine captain who had been in the Pacific theatre for a couple of years and had survived the battle of Guadalcanal. Unfortunately, early on in flight training he had engine trouble on a flight and bailed out but his parachute failed to open. I thought how sad it was that he had come through one of the worst battles in the war and then died this way. Roy and I also became good friends with Alex Hargrave. Virginia became friends with his wife, Betty, and they spent time together while we were away all day at the air base. Alex had been at sea for 2 years on a destroyer before coming to Dallas. He was from Rochester, New York, where his father was CEO of Eastman Kodak. We remained in close contact with the Hargraves until the late 60s when we lost touch.

I started flight training on July 6, 1944, flying planes exactly like I had flown 3 years before in Kansas City. Training was rigorous and there were lots of classes on navigation, meteorology, aerodynamics and flight rules. On July 17<sup>th</sup>, after 13 hours of instruction, I had my first solo flight at Dallas. From then on there were different stages of flying that we had to pass – emergency landings, recovery from stalls, navigation, night flying, cross country and aerobatics. In each stage I had check flights with an instructor who either gave an “up” or a “down”. Too many down checks and I would be out so the anticipation for these check flights was hard on the nerves. Many pilots were “washed out” and dropped from training. If I had been washed out, I would have been assigned a ground job for the rest of the war. Fortunately I had only 2 down checks throughout the training and had my final check flight on October 13, 1944. After that, I flew 3 cross-country

flights before receiving orders to proceed to Pensacola, Florida for advanced flight training. By the time I finished training at Dallas on October 16th, I had 60 hours of solo flight and 64 hours of dual flight instruction.

## **Pensacola**

Virginia and I drove from Dallas to Pensacola with a stopover in New Orleans where we had agreed to meet the Hargraves, Roy, and another family at the very nice Monteleone Hotel. It was the first time there for all of us and after our rigorous time in Dallas it was great to spend a few days wining, dining and enjoying the nightlife.

In Pensacola, we again had to search for housing in a very tight rental market, and so checked into the San Carlos Hotel. While I was getting checked in at the Naval Air Station, Virginia searched for a place for us to live. With great difficulty, she located a room in a private residence where we could have cooking privileges. This was fine for a short time, but was not good for either of us on a long-term basis. A new housing development, called Navy Point, was being completed near the Air Station and naval officers could buy a new 2-bedroom house with nothing down. We bought one, as did our friends, the Hargraves. We made a monthly mortgage payment so it was just like renting. We bought new furniture to go with it and it was a very nice arrangement with many friends nearby. When we left Pensacola we sold the furniture to another naval officer who bought the house from us (no money for the house – just the furniture).

We have some very good memories of Pensacola besides flying airplanes. Virginia and I enjoyed life there with many good friends. The Navy base had a very nice golf course and we joined Alex and Betty Hargrave there whenever we could. None of us was very good but we all enjoyed getting out, having a game together and stopping at the bar for a drink after the game. Virginia played as well as any of us.

The Officers Club had a nice dining room where we ate

some evenings when I didn't have to fly the next day. The food was always excellent and we almost always retired to the bar for an after dinner drink. It was the one place in our married life where Virginia found a drink that she really enjoyed, a Brandy Alexander. She never found them the same anyplace else.

Near Pensacola were miles of pure white sand beaches, often on a little island we could reach by just crossing a bridge. Very few people used them and they were free of any shops, litter or inhabitants. The Hargraves, one or 2 other couples, and Virginia and I went there as often as we could and spent time just lolling, playing volleyball, swimming and drinking beer. After the many hours of flying, classes and other duties, these times at Pensacola balanced things out nicely.

### **Advanced Flight Training – Pensacola**

I started advanced flight training on October 30 in the SNJ single wing trainer, which was a delight to fly after the bi-wing trainer at Dallas. I had 4 flights of 1½ hours with an instructor and then had my solo check. I continued training, which consisted of frequent flights with an instructor on navigation, emergency procedures, night take-offs and landings and added 28 hours solo flight to my record by the end of November. I also completed 12 hours of "link trainer" (a closed flight simulator) time. December was spent almost entirely on instrument flight training with 18½ hours solo and 3½ hours dual flight instruction. January 1945 was spent entirely on instrument flying and many check flights with an instructor. Most of the check flights were under a closed canopy so you had to fly entirely on instruments and verify location by identification of radio beams. Fortunately, I passed all my check flights without any problems. February was mostly devoted to night flying, all of it solo. In March, we concentrated on aerobatics, night flying and major check flights on navigation. I flew almost every day and sometimes 2 or 3 flights a day. I also had 5 hours of check flights and 34 hours of solo.

In April, we shifted to a different training base near

Pensacola for training on the Navy's ship-based dive-bomber, the SBD 5. After 1 check flight, the rest of the time was all solo flying with practice diving on targets and night flights with touch and go landings with dim flares for runway markers rather than runway lights. I had to touch the plane down at a specific spot just as would be necessary in a carrier landing. A flight instructor was always standing along the runway at the touchdown spot to evaluate each pilot's skill. The SBD flights continued into the first part of May and I completed my last training flight on May 2, 1945 with a total of 304 flight hours, mostly solo.

On May 8, 1945, I was awarded my second set of wings and appointed Naval Aviator for the second time, just over 3 years from the date I received my wings on completion of airship training. Roy Wicker and Alex Hargrave completed training at the same time and we all applied for advanced fighter pilot training. Many of our other friends applied for multi-engine bombers. In an unusual occurrence, we each got our first choice. This was rarely known in the service and many people put their real first choice down as last choice, since they expected that would be the choice made for them. However, all 3 of us were given orders to report to the U.S. Naval Air Station, Melbourne, Florida, for fighter training.

### **Fighter Pilot Flight Training - Melbourne**

We were granted leave before reporting to Melbourne and Virginia took a flight out of Pensacola for Des Moines. Due to bad weather her plane was diverted to Kansas City where she caught a train to Des Moines where Fern and Harry met her. I spent a few days getting our house transferred to a new owner and getting my official orders for transfer to Melbourne. Roy and I then drove our car to Atlanta to leave until we returned to drive on to Melbourne. I took a train to Iowa via Chicago to join in visits to Virginia's family and mine.

My leave passed all too rapidly. We took the train to Atlanta and then, with Roy, drove to Melbourne, Florida and checked in at the Naval Air Base. Roy was immediately able to move into the

Bachelor Officers Barracks but Virginia and I stayed in a hotel for a couple of weeks until we could move into an assigned trailer home on the base. The trailer homes were set up on base around a permanent structure for toilets, showers and laundry. It was quite a nice place, and all maintenance was provided by the Naval Base.

We started orientation classes in early June, learning air tactics and the flight characteristics of the F6F "Hellcat" plane. The Hellcat was designed to operate off carriers, and was the most powerful and best single seat fighter plane in the U.S. Navy at that time. It had a top speed of 375 mph, and was equipped with 6-50 caliber machine guns, 3 in each wing, fired by a button on the control stick. The plane's landing speed was about 90 mph. Since it was a single seat fighter, there was no opportunity for an instructor to check you out. Roy, Alex and I were assigned with Davis, Duffey, Hartman and Loughlin to a training pilot, Marine Captain Stewart, who had been flying in the Pacific and had five enemy planes to his credit. Before we could fly the F6F we had to be checked out in our knowledge of the plane and rules of flight. We sat in the cockpit of our planes for hours learning every instrument and its location. As a final check, before we could fly, we were blindfolded in the cockpit and the training pilot would call out an instrument or control and you had to touch it without hesitation. We went through this check several times. We also spent time in the parachute room folding and checking parachutes so we would appreciate the importance of proper care and maintenance. Of course we wore parachutes and life jackets on all flights and were trained in the bail out procedure for land and water. I had my first flight in an F6F on June 18, 1945, flying wing with the training pilot. For the rest of June we either flew alone or in pairs just getting the feel of the plane.

On the first of July, we started formation flying and soon started flying fighter combat against another pilot. A great many of our flights were in formation over a tow target over open water. We had to take turns towing the target – which was a long tube made of parachute silk and hooked to the plane by a long cable. If I

were towing the target, as soon as I was airborne I immediately leveled off. This popped the tow off the ground. Then I would



climb out to the designated target area. In the target area over water, the planes in formation above me would peel off one by one and dive on the tow firing their machine guns at the target. The bullets for each pilot had been painted a different color and that color was left on the tow target. When I was tow pilot, I came in and flew very

low parallel to the runway and released the tow before going around and landing. The target would be picked up, and when all planes were back, the training pilot would examine the target with the squadron and “you better have some of your bullet marks in it”. These flights went on for days and days as did individual combat flights.

For all formation flights, planes would take off in pairs. That is, one plane would be the lead and the second (wingman) would keep position alongside, taking off exactly with the lead plane. Each pair would then circle the field and gradually form up with the training pilot or designated lead plane, usually a seven-plane formation, before heading out over water for runs on the tow target. It was a great thrill on every flight to roll my plane over in a 90 plus angle and dive almost straight down, firing on the target. One-on-one combat flights also brought similar thrills.

Occasionally, we still flew individual flights with the training pilot who would observe our skills in aerobatics or other exercises. On formation flights, sometimes the training pilot would go back to base ahead of us and after landing would stand by the end of the runway to observe whether we were touching down at the exact spot we would have to on a carrier. Also, while we took



off in pairs we landed individually, but landings were supposed to be no more than 10 seconds apart with the planes alternating sides of the runway to avoid propeller blast. At a secondary airfield, an aircraft carrier deck was marked on the runway and some days we went there for touch-and-go landings.

## Crash

On Friday, July 13, Alex and I were on a practice combat mission having a great time trying to shoot each other down, which always involved lots of aerobatics and hide and seek in clouds. Suddenly, smoke started coming out of the engine of my plane and the oil pressure was zero. I headed back to base and was on path for landing with my wheels down when my engine froze. I saw I wasn't going to make it to the runway and flipped my wheels up, since I saw I was going to have to go through a small ditch and knew that with wheels down the plane would flip over and probably trap me in it. I bellied in and fortunately the plane did not catch fire. Since I was coming in for an emergency landing there were emergency crews ready to pull me out of the plane and take me to the emergency room at the hospital on base. I had a broken left hand, my head had smashed against the gunsight (which pierced through my cheek and laid one ear back), and was suffering shock. I was given excellent care at the hospital, and in a few days was released and moved back to the trailer and Virginia's care.

It was hot in the trailer in Florida in July and Virginia was in the early months of pregnancy, so we often would sit outside late at night to cool off. Fortunately, there was a couch in the living room of the trailer, so one of us could use it and the other the bed. After I felt like getting around, we drove to Miami for a few days and also took some other trips around Florida. We went to Orlando often since that was a larger city than Melbourne. Our Navy Post Exchange was at the Banana River Navy Base, now Cape Canaveral Space Station, where we regularly did our shopping.

As soon as the cast was removed from my left hand, I went daily to the hospital for physical therapy for it and was soon ready

to fly again. At the time of my crash we were practically finished with advanced fighter training and I only had to be checked out for carrier landings before being assigned to the Pacific. About 10 days after my crash, Wicker, Hargrave, and the rest of the squadron left for the Great Lakes Naval Air Station to board a carrier in Lake Michigan that was used exclusively to train carrier pilots. Just a month after my crash, I started flying again (on the 17<sup>th</sup> of August), and joined a new squadron. Japan's surrender on August 14, 1945, following the dropping of the Atomic Bomb on Hiroshima meant that we would soon be leaving the Navy. However, I guess to keep us occupied, we flew almost every day for the remainder of August and early September.

### **Roosevelt, the Bomb and the End of the War**

I remember very clearly the day we heard that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt died. Those of us in the military, and almost all the American people, had great trust and appreciation for him and his leadership. In my opinion, he was a great president during the Great Depression and the social and welfare programs that were introduced at that time were very successful. He proved to be an outstanding leader in wartime, except in his 4<sup>th</sup> term when his health was failing rapidly. Fortunately, after his death, President Harry Truman turned out to be another good leader for the closing days of World War II and the subsequent years of rebuilding Europe and Japan.

The issue of dropping of the atomic bomb has resurfaced in recent years with a great deal of public sentiment against it, mostly by individuals who were not alive at the time. I recall it very vividly and without regret. Yes, it was a terrible thing – but it must be viewed in context of the time. The Americans had been at war almost 4 years in the Pacific, with great loss of life in battles in the islands across the South Pacific. The Japanese had carried out terrible atrocities on American and Allied prisoners. The anticipated loss of life in taking the homeland islands of Japan was expected to be great on both sides. A quick and definitive end of

the war, without further loss of American and Allied lives was a very influential factor. There was no question at the time among us in the military that it was the right thing to do.

Patriotism of the American people never wavered from the time of Pearl Harbor until the end of World War II. Throughout the War men and women gave their full effort no matter how bloody the battle, and young men and women continued to volunteer for service to the country. We all wanted to get to the front lines of action or be as involved as possible. When the war was over, we all went home and tried as quickly as possible to pick up our lives and build a future for our families and ourselves.

I flew my last flight in an F6F Hellcat on an advanced combat exercise on September 6, 1945. I was sad that it was my last flight in this plane since it was such a beautiful plane to fly. At that time, I had accumulated 377 hours of flight time in heavier than aircraft.

Priority for separation from military service was determined on a point system for length of service. Since I had been in service over 4 years, I was immediately eligible for separation. I was given orders to report to the Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Florida, on September 28 for physical examination and processing. I completed these actions on 29 September and had 60 days accumulated leave so my actual date of separation from active service was 29 November 1945. I had spent almost 4½ years in the Navy. Virginia and I left Jacksonville on September 29 and took a leisurely drive through the Smoky Mountains of the Carolinas, Tennessee and Kentucky to Iowa to get ready for a new career.

## **CHAPTER 5**

### **RETURN TO CIVILIAN LIFE AND BACK TO SCHOOL**

#### **Helping on the Farm while Waiting For Return to Iowa State**

We arrived back in Iowa in early October 1945, and visited Virginia's parents for a few days before going to Shenandoah to stay on the farm with my parents. It took some weeks to unwind and put aside the highly regulated life of the Navy, but starting to work on a farm again was a good way to make this change. Since I expected to teach agriculture in high school to farm boys as soon as I graduated, it was essential for me to get back to the practical realities of farm life. Having been away from the farm for 3 years in college and an additional 4 years in the Navy, there was much that I had forgotten about the multifaceted aspects of modern agriculture.

I contacted my old Professor, John McClelland, about returning to Iowa State and got his suggestions for course work in the winter term. Then, I went to Council Bluffs and took the exam for a Commercial Pilot's License and received a license for single engine planes. I wanted to keep up my flying skills and planned to participate in the Naval Reserve Program so I could work toward retirement benefits. I was able to participate in the Reserve Program for a couple of years, including one trip to the Naval Air Station in Minneapolis. However, other activities and living abroad soon made me drop flying.

Fall on the farm is a busy time, so there was plenty of work for me to do. Dad always had livestock that had to be fed and watered and equipment had to be readied for harvesting corn. Dad did not have a combine so he hired a neighbor to combine the soybeans, but we had to haul the beans from the combine to the elevator in town with tractor-drawn wagons. He only kept one team of horses around for odd jobs.

Corn picking started in mid-October and went through November with a one-row picker that we mounted on the tractor.

It picked and removed the husks from the ears of corn and dumped the ears into a wagon pulled behind the picker. I ran the picker, starting at daylight each morning, and dad changed the wagons as soon as one got full and hauled it to the corncrib to unload it. Running the picker wasn't particularly hard work but required undivided attention because it frequently became jammed with stalks or other things it picked up. It took time, patience, and care to avoid injury and to get it operating again. We tried to finish picking by Thanksgiving because by then the mornings were very frosty and snow showers were frequent. However, I don't recall that we did finish by then that year, and it was just another workday.

Virginia helped Mary a great deal during this time, but she was about 5 months pregnant and was feeling the effects of a first pregnancy. Our social activities were mostly with my family and some evenings with my good friend, Bill Morgan. When one is spending 10-12 hours a day in the field 6 days a week there isn't a great deal of energy left for social activities, but it was a good life.

### **Back to the University**

It was difficult to find housing in Ames for our return to Iowa State in January. By this time, Congress had approved the GI Bill of Rights, which provided support for all veterans of World War II. Financially it was a big help and made it possible for a great many veterans to go to college who otherwise wouldn't have been able to afford it. The large numbers, however, put a huge strain on housing. In some ways it was like my first look for housing when I entered Iowa State, except then the main constraint was money. Now, the problem was lack of housing for married couples. After unsuccessfully looking for housing, we turned to my old fraternity. We had learned that a number of fraternity houses had opened their doors to some married couples. We found that my fraternity was also willing to do this.

In January, we returned to Ames to finish work for my degree and moved in to a room in my old fraternity. We ate in the

dining room with the students and 4 other couples. It took considerable tolerance on the part of the single members of the fraternity (and the couples) to adjust to the arrangements. There was only one bathroom on each floor and these had been constructed for use by multiple numbers of males.

Getting back into academic life was not difficult since I had regularly spent many hours in classes throughout my naval service. I found my academic studies interesting and I did very well, making the honor roll, which compensated for some of my less than full efforts in earlier years at Iowa State. Now, as a mature student with real purpose in my studies, I entered into lively class discussion and never hesitated to challenge my professors. Since I was receiving support under the GI Bill I did not have to work to earn our livelihood, which made everything much easier.

While I was getting back into academic life, Virginia was busy finding a new doctor and preparing for our child to be born in February. There were many excellent doctors available in Ames which was fortunate since this was the start of the “baby boom”. Virginia soon found that some of her sorority sister friends were living in Ames and they were very helpful to her, as well.

### **Our First Son, Timothy**

On February 20, 1945, Virginia went into the hospital for the birth of our first child. In those days there were no tests to determine whether the child would be a boy or a girl, but we knew we would be happy with either. Virginia walked the halls of the hospital for almost 2 days until Timothy William Gamble was born on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. She had lots of visitors during the next few days since all the fellows from the fraternity house went to visit her and see the new baby. Virginia and Tim stayed in the hospital for 12 days and then we drove to Mt. Ayr, where they were going to stay with Fern and Harry, since we could not live in the fraternity house with a new baby.

Parents are wonderful in their support in times of need and Fern and Harry were no exception. They welcomed Virginia and

Tim and made life as comfortable as they could. They seemed to truly enjoy having Virginia home again and were wonderful grandparents. They had never had a washing machine, since Fern had always sent their laundry out to a lady, but went out and bought one for Virginia. Harry seemed to enjoy helping Virginia with the wash.



We found an attic apartment – one large room plus bath – in downtown Ames that would be available starting Spring Quarter. At the end of Winter Quarter, I went to Mt. Ayr to pick up Virginia and Tim and we moved in to this attic apartment. It was up 2 flights of outside stairs which was not ideal for Virginia and a new baby, but it was all we could find. Since we had lots of laundry to do (it was before throwaway diapers), we bought a small washing machine with a hand-operated ringer to put in the bathroom and fixed a clothes line to hang things to dry. I became very skillful in operating the washing machine and ringer. Tim was a very good baby and he opened a whole new world in the joy of parenthood for Virginia and me.

In spite of having just a one room apartment, we seemed to have a number of overnight visitors. I can't imagine how we did it but we managed and didn't think much about it. Virginia was always able to come up with excellent meals and make people feel welcome.

During the winter quarter, I became acquainted with Chuck Donhowe. He had been a Marine Corps dive-bomber pilot during the war and had flown on many missions in the South Pacific. His wife, Kay, and Virginia became good friends and we all maintained a close relationship until Kay's death a few years ago.

## **Finishing the Academic Year**

I was able to sign up for an aviation course in the Spring Term that gave me a number of free flight hours. I used these to keep up my pilot skills and on one occasion took Virginia and Tim up with me. Virginia was not thrilled with it and Tim wanted to help pilot the plane himself so it was not a complete success. I did enjoy these hours in the air and the feeling that I was still a good pilot.

The mix of studies in the Spring Term and life with a new baby went more or less successfully. I did my studying at the library before returning home in the evening and stayed on the honor roll. I was looking forward to graduating, but needed a Summer Term to complete my course work and then still had to do practice teaching to be eligible for a license to teach in the public schools. The timing was not good since schools wanted teachers at the start of the school year. However, since there still was a shortage of teachers, I felt confident that I would find a position.

There was not much pressure on us in summer school so Chuck and I decided to take a long weekend and go to the Naval Reserve Air Station in Minneapolis to get in some flight hours. Fern and Harry agreed to take care of Tim and Chuck's parents took care of their son, so Virginia and Kay could go with us. Chuck and I had no trouble getting an airplane at the Navy base but flying it was a real experience. We were assigned a single engine 2-seater (pilot and co-pilot seats). The plane had a wheel in place of a stick and foot controlled rudder pedals, and Chuck and I had never flown one like that. However, no one seemed interested in checking us out so we took the plane and flew together just like we knew what we were doing. Fortunately in those days, there wasn't much air traffic at the Minneapolis airport and we put in our hours without trouble.

## **An Unexpected Offer**

About the time I was finishing the first summer term, the Shenandoah Superintendent of Schools, Mr. L. A. Logan, invited me to Shenandoah to interview for the position of Vocational



Agricultural teacher in the high school. I was offered the position even though I had not completed my practice teaching requirement nor obtained my teaching certificate. I consulted with my academic advisor and he suggested that I take the position and he would arrange for me to meet the practice teaching requirements while I was on the job. I wasn't sure it was a good idea to teach in my hometown, but since I had been away a number of years we decided it would be OK. I signed a one-year contract to start work on September 1, 1946, for \$2800 for the year. Vocational Agriculture teachers worked 12 months (rather than 9 months) and therefore my salary was well above other teachers in the school, even though many had a great deal of seniority

## **CHAPTER 6**

### **STARTING MY CAREER**

#### **Teaching Vocational Agriculture in High School**

We rented a nice house near the high school, bought a very good living room sofa, and filled in the rest with donated furniture from our family or from the second hand store. I taught students from all 4 years of high school in Vocational Agriculture classes, plus took my turn supervising study halls, monitoring hall traffic and other school activities. I took this job without knowing much about teaching. There were no specific guides for the various subjects that I taught – animal husbandry (swine, beef, dairy, poultry), farm crops, soil fertility and management, animal nutrition, grain storage, weed and insect control, soil conservation and farm shop (carpentry and welding). Written lesson plans had to be submitted to the school principal each week so at least I had to decide in advance what I was to cover. I spent a lot of time studying as we went along, since most of my course work on these subjects had been done before the War. With this gap and the changes in agriculture that had occurred in my time away, I knew that many of my students knew as much as I did and certainly their parents knew much more.

What I lacked in academics I made up in leadership and innovation, which I had gained during my years in the service. My military service gave me a great deal of self-confidence, as well as initial respect from the students. I was determined to demonstrate that this respect was warranted. I wanted to build a strong group feeling among my students that would set them apart from other students in school.

#### **Building a Spirit of Cooperation among Students**

In order to build a group spirit, I organized class projects to raise money for future activities. We rented land and grew crops

for demonstration and then sold the harvest. We also took on a project unrelated to agriculture. We developed multicolor football and basketball programs to be given out free at high school games. We made money by selling advertising space to the merchants in town. A publisher friend helped with layout and printed the programs in color at actual cost. It was an excellent experience for the students to contact merchants, many of whom were in Kiwanis Club with me. It turned out to be a wonderful moneymaker and a service that was appreciated by the school. In addition, I obtained the sole right from the school administration for our agriculture students to sell hot dogs at all home football games. A committee of the students decided how many hot dogs to buy and prepare for each game, and organized the schedule for all of our agricultural students to participate in buying, preparation or selling. They became very good at this. The activities were very popular with our Vocational Agriculture students and we built up a healthy financial account. From this money, in the first year, we bought a good radio for our classroom so we could listen to farm market reports and a stereo player for parties that our students organized. It was a very successful first year and our group became well known and somewhat envied in school.

### **Adult Farmer Classes**

During the winter months it was expected that the Vocational Agriculture teacher would hold adult farmer classes in evenings. I organized these but felt I was not adequately prepared to conduct classes for these very knowledgeable farmers. I arranged for an outstanding authority from the Iowa State Extension Service or from commercial seed, fertilizer and plant chemical companies to speak at each week's session. These winter classes were very popular and we often had 60-70 farmers at the sessions.

Shenandoah was the home of two radio stations, KMA and KFNF, which each had large listening audiences. KMA was the first to have a Farm Editor and hired the previous Vocational Agriculture teacher for this position. He had a very popular early

morning broadcast. I knew him well and often joined him on his radio program, so he was a big help in making our adult class schedule well known. Also, Mr. May, who owned KMA, was good friend of the President of Iowa State College, President Hilton, and he helped me invite President Hilton as the speaker for one of the evening programs. Eddie May, son of the owner, had been in the same class with me in high school and we were good friends.

In addition to these activities, the GI Bill provided support for young farmers who had been in military service to attend classes and receive some monthly financial support while they were getting established in farming. It was my responsibility to organize this program and recruit the teaching staff. The program soon grew to about 60 young farmers in night classes, so we divided it into 3 class sections and hired 3 instructors. I taught some classes but mainly was involved in supervision.

### **Other Things Were Happening**

During the summer I rented an airplane from time to time for some short flights to keep up my skill as a pilot. One nice day, I took Frank, Mary, and Paul for a ride to see their farms from the air. I don't think they were thrilled with the event. Also, that first summer in Shenandoah, I organized a softball team with players made up of young farmers from the area. I got the John Deere implement dealer, Mr. Sondag, to sponsor the team and to provide team jerseys, bats and balls. We played a regular schedule of night games that summer against teams from Essex, Clarinda, Farragut, and Sidney. I acted as manager of the team but would occasionally play. It was not great softball but we did have a very good fastball pitcher, Howard Young. It was a nice summer experience but I did not repeat it a second summer.

### **Our Second Son, Thomas**

When Virginia became pregnant again, our regular doctor and friend in Shenandoah, Harold Henstorf, suggested a doctor in Omaha for her to see. It was a very cold winter, so Virginia went to

Omaha when the baby was due but before labor had started. She was there a day or so before Thomas Frank Gamble was born. I had an adult farmer night class on the 20<sup>th</sup> of January and was at the school in Shenandoah when Tom was born. I went to Omaha the next morning and then went back and forth for the week Virginia and Tom stayed in the hospital. In those days, children were not allowed to visit hospital nurseries so Tim did not get to see Tom until Virginia returned from the hospital. Tim was very interested in peering at Tom at close range but was also a bit jealous of the attention he was receiving.



### **Practice Teaching Requirement and Summer Work with Students**

My academic advisor from Iowa State, Dr. McClelland, visited my classes several times to observe my teaching and to discuss my work with the school superintendent. We also worked out a number of days for me to spend at Coin High School to observe an experienced Vocational Agriculture Teacher. Through these means, I satisfied the “practice teaching” requirement. On these visits, John McClelland would come to our house for dinner and we would share a beer and talk. We became lifelong friends and later when he was working in the Philippines and I in Burma, I visited him on a couple of occasions. I always visited him when I was in Ames.

Each Vocational Agriculture student had to have a special project – livestock, crop, or farm shop – and it was part of my job to visit every student, usually more than once each summer, to observe the projects and to become acquainted with their parents. During these visits we would discuss the projects and any needed action or improvements. These visits were always very enlightening and I soon came to understand the behavior of my

students as reflections of their home environment. It would be a great boon to education if all teachers could get this insight into their students.

## **Second Year of Teaching**

My contract was renewed in the summer of 1947 for the 47-48 school year, with an increase in annual salary to \$4,800. We had enjoyed our first year in Shenandoah and became good friends with a number of young couples on the faculty. Bill Morgan was farming with his father south of Farragut and also was serving as one of the instructors for the young farmer classes. He was very helpful to us in many ways. First, he was a good friend and we enjoyed being with him. Second, as a teacher, I was not supposed to drink in public or be seen buying liquor. Bill took on the task of buying beer for me and when I need a re-supply he would drop by with a case. He and I built the concrete platform base that was required for a new rotary washing machine we were installing in our basement. We spent many an hour in our basement fixing that and a number of evenings doing the laundry while enjoying a beer or two.

## **Social Life and a New Home**

My Aunt Edna, a retired teacher in the high school who lived just a block from our home, would baby sit for Tim and Tom when Virginia and I wanted to go out in evenings. She and I had not gotten along very well when I was one of her students in Latin, but when I returned to Shenandoah we got along very well, and she liked Virginia very much. She and Virginia both belonged to the PEO organization and that helped their relationship. Virginia's participation in PEO soon enabled her to meet and make friends with many women in Shenandoah. She was very popular.

We attended the Shenandoah Methodist Church, which had always been my family's church. We both participated in school events, and I was active in the Kiwanis Club. The Superintendent of Schools, Larry Logan, and I had great rapport and I also became good friends with the editor of the local newspaper. We became

good friends with some of the other teachers and their spouses and had a very nice social life.

After a year in Shenandoah, a new housing development was being completed. We decided we should buy a house, since we thought we would be in Shenandoah for a number of years. It was a nice 2-bedroom house and the 1947 price was \$10,500. I paid \$250 down on the house and the rest of the money was borrowed under a Veterans Administration loan guarantee program. This was our second house purchase in a short number of years with hardly any money changing hands. The street for our house was not finished, so we had a muddy street for sometime. It was a dead end street so we didn't have to worry about traffic. It took time to get the yard in good condition but we eventually did, and Tim enjoyed playing outdoors.

### **A New Initiative — a Travel Program for My Senior Class**

Our student projects continued to make money and I began to look for new ways to give my students a broader vision of agriculture. On one occasion I was discussing some ideas with one of my Kiwanis friends, Ron Hovenden. He was a livestock dealer who often traveled to Colorado, Oklahoma, and other states to buy cattle and truck them to Shenandoah, where he had a livestock sale barn. He said he was friends with some ranchers and might be able to help. I began to plan a trip that would take my senior graduating class to see different agricultural regions. Everyone was keen on the idea and we obtained the school's approval.

Planning for our seniors' travel program proceeded with help of Ron, the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, a fraternity brother who lived in Oklahoma, and the Superintendent and Principal of the high school. We identified different crop and livestock areas that we wanted to visit and started making contacts to schedule visits to farms, scenic attractions, ranches, etc., and determined places to stay. We did not have money to stay in motels or hotels nor could we take a lot of luggage since there would be 12 people and only 3 cars. We decided we would try to stay in school

gyms or other public buildings along the way, and the Secretary of the Shenandoah Chamber of Commerce wrote to his counterpart in some of the places we wanted to stay to see if this could be arranged. One of the Kiwanis members, a lawyer, advised me to obtain a signed agreement from each parent to release me, or anyone else on the trip, from legal responsibility should any student suffer from sickness or accident. The lawyer, for no charge, drew up the releases and obtained the signatures for me. I was to drive our car and one of the students agreed to drive another. I asked Virginia's father, Harry, if he would like to provide the 3<sup>rd</sup> car and he readily agreed.

### **The Diverse Agriculture of America**

At the time we were to leave on the trip, one of the students, "Pinky" Brink, was on National Guard duty at the Rath Packing Plant in Waterloo, Iowa. He had joined the National Guard in his senior year and because of disturbances at the packing plant during a strike, the Guard had been activated. I was able to get him on the phone and told him get a release from his commander and I would fly to Waterloo and bring him back in time for the trip. I rented a plane and flew to Waterloo. "Pinky" had not yet been able to get permission to leave, but I talked to the commander, whom I knew, and obtained permission. We flew back to Shenandoah that afternoon, ready to leave on the trip the next day<sup>10</sup>.

We traveled south through the wheat country of Kansas and northern Oklahoma, where we visited large wheat farms and learned a great deal about their farm operations. We then went across Oklahoma and a bit of Texas observing cattle and cotton operations. At Lubbock, Texas, we visited a large soil conservation

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10. Recently, I saw "Pinky" (he now lives in California) at my brother Paul's funeral in Shenandoah. It had been over 50 years since I had seen him but the first thing he said to me was that he had never forgotten the kindness I had shown him by flying up to Waterloo to make it possible for him to go on the trip. He wanted to know if he had ever paid me back for the cost of the trip and I told him he had worked it out helping me make a concrete driveway at our home.



project and then on to Raton, New Mexico, and cattle ranches. We had a fixed budget and each person was given an allowance for meals, which they could spend as they wished, although we usually ate together. Some days we would buy bread, fruit, and cheese or cold meat for sandwiches and have picnics along the way. We drove through the Raton Pass into Colorado and then headed west to get to the Rocky Mountain National Park. When we got to the Berthoud Pass the gate was closed because the Pass had not yet been cleared of snow. To go back meant a long drive so we just waited, had snowball fights, and made snowmen while waiting for the snowplow. Fortunately, the road was opened within a few hours and we were on our way again.

We visited the wonderful Natural History Museum in Denver and then went south to Castle Rock for a couple days on a ranch visit arranged by Ron. We had sleeping accommodations and meals in the bunkhouse, courtesy of the ranch owners. Our students even got to participate in a cattle roundup, where spring calves were roped and branded. From Castle Rock, we drove north to Greeley, Colorado, to visit a very large feeder cattle operation and then headed home across Nebraska.

In Nebraska we visited some large irrigation projects along the Platte River and a large alfalfa drying plant near Grand Island. The alfalfa was dried in large rotary vats, ground, then bagged and sold to dairy farms for feed. We stayed one more night along the way before arriving home. It was a wonderful trip. The students were truly a great group who recognized the opportunity they had. They respected me and I respected them. We had no discipline or other problems even though there was much free time each evening, which, as I think back on it, was pretty amazing. It was not customary to make long distance phone calls at that time and I do not remember any of us contacting our families during the 2 weeks. Harry enjoyed the experience tremendously. He loved interacting with the students and doing something completely new and different. While Harry and I were away, Virginia's mother, Fern, stayed with her and Tim.

## **Graduate School and Planning for a New Career**

During the 1947-48 school year, although we had purchased a home, I was thinking about starting a career in agriculture in less developed countries. I knew that this would require me to have an advanced degree so I began thinking about going back to Iowa State. I discussed it with John McClelland and he encouraged me to undertake graduate study. Virginia was also very supportive. I still had available support under the GI Bill that would cover basic living and academic expenses. My parents neither encouraged nor discouraged me but said it was our lives and we should do what we felt best. It would have been easy to stay on in Shenandoah. I was successful as a teacher and was assured of a job for as long as I wanted it. We had a young family, a new house, good friends, and we were active in the community. Dr. Henstorf, our medical doctor and a friend, thought we were crazy to give up a good job with security and our new house to leave for graduate school.

While Virginia and I were mulling this over in our minds, I was working very hard with my classes and especially with some of the seniors who had outstanding projects, good academic records and had participated extensively in school and community activities. The National and State Future Farmers of America organizations annually recognized outstanding students based on their projects, scholarship and activities, all of which had to be extensively documented and reviewed. I felt that one of my students, Corby Fichter, had the qualities to be recognized as an outstanding leader at the State level. We worked closely to document everything and he was selected as one of the very few for State recognition – the first such award to any Vo.Ag. student in Shenandoah.

We had completed 2 very rewarding years but decided it was time to move on. After returning from the travel program, I submitted my resignation and made arrangements to return to Ames.

## CHAPTER 7

### MORE EDUCATION AND A SHIFT IN CAREER

#### Starting Graduate School and Student Housing at Iowa State

I received my Bachelor of Science degree on June 11, 1948, the first in our family to obtain a degree. Summer school was starting almost immediately after graduation, and I started on a Master of Science degree program in agricultural education with a minor in soils. Virginia and the boys remained in Shenandoah while I stayed in my fraternity house for a couple of weeks, until we got our married student housing assignment. The University had purchased surplus Quonset huts and barracks from the military and erected them near the campus. The Quonset huts were near the golf course on the University side of the railroad tracks and the barracks were across the tracks. We rented one-half of a Quonset very close to the university golf course.



As soon as our housing was arranged, I returned to Shenandoah to pack up things but had to return to classes, leaving the actual move to Virginia. I left the car with her and took the bus back to Ames. Her sister, Jean, came to help and on one of the hottest days in July they drove from Shenandoah to Ames with a full carload, including 2-year old Tim and a 5-month old Tom. Of course, they had no air conditioning so it was a very difficult trip. The truck with our household goods arrived in the afternoon and we set up the beds and furniture so we could all sleep in our new place that night. It was a drastic change from our nice home in Shenandoah. I had a heavy academic schedule so Virginia bore the brunt of this move, as she was to do on many subsequent moves.

Our next-door neighbors were Jane and Pit Pitkin, with whom we maintained a life long friendship.

The Quonset huts had a kitchen, living room, 2 small bedrooms and a bathroom. A potbelly wood-burning stove between the kitchen and living room provided heat but we soon converted it to oil heat. You could hear your neighbors very well since the walls were paper-thin, as was the floor, which was always cold. My sister, Frances, gave us an old carpet which we put on the living room floor for some insulation. Virginia decided to make the apartment unique and painted one wall dark blue. It was unique. Family and friends from Shenandoah who came to visit us could not understand why we gave up a good life and home to take on these “very different” living accommodations.

Family members who visited us always brought food to leave with us to help out our expenses. Soon after the move, Bill Morgan and his wife Millie visited. She has often commented on our living conditions there and the “unique” wall. We found that even with the GI Bill support, we were hard put each month to meet expenses from 2 children, medical bills, and other living costs. We had no money for luxuries but Virginia was an excellent manager of our budget. Tim started in nursery school, which he enjoyed, and that gave Virginia time she needed for Tom. Tom was a very cute and happy baby, except when Tim would give him a whack, but he required a lot of attention. We spent many an evening standing by his crib rubbing his back until he went to sleep.

## **Academic Studies**

Soon after I started in graduate school I made an appointment to meet with the Assistant Dean of Agriculture for Academic Affairs, Dr. Holcomb, to get his views on the best course work to prepare for work in international agriculture. He was not helpful and strongly recommended that I forget about this because he believed there was no future for work in that area. Fortunately, I didn't follow his advice – even though I never found anyone else at Iowa State who thought there was a future in such work.

Graduate studies, at first, were more difficult than I had anticipated. I found I was not good at writing and really had to work on that. Also, every graduate student in agriculture had to take courses in statistics. Iowa State was famous for its leadership in that field, so those courses were very difficult. And, there was a foreign language requirement. In spite of these difficulties, since I was highly motivated, I made excellent grades, passed the language requirement (in French) and was soon invited to join the agricultural honor society.

### **A Part Time Position**

At the end of the Fall Term, I was offered a part time position in the Farm Crops Department, teaching the plant and seed identification labs for first year university students in agriculture. I knew 2 of the professors in Farm Crops, Dorchester and Eldridge, from when I was first at Ames. They remembered me and were very helpful to me in my job in the department. A benefit, in addition to the money, was that I was given an office with a PhD student, Darrell Metcalf. My part-time teaching cut into my study time, but having some additional income and an office where I could study more than made up for it.

### **My Thesis Project**

For my thesis requirement, I chose to measure student academic achievement in selected undergraduate agricultural courses in relation to achievement and course emphasis in high school. This involved a statistical model and the data that I obtained from student records had to be entered on IBM punch cards and processed for analysis. These punch cards were the most advanced tool in data processing at the time. I was fortunate to have a fraternity brother, John Monroe, working in the statistics lab, who agreed to help run the cards at the computer lab (the only place on campus where they could be processed).

## **Another Travel Course – America’s Agricultural Regions**

Iowa State University had a tradition of a 6-week, 6-credit, summer travel course for selected students in farm crops and animal husbandry. This course took students to the major agricultural regions of the United States. A professor (or instructor) from both farm crops and animal husbandry organized the travel program and accompanied the students on a chartered bus. The students slept in tents and a cook, with a portable stove and cooking utensils on a truck, also accompanied the party. Either Professor Eldridge or Professor Dorchester had accompanied the students in previous years, representing the Farm Crops Department, but in the spring of 1949 they suggested to the Head of the Department that I be given this assignment. He agreed and I set to work with the Instructor from Animal Husbandry to plan the program. Here, there was a history and a tradition to follow, which was quite different from my trip in Shenandoah. A number of the areas to be visited would be the same as my high school group had taken, but many would be new. We had to have every visit and every night stop planned. Also, it was essential that there be a balance between stops with livestock emphasis and those with a crops or soils emphasis. For night stops, the cook’s truck would go ahead and stop at the park or campsite we selected and have dinner ready when we arrived. The students would set up their tents before we all ate dinner together. The animal husbandry instructor and I stayed in a motel and wrote up our notes from the day’s activities while the students were doing the same. We all ate breakfast together at the camp and then moved on. As I recall, we sometimes packed sandwiches and fruit for lunch and sometimes stopped at pre-determined restaurants. Logistically, it had to be a very well planned trip involving about 20 students equally divided between crops and animal husbandry.

Our first stop was the alfalfa drying plant in Nebraska that I had visited the previous summer with my high school students. We went on across Nebraska observing the large overhead irrigation projects and on into Wyoming to visit a sheep ranch. On the sheep ranch, we spent time with the ranchers and they demonstrated

sheep shearing and talked about management, pastures, and feed. From Wyoming we drove through Colorado, first visiting the feedlots of the Montfort Cattle Company at Greeley, Colorado, where they kept 5,000 feeder cattle. We visited a cattle ranch at Parker, Colorado, where they were experimenting with different grasses and pasture management, and then went through the Raton Pass into New Mexico and visited a purebred Angus cattle ranch near Raton before heading on to Clovis and another ranch. From Clovis, we traveled to Lubbock, Texas, to the Texas Technological College (now Texas Technological University) to observe long-term soil and water conservation experiments and also visited cotton farms in the Lubbock area.

From Lubbock, we went to San Angelo to visit a ranch that had developed a new breed of cattle from a cross between Angus and Brahma cattle, called Brangus. The Brahma part of the cross gave the animal resistance to the ticks which were so devastating to cattle in the southwest. In New Mexico and Texas, we saw very different soils than those of Iowa and Nebraska. We went on south to Kingsville, Texas, to the 1 million-acre King Ranch and its famous Santa Gertrudis cattle, which it had developed through a cross between Brahma and Hereford breeds. We stayed on the ranch for a few days and observed soil and pasture management, as well as beef cattle management.

From Kingsville we traveled to the rice production area around Beaumont, Texas, and then on through rice and sugarcane country in Louisiana around Lake Charles. We then turned north for our journey back to Ames. We visited a large cotton plantation as we traveled across Mississippi, also stopping in Oxford to visit some of the agricultural experiments of the University of Mississippi. In Tennessee we visited Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) sites to observe soil and water management, fertilizer production and hydroelectric plants. Next was horse country and we visited horse farms around Louisville, Kentucky, before going on to travel through soybean and corn country in Indiana and Illinois.

Our last stop was in St. Louis to tour the Budweiser Brewery

and partake of their beer, and then straight back to Ames. It was a great trip for all of us. We saw practically every major agricultural region of the United States and got first-hand observations and explanations at every stop. The arrangements for food and shelter all worked out OK. The cook, with his truck, had made this trip each of the 2 previous summers, which helped a great deal. The students were all very interested in everything and I enjoyed getting well acquainted with them.

Jean, who always helped out when we needed her, came to Ames and stayed with Virginia and the boys. She got a summer job in the Statistics Laboratory. On my return, I found they had gotten along well, although Tim had fallen on a stick with which he was playing and rammed it into his mouth – but he recovered. I had only been able to phone them once or twice during the 6 weeks.

### **Graduation, a Master of Science Degree**

By the end of the academic year 1948-49, I had completed my required course work and had all my data compiled to complete my thesis. I still had to finalize my thesis and defend it to be eligible for graduation. I did this during the second Summer Term and received my M.Sc. on the 27<sup>th</sup> of August 1949. Frank and Mary saw me receive my degree at graduation and that pleased them a great deal. Virginia and Timothy also attended but Tom was too young to sit through it, so he stayed with our neighbors during the graduation ceremonies.

Following graduation, I still had the option for continued support under the GI Bill so we decided to stay on and start working toward a doctorate. Although we had very little money, I still had my part time appointment as an instructor in farm crops, and was not interested in returning to teaching high school.

### **A Move to North Dakota and Again Life in a Barracks Apartment**

About the middle of the Fall Term, Ernie DeAlton, Head of the Department of Vocational Agriculture, North Dakota State



University, and State Supervisor of Agricultural Education, was in Ames to interview candidates for the position of Assistant State Supervisor of Agricultural Education. I had not applied for the position but Dr. McClelland suggested to Mr. DeAlton that he interview me, which he did. I was offered and accepted the position, because it appeared to be a good career move, it solved our immediate financial problems, and put me on the road for the experience I needed for employment in international agriculture. The basic requirement for entrance into the international field was a master's degree and 5 years of experience. When the Head of the Farm Crops Department, Dr. Johnson, learned that I planned to leave, he encouraged me to stay on in the Department and offered me fellowship support for my doctorate studies, but I declined. I was committed to the North Dakota position and thought it the right career step.

We moved to Fargo, North Dakota, on January 1, 1950, one of the coldest days of winter. We had rented an apartment in a barracks "apartment building" just off the campus. I think I froze my cheeks as we were moving things in. The apartments were owned by the College and were the only apartments available in Fargo that were within our price range, at that time. We had much the same space as we had at Ames – kitchen, living room, bathroom and 2 bedrooms. A large oil tank outside the kitchen supplied fuel for the heating stove between the kitchen and living room. Fortunately, these barrack apartments had fairly good insulation in the walls, contrasted to those at Iowa State, so heating was not such a problem.

### **Winter on Ice and New Friends**

North Dakota winters were very cold, with lots of snow and occasional blizzards. The good thing was that there was no thawing and freezing as in Iowa. It got cold and stayed that way. Tim and Tom quickly learned to ice skate, so we had nice times on the many available ice rinks in Fargo. In the winter, we used the trunk of our car as a food freezer. Getting a car started in 20 degree below zero



temperature is not easy, but we learned to use an electric oil stick heater with the electric cable running out from our apartment. It worked perfectly.

### **My New Responsibilities and Travel in North Dakota in the 50s**

My responsibility as Assistant State Supervisor was for the southern half of North Dakota. I had to visit and observe all the Vocational Agriculture programs in the high schools in the southern half of the state, including all the young farmer and adult classes. I also worked with the teachers on improving their skills. I was the link between the College, the teachers, and the Vocational Agricultural programs. Professionally, the work was interesting and I enjoyed the contacts with the teachers and administrators in the schools. The negative element was that Ernie DeAlton, my boss, was a micro-manager. If I turned in a proposed schedule for the following week to visit school A, near Fargo, on Monday morning and then work out from there as the week went on, Ernie would re-schedule me to visit the farthest school on Monday morning so I had to leave on Sunday afternoon. However, my colleagues in the Department – Winston Dolve, Shubel Owen and Everett Tool were excellent and we had very good rapport.

Traveling in North Dakota in those days was a real experience. In the winter, many of the roads to small towns off the main highway were not well plowed and with frequent blizzards and blowing snow I had to be very cautious. I always carried a complete emergency kit in the car in case I got caught in a bad storm. The hotels in most of the small towns were quite primitive, usually with a single drop light in the middle of room, so it was almost impossible to read or work at night. Some did not have private bathrooms, but they had a ceramic bowl and pitcher of cold water for your morning shave. In several parts of the state the

water was so alkaline it was almost undrinkable, so it was a good thing that I liked beer.

### **Joys of Summer and Visitors**

Summers in North Dakota were pleasant. I enjoyed many afternoons fishing on some of the Minnesota lakes with Shubel Owen. Our family often would go to one of the parks in Fargo for a Sunday morning breakfast cookout and we also soon found the joys of camping at Itasca State Park, Minnesota.



In spite of our limited housing accommodations, many family members and friends visited us and we almost always took them to Itasca and the headwaters of the Mississippi River. In the summer of 1952, Frank and Mary visited us in Fargo and we rented a cabin for them in Itasca State Park. At the end of the week, we picked them up and drove together across Minnesota to the North Shore and down to Duluth. It was a lovely trip and was good for all of us to be together.

### **Again Planning a Move**

At the end of 2 years in North Dakota, I needed just one more year to complete the basic qualifications for international employment, and so began exploring opportunities. At this time the US Point Four program was just getting started in the developing countries. About mid-year I contacted the U.S. Department of Agriculture to inquire about possible employment. The wheels of bureaucracy turned very slowly and it seemed I would never hear from them. As we were active in the Methodist church, I inquired about the possibility of work as an agricultural missionary. I was not interested in converting people but only in helping them. I did receive a reply to that inquiry and several questionnaires to complete. One of the key questions was about

alcohol and I truthfully stated that I drank some and that particularly I liked beer. This closed the possibility of becoming an agricultural missionary for the Methodist church. They said I was too old (I was 30) but I don't think that was the real reason.

As the year progressed, I continued to be in contact with the U. S. Department of Agriculture about possible employment but rarely received answers to my questions. One U. S. Senator from North Dakota, Bill Langer, was famous for his personal concern for his constituents. I contacted him and asked him to look into my application, and I soon received a response. I was given formal application papers and asked to take a physical exam. They said I was overweight so I lost 10 pounds, retook the exam and passed. From then on, things moved smoothly and I was offered a position in the U.S. Department of Agriculture for work in India.

It was with some regret that we decided to leave North Dakota. In our nearly 3 years there we had made good friends, were active in the community and enjoyed the summer camping and the winter sports. We could have stayed and had tenure in the College with a secure future, but spending years working for Ernie DeAlton was not appealing. Anyway, I had set my goal for international work and now had the opportunity.

## CHAPTER 8

### START ON AN INTERNATIONAL CAREER

#### Final Preparation for International Work

I resigned my position in August 1952, and we prepared to take on a new life in the international arena. When I received my appointment and date to report to Washington, DC, we did not have orders to ship our things, or know where to ship them, so Virginia had to bear the brunt of moving again. She again called on her sister, Jean, to help. Fortunately it was in the summer so Jean was not teaching. We packed up as many things as we could so they would be ready when we did get orders. Leaving them all behind, I proceeded to Washington by car. I arrived in Washington on the 25<sup>th</sup> and checked in with the Foreign Agricultural Service of the Department of Agriculture, where I received the necessary information about shipping and other details, which I phoned to Virginia. I was assigned to the USDA/Technical Cooperation Administration (TCA) India program

A friend of the Liggetts, Bob Wilson, who had ushered at our wedding, was working at the Pentagon. He and his apartment mate had invited me to stay with them until Virginia arrived. This was a very nice arrangement for me since they had a TV that I could enjoy in the evenings. We had not had a TV in Fargo.

My assignment to India was short lived. There was disagreement in India about who was in control from their side, since the Indian Federal Government had made this arrangement without the consent of the Indian States, to which the foreign “experts” were being assigned. As a result, the India program was put on hold and my assignment was changed to Burma. The assignment in Burma was not immediate and I was given an office in the USDA along with Allen Bloodworth, who was also assigned to Burma. We were given the task of reviewing and selecting candidates for USDA/Foreign Agricultural Service assignments in

the developing countries. I had gone from being a candidate and wondering if and when I would be selected to vetting candidates in a very short amount of time. We continued on this assignment until October 29, 1952.

Jean helped Virginia get the shipping done in a day or two, and they took the train to Des Moines where Fern and Harry met them. My casual comments about the move probably do not match with Virginia's memory of the event. She had little idea at the time as to how many times she would have to carry a big load in our many moves in the years to come.

After about 2 weeks in Mt. Ayr, Virginia, Tim and Tom flew from Des Moines to Washington DC on September 14. We stayed at the Francis Scott Key apartment hotel, which was a very nice arrangement for our temporary stay. We made frequent use of the White Castle Restaurant (very good hamburgers) near the hotel. Virginia enrolled Tim in a nearby public school kindergarten which he attended daily, while Virginia and Tom went sightseeing and I continued working at the USDA office.

While we were in Washington, I met my first Burmese, U Thein Tun, who was enroute to the University of Florida to study for a degree in Agricultural Education. He was a very quiet, typical Burmese, and we became very good friends during our years in Burma. Also, I attended seminars at the State Department led by Foreign Service Officers on cultural differences, protocol and general topics about living abroad. One evening, Virginia and I attended a party at the Burmese Embassy that was most interesting. It was in honor of a delegation of Burmese who had been in Washington for 3 weeks, some of whom I had met at the USDA office. It was a typical diplomatic reception, to which we became very accustomed over the years, but this was our first experience. We met a great many people, whose names we never remembered, had many exotic drinks offered to us, and enjoyed a delicious buffet dinner. The whole thing was interesting – from the servants to the Ambassador and his wife, to the people and the clothes. Virginia said she “felt perfectly comfortable in her black party dress and her

Miss Molly's velvet hat”.

### **First International Travel as a Family**

On October 29<sup>th</sup> we left Washington about 1:00 p.m., with a brief stop in Baltimore before arriving in New York where we boarded a Pan Am Stratoliner (DC7) about 4 pm for London. For us, this was a completely new experience. Although all of us had flown before, this was our first flight on a big plane (big at that time) with wonderful service (first class) and a comfortable flight with sleeping berths. After a fuel stop at the Shannon, Ireland, airport, we arrived in London the



next morning and took a taxi to Hotel Ruebens across from Buckingham Palace. Our first Continental dining with its extensive array of silver flabbergasted us but we soon adjusted. That day and the next we went shopping and bought Jean a wool stole at Jaeger's, visited Westminster Abbey, rode double deck buses, watched the Queen Mother leave Buckingham Palace, and visited the Tower of London. On the way to visit the St. Paul Cathedral we all climbed to the top of the double decker bus only to find we were on the right bus but going the wrong way. A great deal of bomb damage from World War II was still evident throughout London.

We left London on our Pan Am flight about 7 pm on October 31<sup>st</sup> and flew to Istanbul where (at 2 am) we walked around the airport for about 45 minutes and then flew on to Beirut. Landing in Beirut, Lebanon, was a lovely sight in the early morning, just as the sun was coming up. We came in over the beautiful blue sea and then the beach followed by the reddish Lebanon soil. A driver from the American Embassy met us and said that the Embassy had made reservations for us at the “New Staff House”. It was not very nice and we thought perhaps the driver was getting a

kickback but we were tired and decided it was clean and well kept, if modest. It was near the American University, which we visited several times. The next day we took a taxi trip with a gorgeous view of the sea on one side and mountains on other to the city of Tripoli. We passed fishponds, salt drying ponds, windmills to pump salt water into drying ponds, 800-year-old olive trees and many Phoenician ruins. In Tripoli, we visited a beach club where Tim, Tom and the taxi driver's son had cokes and played together, regardless of language barriers. During the rest of our stay, we just wandered around Beirut and the American University. Both had very lovely settings looking out to the sea. The University was in a very hilly section and Tom sprained his leg on one of our walks.

On November 4<sup>th</sup> the driver took us to the airport and we left for Calcutta with a short stop in Basra, Iraq, and then on to Karachi, Pakistan, where we arrived late at night. This was not a pleasant stop as Tim was sick and Tom had sore leg. For reasons we never understood, an Immigration officer collected all passports even though we were not stopping there. Tim had to go to the bathroom many times – all very confusing to the Pakistani officials. We got to Calcutta about 2 a.m., where it took a couple of hours to get through Immigration, Customs, get our bags and then on a Pan Am bus for the 8 miles into town (from DumDum airport to Grand Hotel). This was our first experience with real poverty and hordes of people. The sidewalks were lined with people sleeping. When our bus stopped at our hotel, I remember an Englishman on the bus saying, "I wouldn't be caught dead in that hotel". We walked into hotel through dark courtyards and to our large double room suite with ceiling fans going. Actually, the hotel was quite nice in spite of the fact that the beds had straw-filled pillows and straw-filled mattresses. We all fell asleep instantly and slept until noon. The next day we walked around some and saw lots of red splashes on the sidewalk, which we thought was from people spitting blood. However, we found that it was juice from people chewing betel nut.

On November 6, 1952, we were up at 3 a.m. and to airport on an Indian Airways bus. We left Calcutta about 7 a.m. and had a



basket breakfast of cold food aboard. We were hungry and enjoyed it. On the plane, we met a nice Indian couple who explained some of their customs, all new to us. It was our first introduction to pierced nose jewelry. The wife had a beautiful diamond in one nostril linked with a gold chain to her ear. Very pretty after we got used to it and of course now in the United States and elsewhere it is very common. We arrived in Rangoon about noon and were met at Mingladon Airport by Dick Morse from TCA. He helped us quickly pass through Immigration and Customs and took us to the Kanbawza Palace, our home for the next 6 weeks. All of us were tired and we slept the clock around. It took us a week to get on the schedule of sleeping nights instead of days!

The Kanbawza Palace was an old Chinese palace that had been converted to a hotel. The rooms were large, with high ceilings and many nooks and corners for the boys to investigate. We stayed



there many times during our years in Burma and became friends with the manager and his wife, the Minas, an Armenian couple. There was a delightful formal dining room with liveried Indian servants in bare feet. Service and comforts were wonderful. Some of the people we had met in Washington who were preparing to go to Burma, the Bloodworths, Carters, McGarys and Snyders, had arrived before us and were also at the hotel, so they helped us learn the “ropes”.

## CHAPTER 9

### BURMA - LIVING AND WORKING ABROAD

#### **A Learning Experience – Burma – Its People, Culture and Language**

Everything about Burma was new and different for us, and we soon realized we had much more to learn than we had anticipated. It was a country that had recently gained its independence but its culture was many centuries older than ours, and its tonal language (based on Sanskrit) was very difficult. This was complicated by the fact that the written language used the Sanskrit alphabet and script, not the Roman characters that we knew.

Burma, now named Myanmar, in 1952 had a population of about 20-25 million people and had gained its independence from British rule in 1948. Its long history of kingdoms covered the period from the 9<sup>th</sup> century until the mid-nineteenth century when, during 3 Anglo-Burmese wars, it was annexed to British India in 1824-26, 1852, and 1855. In 1937, it received limited self-rule from India and in 1948, with the strong wartime leadership of Bo Aung San, it gained its independence and chose not to remain within the Commonwealth. Bo Aung Saung, considered the founder of Burma, was assassinated soon after he was elected. U Nu, a devout Buddhist, was elected Prime Minister and he held that position at the time of our arrival<sup>11</sup>. The Burmese language has 3 tonal levels. This means that the same word will mean different things depending on the tone – e.g. “waa” in Burmese can mean cotton, fat, or bamboo.

Burma was an agricultural country with at least 70% of its people in rural locations. There were only 2 cities with significant

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11. Bo Aung San's daughter, Daw Aung San Suu Kyi, became a national political leader in the 1980s and 90s in opposition to the Military Regime and was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1991.

populations, Rangoon and Mandalay. Ethnically, Burma was very diverse with the Burmese, who constitute about 70% of the population, living in the lowlands, and the many ethnic groups – Kachin, Karen, Mon, Shan, and numerous smaller tribes, mainly living in the highlands. The Karens, in particular, never agreed to Burmese control at the time of independence and have continued on their struggle for independence.

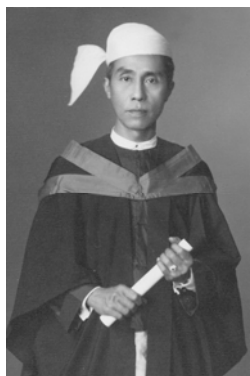
Buddhism was, and still is, the religion for more than 90% of the population. Christians (mainly Karens) represented 5% or less and the remainder were Moslems, Hindus, Animists or other. The Burmese belief in Buddhism was strongly tested by missionaries, mainly Baptists, since the mid-1800s when Adirnam Judson, perhaps the first American Missionary in Asia, started work in Burma. He was an outstanding scholar and translated the Bible into Burmese Sanskrit. His translations are considered classic works. Many others followed him but, except for the Karens, few were converted to Christianity. Christian schools were developed, mainly in Rangoon and Mandalay, and were highly successful in producing a well-educated elite with a respect for Christianity, but most of the students retained their Buddhist religion.

The women in Burma were as well educated as the men and had equality in the society. Women retained their maiden names when they married, only changing the prefix of their names from Ma (young girl) to Daw (married or respected woman). Men also kept their names – changing the prefix from Maung (young man or servant or diminutive given to oneself) or Ko (brother or equal) to U (married, older person or one with high rank). The names of people made it difficult for us to identify families because there were no family names, except among a few “westernized” families. Each person was given a name at birth that was based on that day of the week and a selection of sounds appropriate to that day and carried that name throughout life.

In clothing, men and women both wore longyis (long skirts) with men tying theirs in the middle in front and women folding them flat across the mid section and tucking them in on the side. In

the hot climate, a skirt is much cooler than pants and only the British wore shorts. There are different patterns for men's and women's longyis.

## **Starting Work in Burma – the State Teachers Training College, Kanbe**



I was not really sure what my assignment would be until I arrived in Burma and met with the TCA officials there. I found that I was to work within the Education Division on Agricultural Education, and specifically to work with staff and students at the State Teacher Training College, Kanbe, (a suburb of Rangoon). I was given a jeep and a driver and soon after arrival visited the school to get acquainted. I called on the Principal, U Ba Pe, a very well educated man who spoke excellent English. He had great poise and gave me the feeling that he felt secure in his position and serene in his life. He commanded respect by his quiet manner, but had great assurance in his actions.

The State Teacher Training College was located on a small hill just outside Rangoon with a central brick building for offices and classrooms with student dormitories nearby, constructed of matching brick. There were large grounds and gardens around the buildings, which housed about 300 students in the 2-year program. The teaching staff, many of whom had apartments on campus, was composed of about 50% men and 50% women. Before long, I became friends with most of them. I found that most of the teachers spoke very good English, but the students spoke very little. The teacher for agriculture, U Than Sein Ba, with whom I would work closely and who became a good friend, was not completely fluent in English but was working very hard to improve. He was a quiet person, small in stature, very deferential to me and to all persons older than himself, but very dedicated to the new program in the college to train teachers of agriculture for Government

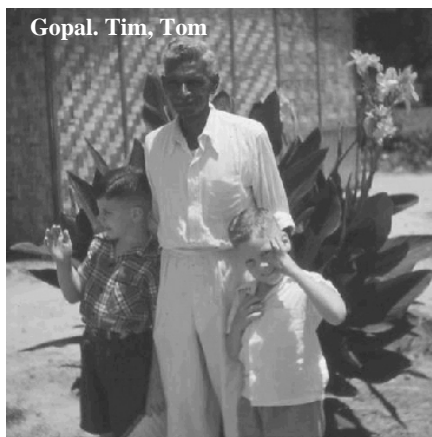
Middle and Secondary Schools. He always seemed to treat his students as equals and had their complete trust.

Agriculture was just being introduced into the curriculum at the college and there were only about 12 students specializing in it when I arrived. The students, though mostly from small rural villages, had little, if any, experience actually growing anything. Classes, except for language, were taught in Burmese. In my first months on the job I studied hard to learn about all the new tropical plants and agricultural practices. Before I could suggest any improvements or changes in practices or be able to teach, I had to understand the existing situation. Agriculture instruction at the college was concentrated on horticulture – vegetable gardening, fruit trees and ornamentals. For the most part, the graduates would be concerned with these plants in developing school and village gardens. Fortunately, I was able to obtain some good texts on the subject in English and I soon learned that propagation of ornamentals and many fruits is relatively easy in the tropics during the wet season. The southern part of Burma, of which Rangoon was part, had an annual rainfall of about 100 inches, almost all of which came in a 6-month period between April and October. During the rainy season, vegetables were all grown on raised beds that were made by hand. The one common tool used in almost all agricultural operations in Burma was a short handled “pauktu” (about 4’ and much like a large hoe), which is a sharpened piece of thin iron about 8 inches deep and about 8 inches wide, set at about a 60 degree angle. It can be used like a hoe or with a sweeping inward motion for digging and throwing the soil into ridges. Once you become skillful in its use it is an excellent utility tool.

### **Our First Home in Burma**

On Christmas Day, 1952, we moved into our home, a new brick house – 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, living/dining room with 20 foot ceilings (with ceiling fans), kitchen, pantry, and screen porch, all with bare concrete floors that we covered with mats. In the yard behind our house there was a simple bamboo structure with 4

servants' quarters – one room each, and a common toilet. There was a water hydrant on a concrete platform where they bathed in the open, as did almost all Burmese. The yard was plain red earth with no trees or plants, and since it was just the start of the dry season it didn't look too promising. We soon learned how many people it took to run a household in the tropics without modern appliances. We hired a gardener ("Mali" in Burmese) and he did an amazing job in a few short months of growing flowers and shrubs! Virginia took care of hiring a cook, nanny and a person who helped in the kitchen and did the house cleaning. There were very few Burmese who worked as house servants. The majority of cooks in Burma were Indians and nannies were usually Karens. Our Indian cook, Gopal, was of slight stature and always wore a white uniform. He was very intelligent and spoke excellent English and many other languages. He was a Hindu and would not eat beef, but did not object to cooking it for us. He and Virginia got along very well and he was always very nice to the boys. Our nanny was a very pretty Karen woman whose English was quite good, and she was very good at looking after Tim and Tom. Tom soon found that he could easily talk her into rubbing his back at night before he went to sleep, a trait he maintained for many years and tried to get his parents and others to do. Our Mali was a Burman who worked very hard and was an excellent gardener but spoke no English so Gopal translated for me or we communicated by hand signals. The helper in the kitchen and the house was an Indian, very quiet and hard working and spoke no English so Gopal translated for Virginia.



Gopal, Tim, Tom

## Social Activities

As a part of the official TCA Mission to Burma, we were

included in many social events, most of them formal, – dinners, cocktail parties and receptions. I had two white dinner jackets and found that I needed both of them. Surprisingly, I found that dressing formally was not difficult for a boy from Iowa, and it took all the decisions out of what to wear. For Virginia, it was a bit more difficult because she had to have dresses appropriate for many different events.

In addition to various Embassy parties, we had 3 very special events during our first few months in Burma. First, the Honorable Prime Minister and Mrs. Nu invited all the members of foreign aid delegations and their children to the zoo at 7:00 a.m. on a Sunday morning to tour and have breakfast. It was a large outing but turned out very nicely as the Prime Minister and his wife were most gracious hosts. They showed us through the zoo, where the lions and elephants performed, and the children took elephant rides and were entertained by 2 snake charmers, one man and one woman.

Second, we were invited by the Port Commissioner and his wife for a 5-hour cruise down the Irrawaddy River, to its mouth and back, on a large river steamer immediately after our early morning at the zoo. There were over 100 guests, mostly TCA people, although there were also other Americans, English and Indians. At noon, they served (buffet style) a real Chinese meal with about everything possible to eat. It was all very good. It was also fun watching the shoreline of the muddy river, the many big ocean-going freighters anchored along the way, and the little fishing and ferry boats moving up and down or across the river. It was a nice



day to get acquainted with our hosts and other passengers. The Burmese are so hospitable and worked very hard to make the day a success, which it was. On the ship, one man had a guitar and they

passed out song sheets and we all sang and sang. It surprised us that

the Burmese and Indians seemed to know all our songs – carols and others – as well or better than we did. They loved to sing.

The third event, a couple of weeks later, was a reception and dinner held by the President of Burma. There were a large number of guests, all dressed in national costume, and it was an evening to remember. The different clothes were very interesting – not only Burmese but other countries since staff members from all Embassies were invited. There were many long tables seating about a dozen persons each with liveried servants who served each person. With all this elegance, we noted that dishes were being washed in buckets by some of the tables, with questionable water, which was being reused. Fortunately, we had no ill effects. After dinner, we moved to chairs on the lawn in front of a small stage and many different Burmese ethnic groups, in their traditional costumes, presented a program of music and dancing. During the music and dancing program, we sat about 12 feet behind the President and his guest, Clement Atlee, Prime Minister of Great Britain, in whose honor the reception was held. The President's large estate was decorated in thousands of colored lights and was really beautiful.

### **My Work and School for Tim and Tom**

My work continued at the Teachers College. A typical day for me was to go to the college around 6 am to work with students on their individual garden plots, as well as in the gardens and lawns of the college. We took the responsibility for planting and maintaining flowers and ornamentals for the college grounds. The students would have had their morning tea before I arrived. About 8 a.m., I went home for breakfast and Virginia and I would drive Tim and Tom to school before going on to the American Embassy for Burmese language class. After that, I would drop Virginia at home and get back to the college by 10 a.m.

The Burmese students ate their morning meal about 9 a.m. and then had classes from 10 until 4 p.m., when they would have their second and last meal of the day. Rice was always the staple food, to which they would add a curry of vegetables, or a curry of



vegetables and meat. I would sometimes go home for lunch but usually would stay at school and only leave at the end of the day's session. On many days, Than Sein Ba and I would stay and work with the students in the gardens after their afternoon meal.

The boys first went to the Catholic school and took their lunch. Neither Tim nor Tom were happy there and we learned of a small school operated by an American woman, Miss Jevne, in her home. We moved Tim to her school and Virginia taught Tom at home, although sometimes Tom would go to Tim's school. The boys soon met 2 Chinese children, Pong Ling and Candy, and we became friends with their parents, Pong and Wynne. In the late afternoon, after Tim and Tom returned from school, Virginia would often take them swimming. They spent most holidays and lots of time on weekends at the Kokine Swimming Club, a very nice private club, where they became excellent swimmers and enjoyed many hours with friends. In later years, Virginia paid heavily with skin cancer for all the hours in the sun.

### **India, the Taj Mahal and More**

A great experience and travel opportunity was given me in February 1953. I was invited to a workshop in Agra, India, for all agricultural staff of TCA the region – India, Burma and Pakistan. Friends of ours, Dr. Allen (a medical officer) and his wife, who were also in the TCA program in Burma, offered to have Tim and Tom stay with them (they had children same age) so Virginia could go with me to India. When we said we could never repay them for this kindness, since they soon were to leave Burma, they just said do something like this for someone else. We agreed and have returned their kindness many times to other people.

Virginia and I joined the TCA Mission Director and his wife, an official from the State Department in Washington, and others on a direct flight to New Delhi. Officials from the American Embassy and the TCA Mission in India met us, and Virginia and I were assigned to stay in the home of one of the TCA staff members, W. C. McPherson and his wife, before going on to Agra. This turned

out to be an excellent arrangement as the McPhersons were a nice couple and after one day in New Delhi I left on a field trip so Virginia was in good company. The McPhersons introduced Virginia to the sights of New Delhi and took her to a performance by the famous Uddar Shankar, an older brother of Ravi Shankar (who often performs in the United States).

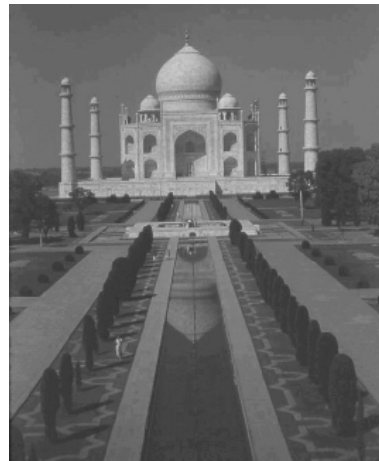
The evening after our arrival, I left with bedroll, sack lunch and water on night train to Lucknow to visit agricultural projects. The train was quite different from U.S. trains, but exactly the same as those in Burma. You were restricted to the carriage in which your compartment was located and could only change cars or get food and drink at stations. Some trains had dining cars but you had to enter and leave that car while the train was in a station. On arrival in Lucknow the next morning, we were met by local village agricultural staff in a jeep and started our visits. That day (February 23, 1953) we took a brief drive around Lucknow, a very old and important Indian city, with strong Mogul influence in its architecture. Then we visited a number of villages outside the city to observe improvement projects such as village wells and improved agricultural practices. We had lunch under a tree in one of the villages and returned to Lucknow for dinner before driving to Fyzabad for the night. This was a hot, dusty trip over a very bad road, but not much different from Burma. We stayed at a comfortable government guesthouse, but needed to use our bedrolls since the beds were just iron frames. The following day, we again visited villages and observed the work of the Indian agriculturists and some of their TCA counterparts.

This was a wonderful opportunity to see the extreme poverty and hardship under which such a great majority of the people of the world live. It was also a chance to observe the striking differences between Burmese and Indian villages. In Burma, the village homes were made of bamboo, raised off the ground in most cases, with livestock kept below the house. The villages were always clean looking, often with flowers growing nearby, and both the men and women were always very friendly. There was no indication of food

shortage and the people appeared very healthy. The villages we visited in India were very drab and there were not the smiling faces we had come to know in Burma. When we entered a village, the women all disappeared. A blue smoke haze from cooking fires hung over most of the Indian villages. Since wood was scarce, the main fuel source was cow dung patties, which the women made. I never saw a fat person in the villages, which was good, but the evidence of living on the constant edge of hunger seemed to be everywhere.

On our drive back to Lucknow to catch the train, we saw thousands of wild monkeys and every means of transportation – car, bus, train water buffalo, elephants, donkeys, camels and ox carts. We took the overnight train from Lucknow, having had a very good introduction to the difficulties that Indian villagers face.

On February 25<sup>th</sup> Virginia and I went by car from Delhi to Agra with the Mcphersons. It was to be a 4-hour trip but turned out to be much longer on a very hot day. We ate lots of oranges and bananas and again saw all sorts of transportation, as well as many wild monkeys. In Agra, we stayed at the Lauries Hotel in a very comfortable 3-room suite. We all visited the Taj Mahal the next day, but for the remainder of our stay I was in meetings most of the time.



Virginia was able to visit the Taj every day during the week and see it in all light conditions, including a full moon. When you approach the site, you see a bit of the Taj, surrounded by a high wall and everything seems dirty and dusty. Then you enter through a gate and a large expanse of perfectly groomed grass, flowers, trees, pathways, and fountains rise up before you with this magnificent building, gleaming white, in the back of this expanse of beauty. The whole setting is incredibly beautiful and serene. Visitors cannot enter the Taj Mahal, which the famous Shah Jahan had constructed for his wife's tomb, but we

could closely examine the wonderful art in the building blocks.

My meetings were especially interesting after having visited some of the villages. It gave all of us a chance to make observations on the challenges and the kinds of specific issues (agricultural and cultural) that we faced. Many of the participants had much more experience than I so it was a good opportunity to learn.

On the 28<sup>th</sup> we returned by car to Delhi, expecting to leave the next day for Rangoon, but our plane was 2 days late so we had some time for sightseeing and resting. In those days, it was not unusual to have such delays and they were accepted with hardly a complaint. On March 2, 1953, we returned to Rangoon via British Overseas Airways Corp (BOAC) and arrived about midnight. Elsie and Roy Allen met us at airport and we were glad to find the boys well, and although Allen's pet monkey had bitten Tom. He didn't have any problem with it, however.

### **Returning to Work and Assessing Progress**

Even though we had an interesting and worthwhile trip, it was nice to get home. We felt we were very lucky to have had our assignment changed from India to Burma. The people were so much more pleasant and the poverty was not so overpowering.

Having been away from my work for a few weeks, it seemed like a good time to take stock of our lives and decide if we really wanted to make a career out of international work. After returning, we tried to look deeply into what we were doing and to evaluate our goals and priorities. In a new place with new people, language and culture, we found it took much longer to adjust than we had anticipated. It did teach us, and our children, that it usually takes at least 6 months to adjust to a new situation, and we all were more realistic about it in our future moves.

Soon after we returned from India, I went home one day and said to Virginia, "I'm not getting any place. I don't know the language, I am not an expert on tropical agriculture, and I'm not sure the people here really want to change – only one young Burmese man, Than Sein Ba, seems to be really interested." So, we

discussed it, and decided that since we were there and had a tiny start, perhaps it would all be worthwhile if we would really help this one person, U Than Sein Ba. I remembered my father's advice – "If a job is worth doing it is worth doing well". I went to work with a new energy, studied tropical agriculture texts, learned all the tropical plants and their Burmese names, and started seriously learning the Burmese language. It worked! Students seemed to recognize my enthusiasm and new dedication and they too made a new effort. U Than Sein Ba became an excellent colleague throughout our years in Burma, went on to study in the United States, became the Director of Agricultural Education in Burma and an important figure in Burmese agriculture.

### **An Interesting Assignment**

About this time, the Director of Education, U Kaung, whom I admired very much, gave me some interesting assignments. I came to know him as one of the very few "Gentleman and Scholars" in my life. First, he asked me to sit with him and a few scholars on Saturdays, at which time they were developing Burmese technical words that were not then in the Burmese vocabulary. I was not a linguist but was there to help explain the technical terms in English so appropriate Burmese words could be made to match. This did help my Burmese a great deal and furthered my good relationship with Burmese leaders in education and science. It gave me a great appreciation for both the Burmese and English languages, as well as the work of scholars to keep a language up to date. The second thing he asked me to do was to start planning a curriculum for the 2-year agricultural college they planned to open in 1954 in Pynmana to train teachers of vocational agriculture for secondary schools and agricultural extension workers. This turned out to be an activity of great importance to my career and to Burma.

### **Burial of a Student's Father**

The father of one of my students at the Teachers College died suddenly and he asked U Than Sein Ba to help him, since he

had no other family members in the area. This student was not pure Burmese but rather Indo-Burmese. I'm not sure to what extent the burial was Buddhist or Hindu but have the feeling it was a combination of the two. In Burma, there are no funeral parlors and burial must be done within 24 hours of death. The family of the deceased must find a coffin maker, buy a coffin and then dig the grave in a designated cemetery. In this case, U Than Sein Ba asked me to go along and help with the burial. He and I drove together to the cemetery, which was more or less just an open field with noticeable mounds. The student arrived in an open jeep with the coffin and a Buddhist monk. The Jeep driver, Than Sein Ba, the student and I carried the coffin to where a grave had been dug and then the monk chanted a few prayers. After that, the student opened the coffin and placed some bananas, a coconut and some other food around his father's body before we closed the coffin again and lowered it into the grave. Both the Hindus and the Buddhists believe in reincarnation and in this case the deceased's son wanted to assure that his father had food for his travel before reincarnation. I know that this is a common practice in some indigenous religions but I did not again observe the practice of placing food in the coffin at subsequent burials in Burma. It was the practice in Burma that outstanding Buddhist monks and other dignitaries were cremated on a public pyre and I later observed this for a prominent military officer. Public cremation was an expensive thing because gifts must be given to all those who attend and firewood was costly.

In this case, we shoveled in the earth over the coffin and left. It was not the practice for family members to again visit the gravesite but rather would pray for the departed at the pagodas.

### **A Short Course in the Shan State and Many Interesting People**

In April, I was invited to attend a short course on animal husbandry in Taunggyi in the Shan State with other agricultural teachers. I expected to be gone about 3 weeks including a side trip

to Mandalay, so Virginia and the boys accompanied me. April in Rangoon was at the peak of the dry, hot season so it was a nice time to get away. Taunggyi, in the mountains, is quite cool and many people from Rangoon went there, or to the other hill stations, Maymyo and Kalaw, for the hot season. We had colleagues and friends, the Snyders and Bloodworths, living and working there as well.

We flew from Mingladon Airport in Rangoon to HeHo Airport (really a grass strip runway in the Shan State) and then had



a gorgeous drive of 24 miles through the mountains to Taunggyi. We were especially impressed with the cleanliness of Taunggyi and the interesting dress of the several Hill Tribes (Shan, Taungthoo, Tanunga, etc.) that we saw along the way as well as in the market in Taunggyi. We were assigned to

stay at a very nice apartment in Kengtung Haw (State Guest House) with our own cook and houseboy. Our friends, the Snyders, also had an apartment there. The house was on a lovely hillside with a wonderful view out to mountains and valleys.

The conference was excellent and I appreciated the opportunity to become better acquainted with many Burmese and American agriculturists. In addition to the course we had an interesting hike up to Pagoda Hill and a trip on Inle Lake, with its famous leg rowers and village silk industry. Small village homes were on poles above the water of the lake and small floating gardens had been constructed for each home, with vegetables and even some small animals. Mulberry trees had been planted on the banks of the lake and a silk industry had been introduced from Thailand. There were marvelous hand silk looms operating in one of the villages on the lake and Virginia and the other ladies in our group were enthralled by the process and the wonderful silk fabrics.

Virginia bought many pieces, a few of which we still have.

On May 3<sup>rd</sup> we went by car from Taunggyi to HeHo where I caught a plane to Mandalay, and Virginia, Tim and Tom took the plane home to Rangoon. I found Mandalay interesting despite the fact that it was nearly destroyed during World War II. Little rebuilding had been done so it was a mixture of a few old buildings, some half destroyed ones, and a lot of bamboo structures. The old castle grounds where the King had lived had a moat around it, and most of the old wall surrounding the castle was still standing. Mandalay Hill stands in the center of the city with its 1001 pagodas.

An American agriculturist working in and around Mandalay, who had been at the Taunggyi short course with me, drove me to Maymyo, which had been the summer capitol of Burma during the British occupation. The drive there, through teak forests and pineapple fields, gave me a completely new picture of Burma and again I realized how much I had to learn. It was good for me, and essential for the planning work I was doing for the Director of Education, to become acquainted with all the regions of Burma.

I returned to Rangoon and continued my work at the Teachers College, as well as doing the research I needed to plan a curriculum for the agricultural institute to open in Pyinmana. I had to have an understanding of all the agriculture of Burma, not just the horticulture part I had been working on at the Teachers College. I also needed an understanding of the equipment used by agriculturists and the way they planted, cultivated, harvested and stored their crops, their soil fertility problems and livestock production and practices. A basic understanding of all these things was required to plan the course and fieldwork students would need to master in 2 years.

## **A Sudden Turn of Events**

About 6 months after arriving in Burma, we were advised that the U.S. Technical Cooperation Agency had been asked to leave. The Burmese government made it clear that this was no reflection on the technical program but was due to a difference with



the United State's foreign policy. The United States was airlifting a great many Chinese and materials out of China to Taiwan, over-flying Burma's air space without permission and in direct opposition to Burma's request. Burma, at that time, had strong diplomatic relations with Mainland China and did not recognize Taiwan as a separate government.

The TCA Mission advised us that our 2-year contract would be honored and we would be transferred to another country if arrangements were not made for us to stay in Burma. It was expected that it would take about 3 months to work out details for departure or staying, so, we continued on in our normal activities

### **My First Trip to Bangkok**

The American Air Attaché at the Embassy had a DC 3 plane for the military attaches of the Embassy as well as the Ambassador. Once a month the Attaché flew to Bangkok, Thailand, for supplies and Embassy and TCA personnel could request permission to go on that trip. We all put in requests and a friend and I had the opportunity to make the trip in mid-June, 1953. It was the first time there for both of us and it was a most fascinating city with canals and floating markets. At that time, Bangkok was known as the Venice of the East. Both oriental and western foods of all kind were available, as was coca cola – which was not available in Burma. The most captivating thing for us was the unique architecture of the buildings in the Imperial Palace grounds, with their wonderful roof designs and inlay work. The most venerable statue of Buddha in Thailand, the Emerald Buddha, is in one of the temples in the palace grounds.

Later, I was again able to get a ride on the Air Attaché plane to Bangkok for a 2-day trip, this time with Virginia and Louise Snyder. Tim and Tom stayed at home with nanny, with Barthels looking in on them. In Bangkok, we toured the Royal Palace, lunched at the Oriental Hotel and decided that it was where we would stay on our next trip. It was nice that I had been there before, so I was able to show them some of the things I had seen on

my previous trip.

### **First Visits to Schools to Observe Opportunities for Teaching Agriculture**

In early December, I took a very interesting trip with the Director of Public Instruction and other Burmese officials. It was typical of many that I subsequently made during my first 2 years in Burma to many different places– Bassein, Tharrawaddy. Prome, Moulmein, Mudon, Pegu, Pyu and many others – to visit schools and gain a better perspective of what the agricultural teachers would need to do and how we could best prepare them for the task. We left in the early morning and traveled by station wagon to Insein – about 12 miles – where we stopped at the police station and were joined by 2 truckloads of soldiers with rifles and machine guns. One truck preceded our station wagon and the second followed. Throughout our first years in Rangoon, there was a small war going on and foreigners were not allowed out of Rangoon by road without military escort. The insurgents were against the Burmese government – Karen for the most part who wanted a separate government of their own.

As we approached the school, I could see students in their colorful longyis, all in the same color as required for school uniforms, in 2 long lines reaching out into the road. We got out of our station wagon and walked to the school building between lines of students who were all waving small flags in greeting. The first school we visited, Hmaubi for grades 1-8, was a large single room open-air bamboo building, with dirt floor, for about 250 children. There were several long tables in front of the room with tablecloths and our entourage (soldiers too) was served tea and biscuits (cookies) in front of the whole school! We visited with teachers, visited the gardens and other agricultural activities, and the Director of Education introduced all the members of our party and gave a short talk before we started off for Hlaugi. Enroute to Hlaugi, we passed through rolling hills with rice paddies that were in the harvesting stage and several small rubber plantations. After

visiting the school and garden, we were taken to the home of the Headmaster for lunch, where the soldiers were served curry and rice at low tables in the yard. The rest of us ate in the house and had roast duck (each person carved off a piece with his own knife), soup (which we ate along with the whole meal), rice and curry plus several fish pastes. The soldiers all ate with their hands, as was the custom in Burma (always the right hand), while the rest of us, in deference to me, were given utensils. It was a great experience that I repeated many times but later I was often served in the Burmese fashion – to eat with my hand. My visits to these schools provided me with many observations on the opportunities, and limitations, for vocational agriculture in the schools. I was able to recommend (and lobby) for larger and better land allocations and equipment for the schools.

### **Our First “Cruise”**

We had now been in Burma almost a year and had accumulated leave time, so we decided a trip by ship along the Burma, Thailand, and Malay coast to Penang, Malaysia would be nice. It was not a cruise ship voyage but a trip on a coastal cargo ship that carried a few passengers. On October 23, 1953, we boarded the SS Matang and left the port for our first stop in Moulmein. We had 2 cabins with 3 bunks in each, very comfy, and we had arranged for Elise, the teen aged daughter of our friends the Snyders, to travel with us as a companion to the boys. Elise was wonderful with the boys and they liked her very much. There were 6 Americans aboard, the rest Scotch, English and Malayan – 15-20 in all. The crew was Chinese except for the officers, who were British, and the ship sailed under a Singapore flag. Our meals were English style with good food – morning tea at 6 a.m., breakfast 8:30, lunch at 1, tea at 3:45 and dinner at 7.

The first day, we steamed until we reached opening of Moulmein harbor and then stopped overnight (with gorgeous moonlight and calm sea) before entering the harbor the next morning. We spent 2 days in Moulmein. The first day we hired a

pony cart to take us to a teak sawmill where Tom rode an elephant while it moved heavy logs and sawed lumber. We visited “The Old Moulmein Pagoda” (which Kipling made famous) but found that it did not actually look “Eastward to the Sea” as he had written. But, it was a lovely pagoda. We spent the rest of the day sightseeing and visiting markets. The next day we went ashore with another couple and hired an old bus to take us sightseeing for the morning. That afternoon we sailed to Tavoy, where we were not able to go ashore. We just leaned over the rail and watched while the crew unloaded cargo and took on new cargo, mostly lumber and roof tiles.

From Tavoy, we steamed on to Mergui, well known for its natural pearls. Here we took sampans from ship to shore where we shopped for pearls and coral jewelry and just enjoyed this quaint village. The ship stayed overnight in the harbor and the city lights, mostly from pagodas, were beautiful. The next day we cruised on to Victoria Point, the southernmost point of Burma. Once again we were not able to go ashore, and the ship just unloaded and took on cargo. The view along the coast was most striking, with mangrove swamps and trees, mountains inland, and a few villages.

Our next stop was for 2 days in Phuket, Thailand where the ship picked up tin. On the second day we went ashore and visited Phuket town before going around the island to a beach for swimming with a gentle surf. It was lots of fun. We left Phuket about 10 p.m. for Penang, where we arrived the next afternoon. After saying goodbye to our shipmates and the crew, whom we had enjoyed very much, we took a taxi to the Lone Pine Hotel – about 9 miles around the island on a very nice beach. Penang was a very lovely, clean place and we spent the next few days resting, swimming, shopping and watching the fishermen bring huge nets of fish to shore. It was a wonderful vacation.

We left Penang on November 6<sup>th</sup> on a DC3 Thai Airways plane with a beautiful Thai hostess. We stopped in Sang Khla and then went on to Phuket, where there were no buildings at the airport, just a grass strip for landing. While they refueled the plane, we stood in the shade under the plane’s wing. In the afternoon we

arrived in Bangkok at its modern airport and went to our hotel, the Oriental. Late that evening, Virginia and I ate steaks at the Chez Eve while Elise, Tim and Tom again had hamburgers and cokes. The next day we returned to Rangoon on a BOAC Comet (our first flight on a jet powered plane – these Comets later began to fall apart from “metal fatigue” so Britain lost the race for the lead in commercial jet transport planes). We arrived in Rangoon in less than an hour (370 miles).

### **Decision to Stay on in Burma**

By the time we returned from our cruise, an agreement had been reached between TCA and the Burmese Government as to the departure of TCA personnel. Some were to leave immediately and others over the next few months. The Minister of Education and the Director of Education both made a strong case to the Burmese Government and to TCA for me to stay on for the full 2 years of my appointment. The planning which I was doing for the new agricultural college was at a critical stage and much would be lost if I had to leave. I was anxious to stay on because I saw the progress we were making and the potential for a successful outcome. Fortunately, all parties agreed and we were assured of TCA support throughout my appointment. Our good friends, the Bloodworths, Carters, McGarys and Snyders were all transferred to Thailand and left Burma around the end of 1953.

## CHAPTER 10

### UP-COUNTRY — DEVELOPING AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

#### Pyinmana, On the Road to Mandalay

The “Road to Mandalay” was something Kipling had made famous (although he never visited Mandalay). I had read of it, but never dreamed I would someday take it – but Pyinmana, halfway between Rangoon and Mandalay, was to become an important part of my life. I made my first trip there on September 15, 1953, to visit the proposed site for the agricultural institute and determine what preparations would be needed if we found the site adequate. I traveled by train, in a special government officer’s rail car, with U Ba Bwa, Deputy Director of Education, and U Chit Ko Ko, a young Burmese agriculturist. Traveling by train in those days was always an out of the ordinary event as there were several insurgent groups that regularly blew up the rail tracks and bridges. Because of that, trains only traveled in daylight hours. In a letter to my parents, following the trip, I wrote:

“The trip to Pyinmana to look over the Old Case Farm School, which the Baptists had operated before World War II, was most interesting. Pyinmana is about 250 miles north of Rangoon



and it took us 12 hours to make the trip so you can see the countryside was not blurred by our speed. It was a pretty ride for now the rice fields are green and all plants are in their best stage of growth. For the first 3 or 4 hours, as you looked out from the train, rice fields extended as far as you could see. Occasionally there would be a yoke of oxen plowing an area getting ready for late transplanting of rice. The

plowing is done when there is about a foot of water on the land so the man driving the oxen has a wet, slimy job. Some transplanting of rice was also taking place and that also is done in several inches of water.

Further north, we traveled through a wide valley with low mountain ranges on both sides. Rice was the main crop but some vegetables, sugar cane, chillies and millet began to appear. Then, when we got about to Pyinmana, which is near the edge of the dry zone, we observed sugar cane as the main crop.

Before World War II, the farm school operated as an agricultural training school by the Baptist Mission with an American, Reverend Case, as director. The school was well recognized throughout Burma for the training it gave and many crops and livestock breeds had been named after Case. The school was most often referred to as "The Case School". The site had 400 acres of good cropland, a large brick home for the director and two very substantial brick homes that had housed four American families. Also, there was a large, two-story brick dormitory, a large brick structure machinery building and a substantial classroom building. We all agreed that the school site was excellent for the Government's purpose.

Pyinmana was an important railroad junction and the Japanese, during World War II, occupied the town. As a result the town took heavy bombing by the Allied forces and was pretty much leveled. However, the officer who identified the bombing targets had been one of the American Missionaries at the Baptist School and he never selected any of the school buildings as targets so they came through pretty much unscathed. However, the site had been abandoned for 10 years and during this period much of the woodwork and windows had been stripped from the buildings.

After World War II, the Baptists had tried to reopen the school but due to insurgency had to abandon the idea. The Burmese Government decided to appropriate the school site for its use. We found it most appropriate for a government agricultural institute and one that could be renovated without too much difficulty.

While in Pyinmana, we called on several government officials and I can still vividly recall our visit to the office of the

District Commissioner. It was very warm at that time of the year and electricity had not yet been restored to Pynmana. The Commissioner's office had a large fixed piece of bamboo and cloth about 5 feet long that hung over his desk. In another room an Indian laborer pumped on a swing that had a rope attached to the fixed piece over the desk and he moved this back and forth as a fan. Such fans, or "Punkas" were very common throughout India and Burma during Colonial and early Independence days. We stayed at the home of the Headmaster of the secondary school, U Ba Chit, for two nights and then had our special rail car attached to the train and returned to Rangoon to make our report. We were given the go ahead on planning for the institute."

In early March 1954, U Chit Ko Ko and I made a 2<sup>nd</sup> all day train trip to Pynmana. We made good progress on evaluating the status of renovation and what was needed to complete it. Accommodations had been reserved for us at the Government Circuit House, where we used our own bedrolls. The delicious food we found in a local Chinese shop helped make up for the poor condition of the Circuit House. March was about the hottest month in Pynmana, with a daily average temperature around 103 (°F) and a nighttime one around 90, with no electricity. After several very hot days in Pynmana we caught the train back to Rangoon. About 2 hours out of Pynmana, our train was stopped and we waited for 2 hours while Army engineers removed a land mine from under the tracks.

### **The Ford Foundation**

About this time, The Ford Foundation established an office in Rangoon. Dr. John Everton and his family took up residence as the Representative of the Foundation. The Foundation was looking for interesting projects which would be in keeping with its policy to assist in projects that would advance human welfare. The Minister and Director of Education asked Dr. Everton to see if they would be interested in supporting the development of the Pyimana Agricultural Institute, since the U.S. TCA support was being



terminated. John had hired Richard (Dick) Morse, who had been working in Education under the TCA program, to be his deputy, and Dick was quite familiar with the plans for the Institute. After consultation with the Foundation's New York office, they advised the Minister that the Foundation would like to support the development of the Institute. The Minister and the Director of Education then strongly recommended that the Ford Foundation hire me to lead the development of the program.

John contacted me and we discussed the possibility of my joining the Foundation and continuing my work in Burma at the end of my 2-year contract, which was only about 6 months away. I was enthusiastic about the future of the Agricultural Institute but at that time knew nothing about the Ford Foundation. John laid out the proposal that the Foundation was prepared to provide major support for the overall program of the Institute as well as hire me to lead it. This was very encouraging since I knew that, while the Government would provide support for local costs, the cost of faculty from abroad (which was needed) and the foreign exchange cost for equipment and supplies would need to be covered by external funding.

However, I still felt that I had a secure position with TCA and had been assured that I would have an opportunity for transfer to another country with long-term prospects. After considerable discussion with John, and with a strong request from the Minister and Director of Education, Virginia and I decided we would accept a position with the Ford Foundation, if I could get a 2-year leave of absence from TCA. I put in my request for the leave of absence and was somewhat surprised to receive a cable from the then Secretary of State, Harold Stassen, approving the leave. In early June the details of my leave and a 2-year contract with the Ford Foundation to commence in January 1955 were completed.

### **Thailand and the Philippines as Possible Sites for Staff Training**

With the schedule for opening the Institute and the obvious

need to send prospective faculty members abroad for training, I visited Thailand and the Philippines to look for opportunities. I started this trip on April 6, 1954, with a first stop in Thailand. Since I was still an employee of the U.S. TCA Mission, I traveled on an official passport. When I arrived in Bangkok, a U.S. TCA staff member met me at the airport and took me to the Ratanakosin Hotel. It was a national holiday, so I was invited to go with a few others to the Old Palace grounds to await the annual visit of the King and Queen of Siam to change the seasonal dress of the Emerald Buddha. We were able to stand very close to the King and the lovely Queen when they entered, and changed the dress. A very colorful event! On my second day, I visited Kasetsart Agricultural College, toured its facilities, and discussed the possibilities for Burmese students to study there. After further analysis, I decided that this college did not offer the academic/practical program that I thought the Burmese students would need.

I left Bangkok on the 8<sup>th</sup> of April for Manila via Hong Kong. Arriving at the Hong Kong airport was a real thrill, with the beautiful city literally clinging to the hillsides. The only approach to the airport was over the hills, followed by a sharp descent to a runway that jutted into the sea. I found Hong Kong to be one of those rare cities in the world that seems to live up to all the good publicity. I had 2 days there before my flight to Manila and managed to do some shopping and meet the family of our friend from Rangoon, Wynne Pong. Wynne, her husband, Pong (who worked for IBM in Burma), and their 2 children had all become good friends of ours.

After a delightful stopover, I flew from Hong Kong to Manila on the 11<sup>th</sup>. Dean Call, with the Cornell University Team to the Agricultural College of Los Banos, and his wife met me at the airport. He was head of the Team supported by TCA. They took me to my hotel and we worked out a schedule for visiting the agricultural college later in the week. An aside – in the 1990s I carried out a consulting assignment for the Agricultural Advisory Committee of Cornell University, under the leadership of the then

Dean of the College of Agriculture, Dean Call, to develop a program in East Africa for the College of Agriculture. This program was implemented and continues today (2002).

I had a few days of discussions with officials at the Embassy and in the Ministry of Agriculture and then went to the Agricultural College at Los Banos. This college, with cooperation from Cornell University, was rapidly developing into a first rate school – very similar to the Land Grant institutions in the US. However, I found that it, like Kasetsart College of Agriculture in Thailand, did not have the practical hands-on program that the Burmese students would need. After that visit, I went to the Agricultural College at Nueva Ecija, Munoz. The President of the college at Munoz was a graduate of Iowa State University, and this agricultural school had the combination of academics and field practice that that I wanted for the Burmese students. I worked out all the details for Burmese students to be granted admission with the college President and Staff.

On April 17<sup>th</sup>, Virginia's birthday, I flew to Hong Kong on Philippine Air Lines with a direct connection on PAA to Rangoon. Virginia, Tim and Tom met me at the Rangoon airport. I was very pleased with the success I had on the trip, as well as the wonderful sights I had seen.

### **Preparing for Opening of the Institute**

I continued working almost full time on preparation for the opening of the college, which was given the Burmese name equivalent to the State Agricultural Institute. I had to draft a proposal for the 2-year academic program – subjects, number of semesters for each, a rough outline for each course, and identify the related fieldwork. I knew that the students coming in would high school graduates from various ethnic groups, mostly from rural villages but with little or no real experience in agricultural and livestock production. We expected the graduates to leave Pyinmana prepared to directly work with and advise farmers or teach agricultural and livestock production in high schools, so they had to

gain considerable practical experience. With a great deal of consultation with my Burmese colleagues, it all began to come together.

As I think back on this experience, I am amazed that the Director of Education gave me so much freedom to prepare this plan. I am even more amazed at how well it all turned out. In actually planning the class schedule, we had to consider the customary Burmese meal schedule. We decided on morning tea at 6 a.m., practical fieldwork from 6:30 until 8:30, breakfast at 9:30, classes from 10:30 until 3:30, dinner at 4 p.m. and then individual project activities or sports. We also decided that all 2<sup>nd</sup> year students would spend 3 weeks each semester in a village, living with families and working directly with the villagers on specific agricultural practices, with regular supervisory visits by Institute Staff.

In June and July, 1954, I made several trips to Pyinmana to check on the progress of the renovation of the facilities. On one of these trips in June, John Everton and Richard Morse accompanied me for their first look at the site. They were very favorably impressed and assured me of strong Ford Foundation support.

### **Moving, Rangoon to Pyinmana**

About the 1<sup>st</sup> of July, we took a major step forward in our prospective move to Pyinmana by making our first shipment of goods. The TCA Mission in Rangoon had agreed to furnish our house (the upper floor of a large brick bungalow) with furniture and other materials from its warehouse in Rangoon, and to supply the jeep that had been assigned to me. Road travel was not permitted because of insurgent activity so furniture and household items were boxed and loaded on the train, as was the Jeep. I accompanied the shipment



on the train (reminiscent of my parents' move to Colorado when I was born) and had our cook and a driver from the TCA Mission accompany me. We planned a 2-week trip for getting the shipment there, unloading and transporting it to the site, and unpacking and getting everything organized. The house had not been occupied for 10 years, so repairs were required (which were underway). An outdoor toilet and servants' quarters had to be constructed, and the well cleaned. We drew water from the well with a bucket until we got a hand pump rigged to pump water to the tank in the attic of the house. There was no electricity, so we had to find kerosene and gas pressure lamps and a kerosene refrigerator and stove (we used a kerosene refrigerator throughout our 5 years in Pyinmana).

It was just like going back to my parents' early living conditions on the farm, and perhaps even a bit more primitive. Virginia was not too keen about my taking the cook with me but I felt I needed him more than the rest of the family. It all worked out well and we made great progress in the 2 weeks. I think the cook, Gopal, and the driver, Pandey<sup>12</sup>, enjoyed the break up-country, too. We all returned to Rangoon and I think Virginia was happier to see Gopal than me.

The family took the train to Pyinmana on July 26<sup>th</sup> and I'll quote from Virginia's letter of the 27th to the Liggetts and Gambles about this part of the move and the house.

“We started out on our train trip at 6 yesterday morning, and boy were we loaded to the gills with stuff. We each had one large bag, the boys each had a Pan American traveling bag for toys, 2 bedrolls with 3 pillows and 3 mosquito nets, one 5 quart thermos jug, our record player which looks like a large suitcase, a large lunch box, 2 wooden boxes full of medicine, insecticide, records, etc., etc., and 2 full Shan bags. And, we had to bring the poles

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12. Gopal, a handsome Indian, was a very reliable cook and spoke English, Burmese, Hindi and other languages. His religion was Hinduism. Pandey was also Indian, but again spoke good in English, Burmese, Hindi and other languages and was a very reliable person.

(4 for each) for 6 beds to put the mosquito nets on. But, everyone in Burma travels like that so if one can manage to pack and get it all carried aboard it is perfectly natural.

We were in a compartment with an Indian doctor and his wife, very nice congenial people. The seats are just wooden and quite uncomfortable but our bedrolls and pillows came in handy there. The compartments are rather small, with a miserable bathroom and with outside doors on each side plus four windows. These trains have no center aisle so one cannot pass into another compartment or car unless one goes outside the train at a stop. We took lots of reading material and we dozed off and on and I was surprised at how quickly the 12 hours passed and how good the boys were. If anyone got impatient and tired it was I.

U Thein Maung, the principal of the ag institute met us with his wife, and also an American we knew from Kalaw who was on his way to Rangoon. It seemed rather nice to see another American face, for we are the only ones here now.

We had sent Gopal and nanny up on Sunday, so our beds were ready except for the nets. Gopal had a good supper for us, and U Thein Maung had had electricity installed (they worked till 10 o'clock to get the 2 lites to burn but we have all working tonight). Also, someone had installed a commode for us to use at night which is most helpful not to have to go outside (visions of Bill's early life).

This house is perfectly wonderful – it is enormous, roomy and luxurious. I think I told you we live upstairs. (The down stairs has been used as a pig pen and there is still a sow there about to have a litter of pigs. We will move her out as soon as we can after the pigs arrive). We have 2 nice bedrooms, 2 baths (no water in them yet) 2 large storerooms, a roomy kitchen, dining room, living room besides a nice large veranda around almost the entire house. The porch off the dining room looks east to the mountains that we think are about 5 miles away and are

perfectly beautiful. The boys did their school work on the porch this morning, but only because it was cloudy. I think we'll have their school on the porch right outside their room (north).

We have no screens (but will have a carpenter make them in a few weeks), so Bill is spraying down now in between correcting the boys' schoolwork. Bugs aren't bad during the day, but they really arrive with dark. Of course, we would need mosquito nets even with screens."

### **Many House Guests**

After being in our house for about a week, guests began arriving. They arrived before we had running water, so they got to see the real thing. Dick Morse from the Rangoon Ford Foundation office spent 4 days with us, and when he left Caroline and Milton Harden arrived for a 3-4 day visit. The Hardens were from Rolla, Missouri, where he was on the faculty of the School of Mines. We had known them in Rangoon, since he was with TCA teaching at the Industrial Institute there. Caroline arrived wearing all kinds of gaudy, fake jewelry that she said she wore in case the guerillas stopped the train to rob passengers. It was fun to have them.

Our good friends from Rangoon, Pong and Wynne and their 2 children, Pong Ling and Candy also visited us. Pong cooked us a dinner with really tasty fried rice. There was a Chinese store in Pyinmana where he was able to get all the ingredients he needed, including the abalone that he declared was essential. We had many other guests in August, September and October before we left for home (on leave).

On 2 or 3 occasions we saw our guests off at the train station in the morning and they would be back in the evening because the train tracks or a bridge had been blown up and the train (which did not travel at night) would have had to back up to Pyinmana. We learned to never change

the beds until our guests had been gone overnight.

### **Getting Acquainted in Pyinmana**

Tim got bronchitis and a fever very soon after we arrived, so we had to find a doctor. We learned there were 2 doctors at the Government Hospital and 2 other doctors in private practice. We decided that since we were connected to the



Government of Burma we would try the senior doctor at the Government Hospital. We visited him and found he was an Indian Sikh, trained at the School of Tropical Medicine in Calcutta. He prescribed sulfa for Tim and that took care of his bronchitis. Over the years we were in Pyinmana, we found Dr. Singh to be an excellent doctor and we became very good friends. He was always most helpful for us, in many ways besides medicine. Another person who was very helpful to us was U Sein. He was a long-time resident and timber merchant and had kept an eye on the school's buildings for the Baptists during World War II. He was a good source of information about living in Pyinmana and about the community (where we were the only foreigners), and he also taught us Burmese.

In early August, I had the Chinese carpenter build a swing for Tim and Tom. It was a very sturdy affair with 2 swings and it immediately got lots of use. The carpenter also started building frames to screen the huge veranda that went around most of our house, which was a really big job and took him several weeks. The carpenter did lots of work for us and he was very reliable, except for a few days about once each month when he would go to an opium den and be "out



of it and in his heaven”.

Of course, we all slept under mosquito nets. Even after the screens were in we still slept under nets, since some mosquitoes always got in and malaria was very prevalent. We all took anti-malaria drugs every week for as long as we were in Burma and thankfully none of us ever came down with it. The Burmese never took anti-malaria drugs. Many of them became very ill with malaria, but never became immune to it.

### **Staffing, Students and the Work Begins**

The students, 100 in the first class, began arriving in the middle of August. They had all been handpicked by the Education Department for interest and ability. Several were



old students that I had with U Than Sein Ba at the State Teachers Training College.

Than Sein Ba visited us at this time since he had been selected for study abroad at the University of Florida

(on my recommendation), and wanted to say goodbye before he left. A student from the Teachers Training College, Maung Mya Than had, again on my recommendation, also been selected for study in the U.S. Through my old professor, John McClelland, I obtained admission for him at Iowa State. These selections for study abroad, and Than Sein Ba's strong support, greatly helped my prestige at the start of the new Institute.

In the latter part of August, I imported some eggs from Thailand (which had a thriving poultry industry). I had a small kerosene heated incubator installed in my office and our first batch of 24 chicks hatched. They became the

foundation of the poultry program at the Institute. Classes started at the Institute the week of the 23<sup>rd</sup> of August with 3 Burmese faculty members, U Chit Ko Ko, U Soe, U Than Nyunt and myself in addition to the Principal, U Thein Maung. We utilized staff from the local Department of Agriculture to teach some of the classes until we were able to get additional permanent staff. U Thein Maung was an older, well-respected Senior Agricultural Department Officer who took 2 of his senior clerks with him to the Institute. They were all masters at how to get things done in the Burmese bureaucracy. U Soe and U Chit Ko Ko were both bright young graduates from the Mandalay College of Agriculture with a few years experience. U Than Nyunt taught Physical Education and organized and coached the athletic teams. We also started recruiting for 2 more American faculty members and for more Burmese faculty members plus assistants to work with the Americans.

There were the usual number of problems about food for the students at the right time and class schedules, but they were solved fairly easily. The students had dormitory-type accommodations and took their baths in the open around the wells, as was the custom throughout Burma. The students were all eager to learn and participate.

Recruiting 2 more American teachers was not an easy task. One person whose work I had observed while I was supervising Vocational Agriculture in North Dakota was Lynn Hewitt. He had a Masters Degree in Animal Husbandry, was very professional in his work and was very congenial. I had spent a number of evenings with him, his wife, Gloria, and their son, Jeff, (about Tim's age), and had liked them very much. I thought he would be just right for the job and contacted him. He was interested, so the New York office of the Ford Foundation followed up and he and his family agreed to be in Burma in October. The Foundation also recruited another American family who had

worked 2 years in India, Paul Creech, his wife Laverne, and their 2 small children, David and Susan.

### **Preparing For Home Leave**

Virginia and Tim left on September 5<sup>th</sup> on the train for Rangoon to turn our house over to a Ford Foundation family and to get things packed for shipment. They spent the night on the train because a rail bridge had been blown up. The repair delayed the train so long that they had to back up to the previous town overnight. We always carried food and water in anticipation of such events.

Our cook, Gopal, left at the same time to return to Rangoon where he had a new position and would be able to join his family. Our new cook, Mary, and houseboy, Doss, had arrived from Taungyi. They had worked for our friends the Snyders, who were leaving for Thailand. Mary brought her son, Harry, her daughter, Elizabeth, and 2 grandchildren, Victoria and I can't remember the other one's name. Doss was alone but in early 1955 he returned to Taungyi to be married, and brought his very pretty wife back with him. They were all Catholics.

### **Insurgents and Gunfire**

Fern wrote Virginia asking if we had protection from the insurgents and Virginia wrote back, "Heavens, yes! We have an army bunker of no less than 10 soldiers on duty all the time. Bill encouraged them to build it on the other side of our compound, for these people are notoriously bad shots and we sure don't want to be in any line of fire if anything ever happens! Which we don't think it will!<sup>13</sup>"

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13. Actually, we heard gunfire many of the nights while we lived in Pyinmana. One night, when the guerillas came into the Institute to steal some of our cattle, there was a fierce battle during which a bullet went zinging through our roof. Tom woke up and said '*was that a real bullet?*'. Both boys thought it was a great experience.

## **New Arrivals, All Living Together and Visitors**

Virginia and Tim returned about the 20<sup>th</sup> and we began to get ready for the Hewitts and Creeches to arrive in early October. They were supposed to live in the second bungalow, the Hewitts upstairs and the Creeches downstairs, but it had not been renovated by the time they arrived so they all moved in with us. That meant we had 11 for every meal, which kept Virginia and the cook busy trying to find enough food in the market. In addition, we often had overnight visitors going to or coming from Rangoon. Bill Hackett, a very nice Baptist Agricultural Missionary from Taungyi, his wife and 5 Burmese arrived for dinner and overnight. We took care of the Hacketts and arranged for Burmese friends in town to take care of the Burmese. They were taking some very good pigs and chickens to Rangoon for sale. Since we needed animals, I bought one of the roosters to introduce new blood to our strain and a young boar as a gift for the school.

In addition to living together, our only transport was the open-air jeep that I had taken on the train from Rangoon. All 11 of us would pile into it and go to market or to church. We swelled the church congregation a great deal when we arrived at the little bamboo Baptist Church. The sermon was always in Burmese but the pastor would give us a synopsis in English. The music was the standard hymns and the congregation would sing the words in their own language – Burmese, Karen, Chinese and English. Later, we helped the congregation build a new small bamboo church near the second bungalow.

## **CHAPTER 11**

### **OUR FIRST HOME LEAVE**

#### **Leaving Burma after 2 Years**

On the 25<sup>th</sup> of October, we took the train to Rangoon and finished our preparation for departure for home. There were many farewell parties and we gave a party at the Strand Hotel where we invited all our Burmese friends as well as friends from the international community. Everyone had been so very nice to us.

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of November 1954, we started our slow journey home. We left at 5:30 a. m. but many friends saw us off, including U Than Sein Ba and U Thein Tun. Several Burmese friends gave us last minute gifts at the airport, which was very nice, but some were difficult to carry on the plane and the boys were very embarrassed by the amount of “things” we had to carry. We had a short stopover in Bangkok before going on to Hong Kong. Allen Bloodworth’s wife met us at the airport and we had a good visit.

#### **Hong Kong**

Hong Kong, as always, was a thrilling place to see. On this visit Helen Tse, a friend of the Pongs, was very helpful during our shopping. We also had a nice dinner at her home with Wynne Pong’s family. We stayed at the Hotel Peninsula, which had superb accommodations and service. It was close to the harbor so we could walk to the Ferry terminal to cross to the bay. During our stay, we had 2 typhoons, but they were not much different from some of our monsoon storms.

#### **Tokyo**

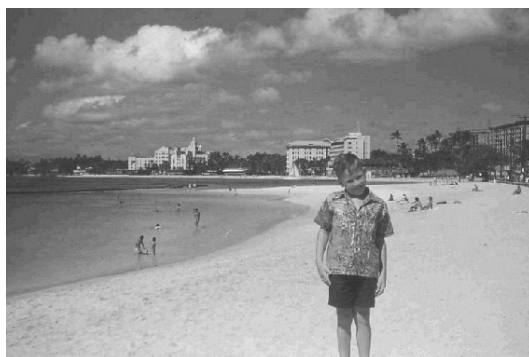
On November 11<sup>th</sup> we traveled on to Tokyo and stayed at a swanky new hotel. Tokyo at that time was still recovering from the war and very few people, especially not taxi drivers or store clerks,

spoke English. This situation was not unusual for us and we managed to do plenty of shopping and sightseeing. On one of the tours, when we were visiting a market, we lost our tour bus quite far from our hotel. Fortunately, we had taken a card from the hotel, with its address, and we showed it to a taxi driver who got us back to our hotel without any problem. Just another experience. We were very impressed with the temples, beautiful sights and good food, plus we had our first glimpse of snow-capped Mt. Fuji.

## Hawaii

On the 13<sup>th</sup> of November our flight from Tokyo to Honolulu took 11 hours and 30 minutes. We had first class sleeping berths on the plane and went to bed about 10:30 p.m. and (with time change) it was about 2 pm Honolulu time when we woke up. It was a very nice flight and we were through Immigration and Customs and on our way, with all 11 bags, 2 umbrellas and a gaungbaung (Burmese hat), in less than an hour. We flew to Kauai to visit Virginia's cousin Katherine Boyum and her family. They were delightful hosts and we enjoyed beautiful Kauai, a truly tropical island with lovely flowers, trees and beaches.

We left Kauai for Honolulu on the 16<sup>th</sup> and stayed at the Edgewater Hotel on Waikiki beach, where we spent our time swimming and sunning. There were only 2 or 3 hotels on Waikiki and the shoreline was clear of buildings for much of the way to Diamond Head Mountain. It was so different from today. We have photos of Tim and Tom standing on an almost deserted beach. The famous pink colored Royal Hawaiian Hotel was there at that time, and some years later we stayed in it.



Next, we traveled to the island of Maui to visit Virginia's

other cousin, Tom Liggett and his family from November 19-23. Tom Liggett managed a large cattle ranch for the sugar company and he and his family had a delightful home overlooking the crater of Hali Akala Volcano. In contrast to Kauai, Maui was quite dry, except for one side of the island, and its main crop was sugar cane. The island did have nice beaches, but was not a major tourist attraction at that time. In addition to Tom and his family, Virginia's Uncle Arthur and his wife, Mabel were living on Maui. Tom, his wife, Marvel, and family all made us most welcome and we again enjoyed sightseeing and visiting. From Maui we returned to Honolulu, where we were given the penthouse suite at the Edgewater.

## **S S Lurline**

We decided to include a cruise in our itinerary home and on November 24<sup>th</sup> boarded the S.S. Lurline for Los Angeles but enroute our destination was changed to San Francisco. We left Honolulu in the evening as a band played the lovely strains of "Aloha," while hula dancing was performed on the dock with lots of colored



streamers from ship to shore. The next morning we docked in Hilo and after breakfast, we met long-term friends of the Liggetts. They took us to the Mauna Loa Volcano – it was our first close look at an active volcano and

in those days one could walk right up to the edge and see it all. It was another great day.

We left Hilo about 5 pm Thanksgiving Day. As we pulled away from the dock, we held streamers with Virginia's friends from Mt. Ayr and again there was lovely music and dancing on the dock.

The man next to us by the railing lost his only pair of glasses as he was leaning over the rail and waving to people on shore. We dressed formally for a delicious Thanksgiving dinner. There were not very many activities for children so Tom, Tim and I gambled on horse races and sat by the pool while Virginia took ukulele lessons, often sitting beside a lady who had a “throw-up-sack” by her side.

As we entered the San Francisco Bay we had great views of the Golden Gate Bridge and Alcatraz before docking about 7 am on December 1<sup>st</sup>. We immediately transferred to the airport where the cruise line had booked us a flight on Western Airlines to Los Angeles. Floyd, Joyce, Russell and Catherine and George Ellis all met us. They were wonderful hosts and we did lots of sightseeing, including a day at Disney Land.

### **Shenandoah and Lodi**

We left for Omaha on the morning of the 4<sup>th</sup> and flew over Palm Springs, near Mt. Baldy. The pilot circled over the Grand Canyon and it was a nice sunny day, so everyone could get a good view. Perfectly wonderful flight! Quite different from today! Frank, Margaret and Kay met us in Omaha and drove us to Shenandoah. It was the first round the world trip for entire family.

We had a long leave since we had been away 2 years and also since I was changing positions from TCA to the Ford Foundation. After staying with family in Shenandoah, we took the train from Red Oak to Portage, Wisconsin, via Chicago, where Fern and Harry met us. They had moved to Lodi, Wisconsin, and were living with Mr. Drew. Jean was teaching at the college in Platteville, WI. We saw her there, as well as her friend (and future husband), Dan Burnham, whom we liked very much. It was nice to see all of our families again, although it was probably too long and a considerable imposition on them.

Virginia and I took the train from Lodi (Portage) to Washington on January 14, 1955, where I completed my end of assignment with TCA. Tim and Tom stayed with Fern and Harry and were very happy to be settled in one place for awhile. In



Washington, we visited a number of people we had worked in Burma and also organized a small get together for Pruchas, Harringtons and others at the Willard Hotel. We rented a car and took a side trip to Raleigh, North Carolina, to visit my good friend, John Monroe and his wife. We then took the train from Washington to New York where we visited the McNallys, who had been very good friends in Burma.

### **Joining the Ford Foundation and Recruiting a New Staff Member**

Virginia then returned to Lodi by train from New York and I went to the offices of the Ford Foundation to become an employee. My only contact with the Foundation up to that time was with John Everton, the Foundation's representative, so I did not know what to expect. I was very pleased to receive a nice welcome at their offices on Madison Avenue, just behind St. Patrick's Cathedral. The staff was very friendly and efficient in processing my paperwork, arranging for a physical examination, and briefing me on the Foundation's operating procedures. It quickly became obvious that I was joining a talented group in an organization with a clearly defined goal of the advancement of human welfare.

I was given authority to recruit an agricultural engineering specialist for Pyinmana and after checking many references, I flew to Chicago and visited George Miller and family in Medaryville, Indiana. George and his wife had lived in Liberia for a few years when he worked for Firestone as a field engineer on their rubber plantation. I was very impressed with George's qualifications and personality but had to check another candidate in Ames, Iowa, before I could offer him the position. The person I interviewed in Ames was not as attractive a candidate, so I offered George the position and he accepted. It proved to be a good choice. George and his family were an excellent addition to our group in Burma. From Ames, I traveled to Shenandoah to visit my family again while waiting for Virginia and the boys to arrive.

## **Hawaii Again and Back to Burma**

Virginia, Tim and Tom left by train from Portage on February 4<sup>th</sup> for Red Oak, via Chicago. Fern and Harry saw them off and I met them the next morning in a blinding snowstorm. They all thought that the new California Zepher was a wonderful train. We managed to get to Shenandoah and almost to the farmhouse, but got stuck in snowdrifts less than a quarter mile away. This had happened to me often, both in snow and mud. Dad and I dug the car out of the drifts later in the morning and pulled it into the yard with the tractor.

Before Virginia arrived, I had purchased an Estey portable organ (it weighed about 60 pounds) that we were able to include in our airfreight shipment to Burma. Virginia was very pleased with it. She enjoyed playing and later taught some of the children to play as well.

Paul, Dorothy Bill, John, Jim, Margaret, and Kay saw us off (on February 12<sup>th</sup>) on United Airlines at the airport in Omaha and Floyd, Joyce and Russ met us in Los Angeles. We stayed overnight with them and took the plane the next day for Honolulu. We traveled First Class on a Pan American Clipper with wonderful food and service. In Honolulu, we had a penthouse suite, this time at the Alexander Young Hotel, and had a wonderful 2 days in spite of rain.

Our plane was late out of Honolulu so almost immediately after takeoff we went to sleep in our berths, although Virginia decided to use her seat in place of a berth. We had a fuel stop in Wake Island about 10 a.m. and had breakfast in the transit lounge. Wake Island was pretty much devastated in the War. However, Tim and Tom enjoyed climbing the World War II anti-aircraft guns all around the airport. We arrived in Tokyo about 5 p.m. and had about a 7 or 8-hour stopover so we were driven to the Hotel Kokusai Kanko. When we left Tokyo (1 a.m.), we again had sleeping berths and slept until breakfast, which came just before landing in Hong Kong around 9 in the morning. The Pan American Agent in Rangoon was a friend of ours and had arranged that the Pan Am Agent in Hong Kong would meet us and take us to the

Peninsula Hotel. We had 2 days rest and relaxation in Hong Kong, where we visited the Tiger Balm Gardens and rode the ferry between Kowloon and Hong Kong many times. As always, we enjoyed being in Hong Kong.

## CHAPTER 12

### RETURN TO PYINMANA

We arrived back in Rangoon on the 21<sup>st</sup> of February, and the Evertons and the Pongs met us and took us to the Kanbawza Palace Hotel. We had a few days in Rangoon, and I spent my time at the Ford Foundation office getting caught up on everything. We took the train back to Pyinmana on the 25<sup>th</sup>, just 4 months to the day since we had left. The Americans and almost all the students met us at the train station. We were glad to be home and by this time the Hewitts and Creeches were in their own houses, so we had our home to ourselves.

#### **Shopping in the Market**

In March, I bought a German-made shortwave radio and we were able to get the BBC (Burmese Broadcast Corporation) from Ceylon, Australia or Malaysia. The BBC had one hour of broadcast in English each day. It was the only way to keep up on the news and world events, since there were no local newspapers.

We adopted one old fashioned practice from the British. No matter where they were located, the British always kept up “standards” by dressing formally for dinner at least once a month. We did the same in our little “foreign” group with men in tuxes and women in formal dresses. It sounds a bit crazy in modern “wear what you want” America, but I recall those occasions with considerable pleasure.

We all went to the bazaar every Saturday morning just to look around and bargain for all kinds of interesting objects, most of which we didn’t need. We bargained for everything, even if an item was only a few cents. It was what was expected and was like a game. I remember that I once bargained for a sword for at least 5 Saturdays. The woman who had it (at the bazaar) would see me coming, bring it out, and we would start the game. We both knew I

was going to buy it, but we had to go through the bargaining process. Tim and Tom acquired a good collection of knives (dahs) and swords, and Tim still has most of these. Virginia's weakness was for pots of all sizes and shapes and cloth. I usually stuck with the boys.

Tim, Tom and I would go into town for our haircuts when needed, which cost us the equivalent of 10 cents each. The barber had no electricity and cut hair with hand clippers. The boys always complained that he pulled their hair. There was a very good Chinese merchant shop that had lots of interesting ingredients for Chinese food. Also, there was an Indian merchant store that had a variety of things but also carried the only supply of Western pharmaceutical items in town. The local doctors and the Chinese merchant were very good at preparing ointments for common rashes and such. There was one Chinese dentist in town with a foot-powered drill. Fortunately, I never had to go to him.

### **Our Little Bamboo Church**

The little bamboo Baptist church was completed near the Hewitts' house and we attended regularly. In addition to us, there



were Karens, Burmese and Chinese in the congregation (not many in total). Once, the minister asked Virginia and Gloria if they would sing a duet for special music for one of the services. On that

Sunday, they had some problems finding the right pitch but succeeded and did very well singing "In the Garden". Tim, Tom and Jeff were somewhat embarrassed by it all and spent their time studying the floor. Later, Virginia started playing her little Estey portable pump organ for church. My contribution was to carry it there and back. After church, we would usually gather at one of our 3 homes for coffee and a few games of bridge.

## **The Shan Hills and a Dog Bites Me**

In August, the Hewitts, our family and Doss, our bearer, took our first road trip. We drove to Kalaw in the Shan Hills, where we stayed about a week in a lovely, quaint, English type hotel with beautiful gardens. We enjoyed visiting the bazaars, watching the colorful Hill Tribe people in their traditional dress, and just spending evenings together in the cool mountain air with a fire in the fireplace. On one of our outings to a nearby village, a stray dog bit me and immediately ran away. Not knowing whether it had rabies (which was prevalent in Burma), I started and completed the 14 anti-rabies shots when we returned to Pyinmana. I got one every day in my stomach muscle, and the shots seemed to get worse each day. The syringe always looked very big. For about an hour before the doctor arrived, I would pace the floor in anticipation and wonder if I could take it. The doctor would leave the needle with Virginia, and she would carefully boil it and have it sterilized for the next visit.

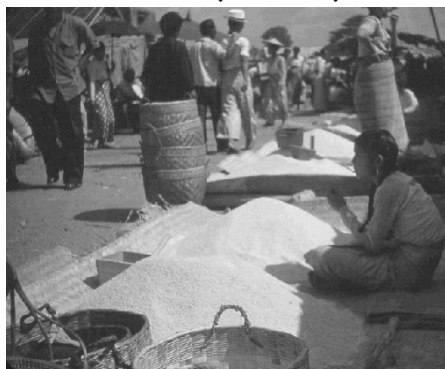
## **Virginia Writes Home**

A letter from Virginia to the editor of the “Reporter” newspaper in Diagonal, Iowa, where her parents had lived, comments further on the anti-rabies shots and about our life at that time.

“October 27, 1955, Dear Mildred: Yes, Bill had his 14 anti-rabies shots and for once he was happy to have a little extra fat around his middle! He was fortunate in that he got very little reaction – he said the worst of it was the anticipation of the long needle every day.

I do wish you could drop in on us for a visit. We'd love to see you – and then I think you'd find our town interesting, if not exciting. Pyinmana has about 17,000 people – it is a large railway terminal as well as being the marketplace for lumber (teakwood mostly), sugar cane, peanuts, sesame, corn (husks used for cheroots or cigars), pottery, etc. The bazaar, or market place, is one of the

largest in Burma – in fact, I have lost my way in it several times! We love to visit the bazaar – our main weekend recreation is to go to the bazaar early Saturday morning just to look around and see



what new vegetables and fruits may be available, and new baskets (we bought 18 one morning!), yard-goods, Burmese and Indian colorful blankets, brassware and jewelry. The boys in the family never pass up the stalls selling "dahs", or fancy knives or swords. The

flower section has been beautiful with asters, gladiolus, lilies, roses, dahlias, jasmine, ginger flowers, and others that I did not recognize piled around on the ground with pretty young Burmese girls in bright skirts selling. The vegetable stalls are pretty, too, with the different shades of greens, yellows and the brilliant red of hot peppers which are loved so much in this part of the world.

Our home is on the campus of the State Agricultural Institute at the very edge of Pyinmana. We look East over pretty rice fields to a lovely range of wooded mountains which often afford us cool breezes, whole rainbows, and white pagodas. There are now 138 students in this school – Burmese boys taking the 2-year course which is teaching them to teach agriculture in the schools (all grades) and go into the villages as sort of extension workers. The students have at least the equivalent of a high school education, many are certified teachers who come here in order to add agriculture to their subjects. Practically no agriculture in any form is now taught in the schools here. This Institute is striving to run on the "Learn with Practice" basis – a very foreign sort of education to these people who are used to the lecture and memorization method. But most of the boys are enjoying their work with the animals and the soil and the discussions in class.

When I was home many asked me what I do all day since I have a cook and a housecleaner to do these things for me. As I may have mentioned before, the cook and housecleaner CAN be

more trouble than they are good, although right now both of mine are excellent.

This is a typical day: We have breakfast about 7:30. Then I settle Tim and Tom down to schoolwork on the "school porch". We work for an hour together, then I leave them to work independently while I go onto another porch and with Bill take a Burmese language lesson for an hour every day. The boys have had their recess by the time I'm finished, so we go back to school and study till 11:30. From 11:30 till 12 I give organ lessons and practices to the American children in our group. After lunch everyone (literally) rests in this climate, so I nap or get caught up on reading till about 3. Then I do mostly just what I want – sew, cook (it is a luxury to cook when one doesn't have to) go through trunks and bureaus to catch up with the constant mildewing, write letters or type letters for Bill, plan menus with my cook, visit with friends, make plans for entertaining our many houseguests, paint, etc. One afternoon a week at 5 the children from the Baptist church come to sing, another afternoon a group of young people come to learn to read music, another afternoon the church choir comes to sing. I have a little portable organ and since all Burmese love to sing, my organ is very popular! I'm getting so much practice that I notice I hit less wrong notes all the time! Then we eat dinner about 6:30 and spend our evenings much as we would at home in the States, except that we do not go to the movies nor do we have a TV set. We do have a shortwave radio and get good reception from Ceylon, Australia and the Philippines especially. Until night before last when it blew a tube and literally burned up, we had a record player!

We have many varied houseguests since we are located on the one main railroad as well as the one highway connecting north and south Burma. The assortment of visitors ranges from missionaries to Burmese government officials to UN representatives, etc., etc. Within the last 3 months we have entertained visitors from Norway, Israel, Scotland, Hong Kong, Finland, India and America besides from Burma. Each brings news of his part of the world plus a new and often inspiring philosophy of life.

So, you see, if you will come visit us you will bring news



of Diagonal and all our friends in Ringgold county. We'd really like that. Love, Virginia”

## **The Weather**

March, April and the first part of May were very hot months, with the temperature over 100 degrees most days. And, with electricity only at night and never on Monday, fans or air conditioners were not possible. In those months, we had difficulty making ice in the kerosene refrigerator but, with careful management, we could keep the beer cold and get enough ice to cool drinks. Water was another problem. The water in our well was very alkaline and almost impossible to drink, but we were able to get quite good drinking water from a well across town. There was a young man, with a horse drawn cart carrying a 50-gallon barrel, with whom we contracted to bring us water every other day. We always thought he had tuberculosis but it didn't really matter since we boiled all our drinking water.

Except for March, April and the first part of May (until the monsoon broke), Pyinmana's climate was quite agreeable. The institute was located on the east side of the city with paddy and sugar cane land extending for about 8-10 miles further east to a river. On the other side of the river the land rose sharply to forestland and continued on into the mountainous Shan Hills. One of the porches on our house faced the east and we usually spent our early mornings there, enjoying the view of the mountains and sunrise. In afternoons we would sit on a different porch to watch the sunset. Pyinmana itself had a population of 17,000 people. Before World War II, there were many brick buildings, but most of these had been destroyed during the war and almost all homes during our time there were of bamboo.

## **Sugar, Fresh from the Mill**

As part of Japanese war reparations, a modern sugar mill was constructed in the heart of the sugar cane area, about 6 miles west of our home. We visited the site many times, took visitors there,

and became well acquainted with the Japanese construction engineer. There were many stories around Pyinmana about people disappearing and being placed alive under the foundation as the mill was being built. This belief dates back to the times of Burmese Kings and the building of the Palace Compound in Mandalay. It was said that human sacrifices were put under the walls during construction to ward off evil spirits. This went with animist belief rather than Buddhism and nothing like it was ever verified during the construction of the sugar mill. However, the mill was not completed on schedule and the Japanese construction engineer committed suicide at the site. This was believed to be due to his shame at not meeting the construction deadline.

Near the modern sugar mill were village sugar mills, which we enjoyed visiting. Each village mill had a hand-made crusher, made of a combination of wood and iron, which was powered by a pair of oxen going round and round as cane was fed into the crusher. The juice was collected and placed in a vat over a fire, fueled by the crushed cane stalks. After the juice had boiled and reduced, it was ladled into huge metal bowls and then beaten with a paddle. As it began to cool, it was poured onto bamboo mats. It quickly hardened, and then was marked with a rake into squares that were cut and packed in boxes to take to market. Sugar in this form was called “jaggary” and while it was still warm we thought it was sanitary, and would eat some. It was delicious. We always bought some to take home to use in baking.

## **Tennis**

In late 1955, we constructed 2 tennis courts at the Institute for staff and students. U Than Nyunt turned out to be a good tennis instructor. Tim and Tom took lessons from him and they became very good players. On mornings when we didn't have to go to the field, Lynn and I usually played tennis from 7 to 8. Later, we obtained enough racquets for students to play and (with U Than Nyunt's coaching) many of them became good players. Lynn and I also joined the tennis club in town. The tennis club members were

mostly government officials and military officers plus a few businessmen. There were about 30 of us in the club and it gave Lynn and me a chance to integrate more with the community. Sometimes, for tournaments, we would invite the tennis club members to the Institute for games. The first season that I joined the tennis club, I won the singles competition, which pleased me. I have always been very competitive in sports.

### **Odds and Ends**

In the Fall of 1955, our electricity improved and we had electricity in the daytime as well as at night, except on Mondays when the generator was serviced. With this improvement we were able to install ceiling fans. We found the voltage of daytime electricity fluctuated widely from about 140 to 220, the latter being correct voltage. This fluctuation caused great problems with radios, record players and all electric powered equipment.

A frequent visitor to our home and to the Institute was Bob Fisler who was with the USIS in Rangoon as a visiting media/visual aids specialist from the Wisconsin State College, River Falls. He, and the many visitors we had, were always helpful in carrying our mail back and forth, bringing us needed items from Rangoon as well as giving us up-to-date information on the outside world.

Maung Mya Than (Mike), who was studying at Iowa State, visited Paul and his family on the farm near Shenandoah and was thrilled to get to drive a tractor and to help doing lots of work. Later, when Paul had a heart attack, Mike took the bus to Shenandoah to see Paul and wanted to stay there and do the work until Paul was well. Paul encouraged him to go back to Iowa State, which he did. Mike always thought that the best part of his time in America was spent on the farm with Paul, Dorothy Bill, John and Jim.

### **Livestock Development and Anthrax**

The academic and fieldwork programs were going very well and Lynn Hewitt had become a very popular instructor. By this

time, we had a good supply of laboratory materials and equipment and appropriate farm equipment, which helped all of us. In April, Lynn, accompanied a number of students on a field trip to the College of Agriculture in Mandalay and to a Hill Station research farm in Maymyo. In his absence, I became the animal husbandry expert, which was not good since the Institute's one really good sow was ready to have pigs. I was afraid the dogs or other animals might eat the pigs at birth and moved the sow into a vacant room in the downstairs of our house. That night she delivered 11 pigs, with some help from me. Virginia observed and it was the first time that she had seen pigs (or any animals) being born. About a week after the pigs arrived we moved the sow and pigs to a pen with a bamboo roof on the school land. One of the pigs was very small, a runt, and in Iowa farm operations it would have been put away. Here, we needed every animal and Tim and Tom took charge of it. They fed it from a bottle and kept it in a box in the house. They named it "Squealy" and kept it until it was strong enough to be placed back with its mother.

A few months later we imported about 10 gilts and a couple of young boars from Japan (where they had some excellent swine). Not long after we received them, one of them died. Lynn was away again so I contacted the local veterinarian. He wasn't sure what was the reason for death and thought we should send tissue samples to Rangoon for analysis. The weather was very hot so adequate preservation of the tissue samples was essential. The vet and I proceeded to dissect the animal with Tim and Tom watching and fetching small bottles for the samples. The next day I saw U Sein and told him about the death of the pig. He wanted to know where it died. I showed him, and he said it probably died of anthrax, because an elephant had died of anthrax at that spot during the war and had been buried there. He was right. The tissue analysis in Rangoon found that it was anthrax. We moved all the animals away from that location and never kept animals there again.

## Bilingual Teaching

After our return from the United States, I continued my teaching duties in farm crops and supervision of students' fieldwork. I also started teaching chemistry and had to spend a great deal of time studying to keep ahead of the students. When supervising fieldwork, I would go to the field about 6:30 and then go home for breakfast about 8. If I had been in the rice paddies, I always had to take off my trousers outside and pick several blood filled leeches off my legs. I usually had 4 or 5.

It was soon evident that the students were not sufficiently advanced in English to participate in English in class. Most could express themselves in writing and understood English fairly well, but could not express themselves speaking it. At the same time, I could understand Burmese quite well but could not express myself as well in the language as was needed for teaching, so we worked out a system that met our needs. I lectured in English and led class discussion speaking English, while the students responded in Burmese. It was really very successful.

In the summer of 1955, we started the second year of the Institute and admitted 100 new students. During this year, the Principal had to spend a great deal of time in Rangoon clearing accounts and other bureaucratic problems. The Principal had spending authority for only the equivalent of \$5 without prior authority from Rangoon or a senior government official in the Pyinmana District. Fortunately, the Principal and his 2 clerks were extremely skillful in aggregating purchases of separate parts of equipment so, with a series of \$5 purchases, we were able to get needed items. However, this then took lots of time to clear with the accounting offices in Rangoon and often required the Principal there. When he was away, he always left me in charge of the school. It was wonderful experience for me and fortunately there were no major crises while he was away. On one occasion when I was in charge, the Honorable Minister of Education and his staff made a visit to the Institute. In Burma, such visits by senior officials were both a serious matter and a social event. We had to

have everything in tip-top condition and students and staff ready to greet the Minister, as well as arrange a tea or similar event for senior local officials and town elders to meet the him. Everything was well prepared by my Burmese colleagues and the Minister, whom I knew quite well, was pleased with his visit.

### **Students' Practical Training in the Villages**

In December, I started visiting villages to make final arrangements for students to do their 3 weeks of practical training. I visited 14 villages and was greeted in each by both men and women leaders, who always invited me to tea and cakes in one of their homes. Village homes were usually just one bamboo room built on stilts. Livestock was kept in the area beneath the floor. Cooking was done outside and carried in at mealtime. We sat on mats on the floor to eat or drink, and I got quite accustomed to this. I enjoyed these visits very much and the people were always most friendly and hospitable. By then, my Burmese was sufficient to converse with them.

Later in the month, when the students started living in the villages, I made supervisory visits and sometimes took Tim, Tom, or Jeff with me. They always enjoyed it and were good sports about eating or drinking whatever was offered to them. The Burmese were very hospitable and you were always offered tea and crackers or something on every visit. The students worked side by side with the villagers in their fields and gained much practical experience from this, and from just talking with village men and women. The students all seemed to enjoy their stay in the villages. And, the villagers seemed to enjoy the students and were very interested in their studies.

### **Changing Staff**

In early May, the Creechs decided they did not wish to continue at Pyinmana. Paul had never enjoyed his work there, and had not fit in well with the Burmese. Paul and his wife, Laverne, wanted to return to Texas with their 2 small children and I

encouraged them to do this. They departed in early June.

George Miller, his wife, Vernadean, and their two sons, Nick and Larry, arrived in mid-June and moved into the house vacated by the Creeches. They quickly adjusted to life in Pyinmana and George turned out to be a very good instructor of practical agricultural engineering. He was also a mechanic, and was very well liked by students, faculty and townspeople. He trained 2 of his support staff, Ko Po Toke and Ko Pauk Sa, in machinery operation, maintenance and repair. Ko Pauk Sa also was an excellent carpenter and furniture builder.

About this time, we invited Bill Rice, a Baptist Agricultural Missionary, to join our staff. Bill had a PhD in Plant Pathology, which was an area in which we needed assistance. He had come to Burma to reopen the Case School for the Baptists but that turned out to be impossible, so he was teaching biology at the Baptist High School in Rangoon. We had known Bill and his wife, Betty, and children, Tom, Norman, Rick and Margaret in Rangoon. We fixed up an apartment in the lower floor of our house for them and they moved in. Bill was a good addition to our staff not only because of his work in plant pathology but because he had a good rudimentary knowledge of the Burmese language. The Rice's oldest boy, Tommy, was about the age of our Tom and they became good friends. The whole family fit in well in the community.



### **A Visit to Indian Colleges and Villages**

In October 1955, I organized a visit to India (Calcutta – Burdwan – Allahabad – Delhi – Hyderabad and Bombay) for U Ba Kyaw (Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Education) and Mrs. Ba Kyaw, U Thein Maung (Principal, State Agricultural Institute, Pyinmana), U Tin Maung Lwin, Ko Kyaw Nyunt (both from the

Department of Education), and myself, to observe some of the agricultural colleges and village development projects. The Permanent Secretary was the highest official in a Ministry, next to the Minister. U Ba Kyaw had a great influence on support for educational institutions and programs and was a good friend to the Pyinmana institute and to me.

We first visited village development and education programs in the Calcutta area and then went to the Allahabad Agricultural Institute, a private agricultural college with a long record of outstanding practical agricultural training. The President of the College at that time was Dr. Art Moser. He later became the director of the Agricultural Development Council (funded by John D. Rockefeller III) and lived in Ithaca, New York. I became well acquainted with him during our time at Cornell.

While in Allahabad, I joined others who were going out in a boat on the Ganges River to drop flowers and pray. The Ganges is a holy river for both Hindus and Buddhists, so it was a wonderful opportunity for my Buddhist colleagues. From Allahabad, we went to New Delhi for meetings with Indian Officials and with the Representative of the Ford Foundation, Doug Ensminger. The Ford Foundation was a major supporter of Village Development Programs in India. At one of the events in Delhi, I was able to closely observe Prime Minister Nehru, whom I admired very much. At one of the Government Shops in Delhi, I bought a tiger skin, complete with mounted head, and had it shipped to Rangoon. It arrived in Burma OK and the boys, and later Kathy, greatly enjoyed lying on the skin and putting their fingers in its mouth. We were able to keep it in good condition until about 1968 when wear and tear and the tropical climate caused it to disintegrate.

After Delhi, we traveled to Hyderabad to visit an agricultural college and then made visits to several village development projects (funded by the Ford Foundation) to observe the work that Ghandi was doing in villages. Hyderabad was a very nice city with large parks. We stayed at one and took elephant rides through the park. The city was also famous for its jewelry, especially pearls, and we



visited some of the many pearl shops in the market. We also visited Bombay, the largest city in India, as well as many villages in that area. Bombay was an important industrial and agricultural center with much overcrowding and evidence of great poverty, which was contrasted by the luxurious Taj Mahal Hotel. Bombay was, and still is, the major center for the Parsis religious community in India. .

We returned home after about 3 weeks feeling that we had a very successful visit. Once again, I appreciated how much better off Burma was than India. One difference that was particularly noticeable was the role of women. In Burma, when I visited a village or a home, the women were at ease and welcomed me, while in India when I visited a village, the women all retreated behind walls or covered their faces and would not talk to me. There were some women who worked on hand looms or as teachers in the villages impacted by Ghandi's village development programs who were more open, but they were rare.

### **First Visit by Senior Ford Foundation Officers from Headquarters**

Soon after I returned from India, we had a visit from the Vice President of the Ford Foundation's International Program, Dr. F. F. (Frosty) Hill, his wife Lillian and daughter, Peggy, along with Dr. Everton of the Rangoon office. Frosty was educated as an agricultural economist and had an agricultural background in Canada, and Lillian was a plant geneticist. We very much enjoyed their visit. Frosty was born in Canada but had emigrated to the United States when he went to college. He had a distinguished career in the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration and had served as Provost of Cornell University. Ours was one of the first agricultural programs that they had visited since joining the Foundation and Frosty became a strong supporter of the program and my work throughout his time as Vice President. This was the first time that any of them had slept under mosquito nets and I remember they had lots of giggles while trying to get into their beds and get the nets tucked in.

I also accompanied them to Mandalay to visit the College of Agriculture, which was just beginning a program of cooperation (with Foundation support) with the University of Florida, College of Agriculture. We drove to Mandalay in convoy with a truckload of soldiers in front and a Jeep full of soldiers following us as our security force.

### **1956 A Very Good Year**

One of the most important events in 1965 was that Virginia found she was pregnant. Also, Virginia's sister, Jean, married Dan Burnham, in Platteville (in March).

Visitors kept rolling in. It seemed that almost every week we had international visitors arriving (some anticipated and many not) in the late afternoon looking for dinner and a bed for the night. We accommodated most of them, but the Hewitts and Millers also helped when we had a real overload. One of our notes mentions 16 guests for dinner with 5 staying overnight. The Australian Ambassador and his family stayed with us a couple of times as did Weston Seagrave, son of Dr. Gordon Seagrave, the "Burma Surgeon". Weston was just out of the Naval Air Corps after 10 years service and was on the way to Nam Kam (in northern Burma) to visit his father. An interesting group of students from Cambridge/Oxford who were driving from London to Singapore and back stayed with us on their way back from Singapore. They had a grant from National Geographic to do a story and take pictures of their trip.

For his birthday that year, Tim decided he would invite his guests for a 6:30 a.m. breakfast. They all came over and played cowboys until Virginia fed them Jell-O with bananas and pancakes. Both boys started on Calvert schoolwork, with Virginia teaching them. Tim did most of his on his own, and also read every book he could get his hands on. Tom was less interested, and Virginia would often find that he had slipped out the back door to play rather than do his schoolwork. However, he got along OK in everything but spelling.

## **Smallpox in the House**

In March, at the peak of the hot season, our cook Mary went to a Catholic meeting in Rangoon and soon after both she and her daughter's mother-in-law were diagnosed with smallpox. Dr. Singh immediately quarantined all our servants, since they had all been to the meeting. He also quarantined the servants of Hewitts, Millers, and Rices. We all were re-vaccinated for smallpox and all the students at the Institute were vaccinated. The doctor wanted Mary and the other woman to be isolated, since they were the only ones with symptoms of the disease, so we built a small bamboo hut out in the rice fields and they moved there. The Rices' cook had been vaccinated and he volunteered to move to the quarantine hut to take care of them. The temperature was above 100 degrees every day but we sent water and ice to them to help as much as possible. Fortunately, Mary had been vaccinated many years ago and had some immunity, so she recovered after about 10 days. She was not fully immune since she had wiped off the vaccine as best she could when it was first given. This was a common practice in many developing countries where they did not fully understand the importance of vaccinations.

With all the servants quarantined, this meant that each household had to do all its own work. All drinking water had to be boiled for at least 20 minutes over a charcoal brazier, bath water had to be heated over a charcoal brazier, and none of the women were used to cooking on a kerosene stove, doing laundry by hand, or doing all the other things, often with no electricity for fans in over 100 degrees every day. But, we all got through it and the servants were all allowed to return to work after about 10 days.

## **A Visit by the Prime Minister, U Nu**

In April of that year, the Prime Minister of Burma, U Nu, visited the Institute and stayed in the students' dormitory. He was campaigning for reelection and we accompanied his group to some of his political rallies in nearby towns and villages. He was a very

popular figure. On his last day in Pyinmana I was invited to join his group for breakfast at the Institute. Tom was very interested in meeting him (Tim said he was not interested) so I took Tom with me and we sat by U Nu for breakfast. Tom was very pleased because U Nu visited with him and was interested in how Tom was getting along in Burma.

### **Pyinmana Burns**

Also in April, near the end of the hot dry season, there was a terrible fire in Pyinmana and about 1/3 of the houses were burned. The fire spread very rapidly, since almost all the houses were made of bamboo and had thatch roofs. People had little or no time to get any of their belongings out of their houses. Some of us from the Institute quickly went to the house of our friend, U Sein, and helped him remove the thatch roof, which kept his house from burning. We helped some others but since the fire spread so quickly we could do little more. The fire left about 5,000 people homeless. Of course there was no insurance for anyone, so friends and neighbors helped them rebuild with bamboo. The monsoon broke in mid-May and brought relief, for which we were all grateful.

### **By Road to Rangoon**

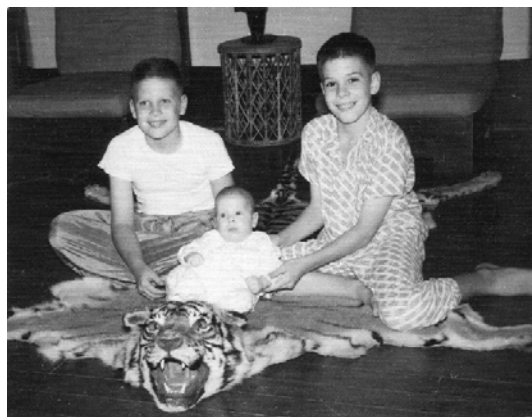
We made our first road trip by car to Rangoon in May, on narrow, broken up blacktop. Whenever we met another car, truck, or animal-drawn vehicle, we had to get off the road. There were no possible toilet stops so we just chose a clump of bamboo or some shrubs. We carried extra tires, gasoline and some spares, and of course took our own food and water. The trip was bumpy and we averaged about 25 mph, and made the trip in 10 hours. We went for Virginia to have a checkup with the doctor at the Seventh Day Adventist hospital (where she would go for the birth of the baby). This was the best hospital in Burma and the doctor she was seeing, Dr. Dunn, had been born and raised in Nebraska City, Nebraska, just 30 miles from my home. Dr. Dunn found Virginia to be in good

health and anticipated no problems so we returned to Pyinmana to stay until about the first of July. The doctor advised her to plan to spend a month in Rangoon before the baby was due, and the Methodist Minister and his wife, George and Mary Hollister, invited her and the boys to stay with them then. During the time we lived in Rangoon we had become good friends of the Hollisters.

In early July, Virginia, Tim, and Tom accompanied the Ford Foundation Representative and Assistant, John Everton and John Eddison, to Rangoon where she and the boys moved in with the Hollisters. They had a nice bedroom and a sun porch to themselves and the boys had taken their schoolbooks, so they had school every day on the porch. Mary Hollister was a gourmet cook, so they had wonderful meals. Many evenings they all played scrabble or Chinese checkers together. I stayed with them for a week in the latter part of July. Virginia was able to get supplies from the American Embassy commissary, which helped pay for their stay.

### **A Daughter in the Family**

Virginia went to the hospital on August 5<sup>th</sup>, and Kathleen Mary Gamble was born at 4:20 a.m. on August 7<sup>th</sup>. We also gave her a Burmese name, Ma Sein Hla (pretty diamond), fitting the day of the week on which she was born. She was a surprise to Virginia, who had been sure she was going to have a boy. The boys were leaning towards wanting a brother, but were quite happy with a girl. Tom had said that if it was a girl he would call her Kat (since we had decided on Kathleen for a girl's name). It took 2 days for me to get a telegram from Rangoon, but Virginia's parents got theirs the same day announcing the new arrival. Mary Hollister decided



that Virginia should not have the Seventh Day Adventist's vegetarian meals so she took breakfast, lunch, and dinner to the hospital every day. The hospital did not allow children to visit so the boys would go over with Mary and stand outside. Virginia would wave at them through the window. Dr. Dunn, the nurses and all staff at the hospital were very kind to Virginia and she had excellent care. She stayed in the hospital about 8 days and then she, the baby, Tim, and Tom moved to the Kanbawza Hotel.

I joined them for about a week and then had to return to my work. They stayed at the hotel for a month until September 14<sup>th</sup>, when I picked them up and we drove to Pyinmana. During this time in Rangoon, the boys had become very self-reliant and resourceful, since they had much time alone while Virginia was in the hospital after Kathy arrived. They ate alone in the dining room at the hotel and then babysat while Virginia went to the dining room. Other guests at the hotel commented to Virginia about how nice the boys were.

### **Back In Pyinmana**

Back in Pyinmana, all was going well. With strong encouragement from Dr. Everton and senior officials of Burma's Ministry and Department of Education, I decided to resign from my leave of absence from the U. S. Government position and continue with the Ford Foundation for at least another 2 years. We also decided to recruit another staff member from the United States to work on agricultural extension. The Ford Foundation agreed to construct a house to be located on Institute ground to accommodate additional staff, and construction was started in the Fall of 1956.

The tennis courts that we had constructed were getting lots of use and soon after we returned from Rangoon Tim and Tom resumed lessons from U Than Nyunt. They really worked at it and by the end of the year were playing very well.

When Virginia and Kathy arrived home, we added another person to our household staff, Naw Paw, a Karen nanny for Kathy. Naw Paw, an older woman often was seen with a "cheroot" in her

mouth (like many women in Burma). The “cheroot” was a homemade cigar with coarse tobacco rolled in cornhusks. She spoke very little English but was an excellent caretaker of Kathy. Mary, our cook, also was very kind to Kathy and she was Kathy’s favorite. Our driver, Mg Thein Mg, also took a great interest in Kathy and her welfare.

Soon after Virginia and Kathy arrived in Pyinmana, the Ford Foundation’s representative, Dr. Everton, left for home and was replaced by Ed Arnold. We had liked John Everton and his family very much and never had the same rapport with the Arnolds.

### **First a Horse and Then a Dog**

The boys were growing up fast. With their new self-reliance, they took advantage of the many opportunities for freedom of play activities around the Institute grounds. They also were very interested in Kathy and were very helpful taking care of her. I’m not sure if it was from watching the water boy with his cart or from books or movies, but Tim and Tom decided they should have a pony-drawn chariot to ride around town. They set to work building it and kept asking me to buy a pony. We had no place to keep a pony but I put out the word that we were interested and several people came with ponies to sell. We carefully examined 5 or 6 but did not find a really good one. About this time Tom had a very bad fall and we thought perhaps his arm was broken, but Dr. Singh thought it was just badly bruised. There were no X-ray facilities in Pyinmana. The closest place was in Toongoo, 2-4 hours away by train and you never knew if their machine would be working. Fortunately, Tom’s arm was just bruised, but it forced him to be very quiet for some time.

I guess that during this period the chariot phase passed. Tim and Tom moved on to a puppy that Tom and Tom Rice found and brought home and named Rinny. They all spent a lot of time caring for the puppy and the Mali built a small house for it. That went well until Tom Rice decided he would rather have a chicken, which he acquired, and the chicken took over the doghouse. I don’t know

where the dog was then sheltered, but I expect it slept under the carport.

The boys enjoyed Rinny very much. It was common practice for women of a nearby village to come on to our grounds to cut grass for their cattle with hand sickles. One day one of these women took a swipe at Rinny with her sickle when he came near (Burmese did not like dogs very much), and cut him very badly on one of his hind legs. This was a real crisis for the boys. The gardener (Mali) brought the dog to me to treat. Normally, I would have had Lynn take charge, since he was more skillful with animals than I, but he was away on a trip. I got a needle and thread and the boys held Rinny while I disinfected and sewed up the big cut on her hip. Somewhat to my surprise, it healed and caused Rinny no further problems. A bit later, someone threw a big rock and hit Rinny in the eye. The boys thought it was all over for her, but Lynn was there and took care of her and lo and behold the eye returned to normal.

All of the boys also spent a lot of time around a pond on the farm trying to catch fish and building rafts. Growing up on the Institute was nice for the boys since they had lots of room to roam and the students and staff were always interested in them and looked out for them at all times.

### **Changing Medical Scene and a Decision on School**

Early in the year we were very sorry to learn that Dr. Singh was being transferred to Toungoo, about 2 hours by train from Pyinmana. Since he was the Government Civil Surgeon he had to go wherever ordered. His replacement was not as well qualified nor was he very comfortable with “Westerners”. There was an older physician in town, Dr. Meah, who was in private practice and whom we knew very well. He was a Moslem and his wife, a Christian, was an excellent nurse. We shifted most of our medical needs to Dr. Meah.

The next big change was that we decided that Tim and Tom should go to boarding school after our home leave. Kathy



demanded so much of Virginia's time and attention that she was not able to give sufficient attention to their schooling. Tim was doing well since he worked hard on his own, but Tom needed more attention and direction. Many children of Foreign Service and Mission staff in Burma attended boarding schools in India so we looked into these and decided to apply to Kodaikanal. Kodaikanal was a small town in a beautiful setting on a lake in the mountains in Southern India, between Madras and Bangalore. The boys had some friends attending that school and the Hewitts thought they might send Jeff, and the Rices thought they might send their Tom. The school was founded and operated by a conservative church organization in Canada but was well respected for its education program. Admission to the school was very competitive and we were not sure they would be admitted. Dr. Hollister wrote a strong recommendation for their admission, which no doubt helped, and we were advised they would be admitted in July or August.

### **The Perils of Road and Train Travel**

In February, I went to Rangoon with our jeep to pick up supplies and to attend a meeting. As usual, my driver, Mg Thein Maung, went with me and we shared the driving. It was about 250 miles to Rangoon and if we had no problems we could make it in 10–11 hours. We had no problems on the way, finished our business and started back after a couple nights in Rangoon. We had an early start and by mid-afternoon were only about 50 miles from Pyinmana. The roads were bad with lots of holes and broken asphalt, and we had a flat tire. We had a spare and 2 other tires with us, and so felt quite comfortable. We changed the tire and got about a mile down the road when the new tire went flat. We still had 2 spares, but almost unbelievably they both went flat, too. By then, it was getting late and we were nowhere near a village. The tires were damaged beyond repair, so we decided on drastic measures. We took the shredded packing paper out of one of our boxes of goods and packed the tire with this paper and drove very slowly. The area was well known for bandits and my driver was

getting very concerned for my safety. As darkness approached we flagged down a truck. I grabbed my bedroll and rode into the next village with him. There I found the government rest house (a bamboo hut with bare metal springs on which to place my bedroll), got some food from a street vendor, and turned in for the night. Mg Thein Maung drove in about the time I turned in and joined me. The next morning he stayed in the village while I walked 5 miles to the railroad and caught a train in to Pynmana, and then took a pony cart from the station home. Virginia and others were very glad to see me. They had no way of knowing where I was except that I had left Rangoon the previous morning, since no telephones or cables were available in villages. We sent another jeep and driver back to the village with more tires and to shift some of the load from my jeep and bring it home. It was a real experience but one that was not so very unusual in those days.

On my arrival home, I found that our friend, Chandler, was at our house. Chandler was a gem dealer from the ruby and sapphire mines in Mogok, and was on his way to Rangoon with a briefcase full of gems. We had become acquainted with him through our mutual friend, Dr. Spaulding, a veterinarian from Coin, Iowa who had served in Burma in the war. I had asked Chandler to try to obtain a nice ruby for me to go with some of the star sapphires we had purchased from him earlier. He had the ruby that I had requested, which I later sold to Bill Morgan. On several occasions he would visit us and on arrival would hand his briefcase to Virginia, with thousands of dollars of gems in it, and say "please take care of this". He was always an interesting guest, telling us stories of various gem finds in Mogok.

An experience of Virginia's was typical of many of our train travels. She writes:

"I came home on the train last Monday – I was the first in our compartment which is supposed to hold six by day and sleep four by night. Pretty soon here came some Chinese men, then women and children, then bedrolls, suitcases, about 15 boxes with cakes in each, 5 gallon kerosene tins filled with cookies, then 1

gallon tins filled with heaven knows what, huge baskets filled with green onions, oranges and more. There was not room for me nor my feet and I began to feel as if the trip was just going to be too crowded for by that time there was at least a dozen people. But, as the last bell rang for starting the train the people started saying goodbye, much to my relief, and we ended up with only 4 people and a baby besides myself. Unfortunately, they left all the stuff! The trip wasn't too bad. The baby was darling and the people pleasant although only the woman spoke a little English. About 15 miles before we reached Pyinmana the engine broke down and I was sure I'd have to spend the night on the train. I was the only "Westerner" on the train but I got out along the track and asked a group of men if any of them could explain in English what happened. Several, of course, spoke up and were very nice. A friend of Bill's from Mandalay came to me then and visited almost until we reached Pynimana. By some means they had gotten word to Pyinmana and they got another engine to come and tow us in so we were only about 2 hours late."

## **CHAPTER 13**

### **OUR SECOND HOME LEAVE AND BOARDING SCHOOL FOR TIM AND TOM**

#### **Beirut, Rome, Zurich, New York, Lodi and Shenandoah**

On March 6, 1957, we started our home leave. This time we planned to travel via Europe and the first leg of our travel was from Rangoon to Beirut, Lebanon. This was our first trip abroad with Kathy, and we didn't know how our 7-month old child would get along. Traveling with a baby was quite different then than today. At that time, due to different electric voltage in different countries we carried a 110 electric hot plate as well as a 220 one, a pan in which to sterilize bottles for Kathy's milk and all her food for the trip. Kathy did fine except for some fairly loud crying sessions in the First Class section of the plane, after the Davids (Vice Chairman of the Board of the Ford Foundation) boarded at Karachi and sat next to us. In Beirut, the Ford Foundation Representative, Mr. Iverson, welcomed us as a part of the David party. The Foundation had reserved hotel accommodations for us at the very nice Excelsior Hotel and we again found Beirut to be a beautiful city on the sea. During our few days there, we shopped, had dinner with the Davids at Iverson's, and Tim, Tom, and I took a tour of the famous ancient ruins at Baalbeck.

From Beirut to Rome we flew on a Viscount Turbo Prop plane, Middle East Airline. It was our first trip to Rome and we had planned several days there for shopping and sightseeing. Our hotel, the Excelsior, was on the main avenue in the middle of the shopping area so we took many walks, pushing Kathy in her stroller, and dined at some excellent restaurants – Capriccio, Tre Scalini, Georges, and others.

The next leg of our journey was to Zurich, Switzerland. The Hewitts had highly recommended the Hotel Splugenschloss, which

was a quiet, very nice hotel near the lake with an excellent dining room. The first day, even though it was quite chilly, Tim and Tom went boating on the lake, while Virginia worried about them. The next day, we took a trip by train and funicular from Zurich to Mt. Rigi, Kulm, where there was lots of snow and we could watch the skiers. We rested in a Swiss restaurant on top of the mountain and had some delicious hot chocolate. Then we took the funicular down the other side of the mountain, a boat across Lake Lucerne, and the train back to Zurich. Coming from the tropics, it was an especially beautiful trip through the mountains, lakes and countryside.

We had a 4-hour stopover in Paris enroute from Zurich to New York and found the French sales clerks in the airport shop were not very nice to children, so we were glad to move on. From Paris to New York we had our first flight on a Pan Am double deck Stratocruiser with a 4-course dinner, 4 stewardesses in first class and a not nearly full plane. We each had a sleeping berth (sleeping berths were quite common then in First Class) but Kathy and Virginia spent most of night catnapping in lower deck bar (they were not drinking) – with a dog in its cage. It was a 14-hour flight but we enjoyed it. After swiftly passing through Customs, we took a taxi to the New Weston Hotel near the Ford Foundation office. I spent a day at the office before we took the overnight train to Wisconsin, with a train change in Chicago, and arrived in Portage on March 21<sup>st</sup>. The Burgesses and Liggetts met us in Portage and we drove on to Lodi. It was great to see them after being away for 2 years. At this point, we had completed our second round the world trip (for Virginia, Bill, Tim and Tom).

We had a long time in the States, as I had considerable leave time and also needed to find and interview candidates for an additional position on our staff. After a couple weeks in Lodi with Fern and Harry, we took the train to Iowa to visit my family, and then back to Lodi. During our stay in Lodi and Shenandoah, we were asked to give talks to various church and civic groups about our experiences in Burma and travels around the world. We

welcomed this opportunity to try to broaden the vision of many of whom could hardly imagine leaving the United States. The talks were always received with appreciation.

Virginia, Tim, Tom, and Kathy had a long stay in Lodi while I traveled to identify and interview candidates for the agricultural extension advisor position. Tim and Tom went to school there, while I traveled to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, New York, Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota and Iowa. It was very difficult to find a well-qualified person who was willing to give up “the good life and security” to go to Burma. I finally found Joe and Hetty Lee Armor in Plant City, Florida, who were willing to go. Joe was working as an agricultural advisor to a bank in Plant City after having many years as a successful staff member in Florida’s Agricultural Extension Service.

### **Return to Burma via Europe and India**

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of July we took the train from Portage to Chicago and stayed overnight in a hotel in downtown Chicago. We overslept, and had to take a swift taxi ride to O’Hare Airport. With our 14 bags plus some hand luggage we had to pay a substantial sum to Pan Am for excess baggage before we could board our flight. We left about noon and arrived in Frankfurt the following day, after stops in Shannon and London. It was our first ever stop in Germany, which was still suffering shortages after the war. The Customs Officer found it hard to believe that with 14 bags we had nothing to declare. With the amount of luggage we had, we always had to take 2 taxis from the airports to our hotels.

We stayed at the excellent Frankfurter Hof Hotel and thoroughly enjoyed the accommodations and food. We just relaxed, sat on the sidewalk and enjoyed the view, and took some walks in the lovely parks. After 3 days in Frankfurt, we took an SAS plane to Athens, which we found crowded. The hotel (Grand Bretagne) was not as nice as the one we had in Frankfurt, but the sightseeing was wonderful. We visited the Parthenon – Porch of Maidens, old

theatre, market place, hill where Paul preached, etc., and I have a wonderful photo of Tim and Tom at the Parthenon. On our last day we spent the afternoon at a beach.

From Athens we flew to Bombay on a TWA Constellation and arrived in the monsoon rain. We were back in the tropics. The rooms at the Taj Mahal Hotel were well air-conditioned and the hotel dining room elegant. The view from the hotel was of the sea and the famous Gateway to India. Again, we took tours of city, where we especially enjoyed looking at Kashmir rugs in shops and at everything in the Cottage Industry store. This was our take off point for Kodai, and we were all anxious about this move and not really sure how it would work out. Tim and Tom were only 11 and 9, so it was very hard for them and for us to think of being separated so far apart – Burma and India.



### **Boarding School – Kodaikanal, South India**

On the 20<sup>th</sup> of July 1957, we flew from Bombay to Madras on India Airlines. We rested in the Oceanic Hotel in Madras for a few hours before taking the evening train to Kodai Station. We had a



nice compartment in a First Class air-conditioned car and had excellent service on the train. We arrived at Kodai station road at 6:30 the next morning and caught an old bus

for the 3-hour ride up the mountain. It was a thrilling ride! In

Kodaikanal we stayed at the Carlton Hotel and then registered Tim and Tom in the boarding school. The school buildings and facilities were good and the setting was very nice. It was close enough to the center of town so students could walk there. On July 22 we said goodbye to boys (very difficult, especially for Virginia) and took the bus back down the mountain and the overnight train to Madras. We went to the Conemara Hotel, had breakfast and rested a few hours before taking the plane to Calcutta.

As we approached Calcutta, we had to fly through a horrible thunderstorm. The plane ride was very rough and I became very airsick, but Virginia was so busy taking care of Kathy that she couldn't. This was before the days of fancy air navigation systems and the pilot had to follow railroad tracks to find airport. We almost kissed the ground when we left the plane, for we thought we would never make it. We spent the night in the Grand Hotel where we had stayed overnight 5 years earlier on our way to Burma.

We arrived back in Burma on the 23<sup>rd</sup> and took the train to Pyinmana on the 24<sup>th</sup>. It was good to be home and unpack. It was the first round the world trip (Burma-United States) for Kathleen – age 11 months.



## **CHAPTER 14**

### **BURMA AGAIN – KODAIKANAL SCHOOL**

#### **Return**

It was a good time to reflect briefly on our feelings. For me, it was good to be back and I felt very much at home. I had found that I was very comfortable in rural village settings, and believed that the work I was doing was making a difference in the lives of students. I had learned to sit on my heels, as the Burmese did, in meetings with village elders and felt at ease with their customs. I understood enough of the Burmese language that I was comfortable in meetings and was able to express myself sufficiently to be a part of conversations. I enjoyed my work tremendously. I was becoming well acquainted in the local community, played tennis regularly at the Tennis Club, and had good friends among the military officers in our area.

#### **The Military, Insurgents and a Cremation**

Since Pyinmana was the Headquarters of a “District” there were many Government offices and a large military base. The Commander of the military unit was a young Burmese Major who had his military training in Britain and was very proud of his unit. He was a good friend of ours, and particularly of Lynn Hewitt, who often went to the Military Compound to look after some of their animals. The second in command was a Gurkha captain who also had been trained in England, and was very proud of his Gurkha soldiers. He always invited Lynn and me to their annual religious ceremony where it was the tradition to behead a water buffalo with a single cut of the sword. All of the soldiers feasted on the buffalo meat after it was roasted over an open pit. The captain was also a member of the Tennis Club so I knew him very well.

There were still many insurgent troops in our area so the army was on regular alert and made frequent sweeps through

surrounding villages, searching for insurgent leaders. When captured, the leaders were transported to Rangoon for trial. Often, for lack of evidence, they were soon released. The military, especially the Gurkhas, were upset about this and I recall the captain telling me that when they captured one insurgent leader for the third time they decided to not send him to Rangoon. Rather, they offered him the opportunity to try to escape, and told him if he made it over the hill they would never seek him again. Of course, he didn't make it over the hill. About that time our friend, the commanding officer, while out with troops on a search, was ambushed and killed by insurgents not far from Pyinmana. This was a real blow to the military, since the major was a highly respected officer. Rather than immediately cremating his body as was the custom, the army sent out notices to all villages within many miles of Pyinmana that all residents were expected to attend a public cremation later in the week. This was a warning that there would be great retribution for any further attacks on the military and thousands came to attend the cremation. Lynn Hewitt and I were invited and attended along with senior officials from all government offices. The military maintained a very high presence and the insurgent activity was interrupted for some time, but eventually resumed.

### **Being a Part of the Community**

We were always included in social events in town. In early October we, along with the other Americans and the Principal of the Institute, were invited to Mohamed's birthday celebration at the local cinema. It was held at the cinema since that was the only auditorium in town, except for the one at the Institute. It was really an ecumenical event. I was always invited to sit on the stage with other "dignitaries" and was called upon to speak on behalf of the foreign Christian community. Dr. Meah, a Moslem, spoke on behalf of the Moslem community, a Buddhist Monk spoke on behalf of the Buddhists, Dr. Singh spoke on behalf of the Sikhs, another doctor spoke on behalf of the Hindus, the Gurkha captain from the

military unit spoke on behalf of the Gurkhas, and the Baptist minister spoke on behalf of the Christians. All spoke in Burmese, except me, and my remarks were translated. Each of us spoke of the unity of all people that transcends religion. It was a wonderful example of people with differing religious views coming together. There was religious harmony in Burma, perhaps because of the very high predominance of Buddhists who did not try to impose their religion on others and the fact that most political leaders had been educated in Christian schools.

### **Back to Work and the Boys' School**

The Institute had made good progress in my absence. The new house was completed and the Rices had moved into it, and the Armors had arrived and moved into our downstairs apartment.

We often thought of the boys and wondered how they were getting along. Virginia was busy with Kathy, who was a very cute child but required a lot of attention. Her Karen nanny was a great help and our cook, Mary, spoiled her a great deal. Kathy always received a great deal of attention from the students whenever Virginia or the nanny took her out in her stroller around the school grounds.

At Kodai, the boys had to have a letter ready for mail each Sunday before they could have dinner, so we heard from each of them every week. Tim wrote excellent letters and seemed to adapt very well to boarding school life. For Tom, it seemed a bit more difficult, or at least his letters indicated he was lonesome and homesick. However, reports from his teachers and his dorm housemother said he was happy, had many friends and was well adjusted. Sometimes, Tom's letters were very brief. On some occasions there was a blank page in his envelope, but we knew that he was OK and just didn't have anything to say. Later, his letters became much better, and he seemed to be happy at school with many friends. The food at school was very bad, according to Tom, although Tim did not complain about it. We later heard that they took advantage of some of the Indian street vendors to supplement

their diet. They both wrote nice letters to Fern and Harry that were much appreciated. The boys felt close to Fern and Harry throughout their lives.

### **The Boys are Home for Christmas**

In late October, Kodai started its long holiday break, which also marked the end of the school year (due to the cold temperature at the school's altitude – over 6000 feet). School did not reopen until the second week in January. Tim and Tom were both promoted from their grades, so Tom would be in 5<sup>th</sup> grade and Tim in 7<sup>th</sup> when they returned. Traveling back to Burma was a real experience for Tim and Tom. They returned to Rangoon with several other students, mainly children of missionaries. The group took the bus to Kodai station, then the train to Madras, where they drank many cokes and ate ice cream before boarding the train to Calcutta. The train took 3 days and 3 nights so they had lots of time for games and activities, most of which we did not hear about. Then they caught the flight from Calcutta to Rangoon.

I was able to get a pass to meet them out on the tarmac as they came off the plane, which was great. After our greetings, Tom handed me a pack of cigarettes and said they belonged to Jimmy Eastman, a missionary's son, who had to get rid of them. Tom also said he had been smoking quite a bit on the train (he was still 9 years old). I asked him if he had enjoyed it and he said not very much, and that was all. All the students looked pretty scruffy after all this time traveling and no baths. Tom had lost about 10 pounds while Tim had gained about 5 pounds, grown in height, and matured a great deal. We stayed in Rangoon at the Kanbawza Hotel for several days so the boys could enjoy the Kokine Swimming Club and good food. We then drove home, and it was a great reunion for Tim and Tom with their friends Jeff, Nick and Larry and the Rice children.

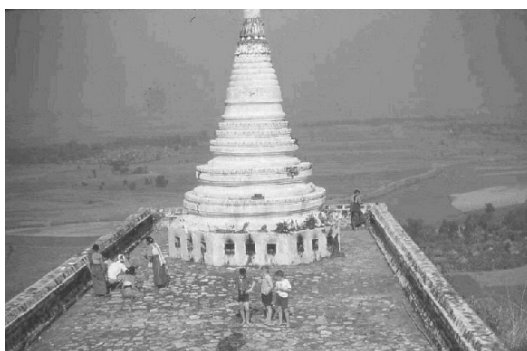
Tom had a junior size bike that he raced around the school but Tim had outgrown it, so we went to town and bought him a regular sized English bike. They, along with the other boys, had a

great time riding around the school and farm. They all returned to tennis playing from 7-8 each morning with U Than Nyunt giving them instruction.

## **Radiation and a Festival**

While we were in Rangoon, Virginia had some warts removed from her hand and had a biopsy of a growth on her face by Dr. Dunn at the Seventh Day Adventist Hospital. The report she got back from the biopsy was that it was a basal cell carcinoma, so she returned to Rangoon in early December to have it treated. The doctor taped a little pellet of radium on the growth and left it for 3 hours and charged her \$3. Not the kind of treatment cancer specialists would now recommend, but she has never had any recurrence of cancer in that place and no teeth problems on that side of her mouth.

The insurgents were still active in the Pyinmana area but for one Buddhist Festival Day in early December, they declared a truce and advised everyone that they could visit the White Elephant Pagoda, Sin Pyu Dohn, which was on a low mountain across the river from our home. It was considered a very sacred pagoda and all the villagers wanted to go



there each year to pay their respects. Tim, Tom, Tom Rice, Bill Rice, the Principal, U Thein Maung and I joined the crowd. We drove to a village near the river, waded across the river, climbed the mountain and explored the pagoda. It had many caves under and around it that we explored as well as just sitting and observing the people and the place. There was a big crowd and it was a lovely sunny day.

Following the “open” day the area was again considered closed by the insurgents and no one could safely visit it until the

following year. Tim and Tom had an outbreak of impetigo (from the river water) on their legs a few days after our trip, but they soon recovered.

### **Christmas at Home**

Each year we were in Pyinmana, we had a pre-Christmas party on our lawn and invited all the students, faculty, senior government officials, and a few others (about 200 persons). We placed a few chairs out for visitors from town and some of the faculty and then spread mats on the lawn for the students to sit on. Virginia and the other families of our American group prepared a large table on the lawn with lots of cookies, cakes and piles of oranges. We arranged with a Chinese restaurant in town to prepare Khawkswe, a festive noodle/curry dish, and had ice cream to go with the cookies and cakes. After eating everything, we sang carols, and some of the students performed Burmese dances and sang. In later years, we placed Virginia's pump organ on the lawn and one of the students played it and led much of the singing. Of the 200 guests, not more than 5 or 6 were Christians. There were a few Moslems but the majority were Buddhists. They all knew the Christmas carols since most of them had gone to Mission High Schools and all of them seemed to look forward to this annual event.

The members of our little Baptist church always came by to sing carols on Christmas Eve. We would invite them in for coffee and cookies. We always had a Christmas party for our servants too, since they were all Catholics. Each family of our group would have its own Christmas at home on Christmas morning and then the families (eventually 5) would get together to exchange gifts and eat together. Christmas was an official holiday, which I guess was a carryover from times of British rule.

### **1958 and the Boys Return to Kodai**

The time the boys were home passed all too rapidly and soon they had to return to school. Before returning they had to have

physical exams. We took an early morning train to Toungoo so Dr. Singh could give them their exams, and returned home by late afternoon. Jeff Hewitt had been admitted to Kodai so Lynn was going to accompany him on his first trip there, and Tim and Tom traveled with them. Actually, there were several others from Rangoon who were on the same flight. Tim seemed quite happy to be going back to school to see his friends, while Tom was not so sure but bravely took off with them. Virginia, Kathy and I went to Rangoon with them and saw them off at the airport. They had a flight to Calcutta and then an overnight flight to Madras, a day in Madras (where the boys bought new tennis shoes), then an overnight train ride to Kodai station before a bus ride up the mountain. At least this time they knew what school and life there was like so they had the right clothes. We had decided that we would go there for their Spring Break in May and either stay there or pick them up and all go to Ceylon, so this gave all of us something to anticipate.

After their return, their letters<sup>14</sup> were always welcomed by us and gave us some insight into how they were feeling and how life was going at school. Mostly they wrote about sports, outings with their friends, movies at school or the bazaar, roller-skating, or a few things about their classes and their teachers. Neither one complained about school or their life there. Tim had a considerable interest in stamps and old coins and was often trying to get a few extra rupees with which to buy old coins in the bazaar. He wrote Harry and asked him to send him old stamps and we also sent him some.

Tom had a birthday party at school. If they arranged in advance they could have ice cream and cake for their friends.

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14. In re-reading some of their letters while writing, I have been filled with so many memories of Tim and Tom in their early years and what wonderful boys they were. It must have been very difficult for them to go away at such an early age, particularly Tom, but they never complained. Now, I wish I had told them more at the time how much I loved them and how proud I was of them. It was not just that I was proud of them away in school but they were at all times sons who made me proud to be their father.

However, Tim wrote that he decided not to have a party but to wait until May when we visited them and we could have a birthday party together.

Tom and Margie Rice were admitted to Kodai in March and their mother, Betty, accompanied them to school and saw Tim and Tom. She was very nice to Tim, Tom, Jeff and their friends and took them all to the hotel for ice cream and cake and later took them boat riding on the lake. She took peanut butter and other things for them, which they appreciated very much. She also took some photos of the boys on a Sunday before church and they looked so nice in their coats and ties.

### **Back at the Institute and Many Visitors**

The Institute was progressing very well and I continued to teach class, assist the principal on administration and supervise students in their practical work in villages. Visitors continued to swamp us every week. We had a number of visitors from the Foundation offices in Rangoon and New York – the Controller from New York and Vern Atwater, Director of Administration, New York. The Controller was a “dark suit, white shirt and tie” person. I finally got him to remove his suit jacket when I took him to visit our students in villages! Vern Atwater was a good guest and much interested in our living conditions. I arranged for him to visit the hospital where there was a patient dying of hydrophobia (from a bite by a rabid dog) and another patient who had been badly mauled by a tiger near his village. We observed many other patients in various states of emergency. Our doctor in Pyinmana always said if he had to operate on one of us he would do it on our dining room table since that would be much more sanitary than the hospital.

Harry Wilhelm, from the Rangoon office, was a frequent visitor and on one occasion he brought George Gant, Director of the Foundation’s Asia Program. Harry was always a strong supporter of my work as well as a good friend, and George Gant also became a strong supporter. Some of the other guests about that time were



Frank Roberts, an Englishman who oversaw alcohol production at the Rangoon sugar factory, Major Maude Dugan, a Salvation Army Nurse, Danny Hillel, an Israeli Hydraulic Engineer, Herman Haag, a Ford Foundation agriculturist, Pep Marten, a Ford Foundation Agricultural Education advisor, Bill Hackett, a Baptist agricultural missionary, a Dutch agriculturist, a number of United Nations staff and a few others from various countries. While the constant stream of visitors put a lot of work on Virginia and our servants, as well as a heavy demand on our limited supply of “western foods”, they were always interesting and brought new insights to our lives.

### **Kathy and Our Doctor**

Kathy was growing and developing seemingly all too fast. She got lots of attention from everyone and usually toured the farm each morning in her stroller with nanny (Naw Paw), Virginia, Gloria or Hetty Lee to look at the pigs, chickens or gardens. Kathy had a number of illnesses and we were much concerned because Dr. Ratan Singh, our good doctor and friend, had been transferred to Toungoo and the local doctors couldn't determine what was wrong. On one occasion just as the German Ambassador and his wife arrived for overnight, Kathy, who had a very high fever, went into convulsions. Neither Virginia nor I could get her to relax but our wonderful cook, Mary, came and took her and she soon went to sleep in her arms. The local doctor thought it was a throat infection but the medicine he had prescribed was not helping. By some miracle, I was able to phone Dr. Singh in Toungoo. We had never been able to phone anyone although there was a phone in the Principal's office (one of the 3 or 4 phones in Pyinmana). He advised me to shift her to Chloromycetin and said he would come to Pyinmana the next day. Fortunately, the local Indian pharmacy carried a good supply of modern drugs and no prescription was required to buy them. When Dr. Singh came he said Kathy had an ear infection as well as a throat infection but thought the new medicine would clear them up, which they did.

## Kodaikanal in May

In late April, Virginia, Kathy, our cook Mary, and Gloria Hewitt went to Rangoon with the driver, Mg Thein Maung, so there would be time for Kathy to be checked by Dr. Dunn at the Seventh Day Adventist hospital. I followed a few days later and we all departed on the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, flying to Calcutta, an overnight flight to Madras, an overnight train to Kodai Station and then the bus up the mountain. By the time we got there Virginia wasn't sure whether having to look after Mary on the trip was worth it, but she was a big help after we got there. We had found that we could have rooms for the boys and us for the month of May 1958, at a Guest House in Kodai, owned and operated by an English woman, Mrs. Stoodle. We decided that was much better than traveling to Ceylon. Gloria and Jeff stayed at the local hotel which was very comfortable.

Kodai was lovely and cool at that time of year which we greatly appreciated after the hot season in Burma. Mrs. Stoodle's house had a wonderful view from almost the top of the mountain, but was within walking distance of the town and school. On a clear day we thought we could

see Ceylon. The boys moved to our rooms from the school and we had a great time together on walks, afternoon tea with scones and jam at Mrs. Stoodle's, and attending vacation activities at the school. We only did things



that we could do as a family or just the four of us while Mary took care of Kathy. We went boating on the lake, hiked to some of the many waterfalls and ate excellent meals at the Guest House. We enjoyed church services at the school on Sundays. The school children all participated in the services and the music was very good. Both Tim and Tom had become members of the church.

Traders from Kashmir set up their wares on the lawn at our Guesthouse on some days and we spent many hours bargaining for carpets and brass. We bought two lovely pairs of Kashmir (Persian type) carpets and when we moved to St. Paul from Brainerd in 1995, we gave one pair each to Tim and Tom.

Our month in Kodai passed all too rapidly. We took the bus down the mountain and were fortunate to get an air-conditioned compartment for the overnight trip to Madras. In Madras we had a room at the hotel for the day before we caught the night plane to Calcutta, connected to Rangoon and took the train back to Pyinmana.

### **Back to Work and a Student Strike**

From the beginning of the Institute we had been selecting future staff for the Institute and had sent two colleagues, U Than Sein Ba and Ko Mya Than, to the University of Florida and Iowa State College, respectively. They were both doing very well and we continued to select future staff, but now selected graduates from the Institute. For the most part, they were sent to study in the Philippines at the Agricultural College at Nueva Ecija, Munoz. All these students did exceedingly well and on their return were either appointed to the teaching staff at the Institute or Head of agricultural high schools.

During the vacation months of June and July I made several trips around the country by car to visit some of our graduates in their new jobs (they were all doing well). Security was still a problem and I was never on the road at night. There were always road blocks and checkpoints at every sizable village. One day I made a rather long trip and when I arrived at the town of my destination I was surprised when the officer at the checkpoint said "Welcome, Mr. Gamble, did you have a nice trip from Pyinmana"? I realized then that military intelligence was quite good and they were looking after me.

In August, we received a new class of 100 and started a new school year. After a few weeks of classes in September, we were

surprised one day to learn that the students had gone on strike and were demanding that I be removed from the school and deported. One student accused me of kicking him in class. What had happened was that I was giving a test and at a fixed time had told the students to stop writing. This student continued to write even after I told him a second time to stop, so I tapped his desk with my foot to get his attention. His story, however, was that I had kicked him directly. This student harangued the first year students and they fell into line, as did the second year students. The Burmese staff was unable to resolve the situation and the matter was soon in the national newspapers. After about a week, the Director of Education sent his Deputy from Rangoon to investigate and to try to resolve the situation. He met with the student leaders several times but stressed that I was not to be removed, so the matter became a stalemate.

In the meantime, U Thein Tun, who had read about it in the newspaper came by train and moved in with us as a sign of loyalty. We had met him in Washington when we were on our way to Burma and he was on his way to study at the University of Florida. On his return from Florida, he was appointed the Head of the first Agricultural High School in Burma and we had become good friends. He actually thought I had kicked the student for some good reason but was there to show loyalty of a well-respected Burman. He moved about the Institute daily and kept us advised of the situation. The students had a few shouting sessions outside our home but we Americans all moved about, continuing our work around the campus as much as we could.

Since the Deputy Director of Education could not quickly resolve the situation he made a decision that was typically Asian. He said that he would return to Rangoon and report to the Director, who would then organize a Fact Finding Mission to come to Pyinmana as soon as was convenient. This Mission would then spend a week or two at the school and report their findings to the Director, who would then decide whether more information was needed before sending his findings to the Ministry of Education.

The Ministry would probably need to follow up the Mission to clarify some points so it would probably take a few months. In the meantime, the Institute would be closed and all students sent home, their financial support (all on full scholarship) would cease and there would be no graduation for second year students. On this basis, the students decided to call off the strike and have a goodwill dinner for everyone to make up. This all lasted about 10 days and the American families spent a lot of time playing bridge. In addition to U Thein Tun's loyal support, several of the staff members with whom I had been particularly close kept in touch during the strike with their support. They later told me that the student who caused the trouble had been sent there by the Communists to get rid of me as I was having too much "western" influence on education. As soon as the strike ended, that particular student left the school and we never heard of him again. I was welcomed back by staff and students with many apologies.

### **Travel and Political Unrest**

After all this settled down, I accompanied the Deputy Director of Education, U Tun Thein, and the Dean of the College of Agriculture, Mandalay, U Hla Ohn, to the Philippines to visit our students studying there and to observe education and agriculture in the Philippines. We found our students doing very well in Munoz and had good visits to The College of Agriculture, Los Banos and several agricultural regions, including the famous rice terraces in northern Luzon. We then visited the southern island of Mindanao with its very large Del Monte commercial pineapple plantations and a new college, Mindanao Agricultural College, where my old professor from Iowa State, Dr. John McClelland, was serving as an advisor. I was very glad to have some time with Dr. McClelland because I was considering returning to a university to study for my doctorate. He was always a good friend and advisor, and he encouraged me to earn my doctorate. From the Philippines, my Burmese colleagues returned home while I stopped over in Bangkok to meet Virginia and Kathy who were visiting our friends, the

Bloodworths. It was always fun to be with them and we enjoyed Bangkok very much.

The political situation had become very uncertain in the Fall of 1958 and with up-coming elections, U Nu, the Prime Minister, decided to step down temporarily and hand over leadership to the military under General Ne Win. General Ne Win agreed to hand the power back to U Nu after elections. The army took firm control of all roads, railroads and ports and maintained peaceful conditions until the elections were held without problems. The general kept his promise and the military handed the leadership back to U Nu.

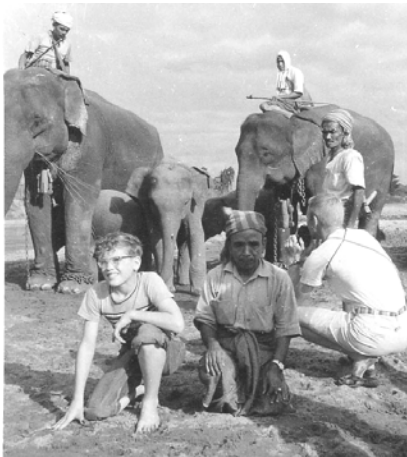
### **Mumps and Tom Stays Behind**

In late October the boys were to return home at the end of the term. The Hewitts were going to meet them in Rangoon and bring them home. Tim and Jeff arrived OK but not Tom. Just as he was ready to leave school, Tom's housemother noticed that he had the mumps. There had been several cases of mumps at school so Tom and a friend of his, David Morris, (who also had mumps) were forced to stay behind. Mrs. Morris was his housemother at the time and also had a home in Madras where they went as soon as they could travel. After Tom recovered, the Morrises put him on the plane for Nagpur and Calcutta. By chance both George Miller and Bill Rice were in India, and they met Tom at the airport in Calcutta. They plied him with cokes and saw him off on the plane to Rangoon. Virginia had planned on taking the train to Rangoon to meet Tom but the train was cancelled that day so she and Tim went with the driver on a fast, bumpy, trip to the airport to meet him. They all stayed overnight at the Kanbawza Palace Hotel and took the train home. A few days later, Tim announced his left jaw was sore so he read our medical bible, Dr. Spock, and decided he had the mumps – which he definitely did.

### **Elephant Camp**

In late November, the Regional Forestry Officer, who was a good friend of ours, invited us and friends from Rangoon to spend a

few days at his elephant camp. Elephants were used a great deal in forestry work in Burma. They did selective cutting of teak and padauk, and elephants were used to drag the huge logs out of the forest to nearby streams where they could be linked together to float to the harbor. The Forestry Department had wonderful tents



for the officers and they put up additional tents for our party of about 25 persons. We all boarded a train in Pyinmana with our bedrolls and bags and (with an armored train in front of us) headed into the jungle. It was a delightful time watching the elephants work and seeing how their handlers (oozies) managed them. At night the elephants were

turned loose in the jungle to feed with a wooden bell clapper (that its handler had carved by hand) around its neck. In the morning the handlers went into the jungle and located their elephant by the particular sound of the bell clapper. We had big campfires at night with lots of good food, drink and songs. One elderly woman, Bernie Hansen's mother, brought all her makeup and powders and Virginia said that in the women's tent she had all these things carefully laid out each night so she could get "properly" ready to present herself. Kathy stayed behind with Gloria and Mary since Gloria had been to the camp a week before and didn't want to go again so soon.

### Decision Time Again

After my return from the Philippines, and after many discussions with Virginia, I decided to go back to school to work on a doctorate degree. There were several factors that led me to this decision. First, I had found that while I had been accepted and respected for my work, I was almost always introduced as "doctor" in Burma and other Asian countries. Officials in developing

countries just expected that “experts” or “advisors” would have the highest academic recognition. Second, I had been quite isolated for 7 years from new and developing technology, and I needed to get up to date. Third, I knew that if I someday wanted to join the staff of a university or have a significant technical management position, a doctorate would be required. I was ambitious and wanted to take on positions of responsibility, so it seemed that the “union card” of “doctorate” was a requirement I needed to obtain. Cornell University had a major program, Comparative Extension Education, built around a series of Seminars that were well funded, and offered one year Fellowships to those admitted to the program. I applied for admission in the fall of 1959 and took the Graduate Record Examination (which was required for entrance to Cornell). I was accepted and awarded a Fellowship.

I knew I would have to resign from the Ford Foundation and had no certain position for the future, but was confident that it would all work out. We had been in Burma for 7 years and it was time to take a break. My Burmese colleagues, and in particular U Ba Kyaw, the Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Education, encouraged me to stay on but we decided it was time to make a move.

### **The Boys Return to Kodai**

In early January it was time for the boys to return to Kodai. Tom was reluctant to go but with encouragement from Tim and all of us he perked up. Of course, Virginia, Kathy and I were very sorry to see them leave. We had had a wonderful time together and the boys had been very good with Kathy. Lynn Hewitt was accompanying them from Rangoon along with Jeff and the Rice’s children, Tom and Margie. One of our former students had invited me several times to stop at his school in Pyu (about 170 miles south of Pyinmana) to visit him and see his work. So, on this trip Tim, Tom and I left home early in the morning so we would have time to stop and still make it to Rangoon in time for their flight to India. To our surprise, when we arrived, we found all of the students in



the auditorium and a table set up the stage with a “western” breakfast for us. We took our seats and my former student, the Headmaster, told the students about us, the Institute, and how proud he was to be a graduate. I talked briefly to the students and praised the Headmaster. We then ate our breakfast with the whole student body watching. They had prepared boiled eggs and toast and I don’t remember what else. Of course everything had gotten quite cold by the time we ate and we found when we started to eat the boiled eggs that they were hardly cooked. I was very proud that neither boy batted an eye and ate everything, as did I, and told them how much we enjoyed it. From then on, the boys had a good trip, with a day in Madras for shopping and enjoying the last cokes they would have until May. After the boys left, Virginia came across Tom’s yearbook with so many notes his friends had written in it that she felt he must have been quite popular. He was captain and goalie for his soccer team.

### **Mandalay and Pagan**

After I returned home, Virginia and Hetty Lee took the train to Mandalay to visit friends from the University of Florida who were working at Mandalay College of Agriculture. They had a great time since their friends, the Williamsons, were very interested in the local sights and culture. They took them up Mandalay Hill with all its Buddhist shrines, crossed the river to Sagaing to observe the silver and coppersmiths, and visited all the markets. Virginia bought me an excellent, large alabaster Buddha that we enjoyed for many years and now is in Tom and Jenny’s home.

Since we had decided to leave Burma in June, we wanted to visit Pagan, the site of thousands of pagodas and the Capitol of Burma during the period 1000-1250 A.D. It was considered to be of equal historical importance to the famous temples of Anchor Wat, Cambodia. I was able to visit there in February as part of a tour of the drylands agriculture with two other agriculturists. Then in March, Virginia made a trip there with Martha Olmstead (her husband was with the U.S. Embassy in Rangoon), U Mya Than and

a driver.

Here is a copy of Virginia's letter after her visit:

"I finally got to Pagan after all! Martha Olmstead came up from Rangoon last Friday and she, Mike (Mya Than), our driver and I started off Saturday morning in one of our jeeps. We drove to Mt. Popa, the volcanic mountain which is just beautiful, we stopped at a guesthouse there among the cold irrigation waters about 2000 feet up – cool and lovely – for lunch. Then we drove through the Burma oil fields at Ayauk on the Irrawaddy River. This was most interesting. Then we left the decent road, and entered a pure sand track that was really quite bad for the last 20 miles up the river to Pagan. But with the jeep we had no trouble and made it in less than two hours. The trip is 200 miles altogether and it took us from 6:30 A.M. until after 4 P.M. to make it. But it was very beautiful in parts and most interesting all the way.

Pagan is the site of the capitol of Burma during the 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries and there are supposed to be 5000 pagodas in about a 5 mile square area – and I believe it! It is a fantastic sight and gives one a feeling that is difficult to describe. There is a small village of Pagan and we stayed in the circuit house there right on the bank of the Irrawaddy – a house built before World War I when the Prince of Wales visited Pagan. It was modest but comfortable and they furnished our food very adequately. We took our own bedrolls but they did have a mattress for each of us. We had the house all to ourselves the first night but the next afternoon about 30 Burmese men had a poker party and dinner there and that night a group from Mogok (ruby mines) stayed there. Pagan is for Buddhists in this area the same as Mecca is for Moslems. The first night we went through our first pagoda – right across the road from the circuit house.

On Sunday we walked downstairs on our way to pagoda-visiting and there was beautiful Burmese lacquer spread out all over the downstairs porch awaiting our purchases. We looked and bought some and then visited about 10 pagodas during the day, and went up into one of the large ones that night after dinner hoping to get a night overall view but it was too dark. We saw

some very interesting frescoes of the 11<sup>th</sup> century and some lovely gothic style pagodas much like the cathedrals of Europe only these are mostly square. We watched some craftsmen making lacquer and then bought some more. The proprietor of the place was rather puzzled about America – he said he had sent some gold lacquer ducks and turtles to the States and recently got back an order for 1000 more. With their handwork it takes about 6 months to make one item. Large quantity orders are not within their comprehension.

Most of the pagodas are falling down and decaying but the pilgrims keep some in a good state of repair and others are beautifully handmade brick without mortar and they just haven't decayed very much. John D. Rockefeller III recently visited Burma and offered to help rebuild Pagan but U Nu refused and said it was better to keep the pagodas in their natural state. There is an interesting legend as to why so many pagodas there that tells of a white elephant (which is sacred in Buddhism) belonging to the King and the King decided that a temple should be built at every site where the elephant dropped its dung. As good an explanation as any! We drove home after a wonderful trip."

### **First Graduation at PyinmanaB**

By now the Institute had a firm foundation and its graduates were starting to build a good reputation for the Institute's "theory and practice" educational program. We decided it was time to hold a "proper" graduation. Also, since we planned to leave in June 1959, I wanted to have a graduation ceremony in keeping with an established educational institution. At the end of the school year, we invited the Director of Higher Education, U Ba, to give the graduation address and to award diplomas. Since graduates in prior years had not had a "proper" graduation ceremony we invited all our former graduates to participate, and many of them did. All the staff somehow obtained their university caps and gowns and we also obtained caps and gowns for members of the graduating class. U Ba was a graduate of Cambridge University in England and wore his elegant graduation colors. When Virginia was in Mandalay staying with the Williamsons, she had arranged with Muriel, an excellent

musician, to write out the music for “Pomp and Circumstance” for the organ. We took Virginia’s pump organ to the auditorium and she played “Pomp and Circumstance” for what seemed like hours to her as we all marched in. Many senior officials from town were invited and graduation was followed by a nice Burmese lunch for all. It was a day to remember.



### **The Boys Home Again**

Tim and Tom returned home at the end of their first term in May and we started packing to leave. There were many farewell parties for us as we had been close members of the community as well as of the Institute, its faculty and students. Kathy was known by everyone and had received love and care, not only in our family but by our servants, our driver, U Thein Mg, and students and staff. The boys also had grown up there and were especially admired by the athletic coach, U Than Nyunt, who had taught them tennis. There were many teary farewells as we left in early June.

### **Reflecting on Accomplishments**

In departing Burma (which I thought would be my last time) I felt great sadness to leave so many friends and colleagues who had played such a major part in my life for 7 years. At the same time, I was pleased that I had been a part of the development of the Institute from an abandoned set of buildings and run down farm to a well-organized college with a solid theory and practice educational program. While I had played a major role in its program and its development, there were many others who also contributed greatly. U Thein Maung, the Principal, supplied a good conservative balance to some of my ideas, and was an expert at navigating the Burmese agriculture and education bureaucracies. U Soe, a graduate of the Mandalay College of Agriculture taught much

of the agronomy and was a good agriculturist and leader. U Than Nyunt, head of the Physical Education was always an excellent leader and played an important role in building student moral and involvement. The other Americans at Pyinmana, Lynn Hewitt, George Miller, Bill Rice and Joe Armor and their families were all great members of the community and outstanding teachers and colleagues, well respected by students and staff. Lynn and George, who were the first of the Americans to join us were truly outstanding in their contributions not only to the Institute but to the community. We all were striving to bring a new approach to teaching so that students would not only know the theory but “how to do it” and I think we succeeded very well. We all wrote teaching guides and syllabi that we utilized, as have our successors.

The students that we sent abroad to the United States and the Philippines started returning in 1958. By 1959, each of the American advisors had a young Burmese teacher as a counterpart. Since all of these individuals had been former students they were well acquainted with the “theory and practice” philosophy of the Institute and became excellent teachers.

## CHAPTER 15

### CORNELL UNIVERSITY AND OBTAINING MY DOCTORATE

#### Leaving Burma and Travel to Cornell

We left Burma for Cornell on June 6, 1959, and it was a sad farewell. There were about 50 people at the airport to see us off, which was very flattering. Mary, Naw Paw, and Mg Thein Maung who were so very close to Kathy had a very hard time saying goodbye. The Bloodworths came to the airport in Bangkok to visit with us during our refueling stop before we went on to Hong Kong.

In Hong Kong, we again stayed in the Peninsula Hotel. Virginia and I had some clothes made, and we all had lunch with Wynne Pong's brother, George, and did a lot of sightseeing. Virginia kept reminding Tim, Tom and me to watch our things because they could easily be stolen. She had just reminded us how untrustworthy people might be when we heard a man running up behind us shouting "missy missy". We stopped and he said I'm sorry I don't know your name but you left your package in my store! It was a package of Virginia's and I think she then decided the local people were quite trustworthy.

From Hong Kong we flew to Tokyo and stayed in the Imperial Hotel, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. We found many changes in Tokyo from our previous visit in 1955. The Department Stores were beautiful and we had several tours outside the city by train and car – one day to Nikko and one day to Hakone, with its wonderful view of Mt. Fuji and return along the sea through Yokohama. It was hot in Tokyo and stores were not air-conditioned. Virginia's feet were very tired and in one nice department store she took off her shoes and walked barefoot, carrying the shoes in her hand. Very quickly a lovely Japanese clerk came up to her and said something Virginia didn't understand, but the clerk pointed to her shoes and handed her a bag for them.

From Tokyo, we flew to Hawaii for a few days to visit Virginia's relatives on Maui. Then to Los Angeles, and a stopover with Floyd, Joyce and Russell, before flying on to New York.

In New York, for some reason, we had reservations in one of the city's best hotels (The Plaza, on Central Park). Kathy was not feeling well but we had no premonition that when we walked in she would throw up in the middle of the elegant lobby. Tim and Tom immediately disappeared and acted like they didn't belong to the family. I guess I continued checking in while Virginia took care of Kathy and a Bellman cleaned up the mess. The first evening we were there, Kathy and I spent the evening in our room. Virginia, Tim, and Tom had tickets to see the Broadway play "The Music Man", with Robert Preston and the rest of its original cast. It was very hot in New York at that time and the boys were dressed in coats and ties. The taxi driver who took them to the theatre told Virginia she was being cruel to make them dress up on such a hot evening. Virginia and the boys thought The Music Man was wonderful.

We were in New York for our physical examinations with the Foundation's medical consultant, Dr. Ben Kean, who was a well-known tropical medicine specialist on the staff of the Cornell Medical School and who also had a private practice on Park Avenue. While in New York we completed our assignment with the Ford Foundation and took advantage of a discount available to Foundation employees to buy a Ford car. There were considerable savings in local taxes to have it delivered to Ithaca rather than New York City, so that is what we did.

We flew from New York to Ithaca to see about housing and to receive our car. Our plan was to obtain housing in one of the University apartments for married students, but none were available and rental apartments were not very plentiful. We ended up purchasing a nice 3-bedroom house at 102 Christopher Circle, just off Warren Road. After arranging all this, we drove to the Midwest for family visits in Lodi, Platteville and Shenandoah before returning to Ithaca in early August.

## Our Neighborhood in Ithaca

Christopher Circle was a small development with 15 or 20 homes, most of which were about 4 or 5 years old. The owners were faculty members or professional people in business or industry.

Our next door neighbors, Shelley and Barbara Kurland, and their two little girls, Amy and Wendy (later Peter was born), became



good friends and Tim often babysat for them. Shelley was a fine violinist and Concertmaster for the Cornell Symphony Orchestra, played in a string quartet, and was on the staff of the Cornell music department. He often asked Virginia to take Amy and Kathy to the string quartet afternoon performances. When we first arrived to live there our things had not yet arrived, so we were living out of suitcases. The wife of a couple living nearby came over to Virginia and said that she would like to help out by loaning dishes and things but couldn't, because she kept a Kosher kitchen. Several neighbors did loan us things so we got by for a few days until our things arrived.

We had some things in storage in Fargo, some things stored on the farm in Iowa, a few things with Fern and Harry, and a large shipment to come from Burma. We were surprised to see many of the things that came, since we had forgotten about them. In those days major appliances did not come with the houses, so our stove and refrigerator arrived from Fargo, and were still in good working condition. Virginia, who had painted one wall of the Quonset apartment in Ames a dark blue just to make it different, decided I should paint our refrigerator. So, I painted it yellow, to match the wall color of the kitchen. I think it was the only yellow refrigerator in Ithaca.



Our good friend, U Thein Tun had been awarded a Ford Foundation Fellowship to study for his Masters Degree at Cornell. He arrived in early September and stayed with us for a few days before he found a room. We kept in close contact with him throughout his time at Cornell. He often came for dinner and would always take over the cooking of rice from Virginia. He suggested that she stick with minute rice.

## **Getting Started at Cornell**

As an older graduate student with many years work experience, I had many advantages when entering Cornell. I was well acquainted with a number of faculty members who had visited Burma or whom I had met in the Philippines, and they helped me choose my Graduate Committee. I knew that a key factor in graduate school was to have a committee made up of faculty members who were well respected in the Graduate College. I was able to have Dr. Leon Winsor, Director of the Comparative Extension Education Program and Dean Emeritus of the School of Education, as Chairman of my committee. I then asked Dr. Robert Polson, a very senior Professor of Rural Sociology and former Head of the Department, and Dr. E. A. Lutz, Professor of Economics and Public Administration, to be the other members of my committee, and they accepted. Both Dr. Polson and Dr. Lutz had considerable international experience.

Degree requirements that were in effect at the time were:

- (1) Satisfactory completion of a “preliminary” exam given by your Graduate Committee, held during the first semester.
- (2) Based on the oral exam (if passed), the Committee determined what course work you would take. The Graduate College did not have a fixed number of course hours that were required for graduation. Rather, your committee dictated what you required, based on the oral exam and your field.
- (3) Two academic years in residence with residence for the first year counting only after passing the “preliminary”

exam and passing a written examination in a foreign language (I chose French) and residence for the second year only counting after passing an approved second language. Since I chose French for first language I had to choose a non-romance language for my second language (I chose German).

- (4) Successful completion of course work prescribed by the Committee and an oral examination over all course work; and,
- (5) Completion of an approved research program, written thesis based on the research and satisfactory completion of an oral examination over the thesis by the Graduate Committee and approval of the completed thesis by the Graduate College Dean.

## **The Seminar**

Since I was on a Comparative Extension Education Seminar fellowship, I participated in the program's weekly seminar. There were 30 Fellow awardees in this program with about 2/3 of them in Masters programs, and the remainder in PhD programs. It was a wonderful mix of people of many different nationalities and experiences. There were Fellows from Australia, The Philippines, Nepal, India, Vietnam, Albania, Nigeria, Argentina, Mexico and other countries, plus Americans with experience in Afghanistan, Iran, Egypt, Lebanon, India, and other countries. Each weekly seminar was led by one of the Fellows, and senior professors from different departments at Cornell served as resources. Once a month there was also an evening seminar, which all spouses of Fellows were invited to attend. One of the spouses led each of those seminars. Virginia did an excellent job leading a seminar on the role of spouses in international cooperation. These evening seminars were both working and social events. Spouses took cookies or cakes, and coffee and tea were provided by the University. One seminar room was allocated to the participants on a permanent basis and many of us ate our sack lunches together

there almost every day. It was a great time to share ideas with experienced colleagues, and we made many lasting friendships. Later, in my international work, I renewed many of these friendships with Fellows living and working in Australia, The Philippines, Nigeria, Mexico, Argentina and the United States.

In addition to the Seminar in the first semester, I enrolled in French, Rural Sociology and Agricultural Economics. I had very little trouble in getting into the swing of studying, writing papers, and participating in class discussion. I was highly motivated and prepared to devote whatever time was required to complete the degree requirements as quickly as possible. I was able to reserve a carrel on second floor of the Mann library on a permanent basis, which was a quiet space to study. I rarely tried to study at home. I would leave home before 8 a.m. every morning and return about 5 p.m., then go back to the library each evening for a couple hours of study. I spent Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday with the family.

### **Getting Past the Requirements**

My first big hurdle was the “prelim” exam, which would determine whether or not I would be permitted to be a doctoral candidate. Once my committee passed me on that, they would become partners and share a responsibility to see that I carried out the required work and meet the degree requirements. In preparation for the exam, I did a lot of general review of relevant literature in agricultural extension, sociology, agricultural economics and cultural behavior. I scheduled this exam for December 9 and had a 2-3 hour grilling by my committee. Fortunately, they said I did OK and I officially became a PhD candidate. The Chairman of my committee, Dr. Winsor, after the exam, said, “Now wasn’t that an interesting experience”. I said, “Now that it is over, it was a very interesting experience.”

The language requirements at Cornell at that time were very difficult and many students took several semesters before passing those exams. I had taken French at Iowa State, when I obtained my

Masters Degree, but had forgotten most of it – the requirement there being fairly easy. I enrolled for an intensive French course and took the exam late in the first semester. Much to my relief, I passed it and so got residence credit for the first semester. The boys wanted a dog and we had agreed that if I passed the prelim and French in the first semester (so we were assured of staying on) we would get them a dog.

### **Family Life and Activities**

We found neighbors to be friendly and we soon felt a part of the community. Some friends recommended a small church not too far from us, a Methodist church, called Forest Home. The minister, Mr. Coman, was very nice and gave excellent sermons related to real life. The boys had been regular church members at school and quickly fit into the Youth Fellowship programs. They liked Mr. Coman and he was always very kind to them. It was a small enough church that we soon felt we knew almost all the members, most of whom were Cornell faculty.

One of our first purchases was a TV that we placed in Tom's room. It was the first time we had a TV of our own, since it had not yet come to Burma. I remember we all especially enjoyed "Maverick".

Tim and Tom had started on 8<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> grades at Kodai, but we all agreed that they would start these grades again. They were aware of the time it takes to get adjusted and accepted in a new school, and so got along well. Both boys made their own lunches for school. Tim always had the same menu – a bologna and cheese sandwich plus pickles, and then bought milk at school. They made friends and participated in their schools' activities and social events. Since I was a student at Cornell, the family members were eligible to use many of the University facilities. They used the Cornell swimming pool and frequently went to the gym to shoot baskets with their friends. The swimming coach was a member of the Forest Home church and he helped them improve their swimming. In the winter the boys renewed their skills in ice skating.

Tim agreed to substitute on 2 newspaper delivery routes for his friends and he was fine with that, except that one friend seemed to want Tim to substitute in the worst of weather. On one occasion, when it was very cold and wet, Tim froze one of his toes. Another problem for Tim was keeping the 2 different routes in mind, since he didn't deliver every day. In the second year in Ithaca, Tom helped Tim with some of the deliveries. Tom also did some baby sitting in the neighborhood. Tom became a Boy Scout and enjoyed that group of boys although, as I recall, he was not particularly enamored with some of the camp-outs. Kathy took up a lot of Virginia's time but she and the Kurland's daughter, Amy, were about the same age and they played together a great deal. Virginia became friends with spouses living on Christopher Circle as well as with spouses of Fellows in the Seminar Program, and attended some enjoyable PEO meetings.

### **Again, Many Visitors**

Much like our life in Burma, we seemed to have lots of visitors our first year in Ithaca. The Donhowes stopped by on their way for a camping trip. Bill and Marion Hackett visited us as did Olive Deal, with whom we had become good friends in Rangoon. U Thein Tun and other Burmese students at Cornell often dropped by and we entertained other Fellows from the Seminar Program and their families. We invited Jennie Meah, daughter of Dr. Meah in Pyinmana, to spend her Christmas break with us. She was a professor at the University of Rangoon and was studying for an advanced degree in philosophy at Yale University. U Thein Tun and 2 other Burmese students at Cornell joined us at various times during the Christmas break. Jennie was thrilled with the snow that was softly falling on Christmas day. It was her first experience with snow.

### **Herki Joins the Family**

Since I passed my prelim and French, we went to the Dog Pound in January and selected a cute puppy that we agreed should

be called Hercules. Hercules soon became Herki and was greatly enjoyed by Tim, Tom and Kathy. However, since Tim and Tom had school and activities and I was away at the University, the job of “house breaking” and caretaking mostly fell to Virginia. We kept Herki until a couple months before we left Ithaca in 1962, when we returned him to the Pound and hopefully another owner.

### **Weekends, Broadway and the Waldorf Astoria**

On weekends we tried to do things as a family, including mowing our large lawn and gardening. There were many wonderful things for families around Cornell and Ithaca. The University had an outstanding Ornithology degree program and often after church on Sundays we would visit their laboratory to see the many different and colorful birds. There were some good ski slopes around Ithaca and again on Sundays we would drive to one of the lodges to watch skiers. Cornell is truly “high above Cayuga’s waters” (Lake Cayuga, one of the Finger Lakes) and one could just walk around the campus and enjoy wonderful views. We went to Corning to visit the glass works and watch skilled craftsmen blowing the famous Steuben glass. One weekend, Tim, Tom and I went camping with another Fellow and his son in the Catskill Mountains. The campgrounds were just one solid row of tents and you could hear every breath of the occupants in the tents on each side. It made us remember how nice it had been camping many times in Itasca State Park (MN).

Our friends from Fargo, the Tallmans, went to New York every year to see a few Broadway plays, and they asked us to join them. In early May we had a long weekend free and drove to Middleton (about 70 miles north of New York City) after classes on Thursday afternoon. On Friday morning we drove into the city and along the Hudson River. We saw the big ships in the docks, and then went back uptown to the Waldorf Astoria, where we left the car. We had found that on weekends you could get very reasonable family rates at the Waldorf. I had lunch at the Ford Foundation and then met the rest of the family in our seats at the Madison Square

Garden – for the Barnum and Bailey Circus. This was one of Barnum and Bailey’s big 3-ring shows, and it was lots of fun. After the show we met the Tallmans for dinner and then Virginia and I went with them to see “Take Me Along” with Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon and Una Merkel. Tim, Tom and Kathy had dinner in our room and spent the evening watching TV.

On Saturday morning, we took the subway downtown. Virginia and Kathy got off at 34<sup>th</sup> street to shop at Macys while Tim, Tom and I went on to Lower Manhattan and took the ferry to the Statue of Liberty. We climbed to the top, took pictures, and sat in the sun before returning to the hotel. In the afternoon, Virginia rested while Tim and Tom went to the Radio City Music Hall for a movie and show and I took Kathy to the zoo in Central Park. The boys wanted to try out the Automat restaurants, so they went there for their dinner after the movie. They reported it had been a good experience and thought they had done well spending only 35 cents each for dinner. Virginia and I joined the Tallmans and we saw the musical “Gypsy” with Ethel Merman and then all went down to Greenwich Village for a late night snack at Ruebens (of sandwich fame). We drove back to Ithaca on Sunday after a very enjoyable weekend.

### **Continuing My Academic Program**

The Seminar Program continued throughout the year and was a very good part of academic life. I continued with courses in sociology and agricultural economics and added a course in Comparative Public Administration in the second semester on the Liberal Arts campus. I expected that one day I would take on an administrative position, and wanted some academic exposure to public administration. A young and interesting professor taught the course.

In the second semester, I also had evening German classes and private tutoring a few hours a week. I found it to be a difficult language and I failed the exam at the end of the semester.

In the latter part of the second semester, I presented my

proposed thesis research to my Committee, which was approved. I had noted in Burma that we were making careful preparations to meet the demand for trained agriculture high school teachers and agricultural extension workers. But, there had been no study to determine the number and kinds of scientists and specialists that would be required for the various research and development institutions. My thesis project was to determine the educational and training requirements and additional number of trained staff required by all the agricultural agencies over the next decade. I developed a questionnaire to be completed by 12 agricultural departments and arranged with U Ba Bwa, Deputy Director of Education of Burma, to administer the questionnaire. He was both a friend and an interested participant, and he gave sufficient stature to the study so that I was able to gain full cooperation from all the agencies. The title of my thesis was: "An Analysis of Agricultural Education Training and Personnel Requirements as a Basis for National Development in Burma". On returning to Burma (at a later date) I was pleased to observe that the Burmese were using the data and recommendations from my thesis in planning academic studies in the colleges.

### **Some Activities of Tim and Tom**

Tom graduated from 6<sup>th</sup> grade and moved into Junior High School. His class had a graduation "square dance" which he enjoyed. They had been having square dance parties every month all year. We attended PTA meetings at their schools and both boys had excellent teachers. Late in the year, Tim did a book review of Rossiter's "Parties and Politics" which was chosen for publication in their monthly school bulletin. Rossiter was a well-known Professor of Political Science at Cornell.

### **Summer 1960**

I continued with private lessons in German throughout the summer. About mid-summer I took the exam again and failed. At the end of the summer, after many private lessons and lots of study,



I took the exam for the 3rd time and passed. For me, most of the summer of 1961 is a blur of German that later was of little use to me. If I had spent that time on French, I think I could have been really proficient in that language.

One very good thing happened to me that summer, which brightens my memory. The Professor of my Comparative Public Administration course had a summer teaching appointment at the University of Pittsburgh. He had been impressed with my interest and knowledge about administration in newly independent countries that had been colonies of Great Britain and invited me to join him for a few days of lectures. It was a wonderful recognition and experience. I drove to Pittsburgh in the summer and had a great time giving lectures and leading discussions in a graduate seminar. I also appreciated earning some cash.

Tim and Tom were helpful in taking care of our large lawn. They recall that our neighbor, Shelly, always wore gloves when he was out in yard to protect his hands, since he was a violinist. We had a garden and built a compost pit, the only one in the neighborhood. We had lots of tomatoes, radishes, peas, beans and I don't remember what else. Throughout the summer, they also played baseball, soccer, shot baskets, and played football with friends. Tom didn't enjoy "Little League" baseball very much, but they did both enjoy a visit we took to the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.

Harry Wilhelm and others at the Ford Foundation invited me to attend a meeting of all the Foundation's Field Office heads from around the world, officers of the Foundation, and key resource people in early September in New York. It was a good meeting and it also became clear that most likely I would be invited to re-join the Foundation staff on my graduation. This was good news since it meant I didn't have to spend time job hunting.

We had a nice weekend in Rochester during the summer visiting Alex and Betty Hargrave. Virginia and I had been good friends with them during our flight training days at Dallas, Pensacola and Melbourne. They took us to their lake house on Lake

Canandaigua and we sailed and went water skiing (my first time on water skis). The Hargraves then visited us in the Fall when we all went to a Cornell-Princeton football game together.

### **Fall of the Second Year — Meeting my Degree Objective**

My fellowship was only good for one year, so I needed some financial support for the second year. My major professor, Dr. Winsor, offered me a Teaching Assistantship that I accepted for 1/4 time. This gave me very little money but practically free tuition. Dr. Winsor, in addition to his other titles, was Professor of Psychology and I sat in on his classes, marked exam papers, did some research for his lectures and occasionally taught his class when he had another commitment. I also helped with the ongoing Comparative Extension Education Seminar. On a 1/4 time appointment, I could still get full-time credit for the residence requirement for graduation. Tim remembers that he was part of an experiment for one of my classes in educational psychology. I was to select a subject and then follow that subject's memory retention on a specific set of items over the course of the term. I gave Tim a list of items to memorize and then tested him every week to see how many he remembered. He followed a normal pattern of partial retention and with his cooperation I finished the course.

I worked regularly on my thesis and took additional courses in sociology, psychology and agricultural economics. I also took a course on labor management in the School of Labor Relations, which I enjoyed. The students in that class all had very different professional objectives than the ag students I knew.

A major part of the degree requirement was an oral exam over your course work and your general field of study. I scheduled this exam late in the first semester of my second year. To prepare, I did lots of review and study, even going back over some of my old notes from my graduate study at Iowa State. By this time I was also well acquainted with my Committee Members and could anticipate some of the areas they would cover. The exam lasted 3 hours and covered all the areas I had anticipated, as well as some I had not. I

passed it OK and only had my thesis to complete and defend, although I continued some course work throughout the year.

I had a pleasant surprise at the start of the final semester. The Head of the Department of Sociology, with whom I had taken some courses, invited me to his office for discussion and wanted me to switch my major to Sociology and accept a full time Fellowship in his Department. I was greatly flattered but wanted to continue as I was, with a major in education with minors in agricultural economics and sociology. I would have had to stay on another year if I switched to a major in sociology.

### **Visitors in the Winter and During Spring Break**

We were pleased to have some of our relatives visit us and spend some time in Ithaca. Jean, Dan, Steve and Jane drove from Platteville and visited us. Dan put on his work clothes and braved the winter snow to visit dairy farms around Ithaca. He said he had a great time visiting with the friendly farmers. On our tight food budget Virginia sometimes fixed a can of Spam like a ham, and she did that for one meal for the Burnhams. Dan apologized profusely but said he ate so much Spam in the army that he couldn't eat any more. Paul and Dorothy Bill traveled by train and visited us after Christmas. We had a few days with them in Ithaca and then we drove to New York City and stayed at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. The first day in New York there was a real winter snow storm and all the streets were closed to traffic. We went to a couple Broadway shows with them and walked from our hotel, often in the middle of the street. Tim, Tom and Kathy stayed in the hotel while we were at the shows, but otherwise we did lots of sightseeing together. On the day we drove back to Ithaca, Paul and Dorothy Bill took the subway to Dorothy Bill's aunt's home to visit them for a few days before taking the train back to Iowa.

Fern and Harry visited us during our Spring Break, going by train from Portage to Syracuse (where we met them). It was their second visit and we wanted to show them some of the historic sights, so we drove to Washington, DC and visited the Lincoln,

Washington and Jefferson memorials, Arlington Cemetery and the National Cathedral. From there we went on to visit the Gettysburg



Battlefield and Thomas Jefferson's home in Monticello. One day Fern, Harry, Tim, and Tom stayed in Roanoke while Virginia, Kathy and I went to Blackburg and visited the Heckel family at Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Mr. Heckel had been in the Seminar program at Cornell the year before and we had become good friends. Kathy said she was in love with their son, Paul, who she had played a lot with the previous year in Ithaca. We then drove back to Ithaca and after a few days Fern and Harry took the train back to Wisconsin.

## **Graduation with a PhD**

By the time of Spring Break, I had confirmation that we would rejoin the Foundation and return to Rangoon, Burma after graduation. I would have management responsibility for all Foundation supported agricultural activities in the country.

I finished up my thesis and prepared for my oral exam it by my Committee. This time, I was very relaxed and was able to enjoy the exam, since I was sure I knew as much or more about it than any of my committee members. After the exam, I had the thesis typed according to the Cornell format and presented it to the Dean of the Graduate School.

My time at Cornell had been very rewarding, especially my association with my Graduate Committee. Dr. Winsor was most supportive and we continued our association for many years after my graduation. He took full retirement the year following my graduation, so I was his last graduate student. I also kept in contact

with Dr. Polson and Dr. Lutz. Our paths crossed on a number of occasions in our international activities. I could not have asked for a better committee.

In full regalia, along with about 1800 others receiving graduate and undergraduate degrees in Barton Hall on June 12, 1961, I received my

doctorate with Virginia, Tim, Tom, and Kathy (and about 9,000 others) in the audience. Deane W. Malott, president of Cornell University gave the commencement address. He was an outstanding academic



and an excellent president of the University and years later, I had the pleasure of getting to know him personally. There was an article and photos in the Ithaca paper of our family, because Timothy was graduating from Junior High School, Kathleen was graduating from Nursery School and I was graduating from Cornell, all at the same time.

## **CHAPTER 16**

### **BACK TO BURMA**

#### **Moving Again**

While I was finishing up my thesis and preparing for graduation, Virginia, once again, bore the brunt of packing and getting ready to depart for Burma. We had decided that Tim and Tom would go to Brent, an Episcopalian-sponsored boarding school in Baguio, Philippines – so there were many decisions about what to buy and pack separately for them, also. In mid-June, we closed up the house and left it on the market for sale by a realtor, and started on our return to Burma. The house did not sell right away so we rented it for a year or two before putting it on the market again.

After graduation, we first went to New York to finalize my appointment at the Ford Foundation office. The Foundations' policy for as long as I worked for it was to only give 2-year appointments. I spent 20 years with the Foundation, but always on 2-year appointments. It was a good policy in that persons who did not do well or adapt to international conditions would soon be dropped without great stigma.

After spending a few days in the office in New York we drove to Wisconsin to visit Virginia's family and then on to Iowa visit my family. We sold our car and took the plane from Omaha on July 11, 1961, for the onward journey to Burma.

#### **United Flight 859 – Crash**

We boarded the almost new DC 8 in Omaha for Los Angeles, with an intermediate stop in Denver. We were planning on stopping in Los Angeles for an overnight visit with my brother, Floyd, and his family before going on to Honolulu and Manila. It was a nice sunny day and a pleasant trip for all of us (122 on board) until our approach to Denver. On the approach, the Captain, John Grosso, said that something was wrong with the hydraulic system

and that they had alerted the airport. He said crash and fire trucks would be along the runway as a precaution but he did not expect any problems. When we landed we hit the runway very hard. I remember leaning across the aisle and saying to Virginia "If the landing gear can take that, it can take anything". About that time we started skidding off the runway, crossed about 100 yards of field, sheared off the landing gear, and crushed a survey truck sitting along the runway, killing its driver. As we came to a stop, the plane burst into flames. The crew opened the front door and the passengers in the first few rows of First Class were able to get out and down the chute. But with the wind blowing toward the plane on that side, it soon became impossible for anyone else to escape. Our family was in the back rows of the First Class section, and we immediately stood up and headed for the emergency exit window on the other side of the plane. Someone had already opened the exit and people had started going out onto the wing. Some people stopped to try to get hand luggage from the overhead rack but we did not take anything, not even Virginia's purse. The flames were coming over the plane as we got out. Virginia went first and I followed, carrying Kathy. There was no slide from the wing to the ground, so we jumped. As I went out the exit, Tim and Tom were directly behind me, but when I got on the ground Tim was there but not Tom. At that point, I went into shock thinking I should have had him ahead of me and perhaps he had been trampled. I was also extremely worried that the plane would blow up, since I had seen burning airplanes do this during the war. Fortunately, in a few minutes, Tom appeared safely and we all got as far away from the plane as we could. Tom had been a gentleman and stepped back to let an older couple exit ahead of him. There was lots of confusion. Fire trucks and crash vehicles could not get to the plane because of runway construction. Passengers in the Economy section fared less well than First Class, due to crowded aisles and many first time travelers wasting valuable time getting luggage from racks. In the crash, the rear galley had broken loose and damaged the rear slide release so that it could not be used. Many people

stopped rather than jumping from the rear (because of the height) and 17 persons died in the fire. Virginia cracked a bone in her foot from the jump from the wing and Tom had some hair singed but at that point I was the most in shock and would not let Kathy out of my arms, which passed my feelings on to her.

Eventually, we got to an airplane hanger where there was some semblance of order, and airline representatives started attending our needs. They booked us a suite in the downtown Hilton Hotel where we were able to phone our families and the Ford Foundation to let them know we survived. Our families had already heard news of the crash and were greatly relieved. My family told us of a medical doctor in Denver who was originally from Shenandoah, and we contacted him to have check-ups the next day. The Ford Foundation gave us *carte blanche* to do whatever was needed and said if we wanted, we could return to New York for check-ups with specialists.

At our check-ups the next day, the doctor told Virginia that she had a cracked bone in her foot, but did not want to put it in a cast. She used crutches instead. We lost everything, including our passports, travelers cheques, and all the supplies we had purchased for Tim and Tom to take to school. The airline representatives, who had been so generous and forthcoming the day of the accident, had by the next day been counseled by their lawyers to be very cautious in what they said they would do for us. I felt that since we were going to be out of the country for 2 years we should have some representation in Denver to see that we were compensated for our losses. I phoned our friend, Alex Hargrave (a lawyer in Rochester, New York) and he recommended a Denver law firm, which we engaged. The airline did immediately purchase new luggage for us and eventually Virginia's jewelry was found, repaired and returned. We were eventually compensated for the replacement cost of things that were destroyed in the crash and fire. A friend from our Navy days in Pensacola who lived in Denver, Tom Ten Eyk, read about us and visited us at the hotel. He helped us find our way around to get the essentials we needed. We quickly found that Denver was not a



place to buy clothing for the tropics, and decided to just try to relax for a few days.

## **On The Road Again**

The Ford Foundation took care of obtaining new passports, visas and travelers cheques for us, so we rented a convertible, bought sunhats and took off for Colorado Springs, Pikes Peak and the beautiful Colorado countryside. We found a lovely lodge in Manitou Springs, El Colorado Lodge, with a nice dining room and heated swimming pool. We took some day trips from there up Pikes Peak, to the Garden of the Gods, and the Van Bruggle Pottery plant. Tim and Tom opted out of the pottery visit and went swimming instead.

We bought Kathy a cowgirl outfit that she liked so much she wanted to sleep in it. Since she felt like a cowgirl queen, she took a long pony ride at a “ranch” near our lodge. When we received our passports and new reservations from the Ford Foundation, we took a plane to Los Angeles to stay with Floyd, Joyce and Russell while we tried to shop for the things we needed. We were all somewhat nervous to get back on a plane, but Kathy was most affected. For a year or so after the accident, she would be physically ill whenever we got on one. Fortunately, she eventually got over it. Tim, on the other hand, showed little concern getting on a plane then, but in later years (at college age) became very reluctant to fly. He seems to have gotten over it, or is at least now able to keep his concern subdued. Virginia has always been nervous about flying, but kept it to herself and managed very well.

Virginia’s foot had swollen a lot after the accident, but by the time we got to California it was better and less painful. We were able to get some things there, but the season in Los Angeles wasn’t right for the clothing we needed either. We then flew to Hawaii, where we were able to complete our purchases and replace all essential items. The Foundation made reservations for us in the beautiful Royal Hawaiian Hotel on Waikiki Beach, with rooms overlooking the sea. We relaxed and enjoyed the beach. Virginia

recalls taking a nap in the nude in our room and waking up to find a beautiful bowl of fruit on the bedside table as a gift from the hotel. The waiter was very kind and didn't wake her when he delivered it.

Before leaving for Manila and Rangoon, we took a few days to visit Virginia's cousin, Tom Liggett, and his family on Maui. It was a nice break. Kathy fell in love with their daughter Sally and was in tears when we had to leave. After Maui, we flew to Manila, with a fuel stop in Guam. We stayed in the lovely Manila Hotel, where General Douglas McArthur had once stayed for an extended period of time. We arranged for a car and driver to take us to Baguio to visit Brent School and leave bedding and things for Tim and Tom, who would return there in a few weeks. The mountain road was well maintained and the many lovely views made it a good drive. As we neared Baguio, we passed out of the heat and humidity and into cool mountain air. Baguio was considered the summer capitol of the Philippines. A large U.S. Military camp was located there (Camp John Hay), which also welcomed staff of the U.S. Embassy for holidays and weekend visits. Luckily, students from Brent School could use some of the facilities. Baguio was the home of 4 colleges, as well as Brent. We liked what we were able to see of the school, which was not pretentious but had an attractive campus, and we liked the staff members we met. Tim and Tom would return there in mid-August to start school.

We returned to Manila with its heat and humidity, heavy traffic and the streets filled with jeepneys. The following day (August 6<sup>th</sup>) we left for Hong Kong, then Rangoon and our new life back in Burma. Harry Wilhelm, the Mr. And Mrs. Minas, Pep Martin and his wife, and 3 other couples met our plane and took us to the downtown Strand Hotel. We were very thankful for our safe arrival and for the wonderful concern and support the Ford Foundation staff had given us throughout this journey. It is hard to imagine how we would have managed without them.

### **A New Life in Rangoon**

The first thing we did the morning after our return was to

celebrate Kathy's 5<sup>th</sup> birthday. She thought she was quite grown up and was the "queen of the ball" around the hotel.

Returning to Rangoon seemed much like coming home. We had many friends there and were well acquainted with the city. John Everton, the former Ford Foundation Representative who had been so influential in our continuing to work in Burma was now the U. S. Ambassador. We liked him very much as well as his wife, Margaret, and their son, John, who was about the same age as Tim and would also be going to Brent School. The Ford Foundation Representative, Bill Rudlin, and his wife were on home leave and the Assistant, Harry Wilhelm, was being transferred back to New York. Therefore, I was soon to be in charge of the Foundation's office and programs until the Rudlins returned.

Since Harry Wilhelm was leaving, his fully furnished house was available for us to move into, and we agreed to keep his cook, Paul, and houseboy, Mg. Tun Myat. Kathy wanted to know what those 2 men were doing in our house. When I told her they would be helping Virginia, she thought that was kind of silly. Before leaving, Harry arranged a Ford Foundation reception in our honor at the Kanbawza Palace Hotel. John Everton and his family were there, as was the British Ambassador and lots of Burmese VIPs. Our whole family stood in the reception line and John joined us for part of the time. Harry and the Minas had arranged dinner for us at the hotel after the reception. It was a nice evening and great to see so many old friends. Tim and Tom seemed to have a good time with it all and Kathy again thought she was the "Queen".

We tried to make the most of the short time before the boys left for school, and spent as much time together as possible. We started playing tennis at the Ambassador's residence, and I was able to continue that throughout the remainder of our stay in Burma. The boys also spent time at the Pan American Airway's Manager's home. His 14-year old daughter, Sandra Selwyn, was also going to be at Brent.

Kathy was ready to enter kindergarten so we arranged for her admission to the International School, where there were about

14 other 5-year-olds of many nationalities. She went to school from 8 a.m. to noon Monday-Friday. We had a teak desk, chair and bookcase made for her room so she felt like a real student, on an equal basis with Tim and Tom. In addition to going to kindergarten, which she enjoyed thoroughly, she started taking Burmese dancing lessons from a very attractive Burmese University student whose father was considered the best dancer in Burma. Kathy loved both the dancing and her teacher. We also bought her a bicycle and she soon was able to zip around the neighborhood.

We had many visitors, including many old friends from Pyinmana. Dr. Singh and his 2 daughters called on us before he sent them off to India to school, as did the new staff from Pyinmana and Yezin, Charlie Bunch, Lloyd Jensen and his wife Heidi, Gil Ahlgren, and the Quentin Lindsey family.

Our good friends, the Hollisters, had retired and returned to the United States but Mary Hollister's sister and her husband, Frank Manton had replaced them. We did not enjoy Rev. Manton's services nearly as much as we had Rev. Hollister's, but we attended regularly. Virginia sometimes played the organ for church and for chapel for at the Methodist School, and started singing in the choir. We had a number of good friends through the church that we saw regularly. We especially enjoyed Reg and Janey Potter. He was a riverboat pilot responsible for piloting large ships in and out of the Rangoon harbor. Virginia was also good friends with a number of women missionaries of different faiths in Rangoon and attended many of their meetings.

In the midst of the social and family activities, I tried to learn as much as possible about the various Foundation programs. There were a wide range of activities, including:

- Support for a new library near the World Peace Pagoda and special support for preservation of Buddhist Sanskrit Scrolls
- Financial support and 2 advisors for a national census

- Visiting professor support in economics at the University of Rangoon
- Technical college support in several fields with specialists from Dunwoody Institute, Minneapolis
- Support and visiting staff to the University of Mandalay from the University of Florida
- Support for an agricultural education specialist in the office of the Director of Education
- Expanded support to agriculture at Pyinmana. The Armors, Hewitts, Millers, and Rices had completed their assignments and the Foundation contracted with the International Development Service, New York, to provide 2 specialists to the Institute (Quentin Lindsey and Gil Ahlgren). Another program had been initiated for village cooperatives with one specialist based in Pyinmana (Charlie Bunch) and one in Yezin (Lloyd Jensen)
- Several scholarship programs for study abroad

In addition to monitoring these activities, in the Rudlin's absence, I needed to keep up with what programs other technical assistance organizations were supporting, so we would compliment and not duplicate. The United Nations had an active support program in the country, as did Israel and Russia. China provided support for many cultural programs. When the Rudlins returned, I would be responsible for monitoring the programs in agriculture, including agricultural education, and investigating requests for additional agricultural programs.

### **Travel to Brent for Tim and Tom**

The time came for Tim and Tom to leave for Brent. They left about the 17<sup>th</sup> of August with Johnny Everton and Sandra Selwyn on a Pan Am flight for Manila. The flight took a long circuitous route to Manila so Johnny, Tim and Tom were to stay overnight in Bangkok and change to a different airline in the morning. Sandra stayed with the Pan Am flight because her father worked for Pan

Am and she flew free. John's father, the Ambassador, had arranged with the U.S. Ambassador to Thailand for the 3 of them to stay overnight with him in Bangkok. Our friend, Vernadean Miller, met Tim and Tom at the airport in Bangkok and took them to lunch at her swimming club and to dinner at her home. After dinner she left them at the Ambassador's residence. An Embassy car took them to the airport the following day.

On arrival in Manila, Tom was told by Immigration that since he was under 15 he would have to register and have special permission to stay in the country. They let him enter with the understanding that he would return the following day to go through the registration process. Johnny stayed at the Ambassador's residence and Tim and Tom stayed in the Manila Hotel. Tom recalls that Mr. Judge, from the American Embassy, helped him write a letter to the Immigration authorities and dropped him there the next day. Johnny Everton joined Tim and Tom for breakfast at the hotel and then Tim and Johnny took the bus to Baguio. Tom spent the day moving from office to office in the Immigration Department. He recalls that no one gave him a hard time – but he had to wade through all the bureaucracy by himself at age 14. He did it all, and after staying overnight with the Judge family, he caught the bus to Baguio. It was good that both boys were quite mature and self reliant.

A friend of Tim's from Kodai, Mike Adams, was now at Brent, but he was the only one they knew. In the beginning of the school year, both Tim and Tom felt like they would rather be back in Kodai, but Tim was philosophical about it and recognized that in time they would feel OK. They did report that the food at school was quite good, and wanted us to arrange for them to have PX privileges at Camp John Hay. I don't remember what we had to do but we evidently arranged it, since I remember them writing about doing things and buying ice cream there. Of course, with these privileges came requests for larger allowances. Johnny Everton had more problems adjusting to Brent than Tim and Tom, since it was his first experience at boarding school.

## Back on the job

Very soon after Tim and Tom left for Brent, Harry Wilhelm departed for his new assignment in New York so I was temporarily in charge of the Foundation's office and programs. We were sorry



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to see Harry leave. He was an outstanding individual and his support and encouragement had been a major part of our deciding to return to Burma. We had an excellent support staff so the office routine and handling of day to day

problems for specialists and their families was not a problem. I asked Harry's secretary to work with me, and she had excellent command of English and Burmese, as well as several other languages.

Since I had been away for 2 years, I was anxious to get up to date on the agricultural projects that were supported by the Ford Foundation, as well as other developments in agriculture. To this end, I made several trips in the first 2 or 3 months after our return. My first trip was to a project in the Shan State hill region, being implemented by the Army, with technical support by specialists from Israel. I flew with the American Ambassador and senior Burmese agriculturists in a Burmese army plane to Namsam, where the project was being carried out. I had been in the Shan State before, but this was my first time in direct contact with the Hill Tribes and their agriculture. The project had set up a demonstration farm utilizing the crops of the Hill Tribes, emphasizing erosion control and improved management that were within the means of the people. They also had extension workers visiting villages and working with the people to introduce improved agriculture. It was a very good project. In the evening of the first day, we had dinner at the officers club. Before dinner, they served us drinks and some very crisp tidbits to eat. You couldn't tell what

they were, but they were very crunchy and tasty. It turned out they were fried bees and bee larvae.

My next trip was an overnight boat trip up the Irrawaddy River to Myaungmya, one of the larger old river towns. U Thein Tun accompanied me. We had a cabin to ourselves and carried our own sleeping bags. In Myaungmya, several of our old students from Pyinmana met us and served as our hosts for the 2 days we were there. The former students were now teachers in high schools and were rightfully proud of their achievements. They seemed glad to see us and we were very pleased to see how well they were doing. We visited the agricultural fields, met with the school administrators, and U Thein Tun spoke to all the students in the school about the importance of agriculture and their work.

Myaungmya was well known for the beautiful silk sun umbrellas that were popular throughout the country. We visited several small village places where umbrellas were being fashioned and completed with hand-painted designs, and then returned on another overnight riverboat. Part of the trip each way was at dusk and dawn and it was pleasant to stand on the deck and watch all the villages and friendly people along the river. The boat made stops at many villages to take on passengers with produce that they were taking to market. By the time we arrived in Rangoon, the deck was filled with people sleeping, chickens, ducks, rice, fruits, vegetables, and a pig or two.

On my third trip, Virginia, Kathy and our wonderful Nanny, Mary, accompanied me to Pyinmana and Mandalay. We took the train to Pyinmana and were glad to find that service had greatly improved. Rather than being a 12 hour trip it was now only 9 hours, in more comfortable rail cars. U Mya Than (Mike) was now the Principal of the Institute. He gave a nice dinner for us with all the staff and it was great to see everyone and to see how well the Institute was doing. We were very pleased to have played a major role in its establishment. From Pyinmana, I traveled to Mandalay by car with Charlie Bunch and Gil Ahlgren, who were based in Pyinmana, and Dr. Little (a visitor from New Zealand). Virginia,



Kathy, Mary and the Lindsey family traveled by train. In Mandalay, Virginia, Kathy, Mary, and I stayed with Bob and Muriel Williamson. The rest of our group stayed at the hotel. We always enjoyed being with the Williamsons. He was an outstanding physicist who had recently retired and Muriel was a wonderful musician who had become an expert on the old Burmese harp and transcribed music for it. She took Virginia and Kathy to the School of Fine Arts where children were learning to play the old instruments and do traditional dancing. Kathy was fascinated by it and Virginia enjoyed it immensely. Bob Williamson was also a tennis player, so we managed to work in a few games while I was there. Also, we visited Kathy's old Nanny, Naw Paw, who was working for an American family there.

I helped organize and co-chaired a 3 day seminar on the state of agricultural research and development at the College of Agriculture, University of Mandalay. We had an excellent group of international and Burmese scientists and the published proceedings were well received throughout Burma. Virginia, Kathy, Mary, and I returned to Rangoon by train after the seminar.

## **The Social Scene**

During John Everton's time as Ford Foundation Representative, the Foundation had helped build a library in connection with the International Institute for Buddhist Studies. The library for the Institute, which was the Foundation's major contribution, was a beautiful building with interesting designs, each of which symbolized some part of the religion. The main purpose of the library was to categorize and preserve the sacred Buddhist scriptures, most of which were very old and fragile. Of course, the whole library was considered sacred, so everyone who entered had to remove their shoes. Virginia and I visited the Institute and were given a warm welcome and tour of the facilities, and were shown many of the scriptures.

Another visit was to tea at the home of U Win, former Ambassador to the United States. One of the guests at the tea was

the former President of Burma, from the Shan State, and we had a nice visit with him. When we moved to a house near the lake on University Avenue, he became our next-door neighbor.



Since I was the acting Representative of the Ford Foundation, we were included in many Embassy and Government social functions. We were invited to a garden party at the large estate of the President of Burma in honor of the visiting Vice President of Egypt. We found many things changed from our previous time there (in 1954 when Clement Atlee, Labor Leader of Britain, was the guest of honor). This was a smaller party, only about 200 guests, and the food, service and entertainment were all much better. In some ways the Ford Foundation seemed to be in a special category (a good one), for we often found we were the only foreigners at many Burmese functions. I gave much credit for that to the Foundation's first Representative, John Everton, who had been very sensitive to Burmese culture and traditions.

In October, the U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, Orville Freeman and his wife, made an official visit to Burma. Since I was a friend of the Ambassador and I was quite familiar with agriculture in Burma, the Ambassador asked me to join him in meeting the Freemans at the airport. The following day Virginia and I were invited to lunch at the Ambassador's residence with just the Evertons and the Freemans so I could brief the Secretary on Burmese agriculture. As it turned out, I wasn't able to say much since the Secretary had already decided he knew about everything there was to know about Burmese agriculture. He much preferred talking to listening.

On the first of November we moved to a larger house on University Avenue with a nice yard and a little view of the lake. The Rudlins returned about that time, so I was able to devote my full energy to agricultural programs. However, I found that Bill Rudlin was to be transferred to Bangkok in March to become

regional director for the Foundation's Mekong River Project, so I would again be the Acting Representative for the Foundation.

### **Thanksgiving to New Year in Burma**

It was the tradition for most U. S. Embassies to have a Thanksgiving service at the Ambassador's residence with the reading of a Proclamation from the President. We attended the service in Rangoon while Tim and Tom had Thanksgiving holidays with their host family in Manila, the Spencers. They wrote that they had excellent food, movies, and access to public transportation. Tim said he was somewhat bored during the holidays but Tom thought the weekend was delightful.

The boys' Christmas vacation started in mid-December and they were scheduled to arrive in the afternoon of the 15<sup>th</sup>. We went to the airport to meet them along with the Evertons, who were there to meet Johny. He arrived on schedule but no Tim or Tom. We asked Johny where the boys were and he said he didn't know. He said he had not seen them since Baguio. It would take a few days to get word to the school at Baguio to find out if they left on schedule, so we felt there was nothing to do but go home and wait. I went to the airport the next morning to meet the next plane and they were on it. They thought the school had notified us that their flights had been changed so they could have a night in Manila plus an overnight in Bangkok. They had a wonderful night in Bangkok with Nick and Larry Miller, went bowling and enjoyed getting "caught up". We never got the real story of how they contacted the Millers but think that when they arrived in Bangkok, they phoned the Millers and George went to the airport and picked them up. Anyway, we were very glad to have them home.

Virginia had ordered a small electric organ, which arrived just in time for a Christmas party she was giving for the Church Choir. We also went to some festive parties at the Ambassador's. The Williamsons were visiting from Mandalay so they joined our family for Christmas dinner, as did another couple. Kathy loved having Tim and Tom around and we all spent a lot of time at the

Kokine Swimming Club. Johny Everton had a big teenage party at his home which boys attended. We played some tennis together and the boys played in a tournament organized by one of their friends. One day we all took a ferryboat trip to Syrian, a delightful village on the river, from which we had lovely views of Rangoon and of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. The day before the boys left for school, we all had lunch with Reg Potter (the harbor ship pilot) and his wife Janey. Reg was a great musician and storyteller and we all enjoyed being with them. That afternoon the Minas hosted a sumptuous tea at the Kanbawza Palace.

While it may sound like we did nothing but party, I was busy every day with my work at the Foundation. Individuals or groups were constantly putting project proposals forward requesting grants, which all had to be reviewed and recommended or rejected. Project specialists seemed to always have questions or problems that they wanted me to resolve, and the large Industrial Education program also took a lot of time.

Brent School reopened on January 3<sup>rd</sup> so Tim and Tom started back on New Year's day. I wanted to do some shopping, so I accompanied them, Johny Everton and Sandra Selwyn to Hong Kong. Tim, Tom and I stayed in the Peninsula Hotel, Johny stayed at the American Consular Officer's home and I think Sandra stayed with the Pan American Airways representative. In the evening, the boys and I went to the movie "Trial at Nuremberg" (which was just out) and then spent the next morning shopping. We bought Tim an electric razor (his first) and a few other things they both needed for school. I saw them all off at the airport and I stayed on in Hong Kong until the 4<sup>th</sup>. Shopping in Hong Kong was always fun and we often had clothes made there. It was possible to purchase material and have a very nice suit made in 24 hours.

### **1962, a Year of Many Changes**

Within a few days after returning from Hong Kong, I took the train to Pyimana to review the village cooperatives program there and in Yezin. I spent several days in the area and then

Charlie Bunch and I drove through the dry zone to review a proposed project there. We stopped in Pagan, and then drove to Mandalay, where I spent a few days at the University of Mandalay to observe the progress of the University of Florida's cooperation with the Faculties of Agriculture and Science. I then flew back to Rangoon and found that Virginia had been very busy with funeral arrangements for one of Mary's grandchildren. It seemed to Virginia that some crisis always arose immediately after I left on a trip.

Mary's granddaughter, who was very ill in Pyinmana, had been brought to Rangoon a few weeks before and was diagnosed with TB meningitis. She was in the hospital and died just after I left. There were no mortuaries or anyone who took care of deceased individuals. It was a family responsibility and since Mary was Kathy's nanny, it was our responsibility to help Mary. Virginia gave her money to buy a coffin and, since Mary was a Catholic, they arranged for the body to be taken to the church for a short service. Then they had to arrange for someone to dig the grave at a Catholic cemetery and Mary's family and friends took the casket there for burial. All of this had to be done within 24 hours of death. Of course, Virginia handled it all very well but would have preferred that I was there to help.

About a week after I returned from Mandalay, I spoke to the Rotary Club of Rangoon on research and development in Burma's agriculture. On some aspects, my analysis was quite critical of government policies and afterwards several members asked if I still had a valid visa for the country. I did not worry about it, since my critical comments were balanced by complementary ones about other policies. One of the members of the club was a Cabinet Minister and had my remarks published. Virginia had been invited to attend the meeting (the only woman there) and she felt I had done well.

## Elephant Camp in the Kachin State and Down the Irrawaddy River

Our good friend U Kyaw, the Forestry Officer who had been stationed in Pyinmana, was now in charge of a large forest operation and elephant camp in the Kachin State. He invited us, John Everton and his wife, and an FAO Veterinary Officer and his wife to spend a few days with him at his camp on Lake Indawgyi (about 120 miles southwest of Myitkyina).



U Kyaw and the Evertons

The FAO officer could not go but his wife, Celia Griffiths, gladly accepted. Virginia, Kathy, Celia and I flew to Mandalay, where Muriel Williamson met our plane with sandwiches and coffee. A movie production company in Mandalay had arranged to use our plane in a shoot while it was on the ground, so we had plenty of time for sandwiches. From there we flew on to Myitkyina with brief stops at Moumeik (deep in the mountains and the closest airstrip to Mogok, home of ruby and sapphire mines) and Bhamo, the upper point on the Irrawaddy River. We arrived in Myitkyina in the early afternoon. U Kyaw met us and we waited about 20 minutes for the Evertons to arrive in the U. S. Military Attaché plane. Then we all piled in 2 jeeps and drove to the very picturesque camp on the shore of the lake. About 40 miles of the road we drove on was the old Lido Road (part of the famous Burma Road). It was famous during World War II and was built by the American and British Military Engineers to get supplies to China.

The camp had barrack-like buildings for sleeping and dining. We had taken our bedrolls with us. At the time we were there, they were having a 6-week course for Forestry Officers from all over South East Asia, and it was fun to be with them and share meals. We had a wonderful time watching the Forestry Officers directing the selective cutting (as opposed to clear cutting as

practiced in the U.S.) and the huge elephants pulling the logs to a central depot. U Kyaw arranged for us to all have rides on the elephants. The weather was perfect and in the early evenings we would sit by the lake and watch the sunset and the fishing boats. There was one set of baby twin elephants (which are quite rare) and they were very cute in their playful activities with one of the auntie elephants watching over them.



We had about 3 days at camp and then went by jeep to Bhamo, driving through beautiful countryside, to take a coastal riverboat down the Irrawaddy to Mandalay. Before boarding the riverboat in Bhamo

the Evertons, Celia, Virginia, Kathy and I went to a Chinese restaurant for dinner. We were surprised when they brought pans of boiling water to our table for us to dip our dishes and silverware in before using them. I guess they had experience with strange requests from crazy foreigners before and thought this was what we expected. Anyway, we were certain everything was sanitary and the food was excellent. In the evening we boarded and had a good night's rest before departing. My memory of the trip down the river is just a blur of enjoyment. There were just a few cabins on board and I think we were the only ones occupying them. They knew that the Ambassador was going on this trip, so they had put a special cook on board. There were lots of passengers on the open decks and we put into shore often to take on or let off passengers and cargo. We also tied up at a village each night and only traveled during the day. As we passed each village along the river all the people would come out to wave and exchange greetings with the passengers. Part of the trip went through the famous defiles of the

river, deep gorges where several rivers met.

When we arrived in Mandalay, the American Consul Officer and several of the visiting professors from the University met us with their families. The Consul advised John Everton that he was due in Washington on Wednesday so he, Celia and I flew to Rangoon that afternoon and he left the next morning for Washington. Virginia and Kathy stayed with the Williamsons. Charlie Bunch had sent a car for them to take home. After a day or two in Mandalay they drove to Meiktila for lunch and then on to Pyinmana. They stayed a day in Pyinmana and then Quentin Lindsey joined them for the balance of the trip home.

### **Swan Lake and Family Doings**

At this time the Chinese Ballet Company was in Rangoon, giving a series of performances of Swan Lake. The Government of China had French ballet instructors working with this group for the past 5 years and Burma had built a very nice outdoor stage to the ballet's specification. General Ne Win, Head of the Army in Burma was very friendly with China and had arranged for these performances. We tried unsuccessfully several times to get tickets. Then, the American Ambassador was given tickets – which he could not use since the U.S. did not have diplomatic relations with China. Since we were good friends with him, he gave Virginia and me his tickets. It was truly a wonderful performance in a beautiful outdoor setting with a full moon.

A few days after the ballet, I flew to Bangkok to meet with George Gant. George, the Director of the South and Southeast Asia Programs for the Foundation, had invited Foundation Representatives in the region to Bangkok for a conference. Although I was not titled “Representative” at that time, I had that responsibility almost full time since Bill Rudlin was away working on the Mekong River project.

Letters from Tim and Tom during this period had been good except for one period of a few weeks when Tim had not gone out for any sports and was bored with life. As soon as he got back into



sports, things seemed to be OK. He played basketball while Tom played baseball, and both boys played tennis. They seemed to slump some in their academics after the Christmas break but fortunately snapped out of that. Tim kept his grade average high enough that he did not have to have supervised study in the evenings, which he appreciated. They both seemed to have many friends and enjoyed their Camp John Hay privileges. Tom wrote that one weekend his class was going to the beach and he said he wished they were not going so he could spend the time at Camp John Hay.

## CHAPTER 17

### A MILITARY COUP AND OUR EARLY DEPARTURE FROM BURMA

#### The Coup

Things were going well for our programs, but there were rumblings that the government was not doing well by the people. The struggle between the Karens and Shans was increasing, and many government policies were being challenged. U Nu was a wonderful individual, but not a strong Prime Minister. A few days after I returned from Bangkok, we heard a lot of noise and a gunshot next door, at the former President's home. In the early morning we got the news on the radio that there had been a military coup and General Ne Win had taken over the government. The noise we had heard next door was part of a pre-emptive isolation of all political figures while the coup was taking place. The one casualty of the coup came from the gunshot we had heard, when one of the former president's sons had resisted and was shot. There was no military or civilian opposition to the coup, but public reaction was mixed. Some said it was a good turn of events, while others were concerned that there might be a long military regime. No one at that time could have imagined how long and how difficult it would be. Today, 40 years later, it is still going on.

Before we had left Burma for Cornell in 1959, U Nu had declared Burma a Buddhist State and every Buddhist Sabbath a day of rest. The Buddhist Sabbath followed the Lunar Calendar, which meant that each week the Sabbath fell on a different day, every 7, 8 or 9 days. The business community had not been happy about this and one of the first decrees by the Military Government was to repeal this and revert to the standard work week. Of course, another noticeable change was that military personnel were very visible throughout the city.

At first, our lives were not much affected by the coup.

There were no major pronouncements by the new government or restrictions on social or recreational activities. We all went about our normal activities with a “wait and see” attitude.

I was kept busy with work at the Foundation and also served on the Burma-America Institute and the Fulbright Boards. In mid-March, I drove to Pyinmana to review the program there and then on to Myittha to attend a high school graduation at the Agricultural High School where my colleague from my first days in Burma, U Than Sein Ba, was now the Headmaster. I was greatly impressed by how well he and others were doing in their work, as well as by the contribution they were making to agricultural education. It was rewarding to see that the agricultural schools and the course work in agriculture I had helped plan and implement seemed to be working even better than expected.

### **News from Brent**

News from Brent was that Tim and a couple of other boys were in the infirmary with chickenpox. Tim wrote that they “Listened to the radio, played solitaire, Chinese checkers and ate graham crackers, and that’s all!” Soon after Tim got out of the infirmary, we heard that Tom came down with the chickenpox. Tom reported that it wasn’t bad being in the infirmary. He had his radio, had ordered Tim to bring him cokes and “stuff” and his English teacher sent his 6 week test for him to do.

Both Tim and Tom seemed to excel in sports. We got reports that Tom had done very well in baseball and Tim had won the school tennis competition. Tim was also very good in basketball and soccer. Academically they both were doing OK. Tom’s mid-term report card showed considerable improvement in spelling, but not so much in Latin and science. Tim had above 90 percent in all his subjects, so he got a special steak dinner and had all the privileges at the library and no study halls. We planned to meet them in May in Hong Kong, at the end of their school, and then go to Taipei together to visit the Pongs. They were looking forward to seeing the Pongs again, as well as having a break from school.

## Work and Leisure in Uncertain Times

In April it was time for the annual Buddhist Water Festival, which I think originated with a sacred cleaning of the pagodas but had evolved into 5 days of bashing people with water hoses and buckets of water. We had been through it several times, and decided to take a Burma Airways flight with the Evertons to Kalaw for those days, to escape the heat and water in the mountains. Virginia's letter to Fern and Harry on April 16, 1962, recounts our time there:

“Kalaw, Shan State. Kathy and I are sitting on the steps (coloring & writing) while Bill and the Evertons are sitting in the little teahouse reading. We have a gorgeous view across the valley to more mountains, with a wonderful cool breeze on this sunny clear day. Kalaw is in full bloom with acacia, jacaranda, bougainvillea, roses, hibiscus, padauk flowers and many flowering trees we do not know. We are staying in a large old house on the mountain that is run as an Inn by a delightful couple – he is Turkish-Burmese and she is Pakistani. There is an English family here as well as 2 Australian families. We have played tennis, took walks, went calling and yesterday we joined about 20 other Westerners in a Palm Sunday church service. The offertory and special number was a lovely recording of ‘The Palms’. And all the hymns were to ‘English Methodist’ tunes so we really floundered on them as did the other Americans. I’m sure they were pleased to have John Everton, the American Ambassador and his wife there.”

There had been many rumors of policy changes from the Military Government, and just before we left for Kalaw the Government announced that it would no longer accept assistance from charitable foundations. No deadline was given, but we recognized that before long we would have to close all our programs and relocate all personnel (as would all charitable organizations in the country). This news was the subject of many discussions

between John Everton and me during our time in Kalaw, but we had a wonderful time there anyway.

Because of the coup, we had to cancel our plans to meet Tim and Tom in Hong Kong. We thought that by the time the boys' school was out we would need a break and decided to meet them in Bangkok, since they had never had a chance to see the important sites there. Tim and Tom had a few days Easter break, and Tom spent a 5 day weekend in Manila making travel arrangements for their trip home with a stopover in Bangkok. I think he also enjoyed the freedom of Manila and riding around in the Jeepney taxis. Tim was busy with soccer and Tom wrote that he was very proud that Tim had made the soccer team.

On Easter, Virginia and Kathy, plus the servants' children and a neighbor boy, had colored 4 dozen eggs to give out to children after church. It was a lovely day as the padauk tree flowers had just bloomed fully, with gorgeous droopy yellow blossoms. The padauk tree blooms 3 times, twice just a little, before the mango showers, and then profusely for one day after a heavy rain. They are wonderful flowers with a delightful perfume and every Burmese woman we saw that day had a spray of them in her hair.

### **Preparing To Close Out Foundation Programs and Relocating Staff**

The Foundation had 7 American families under direct contract that would have to be relocated, and many more families in Burma on Foundation-supported projects. I was in contact with the New York office staff and other agencies about relocation of personnel and decisions about departure dates. We decided that we would move our foreign staff out of Burma by July regardless of any later date the Military Government might give (with our family being the last ones out). I was left with the responsibility of making arrangements for all the staff and contract personnel to depart, as well as disposing of all property and closing the office. I was given full freedom to dispose of Foundation property through sales or gifts (properly documented). The Ford Foundation assured all employees

that they would either be relocated to a satisfactory position or kept on the payroll with living expenses for the full terms of their contracts.

The Burmese who had worked with the Foundation were very sorry to see the Foundation's support being phased out. However, they were unable to stop or delay this action. The students at the University of Rangoon were very vocal in their opposition to the Government and had many meetings at their student union building to voice their opposition. As a result, in the middle of one night in May we heard a big bang that seemed to shake our house. The military had gone to the university, which was near our home, and demolished the student union with explosives. After this the students went on strike, which caused the government to close the university and order students to return to their homes. The students defied this order and marched on the government offices. The army responded with brutal gunfire and killed many students. They also arrested the student leaders, which quelled all open opposition.

### **A Call on General Ne Win, Military Leader**

The American Ambassador and I called at the office of General Ne Win to seek an explanation for the expulsion of all charitable groups. We were politely received, no doubt because of the American Ambassador. We had a very friendly meeting with General Ne Win but he was unwilling to discuss any change in the situation. He commented on what he considered to be politically motivated actions by members of the Asia Foundation. We felt he was considerate and not anti-American but truly wanted Burma to go its own way. Time has changed my view of him.

### **Life Goes On**

In spite of uncertainty, visitors arrived and social events went on. One day, a friend called and asked us to take care of the President of the University of Southern Illinois, his wife and 20 year-old son, who would be in Rangoon on a 2 day visit. Virginia

took them sightseeing during the day and we had a dinner party for them, with friends who could arrange to come on short notice. The next evening we had a large dinner party planned as a farewell for one of the Dunwoody staff members and his wife. The residence of the Netherlands ambassador was next door to us and they were having a very large party the same evening in honor of their Queen's birthday (we had been invited but were not able to attend). Their party was a huge affair in their garden with hundreds of orange lights. It was beautiful but apparently put too much of a load on our electricity, for shortly after our guests arrived about half of the Embassy's lights and all of ours went out. We brought out the candles, but it was a hot evening without ceiling fans. Unfortunately, our stove was electric and the rolls were just ready to bake. All of our guests were old friends and very understanding, so we just waited about an hour till the electricity could be fixed and then ate. The Netherlands's Ambassador apologized the next day and said they had tried to arrange for enough power but, obviously, had not succeeded.

### **News from Tim and Tom and a Trip to Bangkok**

A letter from Tim said he and Tom had reservations to fly to Bangkok on May 17<sup>th</sup> so we made arrangements to meet them. Tim's letter said:

"Tom made reservations for us as you desired and as stated in the cable. No doubt he also turned Manila upside down, but that is what Brent School students are noted for. . . . On Easter Sunday, I went to church in Sagada (a hill village) in blue jeans and an old dirty shirt as well as in my moccasins. This was because our faculty member wouldn't let me wear shorts and my tennis shoes were wet and dirty. Several other guys were in the same boat. The service was high Episcopal and was interesting, although long and boring. They did a good deal of chanting, kneeling and listening to sermons. An American Father (the one who teaches Brent kids football) gave a 10-15 minute sermon in English, which was then translated for the majority of people there (hill people). It was more like a Catholic service than

Protestant.”

We flew to Bangkok on the 17<sup>th</sup> and met the boys. We stayed at the Erawan Hotel, since it was very nice and closer to the Miller’s home than the Oriental. The hotel had a nice swimming pool that we all enjoyed. We also went sightseeing, bowling, dancing, and had a great time by ourselves and with the Millers.

### **Back to Rangoon and Family Life While Preparing to Leave Burma**

Back in Rangoon I was swamped with trying to find positions for some of our people. The staff members from Dunwoody Institute and the University of Florida were able to return to their regular jobs and I was able to find positions for others in Nepal, Vietnam, East Pakistan and the United States. Although I was busy lining up jobs for others, we had no idea about our future – but I had confidence we would have the full support of the Ford Foundation. I was concerned for the excellent and loyal local support staff who had worked for the Foundation since it opened its office in Rangoon. We gave each a very good separation bonus and enabled them to purchase air conditioners and furniture from our supply at greatly reduced prices.

I went to Pyinmana and Mandalay to sign over all the furniture and equipment in the homes of Foundation staff to the Agricultural Institute and University as a donation from the Ford Foundation. In Rangoon it was easy to sell air conditioners, automobiles, and most of the furniture, but it took a lot of time and documentation. The air conditioners, automobiles and electrical appliances had all been imported duty free, and now we had to pay customs duty on each item when we sold it. Also, with so many staff and contract staff, all leaving in a short period of time, we had to obtain export permits for all personal goods that were being shipped. The red tape for this was enormous. Obtaining final phone, electric water and other bills for all the houses the Foundation had rented was time-consuming and would have been



impossible to sort out if I hadn't had an excellent support staff.

However, our family life went on. The boys and I played tennis regularly, and Kathy and the boys went swimming most days. Burmese friends dropped by to wish us well and tell us how sorry they were to see us leave, and many invited us to their homes. Virginia, Tim, and Tom registered at the Alliance Francaise for regular lessons in French. Tim was doing well and had received the French Award for the year at Brent. At the same time, Tim was having trouble with boils and infected pimples so he and I went to the Seventh Day Adventist hospital to see the doctor. It turned out to be clinic day, so we just sat and waited our turn. We arrived at 9 a.m. and at noon got to see the same doctor who had delivered Kathy. He took a sample for culture but recommended hot saltwater packs on the infected areas and more frequent and thorough cleaning. Virginia had been suggesting this – but coming from the doctor it brought action and the results were good. Tim and I went regularly to see the doctor over the next couple of weeks and he gave Tim a new synthetic penicillin, taken by mouth, which also helped a great deal.

On the 19<sup>th</sup> of June 1962, the packers came to our house and we moved to the Strand Hotel. After our things were packed and moved out we used the house as a central place for furniture and appliances from other houses, pending sale. We were not able to stay in our favorite hotel, the Kanbawza, because it had closed (due to lack of paying visitors).

Kathy advised her kindergarten teacher that since we were moving to the hotel she would no longer be in school. We relieved her of this idea and she kept on going as long as we were in Rangoon. She actually enjoyed it very much. The USIS library was near the hotel, so Tim and Tom spent a lot of time there, as well as keeping up on their French lessons at the Alliance with Virginia. We still were not sure about our future but the Foundation had assured me that I would have a position in New York until a mutually agreeable field position could be found. Tom suggested he go back to Brent for another year since he had been very happy

there and was not overjoyed with “parental guidance” at that time in his life.

On the 9<sup>th</sup> of July we gave a farewell party at the Strand Hotel and invited all our friends. We had not told any but a few very close friends and associates that we were leaving the following morning. Over 100 persons came to our party and the hotel had arranged appropriate drinks and food for all nationalities and tastes. The majority of the guests were Burmese but there were also Indians, British, Dutch, Chinese and others. We announced at the party that we would be leaving the next morning. Much to our surprise, many of the guests were at the airport the next morning to see us off, and many of the Burmese brought gifts. Somehow, we managed to get all of them on the plane and to Hong Kong, where we could pack them and have them sent on by airfreight. Tim objected strongly to us carrying all this stuff through customs in Hong Kong. He said we, “Just looked like rich Americans”.

### **Hong Kong, Taipei, Tokyo, California and a New Home in Rye, New York**

In Hong Kong, we stayed at our favorite hotel, The Peninsula, and again found the city a delightful place with its scenery, shops, food, and enjoyable ferry rides. We spent a week there just relaxing, shopping, eating, and sightseeing. One of our first purchases was a pair of shoes for Kathy. They were the first pair of real shoes that she had on in a year, since she had only worn Burmese sandals in Rangoon. The boys took in a couple of movies and ate out on their own a few times. Just a short walk from our hotel and we could get on the ferry to Victoria Island, the other part of Hong Kong, where there were many lovely shops as well as some narrow streets with interesting markets and food shops. We found some of the best food in small restaurants along these narrow streets. Whenever we were in Hong Kong, we took the cog rail up to the top of Victoria Peak. It was a wonderful view of the city, the harbor, Tiger Balm Garden, the horse race track and many lovely homes.

Tom was determined to have contact lenses and we didn't disagree, but thought it better to wait until we got to New York (where follow-up would be possible). However, since he wanted them so badly, he was fitted for them in Hong Kong. Tom was very pleased and I'm not sure how those turned out – but I do recall that after we were in Rye he was fitted again. Tim didn't want anything in particular so he just tagged along with all of us, and phoned a friend from school for a chat. Virginia had a couple of dresses made and I a suit. After being measured, we returned once after about 12 hours for a fitting, and the final product was delivered the following day.

Before departing for Taipei, we had lunch in Hong Kong with Wynne Pong's brother. Wynne's sister's husband was the manager of the famous Grand Hotel in Taipei, but it was full so they made reservations for us at the Friends of China Club. We had a wonderful time in Taipei with the Pongs, (Wynne, Pong, Pong Ling and Candy) sightseeing, playing tennis and eating wonderful food at the Grand Hotel. We also purchased 3 lovely Chinese vases that we still have in our home. We were there about 3 days, which passed

all too quickly.



From Taipei we went to Tokyo and were amazed at the changes that had taken place since our last visit. The department stores were beautiful, many clerks spoke English, and everything about the city had improved. We took several sightseeing trips out of the city by train and car. We then flew non-stop from Tokyo to San Francisco. It was a lovely flight, with Northern Lights visible the entire way.

After about 3 days of sightseeing and recovering from jet lag, we rented a car and took

the coastal road to Los Angeles for a visit to Floyd, Joyce and Russell. We then drove to Shenandoah for a visit with my family and on to Lodi to visit Virginia's family. After a few days in Lodi, I took the train to New York to discuss my assignment with the Ford Foundation. I was happy about it, since Harry Wilhelm had arranged for me to work with him in the South and Southeast Asia Program (in the International Division, directed by George Gant) and be available to the other agriculture programs in the International Division (headed by Frosty Hill). Frosty had visited our project in Burma and I had met him on several occasions since then, so I felt well acquainted with him.

I spent a few days checking out rental property in the suburbs and found a nice house at 55 Drake Avenue, Rye, Westchester County, New York, with good rail connection to Grand Central Station. We could get occupancy almost immediately so I returned to Lodi. We drove to Rye (with Fern and Harry) and stayed in a motel in Port Washington for a few days. Our furniture was in storage in Ithaca, so we were able to have it delivered soon after we arrived. Fern and Harry helped us move in. They were a great help and they both enjoyed being in the east, especially Harry. One of the things he wanted to do was to see the ocean and taste the water to see if it was really salty. We all made a trip to Jones Beach where he could walk out into the water and taste it.

## **CHAPTER 18**

### **A HEADQUARTERS ASSIGNMENT**

#### **Getting Started**

My New York City assignment was my first opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the Foundation's organization and its headquarters staff. Its offices were at the corner of 51<sup>st</sup> and Madison, directly behind the St. Patrick Cathedral. I was given a nice office with a window overlooking Madison Avenue and the Cathedral. Harry Wilhelm was a great help to me in getting acquainted with Foundation staff and programs. We often had lunch together in the Foundation's dining room, or would go out to interesting places. He loved fine food and wine, and having lived in New York for some time was an excellent guide to restaurants. Harry was a tall, handsome bachelor who was very demanding in carrying out his management responsibilities as deputy to George Gant (for the South and Southeast Asia Program). He was very supportive of me throughout my career in the Ford Foundation, and was always a good friend.

#### **The Ford Foundation**

The Ford Foundation is a private, non-profit institution dedicated to the advancement of human welfare. Henry Ford and his son, Edsel, founded it in 1936 with the donation of large blocks of Ford Motor Company stock. Until 1950, it made grants largely to charitable and educational institutions in the State of Michigan, but since then has operated as an international philanthropic organization. Nearly all its grants have been made since 1950. At the time I served at its headquarters, the Ford Foundation was the largest private philanthropy in the world and operated as an independent institution. Its headquarter staff were divided into 4 divisions – National Affairs, Education, Humanities and Arts, and the International Division, plus an administrative unit.

## Schools and Other Family Activities

After getting settled in our house, it was almost time for school to start. Virginia again carried most of the burden of getting Tim, Tom and Kathy in schools and arranging their physical exams. Kathy was enrolled in first grade in a primary school near our home while the boys were both in the large Rye High School – Tim as a junior and Tom as a freshman. The boys were helpful and sufficiently independent that they made many of the arrangements on their own. Virginia took Kathy to her school for orientation the day before school opened and the principal chatted with both of them. Next day, at the end of school, Kathy announced to Virginia that she was not going back because the principal had not known her name. She had been in a small kindergarten group in Rangoon and was used to having everybody know her. Now, even though she was in a large urban primary school she thought the head of the school should know her name and was adamant that she was not going back. Virginia talked to the principal and explained the situation and he spoke to Kathy the next day, so everything was all right (Virginia recalls this being a much more stressful situation than I have described). Also, Tim sat Kathy down and explained that on every move and every new school you had to expect things to be difficult for the first 6 months. He and Tom had learned this well from their many moves.

Tim and Tom settled into their classes with no more difficulty than they had expected. They both did well in class, with



Tim excelling in French. The physical education teacher encouraged both boys to be active in sports. Tim was an active participant in soccer and basketball and Tom in football and wrestling. Kathy made lots of friends in the neighborhood and also continued her dancing

lessons.

We settled into a pleasant routine and enjoyed being back in the U.S. We were all active in the Methodist church and Virginia joined a PEO chapter in Bronxville where she went to group meetings, occasional lunches and bridge sessions. Virginia also found that her very good friend from Mt. Ayr, Anne Prentis, was living in Stamford, Connecticut. This was not too far from our home, so they were able to get together several times. We went into the city almost every weekend to visit museums, attend plays, events at Madison Square Garden or go to movies (which was quite the opposite of our neighbors – who had not been into New York City in 25 years). We were somewhat starved for such activities and we knew we would be there only for a year or two before having another assignment abroad.

### **New Challenges**

I quickly became a regular commuter on the hour-long train ride from Rye to Grand Central station. I kept busy reviewing project proposals and becoming familiar with all the Foundation's support activities. It was nice, and very helpful in subsequent years, to be personally acquainted with the officers of the Foundation. I also began to be involved in the Foundation's programs in Latin America and the Caribbean. In particular, I enjoyed working on the development of a new agricultural school in Santiago de Los Caballeros, in the Dominican Republic. This project was assisted by staff from Texas A & M University, with funding from the Ford Foundation. Because of my experience in Burma, I was able to be an active participant and made several visits to College Station, Texas, to discuss the program.

### **Enjoying Visitors**

We were pleased to have my nephew, Robert (Bud) Gamble, visit us in late October and to renew contact with him. His home base was Dallas, working for Collins Electronics, but at that time he was on a short assignment to install electronics equipment in

Waterbury, Connecticut. We all enjoyed his visit and were especially glad that Tim and Tom could get better acquainted with him.

Just after Christmas, 1962, Jean, Dan, Steve and Jane Burnham visited us and we had a great time together sightseeing and enjoying some of the cultural events in the City. Virginia particularly remembers going with Jean to Lincoln Center to hear Virgil Fox play the organ. The Burnhams had planned to stay about a week but Kathy and Steve came down with the chickenpox and Jane developed mild symptoms, so they stayed on a second week.



### **Learning a New Region**

Early in 1963, I started making a number of trips to Mexico to review agricultural project proposals. I also continued my contact with Texas A & M, regarding the agricultural school in the Dominican Republic. I made a very interesting trip with Luis Crouch, a key sponsor of that agricultural school, to observe some well-established schools in Central America and Colombia. We met in Guatemala City, Guatemala, and traveled together to Tegucigalpa, Honduras, to visit the Escuela Agrícola Panamericana. It had been founded by the United Fruit Company to train agriculturists for the company, but had gone far beyond that. Many of its graduates had become leaders in both agricultural and political positions throughout Central and South America. It had an international staff of professors and a cooperative agreement with the University of Florida, Gainesville, so graduates of the 2-year program could get full credit to go on to the University of Florida for a degree program. The school's program was considered a good model for the school being developed in the Dominican Republic. We spent several days at the school and were very impressed with its academic and practical program.



From Tegucigalpa, we flew to San Jose, Costa Rica, to visit the Central American Center for Tropical Agricultural Research and Education. This Center was supported by the Organization of American States and had a good record in research throughout Central America. Also, its graduate school was the only one in Central America where students could study agricultural sciences in Spanish and obtain a high quality Masters Degree. We spent 2 full days at the Center discussing education and research issues with staff and observing relevant activities. We then flew to Bogota, Colombia, to visit an agricultural college that was receiving assistance from the Ford Foundation. We found the program there to be more academic and lacking the mix of academic/practical work that was our vision for the Dominican Republic. Luis and I did enjoy our visit to Bogota, which was a first visit for both of us. Since Luis's first language was Spanish it was very easy for us to get around. We visited the world-famous gold museum in Bogota and shopped for leather and silver goods. I bought a leather coat for Virginia that she still wears, and a solid silver salad serving set that we still use.

From Bogota, we flew to Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, and then drove to Santiago de Los Caballeros for my first visit to the agricultural school. The school was being founded and funded by a dynamic group of young businessmen from the city (including Luis), who also had interest in agriculture. I was very impressed with the school site and plans for its implementation. I stayed at Luis's home, and he and I became good friends. We maintained contact for 25 years or more, during which time I also followed the successful development of the school.

### **Chile and the University of Minnesota**

The Foundation was supporting a 4-man team from the University of Minnesota on a project in Chile to improve research/extension linkages. It was time for the project's renewal, which meant there had to be a project evaluation. I traveled to Chile and spent about 2 weeks at various sites observing their work

and also interviewing Chilean agricultural officials. From all I observed, the project was doing well and deserved to be renewed.

I flew from Chile to Minneapolis/St. Paul where Harry Wilhelm met me, and we briefed the Dean and other staff in the College of Agriculture. The thing I remember most about this visit to the university was a meeting that Harry and I had with the President of the University, Dr. Morrill. He was a most charming and friendly individual and we had a long private lunch with him. We were somewhat surprised but very pleased that he had been fully briefed on the project and could discuss all aspects of it. After he retired from the presidency, he joined the Ford Foundation in New York and I became well acquainted with him. Our neighbor (when we lived on Dean Parkway) Dr. Mark Graubard, Professor Emeritus from the university, commented that Dr. Morrill was outstanding and the last “one-man” president of the university.

### **Back in Rye and Cars**

Back in Rye, Virginia was managing home and family very well and all 3 children were doing well in school. Tim took the college entrance and National Merit Scholarship exams and did very well on them. Getting a driver's license in New York State required taking drivers education at school, so Virginia was soon riding with Tim during his practice driving. Learning to drive in the high traffic area of Rye and surrounding communities was stressful, but it went well and he passed the test on first try. Tom and a friend were interested in auto mechanics, or rather in driving but neither was old enough. Somehow, Tom talked me into buying an old junker car for 25-50 dollars. We had a basement garage that had a very steep downhill slope, and we put the car there and kept our regular car outside. After school and on weekends Tom and his friend would tinker with car and back it up the driveway and drive it back down. They had a great time with it, and it kept them occupied for many hours. When we left Rye, we paid a junk car dealer to come and haul it away.

## Mexico, a Choice

In the spring, Harry Wilhelm was appointed the Foundation's Representative in Chile and moved there. I was still making regular trips to Mexico, and had been asked if I would consider joining the staff there as soon as possible. I wanted to go to Chile to work with Harry, but the Foundation put much higher priority on Mexico. However, since we had been in the States less than a year I was given the option of staying on in New York and seeing what was available in another year. We discussed as a family whether Tim, Tom and Kathy wanted to change schools and move again, especially since Tim had only one more year in high school. They all said, "Let's go to Mexico". By this time, Tim had applied to Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, under the early decision program (where a well-qualified applicant agrees to attend if accepted). I started taking Spanish language lessons. At age 43 it was not easy to learn a new language, but one thing worked in my favor. The New York newspapers all stopped circulation due to a strike, so I started using the one-hour commute to and from work to study Spanish.

## School and Visitors

As the school year approached its end, Tim was becoming comfortable driving the car and was also dating a classmate, Barbara, whom he took to the Junior Prom. In the latter part of June, he was permitted to take the car out at night for the first time. He was always very reliable, and was able to have it often after that.

Many friends from our years in Burma visited us as did our



good friends, the Morgans. Bill, Millie, Chuck and Anne Morgan spent a few days with us in mid-July. We took in a Broadway show, Virginia and Millie had a great time shopping, and Bill, Chuck and I went to a baseball game at Yankee Stadium. We all went on a boat tour around Manhattan island and

did some other sightseeing. I had a meeting in Washington during their visit and Bill joined me for the trip. We took the air shuttle from La Guardia and while I was in my meetings, Bill did some sightseeing around Washington. In the late afternoon we took the shuttle back to New York. It was a pleasant day for both of us and a new experience for Bill.

### **Another Move**

In late July, after the Morgan's visit, I went to Mexico for about 10 days but managed to return home in time for Kathy's birthday on August 7. I bought a large elephant piñata in Mexico City and carried it home with me. Fortunately, there was a vacant seat beside me on the plane and they let me put the fragile piñata there. So, Kathy got a piñata, which was a new thing in those days. By this time, Tom had gone to spend the summer with Paul, Dorothy Bill, John and Jim on the farm. After Kathy's birthday, she and Virginia took the train to Lodi to help Fern and Harry pack because they were moving to Fairhaven, a very nice retirement village in Whitewater, Wisconsin. Tim and I packed up our household effects (for the move to Mexico), with the help of packers, and then drove to Lodi where we joined Dan, Steve and Jane Burnham to all help Fern and Harry move. Jean was pregnant with Tom and unable to help with the move.

## CHAPTER 19

### MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE CARIBBEAN

#### **“La Mordida” and a Train Trip**

From Whitewater, in early September, we drove to Northfield, Minnesota, to visit Carleton College (where Tim had applied for admission). We were all very impressed with the town and the college. We then went to Iowa to visit my family, before going to Kansas City where we were to get our visas for Mexico. We had applied for our visas a couple of months before and had been assured they would be ready on our arrival in Kansas City, so we had tickets to leave on the train the evening of the following day. In our first brush with Mexican bureaucracy the Consular Officer said, “Oh, issuing 5 immigration visas is a big job so it will take several days”. We were a bit surprised, but having made several trips to Mexico, I had become familiar with ways of solving such problems. I told him that we understood how much work was involved but it was very important for us to have the visas within 24 hours and I would compensate him well for his overtime work. We agreed on a price and I paid half, with half to be paid on delivery, and he closed the office for the day. We had our visas by noon the next day. This practice was one we came to know and understand very well during our years in Mexico. It was known as “La Mordida”, “the payoff” or “the bite”. It was never called a bribe, just a little gift for services.

We thought it would be nice to travel by train to Mexico City on the family’s first trip there. It was a good trip, but turned out to be very long. The air conditioning on the train was not functioning from San Antonio to Monterrey, Mexico, and it was quite warm. However, the train was much more comfortable than trains we had ridden in Burma. We had to go through customs in Monterrey and immigration on the train. The Immigration Officer said our papers were not in order, but “La Mordida” payment soon

made everything OK. We had to take our 13 bags off the train and on again when we entered Mexico at Laredo and wondered, as always, why we had to have so many bags. Another problem was that Kathy was carrying her pet turtle in a jar of water and she and Virginia were afraid Customs officers would find and impound it. Happily, the turtle was not discovered and lived a long life in Mexico City.

Due to train schedules we had to overnight in Monterrey. We had an excellent Mexican dinner with the Dean of Agriculture of the Monterrey Institute of Technology, Leonel Robles and his family. I had met Dean Robles on several occasions during my various visits to Mexico, and he and I later worked together on many projects. Our trip from Monterrey to Mexico City was pleasant and uneventful. We enjoyed seeing the countryside, villages and towns. A car and driver from the Ford Foundation met us at the station in Mexico and after filling a taxi and the car with our bags and ourselves, we drove to our new home at Calle de Agua 785, Jardines de Pedregal.

### **Adjusting to a New Culture and Schools**

The Jardines de Pedregal was a relatively new housing area in the southeast part of the city. The area had lovely houses of very modern design, all behind high walls and built in an area of lava rock. The Foundation had rented this house for us as a temporary residence until we chose our own home. The owner was newly widowed and was going away for a few months. She left everything for us, including her household staff, maid, cook and gardener. The house was filled with lovely furniture, paintings and antiques and was very comfortable. The master bedroom had a patio that looked out over the well-kept lawn and flowers. Unfortunately, the house had no central heating and the weather was abnormally chilly. We had electric heaters in the living room and dining room but there were none in the bathrooms.

Adjustment to Mexico for me was not as difficult as it was for Virginia. I had been there enough times to feel comfortable in

the city and knew enough Spanish to get around. I had a nice office in downtown Mexico City in a new office building on the Angel “Glorietta” (circle). John Nagel was the Foundation’s Representative, Jim Tierney the Assistant Representative, and Jim Trowbridge, a very bright graduate of Yale University, was a young trainee.

Virginia had to adjust to a household where none of the servants spoke English and at the same time had to work out where and how Tim, Tom, and Kathy would go to school. We settled on Tim going to the American School and Tom and Kathy going to the British school, Greengates, where they would wear school uniforms – green blazers, white shirt and tie, gray skirt and white socks for Kathy and gray slacks for Tom. The green blazer was especially becoming to Tom with his slightly red hair. Each school had a school bus that picked up students in the morning and dropped them off in the afternoon. They all took their lunch to school, although the American School had quite a good cafeteria. Tom had to have some tutoring in math and French to get up to the level of his classmates and Kathy had to have tutoring in math, but there were no other major adjustments. Kathy had no problem wearing a uniform to school, since it took away all the problems of deciding what to wear. In Greengates School, about 21 different nationalities were represented. Tom was amused by some of the “new British” things. Every Wednesday the girls in 4<sup>th</sup> grade and above had horseback riding, so they and their teachers came to school in riding clothes that day. Tim seemed happy starting in the American School in a very small class, and took physics, calculus, creative writing, American History and Spanish. He found a bridge group and played that and Ping-Pong during the lunch break most days.

We received our driver licenses in the latter part of September, so both Virginia and I started driving and learning the traffic of Mexico City. Tim and Tom soon learned, and frequently used, the bus and “pesero” taxi routes about town and before long Tim started driving as well. One of the first Sundays after we got our licenses we drove to Cuernavaca for the day.

## **Mexico City and Cuernavaca**

At the time we moved to Mexico City, it had a population of 3 million (now about 15-18 million). There was a wonderful contrast within the city of the old and the new, with the Pedregal representing the newest of the new. In downtown, amid new glass office buildings, there were wonderful old colonial buildings along magnificent boulevards. The main avenue from the eastern side of the city to downtown, the Paseo de Reforma, was a beautiful boulevard with jacaranda and other flowering trees. Another lovely boulevard was Las Palmas, with palm trees in the center space of the boulevard. As you drove down the Paseo de Reforma to the downtown section, you passed elegant homes, Chapultepec Park with the Chapultepec Castle towering over the city, then you reached beautiful fountains and statues in the various “glorietas” (circles), then on to the heart of the business district with its hotels, shops and restaurants. From there, you traveled on to the big square (zocalo) with large government buildings (National Palace) facing the wonderful Cathedral. There was little smog, and most days you could see the peak of Mt. Popocatepetal and the outline of La Mujer Dormienda (the sleeping Lady Mountain). On the west side of the city there was a large “shanty town” with no water or drainage facilities. The people obtained electricity by illegally wiring into the city supply. The people living there were mainly from villages where the population had outgrown the capacity of the land to feed them.

A letter from Virginia to her parents tells of this first excursion on our own in Mexico:

“We had a lovely drive to Cuernavaca, which is about 45 minutes to the southwest over the mountains on a divided toll road. It is a favorite spot for retirement with a lovely sunny climate at about 5000-ft. elevation. It is supposed to be a very quiet little city with many lovely homes and gardens totally hidden from the street by high walls. We drove to the central square (every city and village is built around a central square –



called the “Zocalo”). We sat at a table in a sidewalk café drinking coca cola and saying “no” to all the peddlers of serapes, shawls, wooden carved figures, chewing gum, puppets, etc., and watching people. Then we took a walk around the square and stopped for a bit to listen to the town band in the bandstand struggling through ‘La Paloma’, “Pretty Redwing” and others. Apparently everyone is out on Sunday, and the square and surrounding streets were full of people enjoying the sun and music. Then we walked through Cortes’ Palace, now a government building, which has a large Diego Rivera mural on the balcony. Kathy insisted on buying a basket purse so we purchased one and got back in the car with Bill trying to find the hotel/restaurant where we wanted to have lunch. We found the place, “Las Mananitas”, behind a high gate and wall. It had a beautiful courtyard, cocktail lounge and garden dining room. We had a delicious dinner with gorgeous red and blue parrots, peacocks and other exotic birds running all over the place<sup>15</sup>.

We returned home via the “old free road” which was really more interesting than the toll road and much less traffic. It was a nice day and great to have some warm sunshine.”

## Learning the Sites

In another letter Virginia writes:

“I enrolled and started taking Spanish for 3 hours per day at the Instituto del Mexicano-Norteamericano. The Instituto is located in downtown near Bill’s office so I can get acquainted with that area of town. Kathy and I visited the National Palace last week where Diego Rivera has a number of very famous murals, then to the Cathedral of Mexico that was one of the first buildings built, over an Aztec temple, by the Spanish. This Cathedral is just fabulous – parts of the gold worship centers made me feel as if I was in a Burmese pagoda. There is an enormous pipe organ and I simply have to go back to hear it. People say you just tingle all over when it is being played. The Cathedral is slowly sinking, as

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15. We returned to this place many times during our years in Mexico, always taking our guests from the States there for lunch.

are many buildings here because of being built on a lake bed.

Also, on a recent Sunday, we all got dressed up and went to the big domed auditorium to see the Folklorico Ballet. It is so colorful, such lovely music, all live with several small bands typical of Mexico. Gorgeous costumes, tantalizingly short enough scenes, and all so obviously Mexican. It was all as well done as any New York Radio City Center show and much more interesting. There was a beautiful piñata in the final scene that pleased Kathy very much. After the ballet and an inspection of the building, which also is sinking slowly, we had dinner at a French café that was very nice.”

### **Adjusting to a New Life and Making Friends**

The Foundation provided cars for its employees in Mexico and we were given a new Ford 200 (Falcon). It was white with a red top, and had power steering and a V-8 engine, so it had lots of power. Virginia loved to drive it. We joined the Reforma Athletic Club, a very nice club with a large outdoor swimming pool and a number of clay tennis courts. We spent many enjoyable weekends swimming and playing tennis.

While Virginia was taking Spanish lessons I was also studying Spanish with a private tutor, besides getting considerable practice with my Mexican contacts and travels to agricultural projects outside Mexico City. In my first 6 months I had one trip that really put the pressure on my Spanish. I traveled for 3 weeks in a Volkswagen with an extension agent who did not speak a word of English and had no desire to learn. We got along fine but I was really exhausted at the end of the trip.

Tom and Kathy soon made friends at Greengates and in October, Tom was invited to a birthday party for the daughter of the Turkish Ambassador at the Ambassador’s residence. She was 19 and probably thought Tom was older (he was 15). Tom said it was an elegant bash with dancing, a big buffet, a birthday cake that looked like a wedding cake and champagne for all. He was quite impressed. Tim also made friends at school, especially with a lovely Cuban girl, Alina Rivero. Her family came as refugees from Castro’s

Cuba and her father wrote for a Spanish language weekly, *La Revista* or something like that. At the end of the school year they obtained visas for the United States and moved to Florida. Alina went to the University of California at Berkeley where Tim and Tom visited her a year or so later.

### **Developing the Foundation's Support Program for Agriculture**

How does one go about establishing a program of support for agriculture? The key issue in program development was to determine ways to establish unique programs that supported the Foundation's specific objective, "the advancement of human welfare", in keeping with the country's own goals. Further, the Foundation was concerned with "development", using institutional processes to help enlarge the quality and range of choices open to individuals. For most of my first year I concentrated the majority of my attention on Mexico and left program development for Central America with the Foundation's sub-office in San Jose, Costa Rica.

In my various consulting visits to Mexico, I had established wide-ranging contacts with the Federal Agricultural Extension Service, Mexico's major agricultural colleges, and with other foundations and assistance organizations. Most of all, I had pursued the art of being a good listener and observer in all my travels and discussions in the country. As a result, the Foundation, on my recommendation, agreed to join with the Rockefeller Foundation and the Organization of American States in the development of a graduate program with supporting facilities at the National School of Agriculture, Chapingo, Mexico. The second most important center for agricultural education in Mexico, after Chapingo, was the Monterrey Institute for Technology and I recommended support for it in staff development and for some departments. Since the Rockefeller Foundation had long supported the development of a strong program of agricultural research, I recommended that the Ford Foundation provide significant support for improvement of agricultural extension. Support directly from Foundation

headquarters was also being provided to the International Center for the Improvement of Wheat and Corn (CIMMYT) which was established jointly by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, building on more than 20 years of successful research by Mexican and Rockefeller Foundation Scientists.

### **Dates and Places I Will Never Forget**

The specifics of the support for Chapingo (for which I was responsible) were to finance construction of a new library, to acquire computer equipment, and to develop master degree programs in agricultural economics and statistics. We contracted with an architectural firm in Chicago to prepare the building plans and to provide overall construction supervision, and with a local engineer to provide day-to-day supervision. In November, I traveled to Iowa State University to make arrangements with the Department of Economics and the Department of Statistics to provide visiting professors to teach and supervise students in Chapingo until the Mexican staff took over. I sought a commitment from Dr. Earl Heady in Agricultural Economics and Dr. Ted Bancroft, Head of the Department of Statistics, to take responsibility for each of their areas and to select the visiting professors. Both individuals agreed and carried out this work with great personal involvement and success.

While I was in the office of Dr. Heady, on November 22, 1963, we received the news of President Kennedy's assassination by Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas, Texas. It was a date, a time and place neither of us would ever forget. Two days later I was in the Dallas airport in the barber shop, getting my hair cut and watching television, while waiting for my plane to Mexico. We were watching the officers move Oswald from his prison to a more secure cell when Jack Ruby appeared in front of Oswald, right on TV in front of us, and shot and killed him. Again, a time and place I will never forget.

Meanwhile, back in Mexico, the maids at our house heard the news of the assassination of President Kennedy on the radio and

tried to tell Virginia but she was not able to understand. She did understand, however, that something terrible had happened to our president. Finally, Madeline Tierney phoned her and gave her the news.

### **Work, Early Travel in Mexico, and a Visitor**

My nephew, John Gamble, who had recently graduated from Iowa State University, arrived on December 1<sup>st</sup> for a visit. We had a delightful time introducing him to the sights and sounds of Mexico. He was our first relative to visit us there, and it was his first visit to a really large city. We met him at the airport and drove through some of the historic parts of the city on our way home. We stopped to let him see the Cathedral and all went in. Kathy, who was familiar with Catholic practices from being told about them by her nanny in Burma, immediately crossed herself and knelt when we entered. I think this shocked John a bit, but he was very impressed with all the sights. On his first weekend in Mexico, we all went to church and then ate at our favorite steak café, Loma Linda, before a quick change of clothes to go to the bullfight.

Virginia wrote about it in a letter dated December 8, 1963:

“We had good seats on the sunny side quite near the ring and the sun felt good. It was, as always, a colorful pageant with the matadors, banderilleros, picadors all wearing such fancy beautiful suits, just like the pictures we have seen. A brassy band played in interludes and at the times the actual fights were announced by 2 very regal sounding trumpets. Twice the matadors did such a good job they paraded around the ring and people threw down flowers, hats, flasks from which the matadors drank, and scarves that they put on and then threw back. The bulls were not very ferocious that day so the crowd was quite disgruntled. A horse was gored quite badly. Surprisingly though, I didn’t mind the bulls getting slain – as Kathy said, it was so ugly and so bad that she enjoyed the killing of it the most. The best part of it, for me, was when the 3 brightly decorated mules with snappy little men in blue uniforms and wheelbarrows, shovels and brooms who came out in a great flourish and dragged the dead

bull out of the ring and cleaned up any blood. It was an absolute riot to see them. The mules were balky and the crowd would alternately boo and clap, enjoying it as much as the fight, I do believe.

Also, as is always true in crowds, the audience was most interesting, and as the beer flowed freely so the audience relaxed and enjoyed themselves and you should hear Kathy yell "OLE". We all enjoyed it but I think that will be my first and last such experience.

We have found our new house where we will move in January (we still are living in the Pedregal) and took the family through it today. Bill and John leave early tomorrow by plane for Chiapas State that is down south. They expect to be gone 10 days and see both the Gulf and the Pacific. John has done a lot during the week and we hope he is enjoying it. We took him to the Folklorico Ballet on Wednesday evening after dinner at a hotel rooftop restaurant."

John, John Nagel and I flew to Tuxtla Gutierrez in Chiapas State, and were met by Felepe Gaitan and other members of the Federal Extension Service. We spent several days visiting extension activities in the state, and spent an interesting day in an area around Tehuantepec that was the center of a matriarchal society. Also, in this area I was reminded of Burma, since all the women carried almost everything balanced on their heads. Even in a restaurant, the waitresses carried bottles of Coca-Cola balanced on their heads. I played a bit of a trick on John at one of our meals. Chili peppers were served on platters, so one could choose the kind and amount desired. John was curious and I told him to start easy with the dark brown dry ones since others might be too hot for him. He picked one up and took a big bite and about went through the sky since these were the hottest chili peppers, especially with their many dry seeds. He was much more cautious after that.

In a letter of December 15, 1963, Virginia writes:

"Bill calls almost every day and says John is getting along

fine and they are having a good time. John Nagel accompanied them for the first few days but just Bill and John are now traveling together. Today, they are driving from Villahermosa to Campeche – about 6 hours if they got at least 3 ferries right. They will drive to Merida in the Yucatan and fly home Wednesday evening. Tuesday, the Tierneys are having an office dinner party and all of our family, except Kathy, is invited. It will be nice to get to know the Mexican secretaries better. Bill's secretary, Olivia, is really beautiful, so John is looking forward to the party!"

My travel with John to Merida and surrounding region, and the previous trip to Chiapas, were both part of my seeking to understand the strengths and weaknesses of the extension service. In later trips, I observed the work of the Federal Extension Service in all the major agricultural regions of the country.

### **Tim Accepted for Carleton College and Our First Christmas in Mexico**

On December 2, Tim received his acceptance letter from Carleton College. This took off any pressure about further applications to colleges, and he was very pleased since Carleton was academically outstanding.

Our first Christmas in Mexico was very pleasant. After opening presents and breakfast, we drove through the Desierto de Liones, a pine-forested National Park that was on top of a mountain with view back over the city to Mt. Popocatepetal and La Mujer. We walked, played some with Tim's new soccer ball and then drove over 10,000-foot mountains to Toluca, about 35 miles. It was a gorgeous drive and Toluca was a famous old city with a very large market. Later during the break, we drove to Puebla (about 100 miles), an interesting city founded in about 1530. It had many caves and passages through old temples that the boys and I explored.



## **A New Home and Hiring Household Staff**

The house we found and rented in January was in Las Lomas (the Hills), at 1020 Sierra Vertientes, in the northeast part of the city. Sierra Vertientes was just a block off Reforma Avenue, the main boulevard into the city. It was much closer to my office and to Tom and Kathy's school, and Tim only had to walk a block or two to catch the bus to the American School. The house was in a large compound with a high stone wall all around it. The family that owned the house had their home at one end of the compound while ours was at the other, with a nice lawn between the two. Both were lovely stone houses. The entrance to our yard had a large, solid wooden gate for automobiles and a smaller wooden gate for people. There was a speakerphone connection from the entrance gate to the kitchen. On the ground floor there were 3 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, a large living room, an entrance hallway, a large dining room, a breakfast room, and a kitchen. One of the bedrooms (Kathy's) had a picture window looking into the interior garden, and the living room and the entrance hallway also looked into that garden. Upstairs, there were 2 maids' rooms and a bath, a large living room that opened onto a large patio, a bedroom, and a bathroom. Tim and Tom occupied the upstairs (except for the maids' quarters), and often used the intercom between floors. The foundation of the house was slightly elevated, so there was a double garage and furnace under the kitchen and breakfast room.

We needed to select and purchase everything for the new house. A friend of Virginia's took her shopping for furniture and they ordered some items, including a bedroom set for Kathy's room – little girl things in white with hand-painted multicolored, small flowers. Virginia also ordered a lovely gold and white Mexican style chest for our bedroom. Later, with help from Betty Nagel, Kathy Powell, and some family input, Virginia did a beautiful job of furnishing our home. We had expected to use our large copper tray from India for a coffee table but it was lost in the move from New York.



We started moving in to our new home soon after the first of the year (1964), as fast as the arrival of the essential furniture permitted. We took our gardener from the Pedregal house to work for a few days getting our interior garden organized. We hired a cook, Petra, who did not work out very well and after a month we tried another, who also didn't work out. Finally we found Josefina, who was excellent and stayed with us throughout our time in Mexico. We also hired a maid, Luz, who was jolly and a good worker. Josefina and Luz lived in our maid's rooms. After a few years, Luz resigned and we hired Felicia. Josephine, Luz, and Felicia did not speak any English. At first, Felicia made some fun of Virginia's Spanish but then she went to classes in English and said she was sorry she had ever laughed at Virginia's Spanish. She found learning a second language as an adult to be very difficult.

### **Family Life, Visitors and Bullfights**

During the Christmas break, Tim and Tom joined Virginia at the Mexican American Institute in Spanish classes and continued lessons off and on during the rest of the school year. Kathy was spending a lot of time with our next-door neighbors, Enrique and Alicia Vergara and their 7 children, where she quickly learned Spanish. Of course, all 3 children were also taking Spanish at school. Virginia, Tim and Tom became quite good friends with one of the Spanish teachers at the Institute, and he and his wife visited our home several times.

We found a very "simpatico" restaurant downtown, La Gondola and it became one of our favorite Sunday lunch places. We went there for its spaghetti and Caesar salad. They made the excellent salad with considerable flourish at the side of our table, and we enjoyed both watching the preparation and the result. Another restaurant that we often enjoyed was a small Argentine place (Loma Linda) on Reforma, that had excellent empanadas and steaks (lomos).

We were all very active in the non-denominational Union Church. Its members were mostly American business people living

in Mexico City, and the minister was excellent. Kathy found that if she attended Sunday School so many times and learned the Ten Commandments and the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm she would get a Bible. She did all this very diligently and received the Bible.

In our first year in Mexico, we went to several bullfights. We became knowledgeable about the quality of the bulls and the matadors, and Tim really became an “aficionado”. A couple of the architectural engineers from Chicago who were working on the construction at Chapingo had an extra ticket for a bullfight in a small arena and invited Tim. The best-known Spanish matador at that time, El Cordobez, was fighting. It turned out to be the best fight of the season. El Cordobez got 2 ears and a tail of the bull for his brilliant fight with it, and the crowd carried him on their shoulders into the city.

Visitors started arriving soon after we moved to our new house. Our good friends from Fargo, Bob and Betty Tallman and Bob’s brother Frank and his wife Helen came and were very comfortable in our upstairs (Tim and Tom moved to the downstairs guestroom). We took them to a bullfight, to Las Mananitas in Cuernavaca, to the pyramids, and other sites. While they were there, our phone was disconnected because the bill had not been paid – we never received a bill but found the only way to assure phone service was to pay a year in advance. Also, we ran out of water because of a water shortage in the city at that time. So, they saw some of our day to day problems, but took it all in good humor.

Soon after the Tallmans’ visit, Paul and Dorothy Bill arrived. They had been visiting John, who was in the army at Fort Sill. Paul did not understand where to get off the Periferico (freeway) to get to our house. He drove back and forth on the Periferico a couple times and finally stopped and found someone to help him phone us. Fortunately, our phone was working and Virginia drove out and led them to our place. We did many of the things with them that we had with the Tallmans plus more shopping ventures, since Dorothy Bill loved to shop. It all went well and we were glad they visited us.

## **A Green Gate for Tom**

Tom had an interruption in his classes at his school. He and some classmates decided that since the school's name was "Greengates" the school's gates should be green. So, one night they went to the school and painted the entrance gates green. The British headmaster, Mr. Coelho, did not find this amusing and soon found the guilty students and expelled them. Parents of the students had to call on Mr. Coelho and have him explain the seriousness of the act and explain the punishment. I called on him and he had a far more grim view of the incident than I. I can't remember the details, though I'm sure Tom does, but I know that the boys had to repaint the gates and do other work, but were allowed back in school after a few days.

## **Tim's School and a New Friend**

Tim was doing very well in the American School. His teachers all reported that he was doing good work, even his history teacher who had kicked him and a girl out of the classroom. The history teacher said they were a distraction in class, but they were very bored. They spent their time in the library but continued to take the history exams and did very well. The seniors at the American School had a Shakespeare week and as a part of that Tim presented the soliloquy "To Be or Not To Be" and from reports did magnificently. In April, Tim and friends splurged and went to the Fine Arts Theatre to see the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Sometime later, Tim got his first traffic ticket – for over-parking in a 30 minute zone while he and Alina were at a movie. In Mexico at that time, the police removed the license plates from the car for traffic infractions. In order to get them back you had to go to the station and pay a fine. In this case (as was often the case) the police were still there when Tim and Alina came out of the movie and Alina negotiated "La Mordida" with the policeman to get the license plate back. About half of Tim's allowance went for this.

## **Swimming through Gardenias**

For the school's Spring Break in April, we thought we would take advantage of the long weekend and relax in some nice resort. Unfortunately, the Mexicans had the same idea and we didn't find anything available except a hotel in Fortin, a city to the east of Mexico City. The available hotel had a famous swimming pool that was filled with fresh gardenias every morning. We thought that would be exotic and made reservations for the weekend. We arrived around noon and swam in the pool, but found the place full of tourists and by afternoon the gardenias became kind of slimy. So, we cancelled the remainder of our stay and drove to Vera Cruz (about 2 hours) the next morning, through the coffee plantations and lovely tropical trees. It, too, was filled with tourists but we found a good beach and swam, and then looked for a hotel. All were full so we found a nice place for lunch, then headed for Jalapa, another tourist spot. Again, no rooms were available so we drove home, arriving about 11 p.m. after a short, but interesting 2 days.

## **College for Tim and More Visitors**

In June, Tim flew to Minneapolis to attend summer classes at Carleton College. We drove to San Antonio for some shopping and to see Tom off for Omaha and on to Shenandoah, where he was going to spend time on the farm with John and Jim. On the way back from San Antonio, we stopped overnight in San Miguel de Allende, a wonderful center of colonial arts. We had arranged with Bill, Millie, Chuck and Anne Morgan to meet us there on their way to visit us. We made connections OK and then they followed us to our place in Mexico City. They were very close friends and as always we enjoyed being with them. We took them to most of the sites and places where we had taken the Tallmans and Paul and Dorothy Bill.

## **More Visitors and Travel**

In March, I flew to Monterrey and met Charles Palm, Dean of Agriculture, Cornell University, and together we spent a couple

of days visiting the Monterrey Institute of Technology and its agriculture facilities. We then traveled to Mexico City where I accompanied him on his visits to the National Agricultural College, Chapingo. The Dean of the College there had been a doctoral student with Dean Palm at Cornell. We also organized a large dinner party in his honor at our home, for faculty members and their wives from the college.

I continued my observation of agricultural extension work in the country with several days travel in eastern and southern Mexico with one of the extension agents. I enjoyed the opportunity to observe the wide diversity of agriculture in Mexico. The eastern slopes of the mountains as we drove from Mexico City to Vera Cruz were mainly devoted to coffee trees, while cattle ranches took up the lowlands. This was my second visit to the fascinating Mayan area with its very old culture, pyramids, distinctive round, white, one-room homes, and unique language. The Mayans were, according to their history, great observers of the planets and the first to discover or define “zero”. The main cultivated crop in the Mayan region was sisal. When processed, sisal fibers were made into cordage, ropes and bags. Much of the crop was exported to Europe but with the advent of synthetic fibers, the demand for sisal was limited, hence income among the mainly agricultural Mayans was greatly depressed.

Shortly after Dean Palm’s visit, Dr. Earl Heady came to Mexico to finalize arrangements for Iowa State staff to start work in Chapingo. Dr. Heady was well known in Mexico among agricultural economists, and many of his former students wanted to see him. Again, we organized a large dinner party in his honor, and invited many of his old students and faculty from the Colegio and their wives. The first of the Visiting Professors from Iowa State arrived soon after that, 2 senior professors and 2 doctoral candidates who would carry out their thesis research in Mexico.

When my nephew, Russell, graduated from high school in California he visited us in Mexico. While he was there we took our first trip to Acapulco, taking the mountain road through Taxco. This was our first introduction to iguanas that little children would be holding up by their



tails for sale along the road. We took pictures but didn't buy any. We stayed at the very nice Pierre Marquez hotel in Acapulco. Tim was away at Carleton but Tom and Kathy were with us. When we were back in Mexico City, we had our first earthquake one night. There was no damage to our home, but some at the office.

### **A Visit by a Vice President of the Foundation**

In May, Dr. Hill, Vice President of the Ford Foundation, and his wife (who had a PhD in Genetics) came to Mexico on an official visit. They had visited us in Burma and were a delightful couple. We spent a busy 10 days with them. I took them to Chapingo for a visit to both the National Agricultural College and the Post Graduate College. I then accompanied them to Hermosillo to introduce Dr. Zillinsky, a new wheat breeder, to Norm Borlaug and the team at the new International Center for the Improvement of Maize and Wheat. Later we traveled together to Saltillo and Monterrey to visit our support programs to the agricultural faculties there. On all these visits, the Hills and I were given wonderful Mexican meals and generally treated royally.

Virginia joined us in a trip to the University of Guadalajara (home of another Foundation-supported program). We flew to Guadalajara, but I arranged for a Foundation car to meet us there so we could drive back through one of the major agricultural regions of Mexico. On our return, we stayed overnight at Patzquaro, a lovely village famous for its pottery, located on Lake Chapala. The

next morning we took a boat across the lake to a small village, La Cobra, where artisans fashioned artifacts from copper under very primitive conditions. We purchased several items for gifts to others and for ourselves.

Before the Hills left, we had a large dinner party for them and invited all the senior Mexican agriculturists and their wives. For these parties we always hired a butler who was really excellent at organizing the food and serving. Our cook and maid were not always happy with him since they thought he was too “macho”, but he always did an excellent job. I remember at one of our buffet parties when he served, I noticed the large roast turkey on the buffet had not been carved when Virginia invited our guests to the table. I started to reprimand him for this, but just after guests arrived at the table and had seen the gorgeous roast turkey, he lifted off the skin and showed a well-carved turkey. After that, when he worked at other parties for us we never worried about his having everything “just right”.

### **August on the Lake**

In July, I traveled to New York to meet with Foundation staff for program discussions and to make plans for a worldwide meeting of Foundation officers and country representatives scheduled for September, in Mexico. The theme of the meeting was agriculture, so I had a major part in organizing and conducting the meeting. Enroute back to Mexico, I visited Virginia’s parents, Fern and Harry, in Whitewater and rented a house on Lake Delevan for our family for the month of August.

Virginia and Kathy left in the latter part of July and flew to Chicago and then on to Whitewater, and on the 1<sup>st</sup> of August, Virginia, Kathy, Fern and Harry moved to the house on the lake. It had its own boat dock where Harry could sit and fish and Kathy could swim off of. My sister Dorothy and her son Lynn and his first wife, Judy, spent a few days there, as did Jean, Dan, Steve, Jane and Tom Burnham. In the latter part of the month Tim and Tom both were able to be there. I had to travel to Central America and

Colombia for the latter part of July and the first half of August, but was able to get to the lake about the 20<sup>th</sup> of August and stay for the rest of the month. We helped Fern and Harry celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary (September 2<sup>nd</sup>) in nearby Whitewater. This holiday was a good break for all of us and especially nice since Tim would be away at college and Tom in boarding school (Shattuck, in Fairibault) for the year. At the end of the month, Tom left for his school and Tim went to Platteville and worked in Dan's lumberyard until his classes started.



Virginia, Kathy and I returned to Mexico and Kathy was again soon enjoying playing and eating at our neighbors, the Vergaras. Our landlady, who lived in a house in the same large compound as us, had a beautiful Collie that we all called Scout. Kathy and Scout became wonderful friends and some mornings, to my surprise, we found Scout sleeping on her bed.

### **Back to Mexico**

When we returned to Mexico, there were only a few days until the Foundation's meetings started. Before going to the lake in August, I had planned and made all arrangements for my part in the meeting. I planned a 2-day bus trip for a group of about 30 persons – to show them some of our program support in agricultural extension and education. I selected several villages where we had been supporting extension work and arranged with the village leaders for us to visit. I also arranged for an overnight stay in a rural area, with good accommodations and an evening program by indigenous dancers and musicians. The trip worked out as planned and we had good discussions in the villages. About the 4<sup>th</sup> day of the meeting, we had a cocktail/reception for the group at our home and that day, I learned that my father, Frank, had died.



## Death of a Parent

Frank's death on September 7, 1964, came as a surprise to the whole family since he was quite active and had appeared in good



health. He passed away in his sleep, which I think was a wonderful way to go. My mother, Mary, had been a concern for a long time since she had lost much of her wonderful sense of being at peace with the world. Frank was a difficult person to live

with and in retirement often irritated mother by making decisions without ever consulting her. He decided to sell the farm and buy a house in town (not a good location for them with a steep driveway) without really discussing it with her, and I don't think she ever forgave him for that. Mother did not drive a car so living on the edge of Shenandoah was not the best location for her. I think mother also probably had high blood pressure and had several small strokes that caused some memory loss. She did not believe in going to a doctor on a regular basis and I don't believe ever took any medicine but an aspirin now and then.

I flew to Omaha where family members met me, and we went to Shenandoah. I stayed with Paul and Bill. Floyd and Bud (Bob's son Robert) came from California for the funeral and relatives that I hadn't seen in years and years arrived. I remember that my brothers and sisters, Bud, and I sat in the dining room on the farm and everyone dictated while I typed out Frank's obituary. In doing this we relived a lot of our younger days and our memories of dad. It was a joyful get together with some sad moments, but we mainly just remembered the good times. For some reason, the funeral the next day was difficult for me and I felt more emotion than I recall ever having before or since. Of course, after the funeral, there was a big get-together over coffee and snacks at the

church. Funerals are often about the only time that distant relatives get together, so there is much to talk about.

I had to return to Mexico, but the big problem for the family then was how mother would be able to cope. On reflection, she probably could have coped better than any of us thought she could. However, the family wanted to be sure that she was OK, so we arranged for a woman to live with her. This did not turn out well. Mother resented her and never could understand why she was there. After a while the family, without mother ever really understanding it, moved her to the Elm Heights Nursing Home, where she lived for 10 years. She never really accepted being there nor did she complain. It was a sad way to spend the remaining years for a person who had given so much of herself to others.

### **Adding More Staff in Agriculture**

The Foundation's meetings were over by the time I returned to Mexico, so I devoted time to on-going projects. The Iowa State staff members who were to work at Chapingo immediately undertook intensive language instruction and within 3 months were able to start teaching in the graduate school. The construction that the Foundation was funding at the graduate school was progressing very well, so I devoted much of my time to the Federal Extension Service, exploring ways in which we could be helpful. I continued to travel throughout the country to observe the work in agricultural extension and I found a real need for in-service training for staff and support for joint research/extension workshops. The requirements were such that we needed a full-time specialist assigned to the extension service. The Foundation agreed and we recruited a very experienced extension officer from Orange County, California.

With the graduate program at Chapingo, new plans to provide support for agricultural economics at the Monterrey Institute of Technology, and the need to analyze and better understand Mexico's agricultural policies, we decided to recruit an agricultural economist to assist me in program work. Early in 1965,

I contacted Dr. Heady and obtained his recommendations for people he thought were well qualified for the position. From these, I decided that Eduardo Venezian, a Chilean who had obtained his PhD at Iowa State, was my best candidate. At that time he was working for the Inter-American Development Bank in Washington, D.C. I interviewed him there and offered him the position with the Foundation. He accepted and he, his wife Stella, and their 2 children soon moved to Mexico. He was an excellent addition to our staff and to our community. It was wonderful to have a native Spanish speaker who was always able to communicate with our professional colleagues.

### **Tom Becomes a Texas Cowboy**

After the Christmas and New Year holidays, Tim and Tom returned to their respective schools and Virginia, Kathy and I returned to our normal activities. Tim and Tom were both looking for summer opportunities and Tom wanted to either spend it on Paul and Bill's farm or work on a ranch.

I had developed some good contacts with staff members at Texas A & M University, and on one of my visits there in early 1965, I asked Dr. Gus Watkins if he could help me locate a summer opportunity on a Texas ranch. Gus was able to help and found a place for Tom on a working ranch just outside of Grapeland, Texas on the Murray River. The ranch owner was a widower around 70, who lived by himself in the original ranch house that he had built when he moved to East Texas from Mississippi back in the 1920s. His 2 sons, both of whom lived in town with their families, had taken over the day-to-day running of the ranch and the family's air spraying company.

Tom moved into the ranch house with the old man and they seemed to get along fine. The rancher liked to talk, and Tom liked to listen. Every morning Tom would wake up early and meet the ranch foreman for the day's work. They had to check the cattle on the 10,000 acres every day, as well fixing fence, building gates, and doing all the things required to maintain a ranch and a cow herd.

Every other day they would saddle up and ride horses all day, checking on the cattle they couldn't get to by pickup truck. They only ate one official meal a day at noon, when everyone would gather at the ranch house. An African-American woman came every day to prepare the meal. Tom doesn't remember much about what they ate, except that every day she made a chocolate pie for them. He said you would think you would get tired of it, but it got so that about 10 or 11 every morning he would begin thinking about how good that pie would taste.

On one occasion, the ranch owner wanted to drive to West Texas for a few days to check on an invention which he had been working on (an automated Bermuda grass planter). He did not like to drive, and so had Tom drive for him. Tom told him that he didn't have a driver's license but the ranch owner said, "This is Texas, don't worry about it" and off they went. Tom said that the only thing he really worried about was the fact that the ranch owner never went anywhere without his revolver. Tom had some concerns about what the rancher would do with it if the police stopped them. Luckily, no one did.

Tim accepted an offer from Dan Burnham to work for him on construction of "pole buildings" on farms in the Platteville area. He stayed in one of the university fraternity houses for the summer but recalls that he ate most of his evening meals with Jean, Dan and family. He carried his own lunch to work and ate with the other men on the job. Both boys returned to Mexico for a few weeks before returning to their schools.

### **Virginia Loses a Parent**

In the Fall of 1964, Virginia's father, Harry, had a stroke and started having balance and other health problems. He passed away at the end of March 1965. He would have been 81 years old a few days later (April 4<sup>th</sup>). Virginia immediately traveled to Wisconsin to be with her mother, Fern, and Jean and her family. His funeral and burial were in Lodi, Wisconsin, and a memorial service was held at Fairhaven.

## **More Travel, Business and Pleasure**

I continued to travel as a part of my work and made several trips to Central America, particularly in El Salvador, Guatemala, and Costa Rica. We initiated support for agriculture programs in universities in these countries to help them develop specializations for students from all of Central America. Some specializations were soils and veterinary medicine in Guatemala; animal husbandry and crop production in El Salvador; and agricultural economics and rural sociology in Costa Rica. The Foundation also asked me to monitor the development of the agricultural school in Santiago de Los Caballeros, Dominican Republic.

Chuck Donhowe, our friend from Iowa State, Ray Penn from the University of Wisconsin and another person from Michigan State University were all in Mexico, at my invitation, to serve as consultants to review the agricultural extension program in the State of Mexico. As soon as they completed their work, I traveled to Guaymas (on the Pacific coast), to visit the Marine Fisheries School that was being built there with some Foundation support. While I was in Guaymas, Virginia, Kathy and Chuck Donhowe drove to Monterrey. I joined them there and Virginia, Kathy and I drove on to the United States. Virginia said she thought Chuck was a little uneasy with her speedy driving. It was about 600 miles from Mexico City to Monterrey but about half of that was on a straight, very good, road where driving at 75 miles per hour, or more, was the norm.

In the United States, we first drove to the farm in Iowa and then to Minnesota for brief visits with Tim and Tom. From Minneapolis, I flew to New York for meetings at the Ford Foundation and Virginia and Kathy drove to Platteville to visit Jean and family and on to Whitewater to visit Fern. In early December, I flew to Chicago from New York where Virginia and Kathy met me and we drove back to Mexico City together.

## **Alicia Mina Joins Our Staff**

My secretary, Olivia, was married to Daniel Reyes in the

summer of 1965 and I was a witness at their wedding. Soon after her marriage, Olivia resigned her position and the Foundation started recruiting a replacement. Alicia Mina, who was the secretary to the Representative of the Rockefeller Foundation, was by far the best candidate. She proved to be outstanding in all her secretarial skills. In addition, she was very intelligent in anticipating what needed to be done and in taking initiative when appropriate. She was one of those completely bilingual persons who spoke English without a noticeable accent although Spanish was her native tongue. She also spoke French and Italian. Later, Alicia became a very important professional colleague in my work in Africa and at the International Service for National Agricultural Research (ISNAR), in The Hague, The Netherlands.

### **Important Changes and a New Role for Me**

Another important change in the office was initiated with the pending transfer of John Nagel, the Foundation's Representative for Mexico and Central America, to the New York office. His replacement, Robert (Bob) Wickham, was being transferred from Bogota to Mexico. Bob and his wife moved to Mexico in the latter part of 1965. Jim Tierney, the Assistant Representative, stayed on but was scheduled to leave the Foundation in early 1966 to join the Institute of International Education in New York.

It seemed to be a time for considerable shifting of staff. Our good friend, Harry Wilhelm, had been transferred back to New York headquarters to be in charge of the Latin American Division. He wanted me to transfer to New York to assume responsibility for overseeing the Foundation's activities in agriculture throughout the region. Lowell Hardin, Professor of Agricultural Economics, Purdue University, was working in the New York office and temporarily in charge of this work. After visiting New York and discussing the matter, I really didn't think I would be very good at that position. I knew that I was much better in the field than in a headquarters office and I could see that Lowell Hardin would be ideal for the position. I convinced Harry of this and he was

able to recruit Lowell on a long-term basis. Lowell and his wife, Mary, moved to New York and he was an outstanding success in the position, and later took overall responsibility for monitoring and planning the Foundation's worldwide activities in agriculture.

While I did not want to take the position in New York, I had not taken to Bob Wickham and did not want to stay on in Mexico under his leadership. George Gant, Director of the Foundation's program for Asia was looking for a Representative for the Foundation's office in the Philippines and offered me the position. When Harry Wilhelm learned this, he offered me a short-term position in the New York office with a guarantee to return to Mexico as Representative for the Foundation for Mexico and Central America. He would then find a position for Bob Wickham. I agreed to this and we began looking for housing in the New York City area but again things quickly changed.

Harry came to Mexico City in early 1966 and arranged for Bob to transfer to New York in the Foundation's Education Program immediately, and for me to stay on in Mexico as Representative. It was a surprise move to everyone, including Virginia and me. The local staff had arranged a farewell party for Virginia and me and at the party Harry announced that we would be staying. It was kind of embarrassing since the local staff had just given us some very nice "going-away" gifts. However, the staff liked us and they seemed happy to have us stay on (I don't think the Wickhams were equally happy). Thus began my new role from "Agricultural Specialist" to overall administrator of all the Foundation's programs in the region.

## **Christmas Holidays**

Tim arrived first from school for the holidays and his friend, Marilyn, accompanied him. Tom arrived a few days later with a friend, Tom Naifel, from Shattuck. We had taken our Ford Mustang to Mexico City after our last visit to the United States and Tim and Tom enjoyed taking their friends sightseeing, with Tim and Tom taking turns driving. We took them to Cuernavaca for a lovely Sunday dinner in the courtyard among the strolling peacocks. Both

of their friends left immediately after Christmas, but we had enjoyed having them with us. Tim and Tom had been very nice to Kathy and included her in many things while Marilyn and Tom were there. They also took her rowing one day on the lake in Mexico City.

Very soon after Christmas, we had a party for all the office staff. It was our first party for them and seemed to go very well. Virginia had expected 38 but 42 came. We were a little short on plates and utensils at times but got along OK. Everyone seemed to have a good time and we continued the practice of office parties each Christmas while in Mexico.

Our good friends, Flo and Larry Logan, from Shenandoah, arrived in late December for a visit. Larry was Superintendent of Schools in Shenandoah and had been Superintendent when I taught there in high school. They were delightful guests and interested in everything. We all went to Taxco, a lovely town in the silver mining area, for New Year's. It was a nice time to be there with all the Christmas lights and the many shops with beautiful silver. Soon after that Tim and Tom had to return to school and the Logans left the same day. Tim was not very keen about flying back to Minneapolis, and said he had been very uneasy on his flight to Mexico – a delayed reaction to our accident in Denver.

### **A New Project, Becoming an Author**

Within a few days after Tim and Tom left, I took a flight to Caracas, Venezuela, for a meeting of the Foundation's Latin America agricultural staff. Lowell Hardin chaired the meeting, and discussed the possibility of writing books about the agriculture of each country in Latin America where Foundation agricultural staff were based. Lowell and the Foundation had worked out an agreement with Praeger, a well recognized publishing house, to guarantee publication. We all agreed that it would be a worthwhile project and outlined common themes of policies, measures of development, the role of critical factors of selected inputs, etc.

In addition to our normal program development,



monitoring, and evaluation activities, we all worked hard on this project. Books were to be written on Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia and Mexico. In Mexico, Eduardo Venezian and I co-authored the publication. We selected the time period from 1920-1965 for our analysis and started digging into the literature and official records. We found it difficult to write during our regular hours at the office. So, we would take a few days off now and then and rent rooms outside of Mexico City and spend 10-14 hours a day doing research and writing. It took us a year to complete our book and get it off to the publisher. Leading Mexican agriculturists and political figures gave us excellent reviews, and the book was well received.

### **Visitors**

In February and March, some relatives and friends visited us. It was always nice to introduce them to the beauty of Mexico and its friendly people. Among the visitors were Virginia's cousin, Loyd Bevington and his wife, Jane, Chuck and Kay Donhowe, and Margaret and Lee Kaserman. About the first of March, Jean and Dan arrived, and I remember Jean said it was the first time she had seen mountains. This was in the days before Mexico City became so smoggy that you couldn't see the mountains clearly. Virginia took them to a market in Toluca, a typical country market, which shocked them a bit but they were very interested. Virginia was an excellent driver and knew the city well, and she enjoyed being able to show Jean how we lived and got around. My good friend, Frank Burrell and his wife, also visited us in March, which was nice. He had done so much for me in getting me started at Iowa State when he was the Vocational Agriculture teacher in Shenandoah.

### **Argentina and Chile**

When Margaret and Lee visited us, I was in Argentina for a Ford Foundation meeting. I first flew to Santiago, Chile, to have lunch with Eduardo Venezian's parents and brother in Valparaiso, Chile's main seaport. It was difficult since Eduardo's parents were

from Italy and the family spoke Italian at home and spoke Spanish with an accent that for about 75% of the time I couldn't understand. Anyway, we all tried hard and had a nice lunch.

Things went better in Argentina in spite of the Argentine accent. Frosty Hill and Lowell Hardin were there from the New York office and we had good meetings with several institutions. This was my first visit to Argentina and I was very impressed with the city of Buenos Aires. It reminded me very much of Paris.

### **Representative for Mexico and Central America**

When I returned from this trip, I took up my new duties as the Foundation's representative for Mexico and Central America. In Mexico, in addition to the agricultural programs, we had program support in family planning, education administration, graduate science and engineering, economics, and sociology.

In the family planning program, we had a medical doctor, a sociologist and a public administration specialist all working full-time on program development and monitoring. We were providing partial support for one family planning clinic and support for research by 3 of Mexico's leading endocrinologists.

In science and engineering we had 2 specialists who were both teaching and advising on the development of graduate programs in science and engineering at the national university. In education, we had a specialist working with the national university and other universities on improving budgeting, financial management and administration. We also had a contract with the University of California to provide training for Mexican staff in these areas. In economics, we had a specialist working with El Colegio de Mexico's graduate program. And, we had a contract with Notre Dame University to provide staff on a full time basis to work with several Mexican universities on the establishment of graduate programs in the social sciences.

In Central America, in addition to agricultural programs, we also had support, through Harvard University, for the development of a graduate school of management in Nicaragua. We also were

providing financial support and advisory assistance for the Central American Association of Universities.

Virginia and I soon found that many countries considered the Ford Foundation representatives to be at the same diplomatic level as the U.S. Ambassador and we were soon being invited to functions at the U.S. Embassy and to Mexican social and cultural events.

### **My First World Wide Meeting of the Foundation**

The Ford Foundation brought together its representatives from countries around the world for a meeting every 2 years, along with senior staff from the New York Headquarters. My first meeting with this group was in January 1967, in Beirut, Lebanon. I flew from Mexico to Madrid where my nephew, Robert (Bud), was living while heading up a team building satellite tracking stations around the world for what is now the NASA program. Bud was dating a Spanish woman and the two of them took me sightseeing. He and his friend, Angela, were talking about getting married but had never mentioned it to her parents, although I think her mother was quite aware of the situation. I accompanied them to her parents' apartment one evening and they decided it was time to break the news to her father. He spoke no English and Bud spoke almost no Spanish so I was the intermediary. I asked for Angela's hand on behalf of Bud and told them of Bud's family. My vocabulary was not very good on that subject but we got through it and they were married in Madrid a few months later.

I then went on to Beirut, via Rome, for the Foundation's meeting. Beirut in 1967 was a thriving city with excellent hotels, shops and tourist attractions. It was 14 years after our visit there on our way to Burma in 1952 and there were many improvements. I had met most of the representatives at the meeting in Mexico in 1964, and so so quickly felt comfortable with everyone at the meeting.

From Beirut I went on to Bangkok for a couple days visit with friends and then to the Philippines for a visit to the

International Rice Research Institute and the University of the Philippines, Los Banos. From Manila, I flew to Los Angeles to see my brother, Floyd, and his family and also spent some time with Bud's mother, Catherine, to tell her about all the things going on in Madrid and some of the wedding plans. From Los Angeles, I returned home to Mexico City after another around the world trip.

### **Tom Graduates from Shattuck and Summer Activities**

Virginia, Kathy, and I drove to Fairbault for Tom's graduation and Tim came from Carleton with his friend Mace. Tim and Mace took Kathy to Northfield to look around Carleton. We had a few days there and got to meet Tom's friends and spend time with him, and with Tim. The graduation ceremony was very nice and the speaker was Vice President Hubert Humphrey, whose youngest son was in Tom's class.



After graduation, we all went to Platteville where both Tim and Tom were going to spend the summer working for Dan Burnham. Virginia and Kathy rented an apartment on campus in Platteville and the boys stayed with them while I in Beirut and traveling. I bought an old Volkswagen in Platteville for the boys to drive to work and for fun.

At the end of the summer, Tim and Tom took off for the West in the Volkswagen. They found it barely had enough power to get up some of the mountain roads, but they had a wonderful time. I joined Virginia and Kathy in Platteville and we drove to Salt Lake City and met the boys. While there, we visited the very impressive Mormon Church and building complex. Tom was very impressed with the Mormon philosophy. From Salt Lake City, we drove in convoy to Flagstaff, Arizona, seeing Lake Powell and the Grand Canyon along the way. In Flagstaff, Tim took the bus to Carleton and Kathy joined Tom in his car and we followed them to

Tucson, where Tom was to enroll in the University of Arizona.

In Tucson, I introduced Tom to a Professor of Journalism that I had known at Iowa State. Tom visited him often during his year at Arizona. From Tucson, we drove down the west coast of Mexico. We spent a couple days in Mazatlan on the beach – just walking out from our hotel room – before driving to Guadalajara and then to home in Mexico City.

### **On the Road Again**

In late October, I traveled to Guatemala and Costa Rica and met up with Harry Wilhelm, Frosty Hill and Lowell Hardin. I wanted to review our program support in Central America and to examine the need to continue having an office in San Jose. From San Jose, we traveled back to Mexico and after a few days, Lowell and Frosty returned to New York while Harry and I visited a number of our projects in Mexico City and the Monterrey Institute of Technology. Due to an airline strike we had to take an overnight train to Monterrey. Fortunately, all our projects seemed to be going well and Harry was very pleased.

Since he was to be in Mexico over a long weekend we drove to Taxco to show him some of the countryside and the lovely mountain town. Harry made a number of visits while we were living in Mexico, and Virginia, Kathy and I usually ended up spending a long weekend with him at beach resorts. He was always very nice to Kathy and she had a “crush” on him.

At Thanksgiving, I flew to San Antonio and Tom joined me there from Tucson and we had a nice few days together. Kathy and Virginia enjoyed Thanksgiving with friends in Mexico and I’m not sure what Tim did.

### **Travel Problems for Tim**

Tom arrived for the Christmas holidays about mid-December and Tim was due a few days later. However, when Tim got ready to fly from Minneapolis he couldn’t face getting on the plane. He had mentioned the previous Christmas that he had been

very uneasy flying. So, he phoned that he would be arriving by train. Then, one evening when we were having a party at our house, the phone rang and it was a collect call from Tim. He was at a very small train stop in Northern Mexico not far from the border. It was late at night and the conductor had put him off the train, saying that Tim didn't have enough money to be able to pay for his stay in Mexico and he had to go back to the border. Tim didn't have much money on him since he had planned to fly and had used his money for his rail ticket. He failed to show the conductor that he had a \$400 airline ticket in his pocket.

Anyway, Tim was fortunate in that there was a railroad work crew there waiting for a train to take them back to the border and they were very nice to him. I agreed with Tim on the phone that he should somehow get to San Antonio and I would meet him there the next day. I caught a flight the next morning and met Tim and we flew back to Mexico together. The key factor, I think, was that Mexico was having lots of trouble with U.S. "hippies" visiting there without enough money to live on and causing problems. This was in an era of long hair and somewhat unkempt look. At that point Tim fit the pattern so paid the price (or was it I who paid the price?). Tim, Tom and Kathy all learned to dress neatly and present a good appearance when traveling in order to avoid problems at immigration and customs.

We had a delightful time together for the Christmas holidays and spent a week in Acapulco enjoying the sun, water skiing and just lolling on the beach. We found a very nice hotel on the beach where we returned several times.

## **New Challenges**

Following reviews of our work in Central America, I felt there was a need for our Mexico staff to be more involved. To do this, our Foundation staff in Mexico needed to spend more time in Central America and develop a sense of responsibility for our programs in those countries. Further, I no longer saw the need for an office in San Jose, Costa Rica, and requested approval from

headquarters to close it. Approval was granted and over a period of a few months we phased the office out and assumed full responsibility from the Mexico office.

One of the programs, the development of a graduate school of management in Nicaragua (but serving all Central America), was a tremendous success and is still operating. It is somewhat amazing that when Nicaragua became a very Socialist State (when Daniel Ortega was president), and through all the “Contra” years, there was no government interference with the school and it continued to teach a free enterprise philosophy.

## **Haiti**

In 1967, Harry Wilhelm and I discussed the possible integration of the Foundation’s Caribbean program with Mexico and Central America. The Foundation’s representative for that region, John Hilliard, was finishing up his assignment later that year and Harry thought we could manage the program from Mexico, with the help of a Deputy (Jim Trowbridge ) in charge of a small office in Kingston, Jamaica.

I had been in the Dominican Republic many times but had never traveled the Caribbean. On my first trip there in 1967, I went to the office in Jamaica and then Jim Trowbridge and I traveled to Haiti in the first visit by Foundation staff. It was a real experience for both of us since this was in the time of Papa Doc’s strong-arm regime and his personal police force, the Tontons Macoutes, who regularly carried out his repressive orders. We rented a car and tried to drive around the island but soon found that it was impossible to get out of Port-Au-Prince without escorts. We had a contact in the Ministry of Agriculture and he arranged for us to visit some of the so-called agricultural research stations. Our guide from the Ministry took us in a 2-jeep convoy and we traveled from small town to small town and saw a few agricultural stations, but no research. At every town our guide would send a telegram on to the next town saying that we were coming (there were no telephones). They told us the real station was a day’s journey so we started out

again. It was a very rainy day and the roads were all dirt, or mud, with very narrow rutted tracks. We finally got to a river but the research station was on the other side of the river and there was no bridge. They had horses ready for us on our arrival, so we rode horses across the river. Very soon after we crossed the river we heard drums and our guide said the drums were telling us that because of the rains the river was rising rapidly so we would have to cross back to the other side immediately. So, we mounted our horses, swam the river and managed to get back to Port-Au-Prince by nightfall. We never did get to the research station. The next day we visited the Ministry of Agriculture, and some art shops. I bought some nice paintings, one of which hangs in our living room.

The only positive thing that came from our trip, except a great education for Jim and me, was that we invited some Haitian agriculturists to attend short courses we sponsored in Mexico and Jamaica.

## **A Second Trip to the Caribbean**

Later, Virginia accompanied me on John Hilliard's farewell trip around the Caribbean and he introduced me to the region. Virginia did not usually accompany us to meetings with public officials or grantees. However, in Trinidad, we had a meeting with the Prime Minister, Eric Williams, and John said that the Prime Minister liked women very much and he was sure that he would welcome her to the meeting. We all went to his office and John led off with a presentation on the Foundation's programs and how much he had appreciated working with organizations in Trinidad and that he was introducing me to the area. The Prime Minister was very hard of hearing and it was reported that in many meetings he turned off his hearing aid. I think this was one of those meetings and we noted that he might be dozing at times. John was very disappointed that Virginia hadn't gotten the rousing welcome he had anticipated. It was all quite amusing to Virginia.

We did enjoy the trip and the opportunity to become acquainted with the University of The West Indies, with its



campuses in Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados and Guyana. For me, a visit to the campus in Trinidad and its College of Agriculture was particularly meaningful because of its long history of teaching tropical agriculture. The older agriculturists with whom I worked in Burma had all received their education there (during the time of British control). When I was named the Foundation's representative for the region, I was honored to be appointed by the College to its Board of Advisors for the School of Tropical Agriculture.

### **Family Life and Activities**

On Floyd and Joyce's 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, in May 1967, Russell surprised them with a trip to Mexico. Joyce's sisters packed her bags and Russell packed Floyd's bag. Russ drove them to the airport and gave them their tickets for Mexico. We met their flight and, as I recall, Joyce was still shaky from the surprise and was sure she didn't have the right clothes. They recovered from the shock of the surprise and we had a good time doing the usual sightseeing and dining.

With responsibility for more regions, I traveled even more than before. I usually made one trip a month to the Caribbean and a trip every other month to Central America. Of course some travel in Mexico was required and there were often Foundation or other meetings I needed to attend outside of Mexico. It was difficult for Virginia, but she always did very well in getting around on her own and taking lots of responsibility. Kathy was in school but she always had dance classes and would often visit friends or have friends over for sleepovers. And, her very best joy was the neighbor's dog the beautiful collie Scout.

Tom drove the old Volkswagen from Tucson to Minnesota at the end of his school year in 1967. He had one repair stop in Texas when the generator failed, but was able to get it fixed, so the boys had the car for the summer of 1967. Tim was doing very well in college and Tom was also doing well but had lost some enthusiasm for Arizona. That summer, Tim returned to Platteville to work for

Dan and stayed with his former foreman, who by then was working for the college. Tom spent the summer in Minneapolis doing temp work before getting a job at Lloyd A. Fry Roofing Company driving a forklift. During the summer he got to know some of Tim's friends from Carleton and decided he would like to transfer. I went with him for an interview at Carleton and he was accepted, and transferred there in the fall of 1967. I think Tom kept the VW for the summer but I'm not sure. Anyway, they sold it at the end of the summer since students were not allowed to have cars at Carleton.



Jean, Dan, Steve, Jane and Tom visited us in the first part of 1968 and it was nice to have their whole family there. Jean and Dan had visited earlier so they knew some of the sites they wanted the children to see, so that was a big help. All went well with their visit and I think they enjoyed it.

### **Tim's Graduation**

Tim was to graduate from Carleton in June but I was not able to attend because of a meeting of Foundation representatives and New York staff in Kenya at the same time. Virginia was to fly to Minneapolis at the time of graduation, but Kathy was still in school so would stay in Mexico with the maids and Scout.

I flew to Minneapolis on May 30 to visit Tim and Tom. Tim joined me in Minneapolis to shop for a used car for the boys to have for the summer. Tom had exams at that time so, after purchasing a Volkswagen, we drove to Northfield to see him. I went back to Minneapolis in the evening because Tom had finals and had to hit the books. Tim joined me on Saturday morning and saw me off for New York. He soon had trouble with the VW but was able to get the dealer from whom we bought it to take care of the problem.

## **Travel to Kenya**

I had arranged to interview a prospective trainee at the Clipper Club Lounge at Kennedy Airport and it went well. I also found some friends in the Lounge who were boarding the same flight for London. We arrived in London early in the morning and I joined up with Lowell Hardin and John Hilliard at the Browns Hotel near Piccadilly Circus. It was too early to check in, so I had a good breakfast at the hotel and then the 3 of us took off on a walking tour to Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, Wellington Barracks and Buckingham Palace. We saw the changing of the guard at Wellington Barracks and at the Palace. We strolled back to our hotel through Hyde Park watching the various speakers extol their views. It was a sunny morning and London was green and pretty.

The next day, which was a holiday in England, Lowell and I took a train to Ashford, Kent, where the Agricultural Advisor to the Ministry of Overseas Development met us. It was a sunny day and we enjoyed the train ride through the rolling countryside. The train we took was going to Dover so there were lots of people headed for the day at the shore. We had arranged to see the Agricultural Advisor on some programs of mutual interest in the Caribbean, particularly Trinidad. Since it was a holiday he had invited us to his country home, which turned out to be charming and built in 1601 – although I would not think too comfortable. We sat in the yard at their home and enjoyed visiting, especially since our hosts had lived in Kenya for 20 years and we were headed there.

## **A World Wide Meeting of Foundation Representatives**

The next day we took a BOAC flight to Nairobi. Representatives from the Nairobi Ford Foundation office took care of all customs and immigration formalities. Several other planes were arriving about the same time and our office had arranged chartered planes for those who wanted to go to the game parks. I joined a group going to the Outspan Hotel, about 100 miles north of

Nairobi. Then, after lunch, our group of about 12 went in jeeps to the Treetops Hotel. This was a very rustic hotel actually built in a large tree at a water hole and salt lick in a game preserve. The last several hundred yards we walked in under the guidance of a “White Hunter”, who looked like the movie version of the same. He pointed to the spot where he had shot a charging elephant 2 weeks before when he was taking another group in. I’m sure he had an equally good story for every group. The Treetops Hotel was fairly famous and very popular. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip were there at the time of her father’s death.

We spent the late afternoon and practically all night watching the animals from the hotel’s many observation ports. The water hole was lit at night (like an artificial moon) so we could watch deer, antelope (eland), wild boar, baboons and monkeys come and go. The most excitement was when 2 large buffalo were fighting and got their horns locked. It took hours for them to get unhooked. Although the Treetops was near the equator, that region of Kenya is over 5000 ft. elevation and the nights were very cool.

In the morning, we returned to the Outspan Hotel for breakfast and then took a 2 hour trip by minibus to the Mt. Kenya Safari Club for the worldwide meeting of the Representatives of the Foundation and New York Headquarters Officers. On this trip we crossed the equator for the third time since arriving in Kenya.

The Mt. Kenya Safari Club was about 100 miles northwest of Nairobi. It was a beautiful site at about 6,000-ft. elevation, and looked toward snowcapped Mt. Kenya. A U.S. oilman, Dan Ryan and Wm. Holden, the movie star, owned the Club and it had excellent facilities, lovely gardens and a nice 9-hole golf course. We arrived about noon the day before the meeting so several of us had a round of golf in the afternoon. Just as we were coming off the golf course we learned of the Robert Kennedy assassination. Mr. McGeorge Bundy, the Foundation’s president, was a close friend of the Kennedy’s so he left that evening to return to the United States to attend the funeral.

There were about 20 representatives from offices around the

world, and about 20 from the New York Staff. The Foundation meetings were always lively and interesting affairs with good intellectual presentations, program discussions, budget-planning and good friendship. When the meetings ended on Saturday afternoon, once again there were charter planes to take groups to different game parks. I joined a group going to Samburu Game Park, where we saw lots of elephants, lions, zebras and other animals in their natural habitat. After a day and night there, a charter plane came and took us to Nairobi where we stayed overnight and then, on June 10, I left for Cairo.

### **A Visit to Egypt**

I flew from Nairobi to Cairo on Ethiopian Airlines, via Addis Ababa. While we were in the waiting room in Addis Ababa, King Haile Selassie arrived in his plane. We got a good view of him as he came into the airport building, walking on a beautiful red carpet. He looked just like his pictures, elephant hat and all. In Cairo, I was met by Jim Lipscomb, the Foundation's representative in Egypt, but stayed at the airport because I had only one hour before catching a United Arab Republic flight for Luxor. The pilot was a friend of Jim's, so he introduced us and during the flight the pilot came back and chatted with me and invited me up into the cockpit. It was a Russian Turbo-prop plane and the flight of about 400 miles took us about 1½ hours.

Luxor is on the Nile and the site of the old capitol of Egypt (or one of them). It is famous for the Valley of the Kings, where the highly decorated burial tombs from about 2000 BC are still perfectly preserved. They were one of the most interesting sites I have seen in all my travels. The most famous, the tomb of King Tutankhamen was found there in 1922, with his mummy enclosed in a solid gold coffin and a room full of treasure. The walls of the tombs – really caves going hundreds of feet back into the hills and gradually going down many, many feet – have paintings and hieroglyphics that have been perfectly preserved because of the dry climate (hot too, about 100 degrees when I was there).

Since the U.S. had no diplomatic relations with Egypt (United Arab Republic) at that time, American tourists were discouraged from visiting. Usually there were thousands of tourists in Luxor at that time of year, but not when I was there. The hotel I stayed in had rooms for about 500 and there were only 5 of us staying there, so I was welcomed with open arms. For my visits to the Valley of the Kings, the Valley of the Queens, the Temple of Karnak and the Temple of Luxor, I hired a guide and had a private tour. I also rented a horse carriage and driver to take me through the market, which was jammed with people. I toured the cattle market, the goat market, the camel market, the vegetable market and others. I was pleasantly surprised that so many people of all classes stopped and asked if I was an American and seemed so pleased that I was. In the evening, I again rented a horse carriage and driver and went for a ride in the countryside to see some of the agriculture.



I flew back to Cairo and stayed at the Foundation's guest apartment, overlooking the Nile on the opposite bank from the Hilton Hotel. While in Cairo, I visited the Foundation office, toured the pyramids at Giza, the Sphinx (rode a camel from the pyramids to the Sphinx) and then the pyramids at Sakkara and the alabaster Sphinx at Memphis. I was surprised to find the pyramids at Sakkara to be almost the same as those near Mexico City (the pyramids of the sun and the moon). Later, I visited the old fortress of Cairo, the Citadel, and the Mosque built within the citadel. I found the interior of the Mosque to be very impressive in its beauty and simplicity. I also toured the market and bought a copper pot and tray. One evening I had the opportunity to accompany the Foundation's representative to a party in honor of the Spanish Ambassador, and go to a dinner at an Egyptian's family home. The

family was most charming and I had a wide variety of different but very tasty foods. Cairo was a real mixture of the old and the new and I found it most enjoyable. The next day I flew Japan Airlines to London with stops in Rome and Frankfurt.

I returned to Mexico on a BOAC plane, with stops in Bermuda and Nassau. Kathy and Serafin, our driver, were at the airport to meet me since Kathy (along with our cook and maids), was running the house while Virginia was attending Tim's graduation at Carleton.

### **The Cost of College Tuition and Expenses**

There is a great deal of discussion now (2003) about the high cost of college tuition and expenses. It is my observation that the cost in terms of percent of annual family income has not changed much since Virginia and I were in college. I paid all my own college expenses but Virginia's parents paid all her expenses (\$700-900 per year). At that time, a family income of \$200 per month was considered very good, and many families made less. When Virginia graduated and started teaching, her salary was \$120 per month. So, the \$700-\$900 per year represented 30-38% of family income, which is not much different than today. When Tim, Tom and Kathy were in college, it took about 30% of my salary each year for each of their college expenses.

### **Summer of 1968**



After Tim's graduation he went to Wisconsin with Virginia for a visit to Dan and Jean's home. When she returned to Mexico, Tim and Tom went to Madison to look for work. They rented an apartment in downtown Madison and

I think they had a good summer. Tim was expecting to be drafted at

any time, so was not able to look for a permanent position. Tom found a job at the Maple Bluff Country Club while Tim wrote stories and collected rejection slips from publishers. Near the end of the summer they both were in Mexico for a short while before Tim was drafted into the Army. After training in Kentucky, he was selected for Military Police duty and was posted in Germany. He was given the opportunity to go to Officer Training School but turned it down since it meant he would have to remain in the military 4 years rather than 2.

### **Travel and More Travel**

It seemed like there was always a need for travel to monitor projects, to investigate new project proposals, and go to meetings.

On one occasion, I decided it would be good to travel by road from Mexico through Central America to visit all of our grantees in Central America. A staff member from New York joined Pat Blair and me and we drove from Mexico City to San Jose, Costa Rica. It took us about 10 days, but we felt it was very useful. From Mexico City, we first stopped in Guatemala City, then San Salvador, Tegucigalpa, Honduras, Managua, Nicaragua and finally San Jose. In addition to observing the programs we were supporting, we came to appreciate the geography of the region and its complex of export crops such as bananas, coffee, sugar and cotton, as well as its traditional crops of rice and beans. We also came to appreciate the sharp contrast between the village and urban populations in educational opportunities and in social mobility.

Virginia, Kathy and I had a nice trip together to Central America one time when I had to visit projects in Guatemala and El Salvador. Mixed in with my work, we rented a car and drove to Antigua, the old capitol city of Guatemala that had been destroyed by an earthquake. It had some very interesting historical sites and a number of Americans had retirement homes there. While there, we visited the home of the founder of the Pan-American Agricultural School in Honduras. I had wanted to meet him for some time and he made us most welcome. Virginia, Kathy and I



then had lunch at a nice hotel on the lake and listened to pretty Guatemalan music. We later drove to Lake Atitlan, with a volcano in its center and surrounded by mountains. Then we went on to Chichicastanago to visit the Cathedral which seemed to be half pagan and half Christian and was filled with many hill tribe people in their traditional dress. From Guatemala we flew on to San Salvador for a brief visit. Guatemala still remains high in my list of wonderful places to visit.

Later trips throughout South America, Brazil, to a great many sites throughout Argentina, Chile and Peru all expanded my horizon greatly. Also, I vividly remember my first trip to Panama and seeing the Panama Canal for the first time. It was always an amazing sight.

Virginia accompanied me on one trip to Rio de Janeiro where I was attending a meeting of representatives in Latin America. I was delighted to have her there and see all the sights that I had enjoyed in my navy days. Unfortunately, I was in meetings most of the time so we did not partake of the night life which I had enjoyed in my earlier years, but it was a very nice trip.

### **Support Staff Development and Responsibilities**

Working in developing countries, the foreigner, no matter how comfortable in the language, is always at a disadvantage. There are so many nuances in the local languages, customs, and actions that a foreigner never really masters. You are highly dependent in these situations on your support staff. The Ford Foundation always recruited excellent local support staff. When Alicia Mina joined the Foundation in Mexico, in 1965, she served as secretary to both Eduardo Venezian and me. Later, when I became representative, she worked solely with me. Since I traveled a great deal in the region, she was increasingly given responsibility. She showed great skill and was well liked by others in the office, both local and foreign staff. This is not always easy when a person has to allocate work among colleagues on the word of the head of the office when he is away. Although Alicia had only one year of college, she had

great appreciation for art and music – a tribute to her home environment as well as her interests. Her father was a Professor of Geology at the National University and also a geologist for the Mexican oil company, Pemex. Her mother was completely bilingual and a very cultured woman.

When we were closing the office in San Jose, Costa Rica, I sent her there on her own to handle the closing, settling the accounts, paying off staff and disposing of property. She did very well. When we took responsibility for the office in Kingston, Jamaica, I had her go there and work with the staff to revise their project files to the same degree of detail as in the Mexico office. She was 24 years old and such assignments were difficult for a woman traveling alone, especially in Latin America.

### **The Final Years in the Region**

Our final years in the region passed very quickly but very enjoyably. I devoted a lot of effort to strengthen the program in the Caribbean. In my several visits to there, I enjoyed the friendship of the Chancellor of the University of the West Indies, Sir Philip Sherlock, who had been knighted by Queen Elizabeth for his outstanding leadership in education. He was one of those rare individuals whom I would call a true “scholar and gentleman”. As Chancellor of all the campuses of the University he had his headquarters in Jamaica and Jim Trowbridge had developed a very good working relationship with him.

During Spring Break in 1969, Tom joined me in the Caribbean (I had business in Trinidad, Barbados and Jamaica). After I finished my business, we went to Tobago for a couple of days of snorkeling around the coral reefs, sunning on the beach and listening to steel band music. In Barbados, Don Winkleman joined us and Tom enjoyed the beach with him when I was at work. In Jamaica, we went to Old Town and had a boatman take us out to a tiny island where we sunned, swam, and enjoyed cool beer. In the afternoon, the boatman returned and took us back to Old Town, and then we drove up Strawberry Mountain to a lodge for good

refreshments. It was a very nice time and great to be with Tom.

At Christmas, a friend of Tom's came with him for part of the holiday and we all went to a wonderful old sugar mill and hacienda near Cuernavaca that had been made into a resort, with a huge swimming pool and excellent restaurant.

### **Tom has a fall in the Spring**

In the Spring of '69, we had a phone call one evening to tell us that Tom had fallen from his dormitory and was in the hospital with a back injury. We phoned the hospital and got what information we could, but it was too soon to find out how seriously he had been hurt. What actually happened is still not clear to me. The first report we had was that he had slipped while trying to climb the outside wall to get to the roof for sun bathing. A later report was that he had slipped off the roof and fell 2 stories. We suspected alcohol was involved but later Tom assured us that he only had a beer or two. His story is that while sitting in the sun he saw a "great climbing path" up the side of the dormitory to the roof where he could sunbathe, much like the climbing he and Tim had done at the Kanbawza Palace in Rangoon, Burma. He claims it was the challenge and not the beer that made him attempt the climb. He made it up almost two stories before slipping and falling. Either soft ground or bushes must have helped save him from more serious injury.

We had a medical doctor on our staff in Mexico, Dr. Moore. His sister Eugenie Anderson, former Ambassador to Sweden, lived in Red Wing with her husband, an orthopedic surgeon. Dr. Moore got in touch with them and Dr. Anderson consulted with Tom's doctor in Northfield and later visited him in the hospital and assured us that he was getting appropriate care. Within a few days, I flew to Minneapolis and visited Tom and he was recovering OK. He had to wear a back brace for the next year but, fortunately, there wasn't any permanent damage to his back, which is amazing considering the height of his fall. Since he couldn't work that summer, he went to summer school at the University of Minnesota

to make up some credits he lost when he transferred from the University of Arizona to Carleton.

### **A New School for Kathy**

I don't recall the reasons why Kathy started in boarding school in the fall of 1969. We did know that we would be transferred someplace within the next year but had no idea where. Kathy wanted to have some time in an American school. She enrolled in St. Stephens Episcopal School just outside Austin, Texas, and entered the 8<sup>th</sup> grade.

### **A Special Trip Around the World with Virginia**

As we started 1970 we were still wondering where our next assignment would be. We had been in Mexico for 7 years and it was the Foundation's policy to move its staff after 6 years in a country. One of the places the Foundation wanted me to consider for my next assignment was Pakistan, which at that time had a very large support program for agricultural research and development. The program there was getting lots of publicity and the Foundation was also moving its office from Karachi to the newly built capitol city, Islamabad. Bob Havener, the Foundation's agricultural specialist there was returning to the United States for further graduate study.

I was scheduled to participate, as a member of the Board of Advisors, in a review of the University of the West Indies agricultural research and extension work, and decided to combine that with a visit to Pakistan. In recognition of my work handling the very large region of Mexico, Central America and Caribbean, the Foundation approved airfare for Virginia to accompany me. Since Kathy was in school in Texas, Tom in school at Carleton, and Tim in the army, it was possible for her to go.

We left Mexico on January 6, flying to Kingston, Jamaica, for a visit to our office and then on to Antigua to the Blue Water Beach Hotel. The Caribbean really was a blue, lovely place. We had reservations for a few days so Virginia could stay there while I was

off on some visits to another island. We will never forget our first evening there. We dined at a restaurant on the hotel's outside patio with an orchestra playing. We danced and had a great evening. In about the middle of the evening, a very elegant Antiguan couple came on the dance floor, he in a perfectly tailored white suit and she in a lovely dress. As they started dancing the rest of us gradually moved off the floor to our tables. The couple danced so perfectly, hardly moving but moving to every beat of the music. The rest of us, I guess, felt intimidated by such elegance. They were beautiful to watch.

Virginia stayed on in Antigua while I flew to Monserrat to join the group, composed of several professors and researchers from the University, a representative from FAO, Rome, and 2 agriculturists from England who were former teachers and researchers at the College, on the first visit of the review process. I returned to Antigua with the group and then we all flew to St. Lucia with stops in Guadeloupe, Dominica, and Martinique. On arrival in St. Lucia, we were taken directly to meet the Governor before we visited the research station. In the evening, the Governor gave a cocktail party in our honor at the lovely "Camelot House" on the beach.

We had an early flight the next morning to Port of Spain, Trinidad, where we had reservations at the Hilton Hotel. Virginia spent the day relaxing while the rest of us were at the College of Agriculture of the University of the West Indies. We had 3 days in Trinidad winding up our inspection tour and reporting. In addition to our meetings and report writing, the Dean of the College of Agriculture hosted a cocktail and dinner party for us. We also were able to enjoy some real Caribbean music and had one evening for dinner and dancing at the excellent restaurant in our hotel.

On January 16<sup>th</sup>, we left Port of Spain and traveled to Caracas to catch our direct flight to Madrid, Spain. It was our first trip to Spain together and we enjoyed it immensely. We stayed at the very nice Hotel Plaza in the center of the city, not far from Del Prado

Museum. We took a side trip to the Valley of the Fallen (where Spain's kings have been entombed), as well as to Escorial. We lunched at "Horchers" with Mr. Horcher advising us on food and wine. We also met Angela's father (Robert "Bud" Gamble's wife's father) one afternoon in a very noisy café. He wanted to talk Spanish politics and between the noise level in the café, the vocabulary for a discussion on politics and our limited Spanish we resorted to a lot of – yes, Oh yes, not really!

From Madrid, we flew to Cairo via Rome. The Foundation's representative, Jim Ivy and his wife met us in Cairo and we stayed in the Foundation's guest apartment where I had stayed on my previous visit. The Ivys were wonderful hosts and when they could not be with us sightseeing they arranged for professors from the School of Antiquities to be with us. We were able to see almost all of the important sites in and around Cairo. One day in the Cairo Museum, our guide, a Copt by religion and a professor from the university, excused himself when we were to go into the room where Egyptian mummies were displayed. He said he thought it inappropriate that these people, his former ancestors, should be displayed.

We then traveled on to Pakistan; first arriving in Karachi where we spent a few days reviewing some of the Foundation supported projects and getting acquainted with Foundation staff and Pakistani leaders. Then it was on to Rawalpindi where the Foundation's representative, Robert Edwards and his wife drove us to their home in Islamabad. Many years later, Bob Edwards was President of Carleton College. In Islamabad, Bob Havener briefed me on all the Foundation's agricultural work in the country and introduced me to senior officials in the Ministry of Agriculture. They were all very knowledgeable about Ford Foundation support and highly appreciative. The Foundation was a major supporter of Norman Borlaug's work in training Pakistani scientists and introducing improved high yielding wheat varieties to Pakistan. Norman later was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his work on wheat throughout the world.

We had a memorable trip out of Islamabad with a young Mexican scientist, Armando Campos, who was there under Ford Foundation sponsorship working on potato research. With him, Virginia and I flew from Rawalpindi to Peshawar where a Foundation car met us and we visited some of his field plots, and then drove through the Khyber Pass to the Afghanistan border. There were many fortresses on the mountains along the pass and the road was marked with signs for camel caravans. At one point in the Pass, I got out of the car to take a photo and heard a shell slammed into the breech of a rifle. I looked up and high above me was a tribesman with his rifle. I quickly got back in our car! In the Pass near the Afghan border, we entered a strange market place called Landi Kotal. It was built on several levels and not a woman was in sight – only dour Pakistan shopkeepers, but they had every new electrical appliance and gadget that was available anyplace in the world. It was the center of smuggling for Pakistan and Afghanistan.

Before leaving what was then called West Pakistan, we flew to Lahore, where we stayed at the Ford Foundation guesthouse and visited that old city. I took a day's trip to Lyallpur (now Faisalabad) with Takumi Izuno, corn Breeder for the Ford Foundation. From Lahore we flew to Dacca, then East Pakistan, now Bangladesh.

We stayed at the Foundation's guesthouse and I took a 2-day trip to visit the university where the Ford Foundation was supporting visiting professors from Texas A & M University (in Mymensingh). Virginia joined me on a day trip to Comilla, about 60 miles east of Dacca over 3 ferries. We visited the Village Training Academy where village extension workers were being trained. I visited other projects in and around Dacca while Clara Walker, wife of a Ford Foundation staff member, got Virginia involved in a temple rubbing class, rolling bandages at a local hospital, and lots of shopping. We purchased a couple of carpets – one greenish one that we gave to Tom and Jenny.

On a beautiful moonlight night we flew from Dacca to Bangkok. As we flew over Rangoon, we could see the lights of the

Shwe Dagon Pagoda. It brought back many memories. It was nice to be back in Bangkok again and we saw many of our old friends from Burma. The Foundation had arranged for us to stay at the Erewan Hotel and the Foundation's representative, George Gant, and his wife hosted cocktail and dinner parties for us.

On my birthday we flew to Singapore, our first time there, and stayed at the Malaysia Hotel and did some sightseeing. Of course, one of the places we visited was the famous Raffles Hotel for afternoon "English Tea" and later a couple of Singapore Slings. Singapore was a very orderly city that its citizens were very proud of, and rightfully so. Virginia had a dress made and I had a suit made. Tailoring in Singapore was just like Hong Kong – fast and very good.

Our next stop, Djakarta, was something different. At that time it was experiencing a big oil boom and money was everywhere. Jack Bresnan, the Foundation's representative and his wife took care of us and had arranged for us to stay at the Wisma Pertamina guesthouse (Oil Company). Our rooms were on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor and the elevator was not working, nor was air conditioning. Unfortunately, there was only one first class hotel in the city and it was booked months ahead. I spent a day meeting Indonesian agriculturists and then we flew to Bali for the weekend. We had not planned this, but like everything else on this trip it was wonderful. We stayed at the Bali Beach hotel and took tours of the Island's sights – Hindu temples, Indonesian and Hindu dance programs, carvings, batik making and the famous rice terraces. Our hotel had a wonderful Filipino orchestra that played in the hotel's roof terrace where we danced each evening.

We returned to Djakarta where I had a number of meetings and made 2 separate day trips to Bogor to consult on university programs that were receiving Foundation support. Virginia was well taken care of by Barbara Bresnan. She did lots of sightseeing, lunches, and shopping. Indonesia was our last official stop, and from then we were on our own.

We flew to Sydney with a brief stop in Perth and stayed at



the Hotel Australia. The new Opera House was just being completed, so we visited it, as well as taking a walking tour of the docks and Government House. Later we visited the Zoo and Virginia remembers going to a movie, “Theresa and Isabel”, where we sat among the “fragrant” hippies.

From Sydney, we went on to Fiji, landing at Nandi in the middle of the night. We took a 2 hour taxi ride to our hotel, The Fijian, which we found the next morning was on a beautiful beach and lagoon. We spent a couple days relaxing there, swimming, sunning, reading and taking a glass bottom boat out over the coral reefs. We then moved to the Hotel Mocambo very close to the airport and Virginia stayed there while I went on a large sailboat visiting several islands off of the mainland. A wonderful Fijian chorus sang for all the hotel guests in the evening.

At midnight, we took a Qantas flight to Papeete, Tahiti, and had the day there while the flight crew rested. The airline had arranged rooms for all of us, with plenty of time for swimming, viewing Tahiti dance programs and dining. In the evening we continued on to Mexico.

It all sounds like a great pleasure trip and it was. Yet, it was also a serious trip because what we saw and decided would affect our lives for years to come. I had examined every aspect of the program in Pakistan and I had been a full member of the review team in the Caribbean. In Egypt, I was called upon to comment on many programs and in Indonesia my reviews of the university in Bogor were key to Foundation assistance for it. My many meetings with Indonesians helped prepare me for a great deal of work I did in that country in later years. Virginia was an equal partner in the trip, helping me think through what we had seen and how it should be interpreted. It was a very important time



in our lives and in my employment with the Ford Foundation.

### **Decision Time**

The opportunity to go to Pakistan was tempting. However, having successfully managed all Foundation programs as representative, I was reluctant to return to a single field of endeavor and advised headquarters that I was not keen on going to Pakistan. Our friend Harry Wilhelm also wanted to keep us in the Latin America program, so he strongly supported my position. Not long after that, the Foundation's representative for Colombia and Venezuela opted to leave the Foundation to become President of a small Eastern college. This opened his position and we were offered the opportunity to move to Columbia. The main office was in Bogota with a separate country office in Caracas. I had been in the Caracas office a number of times for meetings but never to Bogota, so I made a quick trip there to look over the situation and decided it was an excellent opportunity.

### **Another Graduation, Getting Ready to Move and a Marriage**

Our last few months in Mexico were hectic, with visits to many of our projects to say goodbye and getting ready for another move. This time we would have to ship our personal and household effects by air, so many decisions had to be made on what to take and what to return to the United States for storage.

Tom graduated in June and Virginia, Kathy and I were all able to attend. It was nice to see him get his diploma and get ready to start on his new life. There were so many things happening at that time in our lives that it is kind of a blur but I remember it mostly as being pleasant. Kathy had completed a year at St. Stephens and was planning to go back there after we moved to Bogota. Tom, with his adventuresome spirit, had decided that he wanted to go to Australia under an assisted passage program offered by the Australian Government. To qualify, he had to agree to remain there for 4 years and show that he had professional qualifications needed by Australia. After interviews and reviews he

qualified and happily set off on his new venture. Tim at this time was in Germany as a military policeman, and had definitely decided that a long-term military career was not for him.

At the same time, Tim had advised us that he and his friend from Carleton days, Marilyn Curtis, planned to be married in Germany. Her parents, Glenn and Edna, were going to be there for the wedding. After many problems in making all the arrangements in a foreign country, they were married on June 18, 1970, by a German Civil Authority. We were very sorry that we could not be there for the wedding

After all of this, it was packing and on to Bogota.

## **CHAPTER 20**

### **COLOMBIA AND VENEZUELA**

#### **Another New Home**

In the summer of 1970, we started on our new assignment and life in Bogota. I had made an earlier visit trip there to meet the staff, but this was Virginia and Kathy's first visit. Flying into Bogota was always an experience since the city is located at over 7,000-ft. elevation and surrounded by mountains. At this altitude, due to thinness of the air, planes must land at high speed and there were often low clouds obscuring the airport until final approach.

The residence for the Foundation's representative in Bogota was owned by the Foundation and fully furnished, so we could move in right away. It was a comfortable house in a pleasant residential neighborhood, with all homes behind high walls, as had been the case in Mexico. It had a lovely small den with a fireplace that we enjoyed, since most evenings were cool enough for a fire. Bogota is just north of the equator but at that altitude we could experience all seasons in the same day, depending on whether it was sunny, cloudy or raining. All in all, Bogota was a lovely city with nice avenues and a mix of modern and colonial buildings and a strong Spanish culture.

We hired a maid who had been working for the previous representative's family, and were very pleased with her. She stayed with us throughout our time in Bogota, as did our cook, Graciela. Graciela was a pleasant and willing worker and did quite well except on desserts where almost her only product was "Braza de Reina" – arm of the queen – a kind of jellyroll.

#### **Office, Staff and some Tension**

The Colombian support staff in the office was outstanding. The foreign specialist staff was also very well qualified and dedicated to the work they were doing. Almost all were young professionals on their first international assignments and

particularly concerned for the disadvantaged. There were specialists in education, law and urban affairs, population, social sciences, agriculture and economics.

When it was proposed that I transfer from Mexico to Colombia, this group, led primarily by Ralph Harbison (Specialist in Education) strongly opposed my appointment and lobbied hard with New York to block my transfer. They thought I was too conservative for their vigorous approach and that I was kind of an “old fogie”. I was 50 years old at the time. However, their opposition was to no avail and I was transferred.

In my first week there, I played tennis with Ralph a couple of times and he found that though I was older, I was still quite fit. I found most of the programs on which the staff was working to be good and I fully supported them. My working relationship with the staff soon became good as well.

It wasn't long before I shocked the group who had opposed my appointment. While they all were touting their work with the poor and disadvantaged, they all greatly enjoyed the facilities at the Bogota Country Club (available only to the Bogota elite). I played tennis there a couple of times but found it a great contradiction to what the Foundation professed as its objective in Colombia – to give priority to the disadvantaged. Consequently, without consulting the staff, I requested approval from the New York office to sell the Foundation's membership in the Country Club. A previous representative had sold the membership idea to New York as essential for staff morale, due to lack of sports facilities in Bogota, which actually was far from reality. New York approved my request and I was able to sell it for \$25,000 and have the money credited to the Bogota office. To their credit, none of the staff grumbled about it and for the most part agreed it was the right move. I found a small club where I could pay the monthly fees and played tennis regularly with a visiting professor from the University of Minnesota.

Two of the Colombian staff were from well-known families, Alicia Groot and Cecilia Trujillo. They were always most helpful in our getting acquainted in Bogota and in advising us on many things about the culture, which was much more “European” than what we had experienced in Mexico. Alicia Groot became a good friend and spent time with us sightseeing in Colombia. My secretary, Esther Ribero, was also very good and we still keep in contact through letters a couple of times a year. Both Alicia Groot and Esther Ribero joined the ISNAR staff in The Hague when I was the director.



### **A House in Albuquerque**

After Tom graduated in 1970 we had an opportunity to build up some savings before Kathy would go to college. We had visited friends in Albuquerque a few times and I loved the wide-open spaces, the mountains and the culture of the southwest. We decided to buy a retirement home there and to rent it in the meantime, putting our savings into the mortgage payments. I flew there one weekend and selected a nice lot in a new section called Rio Rancho in the northeast part of Albuquerque, and contracted for a house to be built. I was pleased with the location since the house would always have a great view of Sandia Mountain, as well as overlooking the city. Virginia was there to approve the final location and, very importantly, to co-sign the mortgage.

### **Getting on with the Job**

Kathy returned to St. Stephens in September and I began the task of learning about all the projects supported by the Foundation in Colombia and Venezuela. I started spending one week each month in Venezuela. In Colombia I usually spent about one week a

month outside of Bogota in Cali, Palmyra, Bucaramanga, Medellin, or Manizales. The Foundation had several important projects in Cali in the sciences, particularly in human nutrition. Also in Cali, the International Center for Tropical Agriculture was developing into the major international agricultural research center for South America. The physical facilities were being paid for by the Rockefeller Foundation in an agreement between the Ford and Rockefeller Foundation created to establish and staff 4 international research institutes; CIMMYT in Mexico for corn and wheat; CIAT in Colombia; IRRI in the Philippines for rice; IITA in Nigeria for tropical food crops.

In Bogota, the National University's student body was very anti-American (for the most part) and was not interested in support from any American organization. However, some professors and graduates from the National University applied to the Foundation for fellowships to study abroad, and we selected and supported those who were highly qualified. The private university in Bogota, the University of the Andes, was a recipient of many grants from the Foundation and was always seeking support for good programs.

### **A Small but Significant Contribution to Development in Colombia**

In late 1970, I became acquainted with Rodrigo Botero, a U.S. trained economist, former Secretary of Finance and Economic Advisor to the President of Colombia. I found him to be very incisive concerning problems and issues in Colombia and we met often at his home for a glass of wine and discussion. At the time I met him, he had just been named Executive Director of the Foundation for Higher Education and Development (FEDESARROLLO), which had been created by the leading businessmen of the country. Its purpose was to help universities and scientific organizations focus on key economic and social issues in Colombia and support the study and resolution of these issues. At that time Rodrigo was working almost single-handedly with virtually no budget.

The Ford Foundation had authorized its representatives to make grants of up to \$10,000 to local, well-qualified organizations. In one of our meetings, when he was telling me of his plans for FEDESARROLLO and his frustrations, I said I would be willing to make him a grant of \$10,000 to support the preparation of specific development projects and plans. This “seed” money enabled him to get additional help and interact with university and business leaders in the country. He was soon able to put together project proposals and obtain funding from Colombian and foreign charitable organizations.

FEDESARROLLO grew and prospered under Rodrigo’s leadership and became an important force in Colombia. In the late 1980s, Rodrigo was elected to the Ford Foundation’s Board of Trustees in New York and a few years later moved to Boston, in an association with Harvard University. In 1995, I received a letter from him reminding me of when we met in Bogota and my volunteering to award him the grant. At the same time, I received a letter of appreciation from the present Executive Director of FEDESARROLLO, Eduardo Lara, with a copy of its report on its 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary, summarizing its achievements and acknowledging my contribution to its success. It was very rewarding to see how a small investment at an important time had become an important force in bringing private business and university education together.

### **Trouble in Texas**

In the Spring of 1971, we received a phone call one evening from the Headmaster of St. Stephens School advising us that Kathy and a friend were in trouble for violation of rules. They both were expelled for at least a week and had to leave campus. Kathy’s friend, who lived in Texas, could go home but Kathy’s situation was quite different. The Headmaster and his family invited Kathy to stay with them until other arrangements could be made. So, Virginia was on the plane the next morning for Austin and picked Kathy up at the Headmaster’s home. Our new house in Albuquerque was just finished so the next day Virginia and Kathy



caught the bus to Albuquerque to fix up the house for rent. Kathy thought Virginia was punishing her by making her ride the bus, but Virginia just wanted to see the countryside. In Albuquerque, they stayed with friends for a few days until I arrived and we moved to a motel. We put up blinds and curtains in the new house and moved in some of the furniture we had in storage. We all slept in the house one night before it was rented. It was the only night we ever stayed in that house, and we sold it some years later.

I don't remember how we traveled back to Austin, but when Kathy was eligible to return we did and had a conference with the Headmaster. We looked at the American School in Bogota and decided that it would be good school for Kathy for the next year, and we knew that we would enjoy having her with us. Kathy was ready to transfer so she entered the American School after 2 years at St. Stephens.

## **Venezuela**

The Foundation staff in Colombia and Venezuela had never been integrated or even worked together, as had been the case in Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean. There were 3 main programs in Venezuela: testing in the secondary schools on a contract with the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, development of a graduate school of business administration with advisors on direct hire by the Foundation, and general support to an association of universities, excluding the National University. Venezuela's National University's student body was very anti-American, just like Colombia's.

Renate Jacob, with a small office staff, managed the Venezuela programs and the Caracas office. Renate monitored the programs exceedingly well, and had an excellent relationship with the foreign and local staff. She enjoyed good food, was a gourmet cook, and had great language skills. Her first language was German but she had nearly equal competence in English, Spanish, and French. Her parents were German, but she grew up in China before emigrating to the United States.

Caracas was a modern city at about 3,000 ft. elevation with a good climate. The airport was at sea level so there was about a 40 minute taxi ride up the mountain road to get to the city. Traveling there every month I got to know every curve and bump in the road. It was never a boring ride.

There were no Ford Foundation supported agriculture programs in the country so I began to explore program opportunities, taking trips to the interior with research and extension staff from the Ministry of Agriculture. Since my time in South America was quite short, I was never able to initiate any agricultural projects in Venezuela.

### **Travel and Cultural Activities and More in Colombia**

With the constant news of today's drug cartels and violence in Colombia it is hard to imagine what a nice place it was in 1970-72. Bogota had many excellent restaurants and organizations promoting art, music and theatre. There were good roads to get about the countryside and often on Sunday mornings, after church, we would drive a few miles out of the city to a small town market where we bought freshly baked cassava flour/cheese rolls, which were delicious. On one long weekend, Virginia, Kathy, Alicia Groot and I took an overnight trip to a lovely town, Villa de Leyva. Kathy bought a felt Fedora hat like the Indian women wore and Virginia bought a pottery pitcher that we use frequently.

One of our most memorable trips was to a small beach village named Tolu. A number of Colombians had told us what a beautiful place it was, so Virginia, Kathy and I drove there. It was a lovely trip, first through the coffee plantations and then overnight in Manizales. When we went to a café for breakfast the next morning, we had a hilarious time. Although Kathy spoke excellent Spanish and I passable Spanish, the waitress, knowing that we were foreigners, decided we must be speaking some foreign language and she could not understand a word we said. We finally resorted to sign language and got some orange juice, coffee and rolls. After breakfast we went on to the coast stopping briefly in Medellin.

From Medellin we traveled through grassland agriculture and some nice cattle ranches before arriving in Tolu. The so-called lovely beach resort was nothing like people had described. As it turned out, not one of the people who recommended it had ever been there nor knew anyone who had. It was a miserable little village with the road running right on the beach. Our “hotel” was not good and I was up most of the night spraying for various kinds of insects and bugs. Our vacation on “the best beach in Colombia” turned out to be a brief overnight trip. We left early the next morning and drove to Cartagena to a nice hotel in this historic old city and took in the “Light and Sound” presentation at the Fort that evening, overlooking the harbor. We then went on to Baranquilla and to Santa Marta and its fairly nice beach. After that, we flew to Aruba for a few days while Jaime, our driver, returned to Bogota with the car.

### **The American School**

In the fall, Kathy enrolled in the American School in Bogota. The school catered both to Americans (and other English speakers) and Colombians who wanted a high school education in Spanish with an American curriculum. Classes were divided into 2 groups, one for primarily English speakers who also wanted to study some Spanish and one for primarily Spanish speakers who wanted to gain competence in English. At this point, Kathy was very competent in Spanish, and joined the primarily Spanish speaking section.

Kathy enjoyed the school very much and made good friends with a number of Colombians. In the Latin culture, boys have great freedom while girls usually have close parental supervision. However, many of the girls in the American School were not from traditional Colombian homes and had less parental supervision than was common. Kathy wanted full freedom to come and go with all her friends which caused some family conflicts. We felt she was spending too much time just “hanging out” with the Colombian boys who had little, if any, parental supervision. Virginia bore the brunt of the “clashes” since I was often traveling. Kathy liked to

push her independence to the limit, or I should say to our limit.

### **Rumbling of a Change**

In the Fall of 1971, we began to hear noises about possible country representative changes. Our friend, Harry Wilhelm, had been appointed to India as representative. India was at that time the largest program of the Foundation. The second largest was the West and Central Africa Program covering 15 African countries. The representative from this program had been appointed Director General of CIMMYT in Mexico in the Spring of 1971, and an interim representative had been put in charge.

The Foundation needed an experienced person to manage this complicated multi-country region. Some of the countries had English as the national language while the others had French, and each country in the region had several different native languages and dozens of dialects. And, depending on whether the former colonial power had been British, French, or Belgian, the educational and legal systems were different. In spite of these differences and the fact that countries French (rather than English) was spoken in more countries, the Foundation had its offices in 2 English speaking countries. Its main office was in Lagos, Nigeria, with a sub-office in Accra, Ghana.

The President and the Vice President, McGeorge Bundy and David Bell, urged me to consider the position. The worldwide meeting of the Foundation's representatives was being held in India in late October, so I agreed to visit Lagos and Accra after the meetings. I attended the meetings in New Delhi and then, before arriving in Nigeria, I visited Burma and Tom in Australia.

### **Burma Revisited**

Almost 19 years to the day from our first arrival in Burma, I returned for a visit. I was going back with a desire to see the people and the land that we had considered home for 8 pleasant and productive years. Yet, I had some anxiety about how I would be received, how well our programs had survived, and whether, given

the xenophobia of past years by the leaders of the Government of Burma, my old friends would be able to see me.

In the early evening of October 31, 1971, just 2 days before the festival of the lights (full moon of Tazaungdaing) the UBA plane touched down at the Mingaladon Airport, Rangoon. The foreign currency exchange control was quite strict but the same polite receptiveness as in the past was shown at both immigration and customs. I indicated on my entry form that I planned to visit the State Agricultural Institute, Pyinmana, and this was not questioned.

I had written ahead to U Thein Han, former Ford Foundation General Services Officer and he along with Ko Pauk Sa from Pyinmana were at the airport to meet me. They drove me to the Strand Hotel. It was the same as ever, with pleasant rooms and air conditioning that worked. The main difference in the drive into the city was in the closed stores on Dalhousie, Mogul, Sule Pagoda and other main streets. Private enterprise, for the most part, had come to an end with the Peoples Revolutionary Party.

The next day and night U Mya Than joined U Thein Han, Ko Pauk Sa and me. We visited the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, which was as beautiful and tranquil as ever. We also visited the parks, the lake, the street on which we last lived in Rangoon, and then went to the railroad station to book a seat on the 6 a.m. train to Pyinmana. The Assistant Stationmaster at the rail station used to be the Stationmaster in Pyinmana and greeted me as an old friend. He quickly arranged my ticket and volunteered to send a cable to Mandalay and Pyinmana to assure my return booking.

The train pulled out exactly at 6 a.m. after careful checking of the luggage. No one was allowed more than one handbag in the car – all other luggage had to be checked through. Quite a difference from the old days when everyone carried everything, including live chickens, in the passenger compartments. The countryside looked the same as years ago. I felt this was the only place I had ever been where I had the feeling that nothing had changed (except that the trains were newer). The people dressed exactly as before, and even foreign educated Burmese still wore the

same traditional dress as the villagers who had never left home. The villages were the same with their raised bamboo houses and thatched roofs surrounded by lush green plants to hide the dirt and garbage. Round-faced smiling children still ran down to see the trains go by while oxcart drivers patiently and passively waited at crossings with their loads of rice, sugarcane or timber.

The train was quite new with comfortable seats, and was fast. We arrived in Pyinmana at 1 p.m. and about 15 staff members from the Institute met me at the station. We climbed into the old red and green station wagons and it seemed for a moment as if I had never been away.

When the Institute started there were 4 Burmese professional staff members. Later, the foreign advisory group expanded to 5, none of whom remained less than 5 years. Now the staff numbered 24 and 20 of these were former students of mine, most of whom had gone abroad after finishing at Pyinmana to obtain their degrees either in the Philippines or the United States. Over 800 students had graduated from the Institute and the student body included a number of women.

To my pleasure, the farm and classrooms were all in good condition and the students still participated in morning and afternoon fieldwork and spent time in villages in addition to their class work. Because of the Government's success in establishing agricultural high schools throughout the country, 80% of the students were sons of farmers, as compared with about 5% in the early years. I left feeling the Institute was in good hands under the direction of U Thein Tun, who had been such a good friend to us, and his staff.

As a footnote, news about the Institute in recent years has been good. It has evolved into a full 4-year college of agriculture and has over 2,000 graduates. The persons with whom I worked and helped train have all played crucial roles in its development and in the development of Burma's many agricultural high schools.

## **Bangkok and a Visit to Tom in Australia**

I stayed overnight at the airport in Bangkok and then flew on to Sydney. However, no one had informed me, nor had I checked, that a visa was needed to enter Australia. So, at the airport check-in in Bangkok it was a real shock to be told I had to have a visa. Tom was to meet my flight in Sydney but I could not get word to him in time, so he was very surprised when I did not arrive. I went to the Australian Consulate the next morning and had a nice chat with the Consulate staff. I received my visa and caught the next flight – 24 hours late. I cabled Tom and he met me.

I met Jenny (Jennifer Gay), whom Tom had told us about, as she and Tom were living together in a small apartment. They were



very happy together and I was able to report to Virginia that I liked Jenny very much. It was my first visit to Australia and Tom took some days from work to show me around. It was wonderful to see him again. Tom not only showed me the sights of Sydney but also took me for a drive in a nice park outside the city in his car, which had limited power.

I think the clutch was slipping badly. At one point, I didn't know if we would get back to the city since we couldn't make it up one of the hills. We would get about 2/3 of the way up and just couldn't make it any further so Tom would back down the hill and across a flat approach so we could get a running start. After about 3 attempts we made it and, much relieved, we headed for home. Before I left Sydney, Tom and Jenny helped me buy a new tennis racquet since I had left mine with U Than Nyunt, Tim and Tom's old tennis coach in Pyinmana.

## **My First Visit to West Africa**

In Sydney, I had to send my passport to Canberra to the South African Consulate to get a visa for an overnight in

Johannesburg enroute to Lagos. The visa had to be on a separate paper, not in my passport, because Nigeria did not allow visitors who had South African immigration stamps in their passports. It was a long flight from Sydney to Johannesburg, 17 hours as I recall. We had one stop in Perth and a second in Port Louis, Mauritius, arriving in Johannesburg in the early morning. Since I would have a long flight the next day to Lagos, I didn't do any sightseeing but just slept and ate in my hotel.

Lagos was my first introduction to West Africa. Having visited Kenya in 1968, I expected something similar. Nothing could have been further from reality. Nairobi was a modern, fairly new city, with a very pleasant climate and residents who were reserved and polite. Lagos was hot and humid, a crowded seaport city with a few modern buildings in a small downtown section. In contrast to the East Africans, my first impression was that Nigerians were very outgoing and loud. As I got to know them, I found that they were just like people everywhere, some quiet, some loud, some reserved, some not. But on that first visit everything seemed to be a bit of chaos. There did not appear to be any garbage retrieval in the city and residents just carried their garbage to the side of the street and dumped it in piles to rot or be eaten by birds and animals. However, there was lots of rain and a warm climate, so there were many trees and green yards that helped balance the view. Some of the streets in the residential areas were very nice and lined with trees and flowering bushes.

Nigeria, at that time, was just emerging from the Biafra Civil War that had ended in reuniting the country but left many scars, physically and ethnically. The Foundation had a large staff covering programs in agriculture, economics, public administration, family planning and health care, and public administration. An interim representative had been in charge of the office for about a year and it appeared that most of the leadership was provided by the assistant representative and the advisor on economics.

I spent a few days in Lagos, mostly at the office for staff presentations on programs throughout the region, getting



acquainted with staff and meeting a few key government officials. From Lagos, I flew to Accra, Ghana, to visit the Foundation's other office. Next to Nigeria, Ghana, at that time, had the greatest amount of Foundation-supported programs of any country in the region. A Cornell graduate who had done his doctoral research in Burma headed that office. I think he hoped, and somewhat expected, to be appointed the Foundation's representative for the region so was not too keen to welcome me.

I left Ghana somewhat overwhelmed by the challenge of coming to grips with the range of programs and size of the region. But, having a well-developed sense of confidence in Virginia's and my ability to cope and confidence in the Foundation's support, I knew we were up to the challenge. I flew from Lagos to London, then on to Miami and Bogota, returning home in late November after 5 weeks on the road.

### **Christmas in Colombia and Venezuela**

We had our usual Christmas party for all the office staff at our home, which we all enjoyed. We now knew the staff quite well and everyone was comfortable and relaxed in our home. On Christmas Day, Virginia, Kathy and I flew to Caracas and Renate loaned us her car so we could drive to a beach. Bogota had been cloudy and chilly so it was nice to have warm sunshine. From the beach, we returned to Caracas for a couple days and stayed at the Hotel Avila, a lovely hotel in the suburbs.

### **Decision Time Again**

Returning after 5 weeks meant there was much catching up to do in Colombia and Venezuela. I was fortunate that in both Bogota and Caracas we had excellent local support staff as well as program staff, so there were no major problems.

We had been in Bogota for only 1½ years and were just beginning to feel at home and comfortable that our programs were going well. But, as always, the challenges were persuasive, as was the request by the Foundation's senior officers. We decided to take

on this assignment in West Africa, so in early 1972, I began to negotiate terms for the move.

In Lagos, I had found a tremendous backlog in administrative work that would require leadership, initiative and a lot of time to fix. The Foundation required that when each grant was terminated, it had to be reviewed and a report filed with the New York office concerning the finances and the degree to which the project had or had not achieved its objectives. In West Africa, there had not been any reports completed on dozens and dozens of grants in countries throughout the region. This was further complicated because over half the countries had French as the national language, so many translations would be required. In general, the administrative procedures in the Lagos office were not up to the standard that I considered adequate.

The Accra office, which I thought was better organized than the Lagos office, still had some obvious deficiencies. The main problem was that the person then in charge of the Ghana program wanted to stay on but I did not think he was the right person for the position.

I went to New York to meet with the Vice President for International Programs of the Foundation to discuss our possible move. I felt I was in a good bargaining position to make some demands (requests), as well as feeling confident that what I was proposing was right for the Foundation. I made 2 requests. First, that the then present Officer in Charge of the Ghana office be transferred out of the region and that Renate Jacob, then in charge of the Caracas office, be appointed to the Ghana office. Second, that Alicia Mina be given an appointment as an Administrative Officer in the Lagos office. I had discussed it with each of them to make sure they would be willing to make the move if approved. Without any question, both requests were approved and we began to make plans to move after Kathy's school was out in June. The Foundation appointed a replacement for me in Bogota. He arrived in March and began to assume responsibility while I was away on several trips to West Africa (before the official move).

## Buying Jewels in Colombia

Colombia was famous for its emerald mines and the quality of its stones, which were sought for jewelry around the world. One time when Renate was in Bogota she asked me to go with her to buy an emerald. We went into the section of town where the emerald dealers traded and sold stones. We had been advised to go to a certain office on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor of the building but when we got to the office entrance, there was no sign on the door and inside there was only a single desk with 2 chairs and one man. In the hallway there was a man sitting and reading, but we were sure he was an armed guard.

We entered the office and the man asked us what we wanted. We told him that Renate was interested in seeing and possibly buying an unset emerald. He quizzed her very thoroughly as to what kind of stone she wanted, what size, for what use, etc. There were no items of jewelry or anything else in sight that would have led anyone to believe that this was an emerald dealer's office. After quizzing her thoroughly, he went out of the office and came back in a few minutes with 2 stones and displayed them on the desk. Hardly a word was said by anyone but the dealer answered any questions that Renate asked. When she said she would like to see more stones he said he could show her more but either one of these was the stone she had described. She looked at more stones but in the end bought the first one he showed her. She paid \$1300.00 for it.

When she went back to Caracas, she took the stone to a very reputable jeweler, a German who had lived most of his life in Venezuela. He took the stone from her without asking anything about it, and examined it closely under his microscope. He told her that this stone was from such and such a mine in Colombia, which it was, and that on the Venezuela market that day it would cost about \$1300 and that she should spend an equivalent amount on a setting. She felt relieved that it was a good stone and that she had not overpaid for it (but at the same time realized she had not gotten a particular bargain).

## **On the Road Again**

In early March, I made the first of several trips to Lagos and Accra after agreeing to take the position in West Africa. In a letter from Virginia to Fern on March 2<sup>nd</sup>, she writes:

“Bill left this afternoon for an overnight flight to Madrid and then on to Lagos. I know he is looking forward to all the challenges that will face him constantly – he even hopes to have an appointment with the President of Nigeria! He went off carrying his tennis racquet under his arm because he couldn’t fit it into his suitcase. Just hope he doesn’t leave it under the seat of some airplane but doubt if he will since he considers it more important than his underwear!”

In another letter to Fern, on March 12, she writes:

“We finally got a letter from Bill but not the first one he had written from Lagos, which we still haven’t received. He said he is well adjusted to the tropics and is staying in ‘our’ big home we will occupy there<sup>16</sup>. Said he went home at 5 p.m., had tea on one of the porches along with a big slice of delicious fresh pineapple and took a nap for 1½ hours before his dinner guests were to arrive at 7:30 p.m. It does sound like he is ‘in the swing’.”

After a few days in the Lagos office I went on to Ghana, where Renate had taken up residence about a week earlier. She was very adaptable and was getting settled and acquainted. She was living in the Foundation’s Guesthouse until her predecessor left. I felt reassured that she would do well and that the office and program were in good hands. There were several Ford Foundation employed program specialists attached to the Ghana office and they all seemed to welcome Renate and her management style.

## **Switzerland and Rome, A School for Kathy**

Virginia, Kathy and I had agreed that there was no school in

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16. I will let Virginia describe the house later after we move there. She can do it better than I.

Lagos for her. After much research on the subject we had decided a school in Switzerland or in Rome would be the best option. So, on my way back to Bogota from Lagos and Accra, while waiting for a flight in the London Heathrow airport, I wrote the following letter to Tim and Tom about my visits to schools in Switzerland and Rome.

“March 30, 1972 – Dear Tim and Tom,

I am on the last leg of the grand tour. I feel a bit tired at this point but should be home about 6:30 this evening. I had expected to take an overnight flight tonight – Rome/Paris/Lisbon/Caracas/ Bogota – but found I could take an early flight this morning Rome/London and then a 2-hour wait and then a day flight on BOAC via Antigua/Caracas to Bogota.

The last 3 days have been hectic. I had a very relaxing day, Sunday, in Zurich, wandering around and just resting in an old Swiss hotel with a great view of the lake and city. On the lake I could see little boys in paddleboats just like the 2 of you 15 years ago when we were there together. It was almost the same time of year as then with beautiful spring flowers, crocus, pansies, forsythia, etc. On Monday, I rented a car and drove to Leysin to visit the school there, about 250 km each way. It was a lovely day and the Swiss countryside was green but of course surrounded by snow-capped mountains. The school did not live up to its brochure nor did the assistant headmaster do a very convincing job explaining the program. The school is in a small village that is mainly a ski resort. It just didn't seem like the place for Kathy. I arrived back in Zurich at 6 p.m. with a vague idea as to where the rental agency was where I could turn in the car. The traffic was fierce and the well-disciplined Swiss drivers had a few unkind words about me for driving in my Latin American style, but anyway, I finally made it.

Tuesday morning, I took the 7 a.m. train to Lugano and after a beautiful train ride, I arrived about 10 a.m. The whole Lugano area with lake, mountains, and nice climate was lovely. I found the school to be better than I expected and believe it is the right place for Kathy if she can get in. It is quite expensive, but I believe it is worth it.

I caught the afternoon train to Milan and there my trouble started! My flight to Rome had been cancelled and the Italians started shouting at one another. Alitalia staff insisted there was no possibility of getting on another flight to Rome that day but I persisted and got on a wait list and after about 2 hours got on a flight. However, in the crush of it all, I had my pocket picked in the crowd and lost all my cash. In Lugano, I had just cashed dollars to get Italian Lire. I had travelers cheques in another pocket, so wasn't completely broke, and I still had my passport.

I stayed at Le Grand Hotel in Rome and had great difficulty finding the St. Stephens School, which I was to visit, the next morning. First, when I called the school, all I could get was the Italian cleaning woman that insisted in strong Italian that the school was closed and the man I was supposed to see was out of Rome. I thought I might have misunderstood so I asked the hotel operator to phone and he got the same story. Fortunately, I had phoned Pep Martins from Zurich at his office in FAO in Rome to ask him to reconfirm my hotel room and the appointment. His secretary said I definitely had an appointment with the Director of Admissions. It took my taxi about an hour to find the place way out at the edge of the city. It turned out that the school has had serious financial problems, the present site is not good and the school will be moved to the center of Rome later in the year. After spending time with the Director of Admissions I decided that Lugano was a much better place.

It was an interesting experience to visit these varied schools and I found that much of my feeling about them came from the schools' interest in finding out all about Kathy. I went through more or less the same set off questions and interviewing technique at all 3 places. Both in Leysin and Rome they indicated a very good chance that Kathy would be admitted. Only in Lugano did they quiz me about Kathy in terms of academic interests, problems, strengths, social adjustment, extra curricular interests, etc., and would not give any indication she would be admitted before seeing her recommendations, grades, etc.

After all that, in Rome I had a late lunch, went to American Express to replenish my cash and then went to FAO to meet Pep Martins. We took the train to his home for a nice

evening chatting about Burma (he had been there with the Ford Foundation and married a Burmese woman Ayi). We had some nice wine and then went to a neighborhood restaurant for great cannelloni and roast lamb. I took the subway back to my hotel, got up early, and here I am in London with the friendly flight announcement now that my plane is ready to depart. Love, Bill”

### **Meanwhile Virginia and Kathy are Busy**

Before Renate left Caracas for Ghana, she joined Virginia, my secretary, another woman and our driver on a great trip to the Magdalena River. It was almost a full day’s trip and they went there to visit a necropolis (ancient cemetery) near the river. It is a national historic site and the city, long gone, is believed to have been founded by Asians who came across the Bering Strait to Alaska and gradually moved south. At some point they abandoned this site and moved on. The group stayed overnight in a small rustic lodge and spent a day, some on horseback, exploring the region.

In Bogota, we had joined the small Union Church but were not as active as we had been in Mexico. In the church, we found a place for the portable pump organ that we had been carrying around the world and which had so much use in Burma. The minister of the church said they could use it in their basement meeting room and we were glad to find a good home for it. Virginia was very active in the Interfaith Committee of several churches in Bogota and comments in a letter to Fern:

“I entertained the Interfaith Committee here today at noon and we had 10, which is pretty good. Each brings his own sandwich and I served a salad, brownies and Chinese Chews as well as coffee, cokes and fruit juices. We had a nice meeting – our ambassador’s wife was here and she hooted when she went in to use our dramatic black and red bathroom! . . . I had the meeting to get written invitations to our annual Interfaith Tea. It will be at the U.S. Embassy residence (the ambassador’s wife is one of our active members) and last year 120 came and we are expecting more this year. It is not hard because the Residence takes care of the coffee and tea and of course has lots of well-trained servants to

help. The rest of us just make and donate sandwiches and sweets. People from all churches of the city are invited (women), and of course many come because they can see the Residence that way.”

Kathy was having a good time at school and doing fairly well, enjoying dances at school and friend’s homes, movies and “hanging out”. Kathy was not doing well in science so Virginia talked to her teacher, who said not to worry since Kathy had been in a slump but was coming out of it. Virginia said she just wanted her to pass, since Kathy didn’t want to take any more science. A friend of Virginia’s said her daughter thought Kathy was the “Whiz of the math class”.

Virginia also volunteered at the Foster Parents Plan office. The Foster Parents Plan sought sponsors in the United States and Canada whom, as “Foster Parents”, would give a certain amount of money each month to enable disadvantaged children go to school and have some money for food. Regular communication had to be maintained between the children and the “Foster Parents”. To do this, the children had to regularly write letters to their Foster Parents and all these letters had to be translated into English. Virginia helped the staff of the Plan office translate the letters and her work was greatly appreciated.

There were many cultural events in Bogota – a symphony orchestra and other musical events were held in the beautiful old national theatre hall that we attended. Virginia also went with friends when I was away. Virginia became very familiar with the famous Gold Museum in Bogota, since she took all our guests there. It was spectacular and unique with its huge collection of pre-Colombian gold artifacts.

## **Moving On**

In May, Virginia and I visited Lagos and Accra so she could see the house in Lagos where we would live and get some idea of the availability of essentials there. We also wanted to stop for a few days in Accra to visit Renate and see how things were going in that office. On our way to the airport in Lagos for our departure to



Accra, we were in a car accident. Our car had to remain at the scene, so I flagged down a passing motorist who took us to the airport. Virginia banged her head quite hard in the accident, and really took it easy in Accra.

In early June when Kathy's school was out, we left Bogota, much to Kathy's regret since she had developed a great attachment to friends and life there. From Bogota, we first went to Mexico to visit friends before visiting family in Iowa and Wisconsin. Virginia and Kathy then stayed on in Wisconsin for a couple of weeks after I left for West Africa in the latter part of June. We would meet in Lagos on July 16<sup>th</sup>.

## CHAPTER 21

### WEST AFRICA

#### First a Visit to Zaire

I decided to visit Zaire before taking up residence in Lagos, since the Foundation was providing major support to projects in that very large country. In June, 1972, I arranged for a young French/American, Alain de Janvry, to accompany me there, as well as Gaston Rimlinger, from the Lagos office. Alain had worked in Argentina for the Foundation, and I was interested in recruiting him for the West African program.

Zaire (now the Republic of the Congo) was a former Belgian colony. In the late 1800s, King Leopold began to treat a great part of the country as his own personal holdings. The Belgian agricultural scientists, with great financial support from King Leopold, developed a research center at Yangambi comprising over 60,000 acres. It covered almost all aspects of agriculture and forestry and its excellent research facilities, staff housing and recreation buildings were built on the north bank of the Congo River. At its peak it had about 400 scientists in residence plus many local staff.

Yangambi is located just downriver from Kisangani (formerly known as Stanleyville), a large city on the Congo River. Boat traffic provided almost the only means of transportation for the local people, as there were very few roads in the country. The river was navigable from Kisangani to Kinshasa (formerly known as Leopoldville). Alain, Gaston and I met in Kisingani and arranged with a boatman to take us to Yangami in a small pirogue. Somehow, I found it completely appropriate that my first trip in this vast, undeveloped country was in a small boat, almost like a canoe, with a tiny motor.

Visiting the research station was a strange experience because it had been completely abandoned. Zaire had very recently

gone through a bloody civil war and most foreigners had left the country. After the war, the Belgians, no longer having any control over the country, had not returned to the station. The buildings were all of excellent construction and in good condition. All the furniture had disappeared from the houses as well as all the furniture from the laboratories and offices, but all the scientific equipment and chemicals were untouched. The local people were said to be afraid of these items and also they would have been of no use to them. The purpose of our visit was to see this world famous research center but also to see if we could help restore it and its program for Zaire. We worked with the Government of Zaire over the next few years and helped them establish an agricultural college there with some support from the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations.

From Kisangani, Gaston went on ahead to Kinshasa and Alain and I took a plane to Lubumbashi (in the southern point of the country). We first stopped at Goma, where all the passengers got off the plane and had breakfast. I remember that especially because we had delicious fresh strawberries. Our next stop was at Kalemie (formerly Albertville) on the shore of Lake Tanganika. Alain and I had time for a nice stroll up and down the shoreline while waiting for the plane to unload and load cargo. Then we went on to Lubumbashi (formerly Elizabethville) in the heart of the copper mines and other mineral wealth of the country. Here we spent a couple of days visiting the university, which was receiving major support from the Ford Foundation.

Our last stop in Zaire was Kinshasa, the Capitol, quite a modern city with a nice Intercontinental Hotel. The Foundation supported several projects there and Gaston had arranged for visits to the university and for meetings with government officials. All of the meetings in Zaire were in French so it was essential for me to have Alain and Gaston accompany me. I found that I could follow about 50% of the conversations, but that was not enough. I improved my competence in French but throughout my travels in West Africa, in countries where the language was French, someone

who was fluent always accompanied me.

### **Nigeria, Office and Home**

Nigeria, the most populous country (80 million) in Africa, gained its independence from Great Britain in 1960. In the last several decades of British rule, the country had been administered as 3 regions plus Lagos, which was the seat of administrative authority. The northern region was predominately Moslem, its largest ethnic group was Hausa, and its administrative capitol was Kano. The Eastern region was predominately Christian, its largest ethnic group was Ibo, and its administrative capitol was Enugu. The western region had a mix of Christian and Moslem religions but a Christian majority, its largest ethnic group was Yoruba, and its administrative capitol was Ibadan.

There was no real sense of national unity and in 1967 the eastern region declared itself an independent nation called Biafra and attempted to secede. A civil war followed for 3 years, after which the country was reunited, but there never seemed to be a sense of national unity. In the late 60s, large deposits of oil were discovered in the eastern region and just off its coast, which was another strong reason for Nigeria not to allow the eastern region to secede. At the time I joined the Ford Foundation office in Lagos, the country was just beginning to emerge from the disastrous affects of the war. A military government was in control under the leadership of General Yakuba (Jack) Gowon. He was a Hausa but also a Christian, who had been an excellent leader throughout the war and was proving to be an excellent at bringing the country together. I met him on several occasions and he was always a most charming individual.

Under British control, the 3 regions had developed quite independently of one another, although all regions had agricultural-based economies: groundnuts (peanuts) and cotton in the north, oil palm in the east, and cocoa in the west. Each also had its own university with Ahmadu Bello University in Zaria in the north, University of Nigeria in Nsukka in the east, University of Ife and

University of Ibadan in Ife and Ibadan in the west, and the University of Lagos in Lagos.

Our office was on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor of a modern building in the small downtown section of Lagos. We had a fairly large staff of well-qualified Nigerians, mainly Yoruba but with a few Ibo and Hausa. English was the official language, so they all spoke English in addition to their ethnic languages. Attached to the office were 15 specialists working on Foundation-supported projects in education, agriculture, economic planning, family planning, child health, public administration, vocational education and industrial development.

I will quote Virginia on our new home:

“Our house, which the Ford Foundation rents, belongs to the University of Lagos and was built to be the Vice Chancellor’s residence. It is interesting and quite comfortable. The downstairs is very open (walls of glass and screen) and we get cross ventilation which is important. There is a large lagoon on one side of the house and the water comes right up to the house so we often have fishermen in small boats that we can almost reach out and touch. The glass walls of the living room/dining area look to the lagoon while a large screen porch on the opposite side looks to the garden. When the tide is in we always have a cool breeze. About half of the year we are quite comfortable because of the sea and land breezes, but during the hot, dry season, the breezes suddenly die and we are left motionless and stifling. We often entertain in our very pleasant yard which is usually quite comfortable in the evening, if recently sprayed for bugs.

Our upstairs (2 bedrooms and a study) is air conditioned with wall units that work very well as long as the electricity keeps coming. We keep everything that would succumb to mildew destruction in these rooms, such as books, records, tapes, clothing and linens.

Our furniture consists of wooden frames for sofas and chairs that have bright colored cotton-covered foam cushions which are removable and washable. A great deal of ‘raffia’ type porch furniture is also used, all made in Lagos, of course. We also

have some fabulous pieces of wood sculpture and paintings that belong to the Ford Foundation office here. Our lawn has a concrete badminton court where we play a lot and it also is a nice place to sit in the afternoon to watch the fishermen's boats on the lagoon. Lagos lies close to the equator so we have equal length of day and night.

We also have a 'chalet', or guesthouse, in one corner of our yard which has a bedroom, bath, sitting room and a tiny kitchen. We reserve this for our very personal friends who come wandering through Lagos and you'd be surprised how many do.

We have 4 servants – a very good cook who also cleans the downstairs and sort of runs the household, a steward who is sweet and simple and honest and does the laundry, serves the table and is in charge of upstairs, a gardener who works every day, all day, except Saturday afternoon and Sunday and, a night watchman who is on duty from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. every night. It is necessary to have someone around at all times for security. The 2 servants who work in the house have apartments on the compound and live there with their families.”

Kathy recently sent me something she had written about her memories of her first arrival in Lagos and our home there. She wrote:

“My first week in Lagos, Nigeria was quite an education. The whole city had a stench about it of piled-up garbage, rotting by the side of the road, open sewers, and dead fish. It could be overwhelming. I had seen poverty and dirty living conditions in Latin America but it didn't approach Lagos. The climate was such that people slept on the side of the road and children ran naked often playing in the open sewers that also ran along the side of the road. There were signs all over the city that said, "no urinating here". People paid little attention. It was a stifling humid kind of heat that took your breath away when you first encountered it either off the airplane or out from an air-conditioned room.

The sun rose at 6:30 am and set at 6:30 p.m. every single day of the year. It was the tropics. Beautiful flowers and lots of vegetation that you could almost watch grow. It was so alive. The

cloth people wore was of vibrant colors and the music was loud and monotonous. People laughed and danced and lived. Lagos was a big business center in those days. A very important place to be on the West African coast. And the people were packed in. The traffic was not to be believed. It could take 3 hours just to go from our house to the airport, which was about 15 miles away.

Lagos itself was built on 3 islands and a strip of mainland. Government and expat residences, museums, and hotels mainly occupied the islands. The mainland was the business center with offices and shops and suburbia spread out from there. This played havoc with the traffic because if one of the bridges got clogged you could sit for hours waiting to move. Everybody made a habit of carrying a book whenever they went anywhere by car in preparation for a 'go slow'.

We lived in a big house on Ikoyi Island right on the bay (the bay no longer exists because they filled it in to build a highway). It was a perfect tropical house because you could completely open it up on 3 sides and catch all the breezes. The front and back section was all screened in but the side panel was not. We rarely opened it because of the mosquitoes but one night it was so hot we decided to chance it. We were gazing out and admiring the tree that ran along the side of the house and we saw a huge rat crawling along. It was time to suffer the heat after that! The house had a large screened in porch and even had a badminton court in the back yard with a small guesthouse at the other end of the yard. We had rats inside the house too. The cook was always putting traps out for them and he often caught them. Once when we knew there was one around and traps had been set I got up in the morning and went to put my leather sandals on. I looked down at them and I couldn't believe my eyes. Somebody or something had taken a huge bite out of one of the leather straps – it had teeth marks on it. I took it down to the cook and showed it to him. I was freaked out. It not only meant that my sandals were ruined but a rat (and they were always giant rats in Lagos) had actually been in my room upstairs. Yuk!!! The cook laughed and laughed. It was the funniest thing he had seen in a long time. He did catch the rat in the next couple of days, though.

The cook in Lagos was great. His name was Philip and he was from the Cameroon. He had been trained in the French army so he made delicious French food. My mother says he always put a glob of fat in the skillet before he put the bacon in to fry – until she caught him at it one day. The Coq au Vin was wonderful. He also made great cookies for "tea" which we used to have about 4 in the afternoon just to help us get through the day. He also served pineapple and cottage cheese salad A LOT. To this day I am not crazy about pineapple because I had to eat so much of it. My parents entertained a lot and so my mother had some standards that she served to big gatherings like beef ragout on rice. She used to bring chocolate bars with her from the States and make chocolate chip ice cream using the reconstituted vanilla ice cream we could get there. She also grew watercress in a window box.”



## **Early Impressions of Staff and Grantees and the Overall Program**

I found most of the Foundation staff, both national and foreign, to be very well qualified and dedicated to their work, and in both Nigeria and Ghana, I found the government civil servants to be outstanding. They followed the same British system as in Burma and India, where the individuals (usually titled either Permanent Secretary or Secretary) who really run the various ministries are professional managers who retain their positions no matter what political changes. Some readers may recall the British TV series “Yes, Mr. Minister” which quite accurately portrayed the role of the Permanent Secretary in the British system. I recall my first meeting with the Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Development in which I reviewed some programs and proposed changes in other programs. At the end of our discussion, I asked if I should meet the Minister to discuss these matters and the Secretary said, “No, you



don't need to meet with him, I will inform him of his position on the issues."

I was fortunate that my secretary was the wife of the Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Development, so she could always get me meetings with appropriate government officials.

Our local staff members all had been with the Foundation for several years which had its positive and negative aspects. They were all quite competent, but it was not always easy to change old work patterns. Alicia Mina took charge of administrative matters in the office and the preparation of reports on terminated grants. She found that being from Mexico rather than the United States helped her a great deal in communication and in general dealing with the local staff. They identified with her as being from a developing country and respected her for her ability to demonstrate good work rather than just telling them what to do. She had excellent cooperation and rapport with staff throughout her stay in Nigeria and was able to prepare appropriate closing documentation on the dozens and dozens of terminated grants throughout the region.

While I found the professional staff to be well qualified in their respective fields, I thought the overall thinking and planning was too narrowly focused on projects in individual countries and not enough on broader regional activities. There were 5 countries with English as the national language, Gambia, Ghana, Liberia, Nigeria and Sierra Leone, and I thought we should have at least one program that could have similar goals in each of the countries. Similarly, there were 10 countries with French as the national language, Chad, Cameroon, Dahomey (now Benin), Ivory Coast, Mali, Niger, Senegal, Togo, Upper Volta (now Burkina Faso) and Zaire where I also thought we should try to have a common endeavor.

The French/American who I had invited to travel through Zaire with me did not accept my invitation to join our staff, but instead took a position at the University of California, Berkeley, where he is still on the faculty as Professor of Agricultural Economics. I then invited Ralph Harbison, who had been on the

staff in Bogota, to join our staff to provide leadership for Foundation supported activities in education throughout the region.

### **School in Switzerland for Kathy**

In the fall, Virginia, Kathy and I flew to Zurich and took the train to Lugano where we stayed at the elegant Hotel Splendide. The next day we went to the campus of the American School, met the Headmistress and got Kathy registered. Her dorm was not finished yet so she stayed in a 'pensione' with other students for the first few months. The school was on a hill overlooking the city and the lake, a wonderful sight. Virginia and I stayed a second night and then took the train back to Zurich and a plane to Lagos.

Kathy's school had a very diverse student body with many of the students coming from families living overseas. However, others were Americans wanting a different school experience and some students were from wealthy Middle East families.

The school had high academic standards, but in addition to regular school life, they had many cultural trips to Florence and other places in Italy, holidays on the beaches of Yugoslavia and skiing at St. Moritz. They also had sports contests with other schools in Zurich and other cities in Switzerland. Except for the skiing, which Kathy never enjoyed, I think she had a wonderful time at school and made several life long friends.

### **Getting Acquainted with the Region**

In my first 6 months in West Africa, I traveled a great deal to become familiar with all of our grantees and the characteristics of the various countries. One of my first trips after we moved to Lagos was to visit the site of the International Institute for Tropical Agriculture, near Ibadan. Its Director General, Dr. Herbert Albrecht, and his wife, Helen, were wonderful hosts and we visited them several times. It was a very pretty 3-hour drive to Ibadan, through teak forests, rubber groves, cocoa and oil palm plantations.

On another trip, Virginia and I flew to Accra, where I spent several days reviewing our program activities and renewing contact

with the Vice Chancellor of the University of Ghana and government officials. There had been a recent bloodless coup and General Acheampong had taken military control of the government. Ghana had become an independent country, following British Colonial rule, in 1956, and its first leader, Kwame Nkrumah, declared himself President for life in 1959. He was overthrown in a military coup in 1966 and this had been followed by a series of coups of which General Acheampong's was the latest. Renate was able to make an appointment for me to meet him at his headquarters in Camp Burma, just outside Accra. I had a good meeting with him and he promised full support for the Ford Foundation projects and also said he would stop all corruption in the country. Looking back, he did work to stop corruption and was a good leader for a few years, but then succumbed to corruption in his own government and was overthrown.

From Accra, Virginia and I had a very interesting drive back to Lagos crossing the countries of Togo and Dahomey. We drove through beautiful coconut palm tree plantations, along white sandy beaches, and through interesting little villages. On Sunday many people were going to church and every one dressed most colorfully. Of course, leaving Ghana, entering and leaving Togo, entering and leaving Dahomey, and entering Nigeria meant going through immigration and customs at each border, all of which required forms to be filled out and passports checked to be sure we had visas.

We found that Lagos was by far the worst city in the region but it was also the most vital and busy. It was overcrowded, congested in every way, with poor utilities and service, dirty, hot and humid. Even so, it was exciting, colorful and interesting. Abidjan, Ivory Coast, was quite a modern city with nice hotels and good utilities as was Dakar, Senegal. Other cities in the region varied widely between the condition of Lagos and Abidjan. Both Ghana and Senegal had been major slave trading areas in the early 1800s and the Slave Castles on the Gold Coast of Ghana are still major tourist attractions as is the Island of Goree, Senegal, which was the center of the slave trade in that country.

The countries of Mali, Upper Volta, Niger and Chad were mainly in the Sahelian region with scarce rainfall and frequent droughts. Their economies were still built on agriculture with the major crops being, sorghum, millet and cotton. Senegal and Gambia both had groundnuts (peanuts) as a major crop, and Senegal also had cotton and sorghum. Liberia had large rubber plantations and a great deal of rice while Sierra Leone had rice and forestry. Ghana and the Ivory Coast had both oil palm and cocoa.

Traveling to all these countries and having discussions with university administrators and staff, government officials, and political leaders strengthened my belief that some regional programs were feasible and desirable, possibly in education. The French had done very little in terms of education for the people in their colonies, and the British had put a huge effort into university education but had done little in primary and secondary schools.

### **Our First Christmas in Lagos**

We found in Lagos that a Christmas party for staff and spouses was a tradition and we were advised that Nigerian staff often brought along friends or other family members so we planned on about 100 – Virginia said, “can you imagine cooking rice for 100 people along with everything else”. Anyway, our cook, Philip, prepared the food and about 80 actually attended. Kathy arrived home from school in Lugano a day before the party so she was a big help and all the staff enjoyed meeting her. Virginia writes:

“We were sorry not to have planned to take pictures of our Nigerian guests in their beautiful, elegant robes – both men and women. Really, they are so handsome, and wear a big headtie (women) or a perky little hat to match their robe (men). They all are marvelous dancers and love to dance (we danced on our badminton court in the yard by the lagoon). We had a band of about 25 pieces, which was quite good. They played ‘high life’ music that is what all West Africans love, but they also played some waltzes, foxtrots and Christmas Carols. Bill got so hot and sweaty that he went in and changed his shirt at least once in the

evening. We had a breeze most of the time so it was comfortable to just sit and visit, but when you danced you got awfully hot. On counting the silver and dishes this morning, I find we are missing 3 dinner plates! What could have happened to them, I can't think. We have looked under all the bushes and across the fences into neighbor's yards and in all the corners but so far they are just gone. One of the plates is one borrowed from one of our staff members and another is from our good Mexican plates but I guess that isn't much considering such a big party that went on until 3 a.m. Philip's food was delicious – rice, meatballs, shrimp Creole, cabbage salad, garlic bread and cake – and we had enough. Of course, the bar was also in operation throughout the evening.”

### **In Nigeria, Multiple Wives and a Visit to a Village Court**

After Christmas, I traveled extensively in Nigeria to become familiar with all of the Foundation's support activities. While the West and Central Africa office of the Foundation covered 15 countries, about 50 percent of all its support was in Nigeria. The on-going support covered a wide range of public administration, agriculture, social sciences, language and linguistics and economics. I was particularly interested in one project with Ahmadu Bello University in Northern Nigeria. A social scientist from Kansas State University, David Norman, with Foundation support, was studying family structure in the Moslem culture. He wanted to determine what constituted a “family” in this setting (where more than one wife was the norm) and also to document the informal legal system in villages in that region.

David was on his third year of study, and was well known and respected in the region. His student assistants were from the region and spoke the local dialects, of which there were many. I was able to visit villages, individual home compounds and informal courts with him. In the individual home compounds we always had to hold our discussions with the male head of the household and women were rarely present. David had decided “a family is defined as those living together who eat from a common pot”. A compound often had several dwellings, one for each wife, but they ate from

one common central place of cooking.

On one occasion I was able to accompany David and his assistants as they sat in on an informal village court. There were about 5 village elders who were holding court and we all sat on the ground under a tree in the village. David's assistants were able to give me a running translation of the discussion. The person bringing a complaint against another person in the village would first present his complaint and the other person would have a chance to respond. The village elders would question both of them and then have them move a distance away while they pondered the issues. They would then have the parties return and the village chief would render the verdict, which was accepted without comment. It was a very interesting experience and obviously a traditional system that was working well without legal fees.

Another interesting visit I had on this tour was at the University of Ife, where the Foundation was supporting work in reviving traditional arts and theatre. It was a very unique and successful program, and Virginia and I gave it lots of encouragement throughout our stay in Nigeria. The Dean of Agriculture at the University of Ife had been a student at Cornell with me. He was from a very influential Nigerian family (one of his brothers was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court), and was very helpful to us.

### **Discussing an Office in the Ivory Coast**

During these first months after Christmas, I returned to Ghana and also traveled extensively in the Cameroon, Senegal, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Upper Volta, Niger and the Ivory Coast. I found a number of common issues in education and agriculture that I thought should be the basis for regional programs, but I didn't have the staff resources to initiate them. I did decide that we needed a base in one of the French-speaking countries. After visiting all these places, I thought that Abidjan, Ivory Coast, offered the most advantages. It was centrally located, had good airline connections, good telephone and cable connections, and it would be relatively easy to rent an office and find housing. The Director of

Agricultural Research in the Ivory Coast had his doctorate degree from Cornell University and I had become well acquainted with him as well as the Minister of Agriculture. I also had made acquaintance with the Minister for Development and when the subject was broached, they both strongly supported the idea of a Foundation office in Abidjan.

### **Travel with Foundation Officers from Headquarters**

In May, the Foundation's vice president, David Bell, made his first visit to the region. Since Dave's wife was traveling with him, Virginia accompanied us on most of our visits. We were very well received and at the University of Ife the students in the traditional arts and theatre program put on a wonderful show in their outdoor theatre. We also visited the International Institute of Tropical Agriculture in Ibadan, (which the Foundation was financing), and stayed there for a couple of days. It was developing into a really first class international research organization.

From Lagos, we all flew to Abidjan and had excellent meetings with both the Minister of Agriculture and the Minister of Development. Alicia Mina accompanied us to Abidjan and served as interpreter throughout our stay. From all later indications, the Bells were very pleased with what they observed on their visit and we would entertain them again the following year.

The Intercontinental Hotel in Abidjan where we stayed was very unique for Africa. It was managed by the French, was very modern and most unusually had a large bowling alley and an ice skating rink. I never tried the ice rink, which was always busy, but almost always went bowling when I was there.

### **Life Goes On in Lagos**

Here is a copy of some of Virginia's notes about life in Lagos:

“As I sit here writing this, our electricity has been off for 10 ½ hours with no sign of it ever returning, and we are having 25 people in for a cocktail party tonight (with ice, deviled eggs, shrimp, etc. in the refrigerator slowly getting warm and probably

spoiled). The weather is around 90 degrees and the humidity about the same! It is not just our isolated neighborhood but our whole island is having trouble, and probably other areas also.

We are not only living in a developing country in West Africa but we are also living in a city plagued by unbelievable population growth in the past 10 years. This, coupled with affluence (from oil money) which means many new automobiles and motorcycles, shortages of services of all kinds, and congestion beyond imagination. Bill leaves the house at 7:15 each morning in order to beat the traffic. He can get to the office in 10 minutes going that early, whereas if he waits until 7:30 it will take him 45 minutes and he often will get out and walk the last 7 or 8 blocks and lets the driver sit in the traffic.

Since hotel rooms are at a premium here, really never available, the Foundation also keeps a guest flat with at least 3 bedrooms all the time for Foundation visitors. It is amazing the number of people who find their way to Lagos, for one reason or another. A few days ago, I was astounded to see Bill bringing home 2 elderly ladies for tea. One lives in Fairhaven (Whitewater, Wisconsin) and of course knows Fern. They are on a world tour (23 retired teachers) and Fern had said "call on Virginia" and they did. We had a nice visit and Bill talked to the group for about half an hour the next morning.

Lagos does not offer much in the way of entertainment and there are very few really good restaurants. There are almost no good movies and night clubs are interesting but for most people a one-time-only sort of thing. There is a National Museum lecture or program once a month and a concert about every 3 months, so mostly people fend for themselves.

Having servants does not mean that one simply turns the whole operation over and lives a life of luxury. I do most of the shopping, plan the meals and have to constantly oversee the kitchen and house even though my cook is intelligent and very good. I learned long ago that if you want things to go right you must oversee the operation yourself.

There are Clubs and we belong to a tennis and swimming club which alone has 700 members. It shows ancient movies every Sunday night on the lawn and it has a fair restaurant. I try



to swim for an hour every day possible and once in awhile I go over and bat the tennis ball on the backboard. Bill belongs to the Lagos Lawn Tennis Club, which is mostly Nigerian men, and they are all very good players. I often go along to watch the men's tennis games in the late afternoon because they are exciting and good.

There are boating clubs and some beaches but West African beaches are notorious for their dangerous surf. Getting into one of the clubs is a very formal process."

An interesting thing happened when we were applying to enter the tennis and swimming club. As was often the case, I was out of Lagos when we were to be "introduced" to the selection committee, which was part of the ritual, so Virginia had to represent us. You had to have a member "introduce" you to the committee and a young American staff member from our office was to introduce her. A requirement for such occasions was a coat and tie or national dress for the men. The young American, who was very much into Nigerian customs, wore a Nigerian outfit to the meeting and the committee would not let him introduce Virginia because he was not properly dressed. He objected and said, "I have on National Dress" and the committee said, yes, but it isn't "your" national dress. So he went home to change and while Virginia went ahead and met the committee members. We became members of the club.

### **Europe with the Burnhams**

We had agreed with the Burnhams to meet in Zurich when Kathy's school finished for the year so we could travel by train together to Italy and France. Dan, Jean, Steve, Jane and Tom arrived in Zurich a day ahead of us and were at the St. Gothard Hotel when we arrived. They had taken a train to Lucerne and a cable car trip up to the top of the still snow-covered mountains. The following day (June 3<sup>rd</sup>) we took the wonderful train-ride through the Alps to Lugano and checked into the Bellevue du Lac Hotel before going to Kathy's school.

Kathy joined us and we went to Milan, where we changed trains for Genoa. At the rail station in Genoa we booked rooms in the nearby Vitoria Hotel. We were only in Genoa for one evening but enjoyed the old city with its hills overlooking the harbor and world famous port. In the early evening, we walked down to the docks, and watched the large passenger ship, the Leonardo, go out to sea.

The next morning we took the “direct” train from Genoa. We found that in Italy the “direct train” meant it stopped at every station. However, we enjoyed all the stops, including Monaco, and had a leisurely lunch on the train with wine. We arrived in San Raphael, France, in the early afternoon and stayed at the Hotel Continental right on the Mediterranean beach. Unfortunately, the weather was chilly so we did not enjoy the wonderful beach as much as we had expected. After 2 days we were on the train again, this time for Toulouse. We were getting to be better train travelers and had bought fruit and things in the market in San Raphael for snacks on the train. When we arrived in Toulouse, we checked in at the Caravelle Hotel and then went sightseeing before dinner. We recall that Tom accidentally locked himself in his bathroom at the hotel and Steve, who was sharing the room, had an interesting time getting it unlocked.

From Toulouse, we took the train to Paris the next morning and enjoyed the rolling countryside with a few old castles along the way. In Paris, we went directly to our hotel on the Left Bank, the Hotel de Saumer. Over the next few days, we took in all the sights – The Rodin Museum, Napoleon’s Tomb, Versailles, Notre Dame and the St. Chappelle, Montmartre and the Sacre Coeur, the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower and a boat ride on the Seine. Of course we ate at all kinds of restaurants and Dan and I had a memorable lunch together at a wonderful Basque restaurant.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> of June, we split up and the Burnhams caught the train to the hovercraft for London while Virginia, Kathy and I flew to Madrid and, after a few days, took the train to Lisbon, Portugal. We had expected to spend some time on the beach in

Portugal but the weather was rainy and chilly so we spent most of our time in the hotel watching a British tour group having an elegant dance competition.

It was a great trip for all of us and we are forever grateful that we had this time together for in only a few months we lost Dan. He had been battling cancer for several years but wanted to make this trip with his family while there was still time. He was a wonderful husband to Jean and father to their children and a great friend to Virginia, our family, and me.

### **A State Dinner and Other Things**

While it seems sometimes like there was so much going on socially that I must not be doing much work, that wasn't the case. I was always busy on the job and spent many weekends in the office catching up. As representative of the Ford Foundation we were invited to many things that sound more interesting than my day-to-day work. They were interesting but not always easy. Virginia wrote to Fern on August 26, 1973:

“This has been a busy week. Monday evening we had guests here for dinner. Thursday night we went to a formal reception given in honor of President Naimery of Sudan and his wife. It was mostly diplomatic and government people, but we saw some friends and met some new ones and it was a lovely evening out on the lawn of one of the Government mansions. Saturday night we went to a fancy night club downtown to a big private dinner party (50 guests) in honor of a Ford Foundation couple who are leaving. The Nigerian doctor, who headed the big children's hospital, where the wife of the couple had assisted for several years, gave it. There were all kinds of VIPs there besides a few “of us”. We enjoyed it very much – the food was good and we danced a bit.

Next Tuesday, Bill and I have been invited to a State Banquet the Military Head of State is giving in honor of the President of Sudan who is visiting here. We gather it is a ‘must’ because there was not even an R.S.V.P. on the invitation! It says we must wear formal dress – black tie for Bill and long dress with

gloves for me. I do have a long dress which is proper, silk, fits nicely although 11 years old and I'll wear long black jersey gloves you had many years ago – remember??? Evidently the Ford Foundation has not been on this diplomatic list before, because the office personnel were very surprised at our invitation, but we think it will be fun and interesting.”



### **Northern Nigeria and the Sallah**

In October, a visitor, Dr. Rao, flew out from our New York office. We were going to visit some university projects in northern Nigeria and decided to time the trip to see the annual Sallah in the north for the Moslem Holy festival at the end of their month of fasting. Sallah really means prayer, but in this case it meant not only the coming together for prayer but also was a traditional event at Katsina, the home of the most important Emir in Nigeria. At this event all the different tribes came and pledged their loyalty to the Emir. In a letter to Fern, Virginia describes this event very well which she, Dr. Rao, Alicia Mina, and I attended:

“We came here to Kano by plane from Lagos, about 700 miles, where a Foundation car and driver met us. The city of Kano is a very old Moslem city that has thick mud walls around it and people who are not Moslem cannot live inside. Our hotel is, of course, outside the walls and there are many people living outside. We visited the camel market where ugly scraggly camels are for sale along with long-horned, skinny cattle and goats. It is very hot and dry here, we are not far from the edge of the Sahara Desert so the animals don't get much to eat and they all look

pretty skinny and ill-fed.

Yesterday, we drove 100 miles farther north to Katsina to watch the Sallah where the Moslems gather to pray at the end of their 'lent' and also to parade in their gorgeous and colorful finery on horseback, camels, donkeys, or foot to pay homage to their Emir, or religious and cultural leader. The praying took place in a lovely large grove of trees and it was most impressive – very quiet and reverent while there must have been 1,000 people at least and probably many more. They all had on blue robes and it looked like a sea of blue as they bent and touched their foreheads to the ground. The parade was spectacular with the riders on horseback in chain mail, carrying swords, while others were in silk and satin robes, some highly embroidered in gold and silver thread. Even the horses had fancy tassels, bridles, blankets, stirrups, etc. It was like the days of King Arthur or the Middle Ages.”

From Kano, we drove to Kaduna, to the Ahmadu Bello University, for review of some of our program support and to host a cocktail party for about 90 university staff members to say goodbye to one of our staff members who had been working at the university for 5 years.

### **Tom and Jennifer and Alicia’s Mother “Miki” come for Christmas**

Kathy arrived about December 18<sup>th</sup> for Christmas but the airport was bedlam, even more so than usual, when she arrived. Her plane, a DC10, carried 300 people and every seat was filled. Right behind her flight, a Lufthansa flight arrived so Immigration and Customs, which were always a problem, were even slower. Virginia and I waited 3 hours for her.

For Tom and Jenny, who were coming from Europe a couple days later, I went to the airport at 4:30 a.m. to meet their flight but the Harmetan (dust storm from the Sahara) was in full force and planes could not land, so they were diverted to Cotonou. I finally gave up and went home and about mid-day we were informed their plane was landing. Tom and Jenny did not have one record on their

vaccination cards that they needed and so Tom was sent to an office to get it sorted out. Tom had been through such things before and knew they just wanted a bribe to let him go, but he sat and waited them out and they finally got tired and told him to go on through. We were to have our office party that evening with an expected 100-125 guests. Tom and Jenny arrived in time for it.

We had a nice time introducing Tom and Jenny to West Africa and it was nice to have Kathy home at the same time. Tom and Jenny had been married in Townsville, Australia, on September



15, 1972, so this trip to Europe and Africa was somewhat of a belated honeymoon. We had a bit of a problem understanding Jenny's accent but gradually became accustomed to it. Kathy returned to school soon after Christmas and we then took Tom and Jenny to the Oshogbo art center and to IITA for a visit.

Alicia's mother arrived for a visit soon after Christmas so we all did many things together. For Alicia's birthday, her mother made a Piñata and we had a real Mexican birthday party with all the Ford Foundation staff. For Tom's birthday, he said he would like to see something more of West Africa so we, Alicia and her mother drove to Cotonou, Dahomey (now Benin), for a few days. We took some trips out of Cotonou to see the old capitol of Dahomey at Abomey and a fishing village where the houses were all built on stilts above the water. It was a nice trip but we think Tom picked up an amoebae from eating fresh vegetables there and it caused him a great deal of trouble for over a year. He was finally able to have it identified and treated by a doctor at the University of Minnesota medical center, with the help of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta.

## **From Accra to Abidjan**

I continued to believe that if we were to have significant programs in the Francophone countries, we had to have a base in a French language country. After the positive indication from Ivoirian officials for a Foundation presence in the country, I made several trips to check further on the possibility of opening an office there. Then, I made a formal request to our New York office to close the Accra office and open an office in Abidjan, Ivory Coast. The Foundation gave its approval, so Renate accompanied me to Abidjan and we began checking on available office space and housing. We were able to find very good office space and put a tentative hold on it.

We had no money for our initial payments, since we didn't have a bank account in Abidjan and the Foundation was having trouble transferring funds. Renate and I visited the main bank in Abidjan to see about opening an account and getting an advance of funds. We were warmly received and with no more formalities than our visit, we were able to open a bank account and were given a line of credit, interest free. Such was the honesty of our appearance. Fortunately, the Foundation was soon able to transfer funds.

We went ahead and rented offices and purchased furniture on faith that we would obtain official approval from the Ivorian Government for our office and the necessary tax exemptions required by the Foundation. We drafted a proposed agreement between the Ford Foundation and the Government of the Ivory Coast and presented this to the Foundation's legal counsel and to the Foreign Office in Abidjan. After reviewing and making some changes, both the Foreign Office and the Foundation agreed on a document to be signed.

The signing of this document was the cause of a small problem with the American Ambassador in Abidjan. I had met him several times during my visits and had explained to him that we would be having a signing ceremony with the Minister of Foreign Affairs but I was not inviting any representation from the American

Embassy. I wanted it to be very clear that we were an independent organization and I felt that if the American Ambassador were there the publicity would highlight him and infer that we were a part of the Embassy. The Ambassador was quite upset not to be included and contacted Mr. Bundy, President of the Ford Foundation. As was always the case, Mr. Bundy advised the Ambassador that this was a decision for me to make in light of the local situation. We had a very formal signing ceremony, without the American Ambassador, and the arrangement for our office moved ahead very quickly.

Renate closed out the Accra office and moved to Abidjan, taking responsibility for the office. Susan Goodwille, who had worked in the Ivory Coast in the peace Corps, transferred from the Lagos office to lead the program work in the Francophone region. Ralph Harbison also transferred from the Lagos office and started to develop a regional program in education. They all did excellent work in program development, monitoring and office management.

### **Kathy's Graduation and More Travel in Europe**

Kathy had applied to several colleges in the United States for entrance in the fall of 1973, as she was to graduate from the American School in early June. She was accepted at Mills College in Oakland, Macallister in St. Paul, and Hillsdale in Michigan, and decided she wanted to go to Mills.

Both Virginia and I went to Switzerland for her graduation and then a trip to Vienna. Her graduation was a festive occasion with a banquet, preceded by a cocktail party and then a very nice graduation ceremony. All of the girls and boys seemed sad to be leaving. After the graduation, the school nurse who had been the "mother" of Kathy's house gave a party on her patio overlooking the mountains and lake. Very nice.





We had a beautiful train ride from Lugano to Salzburg, Austria, where we enjoyed the sights including a visit to Mozart's home and the castle where the movie "The Sound of Music" was made. From there we went on to Vienna for more wonderful sight seeing. We visited castles, the famous cathedral, museums, the Spanish Riding Academy, bakery shops and capped it all off with an evening at the famous Vienna Concert Hall.

We flew from Vienna to Frankfurt and then on to Lagos. Kathy did a lot of work in the office in the summer helping Alicia with the files. Alicia had done such good work on getting old projects closed out that the New York office sent 2 staff members out to spend some time with her to see how she was doing it, so they could try and instill similar procedures in other Foundation offices.

### **Introducing Foundation Trustees to Central and Western Africa**

Trustees of the Ford Foundation were always interested in visiting field offices and during the summer of 1973 we had several of these visits. The first visit was by 2 women trustees who were particularly interested in family planning and in programs for women and children. One of the women was a Dean at the University of Massachusetts and the other was a senior professor at another university. We decided to introduce them to programs in Niger and Nigeria. Their visit coincided with the very severe drought in the Sahel (which Niger was part of) and they wanted to see something of its effects, so we planned some road travel.

Gaston Rimlinger and I flew to Sokoto in northern Nigeria where a Foundation car and driver met us and we drove to Niamey, the capitol of Niger. The road was really miserable so we had planned for some tire trouble and carried 2 spare tires. Before we got to Niamey, we had ruined 2 tires, so we arrived without a spare. Fortunately, we were able to buy replacements for the return trip. The woman in charge of family planning activities in our Lagos office flew to Niamey to meet us. The trustees flew in from Europe

and all went well with the visits. Since there was not room in the car for all of us, Gaston, who was fluent in French, accompanied the trustees by road back to Sokoto, Nigeria, where we had arranged for a charter plane to fly them to Ibadan to visit IITA. I later joined them in Ibadan where we visited the University of Ibadan and also went to the University of Ife, before visiting projects in Lagos. Of course, in Lagos, Virginia always had the enviable job of organizing and giving a dinner for trustees and VIP guests.

Another trustee and his wife visited Nigeria that summer. He was President of a black college (Clark College) in Atlanta and was very interested in African affairs, although he knew little about them. They were a very outgoing couple who were easy to entertain and he was extremely pleased with all the programs we were able to show him. I accompanied the trustee and his wife to Ghana where, even though our office had been closed, we still had a very active presence. At the end of the visit in Ghana, I took them to the coast at Elmina to see the famous slave castles where slaves were kept prior to shipment to the Caribbean and the Americas. Some of these “castles” have been converted to office buildings while others are retained as museums. Several are of white stone and are very striking. I always remember what the wife of the trustee said when we were leaving one of the dungeons in one of the castles. She said, “It was a terrible thing that they went through but for my sake I’m glad it happened and I got to America”. She was not as enthusiastic about Africa as her husband.

### **April in Paris**

About the time we moved to Lagos, the Foundation opened an office in Paris to monitor Foundation support for programs in Europe. Its location was excellent for meetings of Foundation staff based in Africa since there were good flights to Paris from all parts of Africa. We had several meetings there during our stay in Lagos. The Paris office maintained a small apartment for Foundation visiting staff, and Virginia and I were able to use it on one trip.

The occasion that we stayed at the Foundation’s apartment

coincided with several days of holidays in France, so we had considerable free time. The apartment was conveniently located to markets and subways and we often just walked to the nearby market to buy fruit, cheese, wine and rolls and returned to our apartment for lunch or an evening snack. Often while I was meeting with consultants, Virginia took walking tours and became well acquainted with much of the city. She found that she could easily communicate with waiters in cafes since many were Spanish.

During the last few days of this trip, I had meetings in Dijon with the Dean of Agriculture so Virginia and I took the train from Paris and had an enjoyable few days in Dijon. The Dean of Agriculture was one of the few Frenchmen with a university degree from the United States. He had obtained his doctorate at Michigan State University. Later he and several of his staff members served as consultants in our program in West Africa, particularly in Zaire. From Dijon, we took the train to Geneva, Switzerland, and flew back to Lagos.

### **Kathy Enters Mills College**

In August we went on home leave and visited our families in Wisconsin and Iowa before accompanying Kathy to California to enter school. As it turned out, Tom and Jenny were arriving in San Francisco (moving to the United States) on September 4<sup>th</sup>, the day before Kathy was to register at Mills. We all met in San Francisco and went with Kathy to enroll. Virginia insisted that Kathy have something to keep her company so we purchased a small ivy plant for her to keep in her room, which she did for all 4 years.

### **Finally a Regional Program**

Back in West Africa everything seemed to be coming together the way I wanted. Both the Lagos and Abidjan offices were functioning well and the morale of local and foreign staff was high. Best of all, the idea of a regional program was showing signs of becoming a reality. With encouragement by Ralph Harbison and financial support from the Ford Foundation, a regional association

of universities had been formed for the Francophone countries and another for the Anglophone countries. Another part of the regional program was graduate training for administrators in the universities in both regions. For the Francophone region, we had worked out an agreement with a French-Canadian university in Quebec, Canada, and we had several centers for such training in English in the United States as well. We also had a regional program underway in agricultural economics, with joint research projects as the focus.

### **On Safari at Christmas**

For Christmas, 1974, we thought it would be nice to visit East Africa since Kathy, Virginia, Alicia and Renate had not been there. We booked a tour guide and minibus, which meant we would be on our own rather than with a large group. We flew to Nairobi and checked into the Intercontinental Hotel a couple of days before Kathy was due to arrive from California. I went to the airport to meet Kathy's plane but missed her in the huge crowd. I finally checked with the airline and they told me she had already cleared immigration and customs, so I phoned our hotel and Kathy was already there. The captain of her plane and the rest of the flight crew had given her a ride there.

Everything about our Safari worked out very well. Our



guide was excellent and having the minibus to ourselves made it very convenient to stop and go whenever we wanted. We first drove from Nairobi to Arusha, Tanzania, where we stayed in a hotel one night before going on to our first Tent Camp at Taringire,

where we spent 2 days going out in the mornings and evenings to observe large herds of elephants. From there we drove to the Ngoro

Ngoro Crater where we stayed in a lodge on the rim of the crater. In the crater we saw some magnificent male lions and rhinoceros. We spent Christmas in a nice lodge at Lake Manyara, with its famous tree-climbing lions. After that we crossed over the border back to Kenya to Ambosela Park, where we could look up to snow-capped Mt. Kilimanjaro as well as visit nearby herds of elephants, cheetahs, giraffes, and zebras. After Ambosela, we spent a day and a night in the comfortable Salt Lick Lodge before we returned to Nairobi.

In Nairobi, we rented a car and drove to Naivasha on Lake Nakuru to see the thousands of flamingos, pelicans, and hippos. We then went on to a lovely old British hotel near Mt. Kenya, with beautiful gardens and a cool mountain climate where we spent New Year's Eve, dancing and eating a 7-course dinner. The next day, Kathy, Renate and Alicia went with a group to spend the night at Treetops Lodge to watch the animals. I had been there before and Virginia had seen enough animals so we stayed at the hotel until they returned. We then drove back to Nairobi where Kathy left to return to Mills and the rest of us flew to Lagos.

### **A Program Review in Tunisia and Algeria**

Soon after we moved to Lagos, I was invited to join a Ford Foundation team to review the wheat program in Tunisia and Algeria (being carried out by CIMMYT in Mexico, with Ford Foundation support). The project was doing well. I had not been in either of the countries before and found the country of Tunisia very interesting. The Mediterranean area is well known for its hard durum wheat, so important for pasta products, and Tunisia is a large producer of durum, as is Algeria. In addition to observing the advances in wheat, we were able to visit some of the interesting markets in Tunis and the famous ruins of Carthage.

In Tunis while we were waiting to board our plane for Algiers, there was a sudden flurry of activity and all baggage was brought back into the terminal and examined. When we finally got on the plane, we had to wait for some time until 4 people were

escorted on the plane at the last moment. When we landed in Algiers, we were instructed to wait until the 4 people were off and driven away. The Ford Foundation representative who was familiar with the area informed us that the key person among the 4 was the Palestinian leader, Yasar Arafat.

We stayed at the St. Georges Hotel in Algiers. It had a large plaque announcing that General Eisenhower had stayed there on several occasions during World War II. We took long drives out of Algiers and one day trip by plane to an area to review the program. We also landed at an oasis, in the middle of the desert with water and date palms. The evening before we left the Algerians had a different kind of party for us than I had experienced before. The weather was very chilly and we were in an unheated room at an agricultural research station. They had one table set up, but no chairs. On the table was a large lamb that had just been roasted on a spit over a pit fire as well as lots of bottles of Algerian red wine and glasses. There were no utensils so you just reached in and pulled out a nice piece of meat and ate it. We ate well and drank lots of red wine.

### **Interesting Times in Zaire**

Two trips to Zaire were memorable. On one, when I was leaving Kinshasa and going through Immigration at the airport, the senior officer on duty looked at my passport and then asked me to step into his office. When we got in the office and he closed the door we chatted a bit (his English was good) and then he said that I should give him some American money so I could go on with my journey. I had been through somewhat similar experience in other places in Africa but none as intimidating as being alone in the office of a senior official. Anyway, I kept my cool and told him I couldn't give him money because it was illegal and his government could charge me with bribery. He said it wasn't bribery but rather that I as a wealthy American was just helping a friend. We discussed the issue back and forth for a long time and finally he handed me my passport and told me to go ahead and get on the plane. I was very

glad to do so.

On another trip to Zaire, our office was financing a joint meeting of U.S. Congressmen, African political leaders, and Government Officials. The objective of the meeting was to have discussions on political problems, particularly with white rule in what was then Rhodesia and apartheid in South Africa and South West Africa and to seek ways that the United States could help resolve these problems. There were about 5 U. S. Representatives there, with Barbara Jordan from Texas, Pat Schroeder from Colorado, and Andrew Young from Georgia among them, as well as present political leaders from Zimbabwe (then called Rhodesia), Namibia, South Africa and senior officers from the Foreign Affairs Ministries of several African countries.

The only one of the U.S. delegation who had a clue as to anything about Africa, or seemed to care, was Andrew Young. Throughout the meeting he kept bringing both the Africans and the Americans back to reality. I remember in particular 2 times when he got them back on track. On one occasion, many of the African leaders were proposing that the United States send troops to southern Africa to help enforce independence and overthrow apartheid. He quietly commented, "Nigeria has a standing army of 400,000 troops and several other countries represented here have large armies, how can you ask the United States to send troops when you are not willing to commit your troops?" No one had an answer. On another occasion, the Foreign Ministers were urging the U.S to put an embargo on any goods from Rhodesia, South West Africa and South Africa. Again, Andrew Young commented, "You ask the United States to put an embargo on all goods from these places, yet I understand that the beef we are eating in this hotel all comes from Rhodesia and all the wine and vegetables come from South Africa. How can you ask the United States to enforce an embargo when Zaire is getting about one-third of all its food supply from these countries?" Again, there was no reply. I was proud of him, and have been a great admirer ever since.

On the final day of the meeting, the President of Zaire,

Mobuto Sese Seko, gave a cocktail-reception for the group on the lawn of his residence. As we were going in, I unconsciously had put my hand in my pants pocket and withdrew it just as I approached the President so I could shake his hand. As I took my hand out of my pocket 3 security guards rushed toward me, but fortunately saw my hand was empty.

### **Ndjamena, the Capitol of Chad**

Another memorable trip was the one and only trip that I made to Ndjamena, Chad. One of the trainees in the regional education program was from there and Susan Goodwillie and I were following up on his work. We first reviewed some programs in the Cameroon and then flew from Douala on a small plane that seemed to stop at all the villages along the way. Since it was our first visit there, we expected to not only visit this one individual but to have a number of meetings with government officials to explore possible projects for cooperation. We found the government in the middle of great turmoil in which the President had all senior government officials return to their villages to be indoctrinated in traditional values. For many, this meant going through very traumatic tribal rites. It was a scary time to visit. We couldn't find anyone who would meet with us other than the one former trainee, and he was reluctant to spend much time with us. From Ndjamena, I was to go to Ouagadougou, Upper Volta, and Susan was to go to Bamako, Mali, but our flights weren't scheduled to leave for 2 days. We decided that we wanted to get out of the country fast and found that we could get on a plane that afternoon to Paris, stay overnight at the airport, and then catch early planes the next morning to Bamako and Ouagadougou. We were on the plane that afternoon.

### **Decision Time Again**

In late 1974 and early 1975 there had been an indication that I had been nominated, and was being actively considered, for the position of Director General of the International Institute of Tropical Agriculture (IITA) in Ibadan, Nigeria. The Director



General at that time was reaching mandatory retirement age (65) so early in 1974 the Board of Directors of IITA established a Search Committee. This committee contacted international agencies and individuals among the world agricultural community to request nominations. The Search Committee screened the nominations, and on the basis of qualifications made a short list, of about 10 persons. The committee then checked all these people and made a very short list of 3 with order of preference, and presented it to the full meeting of the Board of Trustees. For some reason, I came out at the head of the list and was contacted to see if I would accept the position.

Virginia and I were aware that this was all going on and had informally discussed it with the then Director General, who was a strong supporter of me for the job, as well as with the American member of the Search Committee. It was a very interesting challenge, and we thought it would be a good way to end our international career. We said we would accept the position if retirement benefits from the Ford Foundation could be worked out satisfactorily.

### **Leaving the Ford Foundation**

The Ford Foundation, as always, was most cooperative and since I had been with the Foundation for 20 years (they counted my 2 years at Cornell since I rejoined the Foundation after getting my PhD), I received full benefits. My retirement annuity was not tied to the Foundation and at IITA I would be able to continue contributions to the same annuity. We took early retirement on July 1, 1975 and started on our new assignment at IITA on September 1<sup>st</sup>.

Alicia opted not to stay on in Lagos and I was unable to offer her an attractive position at IITA. She returned to Mexico and took a position with the international agricultural center, CIMMYT, in personnel administration. Renate, who also accompanied me to West Africa, continued on in Abidjan and later transferred to the Lagos office of the Ford Foundation and still later to IITA.

## **CHAPTER 22**

# **INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TROPICAL AGRICULTURE**

### **History and Responsibility of the Institute**

On September 1, 1975, we arrived in Ibadan to start my new position as Director General of the Institute, the third in its history. The first was Dr. Will H. Myers (from the University of Minnesota) who was appointed Director designate in 1965 during the planning stage for the Institute. He served until 1967 before resigning to become Vice-President of the Rockefeller Foundation, but never lived in Nigeria. The second Director General was Dr. Herbert Albrecht, former President of North Dakota State University, who served from 1968 until his retirement in 1975.

The establishment of IITA (July 24, 1967) was a part of the worldwide plan of the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations to increase food production to help alleviate hunger and malnutrition in the developing countries of the world. Positive results were already seen in the mid-60s with some dramatic increases in rice, corn and wheat yields resulting from research conducted by Institutes established in the Philippines and Mexico. The establishment of IITA in Africa and CIAT in South America completed the plan of the 2 Foundations for research on the major crops of the major regions of the world.

The Government of Nigeria procured 2,500 acres of land near Ibadan for the establishment of the Institute and deeded the land to the Institute for one peppercorn, a traditional act in that part of Africa. The peppercorn is embedded in clear plastic and is kept in a display case at IITA. A civil war in eastern Nigeria, 1967-1970, impeded construction but never stopped it. The first buildings were dedicated in a ceremony at the site on April 20, 1970, by Major General Gowon, Chief of State, together with Mr. McGeorge Bundy, President of the Ford Foundation and Dr. George

Harrar, President of the Rockefeller Foundation. The capital cost investment exceeded \$25 million, a great deal of money in the late 60s and early 70s. The first crops were planted at the site in 1969. Initially the 2 Foundations, the Canadian Government, and the U. S. Government's Agency for International Development shared the operating budget. By the time I became the Director General, the funds for the operating budget came from over 15 countries.

IITA's mandate focused on the humid and sub-humid tropical zones<sup>17</sup>, with particular reference to food crops. In regard to specific crops, IITA had worldwide responsibility, covering all climate zones for the improvement of cowpeas, yams and sweet potatoes. It also had the responsibility for the improvement of maize (corn), rice, cassava, pigeon pea, and soybean in the humid and sub-humid regions of Africa. Additional research was directed at the improvement of other crops of the humid and sub-humid zones (such as lima bean, winged bean, cocoyam, taro, and plantain) that contributed substantially to the diets of the people of these zones. IITA's goal was to improve these crops as well as to cooperate with regional and national programs around the world to see that the results are utilized. In addition, IITA collaborated with the International Board for Plant Genetic Resources on the exploration, collection, conservation, documentation and evaluation of genetic materials of food legumes, root and tuber crops, and rice in the humid and sub-humid regions of Africa. Once the collected materials were documented and evaluated, they were then reproduced and made available to plant breeders and scholars throughout the world. Finally, IITA provided training, conferences and workshops on relevant topics.

At the time I became Director General, the Board of Trustees had members from the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, the Nigerian Ministry of Agriculture, and the Agricultural Colleges of Nigeria. Other members, elected at large, included outstanding

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17. The humid and sub-humid tropical zones include all areas between the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn in which on the average, precipitation exceeds evaporation for 5 months of the year.

agricultural scientists from East and West Africa (Kenya, Cameroon and Ivory Coast), France, England, Canada, Germany, and the



United States. I served as an Ex-Officio member of the Board while IITA's Director of Administration served as Secretary to the Board.

### **Staffing and Facilities**

The Institute had a staff of about 1400. Its

professional staff numbered about 250 and the rest were technicians, laboratory assistants, clerical staff, and laborers. Each year, IITA also received about 20 post-doctoral fellows and about 30 students from universities in Africa, Europe and the United States completing either their Master or Doctoral thesis research under the direction of IITA scientists. The official languages of the Institute were English and French, although staff came from many different nations. These included England, Nigeria, Australia, the United States, Korea, Scotland, Belgium, Cameroon, Canada, Egypt, France, Germany, Ghana, Guatemala, India, Indonesia, Israel, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Philippines, Sierra Leone, Sri Lanka, The Netherlands and Togo.

Housing for the senior scientific staff was provided on the site, as was housing for conference and training participants, postdoctoral fellows and their families, and visiting dignitaries. Laboratories, offices and a conference center with simultaneous translation facilities were provided as well as access to the institute's recreation facilities, including a 9-hole golf course, tennis courts, a squash court, and a swimming pool. Well-equipped facilities and technical staff made it possible to maintain all the institute's vehicles, farm and scientific equipment.

The entire 2,500 acre site was enclosed in a chain link fence with only one entrance, which was controlled by the institute's

own security force. The institute had a second site in Southeastern Nigeria of 400 acres for its research in the high rainfall tropics. Scientists used 4 other research stations in Nigeria in cooperation with Nigerian scientists, and some staff members were based in other countries as well.



### **An International Network**

By the time we joined IITA, it had become part of a global network of 12 international centers covering most of the major food commodities of the developing world. The network was informally coordinated by a Secretariat located in the World Bank, and guided by a committee made up of representatives from the United Nations Development Program, the United Nations Food and Agricultural Program, and the World Bank. Some funding came from these organizations, but the majority came from some 30 countries, foundations and organizations all bound together in an informal group named the Consultative Group on International Agricultural Research (CGIAR). Each institute was autonomous with its own Board of Trustees, and was responsible for its own funding each year.

### **Organization**

IITA was organized into 4 research programs – Roots and Tubers, Grain Legumes, Cereals, and Farming Systems, along with several additional units. These included Conferences and Training, Physical Plant Services, Laboratory Services, Computing Services, Administrative Services, Plant Genetic Resources and an Outreach Program. Each research program was composed of senior scientists (plant breeder, plant physiologist, entomologist, agronomist, microbiologist, and plant pathologist) supported by junior scientists, post-doctoral fellows and laborers. We also had skilled mechanics,

fine instrument technicians, carpenters, farm machinery operators, electricians, plumbers, painters, drivers and storekeepers. The International House served several hundred meals per day and a separate dining facility served lunch for several hundred workers. Buildings and Grounds staff maintained all the buildings and landscaping to a standard equal to anything in the United States. We had a stores facility that was fully computerized and normally had about \$1 million of items on hand. This included auto parts, parts for scientific equipment, farm machinery parts and supplies, air conditioner parts, plumbing supplies, chemicals, electric motors, etc.

The staff of the research programs, laboratory services, computing services and Plant Genetic Resources and Conferences and Training reported to the Director of Research. The staff of Physical Plant Services, Administrative Services, Library Services and Communications reported to the Director for Administration. I held overall responsibility for all programs and units. As Director General, I saw my role as an administrator to address key issues of staffing, resource allocation, funding, and the relationship between IITA and the countries which would utilize the research results.

### **Conducting Research Programs**

Each research program had its own distinct method for achieving the best results in the shortest time. Research on crops was directed at specific plant diseases, soil fertility, insects, crop yield problems and labor constraints facing farmers in the humid and sub-humid regions of the world. Consideration was always given to the conditions under which the crop would be grown outside of IITA, the specific preferences of the consumers, and the need to obtain maximum production with limited purchased inputs. While almost all the plant breeding and selection was done on site at IITA, cooperating scientists in many countries simultaneously carried out plant verification trials. The common thread was research with large numbers of cultivars under high stress conditions. In addition to this research, the Plant Genetic

Resources staff traveled throughout Africa and parts of Asia to collect wild and related species of the crops we were working with, to add to our genetic pool. They would go for weeks at a time traveling to remote places, under very primitive conditions, to seek new cultivars.

In Farming Systems, research was directed at finding the most economically viable crop combinations, soil and crop management, and laborsaving practices for sustainable agriculture. This research was very important since the traditional “slash and burn” agriculture could no longer be sustained due to the rapidly increasing human population and greatly reduced available land for cultivation.

### **Presenting IITA’s Program and Accomplishments**

One of the important responsibilities of the Director General was to present the Institute’s research programs to the funding organizations. Each year, about the first of November, representatives of all the donors in CGIAR gathered for a week of meetings at the World Bank in Washington, DC, where each Director General presented a summary and update of research for his institute. At these meetings the donor representatives indicated the level of support they expected to give for the following year. At first, I was not comfortable giving these presentations, but I came to enjoy them and welcomed the challenge of presenting the outstanding work of IITA scientists and the utilization of the research output in national programs.

Different donor countries gave special attention and support to selected institutes because of special interest or historical association with the region being served. For IITA, the major donors were Australia, Belgium, Canada, Germany, Great Britain and the United States. We classified a major donor as one that gave at least \$1 million in support each year. In addition to these 6 donors, we had about 12 countries, foundations or organizations that gave lesser amounts of support. I made it a practice to visit the capitol of each major donor each year to make a presentation to the

appropriate ministry, agency or department. This would often mean 2 or 3 presentations on each visit – one to a group of scientists serving as advisors to that government or organization, another to the senior administrators in a department of international cooperation and another to senior administrators in a ministry of development or foreign affairs. My first round of visits to these countries was rather difficult, but I soon became well acquainted with many senior officials in each country who remained in office for all the years I was at IITA. Presentations in Belgium, Canada and the United States were always very friendly but always all business. In Australia, Germany and Great Britain they were also very friendly and businesslike but after the business I was always treated to a nice lunch and good conversation.

During the annual meetings in Washington, I always arranged to have some discussion with donor representatives, usually over breakfast, lunch, dinner or a drink. They were all most supportive and I greatly enjoyed my meetings with them. Representatives of our donors were invited to visit IITA at any time and to attend, as observers, our Board of Trustee meetings once or twice each year. Major donors were always represented there.

### **Expanding IITA's Outreach for Cooperation with National Programs**

Programs outside of IITA were negotiated with specific countries and special funding was sought from members of the donor community. Prior to my arrival, 4 agreements with national agricultural research programs were in operation: one in Tanzania, with 3 IITA scientists working with Tanzanian scientists on a National Legumes Research Program based at Kilosa; one in Liberia, with an IITA rice breeder working at the Suakoko Rice Research Station; one in Sierra Leone, with 2 IITA staff members working with Sierra Leone scientists on agronomic and plant pathology problems on mangrove swamp rice at the Rokupr station; 4 production scientists working in Nigeria with its National Accelerated Crop Production Program.



One of my objectives at IITA was to significantly increase the number of cooperative programs, since the utilization of the output of IITA in national programs was one of the most important criteria for measuring success. We were able to establish additional cooperative programs in Brazil, Cameroon, Upper Volta (now Burkina Faso) and Zaire, while maintaining the 4 existing programs. In Brazil, an IITA legume breeder worked very successfully with Brazilian staff. In Cameroon, two programs were established, one on plantain and one on cassava improvement, while the Upper Volta program focused on cereals and legumes. The program in Zaire on cassava was a very large and successful program. Finally, after a number of discussions and my presentation at its headquarters in Basle, Switzerland, we were able to obtain a large grant from CIBA GEIGY for a long-term farming systems program in Sri Lanka that is still going, now with its own funding.

### **Other Special Projects**

I was able to obtain a grant of \$2.5 million from the United Nations Development Program for microbiology work on legumes to identify, isolate and utilize nitrogen-fixing bacteria (rhizobium) on legume roots. This program included cooperation between IITA, Boyce Thompson Institute at Cornell University, and the University of Perth, Australia.

Another important grant came from the European Community to work on a particular pest on cassava, a major food staple in Africa. This pest was the mealy bug that, particularly in Zaire, was eating all the leaves of the plant. It was affecting widespread areas of the country and spreading rapidly across Africa, causing total plant loss in many areas. At IITA, we had found no genetic resistance to the insect and knew that we had to find some means of biological control (since it would be impossible to spray insecticides over the widespread and isolated fields of Africa). I turned to the United States, where the leading university in biological control was the University of California at Berkeley. I found a young Swiss scientist just completing his post-doctoral

program there, who had done outstanding research both in Switzerland and in California, and he accepted my offer to head up this work.

I first authorized him to make an extended trip to Brazil, the center of origin of cassava, to identify and collect natural predators of the insect. He did this and took the collection to Trinidad to the British insect quarantine station for observation and selection, before transporting the appropriate species to IITA for multiplication and testing. It was necessary to make certain that we didn't introduce any insect species that would be devastating to other crops.

The insect species collected attacked and consumed the mealy bugs in isolated trials. We were then faced with the problem of how to multiply and spread the insects throughout Central Africa. Additional staff was assigned to the program and I approached the appropriate division of the European Community. We obtained a large grant to construct a facility for multiplication of the insects and for work on how to distribute them. The scientists devised a method of encasing large numbers of the mealy bug larvae in balls of material that would easily disintegrate. These "balls" were then dropped from airplanes throughout the infested regions of Africa. The result was encouraging and the cassava crop was saved. This program was so successful that the Swiss scientist whom I recruited was recently awarded the World Food Prize for this work.

### **Collaborative Research Agreements with Universities**

Funding a large research organization is costly and there are always new developments and challenges. Science is constantly changing and new and improved equipment must be funded and obtained. Much of this funding must come from new sources and it was one of my responsibilities to find these sources. One of the ways we sought to expand our research capability with little cost was through cooperative agreements with universities in the developed countries. As an American, I first made contact with a

number of leading universities in the United States to develop cooperative agreements. To my surprise, I found the bureaucracy of the American universities impossible to surmount. I would first contact the professor or research scientist in the university who had responsibility for the research of mutual interest. These individuals were always very interested in cooperating with our scientists. However, the individual professor or scientist could not make any commitment and I would have to speak to the head of the department. The head of the department, though interested, could make no commitment so I would have to speak to the dean. The dean could make no commitment and I would have to speak to the head of international programs. Here, I would find interest but no funding and if there was to be cooperation I would have to go seek funding from the Agency for International Development in Washington. It was much too involved to ever achieve results. There were some universities that banded together and obtained funding for cooperative research internationally, but these were exceptions to the rule.

To my surprise and pleasure, I found a very receptive atmosphere in a number of European universities. There, in contrast to universities in the United States, a professor is much more independent. Once I was able to identify a professor with whom we wished to cooperate (and he wished to cooperate with us) he went to the appropriate organization or funding source in his country and obtained funding for his participation. We were able to establish a number of such agreements in basic research areas of photosynthesis, tissue culture, soil physics, electron microscopy, microbiology, and plant viruses in universities in Australia, Belgium, France, Germany, The Netherlands and the United Kingdom.

### **Seeking a New Donor, Japan**

Since each of the international research institutes was responsible for its own funding, I was constantly seeking new sources of funding. One source that I strongly cultivated was Japan.

Japan was providing major support for the International Rice Research Institute in the Philippines and to the Institute in India, but had little interest in Africa. I felt that with growing interest on rice culture in Africa and our research in this crop, Japan should become one of our partners. To work toward that end, we first offered a post-doctoral fellowship to a graduate in plant breeding from one of Japan's leading universities. Then, we invited an outstanding rice scientist from Japan to spend one growing season at IITA, at our expense. Next, the Board invited an outstanding Japanese scientist to become a member of the IITA Board of Trustees. I started making one or two visits to Japan each year and with the help of our Japanese Board member I met with senior administrators in the Ministry of Agriculture and Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I was first able to obtain a commitment of \$250,000 per year, then \$500,000, and then \$750,00. The year after I retired from IITA, Japan increased its funding to \$1 million per year and funded a full time rice breeder to the IITA staff.

In Japan, meeting with officials was always a very precise exercise. I would ask a Japanese scientist, or our Japanese Board Member, to make appointments and it was expected that I would arrive on the minute of the appointment. Not a minute before, nor a minute after. Our Japanese Board Member would usually take me and we would arrive at the front of the building for my appointment a few minutes early and then either drive around the block or go in the building – but not present ourselves until the exact minute. Everything in Japan seemed to run on a strict adherence to time.

Once I was in Tokyo with Yoshi Tanaka, the Japanese Postdoctoral Fellow at IITA, who wanted me to have a rush hour train experience. It was exactly as I had seen in news reports of Tokyo, with "pushers" who actually pushed the people getting on the train so they could pack in as many people as can possible. In spite of this crowding, the trains arrived and departed on the exact minute and the cars were unbelievably clean.

After I had become well acquainted with several officers in

the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, they invited me for an evening in a Geisha house. We had a private room with a low table and 2 Geishas served us sake and dinner. One of the Geishas was older, but still attractive and the other was in her late 20s and very attractive. They played their Japanese musical instruments, sang, and danced at various times throughout the evening. It was a very pleasant experience.

### **Renate Joins IITA**

When I joined IITA, the secretary for my predecessor did not want to continue in a secretarial position as she expected to soon take retirement, so we assigned her to work on plans for the 10-year anniversary celebration for the institute. For a short period of time, a former secretary from the Ford Foundation, Remi Enahoro, worked as my secretary. However, I wanted to have someone who could act as an Administrative Assistant. My colleague and friend, Renate Jacob, was working in the Ford Foundation office in Lagos, but was not happy with the leadership and was looking for a change. I offered her the position as my Administrative Assistant, which she accepted.

As Administrative Assistant, she served as my secretary but held responsibility far beyond that generally associated with that position. She handled a great many administrative responsibilities with tact and skill that relieved me to work on other management problems. Since I often had to travel outside the country, her role



in my absence was always important. We worked together for most all of my time as Director General but she did leave shortly before the end of my tenure to marry Fred Winch, one of our scientists who was leaving IITA for another position.

## Two Military Coups in Nigeria

Soon after we moved to IITA Major General Gowon, Chief of State, was overthrown in a bloodless coup. The coup occurred while I was in Washington attending my first meeting with the CGIAR at the World Bank. Whenever a coup occurs in almost any country, borders are closed and there is a strong military presence for some time. Fortunately the borders were soon reopened and things were more or less back to normal by the time I returned. General Gowon was out of the country when the coup occurred. He took asylum in England and never returned to Nigeria.

About 2 years later, the military Head of State, General Murtain Ramat Muhammed (who had overthrown General Gowon) was assassinated in a bloody coup. When this happened, we were just finishing a workshop at IITA that was attended by many dignitaries from the United States and various African and European countries. This time, due to the violence of the coup, the military closed all borders and no one was allowed in or out of the country for 10 days while they searched for the assassins. There also was a very strict curfew and travel within the country was curtailed. Fortunately, we were able to take care of our visitors and continue our research programs without interruption.

However, we did have a problem with one of our senior staff members. This staff member, a Belgian, received word that his father had died in Brussels and he was determined to go home for the funeral. We tried, without success, to reason with him. He went to a village on the border with Dahomey (now Benin) and hired a boat to take him secretly across the border. From there, he managed to get to Cotonou, the capitol, and caught a flight to Brussels. Of course, the military found out and the headlines the next day said an IITA scientist had illegally crossed the border and was wanted for interrogation. To complicate the issue further, as soon as his wife knew that the military wanted to interrogate him, she came to our home and told me that her husband had 2 shotguns that he had brought into the country illegally and she didn't know what to do about them. She was certain that officials would soon be

at her door to search her home. I did not think anyone would search our home, so after dark I went and moved the guns to our place. We knew that her husband would never be allowed back in Nigeria, so started arrangements for her and their children to pack up and depart the country as soon as possible. Later, we did move the guns back to her home. She packed them in the bottom of cases and their shipment left the country without trouble.

### **Staff Recruitment**

Although IITA had excellent research facilities and housing, it was difficult to attract outstanding scientists with school age children. We operated a small school through grade 7, but for 8<sup>th</sup> grade and beyond the children had to be sent to boarding school or be tutored at home. This was not a problem for British and Asian scientists, since it was the custom for many of them to send their children to boarding school at an early age. For Americans, Canadians and scientists from a number of European countries, it was more difficult. Therefore, our staff was weighted to British and Asian scientists, all of whom were very good. We were also able to recruit some of the best post-doctoral fellows after they completed their 2-year post-doctorates.

When a staff position was open, we advertised the position in scientific journals in Europe, Asia, and the United States. We usually received many applications and always invited the individual we felt was best qualified to visit IITA and present a seminar before we offered him or her the position. Almost all scientists we recruited proved to be very good. However, in an organization the size of IITA there are bound to be disappointments. During my service in the Navy, I had learned to face up to difficult situations and handle them without delay. It was necessary, on occasion, to give early termination or non-renewal of contracts to individuals. In doing so, I always tried to help them find a position which fit their qualifications.

## Visitors and Conferences

Each year, IITA received between 5,000 and 6,000 visitors, many of them groups of school children but also small groups of scientists and individuals from universities, political leaders, and interested citizens. In addition to these visitors, the Institute staff conducted several short training courses that 500-600 individuals from many countries participated in each year. Conferences and workshops were held in the Conference Center on a wide range of subjects relevant to our research. Most of these were conducted with simultaneous translations in English and French and sometimes a third language. For many of these international conferences we contracted with specialized translators from an institute in Paris. Staff in the Conference and Visitor Center handled the tours for student groups and for many other small groups.

There were many distinguished visitors whom I needed to meet for discussion and to take on a personal tour of facilities and research programs. There was usually at least one such visitor each week, and in addition to taking the person on a tour of the Institute, they would join Virginia and me for lunch at our home. A few of these visitors would spend a few days at the Institute reviewing particular programs and we would often arrange for them to present a seminar to the staff. Virginia would always have a dinner for them, and invite a number of IITA scientists and their spouses. For the trainees and conference participants (usually 50-60 people), Virginia and I always hosted a cocktail party in our home.

For very special visitors, we always arranged for specific scientists to participate in the presentations of research programs. Among other visitors in 1977, I recall particularly the visit of





Robert McNamara, President of the World Bank; General Olusegun Obasanjo, Chief of Staff and Head of the Military Government of Nigeria; President Samora Machel of Mozambique; the President of Kansas State University; the Minister of Agriculture, Angola, and several of his senior scientists; and the Emir of Kano (Muslim leader of Northern Nigeria).

The visit by President Machel of Mozambique was interesting in that he spoke Portuguese and we had no one on our staff fluent in that language. Much to the dismay of his security guards, I invited President Machel to accompany me in my car for a personal tour of the research fields, and he accepted. I spoke to him in my rusty Spanish and he spoke to me in Portuguese and we were able to communicate very well. He was one of the most charismatic individuals I had ever met. His eyes just seemed to penetrate everything. For the Minister of Agriculture from Angola, who also spoke Portuguese, I followed the same practice.

The visit by the Emir of Kano was interesting in that it occurred on a Sunday morning. He and his entourage arrived unannounced at the Institute and went to the lounge area of the International House. The Security Guard from the entrance gate phoned me at home to let me know the Emir was on site. I went to the International House and greeted him and invited him to accompany me in my car on a tour of the research fields and facilities. Again, much to the dismay of his security guards, he accepted and we had a good tour and interesting discussion. As religious leader of the North he was a very important figure. He also was a very well-educated individual. After our tour of the site I invited him to see our home and have coffee. He was very surprised that we had no servants or staff members working on Sunday, and to see how an American home operated.

### **A Visit by the King of Lesthoto**

One visitor whose party I wanted to meet turned out to be a minor disaster. The Military Governor of Oyo State advised us that the King of Lesotho was to visit the state and wanted to also visit

IITA. In his party was his Minister of Education who had gotten his Masters degree in the same department as I had at Iowa State University. I was looking forward to meeting him, as well as the King. The party was scheduled to arrive at 2 p.m. and (as was our custom) Mr. Akintomide, Director of Administration, and I were outside the Administration building, where we received all visitors. The guard at the security entrance to the institute normally called our office when such visitors were cleared through the gate, which gave us time to go to the reception area. However, in this case, thinking of army precision, we were there before 2 p.m. We stood and waited for about 40 minutes but no one arrived so we returned to our offices and asked the guard at the gate to tell us when the party arrived. About 30 minutes later we received a call that the party had passed through the gate at very high speed. We raced to the reception area just in time to see the “military convoy” speeding away, since we were not there to greet them. We got in our car and followed them but they raced around the site and left without recognizing us. It was the only occasion in which we were not able to get to the reception point in time.

Soon we received word from the Governor’s office that the Governor was most angry because we were not where we were supposed to be to receive his guest. The next day I received a copy of his letter to the Head of State and to the main newspaper in Lagos. It said that I had insulted him and that I should be asked to leave Nigeria. So, that day I went to the Governor’s office in Ibadan to apologize and discuss the matter. His Chief of Staff was very nice but advised me that the Governor was out and would not be back for several hours. I said that I would just wait for his return. Finally, after several hours he returned and seemed a bit embarrassed to find me there. He was surprised that I had come myself, rather than sending my Nigerian Director of Administration to apologize. Anyway, he accepted my explanation and apology and we had a kind of uneasy truce for the rest of the time he was Governor of the State.

## **Steve Burnham at IITA**

We enjoyed having Steve Burnham visit us at IITA. Although he had some difficulty getting the required immunizations for travel to Nigeria and was delayed in arriving, once there he seemed to enjoy himself. I arranged a job for him in one of the offices and he got along very well with the Nigerians and staff members of other nationalities. It was a good experience for him and he soon became a regular part of our international community.

## **The 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**

In July 1977, IITA completed its first 10 years since its legal establishment, although its facilities were not officially dedicated until 1970. We decided to devote several days to review the IITA's progress and make it an occasion to acquaint a wider audience in Africa with IITA and the relevance of its research. Many senior political and agricultural leaders from African countries were invited to attend and Dr. Norman Borlaug, who had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his development of outstanding high producing wheat varieties for the developing countries, agreed to be the keynote speaker.

Everything seemed to be coming together on schedule when a few days before the start of the celebration, the Nigerian field and maintenance staff declared a strike. There were about 1,000 Nigerian employees who were members of the National Nigerian Union of Workers – which declared this strike. The stated issue was not monetary but rather a personal grievance. However, the real issue was that they wanted additional benefits as a part of the anniversary celebration. It was an interesting confrontation in that many of the union members were key workers and provided services which were required for the operation of the institute. IITA's labor committee met with the union leaders but they were unable to reach a solution.

Finally, with about 1,000 workers in the street outside my office shouting slogans, I decided to take a personal hand. I went

out among them with my Director of Administration, and talked to their leaders and addressed the group. I politely but firmly told them that I felt they were trying to take advantage of the situation and in the long run this would harm them as well as the institute. I was able to convince them that while I could not immediately resolve their grievance, it would be resolved to their and our satisfaction. In the end, I gave them a day off to enjoy during the anniversary celebration, and it all worked out well.

### **Sports and Social Activities**

The isolation of IITA made it essential that there be sports facilities and social activities for staff and their families. The original construction of facilities included a swimming pool, tennis courts and an International House with cafeteria, combination drinks and snack bar, an excellent kitchen, meeting rooms, guest rooms and a large room for meetings, dinners or dances. A 9-hole golf course had also been constructed and one fairly large lake and one small lake for water reservoirs had been stocked with fish, so good fishing was possible. Later a squash court was added and badminton was played in one of the large service garages. Also, for the junior staff there was a private club building with a bar and game room, and a soccer field which was very popular.

The International House was managed by a senior staff member but all social and sports activities were organized by staff committees. There was regular soccer competition with other teams in the Ibadan area, and regular staff tennis and golf tournaments. Staff members from different countries organized dinners and dances emphasizing their nationalities, and these were always very popular. Bridge tournaments were held often and the Asian women (and Virginia) regularly played Mah Jongg. Virginia and a few staff members and spouses formed a small music group that practiced at our home every Sunday evening and occasionally gave Sunday concerts to a small audience at our home. Virginia also gave recorder lessons to many of the children.

In Ibadan, there was a men's dinner club and a separate

women's dinner club, both very formal affairs in the old British style, which the Nigerians had maintained. Men wore dinner jackets to these monthly evening dinners and women wore formal dresses. Virginia and I enjoyed them as it gave us contact with the larger community. The members for the most part were senior judges, lawyers, businessmen, doctors, and professors. The women, for the most part, were spouses of these persons or were professionals in their own right. On occasion, I invited the men to dinner at the IITA dining room and Virginia did the same for the women.

### **Perils of Travel**

Travel was always an important part of my work. I had to regularly visit donors and cooperative programs in Tanzania, Zaire, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Burkina Faso, Cameroon and Brazil. I also needed to visit several collaborative programs with the University of Wageningen in The Netherlands, the Universities of Reading and Birmingham in England, and the Universities of Ghent and Louven in Belgium. In addition, there were meetings of the donor groups and professional meetings several times a year.

Just to get into and out of Nigeria was often a travel adventure. There was a reasonably good highway between Ibadan and the airport at Lagos. However, it was not a safe road at night and there were often accidents on the road that delayed traffic for hours. Consequently, IITA rented a guest house near the airport for arriving or departing staff and visitors. Most flights arrived and departed Lagos in the middle of the night, which made it even more difficult.

Another problem in Africa was that the airline schedules seemed to follow a linguistic pattern. That is, it was often difficult to find a convenient flight from Lagos (English speaking) to Ouagadougou (French speaking), so you had to first fly to Abidjan and change planes. Another complication was border disputes between countries. For a long time a border dispute between Kenya and Tanzania stopped all direct flights between the 2 countries. To

travel to Tanzania from Nigeria, I had to take a plane to Nairobi, Kenya. Then, I had the choice of either flying north to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, and then to Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, or fly from Nairobi to the Seychelles in the Indian Ocean and catch a flight to Dar Es Salaam. I tried both but found the link through Addis Ababa the best of a bad situation. The next difficulty was a long, hard journey by road to the site of the IITA cooperative program at Kilosa, often in the rainy season over mud roads. Such travel was not only difficult but also expensive.

On one trip to Colombia, I had my brief case stolen in the airport in Bogota with my checkbook and my completed tax forms for the year. On another occasion, my suitcase disappeared in Toronto and was never found. A similar thing occurred at the Rome airport, but in spite of difficulties, I was always a good traveler and could take long flights and still be able to get on with the job on arrival.

Virginia also had many interesting travel experiences. She writes about one of her experiences returning from the United States to Nigeria:

“We flew from New York, on an almost full 707 plane, as usual, and landed many hours later at Roberts Field, Liberia. Many of us got off the plane at Roberts Field to stretch our legs but the ground time seemed to be stretching much too long, especially to the many mothers with screaming children. Finally, long after we should have been on our way, it was announced that the pressure system in our plane had gone out and a part would have to be sent from New York. It was casually mentioned that food and lodging would be arranged. About that time a Nigerian Airways plane came in on its way to Lagos and was half empty. I had 3 friends who managed to get their tickets changed and went on it but they had scheduled to join the plane there. I was told there was no way I could change my ticket because I was on a continuing flight from NY. Then, the airline representative came out and told us that all the Lagos passengers would be put on that flight with our baggage. We relaxed until we suddenly realized

that the Nigerian plane was taking off without any of us. There was not one word of explanation from the representative who had told us we could go on it, but we later heard that the captain of the Nigerian plane felt he was being pushed too hard by some passengers, so he refused to take any of us. Since that was the last hope we had for a plane that day, we all gave up and headed for the bus that was to take us to “food and lodging”. Then there were several heated arguments between some and the Liberian Immigration Authorities because their law says transit passengers cannot leave the airport unless their passports are left with immigration. Since there were almost 100 of us, we finally decided they couldn’t lose or abscond with them all!

We climbed, with our hand luggage, into an army-colored school bus with difficult windows and started out. First, we were taken to the airport hotel where we had an adequate lunch. Then, we crammed back in the bus for the hour-long ride into the city of Monrovia and to the Ducor (Intercontinental) Hotel. Here the more aggressive of our group immediately started to cause problems at the desk by loudly and abusively demanding rooms – one room to a person, because the airline “owed” it to them. They completely ignored the fact that there were a number of families with children along and many of the rest of us who would have been glad to share a room. But, the hotel was completely swamped (and disgusted, for no arrangements at the hotel had been made for us by the airlines) and gave out 13 rooms to 13 people. They did find another hotel with some rooms and several of us were able to stay there. There were 4 unaccompanied women in this group and I decided to share a room with a lovely young Haitian woman and her darling but demanding 3 month old baby, enroute to Kinshasa, Zaire. A young American girl going to Lagos to marry her Nigerian fiancée shared a room with a young Nigerian girl who was being deported from the United States. The rooms were small and not luxurious, but with lots of hot water and good beds. After bathing and getting pure water and boiling the bottles for the baby, we sort of collapsed, although the baby slept far better than the rest of us! We shared the bed with the baby between us.

The phone rang at 4:30 a.m. saying our bus had arrived to

return us to the airport and that our plane would be taking off at 7:15. We nearly killed ourselves getting dressed, a baby bottle made for the baby and all the other things one does for a baby, only to get us to the bus to await all the other surprised passengers. Then we went around to several little hotels, very questionable ones, and finally to the big Ducor, picking up passengers. I later learned that about 40 of our group had spent the night on hard seats in the airport (probably the most uncomfortable, unattractive airport in West Africa). We finally got to the airport and filed in to wait. We did get our passports back, there were 12 doughnuts for our breakfast, all of which disappeared before most of us knew they existed. I had a coke for breakfast as we waited and waited for our 7:15 flight. At about 10 we were told we could board the aircraft and all clamored out with hand baggage, very hot and tired and hungry. They tried to get the plane going, only to find that the pressure system was not working after all. So, we all filed off again with all the hand luggage, and were taken again to the airport hotel for a good and much needed breakfast. But, just as we were beginning to enjoy it, a young airlines man came and told us that a Nigerian plane was arriving about noon and if wanted to go to Lagos we should get over there and arrange for seat passes and he felt we all (68 going to Lagos) could get on it. So, we left our breakfast and rushed over, leaving our Haitian friend with baby in tears because they told her she would have to wait another day for a flight to Kinshasa.

Getting a boarding pass on the Nigerian plane was the same as getting a hotel room the night before with no apparent rhyme or reason to it. The loud, aggressive men shouting and screaming got theirs and I decided it wasn't worth worrying about. I definitely gave up when I actually saw the airways selling tickets to put cash in their pockets while accepting the transfer ticket for the airline. My young-bride-to-be dissolved in tears from sheer emotional exhaustion and disappointment, so one of the airways staff gave her a pass, but at the gate many with passes were refused seats on the plane, including her. There were actual blows and much loud and insulting language at the gate and those of us who had given up ever getting on sat and watched this



whole drama being thankful we were not a part of it. By chance, there was an IITA staff member on the Nigerian plane when it came in and was continuing on to Lagos and I was able to talk to him so he would tell Bill where I was and that I hoped one day to get to Lagos and Ibadan.

There were about 15 of us left, and still no one came to help with accommodations for the second night. But, we were all becoming more resourceful by this time, so most of us managed to get rooms in the airport hotel. My roommate this time was the bride-to-be. They wouldn't give us air conditioned rooms, we obviously being second class citizens, but we were comfortable with a shower and good beds. Our young Haitian friend and baby had been hustled off in mid-afternoon to Dakar for the night, hoping to get on a plane for Kinshasa the next day.

One of the men in our group raised my roommate's and my spirits by asking us to have dinner that eve with him and we had lots of good conversations with all the group. It was a diverse group of engineers, professors, businessmen, one lawyer (all Americans) and some very nice Nigerian businessmen.

At this point we all became very aware of the crew of our incapacitated airplane. They were obviously concerned about us, and apparently decided to take matters in their own hands. They worked very hard to repair the plane and on Monday noon we were told by a Liberian airline representative that it was possible the plane would be ready to leave that afternoon. So we all raced to pack our toothbrushes and were ready to go any time from then. From then on, we and the crew seemed like one big family and everyone had fingers crossed and said prayers as we climbed in the plane. It was still touch and go until the pilot was able to prove to himself that all was well. He kept us well informed throughout the 2 hour flight.

I was the first one through immigration but of course no one was there to meet me. However, I knew our driver would be at the IITA guest house if not at the airport so phoned there and he rushed over to get me. One of the professors was obviously totally lost with no connections at that time of night and a little scared by the situation. So, I took him with me to the guest house and he gratefully shared a room with one of the IITA trainees

staying there.

The driver and I left for Ibadan at 6:45 the next morning and arrived home with no more problems. On looking back, I am surprised that it is not more amusing to me. I met very interesting people, learned a lot about Africa, loved the young Haitian woman and her adorable baby, and on and on. The captain of the plane actually was able to temper the hard feelings toward the airline, I think, because he was so genuinely concerned and sincerely charming.

Chalk it up to another experience and the perils of travel in Africa!”

On the other hand, travel was an essential part of the job of the Director General and for the most part was very rewarding. I greatly enjoyed visiting donors to discuss IITA’s research accomplishments and visits to collaborative research and development activities with universities and national institutions. I recall with considerable pleasure a long visit that Dr. Bede Okigo, of IITA staff, and I had in the home of the President of the Ivory Coast, Mr. Houphouet-Boigny, on an occasion when we were jointly leading a mission to the country. It was rewarding to find a leader who was so knowledgeable about the agriculture of his country. Although in later years he was greatly criticized for some of his actions, for many years after his country’s independence he led it in prosperity and maintained a peaceful tribal balance within the country.

## **Housing**

I have mentioned previously that housing was provided on site for most of the senior staff as well as for post-doctoral fellows, students on scholarships, trainees and conference participants. The house designated for the Director General and family was quite large and Virginia always said it looked like a Holiday Inn. It had a master bedroom with bath and a second bedroom that we used as a study on the first floor. There was an entry hallway, a living room with a small dining area and a large screened porch off the dining

room. The porch was sheltered by a wonderful bougainvillea hedge. On the first floor there was also a pantry/serving room, a kitchen and a laundry room. On the second floor were 2 guest rooms with a bathroom between them. All the rooms had high ceilings and ceiling fans and the bedrooms were connected to a central air conditioning system.

All the homes for senior staff had been built to a high standard and were nicely landscaped. There were also 2 and 4-plex apartment buildings. As IITA grew, we found we needed about 20 more residences but did not have the funds to build to the same standard. The Director of Physical Plant Services, a Scotsman, and I decided to examine the possibility of importing prefab homes, which we could import duty-free. He and I traveled to England and visited builders and then on to the United States. After visiting builders in several states we found that both quality and price were much better in England, and ordered 20 houses from there. A small British crew came with the houses to guide the assembly. To our disappointment they did not do a very good job and caused considerable trouble with their carousing. We found that our own Nigerian labor force did a better job and the housing, with some excellent additions by our own construction staff turned out very well.

### **Accompanying a Staff Member to Court**

Working abroad one is always concerned about getting involved in situations that have to be resolved in court. The jails and treatment of those accused is quite different in most developing countries than what we know in the United States. I was fortunate in all my years abroad to never have a problem. The only one with staff that I had to deal was in Nigeria, and was not easy.

The Head of our Laboratory Services was an American and an excellent laboratory scientist. He headed our labs that carried out plant and soil analysis for the research programs. He was very strict in his supervision of lab assistants and in assuring accurate results. To my great surprise, one morning when I picked up the

local newspaper the front-page story reported that this scientist had struck one of his assistants and would be brought to court. According to the scientist, he had lightly tapped his assistant on the shoulder and told him to give more attention to what he was doing. It turned out that on previous occasions he had criticized the assistant who thought he was being treated unfairly. So, the tap on the shoulder turned into a blow, at least in the assistant's mind. A court date was set for a few days later and my Director of Administration and the IITA lawyer and I accompanied the scientist to court where his case was heard before a judge. It was a "done deal" from the start as the lab assistant had witnesses who backed up his statement. The judge found the scientist guilty and assessed a fine and lectured my Director of Administration and me as to how we should have settled this before it came to court. That would have been hard to do, since the first anyone heard about it was when we read it in the paper. I felt certain that the scientist would face deportation and I was not about to let that happen. The court case was on Saturday and on Sunday morning I had him in Lagos and on a plane for home. His family happened to be in the United States at the time. Sure enough, on Monday morning an officer from the Nigerian Criminal Investigation Division was in my office wanting to see the scientist to present a deportation order. This experience only reinforced my concern to always stay out of trouble.

We never considered bringing him back to IITA but he was an excellent scientist and we helped him secure a position at one of our sister institutes, CIAT in Colombia. Virginia and Renate had the job of going through his house and deciding what to pack and what to sell.

## **Virginia**

As always, Virginia played a major role in our years at IITA. She was a wonderful hostess, no matter on what short notice, and was appreciated and respected by everyone connected with IITA. She taught music to most of the young children, and was always

active in working with other spouses on social or service activities.



Most of all, she often took walks around the campus and always spoke to all the workers – which made them feel she was interested in what they were doing, whether it was one of the local laborers or one of the scientists. She was always a class act!

## The Family

During our years in Nigeria many things had been going on with our family in the United States. Kathy graduated from Mills College and, after a brief stint in a Hotel Management school in Denver, moved to Minneapolis and started working. Tim graduated from the University of Minnesota Law School and took a position with a legal publishing firm, West, in St. Paul. He and Marilyn had our first granddaughter, Allison. Their second daughter, Valerie, joined the family 3 years later. Tom and Jennifer settled in Minneapolis and Jennifer had completed her education for her RN license and Tom, after some graduate school, was working as a writer for an advertising agency. Their first daughter, Bronwyn, joined the family a few months before Valerie. Virginia and I had purchased a condominium on Dean Parkway, close to Lake Calhoun, with membership in the Calhoun Beach Club, so we always had a nice home and a nice place to entertain when we were on leave in Minneapolis. My mother, Mary, died in October 1977, at age 96. She had been bedfast for more than a year, so her passing was not a sad occasion. As I was in Nigeria and had visited mother every time I was able to be in Iowa in recent years, I did not attend her funeral. She lived her life as a wonderful example for all of us. I wish we had made her last years happier, but I'm not sure how we

could have done it.

### **Time to Move On**

When we accepted the position at IITA, I said I would take it for no more and no less than 5 years. It all went by too rapidly and was by far the most interesting and challenging thing I had done. But with the 3 previous years in Nigeria we felt that a total of 8 years there was enough. It was a hard country to live in, with its changing military governments and very difficult travel conditions, including impossible airport customs and immigration procedures. Given the frequency that I had to travel both within the country and abroad, this constant hassle at the airport was especially unpleasant.

As we finished our 4<sup>th</sup> year I felt that I had been able to make my contribution to IITA – to expand its horizons and make it responsive to the needs and opportunities in the countries which it served. All of our research programs were getting excellent results, the cooperative programs were going very well in several countries, the physical plant was in excellent condition, and the budget was balanced. It was time for a new director.

From the beginning, I recognized that I was not a research scientist but an administrator. My job, as I had seen it, was to give the scientists the best facilities and support that I could bring together so they could do their job efficiently. It worked well and I think the scientists respected me for it.

At the end of 4 years I submitted my resignation to be effective one year later. The Board established a search committee to select a new Director General and selected a Dutchman, who was serving as a senior official at the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization (FAO) in Rome, as my replacement.

### **What Next?**

Virginia and I had discussed what to do next but had no specific plan. Virginia was looking forward to returning to the United States and to living in our condominium in Minneapolis. I

knew I wanted to do something but was willing to wait until we left IITA and had some time to relax and look around. As it turned out, as had been the case throughout our lives, we were to go on to a new venture.

## CHAPTER 23

### NEW CHALLENGES: THE INTERNATIONAL SERVICE FOR NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH (ISNAR)

#### The Establishment of a New Institute<sup>18</sup>

In the latter part of the '70s, it became evident to leaders in the international agricultural community that while the international agricultural research centers were successful in rapidly increasing relevant research, utilization of the research results by many developing countries was lagging. The Consultative Group for International Agricultural Research (CGIAR) named a Task Force, on which I served, to determine the need for "International Assistance for Strengthening National Agricultural Research". The Task Force recommended additional assistance to strengthen national agricultural research capabilities in developing countries.

The CGIAR appointed a committee of its members to initiate a new organization that would address these needs. The committee chose the German organization, *Deutsche Gesellschaft für Technische Zusammenarbeit* (GTZ) as the executing agency. It prepared the foundation of an organization that would be named the International Service for National Agricultural Research (ISNAR). A 14 member Founding Board of Trustees was named that included: as Chairman, a Scot with extensive international experience who had recently retired as Head of the British Overseas Development Agency, and senior scientist/administrators from Bangladesh, Canada, Dominican Republic, England, Germany, Jordan, Kenya, Netherlands, Philippines, Senegal, Sweden, and the United States. The GTZ appointed a senior German economist as Executive Officer, Alexander von der Osten, to provide leadership

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18. I go into more detail about the establishment and development of ISNAR than most readers will care to know. However, few people have the opportunity that I have had to build an organization from its very beginning. Therefore, I have documented it, at least for my own pleasure.



during the process of establishing ISNAR.

### **My Appointment as Director General**

The Board established a Search Committee to identify candidates for the position of Director General and the committee sought recommendations from all the international agricultural research centers, members of the CGIAR, national agricultural research leaders in the developing countries and a wide range of scientific organizations worldwide. The Search Committee received more than 100 nominations. The Board also investigated possible sites for the new Center and after careful consideration accepted the offer from the Government of the Netherlands for a location in The Hague.

In early 1980, I was informed that my name had been put forward for consideration and I was requested to advise the Search Committee whether I was interested. I had submitted my resignation to IITA and planned to return to the United States at the end of my tenure, but replied that I would be interested. In February, I was invited to The Hague to meet with the Board of Trustees for an interview, along with two other candidates on the final “short list”. It was an interesting threesome since we all had worked together in different places with the Ford Foundation. As a result of the interviews, I was offered the position.

Before considering this position, I had been in Washington to consider joining the United States Agency for International Development (USAID) as Head of its agricultural division. Virginia and I were seriously considering it and Virginia thought the Washington, DC, area would be a nice place to live since we had many friends there. The Head of the Agency knew the date that I was being interviewed in The Hague and phoned me there to strongly urge me to opt for the position with his agency, and assured me of a Super-Grade appointment.

After reflection on the 2 opportunities, even though the salary for the ISNAR position was about \$25-30,000 less than the USAID position, I chose to accept the position as Director General

of the new Center, effective September 1, 1980. I felt my experience and interest was a much better match with the objectives of the new Center than with the bureaucracy at USAID.

## **Planning for Office and Housing**

I began regular communication by telex with the Executive Officer appointed by the GTZ, Mr. Alexander von der Osten. He arranged for a real estate firm in The Hague to begin a search for office space



and an apartment for Virginia and me as well as for him and his family. In April, Virginia and I met with Alexander, his wife, Rosa Maria, and daughter, Daniela, in The Hague so Alexander and I could meet with the real estate agent and with an office furniture supplier. In The Netherlands, it was not the custom to shop for ready-made furniture but rather to select designs that would be built to specification. We were able to make good progress and found that we could work together easily. Alexander was a very good linguist with almost equal command of German, English, Spanish and French and of course was very knowledgeable about Europe. Virginia and I liked Rosa Maria (who was from the Basque region of Spain). Daniela was growing up speaking German and Spanish equally well. Later she would become equally fluent in English, French and Italian. After a month or two, Alexander made a trip to Nigeria so we could make further plans for getting organized, and in June I traveled to The Hague when we were able to finalize the office location and apartments.

After a second trip to The Hague, Virginia wrote Fern;

“I liked The Hague. It is a small city, very pretty with lots of little parks, tree lined streets and a canal here and there. One

section is right on the North Sea, there is a partly covered downtown mall with many old buildings, and lovely apartment houses and homes, including the residence of the Queen. Lots of flowers – jonquils and tulips that were just coming in bloom and many interesting new buildings being built. Bill and Alexander decided on office space in a building not quite finished in the downtown area near the central station for both trains and buses. We took an option on an apartment in a lovely residential area in a quite new modern building – Bill will decide when he goes back in June (we took it). The people we met were friendly and most helpful – and, everyone does speak English with very little accent. The weather will be “wool” and “boot” most of the time which I think will be great.”

### **Further Planning and Opening Day**

Virginia and I spent the latter part of June and all of July and August in our condo in Minneapolis and enjoyed being in close



contact with Tim, Tom, Kathy and families. Although I would not actually be the Director General of ISNAR until September 1<sup>st</sup>, the Board had given me authority to proceed to recruit essential staff. I made several trips within the United States to interview prospective staff and traveled to Mexico to visit Alicia Mina to discuss the possibility of her joining the staff at ISNAR. She had exactly the experience and qualifications for the position of Administrative Officer,

and I offered her the position. In July, Alicia visited us in Minneapolis and agreed to take the position. She started working on a draft of policies and staff rules and regulations to present to the Board. Alexander kept close watch on the building completion for our offices and was in regular contact with the supplier of our office furniture.

Kathy decided she would like to take a trip through Scotland

and England and join us in The Hague at the time we moved there. She was able to convince her cousin, Steve Burnham, to join her and they arrived on schedule. As was the case for office furniture, household furniture was not readily available and had to be ordered. Since we did not have furniture for our apartment, we stayed in the hotel the first couple of weeks. Virginia was able get a couple of beds delivered so Steve and Kathy could stay in the apartment.

We officially opened the headquarters of ISNAR on September 1, 1980. A meeting of the Board of Trustees was scheduled in early September, just a few days after the official starting date. As our offices were not ready, we held this first meeting in the hotel. The GTZ maintained management of ISNAR's budget for a few months, until we could assume responsibility. Alexander was a direct employee of GTZ but soon accepted my invitation to become Executive Officer of ISNAR. We had been able to hire one part-time secretary and Kathy took on the job of being a secretary for the first few weeks and was a great help. Steve Burnham and Kathy also were a great help in getting our apartment organized as our furniture arrived.

At the first Board meeting, we were able to have the staff policies, rules and regulations that had been drafted by Alicia, and edited by Alexander, approved. Also, prior to going to The Hague, I had worked with an artist friend of Tom's, Brad, to design a logo and letterhead for ISNAR which these were approved by the Board and are still in use.

Establishing an office, finding housing, developing a program, recruiting staff were all exciting challenges which Alexander, Alicia and I accepted with pleasure. We worked in harmony, as a team, for all the years we were together.

## **A Time Horizon**

The donor members of the CGIAR assured ISNAR of funding for 5 years. At the end of this period, ISNAR would be evaluated by an international review team to determine whether it had achieved

the goals set forth for it by the Task Force and to recommend whether or not its support should be extended. This gave the ISNAR Board and administration a tremendous challenge to recruit a staff, plan, initiate and carry out an action program that would have a significant impact on agricultural research and development systems throughout the world.

### **Staff Recruitment**

With the 5 year time horizon that ISNAR was given to demonstrate significant results, it was imperative that well qualified, highly experienced staff members be recruited as soon as possible and a sharply focused program be developed. Since I had been a member of the Task Force that recommended the establishment of ISNAR, I had a fairly clear vision of the program that should be put in place. I needed to confirm or modify this vision with national research and extension leaders in the developing countries, to make certain we would be working on mutually agreed goals.

After many years working in international agricultural research and development programs, I knew many individuals I could contact for recommendations of possible candidates for staff positions. The Board approved my recommendation for 2 staff categories, Senior Research Officers and Senior Research Fellows. My idea in creating the category of Senior Research Fellows was to recruit senior scientists from developing countries on 2-year appointments who would bring ISNAR critical insights into national research programs. After working internationally for 2 years, these fellows could return to their home countries with increased, relevant skills.

During the first 2 years of operation I was able to recruit outstanding staff members representing the major agricultural regions of the world. Staff came from The Netherlands, England, Belgium, France, Nigeria, India, Sri Lanka, Argentina, Peru, Colombia, Uganda, Syria and the United States. It was a wonderful group of individuals, all highly committed to the work of ISNAR.

For specific review and evaluation missions we recruited consultants for short terms to fill in the additional expertise we needed.

It was important to have a highly qualified multi-lingual support staff to back up the work of the Officers and Fellows. It was fortunate that in The Netherlands, we could recruit support staff from any of the European member countries and, in fact, no restrictions were placed on nationalities. Alicia Mina took responsibility for this recruitment and assembled a highly qualified support staff from England, France, Sweden and The Netherlands. Also, I invited a colleague from Colombia, Alicia Groot, to join the support staff and she added linguistic competence in both Spanish and French. Later persons from Ireland and Peru joined the support staff as did my former secretary in Bogota, Esther de Ribero. Alicia recruited and monitored the secretarial support staff, maintained all staff personnel records, supervised the accounting staff and personally handled travel arrangements for all staff.

### **Program Planning**

Before we proposed specific activities in various countries, I knew it was important to have meetings with leaders of national research and development programs to present our ideas on how ISNAR staff could best be of assistance to them. Also, I wished to obtain their suggestions or modifications for our proposed mode of operation. I was fortunate that, through my work as Director General of IITA, I personally knew many of these leaders. Within the first few months of the establishment of ISNAR, I invited about 20 leaders of national agricultural research and extension programs in Africa to meet with me in Kenya for 2-3 days. They were most receptive to our program concept and their input was valuable in helping us refine the proposed program. I organized a similar meeting in The Philippines and we took advantage of a meeting of leaders in Latin America that Alexander von der Osten attended and held similar discussions. We also had many ideas and suggestions from our Board of Trustees.

As a result of our planning, we decided our major program activities would be multidisciplinary missions to review and evaluate the organization, management and budgeting of national agricultural research systems and their linkage to agricultural extension. For a review to be carried out, ISNAR would have to receive a written invitation from a senior official, usually the Minister of Agriculture, in the country giving assurance of access to all relevant information and of staff cooperation.

Prior to undertaking our first review, I visited the offices of the Association of Land Grant Colleges in Washington, DC, to discuss the process it followed in its reviews of departments and colleges. I was surprised to learn that they could give me no advice. They followed a “peer review” process where a recognized scholar in a particular field visited the department under review and more or less set his or her own standards. We decided to first follow a somewhat similar practice whereby our team members, from their own experience and knowledge, set the standards. As we gained experience, we produced a well-documented procedure and guidelines for our review and evaluation work.

### **Board of Trustees**

The Board of Trustees was responsible for approving policies of the organization and to determine the program focus. There was not complete agreement within our Board of Trustees on this latter item. One group within the Board supported our proposed method of developing an action program based upon review and analysis of national agricultural research programs. Another group wanted us to proceed much more slowly and undertake research on the process and means of evaluation before taking action. Given the short time we had to show effective results, the strong encouragement we had received from national leaders for our approach, and my strong belief that we were on the right track, we moved aggressively on our program. This brought a bit of friction between some members of the Board Members and myself that continued throughout my tenure. However, I never wavered from

my point of view and always felt I had the full support of national program leaders, our staff, and the Chairman and the majority of the Board.

Most of our board meetings were held at ISNAR's headquarters in The Hague, where we combined the meetings with a day trip so the Board Members could enjoy some of the delightful flowers, scenery and culture of Holland. Occasionally, we held meetings outside of The Hague including one which was held in Jordan at the invitation of one of our Board Members, Subhi Qasem. It was a most successful meeting in terms of program discussions and the wonderful overview we were able to obtain of Jordan. We took a couple of field trips to observe the many Roman ruins in the country, including a well-preserved amphitheater in Amman. We also were able to visit the dry land agriculture and had a chance to wade in the Dead Sea. Virginia accompanied me and while I was in meetings, Subhi's daughter and a friend took her sightseeing and up Mount Nebo, where Moses is said to have viewed the "Promised Land". It was interesting for her to be taken sightseeing to Christian sites by these 2 Moslem college age students. They, like all our Moslem friends from the Middle East, knew much more about Christianity and the Bible than us.

### **Activities in the First Year**

The first meeting of the CGIAR in which I participated as the Director of ISNAR was held in Manila, Philippines, just a few months after ISNAR started operation. As I was well known to the members, I felt very comfortable. In addition to the meeting, I was invited to join the Chairman of the CGIAR, one other Director General and the Minister of Agriculture of the Philippines, to meet with the President of the Philippines, Fernando Marcos. We had quite a long meeting with him in his office and I was impressed with his knowledge of the work of the international centers. He was well known for his strong support of agriculture in his country.



While in Manila, I met with officials of the Asian Development Bank and was invited to lead a mission to review agricultural research and development in the islands of the South Pacific. The objective of the mission was to evaluate the present state of agricultural research in the islands and to determine whether the existing system of international centers was serving them sufficiently or whether a new Center should be developed. The case for a new Center had been strongly presented by representatives from the University of Australia and the University of Hawaii. I later led a 3-man mission that reviewed the situation in the Cook Islands, Fiji, Kiribati, Papua New Guinea, Solomon Islands, Tonga and Western Samoa. It was our conclusion that a new Center was not needed. This conclusion was not well received by the concerned individuals in the Universities of Australia and Hawaii, but it stood. One of our review team members was a staff member of the University of Australia, which strengthened our case.



## **Indonesia**

Following the meeting in Manila, I flew to Jakarta and Yogyakarta, Indonesia, to meet with the Head of Indonesia's national agricultural research organization and later a member of ISNAR's Board of Trustees. As a result, ISNAR's first review and evaluation mission of a national agricultural research program took place in Indonesia. This was a very important event, since it was the first test of the program we had proposed to follow in our review and evaluation missions.

We put together an outstanding team of staff members to carry out this mission, complimented by consultants we recruited. The consultants included the Director of Brazil's national agricultural research system, a former head of India's research

system, an experienced agricultural economist from the United States, and a well-recognized Dutch scientist with experience in Indonesia. At the end of the month-long review I traveled to Jakarta to participate in the presentation of the Mission's report of its findings and recommendations. The report was well received by the Indonesian authorities and most of the recommendations were implemented. While the Director of Indonesia's agricultural research system agreed with the report's conclusions, he was not satisfied with the way a number of the findings and conclusions were presented. He had asked for a critical analysis, but thought the team's wording was too critical to be presented as a final written report to his government. He came to The Hague and we sat together for 2 days and reviewed the report line by line. It taught me a great deal. We were able to retain all the force of the conclusions and recommendations but re-stated them in a way that allowed everyone to "save face". We applied this change in style to many later reports.

### **Much More in the First Year**

Additional country review missions in the first year were carried out in Costa Rica and Kenya, plus a less in-depth multi-country review of the coordination of economic research in Burundi, Rwanda and Zaire.

In addition to the review missions, staff members conducted several seminars and workshops and made presentations at meetings in Central America, France, the Philippines, the World Bank, as well as in universities around the world.

A letter from me to my sister Frances in December, 1981, (just over a year in our life in The Hague) tells of some of the complexity in our social and work life:

"We had all the office staff and spouses in for a party, about 35 so it filled our apartment but was not too crowded. They came early so they could come directly from the office, since several live quite some distance and commute by train. They all stayed until after 11 p.m. so we think they enjoyed the food, drink

and togetherness. The group contained British, Swedish, Nigerian, Ugandan, Indian, Dutch, Japanese, Colombian, Mexican, German, Spanish and American, so was a real mix of people. The Ugandan couple brought their 6-month old twins who spent the evening on the floor on a blanket in our bedroom.

As you probably know, Virginia joined me in Washington, DC, in November and after our meetings at the World Bank we went to Cornell University. I gave a seminar there and we saw many old friends. We then came home and I had 3 days before going to Italy for 2 weeks. We ran 2 week-long meetings at the Rockefeller Conference Center at Bellagio, in northern Italy. The Center is a magnificent old villa that was given to the Rockefeller Foundation some years ago by a wealthy Italian-American just for this purpose. It is on Lake Como in a truly beautiful setting – about 2 hours by car from Milan. The conference center only takes a maximum of 29 for any meeting so they were nice sized groups. The Center closes for the weekend between meetings so I took the train to Venice and enjoyed my first visit there very much.

I have to return to Washington in early January for a committee meeting. I have been appointed a member of the Search Committee for the Executive Secretary of the CGIAR so will have to make several trips to Washington over the next few months to interview candidates. After this trip, I have commitments to go to Indonesia, Pakistan, Fiji, Kenya and Malawi in January and February so busy times continue.”

Another important event in 1981 was the birth of our fourth granddaughter, Kelly Onawa Gamble, to Tom and Jenny on May 19<sup>th</sup>.

## **The Work Goes On**

During the remaining years at ISNAR, our staff conducted review and planning missions in: Costa Rica, Cyprus, Dominican Republic, Fiji, Guyana, Ivory Coast, Kenya, Madagascar, Malawi, Morocco, Pakistan, Panama, Papua New Guinea, Peru, Rwanda, Somalia, Sri Lanka, Thailand, Tunisia, Upper Volta, Western Samoa,

Zaire and several regional organizations. These reviews took a holistic look at programs – policies, priority setting, organization, management, staffing, finance, training, and communication. I participated as a team member in several of the review missions and for almost all of them I visited the country while the reviews were in progress. I was usually there for the team's presentation of findings and recommendations as well. I particularly enjoyed working in Cyprus, Dominican Republic, Fiji, Kenya, Papua New Guinea, Peru, Rwanda, Sri Lanka and Western Samoa. The review missions required a great deal of study and planning before they were undertaken and the actual missions usually required staff to be in the field for at least a month at a time. In many cases, the missions required travel in difficult regions where modern medical facilities were lacking.

Once the reviews were completed and findings and recommendations presented, discussions followed almost immediately with senior government officials on ways and means which ISNAR staff could be of assistance in implementing recommendations. These discussions often led to specific training programs, travel and study awards for national staff to observe other programs, conferences, seminars for staff improvement and follow-up visits with senior officials. In all cases, it was very important to have follow-up by our staff and to develop long-term working relationships. In Madagascar and Rwanda, we arranged for ISNAR staff to be posted there for continuing collaboration.

Either prior to the review missions or following them, I would invite some of the senior research staff members from the country in which we were working to visit ISNAR headquarters and spend a few days getting acquainted with our worldwide work. Of course, this meant Virginia almost always had to help host them which, for the most part, she enjoyed.

### **Handling a Medical Crisis in Western Samoa**

The following is from a letter I wrote to Virginia in August 1983, while I was leading a review mission of the agricultural

research system of Western Samoa:

“We arrived here (Apia) on schedule on Sunday evening and then were off the next morning to the island of Savaii. The landing strip is one they have built on a coral reef. We spent the day over very rough roads visiting agricultural sites to the other end of the island. We found a small, modest, but very friendly hotel with open chalets and beds with mosquito nets.

I had some premonition that Fred (one of our senior staff members), was going to get ill so was not surprised when he came to my chalet at 6 a.m. in great pain. I roused my Samoan agricultural officer counterpart and we dashed off some miles to a private doctor who turned out to be very nice. He came by the hotel about 8 a.m. with a nurse from the hospital and gave Fred an injection and an IV drip and said he should be kept quiet for a day or two to see what happened. I decided a remote island was not the best place for Fred, but it was 3 hours over a very rough road back to the airfield where we could get a plane to the main island, or 2 hours on a sea ferry to a landing near the airfield. There was a small landing strip near our hotel but it was closed for construction. A medical certificate from a Government medical officer, not the private doctor, that this was a serious medical emergency would be required to open the field for a plane.

At this point I took my best strong but friendly position and went to the airlines and convinced them we did not need a medical certificate and within an hour had a charter plane on the “closed” airstrip. When we got back to Apia, the capitol and into a hospital he received excellent care. We always have medical evacuation insurance for staff on these review missions so I was able to phone and get that on standby. Within an hour, I had contact with the service in Philadelphia and they had alerted Honolulu, Auckland, and Sydney to be ready to see that Fred got to a major medical center within hours if needed.

I am continuing on the work with the rest of the team and as soon as Fred is able to travel I will accompany him to London where he will have a full medical checkup.

Another interesting experience in international life and travels. Love, Bill”

We were fortunate that in all our staff travel, to all kinds of places around the world, this was the only emergency that occurred. I returned to Western Samoa many times during our follow up work, as did many of our staff and we all enjoyed the people and the country. On my first visit there I was greatly impressed by the cleanliness of the villages and the home compounds with lots of flowers – a considerable contrast to villages I had observed in Africa. One reason the compounds (yards) of the homes were so neat and filled with flowers was that it was the custom to bury family members near the house rather than having separate cemeteries. Another interesting place in Western Samoa was the gravesite and marker for the famous author, Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived in Samoa in his later years and was buried on a hilltop overlooking the sea.

### **Living in Holland**

Living in a new place always involves adjustments and lots of learning. We soon found that we were fortunate to be living in The Hague rather than Amsterdam. The Hague offered the advantages of a city but without the heavy traffic and congestion of Amsterdam. Transportation by tram throughout the city, to nearby cities, and the airport was excellent and we quickly learned the system. Driving about the city and nearby places was also easy and usually without excessive traffic. Many people rode bicycles to work and there were well-marked lanes and traffic lights for bicycles.

Since Holland is a small country, we were able to drive to many places and become acquainted with its historical sites. We also drove to Dusseldorf, Germany, for shopping on a few weekends, took the train to Paris and had many trips in Belgium to Brussels, Ghent and Brugge. One of our first driving trips out of The Hague was to southern Holland to the city of S'Hertogenbosch. This introduced us to a completely different part of the country from the coastal area in which we lived. To get there we drove

through constantly changing terrain and even some forests. Our reason for going there was to visit Alicia, who was enrolled in an intensive Dutch language course. She was the only one of ISNAR's non-Dutch staff who spoke the language. It is a very difficult language and while she never considered herself fluent, she was able to communicate very well.

Museums abounded everywhere – The Hague, Amsterdam, the Kroller Mueller in eastern Holland and the Ships Museum in Enkhuizen. Of course there was the famous Keoukenhoff tulip gardens, which we visited many times but sometimes the fields and fields of flowers seemed even more beautiful. Flowers were very much a part of life in Holland and whenever you went to friends' homes for dinner you always took flowers as a hostess gift. When giving a dinner party, you needed to have a few vases ready to place flowers brought by guests. We regularly attended concerts of symphony orchestras in The Hague, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam. We enjoyed all of them but especially the world famous orchestra in Amsterdam. An old church in Haarlem had its original organ which Mozart had played on, and we attended several organ concerts there. We found many excellent restaurants everywhere in the country. Much of our entertaining of visitors was done in restaurants, rather than Virginia having to do it all in our home. We returned frequently to a small Italian restaurant in Haarlem where Alicia, who often went there with us, conversed with the proprietor-chef in Italian. He always made certain we had excellent food, wine and service.

One could write volumes about places and sights in The Netherlands. Needless to say we enjoyed our time there and have very fond memories.

### **Seeking New Donors and Keeping up with Donors**

At the time ISNAR was established, Australia, the Federal Republic of Germany, the United States Agency for International Development, Great Britain, Canada, The Netherlands, and France were countries that had agreed to provide financial support. In

addition, The Ford Foundation and the World Bank had pledged financial support. These donors were well known to me so it was easy to maintain contact with them, but looking ahead, we knew we would need more resources. Soon after arriving in The Hague, Alexander von der Osten and I traveled to Vienna to the headquarters of OPEC to see if it would consider supporting ISNAR. We were unable to convince the OPEC officials to provide an unrestricted operating grant but they advised us that they would consider specific project support in selected countries. Soon after visiting OPEC, I went to Brussels to meet with senior staff of the European Economic Community. I was not able to get immediate support but funds were granted to ISNAR in later years. After the first 2 years, we were able to obtain additional funding from Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Ireland.

It was important for us to maintain good communication with donors in order to have their continued support. Our Communication Staff, led by Dr. Robert (Bob) Kern, did an excellent job of preparing and distributing reports and a wide range of information to donors, interested organizations, and individuals. Bob also participated in many of the review and evaluation missions, since communications and information were always important issues in research and its linkage to extension. In addition, as I had during my tenure at IITA, I made regular visits to the donor countries and organizations to make presentations to senior officials on our program and activities and to respond to any concerns they might have.

### **Improving our Message**

After a couple years of operation, we felt we needed to find a method to present the programs of all the institutes in the CGIAR and our role in the overall scheme to national agricultural leaders in an interesting and informative manner. I discussed this with Tom, who was working in communications, and he suggested a slide show presentation with synchronized narration. This seemed ideal since we could dub the narration in various languages. I appointed



Tom and his friend John Roberg as consultants to put this presentation together. They spent about 10 days in The Hague and then worked with a studio in Minneapolis. They did an excellent job and finalized versions in English, French, Spanish and Arabic. Our staff used this material on many occasions with both leaders of national programs in developing countries and with donors and received many compliments on the quality of the presentation.



### **Training, Conferences, Seminars and Meetings**

In our second year, we recruited staff to start training programs in research organization and management. These training programs became more or less a standard follow-up procedure after our review and planning missions. They were very popular and since we held most of them in the developing countries where we had worked, the topics and setting were highly relevant. We also held seminars and workshops at ISNAR headquarters, bringing leaders from different countries together to analyze and discuss relevant topics.

There were many meetings of the CGIAR and the center directors. In addition to meeting in Washington, we met at the locations of all the international centers and elsewhere during my time as Director General. These meetings took me to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia; Cali, Colombia; El Bataan, Mexico; Hyderabad, India; Ibadan, Nigeria; Lima, Peru; Nairobi, Kenya; Los Banos, Philippines; Rome, Italy.

As Director General, I was often called on to present papers on ISNAR's programs or topics related to national agricultural research and development programs. During my years at ISNAR,

among others, I made presentations<sup>19</sup> at conferences and meetings at:

- World Bank Headquarters Loan Officers, Washington, D.C
- World Food Council, Novi Sad, Yugoslavia.

Virginia accompanied me to this meeting. We flew to Belgrade where a car from the meeting met us and drove us to Novi Sad. What I enjoyed most was the opportunity we had for field trips to research stations for a first hand look at agriculture and food crop production. Yugoslavia was, at that time, somewhat independent but still part of a region under Soviet dominance and its agricultural research was lagging behind much of the Western world.

- Asian Development Bank, Manila, Philippines.
- International Programs, Cornell University, Ithaca, NY.

Virginia accompanied me and it was very nice to return and visit my old professors and friends.

- World Bank Officers, Paris, France
- International Course on Research in Agriculture, University of Wageningen, The Netherlands.
- Advisory Committee on Africa Rural Social Science Study, Nairobi, Kenya.
- Fijian Institute of Agricultural Sciences, Suva, Fiji.
- Asian Conference on Agricultural Research and Development, Potentials and Challenges, Jakarta, Indonesia.
- Agricultural Agency for Research and Development, Densapar, Bali, Indonesia.
- Evaluation of Research Institutions in Developing Countries, BIFAD, Washington, DC
- International Federation for Agricultural Research and Development, Bogota, Colombia.
- Technical Consultation on Agricultural Research Cooperation in the Near East and North Africa, Nicosia, Cyprus.
- Training in the CGIAR, Rome, Italy.

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19. Copies of these presentations are in my files.

Virginia accompanied me to this meeting and she had free time to spend with Maria Rosa von der Osten. She and Alexander then lived in Rome, so she took Virginia on several sightseeing excursions. Alex and Rosa also took us to some delightful restaurants.

- National Symposium on Agricultural Research, Dhaka, Bangladesh
- USAID Agricultural Officers, North Africa and Middle East, Nicosia, Cyprus.
- General Conference of the Agricultural Research Institutions in the Near East and North Africa, Damascus, Syria.
- International Fund for Agricultural Development, Rome, Italy.
- Arab Organization for Agricultural Development, Khartoum, Sudan.

At the time of this trip, my former colleague, Renate and her husband, Fred Winch, were living in Khartoum where Fred was on assignment with USAID. I was able to spend a couple of delightful evenings with them. At this meeting I also met and became well acquainted with the Minister of Agriculture from Iraq. He was well known to Ghazi Hariri, one of my staff members, and the three of us spent a very enjoyable evening together. I have thought of him often during times of the U.S. conflict with Iraq and wonder what has happened to him.

- Agro-Energy Roundtable, Geneva, Switzerland.
- Swedish Agency for Research Cooperation with Developing Countries, Stockholm, Sweden.
- Agricultural Research in the Middle East, Amman, Jordan.

This was a conference organized by ISNAR with cooperation by the University of Jordan. Subhi Qasem, a Board member of ISNAR and professor at the university helped host the meeting. We had representatives from all the Middle East countries and it was my first opportunity to become acquainted with scientists from Iran and some other countries. Everything went well and I became very well acquainted with Tom Sutherland, a visiting professor of animal science at the American University in

Beirut. He was from Scotland originally but had studied for his PhD at Iowa State before joining the staff of Colorado State University. He was on a long-term assignment to the American University. Unfortunately, on his return to Beirut, he was abducted on his way home from the airport by the group in opposition to the United States and was held captive for more than 3 years. After release he returned to Colorado and was in the news for some time. He seemed to survive but no doubt has suffered greatly.

### **Testifying in the British House of Commons**

While serving as Director General, I was invited to participate in several special activities. The first was an invitation to testify before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Commons, England. I was invited to testify on the importance and performance of 4 British organizations working in agricultural research in developing countries – The Centre for Overseas Pest Research (COPR), Directorate of Overseas Surveys (DOS), Land Resources Development Centre (LRDC), and the Tropical Products Institute. The British Government was considering consolidating these organizations into a single unit or disbanding some of them. I was called as an expert witness because I had worked closely with 2 of these organizations, and had observed the work of the others in many countries.

I flew to London on January 18, 1983, for an evening meeting in a committee room of the House of Commons. Even then I had to go through strict security to get in the building. The meeting was very formal with all proceedings recorded. I had been invited to send a prepared statement in advance of the meeting, which I had provided. The meeting lasted about 1½ hours with many questions from all 5 members the committee. I felt their questioning was very thoughtful and that they addressed the key issues with an open mind. I enjoyed the give and take of the questioning. At the end of the meeting, the Chairman thanked me cordially and I left to fly back to Amsterdam that evening. Later,

the proceedings were sent to me for verification of my comments, which I reviewed and returned. It was a wonderful experience for me. The outcome of the committee's investigation was the consolidation of 2 of the organizations, the disbanding of one and the continuance of the other.

### **A Management Seminar in Hungary**

I was invited was to participate as a leader in a Seminar on Research Management in Aquaculture sponsored by the Food and Agricultural Organization (FAO) of the United Nations in Szarvas, Hungary. Participants in the seminar came from fisheries programs in Asia, Africa and Latin America. My participation in an aquaculture seminar may sound a bit strange but the theory was that research management principles, on which I was supposed to be an expert, would apply equally well here as in agriculture. I think this was correct. The reason for holding the seminar in Hungary was that while the Eastern European countries were members of FAO, their currency had little or no value outside their country. Therefore, conferences and seminars of this type were often held in these countries so their contribution could be in local currency to cover seminar expenses.

In addition to meeting the seminar participants I was able to meet many professors at the University where the seminar was held. I spent several evenings with them discussing Soviet agriculture and policies which they were subject to but greatly disliked. Much of the agriculture was still done with horse-drawn equipment. The professors were very open in their comments and seemed unafraid to express themselves.

We not only had meetings in Szarvas but also traveled for a week to several fishery projects in Hungary and had a delightful day in Budapest. I was so impressed by Budapest that later Virginia and I spent a holiday there. In Hungary, I was also impressed by the lasting influence of the Turks, who had dominated the region long ago.

## **A Scientific Program Review in Australia**

I was invited to serve as a member of a team to review the Tropical Crops and Pastures research program in Australia. This research was part of the work of the overall research organization of Australia, the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization (CSIRO). It was a wonderful opportunity for me to see how a large well established research organization proceeds to evaluate one of its units. There was one Englishman on the team, the Director of the Pasture Research Station, Hurley, England, and all others were Australian, except me. One of the Australians was the Vice Chancellor (President) of the University of Hobart, Tasmania, and former head of the Pasture Research station, Hurley, England. Others were crop and forage specialists, agronomists, geneticists, etc. An unusual approach was taken for reporting. A Technical Secretary, a scientist, was assigned to the committee. He took notes on all the visits and meetings and each evening after dinner we would all meet to discuss our observations and he would again take notes. I first flew into Darwin and visited the crops and pasture research station at Katherine before joining the rest of the team in Brisbane. The visit to Katherine was my first real exposure to Aborigines and the CSIRO scientist who met me in Darwin and drove me to Katherine started out telling me how he admired the Aborigines and how maligned they were. When we went to lunch in Katherine, which has a very high Aborigine population, he carefully locked and checked his car because he said "can't trust these people".

I joined the rest of the team in Brisbane and though I had not met any of them before, we soon got acquainted and got along very well. The headquarters of the program were in a suburb of Brisbane, as was the University of Brisbane. I was well acquainted with the Director of the Tropical Crops and Pastures Program and also with several of his staff members (2 staff members of the University had been on the staff of IITA when I was Director General). After briefings by the Director and staff for the first 2 days, we started on our field observations. The Tropical Crops and

Pasture program was in the north and east portions of Australia, so our observations were made between Brisbane and Darwin. A staff member from the headquarters office accompanied us to see that we always had transportation and to introduce us to the various research stations, ranchers and farmers that we visited. Due to the size of the country we did some traveling by air but mostly by road.

At the end of our field visits, we went to a resort on a small island off Townsville to finalize the report. The Technical Secretary prepared drafts that we reviewed, discussed and worked out disagreements. We had our meals and usually a few beers together in the early evening, and spent the rest of our time reviewing drafts and collecting our thoughts. When we had agreed on a rough draft, we each went our own way and a final draft was sent to us for approval before being presented to the Government. It was a great experience and I felt that I was able to contribute significantly to the review and evaluation. An added benefit was that I was able to spend an evening with the 2 Australian scientists who had been on my staff at IITA and get their feedback about that experience now they were back in Australia. They were both very positive about it.

### **Visitors and Interesting Travel**

While living in The Hague, as had been our experience in Mexico, many relatives, family members and friends were able to visit us. It was always a pleasure to be able to introduce them to a new country and show them how we lived. Jean and Tom Burnham were among the first relatives to visit. In addition to sightseeing in Holland, Virginia, Jean, Tom, Alicia and I drove to Luxembourg for a couple of days. In Luxembourg we stayed at a delightful old hotel, found an excellent restaurant with tasty wines of the region, and toured its palace. The tour guide spoke only French so Alicia gave us a running translation. On the last day there, we visited the American Cemetery for those who fell in the area during World War II. It was a most impressive place with well manicured rows and rows of white crosses. At one end of the cemetery was the well-marked tomb of General George Patton, the

flamboyant general in command of the Armored Corps, who played such an important part in battles in North Africa and in Europe after D-Day. On our return trip to The Hague we crossed into Germany at Aachen before crossing back into The Netherlands

Early in our time in Holland, Virginia and I took the train to Cologne, Germany and took a river cruise up the Rhine River to Basal, Switzerland. We enjoyed the trip very much with its various overnight stops at historic towns, castles and vineyards, as well as some day stops for particular points of interest. When Jean returned with Jane, they decided it would be a nice trip and Virginia accompanied them. Virginia and I had found the trip between Strasbourg and Basal to be most uninteresting since it was spent mostly in huge locks on the river, so when she and Jean and Jane went they took the train to Strasbourg and then the cruise down the river to Rotterdam. While Jean and Jane were in Holland we also drove to Brugge, Belgium, a lovely old city which is almost museum-like. We had dinner in an old castle that Virginia, Alicia and I had found on previous trips and then stayed in a hotel from which we could easily walk about the city. Back in The Hague, Jane, much to the concern of Jean, went by herself to spend a night or two "on the town" in Amsterdam. She returned safely to Jean's joy and said she had a great experience. Jean visited us another time and I recall a delightful day trip and lunch in Middleharness with some excellent port wine and cheese after lunch.

My brother, Paul and his wife Dorothy Bill, visited us in late December 1982. This was their first trip to Europe and they, especially Dorothy Bill, had looked forward to it with great anticipation. We took them sightseeing in and around The Hague and Amsterdam and then took the train to Zurich, Switzerland. It is a great train trip since it follows the Rhine for much of the way. We took trips out of Zurich up the cog rail to the top of Mt. Rigi and then down to Luzern and back by train. This was the same trip we had taken as a family years before when Kathy was a baby. From Zurich, we took the train to Paris and I think Paul enjoyed seeing the French countryside very much. In Paris we stayed at a



nice hotel near the Champs Elysee so we could easily walk to see many of the sights. On one of our travels about the city by the metro, Dorothy Bill had the contents of her purse stolen in a crowded subway but fortunately nothing of great value was taken. We spent New Year's Eve at a restaurant and floorshow and then took the train back to The Hague the next day. They stayed on in The Hague for a few days before returning home. I think they were able to see and visit all the places they had hoped.



We were pleased that Tim and family, Tom and family and Kathy, all on separate occasions, were able to spend time with us in Holland. On the visit by Tim and family we visited the museums in and around The Hague and Amsterdam, the Kroller Mueller on the eastern border, and the ship museum in Enkhuizen. Then we went to the far south of the country to a wonderful old castle hotel (Castle Witten) near Maastrich, that Virginia and I had found on earlier trips. It was great for all of us to stay together in this castle with its many artifacts, good dining, interesting beds and good service. From there, we drove to Valkenburg where some of us toured the famous underground salt mines that had been converted to large scale secure places during and prior to World War II. There were extensive underground facilities so large numbers of people could stay there with plenty of food, water, and electricity for long periods of time. Then we went on to Trier, Germany, and stayed a couple of days, taking a boat trip on the Moselle River to Bernkastel. In Trier, Tim rented a car and they left us to visit the area where Tim had been stationed in the army and where he and Marilyn were married.

For Tom and family's visit, we did many of the same things as with Tim but they decided to take a bicycle trip and took the train to Utrecht, rented bicycles and toured for several days staying,

at small pensions and finding nice restaurants. They had a wonderful time. We also traveled together to southern Holland to stay in the Castle Witten and we have some wonderful photos of the family in the hotel.

Kathy came later and we did lots of things with her. In addition, she and Alicia took a trip to Spain and particularly enjoyed Andalusia. Alicia returned after a few days and Kathy spent several days on her own enjoying the country and the wine.



### **A Very Special Visit by Burmese**

We well remember a visit by 2 Burmese professors from the State Agricultural Institute, Pyinmana, Burma. They were taking a short course at the Agricultural University of the Netherlands. We took them sightseeing and then to a Chinese restaurant for lunch, so they could get food to their liking. As we finished the meal, one of them got up, set 2 chairs together with the backs to a table, asked us to sit in them and told us that in keeping with their Burmese and Buddhist customs, they wanted to pray for us and show their respect for all we had done for their school. Although they had come to the college long after our time, their teachers had often spoken of us and had given us as examples of dedication, high standards, and practical work in agriculture which they must achieve. So, in the middle of the restaurant, they took off their shoes, which a Buddhist must do before praying, knelt on the floor at our feet, were silent in meditation, and then leaned forward and touched their foreheads 3 times each to the floor to show the proper Oriental respect. It was a very touching and sincere moment in our lives!

### **A Tour of the Burgundy Wine Region**

Alexander was a great teacher about wine for Virginia, Alicia

and me during our time together in The Hague. We decided we should all have a trip together through one of the great wine regions of France before Virginia, Alicia and I left Europe. Alex and Rosa Maria arranged for us to visit one of their close friends, Joseph Drouhin, owner of one of the best wineries in Burgundy and its most famous wine cellars, the Duke of Burgundy.

Virginia, Alicia and I took the train to Strasbourg where we



met the von der Ostens, who had driven there. We traveled together to Beaune, the famous center of the Burgundy wine region, stopping overnight in a lovely small town where we dined in a 3 star Michelin restaurant. In Beaune we met the Drouhins and had a wonderful lunch on the patio of their historical

home in the center of Beaune before touring the winery and the wine cellars. The wine cellars have been written up as follows: “The massive cellars under the extensive premises are composed of three separate parts and are preserved in their original state, all classified as historical treasures. The first part, the oldest cellar of the Canons of Beaune with its magnificent Gothic architecture and vaulted ceilings, was built in the 13<sup>th</sup> Century; the second part is situated beneath the 14<sup>th</sup> Century former Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy; the third part, situated under the ancient Parliament of Beaune, was built as a wine cellar for the Kings of France in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century.” In touring the wine cellars we had tasting of several of their finest burgundies and met the Drouhin’s daughter, who was an oenology graduate from the university in Paris and was now crafting wines for her father. Getting this personal tour of the great winery and cellars was wonderful. Incidentally, Joseph Drouhin now owns large grape orchards in Oregon and is producing wine in the United States in addition to France.

After a couple of days in Beaune, we toured some other wineries in the region and drove to Dijon, the center of the mustard

industry. We also toured ancient churches and monasteries on our way back to Strasbourg. We left the von der Ostens in Strasbourg and took the train to Frankfurt and on to The Haag.

### **The Time Horizon Was Met With Success**

As had been agreed within the CGIAR at the time ISNAR was created, an External Review Panel was named to examine ISNAR's accomplishments and to determine whether support for it should be continued. Dr. Montague Yudelman, Distinguished Fellow, World Resources Institute and former Director of the Agricultural Division of the World Bank, headed this Panel. Panel members were distinguished scientists and administrators from Australia, Canada, Chile, Pakistan, United States and Zimbabwe. The Panel members reviewed ISNAR reports, interviewed donors and made field visits to Colombia, Dominican Republic, Sri Lanka, Indonesia, Kenya and Rwanda to directly obtain the views about the importance of ISNAR's work from national agricultural research leaders.

The conclusion and recommendation of this Panel was that "ISNAR should continue beyond its initial, trial period and that it should be recognized as a fully-fledged member of the CGIAR system". I was particularly pleased with the finding in the Panel's report that "ISNAR has been gaining credibility in its client countries because of its single purpose nature, the high quality of its staff, its independence, the style of its collaboration, its quick response capacity and its identification with the best interests of its clients."

### **Again, Time to Move On**

When we took the position at ISNAR, Virginia and I knew that it could only be for 5 years since the retirement age in the CGIAR was 65, and I would reach that at the end of ISNAR's trial period.

The Board appointed a Search Committee and started the process to select my successor. The Committee received over 100

nominations for the position from all over the world. It followed the procedure I have noted before and eventually narrowed the list of candidates to 5 for final interview. Two of the candidates had been colleagues of mine in the Ford Foundation, one candidate had served many times as a consultant for ISNAR, one candidate was the Director of a large national agricultural research system in a developing country and the fifth candidate was the person who had served as the first Executive Officer of ISNAR. I was pleased that the Committee selected Alexander von der Osten, then serving with FAO in Rome. Alexander had played a very important role in the early years of the development of ISNAR.

Virginia and I packed up and prepared to move to our apartment in Minneapolis, Alicia Mina also decided to leave and returned to Mexico to again work for the International Center, CIMMYT. Robert Banks, who had joined us as Executive Officer when Alexander took a position with FAO, retired and moved to California. Robert had worked with us in Mexico and then had served as President of the Asian Institute of Technology in Bangkok before joining ISNAR. All other staff members continued on.

Our years in The Netherlands were most enjoyable and we never regretted our decision to take the position in place of the one offered in Washington. We had an exceptional opportunity to help create a new organization and lead it to the point where it had an assured future. Although we had been happy in The Hague, as always we were looking forward to a return to life in the United States. So, in September 1985, after living 30 years abroad, we moved to our condominium apartment in Minneapolis to begin our retirement.

## CHAPTER 24

### RETIREMENT AND CONSULTING<sup>20</sup>

We enjoyed being back in the Twin Cities, with Tim and Tom and their families and Kathy nearby. I needed to find a place where I could work, and was able to set up an office with Tom and his friend, Doug Holcomb. At the time they were doing freelance writing in Minneapolis. I had planned to do consulting work when I retired, but hadn't decided how to obtain assignments. As it turned out, I didn't have to do anything. Soon after I retired, I began receiving calls inviting me to take part in consulting assignments in many countries. For 10 years, I received offers without ever having to approach any agency or institution.

My years of international work gave me great confidence in my ability to continue to contribute to the improvement of human welfare in developing countries through agricultural research, education and extension. Through family guidance and in particular the encouragement and support of my mother, I had developed considerable self esteem. Virginia, throughout our married life, had also reinforced the need for humility. Thanks to both, I felt equally comfortable drinking tea and chatting with farmers in villages as I did visiting with the highest government officials or businessmen.

#### **A Board Member in an NGO in Minneapolis**

Soon after returning to Minneapolis in 1986, I was invited to become a member of the Board of a Non-Government Organization (NGO), Development Alternatives, which was a Minnesota-based consulting firm involved in long-term agricultural development programs in several countries. I was an active member in policy discussions, drafting proposals for development projects and recruiting staff for 2-3 years. I eventually resigned because I was

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20. Copies of my consulting reports are in my files.

becoming very involved in many worldwide programs that were of greater interest to me.

### **Michigan State University and the Kellogg Foundation**

About the same time that I was invited to join Development Alternatives, I was invited by Michigan State University to serve as a member of a Steering Committee for its Kellogg International Fellowship Program. The Agricultural Economics Department at Michigan State managed this program, which was funded by a 3-year grant from the Kellogg Foundation. Under this program, about 30 mid-career professionals in food policy, nutrition, agricultural research, food distribution, etc., in universities, government departments, or public organizations, were to be selected from a worldwide pool of applicants. The applicants had to submit a specific project proposal that set forth the need, objective, budget, 3-year time frame and their qualifications to carry out the work. The Steering Committee would then select the participants and monitor their projects. The Steering Committee was composed of a professor from the University of Wisconsin, an agricultural economist from Sierra Leone who was working for IITA in Nigeria, a Professor from the University of Reading, England, an economist from Argentina, a Professor from Cornell University, an officer from the Kellogg Foundation, and myself.

The committee first met in Los Angeles, and for several days we reviewed all the applications. We selected participants from Brazil, Chile, China, Colombia, Chile, Mexico, United States, Thailand, Bangladesh, India, Zimbabwe, Kenya, Tanzania, Ghana, and Sudan. In some cases, small teams were selected in a country, rather than just an individual. Over the next 3 years we met with the groups in Brazil, Kenya, Zimbabwe, Thailand, and China. Participants arranged visits to their projects and interesting agricultural and cultural sites, and gave progress reports. It was a very successful program.

## Nigeria

Early in 1986, I was invited by USAID, under a consulting contract with Winrock International, to lead a team to determine the impact of USAID's technical assistance to 3 universities in Nigeria: Ahmadu Bello University, the University of Ife, and the University of Nigeria. Three U.S. universities, with financial support from USAID, had provided visiting professors, scientific equipment, and fellowships for staff at the Nigerian Universities to study for advanced degrees in the United States. During my years in Nigeria with the Ford Foundation and IITA, I had become very familiar with these cooperative programs and knew many of the faculty members at each university. Our team spent several weeks in Nigeria and met with faculty, students, community leaders and government officers. Every place we visited the faculty members seemed to greatly enjoy reflecting on "the good days" when the university cooperation was active between the United States and Nigeria. At the University of Nigeria, one of the Professors whom I knew well invited the team to his home for a dinner of Nigeria's famous dish, groundnut stew. He said he had caught an excellent "Grasscutter", a rodent-like animal that is the main ingredient in the dish, and wanted to share it with us. It was not my favorite dish but we all ate it, along with a few bottles of Nigerian beer, and had a nice evening.

It came as a surprise to me that the universities were less well off than they had been when I left some 6 years before. Nigerian support for the universities had decreased and equipment and supplies were not being replaced on a timely basis. What had happened was that with greatly increased revenues from oil, the government had encouraged a further breakup of the former 3 regions into many states, with new universities in each state, all requiring large capital expenditures but producing no economic return. Even with all the oil revenue, there just wasn't enough money to support the old universities at their previous level and also the new universities. A further distraction was that the old distrust among the major ethnic groups not only still existed but at



times seemed even greater. When we were at Ahmadu Bello University in the North, the few Yorabas on the staff seemed to feel isolated and even unsafe at times in the Hausa dominant population. Similar feelings of distrust appeared evident between the Ibos and the Yorabas.

## Chile

After Nigeria, I was soon invited to take on a consulting assignment in Chile. The Minister of Agriculture of Chile and the Executive President of the National Agricultural Research Institute (INIA) made a specific request to ISNAR for me to carry out this assignment. I was asked to review present trends in agricultural research in the country and the apparent strengths and weaknesses of its agricultural research system.

I had been in Chile a number of times but had never traveled far from the capitol, Santiago. It is a beautiful country with a long shoreline on the Pacific Ocean, high snowcapped mountains bordering Argentina to the east, and the Atacama Desert in the north. It is said that it has never rained in modern times in this desert. The south is cold and humid while the central region is very productive and is a mirror image of California. Chile has long marketed winter fruits and vegetables in the United States and its wines are excellent.

I traveled throughout the central region of Chile, first by train and then by car, visiting its agricultural research centers, meeting scientists, farmers, ranchers and government officials. It was a wonderful opportunity to see the varied agriculture of Chile and renew acquaintance with a number of scientists I had met on previous visits. I spent several days in Santiago preparing my verbal presentation for the Minister of Agriculture and the Executive President of INIA. I then flew to Mexico City to have Alicia help put my written report together, especially sections in Spanish, and to prepare letters to appropriate persons in Chile to thank them for their cooperation.

## Ethiopia

One of the most interesting countries which I was fortunate to be asked to work in was Ethiopia. I had been in the capitol, Addis Ababa, many times but never outside the city. At the request of the World Bank (Washington, DC) I carried out a one-man consulting mission to Ethiopia to determine the degree to which Ethiopia's commitment to agricultural research was being carried out in accordance with the terms of its World Bank loan.

I traveled throughout Ethiopia by car and plane visiting research stations, universities and State Designated Relocation Developments. This was at a time when the socialist government (under President Mengistu) was forcing relocation of entire villages from one part of the country to another to control opposition to his government. He also had signed an agreement with Russia to send many students there for university education. At that time the agricultural research division was led by a U.S.-trained PhD who was very opposed to the Russia connection. He felt the Russians were not allowing these students into any of its first class universities. He was arranging for as many of his staff as possible to go to the United States or Europe for graduate education.

The research programs and stations were well developed and well managed but the relocation of many whole villagers was producing massive agricultural problems. The government had ordered villages from the north (Eritrea) to be relocated in desolate valleys in the south. The people in these northern villages, who were cattlemen, had been moved to the southern arid zones with no grasslands or conditions to support livestock. Also, there were no roads or means of communication and they had to construct their own housing. There were few trees or other materials for construction, so the settlers had to travel many miles to collect building materials and then carry them on their backs to the site.

On most of my trips to visit research stations or extension work I traveled with a driver and an Ethiopian scientist who had been trained in the United States. We always had lively conversations about developments and lack thereof in the country.

Having only been in Addis Abba before, I knew little of Ethiopia's geography and rural population. We traveled from lush valleys to desert regions to mountains, including the coffee area (Ethiopia is the center of origin for coffee), and to newly developed areas where the potential was unknown. Research scientists were urgently trying to determine what crops and what methods of production were appropriate in these locations. I particularly remember having breakfast on the shore of Lake Tana at the source of the Blue Nile. I had seen the confluence of the Blue and White Nile Rivers in Khartoum, Sudan, and would later see the source of the White Nile in Uganda. Some of my other memories are of the extreme poverty in the arid zone, of questionable food in villages, of "quaint" hotels in out of the way places, of small airplane landings in villages, and of the plight of recently moved villagers. The beauty of the Ethiopian people and their great hospitality and friendliness struck me.

It was a difficult mission due to the size of the country, its many ecological zones, and the delicate task of observing the fine line between the socialist government's views and those of the U.S. trained scientists. However, it all seemed to work to the satisfaction of all parties. Later in the year I served as a member of an ISNAR team to review the research program organization and management of the Institute of Agricultural Research in Ethiopia and preparation of its manpower plan.

### **Dominican Republic**

Moving from continent to continent had been a part of my life for many years, so I adapted easily to this in my consulting. I had visited the Dominican Republic many times during my career, and a leader in the country, Luis Crouch, and I had worked together on projects there when I was with the Ford Foundation. At his request and that of USAID (Santo Domingo) I carried out a study of the feasibility of the establishment of a private foundation in the Dominican Republic to support agricultural research. My previous contacts in the Dominican Republic and the

strong support of Luis Crouch made my work possible within the time allotted. I was also fortunate that the Minister of Agriculture, a young U.S. trained scientist, and I were well acquainted so he was very helpful in seeing that I was able to meet all the right people, including the President of the country. Throughout this mission I was very impressed, as I had been on many visits to the country, by the impact a few young, very dedicated, local businessmen could have on a small country.

### **Muscle Shoals**

Near the end of 1986, I traveled to Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to present the keynote paper for the International Fertilizer Development Corporation's seminar on Fertilizers and International Agricultural Research. It was my first visit to Muscle Shoals, which I enjoyed, and I was able to renew acquaintance with many of the seminar participants whom I had known in my work in their countries. My paper, followed by discussion, was well received.

### **Brazil**

In 1987, I continued to serve as a member of the Steering Committee for the Kellogg International Fellowship Program, and we had meetings in Brazil, Kenya and Tanzania. The meeting in Brazil was especially nice since it gave me an opportunity to revisit places I hadn't seen since my navy days. I flew into Rio de Janeiro and caught a flight to Bahia (Salvador), where I had been stationed during my tour of duty in the South Atlantic during World War II. The city had grown tremendously but still retained its character with its excellent harbor. From there I flew to Recife where our meetings were being held. Between Bahia and Recife an engine just fell off our plane! We were flying in an old 4 engine DC8. The pilot didn't mention it and somehow it didn't seem to affect our flight. I still find it hard to believe but I saw the missing engine slot on the plane when we disembarked. I guess I just wrote it off as one of those hazards of flying airlines of third world countries.

## Uganda

My next opportunity in 1987 was to work in the East African country of Uganda. For many years Great Britain had governed it and the country was known throughout the continent as the “Pearl of Africa”. It had lovely tea and banana plantations, mountains, forests, lots of different wild bird and animal life, and the famous Lake Victoria, the source of the White Nile. It gained its independence from Great Britain in 1963 but had been subject to corrupt and ruthless leadership for most of the time since then, with resulting deterioration of its infrastructure. The people were suffering from great poverty and, at that time, about 15% of the population had AIDs, with many deaths in every village every day. The hope for the country was in new leadership being provided by Yoweri Museveni, who had led a revolt against the old government in a devastating civil war.

Under an Ohio State University/USAID program I was invited to lead a team to review and make recommendations on Strengthening Agricultural Research in Uganda. The team members, in addition to myself, were Professor John S. Mugerwa, Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture, Makerere University, Uganda, Professor Polycarp Mark Ofwono, Makerere University, Uganda, and Professor J. Duain Moore, University of Wisconsin. Our visit occurred just when the most recent civil war was coming to an end. There was still fighting in some places and the ravages of the war were evident throughout the country. I have a vivid memory of one abandoned village we passed through where the total population (6,000 people) had been massacred. The relatives of the villagers decided not to bury any of them. As soon as the skulls and bones had been picked clean by weather and animals, their relatives made long rows of benches along the roadside and piled the bones on them. This was done to remind their tribe of the massacre and the need to take future revenge.

We traveled throughout the country by car, but Professor Moore became ill and had to return to Wisconsin early in the mission. My 2 Ugandan colleagues were very interesting traveling

companions and we got along very well. When we were on the road we had lunch in small villages, or stopped for a coke and snack. I always refused the ice for my drink and usually drank coke, or beer, from the bottle. My colleagues always kidded me saying, you are just afraid of catching the “slimming disease” (that’s what they called AIDs in Uganda). On this mission we spent a couple of nights on the shore of Lake Victoria and took a boat trip on the lake where we were almost overturned several times by hippos. I was also able to see the source of the White Nile.

I had an interesting experience on the way to the airport at the end of the mission. A friend was driving me when a young soldier stopped our car about 3 miles from the airport. He saw my watch and told me to give it to him. I told him I was on a government mission and it was illegal for him to ask me for it and would be illegal for me to give it to him. All this conversation going on with this young soldier, probably about 16 years old, holding an AK47 rifle in the car window. I persisted and he finally told me to get out of the car and unload my baggage on the road. I complied and then he said I could load it back in the car and we went on our way without further problems.

This was the first of 3 consulting missions I carried out in Uganda. My good friend Renate Jacob Winch was then living in Uganda where her husband, Fred, was serving as Deputy Head of the USAID mission. They were a great help to me during my assignments. The bedding (if there is any) in guesthouses, particularly government guesthouses, is usually very questionable. I was fortunate that Renate loaned me bed sheets to carry and to use on my trips. Another nice thing she did was to freeze 12 cans of beer and put them in a cooler for me. At the end of each day’s travel, I could take one or two out and if still frozen, thaw them a bit, but by the third day they would still be cold. One must learn how to travel properly in many parts of the world!

## **Cornell University**

I was surprised, but pleased, to be invited back to Cornell University for a consulting assignment. The Dean had formed a Committee of department heads to recommend a program for implementation by the College of Agriculture in East Africa that would complement and not duplicate the programs of other international organizations working there. The Committee had not been able to agree on a program, nor had any single idea emerged. I was invited to work on the problem and come up with a proposal.

I flew from Minneapolis to Ithaca and met with the Dean, Dr. Call, and had a couple of long meetings with the Committee. I did not realize it at the time, nor did Dean Call, but we had met in the Philippines in the 1950s on my first visit there. After this first series of meetings at Cornell, I returned to Minneapolis and started researching what various international organizations were working on in East Africa. I finally decided that one important food crop area was not given any attention, vegetable crops. I then prepared a proposal for Human Resource Development for Agriculture in Africa, with Special Emphasis on Vegetable Crops – a program for cooperation between Cornell University and agricultural institutions and individuals in East Africa. I was able to complete this work in about 6 weeks and on my final Cornell visit I presented my recommendations to the Committee and the Dean. They accepted my report with their full support. I also had a personal meeting with the President of the university to brief him on my recommendations. I followed the program with much interest and was very glad to see that Cornell implemented the program and continued it successfully for more than 10 years.

## **Indonesia**

In 1987, I started on a series of consulting missions in Indonesia with the Agency for Agricultural Research and Development (AARD). These missions took me on many interesting trips through Java, Sulawesi, Sumatra and Bali. I did not have the opportunity to visit the island Kalimantan (Borneo) which

I regretted, but it had very few people engaged in research and is the least developed area in Indonesia. I usually traveled with a joint Indonesian/American team but also made extensive travels alone. Indonesia is the country with the largest Moslem population in the world and the 5<sup>th</sup> largest total population. Over 50% of the population lives on Java, an island with less than 10% of the country's land area. A major problem in agriculture was the high population density, a rapidly increasing population, and insufficient production of staple food crops, primarily rice.

I found Indonesia and its people to be delightful. By and large they were devout Moslems but not fanatic and their friendliness, hospitality and beauty always made my work there most enjoyable. The headquarters for my work were usually in Bogor, a medium-sized city at about 3,000 ft. elevation with some modern buildings, a very good university, a wonderful botanical garden, and the national headquarters for almost all the agricultural research institutes. I usually stayed in a guesthouse that was owned by the Australian Government. It was very comfortable, had an excellent cook, nice gardens and a small swimming pool that had a covered area beside it with a refrigerator that was kept full of beer. The Australians, for many years, had large collaborative projects with the university in Bogor and other institutions and had purchased this guesthouse for use by transient staff.

On this assignment, I led a team to review and make recommendations on AARD's long-term agricultural research and development program. In this case it was a joint American/Indonesian team and we traveled widely by car on Java and then flew to Ujung Pandang, Sulewesi. The Director of Agricultural Research was from Java and his deputy was from Sulewesi. There was a long tradition in Indonesia that all leaders of government agencies were Javanese. No matter how good a scientist from Sulewesi might be, he would never be the Director. Sulewesi is much less developed than Java and a major source of income is the export of seafood, especially large "tiger" shrimp, from the seacoast around Ujung Pandang.



## **Holidays in the Brainerd Lakes Area, Minnesota**

In the summer of 1987, we rented a very nice cabin at Kavanaugh's resort on a lake near Brainerd and had a most enjoyable week. We canoed, took long walks, drove around the several lakes in the region and enjoyed the cuisine. We noticed a new development being started on Gull Lake on Steamboat Bay across from the well established Cragun and Madden resorts, but didn't consider it much further.

## **Zimbabwe and China**

In 1988, I participated in meetings for the Kellogg International Fellowship Program in Zimbabwe and China. Both of these meetings were extremely interesting, as I had not been in either country before. By this time the participants in the program had progressed sufficiently in their individual projects so that they had interesting results to present and we all knew each other well enough to have free and open discussions.

Although this was my first visit to Zimbabwe, I had closely followed the political situation there for years following the ousting of its old leader, Smith, as well as the country's name change from Rhodesia to Zimbabwe and the installation of the regime of Mugabe and Nkomo in 1980. At the time of my 1988 visit, the country's economy was in excellent condition. The main agricultural areas looked very similar to Iowa and Illinois, with large corn and soybean farms that were owned and operated by white farmers, most of whom had been born in Zimbabwe and considered themselves citizens of the country. In later years, President Mugabe and the Parliament controlled by his party decided to redistribute the land of the white farmers into small-holdings for black farmers, most of whom had little or no resources. However, the government did not provide resources for these new farmers nor give them real incentives to produce. The result of these policies is that there is now a great food shortage in the country, along with a disastrous economy and political corruption.

My visit, however, was delightful and at the end of our meetings we traveled as a group to visit the famous Victoria Falls on the Zimbabwe/Zambia border. The falls were even more spectacular than I had expected, extending over 1 mile in width with a 400 plus foot drop.

Later in the year, I made my first trip to mainland China, which was equally impressive. I first flew into Shanghai, where we had meetings for a few days. One of my flights was late out of the United States so I missed my connection and did not arrive in Shanghai as scheduled. Consequently, I arrived at midnight and was not met at the airport. It is always an interesting experience to arrive in a place late at night when you know nothing of the local geography, money, or transportation. There was very strict currency control so I exchanged some money after immigration and customs and started looking for taxis. There were very few around, since the arrival of our plane was unannounced. One lady approached me and spoke enough English so we could communicate. She said she was a taxi driver and would take me to the Hilton Hotel (where I had reservations). It turned out that her car was not licensed as a taxi and she could not legally use the special money issued to foreigners but could take dollars (quite illegally). At that hour of the night and with scarcely a taxi in sight it was OK by me. When we got to the hotel, she could not drop me at the hotel door but rather a little way down the street. It was another experience and interesting to see that free enterprise was operating in China even under very strict Socialist laws.

Shanghai was a very large city. Millions of people rode bicycles, and there were a great many more bicycles on the streets than cars. They all carefully followed the strict traffic regulations, with police on every corner. Few people in the country had telephones, but the Hilton Hotel was ultra modern and I was able to call Virginia in Minnesota from my room.

After a few days in Shanghai in meetings, we flew to Xian for other meetings and a visit to the famous excavations of warriors. We then took a 3-day bus trip through the countryside, stopping to

visit villages and peasant fields along the way. It was impressive to see how well every inch of land was used and the great care, and great amount of labor, that went into the production of crops. There were no large farms, just small plots with the produce typically transported either on the farmers' (men and women) backs or on bicycles. Two of the Kellogg Fellows were Chinese so we had ready interpreters for all our questions. One night on this trip we stayed in the dormitories at an agricultural university and spent an evening chatting with the professors, many of whom spoke English. We knew that most of them had suffered under the "Cultural Revolution" but none would comment on the subject. One of the Kellogg Fellows, during the Cultural Revolution, had been sent to a village for several years to do manual work in agriculture. When we asked him about it, he would just say that it was an "experience".

After returning to Xian, we flew to Beijing for a final round of meetings and visits to the Imperial Palace and the Great Wall before departing for home. In China, we had enjoyed a great many different foods, some of which we never identified, but on our last night in Beijing we had the famous Peking Duck in an excellent traditional restaurant.

### **A Holiday and a Townhouse Purchase in Minnesota**

We had enjoyed our stay at Kavanaugh's so much the previous summer that we returned there in the summer of 1988. We again canoed, walked, and enjoyed the surroundings and everything about the region. We also returned several times to the site of the development on Gull Lake and toured the townhouses being constructed there. Virginia, in particular, liked one very much. We decided it would be nice to live on a lake in a small community (30 townhouses fronting on the lake) and purchased the house in East Pointe that we, and the family, enjoyed so much in the following years.

## India

Later in 1988 I was invited to serve as Deputy Team Leader for a Midterm Evaluation of the Indo/U.S. Agricultural Project. Our team traveled by car, train and plane to visit the universities involved in the project. I particularly enjoyed our visit to the University of the Punjab (the most distinguished agricultural university in India). While there, I renewed acquaintance with one of my former staff members at IITA, Dr. T. P. Singh. I had lunch with him and his charming wife, Neelum.

On assignments such as this, I always had lots of free time in evenings, on holidays and weekends. India is well known for its Persian type carpets, and in my spare time I found a small shop with a very interesting proprietor who enjoyed showing me many different carpets. I picked out 3 or 4 carpets that were of particular interest to me and over a 10-day period, I spent an hour or two every evening discussing the price. I finally bought them and he sent them by airfreight to Minneapolis. We have enjoyed them very much and on later missions in Pakistan and Nepal, I purchased several more in the same fashion.

## Indonesia

My final consulting assignment in 1988 was again in Indonesia. I served as Co-Leader of an international team to prepare a 5-year Master Research Plan for AARD. My primary responsibility was for the development of the methodology, training of the Indonesian team members and testing the methodology through preparation of a Master Research Plan for the Food Crops Research institutes of AARD. This was a 3-month assignment, followed by 2 additional assignments to complete Master Research Plans for other AARD Institutes. The work was carried



out in Bogor, with some travel throughout the country and consultations in Jakarta.

Virginia accompanied me on one of these assignments and became acquainted with several Australian and Indonesian women in Bogor, so she had lots of companionship while I was traveling to other parts of the country. Here are some of Virginia's notes on the trip:

"The trip was uneventful, comfortable, straight through to Bangkok. There for 3 days and we stayed in the lovely Oriental Hotel where all furnishings and personnel are covered in Thai silk! We shopped and looked, but spent the most time watching the river traffic alongside the hotel, which is abounding and fascinating. The shark-like taxi boats are exciting, very loud and very maneuverable. All the boats, including many sizes of ferries are very buoyant, bouncing around constantly in the waves. The traffic is leftsided, as on highways in most of SE Asia, and very crowded.

The Asians are such polite, nice people and our Thai airways flight to Singapore and Jakarta was pure luxury, with beautiful stewardesses dressed in Thai silk, of course, serving a delicious lunch. Jakarta is hot, humid and teeming with people (10-12 million), but our hotel there was again cool and comfortable. We left at 7 the next morning for the hour's drive to Bogor. The tiny Japanese van with raised floor was barely large enough for our luggage and legs, but the 4 lane toll road was very smooth and had flowers and flowering trees with a few rice fields along the way.

We now have the number one room at the Crawford Guesthouse on the corner of Jalan Pangrango 2. This is a very modern tropical style house with 7 air-conditioned bedrooms, each with private bath, around a pretty swimming pool. The kitchen, dining room and pool-lounge all are open to the pool/garden area, with no screens. Our bedroom is very large with a marble floor and all the furniture is enormous.

Our guesthouse is staffed with a cleaning woman, a wash nanny, a gardner-pooltender, a nightwatchman, and a cook who

with an “iron hand” manages everyone. They are an efficient, pleasant group of Indonesians with great senses of humor. We eat all our delicious meals here with many other guests, mostly Australians, as the guesthouse is owned by the Australian Government and named for Sir John Crawford, Chancellor of the University of Australia. Sometimes the guests turn out to be old friends we have known in other parts of the world.

Bogor is a beautiful little city, about 1000 feet altitude, so the climate is comfortable. It is cool in the mornings and evenings, hot during the noon hours, with rain every few days. Most of the buildings in the city are roofed in red tile with lovely architecture predominating. It is entirely built around a huge botanical garden which was originally set out by Sir Stafford Raffles in 1817 when the British were here in the last century. Later when the Dutch came, they continued the garden, doing all sorts of pharmaceutical work, such as on beri beri and other diseases. The garden is reputed to have the largest and finest collection of orchids in the world. It is a real experience to walk there and stand in awe looking at the old, enormous trees. There is also the old Pasar Bogor, covered market, with stalls selling everything under the sun. Also, only about 6 blocks from the guesthouse is a quite large modern covered market. I go there often to buy snacks or insect repellent but also wander around the shops looking mostly at batiks.

Our first Sunday we drove up over the mountain pass for dinner. One of Bill’s team is well over 6 ft. tall, so he sort of collapsed in the rear of our tiny van. Bill and I snuggled on 1 and ¼ seat over the warm engine, and the other member sat nervously beside the driver, without a seat belt, of course! Traffic was solid and fast with indiscriminate passing, but our driver was excellent. Even though we were in the “country”, the roadsides were full of stalls selling beautiful fruits and vegetables of all kinds – papaya, pineapple, oranges, apples, bananas, rambosteen, avocados, carrots, taro, turnips, onions, etc. We passed paddy fields of rice in varying stages of maturity, terraced, and large fields of tea at the top of the pass. Colorful kites were for sale blowing in the wind along the fences.

Bill and I went to Jakarta for a weekend after we'd been here a few weeks. We stayed in the very nice Mandarin Hotel in the center of the city and near a large department store called Sarinah, which has 2 whole floors of batik and other Indonesian handicraft. We spent several hours there looking and wishing. There were even batik king-sized bed sheets! Our hotel served afternoon tea (proper) on the Mezzanine floor, accompanied by live soft guitar and mandolin music and delicious cakes. I also visited the National Museum with its wonderful Hindu and Buddhist stones, old ceramics from Thailand and many other treasures from Asia.

The sounds one hears all day and night here are fascinating. There is the "kissing" of the little transparent ghekos that roam around the walls inside, eating mosquitoes and other tiny bugs. We have a larger lizard, called a Toktu because he makes that noise "Tok-tu" in the early evenings, and if he calls more than 7 times in one series, it is considered good luck. Ours, who lives on a porch pole, often calls 9 times. The calling to prayer many times a day radiates from the mosques over the city, and makes a rather nice exotic background to all the other noises. The night watchmen bang on poles, fences, gongs, or whatever is handy to prove they are awake and doing their job.

But the most noises come from the street. There are a few horse carts used for taxis, but mostly people use the little 3-wheeled green vehicles which with their tiny engines are truly "putt-putts". The most interesting street sounds come from the constant stream of walking hawkers, mostly selling food to the houses along the way. Each has his own distinctive "call" which identifies his wares to the housewife. Very early in the morning the rice and chicken soup man comes by banging 2 sticks together. Later, a peanut man and a snack man comes along making another type of noise – perhaps a bell or whistle or odd mouth call. Also, during the day there will be soybean cake, a drink-juice cart, an ice cream man, who has a chime for his identification, much like our Good Humor man, a bread man, a fruit salad cart, a man selling sweet yeast dumplings stuffed with minced meat or soybeans with noodles, while he drums on a frying pan with chopsticks, and many more. Every dish required for good eating

can be bought reasonably at the gate all day long, and you can bring your clean dish and he will put the delicacies in that for you. Of course, there are other hawkers selling brooms, brushes, mats, baskets, carvings, cloth and a never-ending list of things. All most interesting!”

## **A Marriage in the Family and a Move to Brainerd**

Before Virginia and I went to Bogor in 1989, we knew Kathy was to be married to Nicholas Pilugin in December. We made reservations at the Calhoun Beach Club for a luncheon and the wedding. While in Indonesia, we had several phone conversations with Kathy about details, most of which she followed up on and organized. Most of the close Gamble, Burnham and Pilugin relatives attended the wedding as well as an informal gathering the evening before the wedding.

Virginia's notes on the occasion of Kathy's wedding:



“December 17, 1988

Kathy's wedding was held in the pretty dining room of the Calhoun Beach Club overlooking Lake Calhoun in Minneapolis. The day was chilly with intermittent sun and snow flurries; the hour was 11:30 a.m. A pianist, Tim Deprey, was playing as the 70 guests gathered and waited for the ceremony.

Patti Yanochko, Kathy's matron of honor, entered the room to the March from Aida. Nicholas and his best man, Ed Bohlman (from Norfolk, Virginia) were standing in place at the foot of the 3 steps leading to an enormous bouquet of purple, pink, etc., flowers – the altar. Kathy, in a simple pink frock from Laura Ashley, and her father, followed Patti (wearing a matching lavender floral frock), to the altar.

When everyone was assembled, Allison, Kathy's niece, played Beethoven's Sonata beautifully on her grandmother's flute.

Mr. Paul Heffelman, a secular humanist, conducted a short ceremony, which had mostly been written by Nicholas. He then



pronounced them man and wife. They exchanged gold wedding bands, they kissed, and the piano broke into Dave Brubeck's "Take Five".

Congratulations began, champagne and bubbly water were served. A 3-course luncheon (salad, oriental chicken & cake) was served with Chardonnay wine to tables of 4, 6 or 8, ending with the delicious wedding cake - simple carrot with white frosting.

The gorgeous bouquet was divided and flowers given to guests as they were leaving. The Gamble side of the family and friends walked over to our apartment for visiting and refreshments."

By this time, our house in Brainerd was completed and we started furnishing it while still keeping our apartment on Dean Parkway.

### **Thailand and Indonesia**

During 1989, I continued to serve as a member of the Steering Committee for the Kellogg Fellowship Program, and participated in meetings in Thailand and East Lansing. I also returned to Indonesia to participate in a Project Evaluation of the Western Universities Agricultural Education/University of Kentucky Project in universities on the islands of Java and Sumatra. I was specifically requested to participate in this mission by USAID since I had spent a great deal of time there and had traveled widely in the country. I had never traveled in Sumatra before, and it was interesting to see the unique architecture there, and to learn how much the population of Sumatra lagged behind the population of Java in development. I was also somewhat surprised to learn of and observe the very conservative religious practices of Moslems in the eastern part of Sumatra, in Banda Aceh. They put great restrictions on women there, unlike the Indonesia that I had known up to that time.

## Costa Rica – CATIE

A new venture started for me in 1989 in Costa Rica, and led me to many trips to that delightful country. Costa Rica is known as the Switzerland of Central America. It is unique in that it has never had an army and has consistently spent a great deal more on its schools and universities than on law enforcement. Since it has never had an army, it has never been engaged in any of the conflicts that have plagued other Central American countries. It has long had an enlightened policy on the environment and has a greater percentage of its land reserved for national parks than any other country. Its parks, forests, volcanoes, beaches, coffee and banana plantations, as well as its striking mountain scenery make it very attractive.

San Jose, the capitol, is a small but delightful city with an excellent climate, very good restaurants and a performing arts center that is a replica of the elegant Paris Opera House. In 1989, my work took place at the



Centro Agronomico Tropical de Investigacion y Ensenanza (CATIE), an agricultural research and education center near Turrialba, about 2 hours outside San Jose. To get there we drove over poor but interesting mountain roads through coffee plantations, nurseries producing plants and flowers for the U.S. market and some small cattle ranches. The agricultural center is in a large, productive valley, which contained several thousand acres of forest, sugar cane, other cropland and extensive pastures and buildings. CATIE is supported by funding from all the Central American countries, the Dominican Republic, and international donors. It serves as an agricultural and forestry research center for

all of Central America, and also has a graduate school offering a Master of Science degree in agriculture or forestry.

On my first assignment, the Director General of CATIE invited me to review and comment on the institution's long-term research priorities. This assignment was the start of a long and fruitful relationship for me with CATIE.

## **Philippines**

For my next consulting job, I traveled to the other side of the world to the Philippines. I had been many times but except for one trip to Mindanao many years before, I had never gone anywhere but the island of Luzon. On this 3-month assignment, as a Team Member to advise on USAID's present and possible support to the Philippine agricultural sector over the next 5 years, I was able to travel to many of the islands and observe the diversity of agriculture.

## **Philippines and Joining Virginia and Jean**

In 1990 I continued advising USAID on its support to the Philippine agricultural sector. During this assignment my time was concentrated in Manila in discussions with Government officials and report preparation. At end of the assignment, on February 2<sup>nd</sup>, I flew to Bangkok and met Virginia and her sister, Jean, for a vacation in Thailand and Hawaii. We stayed at the famous Oriental Hotel in Bangkok and enjoyed its great location and food. One day we took a tour to Ayutthaya, the old capitol of Thailand, where we boarded a riverboat operated by the Oriental Hotel and cruised down the Chao Phray River to Bangkok. The cruise down the river past quaint Thai villages and many small boats was wonderful, and the food and service on the boat were excellent. We also greatly enjoyed showing Jean many of the sites around Bangkok, including the famous Imperial Palace buildings and grounds, as well as the Emerald Buddha that we had enjoyed so much over the years. From there we flew to Honolulu and had a delightful few days on the beach and around the island of Oahu.

## **CATIE — Costa Rica**

As a follow-up to my previous consulting assignment in Costa Rica, I was invited by the Board of Directors of CATIE to lead a team for External Program and Management Reviews of the organization. In preparation for this, I participated in its annual In-House Program Review, which gave me an opportunity to become much better acquainted with the staff and the institution's research and education program.

The Program and Management review of CATIE was an extremely challenging and interesting assignment. One of the things that made it so interesting was that it was difficult to find a common language among the team members. This was due to the fact that donors were providing some of the team members, so CATIE was not able to require that all speak Spanish. Some members spoke only French, some only English and others various levels of Spanish/English. Knowing this, I arranged for Alicia Mina to be a member of the team and she handled all the translations. I don't know how we could have accomplished the review if she had not been there.

The team first met at CATIE headquarters in Turrialba, and the various specialists on the team met with scientists in different departments. After about 10 days of interviews and program review at headquarters, we all traveled to Guatemala to meet with scientists and officials there, to obtain their views on how well CATIE was serving their needs. Then the team members dispersed to various member countries to obtain similar information. I traveled to El Salvador and then returned to Costa Rica for interviews with government officials in San Jose.

Remarkably, this 3-month mission turned out very well. Our recommendations for major changes in selection and appointment of the members of the Board of Directors had a profound affect on the organization. In particular, it changed the way that members of the Board of Directors were chosen and gave the management a good scientific backing. Many other

improvements were also made in the structure and in program emphasis.

## **Tanzania**

Following the Costa Rica assignment, I assisted in drafting a national agricultural research policy for the Ministry of Agriculture and Livestock, Tanzania, at the request of ISNAR and the Government of Tanzania. I flew into Dar Es Salaam via Nairobi, Kenya, and again I was somewhat depressed by the degree to which most of Africa falls behind most of the world in development. Tanzania, following the disastrous leadership of President Julius Nyerere, has suffered great economic problems and its infrastructure has deteriorated to a very low level. In Dar Es Salaam, there was rarely electricity all day and even the main streets of the city were breaking up. It had once been a very lovely city.

I was well acquainted with Tanzania's agriculture due to my many visits there when I was Director General of IITA, so I only made a limited number of field trips outside of Dar Es Salaam. I did run into Norman Borlaug at the hotel, and we had breakfast together. It was always good to see Norm and to share in his enthusiasm.

## **Malawi**

I had never been in Malawi, and was pleased to be invited by the World Bank to carry out a one-man review of its agricultural research system (which was receiving support under a World Bank loan). Malawi, formerly a British colony called Nyasaland, is in East Africa and bordered by Mozambique, Zambia and Tanzania. Its economy is overwhelmingly agricultural, and its primary exports are tobacco, tea and cotton, but it also produces, corn, sugar, peanuts, fruits and vegetables. Part of the population subsists, to a large degree, on fish from Lake Malawi, which occupies about 1/5<sup>th</sup> of the country.

The major government offices are located in the capitol, Lilongwe, but parliament meets in Zomba, a hill station. There was

one nice hotel in Lilongwe where I usually stayed. The main city in the country is Blantyre, in the south. The country became independent in 1964 and in 1966 Kamuzu Banda, a British and U.S. trained doctor, became President for life. However, he was ousted in the late 1990s. It is a very poor country and as many of its citizens who can go to South Africa to work in the mines and remit money to their families. There was one good road that ran the length of the country from north to south. However, the country was interesting and very scenic.

The Director of Agricultural Research, an Ohio State University graduate, was my guide throughout the country. At one point we visited his hometown, Livingston, in northern Malawi, where he had attended a Mission School before going to the United States. In a tongue in cheek comment he said, "How fortunate that Livingston found Malawi or none of my family would have existed." He was a delightful traveling companion and we became very well acquainted, since my assignment and report led to several more consulting assignments in the country.

### **Iowa State University Honors**

In late 1988, Nelia Stevens, an active alumnus of Iowa State University, nominated me for honors there. Nelia was a graduate in Foods and Nutrition and was married to Wayne Stevens, a friend of our family. Nelia nominated me for the highest alumni honor that is awarded at Iowa State, the Distinguished Achievement Citation. Only 4 individuals are awarded this honor each year from the graduates of all the colleges of the university, without reference to year of graduation. In support of my nomination, she had to obtain recommendations from several well-known individuals who were aware of my work – professors, international agricultural scientists, and administrators. Documentation was submitted in support of the nomination in 1989, but I was not selected. Updated documentation was submitted in 1990 and I was awarded the honor. The other awardees that year were Garrey E. Carruthers, Governor of the State of New Mexico and PhD graduate in

Agricultural Economics, Edward K. Knipling, a PhD graduate in Entomology who for many years served as director of entomological research for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and Hideo Tokoro, a graduate in Animal Science who had a distinguished career in the Japanese Ministry of Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries before starting a poultry business that was credited with revolutionizing the Japanese poultry industry.



I received the award at a ceremony in the Memorial Union, Iowa State, on June 9, 1990 and was pleased that Virginia, Tim, Tom, Kathy, and Valerie could be there. Also there for the award ceremony were family members Paul, Dorothy Bill, Jim and Marilyn, Margaret, Lee and Jennifer, our good friends Bill and Millie Morgan, their daughter Anne, and

Virginia's cousin Loyd Bevington and his wife Jane.

The award read "A pioneer in bringing science and technology to tropical agriculture, he has improved living conditions for millions in developing countries."

### **CATIE — Costa Rica**

In 1991, I worked on 3 consulting assignments for CATIE, at the request of its Board of Directors and USAID, in January, May and December. In each case I was assisting the Board in re-drafting CATIE's Constitution and in re-structuring its Governance, which was a follow-up from recommendations I had made in my review mission. During the December mission while I was working in San Jose at the USAID office, there was a very strong earthquake, about 7 on the Richter scale. It sounded like a freight train coming and then we began to get the actual quake. We rushed out of the building onto the lawn and then felt a great many very strong aftershocks. Most of the phone service and electricity was knocked out in San Jose but the phones were fixed by evening. I phoned

Virginia in Brainerd to tell her I was OK, but she was not worried because she had not heard of the earthquake.

## **Malawi**

I returned to Malawi in early 1991, and Virginia accompanied me. It was great having her with me and we were able to travel together by road from Lilongwe to Blantyre, Zomba, and along the shore of Lake Malawi. Between Blantyre and Zomba, we visited some of the beautiful tea plantations and the delightful home of a tea planter and his wife. In that region they were also introducing plantations of macadamia nut trees that seemed to be doing very well.

## **Winrock International**

One of the nice things about consulting in my retirement was the variety of work which I was invited to carry out. I got quite an unusual opportunity in 1991. The Board of Trustees of Winrock International, a private charitable foundation with headquarters at Petit Jean Mountain, Arkansas, invited me to determine the opportunities that Winrock might have to participate in development activities in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. Winrock was founded by a major bequest of Winthrop Rockefeller, one of “the” Rockefellers and former Governor of Arkansas. Before his death, he brought together a very distinguished Board of Trustees to give oversight to the organization, and on his death, he left his large cattle ranch and houses to Winrock, along with an endowment.

My consultancy required extensive travel in the United States for interviews at the United Nations, The Ford Foundations, the World Bank, other organizations, and several universities. This was a 6 week assignment, followed by a later trip to Winrock headquarters to present my conclusions and recommendations to its Board. My travel to Arkansas was interesting since the Chairman of the Board, who also was the President of Cargill Corporation, invited me to accompany him in his private jet. We flew to the



private airfield by Winrock headquarters where his pilots kept the jet throughout the 3 days of the meeting so they would be able to leave any time the Chairman wished.

## **Malawi**

In 1992 the World Bank was considering a loan to the Government of Malawi to establish a National Agricultural Research Institute, to be responsible for all agricultural research in the country. I led a joint team of American and Malawi scientists to determine the feasibility of establishing such an institute. Again, we traveled extensively in the country to interview government officials, agricultural scientists, and university staff to try to determine the long-term financial feasibility of the proposed institute. We were under a very tight time schedule and as we approached the completion date it became evident that we did not have the facilities to finish the report on time. Some of the team members had to depart for other commitments, but we agreed on the outline and main recommendations. I flew back to Minneapolis to try and finish the report, but found I needed help. So, again I turned to Alicia who was by then living in Acapulco. I flew there and we worked night and day, completed the report and sent it by courier in time to meet the deadline.

## **CATIE — Board of Directors**

I was elected to the Board of Directors of CATIE in February 1992, for a 3-year term. The Board members were all elected in their own right but their distribution represented donor countries and member countries. The Board members were from Guatemala, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Brazil, Denmark, Great Britain, the United States and Canada. The Director General of CATIE also served as an ex-officio member of the Board. In this first year, I participated in 3 Board meetings and one Program Committee meeting, all held at CATIE headquarters. For the meetings, I flew into San Jose either via Dallas or Miami, always arriving at night, and would take a taxi

to my hotel. A car and driver from CATIE would pick me up the next morning and drive me to CATIE, over the mountain roads.

## **Malawi**

My final mission in Malawi was again carried out for the World Bank, at the request of the Minister of Agriculture, Malawi. This was a one-man mission to review and advise on the Action Plans for all the research divisions of the Agricultural Research Department of the Ministry of Agriculture. Again I traveled widely and then spent about 2 weeks putting all my recommendations together and presented them to the Ministry of Agriculture in Lilongwe.

## **Pakistan**

In 1993 I started on a series of consultancies in Pakistan, which I would continue over the next 3 years. On the first assignment, I participated in a mid-term evaluation of the USAID/Pakistan Agricultural Research Council's project in research, education, and development. Prior to this assignment, I had been in Pakistan a number of times but, except for a trip through the Khyber Pass, most of my visits had been to the major cities.

Pakistan is an agricultural country with very distinct ecologies – mountains, valleys, river plains, deserts and areas of high rainfall. It grows most of the major cereal and grain crops, fruits and vegetables, cotton, and has a large livestock industry. The country is divided into provinces – Sindh, Punjab, Baluchistan, the Northwest Frontier and the Federal Capital (Islamabad). The Punjab and the Sindh provinces have the most developed agriculture and infrastructure in the country, while Baluchistan and Northwest Frontier provinces lag far behind. Each province feels quite independent of the federal government. There are 155 research stations in the country, 105 of which are in the Punjab. The major cities are Karachi in the Sindh, Lahore in the Punjab, Quetta in Baluchistan, Peshawar in the Northwest Province and

Islamabad, the capitol. Keeping names straight is sometimes difficult since similar names may be spelled different ways. For example, Raees or Rais, Saeed or Said, Alee or Ali, Muhammad or Muhammed, Mohamad, etc. A further problem on names was that some people use first names, some middle names and some last names. For example, Dr. Dur Muhammed might go by Dr. Dur, while Dr. Fegir Muhammad might go by Dr. Muhammed.

In most of the country, the roads and infrastructure are quite good, but, the amount of traffic of all kinds on the roads makes traveling very hazardous. There are lots of overloaded old trucks on the road, along with sheep and goats being herded along, donkey or horse carts, autos, camel caravans, and just people.

## **Nepal**

I spent one of my most enjoyable consulting missions in Nepal, where I was invited to join a small team to review and comment on the Annual Work Plan, 1993-94, of the Nepal National Agricultural Research Council (NARC). This was an assignment that I wish could have been several weeks longer. I was impressed with the mixture of religious structures, Hindu and Buddhist, in Katmandu, and fascinated by mountain and valley terrain. At the edge of Katmandu was a large refugee camp for Tibetans who had set up their own school and workshops to produce their traditional crafts of fine carpets and carvings. I made several visits there and purchased a few carpets.

I was able to take one trip out of the city to visit agricultural sites. We traveled down a steep mountain road alongside a rapidly flowing river that had narrow walking bridges across it hanging on cables but with a simple wooden floor and no sides except the cables. It was exactly like the kind of bridges one sees in movies where the bad guys cut the cables (or ropes) at one end of the bridge as the “good guys” are crossing and they all plunge several hundred feet into a river gorge.

## **CATIE**

In 1994 I continued on the Board of Directors of CATIE, and made 4 trips to the country during the year. My contacts there with the international staff were always pleasant and I was impressed with the quality of the graduate programs. Also, the research in forestry and park management was outstanding and in keeping with the government of Costa Rica's emphasis on maintaining its natural resources.

## **Pakistan**

On my second of a series of assignments in Pakistan, I led a team, at the request of the Government and Winrock International, to initiate preparation of a 5-year agricultural research plan for the Province of Baluchistan. Baluchistan borders Afghanistan on the north and Iran on the west. This was a 2-month assignment and I returned later to complete the work.

Baluchistan is the poorest province in Pakistan, with great expanses of arid land and mountains. It also has a very conservative Moslem society. All women were required to wear the "bhurka" so their faces were covered as well as their bodies. The Director of the research institute where I did most of my work had a PhD degree from Kansas State University and considered himself quite modern, but whenever I visited his home, his wife and daughters were never in the room with us. Agriculture in the province still operated on a more or less feudal land system with "warlords" controlling vast acres and peasants doing the work. Near the capitol of the province, Quetta, there were large orchards that were irrigated with pump irrigation from ground water that was only expected to last another 25 or 30 years.

Quetta was an interesting old city of over a million people. Under British rule it had been a major military outpost and was still a very important military base. It had a large airport with a jet fighter squadron. On the outskirts of Quetta was a large refugee camp with about 100,000 Afghanistan refugees living in primitive huts. I passed through this area every day going and coming from

the research station. Quetta was extremely hot in the summer and extremely cold in the winter, and on my various trips there I encountered all seasons. My housing in Quetta was modest and electricity was often out in the hot season, since all circuits were overloaded. In the cold season, because of very high fuel costs, there was usually a scarcity of heat. There were 2 restaurants in the city where we occasionally ate. One was a Chinese restaurant and the other in the one good hotel. The hotel had tennis courts where another consultant and I played on weekends. It also had a swimming pool and a small snack bar. One day after tennis while we were sitting by the pool, I went to the snack bar and asked for a hamburger. The young Moslem boy working there looked like he was going to faint and was stuttering that they didn't serve ham when an older employee came by and said "He means beefburger". I didn't make that mistake in Pakistan again, and of course I already knew that any pork product would not be served in a Moslem country.

A minor problem in Pakistan was that the sale of alcohol is prohibited in all public places, and only foreigners can purchase beer or alcoholic products. The license for such purchases could be obtained but always involved giving up your passport and having it copied. However, I was able to solve the problem. Since getting the license was kind of a hassle, I didn't like getting one every time I visited. My Pakistani colleagues, none of whom drank, told me not to worry. Whenever I needed beer at the guesthouse, I would give some money to the cook and a case of beer would appear the next day. I never asked where it came from, but I think it was from the military compound since many in the army drank even though it was forbidden.

In the same year I also participated in the preparation of a 5-year agricultural research and extension plan for the province of Sindh, Pakistan. This province was much more prosperous than Baluchistan and it had excellent agricultural lands, making it one of the important agricultural regions of the country.

## Pakistan

In 1995, I returned to Hyderabad, Sindh Province, to continue the work on the 5-year agricultural research and extension plan. Virginia accompanied me on this one-month assignment and we stayed in the home of the project leader, Takumi Izuno and his wife Doris. We ate breakfast with them and Virginia had lunch with Doris but Virginia and I joined the other team members for dinner in the guesthouse. I had my 75<sup>th</sup> birthday while on this assignment.

Here are some of Virginia's notes on the trip:

"We arrived at the rather new Karachi airport about 11 p.m. on Saturday evening. On our way to Burma in 1952, we had an airport stopover of a couple of hours in an old terminal building with Tim ill and Tom with a sprained leg. We had been back a couple of times since but I had not been there since they completed a very nice modern airport building.

We cleared Immigration and Customs very quickly and went outside to the usual almost overwhelming crowd that greets people at large city airports. Bill had been there twice in the past year so he knew the routine and had arranged for the hotel to have a car to meet us. This is always nice in the middle of the night but is especially nice in Karachi where there are troubled streets at times. Karachi is a city of 6-8 million people. Our hotel, Pearl Continental, was very nice with friendly and helpful staff.

A driver, Shawkut, from the project on which Bill was working met us at the hotel at noon on Sunday and drove us to Hyderabad. Since Pakistan is an Islamic country, Friday is the religious non-work day and Saturday completes the weekend. Sunday is a normal workday. Hyderabad is a very old city of about 1 million in the Sindh Province. It took us about 3 hours and we passed through various army checkpoints with rifles directed pointblank at our car; sometimes the driver would have to open the trunk, but nothing happened. We passed many, many, highly decorated enormous trucks. Then we came to the great Indus River, which irrigates millions of acres of land as it

runs south. We crossed on a long, rather rickety bridge and entered the ancient city.

Parts of Hyderabad are quite lovely, especially the army cantonment where the streets are good and clean, with buildings and gardens in good repair with green trees and flowering bushes. There are many nice houses behind high, solid concrete walls, painted white, with small gardens inside. The rest of the city is dusty, with mostly narrow, crumbling streets, much garbage, especially used plastic bags, etc. strewn on empty lots and sides of the street. Herds of goats, water buffalo, many stray dogs and cats, camel carts, 3-wheeled 'taxis', bicycles, small cars and many people, mostly men, fill the streets.

We stopped at a black iron gate in one of these high white fences and got out with bag and baggage. The driver led us through the gate past the watchman and probably a gardener, into a terrazzo floored foyer, dark and cold, but actually very beautiful with a graceful marble stairway at one side. Our host, the head of the agricultural research project with whom Bill was working, welcomed us and introduced me to his wife, Doris. His name is Takumi Izuno, and they are both Japanese-Americans born in Hawaii. She was educated at a small college in Kansas and he has his doctorate from the University of Minnesota. Bill had known Takumi for many years and had met Doris a couple of times before. We were shown to a large, high-ceilinged bedroom with king-sized bed, desk, dressing table, drawers and cabinets, all built-ins and a pretty sofa. There was a small dressing room with hanging closets, also built-in, and then a large bathroom, all yellow-tiled. Night temperatures were about 40 degrees but warmed up nicely outdoors in the daytime, but the sun didn't penetrate much into the house. The Izunos had another suite on the same level and the house owners, a doctor and his wife, also a doctor, and their 2 children had a large apartment upstairs.

One day, the landlady, Dr. Nasreen, took Doris and me in her own car, driving herself (which was very unusual for a woman in Pakistan), to the university to see a wonderful museum dedicated to that area of Pakistan. Dr. Nasreen and her husband were both professors at the university in addition to their private medical practice. The museum had all sorts of items from cloth to

silver to agriculture, all well presented. Dr. Nasreem took us to meet the director of the museum, a most interesting man who sometimes makes television documentaries. He took a telephone call from the Prime Minister (Benazir Bhutto at that time), while we were drinking tea in front of his desk. Then we went to a boutique in the home of a friend of the Dr. before going to the home of her parents for lunch. It turned out to be a most interesting day and I felt very fortunate to get to meet so many Pakistanis and glimpse into their lives a bit.

Since Doris and I were WOMEN, we mostly stayed at home and it was uncanny how we enjoyed doing the same things – reading, crosswords, embroidery, cooking, and visiting. She was a wonderful cook and it was a whole new world kitchenwise for me, and I did enjoy it all. She and Takumi had lived in many countries where he was working and she thought their first country abroad, Egypt, was the best. They plan to retire in McAllen, Texas.

We went to dinner at 2 Pakistani homes and had enjoyable evenings, visited the large bazaar and spent one weekend back in Karachi during our stay. Now, I'm glad I went and also very glad to be home!"

Later, I returned to Quetta on a 2-month assignment to complete the 5-year research plan and prepare a loan proposal to be presented to the World Bank.

### **Another Grandchild and a Trip to Russia**

Another important event occurred in 1995. On August 16, Noah Nicholas Pilugin, Kathy and Nicholas's son and our first grandson, was born in Minneapolis. Since Kathy and Nicholas were living in Moscow, Kathy and Noah stayed with Virginia and me until Noah was old enough to travel. They first joined us at our home on Gull Lake but we were moving to St. Paul about that time, so they made the move with us. Noah started life, as had his mother, with long international flights and his first years in a foreign land.

Later, we were able to visit them in Russia and greatly



enjoyed the sights and culture in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Neither Virginia nor I had ever wanted to visit Russia – it had always seemed like it would be too difficult with all the requirements to get a visa. However, with Kathy and family there<sup>21</sup>, they made it sound easy and we are very glad we made the trip. To our surprise, we found Moscow to be a beautiful city filled with wonderful old churches, the Kremlin, Red Square, lovely restaurants, and of course it was nice to see it all with Kathy, Nicholas and Noah. The Metro, with their guidance, made it easy to get around Moscow and when we went outside, Nicholas arranged a car and driver. A most memorable night was a lovely dinner and then walking through Red Square in lightly falling snow at midnight, looking at St. Basil Cathedral.

From Moscow, we all flew to St. Petersburg where we had rented a small apartment and we either used the Metro to get around or Nicholas would just flag any passing car and the driver would take us where we wanted to go for a fee. We visited the summer palace, and spent a day at The Hermitage, which was even beyond our expectations, and would require many days to view its wonderful art. The last 2 days we moved into a very nice hotel in the center of the city, enjoyed some fine restaurants, visits to old churches and shops. Kathy, Nicholas and Noah then flew back to Moscow and Virginia and I spent our final morning walking in a lovely park, again in light snowfall, and enjoying the scenery, especially a statue of Peter the Great. Then it was off to Amsterdam and home.

## **Indonesia**

In 1996, I again returned to Indonesia and led 2-man team to review the potential for decentralization of AARD research stations in Indonesia. The other team member, an Indonesian senior

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21. It was good to visit Kathy and family in their home and I soon bonded with Noah, which was very nice. As she was growing up, Kathy was a beautiful and loving child. She has developed into a confident, professional woman who is also an excellent homemaker. I have always been proud to be her father.

scientist, was only able to devote part time to the study so I traveled extensively by myself, visiting research stations on Java, Sumatra and Sulewesi. I drafted our report in Bogor and then flew to Ujung Pandang, Sulewesi, to meet the Indonesian team member and we did the final editing together. He was also able to join me in Jakarta for presentation of our conclusions and recommendations to the appropriate officials.

### **CATIE – Another Review**

My term on the Board of Directors of CATIE was completed at the start of the 1996 and I opted not to stand for re-election. Later in the year, the Board asked me to lead a team to review CATIE's research and education programs and its capability for research over the next 5 years. My team members were an Argentine scientist who had been on my staff at ISNAR and the Dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Idaho, who had been the major professor of the Director General of CATIE. It was an enjoyable assignment since I was well acquainted with all the CATIE staff and their work.

Later, when Allison was going to Costa Rica for several months to work on a research project for her degree at Lawrence University, Virginia, Tim and I accompanied her for a week in advance of the start of her research. It was the first visit to the country for them and we had a delightful time.

### **India**

My final consulting assignment was as a member of a team to "Develop a System for Setting Forestry Research Priorities in India" for the Indian Council of Forest Research and Education, Dehra Dun, India. It was a great opportunity for me to visit the famous Forest Research Institute in northern India. The Institute had excellent facilities that had been constructed during British rule and which the British had used to train foresters for all the countries in which they had an interest. All of our interviews and work were carried out at the Institute. I was the only non-Indian on the team.

Dehra Dun, which is famous from Kipling's writings, is an important town in northern India. This is also the place where children of many foreign residents left the train and took a bus to their boarding school (Woodstock) in Mussoorie, in the mountains. I took a very nice train to and from Delhi to Dehra Dun. On my return, the train arrived in Delhi at midnight and there were thousands of people milling around the station and sleeping on the platform. I found a taxi, a questionable old car that had the meter on the front left fender, and we took off for the Winrock guesthouse in the suburbs – a location that the taxi driver had never been to. The guesthouse was in a new development and street names were hard to find. Along the way, the taxi driver had to stop and get out to reset the meter every few miles since it was going beyond its limit. When we got in the general area of the guesthouse we drove around but finally found a guard at one house and he directed the driver to the guesthouse. Just another experience.

### **Brainerd, Minnesota**

International travel and consulting was an important part of my life while we lived in Brainerd, but there was also great enjoyment in living there. And, when I was away, Virginia had a lovely place to live and wonderful neighbors. We soon became friends with our immediate neighbors, Fred and Mary Casey and their 3 grown children. Although Fred and Mary were considerably younger, we got along very well and often dropped in each others home for a glass of wine in the late afternoon or went out for dinner together. They also introduced us to boating on the lake. I suggested that we jointly purchase a new boat and share its use, since Fred was away during office hours and that was a time Virginia and I would want to use it. This arrangement worked out very well.

Our home, facing the lake with many trees around, was a beautiful place. In the Spring, the arrival of the loons was always an exciting event, and we listened to their calls on the lake at night.

Our home, a town home on 3 floors, was large enough so our children and grandchildren could all stay there comfortably for summer weekends or Christmas. Besides the lake there were many recreational activities close by including ice skating, tennis, skiing and golf. It was the perfect home for us. During these years we also often traveled to the Twin Cities for concerts and visits with Tim, Tom and families.



We also discovered the joys of Elderhostels and usually traveled to at least one each year, usually with Jean. These were week-long educational programs, usually at a university, or other educational institution. We attended one in Austin, Texas, on art and music, another in Portland, Oregon, on railroads and politics, another at a Catholic Seminary in Louisiana on Bach, and others in New Mexico and Victoria, Canada.

During these years, my nephew, Jim Gamble lost his battle with cancer. Also, my sister, Frances, whose husband, Clarence Whisler, had preceded her in death, passed away, as did my sister Dorothy's husband, Howard Burton. Dorothy had preceded him, passing away in the 1980s.

### **Time to Move Again**

While living on the lake was wonderful, we found we were spending lots of time on the road between Brainerd and the Twin Cities. The winters on the lake seemed to be getting colder and icier. We decided we would like to spend a few years in the city. We found a wonderful apartment on the 18<sup>th</sup> floor of an apartment building in downtown St. Paul, right on the Mississippi River. We sold our lake home in the latter part of 1995 and took up this new life, which coincided with the winding down of my international consulting.

## CHAPTER 25

### LIFE IN FULL RETIREMENT

I had now been retired for over 10 years and felt it was time to give up consulting and enter into the next phase of retirement. We found living in downtown St. Paul to be delightful and there was much to do in and around the city. We could walk throughout the downtown area in the winter in the interior skyways, walk to the concert hall, easily drive to shopping and to visit family. I found a tennis center where I could play the year round with a nice group. Life was good.

In spite of all this, after 6 years of delightful residence in St. Paul, we began to plan for a place where we could be comfortable and be certain of the care we might need in our “older years”. We wished to control our own destiny on this issue and looked at retirement communities in the Twin Cities, Florida, Texas, Missouri, Arizona, California and Oregon before choosing a new development in Madison. We decided that Oakwood Village East was the right choice, and moved in 2001. Jean had moved there the year before. Now, in 2003, we still believe it to be the right choice and we continue to enjoy life with new friends but are close enough to much of the family to see them often. Our children and grandchildren helped us celebrate our 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary at the Chanhassen Theatre in Chanhassen, Minnesota. And, our children and grandchildren organized a wonderful 60<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary celebration with a weekend in Red Wing, Minnesota, which Jean and her family joined in as well.

During this period, time and illness has taken its toll with the loss of my brother, Paul, at age 92, and his wife, Dorothy Bill, Margaret’s husband, Lee Kaserman, and the loss of my wonderful colleague and friend, Alicia Mina, with cancer in April 2002.

Virginia and I have not only had an “interesting” life but seemed to have been blessed throughout our more than 60 years together by the good fortune of a most enjoyable career, a



wonderful and loving family, many friends throughout the world, good health, and sufficient resources for comfort. We have had many challenges during these years but saw them as opportunities and

turned most into wonderful experiences and adventures. Who knows what the remaining years will bring but we intend to enjoy them with family, friends and a bit of good wine.

# COUNTRIES VISITED ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS 1952-1995

## **NORTH AMERICA/ CARRIBEAN**

United States  
Canada  
Barbados  
Costa Rica  
Dominican Republic  
El Salvador  
Guatemala  
Haiti  
Honduras  
Jamaica  
Mexico  
Nicaragua  
Panama  
St. Lucia  
Trinidad and Tobago

## **SOUTH AMERICA**

Argentina  
Brazil  
Chile  
Colombia  
Guyana  
Peru  
Venezuela

## **EUROPE**

Austria  
Belgium  
France  
Germany  
Hungary  
Italy  
Netherlands  
Sweden  
Switzerland

United Kingdom  
Yugoslavia

## **MIDDLE EAST/ ASIA**

Bangladesh  
China and Taiwan  
Cyprus  
India  
Indonesia  
Japan  
Jordan  
Korea, South  
Lebanon  
Myanmar (Burma)  
Nepal  
Pakistan  
Philippines  
Sri Lanka  
Syria  
Thailand

## **AFRICA**

Algeria  
Benin  
Burundi  
Burkina Faso  
Cameroon  
Chad  
Cote D'Ivoire  
Democratic Republic  
of the Congo (Zaire)  
Egypt  
Ethiopia  
Gambia  
Ghana  
Kenya  
Liberia

Malawi  
Niger  
Nigeria  
Rwanda  
Senegal  
Sierra Leone  
Sudan  
Tanzania  
Togo  
Tunisia  
Uganda  
Zimbabwe

## **AUSTRALIA/ OCEANA**

American Samoa  
Australia  
Fiji  
New Zealand  
Papua New Guinea  
Western Samoa

## **PERSONAL VISITS**

South Africa  
Zambia  
Malaysia  
Singapore  
Denmark  
Greece  
Luxembourg  
Portugal  
Russia  
Spain

