



The
Lago Colony
Legend

—Our Stories—

II

by James L. Lopez & Son

Cover photo courtesy of A. S. MacNutt

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Dedication

This book, like the first, is dedicated to the thousands of multinational pioneers who arrived in Aruba as strangers. With an incredible "can-do" spirit, they came together, coping with unforeseen and unforeseeable situations, forming a unique "Family" over the 60-plus years the Lago Refinery operated. To this day, these one-time neighbors connect and reconnect across continents and around the globe through e-mail, phone calls, letters and especially Larry Riggs' *Lago Bulletin Board* and the enduring *Aruba Chronicle*, still seeing each other in memories if not in reality.

This book is especially dedicated to our father who spent 20 years gathering this information and more that we never will recover. Thanks, Pa.

PREFACE

This story concerns a group of young men including recent graduates, greenhorns and some with a little experience. In fact the company was finding that it was not easy to attract anyone to be a part of a crew to build and operate a new oil refinery on a barren coral island in the Caribbean.

These men who agreed to come to stay either married after establishing themselves or were married before they came. Their wives had to endure hardships in many aspects of their lives they previously took for granted. Many had to learn how to cook under primitive conditions without many of the conveniences of stateside folks. They learned to be friends with the only people available or be mighty lonely. And then along came the *Lago Kids*, both newborns and children who came with their families. Lago Kids. We had opportunities for adventure and danger they were not geared to handle. We learned to thrive. It was a community unlike any other. We also learned to make friends with almost everybody, friendships that lasted a lifetime. We were not aware we lived in a vacation paradise, a utopia that rivaled Mark Twain's imagined stomping grounds of Tom Sawyer.

This book series was begun by our late father, James L. "Jim" Lopez back in the 70's. Many of the story-tellers have since passed on, as has Pop. We siblings saw to its completion, culminating in "The Lago Colony Legend—Our Stories."

Reading the stories of the first book while editing, it was evident that our parents, with their dreams and hopes for the future, embarked on one great adventure when they came to work in the Lago Oil and Transport Company Refinery in Aruba. They came from small towns, struggling families and hard knocks to attempt to improve their lives. One, Don Gray's father, is remembered as changing grocery store jobs in N.Y.C. if it meant an increase of only pennies an hour.

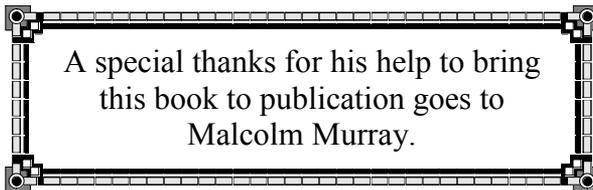
A common thread among the "first arrivals" (c. 1924-1934) at Lago was the fortuitous opportunities that came with a chance reading of a "want ad" in a local newspaper, a conversation with a relative, banter with a cab driver or being in the right place at the right time. Again from Don Gray we learn that his dad learned about a supervisory position opening at the Lago Oil and Transport commissary in Aruba after having driven trucks for the U.S. Navy at Bermuda Base Command and

Trinidad Naval Base during WWII.

Leaving their old lives behind them at the turn of the mid-twentieth century to take up home-making in a foreign land they knew little about, these pioneers routinely signed up for 18 month contracts. Their expectations of lush tropical isles and towns not too different from the ones they left, were quickly dispelled when they stepped off the ship in San Nicholas. It wasn't unusual for some to quit before their contract was up, even by returning on the boat rather get off! These adventurous pioneers did not escape the fortunes of employment that befall even the most faithful in times of what has now been quaintly called "downsizing" either.

Those of us who were born in Aruba and lived there all our lives (until we left) didn't know anything else. It wasn't a world of many choices. There was one movie theater, there was one school, one commissary, one hospital, one each of things that our stateside counterparts had and we didn't have everything they had. We did have some unique things they didn't have, however. Not knowing of some of those things we didn't have, we adapted and accepted what we did have. What a shock it was for those of us who went to live with relatives or in dormitories in order to go to high school in a different place from our families. For some it was an enriching, exciting experience, for others it was nine months of homesickness.

Now here is that same story as that told by the original pioneers and as told from the perspective of the children of these pioneers (and in some cases grandchildren).



CONTENTS

	Page
Aruba Schools	1
Aruba and World War II	
War-time Document: Evacuation Assignments	30
Personal Recollections and Experiences	31
Ayers, Jim	70
Housing Assignments—1952	
Alphabetical - by residents' names	143
Numerical - by Location/ residence No.	153
Howard, Joan Pomeroy & Family	57
Fletcher, Clyde & Ruth Jackson	82
Keesler, Gene & Norma & Family	135
King, Elna Harris, Memoirs of Childhood	92
Lago Colony Housing Records	121
Lopez, Victor "Vic"	25
Moyer, Clyde	61
Pate, Margie Carrell	109
Rae, Mitsy Jackson & Family	82
Rodger, Captain Robert	127
Springer, Ken	46
The Flooded Power House Pump Pit	134
The REST of Their Story, Ed & Eleanor Harris & Family	90
Van Romondt Quiram, Fred & Alice & Family	132
Wannop, Len & Pauline & Family	138
Wilken, George & Florence & Family	95
Whitney, Bennett S.	107
Williams, Eugene R., M. D. & Family	113

ID'S FOR DUTCH PEOPLE IN PHOTO PAGE iv

Front Row: Jack de Ruyter, Henk Wagemaker, Jorst Koese, Karel Egers, Tony Smits, Herman Tielen, Hans Wagenmaker, Luciell Lambert, Jim Lambert, Opi van Monfrans. Second row: Paso de Paun, Weits Wagemaker, Jan Ecltink, Weits Folmer, Leens ten Houde de Lange, Nel Tielen, Bill Koopman, Els Koopman, Helen & Jack Wervers, Guest, Iet Cousey. Third Row: Herman Cousey, Trisa de Lacluse, Henk wefers Betink, Ann De Ruyter, Ric Van Monfrans, Leny Tyhuisen, Ana Roding, Lisa Masen, Guest, Corrie Develing, Teo Maasen, Mr. Trimler, Svoon Eeltink, Al Folmer. Fourth Row: Arie Gravendyk, Alice Smits, Harry Bosman, Grit Gordyn, Nic Schindeler, Alice Gravendyk, Henry de Paun, Paul Gordyn, Peggy Hagerty, Ans Egers, Tom Hagerty (not Dutch), Mrs. Trimler, Edding Konig, Jan Moller.

LAGO COMMUNITY SCHOOL

ROSTER BY YEARS PLUS NOTES ON EVENTS

1929-30 SCHOOL YEAR

Jim Lopez was ready for the 10th grade and could not enter the Aruba school because they only had grades to and including 9th grade. He returned to the States and entered the 10th grade in Drumright High School. His mother and brother stayed in Aruba with his dad.

PAN AM SCHOOL

The teacher was Miss Florey and she had 15 pupils all in one room.

1930-31 SCHOOL YEAR

Members of grades 1 - 4: Unknown

Known 5th grade members: Yvonne Reifschieder

Known 6th grade members: Mary Griffith, Sidney Young, James Crosby, Tiry Harrod, Millicent Reed

Teachers: Miss L. Florey, Miss Powers

Mrs. Foster - wife of an employee

Mrs. Constance - wife of an employee

High school freshman class members: Unknown

High school sophomore class members: Unknown

There were not enough students to make a high school junior class with Vida Hughes who was ready at that time. Jim Lopez entered the Oklahoma Military Academy in Claremore, Oklahoma. He was in the 11th grade of high school.

1931-32 SCHOOL YEAR

The Pan American School Board listed 87 children from 59 families potential enrollment for 9/1/31. Only 3 eligible for 10th grade so it was not added. No kindergarten or first grade entries. Must be at least 6 years old as of 1/1/32.

Members of grades 2 through 8: Unknown

Known members of high school freshman class: Marybelle Brown, Henry Hughes, Doris Semmens, Grace Imler, Marian Baxter, plus unknown others.

Teachers: Miss Florey, plus unknown others.

There were not enough students to form a high school junior class with Vida Hughes. She was still waiting.

1932-1933 SCHOOL YEAR

Member of grades 1 thru 8: Unknown

Known members of the high school freshmen class: Donald Russell, Lyle McGrew, Geraldine Baxter

Known members of the high school sophomore class: Marybelle Brown, Henry Hughes, Doris Semmens, John Parker, Grace Imler, Marian Baxter

Known members of the high school junior class: Vida Hughes

There were not enough students to form a senior class this year. Jim Lopez was in the 12th grade at the Oklahoma Military Academy.

High school classes held in bungalow alongside of school building. Auditorium is finished.

Play: "Kicked Out Of College" to celebrate the completion of the auditorium.

1933-1934 SCHOOL YEAR

According to the Pan Aruban supplement June 23, 1934 there were 8 teachers and 160 students.

Members of grades 1 thru 8: Unknown

High school freshman class and sophomore class members: Unknown

Known high school junior class members: Marybelle Brown, Henry Hughes, Doris Semmens, Grace Imler, Marian Baxter, & Fred Corporan

Teacher: Miss Thorpe (Mrs. Charlie Greene)

The most outstanding Colony Event of the year: The Minstrel Show

According to the *Pan-O-Ram* - inside the front cover:

Known high school senior class members:

Marian Baxter, Maybelle Brown, Fred Corporan, Henry Hughes, Vida Hughes, Grace Imler, John Parker, & Doris Semmens

Programs for school plays:

DOWN AMONG THE FAIRIES
A MUSICAL PLAY PRESENTED BY
PAN AMERICAN SCHOOL

AT PAN AM CLUBHOUSE
ARUBA (D. W. I.)

7:30 P. M. THURSDAY APRIL 12, 1934

SYNOPSIS:

UNKNOWN

TIME:

EARLY SPRINGTIME

PLACE:

THE HEART OF A GREEN-WOOD

Cast of Characters

ELMA (A discontented little girl)	Dorothy Barnes
MAIDIE (Elma's Playmate)	Betty Russell
MOONBEAM (Elma's Fairy Godmother)	Forestine Hughes
FAIRY QUEEN (Ruler of Fairyland)	Marilue Haase
ZEPHYR (Head Fairy Attendant to Queen)	Faye Cross
PUCK (A Naughty Elf)	Buster Whitney

Good or Almost Good Elves

Quicksey	Harland Baxter
Tricksy	Bobby Harmon
Thistledown	Clarence Work
Fleck	Ray Imler
Feather	Berton Mathews
Cockleshell	Jerry Smith

More Good Elves

Twinkletoes	Carlie Campbell
Bumble	Carl Pattison
Milkweed	Bobby Hane
Cobweb	Warren Stiehl

Attendants to Queen

Woodbine	Joanne Mechling
Rainbow	Alice Marie Koepke
Dewdrop	Mary Jane Forter
Stardust	Susan Stiehl
Firefly	Virginia Work

Hummingbird
Windflower

Jeanette Francis
Charlotte O'Brien

Elves

Fayette Pivoda
J. D. Frances
Herbert Green
Benny Owens
Billy Lee Hathaway
Bruce Imler
Billy Boyd
Junior Sonnenberg
Elbert Hughes
Glen Cargyle

Jimmy Haase
Jerry Dixon
Forest Forbes
Vincent Walker
Paul O'Brien
Harry Stiehl
Jack Walther
Billy Rafloski
Richard Pivoda
Bobby Turner

Fairies

Margaret McIntosh
Betty Russell
Dorothy Lowe
Marga Walters
Virginia Pountney
Martha Lee Brown
Mary Gillette
Eleanor Cotton
Patty Hobart
Susie Walters
Marjorie Walthers
Joanne Rae
Betty June Ross
Jeanette Francis
Doris Luke
June Scott
Shirley Luke
Sylvia Lee
Dorothy Jean Owens
Pauline Dossey
Celia Nelson
Tommy Richey

Julie Tierney
Valearia Nordwall
Norma Jean Pivoda
Shirley Mechling
Wilda Brown
Ruth Semmens
Rita Mae Braud
Pearl Nordwall
Sunny Mingus
Francis Mingus
Jane Wilkens
Betty Dixon
Mary Jewell Walker
Wanda Becnel
Mary Wease
Elizabeth Haase
Elizabeth Brook
Patsy Richey
Alta Louise Dossey
Grace Luke
Romola Geyton
Lillian Tierney

SANTA'S AIR LINE
A Christmas Operetta

PROGRAM (ABOUT 1934)

Principal Characters:

Grouch Grumble	Harry Stiehl
Santa Claus	James Haase
Peterkin	James Rutherford
Hustle	Gerald Smith
Fairy	Mary J. Walker

Aviators:

Stanley King, Paul O'Brien, Clement Hagendoorn, Neil Emery, Robert Turner, Vincent Walker, Robert Harms, Warren Lee Stiehl, Thomas Leonard

Chefs:

Florine Emery
Rita Braud
Winifred Driskill
Ruth Webster
Wilda Brown

Cooks:

Mary Kay Wease
Elizabeth Brook
Jane Wilken
Teresa Fletcher
Shirley Luke

Candy Sticks:

Sally Wyatt, Freda Penny, Shirley Goodwin, Grace Luke, Helen Drew Margaret O'Brien, Allene Silvers, Milly Pollick, Jeanne Ann Mingus, Marian Mawby

Animals:

Hugh Chandler	Cat
Huey Braud	Cat
Neil Schoen	Dog
Lynn Van Maurik	Dog
Gerald McNema	Bear
Billy Flaherty	Bear

Roses:

Marilyn Becnel, Marjorie Smith, Dorothy Campbell, Sally Campbell, Sue Mingus, Sharon Meeker, Ginger Masters, Kathleen Emery, Sheila Russell, June Goodwin

Workmen:

Louis W. Simmons, Bruce Lilly, Henry Jussi, Harold Kulberg, William Wade, Roy Burbage, Ronald Kennerty, Ronny Grey

Dolls:

Sylvia Lee, Frances Mingus, Romola Geyton, Loretta Ziemann, Faye Lyons, Ruth Semmens, Libby Haase, Wanda Becnel, Gloria Calvano

Eskimos:

Bobby Wylie, Jeanette Wetten, Robert Learned, Bryan McCall, Bobby Rutz, Dick Rosborough, Mason Colby, Willy Prins

Holly Boughs:

Gwendolyn Halsey, Lucy Beth Smith, Betty Ann Binnion, Patricia Russell, Dorothy Stuart, Joan Pollick, Bobby R. Sesson

1934-1935 SCHOOL YEAR

Known members of the high school sophomore class: Donald Russell, Lyle McGrew, Geraldine Baxter

REPRODUCED FROM A MAY, 1935, SCHOOL PAPER:

PAN-O-RAM

Published by the Aruba High School

Aruba, N. W. I.

May 1935

John Parker - Editor

Dedicated to -

This first graduating class of Aruba High School, the Class of 1935, which has established the traditions of high scholarship, loyalty, good sportsmanship, and all those qualities which to make the fine upstanding class, these seniors are, -- traditions the Senior Classes of tomorrow will carry on, we dedicate this last issue of our school paper, the *Pan-O-Ram*.

Class of 1935

Pan-0-Ram Staff

Editor	John Parker
Assistant Editor	Lyle McGrew
Sports Editor	Henry Hughes
Society Editor	Winifred Smith
Current Events Editor	James Crosbie
Story Editor	Grace Imler
Cartoonists	Horace Semmens, Bobby Baggaley
Reporters	Doris Semmens, Vida Hughes, Mary Griffith, Marybelle Brown, Ronald Smith, Mary Corporan
Writing and Make-Up Supervisor	Miss Margarite Fassler
Typing Supervisor	Miss Maude Thomas
Front Covers & Mimeographing	Mr. Paul Ross

The Senior Class

President	Vida Hughes
Vice-President	John Parker
Secretary	Doris Semmens
Treasurer	Henry Hughes
Members	(including above) Marybelle Brown, Grace Imler, Marian Baxter, Fred Corporan

MARYBELLE BROWN was the only senior who had gone through the school system since it first began in 1929.

VIDA HUGHES went to Missouri schools for her freshman and sophomore years of high school. Then she returned to Aruba and had to wait two years until a junior class was formed. Then the following year there were not enough students to form a senior class so she had to wait until the following year to join the rest of the seniors and graduate! And then a month before graduation she had to leave Aruba with her folks on vacation!

JOHN PARKER completed his freshman and sophomore years in Aruba and then went to the states where he completed his junior year in Mississippi, at Slayden Agricultural School. And then back to Aruba to join the rest of the seniors and graduate.

DORIS SEMMENS spent her freshman year at West Denver High School, Denver Colorado and joined Aruba High School for her sophomore year in 1932.

FRED CORPORAN was a freshman in 1930 and then went to Night School during the 1931-32 school year and then rejoined his classmates for his junior and senior years. He became a pilot in the summer of his junior year and flew as a co-pilot of the Curacao - Aruba plane, operated by M. Viana, all during his senior year.

GRACE IMLER spent her freshman year at Riverside, in Rhode Island. She joined her classmates in her sophomore year, thru to her senior year.

TEACHING STAFF:

PAUL S. ROSS

This was his first year in Aruba. He came as Supervising Principal. Graduated from New York University School of Education. Did graduate work at New York & Syracuse Universities. Had done teaching in Pennsylvania, New York, & New Jersey.

Miss MARGUERITE FASSLER

Came to Aruba in 1932. She taught English and Spanish in our high

school and arithmetic in grades 7 & 8. Came from Golden, Colorado; had studied at Colorado State Teachers College, Greeley, University of California, Los Angeles, Western State College, Gunnison, Colorado (where earned B.A. degree), the University of California, Berkley, California.

Miss MAUDE THOMAS

Commercial and Science Teacher. Was working on PhD degree at Columbia University in New York before coming to Aruba. Had studied at Washington State Normal School, Cheney, Washington, Wisconsin State Vocational Teachers' Training School, Menomonee, Wisconsin, at Chicago University and Columbia University. Also had visited Europe, the orient & Alaska before coming to Aruba.

Miss ALICE SELLS

Had a B.S. degree from Kansas State Teachers' College, Pittsburg, Kansas before coming to Aruba to teach English I. Next year to be full time high school teacher teaching English I and Social Science.

Mrs.. PAUL ROSS

Unofficial member of Faculty. Had Glee Club, Orchestra, Dancing Classes, two plays during the year.

Mrs. KENNETH LUBERG

Supervised portraits and division pages of year book.

SCHOOL BOARD

President Harry Stiehl*

Secretary Ralph Boyd

Treasurer Harry Hane

Members Cecil King, Robert Baggaley*

* Two year member

Memories: The Roosevelt Dance and the thank you letter from Washington, D. C.

1935-1936 SCHOOL YEAR

Mock National Convention - April 23, 1936

Donald Russell nominated Alfred E. Smith.

Mary Griffith gave the seconding speech.

Lyle McGrew gave a seconding speech for Al Landon of Kansas.

Second Orchestra Concert - May 4, 1936

Trumpets Ned Smith, Wesley Walker

Clarinets	Donald Russell, Frank Francis, Pete Campbell, Ross Rishell
Saxophones	Bob Baggaley, George Keller, Lyle McGrew
Alto horn, violin, trumpet	Ronald Smith
Pianist	Mary Griffith

Pieces played:

The Heavens Are Telling, Easter Parade, Now the Day Is Over, Sweet and Low, The Rosary, Lights Out, Glow Worm, Liebestraum, Team Work, Minuet in G, Marjorie, Sextet from Lucia and Pan Am High.

Pan-O-Ram

Aruba, N. W. I.

May 1936

Staff

Editor-in-chief	Lyle McGrew
Assistant Editor	Mary Griffith
News Editor	Yvonne Reifschneider
Sports Editor	Bob Hammond
Art Editor	Winifred Smith

Yearbook Contributors

Helene Miller, Millicent Reed, Cozette Millerman, Ronald Smith, Tiry Harrod, Don Russell, Gerry Baxter, Betty Richards, Donovan Griffith, Therman Schillereff, Harold Miller, Kenneth Crosbie.

High School Seniors

Kenneth D. Crosbie, Geraldine E. Baxter, Lyle McGrew, Donald Russell, Winnifrid E. Smith, Joseph F. Seeley

Teachers

Miss MARGUERITE FASSLER

(See description of 1934-1935)

Mrs L. J. BREWER

From Houston, Texas. Graduate of Rice Institute there. Taught in junior high schools in Willis, Texas for three years. Takes Miss Fassler's place.

Miss MAUDE THOMAS

(See description of 1934-1935)

Miss VINA WALZ

Attended Rockford College, Illinois and Columbia Teacher's College for her degrees. Teaches Freshmen English and American History.

Coached freshmen Debate Team. Assisted students in Speaking Contest and the Mock National Convention.

Mr. P. S. ROSS

(See description of 1934-1935)

Teaches geometry and algebra to Freshmen and Sophomores.

Mr. T. S. MENDENHALL

BA degree from Marietta College, Ohio. Taught in Turkey for three years. MA degree from Columbia University 1935. Took charge of school sports as well as teaching trigonometry, chemistry, and biology.

Mrs. MADELINE ROSS

(See description of 1934-1935)

1936-1937 SCHOOL YEAR

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Aruba High School

Aruba, N. W. I.

Pan-Am Club

May 26, 1937

Class of 1937

Mary Corporan, Louona Duncan, Robert Hammond, Tiry Harrod, Jr., Harold Miller, Millicent Reed, Paul Rischell, Jr., Betty Colby

Faculty Sponsor:

Miss Maude Thomas

March

A. H. S. Ensemble

Invocation

Rev. P. W. Rishell

Woman's Club Prize Essay

"My Responsibilities"

read by Mary Corporan

American Legion Prize Essay

"World peace"

read by Paul Rishell, Jr.

Class Poem read by

Louona Duncan

"Londonderry Air"

Dorothy Blanchard, Pete Campbell

Senior Charge to Juniors

Paul Rishell, Jr.

Junior Reply

Horace Semmens

Introduction of Commencement Speaker: F. S. Campbell

Commencement Address

F. C. Laurie

"Largo"

Edmund Smith

Awarding of Prizes	Paul S. Ross
Awarding of Diplomas	H. M. Beshers
Benediction	Rev. P. W, Rishell
"Pan Am High"	A. H. S. Ensemble

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

Arthur Barrett, Gilbert Brook, Martha Lee Brown, Herbert Lee Drew, Pauline Gardere, Gordon Harrison, Robert Harrod, Forestine Hughes, Fayette Pivoda, Marga Walter, William Zieman

1937-1938 SCHOOL YEAR

Senior Class of 1938:

Robert Baggley, Dorothy Barnes, Elizabeth Brown, Frank Campbell, Dexter Crippen, Betty Lou Donovan, Cozette Millerman, Audry Milbanke, Earnest Nusselwhite, Horace Semmens

1938-1939 SCHOOL YEAR

Senior Class - Spring 1939 (per Pan-O-Ram Annual 1934)

Jimmy Bluejacket, Elmo Handcock, Barry Colby, Curtis Leonard, Fay Cross, Esta Leonard, Mary Douglas, Robert Munding, Elaine Farris, Elizabeth Richards

1939-1940 SCHOOL YEAR

LAGO JUNIOR HIGH GRADUATION - SPRING - 1940

The Program had a sketch of 3 boys and 3 girls on the front by Wilda Brown

CLASS ROLL:

Wilda Ruth Brown, Francis Maria Mingus, Gloria Rose Marie Calvano, Valeria May Nordwall, Eugene Campbell, Pearl Olivia Nordwall, Glen Edward Cargyle, Gerald Gene Dixon, Tommy Jean Richey, Florene Mae Emery, Walter Rustad, Teresa Agnes Fletcher, James Stevens Rutherford, Barbara Marion Grey, Thelma Ruth Semmens, Clement Johannes G. Hagendoorn, Gerald Lloyd Smith, Elbert Leroy Hughes, Gerald Richard Sumption, Thomas Vestal Leonard, Georgia Marie Ushler, Shirley Claire Luke, Mary Jewell Walker, Warren Cecil McClain, Jane Elda Wilken

GRADE EIGHT COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Processional	Wilda Brown
Invocation	Mr. George Wilken

Salutation	Mr. Alvin Marks
Piano Solo	Gerald Smith
Class History	Eugene Campbell
Class Poem	Florene Emery
Duet	Clarinet - Jane Wilken
Piano	Ruth Semmens
"America Has Changed"	Warren McClain
Class Song, words by	Gloria Calvano
	Mary J. Walker
Music by	Gerald Sumption
Sung by	Grade 8 Girls

EDUCATIONAL FORUM

Leader	Francis Mingus
J. Dixon, D. Hagendoorn, E. Hughes, G. Calvano, T. Leonard, M. J. Walker, G. Cargyle,	
Speaker	Mr. Frank Campbell
Awarding of Honors	Mr. Riefschnieder
Awarding of Diplomas	Mr. Hugh Beshers
Benediction	Mr. George Wilken
Recessional	Wilda Brown

Bea Ewart taught from 1939 to 1944 and the first year, from September, 1939.

Arrived in Aruba on the Grace Liner, the *Santa Paula*, which docked near the Marine Club: Ed Byington was there to meet the three new teachers: Caroline Morris (who later married Chuck Henscki), Ann Gibbs, and Bea Olsen (Ewart). As the ship was docking we received the news that Germany had just entered Czechoslovakia, starting World War II.

From an old 1940 Yearbook the following people were teaching:

Al Marks	Principal
Helen Harding	Language and literature
Bill Milham	Chemistry, geometry, and science

Vina Walz	Spanish, history, and algebra
Maude Thomas	Typing
Bligh Des Brisay	Art
Carol Kulasaw	6th grade
Beatrice M. Olsen	4th grade
Ann Mulholland	5th grade
Myrtle Parham	3rd grade
Ann Gibbs	2nd grade
Carolyn Morris	1st grade
Bob Vint	Physical education

Senior Class:

Virginia Work, Claude Dixon, Robert Granadia, Edmund Smith, Maurice Featherston, Hans Pollack, Vivian Holtane, Marilyn Eagan, Thomas Ashe, Stewart Harrison.

Junior Class:

Carol Shannon, Bill Zieman, Henriette Pauline Gardere, Kinta Rita Abadie, Martha Lee Brown, Gilbert B. Brook, Jr., Igor R. Broz, Starr Jocelyn Colby, Janet Elizabeth Gray, Mary Louise Hasse, Charles Robert Harrod, Helen Forestine Hughes, Norman Inkster, Rollo Montgomery, Lena Oorthius, Carl Patterson, Fayette Pivoda, Lois Jane Repath, Edith Doris Rustad, Francis J. Ushler, Jr.

Sophomore Class:

Ray Imler, Gene Scott, Ralph Schillerif, Barbara Wyatt, Brad Weese, Herbert Green, Harland Baxter, Carol Typol, Joanne Mechling, Marilyn Holtane, Horace Bek, Richard McClain.

Freshmen Class:

H. Colby, Silas McGrain, Vina Cochran, Sunny Mingus, Dieuweitje Meuldijk, Herbert Green, Jane Down, Bill Simmons, Shirley Bondey, Terrence Wilks, Joanna Schoen, Dottie Sisson, Shirley Mechling, James Wells, Dolly Rose Linkogle, Norma Pivoda, Bruce Imler, Lois Mary Keller, Jean Douglas, Patty Hobart, Susan Stiehls, Striteros Giebele Nancy Hayes

SCHOOL PROGRAMS:

Every year between 1939 and 1944 the Grade School put on a Christmas Program where the parents were invited.

Bea Ewart said that in 1940 the High School gave a play: "Seventeen". Bea Erikson directed another one called "The Wind and the Looks"

She went on to tell the story, "There was no particular 'Parents' Night', or ' . . Day' for that matter.. They were invited to visit any time. The

school with the famous "fire escapes" was next to Dr. Reeve's office.

"I quit teaching School in 1944 when Bill and I were married. At that time a teacher was not allowed to marry during the school year. I substituted quite a lot but I quit when I could see how annoyed Bill became when the telephone rang in the middle of breakfast and I would have to be in the Classroom in ten minutes.

All of the Teachers that I can remember during my Aruba teaching career were: Ann Glub (later Mrs. Bob Edgeworth), Marion Scott, Janet Cole (later Mrs. Aire Gravendyke), Dee Canyon (later Mrs. Bill Milham), Charlotte van Stone (later Mrs. Bill Teagle)."

FROM COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, MAY 29, 1941:

Graduating:

Kinta Rita Abadie, Gilbert B. Brook, Jr., Martha Lee Brown Igor R. Broz , Starr Jocelyn Colby, Henriette Pauline Gardere, Janet Elizabeth Gray, Phyllis Alice Griffith, Mary Louise Haase, Charles Robert Harrod, Helen Forestine Hughes, Norman Inkster, Melvin Sparks Leister, Hilbert Hardin McCord, Lois Jane Repath, Edith Doris Rustad, Lee N. Stanley, Francis J. Ushler, Jr.

Musical Moments Dorothea Mingus
Invocation Rev. W. J. Barrett
Class Poem Janet E. Gray
Senior Charge To Juniors Starr J. Colby
Junior Reply Onis Richardson
Introduction of Speaker Mr. A. M. Marks
Commencement Address Rev. W. Bigart
Awarding of Prizes and Letters Mr. A. M. Marks
Awarding of Diplomas Mr. H. M. Beshers
Benediction Rev. W. J. Barrett
March Dorothea Mingus

1941-1942 SCHOOL YEAR

Annual Christmas entertainment presented by Lago Community School in the Esso Club auditorium December 22, 1941:

"Brownies Hush"

Directed by: Julie Sterling and Delia Tamney

Presented by grades one and two

Little Old Man	Albert Fuller
Little Old Woman	Diane Chippendale

Wee Brownie Folk :

Charles Berrisford	Karen Henderson	Russell Brook
Richard Krottbauer	Nancy Carrell	Alfred Leak
Ruth Carrell	Nancy MacEachern	Valerie Chandler
Carla Massey	Donald Cook	Grace Macrini
Denny Dodge	John Masters	Beth Evans
Thea Peeren	Dickie Faunce	Virginia Pfaff
Edward Fleming	Neal Rae	John Fletcher
James Riggs	Lex Gile	James Rosborough
Annette Gregersen	Gerarda Sandberg	Dean Work
Sarah Smith	Yvonne Hagendoorn	

Carols

O, How a Rose E'er Blooming	Angels
The Holy Night	Jane Bedsole
Light in the Darkness	Angels
There's a Song in the Air	Angels
Glory to God	Angels
An Angel	Minerva Josephson
We Three Kings	Wisemen
While by My Sheep	Shepherds and Angels
Joy to the World	Angels, Waits, Tiny Angels
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing	Angels, Waits, Tiny Angels
The Friendly Beasts	Tiny Angels
Away in the Manager	Patsy Faunce, Dorothy Learned, Keith Work, Charles Stuart
Rock the Cradle	Tiny Angels
O Come All Ye Faithful	Angels, Waits, Tiny Angels
Lullaby of Mary and the Angels.....	Betty Dixon, Angels
Silent Night	Angels, Waits, Tiny Angels, Shepherds
The First Noel	Angels, Waits, Tiny Angels, Shepherds, Wisemen

Characters:

Mary	Betty Dixon
Joseph	Dick Rafloski
Wisemen	Roy Burbage, Bob Wylie, Willy Prins

Angels:

Marianne Aulow	Sharon Meaker	Beatrice Baldwin
Sue Mingus	Mary Frances Barnes	Betty Orr

Dianne Bigart	Jean Regan	Lorna Brown
Gloria Rustad	Dorothy Campbell	Xenia Schwartz
Zelda Fields	Helen Silvers	Birgitte Gregersen
Dorothy Stuart	Jean Hendersen	Kathleen Spitz
Gea Huising	Mary van den Berg	Rose Johnson
Virginia van den Berg	Mary Macrini	Evelyn Wade
Minerva Josephson	Ann Weatherbee	Elvira Macrini
Roberta Pfaff	Florence Josephson	Olive Wright

Shepherds:

Milton Forbes	Duke Richey	Milton Hatfield
Dick Rosborough	Kirby Norris	Leonard Teagle
Bob Rafloski	Richard Wyle	Kenneth Repath
Kenneth Work		

Tiny Angels

Sally Armstrong	Stuart Hayes	Sonya Bigart
Donna Dee Jones	Boris Broz	Dorothy Learned
Jackie Couch	Dominick Macrini	Sam Evans
Polly Mingus	Patsy Faunce	Jackie Pakozdi
Laura Fields	Charles Stuart	Rita Fleming
Phyllis Taylor	Richard Greene	Pieter van den Berg
John Wade	Bobby Grey	Anne Hatfield
Keith Work		

Waits:

Michael Alemany	J.T. Fletcher	Gleb Aulow
Teddie Gibbons	Jimmy Baggaley	Guy Johnson
Paul Baldwin	Harvey Kaplan	Bob Burgage
Billy Moyer	Bill Burbage	John O'Brien
Lee Dew	Ralph Stahre	Sidney Faunce
Donald Wease	Harry Fleming	Dean White
Donald Whitney		

Violins:

Carol McCoart	Connie Gritte	Willy Prins
John Hagendoorn	Claire Wilkin	Billy Morgan

Why the Chimes Rang by Elizabeth Apthorp McDonald

Directed by: Beatrice M. Olsen

Assisted by: Martha Jacobs

Time: Dusk of a day of long ago.

Scene: The interior of a wood-chopper's hut on the edge of the forest.

Characters:

Holger; A Peasant Boy	Huey Braud
Steen, His Younger Brother	Hugh Chandler
Bertel, Their Uncle	John Teagle
An Old Woman	Jane Preston
Priest	James McNab
Rich Man	Ronald Kennerty
Courtier	William Wade
Beautiful Woman	Claire Wilkin
Old Man	Tom Bigart
Young Girl	Paula von Hake
The King	Ronald Grey
Angel	Anne Preston

The Nativity

Directed by: Helene de L'Horbe
Assisted by: Myrtle Parham, Janet Tole and Ruth Flint
Music: Vina Walz and Bligh Des Brisay
Stage and Properties: Jerry Dixon
Lighting: Ray Lyles

1946-1947 SCHOOL YEAR

Billie Sue Miller Lewis provides the following narrative: At that time the school consisted of four buildings which contained classes from Kindergarten through grade twelve. The Principal was Mr. Ira P. Hoffman who lived in the house near the school. The assistant Principal was Mr. Ray M Zaner.

Billie Sue started kindergarten in the big classroom next to the street in the "T" shaped building. There was another big room at the other end of the building, near the bicycle racks, that was filled with huge toy building blocks. (At one time we met for Sunday school in that room.) Kindergarten was a half day with one class meeting in the morning and one in the afternoon. At mid-term we swapped time periods - the morning kids went in the afternoon, etc. (Kindergarten was fun. We played singing games; the teacher read stories to us; and she insisted on reprimanding me because I colored my sky too dark - I still think she was stifling my creativity.)

1947-48 SCHOOL YEAR

The following appears to be another reproduction:

The Music Department of the Lago Community School Presents:

WHERE WAS SANTA?"

A Christmas Operetta in 2 Acts

Directed by: Miss Betty Barclay

School Auditorium: 7:30 p.m.

Monday evening - December 22

&

Tuesday evening - December 23, 1947

Santa (Gets Stuck In A Snowbank)

Charles Allen

Wixwax (Woeful, Wicked Witch)

Jennifer Potts

Crooked Man (Always Twisted the Wrong Way)

Richard Featherston

Billie Sue Miller Lewis resumes her narrative, noting that according to the 1948 Phone Directory the school was listed at that time as Bungalow 159. Billie Sue attended first grade at the Jr. Esso Club. Her teacher was Ruth Jelstrom - it was her first year to teach in Aruba. (She later married James T. Collins.) Clyde's teacher that year was Helen Busboom. She was tall and had quite a sense of humor. (She later married Jack Eder. He was a photography buff and had his own dark room.) Helen and Gladys (Billie's mother) were friends for many years after that.

The following is a description of somebody's copy of an old school "paper." "Tot talk" was published - April 1948. It was letter sized, typed with LARGE TYPE; mimeographed light green pages; tan front and back covers.

The front cover had a kite and a bird flying; a weather vane on top of a bird house. Three little birds can be seen through the round door in the bird house. Two birds are standing on the porch of the bird house with flowers on ground below. This masterpiece was by Reginald Turner and Stuart Goodwin.

The Back Cover shows a Rabbit and two Easter Lilies and a Bowl of Eggs. This Masterpiece is by John van Ogtrop.

The first page of the first section says: "First Grade" - Teacher "Alice Constance". There are stories, poems and drawings to illustrate the stories. The first graders dedicated their part to their mothers.

Listed as first graders were Clifford Chapman, Susan Eaton, Artie Spitzer, Carlos Curtis, Phil Hemstreet, Joyce Jenkins, Patricia O'Brien, Connie Teekens, Jimmy Butler, Billy MacNutt, Gary Osborn, Joellen Minton, Garth Fuller, Barbara Malcolm, Diane Eves, Timmy Hagerty, Frank Barnes, Arthur MacNutt, Terrence Jackson, Muriel Lyle and Ruth Ann Berrisford.

Then we come to a page which says "Grade One" - "Miss Jelstrom" on a page having a Tree with a bed of Flowers around it and signed by the artists Patty Calvano, Bucky Harris and Bobby Osborn. Similar fare as the other class followed. These first graders were Patricia Calvano, Ann Eperon, Gay Bonbrest, Margaret Hutton, Audry Smith, Charles Berlie, Elizabeth Greene, Bruce Clark, Eleanor Fields, Dickie Drew, Bobby Legenhausen, Gerry Burkard, Larry Monroe, Ronnie Reed, Brian Stewart, Linda Reynolds, Susan MacKnight, Sidney Deweese and Judy Watkins.

Then we come to a page which says: "Here Comes Grade Two - Miss Shutts and Miss Sterling too!" This page has a girl with a dog on a leash; it was by artist Adelaide Wiley. Their section is filled with the same fare as the first graders. The second graders included Andy Pekary, Jimmy Morris, Janet Norris, Joan Pomeroy, John Tucker, Kay Borbonus, John van Ogtrop, Tony Johnson, David Lopez, Everardus Bennie, Jimmy Roby, Fred Alexander, Gayle Schlageter, Robert Pearson, Michael Horigan, Jerry Smit, John Shakelton, Adelaide Wiley, Andrew Smith, Sally Locker, Kenneth Stuart, Tom Gregersen, Barry Hough, Dick Burson, Susanne Roby, Jeannine Lecluse, Demarie Bonbrest, Kyle Spitzer, Adrian McCall, Dick Burson, Fletcher Dunbar, Stuart Goodwin, Jeffrey Johnson, Sheldon Childs and Lonnie Ammann.

1948-1949 SCHOOL YEAR

Billie Sue Miller Lewis comments that when school started in the fall of 1948 the first graders and one of the second grade classes were still at the Jr. Esso Club. Billie Sue was in the second grade class that was still at the school - in the "T" building. Their class had one teacher at the beginning of the year who went home for Christmas and never came back; and a new teacher who came after Christmas. Mildred Wightwood was the teacher of her brother, Clyde, and that classroom was in the auditorium building.

The younger children got two hours off for lunch between 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m.; the older students had to go back early for calisthenics on the playground just outside of the Library. "As a younger

child,” Billie Sue says, “I joined them as we used to stand in the cool shade of the building and watch them exercise in the hot sun. This was Mr. Downey's first year to teach in Aruba.

“When I went home for lunch on Thanksgiving Day my mother had the dining room table set with a tablecloth and the works. She had baked - apples and a turkey coming out of the oven. I thought she was nuts. I thought Thanksgiving was just something we read about in school!”

When the new high school was finally finished, the seventh through the twelfth graders were moved to the new school. The fourth, fifth, and sixth graders were moved to the long building previously occupied by the High School students. The third graders and the one second grade class were marched across the playground carrying desks and all their belongings to the auditorium building. The other second grade class moved into the same building a couple of days later; and the first graders were moved into the "T" building.

Toward the end of the year, the first issue of "Tot Talks" came out. This was a book contributed to by most all the students. Each second grader had written "What I did during my summer vacation." “Years later in the summer of 1961 Mrs. Dunbar dug the "Tot Talks" out of the attic, and Hazel Marvick, Arthur MacNutt, Fletcher Dunbar, and I spent an enjoyable night laughing over those crazy books,” according to Billie Sue.

She continues, “This year my brother, Clyde, entered High School (class of 1955). I was in the third grade with Ruthann Seymore as teacher. Miss Myrtle Parham taught the other third grade and the two classes would get together every Friday for a Spelling Bee and Arithmetic Race. This was the year that all third grade girls decided to learn to knit during recess. (I was the worlds worst about dropping stitches.) It was also the year of the "Coke machine on campus" trial that didn't last. As a Christmas surprise for the parents, Miss Seymore took all her students down the long flight of concrete steps by the bicycle racks and took individual pictures of them. During art class they colored construction paper that was later folded into a frame for the picture. (It was along about this year that my friends and I discovered the thrill of sliding down the fire escape.)”

On January 25, 1950 Prince Bernhard visited the High School. All the Elementary School students were bussed to the High School for the occasion. Miss Elizabeth Barclay, the music teacher, had taught all students to sing the Dutch Nation Anthem in his honor. He became an instant favorite of the students when he declared a two day holiday.

1950-1951 SCHOOL YEAR

Billie Sue Miller Lewis comments, "When school started, October 3, 1950, Lorraine Lupold was my fourth grade teacher. Lorraine was a favorite among her students. When it got time for her birthday that year the students threw her a surprise birthday party after lunch. The students went back to school early and decorated the room. The teachers had to first check in the office, and the office had agreed to stall her as long as possible to allow time to get ready. Jerry Burkhard had taken about a dozen eggs and punched holes in them to blow out the egg. The egg shells were then washed, allowed to dry and filled with confetti. When Lorraine came through the door of her classroom, everyone threw the eggs at the wall just above the door so that she was showered with confetti. Then cake and goodies were served while she opened her presents."

When school was out at the end of June, Mr. Hoffman retired as Principal.

1951-1952 SCHOOL YEAR

Billie Sue Miller Lewis recounts her memories of this year's class: School started October 4, 1951, with the addition of a new Principal - Mr Dean Thompson. The fifth graders found that they were no longer allowed to have recess, that they were forced to go to P. E. Class with Mr. Downey. ("We tried every trick in the book to get lost on the way to the lower playground. It was not that we didn't like Mr. Downey, it was just that we would much rather have been playing on the merry-go-round.") Billie Sue was in Mildred Wightwood's class that year. During the year Miss Wightwood let the class form a club called the "Busy Bees" with a President, etc.

Since Thanksgiving Day was not a school holiday, Mildred had her students make paper turkey feathers and heads during art class, with the instructions to bring an apple back to school after lunch to finish the turkeys.

June 29, 1952, the last day of school, was the last day before Mr. Zaner retired (He stayed another 1 or 2 yrs. in the Lago Training Dept.).

In the fifth grade with Billie Sue and teacher Mildred Wightwood were Charles Burlie, Marre Brac, Richard Burson, Bruce Clark, Sidney De Weese, Ann Eperon, Caroline Ewart, Margaret Hutton, Terence Jackson, Fred Kling, Muriel Lyle, Barbara Malcolm, Robert Massey, Karen Mathiasen, Mary Ann Malloy, Larry Monroe, Robert Osborne,

Wayne Rimmer, Audrey Smith, Arthur Spitzer, Judith Westcott, Robert Riggs, Jerry Burkard, William Wardle, Patricia Flanagan and Robert Vukan

1952-1953 SCHOOL YEAR

Life in the 6th grade with Billie Sue Miller Lewis included a new Assistant Principal: "When school started on September 30, 1952 there was a new assistant Principal, Mr. Cirano. (I remember his name because during the summer before he came, there was movie at the Club about Cyrano de Bergerac.) He had spent most of his teaching career touring the world. He told some great stories about riding camels in Egypt on his way to see the Pyramids. It was a shame he didn't stay very long."

The class of 1959 was in the sixth grade, which proved to be eventful. Billie Sue had a teacher that was new to the island - Miss Hayes. She said she had never heard of Aruba before and really thought they were sending her to Arabia.

From January until June Mr. and Mrs. Osborne taught square dancing to the class in their patio. On February 27, 1953 the U.S.S. Randall docked in Aruba and all Lago School kids were taken aboard for a tour. Most of the crew were probably not more than nineteen or twenty years old. They were embarrassed when they were asked for their autographs.

In the spring the Lago Community School presented its Annual Spring Music Festival in the Esso Club Theater, and Miss Mayes's class made posters to publicize the event. In May the class presented the play "How Boots Befooled the King" in the Lago Elementary School auditorium one Friday night. Afterwards the class held a cast party at Patricia Flanagan's house. On June 23, 1953 the Sixth Grade Promotion Exercises were held in the Lago Elementary School auditorium. As soon as school was out for the summer the class of 1958 started teaching the class of 1959 the fine art of ballroom dancing.

1953-1954 SCHOOL YEAR

Billie Sue Miller Lewis notes that in September 29, 1953 - The first day of school began with the big kids picking the lock on the classroom door of the new teacher, Mr. Richard Dunne, while, the little kids caught lizards to put in his desk. (I'm sure by the time he finished working that day, he knew he had earned his money. I suppose we should have told

him that passing the lizard test was a good indication of whether he would last as a teacher on the island or fold after the first year.)”

Billie Sue started seventh grade at the high school in Laura Henninger's home room. She belonged to the Art Club where Maude Thomas taught them to paint a red hibiscus in watercolors.

Maude Thomas retired in June, 1955. The company shipped all her belongings as well as those of the Kimmlers by tanker to New York. High seas caused some equipment to break loose and splintered all the packing crates. Everything was lost including all of Maude Thomas's paintings.

On December 4, 1953 the Lago High School presented the three-act play "Every Family Has One" in the Esso Club theater. Clyde worked on the stage crew and Billie Sue sold tickets. (“Selling tickets for this particular play was definitely different. Every time I went up to a house and said, ‘Would you like to buy a ticket to the High School play, *Every Family Has One*’?”, I got some of the strangest reactions from people. It took me a few times to figure out what was wrong with my tactics,” relates Billie Sue.)

On January 30, 1954 there was a picnic for all the High School students out at Palm Beach. The students rode school buses out there and sang songs all the way. (Billie Sue wonders who knows the words to the song that contains the line - "In the cellars of old Lago High"?) Some of the older kids went snorkeling out by the reef and brought back a starfish to show everyone. Just before going home, the owner of the Palm Beach Club gave each person a quarter to play the slot machine. Billie Sue won Fls. 1.50. (Of course this was before all the hotels dotted the beach.)

During the school year Clyde belonged to the *Pan-O-Ram Annual* staff. On Saturday morning before the 1954 Annual went on sale, on February 5th, Clyde, one of his friends, and Billie Sue went to the high school and, with the help of the janitor, "borrowed" every trash can in every class room. They took the cans back to the Miller's and, with a spray gun and a stencil, Clyde painted each can in yellow paint with the words "Buy An Annual." Then they spirited them back to school.

On April 2, 1954 Lago High School presented the three-act play "We Shook the Family Tree" in the Esso Club Theater. Clyde worked on the lighting crew and Billie Sue sold tickets.

1954-1955 SCHOOL YEAR

By now everyone wishes they had Billie Sue's memory for details and had at least written their recollections. She gives a look at school for this year as follows: The year started with Billie Sue in Mr. Krebs' home room. She belonged to the twirlers taught by Dorothy Joseph.

In September of 1954 Willie Miller, Billie Sue's father was offered a two year job with Hydrocarbon Research Incorporated in Santos Brazil. Since he had only one year until retirement he decided to take this job. So the Miller family left Aruba in the first part of December. ¹

¹ *Boy! This sounds eerily familiar, names and all. I guess it's time to put my recollections into my Aruba Story and add it to this book.*



Phyllis Griffith with friends, 1936. Rodger's Beach

Photo courtesy Mary Griffith Lopez

The Victor “Vic” Lopez Story

We lived in 510 until about 1952. My folks started in vacation homes, moving many times when people came back from vacation. They even lived in San Nicholas over a bakery for awhile. I remember moving into a Quonset hut one time while they renovated our Bungalow at the time, 366. I even remember our phone number, 3777 when we were at 366. My best friend was Joyce Rogers in Bungalow 511 who lived next to us.

I don't recall riding on tanker, but mom does, particularly climbing a rope ladder to the deck from a boat that ferried them out there from the docks. She was wearing a dress and the wind was blustery as usual. You can imagine the results

I was in Aruba thru the 4th grade, or at least until I was 10 years old. I arrived by stork in 1945. My folks were there from about 1930 (pop) or so. Mom graduated from Lago High in 1937, the year she married pop. We lived in 510 when I was born and 366 when I left. My fourth grade teacher was Mrs. Bosch for a semester or so, then Mrs. Redfoot took over. I was in class with Suzanne Learned, Pam Burkhart, Joyce Rogers, Laurie Rarick, Paul Keller and many more I can remember but I'm not sure if we were in the same class or just at recess at the same time. Boy, I can very clearly recall the merry-go-round, the slides, the swings and the monkey bars, and playing dodge ball, birds of a feather and kick ball down in the lower playground. The movie “Them” came out about then and I made a ray gun out of instrument parts pop brought home and menaced the girls with it. They thought it was real. It looked high tech (for those days). I don't remember everybody either, but I remember birthday parties were usually 20-30 kids each.

I remember when John Thompson lived next door to school; I thought it would be the life to get up later and just hop over that low wall around the playground and be already there at school. (In 2004 I met John Thompson and Joyce Rogers again for the first time since 1955.) Looking at a colony map, we had nearly the furthest to go to get there. John sure was good at kick ball. Boy did I love kick ball. Still do. It's getting to where the memories don't have faces or don't have names anymore. And to think I made a big deal about remembering the night my little sister was born...I was born in '45, she in '48 ('47?). We

camped out in our car at Palm Beach that night. I slept on the car seat and the rest hung hammocks.

SCHOOL & INCIDENTS THERE

I was in the 4th grade, probably in Mrs. Bosch's class with Mrs. Redfoot taking over the second semester. I got in trouble for "choking" Suzanne Leonard over her writing my name on the blackboard. Luckily she misspelled it. It was generally a "been there, done that" year. I came for Halloween dressed as an old lady with a mask. No one knew who I was. Paul Keller came as a baby in a diaper and I pushed him in a buggy. John Thompson could hop the wall to go to school. We used to swing so high on those swings. And then jump off into the sand. We also liked to climb up the fire escapes to slide down at recess. The schoolyard was so packed by then; we'd use a ball peen hammer sometimes to make a quick hole for playing marbles. I had a good collection...in Mrs. Bosch's desk drawer.

I'd forgotten about those spelling bee's and arithmetic races. I hadn't forgotten about missing having to memorize the Dutch National Anthem due to my father's transferring to Colombia. And I was denied the answer to the mystery of "casting out nines" my older brother told me they taught in the next grade at Lago Elementary. In Colombia, when I graduated in 1959 from 8th grade, the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades were all in one classroom and we played speed math and had spelling competition at the blackboard starting at 4th grade and you stayed up till you got beat. One 4th or 5th grader in my sister's class got all the way up to 7th grade before sitting down.

Paul Keller and I were the ones in first or second grade who decided recess wasn't long enough, so we hid in a cave at the bottom of those stairs down to the road below the school. They had to get our parents to come find us and talk us back to class. While the teacher was on the carpet and we were supposed to have our heads down on our desks resting, Paul jumped out the window and ran home. Same classroom, the one on the right end of the cross-bar on the "T" building, I was resting with my head down one day and lazily dragging a "cap" from a cap gun across the floor when it finally got hot enough and BANG! Off I went on another trip to the principal's office.

Kindergarten I think our teacher was a brunette with a dress like June Cleaver's. While sitting in a circle for story time, Godfrey Frey sat across from me wearing shorts and you could see his private parts up the pant leg. I came home and announced I had to have long pants from then on.

One of my classes was in a classroom next to the Library in a square building like a bungalow. The principal's office was in there too.

RECESS

Boy did I like recess. We'd play kickball on the lower field and that was the most fun I ever had. It was a homerun when you kicked it up into the backyard of the house up level with the school itself. (I think a doctor or dentist lived there.) It was grand feeling nailing someone with the ball as they ran for first after kicking. Just as grand was the catching of a fly ball. You'd kind of bounce it across the plate to induce a fly ball. I remember John Thompson nailing a girl running from first to second in the legs and she went rolling from tripping over the ball. Kind of like the dodge ball we played. The last ones left really got nailed. We also played Birds of a Feather and Red Rover, Red Rover. I really liked Mr. Downey.

BICYCLES & OTHER TRANSPORTATION

I recall that for some reason, parents agreed on a pact to set the age a kid could have a bicycle was 10 years old. I was riding one long before that because I learned to ride on a friend's "English" bike (that's what we called the Raleigh's with their skinny tires. Good old Schwinn's were "American" bikes; now they are called balloon tires and are the exception.). Anyway, they had this big bike rack on the grounds at the elementary school. I guess I was in the 2nd or 3rd grade when, before school, I was hanging out by the bike rack for the first bell to ring. When it did ring, I discovered that the leg I stuck through a bike slot was now stuck. I had flexed my knee while chatting and my knee swelled up from a few tries to extricate myself and now I was trapped. Luckily one of the teachers saw my predicament and rescued me from further embarrassment.

There was a bus that came around picking us up for school if you didn't have a bike. If you ran fast enough between houses you could catch it at several places as it wound through the colony. Once I had a bike I rode it and ended up giving my brother Mike a ride in the mornings. We raced someone from across the street in the 366-block to drop our brothers off and arrive at elementary first. Mike and I developed a style where he would slide off the seat onto the rear fender and I would slide off the crossbar onto the seat and slow down just enough for me to ride out from under him and on to victory.

BARRANCABERMEJA, COLOMBIA

My father transferred to Barrancabermeja, Colombia in 1955 and we more or less filled the hold of the Santa Maria or Santa Rosa,

whatever Grace Line ship we were on. We had 75 crates of household goods. I even have a copy of the packing list for all the crates. It lists nearly every nut and bolt, definitely every glass and what type of glass it was! It was like Christmas unpacking in Colombia. We had to pack our own when we left Colombia and all our crates that time were made of local woods, mahogany or balsa! That was turned into a game too, and we enjoyed helping pack.

In Colombia I finished the 8th grade with 3 others in my class, another boy and two girls. The 4th, 5th, 6th 7th, and 8th all fit in one classroom and it was just a regular size classroom. There I learned to speak Spanish in Spanish class at school.

I learned to dance, spin the bottle and got my first kiss without a bottle there. During the summer the movies at the club changed every other day and one day no movie. We'd all go to the movie one night and gather at someone's house the other night and play records and dance. I remember how scandalous I felt it was when a couple would slow dance after the song stopped.

VINYL RECORDS

We'd keep the 45's the other kids brought when the dance was at our house, returning them the next day. Meanwhile we'd record them on our father's reel to reel tape recorder. As he had a limited supply of tape, I'm sure it exasperated him no end that whenever he went to check out a tape to use it would always have our rock and roll already on it. I developed a yen for collecting pop music when I was there and now have over 2000 45's, plus hundreds of LP's, many cassettes and CD's. We have hours of music from all over the world, much of it recorded by us kids, but no reel to reel tape recorder to play it. All my "extra" money from high school years and college years went for records. I went without food a lot by choosing to spend my lunch money on records.

SCHOOLING AFTER ARUBA

After leaving Colombia, I attended Oklahoma Military Academy for 2 years of high school and transferred to Miami Senior High School in Miami, FL where I graduated. In the summertime each year I returned to "home" in Agha Jari, South Iran where pop was then working. I went off to college and graduated BSME '67 from Tulsa University.

WORK EXPERIENCE

I married that year, started a new job with Union Oil Company and moved to a place foreign to us, Beaumont, Texas. Our first car, a 1967 VW Beetle lasted 22 years, just as long as that marriage coincidentally. All our kids learned to drive at the wheel of that VW. I got \$100 trade-in

for it in 1989 when I moved "up" to a GEO Metro. Both cars became legendary sources of family stories. I got over 200,000 miles out of the VW and 140,000 out of the 3-cylinder Metro which we sold to some chaps for \$400. A couple of years later, my daughter got a parking ticket from the City of Houston for that Metro at my son's address (?). Their reactions were the same: "You mean that thing is still driving around?!" (I'm sorry some parts of this story don't have anything to do with Aruba, but I am the editor.)

In 1973 I took a job with Jefferson Chemical Co. in Conroe after being cut from Union 76 after 6 years in Nederland. (I spent my entire career working for oil companies.) Through various transfers and name changes, I ended up with Texaco, commuting to Houston. Well, I was comfortably working for Texaco as a purchasing agent in 1998 when they got into bed with Shell Oil in a joint venture named Equilon and one named Motiva. The handwriting on the wall said I should accept the offer to go to the service arm, Equiva Services. After two more years there was more handwriting on the wall. No golden handshake package, just handwriting. I was 55 (with 27 years service) in 2000, and I reached critical mass on my savings and age and service at just the right time. My retirement party was probably the first and last of its kind for that group of people. At Texaco, the retiree got roasted with gag gifts and "speeches" by interested parties, so I brought a shopping bag of rejoinders. Since few stepped up to talk, I was the star attraction. I left 'em laughing and went home after a lunch with a vendor; my last freebie. I thought it was such an event, such a watershed milestone. Other interests quickly overshadowed the impact of that event.

CURRENTLY

I've lived in Conroe for over 31 years now and I've had the same phone number for 31 years and the same phone, too. I still use that chartreuse Stromberg rotary dial phone. In 1992 I had to give up my party line when I remarried and moved across town. We live nearer to Lake Conroe now; a suitable location for a fishing fanatic.

My wife Marty and I have 5 kids altogether. Mine are a 37 yr. old daughter, and 35 and 32 yr. old sons. First two are married with families of their own and the third is a Navy SEAL. My oldest, Robin Gail, has a 7 yr. old girl and a 5 yr. old boy. Marty's are a 32-year-old married son and a 24 yr. old son. The married son has a daughter born Thanksgiving Day 2004.



COLONY AREA ADJACENT TO REFINERY AREA TO
BE EVACUATED IN CASE OF ATTACK ON THE REFINERY

Area No.	Assigned To	Residences Involved
1.	F. C. Eaton	Bungalows 12 - 18 Inclusive
2.	M. P. Nordwall	Bachelor Quarters No. 1
3.	E. Walsko & G. Larson	Bachelor Quarters No. 2
4.	O. M. Lasser & W. J. Ward	Bachelor Quarters No. 3
5.	C. Plekell & Don Blair	Bachelor Quarters No. 4
6.	E. S. Pisarski & H. Lambertson	Bachelor Quarters No. 5
7.	P. S. Wertenberger & J. Kelle	Bachelor Quarters No. 6
8.	R. P. Ewing & R. Fennel	Bachelor Quarters No. 7
9.	H. E. Culver & G. LeMaire	Bachelor Quarters No. 8
10.	F. C. Quiram	Bungalows 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 474, 475
11.	W. Rae	Bungalows 436, 421 to 434 Inclusive and 11
12.	A. Heard	Bungalows 403 to 408 Incl. and 410 - 413 Incl.

World War II and Aruba

All Dutchmen who had served in the armed forces in Holland (as conscripts) were called to duty on September 1, 1939 when WWII broke out. They were stationed at Savaneta where the government kept a contingent of Marines under Captain Van de Spek. All of those called up became "Marines" regardless of the branch of service they had served in as conscripts. They retained their rank that they had when they had completed their service as conscripts in Holland. Nicholas P. Schindeler became a Marine Sergeant in spite of the fact that he had served with the Royal Engineers. Other Lago-ites who became sergeants were: Jan Moller, Arie Gravendyk, Karel Egers, John Eeltink, Fritz (Herman) Cousy (who always claimed he was a Lieutenant, but actually wasn't), Bill Koopman and perhaps others. The only Lieutenant we had from Lago was John Hamelers. John ten Houte Delange and Bouten were our only Lago men attaining the rank of Corporals. Also from Lago we had several privates: Paul Gordijn, Bart Kriek, Herman Tielen and others.

Schindeler was lucky to be released after almost a year at the request of Lago because they needed people in the Instrument Department. Bill Koopman and John ten Houte Delange were also released to the Instrument Department. Most of the others stayed in the service for five years and some advanced to be officers.

Since there were no accommodations for them, temporarily those from Lago returned to their regular family bungalows in the Colony at the end of the daily tour of duty. The necessary buildings for the troops were gradually assembled with some thought as to how they could be used in peacetime. Thus many of these wartime structures later housed theaters, restaurants or clubs after the war. The quarters put together for the "Scotties" were later used by American Forces and still later by the Dutch forces.

A Civil Defense system was organized and an Air Raid Precautions Department was established by the government and this eventually numbered 350 persons.

In September of 1939 a French Naval tanker came to Aruba for a load of marine fuel. Lieutenant-Governor Wagemaker had to call for the Dutch Gunboat *Johan Maurits van Nassau* to force the French tanker to leave Aruban Territorial Waters.

During the war the Lago Refinery became one of the largest refineries in the Standard Oil of New Jersey family. Many new process units were built to maximize the refinery war effort of supplying 100 Octane Aviation Gasoline, Fuel oil and Diesel fuel. Due to enemy action at one time the Lago refinery was the largest in the world.

According to the records 1 gallon out of every 16 used by Allied aircraft during the war came from Lago Aruba. At one time, after England had lost much of their refining capacity during the war, Aruba was reported to have supplied the fuel oil for 75% of the British Fleet!

Due to imposed radio silence Lago never received advanced notice of cargo needs or ship arrivals. Consequently at daybreak a horizon full of tankers circling the island would be seen. They were patiently waiting to be loaded.

Onshore tankage would be scoured for every last drop and refinery production would have to be tailored to fit the cargo needs of the waiting tankers. At that time Dwight Fryback was our Instrument Field Foreman assigned to the High Pressure Stills area of the refinery. You would see him at the Instrument Shop busily loading his pick up truck with range tubes. He was preparing to install maximum-range range tubes on many measurement instruments. Then he would take off in a cloud of dust with his pick-up truck and get his crew busy making the needed changes. Meanwhile operation changes would be initiated on the process units as needed.

The first torpedo to wind up on shore in the western hemisphere was one that the German Submarine U-156 fired at the tanker, *S/S Arkansas* docked at the Eagle Refinery pier in Oranjestad, Aruba. This was on February 16, 1942. The ship had arrived that day from dry dock in the states. Her tanks were still gas free. It was awaiting a safety inspection before receiving a cargo. The first torpedo fired at the ship missed and wound up on the shore. The second torpedo hit the *Arkansas*, putting a hole in it and exploding.

John C. Every was in charge of the Oil Inspection Laboratory at the Eagle Refinery at that time. According to John the Captain of the ship was on the bridge when the torpedo struck the *Arkansas*. He was bounced around but suffered no serious injuries. No one else was injured. Because the ship was gas free there was no explosion other than that of the torpedo itself.

John said his cousin, who was on sentry duty covering that area, the next day discovered the torpedo that had wound up on the beach. The

Dutch army sent a detail to disarm the torpedo the next day. Something went wrong and the torpedo exploded, killing a Dutch Marine Officer, a Non-Commissioned Officer, and two Privates as they tried to disarm it. A truck driver was standing near his flat bed truck some distance away at the time of the explosion. He was knocked down and he suffered ruptured ear drums.¹

At the beginning of WWII Aruba was neutral as was the United States.

Four German ships which happened to be offshore of San Nicholas harbor asked the Aruban Government to provide protection for them. They knew the British would sink them when given an opportunity. On the 14th of September these 4 ships moved to Malmok Bay near the California Light House on the western end of the island.

Lieutenant Governor Wagemaker had their wireless systems put out of order and had the ships searched for arms. The Aruban Government supplied them with water and the crews were allowed to walk on the shore whenever they liked. As a matter of fact the men built a beach house on the beach near the light house. A snapshot shows this "castle" the Germans made out of bamboo.

Around the middle of October one ship came back to San Nicholas to discharge the sulfur cargo she carried. This same ship went to Oranjestad harbor and took on water and sailed back to Malmok Bay. 6 Days later the *S/S Troja*, one of the 4 vessels, also took on water in Oranjestad harbor. In January 3 of the ships left without notice. The *S/S Antilla* stayed anchored in Malmok Bay.

In January of 1940 the American cruiser, *Vincennes* paid Oranjestad a visit. The destroyer, *Rowan*, and the Dutch submarine *014* each paid a visit a short time later.

Jim Lopez tells the following tale: "At the end of April, 1940, Mary and I left on vacation via the Grace Line - *S/S Santa Rosa*. Mary didn't enjoy the cruise very much because she was "expecting" our oldest son, David. We stopped in La Guiara and Caracas.

"After arriving in New York City we stayed at the Lincoln Hotel. That particular year it was rather chilly in New York City. I was wearing a light grey suit and had no topcoat. We were quite intrigued to hear the music of the day being played on the ships radio as we approached New York harbor. One of the songs that Mary remembers is 'Stone Cold

¹ I seem to recall seeing an article in Life Magazine about this incident.

Dead in The Market.’ We never heard it again!

“As I was taking a walk that night on 42nd street I was obviously a stranger to town because of my light grey suit. I was approached by a well dressed man, recently shaved, wearing a black topcoat. He said he was a used car dealer from Boston. He had come to New York on business and the night before he had been celebrating in some bar and was "rolled" and all of his money was taken. He wanted me to stake him to a bus fare to get back to Boston. (I had just read an article in some magazine about the various approaches used by con men so I was immediately suspicious.) I asked him several questions. I noticed we were walking into a little corner with a building on the street. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed another well dressed man was keeping step with us and seemed to be waiting for something. Somehow things didn't appear right to me and the answers he was giving weren't very convincing. I told him to contact the police for help. Then I hurried away and when I looked back a few moments later neither man was in sight.

“The next day we picked up our new Plymouth (which we had ordered before leaving Aruba) at the company warehouse in Bayonne, New Jersey just outside of New York. We drove South. We were on our way to Miami, Florida where my mother lived at the time. On May 10th as we were leaving our motel we heard on our car radio that Holland had been invaded by the German Army. Chills ran up and down our spines. It took a while for us to digest this news and we slowly began to realize what this would mean to us as we began reading the papers and talking about it.”

The government of Aruba and Curacao since the beginning of World War II had begun listing all foreign nationals of the Allies of Germany. They had been censoring the mail of these people and were forewarned of the impending invasion of Holland. They had names, addresses, car license numbers and formulated plans of action when the invasion took place.

Meanwhile back in Aruba:

On May 10, 1940 the German army invaded Holland. Early that morning a contingent of the Dutch marines surrounded the *S/S Antilla*, a new German ship, anchored at Malmok Bay. The captain refused to lower the boarding ladder until the soldiers threatened to fire on the ship. Finally the boarding ladder was lowered, but by that time the ship's sea-cocks had been opened and the ship set on fire. The crew then lowered their boats and pulled away from the ship. The ship sank on her

port side in about 25 feet of water so about 5 feet of the ship was exposed at low tide.

Some time later Bill Ewart, Alex Shaw, Jerry Krastel, and John McCord had an idea for raising the ship. However the Dutch Government would not allow them to raise the ship until they had paid for it. Then Bill Ewart happened to be in New York a short time later and made some enquires to see if there was a salvage company that would wait for their money until the ship was raised. However he was told that there wasn't much point to doing so because the German Consul could claim the ship as German property once it was brought into a port. So Bill said his group lost interest in raising the ship!

On the evening of May 10, 1940 180 French marines disembarked on Aruba from the French auxiliary cruiser *Primauguet* to reinforce the Dutch marines. There was some concern because in the first place neither Curacao nor Aruba governments had been notified of their coming. London was even contacted to try to find out what was going on. It was determined that the French Marines had boarded the *Primauguet* on the 8th of May. And on that day a Central American radio station had broadcast that the Germans would attack Holland at any moment.

Therefore in Aruba there was a big question mark whether this was genuine offer of help or it was a fifth column type effort to cause trouble in Aruba.

These French Marines were quartered in a camp in Savaneta which the company had built as a labor camp in 1938. The author remembers the colorful sight these marines made with their white uniforms and blue berets with red pompoms. This first contingent of French marines were all white. A second contingent made up of 300 Senegalese who were dark skinned. These all came from the French island of Martinique. None of these marines were stationed in sensitive areas because the Dutch were suspicious of the French Vichy government since France was occupied by the Germans.

Also on the evening of May 10, 1940 all Germans and German sympathizers were rounded up. According to John Opdyke they were put up overnight at the Hotel Germania by the authorities. They were deported to the interment camp that had been previously prepared for them on the Dutch island of Bonaire. They were taken there on a lake tanker on May 11, 1940.

John was at the lake tanker docks, in San Nicholas harbor, running

survey lines when the internees were brought down to the lake tanker. As the Germans were coming down to the pier, the old German who had run the big camera shop in Aruba was smoking a cigar. At the time the lake tanker docks were probably the most hazardous docks. John mentioned to the guard that no one should be smoking on the dock. The guard agreed and told the German to put out the cigar. His wife (or daughter) protested. The guard slammed his rifle butt to the pier deck, the German pitched the lighted cigar into a nearby oil patch on the water. Luckily the water put out the cigar before the oil caught fire.

Before the war Gus Stutzman was a foreman in the instrument department. Back there in 1930 Bill Ewart had interviewed him in New York and later hired him for Aruba. Gus was a well known Nazi who delighted in irritating those around him. His inflammatory remarks raised the blood pressure of all. He was always expounding on how good the Nazis were and how they were going to change things for the better when they dominated the world. He weighed close to 200 pounds and was very German in appearance. His head was square and bald and his German accent came through when he spoke fractured English. His voice was loud and when he spoke on the telephone his side of the conversation was so loud you couldn't hear anything else. When one of his crew talked with him you could hear him say - "v-a-a-t i-s d-a-h-t" or "v-h-y-y i-s d-a-h-t". I don't think he could make the "w" sound. As a field foreman his desk was jammed up against the shop foreman's desk so when they both sat down they were facing each other and they shared a telephone.

Cyril Rex was the shop foreman. He was English and had been an engineer on a cargo ship before joining the Lago Instrument Department in 1932. He well remembered World War I.

One of the older American operators on one of the units in the refinery once said to Gus, "Gus, you know in 1917 I had one of the best jobs I have ever had, and it only paid \$30 a month." Gus said "v-a-h-t i-s d-a-h-t, you haff such goodht chob and it only pays \$30?" "How can this be?" And the old operator gleefully said: "I was shooting the rear end off of guys like you!" We were not surprised when we heard that they had sent Gus, and his wife, off to the Internment Camp in Bonaire.

We never heard about the German Bund in Aruba until after the internees were taken to Bonaire. The bund was an organization made up of German nationals that supported the Nazi movement. Before World War II they were active in the United States. After they had moved the internees to Bonaire we heard about the building where Aruba Bund held

their meetings. It was decorated with the German flag and pictures of Hitler and other leaders.

Karl Schelecta, who was a Czechoslovakian, was another field foreman in the Instrument Department. He gave the impression to me that he was a reluctant Nazi. He appeared to be afraid of Gus and said something one time about he was afraid for his family back home. Charlie, as we all called him, was a short dumpy fellow who spoke English very well and had only a little German-like accent. I guess it could have been a Czechoslovakian accent. He was a soft spoken, courteous, fellow with light brown hair. He was generally cheerful and smiled a lot. He was well liked by all. His expertise seemed to be more with the pneumatic controllers and pyrometer type temperature measuring instrumentation. He and his wife were hustled off to the internment camp also.

Al Zecchini, an Italian, had been a professor in some university in Italy before coming to Aruba. His education was more along the academic line, and those who interviewed him (Bill Ewart was one) when he originally applied for a job said that he should have been in Research & Engineering. He worked for some time in the Electric Department and then transferred to the Instrument Department where he was shop foreman at the outbreak of WWII. Al was a tall man, probably just under 6 feet and probably weighed 180 pounds. Jim Lopez adds, "I thought he had a face a haughty Italian might have. His hair was almost black and on the wavy side. He had a very short temper and was always very business - like. I can still remember the day, it must have been after Christmas in 1938 when I saw him with a wash tub, almost full of water, set up in the center of the Instrument Shop. He was kneeling down trying to fix a small toy submarine that had been sent in by the Refinery Manager, Lloyd Smith. Apparently a Christmas toy of one of his sons had broken down. Because Al was a strong advocate of Mussolini he, and his wife and son, also wound up in the Bonaire internment camp.

On May 13, 1940, Lago and the Eagle Refinery had their first practice blackout. And preparations were underway to set up black out conditions in the refinery so the furnace fires and the refinery lighting could not be seen from the sea. In Lago the corrugated roofs and structures to support them over the cracking plant furnaces were being altered so a shield was erected which made the open furnace doors not visible from the direction of the sea.

Anti-aircraft guns from the French Marines were set up on the rocky surface in sandbagged fortresses on the south side of the Aviation

Gasoline tank farm which was just behind the bungalows numbered 472 and up running eastward.

The French Auxiliary Cruiser *Estrel* supplied the French Marines and subsequently it was replaced by the *Barfleur*.

On May 11, 1940 two American Bombers passed over Aruba on their way to "parts unknown".

The Dutch installed naval guns (cannon) at Juana Morto, about a mile north of the Lago refinery area. These were test fired May 17, 1940 for the first time.

With the June 22, 1940 Armistice between the Germany and France and the establishment of the "Vichy" government under Marshal Henri Petain France was no longer considered an ally of the western world governments and on July 6th the French Marines in Aruba were "invited" to depart on the French cruiser *Estrel* on July 6th, 1940. According to Bill Ewart it seemed that the French Captain of the Marines was reluctant to depart when requested to do so by the Dutch. Finally the Dutch notified them if they did not depart with all of their equipment by a certain deadline the Dutch Cruiser from Curacao would come and shoot them out of the water. They stayed at the dock until a few minutes before the deadline period when the Dutch Cruiser could be seen approaching from the east. They got up steam and left hurriedly for Martinique. As a sidelight two of these marines remained behind and married two of the daughters of J. H. Deveer, a local Aruban family.

120 English soldiers replaced the French and they in turn were replaced on September 3, 1940 by the Queens Own Cameron Highlanders, a regiment of 520 soldiers, made up mostly of replacements. The largest gun they brought with them was a "Bren Gun" and a couple of Bren-gun carriers which were jeep like in appearance and with these mighty small weapons. As a matter of fact they arrived with a bare minimum of arms because of the equipment losses when they were evacuated from France. They had suffered heavy losses when they were among the 300,000 allied troops that were evacuated from the beaches at Dunkirk, France in May of 1940 just before France fell to the Germans. Their commanding officer was Colonel C. M. "Tiny" Barker, who turned out to be the tallest officer in the British Army and had won a Decoration at Dunkirk. Other officers were: Colonel Beggs, whose wife accompanied him to Aruba (all other officers were on single status) and Major Monroe, who was very popular with the ladies. The chaplain's name was MacDonald and he later married Betty Russell, a young English girl whose father was in the Lago Marine Department. As a

matter of fact it seems that all of their officers were tall men and the ranks were made up of short men.

The "Scotties", as we called them, became very popular with the Lago Colony families and we were all impressed with how well behaved they were. Most of the replacements were 18 or 19 years old and seemed to be mostly "country boys" as we would call them. I remember one of these boys was reading all of the western stories he could get his hands on and said he wanted to go to the "states" and become a "cowboy". When told that cowboys perhaps earned \$30 a month plus board and room. He said that was great with him! His name was Bill Reed and I have often wondered what ever became of him.

The Aruba Volunteer Corps was a small group of men who had been organized in 1929 after the Venezuelan, Rafael Simon Urbina, had made his surprise attack on Curacao while he was involved in trying to oust the Dictator of Venezuela at the time, Juan Vicente Gomez. This group was Aruba's contribution to a guard force in Aruba along with the small force that was assigned to Lago's guard force.

In December of 1940 a contingent of regular artillery of the Dutch Colonial Army arrived by way of Curacao.

Block wardens were established in the Lago Colony. Their job was to see that no light showed at night from any of the bungalows or buildings in the colony. Each warden had a certain area he was to patrol. All the shutters on the windows were painted black and some people installed elaborate door protection so a second door allowed people to enter and leave without any of the lights inside being seen on the outside. Most of us removed all bulbs not essential at night or merely partly unscrewed them so they would not light when the switch was turned "on". Some wardens dreamed up all kinds of schemes to make their jobs less monotonous. Their friends helped by turning on their porch light and when the warden came to reprimand them they invited him in for a "tall, cool one". Other wardens "fined" those who had a light showing by extracting a "tall, cool one" as the offender's penalty. The efficiency of these wardens at times produced terrible hangovers the next day.

Most of us who lived in the colony had radios which could bring in short wave, as well as long wave, programs from many distant places. We regularly heard the BBC London and some eventually developed an understanding for and a liking of the famous English comedians of the times. Percy Faith and his waltz music was one of the favorites. Vera Lynn and the pieces she sang became popular favorites: *From the Time You Say Goodbye, By the Fireside, Auf Wiederseh'n*. Gracie Fields and

her special piercing voice as she sang her specialties: *Now Is the Hour*, *The Nun's Chorus*, *The Wickedness of Men*, etc. Sometimes we could hear Australia. And of course the big name bands of the times from the "top of the Mark" (Hotel) in San Francisco. Other broadcasts were heard from Chicago, New York and places in between. We heard "Lord Haw-Haw" from Berlin. This was the Englishman who became the Germans number one English language announcer and delighted in letting the world in on military secrets of the western allies. Spies everywhere reported back to Berlin and he for example announced when the Scotties would leave Aruba and on what ship. He also announced the attack made on Aruba on February 16, 1942. We also heard other foreign language broadcasts, but for the most part we had enough trouble keeping up with the world as it was being broadcast from the American Armed Forces Radio!

One of the things we particularly noticed was that the Cameron Highlanders were managed by the non-commissioned officers. That is they handled the running of day-to-day military affairs. No one ever saw a Scot drunk on the streets in the village. Their military police might be seen driving their Land Rover truck around with a horizontal load of soldiers, but there were no complaints from villagers.

As did most of the colony families we had adopted four or five of the soldiers and they had supper with us about once a week. Their duty uniforms were khaki and when they were not wearing their kilts (which were considered "dress") they wore kaki walking shorts.

During the period of time that the Cameron Highlanders were with us we certainly learned a lot about their culture, language, and customs. Since most of the boys we knew were from their marching band we learned that under normal peacetime conditions they would have to be an apprentice for 7 years before they would be allowed to play with the band. But since these were wartime conditions they had relaxed this requirement and that was why so many of them were 18 or 19 years old. Also not all were from Scotland. Some were from near London. Their pleated, woolen, kilts were very heavy because it took 7 yards of material to make one of them.

The Scotties for the most part were on sentry duty at the sensitive spots around the island; the refinery and the dock area in particular. Some were in the refinery; some in the dock area and some patrolled the cyclone fencing around the refinery and the tank farms.

Sometimes it would have been handier if we could have climbed the cyclone fencing to reach some of the units which were located a short

distance inside the fence, but no - we had to go down to the main gate located 200 or 300 yards south of us and then come back up a roadway just inside the fence to a point 200 to 600 yards to the north of us. Kinda crazy. ¹

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¹ *Jim Lopez adds, "One evening two of the boys brought their bagpipes with them when they came to our house for dinner. They, of course, wore their regular hobnailed army boots and marched around our living room to help them keep time as they played. Prior to that time we had heard the band play at their regular Reviews at the Parade Ground in front of their barrack at Savaneta. As a matter of fact we had 8 mm moving pictures made on one of these occasions as they did the Slow March"(used at State funerals) and their Regular March." They looked very good in their kilts, sporrans, and trailing sashes with their black berets with the little black pompom on top. But you can't really appreciate the volume of bagpipes until you have heard two of them played in your living room. Mary and I loved the rendition of some of their favorite pieces, but I had a headache for a couple of days afterwards. I thought my ears were ruined for life. Our oldest son, David, was an infant at the time and asleep in the next room. It didn't awaken him. However cars driving by stopped by our front yard to hear the concert!"*

I worked on shift in the Instrument Department. We had a pickup truck to get around. Of course the headlights were shielded so only a slit about 1 cm by 3 cm long allowed each headlight to deliver a feeble little sliver of light. All flashlights were similarly shielded so we became like moles peering at our equipment, tools, and screws that had to be adjusted. Our Instrument Shop and the Electric Shop, on a common access driveway, were outside the refinery fence on the east side.

One night Marchant Davidson was Instrument Shift Supervisor on one of the shifts and one of those working for him was Arnold Dijkstra. Arnold was from St. Martin and could put on a pretty good imitation of Popeye" when so inclined. Anyway Marchant received a phone call that they needed an Instrument Man at the Alkylation Unit just inside the fence and north from the Instrument Shop. Marchant, trying to get some work done, said to Arnold: Why don't you just climb over the fence?"And Arnold said: Heck no! I don't want to get shot by one of those patrolling sentries!"And Marchant said: That's all right I'll be responsible"and Arnold said: Yeah but it will be my rear end that will be shot up!"

December 18, 1940. It was printed in the same shop where the

"Courant" whose original name was "The Gazette and Commercial Advertiser" is printed. The AEN was a company sponsored paper and carried line-cuts and halftone engravings. It was intended to concern itself with the activities of all employees of the Lago Oil and Transport Company at work and at play. It was printed in English and Papiamento (the local language). The editor was R. W. Schlageter who by that time was also editor of the famous "Pan Aruban" which first saw the light of day on June 22, 1929.

One of the newsworthy pictures in the AEN (as far as this story is concerned) shows the "Num Nums" who were defeated by an (Army) Officers team in a game on Wednesday evening, December 4 1940. Num Num members pictured were: Gladys Baggley, Beatrice Olsen (later Mrs. W.L.Ewart), manager Jennie Bluejacket, Geraldine Baxter, Marian Yates (Baxter), Georgia Ushler, Dawn Grey, Madeline Wylie, Frances Uhr, Mary Stiehl, Forrestine Hughes, and Lois Repath.

Another picture shows the "office" team who were the winners of the playoff for the plant softball championship. Members pictured were: Gil Corrington, Rudy van Daalen, Cornie Dunlap, Al Ayres, Bernie Shearon, Ed Tucker, Val Linam, manager Phil Wertenberger, Charlie Smith, and Ed Long.

Another picture shows the "pressure stills" team who were the runner-ups in the plant softball championship. Members pictured were: Frank Worden, Horace Semmens, John Silvers, Louie Crippen, Ted Taylor, Bill Egan, Rookie O'Neal, Sonnyboy Williams, Cliff Nilsen, Herman Becnel, Bill Mellendick, and manager Grover Barnes.

On December 7, 1941 upon the attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese the atmosphere in Aruba became very tense indeed.

On Friday January 16, 1942 the U. S. Air force arrived in Aruba. This contingent flew twin-engine attack bombers, which were later fitted out to carry depth charges.

They shared Dakota Field (airport) with commercial flights, which still came in. The commercial passenger planes pulled the blinds on their windows before landing and upon departing so the passengers could not see the camouflaged parking places which had been constructed for the many military planes. A large area around the parked planes was surrounded with cyclone fencing topped with barbed wire, and was off-limits for civilians. Sentries were everywhere. The road to Oranjestad which formerly went around the airfield on the land side was rerouted along the coast. The runways had to be lengthened and

strengthened to be able to take the largest bombers. The runways eventually extended almost to the waters edge on the south side of the island. A contingent of the Navy Sea Bees (Construction Battalion) appeared and took care of this and other projects of the military.

The Commander of All Forces Aruba and Curacao was a Commodore of the U.S.Navy. His headquarters was on the island of Curacao, some 60 miles away. General Frank Andrews was located in Aruba and occupied guest quarters in the Lago Colony. He later was assigned to Iceland where he lost his life when his plane was shot down

On February 11, 1942 an American Coast Artillery unit consisting of about a thousand soldiers arrived with their 155 artillery pieces. They were sent to replace the Cameron Highlanders who departed on February 13th. The Americans took over the sentry posts formerly manned by the "Scotties" (as we called them). At this time the sentries were on 8 hour tours. In the replacement procedures the Scotties and the Americans together manned the posts for one night. One of the Scotties was asked the next day how it went with the "Yanks". He said "I said hello Yank - and couldn't get a word in edgewise for the rest of the night!"

The American soldiers were quite a change from the Cameron Highlanders: Much more talkative and a brash bunch of youngsters. It was reported that in the village if a young girl got into a conversation with an American soldier she had a hard time escaping. He would follow her to her door and even try to invite himself inside.

Again each family in the Colony "adopted" four or five of the "Yanks". Most of these boys were just out of high school and "full of beans" (mischievous). The boys we befriended were members of the Medical Corps. They were "learning on the job". They took us to visit their camp and the medical facilities and we have movies of the antics they put on to demonstrate their abilities - even in the operating room.

The blackboard mounted at the Post Office carried messages for Colony residents during the Wartime activities. This is the second message we saw:

NOTICE FEB 18, 1942

5. For the present Notice of Blackout Status will be given each day so watch these bulletins carefully.
6. PLANT AND COLONY BLACKOUT IS AGAIN REQUIRED FOR TONITE.
7. The results of last night were very gratifying. Let's keep the good

record.

11. It's authoritatively reported that in Tuesday's action off shore two submarines were destroyed. ²

12. The torpedo which was accidentally exploded at Oranjestad resulted in the death of four persons and three wounded, all military personnel. Grossly exaggerated reports are untrue.

13. The casualties from the enemy action on our own lake tankers are two dead and an estimate of forty nine missing.

14. Failure to half staff the flag is not disrespect or oversight. Such practice is not followed during Wartime. ³

WAR TIME RECORDS

According to wartime records that subsequently became available under the "Freedom of Information Act" the following information explains a lot of things:

British troop ships appeared off the islands of Aruba and Curacao on the morning of May 11, 1940. They were prepared to take possession of both islands by force if necessary. The island authorities were aware that the Germans had invaded Holland on May 10, 1940. But they thought they could defend the islands without any assistance from the British. They did not oppose the British landings, but their welcome was not a cordial one.

It was realized that the Germans might attempt sabotage or commando raids to disrupt refinery operations.

At the outbreak of war in Europe the Dutch police in Curacao had been secretly examining the mail of foreigners living there. In November of 1939 certain intercepted documents alerted them that the invasion of Holland was imminent. The Dutch immediately prepared lists of all foreigners in the Netherlands West Indies. Plans were drawn up as to just how the foreigners would be taken into custody.

At 12:53 a.m. on May 10, 1940 a cable was received from the

²Note that the German submarine U-156 attacked the refinery Tuesday 2/16/42 at 1:30 a.m.

³Note that the numbering above indicates that some items were erased before writing this second notice.

Dutch Government that invasion had begun. At 1:00 a.m. Dutch officers

The Ken Springer Story

I was born on April 15, 1908¹. My hometown was Whiting, IN, home of Standard of Indiana at that time. My dad worked for Inland Steel. We lived in Joliet, IL before moving to Whiting, IN when I was ten years old. He was working for the Star Wallpaper Company in Joliet, IL. My father was of German descent, born in the U.S. My mother's maiden name was Margaret Evans and she was of Welsh extraction. My dad's name was Earl.

I went to high school at Whiting High School. I was a quarterback on the football team and a pitcher on the baseball team. I also played short stop when I didn't pitch... I was fast, though, and I won the 50 yard dash in the county track meet when I was a freshman in high school. I was a bit small for a career in sports but I did play semi-pro football for the Wolves in South Chicago. I was paid \$35 a week. We played in different cities; for example, we traveled to Joliet, IL and played Joliet-Sheboygan there. We even played against the Chicago Bears. We were more or less a tune-up for them. I thought I might play in college, in fact I went out for it in my freshman year but it was too time consuming. You had to go out every night and practice, so you didn't have much time for schoolwork. I only went to college two years; I decided I wanted to be a chemical engineer. I worked during vacation time for Standard of Indiana and that's how I got the notion I wanted to be in the oil business. I didn't actually work in the oilfield part of Standard Oil of Indiana; I worked as a boilermaker helper and a pipefitter helper and stuff like that during vacation months.

FIRST VISIT TO ARUBA

The first time I went to Aruba by ship was September, 1930. It was named after one of the directors of the company but I don't remember the name or the day we sailed. We had to go to Baltimore to ship out to Aruba. With me were Fitz Felton (he worked up in the pressure stills) and the Drew brothers, R. E. and Don Drew. There were five of us but I can't remember the other two. We had to go to New York first before going to Baltimore. We had one night layover in Baltimore because the ship wasn't ready until the following day after we got there. At that time they had some quarters specially built for taking passengers to and from

¹*He was 79 years old at the time of this interview, so this interview was 24 years ago!*

Aruba.

When I got to Aruba I stayed in No. 1 Bachelor Quarters. Harry Gillis and I roomed together. Porter Schulenburg and Don Malcolm and Red Masters were there in the same quarters. Red Masters worked in the Light Oils. There were two Masters but I've forgotten the first names of them; they called both of them "Red." One of them was a young fella.

BACK TO SCHOOL AND BACK TO ARUBA

Then I moved back to the States in July of '33 and went back to school at Purdue. It cost me a \$15 entrance fee and room and board. I finished my second year of college and then I heard that they were building some additional equipment in Aruba. So I wrote to New York and told them I was finished with my schooling and I was hoping for another job. So when I left there I left as a first class operator at \$185 a month. But when you re-hired, they re-hired you at the next lower rate which was \$155/mo. Of course that was room and board free at that time, and you didn't have very much to spend your money on. I was making \$185/mo. and putting \$155/mo. in the bank.

I know they had some crap games in the quarters. They used to have a lot of poker playing, too, but I didn't go in for poker playing either. In fact, when I went down there the first time in 1930, they used to have gold coins in those dog-gone crap games; \$20 gold coins and \$30 dollar gold coins and stuff like that. Some people didn't think any more of them than they did the paper money. You could get them from the office there for paper money.

Working with Standard of Indiana during the summer months I got the opportunity to go to Aruba because at that time Standard of Indiana owned the Aruba refinery. That's how I was able to go to Aruba. They were taking some people because they were building some additional equipment down there in Aruba, including the No. 10 Crude Still. I was working shifts in the rerun stills. We worked 7 days a week at that time. Every three weeks you got 32 hours off. We'd drink beer and we went down to the village and stuff like that while we were off.

SHIFT WORK AND JOBS

So you'd work from 4 to 12 for a week. Then when you'd change shifts, you'd double back from 4 p.m.-12 midnight and work from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. So you'd have 8 hours off and then you'd come back. Then from the 8 to 4 you'd switch to the 12 to 8 shift and you'd get 8 hours off. So you didn't get much sleep in the evening. And then when you finished the so-called graveyard shift, you'd get your 32 hours off.

I lived in Bungalow 36 when I was a Shift Foreman. Then when Tom Leonard had his nervous breakdown, he was on the blending job and he was what they called a Process Foreman. I took his place as the Process Foreman; and, of course, it was a step above Shift Foreman. They had two Process Foremen in the Light Oils, one was the Operations Process Foreman who took care of the pressure stills and stuff like that and the Blending Process Foreman, which was Tom Leonard's job. That was the toughest job I ever had, I believe. That was a 24 hour a day job. You got calls at night, you know, about a cargo being off and they would say the octane is a couple points too low or something is wrong with it. So you'd have to call down and have them touch it up with certain things that you'd figure out to do. Somebody would open the valve and get things mixed up aboard the ship. So you'd have to have them shut down the loading of the ship and get the laboratory to check on the ship and find out it was off on certain things and then you'd have to discharge that part of the cargo. Then re-load with some on-specification material. It was a pain in the neck; always trouble with loading of ships. That was because you had a lot of local help and as far as opening and closing some of these valves; opening a valve that they shouldn't and closing of a valve that they shouldn't; mixing cargo; throwing it off specification. The lab was very strict about these things and they wouldn't give an inch on it. There were times when I thought maybe the octane had to be 84 and the octane would be maybe 83.8, they wouldn't give you two-tenths of an octane. I'd say I don't know why you couldn't round it off to 84.

When I was over the Light Oils and the Receiving/Shipping, about 1940 or '50, we got a call that a ship that had loaded its cargo from Shipping and Receiving (here at the plant) had lost its power out at sea. It had gotten to Costa Rica, had loaded a bunch of bananas and was headed out, going to Germany. They got off in the Caribbean and their engines failed on them. They checked and found out there was water in their fuel oil. So they called me at night; things usually happened at night. I said, "Well, there was nothing much we can do about it. You'll just have to pump out the water, along with maybe losing some of the fuel oil with it and submit a claim to us." And they did. A lot of the dog-gone bananas had gotten spoiled. So we went over to Germany and we had a subsidiary of Jersey at that time (after the War.) confirmed that there had been a loss of tons of bananas and some fuel oil that was really water. It came to \$67,000 and I could only sign for as much as \$50,000. I remember I had to go to the president and get his concurrence that I could sign under his name. He agreed that it was okay because we had it confirmed by the subsidiary in Germany that this is what it was worth. We found out that the culprits were some native boys and the only thing

that they got was three days off.

I was working with Ed Harris, the so-called "Maintenance Foreman," who took care of stills also. He took over from Coy Cross who went back to Texas. This was about 1941.

WORLD WAR II

I was on ship when we were attacked. Frank Griffin was over Light Oils and I was Shift Foreman, working 12 to 8 in Light Oils. He was at home of course. The Pitch Stills were shut down for inspection and what-not. The first indication that we had was when I was making my rounds as Shift Foreman and I stopped over at the Treating Plant. We had coffee over at the Treating Plant. So, I was sitting down, having coffee, signing time cards going around and so forth. All of a sudden we heard this loud **BOOM!** I thought, "Oh Christ! We've pulled some boner down at the Pitch Stills and we got an explosion down there." Usually when you are taking a unit off, or putting it back on, you passed through an explosive range and I thought that's what happened. Someone had pulled a boner and they got a spark while in the explosive range and it exploded. So I took off and ran as far as No. 10 Crude Still and I saw nothing, no flame down there at the Pitch Stills.

Joe Strong was Stillman over at No. 10 Crude Still and I said, "Joe, what the heck is it?" "I don't know," he said, "The ship blew out, out there, out there by the reef." What it was, was one of these lake tankers. When they didn't have room enough to dock, they used to park out there on the reef. The darned submarine had nailed, not one but about 5 or 6 ships out there that had parked.

Then they started firing at the plant. We found out later that they were 37 mm, star shells over the refinery. So I called Frank Griffin. We had talked about submarines coming in there and probably attacking us. Anyway, we called Frank and told him, "I think we're under attack all right," and explained what the situation sort of looked like from my point of view. I said, "I think we'd better start shutting down some equipment." He said to go ahead, so I started running around, because I tried to get on the phone to call some of them and couldn't.

Everybody and his brother were on the phone. So I had to run around and I told Joe Strong about shutting down No. 10 Crude Still. Steel was Stillman over at the Still No. 8 and I told him about shutting down. Then I went over to the Treating Plant and I couldn't find Tommy Quinn, one of the treaters over there. They said he was out there on the pipeline. When these star shells started coming over, he took off and laid

down in the pipelines. I said “Sorry, but don’t get caught in the pipelines. If we have a dog-gone fire, you’ll get roasted.” So we started flushing out the treating plant, because we had 10 x 30 drums full of pressure distillate and acid and so forth. Evidently they started shutting down the cracking plant also. We were down about 3 or 4 days.

One tank in the shipping department had a dent in it about two rings from the top from one of the shells. If one of those shells had hit a roof, they were pretty thin. It would have pierced a hole in it and probably started a fire. Those star shells when they would land they would explode. In fact one of the shells landed in the Dutch priests’ quarters, which was beyond the tank farm. It went down through the upper section of the building and the story I remember was that it landed on the floor by a bed where a child was sleeping. That one child and another got a splinter in them. They were lucky there. One submarine attempted to fire his deck gun, but you know the story. He forgot to take the plug out and it exploded, seriously wounding him. They went into Martinique, I think, and they took care of him there. The story came back from Martinique.

Where I was located it was not as scary as it would have been in some other places in the refinery. And when those tracers started going overhead, it did get a little hairy.

DEFENSES

The American marines had come in just before this attack and they were down around the Lone Palm Stadium. They had their 155 mm guns up there but the guns hadn’t been set up. So the next few days they got up at the top of Lighthouse Point there and started getting those guns in. We used to have alerts every now and then while I was still a Shift Foreman, where these dog-gone submarines would surface out there in the sea and they’d fire those dog-gone 155’s.² They’d pick them up on radar and turn on the search lights and so forth. Although I don’t recall them hitting any of them, they did cause them to submerge and get out of there.

I called home because I was concerned about Dorothy and the kids. She said they were all okay, but they were all scared. She said, “We’re all dressed to go.” I’d told her if a shell hit, or anything like that, to take

² *Jim Lopez recalls, “The first time they fired those 155’s, all the pictures fell off the walls. The shutters were rattling. One time, Mary was trying to get under the bed because I told her that was where to go. But she was expecting at the time and she got stuck there, finally wound up under the dining room table. What woke us up were the low - flying planes.”*

off to Sea Grape Grove. But they never shelled again. They kind of threatened us a few times; there was a darn submarine that came in over in Oranjestad close to shore and got his nose in the sand. People saw it from the shore and yelled about the enemy and what not. They contacted the Air Force out at the airport. By the time they got mobilized, the dog-gone thing had gotten out of there. We didn't have very good communications.

Then there was the time the *USS Taylor* destroyer was stationed off the east end of the island and fired off a dog-gone shell or two and one of them came into Schelfhorst's room and one landed in the coral near the spheroid tank farm. The gaugers out there heard something rattling out there and nobody was gonna look for anything rattling at that time. About a week later they were scrambling around there and found it. The note on the board at the Post Office said that "last night was not enemy action," but it did not say that it was the *USS Taylor* destroyer.

This incident may have contributed to the clamor to go home. It came down to us in the foreman position that if the wife insisted on going, okay, but they'd much rather you stay for morale purposes. So I told Dorothy if you go, you gotta go to Venezuela and wait for transportation out of there. That's the way they were going. There was quite a passel of them who did. I don't remember any of the operators who went, but there may have been some.

TEST OPERATOR

One of the most interesting jobs I had down there was Test Operator. Frank Griffin took over in the Light Oils and I was pretty close with him. He had been a Test Operator a long time before then in the Cracking Plant. He asked me about it and I said "Oh, boy! I would love to be a Test Operator." They had new units going on all the time. You had to keep statistics at the same time and you'd go through the unit. One time on a No. 11 Crude Still tower we had to test every tray and there were 32 trays in that darn tower. We had to test every one of them (we used water of course) to make sure the overflow was just so. Otherwise, if it wasn't just so and we had too much or too little on the trays, it would affect the fractionation. We'd start up in the top tray, putting in water. In fact, there was a fellow from Technical Services Department along with me to check the weir height. We had to make sure after it got so high, it'd go over the weir. We had to do this visually and of course we had a dog-gone rule to measure this height. We were in the tower, getting dog-goned soaked wetter than dickens, and even though we had knee pads on, our knees would be all bruised up at the end of the day. Maybe it took two weeks to get that dog-goned thing

adjusted.

We'd start at the top, with maybe a ¾" water hose to fill up each one individually. If you had 32 it took you a long time because also you went about checking these so-called bubble caps to make sure they were situated correctly. I've forgotten the number of bubble caps in each one of those trays but it was quite a number. Each tray had a down-comer that fed off the weir. It was kind of crowded in there with all those bubble caps and two people. Then there was the reflux where the evaporated hydrocarbons would rise upwards and vaporize over the top. And of course the heavier particles of oil would continue to drop down to the bottom where you had nothing but tar. Now that's talking about a crude unit. The same principle applied to other towers.

Normally the construction people put those things (trays) in. I know we at Lago had a policy of checking all the trays installed by the contractor because we found that they were often not set correctly. We had to adjust nearly every one of them.

Kellogg did nearly all of this work. Many of the furnaces were Cross Cracking units, because they used them in Indiana.

We would also pressure up the pipe lines so we could check for leaks. This was because they [contractors' workers] installed all the gaskets, but they may have installed them incorrectly and cut them. We may find we have some loose bolts to tighten up. They [test operators] found out a lot of these construction people were kind of bad on the follow-up of tightening bolts and closing valves. Invariably we backwelded screwed flanges so we would not have any leaks. It helped because if we wouldn't worry about tightening up. If you tightened up too hard you'd strip the threads and you'd have a leak. We used brass hammers and wedges, but you had to have the hydrocarbon in the 2 to 4 percent range and with the humidity down there it wasn't likely. I remember in Louisiana, when the humidity would get real low, they would have trouble with the jet fuel. The reason for that was because jet fuel didn't vaporize very readily and with the low humidity in the wintertime, you'd have so much air in there due to the vapor pressure, you'd be upwards of 9 percent and you'd be way out of the explosive range.

THE ACID PLANT

I didn't know anything about the Acid Plant as an operator or anything like that, but Blakely was Superintendent of the Process Department and he decided I was working as a Process Foreman and I had worked temporarily as a Assistant Division Superintendent in Light

Oils as a relief, so he was going to send me down to the Acid Plant as Assistant Division Superintendent down there. Bates went up to New York for an operation on his lungs for cancer and he succumbed. So we were at a staff meeting when out of the clear blue sky Blakely says that we got word that he had died and we're gonna send Ken Springer down to the Acid Plant. He didn't say whether it was going to be permanent or not, but then the next thing it was a promotion for me. I didn't know anything about the Acid Plant but that's the kind of things that happened to you. That's when you really learn because you have to know.

I went in and out of that equipment. Like, for instance, on the separator, you take a separator out for cleaning and it's all washed out. It had been converting this acid and it comes out (after they get through treating it and washing it and so forth) 65 to 66 percent acid. Then they have to bring it up to 98-plus percent acid, the strength they use for treating purposes. So it means that you really got to do. So I wanted to see what these things really looked like. Inside they are really lined with acid-proof brick. You have cement to put them together and so forth. There is a lead lining between the brick and the steel vessel.

LEAD BURNERS

George Larson was the Chief Lead Burner and Humphreys used to do some lead burning also. There was another guy whose name I can't remember and they all worked on this lead lining. They used to test those guys in the Medical Department; evidently for lead pick-up. When their lead content reached a certain level they'd take them off for anywhere from two weeks to a month or 6 weeks when they put them back again. The thing that bothered me was this lead pick-up was cumulative. Some of those guys that had been lead burning didn't live too long after they left it, you know.³ I know I've been down there at times when Hump was around and Christ, some of that damn stuff would be choking me and they'd be in it. They were tough guys. Some got out of that so-called dirty work, but that Hump, boy he was a booger. He was always climbing inside drums and what-not. Even when he had that bad back and he'd have to sit. He had that dog-goned Dutch doctor that operated on his back and straightened him out all right. He'd be limping around, yet he'd be climbing in these dog-gone tower and tanks and manholes and what-not. One time even, George Larson got behind on lead burning, he took over a torch and helped out. Ed White, George and Hump and those guys worked together a long time in the Acid Plant.

³ Here Jim Lopez adds, "I've often wondered about that, because Humphreys died of emphysema and I know darn well that all of that came from those acid fumes."

DUCK HUNTING IN ARUBA

One time they had this major storm in Venezuela and these dog-gone teal ducks flew over to Aruba. They had these ponds over by the Pitch Piles and I had a hunting license. The way I got my hunting license was Stuart Harrison had a hunting license and he left. I was hassling him about it, asking how did he get his license. He said, "I told 'em I wanted to hit some of the hawks that were killing the songbirds out on the golf course." So I thought, well, I'll do the same thing.

After he left, I went over there and talked with them about the possibility of me getting his license and told them the same story. Sure enough, they gave me a hunting license.

I'd go out hunting and Tommy Johnson used to go out with me. We had a local boy from the lab that would go out with us 'cause he knew where some good spots for rabbits were. Anyway, I'd go to work at something like 7 o'clock in the morning or so, so I got up real early in the morning because I'd seen these ducks come in the evening and I thought they'd be taking off in the morning. So I got there just as it was breaking day and sure enough here's these dog-gone ponds with tender ducks on them. I started blasting away and about the time I was ready to pick up these dog-gone ducks, 7 of 'em, along came these local police.

They wanted to see if I had a license for these ducks. I showed 'em that license and I finally gave 'em one duck. But they couldn't do anything to me because I had this license. The dog-gone shooting alerted someone because they had a watchman out there at the gate and they called him. Seeing us, they came out to investigate. But I remember we got a many as 14 in one day.

FIRES IN THE REFINERY

I remember a fire up in the Cracking Unit on a transfer line carrying crude which was very, very corrosive. I think it was about No. 11 or 12 Unit. It was in these bends where you get the erosion. The operator could see something leaking up there and he went up there to peen it shut, thinking it was a pin-hole or something. It blew out into the air and something ignited it causing an explosion and there was fire everywhere. There was another fellow that was with him, but he was down a level or so. Dewey Johnson went up the flights of stairs to get this guy. He carried this unconscious guy down on his shoulders. I thought boy that was very courageous.

One time when Bob Ellis was on shift, I was over at the Transfer Pump House, and Schulenburg was over at the Treating Plant along with Nate Holland, in about 1931 or '32. They used to in the olden days

they'd take kerosene and put it in the agitator and they'd hit it with one pound of acid, that was the formula, one pound of acid per barrel, as a drying agent to get all the water out of it. They agitated with air and kept a steam blanket on the top to keep the vapors from igniting. The damned roof blew off the agitator and here was this dog-gone fire. Sid Lorio was the operator over at the pump house. There was a screen that came up missing at the control room and they said to Bob Ellis, "Now don't you hit that screen (with the fire hose) and knock it out."

I recall a time I got called out at night when I was over Light Oils, Frank's old job. They told me there was a fire on No. 8. I got out there and, of course it wasn't No. 8, it turned out it was No. 7. It was a transfer line there too. They were shutting down the unit. I told them there were vapors up there and the only way we were going to get this fire out was to close those valves up there. Nobody would do it. So I said, "I'll tell you what. You hose me down, and keep stream on me, and I'll go in there and close it." So I did. After it was all over, I thought, "What a crazy thing." I could have let it burn out, but I was young and I wanted to hurry up and get it put out. They had these asbestos suits, boots and hoods that you could put on and walk slowly through the fire with two streams of water trained on you. But if you had a fire these things wouldn't be available because they didn't keep them in the field. They kept them in the dog-gone firehouse. They were expensive and couldn't be put everywhere. And not everyone was eager to use them without training. Nowadays they have a lot of equipment and train a lot more people.

In 1941 I went over as temporary help to Las Minas in Venezuela, taking over for Dewey Johnson there while he went to Havana. I figured it would be a step up for me, getting a house and other perks. He said, "Now, there's one thing. You'll get your recognition direct from New York." So I go over there, and those Venezuelans had no fear of fire. They had some crude units over there similar to the No. 11 Unit at Lago. We had 3 ex-Lago operators from Aruba over there. I can't remember their names. We had a dog-gone fire down there and these guys went into the fire with hoses and there was fire all around them. And they didn't have any regard for fire at all. I talked with a fellow we had there and he said, boy, he'd never seen anything like it before. I mean these dog-gone Venezuelans would walk right into the fire with disregard for their own lives. They had no fear.

We had a dog-gone water failure. I was on the No. 5 Unit and this fellow named Harry Walker was on No. 6 Unit and Bob Ellis was the Shift Foreman at the time. This was during the daytime. Something

happened at the water house. We had an emergency tank on the west end of the walk, down near No. 1 Unit. Of course you'd see your temperatures start shooting up and I holler down that we had a local fire emergency. I could see what it was that was happening. So I got my unit on circulation and here comes this dog-gone Bob Ellis running down the walkway to the stills and he asked me if everything was all right. About this time, No. 6 Unit, the unit Harry Walker was on, starts popping. So he says, "Can you go over and give him a hand?" So I go over and he's not circulating his unit so I had to show him how to do it. You'd think a fella . . . Christ, he'd been operating about a year he'd think about it. You know, think about what he'd do if this happened or that happened. I thought about it and I was ready. The unit ran at about 15 psi, so it popped at about 30 psi. Those safety valves started popping and here's these darn vapors blowing out. Of course you didn't have to worry about them with that high humidity down there in Aruba.



Mitzi Rae—1954

Photo courtesy Mitzi Rae

The Joan Pomeroy Howard Family Story

Mother was born on August 19, 1912, father on April 5, 1905, they were married in 1938 and they came to Aruba on the *Esso Raleigh* (I think). We lived in Bungalow #304. I was born on August 28, 1940. My brother, Donald “Don” Cook Pomeroy, was born October 29, 1943, and my sister, Nancy Caldwell (Pomeroy) Roesch, October 14, 1946. My youngest brother, Thomas “Tommy” Hatfield Pomeroy, came along on August 14, 1949. Mom had her children every three years; it was girl, boy, girl, boy; it was real even there.

When the submarine attack occurred my mother and I went to the States. Part of the time we were on “vacation” in the States at that time, we were in Long Boat Key off the coast of Sarasota, FL. They had a kind of fishing camp there with bungalows along the beach. My father visited us when we were there. When we went on this vacation we first went to New York to stay with my grandmother and then I guess we traveled down to Florida with my dad. We stayed there summer-long while my dad went back to Aruba. We returned in 1943 when we were allowed to come back. I remember my mother saying she was 8 months pregnant with Don when she was traveling back, so it must have been about September of 1943 when we came back. She was lucky to get back down there before she had the baby. She was among the first group of women allowed to come back. They didn’t encourage the women to return.

My dad had a battery shop. He had these cinder blocks with boards and all these batteries stacked up on the “shelves” in the patio. Behind our patio there was this room we weren’t allowed to go in where he had all these battery chargers. He repaired batteries. He was kind of inventive, I guess. There was a lot of lead out by the clothesline. He had these big bottles of acid in crates that he used to rejuvenate batteries. He lifted them with a crane. It was sulfuric acid. It would drip and eat holes in the cement in the patio. Sometimes he would charge but he didn’t like to charge his friends. Sometimes I went with him and people would try to give me money because he wouldn’t take it. I was always told not to take money from anybody, though.¹

¹*Jim Lopez offers, “I remember your dad being like that, not accepting money for doing this service. He liked to have parties, some times there were up to 150 people there.”*

What I remember was that all the lizards would slither all over the ground between the houses when you went out. And all the wild cotton growing there.

He had this little car that he kind of made a pick-up out of. It never had a good muffler and made a lot of noise.

We never had a roasted turkey; we always had a barbeque turkey. Dad was always cooking turkey on the barbeque grill, Christmas, Thanksgiving and all. He sure did like to barbeque on his grill.

My mom had an aquarium and she raised tropical fish. Angelfish, mollies of various colors, guppies, and things like that. My dad took some louvers out of one of the living room windows and put a shelf in and the aquarium just exactly fit. With the sun hitting it, it looked really nice.

She paid the way over for a maid and she made newspaper hats for us kids. She was wonderful playing with us, but she wouldn't do her work. We had a Dutch maid, her name was Louise and she turned out to be an alcoholic. They would offer her drinks; I don't know why. Then we had a maid named Nila and she was with us until we left. Margie and Bill Norris had two daughters, Kay and Janet. Margie was always sewing something for those girls; they had some really nice things to wear. They would hand me down clothes. When I'd get rid of mine, I'd give them to the maid.

My first grade teacher was Charlotte Keefer and I don't remember her maiden name but she was married to Bill Keefer. Don's teacher was Bill's oldest daughter by his first wife. She had several kids and was pregnant again. During the course of pregnancy she developed twisted intestines and died from it. It was always such a shock down there when someone died. I remember the guy who committed suicide by slitting his wrists in the Richey's house while they were gone.

I remember Thelma Schoonmaker who took the Girl Scouts places. She was still with the Girl Scouts when I left. She was a real nice friend and person. I still keep in contact with her. Nobody would take the troop because we were all so unruly; we were in the 7th grade. Finally Ann Turner took us over as Mariners. Her husband was George Turner, an English teacher at the high school. She put me in charge of the Scout house painting project that summer and we painted it bright Mariner royal blue.² Some of the girls in Mariner Scouts with me were Ann

²*Mike Lopez, who apparently was along on this interview, interjects, "It's all coming back to me now, there was one building by the ball*

Jopling, Sue Robey and Kay Borbonus. Sue's brother, Jimmy Robey, was a friend of David Lopez.

There was a guy who lived on the corner the next street up from us who raised rabbits they sold to the hospital for pregnancy tests.. I don't remember the family's name.

A guy, Bill Hollyfield, was building a big steel boat and dad got interested in it. It never floated. The government was going to inspect it, but he got transferred before it was inspected and saved him the ignominy of it not being sea worthy. He worked hard on it. Mr. Hollyfield sold dad his arc welder and dad continued on with the steel boat project until he got tired of it. He was always working on something; he'd come home at 4 p.m. and start in on one of his projects.

Gene Moser later became the manager of the Esso Club. He married a young lady named Audrey who was the daughter of one of the operators. I can't remember her maiden name or her father's name. During the war he was one of those who came around our house a lot. He used to like to play with the kids and he'd always play with me. I was 2 or 3 years old at the time.³

I was in the hospital a lot about that time because I was always getting bronchitis. This was the time of the blackout and I remember Ms Mitchell coming in and putting a black sheet over the window.⁴

.....
Once before we left Aruba my mom booked my brother and me on

² (cont'd) *diamond (The Girl Scout House) and another kind of long one (The Boy Scout House) a little ways down closer to the Jr. Esso Club. The barber shop was near there.*

³ *Jim Lopez added, "Mike and Dave were about that same age and I remember a guy who used to come up to the colony and take the boys for a ride around in his jeep." Mike chimes in, "I remember we were in #510 during the blackout and my grandmother reading me some Oswald the Rabbit comics when we heard some loud, booming sounds. I asked mom what that noise was and she said it was the marching band practicing up on Colorado Point. I didn't know to ask why they were marching in the dark. It actually was the soldiers on Colorado Point*

⁴ *Jim offers, "I remember they had blackout wardens and they would come around checking to see if any lights were on. People would turn on their porch light and the warden would come over to comment on it. They would say, 'How about coming in for a drink?' He'd go in and off went the porch light. It signaled the warden to come in for a drink."*

a Norwegian tanker to Charleston, SC. I always got sea sick. I was 16 and Don was 13 and it was kind of scary traveling by ourselves. We caught the bus there to New Jersey to my aunt's. We spent the summer there. Don and I started to get along together on that trip.

The year I graduated was the year dad retired and we all left together. It was one of those early retirement plans, he was 52. There were only 18 in my graduating class.⁵

Mom and dad lived in Florida upon retirement, starting in Orlando where they had bought a house. I went to Furman University, a Baptist school in Danville, SC as I had already made plans to attend there before dad knew he was going to be retired. I had already been accepted. Dad took a correspondence course in electronics when he was in Aruba and he always said it got him his first good job when he got back to the States. You know he had a hard time finding a job because of his age. He found there were jobs over by Cape Canaveral and got his good job there working for contractors for the government. The last job he had was for a company that built the crawler for shuttling the rockets out to the launch pad during the Apollo program. He was working when he died.

I met my husband at school. We got married after a couple of years and then quit school. He went to work for a finance company as an office manager and then went to work for Prudential where he has worked for 20 years. Linda Ann Howard was born in Toccoa, GA on March 6, 1963 and Charles Michael "Mike" Howard was born on September 19, 1964 in Augusta, GA. Then when we were transferred to Texas, first to Harlingen and then to Sherman where Susan Denise Howard was born on May 29, 1966

After Sherman, my husband was transferred to Shawnee, OK and a while later to Muskogee, still in the finance business. Feeling like there was no future in it and he felt like he needed to go into business for himself because he wasn't making any more money than he did when he started in the finance business. We also felt like we needed to settle down and get out of the moving all the time. That's when we moved to Tulsa and he went to work for Prudential. Linda was going into kindergarten at that time, 1969.

⁵ *Mike Lopez again adds, "I remember a girl named Ruth Ann Berry. She was the only crippled person we ever knew in Aruba. She wore one of those braces. She went along to school and graduated. Once she had our class over for a birthday party and we showed Hopalong Cassidy serial films."*

The Clyde Moyer Family Story

Clyde Moyer, born not far from Walters, OK March 15, 1905, went to school in Katflinger Hills, MO. but no further than that because he had to work on the farm, his father died when he was 2 yrs old, one of seven children. He played basketball in school.

WORK BEFORE ARUBA

First I went to Picher, OK and worked in a hardware store. Then I went back to Pawhuska and worked for my brother, Claude Moyer, who had a Ford agency there. At one time I opened up a restaurant there as well. I also at one point went to Arkansas and sold Maytag washing machines.

GOING TO ARUBA

In 1929 I was working in Kansas City, KS for a small Shell refinery. My friend, Ray Byrne, and I heard about Aruba at the home of a guy who worked for Standard Oil in Kansas City. They said anyone who wanted to go to Aruba, they were lining up to go. I went to see my girl friend, Margaret, in Arkansas before we left. We went to Chicago first to watch Ted Lewis play. From there we went to Niagara Falls and we crossed over into Canada to have a few beers. We had a fur coat on all the time. We took train on down to New York to catch a boat to Aruba. They put us up in the Southern Hotel. About 15 or 20 of us got on the *Paul Harwood* there. They were hiring guys from everywhere, particularly carpenters. I was hired as a stills operator but there were hardly any stills to worry about. I had my mandolin with me and lord did we do some singing along the way. It took us about 7 days to sail down to Aruba. Doug Peoples was one of those sailing with us and most of the rest were carpenters.

I thought Aruba was off the coast of Mexico somewhere, I didn't know where we were. None of them knew. It wasn't much of a harbor at that time.

The ship's radioman had one of those damn pith helmets. Everyone took turns wearing it.

FIRST JOB IN ARUBA

Sandy Sanburg was already there taking care of the powerhouse. Only a few of the original gang stayed down there. The first people just lived in just a couple of houses down around where the tank farm ended

up going. They had a mess hall but that was about it. All there was to do for recreation was handball.

My first job was in the old #1 Stills. I was up on the platform and my job was to watch the pyrometer I had there in the doghouse. Felix Rivera, who came from Trinidad, was my fireman. Everybody had a fireman in those days. We talked to each other by banging in code on the pipe handrail when we needed the valve to make it higher or lower, you know or hotter.

CAVES

I discovered the caves after I had been there awhile. I particularly remember the big phosphate caves up by where the hospital was built. I remember that there was a railroad with mine cars that went down into those caves. They went over to the refinery where they unloaded that phosphate at the San Nicholas harbor. There was still activity in those phosphate mines when I got there.¹

The Baldwin kids found an old urn with ancient Indian markings on it. It was sent to a museum.

WEATHER

There was the hurricane of 1932 that was so bad and affected the whole area below the cliffs down where the new Esso Club was later built. The whole refinery was messed up. It was cold as hell, too. That was the area where there were salt ponds.²

I got stuck down in there (the salt ponds) in a Ford one time. I was with Bobbi Fryback, one of the girls. I can't remember her maiden name except her father had something to do with the commissary. She and Frieda Allen were both there when I got there.

FRIENDS AND SAILBOATS

I had a good friend, "Alabama", who came down without a job and they gave him a job in Light Oils. He was in Light Oils as long as I was there. Alabama and I built a sailboat. Neither one of us knew how to sail, but we decided to try it down in the lagoon where the mess hall was. We got in it but didn't know how to turn it around so it sailed straight

¹*Son, Bill Moyer, also remembers the caves, "There was one we kids called the "Kaplan cave" because it was in back of the Kaplan house, in the area where the 5200 bungalows were later built. It had some secret entrances we could use to get in, but they were later cemented shut."*

²*Bill remembers too, adding, "We kids used to go down walking down there in our bare feet, they were kind of pink. That darn salt would burn your feet like crazy if you had any kind of sores."*

out across the lagoon into the reef and we had to bail out. We cut our legs all up trying to get it turned around and when we did, all we could do was sail it straight back across the lagoon into the beach on the other side. I'll never forget that escapade.

Eddie Miller was already there when I got there; he was a welder.

My wife and I used to go down to the old bowling alley to listen to Jim Bluejacket. He'd recite poems. He'd go on about just about anything, you never knew what he'd do.

WORLD WAR II

The day Holland was invaded the police rounded up all the Germans. The doctor who delivered our son Bill was also about to be rounded up. Frank Griffin heard what was going on and he arranged to get the Doctor on one of the tankers and off to New York where he could continue to practice medicine during the War. This was even though he was under surveillance by the FBI as an alien. As a matter of fact he stayed there the rest of his life. His son was named Rolf.³

I was out in the refinery the night the submarine attacked, and I got together with my brothers Claude and Lon. I climbed up on the catwalk on one of the stills so I could see better. It was probably one of the worst places I could be. It looked like the whole place was on fire. God damn, yes, I could hear the shells going over. The Germans were shooting lots of rockets and flares to see what was going on. The 155's were just set up at Colorado Point and weren't working yet. There were other times, later, when you could see smoke far out at sea where a tanker had been torpedoed and sunk. A lot of the oil from sunken tankers ended up on the beaches.

One time on our way up to New York on a tanker, when we went close into Cape Hatteras, the Captain had to go slow and weave his way through a lot of buoys marking all the wrecks of sunken ships.

I remember the French soldiers coming right by our house many times. They were running all the time. So were the Cameron Highlanders, who came later, and they always had their bagpipes playing. I don't know how they could play bagpipes while they were

³ *Bill remembers the police coming around, "They were rounding up all the German nationals like Mr. Ernesti who lived down the street from us. He was sent to a concentration camp on Bonaire. His son Manfred was in school with me. I ran into Rolf in the '60's when I was working with US Trust; he was an investment planner in the Connecticut area."*

running. ⁴

FLYING CLUB

I remember the time we were all sitting outside at the old club and a plane flew over real low. People were wondering why he was flying so low and finally figured out he was lost and they all went out to the field to light it up with their headlights for him so he could land. ⁵

LOCAL LIFE

I had never seen anything like the land crabs until I got to Aruba. The god damn things would follow you right down the street, it was terrible. They were so ugly and when you ran over them they made a sticky mess.

They had trucks, old trucks, to get around in when I first got there. When you wanted to go out to Oranjestad to get some of that fresh bread from that little bakery with a stone oven out in the street, I got a ride in a truck. Lot of times, we got 32 hours off, you know, we'd go over there in an old Buick this guy had. It was a fancy-looking son of a gun, had a hell of a horn. He charged us about \$12 for it. We'd go over to Oranjestad and drink beer and eat that good bread. We did a lot of that.

One time, my brother Lon and I went out fishing along the reef in the area of the Little Lagoon and we wanted to walk out in the water. It was really tricky going and you had to walk carefully. We had shrimp bait in our pockets and an octopus crawled up Lon's leg. He quit fishing and rushed back to the shore with that thing hanging on him without worrying about the holes and stuff in the coral like he did when he walked out. That thing was kept in a bottle in the science class in the 1940's.

The biggest thing they had there was the gosh darn refrigerators. Jesus, I was supposed to get one before Claude Moyer got one because he came down later, but I got such a gyp on that. Frank Campbell was the superintendent then and he was the one who decided who got an icebox and who didn't. He made a lot of people mad and I was one of them.

There was a big thing on living quarters assignments. I was in bungalow 34 for a short time and then I got moved to the *sheep sheds*.

⁴ "I had one of their insignia pins", remembers Bill.

⁵ Jim Lopez asserts, "I went out to the field the next day and what struck me was how close he came to making it. The plane was right at the end of the runway which was at the cliff's edge. You could see that he was ready to ditch as he had his Mae West on."

Personnel got into that though and made order out of that mess. My first bungalow was #263 which was the one I was living in when Bill was born in 1933. Not too long after he was born we moved to #268 where we stayed until late 1940's, maybe 1950, when we moved to #1542.

DOCTORS, NURSES, SHEEP SHEDS, ETC.

One of the first doctors was Dr. Sandoval. He delivered Bill. Crenshaw came later. Later on in 1940 or so I remember Nurse Walsh was there. The sister of one of the doctors was also a nurse. She later married Ed Jackson.

We all stayed in *sheep sheds* at first. They didn't have any screens on them and they made a hell of a jail. There were a lotta cats there when we came down.

One time Ray Bearing got real mad at me and was about to kill me for wearing his new shoes. They were two-color wing tips and I wore them walking out on the coral. Boy they sure got cut up.

Viana brought in the first airplane and it was one of those Ford Tri-Motor airplanes. He used to fly from Aruba to Curacao and from there people could catch the Grace Line to the States. Damn thing rattled making it noisy and loud in flight; you couldn't hear yourself think.

We played softball on a field near the first Esso Club. They added bowling lanes later. They built one long storage building-looking building to replace the first Esso Club. It was a temporary thing near the Commissary.⁶

Some escaped prisoners from Devil's Island sailed up in what was a
⁶Bill remembers this original Esso Club because, "We kids went down there and found a lot of old, charred bowling pins and burned up bowling balls and carried them off as souvenirs. The thing I remember about the club is the cigarette stand where about the only candy you could buy was English toffee. It was the first time I'd ever had any of that. The first movie I saw there was "Gone With the Wind." About that same time we used to go down and watch the Saturday afternoon Flash Gordon matinees. Tinker Bagley, Johnny O'Brien and I would go with some of the girls such as Helen Silvers (she would have been Class of '51, but she was only there the first 2 or 3 grades before she left), Jeanne Henderson and Dee Baldwin.

It had a porch on one end and mom, Gladys Bagley and Mrs. Miller would have a Coke while they listened to records. I remember "Ragtime Cowboy Joe" playing on the phonograph in those days. It was by the Andrews Sisters.

long boat. Claude and some of the other skilled workers collected donations for the men which they then loaded down the boat with. The damned thing didn't get very far, sailing out till they sunk out by the reef. We got them another boat and eventually they went to Venezuela. My brother was the one interested in those guys.

Our water supply came from New York for awhile there and it was funny that when they had a water shortage in New York, we were affected and had to go on water rationing. Finally they got the Aruba and the Bolivar for hauling water. One time they got too much chlorine in it and people's hair started getting bleached or falling out. Sometimes they'd shut down the power house and would send you a notice that you'd be without power and water the next day. It amazed me when I was in the States where you'd have a big city where the water and power never shut down for repairs all day long.

Another source of aggravation was when the Colony Services would come around to change or refill the oil in the oil pots under the house. Bill and Tinker Bradley would have it on them from playing nearby and bring it in the house. Every cockroach that survived the oil and made it into the house would drag a trail of oil before it died.⁷

Also bedeviling us was the damn jackhammers going all the time. Since the island was coral rock, they were always hammering away to put anything in.⁸

Mario Croes ran the filling station in the Colony.

Pat Patterson played the guitar in the community band. He wasn't very good but he beat the hell out of it. Sid Faunce played guitar and mandolin. I brought my mandolin. We played at the bachelor quarters. Sometimes we'd take a shower out on the porch so we could use fresh water. Had that water running almost constantly. McReynolds had a

⁷ *Bill interjects, "They came around to fill the oil pots under the house and the men would leave such a mess with oil all over the place. The dog would get in it and sit in the house and get it in there."*

⁸ *"The thing I remember," Bill adds, "is that when I was a little kid and it seemed every time I had to take a nap, there'd be those jackhammers, pounding away. It seemed a rugged macho thing, though. Paul O'Brien lost his eye that way; he was watching them jackhammering away and a chip flew into his eye. His dad took him over to Venezuela or Colombia way seeking treatment. They ended up in the States but by then the eye had become infected and Paul ended up losing that one eye. He got a glass eye."*

tuba and he played that.

One of the big problems we had regarding entertainment was the radios and trying to get them to working. When me and my friends got off a shift, we went to one of our favorite pubs. We didn't get beer right away (When we did it was hot!) and there weren't any women in the pubs yet. It was difficult trying to get the radios to working. We listened to short wave such as WCKY in Cincinnati and WLW in Chicago.

THE BAKERY – They used to bring the pastries into the Commissary from the Rainbo Bakery in San Nicholas. Some of the people I remember at the Commissary were Andy Weatherbie and Franz Piccareli.⁹

My brother and I had a party one night when a woman came to the door because her husband was beating her. He knocked the hell out of her, I know that. Her husband came to get her and told her to come back with him. He came up on the front porch and I hit him, Eddie Miller finished up on him. She was a nurse but we don't remember the names.

Sid Fox and Pat Patterson and I played in the Community Orchestra. Later on, my son Bill played the piano on Wednesday nights in the late 1940's. The man who played trumpet in the band was the Consul. Morris Cates came from the area around White Plains, NY and he had played in a band before. He was quite good. Chet Reed was another accomplished musician. I think he played the piano.

I remember the incident when the tug went out to rescue a foundering tanker off Colorado Point and got the anchor rope in the propeller and ran aground.¹⁰

I remember that soldier, Jimmy Saunders, who drowned out there.

⁹ *"I remember there were bugs in the cereal, the flour and other things very often," Bill chimes in. "If you wanted to eat some bread, you had to open it and get rid of the bugs. With cereal, you poured in the milk and the bugs would float. You'd just skim them off. And the Cokes down there, they'd set them out and at night cockroaches would get into them. When you'd get one, you'd hold it up to the light to see if there were any roaches in it. One time I had already drunk one before I found out! It didn't seem to bother us any."*

¹⁰ *Bill used to swim out there and try to climb it to get something off it, "It was easy getting out there but there was such an undertow, it was difficult to swim back. One time Tinker and I swam out there and had a heckuva time getting back. Pop didn't know that or he would have put a stop to that."*

They had an observation post up on the cliff by Colorado Point during the war and an Aruba fisherman fell off into the ocean one day. Jimmy Saunders and some other guy jumped off into the water to save him. The other fella had the good sense enough to swim out from the rocks and tread water out away from the rocks till a boat came and got him and the fisherman. Jimmy tried to swim back in and got crushed on the rocks. There was also a woman who committed suicide by jumping off these cliffs into the water.

There were the A-20's the Air Force brought in. Later there were the P-39's that shot a 37 mm cannon through the propeller shaft. I think they were mostly for anti-sub duty. They'd drop smoke bombs off shore and practice shooting at them. There was one time they shelled right over our garage. They also practiced shooting at the little British Bren gun carrier up there on the north side just before Boca Prinz. Those things would come out of Oranjestad and fly right on the ground practically. They flew right over our house shooting.¹¹

They used to bring the Christmas trees around on a truck.¹²

One time Bill and I were fishing around B.A. Beach in that lagoon there (I forget the name of it) when we spotted a big fish underwater. It was a shark and it was in about 3-4 ft. deep water. I cast out my bait right by it and got a solid strike. When I reeled it in, darned if it wasn't grabbed by one of those sucker fish swimming close to the shark."¹³

I helped Paul and Dorothy Huffman build a patio. It was beautiful.

¹¹ *Bill continues, "Yeah when they shelled over our garage, I asked my mom, 'What was that?' and I told her somebody is shooting at us."*

"I went on a 14 mile Boy Scout hike out there one time and you could find shells (So I was told.) around those old Bren gun carriers, sometimes even a 37 mm. I never found one. We were always looking for shells. The soldiers would sometimes give shells to us and they'd be live. Our folks would worry about them and take them down to the plant to dispose of them."

¹² *"You would hear about them coming in and I'd rush home from school," Bill offered up, 'because we loved the smell. You didn't really have much choice, you'd pick one out and they'd leave it for you and go on to the next house.*

When they started drying up, we'd tell the folks to save them for us and we'd take care of them. Then we'd gather them all up and have a bonfire. It finally got to where different gangs of kids were fighting over

the trees for their gang and you'd have to hide them up in your patio. One time when our patio got cleaned out of trees, we went looking and I think we found them all in somebody's yard and stole them back the next night. I forget where they ended up. There was a fight down in the seagrape grove near the Esso Club one year and we ended up taking ours and stuffing them in a cave below the school. Finally some kid got severely burned falling in a hole where we were burning trees and the kids were forbidden to pick them up any more."

"Another exciting past time was when it rained and made pools of water everywhere. First we'd try to ride our bicycles through them and, of course, wipeout in the middle. We'd take a piece of wood and put little paper sails on it and sail them in these pools, because it was the only place you'd find some calm water to sail a boat on. I remember at night after one of these rains you'd hear croaking all night from the frogs that would come to life from hibernation after a rain and breed or something. Lotta croaking. The opposite was a calm spell and all the bugs would fly in from Venezuela and be all over the place."

¹³ *"I didn't know they came in so close; I had swum there before," said Bill.*

"I was into skin diving. I had a boat so I could carry other people and go out. Tinker, Jimmy Smith and one time Ray Burson went with us. We'd also take the girls out. One time Carla Massey's uncle had to come out and help spear a moray eel that crashed one of our little excursions. We took it to the cooks at the airport because we didn't know if we wanted to eat it or not. The big fish guy, Heinz Wolf, was the only guy who would let us have a fish fry over at his house."

(with generous assistance by son Bill Moyer)

The Jim Ayers Story

My name is James Barber “Jim” Ayers; my wife’s name Rosario Escribano Hernandez de Ayers. I was born in Moorestown, NJ. My dad divorced before I was 2 years old so I don’t know too much about him. I was brought up by my grandfather who operated the Moorestown Inn in Moorestown, New Jersey for 33 years.

My wife was born in San Jose, Costa Rica. I started school in Moorestown at Moorestown Elementary, then to The Donaldson School in Ilchester, MD for prep school and finished up my last year St. James School in Hagerstown. About that time I got restless and I joined the Marine Corps where I put in 4 years of service. When I got out, I worked around the New York area at various jobs, mostly as a copy boy for The New York Sun newspaper.

I didn’t know anyone who had been to Aruba when I applied for a job at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. I had a reference of one of the secretaries of Mr. Rockefeller, so I got good attention and I was offered a job in Aruba as a member of the guard detail. I had visited Aruba once before with the Marine Corps aboard the light cruiser *USS Omaha* or the light cruiser *USS Memphis* in about 1936 or 1937. My escort then was Paul Walker. I went back never thinking that I would. The fact that I was familiar with the *sheep sheds* and what they were like did not affect my application.

I arrived in Aruba in January of 1940 and left in August of 1948. My contract was for a job in the guard detail and I was escorted by Paul Walker. There was a lull in the middle of my stay in Aruba when in 1942 I went back to school at Ft. Wayne, Indiana at Indiana Tech and later transferred to University of Tulsa where I got my bachelor’s degree in industrial relations in 1952.¹

I sailed to Aruba on the *Esso Bolivar*, getting caught in that famous hurricane off Cape Hatteras which made the ship lay-to. Laying on its side almost turning over, I thought that, in fact, it would. We were 5 days in transit to Aruba. My roommate was Carl Patterson’s son. This was the trip where all the cars on top got damaged by salt water. That’s why when you are negotiating to buy a car down in Aruba you have to be careful of cars that got a salt water bath on the way there.

The tanker lost one blade off one of the twin screws and the ship’s

¹ *Jim makes little sense here; appearing a little confused.*

antenna. We ate mostly on deck. The thing that woke me up was my trunk sliding across, banging into the bulkhead. When I tried to shave, the water in the wash basin sloped right out, it was rolling that much. I arrived on my birthday, January 31, 1940 and immediately went to the *sheep sheds* and duty on the guard detail. Later on I transferred to the Commissary and then on to the pressure stills still later, becoming a refinery operator. That's what I was when I left to go back to school in 1948.

After that when we came back, I was married then, having got married on January 1943, on the *Esso Chattanooga*. We stayed pretty happy all the way to Aruba. We drank nearly a case of rum much to the disgust of the Captain because we partied just outside his cabin until they told us to go to bed. When we arrived we had a bungalow in the 200's, kinda small and then as I recall #525 which Jenkins had before me and Sid Tucker lived across the street. This was really close to the place where Don Blair had the place with the mural on the wall, and Dahmster, the Danish guy, between us.

I was about 5 foot-10 inches, weighed 130 pounds and had brown hair and blue eyes. As for hobbies, I liked guns, having guns due to recent release from the USMC. I also participated in swimming, fishing, and in school football, basketball, and Lacrosse. Rosario was about 5 foot 4 inches and weighed 100 pounds. She was skinny but we fattened her up later. She had dark hair and was a pretty chica from Costa Rica.

I was a bachelor and lived in the *sheep sheds* for awhile; later on Bachelor Quarters No. 8 next to Johnny Walker from Denver, CO which is not far from me now. Then I roomed with Slim Brose in his bungalow (His wife had come, but she couldn't stay there due to the climate.) and John Schilhauer, Electrical Foreman.

The first refinery guards, mostly out in the tank farm, were all white just like me. Then we trained the locally hired, nearly all black, how to become guards. We taught them how to drive the guard truck and taught the corporals how to run the guard shack across from the Girls Dormitory. We did wear pith helmets and carry night sticks. I remember real well when the guard truck came around and the driver handed me a Winchester Model 12 twelve-gage shotgun. I later found it was loaded with 5 rounds of #9 shot such as I'd been using out at the skeet range. He announced Holland was invaded and I said, "Well, I'm going to call you from that place over there and I pointed to the area of the hospital up on the hill on the east end of the island, but I'm not going to take this with me, I'm gonna leave this behind, 'cause if I see the

Germans coming, it would hold me back.” When lizard hunting was good we’d get a lot of ‘em with an apple core and kill ‘em and line ‘em up like airplanes in formation. We’d go hunting with the Model 12 and you have to watch how many rounds were inside. Sometimes only one instead of five because the other guards had gone hunting on the morning shift between 12 midnight and 8 in the morning.

I remember 2 weddings, one was a bachelor fellow called Redfoot who was marrying a school teacher. And another one was Jim Brennan who married a blonde girl. Later one day when I was working the 4 to 12 shift on the Number 9 & 10 Stills in the Pressure Unit he went by in the evening in his car. Waved to me. Later I heard he hit a heavy vehicle down inside the refinery and was killed; went through the windshield.

The weather was about the same all the year round. The reason I remembered this was because Rosario worked part time on the hydroponics farm and one of her assignments was to keep the temperature chart going and I remember her saying it never varied much over seven degrees from day to night and it was usually about 80 degrees through the 24 hour period. Of course there was the wind and now that I’ve lived in New Mexico it was really just a nice breeze. When it stopped blowing the flying ants would come over from Venezuela and visit. I’d been in training at Paris Island before and there were the sand fleas that would go in one ear, on through your head and out the other ear. So the flying ants that would crawl up and down my face when I was sweating didn’t bother me too much.

The first thing I did when I got back up here to the States was buy a 5-gallon can of kerosene, take the top off, put a fan on one side of it, have my wife stand outside the door and throw a hand-full of sand and throw it in front of the fan while I rolled over and went to sleep like a happy little sand boy.

Some of the guards I remember were Charlie McMinn and Paul Wallace, who was later transferred to the Watching Service. I think he went to work in the refinery and I lost track of him. Brennan Linstrom was one but I don’t remember what happened to him.

I don’t remember how many times I stood next to an Aruban with a throw net, usually in the Baby Lagoon. He’d hold it just right along the circumference so when he threw it, it wouldn’t tangle up and would spread out 20 ft in diameter. The thing is when he’d throw it out there, I couldn’t see any fish yet he’d pull it in with fish in it. In my whole 9 years there I couldn’t see any fish but the Aruban could see them, throw

at them and catch 'em. I figured that was an ability they had cultivated some how or another. I did do a lot of fishing from rowboats and one day I went out with Rosario and another guy. I believe it was Tucker. We went out in the big lagoon, casting and catching all kind of fish. It came time to go home, I was working four to 12, and we started rowing in. The wind was blowing so hard it was like rowing upstream against the current. I finally got back home and got down to the refinery to report in about 1 ½ hours late. Everyone said, "We saw you out there in the boat. What were you trying to do anyhow?"

Coming off shift one morning, I noticed a fellow fishing at the dock in the big lagoon, and his pole was bent way over in a sharp arc. So I stopped and ran down to help him. Between the two of us, about an hour or two later we landed a barracuda that was as long as my leg, about 3 or 4 feet long. I believe the rest of the story is that it ended up on Bill Cundiff's dinner table and we all went over and had barracuda steaks later on.

On the island we had lots of animals besides the donkeys and goats (which were the Queen's property), such as parrots and wild animals brought in by tanker from various exotic places. Across the street from me were some good size chimpanzees or monkeys about the size of a chimpanzee. They got loose one time and got on my screen door with Rosario trapped inside. I took some bananas when I got home and led them back and put them in their cages.

The housing was great. They renovated our house on about a two-year schedule, moving us to a "paint house." We had our choice of the decoration inside. The furniture was kept up real well. I built a wall, much to the amusement of my neighbor, Koopman. I put in some flower beds and grew some things. I brought in some orchids, an orchid later was reported to have 240 blossoms on it. The orchids came from Costa Rica.

You could write another book just about the Club or the Marine Club. The Club was famous for its dances. I remember seeing a picture taken after New Year's Eve and it looked like there'd been a shooting around there; the next morning people were draped over tables, chairs were knocked down. It was evident we had quite a celebration. One time I went with Jim Davis (from the guard detail) down to the Marine Club. We had a few drinks and got to shooting snookers with the limey's pretty good and beat them at their own game. They had to tell us how to play it and then they got mad at us; wanting to throw us out. By the time we got home we wound up throwing rocks at each other's

house. I was on the defensive side and tried to stop, but I believe Jim Davis wasn't.

I got into that poker game down at the Club that had one of the original poker players ready to play for over 10 years. It cost me \$10 just to get my cards and then throw them in cause I didn't even have a good hand. There are a lot of stories that go on about the Club. One of the more exciting events was when on a Ms Allen her strapless dress fell down her trunk causing a huddle right away, kind of like a football huddle, while all the men gathered around offering to help.

I used to shoot skeet and some of the fellows I remember out there Hatfield, Coy Cross, Harmon Pool, Ed Jackson and I think Carroll Daley. They were all good shots. As we got older, a bird would get away now and then. As we got older and the bird went flying by they would just cuss because they couldn't react fast enough to pull the trigger and the bird would go sailing on through. We'd have meets by mail with other clubs up in the States and we did quite well, too. Now and then Gilbert Brooks from the Watching Service would come out and he'd try to hit pigeons with his pistol. I don't recall him ever hitting anything. One day a skeet-type bird came by and we shot that down. He got a little too low. We had some interesting times out there. There was one tree left, and one time a fellow in a group of 4 or 5 of us was going around shooting the tree. Someone said, "Watch out! That's Major Harrison's tree. Don't shoot into that." I seems like he usually hit that, so we named it after him.

I shot skeet nearly every Sunday. I have a note here that says, "Carey Daley polished off 50 straight birds without a miss last Sunday. Jimmy Ayers shot 25 in a row and went on to win the handicap shooting, but it doesn't go on to say I thought I could hit 50 and started the next round and missed the first one, number 26, and went on to hit 49 out of 50.

We would play golf and try to get away from the refinery a little bit. Jack Jameson, who played left-handed, was my companion and instructor. I remember the fellow out at the club, a native who had only one arm, and he could out-drive any of us by about 100 yards, I think. And the story back then was pretty interesting because the goats used to come around a lot. After awhile they weren't there anymore. Later I found out one of the department manager's wife was teeing off on the first tee, was bent over and the goat got her. That is why they weren't there anymore after that.

One time I went out with Drew to the Flying Club and we went up

in a little plane. Surprisingly enough, he was a pretty good pilot. We were sitting up there around the Oranjestad end of the island, having a good time, when a KLM plane came in right by us. The tailwind shook us up pretty good; we were that close to it. It was really a surprise too.

After working shift work and sleeping all night and part of the next day, I got in my old Plymouth coupe to feel better; Rosario was with me. When we came to the field, we had to stop while a plane came in and the fellow who was flying it cut the engine. About that time a gust of wind tipped it and it flipped over right on its back and crashed right on the runway. I drove as fast as I could after it. There was no fire and this fellow was hanging upside-down and I was trying to help get him out and he says, "Hi, Jimmy. How are you?" It was a Scottish fellow I knew. Later on they had a hearing, and the equivalent of the FAA asked me to bear witness where I described what I'd seen. I told them as far as I knew he might have been able, if he knew the wind was coming, gun the plane and keep flying, but the gust caught and flipped him over. There wasn't much he could do about it. I don't remember what they did about his license.

The author of the book "Dry Guillotine," Renee something or the other as he escaped from Devil's Island came by Aruba and we reached out to his boat and held him overnight. We helped him re-stock his boat with fresh provisions. We wouldn't give let stay on the island. We sent him on his way and I understand they picked him up between Aruba and Panama on the seas. Then he went on and wrote his book. Also there was another fellow, Wendell Brown, who wrote the book "Dynamite on Our Doorstep" and devoted one chapter to Aruba. That chapter tells about getting his pass and being escorted around the refinery. He sorta got separated from his escorts and he said words to the effect that he thought he'd become the forgotten prisoner of Standard Oil. He wasn't too complimentary about Aruba. He says here all these guys live in their homes in a regular colony and what that colony up on the hill by the gate is, and we said that is the local hires and foreign staff employees colony and he made quite a note of that.

Don't forget that in 1939, before my time the British cruiser *Achilles* came in and refueled in its chase of the German ship the *Graf Spee* which was ultimately scuttled at Montevideo.

There was a fire at #10 visbreaker. We all have pictures of that. I was working on that unit. Three people were killed and the foreign staff operator was missing. He took two natives with him and had taken a steam hose and tried to put out a small fire that had broke through a

weep-hole. We think he had tried to snuff it out and apparently they didn't bleed their hose real good first. When the cold water came out and hit the crystallized portion of the steel, it blew out and caused a vast fire. They went looking for operators to bring the unit back up and I was the one selected. I went and brought it up. I figured it was just as good or better as a new unit. I had a lot of fun with my crew once we got it going up where we could take a breather. I went up on the platforms and there was always some slag and old bolts and nuts around the refinery and I dropped some of them around the furnace when the crew would come out and readjust the burners. Later when the level-man would come out and check their levels, I'd drop a few near him. Pretty soon I had the whole crew to where they wouldn't come out of the control room. They thought Nick Waits and the other fellows ghosts were out there and they weren't about to come out. I had to run it myself till daylight.

They recovered oil under the island and when you figure every sample that was drawn to figure the gravity and then was dumped. You multiply that by the number of units and number of samples taken over a long time plus the leaks we had all the time, and it was a pretty good amount. More than some wells running in New Mexico nowadays .

As I recall the French Marines weren't too friendly and we didn't think much of them either with their little pom poms. They left, to my knowledge, about when France was taken by the Germans and split in two: The Vichy government and the part loyal to De Gaulle. Then they were ordered out and followed by the Cameron Highlanders from Dunkirk. I heard there were like 8 left out of a 1000. They said there was a line of fusiliers as far as the eye could see and they just kept coming. They'd shoot those but more came until they overran them. They fought hard and valiantly but they didn't have any equipment to work with. What hurts to see, were the few who died. There was one going around a tank one night and one going around the other way shooting and one was wounded. And there was one who was killed when he jumped out of the truck with a loaded rifle that went off, going through his head. The bullet went in his chin and out. They had a lot of bad luck. Some of them hadn't even been to England; they sent them to Aruba and other places to protect them. About the biggest equipment the Highlanders had were Bren guns and Jeeps. They kept a few of them with us and the guard detail, the HQ of which was across from the Girls' Dormitory. One morning one Highlander, whom of course we called Scottie, apparently got out his poncho and then took his Bren gun apart, laying all the pieces and parts out, field stripping it in the right order and

then putting them all back together again. I was inside the building and I heard about 8 rounds go off. I went outside and found that Scottie had put the magazine, loaded, back in and attempted to clear the gun and of course it went off. He fired a burst right over the Girls' Dorm which caused a lot of excitement with the girls all came out in all phases of dress and undress within a few minutes and Scottie was gone in about 5 minutes. A non-com, and a British equivalent in a Jeep, took him off and put a new man on the post.

After the Highlanders left we got some U.S. forces out of the Caribbean Command which consisted of several Puerto Rican soldiers. I'd go down to the coast, the coast facing the Venezuelan coast, and I could hear them speaking Spanish. Sometimes they played softball around there and all. When I heard their stories and my wife was with me, we were able to translate them and sorta wondered what kind of protection would happen to if we got hit. But later on we really got set up. We had a command post and we had communications.

One night I was told in the refinery there was going to be a practice alert around 8 o'clock at night. They put a raft out on the northern end of the island off the coast with a timing device that lit up a pot of oil and kerosene. We were completely blacked out. Then they opened up with everything and I'm telling you, I was really proud of what we saw. A mosquito couldn't have flown out in front and not gotten hit. It put the fire out on the target in about 30 seconds. There was 20 mm and 40 mm and who-knows-what kind of fire. Up to 3 and six inch, I think. I don't remember the date the Club was attacked but I remember the results.²

There were several incidents like that. One morning on my way to work, I looked east towards the natural bridge and I saw a Navy seaplane and he went up in a sharp bank, a torpedo left and dropped and hit the water. There was a loud boom then and then some machine gun fire, like about 50 caliber. Later on, when I got off work I heard the A20 had caught a German sub on the north end of the island on the surface. He dropped it down the stack so to speak and got rid of the whole thing. The next day on the bulletin board in three languages, English, Dutch

² *Juliana and Bernhard came by in an open touring car and I was on day shift outside Units 3 & 4, they looked at us, the whole crew was out with me, and I didn't know what to do, until we finally waved and they waved back. We had Eleanor Roosevelt there and I heard through the grapevine that there was some discussion over whose house she would be invited to one afternoon. I understood that Judy Cundiff won and she went to Judy's house.*

and Papiamento, was a notice that “last night’s incident was not due to enemy action.” We proudly flew a flag and received many compliments from people like Harold Dickey, Administrator for the war, R. K. Patterson, the Under-secretary, Pat Arnold, Commanding General of the Air Force, W. J. Carter. We listened to one of them give an address down by the new office building after it had been built. He said that us fellows that were refining Venezuelan oil were doing a very good job.

We knew three American pilots pretty well, and they flew pursuit planes and were constantly getting reprimanded for buzzing the Colony. One day they flew so low over my house I ran out of door and looked up and all I could see was the airplane overhead. They loved Rosario and loved to dance with her. One fellow refused to fly General Mac Arthur’s belongings and was sent to Aruba as punishment. I don’t know how true that story was. Another fellow, the serious one, smoked a pipe and was very quiet, went out to escort a tanker in. They’d fly out and meet the tanker and bring them into Aruba. Suddenly he dove in the water and was lost at sea. They said he’d killed himself. Rosario said he received a letter from his wife who was sick and he was very worried.

I like to go swimming a lot. The first time I went, I walked from my bungalow down to Little Lagoon and I was told I better not do that or I’ll be sorry. I decided that was not too far. That’s the matter with these guys down here? But by the time I got there, I was really sweating and tired and went swimming. I didn’t feel so bad after that. After I changed clothes and walked back I said to myself, “You know, they’re right. The next time I go down to the beach I’m gonna drive myself in my car. It sure felt better that way.”³

We were in Guatemala one time staying at the old Palace Hotel and

³ *I guess you had to be a kid. We found it adventurous to go down from Bungalow #366 past the walled in cave by Godfrey Frey’s house (or Mrs. Bosch’s when she was my teacher), to the street where we could slide down a hill and under a sewer drain to the street that wound past the grotto classrooms at the church. We’d turn first at that sidewalk that led to the stairs by the new Esso Club and take the stairs down to beach level. Barefooted all the way and we weren’t too hot and sweaty. It was a dash barefoot across the hot asphalt roads though. That was one of the key uses of beach towels: Putting the end down for a minute to stand on till your feet cooled down*

Once my older brother tried to slide down the rail of those stairs and tore the whole bottom of his pants out down to the hide and some of that. He squinched up and walked gingerly to the movies anyway.

we decided to take a local tour to Chichicastenango and the bus would come around and pick us up and others at other hotels before heading out to “Chichi” and the big lake out in that direction. It was very mountainous and beautiful. One young lady piped up and said, “I’ll bet no one even knows where I come from.” I said, “Where’s that?” She said, “I come from a small island called Aruba and I’m a school teacher there.” I said, “Well, this is a small world. Then you know fellas like...” and I named off a bunch of names. It ended up she was gonna go back and tell the guys she met me on a bus in the middle of Guatemala.”

During the years I ran across a short article in “The Reader’s Digest” issue of January 1957. An article on the odd little island of Aruba extracted from the Latin American Report. We were doing pretty good and pumping that oil. Venezuela was probably number one in crude production. It also describes the attack on the island. I haven’t said anything about the attack because a strange thing had happened to me: I had asked for vacation and left the day before the attack. I was in Colombia, en route to Costa Rica and by the time I got to Costa Rica I was a hero because they knew I worked on the island of Aruba and it was in a real bad trouble. They thought at the end of my month’s vacation, when I went back, that I was certainly a brave fellow to go back to a place like that.

The article goes on to mention the brackish water and building the first salt water/fresh water extraction plant in Aruba. In my day, I was one of the guys that took a shower with salt water, soap and it slid all around and put a strange coating on ya. I guess it cleaned us okay. The ones that didn’t do that, most of them had gone under their bungalows, which we all remember were raised because of the ants with the oil pots there. They jumped the fresh water system which went to the kitchen sink and tied into the brackish system so they were luxuriously bathing in fresh water. I didn’t have that luxury.

Another thing I did, I opened the door to the garage (the bungalows in the 200’s had a little garage) and I saw my wife look at me. Instinctively I reached up and brushed my shoulder and a scorpion had just dropped down from overhead and landed on my shoulder. My brush with my arm knocked it off. I saw how big my wife’s eyes were. I got away and wasn’t bitten. My next door neighbor in one of the bungalows was Tommy Sanderson, quite a golfer, sort of a semi-pro, I think. One day he was outside his house and I was outside mine and I could see him do like we all do: He was gonna put on a pair of shoes and before he put ‘em on, he thumped them against the back step pretty good. He reached in with his hand whereupon the scorpion bit him and before I could get

over there, I heard him yell. He picked him up, picked up the shoes, reached in there and the darn thing bit him again a second time. We put him in the car and got him up to the hospital. He was sick for a day or two and that was about it.

I knew one of the English fellows on one of the tankers and they had some light guns on the tankers, two of them that were going back with an escort: four of them. A sub surfaced and started shelling and a piece of the shells hit him in the hand. His name was Baker. I believe he was an Ensign. I often went around the colony with him; he was a heckuva nice guy. We'd go bowling and I'd say, "Baker, take your tie off." He'd say, "Oh, no, I can't do that." We'd make it to the Club and Rosario would say, "There's your friend Baker. Why don't you go over and ask him to come over?" I'd say, "Well, he knows I'm here. If he wants to come over, he'll come over." He never would and that's the trouble. I'm an old limey by descent and you know, two English people, well, that did it.

I left Aruba because I was tired of turning valves, looking at charts and reading pressure gages not knowing what was going on inside the towers and tanks. So I decided to go back to school. I had been out of school since prep school days in 1935, and in 1948 I went to Ft. Wayne, Indiana and went to Indiana Tech and majored in Chemical Engineering. That's an all-year-round college, it's high speed and stressed just engineering. After about 1 ½ years, I decided I wanted to get back into the oil business. I wrote to OU and University of Texas and Tulsa and Tulsa said they would take me right away and the others said maybe next semester. So I did business with Tulsa, transferred over there, and proceeded to continue as a sophomore in Petroleum Engineering. After getting out of school and working a short time at Vulcan Seal Tank as a purchasing agent in Tulsa, I transferred to Sandia and got transferred to here.

Dick Kitchworth, former Aruban employee, was there in the lab working. He was a senior and graduated before me. Around town were like Squeaky Norcom, Charlene Featherston (Charley Featherston's daughter), and up the road in Ponca City was Jesse Up working for Continental Refining (I think his wife's name is Beulah). Don Blair came over and wanted Rosario to write a letter in Spanish to the Mexican government relative to colonizing, mostly his effort, Baja California and setting up a big deal. I've forgotten what happened on that. Later I found, when I was in New Mexico, that he was in Taos. His wife, Bettina, was quite a portrait artist and she had articles about her in "The Reader's Digest." Her paintings were hanging here in New Mexico and

in Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa. Woody Simmons, a former LAR operator in Aruba, showed up there on assignment as a missionary for the Mormon Church.

The only ex-Arubanite that I've contacted here since coming to New Mexico was my former roommate from the Esso Bolivar on my first trip, Carl Patterson, Jr. So he and I had quite a talk. He was on his way over to Grant, New Mexico where he was working in a mining operation. I haven't seen him since then. He's one of the few fellas to stop by.

Going east out of here there is a motel called The Aruba Motel. I stopped and talked to the owner there and asked how come he called it The Aruba Motel. It turned out he just liked that name; that he had found it in a travel magazine. He said I keep a list of all kinds of people who stopped in and asked that question. They all signed the guest book, so I duly signed in and out. I haven't heard anything else come out of that since that.

I worked from August, 1956 until January 31, 1980, at Sandia, all the time in purchasing or contract relations. Eight of those years I was supervisor. During that time I bought some of the wildest things you can ever think of and made many a trip to visit suppliers who could make a thing that will do this and do that. When they said sure we can make that, we find then we don't want it to weigh over a pound and a half and to be no bigger than 2 x 4 x 6. The fellow would look at us in awe and astonishment. Not only that, we wanted 2000 of them by next Thursday. At least I found out where most of my money and your money was going. I spent it in the 23 years out at Sandia. I mean big amounts. The first-hand approval I carried around was for \$800,000.

Rosario went to modeling school, became a teacher and a fashion coordinator and has been working at that ever since we've been here in Albuquerque. She became an American citizen in April 1951. We have a daughter, Linda. She is married, with two nice grandsons, living north of Santa Fe, New Mexico.



The Clyde & Ruth Jackson Fletcher and Mitsy Jackson Rae Stories

In February of 1947 my mother, Ruth Jackson, married Clyde Fletcher, one of the early employees of Lago, and brought me, my sister, Sherell, and his new wife to Aruba. Clyde Fletcher had originally gone to Aruba in 1933 as an auto mechanic for the Maintenance and Construction (M&C) Department. He resigned during the early war years and took his "first" family back to the safety of the United States, but returned to Lago approximately 1946, this time alone.

At the time of the marriage of my mother and Clyde Fletcher I was eleven years old and had never been further away from our Fort Worth home than Lubbock, Texas. I had been envious of my friends who had been out of the state of Texas. One had even been to Mexico. When my mother became engaged to Clyde Fletcher I was delighted. Not only would I once more have a father but I would be traveling far beyond the borders of Texas, further even than any of my friends had ever been, across an ocean to a tropical island several thousand miles from our Fort Worth home. At first no one believed me when I told them about going to this place called "Aruba". They didn't even think such a place existed. I had to show them on a map.

THE ADVENTURE BEGINS

The four of us boarded the train on Feb. 24, 1947....the beginning of a magnificent adventure. My sister and I roamed the train from front to back, trying to take in the scenery on both sides all at once. Three days later we arrived at Grand Central Station in New York. Can you even imagine the wonder, the awe of two pre-teen girls, neither of whom had ever been out of the state of Texas before? The Empire State building, the Statue of Liberty, the Chrysler building, Radio City Music Hall, the Roxy Theater, more traffic and more people than we had ever seen in our entire lives. The Abbey Hotel.....ah, what fond memories so many of us have of staying in the Abbey Hotel. The nine days we were at the Abbey awaiting a tanker were filled with one adventure after another. From the top of the Empire State building, to a day long trip to Coney Island (via the subway-something unknown in Texas), to seeing "Holiday In Mexico" starring Jane Powell, at Radio City Music Hall. And the

Rockettes! What a wonderful show that was!

THE VOYAGE TO ARUBA

Finally, on March 5, we boarded the Esso Bolivar and set sail for Aruba. Morning of March 6....sicker than we had ever been in our entire lives, my sister and I. For the next three days we went from the bunk to the toilet, throwing up continuously. As we moved into more tranquil waters further south my sister and I recovered and were able to venture out onto deck. The ship passed close to a school of migrating whales, dozens of them, leaping up out of the water, spraying their "geysers" of froth into the air. A few days later we moved into the warm, blue waters of the Caribbean. What wonderful creatures we now saw.....groups of porpoises playing their own unique game by swimming and leaping out of the water just ahead of the ship's bow as it cut the water.....flying fish.....an occasional shark.....tiny, phosphorescent lights in the water at night.

On the morning of March 13, 1947 I awoke to my first glimpse of Aruba. The Esso Bolivar had arrived during the night and had dropped anchor. Hooiberg, Aruba's most unique land feature, stands out in my memory of that first sight of Aruba. By midday we were ashore and by late afternoon we were in our new home, Bungalow 820. After eight days aboard a rolling ship all of us were still rolling from side to side and having trouble keeping our balance.

THE ARUBA YEARS - 1947 TO 1954

Our first night in Aruba and we were invited to dinner at the Switzer's, Jean and Fred. I was in awe to be seated at such a splendid table. I was in awe as Jean Switzer tinkled a little porcelain bell and a maid appeared from the kitchen. I was in awe to actually be served a meal by a servant. Such things I had seen only in movies prior to my arrival in Aruba. After dinner I walked down the steps to the tennis courts, where I met two girls about my age. I introduced myself to my first new friends in Aruba, Sharon Carroll and Nancy Koopman. It was a surprise to find out, three days later that they would be my classmates for the remainder of my time in Aruba, for they, like me, were in the 5th grade. My teacher was Miss Mulholland. Walking home from school the next day, a girl waited for me half a block ahead of me. I caught up with her and met my next new friend in Aruba, Pat Pakozdi.

Friday and Saturday evenings quickly became "movie nights". This

was during the days of the open air Esso Club and movies could be shown only at night. My sister and I had never been allowed out on our own before at night (big city dangers in Fort Worth) so my mom was at first fearful about letting us attend a movie at night and then walk home alone. But she soon tired of picking us up after the movie as she realized what a safe community Lago Colony was.

I didn't know how to swim when I arrived in Aruba but it didn't take long to learn. My mother, fearful we might drown, would accompany my sister and me to the Baby Lagoon and watch as we played in the water. That didn't last long. We quickly learned how to swim and Mom had better things to do than sit and watch us. By the end of the summer we were begging to go to the "Big Docks" and swim in the deeper water. From that time on, Saturdays and Sundays were "beach days". To this day, when I recall my Aruba days, the image that rises to the surface first is that of the "Big Lagoon", as I walked past the church, with its vast expanse of beautiful turquoise water. The memories of the many thousands of happy hours spent in that water will never leave me.

About three months after our arrival in Aruba we re-located to Bungalow 385 and remained at that location for the rest of our time in Aruba.

Although I loved Aruba from my first sight of it, only now, more than half a century later, can I appreciate how truly blessed I was to have been able to spend my growing up years in a community such as that provided by Lago and in a tropical paradise to boot. Much has already been said about the wonderful quality of life we enjoyed in Aruba. Built for us by Lago were, not only the houses in which we lived, but the Esso Club, the Junior Esso Club, the community church, the schools, the hospital, the Boy Scout and Girl Scout buildings, the tennis courts, the ball fields, the flying club, the golf club, the play grounds.....actually, we lacked for nothing that made life enjoyable. We had a library, movies, and community activities of every sort. If one was bored in Aruba it was one's own fault!!

I especially remember the July 4th celebrations with a community parade followed by a barbecue at the Picnic Grounds with a grand finale of a spectacular fireworks display from a barge anchored in the lagoon that rivaled just about anything one might see today. Every dog in the Colony went ballistic!!

Christmas in Aruba was a special treat. Every year the cat cracker in the refinery was decorated with lights to simulate a giant Christmas tree. People have reported that these lights were visible out to sea for an

extraordinary distance. And every year a big Christmas party, complete with Santa Claus passing out gifts to every single Lago kid, was eagerly awaited by all us youngsters. Our Christmas trees were shipped to Aruba via Esso tankers. One Christmas, about 1950 or so, the tanker barely arrived in time. It was Christmas Eve and our Christmas trees weren't there yet. We were frantic that this would be a tree-less Christmas but there was jubilation throughout the Colony when the tanker bearing the Christmas trees rounded Colorado Point. The tanker captain had probably been sailing full throttle for days to try and get the Christmas trees to us in time. Refinery activity came to a halt.....well, not really, but I'm sure men were dispatched from their usual posts to go and unload the trees and make sure they were delivered post haste to the Commissary where moms and kids were anxiously awaiting. And thus Christmas was saved, after all!!

The parents who volunteered as Boy Scout and Girl Scout leaders deserve a special tribute. Very shortly after my arrival in Aruba I joined Girl Scouts and some of my most precious memories are of the wonderful camping trips we had at the Second Seagrape Grove and Palm Beach. Edna Dorwart and Claire Goodwin were the leaders of my troop for the first years I was in Aruba and as I think about it now, I marvel at their ingenuity in keeping us interested for so many years. (I also marvel at their patience, for Lord knows, we gave them plenty of grief.) I learned skills and values under their leadership that remain with me to this day. In fact, I still have my Girl Scout manual and pin but all the merit badges have disappeared somewhere in the intervening years. One year we made and sold our own homemade Girl Scout cookies to raise money for a trip to Curacao, where we stayed in the homes of Dutch Girl Scouts. We spent a wonderful few days touring the island and participating in Girl Scout activities with them.

The summer recreation programs provided by Lago to keep us busy, entertained, and out of our parents' hair (also out of trouble) in the summers were nothing short of phenomenal. I believe it was 1947 that the first program was put on and a Mr. Davidson (first name unknown) was brought from the States to run it. You name it; we had it.....crafts, games, teams, lessons, all day, every day (except Sunday). I made an embossed leather wallet, a wooden tray with a wood burned design, a key chain woven from plastic strips, woven pot holders. I played ping pong, softball, tennis, archery. I swam. I learned to dive into the water head first. With encouragement of the swim instructor, Jeanne Ann Mingus, I believe it was, I overcame my fear and jumped off the second tower (yeah, I was a big fraidy cat....still don't like heights). Every

Summer Recreation Program culminated with a water show.....the Aquacade. As I got older I learned to sew and cook my lifelong love affair with pepperoni pizza began one summer in cooking classes. I had never tasted any Italian food before Mrs. Dittle taught us how to make "pizza pie", as it was called in those days. We even prepared the crust from scratch. I still have all the recipes from Mrs. Dittle's summer cooking class. The Summer Recreation Programs continued for many years, well beyond my final year in Aruba, 1954.

SCHOOL DAYS

The education provided to us in Aruba was exceptional. The curriculum was a no - nonsense, academic one, heavy on all the "hard" subjects such as English, history, math, science, Spanish, music and music history. We also had a band, office and shop skills classes and a physical education program par excellence. The Physical Education teacher, Jim Downey, an Aruba legend in his own right, could well be the reason there are professional athletes from the Caribbean in major leagues today, for he was instrumental in getting intra- and inter-island athletic competitions underway back in the 1940's and 1950's. I remember one athletic trip to Curacao about 1952 or 1953. What a wonderful trip that was. Funny, but I don't remember much about the games but I do remember all the fun we had. (And I remember indulging in some forbidden alcoholic drinks and getting sick afterwards.) I still have a demitasse cup purloined from the Hotel Americano in Curacao.

Learning how to twirl a baton had been one of my dreams from early childhood years, so when it was proposed to form a team of high-stepping, baton-twirling majorettes I was first in line. I spent countless hours practicing and while I was never very good at it, I kept at it and had a wonderful time. Ann Nixon, Deanna Chapman, Vickie Schultz, Dale Masters, Loesje Koopman and Tressye Young were my teammates. Dorothy Joseph, the librarian, was the team leader and choreographed our routines. Not only did we "strut our stuff" at the games, but we also performed at community picnics, parades and even on stage at the Esso Club.

OUR TEACHERS

My favorite teachers? All of them!! Let me see.....Miss Mulholland in 5th grade, Miss Wightwood in 6th grade. Then after progressing to the upper grades.....John Krebs for science, Marion Mills for math, Clara Gallicani for Spanish, Trudy Hutchison for Social Studies, Carol Learmont for history, Cecilia Coleman for English, Mary Lou Farr for music history, Maude Thomas for typing and shorthand, Joe Leary for shop.....and of course, Jim Downey for physical ed. All excellent

teachers with a great love for teaching. Let me not overlook our principal, Dean Thompson, who reigned over his superb staff of teachers and made sure we got an excellent education.

OUR SENIOR "TANK FARM PRANK"

It was about 1950 (maybe earlier, maybe later) that Colony residents awoke one morning to find that the water tank on hospital hill overlooking the Colony had been emblazoned with "Seniors of 1950" (or whichever class was first) in large black lettering. What consternation that caused!! Parents, no doubt, grilled their graduating children for information. Thereafter, it became a "tradition" for graduating brave hearts to climb the ladder and leave their own "Seniors of....." mark on the water tower. When I became a high school senior, one well known daredevil (who later became my husband) came up with a superb plan.....to paint "Seniors of '54" on the corner oil tank that faced the Colony right inside the high security tank farm. Weeks of intense preparation and field reconnaissance went into the planning. Recruited for this top secret mission were Ray Burson, Buddy Berrisford, Richard Beers, Stan Norcom, Lad Mingus one girl (me). It went off like clockwork, nary a hitch and only one close call when the guard truck came through the area and Richard Beers had to run as fast as he could to avoid its headlights. The instigator of the plan (Neal Rae....who else??) watched the mission unfold from the safety of a Colony house a few blocks away. (He knew he would be in deep barnyard poop if he participated and was caught "in the act") The next morning Colony residents awoke once more to a "Seniors of...." prank painted where it should not have been.....only this time it was in six foot high black lettering on a hundred foot high mega-thousand barrel floating roof oil tank behind a cement wall topped with barbed wire in a (supposedly) highly secure area. What an uproar this caused! Although I never heard, I would imagine that refinery management quickly launched an investigation to determine how the security of the tank farm could have been breached so easily under their very noses. Heads may even have rolled. My dad came home at noon for lunch and started interrogating me. "I heard there was a girl involved in this." I played innocent....or at least non-committal. He went in the kitchen, sat down for his noon meal and then said, "Well, I'll say this much. Your class certainly did the Class of '53 one better." And not another word was ever said, by either my mother or my dad. It was never mentioned again. I think he was secretly amused--and perhaps even grudgingly admired us--that a scheme such as this could have been devised and executed with flawless precision by a group of 17 and 18 year olds.

THE FLETCHERS AND THE RAES

Some information about my parents and the "colony kid" I eventually married is in order now. My step-father, Clyde Fletcher, was born in Vernon, Texas on June 15, 1900. My mother, Ruth Daniel, was born in Strawn, Texas on Dec. 4, 1904. Her first marriage was to Sherwood Jackson and ended with his death in 1943. She married Clyde Fletcher on Feb. 17, 1947. Clyde rose to the position of Foreman in the M&C Department and retired from Lago in June of 1957 back to Texas, where he lived with my mother until his death in 1966. My mother continued living in the same house until her death in 1983.

I graduated from Lago High School in 1954 and then entered college at the University of Texas in Austin, transferring one year later to the medical branch in Galveston, where I graduated with a B.S. in Nursing in 1958.

In September of 1958 I was married to a former classmate, Neal Rae. Neal was born in Aruba in the old Lago Hospital to Margaret and Bill Rae. Neal's father had gone to Aruba from Casper, Wyoming in 1927 with the intention of staying only two years. Along came 1929 and the Great Depression. Neal's father then decided that Aruba might be the best place for him and his family after all. After that he never looked back, remaining in Aruba until his retirement in 1957. Neal spent almost the entirety of his first 19 years of life in Aruba and graduated from the Lago School in 1954. A wonderful athlete, he was right in the middle of all the many sporting activities available to the Lago youngsters.

With the powerful upper body strength Nature gave him, he excelled at swimming, baseball, discus, shot put and javelin. On the Lago High baseball team he usually played the position of catcher and to see him throw a baseball from home plate to second base with barely an arc in the ball's trajectory was pretty amazing. With his love of the water and his daring nature, it is hardly surprising that he spent many thousands of hours spearfishing with his buddies beyond the reefs. Neal was also among a handful of Lago teenagers who became pilots and flew solo while still in high school. After graduating from high school Neal attended Embry Riddle School of Aviation in Miami and became an airplane mechanic. Following this he enlisted in the Army. Neal was still in the Army when he decided it was time to settle down and we were married in an Army chapel at Fort Rucker, Alabama in 1958. While I had been crazy about him during high school days, he had little time for me then, thinking of me as a nuisance during those days. It was post-graduation that things began to heat up. We spent the majority of our married years in California, where our two boys, Scott and Carl, were

born. Neal spent many years as a maintenance mechanic for Mattel Toys before taking an early retirement in 1981. He passed on in January of 1983 at the age of 48.

ARUBA ALWAYS IN OUR HEARTS

The friendships that were forged in those early years in Aruba have been the most enduring of my entire life. For many years, before the advent of the Internet, the arrival of the latest Aruba Chronicle in the mail was reason enough to stop whatever I was doing and spend the ensuing hour or two catching up with the latest Aruba news. In fact, Neal and I would sometimes squabble over who got to read it first. When the first Aruba Reunion in Aruba was proposed in 1973 Neal and I agreed we would sell our children, if we had to, in order to attend. Well.....not really, as both our children would have disowned us had we left them behind. They had been hearing Aruba stories from both their dad and their mom for years, so their first trip to Aruba was quite a milestone in their lives. We continued with Aruba reunions in Aruba as a family throughout the 1970's. Our oldest son, Scott, and his wife honeymooned in Aruba in 1991.

AFTERTHOUGHTS~~

As I write this, February 24, 2004, fifty-seven years to the day have passed since I first left Texas as a wide eyed eleven year old, embarking on perhaps the greatest adventure of my life. Our parents were true pioneers in the second quarter of the 20th century who left their old lives behind them, to take up residence in a far away land, not knowing for sure what lay ahead of them. At that time, the homes we had all left behind us were days, if not weeks, away. Travel at that time was by prop driven airplane to Miami and from there to wherever we had originally come from or, just as likely, a tanker trip to New York and then by train or auto to the place we called "home". Those who had come to Aruba from Europe were even further away. Contact with relatives "back home" was by mail, which took at least a week to reach Aruba, unless it was an emergency and then it was a very expensive telephone call or a cablegram.

Much has already been said, and written, about the wonderful life we had in Aruba.¹ A half century of marriages (and one recent re-marriage) that have taken place in the ensuing years between and among former "Lago Brats," notwithstanding the great numbers of deep friendships is testament to what it has meant to so many of us.

As told by Mitsy Jackson Rae, Class of 1954, Lago Community School

¹*Mere minutes on the net reminded me of the many ex-Lago Colony fans.*

The REST of Their Stories:

Edwin & Eleanor Harris

(Feeling like her father Ed Harris' story was incomplete as presented in *The Lago Colony Legend—Our Stories*, daughter Elna King has submitted the information below regarding her parents and their lives in Aruba.)

Edwin Milton Harris was born June 7, 1896 in Jersey County Illinois. He came from a pioneering family. He was the beginning of a rather large family of ten, five boys and five girls. When he was six weeks old his father moved the family by covered wagon to Missouri. His father was a contractor by trade and a master carpenter by skill. When Ed was only a teenager, his father was the contractor for the sewer system on a U.S. Army airfield, now Scott Air Force Base, in Illinois. Ed finagled several flights from the pilots at the field. He was very attracted to flying.

At 19 Ed married Margaret Worthy and they soon had a family of two children, a girl named Adair (after a popular song of that period) and a boy named Clarence Worthy (after a paternal uncle and his mother's maiden name). Ed worked in the refinery at Wood River, Illinois, and took classes via correspondence from LaSalle University, Chicago, Illinois. His life took a turn when Margaret died during a difficult birth of their third child. Shortly thereafter, Ed was offered a job in Aruba.

The pioneering spirit kicking in, he accepted the job in Aruba. He left the children with his mother. Ed arrived in Aruba as a widower with two children. although the children lived with Ed's mother for awhile.

Then Ed married Ethel. She took care of the children, moving to Aruba with them. The couple did not stay married long before Ed divorced Ethel. Adair and Clarence stayed with their father and went to school in Aruba.

Adair met her husband in Aruba; he was down there with his family: Sonnenbergs. Adair had three children, two of them born in Aruba, Hudson and Jeanne. Clarence finished school and went on to get an engineering degree and worked in New Jersey. He had three boys.

Ed met Eleanor Dahlberg when she came down to Aruba to visit her brother and father, who were working there in the construction of the refinery. (In the beginning Aruba's Lago workforce practiced a form of

nepotism.)

Eleanor W. Dahlberg was born in Borga, Finland on January 28, 1910. Her parents, Karl Emil Dahlberg and Wilhelmina (Mimi) Lindholm Dahlberg had immigrated to the United States (New York) to improve their lives. Eleanor was born in Finland because her parents had had one child die in the United States and they felt their odds were better if Mimi returned to Finland to have their second child. Eleanor was born Elna Wilhelmina Dahlberg on a cold, snowy night in January. She was a little premature and was wrapped in cotton and kept in the oven for warmth. She survived and her mother carried her on their return to the United States via ship in March 1910. During her school days no one could say Elna and always called her Eleanor. She eventually had her name changed to Eleanor Winifred Dahlberg. This is the name she was known by in Aruba Lago Colony. When she finished school, she worked for Edison Electric in New York City. For one of her vacations, around 1934, she and some friends went to Europe. When she returned she went to Aruba to visit her brother Elof and her father Karl, who were working as carpenters building the refinery. While in Aruba she met Adair Harris Sonnenberg, Ed Harris' daughter, who was friends with her brother Elof. Through Adair she met Ed. Ed and Eleanor courted and were eventually married in September 1935. The rest as they say was history. Ed and Eleanor had four children, Elna, Myrna, Gary (Bucky) and Howard (Micky). All of the children were born in the Aruba hospitals both new and old. They lived there through the WW II, taking at least one vacation in which they flew to Miami and then took the train to visit relatives.

A HARRIS FAMILY STORY

Earlier in the war (I believe it was in 1941) they were returning from New York via tanker and everyone had to be ready to abandon ship due to submarines in the area should the torpedo hit its mark, but the ship was missed by a torpedo. This was the last trip that dependents were allowed to travel via tanker because it wasn't just that there were submarines out there with torpedoes and they might be hit, but rather that the company did not want that liability.

Working for the Standard Oil Company for over 36 years, Ed started at the Wood River Plant and finished at Lago Oil and Transport. Eleanor was married in Aruba in 1935 and lived there until 1951.

Edwin and Eleanor's four children all live in Texas.

As told by Elna Harris King,

CHILDHOOD MEMOIRS

OF

ELNA HARRIS KING

My earliest remembrance is going to the first grade. My father took me for some reason, I guess mother was busy with the other children. While my father was talking with the teacher, I went to the front of the room and picked out my desk. I remember my father saying that the teacher would assign the desks. That is about as much as I remember of that incident. My next memory is of the country store that we had in the second grade where we had to learn how to make correct change and to bring empty boxes and cans from home to put in the store. I also remember learning to tell time then, but the store was my biggest memory. We were living in a house up on the last row before the hospital while our house was being painted or something. I remember having to go into the bomb shelters that were located throughout the colony. I always thought that they smelled like a cat box. We also played in these bomb shelters sometimes both before the war and after. Kay Norris and her family lived up the street from us when our house was getting repainted. She and I played together every day.

The only thing that I remember about the third grade was watching the eclipse of the sun. We all made the smoked glass that we looked through. There weren't very many families left in Aruba then. Most had gone to the States. I believe that the Queen of the Netherlands came over and we sang the Dutch National Anthem for her. We went on vacation between the 3^d and 4th grade. I got scarlet fever and had to be quarantined. The children I knew in New York wrote me letters, that I was not allowed to bring with me to Aruba. Because of censoring the letters were taken away from me at the airport in Miami. Of course, the addresses were lost to me and my correspondence was effectively cut off and I could not correspond with those children again. I missed quite a bit of the fourth grade, but what I remember is that we had to do exercises to improve our Palmer method handwriting. I never could do them very well. Fifth grade was Miss Mulholland. She never could pronounce my name, Elna, so I went by Marilyn (my middle name) in her class. I remember the Indian village that we built on the sand table when we studied the Pilgrims.

On one of our vacations we bought a car in New York and drove

across country to St. Louis, MO. I remember getting stopped on the Pennsylvania Turnpike by the highway patrol they asked my father what kind of license plate was on our car. We had the Aruba license with the A- and a number. There was a long conversation between my dad and the highway patrolman. We finally got on our way. It was very strange to be from a place like Aruba and no one had ever heard of it in the states.

In the sixth grade our class was divided into two sections and I was lucky enough to be in Miss Eugenia Sloboda's section. She was an inspiration to me. My handwriting improved because I wanted to have a nice handwriting like she did. We also studied about the gods and goddesses from Greek and Roman mythology. I really like mythology. We had a very interesting class. Ms Sloboda married the next year to a man named Whitey and they lived up by the lighthouse in converted military barracks/Quonset huts. I visited her once and she had fixed the place up very nicely. I'll always remember that she was of Ukrainian descent. She was the one teacher who made the most impression on me.

I think that it was in sixth or seventh grade that we had a Sadie Hawkins day dance in the auditorium upstairs and it was hilarious because everyone came dressed as a character from the comic strip.

I also remember some other things, like my mother making wisteria flowers for a social event that the women's club was having. I also remember a whaling ship coming into port and my father got permission for our Girl Scout troop to go aboard. I even got a whale tooth from one of the sailors.

I remember picnics out to the sand dunes past the golf club and some kind of black pitch storage. It was fun and usually several families went together. This is where my father taught me that fool's names and fools faces are often seen in public places. I was trying to put my name on a rock or something out there. I guess I will remember that lesson until the day that I die.

The seventh grade we moved to the old high school, the long building across the playground from the sixth grade. I remember the thrill of changing classes for each subject. I hated typing, however. I was a terrible typist because I did not have the strength to hold down the caps key and still type. I remember Judy Ballard, Nancy McEachern and I taking pictures on the playground and thinking how glamorous we were. Janet White went off to boarding school that year.

Who can forget the tennis courts and playing on them. Also riding

your bicycle down to the beach to swim or walking and taking a break at the sea grape tree on the way to pick and eat a few sea grapes. We did all of this unsupervised and our parents were not worried about us.

The summer after seventh grade Janet White came home from boarding school and it sounded so wonderful I really wanted to go, never thinking that my parents would allow it. But my father thought that it was a good idea and I could take piano lessons and a few other things that young ladies needed to know. I loved boarding school. There were a lot of girls from other countries and so it did not seem strange coming from Aruba.

I remember my father playing dominoes at the club. I remember babysitting for my brothers and sister while my parents partook of the society life, such as it was. One time when I was babysitting, my brother Bucky and I got into it when he would not go to bed. I demanded that he go to bed and he went and got his B-B gun and chased me through the house trying to shoot me with it. The neighbors heard the screaming and of course knew where the social was taking place and called my dad who came home and boy did we get in trouble.

I remember building forts in the living room with the cushions from the furniture. I also remember Sleepy Hollow chairs.

I remember Trick or Treating in our “disguises”/costumes for Halloween. The dentist at the end of our street always tricked us.

How about all of the summertime activities that were arranged for us? Learning to play chess, ping-pong, tennis lessons, swimming and even learning synchronized swimming! I remember well taking craft-type classes at the Jr. Esso Club. I also remember all of the serials; westerns and the Phantom that we went to see at the movies theater and there was always a continuation when one of the hero’s lives hung in the balance - not to be found out until the next week. It was fun watching the movies under the stars. I also remember the great hot fudge sundaes that the club had for 24 cents. And sitting around the club eating those hot fudge sundaes and talking with the other kids. It was great fun and welded our friendships.



The George & Florence Wilken Family Story

(Correction: The story in the First Book identified as "The George & Florence Wilken Story" was actually "The Bennett S. Whitney Story." Here are recollections for George & Florence Wilken as paraphrased from and added to the diaries of George and Florence Wilken by their daughters, Jane Andringa and Claire Doering.)

In December 1928, Dr. W. W. Holland, who was the plant superintendent at the Standard Oil Refinery in Wood River, IL, was transferred to Aruba, Dutch West Indies to take charge of a 120,000 barrel plant that was about ready to start operating. He asked George to give up his job as a stillman at Wood River and go with him. George and Florence didn't even know where Aruba was until they borrowed an atlas and looked it up. George decided to wait until he could be assured a position as still foreman in the Pressure Still Department. In April, 1929 he received word that he could indeed go down as a foreman but had to be ready to leave in one week. Housing for wives and children probably wouldn't be available for a year.

George and Florence were 35 and 33 years old, respectively. They wanted a better life and decided to make the sacrifice of George being separated from Florence and their two-year-old daughter, Jane, for up to a year in order to achieve that goal.

George traveled to Portland, Maine by train and on May 5, 1929 boarded the SS Paul Harwood for the trip to Aruba. Eight men shared a cabin. They were at sea eight days.

George wrote home: "5/8/29. I've never seen a home or hotel that was kept more spick and span than this boat. And the food is swell."

"5/10/29: The water is getting more beautiful all the time. I talked with the wireless operator. He said they have dances once a week at the Camp." (Note: Since there were hardly any women at the Camp, this may be considered an exaggeration.)

"5/13/29: We are passing the island now. This place doesn't look half-bad. The breeze is wonderful."

By June that year, Standard Oil had built a few more houses and Florence received word to leave for Aruba. Housing was so scarce that George agreed to share his two-bedroom bungalow with Jake Forter, his wife and 4-year old daughter. They also lived in the Wood River area

and traveled to New York on the same train as Florence and 2-year old Jane. It was early July when the two women and children finally set sail on the SS Paul Harwood for Aruba.

George and Florence loved their new home, Bungalow #8. They didn't have a car but the Colony was so small that George could easily walk to work. The desert island had its own unique beauty. The beaches and lagoons were inviting. The small Company-community offered camaraderie and a new way of life. Florence had a maid to clean and wash and the Company furnished bungalow was filled with most of the essentials for housekeeping. Bedroom and dining room furniture was walnut, the living room furniture was wicker. The kitchen had an oak wood icebox and ice was delivered seven days a week. The kerosene stove challenged the women to a new way of cooking.

Bungalow #8 was just across the road from the first dining hall, then known as the Mess Hall. The first hospital was the building next to the dining hall. At one end of the dining hall a little space was set aside as a post office. The men would gather there when the bulletin board had "Mail Today" posted on it. One of the men would agree to act as distributor and would call out the names after he undid the numerous packages of mail one by one. Men read their precious letters from their loved ones right there for they dared not leave in case another bundle of mail might have more for them. The Company had provided some pigeon hole boxes, the leftover mail was sorted and put into the boxes to be picked up by those men on shift work.

Within a few months the Forters were assigned their bungalow and they moved. George happily had his wife and young daughter to himself. However, by October they realized that Florence was pregnant. This was the first pregnancy to occur in the Standard Oil Colony. They would have to be separated again because the Colony had no provisions for maternity care or delivery.

In fact, George would have to pay the passage of another lady from the Colony to accompany Florence on the ship, as women were not allowed to travel unescorted on tankers. Just five months after his wife and little daughter had arrived in Aruba, George had to say goodbye and send them back to St. Louis. He wrote in his Journal: "December 8, 1929. My loved ones departed on the SS Norman Bridge for Tampa, Florida. May God grant that I will never again have to experience what I went through the next few weeks. How I do miss them."

George had planned to stay in Aruba until his contract was up the 15th of May 1930. The baby was due in June. But "on the 4th of April

there was a mail Boat in and as usual I got several letters from Florence. Before I had finished reading the first letter, I had made up my mind to take the first boat available for home. I could tell Florence needed me."

The very next day George sailed on the SS White for Baltimore, Md. By the 14th of April he was on a train and arrived in St. Louis the next evening. They found a house to rent in Alton, Illinois and George went back to work at the Standard Oil Refinery in Wood River. He had lost his service and had to work in the labor gang and do extra firings on the stills since he was considered a new employee. After several months, he had the opportunity to lease a Standard Oil Service Station between Alton and Wood River and he tried to make a better living doing that.

On June 16, 1930 their second daughter, Claire, was born. In August George heard from Aruba by way of the New York Office that his Leave of Absence was about up and if he wanted to return to Aruba he should be back by September. The Great Depression was in full force and it was difficult to make a living in almost any kind of work in the United States. He notified New York that he would be able to be there by October 6, just six months from the time he'd left.

Their trip back to Aruba was a new challenge. George and Florence had to travel two days on a train and then eight days on a ship with a rambunctious 3-year old and a 3-month old baby. One suitcase held only sterile glass baby bottles. Another held the cans of milk. Another held clean rags made from old bedding that would be used as "disposable diapers." The family traveled by Pullman to Jacksonville, Florida and was taken by taxi to a very isolated place along the St. John's River. In the distance was the tanker, the SS Oscar D. Bennet, at anchor in the bay.

George and Florence had all sorts of questions about how they were to get aboard. There was only a rope ladder over the side of the ship. One of the officers called down instructions: First, George; next, their little girl; next, the baby; and last, the mother. Florence wrote in her Journal: "I had plenty to say about the chance that our baby would be spilled out of her basket into the water! One of the officers said, 'That's why you are to come up last, otherwise, you might jump over-board on us.' "Baby Claire was hauled up in a large farmer's "egg" basket.

They were the only passengers on board. George was given a cot in the wheelhouse on the upper deck with three-year-old Jane assigned a settee in the adjacent chart room. A board was nailed across the outer edge of it to keep her from rolling out with the motion of the ship. There was one single empty cabin on the deck below, and Florence and baby Claire, were put there. Claire was still getting a 2 a.m. feeding because

she had colic. In order to heat the bottle, Florence would have to leave the baby in her basket (crying) while she went down a hallway off of which was a kitchenette with a steam table.

Another problem was the red roaches. Florence would have to keep brushing them off the baby's face as they tried to get to the milk as she was being fed. Florence would ask the captain if the baby was keeping him awake. He would answer "No," but add that every time he was awake he heard her crying.

One time it wasn't the crying baby the Captain talked about. He reported that after the 2 a.m. feeding Florence must have gone to sleep and missed the excitement. One of the crew had gone berserk. The officer on watch had seen him running back and forth along the catwalk, always seeming to reach his arms and hands up to grab something imaginary. This was reported to the Captain and he awakened George to be ready to help them apprehend the man. He had come amidships and was on the stairs to the radio and pilot rooms. He wanted to take over the ship. Fortunately, the men were able to overpower him.

It was a memorable trip back to Aruba. Friends were at the dock to meet them when they arrived. Everyone was especially anxious to see Claire, the youngest child in the Colony at that time.

COLONY SUNDAY SCHOOL AND CHURCH SERVICES BEGIN

In 1929, George's first Sunday in the Colony, his Bungalow #8 brought in quite a house full of children and adults for Sunday school. Jack and Ruth Rutz were there before Florence arrived, and Mrs. Rutz had a class of all ages of children whom she taught in the bedroom. The living room had a large class of adults, mostly men. They had hymnbooks and Mrs. Rutz, and Jack Emery led the singing without the help of a piano. After Florence came, Mrs. Rutz taught the girls in the bedroom where they sat along the side of the twin beds. Florence taught the boys in the kitchen where the younger boys sat on a laundry bench George had made. The bigger boys sat along the edge of the kitchen table, dangling their legs.

On Sunday evening a group of the adults went to the dining hall for church service. The men would push the tables aside, line up the chairs, and about 25 or 30 would worship together. There was a piano there, and Mrs. Rutz played all the old-time hymns. Jack Emery was the preacher and he could preach a good sermon. He sent for many books on his own and never asked to be reimbursed, nor did he receive or expect any pay for preaching.

Shortly before Florence and Jane arrived in Aruba in 1929, a funeral service for the first man to die in the Colony was held from George's bungalow #8. The closed casket was brought into the house where Jack performed the service. Mrs. Rutz led the men in the singing of a hymn. Colony Service then moved the body down to the dock for its trip back to the States for burial.

By fall a bungalow for school children was being built and teachers were being hired in New York. Later, after Sunday school and church services had been moved to a small building on the school grounds, George was asked to speak to a visiting Standard Oil official about the possibility of the Company building a church building. In the meantime, the group had organized, elected officers and designated Jack Emery as minister. During the week, the little building was used for the first and second grades and a school office. The Girl Scouts also used that building for their meetings. Later it was used as the school library. Eventually, it was moved to the big playground near the second Esso Club and became the Esso Junior Club. When the school was built, Sunday school and Church services were held in the school building.

In 1934, after L. G. Smith was with Lago, he expressed that he was sympathetic to a church organization for the Colony. George rounded up the Sunday school teachers and they canvassed the Colony. This resulted in a guaranteed minister's salary of \$225 a month - big money in those days.

Later, when W. C. Colby was there on business and discussed the matter with George, the outcome was that Rev. Paul Rishell was hired in December. The Company provided salary, benefits and a 3 - bedroom home for him and his family.

In 1939, when the Lago Community Church had been finished there were a number of special donations: Captain Rodger gave the altar; George Wilken gave the baptismal font; the electric organ was given as a donation in the memory of Jean MacClean; and the communion service was a gift from L.G. Smith.

The beautiful church was a culmination of George and Florence's dreams. George served on both the Church Trustees and the Church Council. On his retirement in 1947, he was named Trustee Emeritus. Florence served as the Sunday school secretary and treasurer and took charge of preparing and cleaning up after communion.

"On arrival back in Aruba with 3-year old Jane and new baby Claire, we were assigned a two-bedroom bungalow next to the school."

Years later that would become the principal's home. "Throughout our stay in Aruba, friends helped each other whenever needed. This time we found the cupboard stocked and the icebox filled with food plus we were invited to have dinner with Una and Tiry Harrod that first night. Even a maid had been arranged. By requesting her by name through the personnel department our friends had assured that we'd have someone well recommended. When she knocked on the door the next morning, we were very glad to see her as the house had accumulated a thick layer of dust. The trade winds, so indispensable in keeping us cool, also brought instant dust that blew through the screens and the closed louvers."

George built a crib and a high chair for Claire and a sandbox and swings for Jane. None of those things were available to buy. At first Claire slept in a regular bed pushed against a wall and hemmed in by Jane's bed with pillows and blankets surrounding her. We had no car or radio. The refinery was only about a mile away.

Since it was a small community, everything and everyone was within walking distance. Loneliness for relatives and friends back home was overcome by lots of visiting with Colony friends. During the late Thirties, George and Florence had various relatives come down to Aruba for visits. Standard Oil facilitated these visits by allowing them to travel on the tankers when space was available. The Captains and officers always enjoyed having some company on their trips.

As a shift worker, George often had to sleep during the day. His sleep frequently was interrupted by school children from next door coming to drink from the outdoors-fresh water faucet. George kept careful track of the Company's plans to build new housing.

We still filled a bucket to bring in fresh water for indoor use, but by 1930 it had become easier in that we had a tap at our own house instead of having to carry it from a community water tap. The first of the 3-room houses (that became nick-named Bird Cage Row) was built a few blocks from us and our friends Rhoda and Harry Harrod had one. They borrowed our wash tubs, the only ones in the Colony, until they were available at the commissary. Harry would come down for them on Monday night. George would put Jane in the tub and the men would give her a ride up to the Harrods's bungalow.

Our prayers for a different house were answered in 1931. The company was building further east, just above the southern-most cliffs. We selected another two-bedroom house, #259. We got to choose the color of the paint and there would be fresh water plumbing at the kitchen

sink, where one faucet would be for fresh water and one for 2% brackish from wells down near the beach. Straight seawater was piped in to the toilet flush box. The shower used brackish water. If you bathed in the daytime the water from the above-ground pipes provided hot water. By late at night it had turned quite cool.

The Company had finally made the necessary arrangements so babies could be born at the Colony hospital. Women now had the choice of whether to go home or have their babies there.

On completion of his first contract, George was entitled to 50 days vacation with pay plus free transportation to and from one's hometown (point of origin). "Our plans to leave were accelerated by a cable saying George's mother was very ill and not expected to live. Again friends rallied around to get us on a ship at 5:00 p.m. that same day. We took a playpen for Claire on the ship and then left it on the ship for the return trip so friends could pick it up. We didn't arrive in time to see George's mother alive but at least our relatives were able to postpone the funeral until we got there."

When it neared time to return to Aruba, George bought a new Ford. Our instructions from Standard Oil were to go to Louisiana to board ship. We were packed and ready to leave when a cable was received which read, "You have been granted another 30 days vacation." So we informed the family we would be their guests for another month and unpacked.

Near the end of that vacation we were told to go to Baltimore, Md. We drove the new car there. George cut down two sapling oak trees, stripped off the branches and fastened the trunks under the car to hold a 4-foot platform extension protruding at the back, on which he loaded our big trunk and a doll carriage.

In 1932 mail came on ships arriving from New York. Other ships that came from southern ports usually brought fresh vegetables and fruit. Those fresh items were not always available, and for several years when those ships arrived it meant a line of housewives at the commissary early the next morning.

It was hard to get used to the inferior grades of canned goods. When word got out about a store in Oranjestad that carried the well-known and far better Del Monte brand, we would join a group and go by native taxi to buy cans by the case. After awhile those in charge of the commissary learned of this and a better grade of food began to dribble in. We were suspicious that whoever in the States was in charge of getting the supplies had been selecting those off-brands for some reason that

benefited himself.

Our meats, other than poultry, were of a good grade, though not much variety was available. But the terrible quality of poultry was really hard to tolerate. It was frozen hard with the entrails still in it. This left a strong taste and odor after thawing and cleaning. The ladies compared their experiments and found it best to rub the inside of the fowl with salt and lemon juice after cleaning and let it stand some hours. It helped but the outcome was still unpleasant. Eggs, too, were problematic. Often three or four out of every dozen were so old that they were mildewed and solid in their shells and all the eggs smelled from having been in contact with the bad eggs. We doctored them up with catsup, chili and hot sauce.

The next vacation George brought back live chickens for the coop he'd built before we left. From then on we had fresh eggs and poultry plus we could use kitchen scraps to avoid having to rely on the strong tasting "lay mash" food for chickens that locals used that gave their eggs a flavor similar to strong garlic.

We were all thankful for the Company-owned and operated bakery that provided good bread and rolls - not a large variety but clean and acceptable. All housewives became specialists in pastries, pies, cookies and cakes and many of their recipes were published in Colony cookbooks.

On January 1, 1933 the first communion service was held in the school building. Rev. St. Auben of the Dutch Reform Church of Oranjestad took part.

We left on vacation on July 14, 1933 on the SS Allen Jackson. Mrs. Wolf and her daughter, who was Jane's age, were the only other passengers. Captain James and his crew were wonderful to us. The Wireless Operator let the children write their names on his typewriter. The Steward prepared special dishes for them. When we left the boat at Baltimore, Md. he came running to the car with sweet rolls for Jane and Claire.

They couldn't unload our Ford at that dock so took it off onto a barge and unloaded it at another dock several miles away. After passing our inspections by a doctor, customs, and immigration we were allowed ashore. George took a streetcar to the other dock and then drove the car back to the ship for family and luggage.

Near the end of that vacation we received a wire from the NY office saying we must be in NY by September 11. To avoid driving in NYC,

we arrived at Jersey City on September 10 and stayed at the Plaza Hotel, just across the street from the Tubes to NYC. On the 11th, George took the subway and in 30 minutes was in the NY office to get sailing instructions. We were scheduled to sail from Bayonne early the next morning on the SS R.G. Stewart but it couldn't take the car. George was told to take the car to Carteret, NJ, 50 miles from Jersey City. He took Jane along and at Carteret the car was loaded onto the SS Pan Bolivar. The captain was just leaving for his home so he drove them to Perth Amboy where they caught a train to Jersey City, and then took a bus to the hotel.

The following morning we took a taxi to Bayonne and nearly missed the ship. We boarded at 8:45 a.m. and at 9:00 a.m. sharp the ship pulled away from the dock. We got as far as Staten Island and had to dock because of a broken rudder. We twelve passengers were told we could leave the ship and sightsee until 5:00 p.m. George bought baby chicks and Florence got goldfish and a deep bowl to carry them in. The goldfish were the first ever to arrive in Aruba and the nucleus of hundreds Florence gave away to fill many a lily pond. Having a pond became a fad in the Colony. When we got back by 3:30 p.m. the ship already had been slid off the dry-dock into the water and was ready to leave. We had to climb a rope ladder and then climb over the railing, a scary experience for all, especially for the young children and Florence with her goldfish.

At 3:00 a.m. Thursday we were awakened by the foghorn. The ship was sitting still in the water. It stayed that way 15 hours waiting for the fog to lift. Then the wireless operator received word that a hurricane was headed our way. The Captain ordered the ship turned around and we headed for the Virginia Capes where he anchored near Hampton Roads Naval Base. The next day the storm hit with full fury. The crew had tied down everything on deck with ropes and cables and everything held. There were about 20 boats anchored around us. One boat just ahead of us lost its anchor and started drifting toward us. The Captain cabled for assistance and a coast guard cutter came out and towed the adrift ship to more shallow water and a temporary anchor.

Frank and Kay Griffin with their new baby, Bobby, were among the passengers and Kay was very seasick. Florence helped bathe Bobby every day and Frank washed diapers and took care of feeding their children. We finally docked in Aruba at 10 a.m. on Sunday. It had been an eleven-day trip.

George worked that night on the 12-to-8 (graveyard) shift and Jane

started school the next morning. Our Ford had preceded us and was parked at our house. A few days after we got back, our house was redecorated inside. We also got new rugs and linoleum and reupholstered living room furniture. Florence made new draperies and added pink stippling to the girls' bedroom walls. George made a large play yard with a playhouse, a flat merry-go-round and a teeter-totter, all of which soon became a neighborhood play yard.

Florence's mother had asked her to get her a piece of fan coral, so George got two bachelors who were good swimmers to go out with him to the coral reef in a row boat. George, not an able swimmer, manned the oars while the men searched for pieces of coral. They had put the coral in the boat and were climbing back in when the boat tipped and all three were thrown into the water. The waves became more violent and George desperately struggled to stay afloat. An Aruban fisherman saw what was happening and quickly rowed over and rescued all three. The coral had not fallen out, so it was salvaged.

Social life became increasingly active as more families flooded in. Pinochle, poker and bridge playing increased until some card parties had 10 or more tables. Theatre groups were formed, such as the "Community Church Players."

Then in 1934 Florence developed a lung condition and went with the girls to the States for treatment. It was the height of the Depression and she was warned about unemployed men who milled about in NY and might snatch purses and other possessions. She made it safely to St. Louis by train where the three of them stayed with her mother. Jane attended 2d grade and Claire afternoon kindergarten. Winter was hard on the girls and the city schooling was hard on Jane, accustomed as she was to the freedom of Aruba. By that point the whole family had come to think of Aruba as home, so Florence and the girls were anxious to get back.

It was a joyful moment when the doctor certified Florence as cured and the NY office was notified that they were ready to return to Aruba. Jane had caught the Mumps, but was over it by the time they left St. Louis for NY. However, the day they were to board their ship for Aruba, Claire came down with the Mumps. Florence was determined to get back to Aruba so she bundled Claire up in her winter coat and pulled the hood all around her face. She went directly to their cabin and kept Claire confined to that room the entire trip. When the officers or crew would ask about her, Florence would just reply that her little girl was seasick. As they were getting off the ship seven days later in Aruba, the cat was

out-of-the-box and the Captain really gave Florence a stern lecture for potentially exposing his entire crew to Mumps. Fortunately, by this time Claire was well and as far as we know no crew member came down with the mumps during the return trip to the States.

Kindergarten through high school became available in the Colony. Most medical needs could be met by the hospital staff.

Close neighbors and friends at that time included Pete and Helen Minton, Dixie and Alan Silvers, and their daughters, Helen and Allene. The John McCords lived next door. Later, Dr. Brace and family lived there. Mrs. McCord had a pet ocelot that found the chickens in George's chicken coop next door very appetizing. George solved the problem by putting a wire/screen roof over his chicken yard. The O'Brien family lived two houses east of ours. The children in the neighborhood loved to gather around young Paul O'Brien at dusk and listen as he spun horror stories that had the younger kids screeching with fright. Margaret O'Brien and Claire were best friends and still enjoy visiting with one another. A favorite summer pastime was to walk down to the sand dunes by the baby lagoon and watch the sun rise over the Caribbean and snack on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich for "breakfast." Some other children in our neighborhood were the Bagglely boys and Manfred Ernesti.

Claire attended the first Girl Scout Summer Camp at the Sea Grape Grove. Unfortunately, one night when the girls were at their nightly campfire listening to stories being told by Bob Dorwart, some natives sneaked into the camp grounds and stole the contents of several campers' suitcases, including Claire's. No one was ever identified as the culprit, but for several years thereafter, when Florence would be shopping in Oranjestad she sometimes would spy a little girl wearing the one-of-a-kind shorts and shirt she had stitched for Claire's Girl Scout Camp wardrobe that summer of '39.

Cubs, Brownies, Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts and Mariners were active. Jane was fondest of Mariners, especially when Mac MacReynolds used his sailboat to teach sailing. In the early '30s, Florence sent for her piano. It was crated in St. Louis for \$12.00. The freight to Bayonne, NJ was \$50 and the Company made no charge for shipping. George played the cornet in the Lago marching band. The George Wilken family was among those who stayed in Aruba during the war years. Beginning with the French, replaced by the Scots and finally relieved by the Americans, as the war progressed troops added a measure of safety to island residents and offered the people in the Lago Colony new friendships and

variety in activities. Many of the Colony families entertained service people in their homes, gave parties and dances, and corresponded with those who moved on to other assignments.

Claire recalls that when she was about 14 years old, the Chaplain of the American troops asked if she would come play for the Sunday morning church services held at their base in Savaneta. A "GI" in his jeep would pick her up at her house and drive through the Colony and on out to the Base. She would play a pump organ up on the stage of the outdoor theatre. It was always very windy on the stage so it was a job for her to keep her long blond hair out of her eyes, to keep her skirt from blowing up, and to keep the hymnal anchored to the right page. The greatest thrill of it all for her was the jeep ride!

George and Florence lived in Aruba for 18 years, 1929-1947, after which they retired to Florissant, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis. By then, Florence had traveled 17 times by sea and 4 by plane.

Although the early years were a challenge because of the scarcity of housing and the lack of many accoutrements of living they'd been accustomed to in the States, it was with sadness that George and Florence left this enclave. Claire left Aruba after graduating from Lago High and graduated from Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas. She married Loyd Doering, a Texas Aggie, and they lived in Ft. Worth, TX, Midwest City, Ok, and in 1963 moved to Huntsville, Al, where they now live in retirement. They have three sons, one daughter, and six grandchildren. Jane attended Lindenwood College for Women for the 1943-1944 school year and returned to Aruba to work for the U.S. Corps of Engineers at Savaneta Camp. In 1946, she married Donald Kurtz, an electrical engineer from Phoenixville, Pa. Due to a housing shortage they lived in former army barracks at the foot of Seroe Colorado Hill, then moved from one vacation home to another till they were assigned Bungalow #118.¹ Jane worked as school secretary under Principal Ira Hoffman and as church secretary under Rev. Percy Dawe and Rev. Donald Evans. After the death of Don Kurtz in Aruba in 1957 she moved to Chicago, earned a BA degree at the University of Chicago. In 1960 she married John Andringa of Chicago, Illinois. She earned a Ph.D. from Loyola University, working as a Professor in special education until retirement in 1999. Jane and John, of Palos Park, Il, a suburb of Chicago have three children and six grand-children.

¹ *It seems like we always called it Lago Colony and Colorado Point. That's probably due to the development of vernacular reference names and efforts to sharpen the image of the colony.*

The Bennett S. Whitney Story

(Correction: This story was misidentified as “The George & Florence Wilkin Story” in the First Book. That story is hereby reprinted with the title corrected to read as shown above.)

I arrived in Aruba on April 2, 1945. I traveled on board the S/S *Princessa* in a 128 ship convoy from England to New York and it was a 21 day trip. This trip was arranged by Anglo-American Oil Company. I traveled from New York to Miami by train; from Miami to Curacao via a Lockheed; and via a Tri-motor Fokker (Snipe) from Curacao to Aruba.

My first assignment in Lago was as Shift Leader in Laboratory No.1 (Oil Inspection Laboratory). Then I became Chemist in Laboratory No.2 (Analytical Laboratory). Next I was Group Head B. and then Group Head A in the same Laboratory. Before I retired in 1974 I was director of all laboratories including Laboratory No. 3 (Development).

Hazel and I were married in Dublin on March 18, and arrived in Aruba May, of 1948. Bungalow 506 was our first temporary home in the Colony. Interestingly enough one of the first neighbors of the Whitney family in Aruba lived just two doors down this street. Louis G. Lopez lived in 509 and Jim L. Lopez lived in 510.

In October of 1950 Hazel and I traveled from New York to Aruba on the tanker, s/s *Chattanooga*. This was after a trip to California to visit my parents. Howard Garig who later went to work for Lago was an engineer on this ship.

Our daughter, Moira was born in the Lago Hospital on July 23, 1952. She attended the Lago schools through the 9th grade. The Lago High School had been discontinued so she went to a preparatory school in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

On the south side of the island the sand was mostly white coral. On the North shore of the island the beaches were covered with pebbles and coral sand. The coral sand was produced over centuries by the parrot fish, which eat live coral - digested the living part and excrete the shells as a fine powder. The local name for the parrot fish is "caca belly", which refers to the sand excreted by the fish.

Rainfall averaged 19.6 inches a year, but varied from 10 to 40 inches. Rainfall seems to run in cycles which closely followed sunspot cycles.

Humidity and temperature records at Beatrix Airport in Oranjestad give us the following averages for 1969. At around 5:00 a.m. the temperature was around 78.8 degrees Fahrenheit and the humidity was 83%. At 1:00 p.m. the temperature was 87.26 degrees Fahrenheit and the humidity was 65.4%. The temperatures were obtained with a dry bulb thermometer.

The coldest was 76.64 degrees Fahrenheit at 5:00 a.m. in September. The hottest was 91.58 degrees Fahrenheit at 2:00 p.m. in June. Higher temperatures have been noted during hurricane season. This is when the trade winds die. When you put on a clean shirt it is soaking wet with perspiration before you get it buttoned.

We fished with look-boxes. Local fishermen fished in 90 fathoms. They used a heavily weighted line having multiple hooks. They retrieved the line over a pulley in the bow of their boat. It took about 15 minutes to retrieve the baited end of the line. Small fish netted at the shoreline was used as bait.

Arthur Whitney caught an 8 foot shark just outside of the Baby Lagoon and kept it tied up at the T-dock near the swimming area at Rodger's Beach. For a week he brought it out of the water for picture taking. He charged 50 cents for this service.

Jan Moller lived in Bungalow 64 before we moved in. He had orchids growing in the patio and on the cliff behind his patio. Then we got interested when we moved in and also had quite a collection. These orchids obligingly bloomed every year when we had our St. Patrick's Day cocktail party we had every year. Nell and Odis Mingus also had an orchid collection at Bungalow 69. The Beermans also had a collection in Bungalow 52. Russ Ewing also was another avid orchid grower.



The Margie Carrell Pate Story

GROWING UP IN PARADISE

My Aruba story must start back in 1932. My father, Dr. Russell C. Carrell was just finishing his surgery residency at the University of Chicago Cook County Hospital. He was engaged to my mother who had come from Olewein, Iowa to study nursing at Augustana Nursing Program in Chicago and had met my Dad while working in the hospital. The depression was on-going as my father finished and needed to look for a position that would provide for him and a new wife. He received information regarding a position on the island of Aruba from Standard Oil of New Jersey. His uncle, Dr. Nelson Percy, who was a professor at Rush Medical School in Chicago, told him to investigate it as they were paying REAL money...not the exchange of chickens, eggs, vegetables, etc. that so many physicians were getting at this time back in Iowa. My father took the train to New York to interview. They told him that they would send him and my mother by tanker to Aruba after their wedding and if they liked it, he could sign a contract, and if not, he had gotten a free honeymoon. That is what they did and my father stayed not only the 3 years he signed the contract for, but for 26 more. He started out at the clinic near the refinery serving not only as a surgeon, but also as a general medical doctor and doing obstetrics. As the colony grew so did the medical staff and my father moved into his specialty area of general surgery exclusively. At the start of WWII, he was in the operating room when they came in and told him that when he finished that case, he was to come up to administration as he was to be the new Medical Director of Standard Oil. My father replied "How can that be, as we already have a director?" That was how he learned that the Germans had invaded Holland. The company had to quickly put the current medical director who was German on a tanker to Europe as the island police were rounding up all the Germans on the island to put them in jail.

My parents had one of the first sets of twins in the colony, my sisters Nancy and Ruth. My mother had complications with this pregnancy and returned to Illinois to give birth. My sister Russeen was born next, also in Illinois, but this time my mother had a routine pregnancy so in 1949 my father and she felt that she could deliver in Aruba. So I was delivered by Dr. Borbonus in the new Lago Hospital giving me the privilege of an Aruban Birth Certificate.

Growing up in Lago Colony seemed so normal to all of us, but now I know that it was an unusual experience. It seemed normal to us to have a “gated entrance”, to have gardeners, maids, nannies and the ever important “Colony Service” who was there anytime something broke to fix it. And didn’t everyone get moved out of their house every 3 to 5 years so it could be completely redone and then moved back into it. Didn’t everyone have superior schools, with only the most qualified teachers? I look back now and realize what a wonderful education I had. I do remember how all our textbooks had math problems in U.S. money and how my Dad had to get American dollars and change to help me understand the problems as all I had experience with were Guilders and Esso Club coupons. Then there was Mrs. Trudy Ward, our teacher, who would bring a cake and her Spider monkey to school if our class all made “A” on our weekly spelling test. Oh how we would work with our class mates to make this happen as the cake was good, but having the monkey at school for a day was fabulous. And who didn’t have water at school as good as that ice cold water that came out of the fountains. Little did I know at the time that it was distilled and that many years later the island would realize its value also when it decided to make Balashi beer thus creating a new industry for the island and a cooling delicious drink for all the tourists.

Some might wonder what there was to do on such a small island, but our lives were full of new adventures daily. And there is something to be said for being able to leave school each day and head directly for Rodger’s Beach and the blue Caribbean Ocean 365 days of the year!! I especially remember Mrs. Mawby and her skating classes, girl scouts with Mrs. Wilkie and Mrs. Mawby as our leaders, the Summer Recreation Programs, the celebration each year on the Queen’s Birthday, Friday evening, Saturday and Sunday movies at the Esso Club, walking the pipes that ran over the coral and also making slides out of the ones that went down the cliffs, eating sea grapes and sea almonds and cactus flowers when in season (And the fabulous limes on the neighbor’s tree that we would sneak!) and playing in the caves and cliffs behind the tennis courts while finding all the balls the adults were to lazy too search for.

There were picnics and the dunes to slide down at Sea Grape Grove, gatherings at the picnic grounds in the Colony, snorkeling behind the dog graves and in Baby Beach (Oh, how glad we were when we were old enough to leave Baby Beach and swim at Rodger’s Beach!), goats to visit at French Mans Pass, shopping trips to St. Nicolas and Oranjestad, gold to be found at the old gold mines, crystals that caught the bright

Aruba sky to be had at crystal mountain, quiet times at the “other side of the island” at Alto Vista Chapel, and shell hunting on the beaches between Palm Beach and the California light house. When I return and see all the hotels, restaurants, and paved roads, I remember a time when we had to drive two - lane roads and then dirt roads for several miles just to get to these beaches to shell hunt. Now there is not a shell to be found since as soon as one appears on the white sand, one of the thousands of tourists picks it up and claims it as their own.

One very important day in our lives was Sunday. I am thankful for the strong Christian values and faith that I learned early on in the Colony. I can not remember a time when I was not in Sunday school in one of the open-air rock classrooms that lined the gardened hill from the church to the lower road. I still have the beautiful bookmarks that we were given when we memorized psalms or verses. Then it was on to services in the church with Rev. Evans preaching.

Holidays were times to be celebrated by all. Since for many years, Aruba was reachable only by boat, and later by propeller planes, most families could not have their relatives with them to share holidays. What this did was make all the Colony families create relatives-friends to share those special days with. I grew up with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hillstead and Mr. and Mrs. Ev Biddle always sharing holiday dinners with us. A holiday celebration without them would have seemed very strange indeed! Christmas was one of my favorite holidays and as “Colony Kids” we had the best of both worlds.... We celebrated the Dutch holiday by putting our Wooden Shoes out for St. Nicholas and Black Peter to fill with goodies. Then we hung stocking with the assurance that Santa Claus would come by with his reindeer and leave gifts and goodies. And what a special day it was when it was announced that the ship had arrived with our Christmas trees and we got to go to the American Legion to pick one out. School took a back seat on that day as everyone knew that children could not be in school when the job of picking out the “best” Christmas tree in the colony for your house was more important!! As if this was not enough, we also celebrated “Boxing Day” in Aruba. This was a day when everyone fixed sweets and desserts and the day was spent visiting friends and eating all the goodies that had been prepared. As a child who did not have to think or care about calories, this was “Food Heaven”.

In the summer of 1960, my father retired and we moved to Orlando, Florida. I left with many tears and a heavy heart. Little did I know how difficult the relocation would be. My parents who had always had the company to depend on did not investigate the elementary school in

Florida and registered me in a 6th grade class of 38 students. To make matters worse, my teacher also served as the principal of the school!!! So I spent a year of learning nothing. They played games in school using the commercials off TV. Since Aruba did not have TV broadcasts at the time we left, I did not know any of the TV commercials and was made fun of by both my classmates and my teacher! I also did not know the Pledge of Allegiance or the words to the Star Spangled Banner. The fact that I knew the Dutch National anthem did not seem to impress them!! I lived through this year somehow and over the years have managed to finally feel like an actual American citizen, but in my heart I know where my true home is and always will be: That small desert island named Aruba.



The Doctor Carrell Family-

The Doctor and Mrs. Russell Carrell, Ruth, Nancy, Russeen & Margie

Photo courtesy Margie Carrell Pate

The Eugene R. Williams, M. D. Story

(only son of Dr Eugene W. & Ethel Williams)
Memories of Aruba 1946-47

HOW IT BEGAN — OUR TRIP TO ARUBA

Late in 1945, my Dad, a medical doctor, was working for the naval base at Port Hueneme, Calif. He saw an ad in some medical journal that doctors were needed in some far-off island called Aruba. He applied and was accepted, and with a mixture of excitement and apprehension concerning the unknown, we prepared to go. In mid January, 1946, we traveled up to San Francisco, and from there, we took a Pullman sleeper train all the way across the U. S. A. to Miami, which took several days. My parents had looked forward to lingering in Miami for a day or two and were a little disappointed to learn that our flight to Aruba was early the next day, Jan. 16, 1946.

We flew a two-propellor KLM plane, I presume a DC-3, my first flight. There were only two seats on each side of the aisle. We flew at 12,000 feet. That was before the days of pressurized cabins, and our ears really felt the altitude changes. Descending was the worst. My dad taught me to hold my nose and blow gently to force some air through the Eustachian tube to equalize the pressures during descent. When successful, one would feel a little pop, instant relief of the discomfort, and suddenly could hear a lot better. The nice stewardesses handed out little complimentary cardboard boxes of Chicklets (two per box, peppermint flavor), since chewing helps to open the Eustachian tube. From that low altitude, we were fascinated by the multiple shades of blue (representing varying depths of water) surrounding the islands we would fly over. In those days, we flew directly over Cuba on our way to our one stop at Kingston, Jamaica. We thought we had finished flying over Cuba when we came across another land mass, which puzzled us for a while until we checked our map and saw that a direct line from Miami to Kingston took us across Cuban territory twice (due to the peninsula which juts to the west from the southernmost coast of the island).

Our one stop during the all-day flight was at Kingston, which was

halfway to Aruba. As I recall, the airport was on one side of a bay and the city was across the water. We lingered in a large hanger-like building for a while, then continued on our way.

On the flight down, I was reading the *Saturday Evening Post* section called “*Postscripts*,” which was then featuring a series of spoonerisms by someone called Colonel Stupnagel (sp?) entitled “Asops Feebles.” Shortly after joining the 4th grade, we were meeting in the auditorium on the 2nd floor of the elementary school and taking turns standing before the class giving spontaneous talks on anything we chose. I told the story of “The Mion and the Louse,” which drew a lot of laughs.

Once we landed in Aruba, we climbed down the steps onto the runway and were met by a nice man who drove us along the coastal road to our first encounter with the “colony.” I was one month short of nine years old, and it seemed like a very big and wonderful place.

THE BEGINNING OF OUR STAY

The first few days in the “colony,” we lived in a room which I recall as part of a row of units which reminded me of a motel. This was not far from the refinery gate, and inspection of colony maps from that time leads me to believe it was probably the Bachelor Quarters. We ate in the Esso Dining Hall, and I recall that we were served by a nice black waiter in a white uniform and the hot chocolate was especially good. My mother did some sunbathing and got severely burned and was ill with “flu-like” symptoms. After a while, we got deeply tanned and used to the sun. We never heard of sun screen then. I don’t have skin cancer yet. At first, I was reluctant to wear short trousers, since I wasn’t used to it, but soon the weather and the desire to fit in with my new friends prevailed.

We next lived in a temporary bungalow along the street that ran from the area of the refinery gate along the Big Lagoon, I believe #7 (Judging from available maps, either my memory is flawed, or this bungalow was removed or renumbered at some point.) Later we moved to our permanent bungalow #335.

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL

From the 4th grade classroom, we could look out to the sea where there were always lots of oil tankers lined up waiting their turn to come in and offload their cargo of crude oil. There were Dutch and a few British students together with us Americans, and at the beginning of each day, we sang the Dutch, British, and American national anthems, in that order. During recess, we played a marble game called “pots.” We dug little holes in the dirt, and if you flicked your marble and it went into the

hole, you could then shoot from the edge of the hole, and if you could hit someone else's marble, you claimed it as yours. Shortly after arriving in Aruba, I got a bike and rode it to and from school. We never bothered putting locks on our bikes in Aruba.. I had to ride against the trade winds going home and often carried books with no basket. I thought it was quite an accomplishment when I learned to ride with books in one hand while standing up to pump against the trade winds holding the handlebars with the other hand.

In the fifth grade, we had a "white elephant sale." There was a contest to draw the best poster for the sale. There was a mimeographed publication called the *Ink Spots* to which we all contributed something. It included grades 4 through 6, and later at reunions, I learned that there was a similar publication for grades 1 through 3. I contributed a poem about the "Little Lagoon," (now "Baby Beach"), where my dad taught me to swim. We began to learn Spanish in the 5th grade. There was a Christmas play in 1946 about toys coming to life at night. I had a minor part in the chorus. Berry Schendstok was to play the wooden soldier. One day before the performance, he was taken ill with something like the flu. The music teacher who was directing the play came into our 5th grade classroom, spoke to Ms. Mulholland, our teacher, and I was excused to spend the next 24 hours cramming to learn the part to substitute for Berry.

Jack Wiley sat in the middle of the back of the room and often was reading "Hardy Boy" books during study periods. Later, in one of his "Phenomena, Comments, and Notes" section of the *Smithsonian* magazine, of which, as John P. Wiley, Jr., he was an editor, he mentioned how he had always been an avid reader. I could personally vouch for that. He got me interested in these books by Franklin W. Dixon about Frank and Joe Hardy, and by the time I left Aruba in 1947, I had read all 26 of them written up to that point. We bought them in San Nicholas, I believe at the *Aruba Trading Center* there.

It seems that there were some steps leading from the school yard down a little hill toward the lagoon, and partway down on the left was a magazine stand run by a nice lady, where we bought comic books. Comic books then, such as *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories*, *Looney Tunes and Merry Melodies*, etc., cost 10 cents and were all 52 pages with no advertising. By the time we left Aruba, I had quite a collection and regretted not being permitted to take them. They would be quite valuable now.

MEMORIES OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

Sunday School was held in the elementary school and was in two parts. For the first part, we all assembled in the auditorium on the second floor, where we sang hymns. There were certain hymns that I remember we sang often, including “Love Lifted Me” (“I was sinking deep in sin, far from the peaceful shore...”), “Follow the Gleam” (“To the knights in the days of old...”), and “The Old Rugged Cross” (which ended with the words “...and exchange it someday for a crown.”) I sometimes wondered if it was referring to a British coin!

The second part consisted of individual classes, presumably by age, which were held in the various rooms in the single story diagonally oriented row of classrooms separated from the main building.

MEMORIES OF THE TEMPORARY ESSO CLUB

It was the only club I knew, since we arrived in Aruba after the old club burned and before the new one was built. Proceeding from the direction of the refinery and school, it was just past the Commissary and across a field from where the Cub Scouts met. The walls were of corrugated metal. Entering at the near corner, one came into a long hallway which ended in a dining room, where there was also a soda fountain, where we would get malted milks. Soon after entering, one came to a hall which went off to the left leading to the other side of the club, the street side, where my dad used to drink and gamble (mostly craps). Halfway down that hall was the place where we bought our Esso coupons as well as chewing gum. They had *Dulce 16*, a sort of Wrigley’s Latin American version of *Juicy Fruit* in *Chicklet* form in blue paper packages of four. There was also *PK* (13?), in a pink package and peppermint flavored. Dad bought his cigarettes there.

Halfway toward the dining room, a door on the left opened to the theater, completely enclosed by the building, open to the sky, with canvas folding chairs on a cement floor for seats. One would often see a shooting star overhead during a movie. Movies generally arrived about a year after release in the USA, cost 50 cents (two 25 cent Esso coupons), with a different movie each night. The better movies were shown Sunday night, cost 75 cents (three coupons), and were usually repeated Monday. Not long after we arrived, Walt Disney’s *The Three Caballeros* was shown. It has special significance for me, since we were now living very near South America, and it remains my all-time favorite Walt Disney movie. While we were there, they began showing adventure “serials” for us kids preceding the main feature. The first one was *The Phantom* followed by *The Desert Fox*.

MEMORIES OF CUB SCOUTS

I vaguely recall our meetings in the scout room across the field from the Esso Club. One day, we went into a cave in the colony, carrying flashlights and unwinding a ball of string as we went so we could find our way out. There were crabs running across the ground. I also recall an overnight hike to Bushiribana where we slept in pup tents. I hung out with my good friends John Dascanio and his younger brother Bob. Someone forgot to bring water, and soon we were *very thirsty!* Finally my dad and someone else I don't recall went and found some water for us. At my first Aruba reunion in 1977, I met the late Bob Borbonus, a classmate, and he recalled the incident and remarked, "I was never so thirsty in my life!"

MEMORIES OF THE LITTLE LAGOON

When I arrived in Aruba, I didn't know how to swim. Like many of us, I learned in the Little Lagoon (now "Baby Beach"), taught by my dad. I recall that near the reef on the left side, there was a large very shallow area called "pink island" due to the pink color of the sand as seen through the shallow water. There was a raft anchored in the center of the lagoon. Every so often, my friends would tell me not to swim there because a "Man 'o Ray" had gotten into the lagoon! (I later learned it's manta ray.) For me, the Little Lagoon was one of the most memorable places in the colony. When I got bolder, I swam in the big lagoon and jumped off the diving boards.

MEMORIES OF OUR BUNGALOWS

One of the fascinating facts about our bungalows was that they "stood on oil pots" to keep bugs out. Actually, homes stood on pillars, each of which had a little sort of moat going all the way around it filled with oil. For the same reason, the steps to the porch were separated from the porch by a small gap. We could and did crawl under the bungalows.

In our living room, we had a short wave radio, which we used to listen to live Joe Louis fights. There was a long dining table. The doctors met regularly to play cards, sometimes at our bungalow and would sit around the table and play various types of poker and a game called "red dog." We kids often drank *Kool Aid*, made from variously flavored powders in thin paper packets put into a glass, add ice, water, sugar, and stir. It sure tasted good after running and playing in the Aruba sun. The undissolved sugar at the bottom was always a treat at the end. For milk, we drank *KLIM*. On a recent trip to Aruba, I saw that it is still available.

Our household goods arrived in large wooden crates addressed to us

at “Aruba, D. W. I.” as it was known then (later N. W. I., then N. A., and now with status aparte, it’s simply Aruba, Dutch Caribbean). With the empty wooden crates to play with and memories of my first flight fresh in my mind, I, with the help of some friends, got busy with hammer and nails and fashioned a sort of airplane out of it. It was big enough to sit in, and I have a picture of me sitting in it in our driveway. We had ambitious thoughts of powering it with a battery and propellor and flying in it. My father, wanting to keep us at least a little bit in touch with reality, pointed out that our plans were probably not aerodynamically feasible. So we decided to see if it would glide. We hauled it up onto the top of our garage. Again my dad suggested that we should test it without a passenger first, and fortunately we saw the wisdom in that. Of course, its maiden voyage was its last. When we pushed it off the edge, it took a *very steep trajectory and ended up in many pieces*. Again, at my first Aruba reunion 40 years later, Bob Borbonus said, “I remember that little plane!”¹

OTHER MISCELLANEOUS MEMORIES

In the summer of 1946, some of us kids (principally John Dascanio and I with the help of some others) decided to put on a sort of carnival. We couldn’t decide on the most appropriate name, so we decided to cover all the bases and called it the “Circus-Carnival-Show.” We had comedy acts, magic tricks, animals (incl. a large sea turtle, hermit crabs, and a rabbit), and refreshments. John Dascanio told about it in his contribution to the 1946 *Ink Spots*.

I don’t recall who gave us the sea turtle. I named it Tortuga. There’s a picture of me holding it at the “Circus-Carnival-Show.” It lived in our garage. It would eat anything. Every day, it would wander off, and we wouldn’t see it all day, then by evening, it would return to the garage. One day, it didn’t return. We never knew what happened to it. Maybe it met with some mishap, or found another owner, or maybe it had been searching for the sea and finally found it.

One lady from Argentina started Spanish classes in her bungalow. I recalled her name as Mrs. Smith, but I have been told that is incorrect. I was the only non-adult at first, then a girl about my age also started attending. I can’t recall who it was. Later, we studied Spanish in school (5th grade).

We would occasionally drive to Oranjestad to shop. The road went along the coast the entire way. That was before part of it was rerouted inland to allow the runway to be extended into the bay to lengthen it for

¹*Sorry, Gene, the picture couldn’t be fixed enough to print here.*

jet airplanes (it being impossible to extend the runway inland). We saw lots of goats along the way, once saw one completely up in a divi divi tree eating the leaves. Sometimes we would drive farther to palm beach for a picnic. At that time, it consisted only of beach, palm trees, and a little sort of hamburger stand.

On July 4, fireworks were sent up from somewhere between the lagoons (before the new ESSO Club), and sometimes we kids would try to get too close to get a look.

Behind the Little Lagoon was a sort of cliff, and a pipe ran along the bottom. Iguanas often liked to sun themselves on it. If you got too close, they would crawl into their hiding place in the rocks. There were small lizards everywhere in the colony. If one was ever fast enough to catch one by the tail, it would just drop its tail and keep running.

Once I was walking with an older boy in the open area between the bungalows and the hospital, and I fell and cut my knee on some coral. It was bleeding, and my friend carried me all the way to the hospital, where my Dad put a few stitches in it. I still have a scar. I wish I could remember who it was that carried me.

POST SCRIPT

When we left Aruba, it was like leaving paradise. I dreamed about it for years, finally returned with my family in 1970, again in July 1973 and did some inquiring in the colony and was put in touch with Marge Oliver, editor of the "Church Chronicle," as it was known then, learned that I had just missed the first Aruba Reunion in May, 1973. I made it to the second one in 1977. My wife Beverly couldn't go, so my mother went with me. That was her only time to return. We met Bob Lloyd and his mother and became good friends and did lots of things together. We stayed in the elegant *Aruba Caribbean*, the original name of Palm Beach's first high rise hotel built in the late 1950s. It still had an open lobby, where the trade winds blew through, causing the caprice shell chandeliers to rustle. There were more activities in those early reunions, incl. a buffet dinner at the ESSO Club hosted by Lago (later replaced by the barbecue on Rodger's Beach), a party at Casa del Mar hosted by Bob Borbonus, a buffet dinner and Bingo game at the Eagle Club (before it burned) hosted by Jim Downey (later replaced by the party at his home for all who had attended the school), a one-time party for all former colony kids at the home of Xenia Sriberg Swarz (1977), and fascinating speeches by former CEO Frank Griffin about the history of Lago at the farewell banquets (I wish I had recorded them). Sometimes a caravan of cars was organized which drove around the island.

The next reunion I got to was the fourth one in 1984. We changed planes in Miami and met other Lagoites there. We flew to Aruba on *ALM* (the very nice Antillean little brother of KLM), and as we took off, Steve Fremgen said, “We’re going home!” That impressed Beverly, my wife, who was on her way to her first reunion. We’ve made it to every Aruba reunion since and, despite Beverly’s severe stroke of March, 2002, we plan to continue for as long as we can.



Mary Griffith on the left standing and Cozette Millerman standing on the right. No names given for the others or the dog

Photo courtesy Mary G. Lopez

LAGO COLONY HOUSING

BUNGALOW ASSIGNMENT RECORDS

ARMSTRONG, J.

#45-5 ~ 11/2/36 to September 19, 1957 Retired.

(One of the famous characters who worked in the Power House. He was an Engineer on a tanker that was one of the original depot ships back there in 1926. He was famous for his jokes.)

AUER, J. F. X.

#104 ~ 8/18/36 to February 14, 1952 (Was head of the Dining Hall. He was a German and it was common practice to refer to the Dining Hall as Joe Auer's Chop House.)

BELL, N. M.

#508-4 ~ 8/1/42 to November 4, 1955 (Shows they did live next door to us. I have heard from her at Christmas. He worked in the Marine Department and died some years ago. I have written to her for their story.)

CASALI, A. J.

#112-3 ~ 5/8/56 to September 13, 1962¹ (He was an Engineer in the Engineering Department, and later was a Power House Supervisor. We ran into him again in Spain.)

CASSELL, J. J.

#88-4 ~ 9/4/42 To February 6, 1949. Rent \$36/month. Took early retirement - quit. ("Grandpa Cassell" to us kids.)

DAHL, T. M.

#111 3 (I think Pa left something out here.)

DE LANGE, J.

#480-5 ~ 10/10/49 to July 4, 1959. Retired (He is a very good friend.

He and I worked together in the Instrument Department until he transferred to the Training Department. We were both active in the Instrument Society of America. See his story.)

DODGE, E. L.

#364-5 ~ 11/15/39 to December 13, 1948. (I think his last housing move was not recorded for some reason. He retired in 1964 I believe.

¹ This appears a little early according to Malcolm Murray.

According to Davidson he received a very good settlement - I remember seeing something about that in Davidson's story.)

DORWART, R. V.

#114-3 ~ 10/7/39 to February 2, 1965. Rent \$27.50

(He left the company and we have the story of Edna Dorwart Seitz, his wife. Ginger Bassett is his daughter. She is editor of the *Aruba Chronicle*.)

DRAKE, C

#106-3 ~ 10/18/43 to April 1, 1958. (He was an electrician who became quite involved in amplifiers and sound systems during an era when a number of us were so involved. I remember he had a 15 inch speaker in his system and he cut a hole in his living room closet door and installed the speaker there for a very good effect. At the time he was living in one of the 3-room houses on "Bird Cage Row." I believe he had English forefathers.)

DREW, O. L.

#507-4 ~ 9/9/38 to February 27, 1951. (Ora was a next door neighbor of L. G. Lopez. L. G. told some stories about activities in that bungalow while Ora's wife was gone during WWII.)

DUDLEY, W. K.

#440-4 ~ 9/23/43 to August 3, 1944. Transferred to Creole Venezuela.(Davidson mentions him in his story. He used to work with us in the Instrument Department. . . Always had some screwball scheme on the fire. His little six year old daughter got her arm caught in the wringer of their washing machine and they had quite a time with that. I remember them telling stories about him and some of his escapades when he worked in Amuay Bay Venezuela.)

ERNESTI, W.

#260-4 ~ 8/20/35 to May 12, 1952. (Drowned at Boca Prins one Sunday afternoon; got caught by the undertow. He was a very German type of fellow who was born in Argentina I believe. I think he transferred to Aruba from there. He was a very strict disciplinarian on the job. At the time he was Superintendent of the Warehouse. This was a pretty responsible job especially during WWII.)

FREY, F.

#113-3 ~ 10/20/43 to 11/15/46. (Ferdie was a good friend of L. G. Lopez. Ferdie was in the Engineering Department.)

GORDON, H.

#83-5 ~ 10/12/43 to May 2, 1957. Retired. (Harry was an American

born of Scottish parents. He was one of our characters. He imitated the famous Harry Lauder who was well known performer during our early days. He used to play the bagpipes and dance in his kilts at the Club House during theatrical productions. He was also quite active in the Lago Post No 1 of the American Legion. He wrote a lot for the Pan Aruban. We have lots of material on him.)

HARRIS, L. G.

#506-4 ~ 10/30/40 to April 26, 1955. (This was a Hungarian guy who used to work for Louis G. "Louie" Lopez in the Gas Plant. I believe he started out working as an assistant operator in the High Pressure Stills. Billie Sue Miller Lewis of Baytown told about him being a tutor for her father who never finished the 3rd grade. Apparently Harris was a lawyer back in his home country before coming to Aruba. I have a picture if him. He was a kind of slow moving guy and not too sharp of an operator.)

HOGLUND, K. A.

#504-4 ~ 7/13/38 to August 26, 1956. (Was of Swedish parents. He was a First Lieutenant in the Lago Watching Department. He was assistant to Chief Gilbert Brook. We have a story about him.)

HUMPHREYS, W. H.

#233-4 ~ 3/30/43 to September 16, 1962. Retired. Rent \$41/month. (This is "Hump" who lived in Clear Lake. I have about 25 tapes that I made of interviews with him. I am working on transcribing these. I still have contact with Helen, his wife, and Sue, his daughter. He is one of my main characters.)

JOHNSON, R. A.

#105-3 ~ 11/5/43 to November 1, 1945

JONES, S. C.

#511-4 6/12/46 to January 25, 1949. (This was Sheldon Jones who lived across the street from us when we lived in Bungalow #510. His little boy's name was Denny. She was the sister of Charlie Smith, who was the Industrial Relations Manager when I transferred to Colombia. Sheldon was a Lieutenant in the Navy and a P.T. Boat Commander during WWII in the Pacific. In Aruba he worked in Personnel in the Marine Department. I remember looking out of our back gate one day and seeing Sheldon and another guy from the Personnel putting together a galvanized water line from the faucet at the back of his house. They were going to connect it to a "Wet" bar they were putting together in their patio. I could look into their patio. They had this Rube Goldberg looking bunch of piping that had an elbow in it. I went over to see what

they were doing. I found they had no unions and no pipe wrenches. They were trying to use crescent wrenches to put this pipe together. And there were no unions so they had this awkward piece of line. I brought pipe wrenches, unions, etc and showed them how to put in their line. I was thinking at the time, "*He became Commander of a PT Boat?!*")

KEESLER, E. K.

#502-5 ~ 5/6/49 to July 31, 1955. (I think he left the company at that time. I have some material from his son. He was an operator and then was put in charge of the company Laundry where he apparently did a good job. Gene Goley mentions Eugene Keesler in his story.) ²

KLEPETCO, E.

#86-4 ~ 10/19/48 to March 8, 1949. (He worked in the Equipment Inspection Department. He died some years ago. His wife, Kay, was the niece of Paul Baldwin, one of our characters of the early days. I tried to get his story and she was going to help me, but then things fell apart and he died. His son wrote something, but I never had enough to do a good story on him. I think she is in a nursing home now.)

LEGORE, C. R.

#107-3 ~ 3/24/44 To December 17, 1945. (He was an operator in the Sweetening Plant in the Light Oils Division.)

LOPEZ, J. L.

#343-4 ~ 8/9/40 to February 16, 1946. Moved. Rent \$36.00/mo. (At the time we lived here, Ed and Eleanor Harris lived across the street in Bungalow #347. It was also a corner house bordered by 7th Street and 5th Avenue. Our bungalow number was changed to 345 as shown on the Colony map, 7-16-58 revision. Gary (Buckey), Mikey, Elna and Myrna lived in 347. This is where we lived during WWII. Our son Michael was born while we lived here. Scotties and the U. A. Artillery boys used to visit us here.) #510-5 ~ 2/16/46 to June 4, 1952. Moved to #366-5 ~ 6/4/52 to June 24, 1955. Transferred to Intercol in Barrancabermeja, Colombia.

LOPEZ, L. G.

#509-5 ~ 8/13/38 to October 5, 1953. Retired

MACCERN, J

#476-5 ~ 2/28/48 to April, 1949. Suicide.

MARVICK, J. B.

#365-5 ~ 9/29/52 to October 1, 1960. Moved to #368 ~ 10/1/60. (I believe that was when he retired. This is the family whom we knew

² *This material was lost at the time of the First Book, but has been found by his son who re-sent it for putting in this Second Book*

when we lived in #366. He died many years ago. His wife, Pearl, came to our reunions. Connie, an old buddy of yours, still remembers how you gave him a pigeon one time when you had the pigeons on top of garage. He was in the National Guard and then got out and went to work somewhere. It didn't pan out so he went back into the Guard and I believe he became a sergeant. He died in October, 1990 of cancer. His mother was at the October Clearlake Reunion.)

MEISENHEIMER, W. E.

#364-5 ~ 11/13/52 to September 18, 1952. Moved to #1556-5 ~ 9/18/52. (I think I have some of his story. They live in Tyler, Texas. We receive Christmas cards from them every year. I have to check up on this.)^{3,4}

PARISI, F. G.

#110-3 ~ 4/20/45 to October 20, 1958.

ROGERS, CHESTER. R.

#512-5 ~ 10/28/43 to May 8, 1964. Retired. (Chet was one of the last to retire. As you can see he was our next door neighbor when we lived in #510. I see them at the reunion every year. I couldn't seem to get either Chet or Marilyn, his wife, give me their story. See Phillip their youngest son at the reunions. I think Mike is out in New Zealand and Joyce is in Chicago.)⁵

SEMMENS, HORACE JOHN

#364-5 ~ 2/7/49 to October 15, 1952. Left the company. (He went to Lago High School and used to play the guitar. His father, John, was an operator in the Light Oils Department. He later worked in the Gas Plant for L. G. who took a shine to him. Mary's sister, Phyllis, was his first wife. They lived in San Diego, California during the war while he was in the Navy. He lived in north Houston. We met his second wife Gertrude, a Dutch lady, when we had our 50th Wedding Anniversary party. I still have to sit down with him and get his story. Have been meaning to get over to his house. He has a house in Colorado where he sees Barry every year, I believe.)

SONNEVELDT, S.G.

#92 ~ 8/27/41 to September 1, 1957. Retired
(These were Dutch people we knew in Aruba. Their boy was the same age as Victor I believe. He was in the Boy Scouts and he thought he was

³ *In a Bungalow # the "-5", for example, means it is a 5 room bungalow.*

⁴ *No material was found on the Meisenheimer family.*

⁵ *This deadlock faded: His family story appeared in the First Book.*

American for a long time. We visited them one time when she had her parents there from Holland and they were celebrating their 40th(?) Wedding Anniversary. Mom memorized a short Happy Anniversary speech in Dutch to say at their celebration. "Sonny" died some years ago. She was going to write something, but she may be in a nursing home now.)⁶

(Copied from Administrative Services card index files by J. L. Lopez during his visit of March 1985, as is the editor's note below.)

⁶ The above records are mainly to fix dates when people were first given housing, and when they retired. I didn't have enough time to record all the information. I just accidentally ran across this information when I was browsing around on my visit to Gene Goley's office in the Colony Services building when I visited there in 1985.



Early Lago Colony bungalow. Sure glad they went to using stucco painted in pastel colors.

Photo source unknown. Believed to be J.L. Lopez

Captain Robert Rodger Story

Mr. Newton remained in charge until March 1930 when he was loaned to the Mexican Eagle Oil Company for the construction of a refinery in Mexico City. He was relieved here by Mr. J. A. Toubkin, who remained until January 1931, when he left to go on leave preparatory to taking over the Managership of the Mexico City plant on its completion. After Mr. Toubkin's departure, Mr. B. J. Vavasour, chief engineer, took over the Managership. The work in Mexico City having been completed, Mr. R. W. F. Newton returned to Aruba in December 1931.

During 1929 a small hospital under the charge of Dr. A. F. Dussenbroek, was built and fully equipped on a property nearby the Company's concession. This at present has accommodations for 16 patients nominally but is capable of taking more, if necessary.

Ed. Note: The advent of the Lago Companies marked the beginning of a new era for Aruba, an era that was destined to make this little Island one of the most important shipping centers among the many that dot the Caribbean Sea from Florida and the Gulf of Mexico east and south to South America. And who is in better position to give us the story of the transformation of San Nicholas Bay and this end of the Island than Capt. R. Rodger? In his own words:

SAN NICHOLAS BECOMES OIL TRANSFER TERMINAL

In the year 1924, there was an operating company in Lake Maracaibo called the British Equatorial Oil Company and in that year, the Company sold out its rights to the Lago Petroleum Corporation, who immediately increased their holdings. At the time it took over the British Equatorial Oil Company, the Lago was really a producing company in Lake Maracaibo but had no means of moving its oil other than by selling to outside companies. The Lago's first objective when it took over the British company was to obtain the necessary small vessels to transport crude oil of its own production from Lake Maracaibo and about July of that year the two small ships SS "Francunion" and SS "Inverhampton" were sent out from England to inaugurate the oil transportation service.

In the meantime, Capt. Rodger and Mr. J. O. Boyd were sent out by

the company which then owned the Lago Petroleum Corporation to endeavour to secure a terminal in Curacao, Paraguana, Aruba or any other suitable place. In July of 1924, Capt. Rodger and Mr. Boyd were joined at Curacao by Capt. W. Clark, now of the Venezuelan Gulf Oil Company at Maracaibo but then associated with the Lago. Their object was to find the most suitable terminal site, having in mind that not only the immediate needs had to be met but every consideration had to be given to future expansion because of the established fact that Lago owned a valuable piece of producing property in Venezuela and had every reason to expect their oil venture to expand. Curacao was investigated to see if any place would be suitable, as was also the coast of Paraguana in Venezuela. After these two places had been looked over thoroughly and their possibilities considered, the party decided to turn its attention to Aruba. Having some previous information as to the possibilities of San Nicholas Bay, the party proceeded to San Nicholas Bay, early on arrival in Aruba, and found accommodation in the "White House" which still stands opposite the Marine Office and is used as the refinery Common Labor Office. This was the only house at that time within easy reach of San Nicholas Bay. After about two weeks at San Nicholas studying the possibility of dredging a channel to the sea, the unanimous opinion was that this was the best place and Messrs. Rodger, Clark and Boyd confidently recommended it to the interested parties in London, feeling sure that no matter how great the expenditure required to cope with the dredging, a good channel could be found and made into the bay, and that the rest would be easy.

The land for the terminal presented an ideal site and this with other advantages the island possessed so favourably impressed Messrs. Rodger, Clark and Boyd that they decided to use all their influence to convince those who would be responsible for the large outlay of capital that San Nicholas Bay was the best location for a terminal. One outstanding advantage was that the distance between Aruba and Lake Maracaibo was considerably shorter than the run to Curacao. This difference in haulage would mean a saving in any one year of many thousands of miles for Lago's lake tankers as against others whose principal terminal was situated in Curacao.

In October 1924, it was finally decided that San Nicholas Bay would be the terminal of the Lago Interests and about that time the Lago Oil & Transport Company Limited was incorporated in Canada. Contracts were closed for the dredging of a channel thru the reef and a dredger was sent down from Charleston, S. Carolina, to begin operations. Meantime, while the work was progressing in the dredging of the channel and some

parts of the harbour, work was proceeding at a fast pace in building necessary tanks on the shore site to receive crude oil. The two small tankers mentioned started operating in November 1924, and as San Nicholas could not be opened for some time, it became necessary to place a depot ship off the town of Oranjestad, near the northwest end of the island and this depot ship, SS "Invergarry", held this station from November 1924 to July 1925. During that period the two small vessels were augmented by the arrival of the SS "Invercorrio" early in 1925, and on the arrival of that ship the Lago Shipping Company (incorporated in London) came into existence. It was apparent early in 1925 that these three small ships could not bring out the oil in sufficient quantities to meet the commitments of the Lago Oil & Transport Company Limited, and orders were given for the building of the four small tankers known here as the "Inverlago" class.

Mr. J. C. Farquharson came to Aruba, as Assistant to Capt. R. Rodger, in December 1924.

In July 1925, the interests of the British Company in the Lago companies were sold to the Pan American Petroleum Corporation. Events from that time on moved fast and efforts were re-doubled to open up San Nicholas Bay at an early date. To accomplish this further dredging equipment was sent from the United States and the engineering problems connected with the dredging and the building of the terminal were entrusted to Mr. A. M. McKean, who, with splendid foresight, initiative and ability carried the work towards completion about the middle of 1927. In 1926, Mr. McKean's staff was strengthened by the arrival of assistant engineers and other skilled men from the United States. Among the first arrivals (June 1927) was Mr. Fred Penney who had much to do with the erecting of the boilers and general machinery and who later became plant superintendent. Mr. Ralph Watson, who is now Mr. Penney's assistant, arrived in February 1925, one of his first jobs being the sounding of San Nicholas Bay.

In July 1925, the "Invergarry" was replaced by the SS "Frederic Ewing", under Capt. Jensen who is well known to almost everyone on this island and is still in charge of the vessel, now the SS "C. J. Barkdull", and for nine months the ship lay at anchor receiving oil from the lake tankers which were placed alongside for that purpose just as ships are now placed alongside the dock. Operations, of course, were not on a very large scale and there was much to contend with due to the fact that the "Frederic Ewing" was lying in practically the open Caribbean Sea. However, despite all obstacles, loading ships in this manner proceeded very satisfactorily and when one month the maximum of two

million barrels exported was reached; Capt. Rodger and his staff felt that they were doing about the best that was possible under the conditions. The "Frederic Ewing" was relieved at its station by the arrival of the SS "George G. Henry", Capt. Heckman, and this vessel acted as depot ship for almost 19 months or until San Nicholas Bay was opened up on November 17th, 1927.

By that time, the lake tanker fleet had increased from the small "Francunion" type to 12 ships of the "Inverlago" type and five others of a slightly larger capacity had been ordered.

At the opening up of the harbour on November 17th, 1927, the terminal had ready for operation eight crude tanks of 70,000 barrels capacity each with the necessary steam pumps installed which were estimated to be of a capacity around 2,500 barrels each per hour. The operating staff within the concession was accommodated in 12 houses, known as the fame houses, which still form part of the village. In those days, fresh meats, fruits, vegetables were unknown and all edibles were to be found only in cans but occasionally small luxuries were brought over by the lake tankers from Venezuela. Ice was brought over from Curacao and was usually transported in open barrels. The main staple diet was, of course, chicken, which then could be purchased at 40 to 50c Dutch. Eggs were about one to two cents each, Dutch.

While tank building was in progress, the contract for the building of the main dock was let to John Monks & Sons of New York and they carried out their part of the contract in a most expeditious manner. It may be truthfully said that there is not a better dock to be found anywhere in the West Indies.

November 17th, 1927 was a gala day and the honor fell on the SS "R. W. Stewart", Capt. Larson, to perform the opening ceremony. This ship was followed on the same day by the entry of the "Cerro Ebano", Capt. Cook, and as the lake tankers were also diverted that day from the parent ship At Oranjestad to make San Nicholas their base, it was truly a remarkable sight for all who had a hand in the undertaking and must have been more so to the inhabitants of this island to find San Nicholas Bay which they had known as a safe haven for small vessels to be now accommodating two large ocean tankers and five small lake tankers. It was soon apparent that the loading facilities were all that could be desired in the way of security for the ocean going vessels and if loading had to be speeded up it was only a question of more power and lines. This, of course, all came in turn until today it can be reckoned that at San Nicholas ocean tankers can be given a turn-around which is probably

equaled by very few ports in the oil business.

About this time a decision was reached to establish a refinery here and the advance guard for the building of this great plant arrived early in March of 1928.

Meantime the building of lake tankers had continued to meet the increased developments and in March 1928, the fleet was comprised of 17 vessels, to be further augmented during the next year by three more of larger capacity and finally by one of a larger type than all the other, the SS “Maracay”.

The foregoing, courtesy of Eileen Rodger Roberts, are excerpts from “The History of the Dutch West Indies” published in 1932 for the Pan Aruban, Chapter: “San Nicholas Becomes Oil Transfer Terminal,” pp 24 – 29.



The “T-docks” at Rodger’s Beach in 1946 while they still formed a “T.”
It was “a Mecca for swimmers and sailing enthusiasts” even then.

Photo source: *Your Aruba Home*, published 1946 by Lago Oil & Transport Company, Ltd.

The Fred & Alice Van Romondt Quiram Family Stories

FRED QUIRAM

Fred Quiram worked for Esso in N. J. as a chemist. His brother Ernie worked for Esso also. Ernie was offered a job in Aruba but did not want to go as he was thinking of getting married. He told Fred to go apply. Fred got the job and went to Aruba in 1937. He worked in the accounting office all those years in Aruba. Alix (Alice) Van Romondt Quiram was born in St. Martin, but was sent to Brooklyn, New York to her grandparents to go to a local school there because the school in St. Martin wasn't that good. When she graduated from secretary school in 1940 she went to Aruba. Her parents had moved to Aruba from St. Martin. Alice's career also included working as the secretary at the elementary school for 12 years. Alice worked in the Typing Section of the Accounting Department. She had to call Fred one day because he haven't put enough stamps on a letter to his parents in New Jersey. They were married in Aruba three months after they met.

Fred & Alice had three daughters born in Aruba:

- Kay—1943,
- Joyce—1944
- Bonnie—1946.

Fred was in Aruba until 1965 when he was caught up in the big lay off that went into effect at that time. Fred died 16 years ago. Kay also died 16 years ago.¹ Joyce married Jock Dittle who lived in Aruba also, and they had three children: Joi, Jina & Jeffrey. Jock Dittle died in 1979.

THE VAN ROMONDT FAMILY.

Lou Van Romondt was a policeman with Esso. He and Joyce's grandmother came to Aruba in 1930. He worked for them until his death

¹ *This was written in March of 2004.*

in 1956. Joyce's grandparents had a son also, named Johnny van Romondt. He worked for Aruba Trading in their Auto Department. Anyone that bought a car from Aruba Trading knew Johnny.

GOVERNOR THIELEN

Also in Joyce's family from her grandmother's side was Fritz Thielen who was governor of all the Dutch island. He was stationed in Curacao but would have to travel to all the Dutch islands in those days to check up on them. That is how Joyce's grandmother met her grandfather. Her grandfather lived in St. Martin and Fritz Thielen went there to check up on the island. Her grandfather saw her grandmother and told his parents that he had met the woman he was going to marry. They were married by proxy, as the grandmother was in Curacao at the time. It took her three months to get back to St. Martin! ²

This account of the Quiram, Dittle, et al stories provided by Joyce Dittle.

²Joyce adds: Also on my grandmother's side of the family, her sister Violet was married to Jan Beaujon who worked in the Personnel Department at Lago. Jon is Mercedes Beaujon's brother. As you can see my family ties go way back in the history of the islands.



Gene Williams and mother in front of the Williams Bungalow, No. 335

Photo courtesy Gene Williams

The Flooded Power House Pump Pit

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

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

Above information from interviews with Bill Ewart.

The Gene & Norma Keesler

Family Story

This is the story of Gene and Norma Keesler and their children: Bruce, Robert and Norene Keesler as told by Eugene Bruce “Gene” Keesler.

THE TRIP TO ARUBA

My parents came from northern New Jersey where my brother Robert and I were born. My dad worked as a salesman for the Best Foods Company where he was a branch manager. In 1942 a friend of my father by the name of Jim Brennan came back to New Jersey on vacation and told him about the wonderful jobs in Aruba. My mother always wanted to travel and talked my father into going to the New York office to apply for a job. He was hired and went down six months before us as no house was available right away. We finally took the train (the East Champion) to Miami and checked in at the Columbus Hotel. We flew to Aruba on a KLM DC-3 airplane leaving at 4:00 a.m. in the morning. Just before landing in Aruba, they put Masonite covers over all the windows, so nobody could see the island from the air as WWII was on and they did not want any German sympathizers taking pictures from the air. We landed at the old airport and Vic Schulz and my dad were there to pick us up for the ride to Lago Colony. We stayed at Bungalow 27 with the Coy Walker family until our house (Bungalow 424) was ready to occupy. Bungalow 424 was a nice two bedroom house just east of the Ladies Dormitory and not too far from Slim’s Garage. My dad built a patio and a car port and had a wall constructed in front of the house. Our neighbor on the right side was the Nick Schindeler family in 426 and on the left was Neal Rae’s family in 422. Across the Street was the Mechling family and on the corner was the McGrew family.

EARLY YEARS

My dad worked at the Cat Plant on shift work working the graveyard shift. He seemed to enjoy his work and always wore khaki clothing. After a few years, Lago asked my dad if he wanted to run the Commissary as manager since he had a background in food sales. He ran the Commissary for several years, then Lago asked him if he wanted to run the company laundry. They sent him to the National Institute of Dry Cleaning in Silver Spring as part of his training. My dad took over

Laundry Manager serving all the ships that entered the port and all of Lago Colony. In 1948, my sister Norene was born so we needed a larger house. We moved to Bungalow 1526, one of the “new houses” as they were called because they were made of pre-formed concrete. My mother never liked that type of house and so we moved to Bungalow 502 which was centrally located near the Commissary, Junior Esso Club, Youth Canteen and the Lago High School.

MIDDLE YEARS

Life was great growing up in Aruba. I always had a bike to ride and thousands of places to explore like the hospital caves, Burson’s caves and the areas around Colorado Point and the natural bridge. I learned to swim at the Baby Lagoon and always liked being around the water and watching the boats go by. When I turned 14, I joined the Sea Explorer Scouts under the leadership of Herb Schierenberg, Ira Kirkman and Gene Goley. We had a nice 35 foot boat named the “Pescador” which we used to ride around the big lagoon at Rodger’s Beach on the week-ends. I learned to operate the boat safely and Dave Massey and Bruce Kilpatrick were always ready to serve as my crew members, as we needed a minimum of three to operate the boat. I stayed in the Sea Scouts from 1951 until I graduated High School in 1955. I also enjoyed playing soccer, bowling and track.

My Brother Robert kept busy with many activities around the colony. His nickname was “Runner” as he was a very fast runner in races around the Jr. Esso Club. Robert also had a nice Monark bicycle which he rode all around the area. The only thing my sister Norene remembers about Lago was picking almonds and sea grapes and walking on the pink path in front of our house. She was age 7 when we left Aruba.

My father kept busy with the men’s bowling league¹, Masonic Lodge and the golf course. My mother was a member of the Women’s Club and the Ladies Oil Painting Class which met every Saturday morning at someone’s patio. We used to make long rides out in the Cunucu countryside to find typical Aruban houses for my Mother to paint. There was always so much to do at Lago that no one could be bored. My dad later was elected to the Esso Club Board of Governors and he organized the popular bingo games and helped bring in top entertainers from the U.S.A. to perform at the new Esso Club.

¹*It was working on these Aruba stories that I connected the old bowling pins in our attic and my father being a bowler in this league.*

LATER YEARS

In 1954, Lago started to “down-size” some of their personnel requirements, so in June 1955 my family left Aruba and transferred to the Amuay Bay Refinery in Las Piedras, Venezuela, where we lived in Adaro and Judibana. I worked in the company’s accounting department during the summers, when I came home from Gettysburg College. My father moved to Florida and bought his own laundry and dry cleaning company which he ran until his retirement in 1979. After my dad retired, he played golf five days a week until his death in 1981. My mother lived until 1992, when she passed away in Dunedin, Florida.

IN SUMMARY

The 12 years that we spent in Aruba were the most delightful years of my life. The adventure of traveling to the states on the oil tankers “Esso Aruba” the “Esso Bolivar” and the “Esso Raleigh” was fascinating and later came the Grace Line Ships, “The Santa Rosa,” The Santa Paula” and all the smaller ships like the “Santa Clara,” “Santa Maria” and the “Santa Monica.” We Lago kids are indeed fortunate to have grown up in such a nice place that created lifetime bonds of friendship. My family now makes Florida our home and we travel back to Aruba on vacation as much as possible for relaxing and remembering the good old days of Lago Colony, Aruba N.W.I. In 1996, I married the former Margo Honey, Class of 1961, Lago High School and we have been on a continuous honeymoon ever since, I am happy to say. We met at the Aruba Reunion in Tampa in 1994. Needless to say, we had our honeymoon in Aruba and stayed at Coach Jim Downey’s guest house and visited with his wife Ida Lee and his daughter, Donna Lee. We took many DePalm tours including the submarine ride and the snorkel ride to the “Antilla”. We covered the colony and Rodger’s Beach quite well and had a wonderful time.

Lago Colony

Len & Pauline Wannop Family Story

Leonard Graham Wannop was born December 26, 1921 in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. He had one brother 3 years younger. His father was the youngest of 14 children, 2 of whom died in infancy. Of the remaining 12 children 6 were born in Carlisle, Cumberland in Northern England. They immigrated to Canada in 1882, homesteading in Manitoba, where the younger 6 children were born, moving to the Nanton area south of Calgary in Alberta in 1904. Len's Dad, the youngest, was born in 1894.

LEN'S BEGINNINGS

They were all hard working family farmers. I've listened to many tales of their work on their farms such as Len and Jim herding cattle along as they moved from one farm to the next. It was not an easy time especially during the "dirty 30s". Len knew what hard work was about for his family. But they were a close knit family enjoying their community ties, picnicking, camping trips into the Rockies.

He was a Canadian Boy Scout and received the highest and most coveted award in Scouting, the King's Scout Badge. His mentor was their church minister of whom he always spoke very highly. While in High School in Westlock, he liked to do a lot of sketching and drawing for their school paper and yearbook. This was mostly in black and white as he was color blind.

HIS EDUCATION: IN SCHOOL & OUT

When he graduated from High school Len decided he wanted to do more than farming so he went to U.B.C. in Vancouver where he graduated with a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering in 1945. Of course WWII was still on so he joined the army where he received training in the C.O.T.C. at U.B.C. Later he transferred to the Navy. While staying in a boarding house in the university area, the owner let him have his room free for collecting the rent from the other boarding students. He made a deal they had to get their hair cut once a month to earn some more money. In the meantime his family moved to Vancouver as he had found a job for his Dad at Heap's Engineering.

One year during the summer holidays he worked way up north on the U.S.A. Alaska Railway Survey for trains to carry U.S. war supplies. This was through rugged, beautiful country north of Prince George in

British Columbia. Another time some of his military training was in the interior of B.C. in Vernon. The rolling hills in that area provided good training grounds for the intensive methods used to drill the troops in field tactics, etcetera, including 5-mile marches in the blistering sun. They received their pay every Monday. The daily routine marches hardened their tender feet. One of the students organized a dry canteen, and Len operated a barber's chair after hours.

LEN FINDS LAGO

As soon as Len graduated from U.B.C. he went on active sea service on the east coast out of Halifax, convoying troop ships and supplies across the Atlantic as a Stoker and Engineer Officer in the Royal Canadian Navy, Volunteer Reserve. As soon as WWII ended, he and Norm Willis (a U.B.C. grad. too) started looking for jobs. They picked up an old Model T Ford and decided to go to New York. Both still in uniform, there they both signed up with Esso Standard Oil to work in Aruba with Lago Oil and Transport.

LEN MEETS PAULINE & THEY GO TO ARUBA

At that time it was hard to find any written information about Aruba. This was about the middle of October 1945 and about the time that I came into the picture.

Both Len and I had been going to our church's young people's group that met every Sunday evening. I was just finishing my third year of nurse's training at the hospital. We nurses-in-training had to be back in our living quarters by 10 p.m. every night so I always had to leave Young People's early. As fate would have it, our group leader Gordon Couling and his wife invited Len and me to come down and visit them in their apartment one afternoon. That turned out to be the beginning of our one month of courtship before he and Norm had to leave on December 5, 1945 by train for Miami where they would sail to Aruba. He gave me my ring the day he signed out of the Navy head quarters in Stanley Park. He wrote letters to me every day for a year. After one year he decided to come home (December 3, 1945). We were married January 3, 1947 and left for Aruba about a week later.

EARLY LIVING QUARTERS

Len had rented a 2-bedroom house from a fellow whose wife had died and he had gone to the mid-east for a year. It was here I had our first experience with "creatures" living with us! It was saturated with cockroaches, and two kinds of ants: Those that liked sugar and those that liked meat. I learned the hard way, not to leave a crumb in the kitchen over night!! When we would get up in the morning there would be a

heavy trail of ants from the front door right through to the kitchen. I guess those oil pots under the house needed some attention.

HIS FIRST JOB AT LAGO

The first job Len was given that first year was sorting out a mass of blue prints in one of the office attics. That wasn't to his liking, but eventually Bill Rae took him on an orientation tour of all the zones with the idea of letting him work in the different areas.

Eventually he became a Zone Supervisor, working under John Mechling. Dear John, he and Claire were so good to us. We had invited John over for dinner one evening when Claire was up in the States. I was so embarrassed because the steaks were really tough. When he left, he said, "Well Pauline, you can now call me John." Len had an old jalopy of a car in the vacant lot next to us and was busy taking it apart and putting it together again.

GOING NATIVE

He came across this unusual bug which we'd never seen before so we put it in a jar. Yes, you guessed right, it was a scorpion! That was number 3 BUG! I took awhile adjusting to the tropical heat and constant trade winds, and I spent a lot of time reading my cookbooks to plan what to have for our next meal. One time Len went to the commissary with me, trying to decide what meat to buy. He said, "Let's try brains." Another time it was tongue. Well, I did try both of them, reading my cookbook very carefully how to prepare them. The tongue wasn't too bad, but the thought of the brains? Well, they really just tasted like scrambled eggs. I don't remember ever trying either one of them again.

MOVING EXPERIENCES

Our next "assigned" move was to one of the Quonset huts at Colorado Point: A "cozy" two-room apartment with a "very" thin wall separating us from the next apartment. Len built a cabinet on that wall where we put our radio, with storage underneath leaving just enough room for 2 folding cots which we folded up each morning and kept in one corner under another cupboard (which Len built). It had doors and 3 or 4 shelves, where we stored our blankets and all my trousseau of linens, etc. Len painted a sign "Cramped Inn", with a suitable picture underneath, and hung it above the gate of our tiny front patio. It wasn't long after we moved in that we realized that we had some more company: Termites. While sitting at our eating table by the window in the front room we noticed these long narrow tunnels making their way up the concrete brick walls to the wooden window frames with wads of gum, put there by previous occupants, blocking the tunnels. Len and I

actually took it all in our stride, getting used to living in a new and tropical environment.

However, it was nice when we finally moved into our one-bedroom house on Bird Cage Row, across the street from Larry and Patsy Engleking, the Dorwart family, and Jane and Don Kurtz. This was just nicely on time to get ready for the arrival of our first daughter, Joyce Kathleen, on June 30, 1949. Of course during all this time we were enjoying all the nice things around Aruba, our new friends, the wonderful beaches where all those hotels took over, and Len was keeping very busy at work, with hands-on, in various positions, advancing to Major Projects Zone Supervisor, Maintenance and Construction Organization.

LAST MOVE LEADS TO HOBBIES & PASTIMES

Our last move was into a 2 -bedroom house #474 on Tank Farm Road across the street from Lil and Cal Rimmer. It was great to be able to stretch out in a bigger house. Len moved the front steps from the porch over to between the living room and dining room and constructed a very nice covered patio and a small plot of grass with a shade tree which was great for Joyce with her tricycle and a swing. Len started his first carpentry shop here. During vacation time I think we spent more time in hardware stores than anywhere else. He had built all of Joy's baby furniture. The last year there he got well started building 2 grandfather clocks and finished them while we were in Venezuela. His other hobby was drawing and sketching. He did 5 or 6 of the men who were retiring, in a poster format. He'd ask their wives for a snapshot of each one and watch them for a week or two before he started to sketch them. As a result of this, one of the graduating classes asked him to do caricatures of each one of their class for their year book. It would have been '51 or '52 I think.

Len joined the Masonic Lodge in Aruba, El Sol Naciente. (I wonder if it is still active there.) When he retired in 1981 he transferred his membership to Melrose Lodge here in Vancouver and was Master of this Lodge in 1987 and 1988 and very active right up to the end.

TRANSFER TO VENEZUELA, PROMOTIONS

In 1953 Len was offered a transfer to Creole Petroleum Corporation in Cabimas, Estado Zulia, Venezuela, as Zone Coordinator. Fred and Jean Switzer also came over for a year. Then Len advanced to Construction and Repair Superintendent of the La Salina District, and on through various jobs till 1969: Assistant District Manager in La Salina and Lagunillas Districts; Mechanical Superintendent in Amuay Refinery;

and 1960-1962 as Amuay Refinery Assistant Manager. On September 3, 1962 our 2nd daughter, Antonieta Phyllis, was born 2 months prematurely in the Maracaibo Hospital. This was just when Len was starting his new job as Pipeline Superintendent in the western Division, in Tijuana. We lived in Lagunillas about 1/2 hour drive commute for Joy and Len to Tijuana to school and work. Then back to La Salina where, from 1963 to 1966, Len was Assistant manager of Industrial Operations and from 1966-1969 he was Service Operations Manager.

TRANSFER TO LIBYA AND POINTS EAST

After 15 years in Venezuela, a call came that Len had to go to Libya, another part of the world and completely different culture. We arrived April 1st and Kadafi arrived in September! As Manufacturing Manager he was there for completing construction and start-up of a 120 MBD Liquid Natural Gas (LNG), including the establishment of operating, maintenance, engineering and safety organizations for the plant. The complex also produced LPG and Naptha.

While in Libya (1969 to 1973), the Wannop family and Stan and Val Quistberg decided to have a 50 ft. sailing ketch built in Belgium. Len and Stan, with chalk in hand, chalked out the outline of a 50 ft. hull in the parking space in front of Quistberg house, imagining all the things they wanted to include aboard. They had great fun. From then on it had to be designed on the drafting board with a lot of angles and curves to facilitate all that we wanted aboard and it all grew to fruition in an old Belgian boat yard. The steel hull was all hammered-out by old time workers. Our yacht, "Maruba" (combination of Maracaibo and Aruba where our 2 daughters were born), was launched in 1975 at Niel into Ruppel R south of Antwerp and eventually docked her in Hoorn on the Ijsselmeer where we kept her.

1973 - 1977 Len was Manager of Gas and Gas Liquids for OSCO, a consortium of 13 major Oil Companies in Ahwaz, Iran. 1977 - 1981 he was General Manager of Gas Operations, ARAMCO in Dahrhan, Saudi Arabia.

RETIREMENT AT LAST

We arrived home in Vancouver in October, 1981 as retirees. He had 3 different consulting jobs between 1982 and 1984 here in B.C. We always enjoyed all the countries we were in but I think Aruba stole our hearts, I guess maybe because we were a young married couple.

BUNGALOW ASSIGNMENTS – 1952

ALPHABETICAL

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
Abadie, J J		257	Bell, N M		508
Ackel, Miss E A	Dorm	114	Benne, L E		530
Adams, F (M)		184	Benson, R (M)	SVA	2-C
Adams, J M Jr		620	Berkhout, J		430
Adamson, H A	BQ	611	Berlie, C (M)		369
Aleman, A		307	Berrisford, C		713
Allen, Miss P		244	Best, Capt T (M)		431
Amick, D F		107	Bettink, Dr. H W		520
Ammann, L,		527	Beyer, W G		633
Anderson, Capt R G (M)		172	Biddle, E		2
Anderson, G A		613	Binetti, A		603
Anderson, W C		1510	Binnion, T M		1531
Andreae, J		275	Bissell, H A		149
Anello, Joseph	BQ	624	Blyth, R C	SVA	6-D
Armstrong, E G	BQ	726	Bohannan, F L	CPA	4-B
Armstrong, E H (M)		62	Bond, C F		1523
Armstrong, J		45	Borbonus, Dr. J N		36
Ashlin, L R		273	Boros, L		198
Ashlock, H J		236	Borsch, G T	BQ	610
Aulow, J T		162	Bouten, J H		448
Axelson, K S	CPA	15-D	Bowen, R E		188
Babbs, J A	SVA	4-A	Boyack, R E		213
Babcany, E M		1545	Boyd, J M (M)		91
Baker, G G	BQ	620	Boyd, S T (M)	SVA	4-C
Baker, W F		648	Boylan, B	BQ	638
Baker, W L		511	Brace, Dr R		261
Ballard, L F		381	Brennan, M L		359
Ballard, R K		139	Breuer, B J		536
Ballouz, M A	BQ	447	Brewer, D W		315
Baluson, M C		111	Broadfoot, H	BQ	524
Barnes, D P		653	Brodine, A M	CPA	9-B
Bastian, B M	BQ	217	Brook, G B		135
Bates, M C		918	Brown, J (M)		640
Battles, D W	BQ	427	Brown, J A (M)	SVA	3-A
Baum, R C		548	Brown, R D		282
Beatson, D S		644	Brown, T C		67
Beerman, Dr. W		155	Bruce, L W		453
Begin, G D		617	Bruguiere, E A		241
Beks, H		81	Buchanan, RL		628

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
Buchanan, WL	BQ	415	Cowie, G W (M)		642
Burbage, V C		605	Craigg, Capt W (M)		58
Burchill, J J	BQ	401	Crismon, Dr L C		175
Burkard, O J		736	Crombie, Miss J M	Dorm	103
Burson, F R		344	Culver, H E	BQ	811
Busacker, R C	SVA	4-B	Cundiff, W B		243
Butchart, C S (M)		325	Curtiss, W L		205
Butler, W J	BQ 703 & 704		Cutting, K B	BQ 443 & 444	
Byington, E D		720	Cvejanovich C J		89
Cahill, J		342	Daigle, J	BQ 445 & 446	
Calvano, N M		319	Dalewski, D D	BQ	709
Carrell, Dr. R C		271	Daly, C R		437
Carroll, E R		519	Damassa, F r		143
Carter, H T		142	Damkier, J		306
Casali, A J	BQ	403	Darling, J F	BQ	416
Casey, W D		621	Dascanic		365
Cassens, F P		820	Davi.s, Miss F L	Dorm 201 & 202	
Cavell, E R		737	Davidson, M A		1563
Chalker, W R		86	Davis, J A		533
Chandler, J M (M)		49	Davison, G T (M)	SVA	3-B
Chapman, S C		540	Dawes, A (M)	SVA	1-D
Charles Martin Co	BQ	727	De Frees, N A		239
Charles Martin Co		379	De Goede, Dr R A	BQ	632
Chippendale, H		274	De Lara, J D		701
Chod, S J		177	De RRidder, M	BQ	622
Ciccarelli, F C		632	De Ruyter, Dr J		922
Clark, A M		367	De Weese, S L		343
Clark, B	BQ	640	DeBarros, A		25
Clark, Miss F	NH	1-1	Deese, W E		217
Clegg, E D		317	Degnan, Miss V C	NH	23
Clevely, E H	BQ 433&434		Dentist Office		120
Clute, T L		203	Denton, J.W		410
Coakley, W R		428	Depew, H C	BQ	215
Cock, D S (M)		619	Deroy, M		151
Cocks, C K		109	DeVuyst, P A		28
Coleman, R		206	Di Murro, B S		829
Collins, J T		1504	Dieken, M D		425
Colony Headquarters		200	Dillard, K E		238
Cone, H L		186	Dittle, L D		818
Constable, W R	BQ	530	Dixon, J D		193
Cook, E C		1575	Dodge, E L		1544
Coons, R I		608	Donohue ,W K		132
Corrington, G G		197	Dortch, J L		368
Coulter, J W		442	Dorwart, R V		114
Couzy, H F		235	Downey, J		137

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
Drake, C		106	Flaherty, G G	BQ	227
Drew, C G		246	Flaherty, J F		817
Driebeck, N J	CPA	16-B	Flanagan, D F		136
Dudrear, T G	CPA	2-B	Fletcher, C		385
Dunbar, F J		192	Fox, A E	SVA	5-C
Dunlap, C C		1554	Fox, W L		148
Dyer, J P		545	Francis, G B	CPA	1-D
Eagan, T F Jr	BQ	601	Frank, Miss E	NH	25 & 26
Eagan, W P		406	Fremgem, W E		29
Easten, S L		66	Freundel, J		539
Eaton, F C		416	Frew, D (M)		60
Ebbets, R B		926	Frey, F G		1558
Echelson, G		144	Friel, J V		263
Edge, W L		516	Fry, K R	BQ	708
Edger, J V		534	Fryback, D		303
Eeltink, J S A		415	Frye, H M		171
Egers, K H C M		440	Fuller, V C		1557
Ehret, J		600	Fulton, G R		523
Ehrhardt, W		117	Futter, G J	BQ	520
Ellis, Capt F (M)		131	Gaba, H F	SVA	7-D
Ellor, J V	SVA	6-B	Gallicani, Miss G E	Dorm	120
Engle, R H		167	Galt, A R (M)		646
Eperon, Capt S (M)		925	Garber, C B		70
Ernesti, G		269	Garden, Capt D J		52
Estes, E N		916	Garig, H H		828
Eula, R J		212	Garrett, G R		503
Evans, D R		85	Gee, T C (M)		719
Evans, S G		624	Getts, F J		104
Eves, A L		715	Gibbons, W E		824
Ewart, R S		929	Gillis, H D	BQ	222
Ewart, W L		322	Gladman, F B		341
Ewing, R, J	BQ	732	Goedbloed, Dr C		191
Faris, J T		195	Goley, R G	BQ	402
Farrell, M W		531	Gongriep, A P C		413
Faucet, J N		1573	Good, Capt L R		61
Faunce, S		351	Goodwin, H S		230
Feldmann, R W	BQ	202	Goodwin, O A		134
Fellows, C T	BQ	523	Gordijn, P		700
Ferguson, Capt T (M)		181	Gordon, H G		82
Fernando, Capt J (M)		606	Grange, Miss H	NH	1-4
Ferry, C		816	Gravendijk, A M		339
Fields, E B Jr		179	Gray, D		1535
Files, D C	BQ	711 & 712	Green, C R		74
Fisk, M E		541	Gregerson, H		284
Fitzpatrick, F E		222	Gregson, R D (M)		485

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
Griffin, F E		287	Hodges, D		122
Gritte, J M		308	Hoffman, C R		441
Groom, J W Jr		436	Hoglund, K A		504
Grossman, R		433	Holland, N L		326
Grubb, Dr P		130	Holly, M R		266
Gruenberg, W E		626	Honey, H		210
Guest House (Official)		71	Hoogslag, Dr K W		310
Haase, D A		1537	Horacek, F	CPA	5-A
Hagendoorn, H M		469	Horigan, J J	Casa Grande	
Hagerman, J C	SVA	6-A	Horsten J		187
Hagerty, T F		634	Hough, W B		313
Halpert, A		189	Howdeshell, J R		79
Halusa, C F	BQ	630	Howe, Capt G L		831
Hamelers, J H		401	Howe, J	SVA	8-B
Hamilton, M K		703	Hudson, P, S	SVA	8-A
Hamilton, W A		1503	Huffman, J D		732
Hanlon, D T		250	Huffman, W D		734
Harkness, J		331	Hughes, W F		301
Harmon, A		705	Hughey, Capt C K (M)		515
Harris, L G		506	Huising, H		514
Harrod, T H		255	Humphreys, H W		232
Harth, W H		1579	Humphreys, R E		1527
Harthorn, P D	BQ 411 & 412		Hunt, P A		832
Hartwell, G E	BQ	230	Hutton, T H (M)		1528
Hartwick, S H		724	Hynd, D (M)		649
Hatfield, A J		180	Jackson, Capt R P (M)		711
Hayduk, J C		206	Jackson, E		808
Hayes, F S		710	Jackson, H K (M)		65
Hayes, Miss E M		216	Janecek, R J		641
Hellwig, A J		407	Janson, G A		611
Hemstreet, G P		716	Jenkins, H E		505
Hendricks, B E	SVA	8-C	Jensen, P E		252
Hendrickson, Dr G		72	Johansson, S A		1543
Henschke, J C		248	Johnson, D E		259
Hensley, W W		26	Johnson, J		479
Hermans, G		477	Johnson, J C		226
Hermansen, P J		815	Johnson, J O		379
Hewlett, K W		405	Johnson, R A		529
Heyes, S		57	Johnson, W G		199
Hill, Capt J		921	Johnston, J W	BQ	229
Hiller, L C		330	Johnstone, G	SVA	8-D
Hillstead, E J		544	Joplin, A		176
Himes, F H		1502	Josephson, M		1506
Hochstuhl, W C		510	Kaestner, W		280
Hodges, C J M		164	Katoen G		609

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
Keefer, W C		325	Learned, P E	SVA	7-A
Keesler, E F		502	Leary, J J	CPA	4-D
Keil, F	BQ	204	Leblanc, R L	CPA	2-D
Keller, J E		357	Lebus, G H	BQ	608
Kellett, J (M)	SVA	5-A	Lecluse, L J		83
Kelley, T F X		116	Legenhausen, F		625
Kennertv, R J		639	Legore, C R		423
Kester, C W		555	Leishman, H	SVA	2-B
Kidd, Capt D R		706	Lennep, E	CPA	12-A
Kilpatrick, V E		439	Leonard, C V		631
Kimler, B E		349	LePoole, D A		914
Kirkman, I J Sr		532	Lewis, C B		312
Kirkwood, W	BQ	201	Linam, V A		728
Kirtley, A		160	Lloyd, E M		220
Kirwin, J E	BQ429 &	430	Lloyd, J H		819
Klaiber, R	BQ	615	Locker, H V		543
Klepetko, E K		227	Long, G E		1567
Kling, J L Jr		347	Lopez, J L		366
Klock, B, I		708	Lopez, L G		509
Klossner, W J		260	Lucas, T O		476
Koopman, W A		526	Lyle, B F		329
Kossuth, A G		528	Lynas, A	SVA	5-D
Koster, J H		251	Lynch, F C		733
Krebs, J L		163	Macrini, F		546
Kriek, B	BQ719 &	720	Malcolm, J F		823
Kroese, S	BQ	228	Malcolm, T V		1574
Krottbauer, A E		78	Mann, T	BQ	435
Kulisek, E		41	Manuel, Robert		336
Kurtz, D W		118	Marcial, F E	BQ213 &	214
Kux, R		323	Marteny, E M		170
Ladner, C		821	Marvick, J B		333
Lahey, Miss K	NH	24	Massey, H V		42
Lambert, J A	BQ	216	Massey, M M		84
Lanbertson, H		185	Massey, R G	SVA	1-B
Landau, J		370	Masters, J B		283
Landry, R	CPA	13-A	Mathews, G B		265
Lenhart, J M	CPA	5-B	Mathiasen, H A		537
Larson, K W (USN)	BQ	725	Mawby, L S		521
Larson, Miss V L	Dorm	101	Mazurkiewicz, M	NH	22
Lasser, O M		302	McArdle, D A		403
Lastdrager, A (Pilot)		39	McAuliffe, T J		182
Laurenson, Capt F S		524	McBride, J		1571
Leak, A C		638	McBurney, L D		1576
Learmont, Miss C L		202	McCall, Capt H (M)		1501
Learned, W E		240	McCallum, A (M)		183

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
McClendon, J D	BQ	206	Minton, J I		614
McCoart, E F		1552	Mitchell, J H		465
McCutcheon, J E		215	Molan, G	BQ211&212	
McDermott, B L		337	Moller, J S A	BQ705&706	
McDermott, W P	BQ713 & 714		Molloy, G A		165
McDonald, Capt A (M)		202	Molzer, E A		281
McDonald, J W	SVA	3-C	Monroe, L R		411
McGee, F L		332	Moore, E R		1507
McGrath, J F	BQ	619	Moore, H O		354
McGrew, L L		1530	Moore, James	BQ	441
McIntyre, J F Jr	BQ	431	Moore, W R		152
McKenzie, A		1565	Morgan, Capt H L (M)		639
McLean, Capt J (M)		59	Morgenthaler, J	BQ	627
McLeod, K		1509	Morris J H		169
McMahon, CM		168	Morris, J D		707
McMillen, R Jr		221	Morris, L L		486
McMillin, H M		714	Morris, M W		31
McNabb, Capt J (M)		55	Morrissey, K E	NH	7
McNaughton, T C (M)		129	Moyer, C C		1542
McNutt, A.S.		1577	Moyer, L T		427
McNutt, G L		1578	Mullen, B H	BQ	442
McPhee, J (M)		723	Mullen, R C	BQ	618
McPhee, W A (M)		35	Mundt, O T		473
McPherson, P V		223	Murison, A		229
McReynolds, L S		305	Murphy, W T		270
McWhirr, J	BQ	740	Murray, M G	BQ	210
Mechling, J Y		421	Myers, F W	CPA	3-D
Meisenheimer, E E		623	Nagle, J F	BQ	437
Mello, Capt W (M)		346	Napier, Capt T L (M)		927
Meonhorst, J B		488	Nation, F C		112
Meskill, W H	BQ	428	Nelson, L C		834
Meuldijk, B		190	Newby, J C		267
Michael, W T		1505	Nixon, H		547
Millar, J (M)		161	Norbeck, Miss S T	NH	9 & 10
Miller, E V		522	Norcom, F P		812
Miller, H C		233	Normandt, C G		457
Miller, Harold C		125	Norris, W H		826
Miller, I G	NH	2	Notenboom, O	BQ737 & 738	
Miller, W M		412	Nugent, Miss M	GD	108
Mills, Capt S G (M)		53	O'Brien, E M	BQ	232
Mills, H J		709	Opdyke, J B		726
Mills, M P	Dorm	226	Oppenhuizen, H		610
Mingus, O		69	Orr, H W		731
Minier, W M	BQ223&224		Orr, W D		483
Mink, W C Jr	BQ	728	Osborn, C R		46

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
Osborn, J A		429	Reeve, Dr V K		360
Osborn, R D		327	Regan, J W	BQ	629
Osler, R G (M)	SVA	4-D	Reid, Dr J		34
Owen, G N		277	Reimel, J R		1525
Pace, J T		207	ReindersFolmer, Dr A		1555
Pakozdi, J M		718	Repath, K H		126
Pamplin, A M		196	Reynolds, J F		128
Parham, Miss M	Dorm219 & 220		Richardson, H J		50
Parisi, F G		110	Richardson, J V		256
Paterno, S S	SVA	7-C	Richey, W C		247
Paterson, J	BQ	727	Riggs, F E		643
Patterson, J L		231	Rimmer, C R		475
Pearson, H		627	Ripley, T F	BQ	832
Pearson, R H		178	Ritchie, G		481
Peeren, C F J		147	Robbins, T O		467
Pekary, A L		311	Robertson, E J		328
Pfaff, J J		551	Robertson, G E		43
Pharis, R V	CPA	9-A	Robertson, W M	BQ	407
Phillips, T J		211	Robinson, R	BQ	529
Phillips, V E		463	Roby, G V		418
Picard, E R	BQ	710	Roding, F M		735
Pierce, V E		157	Rodkey, C K	BQ	617
Pomeroy, L A		304	Roebuck, F E		636
Porter, W E		414	Roff, A A		814
Portsmouth, R A	CPA	16-A	Rogers, C R		512
Post, A P		484	Roll, J A		1529
Pounds, L A		822	Rosborough, J M		553
Pounds, Miss R	NH	28	Rowe, Dr W A		27
Preston, H R	BQ207 & 208		Royer, G W		321
Price, Miss V R	NH	21	Rozenweyg, R		353
Proterra, A J		278	Rudd, J S (M)		121
Proterra, J R		338	Rush, E		56
Puerner, P R		400	Ruther, P	BQ	625
Pughe, E	BQ405 & 406		Ruther, R	BQ	626
Quinn, T A		38	Salzmann, A A		444
Quiram, F W		355	Sanberg, A		482
Radell, W S	BQ	408	Sarratt, A M	CPA	2-A
Rae, D		615	Saunders, R H		174
Rae, W M		422	Sauvegeot, A	BQ	205
Rarick, A H		513	Saybolt & Co (Clegg)		317
Ratcliff, W F		1569	Saybolt & Co (Pearson)		627
Rayburn, Miss V A	NH	27	Schelfhorst, B		383
Redfoot, L J		404	Schendstock, Dr J D		311
Reed, C C		314	Schierenberg, H V		140
Reedman, F C (M)		216	Schindler, N P		426

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
Schlageter, R W		830	Smith, C F		285
Schmidt, A I	BQ	231	Smith, D P		166
Schmitt, L H		920	Smith, F N		30
Schofield, E J		254	Smith, G E	BQ	203
Schoolhouse (Elem.)		159	Smith, H, P		612
Schoolhouse (Elem.)		124	Smith, J M	BQ	604
Schoonmaker, B		417	Smith, J T		371
Schrode, Mary E	NH	1-3	Smith, R O		525
Schultz, F V		730	Smits, A J M	BQ721 & 722	
Schurch, D W	BQ439 & 440		Schillereff, J		363
Schwartz, A		535	Schlepp, H V	BQ	218
Scott, A H	BQ	544	Schwarz, C J		340
Scott, C K		334	Somod, A		119
Scott, D W		87	Sonneveldt, A		92
Scott, F M		242	South, R E	BQ	417
Scott, J A	BQ409 & 410		Spellman, R A	SVA	7-B
Seekins, L R		264	Speziale, S J	CPA	12-B
Segel, K	BQ	715	Spitz, E		173
Semmens, H J		364	Spitzer, W G		1511
Sery, S Jr		63	Springer, K E		358
Sexton, C D		209	Stafford, C H	BQ729 & 730	
Seymour, J A		607	Stahre, N B		318
Seymour, J Albert		449	Stambaugh, Miss R	NH 11 & 12	
Shaffett, R L		113	Stanley, E S		1534
Shakelton, R H		602	Stanley, L N	BQ	220
Shapley, C B	BQ	717	Stanger, M C	BQ	425
Shaver, J M	CPA	15-C	Stephens, W V		237
Shaw, A H		320	Stewart, A S		455
Shaw, J		1	Stewart, C D		549
Shaw, J III		630	Stiehl, W L		1521
Shearon, R E	BQ	606	Stierli, A E	NH	1 6
Sherman, J W		214	Stocket, F H	BQ419 & 420	
Sherwood, G V (Capt)		1512	Stoddard, H O		218
Shirley, N M		702	Stoltenberg, F E		1508
Showalter, R H		316	Stone, J J	BQ	612
Sickler, V G		228	Storey, P		133
Sills, J R		225	Storie, Capt R J (M)		717
Simon, A		517	Straub, J G		1526
Simpson, H L		24	Stuart, D L		923
Simpson, Miss J C	Dorm	118	Sutherland, A T	BQ	436
Sizemore, H W	BQ	426	Sutherland, J H (M)		500
Skipp, T L (M)	SVA	1-A	Swallow, L		729
Smit, G		813	Switzer, F W		75
Smit, M		279	Taylor, M H		150
Smith, A		90	Teagle, B		77

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
Teekens, P G		725	Waits, H C		601
Ten Houte De Lange, J		480	Walker K H		88
Thomas P W		324	Walker, D C		518
Thomas, Capt W L		1522	Walker, J C		402
Thomas, G D		268	Walker, J W		722
Thomas, Miss M	Dorm109 & 110		Walker, P M		146
Thomas, O A		435	Wallace, P D	BQ 421 & 422	
Thompson, D V		604	Walters, Capt W F (M)		471
Thompson, R (M)	SVA	3-D	Wanamaker, J E		382
Tielen, H		424	Wannop, L G		474
Tomlin, J R	SVA	6-C	Ward, C L		635
Tonkinson, D E		616	Ward, W J	BQ	716
Tricarico, J		115	Wardle W D		538
Tricarico, P J		54	Watkins, H		1536
Trump, W H (M)	SVA	5-B	Watkins, J H		478
Tucker, E		704	Watson, R		253
Tucker, S B		224	Watt, A S, (M)	SVA	4-B
Tucker, W A		201	Wease, I J		309
Tully, A		542	Webber, Miss D A	Dorm	213
Turfboer, Dr R		76	Webster, J (M)	SVA	2-D
Turner, A G		154	Weeks, C A	BQ	418
Turner, H J (Capt)		362	Weill, K L		262
Turner, V E		434	Welch, Capt T E (M)		64
Uhr, GE		420	Welch, E F		356
Vachal, J		249	Wengert, J A		47
Van Bree, G		335	Wenglar, E F	BQ	226
Van den Berg, G		208	Werline, K F	BQ	605
Van den Bogaard, H	NH	8	Wertenberger, P V		651
Van den Heuvel, W J	BQ	404	Wervers, J		827
Van der Linden, D		622	Westcott, K E		44
Van Elk, Dr I F A	BQ	723	Wetherbee, A		68
Van Hofwegen, H		48	Whelan, H C Jr	BQ	631
Van Logcham, J Th		158	White, W L		712
Van Montfrans, A J		37	Whiteley, J M		73
Van Ogtrop, Dr J B		32	Whitney, B S		138
Van Rite, J R	CPA	3-C	Wightwood, Miss M	Dorm	218
Van Schouwen, Dr H P		108	Wilkens, E L		1556
Vernon, John	BQ	438	Wilkie, R N		204
Viele, G E		1532	Willard, J D		361
Vieu, A M		153	Williams, Capt R A (M)		51
Vint, R H		258	Williamson, Miss E ~Dorm115&116		
Vuckan, A	CPA	6-C	Willis, A T		141
Waddell, C C		156	Wilson, C G		451
Wade, E M		438	Wilson, C S		408
Wagemaker, J M J		810	Winstanley, J H B		432

Name	Location	No.	Name	Location	No.
Wise, E H		629	Wormald, F		127
Wolfe, H R		219	Wright, Capt C E		721
Wolffensperger, Miss W	NH	5	Wright, J M		105
Woodard, Dr L E		348	Young, J M		194
Woodrum, R E Jr		350	Young, W C (M)		123
Work, E A		806	Zaner, R M		618
			Zweifel, I A H	BQ	724

BQ Bachelor Quarters
 CPA Colorado Point Apartments
 Dorm Girl's Dormitory
 NH Nurses' Home
 SVA Sea View Apartments
 Blank space Bungalow
 (M) Marine Department



Vic Lopez - October 1963, freshman at
 University of Tulsa
 Photo courtesy V. D. Lopez. Shot in the Tulsa
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BUNGALOW ASSIGNMENTS – 1952

NUMERICAL– BY LOCATION

BACHELOR QUARTERS #2

Room #	Name
201	Kirkwood, W
202	Feldmann, R W
203	Smith, G E
204	Keil, F
205	Sauvegeot, A
206	McClendon, J D
207 & 208	Preston, H R
209	Vacant
210	Murray, M G
211 & 212	Molan, G
213 & 214	Marcial, F E
215	Depew, H C
216	Lambert, J A
217	Bastian, B M
218	Schlepp, H V
219	Vacant
220	Stanley, L N
221	Vacant
222	Gillis, H D
223 & 224	Minier, W M
226	Wenglar, E F
227	Flaherty, G G
228	Kroese, S
229	Johnston, J W
230	Hartwell, G E
231	Schmidt, A I
232	O'Brien, E M

Room #	Name
411 & 412	Harthorn, P D
413 & 414	Vacant
415	Buchanan, WL
416	Darling, J F
417	South, R E
418	Weeks, C A
419 & 420	Stocket, F H
421 & 422	Wallace, P D
423 & 424	Vacant
425	Stanger, M C
426	Sizemore, H W
427	Battles, D W
428	Meskill, W H
429 & 430	Kirwin, J E
431	McIntyre, J F Jr
432	Vacant
433 & 434	Clevely, E H
435	Mann, T
436	Sutherland, A T
437	Nagle, J F
438	Vernon, John
439 & 440	Schurch, D W
441	Moore, James
442	Mullen, B H
443 & 444	Cutting, K B
445 & 446	Daigle, J
447	Ballouz, M A

BACHELOR QUARTERS #4

Room #	Name
401	Burchill, J J
402	Goley, R G
403	Casali, A J
404	Van den Heuvel, W J
405 & 406	Pughe, E
407	Robertson, W M
408	Radell, W S
409 & 410	Scott, J A

BACHELOR QUARTERS #5

Room #	Name
501 to 519	Transient
520	Futter, G J
521 & 522	Transient
523	Fellows, C T
524	Broadfoot, H
525 to 528	Transient
529	Robinson, R
530	Constable, W R
531 to 543	Transient

Room #	Name
544	Scott, A H
545 - 548	Transient

BACHELOR QUARTERS #6

Room #	Name
601	Eagan, T F Jr
602 & 603	Vacant
604	Smith, J M
605	Werline, K F
606	Shearon, R E
607	Vacant
608	Lebus, G H
609	Vacant
610	Borsch, G T
611	Adamson, H A
612	Stone, J J
613 & 614	Vacant
615	Klaiber, R
616	Vacant
617	Rodkey, C K
618	Mullen, R C
619	McGrath, J F
620	Baker, G G
616	Vacant
622	De RRidder, M
616	Vacant
624	Anello, Joseph
625	Ruhter, P
626	Ruhter, R
627	Morgenthaler, J
616	Vacant
629	Regan, J W
630	Halusa, C F
631	Whelan, H C Jr
616	Vacant
638	Boylan, B
640	Clark, B

BACHELOR QUARTERS #7

Room #	Name
703 & 704	Butler, W J
705 & 706	Moller, J S A
708	Fry, K R
709	Daleski, D D
710	Picard, E R

Room #	Name
711 & 712	Files, D C
713 & 714	McDermott, W P
715	Segel, K
716	Ward, W J
717	Shapley, C B
719 & 720	Kriek, B
721 & 722	Smits, A J M
723	Van Elk, Dr I F A
724	Zweifel, I A H
725	Larson, K W (USN)
726	Armstrong, E G
727	Paterson, J (ChasMartin Co)
728	Mink, W C Jr
729 & 730	Stafford, C H
732	Ewing, R ,J
737 & 738	Notenboom, O
740	McWhirr, J

GUEST QUARTERS #8

Room #	Name
811	Culver, H E
832	Ripley, T F

COLORADO POINT

APARTMENTS

Apt #	Name
1-A	Wimmers, A T
1-D	Francis, G B
2-A	Sarratt, A M
2-B	Dudrear, T G
2-D	Leblanc, R L
3-C	Van Rite, J R
3-D	Myers, John W
4-B	Bohannan, F L
4-D	Leary, J J
5-A	Horacek, F
5-B	Lenhart, J M
6-C	Vuckan, A
9-A	Pharis, R V
9-B	Brodine, A M
12-A	Lennepe, E
12-B	Speziale, S J
13-A	Landry, R
15-C	Shaver, J M
15-D	Axelsson, K S

Room #	Name
16-A	Portsmouth, R A
16-B	Driebeck, N J

Room #	Name
27	Rayburn, Miss V A
28	Pounds, Miss R

GIRL'S DORMITORY

Room #	Name
101	Larson, Miss V L
102	Vacant
103	Crombie, Miss J M
104 - 107	Vacant
108	Nugent, Miss M
109 & 110	Thomas, Miss M
114	Ackel, Miss E A
115 & 116	Williamson, Miss E
117 & 118	Simpson, Miss J C
119	Vacant
120	Gallicani, Miss G E
201 & 202	Davi.s, Miss F L
203-210	Vacant
213	Webber, Miss D A
214 - 217	Vacant
218	Wightwood, Miss M
219 & 220	Parham, Miss M
225	Vacant
226	Mills, M P

NURSES HOME #1

Room #	Name
1	Clark, Miss F
2	Miller, I G
3	Schrode, Mary E
4	Grange, Miss H
5	Wolffensperger, Miss W
6	Stierli, A E
7	Morrissey, K E
8	Van den Bogaard, H
9 & 10	Norbeck, Miss S T
11 & 12	Stambaugh, Miss R

NURSES HOME #2

Room #	Name
21	Price, Miss V R
22	Mazurkiewicz, M
23	Degnan, Miss V C
24	Lahey, Miss K
25 & 26	Frank, Miss E

SEA VIEW APARTMENTS

Room #	Name
1-D	Dawes, A (M)
2-B	Leishman, H
2-C	Benson, R (M)
2-D	Webster, J (M)
3-A	Brown, J A (M)
3-B	Davison, G T (M)
3-C	McDonald, J W
3-D	Thompson, R (M)
4-A	Babbs, J A
4-B	Busacker, R C
4-B	Watt, A S, (M)
4-C	Boyd, S T (M)
4-D	Osler, R G (M)
5-A	Kellett, J (M)
5-B	Trump, W H (M)
5-C	Fox, A E
5-D	Lynas, A
6-A	Hagerman, J C
6-B	Ellor, J V
6-C	Tomlin, J R
6-D	Blyth, R C
7-A	Learned, P E
7-B	Spellman, R A
7-C	Paterno, S S
7-D	Gaba, H F
8-A	Hudson, P,S
8-B	Howe, J
8-C	Hendricks, B E
8-D	Johnstone, G
I-A	Skipp,T L (M)
I-B	Massey, R G

BUNGALOWS

Bung.#	Name
1-4	Shaw, J
2-4	Biddle, E
3-4	Moved & now 500
4-4	Moved & now 501
5-4	Moved & now 600
6-6	Util. Eng. Grp. Office

7-4	Moved & now 601	61-4	Good, Capt L R (M)
8-4	Moved & now 700	62-4	Armstrong, E H (M)
9-4	Moved & now 727	63-4	Sery, S Jr
10-5	Moved & now 92	64-4	Welch, Capt T E (M)
11-4	Moved & now 420	65-4	Jackson, H K (M)
15-4	Moved to refinery	66-4	Easten, S L
18-4	Mvd, re-#737, now 485	67-5	Brown, T C
19-4	Moved & now 914	68-4	Wetherbee, A
21-4	Moved & now 641	69-8	Mingus, O
22-4	Moved & now 643	70-6	Garber, C B
23-5	Moved to refinery	71-8	Guest House (Official)
24-5	Simpson, H L	72-6	Hendrickson, Dr G
25-4	DeBarros, A	73-8	Whiteley, J M
26-4	Hensley, W W	74-4	Green, C R
27-5	Rowe, Dr W A	75-7	Switzer, F W
28-5	DeVuyst, P A	76-7	Turfboer, Dr R
29-6	Fremgem, W E	77-6	Teagle, B
30-4	Smith, F N	78-5	Krottnauer, A E
31-4	Morris, M W	79-4	Howdeshell, J R
32-6	Van Ogtrop, Dr J B	81-5	Beks, H
34-5	Reid, Dr J	82-4	Gordon, H G
35-4	McPhee, W A (M)	83-5	Lecluse, L J
36-5	Borbonus, Dr. J N	84-4	Massey, M M
37-6	Van Montfrans, A J	85-5	Evans, D R
38-4	Quinn, T A	86-4	Chalker, W R
39-5	Lastdrager, A (Pilot)	87-4	Scott, D W
41-4	Kulisek, E J	88-4	Walker K H
42-4	Massey, H V	89-3	Cvejanovich C J
43-4	Robertson, G E	90-6	Smith, A
44-4	Westcott, K E	91-3	Boyd, J M (M)
45-5	Armstrong, J	92-5	Sonneveldt, A
46-5	Osborn, C R	103-3	Music Center
47-4	Wengert, J A	104-3	Getts, F J
48-4	Van Hofwegen, H	105-3	Wright, J M
49-5	Chandler, J M (M)	106-3	Drake, C
50-4	Richardson, H J	107-3	Amick, D F
51-4	Williams, Capt R A (M)	108-3	Van Schouwen, Dr H P
52-4	Garden, Capt D J	109-3	Cocks, C K
53-4	Mills, Capt S G (M)	110-3	Parisi, F G
54-4	Tricarico, P J	111-3	Baluson, M C
55-4	McNabb, Capt J (M)	112-3	Nation, F C
56-4	Rush, E	113-3	Shaffett, R L
57-4	Heyes, S	114-3	Dorwart, R V
58-4	Craigg, Capt W (M)	115-3	Tricarico, J
59-4	McLean, Capt J (M)	116-3	Kelley, T F X
60-4	Frew, D (M)	117-3	Ehrhardt, W

118-3	Kurtz, D W	163-3	Krebs, J L
119-3	Somod, A	164-4	Hodges, C J M
120-4	Dentist Office	165-4	Molloy, G A
121-3	Rudd, J S (M)	166-3	Smith, D P
122-4	Hodges, D	167-4	Engle, R H
123-3	Young, W C (M)	168-3	McMahon, CM
124	Schoolhouse (Elem.)	169-4	Morris J H
125-4	Miller, Harold C	170-3	Marteny, E M
126-4	Repath, K H	171-4	Frye, H M
127-4	Wormald, F	172-3	Anderson, Capt R G (M)
128-4	Reynolds, J F	173-4	Spitz, E
129-3	McNaughton, T C (M)	174-3	Saunders, R H
130-4	Grubb, Dr P	175-4	Crismon, Dr L C
131-3	Ellis, Capt F (M)	176-4	Joplin, A
132-4	Donohue ,W K	177-4	Chod, S J
133-4	Storey, P	178-3	Pearson, R H
134-4	Goodwin, O A	179-4	Fields, E B Jr
135-5	Brook, G B	180-4	Hatfield, A J
136-4	Flanagan, D F	181-3	Ferguson, Capt T (M)
137-3	Downey, J	182-4	McAuliffe, T J
138-3	Whitney, B S	183-3	McCallum, A (M)
139-4	Ballard, R K	184-4	Adams, F (M)
140-4	Schierenberg, H V	185-3	Lanbertson, H
141-3	Willis, A T	186-3	Cone, H L
142-4	Carter, H T	187-3	Horsten J
142-5	Roff, A A	188-4	Bowen, R E
143-4	Damassa, F r	189-4	Halpert, A
144-4	Echelson , G	190-3	Meuldijk, B
145-4	Shaver, J M (<i>moving?</i>)	191-3	Goedbloed, Dr C
146-4	Walker, P M	192-4	Dunbar, F J
147-4	Peeren, C F J	193-3	Dixon, J D
148-4	Fox, W L	194-4	Young, James
149-3	Bissell, H A	195-4	Faris, J T
150-4	Taylor, M H	196-3	Pamplin, A M
151-3	Deroy, M	197-4	Corrington, G G
152-3	Moore, W R	198-4	Boros, L
153-3	Vieu, A M	199-3	Johnson, W G
154-3	Turner, A G	201-4	Tucker, W A
155-3	Beerman, Dr. W	202-4	McDonald, Capt A (M)
156-3	Waddell, C C	203-4	Clute, T L
157-3	Pierce, V E	204-4	Wilkie, R N
158-4	Van Logcham, J Th	205-4	Curtiss, W L
159	Schoolhouse (Elem.)	206-3	Coleman, R
160-4	Kirtley, A	206-3	Hayduk, J C
161-3	Millar, J (M)	207-4	Pace, J T
162-4	Aulow, J T	208-3	Van den Berg, G

209-4	Sexton, C D	255-4	Harrod, T H
210-4	Honey, H	256-4	Richardson, J V
211-3	Phillips, T J	257-4	Abadie, J J
212-3	Eula, R J	258-3	Vint, R H
213-3	Boyack, R E	259-4	Johnson, D E
214-4	Sherman, J W	260-4	Klossner, W J
215-3	McCutcheon, J E	261-4	Brace, Dr R
216-3	Hayes, Miss E M	262-3	Weill, K L
216-3	Reedman, F C (M)	263-7	Friel, J V
217-4	Deese, W E	264-4	Seekins, L R
218-4	Stoddard, H O	265-5	Mathews, G B
219-3	Wolfe, H R	266-3	Holly, M R
220-4	Lloyd, E M	267-3	Newby, J C
221-3	McMillen, R Jr	268-4	Thomas, G D
222-3	Fitzpatrick, F E	269-4	Ernesti, G
223-4	McPherson, P V	270-3	Murphy, W T
224-4	Tucker, S B	271-8	Carrell, Dr. R C
225-3	Sills, J R	273-4	Ashlin, L R
226-3	Johnson, J C	274-6	Chippendale, H
227-4	Klepetchko, E K	275-7	Andreae, J
228-4	Sickler, V G	277-5	Owen, G N
229-3	Murison, A	278-5	Proterra, A J
230-4	Goodwin, H S	279-4	Smit, M
231-3	Patterson, J L	280-4	Kaestner, W
232-4	Humphreys, H W	281-4	Molzer, E A
233-4	Miller, H C	282-4	Brown, R D
234-3	Moved & now 400	283-4	Masters, J B
235-4	Couzy, H F	284-4	Gregerson, H
236-3	Ashlock, H J	285-7	Smith, C F
237-4	Stephens, W V	287-7	Griffin, F E
238-3	Dillard, K E	301-4	Hughes, W F
239-3	De Frees, N A	302-4	Lasser, O M
240-4	Learned ,W E	303-4	Fryback, D
241-3	Bruguiere, E A	304-4	Pomeroy, L A
242-4	Scott, F M	305-4	McReynolds, L S
243-4	Cundiff, W B	306-4	Damkier, J
244-3	Allen, Miss P (Pvt Res)	307-4	Aleman, A
246-4	Drew, C G	308-4	Gritte, J M
247-3	Richey, W C	309-4	Wease, I J
248-4	Henschke, J C	310-4	Hoogslag, Dr K W
249-3	Vachal, J	311-4	Pekary, A L
250-3	Hanlon, D T	311-4	Schendstock, Dr J D
251-4	Koster, J H	312-4	Lewis, C B
252-5	Jensen, P E	313-4	Hough, W B
253-3	Watson, R	314-4	Reed, C C
254-3	Schofie1d, E J	315-4	Brewer, D W

316-4	Showalter, R H	362-5	Turner, H J (Capt)
317-4	Clegg, E D	363-4	Sohillereff, J
317-4	Saybolt & Co (Clegg)	364-5	Semmens, H J
318-4	Stahre, N B	365-5	Dascanic
319-4	Calvano, N M	366-5	Lopez, J L
320-4	Shaw, A H	367-5	Clark, A M
321-4	Royer, G W	368-4	Dortch, J L
322-5	Ewart, W L	369-5	Berlie, C (M)
323-5	Kux, R	370-4	Landau, J
324-5	Thomas P W	371-5	Smith, J T
325-4	Keefer, W C	379-4	Johnson, J O (Chas Martin Co)
326-5	Holland, N L		
327-5	Osborn, R D	381-5	Ballard, L F
328-5	Robertson, E J	382-4	Wanamaker, J E
329-4	Lyle, B F	383-4	Schelfhorst, B
330-5	Hiller, L C	385-4	Fletcher, C
331-4	Harkness, J	400-3	Puerner, P R
332-4	McGee, F L	401-5	Hamelers, J H
333-5	Marvick, J B	402-4	Walker, J C
334-4	Scott, C K	403-4	McArdle, D A
335-4	Van Bree, G (Gvt pilot)	404-4	Redfoot, L J
336-5	Manuel, Robert	405-5	Hewlett, K W
337-5	McDermott, B (Dr Reeve's emplye)	406-5	Eagan, W P
338-4	Proterra, J R	407-4	Hellwig, A J
339-4	Gravendijk, A M	408-5	Wilson, C S
340-5	Sohwarz, C J	410-4	Denton, J.W
341-5	Gladman, F B	411-5	Monroe, L R
342-4	Cahill, J	412-4	Miller, W M
343-4	De Weese, S L	413-5	Gongriep, A P C
344-5	Burson, F R	414-4	Porter, W E
346-5	Mello, Capt W (M)	415-5	Eeltink, J S A
347-5	Kling, J L Jr	416-4	Eaton, F C
348-5	Woodard, Dr L E	417-5	Schoonmaker, B
349-4	Kimler, B E	418-5	Roby, G V
350-5	Woodrum, R E Jr	420-4	Uhr, GE
351-5	Faunce, S	421-4	Mechling, J Y
352-5	Butchart, C S (M)	422-5	Rae, W M
353-4	Rozenweijg, R	423-5	Legore, C R
354-4	Moore, H O	424-4	Tielen, H
355-5	Quiram, F W	425-4	Dieken, M D
356-5	Welch, E F	426-6	Schindler, N P
357-4	Keller, J E	427-4	Moyer, L T
358-4	Springer, K E	428-5	Coakley, W R
359-5	Brennan, M L	429-5	Osborn, J A
360-5	Reeve, Dr V K (Dentist)	430-6	Berkhout, J
361-4	Willard, J D	431-5	Best, Capt T (M)

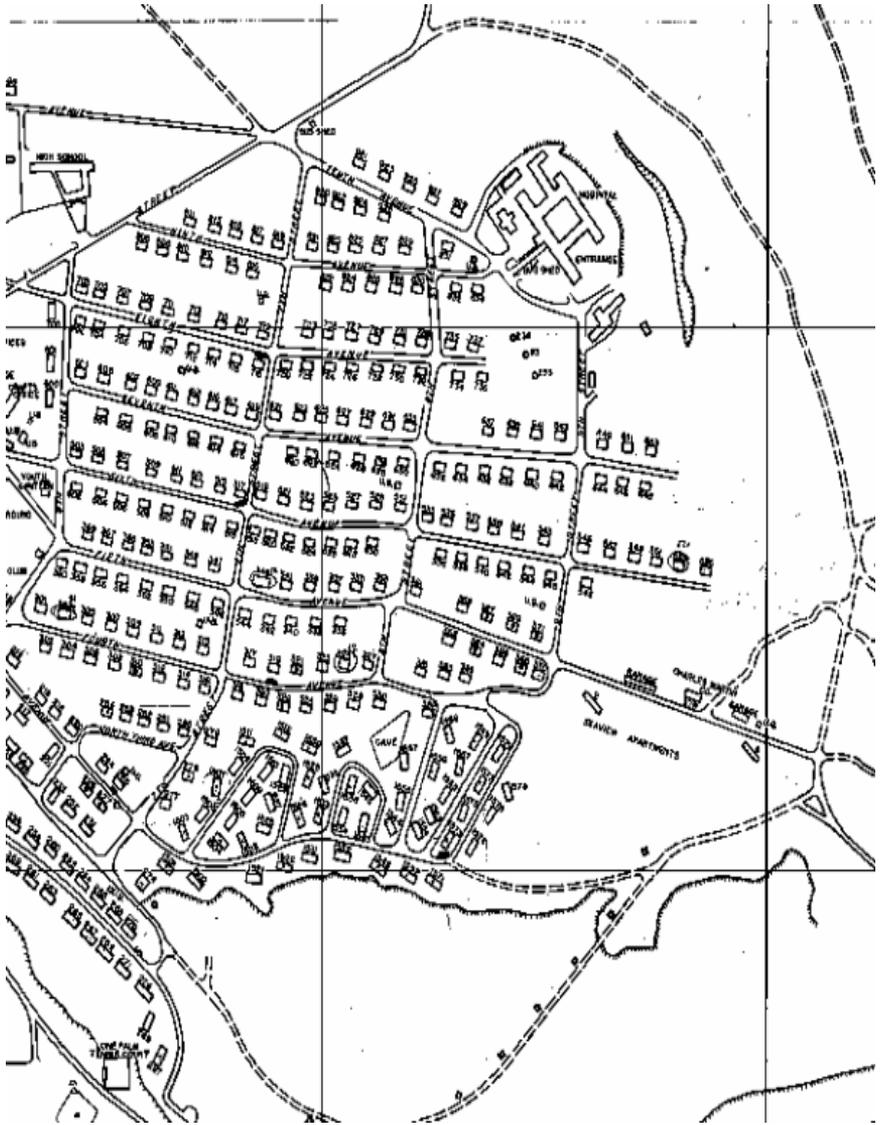
432-4	Winstanley, J H B	508-4	Bell, N M
433-4	Grossman, R	509-5	Lopez, L G
434-5	Turner, V E	510-5	Hochstuhl, W C
435-5	Thomas, O A	511-4	Baker, W L
436-4	Groom, J W Jr	512-4	Rogers, C R
437-4	Daly, C R	513-4	Rarick, A H
438-6	Wade, E M	514-4	Huising, H
439-5	Kilpatrick, V E	515-4	Hughey, Capt C K (M)
440-4	Egers, K H C M	516-4	Edge, W L
441-4	Hoffman, C R	517-4	Simon, A
442-5	Coulter, J W	518-4	Walker, D C
444-4	Salzmann, A A	519-5	Carroll, E R
448-4	Bouten, J H	520-4	Bettink, Dr. H W
449-4	Seymour, J Albert	521-4	Mawby, L S
451-4	Wilson, C G	522-4	Miller, E V
453-4	Bruce, L (Dr Reeve's	523-5	Fulton, G R
455-4	Stewart, A S emplye)	524-4	Laurenson, Capt F(M)
457-4	Normandt, C G	525-4	Smith, R O
463-5	Phillips, V E	526-4	Koopman, W A
465-5	Mitchell, J H	527-5	Ammann, L,
467-5	Robbins, T O	528-4	Kossuth, A G
469-5	Hagerdoorn, H M	529-4	Johnson, R A
471-4	Walters, Capt W F (M)	530-4	Benne, L E
473-5	Mundt, O T	531-5	Farrell, M W
474-4	Wannop, L G	532-4	Kirkman, I J Sr
475-6	Rimmer, C R	533-4	Davis, J A
476-5	Lucas, T O	534-4	Edger, J V
477-5	Hermans, G	535-4	Schwartz, A
478-4	Watkins, J H	536-4	Breuver, B J
479-4	Johnson, J	537-4	Mathiasen, H A
480-5	Ten Houde De Lange, J	538-5	Wardle W (Llyds Srvyr)
481-4	Ritchie, G	539-4	Freundel, J
482-4	Sanberg, A	540-5	Chapman, S C
483-5	Orr, W D	541-6	Fisk, M E
484-5	Post, A P	542-5	Tully, A
485-4	Gregson, R D (M)	543-6	Locker, H V
486-5	Morris, L L	544-4	Hillstead, E J
488-5	Meenhorst, J (Gvt pilot)	545-5	Dyer, J P
500-4	Sutherland, J H (M)	546-5	Macrini, F
501-4		547-5	Nixon, H
502-5	Keesler, E F	548-5	Baum, R C
503-4	Garrett, G R	549-4	SteWart, C D
504-4	Hoglund, K A	551-4	Pfaff, J J
505-4	Jenkins, H E	553-6	Rosborough, J M
506-4	Harris, L G	555-6	Kester, C W
507-4		600-4	Ehret, J

601-4	Waits, H C	646-4	Galt, A R (M)
602-4	Shakelton, R H	648-4	Baker, W F
603-4	Binetti, A	649-5	Hynd, D (M)
604-4	Thompson, D (Schl Prncpl)	651-4	Wertemberger, P V
605-5	Burbage, V C	653-6	Barnes, D P
606-5	Fernando, Capt J (M)	700-4	Gordijn, P
607-4	Seymour, J A	702-4	Shirley, N M
608-4	Coons, R I	703-4	Hamilton, M K
609-4	Katoen G (Gvt pilot)	704-4	Tucker, E
610-4	Oppenhuizen, H	705-4	Harmon, A
611-5	Janson, G A	706-5	Kidd, Capt D R
612-4	Smith, H, P	707-5	Morris, J D
613-4	Anderson, G A	708-4	Klock, B, I
614-5	Minton, J I	709-4	Mills, H J
615-4	Rae, D	710-4	Hayes, F S
616-4	Tonkinson, D E	711-4	Jackson, Capt R P (M)
617)-5	Begin, G D	712-5	White, W L
618)-4	Zaner, R M	713-5	Berrisford, C
619-4	Cock, D S (M)	714-4	McMillin, H M
620-4	Adams, J M Jr	715-4	Eves, A L
621-5	Casey, W D	716-4	Hemstreet, G P
622-4	Van der Linden, D	717-4	Storie, Capt R J (M)
623-4	Meisenheimer, E E	718-5	Pakozdi, J M
624-5	Evans, S G	719-4	Gee, Capt T C (M)
625-4	Legenhausen, F	720-4	Byington, E D
626-4	Gruenberg, W E	721-4	Wright, Capt C E (M)
627-4	Pearson, H (Saybolt & Co)	722-4	Walker, J W
628-4	Buchanan, RL	723-4	McPhee, J (M)
629-4	Wise, E H	724-4	Hartwick, S H
630-4	Shaw, J III	725-4	Teekens, P G
631-4	Leonard, C V	726-5	Opdyke, J B
632-4	Ciccarelli, F C	727-4	
632-4	De Goede, Dr R A	728-4	Linam, V A
633-4	Beyer, W G	729-5	Swallow, L
634-5	Hagerty, T F	730-4	Schultz, F V
635-5	Ward, C L	731-4	Orr, H W
636-4	Roebuck, F E	732-4	Huffman, J D
638-4	Leak, A C	733-4	Lynch, F C
639-5	Kennertv, R J	734-4	Huffman, W D
639-5	Morgan, Capt H L (M)	735-4	Roding, F M
640-4	Brown, J (M)	736-4	Burkard, O J
641-4	Janecek, R J	737-4	Cavell, E R
642-4	Cowie, G W (M)	806-4	Work, E A
643-4	Riggs, F E	808-4	Jackson, E
644-4	Beatson, D S	810-4	Wagemaker, J M J
		812-6	Norcom, F P

813-5	Smit, G	1522-4	Thomas, Capt W L
814-4	Roff, A A	1523-4	Bond, C F
815-4	Hermansen, P J	1525-4	Reimel, J R
816-4	Ferry, C	1526-4	Straub, J G
817-4	Flaherty, J F	1527-4	Humphreys, R E
818-4	Dittle, L D	1528-4	Hutton, T H (M)
819-4	Lloyd, J H	1529-4	Roll, J A
820-4	Cassens, F P	1530-4	McGrew, L L
821-4	Ladner, C	1531-4	Binnion, T M
822-4	Pounds, L A	1532-4	Viele, G E
823-4	Malcolm, J F	1533-4	
824-4	Gibbons, W E	1534-4	Stanley, E S
825-4		1535-4	Gray, D
826-5	Norris, W H	1536-4	Watkins, H
827-4	Wervers, J	1537-4	Haase, D A
828-4	Garig, H H	1542-4	Moyer, C C
829-4	Di Murro, B S	1543-4	Johansson, S A
830-4	Schlageter, R W	1544-4	Dodge, E L
831-4	Howe, Capt G L	1545-4	Babcany, E M
832-4	Hunt, P A	1552-4	McCoart, E F
834-4	Nelson, L C	1554-4	Dunlap, C C
914-4	LePoole, D A	1555-4	Reinders-Folmer, Dr A
916-4	Estes, E N	1556-4	Wilkens, E L
918-4	Bates, M C	1557-4	Fuller, V C
920-4	Schmitt, L H	1558-4	Frey, F G
921-5	Hill, Capt J (M)	1563-4	Davidson, M A
922-4	De Ruyter, Dr J	1565-4	McKenzie, A
923-5	Stuart, Capt D L	1567-4	Long, G E
924-4		1569-4	Ratcliff, W F
925-5	Eperon, Capt S (M)	1571-4	McBride, J
926-4	Ebbets, R B	1573-4	Faucet, J N
927-5	Napier, Capt T L (M)	1574-4	Malcolm, T V
929-5	Ewart, R S	1575-4	Cook, E C
1501-4	McCall, Capt H (M)	1576-4	McBurney, L D
1502-4	Himes, F H	1577-4	McNutt, A.S.
1503-4	Hamilton, W A	1578-4	McNutt, G L
1504-4	Collins, J T	1579-4	Harth, W H
1505-4	Michael, W T		Casa Grande Horigan, J J
1506-4	Josephson, M		
1507-4	Moore, E R		
1508-4	Stoltenberg, F E		
1509-4	McLeod, K		
1510-4	Anderson, W C		
1511-4	Spitzer, W G		
1512-4	Sherwood, G V (Capt)		
1521-4	Stiehl, W L		

Note:

2-x, 51-x, 925-x, or 1528-x
x=Number of rooms in bungalow.



If you have a magnifying glass you could read the bungalow numbers!

THE END

or, as it said at the end of movies at the Esso Club,

FIN