

Part III 1940 -1971

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From Civilian to Military - The Pentagon

Construction of the world renowned Pentagon began in the summer of 1941. It is located across the Potomac from the Capitol building. This makes it in Virginia and not actually in the District of Columbia. This unusual structure, which has five 1000 foot sides and five stories, encloses some six million square feet of space and houses about 30,000 people. It is the headquarters of the world's greatest military organization, the United States Defense Department.

Around June 1942 elements of the War and Navy Departments began to occupy portions of the Pentagon, as fast as they were completed. My office moved into it in January 1943. The building was wisely located with ample parking area and easy access by highways and public transportation.

Early in 1943 Col. Martenstein and I, with assistance from Capt. Tannery, began to make plans for revising the audit organization. It was evident that Mr. Orton was not physically able to cope with the heavy workload he was trying to carry. We decided to convert all key positions of the then wholly civilian organization to military, as most other similar elements of the Air Force were then constituted. The plan included transfer of the audit headquarters from Dayton to the Pentagon, convert me to military and assign me as Chief of the Contract Audit Division. This meant that Mr. Orton would become my assistant in charge of field operations at Dayton. We were not satisfied that he could continue in that capacity and looked for a military man to take the job.

My change from civilian to military was accomplished by the personal effort of Col. Martenstein. It was unusual for anyone to receive a direct commission as lieutenant colonel, so Col. Martenstein arranged for the approval of General Arnold's office in advance of my filing the required formal application. My papers had to go through the normal process of review, but they were not successfully questioned. I received my commission as lieutenant colonel on February 8, 1943. My pride in my uniform was exceeded only by my ignorance of military customs. Capt. Tannery, who had assisted in developing the new audit organization, was quite interested in joining it. After some consideration we decided to request his transfer and assign him as chief of the audit operations office at Dayton, replacing Mr. Orton. After serving for a short time as Capt. Tannery's advisor and consultant, Mr. Orton transferred to another organization at Wright Field. His health did not improve and the man who hired me, and who was always kind to me, passed away in about a year.

Soon after assuming his duty at Dayton, Capt. Tannery was promoted to major, in line with his responsibilities and so he could better supervise his high level civilian staff and others who were commissioned as high as major. We commissioned certain top civilians of the audit organization and others direct from civilian life. The four regional audit offices were headed by newly commissioned officers. Those were very busy and exciting times.

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About this time Col. Martenstein's disappointment at not having been promoted to brigadier began to affect him seriously. He was still in the same sort of job he had on Pearl Harbor day whereas many of his associates had been sent overseas with promotions. He wrote a personal appeal to General Arnold, but it didn't help. A few months later our former chief, Brig. Gen. Miller, returned from England and was assigned to replace Col. Martenstein as Chief of the Budget and Fiscal Division. Col. Martenstein was then sent to England for a short tour but returned without promotion. For some reason unknown to me, he remained a colonel a long time. He was, however, eventually promoted to brigadier general and when the courses of our work brought us together in 1952 I was then a major general, but he, with good grace, acceded to my rank. He was my friend. More than that I can say of no one.

When General Miller returned from England, replacing Colonel Martenstein and thereby becoming my boss again, he reviewed the audit organization changes and accepted them as good. He differed from Col. Martenstein in that he did not care to become involved in details. He delegated all management of the Audit Division to me. I increased my staff in the Pentagon to about six persons, two CPAs and two or three secretaries. Much of my time was spent at Dayton and the four regional offices. I believe the regions were called districts at that time.

As early as 1943 the chiefs in the Pentagon began planning for the end of the war, first in Europe and then the Pacific. I was the Air Force member of a War Department committee to formulate plans for quick and orderly demobilization of the military procurement program. A major phase of this was the development of procedures for terminating and settling uncompleted contracts at the time of cutback in requirements.

Cutbacks began in 1944 and mass terminations in early 1945 in anticipation of V-E Day in May and V-J Day in August 1945. The burden of actual settlement of terminated contracts rested with the procurement people but they could not act intelligently without the benefit of audits. Hence the audit organizations of all the military services were faced with tremendous work loads in checking the claims under thousands of prime contracts and tens of thousands of subcontracts. After some initial bungling in the selection of a manager of its contract termination program, the Air Force finally chose Col. E. W. Rawlings for the job and promoted him to brigadier general.

He was highly successful and earned a lasting reputation for administrative ability. This was only the beginning of his high level career in the Air Force and, after retirement, as chairman of the board of the General Mills Corporation. He too became my friend, as I shall mention later.

As I look back on the auditing activities and the great volume of work accomplished, it is difficult to believe that so much was done in so short a time. This was just one of the many coordinated functions of the war effort, in cooperation with industry, that resulted in the defeat of the opposing forces in an unbelievably short time. It is a reminder that our nation has a great reservoir of latent capacity in both men and machines, which, although available for warfare, should rather be exploited for the benefit of our own people.

Family Affairs - 1943-1945

Near the end of his first semester in ACC, January 1943, Bud called and asked permission to enlist in the pilot training program of the Air Force. We offered no objection and he reported to Miami about the first of February. His various training assignments included Florida, Ohio, Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, Louisiana, and Nebraska.

In June 1943 Gladys went with me to an audit conference in Los Angeles. We engaged an elderly lady to stay with Sis and Gordon. While at Los Angeles we visited my first teacher, Miss Alice, who was then retired and living in Glendale with a cousin, also a spinster. Alice's brother Willie was living in nearby Long Beach and we also saw him. It had been nearly thirty years since I last saw him.

He was a civil engineer and had traveled and lived some time in Old Mexico. Willie was a raconteur by nature, so his stories of his life in Mexico were very interesting, even when they sounded more fanciful than factual.

Our trip out was by train via Chicago, but we returned through Texas where we stopped overnight to see our family. Then enroute from Texas to Washington we spent a day with Bud in Cincinnati. There he and I met for the first time in our uniforms. I was not too well impressed with the raunchy dress the young pilots were then affecting.

During the summer of 1943 there was much discussion about where Sis would go to college. Some of her friends from Camp Hill days were entering Pennsylvania College for Women. She decided that would suit her. All arrangements were made, but suddenly, two weeks before time to leave, she changed her mind. She would prefer to go to ACC. She felt that the students there would have backgrounds more consistent with hers, since most of them would be from homes of members of the Church of Christ. There was no problem with her acceptance and she reported on time.

There were no other special happenings until Bud's graduation from pilot training in May 1944. He then came home for thirty days. We were quite proud of him in his second lieutenant's gold bars and pilot's wings. He was destined for overseas and our thoughts quite naturally turned to the possibility of his not returning. So while he was at home we had a series of family pictures made in our home.

Sis worked as usual in the summer and returned to ACC in the fall. Gordon was still in Woodrow Wilson High. At the end of his leave Bud was assigned to Bruning Air Base in Nebraska for further training. There he met Nancy. In late October we received a letter from him asking our permission to get married. He was not twenty-one and needed parental permission to marry in Nebraska.

We were very much upset by the thought of Bud marrying at that time, but we did not oppose him. The wedding was set for Saturday, November 11, 1944, in the chapel at Bruning. Gladys and I went out by train but could spend only a short time there. We attended the wedding and a part of the reception, hurrying away to catch a train so as to be back in the Pentagon by the following Monday morning.

Bud continued his training at Bruning another month or so and was transferred to Pampa, Texas, for final checkout on his overseas plane, the P-47N. After a few weeks there he was sent to Ie Shima, just off the larger island of Okinawa. He flew escort missions from there for bombers and sorties over Japan until the end of the war in August 1945. Nancy spent some time with us in Washington while Bud was away but she soon went back to her own family. Sis worked in summer as usual; Gordon was not old enough to work.

Chapter 27

End of the War - Dayton - Washington

The year 1945 was not only one of the most eventful in our nation's history but it was also a year of decision, or choice, for me. After V-E Day in May 1945, all plans in the Pentagon were focused on an early end to the struggle in the Pacific. All possible cutbacks in war contracts were made. The demand for audit service by the Contract Audit Division in connection with the settlement of terminated contracts rapidly increased. The Division did, however, keep up with its assignments, producing reports as required.

My chief, General Miller, and I began serious consideration of the type of audit organization the postwar era would require. As usual, our foresight was poor and we did not visualize a separate Air Force Department, which came two years later. There was no thought of another war, but one came in 1950. We could think only in terms of what existed before the beginning of the buildup for the war we were still fighting. We saw a rather dull period ahead after the debris of this war had been cleared away. Mr. Orton had been in charge of a small group of auditors at Wright Field before the war, but he was gone, so General Miller suggested that I should plan to handle a similar program after the war. This meant that I would move back to Dayton and eventually convert to civilian status as head of a postwar audit group.

In order to carry out this plan and assist in the more rapid reduction of personnel, General Miller asked me to transfer the audit headquarters back to Dayton so that Colonel Tannery and all other temporary officers could be released for return to civilian life as fast as possible. This would also eliminate my Pentagon staff. Because my entire government experience had been satisfying, which was not the case with some of my jobs in industry, I decided to accept Gen. Miller's offer.

The atomic bombs had been dropped on Japan. It would all soon be over. My orders had been issued directing me to report to Dayton and relieve Colonel Tannery on August 15. I read the definite news of Japan's capitulation when my train to Dayton stopped in Harrisburg on the evening of August 14. When I arrived in Dayton the next day it was not only a new beginning for me but also for the whole world.

There were serious personal considerations involved in my move to Dayton. We sold our house in Washington and found a shortage of houses to buy in Dayton. We

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rented a furnished place and stored our goods. Gordon entered high school in Dayton and Sis returned to Abilene Christian in Texas.

Then a new problem arose. Gordon became depressed because of his school situation. We tried every means of reasoning we could, but nothing did any good. He had changed schools before without any difficulty, but this was different. He walked around in a daze and had no interest in anything except returning to school in Washington. We tried to be patient and reasoned with him as best we knew how. I would not know what more to do today.

After several weeks we gave up and Gladys took him back to Washington. We had in mind that in due course we would find a way of being together, even if I had to find another job. Gladys arranged to live temporarily with the family next door to where we had lived. She and Gordon slept on the third floor but ate their meals at restaurants. I would fly to Washington on weekends on the Air Force shuttle from Wright Field.

The day before Christmas I received word that General Miller's assistant, Col. E. H. White, wished to see me at Wright Field when I went there to take the plane for Washington. I met him in the waiting room and was surprised to find that he was presenting me the Legion of Merit, one of the top military awards and which I don't think I had ever heard of before. It was a cold, rainy day and quite crowded inside the building, but Col. White took me to a corner and read the citation, then pinned the medal on my uniform. He had the Air Force photographer with him, so we had pictures made. It was later my privilege to pin the same medal on Colonel Tannery and also on Colonel Frank Smith, who served as deputy to both Tannery and me. Others of the audit organization were likewise recognized for their contribution to the success of the activity. The following citation is typical of the service it is intended to recognize. However, I have to make clear that it was only through the ability and cooperation of the members of the organization that the accomplishments enumerated in the citation were realized.

"Colonel Thomas R. Rampy, 0922780, Air Corps, Army of the United States. For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services while serving as Chief, Contract Audit Division, Budget and Fiscal Office, Headquarters Army Air Forces, from February 8, 1943 to October 31, 1945. Colonel Rampy directed the performance of audits of Army Air Forces contracts which resulted in large reductions of contractors' claims for reimbursement and consequent saving of money to the government, was in large measure responsible for expediting the audit of the great backlog of overhead claims which accumulated during the early war period under the stress of production, and was instrumental in developing a coordinated program among the Army Air Forces, the technical services of the War Department and the Navy Department for the conservation and most efficient use of critically scarce audit personnel. The coordinated audit of cost-plus-a-fixed-fee contracts and the Consolidated Termination Program resulted in large savings both of dollars and manpower for the Government and contributed substantially to the prompt settlement of termination claims. By his sound judgment, professional skill, and devotion to duty, Colonel Rampy has reflected great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States of America."

My chief, and good friend, General Miller, retired December 31, 1945. This was a surprise but did not affect my status. In January 1946 we bought a house in Washington just a block from where we had previously lived and promptly moved our things back from Dayton. I continued to commute weekly between Dayton and Washington. By that time most of the temporary officers had been released and we were working toward a much reduced permanent staff. Other plans were, however, brewing in Washington.

Chapter 28

Pentagon Plans - Army Audit Agency

The end of the war in the Pacific caused the Pentagon to become more and more concerned with plans for a peacetime defense posture. A major consideration in this connection was the importance and place of air power as a military force. The Air Force was recognized not only for its outstanding performance in the war but also for the youthful vigor of its personnel and its acceptance of innovation in operating methods. Its operational philosophy was not tied so closely to tradition as was that of the other technical services of the War and Navy Departments. It was generally felt that the Congress would soon enact legislation making the Air Force a separate and equal department. It had already been recognized to the extent of designating an Assistant Secretary of War for Air as its civilian chief. In this early period of 1946 the Honorable Stuart Symington, now Senator from Missouri, held that post.

Symington came to the Air Force as a successful businessman who had a reputation for having done an outstanding job in producing bomb sights for use on our planes during the war. One of his first steps was an effort to develop cost consciousness. He wanted everyone to understand that things and men cost money and that these resources should not be wasted. In line with his idea of control of costs the Air Comptroller's office was established as a part of the Air Staff. This was to tie together all financial and statistical functions, including auditing. As these things were happening in the Pentagon the audit work of my office at Wright Field was rapidly decreasing and personnel was cut accordingly.

The first Air Comptroller was Major General Grandison Gardner. His assistant was Brigadier General E. W. Rawlings, who had distinguished himself as director of the Air Force's contract termination program. In June 1946 I was told to prepare to transfer the headquarters of the Audit Division back to Washington by the end of the month. The plans still called for my being converted from military to civilian status.

It was a happy day for me when I was officially transferred back to Washington - and my family. Shortly after my return, on July 1, 1946, General Rawlings succeeded General Gardiner as Comptroller. The demobilization of the military forces caused the entire defense establishment to experience continual change in both organization and personnel. This period called for decisions by many of those in management positions as to whether they would remain with the military services or return to civilian jobs in industry. Many of the regular military men were also faced with offers from industry, which some accepted.

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Management was talking efficiency and devising ways to avoid duplication of activities among the different branches of the services. As mentioned before, each technical service of the War Department, Quartermaster, Ordnance, Corps of Engineers, Finance, and others had its own audit organization. None, however, had the size, type or quality of that of the Air Force. So in line with the idea of avoiding duplication someone came up with the suggestion of a single, combined audit setup for the entire War Department.

This new turn of events resulted in my status as military being frozen. After a couple of months of discussion among all the agencies involved, the proposal was approved by the Under Secretary of War, Mr. Kenneth C. Royall.

In November 1946 the Air Force audit staff of about 900 was transferred to the jurisdiction of the Army Chief of Finance. There I was made chief of a division of the new Army Audit Agency and was required to remain on as military. The new organization was established along the same principles as had been followed in the Air Force.

It was in this new situation that I came to be the supervisor of my longtime friend, Gene Fuerst, whom I relieved at Golconda in 1925 and at Harrisburg in 1938. He had been a supervisor in the audit staff of the Army Ordnance Corps. He worked well with me in our new relationship, still a conscientious, meticulous worker. As I look back on our association over a period of more than thirty years I think of him as my very good friend.

While we at the working level went about doing our jobs the Pentagon officials and the Congress were involved in heated discussion concerning the type of military establishment best suited to the needs of the nation. Finally, in July 1947, the Department of Defense was established as a single cabinet office with the Army, Navy, and Air Force as equal departments within it.

This brought many problems of separation, realignment, and delineation of functions among the three services. I was, of course, primarily interested in and familiar with my own activity of auditing and was anxious to get the Air Force portion transferred from the Army back to the Air Force. General Rawlings was still the Air Force Comptroller and I talked with him from time to time about the transfer. He was sympathetic and asked me to prepare plans for an audit organization suitable for the new Air Force. I did this over a period of several months. Things moved slowly. There were a great many approvals necessary before any such change could be made. It was, however, eventually arranged to become effective July 1, 1948.

Chapter 29

Family Affairs - 1946 - 1948

Gordon's interest in chemistry, which began at about age nine, continued through his school years as we bought him annually an advanced chemistry set. He also learned to supplement them with drug store purchases. He learned well but not always wisely. In

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1944 and 1945 he suffered injuries from explosions. On a particular morning of the spring of 1946, just before time to leave for school, there was a loud explosion in the basement. I was not at home but Gladys rushed to see what it was and Gordon called up that he was not hurt. But he came up holding his burned hand. Gladys took him to Walter Reed Army Hospital right away where they dressed the burn.

On arrival back home they went into the living room where Gladys began to write a note explaining Gordon's lateness for school. Suddenly there was an explosion right in the room. Some capsule bombs he had in his pocket were detonated by his movements on the piano stool. He had them in his pocket and they blew large holes in his trousers, destroying them completely. Gladys was frantic, but Gordon was not hurt this time. The room filled with smoke. His explanation was that another boy had asked him to make the explosives and bring them to school. After each such incident Gordon carefully disposed of his dangerous chemicals and promised not to use them again. But time passes, confidence rebuilds and the same things happen again and again. He wanted to be a chemist and is now engaged in that profession.

Although the war was over in August 1945, Bud did not return from the Pacific until spring 1946. After a few weeks with his wife, Nancy, and her family in Minnesota, they bought a used car and drove to Washington to visit us. Bud was anxious to resume college and made plans to enter Maryland University that fall.

Our first and only granddaughter was born in April 1947. Bud was near the end of his first year at Maryland. He had not been happy with school nor their living conditions and Nancy was lonesome for her family, so they returned to Minneapolis where Bud entered the University of Minnesota. They lived on campus in a Quonset hut and Bud also worked at night in an airline ticket office.

Gladys and I drove to Texas in June 1947 for Sis's graduation and brought her back to Washington. Gordon also graduated from high school that year and was accepted by MIT at Cambridge, Mass., in the fall. Sis obtained a regular job as a secretary in the Pentagon.

In the fall, after Gordon left for MIT, we began to consider moving to a country place where we could have horses and indulge our desire for the open spaces. About the first of November we found a place much to our liking near Oakton in Virginia, about seventeen miles out from the Pentagon. It had twelve acres, a good house, barn, stable, sheds, flower and vegetable gardens, an orchard and some open pasture. It had been named Maple Lane Farm because of the long, maple-lined roadway up to the house. We sold our place in Washington and moved just after Christmas.

It was the latter part of January 1948 that Father died. He was in his 78th year. I went to the funeral in Texas. The weather was very severe; sleet and freezing rained delayed trains and planes all through the Midwest and Texas. The funeral was delayed awaiting my arrival. It was my first experience of death in our immediate family since my brother's passing when I was a child. My grief was uncontrolled. I have never felt such depth of pain at the passing of any other.

There was much to be done around our new place and I worked until late at night as well as on weekends. Spring was approaching and I had to give attention to the gardening. It was an enjoyable experience, plowing with my small tractor and planting a

wide variety of seeds and seedlings. The roses, irises and other plants required a lot of work. The previous owner had planted the place well.

We found a lady who wished to let us keep her horse and use him in exchange for his board. So Sis soon had a horse and got a lot of pleasure out of him, despite a few spills.

I began to raise chickens and sold a few eggs. It was like being back on the farm, except that I was not trying to make a living at it. Gladys learned about canning and freezing vegetables and fruit. Turkeys did not escape me. Each fall I bought a couple of dozen and fattened them for our use and for sale to friends at Thanksgiving and Christmas times. I would arrange for a local butcher to come and dress several at a time.

In Washington we had access to public transportation but here at Oakton we had to drive the seventeen or eighteen miles daily to and from the Pentagon. In those days it was a simple drive, no traffic lights and very little congestion on the highway, even at rush hours.

Chapter 30

The New Air Force Auditor General - 1948-1951

Plans for the new audit organization had to take into consideration the worldwide scope of Air Force activities. As finally adopted, the name of the organization was "Auditor General," and its chief was also to be known as the Auditor General. Since I was the chief and at that time a colonel, the title was a bit confusing, but I hoped that some day I would be promoted to general. This was the first time the term "auditor general" was ever used in the military establishment, and I was the first to bear the title.

On July 1, 1948, most of the 900 persons who were transferred to the Army Audit Agency in November 1946 were returned to the Air Force to form the nucleus of the Auditor General. In order to maintain independence of all whose accounts and activities might be examined, special authority was granted so that all Auditor General personnel, wherever located, would report directly to me, the Auditor General, in Air Force headquarters, Washington. I reported to General Rawlings, who then had the title of Deputy Chief of Staff - Comptroller.

In developing the Auditor General concept and organization I had the assistance of one of my chief civilian accountants, Robert D. Benson, who had joined the audit staff in 1942. When we transferred back to the Air Force from the Army Audit Agency, he became my principal assistant as Deputy Auditor General. He was subsequently reassigned to the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Management and later became Deputy Assistant Secretary in that office, where he still serves.

In order to carry on our worldwide functions efficiently we set up four geographical districts in the continental United States and two overseas, one in Japan and another in Europe. It took some time for them all to become operational and they did not develop fully until the beginning of the Korean conflict in 1950.

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The Korean action required a quick buildup of procurement programs of all the services, which, in turn, called for increases in personnel, including the recall of many who had served in a military capacity during the recent war. The Auditor General was adequately organized but it was necessary to recruit additional auditors and also recall a number of officers who had served with me during WW II.

It was a beautiful September morning. Colonel Bill Farnsworth, my Executive Officer, my secretary, and others in the office adjacent to mine seemed to be in unusually high spirits. I later learned from Colonel Farnsworth that General Rawlings had called him early that morning and told him that my name had been sent to the Congress by the President recommending me for promotion to brigadier general. I was not to be told of this until just before ten that morning when I would be formally advised in General Rawlings' office at ten.

I immediately called Gladys to give her the good news. Many called to congratulate me. I greatly appreciated their interest. Most major newspapers publish such submissions by the President, so it was not long until I began to receive congratulations from all around the world. It took several days for the Senate to act on the President's recommendation, but on the 21st of September 1950 General Rawlings pinned my first star on my left shoulder in the presence of Gladys, Bud and Nancy, granddaughter Kristy, and others. It was a memorable day for me. I felt that I had come a long way from Will Haynes' peanut patches. General Rawlings remarked to Gladys that I had earned the promotion, which was gratifying to me, but I never had any thought that I would get it any other way.

My new rank called for new responsibilities. In addition to the normal travel required in supervising the several Auditor General offices over the nation, there began to be calls to speak to various accounting and procurement groups. These things kept me away from home many nights. This made it difficult for Gladys because she did not like staying alone in the isolated farmhouse.

I mentioned before that Sis had obtained a job in the Pentagon. She began work there in the summer of 1947. She had spent four years in college in Texas and had made few friends in the Washington area. However, in her associations in the Pentagon she began to meet and date some of the service men. Finally she met Dick, Lieutenant Richard E. Smith, U. S. Marine Corps. After several months' courtship they were married on April 16, 1949, in the chapel at Fort Myer, Virginia. With Sis married and Gordon away at college Gladys and I were quite alone at Maple Lane Farm. We decided to sell the farm and move into an apartment. I hated very much to leave the place but circumstance dictated the change. On the first of November 1950 we moved into a new, modern apartment only a five-minute drive from the Pentagon.

The increased number of personnel required to take care of the workload caused by the Korean War had so jammed the Pentagon that by early 1951 many functions had to be moved to other quarters. Those selected to move were considered able to operate elsewhere without serious inconvenience or detriment to the quality of performance. On that basis the headquarters of the Auditor General was relocated to Philadelphia in the spring of 1951. I maintained an office in the Pentagon, with a small staff, as well as an office with the staff in Philadelphia. It was not a good arrangement. The new Department of Defense had been promoted by its sponsors as a means of modernizing the military establishment. Among these "better things" was to be an accounting system which would reflect a factual record of

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inventories of equipment and supplies and the use of appropriated funds. The operating departments were reluctant to undertake to comply with this legal requirement. However, in the spring of 1951 General Rawlings took a major step in that direction by establishing a Directorate of Accounting. He appointed me to the position of Director of Accounting as a duty in addition to that of Auditor General. I was, therefore, not only the first Auditor General but also the first Director of Accounting of the Air Force.

I assumed my duties as Director of Accounting with enthusiasm and made a visit with General Rawlings to the Harvard Business School to talk with a group of Harvard professors who had been engaged to act as consultants in developing the required Air Force accounting system. I also engaged a personal consultant, Dr. Frank P. Smith, my former deputy at Wright Field who was a professor of accounting at the University of Rochester.

My tenure in this new job was destined to be short. Some who had been advising General Rawlings and trying to establish an accounting system became very disturbed by the broad authority given to me. In my approach to the project I began to learn about some of the things certain ones were doing in the nature of hiding the facts. It got so warm that a very close adviser to General Rawlings persuaded him to relieve me and appoint another as Director after I had been in the job only about two months.

I was greatly pleased to get out of the accounting business for a couple of reasons. It was a very controversial subject which was being monitored generally by the office of the Secretary of Defense. In the second place, Gladys and I could now take the trip to Europe that we had planned before I got into the accounting job. We reinstated those plans which included a mixture of business and vacation in Europe for about a month. I flew over to Air Force headquarters in Wiesbaden, Germany, the latter part of July and Gladys followed a short time later by commercial plane.

It was our first trip across the Atlantic and quite exciting to both of us. We were able to visit central and southern Germany, Switzerland, Paris, and London. Our return trip was by military transport ship which we boarded at the north German port of Bremerhaven. Before leaving Wiesbaden for Bremerhaven on the return trip I telephoned my boyhood friend, Robert Lee (Bob) Guthrie, who I had learned was serving as a judge of the civil court of the American occupation forces at Bremen. This was on the route to our port so I arranged to stop for a visit with him. This proved to be a most delightful reunion since Bob and I had not seen each other in over thirty years. He had served as a legal officer in uniform during the war and also as a legal assistant at the Nuremburg trials that followed. He then converted to civilian status and continued as a legal official with the occupation forces. Some time after our visit with him at Bremen he was transferred to a court in Frankfurt where I had the privilege of visiting with him a couple of times before he returned to Texas in 1954. Incidentally, Bob had remained a bachelor until his return, and, as I recall, he married immediately thereafter.

Gordon finished at MIT in June 1951 and accepted a job with a chemical company in St. Louis. So we still had no one at home with us. Sis and Dick were preparing for transfer to a Marine Corps base in California. I had been selected by the Air Force for attendance at the Harvard Business School's Advanced Management Program, which began in September. I was very gratified at being selected for this course of study.

Those chosen for the thirteen-week course are required to have an educational background of a Master's degree or the equivalent in experience and accomplishment,

with potential for advancement. About ninety percent of each class of 150 are from industry and the rest are in most part from the government. I had neither the scholastic background nor the prestigious heritage of the majority of the class but I was able to adjust and satisfactorily complete the course.

While I was at Harvard, Dick and Sis received orders to move to California. Gladys went with them in their car as far as Texas and visited with our family. She then returned by train, stopping off in St. Louis for a short visit with Gordon.

Chapter 31

Philadelphia Again - Travels - Family

By early 1952 the Auditor General situation had developed to a point where I decided to move myself to Philadelphia and leave only a liaison representative in the Pentagon. I had about a hundred people in the Philadelphia headquarters, and I was losing control by remaining in Washington. We purchased a new house in Drexel Hill near the one we had when we lived there in the 1930s. We bought it from the same builder who sold us the first one.

In some ways it was good to be back among friends we had known for many years, and we were also close to Gladys's parents. But after years of absence one cannot return to what he left; it just isn't there. The more one moves the more alone he becomes. The hobo who leaves a different haystack every morning is, indeed, very much alone. So we moved from Virginia back to Philadelphia where we were to stay just two short years.

The Auditor General offices were centrally located in downtown Philadelphia within the evening shadow of William Penn atop City Hall, at which I had gazed so curiously when I first arrived in Philadelphia in July 1918. I was able to renew contacts with former associates in United Engineers, whose offices were and are just north of City Hall and within the morning shadow of William Penn.

A few weeks before our move to Philadelphia, Bud and Nancy's son, Thomas Randall III, was born. At first he appeared normal but it soon became apparent that he was not assimilating his food. The doctors at Hagerstown, Maryland, where Bud and Nancy lived, could find no means of feeding him. He was taken to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and there they decided to look into his body. He was so emaciated that his limbs were just skin and bone.

The surgery was such as to allow examination of all abdominal organs. There were some nine doctors involved, and it was found that the liver was not functioning. Certain tubes had not developed in relation to other parts. Eight of the nine felt there was no hope for improvement. Bud and Nancy had to take him home. There they found a lady doctor who wished to try to save Tommy's life. In a very short time there was a change for the better. With continued careful feeding under this doctor's direction, he began to grow and within six months was normal in size. The Johns Hopkins doctors had requested periodic reports on Tommy, as well as visits for examination. As he grew, these became less frequent but continued for several years. There are no discernible effects of his early delinquent liver.

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My military administrative and public relations aide in the Philadelphia office was a native of the area and had contacts with many important people of the city. He arranged for a great deal of publicity for the Auditor General

in various news media and had me make personal appearances on television and radio in both Philadelphia and New York.

Our audit work in Europe had greatly expanded due to the large number of military installations in support of the U. S. commitment to NATO. Air Force and Army bases were being built all over western Europe, especially in Germany, France, and England. In September 1952 I was included in a group of Pentagon officials of the Air Force on an inspection tour of bases in Europe and North Africa. Our first stop was Headquarters of the Air Force in Wiesbaden.

The day after arrival, there was some excitement over news that some of our group had been promoted from colonel to brigadier general and that the local Air Force Comptroller had also been promoted to brigadier. The following day I was en route to Paris on a plane with three or four others, and the pilot notified me that he had a radio message stating that I had been promoted to major general. This made me very happy, and I was not only figuratively but actually high up in the clouds. I wonder how many others have received their notices of promotion so high above the earth. My second star was pinned on me by Major General Ascencio in my room in the Hotel Litre in Paris that evening.

My primary area of interest on such inspection tours was, of course, the Auditor General functions. I was therefore accompanied throughout my visit by the District Auditor, whose headquarters was at Wiesbaden. In addition to my official duties I tried to see as many places of interest as I could in the various countries we visited. I was always on the lookout for something to bring home for the house or for Gladys.

It was on this trip that I first visited the silver vaults on Chancery Lane in London. These vaults are about a hundred feet underground, and there are shops that sell all kinds of used and new silver ware. Gladys and I have visited these shops a couple of times since.

My return to Philadelphia was marked by profuse congratulations by my staff and other friends. Gladys was also very pleased that I had received this further recognition. I felt that I was just a bit farther from the peanut patches.

In October Gordon decided to leave his job in St. Louis and get into the military service. He obtained a commission as a second lieutenant in the Air Force and was assigned to duty as a liaison officer with the Army at Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland.

Dick was reassigned to the battleship Iowa, also in October, and Gladys and I went out to California to drive back east with Sis in her car. She stayed with us for several months until the Iowa docked at Norfolk. There she and Dick rented a house. Their only son, Barry, was born there in November 1953. General Eisenhower became President in January 1953. He had promised an all out effort to end the war in Korea. In July I arranged to go to the Far East to visit the Auditor General offices in that area, including Japan and Korea. The District Audit office was in Tokyo. As usual, the District Auditor, then Colonel Phil Blattau, accompanied me on visits to the audit offices in his district.

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While at a base near Seoul, South Korea, I was taken for a ride in a fighter plane over the battle lines. I could see the smoke of ground fire from my high vantage point, and that is the closest I ever came to combat. It was an experience which I shall not forget. I also visited the city of Tague and saw the conditions of extreme poverty and insanitation in which many of the Korean people were then living. Such conditions existed in other cities also.

While in Tokyo I visited in the home of a Japanese friend, Koichi Inomata, who had spent a night in our home when we lived in Virginia in 1949. I enjoyed this chance to see for the first time how Japanese families live. Mr. Inomata was then a judge in the Tokyo High Court. He is also an elder in the local Japanese Church of Christ. He had visited America to study our system of administrative law. It has been my privilege to visit in their home several times since. Gladys was with me on one trip, and she also had the privilege of meeting the Inomata family. One of the Inomata's sons came to America to study music and married an American (Texas) girl. They now live in Pennsylvania and expect to make their home there.

On this trip I also went to Air Force bases in Okinawa, Taiwan, the Philippines, Guam, and Alaska. Just as I was returning home, the long hoped for armistice ending the fighting in Korea was signed. This was again cause for great rejoicing.

Soon after my return to the office I learned that I was included in another inspection group to Europe and North Africa. This was a rather routine trip but we visited many places in Germany, France, England, Italy, Spain, Morocco, Lybia, and the Netherlands.

In September 1953 Gordon was released from military service under the program of then Secretary of Defense Wilson to get rid of all unnecessary officers. He had served only nine months but by some type of reasoning he was presumed to have fulfilled his obligatory military service. He soon obtained a job with the Goodyear Atomic Corporation at Waverly, Ohio.

Chapter 32

New Assignment — To Europe 1954

The Air Force Comptroller, General Rawlings, was succeeded by General Charles B. Stone III, in early 1951. Although a West Point career officer, it was he who recommended me for promotion to major general. I was very grateful for his confidence in me and respect for the Auditor General organization. In March 1954 General Stone informed me that I was being offered to the Commander of the Air Forces in Europe to be Comptroller at headquarters in Wiesbaden, Germany. A few days later I was notified of my acceptance and told that I would report for duty in April. I was very pleased with this prospect of a three year tour in Europe. The job as Comptroller on the Commander's staff was a challenging one, presenting much broader responsibilities than I had been handling as Auditor General.

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I flew over to Wiesbaden in early April and selected a house from among several then available. Our government had requisitioned hundreds of German houses in Wiesbaden and other military areas for use of the occupying military forces. These houses and their maintenance, along with most other expenses of our forces, were then being supplied by the new Federal Republic of Germany. This arrangement has since been modified because of the development of the German military forces.

The house I selected was the one being vacated by my predecessor comptroller. It was quite large with spacious rooms for entertaining but required major repair and kitchen modification. Much thought and planning were involved in such a move at that time due to the differences between German and American standards used in house construction – electric current was different, gas stoves and other kitchen facilities were not like ours, bathroom fixtures were different, and the windows were unlike ours. Various other factors had to be considered in view of the fact that complete furnishings were available if we wished to use them. We decided, however, to take over most of our own things because we were accustomed to them. Also, there was no choice among the furnishings supplied by the military; they were the same for all houses for occupants of similar rank.

We decided to rent our house in Drexel Hill and store the things we did not ship to Germany. In order to live more like Americans we bought and sent over a large electric stove and a freezer. The German kitchens were built with no thought whatever of convenience. This was because the “lady of the house” did practically no work in houses such as we had; she had two or more maids and a man to help run the place. We had special work tables built for the kitchen, despite the fact that we planned to have a cook and other household help. It took the maintenance people more than three months to get the house ready for us.

After selecting the house and making other necessary arrangements for living, I returned to Washington for a few days before leaving to assume my duty in Germany. Gladys remained at home to make final moving arrangements and followed in about a month. Because our house was not ready we had to live in temporary quarters until around the first of October. It was a difficult period for Gladys; she was not accustomed to the social life of a military community nor her position as social mistress of the wives of fifty or more officers of my staff, none of whom she had known before. She learned quickly and well and became a greatly admired hostess.

My new boss, the Commander U. S. Air Forces in Europe (USAFE), was Lieutenant General William H. Tunner, who also had commanded the famous Berlin Airlift. I enjoyed my service under him and learned a great deal. The Deputy Commander, with whom I had more frequent contact, a West Point career officer and pilot, was also a very capable man. He was younger than I and went on to higher positions, finally attaining the four star rank of general.

Our life in Wiesbaden was marked by a great amount of social activity, including many formal affairs. In addition to high ranking visitors from Washington, General Tunner entertained VIP's from many foreign countries. Gladys and I were involved in most of the events and had to host some. It became a very enjoyable way of life which we were reluctant to leave.

The climate of central Germany is much like that of New England, perhaps not quite as cold nor as much snow, but with less sunshine. We never considered it severe. The farms and hills of the countryside are beautiful all year, lush green in spring and summer and usually covered with snow in winter. Skiing is a very popular sport which can be enjoyed in the Bavarian Alps of Germany and, of course, the other Alpine countries. The German people like outdoor life and walk a great deal in their woods and parks.

Chapter 33

Germany — Wiesbaden — Ursala

When we moved into our big German house, the first thing Gladys needed was a maid to help get things organized. She went to an employment office and took the only one available that day. Ursala, a young, strong girl from the Russian zone of Germany, spoke very little English. Gladys took her on a temporary basis but found her satisfactory as a general housemaid and decided to keep her. This decision resulted in several traumatic experiences.

Early one Sunday morning Joseph, the house man, tapped on our bedroom door and announced in his usual quiet voice that our auto was “kaput” (damaged). The car was always left with its rear end sticking out into our narrow street so I assumed someone had run into it. But when I went out to look I saw that the rear window was shattered as well as the windshield. Closer examination showed that two or more bullets had entered the rear window, one of which had also struck the windshield. Another was found in the back of the front seat.

When Ursala heard us discussing the matter back in the kitchen, she suggested that maybe the American who brought her home late Saturday night might have done the shooting. We called the Air Force police, who came with a German companion policeman. They questioned Ursala and found that her escort had brought her from a local night spot and then insisted on getting into the house with her. She said he showed her a gun, and she then agreed to go through the basement and open the kitchen door if he would wait there. However, she went instead directly to her room on the third floor and left the boy standing at the kitchen door. She claimed to know nothing of the actual shooting of the car.

The police arranged for Ursala to accompany them to night spots until she finally identified the boy who had brought her home. He was taken into custody and was found to have a bad record, having just been “unloaded” on his local unit by another unit in North Africa. Ursala was called to testify at his trial but I never learned what happened to him.

Soon after the above incident Gladys noticed that Ursala was getting large around the waist. On inquiry as to the cause, Ursala admitted to being six months pregnant. Then about six weeks later, early in March 1955, around four in the morning we heard a knock on our bedroom door and heard Ursala saying, “Hospital, Mrs. Rampy, hospital!” Gladys

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had told her she would take her to the hospital when necessary but this was three weeks early.

We both got up and started dressing, and Ursala went back to her room. Soon we heard moans and calls for help. Gladys rushed up and found her in full labor. I followed and assisted in the delivery of the baby. We also had a young bachelor friend as a house guest at the time. He was aroused by the confusion and arrived in Ursala's room in time for Gladys to hand him the baby, wrapped in a blanket, to take to another room. I was then able to devote more time to calling for a doctor. The Air Force had no obligation to take care of such cases but a doctor was sent and arrived about the time the German hospital doctors did. The German hospital ambulance finally took Ursala and her baby away. It had been a rather exciting hour.

Gladys had agreed to allow Ursala to return to work on the basis that the baby would be kept in a "kinderheim," children's home. She found such a place within walking distance of our house. There the baby thrived, and Ursala was quite proud of her. But when her vacation time arrived in August, Ursala bought a nice baby carriage and went on the train, with baby in carriage, to visit her mother in East Germany. She was to be gone only two weeks but at the end of that time we received a telegram saying she was being detained a week by the police. She did return a week late but left the baby with her mother. It was not the end of our problems with Ursala.

During the winter of 1955 Gladys became concerned about the pimpled condition of Ursala's face. We sent her for examination, and the doctor reported that she was afflicted with a venereal disease which would respond to treatment. This was bad news but we allowed her to continue working. Then a couple of months later we sent her to the Air Force hospital for an annual physical examination. The German woman doctor who made the examination called me at the office about ten that morning to tell me that she was sorry to have to report that Ursala had been pregnant for some time and that she had just sent her to the German hospital with labor pains. Her child was born but did not live.

Gladys was upset by this turn of events and promptly removed all of Ursala's things from our house. In going through her room she found several items that Ursala had taken from among our belongings. We knew she had "taking ways" because of several small items of jewelry that had been missed but when mentioned to Ursala soon reappeared. She also wore some of Gladys' clothes when we were away on trips. We learned this by finding trolley car slips in pockets.

We had several maids afterward but none was as satisfactory from a housework standpoint as Ursala. She had a long period of convalescence after the birth of her second child and then obtained a job with a German family. We heard of her indirectly from time to time. When she learned that we were about to return to America, she came to visit us and brought a bouquet of flowers. I believe she remembered with gratitude our efforts to help her.

Return to the Pentagon - Retirement

Central Germany, where Wiesbaden is located on the Rhine, is an agricultural area with many small farming towns and a few industrial cities, such as nearby Frankfurt on the Main. The climate is moderate in summer and winter, with considerable rainfall, some snow and many cloudy days. The Taunus mountains, a small range, are visible from Wiesbaden and run over toward Frankfurt. They provide great pleasure to many native Germans, most of whom love the outdoors and opportunities to walk in the woods of the hills.

Gladys and I took advantage of every chance to travel and visited most of the Western European countries by car. We also went to the British Isles, North Africa, Greece and Turkey. On all of these trips I indulged in my hobby of taking pictures, principally color slides. We have had much pleasure from them, which now number several thousand.

I also made many of official trips back and forth to the Pentagon. Gladys and I were able to arrange my business trip and her personal visit to Washington so as to attend Gordon's wedding at Portsmouth, Ohio, in April 1955. Altogether Gladys made three visits home, two by commercial plane and one by military ship.

Another well remembered event was our visit to Buckingham Palace as guests of Queen Elizabeth. We were among hundreds at her afternoon garden party for foreign diplomatic people. Time permitted only a few persons the privilege of meeting and speaking with the queen as she walked slowly with Princess Margaret and her entourage from the palace steps out into the gardens. We followed along a few feet away as an occasional guest was introduced to and greeted informally by the queen, with a brief exchange of remarks. We saw only one person we knew and that was Billy Graham, the evangelist. This affair required formal afternoon dress, and it was interesting to observe the varied styles of the many nations represented.

We were taken to the palace in an Air Force car driven by an English chauffeur. As we drove along the outside wall of the palace gardens, he remarked, "Millions of Londoners would like to have a peek beyond that wall." That struck me as a reflection of his feeling of inferiority and resignation to his life status. I also felt that he, as a British citizen, should have the privilege of seeing such places, even as we in America visit the homes and grounds of our high officials.

A relatively small portion of Buckingham was available to us visitors. Cars let the guests out inside the building. The chauffeurs were given numbers and sent to a parking place to await call. We then walked through a portion of the palace to the rear and out to the grounds. It was there that we waited for the queen. After she passed on to the special pavilion where she sat with the Prime Minister, we partook of refreshments, wandered among the guests a short while and took leave.

We also visited West Berlin in late 1954, going by train through a part of East Germany. While there, we were taken over into East Berlin, with an Air Force officer as escort. The slow progress being made at that time in removing bomb damage was obvious. The Russians had, however, rebuilt part of the city, making quite a showing of

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new buildings along what was then known as Stalin Allee. The Russians had also built a beautiful memorial cemetery honoring those who fell in the conquest of Berlin. We were told that much of its marble decoration came from Hitler's famed chancellery, in which he destroyed himself.

The industry and reconstruction of West Berlin contrasted sharply with what we saw in the East. The evidence of the havoc wrought by our bombing of the great city of Berlin in 1944 and 1945 was apparent on every hand. The white arrows painted on crumbling walls pointing to windows through which rescuers might enter to find entombed people in basements and underground shelters were somber reminders of the horrors of war. These indicators are still seen on many buildings.

My period of service in Germany was marked by constant pressure of work. The Command was responsible for supervision of Air Force activities from Turkey and Saudi Arabia in the east to the British Isles on the west and from Morocco and Lybia in the south to Norway on the north. I was greatly impressed with the abilities and dedication of the men responsible for administering the great scope of activities necessary to the proper functioning of this large military organization.

As I approached the end of the normal three year tour of duty in Europe, my thoughts turned to what might be in store for my future because I had been warned that I would be retired upon my return to the Pentagon. It was a serious matter for me since I did not have the requisite twenty years of service for retirement with pension. But shortly before my scheduled return to the Pentagon I was advised to enter the local hospital for a final physical check. This led to my being sent back to Washington as a patient for further tests and examination in military hospitals in August 1957.

Our household goods were packed and shipped in July. Due to my being returned as a patient in a plane with other patients, Gladys had to travel alone on a regular military flight from Germany to Washington.

During the several months of medical examinations, I was an in- and outpatient. We did not wish to set up housekeeping until a final decision was made about my retirement, so we lived in furnished apartments. It was a rather frustrating period. After exhaustive tests the doctors found the minimum of disability under which I could be retired. And that's how it came about that on the 28th day of February 1958, just fifteen years and twenty days from the day I took the oath of a lieutenant colonel, I was retired from the Air Force.

Chapter 35

Return to Philadelphia

On March 1, 1958, we returned to our home at 3400 Marvine Avenue, Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania. There were repairs and redecoration to be done before the arrival of our goods so we lived temporarily with Gladys's parents in nearby Yeadon. We were soon ready and the big overseas packing crates were on the front lawn. With the placement of

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our furnishings, many of which aroused memories of the places and circumstances of purchase in foreign countries, the house became our home again.

In an effort to make ourselves feel at home, we renewed neighborhood acquaintances and associations with friends of long standing. But there was still something missing – the feeling of being needed for something definite each day. Then after a few weeks I visited the President of the recently formed Northeastern Christian Junior College at nearby Villanova, which was sponsored by members of the Church of Christ. It was then in the promotional stage with a small staff engaged in solicitation of funds for the repair and remodeling of the facilities of a large estate which had been purchased and which also had to be financed. My offer to help out in this venture on a regular basis, without pay, was accepted.

There followed a period of about eight months of frustrating experience. The President resigned and another was selected, with whom I was unable to find a common ground for a working relationship. The lack of enough money to carry on in a normal way was a continuing problem. I decided I was not suited to this sort of operation and resigned my position as vice-president.

I sought other employment and was engaged for a special assignment in Washington. This was gratifying and renewed my confidence. It resulted in an offer of full time work in Washington at a good salary. At the same time I was considering this offer, my former employer, United Engineers of Philadelphia, learned that I was available and asked me to consider a position with them as a sales representative. They felt that my long association with the government would be of value in soliciting business from federal agencies.

Although the offer of a position in Washington had a strong appeal, there were family circumstances that made us reluctant to leave the Philadelphia area. Gladys's father had died in January 1959, leaving her mother in poor health with only her sister and husband, both of whom were employed, to look after her. After due consideration we accepted the offer of United Engineers. I assumed my new duties in early July 1959. The company's offices were in the same building where I had worked before, from 1922 to 1932, but only a few persons were the same. I had enjoyed my work there and still had a devotion to the company, even after twenty-seven years of absence. I had been in the treasury department previously but now I was in sales, a field entirely new to me. However, I had confidence in the quality of the company and in my ability to adequately represent it.

My new boss was William E. Almy, Vice President for new business. The term "new business" is used by the company in place of "sales." The organizational details of the company are immaterial to this narrative but I must state that the financial vice president, T. Curtis Lloyd, a staff accountant when I was there before, was now a strong executive on the president's staff and my principal link to the past.

United Engineers & Constructors, Inc., is one of the larger firms of the nation engaged in design and construction of electric power, steel, chemical, and other heavy industrial facilities. Its assignments involve projects valued from a few million to hundreds of millions of dollars. There are some 2000 employees, engineers, draftsmen, administrative and executive, in the main office in Philadelphia. Its activities cover the nation and some foreign countries.

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It was my job to present the company's background and experience to potential clients. The first several months of my efforts were fruitless. Despite the fact that 1959 was a low year for construction activity, Mr. Almy began to have doubts about my ability as a salesman. But I did begin to get some business and learned a little about what is involved in selling. I know that not everyone can be successful as a salesman but I am also convinced that the exact qualifications of a salesman defy description.

In addition to my solicitation of government business, my boss referred most inquiries from foreign countries to me. In following these I made trips to India, Japan, Hong Kong and Thailand, the Philippines, and Taiwan (Formosa). Gladys went with me on one trip to India and we continued on around the world. She became ill in India and that experience, plus the many unwholesome sights, left her with no desire to return. I was greatly impressed and have a strong desire to visit India again. We stopped in Hong Kong, which we both enjoyed very much, and then in Tokyo where we saw friends, Mr. and Mrs. Inomata. He, as previously mentioned, had visited us in Virginia in 1949. He had retired from his judgeship and was then teaching in the International Christian University in Tokyo. Their son, Yoshio, and his American wife live in Pennsylvania where he is employed by the Fred Waring music organization as a choral arranger.

Through Yoshio's contact with the Stroudsburg College at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, his father was able to get a one-year assignment to lecture there. This was done through the Fulbright teacher exchange program of the federal government. So, in the fall of 1969 Mr. and Mrs. Inomata came to America; it was her first visit. In the spring of 1970 they came to visit us and other friends in the Washington area. On their return trip to Japan in the summer of 1970 they arranged for stopovers in Europe.

Chapter 36

Family – Travels

In December 1960 we moved from our Drexel Hill house into a new house about ten miles away in Newtown Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania. It was the second house built in a planned group of about thirty, each on two or more acres. We selected the highest point and placed the house so we had a good view for more than a mile in most directions. However, the two and a half acres of lawn represented a less desirable aspect when it came planting and mowing time.

Bud left his job with Fairchild in Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1957 and went with Honeywell Corporation in Minneapolis. He, like me, was in the financial and accounting end of the business. In the summer of 1961 he was sent to Germany to work in one of Honeywell's plants near Frankfurt. Nancy and the children, Kristy and Tommy, went along. Then early in 1962 Tommy contracted tuberculosis and had to be returned to America at once. They placed him in a hospital in Minneapolis where he remained several months and fully recovered. Nancy and Kristy also remained in Minneapolis but Bud stayed on his job, commuting frequently between Frankfurt and the home office in Minneapolis. It was, therefore, in April 1962, after Nancy and the children had returned,

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that Gladys and I stopped on our way to India to visit Bud in Germany. We also saw, of course, friends we had known when we lived there.

Gordon changed jobs in 1962, going with the FMC Corporation to an assignment at Newport, Indiana. Sis and Dick had a tour of duty at Parris Island Marine Base in South Carolina from 1962 to 1965. Dick then retired as a lieutenant colonel, and they returned to the Washington area where he assumed management of an investment and brokerage business. Soon after Bud's return from Germany in September 1962 he was sent to another Honeywell plant in St. Petersburg, Florida, where he became plant comptroller.

In January 1963 I made another trip to India and had the pleasure of meeting an Indian journalist, Mr. Prakash C. Jain, and his family, in New Delhi. He had a Master's degree from the University of Minnesota and had written articles for the Saturday Evening Post and other American publications. I enjoyed visiting in his home and meeting his wife, Kusum, son, Kamel, and daughter, Monicka. The children were then ages twelve and fourteen, respectively. Prakash is an adherent of the vegetarian Hindu sect, Jain. He and I had some discussion of his meatless faith and when I remarked that I could see nothing wrong about eating goat meat, he said, "You, no, but what about the goat's viewpoint?" Prakash and I spent a Sunday afternoon at New Delhi's new zoo. That, too, was very interesting. They had some fine specimens of Bengal tigers and beautiful leopards. As usual, I had my camera and took many pictures, among them a hyena sucking a baby's bottle through the wire enclosure. The child's family saw me and requested a copy of the picture, which I gladly sent.

On this same trip I went on around the world, stopping in Bangkok on business and then on to Hong Kong, Tokyo and Hawaii. In July of 1963 I returned to Japan and Hong Kong, accompanied by a vice president of United Engineers, Mr. Petersen. We also visited Taiwan, the Philippines, and Hawaii. My collection of color slides grew with each such trip and a look at them now helps to recall details of the countries which would otherwise be hard to remember.

It was October 1963 when Gladys and I received a call from Bud telling us of the serious illness of our granddaughter, Kristy. We went at once to Florida and saw her in the hospital where she had undergone major surgery for cancer. I returned shortly but Gladys remained a week or so until Kristy was brought home. Although she was given all possible care and treatment in the Florida hospital, Bud and Nancy took her to a hospital in Minneapolis where treatment failed to save her. She passed away on January 3, 1964.

From the time of Gladys' father's death in 1959 her mother required more and more care until her passing in 1962. That left only Gladys and her sister, Mildred, as members of their family. Neither parent had any living blood relative, unless, perhaps, there are distant, unknown cousins. So it is that when Gladys and Mildred are no more, the families from which they came will have also expired.

In January 1965, Gordon was transferred by his company from Indiana to New Jersey. They moved to Trenton, near his work at Princeton. At that time they had three boys, Jeff, 9, Bruce, 7, and Randy, 1. We enjoyed frequent visits with one another, being only an hour's drive apart. All of our children enjoyed visiting us in our new home. Its comfortable size, grounds, gardens, nearby woods and stream made it enjoyable for young and old alike, in summer as well as in winter.

Another Retirement

When I resumed work with United Engineers in 1959 I was not covered by the employee pension plan. I was, therefore, permitted to continue working beyond the normal retirement age of 65. However, in the spring of 1965 I decided that I wanted to retire. When I informed my boss, Mr. Almy, he asked me to reconsider and stay for another year or so. After a few more weeks of thought I was still of the same opinion and agreed to remain through July 1965. It had been a most enjoyable period. My boss, Bill Almy, was a fine gentleman and my friend. Others with whom I worked closely were Bob Smith and Gus Heckscher, Ramey Wagstaff, and the President, Henry Chance II. There were also some from my former years with the company, fine men and good friends, such as Curtis Lloyd, Bill Higgins, Ralph Heister and Fred Knapp. All of these and many others in the company made my association there the most satisfying of my life. I am deeply grateful.

In September, following my retirement, Gladys and I went to Europe to revisit some of the places we had enjoyed during our prior travels there. We flew directly to Wiesbaden, where we could use Air Force Hotel facilities on a short time basis. We rented a car, and, knowing the area well, it was a simple matter for us to go almost any time to any place we desired.

We decided to visit Denmark. After a short stay in Copenhagen we drove west to Esjberg, stopping to see sights along the way. From Esjberg there is a ferry to the island of Fano, about a mile wide and ten miles long. On this island we visited Alice and Henry Ibsen. Henry had spent nine years in Philadelphia and while there married Alice and took her back to his native Denmark in 1932. She had not returned during that time. Gladys and I had known Alice and her twin sister, Grace, and their brother George Joynes, from their childhood. Grace and George still live in Philadelphia and asked that we visit Henry and Alice. In 1967 Grace was able to visit Alice for several weeks. George is retiring this year, 1971, and perhaps he and his wife will visit Alice whom they have not seen for nearly forty years.

I am describing this visit in some detail so as to call attention to what happens to the mind after long separation from once familiar people and things. When we drove up to Alice and Henry's home, only Alice was there, Henry being at work. Alice had been told that we would probably visit her but in reading her sister's letter our names did not register as being former close acquaintances. Therefore, she assumed that we would be some strangers just passing through. So, as we tried to greet her as old friends, she had a very difficult time understanding who we were, not only as to name but also appearance; thirty-three years of time had greatly changed our faces. Alice had also changed but we knew whom we were to meet and could adjust. Alice had lost much of her ability to speak English. Her use of Danish all these years had affected her speech, both as to recollection of words and sentence structure.

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When Henry came in for lunch soon after we arrived, we found that he spoke better English than Alice. Henry works as a carpenter foreman on construction in the village where they live and visits his jobs on a motorcycle. He can, therefore, readily come home to the mid-morning snack, noontime lunch, and afternoon snack. In addition to those three meals they also had breakfast about seven, dinner about six, and supper around ten at night, making six meals each day. We had a very pleasant couple of days and nights with Henry and Alice on this quaint Danish island, just off the west coast of Denmark. The local people try to maintain their thatched roof construction and other ancient building customs as attractions for visitors.

We drove back to Wiesbaden, stopping overnight in the great growing city of Hamburg, Germany. The city, which was laid waste by our bombing, is now a sprawling metropolis of new suburban type construction and modern super highways. After a few days of rest we drove south from Wiesbaden through southern Germany (Bavaria), Austria and into Italy. As on previous trips to these areas we enjoyed the scenery and visits to art galleries, as well as other interesting places in various towns and cities. From Rome we drove back north through Genoa and Milan, then into Switzerland and on to Wiesbaden again. That, of course, still seems like home to us.

After this two-week jaunt we prepared to fly to London to keep a prearranged appointment with our Philadelphia (United Engineers) friends, the Ralph Heisters. There they would be on the last leg of a "round the world" trip by sea and air, which they began at San Francisco in July. Ralph had retired a year before, and he and Elsie were enjoying this trip after more than forty years of service with United Engineers. As a coincidence, Elsie is a sister of Everett Holt, a long time close friend of Gladys's parents, as well as our friend.

We found Ralph and Elsie in London with no difficulty and spent a very fine week with them there. We went to the theater and dined at Simpson's and other interesting places. We took the usual trip to Windsor Castle and other places of interest. Then it was time to come home. We had enjoyed six delightful weeks of vacation.

Back at home with no job to regiment my life, I had to adjust to retirement. There was always something to do on the two plus acres of ground around the house. Although I do enjoy making things grow and like the results in the form of beautiful flowers, the never-ending demands of such a place become enslaving. I spent most of the year 1966 working on the shrubbery and flowers and mowing the lawn. As spring 1967 came on I saw the same routine in prospect. These confining chores, the hazards of leaving the house unattended for thieves to ransack, and the work of maintaining the inside of the house caused us to decide to sell the place and move into an apartment in Washington.

It was a major decision, but we made it and moved in August 1967 into a comfortable, two bedroom apartment in northwest Washington. We had to dispose of many things we had in the house and buy others suitable for the apartment. Again it was difficult to give up a home we loved very much. But one thing that made it easier was that Gordon and family had moved away from Trenton to Nitro, West Virginia. We lost the pleasure of their frequent visits. On the other hand, by moving to Washington we became close to Sis and Dick and Barry, just thirty minutes from our apartment.

At the very time we were moving to Washington, Bud and his family moved from Florida to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Bud took a new job with another company as

financial vice president. In this job his duties frequently bring him to the Washington area, and he can stay overnight with us. Such visits were not possible when we were in Pennsylvania. Likewise, Gordon's work brings him through Washington from time to time, and he also makes it a point to spend a night with us. Although our thoughts continue to turn back to the joys of our last home in Pennsylvania, there are compensating pleasures from the more frequent contacts with our children and grandchildren. Incidentally, Gordon and Bert's fourth son, Wyatt Andrew, was born in October 1967. And now we have six grandsons.

Chapter 38

We Move Again

Our life in the apartment proved to be very different from anything we had ever experienced. It was difficult to find enough to do to occupy our time. We had access to an inside, year round swimming pool and also to sauna baths, both of which I used almost daily, but Gladys did not care for them.

One reason we took the apartment was so that we could leave it and visit our children or elsewhere at will. This we did more often than before. Then in the spring of 1969 we drove to Texas where we had a reunion with my brother and sisters, except Janie. She was not able to meet with us because her husband, John, was seriously injured in an automobile accident the day before. We did, however, get to visit John and Janie in the Brooks Army Hospital in San Antonio a few days later.

During this trip my brother and his wife, Ethel, and Gladys and I drove to Salado. It was especially interesting to Henry and me to drive about the area trying to identify familiar spots of our childhood. The bluebonnets were in bloom and showed like blue blankets spread over the landscape and highways of central Texas. They, of course, brought back memories of the days we walked barefoot among them, as carefree as the butterflies we chased.

Little of the business section of the village remains. The residential areas are much the same as fifty years ago but many of the houses show evidence of neglect and deterioration. Some of the old, more substantial homes have been renovated and are occupied by people who work in nearby towns, such as Belton and Temple. The old Shady Villa Hotel, which, as I mentioned before, is now the Stage Coach Inn, known widely for its excellent food, is operated by the same people who have the adjoining Stage Coach Motel just west of the old main street of Salado.

The College building ruins are not now available for general public view. The Robertson colonial mansion, a half-mile west of the Inn, is still occupied by descendants of the builder, Colonel Sterling Robertson. It is open to visits by the public for a small fee. The Central Texas Area Museum is just across the street from the Inn in an old native stone store building. This is worth a visit. A short walk north from there, in Salado's sixty-year-old bank building, is a first class boutique where New York's latest fashions may be purchased. The

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bank opened in about 1912 and lasted only a couple of years. I am sure the boutique will do better.

We returned to Henry and Ethel's home in Ballinger and stayed a few days with them before going on to visit our old and dear friends, the L. H. Locks, in Midland, Texas. We first met the Locks when they came to Philadelphia in the 1930s to work on construction projects. They returned to Texas, where they developed their own very successful pipeline construction business. We visited them from time to time. During one visit with them they drove us to Ruidoso, New Mexico, where they have a lodge in the pine covered mountains. This is a fine resort and recreational area with year round attractions.

It was a great pleasure to be with our friends at their home in Midland and at Ruidoso. After a week with them we began our return home, stopping for a short stay with Gordon and his family in West Virginia. Gordon and I were then engaged in forming a corporation to manufacture and sell a new product which he had developed for making rapid chemical analyses.

On our return home we began to plan a trip to Europe on invitation of friends who had left the Washington area early in April for a two-year assignment with IBM at Frankfurt, Germany. We were well set on these plans when, about the middle of June, we received notice of a substantial increase in our apartment rent. This caused us to reassess our situation. Considering the rent increase, the fact that Gladys did not really like to live in an apartment, and other unsatisfactory conditions, we decided to buy a home near our daughter in nearby Falls Church, Virginia. We therefore vacated the apartment and moved into our new place the latter part of July 1969.

Although there were many things to do around the new, four-bedroom house with a half-acre lot, we did not abandon our trip to Europe. About the middle of September we left for Germany, stopping in England for a few days and seeing London again, which is always a pleasure. In Germany we had a delightful stay with our friends, the Bill Bromleys, who had a nice, modern apartment in a new building in the town of Kronberg, about fifteen miles from Frankfurt.

We rented a car and went to many of the places we had seen on prior trips — Bavaria, Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy, and Switzerland. It was good to see some of our German friends in Wiesbaden, where we had lived when we were stationed in Germany 1954-57. We returned home around the first of November.

Since that time we have made relatively few trips away from home. We do, however, make occasional visits to see our children in West Virginia and Michigan, and also to Philadelphia where Gladys's only sister — actually her only blood relative — lives. But our location is convenient for our children to visit us fairly frequently, especially our daughter, who is only a few minutes away. We are grateful for their continued showing of love and devotion.

Epilogue

As the year 1971 begins, our nation is faced with many of the same problems it wrestled with last year and the years before: the Vietnam war, inflation, unemployment, racial conflict, crime, environmental pollution, and budget deficits. On January 22nd, Republican President Richard Nixon delivered his State of the Union message to a Democratic 92nd Congress. The message was preceded and heralded by White House press statements of superlative praise of its scope, content, and "revolutionary" portent. It did, indeed, cover a number of important subjects, which were treated under six main topics. These may be further regrouped into three broad areas of popular interest, namely: financial welfare, physical health and environment, and the relationship of federal and local governmental agencies to the people. Mr. Nixon said little about the actual state of the nation but the remedies he prescribed indicate a pretty sick patient.

History will record ten or more years of this nation's financial and military support of the government of South Vietnam in its struggle to subdue a civil insurrection fomented and supported by communistic North Vietnam. This "undeclared" war has given rise to great controversy and unrest throughout our country, unrest which reached its peak during President Johnson's administration and caused him to choose not to run for reelection in 1968. President Nixon came to office with a commitment to end the war. A considerable segment of the nation's youth exerted great pressure toward this objective through public demonstrations and college campus disorders in 1969 and 1970. Many of the youth feel they should not be required to place their lives in jeopardy 10,000 miles from home in a war where the issues are not clear enough to convince them that it is their national duty. During 1970 Mr. Nixon announced a policy of gradually withdrawing more than 200,000 combat troops and giving the South Vietnamese the responsibility for the actual fighting. This policy seems to have had a soothing effect on the reluctant youth of the nation.

The racial problem, black versus white, reached its height of tension during the Johnson administration. Although Mr. Nixon spoke eloquently of his dedication to the principles of equal rights in his 1968 campaign, the blacks are currently accusing him of having done little or nothing to promote their interests. Present conditions are less volatile than a year or so ago but the lull may be only temporary. Twelve black members of the Congress boycotted the President's State of the Union message a few days ago.

We older ones have been hard-put to understand the current crop of teenagers in two major respects. First, and to me of the lesser significance, is their break with tradition in dress and appearance by adopting unusual clothing and, in the case of boys, growing long, feminine-looking hair, plus, in many cases, disregarding normal cleanliness. This, we hope, is a fad which will soon pass. But the other aspect is more basic and more serious. It involves the mores of our society. Some of the nation's youth, individually and in organized cults, are denying the validity of customs and institutions which have been thousands of years in the making. They do not, however, offer any substitutes to replace the system which they suggest should be destroyed by social revolution. This goes to the root of our existence as a nation and must be resisted by all who care for the good things of life. Ages of experimentation have not produced a satisfactory substitute for the home, the foundation of civilized society, constituted by a contract of mutual respect and allegiance, where children learn by precept and example and go and do likewise.

Let us keep to the old paths! I believe we will do so.

Choice and Chance



Mildred and Gladys,
Washington, 1941



Colonel, USAF

MAL 4321

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON

AG 201 Rampy, Thomas Randall (2-1-43)PR-A

February 1, 1943.

SUBJECT: Temporary Appointment.

TO: Mr. Thomas Randall Rampy,
4532 - 47th Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.
(Temp. Appointed Lt. Colonel AFS)

A 0-922780

1. By direction of the President you are temporarily appointed and commissioned in the Army of the United States, effective this date, in the grade and section shown in the address above. Your serial number is shown after A above.
2. This commission will continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being, and for the duration of the war and six months thereafter unless sooner terminated.
3. There is inclosed herewith a form for oath of office which you are requested to execute and return promptly to the agency from which it was received by you. The execution and return of the required oath of office constitutes an acceptance of your appointment. No other evidence of acceptance is required.
4. This letter should be retained by you as evidence of your appointment as no commissions will be issued during the war.

By order of the Secretary of War:

5 Inclosures:
Form for oath of office.
D. S. S. Form 166.
Fingerprint Card.
Personal History Statement.
Envelope.

Copy for: C. G., Army Air Forces,
Chief, Procurement Unit,
Room 2908, AAF Annex #1,
Gravelly Point.

Ally
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

Commission as Lt. Colonel, Army of the United States,
February 1, 1943



Thomas Jefferson and Bethsaida Rampy,
50th Anniversary, 1946

Choice and Chance



Bud at Home Before Going Overseas, July 7, 1944
(Above, Below, Right)



Just Married, November 11, 1944

Bud, Nancy, and Nancy's Parents,
Mr. and Mrs. Noteboom
Bruning AAB, Nebraska



Choice and Chance

A Meeting of the Auditor General's Staff,
1951 (Right)



First Star, September, 1950



Gordon, 2nd Lt., USAF, 1952



Maple Lane Farm, 1948-50

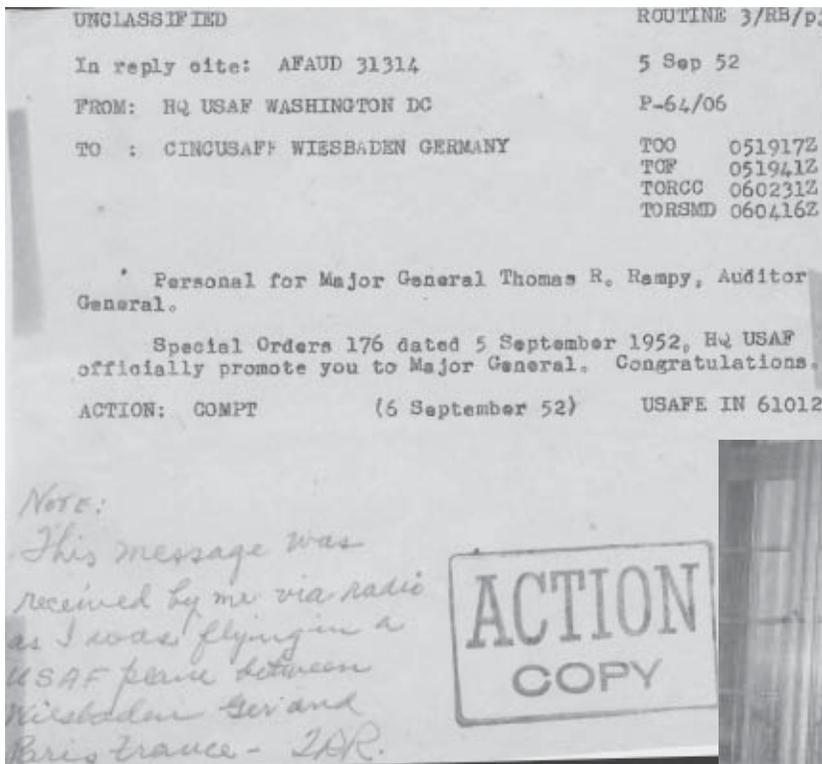


Home in Drexel Hill, PA, 1952



Second Star, September, 1952

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Notification of Promotion to Major General, 1952



TRR As Comptroller, USAFE, Wiesbaden, Germany, 1954



The Rempy Home in Wiesbaden, Germany, 1954-1957



Ursula, ca. 1956

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Air Force Retirement at the Pentagon, 1958



At Home in Newtown Square, PA, 1965



Bethsaida Rampy with Her Sister, Mary, and Her Sons and Daughters, Texas, 1956



Home of Randall and Gladys, Newtown Square, PA, 1960-67

Choice and Chance

Thomas Randall Rampy died June 21, 1976 at his home in Falls Church, Virginia. His wife, Gladys, died there seventeen years later, March 3, 1993.

THE END