

H A R R Y O. W Y S E

Outstanding Kentucky

Engineer

Bridge Builder

Civic Leader

Church Activist

And, a Successful Family Man

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE TOLD BY MR. WYSE
FROM HIS BIRTH 94 YEARS AGO IN CANADA
TO RECENT TIMES IN LEXINGTON.

You will certainly enjoy this account of a young Canadian immigrant coming south for his health and making his way up the ladder of success in many walks of life.

Mr. Wyse wrote this several years ago, had his secretary type it, and a friend put it in a form for use by the public.

You will soon note his memory for details, names, places. As a compatriot said: "Harry paid this same attention to details when bidding and working on jobs. Nothing was left to chance."

On April 23, 1993 Mr. Wyse is to be honored with a Lifetime Achievement Award at an Honors Banquet sponsored by the Kentucky Construction Managers's Association in conjunction with the University of Kentucky College of Engineering.

PHASE 1

1.

Newcastle, N. B.

It all began February 12, 1899. Dad told me that the temperature was zero when he had to walk through about a foot of fresh fallen snow to get the doctor, his cousin, Dr. Robert Nicholson. I had been preceded 15 months earlier by my sister, Ruth and was followed by Robert, James Wilson (Bill) and Lyell. Our home was a two story, white painted building located on the north side of the Back Road. This road is now called "Kings Highway". East of our home the Newcastle Hospital has been built and east of that is located the Ritchie home. This is where my cousin, Elizabeth Nicholson Graham lives.

My memories of the place are quite clear. There was a plank walk on our side of the road. The house had a coal fired furnace in the basement and a wood fired stove in the kitchen. Water was heated on this stove. Out back were the wood shed, the back house (we kids used the po) and the clothes line. Also the pump. We used oil lamps. No telephone. I have a vivid mental picture of the hired girl taking frozen bedding off of the clothes line.

The Hermans lived next door. They had two boys about our ages. One winter the snow drifted up over the roof at the back of their house. We kids had a glorious time coasting down that snow drift. One day when we could not go out, Ruth and I took our sleds into the house and slid down the stairs. Our fun ended when Ruth hit something and got a big cut near her left eye. One day I got too close to a man who was shovelling snow. His shovel caught me just under the nose. I still have the scar.

When Ruth was six she started to school and I started the next year. Grades one and two were in the same room in a small one story building. I recall the cloak room and the back house, out back. There was a big pot bellied stove. Each kid had a slate. To the rear of the school was a two story building that housed the Falconer Carriage Shop. I used to peak in whenever I could. They made beautiful carriages. Mr. Falconer was the father of Cliff Falconer who married Roberta's sister Edith many years later.

Father had a dry goods store down town, opposite the square. Electric lights were available down town but the power house only started up late in the afternoon. Dad used to ride back and forth on his bike. One day after lunch he rode off and I started to bawl because he had not kissed me goodbye. I ran all the way down to the store, crying all the way, ran into the store and shouted "you did not kiss me"(He had). Dad placed me on the handlebars of the bike and drove me back home.

Ruth and I used to walk home for lunch each day. Before eating we had to put on our pinnies, to keep our clothes clean. One day when we got back to school and Ruth removed her coat she found that she had on her pinnie. She was mortified and cried and cried.

Grandpa Wyse had a bakery a short ways down the street from Dad's shop. Many of my memories are connected to this location. Dad's mother had passed away and Grandpa had married Emily Lamaster. She was the only Grandma Wyse whom we knew. The shop was in the front and the bake shop and ice house were in the rear. In the bake shop there was a huge Dutch Oven. Along one side was the counter and beneath this was a huge drawer. Each night Grandpa would mix up a huge pile of dough and place it in the drawer to rise. Early the next morning he would get up and bake bread. He had a long handled paddle that he used to place the bread pans in the oven. In the afternoons, while the oven was just right, he would bake cakes and cookies. A big deal was when a ship's captain came in and ordered a barrel or two of ship's biscuit. Hardtack. He loved to bake wedding cakes and birthday cakes. Each winter when the Miramichi River was frozen over with about 24 inches of ice, men would cut it and stack it in the ice house between layers of sawdust.

Opposite Grandpa's shop was the village smithy. Ruth and I must have spent a lot of our time at Grandpa's. We used to go over to watch horses being shod. I can clearly visualize the long handled pole that pumped up the bellows, the red hot metal being shaped to fit the horse's hoof and the long nails that were driven into those hoofs, the steel runners being made for sleds, the steel tires being sweated onto huge wagon wheels.

Between Grandpa's shop and the blacksmith shop there was a dip in the ground that filled up after a rain. Someone had placed a plank across this puddle and I watched boys jumping up and down and splashing water. I was wearing a brand new pair of pants that had side pockets. I strutted across the road, hands in pockets, down the slope and onto that plank. After a few jumps I lost my balance and landed on my back in the puddle. I could not get my hands out of the pockets. A man driving by with a team of horses saw me and lifted me up and delivered me to Grandpa's. I learned a lesson. "Never keep your hands in your pants pockets."

One day when we were visiting, Ruth was wearing a new white dress that mother had just made for her. After showing off the dress we walked over to Ferry Wharf. We walked around the wharf, on the curb of course, when near the shore Ruth fell overboard into black muck. Ruth was equal to the occasion. She removed the dress and washed it in the river. She said that nobody would notice. But they did.

Nelson was just across the river. Quite often Grandma would take us for a ferry boat ride. For the sum of 2 cents each we could ride back and forth as long as we liked. Brookville was just down river, half way to Chatham.

Just up river from the ferry slip was a shipyard. Here the river steamship "Dorothy N." was built. Even as a kid I was facinated by the way the men placed timbers in a big steam box and then attached them to the ribs around the bow and the stern. The boat was named

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after Dorothy Nicholson, one of the daughters of Dr. Robert Nicholson. Dorothy's brother Jack, was just about my age. He went off to college, worked some years in Brazil, returned to Canada and later had two very important positions. He was Postmaster General of Canada and later the Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia.

Another of Dad's cousins was Osborne Nicholson. To us he was always Uncle Osborne and his wife was Aunt Gertie. They had a daughter, Roberta, who married Allen Ritchie. There was a son whom I cannot remember and then Myron, whom we always called "Nick." Nick and I were about the same age and we were always getting into trouble together. Near Ritchie's Mill was their log boom. I remember Nick and I gleefully walking around on the logs floating in the river. We were lucky, we did not fall in. Then we walked up to the stable where the mill's work horses had just been unhitched and turned out to drink at the water trough. We walked up and down under the horse's bellies. The Nicholsons had a horse and buggy. Aunt Gertie used to take mother out driving and of course, Nick and I went along in the back seat. One day we picked up a little neighbor girl. Aunt Gertie used to tell that she and Mother had their attention drawn to us when they heard us saying "now it's my turn." We boys were kissing the little girl. We must have been all of seven years old. Many years later Nick was associated with my brother Bill in the floor finishing business. Myron's younger sister was Elizabeth. Elizabeth married Robert Graham. For years Bob was manager of the eastern division of the Canadian National Railways and lived in Moncton. Elizabeth still lives in Newcastle.

Though I was very young, I knew that something was wrong. Mother and Father were very upset. What had happened was that Father had received word that his only brother, Harry, had been killed in Colorado. Harry was working in a silver mine near Aspen. It was winter and he used skis to go to and from work. He got caught in an avalanche and was killed.

Another accident happened in the town square just opposite Dad's store. There was a tall flag pole there and it must have been the July 1st. holiday for they wanted to fly the flag. The rope was broken. A sailor from a visiting ship volunteered to climb up and replace the rope. He fell and was killed.

During 1906 my father sold out his dry goods store in Newcastle and bought the Dobson store on Main Street in Moncton, opposite the Royal Bank of Canada. There were 5 of us kids by this time and after a short stay in a double house on Archibald St. Dad rented from Fred Williams, the five bedroom house at 188 Highfield Street. This is where we "grew up." We joined the Wesley Memorial Church and regularly attended church, morning and evening services as well as Sunday School. Dad became active as a song leader and later as treasurer and trustee. Mother played the church organ. I attended grades two and three in Aberdeen School and then moved to Victoria School, right at our back yard.

The house on Highfield Street was heated by wood burning furnace. Each fall Dad would order a huge pile of cord wood, -Maple and Birch.

This was delivered in four foot lengths. It used to cost 50 cents per cord to have it cut, the cutter furnished his own buck saw and saw buck. Then it was up to us boys to get it into the cellar and stack it. This was hard work. Behind the furnace I had a little work bench. It was here that I made a model airplane. I hung it from the ceiling in my bedroom. Also each fall Dad would stock up with apples. Usually six barrels at \$1.00 per barrel, including the barrel. Dad loved to play chequers and often when a friend stopped in for a game they would celebrate by going down to the cellar and opening a few oysters. Dad bought them by the barrel.

We must have been a very healthy family. The only medicines that I remember seeing around the house were castor oil and epton salts. Bill got a big cut over one eye when he was struck with a hockey stick. Robert had to have his tonsils removed. Dr MacNaughton did this operation on a table in the kitchen. Ruth and I watched through the window. Ruth had diptheria and the house was quarantined. She had to stay in her room and a damp sheet covered the doorway. Rob had scarlet fever and again the house was quarantined. Ruth and I were sent to stay at the church parsonage with Rev. and Mrs. Pinkerton.

I am sure that the neighbors got a kick out of watching the Wyse family going to church each Sunday morning. All seven dressed in our Sunday best, marched off to the 11 o'clock service. Sunday School was at 2:30 in the afternoon and the evening service was at seven.

I must have been 11 or 12 years old when an evangelist came to hold special service at our church. Dad was there to lead the singing and Mother was there to play the organ. I was there so I would not get into trouble at home. Dad took me down front and made me sit on a front pew. I went to sleep. Dad told me that the preacher saw me and worked his sermon around in a special way as he walked across the platform and tossed a song book right into my lap. I jumped about a foot. The preacher made his point.

My seventh grade teacher was Miss McClatchey. There were huge windows in our room and one day Miss McClatchey asked me to do something to the window. I had to get up on the sill and somehow when I jumped down I landed on the edge of a bench on my left shin. I cut a huge hole in the shin. I walked home. My mother was not home. I telephoned Dr. McNaughton. This was the first time that I used the telephone. In a short time Dr. McNaughton drove up in his carriage. The tendon that connects the foot was severed. He pulled the ends together and tied them together with catgut. Then he took three stitches in my leg. There were no pain killers in those days and the pain was awful. Mother had been visiting our neighbor, Mrs. Williams, next door. Mrs Williams noticed the doctor's carriage out front. Mother was terrified. For several weeks I had to stay home and sit with my left leg stretched out straight. Miss McClatchey visited me every day. I got good grades that year.

My eighth grade teacher was S.W. Irons. Known as Sammy Irons. He was the principal and rang the bell. The big locomotive bell was on

the roof and the bell cord came down to the class room. There were three little devils in this class. They were Squealer MacDougall, (later County Judge), Curley Carson, (later killed in a driving accident) and Harry Wyse. Mr. Irons had a piece of belting about two inches wide and about two feet long. With this he maintained discipline and meted out punishment by slapping our hands.

I soon learned to always wear a long sleeved coat. By pulling down the sleeves I saved a lot of pain. The rule in our home was that when we got a licking in school, we got another at home, with a hair brush. The last licking I got at home was when Dad broke the ebony handle of the hair brush.

In our classrooms there were five rows of seats and seven seats in a row. I usually sat in the second seat in the second row. Each desk had an ink well. The girls were always annoyed when a boy dipped her hair into the ink well. The teacher's desk was right in front of me and next to his desk was the bell rope. When the teacher was out of the room, someone always managed to give the rope a pull and ring the bell. Funny thing. When the teacher returned he always looked at me.

Our school term started September 1 and ended June 30. July 1 was a holiday and we kids celebrated by going out West Lane to the swimming hole on Hall's Creek. Each bike carried two or three kids and there was always a race to see who dove in first. One day I dove in and both arms sank up to the elbows in thick muck. I could not get out. Fortunately my brother Bill saw my toes sticking out of the water so he and some other boys pulled me out.

One summer, when I was in my early teens I went to a YMCA camp near New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. We slept on the ground in tents and went swimming twice a day. One day I swam out beyond my depth and got so tired I sank. There was a life boat near by with a man and a boy in it. They were looking the other way. I sank to the bottom and came up seven times. We had always been told that three times was the end. Fortunately an older boy was standing on the shore. He saw me and came to my rescue. I was so full of salt water that I was sick for a week. From camp I went to New Glasgow to visit some relatives. I was taken on a visit to the steel mill. Very interesting. I watched them making nuts and bolts.

It was in Victoria School that I first saw concrete being used. The building was old and had been built of solid brick, three stories and a basement. The stair well had squeaky wooden stairs. The wood was removed and replaced with a spiral stairway of concrete with an iron rail. This was the fire escape. In addition, the building had two flights of stairs; each with a handrail that we boys used to slide down

Before starting High School my father took me on a trip to Totonto. This was a big deal. We boarded the "Ocean Limited" in early afternoon. We slept together in the lower berth. The train was winding through the Matepedia Valley while we were enjoying dinner

in the dining car. Early in the morning I lifted the shade and peeked out. Across the St Lawrence River I could see Quebec City and the Chateau Frontenac. Montreal was the first large city that I had ever seen. It had trolley cars and one car was a huge sight-seeing affair. No top, and the seats were arranged in stepped-up fashion. We took this trip around the city. Dad had some business to do with some wholesalers. I remember that he bought some yard goods, woolens, and some pretty blouses. From this car I caught my first glimpse of a real aeroplane.

We visited Mount Royal, had dinner in a nice restaurant overlooking St. Catherine Street, then went to the depot, boarded the night train for Toronto. My first impression was, how clean it was. So busy. Street cars, some autos and many horse drawn vehicles. We stayed with Dad's old friends, the Clippertons. We visited the Toronto Exposition, Hanlan's Point to see a ball game and later to hear Sousa's Band. I was told that at that time Toronto had a population of about 250,000 people. Here too, Dad had some buying to do and I enjoyed going with him.

It was in 1909 that Dad built his new store at the corner of Main and Robinson Streets. This was a two story brick building, heated at first with a coal fired furnace and later by natural gas. The second floor was about two thirds of the space divided into office space. One of the tenants was W. C. Barnes, the architect who designed the building, A Grand Trunk Railway travel agent, a hair dresser and an optician. It was my job for many years to keep the halls and the stairway clean and to shovel off the snow and there was plenty of it.

When I had saved up \$12.50 Dad added a like amount and bought a bicycle. This bike had no coaster or brake. My legs were so short that I could not reach the pedals all the way around. I used the bike to deliver parcels. We were not allowed to ride on the sidewalks and this made a problem for the streets were not paved. One day I was riding along Main Street near the railway station when I was run over by a man riding horseback. The road was muddy, I was not seriously hurt but I was a mess. Another time I was run over by a horse and carriage. The horse stepped on one of the pedals and pushed it onto the rear wheel. My beautiful bike was ruined. This happened right in front of the YMCA. Two men were standing at the door and they helped me up and carried me into Dad's store. Dad bought me a new bike with a coaster brake and this served all us boys for a long time. I remember the first flat tire. Ruth was riding the bike and came home in tears. This was a calamity. We robbed our banks and came up with 79 cents. We took the bike to a stable where it was fixed and we were charged only 25 cents.

The first automobile to come to Moncton that I recall was owned by Dr. White. This car stalled quite often and the neighbor kids were called upon to give it a push. Mr. G. B. Sangster was an early owner and it was in his car that we were given our first ride. This car was open, of course, had driver's seat and back of that were two seats that faced each other. They were reached by a step at the back.

The gramophone was another big event in our lives. We had seen gramophones with big horns but Dad surprised us by bringing home a new cabinet style Edison Gramophone. The records were flat and about 1/4 inch thick. The older machines used cylinder type records. Ours had

a diamond point and lever to set it into the record. You cranked it by hand and a record played for about five minutes. (Many years later Roberta and I visited the Edison Museum in Fort Myers, Florida. On display was a machine similar to ours). Dad bought about fifty records and made a box to hold them. The latest date on a record envelope is 1916. A few years before Dad passed away he sent all of these to me. They are located in my office.

The hours at the store were 8 AM to 6 PM. Each Saturday we closed at 10 PM. During the week before Christmas we stayed open every night until 10 PM. This was one reason why I disliked Christmas. I was always too tired to enjoy it. It was my job to get down town every morning early enough to clean the show windows, clean the sidewalks and in the winter, shovel off the snow and open the doors at 8 o'clock. After school we boys would deliver parcels. Since I was the oldest I seemed to get the heaviest parcels and the most distant homes to reach. Many times I did not get home for supper before 7 o'clock. One winter the snow was piled up at least three feet deep. A heavy bob-sled loaded with logs passed the store and just opposite one of our big windows, something broke and a piece of steel smashed a window. These three panes of glass had come from Germany. Sumner Co., Hardware, replaced it temporarily with two smaller panes. It was not until after the war ended in 1918 that they were able to get another big pane of plate glass. It was winter time. I removed everything from the show window, Sumner Company men removed the temporary glass and the MacBeath Trucking Co. men, Bill MacBeath and George, hauled the big crate from the freight shed. They were unloading it from the wagon when it broke in two. We had to wait another six months to get a replacement.

Dad's friend, Dr. Robert MacNaughton and a farmer named Alex Henderson, got interested in Silver Black Foxes. Silver Black Foxes were rare and their pelts commanded huge prices. The idea was to raise them in captivity. Dad heard of a man in Ontario who had raised some foxes and got in touch with him. The year that he took me to the Toronto Exhibition we took a train to Orangeville, Ontario where we were taken in great secrecy to a small farm where, behind high board fences, some foxes were penned. They were beautiful. Dad arranged to buy three pairs. There was a price of \$25,000. but I cannot remember whether that was per pair or for all three pairs. When we got home it was arranged for Mr. Henderson to go to Orangeville, crate the animals and bring them to his farm. He had never been on a train in his life. That was the start of the fox business and that is what got Dad into the horse business. Foxes loved to eat meat. So, the word got around that for a horse delivered to Henderson farm, 13 miles out the Irish-town Road, Mr. Wyse would pay \$15.00. World War 1 put a stop to the fox business. One fox died and the pelt was cured and delivered to Dad. He carefully wrapped it for mailing to Lamson Co., Furriers, London, England. I took it to the Post Office and insured it for 100 pounds, Sterling. The ship carrying it was torpedoed. Lloyd's of London sent Dad a cheque for \$480.00. When Roberta and I were married Dad sent Roberta a beautiful silver fox scarf for a wedding present. After Roberta passed away I donated the scarf to Midway College, Midway, Ky.

Dad Was born in Chatham, N.B. He attended school in the Harkness Academy in Newcastle. He must have been a great skater for in a drawer in the desk in the living room there are several medals won in skating races. (He bought me a pair of skates and took me skating on the Miramichi River when I was 7 years old). Dad worked in a shop repairing watches and clocks before he got interested in an organization called The Salvation Army. He served first in New Brunswick then in The Salvation Army Headquarters in Toronto. After six years service he resigned in 1892.

In The Salvation Army he met a young man named Wilson. Mr. Wilson Invited him to visit his home on Partridge Island, off St. John, N.B. Harbor. Here he met a young lady named Annie Wilson. A short time later they were married.

Grandfather Wilson was born in Scotland. He studied engineering and was sent to St. John to help build the first ever Fog Alarm Horn. This must have been around 1860. He married and they became the parents of four boys and four girls. He stayed on Partridge Island, built a home there and operated the fog horn and the lighthouse until he retired about 1900 and moved to 183 City Lane in Carleton (West St. John). Aunt Mary never married so she took care of her parents until they died.

When we were young we spent some time each summer with our grandparents in either Newcastle or St. John. Grandpa Wilson wore a grey beard, smoked a pipe and kept a bottle of rum in the house. In a closet, carefully put away, were his kilt and a sporan. Oil lamps provided light. One night Grandpa had one too many and as he climbed the back stairs he stumbled and dropped his lamp, setting the place on fire. Aunt Mary had me filling pails of water which she threw on the fire. The other kids were screaming. No great damage was done but the place had a bad odor from then on.

Grandpa had a workshop building in the rear of the house. Here he was working on his invention, a horseless carriage. He took me in a machine shop where they were making parts for him, then we would go to the harbor to see the ships. The Square Riggers were beautiful. Grandpa tried to teach me the names of the different parts of the rigging. Once there was a big six masted schooner. Grandpa knew the captains of some of these ships. On one occasion he took me on board a big steamer where he visited the captain.

One day Grandpa took me on the ferry to the City. We walked to the government slip at the foot of King St. We boarded a big motor boat and sailed out of the harbor to Partridge Island. The tide was low so we had to climb up a long ladder to the wharf. On the island there was a big isolation hospital where sick immigrants were kept. There were just a few homes. The main attraction was Grandpa's old home, the fog horn building with it's steam boiler and the lighthouse. Grandpa took me up to the top of the lighthouse and showed me the oil lamps and reflectors. It was a great day for me. In later years, Mother used to tell us that she and her brothers and sisters had to fill the lamps every day. They also trimmed the wicks.

Grandmother Wilson was a fine looking old lady. My most vivid recollection of her was of her holding the baby, Jessie Baillie, in her arms. Mother's youngest sister was Jessie. She married George Baillie. Uncle George worked for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was station agent in Fairville, near West St. John. Uncle George was a member of a bicycle club that owned a little cottage on Spruce Lake. One summer we kids were taken there for a week. We had a great time. It was there that I caught my first fish, a little trout. I was so proud of it that I wanted to keep it, so I hid it behind the kitchen stove. I don't know why Mother and Aunt Jessie made such a fuss about it. Maybe it was because of the odor after two or three days. I had to bury it in the yard.

Grandfather Wilson had a beautiful clock, made in Edinburgh, that he brought from Scotland. Since Bill (James Wilson Wyse) was the only grandchild named after him and since Dad had had some experience with clocks, he decided that it should come to our house. That summer Mother and the five of us children were visiting 183 City Line. Dad came down on the train to take us home. Grandfather decided that this was the time to make the move. How we did it is still a mystery to me. Here's what we did. The clock was taken apart. Grandpa would not trust the works to anyone so he carried them. The body was separated into two parts. Each weight weighed about 35 lbs. And there was also our luggage. We walked about 1 block to the street car. The street car took us to the ferry slip. It was a long walk to the ferry. We crossed the harbor. It was a long walk for the tide was low, up the hill to another street car. We rode the car to the railway station. We walked into the station and boarded the train for the three hour trip to Moncton. We unloaded everything from the train. Dad hired a hack to take Grandfather, Mother and the weights to 188 Highfield. We carried everything else to the same address.

The clock occupied a prominent place in our home until after father died. Jessie (Mrs. R. N. Wyse) had it shipped to Toronto. Today it stands in the hall of the Wyse home located at 7 Edgehill Road,

The parts of Grandfather's horseless carriage remained in the shop after his death. Too bad.

Behind the house was a hill which, when we were small, we called big hill. Grandpa had a long telescope. We loved to take it up on the hill and watch the ships enter and leave the harbour. The Bay of Fundy can be very rough. We often saw steamers head out into heavy seas. Sometimes the bow would be under a wave and the stern propeller and rudder would be out of water. The tides in the Bay of Fundy are the highest in the world. They can vary as much as 55 feet.

Our Grandparents in Newcastle attended the Presbyterian Church. Grandpa Wyse was an Orangeman. One Sunday evening Grandpa Wyse took Ruth and me to the "Kirk". This was a pretty little church. Along both side walls were four oil lamps. The sexton had the squeakiest boots that I have ever heard. He squeaked his way to the first lamp, took a wood match out of his pocket, scratched it on the seat of his pants and lighted the lamp. By the time he lighted all eight lamps, Ruth and I were giggling so hard that Grandma was mortified. My

Grandparents are buried in the church yard.

In Newcastle the hotel was the "Miramichi." The veranda out front was equipped with arm chairs. It was here that sometimes some traveling salesman would be stuck over a week-end. Of all the salesmen who used to call upon us at the store, we liked^a Scotsman from Montreal named Clements. I was about 15 when a fellow salesman told us the story about Clements. He said that they were sitting on the veranda one sabbath morning when Clements said "It's a braw bright morning, I think I'll gang awa up to the kirk. Will you come along with me?" He answered, "No." A few minutes later Clements asked "Can you change ten cents for me?" He felt in his pocket and replied "No." They sat together for some time then Clements said that he decided not to go.

In the spring of 1914 Dad hired Fred Brown to build a home at 206 Cameron St. Mr. Barnes was the architect. Even by today's standards it was a big house. On the first floor there were a living room, dining room, sewing room, kitchen, pantry, stairways up and down and a parlor. On the second floor there were five bedrooms and a bath room. On the third floor there were four bed rooms and a bath that was never fully fitted out. In the basement there was a big coal fired furnace, (we burned hard coal) that circulated hot water. There was a big coal bin, a cold room, a pair of set tubs, a clothes line, a stairway to the back yard and...Harry's work bench.

I spent a lot of time watching the construction. It was on the afternoon of August 4th while I was on a scaffold watching two English bricklayers lay brick, a boy came up the street shouting "Extra, Extra, Britain has declared war on Germany." One of the bricklayers went down and bought a paper. He came back and spoke to his partner. They packed up their tools and prepared to leave. I asked them where were they going? "We are off to war. We accepted the shilling."

The war was a calamity in many ways, not the least, to many merchants. Much of our merchandise came from England, with terms of six months credit. With the start of war this was all changed. Now the terms were 2% ten days, net 30 days. Canadian wholesalers followed suit. This was ruinous to many merchants who were always short of cash. It was especially bad for Dad who had a house half built. The bank refused to lend money. It was only that, many years later, when he did not need it, the bank offered to lend money.

Some way or other Dad was able to scrape through. Many things in the house were left unfinished. We had no carpets except those we brought from Highfield St. The electric fixtures were makeshifts. No curtains. But we got along. My bedroom was on the third floor with a window overlooking Victoria Square. Rob's room was next door. There was often a lineup for the bathroom on the second floor. But we had the gramophone and the piano. Mother loved to play the piano and Ruth was learning. Someone gave us an old organ that you played by using foot pedals.

The war changed everything. Many of our friends enlisted. One of the early casualties was a neighbor boy named Ivan Carson. He was

killed in action. Another was Lloyd Sands. Lloyd and I were stamp collectors. Lloyd enlisted in the Royal Navy Air Service. He trained in England and saw some service in France, given a furlough to visit his home. That year I had built a biplane glider, Lloyd arrived just in time to help us fly it. All went well but we would have glided better had I known that the cloth on the wings should have been sealed. Lloyd went back to France and disappeared in action.

There were four rooms on the second floor of Aberdeen School devoted to High School. The four teachers were "Daddy" Oulton, the principal, Miss Ethel Murphy, E. C. Rice and McL. Barker. Mas. Farthing was the physical trainer. A separate building had been converted to make a manual training center, down stairs, and domestic training upstairs. The manual training class was one half day per week but I spent much overtime there. Mr. Starrett taught us how to use tools and how to work wood. The only mechanical equipment was a foot pedalled grind stone.

One night in 1915 the Highschool building burned down. We were moved to the crowded Victoria School. I'll have to admit that I was not a good student. So many boys had enlisted that there were only a few boys left in a big class of girls. I did not graduate from High School.

In the fall of 1916 I went to business college. Success Business College, owned and operated by George M. Schmidt. He was a good teacher and he had some excellent teachers. I studied bookkeeping and typing. When I graduated I was offered a job to teach bookkeeping but my father needed me and he was glad to turn over all the bookkeeping to me.

Calamity struck one cold morning in January, 1917. Our mother died. Mother had delivered a still born baby boy. Mother lay in state in the parlor. Father and the five of us kids followed the horse drawn hearse in a big carriage to the vault near the entrance of Woodlawn Cemetery. The casket would not be buried until Spring.

Grandma Wyse came from Newcastle to help hold the family together. Ruth was attending Mount Allison Ladies College in Sackville. She got a degree in music and for a time played the organ in Wesley Memorial Church. Aunt Jessie and Uncle George had moved to Windsor, Ontario. Aunt Jessie developed severe arthritis in her hands, making them almost unusable, so Ruth went to stay with her and stayed until she married.

Robert and I helped in the store. I wanted to enlist but did not want to leave father alone. Late in the fall of 1917 I sent in an application to join the Royal Flying Corps. Early in December a terrible tragedy occurred. Two ships, one of them a munitions ship, collided in Halifax Harbor. It happened early in the forenoon, just as people were going to work. The explosion smashed nearly every window in Halifax. More than 1500 people were killed and many thousands were scarred for life by broken glass. My appointment for a medical examination was for a few days after the explosion. Six inches of snow had fallen and this hid much of the destruction. The Halifax depot had no roof. So many people had bandaged faces. Terrible.

My application was accepted and I was ordered to report to Toronto on March 3, 1918. Rob said that if I was going, he was going too and so did Harold (Timmy) Henderson. So, we took the train to Toronto and reported to Recruits Depot, in Jessie Ketchum School on March 3, 1918. We exchanged our civilian clothes for uniforms and mailed the civies home. I'm sure that that was a sad day for Dad. Ruth was in Windsor, Bill was going to Mt Allison Academy, so only little Lyell and Grandma were left to keep him company.

My duties took me from Jessie Ketchum to Beamsville to work on the new airfield, to Long Branch where we learned some discipline, to University of Toronto where we studied navigation and from there we were taken out to Leaside to see our first aeroplane, a Curtis JN4, then to Camp Borden where I learned to fly and did my first solo flight on August 24, 1918. From Borden we went to Leaside for "higher maneuvers" followed by three weeks at Beamsville, studying aerial fighting. We used camera guns and then some live ammunition over Lake Ontario. My log book states that my last instructional flight was October 23, 1918 and I was given a commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force. By the way; The Royal Naval Flying Service and the Royal Flying Corps were united in mid 1918 to make the Royal Air Force.

I was given leave and a one way railway ticket to my home in Moncton and told to be prepared to be shipped overseas at any moment. On November 11th it was announced that an armistice had been signed. On February 3, 1919 I was discharged and given three months separation pay at the rate of 10 shillings per day. A shilling, at that time, was 24¢.

Father talked to Robert and me about our plans. He said that he could only afford to send one boy to college. I said that I had been out of school so long that I did not think that I should go to college. So it was decided that Rob should go to Mt. Allison. I went back to the old routine at the store.

When the T. Eaton Co. opened a big shop in Moncton the manager was a man named Granger. He was looking for a place to live and he fell for our home on Cameron St. Dad sold it for \$18,000 and bought the M.B. Jones house at 73 Highfield St. This house had five bedrooms on the second floor plus the bathroom. The first floor had a music room, living room, dining room, a large pantry, a large laundry and a fine kitchen. The house was hot water heated by a gas fired furnace in the basement.

The Royal Canadian Air Force was organized in 1920. I was asked to go to Camp Borden for further training. I spent a month training on the English biplane, the AVRO. This plane had a radial motor. Also trained on DeHaviland DH4 and Sopwith SE2. All of our planes were biplanes-- two seaters. The instructor always sat up front.

Mother's oldest sister was Aunt Elizabeth. Aunt Elizabeth married Charles Grant, a dentist. They lived in Calais, Maine. They had four children, Jessie, who trained as a nurse and became superintendent of nurses in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York. Hendry was an Ophthalmologistⁱⁿ St Paul, Minn. (He fitted my first pair of glasses) Lena

trained as a dietician in Pratts College, New York and Jimmie went West and became a surveyor in Washington Naval Shipyard. Another sister, Sadie, married Ashman Salley. They spent 30 years in Brazil with the Presbyterian Church.

After many lonely years, Father married Jessie Grant. This turned out to be a very happy marriage. They adopted a baby girl named Betty. Betty is now Mrs. Russell Parker and they live in Cold Lake, Alberta.

During 1922 Mrs. John Windsor, having recently lost her husband, moved to Moncton with two of her daughters, Grace and Roberta. They joined Wesley Memorial Church. Grace had trained to be a nurse and Roberta wanted to go into nurses training. Mrs Windsor had been a nurse who trained in Boston. When Father learned that Roberta spoke French fluently, he asked her to come to work as a salesperson in his store. She worked there until Dad went out of business then went to Gloucester, Mass. and became a registered nurse.

I had saved up \$300.00. Dad loaned me \$1,000.00 and I bought my first car. During 1919, about a year after I had learned to fly, Mr. Schmidt taught me to drive a car. This was a Gray-Dort roadster. The top was made of black canvas and could be folded down. The tires were guaranteed for 3000 miles. Since the highways were just dirt roads, the mud was terrible. Several times we drove to St. John, just 90 miles in four hours. In later years this took 1½ hours.

At the store things were going along smoothly. Dad was leaving more and more things for me to do. We usually had a staff of 7 or 8 sales women, with two or three of them being able to speak French. There

was a young man who took over my janitorial work and delivered parcels. Dad bought a lovely cottage on the St. John River at Brown's Flat. I was keeping up the stocks which consisted of yard goods, cottons, woolens, silks, ladies gloves, ladies silk hosiery, childrens, men's and ladies underwear, corsets, dress patterns (Ladies Home Journal Patterns), lace, ribbons and novelties. Then we got into ready-to-wear. Blouses, skirts, coats, and furs. Where people had been making their own clothes, now they wanted them ready to wear. And styles, Gee!

Dr. MacNaughton was a frequent visitor. He would just drop in and visit with my father. One day they were talking and he called me over and gave me some bad news. He said that I had developed a nervous problem that was serious. That I should not work in the confinement of the store, that I should work in the outdoors.

All of my life I had planned and expected to become a merchant. What could I do outdoors? The snow was a foot deep. Dad and I talked it over and over. Finally I decided that I would go to the States and find something to do. April 4, 1923 was a sad day for my father. When I boarded the train at Moncton station, I went to the rear platform and I could see him standing there until the train was out of sight.

Probably because the Baillies and Ruth were in Windsor, I headed toward Detroit, with stops in Boston, Albany and Cleveland. In Detroit just by accident I ran into Arthur Collins, a chap from Moncton. Art

had just graduated from Michigan State Auto School as an auto mechanic. We decided that we would rent a room and look for work. I searched the Help Wanted Columns and I read many advertisements for carpenters, so I bought a pair of overalls, a hammer and a handsaw and applied for a job, as a carpenter. A man at the office where I applied gave me an address and a note to the foreman. This was a large ten story apartment on Third Street. The foreman was Barney Zetwer. I remember the way he looked me over and he said, "My God, what will they send me next?" Arthur got a job in a garage and we roomed together for several months.

I will not go into details of those first few weeks. There were about 20 of us. I carefully watched what the others were doing. The pay was 80¢ per hour for an 8 hour day, 44 hour week. One week in June Barney did not show up. The men stood around waiting for him. I was the youngest man in the crew but I said "men, let's go to work." One of the carpenters said that he needed some lumber. I told him that I would get it for him and I supplied the others too. When Barney did not come in that day or the next ten days, I found his time book and filled it in. A man from the head office came in, made notes from the book and we got our pay as usual. When he came back the next week he asked for Barney. He learned that Barney had not been there and he wanted to know who had been keeping the time. One of the men pointed to me.

Bill was going to college at McGill in Montreal. When school let out he came to Detroit and got a job with a building contractor. Bill, Art Collins and I shared an apartment. Myron Nicholson had a job as a tool maker in the big General Motors Building. We had a lot of fun together.

That summer was very hot. NO air conditioning then. I was getting restless. I had been reading about the oil boom in Oklahoma and had about decided to go there but I teased Nick, telling him that I did not know where I was going. I quit my job. Nick helped me lug my suit case and tool box to the Michigan Central Terminal. As we approached the ticket window Nick said "Now by G you will have to tell me where you are going." The ticket seller heard him and he said "Everybody is going to Los Angeles." "Los Angeles," I asked, "that is in California, isn't it?" He assured me that it was and the fare there was \$113.50. So I bought a one way ticket.

The trip west was wonderful. I stopped over in Chicago. Visited the Swift Packing Plant where they slaughtered hundreds of cattle every day and prepared the meat for market. At 5 P.M. I boarded the Los Angeles Limited, (Santa Fe) for the three day trip west. Actually it took four days because I stopped off to visit the Grand Canyon. I'll never forget the beautiful scenery as we approached L.A. Palm trees and orange groves.

When I landed in L.A. I had less than twenty dollars in my pocket. I had to find a place to stay and get a job. I rented a room on Bunker Hill at 738 West First St. After checking the want ads I applied for a job at the Fifth Street Department Store. This was a big place facing Broadway. When I showed that I was familiar with fabrics, I was immediately hired. The pay was \$4.00 per day. They were having a special

sale so the job lasted four days. I walked down the street to Seventh Street where "Bullocks" was located. This was the largest department store in L.A. Here again I was luckily hired at a salary of \$27.50 per week (44 hours). L.A. at that time had an excellent street car system. The fare was 5¢. Every Saturday afternoon and on Sundays I rode to the end of each line and sized up the building job possibilities. Near the Ambassadors Hotel there was an apartment building under way. I asked for a half-day off from the store and applied at the Talmadge Apartment where I was immediately hired as a carpenter at \$1.00 per hour. They wanted me to start right away, but I had to go back to the store and resign properly. When I told the floor walker about it he was amazed. He said that I had great potential at Bullocks. 13 years later I visited the store. He was still the floorwalker in the yard goods department.

On the job I was paired off with a man named Ed. Bowen. Ed was a big guy and soon it was "Harry, you are lighter than I am, so you climb up and do this job" Or if the work required stooping, it was "Harry, I'm too tall to do this job so you do it." This was all part of the learning process.

The Talmadge building was advertised as twelve stories of luxury apartments. Even in the rough stages there were many visitors. We were told that they were movie people. Jack Dempsey was at the peak of his popularity, he had won boxing matches and the rumor was that he was looking for investment property. One day Ed and I were working in the front lobby. Ed's back was to the door. A car stopped out front, Jack Dempsey and two other men came into the lobby. Jack went up to Ed., grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him. Ed was about to turn around and hit his attacker but I shouted "Ed don't do it." Everyone had a good laugh.

Ed's wife was manager of a bakery shop down town. One Saturday morning Ed told me that he and his wife were going to look at a home that they were thinking of buying and asked me to go along with them that afternoon. After I had cleaned up and had my lunch I met them at the bakery shop and we walked over to the Pacific Electric station on Main Street. We boarded the Long Beach train but about half way to Long Beach we got off at Watts. (This was a small development in 1923 but it was the site of rioting during the 1960s). We walked a few blocks to a nice residential street lined with homes that looked fairly new. We found the house that the Bowens were looking for. There were two ladies sitting on the porch. As we approached I noticed that one of the ladies was giving me a hard look. When I was introduced she asked me to repeat my name. I did. She said "I used to know a man named Harry Wyse. That was in Aspen Colorado, where I came from." I told her that my uncle Harry Wyse had lived there. She asked, "Do you know what happened to him?" I said "yes, he was killed in an avalanche." She said "yes that is the Harry Wyse whom I knew, I was dating him at the time of his death."

When our phase of the work on the Talmadge ran out Ed and I got jobs on a new building on Fifth St. opposite Westlake Park. This was another apartment building but it had reinforced concrete walls as well as slabs. It was our job to keep the building plumb. Each time we would go up a floor we rigged a support to hold a plumb line. On the ground there

were bench marks and we used a 35 pound plumb bob. Near one side of the building there was a hoist tower, built of timber. This was used to hoist the concrete. On one corner of this tower there was what we called a "Chicago Boom." This was used to handle lumber and reinforcing steel. All went well until we set up the wall forms for the 13th floor. These forms were about ten feet tall. As usual I had the climbing to do. I climbed up on top of the form and was rigging the usual support when the Chicago Boom swung over the wrong way, struck the form on which I was sitting and knocked it out of plumb by about four feet. There I was, holding on and looking down at the ground thirteen stories below. This was the scariest moment of my life. There was no way that I could get down. I asked Ed to get a long 2X4 and start a big nail near the top of it. He reached this up to me and I was able to get my hammer loose from my belt and drive the nail. With that the men pulled the form (and me) back to the vertical. Gee! The contractor ran into financial trouble and work was stopped. We had to wait a week to get our last pay.

The twelve story office building at the corner of Ninth and Olive Streets helped my education. This was a concrete column and concrete slab building. A canopy was built over the sidewalk on Ninth St. and on this canopy was built a work platform. A young chap named Joe Murphy and I were assigned to work for a man whom we always addressed as Mr. Campbell. We fabricated the forms for the columns, beam bottoms and beam sides. Many of the columns were octagonal. The plans just showed the size as though they were square. We had to figure out the other dimensions so that all 8 sides would be equal. Mr Campbell showed me the simple formula. Lay out the square. Take half of the diagonal and use this dimension to mark off each side of the square, from a corner to a "point." Connect these points and you have a perfect octagon.

Mr Campbell told me that he always had a shot of whiskey with his breakfast. He was always talking to himself. One day we asked him, "Mr Campbell, why do you talk to yourself?" "Well" he replied, "I talk to myself for two reasons. First, I like to talk to an intelligent gentleman and second, I like to hear an intelligent gentleman talk."

In 1923 the city of Los Angeles was growing in all directions. They were taking in the suburbs and hoped that some day they would have a population of over a million people. The census of 1990 gave them a population of 3,485,398. Second only to the city of New York.

The city had a height limit for buildings of 150 feet. This allowed for 12 or 13 stories. This limit was broken in 1923 to allow the new city hall to be built much higher.

During the periods between 1923 and 1929 I worked as a carpenter on a number of tall buildings, this is where I got my construction experience.

One of these buildings was a steel frame job on Flower Street. I started on on the second floor. The carpenters job was to build forms for the concrete fire proofing of the building and for the concrete slabs. The steel workers were just a few stories ahead of us and white

hot flying rivets were quite common. One day the foreman asked me to come out the next morning at 7 A.M. to help the men who were forming the smoke stack. He said that they couldn't seem to be able to get past the third floor. The next morning I climbed to the third floor and saw three men huddled down behind some forms. Just west of us was a 50 foot parking lot and beyond that was the Southern Hotel. Promptly at 7 a window went up on the third floor of the hotel, up went the shade and inside a young woman dropped off her nightgown and proceeded to do her exercises. No wonder they could not get past the third floor. The chimney was 5 ft. inside diameter with 12 inch walls. In the basement there was a hole that we kept covered. When someone accidentally removed the cover the draught was so strong that it would blow off your shirt. As we got higher we found that the concrete was flexible. It was a tight fit for the forms between the stack and a beam. We found that with a pinch bar we could start the stack rocking. The roof of the building had a 12/12 pitch. We carried the stack forms right up through the roof. It was not very comfortable up there. One man sat on the ridge holding a rope. The other end was tied around the middle.

On Main Street next to the Pacific Railway station we built the Hotel Cecil. This building had 13 stories, concrete walls and slabs. As we got near the top the foreman gave me a job to follow a door hanger, make sure that the doors fitted and apply stops. Then I kept track of all the locks and keys. In the lobby I made the guides for the plasterers to run mouldings and trim.

The new public Library was a massive concrete structure. Built in 1924, it was used until destroyed by fire in 1989. On this job I had a Mexican helper. We had trouble communicating. He moved a scaffold and I fell about ten feet, hurting my back. There was no insurance in those days. If you got hurt you were out of work.

In the fall of 1923 the Richard Cook family came to L.A. The Cooks came from England after the war and settled in Moncton. He was a cabinet maker and worked in the ICR shops. They joined our Wesley Memorial Church. They were musical, each played an instrument. They bought a small home on Avenue 32. Mrs. Cook was an excellent cook. I shared many meals with them. The son, Leonard, got a job with an orchestra. It was with them that he took sick while playing in Honolulu. He died there. The best job that Cook had was for a furniture store in Pasadena. He was paid sixty dollars per week. He was making fine furniture, but when they asked him to "antique" the furniture, he quit. They wanted him to beat the furniture with chains to make it look old. Mrs. Cook lived to be over 100 years old. Ivy, Mrs. Robert Lindner lives in Camarillo, Calif. 93012. 26120 Village 26.

Late in 1923 J. Wilbur MacArthur came to L.A. Mack used to live in Moncton. He had served in the Royal Air Force. He had worked for the Royal Bank of Canada in several locations. He got a job with the Bank of California. I had saved up a little money so I bought a lot on Avenue 44, up the San Fernando Valley. I bought a knocked down one car garage building. Mack helped me set it up. I made a little lunch table, bought an oil stove and a Coleman lamp, built two bunks, we bought a few blankets at an Army Store and here we batched for over a year.

From this lot it was a walk of about fifteen minutes to the street car line. This ride down town in the mornings usually took 30 minutes. The afternoon return usually took 45 minutes. I was earning \$1.00 per hour for a 44 hour week. I was saving about \$18.00 each week and this went to buy the materials to build a two bedroom house. Mack was a banker, he tried to help. It took over a year to build this first house. I did the carpenter work, the brick laying and the concrete work. I sold it for \$3,750.00, gave Mack \$300.00 and he promptly bought a new Ford Roadster. I bought a used 1919 Model Ford. Then I went out to Westwood and bought a lot on Prosser Ave. , arranged for financing and started to build the second house to be built on that street. I sold this house and I assumed the mortgage. That turned out to be a bad deal.

In January 1925 Dad, Jessie and Ruth visited me. We arranged to rent a furnished apartment in Hollywood. This was a happy month. With my old 1919 Ford we visited many parts of the L.A. area. Ruth went to a Sunrise Service at the Hollywood Bowl. We also went swimming in the Pacific.

My third and fourth houses were built on Pelham Avenue in Westwood. They were the first and third houses, respectively, to be built on Pelham. I sold number 3 for cash. For number 4 I took a mortgage and this too turned out to be a mistake.

These were very busy years. When I was not working on one of my houses I was working down town or often for building contractors in Hollywood or Beverly Hills. Since a good gang could frame a house in a week, I estimate that I helped build at least thirty houses. Some were very fine ones, for movie people. They were odd balls.

In 1927 things went bad in California. I think that the great depression hit California before it became bad in the east. So I decided to sell the old Ford and go back to Detroit. The first dealer that I went to see offered me ten dollars, if the battery and starter were good. My car did not have a battery nor a starter. The next dealer offered me eight dollars, same conditions. So, I decided that I would drive the old car to Detroit.

I phoned my old friends, the Cooks and told them of my intentions. They were horrified. They said that I would never get across the desert. They invited me to their home and gave me a going away party.

My first day on the road took me to Brawley, Calif. I stayed overnight in a small hotel. I remember how hot it was. My window was open and my sleep was disturbed by the rustling of the leaves on a big date palm. The second day took me through the sand dunes near Yuma. East of Yuma there were vagabond camps. I had to beat off the bums who wanted to hitch a ride.

In California I had a good road map. After that I did not have a road map all the way to Detroit. I had a map of the U.S.A. I just ask my way from place to place. For this reason, on I went to some strange place. One night in Arizona my lights began to flicker so I pulled off the road and stopped over night among some cactus. I spread my blanket on the ground and had not slept long before I heard a rumbling sound. I got up and listened. I knew that there were no railways

near here, but the rumbling continued. I lay down and had not slept long before I came to, wide awake. I was looking into the face of a huge bull and behind him was a huge herd of cattle. The bull snorted and pawed the ground, then he detoured my car. It took more than an hour for the herd to pass me in a cloud of dust. I drove down almost to the Mexican border, up through Tombstone and through Tuscon. I spent the night in a hotel in El Paso. Driving through New Mexico there were terrible dust storms. The cloth top blew off my car. When I was approaching Deming, N.M. I decided that I would stop and get something to eat. At that time Deming was just a wide spot in a very dusty road. The dust was so thick that I drove right through the town without seeing it. NOTE: In 1963 Roberta and I drove through here and I was amazed to see the wide interstate highway, fine masonry buildings, street lights, etc. I wondered if I had been dreaming all these years. I inquired around for someone who might have been here in the twenties. I found a man in the post office. I told him my problem. Oh yes, he said, that is the way it used to be.

It was a long drive. I remember fording water filled streams several times. And crossing one sun baked flat, with great cracks in the dried mud. Late one afternoon I had some engine trouble and stopped in Pecos, Texas. I went into a restaurant where there was a long horse-shoe shaped counter and I guess that the customers were cow boys. While I was eating a young cow boy approached me and asked if I owned the Ford car with California plates. When I said that I did, he asked if he could ride east with me. I told him that I had to get a fan belt for the car before I could go anywhere. He said that he would get one. When I finished eating he came back and said that the car was ready. I never asked him where he got the fan belt. He rode most of that night with me and got off at Sweetwater. Then I pulled off the road, spread my blanket and slept.

When I was heading out of Dallas I was stopped by a policeman. He told me that all the roads east and north-east were under water. The Mississippi and its branches were in flood stage. That I could not get through. I told him that I had come all the way from Los Angeles and there must be some way I could get through. He looked over my car and then he said "well, you do not seem to have much to lose. If you hurry and have good luck, you might be able to cross the Mississippi at Vicksburg." It was a right smart ways. It rained nearly all that day. The roads were just mud. I would drive first on one side then the other. My lights went out and I pulled off beside an old abandoned gas station. I had a waterproof ground sheet that I wrapped around my legs. I was huddled up there for some time when I saw a car coming in my direction. I cranked up my car and followed. It was raining hard and we were switching from one side of the road to the other. All of a sudden the other car, driving on the left side of the road, came to an abrupt stop. His lights went out. I had no lights. I swerved to the right and saw what had happened. He had run into a fallen pine tree. The tree had broken in two and I had just cleared the stump. I got out of my car to see if I could help him, but during a flash of lightning I saw that he had a gun aimed at me. I left. Driving by the light of lightning.

The next night I intended to stop in Shreveport. As I was crossing a bridge a loud horn sounded and a light flashed at the car. I stopped

and a man approached and said, "Dont you know that it costs five cents to cross this bridge after midnight?" I paid the five cents. He gave me some wrong instructions and I got stuck in the mud and spent the night under a big oak tree. A farmer helped me the next morning. I saw very few people that day. Tallulah was deserted. As I approached the huge levee I could see a river boat away up high, it looked like a skyscraper. I drove up the levee and saw that the ferry was taking off. The whistle blew and an officer ran ashore and told me to hurry on board but they did not have room for my car. He walked around the car and when he saw my California license plate he said that if I had come all the way in that Model T he would try to load it on board. The ferry was crowded with people, cars, horses, wagons, everybody got busy and crowded things together and loaded the car. The water in the Mississippi was lapping over the levee. We sailed across to Vicksburg. It was about three P.M. I went to a restaurant and had the first good meal in three days. While I was eating a newsboy came in shouting, "Tallulah has been flooded with a nine foot wall of water."

When I gassed up in Louisville I was told that the road to Cincinnati was on the north side of the Ohio River. I crossed over after dark. I do not recall where I spent the night. In Cincinnati I saw the first brick pavement. I had a flat tire near the Baldwin Piano Plant. Some young woman going to work, had a good laugh at my topless old Ford. That night I spent in a hotel in Bowling Green, Ohio and the next afternoon I drove up to the boarding house where Bill Wyse was staying on Florence Ave; Highland Park, Detroit....I had driven all the way from Los Angeles to Detroit in 13 days, slept on the ground eight nights, replaced the clutch bands once, fixed 19 flat tires and all at a cost of \$65.86. I estimated that about one third of the mileage was paved roads. I sold the car for \$5.00.

During the next 18 months I supervised the building of a fine home in Birmingham, Michigan, remodeled two fine homes in the lake region, built a two story duplex in Windsor, Ont. in partnership with Bill Wyse and Slim Cornalll, and supervised the construction of a three building apartment complex at the corner of Woodward Avenue and Long Lake Road.

While I was boarding at 79 Florence Avenue, Lyell came to Detroit and got a job. ~~445~~ I was working for G.M. Co., and roomed nearby. We had many good times together. I bought a used Ford Coupe for \$150.00. This was a stubby little car. It had a lever gear shift, wind shield wipers that you operated by hand and had to be cranked by hand. My friend Richard Cook wrote that my two properties in Westwood were in trouble, so I drove to L.A. This trip took only 8 days.

In L.A. I looked up Louis ~~Doherty~~ Howe for whom I had worked. Mr Howe said that he had received a contract to build eleven homes in Pittsburg, Calif. We drove up there, rented a small furnished apartment where he and his son, Harold, had batched. The first thing we built was a two car garage. Mr. Howe said "Harry, you take care of the building and I am going to make all the cabinets." This worked out very well. We were building right near the Sacramento River and many times I watched the "Delta Queen" sail by. On Christmas Day 1928

I had a bad experience. Louis and Red had gone to L.A. for the holiday, I was alone and decided to drive over to San Francisco. When I cranked the car I skinned the thumb on my left hand. I washed it and thought nothing of it. It was a short drive to Oakland. It was very foggy and the ferries to San Francisco were away behind schedule. When I got to S.F. I spotted a familiar sign, "Lowe's Restaurant." I had often eaten in their L.A. restaurant. I went in and sat down. In a few minutes a waitress approached and "Hello, do you want your usual chicken dinner?" She had waited upon me several times in L.A. I went to a movie and my hand kept bothering me. I noticed that it had swollen. I left before the show was over and went into a drug store and talked to the pharmacist. This was a holiday and everything was closed. He advised me to go to a hospital. I drove back to Pittsburg and as I washed my hand I saw that the swelling had risen in my arm and that I had an angry looking vein running right up to my shoulder. I heated up a pan of hot water and as I soaked my hand I kept rubbing it downward. I think that I squeezed a half cup of pus out of that cut. I kept this up for more than three hours before I had some relief.

In April 1929 Bill wrote to tell me that his company had a contract to make over a thousand pre-cast slabs for the new Windsor-Detroit Tunnel. Bill and Art Misch had started their own company. I decided to go back to Detroit. Our work here was almost finished, so I sold my pretty little Coupe to Red Howe for \$65.00 and took the train. A short time later I was informed that Red had a collision with a railway train and was killed.

Spencer, White & Prentice Co. Foundation Contractors of New York had the contract to build the approaches to the tunnel. While I was making the pre-cast slabs I was approached by Art Terwilleger, the superintendent. He asked if I would take the job of Carpenter Superintendent on the job. I took the job and this led to a connection that lasted about ten years. This work included the foundations for a tall bank building in Flint, Mich. Same for a bank building in Akron, Ohio, the new state office building in Columbus, Ohio and two summers on the state prison at Attica, N.Y. From Attica I went to Wingdale, N.Y. and spent two years there. We did all the concrete work on four ward buildings (3 storied each) and a central dining hall. While on this job we had a very bad experience. While I was down in a hole directing two men in the final preparations for concrete, the crane operator swung a clam bucket right over our heads and dropped it right onto the two men with whom I was talking. They were killed. There was a Grand Jury inquest. This was Wingdale, N.Y. The men were from New York, 60 miles away. There was not much of an investigation.

On the Wingdale Hospital job a man named James Nickerson was appointed by the State as a safety inspector. Jim was a very pleasant chap and we visited quite often. He was past master of the local Masons and I gave him my petition to join the Masons. That evening a fire broke out in down town Pawling, the whole business section seemed to be burning up. Jim was a member of the local volunteer fire department. He and some men joined in fighting the fire. It was well after midnight when I left and the next morning I was told that Jim had been killed by a falling chimney. I wondered what had happened

to my application. About six months later an employee of the Borden Milk Co. phoned me. He had been asked by Mrs. Nickerson to help with her husband's things and had found my paper. I joined the Masons in June, 1923.

These were depression years. Many banks had closed, including the one where Bill did business in Detroit. In Pawling, N.Y. about five miles from Wingdale, the bank never closed. I was making \$75.00 per week in those days and we were paid in a variety of funds. One week it was all in one and two dollar bills. Another week it was in silver dollars. Several weeks it was in gold. One Saturday I drove to New York and when I finished my dinner in a "Childs" restaurant, I gave the cashier my check and a 20 dollar gold piece. She stepped on the emergency button. In a few minutes the manager came rushing. She told him that this man was trying to pay his bill with a penny. He looked at it and told her that she had better take it, it was gold.

1933 was a very bad year. So many people were out of work. My work in Wingdale was finished. I learned that Art Terwilliger was in charge of a job near Ware, Mass. I drove up there. Art was glad to see me. The job was to sink a series of concrete caissons across a valley to make a cut-off underground wall prior to the building of a huge earthen dam. This was called Quabbin Dam and Reservoir, to supply water to Boston area. Since state money was involved the rule was that only Mass. state residents could be employed. And I was Canadian. Art insisted to the authorities that he had to have me because I was familiar with such work. It took a week to convince them, but I was finally allowed to go to work as night superintendent at a salary of \$35.00 per week. The concrete caissons were 9' x 45' and for each lift of concrete we poured 16 feet, using steel forms. Each caisson had three shafts, that is, three shafts, 4 feet in diameter. The center shaft was the Man shaft. The others were muck shafts. As each caisson was sunk to water level air locks were installed and the sand hogs worked under compressed air. On my shaft we lost one man. He was crushed by a falling muck bucket.

The depression was very bad. Many engineers applied for work, willing to work for nothing, just to be able to say that they had a job. The sand hogs were paid 65¢ per hour. I worked on this job exactly 12 months. We sank 31 caissons, some to a depth of 180 ft.

My father wrote to tell me that Roberta Windsor was working as a Registered Nurse in Gloucester, Mass. This was about 100 miles from where I was living in Ware, Mass. I drove over there several times and we shared a number of fish dinners.

On April 1, 1934 I received word that Spencer, White and Prentice Co. had a big contract at Trempealeau, Wisconsin. So...I headed west.

This job was to build navigation locks on the Mississippi River and later to connect these locks with a dam. I was carpenter superintendent here for two years.

1.

Lock and Dam No. 6, Mississippi River, Trempealeau, Wisc.
Spencer, White & Prentice, Inc., New York, N.Y.

Walter Ross, red headed and very short tempered, rented a house in Winona, Minn. about 15 miles away, was resident manager. Lazarus White and Fred Spencer were frequent visitors. Dunlap was superintendent. The engineers were Vernon Bates, Ed. King, Dan Barrows, Ed White, Robert White, Earl Eckart. Al Johnson was labor foreman. Joe and Holand Wood were chief mechanics. Jack Sanders was office manager. My foremen were Dee Simpson, Basil Hobin and Jack Danielson who had started on the tunnel job and they were joined by Walt Verser and Alfred Kutchera. Lyell Mynning was concrete boss. Tom Pitman also was an engineer.

By the time I arrived a huge cofferdam had been built in the Mississippi River and thousands of wood piles had been driven and the pile driving was going on day and night. They were ready for concrete. A concrete mixing plant was being set up and it was planned to use something new, a concrete pump. Seven inch diameter steel pipes with quick couplings were used to carry the concrete.

This was a depression job, supervised by the U.S. Engineers Department. The rules that hourly workers would work only five hours per day. Skilled worker rate was \$1.20 per hour. Laborers 50¢ per hour. My salary was \$50.00 per week. I soon built up a crew of 150 men and that meant that we started a gang at 7 A.M., one at noon, one at 5 P.M. and another at 10 P.M. It was a six day week.

Roberta Windsor and I had been corresponding and we agreed to get married. We set a date of July 27, a Friday. Roberta had been nursing in the Boston area and her friends told her that she must be crazy to go away out to the wild west to meet a man at a railway station. Her train was due at 7 A.M. I had an old Chrysler Coupe and planned to leave early afternoon on Thursday. Things went badly all that day and I could not get away until nearly 6 P.M. It was a long drive to Chicago. I had not gone far before I had a tire blow out. That took not only time but a chunk out of my pocket book. Just before 5 A.M. I checked into a hotel on the north side of Chicago and asked the clerk to call me at 6 A.M. He said that was not much of a stay. I had a shower, put my head down for a few minutes then drove to the Illinois Railway Station. The train was on time. Roberta was glad to see me and I was glad to see her. We drove up to the Morrison Hotel and had breakfast. We were at the Cook County Court House when they opened. We entered this large office and a man behind the counter asked what he could do for us. We said that we wanted a marriage license. It seemed that there must have been 100 desks in that office. Over each desk hung an electric light with a green glass shade. This was a signal. Every clerk in that room reached up with a pencil and tapped out "here comes the bride." Then he told us that the that the license office was on the third floor. Here they told us that there was a three day waiting period. We showed that we were from out of state so

we got the permit, walked to the Methodist Temple and asked for²⁴ someone to marry us. We were shown into the parlor and soon a minister came in and performed the ceremony. Roberta wore a beautiful white dress that her mother had made for her.

The Chicago Worlds Fair was on in full swing. We went there and started to explore. The first thing that we liked was the Planetarium. We went in and were seated just as they turned off the lights and displayed the heavens. I went to sleep. We spent Friday and Saturday at the fair. There was a great display of machinery. Roberta always used to say that I had chosen that date because of the chance to see the new machinery.

On Sunday morning we started the drive from Chicago to Trempealeau. In Milwaukee we stopped at a shop and bought two plates, two cups, two saucers, two knives, two forks and two spoons. Alfred Kutchera owned a summer cottage near the river, located in the woods. Here we set up housekeeping. Marge Kutchera practically took charge of Roberta. She was a great friend and made our stay in Trempealeau very pleasant.

The cottage had an oil stove, oil lamps, a pump and a privy out in the yard. On the third evening that we were there the men cooked up a "Chivaree." Unknown to us about a hundred men and women assembled along the trees, they had horns, drums, and a motorcycle to back-fire. The noise was terrific. Roberta was scared stiff. I had no idea of what was going on. Dee Simpson led a parade of noise makers as they circled the house and then through the house. Dee finally came in and we chatted. I asked him to take the gang to the tavern in town and buy a keg of beer. I remember that Tom Pitman came along and the three of us were seated at a small table, decorated by a flower stuck in a milk bottle. The next day, one of the men who lived about five miles away, on the Minn. side of the river, said that they heard the commotion.

We lived in this cottage for about a month and then moved into the home of a Mrs. Johnson. This was a well furnished stone building. There was a bed room up stairs, one down stairs, a living room, a dining room and a kitchen equipped with a wood burning stove. There were electric lights. The pump was just outside the dining room door. There was a bathroom, but no running water. Mrs. Johnson told us to use everything and we did. Here we lived for two years. There was a wood fired furnace in the basement.

Since I spent so much time on the job, Roberta was left alone. She soon learned to drive the car and made friends with other "wives." She took up golf. I did not take up golf until some years later.

One day a beautiful river boat, a stern wheeler, sailed up through the lock. It tied up in Winona. Roberta, Tom Pitman, Walt Verser and Lydia drove over there and had a delightful moonlight sail on the river.

The construction of the locks went well. First we poured the footings, then formed the massive walls over thirty feet high. American Bridge Co., installed the gates. Then the company got the contract to build the dam. This meant another cofferdam, across about two-thirds of the river.

Transportation became an immediate problem. The company bought a power launch that could carry about eight people. Alf. Kutchera built a Joe Boat. This was a flat bottom boat. The sides were made of two pieces of 3x12x24 ft. fir. 8 ft wide. Leo Kinney was put in charge of the power boat. The new lock had to be kept open for navigation so a lift span was built to cross the lock. While this span was being built and before the deck planking was laid, we crossed, walking on the 12 inch flange of a beam. One day I was crossing and I almost bumped into a man who FROZE. We were about midway, it was about 16 feet to the water and great cakes of ice were flowing under us. He was a big man, probably weighing 90 pounds more than I weighed. I did not dare to touch him. Another man came out onto the beam from the other side. We both talked to the man and encouraged him. It must have taken ten minutes before we could get him to move.

Looking up-river one day I saw two men in a canoe who were in trouble. The current was swift. The canoe upset. The men were struggling in the water. I rushed over to where some pile drivers were working, the joe boat was tied up alongside, I told the men to go after them. It just happened that there were shovels in the boat. There they went, four men paddling with shovels, the foreman in the stern steering with a piece of 2x6. They saved one man. A man in a motor boat down river, picked up the second man.

The pile drivers needed a piece of steel that we called a "T". I knew just where there was one about 35 ft. long. I instructed Leo to bring the joe boat along side the lock wall while I had a crane move up and lowered the "T", weighing about a ton. When all was ready I climbed down on to the joe boat to lead the "T." The ice was flowing in great chunks. Leo saw an opening and without looking back at me, he started to move among the chunks of ice. There I was, riding like a surfer, balanced on that "T." I screamed to Leo to go slow but he could not hear me. Fred Spencer happened to be on the boat. He looked back and I'll never forget the look of horror on his face. He made Leo slow and we got to the other side.

That night I had a horrible experience. From a sound sleep I jumped right up to stand in the bed and hollered at the top of my voice, "LEO, GO SLOW." My whole insides dropped out. Roberta grabbed me and got me quieted down. But what a mess.

The temporary lift span was finished and a wood pile supported trestle built all the way across the river. Sheet steel piling was being driven, narrowing the gap through which the river could flow. Mr. Lazarus White designed what he called a "portcullis." This was a huge gate made up of 35 ft. sheet piling and spanning 55 ft. We rigged up a falsework on top of the trestle and cribbing down near the water level. Oscar McTavis operated the steam hoist, but we never had a chance to test our rigging until the critical moment. As the sheet piling progressed, the water was running very swiftly. They moved in a 16 inch dredge and pumped river bottom sand into the gap to keep the whole thing from being undermined. It was after mid-night, Mr. White was there, Mr. Ross was there, wringing his hands. My men crawled down onto the cribbing, I gave Oscar the signal, he lifted the portcullis

but he called to us that he could not hold it. I made sure that the men were safe and gave the signal. DOWN DROPPED THE PORTCULLIS. The Mississippi River was dammed.

I made one change in Mr. White's design and Walter Ross and a fit about this, but Mr. White included the change in his book, "COFFERDAMS."

Before the driving could commence the men had to remove the temporary beam that held the sheeting in place. Boy oh boy. That was a long night.

When we were married my salary had been increased to \$60.00 per week. By June of 1935 Roberta had saved up enough to buy a car, a Pontiac, for \$735.00.

Bob Dunlap was moved to Dam 26 at Alton. That left me in charge. The construction of the huge concrete piers went well. American Bridge Co. installed five roller gates and lo tainer gates. The cofferdam was flooded and the pulling of the cofferdam sheet piling was started. We hoped to do this before winter but we did not make it.

The river froze over solid. The ice was 30 inches thick. Our two wooden barges, 26 x 120, were tied up for the winter up stream from the land wall. A crane and some machinery wttill had to be removed from the cofferdam. It was decided to cut a channel through the ice, move a barge down river, load this equipment and move it ashore. We rented two power ice saws and bought some ice saws and put 100 men to work. We finished this channel on a Saturday morning and prepared to move the barge. UP river a few miles was a CCC Camp. (Civilian Conservation Corps) About 25 young men walked down on the ice. We warned them to keep away but they paid no attention. Their weight was enough to crack the ice. The current started to move it and in a few minutes two weeks of work was lost. We started to all over again. It was an unusually mild day, above freezing, and we were making good progress when it started to rain. By noon everyone was soaking wet. We had lunch. The wind came up and the temperature dropped in about one hour from 32 degrees to below zero. Lyell Mynning was my foreman and had 35 men. One by one I had to send the men home with frozen noses or ears or hands. Lyell and I were the only ones left when we finally winched the barge into the space near the cofferdam. Lyell lived about 15 miles away and he had left his car near the shop. A driving snow storm had buried his car. We got shovels and dug it out, only to find that he had left his tire chains at home. It took me about 15 minutes to walk through the blizzard to our home. I told Roberta what we were doing, took the chains off my car and returned, helped put them on his car. By this time my wool cap, my wool mitts, my corduroy pants and sheep skin coat were frozen solid. It was slightly up hill to the house. Within a hundred yards of the house I fell down and could not get up. Roberta had been watching for me. Through the driving blizzard she thought she saw me, so she put on her heavy clothes and walked down the hill. She said later that I was motionless, my clothes were all ice, my eyes were covered over with ice. She dragged me up the hill and into the dining room where she worked on me for several hours. When I came to, I was very confused. Roberta fed me some hot broth. Gradually I recovered. Thanks to her know-how she saved my life and in doing

so, she also saved my frozen extremities from lasting damage.

When the blizzard had blown itself out we loaded the equipment onto the barge and started up river. We used a one ton concrete ice breaker to clear the path. All went well until we reached the north end of the concrete wall. There it stopped and could not be moved. It was dark so we quit. Bob Wicksall and another man were left as watchmen. About five the next morning Bob phoned that there was a lot of water in the hull. I went down and found that the down-stream end of the barge was under water. The up-stream end was hung up by a mass of ice under the hull. We had a problem. We levelled up the deck under the crane and by rigging a trolley line from the point of the boom to the shore, we were able to unload the equipment. In the meantime we assembled hundreds of 8 x 16 fir timbers and built a roadway on the ice. I figured that if the crane could move without stopping, we could make it. We had a locomotive crane up on the bank so we ran a line from it to the crane's axle. When all was ready I gave the crane operator his instruction, "get going and don't stop." I stood on the bank giving signals. All went well until the crane was within about 50 ft. of the shore. He stopped and the crane crushed into the river. The 80 ft boom crashed down and the point made a big hole in the ground about a foot from where I was standing. The operator jumped from one cake of ice to another and did not get very wet. It was almost dark, I sent the men home. The next morning a gang broke the newly formed ice from around the rig. We rigged a snatch block to the locomotive crane and hauled the rig ashore, covered it with tarpaulins, set up several salamanders and let it drain. Fortunately very little damage was done.

With Spring coming we had to get busy removing that cofferdam. We loaded a crane on one barge and lashed the other barge along-side. We started pulling the sheeting on the up-stream side, anchoring the barges to the sheeting. The ice was running so bad one day that work had been stopped. I was sitting in the office when all of a sudden I had a feeling that something was wrong. I rushed out onto the lock wall. The barge was about 100 ft. away, the ice flowing past. Lyell Mynning came out of the shack, walked over to one side and looked down at the ice. A big flow of ice struck the barge and shook Lyell overboard, down among chunks of ice. I knew that Oscar McTavish was working on his engine and I yelled as loudly as I could. He came out of the door, I pointed down. He looked and saw Lyell, ran down and reached down and just in time.

I do not think that anyone who has not seen it can realize the power of drifting ice. Here was a mass of ice, 30 inches thick, the full width of the river and more than ten miles up stream. The spring thaw and the rains had raised the level of the river, freeing the ice from the banks. When it started to move it had a terrible force. Where there was a curve or a projection, it simply rode over it, taking any trees that were in its path.

The massive piers that we had built were taking a beating. When the ice hit them it simply crumbled into powdery snow. The gates were wide open. The bridge on top of the piers gave us access.

Our two wooden barges, heavily loaded, were still tied to the up-

stream cofferdam. We had been unable to move them. Several of us walked across the bridge and got down on Pier #1 to see whether there was anything that we could do. All of a sudden the barges broke loose and drifted toward us. Mr. Ross screamed, "there goes three hundred dollars." The barges turned sideways and bumped into the next pier. The end of the nearer barge scraped the pier where we were standing. On the deck lay a coil of new cable, 3/4 inches in diameter. Jack Danielson and I must have had the same idea for we both jumped down onto the deck, grabbed that cable, passed it up to Dee Simpson and Basil Hobin. They passed it through the huge iron ring that was built into the pier and passed it back to us. We made two loops around the corner of the barge and tied a square knot in it. I had never seen this done before. Mr. Ross kept hollering "come on out of there, you are going to be killed." Willing hands reached down and pulled us up. The ice kept bouncing the barges but the cable held. The next pier was 80 feet away.

The barges formed a dam and the ice piled up downward, right to the bottom of the river. It took two days for this jam to clear. One barge got a permanent bulge in it. It had a sixteen inch bend. But it floated.

The Company had received a contract to build Lock #3, near Red Wing, Minn. When they were ready for concrete forms they sent for me and we moved to Red Wing. We rented an apartment on the second floor of a building. Here we lived for about one year.

At Lock #3 the staff was about the same as it had been at Lock #6. Bob Booth (Weldon S. Booth) was an engineering student at Columbia. He worked at Red Wing that summer. We became friends. He and Basil Hobin taught me to play golf.

The wood piling operation was going well and we were able to start the concrete. I had the same foremen with the addition of Ray Wilcox. It was a very busy summer. I had been made superintendent. Tony Gunther, the man whom I had succeeded, was moved to the Alton Dam job. In November he was killed in an accident.

We poured 60,000 cu. yards of concrete. The summer was very warm. In our apartment we had a thermometer, a maximum and minimum type. For a period of six weeks the temperature did not get below 90, day or night. Fortunately the water was cool, about 58 degrees. Roberta usually had the tub full for me when I came from work.

The job was about 17 miles from Red Wing. The Company arranged with the Milwaukee Railway to provide work train service. This worked out very well for me. I had to make that five P.M. train or wait until after mid-night. Roberta usually was waiting for me. One afternoon she was bubbling over. She told me this story: We did business with a small bank on Main Street in Red Wing. Roberta was there, talking with the cashier when he told her to look out front. Two women had driven up in a wagon and were lifting a milk can out of the wagon. The cashier told Roberta that these Swedish women had bought a farm across the river in Wisconsin and this was the day that they were to pay off a note. They dumped the contents onto a table, a pile of crumpled bills and a lot of silver. He sorted it out and told one of the women that there seemed to be \$300.00 too much. She turned to her

sister and said, "Jesus Christ, Marta, we brought the wrong can."

Late in the fall I was given a much needed vacation. Mr. Cook had written again about my properties. These were depression years. In California they had some sort of law to the effect that if there was illness in the house, the people could not be evicted. So, people did not pay. When a process server approached the house someone would jump into bed. I had been paying interest, taxes and assessments for years. Janss Investment had handled my loans. I went to see them and signed over two homes to them. They paid me \$1923.00 and in my mind I charged off about six thousand dollars to experience.

With this off our minds we had a fine vacation. Mr. Cook loaned us one of his Model T Ford cars and we did a lot of sight-seeing. On the return trip we visited Los Vegas. In 1936 that was not anything like it has become in later years. We visited Boulder Dam which had just been completed. This was probably the greatest construction job since the Pyramids. We walked across the dam. We took the elevator down to see the power house. On the train east they had a radio. The big news was that King Edward of England had given up his throne to marry the woman he loved. Our route took us to Minneapolis. When we had left home the weather had been cold, but oh boy, it was cold when we reached there. And we had no warm clothing. This was our first vacation together and it was a great trip.

We enjoyed our stay in Red Wing. Though the summers were very hot the days were long. We joined a small golf club and it was often ten P.M. when we finished a round of golf. St. Paul was just 50 miles north. My cousin, Jimmy Grant (Dr. J.W. Grant,) lived there. He fitted my first pair of glasses.

The contract for the dam went to another contractor. The company was out of work. After cleaning up the job we moved to Detroit. Here we rented an apartment and it was here that we first met Ainslie Issling. Bill Wyse brought her over from Toronto to make our acquaintance; just before they were married.

The Company had an office on Scotten Ave. George Paaswell had joined the company. He was an engineer. We estimated and bid job after job without success. Finally we got a job to build a small dam near Onaway, Mich. From here we moved to Alton, Ill. after closing out our apartment in Detroit. This was a very interesting job, for the Alton Water Company.

The water plant was up-stream from the new dam #26 and changes had to be made because the pool would be higher when the dam was closed. It was spring and freshets kept the river rising. In one 24 hour period it rose 23 ft. We had to do some hurry-up work. I needed something that would set up fast. I knew of no accelerators at that time. Somewhere I had read that common "water glass" would help. It was after 9 o'clock on a Saturday night when I found a druggist who could find me 5 gallons of the stuff. It worked.

Then we went to Sheboygan, Wisconsin to underpin a power house

for the Armour Leather Co. Here we drove 50 ft steel piles, 12 inches in diameter.

Robert Wicksall started to work on the Attica Prison job just after he graduated from an Engineering College. We became good friends. He married, joined the Masons and was given more and more responsibility. He was in charge of the night shift at Red Wing lock job. They had a baby boy. From Red Wing they moved to Detroit and he was put in charge of some renovation work on an apartment building owned by the company. They rigged a swinging scaffold and apparently he tried to jump onto it. He fell to the ground. Walter Ross and I attended his funeral in Grand Rapids, Mich.

When the job was nearing completion I had a call from Mr. Ross to tell me that the company had a contract in Frankfort, Kentucky, I was to go there just as soon as possible. Frankfort, Kentucky, where was that? We got out our map and located Frankfort about 70 miles south of Cincinnati, Ohio. Roberta took a short vacation up east and we met at the Union Station in Cincinnati and drove across the Ohio River into Ky. We drove south on old Highway No. 25, a hilly, winding road to Georgetown, then we turned west to Frankfort. We liked what we saw. This was June, 1938.

The contract was to drive about 1100 concrete piles, 14 x 14 inches, 52 ft. long to carry the foundations of a new state office building. Vernon Bates and Ed. King came as the engineers. Oscar McTavish, the crane operator, Jack Danielson, pile driving foreman and Alfred Kutchera as carpenter foreman. Al Johnson operated the second crane. All of this work was done inside the prison walls. Most of the convicts had been moved after the 1937 flood, but about 400 were still housed here. After a slow start, driving test piles and load testing, we made good progress, making and driving 25 piles per eight hour day.

This was a "first" for concrete piles in Kentucky so we had a lot of visitors. One day four well dressed gentlemen came in through the guard gates and watched the work. I talked with one man and we sat down on a lumber pile and talked for about an hour. As he got up to go I said, "You seem to be well informed about things around here, what is your job?" "My name is Chandler, I am the governor of Kentucky."

Mr. J. M. Perkins had an office next door. We rented some dump trucks from him and we became well acquainted. He told me one day that if I ever needed help to come see him.

We rented a furnished home on Shelby St. opposite the State Capital building. We liked Frankfort. We met many fine people. Our next door neighbor was H.R. Creal, the chief bridge engineer for the Ky. Highway Department.

On the job one day a State official came in through the guard gates and asked if I would give a job to a former prison guard. I told him to send him in. I started him at forty cents per hour, pushing a wheelbarrow to load the concrete mixer. I figured that he would not last. Much to my surprise he came back after lunch. I looked at his

hands and gave him an old pair of cotton gloves. Months later he was among the last men to be laid off. He came and said that he wanted to thank me. He said that that first day I saw him and looked him over he realized just what a slob he had become. "I want you to know that I have stopped drinking and stopped smoking and have taken off fifty pounds. I feel that I am now a man." I agreed with him.

That fall the company was awarded a contract to build the foundations for a bridge on the Green River at Rockport, Ky. We loaded the equipment onto railway cars. The foreman told me that there was about three tons of coal left on the ground and asked what we should do with it. I told him that it had cost \$10.00 a ton, so load it onto one of the cars. A few days later I went to the railway station at Rockport, paid the bill and as I was walking out I was approached by a man who said that he would like to supply the coal for our steam crane. When he told me the price of three dollars per ton I looked at the freight bill. I had paid \$5.60 per ton to haul \$10.00 coal from Frankfort. I asked him where he got the coal. He said that he had a mine nearby. That was when I learned that coal was mined in Kentucky.

On the job I noticed that one of the men seemed to be in pain. I asked him if he hurt himself. No, he had not hurt himself but he had terrible pain in his back and legs. I told him that it sounded as though he had rheumatism. He asked if I had ever had rheumatism and I told him that I had had it many times, working outdoors in all kinds of weather. He asked what I did for it. I told him that when I went home from work I filled the bath tub with warm water and soaked for a while, that seemed to help. He walked away. A man who had heard us said to me "that man lives in a shack up the road, and the largest thing that he has in the house is probably the dish pan." I have always felt bad about this.

Roberta and I stayed at the Vinson House for a month. I could write a chapter about that stay and about the nice people we met in Beaver Dam. We moved into a brand new two bedroom house and lived there for over a year.

The land piers for the bridge gave us no problem. The two river piers were a big problem. We had to go down to a depth of 65 ft. below the level of the river. A barge load of sheet piling and 36 inch wide flange beams for the walers arrived. We put in one set of bracing of timber at the water level and installed pumps. The crane operated from the top of a steep bank. Before we placed the 36 inch walers I had the men cut angle iron and bolted stiffeners at each point of contact. Mr. Ross used to visit the job about every two weeks. When he saw the stiffeners he asked if these were shown on the plans. They were not. He said that if they were not on the company's plan, do not use them. I insisted that without stiffeners 36 inch beams would fold under pressure. No use. We were down to a depth of over 50 ft. when, after a big rise in the river, the cofferdam collapsed. Fortunately no one was hurt. A new load of sheeting and beams was shipped in and since we had no bank to work from they sent a steam crane on a barge. And a welding machine. Our first. And instructions to install stiffeners at all points of contact.

A new cofferdam was built outside the first. We removed more than 65 tons of scrap metal, including many pieces of folded 36 inch beams. The construction of the concrete pier went well. We back-filled and pulled the sheeting and moved to the other side of the river.

Basil "Hobe" Hobin and his brother, Cyril, were born in Hull, Quebec. They had been with me since 1929. Hobe was in charge of the night shift. The work on the second river pier went very well. The pulling of the sheeting is always the hardest thing to do. It was in the middle of the night when Cyril phoned to say that there had been an accident. Hobe was hurt and he was bringing him to town. I called the local doctor. We carried Hobe into the office. He was badly hurt and died. Hobe had been directing the pile pulling and been standing near the pile extractor when a steel shackle broke and the heavy extractor fell on him. Very sad.

It was Christmas week, 1939 when the job was accepted. We had traded our Pontiac car for a new Nash sedan. It was the first air conditioned car we had ever seen. All the men were laid off except Vernon Bates. I was given a vacation, a much needed one. We drove to Charleston, S.C. and spent Christmas with Roberta's sister Ruth and her husband, Jack Macdonald. Then we drove to New York City to pick up my father, Jessie Wyse and Betty Wyse. We had arranged to meet them at the Wellington Hotel. Our plans worked out perfectly. We drove to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, rented a furnished apartment and had a delightful vacation. We swam, we played golf, we went sight seeing and had a great time. All of this came to an end when I received a phone call from Walter Ross. On a pile driving job in Alton, Illinois, a man was needed immediately.

We drove to Charleston and spent a night with Ruth and Jack before putting my folks on the train headed back to Moncton, N.B. Then we drove to Alton to complete the most miserable job that I had ever had.

Lock and Dam #26 had been completed and the river traffic was very heavy. Huge tow boats and tows of barges, often 1000 ft long. Tows coming up river often had trouble entering the lock, the westerly winds blew them toward shore. The U.S. Engr. Dept. let a contract to drive clusters of piles called dolphins, about thirty feet apart, about twenty of them, with a 30 ft. diameter steel sheeting, sand filled cell at the down stream end. Each dolphin held about 30 piles. It sounds so simple. The wood piles were 85 ft. long and had to be driven with one point down and the next one with the butt down, then lashed with steel cable into a compact bundle. A wood bridge had to be built on top of them. This plan looked beautiful on paper. But to drive them, dodge traffic, fight the winds, nothing to tie to, it was a very bad job. And to add to the misery, there was discharge from a sanitary sewer right there. I will not go into any more details.

One thing that I remember pleasantly about our stay in Alton, Ill. was a night when we drove over to St. Louis to see the movie "Gone With The Wind."

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The next job was in Hornell, New York. This was another U.S.E.D. job, to channelize the Canisteo River where it flowed through Hornell. George Passwell was in charge. Roberta was pregnant. We rented a furnished home in Canisteo, about five miles from work. Near the work were two very interesting plants. The Erie Railway had a shop for overhauling the huge steam locomotives. There was a glass factory, I think that it was owned by Libby-Owens. They made coke bottles, jugs, medicine bottles, etc., The operation moved swiftly from molten glass to shipping cartons.

On September 21, 1940 Roberta gave birth, by Caesarean section to twins, a girl and a boy. The boy lived only two days. The girl weighed four pounds, eight ounces. We named her Margaret, for Roberta's mother and Anne for my mother, Margaret Anne Wyse. Roberta developed a staff infection and remained in the Hornell hospital for about ten days.

With a baby to think about we had to give more thought to the future. We both were very tired of moving from place to place and we decided that we would go somewhere and stay there.

We compiled a list of all the places we had been. It was quite a long list. Then we started scratching off. The last place on the list was Kentucky. One day in November, Fred Spencer visited Hornell. I told him that after ten years with his company I was going to leave and start in business for myself. He wished me luck. Roberta had employed a young woman to help with the baby and she was a great help. We assembled all our friends for a Thanksgiving Day dinner, said good-bye, loaded up the car and headed west. The roads in those days were not what they are today. It took us the better part of three days to make the trip.

It was late afternoon when we drove into Lexington. The Phoenix Hotel was full, the LaFayette Hotel had no vacancies but a man told us that somebody had built something called a motel on the Versailles Road. We drove out there and found Mr. Day, he had just completed a ten unit building. We rented two of the rooms and he told us that we were his first tenants. We stayed there a week. The young lady from Canisteo was homesick so we loaded her onto a bus and said good-bye. We rented a furnished house on Limestone St. opposite to where the Commonwealth Stadium was to be built some years later and started the next phase of our lives.

1.

LEXINGTON, KY. JANUARY 1941

We figured that my best chances to make a living was to bid work for the Highway Department. I had met a few men in Frankfort in 1938. They gave me a good welcome. I was told that I must pre-qualify by showing a certified financial statement, experience and the necessary equipment. Our total assets amounted to about five thousand dollars. I had a statement made up and went into the office of a prominent C.P.A. in Lexington. The woman handed it back to me with the comment "we do not handle small accounts." I went to the office of the Chamber of Commerce. I told the man that I was going into the contracting business. He told me that I was making a great mistake coming here. They had all the contractors that were needed. I had a phone call from AAA. I was told that anybody who amounted to anything belonged to the AAA. I guess that I have never amounted to anything for I have never become a member.

Mr. J. M. Perkins sent me to a C.P.A. whom he knew. In February I bid my first two jobs. One was to repair the Benson Creek Bridge in Frankfort and the second was the repairs to two bridges in Shelbyville. The total of both jobs was \$16,000. I needed money so I went to First National Bank in Lexington. I made a loan of \$1500. and for security I consigned the proceeds from my contracts and my life insurance policy. This was the most difficult loan that I have ever had to make. Les. Perkins handled my job insurance and suggested that I talk to his father, J.M. Perkins.

A job came up for bids, a bridge over Lafayette Drive right there in Frankfort. I figured that it could run to about \$100,000 and I could not bid that. I talked to Mr. Perkins. We made a deal. If we bid it in his name, I would do the work, he would finance the job and we would split the profits 50/50. We got the job and divided about \$14,000. The contract was for \$114,000.

My next job was to do the concrete work on a new road in Perry County, near Hazard. This was a new road up through a valley known as the "grapevine." Before leaving Canada I had read some of the books written by John Fox and I was looking forward to meeting mountain people.

Some local men were hired. When we were ready to pour concrete we set up a water pump down by the creek. I asked a man to go up to the tool box and get a pipe wrench. I saw him go and look into the tool box but he came back and said "I don't know what I am looking for." I showed him a 24 inch pipe wrench and told him that was what we use to connect pipe. He said "Well, I never saw a pipe before this morning." There was a government food distributing center in Hazard and there was a lot of pedestrian (barefoot) traffic up and down the grapevine. One day a young woman motioned to me so I went over to see her. She said "would you give my brother a job?" I asked, "where is your brother?" She said, "he is hiding up there in

the bushes." I asked, "why doesn't he come down?" She said "he's skeered." I asked her to get her brother to come down and talk to me. He finally came down. A fine looking young chap, bare footed. I told him that he could come to work in the morning but that he would have to wear shoes, it was too hazardous to work on a construction job in bare feet. The next morning he appeared, bare footed but with shoes tied around his neck. At quitting time, off came the shoes and they were tied around his neck. This was the daily procedure. He was drafted into the army and like so many mountain boys, went to see the outside world for the first time. His sister stopped by one day to tell me that he had gone all the way to New Jersey.

Our next contract was to build a bridge over the Rough River in Larue County. We moved to Hodgenville to be near the job. We rented a nice little home and lived here for nearly two years. The first man I hired was Riley Taylor. Soon I built up a gang of about 25 men. One day a stranger appeared and said he was a probation officer and wanted to talk to some of my men. I asked what it was all about. It turned out that 13 of my men had some time for moonshining and were on probation. One of them was Riley Taylor. Another was a chap named "Joe Wise."

This was a used steel truss bridge. We bought a lot of timber and built falsework in the river. Then the rains came. And the flood. Everything was swept away, we did not have a splinter left. I was almost broke. Roberta's mother passed away in Moncton and we did not have enough cash to allow her to go home. Margaret was just a baby at that time. I borrowed some money and finally finished the job.

Jackson is in Breathet County. "Bloody Breathet" they used to call it. Here there was an old rusty bridge over the Kentucky River. My contract was to build a new bridge right beside the old one. There was a wooden barricade on the deck that limited traffic to one lane. There were two signs, "Load Limit 4 Tons," walk your horse." The school bus used to come down the mountain, approach the bridge, stop and let the children out to walk across the bridge. When the kids were about half way across the bus would pass them and be waiting for them on the other side. "Safety First?"

This was 1943, a war year. Everything was rationed. We ran out of material. I took a contract to build the foundations for a C & O Railway bridge near Logan, West Virginia, across the Guyan River at Mann. Mr. Perkins was my partner.

In Frankfort one of the landmarks was the Farmers Bank on Main Street. In front of the bank they kept five or six chairs and every evening some old timers sat and chatted there. I learned that Mr. Perkins was one of them and he loved to tell them about our big jobs.

We rented a home in Logan but I did not enjoy living there. Steep mountains rose up on both sides of the Guyan River and there was just room for the river, the railway and a highway. I oftne felt smothered.

In Jackson we set up a small shack right near another small building occupied by a hunchback gentleman who was the County Coroner.

He was an interesting person and he told me many things about mountain people. One day as I was chatting with him a man appeared at the door, saw me and backed out. My friend called to him, "come in, this man is all right." He came in and took a pistol from under his arm and said that he needed a new firing pin. He put it in, it took just a few minutes, charged him ten dollars. I asked him "does every man in Breathet County carry a gun?" He said, "you would think so. I had to investigate 365 killings last year."

A character frequently seen around Jackson was an itinerant preacher. His favorite spot apparently was at the bus stop. He used to come to town on his mule, ride up to the end of the bridge and, hard as he tried, he could not get that mule to set foot on the bridge. One day when he came he was carrying a white rooster under his arm. A small crowd had gathered on the old bridge to watch our men erect steel. He stopped and preached and preached and by the time he finished, he had strangled the rooster.

In West Virginia the job was going well. One Saturday I received word that two cars of material had arrived in Jackson. Roberta and the baby came with me over the mountain to Jackson. We found a place to stay and the next morning (Sunday) I drove to the bridge site and parked the car, going over in my mind the next day's work. The radio was on and there was an announcement that Wendell Willkie had passed away. He had been a presidential candidate. While I was sitting there with the window open I noticed a man come out of a house on the hill. I knew who he was, he had a bad reputation around town. The word was that he had killed three men and after killing the last one, a young chap, the relatives had sworn to get him. He hurried up town. I wondered if he was afraid of me. In just a few minutes a car came racing toward me. In the back seat was this old man, in the front seat was the local police officer and another man who I had never seen before. The two men rushed up to my car. The police officer was on my side of the car and he held two guns aimed at my ear. The other man came to the other side and he held a gun to my right ear. What do you do in a case like this? You don't do anything. Just as slowly and distinctly as I could I said "It just came over the radio that Wendell Willkie has passed away." Dead silence. Then the cop said, "What did you say?" I repeated, "It just came over the radio that Wendell Willkie had passed away." On the back seat of the car there were several rolls of blue prints. From the corner of my eye I saw him look back there. Then he said "Ain't you the man who is building this bridge?" Yes, I said, "I am." The guns were removed and he hollered, "Come on old man, let's get out of here. Oh boy!"

1944 turned out to be our best year. We decided to look for a house in Lexington. Billy Baughn was a cement salesman. We met many times while we were in Frankfort. His home was in Lexington and his sister was a realtor. She took me to see several homes. One at 308 South Hanover Ave. The owner was Garvice Kincaid. He showed me around the place and in the kitchen I noticed a 25¢ slot machine. I asked if the machine went with the house. "Oh no" he said, "my friends like to gamble and I let them." We bought the house.

For the first ten years of our lives we had lived in rented rooms, apartments or homes. We did not have a stick of furniture. For the first time we were able to make friends of neighbors. And we had some good ones.

We were low bidder to build the substructure for a bridge on the Green River, just a few miles from Abraham Lincoln's home. We had not been working there very long when a stranger appeared, a Kentucky Revenue man. He said that he had learned that two of my men, Riley Taylor and Calvin Johnson, were working for me. I asked him what the problem was and he said that they owed the State large sums of money, taxes on the illicit whiskey they sold. I told him, "these men have served time in the pen for moonshining and I think that they have paid their debt to society." He replied, "They may have paid their debt to society but they have not paid the taxes to the Kentucky Revenue Department." I said, "You will never collect it." He said, "Do you mind if I interview them on the job?" I told him to go ahead. He came back after a while and said that the men had refused to cooperate so he had no choice but to garnishee their wages. He served the necessary forms and I had no choice but to pay him. As he was going away he asked "What day is pay day?" I told him, "Friday." In a few minutes Riley Taylor and Calvin Johnson came to the office and asked if their pay had been garnisheed. When I told them that it had they said "Good bye, we are not going to work if our pay is going to be garnisheed." I told them to go on back to work, you need the work and I need you. Each night we will make out a check for that day. When he comes back all he can collect is from starting time until his arrival. They went back to work.

On Friday the stranger appeared again. "Are my men still working?" he asked. "Yes" I said, "they are working every day and overtime." He said, "I won't bother to see them, I'll just make out the garnishee." "How much have they coming?" I said, "They started at seven A.M. and it is now 9:30, that makes two and a half hours." "Oh," he said, "I thought you said that they were working full hours and overtime?" "That is right," I said, "but I pay them every night." He then picked up his papers and said, "good bye, I will not be back."

Our next contract was for the substructure for another Green River bridge, between Aberdeen and Morgantown, Ky. The steel was erected by another and we placed the concrete deck. This job required 12 inch steel H piles. U.S. Steel Co. shipped them to Beaver Dam, loaded on 16 railway cars.

During all my life I had had very little contact with black people. W. T. (Red) Richardson was one of the first black men I hired. He was an excellent truck driver. I hired other blacks to drive trucks and liked their work. But I was amazed to hear about the mean treatment they received, especially in the western part of the state. They were not allowed to enter many restaurants, could not get places to sleep and while hauling the steel piles to this job, four men slept every night for three weeks in their trucks.

The Cumberland River job at Burkesville, Ky. turned out to be interesting. This was a politically active year. Steve Watkins was

the Highway Commissioner. Though we did not plan to start work there until Spring, Mr. Watkins asked if there was something that we could do to make an appearance before election. I promised that we would send two trailer loads of sheet steel piling. They could use these for a speaker's platform. That was fine. He asked me to be there that day. He arrived and said that they forgot to bring a shovel for the ground breaking ceremony. We had none. I sent a man to a farm barn near by. He came back with a shovel coated with frozen manure. I gave it to Mr. Watkins. His comment was "very appropriate."

Ralph Russell had the contract to erect the structural steel. He came to me one day with bad news. He had dropped a 35 ton built-up girder and bent it. He did not know what to do. He said that it would probably take more than six months to replace it and he could not pay for it if it could be done. I looked it over and told him that if he lifted the beam onto blocking, cut the flanges and applied heat with two welding machines, it would straighten out. But he would have to get the approval of the bridge department. They were skeptical. He tried it. It worked.

A year or two later Mr. Russell came to see me. He had a deal to build a coal tipple for Paradise Collieries near Greenville, Ky. This would be a steel structure as high as an eight story building with washer, conveyors, screens, etc. His contract was to furnish the men, the equipment, etc., for cost plus a fixed fee of \$30,000.00. He said that the trouble was that he could not meet the first week's payroll. I went to Cincinnati and met the president of the company. I entered a contract for all the concrete work but told him nothing about Russell's problem. I made a deal with Russell that I would finance the payrolls for the sum of \$10,000. Russell assured me that his record was clear, he had no outstanding debts, was divorced and had not seen his wife for years. All went well until the job was nearly completed. He had a heart attack and died in the Greenville hospital.

I was in a mess. Russell's wife and daughter arrived. They had heard that he was rolling in money and they wanted it. I went to Cincinnati and talked with Mr. Gerow, the president. I told him the whole story. He told me to go ahead and finish the work. Then the bills started coming in. He had debts scattered from New York to California, including taxes, etc., etc. Almost a million dollars worth. Mrs. Russell kept nagging me. I had talks with the bank in Greenville and the County Judge. To make a long story short, \$1500.00 was released to Mrs. Russell. I was reimbursed for my expenses, we cleaned up the job and I got away with my fee of \$10,000.00.

Now, going back in time a little, Mr. J.M. Perkins died in 1946. His sons agreed to carry on with our arrangement. Les Perkins was the oldest and he and I got along very well. He carried my insurance for many years. The University of Kentucky advertised for bids to build additions to Stoll Field Football Stadium. I wanted to bid this job but realized that if I got it I would have to use union labor and all my work was non-union. So we bid in the name of Perkins Construction Co. and we were the low bidder. I put Tom Pitman in

charge and stayed in the background as much as possible. It was a good job. The next year we got the contract for the Press Box on the southside. This too was a good job. Today, in 1991, you would never know that there had been a stadium at the corner of Rose Street and Euclid Avenue.

While Mr. J.M. Perkins was living he got such a kick about our big contracts. Now it was different. While Les and I were good friends, he did not seem to care much about the business. So, after we completed the stadium job we terminated an arrangement that was profitable to them and very helpful to Harry Wyse.

During 1946 we rented office space at 881½ East High Street. Lexington, Ky. We occupied the rear half of a small building and the front half was occupied by Dr. James Rose, the dentist. The first secretary whom I employed did not work for me very long. She said that she could not work for me because I thought that there was only one way to spell words.

Tom Pitman, Dee Simpson, Holland Wood, Walt Verser had come to work for us. They were soon joined by Jim Thornbury, Bill Thornbury and Al Messick. Gail Mansfield, Burl Phillips, Elmer Embry. All are gone now except Al Messick, Elmer Embry and Burl Phillips.

Margaret started to school at Cassidy School, just a short walk from Hanover Ave. We became active in the First United Methodist Church. During the years I have served 25 years as Chairman of Property Committee, two years as Chairman of the Official Board and presently a member of the Board of Trustees.

My father had served in the Salvation Army for six years when it was first organized in Canada. So it was natural for me to be interested. I am now a Life Member.

Roberta managed things very well. She not only took care of the house but she also took care of business things while I was away. A black woman appeared at the door one day, looking for a job. Her name was Laura Brown. Laura was an excellent cook and she helped us for 35 years.

Upon my return one day from one of my jobs Roberta said "I have a surprise for you. I've bought a horse." A horse! This was the beginning of about twelve years activity with show horses. Will Strauter, horse trainer, had a stable. Margaret learned to ride. They attended shows in several states with various success. The climax was a trip to Madison Square Garden in New York. Frank Bradshaw was the trainer by this time. Margaret won the championship five gaited class for amateurs on "Fair Warning." After that, we sold all the horses, Margaret started college.

In February 1950 I went to Frankfort to bid some work and on the highway U.S. 60 I saw a sign, "Farm For Sale at Auction." On a cold morning I went to the sale and bid and bid. I finally was the high bidder. \$815.00 per acre. 24 acres. A man named Louis Maury spoke to me. He said that he was connected with the Federal Land Bank and

wanted me to know that I had bid the highest price per acre ever in⁴⁰ Fayette County.

Jim Thornbury had run out of work so he came and built the office building, the loading dock and the 40 X 60 ft. shop. He also started building some white fencing, which, after many repairs, survives to this day.

Walt Verser was working on addition to the state power house near the Kentucky River in Frankfort. Walt phoned one Friday in July, 1951. He reminded me that I had not been to see him in two weeks and the job was just about finished, what should he do with the men? He had a crane, a highlift, 6 carpenters, 2 concrete finishers and a few others. "Well," I said, "I think I'll build a house." "Do you have any plans?" he asked. "No," I said, "but we will think up something. I'll send Red over with the low-boy Monday for the crane and the highlift."

Roberta and I got out a book of house plans, very sketchy ones. We picked one that we liked. On Saturday afternoon Red Richardson drove in. He had been away for two weeks in the western part of the state. He had two week's pay coming and was just itching to spend it. I told him that he could not have his check until he had helped me stake out a house. Stake out a house?

In spite of Red's protests we got some stakes and lines and a tape measure, waded around among tall grass and staked out our house. We moved in just after Thanksgiving. I personally built the stairs and finished the den.

The fourties and fifties were very busy years. I had to spend much of the weeks away from home. I set a pattern, go west one week and go east the next week. All of our jobs were interesting. I am only going to mention a few that were especially so to me.

One Sunday Roberta and I were driving around Frankfort. Standing on the Kentucky River bank near the old Broadway Bridge we saw Mr. Creal. We stopped and I asked if something was worrying him. He said that that old railway bridge was just too narrow for the traffic it had to carry. I asked, "Why not widen it?" He asked if I had any ideas. "Yes," I said, "the trusses are plenty strong, just cut them loose, move over one of them and put in a new floor." A short time later bids were advertised, I was the low bidder. We owned a steel barge at the time and it was very useful where we had to lengthen the piers.

In November, 1950 the state advertised for bids on a bridge at Sherbourn on the Licking River. Here was a beautiful old wooden covered bridge. Two spans. The longer span had its back broken from overloading and had sagged about four feet. The idea was to build a timber crib in the river bottom, fill it with rock and jack up the sagged span. There were no bids. Mr. Creal phoned and asked why I had not bid the job. I told him that it was an impossible job to do at this time. One little rain and the river would be out of it's banks until spring. He asked if I had any ideas. Yes, I said, make a suspension bridge out of it. He asked me to come over to Frankfort

and talk about it. Steel was being rationed and they could not get a priority to cover it. I told him that I had in stock a lot of H steel piles. They could be used to build three towers. I could get the necessary steel cables for suspenders, and the turn-buckles, but large cables would be a problem. He liked the idea. The bridge department drew up the plans and determined that it would require two cables, two and a quarter inches in diameter. I had read about the Roeblings and their suspension bridges at Cincinnati and Brooklyn. So I phoned the Roebling Company in New Jersey. After checking the plans, my experience and credit they agreed to furnish the cables. This was the only job that I got from the Kentucky Department of Highways by negotiation. The bridge was returned to service and was a sight-seeing attraction. Some years later, some boys got wet in the river and lit a fire on the bridge floor to get themselves warm. The bridge was destroyed by fire.

Many years ago a beautiful bridge had been built spanning the Ohio River between Huntington, West Virginia and Chesapeake, Ohio. Bids were invited to strengthen this cantilever bridge by adding a lot of steel and welding. This was a very hazardous job but under Walt Verser's supervision, we completed it without accident. They estimated that we increased the loading capacity by 25%.

Our specialty seems to have been deep cofferdams for river piers. That is, fifty feet or more below the level of the water. For more than ten years we were never without a deep hole somewhere in the state.

Of course the cofferdam is necessary so that a concrete pier can safely be built inside. The requirement was that when rock is reached, the rock must be removed, usually two or three feet or until solid rock bottom is attained. This requires blasting. The pressures of the water and mud are tremendous. We use heavy steel for walers and heavy steel struts, all jacked into place and welded. One day I went down into a hole. Dee Simpson was in charge. I told Dee that some of the welds were not up to our standards, to get after the welders to do a better job. I climbed the ladder and rested on the bank. A state engineer had been down there and heard my remark. When he came up he told me that one of the men said to Dee, "The old man is kind of pig headed, isn't he?" Dee turned to him and said, "I want you to know that Mr. Wyse is not a bit pig headed, I've worked for Mr. Wyse for 30 years and he ain't a bit pig headed. Of course, he might be just a little bit sot in his ways."

In Cynthiana there was a beautiful timber, three span covered bridge over the Licking River. They told me that it had been built before the Civil War. Of course it had been built for horses and carriages. Under automobile and truck traffic it broke down. We removed and replaced it with concrete spans. The timbers were yellow poplar. Dee Simpson salvaged some of the timbers, had them sawn and had a Cynthiana cabinet maker build a set of book shelves. They are beautiful. They were the first things to be installed in my office in 1950.

Red Richardson came to work in 1946. He had just been released from the Army. I remember that he wore parts of an old uniform. He

was not a big man but he became a good truck driver. The only time that I had to get him out of jail was when he was arrested on a trumped up charge in a white neighborhood. He was always in trouble with his women. On one occasion he had been away for some time and had a big pay check. On Monday morning he came in all cut up. I asked what happened. He said, "You know that old woman of mine, she worked me over with a light bulb." I said, "Red, you have good sense in many ways, why don't you settle down and marry one woman and live decently?" Red replied, "Oh Mr. Wyse, it ain't no trouble to get another woman."

In Louisville we built 12 bridges on the expressways. Every one of them has been altered or widened. Change, change, change. We bought the steel and concrete from American Builders Supply Co. The head man was James McCracken. Jim and Mrs. McCracken became very good friends of the Wyse. Their daughter, Matilda (Mrs. Matilda Ewald) has kept in touch with us since the death of her parents.

Our biggest bridge job was the continuous span concrete bridge over the Kentucky River at Brooklyn. This is known as the Brooklyn Bridge of Kentucky. All of our key men were involved in some way with this construction. We have a good movie film covering the project.

The job was just about cleaned up when one day I drove down there. Al Messick approached me. One of his front teeth was missing. I asked, "Al, what in the world has happened to you? Here we have been working for fifteen months without a reportable accident and now that we are about done, you have had an accident and broken a front tooth. How did it happen?" Al replied, "I dropped them in the wash basin."

Mr. Walter Todd was chief engineer under Mr. Creal in the Highway Department. He usually made the final inspections. One day Mr. Todd came to see me. He said that a recently completed bridge in Lawrence County had a buckled, fifty foot high pier. He asked me to act as a consultant and advise what should be done. I visited the site and determined that with very high banks to the creek and a very long skew, it would be best to add a span to each end of the bridge and remove and replace the damaged pier. They wanted to pay me a consultant's fee. I said "No, the compliment that you have paid me is worth much more to me than money."

The bridge was re-designed, put out for bids and I was the low bidder of six bidders.

The Kentucky Prestressed Concrete Company was organized in 1957. The owners were R.C. Page, R.R. Dawson, Jack Saltsman, Reynolds Bros., William C. Clay (attorney) and Harry O. Wyse and A.W. Walker. We each invested \$10,000.00. Harry Wyse was elected president and Richard C. Page was put in charge of the plant located at Avon, Ky. R.C. Page, Sr. had started to manufacture concrete blocks at this location. We soon gave up this operation. Pre-cast slabs and especially double Ts were something new around here. To make a long story short, we were losing money. In fact we were broke. Jack Reynolds, Ez Walker, Wm. Clay and I each put up another \$10,000.00. The Pages were out. We

employed Bill Blount to manage the business. Under his management we turned a profit, gave him an interest and a few years later sold out to another Prestressed Company.

During those years the books were kept in my office. Thursdays were the days that I tried to visit the plant, taking the pay rolls and bringing back the bills. On days that I could not make it to the plant, I used to meet Bill Blount at Jerry's restaurant at the corner of South Broadway and New Circle Road. Here for years we met and reviewed business, etc., etc. We have followed this pattern now for about 25 years or more. Now we meet at Commonwealth Travel Agency office and go to lunch at Wendy's.

In 1957 we purchased the Paul Moore 240 acre farm located on the Versailles Road near our home place. With the farm came a share cropper, Mr. J. Grimes, fifty cows, about twenty hogs, a flock of sheep and a lot of headaches. Oh yes, a team of mules and a large tobacco base. Plus corn fields.

All went very well for a few years. Mr. Grimes died of a heart attack. We were in a mess. Anyway, we decided to get out of most of the farming business and develop a suburban subdivision. Some of my friends told me that I was making a mistake.

Roberta, Tom Pitman and I drove around and walked around and developed a plan. Tom got busy and laid out Unit No. 1 with 25 lots. We picked lot No. 5 on which to build a model home. Dee Simpson re-modeled the old farm house and made some additions, --it became house No.1. We sold it to Dr. Frank Counts. After that Tom and Dee were out of work, after many years of association.

Dee Simpson and his wife bought a small home in Louisville. They were very happily located there until he had a stroke. He got around in a wheel chair. One day his wife slipped and fell in the bath tub. A neighbor suspected that something might be wrong, went there and found that Dee had upset his wheel chair in trying to help his wife and was lying on the floor. His wife was dead. Tom and Mildred Pitman, Roberta and I went to the funeral. That was the last time that I visited Louisville. I remember that as we were driving through Louisville I remarked to Tom that "I do not remember that bridge." Tom said, "You should remember it, you built the damned thing."

Dee died in a nursing home in Michigan. We had been associated for more than fifty years.

Westmorland Subdivision was developed by degrees, a total of 134 lots. It is a beautiful place and is the home of more than 125 families.

Roberta and I have been very fortunate in being able to do quite a lot of traveling. We have had several ocean cruises and have visited about 60 countries. Our travels are recorded on my 16 mm movie films. I would like to record a few incidents that were especially interesting.

We flew to South America, spent a week in Peru, visited the Inca historical spots in the mountains and then flew to Rio de Janeiro,

Brazil. We had made arrangements to be met by an English speaking guide. It was late in the afternoon of a very hot day when we arrived at Rio airport. No air-conditioning at that time. We were the only foreigners so we were the last to go through customs and immigration. A man came up to us and asked, "Are you Mr. Weese?" I answered, "My name is Wyse, would you be looking for me?" "Yes, Mr. Weese. I am your guide, I'll be waiting for you." When he met us at the gate he again greeted me as Mr. Weese. He had a car and driver who could not speak English. He took us to our hotel and took us places for the next ten days. Always it was "Mr. Weese." Finally I asked him, "Mauri, you speak very good English, where did you come from?" He replied, "Mr. Weese, I came from Jerusalem. I'm a kike just the same as you."

We decided to go to church on Sunday morning. Roberta said that she did not know the customs here but to be on the safe side she would wear a hat. We were welcomed at the entrance. An usher guided us down the aisle and seated us beside the only other lady in that church who wore a hat.

On one of our cruises we visited Alexandria, Egypt. We did a lot of sight seeing and I took a lot of movies. One day Roberta and I found ourselves in a narrow business street. The traffic on the road consisted of donkey drawn carts. No motor vehicles. Many Pedestrians, men in long robes of black or dark brown material. Women also in black, many with their faces partially covered and some were carrying loads on their heads. I tried to get a movie shot of a woman with a load, approaching us. They always turned when they saw the camera. It seemed to us that every shop keeper was standing outside his door. A tall Egyptian man in a long black robe came up to me and snatched my movie camera and ran away into the crowd. I think that every shop keeper had been watching us for a shout went up. The Arab was out of our sight but he came back, bowed to us and handed back my camera.

In India we visited many interesting places. We flew from Bombay to New Delhi. We visited the old city and the new modern city with many fine official buildings. The beautiful Taj Mahal is one of a kind. Taj is located in the city of Agra, a short plane flight from New Delhi. We have some good movie shots of these sights. What we could not or did not take pictures of was some horrible sights of poor people. Men sleeping in door-ways or in gutters.

On board our cruise ship there were three chaplains, a Jewish Rabbi, A Roman Catholic Priest and a Methodist minister. The cabin of the Methodist minister was next to ours and we visited from time to time. One morning Roberta and I went ashore and as we approached the security gates we saw our friend surrounded by about a dozen boys. Poor kids. As we stopped to watch, our friend passed some money to one of the boys. He looked at us and gave us a look as much as to say, "There goes that." We were away all day and when we returned I asked him what had happened. He said, "That was the strangest thing. These boys looked to be starving, one of them knew some English. I gave him some money and he ran away. I never expected to see him again. In a short time he returned with a bag full of rice cakes, passed them around and gave me back some change."

Our cruise ship was sailing from Manila towards Guam. We were sitting in our cabin reading. It was about 11 A.M. The sun was shining through the port hole and all of a sudden we noticed that the shadows changed direction. We realized that the ship had changed course. We went up on deck. We were told that A U.S. Air Force plane had crashed into the Pacific and our ship was going to the rescue. It was about four in the afternoon when we first saw two planes circling over the ocean. We were told that the crew had radioed their position before they ditched. A small life raft had been ejected and a smoke signal had gone up. The signal reached Guam and these planes had come, dropped a large life raft and two paramedics. There had been seven men on the plane. It crashed about seven A.M. and all hands had been very sea sick. The waves were high.

Our ship the "President Cleveland" lowered a life boat in charge of the First Officer. A small man. The men were loaded and then they had trouble. I'll never forget the look of frustration on that officer's face. On account of high waves they had difficulty hitching onto the davits.

Roberta and I had gone on deck early enough to get a good position near the rail and we got some pictures. I ran out of film, walked down to the cabin, brought back some film and by this time the passengers were lined up three and four deep to watch the rescue. A woman came rushing up, screaming, "Let me in, let me in." Nobody paid any attention to her. She tried to push past a man who paid no attention to her. She swung her hand bag and hit him over the head and screamed, "Mr. you are no gentleman." He turned his head and replied, "Madam, you are no lady."

There were nine men in all and the grandmothers on board took charge of them, a little too liberally around the bar. I complimented the skipper. He thanked me and said, "I am retiring at the end of this voyage after fifty years at sea." He said that this day had been especially pleasant for him for up until now he had never even rescued a row boat. The fliers were landed in Guam the next night.

In 1973 we visited the Middle East. We flew to Istanbul by way of London, stayed at Hotel Hilton which overlooked the Bosphorous. We had a full day of sight-seeing. Particularly interesting was Haggia Sophia, a cathedral started in the fourth century by the Christian emperor, Constantine. Later this was converted to a Mosque. In Istanbul we joined a party of eleven others under a tour conductor.

It was evening when we flew from Istanbul to Beirut, Lebanon. We were impressed by the nice terminal and the wide four lane highway that led to the city. This road stretched for about three miles and many people were parked and were lounging on the grass. We passed two Palestinian refugee camps, huge places with shacks made of tin, cardboard, lumber and many tents.

Our hotel was Hotel Phoenicia Inter-Continental. Our room

had a balcony and overlooked a main street along the Mediterranean. Beautiful.

The next morning a small bus was waiting for us. We drove through the crowded streets to see down town Beirut. We visited an oriental Rug shop. On display were hundreds of hand made rugs. We selected one made in Iraq and had it shipped home. It was unpacked on our living room floor and there it remains to this day.

The ancient city of Biblos is north of Beirut. We had lunch in a pretty restaurant overlooking the Mediterranean. On the drive back to Beirut, along a divided highway we heard loud gun fire nearby. Traffic stopped. More gun fire. There was a wire fence dividing the traffic lanes. Every car and truck tried to turn around at once. Such confusion. I got out my movie camera and started to picture the action but our local guide knocked it out of my hand. "Do you want to get us all killed?" He asked. I think that he had turned from brown to white. The gun fire continued as we got turned around and headed back north. After a few miles we stopped at a tavern. We sat there for a while then the gun fire sounded closer so we headed farther north, stopped in another tavern and stayed there until 8 P.M. when we were told that it would be safe to return to the city.

While we were having late dinner in our hotel we were told that the Army had raided a refugee camp and killed 112 people. All night long we could hear cannon and machine gun fire. We were confined to our hotel. Traffic had stopped. The only vehicles we saw for two days were military vehicles. There was a beautiful swimming pool at the hotel. Roberta bought a swimming suit, Beautiful. This was the best part of our stay in Beirut. I have never seen so much skin.

The third morning we had breakfast and were lounging around when our tour conductor came rushing in to tell us that we were to go to the airport immediately. We got our things and went to the door. Waiting for us was a small English car. The driver warned us that this might be dangerous, that the last trip he had two tires shot off. A Jewish couple from Georgia (He was a M.A.) were standing there and hesitated. Roberta said, "Lets go." The three of them got into the back seat and I sat beside the driver. The streets were deserted but at five or six intersections there were soldiers, guns, anti-aircraft guns, tanks, etc. We had no idea of what was going on. It was only later that we heard of Arafat being involved.

The refugee camps were a mess. Each shack had been flattened. We saw one woman with a huge load on her head and holding a child by each hand. When we reached the straight stretch leading to the airport the driver said, "Here is the dangerous part, this is where I had my tires shot off. So sit tight for I am going to drive as fast as this car can go." And he did. I heard one rifle shot.

The beautiful terminal had been bombed and glass was shattered. A 707 plane was wrecked. It had been hit by a bomb. We had arrived there at 10 o'clock. By noon we had not seen an airplane. The manager of the restaurant came and told us that he was supposed to feed us but he had no help. He prepared sandwiches and coffee. We sat

there all afternoon. No planes. Supper time. The same thing, sandwiches served by the manager. At 8 o'clock a plane landed, we were rushed aboard and flew to Cairo.

It was at this terminal that many marines were killed by terrorist a few years later.

On the flight from Beirut to Cairo I sat beside a middle aged couple. Roberta sat across the aisle. When we were given forms to fill out before entering Egypt I noticed that they were not using English. When I asked about this they told me that they were Arabs and they were writing in Arabic. They told me that they were born in Jerusalem and had lived there all their lives until 1967 when the Jews took over. They were told to get out of Israel and not to come back. Both were educators and had taught at colleges in the eastern United States. He said that his home had been occupied by his family for generations.

Burl Phillips and his wife, Margie, live in Lexington. For many years they all have sat at Jerry's restaurant, shared a meal together

In all of the years that Roberta and I lived together our bills⁴⁸ for doctors and medicines did not amount to a total of more than a few hundred dollars. In the fall of 1971 Roberta had trouble. We did not know it at the time but her trouble must have been Alzheimers. One cold wet day she fell and broke an arm. At Thanksgiving time she had a stroke. I phoned 911. In a few minutes an ambulance arrived at the door and the medics examined her. The saddest day of my life was when they carried her down the stairs for the last time. She was treated at the Good Samaritan Hospital for seven weeks and then taken to Mayfair Nursing Home where she spent her last seven months. We were married for 48 years.

During mid-December 1985 I was having pain in my right side and right hip and knee. Bob (Dr. Robert Shepard) and his wife, Frances, called one afternoon and gave me a Christmas present of a box of dates. I told Bob of my problem and he advised that I had better go and see Dr. Taylor. The next day I went to see Dr. Taylor and he sent me for xrays. The next morning Margaret drove me to see Dr. Taylor and he sent me to Good Samaritan Hospital for more xrays, and Catskans. They said that I had an Aneurysm and had to be operated upon immediately. I was placed in Intensive Care. A nurse talked with me. She said, "Mr. Wyse, I don't think that you realize how serious this is. You have only about a 50/50 chance to living until tomorrow."

Dr Siby Saha visited me and said that he would operate on me at 7 the next morning. It would be about five hours. Margaret and some friends visited me that night. They placed me on the operating table and made preparations. The anesthesist said, "Good night." I was awake. It was pitch dark. I heard sounds. I wondered whether I was in heaven or hell. I heard more sounds. I asked, "Where am I?" A sweet voice replied, "You are in the recovery room of the Good Samaritan Hospital." Was I relieved!

I was in ICU through Christmas. Margaret and the children tried to make it a happy event. I was glad to be alive but I still suffered intense pain in my right leg. A nurse phoned Toronto and told Bill and Ainslie about me. They drove down and arrived at my home at about the same time that I was brought from the hospital. Rob had moved a small bed to the den and here I slept for the next six weeks. Bill and Ainslie and Peter Issling stayed and cared for me for ten days. Kay Worden, my sister Ruth's daughter came and helped me for a month. All of them were a great help to us.

Good Samaritan Hospital has been good to me. It was there that I spent seven days for an operation on a carotid artery, four days on account of spells of dizziness and as an out patient for two cataract operations and for a corpal tunnel operation on my right hand. Margaret has accompanied me every time. Rob has stayed with me for months and was especially helpful after the major operations. The children, Tess and John have always been near by.

Riley Taylor was a big guy. I've seen him pick up two sacks of cement, weighing 94 pounds each, one in each arm and walk away with them. He worked for us for more than 15 years.

On a cold day I visited a job in Western Kentucky where Al Messick was in charge of driving piles. Riley Taylor was firing the steam boiler. Al came up and stood with his back to the boiler, getting warm. Riley said, "Al, I wish that I had this boiler in LaRue County. With this boiler I could run a thousand gallons every night. Al, you like whiskey don't you?" Al said, "I can't say that I do for I never drink it." Riley asked, "Al, have you never been drunk?" "Of course not." replied Al. Riley said, "Al, if you have never been drunk you just do not know how good water tastes."

I never knew of Riley being drunk on a job but I heard that on Saturday nights, that was something else. The last time that he got drunk was the last time he beat up his wife. She took out a gun and killed him.

During the early 1960's I was getting tired. I had to be away from home so much of the time. One week I would go west and the next I would go east. My key men too were getting older and were less than happy about being away from their families so much of the time, living in poor accomodations while building a bridge in some God-forsaken place. I just wished that I had some ambitious engineer to come in and learn the business.

Albert Kerwin was dean of men at the University of Kentucky. I told him my problem. He said that they had a fine graduating class of engineers and he would send some to see me. A young man phoned and made an appointment to see me. He parked his car, came in with a cigarette in his hadd. I asked him if he had had any experience in construction work. "No." I asked if he had ever had a summer job. the answer was "No." He said, "Before we go any further, tell me what kind of a retirement plan do you have?"

A week later another young man came to see me..He too had never had a job and asked about our retirement plan. I told both of these men that if they were planning to retire before they ever went to work, I did not think that they belonged in the construction business.

Mrs. Ruby Johnston was my secretary for more than twenty years. She wrote letters, kept books, prepared payrolls. Mrs. Johnston is authorized to sign my checks and has Power of Attorney. She is busy at this time typing up these my "Memoirs."

Al Messick and his wife, Mary, live in Munfordville. Al is 84 and partially blind. We visit on the phone quite often.

Elmer Embry and his wife live in Morgantown, Ky. He phoned me on my 92nd birthday.

Burl Phillips and his wife, Margie, live in Lexington. For many years we all have met at Jerry's restaurant, shared a meal together and swapped gossip, etc.

Walt Verser and his wife, Lydia, had a nice home in Louisville. After his retirement he suffered for years from Emphysema. After he passed away, Lydia lived alone for several years. She was severely crippled with arthritis and was moved to a nursing home. I have written to her but have had no response.

W. R. Richardson (Red) smoked heavily. He too suffered from emphysema. He died in the Veteran's Hospital in Lexington.

W.S. Booth (Bobbie Booth, that is) came to Redwing the summer of 1936. We became good friends. Bob's uncle was William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. His father was the founder of the Volunteers of America. Bob graduated in engineering from Columbia University. He started in the construction business, doing business as Cakley and Booth, Inc., New York. I loaned him \$10,000 to get started. He repaid that with interest. Two years ago he visited me here in Lexington. We had a great time reviewing old times. We had a round of gold at Lexington Country Club. In March of this year Bob and his wife, Tod, celebrated their fiftieth anniversary.

In 1962 we had an auction and sold our equipment. This was a sad day for me. Starting from scratch we had accumulated machines upon which so much depend the safety of the men and the capacity to do the work and to make a living.

One piece of equipment was a steel barge. This was the only barge owned by a Kentucky contractor and was used on work on the Kentucky River at Carrollton, Frankfort and Brooklyn. On the Ohio River at Louisville, Owensboro and Henderson and on the Cumberland River at Clarksville, Tennessee.

Attached to these pages are four pages written by my father after he returned to Moncton from a visit to Kentucky. My father died January 7, 1952 at the age of 82. Jessie Wyse died early in 1980 while Roberta and I were on a cruise across the Pacific. Jessie Grant Wyse was 96 years old. She was buried beside her parents in Calais, Maine.

Since the state lifted my driver's license three years ago I have been dependant upon others to take me places. Margie and Burl Phillips have been very helpful. So has Margaret.

36 years ago Aaron Beatty started to work as a truck driver. Since then he has helped in many ways around the farm where he takes care of the cattle, the machinery, etc. Aaron celebrated his sixtieth birthday on April 9, 1991.

Now my weekly pattern is this. At 9:15 Sunday morning Aaron drives me to Sunday School. I attend the men's Bible Class where I lead the singing. Then I go to church, where Margie usually reserves my favorite seat. After church Margaret picks me up and along with one or more of her children we go to lunch at Lexington Country Club. On the way home we make one or more calls upon old friends. Then I have my afternoon nap. At 5:30 P.M. the kids come and we have supper together.

Monday is a quiet day. Office work. Wood work.

Tuesday is Kiwanis Day. Aaron comes at 11:15 and drives me to The Springs. I have been a member of Kiwanis since 1949, served as president in 1976 and now I am the oldest member of the Lexington Kiwanis Club. On good days Earl Crouch drives to Lexington Country Club and we play nine holes of golf.

Wednesday is a quiet day at home, office, etc.

Thursday at 11:15 Aaron comes and drives me to Commonwealth Travel Agency to see Bill and Shirley Blount. Bill and I have lunch at Wendy's. Thursday is shopping day.

Friday is payday. Aaron keeps his own time and that of any men who have worked. I do the payroll and keep records.

Friday is the night that we get together for dinner at Jerry's. Burl, Margie, Amy, Grant Booth, Ollie Clegg, Margaret, Tess and John. These are fun gatherings and we look forward to them each week.

Saturday. Les Versaw is a builder who built 25 residences in Westmorland. We are good friends. Nearly every Saturday Les drives to my home. We visit for a few minutes then he drives my 1977 Buick to Wendy's in Gardenside for lunch, often shared with other friends there. If I have errands to do, Les drives. He too is a wood worker and we share experiences.

I usually have some kind of a woodworking project on hand to keep me busy. I enjoy reading good books.

First Methodist Church has been important to Roberta and me. Roberta used to be active in the Annie Lewis Circle. I enjoy the contacts with so many people every Sunday morning. I told our minister, James Stratton, that when I pass away I think Burl Phillips should have a sign printed and placed on the back of my pew. "Harry Wyse slept here."

Our daughter, Margaret Wyse Shull has three children, Robert, Teresa (Tess) and John. They live in Lexington.

My sister Ruth celebrated her 93 birthday on Dec. 1, 1990. Ruth has been unable to communicate for several years. She is confined to a hospital in Kitchener, Ont. Her daughter Kathryn lives near and visits her mother nearly every day.

My brother Robert had about the same experience that I had in 1918, learning to fly on the Royal Flying Corps. Rob married and they had one son, Robert N. Wyse No.3. In 1939 with Britain at war with Germany, Rob tried to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force. They said that he was too old. Rob sold his business, paid his own way to England and enlisted in the Royal Air Force. He was involved in many bombing flights over Germany. With a large force he was shipped to the defence of Singapore. Dad received a post card from Cape Town, marked "I am well". That was the last word from him for 3 and a half years. The Japanese drove them out of Singapore to Sumatra and then to Java. In Java many of them were captured by natives, hung up with wire to trees and left to die. Rob survived and was put to work by the Japs in the rice paddies. He told me that they were beaten often with sharp sticks. Their diet consisted of about a half cup of rice per day. He was down to skin and bones when he was shipped back to England after the armistice. After spending a lot of time in hospitals he returned home after an absence of about seven years. His Marriage was ruined. After divorce he married Laura. They had one daughter, Ruth.

Roberta and I had been on a cruise to the far east. When we landed in Honolulu we received word that Rob had passed away. Flight Lieutenant Robert N. Wyse is buried in the Anagance, N. B. Cemetery. Laura Wyse now lives in Petitcodiac, N.B.

Our youngest brother was Lyell. Lyell got a poor start after mother died. He graduated from college and had several good jobs but something must have happened. He spent most of his adult life in hospitals. Lyell passed away October 16, 1989. Lyell is buried beside mother and father in Woodlawn Cemetery, Moncton, N. B.

My other brother was James Wilson Wyse. Bill. Bill came between Robert and Lyell. Bill graduated from McGill University in Montreal with a degree in engineering. While I was working in Detroit in the spring of 1923 Bill came to Detroit and got interested in the finishing of concrete floors. After graduating he came to Detroit and started his own company, The Armored Floor Co. The depression in 1929 just about wiped him out. He moved to Toronto and built up a very successful business.

Bill and Ainslie Isling were married a few years after Roberta and I were married. They have three children, James W. Wyse Noo 2, Peter and Judith. The boys are settled down, Jim in Vancouver and Peter in Ottawa and Judy lives with her mother in Toronto

In addition to their lovely home at 7 Edgehill Rd., Etobicoke, the Toronto Wyses had a fine summer home on Lake Simcoe. We used to exchange visits. The Kentucky Wyses would visit up north in the Summers and the Toronto Wyses would visit us on their way south to Florida in the winters.

Bill passed away suddenly on July 13, 1988.

Without Bill being there my visits to Toronto were not the same. Ainslie invited me and late in the summers of 1989 and 1990 I made flying trips to Edgehill. Ainslie and her brother Peter met me at the airport and took me there for my departure. Toronto airport is huge and sometimes confusing. I understand that they have completed a new terminal for international passengers. It is always a pleasure talking with Ainslie, Peter, their sister Rozz and Judy. On each trip Ainslie took me to visit my sister Ruth Wyse Poole in the hospital.

Last year Ainslie and Peter paid me a visit and on April tenth of this year they paid me another visit. With them they brought their grand-niece Kate who was visiting from England. Kate is a fine looking, tall 18 year old. This was her first visit to the United States.

All went well until Saturday evening. We were having dinner with Margaret at her home. I took sick. I could not stand without support. On Sunday morning I phoned Dr. Taylor. He said that I should go to the hospital immediately. Peter and Ainslie drove me there. The first doctor who examined me said that I might have had a stroke. He had cat scan made and reported that no harm had been done. I stayed there for three days. The trouble seems to have been poor circulation. My blood thinning medicine was increased 50%. To-day, April 29 th, I still have that heavy feeling in the left side of my head and walk "wabbly"

Margie Phillips and Ollie Clegg entertained the folks on Monday for lunch and that evening Robert and Frances Shepard entertained them at the Lexington Club. Their schedule was to return home on Tuesday and I asked them to go according to plan. They said good bye to me in my room in the

Good Samaritan Hospital

I am very sorry about this and am looking forward to their visit next year.

Without relatives and friends life would be empty indeed. I feel indebted to so many. So many.

Margaret teaches English at the University of Kentucky. Though she had a very busy schedule she planned to drive me home from the hospital. About the time that I was released Bob Brassington came to my room to visit. Bob offered to drive me home and I accepted. There were a few raised eyebrows when I was escorted to a Lexington Fayette Co. police car. The drive out Versailles Road is always beautiful but after a few days in the hospital, it was especially beautiful.

Robert Wyse No. Three graduated from college and became fluent in French. He worked for many years as director of education for Eastern Quebec, (I may not have the right term) Bobby and his wife Barbara had two daughters, Susan and Jane. Bobbie was suffering from poor health and took early retirement and moved to Burlington, Ont. Bobbár got great pleasure from his stamp collection and he had a good one. Since his death Barbara has been living alone. The girls are married and live within a short drive of their mother.

Roberta, s sister Ruth Windsor Macdonald, (Mrs. John Macdonld) Lives alone in their lovely home since Jack passed away. Ruth recently had two operations for kidney stones. We talk on the phone often. She is looking forward to her 93 birthday in September. She lives in Frogmore, S.C.

Mrs. Ruby Johnston has typed these random "memoirs". She has been a great help and I am obliged to her. The last few pages have been typed by my stiff fingers on Margaret, s IBM machine. I make a lot of mistakes but, I enjoy trying.



