

THE PAST WAS ONLY YESTERDAY –

MY MEMOIRS

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PROLOGUE

For years friends urged me to write about my life. I resisted. My stock answer:
Prescription pills induce people to more effectively sleep than my book would ever accomplish.

But on March 6, 2009, my best friend, Ira Sochet, sitting with me under a balmy night on his patio on Palm Island, Miami Beach, once more advocated that I record in writing *my past*. I gave up. I came to the realization that if I did not chronicle my memoirs, none of my offsprings, future generations and far-flung friends would know the full picture. Ira cautioned, however, that whatever I narrated had to be factual, relative, fluid and – most importantly – candid.

Here it is.

I am indebted to many – too many – with whom I encountered and shared my experiences, adventures and episodes. At the time neither they nor I imagined that these details would ever be recorded. Some are, at best, hazy and blurred. Others are etched clearer in my mind, and still more are vividly impregnated. In which category each one is relegated I will periodically allude to as I log them.

At first I thought to write precisely delineated Chapters only, such as *Childhood, Schooling and World War II*. Then I decided against that format – too systematized and schematic. Instead I chose an unexacting, free-flowing approach, still chronological in years but liberally sprinkled with anecdotes, happenings, exploits, achievements and locales -- beginning with my birth and ending with....

May those who read this volume, especially my sons, daughters-in-law and grandsons (and maybe those yet to be born) learn a little extra background about me which I could not convey in person because of the geographical divide of where we reside. I am happy that at least I could communicate with them by way of the following pages.

Huntersville, NC
Autumn of 2012

CITY OF MY BIRTH

I was born on November 23, 1923, in Nuernberg (better known in the US as Nuremberg).

Understandably, I don't remember much about my first years, and what I do know is somewhat dim. For example, I don't recollect where I lived (I am pretty sure it was Tiergarten Strasse), but I'll "talk" more about that in the following pages. Right now, a compressed historical perspective about the city of my birth:

Nuernberg is in the State of Bavaria, approximately 105 miles (170 kilometers) North of Munich, with a population somewhat above 500,000. It is often referred to as having been the "unofficial capital" of the Holy Roman Empire, principally because of its central location in Germany and because it was an important trade route from Italy to Northern Europe.

The first German railway, from Nuernberg to Fuerth, was commissioned in 1835. I only mention this because it was in Fuerth that my paternal grandparents lived. I visited them as a boy invariably every Friday afternoon, staying for dinner. More on that also later.

Nuernberg today is still known for its traditional gingerbread (Lebkuchen), its large annual Toy Fair, its beautiful "Old City" and Castle. But much of its historical culture is worth briefly noting: It became legendary because of its focus on astronomy (Albrecht Duerer produced the first star charts); printing (Nicholaus Copernicus' main work was published in 1543); and music (Richard Wagner made the city famous with "Die Meisteringer von Nuernberg").

Unfortunately, it also evolved into infamy during Adolf Hitler's Nazi era, in part probably because of its perceived historical relevance to the Holy Roman Empire and position in the middle of Germany. It was the site of huge – mammoth – Nazi Party rallies (grandiose propaganda affairs) held annually from 1927-1938, where despicable, hateful and vile anti-Semitic laws were formulated.

During World War II the Allies bombed Nuernberg fiercely. Destruction was extensive. Reconstruction was notable. It was immediately after the war that the city became known worldwide for the "Nuernberg Trials" (held there because it was in the US occupation zone, though the Soviets lobbied, unsuccessfully, for the trials to be conducted in Berlin).

Today Nuernberg has "Sister Cities" relations with counter-parts around the world. Specifically, they have agreements with Atlanta, in the US, and Antalya, Turkey. I list these two only because being in charge of the Miami Dade County Government Sister Cities component I am naturally interested how other locales are connected.

MY PARENTS

My father, Alfred, (also my middle name) was over six feet tall, a soccer player (goalie because of his height) and a cavalry officer during World War I in the German army. It was from him I learned that horses' eyes are oval, thus human beings are magnified and that's why horses and men get along famously. True or not I leave to experts.

Father was a metallurgist. To the best of my knowledge, he inherited the business from his father. Both were successful and proficient. Thus, I was told, when the business was sold and he retired (at a very early age) a clause in the contract spelled out that his sons could never enter the same profession. We were much too young, anyway, and whether this stipulation, if factual, could have ever been enforced in a judicial court is dubious.

Alfred was born in Nuernberg on February 26, 1893, and died -- 47 years and 7 months young -- September 29, 1940, in Los Angeles when I was just 16 years old. His urn rests in Hollywood Cemetery.

My mother, Yvonne, was born on September 7, 1899, died May 20, 1960, and lived in Belgium. When exactly she and my father divorced is unknown to me. I visited her, together with my older brother, Herbert, during summer months (thus learned French fluently). My "real" mother in sentiment and love and feelings was Lisel, whom Alfred married sometime around 1926. Yvonne is buried in the city cemetery of Schaerbeek, a municipality of Brussels, together with her second husband, Willem Aerts -- a fine gentleman who spoke numerous languages and tutored me laboriously to pronounce every single word, whether French or Italian, in absolute flawless tonal quality.

To jump ahead in time, summers I spent in Belgium. I was allowed to travel solo by streetcars through the capital of Brussels, go alone to movies (*Franz Schubert's* life on screen I saw at least four times) and attend concerts in the park in front of the royal palace whenever I wanted. I'd come home and over dinner would announce that *Today they had blue tickets*. No connection with anything that might have been talked about that moment, and totally confused everyone would be. All I wanted to convey was I had observed at the previous concert that entry tickets were printed *green*. (This trait of mine -- commenting "out of the blue" and irrelevant it might appear -- I am afraid, is still with me occasionally today. Sorry.)

I did have wonderful summers in Belgium -- on the beaches of Ostende, Knokke, Blankenberghe and other quaint sea towns; in "The Venice of Belgium," Brugge; or in typical French cabarets where the political satire was lost on me. But French I learned.

I want to observe here one historical discovery I made as I was writing this chapter -- to the best of my knowledge never chronicled on this side of the Atlantic but from all written evidence accurate: I found in my files a photocopy, produced what appears to me the calligraphy of Willem Aerts, dated "1961". Willem was Yvonne's second husband.

Willem's chart is a "Family Tree" of Yvonne Aerts' (my birth mother) ancestors which clearly illustrates that one of them immigrated from San Francisco to Europe. I located this document, by chance, in an envelope marked in the handwriting of Lerenzy Reyes Loy (my first wife) "Family Tree, Yvonne Aerts (Brussel)" *[sic]*. I have no clue how or when it was received and do not recall ever having seen it before.

Here is what I learned:

Jakob Ehrenbacher, born in Nuernberg, Germany, January 29, 1833, was naturalized an American citizen June 16, 1854, married Josephine Echstein in San Francisco on October 19, 1858. He died in Nuernberg January 1, 1893.

Josephine Echstein was born in San Francisco on January 24, 1841. She died also in Nuernberg, March 7, 1905.

Jakob and Josephine had nine children (three born in San Francisco, two in British Columbia, four in Nuernberg). One of them, called Ida, date of birth July 15, 1872 in Nuernberg (and deceased in Brussels, November 1, 1945)) married Theodore Joseph, who lived from 1863 to 1930. They had two children, one named Yvonne – my mother, born September 7, 1899, died in Brussels May 20, 1960. (As the date on Willem Aerts' chart is "1961" he prepared the archive shortly after his wife's death).

To summarize: Ida and Theodore were my grandparents. I remember them in Brussels only vaguely. Ida was a direct descendant of Josephine, her mother, who immigrated from San Francisco to Germany and who – based on the above revelation -- was my great-grandmother.

GROWING UP IN NUERNBERG

I already intimated that we lived in a comfortable apartment in the “Tiergarten Strasse”. As I remember, Nuernberg had an enormously-sized Tiergarten (zoo), which I visited fairly often (it was not far from home), mostly with our “domestic lady”, who took care of the children.

There are only few details I can recollect: The apartment was good-sized. One day someone rang the doorbell, the maid answered, stepped outside, talked...and I set the kitchen ablaze with the black iron coal shovel, used in those times to stoke stoves. I must have thrown a match unto the coal-filled shovel. Flames quickly ignited several feet high. I was so scared that I could not talk as I ran to the door to summon – desperately! – the maid, who obviously had no clue why I was so frantic. How the fire was put out I do not know. I did learn my lesson, though: Never played with matches again.

My parents, when I was maybe 5 years old, thought I had polio. The doctor naturally visited me, however at this point cannot attest that in fact it was paralysis.

But there was another sad, painful time in bed. This time in my father’s. In World War I, as an officer, he was injured and gangrene developed. That may actually have happened some years after the end of the war. Amputation of both legs was required. (I learned of another hypothesis while writing this memoir why amputation was necessary – *never* heard before *by* or imparted *to* me, but as it came to my attention I want to record it. The assessment apparently was told decades after our father’s death to my brother Frank and his wife Dale by our late aunt Rosl, sister of Dad then residing in London. According to her, the cause for amputation was a medical error: Dad had gone to a physician to treat a skin problem and the doctor gave him a shot of undiluted arsenic instead of a 10% solution. Whichever theory is accurate, the final terrible tragedy for Dad was the same).

In any case, I was allowed on occasions to join him playfully in bed – as often young children do with their parents. I was told to be careful (though I don’t think I knew why...I was just too young). One morning I must have inadvertently touched the area on his leg which was deeply infected. My father’s agonizing, excruciating, tormenting, roaring scream is one I have never, ever, forgotten. How pitiful, tortuous it must have been for him!! To this day I do not know whether this throbbing incident was after the amputation of his first leg; most likely it was *before* his second leg had to be removed.

Early in childhood I was taught – as were my brothers, I am sure – that whatever food was put on our plates had to be eaten...completely. I didn’t like peas. But instructions had to be followed! If I rebelled I was “exiled” to my room, together with my food and could not leave until I had eaten everything. And so it happened again one evening: I had been given a parakeet. I solved my dilemma by feeding the bird my peas. Neither my parents, nor our maid, could understand why that little animal had suddenly died (it choked).

Not long afterwards, after I had been given another parakeet, all of the above was repeated. I didn't know any better...so once again the poor bird received some of my peas. And once again it died. Dad and Mom apparently figured out what I had done (or maybe I told them). I don't remember receiving another bird, though I had to continue consuming whatever was placed in front of me at the table!

I pointed out before that my grandparents lived in Fuerth. Grandfather Max was a distinguished-looking gentleman, handsome with a grey streak in the middle of his darker bushy hair, and very much hard-of-hearing. Grandmother Jenny was classically attractive, silver haired, always immaculately well coifed.

Three meaningful, morsels stand out: Grandfather made certain that I learned horseback riding properly and took me repeatedly (as I recall) to a prestigious riding school. Often we would ride together around the not-so-large arena. Fun.

The other happening involved my Grandmother: In her bedroom (or anteroom?) stood a large cabinet containing her clothes. It was maybe seven feet tall, its door covered by a mirror almost as big as the cabinet itself. One day she opened the cabinet as, I am sure, she had done numerous times before...when this heavy piece of furniture fell forward and totally engulfed her! I wasn't there to see the commotion. But what saved her from harm was the fact that the cabinet was filled with clothes, therefore it was a "soft" fall, causing few if any injuries. But it could have been fatal.

And, on one of my grandfather's birthdays, apparently a noteworthy one, a huge dinner reception was held in his honor at a distinguished hotel. For desert my brother Herbert and I were allowed to join. A chauffeured car took us to and from the impressive event.

On another day in Nuernberg, some years later, on my way to school I was confronted by a bully and quickly had a fight. As fate had it, I slipped on a piece of ice which had accumulated on the frozen pavement, crashed on the floor and let out a piercing scream. It must have been high-pitched, as our maid that moment was standing on the apartment's balcony, several blocks distant, shaking out a carpet or something similar. She heard – and immediately recognized my voice -- aware of the fact that I was on my way to school. I don't remember who came to pick me up...the next thing I knew was gazing at my leg in a cast from toes to the upper thigh. It was to stay there for at least six weeks. Diagnosis: A shattered skin bone. And what was particularly bothersome was the constant itch which developed under the cast on my knee cap, so much so that I rubbed the cast constantly, until there was a hole and I could touch skin.

CHANGE OF DOMICILE: ROTTACH-EGERN

In 1933, I conjecture, we moved from Nuernberg to Rottach-Egern. “We” included the following:

My father, Alfred, 40 (born February 26, 1893, in Nuernberg)
 His second wife, Elisabet (Lisel), 28 (born June 30, 1905, in Nuernberg). She in effect, as already emphasized, had become my mother
 Herbert, 13 (my oldest brother, born June 18, 1920, in Nuernberg)
 I, Walter, 10 (born November 23, 1923, in Nuernberg)
 Frank, 5 (born December 25, 1928 in Nuernberg)

At this juncture in history I encounter a number of gaps:

What was the precise date that we moved to Rottach-Egern? Why thereto? How did we get there – by car, train? Was it because my mother (Lisel) wanted to live closer to her parents who resided in Munich? Did our chauffeur – my Dad’s personal helper – accompany us, or was a new person engaged after we settled in Rottach-Egern?

Obviously I don’t know the answers. However, “Rottach-Egern” was probably one of the most defining periods in my life – maybe *the* most influential epoch! And, I probably have limitless impressions and adventures to recount of the time I spent there. I loved and still prize the place, although at that time not everything was always fun.

Rottach-Egern is located at the Tegernsee, a lovely lake around which numerous villages exist, with high mountains, beautiful meadows and forests everywhere, good skiing facilities and boating on the lake. The town (large village) is about 35 miles or a 45 minutes’ drive south of Munich. It has grown since the 1930’s: Then permanent inhabitants accounted for some 2,000 (not counting constant, and in large numbers tourists). Today (2010) that number has more than doubled.

When we arrived we did not immediately move into our new house, it was still in the planning stage or possibly under construction. We instead lived temporarily in a private home, I think it was a “Pension” (guesthouse) on the Seestrasse in the middle of town. The most etched memory I have of the Pension, located uphill from the street, was Herbert and I constantly skiing downhill trying to blast through a narrow gate...without our skis getting entangled. I never had any problems. Herbert, however, broke so many ski tips attempting to “schuss” through the gate that our father finally declined to have them repaired (unless it was taken out of my brother’s allowance, I guess).

I was forthwith enrolled in the local grammar school, located next to the parish church – a landmark by itself – which was the dividing “marker” between Rottach and Egern. I liked everything about that school! Catholic religious studies, as in so many Bavarian schools, were common and I soon mastered my catechism.

This was not, however, my only religious exposure (many others followed). Father wanted to arrange his sons' educational, cultural, religious and linguistic bearings. So at a later date, while still in Rottach-Egern, he engaged an instructor who would come from Munich once a week to acquaint us about Judaism, fundamental Arabic, the Bible and, I believe, the Koran. It was neither an extensive nor a long-lasting study course; I would describe it as providing us with an overview – infusing a flavor of the subjects. I barely remember. (My father would have been pleased had he known that later in life I learned about the Mormon Church through immediate neighbors who took me repeatedly to their temple, or that I was appointed an Elder in the Presbyterian Church; and that I actively participated, together with Buddhist priests, in a formal Buddhist wedding ceremony).

Back to the beginning of our stay in Rottach-Egern: Our newly-built residence on the quiet Herzog Karl-Theodor Strasse 17 1/8 was a beautiful home on a large piece of land. From windows of the living room or from the outside terrace one had an impressive, stunning view of the Walberg, a commanding mountain, the pinnacle of which was best ascended via a popular funicular (as a matter of fact, Dad bought in later years additional land outside our fence in order to assure that the mountain view could not be obstructed).

The new four-storied house was modern, exceedingly well appointed – the library alone was spectacular – with permanent guest quarters for Lisel's parents who had become my grandparents in name, achievement, consciousness, love and enjoyment. Fortunately Opa and Oma spent much time with us. In addition to a two-car garage, there were also the usual wash and ironing rooms plus servant quarters, including one for Dad's ever-present, ever-required chauffeur. The garden was well-manicured and contained an attractive rock garden and numerous – in number and variety -- berry bushes (more on that below).

Naturally, when we moved into our new residence some finishes were still needed, as illustrated by the following: It was a moment when my father, still sitting in the car, had just arrived at the front door with Uncle Willy (as in Willy Haynes), the husband of Dad's sister Rosl. They later lived in London. Willy was huge! Rotund is understated. Copious, bulky are better characterizations. As Willy left the car, Dad asked him to be careful walking the two or three steps to the front door of the house and not to step on a piece of plywood covering a small pit where a metal grate, to scrape off snow or mud, had yet to be installed. He never paid any attention. "*Crash*" came the sound of splintering timber as Willy stepped onto the wooden cover and plunged clumsily, gracelessly into the now-open hole. This episode must have left an impression...some eight decades later it is still vividly embedded in my mind.

The furniture was contemporary, custom-designed. Some I still use, and father's large desk, as an example, is in the "home office" of my oldest son, in New Jersey. Third-generation tradition! The jazzy hand-painted chairs, school-type desks and cabinets in the children's rooms were classy.

I remember clearly one day getting angry at Frank, my younger brother – probably something inconsequential. My older brother, Herbert, was present as the argument escalated and as I was ready to throw some wooden bowling pins at Frank (I guess the

two of us had a bowling match), he simply stepped in front of me – shielding Frank – and dared me. I stopped.

As I grew older, in much later years, I have frequently speculated how one single event, relatively small and often of little consequence at youthful age has left an impact or imprint in one's life. An example occurred in Rottach-Egern where sudden thunderstorms accompanied by lightening materialized regularly. Our house of course had a lightning rod. It was installed from roof to basement with a conduit cable on the inside from top to bottom – right through a toilet on one of the upper floors. On this particular day I was sitting on the toilet when lightning struck! The cable was inches away from my knees, sizzling and hissing. I could smell the sulfur and watch glowing electrical sparks. To claim that I was scared would be inappropriate. What a sight it must have been observing me screaming, with pants wrapped around my ankles, as I bolted out of the toilet. Scary for me, yes; pretty...not likely.

And from that moment – today still – I do not use umbrellas. To me they are lightning rods. Add to this episode another one, some years later in Italy (which I will describe below) and one will understand why I have become very respectful of lightning danger.

MATURING IN ROTTACH-EGERN

This was also the time when my cast from my leg was removed. A funny incident ensued:

One day I was strolling in Rottach-Egern when from the opposite side of the street at a gas station our doctor was calling me to cross over. After asking why I was limping – I don't know what answer I gave – he simply but tellingly slapped my cheek and sternly demanded that henceforth I walk straight and normal, and not favor my right leg (the one I injured months earlier in Nuernberg). By the time I got home – now our newly built attractive residence – my Dad had already been apprised by the doctor...and never, ever did I limp again. Could anybody imagine nowadays a doctor slapping his patient? Lawyers would have a blast.

“Klaus” was the name of our dog, a fairly large Airedale terrier, fearless and police-trained. He hated sheep. Lots grazed in nearby meadows. One day when I walked Klaus he pulled me with all his might smack into a herd of sheep. I was too young and weak to hold on to him. The fight was ferocious. Dad had already taken out sheep insurance, so I don't know how the damage was settled.

Other memories: Opa loved to play chess with my brother, Herbert. Grandfather frequently placed a mug of beer – and the long cigars he smoked -- on the table next to the game. On this particular day he let me have some of his brew, but basically did not pay attention to me. So I sipped...maybe a little too much. Finally, being “in good shape” I walked out into the driveway, picked up empty beer bottles from storage bins and started heaving them onto the tiled roof over the garage. Dad and others were taking a nap. What a ruckus! It didn't take long for the chauffeur to catch up with me. I still don't know who was chewed out more...Opa or me.

Fanny Schildhammer was our *Kinderschwester* (nanny). A loyal lady (I would still visit her several times in the 1980s before she died). She would often place Frank, the youngest one, in a basket attached to the bicycle handle bar and tour the countryside with him.

One day I took Frank with me – on my bicycle. Only my target was the *Konditorei* (confectionary) in the village. Just as we arrived somehow I managed to scrape Frank's knee. He either fell off the bicycle, or I dropped him. Whatever, I instantly realized I would get scolded so I wiped his blood with my handkerchief onto which I spat saliva. It didn't take long for an infection. Obviously I had been found out. I do remember, however, that I purchased something sweet in the shop. Undoubtedly for both of us.

Then there was the occasion when my parents, maids and chauffeur wanted Herbert and me out of the house as a big luncheon was planned for friends. The two of us were told to climb the Walberg. We did. At a fast clip. We even signed, as proof, the logbook at the cross – the pinnacle of the mountain. Then we hurried back down the mountain to the house, arriving just as the guests did. Perplexed, for certain, our parents and household were. But: We were never dispatched “out of the way” again. And we enjoyed the food!

Some other remembrances: Opa always was an avid hiker. Thus Frank was exposed at an early age to the idyllic surroundings of Tegernsee when he and grandfather went hiking. The Hirschberg – not as high or formidable as the Walberg – was one they climbed a few times. They both enjoyed these outings. Grandfather with grandson.

One time in Rottach, approximately in 1934, I rode my bike fast, as always, on a very small path leading into the village. It must have been spring time for the grass all around was fairly high. Approaching me on foot in a single file (so narrow was the path) were four farmers carrying their scythes. Suddenly, a few feet ahead of me, the number three farmer in line turned his body...and out of nowhere blocked my path. Not intentionally, of course. Looking like a huge guillotine I saw this large scythe – a whopping tool! I was ready to be decapitated. There was no way to turn my bicycle off the path. Hundreds of a second were between me and this razor sharp knife and my head on the ground. No exaggeration. Obviously the farmer, his view blocked by two men in front of him, slowly lumbering along, didn't see me. I guess pure reflexes took over: I bent my head low, accelerated (if that was possible) and like entering a tunnel “flew” underneath the scythe. By the time the farmer realized what was happening...I was beyond him. Safe. But a close call.

I already mentioned our well-maintained garden. The three brothers were responsible to pick the berries. Herbert, who apparently most frequently found the most commodious way when it came to helping out, fashioned a fairly comfortable seat – two pieces of wood nailed together like a T. This he would hammer into the ground, sit on it, and bush-by-bush pick the fruit without getting off his stool. I, though being in the middle as far as age was concerned, was taller when standing next to Herbert, and therefore plucked the berries on the top of the bushes. And Frank, being the smallest, would take care of the lower portions of each bush. A pretty good arrangement...at least for Herbert!

It was around that time that my parents decided I should attend Boarding School for one year in Arosa, Switzerland. I really don't know why. It was another new adjustment I had to make. But I did enjoy the winter in Arosa, skiing and bobsledding, and because of very heavy snowfall that year, and thus because of a high influx of visitors, the place literally ran out of ski teachers. So I was asked to become an instructor for young children (which, of course, I was also). I trace my love for that sport from those days.

Back to Rottach-Egern: Once, when Mutti, my mother, was sick I decided to bicycle to a flower shop near the *Hotel Ueberfahrt*, a stately hotel at the narrowest point of the lake -- Tegernsee on one side, Rottach-Egern whence I came on the other. After I bought flowers, I needed a vase. To find one I traipsed across the lake which was covered by a layer of acutely thin ice! Luckily I made it. In hindsight – and as was strongly admonished later – I could easily have plunged through the ice into freezing water. I should have known better. But my wish was to find something which would buoy my mother – and that was far more important than exercising caution.

During all these years, other than for my stay in Arosa, I attended the *Volksschule*, which, as I already described, I enjoyed. It was close to home, I could walk or bicycle, and I liked the teachers. The nearest *Gymnasium* (secondary school), which followed, was in the District of Miesbach, approximately 40 minutes away. We had a school bus ferrying us back and forth. Here I describe my first day: Herbert must have anticipated that somehow I might cause trouble and begged me to behave. During our morning recess, in the school's courtyard, I spotted a bald teacher. If Yul Brynner had been known then the teacher might have been his twin. I do not know – neither did I then nor today – what prompted me to pull out of my pocket a rubber band...and aim it straight at the teacher's scalp. Bull's eye! Just as quickly as the rubber band took flight so was I whisked to the principal's office.

Different day, same school: By now the reader may think that I was incorrigible. The truth is I refused to accept rudeness and uncouth behavior which grew with intensity as Nazism became ever more intolerable. Brother Herbert had an altercation with a student. As I recall I felt he should have clobbered him. The day after the embroilment I made certain to take my seat in the school bus, returning to Rottach-Egern, before the offensive student or my brother boarded (it was the custom that the same seats would always be taken by each student passenger). I placed a bunch of thumbtacks on the seat of my "target". What followed was a loud shriek of pain and stare of total incredulity – audible and visible from front to rear of the bus. Never again did Herbert have complications with his adversary!

The political climate in Germany was changing! Vividly I recollect how my father would clandestinely in his living room be hunched over his Grundig radio, on the short-wave band, listening to Radio Moscow – absolutely in intensely muffled sound – for what he believed were better, more accurate news reports than the propaganda tripe disseminated by Nazi officials. To the best of my knowledge, BBC radio world news did not yet exist. His "electronic window to the outside world" was positioned on top of a custom-made record cabinet which moved with us from Rottach-Egern to Merano (Italy) to Los Angeles, California, to Huntington, New York, to Vienna, Istanbul to Miami...and is still in use with me now in North Carolina. When Dad listened to the news we, his sons, had to be still and were allowed to talk only in whispered tones. Maids and chauffeur in the household were not permitted to enter the living room in the evening (the time these broadcasts were aired) and I doubt that they were aware they even existed.

ROTTACH-EGERN: FINALE

I have mentioned before that I do not know why it was Rottach-Egern that my father chose to relocate from Nuernberg. We do know that he was in total disagreement with the German regime's conduct of political, religious and economic affairs, thus probably fearful (no doubted correctly) that he might lose his wealth and his and/or his family's lives. Yet, maybe he, like so many at that time, also thought and hoped conditions would change. Instead they became worse.

In effect he built in Rottach-Egern his dream house where he spent at least some few years of his early retirement – and because of his amputations with his chauffeur/butler constantly by his side. He needed a peaceful environment. It was not to be for long.

Germany was in turmoil. The National Socialist German Workers Party was in the ascendancy. Adolf Hitler and his murderous henchmen were governing. The Nazi regime focused on anti-Semitic practices and the pursuit of racial hatred in virtually every field...religion, education, culture, arts, domestic, foreign and social policies. Worldwide the perception – then and later -- was that these pursuits were directed solely against Jews. The fact was that this stigmatization affected Aryans and Non-Aryans, and targets were also Romanis (gypsies), Jehovah's Witnesses, homosexuals, those with mental or physical disabilities, just about anybody who dared to disagree with government procedures or codes of ethics. It was all despicable and often brutal!!

So my father kept a low community profile. We would stroll through the village – his chauffeur pushing the wheelchair – and locals acknowledged us (as was the custom toward just about everyone else) with a lighthearted *Gruess Gott*. Dad would always respond, and then quietly ask me *Who was that?* But as the stranglehold by Nazis grew more acute, the locals' avoidance of us swelled (frequently they would quickly cross the street as we approached) and the cheerful greetings declined.

In retrospect, what at the time I could not diagnose, this style of conduct was attributable to Germans being effectively brainwashed by Adolf Hitler and his cadre. Their vicious tirades, slanders and vilifications, explicitly directed toward anyone who opposed the government's racial, religious and political practices and programs – or suspected of being "anti" – instilled into huge numbers of the populace fright and provoked them not to be seen or communicating in any fashion with non-Nazis.

I do not recall Dad ever directly indicating to us brothers that it was time, under the Nazi regime, to get out of Germany. The three of us were young and I doubt that he would have openly discussed this matter with us, or that he would have asked for our opinion.

The fact was that uncle Heinz (as in Heinz Loeffler), brother of *Mutti* Lisel, son of Opa and Oma (Julius and Carola Loeffler) had emigrated to the United States as a young boy, shortly after school, settled in Chicago and – from what I learned later – repeatedly urged my father (and for that matter *his* father and mother) to leave with family to the U.S., also.

In October 1935, my Dad took action. Herbert and I were sent to a boarding school in Monte San Vigilio (*Vigiljoch* as it was known when still part of Austria) near Merano, Italy (formerly *Meran*). Frank, the youngest, in 1936 left for Amden am Weesensee in Switzerland where he attended boarding school.

I can imagine, today still, that my Dad hoped our departures to Italy and Switzerland, respectively, would be temporary. However, that is only an assumption. I, for one, did not perceive that attending school in Monte San Vigilio would be the beginning of leaving Germany forever, and I doubt that Herbert thought differently. Frank probably was too young to ponder why he was traveling to Switzerland.

In any case, our lives in Rottach-Egern had come to an end.

MONTE SAN VIGILIO – ITALY

It was an uneventful journey to our new “home”. Having traveled by train before with Herbert to Belgium, doing so now to Italy seemed almost normal, though I am certain we must have had some trepidation. Herbert was well briefed at which station to get off (*Lana*, which in German meant Wolle, in English wool, or if I remember correctly it may have been the next one, *Oberlana*). The community is in the Province of Bolzano, close to Merano. I guess someone met us from the boarding school, but I really don’t recall.

Monte San Vigilio in 1936 had a population of approximately 5,400. The normal way to reach it is by cable car, an eight to ten minute ride, an almost vertical experience and offering a fantastic view of the Dolomites’ mountain range. In due course I “learned” that the best place to savor the panorama was by climbing onto the cable car cabin’s roof, understandably strictly prohibited. However, since I quickly got to know every conductor and repairman they did not object. Imagine, though, the concern of my parents when they found out that not only was I consistently doing so but that most of the time climbed *out of the* window to my favorite viewing spot while the transport was in motion...they were not pleased.

Monte San Vigilio once again afforded us brothers to relish skiing. That’s what it is known for still today.

In retrospect, I think I was very lonely. While German was spoken everywhere (the region was before World War I part of Austria) I had to make new friends, faced new teachers, a new environment...it was not painless. Thus far my life had been one of wandering and moving frequently. Now once again it happened.

I recollect my first December 6 experience: St. Nicholas Day. After a powerful knock on the door, St. Nick appeared in the school’s dining room in his red outfit, long, grey beard *and* with a colossal noisily rattling black chain – big enough to pull a tractor out of a ravine filled with snow. Mean he looked. He knew my name and even before he asked the usual *Have you been a good boy?* I escaped. Fast and furiously, out onto the balcony, jumped right over, some eight to ten feet, landed in fresh snow and kept right on running into the nearby forest. I don’t know what happened to St. Nick, never saw him again. All I remember were the teachers and students, maybe maids, hollering, scared as hell about me, looking for me, aghast what I had done. I was still scared. I hid for a while. I don’t remember when finally I came back.

Another flashback: In that same dining room we were being served one evening *warm* beer soup. I don’t recommend it! My brother and I sat close to the door leading to a balcony – he ducked out first to dump his soup over the railing into fresh powder snow. I followed quickly. No one of the faculty (they ate with us students) noticed...until next morning when we were questioned why and how the snow had yellow streaks, as if

someone had peed from the balcony. I really don't know whether the true facts were ever revealed. In any case, beer soup is and looks unappetizing!

It was again in the middle of winter when the following transpired: The school had a "ski-outing." Most of the students, accompanied by one male faculty member, trudged up the mountains (we had only few lifts in those years). It was a long hike, some two hours. Beautiful scenery, but not a particularly bright blue day. On top of the mountain, after a quick picnic lunch, "game-time" was announced. I really forget the name of the game, but it involved the teacher skiing downhill, dropping small red pieces of paper behind his trail, and after an interval of three to five minutes the rest of the youngster chasing him...searching for his track by means of the red paper clues easily spotted on the snow.

The pursuit began. Skiing was good, fast snow. Suddenly, Herb spotted the teacher and schussed to catch him. He nailed him! He literally ran into him with dizzying speed and weighty impact. The poor man fell...losing in mini-seconds his glass eye which literally popped out. *And...*he had a broken leg!

So, here we were. I must have been one of the next students arriving at the scene, connecting with my brother. The rest of the boys and girls were not far behind. It was not a pretty sight...and what to do? First we had to get the man up the hill; he obviously couldn't walk. We carried him, mostly Herb and I. A tough job in powder, deep snow. Then we had to bring him down on the other side of the mountain to the village, Monte San Vigilio – a rather burdensome run, 35 minutes or so; maybe even longer.

Herb and I decided since we were the best skiers of the group that I would carry the teacher piggy-back. Herbert would take the man's skis and, ahead of us at full speed summon help. It wasn't an easy descent for me, a boy of 12 or 13 transporting a full-grown man who at the moment had only one eye and one broken leg. And what about the aid which Herbert was seeking? Those people were corralled and ready to hike the mountain just as I and the injured arrived. In short, they were of little use.

Sorry I can't say anything about the teacher ordering a new glass eye or how his leg healed. It all has faded from memory.

What did not dim was another occurrence: We had one student who was a fairly heavy smoker. Some of us wanted to wean him off that habit. I do not know who came up with what he or she thought was a brilliant idea – it could have been my brother. In any case, the "remedy" consisted of inserting a small sliver from someone's fingernail and stuff it into a cigarette, then wager with the smoker to inhale three times. The taste is so abhorrent, I assure you, that most likely a person can't inhale even twice! And so it turned out. Our good friend got instantaneously terribly ill. It must have been a monstrous experience for him. But, he quit smoking.

FROM MERANO TO ROMA, ITALY

Every once in a while we – Herbert and I – were allowed to visit “the city” which was Merano (in Austrian times, before 1918, it was known as Meran. In fact, that’s what Austrians and Germans still call it today). On some occasions my Dad was visiting. He always stayed at the grand Hotel Bristol.

Merano, located in Alto Adige (or South Tyrol when part of Austria) is truly a very beautiful 15th Century city. Surrounded by mountains, some as high as 10 or 11,000 feet, it has a mild climate, clean air, delicious wines (vineyards in all directions) and breathtaking ancient fortifications. It is equally known as a tourist, vacation and spa resorts center. The Passirio River runs through the heart of town thus adding another stunning allure.

From the valley terminus of the Monte San Vigilio aerial tramway we could easily reach the center of Merano by bus in about 20-30 minutes. Inevitably, immediately as we stepped off the bus we would go to a little “gelato shop” to buy a cone of tempting lemon ice cream. I remember it fondly.

But I also recall one very sad, grieving instant when one morning Herbert and I were told to go to the city, directly to the Bristol Hotel, where our father was waiting for us. I don’t think I even knew that he was nearby until we departed school. The news he wanted to share was devastating: Mutti had passed away in Jena, Germany.

I can’t describe, as decades later I write this, what exactly went through my mind that moment. She died November 5, 1936. She was 31 years young (born June 30, 1905). The three of us – Dad, Herbert and I – sat alone, bewildered in the hotel’s huge, elegant, silent main hall. In retrospect I realize that this horrendous disaster was the last blow my father needed. As if he had not already experienced too numerous misfortunes!!

I never exactly learned what caused Lisel’s death. I believe she was in Jena in a sanatorium or hospital. I also heard, much later, that she may have committed suicide. I simply do not know. It was never discussed with me. I guess, looking back today to that anguished day, I just didn’t understand all the ramifications. I don’t even remember whether Herbert and I stayed with Dad in the hotel that evening, and if so for how many nights.

We did end up again in our school on Monte San Vigilio. And Dad, to the best of my recollection, returned to Rottach-Egern. He must have packed up to leave for good, though the price paid to the German Government to do so must have been enormous. I would describe him as having been a wealthy man, but unfortunately – and I can’t pinpoint when it happened – he lost his fortune through German or Austrian insurance companies, in which he had invested, either before he could leave Germany or shortly thereafter. The combinations of these losses plus steep “Exit Fees” were disastrous.

Shortly after our father moved to Merano (after several months sojourn in Switzerland) so did Herbert and I. We left the boarding school of Monte San Vigilio. We stayed with Dad at the Hotel Bristol (our room was some floors directly above the main entrance and it didn't take long for us to get caught as we filled colorful balloons with water, dumping them on arriving guests). Within a relatively short time he found a rental home close to the hotel, was joined by an old German acquaintance named Julia Rosenberg to run the household, and arranged for my younger brother, Frank – who had been sent to a boarding school in Amden am Weesensee, Switzerland, not long after we were dispatched to Monte San Vigilio – to come to Merano. Finally the three brothers were united again.

How well I remember the first evening with Frank after his arrival. He and I played together. It was like old times. But...but I had extreme difficulty understanding him, whatever he said. Seems that he spent too much time in Switzerland, acquired a strange (for me) accent and the result was that Dad, to whom I finally ran in frustration and desperation, had to translate whatever Frank was trying to tell me. Fortunately, after a short while I got used to him and grasped much, if yet not all, what he expressed!

There was one very important challenge during this time which I had to face head-on: Becoming fluent in Italian. Although Monte San Vigilio was of course in Italy, most of the time the students, as was the case with the locals also, spoke German. The place, after all, had been Austrian for centuries, and relatively few had learned Italian. Schools, however, required that students conducted themselves in Italian. Therefore, somehow Dad had found a family -- two sons my age, and their parents were professional teachers – who lived in Forte dei Marmi and had a summer home in a nearby village in the mountains. Dad had always insisted that the “cleanest” Italian was spoken in Tuscany (Florence, Pisa, etc.) and Forte dei Marmi was in Tuscany. Sadly I don't remember the name of this family, nor truthfully, the name of the village (I could not even locate it some years ago when Kathy and I searched for it driving from village to village an entire day). Anyway, I spent nearly three months with that family, having private lessons every morning, then playing or hiking with their sons and friends the rest of the day. The village consisted of 200 inhabitants. I was Number 201. At the end of this particular summer, when I left, I spoke the language absolutely fluently! I was ready to enter school.

A number of things intrigued me in this Tuscan village: Every evening, for example, I would be sent to the local, small store to buy a bottle of wine. Corks were not used. To keep flies away, each bottle was topped off with about a half inch of plain olive oil, which served as a cork. Now...as in all surrounding villages, there was basically only one color for houses, walls and whatever else needed painting: White. So, when leaving the store one would with a hefty twist of the wrist dump the wine bottles' olive oil. One spin or two heavy wiggles usually didn't suffice. The point is, that the farther away one walked from the store the more colorful the white walls would become...most wines were red! I must admit I got pretty good at ejecting oil.

The reader may remember, as I indicated before, that I have the highest respect for thunder and lightning, especially the latter. My sojourn in La Toscana (Tuscany) buttressed this aspect further: One afternoon, my two friends with whom I stayed plus some local boys from the village were going on a hike to higher altitudes. I declined (which was an exception). The group got caught in a storm, found an unoccupied hut for shelter and therein waited for the disturbance to pass. Unfortunately one boy positioned himself in front of the chimney when lightning hit the cabin, right down the fireplace and felled the youngster. I was not with them...but once again it reinforced my fear of lightning bolts and dangers associated therewith.

I remember also, on my way home to Merano from this family, when the train got stuck on the bridge of the Arno River, just outside the station of Florence. There we were, stranded it seemed, not moving, no one able to disembark, no announcements, all what seemed a long time (it probably wasn't much more than 30 minutes). But I couldn't help being reminded about Benito Mussolini, Head of the Italian Government, and a swashbuckling braggart. Il Duce had incessantly blustered and boasted that all trains in Italy ran on time...always. I knew better.

Then there was the day when I came home and my father asked about my day. I explained that as I passed the Ballila House some black-shirted guy (that was the uniform of Italy's youth corps, called The Ballila, created by Mussolini specifically to indoctrinate the youth of Italy) started an argument with me – I have no idea anymore what it was all about or who won the fight. In any case, Dad was not pleased. He was against getting involved with anybody of the Fascist Party, and most certainly not at the doorsteps of its official headquarters. Such was the political climate in Italy already in 1937 as the State and Party began to emulate Germany.

Father liked Merano. He decided to move from the rental we were in to a large two-story house, and leased the lower portion. The street was Via San Marco. I think it was #6. When I visited Merano with Kathy in December 1993, I actually found the street and house again – nothing had changed, and the metal railing which was installed when we moved in to help father maneuver up and down the stairs to the front entrance was still in place.

Little, unimportant things I remember: Frequently Dad would send me, via bicycle, to fetch him a tin of cigarettes. He knew very well that I didn't mind as it gave me the chance to stop by a coffee bar – famous in Italy – and order an espresso. – Then there was the time when he thought I needed an overcoat. How he heard about this particular tailor I do not know, but he was from somewhere in Eastern Europe, a refugee, and had a tiny shop in the center of town *unter den Lauben* (an entire street that looked like a long arcade, old but well-maintained). That tailor used horse hair to shape the overcoat, and it soon shifted, protruded, stung, poked and hurt. Enough for Ukrainian or Mordovija or from-whenever-he-came fashions.

One day I was bicycling past a “Kasserne” (soldiers’ barracks). A truck overtook me and somehow I was able to latch on to it as it gained speed, and still more speed. Suddenly my handlebar got caught in the tailgate...and I began to lose balance. I don’t know how fast I was now going, possibly somewhere around 60 Km (37+ miles), maybe more. Unbelievably, after a few seconds – forever, it seemed -- I pulled lose. I was free. Never again did I lock onto the back of a truck to “get a free ride.” I might not be writing today.

Of course I remember my quarrel with one of my teachers: He really was a nasty man. I didn’t like his manners, as exemplified when during one recess – we consumed our fruit or sandwich in the classroom – he sneaked up behind a girl student who in her hand held a banana she was eating, leaned over her shoulder and bit off a chunk of her fruit.

I didn’t care for that behavior! So a few days later, during “drawing class” I decided to “get even” with the teacher. I used a pencil sharpener, in the shape of half a globe, into the base of which I had sprinkled sneezing powder. I sat in the rear of the class. And as this gentleman (sorry for the term) walked up and down the aisle I sharpened my pencil and blew powder into the air. As the teacher ambled by me he began to sneeze...couldn’t stop. He quickly figured out that I was the cause of his discomfort and hauled me into the principal’s office. There I confessed. Consequence: Three days suspension. I suspect the Principal didn’t like the teacher either, for my punishment included Saturday, Sunday thus only on Monday was I absent from classes. Additionally, I learned when I got home -- my father, sitting impassively at his large desk formerly in his library in Rottach-Egern and at this moment playing Solitaire -- the Principal had already phoned to advise him about the punishment meted out. For the next three days my disciplinarian father banished me to my room, all meals included.

1938 turned out to be a critical year!

I do not have concrete information when exactly Dad realized it was time to get out of Italy. I learned later he considered two options – relocate to England or the United States. Mussolini and Hitler had forged the infamous Axis and religious and political persecution in Italy was by this time no different than what the German Nazi regime pursued. I am certain Heinz Loeffler, brother of Mutti, urged Dad, as he had advocated for years, to move to the U.S.

So, late that year we first resettled in Rome. I fell in love with it, and today still my sentiments have not changed: It is my favorite city, worldwide. Sadly, the three brothers were separated once again. Herbert went to Brussels to stay with his mother and Father Willem; Frank and I enjoyed “the Eternal City”, explored it sweepingly and as I spoke Italian fluently (and Frank quite well, also) we could do so by ourselves. Two episodes stand out vividly.

At that time it was still possible to climb St. Peter’s Basilica to the very top, which of course is the inside of the cross. It actually has windows (not visible from below) affording superb views of the city. On this particular day Frank and I reached the base of

the cross where we encountered a group of sightseeing nuns. Their guide asked if they wanted to ascend *into* the cross, feasible only by climbing a simple wooden ladder. Yes, that was their desire. Frank and I, having been brought up properly motioned to the nuns to go first – after all, “ladies do go first.” Not this time! The guide stepped between us and the nuns and *ordered* us to climb the ladder ahead of them. Frank and I were a bit perplexed. The “return trip” descending from the cross was of course done in reverse...nuns first.

On another occasion my father was involved. It was again at St. Peter’s. I had pushed Dad in his wheelchair slowly across the huge piazza, a location often projected ‘round the world. This time, however, there was no large crowd. It was very peaceful. As we came to the steps – maybe a dozen or so – leading toward the tall, heavy bronze entrance doors of the Basilica, I had to stop: How could I get Dad and wheelchair up these stairs? Suddenly, out of nowhere, a gentleman materialized and without asking questions or introductions urged me to grab one wheel while he lifted the other and up we moved. It all happened in a few seconds. As I looked up, after taking hold again of the wheelchair’s handles, to thank him...he was gone. I never could express my gratefulness, never saw him again. But his compassion is impregnated in my mind.

I think I could have easily lived in Rome, but that was, naturally, impossible. So, after a few days in Naples we boarded the SS Vulcania and docked in New York on February 23, 1939, after an eleven-days seasick-filled unpleasant voyage. I was not looking forward to another new life – didn’t speak English and had no desire to examine the simple and colorful English books, which Dad had provided for the trip. I had studied German, French and Latin, mastered Italian and knew I *had* to learn English, but – I reasoned -- not until arrival in the New World.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO – INTERIM STOPS

We were met at the pier in New York by someone I never saw before. They may have been friends of Julia Rosenberg, but I am not certain. Because of elapsed time, many details of those days are vague. As the auto could not accommodate us all, Frank and I, accompanied by someone from the family welcoming us, took a subway and got off, I believe, somewhere on Riverside Drive. Just as the subway came to a stop I blurted out to a man obstructing my exit “*Entschuldigung*” (*excuse me*) and in absolute perfect German, without a trace of accent he kindly apologized. I guess my immediate instinct was *See, I don't have to learn English*.

The other detail I faintly remember is that immediately after our arrival I got sick and had to stay in bed. Dad was anxious to move on...to Chicago. Our stay with the people in New York was to be for a couple of days only.

We did make it to Chicago with a slight delay. It may even have been that Dad and Julia preceded us. In any case, “home” for me and Frank for the next few months was going to be Heinz and Betty Loeffler’s apartment. Dad and Julia remained only some weeks. My grandparents, Julius and Carola Loeffler (the reader may recall they lived in Munich and also had their own quarters in our house in Rottach-Egern) had also arrived at their son’s (Heinz) place, but only very shortly before us. Theirs was a story I had not been aware of, but learned in due course. It forms an important and historical fragment of this chronicle:

Kristallnacht (the Night of Broken Glass), a viciously savage Nazi rampage, was perpetrated throughout Germany November 9-10, 1938, about the time my father must have decided to leave Italy. Maybe the brutalities inflicted accelerated the move? It was an infamous, vile night, when Germans (obviously not all) provoked terrifying and violent mayhem by destroying Jewish shops, burning synagogues and arresting, deporting to concentration camps thousands. It was depraved terror! Julius Loeffler, our grandfather, was an *Oberlandesgerichtsrat* (I do not know whether that title still exists, once described to me as Bavarian State Supreme Court Judge) was led off to the concentration camp of Dachau – whether for religious or past “judicial status” reasons I am not certain. Fortunately he did not stay incarcerated long. His son in Chicago, Heinz Loeffler – who rose to the august position of U.S. Rear Admiral in the Reserve, seldom previously achieved – had been astute and maintained contact over some years with the U.S. Consul in Stuttgart, who was responsible for the Munich region as well. Heinz did so to guard, as best he could, and prepare for just such an eventuality: Immediately after his father was imprisoned in Dachau, Heinz and the Consul put into motion whatever it was to free him – and Julius forthwith fled Germany with his wife, Carola, to the United States. The monetary price was high.

So here now in Chicago in the early months of 1939 were my grandparents, only recently settled, plus my just-arrived father, two of his three sons, and Julia Rosenberg – all under the caring safekeeping and tutelage of Heinz & Betty Loeffler. We were luckier than many who immigrated to this country (at whatever period in history): Uncle Heinz was well established. A magnificent laudable person he was, as will be shown below later. There is not much I can log about our stay in Chicago. Just about everything was new and different from what we were used to: Sounds (including lingual), living in a high-rise apartment, traffic. And school.

Frank and I were enrolled quickly. It was about a ten minute walk to the grammar school, and the classes were fairly small. Of course both Frank and I had difficulty, we knew dreadfully little English. I, for one, had daily lessons in the First Grade – just for language study, fortunately, for the desks, built for little children were much too small and uncomfortable for me. Yet, whoever was responsible determining that this was the best and quickest way for me to learn English, I guess was right.

I recall that early in our daily commute to and from school, Frank and I were surprised that local inhabitants would advertise they were on a trip, away from home. We thought “telling the world” that they were not at home was strange, in effect an invitation to burglarize. We came to that conclusion because we noticed many signs on doors and in windows reading *Vacancy*. With our lack of understanding English we concluded that this signified *Vacation*! It was only when we finally discussed the matter with Heinz over dinner one evening that we discovered what *Vacancy* really meant.

Frank and I knew, of course, that our visit to Heinz and Betty was an interim stop only. Father had gone ahead to California which was to be our ultimate destination. He communicated with Heinz in late Spring for us to link up with him and to travel on the Santa Fe Chicago/Los Angeles train. We arrived in May (or early June?) in Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES – A FRESH START

The train trip from Chicago took several days. An attentive “hostess” was on board who was well briefed about Frank and myself as obviously we were not yet proficient in English. This was illustrated again when she and we chatted about the Roman Empire. Why this subject... I really don’t recollect. But, we reached a stumbling point when Frank or I brought “Cesare” into the conversation and the hostess “Caesar”. Neither of us recognized that this was one and the same person! Made the trip more interesting.

It was Dad’s original plan, long schemed, to settle in Santa Barbara some 80 miles north from where we finally lived. It is a beautiful city, old Spanish architecture, clean, exuding art and culture. I believe he had chosen the place for its pleasant climate. But, after Dad arrived in Los Angeles and discovered what it offered, he revised his program and bought a house at 2143 Camden Avenue in West Los Angeles. Compared to Rottach-Egern it was minuscule but certainly satisfactory and suitable.

The location was excellent: We did not have a car (who, after all, could drive? Not Dad; his two sons were way too young. Julia Rosenberg had no license and I question whether she could have obtained one with her language deficiency; and, unlike in Germany, Dad no longer could afford a chauffeur). Bus transportation was quite good. Markets were nearby. So was grammar school for Frank, and a high school slightly more distant. The University of California Los Angeles, with all its benefits, was in nearby Westwood.

My school was University High School. Its principal a Mr. Wadsworth, was kind, courteous and concerned. I met him the first time when I wheeled father to the school for our initial appointment (not easy as it involved pushing the wheelchair uphill to the entrance.) Total commute by foot, as I remember was about 35 minutes each way. At the very end of this effort (though I never complained to Dad!) were steps leading into the building. Mr. Wadsworth greeted us outdoors to avoid this additional impediment. It was almost the end of the school year. However I was enrolled and attended classes until summer recess went into effect.

On July 6, 1939, in the Superior Court of Los Angeles, my Dad changed our names to *Loy*, for as he noted the correct spelling of the previous name was complicated and had to be defined incessantly. He kept it as his middle name only.

Summer weather was different from what we were used to. California temperatures could be beastly. Air conditioning in our house did not exist. So, one of the first “major” errands was buying floor fans. This sounds easy, and the Sears Roebuck store was by bus maybe 20 minutes away. However, how does one purchase an appliance when just about every word has to be looked up in a dictionary?

War clouds in Europe accumulated ominously and on September 1, 1939, Germany invaded Poland. Herbert finally arrived in Los Angeles from Brussels – he took the last ship from Antwerp to, I think, New York before the war erupted. As had happened earlier in Merano all three brothers were once again united. (Herbert then explored a technical trade school in Los Angeles, later assumed a management position at Sears Roebuck). In the fall of 1939 I returned to University High School to concentrate on my studies. I will let the story be told by some of my teachers.

On January 30, 1940, Mrs. Elizabeth Shaven wrote:

“You have made wonderful progress, Walter.
I see much success for you in the future. Am so glad I was your first English teacher in America. May we always be friends.”

One semester later, June 27, 1940, I received a handwritten note with a bird pasted on its cover – “The bluebird for happiness (in a new land)” – and this observation:

“Walter Loy has done work of outstanding excellence in English. The Department of English takes pride in the achievement, particularly in view of his success, a striking one, with a language not his native tongue. Louise de Vergara, Teacher.”

The schools Vice-Principal, Raymond Casey, wrote, in part, on May 11, 1942:

“I have known Walter Loy for three years. From that time I watched him grow from a timid tenth grader to the time he was chosen as one of the speakers for his graduation class. I have no doubt as to his loyalty, his patriotism, and his trustworthiness. Often he delivered speeches before the student body on citizenship and in many ways contributed to a better understanding between the students and the problems of foreign born students.

“Walter gained many honors at University High School. He was a member of the ‘Squires’, an honor organization of eleventh grade students, and the ‘Knights’, a twelfth grade honor group. He became a Seal Bearer in his last semester. This means that he was a member of the Scholarship Society, which demands high grades for entrance, for at least three years.

“...I am sure that when called upon he will meet any obligation thrust upon him with the courage and will which made him a fine student and a trustworthy citizen in his three years of high school attendance.”

I was graduated on January 28, 1942. The statements above by Mr. Casey about “loyalty”, “patriotism” and “trustworthy citizen” alluded specifically to I, a German, having been chosen as a prime speaker at our graduation exercises at the moment when the U.S. was fighting Japan and the Axis powers in Europe. That selection was made before war started. But, there were those who argued a German – an enemy – should not be allowed to be a commencement speaker. They were overruled. I delivered my commentary, entitled *The Hour of Our Destiny*.

If there was one distressing, mournful aspect to my graduation, it was the heartbroken realization that my father could not witness it. He died on September 29, 1940, at the young age of 47. He is buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.

Alfred's death came fast. He was in horrendous pain, in the middle of the night, when he was taken to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital (I think that's the name) – never, ever, can I forget, lying in my bed, hearing his agonizing screams, piercing outcries. I still sense them today as I did then. I visited Dad in the hospital...he could not be saved. I speculate he would have been proud of his sons.

After his death we had to face another dilemma: Julia Rosenberg abruptly decided to take off. No goodbyes. That left only as immediate family my grandparents, Julius and Carola Loeffler who had moved to Los Angeles from Chicago, also. At their age they certainly could not take care of us three boys. So the Court appointed as guardians Heinz Loeffler, our uncle with whom we had stayed in Chicago when we came to the U.S. and Adolph Loewi, a distant cousin and world-esteemed art dealer who lived in Los Angeles. They, together with my grandparents, found a widow, Clara Dorsey, who became our housekeeper. She was a faithful, dependable, trustworthy lady! Truly we were lucky – not just because Mrs. Dorsey cared for us devotedly, but also for having two watchful guardians who guided and counseled us from far and near.

THE U.S. ENTERS WORLD WAR II

Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, was attacked by Japan on December 7, 1941. My father was no longer alive. I was still in high school. That “infamous day”, to recall President Franklin Delano Roosevelt’s speech, changed the lives of many and forever.

It was a Sunday, and I was delivering medicine. I worked part-time in a nearby pharmacy to earn money – a job I got through my neighbor, Leo Temperino, who was a pharmacist there. When at my destination I stepped into the house to drop off the medicine I overheard blaring from a radio that Pearl Harbor had been bombed, and as rapidly as I could returned to the pharmacy to spread the news. But the drive wasn’t fast enough for me: The pharmacy owner had installed a “speed regulator”, foiling me to circumvent for whatever maximum pace the vehicle was programmed. Frustrating. And, also it did not dawn on me that some day I might have to fight in the war which had just broken out.

That day was not too far off. Herbert, as it developed, began his military service even before I did. But let’s take it all in logical, though not in precise sequential, order:

After my graduation from High School (January 1942), I enrolled immediately in UCLA, the University of California at Los Angeles, at that time not yet the gigantic institution, in a beautiful setting, which it is today. My Major: International Relations.

Some 15 months later, on May 22, 1943, I was inducted into the U.S. Army! Actually I received my draft orders earlier but was granted a short deferment allowing me to finish my second year at UCLA.

(I will describe later on my military service in detail, though on these pages I want to continue and record my California academic pursuit).

After the conclusion of World War II, I returned to UCLA in the spring of 1945 and was graduated in August 1947. Four months afterwards, on December 9, 1947, I was initiated into Pi Sigma Alpha, the National Political Science Honor Society in the United States.

I was determined to obtain a Master’s Degree in Political Science. That objective was launched in September 1947. I selected, and my Faculty Committee approved my Thesis, entitled “The Philippine Islands as an International Problem, 1922 to 1937”. In the process of writing the dissertation I hit one snag: My Committee Chair, who happened to be also Chair of the Political Science Department, was not the person I chose or desired. I was aware that he liked to plagiarize students’ compositions. Diplomatically he was replaced by Dr. Malbone W. Graham, acclaimed scholar, keen advisor and singular gentleman. I owe intense gratitude to this man! Permit me to quote him from one of several approbations he wrote, and though it may appear lengthy it is abbreviated:

“...during the months when I was in continuous contact and conference with Mr. Loy, I became convinced not only of his scholarship as a student, but also of his skill as a researcher – locating, evaluating, and compiling material from numerous sources, governmental as well as private, and that he is able to proceed to the final step – a well-balanced interpretation of his material. His Master’s thesis proved conclusively that Mr. Loy is capable of writing expertly and with dispatch.

“As to oral interpretation, his training in Political Science and International Relations, plus the courses he has taken in my Department and in Geography, qualify Mr. Loy, in my opinion, to discuss national as well as international affairs.

“Mr. Loy would be one of those ‘ambassadors-of-good-will’ from the United States.... He is mature, emotionally stable, open-minded and tolerant, and competent to listen sympathetically to the problems of governmental officials, workers and farmers....”

I was awarded my Master’s Degree on January 27, 1949.

In other respects I was also fortunate at UCLA: In 1943 I was awarded a Special State of California Scholarship, though I do not recall in what amount. Then, in 1946 I received the Walter Loewy \$150 Scholarship, a small amount, but in those days a Good Humor vanilla ice cream stick, coated with chocolate, cost five cents.

In one additional detail I was fortuitous: I wanted a campus job to defray some of my academic expenses. I therefore worked after normal class hours as a janitor in the Student Union Building. Not exactly an impressive or intellectual position, but I earned money *and* since one of the offices which nightly I cleaned was the “editorial headquarters” of the *Daily Bruin*, UCLA’s student newspaper, I read the latest campus revelations in advance of faculty and student body.

So much for my U.S. scholastic account.

By now the reader is aware that half-way through my undergraduate curriculum at UCLA I was drafted into the Army and thus began another new epoch in my life. May 29, 1943, I entered active service in Arlington, California, a camp near San Bernardino.

The morning after arrival by bus we were all inoculated with a series of vaccines. It was a miserably hot day. Standing in a long line and peering into a wooden building a group of new soldiers was lined up in the sun (temperature was over 100 degrees Fahrenheit, almost 38 Celsius) and herded in one door and out the back. Two men in uniform pumped a battery of shots into our upper arms – rapidly, furiously almost, and certainly without remorse. I laughed as I observed one after another slump to the ground. It was a sight to behold. But...just as I received the same treatment, I too crumpled to the floor. Vaccinations and extreme temperature and rapidity just don’t mix.

Next stop: Camp Roberts. This military training site, half-way between Los Angeles and San Francisco on highway 101, is located 12 miles north of Paso Robles – surrounded by numerous wineries -- in the county of San Luis Obispo. I doubt that when we, the bus, sped through Paso Robles its population numbered even 20,000.

The morning after arrival was a Sunday. As we were free I decided to explore this military base. Shortly after I began my walk, a military officer crossed from the other side of the street and stopped me cold – asking (or should I describe it as snarling?) – “What was the matter with your hands?” As I didn’t know what he was babbling about, I pulled my hands out of my pants pockets, looked at them, then turned them around to examine some more, and finally replied “Why, nothing’s wrong with my hands that I can see!” Whereupon, looking at me incredulously, he inquired (harshly) “Don’t you *know* how to salute?!” I really couldn’t differentiate whether this was a question or a rebuke. My answer was a simple “No, I just got here last night and haven’t been taught yet”. It was the truth. He just stepped by me, head shaking and left me standing there.

I continued my reconnoitering, deciding that upon my return later to my barrack I would scan the large poster I had seen there depicting in color the ranks of commissioned and non-commissioned officers. Based on the silver eagle I had spotted on the man’s shirt collar, I learned that he was a full colonel...just one rank below brigadier general.

This was a spirited way to begin military life. Training was rugged, intensive, not amusing. On many a long march, in agonizing heat, trainees simply collapsed. Somehow I didn’t. My immediate officer was a young man from Beverly Hills. He soon promoted me to corporal and one day ordered me to take the company out to the enormous parade ground. It was so huge that large oil barrels were placed everywhere to prevent enemy planes (i.e., Japanese) from landing. Seriously.

So, I marched my company from the barracks to the parade plaza. When my young lieutenant ordered me to command them to turn into a specific direction, I ordered “to the right turn, right”, which should have been “to the left”. Fortunately they did not follow my orders...or they would have run smack into a cement wall. And when shortly thereafter the lieutenant demanded that I bring the soldiers to a halt, they kept right on marching without me instructing them. Finally my officer shouted at me why I didn’t bring them to a halt...and I admitted that I forgot how to convey the directive. He did it for me. I had failed. Miserably. No, I was not busted – my Beverly Hills officer recognized that I probably would *never* again forget how to command “my” men. He was right.

In my months’ long training there was one more episode which stuck in my mind: I was on a weekend leave and decided to scout the charming seaside town of Carmel. I don’t even remember how I got there. While walking through the place, a balmy day it was, I entered a shoddy restaurant, seated myself at the bar and ordered a drink. Suddenly I read a sign behind the bar: “*We sterilize on the premises*”. I read it twice to be certain that’s what it said, gulped my drink, paid and got the heck out of there.

Shortly before the end of my training, in the Superior Court of San Luis Obispo, California, on September 15, 1943, I became a U.S. citizen. At that time non-U.S. nationals while serving in the military could acquire U.S. citizenship.

Now arrived the day when I was ordered overseas.

**ASSIGNMENT TO GEN. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR'S
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS SOUTHWEST PACIFIC AREA (GHQ SWPA)**

Some time during Basic Training at Camp Roberts we were asked to state our preference of next assignment. I listed "Ski Troops". It never happened.

As our convoy, some 10 to 12, mostly "Liberty Ships" – constructed hastily as troop transports after "Pearl Harbor" – sailed out of San Francisco, I learned that our destination was Sydney, Australia. We could only cruise as fast as the slowest vessel, so it took 22 days. I was deathly seasick for 21 days (the one day I was not consisted of half-a-day in the harbor in San Francisco and one half day in Sydney). I slept on deck the entire trip. Nothing the doctors tried helped, not even beer.

I was assigned to General Headquarters, Southwest Pacific Area (GHQ SWPA). General Douglas MacArthur had just moved his offices from Melbourne to Sydney – the beginning of a long, arduous trek to Tokyo. (MacArthur was the commanding general of the U.S. in the Philippines when the war began, wherefrom he was ordered to escape by PT boat to Australia, there to regroup and island leap-frog to Japan).

It developed to be for me a fascinating, gripping, often spellbinding assignment at G-3, the strategic planning section. I could probably devote an entire book to this epoch in my life, though that's not the purpose of the treatise. I shall, therefore, dwell on highlights as they affected me, interwoven with some private observations.

Firstly, why was I chosen for GHQ SWPA? I can only guess: There were few young men in universities concentrating on the Pacific, specifically the Far East. A conjecture only.

Strategic planning, involved campaigns 15 to 24 months down the road, rather than tactical planning which meant "now" or in the "near future". A component of G-3 was the Historical Section, which cataloged and recorded in detail campaigns after they were concluded. Being a member of this Section had the advantage of I not only being familiar with the plans prepared for major attacks and invasions, but also to chronicle them when completed. Whether this was the concept in other theaters of war or whether it was unique under General MacArthur I do not know. In any case it was often riveting. Let me add: Of course there were, as there are in any war, also periods of anguish and pain.

Headquarters was made up of allied officers from just about every country that had an interest in the Pacific and Asia. This included, for example, the Dutch (how they enjoyed when cooking spicy food to invite me and were amused when I could hardly swallow pungent courses) who lost the Dutch East Indies to the Japanese, or French who surrendered French Indo-China, or the British who ceded Hong Kong. In the case of the latter, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who frequently was at our Headquarters, had a jeep permanently assigned to him (naturally emblazoned with a tag signaling his rank). I drove it most of the time when he was not present.

MacArthur did not remain long in Sydney. He, his wife Jean and son were spirited out with him from Corregidor, the island bastion at the entrance of Manila Bay, and they stayed with him for the duration of the war. We moved to Brisbane, Queensland, and were quartered in a large building. It was a bit crowded, but livable. Unfortunately we had a sergeant in charge who had his own room, but was an uncultured, barking jerk with few, if any, friends. I figured that someone “was going to get him” eventually. And so it happened: He always took out his false teeth at night, laid them on a table next to his bed and snored. Somebody snuck into his room and appropriated the dentures. I did not see, only heard, the commotion early morning. The oaf was gone by night, never to be seen!

Security was quite strict. Almost all of us were cleared for “Top Secret” communications. To utilize my “off duty” time to best advantage I enrolled in the University of Queensland in evening courses to learn Russian. (Naturally I did not anticipate that some day this would come in handy when the Soviet Union was under my jurisdiction as the principal Pan Am executive for Eastern Europe – any more than I imagined the Spanish language drills I endured at UCLA by a hard driving professor from Barcelona would be an asset when years later I headed for Pan Am Central and South America & the Caribbean Islands). Such is destiny.

The next progression for GHQ SWPA was Hollandia, on the northeast coast of New Guinea. As the name implies, this was Dutch territory, though much of the big island was still occupied by Japanese troops.

However, together with two men I stayed behind in Brisbane for a specific assignment: A telex had arrived just before the move to New Guinea from the War Department in Washington asking if anyone at GHQ knew the names of three communications specialists who had been ordered also to leave Corregidor with MacArthur. I was absolutely positive I had seen that directive. I knew it contained their names. Thus I was told to locate it amongst the mountain of files stored – some temporarily – in Brisbane.

It took three days to find the data. We were going to carry it to Hollandia. A DC-3 airplane – the work horse of aircraft at the time – was put at our disposal, and we departed. First refueling stop: Townsville, some 570 miles north as the crow flies. The stopover was short, or should have been. There were only five persons on the plane: Pilot, co-pilot and us three from GHQ. As we taxied to the runway someone in the cockpit smelled a strange substance, certainly *not* fuel! At once we returned to the small terminal. I never learned (a) what the liquid was or (b) whether it was an act of sabotage. In any case, it could have been disastrous. After completely draining the tanks and then refueling, carried out under the crews’ very watchful eyes, we re-departed.

Hollandia was not exactly idyllic, but a heck of a lot better than many other jungles. We had good Quonset offices and tents (MacArthur’s quarters could almost be called luxurious), and decent food. The natives, deep inland never had seen airplanes and, I was told, literally threw spears at them when low they flew.

I had only one problem: A rash which would not go away. Penicillin was a novelty then. Doctors therefore tried it on me...and it worked. The medical staff assigned to General Headquarters was excellent.

As I recall, the plan was to use the Hollandia area as the jumping-off place to re-conquer the Philippines. Naturally more than one island and more than just a few beaches were being considered. Options were prepared, and plans were rejected. If the estimate of battle casualties was deemed too high, back to the drawing board went the planners. As in every beach landing a host of factors had to be considered.

MacArthur, when he took flight from the Philippines promised the Filipinos upon arrival in Australia (March 1942) "*I shall return!*" Now, at last, the decision was to by-pass many smaller islands and land a major force on Leyte in the Central Philippines. Most who remember the advent will recognize the famous photograph of Douglas MacArthur proclaiming as he waded ashore "*People of the Philippines, I have returned!*"

The war was far from over on this October 20, 1944. As a matter of fact, two days later, on October 22, a Japanese armada steamed out of Brunei, Borneo, and headed toward the Gulf of Leyte. What unfolded was the last major sea battle between the U.S and Japan – a massive Japanese naval defeat.

Meanwhile I arrived in the capital of Leyte Island, Tacloban. I remember one episode: It rained furiously. Streets were flooded. There weren't many people outside – the ground battle was not far away. But...I was on a road reconnoitering as I did so often in new places when an elderly Filipina was coming in my direction. I wanted to be polite, stepped off what I think was a sidewalk to let her pass...and promptly sank a foot or more into brown, murky, wet muck. Most unpleasant! So much for courtesy.

We followed the naval battle in detail. We knew much was at stake. Numerous volumes have been devoted to it and the strategies used, by both sides. Had we lost many of our troops would have been cut off as the Japanese still controlled all Philippine Islands to the south and north of Leyte, except for loyal Filipino personnel in mountain areas carrying out valiant guerilla warfare against Japanese troops.

My tent was in a lush and large coconut grove. One day I had become dismally ill, though I do not know what caused it. Weeks before my fellow tent mate and I had "adopted" a young Filipino boy, maybe 12 years old, who daily cleaned our tent and took home our uniforms and socks for his mother to wash and iron. We were quite fond of this lad, and naturally paid him regularly. He found me on my cot that day when he came. I don't think I uttered a word. I was miserable. The boy left. Maybe an hour or so later he reappeared, together with his mother. They spoke Visayan (the local dialect in the Visayas, or Central Philippines) and some English (which was taught in schools). She had brought with her some liquid-type tea, insisted I drink it. Obviously it was an old-fashioned medicine. And, amazingly, within a couple of hours I was well, completely!

Another unforgettable instance: Nightly, as we moved northward from Australia, four of us played bridge. There wasn't much else to do. One evening – the Battle of Leyte Gulf had been won – air raid sirens went off, signaling that Japanese planes were on approach from somewhere north on one of their frequent air attacks. GHQ had a battalion of troops assigned to it (a) to protect us and (b) dig slit trenches for refuge in case we had to evacuate buildings or tents. Our offices, located in a grove, consisted of Quonset huts. As the sirens sounded that evening we jumped into trenches. No lights were allowed, of course. Two of our bridge players, however, would not leave the table and decided to stay behind, contrary to orders. As I scurried out of the building, before sliding into a trench, I picked up a few coconuts and, remembering where the other two men were seated, heaved them unto the tin roof of the Quonset structure. With deafening crashes they bounced and rolled on the metal roof, sounding like bomb fragment cascading off the hut. Naturally they bolted out of the building – pitch dark it was – leaped as best and as fast they could into the trenches, on top of unsuspecting cursing men who by then had completely occupied the “dugouts.” Lessons learned: They never stayed behind again!

Our next stop was Manila. Actual bombardment by U.S. and Royal Australian naval forces occurred farther north of Luzon on Lingayen Gulf, on January 9, 1945. Once again the actual goal – this time the capital of the Philippines – was initially by-passed, thereby encircling enemy troops. As soon as Manila was taken, GHQ moved in and established its headquarters in City Hall. Astonishingly it was little damaged.

The rest of the capital was a disaster! One third was burned; one other third was bombed into rubble; and only one third – none in a particular quadrant -- was still intact. My tent was immediately opposite my office in City Hall, and leaning, literally, on the same plot of land was the former Finance Department or Supreme Court, I don't remember which. The water we used was what we caught in helmets when it rained. Bridges across the Pasig River were destroyed. Manhole covers, because they were metal, had been taken and used by the Japanese, melted for ammunition, leaving gaping holes at night making driving army trucks impossible and walking dangerous. All was ghastly!

And there were still many pockets, some large, of enemy garrisons on islands in the Central Philippines. Fighting continued, attacks were fierce, resistance fearless. Long before we arrived in the Philippines I communicated every now and then by short wave radio, together with others from our G-3 offices, with the numerous brave Filipino fighters, most led by their own countrymen though some by U.S. officers who had not been captured during the Japanese occupation. These “underground” combatants were crucial providing military details, intelligence and specific information in our campaigns. They were loyal and invaluable guerillas.

PACIFIC WAR CONTINUED: MANILA TO ARMY DISCHARGE

One day, as Manila was slowly being repaired, I was in downtown with an address in my hands of a lady, unknown to me, who was recommended: She taught Spanish. The Philippines had been a colony of Spain for some 370 years (and today Filipinos try to make a pilgrimage at least once in their lives to Spain) and when I arrived the older generation, especially, still spoke Spanish (U.S. colonization and schooling existed for only 50 years – though English became the official and commercial language).

The Philippines archipelago comprises 7,083 islands along 1,152 miles from north to south. Only a little over 2,400 islands have names. The most northern island is just 65 miles from Taiwan (formerly known as Formosa) and the most southern island is a mere 30 miles east of Borneo. The population, at the time we are talking about (1940s), was approximately 15 million.

I never found the house where the Spanish language teacher was supposed to have lived. The area was destroyed. It was a very hot, almost depressing day. My mode of transportation was my legs. As I traversed the streets on my way back to City Hall I happened to pass a house with a sign announcing it was the YWCA – obviously moved from another building which probably was also leveled or damaged. I entered only to ask for a glass of water to cool off. The lady who answered my request was exceedingly polite, friendly. I probably stayed longer than was appropriate. Lady's name: Lerenzy Reyes. She later became my wife.

Much of what I know about the Philippines I learned from Lerenzy, who normally went by her nickname, Mickey. With her grandparents I could only converse in Spanish. Her father was a Colonel in the Philippine Army under the Command of the U.S. When war broke out he was responsible for rounding up Japanese expats who lived and worked in Manila. Thus he was targeted by the Japanese after they occupied the capital to be imprisoned, though he completely evaded them. The family, i.e., Mickey, her mother and her two sisters did not know where father was or whether in fact he was still alive until one day on a street a stranger passed her and whispered "Do you want to see your father?" Afraid that this might be a trap Mickey kept on walking, then took the chance and let the other person approach her again. Thus she was reunited with the Colonel.

He was stationed during his career in various places of the Philippines, including on the island of Jolo, in the extreme southern part of the archipelago and inhabited almost exclusively by Muslims. Mickey was the first "white" baby born there (4/16/1921). She attended schools in Manila and at Silliman University in Cebu, one of the largest islands in the Visayas. It was a Presbyterian Missionary School (though Lerenzy was born Catholic, the predominant religion of the country). When the war ended Mickey took a position with the YWCA to help the family's income. Her father changed shelter almost every night and came out of hiding only when the city was liberated. His last secret place was directly *adjacent* to Malacanan Palace, the residence of Filipino Presidents, whether

freely elected or stooges during Japanese occupation: It was the San Miguel brewery, one of the first locations liberated by U.S. troops, literally right under Japanese noses. It was clear at this time of my being in Manila that the invasion of Japan was not far off. As was the habit in MacArthur's GHQ, a contingent from Headquarters would accompany the landing, as has always been the case in previous assaults. It was my turn. Therefore I was told take leave for a few weeks. Certainly I didn't want to turn it down, but neither did I intend to cross the Pacific again by boat. I had my fill of seasickness! After voicing my concern I received permission to *fly* to San Francisco, and then took the train to Los Angeles. San Francisco was just to see my grandparents who happened to visit friends. Los Angeles was home.

Unexpectedly I became ill, ended in a military hospital in Torrance, a suburb of L.A., with yellow jaundice. I believe it was my former guardian, Adolph, who drove me there. Not pleasant – and only the second time that I was in a military hospital, the first in Sydney, but I don't know for what reason. Malaria? I have no record.

While a patient, two striking events happened: The atomic bomb was dropped over Hiroshima, sending shockwaves around the world; and I received a teletype order, signed by MacArthur (whether he saw it I can't tell) to return to Manila whenever I was discharged from the hospital.

When some weeks later I presented myself to the transportation officer at Hamilton Field near San Francisco, he looked at me incredulously and no doubt speculated why I had not been confined permanently in the hospital: No one was traveling he declared– whether by air or ship – west! The war was over, and all movement was *from* the Pacific east *to* the United States.

Calmly I suggested he look into one of his grey metal file cabinets where he would find a copy of the order I received from GHQ. As quickly as he saw that MacArthur had signed it a VIP aircraft with red upholstery was put on the flight line and together with the cockpit crew, I believe one cabin attendant and myself – the only passenger -- we flew to Honolulu (overnighted), to Kwajalein, Wake Island, Guam, and Manila. In those days a long, slow journey. My baggage consisted of two duffle bags, filled to the brim with mostly clothing and shoes. All of these items were still extremely rare in the Philippines and even if they could be found prices were exorbitant. I did not import them for profit, they were all gifts.

Now back in the Philippines I was given a choice: Stay and assist with military government being turned over to civilian governance or join my GHQ friends in Tokyo whereto they had moved when Japan's surrender was signed on the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay on September 2, 1945. After reading private notes to me from the personnel in Japan how they died itching (from the bites of various critters) in the Dai Ichi Building in downtown Tokyo I decided not to relocate.

Slowly life improved in Manila. My personal experiences were absorbing and novel, at least for me. I expected it to last, yet hoped I could return to civilian life soon. Meanwhile I enjoyed being associated with Mickey's parents, sisters, and the numerous cousins, not counting huge circle of friends. We all got along splendidly.

A perfect example was the forerunner of *Bayanihan*, the National Dance Company of the Philippines. Long before it was designated as such, immediately after cessation of hostilities, the dance group, then relatively small, had its premiere appearance in downtown old Manila. I was still in uniform and from the audience was plucked to dance with the performers under an open night sky. What fun! The beating of native drums, sounds of cymbals and bells, clanging bamboo poles, vibrant singing and Spanish-influenced music rhythm – *and* being a part of it all unexpectedly!

The Dance Director already then was Lucrecia (Inday) Reyes, sister of Lerenzy (Mickey) Reyes-Loy. A choreographer, dance educator and named in 1988 National Artist for Dance, Inday painstakingly researched in *barrios* (small neighborhoods) and wherever she could find traces of moving feet and body to music using her handwritten notes, sketches and a tape recorder, then fashioning all into exquisite performances, authentic native costumes and scenery. Eventually Inday – who became world acclaimed – and her troupe toured the world. She, and all who were associated with Bayanihan (which translates to *Working together for a common good*) received uncounted honors for showcasing the Philippines, its culture, heritage and preserving indigenous art forms in music, ethnic dances, customs and folklore. Unfortunately, Inday died in 1999 -- much too soon.

Then the unanticipated occurred. I was totally surprised, knew nothing in advance. I will describe as best as I recall. The date was November 7, 1945, about mid-morning when I was asked to go downstairs from my office in what used to be the City Hall of Manila, to the inner courtyard. There I was awarded the Bronze Star Medal which read, in part:

“For meritorious achievement [to Technician Fourth Grade, Walter A. Loy] in connection with military operations against the enemy in the Southwest Pacific Area, from 16 April 1944 to 1 October 1945. Assigned to G-3, Historical Division, General Headquarters, United States Army Forces, Pacific, ...Loy rendered invaluable assistance in the preparation of a historical monograph on the liberation of the Philippine Islands, accurately performing painstaking and comprehensive work in the collection, evaluation, and analysis of facts from numerous sources. Displaying a thorough knowledge of research procedures, he suggested new methods of acquiring historical data which proved highly satisfactory. In addition, he edited and proof-read voluminous manuscripts with marked success. Through exceptional ability, resourcefulness, and devotion to duty...Loy contributed materially to the successful completion of significant historical projects of combat operations in the Southwest Pacific Area.”

Immediately thereafter an intriguing inquiry was put to me: Wouldn't I like to stay in the army? A career could be advantageous, even pleasurable. To entice me I was offered to be promoted to an officer (I think it was 2nd Lieutenant) immediately. I declined. My objective had never changed: To finish studies at UCLA and thereafter to earn a Master's degree.

And so, a few weeks later on November 28, 1945, I departed from Manila to Seattle, Washington. It was a very cold arrival! Manila had been in the tropics; Seattle had snow. My khaki uniforms did not keep me warm. On December 15, 1945, after a total of two years, six months and 24 days of service, I was "demobilized".

Civilian life began anew.

RETURN TO CIVILIAN LIFE AND PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS CAREER

I quickly started the process of enrolling in the University of California at Los Angeles. In previous pages I have already shown pertinent dates:

Spring 1945 I re-entered UCLA; August 1947 I was graduated; end of year started on my Master's degree in Political Science. All along it had been my aspiration to join the U.S. Foreign Service. My ambition was to be a career diplomat.

However, a position opened at Pan American World Airways' Los Angeles International Airport which, once again rearranged my life. I applied for the job – passenger check-in agent. Looking back, my interview (only one) must have resembled something out of a Hollywood Harpo Marx movie. There were a number of conditions – framed as requests – on which I insisted. In order to attend classes connected with my post-graduate tasks at the university, I wanted to work only the late-afternoon/evening shift; and I asked that all Sundays and Mondays would be my “off duty days”, thus being able to schedule on campus seminars and faculty-student conferences. Everything was granted. I started my employment on August 1, 1947.

That interview took place on the second floor in a building on the south side of the LAX airport. Here's where the “Hollywood film” episode unfolded: In the middle of the office was a round metal pipe, maybe six inches in diameter. It must have supported the roof and ran from the top through the office floor to the ground on the next level below. I rose from my chair, thanked the gentleman who had interviewed and hired me (J. Walcott Fleming) and as I backed toward the exit...slammed into the pipe. I am certain I saw flaming stars. Walt Fleming probably pondered whether he had made the right selection!

It was about that time that Mickey Reyes arrived in Los Angeles from Manila. I don't have the exact date. She had been accepted at UCLA as a banking & finance major. Diligently and disciplined she pursued her curriculum. Her grades were outstanding.

In 1948, as was the custom in the Philippines – emulated from Spain – I wrote a formal letter to Mickey's parents and asked their permission to marry Mickey. The request met with their approval. We married on August 23, 1948, not in California but in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Ours was a mixed marriage under California law, thus could not be licensed. New Mexico was more liberal and a minister could marry us there.

My career with Pan American World Airways spanned 35 years. I experienced so many adventures – some beautiful and poignant, others sad, even frightening – that it will be difficult to catalogue them all, and impossible to attach precise dates to them. Therefore, I will list them as they come to mind, randomly and not in sequential order. They form the frames around portraits – how and where I lived and worked.

But first, a general description of my major responsibilities with the airline: I started, as already mentioned, checking in passengers at the Los Angeles airport, rotated in every department possible to learn from ground up airport and airline functions, supervisory and management obligations and held executive positions in the United States and overseas. At the New York corporate headquarters, for example, I was responsible for a period of time for new ground and in-flight passenger service programs on a global basis, thereby bringing me in close contact with virtually every Pan Am location ‘round the world. I administered for several years Latin American & Caribbean services, later directed the airline’s economic planning, operations, marketing and financial strategies in Austria, Switzerland, the former Soviet Union, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Turkey. I was equally active in *all* the countries of the Pacific Rim, and *worldwide* conducted negotiations, often strenuous and very intensive, at the highest levels of governments, including in the Soviet Union and the People’s Republic of China.

During some of those aforementioned years I was also on the Board of Directors of Inter-Continental Hotel properties as IHC was a subsidiary of Pan Am.

I was fortunate with my very first PanAm Manager, Juan Matute. He was a kind, considerate and accommodating gentleman from Guadalajara, Mexico. I already described how he agreed to the work- schedule I requested in order to fulfill my UCLA study requirements. It was that arrangement which enabled me to also spend extra day-time with son Steve during his initial formative years. How much he enjoyed the various outings I arranged. We probably visited more fire stations and toured more fire trucks than most little boys.

Writing about watching Steve grow up, three remembrances stand out: When he received his first tricycle he could of course not wait to ride on it. Off he cycled on Camden Avenue. About half-way up the block, truly only a short distance, he looked back, quickly turned around, tears streaming down his face pedaling at fast speed. Poor Steve...he realized how “very far” he had moved out of his comfort zone. He felt lost. He had wandered too far.

Never will I forget: When Peter was born and Steve and I returned home from the hospital visit where he saw his brother for the first time, he bolted out of the car, ran to neighbors and shouted – over and over – “I got a little brother, I got a little brother.” Elated and proud he was. Throughout the years Steve has been persistently considerate of and toward his younger brother.

The third quality I recognized in Steve was not only his devotion to baseball – avidly he competed already in Little League– and his drive to excel as a player and fervor for his team to win was intoxicating. Losing hurt!

Now back to PanAm.

In my early airline years airplanes were still propeller driven. I will never forget the pride I felt when shortly after I was hired our Chief Mechanic in Los Angeles handed me his wands (also called “batons” by non-airline people) and told me to guide in a DC-4 aircraft arriving from Honolulu. I must have done a good job for it was parked precisely on the spot marked on the tarmac.

There were some times dramatic, suspenseful and comic episodes. It was our corporate policy to operate on schedule, period (except for safety exceptions). To meet this requirement every station – worldwide – was obligated to dispatch to New York Operations Headquarters a teletype message, explaining in exact detail, whenever a flight departed more than one minute late! I have not forgotten the itemized account of a passenger from New York named Simmons who transited Los Angeles on his way to Tokyo. In his letter to his wife, copy to me and to Juan Trippe, founder and president of Pan Am, he wrote:

“I arrived in Tokyo only two and a half hours behind schedule but minus five pounds, one raincoat, and my temper. Pan American in their own inimitable way sure screwed me up....

“I arrived in Los Angeles on time and 15 minutes later I was swearing like a trooper at the Pan American clerk in the airport....” (That was I! Actually, he arrived late and I had dispatched his flight. His “swearing” consisted of his fist shaking under my nose and he hollering *‘Balls to you, Mr. Loy’*). I had already arranged air transportation to San Francisco for him to catch another flight to Tokyo. Mr. Simmons continued his epistle:

“I was frothing at the mouth and ready to bite who ran across my path...I can assure you that in the next few minutes either the clerk would have been in a hospital or I in a jail for assault and battery.”

The passenger did arrive in San Francisco, with his bags, “but my brand new bloody raincoat they sent out to Seattle.”

“...in ‘Frisco I complained so bitterly about the four hours...wait for the plane to Tokyo that (they) decided it would be best to have me off to a hotel at Pan American’s expense. So Pan American spent \$3.50 for a hotel room, and Simmons spent \$6.00 for the taxi fare to the bloody hotel.”

A few more mishaps on his way to and through Honolulu soured Mr. Simmons, though he finally arrived in Tokyo “and instead of ‘blowing my fuse’ I am busy blowing my nose because I have now caught a cold”.

Fortunately not every experience I had with passengers was as miserable as this one. Though in his cover letter to Juan Trippe he praised me eloquently.

Still in the days of propeller airplanes I was on a flight from Los Angeles to London, over the Pole. Seated in front of me in First Class was a gentleman who “knew it all” – he would use airline terminology, acted baronial, was overbearing but never impolite. The purser and stewardesses (so named in those years) recognized that he was a “frequent flyer” and treated him with respect. At one point the Purser whispered to me that we would be arriving late in London as we had to shut down one engine. When the “hot shot” passenger woke up he rang for the purser and asked about the arrival time in London. He was told that we would be late “as we had lost an engine”. The gentleman looked out the window to see which engine we had really lost, jumped out of his seat to check the other side of the aircraft and then loudly remarked “which engine did we lose, I don’t see any of them having fallen off!”. It was then that the purser realized “hey, this guy isn’t as smart as he wanted us to believe”, and explained calmly that no engine had fallen into the Atlantic but “that we had to feather an engine” (feathering means shutting it off and turning the propellers into the wind). However, *that, too* had to be explained to the passenger. He sat quietly for the rest of the trip, never showing off again.

Several years later, on a flight from Tokyo to Honolulu and Los Angeles, we made our normal fueling stop on Wake Island, a very small spot in the vast Pacific. The Captain’s name was Farwell. The time on the ground was supposed to be less than an hour. First Class was half empty. As we rolled down the runway, gaining speed rapidly, the pilot abruptly aborted take-off and literally came to an excruciating screeching halt (during which time I blurted out to the extra pilot sitting in front of me – long-range crews were used on long-haul flights – “Farewell to thee”) a few feet from the edge of the ocean. In the process of braking furiously every tire on the aircraft was blown apart. The plane couldn’t even taxi back to the terminal. Passengers were quickly informed that we would overnight on the island until a complete set of new tires could be flown in from Honolulu.

There isn’t much on Wake. No private homes, no stores. The only “inhabitants” were Pan Am personnel, some Coast Guard employees, a U.S. Government aircraft used for “Search & Rescue Operations”, that’s about it. Women and male passengers were separated in large prefabricated buildings. All we could do was *wait*.

It’s usually quiet on the island. But this time....The day after the aborted take-off, right after lunch when just about everyone was taking a siesta, the Coast Guard siren went off piercingly, signaling that somewhere “out there over the ocean” an airplane had a problem and the “Search & Rescue” aircraft’s crew was being summoned to perform its mission. For the numerous Japanese passengers on our Pan Am flight, temporarily stranded, World War II air raids on Japan were still vivid memories. As those passengers heard the siren blast – and the sound rekindled visions of an air attack – they all dived under their sleeping-cots! An instantaneous reaction it was. And a sight still enshrined.

I was known in Los Angeles to be creative. So we developed a work schedule which enabled staff to work six days followed by three days off. Hugely successful. – I was also the first person to hire as a passenger check-in agent a black gentleman. No other airline in the U.S. had done so before. – In my time I probably recognized and promoted more women into supervisory and management positions than had been the custom. -- I sent staff to other stations as vacation relief (Haiti, for example) or to Pacific islands for six months duty and dispatched entire teams when a new station was opened (Papeete, Tahiti). We became known within the Company as a “Personnel Reservoir Station”. My rationale: My people were happy to be assigned, even for limited times, somewhere else and they, in turn, came back with “new” ideas which we incorporated into our operations.

I remember one minor incident, but it taught me a lesson: It involved a Mexicana flight from Los Angeles to Mexico City (Mexicana was a subsidiary of Pan Am). Standing outside the waiting room, chatting, was the Captain and I. He rested his foot on a cigarette urn filled with sand, holding a Styrofoam cup of Coke. Lying on the sand was an empty bottle of bourbon. A passenger walked by, asked the Captain if he was the pilot of the Mexicana machine. When Captain von Borstel confirmed the passenger snapped

“Do you always drink alcohol before boarding your flight?” He truly believed that (a) the pilot was drinking and (b) the brown liquid in his hand was bourbon!

A few more samples of picturesque episodes:

One Sunday afternoon I supervised the departure of a British Overseas Airlines Corporation (BOAC) Charter. Just before boarding an English airline official asked me “I assume you pulled the counterfoil?” to which I answered affirmatively. Immediately after flight take-off I assembled my staff – I worried at this point – inquired “What the heck is a counterfoil?” All of them looked puzzled. Now I really became concerned. Did I jeopardize the safety of the aircraft? There was only one way to find out: It was after 10:00 p.m. in London! A quick phone call whether they knew what a counterfoil was elicited a raucous laugh, followed by the admonition that we Americans really should learn proper English: A counterfoil is a flight coupon, so named because (in those days) it had carbon on its back, thus any imprint could be duplicated on sequential flight coupons.

I was on the evening shift one time when heavy fog rolled in. We were expecting an arrival from Honolulu...with the King of Thailand, and his wife, on board. Special arrival arrangements had been made, including giving out to every passenger a memorial flight bag, imprinted with the seal of the Royal Thai house. The decision had to be made to divert the plane and land in Palmdale, out in the desert near Palm Springs. In those days that was a nearly two hour drive. We asked the pilot to slow down, if possible, while we raced to the alternate airport – Pan am vehicles, busses, limousines, personnel. Graciously we were received when we arrived! The royal party was happy to use the limos, the rest of passengers and crew the busses. And...yes, the blue Pan Am flight bags with the royal crest were blissfully accepted by all. There was only one problem: I don’t know when I learned, but the emblazed flight bags’ royal crest was inverted! The producer naturally

didn't read Thai and the design, including script was reversed. Sometimes everything went wrong.

One day I received a telex from my colleague Bob Pitcher in Rangoon, then Burma. Would I please meet Linda upon arrival and escort her to his house? I had never heard about Linda, but of course I would do so. She arrived. Linda was a monkey! Bob had converted one of his rooms so that the monkey could be blithe but not be able to escape.

Bob was later transferred to Tahiti where I visited him fairly often. One time I got stuck there for several weeks when Pan Am shut down due to a strike and we had no air service. Another time I was there with my family and both sons were lifted over the reef by a surging, large wave – which also overturned their small boat. There was no possibility for me to reach the boys. But...we were exceedingly lucky: On the other side of the reef near where the boat capsized was tiny fishing vessel. They fortunately witnessed the disaster and unerringly rescued both boys (then aged about six and eleven). God had watched over them!

There were times when radical action was required: I suspected baggage thefts, but had difficulty proving that it was internal. So I hired undercover agents who worked in the baggage assembly area. Nightly I received at home their status reports. Marked money was placed in unlocked suitcases (the dye, not discernible, could not be washed off once touched) and after we had sufficient evidence of thievery all baggage handlers were hauled into an office where with an ultra-violet lamp the employees' hands were meticulously examined. Those who showed purple coloring were fired. Pilfering stopped.

But we also had some fun: My boss in San Francisco, Ed Young, came to check our operation. His sense of humor was practically nil. I arranged lunch at a nearby restaurant, attended by airport officials and my immediate staff – a total of about 12. The restaurant featured a daily fashion show, on this day lingerie and negligees. The lady in charge of the group, a tall, slim, attractive model herself, was briefed by me about Mr. Young, his likes and tastes and restaurants he frequented in San Francisco – she knew enough about him to profusely greet him as he savored his lunch. The model, clad in the shortest nightgown possible, sidled up to him and slowly, deliberately murmured “Eddie, Eddie dear, I didn't know you were coming to L.A.?!” Ed was perplexed. He stammered something that he didn't know her, had never met her whereupon she described in detail how the two had met at such-and-such a restaurant in the Bay Area, and “had he already forgotten?!” Off she strolled to show her ware at adjoining tables. And Ed Young? He never inspected us again.

There remain embedded some nice, cuddly family-related memories: When fog closed the LAX airport my sons Steve and Pete loved going with me to roam through the terminal. Why? Delayed passengers would swamp public phones and invariably forget and leave change in the coin boxes. So the boys would watch, then “move in” as people finished their conversations and retrieve the residual money. – In Hong Kong we scanned daily newspapers for arriving warships. Invariably the price of Hong Kong dollars would change as soon as sailors on leave landed. Therefore we always tried to exchange money

(not in banks but from local vendors in stalls) before the ships docked. One day, after I changed some U.S. dollars and turned to leave a little boy, maybe six years old, clad with a khaki army cap stood by my side, hand outstretched begging for a few pennies. Steve asked what this was all about. One week later I changed again from the same stall. This time, as I was ready to leave there stood Steve with his hand outstretched...begging as he had watched before! – Then there was the moment at Heathrow Airport in London when the film in my movie camera got stuck. Son Pete thought he could just open the camera and untangle the film – at that time he did not know that it was light sensitive. He wasn't yet an expert photographer, which truly he is today. All the pictures I had taken on this particular trip were lost. I was sad. But, the good humor and kind, soothing words from both my sons calmed me quickly. – And one Christmas in Istanbul: Both youngsters knew how horrendous automobile traffic could be. So what did they bring as a Christmas present: A car radio. To sooth my nerves! – No matter whereto we traveled, it was always thrilling to do so with the boys whether we were on a "Kodak Safari" in Africa, or visited Machu Picchu or Honolulu or Petra in Jordan, Beirut or Jerusalem, Manila of course, Auckland, Rome, Rottach-Egern in Germany, Manchester, England or Norway and dozens more exciting places 'round the world.

ADVANCEMENT WITHIN PAN AM

Because of my positions in the company I was exposed to meeting well-known personages from royalty to heads of state (both categories, to be sure, in limited editions), diplomats, business pace setters, etc. Rarely did I encounter an unreasonable one. I recall Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt traveling to Japan. She was no longer the First Lady, her husband, the President, had passed away. Here she stood in front of me, ready to board an evening flight without having obtained a Japanese visa, as was required then. I had two choices and decided not to offload her, but to let her continue the journey. After departure I phoned my counter-part in Honolulu, asked that he contact the Japanese Consulate General and have an officer meet the flight to put a visa in her passport. Done. Transit time through Honolulu was midnight! – Then there was the airport mob greeting Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor upon arrival from Mexico in Los Angeles and getting them through government formalities. – Or getting Clark Gable onto a plane without marching through the terminal. – Or I being stopped (numerous times) in LAX because I resembled a movie star whose name escaped me years ago, and always being asked for an autograph (which I never denied). – Or accommodating the Kennedy brothers. -- And then the many high-level government officials with whom I had to deal on a business basis, irrespective of their political philosophies and government structures.

In Lima, Peru, in the early 1950s a coup d'état erupted. Flight movements stopped. I was staying with friends from the U.S. embassy who, like the ambassador, were confined by the event in their homes. However, I, a visitor, could move through the capital freely and share my observations with the ambassador, who in turn kept his superiors in Washington posted. I am certain he was commended for “venturing onto streets” when in the eyes of many it was assumed to be “dangerous.” I, in turn, was intrigued, having encountered similar flare-ups repeatedly and was regarded (wrongly!) by some as a “revolt authority.”

There were joyous, sometimes breathtaking events: My departure from Los Angeles to New York was one of them! I knew almost one year before it occurred but was asked not to reveal it. Thus only two people knew: Mickey, my wife, and Ruth Olsen, my secretary. The “Adieux Party” was incredible: As I arrived at the hotel a huge marquee announced - in bold letters, and visible to anybody driving by -- my going away. It was an enormous party. Honestly, I had never received before so many bestowals. Not ever.

And one of the gifts I still cherish came from my secretary, Ruth Olsen, and reads:

“Dear Walt –

“Before working with you, I'd never been so aware of woman's ages and measurements; I'd never booked hotel rooms for 'mixed traveling companions'; I'd never heard of Maalox. On the other hand, I'd never had such a kind and thoughtful 'boss'; I'd never felt so a part of an office; I'd never enjoyed such a pleasant relationship.

“So, with both sides of the coin, it has been 5 years of fun in the making of a warm, firm friendship.... Ruth”

And there were some hilarious (in retrospect) episodes: Receiving an urgent call from our Cargo Supervisor (LAX) to get to his office quickly. A large wooden box, shipped from either New Zealand or Australia (I don't remember which) contained a live man. Somebody in the warehouse heard a knock and then made the discovery. – Receiving a black-bordered envelope (sign of a death) announcing that “The Wanderer,” a large schooner onto which I was previously invited for a fabulous BBQ in Tahiti and was again asked to join in Panama some months later, unfortunately had sunk! The announcement, informed me that the crew under the command of a Norwegian captain departed from Tahiti but struck a reef. That ended their Pacific crossing. Apparently they had consumed too much alcohol. – And my arrival from Vienna in London one morning to attend a meeting: I called the office from the airport to advise that I was in town, only to be asked by the Secretary where exactly I was that moment. When informed that I was calling from the airport she gasped and said “Mr. Loy, the meeting is in Rome!” It was my turn to choke. Within seconds she had me on a flight to Rome...seven minutes hence. I sprinted to the gate. Obviously, I could not make the Excelsior Hotel in Rome by 10:00 a.m., even with a taxi from Fiumicino Airport. And when I did get there about 30 minutes late my boss asked, in front of all assembled, “*And where in the hell have you been?!*” I didn't tell him in London (his office). Nor did his secretary ever inform him.

Then there was the moment when Juan Trippe (Founder/President of Pan Am), with whom I was talking in a Clipper Club, jumped up and ran to the window as he saw an aircraft taxiing by, perplexingly inquiring “*Dammit, who stole my logo*” which was emblazoned on the airplane's tail. The plane was not from our fleet. It belonged to Varig, as I recall. And it *was* their logo. But it was night time, and dusky, Mr. Trippe.

When in New York I took over Central and South America & the Caribbean I could pick my own telex code: *NYCTS* was my selection. When asked “why” I declared it stood for “tough shit.” I don't think anyone had difficulty memorizing how to reach me.

I asked (as if I didn't know) about my “Marching Orders”. Two words, my boss, Larry Burtchaell, said: Clean Up. (On my first day in New York it was cold and snowing. I phoned Los Angeles, told them about looking out my office window, watching snowflakes instead of palm trees. You guessed it: My ex buddies promptly dispatched a large potted palm to decorate my office). Anyway, “Cleaning Up” consisted of many details:

On my first visit to San Juan, where we had the world's longest check-in counter, I told staff that the Pan Am logo's extensive “speed line” (signifying a plane's contrail) was one quarter inch higher at one end than at the other. Since they planned to prove me wrong one manager did not attend my staff meeting the next morning, instead was downtown buying a tape measure. They were wrong!

The Cargo warehouse of San Juan needed cleaning plus replacement of burned-out light bulbs. On my next visit, all was rectified...except no one was able to work in the offices: The dummies had used ditto-machine cleaning fluid to scrub the floor. A person would have asphyxiated him or herself under those circumstances. To the disbelief of the Manager I gave the office staff the afternoon off. Henceforth, my nickname was *Mr. Clean*. The fact that I insisted, as I required everywhere, that all agents' shirt uniform pockets be buttoned only buttressed my "title."

In Managua, Nicaragua, I observed rain water dripping on our check-in counter. Upon inquiring why this hadn't been repaired I was told the authorities consistently responded "manana." I therefore ordered every service agent to be on duty the next morning, then asked that they direct auto traffic to the Cargo Building (which naturally had scales) for passenger check-in. As expected, as soon as the flight was gone airport officials demanded to know whether we were out of our mind. My reply: Fix the roof and we return to the passenger terminal. It was accomplished the same day.

In Asuncion, Paraguay, I noticed our staff expeditiously handling baggage to be loaded onto airplanes by heaving suitcases – no exaggeration – out the window to land on the tarmac several feet below. That, plus instituting a non-smoking rule for staff while checking-in passengers, was an immediate "Clean Up" action for that station.

In Buenos Aires the airport had beautiful marble counters. But no scales. Passengers were routed to the arriving Customs Hall, where for some reason or other there was at least one scale. It is not difficult to visualize the turmoil – simultaneous inbound and outbound people-traffic, plus lack of scales! We fixed that quickly by ordering a number of scales from New York, for immediate dispatch. I asked that they be positioned in front of the marble counters...and waited. Not for long. When airport authorities questioned what we were doing I didn't have to go into details. Forthwith sections of the marble were cut and into the openings the scales were placed.

In one of the Caribbean islands, no need to name, I noticed a cargo representative limping. Upon my inquiry he told me about an injury and bemoaned that the station's manager would not allow him during duty time to visit his doctor for treatment (he could not afford to ask for "time off without pay"). I was aghast. Two steps I took: Firstly, I told the Manager (and thereafter the agent) that I would send him to our Medical Department in Miami; that he would be paid while on that trip. I expected no harassment. Secondly, I phoned our Chief Medical officer and advised him.

Unfortunately, truly, the man's injury, having caused gangrene, was too far along; his leg had to be amputated. Now he was really fearful: He was certain he would be fired, no matter how hard he might try to perform his duties, once recuperated. I allayed his worries. The manager was informed in clear terms that this agent was going to remain an employee and that he would be given assistance to carry out his functions. The gentleman, in gratitude, presented me later with a hand painted (by him) landscape of his island. I truly treasured it! Regrettably, it was lost by fire in my Istanbul apartment.

The first-ever Western Hemisphere Summit was announced at that time. From the U.S. President Dwight Eisenhower would attend. Venue: Punta del Este, Uruguay. I immediately assembled an assistance team from Los Angeles – where, as previously described, I had orchestrated similar special schemes, and advised both Montevideo (the station for Punta del Este) and Buenos Aires management, BUE (to whom Montevideo reported). I was positive that there were insufficient skilled personnel in Montevideo to handle a Summit event, both in aircraft movements and number of visitors. Within hours I was informed by BUE that there was no need for extra help, and in effect telling me to “back off.” Once more I apprised the BUE Director what I was going to do, and what I expected; and once again his reply was negative. Fully being backed by my boss in New York I directed the person in charge of BUE to present himself in my office. He never came. He never argued again. “*Cleaning Up*” had commenced. Word spread through the region and other locales were targeted next.

One more example: My assistant had observed that in Santo Domingo (SDQ) few, if any, flights departed on time (the required one minute-plus delay explanation messages had alerted him). I decided to investigate personally on site. The delays didn’t stem from anything Pan Am was or was not doing, but rather from airport immigration officers who, frankly, cared less whether flights left on schedule. In our case we had half a dozen or so daily. I told our manager that beginning the next day we were going to leave “on the minute”, irrespective how many passengers were still in Immigration. I need not describe the mayhem, especially as the second flight took off. Women passengers literally took off their shoes – many with high spikes – and doggedly smacked immigration inspectors on their heads, screaming and cursing simultaneously. We – our staff – stayed out of the melee. On-time performance increased quickly and markedly!

There were some troubling occasions: Preparing annual station budgets was never simple and curtailing expenditures yet demanding higher income projections would cause head-and-heartaches. Reducing personnel was even more traumatic. A case in point was my visit to Caracas, together with a top New York executive: He arrived the night before I did, discovered that his hotel had no record of him, could not be accommodated, was in a sour mood by the time he came to the “personnel axing meeting” at the airport. On the other hand, our airport staff was already under strain as two days before a fire destroyed the Clipper Club which they had hoped to use as a conference room for what they knew would not be a joyful affair. It took calmness and composure to focus all participants on the purpose of the meeting! (The tasks enumerated above followed me wherever I went, and candidly never were they cheery).

Pan Am stopped flying to Havana after the Cuban Revolution. However, we kept personnel on the payroll as otherwise our assets might have been confiscated. Doggedly every year at budget time I had to justify this expenditure! When the first (I believe) Pan Am hijacking to Havana took place on Sunday, November 24, 1968, a flight from New York to Puerto Rico, I was called at home by our Operations Office as they were unable to reach our Manager in Cuba. Five minutes later I phoned back having talked to his wife. He was already en route to the airport. Retaining staff had paid off!

It was on a Thursday summer afternoon, shortly before 4:00 p.m. that I was called into the office of a top executive. He planned to travel with me on an inspection trip to certain stations under my jurisdiction and wanted to discuss the schedule. I informed him – and he was copied months before – that I was leaving on an airplane one hour hence on a two-week vacation to Jackson Hole, Wyoming -- plans made one year earlier. That didn't appear to influence him. He repeated his instructions. I repeated my statement. He then asked me one more time, and I declared that apparently he didn't understand what I had said and added that he could go by himself but that he should let me know what he had done so I could undo it. Whereupon he took his feet off the desk and in his swivel chair gyrated three or four times, all the while bellowing so his staff could hear every syllable, "Out...out...get out of here – you ARE fired!!!" As I got to the door he quietly asked where I was going. I told him (again). He inquired "fishing?" which was not my intention and he probed, somewhat sheepishly, whether I could bring him some of my catch. When I returned to the office (no fish) I asked my staff whether he ever took the trip. I learned he hadn't. The subject was never discussed again.

One other time, in Puerto Rico, this same Vice President unfairly berated airport management for the Clipper Club not being to *his* taste. He would not cease criticizing! I finally suggested he and I talk alone. Not only did I calm him, but I also proceeded to show him my file which I had brought with me from New York. It proved that it was *he* who had vetoed the improvements which I had urged to upgrade the Club. End of subject.

In all fairness, Herb Milley, the executive with whom I had the above sessions, could be a fine Gentleman, with capital "G." Almost everyone panicked when he announced his travels. On one such trip with him he gave me his briefcase (not asking, just handing it over) while we strolled down a long corridor to the gate in New York – he absorbed in reading a newspaper. At the gate, suddenly, he questioned where his briefcase was. Composed I replied "Right back there where you gave it to me. I set it on the floor." He raced to retrieve it...and never pulled the same stunt again.

And yet, one day in Port of Spain, Trinidad, Herb hosted a Luncheon for local dignitaries. He loved to cook, had ordered special shrimp, was in the kitchen preparing the meal while I entertained the guests. When we were seated he personally placed full plates in front of each guest and sotto-voce whispered "Ask them to start eating. I'll be back shortly." I waited. And I waited. And waited, wondering what I had done wrong as I did not have a plate. Finally he smilingly appeared and murmured "You told me once that you didn't like garlic, so I made a special batch for you without it." That exemplified the true Herb Milley.

My private life in Huntington, Long Island, had some tense and sad moments – laced with rewarding experiences.

Tense was the time when my younger son was playing on the school playground. While retrieving a ball that had gone over a fence, he ran into a hornet's nest which apparently was not known to exist in the bushes and literally was attacked by a swarm of hornets. Unpleasant and dangerous as well as painful. Fortunately medical attention was swift.

A very sad moment occurred when I learned of the death of my brother, Herbert, age 52. He was returning from India (or Pakistan) and scheduled to overnight in Zurich before proceeding to New York. The following morning, August 10, 1972, he was discovered in his hotel room having had a heart attack, probably in his sleep.

Herbert had an only son, Joel, to whom I had to deliver the tragic news. I knew the jewelry store in which he worked so I found him easily. It was mid-morning. Certainly the store was not the proper place to talk. I am not certain that the empty coffee shop in the same mall was any better. But I didn't have much choice. After sharing the distressing news with Joel, we proceeded to his home, also in Huntington, to inform his mother. All in all it was a painful day.

(As this is being written, 2010, I do not know where Joel lives. I believe it is in Arizona [Peoria?], but am not certain. After his mother, Evelyn, died he moved with his wife Patricia to New Port Richey, Florida. I never saw him there because, for whatever reasons, whenever I tried to visit he was unavailable. Unfortunately he left no forwarding address when he moved west in 2008 or 2009).

Pete, my younger son, was very active in the Boy Scouts organization in Huntington, New York. Just before he became an Eagle Scout he had to fulfill, per requirement, a community project of his choice. I suggested cleaning and obliterating graffiti on Huntington street signs, such as Stop Signs and metallic Speeding Directives. This required obtaining from the local government department permission, special cleansing fluid and related materials. As I wanted to help, yet was already working in Vienna, Austria, I returned home if not every weekend then certainly frequently. Together Pete, together with a group of scouts, and I tackled his project: I drove them from sign to sign – from street corners to highway intersections – and he applied “elbow grease” removing accumulated smudge and dirt on hundreds of signboards, recording on a map where the signs were located. The community was pleased, he was gratified and quickly Pete mustered all requirements to be promoted to the rank of Eagle Scout. Positively that was a proud and rewarding occasion.

Travel for us was “normal” though naturally not all was company-related. I explored with my family fascinating destinations – and because I cannot pin down exact dates it may be propitious at this juncture of my diary to describe some memorable moments:

It was in 1972 that we savored a three-week “Kodak Safari” in Africa. We commenced our jeep tour in Nairobi, Kenya, first visiting Amboseli National Park. This in itself was spellbinding. The very first afternoon sons Steve and Pete took so many photographs of elephants, giraffes and birds that the cost of developing the films seemed in retrospect more than the entire vacation.

Then suddenly one morning as we roamed the countryside in Tanzania, Peter asked if our driver (whose name was also Walter) could take a detour to Olduevai Gorge. I was dumbfounded. Never had I heard of the gorge, the distance thereto was considerable and it was not part of our itinerary. Young Peter, who was always enamored by archeology,

knew all about the place: It is located in Northern Tanzania, is often called “the cradle of mankind”, a ravine in the Serengeti Plain nearly two million years old. It was discovered in 1959 by Mary Leakey, wife of British archaeologist and anthropologist Louis Leakey (he had died earlier that year) who was famous for his excavations, his fossil discoveries and understanding of human evolution. I had no knowledge of this – Peter did! It was an alluring and mesmerizing excursion – obviously unforgettable and today still difficult to put on paper in brevity.

On the same trip as we passed Mount Kilimanjaro in Kenya Peter surprised me also with his magic touch of camera: Silhouetted in the jeep’s side mirror he discovered the snow-capped mountain and snapped a photograph. I still vividly see the picture in my mind: Beautifully framed and exquisitely portrayed.

On the “other side of the world”, on another occasion (1970), we visited the *World Exposition* in Osaka, Japan. Eventful it was. Years earlier I viewed the World’s Fair in Brussels, also intriguing and compelling but not as harmonious as “Expo ’70”. I do not recall the exact number of countries represented, but it must have been close to 100 plus numerous private pavilions and city or state exhibits. For the boys, especially, quite an experience.

If Osaka was novel and interesting, our visit to Gil and Dorothy Thompson (since then bestowed by the Queen the high honor of *Sir Gilbert* and *Lady Dorothy*) was hilarious. At least one incident:

We drove – all in one car – on a narrow mountain road in Ireland. Ahead of us, clunking uphill was a pickup truck...with a cow onboard. Yes, *a cow!* She looked befuddled, discombobulated. Definitely she was unstable on her four legs. There was no possible way to pass the truck. Suddenly, lurching around a curve, the cow fell out of the lorry – plunging downhill into bushes and trees. Gil did his best – his car’s horn blaring – to get the other driver’s attention...all he received in return was a hand signal and a filthy, well-known interpretation. In effect Gil was “told” to knock it off, mind his own business. For a very few seconds we stopped our car, five got out to “mark the spot” where the cow hit the dirt, then Gil took off again to catch up with the farmer, who obviously was totally oblivious about his critter’s demise! At last Gil was able to overtake the truck, then cornered it to a stop. Neither the reception nor the ensuing conversation between the two drivers was cordial. The cow’s owner couldn’t comprehend his loss. At last both vehicles turned around and ultimately reached the spot where the rest of our entourage had found the cow...quivering, battered, frightened but standing upright.

Let me just add...to get this cow back onto the truck turned out to be another challenge!

Some occurrences happened closer to home...in the Pan Am Building. I had my office on the 48th floor. In the Lobby was a modern, open-air restaurant, named *Zum Zum*. Savory Hungarian-type salami hung from the ceiling. Frequently I would go down to order lunch, always I would ask what the soup-du-jour was, and staff would rattle off some concoction. The employees knew me well. They’d fill a cup emblazoned “Soup” with

what appeared to be soup, in reality it was beer from tap. And together with my sandwich I'd lug the liquid to my desk to enjoy a quiet, delicious lunch. No one ever learned what I really consumed!

My brother Frank had his office on the 46th floor. One day I received from him an urgent call asking if I knew where he might have left his tie. As Senior Vice President, International Affairs for Pan Am he suddenly needed to be "dressed properly"...but couldn't find a tie! Normally not a calamity for Frank. From his tone, though, this time it was. As he was the only person on the 46th floor who had his own, private bathroom (which was a necessity to his predecessor, whose duties and office Frank inherited) I suggested that he might find one or more ties on a towel rack in the bathroom – where Frank would have placed them. While I waited on the line, Frank in fact discovered that's exactly what had transpired.

Another calamity resolved!

When I was asked to assume fresh duties – Senior Director, System Customer Service, responsible for all new ground and in-flight passenger service projects and innovations, globally – I left many friends behind in the Western Hemisphere. The San Juan staff was so perturbed that, unbeknownst to me, they sent a petition (signed, I was told, by everyone) to New York asking that I remain in my position and be their link with Headquarters.

To no avail!

PAN AM – EXPANDING HORIZONS

As already mentioned, I had an office in the Pan Am JFK location and another in the downtown New York Pan Am Building. Helicopter service existed between the airport and the top of the city skyscraper. I usually drove from Huntington, Long Island, to JFK, worked till about noon, then helicoptered to the Pan Am Bldg., and reversed traffic in late afternoon. I don't recall any other executive shuttling daily by helicopter between two offices, and suspect that it would have been almost impossible to do so if this mode of transportation – innovative and avant-garde at the time -- did not exist.

American Airlines had installed a piano bar on their New York/San Juan/New York route and it was quite popular. In my position to create new, unusual, attractive passenger products I had to counter AA's piano bars. So I employed mariachi bands. Sounds reasonable. Not overly expensive and certainly there existed a reservoir of musicians in Puerto Rico. But...I quickly discovered that, at a high flying altitude where air is dry, musicians can play, yes, but not sing for long. I considered putting two bands on board each flight, but that would have considerably reduced regular passenger seats. I finally recognized that the only way to solve our problem was to inquire whether AA would be amenable to give up their piano bars also (they did). I had made a severe mistake!

On the other hand, the redesign at JFK and SJU (San Juan) of the departure areas and the creation of special napkins, match covers, ticket envelopes, cabin service – plus a multitude of other components -- all color coordinated and emphasizing a special Puerto Rican motif was a project which paid off handsomely. It was effective, advertised aggressively and promoted widely.

In Miami Beach – and later expanded to other tourist locations – we created a hotel-check-in-for-your-flight system. Baggage was delivered to the airport by truck -- a first as I recall in the airline industry.

I was particularly pleased with two distinct innovations: The first involved the upstairs lounge modification in 747 aircraft. One evening a top official and I sat in his PanAm office. It all happened over a small drink. We were analyzing how to increase revenue, came to the conclusion that the lounge seats of this new fleet could be better utilized converting the space into an elegant "Dining Room". Seating would be on a reserved basis at a premium but attractive price. We recognized that a number of obstacles had to be surmounted, a major one involving cabin attendants' reluctance carrying meals from the downstairs galley up the circular stairwell. The second difficulty related to the first: New catering lift trucks would be required to provision dining gear and meals at airports where this service was going to be inaugurated. Those vehicles would be expensive!

Our fears of anticipated objections – doubts and disapprovals frequently vocalized strongly – proved accurate. It took one year after we had mapped out this passenger service project until it was finally implemented.

The second innovation was equally singular and another “*First*” world-wide in the airline industry. I received a phone call from then Chairman and CEO, Najeeb Halaby, advising he would have a “Wall Street Conference” the following day and what new innovative policy could he announce. In my position responsible for new service programs I had been approached several months earlier by an anti-smoking organization which sought to reduce smoke hazards wherever and whenever conceivable. So I told Jeeb that I planned to install “No-Smoking” zones in our aircraft. His startled reply: “What? I never heard about this one!” Of course he had not, I pointed out, for just about every company department involved in implementation was alarmed and “anti”. Jeeb, however, sensed this project’s promotional value and – after I asked for his full backing because my telephone would ring off the hook within minutes of his announcement – totally agreed.

Thus this novel idea was ultimately pushed through. Originally, in First Class, a total of four seats were promoted and set aside for non-smokers, and in Economy six seats. Demand became so dynamic that soon additional seats were made available to the Reservations Offices and finally requests spilled over to entire cabin sections. Later on the airline industry instituted “No Smoking” regulations for all aircraft. A huge success.

For me personally, the beauty about my responsibilities was that it called for close coordination with other departments – catering, reservations, in-flight service, etc. Thus, for example, I became involved in the design and color ensemble of uniforms for cabin attendants. Intertwined throughout all activities was the necessity of “looking forward,” especially as new, more advanced aircraft were acquired.

PanAm, probably the only airline, had its own Protocol Office. From the standpoint of its president and founder that was understandable: He thought of the carrier as *The* U.S. Flag line (his cockpit uniforms were modeled after U.S. naval officers; the automobiles the country directors drove were, in most cases, the same as our Ambassadors’ overseas). In many respects, protocol personnel were mirror images of State Department officers.

I was asked at one point whether I would consider becoming the Chief of Protocol but declined as I was afraid it might become the end of my career path.

Late in 1971 – after serving on a number of Task Forces commissioned with restructuring the airline, a lengthy but fascinating process (held away from Headquarters in Boston and Cape Canaveral, Florida) and involving just about every department within the U.S. and overseas – I was offered the position of Area Director for Eastern Europe. I had a choice to open my office in Frankfurt or Budapest or Vienna. I chose Vienna as it had excellent airline connections to wherever I needed to go. My territory encompassed Switzerland and Austria in the “West”, every country in the Balkan plus Poland and the Soviet Union all the way to Vladivostok. It even enabled me to go to Schoenefeld airport in East Germany, which was much closer geographically to our people in West Berlin and Frankfurt, but *they* were not allowed to visit.

It was not a friendly welcome from the top Pan Am Austrian who probably had hoped to be promoted to my position. Some of his employees, old-timers entrenched, were “on his side,” others were very cordial. But two days after my arrival, in the midst of my first monthly meeting with other airline executives, he asked me (quietly, I must admit) how I *dared* going out – ice skating -- with staff. He did *not* approve -- convinced associating with them in this fashion was wrong (I disagreed; *they* had invited me to skate).

That same gentleman tried to shunt me to another building in Vienna and there open my regional Eastern Europe office (thereby not observing his comings and goings); this from the same person who refused to install a telephone in his home because he did not want to be disturbed (how, I asked, could he be notified in case of emergency?). This from the same person who upon my arrival told me I could have his company car as he did not need it and then asserted I had appropriated it. Headquarters in New York wanted to retire him posthaste. I cautioned against speed to avoid criticism in the Austrian community where he was considered an icon. I also insisted on a respectable retirement reception for him at our Inter-Continental Hotel, though he was spreading rumors that Pan Am was not even giving him a farewell party!

Attaining a greater grasp of German, I insisted, was absolutely essential. Making mistakes could be embarrassing: One very hot afternoon (no air conditioned offices) I walked into my “Sekretariat Bureau” (Administrative Office) where, contrary to his habit, our financial manager was at his desk, shirt collar open, tie askew, sleeves rolled up. Very unusual. He was of the “old school”, had no liking for me, tried to conceal it, though. I casually asked him “Herr Ullmann, sind Sie warm heute?” and received an icy, angry, piercing stare. Up from her nearby desk my secretary jumped and begged me to follow her into my office: “Herr Direktor” she exclaimed, “Do you know what you just said?” Before I could reply she explained that I had asked Mr. Ullmann whether he was gay (*warm* denoting that sexual orientation). Today still I am ultra-careful using this idiom.

Another lesson I absorbed: Driving to the U.S. Ambassador’s residence one late afternoon I stopped at a traffic signal and a person in the car next to mine rolled down his window. “You must be an American” he wanted to confirm and when I asked why he desired to know he replied “Because only in America would one drive and shave simultaneously!” A polite but deliberate rebuke! Of course he was correct.

Conducting business in Eastern Europe was intriguing. Naturally, my movements were scrupulously monitored and since all countries had Communist regimes, information was shared between them. Every phone conversation to and from Vienna was taped or at the minimum listened to. Our Director in Prague spoke fluent Spanish. So when he phoned me he would initially converse in English then suddenly switch to Spanish, and just as quickly we would get cut off because the agent in Prague, listening in, did not know Spanish. When reconnected, we would again speak in English, and once more the phones went dead: The agent now monitoring understood only Spanish, not English. Many conversations when I visited my Directors in Eastern Europe were carried on while we

walked the streets. We knew that every room was tapped. Occasionally “they” also planted conspicuous and brazen clues during nights when our offices were searched. In Budapest one evening our Director and Chief Maintenance person, both U.S., and I had dinner in a restaurant on top of a hill where five streets merged, like a star. As we entered I recognized a group of Soviet airline and government people being hosted by their Hungarian counterparts. For whatever reason, they pretended they didn’t know me, although only a few weeks earlier I had been in a meeting with the Russians in Moscow. So I asked our waiter to send a bottle of vodka to their table with my compliments. This forced them, as it would every Russian, to acknowledge my civility and, per custom, they offered a toast. No other words were spoken!

When we left the restaurant we noticed in a nearby car two men (agents). Just for fun, the three of us decided to split, knowing full well they were going to pursue us. Since there were five streets leading downhill, we chose three different routes (one by car, two on foot). Now the two agents had a choice to make: Whom to follow?

I don’t want to leave the impression or imply that everyone in these countries was boorish or disrespectful. I had an appointment in Budapest with the Minister of Transportation. We had made no progress receiving permission to serve Hungary, and the myriad of details – financial arrangements, crew accommodations, housing for U.S. staff, catering, office locations, communication facilities, aircraft ground equipment, etc. ad infinitum -- were cleverly stonewalled by government officials.

Punctually I arrived for my appointment. The normal pleasantries were exchanged and before we could get down to a serious discussion an aide entered the office to whisper something into the minister’s ear. The aid left after very brief instructions. Then the minister turned to me, apologized and explained that he was just advised about a Russian delegation arriving from Moscow which required him to greet them. He had told his aid to tell them he was tied up with me, and would I object staying with him until the Russians were ensconced in their hotel? I immediately realized this might take several hours.

So we chatted. The minister, an elderly gentleman, spoke no English. However, he knew German having learned it in school when his country was still part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Therefore, German we spoke. Topics ranged from his education and mine, his wife who unfortunately had cancer, and his grandchildren to hunting – he loved this pastime and what little I knew about it could have filled a small cognac glass. Not one word about the main reason why I had flown to Budapest. I was holding back.

Finally the aid re-entered, said something. The minister turned to me and declared “Now you can go, Mr. Loy they are in their hotel.” I decided still not to tell him why I had come. Just as I reached the door he queried, “By the way what did you have in mind for your visit?” I precisely rattled off about a dozen action items requiring his immediate attention if we were to commence air service...or, I communicated, we would shelve the matter. Less than a week thereafter everything – *everything* I enumerated at the door –

was in place and within a few weeks Budapest received scheduled Pan Am air service. My New York Headquarters people were baffled: They simply could not understand what I had done, or how. The minister and I remained on friendly terms for years.

Not all plans or every discussion proved successful. The then U.S. Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, arranged his first overseas mission to Moscow. I arrived simultaneously from Vienna. The entourage was met with military honors and the meetings were cordial...at first. We stayed in Russia almost a week. At the embassy strategy sessions were conducted in a "safe" plastic bubble, but as negotiations dragged on they became less productive. Final analysis: Little was accomplished. The mission was a failure: The airport departure and lack of high-profile Soviet officials was proof. In Vienna, a few days afterwards I received a call from New York – maybe it was Washington – asking for my thoughts how to proceed. I suggested to let a few months elapse before re-starting negotiations, this time in Washington, and to keep them low-keyed, inter-twined with a BBQ and a professional baseball game, all in a relaxed, non-officious environment and atmosphere. For Russian officialdom this was an uncommon switch. It worked. Much was accomplished.

Another incident was also unpleasant: I arrived from New York in Vienna to be met by my secretary, Maria Wess. This was most unusual. I was told that after I departed New York two Aeroflot (the Soviet airline) maintenance managers in Washington D.C. and at JFK airport had been taken into custody by the FBI. Miss Wess advised me to fly to Moscow and brief our U.S. staff. She had made air reservations and retrieved my passport which was at the Soviet Embassy in Vienna for a visa. A few hours later I was on my way.

To communicate the importance of what had transpired in the U.S. the PanAm Director and the Chief Maintenance Officer (who also handled functions in Leningrad) and I walked the streets. We obviously could not discuss it in our office which was probably bugged. I also talked with the U.S. ambassador. All I could suggest was to be careful, cautious – and from the ambassador request assistance in case retaliatory measures were taken by Soviet officials against our personnel. The next morning I returned to Vienna. Once again upon arrival, there stood Miss Wess. She had come to inform me that a few minutes after I left Moscow, where our Maintenance man had seen me off, he was stopped just outside the airport by officials and taken into custody. Exactly what we had feared! It was a measure, not uncommon in that environment, of "tit for tat". Eventually, I don't recall the time frame, but it was not a lengthy one, our man was freed as were the ones in the U.S. Each one, of course, had to leave the country.

The story about Miss Wess picking up my passport at the Soviet embassy in Vienna reminds me of the U.S. ambassador suggesting to me one evening that I really should have two passports: One to obtain a visa – because each trip to an Eastern European country required a new visa – and the other for me to travel. By careful scheduling and rotation of the passports I would always be able to fly back and forth.

I am also reminded of another error I made, unintentionally of course: Moscow officials were obsessed printing city maps with wrong street names and fallacious directions. This stemmed from their World War II experience (or was it already Napoleon's near-capture of the capital in 1812?) when the German army was at the city's gates. Our sales office was on the mezzanine floor of the Metropole Hotel, but customers had difficulty finding it. So I arranged to have Pan Am-printed maps for passenger convenience placed in the seat pockets of all Moscow-destined flights. That program worked for two or three operations. Soviet Entry Officials quickly discovered our program and ordered all passengers to remain in their seats until they had removed – or recovered from travelers – every map on board.

Incidentally, the famous GUM Department Store in Moscow has always been a tourist attraction. (I don't recall whether it was shown on our maps). But it vastly differed then from what it is today. In those days it was a drab building, with few goods worthwhile buying. Customers were used to waiting for a new shipment of, say, shoes to be displayed which were snapped up by locals as they never knew when another supply would arrive.

Warsaw had one department store of note: "WARS." It was the only one which featured an escalator...but only upward. A staircase had to be used to descend. One day I was riding to the second floor when I spotted below a huge table around which a sizeable group of women were busily selecting something. I decided to check what it was. Apparently a new shipment of brassieres had arrived and was dumped on that wooden table. Every woman furiously grabbed a brassiere, held it against her body, threw it back, tried another one...until she would find the right size. What a sight! It must have been a dizzying experience for them: You take what you could find...on that day!

Negotiations with officials, no matter in which Soviet-style capital, could be maddening. Invariably they started early in the morning, sometimes shortly after 7 a.m. If talks progressed well, coffee or tea was served by eight o'clock; further progress would produce vodka, and real success cognac. To prevent being "drunk under the table" – which invariably was their goal – I soon learned to coat my intestine before going to the meetings with milk of magnesia. It became a staple potion in my baggage.

A high percentage of our Polish passengers emanated from the Krakow area. But we had no office there and serving it from Warsaw was not best utilization of personnel. I knew we could not get funding to open an office, even if the Polish authorities would consent. So, our country director and I schemed: Through his contact with the Mayor of Krakow a tobacconist shop was vacated and its space allotted to us; furniture from the Warsaw and Vienna Pan Am locations was trucked to Krakow – voila, we were open for business. A significant and memorable reception was held in a hotel, attended by the Mayor, the U.S. Consul and other dignitaries (I gave a short speech in Polish, much to trembling fears of our Director who spoke Polish fluently) and then advised New York to include all pertinent details of the new location in our voluminous world-wide directory. However, this only materialized after I was told by Headquarters that we didn't have an office in Krakow and that obviously I didn't know my territory! I still have on my wall today the

two stellar sketches of Krakow and Warsaw the Mayor had delivered to my hotel at 7 a.m. the next morning. Remarkable they are.

While on the subject of "Poland", parenthetically this incident: On one of my trips to New York Headquarters I arrived at JFK from Warsaw with three bottles of excellent Polish vodka. The customs inspector informed me that he would have to confiscate one bottle. I asked him to briefly hand me the bottle he had taken so that I could note the label. As I returned it to him, at the precise moment when he reached out for me to place it into his hands...I let go! On the floor: Crushed glass, flowing vodka. At least the bottle could not end up on the inspector's table at home, as I had feared.

Belgrade was a relatively easy station from an operation's standpoint. We had been flying to Yugoslavia for some time and had good managers in place, both U.S. and Yugoslavian. In the case of the latter, I promoted the Yugoslav to take over as Director when we transferred the American, and promptly was challenged by a few superiors. The fact that he was a member of the Communist party was not germane as far as I was concerned. He was competent.

We also had two Inter-Continental Hotels in the country, one older property and a newly-constructed edifice, both in Zagreb. I was at the official opening of the new hotel and remember well the dinner festivities (which actually took place at the old place): I had to take my baggage with me that night as I had a meeting to attend in Rome the next day and was booked on a train thereto. But, although my luggage had been picked up in my room, it didn't get to the lobby. It was finally discovered by the hotel staff that the bell boy got stuck, together with my bags, in the elevator and had not yet learned how to use the phone to call for help. Meanwhile the bus, together with guests, had been dispatched to the other hotel – I finally arrived via taxi. Just one more unplanned adventure.

Bucharest, on the other hand, was a real challenge. We had never flown thereto. When it was decided we should I called on the U.S. ambassador to assist. Rumania was governed by Nicolae Ceausescu who officially was Secretary General of the Rumanian Communist Party, and from 1974 onward was President. He was friendly toward the United States (though in the latter years that changed). His was a dictatorship. Our ambassador opened the doors for me and we received the necessary permits fairly quickly. Unfortunately when the first oil crisis engulfed us and other countries we abandoned certain routes which were unprofitable. Rumania was one of them – mainly because we had been operating there for only six months. I called on the ambassador again to help me explain our predicament to the Rumanians. He was not happy and told me unequivocally not to ask for his assistance again in six months. I did. Once more we started service.

The political climate in Bucharest was no different than in other Soviet satellite countries. One evening when I was in our Director's apartment for cocktails we were late leaving for the hotel where he had made dinner reservations. Promptly a few minutes after we were supposed to have arrived at the restaurant the phone rang – not from the dining establishment but from the agency which was monitoring our every move and activity! They were just checking to be sure they hadn't blundered tailing us.

Ceausescu, as indicated, was Western-focused, at least in the early 70s. Repeatedly he asked that PanAm consider non-stop direct flights from New York. I, for one, was convinced this would be an unprofitable operation. Any passenger flow would be one-way, from the U.S. to Rumania. To convince me what Rumania had to offer he asked me, through his staff, to take a week's vacation at the Black Sea. Together with my family I did. Put at our disposal was a car and chauffeur from Bucharest to Constanta, a spacious dacha with cook and maid, and numerous sightseeing tours to neighboring seaside resorts and hotels. No question, the region was beautiful but not as elaborate and tourist-oriented as Caribbean or Riviera spots. In short, the visit did not change my opinion.

There was one unexpected, unique event on this trip: On the same plane from Vienna to Bucharest was Prince Juan Carlos, not yet King of Spain (General Francisco Franco was still the country's Head of State) and his wife Princess Sofia, daughter of King Paul I and Queen Federica of Greece. They – on a state visit to Rumania -- and we were the only First Class passengers. We got to know each other well and enjoyed several hours of talk. As we taxied to the terminal in Bucharest the purser on this Austrian Airlines flight asked me if I would let the couple get off first, which of course was proper protocol. They were greeted with full military honors – a spectacle still in place as we deplaned.

Little could I envision that some 30 years later, at a very elaborate reception when the now-royal couple visited Miami, they recognized me as I passed through the receiving line. An awkward incident actually occurred: King Juan Carlos chatted with me first, followed instantly by Queen Sophia's fairly lengthy conversation. All the time she tightly held my hand. This brought the long reception line to a total halt. The security detachment of course was not cognizant that we knew each another, nor could they deduce why I didn't progress. It would have been impolite for me to remove my hand from the firm clasp of the Queen. Later, during dinner, Security – by then realizing why I was detained by the visitors – came to apologize for their brash conduct.

I was always amused that there was one Eastern European nation which never granted me permission to visit. My British Airways colleague in Vienna did not fare any better. The government of Albania was obsessed in limiting "Western" travelers, though I doubt that air service to Tirana, the capital, would have been constructive. Interestingly, the airline of the Peoples Republic of China did have scheduled flights to Albania...yet ferried their aircraft empty from Tirana to Bucharest for overnight stays, returned the next day to pick up passengers and then proceeded to China. Why the vacant shuttles to-and-from Bucharest I never learned.

What I find amazing as I compose this memoir are the number of remembrances which flash – many embracing not lengthy periods but short, sudden and unexpected minutes or split seconds. They were "then" fleeting scenes, of little importance, but they remained imbedded in my mind:

In London for a meeting I had a miserable cold, phoned the company doctor as I was scheduled to fly next evening. The nurse told me "Mr. Loy come to the surgery tomorrow." I replied, "Really, all I need is some antihistamine. I don't need surgery!"

She moaned, “When will you Americans learn proper English?” “Surgery” in England is “the doctor’s office”.

In Tahiti, one late night, I was on the balcony of a restaurant outside Papeete when I heard high pitched painful screams. Two young wahines poised back-to-back under coconut trees were pulling each other’s hair...back and forth. Nearby, a beer in his hand, sat a French legionnaire in stitches as the girls fought who was going to sleep with him.

Vividly I remember the swimming pool of the Inter-Continental Hotel in Abidjan, Ivory Coast: It was an enormous “lagoon”: Literally guests were offered rowboats. – Or the cordial reception in Frankfurt whereto I was invited from New York to address the Management Club at its monthly gathering: A “Company Update.” – The moment in Izmir, Turkey when I witnessed the abominable behavior of an army officer strutting across the street to slap a young man, dressed in military garb, across his face: Apparently he had not saluted him.

Leaving Lagos, Nigeria – much to the relief of a top company executive who was distressed about the hotel wherein we attended a conference – I was impressed with the continent’s vastness and desolation viewed from some 36,000 feet altitude as we flew to Beirut. (And the exciting beauty there of the Inter-Continental Hotel, *The Phoenician*).

On another flight, this time in Honduras to San Pedro Sula (only commercial export product: Bananas, and still more bananas) where the sidewalks rolled up by four p.m. every day, our captain decided to fly *directly* over a “live” volcano. A breathtaking sight.

Then there was the phone call I received while vacationing in Manila: Our Director of the Philippines, asked if I would mind joining him for an urgent, unscheduled meeting with the Minister of Aviation? That morning, just as our transpacific aircraft was on final approach a caribou (large water buffalo) was spotted tramping down the runway. It’s not the type of safety risk we condoned! It appeared that the nearby fence had a hole in it.

This may be the appropriate spot to pen in more details *Cross-Border Communications*. Pan Am, having been a global airline, had to bridge vast linguistic hurdles. In the 14 speeches in 14 different languages which I delivered, some unquestionably very short (as my notes of many years ago disclose when I conducted a training seminar on “Intercommunication”) I witnessed or experienced uncounted complications. Each incidence incorporated the same ingredients: Knowing your subject, knowing what you want and knowing your adversary...if you negotiate. Equally important...demonstration of patience, a characteristic most Americans lack.

Standing in line in Bucharest at the Inter-Continental Hotel was a group from a British trade delegation. In marches an American contingent to check in. “How long you been here?” they ask. “Three weeks to sign a contract” replied the Brits. The Americans were incredulous. They had expected to arrive and leave in two days!

Here's an occurrence in Los Angeles: A Sikh, turban and all, and daughter were transiting to Mexico. The little girl apparently had never seen a telephone and her father wanted to showcase what it was. After having punched a few buttons for an automated operator I gave him the handset, he then blabbered something in Hindi, I guess, permitted his daughter to listen in – neither one of them had the faintest idea what the operator was saying, but finally the girl understood what a telephone was. The lesson? We take many things for granted when we communicate. For the Sikh...this was a real accomplishment. For the young girl: A stunner.

On my first day in Tokyo I entered a restaurant for breakfast. These were times when women still wore kimonos. Sitting at a low table with my knees close to my chin I could not read the Japanese menu. So I raised my hand, showed two fingers and cackled – loudly as guests stared in disbelief – like a chicken. The waitress fortunately understood: She brought two eggs. The Lesson: You don't have to be chicken to order a meal.

Words, in whatever language, are not always essential. *Body-language* observation is. This may be a tough assignment, but it is also a cultural phenomenon: I soon learned not to be surprised if a Japanese hisses through his teeth, a sound like slurping soup. He may just be *thinking*. Or, I uncovered not to be intimidated by *long silences* during Chinese negotiations. Used assiduously *silence* can be intimidating. Most Westerners in fact are...and get impatient. Not recommended when trying to attain results.

Incidentally, I urge never, never to talk at a fast clip! Most Americans do.

Communication is more than talking. Part of our projection is a *Code of Dress*. Therefore it may not be wise – or proper – to show up at a meeting or reception in green pants and a four-colored checkered jacket.

Now one final experience – closer to home: This happened in Tallahassee, capital of Florida. I was driving with Kathy to a reception at a country club which was not shown on our map. So I stopped on the road, asked a man who worked at a fruit stand, explained to him twice where I wanted to go...then rolled up my window and drove off. My wife had to translate, truly, what I had just heard, though not understood. Lesson: the knack to communicate has to be exercised not only overseas, but right here at home.

Throughout this composition are other examples of the importance to communicate clearly, wisely, patiently, sometimes energetically or calmly, always tolerantly. In my judgment – and numberless experiences -- this subject is of such significance that I decided to devote a special page with concrete, personal citations.

These and dozens other insignificant (in retrospect) episodes also illustrate – albeit only feebly – the cultural, financial and recurrent political climates which often prevailed. Compound these obstacles with the sometimes odious personal in-house conduct, ethics and lack of etiquette by a few company managers – whether accidentally or calculatingly – and daily life could be either messy or intriguing...but hardly ever boring.

Before I move on to my not-yet announced post, let me dwell on the cordiality of a few persons. Bill Seawell, then Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of Pan-Am (previously a Brigadier General in the U.S. Air Force and a connoisseur in falconry) spent his vacations, together with his wife, in Vienna. It was only his secretary and I – plus the IHC General Manager – who knew. Business matters I did not discuss, though we met socially. On his last visit shortly before I took over a new territory (he appeared unaware) he asked whereto I thought I might eventually move. At once he gave me advice and good counsel. His questions were direct, tactful and sincere. I knew he could be trusted. I marveled about the many fine persons in upper management – considerate, compassionate, helpful, truthful – and he certainly was one of them. I could single out others who were insensitive, selfish, cunning and wily. In the former category was also Vice President Norman Blake. He inquired once about my impressions of our sales operation in Israel which I had just visited (we did not fly there). I pointed out that the office, on the second or third floor of a building was shabby, to put it gently, and the staircase lights, as one example, constantly turned off automatically before a customer could possibly reach our premises. The place was forthwith revamped. V.P. Dan Colussy and Larry Burtchaell also fit this classification. They demonstrated their talents both at home and on many travels – persistently polite yet dynamic, attentive, receptive to recommendations *and* prepared to project Pan Am's towering and distinct profile.

I cannot speak too highly of the many friends in Austria who freely offered their wisdom and assistance. My first meeting with Josef Buchinger, for example, was noteworthy: He was a high-level executive in one of Austria's largest insurance company. Because of his fast speech and strong accent I had difficulty understanding him – though our initial luncheon was superb. It was he who introduced me to the Chief of Police of Vienna who issued a driver's license after "administering the examination" (which consisted of a 45 minutes private meeting in his office). Or Alfred Kruspel, a banker, who always provided sage advice. Or the many others who elected me President, the first foreigner, of the Sauna Club Doebling (SCD), a private businessmen's organization with which I am still in frequent contact and of which I am still a member. All of them have taught me much. One highlight was their visit to Istanbul after I was posted there: It occurred on May 1, 1978, a worldwide holiday filled with boisterous workers' parades. (On this occasion I carried -- prominently visible -- a jewelry chain of silver prayer beads, given to me as a present by the General Manager of the Inter-Continental Hotel, Vienna, plus a Turkish newspaper in order to avoid being accosted as a foreigner while I maneuvered through the city). The SCD trips have become an annual event, always on the same date, though destinations of course vary.

After five years in Vienna – badgered by many who dreamed of taking my place – I left the Area to tackle problems in Turkey.

PAN AM – EXCITEMENT IN TURKEY

Turkey cannot be compared with Austria or with Eastern Europe. The latter encompassed countries whereto we had not flown. In Turkey Pan Am had been for years.

But in the opinion of many, new blood and objectives had to be infused. Istanbul had to be prepared for wide-bodied airplanes; Ankara was not going to be served with large aircraft, but being the capital required special attention; Izmir always had an important Sales Office; U.S. military bases were major sources of revenue, but the commanding officer was in the habit of excessive demands; *and*, we were approximately 36 months behind transferring funds – income – out of the country. In fairness, Pan Am personnel generally were very dependable and responsible. So all of these observations and considerations had to be weighed and balanced prudently.

Politically, the government was Maoist. Through non-official sources we were advised to close our offices by 6 p.m. sharp, and all personnel to be out of the premises no later than 6:20 p.m. The precise times were critical as on three occasions we were bombed, and always just after the minutes described above. I have to admit we had no difficulties speedily obtaining funds from New York for new furniture. (For precaution I had also installed on the mezzanine floor in my office and in one other section two “ditching ropes” – the type positioned in airplane ceilings over exit doors for escape use in emergency water landings – though fortunately we never had to employ them).

Sylva Benli, my secretary, was also my “social and event coordinator”. She scheduled my chauffeur to deliver me punctually to a St. Patrick’s Day celebration at a private residence on March 17, 1978. The maid ushered me into the Living Room...not one guest had arrived. I waited for the host. When at last he appeared, and after cordial introductions, he asked about the purpose of my visit. Immediately I learned I was at the wrong house. Embarrassed I admitted my driver had left, would pick me up later and could a taxi take me to the correct place? The gentleman insisted to drive me personally to the proper address and promised he would direct my driver thereto, as well.

The next morning my secretary asked about the party. Incredulously she wanted to know if I obtained the name of the gentleman on whom I barged in by error. She turned pale: ***The*** scion of one of the largest Turkish commercial enterprises whose vast cargo trade Pan Am had unsuccessfully solicited for years. Now we had it! A few phone calls and expressions of appreciation on my part assured getting the business.

There were several additional happenings of interest: The first one involved my driver. He had the habit, especially when turning corners, not to slow for pedestrians. I guess he really would have preferred to mow them down. Thus I orchestrated that my #3 man fire him. I felt it advisable this be done by a Turkish citizen rather than by me. I also then gave up my car, which in looks was the same as the U.S. ambassador’s, and utilized thereafter an unmarked taxi, driven by a kind and trusted gentleman who was always on

call and punctual without fail. As a farewell gift he located four resplendent tiles, as found in classic mosques. They are still displayed on my wall today.

I had the pleasure of accompanying the Prime Minister on a state visit to Washington. On the return trip to Turkey we changed our pattern and stopped first in Ankara to let him off, then proceeded to Istanbul. There my #1 person for the airport drove me home and both of us watched on TV the first of two world cup soccer games from Buenos Aires. He left at the end of the first match. I kept the TV on, retired briefly to the bathroom, then suddenly in the mirror saw flames billowing from the living room where only minutes before I had been. The TV set had exploded! I grabbed my briefcase still stacked next to my unopened suitcase, ran outside and cursed that I had not learned how to holler in Turkish “Fire, fire.” The *Kapici* (caretaker), hearing my screams, came from his basement apartment, saw the fire, turned to fetch an extinguisher – so tiny that it served no purpose – while others in the building called the fire department.

It should be noted that my apartment, with a stunning view of the Bosphorus and Asia, was in the “modern” section of Istanbul...some 400 years or so old. The fire trucks could not maneuver the small, ancient street, so inhabitants calculatingly lifted parked cars out of the way to enable rigs to reach the house. By that time much of what I owned was destroyed. My counter-part for Alitalia Airlines, who lived across the street, had come over with a bottle of cognac which we drank sitting on the marble staircase while firemen continued putting out flames. The publisher of one of the largest Turkish newspapers had a formal party on an upper floor and guests ceremoniously traipsed down the stairs as the building was evacuated. I was not burned, but looked like it: My body was totally black. An old man, whom I had never seen before or afterwards, entered the house with a wooden bowl containing cream-looking liquid, and gently rubbed it on my back, chest and arms. I discovered that it was coconut milk, truly soothing to the skin. I also determined, after the fire was extinguished, that a piece of shrapnel ejected from the TV and imbedded itself in the chair I was sitting in, precisely where my heart would have been! (Today I still use that chair in my living room).

That night I returned to live in the same Inter-Continental Hotel, nearby, where I had stayed when I first arrived in Istanbul.

Now, why the TV explosion? Istanbul had two electric currents, 220 and 110 volts. Most of the time neither functioned at full pace. When the first world cup game ended, a large number of TV viewers (Turks are soccer fanatics) switched off their sets, if only temporarily. That meant electric currents rushed forward and even though my set, a British model, had a surge protector it was not enough to prevent the blast.

I thought that would be the beginning of restoration and repairs, after painstakingly documenting cumbersome and detailed insurance-related information. How wrong I was.

Weeks after the fire, maybe even months, my secretary informed me solemnly one morning that I had received notification, which she translated and held in her hands, summoning me to Court for having maliciously and carelessly, but purposefully, started

the apartment fire. It was alleged that I smoked a cigarette which I had not extinguished. Stunned I was! I immediately asked her to contact our Company attorney, which efficiently she had already done. “You two have lunch together today,” she replied. He was meticulous, curious and finally asked “Did you give, and if so how much, Baksheesh to the firemen?” I literally gulped while trying to swallow a piece of meat. Although my manager who had gone home after the first soccer game had returned to the apartment while firemen were still laboring – and he was in the habit of giving me advice – this is one morsel he (and I) overlooked. I had failed compensating the fire brigade. Now they were leveling the score, though naturally none of it was acknowledged.

Since the order of the court hearing was close to the Turkish summer recess calendar, my attorney arranged to postpone the meeting until autumn. It gave us time to prepare our case, to advise the embassy in Ankara, and to alert my Legal Department in New York. We also debated whether I should leave Turkey for reassignment but decided against running away as (a) it might have been interpreted as admission of guilt and (b) would most likely have prevented me from ever entering again Turkish territory. I did, however, prepare my briefcase with all sorts of airline tickets, passport and a few necessary documents to board a flight to somewhere, anywhere, should I lose my case and be ordered to jail (we figured I’d be first allowed to go to my apartment directly from the trial to pick up a few personal items, thus be able to divert to the airport).

On a specified day I was scheduled to be at the Courthouse by 11:00 o’clock. The attorney and my translator (one of my managers) greeted me, and the former offered to show me around the building as the judge was still on case #2 [as posted on the door] and we were somewhere around #8. Frankly, I had absolutely no desire to see what the facilities looked like. And when at the conclusion of one case an accused-of-something man, head shaved, came out escorted by two armed soldiers with weapons in the front and followed by two more guards in the rear, I almost puked! I noticed that my attorney then spoke with the bailiff. A few minutes later I was asked to enter the courtroom.

Visualize the setting: Rows of wooden pews. We sat in the first one. On the dais the judge, prosecutor and “stenographer” behind an antiquated typewriter. (I do not know whether anybody from the Fire Department was there). Then I committed my first mistake: Seated, I had crossed my legs. It is a “no-no” in that part of the world to point your toes to someone of higher authority. My translator quietly reminded me. I should have remembered. Then when I was asked to stand and give my name, I momentarily put my hands behind my back. Another error. When poked by my manager/translator I changed to the correct stance.

Questions and answers in rapid succession followed. Each one had to be translated, thus the pace of interrogation sometimes ebbed. Nevertheless it was intensive. Abruptly the judge, looking at a piece of paper, challenged: “Mr. Loy, please explain why you admitted in a written statement, given after the event, signed by you, that you had set the fire?” Ahah, there it was! I was stupefied. Yes, I had made a police report the day after the fire, a customary procedure, but never conveyed what the judge’s query asserted.

When, through my attorney and translator, I insisted such a statement was untruthful and had never been made by me, that I could also prove I do *not* smoke by bringing to Istanbul a 747 planeload of people from around the world who knew me, the judge held up the accusatory page and intoned “But you signed this statement!”

I do not remember who at that precise moment then asked for a sample of my signature, which gladly I wrote out on a piece of paper. It was handed to the judge. He compared both – the one on the report, the other that was just passed to him on the platform. Clearly they were not alike. He was a sound, considerate and respectable authority. And he began to berate the prosecutor in language I did not understand, but the sound of his clipped tone was unmistakable: Someone had forged my signature! Case dismissed and closed.

On the way out the attorney and bailiff exchanged a few more pleasantries and I was measurably relieved. I took the day off, simply walked through Istanbul’s famous Grand Bazaar, which was only a short distance away, and literally shook off the burden I had carried for months. Phone calls to my family in the U.S. (my sons had beseeched me when this case first was placed on the docket *not* to read the then popular book or see the movie “Midnight Express” depicting Turkish prison scenes), followed by calls to my departments in New York and to the ambassador in Ankara concluded this sordid drama.

One other episode, more comical than the last one: To enhance inter-airline relations I hosted at home on Sundays brunch and served Bloody Mary. One Sunday everyone (for whatever reason) had stepped outside into the street when the apartment door banged shut. We were locked out. Pure and simple. A man came by the house, someone stopped him to explain and ask for a locksmith. He readily replied that he himself could help: He was a cat-climber! One tiny transom window in the kitchen was ajar and it was through that opening -- after slithering up the sheer wall of the building -- that he squeezed himself into the apartment. Incredible! (I had the next morning changed every lock).

It is also noteworthy that the solidarity of the foreign carriers became evident when at one of our monthly airport/airline conferences the proposal to hold one of the next meetings on Cyprus was defeated. The Greek/Turkish war on the island, resulting in its political partition had caused grave repercussions. If we had assembled there it might have been interpreted as an endorsement by the airlines -- and axiomatically perhaps by their respective governments -- of Turkey’s occupation legitimacy of northern Cyprus.

My assignment in Turkey was supposed to be three years. In January 1980, in a phone call from the President of Pan Am, I was asked if I was ready to tackle something new (though I was a few months short of 36 months). I answered affirmatively – “positively.” Exact responsibility: Director, Airport Services Support and Compliance, Pacific Rim. Translation: Conduct negotiations in the PRC – The Peoples Republic of China. We, Pan Am, wanted to operate to Shanghai and Beijing; the Chinese aspired to fly to the U.S. “Why I?” “Because you have negotiated in virtually every communist government environment.” I was told (a) I could chose my base of operation (Miami, I said) and (b) to wait moving thereto until the final signature had been affixed to the Pan American – National Airlines merger document.

PAN AM -- SUCCESS IN CHINA

I landed in Miami on February 2, 1980 (at 4 p.m., to be precise). My choice of settling there and commence negotiations with the Chinese Government had nothing to do with the merger activities of Pan Am & National Airlines, though I happened to be *the* first Pan Am employee in the National Headquarters. Mergers are never made in heaven. I have consistently maintained that if I could not have read English I could not have found the “M E N s” room for no National Airlines person would have pointed me in the right direction. I was *not* welcome!

A couple of memorable remembrances: Before setting out to the Pacific I had to go to Paris where we had a computer-related airport problem. Normally that would have been outside my purview but I had wrestled with it before. I flew on a National (now Pan Am) numbered flight, with a National crew. Unfortunately one of the cabin attendants – in First Class, no less – was serving passengers while chewing gum. This in Pan Am was strictly taboo. As normally I submitted “in-flight service comments” – most of them commendations – I mentioned this one also (unfavorably). It took only 24 hours before former National Flight Service personnel knew about it and they didn’t let me forget.

Whether right or wrong – it was not for me to judge – only four National Headquarters directors were kept by Pan Am. One of these, the Director of Government Relations (whose jurisdiction was actually expanded after the merger to be responsible for the southern U.S. from Puerto Rico to Hawaii) realized, or so she thought, that I knew where the “skeletons were buried” and from a professional standpoint wanted to get to know me. Her opportunity came one week after my arrival: I had entered the sole elevator which also served the top floor of the building in which her office, and previously the president of National Airlines, was located. I heard her clicking heels as she ran to the elevator, pressed #6 floor (mine) and she #11. The conversation was very short: A few frivolous remarks plus “Come on up and see me some time” and the door opened as I reached my floor. I had no idea who she was, except the only affable person I had met thus far.

A few days later I ventured upstairs. I had no name, no orientation except that I remembered her voice and the floor number she punched in the elevator. I slowly walked the corridor, listening to voices and overheard what I thought was hers bounding from one office. Entering, I told the secretary that “her boss” (so I guessed) was expecting me and within a minute was sitting in front of Kathy Babl. We chatted. She asked a few questions, discreetly. No in depth dialogue. As I excused myself to return to my desk she inquired “If I may ask, what is it you have in your hand?” My prayer beads. I explained that I was a Muslim, she wanted to know the difference between that religion and, say, Protestantism, I said “We all have our God”... and rattled on a bit more, ending with “the major difference is that I am allowed a few more wives.” Thereupon Kathy yelled for her secretary, asked me to repeat my story...and I left.

Although I saw Kathy in the building now and then when I was not traveling – especially at our daily 9 a.m. global telephone briefings which connected all major Pan Am locations around the world – she never really spoke to me again, though was courteous. Six months later we happened to attend the same retirement gathering in the building of a National old timer. She had done her homework, learned I was not a Muslim but a Presbyterian Elder and had probed my background, primarily in Pan Am. It was the beginning of another – ours – merger.

By now I was deeply engrossed in my primary assignment: Reaching an air agreement with China.

Almost everything was different navigating in and negotiating with the Chinese: It was tedious, endless, exhausting; it required composure and endurance, humor and firmness, skill to avoid confrontation and to mediate breakthroughs.

I was told when I settled in Miami – as well as on briefing visits to New York – that a “Mr. Shoemaker” from Hong Kong, with an office also in the Pan Am Building, would be available to provide input about China. I had heard little of the gentleman. I never really learned what he had been doing, or was still performing, in Hong Kong. I believe he had traveled in China. I didn’t know who hired him. He was not very accessible and not helpful. In fact, he was more of a hindrance than a facilitator. I have no clue what happened to him.

My orders were clear. And...I was also under the impression he would – and had, by the time we departed New York – informed Chinese authorities about us, including our arrival. Apparently I was wrong.

I had no desire to travel with a large staff. But preferably I wanted someone to be with me from the Company who had some experience in the Orient. Al Topping became the choice. He had been posted in Okinawa and later Saigon. In fact he was the last Pan Am person to leave Saigon on the last Pan Am plane. He was now in New York awaiting reassignment. His wife had the skills of a competent secretary. Both of them were available and the three of us became a well-rounded, efficient team.

Our arrival in Beijing on JAL (Japan Airlines) was in the evening and a bit confusing – to us and I suspect to government officials. I had been accustomed to cold-shouldered greetings by unfriendly foreign agencies from previous experiences, though am not certain the Toppings had. In any case it appeared no one knew or cared that we were coming. We had planned to stay overnight at the residence near the airport of a Chief Mechanic because (a) he was in the U.S. and (b) temporarily, if I recall correctly, on loan to Boeing supervising its aircraft maintenance in China. However, his letter of permission to utilize the house was not accepted by Chinese airport officials and space was found for us in a non-descript hotel nearby.

The following morning we were awoken by a telephone call giving us less than half an hour to present ourselves at a Ministry in downtown Beijing. More of an order than invitation! And so began our tour of talks. I have already explained how delicate and ponderous they were. Yet on occasion also comical.

I had brought with me – intentionally -- a Polaroid camera, figuring the Chinese had never seen such a contraption and that it might “open doors.” Handing out photographs instantly after they were taken was indeed a novelty for “locals” and richly prized.

On one of our airport inspection expeditions we looked for a number of aspects which were going to be examined by the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration before granting permission to operate into the country. Only one airline from the “West” (other than JAL from the “East”) was then flying to China: Air India. Their Operating Manual, used by Chinese airport personnel was disarranged, had missing pages and was jumbled. We quickly recognized we would have to supply our own material, information and judgment. Which led us to look at the airport’s fire rescue department.

As at most airports, the fire department was located on “the other side” of the runway, housed in a small building. The fire chief was a very proud gentleman, contend with his antiquated facility and machinery – all of which was inside the dwelling which made it impossible to photograph. Yet, that’s precisely what we needed. So we asked that the gear be moved outdoors as we wanted to take photos not only of the Chief himself in front of the ancient fire truck, but also of the personnel on duty. Our Polaroid indeed unblocked any hesitation! Now we had the proof which, if it were ever shown to the FAA (and for that matter to our Headquarters) would for certain raise alarm. Concurrently we had made friends by leaving a bunch of photographs with the Chinese fire & rescue squad!

At one of our next get-togethers at the Ministry I brought up the subject of airport safety requirements, and specifically the lack of modern, efficient ground equipment. I conveyed that unless the government provided updated machinery – a modern fire truck as the main example – we could not recommend operating into the airport. At once Chinese officials implied that Pan Am should supply what it thought was needed, which I politely declined. Discussions led nowhere. Finally I recounted that some days before we had seen a sleek, fairly new and state-of-the-art fire rig race through the streets of Beijing. Stone-faced they replied that the vehicle was under another jurisdiction of the city and therefore could not be considered or transferred to the airport. I did not argue as I had made my point. Subsequently the airport fire chief got his new truck – the same one we had spotted downtown.

We, the three-person Pan Am delegation, conducted a breakfast meeting every morning in our hotels – In Beijing the *Friendship Hotel*, in Shanghai the *Ching Chiang*. It should be remembered that we had no offices in the two cities, no staff, no communications equipment except hotel telephones and that everything we did, whether long-distance calls, dining in restaurants, or just walking through streets was monitored.

Shanghai was different than Beijing. It was as if they were distinct countries. The “Paris of the East”, as Shanghai was sometimes described, was a pulsating metropolis and its people energetic, more responsive. Overall we made faster progress negotiating and itemizing our needs, though obviously they could not act totally independently from their counterparts in the capital.

One Thursday morning in Beijing, at our breakfast conference, I surprised my staff declaring that if by 11:00 o’clock in our scheduled session with Chinese officials we did not make progress I would shut down negotiations. As always the Toppings provided sage counsel. But they were in agreement. Promptly at 11:00 I informed our hosts that because no or only limited progress had been made in weeks of discussions we intended to depart on the JAL afternoon flight on Saturday, two days hence. And I advised the group that the following day, Friday, we would not be available as we were going sightseeing. If, however, they wanted to reestablish a dialogue to please leave a message by Friday evening in our hotel and we would meet on Saturday morning at 9:00 a.m. However, I added, the conference positively would have to be substantive!

With that we left. I don’t believe, from what I have learned, anybody had ever halted discussions before. I kept the door ajar, however, to re-start but on unequivocal terms. I had also purposely chosen to do so on a Saturday and fairly early in the morning, remembering that Chinese officials hated to come to their offices on weekends and certainly not early in the day.

On the way to our hotel we stopped at the State-run automobile rental agency. They, like most people in the capital, knew who we were. When I asked for a car with driver for Friday they insisted, which I knew they would, that we were required to also have a guide. But, said the agent, we don’t have an English- speaking person therefore they couldn’t give us a car. I asked what other language was available? German or French was the reply. He, of course, figured that would kill any rental arrangement (which, they felt should probably have been arranged by some higher government official). I said we’d take a German-speaking guide. Now they had no choice.

The drive to the Wall was about two hours. Our seating arrangement was for Al to sit next to the driver as that gave him extra leg room. In the back was I behind the driver, in the middle the guide, and next to him Al’s wife. She asked me after the guide fell asleep with his head on her shoulder to wake him and suggest he stay awake. A little later she again begged me to admonish the guide. I instructed him what our expectations were! So a few minutes later he inquired “And how does your wife like Beijing?” I informed him she was not my wife. “Oh...how does your daughter....” I told him she wasn’t my daughter. He tried one more time: “I understand...how does your girlfriend enjoy China?” So I indicated, “You see the gentleman in front? He and the lady next to you are together...they are husband and wife.” Startled he asked for me to repeat. And then, for the first time, there wasn’t just a chat between him and the driver, but a torrent of Chinese exclamations and disbelief and astonishment! They were utterly stumped. You see, Al was Afro-American, his wife was Caucasian.

I am reminded how on other occasions we had farcical encounters. One was our return to the hotel after (another) unsuccessful negotiation session when, as we entered through the revolving door, a group of about six or seven black businessmen from Africa were coming toward the lobby's exit and Al calling out in English for all to hear "See? I told you my ancestors were here before!"

While still shuttling between Beijing and Shanghai I received an invitation to attend the opening of Inter-Continental's Hotel new tower in Tokyo. The Toppings and I joined this event in the attractive bar at the pinnacle of the building, with a 360 degree view of Tokyo. Al Topping and I, a glass of champagne in our hands gazing earthward, way down, to the street, abruptly felt the building sway. Sidewalks appeared rising, then ebbing, then ascending again. An earthquake! Fortunately not for long, but frightening. When calm returned I faced my good-hearted colleague and burst out "Al, this is the first time ever that I saw you turn white!"

Or our attempts to get around the annoying requirement to always make restaurant reservations days in advance. We got tired of this practice and so frequently showed up unannounced. Invariably we would be told that there was no space, whereupon left and would enter the locale via the door designated for Chinese only. We were always seated – probably to avoid an embarrassing scene – and naturally we enjoyed the food, from the same kitchen at much lower prices.

When we returned to the hotel from our tour to the Wall that Friday evening, there was a curt note whether we would be available the next morning for another meeting? It confirmed the hour: 9:00 a.m. We did not depart on JAL that Saturday afternoon. Candidly, from that point on we made progress, noticeably so, in our discussions and explorations of our needs as well as those of the Chinese. In fact, I promised that personally I would be available and assist them – in effect "holding their hands" – in Seattle (at Boeing facilities. The Chinese Government planned using Boeing aircraft). I concurred that they be granted landing rights in San Francisco and Washington D.C. We in turn would serve Shanghai and Beijing.

The Pan Am Proving Flight operated on November 2, 1980, from NRT to PEK (Narita Airport, Tokyo, to Peking as it was still called). Appropriately the aircraft was designated *Clipper Charles Lindbergh*. To celebrate Sino-American Air Services, Chinese hosts suitably and genuinely honored the crew, government officials and invited guests – and the rest now is history.

**PAN AM RETIREMENT, REAL ESTATE PROFESSION, ANIVERSARY
CELEBRATIONS AND OTHER NOTABLE OCCASIONS – SAD AND HAPPY**

Upon completing my primary mission in the People's Republic of China I monitored on site PanAm's operations in the Pacific Rim, which was part of the responsibilities originally assigned to me but for which I had little time while in China. I also pondered retirement – should I? Economic forecasts of the airline were not encouraging and “retirement packages” were still attractive. So, just about 35 years after I started, I ended officially my career with Pan Am on July 1, 1981.

About the same time I had to make two other decisions, the first, while still on PanAm's payroll, the other immediately after my retirement: Philippine Airlines was searching for a Vice President, Services, headquartered in Manila. I was one of the candidates – but not successfully. I knew that the airline was bloated with people, and had I joined one of my first tasks would have been to trim staff, probably radically. Not a pleasant prospect. So, in retrospect and after an interview in Manila I was fortunate not to be chosen.

The second decision involved another global organization: IT&T. They were looking to fill the position of a regional Vice President, based in Bahrain. I interviewed in Brussels but personal considerations prompted me not to accept.

So, almost immediately after I retired from Pan Am I entered the real estate profession, concentrating on a foreign clientele and international transactions. That was logical: I was by rearing, education, experience and accomplishments an “internationalist” who had contacts worldwide. I also enjoyed an enormously generous travel-privilege package, thus was able to visit customers – and meet prospective clients – any time I deemed necessary.

There were far fewer *dramatic* incidents than in my previous career but many memorable episodes. One obviously noteworthy was my marriage to Kathy, on August 27, 1987. Another important moment was Kathy leaving Pan Am and associating with the same Real Estate Company in which I was working: We served our customers as a full-fledged two-person team.

As it was for me, this was Kathy's second marriage. Born in Washington, DC, she moved with her parents to Miami at age four. As a lobbyist for National Airlines and Pan Am she was adroit giving me sage advice, pinpointing potential hurdles and offering wise guidance. Typical ones included, “don't even consider a position in Miami Beach...those people live in another world,” or “if you accept the post in Bahrein, I'll write to you weekly.” She is an ardent and dedicated lover of animals, be they cats, dogs or goats. She pays intensive attention to food labels and synthetic contents and skillfully prepares organic meals accordingly. Her thrust and knowledge of medical subjects, derived in large measure from her mother who was a nurse, is phenomenal. Result: I go to no

doctor's appointment without she accompanying me – and in the process she requests answers to questions I never thought about. One of her most dynamic – often proudly affirmed – observations: “I have five grandsons without any stretch marks”. Such is her admiration and love for my off springs who truly are part of her.

Some highlights centered on health issues: First, my mastectomy in May 1998, which definitely was not pleasant. I was fortunate that my primary doctor, Peter Shea, assembled and in fact controlled an excellent medical team. No decisions were made without first reviewing them with Dr. Shea. The second health concern occurred in February 2007, when my bladder ceased functioning, necessitating use of catheters to empty it on an ongoing basis. Chalk this one up to a “troublesome predicament.”

Memorable were the fabulous birthday celebrations staged for me on the appropriate dates after my retirement from PanAm. Let me summarize them, for I have described most in detail in aforementioned pages: #70, in 1993, which Kathy and I celebrated in Luebeck, Merano, Venice, Austria and Hungary. #75, in 1998, which began in London with the thunderbolt surprise (for me) appearance, at the precise moment when we checked into our hotel, of my sons – Steven from New Jersey, Peter from The Netherlands. What exquisite joy!! And it ended in Rome with another bombshell: The unexpected appearance, already recounted in previous pages, of Karl and Brigitte Fuchs. The 80th birthday (2003) celebrated in Rottach-Egern, attended by nearly 50 family members and friends from many countries. It was a marvelous affair and I wrote about it in greater detail already. Everlastingly it will be imbedded in my mind. Unique was the setting, hotel accommodations and service; cheerful were young and older participants; ecstatic were all about the sensational hikes and sleigh-rides; merry was the zither musician and, to project just one other extraordinary scene, the Irish duet-singers: Dorothy and Gil Thompson. It will be difficult to duplicate anytime, anywhere what transpired in Rottach-Egern!

On January 9, 2001, the President of Germany (Bundespräsident) Johannes Rau asked his Consul General in Miami, Fritz von Rottenburg, to present to me the *Bundesverdienstkreuz* (Cross of the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany), the highest honor or award, the German Government can bestow on a civilian. I have been told it is the equivalent to being knighted. It was an event of which I was completely kept in the dark except for 24 hours before the presentation. It took almost one year to process, a fact known only to Kathy.

No momentous highlights compared to the ones described above, but very significant were the destinations Kathy and I explored after retirement from Pan Am.

For instance Boracay in the Visayas, Philippines. The most beautiful white and wide beach! Nearest airport: Caticlan on Panay Island – with its graphic, descriptive, inspiring sign for all to read...and never forget: *CRASH FIRE RESCUE STATION*. Unequivocal!

On a visit to New York we experienced a once-in-a-life-time episode: At about 5:25 in the afternoon we sat on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. A few feet

away slouched a gruff-looking character. What attracted our attention was a large – *very large* – live snake dangling around his neck. Unexpectedly a police car slowly drove by. one of the officers spotted this bum with his snake. He ordered him to move...to leave the place instantly! He did. But obviously he watched the police moving on, too, and as soon as they were out of sight returned, with snake, to his spot on the Cathedral's steps. We decided not to stay. It wasn't amusing, just *incredulous*. New York – New York.

More unforgettable trips: Luncheons with Steve and Philomena in Los Angeles (one day turnaround flights); Hope Town, Bahamas, at Ira and Sheree Sochet's home; Seattle, Washington, and Orcas in the San Juan Islands with Pete and Gretchen; Vancouver; *Sea Cloud* and *River Cloud* cruises in Europe and the Caribbean, courtesy of Chris Moern; Helsinki, Stockholm and the Aaland Islands; Hawaii and locating the grave of Charles Lindbergh in a small cemetery in Kipahulu near Hana on Maui. The road is only 52 miles but has 617 hairpin turns! The famed aviator and Pan Am executive died in 1974; Barcelona to Athens and Greek islands in-between; Austria and The Netherlands; Italy from North to South; Germany from tiny villages or lesser-known towns (Marburg, Olching, Kreuth, Siegburg and many more) to large hubs; Moscow and St. Petersburg; Manchester; Ecuador; Manila, Bali, Singapore and Hong Kong; Israel and Petra, Jordan; Istanbul, Ephesus and Kusadasi; Martha's Vineyard and Maine; Las Vegas and Washington D.C.; Two days only just to celebrate Christmas Eve in Munich with son Peter – and midnight service in, where else, *St. Peter's Church* – originally an extension of the monastery at Tegernsee (another place both Peter and Steven love) and the oldest documented parish church in the Munich area, dating back to the 12th Century.

And I learned new jargon to describe certain situations: Walking by a boutique store and reading a sign that they would take trade-ins for new purchases, and Kathy asking me "*I wonder how much I could get for an old husband?*" Or because Kathy and I were invited to so many Jewish holidays that our friends Ira and Sheree started introducing us as "*we would like you to meet our Jewish Lite friends....*" as in Miller Lite and Bud Lite.

I also mastered – Kathy never lets me forget – how to administer deluxe back massages: We once attended a concert hosted by the Italian Consul General. I bought a CD, having been assured it contained a favorite of mine, the Italian National Anthem. It did...*seven* versions (*not* what I needed)! Now whenever Kathy craves for a massage (often!) the Anthems' tempo, cadence and blare serve as backdrop for my kneading skills.

I have stated repeatedly that nurturing friendships – cultivating personal relationships – takes effort. It is easier to initially form companionships and attachments, but much more difficult to maintain, uphold and buttress them. We have been extremely fortunate with our friends! Many of them became such through real estate investments.

Evi and Hermann Jaeger from Olching, near Munich, bought an apartment in Key Biscayne, Florida. One day Evi's two sisters arrived to vacation there. (Evi, to surprise them, flew in one day earlier). Kathy and I were at the airport to meet the sisters, together with a disguised chauffeur in authentic uniform, therefore unrecognizable. The chauffeur was of course Evi! The two sisters were positively puzzled that "Carlos", the driver, did

not get out of the car to help load their baggage. They considered this impolite. Furthermore, “Carlos”, never said one word (naturally...otherwise the disguise would have been uncovered). On the entire trip from airport to Key Biscayne I observed both ladies ogling the driver suspiciously -- later they confirmed that “Carlos” appeared somewhat effeminate. This suspicion was magnified upon arrival in the basement garage of the apartment complex, when in the adjacent garden photos were taken...and “Carlos” standing between the two sisters pinched one of them. The masquerade of the chauffeur was revealed and Evi’s head was heartily trashed with the bouquet of welcoming flowers.

Every personal Anniversary Celebration seemed momentous. Each one had its own flavor and progressively was more grandiose. The first one – probably the longest European trip we ever took -- was in 1993. It commenced precisely on my 70th birthday, November 23, when Kathy and I flew to Frankfurt, then visited friends in Eschwege, Luebeck (with a major ceremony at the spellbinding, riveting *Schiffergesellschaft* Restaurant which has been owned by the local brotherhood of sea captains since 1535, and where we lodged within spitting distance at our favorite *Schwarzwaldstube* of the same epoch). Cologne, Siegburg-Lohmar, Munich and Olching followed. From Germany it was to Italy (Merano and Venice – the latter a present at the charming *Albergo Flora* courtesy of my brother Frank and his wife Dale!). Onward to Austria (Vienna, Klosterneuburg, St. Poelten) and then Budapest, Hungary. Finally we drove back to Olching via Salzburg. We took the train to Frankfurt to catch our plane to Miami.

I was celebrating my 75th birthday in Rome where another huge surprise was sprung on me by our wonderful friends, Brigitte and Karl Fuchs. We had seen them shortly before in Vienna where Kathy and the Fuchs schemed the unexpected: We were having an appealing dinner at the Inter-Continental Hotel (where we were staying). She excused herself, pretending something in her eye bothered her. I learned later she had gone to the Front Desk to advise Brigitte and Karl, who were about to arrive from Vienna, that we were in the Dining Room. All at once they appeared. Kathy again supposedly had an eye problem and asked me to look at it in order not to detect our good friends as they approached our table. I was dumbfounded! Had absolutely no idea they were coming.

It was getting late in the evening when the four of us decided to walk to the around-the-corner Spanish Steps...with an ice bucket, a bottle of champagne (courtesy of the hotel’s General Manager) and four glasses, all tucked under Kathy’s cape which made her look conspicuously pregnant. It was of course prohibited to drink on the Steps, but no one suspected us. A young Japanese couple were the only ones climbing by – they took a photo of us. And so Brigitte and Karl and we celebrated gloriously not just my birthday but our deep friendship! It is still profound.

The venue of Birthday Jubilee No. 80 in 2003 was the *Park Hotel Egerner Hof* in Rottach-Egern am Tegernsee. Kathy and I planned the occasion very carefully: In a special pre-celebration trip we not only inspected the hotel meticulously but also systematically arranged all other details for our group which we envisioned to number probably around 20. To our surprise almost 50 (including my sons Steve and Pete plus their family members and my brother Frank plus his wife Dale) and numerous friends

from Miami, Manchester, England, Vancouver, British Columbia, Austria, Germany and Rottach-Egern itself joined the fun and festivities. The revelry spanned three days!

It is difficult – nearly impossible – to describe the highlights of this “festival”. Was it the fabulous main birthday dinner in the hotel’s *Egener Alm*, a separate authentic alpine lodge situated on the hotel’s property, rustic yet exquisitely appointed? Or was it the pre-dinner champagne and wine reception in the Alm’s cellar? Or the torchlight hike of the Partnach gorge and the indulgence of ice-cold Schnapps at the end of the march? Or the sleigh ride to the hamlet of Kreuth -- horses pulling wagons and trotting cross-country through light-powdered snow blanketing forests and meadows? Or the mountain trek up the Wallberg (5,653 ft) in which almost everyone participated to overlook commanding views of distant peaks and valleys below? Or could it have been the Tegernseer Benedict Monastery, founded in the 8th Century? It houses a baroque-style church displaying beautiful frescoes, a beer tavern and brewery, restaurant and cellar, is popular and crowded with the locals, offers typical Bavarian food and beer (of course), Pretzels, sausage and baked camembert. What an entertaining evening we savored!

Kathy and I had told each guest, in no uncertain terms, not to bring ANY gifts. No one had listened and I was showered with material riches to go along with the heartfelt love.

Whatever the reasons – and, I am certain, each person selects his or her own preference – for me this birthday celebration was singular because of the family and friends in attendance, the camaraderie, choice of activities and the locale in which it occurred.

And how could we not remember a visit to Melk where Kathy’s favorite library in the Abbey is located. Karl Fuchs arranged a private English tour conducted by a true expert; or a performance in Prinzersdorf, where Karl is Mayor, of a Russian Cossack Choir; or fabulous dinners in Berlin (Mink’s), as well as at Pedro’s in Kasten, Austria!

And the astounding beautiful relationship with the entire Gerti and Josef Baumgartner family of St. Poelten and Vienna can only be described as fantastic. Their children, Markus, Andy (Andrea) and Hannes literally adopted Kathy and me as their “AGPs”, or Adopted Grandparents with a homemade *Urkunde* (document). So we inherited an “AGD” and two “AGS” (Adopted Granddaughter and Grandsons). All this happened while they lived in Miami for one year as students at the Florida International University and Coral Gables High School. Proud we are to have such outstanding grandchildren, and honored we are to be an integral part of Gerti’s and Josef’s family!

We have spent thousands of significant hours with the Baumgartner’s – in Florida, in Hope Town, Bahamas, on cruise ships in the Caribbean, in Moscow, Berlin; in their homes in St. Poelten and Kirchberg, and their apartment in Vienna; and we frequented together many Austrian towns (Spitz, Mariazell, Duernstein, Linz as examples). Striking, to cite another instance, was the illustrious wedding of Markus to Daniela in Weidling and the reception which followed in Klosterneuburg (which, by coincidence is also one of Kathy’s favorite monastery). I could write an entire chapter just about our friendship with all the Baumgartners – but I think the above exemplifies our intense, exquisite kinship.

Notable recognition is reserved for Kommerzialrat Willi Gelb of St. Poelten, Austria: Genuine friend, gifted painter, profound philosopher, sound businessman, and generous philanthropist. Willi is a prime example how a real estate transaction many years ago was transformed into an unmistakable special and lasting relationship.

Let me dwell for a few lines on Italy: Rome for me is always a *focal point*. My brother Frank's apartment in Via di Montoro is no exception. What a library it has! – And the small town of Teggiano, south of Naples where our good friends Cono and Eva Cimino live is charming and peaceful.

Never to be forgotten is Le Comunita di Mondo X the Convento di St. Francesco in Cetona! It dates to the year 1212. The convent is near Siena. Don't expect to find it advertised in travel guides – we found it through my brother and sister-in-law who stayed there also when they lived for a while in Perugia. A few rooms have been converted to house guests (duck your head as you walk through the doors) and it has a fabulous dining room. The atmosphere, both inside and in the garden of this religious establishment oozes history and radiates serenity. It beckons you to stay (or at least to return frequently).

I want to cite one other private – *personal* – highlight: President Bill Clinton nominating my brother Frank Under Secretary of State for Global Affairs at the State Department, a position he assumed on November 2, 1998. "Personal" I describe this because decades earlier I envisioned a diplomatic career in the U.S. Foreign Service though by destiny landed in Pan American Airways. Now Frank had achieved one of my aspirations, and proud I was. He had previously exercised State Department duties as Deputy Assistant Secretary for Economic Affairs, and later in 1979 when he headed the Bureau of Refugee Programs.

There were two incredibly anguished and heartbreaking events after my retirement. One, already mentioned in an earlier chapter, was the bankruptcy of Pan Am. It wiped out my Life Insurance policies, Hospital and Surgical coverage, Accident insurance, Retirement Supplemental Annuity, Long Term Disability and travel benefits. Obviously some of these assets, earned after decades of work, could never be recovered. And when they were renewable the price tag was horrendously high. In effect, it was life and income salvage from ground zero.

Understandably, as years passed in this "retirement and real estate period" one learned hearing more frequently about the deaths of a friend or an acquaintance and, yes, a family member. I was reminded about my aunt Rosl in London – and my grandmother Carola in Los Angeles – both telling me how very sad and shockingly lonesome these losses can be. At the time I really didn't comprehend the impact. But April 2009 turned out to be a very difficult such month.

Mickey Loy (Lerenzy Reyes) my first wife and mother of my two sons, Steven and Peter, had been for weeks in the Intensive Care Unit of the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) Medical Center. A fall in her apartment necessitated hospitalization and because of subsequent complications her condition worsened until her death on April 8th, just days before her 88th birthday. Mickey was always an exceedingly gracious, dignified, caring and brave Lady...with a capital “L”.

Kathy and I flew to California to attend a Celebration of the Life of Mickey, scheduled at what had been *her* house of worship and *her* faithful, helpful Congregation of St. John’s Presbyterian Church. It was a deeply emotional service. For me it was extraordinary. Yet also depressing and distressing.

I was sensationally proud, and acutely aware, how sons Steve and Pete had planned not only the Celebration of Life, how they took care of every detail imaginable, but I was equally intensely aware of their devotion and concerns for their mother while she was in the hospital (and before). Steve visited from New Jersey, Pete traveled from The Netherlands. Both of them throughout their mother’s ordeal were poignant in action and deeds beyond description.

I, however, was only at the edge of the family circle and all the friends whom Mickey cultivated over many years. I did not participate in any planning. On April 13, 2009, when I introduced myself at the end of the Celebration of Life Service to the Pastor of St. John’s – a dear friend of Mickey – it was an excruciating emotional moment (it had been many years earlier since I was installed at that church as a Presbyterian Elder). Now, at this singular hour in my life I was alone. And, after meeting the pastor, as I stumbled – literally – across the green lawn toward the Fellowship Hall, head bowed and just barely shuffling along, I suddenly felt the warm, firm embrace of Ruth Rendon – marvelous friends, she and Rick Rendon – with whom Kathy and I were staying in Rancho Palos Verdes. I recall her soft and soothing words “You need a hug.” I did. And it steadied me.

I was no longer alone. I had hoped – and planned – that Kathy would be at my side (she and Mickey had a cordial and sincere relationship). But Kathy was asked not to be at the service. I know many a tear has fallen silently and in profound sorrow on her cheeks!!

Kathy and I will continue looking at various options how best to balance daily activities while concentrating on private pursuits. Since my arrival in Miami in 1980, and because of my extensive immersion in community affairs, I have been honored with Official Proclamations and Awards, including the German American Business Chamber’s Distinguished German-American Award of Excellence; The Walter A. Loy Day of Miami-Dade County; The Walter A. Loy Service Award of Miami-Dade County, bestowed by the Mayor and the Board of County Commissioners.

I served for many years on the Executive Committee of the Greater Miami Chamber of Commerce, chaired the Global Affairs Group responsible for internationally-oriented councils (Europe, Africa/Middle East, Asia-Pacific, The Americas and Cuba). I was also on the Chamber's Board of Directors, and leader of the Consular Corps Committee. I am a Life Member of the Chamber's President Club and am still on the Board of Governors.

In the Miami-Dade Government's Office of Economic Development and International Trade I am on the Board of Directors and chair the Sister Cities and Consular Corps Committee.

I was a Founding Member, in 1988, of the German American Business Chamber of Florida, (GABC) and for ten years President. I am still on this organization's Board of Directors.

In the past I was on the Mayor's Protocol Committee; the Board of Advisors of Florida FTAA, Inc.; the Executive Committee and Board of Directors of the World Trade Center; the Advisory Board of the Hospitality Management Program of Miami-Dade College; and the Board of Governors of the eminent Miami Bankers Club.

Kathy and I have strategized for a number of years to relocate to Charlotte, North Carolina. Our goal is to retire, which we can't in Miami as it has become terribly expensive. But we can in North Carolina where the cost of living is cheaper. And we will not be in the hurricane belt, will observe four distinct seasons every year, most likely won't shovel snow but will be close to inviting ski lifts, and have the benefit, as in Miami, of excellent medical facilities. The economic and financial climate will dictate whether to sell or rent our Miami house.

Definitely, "scaling back" has materialized. Further calibration will transpire!

For the moment, however, we have reached the Epilogue of this Memoir.

EPILOGUE

I take some liberties with this last chapter, Epilogue: These reflections embrace explicit topics, ranging from a historical perspective “What if...” examination to a self-analysis of “What kind of life did I have?” followed by “persons who noticeably contributed shaping my life” and concluding with a philosophical dissertation and probe about “Religion and Faith.”

THOUGHTS ON HISTORY

To reflect and ask *What if...if this or that had happened, or had been contemplated?*” is of course a possibility, but not necessarily a constructive proposition. Yet, I offer some thoughts:

- *If* my father had not been a German army officer in WWI, and wounded during the war which I am convinced contributed toward his early death at age 47, he might have decided to leave Germany earlier than he did (and most likely at a considerably lower cost, without losing most of his wealth).
- Likewise, Grandfather Julius – who possibly felt like his son-in-law, my father, that it was safe to live under the Nazi regime because of past service (army officer in my father’s case, judgeship for Julius) – fleeing was not expedient. Germans, after all, respected military officers and judges (or so it was surmised).
- *If* my father had not made the decision to send his sons to neighboring countries to continue their education, and *if*, finally, he had not immigrated to the U.S., all of us would have been caught by WW2 in Germany or Italy and entrapped in the wretchedness plus disasters associated therewith.
- My father was a gentle, worldly, kind person. Though as a youngster I could not yet understand, in retrospect I learned how much, in how many ways, over too many years he suffered – and endured it all admirably. I remember how once I learned this...accidentally: It was in Los Angeles, over dinner, when I talked – possibly laughingly, I don’t remember – about a movie I had seen with Bette Davis in the main acting role. Suddenly my Dad broke down: My conversation had reminded him about *his* mother who died of brain tumor – unbeknownst to me!
- I regret that I did not have longer, more intensive conversations with my father. But maybe I did to the extent that I could, considering his early death and my own young years.
- I equally wished I had more extensive and comprehensive chats with my sons. Most certainly I did not with my grandsons, all five of them. Maybe if we had not lived apart for so much of our lives that might have been accomplished –

but first in Pan Am I was gone a lot, then Steve and Pete were in the U.S. while I was stationed overseas, then when they got married and I became a grandfather we were once more in different cities, even countries. Pity!

That leads me to seek answers to this question: **WHAT KIND OF LIFE DID I LEAD?**
Let me try a summary:

Fast paced, much of the time;
Boredom seldom;
Educational – my father contributed;
Frightening on occasion;
Loved, surrounded by it;
Lonesome, undeniably;
Hurt or grieved, now and then;
Well behaved? Not consistently;
Subjected to discipline, definitely;
Spoiled? I think it was avoided, though tolerated;
Impatient, sporadically;
Did I lead and motivate? Affirmative;
Was I innovative? Conclusively;
A consensus builder? Customarily;
Diplomatic and tactful? Demonstrably;
Respected? As an adult; and rewarded;
Did I make mistakes? Absolutely;
Did I learn from blunders? Positively;

And...perpetual exposure to cultural, racial, religious and political manifestations, traits or displays instilled in me high degrees of *tolerance*.

WHO WERE THE PEOPLE WHO HELPED SHAPE MY LIFE?

The category could be long, but I will summarize:

Foremost, as readers will have surmised, was my father, Alfred. Relatively young he died, enormously he influenced me and his other two sons. Often, still, I reflect and cite his wisdom, and most importantly, now value how he never complained about his loss of limbs and loss of fortune. As a young boy I did not appreciate sufficiently the sacrifices he endured and effected for his sons!

Next in line was Alfred's second wife, the woman who to me was my mother. This was followed by my birth mother, who lived in Belgium. Her husband, kind and worldly, patiently taught me much. Of course, I was influenced by my brothers, Herbert and Frank – the latter fortunately still today close and always comforting.

My first wife, Lerenzy (Mickey) and my second wife, Kathy, were and are impressive! Mickey's intensive relationship with family and friends in the Philippines left indelible imprints and impacts upon me. She was truly a wise, yet low-keyed woman. Her upbringing – reflected by her education concerns for our two sons -- cannot be over-estimated nor exaggerated. Mickey was also an avid global explorer and I still regret I did not respond to her wish to trek through Angkor Wat in Cambodia.

Many of the qualities described above are equally the strength of my second wife, Kathy: She is fond of my sons and grandsons; she watches over my health (and what I eat or drink) and prods the medical profession to exercise prudent health discipline and dispense timely and proper medical applications. Her devotion to animal pets reflects also her love, appreciation and respect for family, friends and acquaintances worldwide. And her expertise as a real estate broker is unmatched: She is meticulous, diligent, exacting, dependable, ethical and indisputably trustworthy.

Positively, my two sons, Steven who resides in Somerset, New Jersey, and Peter who lives in Wassenaar, The Netherlands, are included in this "Roster". Consistently they encourage me, express concerns, proffer counsel. Most comforting for me: They support and sustain each other.

Then follow the many intimate friends, already listed in aforementioned pages. They are numerous. They are scattered globally. They tune-in periodically. They are reliable.

FAITH AND RELIGION

I write this section not because it is an essential part of my Memoirs, but rather because it may answer questions which I was asked as the manuscript evolved. .

In previous pages I did not dwell much on Religion, and not at all on Faith. I was not brought up in a "religious environment". I already indicated that I knew well my catechism, which I learned while attending school in Rottach-Egern. Also, I described how my father endeavored to expose us to learning about religious teachings, wisdom, customs – but never intensely nor passionately. Just as my father studied Esperanto, a language he believed to be prominent in future years (he would have been disappointed) so he wanted to expand his sons' horizons.

I was further instilled with information, as I grew up, to more religions – Mormons, Muslims, Buddhists, Baptists. My Belgian mother and her husband were Catholics. My father came from a Judaic background, though it was not in any way practiced in our household. Mickey, my first wife, was Catholic, yet she attended a Protestant Missionary College in Cebu, Philippines. Kathy, my second wife, is a Protestant. I became a Presbyterian Elder in Los Angeles. Both my sons attended a Baptist school while growing up there. Of course they celebrated their friends' bar mitzvahs or, for that matter, any other spiritual festivity. And when we lived overseas together we went to a mixture of religious services. Similarly, Kathy and I attended synagogue Friday-evening-services in Jerusalem with our close friends, Sheree and Ira Sochet – or numerous high-Jewish-Holidays in their home in Miami Beach.

It must have become apparent by now that I have consistently enjoyed visiting Houses of Worship around the world. My favorite is the grandiose Basilica of St. Peters in Rome. But there is another St. Peter's, also known as "der Alte Peter" (the old Peter), built in 1180, adjacent to the Marienplatz in Munich where together with Kathy and son Peter I observed Christmas Eve Mass some years ago. And still another name-sake in Vienna, the baroque-style Peterskirche where beautiful organ music provided blessedness. A pope's coronation in St. Peter's Square was stunning as was a Mass when another pope visited Istanbul (the only way I was able to attend was because the CIA Station Chief got me tickets).

Irrespective what a person's religious orientation was, and is, I don't encroach or invade – be he or she family, friend or simply an acquaintance. Whenever and wherever I entered Houses of Prayer, including Eastern Orthodox churches in Eastern Europe and Russia, or synagogues and mosques in the Near East, it mattered little what the denominations were. Not every building was as huge as Hagia Sophia in Istanbul or as tiny a synagogue as in Padua, Italy. There were larger ones in Miami and Israel. I frequented Catholic cathedrals and churches throughout Europe, the U.S., Latin America and the Philippines – in large population centers, small towns and minuscule chapels high on mountains or in Hana, Island of Maui, Hawaii, where Charles Lindbergh is buried. There were temples (Jewish) in the Western Hemisphere and temples (Buddhist) in Asia. And If I could listen while attending services to the sound of choirs or organs then my level of pleasure and peace was uplifted instantaneously.

But what did it all mean to me? How was I influenced?

I realize today that other than celebrating Christmas, there was little religious activity at home when I was young. As I recall, there was insubstantial dialogue – next to zero --about religious beliefs and rites, in general or in specifics. The older I became, the more I embraced Catholicism *and* Protestantism (read Presbyterianism). Rome and the Vatican, no doubt, played a stimulating part. And indeed I felt comfortable no matter in which religious or spiritual environment I lived or whatever House of Prayer I frequented. In short, Catholicism or Protestantism or Judaism or the Eastern Orthodox teachings and Islamist beliefs or Buddhism...it didn't matter *who* belonged to which communion or devotion, or *who* advocated what.

I want to add...I have never appreciated incongruous religious jokes. I think they are unnecessary, often crude and demeaning, frequently ludicrous. Concurrently, I abhor disrespect, bellicose and non-civil behavior and all conduct of religious intolerance. Such deportment is not only disrespectful but oftentimes humiliating.

That leads me to my final conclusion: If I do not subscribe to *one* specific religion (I already intimated my *leanings*) how do I explain my faith?

I like to affirm that my faith is strictly individualistic, personal and intimate. It “belongs” to me! If I presume that whatever is my religion and whatever are my convictions and beliefs, then let it be accepted that they are truly *mine* -- and by deduction should be considered to be of no one else’s concern. It follows, at least for me, that my credence and my worship and prayers are indubitably *personal*, *discreet* and *private*. I admit...I have convictions and theories. I believe in trust and confidence and hope. There is a God, by whatever His name. This just-described catalogue spells – at least for me – *faith*. I don’t flaunt it and don’t expect to be queried.

My discourse, above, revealed one other aspect – one which I had recognized before, but as this is composed surfaces again: While over decades I learned much about worldwide religions, mores, rituals, customs, attitudes and standards I need yet to gain additional insights. I hope to find time to explore further these extensive, fascinating and interwoven histories. In North Carolina retirement I may have the opportunity.

May those who read this volume, especially my sons, daughters-in-law and grandsons (and maybe those yet to be born) learn a little extra background about me which I could not convey in person because of the geographical divide of where we reside. I am happy that at least I could communicate with them by way of the preceding pages.

Huntersville, North Carolina
Winter 2013

APPENDIX I - LOCATIONS WHICH INFLUENCED

The places tabulated below are amongst those which in one form or another left an imprint in my life. Their impact may have been because of a casual incident, a small episode, maybe a major development or a massive occurrence. Perhaps the compendium appears lengthy, yet it is not all-inclusive.

(A)

Abaco Islands (Bahamas)
Abidjan
Amman
Amsterdam
Ankara
Antigua
Antwerp
Arosa
Aruba
Asuncion
Athens
Atlanta
Auckland

(B)

Bahrain
Bali
Bangkok
Barbados
Barcelona
Beijing
Belgrade
Bergen
Berlin
Bermuda
Bolzano
Bora Bora
Boracay
Boston
Brasilia
Bremen
Brisbane
Brussels
Bucharest
Budapest
Buenos Aires

(C)

Canary Islands
Cancun
Cappadocia
Charlotte, NC
Chemnitz
Chicago
Colon
Copenhagen
Curacao

(D)

Den Haag
Dresden
Dublin
Dubrovnik
Duesseldorf

(E)

Ephesus

(F)

Florence
Fort de France
Frankfurt

(G)

Guam
Guatemala City

(H)

Hamburg
Helsinki
Hollandia
Hong Kong
Honolulu

(I)

Innsbruck

Istanbul

Izmir

(J)

Jerusalem

(K)

Kingston

Koeln

Kona

Krakow

Klosterneuburg

Kusadashi

(L)

Lagos

Las Vegas

Leipzig

Leyden

Lima

Linz

Lisbon

Lohmar

London

Los Angeles

Luebeck

(M)

Macau
Madrid
Managua
Manchester
Manila
Mariehamn
Melbourne
Merano
Merida
Mexico, DF
Miami
Miesbach
Milano
Montevideo
Moskva
Muenchen

(N)

Nairobi
Napoli
Nassau
New Delhi
New York
Nuernberg

(O)

Osaka
Olching
Orlando
Oslo

(P)

Panama City

Papeete

Paris

Petra

Pointe-a-Pitre

Pompeii

Portland, ME

Potsdam

Prague

Punta del Este

(Q)

Quito

(R)

Rio de Janeiro

Roma

Rottach-Egern

(S)

Salzburg
San Diego
San Francisco
San Juan
San Pedro Sula
San Salvador
Santa Barbara
Santo Domingo
Sao Paulo
St. Croix
St. Kitts
St. Lucia
St. Maarten
St. Petersburg
St. Poelten
St. Thomas
Seattle
Shanghai
Siegburg
Singapore
Stockholm
Sydney

(T)

Tacloban
Tampa
Tegernsee
Teggiano
Tegucigalpa
Tel Aviv
Tijuana
Tokyo
Toronto
Townsville

(U)

Ulm

(V)

Vancouver

Venezia

(W)

Wake Island

Warsaw

Washington, DC

Wassenaar

Wien

(X Y Z)

Zagreb

Zurich

APPENDIX II – PHOTO GALLERY

- 1 My father Alfred & his sister Rosl, June/July 1891, Nuernberg
- 2 Alfred, a student in Nuernberg, early 1900s
- 3 Father Alfred, German officer in World war I
- 4 My father Alfred, ca. late 1920s
- 5 Father Alfred, probably Los Angeles, ca. 1939
- 6 My mother Yvonne & her husband Willem Aerts, June 1948, probably Blankenberge, Belgium
- 7 My real, true-in sentiment, affection & feelings, mother Lisel, 2nd wife of Alfred, ca. early 1930s
- 8 My brother Herbert and I, Nuernberg 1926
- 9 Herbert and I a few years later
- 10 I at a very young age
- 11 My grandfather Max, father of Alfred. Date unknown
- 12 My grandmother Jenny, mother of Alfred. Date unknown
- 13 Mutti (mother) Lisel with my brother Frank, Nuernberg ca. 1928
- 14 My grandparents Carola (right) & Julius Loeffler (middle), parents of Lisel. Date unknown, probably Rome

- 15 Willy Haynes & daughters (standing) wife Rosl (seated next to my father). Rosl = sister of father, thus my aunt. London 1936
- 16 Rottach-Egern am Tegernsee, just south of Munich.
- 17 Our newly-built house in Rottach-Egern, 1934
- 18 Musicians on terrace in Rottach-Egern: Left, brother Frank, right brother Herbert, I in middle playing Zither. 1934/35
- 19 Seriously I played the Zither
- 20 Frank on top of Walter, Rottach-Egern, 1934/35
- 21 I in Rottach-Egern
- 22 Pete in Rottach-Egern
- 23 Mother Lisel & father Alfred on terrace in Rottach Egern (with Mr./Mrs. Pavia)
- 24 Brother Frank & I, Via San Marco 6 (our home) Merano, Italy 1938
- 25 Another view, another season, via San Marco, Merano
- 26 Probably Blankenberge, Belgium, late 1930s: L-R, Mother Yvonne, brother Herbert, his son Joel, his wife Evelyn, Father Willem, Yvonne's second husband
- 27 Herbert, my older brother. Brussels Nov. 1938
- 28 I, Walter, Brussels Nov. 1938
- 29 With my mother in Brussels, probably 1938

- 30 On *SS Vulcania*, Naples to New York, Feb. 1939, Frank & I
- 31 Rear Admiral Heinz Loeffler, brother of mother Lisel, who in Feb. 1939 welcomed us in Chicago
- 32 I @ U.S. Army Basic Training, Camp Roberts, CA, June 1943
- 33 Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea, Gen. Douglas MacArthur's HQ, Southwest Pacific Area, May/June 1944
- 34 Hollandia General Headquarters, "Tent City", 1944
- 35 Tacloban, Leyte Island, Philippines. *Street Scene*. Shortly after liberation from Japanese, November 1944
- 36 Tacloban, our "Living Compound" in a coconut grove. Nov. 1944
- 37 Our office quarters, Tacloban, November 1944
- 38 Lerenzy (Mickey) Loy and I, Manila 1944
- 39 Legislative Bldg. Manila, pre-World war II
- 40 Legislative Bldg. Manila after liberation from Japanese
- 41 University Club, Manila, Philippines, February 1944
- 42 Manila Street, February 1944
- 43 The Treasury, Manila, Feb. 1944. We pitched tent in front of it
- 44 Library, Univ.of Philippines, February 1944
- 45 Main Post Office, Manila, 1944

- 46 The then-and-now famous Manila Hotel, 1944/45
- 47 Lerenzy (Mickey) Reyes in Manila, ca. 1945
- 48 Mickey & I somewhere in Manila, Philippines, ca. 1945
- 49 Col. And Mrs. Leon Reyes, parents of my 1st wife Lerenzy (Mickey) Reyes + I. Cebu City, Cebu Island, unknown date
- 50 A typical carabao scene in the Philippines
- 51 Priority Orders to return from U.S. to Manila immediately after Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay
- 52 Bronze Star Medal Award, Manila November 1945
- 53 Official account of "Award Photo", 17 November 1945
- 54 Cutting wedding cake, Mickey and I, August 1948
- 55 Our house at 2143 Camden Ave., Los Angeles, CA
- 56 Mickey Loy and I in Los Angeles kitchen, ca. late 1940s
- 57 I with son Steven, two weeks young, Los Angeles 1952
- 58 Los Angeles, Feb/Mar 1957, Pete a few weeks old and Steve, five, with their parents
- 59 Sons Steven (left) and Peter, Los Angeles ca. 1960
- 60 Grandparents Carola & Julius + Frank & I, Los Angeles ca. 1950s
- 61 Key West, FL, in front of original PanAm office
- 62 Pam Am Managers & Supervisors, Los Angeles ca. 1951

- 63 Presenting an award. Pan Am Los Angeles
- 64 Presenting a Pan Am service pin, Los Angeles
- 65 Baseball with PAnAm staff. I was safe
- 66 Mickey with sons Steve & Pete, Los Angeles ca. mid 1960s
- 67 Mob greeting Richard Burton & Elizabeth Taylor, Los Angeles, May 11, 1969. I in upper left corner of photo
- 68 Dancing in Honolulu, Hawaii
- 69 Playing guitar in Tahiti
- 70 On Africa Photo Safari with driver/guide and family
- 71 In Switzerland with Matterhorn as background
- 72 L to R: Long-time PanAm boss & friend, Larry Burtchaell, Rick Rendon, a stalwart colleague, Herb Milley, VP Svcs & I
- 73 Pan Am ceremony recognizing outstanding staff
- 74 With Gil & Dotty Thompson, and Mickey, Honolulu ca. early 1960s
- 75 Pan Am outdoor advertisement, unveiled for PanAm staff
- 76 Our house covered in snow, Huntington, NY ca. 1969
- 77 My brother Herbert and his son Joel, Huntington, NY late 1960s
- 78 PanAm mission to Abidjan, Ivory Coast, Africa, ca. 1971/72

- 79 Vienna airport terminal hall with my competent secretary Maria Wess on far right, ca. 1975
- 80 First PanAm jet arrival, Salzburg, Austria. I on top of steps
- 81 In front of first PanAm office in Krakow, Poland
- 82 Wedding reception Iggy Bocwinski (PanAm Director Poland) to wife Margaret, Polish State Ballet dancer
- 83 In front of Vienna Apartment, L-R: Sir Gilbert Thompson, Fran & Ted Schaefer, Lady Dorothy Thompson, ca. 1974
- 84 Lerenzy (Mickey), Steven, Peter and I, exact date unknown
- 85 In my Pan Am Los Angeles office, ca 1960
- 86 Vienna reception at Inter-Continental Hotel, ca. 1972
- 87 My Final Hurrah in Pan Am: Proving Flight, Narita, Japan to Peking, (later Beijing) China, Nov. 12, 1980
- 88 I at Schloss Neuschwanstein, Germany. Unknown date
- 89 On top of Wallberg with Rottach-Egern below. Unknown date
- 90 Steven & Peter: Mexican Hat Dance Party? Unknown date
- 91 Kathy and I. Cannot identify location nor date
- 92 In northern Norway. Steven was photographer
- 93 In Quito, Ecuador. Again Steven photographed. Dec. 1990
- 94 Kathy and I, Quito, Dec. 1990

- 95 In Mariehamn, Aaland Islands, Finland, April 1998
- 96 Consular Corps Reception, December 7, 2000
- 97 Orcas Island, Washington State: Son Pete & wife Gretchen, grandsons Nathan (left) and Joshua
- 98 Fritz von Rottenburg, Consul General of Germany in Miami, awarding the *Bundesverdienstkreuz* (Cross of the Order of Merit of the Federal republic of Germany), Jan. 9, 2001
- 99 Somerset, NJ, Christmas 2008: L-R grandsons Chris, Mathew and Eric. Chris & Eric are twins. Son Steven barely visible

Celebrating my 75th birthday, November 1998:

- 100 "The Bunch of Grapes" Pub, London win Steve and Pete
- 101 "Roemerhof" Bad Dorfgastein, Austria. Zither maestro Josef Fritzenwallner arranged by Karl Fuchs
- 102 Party @ Willi Gelb's Jakobs Keller, St. Poelten
- 103 Toasting in the Cellar (Jakobkeller)
- 104 Champagne w/ Brigitte & Karl Fuchs on Spanish Steps, Rome
- 105 Excursion to Mariazell, Austria with Josef/Gertl Baumgartner
- 106 Stepping out in Austria, L-R: Dr. Josef & Mag. Gertrude Baumgartner, the Loys, Brigitte & Buergermeister (Mayor) of Prinzersdorf, Karl Fuchs – all sensational friends

- 107 Post-theater performance in St. Poelten, Austria: Left, Mayor Stadler; center, outstanding friend Dr. Josef Wildburger

Celebrating my 80th birthday, Rottach-Egern, November 2003:

- 108 Sons Steve and Pete with their Dad
- 109 Steve & Pete, reception in hotel's wine cellar
- 110 Cocktail Reception: Sheree Savar & father Poppy & husband Ira Sochet plus Kathy and I
- 111 The entire Baumgartner family, "our family" from St. Poelten
- 112 Private Dinner @ Park-Hotel Eggen Hof
- 113 A Loy family moment in hotel hall, L-R: Sister-in-law Dale, I, daughter-in-law Gretchen w/ Joshua, Frank, Kathy, Nathan (almost hidden) and Steve. Pete took photo
- 114 Faithful friends Ira Sochet and wife Sheree
- 115 My wife Kathy and I
- 116 Rutgers Prep School. Somerset, NJ, 2009: L-R, grandsons Chris & graduate Eric, daughter-in-law Philomena & Headmaster Steve Loy, grandson Matt

- 117 My brother Frank's installation as U.S. Undersecretary of State with family and Secr. of State Madeleine Albright in middle, Washington, D.C., November. 2, 1998
- 118 My brother Frank receives the Bundesverdienstkreuz from German Ambassador to US, Washington DC
- 119 My brother speaks