

Nathan Abelson Recording made in 1988

b January 6 1918

d September 12 2005

In the transcript below, Mother is Nathan's wife, my (Glenn Abelson's) mother.

I cleaned up the flow of part of this transcript, but not the whole thing. It reads okay after I stopped cleaning it up, just a little stilted.

Glenn Abelson

Nathan Abelson January 6 1918 – September 12, 2005 :

I guess we could call this, I remember.

And even though I'm trying to put this in sequence from time to time, I'll probably think of something that I left out.

Which happened 20, 30 or 40 years before.

So I'll stick it in there and I know you'll understand.

My early years at 2119, Regent Place in Brooklyn.

The flat perception of Brooklyn.

Or rather, pleasant.

If I think back to early early years, I can remember my mother taking me to Coney Island to swim.

She was a great floater and she taught me how to swim.

And then, in later years, pulled me along to Atlantic City where we didn't do much swimming because my mother was intent on buying everything that the auction shops on the boardwalk had to offer

My friends in flatbush were a good mix of everything.

John mccary

Harry Griffiths

Lady Kaplan

Albert Anastasia

Low brothers.

When we weren't going to school we were always involved with sports.

Usually it involved depending on the weather.

Touch football.

Roller skate hockey.

I think I was the fastest kid on the block.

So I was running always running out for the long passes.

A couple of interesting incidents.

I think I was about 19 or 20, I'm not quite sure. Maybe it was a little bit earlier than that.

I bought a Ford Roadster from my brother Lou for \$25. You could shoot two people in the front and then there was a seat in the back outside that pulled up.

John Mccary and I decided that we would take this relic up to Lake George.

And we got cousin Harold Potters to come along.

It was an extremely interesting trip.

Because every time we had to go up a hill, the Ford labored quite a bit, and if we finally did make it up there,

We had to rest it a while, pull out a piece, which to this day, I don't know the name of., blow through it, clean it out., put it back in and then start again.

When we got to Lake George, we rented a canoe and equipment from a man by the name of Jerry. It's funny that I can still remember that name.

And the three of us got into the canoe and rolled Rd, paddled out to a site called Turtle 39.

Where we set up our tent and spent the next week trying some fishing and a lot of swimming. It was a most enjoyable week.

I think back with some nostalgia., because Harold has been dead now for some 15 or 20 years, and I miss him.

The big thing in my teen life was swimming.

I was a member of the Flatbush Boys Club swimming team, which held the City championship for swimming. And I was a member of the Erasmus Hall High School swimming camp swimming team, which also won the championship in 1933 or 34. I'm not sure.

Those days everything that anything that interfered with swimming.

Let's put aside.

One summer my mother and father decided that they would make a trip to Latvia, To visit, visit my grandfather, Mother and his three brothers.

I was to take care of the store.

Obviously not involved with any alterations, but to take in dry cleaning and pressing, and see that things run ran at a reasonably efficient basis.

John McCary and I thought that this was a chance of a lifetime because we would have the house to ourselves For a month.

And obviously, we could have women galore, crawling all over us.

I mean, what better opportunity that you have.?

A house and a car and nobody to bother you.

Well, it was a complete bust.

We tried and we explored.

And we get everything possible.

But for that whole month we couldn't get any girls to come into the house.

You might be interested. about how I got an allowance in grammar school, high school and then City College.

When I was in grammar school, I got an allowance for delivering the clothes.

I also made tips. Sometimes people would give me a nickel, sometimes a couple of pennies.

When I got into high school along around my junior year, I no longer got an allowance.

But I was paid for pressing suits and pants.

As I recall, I pressed 2 suits for a quarter.

I did this all during my attendance at City College.

I'd go to school rrom 8:00 or 9:00 o'clock in the morning, come back at three or four in the afternoon, press clothes, do my homework and then start all over again.

Education, incidentally, started at public school #90 , which only went up to the fifth grade.

And then, , moved into public school 181., which was about twice as far away from home as.

In to Erasmus Hall High School, just a few short blocks away from the house.

And finally, the School of Business Administration of the College of the City of New York, on 23rd St. and Lexington Ave.

Backing up a little, I also tried my hand at selling newspapers.

At that time, I was able to get the Sunday newspapers at 6:00 o'clock, the previous evenings.

I tried the Albemarle theater on Flatbush Ave and Half Mile Rd selling the Daily News, The New York Journal American. And The mirror.

I did this for a couple of days.

Some larger character came over and asked me, who I worked for. I said I work for myself. "You should get the hell off the corner before I break your arm. "

So I got it off the corner., and my days of peddling newspapers was were at an end.

I graduated from School of Business., Administration of the College of City of New York. in June of 1939, right in the middle of a depression.

My first two years in college were rather tough for me.

And I just barely squeaked through.

In my last two years, studying economics, marketing, advertising., I' got all As.

There are no jobs available.

I was intent on breaking into advertising.

This was a problem.

At that time advertising was closed to Jews.

Advertising was closed to people who had not graduated from Yale, Princeton or Harvard.

What was I going to do?, At City College. the only College in the United States at that time that demanded a thesis for graduation, I had written a monumental tone on the Wheeler Lee Act, Lilly amendment to the Federal Trade Commission Act on false and misleading advertising, and I decided to take this thesis and break it down by various industries., and try selling articles to individual trade magazines.

I did this, and was reasonably successful to the tune of perhaps \$20, \$25 an article.

And the radio and television industry, the apparel industry, the soap industry.

The chemical industry.

I did this for about a year and figured that I had averaged about \$ a week for that first year out of school.

Then one of the publications I had submitted an article to advertising and selling magazine decided to give me some freelance assignments.

And there I was, doing anywhere from \$25 to \$40.00 an article, but I wasn't getting an article every week.

And finally I got a break when advertising and selling, offered me a job as associate editor of the publication.

You have to understand that this was no big deal since there were only two people on the publication, the editor and me, the associate editor.

But at least I knew I was getting \$25 a week. * (Glenn Abelson note: that would be about \$500 a week in 2022) and I was on the fringes of advertising.

One of the people who had helped me tremendously in the research work on this thesis was the librarian at a very large advertising agency called McCann Erickson.

Her name was Delphine Humphrey and she was a charming lady.

And after I had graduated from City College and showed him my thesis, I said Miss Humphrey, I really would like to work for McCann Erickson.

I want to get into advertising.

And she very gently said to me, don't you understand that McCann Erickson doesn't hire Jews?

I was beginning to get some idea on what it meant to be Jewish.

Incidentally, the wheel has turned, and at this point, many major organizations were headed by Jews.

And most creative departments of major advertising organizations. Are headed by Jews and Italians.

And so that the again the Italians had the same problem that the Jews did in moving into the advertising agency area.

Well, now I had a job, and what I needed was a girlfriend.

A steady girlfriend.

So I talked to my cousin Irma, and asked her if she had anybody out there on the limb that she thought I might be interested in.

And she said she did.

And your mother (Estelle Rose Abelson) and I met on a blind date.

I can't remember exactly what happened on that date, but I do remember the next day.

This was a Sunday., I got together with the boys., on Church Ave , Next to the Candy store where everybody told lies.

About what had happened with their ***** the night before?

And I said.

I really had a weird one last night.

She was, examining the shape of my head., to see how it fit into one of the categories that she had just been studying at Hunter College.

Nobody was interested in that.

They just wanted to know.

Did I get in?

I didn't even lie.

I said no.

I don't know, if I want anything to do with this bimbo.

You saw what happened.

Man, your mother and I, had the normal up and down courtship relationship, which went on until I was inducted into the Army.

You have to understand about the army.

Nobody in my area in Brooklyn tried to get out of the draft.

But nobody volunteered.

If you were taken, that was fine.

If you weren't taken, that was even better.

I think that if I was more mature.

I probably would have made a different decision.

But I wasn't, so I went along with what my head was telling me at that time.

Like everybody else, I received my draft notice, reported to Whitehall St. for the casual physical examination.

Told him all about my allergies, my hay fever, my flat feet, and they looked at me and they took out a stamp. It said fit for general duty.

So I knew I was in trouble.

Several weeks later I got my induction notice and was told to report again to Whitehall St.

And somewhere along the line I was put on the train with thousands of others.

I was sent to Camp Upton on Long Island.

I was examined and tested and examined and tested, and finally they figured out that I was extremely bright and I was officer material and would I like to become an aviation cadet.

I thought that was a good idea, because if I were accepted as an aviation cadet, having been in the army for two or three days, I would immediately get a 30 day leave.

So I did that.

And went home.

But a week later they called me back and said that I had lied on my physical for aviation cadet and told them that I didn't have any allergies.

But my draft board physical showed that I did have hay fever.

So I was back in the army and not the Air Force.

This was pretty much all right with me, because I had my doubts about being a fighter pilot.

Which they, which is where they put most of the compact guys like me.

Several days later, thousands of us were put on the train and we took a two day trip to Fort Jackson, SC.

This was a revelation.

At Fort Jackson they were for the 77th Infantry Division, which was a division that was composed almost entirely by men from New York and New Jersey.

The cadre, the training group was the 8th Infantry Division of South Carolina?

They have never seen New York and New Jersey heights, and especially Jews from New York and New Jersey.

And we had never seen Southerners.

It was not a pleasant marriage.

For a private at that time was \$30 a month and by the time they took out PX, rations at post exchange and laundry and other incidentals, you wound up with about \$7.00 a month. Which was really enough money because you couldn't do anything anyway.

After I was there about three or four months, your mother (Estelle Abelson) came down to visit me and the only way I could get some time off from the base was to lie to them and tell them that my girlfriend was down, and we were going to get married.

So I got two or three days, I'm not sure and your mother and I spent a pleasant time together.

Nothing was consummated other than our relationship, because that's the way things were done in those days.

And when I got back to Fort Jackson I was told by the company clerk that they would have to deduct X number of dollars from my pay, to give to my wife, which was army policy.

I had to pay him and tell him I really wasn't married and I didn't get married and I wasn't planning on getting married.

This was just a device that I used to get out to see my girlfriend.

Well, he bought it and I didn't have to send money anyplace.

After six months at Fort Jackson, I figured that there was a better way to do this, since I had the qualifications for Officer candidate School.

You'll have to have an army general classification test score of over 110, and I had 137, which is akin to the intelligence tests that they give now.

I applied for Officer candidate schools where I didn't think I was going to get killed.

The first one was quartermaster. I was rejected.

Then there was Aircore administrative. I was rejected.

Then there was artillery. I was rejected.

Then, in desperation I applied for infantry OCS and I believe in three or four minutes I was accepted.

So in September of 1942, I enrolled in OCS class I believe as #113 at Fort Benning, Georgia.

It was an extremely tough three months.

In addition to all the nonsense that the army normally gets involved in, like making your bed properly and folding your socks and keeping your foot locker clean, we had a rating system.

There were 30 men in each OCS class.

Only ten of them were going to graduate.

Because every month, you, as an individual had to rate the other 29 men in your class from 1 to 29 based on leadership qualities and other areas.

So in the first month you lost ten men because the last 10 men were chopped off.

That gave you 20 men in the class.

In the second month, you lost another ten men, because again, the last 10 men were chopped off.

That gave you 10 men in the class.

Ten of us graduated from OCS 113.

During this period I was really trying my best not to get back to the 77th Division as a corporal and in correspondence that I had with your mother., I told that I really would like to get married

But I couldn't get involved in.

Backing and filling on this situation and if she wanted to get married, that was fine and we can do it.

When I graduated and if she didn't want to get married, please let me know because I was very busy and under great strain and I had to graduate from this class.

So as you know, we were married on December 6th, 1942.

We spent two days of our honeymoon In the Hotel Taft on 42nd St and Lexington Ave.

I can't remember what it's called.

And then we got on a train.

And was sent to Tele, Houma, Tennessee to report to the 80th Infantry Division.

This was a lucky break because the 80th Infantry Division had just finished its first 13 weeks of basic training, and normally with the division they kept the outfit in the states a year to a year and a half before they sent them overseas.

Also, fortunately, I was assigned to the Third Battalion and since I was a college graduate. They felt that I was reasonably intelligent, so I was made the S2 or the intelligence officer of the Third battalion.

This gave me a lot more leeway than if I were an infantry platoon leader in charge of some 30 men.

I had six men in my section and that's all I had responsibility for.

What do your (Lisa & Glenn's) mother and I do about seeing each other?

We've just been married for six days.

Well, again, I was lucky because intelligence officers did not have to sleep on the base, so your mother and I were able to find a room with kitchen privileges in a town called Winchester, TN.

Winchester was important because Dinah Shore's father had a department store there. There were probably 2627 hundred people in Winchester.

Kitchen privileges meant that you could use the kitchen for breakfast and dinner, on a sort of a schedule so you didn't interfere with other army people who also had a room with kitchen privileges who would be eating breakfast and dinner.

It wasn't a bad deal.

I believe we stayed in the Tele Houma area for about six months, and then the division was moved to Salina, Kansas.

We couldn't get a place to live in Salina, so we scattered around and found an extremely comfortable little town called Lynchburg, which had a population of about 2000 and everybody in the town was Swedish.

I remember that we found a room with kitchen privileges with Winifred Gustafson., and mother was lucky enough to get a part time job in the library at Bethany College.

It was luck, but it didn't last long because we were only in Kansas for about a month and then the division was sent to El Centro ,CA where they were going to train in desert warfare.

We found a place to live in El Centro and I got one of The Dirty deals.

Well, my unit was supposed to sleep all day and harass the troops all night.

Again, fortunately this didn't last too long because I was plucked out and sent back to Fort Benning in Georgia to attend the Advanced Officers School.

Mother and I got on a train that went from California to New Orleans, where we met up with Gilbert Potters, who was the brother of my mother (brother to Jennie (Potters) Abelson or uncle to Nathan Abelson).

W stayed with Gilbert and his wife for about 2 days and then took another train to. Fort Benning, GA, Advanced Officer school.

Was a lot easier than Officer candidate School because you were already an officer and you really couldn't flunk out.

The only thing they could do is make you an Eagle Scout.

When I had finished three months at Advanced Officer School, I was told that the 80th Division was being moved to Fort Dix, New Jersey and that I should report to the division at that Fort.

I know very well that this was the prelude to being sent overseas.

While we were in Fort Dix, I was able to get overnight passes from time to time and then one night they shut the whole place down.

No passes, no telephone calls, no contact with the outside world.

I knew then that we were probably going to be shipped out in the next day or so.

My problem was how do I inform mother That I wouldn't be home for a while without any prearranged ideas?

I decided to send her \$10 in the telegram.

Obviously she was smart enough to know that if I was sending her \$10 in the telegram, I wasn't going to come home to give her the \$10.

About a day later we all boarded the Queen Mary, which at that time was carrying 17,000 troops

With no escort it zigzagged its way across the Atlantic in five and a half days.

I was sick for two of the days, but it really wasn't a bad trip.

We landed in Scotland in early July.

We then moved down to England and we camped out in a large field. In a delightful little town called Ashton on Makerfield

We stayed there for about a month.

I remember how Potter is coming over to meet me. He was in the 101st Airborne Division and somehow he found out where I was, it was good seeing him.

(Speech to text kind of failed here, but you get the gist. Glenn Abelson)

Famous people were wonderful.

They were suffering as I had seen.

No other people suffer.

But they really gave us the shader off their back. I remember a lady in a town called Wigan WIGN which was about 6:00 or 7 miles from Ashton.

And I got there by bus one day and I got to talking to her and she said how do you get back and forth to your?

And I said, well, I take the bus and she said, well, why don't you take my bicycle?

I said how am I going to give it to you if I am shipped out, she said, if you know you're going to be shipped out, just bring it back here and leave it in my front yard.

I met her once. I never saw her again. I left her bicycle in the front yard and then we went off.

We crossed the English Channel from Bournemouth and landed in either late July or early August.

You could still see all the debris of the invasion, and this was my first sight of dead men and horses.

Some of the dead I saw were U.S. soldiers.

Most of them were German.

I distinctly remember the first time we were in combat.

We were preparing to cross the river and sometime around 11:00 or 12:00 o'clock at night, I got a terrible pain in my stomach and across my shoulder blades. I went back to see the battalion surgeon. When I showed back this was maybe 15 feet back.

And he sent me back to the battalion aid station, which is about a quarter of a mile back. The doctor looked at me and he said, you're suffering from an acute gallbladder attack.

I said to myself, isn't this wonderful, now I can go home.

What they did was give me a shot, which put me out for about 20 hours.

And when I woke, the same medical officer said, OK, you can go back to your outfit now.

I felt a lot better and I said to him, how do I prevent this from happening again?

Oh, he said, you can't eat greasy food.

Well, if I had had my crabbing with me I guess I would have killed him.

I said have you no idea what we eat.

He said no, What do you eat?

And I pointed out to him that we were having K rations, which was chop pork chop pork and egg yolk and ham and something that resembled spam.

Well, he was sorry about that but, back I went to the outfit.

Well, we still hadn't crossed the river.

That was about two days to go.

And it was The Moselle river at a little town called Punk Tamil song. (*Text to speech issues again*)

Which if you look at the map of France is between Metz mpje and non CNNCY.

We made the crossing at about 4:00 o'clock in the morning and I remember saying to myself, this is just like a Victor McLachlan War movie.

The tracers were flying all around, the shells were basting all around, people were dropping, people were moving forward.

Finally at about. 6:00 o'clock we reached the other side of the river, with not too many casualties and I marked my first combat experience.

The next month and a half was in combat and out of combat.

We were in Patton's army and some days we'd get on trucks and rede 35 or 40 miles, other days would walk four or five miles.

Other days would be pinned down by enemy fire and couldn't advance at all.

Somewhere along the line, I don't know exactly the date, sometime in September, I was hit in the left leg by shrapnel.

Seemed to me like a good wound.

By good I mean I wasn't going to die.

I wasn't going to lose my leg and maybe I could be sent home.

Well, I was sent back through all the channels to the battalion aid station, the Regimental clearing Company and I got back to a hospital.

And I talked to a doctor and he said, well, it's really not a bad wound.

I said Broadloom will not.

Can I be shipped back to England?

My reason being reason I was reasoning that the further back you can get, the better it will be.

Well, he said normally we don't.

I said, well, I haven't silk escape map here and a pair of binoculars and a field jacket.

He said, I'll tell you what we'll do it.

We'll do the operation I'll put a cast on your leg.

Normally you don't need a cast but once they see the cast I'll send you back to English.

So I went through that procedure.

They put me on a plane.

Sent me back to England.

I wound up in a hospital near a town called Chuck Nem.

And I was in the hospital in what they call a recuperation center u.ntil about

(I have stopped editing the text to speech to conversion at this point. It is still all readable, just a lot of broken sentences. The speech recording flows better. Glenn Abelson)

During that period I had a.

Visit from Arnold Price I can't recall.

What type of organization he was with?

And some very nice experiences with the British people.

I distinctly remember meeting a young woman.

Who said why don't you?

Come over to our house for dinner one night only.

Food being what it was, I accepted.

And I went to her house.

Plus she had two sisters and a mother and father and a young brother.

While we were having dinner, I never said I had the egg.

You have to understand that the British were under rations to have one egg a week.

They gave the egg to me.

Well, try as hard as I could.

I couldn't convince the.

I'm a medical department to send me home.

So sometime in February.

I was sent back to my unit.

When I got there.

The Lieutenant Colonel who has been hiding commander.

I'll always remember him.

He came from Laredo, TX and he was really gung ho.

Colonel Roberts, he said, well, what do you want to do now?

And I told him I.

Didn't want to get killed.

So I was assigned.

A job of liaison.

Between the battalion on our left and the battalion on our right.

This was a.

Pretty safe job which almost got me killed.

Because one evening when all the liaison officers.

Were congregated in a.

Cottage that they were using as a village.

And I was writing a letter to mother.

All of a sudden a shot rang out.

Passed by my ear and hit the mirror right in front of me.

Unfortunately, some stupid ***** was cleaning his carving and he had forgotten to take the round a round out of the chamber.

Doing this lose an assignment.

I operated on a pretty unrestrictive type of schedule.

So I could maneuver a little.

Bit I heard that the 45th Infantry Division was in Nurnberg and we were near Nuremberg at the time.

I knew that John Mccary was with the 45th, so one day when I had a little time.

I drove into New Hamburg.

And found him.

It was not a tearful reunion because.

Brooklyn boys don't cry, but it was as emotional as you could possibly get.

I learned from John that he had been.

In the European theater now for two years starting in Sicily and coming all the way up the boot of Italy and into.

France and Germany.

And had been awarded 2 silver skies.

You have to understand.

Then almost everybody who shows any sign at all of initiative gets a Bronze star medal like I did.

But a silver star?

Is only awarded for extreme bravery.

And Mekari said to me he couldn't understand how a smart guy from Brooklyn.

Could have done what he did.

But obviously his achievements were monumental and.

He did get 2 Silver Stars for that.

Just a little interruption when I got back to the third battalion of the 317th Infantry Regiment. I learned that. Robert Thomas.

A young man in my section.

And Glenn Bellamy.

The commander of the heavy weapons company had both been killed.

With Robert Thomas, I had a sort of a semi father relationship.

He was an extremely nice young man.

With Glenn Bellamy.

I admired him because he was a deep seated Southerner.

Who became extremely liberal?

A gentle man.

Whose biggest curse word was golly Gee?

And I guess at that time I was.

Emotionally targeted.

And I said to myself that if.

I ever had a son.

I would like to name them name him.

After these two men.

And of course, that's where you Glenn got your name.

Land for Glenn Bellamy and middle name rabbit for Robert Robert Thomas of Punks,
Attorney Pennsylvania.

When Bellamy came from South Carolina.

Time as any.

To reflect.

On war.

As far as I'm concerned.

War a war has many aspects.

In some cases it's exhilarating.

But I could do without that.

In most cases it's fearful.

And all the time it's a degrading experience.

Because you're sitting there.
Not being able to see.
The enemy.
And he's shooting at you.
Mostly with artillery.
And you can't get back at him except with your own artillery, which is a mile or so
beyond behind you.
And you sit there.
Or rather, Crouch there.
Almost in a prenatal position.
Coaching everybody.
Including God.
And hoping.
That's the next shell.
Won't come anyplace near you.
It's almost as if you were standing.
At the intersection of Broadway and 42nd St.
With no clothes on.
In a freezing night.
With all the light shining on you.
There's really nothing you can do.
Except feel sorry for yourself.
And Burrow deeper.
Into the hole that you've dug.
So here I am back.
At the 3rd Battalion, 300 and 17th Infantry.
The Colonel Colonel Roberts I believe from Laredo, TX.
It's pleased to see me.

And he assigns me to a.

Reasonably safe activity.

Which involved my contacting the unit on the left and on the right.

About two or three weeks into this activity.

I was tapped on the shoulder.

One day by a corporal who said?

That I had orders to report to headquarters.

I did.

And was told that I was being sent.

To Paris to attend I and E school I and E standing for information and education.

There were people in higher commands who knew that the war was coming to an end.

Although those of us in the.

Infantry areas couldn't could never see that.

And they were trying to prepare.

For the time when they had hundreds of thousands of troops.

In the European theater.

With virtually nothing to do.

So they established this Ind program.

And trained officers to set up.

Schools and activities.

OK.

The essence of this was.

If you had somebody with a motor mechanics background.

You put him in charge of a motor mechanic school.

If you had somebody.

Who had been a painter or a Carpenter in civilian life?

You started a school on painting and carpeting.

And it went down the line.

Actually it worked out rather well.

So I got on a small plane.

Flew to Paris.

And took with me about 10 cartoons of cigarettes.

Because that was better than money.

It's a little difficult for me to remember whether I ever attended I any school.

Hello, I'm pretty sure that I did.

It seems to me that most of my time was spent bopping around Paris.

And having a reasonably good time.

I don't know exactly when I get back to my unit.

But the war ended shortly thereafter.

And two days after the war.

When we were stationed in a town called kicked off Cyrk DRS in Austria.

We heard about a concentration camp called Dachau.

And some of us took off to see it.

No words can explain what we saw.

But this was another step.

In making me feel Jewish.

Almost as a rebellious Jew.

So we started the irony program and coincidental with that.

I had an idea that it would be a a good approach.

To start a regimental newspaper.

I still have copies of that newspaper.

So we named the paper, the Thundering Herd.

We came out.

With a four or six page issue.

For the first time.

And periodically.

We came out.
With other issues.
Which ran as.
High as 8 pages.
It was an extremely good publication.
And one of the young men.
That I appointed as editor.
I was editorial advisor.
Later I learned.
Wound up.
As editor.
Of Good Housekeeping magazine.
The reputation of the thundering herd spread to the point.
Where the division commander.
Said that, I should start a division paper.
And I did that too.
When the.
War ended in May of 1945.
We were sent to a.
Very picturesque town.
In Austria called Fussen FUSSN.
This is a.
Little bit below Oberammergau where they hold the passion plays.
Not too far away from the.
Austrian Swiss Italian Alps.
We stayed in fusion for six months.
It wasn't a bad.
Life, except for the fact that I was away.

From my wife.

We were all bulleted in field.

Marshall, General von.

Leeb's house.

I had a Jeep driver by the name of.

John Webber, who came from Colorado and was.

An expert fisherman.

And he sent home for fishing equipment and he and I used to.

Fish in a lake called.

How in schwangau?

Say say E is the Austrian word for lake.

I don't really recall whether we ever caught any fish, but.

We had a good time.

Then in October.

We got the good news.

That's a unique type of bomb.

Had knocked Japan out of the war.

And so instead of going back to the United States for a 30 day leave.

And then onto the Pacific.

We were all pretty mature.

That within a reasonable time.

We would be mustered out of the army.

Sometime in November.

We got the word that.

We were going to be sent to Marseille.

And then shipped home.

The transportation that was provided us.

Was cattle cars.

Unfortunately, the same kind of cattle cars.
That the Germans used.
To take Jews to concentration and death camps.
I had a a.
Couple of smart characters from Chicago.
Who informed me that if?
I wanted to install.
Bunks sleeping bunks in the cattle cars.
If I gave them permission.
They would go out and acquire.
I think you have to put the word quiet in quotation marks.
Right?
The necessary equipment.
To make these bunks.
I told him to go ahead.
And on the day that we left.
My unit.
Had buds in the cattle, cattle, cars that they occupied.
I think it took us two or three days to get to Marseilles by train.
And then we boarded.
A liberty ship called the John Harvard.
And it took 32 days.
To go from Marseille.
To Newport News.
During this time.
I lost quite a bit of money.
And several cameras.
Playing gin rummy.

We arrived in Newport News somewhere towards the end of December of 1945.
And we were then sent to Fort Dix.
I was able to computer communicate with mother.
Tell her where I was.
And on New Year's Eve.
December 1945 leading into 1946.
I arrived at Penn Station to be greeted.
By my wife and my mother and father.
I looked as if I had spent a month in a foxhole.
I wasn't shaved.
I was impressed.
I was tired.
But I was extremely happy to be home, obviously.
So back to civilian life.
And the situation on.
Apartments was drastic.
We were reasonably fortunate.
Because Lou.
With the help of my father.
And bought a.
Three level house on 69th St in Auburn.
And he used the first level for his office, the second level for his family.
And mother and I.
Took a small attic apartment on the third level.
List lasted about a month because obviously loose family was too large to be
constricted to the space that they had.
So we moved to a second floor apartment.
On Beach channel drive.

Between 69th and 70th St.

I went back to advertising and selling magazine.

Which I had left in 1942.

When I was making \$35 a week.

And they offered me \$50 a week.

I thought this was rather good.

Except that in about two or three weeks, I figured out that I was being screwed.

So I went in and asked for a \$15 increase and they gave it to me immediately. And then I knew I.

Was being screwed.

Unfortunately or fortunately.

My situation at advertising and selling was not a happy one.

Before I left, I had been doing editorial work for them.

And now I was doing advertising promotion and they put me in the circulation promotion department.

I didn't like what I was doing and it obviously showed in my work.

And so.

A month after.

Glenn was born.

I was fired.

At that time I was making 80.

\$5 a week.

Obviously this was a great shock to my ego.

So I went on unemployment collected my 35 or \$40 a week.

Maybe it was \$50? I don't quite recall.

And started looking for a job.

Sometime in August of 47 I answered an ad in the New York Times.

Publication wanted an advertising promotion manager.

I had my interview at Daily News record.

Asked for and was accepted at \$6500. Sixty 5000 sixty \$500.

A year

And I started.

On my 35 year Sir join.

With Fairchild publications.

In 1950

We moved from Auburn to Cedarhurst.

We bought an old house.

As you know.

From all the stories we've told and what you could remember.

I worked on the House room by room and it became extremely livable.

Until, of course, the airplanes forced us out.

Going back again.

To recapitulate.

My stay at Fairchild.

For the record.

I was advertising promotion manager of Daily News record for 10 years.

I was head of the directory division and the book Division for seven years.

I was on the sales staff of Daily News record for five years.

And for 13 years I was advertising director of Daily News record and eventually wound up as associate publisher and vice President.

Obviously being fired from.

Advertising and selling was one of the best things that ever happened to me.

Because my 35 years at Fairchild.

Stimulating and exciting news.

And as I look back, I know I enjoyed my entire stay there.

So I think that brings you up to date, Glenn.

You can fill in.

Some of the areas.

That you know about.

That I might have left out.

Here's a postscript.

I don't know whether I recorded this and I don't want to go back over the tape, so let me add a little item on education.

The first school I went to.

Was public school 90 on Church Ave and Bedford Ave?

Whatever the reasons were then.

The school only went.

Up to grade 5.

I got through with public school 90.

I went to public school 181 which was about 3/4 of a mile away from the house. It was on Beverly Rd and New York Ave.

I finished that.

And as you've heard me tell many times before I.

Went into Erasmus Hall High school.

And spent four years there.

I wasn't a particularly good student.

I'd say I was average.

My grades in.

Mathematics were atrocious.

And the only reason I passed.

Plane geometry was that I passed the Regents with a grade of 68.

At that time we had great advisors.

Who it seems to me only concentrated on advising those people.

And the 9095 and above average.

So I wasn't given much guidance, even though there's probably nothing much I could do because my choices were a free college.

Are they Brooklyn College or City College?

I picked City College, I guess because Lou went to City College.

So after getting out of Erasmus Hall High School.

I went up to register at City College.

Not really knowing what.

I wanted to do and I was standing on line with one of the guys who had been in high school with me by the name of Stanley Shulman.

And he said, what are we doing here?

I said, well, you know, we're registering for college.

He said, you know, we live in Brooklyn.

There's a much closer branch of City College.

In Manhattan, other than the 137th St Branch that we're up at right now.

I said what's that?

He says it's a School of Business administration.

So we turned around, put our nickel.

In the turnstile.

And went down and registered at the School of Business Administration on 23rd St and Lexington Ave.

And that's how I became.

A marketing major?

My first two years in college.

Well, not too swift.

I had to take prescribed courses, most of which I didn't like and in business administration I got stuck again with math mathematics courses which continued to faze me.

Or two.

Semesters of accounting that I barely got by on one semester on banking and mortgaging I believe I got a D.

And somewhere along the line I flunked French.

It's going to be.

Set back another half year.

If I didn't make up some credits, so I went to summer night school.

And took a course in.

In another course, I believe in public speaking.

And made up enough credit so that I could graduate with my class in 1939.

I should point out that in my junior and senior years.

I got all age.

Also, I don't know whether I touched on.

I think my.

Allowances range from.

Something like a quarter a week to \$2.00 a week, but as soon as I was able.

I became a worker in the tailor shop.

For my four years in high school and my 4 in college.

I pressed close.

As I recall, rate was two suits for 1/4.

I didn't feel deprived.

I always had enough money to do what I wanted.

And the things I wanted were not very expensive.

Now let's stop here again.

And if I think of something else, I'll add it.

It may be repetitiously, but as I said, I don't want to go back over the entire tape again.

OK, so that's the.

Way it goes, you want a history from the minute I was born up until the age of 70.