

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Frank Dean

Editor: I first knew Frank as a freshman engineering student, since we all took many of the same courses that first year. It was only later that he went into mechanical and I took the electrical engineering road. We reminisced recently on the beach at Antigua, with rum punches in hand, and it occurred to me that classmates might enjoy some of Frank's still vivid memories of those halcyon days, as well as something about his life since then. At my urging he sent in the following (Bob Keidel):

Born in Kansas City December 22, 1911. Attended Shattuck Military School at Faribault, MN. Four years at Princeton, Class of 1933 - Engineering. One year at M. I. T. - Masters Degree in Engineering. Married in July of 1934 to Sarah (Seddie) Raymond, raised four children (one girl and three boys), who have provided us with nine grandchildren plus 2 great grandchildren (so far). Seddie and I enjoyed a wonderful marriage for almost 60 years before her death last summer.

My basic business was in the field of Air Conditioning. In the fall of 1934 I went to work for a company which was the dealer in Kansas City for the Carrier Corp. I became head of that department. In 1938 my company decided that the air conditioning business did not fit well with their other activities and gave me the opportunity to take over the Carrier Account and start my own business. This was an extremely timely and fortuitous opportunity for me. As air conditioning changed from a luxury to a necessity, our business grew and eventually included two other contracting companies (one in Kansas City and the other in Detroit); two manufacturing facilities (one for air conditioning equipment under the name Tempmaster and the other for electronic controls named Wattmaster. We also had an energy conservation consulting firm named Viron and an international company for activities outside the U. S. The entire group were subsidiaries of Temperature Industries, Inc. The business was sold in 1984 after my retirement.

Like most of our classmates, I took "time out" during the war years. My business was then on hold due to the unavailability of steel, aluminum, copper, etc. So all we could do was maintenance services which did not require my daily attention. I was offered the job of Deputy Regional Director for the War Production Board covering the four adjacent states around Kansas City. After about two years, I was offered a Navy commission for duty with its Industry Corporation Division based in Washington where I spent the rest of the war years. As it turned out, I had joined the Navy to "see the United States" - not to "see the world". My job was to look after our field officers who were attached to War Production



Frank Dean and Tom Ballantine's 15 year old \$24 car in 1929.

Board offices in principal cities around the country. Our purpose was to expedite critical material for Navy contractors and Navy facilities, and to act as liaison for the Secretary of the Navy in dealing with congressional inquiries regarding constituents' interests in Navy contracts.

Later during the Korean War, I was asked to be the Regional Director for the Department of Defense, an organization established by President Truman with 13 regional defense locations around the country in case Washington was obliterated by a Russian attack. My job was only part time

(no pay) and I had an army colonel in charge of our office. Our organization included the ranking military officers from each of the services located within our four state area. Our principal job was to keep close contact with defense contractors in our area and to represent the Defense Department in meetings with other regional government offices. This was very interesting work, especially the confidential briefings in Washington, which I attended on a monthly basis with the other regional directors. This organization was eliminated when President Eisenhower took office.

Like most of us, I was involved through the years with a number of civic, church, hospital, etc. activities. In 1951, when my brother Marshall Dean was shot to death by an insane man, at his desk where he was managing the President Hotel in Kansas City owned by my father, it was necessary for me to assume that management responsibility for about three years in addition to my other business, until the hotel was sold.

Some unforgettable experiences. At Shattuck Military School our '33 classmate, Tom Ballantine and I roomed together during our senior year. We were billeted as cadet officers in charge of the dormitory for freshmen (new boys), averaging 13 1/2 years old, who were first time away from home and "rarin' to go". Our job was to maintain a reasonable amount of law and order among them - which proved to be an almost impossible job for the two of us. In desperation, we decided to pick out two of the most "civilized" of our charges who roomed at the other end of the dormitory to become our deputies and help us keep some semblance of order among the group. These two boys were named Warren and Bud Wilkerson (the latter to become Oklahoma's famous football coach). This new plan worked well most of the time excepting when our youthful deputies joined their friends in excessive youthful actions. This required us to punish them for failing in their job. The punishment usually required them to do extra jobs for us and also involved "physical reminders" at times, which I am certain they could not forget.

The past catches up. Jumping ahead about 14 years, the first week after I reported for duty as a new Lt. jg at the Washington Navy Building, I was asked to deliver a document to the Admiral's office to whom our group reported. At that time there was a temporary, narrow, covered bridge over the reflecting pool connecting the main Navy Building on

Constitution Avenue to temporary buildings on the opposite side where our offices were located. Half way across this walkway I met a much decorated, three striper - full commander - coming toward me. As I moved over to give him room to pass, he took hold of my arm and asked, "Aren't you Dean?" To which I answered, "Yes Sir!" He then called me an S.O.B. and I recognized him to be Warren, my former "deputy" from Shattuck days and said to him "You're Warren, aren't you?" His answer was "Commander Warren to you." With that he burst out laughing, to my relief, and asked me to join him for coffee in the cafeteria at the end of the bridge where he told me about his experiences, first at the Naval Academy and later, as a very successful submarine commander in the first year of the war with Japan, where his sub sank a great many Japanese ships of all types. The valuable lesson I learned from this experience was "never abuse a subordinate because you can live to regret it."

The open road. To return to Tom Ballantine, in 1929, when we graduated and were accepted by Princeton, we decided it would be fun to acquire a car and drive home to Kansas City and have Tom take it on to his home in Muskogee, Oklahoma. Using the train fare supplied by our parents, we went shopping for an inexpensive used car. We found a 1914 Ford Model T touring car with the top gone and with no good features other than the fact that it would run after much cranking. The car had wooden wheels and large bicycle type tires plus two spares. We bought it for \$24 and took off the next day for our trip south. At that time roads were unpredictable going from town to town, with paving only through the center of town, the other roads being mostly dirt.

After travelling about 100 miles, we stopped to check the gasoline tank and found to our surprise that the dip stick indicated it was still almost full. When we opened the hood to check the crankcase oil, we discovered it was almost empty and that the engine was red hot. We were told by the man in the garage, where we filled the crank case with second hand oil drained from other vehicles, that we were burning oil instead of gasoline because of worn cylinder walls and piston rings, which made the engine operate more like a diesel.

We continued our journey without ever stopping the engine for fear that we could never get it started again. After 36 hours non-stop driving, except for food, more oil, and small amounts of gas, plus one tire change, we finally reached Main Street in downtown Kansas City where we ran over a railroad track across the street which caused our radiator to

fall flat forward, releasing much steam and bringing the engine to a final stop. My family came to our rescue and delivered Tom to the railroad station for a continued trip home. The remains of the car were towed to our home and parked in the backyard for several weeks while I made a futile effort to get it to run. I finally had to give up and had it hauled to a junk yard, where it should have been before we bought it in Minnesota.

An aborted career. Another experience took place in the fall of 1929 when, as new and eager freshmen, Bob Long, Carl Bredenburg and I were walking around the campus and saw a sign asking for applicants to try out for the Freshman Debating Team. Wanting to do whatever we could with extra-curricular activities, the three of us signed up. Since there were no other applicants, we automatically became the team. Having had no previous experience, we had to learn what it was all about the hard way. Throughout the year, we debated about four other freshman teams from neighboring colleges - some at Princeton, some away. We batted about 50%, but finally reached a point of self-confidence in our ability to make a reasonably good showing against anybody.

In late spring, the University received a request from the Choate School for a debate against our Freshman team. We felt sure that we could easily handle these younger boys, and therefore, failed to study or prepare for the assigned subject. Our only preparation took place on the train ride to New York and north to their campus.

We arrived at Choate (where none of us had been before) at around seven in the evening. The debate was scheduled for eight. We were then ushered into a small room where we were introduced to their headmaster, debating coach and our three opponents. They all wore tuxedos which clashed with our attire which was the same as we wore at Princeton, consisting of black and white saddle shoes, unpressed pants, shirts without ties, and pullover sweaters. The meeting was very strained, to say the least, but since we had no other alternative, we had to "face the music". On being taken into the large auditorium filled with the entire student body, all dressed in their best clothes, plus the faculty in tuxedos and their wives all decked out in evening clothes on the front row, we were in a state of shock, and this became evident as the debate progressed. Our opponents were exceptionally well prepared in obvious comparison to our faltering performance, resulting in our overwhelming defeat. We returned home on the night train to New York and the "milk train" to Princeton, arriving about 6 AM in a state of

complete fatigue and despair.

The following evening we each received a notice from Dean Gauss to report to his office the next morning. He told us that the Choate headmaster had called him to say that our appearance and general performance had disgraced Princeton, and that we seemed to be intoxicated as well, and should be disciplined. After much discussion, we finally convinced the Dean that we were not drunk, but only seemed to them to be by the way we acted. Needless to say, this ended our debating careers at Princeton.

The death of a noble instrument. My roommate, Bob Long next got the urge to play the saxophone. We then lived on the second floor of the new 1903 dorm facing the stone courtyard which reverberated sound to an astounding degree. With our windows open, the noise (Bob needed a lot of practice) was nerve-racking. Despite the hoots, hollers and curses from our fellow dorm occupants, he kept on blowing as hard as he could. One day when we returned from class, we found his saxophone stomped flat in the middle of the courtyard. This ended his aspirations for a musical career (as well as a debating career).

Spring break - 1931. Charley Tutt, Dodo Wilson and I decided to take a trip to Bermuda. Our ship was an old Dutch liner which must have had a completely round bottom, because it continuously rolled from side to side regardless of waves or weather. This didn't bother us much, but did upset most of the older passengers. Before the ship had even cleared the Statue of Liberty, Dodo had located three attractive girls about our age from Sarah Lawrence College. He brought them over to meet us, having his arm around the most buxom one, introducing the other two to us. Because Dodo was the most experienced in social matters, it was agreed that for the rest of the trip at sea, and in Bermuda, he would be in charge of activities for all six of us.

On reaching Bermuda, we all checked into the Princess Hotel, and Dodo went to work scheduling future activities, all of which took place during night time hours. (We slept most of the day). These events consisted of such things as cock fights, motor cycle races, and, most interesting to us, "King of the Mountain" boxing matches. These contests were held with six native fighters in the ring at the same time - the winner being the one left standing at the end of the "free for all". Betting was encouraged by the promoter, who, after taking his cut, would divide the remaining money between the victorious boxer and the spectators with the winner's number. Naturally we suckers bet on the largest and

strongest fighter, whom we found out after several fights, rarely won. When the bell sounded to begin, three or four of the smaller men would join forces to eliminate him.

On the last night of our visit, the hotel held a fine formal dinner party which included dancing and plenty of excellent alcoholic refreshments, of which we took full advantage. Our previous experiences, due to prohibition, had been limited to "bathtub gin", spiked beer and New Jersey Applejack, none of which tasted good, but all of which had the desired effects.

After the music stopped at about 2 AM, Dodo told us that he had made a down payment to rent a sailboat, planning for us to use it before the party. There had not been time then, so he now suggested a moonlight sail, which we all, in our exuberant state, enthusiastically endorsed. Waking up the attendant at the dock, we set sail with Dodo, our only experienced sailor, at the helm, Charlie assigned to sail handling and I assigned to taking care of the girls. This I did by placing two of them on one side rail while I and the other girl sat on the opposite rail. We had no light and finding our way back depended on the attendant keeping the light on the boat house roof lit.

After a nice sail, the wind suddenly shifted, causing the boom to swing across to our side hitting the girl next to me on the shoulder and knocking her into the water. Fortunately I was able to grab her arm and keep her afloat until we could hoist her back aboard. She was entirely drenched and, naturally, very upset. We hurried back to the dock. This ended our activities and the girls made it a point to avoid us completely during the trip back to New York.

Open fire! The following unique experience is one we can all relate to because of the time it occurred. One of the duties of our Washington Navy Unit was to conduct tours for V. I. P. industrialists at the request of Mr. Forrestal's office. These involved a two day trip on a landing craft from the Navy Yard in Washington to the Norfolk Naval Base, where the important guests were entertained by the Admiral and his staff for cocktails and dinner, returning to Washington the next day. Twelve of these trips had taken place during the summer of 1945, and, finally, in mid August, it became my turn to host one. Four V. I. P. guests and I set sail early on the morning of August 15, along with a Chief Petty Officer in charge of the boat plus a crew of three. It was a beautiful day as we cruised down the Potomac River and into the Chesapeake Bay. At approximately 4 PM we were passing

the battleship Wyoming from which the heavy guns had been removed and replaced by a large number of anti-aircraft guns. At a distance of about one quarter mile we watched their student gunners practice shooting at target sleeves towed behind Navy planes overhead. While this was going on, a radio announcement came over the loud speaker that there would soon be an important message from President Truman. It was, as you all know, that the Japanese had surrendered and World War II was over!

As soon as the president finished, all of the Wyoming's guns started firing tracers and live shells in every direction including ours. Since a number of shells were splashing close to us, we became pretty nervous, except for the Navy Chief. He was enraged! There was a small gun mounted near our bow, which I recognized from my ROTC experience as a "one-pounder". The chief turned to me, as the senior naval officer (Lt.Cmdr.) present, and asked if he had my permission to open fire, to which I immediately replied, "You damn well have it!". With that he uncovered the gun, loaded it and fired it toward the Wyoming. Fortunately the shot fell a little short but got enough attention, that orders were given on the Wyoming to cease firing. This constituted my only experience "under fire" in the Navy.

We were now only about an hour's distance from Norfolk, where we were met by a junior officer and escorted to sleeping quarters. The party with the Admiral was scheduled for 7 PM and I arrived at the Officer's Club to find the Admiral and his staff in full dress uniforms. After about ten minutes, the four V. I. P. guests had not shown up and I was dispatched to find out what was delaying them. At their rooms I found that they had all departed with luggage. By the time I returned to report their absence the party was in full swing with much toasting, etc. Everyone was eager to celebrate the victory and cared little about what had happened to their guests. They included me for dinner and, by the time I finally got to bed, they were still celebrating. Our early morning trip back to Washington was a little difficult for all of us due to the previous night's festivities. Back in Washington I found the streets a mess, most people sleeping off what was reported to have been a terrific celebration. I never learned how my missing V. I. P.'s escaped Norfolk, but assumed that they must have left by private planes, having already experienced more than they had bargained for on "VJ Day".