

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Travels--Life History

Personal Experience

O.H. 994

FREDERICK A. KULL

Interviewed

by

Jay L. Toth

on

October 15, 1979

## Frederick Kull

Frederick Kull is a 91 year old man who has traveled every nook and cranny of this country. He did so by hitch-hiking, traveling in box-cars, or as far as his money would take him.

After completing fifth grade, he hired out as an apprentice. He did not care for the work and moved from job to job. He left an automobile firm in Cleveland, which at that time was an outstanding job and pay. He took what money he had and moved to Seattle. There, he stayed with a family of a girl he met on the train. From there, Frederick Kull traveled throughout the West. He also rode one of the last stage coaches.

While traveling in 1915, he had seen a large group of [American] Indians with travoises moving along the Gila River.

When he went back East, he and a friends joined the Navy. During World War I in England, he met his wife. Three years later and seeing her only a few times, they were married.

Today, Frederick Kull is confined to a wheelchair and lives with his daughter. His greatest pastime is watching baseball on t.v.

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INTERVIEWEE: FREDERICK A. KULL  
INTERVIEWER: Jay L. Toth  
SUBJECT: life history and events  
DATE: October 15, 1979

JAY TOTH: This is an interview with Frederick Kull for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program by Jay Toth in Canfield, Ohio on October 15, 1979 at 9:00 p.m.

Okay, how old are you?

FREDERICK KULL: How old am I? I don't want to tell you.

JT: You don't?

FK: I'm 91. [laughter]

JT: Where were you born?

FK: Milwaukee.

JT: Can you describe your parents to me? What do you know of your parents? Where did your folks come from?

FK: Well, they came from Germany.

JT: Did your father know a trade? What prompted him to come to this country?

FK: Oh, I don't know why they came. I never asked them, so I couldn't tell you. All the rest of them, I suppose, were over here or the majority of them were, anyhow.

JT: Why did they pick Milwaukee?

FK: Well, I don't know that either. I suppose they had better cash or he didn't because he was a stone mason. He could work here better than he could up there. That is, my father.

JK: That means he moved from Milwaukee to Ohio?

FK: Yes. I was only eight years old.

JT: What were some of the things that you did when you were growing up?

FK: Well, it all depends on what you want.

JK: Well, tell them about when you were taking care of the school, you and your mom.

FK: Oh, you mean out in the country there? Yes, I was a janitor out there then. I was only about six or seven years old. I got \$5 a year. I had to go and steal kindling to go and start that dog-gone old furnace. Well, I didn't have to steal it at that time. Some company or somebody advertised something. They always had a wooden slat. If I ever had to paint it on there where it was. Then, I'd go home and yank it on. It made good kindling wood. That's how I used to start that darned furnace over there.

JT: What did the school look like?

FK: It was just a little country school. That's all there was to it. Just a little bit of a place. It was right along side from where I lived, because [my mother and I] used to have to go. We'd take our fire shovel and we'd put some coal in there. I'd go over there and stick it under the rock, so I could get it unclogged to open up the door. It was an awful place there.

JT: What was the name of the school?

FK: I don't know whether it had one or not. If it did, I never knew it. But, we had kids. . . . I know two of them. [There were] girls that lived about three and a half miles. I don't know how they came in there. They came from the country. They came all the way in. I don't know how they even got there if somebody brought them in or what. I remember them well. It got pretty darn cold out there in that place.

JT: What was school like for you?

FK: Just about so. I didn't care much about it at that time, because I couldn't go to school very long anyway.

JT: Why is that?

FK: Why because I was a grown up man by then. I told you I had a buck or two foot rule. [I was] down here in overalls with about that much turned up. That's the way I went out to the shop to work. They got tired of having me come out there. They finally felt, "Oh, give the kid a job." I couldn't even look in the window at them, because I was just a little piddling stuff. They gave me job out there. I was out there for a long time.

JK: How old were you when you went out?

FK: When I went there? Well, let's see. [I was] 15 years old.

JT: You left school in fifth grade?

FK: Yes, about there. I went as long as I could go. I had to go and help feed the outfit I guess, so I just quit and went to work. I was about fifteen, guess. I got a job then heating rivets. I didn't want to be a boiler-maker, because they told me I would bust my eardrums and everything else. I had to crawl inside them boilers, because I was just little. They called me "Minute," I was so darn little. They used to drag me in great big boilers there. Oh, they'd get their own boiler down and once in a while they'd repair them, some company. [They were] great big. They'd be about ten feet high and long, you know. Then there were all staples in the mill there crossed wide and every other which way to hold them together.

Now, I used to have to go crawl in between there around in there and they'd throw in a rivet, a hot rivet. I had to reach down there and grab around with a pair of tongs and stick in the hole up there. Then, I'd have to run and get the hold bar and hold it up against the roof until they pounded from the outside. All that dust and stuff used to roll around in there and I couldn't see. That lime stuff would gather in there. It was an awful job. I was there for a long time.

Then finally, the boss of the boiler shop there said, "This is no place for you." He said, "If you're around here, you've got to holler in order to get you to understand what they're saying and everything." So, he finally transferred me up in the wrecking room. I went up there and started as a bell boy up there. There, I sawed different lengths of pipe there for them. That was a kind of hard job for a kid, but nevertheless, I held it out. I held it out there.

JT: What was the name of the company?

FK: The Uber company, Uber. Yes, I held that out. I stayed there for quite a while. Finally, then they transferred me up in the tool room. I stayed up there for quite a while. The boss there, he was a nice old fellow. I liked him. A fellow by the name of Ackstel. By George, he said, "Fred, you go and ask the superintendent down there to give you more money. You're worth more money than what you're getting." I said, "All right, I'll just go down there."

JT: How much were you making?

FK: Fifteen cents an hour. So, I went down and it just so happened the superintendent came out of his office--a fellow by the name of Garver. I told him, "Mr. Ackstel, the tool maker, master mechanic, he thinks I'm worth more money." He said, "How much are you getting now?" I said, "Fifteen cents." He said, "I can't give you anymore."

JK: How old were you?

FK: Then?

JK: Was that after you finished?

FK: Yes, sure. Let's see, I was about eighteen, I guess. I should have a picture around here someplace. Yes, I think I was about eighteen. But, that old guy, he wouldn't give me a bit more. So, I went in and asked a fellow in there how much I had coming. That was enough for me when that superintendent told me what you're getting now, that's plenty. So, I went in there and they told me how much I had coming. I went out in the shop and asked a fellow out there. I said, "I think he was very lean hard." He said, "Do you want to buy my time?" I told him what I had done. He said, "Why? What are you going to do?" Why, I said, "Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do." If I can get money enough, I'm going to quit. I'm going to Cleveland."

So, some people there were going to live on 32nd Street in Cleveland. They were going up there at the same time, so I just went with them, see? I just went up there then and got a job. First, I found a place where I could get room and board. I found that, then I got a job at Sturm Automobile. That was a night job and I didn't like it. These guys, they'd go past there. They were going out to Euclid Beach to some kind of a resort out there. I could hear them kids and the street cars and [see them] standing on running boards and everything else. They were going out there and here I was working in there twelve hours a night in the

automobile shop. I can remember that guy, the old boss. [He was] a great big lanky son of a gun. He had a straw hat on like that in the machine shop. I don't know what his name was anymore.

So, I thought, shoot, I'm not going to keep this job. Those kids go out there having a good time and I'm in here working twelve hours a night. So, I just quit that there and went out and waited in the automobile. That's where I stayed and, by golly, the best darn job I ever had was with them people building an automobile. I had some help there from the master mechanic. Them guys really liked me.

The boss himself. . . . I can easily remember the cigars he used to smoke. My golly, so strong, but that had a nice smell like cigars. I thought, "By George, I'm going to buy one of them." I walked away until I saw a dog-gone cigar and I got one. After I found out how much they cost, I didn't want it. Oh, they were expensive, but he was a nice old fellow. I made a lot of stuff for that fellow, experimental stuff.

They started by making the body of a carburetor out of different stuff like aluminum, brass and stuff like that. I had to make all that stuff for them. Experimental work is what it seemed.

JT: What kind of cigars did he smoke?

FK: El Productos I believe they were. By golly, but they smelled good.

JK: Why did you leave there?

FK: Why did I leave? Now, I don't know. Well, I'll have to go and figure that out. Oh, I know why I left it. It wasn't because I didn't like that job. That was a good job. They were like a nursemaid to me. By golly, I couldn't do anything wrong with those people. By George, they would show anything and I needed a lot of help. I didn't have too much knowledge from where I left the Uber shop. Like I say, I just kept right on. Finally, by George, I just told them fellows I went with. I said, "You know I'm getting clear up to the neck with people standing all over my feet on the street cars and walking around here. There's just too many dog-gone people. I'm going to leave." he said, "Where are you going?" I said, "You come with me and I'll show you."

I went down to the depot and asked for a ticket. He said, "Where to?" I said, "Spokane, Washington." I don't know why. I just thought it's just about right. I wanted to go to Spokane. By golly, that guy, he just

looked at me. They said, "Are you sure you want to go?" I said, "That's exactly where I'm through. I said, "That's it." By George, I just went down and got that ticket. Them guys still couldn't believe that I was going. By golly, the next morning, I took off. I went. I got on the train and that was it. I had a ticket about that long.

Oh no, wait a minute. I got in back there. I didn't get in back, but up. At that time there, the railroads, they didn't have coaches like you have now. They had those rounded in the back, you know, old wooden stages. Probably you never saw any of them. The old-fashioned [ones], see.

They pulled a draw bar out. They were going between Chicago and St. Paul. They pulled the draw bar out, so we had to just wait right there until the railroaders and conductor and the fireman put that draw bar back or put a new one in whatever they did. I sat along the railroad watching and pretty soon, here came a couple of girls down. That was right down my alley, you know. We got to talking and told them. They said their whole family was moving out there, but their folks stayed in the car. Finally, by George, I told them that I was going out there too.

They said they'd get this here what-do-you-call-it fixed up. See, they were on the right train, but I had to go and stay over the next day. So, I thought, "Well, dog-gone, I'm going to find out when we get to St. Paul there. If I can get that ticket. . . . I can stay on without laying over until the next day or night." Well, this guy happened to give the ticket. . . . [He] might be the wrong guy. He was a depot master that I asked. I should not have asked him. I thought that was the right thing to do. He was a depot master. Well, he said, "All right, I'll fix it up. You can go and catch it over to St. Paul." I said, "All right." So, by George, there I kept monkeying around, you know. All at once, why, it dawned on me. By George, I don't believe that guy even bothered about it. So, I run up there to the ticket place where you get your tickets. I told him, "How about me getting a ticket, so I can stay right along on this train." He said, "You just came in on that train?" I said, "Yes." He said, "That's gone. It just left."

Well, I was stuck, see? They had my suit and my suitcase and tools and everything were on there. They were gone. Then, I went in and that's where I got confused. I asked that guy about it. He said, "Well, all I can tell you [is] you'll have to wait until the next day and get your train, because that one there is gone." By golly, you know, it took me. . . . Well, let me



see. When did I go out there? I think I went out there in April. You know that I never got my stuff right up until. . . . Anyhow, I happened to meet a girl there on the train. She said, "Where are you going?" Well, I said, "I'm going to Spokane, Washington. That's where my ticket's for, but I'll have to wait and see." She said, "I'm going to Washington and you are. I'm going to Seattle." I said, "Good." Of course, [we] got to chewing the fat and everything. Finally, by gosh, she give me her address. She said, "Well, when you get out there, why, you just give me a ring."

Of course, my ticket called for Spokane. I told her, "I have to get off at Spokane here. My ticket called for there. I'll have to go and buy another ticket, that's all." So, I did.

I paid twelve dollars more and got the ticket and went to Seattle, then. Then, when I got there, she gave me the address of where she lived. South Alcart Point was the name of the place. It was a nice place. So, I got there and she gave me an introduction to the old gang. He was a nice old fellow. I liked him. I think they were divorced, he and his wife. She had a nice place down along the town. So, by golly, I just stayed with him then and I went down along the shore there and dug clams for people. I was going to find out if I couldn't locate where any of these people went in charge of my suitcase. I told them to take care of it. They went to a place they called Gate, Washington.

Well, I didn't have money enough at that time anymore to go there to Gate, Washington. I didn't know how far it was. So, I dug clams for people. Oh, they would buy a lot of them by the bushels, I guess. This old man, he said, "I'm going to give you a tray and pick tonight. All you've got to do is to dig them." I said, "Dig what?" He said, "You dig the clams." So, he had a great big old pan full there. We'd just get each plate with butter on it. Then, we'd take them out just like you would an oyster or something. Dip it out, you know, and put it in that and eat them. Why shoot, I used to eat a bushel of them. By gosh, I thought that was pretty good.

I'd dig them up for people. Some of them would give me 50 cents or some would give me a quarter. Whatever they'd give me was all right. I didn't charge anybody anything. I just felt that if it's worth it, they'll give me something. If they don't, well, that's all right with me anyhow. I'm having a lot of fun down along the beach.

By George, I finally got enough money and I went down

there. At this place, there was great big trees, a lumber camp. They didn't know what they had done with my stuff. I couldn't have my good clothes along. I told the old man up there, "Do you have something I could wear around here until I locate my stuff?" He said, "Sure." So, he gave me a pair of corduroy pants. He put two of them in there and a little piece of rope for a belt. Around here that's the way I went up and down this dog-gone beach digging clams and stuff. That was a lot of fun. I didn't care about it. Of course, that was a laugh, you know. What the heck. I didn't care.

JK: Did you finally get your tools?

FK: It took me. . . . I know, we had a ball game out there on that day. A bunch of young fellows got up a ball team. They said, "Hey, do you know something? The guy up at the depot up there said he has something for you." I said, "What?" He said, "They've got your stuff up there." I said, "They have?" He said, "That's what they've got." So, I went up there. They said, "Is that your stuff there?" I said, "That looks like it." He said, "Well, they had that already in a place up there where they keep that stuff, I suppose, in Chicago or someplace. They lost and found stuff and everything." Of course, that's the way they found it. It had my name and everything on it. They couldn't have lost it because it had my name painted on the suitcase and it had a tag on the grip.

I went out there, by George. I didn't find it and I got another job working for a fellow by the name of Reed. I just did a lot of work for it, a machine shop.

JK: Didn't you once ride on a stage coach?

FK: Oh, yes. I rode that stage coach. I went to a place. . . . Boise, Idaho, I think it was. I asked a guy there, "Wonder if a fellow can find a job around anyplace?" He said, "Are you looking for a job? Any particular job?" I said, "Anything as long as it's work." He said, "I've got a friend out here. A fellow by the name of Woody. He's got a big ranch." I said, "Well, Woody?" He said, "Yes." I said, "That's better than nothing. It's better than looking for something." He said, "All right, hop on." I got on that dog-gone stage coach with them, then. Boy, that was about something. My golly, the horses were way down here, you know, and them horses would bounce up and down in ruts about that deep. I didn't know whether I was going to stay on that thing or not. I thought maybe I'd fall off, you know. Boy, it was a rough son of a gun.

Finally, then, by George, I got out there. The fellow said to me, "Do you have place where you are going to stay?" I said, "No, not just exactly. But they told me this fellow might have to work for me." I said, "I might just as well." Just about that time, why, that's as far as I went. He went one way and I was going up the other way. So, I said, "Well, I might just as well start up." I didn't know how far the ranch house was or nothing. I started up this here lane and kept on going. All at once, a guy came down, a little fellow. He was the guy that owned the place, this Woody. He had a Texan hat on. He was a little fellow.

I said, "A fellow told me you might have some work around here." He said, "Are you looking for work?" I said, "That's what I've been looking for, but it doesn't seem like I'm going to find much around here." He said, "Well now, you go back in there and I'll be back in a little bit." He went. He had a great big stallion horse. A great big son of a gun. He went out the lane. I think he went up to town.

So, I went up there and there was some young kid up there. He was about fourteen years old. He was a nice kid. We got talking sitting on this wood pile. He got to showing me there how to hang fish with a lasso. Oh, we got chewing the fat and everything. The, two horses drove up there. It was this boy's sister and a young fellow, who was Swedish, I suppose. Of course, they started going into the house and left the horses stand there. All at once, the sister's brother let loose for a bunch of Irish confetti. That guy there was just about ready to punch him. That dog-gone rock and stuff flew all over that dog-gone porch. Why, he'd have brained that kid. He finally took off. Him and the girl both went. My gosh that was the dog-gonest place.

On a Sunday, we were out there in the yard yet. Here, I heard horses coming. I just happened to turn around and look around the driveway there and here come the sheriff. He stopped there a little bit. He said "Hey, is that your horse coming through there?" I said, "How do I know where they come through? I didn't see anything. Have you fellows seen anybody come through?" They said, "No." He said, "Well, he came down through here." He said, "I mapped him. I suppose he's going up over the hills over in there." He took right after him. He went right after him. I don't know what ever happened. My gosh, that was the damndest place.

JT: Did you ever have a chance to meet any of the Indians out there?

FK: Oh, I met an Indian. He was the first guy I'd seen in the Spokane depot. He was sitting cross-legged right

in the depot. I had to step over him. They just liked to see the trains come in, I believe.

Then, one place there. . . . I think the Hoover dam was not built. I know it wasn't built. Not at that time. But then, we went out there, there were trestles. The railroads were built on trestles. They went clear across this canyon. The guy. . . . I don't know what his name was. [He] was going to jump the canyon there. That was it. That was the canyon.

JK: Snake River?

FK: Yes, it was the Snake River. Oh, I couldn't connect a throw over that Snake River. Good Lord, that was wide. I looked down when we went across that. Like I say, it was all trestle then. It wasn't built up like it is now with concrete and stuff. That went clear up. [There was] nothing but trestles all the way up there to where the track went across, see? I could look down there. There was a tribe of Indians, a whole string of them going along there. I don't know where they were going. They were just moving. There was a whole gang of them. It looked to me like they were going south at that time. They carried all of their stuff. They carried all of their stuff going down there. They followed that crooked river all the way down. You could see them smaller and farther while they were still going. They were far away from me, but chances are they never even saw me up there. Of course, I was going on that trail crawling. That was to wiggle that old outfit I'm telling you. I had to go across that. No wonder you could have crawled across that.

JT: What year was that?

FK: About 1910. Oh, along in there. It was a little while ago. By George, I had a lot of fellows out there. I used to go out fishing. There was a fellow there. He was a lumberjack cook at one time. He thought that would be a good place there for South High Point to have a kind of a summer resort where you could have ice cream sodas and stuff like that. I don't know how many tables there were. I helped him put the floor down and everything there. [In] a glass case, he had candy. One place [had] cigars. He had somebody help him cook all of the meals he needed. I guess he couldn't because he was a regular cook in a lumber camp. A fellow by the name of Reuben. He was a nice fellow. I liked him.

I used to make a lot of money, by George, out there selling clams and stuff until I got enough to go out there and look for my darn stuff. I never got it until July.

JT: You say you went fishing?

FK: Oh, yes. I went fishing one night there. I just dragged the boat. Well, we had, let me see, one round-bottom boat and then we had five flat-bottom boats to rent out, you know.

JT: Where's this at?

FK: At South High Point in Seattle. We'd rent them out. I went out there one night, you know. I thought, "I'm going to go out there. I believe I can catch a some fishing." Well, I started and I kept pulling them things out and throwing them in there. Oh, I must have had half a boat load of the darn things. I told the fellow, "I told you you should have gone along with time." He said, "Boy, look at the fish you've got down here." So, the fellows all come down. The darn thing had eyes about that big around. They said, "Are those the ones you just brought in?" I said, "Yes." So, the just turned around and laughed. I just kept watching wondering what I wanted to do. They looked at them and everything else. Finally then, I guess they got tired of laughing at me. They said, "Those aren't any good. You never eat those kind around here." I didn't know what was the matter with them. They looked something like darn catfish.

I went out fishing there one day. I had a thrown line. I took a little clam and put in on there. Dog-gone, if I didn't catch nice rock bass. It was a rock cod, they called them out there. Then, I thought there would be another one out there, so I just took another clam and put it on there. By darn, if I didn't get two of them. Those were the only two I did get, though. I never got any more. But, I took them up there and they didn't throw them away and tell me to go with them. They were nice fishes just like bass. But, I got too busy just running around there. I sawed wood.

You see, there the houses are just like this here with a flat part up on top. Then, it was all open underneath. They most generally had that built on piles and stuff. You see, the back part was all open. Then, they used to have a bunch of boards and stuff that drifted in and stuff like that. I went down there and there were two or three old men there. I used to go down and drag a lot of that lumber that came up there. I dragged that under there for them. Whenever I got a chance, they'd have me saw it up for them. They had a buck saw down there. I sawed that stuff. They gave me 50 cents for it once in awhile. Once in awhile, I wouldn't even take anything, because they would come down with a hunk of cake or something like that.

Then one time there was a fellow who came and he was going to Pennsylvania. Erie, I believe. He was going to buy a gold ridge. I never thought I was going to forget that guy. He was a nice old fellow with a beard and heavy-set. He had gold nuggets. They were about that big and a gold chain going across there. Instead of buying it, I told them about us having to go over out there. He was going there to Pennsylvania. He was going to go there and he was going to give me a job when he got back there. I would keep that thing and repair it and stuff, but he never made it. I think he got a stroke. That's what his old lady told me. By George, he got a stroke somewhere in Pennsylvania. He was a nice old fellow. That's just the way the ball bounced.

JT: How long did you stay out there?

FK: I stayed out there a couple of years, I think.

JT: What made you come back?

FK: Well, nothing. I said I'd just like to come back once and I never went back out. I should have though, because I had a nice job out there. But, they were having trouble with organizing a union and everything. I told this Breeze--that's the fellow I worked for, J. F. Breeze. I told him, "I would like to work out here. I like this place." He said, "Well, why don't you?" Well, I said, "Them guys are trying to organize. They're never going to organize me. I had my first union out here until they wanted it the other way around then they busted up my machinery! I just quit. I said, "I wouldn't organize now a bit." He was one nice old fellow, too, that old Breeze. I made a lot of stuff for him.

JT: You joined the service not too long that didn't you?

FK: Yes.

JT: What made you join the service?

FK: I thought it was just about time. We were just about ready to get into the war, anyhow. I was shooting pool with a guy. He was on a submarine. He was a recruiting officer then. I got talking to him. I said, "You know the way it books to me is we're going to no doubt get into this war. It might just as well start right now." He said, "All right." So, I went right down to the post office. I just got temporary examination. I was just about ready to go. I hollered at them guys there to go out from the station over where Ed Dute and them worked. They said, "Where are you going?" I

said, "I'm going to join the Navy." They said, "You are?" "Yes," I said. By George, that's where I'm going to get to the train." By golly, Ed said, "Ray wants to talk to you." Ray said, "You wait." By golly, he came out of there and he went with me. We went to Pennsylvania and got on a train there and went to Yorktown. We went to Yorktown where all the recruits were. That's where we got all fitted out for the outfit. We shipped the stuff home and we went along. He went on to Minnesota and I went on to New York. That was a nice home, too. It was a nice place.

JT: What was the service like?

FK: Well, I'll tell you. That's going to be up to you, mostly. You can make it nice for your or you can make it dog-gone miserable for yourself. I've had guys there. . . . Well, that was a bad time anyway. It was right around Thanksgiving. Guys would hold right on to a station. We couldn't eat nothing. They looked in street corners and every other which way, you know, packed in there. You got three of those dogs and you hung on to a station if you could hold on to it, because we were just taking dives, that's all. Just like that. Oh, I'll say I never seen officers. By George, we had one guy in there. A fellow by the name of Reynolds. A nice officer, too. He was in my division. He was so dog-gone sick. He'd roll over there and then that water and stuff would roll over and then he'd roll over along the other side. Then, he'd roll over there. My golly, he was an awful looking thing. Well, that's the way it goes.

JT: What division were you in?

FK: Well, I think we were in the Second Division. I think the first one was the Pennsylvania. She was a flag ship.

JT: She was a battle ship right?

FK: Yes, a battle ship. Mine was a battle ship, the New York. Let's see, the Pennsylvania. . . . I can't name them all anymore.

JK: The New York was a flag ship, too, wasn't it?

FK: Yes, she was a flag ship. The New York and the Texas. . . . Then, there was the Alabama. She sat better than any dog-gone ship in the outfit. Well, there were lots of guys.

JT: Did you see any action?

FK: No, we never saw any action. Well, we could have been

into it a couple of different times. The Delaware. . . . The first time we went out, by golly, there was a torpedo that went after her. The skipper, he had turned her in order to miss that darn torpedo there. That was the Delaware. She could have never made it because they would have sunk her. She'd have never got out of it, so they sent her back.

JK: You met your future wife while you were in the Navy, didn't you?

FK: Yes, you bet. I had lot's of fun in there. I had a lot of fun down at her place, too.

JT: Where was this at?

FK: Scotland.

JT: We'll take it from Scotland. We'll start there.

FK: Oh, well that was one swell place there. We had a place there. They called it Eagle Hut.

JK: Eagle Hut was in London.

FK: Yes, in London. By George, we had a big paddington station there. By George, the trains had a real shrill whistle. Most of them, anyhow. By George, they had one guy there. I think he was a water tender or maybe a fireman. A fellow by the name of Conroy had the prettiest tenor voice of any guy I ever listened to in my life. The women there wouldn't let him go over there at that station. Any time that he wanted to start, the other guys, they wanted to go. Then, they'd ask him to sing, then he would sing. Good Lord, if you could sing like he could, I think anybody would want to sing. He really could sing. He was singing, "Just a Baby for a Twilight" sitting there. A couple of women wanted him to sing that. Then, there was a fellow there in that Eagle Hut. He was a guy whom must of got hit on the side. On the one side, you could see his teeth. A New Zealand guy.

Oh, they had every type of man in there from every place you could think of. They had somebody in there from this nationality or that. I'll have to say one of our guys. . . . Not one of them. There were lots of them that were kind of wind bags anyway.

JT: Where did you meet your wife?

FK: That was funny. I and another fellow on the ship. . . they doubled us up. I had this fellow by the name of Gordon. We were going along down along the River Thames. There were a bunch of guys there. They



had a scull. [There were] a whole bunch of guys in it that has those things. These guys were going up and down [the river]. You take [my wife] and this red head, Dorothy, or whatever her name is.

JK: Dolly.

FK: Dolly, yes, Dolly. They kept watching these guys. Every once in awhile, I took Gordon down. We stood up there watching those guys race. I seen my wife, my girl, that night peeking under a hat. I finally went down there and I said, "I saw you peeking that time." She said, "You didn't." I said, "Well, I knew you were peeking at me." She said, "I wasn't peeking at you. I was trying to figure out what those words were there on your hat band." It said, "New York," see? Oh, Well, it's just about the same thing.

By George, I finally somehow or another got a date. I don't know how that happened, but anyway, we went down to see her folks. Her sister, Kit. . . . [My wife] and I really sat in there talking. Old snoopy Kit. . . . She went up the stairway and was sitting there with the door pulled open or shut. She was at the door listening to us talking. By gosh, we finally had a lot of dog-gone fun.

I went out hunting with their dog, Spot, or whatever her name was. I had my good clothes on while I went out here rabbit hunting. The darn dog ran right down. By George, I got my feet all dirty. Shoot, I had an awful time, but I still liked it there. They were nice people.

My gosh, I have one of those things around here that I got from Eagle Hut, the match case. You could have bought almost anything you wanted there in that place, that Eagle Hut.

JT: So, how did you eventually marry your wife? How did that come about?

FK: Oh, I had all the time there. That's when I went to go down and see her that time. Of course, when she came over she was on the Last Land. The called it the Last Land. She came over on that. They called her name out up there when they docked. Oh, she went up to what-do-you-call-it for a couple of days. They held them up there. I don't know what for. Then, they came down.

JK: After the war was over, you sent for her?

FK: Yes, I did.

JT: Okay, that will be enough for today. Thank you.

FK: Thank you.

END OF INTERVIEW