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Encounters with Eisenhower: Personal Reminiscences Collected to Mark the 125th Anniversary of the Birth of Dwight D. Eisenhower

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Roles

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Encounters with Eisenhower: Personal Reminiscences Collected to Mark the 125th Anniversary of the Birth of Dwight D. Eisenhower

Description

The general who orchestrated the greatest amphibian invasion in history, and led Allied forces in the great crusade to crush Adolf Hitler's armies, subsequently became a popular two-term president of the United States. In the annals of American success stories, it's hard to beat the life that Dwight D. Eisenhower made.

Yet this heroic figure was also a "natural man," as one of the contributors to this volume of personal reminiscences suggests. Lady Dill was referring to Eisenhower's humanity and lack of pretense. Unlike other leading figures of his day—including a certain five-star general who orchestrated the American island-hopping campaign in the Pacific Theatre during World War II—Eisenhower was relatable to the average man or woman, whatever his or her status, standing, or role. [*excerpt*]

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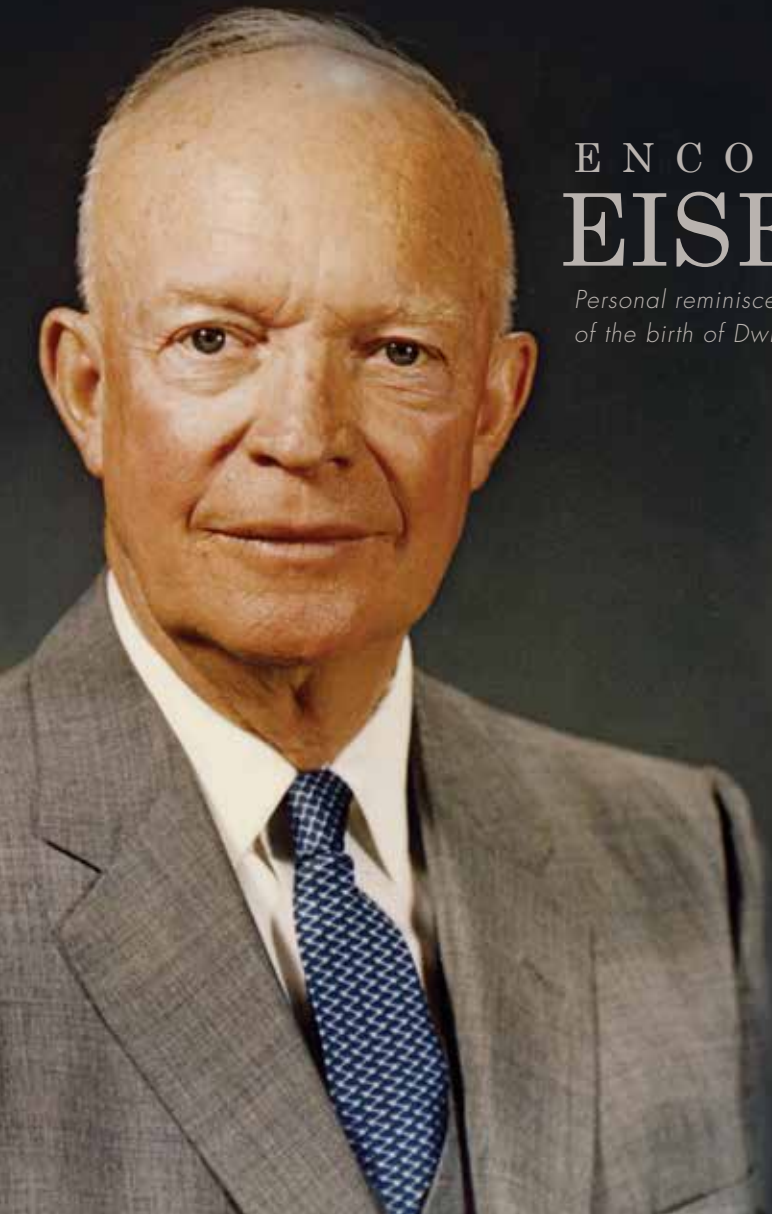
Dwight D. Eisenhower, WWII, World War II, Allied Forces, Oral History, President Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander

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ENCOUNTERS WITH EISENHOWER

*Personal reminiscences collected to mark the 125th anniversary
of the birth of Dwight D. Eisenhower*

*Edited by
Michael J. Birkner and Devin McKinney*

PROSPERITY

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Musselman Library, Gettysburg College, 2015

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Gettysburg welcomes President Eisenhower, November 14, 1955.

ENCOUNTERS WITH
EISENHOWER



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INTRODUCTION

The general who orchestrated the greatest amphibian invasion in history, and led Allied forces in the great crusade to crush Adolf Hitler's armies, subsequently became a popular two-term president of the United States. In the annals of American success stories, it's hard to beat the life that Dwight D. Eisenhower made.

Yet this heroic figure was also a "natural man," as one of the contributors to this volume of personal reminiscences suggests. Lady Dill was referring to Eisenhower's humanity and lack of pretense. Unlike other leading figures of his day—including a certain five-star general who orchestrated the American island-hopping campaign in the Pacific Theatre during World War II—Eisenhower was relatable to the average man or woman, whatever his or her status, standing, or role.

What we remember most, of course, is the smile—that magnetic grin that captivated the general public and all who encountered him in person. The smile was in many instances artifice, a part of Eisenhower's need as a military leader to project optimism; as he once observed, troop morale radiates from the top. A better gauge of the Eisenhower persona lay in his response to everyday situations, and to unexpected mishaps or complications. The reminiscences published here show Eisenhower on the job, but also with his coat and tie off. Either way, he demonstrated a geniality, curiosity, and kindness that help us understand why Americans liked him.

A word about the Eisenhower anecdotes you will encounter. Many were responses to notices placed in American and British newspapers in the 1980s by the Eisenhower Society, a legacy organization based in Gettysburg that continues to support Eisenhower-related programming and publications, including this book. Members of

the Society, led by Gettysburg attorney Charles Wolf and local businessman Leroy Smith, hatched the idea of collecting Eisenhower reminiscences before they fell into the dustbin of history. Their idea worked—up to a point. British newspapers have a tradition of publishing requests for information about all manner of subjects, including reminiscences of political, literary, and military notables. American newspapers do not. Very few of these printed the Eisenhower Society’s appeal, and as a result, few personal stories from the USA found their way into the files where this collection has been sitting for the past quarter-century.

Many of the anecdotes here are excerpted from the Gettysburg College Oral History Collection, which over the past 30-plus years has grown to encompass recordings and transcripts of more than 1,500 interviews with college personnel and local residents. A number of reminiscences were solicited specifically for this volume, including a half-dozen contributed by individuals who served in the Eisenhower White House in one capacity or another. It is remarkable how compatible the stories told by drivers and postal workers—just plain folk—are with those told by individuals whose interactions with Eisenhower were weightier. Take, for example, the two World War II-era soldiers who literally ran into the general, one of them knocking him to the ground. Neither suffered for his actions, as Ike dusted himself off and pronounced their unanticipated (and unwanted!) meeting to be “one of those things.” In a similar vein, Ike’s aides recall a leader who laughed at the same things they found humorous, and who put the little frustrations of life—such as running late for an event—in perspective. In an instance when a regular opening element of cabinet meetings had been neglected, the president could smack his head and say, “Jesus Christ, I forgot the prayer.” Such is not the lingo of a martinet or prima donna.

Opposite: En route to the Italian front, December 19, 1943.



By and large, the Eisenhower you will encounter in these pages is not the Eisenhower of great decisions, nor the man whose “majestic steadiness” (as one columnist has put it) made it possible for Americans to cultivate their own gardens during the height of the Cold War, without going to sleep at night fearful that their president might start World War III. Rather, this is the down-to-earth leader who could casually offer a cigarette to a stranger in a London air-raid shelter as they waited out an attack; and the general who was willing to carry a scrub bucket for an elderly cleaning lady at the Hotel Trianon in Versailles. Eisenhower was unfazed by things that would throw others off stride: while on a tour of a college in Lancaster, he could offer handshakes to a half-dozen college students who were stepping, stark naked, out of a swimming pool. No silly jokes, no looking at the ceiling. He played it straight.

Eisenhower's many small acts of kindness were connected to what one writer cites as his "essential decency," but it may be that more was involved. He acted, quite deliberately, on his better impulses. Ike was not a saint: he had a temper that could flare—though like a summer thunderstorm it soon passed, and grudges were never held. Eisenhower could be devious, patient, kindly, or steely hard, depending on the circumstances. But he always remembered where he came from, and never felt above anyone else.

One of my favorite stories about Eisenhower, not collected in this book, comes from Gen. Arthur Nevins's recollection of a White House dinner held by the president for Black Angus herd owners. In the course of the evening, one of the guests talked at length with the president about breeding and caring for Black Angus show cattle, which Ike was beginning to invest in. At one point in the animated conversation, the man said he feared he was overstaying his welcome. Eisenhower replied, "Oh no, not yet. I'm thoroughly enjoying this meeting. You may be sure that I will indicate when I feel we must terminate it."

That keen focus on the matter at hand—whether it was geopolitics or something more mundane—was vintage Eisenhower. It is a pleasure, in this year of Ike's 125th birthday anniversary, for Gettysburg College to present these personal reminiscences of him, from disparate vantage points. They will surely make you like Ike.

Michael J. Birkner

*Professor of History
Benjamin Franklin Professor of Liberal Arts
March 12, 2015*

Opposite: Ike with one of his Black Angus cows, June 3, 1955.





1942–45: EUROPE

I was actually his mail girl. He was like any GI—always looking for mail from home. Many pounds of grits I carried, after Bing Crosby announced on his *Kraft Hour* that grits was [Eisenhower's] favorite food.¹

I liked Ike. He never passed without giving me his favorite smile. Once I seen him carry a scrub bucket for a very old cleaning lady in the Hotel Trianon in Versailles, France. I was only a small cog in the large wheel, but I seen it all at the headquarters.

— Mrs. Peter Pernazza
Lansdale, PA

*Maj. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme
Commander of Allied Forces in Europe, 1942.*

LATE 1942: ENGLAND

I was a mechanic with the transportation section in Shrivenham, England. Eisenhower's office called our section for someone to come to London and take care of his car and gun for a week. At first they had picked another boy, but he had a dental appointment that day, so they picked me instead.

It was just a detail, you know. I mean, if they say go clean a latrine, you go clean it. I wasn't scared when I met him, though I'd never met anyone with that much rank before. You'd hear of generals, but you wouldn't see them. I just said to myself, I'll do the best that I can today, and get whatever he wants or needs. I never thought that I couldn't be fired. When we were [in Europe], if he said, "Take me to the front," that's what I did. So I saw that I had my K-rations, overnight bag, and had the car gassed and oiled.

When Eisenhower went over to head up NATO in '51, I went with him, and then he came back in '52 to run for the Republican nomination. When he became the president, I wasn't allowed to drive for him anymore. There is a law that says no one but the Secret Service is allowed to drive the president, so I drove the first lady. I was her driver for eight years.

— Leonard Dry
Arlington, VA



With Sir Arthur Tedder, Vice Marshal of the Royal Air Force, 1942.

I was Chief Clerk [in the Records] Office of the Secretary General Staff, Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force [SHAEF]. This office serviced the Chief of Staff and through him the Supreme Commander.

This was the time when the V1 and V2 rockets were landing in various parts of the UK.² SHAEF had prior warning of the approach of those missiles and we were instructed to proceed immediately to the nearest air-raid shelter upon sound of the warning. One morning following an alert, I was about to enter a shelter when I saw Gen. Eisenhower standing in there with his back to the wall and facing the entrance.

My reaction was to back out and find another shelter. The general said, "Come on in." So in I went. After a few minutes Ike took out his packet of cigarettes, flipped one up and said to me, "Have a Camel." I took one and we stood and smoked our cigarettes until the "all clear" signal was given.

— *Frank T. Reading*
New Malden, Surrey

I used to cycle to work, and on this day I had to stop at the traffic lights. I just glanced at the large car that drove up alongside of me—I had to have a second look—as sitting nearest me was Dwight D. Eisenhower, and with him Monty and Air Vice Marshal Tedder.³ I must have looked so surprised on the second look that Ike gave me a really cheeky grin and a wave—that really made my day.

— *Marjorie Andrews*
Brighton, Sussex



Briefing session for Operation "Torch," North Africa, November 1942.

LATE 1942–EARLY 1943: NORTH AFRICA

I was in the Royal Navy as an electrical artificer, and our brief was the invasion of North Africa at Algiers, with Gen. Eisenhower in command. When the troops got ashore, suitable places were captured for the general and our Adm. [of the Fleet Andrew] Cunningham. Both places were sited in a beautiful orange grove with the general on one side of the grove and the admiral on the other side.

My job was to go to the admiral's quarters to fix up some telephones. During my stay there, [one] morning the general's colored valet came over and asked me if I would have a look at the hot water supply to the general's bathroom, as the water was not hot enough for him to take a bath in the morning.

When I investigated, I found that the time switch to the heater was programmed to cut out during the night. In Algiers, they were so short of coal for the power station that the house the general was in, being a private residence, had to be switched off during the night. I then programmed the switch to be on for 24 hours, thereby giving the general hot water whenever he wanted a bath, no matter what time of the day.

I told the general what I had done and we proceeded to the most beautiful bathroom I had ever seen to try it out. He then thanked me for what I had done, and with a twinkle in his eye said that Uncle Sam would pay for all the extra electricity used.

— Frank E. Goodall
Harold Park, Essex

I was serving on the staff of Adm. Sir Andrew Cunningham, the naval Commander-in-Chief, when we launched Operation "Torch" into North Africa.⁴ Gen. Eisenhower set up Allied Force Headquarters in the Hotel St. George on the hill above Algiers. The hotel had an elaborate Moorish façade and a marble floored foyer and staircase. A local hired coach was used to take the British naval personnel to and fro to their mess down through the town to the Casbah.

On the day in question I had been delayed in my office on the second floor and was in danger of missing the coach, so I hurtled down those marble stairs. On swinging round one of the corners at high speed, I collided with an American officer who had just reached the top of that flight. There we were, locked in each other's arms and teetering to and fro, trying to regain our balance but in great danger of toppling over and crashing down those hard stone stairs, he backwards with me on top.

Well, we did recover, but then I was further horrified to find the officer I was hugging was Gen. Eisenhower!!! Some of his staff were with him, and I had visions of the most awful disciplinary consequences. I leapt to attention and apologized, of course, and the general just gave me a little grin and said, "OK, son," and went on up the stairs. I descended slowly and heard no more of the incident.

What a gentleman the general was, to be so forgiving of my stupidity at a time when great things were on his mind.

— George Robey
Plymouth, Devon

In North Africa I met all the generals—Gen. Patton, Gen. Eisenhower, Gen. Clark.⁵

We were in North Africa taking commando training when the ships started to come in for the invasion. And they were settin' on the beach, we were walking around there, me and another guy, [and] I just walked right up to 'em and shook their hands. Just shook their hands.

— *Charles E. Kuhn, Sr.*
Bonneauville, PA

I was serving as an officer in the Royal Regiment of Artillery with [the] First Army in North Africa, during which I suffered severely from wounds in action. After several operations in various medical stations, I was finally taken to a French-constructed sanatorium on the outskirts of Algiers for further treatment. During my sojourn in Algiers, I shared a room with an American officer whose brother had recently been killed in action, and who [had been] ADC⁶ to Gen. Eisenhower.

Sitting on my bed, gazing out of the window, to my complete surprise I saw the general's car arrive outside. I said to my American colleague, "Ike has come to see us." He couldn't believe it. But within minutes he came into our room along with his Scottie dog, his greeting warm, indeed friendly.

He threw his hat on my bed and said, "How are you doing, son," inquir[ed] as to the extent of my wounds, and asked if I was being looked after. He even asked if I would be staying in the Army. [He] rolled up his trouser leg and showed me a wound he had received in a previous battle with the comment, "Don't let them throw you out because



of your injuries. I didn't, and look what it did for me."

He stayed with us for some time, making quite sure we were adequately provided for in the way of reading materials, refreshments, even transport to Algiers when we were mobile on our crutches. He came a second time to make sure all was well with everyone in the hospital.

Initially, I'm sure his visit was to comfort his ADC's brother—but he gave hope and comfort to us all, a generous gesture which has remained in my memory and given pleasure to me many times, relating this incident to my friends.

— *Gerald L. Bird*
Harborne, Birmingham

I was wounded, and I was sent to a field hospital. We were a sorry lot at the time, then one day who came to visit the hospital but Ike. He came to each bed, and talked to us about the war. [He asked] what had happened to me and I told him. Then he asked me where my town was. I said Llanelli in South Wales. He said, "Never heard of it." When he left, he had made us all happy.

The next day, he sent a letter to my [regiment] wishing us the very best of luck, and hoping one day to meet us all back in England.

— *T. H. Lodwick*
Llanelli, Dyfed, South Wales

JULY–SEPTEMBER, 1943: SICILY

I had the pleasure to meet and chat with the general when we took him to [the] Gela beach landings at Sicily.

In the morning he came on to the quarterdeck with his aide. I was in charge of the depth-charge watch that morning. The general asked me how long I had been in the "med." I replied, "Two years and nine months, sir." He said that was too long, and it was time I was home with my folks.

The telephone rang and I took a message from the bridge which was, "Tell the general to come up." He replied, "Tell the captain there's enough of them up there without me. I'm fine down here with the boys," and he talked and chattered with us for about an hour.

— A. K. Mitchell
Brighton, Sussex

In September 1943, after the end of the Sicilian campaign, a meeting was held between Gen. Eisenhower and Field Marshal Montgomery at the villa occupied by the latter at Taormina.

A kilted guard from the Gordon Highlanders, 51st Highland Division, of which I was a member, was mounted in honor of the general. During his inspection, the general held

a lengthy conversation with each member of the Guard and expressed great interest in the regiment and its service in North Africa and Sicily.

On hearing that I was a Scot, he asked if I knew Culzean Castle in Ayrshire, which had been gifted to him as his temporary Scottish home by the Scottish people, and which he said was a beautiful place in a beautiful country.⁷

He thanked the Guard and said it was “a swell-looking outfit to have recently been in combat.” That evening he sent beer and cigarettes to the Guard with his compliments.

— W. D. Watson
Gillingham, Kent



This “safe conduct” pass, signed by Eisenhower, was dropped behind enemy lines during World War II.

LATE 1943: WASHINGTON D.C.

I knew [Eisenhower] quite well in Washington when he was being trained as Joint Commander of the British and American forces which were to invade the continent on D-Day.

My husband was Chief of the Joint Staff Mission in Washington, so [Eisenhower] spent several months with my husband learning how the British Army worked. He proved to be a marvelous coordinator of the two armies in the field.

The Eisenhowers often came to supper with us in the evening, and a more delightful couple it would be hard to find—they were full of humor, good sense, and intelligence. We really enjoyed their company.

He did not change, remaining just a simple, natural man. My daughter and I visited the Eisenhowers when he was Chief of Staff in Paris after the war, and found them just the same. They joked with us and said that the Field Marshal really taught them to enjoy tea in the British way.

— Lady N. I. C. Dill
Badminton, Gloucestershire

Opposite: On everything from souvenirs to autographed photos to patriotic posters, Eisenhower's was the face most often used to represent the US military effort in WWII.



Dwight D. Eisenhower

BACK 'EM UP



BUY EXTRA BONDS

JANUARY–JUNE 1944: ENGLAND

After completing my basic training at Camp Croft, South Carolina, I was sent to England as a replacement infantryman and assigned to Company “H,” 60th Infantry, Ninth Division, in January 1944. The Ninth Division had just arrived in England for rest and relaxation after having been in the Africa and Sicily campaigns, and was presently quartered in the Winchester, England area in preparation for the [D-Day] invasion.

I was granted a furlough and went to London for a few days. It was here that I had the pleasant surprise to be at a Red Cross center when Gen. Eisenhower paid a brief visit and spoke a few words to the GIs, explaining our purpose being there. It was a typical Ike-to-GI gathering, and from that day, one could not but have the respect for Gen. Eisenhower that he showed a regular GI. We all were equally important in his eyes for carrying out the future campaigns of WWII. He shook hands and wished us all the best of luck for a safe return home.

— Dale E. Deardorff
Gettysburg, PA

My late father, Percy George Parker, rejoined the Army at the outbreak of the Second World War, after having served for some years as a Royal chauffeur. It was whilst he was serving with Field Marshal Alan Brooke⁸ that, just before D-Day, he was taking Gen. Eisenhower through the East End of London to keep an urgent appointment (probably a Chiefs of Staff meeting). His car would have been the famous Phantom III Rolls Royce with the forward-swept windscreen, and he was doing about 50 or



On June 5, 1944, hours before D-Day, Eisenhower meets with Company E of the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment at Greenham Common, Berkshire, England.

60 miles an hour when a policeman stopped the car. Not seeing who the passenger was, he accused my father of speeding, whereupon Eisenhower leaned out of the rear window and said, "Nobody ever won a war at 30 miles per hour!"

— *Mrs. C. D. Vidler*
Camberley, Surrey

Just prior to the invasion of Europe, Gen. Eisenhower visited our outfit, Company A, 652nd Topographical Engineer Battalion, Third Army, while we were on detached assignment in Richmond, just outside of London, England. In the course of his tour, the general stopped and asked one of our men what he did in civilian life. The reply was that he was a draftsman, and the general replied, "What are you doing here, soldier? You *belong* here." This cracked everyone up, especially the general and his entourage, and they continued on their way.

— *William Nelson*
New York, NY

As a girl of 16 living in Dulverton, Somerset, I had the very great privilege of meeting Gen. Eisenhower when he came to the station there in his train, to review his troops who were encamped in tents up on the moors above Dulverton.

My father was working in the offices at Dulverton station at that time, and he managed to get my girlfriend and me in to see the general and his entourage, who treated us

magnificently and gave us a guided tour of their train, including the cinema where all the campaign films were shown (but not to us, of course!).

At the end of our visit I asked the general for his autograph (never dreaming that he would one day be president of the United States).

— *Elaine Brice*
Tiverton, Devon

I was in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and stationed at Orley, Yorkshire, just before D-Day.

One day the call went out, "On parade—Ike will soon be here." The battalion lined up in a field and soon Ike arrived. "Gather round me, boys, and let me look at you," he said. We all made a dash and encircled the platform he was standing on. "Well, boys," he said, "I like what I see. Very good luck to you, and believe me, it won't be long before I shall commandeer a cozy castle on the Rhine for you." Those words put us in good spirits for what was before us.

I never reached the Rhine. I was knocked out in Normandy.

— *C. H. Gibbins*
Norbury, London



Eisenhower washes up at base camp, probably in France, 1944. The face of the man in the background, speaking to Gen. Omar Bradley, was erased by government censors.

I have an elderly friend living with me [who] was with the forward planning section of the D-Day invasion. He was in the men's toilet when in walked Gen. Eisenhower. "Good morning, Sergeant," he said, and he proceeded with his intentions. Someone tried to redirect him to the officers' section. The general remarked, "I live with them and work with them, so I'll piss with them!"

— Mrs. M. Kenn
Ipswich, Suffolk

I was released from the Royal Corps of Signals, British Army, and was in the office of the Associated Press of America, Reuters Building, Fleet Street, London, on communication maintenance for the British Post Office, on that historic occasion when the news was flashed to the world prematurely that Allied troops had landed in France and the Second Front had begun.

This momentous error was made by the girl telegraphist who ran an already-printed tape in error. It was common practice in news agency offices to have tapes prepared for transmission on very important events, and what could be more important than the beginning of the liberation of Europe?

We all in the office at that time felt so sorry for the young girl, who was so conscientious in her duties and must have been worried out of her life that she had transmitted to the world that false news. CBS in America had received it and transmitted before it could be cancelled.

Then we were told in the Associated Press office that Gen. Eisenhower had sent a message to the poor girl: "Never mind, honey, we still love you." I think that this was a

very human action on the general's part, to have time and thought for this young telegraphist amidst his almost unbelievable responsibilities in this moment of history. It showed his very human qualities.

— T. Townsend
Barnet, Hertfordshire

Gettysburg College president Henry W. A. Hanson introduces Eisenhower at the school's May 1946 commencement ceremony.





MAY 27, 1946: GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Gen. Eisenhower was our commencement speaker [at Gettysburg College]. He came, and of course it was raining. We had not a large class; I don't know how many of us were at the graduating exercises but it was certainly not large compared to today. We met in the Majestic annex as a class,⁹ and before the ceremonies began, Gen. Eisenhower came in, walked around, chatted with the class, shook our hands. It was a very thrilling experience for those of us just graduating from college.

— *Kenneth C. Senft*
Gettysburg, PA



Eisenhower was a frequent visitor to military hospitals during and after the war, meeting and talking with thousands of wounded GIs.

DECEMBER 1946: CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

I was stationed at Pratt General Hospital in Coral Gables as a Physical Reconditioning Instructor and exercise therapist. Gen. Eisenhower had just returned from overseas, and was sent to this plush installation which had been the Miami Biltmore and was converted into a military hospital and rehabilitation center during the war.

One day I was helping a convalescent patient, an infantry sergeant who had just finished a hydrotherapy session. The general had to walk past us on his way to lunch at the Officers' Club and noticed the sergeant, who had a very striking resemblance to what the general might have looked like as a young soldier. Ike stopped in his path, turned to the soldier, and stared at him for a moment, startled by the resemblance. I helped the sergeant into a poolside lounge chair and excused myself to go to lunch. I sensed that the general wanted to talk to my patient privately.

Later that afternoon, when I saw "Sgt. Jim," I asked him what had transpired in his chat with Ike. He said that the general spoke to him for about a half hour. He asked what outfit he was in; who his commanding officer was; what had happened to him; what he thought of his treatment at the hospital; what plans he had for the future; and some personal things, e.g., if his parents visited him, etc.

Several days later the general again came through the pool area. He stopped when he saw me and asked how my patient was doing. He asked what Jim's moods were like; what he would talk about; what his most unusual experience had been—a five-star general privately showing interest and concern for one of his disabled soldiers.

— *Herman Tepper*
Far Rockaway, NY

1947–48: PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

After the war I was studying English at the University of Prague. One day we were told that Gen. Eisenhower was going to visit our city. I was chosen as one of the members of the welcoming party. We were instructed that under no circumstances may we address him. The great day came. Dressed in a national costume, I stood there amongst all the dignitaries at the Prague Town Hall.

When the general came, he looked so human, smiling and joking as he went along. I stepped forward but instead of silently (as instructed) handing him my flowers, I said, "Thank you, sir, for your bravery." He embraced me, handed me one of the roses from the bouquet and said, "You Greeks haven't done so badly yourselves!" And then with a sort of roguish glint in his eye he added, "We could do with such pretty girls in America!" And he was gone!

— *Bozena Rogers-Fornuskova*
London

Opposite: As the war wound down, US political and military focus turned to the fate of post-war Europe. Here, Eisenhower confers with President Harry S. Truman and Brig. Gen. Doyle O. Hickey in Frankfurt, Germany, during a break in the Potsdam Conference, July 26, 1945.



1949: GERMANY

I was stationed in Germany and was a chauffeur to a high-ranking British War Office officer. Gen. Eisenhower was then the CO [Commanding Officer] of the forces in Western Europe. I was taking this officer to a big parade of combined US and British forces.

Shortly before arriving at our destination, my car broke down. My officer thumbed a lift to the base and I then had to arrange for my car to be repaired.

I got to the camp, made inquiries as to where the workshops were, and proceeded to get the mechanics out. Unknown to me, Ike, as we called him, had just completed a tour of the tanks and workshops. He then was on his way to take the salute at the march post.

I was in a hurry and running like hell, not knowing that Ike and his party were coming my way. We met right on the corner of the workshops. I just ran straight into Gen. Eisenhower and knocked him flat.

You can imagine the confusion. I was expecting all kinds of dire punishments, but Ike picked himself up, brushed the dust off his clothing, and said, "Just an accident, soldier, just an accident," and went on his way.

— *Kenneth O. Thomas*
Formby, Merseyside

1949–50: LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

My Eisenhower story happened during my first year at Franklin & Marshall College. Our president, Theodore Distler, and Gen. Eisenhower were friends. At some point Eisenhower promised Distler he'd come to F&M to give a speech, and while he was president of Columbia University he did so. Before the speech, Distler gave Eisenhower a personal tour of the campus, which included a stop at the old swimming pool, where the swim instructor, George McGinness, was just finishing up a class.

Every student had to take swimming in those days and pass a test. I was in the pool with five other fellows when the Eisenhower party came through the gym. Keep in mind that in those days we weren't allowed to wear swim trunks—we had to swim in the nude. Well, we'd just gotten out of the pool when Eisenhower arrived, and President Distler told us to come over to meet him. There we were, standing naked, cold, embarrassed, meeting the general who had defeated Hitler. All the same, we shook hands. Ike made no small talk with us, just shook hands as natural as could be. He then departed, and we went to the locker room and got dressed. I've never forgotten that encounter!

—James Ziogas
Elizabethtown, PA

EARLY 1950s: NEW YORK, NEW YORK

He was a tremendous bridge player—particularly when he kept score. There was one night, at 600 Morningside,¹⁰ we played seven rubbers up there in the penthouse. It was New Year's Eve. Art and Ann Nevins were there, Ruth and myself, Pete Carroll, the general and Mrs. Eisenhower, and John and Barbara [Eisenhower].¹¹ John and the general played as partners all through the evening, and I played seven rubbers with them, with my partner changing all the time. In one of them, Pete Carroll opened with a three no trump bid and he had about four points in his hand and I had about two and the general doubles. Naturally, he's loaded. Pete Carroll redoubles. Well, I won five of the rubbers out of seven—pretty good. At the end of the evening I said, "This has been a very successful evening for me." Ike looked over at the pad and said, "You owe me a dollar and 87 cents."

— Kevin McCann
Defiance, OH



EARLY 1950s: BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

As I recall, it was a nice autumn day in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. I stopped by Dalton's Pub on the corner of 76th Street and Fifth Avenue to meet some of my friends and have a few drafts. Five or six well-dressed gentlemen [entered and] proceeded to the rear of the tavern. I recognized Gen. Eisenhower immediately and [saw] that he was accompanied by Gen. George Marshall, Gen. Omar Bradley, and three other gentlemen that I did not know.¹²

I told Jack Dalton, the bartender, that the new party's drinks were on me. Gen. Eisenhower and his party said "Thank you," and asked what the occasion was for my generosity. I told him it was a pleasure and a privilege to meet him and his party. I told him that there were three five-star generals under this roof, and I didn't think there was so much brass gathered in one place even during the Second World War. He said, "Maybe you're right, son."

I asked them what brought them all to Bay Ridge in Brooklyn. Gen. Eisenhower said that a colonel who taught them all at West Point had passed away, and that they all had come to the Fred Herbst Funeral Parlor to pay their respects. They all finished their drinks, thanked me again, and left.

— John Daly
Mattituck, NY

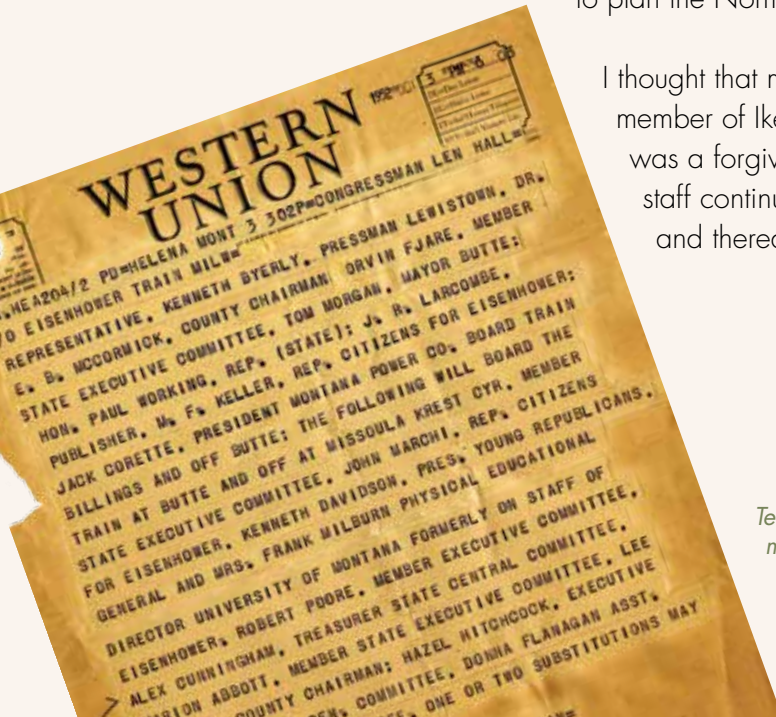
Opposite: Campaigning for president with running mate Richard M. Nixon, 1952.

OCTOBER 1952: NORTHWESTERN USA

When the Eisenhower campaign special train was rumbling through northwest American cities in October 1952, one of the advance men came aboard to deliver schedules for whistle-stops ahead. He asked me if he could meet Gen. Eisenhower, which I arranged. As he and I were entering Ike's compartment, I noticed the advance man was retrieving a thick stack of papers from a handbag he was carrying. The thought that he might hand such a batch of papers to the general sent me into panic mode, because Eisenhower preferred briefing reports to be single-page, double-spaced. I was at a loss about what to do. But by golly, he handed the stack of papers to Eisenhower, who looked at me with blazing eyes, then turned to the advance man and in a stern voice said, "Hell's fire, son, it didn't take that many pages to plan the Normandy invasion."

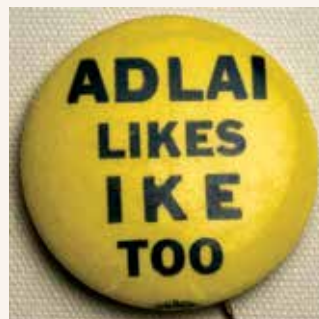
I thought that might be the end of my role as a member of Ike's personal campaign staff. But he was a forgiving general, and my role on his staff continued into the White House years and thereafter.

— Douglas R. Price
Chestertown, MD



*Telegram listing authorized
members of Eisenhower's staff train for a
1952 campaign tour.*

Opposite: Campaign pins







President-Elect Eisenhower's first inaugural, Washington D.C., January 20, 1953. Lasting more than four and a half hours, this remains the longest and most elaborate of all presidential inaugural parades.

1953–60: THE WHITE HOUSE

I was so fortunate as to be a member of Eisenhower's White House staff for six and one half years, until he left office on January 20 at noon, 1961. I was a lawyer on the staff, and ended up as Deputy Special Counsel to the President. Such an honor, and particularly so because it was DDE I was working for—an extraordinary man, a very good man, and President of the United States.

Lawyers, wherever they may serve, see many sides of an enterprise; the law is everywhere and into everything, in some degree. The White House is no exception. I was the junior of the two lawyers in DDE's Office of Special Counsel, and was thus in his presence on many, many occasions.

Whenever the Congress was in session, the president held weekly leadership meetings in the Cabinet Room with key Senate and House members, to talk about legislative business. For me, these were the most interesting of all the meetings: they were among friends (most of the time, anyway), generally lively, and with no restraint on politics. It was the president's habit to begin every such meeting with a prayer. On one particular day, the meeting had just ended, and the president was emerging from the Cabinet Room when he was heard to say, "Jesus Christ, I forgot the prayer." (I might add here that in all my years with DDE, I never heard him use a scatological word.)

In another leadership meeting, the president had listened for some time to a very spirited discussion among the leaders favoring an increased military build-up and, of course, much more military spending. Suddenly, without warning, the president brought his huge hand down on the table with a loud slap and said, "My God, how many times can you kill a man?"

— Roemer McPhee
Potomac, MD



MAY 1953: WASHINGTON, D.C.

In the early months of the Eisenhower administration, following a campaign in which television had emerged for the first time as a significant political tool, advertising executive Jock Elliott of Batten, Burton, Durstine & Osborn submitted a memo proposing that the president utilize the medium for his first “Report to the American People” on how he and his Cabinet appointees were advancing his agenda. The president responded positively and the idea was put in motion. On May 20, 1953, staff members C. D. Jackson, Jim Hagerty, Gabe Hauge, Gen. Pete Carroll, Emmett Hughes, and I, plus Jock Elliott and BBDO president Ben Duffy, met in the Oval Office with the president to discuss preparations for the telecast, scheduled for June 3.

The president, who would serve as moderator, suggested he begin by reading and commenting on a typical letter from a citizen expressing concern for the faltering economy’s impact on daily life, and how to reconcile budgetary needs with national security. Cabinet officers chosen to participate—Ezra Taft Benson, Oveta Culp Hobby, George Humphrey, and Herbert Brownell—would then engage in an interchange with the president on how they were dealing with the issues in their own departments.

Following the meeting, I was assigned to brief the Cabinet officers on their roles. I also sent out word to the White House mail room to find a recent letter from the public that would serve the president’s purpose. Quite a few were soon submitted, but none quite filled the bill. Time was short, so I decided to try my own hand. For no reason I can recall, I created a fictitious “Mrs. John Glover” in Pawtucket, Rhode Island; I guess I liked the sound of the name and the city. I told my boss, Gabe Hauge, that I’d not found a suitable letter and had put something together myself. He understood and offered no objection. We kept the decision to ourselves.



Ike with a supporter—not "Mrs. John Glover"!

At the live telecast, after explaining the program's purpose and introducing the Cabinet secretaries, the president commenced: "Over here, in this corner, you see a basket of mail. This is a portion of one day's mail at the White House. We have been averaging over 3,000 letters a day in an average week. Heavy weeks, it's more. Now, from this whole mass, I am going to read you just parts of one letter, to show you what one citizen in our country is thinking about, and it's sort of a challenging letter.

'Dear Mr. President,' this lady from Pawtucket, Rhode Island writes, 'I am a housewife with four children, and though I don't know much about the budget you and your people have to worry about, I do know something about running my own family budget. That is why I have so many questions, when I read about all the money you have to spend for guns and planes, and all the problems that you must have when you try to balance our country's budget. The sums are so high I really find it almost impossible to grasp them.' And, I might tell the lady, so do I. 'I wonder how you even know where to begin. Won't you please explain to me, in words I can understand, just how you are going to have our money keep its value, and at the same time make our country strong and secure?'" The president then proceeded to address Mrs. Glover's concerns in an earnest if somewhat general fashion.

Recalling this incident more than 60 years after the fact, it seems remarkable that no one in the media sought out Mrs. Glover in Pawtucket to see if she was satisfied with the president's response. Had they done so, and learned that she was a phantom, my only defense would have been poetic license. I wonder how that would have gone over these days!

— Stephen Benedict
Toledo, OH



"I'M THANKFUL IKE AND HIS ADMINISTRATION HALTED INFLATION. I CAN REMEMBER WHAT A TOUGH TIME MOM AND DAD HAD WHEN TRUMAN WAS IN WASHINGTON."

"WITH IKE, IT'S EASIER TO MAKE ENDS MEET. JIM'S PAY RAISES HAVE KEPT WAY AHEAD OF THE COST OF LIVING. IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE ABLE TO PLAN AHEAD."



"UNCLE PETE SHOWED YOU HIS LIST... WELL, I WANT TO SHOW YOU A KIND OF A BALLOT JIM AND I DREW UP--TO SHOW ANYBODY WHO HAS TO BE SHOWN!"



REPUBLICANS

- Peace
- Tax Cuts
- Balanced Budget
- Inflation halted
- Highest real wages
- Civil Rights Action
- Honesty & Integrity
- Peace-time jobs for everyone

DEMOCRATS

- War
- Highest taxes in history
- Unbalanced Budget
- Emergency Inflation
- War-time Wages
- Civil Rights talk
- Corruption & Scandals
- Plans to Solve Unemployment

"IT'S AMAZING HOW THOSE ISSUES STACK UP ISN'T IT? AND IT'S EVEN MORE AMAZING HOW THE RECORD CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING..."

"THAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO JUST WHAT JIM AND I ARE ON NOV. 6! AND THAT IS... VOTE FOR IKE AND DICK AND THEIR GOP TEAM IN CONGRESS!"



1954: THE WHITE HOUSE

Carter Burgess¹³ and I were in the Oval Office, presenting our recommendations for strengthening the White House staff. Specifically, and at the president's instigation, we proposed creating a Cabinet Secretariat, together with new procedures seeing to the production, circulation, and handling of an orderly series of papers for discussion at Cabinet meetings. As we spoke, Burgess and I used an easel with a series of 30 x 40 charts illustrating the new staff organization. If Ike approved our recommendations, our presentation and the charts would be published in a concise booklet.

One of those charts came near the beginning of our presentation. It was divided into two columns headed, respectively, by the Union Jack and the U.S. flag, as an introductory illustration of the profound difference between the decision-making responsibilities of the UK Prime Minister and his Cabinet as compared to the heads of our own system. At the end of our presentation, President Eisenhower clearly and strongly expressed his approval of our recommendations—but then emphatically added a point: that two-column chart was not to be included in the forthcoming publicized booklet. “I don't want anyone—ever—to look at these charts and come away with the impression that I or anyone else needed a reminder that the British and American Cabinet decision-making systems are different!” We were careful to follow his instruction when the booklet was printed and widely distributed as *Staff Work for the President and for the Executive Branch*.

Ike scheduled a Cabinet meeting and hot dog roast at Camp David, and had me and Burgess repeat our presentation about the newer White House which the president was now introducing. It was while serving me a hot dog that Cabinet Secretary Maxwell M. Rabb informed me that I had been asked to join him on the White House staff.

— Bradley H. Patterson
Bethesda, MD



The pen Ike and Mamie used to register as voters in Adams County, February 1956.



JUNE 23, 1958: THE WHITE HOUSE

Martin Luther King was 29 years old when I called him in Alabama to ask if he would like to come to the White House to discuss his request for a meeting with President Eisenhower. The recent departure of another White House aide resulted in my being asked to handle a bubbling civil rights issue—whether or not the president should meet with a group of black leaders. As the president’s special assistant for personnel management, my normal responsibility was broad enough: the concern and management of all federal civilian employees—some 2.3 million. This was in the days when there were only eight or so special assistants to the president, [all] following an earlier injunction, carried over from President Roosevelt’s days, to do your duties but with “a passion for anonymity.”

In answer to my question, Martin Luther King immediately responded, “At your pleasure.” Eisenhower had been in office more than five years and had never had a meeting in the Oval Office with a group of black leaders. First there were requests; then they became demands. The demands were usually choreographed by Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, the powerful political leader and articulate advocate whose forum had gone far beyond Harlem, his Congressional district. After a brief but careful review of the files, I recommended to former New Hampshire Governor Sherman Adams the need for such a meeting. Adams, the brilliant and selfless White House Chief of Staff, hardly hesitated in allowing me to pursue the matter. We had one big question: Who was to be invited? Governor Adams and Fred Morrow. Morrow was the first black to ever serve in a professional position in the White House. He was little known publicly, though respected by most sections of the highly diversified black community. Morrow was a true pioneer in the American black civil rights movement.

On June 9, Morrow and I met with the Reverend King in my office to discuss the makeup of the group and what they hoped would be accomplished. Also present was Deputy Attorney General Lawrence E. Walsh. King was careful in speech, but direct and purposeful. Morrow's judgment was essential in this discussion, for he understood who the key black leaders were, as well as the political realities involved. Congressman Powell had recently been indicted for income tax evasion and, though a proclaimed supporter of Eisenhower, was considered an unreliable political maverick. Without any real discussion, King quietly agreed that Powell would not be invited. It was clear that King did not want Powell present. Other names emerged and a tentative agreement developed as follows:

- A. Philip Randolph, International President, Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters
- Roy Wilkins, President, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
- Lester B. Granger, Executive Secretary, National Urban League

We agreed to have another meeting in two weeks, in order to confirm the choices after circumspect checking. Circumspection was not, of course, possible, for word leaked almost immediately. Powell promptly took credit for calling the meeting and naming the participants; he was, of course, outraged that he was being excluded. White House press secretary Jim Hagerty had to issue a denial of the Powell role.

Both Morrow and I received a telegram bombardment to add other representatives—for example, the president of the National Council of Negro Women.

There were to be no changes or additions. There had been no “ferocious infighting” in

the White House, as characterized by Taylor Branch in his Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *Parting the Waters*. Governor Adams had earlier accepted our recommendations without any question. The choices seemed fairly obvious from the start. Randolph was already a legend in the American trade union movement. This I knew from my earlier four years' service as assistant secretary of labor. Then in his 70th year, Randolph was the long-time, undisputed spokesman—"The Old Lion"—for change and integration in the business place. Wilkins, the oft-times fiery orator of the NAACP, brought a necessary balance to the burning civil rights issues of the day. Granger was a strong and forthright advocate of black economic progress.

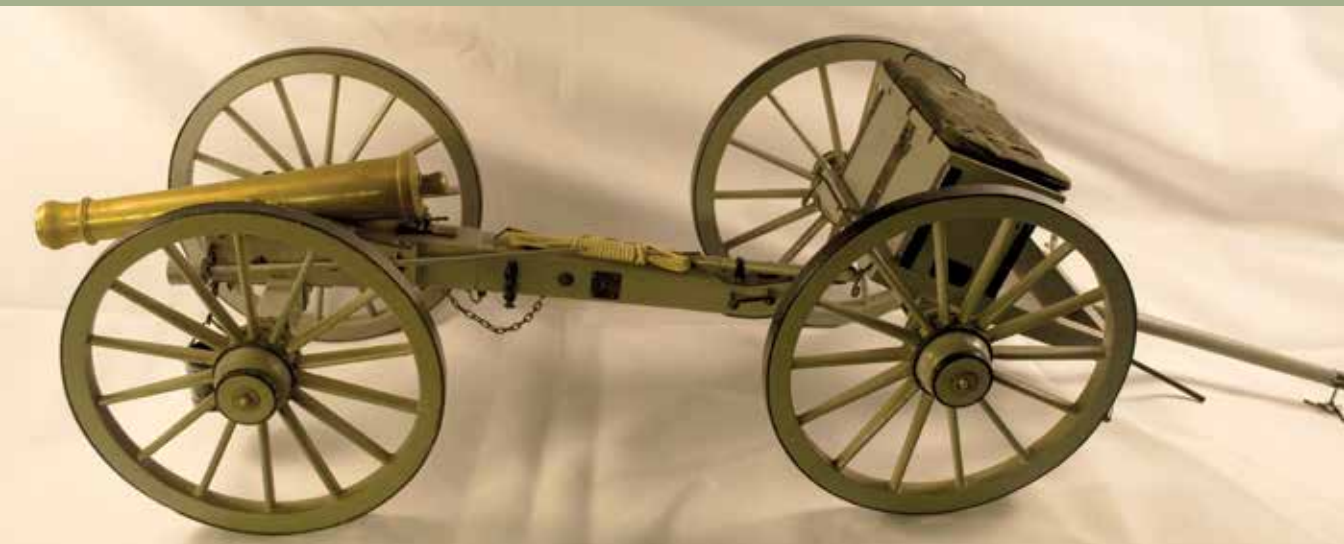
At this meeting, we also agreed to the format of the presidential session. The meeting was set for thirty minutes. Each leader would speak for approximately five minutes. The remaining time was to be left for oral exchange. Neither Morrow nor I would expect to talk. As the Justice Department head, Attorney General Bill Rogers would do so if he pleased.

On the morning of the meeting, June 23, 1958, Attorney Rogers, Morrow, and I met in advance for a final review prior to briefing the president. We did not expect verbal fireworks but knew that specific proposals would be made. I knew that the black leaders were regarding this White House meeting as an epochal event. We went in to brief Eisenhower. He was expectant, appearing to recognize that this was no ordinary meeting. He did not seem entirely comfortable about what would be expected of him. As always, his essential decency was evident. I explained that the men were going to present a program of action which they hoped he would agree to. Though unfamiliar with the details, he knew that uppermost in their minds would be a request for a White House conference on civil rights to be preceded by a presidential pronouncement on the dangers of continued segregation. The president listened but made no comment.

In our pre-briefing meeting, the three of us had agreed that the president should be warned against the use of two words, which he had used in a public appearance before a black audience in a D.C. hotel several weeks earlier. The black press had lashed out at him. I looked to Bill Rogers to speak. He remained silent, and for good reason. Finally, I spoke up. "Mr. President, there are two words that generally cause some negative reaction, that I might suggest you not use when you meet them. These two words are 'patience' and 'tolerance.'" He looked at me—even flushed, I think—and then barked, "Well, Siciliano, you think I'm going to avoid good English words!" (Incidentally, he usually called his White House aides by their last names. A military habit, I presume.) I struggled on, saying that this would help avoid causing the wrong reaction. He did not use them or even suggest their meaning. I did not say that after 350 years in America, black citizens were tired of hearing these words used by well-meaning citizens. I was not that bold.

The meeting began promptly at 10 a.m. Introductions were brief and the atmosphere was formal. Randolph was the nominal leader of the group and spoke first. In his magnificent resonant voice, he briefly described the history and present status of the black citizen. Each of the speakers spoke without notes. Though they had a prepared statement, given to the president by Randolph, it was not referred to. One man's eloquence was exceeded by the next man's. It was an impressive performance. I violated an unwritten Oval Office rule, which was no note-taking in this kind of meeting. I wrote on an envelope that I happened to be carrying. Then I prepared a memorandum describing what took place at the meeting.

— *Rocco Siciliano*
Beverly Hills, CA



This scale-model Civil War cannon—a James Six-Pounder bronze gun with smooth bore—was displayed in the White House during the Eisenhower administration. Ike presented it to Gettysburg College in February 1961, and thereafter kept it on the desk of his campus office.

SUMMER 1959: GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

I started caddying at the Gettysburg Country Club when I was 10 years old. I was pretty small, so the golf bags were almost as big as I was. I first caddied for President Eisenhower in the summer of 1959, when I was 13 years old. I caddied for him a lot that summer.

When he was in town he often attended services at the local Presbyterian Church. My mother liked to go see him at the church. One Sunday we attended a service Eisenhower also attended. As he was leaving he noticed me and told the minister to tell me he was going to play golf and I could caddy for him.

I was late getting to the course and missed him. I was still waiting to get a caddying job when he completed his round. He saw me and called me over. He handed me a \$5 bill and said it was “for going to church.” There were many photographers there; they took pictures of me holding the \$5 bill.

I didn't think anything of it. However, the next day the picture was on the front page of many major newspapers across the country. I had a number of interviews with New York and other radio stations. I also was contacted by two television shows, *What's My Line* and *To Tell the Truth*. They decided I should be on *What's My Line*, and I was, a month later; my line was that “I was President Eisenhower's caddy.” That fall, after I was back in school, I was also on *To Tell the Truth*. Quite an experience for a very unsophisticated 13-year-old.

Over the next 10 years, I caddied for Ike many times, mostly after he was no longer president. He was a real gentleman, kind, helpful, and great to talk to. Wonderful



Golfing with grandson David, c. 1958-59.

traits for a person who led our troops to victory in Europe in World War II and served eight years as President of the United States.

— Roy Fairman
Villanova, PA

Ike invited me to play with him, and we started the round like gangbusters, each of us parring the first several holes. Suddenly the heavens opened, and the game was over. As I escorted the president back to the clubhouse, Ike—noting his departure in a few days for a Geneva summit in the wake of the U-2 shoot-down—observed, “I fear this is an omen of the storm that lies ahead.” That proved prophetic, as [Soviet Premier Nikita] Khrushchev not only cancelled Ike’s planned June trip to Moscow, but also disrupted the summit with his verbal assault on Eisenhower and rejection of the *détente* that had seemed to be brewing after the 1959 Camp David visit.

— Art Kennell
Gettysburg, PA

Opposite: The Eisenhowers and the Khrushchevs, September 1959. It was hoped that this two-day conference between the president and the premier would lead to “the achievement of a just and lasting peace.”



OCTOBER 14, 1959: THE WHITE HOUSE

We presented the president with two gifts for his 69th birthday—a huge cake, and a red maple tree for the White House lawn. Hurrying to the presentation ceremony, Fay Steiner, Ralph Williams's¹⁴ secretary, unexpectedly ran into the president.

"I'm late," she stammered.

"Well," replied the president, "they can't do anything until we arrive."

— Stephen Hess
Washington, D.C.



EARLY 1960s: A SHIP TO SOUTHAMPTON

Serving in a rather junior capacity aboard the Cunarder R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, I recollect one homeward-bound voyage to Southampton when Dwight D. Eisenhower traveled to Europe for an important congress.

One of my duties, a security measure, was to be in the vicinity of the restaurant at the close of the evening meal in order to discreetly follow him back to his stateroom. One evening, [I was] probably less discreet than usual. He spotted me, noticed that I was wearing campaign medal ribbons, and questioned me closely on my activities during the war when I was serving as a Lt. Cmdr. RNR [Royal Naval Reserve]. In particular, he wanted a report of D-Day landings.

He then inquired why in heaven's name I was following him around the ship every evening, suggesting that I would be better employed if I just called at his cabin, and asking his servant to "fix me a drink."

— Rev. Denis Gaul
Macclesfield, Cheshire

Opposite: Custom steak markers from the Eisenhower farm.

JANUARY 21, 1961: GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

I was in my senior year at Gettysburg College. Because I was the Cadet Col. Cmdr. of the Army ROTC detachment, I was asked by Ramsey Jones, Dean of Men, and Col. John H. Eddy, Professor of Military Science, to participate in the town's official "Welcome Home" ceremony for Gen. and Mrs. Eisenhower, who had arrived in Gettysburg the night before.

The ceremony occurred late afternoon and early evening at the Gettysburg Hotel. It had been snowing the day before and the temperature was quite frigid. Lincoln Square and the hotel were packed with people from the surrounding town and the college, and they gave Ike a most enthusiastic welcome. There were speeches, and I believe an Adams County judge gave the keynote welcome speech.

Ike spoke of his many previous visits to Gettysburg, and I remember him saying his first visit was as a cadet at West Point when his class visited the battlefield. The ROTC Honor Guard was also present and rendered a ceremonial salute. The ceremony on the Square was followed by a dinner at the hotel, and the college choir sang at the dinner.

Opposite: Gettysburg College president Willard S. Paul presents Ike and Mamie with a commemorative plaque and tray on their retirement to the Gettysburg farm, 1961.

What struck me most was Ike's genuine, down-to-earth demeanor, his engaging smile, and the fact that he was now coming home and would be "citizen" Ike. He seemed very relaxed and happy to be among everyday Americans. I was thrilled to be part of the college contingent that officially welcomed Ike and Mamie home!

— Bill Matz
Great Falls, VA

The day following John F. Kennedy's inauguration and Gen. Eisenhower's return to "private" life, I was privileged to meet with him, at his invitation, at "The Farm." He



was arranging to transfer their church membership from Washington to the Gettysburg Presbyterian Church, and desired some financial information about the local church. I happened to be president of the Board of Trustees at the time.

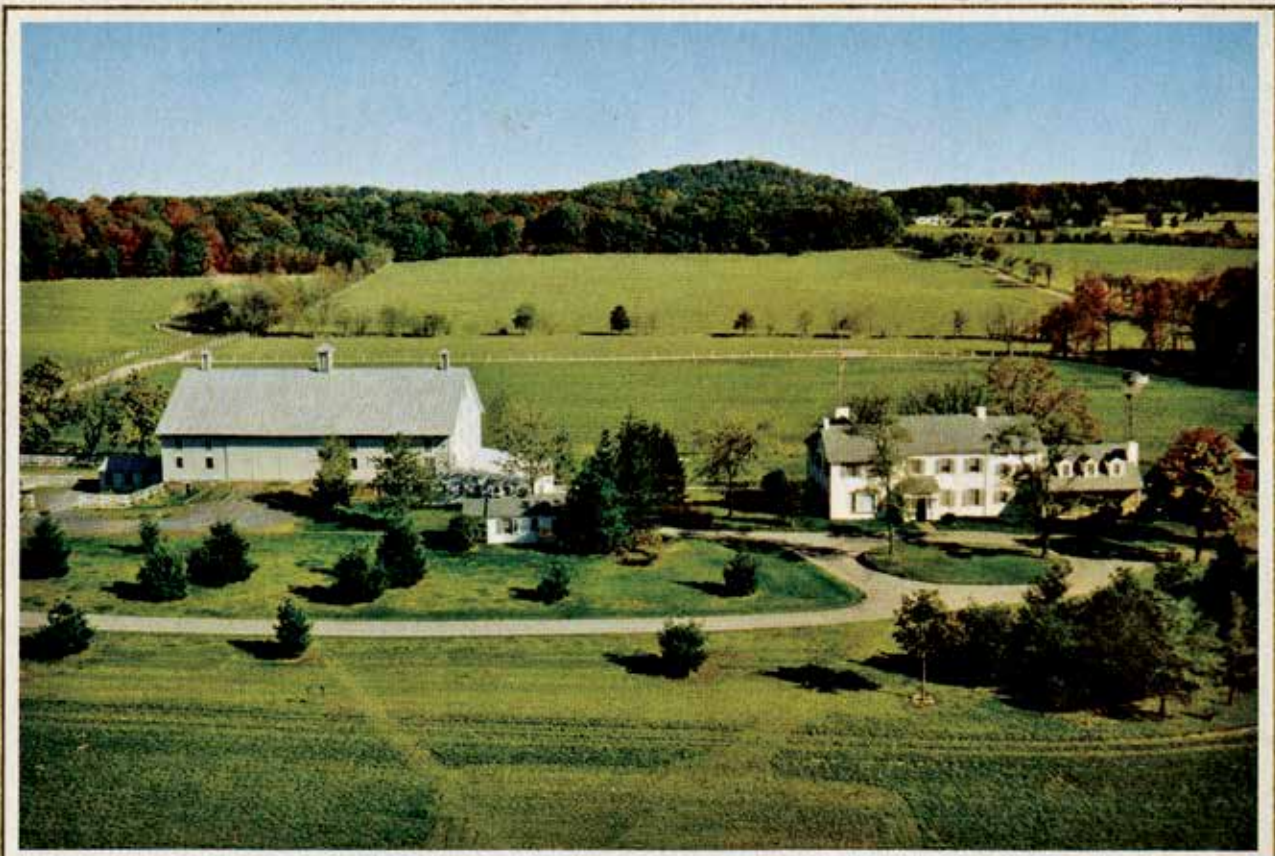
The general personally greeted me at the front door and ushered me to the sun room at the rear, calling my attention particularly to the wallpaper in one room—a reproduction of the official seal of each state.

We spent some five minutes discussing church finances; his concern was the adequacy (or lack thereof) of the minister's salary. Specifically, he offered a suggestion to improve it.

Our conversation for another 30 minutes was far-ranging: the cold weather (eight above) and his plans to go south shortly; his prior visits to and residency in Gettysburg; the marker and evergreen tree dedicated in his honor by the World Wars Tank Corps Association; and the need to avoid a too strong and cozy military-industrial complex in this country. He definitely had a real concern about the latter.

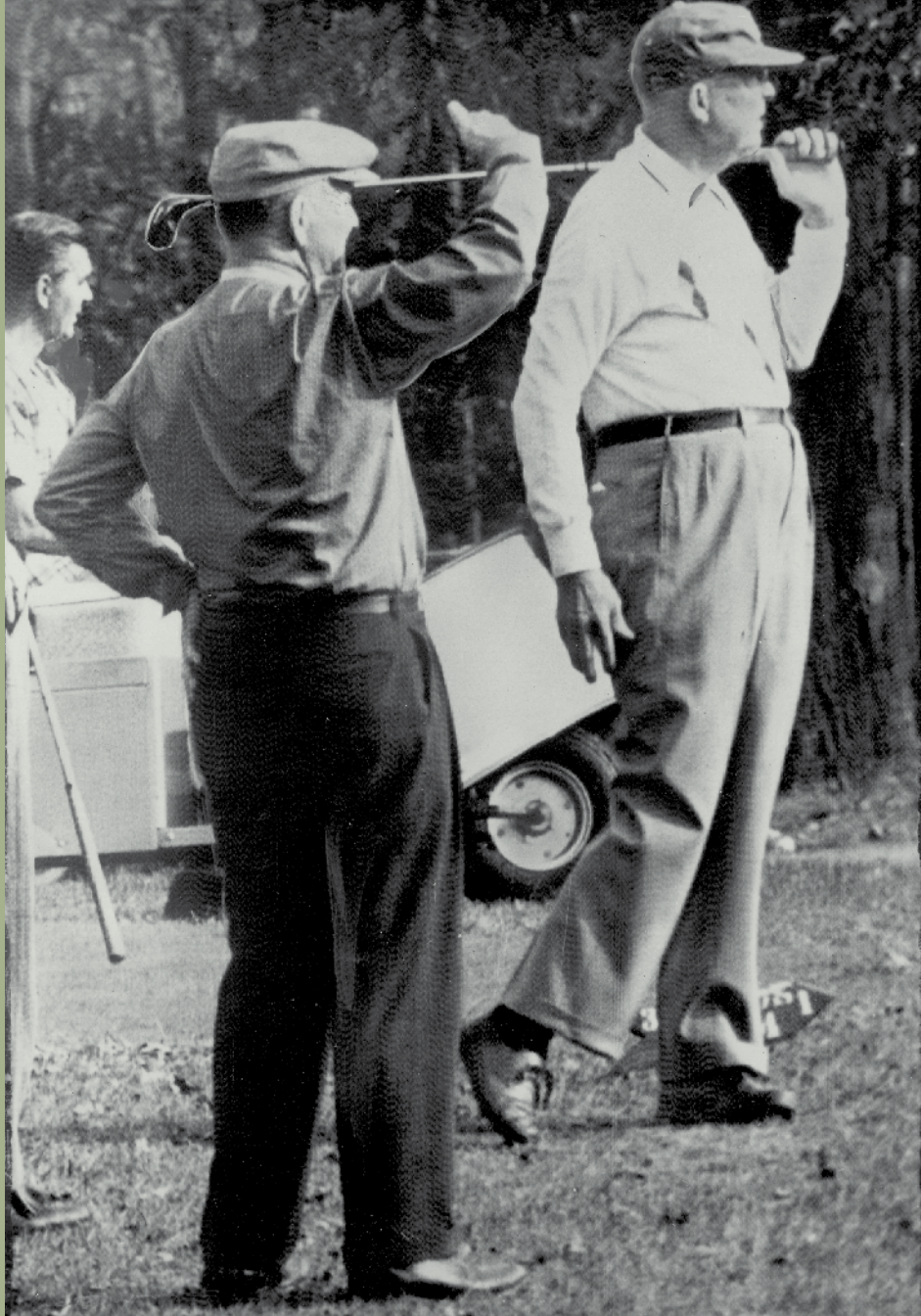
I had been asked to determine which salutation he now preferred. His answer: "Gen. Eisenhower."

— *Oren H. Wilson*
Gettysburg, PA



THE EISENHOWER FARM

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



1961–63: GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

I picked him up to play golf. We went around the square in Abbotstown and he recognized the Altland House. He said, "When I was at Camp Colt in 1919, Mamie and I came down there for chicken and waffles." We went by the used-car lot and he said, "Vern, what's the name of that car lot? I have to send John down there to pick up an old car for me to come to the office."

The day before, he had been back to the White House, and had met with President Kennedy. The Prime Minister of Japan was there, and he knew him; we talked about that. That was his first time back—this was June, and he had left office in January. He said, "I told the president, 'You must balance the gol-darn budget.'" (His favorite expression was "gol-darn"; I suppose in the army it was stronger.) He said, "Now, you know, there's only one president. Don't call me president—the president is Kennedy. Call me Ike."

We played golf with [York attorney] Bill Eisenhart and Marv Sedam, who was president of Alloy Ross Company. I called him up after I had the date with Ike and said, "Marv, are you available to play golf Friday afternoon?"

He said, "No, I have a meeting."

"Would it make any difference if it was with President Eisenhower?"

He said, "What time?"

— *Lavern Brenneman*
Gettysburg, PA

My parents—my father, really—kind of had the role of photographer for Eisenhower. It was a busy role, because just about every other day some little politician would float into town and want his picture taken with Eisenhower. So they called, my dad would run down and snap a shot of them, and it just would be a routine thing.

Well, this one Saturday, both my parents had other jobs that they agreed to do. But they didn't want to let Eisenhower down, 'cause he was sort of like the presence in our life. Dad always called him "the General": "The General wants us, so why don't you go?" I was scared to death, as you can just imagine. But I agreed, you know.

The camera that they used in those days was called a Speed Graphic. It's sort of like what a small air conditioner weighs today. So I walk with this thing down this street to [Eisenhower's Gettysburg College campus office], where the Admissions Office is now. They were very nice to me; they thought this was kind of funny, this little kid coming in with this camera. So I went in and the general says, "Stand over there." He's behind his desk, and he's obviously enjoying this a lot; it was kind of cute, I suppose.

Anyway, [whoever] this politician was ... some guy came in. The shot happens when the politician extends his hand, and there's a big handshake, and then Eisenhower would turn [on] this electric smile, which he really did have—I almost didn't need the flashbulb.

I got the picture and ran out of there.

— William Lane
Gettysburg, PA



JUNE 1963: LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

In 1963, Ike was invited to give the commencement address at Franklin & Marshall College. Administrative staff member Bruce Westerdahl's role was to keep Ike on schedule and to drive him and Col. Robert L. Schulz back to Gettysburg.

When President Eisenhower got in the front seat with me, I panicked. Other than Gettysburg, what could I possibly have in common with Dwight David Eisenhower? I had no interest in politics. I was not a student of World War II, and I certainly did not travel in the same circles as my passengers.

By the time we'd traveled just a few miles, however, my front-seat companion and I were conversing like two old school chums, and I realized my fears were unfounded. In the hour-and-a-half ride from Lancaster to Ike's farm in Gettysburg, I cannot recall a single lull in the conversation. We talked about professional football, our favorite fast food restaurants, farming, raising steer, the Civil War, country music, places to shop in Gettysburg, and my experiences in the Marine Corps. Gen. Eisenhower and I joked and conversed as if we had known each other for years. As a matter of fact, we got along so well that when we reached the farm, he invited me in for a drink.

Until the day I die, I will always regret my response to that invitation, which was, "Thank you, Mr. President, but this has been a long day for you, and I don't think I should impose on you any longer."

I call my rejection of Ike's invitation "the dumbest thing I ever did."

— Bruce Westerdahl
Gettysburg, PA

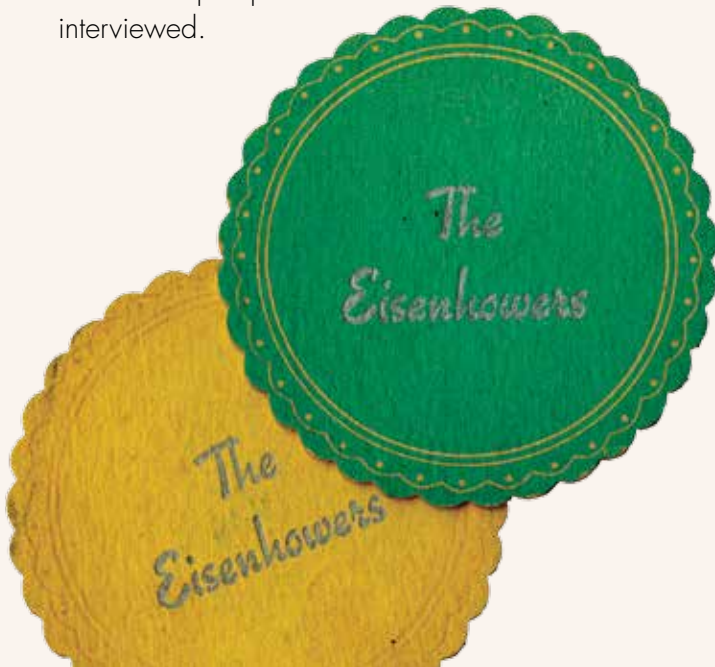
AUGUST 1963: SOUTHAMPTON

I was privileged to meet Gen. Eisenhower on a liner in Southampton Docks in the aftermath of his presidency. I wished to discuss with him if he was likely to visit Europe the following year to attend any commemorative ceremonies, etc., marking the 20th anniversary of D-Day.

I was shown into his cabin and remained there for no longer than 15 minutes. While talking to Gen. Eisenhower I had my back to the adjoining cabin and, although the curtain was drawn, I am certain there was a bodyguard standing immediately behind it—probably armed with a gun!

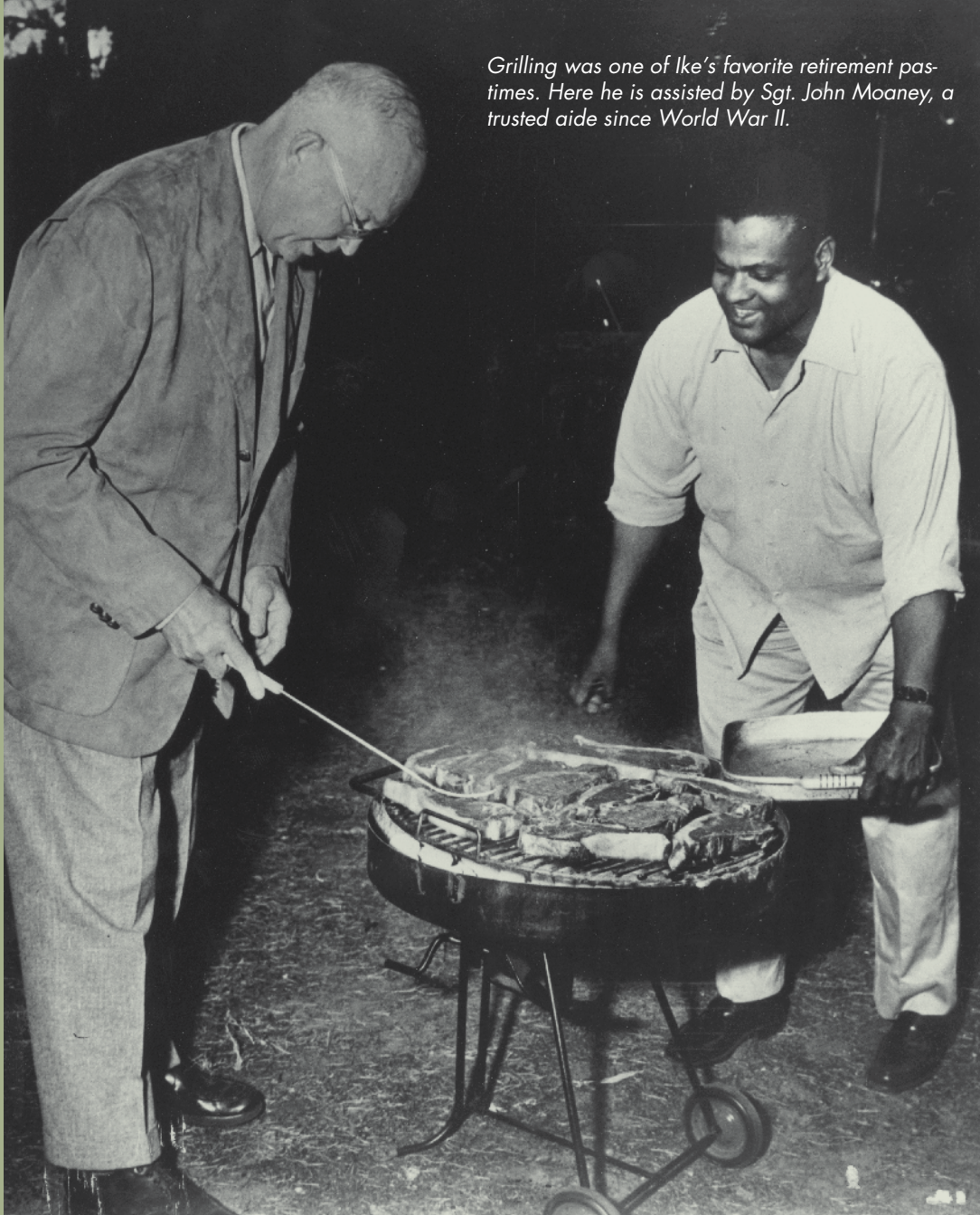
It was a most interesting interview and Gen. Eisenhower was most pleasant and not in the least pompous or aloof. To date he remains the most pleasant person I have yet interviewed.

— Alan Cairns
Basingstoke, Hampshire



*Custom coasters used at the
Eisenhower farm in Gettysburg.*

Grilling was one of Ike's favorite retirement pastimes. Here he is assisted by Sgt. John Moaney, a trusted aide since World War II.



1961–63: GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Before [the Eisenhowers] came back [to Gettysburg in 1961], the White House medical staff contacted Dr. [Harold] Johnson, who had practiced internal medicine just down Washington Street here, and was a trustee of the college. [They] talked to Hal Johnson and myself and asked if we would take care of [the general], and we said sure.

We both saw him at times, and if one or the other wasn't available there was always somebody to cover and go out to the farm when there were calls. And then Hal died not too long after Ike; and then Mamie asked me if I would continue with her.

One night I was out at the hospital with a lady in labor, and Hal was in the lab reading pathology slides. He said, "Well, there's a call out to The Farm. Ike has a pain in his belly. Why don't you go along out and see what's up?" So I went out to The Farm. It was one, two o'clock in the morning, and Ike was hurtin' in his belly, and he was sore.

Now, some background on this. When he was in his second term as president, he had a severe ileitis. That's an inflammation in the small valve [of the small intestine], in comparison to colitis, which is an inflammation in the large valve [of the large intestine]. So he was having trouble with this, and we sent him down to Dr. [Isidor Schwaner] Ravdin at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Ravdin resected a section of his ileum, the small valve, put the two ends together, and Ike did fine after that.

But he was on, "a diet". Hal was palpating his belly out there, and Ike was sore all over. He said, "General, what did you have for supper last night?" Ike says, "Pig

knuckles and sauerkraut.” Hal says, “Oh, general. That’s not on your diet. You know that. Why did you have that?” Ike said, “Because I like it, god damn it!”

— *Dr. William N. Sterrett*
Gettysburg, PA

When I was little, Ike used to have his office on campus, and once a month you could stand in line and meet him. We did that. But then I remember him from working when I was 10, when I would go and help Daddy. He was an avid golfer, and he’d go play golf and I’d take riding lessons at the old Country Club. Every Thursday at 10 o’clock, Ike teed off. If you know the Country Club, to get to the stable you’d have to cross the tee-off. I had my little bottom-back, and I’d watch him tee off, and so he spoke to me every Thursday that summer. He’d ask me how was my riding lesson, which I always told him went well. He had a little blue surrey golf cart; caddies had to run it.

— *Sandra Bittinger*
Hanover, PA

I met him a couple of times on the golf course at the Gettysburg Country Club. He had a cart, and it was very distinctive—it had a top on, with a French-looking sort of an angle—and he golfed with some of the men that lived around here. He was a darling man. One time [my husband Gene] and I were out playing golf, and our boys were our caddies, and they were very small at the time, and he drove up. After all, he was the president, and he didn’t have to stand around and wait; you stood back and let



Top: Ike in his office on the Gettysburg College campus, 1968. Bottom left: The office itself, where Ike wrote two volumes of memoirs. Bottom right: With Mamie on the Gettysburg farm, 1966.

him play through. He was so nice. He made a big fuss over the boys; he shook hands with them. Imagine the thrill—the President of the United States shaking hands.

We have a hole out there that's a pie, and you tee off over a pond and up a hill. He came through and two ladies and I were playing. We saw him coming to, so we sat on the bench, allowing him to tee off. The first ball he hit went into the water. We didn't say a word, we just sat there. So he got another ball—of course, you just can't put it on the other side—he hit the second ball, and it went in. He turned around and said, "This has been a terrible day. I just got back from the city." You could just tell he was so frustrated. He was surrounded by Secret Service men, but you never saw them. They must have been behind the trees or something.

— *Doris Haas*
Arendtsville, PA

He once told me that his fondest hope was to leave the bleached-out soil of his farm, nestling on the edge of the old Civil War battlefield, in better shape than when he purchased it. (He guessed he'd poured a small fortune into realizing this dream.) Another time he spoke to me of his disappointments—failure to make progress toward lasting peace, failure to strengthen permanently his own political party. He enjoyed rather simple things: his Black Angus cattle; working a trout stream; brewing his own recipe for beef stew, with nasturtiums added for flavor; "dabbling" with oil paints; a rubber of bridge with old friends; the satisfaction of a nine iron deftly hit to the green.

— *John Steele*
Washington, D.C.



We talked military history in Gettysburg, and of course, he could talk personalities. He knew what was on [Robert E.] Lee's mind, what kind of a man Lee was, and Longstreet. He talked also of circumstances there, the first time really that the Southern forces had been in an alien environment where they were not getting information. The cavalry commander [Jeb Stuart] had been off on a raid rather than providing the kind of information that the Southern commander really needed. All of that we discussed on many occasions.

— Andrew Goodpaster
Washington, D.C.



JUNE 17, 1964: LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Gen. Eisenhower visited the Precision Metals Division of the Hamilton Watch Co. in Lancaster, and spoke at a luncheon meeting of the American Ordnance Association. As General Manager of the [division], I had the honor of escorting him.

Since we were both golfers, the conversation naturally turned to golf. He said that his drives were getting 20 yards shorter each year—which I now appreciate at the age of 73. I remarked that he had a good reputation as a putter. He said he had tried over 20 different bifocal glasses, and none were worth a —.

Gen. Schulz, his companion, became very angry when I grabbed the general's left arm as he appeared to stumble on a step. Schulz advised me in no uncertain terms that it was Gen. Eisenhower's "bursitis arm."

There were a number of good-looking girls in the department who wanted to have their picture taken with the general. I asked the general whether he would like to meet some good-looking girls and have a picture, and he was delighted.

— Leon A. Hurwitz
Lancaster, PA

Opposite: Introduced by Doris Krug '67, Ike addresses a regional conference of the Association of Student Unions, Gettysburg College, October 16, 1966. (He had turned 76 two days before—hence the birthday cake.)

1964–67: GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

[My husband] Bill and I joined the Gettysburg Country Club about the same time President Eisenhower became a member. Being new at the game, I always used old dirty pond balls to drive the lake, and this day the president was playing the #2 hole as we were playing #8. I stood up on the #8 tee, drove the brown dirty ball over the lake, but sliced right on the green, which the president was playing.

As the ball was flying through the air, I said to Bill, nearly panicking, “What do I do?” The ball landed right next to the president. Big and brave, Bill replied, “Walk up to the ball and hit it.” Now remember, I was just learning to play golf; it was the President of the United States I almost hit; there were Secret Service men everywhere; and Dick Schlichter (Gettysburg golf pro giving me lessons at the time) was in the foursome. And I’m supposed to just walk up and hit it.

As I approached the president’s green, all eyes (I thought) were on me. I said, “Go ahead and putt out.” He did just that, thanked me, stopped and said, “Go ahead and hit.”

I said, “Lord and little brown ball, if you ever go, go now.” I swung the club and hit the ball. The ball took off and landed right on the green. The president was safe, my ball was on the right green, and play continued.

That evening at the club dance, Dick Schlichter said, “You know what the president said as you hit the ball? ‘She has a wicked swing, hasn’t she?’”

— *Eloise Dillman Naill*
Gettysburg, PA



On November 14, 1955, Ike returned to Gettysburg for the first time following his heart attack six weeks earlier. Here, his welcoming parade rounds the town square.



KEYSTONE STATE



THE HOME OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER
GETTYSBURG

I was standing in the lobby of the [Hotel Gettysburg] one Saturday afternoon, and lo and behold, a car drives into the one remaining space in front of the hotel, and out steps General and Mrs. Eisenhower. He was driving himself, and to do that on a Saturday afternoon was a pretty good undertaking, I thought. He did it very well. They were on their way to the movies, because it was a western that he wanted to see. I walked out, and he was standing there studying a parking meter. He said, "Henry, how in the world do you work these things? I never had any experience with them." "Well," I said, "the thing you need is a dime." He was reaching for the dime, but I reached in my pocket and gave him a dime. He got quite a chuckle out of that, because he didn't have one. So that was his introduction to parking meters.

— *Henry Scharf*
Gettysburg, PA



MAY 4, 1967: GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

They had informed us in ROTC class that the Eisenhowers were coming back from their annual four winter months in Palm Desert, California. They asked for volunteers to be on an honor guard, and I quickly raised my hand. I had seen him before, but only from a distance. This would give me an opportunity to get a close-up look at him, never realizing that he would wind up chatting with me, and that it would be photographed.

We showed up early in the morning, in the parking lot behind his office—which has since been paved over; the buildings in the background of the photo are still there. We were lined up in two rows, and I was the smallest guy in the detachment, so I wound up in the second row, way off to the left. As it turned out, that's where all the photographers were.

So Mamie drove in, and the president of the college was there, Arnold Hanson.

With Gettysburg College President C. Arnold Hanson, May 4, 1967.

We were initially very disappointed, because Ike didn't see us. After chatting with the president, he started walking up the steps into his office—and here we'd got dressed in our class-A uniforms. At the last minute, he looked around and saw us, and knew why we were there. He came back down and went to the first row off to the right, and just started walking down the row nodding and smiling at the different cadets.

Then he came around to me, and of course the closer and closer he got, the more excited I got to be this close to somebody important. You could have knocked me over with a feather when he stopped in front of me and began talking to me. I'm saying, "Oh my God, he's talking to me! The Supreme Commander of the Allied forces." He asked me a very simple question about my uniform. All during this conversation, if you look at the photo, there's a little Mona Lisa smile on my face, but I was ready to explode when all this was going on.

We were Army and Air Force; the Air Force wore blue uniforms, and the Army wore green uniforms, and we were alternated—Army, Air Force, Army, Air Force. He asked meanwhile what service I was in, and I thought that was an odd question. But I said, "I'm in the Army, sir," and he said, "No, no, what branch are you in?" The different branches are armor, infantry, intelligence, whatever. You get your branch assignment senior year; I was the only Army cadet who was a junior there, so all the other army cadets had branch insignia and I didn't have any—I just had the R and OTC insignia. So his question actually was that, he wanted to know what branch I was in. Because I was a junior that led to this little conversation, and again, I was very conscious of the fact that the cameras were clicking like crazy.

It was one of the biggest thrills of my life. I sent a letter to my parents telling them about this thrilling thing that happened. I wrote a six-page account in my little journal, and I mentioned little tiny things—like the fact that his eyes were kind of blurry because he

was an old man, and he had a distinctive way of moving his lips.

I knew who one of the photographers was. I went to his studio, I examined his roll of negatives, and I picked the best photograph. I have that, and I still have the uniform I was wearing that day. So I have visions of, a hundred years from now, a display at the Adams County Historical Society of a mannequin with my uniform on, reenacting Eisenhower talking to me.

— *William Frassanito*
Gettysburg, PA

Opposite: Ike inspects Gettysburg College junior and ROTC recruit William Frassanito.



Mamie Eisenhower at the dedication of Prof. Norman Annis's bronze statue of her late husband, Gettysburg College, October 14, 1970.



OCTOBER 14, 1970: GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

I never had the opportunity to encounter Dwight Eisenhower in person during my student years at Gettysburg College. But I did get a consolation prize.

He had been a regular presence on campus, working in what we today call Eisenhower House at least eight months a year from the close of his presidency in January 1961 through the Christmas holidays in 1967. A heart attack weakened Ike substantially as he was preparing to return to Gettysburg in Spring 1968, and he spent his final months at Walter Reed hospital in Washington, D.C., with Mamie at his side.

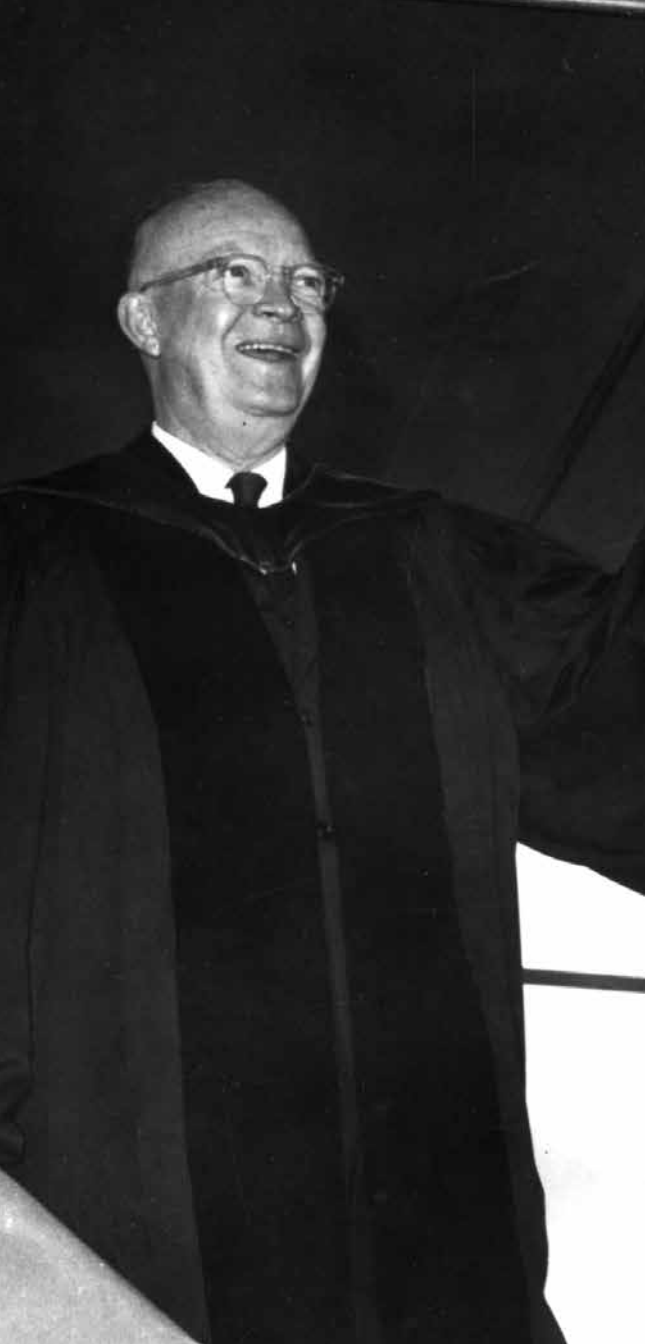
Within a year of his passing, plans for a memorial statue on campus were in progress. On Eisenhower's 80th birthday anniversary, I joined hundreds of local residents, college students, the media, and a few special guests to attend the unveiling and formal dedication of Professor of Art Norman Annis's evocative statue. I had the good fortune to be in a front row of the large standing crowd, and to see and hear everything better than most.

Truth to tell, I remember nothing of the speeches given that gorgeous fall day, nothing of the music or blessings. What I remember most vividly was Mamie Eisenhower's eyes, and her actions as the statue was unveiled. She was, clearly, touched by Annis's subtle rendering of her husband's face. How did I know that? I watched her expression, saw her rest her hand on Ike's bronze arm and—most affecting—touch his face. It was, for a fleeting moment, as though Ike were with Mamie again.

I was merely an observer, that perfect fall day 45 years ago, but felt, somehow, that I'd been touched by history.

— *Michael J. Birkner*
Gettysburg, PA





“IKE’S SMILE: A SESQUICENTENNIAL VIGNETTE”

By Samuel Mudd

Published in *The Gettysburgian*, April 7, 1982

Dwight Eisenhower’s smile was anything but secret. It was sketched, videotaped, and filmed repeatedly. It was molded in clay, wrought in bronze, etched on silver, and carved in stone. But even with all that, its real impression somehow was never finally fixed. It was a wonder of a smile.

I saw Ike and his hallmark grin first from a distance, in the summer of 1952. As an Airman 1/C I had volunteered to stand review on the flight line of the Rhein Main Air Force Base (Frankfurt, Germany) to see General of the Army Eisenhower take official leave of Europe. He had resigned his NATO command to return “stateside” to accept the nomination of his choice for President of the United States (he chose Republican).

*President Eisenhower at the Gettysburg College
spring convocation, April 4, 1959.*

I clearly remember that day. Following Ike's review my formation stood at parade rest. We were close enough to see him enter the rear hatch of his plane, not yet the *Columbine*. He turned just as he disappeared from view to give us his famous public sign-off—a parting wave and that familiar grin. I was near enough also to hear Mamie call down to the ground, “Don't forget to tell Capt. ...” The rest of her parting reminder was lost as all four engines of their C-54 started simultaneously. In retrospect, I am taken by her total domestication of that historic moment: another assignment, another departure from another military base, one more ascent, another house to open...

In July of 1956 the Eisenhowers were in Gettysburg. So was I. The president was recuperating from the surgical relief of an intestinal blockage due to ileitis. Since June 9, the day of the emergency surgery, GOP leaders and the nation too were concerned that he might reverse his February 29 announcement of his candidacy for a second term. That announcement, dramatically staged for wide news coverage, was thought later to have drawn too much attention to Ike's health. Despite full acceptance of Ike's complete recovery from the heart attack of September 23, 1955, some strategists now argued that the less said about his abdominal surgery, the better. The post-ileitis assurance therefore was to be one of “calculated nonchalance” (*New York Times*, July 11, 1956).

The studied casualness of the announcement that Ike was “staying in it” was carefully planned by the president in cahoots with his press secretary, Jim Hagerty (*Time*, July 23, 1956). The time, the method, and the place were carefully worked out in

advance. The time selected was Tuesday, July 10, between 9:30 and 10:30 am, a time too late for *Time* and *Newsweek* reporters to make the deadline for the July 16 issue.

The method was to be a routine press conference for seven Republican congressional leaders following an hour-long business-as-usual meeting with the president near his Gettysburg farm home. William ("Big Bill") Knowland, Senate Minority Leader (Ike had a congressional majority from 1953 to 1955 only), was to be given the privilege of making the president's intentions known by dropping an offhand remark during the usual post-meeting press conference.

The place chosen to stage the announcement was the "unadorned, ink-stained president's office in Gettysburg College's Glatfelter Hall" (*Time*, July 23, 1956). Whether that office was ink-stained is debatable. That it was unoccupied at the time is not. The College was "between presidents." President Walter Langsam left in June 1955, and President Willard Paul was scheduled to arrive in a month or so.

The briefing conference with Knowland, [House Speaker Joe] Martin, [Representative Charles A.] Halleck, and others was to be Ike's first public appearance since his arrival in Gettysburg on June 30. 15 reporters who regularly covered the president walked over to Glatfelter from their press headquarters at the old Hotel Gettysburg on Lincoln Square. Word passed quickly through the campus classrooms and offices. Scattered faculty, staff, students, townspeople, and a few tourists gathered in front of Glatfelter to see the president. A few of us attending summer school stationed ourselves on the stairs of the Glatfelter lobby to get a good look at him. As far as we were concerned, the stage was set, and set well. To see Ike any time was a treat. High political drama or low, we shared a moment of genuine anticipation. And we had a concern. How will

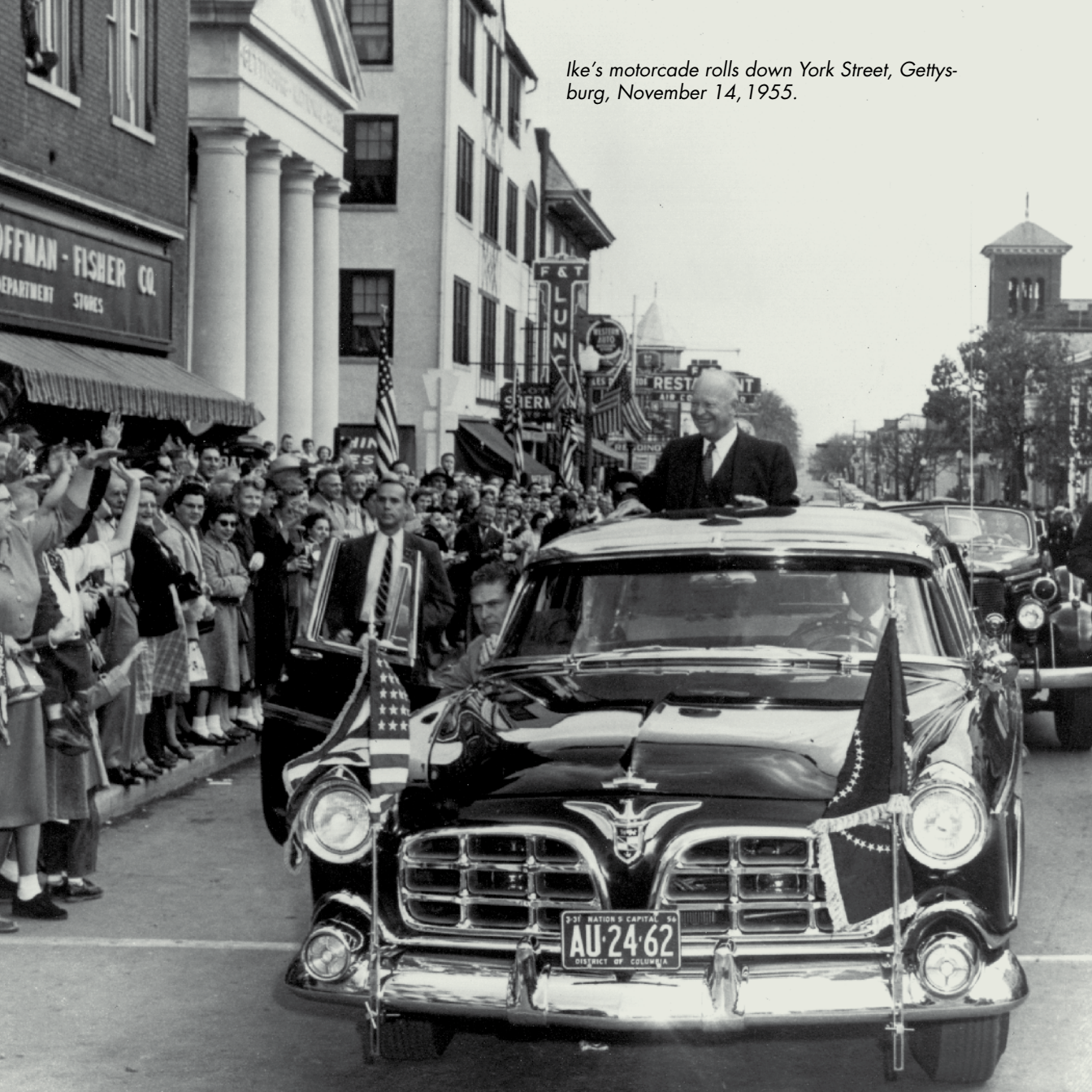
he look? Is he “good”? Will he walk gingerly?

Suddenly he was there on the front foyer. He seemed to burst through the brass doors of Glatfelter. In he marched, 10 full paces to the lobby. No bending to abdominal surgery in that step. No trace either of the Kansas lope broken long ago to the regulation 30-inch stride. A beat or two before he turned into the north corridor to the president’s office (now G-107), he looked up right at us on the stairs. We had started spontaneously to applaud as he entered Glatfelter. He looked pleased. He looked fit. He shot his left hand up cheerily as if to warn us, and then let loose that famous 21-gun grin.

It was all there. The width and the beam of it fully restored. So was its spell. It was more like the grin of a prairie rogue (see *LIFE*, July 23, 1956, p. 18) than that of a commanding five-star general, or an august university president, or a solemn President of the United States. It was a big bear hug of a smile. It made me personally feel commended, as if he had unexpectedly praised me in front of all my family, my colleagues and friends. It was a grand compliment.

If in fact there was a secret in Ike’s smile, I think it lay in the heart of its beholder. As a secret, it was shared many times with confidants during his public and not-so-public years here on the Gettysburg College campus.

Ike's motorcade rolls down York Street, Gettysburg, November 14, 1955.



ENDNOTES

- 1 *Kraft Music Hall*, a popular radio show, ran from 1933 to 1971. Bing Crosby hosted from 1936 to 1946.
- 2 The German “V” weapons were manufactured and employed following the success of the Normandy invasion on June 6, 1944. Due to their limited flying range, most were directed at England. The V2, developed by a team under the supervision of scientist Wernher von Braun, is considered to be the first long-range ballistic missile. Many thousands were killed by the V weapons, either as civilian victims or as imprisoned laborers in factories, but the sum devastation was far less than anticipated.
- 3 Gen. Bernard Law Montgomery (1887-1976), known popularly as “Monty,” commanded the British Eighth Army. Arthur Tedder (1890-1967) was Air Vice (later Chief) Marshal of the British Royal Air Force, commanding its operations in the Middle East and North Africa.
- 4 Cunningham (1883-1963) was commander-in-chief of the British Navy’s Mediterranean Fleet. Operation “Torch” was the name given to the Allied invasion of French North Africa, executed November 8-16, 1942.
- 5 Gen. George S. Patton (1885-1945) commanded the Allied Seventh and Third Armies; Lt. (later Maj.) Gen. Mark W. Clark commanded the Allied Fifth Army.

- 6 Aide-de-camp: personal assistant to a high-ranking military officer.
- 7 Culzean Castle, built in the late 18th century, was formerly the home of the chief of the Scottish Kennedy clan. The Kennedy descendants gave the castle to the National Trust for Scotland in 1945.
- 8 Army Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke (1883-1963) was Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and principal military advisor to Prime Minister Winston Churchill.
- 9 The Majestic Theatre opened in 1930 as a silent-movie and vaudeville house. Built by Henry Scharf as an annex to the Hotel Gettysburg, which he owned, it was purchased by Gettysburg College in the early 1990s.
- 10 Eisenhower's home when he was president of Columbia University.
- 11 Brig. Gen. Arthur S. Nevins (1891-1979), a longtime friend of Eisenhower's, took over management of his Gettysburg farm during Eisenhower's White House years. Brig. Gen. Paul Thomas "Pete" Carroll (1910-54) was Eisenhower's Staff Secretary and Defense Liaison Officer.
- 12 Marshall (1880-1959) was the U.S. Army's Chief of Staff throughout World War II, and top military advisor to President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Bradley (1893-1981) was field commander of U.S. Army forces in North Africa and Europe.

- 13 Burgess (1916-2002) was Eisenhower's Assistant Secretary of Defense. As a colonel during World War II, he had carried advance word to France of the upcoming D-Day landing. Burgess was also briefly president of Trans-World Air lines, before being named by Eisenhower to Chair the President's Citizens Advisory Committee on the Fitness of American Youth.
- 14 Williams (1917-2009) served on Eisenhower's staff as a speechwriter, and as aide to White House naval consultant Capt. Evan P. Aurand.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Putting this volume together was a thoroughly enjoyable process, enhanced by those with whom we worked to bring it to fruition. We want to thank Musselman Library Dean Robin Wagner, for her technical support and wise stewardship of this enterprise; College Archivist Amy Lucadamo, for her inspired curating of the *We All Liked Ike!* exhibition in Special Collections, and for her assistance in coordinating illustrations; and Emily Wass, Gettysburg College's superb graphic designer. Thanks as well to Cataloging and Collections Librarian Kathryn Martin for her painstaking copy editing, and to Special Collections Assistant Ron Couchman, processor of the Eisenhower Society papers that held the seed of this project, and many other Eisenhower materials held by Musselman Library.

We are grateful to the Eisenhower Society for its original idea of collecting Eisenhower reminiscences, as well as its help underwriting the costs of this publication. Additional thanks are due to the Friends of Musselman Library for their financial support.

Lastly, we thank the individuals who contributed specially-written reminiscences to augment the Eisenhower Society material. Their often amusing takes on Ike helped provide a rounded view of a great American who happened not to take himself too seriously.

— *The Editors*

I LIKE

IKE



FOR PRESIDENT

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ABOUT THE ARTIFACTS

Many of the artifacts pictured in this book were donated to Musselman Library by Donald C. Brett. Brett began collecting historical artifacts in high school, and in 2010 made the first donation from his personal Eisenhower collection. To date, he has given the library more than 300 Eisenhower-related items.

Brett's interest began in 1944, when as a nine-year-old he became intrigued by the image of the general on a war bond purchased by his mother. Over the years he kept an eye out for memorabilia, and amassed an enormous collection ranging from buttons and pins to photographs, books, and souvenirs.

After serving in the Pennsylvania National Guard and the U.S. Army, Brett worked as a Secret Service agent under Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Reagan. He met Eisenhower in July 1961, as a rookie agent assigned to the newly retired ex-president's detail in Little Egg Harbor, NJ. Ike was golfing, and what Brett remembers best is how Eisenhower focused the conversation on Brett's military career: "There I was with the Commander-in-Chief and Supreme Commander of Allied Forces, and what Ike was most interested in was the chance to talk with another soldier."

Donald Brett chose the Gettysburg College library as home for these materials because he knew they would become part of a teaching collection, and that his mementos would give students the chance to learn about Eisenhower by handling the objects themselves. The Eisenhower legacy will live on at Gettysburg College in great part because of his generous gift.

Musselman Library also thanks Douglas R. Price, co-founder of the Eisenhower Institute, for his numerous and invaluable contributions to our Eisenhower collection.

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