

Dean Francis LeBaron

Early Adventures

Contributors

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Moments, memories, and pictures presented with love
and a lot of help from Donna Carpenter LeBaron.



In 1990, I flew to Switzerland to meet Dean. I was a writer based in Boston, Massachusetts, and Dean had just returned to his lakefront home in Weesen from his first foray to the Soviet Union. He wanted me to help him capture that experience while it was fresh in his mind.

He picked me up at the Zurich Airport and drove me to the Hotel Schwert, where I fell into a jet-lagged sleep. I woke an hour or so later to the unfamiliar buzz of a European telephone.

"Would you like to take a boat ride?"

Dean asked. **"Of course!"**

I met him in front of the hotel, and we walked across the tiny park with its graceful chestnut trees to the docks, where Dean's pilot, Andy Sullivan, untied the gleaming mahogany boat from its mooring and steered it around to us. As Andy stepped out, Dean climbed in and held out his hand to me. I stepped aboard, and off we went.

A short distance out on the lake, a symphony suddenly filled the air.

"Liszt composed this while staying at the Schwert," Dean explained with a smile.

Then, a bottle of champagne appeared. He popped the cork and poured each of us a glass.

"To our collaboration," he said.

We motored down the center of the lake, past sheer cliffs and alpine vistas, snowcaps and mile-long waterfalls. He spoke of Russia and Russians, of what he wanted to accomplish in the Soviet Union, of doing what no American had ever done or ever thought possible. Warmed by the champagne and the sun and his good company, I thought to myself, *What an incredible man.*

In the more than 30 years since then, as I have shared Dean's life and many other boat rides, I have come to understand the depth of his greatness and his goodness. Here is Dean's story—in his words and the words of the people who love him.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron





My brother was born at three o'clock in the morning on July 31, 1933, in an apartment on the second floor of a yellow house on Leyden Street—the first street built by the Pilgrims—in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Mother was supposed to give birth at Jordan Hospital, but the maternity ward was closed due to an outbreak of scarlet fever. Our father, Francis LeBaron, was an osteopath, so he and a doctor friend handled the delivery. Mother remembered the day as hot and muggy and the labor long. Dad hauled a large block of ice upstairs and chipped off pieces of it to keep her cool.

Dean - weighing in at a little more than seven pounds - greeted the world with a scream.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin



Dean was christened

Dean Francis LeBaron—

Dean simply because his parents liked the name and Francis in honor of both his father and his ancestor Francis LeBaron, who had come to America from France in the late 1600s and was said to have been the illegitimate son of Louis XIV.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron

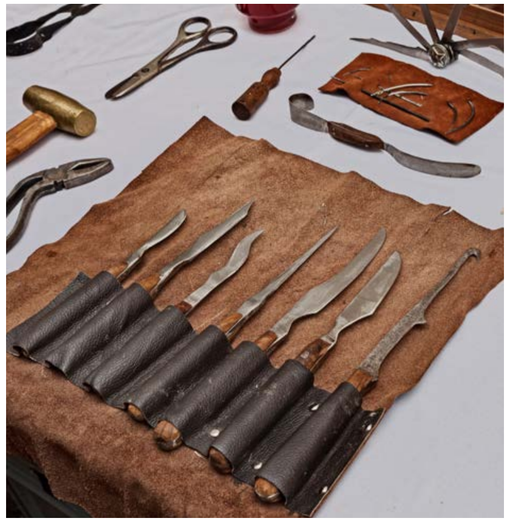
The first Francis LeBaron had been taken as an infant to a Huguenot doctor, who agreed to raise the boy for a fee and was given a cross for the child to wear that would identify him as the son of King Louis XIV.

Like the man who had raised him, Francis LeBaron became a physician. In 1694, he sailed for America aboard a French privateer, but the ship foundered in a storm and wrecked off Cape Cod, where he and the other men aboard were captured by the colonial authorities and sentenced to hang as pirates.

While being marched to the gallows in Boston, they passed through Plymouth, where they heard of a young man suffering with a brain tumor. Francis offered to operate on him—the first surgical procedure of its kind performed in America—and saved his life. The primitive medical instruments he used are now on display at the Smithsonian.

The people of Plymouth were so grateful and admiring of his work that they implored the commanding officer to spare his life, so he could stay on as their physician. But they had two conditions: that he renounce his Catholic faith and marry a Plymouth girl, Mary Eames Wilder, who had been a baby aboard the Mayflower. LeBaron agreed and remained in Plymouth.

—Dean LeBaron







Unfortunately, the good doctor's life would not be a long one.

After marrying Mary Wilder and fathering three sons, he died in a barroom brawl in 1704 at the age of 36. It is said that he was buried with the cross given to him by the nobleman.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

The year 1935 brought an addition to our family—my sister, Elaine.

—Dean LeBaron



It was a surprise.

Two months before I was due, Mother's kidneys had stopped functioning, she'd lost her eyesight, and her body had swelled with edema. Her physician told her I had died and that she needed surgery.

On September 29, at Jordan Hospital, I came out, maybe not kicking and screaming, but alive—two pounds, 12 ounces. The nurses created a makeshift incubator out of a drawer. Dad had seen me, but Mother would not believe I was alive until the nurse brought me into her room.

The doctor wanted to send me to Boston, but my parents insisted I stay in the local hospital, so they could be with me every day. When I weighed five pounds, they brought me home. It was near Thanksgiving.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

Our childhood was typical of the time. Our father worked and our mother took care of the family, although she did find time to book his appointments and keep the practice's ledger.

Mother was adamant that we eat our meals together. She would make pot roast, macaroni and cheese, beans and franks, and chicken-and-rice casseroles. One of Dean's favorites was an old-fashioned New England dish called finnan haddie—haddock poached in milk.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin





When I was little, my motto—and people joked about it—was,

“By de-delph.”

It was my childlike way of saying,

By myself.

I’ve always preferred to do things myself rather than having them done for me. Of course, I liked having a sister—most of the time.

—Dean LeBaron







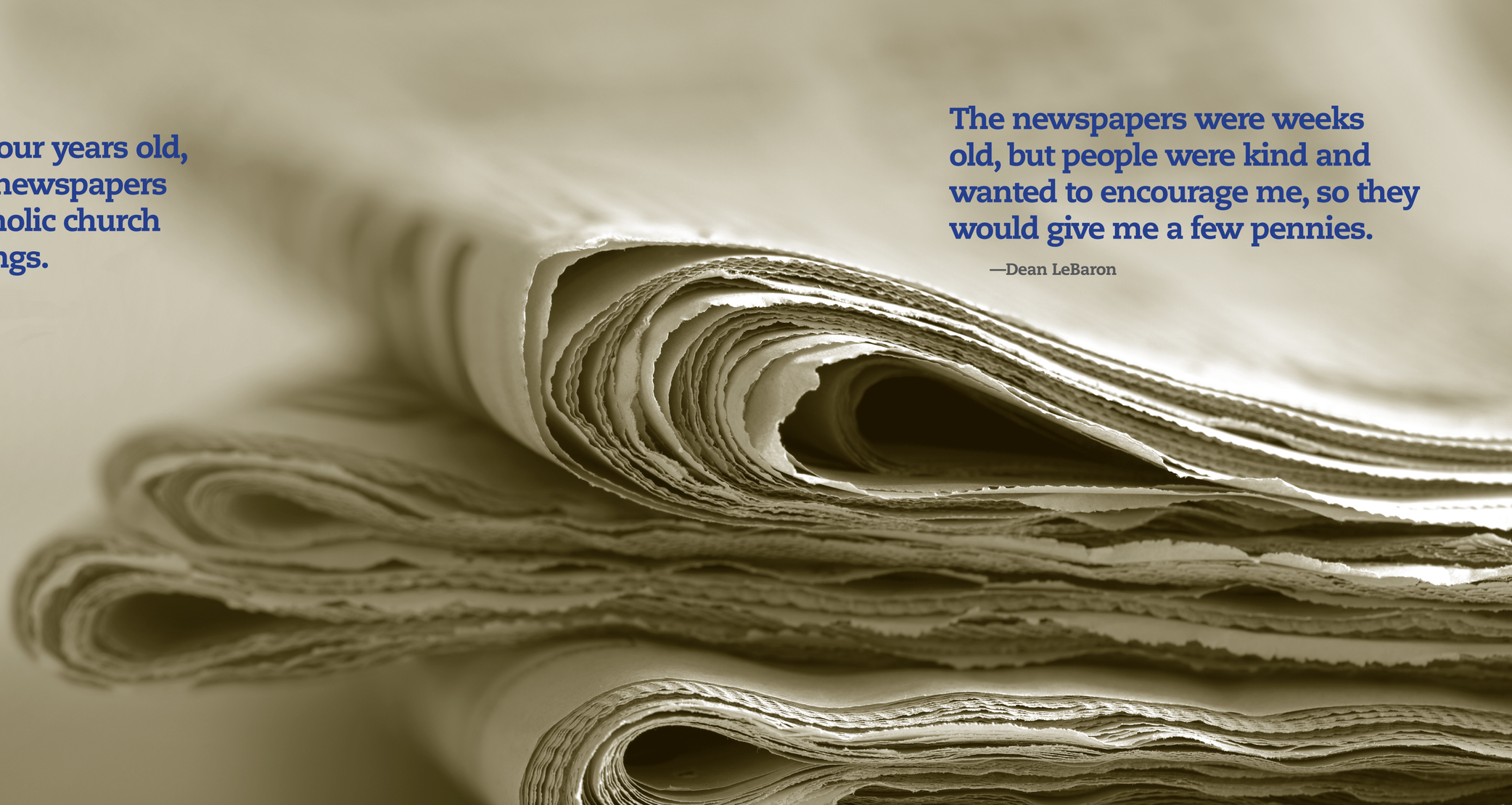


When Dean was four years old, he started selling newspapers in front of the Catholic church on Sunday mornings.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

The newspapers were weeks old, but people were kind and wanted to encourage me, so they would give me a few pennies.

—Dean LeBaron



One of my first memories of Dean was crawling into bed with him and covering our heads with his blanket, and he would

turn on a flashlight and read storybooks to me.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin





Our kindergarten teacher, Sara Belcher—a kind, wonderful woman in her early fifties—held classes in her home and taught both of us to read. Sometimes, she would let me come to school with Dean even though I was three years younger than everyone else.

Mrs. Belcher loved to sing, although she could hardly carry a tune. She liked to lead us on parades down the street while we sang. Dean loved to march and always wanted to carry the flag.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin



I've heard so many stories about my childhood that it's hard to tell what I remember versus what I have been told.

Few people said to me, "Oh, what a sweet boy."

—Dean LeBaron





In 1938, we moved to a two-story house at 27 Leyden Street, across from the apartment where Dean had been born near LeBaron Alley.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

The house backed up to Brewster Gardens, which ran along both sides of the town brook and was one of the prettiest places on the Plymouth waterfront. The land had once belonged to William Brewster, one of the founders of the Plymouth Colony. It became Dean's favorite place to play.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin



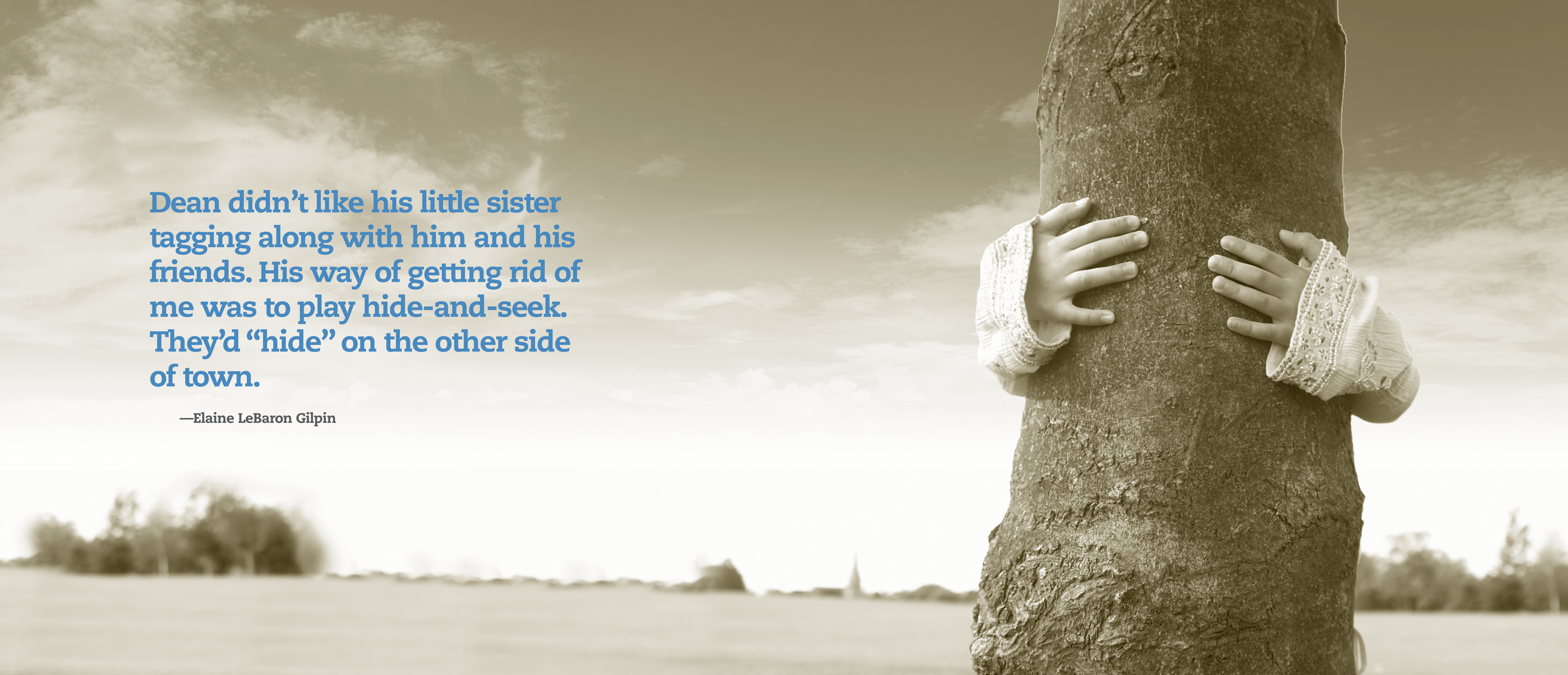






I had two best friends: Teddy Swenson, who lived on the other side of Leyden Street, and Ronny Naguerra, who lived around the corner. Teddy's father was a doctor, too, and Ronny's parents owned Plymouth Hotel. Ronny was a year or so older than me; Teddy was my age. We would shoot marbles and play baseball and wade in the town brook.

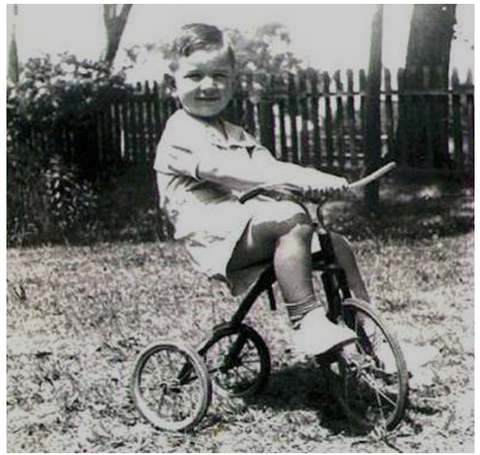
—Dean LeBaron



Dean didn't like his little sister tagging along with him and his friends. His way of getting rid of me was to play hide-and-seek. They'd "hide" on the other side of town.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin





First I had a pedal car,

then a tricycle, and finally a bicycle. My bike was shiny and red with big tires, a bell, a horn, and a headlight. I can still see it sitting in the window of the hardware store near the end of Leyden Street, calling my name.

—Dean LeBaron



My father taught me to ride in the roundabout near Plymouth Rock. The bike had no training wheels, so he would steady me by holding onto the seat.

Then, he would give me a shove, and as I waggled down the street, he would run behind me, shouting,

“You can do it! You can do it!”

I fell off a few times, but he would pick me up and put me back on.

Later, I practiced riding up and down Leyden Street and in LeBaron Alley.

—Dean LeBaron



As a child, I spent a lot of time with my grandfather, Elmer Chase LeBaron. He lived in Quincy, 30 miles north of Plymouth. I adored him, and he adored me.

When Grandpa was 14, he moved to Boston from Smugglers' Notch, Vermont. He was one of nine children. The family was poor and couldn't afford to feed all those mouths. Shortly after arriving in the city, he got a job as an elevator boy and then as a janitor at Boston Safe Deposit & Trust Company, where he worked his way up to manager of the building.

Every winter morning, he would build a fire in the office of the bank's chairman, Russell Lowell. He could have had someone else do it, but to make sure it was done right, he insisted on doing it himself.

Grandpa also made it a point to personally pay everyone who worked under him, counting out the money they were owed and handing them an envelope with cash in it. When I asked him why, he said he wanted them to know that he was taking care of them.

—Dean LeBaron



Grandpa liked to work with his hands, and he built a small cottage on Billington Sea, a pond a few miles west of Plymouth. Dean helped him.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin









We started with the outhouse, putting down layers of sand and gravel, then hammed the structure together. Grandpa called the place—not the outhouse—Camp Dean.

He and I would go there on weekends. We slept in the same bed. When the weather was cold, he wore long johns with a drop seat in the back. He would fish and try—unsuccessfully—to get me to join him, and he would let me drive his little boat. I wasn't strong enough to pull the cord on the 2.5-horsepower outboard engine, so he would start it for me and I would steer in circles until we ran out of gas.

—Dean LeBaron

I was also allowed to take the train from Plymouth to Boston to have lunch with Grandpa LeBaron. Mother would see me off at Plymouth Station and he would be waiting for me at South Station when I arrived. We would eat an early lunch and then go to a burlesque show. The show was our secret.

—Dean LeBaron



In 1939, Dean and his family traveled to New Brunswick, Canada, to visit Grandmother LeBaron's family.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron

When we got on the ferry to Saint John's, we were startled to see ammunition being loaded aboard. Americans were shipping materiel to Canadians, who in turn were shipping it to England. My parents and other adults on the ferry feared being sunk by a German submarine, which were known to patrol off the American coast.

We met Grandma LeBaron's family and stayed with them in New Brunswick. I was struck by the lack of flush toilets. I was accustomed to outhouses at the camp, but not so near homes. There was no bathtub—people washed off in the kitchen.

—Dean LeBaron



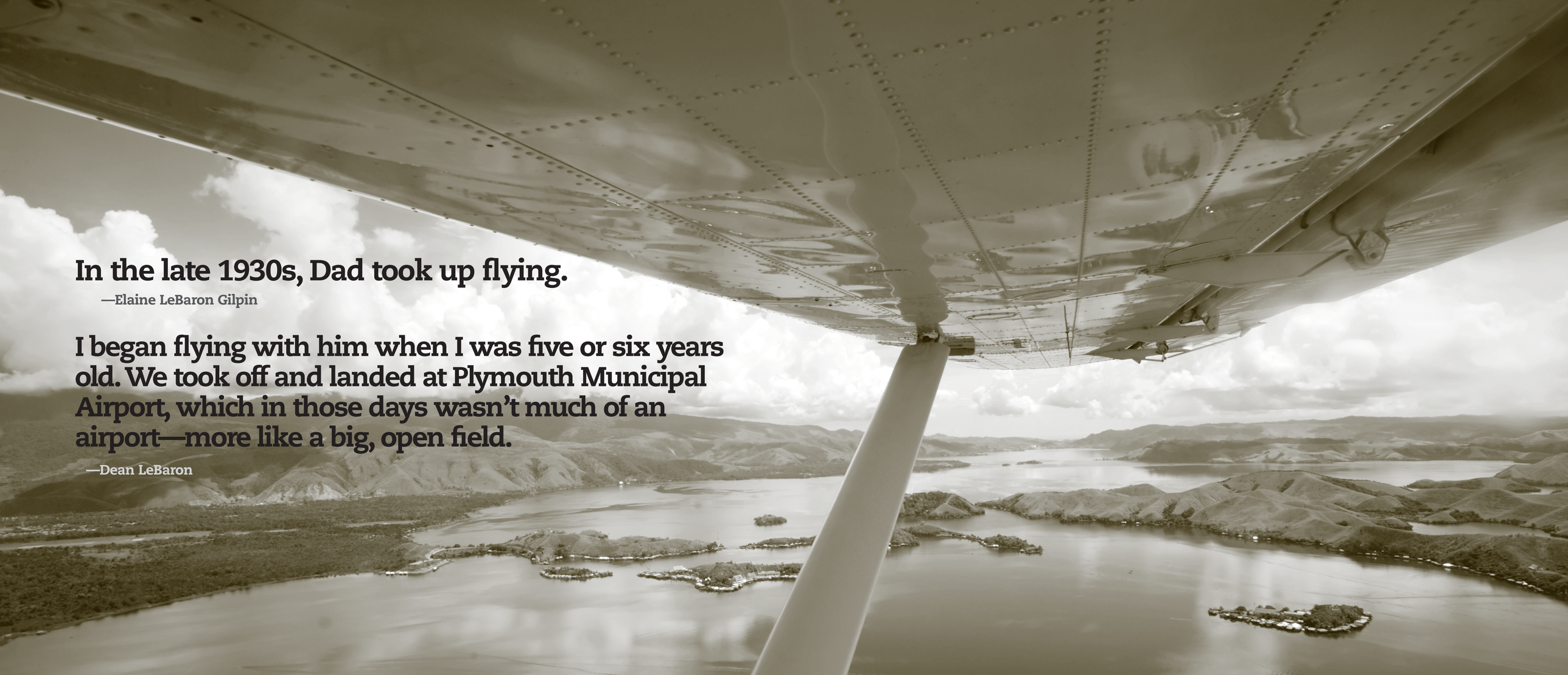
Every morning, someone would go to the barn and milk the cows and come back and set the pails on the kitchen table. The family cats would jump up and help themselves.

I told Mother that I didn't want any milk.

"I understand," she said.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin





In the late 1930s, Dad took up flying.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

I began flying with him when I was five or six years old. We took off and landed at Plymouth Municipal Airport, which in those days wasn't much of an airport—more like a big, open field.

—Dean LeBaron

Dad would fly off to patients' houses and land in their backyards or in a field nearby. He and Mother worked out a way to communicate while he was in the air. He would buzz the house, and if there was a towel on the clothesline, that was his signal that someone needed him or that dinner was ready and he should come home.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin



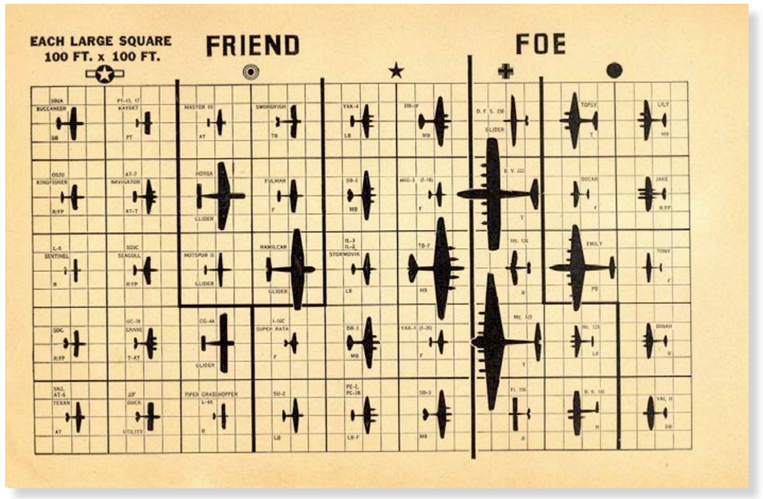


At the time, airplanes didn't have starters. Someone—Dad—had to go out and spin the prop to get the engine going. But he didn't want the plane scurrying off, so my job was to sit in the pilot's seat and press the brake pedal—which I could hardly reach—to make sure the plane didn't run over my father.

—Dean LeBaron

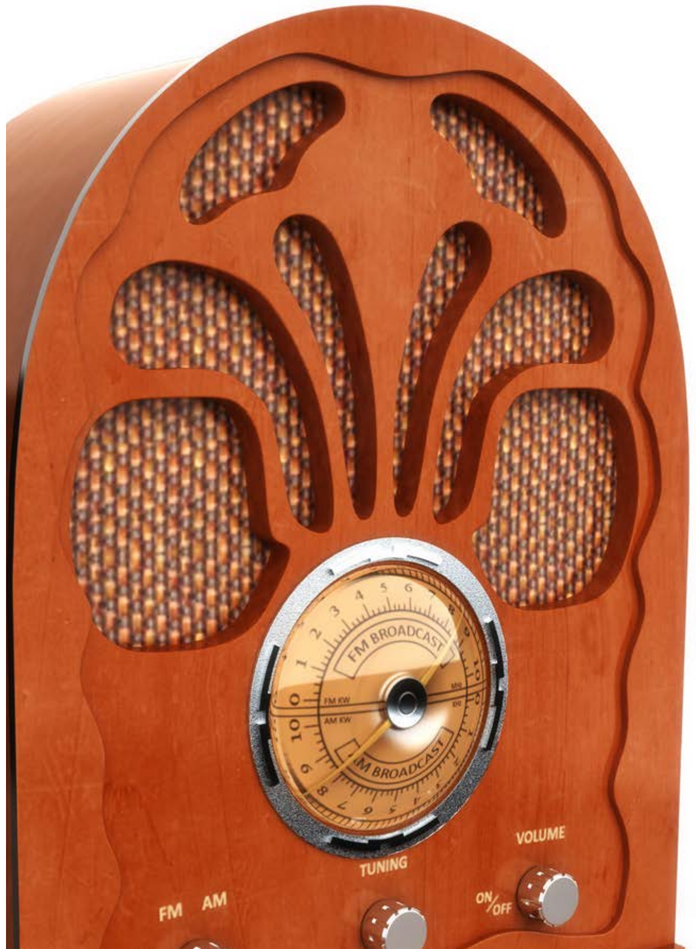
In September 1939, the world—and Dean's life—changed irrevocably when Adolf Hitler's Nazis began their march across Europe.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron



My first memories of World War II came from articles in magazines like *Boys' Life*, which encouraged youngsters to be on the lookout for German planes by publishing silhouettes of German fighters and bombers. I pinned a poster identifying all the German planes on the wall of my bedroom. I took the task very seriously.

—Dean LeBaron



I was seven years old when the war started, and I remember listening to the war news on the radio and to

Franklin D. Roosevelt's fireside chats.

Later, I hung a map of the world in my room and used pushpins to mark the locations of battles.

—Dean LeBaron

Mother had books of ration stamps that we would take to Kennedy's Market in downtown Plymouth. Dean and I would wait in line with our stamps and buy margarine, which, in those days, came in a white plastic bag and looked like lard with a big orange tablet in the middle. Once we got it home, Mother would squeeze it all together to make it look like butter.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin



Everyone received a ration book, even infants and children. Sugar was the first commodity to be rationed. By the end of 1942, stamps were needed to buy coffee, shoes, dried fruits, jams and jellies, cheese, and almost all processed foods. Getting a new tube of toothpaste required turning in the old one.

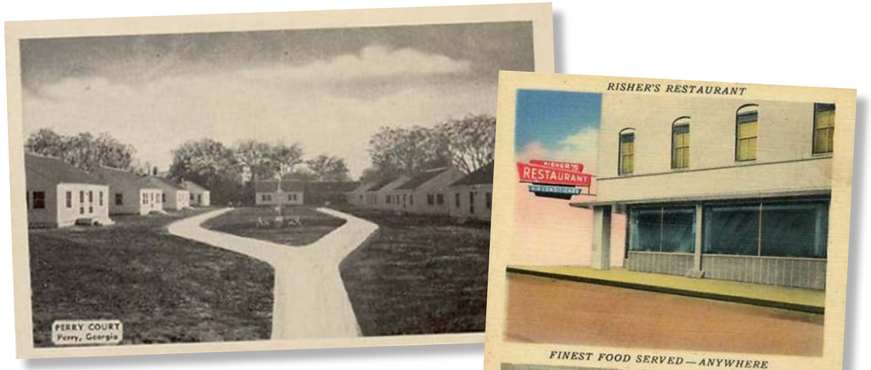
—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin





In 1943, Dad entered the Army. Plymouth had to choose one of its doctors to join the Medical Corps. My father was the only osteopath in town, and I suspect that was the reason his fellow physicians decided that he should go and not them. He enlisted as a first lieutenant.

—Dean LeBaron



After basic training, Dad was sent to Mobile, Alabama; then to Macon, Georgia; and finally to Perry, Georgia. We lived with him in Perry on the second floor of what looked like an old plantation house. The best-known landmark in town was the Methodist church.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin





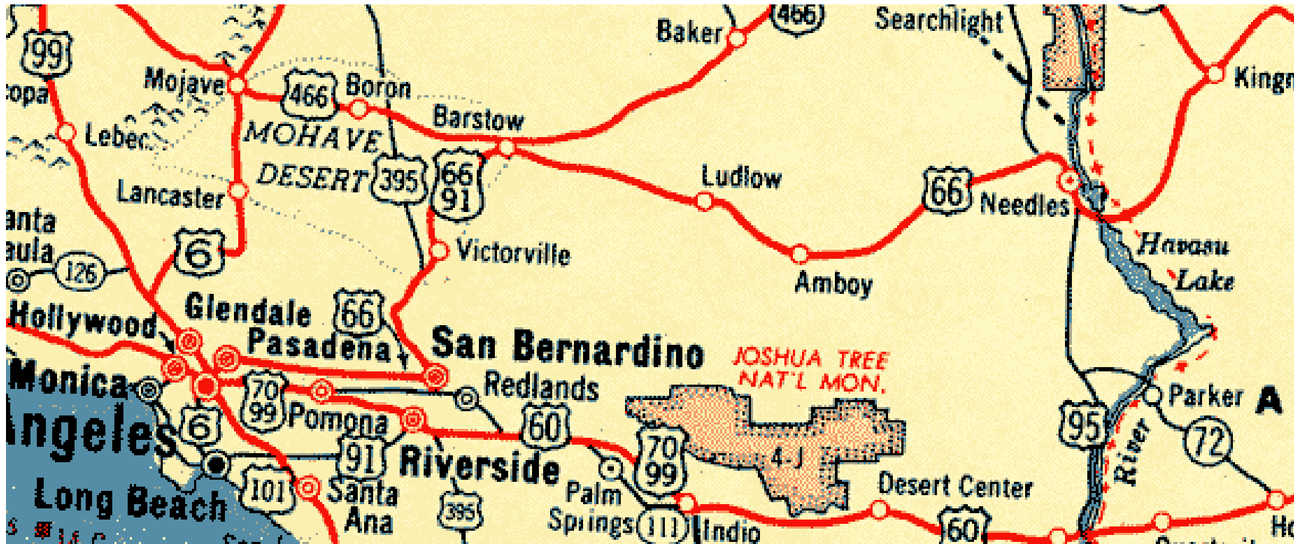
The grade school in Perry was a short walk from our house.
What struck me was how many children had no shoes.

On Saturday mornings, we would go to the movies. I remember wondering why black people sat in the balcony and white people sat downstairs.

—Dean LeBaron

From Georgia, my father was transferred to Ogden, Utah, where he lived alone. Next, he was sent to San Bernardino, California, where we joined him. The trip was long—there were no interstate highways in those days. Mother drove, Dad navigated, and we kids sat in the back seat.

—Dean LeBaron



California was very different from Massachusetts. The school was new and modern—not what we'd had in Plymouth—with sliding doors that opened onto the playground. There were orange trees around the school, and I was fascinated to see fruit dangling from their branches.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin





Next, the Army ordered Dad to Europe. He went back east by train, but Mother, Dean, and I drove. With the war going on, gasoline was a problem. We borrowed gas stamps from neighbors and family and friends.

When we crossed through Ohio, the roads were flooded. At a gas station, we met a truck driver who was hauling new cars. He told Mother to drive her car up onto his trailer.

"I'll get you across," he said.
"You'll never make it by yourself."

So, there we sat—Dean and Mother in the front seat, me in the back—way up at the top of his car carrier.

When he got us across the water, he told Mother,

"You'll have to drive it off."

She didn't like that idea:

"Me? Back off from way up here?"

But she did.

A lady in a house nearby saw us and came out with egg salad sandwiches. She felt badly for us. We thought it was a great adventure.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

In Europe, Dad was named personal physician to General John C.H. Lee, head of supply for the entire European Theater, whose nickname was "Jesus Christ Himself." Dad lived in England and then moved to France with supply headquarters. He had a motorcycle—a perk from the revered general.

—Dean LeBaron



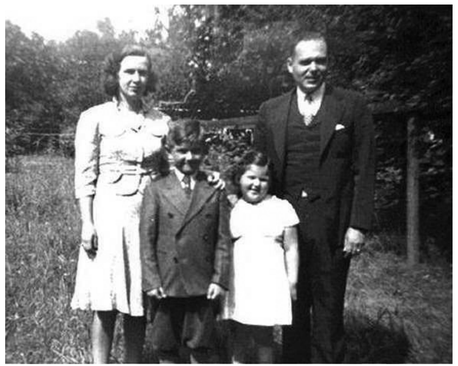


While Dad was in Europe, Mother enrolled him as a candidate for the Plymouth School Board. He wasn't there to campaign, but she was, and so were we. We handed out leaflets with his picture on them—in uniform—asking people to vote for him. He won, although he obviously could not serve his term until the war ended.

—Dean LeBaron







Mother eventually rented out the Leyden Street house, and we moved to Foxborough into a little one-bedroom apartment in the back of my uncle Roy's—my mother's brother—house. Mother wanted us to be near her family.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin



In 1946, Dad was discharged from the Army. Hearing that the doctor at the Foxboro Company, a manufacturer of industrial controls, was looking for help, he applied for the job and got it. In time, my parents put the Leyden Street house up for sale and bought a home at 14 Rockhill Street, next to the Foxborough Masonic Lodge. Coincidentally, Mother had lived in that same house when she was a girl.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

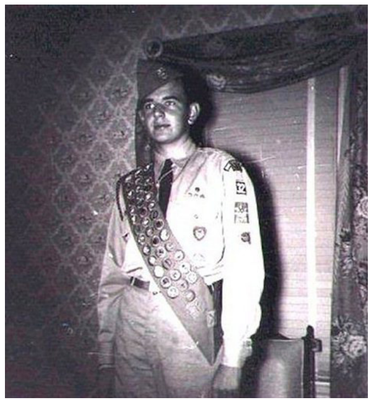
In Foxborough, Dad became a scoutmaster, so I had no choice but to join the Cub Scouts. I wanted to quit, but Dad said no, not until I became an Eagle Scout.

—Dean LeBaron









In 1948, after 15 months of working at it, Dean had earned 55 badges —only 21 were required—making him the youngest Eagle Scout in the country. But once he achieved his goal, he immediately quit.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

After the war, Dad resumed flying. This time, he flew out of Mansfield Municipal Airport, near Foxborough. Every six months or so, he would sell one plane and buy another—usually for a few hundred dollars. His mechanic, Philip Nutter, lived with his wife in a tiny cabin next to the field. Dad kept Phil very busy.

—Dean LeBaron



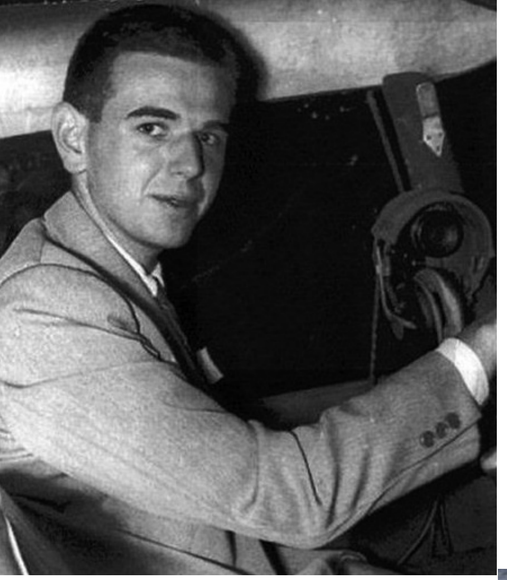
In 1949, on my 16th birthday, I took off from Norwood Memorial Airport in a 65-horsepower Lycoming on my first solo flight. I then set out to earn my pilot's license.

In those days, it took 40 hours of flying time—15 hours with an instructor, 25 alone. The 25 hours included a three-leg, cross-country flight. At each stop, I had to get my logbook certified.

In all, it took me a year.

—Dean LeBaron





I remember borrowing a book on aerobatics from the library and holding it in my lap to teach myself how to do loops. Not a good idea. The author had forgotten to state the obvious—or at least, what became obvious to me later: Dive and pull up while applying full power as you go over the top of the loop, otherwise, you're likely to stall and crash.

—Dean LeBaron

I discovered that flying helped me attract girls.

—Dean LeBaron





My parents had a large Silvertone radio from Sears that could pick up the low-frequency transmission of my Piper PA-16 Clipper's antenna—a long wire pulled behind the plane.

I would fly low—500 to 800 feet—over the house and transmit my message:

"Flying this afternoon.

What time do you want me to come home?"

My parents would hear the plane and turn on the radio, and because they couldn't respond in kind, they would place three-foot-wide sticks in the driveway that read yes, no, or the time I should be home.

—Dean LeBaron





I liked to land on the beach near Bug Light in the channel leading to Plymouth.

—Dean LeBaron



While Dean was flying high, his father had high-flying ambitions.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron

Dad was always buying and selling: cars, boats, and—much to Mother's chagrin—houses, moving us from place to place.

He tried to develop a nicotine-free cigarette using a weed called mullein, which was good for the lungs, instead of tobacco. He had mullein baking in the oven all the time. It smelled terrible and tasted awful.

—Dean LeBaron





My father wanted me to have the educational opportunities he didn't have growing up during the Depression. He worked hard, as did Mother, to see to it that I went to the best schools.

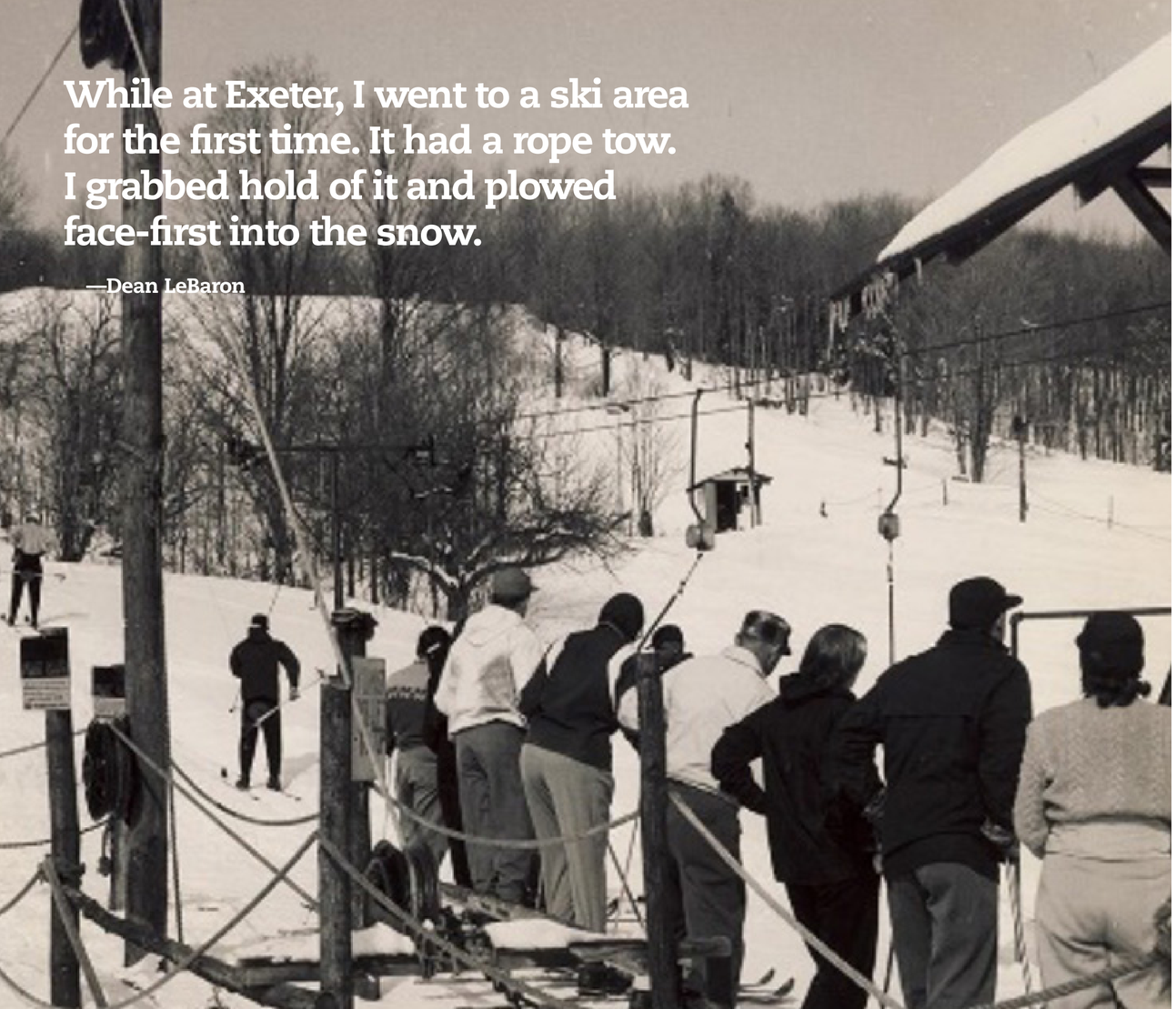
His goal—and mine—was Harvard. Then, he wanted me to go to Harvard Medical School and join his practice. He had served on the Foxborough school committee since the end of the war, and he worried that hardly anyone who graduated from Foxborough schools got into Harvard.

So, after two years at Foxborough High School, I applied to

Phillips Exeter Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire, and Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts,

and was accepted at both. I chose Phillips Exeter and enrolled there in 1948.

—Dean LeBaron



While at Exeter, I went to a ski area for the first time. It had a rope tow. I grabbed hold of it and plowed face-first into the snow.

—Dean LeBaron



Exeter had a rule about no cars on campus, so

I used to try to commute home by plane.

I made arrangements with a neighboring farmer to use his field as a landing strip for my single-engine, 65-horsepower Piper PA-15 Vagabond. The headmaster was not amused.

—Dean LeBaron



As my mother instructed, I wrote home often.

—Dean LeBaron

Phillips Exeter Academy
Exeter, New Hampshire
July 13

Dear family,

I want to thank you again for the clock. It has already saved my neck a few times. At night it is very quiet so that I can get that much needed sleep. And besides that there is no socket to put a plug in for an electeric clock. When I looked before I must have seen a piece of dust or something.

I still haven't bought all the books that I need so I am continually buzzing down to the book store and handing out money for used books. In fact, I have put myself on a budget for the rest of the summer. So far it is working out very well; I even have a surplus.

I shall be home on Sat. on that train out of Boston. I shall have fun going in because there are some other boys that are leaving for the weekend for Boston.

EXETER
DEC 13
5 IN
1946
N. H.

U.S. POSTAGE

Dr. & Mrs. Francis LeBaron
56 South St.
Foxboro, Mass.

I looked for clothes here but I find that they are to expensive so if it is convient for you to take me clothes shopping when I get home I think that it would be a good idea.

Today I took a french exam and I was fortunate enough to get a grade of B. That is very good here since I was one of the highest. Now that you have heard the good part, I shall tell you the other side of the story. I recieved the theme that I wrote for English today also and I got D plus (We mustn't forget the plus) on it. The hishest mrk on the themes was a C- but they mark you very hard here. It is not on the spelling and the grammer, although they expect that to be right, but on the organization, structure, correlatives, etc. It is rough going but I suppose that it is doing me good.

Well, I can tell you the res t on Sat. so I'll sign off.

Love,
Dean

P.S. to mom:: I am now able to type a little faster although I still make the same foolish mistakes.

I have to tell you this. Bickel just came in a sat down and talked with me for 11 minutes about flying. No kidding. It seems that now he was in college he soled. Hasn't flown since though. He is the funny guy I ever met. I can't understand him. He was just beaming with friendliness.



DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE
sunday night

Dear Sis,

I'll bet that you keep the TV set going every minute that there are programs on the air. Let me know how you like it. I saw a picture of the Motorola consolette, and I think that it looks very good, especially if we can get it at wholesale.

I spent very close to four hours in the darkroom. this afternoon. I made several enlargements of the pictures of that I took at the dance weekend. I shall bring them home with me when I come at Christmas. I think thatyou will like them.

This evening we had a lecture on Latin-america. The man who gave it was the author of the book Argentine Diary. He really gave an excellent talk against Gen. Peron. We only have two more lectures this term.

At this point I have to get some of that much needed sleep. I really need it.

Love,
Dean



Dr. & Mrs. Francis E. LeBaron
56 South St.
Foxboro, Mass.

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Sunday night

Dear folks,

It may well be that I shall never realige or appreciate the love that you as parents have for your children, but I am sure of another thing, and that is that you also do not realize what a beautiful home means to a boy. I don't mean materially, but as a family unit. Before I came to school it was just taken for granted by me that I was to live a happy life with parents to whom a child can look with admiration, respect, and love. Even myself, with all my attemps to be grown-up wish I was still back there spending a care-free life. I can say with all seriousness that their is absolutely no place like our home. It is the parents that can either make or break it. I am one of the few very lucky ones who have parents who want to provide a heaven-on-earth for their children. I don't think that it makes any difference whether the home is in a shack or in a house like ours. It is the common love that holds it together where ever it is. Fortunately, I have never known what family life is like in a shack. I don't meanto be slushy, but I do want to say thanks for the chance to be a full-fledged member in an organization like ours.

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

You don't need to worry about my theme tomorrow. Just before write this letter I hit upon an idea that I doubt anyone else will and it should click. It has to do with physiology, of which I know absolutely nothing, but I'll manage to still get a good grade on it.

Mom: Your brownies are wonderful. I brought some milk over to my room, and had a real nice snack with the milk and the brownies. Dad: Try to get some sleep the next time I come home for a weekend. Then you wont have an excuse as to why I beat you in ping-pong. Maybe I'm the one who should get the excuse ready? Sis: I was very sorry that I was unable to see you. I wore the bow tie that you asked me to wear the week before. So you will have to have Mom and Dad bring you up here sometime before my next rest cure rolls around.

Love to all, including Blossem,

Dean





DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Wenesday afternoon

Dear folks,

Well, I'll be home in a few days. I need the change. This week has been crowded with exams. I shall be bringing my slide rule home to have Mom put a catch on the case of it. If I have to come by train and I don't see you in Boston, I shall go out on the usual train from South Station, and I'll look for you at both Sharon and Mansfield.

The wrist is getting along fine. I have the bandage on it now, and I put it in some sort of a whirlpool bath at the infirmary eve y day. The doctor says that it would be better for it if the bandage came of it this weekend soby Saturday I probably won't be all wound bound up. At least I hope so, he may change his mind in the meantime.

This afternoon has been very boring for me. Nothing to do but sit around and study. I needed it, but I missed my usual game of squash or going swimming in the pool. The snow up here is about five inches thick and melting eve y day. By Saturday it should be all gone. I doubt if Dad would have any trouble at all in this stuff. Mom: Make any plans that you want to for Saturday night. I probably will stay home anyway.

-2-

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

The fudge arrived safe and sound. In fact, it was wonderful. It tasted better than before. Did you change the recipe? At any rate it was just what I needed. You need not bother to send the rubbers to me. I sahll bring them back with me Sunday. The revised schedule of of my weekends will be that I shall take my last weekend of this term on Feb. 26. It is more evenly divided that way. Three weeks until my last weekend of this term, then two weeks until the long awaited vacation.

I was glad to hear that I still manage to make news for the Foxboro scandal sheet. All I can say is that they must be mighty hard up for news. Where they, or should I say G. Lillyman, gets the information is a mystery to me. But it still keeps me in the eyesof my public, so no harm done. It would have been better if the names in the items had been reversed to read that Paula had an interest in me and that I had an interest in A. Danforth. Somehow it is always that way. I manage to get every child for miles around interested in me, Tell Elaine to save the paper until I come home.

A samedi.

Mon amour,

Dear

Dad: Si vous avez le temps, vous aimeriez à liser un livre que s'appelle "The Young Lions" par





Dr. & Mrs. Francis E. LeBaron
56 South St.
Foxboro, Mass.

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Sunday afternoon

Dear folks,

It was nice to see Dad up here yesterday. It would have been better if the whole family had come up too. But there was one thing that I did not quite understand. And that was why Dad seemed almost as though he wanted me to stay where I am. I may be wrong, but that was the impression that was given me. If that is the case I would like to know what has caused the change from vacation time to now. There might be another point that I missed in considering the matter. I took the time yesterday after Dad left to go to the library and read Milton's catalog. On the whole it seems to be just what I would look for in a day school. Especially where their emphasis is on day students. That would mean that there would not be the sharp social distingtion that I had previously thought of. Still send the catalog. If all goes as I plan at this moment, I shall be at Milton next year.

I would advise the family not to waste their time going to see "Command Decision". They wrecked the play and if it was not for the actors, people would walk out on the movie. It was not anywhere near my expectations.

-2-

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

This morning I saw a good example of what Dad and Mr. Danforth were talking about while they were discussing the instructors at Harvard. The minister at the Church was Dean Sperry of the Harvard Chapel. I think he is one of these men who really have something to say, but they are too lazy to say it or if they do say it they mumble. I sit in the tenth row in church and I could just barely make out what he was saying. But he has a doctorate.

Love,

Dean

I missed my family, and they missed me, so we began to discuss my transfer from Phillips Exeter to Milton Academy.

—Dean LeBaron

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Wednesday night

Dear family,

It is wonderful to hear that our car is on its way. I am very anxious to see it. The Exeter Carysler dealer got a shipment of three cars in last Monday. I was down there looking at them and he offered me a demonstration in it, he probably thought that I had a lisence. It was very tempting, but I turned it down. I can wait until we get ours.

Was I right in understanding that I would have to be at Milton between seven and nine at night? That complicates matters considerably. Is there no way that I could get out of that? That would mean that if I did not want to eat supper there I would have to make four one-way trips of about 15 miles each. It is not the accident deal that would worry me, but the time that would be spent on the road. I would not be in the car during the time when traffic is at its peak. I shan't consider Dean. It does not have to good a name around town with guys like Igo going there. If Milton does not seem to be a good idea, I would diffinately stay here.

Today is a very dull day. It has rained very hard and ther is practicially nothing to do

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

nothing to do except study. That is a point where Exeter has failed. Besides providing smoking rooms, they have not presented enough indoor recreation. That is where the need is. Most of the weather is bad here so we can not do anything out-of-doors. I had a string in my tennis racket snap on me yesterday. It will cost me four dollars to it resrtung. But I think this will be a banner term as far as money is concerned. Other than buying two history books, I have hardy spent any money.

Any contributions of food will be gratefully recieved. And those pants that we bought for me in Mansfield were not sanforized. They shrunk about an inch around the waist and two inchs on the bottoms. Fortunately, I am still able to wear them because I think I got rid of that flab that I accumulated during vacation.

Love,

Dean



DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Monday noon

Dear folks,

I t was swell to see all of you yesterday. And all that food will last me quite a while. I have not cut the cake yet; I haven't got the heart to do it. Every time I stand the lamb up, he just looks at me with that sad expression. When I finally do cut it I am going to have to close my eyes to do the murder. I hope Mom is feeling better now and she got home with out too much trouble. Now to get back to our usual topic. I can see your point; you think that the only reason that I a coming home is for a new convertible, so then you asked me to make up my mind minus the ~~is~~ car. C'est impossible! I can not erase such a thought from my mind. It has been there every since the subject was brought up and it is still there. You see it is hard for a kid to be beg to take a 10¢ ice cream cone, and then when he says he will take it he is told that he might have to take a 5¢ cone for the job. It is the might that is puzzaling. I have read the Milton catalog from cover to cover and I shall have my mind completely made up before I leave home on Easter Sunday. That does not meanthat my mind is not made up now, but that I have several questions that I would like to ask Mr. Hewett about the school. One of those

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

questions being that from the catalog I understand that two hours of boring calisthenics is required five days a week. That does not sound right. And I notice that they make no mention of any squash courts. These along with a few other things will enter into the picture slightly. I did not mean to give the impression Sunday that I disliked Exeter less, but that I like home and a car more (quote from Wm. Shakespeare). I am sure that Dad will understand my feelings about a car and Mom my feelings about the home. Another thing I would like to be able to go out if I pleased on Friday nights, and be ing at a mutually considered proper time. These matters can always be decided at a later date. I still don't see how Milton can give a good education with only two hours of homework a night. I think that you can see my views on this subject, and they are only minor to the bigger question of education on the whole.

Love,

Dean



Miss Elaine LeBaron
56 South St.
Foxboro, Mass.

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Sunday night

Dear Sis,

I have just found out that one doesn't just leave Exeter without first being cross-examined. My advisor came in tonight to check me in, and when he heard that I was not coming back next year I thought he was going to cry. After he got over the shock of such a statemnt he looked at me as though I was either a criminal or a freak. It seems as though I have made history by leaving voluntarily. I had to think of something and fast, so you can tell Mom that I told him that her days are numbered and that she wanted me home as long as we would be together. What an excuse! Also I saw Mr. Hewett today. He was at church with Mr. Wilson. He seemed very friendly and glad to see me in my natural habitat.

You really are lucky being able to see all the ball games at home. Of course it is too bad that our favorite ball club is not doing to well at the moment, but they will be along with their hitting power any time now. It will be alot of fun being able to sit in a cool home and watch the games with someone to keep me company. I imagine that by now you know all the players, what they look like, and how good they are.

-2-

DEAN F. LEBARON
THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

I was worried yesterday afternoon about how Dad was getting back. Just after he left there was a storm that blew up around here that seemed pretty near hurricane strength. I'll bet the Stinson bounced around quite a bit.

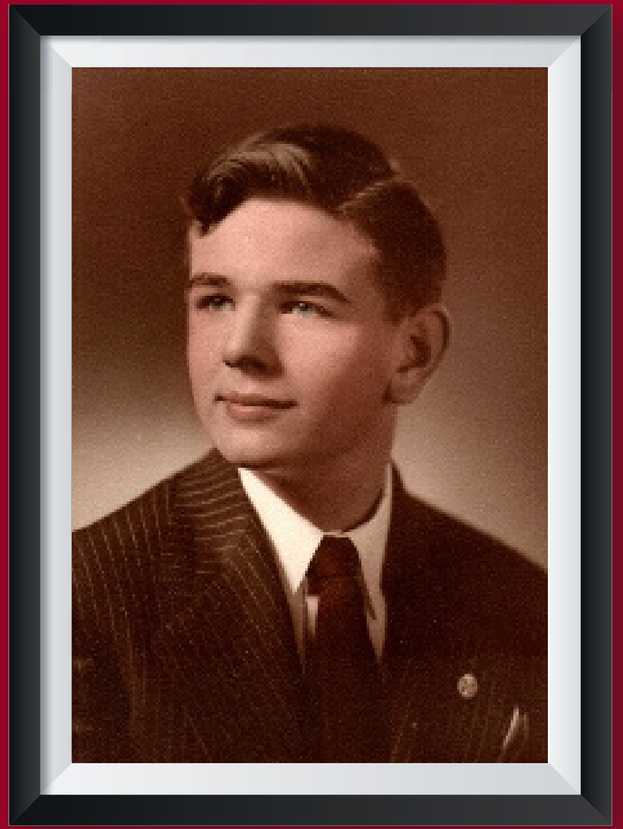
Don't forget to let me know whether Dad will be on duty May 7th. If he is I shall come home this coming weekend. It won't make a bit of diffeence to my schedule. I feel just about ready for another one in any case. The Spring Dance will break up the laxity of the four week stretch between weekends.

You know, after Dad left SaturdayI was so full that I could not eat my usual Saturday night steak. I did not even atempt it. All I had was a couple hamburgs, two bottles of milk, soup, and xxxxxx dessert. At that I could barely budge.

Well, we'll see you soon, Sis. In the mean time keep getting those beloved xxx Ads.

With love,

Dean



In the fall of 1949, Dean said good-bye to Phillips Exeter and hello to Milton.

Milton Academy was a little more than a half hour from home, and from what Dean could tell, his likelihood of getting into Harvard from Milton was the same as for Exeter. So, with his parents' permission, he transferred there.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron

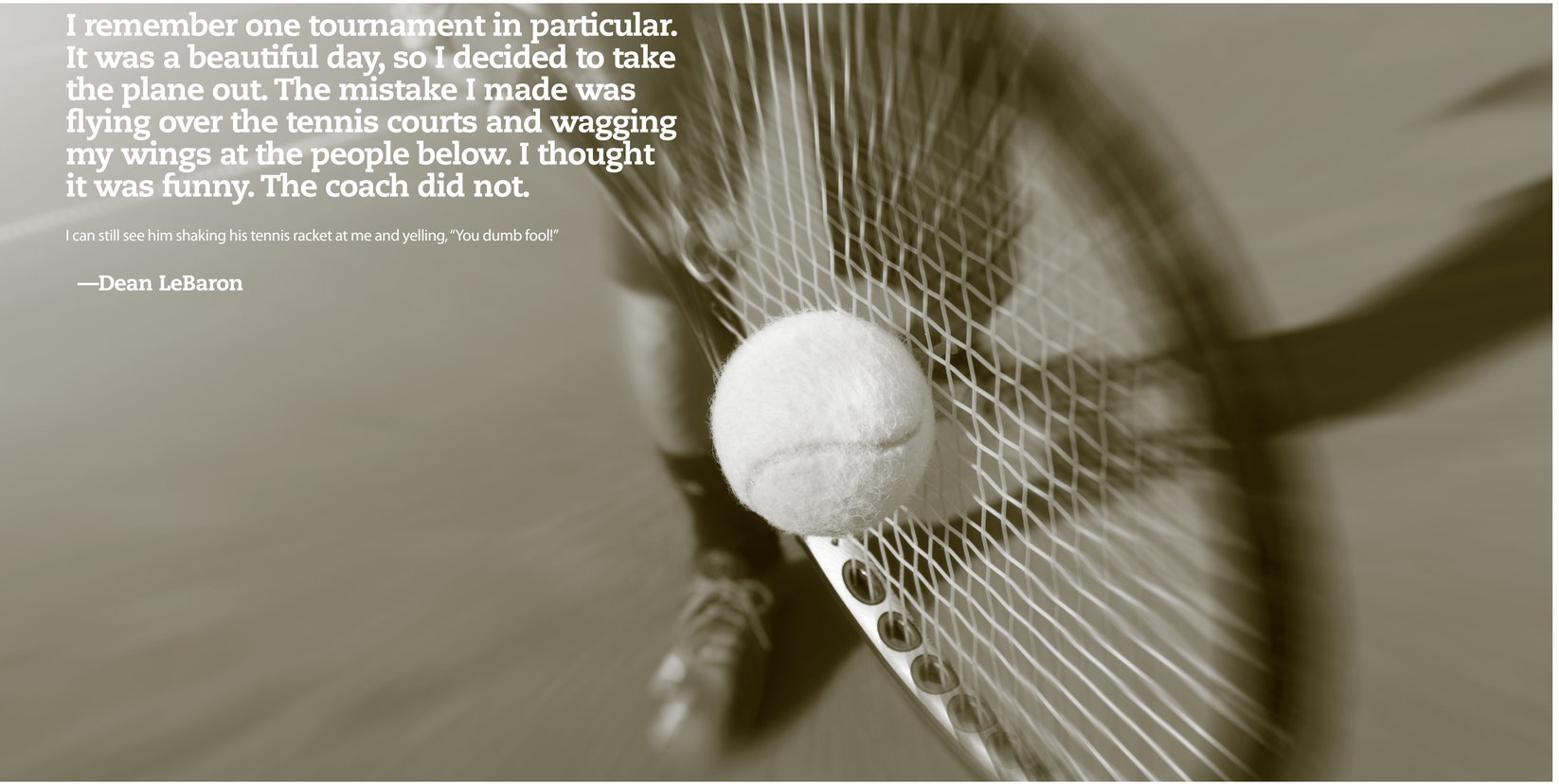


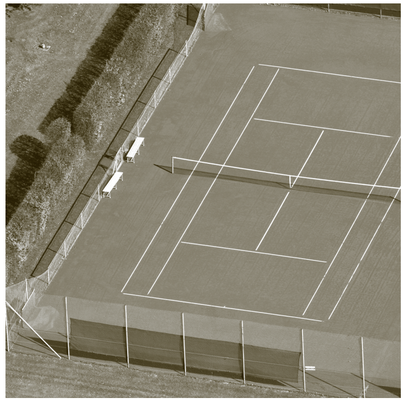
I was on the tennis team at Milton, but I always preferred flying.

I remember one tournament in particular. It was a beautiful day, so I decided to take the plane out. The mistake I made was flying over the tennis courts and wagging my wings at the people below. I thought it was funny. The coach did not.

I can still see him shaking his tennis racket at me and yelling, "You dumb fool!"

—Dean LeBaron











When I was 17, my father let me drive his car—a newly painted Rambler—to the spring dance at Milton. I was wearing a white jacket.

Taking my date home, I took a corner too fast and the car rolled over on its side. I was scared because I'd had a couple glasses of champagne. I somehow pushed the car back up on its wheels and drove home.

The front end was damaged, so I could make only right turns. I finally got home around seven in the morning.

I started taking off my clothes at the front door, dropping them on the floor as I made my way to my room. Exhausted, I fell asleep.

Not long after that, Mother came in, frightened, saying,

"Are you all right? Are you all right?"

Later that morning, I had to go downstairs and face my parents—banged-up car in the driveway, champagne glasses in the pocket of my jacket, lipstick on my collar. I felt horrible, and they looked terrible.

"Dean," my father said,

"I'm so glad you're okay."

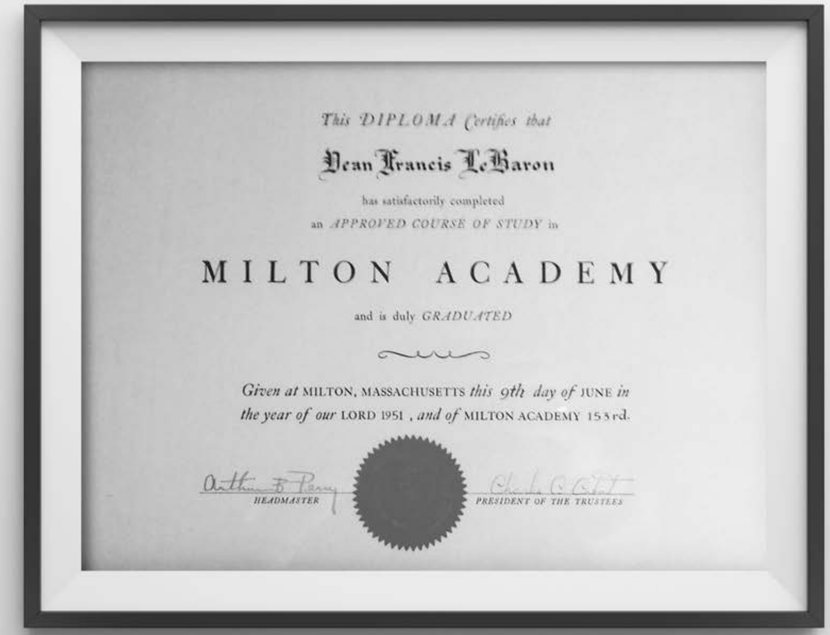
—Dean LeBaron

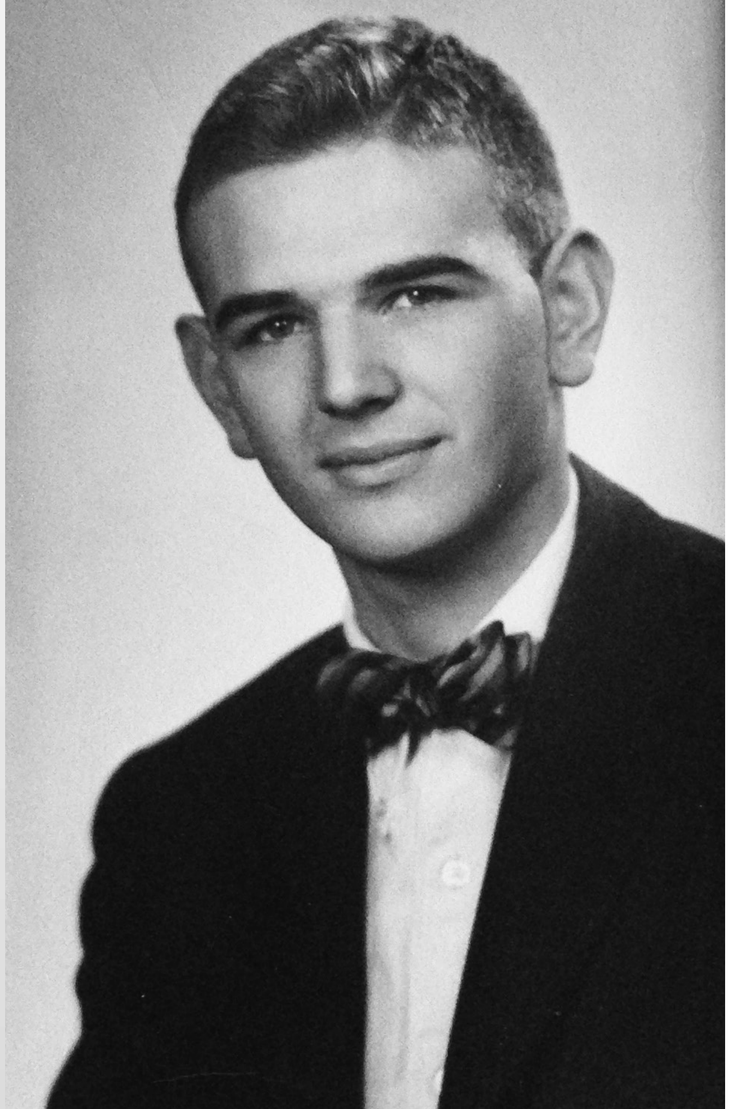




When it came time to apply for college, the only application I submitted was to Harvard. I had been told there was no need to apply anywhere else, as I was sure to get in—and I did.

—Dean LeBaron





In the spring of 1951, Dean graduated from Milton. In the fall, he enrolled at Harvard.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin



I felt good, being at Harvard. I was where I was expected to be and where I thought I should be.

—Dean LeBaron

As a freshman, Dean lived at Wigglesworth Hall, a dormitory at the edge of Harvard Yard along Massachusetts Avenue.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron



It was the college equivalent of a military barracks, with six to eight people jammed in a single suite.

—Dean LeBaron



What overwhelmed me about Harvard was Widener Library.

I stood on the steps, knowing that this was the third-largest repository of human knowledge in the world and I had unfettered access to it for four years.

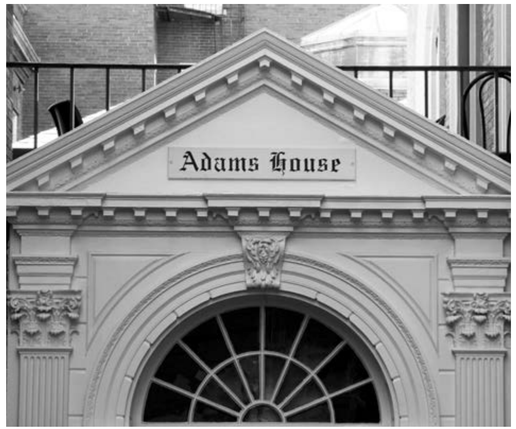
My plan was to use it as much as possible.

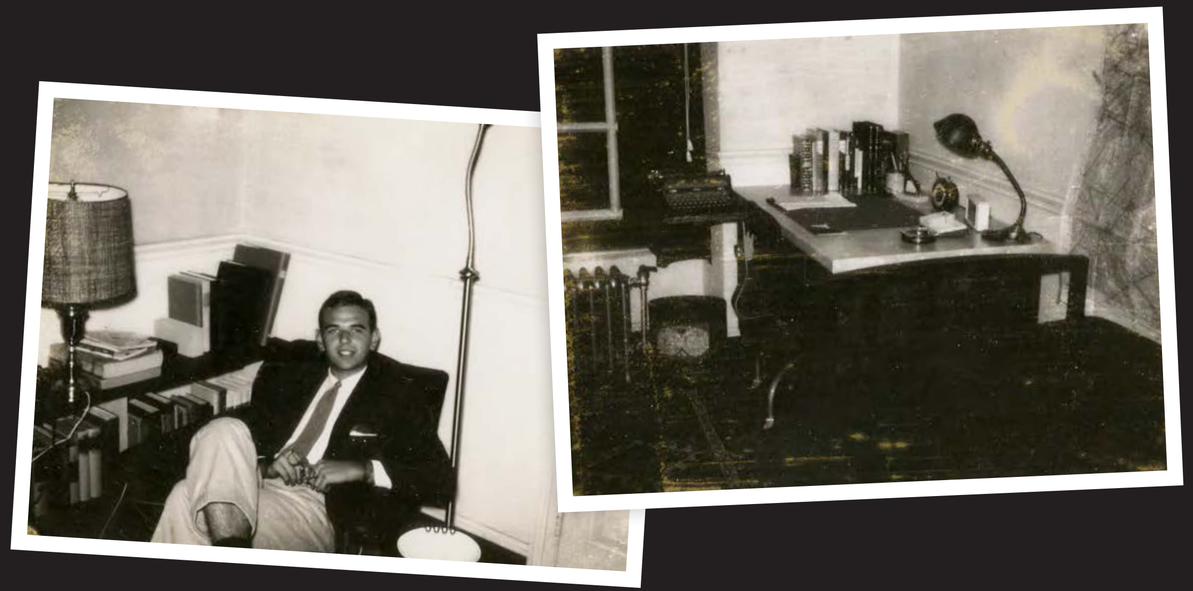
I went down into the stacks, seven stories below the library, where study carrels were set up in corners for graduate students. I wanted one of those cubbyholes—a place of my own within the library. Somehow—I don't remember how—I talked my way into getting one even though I was only a freshman.

—Dean LeBaron

In the fall of my sophomore year, I moved to Adams House. It was a lottery system, and you applied for what you wanted. I chose Adams House because it had its own pool and was close to Harvard Square. It also had its own dining room and was known for having good food.

—Dean LeBaron





As Mother insisted, Dean continued to stay in touch with his family.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

Adams House C-13
Cambridge 38, Mass.

CAMBRIDGE A, MASS.
SEP 30
9 - PM
1953

UNITED STATES POSTAGE
3 CENTS

LeBaron
56 South Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts

Wednesday

Dear parents,

It must be the weather. Today I received a letter from both of you. Such ambition! It was really nice to hear from you. Sis and I had dinner last night at the Pudding. I forgot about a birthday cake but I think she enjoyed herself. At least I did. Everything here is in a great state of confusion. Walter and I are still not settled, but rather all the xxxxx separate elements are projected not materialized. Two more weeks should do the job so try to be patient. I may take a couple of pictures to put into this letter so that youwill be able to see how it is coming. Don't mind the yellow paper. I have not bought any stationery as yet and since you are family I don't want to use my good typing paper. (You can shoot me for that line later) All my courses are now arranged. For your interest these are as follows: Fine Arts 14, Great Original Works of Arts(required by the University for my general education. This course involves going to various galleries, public and private, around Boston in order to see the original paintings, etc., and then writing about the feelings aroused by these things.); Social Sciences 112, Human Behavior(Just as it sounds, can cover anything); Social Relations 117, Social Psychology (mostly research in same, testing theories of Freud and others against available data); Social Relations 119, Theories of Personality(methods of psychoanalysis as near as I can figure out); and finally Social Relations 139, Social Stratification(about "class, status and power", methods of xxxx acquisition and elements there of). That is about the schedule along with about eight weighty tomes which must be read for the Dept. of Soc. Rel. From this you can see that my time will not be too free. Heaven knows when I shall be home, but so long as you keep the car there it will be an additional stimulus for me to drop in for a visit. That seems to be all now. Until when.

Dad I'm pleased to hear that you enjoyed the new smoke hook. I am still an abstainer but in all fairness I would have to admit that I still miss smoking. But this time I think I'll see it through to the end.

Love,
Glen

Via Air Mail

N CAMBRIDGE
MAY 1
3 PM
1954
MASS.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE
3 CENTS

Dr. and Mrs. Francis E. LeBaron
407 Lytle Avenue
New Smyrna Beach, Florida

℅ Mrs. Ed Esslinger

DEAN F. LEBARON
ADAMS HOUSE C-13
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASSACHUSETTS

Monday morning

Dear parents,

The first weekend has passed without mishap. I am confident that the trend will continue throughout the rest of your vacation. Undoubtedly you are now basking inwarm sunshine. Dad may have been coercied into getting on a horse again, a move which he will regret for at least several days but will be compensated for by the sympathy that he will receive. Mother, I suspect, is catching up on all the family gossip possibly even contributing afew bits of her own. All in all, it is quite a fine picture. Anything that has broken the previous routine would be indirectly beneficial. I mean that it will serve to force your powers of perception objectively upon your usual way of life and to, we hope, make you appreciate it by comparison all the more.

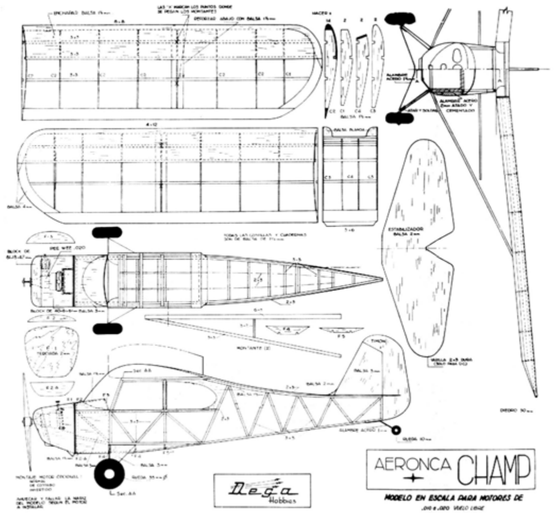
I have just put down the phone after talking with Elaine. She told me of your departure and the plans as they were at that time. Sometime the middle of this week, if she is able with her examination schedule, we shall have dinner together, most likely three of us. My comment to her that I hoped that your trip would be a leisurely one was taken as one with hedonistic overtones (i.e., the car). This is not the case. I would like you to stay as long as you like. There seems to be little sense in going somewhere to spend fully half your time on the road. Best that you return satiated with Florida, tripping in general, yes and even relatives.

That takes care of two paragraphs of sermonizing. There may be something to hereditary characteristics, gene theory, etc. after all. We have no new news. Elaine is working hard. My life narrowing more and more to two activites, work and Pamela. There is considerable overlap of the two elements. There is nothing else now. Given the opportunity, I shall write you once more, possibly the end of the week.

My best regards to all. Wish I might have been able to see them, but possibly another time.

Love,
Glen





During registration that fall, I got put on probation for

building an airplane in front of Memorial Hall.

All the clubs had booths outside the registration area to recruit new members. As president of the Harvard Flying Club—I had raised the funds to resuscitate the defunct association—I thought, *What better way to entice people to join us than to show them a fully functioning airplane?*

Revere Aviation agreed to let us borrow a single-engine, two-seat Aeronca Champion at a reduced rate. Three of my fellow club members and I removed the wings and put them and the body of the plane on a trailer, which we drove to Harvard Yard.

Knowing that what we were doing would probably be frowned upon, we hadn't asked permission.

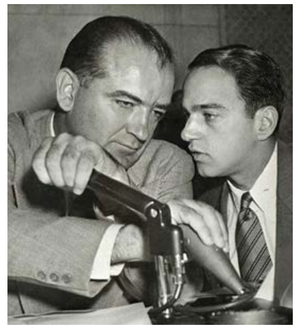
We arrived with the plane sometime between 1:00 and 2:00 a.m. and set it up. Afraid to leave it alone, we slept under the wings.

We recruited more than 50 new members.

But I landed in hot water.

—Dean LeBaron



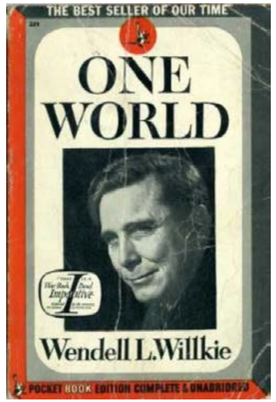


On probation for an entire semester,

I decided to apply for Air Force pilot training.

I passed the preliminary examination and was sent to a base in Upstate New York, where I was called before a group of officers.

—Dean LeBaron



If you'd asked me about my political leanings in those days, I would have identified myself as a world federalist. I had read Wendell Willkie's book, *One World*, and thought all governments of the world would come together in a single federation.

—Dean LeBaron

In the end, I flunked the Air Force test because my eyesight wasn't good enough. So, as my parents advised, I went back to Harvard and buckled down.

—Dean LeBaron



In the spring of 1953, I entered my first and only air race, representing Harvard flying a Piper PA-16 Clipper. The race was sponsored by the Northeastern College Flying Clubs.

To make my plane lighter, Dad's mechanic, Phil Nutter, had stripped it of all nonessential weight—including extra seats.

About 30 pilots entered the race, none of whom had ever raced before.

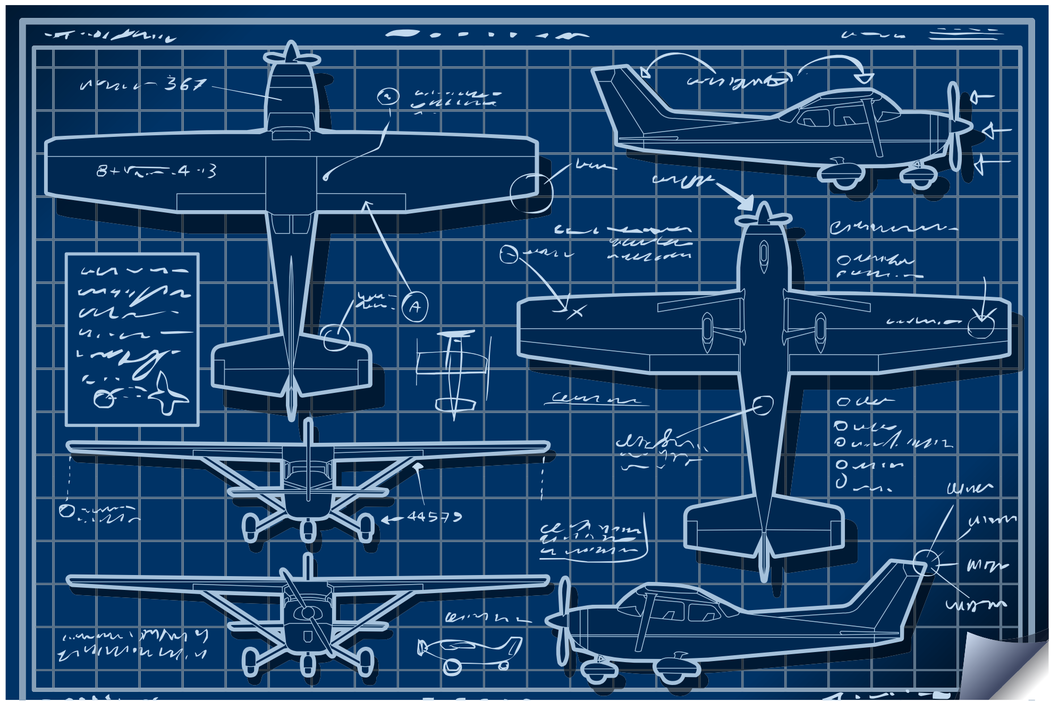
Our planes were handicapped according to the manufacturer's rated speed, so I—with one of the fastest planes—was at the back of the pack. To reach the finish line first, I'd have to pass everyone else.

We learned the route just minutes before takeoff, forcing us to navigate and fly at the same time. Not easy. We took off at one-minute intervals. Twice, we had to dip down so a spotter on the ground could read plane numbers. It reminded me of sailboats whizzing around markers at 100 miles per hour.

I won the race,

but I didn't want to do it again. Seemed to me that racing was a fast route to a short life.

—Dean LeBaron



Also in the spring of 1953, Dean suffered his first great personal loss—the death of his grandfather.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron

When he retired, Grandpa LeBaron had started buying houses, repairing them, then reselling them for profit. He was fixing a roof when he fell off and suffered a heart attack.

At the hospital, he kept asking, "Where's Deanie?" and he held on until I got there.

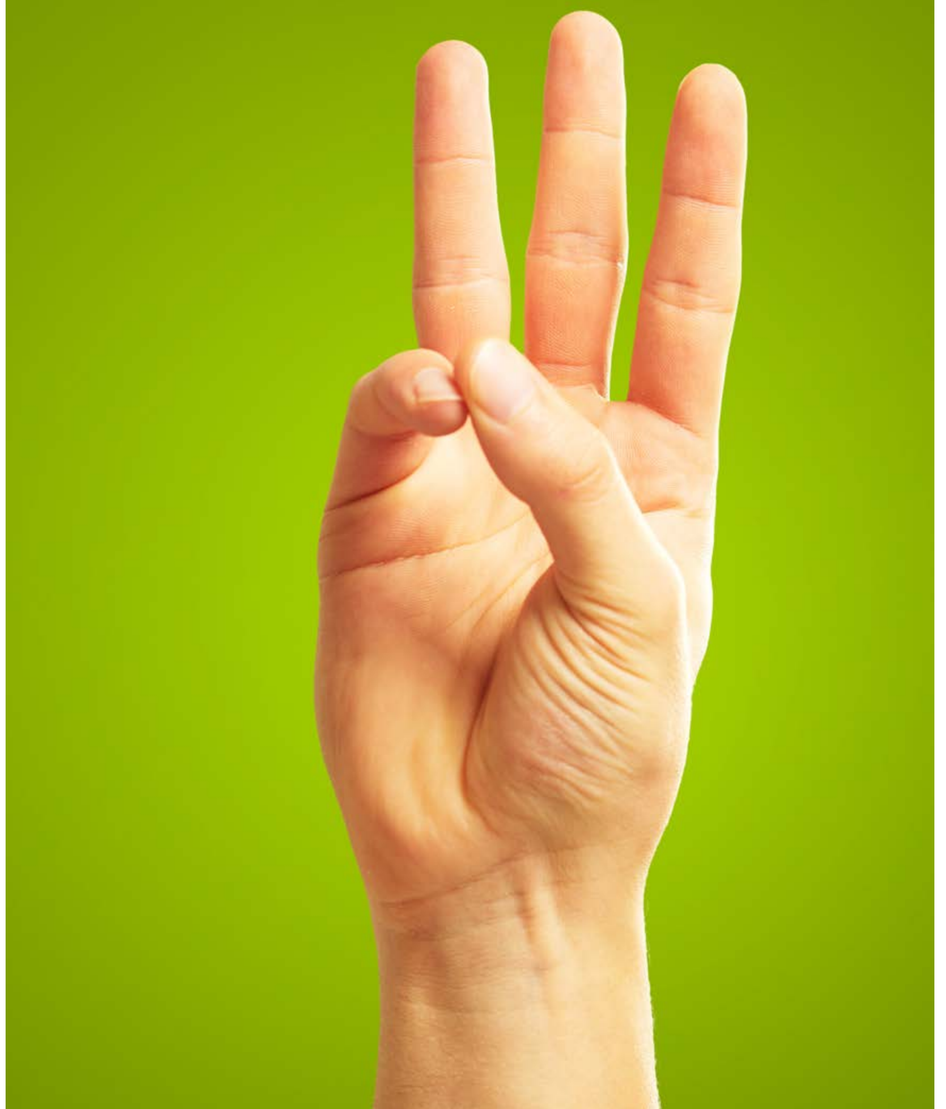
He was only 70 years old.

—Dean LeBaron



In the summer of 1953, Dean signed on as a sales rep with Vicks. It was a formative experience for him.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron



My first week with Vicks was spent at corporate headquarters in New York. I lived with about a dozen other summer salesmen at The Hotel at Fifth Avenue in Greenwich Village.

At headquarters, I met the hero of the Vicks sales department,

Three-Finger Fred.

His claim to fame was that he'd designed a Vicks VapoRub jar with a wider mouth, allowing people to insert three fingers rather than two, thus increasing wastage by about 50 percent.

—Dean LeBaron



After a week in New York, I went to Baltimore for my final evaluation. I was given a car, and a salesman took me on some test calls. If I soloed successfully, I would be assigned territory that included the southern half of Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. I did okay and was cleared to drive to Savannah—my base.

I was constantly on the move that summer—from Savannah to Biloxi and points in between—

never staying in one city longer than two nights.

My job was to visit drugstores and wholesalers that carried Vicks, and my goal was to sell at least $300 worth of products on every call. I was also charged with putting up a Vicks point-of-sale sign that measured about a foot-and-a-half long and a foot high.

My typical uniform was a white shirt, dark tie, and trousers, with a straw hat, a holster I had made for my ratchet screwdriver, and of course, my sample case. I managed my own time, working five or six days a week. On weekends, I tried to stay in county seats because they had better places to eat and sometimes even a movie theater. I used the downtime to organize for the coming week and finish my paperwork from the one past.

I liked the fact that I could control my own destiny. The more calls I made and the better organized I was, the more sales I made. I didn't have a supervisor. It was just me and my car.

—Dean LeBaron

What I liked about the South was its friendliness and the collegiality of the other salesmen. We were a tribe.

The druggists liked to play games with young salesmen and would pretend that the soda jerk was the owner of the store. My objective was to identify the decision maker. Frequently, another drummer—that was what traveling salesmen were called in those days—would tip you off.

I met all kinds of people, often staying at a rooming house when a town had no hotel.

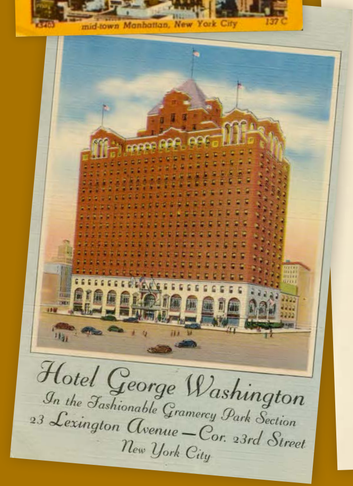
—Dean LeBaron



I continued my habit of writing home.

—Dean LeBaron







HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON AVE. AT 23RD STREET
NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
GRAMERCY 5-1920

June 15, 1954

Dear family,

Now maybe I shall have a chance to write a letter of some sense to you. I have just gotten up and am waiting for my room-mate to finish with his shower so that we can go downstairs for breakfast. The pace that I have led here has been in keeping with the rest of the people in New York. You know how they rush about on the streets. I have done that everywhere. Ninety-nine percent of that rushing is and will be job-connected. There is alot to learn in a week. It seems that the government does not have an exclusive right to red tape. Then, of course, I do want to see Pamela. So we are going to try to have dinner together each evening but that is about all, at the most, that we will able to do. This morning we get the assignments; we shall know where we are going for sure. I'll let you know the results of that when I have a chance. Meanwhile the group that I have to work and compete with has been pretty much hand selected. They are all sharp. The distribution among the 23 fellows is as wide as it can be. Many Southern boys though these seem smarter than the others I have known. It seems that we shall be able to eat now. Please send Grandma's address. Maybe sometime while on the road I shall have a chance to write to her. Bye.

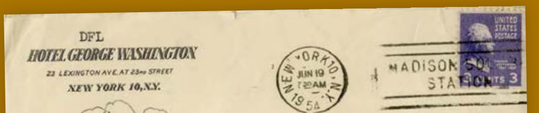
Love,
Dan

RESERVATIONS FOR ANY CARTER HOTEL MAY BE MADE AT OUR FRONT DESK

Carter Hotels | BOSTON HOTEL ESSEX; BOSTON HOTEL AVERY; NEW YORK HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON; NEW YORK HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON; NEW HAVEN HOTEL GARDE; NEW YORK HOTEL DIXIE

DFL
HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON AVE. AT 23RD STREET
NEW YORK 10, N.Y.





The LeBarons
56 South Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts



HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON AVE. AT 23RD STREET
NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
GRAMERCY 5-1920

June 18, 1954

Dear family,

This time we shall not be quite so rushed as usual. Friday night is here. That is a time of rest. I am really breathing for the first time. The harrowing was unbelieveable. There period in New York was condensed, as I have said before, into one week. Every move you make is complicated. Quadruplicate is the standard rule. When in doubt, make one more copy than seems to be necessary. You do this for every thing you do. Intime, I expect such living to be habit. But, for the moment, I have some 40 plus (no exaggeration) all with particular routings at certain times. As for selling Vicks, that is the easiest part. Of course, there are several sales "pitches" to be memorized and spoken with feeling both for the Vicks and for Sofskin hand cream which we also sell. All I need is a chance to stop and appreciat e the experience, otherwise I'll never know I had it.

Picked up my car today. It is a '53 Chev. 2-door, dark green. The car is in very fine condition, at least so far as I can tell by driving it all over the city. The trunk is loaded at the moment with our products and advertising. Loaded full. I intended to arrange things a little better tomorrow down in the hotel garage. This is the kind of job where you work awful hard but the returns are tremendous. I have been eating at the best places here for dinner and that is what is expected. Cashed my first salary check today and also made out the weekly expense sheet. My living expenses have been $75 up to today. Salary check came to $25 something with the deductions. Do not forget....Write to The Emerson, Baltimore, Md. for delivery up to July 2 at which time I understand that I shall leave for Atlanta. That is rumor though. I intend to try to see George Webster some weekend while I am in the area.

There is, or seems to be, one disadvantage. I have a feeling this summer is going to knock out alot of idealism. Vicks really is an honest, straight-forward outfit. But still travelling or living with travelling men, you find out all kinds of ways for a fast buck. For example, this afternoon I filled the tank

RESERVATIONS FOR ANY CARTER HOTEL MAY BE MADE AT OUR FRONT DESK

Carter Hotels | BOSTON HOTEL ESSEX; BOSTON HOTEL AVERY; NEW YORK HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON; NEW YORK HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON; NEW HAVEN HOTEL GARDE; NEW YORK HOTEL DIXIE

-2-



HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON AVE. AT 23RD STREET
NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
GRAMERCY 5-1920

in the car at a gas station. By a tricky method of juggling the amount I paid for the gas and the amount shown on the receipt, the attendant set up an arrangement where I could have agreed to a higher amount shown on that receipt than I paid for. This would have meant that I could use this receipt in the exp ense account and pocket some extra money myself. No one was the loser except Vicks and the garage owner. It was a matter of 40¢ and I did not know what was going on at the time. Well, I let it go although I did warn the other fellows who were behind me at the garage. Had I not been quite so naive, I would have picked it up sooner and that man would have been out of a job. But this, although I did not at empt to explain the mechanics thoroughly, is just an example. There are so many other things. And I have only been here in the city a week. All ways to make money by cgring someone. I intend to have no part of any of it. But it is going to make me more cautious whether I am buying or selling.

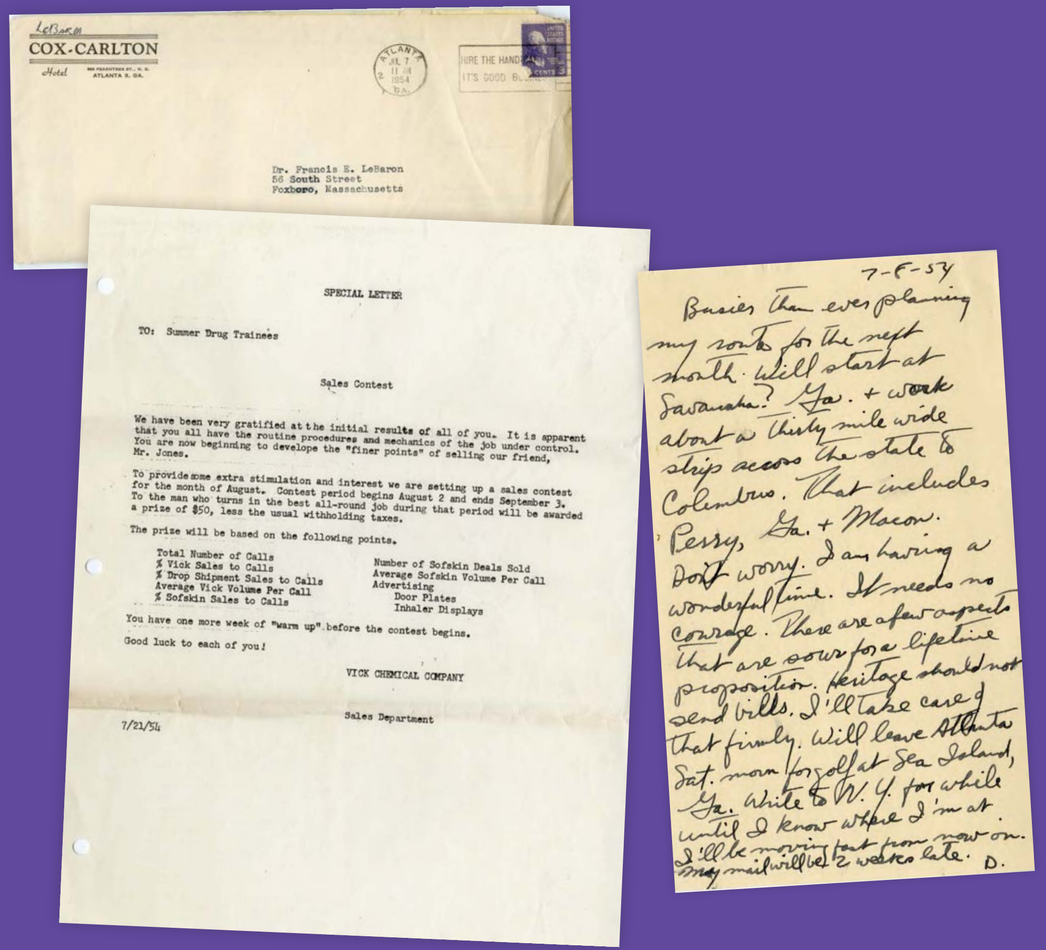
It is bed time now. The subway token attached is for Elaine. She probably has no use for it but just thought she would like one. It is abit different. I was going to save match-book covers for her wherever I went. But frankly, I have been too many places, so I gave the idea up. Ate at a Russian restaurant tonight, Chinese the night before, Japanese the night before that, etc. My writing during the week will be rather spotty if at all other than requests for something. Thank you for helping in all the matters. Wekkends I shall try to provide thumbnail sketchs on what I am doing and where I am. I hope to be able to take pictures but who know when I shall find the time. I shall have one picture taken anyway. That of me, my automobile, hat on head (I am used to it now, even like it), briefcase in hand (lovely leather one thanks to Vick who provided us all with one), on my way into a drug store selling a Vick "deal." I have a picture of the group taken in the conference room at the Chanin Building which I shall send along as soon as I find an envelope large enough. It will mean nothing to you, but I do not want to carry it around the country side with me.. If Grandma is there, give her my love. I shall do my best to write to here when I can.

Love, Dan

RESERVATIONS FOR ANY CARTER HOTEL MAY BE MADE AT OUR FRONT DESK

Carter Hotels | BOSTON HOTEL ESSEX; BOSTON HOTEL AVERY; NEW YORK HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON; NEW YORK HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON; NEW HAVEN HOTEL GARDE; NEW YORK HOTEL DIXIE


Hotel Charlotte
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Sat. evening
Dear family,
Am on my way to Atlanta. Had a lovely drive down through the Blue Ridge Mts. Today (I came down the back way). And will call Ft George tonight. I do wish that I could recall the names of the members of his family but, alas, poor memory. Must go now & eat dinner then to bed. Details later.
Love,
Dean
Hotel Charlotte
CHARLOTTE, N.C.
CHARLOTTE
JUL 3
9 AM
1954
N.C.
FIGHT YOUR INSIDE ENEMIES
3 CENTS 3
The LeBaron Family
56 South Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts
15
COX-CARLTON HOTEL
633 PEACHTREE STREET, N. E.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
131
COX-CARLTON HOTEL
On the Famous Peachtree Street
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
J. WILL YON — BURNETT M. HULL
Owner Manager
150 Rooms, all with private bath
Easy Parking, Convenient Location
ATLANTA
JUL 6
12 M
GA.
HIRE THE HANDICA
IT'S GOOD BUSI
3 CENTS 3
POSTCARD
Saw George yesterday. Everyone fine. Just to let you know I am here. But very busy getting ready for work tomorrow. Will write further when I have a chance.
D.
Note address & new spelling
The LeBarons
56 South Street
Foxboro, Mass.


LeBaron
COX-CARLTON
Hotel
ATLANTA
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1954
GA.
HIRE THE HANDI
IT'S GOOD BU
3 CENTS 3
Dr. Francis E. LeBaron
56 South Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts
SPECIAL LETTER
TO: Summer Drug Trainees
Sales Contest
We have been very gratified at the initial results of all of you. It is apparent that you all have the routine procedures and mechanics of the job under control. You are now beginning to develope the "finer points" of selling our friend, Mr. Jones.
To provide some extra stimulation and interest we are setting up a sales contest for the month of August. Contest period begins August 2 and ends September 3. To the man who turns in the best all-round job during that period will be awarded a prize of $50, less the usual withholding taxes.
The prize will be based on the following points.
Total Number of Calls
% Vick Sales to Calls
% Drop Shipment Sales to Calls
Average Vick Volume Per Call
% Sofskin Sales to Calls
Number of Sofskin Deals Sold
Average Sofskin Volume Per Call
Advertising
Door Plates
Inhaler Displays
You have one more week of "warm up" before the contest begins.
Good luck to each of you!
VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY
Sales Department
7/22/54
7-6-54
Busier than ever planning my route for the next month. Will start at Savannah? Ga. + work about a thirty mile wide strip across the state to Columbus. That includes Perry, Ga. + Macon.
Don't worry. I am having a wonderful time. It needs no courage. There are a few aspects that are sour for a lifetime proposition. Heritage should not send bills. I'll take care of that finely. Will leave Atlanta Sat. morn for golf at Sea Island, Ga. Write to W. Y. for while until I know where I'm at. I'll be moving fast from now on. Any mail will be 2 weeks late. D.

JOHN C. COLEMAN HOTEL
"New As Tomorrow"
SWAINSBORO, GEORGIA

SWAINSBORO JUL 13 1 PM 1954 GA.

3 CENTS

LeBaron
55 South St
Foxboro, Mass

STEAM HEAT ROOMS AND HALLWAYS CARPETED TILE BATHS CEILING FANS



EARL H. KNIGHT, MANAGER

-2-

The John C. Coleman
HOTEL
"NEW AS TOMORROW"
FIRE PROOF · ELECTRIC ELEVATOR
TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM
Swainsboro, Georgia



EARL H. KNIGHT, MANAGER

...Georgia

July 12, 1954

Dear family,

Well, I am finally on my own. That is for eight weeks now I shall be travelling and working entirely as a single unti rather as a member of a crew. As I have said before, there are five (I forgot, one boy dropped out, now there are only four), four of us that will work across the three states of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi in strips. I have one of the center strips. There are two fellows above me and one below. Most of the time we are in the country, as I am now. But we take the cities as they come in our path. For example, I shall be working Macon, Columbus, Phenix City, Ala., Montgomery, Ala., and Jackson, Miss. There may be others as I do not yet have my full assignment. Routing yourself is the biggest problem. You try to compromise between many factors, where you wish to spend the weekend, where there is a decent place to spend the night, number of calls, best roads and easiest way to do the thing. Once that is done, you work like to keep up with yourself. The route that I did and that you have a copy of, is the fastest schedule that has been attempted for this area. In fact there are several wagers among the others that it will not be made. I did not participate in the betting, so that I shall be impartial. Anyway, I get up at 6;30 and finish work about seven. Meanwhile, in the evenings I generate many brillant ideas for the company. Nothing else to do but work or go to the movies. Incidentally, the letter that I wrote Dad on my job is practically obsolete. Things are entirely different here. The druggists are much more friendly and easy to get along with. Also there are generally poorer business men. So you just deal with them in a more informal manner. But the point is that they seem to be a more ethical or rather less dis-honest group than those in the city. Of course, the city druggist has a problem fighting a chain which is genreally far superior to

THIRTY THOUSAND ACRES HUNTING PRESERVE FOR OUR GUESTS

anything he can do. Anyway I am beginning to enjoy the work inaddition to the easy living. Savannah was a lovely city. I was sorry that I could not have spent more time there. Aside from the sunburn, I could find no souvenirs to take away with me. But I did send a movie film along. I have not had mouch if any time to take pictures. Half of this film was taken on the Read's place in Virginia, the other half around the pool at the Hotel DeSoto. In the latter scene, you will see Jay Nichols with dark glasses, a feelow salesman for Vick. You will also see a buxom young lady in white bathing suit, a non-buxom young blonde in same color, a strange blonde man in abbreviated bathing suit (he is an engineer for GM.). I can not detail these people out since (1) I was only there for one day so I do not know them well and (2) what I do know of them I can tell better when I get back. I should have taken a series of the car and trunk therof. It is amazing what will go into a trunk with a little practice. I dare not guess how many hundred pound of the products and my own luggage is in there. Mother, you will get your letter soon detailing living conditions. I do not Know when I shall have time to write it, but will do my best. You will at that time get my gripes about having to decide early in themorning what I shall have for breakfast. Out here in the country you can eaxt very well for very little money. This is true all over the South. In the city of course, it is more expensive. All of this is taking into account by Vick. Elaine- I did not play golf this weekend but intend to do so this coming one. I have told the New Perry Hotel to get me into the local country club and arrange for a set of clubs, partners if possible.

D.

THIRTY THOUSAND ACRES HUNTING PRESERVE FOR OUR GUESTS



NEW PERRY HOTEL
YATES GREEN, OWNER AND MANAGER
Perry, Georgia
RIGHT ON YOUR WAY

PERRY JUL 13 6 PM 1954 GA.

3 CENTS 3 CENTS

The LeBarons
56 South Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts

ON U.S. HIGHWAYS 41 & 341 AND STATE HIGHWAY 7

MODERN THROUGHOUT LOOK FOR THE NEON SIGN



AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

NEW PERRY HOTEL
YATES GREEN, OWNER AND MANAGER
Perry, Georgia
RIGHT ON YOUR WAY

July 15, 1954

Dear family,

Still very busy and tired. My pace was slowed today by an unfortunate blowout. That is the second within the firve weeks. This on e was quite foolish though. The tire had worn right through. The tire was new when I got the car but the wheel had been out of balance so that the tire wore on one side only. Of course, in five weeks I did not think to check this, but that was also close to six thousand miles of driving.

I am enclosing a couple checks for you to save for me. My money is beginning to back up on me. I think that the best method of passing it back is to send you the unsigned checks then endorse them when I get back. For your information, these are expense checks which come out weekly. I shall also enclose a weekly expense report so that you can see how that can be complicate in quadruplicate. A further, and I believe last, enclosure will be the first summary of the summer drug people of whom I am one. For comparible purposes, look at the ones with check marks. The others are in a different division snd hence facing entirely different problems. Actually, these reports are not meant for comparision because the situations are just not that equal. But in this case, since a relative consideration puts me in a favorable light, I shall allow it if you wish. But remember that behavior is

Air Cooled and Steam Heated

APPROVED BY DUNCAN HINES

ON U.S. HIGHWAYS 41 & 341 AND STATE HIGHWAY 7

MODERN THROUGHOUT LOOK FOR THE NEON SIGN



AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

-2-

NEW PERRY HOTEL
YATES GREEN, OWNER AND MANAGER
Perry, Georgia
RIGHT ON YOUR WAY

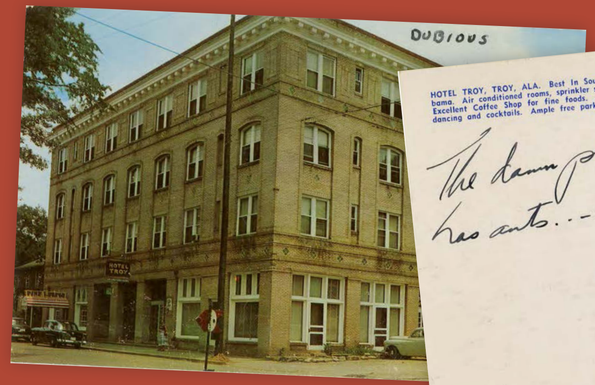
not sponsored. The volume is low for reasons which I shall explain later. Mainly it is because of the particular economic conditions with drought, etc. We have in the process of devising an arrangement to fix that problem.

Glad everyone had such a wonderful time in Falmouth. And I do think that it was an excellent idea. And Elaine, do not believe all Eddie says. Most of that talk is part of his business. It is to spur you on to playing your best golf. Take it with a grain of salt and realize that he knows best how to get you into a condition where you can have the most fun from the game.

D.

Air Cooled and Steam Heated

APPROVED BY DUNCAN HINES



HOTEL TROY, TROY, ALA. Best in South Central Alabama. Air conditioned rooms, sprinkler system, fireproof. Excellent Coffee Shop for fine foods. Pine Lounge for dancing and cocktails. Ample free parking.

PLACE STAMP HERE

POST CARD

The damn place has ants....

Pub. by Tom Little, Dothan, Ala.

70485

Linen-Natural Color Made by Dexter Press, Inc. West Nyack, N. Y.









THE DRIFTWOOD RESTAURANT
One of the finest new restaurants in the south. 27 W. Garden St. Opposite San Carlos Hotel. Approved by A.A.A. Entertronic by C. K. Frederickson
PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

This is the restaurant about which I was so pleased and indicated the table I used each time I was there. About the best place I have found so far.

PLACE

Published by Stacy-Adams
75065

Linen-Natural Color Made by Dexter Press, Inc. West Nyack, N. Y.



LEBARON



MOBILE AUG 1954 ALA.

FIGHT YOUR INSIDE ENEMIES

UNITED STATES POSTAGE 3 CENTS

The LeBarons
56 South Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts

91

Completely Air Cooled - - - Parking Space for Our Guests



"On Historic Bienville Square"
Mobile 13, Alabama

Thursday

Dear family,

The room is in a mess and I am in a tithy. I finished Mobile this evening so that means I have just four more calls in Alabama then I am through here. I'll do those on my way into Miss. bright and early tommorrow morning. The calls are in the country so the stores will open around seven. The trouble is that by being able to put one day in Miss. this week I am one day ahead of my Miss. schedule even before I have begun. Many telegrams will have to be sent changing hotel reservations and the office notified of the change. Life is just too much for me, whoosh (that is a heavy breathing sound). The card enclosed is another view of the something or rather Grill with the table that I used both times at the end of the arrow. It took me along time to figure out which side of the shrubbery I was on. Mail situation is throughly confused, I have to go over to the Battle House each morning to pick up my mail. It is not too bad. It gives me a chance to glare at them. I found out why this room is so good, it is the best they have here out of 150 rooms. But it is certainly better than alot that I shall be using in the Miss. towns. The Div. Man. has not yet wrote me not to stay at the Roosevelt in New Orleans. I half expected him to. The rates there start at $6. Oh well, there is an old Jewish proverb told to me by my friend, Mike Pizitz. "Make big money, spend

Completely Air Cooled - - - Parking Space for Our Guests



"On Historic Bienville Square"
Mobile 13, Alabama

-2-

big money." On my $26 per week net, there is not much room for high living beyond the reasonable andproper clause in my contract. Incidently, if my weekend mail catches up with me tomorrow before I leave this fair city, which I doubt, I shall send you another hundred. The green stuff is beginning to back up like the dollar size cough syrup in the drug stores. But I'm not fool, I don't sign the checks. At the end of the summer I am sure to have at least three hundred, one in bonus the other tow in back expense money. On the whole this has been a profitable venture all the way around. Got to pack again. My I have enough practice at this chore. I have learned one thing about packing. And that is that it makes no difference whatsoever whether you fold something neatly or not, it is still going to be wrinkled. With that lesson for the day I shall go the sleep to arise at five tomorrow morning.

Love,
Dan

Completely Air Cooled - - - Parking Space for Our Guests

LEBARON

EDGEWATER GULF HOTEL

MIDWAY BETWEEN GULFPORT AND BILOXI

EDGEWATER PARK, MISSISSIPPI



The LeBaron's
56 South Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts

VIA AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



Aug. 16, 1954

Dear family,

I am just bursting with news tonight. I do not know yet whether it is a promotion or demotion. I hope and suspect the former. Received a call tonight from the Sales Manager's assistant in New York. He said that as of this coming week, Aug. 23rd, that is a Monday, I was to work with the Div. Manager of the Northeastern division and his assistant in Washington, D.C. introducing a new lotion in that area for test. I am to turn over all my calls that are left in Miss issippi to another salesman in Meridian on Firday then drive to Washington to be there at the Park Sheraton on Sunday night. It will be wonderful to return to civilization. My experience has been tht it is hard enough to sell a product that everyone knows, to say nothing of one that has never been on the market before. It will be a darn tough job particularly in that area, shades of the xxxx disillusionment of Balt. For that reason plus the fact that the other two men, Div. Man. and his assistant, are well up beyond my lowly station in the company, I think this is a promotion. Anyway we shall soon see. I am quite excited about the prospects. Again, until I get settled write only to New York. Many things to do tonight. Have to reroute myself for this week so that it will not be too tough for the other fellow to catch the loose ends. I shall mi s seeing New Orleans which I had been looking forward to seeing and doing some shopping in. Might call you from there when I arrive andafter I find out what the job will be. Donot wait for a call because I may not know everything until Monday or Tuesday. Oh yes, I shall be temporarily assigned to the Sofskin Company directly for this job. This may sound minor but it means I shall be the only one of the summer people to have specific attachment. Good increase in status, not salary.

Love,
Dean

LEBARON

Forrest Hotel

ISO ROOMS ISO BATHS
B.C. YOUNG
MANAGER



HATTIESBURG AUG 17 1954 MISS.

3 CENTS 3

The LeBaron Family
56 South Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF



B.C. YOUNG
MANAGER

Forrest Hotel

ISO ROOMS ISO BATHS
RATES FROM $3.50
CIRCULATING ICED WATER
IN EACH GUEST ROOM
ALL ROOMS AIR CONDITIONED
OR AIR COOLED
Hattiesburg, Miss.

Aug. 17, 1954

Dear family,

This is real country up here in the middle of the state. You dare not travel fast for two xxxxxx reasons now, 1. the road conditions and 2. the cows grazing by the side or even eating the grass coming up through the middle of the concrete in the center of the road. Enclosed find a couplé checks. I think I have enough to go on until I get to Washington. Might as well send them along to you now as later. As part of my education of the ways of the South, I am going out tonight to hear one of the canditates for the Senate from Mississippi give a political speech on the court house lawn complete with folk bandthat he carries with him to attract the locals. He is at the present time, the Lieu. Gov. of the state competing with the incumbent, Eastland. I have read some amount of literature on this race to be prepared to gain the most from firsthand observance. Neither man is any prize. Both are party hacks of the first order. Well, to be off. It will be very good, as I said before, to get back near home.

Love,

Can't find damn checks so obviously they are not enclosed. Maybe I have already sent them. Will hunt later. DL

ROANOKE AUG 22 5:30 PM 1954 VA.

3 CENTS 3

The LeBaron Family
56 South Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts



Hotel Roanoke

ROANOKE • VIRGINIA

Sat. night

Dear family,

Have driven 580 miles today so I'm quite tired. I also had another blowout so had to replace a tire, my third. I'm planning to get 2 more new ones in Wash. to make a full set. The other 2 are about to go anytime. Needless to say they are not on front. Bed time now. By the time you will have read this, I expect to have phoned you from the Sheraton-Park. Oh yes, stayed with Pigity's last night in Birmingham.

Love, Dean

LEBARON

THE SHERATON-PARK HOTEL

2660 WOODLEY ROAD N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D.C. AUG 22 6-PM 1954

BUILD YOUR FUTURE WISELY-SAVE U.S. SAVINGS

3 CENTS 3

The LeBarons
86 Soüth Street
Foxboro, Massachusetts

THE SHERATON-PARK HOTEL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Friday evening

Dear family,

We finally are through here in Washington. I may stay here for the weekend if the Legion does not take over too much of the town. Otherwise I shall continue out to the eastern edge of Virginia where I shall be working the firtst few days of this week. Still pushing the Moisture Magic, note inclosed folder which will explain the product. Must rush off to dinner now with the rest of the crew here, three. Sorry to have to be so brief but this is tough work compared to the cough drop peddling. Also see the enclosed checks. I could probably send you quite abit more but I want to be on the safe side while I am doing all this traveling around. In case you wish to figure I much I will be worth at the end of the summer, an accounting is as follows, I have 150 in cash, Vicks gives me 250 next week, another 125 one week later and I shall have to spend about one hundred this coming week. Oh yes, and on the arrangements for coming home. As I said before I shall be driving up from Greensboro to NY on Saturday arriving in the city sometime in the early evening. What I will do is take a plane or train out of the city if it is early enough, otherwise I shall stay in a hotel until Sun. morning when I would fly up. I will let you know by wire at what terminal I should like to be met. Might be just as easy to go to Rr. 128 station as any if I come by train. I will have sent my bags on ahead by Railway Express to get them out of the way. That is all for now. Bye.

Love,

Dean



I finished my sales assignment for Vicks early, so I was sent to Washington, D.C., and put up at Wardman Park Hotel, overlooking Rock Creek Park. My new assignment was to write radio jingles for Vicks' new Soft Skin hand cream.

—Dean LeBaron

At the end of the summer, I went to New York for the wrap-up dinner, where I was given an award—$50 (less taxes) and a white shirt—for making the most sales.

—Dean LeBaron



In June 1955, Dean graduated from Harvard University with a degree in social relations—a combination of psychology and sociology.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron

Graduation had two parts: the main ceremony in Harvard Yard with seemingly thousands of proud parents milling about, and the second at the dorms—in my case, Adams House.

I wasn't planning to go to graduation,

but it was clear that it was important to my parents. They'd sacrificed for years to pay for my education, eagerly anticipating their son's graduation from Harvard. They wanted to participate in all the pomp and circumstance, and I wasn't going to deny them that.

My parents sat in the audience as I marched with the graduating class, then we attended a luncheon at Adams House, where the housemaster gave me my diploma.

—Dean LeBaron



In the summer of 1956, I was accepted for admission to the Harvard Business School. I was also drafted into the US Army. Harvard would have to wait.

—Dean LeBaron

I reported to Fort Dix, New Jersey, for basic training.

I didn't like it.

From day one, it was clear that as a buck private, I was at the bottom of a huge pyramid. As someone who liked to have control over his life, it was not a comfortable fit. In fact, I hated it. I had lost my most precious possession—my independence.

—Dean LeBaron





One bright spot during basic training was my selection as one of three finalists for

Soldier of the Cycle.

Among several thousand men, I ranked among the best. I realized that once people learned you had a Harvard degree, they assumed you were smart. I wasn't going to contradict them.

—Dean LeBaron

At the end of basic training, I met with Herb Triedman, a Harvard classmate who was in charge of post-training assignments.

“Where do you want to go?”
he asked me.

“What are my choices?”
I asked him.

One was Officer Candidate School, but that would require me to remain in the Army for three to five years. Another was language-training school in Monterey, California. Russian was available at the time, but that was also a three-to-five-year commitment. There were also company-clerk jobs and truck-driving jobs and something the Army labeled scientific and professional personnel—a category created mostly for draftees with doctorates.

Because of my Harvard degree, Herb put my name in for work as a psychologist. I was accepted. In spite of this assignment, I received orders to report to Fort Monmouth, near Fort Dix in New Jersey, where I was assigned to teach field radio repair. I knew absolutely nothing about field radio repair. I held this job for a month or two.

—Dean LeBaron





While I was attempting to teach radio repair, several men from the Pentagon came to interview me for a special assignment to develop leadership evaluation tests in Germany.

First, however, I went to the Pentagon for two weeks of briefings. All the people there knew I had orders to report personally to General Bruce Clarke in Munich. They were very impressed; after all, I was only a private.

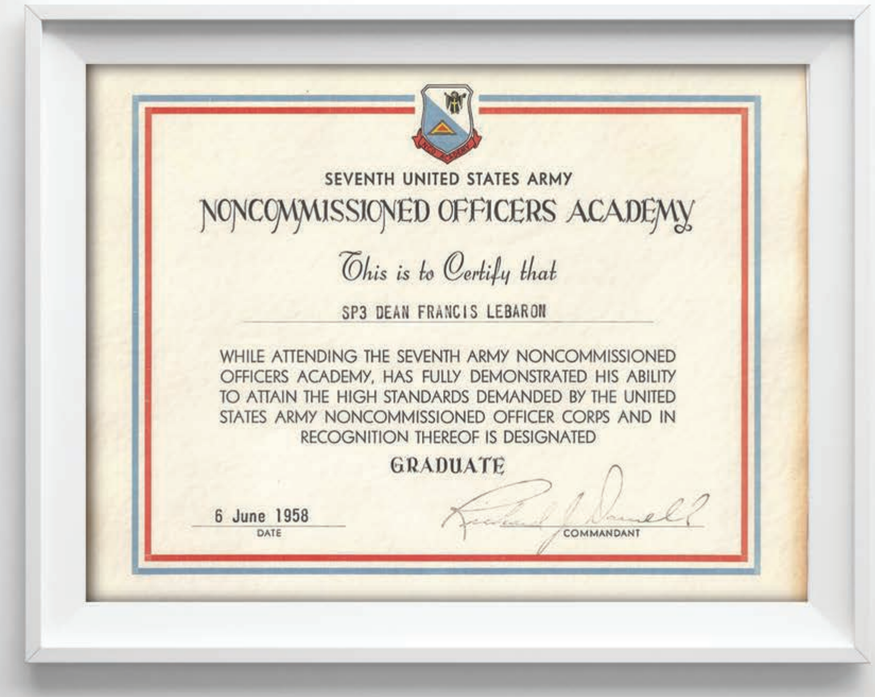
I still have no idea how that happened.

—Dean LeBaron

For travel purposes, I was given the temporary rank of colonel, and in the late fall of 1956, I flew to Frankfurt, Germany. From the base, I was driven to General Clarke's headquarters, where I was immediately returned to my rank of private and put on a train to Munich. There, I was given a cushy job as a psychometrist, meaning that I was a data expert.

—Dean LeBaron





SEVENTH UNITED STATES ARMY

NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS ACADEMY

This is to Certify that

SP3 DEAN FRANCIS LEBARON

WHILE ATTENDING THE SEVENTH ARMY NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS ACADEMY, HAS FULLY DEMONSTRATED HIS ABILITY TO ATTAIN THE HIGH STANDARDS DEMANDED BY THE UNITED STATES ARMY NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICER CORPS AND IN RECOGNITION THEREOF IS DESIGNATED

GRADUATE

6 June 1958
DATE

COMMANDANT



Dean and I met in Germany, where both of us were serving two-year terms in the Army. I was not a good infantryman, and I was longing to do something more to my liking.

I heard about a position in public relations that turned out to be Dean's assistant. He interviewed me and hired me, and in January 1957, I moved to Munich, where we shared a room in the Noncommissioned Officer Academy (NCOA) and immediately became friends.

Although Dean could trace his lineage to the Mayflower and my family were first-generation immigrants from Lebanon, we shared a love of education and family. Dean and I were the only college graduates among the enlisted men in the academy.

We were definitely serving our time in the military and wanted to make the best of it. Having sports cars helped. Thanks to my family's generosity, I had a red MG.

—Alfred S. Farha



With money my grandfather had left me, I bought a black Austin-Healey from an officer who had rolled the car, and it scared him. Buying a car that had been in a major accident was considered a bad idea, but buying a car in Germany was impossible to resist. American military personnel could buy gas for 10 cents a gallon.

We entered car rallies and had the freedom and opportunity to pick and choose among the many young damsels eager to come along for the ride.

—Dean LeBaron



We could hardly have had it better in the Army. Our quarters were cleaned daily by a German maid who preferred to be paid with American cigarettes. A carton cost us a dollar in the PX, but she could get as much as $20 for it on the black market.

—Alfred S. Farha



Our commanding general wanted his soldiers to improve America's image in Germany. We were doing our part.

—Alfred S. Farha



While we were in Germany, we ceased being an army of occupation and became an ally in the nascent Cold War against the Soviets. We went from being told that we couldn't fraternize with the Germans to being encouraged to do just that.

I attended my first Oktoberfest. I never knew I could drink so much beer.

—Dean LeBaron

The commander of NCOA in Munich, Colonel Richard Darnell, established a German-American relations program, and Dean and I led it.

I wrote articles about America for the local newspapers and articles about Germany for the *Army Times* and *Stars and Stripes*. Dean had a radio quiz show in which American soldiers were asked questions about Germany and German students were asked questions about America.

Dean also taught American literature to German students studying English at the Munich College of Languages. Until then, all the teachers had been English and taught only English literature. Dean taught Cather, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Longfellow, and Twain. He asked me to help with the course, casually mentioning all the good-looking girls who were enrolled.



At my first session, Dean introduced me to a lovely student named Klara Perner.

When I asked if I could give her a ride home, she said,

"My older sister, Haidi, is also in the class, and you would have to take her as well."

I said that my MG was a two-seater, but Haidi could sit on Klara's lap.

Klara and Haidi were living with relatives—her aunt Loni and uncle Leo Santl—in an apartment in Munich. When they first invited me home with them, I brought Dean along. He apologized for coming without an invitation, but they welcomed him nevertheless. We soon became regular guests.

—Alfred S. Farha

Alfred and I both wanted to see East Germany. We took leave, and off we went in his MG, not telling anyone where we were going.

—Dean LeBaron





We encountered many hazards on the

Autobahn to Berlin.

Nails littered the road, and we had to stop several times to repair flat tires. When we finally got to Checkpoint Charlie at the border of East Berlin, we had to wait more than two hours for our visas.

—Alfred S. Farha

We were wearing civilian clothes, but we had our military identification. I was surprised we were allowed in.

—Dean LeBaron



Our stay in East Berlin was very interesting, especially since we met two East German girls who invited us to their apartment, where we spent most of the night talking politics. They insisted that the first chancellor of West Germany, Konrad Adenauer, was another Hitler and that Communism in East Germany was a true democracy.

—Alfred S. Farha





East Berlin was fascinating. We saw Stalin Alley, which was a lovely street lined with trees and apartment houses, but it was all for show—a Potemkin village.

The rest of the city was a bombed-out mess.

Everywhere we went, people wanted to talk to us because of our Western clothes and Alfred's red MG. We had 24-hour visas, so we stayed up for 24 hours straight, just talking to people. They were so curious about life in the West, and we wanted to know all about their lives too.

I have no idea why we were allowed in or, for that matter, out. Officially, you couldn't do what we did.

—Dean LeBaron



Dean and I also drove to Italy, where we met up with my friend Lou Stern in Rome. We went to see Pope Pius XII at his private residence in Castel Gandolfo. When he appeared on the balcony to give us his blessing,

Dean and I were surprised to see Lou fall to his knees.

He later explained, "Even as a Jew, I couldn't help from being impressed."

—Alfred S. Farha



I was honorably discharged from the Army in the summer of 1958. I came back to the States aboard the troop ship USS *George Washington*, with one book for a 10-day crossing—*The Oxford Book of English Verse*. I found out immediately that I didn't like poetry.

Most soldiers traveled with their units, but I was unassigned and no one knew who I was, so I could disappear into a corner and read—or try to.

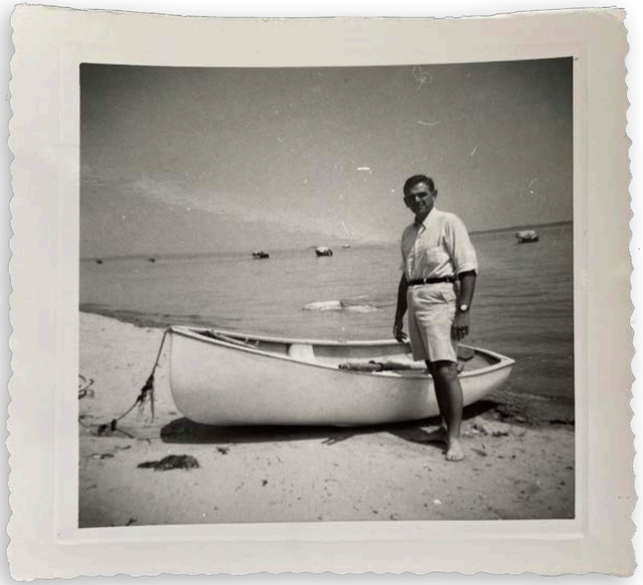
During the day, I hid out behind a steam funnel to stay warm. I was assigned to the lowest level on the ship—even the officers' pets were above me. It smelled awful. I ate as little as possible—mostly chocolate bars—so I wouldn't have to use the latrine, which was filthy.

—Dean LeBaron

When the ship docked in New Jersey, Dad was there to meet me.

—Dean LeBaron





In the fall, Dean enrolled in the Harvard Business School.

—Donna Carpenter LeBaron





HBS had a tremendous impact on my career and life. It gave me a chance to test my abilities against a group of smart, motivated people. We were taught to make decisions quickly, without a lot of information.

One of my professors, Richard Vancil, said to me,

"Dean, in the investment business, people make major decisions on the basis of inadequate information with huge amounts of money at stake. They are wrong about 50 percent of the time, but they don't care. They are confident and keep at it, and in the end, they will make more money than they lose. Dean, you'd be perfect for the investment business."

In the end, I took his advice, and I'm glad I did.

—Dean LeBaron

In January 1959, I met Emily Schacht, a Vassar graduate, at a Cambridge skating rink.

What did I think of her?
Great legs.

—Dean LeBaron



What did I think of him? He had on the wrong kind of skates—hockey skates, not figure skates.

—Emily Schacht LeBaron



Six weeks later, they decided to get married. The wedding took place on March 29, 1959, in a chapel at Harvard. Emily's parents—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schacht from Columbus, Ohio—were there, as were Dad, Mother, me, and a few close friends.

Dean and Emily walked in together, holding hands as they approached the minister, Reverend George A. Buttrick. Emily wore a lovely tailored dress with a small headpiece. Dean wore a business suit. It was a short ceremony.

The reception was held at a nearby hotel. Afterward, the newlyweds went to Dean's Cambridge apartment.

—Elaine LeBaron Gilpin

It was the beginning of a new life—one I could never have imagined.

—Dean LeBaron



