

*England & Canada*

Trip to Engineering Conference in England - 1968

*Accident - Death of Engineer John Conner*

This is 15 May on trip to England. Rinichi and I are very crowded in the 1st class accommodations on the TWA flight - there are 16 seats, 2 hostesses, and 2 passengers!

We checked in about eight o'clock at the TWA counter, so they put us into the VIP Room, opened up the bar, and said "help yourself" and left. After an hour or so they came back, conducted us to the aircraft. I heard the purser talking as we went by. There are a total of 25 people in the tourist and only the two of us in 1st class has fixed arm rests - great wide ones between the seats - so Rinichi and I are occupying two adjacent seats. No chance of stretching out here as Rinichi pointed out. The hostesses are quite upset because we aren't asking for enough service. She just brought us eye shields to go with the stretch socks or slippers. She had to wake me up to ask what I wanted for the snack supper. Just now she came back and pleaded with me not to go to sleep because the supper will be here right away. I told her she'd better hurry up because I'm going to get to sleep before I can get the supper.

As we were revving for take-off, we were about 30 minutes late, several of the hostesses came by and were very interested in my ear protector. One of them, with a British accent, came by later and asked for the manufacturer. She said her husband snores and she wants to buy one for herself. She complained that the ones that the maintenance men wear are too heavy. I think actually she is thinking of the ear phones.

Friday, 17 May 1968 - This is Friday morning. Last night Bruce and I came back to the hotel with Nobby and Ken Brown. Here we met Rinichi, who had been resting and doing a little shopping during the day. Dinner started about 9:00 to 9:30 in the hotel. About eleven o'clock we got to the room and started to organize out papers for the conference and it was after midnight before we finally decided we had had enough. I felt pretty good because I had had a nap in Nobby's car from the Exhibition down to Redhill. When we got to Redhill we picked up the Cortina car Foxboro-Yoxall has rented for the use of the conference., I drove on down here to the hotel with Ken as my instructor, reminding me which side of the road I had to drive on, watching the clearance on the left side, which I am afraid was a little small at times particularly for Ken who is driving most of the time. I didn't damage the car, however, so maybe his concern was unwarranted.

As we came in yesterday morning I had instructed the stewardess to not bother me until breakfast was all ready. Soon in the half hour or a little bit more after I was awakened to the landing we saw an almost clear Ireland, then as we approached London a solid cloud cover and a somewhat disconcerting low ceiling, but I guess the pilot knew what he was doing because everything worked out fine. This morning is a somewhat higher cloudiness but complete overcast. There is some promise of some breaks today and tomorrow and Sunday possibly being better yet. It is promised that everything will be dry but there is quite a bit of cloud overcast. forecast even for the weekend.

This morning I took my little portable radio into the bathroom so as to not bother Bruce. I just missed the 6 o'clock news. I had awakened just about 2 minutes before my alarm was set to go off. The English broadcast to the Continent was giving additional news in German. An English broadcast in foreign languages are normally

done in a very clear, very slow spoken manner, so I was able to understand an amazing amount of it. Most of it had to do with the Mail Order Gun Sale Bill failure in the U.S. and the Peace Talks in Paris, but there was an interesting item that I think I understood about Elizabeth Taylor getting some sort of award - a figure of something like 3 or 4 thousand dollars was given as I could best translate it. It will be interesting to see what that was. I understood the award was given in New York.

Rinichi, Bruce and I are now on the train from Gatwick to Victoria. This morning Bill Fox showed up at the breakfast table, so the three of us and Bill went over to Redhill. Along about eleven o'clock, when we were leaving to go into the Exhibition, Bill was getting pretty tired. He had explained how he hadn't done any sleeping last night. So we took him back to the hotel, parked the car at Gatwick to take the train in. When we stopped at the hotel, Bruce wanted to get his raincoat, but I told him not to worry about it. Now, even before we get to Redhill on the train it is raining like mad out there. But I guess we stay sheltered all the way to the Olympia.

With the Exhibition over at six o'clock, fifteen minutes looking for a taxi, fifteen minutes standing in queue to buy subway tickets, twenty ~~forty~~ minutes sitting in the car before it started from the station, it is now about seven o'clock when we are getting into Victoria station.

Well, about 8:20 we got to the hotel, maybe 8:10, and the whole gang was sitting downstairs waiting for us.

Sunday afternoon (19 May) I went to the Airport with the Yoxall driver this morning to pick up Tom Flint and Bill Fox. We talked a little on the way back from the airport, but Tom wanted to talk to me a lot more so I called Ken Brown and begged off on the afternoon hiking that he and Dorothy had hoped we could get in to. For dinner Saturday night, the whole gang here at the Gatwick Airport Hotel went over to Gatwick Manor - that is some ten of us went. Nobby had taken Rinichi home and dropped by in time to finish off the evening at Gatwick Manor with us. I've got only half hour or so to work here before we go to Nobby's house for a buffet.

Wednesday morning (22 May) I'm out for a little walk. As I look back through the last 36 hours I'm not awfully proud of what I've done but it sure has been a hectic time. Monday night, or rather Tuesday morning about 1:30 to 2:00 the telephone rang. Bruce and I had been working on the Trade Show report for discussion Tuesday night and hadn't gotten to bed until somewhat after 12:30, so I was a little slow at getting to the phone. It was Ted Matsuura. He reported to me that Ted Yuill had been killed in Crawley center just a few blocks away. An automobile had jumped the curb and hit him on the sidewalk. Ted told me that the authorities had gotten him and had him identify the body, and then had taken the responsibility of advising Ted Yuill's wife. Ted was all upset because the police had insisted that he not make the contact and he didn't know quite what to do. He told me the body was at the Crawley Hospital. I figured there had been enough time that the authorities had undoubtedly already contacted Mary Yuill, so I told Ted to try to get some sleep and said I would get hold of the Redhill people. I tried then to use

the English telephone system through a very sleepy, poor speaking man at the hotel switchboard. First I tried Nobby's number that I had in my notebook and after several tries there was a buzzing sound as though it was ringing, but after a couple of minutes of ringing there was no answer at all. So I talked it over with Bruce and we decided there really wasn't anything that could be done that night, so we decided to try to get some sleep. Maybe I dozed off at 2:30, maybe it was 3:00, I don't know, and then again the phone woke me. This time it was John Bolton. Mary had called him when the authorities contacted her. He had first called Ted Matsuura and then had gotten hold of me. I promised John that I would contact the Redhill Foxboro-Yoxall people and that I would call him back by ten o'clock English time at the very latest. Again I tried Nobby's phone with no success. I tried Alan Parritt's, also after a long ringing no answer, and then I tried John Bowling. We got an answer but it turned out to be the wrong party and the man at the desk read back to me the number he had been calling, which was different from the one I gave him! But, when I got him calling the right number again no answer. As I looked through my notebook I found another number for Nobby with two of the figures exchanged, but Bruce assured me the first one was the one he knew also and he had called Nobby successfully on it the day before. So I decided the only way to get the thing broken was to get in the car and go to Nobby's. I knew the way and I had a car, so it was five o'clock in the morning before I got to Nobby's. I had no trouble waking him. He has a very loud knocker on his front door and you can come very close to breaking the door down with it. So then Nobby started making calls. We wanted to get Stan Barnes, the Personnel man. I didn't - this is why I was calling John Bowling's and Alan's number.

So Nobby tried and had great difficulty getting through. Finally he found the piece of paper in a folder giving numbers. When he got Stan Barne's number Stan was almost beside the telephone, so we were on our way. The next call was to Alan, who agreed that we should postpone the morning session of the Conference, and he also felt that Stan Barne's was the best man to take care of the details and find out all the things that we needed to do. One of the things, of course, was the need for contacting the Canadian High Commissioner, then there was the funeral hall and many other arrangements needed. Stan said he would go to the office right away - it was now getting on to seven o'clock - and as soon as offices opened up he would start working on the situation.

Nobby and I went back to the hotel and I told Tom Flint the story and where we stood. Tom agreed that the conference should be postponed for the morning. Tom, Bruce, Ted Matsuura and I went down to the Company, leaving the rest of the fellows at the hotel with instructions to stand by for word from Redhill.

At the Company Stan did a very thorough job. He contacted a funeral parlor that has very strong political strength in the government around here and therefore has the best chance of expediting the release of the body.

About ten o'clock we called John Bolton and I gave him the story in detail. He thanked me very much and said he would contact Mary and learn one most important thing at this time for our end of the arrangements, that is did she want the body back or cremated. At the time of the call it seemed pretty certain it would be another day and a half before the coroner's inquest which was the earliest possible release time for the body since a death certificate was needed. If the police intend to take action against the driver of

the car, then the body may be held as long as four weeks while they take appropriate action . I told John this four weeks figure and of course requested that he not tell Mary, that all he tell her is the day and a half. No sooner than we hung up than the funeral parlor called and said they had made arrangements for the inquest to be Tuesday afternoon, and it now looked highly probable that the body would be released so that it could be on its way to Canada on Thursday. I <sup>had</sup> told John over the phone that we thought that Ted Matsuura should probably accompany the body back to the States and that if it were appropriate some of the rest of us would also, but I didn't know until later that these stupid bunch of Americans sitting in the hotel decided to take matters in their own hands and went to the Police Station to learn all the gory details. I don't know yet whether they have fouled things up or not. Obviously I was very upset and I thought these people were sufficiently mature to recognize that they could upset the situation materially by doing this.

Well, we shift the sessions around. In the afternoon we covered the subjects we had originally planned for and then at the evening buffet previously planned for discussing the IEA Show we chose to bring in the subject of identicality. There was a great deal of participation by the people in the Identicality discussion. Norm Massey was quite reluctant at first to get involved, but before too long he was in there with the rest. We were very fortunate to have Basil Balls and Ike Isaac, as well as Alan Parritt, Tom Flint, John Bowling and many others - several from Redhill Research. These people had come to discuss the Show but when they found the subject different they did do a very nice job jumping in and discussing.

Last night, about ten o'clock when I finally did get to the room, I was sleepy and fell asleep with all the lights on while Bruce was writing a letter.

Thursday morning, 23 May Beautiful sunny morning at present but the weather forecast is for getting overcast again.

Friday morning, 24 May It is a sunny morning again. In the BBC announcement this morning of the fact that Iceland is now going to start driving on the right there was an explanation of the right and left side driving. The analyst, or maybe you would say historian, explained that the reason for driving on the left in England was that in the olden days with the men riding on horses and the sword on the left and the control man for the horse on the left, it was obviously wise for them to pull to the left to keep the right hand clear in case they needed it. The question on why the continent on the right was answered by their form of transportation was far less on horse back and more on Castilian, which had the control in the left rear and thereby for clearance in passing on the road the right hand side was the best. The answer to why America was on the right was a very simple one - Henry Ford put his steering wheel on the left!

Well, we are on our way. Pan Am #1 out of London for New York. Basil took me to the airport. We talked all the way. It was well worth the time for him and for me too. Apparently, another Pan Am flight out of London was cancelled because equipment failed somewhere in Europe, so everybody is on this flight. Fortunately there are only two of us to this triple seat, #3, which is in the tail end of Pan Am. The man across the aisle is the only man in the whole plane that has a triple and there are many that are filled completely. In fact, most of them from about three rows ahead on up. I would bet that the guy across the aisle doesn't use

his triple. The man next to me in the aisle seat said he took a back seat with the hope he could get a triple. He's been around also! I couldn't get a window seat on the north side of the plane so I've got the sun shining in on me. That's no real problem except that right now as we start out it is at such an angle that it is coming in the window ahead of me and therefore I can't shut it off.

Last night when we got back to our hotel it was so late and I was so tired that I really couldn't do justice to talking about the dinner. A motor coach collected us at the hotel at about 5:45 and headed off on a very round-about trip to Corham. This was a little confusing because the invitation we got said it was in Coram (spelled without the "h"), so I looked on the map and found it - it sure looked a long way to drive, but still possible. When I pointed that out to Ken Brown as we were waiting in the hotel lobby he said, "Oh no, that's not it" and he found another Coram (spelled without the "h"). It turns out this was still wrong. Fortunately, Nobby and the bus driver both knew which <sup>Corham</sup> Corham and Nobby knew the inn we were going to even though the bus driver didn't. When we got there and almost everybody had cameras and the sun was bright, many pictures were taken on the way, the inn was even more beautiful - so many more pictures were taken while refreshments were served in the cooling evening air outside. Dinner after this was extremely enjoyable. The food was perfect from the melon through fillet of sole, spring lamb which was extremely tender, ice souffle, and finishing with cheese. There were two or three waiters always waiting on the group, which consisted of about thirty or thirty-five people. There was a great deal of kidding and joking through the meal. Laurie had me sit to his right and Maarten Niermeyer to his left. The Redhill

*Corham*

men in addition to Laurie were John Bowling, Basil Balls, Alan Parrit, Harold Disher, John Angel, Nobby, Ken Brown, Ted Higham, and I've probably forgotten one or two. Our entire Engineering Group were there including Marty who had left his wife back at the hotel.

After dinner Laurie let Alan and Nobby, with Maarten's help, finally encourage him to giving a little talk. Incidentally, Laurie had started the dinner off before we sat down by a request for one minute of silence while we were standing in honor of our missing member. In the after dinner talk, Laurie said many things very complimentary about me, very complimentary about the entire idea, and incidentally showing great pleasure in the fact that the first Engineering Meeting outside the U.S. had been held in Redhill. He made quite a bit of the fact that Redhill was now capable of handling itself and therefore being host to this group. He said he interpreted this that Redhill has finally learned enough from the U.S. to be able to do this.

In my response, I chose not to refer to this learning from the U.S. even though I of course objected personally to this attitude. What I did was say that understanding is what we had come for and it looks as though we had gotten it. I told him that all those from out the U.S. were legally foreigners but even though many of the new ones had come as foreigners, since they had never been to England before, I was sure they all joined me in saying that they do not feel any more like foreigners because of the treatment we had gotten by the Redhill group.

Maarten Niermeyer followed me with an extremely good talk on the strength of these meetings and the importance of continuing them. After this ? talked, Ted Matsuura talked, and I even got Rinichi to talk, during which time he made a point of inviting the conference to come to Japan where he assured us we would learn a very great deal that we could not learn elsewhere.

The place where we ate dinner was the Fair Mile, Portsmouth Road, Cobham, Surrey.

After a few jokes the hotel group climbed aboard the coach and headed back for a few hours sleep. Mine was short because I had to pack. The Soest gang talked until 4:30. I don't know about the rest, but this morning all of us stayed awake in a very interesting and productive session,

Well, here we are in Kennedy Airport. We arrived maybe half an hour early. They took us out onto a ramp to sit and wait until one of the loading docks at customs area was open. I'm not too worried about the connection with my flight to Montreal because it is still more than two hours away.

Now sitting in the Air Canada waiting-room. The Pan Am finally got to customs and luck is still with: They opened the back door and therefore I was about the 5th one off. Then came right in the Passport Control and Health Control area and I was the first one from our flight standing waiting for the luggage. My bag came on the first truck. It was about the 20th one off the truck but I was the first to pick up his baggage and go to the newly opened customs line. I had a particularly inquisitive guy this time. I mean inquisitive with his fingers. I told him I had only the one item to declare, that is a sweater that I had bought, but he did a lot of pawing around with his fingers but of course came up with nothing. Didn't ask me any questions at all, just stuck his fingers around. Maybe I ought to put some rat traps or something around in my luggage. Then rather than taking the bus over here to Air Canada I decided to walk. It is quite a good walk, the weather is cool and not raining, so I had a chance to get a little exercise. This is a DC-9 with all but six of the seats sold already, so I've got to be out there in line first, since there is no reserve seat arrangement - first come, first served.

But since I want to go to the back, chances are pretty good that if I am in the first twenty of the 76 I'll be all right. Don't have any sun to worry about on this flight.

Well, the walk from the lobby to the loading area for Air Canada is just about the same distance as the one from Pan Am over here, although it is almost all under cover. Mighty inconvenient until they have the facilities completed. I haven't been here before so I don't know whether they are even trying to complete them. There's no lounge at the loading area, just a bunch of chairs along a wall, a railing to keep passengers in line, and a desk for the ticket taker. Seems quite new and there's a fancy big lit sign showing this is gate No. 6.

I timed myself quite well on that. I got to the gate first person, waited about five minutes, along came the girl to put up the sign for the flight and asked for a call on the flight, and within another three or four minutes there must have been 20 or 30 people behind me. When the plane finally took off there were only three or four empty seats. A fairly old lady sat beside me. She was with a group that sat in the aisle seats of three or four of the rows. I think she could understand English but she couldn't speak it, or didn't speak it even to the hostess that talked to her. I had to help her get the safety belt on and arrange her baggage under her seat so she had a place to put her feet. She seemed to appreciate all this but just smiled. The way she acted I would be surprised if she had ever been on an airplane before.

Got to the airport and went through customs with no formality at all except to stop momentarily as the customs officer looked at me a moment and said okay, go on. I still had my bags in my hands.

Outside in the lobby there were no familiar faces, so I stood around for ten or fifteen minutes in case somebody had come, then I called John Bolton's home. Mrs. Bolton answered and explained that John had had a great deal of difficulty with an abscessed tooth the last few days and finally on Friday morning had gotten it operated on and he had gone to bed early to try to get some rest to make up for that he had lost the last few nights. She said that John she was sure would want to eat breakfast with me and asked when I would be available. Of course I said my usual time. I had slept almost five hours on the two trips to London and then to Montreal, which added up to just about the time shift so it was essentially the same as going to bed as late as midnight or a little after in the States.

Saturday morning, 25 May 1968. The sky is quite clear. Weather forecast is for clear and cool weather today. It is about 50°F out there now. Flo, John's secretary, called me about 7:30 to see if she could give me a ride to the funeral. I told her I certainly appreciated it but John, I would guess, would be coming around to see me and she agreed he would probably be here for breakfast. Flo tells me that the family has asked for money to go to the local YMCA rather than flowers, so I guess that is where the seventy dollars will go that the Engineering Meeting gang put in the envelope yesterday morning. I put a large envelope on the table and suggested that anyone who wished to contribute could and if they wanted to they could trust me to check with John Bolton and use the contribution for flowers or for donation to any fund or organization that had been named. Last night at the Air Canada desk in New York I saw a sign saying they would exchange money, so I asked them about taking the pounds and dollars that were in the envelope and converting it

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all to Canadian dollars. This they did with a little bit of a struggle but with no fee whatsoever. They gave me a straight \$2.40 on the pounds and 7% up on the Canadian money. I did have a problem though because there were two 10 shilling notes and the fellow behind the desk was reluctant to accept them as the equivalent of 1 pound, so I exchanged them for a 1 pound note I had in my billfold and he was happy. Well, I'm at the Airport, waiting for the plane, or rather waiting for loading, the plane is standing right outside. John Bolton brought me here a safe amount of time before the flight time. This morning, John and Maida his wife, met me at the Airport Hilton for breakfast. I checked out of the hotel after that and we went to the Yuill home. John had made a tentative date to be there by 9:30 and we arrived within a couple of minutes of that time. The youngest girl came to the door, obviously upset but handling herself in a very mature sort of way. She asked us to wait while she got her mother. Mary's eyes were dry but she was obviously badly shocked and having a hard time accepting the whole situation. A couple of times in our discussion she asked me to repeat because her mind had obviously been wandering. We talked over the conference and how the conference was about half way through effectively when the accident happened. Shortly Mary's mother came and sat with us, and then her sister, who is obviously a very strong, capable woman, sat in for a little while. When we broke to leave, John took the mother out with him and I got a few moments to talk to Mary alone. Not much was said except that I suddenly got the inspiration to remind her that she was still one of the Foxboro family. Afterwards I suggested to John that she might want to make a point of taking almost all Foxboro people from outside of Canada to see Mary when they visit, or at least suggest it to them.

I reminded him of how much Betty Milham enjoyed the visits of the overseas people that had known Rus so well.

Maida stayed in the car while this discussion went on in the house. The three of us then went over to their house for an hour or so. I showed them some of my stereo pictures and finally we left for the church in order to be there a little bit early. Everybody stood around outside and finally when we did go in about ten minutes of twelve there were only fifteen or twenty people, but in that ten minutes before the ceremony started the church filled up to the point that there were only a few empty seats after the first pew. The family was off in a side room where they could see the preacher and the casket but they couldn't be seen by the others in the church. There were plenty of flowers, one large bouquet that John pointed out came from the Foxboro-Yoxall people, another large one which I would guess came from Fox-Mass, and a third one which undoubtedly came from Foxboro Ltd. There were several smaller ones also. John agreed with me, however, that to put the seventy dollars into flowers would be completely wrong.

After the somewhat long service, in which the preacher did not mention Ted or Yuill, only referring to "the one we have in our memory" or some other similar words, outside in the sunny parking area we talked to quite a few of the people from Foxboro Ltd. and I got a chance to talk to Ted Matsuura a little and thank him for having taken such a big load. I made a big point with John Bolton to mention this also.

Then John, Maida and I in one car and Tom Rodden and his wife in another went to the Yacht Club and had a very delightful luncheon, then we drove back to the Bolton house and I took some photographs of the yard. One of them I hope comes out is a nice picture of a

flower but in the background John Bolton's on the top of a step ladder looking in a grackle nest in the hedge.

I called Peg from here to say when I was going to be arriving.

John took me by a somewhat long route, stopping in the very fancy completely covered shopping center, where I took a couple more pictures - the light was kind of low.- on down to the airport.