

Biography, James Arthur Dale, Sr.

The following is a biography of my father, James Arthur Dale, Sr., from memory and stories told by my father and reinforced by the retelling of stories prior to his death on October 13, 2015.

James Arthur Dale, Sr., was born February 23, 1931, to James Arthur Dale and Lillian Beatrice Andriot Dale in Louisville, Jefferson County, Kentucky. James Arthur Dale, called by Arthur by his family, was born in 1898 and died July 9, 1945. Lillian Beatrice Andriot Dale was born in 1895. James Arthur Dale was drafted into the United States Army Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, and underwent basic training at Camp Taylor in Louisville. James Arthur Dale was listed in a City Directory as a salesman for the Arctic Ice Company and was generically known as an “ice man” delivering ice door to door. Lillian Beatrice Andriot Dale, after her husband’s death in July, 1945, was employed by the City of Louisville in their finance department. Major duties included writing payroll checks for the City of Louisville Fire Department.

James Arthur Dale, Sr., had three siblings, Paul Anthony Dale, Alice Marie Dale Lane and David Francis Dale. Paul Anthony Dale was born in March of 1933 and passed away the spring of 2003. Alice Marie Dale Lane was born after Paul but before David. David F. Dale was born in 1939. Paul Dale was a self-employed judicial reporter in the freelance arena, known more commonly as a court reporter, beginning in about 1960 until his retirement circa 2001 or 2002. Alice Marie Dale Lane worked as a typist for her brother Paul for many years. David Dale began work for Kroger in high school, spent four years in the U.S. Navy, and continued a career with Kroger in their audit department until he retired. David lives in Oldham County, Kentucky near his three sons at this writing.

James Arthur and Lillian Beatrice owned property at 2433 Griffith Avenue, I believe a two story camelback shotgun house, in the Portland neighborhood of the West End of Louisville. Being the oldest of four, one of my father’s chores was to bring coal from the garage into the house for heating during cold weather. When Paul became old enough the chore of bringing coal into the house was shared between Jimmie and Paul. On occasions when Arthur returned home after work and noticed coal had not been brought into the home and it had been Paul’s turn to bring coal into the house, Arthur would inquire as to why coal had not been brought in. Paul would feign an episode of an asthma attack. My father would get whipped with a leather strap used to sharpen single-bladed razors as punishment for not bringing in the coal.

Jimmie and his siblings attended St. Cecilia grade school located several blocks from his home. Jimmie was left-hand dominant. When learning to write he naturally used his left hand. He recalled when learning cursive writing in about the third grade the teacher, a nun, would crack a yard stick across his hand of choice, his left hand, in an effort to stop Jimmie from using his left hand to write. In the eighth grade he played saxophone as an extracurricular activity. After graduating from St. Cecilia's in the eighth grade, he attended his freshman year of high school at St. Xavier, or St. X.

Arthur kept chickens in a coop outside the garage near the rear of the property. Over a period of time someone or something had begun to diminish the flock of chickens. One afternoon/evening after my grandfather checked on the chickens and being very upset his flock had further diminished, he became so angry that he killed the few remaining chickens and never raised chickens again.

In the summers my father would "help" or ride along with his father. Arthur was a route salesman for the Arctic Ice Company. My father remembered fixing breakfast for his father early in the morning, leaving before dawn with his father to the Arctic Ice Company located on East Main Street in Louisville. My father would accompany his father on an ice route. The route was a several block area located south of Broadway and between maybe Fourth Street and Eighth Street south to almost Oak Street. The first run of ice produced at Arctic Ice Company in the mornings would be unscored which was produced in 300-pound blocks. Arthur would like to be one of the first to receive and load 300-pound blocks of unscored ice for delivery. My father indicated to unload ice a 300-pound block of ice would be tipped onto its side so that it could be broken down into three 100-pound blocks of ice with an ice pick. In tipping the 300-pound block of ice onto its side sometimes the block would hit my grandfather's shoe causing the end of his toes to become black and blue. As Arthur became more debilitated, Jimmie would engage in more of the manual labor of delivering ice. My father recalls making a delivery to the Home for Unwed Mothers. What a cruel name. My father would put a leather pad on one shoulder, lift a 90-pound block of ice onto his shoulder and carry it to the fourth floor and dump the block of ice into tubs. Fans would blow across the ice into the nursery to keep newborns cool. Another stop was Cunningham's located at about Sixth and Breckinridge. 300-pound blocks of ice would be slid down a ramp into the basement of Cunningham's. Each 300-pound block would be chipped into smaller blocks in the beer storage area. Lines of beer ran from the basement upstairs into the bar. A bushel basket full of ice would be taken upstairs and dumped into a container containing supply lines so the beer would be further cooled

prior to being dispensed into mugs. A special treat for my father was to eat lunch at Cunningham's. Fried pork chop, mashed potatoes and green beans for either 25 or 50 cents.

My father recalled helping his father take off his shoes at the end of the workday and observing how black and blue his feet were. Maybe Arthur was diabetic. After work Arthur would meet his friends at a neighborhood tavern and play poker. My father recalled his mother would send him down to the neighborhood bar with the chore to tell his father supper was ready.

Arthur passed away July 9th, 1945, due to complications from a stroke. Arthur's habit had been to always have a fifth of whisky under the seat of the ice truck. By the end of the day the bottle of whisky would be empty. Arthur had a black man that assisted him on the truck. On the last day that Arthur worked as a route salesman on the ice truck immediately prior to his stroke, for some unknown or now forgotten reason, Arthur was horribly upset with his black helper. My father's words were to the effect: If Arthur could have caught the black helper, he would have been stabbed with an ice pick. In the morning of Arthur's stroke, a few days before he passed away, Jimmie recalls his mother waking him saying, "I can't wake your father. Will you help me wake your father?" My father recalled trying to wake his father, slapping his father in the face to no avail. My presumption is an ambulance took my grandfather to the old Marine Hospital located between Portland Avenue and Northwestern Parkway between 23rd and 24th Streets.

On the morning of July 9th Jimmie stayed home and took a bath while his mother and younger siblings went to the Marine Hospital to visit Arthur. After taking a bath and getting dressed, Jimmie exited the rear of their property and walked down the alley toward the hospital. Along the way he stopped to help some neighbors move a stove. Turning a corner close to the Marine hospital he witnessed his mother and younger siblings exit the hospital with Aunt Sis, get into a car and leave.

After his mother, siblings and Aunt Sis left the hospital, Jimmie walked up the stairs, through the main entrance into his father's room. Although no hospital personnel were in the room, Arthur lay motionless unclothed, having recently expired. This scared Jimmie seeing his father dead and naked. When retelling the story later in life the few times it was retold, he appended words to the story in effect: I swore I would never let the good Lord scare me like that again.

After his father's passing Jimmie's uncles taught him the basics of mechanics and working on cars. At age 15 Jimmie procured a part-time job at a service station on Bardstown Road in Louisville. Without a driver's license he occasionally would drive a wrecker to help aid customers in need of simple repairs.

Because a deadline was missed, conceivably by the death of his father, Jimmie's high school career was transferred from St. Xavier to Flaget Memorial High School located at 44th and River Park in the Shawnee neighborhood of the West End of Louisville. Jimmie attended Flaget as a sophomore and junior. While out with a buddy one night between his junior and senior years in high school, they both decided to enlist in the United States Navy. After visiting the recruitment office and with his mother's signature, Jimmie joined the United States Navy in July of 1948. Jimmie and his buddy rode the train together from Louisville to San Diego for basic training. Upon arriving at boot camp Jimmie and his buddy were separated never to see each other the rest of their lives. While in boot camp Jimmie became so lonely he contemplated hopping the fence and hitchhiking home. After boot camp Jimmie attended Advanced Individual Training, AIT, learning to be a diesel mechanic.

After his course in diesel engines Jimmie was assigned to the LST, Landing Ship Tank, 1123. Their first cruise was to Tokyo, Japan via Alaska. After three days at sea and a supper of hotdogs and sauerkraut, Jimmie became seasick. Jimmie's job on LST 1123 was that of engineman. He sat between two diesel engines controlling their speed and direction forward and aft answering the bell from the pilothouse. While on watch during a typhoon while in Tokyo Bay Jimmie describe his duties of continually changing from full ahead to full astern repeatedly throughout his entire shift. After the typhoon passed his shipped had remained virtually stationary.

The diesel engines powering the LST were designed as power plants for diesel electric locomotives for the railroads but were pressed into service for the war effort. He had indicated at full ahead the diesel engines would run at 600 rpms. At flank speed the engines topped out at 900 rpms. My suspicion would be stopped at a red light today most gasoline engines idle shortly above or below 1,000 rpms.

When the Korean War broke out the United Sates Navy was in the process of transferring three of their five LSTs over to the Japanese Navy when North Korea invaded South Korea. Jimmie participated with General Douglas McArthur's greatest amphibious landings at Inchon commencing Friday, September 15, 1950, helping to bring the Marines ashore in smaller LCVs.

After the Marines landed at Inchon the role of the Navy was to resupply the troops with ammunition, food and medical supplies. Jimmie helped in the resupply effort as a crewman in an LCVP. After supplies were loaded into the LCVP, it would travel to shore where supplies were unloaded, repeating trip after trip for many hours, essentially working up to 20 hours a day. After securing the LCVP aboard LST 1123 he would report to the pharmacist's mate who would issue a shot of alcohol mixed with orange juice to help Jimmie and other crew members to sleep.

On Sunday morning the U.S. Navy, in an effort not to be caught off-guard by an early-morning surprise air attack reminiscent of Pearl Harbor, held battle stations. When battle stations clanged Jimmie never heard the call to battle stations. The executive officer put him on report and had to report to the captain. The captain, understanding of the grueling work schedule with little sleep, dismissed the charges.

After the LST was completely unloaded of supplies it would return to Tokyo Bay to be reloaded with further supplies for the Korean Conflict. If two and a half ton trucks were loaded onto the LST, Jimmie, while off his regular duties of engineman, would volunteer to drive these two and a half ton trucks off the ship once LST 1123 arrived back at Inchon. Subsequent resupply trips included cargoes of C-rations for frontline ground troops. Jimmie indicated sailors would sneak up into the cargo hold to abscond C-rations. The C-rations would be set on the exhaust manifold of the ship's engines to be heated. There were so many C-rations absconded from the cargo hold the captain stationed an armed Marine guard in the cargo hold with orders of "Shoot to kill" any sailors absconding C-rations.

It is not known precisely when Jimmie was transferred with the U.S. Navy from the Korean theater, but his next duty station was the Naval Amphibious base at San Diego, California. While on leave in June, 1951, on a blind date with his brother Paul, Jimmie met Barbara "Bobbie" Anna Dearing. Paul at the time was dating Lillian Frances Dearing, Bobbie's next younger sister. After returning to San Diego, one weekend in the mountains at a resort attending a concert by Hank Williams, he picked up a postcard to send to Bobbie Dearing. They began their year-long letter writing.

The accompanying translation/transcription is of my father's letters to my mother after their first date. It is amazing. Even though my father could not precisely recall the correct address where my mother lived, somehow the letter arrived at 724 Cedar Grove Court in Louisville, Kentucky. Of the vast number of letters written to my mother, there is

only one letter where my mother wrote to my father. If her letter is indicative of her writing, my mother's letters were conservatively twice as long as my father's letters. She wrote much more often than he to her. In one of my father's early letters he makes a comment to the effect: Three letters this week. What are you trying to do, spoil me? Barbara Ann Dearing did not finish high school. She left high school to begin employment with the telephone company at an exchange on Bardstown Road in Louisville. She was a long-distance telephone operator. Occasionally after my father began writing letters to my mother, while working, she would call my father long distance in San Diego from Louisville. In later years my mother indicated if her supervisor had ever found out that she was calling for personal matters, her employment would have been terminated immediately.

Jimmie's enlistment in the U.S. Navy in 1948 was only for three years. President Truman extended all enlistments for one year because of the Korean Conflict. Dad told the story that the Navy had offered to send my father to a second diesel mechanic's school. However, to attend the further diesel mechanic's school my father would have had to re-enlist for an additional six years. It is quite evident from his letters my father had plans not to re-enlist.

Bobbie and Jimmie were married Thanksgiving Day, 1952 at Notre Dame du Port, a Roman Catholic church on Rudd Avenue in Louisville, Kentucky more commonly known locally as "Our Lady". Bobbie's family lived in a house directly across the street from the church she was married. Cedar Grove Court runs perpendicular to Rudd Avenue in the old Portland neighborhood of the West End of Louisville.

Barbara Anna Dearing's parents were Mary Rose Wirth Dearing and Keller Emil Dearing. Their offspring were John Keller Dearing, Mary Rose Dearing, Barbara Anna Dearing, Lillian Frances Dearing, Mary Redempta Dearing, James Bernard Dearing and Francis Dearing. Frank, the baby, is only eight years older than this author.

As mentioned previously Jimmie's parents were James Arthur Dale and Lillian Beatrice Andriot Dale. Jimmie's siblings in descending order are Paul Anthony Dale, Alice Marie Dale Lane and David Francis Dale. Jimmie and Paul were brothers, and Bobbie and Lillian were sisters. The two couples' children were double cousins. There is an old family tale Jimmie's brother David went on a few dates with Bobbie's younger sister Redempta. The tale is further told that after dating David several times, Redempta decided to join the convent. Whether there is any truth to the tale is not known.

As Jimmie's letters indicate he did apply for a position at the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. My father's words were to the effect the L&N wanted to initially employ my father to sweep the floor. Upon my parents' wedding my father was employed with Purity Dairy as a route salesman, a "milk man" for short.

Genetics being what they are, as young men when my next brother, Joe, and I were out somewhere someone might look at us and ask: Are you brothers? One of us would respond: Actually we are half-brothers and point to the other and say, "His father was the milk man."

Bobbie and Jimmie's children are James Arthur Dale, Jr., Joseph Anthony Dale, Michael Andrew Dale, Mark Allen Dale and Julia Ann Dale.

Jimmie leased property from Ashland Oil, earlier known as Aetna Oil, and operated a gasoline filling station slash neighbor maintenance garage at the corner of 35th and Bank Streets in the Portland neighborhood of the West End of Louisville beginning in about 1957 or 1958. While operating the service station, probably after his fourth son was born, in an effort care for his sons, his oldest son would accompany him to the service station early in the morning prior to opening.

His eldest son remembers after opening the front door to the station walking into the garage and into a storage room, accessing the electrical box and throwing a breaker to start the air compressor for the day. His eldest son also recalls accompanying his father with closing of the service station at night. After logging daily fueling of gasoline from each pump and closing out the cash register, Jimmie would pull the service truck into the garage with his eldest son standing on the running board for a quick ride into the service bay.

Jimmie operated the station until the spring or early summer of 1961.

In May or June of 1961 he began driving a truck for what became known as Shedd's on South Floyd Street in Louisville. Initially it was known as Lady Betty Foods. Then it became known as Shedd-Bartush Foods before being bought by the conglomerate Beatrice Foods. Upon employment with Shedd's Jimmie became a member of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Local 89. His fellow drivers elected him union steward representing the drivers in company-union matters.

In Louisville Shedd's produced peanut butter and prune juice. Shedd's plants in Greenville, South Carolina; Dallas, Texas; Denver, Colorado; and their home office, Detroit Michigan, produced margarine. When Jimmie began with Shedd's in 1961 he began driving a single-axle bobtail, box truck. His primary function was to deliver his company's various products to warehouses or distribution centers.

As his truck-driving career progressed the trucks he drove became larger. The progression of trucks went from a single-axle bobtail to a tandem axle bobtail to a single-axle tractor pulling a semi-trailer and finally a tandem-axle tractor pulling a semi-trailer. His work week began on a Sunday afternoon, evening driving from Louisville to Nashville; Louisville to Cincinnati; Louisville to Paducah; Louisville to Detroit; or Louisville to Greenville, South Carolina returning Monday or Tuesday. After resting he would take other runs during the week to various cities.

At the zenith of his career with Shedd's he would leave out Sunday morning headed to White Plains, New York with a load of peanut butter. Then he would drive empty into Brooklyn, New York where he would pick up a load of Dannon frozen yogurt and take it to Lakeland, Florida. From Lakeland he would drive empty into southern Georgia to pick up either peanuts or freshly dressed chickens to return to Louisville; returning anywhere from Friday afternoon to Saturday morning.

Jimmie's wife was expecting their fifth child, a daughter, when he began driving a truck for Shedd's. As his wife did not drive, a logistical concern became what should happen when Bobbie goes into labor while Jimmie is on the road. But he was home when his wife went into labor.

His career with Shedd's lasted until the mid-'80s when Beatrice Foods sold the Shedd's division to Lever Brothers. The new purchaser spun off the Shedd's peanut butter division from the rest of the Lever Brothers' new acquisition. As a result of the acquisition and subsequent spinning off of the peanut butter division the drivers were let go. Being a Teamster as a part of Local 89, employment was secured at various trucking companies predominantly as fill-in positions until he began driving for Motor Convoy which had the contract to haul chassis-and-frames, along with completely assembled units, for Ford Motor Company's Kentucky Truck Plant on Chamberlain Lane in eastern Jefferson County, Kentucky. Of note would be a trip to Universal Studios to deliver a truck used in the production of a movie. Upon arriving at Universal Studios in the wee hours of the morning he followed security in a golf cart through the Back Lot to a staging

area where the truck he was hauling was off-loaded. He recalled being mesmerized by the various sets and props.

Upon retirement from the Teamster's Union, Local 89, a road tractor was purchased and put in his wife's name which he drove under lease-agreement with Product Distribution Company, a subsidiary of General Electric hauling product from GE's Appliance Park in Louisville to either distribution centers, end-user facilities or other GE plants in various parts of the country.

Shortly after beginning to drive a truck on an occasional to rare occasion his children would accompany him on a trip. At most only two would accompany him at a time. After returning from a trip with his father and not quite understanding the concept of tipping waitresses, his second son told his mother, "Dad would leave sometimes a quarter on the table before leaving a restaurant." Then his second son noted an observation. "The pretty ones always received two quarters."

Jimmie was not a highly educated person but was extremely intelligent. He received his G.E.D. while in the Navy and attended at least once class at the University of Louisville after he was discharged from the Navy. He enjoyed teaching his sons. His eldest son recalls his father teaching him the proper way to mount a tire and rim to the brake drum of an automobile. After lifting the tire and rim onto the studs of the drum, hand tighten the nuts. With a lug wrench spin the nuts until they are hand tight. Hand tighten every other stud until a complete circle is made of all studs. Then apply torque to every other stud to further tighten the nuts. Once the automobile is on the ground hand tighten every other nut again applying even greater torque.

He taught his sons practical lessons taught him in the Navy. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link. Three things are needed for a fire: Fuel, heat and oxygen. Take away any of the three and there will be no fire.

When his sons started driving he taught them practical lessons from driving a truck. Always take in the big picture. If vehicles in front of you are slowing down, discern why. Drive as if you are behind the third or fourth vehicle in front of you. If the vehicle in front of you has its brake lights on, you should have your brakes on. When his sons started experiencing mechanical problems with their vehicles and they would describe the symptoms, he would listen and after thinking a bit would respond with: Go over to the parts house and buy this, this and this. When you get back, I will show you how to

correct the problem. Little did they know their first lesson learned would be: You're going to pay for these parts.

For several years Jimmie was an assistant coach with the St. Denis football team. For several years he coached the third and fourth grade baseball team at St. Denis with games on Tuesday evenings and Saturday mornings.

As all men age their propensity for having health issues rises. This writer can recall Jimmie becoming ill in about 1962 or 1963 presumably with hepatitis. Jimmie began smoking when he was 15 years old. By 1964 he had been diagnosed with emphysema, a chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. In the summer of 1974 a portion of Jimmie's left lower lobe of the left lung was removed, presumably from complications with tobacco usage. He had spent over six weeks in the hospital having developed an infection shortly after a portion of his lung was removed. Rehabilitation included building stamina. After a seemingly few days he was able to walk several blocks to a neighborhood bar. He never quite built the stamina to walk to and from the bar without resting and consuming a few beers.


In a conversation about Inchon in my father's later years he described navigating the harbor at Inchon in the small landing craft LCVP. One had proceed into the harbor and make a 90-degree turn to reach shore. If the landing craft tried to cut across the harbor at an angle and proceed along a hypotenuse of a triangle, one could find themselves grounded, especially while the tide was going out. If an LCVP ran aground, there was nothing that could be done except to wait for high tide.

How does one write about something they know nothing about? At my father's funeral I gave a eulogy focusing on phrases my father had said over the years that were indelibly imprinted on my mind. The last phrase I shared were the first words Tom Hanks utters in Saving Private Ryan. As the small landing craft filled with soldiers makes its way through the surf amidst mortar shells falling to both starboard and port of the LCVP, one can barely hear Tom Hanks' words, "Let's lock and load."

Half a dozen years later, half a world away on a peninsula and conflict known as Korea, Dad heard those same words, "Let's lock and load," said by Marines Corps sergeants as Dad and his fellow shipmates took companies of men to the shores of Inchon maybe at a place called Blue Beach.

If my brothers or I were on the truck with our father, we would occasionally hear those same words, "Let's lock and load." The week before Christmas, 1970, I accompanied my father on the truck to Greenville, South Carolina. Starting in Louisville, Dad drove east on Interstate 64 to Lexington via U.S. 60 to I-75 where he drove south. At Corbin, more than three hours after leaving, we stopped at a truck stop for a break. After the break we climbed into the cab. As we pulled onto U.S. 25-E to go southeast through the Cumberland Gap and over Clinch Mountain to Bean Station, Dad blurted out, "Let's lock and load." In his own way week after month after year for ten years Dad would be battle with the southern Appalachian mountains; never quite conquering the mountains but returning from each skirmish unscathed.

After weeks of resupplying and reinforcing war material from Japan to Korea through Inchon, my father's words were to the effect: We sailed around the other side of Korea and picked up the Marines at Pusan. A Wikipedia article titled "Defensive position" only hints at the ferocity of the engagements known as the Pusan Perimeter. After making the statement, "We sailed around the other side of Korea and picked up the Marines at Pusan," my father became quiet and appeared in deep thought with a stare as if he was looking a million miles away.

The "million-mile stare" is a character who has just gone through some sort of trauma, learned something they [probably didn't need to know](#), or [seen something they really shouldn't have had to](#), will often have an unfocused, vacant stare into a vast abyss of nothingness, slipping into a [shock and weariness](#) from which it is very hard to escape. Note that this trope describes the stare/facial expression itself, and not what causes it or anything related. The term "[thousand-yard-stare](#)"  is believed to have originated in [World War I](#), and was coined for the faces of battle-weary soldiers. It was popularized in [World War II](#) and named for the perception that such stares really do seem to be able to see very far ahead.

My father had this million-mile stare and said nothing; probably remembering and recalling his visions and thoughts of the surviving Marines that were picked up at Pusan. My mother had indicated there were originally 400 Marines. Upon entering the LST at Pusan only 100 remained.

My cousin Paula Edwards had recalled my father sitting and talking with a lot on his mind. He talked of taking the Marines on an LCP and dropping them off on the beach. Later when he went back to pick them up only a small fraction of the Marines were left. My father was very shy on showing emotion. Paula recalled my father being very emotional

in retelling the story such that my mother and Paula gave Dad a hug after he had finished. I can only imagine this to be the story of picking up the Marines at the port of Pusan. The scenes of picking up the Marines at Pusan were indelibly imprinted in my father's mind 50 years later.

Only by reading the accompanying "Defensive position" can one begin to imagine the horrors my father witnessed picking up the Marines at Pusan. One can only imagine the bewilderment he pondered among seeing and viewing the surviving Marines.

USS LST-325 is a decommissioned tank landing ship of the United States Navy, now docked in Evansville, Indiana, USA. Like many of her class, she was not named and is properly referred to by her hull designation. The ship was listed on the U.S. National Register of Historic Places in 2009.

In 2003 LST-325 proceeded up the Ohio River from Evansville, and for a period of time was docked in Jeffersonville, Indiana. Dad and his family toured LST-325 on a Saturday morning in July. While on board Dad recalled the cook baking bread and leaving the fresh loaf on the galley window. Sailors would unlock cold storage to retrieve a stick of butter, split the top of the loaf of bread open, drop the butter inside and carry the loaf away and share it with their buddies. Dad pointed to his battle station; being just inside the port bow door as part of a first-aid team to render help as needed. He further recalled a shipmate having the rank of E-3 indicating at the outbreak of the Korean War, "In Normandy I've seen an 88 shell come through the bow doors and explode near the stern of the cargo hold. I'm out of here." Whereupon the sailor proceeded to be discharged from the Navy. Dad wondered what the sailor had done to be in the Navy for over six years and only achieve the rank of E-3.

In the movie "Away All Boats" starring Jeff Chandler there is a scene set in the engine room where a sailor slides down the shaft into the engine room with his feet and arms hooked around the ladder. It appeared almost like a fireman sliding down a fire pole. Upon seeing the shaft and ladder from two decks above one of my brothers asked my father if he ever slid down the ladder as depicted in the movie "Away All Boats." His reply was only if he was mad.

Near the end of his life my father developed cirrhosis of the liver and liver cancer succumbing to complications from liver cancer on October 13th, 2015.

In the accompanying five pictures the top picture is of the LST-325 docked in Jeffersonville, Indiana. In the middle picture left to right are: Joseph A. Dale, James A.

Dale, Jr.; James A. Dale, Sr.; Mark Allen Dale and Michael Andrew Dale. In the bottom picture are James A. Dale, Jr.; Joseph A. Dale, Barbara Anna Dale, James A. Dale, Sr., Julia Anne Dale, Mark Allen Dale and Michael Andrew Dale.

In the vertical picture are James A. Dale, Jr., and James A. Dale, Sr.

In the bottom picture are James A. Dale, Jr.; James A. Dale, Sr., Michael Andrew Dale and Mark Allen Dale.