

James Neal Rae

Neal was born in Aruba and was in the class of '54 as a junior and also as a senior. He learned to fly at the Aruba Flying Club and soloed while still in high school. After graduation he attended Embry Riddle School of Aviation in Miami, FL and became an airplane mechanic.

He joined the U.S. Army in 1956 and was with the Army Aviation Board in a helicopter test and evaluation unit. In 1959 and 1960 he worked in Colombia as a helicopter mechanic.

In 1958 he married Mitsy Jackson and they had two sons, Scott and Carl. Neal and Mitsy spent the majority of their married years in California where Neal was a maintenance mechanic for Mattel Toys and for a time Chief Steward for the local of the United Rubber Workers Union. Neal took early retirement in 1981 and died in Casper, WY in January 1983.



School bus driver and his family (1940).

Photograph courtesy J L Lopez family. Photographer unknown.

Continuation:¹

Mitsy (Jackson) Rae

Mitsy came from Texas in 1947 and joined the class of '54 in the fifth grade. She received B.S. and R.N. degrees from the University of Texas in 1958 and married Neal Rae.

Mitsy and Neil had two sons, Scott and Carl. They were divorced in 1979.

Mitsy remained active in nursing, working through a dialysis nurses' registry and going to a variety of hospitals in Los Angeles County. Mitsy worked in Saudi Arabia as head nurse in a dialysis unit at a hospital in Jeddah in 1992-94.

She became a grandmother in 1995 while living in California. In 1996 she moved to Cody, WY and worked at the Big Horn Dialysis Center. The following year found her at a dialysis center in a large hospital in Kearny, NE, near her son Carl and her three grandchildren.

In 1999 she took up work at a nursing home in Kearney, NE. After 44 years working as a nurse, she retired on December 30, 2001 and settled in Danbury, NE only five miles from her grandchildren: She enjoys being a "hands-on" grandma.

¹For the rest of this story, see also "The Lago Colony Legend—Our Stories-II." She may be a grandma, but she'll always be that 16 year old girl in her picture there in my mind.

Jim Riggs

He was a classmate in grade school but left Lago in the sixth grade and went into the Aruba Dutch school system when his parents separated. Jim has two brothers, Larry ('56) and Bob ('58).

He left the island in 1951 and graduated from a Benedictine high school in the U.S. in 1953. He later took business education courses at the Universities of Illinois and Minnesota and the University of Utrecht in Holland. From 1954 to 1957 he was in the U.S. Air Force as an Air Sea Rescue/Airborne communications specialist. Assignments included Korea and the U.S.

He married in 1955 and he and his wife Mitzi had three boys and two girls. They currently have eight grandchildren. From 1957 to 1963 he was a computer specialist with Remington Rand and worked in Europe for three years. From 1963 to 1985 he was a computer engineer with Control Data Corp. His assignments carried him to Europe and the Middle and Far East. Jim was then Central Regional Sales Manager for computer products for Dysan Corp. until 1993. From 1993 until his retirement in February 2003 he was Sales Manager, Computer Systems Division, Bell Microproducts, San Jose, CA.



Gloria Hudson, early '40's
Photo courtesy Eveland collection.

Phyllis “Bootsie” Rutherford

All that is available is the nickname and the fact that she was for a time a grade school member of the class of ‘54.



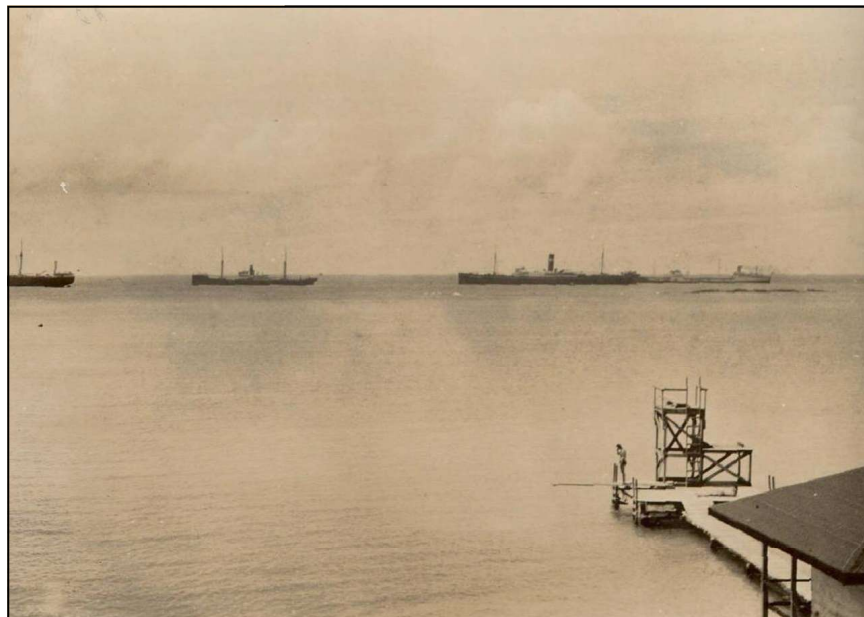
This photo and the one on page opposite show ships lined up outside the reef in 1940 before the invasion of Holland.

Nan (Edge) Ryman

Nan came to Aruba from Texas and entered 10th grade. After graduation from Lago High she attended the University of Houston, receiving an undergraduate degree in elementary education and then a graduate degree in Guidance and Counseling.

She taught five years at Sweeny Elementary School in Sweeny, TX and then for 17 years was Sweeny High School Freshman/Senior Counselor. Nan retired in 1992 and was then a flight attendant for American Airlines for six months.

She married Norman Ryman (deceased 1972) and they had four children, Sharon, Andra, Todd and Dwayne. She was married briefly to Bob Gladman in 1980. Nan then married Lad Mingus and the couple resides in Boerne, TX.



**Photograph is stitched together from two photos courtesy the Paria Allen Kent collection.
The resulting photograph was split in half to fit on these two pages.**

Pat (Eperon) Sainthouse

Pat arrived in Aruba from England as a pre-schooler and stayed through the 11th grade.

She finished her education at a business college in England and worked as a secretary in real estate, publishing and many other fields.

She married Ian in 1958 and they have two sons, Paul and John, two granddaughters and a grandson. Pat and Ian have traveled the world on holiday, taking two African Safaris, visiting Aruba twice, the Seychelles, Tobago, Barbados and many places in the U.S. However, since the start of 2003 Pat has not been able to travel far due to arthritis in the hip.

Pat and Ian currently live in Bedfordshire, England. Pat's sister, Anne ('60), lives not far away in London.



Lago Colony in the early 1940's.

Photograph courtesy the Paria Allen Kent collection.

Nancy (Chippendale) Teagle

Nancy came to Aruba from Massachusetts while still a pre-schooler and stayed through the ninth grade before going to school in the U.S and graduating from a prep school in New York City.

She went to Endicott College in Boston and then back to “the Big Apple” to start a career. She spent 26 years in all kinds of jobs: Retail, manufacturing, architectural consulting (mainly doing personnel work).

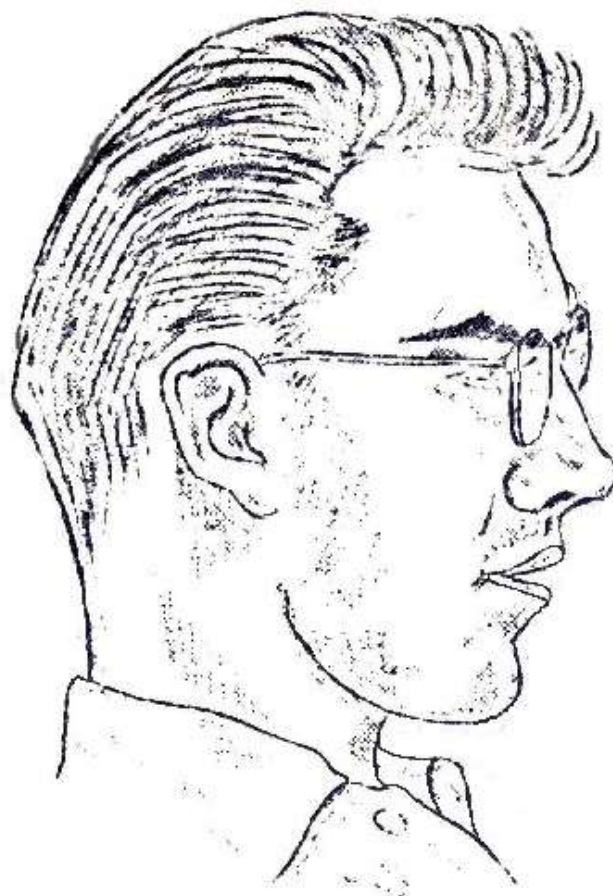
After a brief marriage in 1958, Nancy remained single until 1982. This time it was to a former Lago student, Lenny Teagle ('49). They took a three-month around the world honeymoon trip and then retired to Lake San Marcos, CA.

The couple came out of retirement in 1987 to create INSTAsign, a commercial sign shop. Nancy and Lenny retired again in 1999 and have since traveled extensively, including China, South Africa (twice as they won business class plane tickets for the second trip), most of Western Europe, Tahiti and the U.S., including Hawaii and Alaska.



Francoise (Mertens) Van der Kerchow

Francoise was in grade school with the class as recorded in the 1946 “Ink Spots”, but at some point went back to Europe and lived in Belgium. In the late 1950s she married and went to live in the Belgian Congo. Her parents were Theresa “Kikerie” and Antoine Mertens. She also has a younger sister named Jacqueline.



Sketch of B W “Bernie” Furstenau by M. John ten Houte de Lange

From April 1950 issue *The I. S. A. Bulletin*.

Dirk van der Linden

Dirk, born July 19, 1936 in Dubbeldam, Netherlands, came to Aruba in 1938. The van der Lindens first lived in Lago Heights, then moved into the Colony, Bungalow #132 on the “five corners.”

He was an outstanding tennis player in high school and played in college. He attended Alabama and LSU before finishing his studies at the University of California. There he met his wife Ginger, a California native born on the Stanford campus where her dad was head of the classics department. They have two children, Jon Victor and Katrina.

Although Dirk worked as a psychologist at various teaching and research jobs, tennis was Dirk’s true vocation. He was a college men’s tennis coach and country club director/head teaching pro. The sport has allowed him to live and coach top tennis talent many years in such diverse locations as San Francisco, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Munich and other cities.

Foreign languages have been a recent passion for Dirk and he has done some language studying, teaching and translating. Currently the van der Lindens are living in Berlin but they come back to the U.S. frequently to visit their children, two granddaughters and a grandson in the San Francisco area and Dirk’s sister, Cisca (’57), who lives in Florida.



John P. "Jack" Wiley

He arrived in Aruba in 1946 in time for the fourth grade and stayed through the eighth grade. His family, including younger sisters Henrietta "Sis" ('56) and Adelaide "Dumpsy" ('58), then went back to the U.S. where he graduated from high school.

He received a B.S. degree in Political Science from Fordham University in 1958 and soon embarked on a career in journalism. He worked on a local paper first, and then a weekly and later went with the UPI wire service. Jack then went into magazine writing with "Physics Today", "Natural History" and "FDA Consumer."

In the early 1970s he began writing for "Smithsonian Magazine" and eventually was on the editorial board. His column, "Phenomena, Notes and Comments" became standard fare in the Smithsonian Magazine's monthly editions.

In 1961 Jack married Barbara and they had four children, John F., Peter C., Catherine Anne and James P. They were later divorced.

Jack retired after 42 years on newspapers and magazines and while his "health was not so hot," he loved the classic role of spoiling grandchildren. He spent time at minor league baseball games and around the water on Chesapeake Bay (no spear fishing).

Jack Wiley passed away on February 22, 2004. He had had several heart attacks over a long period of time.



Continuation:¹ **Dr. Eugene Williams**

Although he was only in the class the last half of the fourth and all of the fifth grades, Eugene has fond memories of that time and he and his wife Beverly have been to many Aruba reunions. His father was a doctor at the Lago Community Hospital in 1946 and '47. Gene attended sixth and seventh grades in San Jose and Glendale, CA, spent 8th and 9th grades at Campus High School, Kalamazoo, MI, 10th and 11th grades at South Lake High School, St. Clair Shores, MI and graduated from Mackenzie High School in Detroit, MI.

He graduated from the University of Michigan with a B.S. in 1958 and an M.D. in 1962. Following that he interned at Harper Hospital in Detroit.

He spent 1963-66 as a Captain in the U.S. Army Medical Corps in Germany. He next did his residency in internal medicine at Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. He was a staff physician at the hospital from 1969-71 and then entered private practice in Dearborn, MI for eight years.

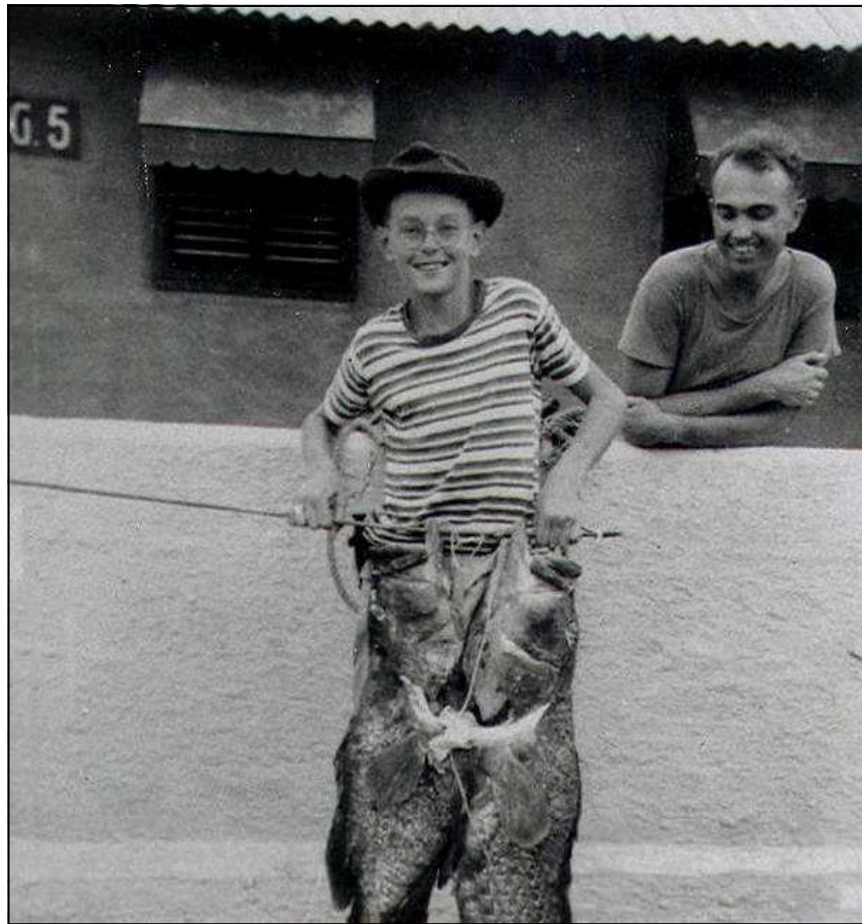
In 1979 he went back on the staff of Ford Hospital as a primary care internist in their satellite clinic, "Fairlane Clinic" in Dearborn. He married Beverly Sharon in 1958 and they have two sons, Eugene II and Laurence and four grandsons and one granddaughter.

Beverly suffered a severe stroke in March 2002 which affected her right arm and leg and ability to speak and, to some extent, to comprehend. She has recovered the use of her right leg so that she can walk with a cane and some ability to speak but is still impaired.

¹*For the rest of this story, see also "The Lago Colony Legend—Our Stories-II."*-----

Pat Woodrow

The only information currently available on Pat, according to Ray Burson, is that she attended the fifth grade in Aruba with the class of '54.



Ray Burson, shown in this photo, says, "I am amazed that you came up with this picture! It shows the best catch I ever made, two grouper, one 20 lbs and the other 25 lbs. They were caught off Colorado Point the first time I ever went out there in the early 1950s. I was with the great adult spearfishermen, Cal Rimmer and Mike Hagendoorn. I believe I was the first Lago High kid to go off the point."

Photograph courtesy MLK collection.

The Andy & Bess Anderson Story

Mr. and Mrs. George A. "Andy" and Bess Anderson and their two girls, Millie (15) and Loreen arrived in Aruba June of 1949 from Long Beach, California. Millie recalls that she wept all the way across the country at having to go to some rock in the middle of some water, accusing her parents of "ruining" her life."¹ It took about 48 hours to realize that this was the best thing that ever happened to her. They began life in Aruba at Colorado Point.² After 18 months, they moved to bungalow 613. Millie graduated in 1952. Her parents and Loreen moved to bungalow 471 and then to the New Houses, Bungalow 1533, where they lived until 1965, when her father retired. He was a machinist in M&C.

Recounted by Millie Anderson.

¹ *I suppose I felt the same way when I had to go away to school and we left Colombia. - During the summer when the teenage kids were home from the States, we'd go to the movies one night and have a "platter" party at someone's house the next night. Gloria Joplin, over from Aruba to visit someone, taught me how to "two step" when I was 13.*

² *They must have stayed in the Quonset huts. We stayed in them for awhile once when our bungalow was being renovated.*

The Jan & Henrietta van der Biest Beaujon Family Story

As an Aruba family, and many of the Beaujon family members worked for Lago. Jan's grandfather, Captain Beaujon was very instrumental in getting the early pioneers to select Aruba for an oil trans-shipment port.

Richard Beaujon lives in Aruba and his father, J. Beaujon worked for Lago as did other members of his family.

Rudy Beaujon is another member of the family Beaujon. He worked with Dan Jensen's dad, Paul Jensen, in the Instrument Department.¹ He worked at Lago a long time, but left to go live in the USA. He was married to Sally McNeal Waite Funk, they have two children. Sarah Jane Logan Beaujon married to Harold Conrad Fleischer, III and living in Staunton, VA. The second child Jonathan Andrew Beaujon married Cheryl Ann Maria Barnhart, living in Rockville, MD. Rudy passed away on Feb. 12 1972.

My father's name is Jan van der Biest Beaujon. He married Henrietta Ismay B. de Veer. My father worked at Lago in the Electrical Department and left to work at to Electra (which later became Elmar). My father passed away in 1962 and mother in Jan. 2002.

Richard Johannes Beaujon (Richard's grandfather), known as Captain Beaujon, a pilot at Lago in 1927, is the man that guided Mr. John Oswald Boyd, William Clark and Robert Rodger, of the British Equatorial Oil Company, to Aruba. These three were met by Dudu Eman and John G. Eman (who were before-hand informed by Capt. Beaujon what these three English gentlemen were looking for). They had been in Curacao looking for a good place for bunkering oil tankers, but most of the good bays in Curacao were already taken by Shell and the other bays were too small. They settled on Aruba as the site.

On September 13, 1924 the first tanker, the "Inverampton," arrived with oil out of Venezuela for Lago Oil and Transport Company (they had bought out the British Equatorial Oil Company). Capt Rodger stayed in Aruba until about 1939. He was a good friend of Capt. Beaujon.

Information supplied by Richard Beaujon.

¹ *Presumably, he also worked with my dad, James L. "Jimmy" Lopez.*

The Wim Brinkman & Family Story

As told by Yvonne van der Putten-Brinkman

My Dad, Wim Brinkman, was locally hired and started working with Lago in March 1951. He was one of a few Dutch Marines whom after their military duty (my Dad's in Curacao) did not move back to Holland (because they had met a local girl and were already married or engaged to be married like my parents) and found work with Lago. I was born in the Lago Hospital in 1956.

He started as a Lago police man. During the years he climbed in ranks and eventually became management. That gave us "the right" to go live in the colony. This was possible for local hired management personnel since 1971/1972. So we moved from the "outside" to the "inside" and I must say "we" were very happy: Beach nearby, Esso Club with the bowling alleys and the movie theatre. You know the very nice amenities of living in the colony! "We" were my 2 brothers, my 2 sisters and me.

We moved in to bungalow 346 and lived there from 1972 till 1974 when we moved to bungalow 1531, where we lived till September 1985 when my parents left the island and moved to Holland after the closing of Lago. My Dad retired after 34 years with Lago and his last function was Safety coordinator (head of the police, fire and safety department).

I must say that it was very sad for us "kids", because we had had such a nice childhood there and our cheap vacation address wasn't there anymore! So many memories: summer-recreational program was a blast, the bowling alleys at the Esso Club were our hangout; or the soda bar or at the beach snack bar where my brother had worked in the weekends; sailing the sunfishes and playing boat tag. A few of the best times were when all the American kids came back on school vacations. No worries, only fun!

A little story: One year, during spring-break, there was a small accident with the Amstel 'beer-boat' that delivered beer to Aruba from Curacao. It had gotten engine trouble right after passing Seroe Colorado point and 'docked' the boat on the reef right behind the main-office (Indian Head). The Captain and his personnel had left the ship and it was just sitting there waiting to be unloaded. We saw our chance: with our sunfishes we sailed out and loaded them up and stocked up on beer for spring-break. The sunfishes were like submarines and sailing back from the reef you had to turn so often. We unloaded at the pier at one of the bungalows by the water, loaded the cars and stashed our loot in the

garage of one of the empty bungalows. There we shared it and everyone had a small stock. It was all very exciting for as long as we got away with it, because you can imagine that the owner of the beer would not let that happen. Quickly there was a security patrol and we were not able to 'shop' anymore. It was fun and exciting while it lasted.

We were Esso Club members so we used the facilities there and had a good time. We also were able to use the Lago Hospital. I don't have any pictures from that, but it was good to see them on Dan Jensen's www.lago-colony.com website and show my husband and daughter what I was always trying to explain to them. I left Aruba in 1979 to study and moved back in 1991 and am still living here. I live in Alto Vista and every time we drive 'up' to San Nicolas, towards the Colony, I feel like I am going home.

Dan Jensen makes the following comments: I remember Mr. Brinkman when he patrolled in the Colony and I drove without a license, as I am sure did a lot of the guys my age (who probably also remember him). We were always trying to avoid him and the rest of the policemen. I know he gave me a few tickets and I ran from him a few times, past the Dog Graves and up and around Colorado Point. I really liked Yvonne's story about the "Amstel Beer Boat," sounds to me like there was always something to do in Lago Colony, even after I left.

The Louis Newell Crippen Story

"Louie" was born September 30, 1916 in Okmulgee, Oklahoma. In January 1936 he arrived in Aruba and joined the Instrument Department. Chairman of the Housing Committee of the Instrument Society of Aruba 1949-1950, he was a charter member of the Section.

He handled the Office Machines Section at one time and tales he tells of what happened in that part of the building makes everyone wish they were back in the good old days. Louie worked through most of the jobs in the department and in 1949 was transferred to the M & C Administration and later to the Transportation Department.

Since 1939 "Crip" has been Golf Champion of Aruba **four** times. He still thinks there is room for improvement because he took lessons this year while he was on vacation in the United States.

Somewhere in the last five or ten years "Crip" took up chicken ranching as a hobby. Every day at four o'clock he dashes out to the "farm", pets his chickens on the head, counts the eggs and the enormous amount of money that rolls in **daily**. He then uncovers that set of golf clubs that he, hides among the feed bags and sneaks over for a round of golf before dark. How he gets away with that long story he gives out about working so hard every night I surely don't know.

From an article by W. A. F. Koopman in the April 1950 issue *The I. S. A. Bulletin*.



The Tres Dunlap Story

As told by Tres Dunlap

Tres Dunlap was born in Aruba on June 5, 1942. I graduated from Lago High in 1960. First I went to UNC in Chapel Hill, NC then to FSU for an MBA. Left Aruba in 1963 after my father, “Cornie” retired. Worked in Saudi Arabia for ARAMCO for 22 years. He continued his diving in the Red Sea.

Last house in colony was 1554 – near to Steve Ballard and Garth Fuller. Married Sandra F. Evans in 1964. Her father, Walter R. Evans was an engineer with Lago – not Reverend Evans. She actually worked for my father during one of the summers as his secretary. Joe Van Ogtrop and I were SCUBA instructors in the Summer Program under Jim Downey.

Started spear fishing when I was 10 years old – used straightened coat hanger shafts which were propelled from a sleeve of bamboo with inner tube tire rubber attached. Victims at the “Baby Lagoon” were usually sardines and a small black fish that populated everything (doctor fish, I think).

The largest fish I ever speared was the Jew Fish that Joe and I speared – interesting story: We were down with tanks at the very tip of the cross currents at Colorado Point in about 100+ feet of water. I saw the Jew Fish in the distance and tried to point him out to Joe, but he was so large that Joe couldn’t differentiate him from the huge boulders in the area. I finally swam over to him and shot him - all hell broke loose – he broke my spear right at the head which turned out to be very useful later. He swam into a cave where we repeatedly shot him with the headless spear until both Joe and I ran out of air. We went back to shore and retrieved new tanks and went back out to the cave, halfway expecting the Jew Fish to be gone. But, he wasn’t. In fact, he was partially floating on his side bumping the top of the cave. We shot him and hauled him into shore where we placed him on top of Downey’s jeep and paraded him around town. Wish we had saved his jaw.

Next “biggie” was a 16 pound spiny lobster – most will say I am full of it, but it was that big, and if I can find the picture, I will send it to Dan Jensen’s website later.

The dumbest thing I ever did was retrieving a spear off the Colorado Point. Ed Gruenberg and I were diving with twin steel tanks (the kind with strap-in harnesses and corrugated rubber hoses on the regulators). I shot at a snapper that was way back under a rock shelf. To get a grip on

the spear which was stuck, I had to squeeze into the crevasse. Unfortunately, my tanks were running out, and the bottom of the tanks, while sliding forward past the ceiling easily, got stuck while attempting to back out - couldn't turn – was stuck. We usually communicated with each other by rapping on our tanks with our speargun handles, and then continue to communicate with crude hand signs. I rapped for Ed to come to my rescue, but no response, and time was of the essence. I had to unstrap my harness in order to back out, all the time being worried about my air. Fortunately, I heard the “clank clank” from Ed's signal and his hands on my ankles pulling me out (Dumb! – really don't know how some of us survived).

The second dumbest thing I ever did was to string a triggerfish around my waist by running the wire through his eyes since I couldn't find his small gill splits – he latched onto my side with a very painful furry. Third – shot a huge leopard ray at the second drop-off – went for the “kill shot” which resulted in a lost speargun. I wanted to display my overall stupidity. Have thought about it many times since – what if it was a kill shot – what was I going to do with a giant leopard ray anyway.

The most captivating memory was a blacktip shark that zoomed within inches of Joe Van Ogtrop, taking a snapper that Joe speared. The snapper was thrashing between Joe's gun and his spear which was stuck in the coral. Joe was attempting to dislodge his spear at the time and did not see the shark. It happened so fast.

The most unusual fish I speared was a Tarpon – never saw one again in all the years of spearfishing in Aruba. Saw a ling once, but couldn't get near it to take a shot.

The biggest thing I saw was a hammerhead shark (again at Colorado Point). I would estimate it to be 15 ft. It just swam by and never deviated from its course, which was a good thing because towards the end of our spearfishing careers in Aruba, sharks at Colorado point were starting to take some of our fish. The interesting tactic was their coming to the surface and circling closer and closer; some even seemed to arch up and scoot in as if attacking.

The Frederick & Vera Eaton Story

Fred Eaton was born in Warren, Pennsylvania, in April 1908 and spent all his years through high school in Warren. He entered Allegheny College in Meadville, PA, in September of 1924 graduating with a B.S. in Chemistry in 1928. In 1929 he began postgraduate studies at MIT and received his Master's in Chemical Engineering Practice in June 1931.

Fred was born into the oil industry (his father managed a small refinery in Warren, and the family even had a few wells on their property that didn't produce a whole lot of crude). During the tough times of the 1930's Fred had a series of jobs like dismantling an old refinery, teaching a college night course in oil refining, and operating a cracking unit at a refining company in Eldred, PA. Finally, in January of 1935, he became a caseworker for the Pennsylvania State Emergency Relief Board. He had a few interesting stories about that period in his life.

After a brief stint, again as a chemist, for Pure Oil in Illinois, he got an offer from Standard Oil of New Jersey to go to Aruba. He signed an 18-month contract and departed for Aruba as a chemist in December of 1935 at a salary of \$175 per month.

On his first "furlough" in 1937, he proposed to Vera Van Arsdale from Castile, New York (whom he had known for at least 11 years). She was a kindergarten teacher who graduated from Oberlin Kindergarten Training School at Oberlin College in Ohio. Vera and her parents sailed on a tanker from Boston at the beginning of February 1938. The tanker docked in Aruba on February 9, and Vera and Fred were married at the home of Dr. James and Katherine Reid on Feb. 10th. Their first bungalow was #212.

Daughter Alice was born in Aruba in May 1939, as was daughter Susan in November 1941. When the submarine attacked Aruba in February of 1942, the Eaton's were living in Bungalow #12 on the water so close to the refinery that it was eventually torn down to build Lago's second power plant. Fred always had stories about that night such as knocking out street lights, gathering at the church, and so on. In 1942, the family went on its regular vacation to the States, and Vera and the girls didn't return until late 1943. Children weren't allowed to return until the greatest danger was over.

The Eaton's moved to Bungalow #416 and remained there until Fred retired in 1964. Close neighbors were the Rosborough's, Schoonmaker's, Daly's, Chapman's, Wiley's, Roby's, and others who changed over the years.