

INTERVIEW WITH

Inez G. Scott

in

January of 1979

for

Dwight D. Eisenhower Library



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This is an interview with Ms. Inez G. Scott. She is conducting the interview herself in her home in Portland, Oregon in January of 1979.

MS. SCOTT: I was born June 29, nineteen hundred and twenty in Jefferson, Oregon, the youngest of four daughters of George and Olive Scott. I was the only immediate member of my family to serve in the armed forces in World War II. My father was already deceased. I had no brothers. My brothers-in-law were all exempt due to their occupations.



By the time that I had arrived in Algiers on January the 27th, 1943, I was already standing ten feet tall. I had asked to be a member of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corp in July of 1942 just as soon as they were taking enlistments. And I was accepted. I was a member of the 1st Company, 3rd Regiment, the first full company of auxiliaries to take basic training at Fort Des Moines. I then helped open the first motor transport school in the old Chamberlin Hotel in downtown Des Moines.

And it was during this time that four of us were transferred back to Fort Des Moines to the First Separate WAAC Battalion. It was made up of the 75th and 76th companies.

This battalion was somewhat of an enigma to us for we couldn't quite figure it out. The women assigned to it were in all phases of their basic training. Some part-way through, others

completed. It was a hodge-podge that needed explaining.

And finally after being back on the post several days it was explained. We were to become the first expeditionary force of women to leave the continental United States to a combat zone. At that particular time it was not a combat zone in the full sense of the word. We were to go to the headquarters of General Dwight D. Eisenhower in England. He was the first field director, or army director, or I should say General of the United States Army, to ask for WAAC'S. He believe in us so very much.



We were proud, and we formed together as a tight little unit. We were issued overseas equipment such as our steel helmets, gas masks, webbing belts, and we took special training from time to time with blinds pulled on our windows so no one from the outside could observe.

In November, early November, of 1942 we were called out in the middle of the night with full field pack and with our steel helmets and all. We marched route step down the back streets of Fort Des Moines to trucks awaiting at a distance so that they would not awaken the other WAAC'S that were in basic training at

that time. We were taken to a train and put aboard it. Therefore, we became the first actual troop train of women. As we proceeded east we were held for a few moments in Chicago; believe it or not in the stockyards. We didn't quite know why as we sat there trying to decide what our fate was going to be. Then we headed off to what--we didn't have the faintest idea where--until finally after another overnight one of the girls on the train said, "Holy cow, we're in Atlanta!" True, we were in Atlanta, Georgia. And we proceeded on south to Daytona Beach, Florida, where they were now in the process of opening a second training center for the WAAC'S. We were housed in the Oceola Hotel, and once again we were not allowed to have any guests in our billets because they were afraid that they would see the special equipment.



During the time that we spent at the Oceola Hotel doing practically nothing, we were formed into one oversized company of WAAC'S. Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby came down from Washington, D.C. with the woman that was to become our company commander, Captain Frances K. Marquis. She explained to us that we could not be ordered into the North African Theater, that we had to volunteer to go to a combat zone. The women of the 1st

Separate WAAC Battalion volunteered almost one hundred per-cent. Then they had another problem. They had to select women from the volunteers to make one hundred and ninety-seven limit. This was a little bit of a problem, I am quite sure. But the only thing I can say is that I was elated to find my name on that bulletin board as one of the motor transport personnel.

On the 27th day of December we were called out, and were marched right down the main drag of Daytona Beach in full field pack, helmets and all, for the whole world to see and placed aboard another train.



We wound up at Camp Kilner, New Jersey. And during the horrible cold and bitterness of that time of the year, it was really quite a hardship on all of the girls. We did some calisthenics and also some close order drill only to find that the girls in the front rank would end up with frostbitten legs.

On the 13th day of January of 1943 we were taken to the port of embarkation and placed aboard the Santa Paula, at one time a beautiful luxury liner of the Grace line, but at that particular time another troop ship. We were one of many in a convoy that eventually docked in Oran, North Africa.

We boarded a small French train and were taken from Oran

to Algiers, arriving there after dark, January the 27th, 1943 and during a bombing raid. A very nice welcome for these women, the first women to go abroad in the United States Army as members of the Women's Army Auxilary Corps. And, incidentally, the only full company of women to ever do so.

We were billeted in a little suburban town, up on the hill above Algiers looking out over the bay, known as El Biar, in the Monastere Bon Pasteur convent. This was an excellent place to put girls, in a convent. However, we soon learned that it wasn't the most secure place because a German spy plane that we laughingly called "photo Joe" dropped pictures to prove that women were quartered in this convent.



The first few days after our arrival were taken up with just plain getting acquainted with our surroundings, getting settled with our A bag, B bag, C bag and footlocker. And then the girls began to be assigned to all divisions of Allied Force Headquarters in Algiers. In fact, we even had WAAC'S that were assigned to the United States Navy. They took over the switchboards, they became secretaries, they became file clerks. They became everything you can think of. And General Eisenhower soon found that his hundred and ninety-seven women, which included

the officers, was spread far too thin and that there were more WAAC'S needed in the North African Theater.

I spent several days being sort of a company flunky. And then was assigned to the 21st Car Company. I was delighted because I was in and around and about, and I soon learned Algiers like the back of my hand. I was outside in the open air--beautiful weather at that time of year, and I was driving a jeep which was identified by a painted sign right on the base of the windshield of "Y'SHORE". This was an expression that I have always used. When someone would ask me a question in place of saying, "yes," I'd say, "Y'SHORE." This was the best way to identify vehicles over and above it's unit number.



Most of the people that I drove were British. And I found each day a new adventure. I learned new things. I met new people. And I began to understand a great deal of what the war was all about.

As I entered my billet in El Biar on the night of March the 16th, Captain Marquis called to me across the courtyard and asked if I would step into her office. As I did so she told me that I was going to have a new assignment. But she didn't say where. So I asked. And in a very casual manner she said, "To the

office of the Commander-in-Chief."

"Yes, ma'am" says me, and I trucked upstairs only to have the bell ring about half way up the second flight. The Commander-in-Chief was General Dwight D. Eisenhower!

Pearlie Hargreaves, Nana Rae, Margaret Chick were already working for him; had already been assigned to his office. Sue Sarafin was soon to follow. Pearlie briefed me slightly. And then on the morning of March the 17th I reported to Major [Ernest] Tex Lee, General Eisenhower's aide-de-camp, at the offices in the St. George Hotel. It was nothing spacious, but comfortable.

The rest of the staff consisted of Commander [Harry C.] Butcher his Naval aide, a sergeant by the name of [Arthur] Van [Ostenbrugge], Sgt. Dry and Corporal Cronky, who were also drivers. And there was also a civilian British woman assigned to the staff, Kay Summersby. I hadn't quite figured out at that time just how she fit there, but I soon learned that Kay Summersby considered herself as being the top dog as far as the drivers were concerned. She let me know in no uncertain terms the very first day that I was assigned to the staff that she was General Eisenhower's personal chauffeur and that the only time I might drive the General would be if she was assigned to some other duty



and was unavailable.

Frankly, as I went along my assignments, I really appreciated this because, once again, as being in the 21st Car Company, I was out and about constantly. I was driving all sorts of officers of every nationality you can think of that made up Allied Force Headquarters that were coming in to Algiers to have conferences with the General or for some other reason. The three cars were generally pretty well busy.



We had a small room just down the hall from the General's suite of offices that Pearlle and I spent most of our time in. There was no sense of our being underfoot in the main office, therefore, we had this room that had been a room of the St. George Hotel when it was operated as a hotel, consisting of a table, a couple of chairs, and even a bed. There was many a day that we took one and two naps, and we wrote all kinds of letters to our families and friends because we had nothing else to do. Then there would be a rush of dignitaries, and we would be going in every direction at one time.

Several days actually had passed, and I still had not seen General Eisenhower. One morning as I was called to go into the office for instruction I met him right at the junction of the two

halls. He looked at me, smiled. I saluted, he returned it, and he said, "Good Morning. You are the new driver, are you not?" I answered him and introduced myself. He smiled and said, "Good. We need you around here." And he went on about his business.

I was not afraid of this man. I absolutely admired him from the very moment that I ever met him. I had no fear and I never had any fear of General Eisenhower. I never had any reason to. I soon learned that he expected you to carry out the duties that were assigned to you, and, if you didn't then I was quite sure that you would hear something about it.

Never was I spoken to sharply by the General. I had a number of personal conversations with him, but they were really in the minority. When I would think over the situation and my job assignment, I knew that, well, it just wouldn't be the best thing to be a chatterbox. For when I drove the General and set my rearview mirror to see his face in it's reflection, the deep furrows between his eyebrows, the constant stare out of the car window, I knew that his mind was on far more important things than what this kid might have to say. Therefore, I did not create any conversations. I answered questions if the General asked



them. And from these questions many times a conversation would develop.

For the months that I was assigned to the General's staff and for the purpose of this tape I have come to the definite conclusion that I would much rather record a group of little vignettes of some of these personal conversations, of incidents in which the General and I together were involved instead of going into volumes of just statistics.



One of the first little incidents that occurred after I was assigned to the staff was on the 21st day of March, when finally, the highest ranking officers of the Turkish Army arrived at about 5:05 p.m. at Maison Blanche airdrome outside of Algiers. We'd been sweating these fellows out for days, but they didn't seem to want to give us their ETA and we just had to sit and wait. A call came in from the airport and Corporal Cronky and I were the only two drivers present. We literally flew to the airport to drive them in. But we were a little bit embarrassed as they weren't really met in the proper manner. But it wasn't our fault, it was theirs. Cronky nor I nor anyone else could speak Turkish, and we didn't know one from

the other nor could we read the rank on their uniforms. One man had rather large wide stripes on his trousers, and we decided that he must have been the Commanding General of the Turkish Army. And we ushered him into my car. Then we took the stripes as they narrowed down on the trousers and arranged them as we thought was the proper method.

After we had gotten them up to the guestvilla and Cronky and I reported to General Eisenhower's personal home at DAR-EL OUAD he listened to our story and then threw back his head and laughed out loud. If you've ever heard Ike's laugh, you can hear it now. He laughed and said, "The widest stripe down the trouser was the Commanding General? No. He was the lowest ranking man. You probably had the Commanding General of the Turkish Army in the wrong place to begin with but don't let it bother you. I'm not going to let it bother me, and I'm quite sure he's not going to let it bother him."



The first field commander of General Eisenhower's staff that I became acquainted with and then, let's say, became his unofficial driver each time he came in to Algiers was General George Smith Patton. One morning I was told to go to the airport

to pick up General Patton. And as I did so I found a man that I highly respected. After saluting he said, "Well, we have someone new here. What happened to--", and then I will not repeat his exact words but he was referring to Kay Summersby. I told him that I didn't know where she was at the moment but that I had been assigned by Colonel Lee to come and pick him up. He said, "Good. From now on I want you to pick me up every time I come in to Algiers. I can't stand that women."



General Patton would come in to Algiers only if he was ordered. He detested it. He much preferred, at this particular time, being up at the Kasserine Pass.

General Eisenhower had horses that were given to him. They were Arabian thoroughbreds that had been given to him by an Arabic chieftain or a sheik; I really don't know which. And he had them out at Guyotville at a small farm with a stable on it. A young man by the name of Steve Holyoke had been pulled out of the 1st Division, and brought back to take care of these horses. He was a young man from Arizona that raised horses, so was a good choice.

General Patton used to ride these Arabian thoroughbreds; as everyone knew he dearly loved a horse. And one time when

General Eisenhower was away, General Patton on his way in from the airport asked me what was going on. I told him General Eisenhower was away and had not returned to Algiers at the designated time, that he probably would be away overnight. Patton grumbled and growled, and finally, I said, "Why don't you go out and ride, Sir, at Guyotville." That was a good idea. So he had me take him immediately out to Guyotville and upon arrival he turned and said, "Do you ride?"

I said, "Yes, Sir."

He said, "Well, then, why don't you join me."

Well, I was in full A uniform. I looked at Steve Holyoke, and he smiled out of the corner of his mouth and said, "Perhaps a pair of my coveralls would fit you." I went in to the stable and, yes, they did fit me by rolling up the legs and the sleeves. And then Steve began adjusting the stirrups on the English saddle.

Patton was already mounted on the stallion and the horse was prancing and raring to go and to run. That horse was ready to explode. And Patton was holding him back. He finally turned the horse and rode back towards the stables and asked what was holding me up.



I told him that Steve Holyoke was lengthening my stirrups.

He frowned and he said, "Lengthening your stirrups?"

I said, "Yes, Sir. No one is ever going to catch me posting in the trot."

He looked and said, "Posting. You ride western saddle."

I said, "Yes, Sir."

He laughed and said, "Okay cowboy, come on." And from then on General Patton always referred to me as "cowboy".

One day as I was driving General Eisenhower--I can't recall at the moment to where I was going or where I was coming from, but he was in the car--and all of a sudden, probably reminded by seeing some beautiful Arabian thoroughbreds along the side of the road, he said, "Say, cowboy, a couple of days from now General Patton's going to come in." I looked up at him, into the rearview mirror, I'm sure with a look of shock on my face. A large, wide grin came across his face and he said, "Oh, George told me all about your episode riding the thoroughbreds. I think it's a riot."

I am quite certain that General Eisenhower had very, very conclusive dossiers on all of the women that served upon his



staff. For at odd times, when you least suspected it, he would bring up some incident in our past lives that he couldn't have possibly have known about unless he did have these dossiers.

One particular time when we were looking at a captured weapon that had been taken, however, it was not an Army field piece by any means, he turned to me and said, "You're a shotgun artist. What was your trap percentage at the time you came into the Army? Did you shoot trap or skeet?"

I said, "Trap, Sir, and it was ninety-three percent."

He whistled through his teeth and said, "Huh, I'm glad you're not shooting at me."

At several other times we had short conversations as to my interest in hunting ducks, pheasants, things of this sort, and what he used to hunt at various times in his life. We also talked about fishing. And he told me that I wasn't a real fisherman. Only a real fisherman would fish with a fly. I was used to salmon fishing, casting rods and things of this sort.

I never heard General Eisenhower ever lose his temper. That is to the point to where a person's wrath really came out in shouting and in real anger. One day as I was going in to the office from the driver's room, I met General Eisenhower coming out



of the office. He looked at me and said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "Nothing, Sir."

He said, "Come with me." And in place of going down through the front part of the St. George Hotel he turned and went down the back hall, down the back steps which put us in to the alleyway. He had asked me where my car was, and I had told him that it was in the garage. And this was probably the reason why we went the back way. As we were walking from the back door of the St. George towards the garage, two G.I.'s, no doubt from the 1st Division, were sitting up on the retaining wall above our heads. They really looked pretty tacky. Their hats were off, their ties were open. They were really sloppy. General Eisenhower walked directly under them, and neither of them showed any recognition of rank. He stopped, pivoted, he did a complete about face, and then said, "Get down off of there!" The two G.I.'s, so surprised, literally fell off of the wall and came to attention in front of him. He dressed them down thoroughly as to their dress. He asked their names, ranks, serial numbers. And then said out of the corner of his mouth, "Did you get that, corporal?"

I said, "Yes, Sir."



Then he said, "All right you two, get back to your unit. Your passes have been revoked this instant." The two men saluted and went down the alley like greased lightning. We turned, went to the car and after he had gotten himself seated he began to laugh. He said, "Sure scared the hell out of them, didn't I!"

I said, "Yes, Sir."

The only reason for this outrage, this anger, was really to vent his own inward concern and worry that was within him at that particular time. All the way to the airport until I put him into the B-17 and off he went, he was chuckling, smiling a little bit and looking at papers that he had in a briefcase with him. And upon arriving at the airport he started telling Captain [Jack] Reedy, the pilot of the plane, about how he had dressed down the two G.I.'s. He really got more of a kick out of it than really what he meant it to be as dressing them down. I don't think those fellows ever forgot it though.

Early in July of 1942 General Eisenhower's staff convoyed through to Fairfield Rear, near Sidi Athman just north of Djedeida in Tunisia. The Allies were preparing for the invasion of Sicily. And with so little to do I was bored and decided that



I would go for a walk. From the side of the yard I noticed that a ferocious battle, a very furious battle had taken place right next to the old French farmhouse that we called Fairfield Rear. I ducked under the single strand of wire and walked through a stubble field down to the bottom of a slope. Here I found all sorts of army equipment, American, British, French, German, that had been knocked out in this battle. I strolled about for at least a half an hour and then angled back up the slope to the house.



While I was down there I had found some battle maps in a knocked out German equivalent to our jeep. They were British maps and had the battles marked on them: Bald Hill, Green Hill, Plantation Farm. The only one missing, the biggy, Hill 609 was not there. Neither was Jefna Station (at the base of Hill 609). A British unit had been captured near there.

As I ducked under the wire my eyes fell on a pair of well-polished military boots. My eyes moved upwards until they rested on the face of General Eisenhower. He helped me out from under the wire then he put his arm across my shoulder as a father would to a daughter and asked, "Did you have a nice stroll, Scottie? I'm glad you're back. Do you know what those little red tapes mean hanging on the wire?"

I answered, "Well, I suppose to make you notice the wire, Sir."

He replied very seriously, "No. They mean that that area has not been cleared of mines."

My knee caps began running up and down my shins like a couple of window blinds, and I gasped, "Well, why didn't you send somebody after me?"



Turning me around as we started to walk back to the front of the house he said, "Not likely. I wouldn't care to lose two of you." And that's where the corporals were separated from the generals.

We sat down on the steps, or what was left of them, and General Eisenhower held my hand and asked many questions about the training we were given prior to our foreign assignment and duty within the combat zone. When I told him we had nothing but gas mask drill he was appalled. The next group of WAACS to arrive had much more training for a combat zone. And I have always felt that my walk in a mine field had helped bring this about as I was told that the General had communicated with the WAC director in Washington. He was always concerned about our safety and our

well-being.

A couple of days later when the General prepared to leave Fairfield Rear, he turned to me and smiled and said, "Stay in the yard."

General Albert C. Wedemeyer was a frequent visitor to Allied Force Headquarters from Washington. And it seemed that I nearly always drove him, picked him up, brought him in, took him wherever he had to go and returned him to the airfield.

On one particular occasion, as we were approaching the airfield, we came behind a convoy stopped. We were on a bridge. We could go neither forwards nor backwards. Coming towards us was a line of tanks. All of this equipment was really being gathered and would be used in the invasion in Sicily and, of course, into Italy at a later date.

This big Sherman tank all of a sudden seemed to be going wild. It was wobbling from side to side and finally turned and was headed at an angle directly towards the car. I waited until the truck ahead of me had moved merely a few feet and then spurred ahead and quickly turned almost parallel to the tank. The tank chewed a piece out of my fender, and tore my bumper off. It went across the bridge, took a large chunk of concrete out



of the bridge and sat teetering, half on the bridge and half out into the suspension of air. General Wedemeyer, seeing the tank coming towards us, actually aborted the car and flew out the side door, you see, expecting the tank to literally crush us, which it did not.

When I arrived back at Allied Force Headquarters I reported to Colonel Lee that I had damaged the car. He dressed me down thoroughly. He really did not listen to my entire story. He probably was in a bad mood that day, at least I like to think so. And I tried to put the entire incident out of my mind.

When General Wedemeyer returned to Algiers sometime later, we were leaving headquarters one evening when General Eisenhower turned to me and said, "General Wedemeyer told me about your little run-in with a tank. He said that your reaction was most effecient, and I'm very, very proud of the way that you handled the situation. Very, very good work." The General then turned and looked at Tex Lee and said, "You didn't tell me about this, Tex. Did you know about it?"

And Major Lee said, "Yes I did, Sir. But I didn't think that it was important enough to make any comment."



General Eisenhower looked at him for quite a long while and then said, "Anytime anything like this happens, especially when it involves any of the WACS on this staff, I do want to know about it."

Probably the next indepth conversation that I had with General Eisenhower took place at Fairfield Forward at Amilcar, during the time that General Eisenhower was at his forward command post awaiting for the arrival of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt prior to the Cairo conference.

At this time I was ordered by Colonel Lee to go to the airport and pick up General Walter Bedell Smith. I did so. He and his driver were riding in the car at the time when he noted that the G.I.'s along the road were not recognizing the car for its importance, were not saluting the car. And Walter Bedell Smith was never the happiest fellow in the world, at least not to me, and he snapped out a question, "Do you have the stars uncovered?"

I said, "No, Sir. I have the four star plates on." He told me to pull off to the side of the road and to take off two stars. I pulled to the side of the road, but then I turned to



the General and said, "I'm sorry, Sir, but I cannot remove any stars from these plates."

"Why can't you?"

I said, "Because they are General Eisenhower's plates, Sir, not yours."

Walter Bedell Smith pulled himself up to his full height and immediately started ripping my hide off. He was going to see to it that I was going to be de-striped and practically barbecued. We got back into the car, and we proceeded to Amilcar. I, of course, was shaking in my boots and I didn't know whether I should speak to Colonel Lee or whether I should just forget the whole incident or what. I discussed it with Pearlle Hargreaves and she said, "Oh oh oh." It was her opinion that "Beetle" would really get me.

After dinner that evening I had walked out onto the porch, was looking out over the beautiful Bay of Tunis, when I heard a footstep behind me, and I turned to find General Eisenhower coming towards me. He leaned against the railing, and we both gazed out over the Bay of Tunis. Finally, he said, "I understand that you and "Beetle" had a little problem this afternoon."

I said, "Yes, Sir."



He said, "What happened?"

I told him. As I said previous to this I was never afraid of General Eisenhower, ever. I told him the entire story, and I also added to it by telling him that I did not believe that it was right to deface his plates for a lesser ranked general. General Eisenhower smiled and said, "You're right, Scottie. You shouldn't. He shouldn't have ever asked you to remove the stars from those plates. He had no right to do that. And because he was using my car, he should have accepted the fact that there was no rank showing on the car."



We gazed out over the beautiful scenery in front of us for a while longer, and finally, he turned and he said, "Scottie, some day you are going to give up this car and when you do, you take those plates off, for they're yours." I thanked him. He walked back into the house and the entire incident was dropped. But, of course, I never forgot what he said.

After General Eisenhower left for England and I remained with his successor, Field Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, I remembered the Buick and those plates that had been General Eisenhower's were now Field Marshal Wilson's. The very last act that I performed in Caserta, Italy, when ordered back to the United States with Field Marshal Wilson, was to remove

those plates from the car. They laid in my cedar chest in my home in Portland, Oregon, for many, many years.

In 1975 I gave one of the plates to the Adjutant General of the state of Oregon, Major General Richard Miller. General Miller and I grew up together in the same hometown, and I felt that one of the plates should go to my home state. Not only did the state of Oregon back General Eisenhower to the hilt in World War II and gave him many of his sons and daughters, but he also made a former governor of our state, Governor [Douglas] McKay, a member of his Cabinet when elected to the presidency.



The second plate rests on display at the WAAC museum at Fort McClellan, Alabama. And there it will remain. It has been certified with the Military Department of History, and I have been informed that it is the only four star plate that they have any knowledge of that was one of General Eisenhower's personal plates.

In December, shortly before General Eisenhower left the North African Theater prior to his transfer to England and then the big push into Europe, I met him face to face where the two halls junctioned. Seems as if we had a habit of bumping into

each other there. And he told me he wanted to talk to me. I followed him into his office, he seated himself behind his desk, and then he told me that he would be leaving the Theater very shortly and that Field Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson would be coming from Cairo to be his replacement.



General Wilson had requested that part of General Eisenhower's staff remain in North Africa. However, I could immediately see where this would be a very difficult thing for General Eisenhower to do. He asked if I had any qualms whatsoever about remaining in North Africa and not moving on to England, but to remain with Field Marshal Wilson. I told him I did not. That it was whatever he wished. That I would be very happy to remain with General "Jumbo" Wilson. He smiled and I can't remember his exact words, but it was to the effect that I was being a very good soldier.

He thanked me personally for what he termed as being very efficient and understanding, loyalty and constant honorable service to him in North Africa. He gave me an autographed photograph of himself, one that I even picked. And it was that typical look that I was so familiar with, the expression on his face that everyone became so familiar with. The furrows between

his eyebrows. A faraway look in his eye as if he was way beyond anyone standing nearby him. He autographed it, "To Inez G. Scott, WAC, in appreciation for loyal and efficient service in North Africa. Dwight D. Eisenhower." As he handed me the photograph he said, "Well, Scottie, we have had some pretty rough times, but we've had some good ones too. All in all it has been a grand and glorious campaign. Thank you for your part in it."



I never actually said good-bye to him. I just saluted and thanked him for the picture and walked out. I never saw Eisenhower again. It seemed as if that he just disappeared.

I remained with Field Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson and in the same capacity as I had been with General Eisenhower with the exception that I stepped up a notch. I became his personal chauffeur. We had a British boy on the staff whose name was Nichols. And we also had McDonald, who had come over from Cairo and had served as General Wilson's personal chauffeur in Cairo. Field Marshal Wilson seemed to wish to have me seen and to drive for most of his incoming command. I enjoyed this tremendously. I remained with him throughout the remainder of the Mediterranean Campaign, and then was transferred to Washington,

D.C. when he was transferred to accept the position vacated by the death of Sir John Dill as head of the Joint Staff mission.

Throughout the months that I served General Eisenhower in North Africa, it was absolutely impossible for you not to have a very, very deep affection for this wonderful man. We all dearly loved him. And as I stated, I never saw him again, meaning in North Africa I never saw him again. I never dreamed that I would ever see him again until he ran for the presidency in 1952.

I was contacted by the Republican Party and asked if I would enjoy driving the car in the parade when Eisenhower visited Portland during the campaign. I told them that I would be delighted. And upon picking him up at the Portland municipal railroad station, he seemed as if he was delighted to see me. And the first thing he said upon taking my hand was, "I thought you were from Albany."

I said, "Yes, Sir, I was from Albany during the war, but now I live here in Portland."

As we rode along our way up the main streets of Portland and through a grand parade, hundreds of thousands of people



cheering noisily, no one could have been prouder than I. This man deserved every cheer he received.

And as we went along he would lean forward and tell me about running into various members of the staff from the African Campaign days on this marvelous political junket. He mentioned Larry Hanson, who took Captain Reedy's place as his pilot on the B-17. That he had actually flown a plane, that General Eisenhower had to take between points. He would return to the situation at hand, or, let's say the importance at hand, the parade, and then once again he would lean over and relate another incident of meeting a former staff member here, there, along his way.

As we sat outside the Portland public auditorium waiting for the entourage to catch up with him, he began to speak about the book that he had written, Crusade in Europe. He started to apologize and stated that he didn't believe that he had named me as a member of his staff. I turned and looked at Mrs. Eisenhower, more so than to the General, and said, "Good heavens, what size of a volume do you believe would be necessary for him to list the name of every person that has touched his life!"

Mrs. Eisenhower threw her hands up in the air in a gesture



and says, "Oof."

I turned then to the General and said, "Sir, you have not hurt my feelings. After all, you were writing about Europe. Someday when I break a leg and have the time I'll write my memoirs and I won't mention you, and we'll both be even."

General Eisenhower threw his head back and laughed heartily.

We started on our way back to the depot winding our way through Portland and the multitude of citizenry that had turned out to admire this great man and to see him, many of them-- most of them--to see him for the first time. And upon arriving at the depot we had a few personal words with each other, a thank-you here and a thank-you there and how wonderful it was to see each other again, and I expressed my great delight to meet Mrs. Eisenhower, for you cannot be around this great man but a very few minutes until you know there's a Mrs. Eisenhower. I learned this early in the game when I was first assigned to him in Algiers. I probably carried more letters to Mamie from general headquarters to the censor than any of the other members of the staff. It was almost a daily occurrence. Many time I also have seen him start to leave the office and as he picked up his hat from a desk or a small dresser that was behind the door in



his office, his eyes would fall upon the picture of Mrs. Eisenhower. He generally would glance to the other end and his eyes would fall upon John dressed in his West Point uniform. He would put his hat down, go back to his desk, take a small piece of paper, scrawl three or four lines on it, put it in an envelope, seal it and many of these little notes to Mamie I took to the censors.



As we walked to the train he was smiling broadly, and he turned and put his hands on my shoulders and said, "Scottie, don't wait too long to write your book. I would love to write the introduction." Then he threw one hand up and said, "Oh, I promise, I'll sign it, Old What's His Name."

I no doubt could write a volume about all the experiences that I had in the Mediterranean Theater while on the Supreme Allied Command staff. The biggest portion of them may not include General Eisenhower but honor the famous people that I came in contact with that helped in the Campaign and brought about its victory. I have a diary in which I listed all of the names of the high ranking military of many nations: Winston Churchill, King George, our own General Marshall, and many more

that I had actually driven during my service in the Mediterranean. Had I not been assigned to General Eisenhower's staff originally, this never would have taken place. And many times I think back when Kay Summersby told me that I would not drive General Eisenhower, that she was his personal chauffeur. Had this not been true I would not have had these experiences with all of these other famous people. However, I did drive General Ike many, many times. And it seems that it was always because Kay was not available, or that I bumped into the General at the junction of halls, or as he walked out of his office enroute to somewhere.



When I returned to the United States and was in Washington, D.C. I asked one of the aides of Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, the director of the WAACS what the criteria was to be assigned to General Eisenhower's staff. She chuckled and said, "Well, it really was quite simple. He demanded that each member of his staff be very neat of their appearance and their uniform. Secondly, that they be proficient in their MOS. The third, that they could not be afraid of people."

I have dwelled on that many, many times, but it didn't take me long to come to a conclusion that the third requisite was one of the most important. For if you were afraid of anyone, of their

rank or their station in life, walk through a door and bump up against someone, let's say, like Winston Churchill. If you froze, complete fear, because of this famous man, this well-known person, then you couldn't function. You had to function. You had to go about your way. You had to be able to speak freely, to answer questions, and to carry on. If you could not, what earthly good would you be to General Eisenhower? What earthly good could I have been to Field Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson? I met King George by banging a door into him. But if I was afraid to apologize, I wouldn't have been worthy of my assignment.



Throughout my civilian life, after the war, and in later years as a corporate officer, I have many times thanked General Eisenhower for what he has taught me. He became a very influential person, let's say, in my education of later years. As a corporate officer I have learned to delegate responsibility, to see to it that that responsibility is carried out. And there are many times, a thousand times at least a day, that I arise from my desk, my eyes fall upon his picture which is beautifully framed with his four star collar bar in my office and it hangs

where I see it constantly. I shall always be very, very appreciative for the very few precious hours that I was within his constant presence, for this man I shall always honor. This man I shall always have a deep affection for, and I shall always thank him for making the few months that I spent with him and the two years I spent abroad some of the most important years of my life.

