

Issue 279

LONGWOOD CHIMES

January-March 2010



On the Cover...

Longwood pulled out all the stops, literally and figuratively, as Du Pont family and friends, Longwood staff, and members of the Organ Restoration Team gathered in the Ballroom on January 16, 2010, for an evening whose official billing was *A Celebration of Longwood's 146-Rank Aeolian Organ*, and whose clandestine purpose was a 90th-birthday celebration for one of the family's most endearing figures - Irénée du Pont, Jr. The birthday celebration was not a surprise to Irénée. It was more that the celebration of the organ was the condition on which this normally private man would submit himself to public attention. When all was said and done, everyone, including Irénée, would say it was an evening which will be savored for years to come.

After the 140 guests were treated to cocktails, hors d'oeuvres, and the sight and sound of Longwood's restored, self-playing Steinway piano in the beauty of the East Conservatory, all assembled in the Ballroom at tables for two for a few more edible treats and champagne.

Director Paul Redman welcomed the guests by noting that the evening was intended to be a celebration of Pierre du Pont's original idea for his gardens (which was to combine great horticulture with dynamic performing arts), a celebration of the restoration of Longwood's Aeolian Organ, and a special recognition for Irénée du Pont's 40 years of service to Longwood Gardens.

Redman then introduced Peter Richard Conte, Grand Court Organist of the Wanamaker Organ at Macy's, Center City, Philadelphia. Conte, who had not played the Longwood organ in ten years, was obviously delighted to be at the console once again. He began his program with an Arthur Sullivan piece, *Overture to The Yeoman of the Guard*.



As Peter Conte, Grand Court Organist of the Wanamaker Organ looked on, Curt Mangel (left), Curator of the Wanamaker Organ lauded Pierre du Pont for having the vision to create the magnificent Longwood Organ. Mangel also recognized and thanked Longwood, the Du Pont family, and the Organ Restoration Team for making the organ restoration a priority.

(photo Eric Crossan)



The Longwood Organ Restoration Team was on hand to celebrate with Mr. du Pont and to hear Conte successfully exercise the organ whose restoration was at that point 80% complete. Members of the team present for the photo include front row, from left: Richard Houghton, Irénée du Pont, Joseph Rotella, Aravinda Ananda, Jonathan Ambrosino, Peter Richard Conte, and Mike LeLeivre. Back row, from left: Chris Harrington, L. Curt Mangel III, Nelson Barden, Sean O'Donnell, and William Catanesye.

(photo Eric Crossan)

L. Curt Mangel, III, the Curator of the Wanamaker Organ and Longwood's Organ Restoration Consultant, then came forward to thank Pierre du Pont for his vision in creating such a magnificent instrument, the Du Pont family for their commitment in keeping the organ as an integral part of Longwood, the Longwood staff, and particularly Colvin Randall, the "Majordomo of the Longwood Organ" who has led much of the effort to preserve and restore the instrument. Mangel stressed, "This restoration is a testament to Longwood's commitment to do things right, and in doing this they exemplify why, on this project, they are a patron and not merely a client. Be proud of what you have accomplished here."

Conte then returned to the task of exercising the Aeolian and his musical selections were just diverse enough to exhibit the incredible range of sound, tone, and even emotion this instrument is capable of producing.

On a Fritz Kreisler variation of a Corelli piece, Conte's right hand took on Disney spider-like capabilities as it moved amongst the four keyboards. He explained that his selection of Bach's 'St. Anne' Prelude and Fugue was "to show all the things this magnificent machine can do, which includes everything but baking bread...and I'm sure if we wanted it to do that, it could do that as well."

Conte followed the Bach piece with an aria, fittingly by Firmin Swinnen, Longwood's Organist from 1922 to 1956. The piece, written by Swinnen for his wife, exhibited how delicate this powerful machine can be as Conte coaxed the quietest of



Though the evening was billed as *A Celebration of Longwood's 146-Rank Aeolian Organ*, guests also came to celebrate Irénée du Pont's 90th birthday. Board President Nathan Hayward saluted Irénée by reading *The Tinkering Hour*, a poem he wrote for the occasion (page 4). Hayward and Irénée are shown in front of a magnificent organ-shaped birthday cake made for the occasion. (photo Eric Crossan)

sounds from the pipes. Conte then treated the guests to some organ frivolity with a piece written by Robert Elmore, who had dedicated it to Clarence Snyder, Longwood's Organist from 1956 to 1978. The piece, based at the beginning on the tones from Snyder's phone number, brought the performance part of the evening to a rousing close to the absolute delight of all the guests.

Board President Nathan Hayward then took the podium, quickly saluting Conte's performance by saying, "It doesn't get any better than that. Absolutely the best performer and a magnificent piece of technology."

Hayward then thanked Cindy and Terry Tobias for "their yeoman's share of work in organizing the evening." He also recognized Colvin Randall for his efforts through the years at keeping the organ a priority for Longwood and for his work as Longwood's recognized historian.

"Colvin knows more about this machine and about Pierre du Pont than anyone," Hayward noted. "He has dedicated his life to Pierre's legacy and this organ is his baby!"

After recognizing and thanking the Organ Restoration Team, particularly Nelson Barden, "the genius behind the effort," Hayward turned the attention to the reluctant guest of honor.

"Brip du Pont is a lot like his uncle Pierre." Hayward said. "He is shy, and doesn't like the lime



Ever "The Tinkerer," Irénée took time to inspect the new console as Conte played on after the official end of the event. Du Pont has an Aeolian organ of his own at his home at Granogue. (photo Eric Crossan)

light. But tonight this room is full of people who respect and love you and they all came out for you and to celebrate this important birthday with you." In tribute, Hayward then read *The Tinkering Hour*, a poem he had written specifically for the evening.

After receiving a resounding toast of good wishes from the guests, Irénée came forward. "Holy mackerel," he said, obviously taken by the attention. "At this point, I'm one of the few alive who actually knew Pierre. This is absolutely marvelous."

And then, totally in character, Irénée deflected attention from himself, by telling a marvelous story about Pierre du Pont, and thanking everyone for the evening. He then blew out the candles and cut the first piece on the fabulous organ-shaped birthday cake, which was shared with the guests.



After blowing out the nine candles representing his 90 years, Irénée tested the cake's keys, which were made of frosting. As he touched a key, a tone miraculously sounded much to the delight of the guests, particularly the many children in attendance. Irénée then tasted a key, pronouncing it "very tasty." (photo Eric Crossan)

The Tinkering Hour - Honoring Brip du Pont on his 90th Birthday

By Nathan Hayward, January 16, 2010

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the tinkering hour.

It's time for hobbies and pleasures,
That get sidetracked in life's daily scrum,
And before the politeness of dinner,
When you'd have to pay heed to your Mum.

In the twenties our hero soon showed 'em,
How keen was his interest in toys,
Cuz he had nothing but sisters to torment,
In the absence of other young boys.

His aptitude quick was amazing,
His wit fast as Pimlico's steed,
Said Bus to his wife dear Irene,
"We've birthed us a son who'll succeed."

From tricycles, bikes and the lekkie,
He advanced to Harleys and hogs,
But his best love of all was an Indian,
From cousin Paul's plant in the bogs.

He acted out parts like a Thespian,
In the Paddlemeow films done by Chick,
He drove every known vehicle handy,
Through the waters of Brandywine Crick.

Off to college in Hanover's snow scene,
Why on earth go so far from your home?
Is it math that excites you, or physics,
Or the northern lights' glint on the dome.

But if truth now be told for this evening,
The classroom was only a ruse,
Cuz his eye soon spotted a maiden,
With whom he delighted to schmooze.

A Batchelder lass – how pronounce it?
But Barbie was easy to spell,
Her charm and her smile were infectious,
And like Jericho's walls he sure fell.

A wedding in wartime soon followed,
And a passel of kids after that,
Was there time in those days' occupations,
For surcease from the parenting platte?

As a young engineer with the company,
He distinguished himself from the rest,
Cuz at his work he applied his forbearers',
"Remember to give it your best".

From the cold hinterlands he was summoned,
To Wilmington headquarters large,
Into Stillpond his family encamped,
'Twas like General Grant's large entourage.

As his family grew into their routines,
He'd find time on occasions too rare,
To escape to the cellar and tinker,
On parts for his cars, with a flair.

At Granogue he found acres of pasture,
And towers with water for drink,
But his favorite part of the mansion,
Was the shop with its very large sink.

His acumen ranged through all aspects,
Of transmissions and gizmos and such,
But forget not his nautical prowess,
On a ship with no brake pedal or clutch.

Lest you think for a minute that motors,
Were all that he fancied, you're wrong,
For 'lectronics were just as important,
To bring highest fidel'ty to song.

Yet with so many talents bestow-ed,
His time he's invested, it's true,
In the welfare of business and civics,
And the schooling at Wilmington U.

For his efforts toward Delaware's future,
He was cited by Chamber of C,
With the Cup named for Mr. J. Marvel,
At a banquet, with publicity.

To his family, now numbered in thousands,
He's devoted his time and his brain,
He's kept records of those who've been added,
And those who've since gone down the drain.

But tonight we are here to applaud him,
For two score years of his time,
As a Trustee at Gardens of Longwood,
And his friendship and wisdom so fine.

The music you've heard on this organ,
Would ne'r been so sweet or so pure,
Were it not for his lifelong affection,
For Uncle Pete's chords that allure.

Cause the "P" in Brip stands for persistence,
But for passion and patience as well,
He's never forgotten a promise,
And makes good on his word, I can tell.

So I ask you to stand and salute him,
For his years – ninety, great as they've been,
And we'll save chairs for each of you henceforth,
When his 'hundredth we're sure to drink in.

Irénée du Pont - Remembering Longwood

On February 23rd, Colvin Randall and I had the extraordinary pleasure of venturing to Granogue for a conversation with Irénée du Pont. Mr. du Pont has spoken many times about Pierre du Pont, the Du Pont Company, and Pierre du Pont's business ventures, but in this instance, we requested that he speak about his memories of Longwood and of Pierre du Pont as he knew him on visits there. The following recollection was prepared from the recorded conversation from that day.

D. Thompson

Pierre du Pont was part of the wallpaper in our house, I think you might say, because he came frequently enough that even though we were deferential to him, he came often enough that everyone was always at ease when he walked in the door.

As many others have pointed out, many of Uncle Pierre's siblings referred to him as "Daddy," because he in fact was the surrogate father after his own father had been killed in a nitroglycerin accident early in his career. Uncle Pierre was rather quiet, and my father, being rather gregarious, would suddenly change his whole approach to the world. My father got very quiet and to fill the vacuum, Uncle Pierre would begin to talk about things. He would amuse the younger children with jokes or with his matchbox trick of putting a wooden match box cover on his nose and forcing it up against the child's face. The child's nose would pick it up and Pierre would shake it loose, and the child was meant to pass it on to another child.

About the first time I ever was aware of Longwood, I remember being taken to a Marine Band concert, I believe it was, by John Philip Sousa himself, at the outdoor theater, and being placed up on a stone gate post on the east side of the auditorium and seeing all these people in all these bright colored uniforms with musical instruments on the stage.

After we moved to Granogue, I had a bedroom looking over the front courtyard on the north side of the house. Looking out my window, I remember seeing Uncle Pierre's big, black Cadillac with the chauffeur driving and with the registration plate on the front with Pennsylvania license, and D U was all that was written on the plate. I think that was his

special plate given by the state of Pennsylvania.

I knew Charles Mason, the chauffeur, and knew his children. They went to Friends School and attended Tower Hill School dances. The boy, Charlie, had a four-cylinder Indian motorcycle and I had just gotten one the same year, and although I was too young to have a driver's license, that didn't keep me from sneaking off onto the highways and the back roads.

My father would sometimes take me with him on Sunday mornings as a small child to visit Uncle Pierre at Longwood. Of course, Uncle Pierre had those wonderful built-in drawers in the Library that were filled with children's toys. At home, our toys were pretty special. We had one or two of those swatch-casted horses with Indians riding them, but here was a whole drawer full of them at Uncle Pierre's in his Library. We knew he was very rich if he had that many Indian horses.



Irénée du Pont, Jr. at age four in 1924. "I had eight older sisters, the youngest of which was 4½ years older than me. I had long hair as a child until I was near ready to go to school. My mother realized what a handicap that would be, so she cut it shorter. (photo courtesy Irénée du Pont)

My Dad and Pierre talked, and it was grownup talk spoken in a different language, and children don't really understand what they're talking about and it was none of my affair. Occasionally, they would come over and say something and ask a question about Rehoboth or Atlantic City or wherever we had been.

Uncle Pierre was usually in a collared suit, with a vest. On Sunday morning he maybe dressed in his Sunday suit. Sometimes we would go there in the afternoon for tea time and Alice was present with her hearing aid, which was, for a child, just a fascinating event. She would hold this box out in front of you and say, "Speak into the box." It was a little black, leather-bound rectangular box with a hole in the front of it. She had a headset which was hidden under her puffy, gray hair. She was not self-conscious about it, particularly with children. It was a prop; some way to get acquainted with them. I thought she was rather proud of it. I wished I had one. She seemed very friendly. Other people's mothers were always friendly!

There were parties at Longwood and many cousins would be there. The little rail cars running around through the Conservatory were a matter of great interest. I remember Cakey Sharp was riding on one and fell off, and there was some bloodletting and a great deal of crying, and it was terrible.

The fountains in what was then the new Open Air Theatre were a great attraction. It was just magic to see these colors and water running and that, to a child, was more important than whatever the stage production was. Then when the big fountains were built, that was just off the scale.

I was tutored by Rebecca Mott Frost, who we called Aunt Reeby. She was from Charleston, South Carolina, and came late to start at St. Mary's School, where my mother was attending. The staff made her my mother's roommate, and my mother took her under her wing and they became lifetime friends. Aunt Reeby lived in our house [Granogue] as a housekeeper, but she was actually more part of the family. For me, she was just like another sister. Aunt Reeby, taught me the equivalent of first grade.

I entered Tower Hill in second grade and stayed through graduation. Then I took two years at Dartmouth and transferred to MIT, where I started as a

sophomore studying engineering. I graduated in February 1943, and went to work for Ranger Aircraft Engines located in Farmingdale, Long Island, as a Test Engineer. My wife Barbie and I were married April 15, 1944, when I was working at Ranger.

I stayed at Ranger for the duration of the war for a little over three years. After a brief trip to Florida, I came back to Wilmington and started in the DuPont Company Engineering Department.

When I got to the DuPont Company I was impressed at how people would go all the way to assist a fellow engineer, even someone they had never met. There was never any question about veracity within the DuPont Company. I think the DuPont Company was different because it was Pierre's requirement that it would be that way. When they were building the company at a rapid rate during World War I. The company was absolutely built on cooperation.

I first worked in the plant in Arlington, New Jersey, for three years, then Parkersburg, West Virginia, for three years, and then two years in Belle, West Virginia. My boss once told me I had to dress a little better. I kidded him that he had wanted to bring in a clean-handed engineer and I knew I was a dirty-handed engineer.

I was transferred back to Wilmington in 1953, to work for the Planning Division in the downtown office at Tenth and Market. Then I moved to the Chestnut Run plant as an Assistant Director of the laboratory. I was soon made Director. I then transferred to the Film Department as one of several Assistant Directors of Manufacturing.

I came back to Wilmington the year before Pierre died. I was 33 years old and he was 83 years old. Like he did when I was much younger, my father would take me out to visit with Uncle Pierre at Longwood on Sunday mornings, but in these instances, I was sitting with them. I listened as the two of them talked and told stories.

Uncle Pierre seemed healthy until the day he died. He'd slowed down but he certainly was fit as a fiddle when they gave him that great honor from France [The Legion of Honor]. I remember that ceremony. It was very impressive. Pierre was very modest about it all, and wished it hadn't happened. But you could tell he was proud to accept it

When people ask me what Pierre du Pont was like, I can only say simply that he was Uncle Pierre. He just didn't say much unless there was a reason to say it. He was quite self-effacing. He was a perpetual optimist. For example, I remember my father going off on how bad Prohibition was and how it was going to wreck the country and all this. But, Uncle Pierre just accepted Prohibition and said we're going to fix it. We'll get it outta here. And they did, with a little bit of Pierre's help.

I don't think Pierre had a specific discussion about the make-up of a Board that would look after Longwood after he died. All of the people involved had already been brought up properly by Pierre to know they better have family connections and they better be sure the organization could endure indefinitely. Survival would be important, and Pierre had all the confidence in the world in H.B. du Pont and others that were going to carry it on properly.

Uncle Pierre respected H.B. du Pont and it was H.B.'s influence that made Longwood as an institution after Pierre died. He was Vice-President of the DuPont Company and well respected there. He had worked for the company his entire career. And, H.B. was very loyal to Uncle Pierre. He certainly knew Pierre better than any of the other nieces and nephews. He was just the ideal one to be put in charge of the Foundation.

H.B. identified Russ Seibert and brought him in as Director. He could see that Russ was a brilliant guy, who certainly had a quick mind and the right instincts. And, H. B. also liked Russ' wife Deni, because he could see she kept Russ going.

When Russ was traveling, his assistant, Everitt Miller, stayed to run Longwood. So, the sequence of going from Russ to Everitt Miller was logical because he had been the director and Russ Seibert's right-hand man when Russ was away.

Crawford Greenewalt was another great addition to the Board. Toward the end of Pierre's life, Pierre developed a great respect for Crawford Greenewalt, and once Crawford became President of the DuPont Company, Pierre took him in as a son and they became very close friends.

Another person was Colgate Darden who served on the Board from 1937 until 1942. Pierre respect-

ed Darden very much. He lived in Norfolk, Virginia. Pierre would have made him a member of the Board out of respect and to get an outsider's view of things.

Henry Belin Robertson was another Board member, who Pierre selected out of respect for the Belins. It would have been high on Pierre's list, to find a representative of the Belin family, not only to show respect to the family but also to get the Belin point of view. He respected all the things that Belin heritage had brought to the DuPont Company. Remember that when Alexis I. du Pont was burned in a fire and was dying, the first thing they did was call in Mr. Belin, the Henry Belin of generations back. Alexis said, 'I want to write my will, so let's get to work.' Belin was the clerk and the financial man in the accounting part of the company, so they called him in, and he wrote the will. So there was a long heritage for the involvement of the Belins.

Pierre never felt Longwood was his own. I don't think Pierre thought of ownership that way. He looked on things that he did as, I'm just a custodian to make this happen, but it isn't mine. He felt it belonged to the community, the world, the family, whatever. He would buy things to protect things rather than to feel as though he were exerting power over them.

In 1960, when H.B. du Pont told me he wanted me to be a Board member, I felt very honored. I came on the Board with a feeling to fulfill a duty to Uncle Pierre. I'm hoping my promotion of the Organ restoration will work out once we're able to fill in that January, February, March period, which has such great opportunity.

I got the name Brip when I was a youngster. My sisters began calling me "Brother" and that somehow began to get shortened into something that sounded more like "Brud," which my mother didn't much like. My sister Doris came up with a variation and began calling me "Brip." When I went to school at Tower Hill, everyone called me by my given name - Irénée. That lasted all the way through my years at Dartmouth. After graduation, the Brip name came up again, so you can tell the people who knew me before graduation from Dartmouth. They call me Irénée. Most everyone else calls me Brip.

Du Pont Family 101

by Irénée du Pont, Jr.

The following was prepared by Irénée du Pont, Jr., for presentation at the Wilmington Club on September 17, 2008. He very generously agreed to share it for publication here in the Chimes. The stories are wonderful snapshots into an earlier, perhaps more innocent time, and they should remind all of us how important it is in every family to record the family stories that become so important and meaningful as time passes.

The title, “Du Pont Family – 101” suggests a flippant academic exercise, but seriously, it is an effort to share some of the guidance and inspiration that I have enjoyed through accident of birth.

Roosevelt – Du Pont Wedding

I was seventeen years old and present at the Roosevelt-Du Pont Wedding. Toward the end of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's first term, most leaders of industry were dismayed when he put through Congress a 52% tax on corporate profits and fostered an anti-business mindset. They formed the American Liberty League to speak out against federal interference with business that appeared to be extending rather than relieving the Great Depression. My father and his brothers were much in the news as founding members of the Liberty League that was openly critical of Roosevelt.

Against this background, the news media had a feast when it was announced that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. was going to marry Ethel du Pont on June 13, 1937. The wedding was to be held in Christ Church, Christiana Hundred, followed by a reception at “Owls Nest”, the bride's family house, now the Greenville Country Club. Weeks in advance weeds were cut down and flowerbeds sprouted alongside the track at Montchanin Station where the President would park his private railroad car.

On the appointed day the weather was quite unsettled. Federal security took over the whole event, herding the bride's family and friends into the left side of the church well in advance of the hour. The groom's family and attending politicians arrived leisurely after the hour. The skies began to rumble thunder.

In those days, the Episcopal Church Wedding service was a simple twelve-minute affair. It went off easily until the words: “I declare you man and wife”. Now this may sound like a made-up story, but it is the truth, I was there. Right on cue there was a blinding flash and deafening thunderclap. The rat-

tle of heavy rain and hail on the church roof almost drowned out Mendelssohn's Recessional March.

Again, Security restrained the bride's side of the church, while the groom's establishment took advantage of a brief let-up in the storm to get into their limousines. After a long wait, to assure that no Du Ponts would overtake any Roosevelts on the way to the reception, the bride's people were released. The rain returned with vigor.

Many people got drenched as they hastened to the parking lot. Chauffeur driven cars lined up to receive families standing in front of the church. I remember Cousin Louise Crowninshield, Harry of Winterthur's sister, in her broad brimmed hat and heavy make-up. The rain drooped the hat down to her shoulders and her make-up was dripping all over her dress. She was laughing at the absurdity of the whole thing. Most of us went home for dry clothes.

My mother led my father and me through the receiving line at the Owls Nest. The President's physical handicap was hardly noticeable. He seemed to be standing beside a piece of mahogany furniture like an oversized parrot perch that held him at the proper height. Mother shook hands and said something nice. To my astonished horror, dad spoke loudly and clearly: “I am your arch enemy, Irénée du Pont” I wished the floors could break open releasing me down to the boiler room. The President graciously responded: “Yes, but today we are friends.” They both laughed and exchanged pleasantries.

It took me fifty years to figure out that my father really did the right thing. It would have been two faced of him to have pretended that everything was hunky-dory. Forthrightly he admitted the situation and let the President do with it as he chose. In fewer words, The President said the right thing.

Why the Du Ponts Left France

Now to the story of why the family left France and their early years in America. Pierre Samuel du Pont (1739-1817) was a French politician who survived the French Revolution. His mother, Anne de Montchanin du Pont, made sure that he got an education. She offered room and board to a ne'er-do-well priest in exchange for teaching her son the “three Rs” and the classics. With this accomplished, she died. His father was a somewhat tyrannical watchmaker who insisted that Pierre learn the trade. Pierre dutifully made one watch and left home to make a career in literature and philosophy. His writ-

ing style was so simple that common people could understand it. He made a name for himself selling pamphlets on popular subjects. For the next ten years Pierre's pamphlets and the writing he did for other people were in great demand. He had a salable service used by the Kings Courtiers, who wanted to set forth their ideas. Sometimes he was paid and sometimes he was in debt, but looking back on this success story, it was the beginning of two centuries of prosperity for Pierre and his seed.

In 1774 the King of Poland made Pierre a very generous offer to tutor his young Heir Apparent. Pierre had no sooner settled in Poland than Louis XVI ordered him back to France to become inspector General of Commerce. The French King reimbursed the Polish King's expenses and paid Pierre a handsome sum to come back to France. Now with big cash in hand he bought a farm near Nemours some sixty miles south of Paris. Du Pont adopted the subtitle "de Nemours" to distinguish himself from other public servants by the same surname. Du Pont means "of the bridge" in French. Any homeless person who lived under a bridge was known as "du Pont".

In the years just before the French Revolution, Pierre made a very important connection. He became friends with Thomas Jefferson, the French-speaking American Minister from the United States. Jefferson made it clear that he thought the French Colonies in Louisiana should be part of the United States. Pierre remembered this.

Pierre was now a widower with two sons. The elder son, Victor (1767-1827), was serving in America with the French Diplomatic Service. The younger son, Eleuthère Irénée du Pont (1771-1834), was apprentice to Antoine Lavoisier, famous chemist and manager of the King's gunpowder factory.

The French Revolution started July 14, 1789 when a mob stormed the Bastille Prison. France was in chaos with numerous factions vying for power. Pierre, Victor and Irénée no longer had jobs. Pierre bought a printing press in Paris and showed Irénée how to run it. Irénée scratched a modest living as a job printer, while paying back his father by publishing pamphlets and broadsides.

The years 1792-93 were known as the Reign of Terror. The radical element had taken charge of France, using the Guillotine to cut off the heads of all who opposed them. The King and Queen along with Lavoisier and many courtiers were so dispatched. By this time, both Victor and Irénée had married and started families. Some papers came off

that printing press that offended Robespierre, leader of the Reign of Terror. Pierre found himself in La Force Prison, looking at iron bound cells across the hall. He noticed that when a chalk mark appeared on an iron bar, the next day the man behind that bar went to the Guillotine. With his handkerchief, Pierre kept wiping the bars of his own cell until someone murdered Robespierre. That ended the Reign of Terror and Pierre was released.

For the next six years, Irénée supported his wife and children with his Paris printing business. He lived in a room in Paris, while she ran the farm 60 miles away near Nemours. This unhappy marital arrangement is recorded in a series of letters lamenting their separation. Mail was censored, so the horrors of the revolution are mentioned only as "So and so is ill", code for "went to the Guillotine." Under the Diet Government, things in France were not encouraging. A second period of confinement in La Force Prison convinced Pierre that he and his sons should pack off to the New World. In his persuasive writing he patented a sheep farm venture, from which he sold stock to investors in Switzerland. Victor arranged passage on the American Eagle, a condemned brig, leaving from Rochelle on October 1, 1799. It was a fearsome trip but they landed on January 1, 1800 in Newport, Rhode Island.

Two years of effort proved the sheep farm patent was a dud. Irénée had to feed his family, so he did what he knew how to do: make gunpowder. Pierre introduced his son to his old friend, now President Thomas Jefferson, and got the go-ahead from where it counted. By 1804 the gunpowder factory on the Brandywine was making the best quality product America had ever seen. Pierre got bored with colonial life and went back to France to see if he could be of service to Emperor Napoleon.

Napoleon had two problems, he needed money to pay his armies and the British Navy isolated him from his American Colonies in Louisiana. Pierre pointed out to him that if France sold the colonies to the United States, the proceeds would cover all military expenses for years and protection of French people in Louisiana would be America's problem. In 1806 Jefferson and du Pont cut a 25 million dollar deal known as the Louisiana Purchase. The area of the United States more than doubled and Napoleon continued his romp through Europe.

By 1814 the Austrians and the British captured Napoleon demanding his abdication. Pierre S. du Pont was named Secretary General of the French Provisional Government to sign receipt of the

emperor's abdication. Copies of the document, bearing du Pont's signature, were nailed to church doors throughout France. In a few months Napoleon burst out of jail to muster his old army. Pierre boarded the next boat to America, now eager for a life of boredom on the Brandywine.

Boredom ended in 1817 when a fire in the powder factory called all hands to a bucket brigade. Seventy-eight year old Pierre insisted on swinging buckets, got wet and tired, and died of pneumonia, becoming the first family fatality in the service of the company. Having no church affiliation, they buried him on the high ground to the left of the road leading to the mills. Thus, Pierre S. du Pont started another institution, the Family Cemetery.

P. S. du Pont - Goodnight

Now meet the second Pierre s. du Pont (1870-1954) my father's older brother, who really put the du Pont name on the street - Wall Street. He pulled off the mother of leveraged buyouts in 1904, as three cousins with thirty-six hundred dollars bought an eight million dollar company. When the Allies needed powder to fight World War One, he, in only nine months, increased the production of the DuPont Company tenfold. He fixed a busted General Motors Corporation. He fixed Delaware's busted schools. He built Longwood Gardens and for the rest of his life he coaxed good leadership from subsequent presidents of the DuPont Company. He occasionally told stories of his own experiences.

One night while our nation was staggering under the burden of prohibition, he was riding home from Philadelphia. He noticed a nice Cadillac touring car ahead of him going at a comfortable speed, so he told his chauffeur to keep a respectful distance behind. It led through Media, Concordville, Chadds Ford, and to "the Anvil," where US 1 bore left. The Cadillac went straight ahead onto Longwood Road. Taking two more side roads to the right, it led him into the cul-de-sac at his own front door.

Two men got out with their hands up. Pierre understood the situation immediately, so he got out and stood in front of his headlights. When the men realized that Pierre was not a revenue agent, they brought their hands down and soon all were laughing. Pierre looked into the back of their Cadillac to find it filled to the gunwales with wooden cases. The men explained that they had tried to shake his pursuit, but when stopped at his house, they knew they had to surrender. Pierre had them open one case

to verify the distiller's name. There was a brief financial conference before the willing sellers off loaded the cargo to the willing buyer's cellar.

P. S. du Pont at the Justice Department

At the time of the DuPont-General Motors Antitrust Suit, Pierre S. du Pont, well in his eighties, was in Washington at the Department of Justice. Full of resolve, he made the long climb up the marble steps from the street to the main floor of the nation's Hall of Justice. Going home was a different matter. Looking down, the same marble steps seemed as formidable as the Grand Canyon. There was no handrail to guide his giddy descent.

Then a middle-aged gentleman appeared and, to Pierre's great relief, asked: "Could I take your hand?" Together, the two walked purposefully down the stairs. At the bottom, the younger man thanked Pierre profusely, explaining that he was terrified of heights and needed a steady hand.

Earrings and the Eiffel Tower

When in 1879 Lammot du Pont (1831-1884) left the DuPont Company to make dynamite, he dragged his wife Mary and their children to a home in Philadelphia. He built the dynamite plant across the Delaware River in Repauno, New Jersey. Five years later Lammot was killed in a nitroglycerin explosion. They had nine children with a tenth expected in one month. The accident changed a happy marriage into total grief for Mary. She put on shapeless black clothes and withdrew from social activity. Lammot had recently given her a pair of diamond earrings on which she now had a jeweler install translucent covers of black jet in keeping with her distress.

After five years of this, Mary's older children decided that the family should start living again. News articles told of the Eiffel Tower about to be completed for the 1889 Paris Universal Exposition. Her nineteen-year-old son, Pierre, explained that the family finances could allow a trip to Europe by all eleven members. The older children would look after the younger children so Mother could enjoy the trip. They booked passage on the Cunard Liner "Etruria". There was a serious warning: "Do not drink the water in France; the French drink wine."

At the Paris Exposition they found difficulty getting admission to the Eiffel Tower. Tickets were available in twos and threes, but for a group of eleven, special arrangements would be needed. My father, who was twelve years old, became detached from the family. He waited for a while at the place

where he had last seen them, but then decided to cut for the Eiffel Tower. He had no trouble getting a single ticket and to save money he by-passed the lifts and took the stairs. Climbing a thousand feet to the observation level, made him very thirsty. At a convenient emporium he honored his drinking instructions by buying a bottle of claret. Soon feeling sleepy, he slid under a bench.

When the family discovered my father's absence, Pierre and Belin knew where to look for him. Belin was the athlete and disciplinarian, so he headed for the Eiffel Tower. The next thing my father knew, Belin had him by one foot and was pulling him out from under the bench.

The Breakers Fire

In April 1925, before my oldest sister's wedding, Daddy and Mumma with four daughters were checking in at the Breakers Hotel in Palm Beach, Florida. The clerk assigned them to fourth floor rooms overlooking the beach and ocean. "I want on the ground floor," said Daddy, thinking of fire safety in a big wooden hotel. The rooms he got had a nice view of the kitchen entrance.

They had a lovely stay and the girls were enthralled with the music of bandleader, Irving Berlin. Although most of the wedding invitations had been mailed out, Mumma had the final guest list with her, in order to make last minute additions.

One day, the girls were off playing tennis, Daddy was playing golf at the Gulf Stream Club, and Mumma was downtown shopping in a "Palm Beach Chair," a vehicle peddled from behind by a man on a bicycle seat. One her way back, the man started singing something about "The Breakers is going to burn." She looked up to see smoke coming from under the eaves of the hotel. Nobody else seemed to be concerned. Mumma paid the cycle man and calmly went to her room. She loaded all the family belongings onto rocking chairs, which were available in limitless numbers just outside their door. The rocking chairs worked like sleds to transport goods to a safe distance. The fire engines started arriving when she had the first load out in a palm grove. Some Boy Scouts helped get the rest of the family's stuff out. Then she remembered the wedding list. Smoke was coming out of her open window as she slithered in and out to retrieve the list.

As the hotel was gloriously blazing, Irving Berlin walked up, said he was leaving for New York, and would be happy to have her family move into his apartment at the Hotel Royal Poinciana, only a

short walk away. The girls, returned from tennis, and helped the Boy Scouts cart the clothes off to their new quarters.

At the club, Daddy got news of the fire and hurried to the hotel. He found a smoldering ruin. A bystander told him no one was injured, and Mumma figured Daddy might be looking for her, so she wandered back to the scene, and when they found each other, she said, "Don't worry, I took care of it."

Vic at Altoona

Victor du Pont (1852-1911) had lots of friends and ate well enough to be known as: "Fat Vic." His DuPont Company job was to keep track of Sales Representatives, in effect, a one-man Sales Department. He knew his trade, which often used adult beverages. In 1888, Boss Henry du Pont called him in. "You know the trouble with our western distributors. Go out to Chicago and straighten it out. If alcohol has anything to do with your failure to get this job done, you are no long on our payroll."

In Chicago, Vic met the Sales Representatives in friendly discussion. Soon the problem was solved. Right after the meetings, representatives started telegraphing orders to the DuPont office, which signaled to Boss Henry that Vic had succeeded. Pleased with his success, Vic spent a pleasant evening with friends. He wired his wife that he would be on the next morning's Express to Philadelphia.

As his train stopped in Pittsburgh, he looked out the open window and saw fiends on the platform. They said the train would be delayed, so come join them for a drink. One thing led to another and he forgot to get back on his train. By nightfall, his friends had taken him to a hotel where he stayed another day or so to regain his health.

When he finally got going the ticket agent rerouted him through Washington because the Pennsylvania tracks were closed for repairs. This cost him yet another day on his trip home. As he approached his house he saw the windows were well lighted, and a number of horses and buggies were waiting outside, one of which was Boss Henry's. When he walked in on the gathering, all conversation stopped. Then there was a burst of joyous shrieks and shouts. Everyone wanted to hug him.

Leaving Chicago, he had been on the train that wrecked on the famous Altoona Horseshoe Bend. There had been a terrible loss of life, with fire that left unrecognizable remains. The gathering at his house was convened to begin the planning for his memorial service.