



LIVING LEGACY



PAUL ALLEN PINKERTON

Born: May 10, 1933
Korean War
Marine Corp
Served: 1951-1954



Paul Allen Pinkerton was born May 10, 1933 in East Liverpool, OH to parents Raymond Everett Pinkerton and Daisy Heverly Pinkerton. He was the second child, first son, of eight children – two daughters and six sons. One of his earliest memories follows: “We lived in a tent on an island on the Ohio River in East Liverpool. It was summer during the Great Depression and my father would sit on a bench and throw rocks and cans on the river bank to flush out rats to shoot. Dad didn’t have any work so we traveled down the Ohio River during the 1930’s as dad looked for work – any work. My sister, Sandy, was born in Follansbee, WV. Dad worked as a laborer on the Warwood Locks and Dam. Dad considered himself a ‘Jack of all trades and a master of none.’”

When Paul was old enough to start school, the family lived at 41 Maryland Street on Wheeling Island. He attended a round brick school that was located behind Madison Elementary School and Mrs. Hunter was his first teacher. Later, he attended Ritchie School when the family moved to South Wheeling and lived at 4219 Jacob Street. Eventually, the family moved to 13th Street and Paul attended the old Clay School.

When World War II began, Paul’s dad enlisted into the U.S. Navy. Paul remembers, “In 1943, Dad was out to sea on an oil tanker when his appendix burst. The oil tankers did not have doctors aboard, so the crew packed Dad in ice and tried to hurry to the port in Houston, TX to get him medical attention. But peritonitis set in and dad died on April 1, 1943. He left my mother with seven children and my brother, Tommy - the eighth child, was born the next month after dad’s death. For some reason, Dad did not list his wife and children when he enlisted and my mother had a very difficult time proving that we were his survivors.” Paul continues, “My mother had a rough time raising eight children by herself.

She worked as a waitress and eventually got a job at Glo-Tone Cleaners pressing the articles of clothing. I remember getting up one night and going into the dark, quiet living room. Mom was sitting there in the dark and I saw her shoulders hunching and heaving as she silently sobbed. When I approached her, she said, 'I'm just so very tired.' She did the best she could for us kids. I get upset with my siblings whenever they lament that they had a bad childhood and hold it against my mother. My mother did all she could do considering the horrible situation in which she found herself."

He remembers one childhood event, "Raymond, Richard and I got the measles. Our sister, Sandy, was very small, but the measles impacted her dramatically. They affected her eyes and she started to go blind. Mom sent Sandy to the Blind School in Columbus so she could start learning how to live life as a blind person. It was very hard on mother but was the best for Sandy. The doctors said there was nothing that could be done to prevent her going blind. She first lost the sight in one eye, and then the other eye slowly began to lose its sight. By the time she was a teenager, Sandy was totally blind."

When Paul was 12 years old, a neighbor turned the family into social services as Paul's oldest sister was left in charge of the younger children while his mother worked. The sister got involved with some unsavory characters and was allowing inappropriate behavior to occur in the home at 37 Virginia Street on Wheeling Island. So the social services workers got a judge to order that the children be taken away from Paul's mother. Paul tells what happened next, "We were all sent to different places. My two sisters (Virginia and Sandy) were sent to live with Grandmother Pinkerton in East Liverpool. My younger brothers (Raymond, Richard, Charles, Robert and Thomas) were sent to the orphanage or to foster homes. No one wanted a 12 year old, so I was placed in the juvenile detention center in Triadelphia, WV. A social worker took me to a barber shop and had all my hair cut off – a total buzz cut. She then took me to Warwood to a farm house in the country and told me this was where I would be living. The farmer and his wife, Earl and Roberta Bryant, talked to the social worker and after she left, the farmer took me out to show me where I would be staying. It was in the chicken coop. There were no chickens in it and it was fairly clean and had a bed and dresser. Since it was summer, the farmer said I didn't need to be inside." Paul continues, "The first morning, the farmer came and woke me up very early around 4:00 a.m. It was still dark. I had never been around cows, so he showed me how to milk a cow. We milked all the cows and put the milk in the springhouse. He said to come in and eat breakfast. His wife had fixed a very good breakfast. After we ate, he said, 'Now we get to work.' I wondered, what have we been doing for the last two hours? We put the milk into five gallon cans and loaded them onto a sled. After hitching the sled to two horses, we drove the sled up to the Main Road – unloaded the full milk cans and placed the empty cans back



Paul's mother, Daisy Pinkerton. 1950

onto the sled to take back to the farm. Then we worked out in the fields for the rest of the day. I sure slept good that first night after working a 16 hour day.”

Eventually, Earl and Roberta allowed Paul to move into the house as cold weather was upon them. The Bryant’s had a son, Nelson, who was not very adept at working. Earl spent considerable time trying to get his son to help with the farm work, but Roberta did not want her son performing such work. One day, Roberta woke Paul up and said he would have to milk the cows and take the milk cans up to the Main Road by himself as Earl would be gone for a few days. Paul found out later that Earl was a drinker and went on a 3-4 day drinking binge several times a year. So Paul heaved the very heavy milk cans onto the sled, hitched up Topsy and the other horse, and took the milk cans up to the Main Road to be picked up by a local dairy and performed field work while Earl was away.

Paul recalls, “I lived with the Bryant’s for over a year. I got a very bad cold and tried to tell Earl when I came home from school that I felt too sick to muck out the cattle stalls. Earl told me I was just lazy and to get to work. He slapped me across the face. I had a pitchfork in my hand and I really wanted to stab him with the pitchfork. But I didn’t. I knew I’d be in real trouble if I did. So I went to bed that night but kept my clothes on. I packed my few belongings in a bag and left in the middle of the night when the rest of the family was asleep. I took off up the road to the Main Road and on to Cherry Hill Road above Warwood. I hid in the bushes if a car came by and walked down Cherry Hill Road to Warwood. I hitchhiked to Wheeling down WV State Route 2 to Mom’s house on 14th Street. She was living in a one-room apartment at the time. She was so happy to see me and I was just as happy to be with her. She said we’d have to go to the Judge the next day to let him know what had happened and see if he would agree to let me stay with her. The Judge told me that if I behaved myself, he would allow me to remain with my mother. This caused a great deal of resentment from my other siblings years later as they resented the fact that I was the first one to make it back home to live with Mom while they remained in foster care or at the orphanage. Eventually, Raymond came home to live with us when Mom got a bigger apartment. Raymond later served in the Coast Guard. Virginia and Sandy stayed with our grandmother and didn’t have a very easy time. Charles, Robert and Thomas remained at the Children’s Home. My brother Richard lucked out and got a good family in foster care. He remained with them until he was old enough to join the Marine Corps.”

Paul found he had a love of mechanics as he wanted to know how things worked. He



Paul with girlfriend Shirley Evans when Paul was home on leave in 1951. He and Shirley would later be married.

stars

recalls, “I got hold of old Popular Mechanics magazines and read them cover to cover. I saw a diesel training school in California advertised in this magazine and vowed that I would attend that school someday. I went to McKinley Vocational High School on 17th Street and took shop classes there. I went several weeks for each course: Mechanics, Electronics, Sheet Metal, Welding, Type Set and others. Our instructor, Mr. Otto, evaluated us to see what our natural aptitudes showed. Based on my test scores and hands on performance, he advised me to study type setting. But I wanted auto mechanics instead. Being in the Mechanic class, we got to perform the maintenance and repair on the Ohio County School buses. We worked side by side with our instructor and received invaluable hands-on-training. After one year, I got a summer job at a gas station and got used to making some money. I bought my first car – a 1926 Model T Ford. I quit McKinley Vocational High School and never went back. It is one of the biggest regrets of my life. The knowledge and experience I gained at McKinley Vocational High School have served me well all my life. That education has been a great benefit to me.”

“I eventually went to Cleveland, OH to get a better job. While there, I met an old friend from Warwood who had relocated to Cleveland – Donnie Glessner. Because I enjoyed being around cars, I got a job at a gas station. I heard that Parker Appliance was hiring so I applied for a job and was soon hired. I picked up various metal pieces and took them to different lathes to have different parts fabricated. I was given an opportunity to learn to operate a lathe and picked up the skill very quickly. I always had a knack for figuring out how things operated. I was now making more money.” Paul continues, “One day, Donnie came running in and said we had to get out of town quick as he was in trouble. He was always in trouble but this time he had really gone too far as he had robbed a store. So we left that night to go back to Wheeling before Donnie could be arrested. Since there were no jobs in Wheeling at that time, Donnie suggested we enlist into the military. He wanted to go into the Army and I wanted to go into the Navy since that was the branch my father had served. The Recruiter on 12th Street in Wheeling told us he could give us both what we wanted – the Marine Corps! We went to Pittsburgh by bus for our physicals and our orders. The man who was to swear us in said, “This is your last chance to back out.” We were told to raise our hand, state the pledge and vow to serve our country. After I had stated my pledge, I turned around to shake Donnie’s hand, and he was gone! He had changed his mind and backed out. I heard that he did go into the military at a later date, but got into some trouble while serving in Germany.”

On July 25, 1951, Paul arrived at Parris Island, SC for Basic Training in the U.S. Marine Corps. He disliked boot camp and said the “drill sergeants were in your face



Paul repairing a large truck motor when he was working at Titus-Will Ford in Tachma, Washington. 1980



every day from the time you arrived until you graduated. They said things to you that would not be allowed to be said today.”

After he graduated Basic Training, Paul was assigned to the USS De Moines for four weeks of training at sea. After successfully completing this training, Paul sailed out of Portsmouth for 60 days and went to England and Ireland. He recalls, “We sailed back to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba to qualify on our weapons and then we sailed back to Portsmouth. We had a picnic and were the only 40 Marines on a large Naval Base with a very large amount of sailors. There was beer at the picnic and we all drank too much and a lot of jawing between Marines and Sailors commenced.



Paul gets a visit from his mother. 1980

A fight broke out and I ended up with a fractured jaw. I was still in the hospital when my ship sailed without me. When I was released from the hospital, I was assigned to a guard company in Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in Portsmouth, VA. While on leave in Wheeling from the guard job in Portsmouth, I gave my girlfriend, Shirley Evans, a pretty ring I bought at the PX. It was not an engagement ring as I had no means to support a wife. I loved Shirley, but gave her the ring as a token of our friendship. She would later become the love of my life.”

Since the Marines insist on putting their top “spit and shine” recruits on guard duty for a good showing, Paul felt that he did not fit in. “My tie always had a wrinkle in it or my shoes weren’t spit-shined to suit the top brass. So I asked for a transfer out of the guard job at Portsmouth Naval Yard - and got it. I was going to Korea! Because I had given Shirley the friendship ring, her parents panicked and started to work on her to end it with me. She returned the ring and broke off our relationship before I was sent to Korea.”

“I was sent to camp Pendleton in the mountains of California outside San Diego and assigned to begin training for Korea. Since the winter conditions at Camp Pendleton mirrored the winter conditions in Korea, it was an ideal place to prepare troops for their next assignment. We were taken into the mountains during the winter to train for living in the mountains of Korea during the winter months. We practiced to attack from the water and made beachhead attacks. We dug holes in the mountains and slept in them to get used to outdoor living in frigid conditions. We did this for 60 days. All that went through my mind during this training was, ‘How do I get out of here!’”

After the mountain training, Paul and his regiment were loaded onto cattle cars at Camp Pendleton and taken to San Diego to a transport ship. It took 17 days for them to sail across the Pacific Ocean to Japan and on to Korea. Paul remembers, “To keep from getting seasick, I was told to eat soda crackers

constantly to keep my stomach juices soaked up. That seemed to work as I only got sick once. After a few days, I got my sea legs and was okay.”

Paul and his regiment arrived in Inchon, Korea at the southern tip of South Korea. He recalls, “I was assigned to the 32nd Replacement Detachment. We were ‘On Ready.’ After a few days, we were awakened at midnight and told to pack up our gear. We had breakfast and then packed our sea bag as well as our backpack. They were very heavy as they contained everything that we owned plus C-rations, extra socks and an extra pair of boots. We soon learned how important our boots were as you fight a war on your feet. We were always looking to pick up an extra pair of boots whenever we could. We were taken to a street car and rode on it for a short time. Then we marched to the front line and were living in tents. Eventually, we had bunkers that were dug deep into the ground. They were reinforced with 12 X 12’s stacked crisscross to provide strong support and covered with four feet of dirt. We slept in the bunkers. You never saw the enemy as he was in a trench several hundred yards away from your trench. The enemy would move at night and as our strength increased, we were able to push the enemy back to the north. We set our line north of Seoul, Korea. I received \$50 more a month for shooting pay for being on the frontline. You stayed on the frontline for 15 days and then were sent back to base camp for a 15 day break. That way, everyone received some extra shooting pay in his paycheck and everyone took his turn serving on the front line. When at the base camp, we were sometimes allowed to go into Seoul for liberty leave.” Paul recalls one bit of absurdity that prevailed during the Korean War. “We had to call in to headquarters to get permission to shoot at the enemy once the enemy was sighted or had shot at us. By the time we received permission to shoot back, the enemy was long gone. There was no way to win a war when you were not allowed to shoot back at the enemy at will. This absurdity did a lot to demoralize all of us.”



Paul (first on left) and fellow Marines relaxing at the Slop-Shot Beer joint on base at Parris Island. 1951

One of Paul’s assignments was to repair the telephone/communication lines when the Chinese or North Koreans destroyed the line. He explains, “The enemy would cut our line of communication so that we could not call in the mortar attacks. I had to run out of my trench under fire and run to the telephone lines to find the cut and quickly get it repaired. One day, I tripped when I started my wild dash to get to the telephone line. I knew I was going to be killed any second and I was scared to death. I started to cry as I knew my life was over. But somehow, I regained my composure and got up, ran to the telephone line, and got it repaired. I made it back to my trench safely. It was a miracle!”

Paul was assigned an American Chinese Marine as a second to help him with the communication lines. Paul recalls, "The kid was so scared he could hardly move. One day, he fell into some barbed wire and cut his arm. The Corpsman was called in and patched the kid up. The Corpsman attached a treatment ticket to the kid as was according to protocol. When the higher ups saw a treatment tag, they awarded the kid a Purple Heart. When they gave the kid his Purple Heart, I couldn't help it and cracked up. I was reprimanded for my inappropriate outburst. But I couldn't accept a kid getting a Purple Heart for a scratch when so many men were being killed all around us."



Paul (right) on the U.S.S. DeMoines for sea training in 1951.

Paul remembers, "I was still in Korea when the Korean Armistice Agreement was signed in July, 1953. I'd been there for over 1.5 years and was more than ready to go home. I wasn't released to go home until the summer of 1954 so I was in Korea for a total of 2.5 years. I wasn't even 21 years old when I left the Marine Corps. I had to stay an extra year, called a Truman year, as the president decreed that all who were actively serving were required to remain on active duty for an extra year. I came back to the states to San Francisco and on to Quantico, VA. I choose to travel by bus as that gave me more time – 13 days – before I had to report to Quantico. I stopped in Wheeling to visit my mother for a few days before going on to Quantico. I was given a 'Release to Serve' but was not given an official discharge as we were told we could be called back into active duty at any time if fighting broke out again between the UN Troops and the Communists. I was not discharged from the U.S. Marine Corps until July 25, 1959 - having fulfilled an eight-year obligation to my country." Paul was awarded the following medals for his exemplary service: National Defense Service medal; Korean War Service medal with one bronze star; and the United Nations Service medal.

Paul returned to Wheeling as he was given his final paycheck in one-thirds. One-third was paid to him at Quantico. He had to wait for the second third in Wheeling, so he stayed with his mother for the next month to receive his final pay. So when I came back home from Korea, I wanted to go to the National School in California to take mechanical training with my GI Benefits. That had always been my dream ever since I'd read about the school in the Popular Mechanics magazines as a young boy. So I said goodbye to my mother and headed west to California."

"My mother's sister, Aunt Eleanor, lived in Belle Garden, CA. I lived with her while I attended the

National School for mechanics in downtown Los Angeles. The trip to the school was very time consuming: I took a bus to Huntington Park and then got a streetcar to another stop. I had to change street cars along the way. Then I caught the final bus to the National School. The entire trip took 2 hours one way. In the evening I had another two hours for the return trip. I stayed in school for 4-5 months but could see that my GI Benefits were not going to come close to paying for this school. So I quit and got a job at Huntington Park at a gas station. One day, a customer came in and wanted his brakes repaired. The mechanic was gone, so I proceeded to fix the brakes. I soon taught myself how to rebuild a starter. I was learning on the job and just seemed to have a natural ability to understand machines and how they worked.”

“I started to buy my own tools from the Snap-On man when I could afford it. He told me that a garage five blocks away was looking for a mechanic. I walked to the garage and inquired about the job and got hired. Peterson’s garage was where I would work for the next several years. I bought a 1940 Plymouth Coupe for \$40. I had to pay \$20 down and the rest as I could afford it. At Al Peterson’s, I did the sanding on the car bodies and performed the mechanical work while Mr. Peterson did the body work. He was very good with the body work and had built a good business.”

Paul continues, “One day Al Peterson took the day off and told me to only repair brakes. A man came in for a tune up. We were not busy and I began to replace the points and plugs and knew I’d have to set the timing. As the man left, he called back over his shoulder, ‘By the way, I also need the carburetor overhauled.’ I started to explain that I didn’t know how to overhaul a carburetor, but the man had already gone. So I cleaned off the work bench, washed it really good, got out the Repair manual, and proceeded to take the carburetor apart piece by piece carefully laying each piece in the location where it should be reinstalled. I cleaned each part as I removed it. I rebuilt the carburetor according to the manual and put it into the car, bolted it down, and turned the key. The car started right up and seemed to run smoothly.

When my boss came back, I told him what I’d done. He said this customer was very particular and he hoped the repair was good. The customer took the car that evening and came back a few days later to tell my boss, ‘This is the best this car has ever run. That kid mechanic of yours knows what he is doing.’”

“One time someone gave me an upright freezer that wasn’t working. I read how to repair it in a manual, and it worked just fine and gave me five more years of service. I stayed in California from 1954 – 1970. I had several jobs: Chrysler Dealership, Ford Dealership. On my own time, I took a class on how to operate a dynamometer. A dynamometer



Paul and Shirley. New Years Eve 1978.

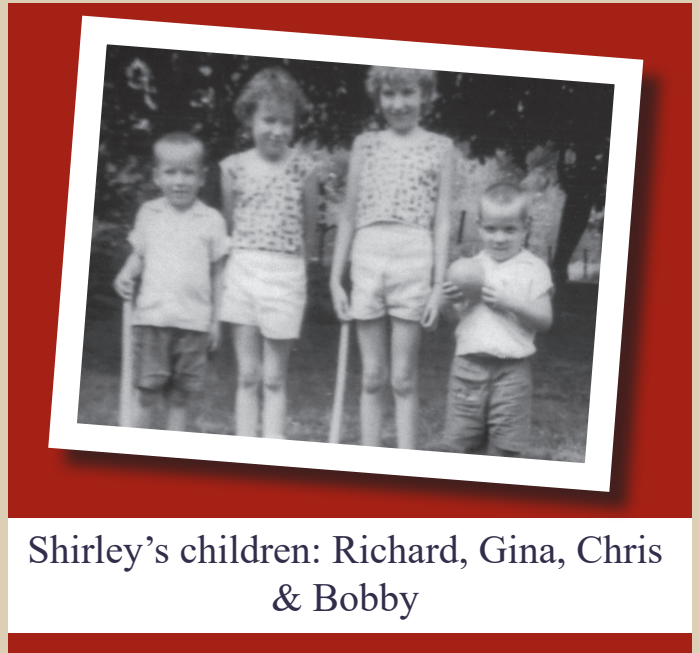
or “dyno,” is a test instrument used to measure torque and speed, which is used to calculate power of a device such as an engine, electric motor, transmission, or generator/alternator. Using a dyno allowed you to obtain the maximum output for a motor. Once I knew how to use a dynamometer, I raised my equity in the mechanical market considerably!”

“One Chrysler Dealership owner took me to lunch and said he wanted to hire me to work exclusively performing tune-ups – using my dyno skills. I agreed to this arrangement and looked forward to performing only tune-ups. However, the first day on the job I was handed a ticket for a major repair. When I told the manager that I was hired to only perform tune-ups, he stated, ‘You’ll do whatever I say you’ll do!’ I started to pack up my tools to leave and the owner came running in asking what had happened. When he heard the story and sided with his manager, I quit and went to a Ford Dealership.”

Throwing himself into his beloved passion, automobiles, Paul taught himself how to repair electronics, air conditioning, and to detect and repair shorts over the next year. His philosophy is this, “When you graduate from a school or a course, you have just learned how to learn. You will be learning and expanding your knowledge for the rest of your life.”

“I eventually found employment at a Lincoln-Mercury Dealership in downtown LA. A Lincoln is only a Ford in a tuxedo. The parts and the tests for performance are exactly the same. One day I was eating lunch at a corner drugstore and saw a girl walk across the street from a nearby office building. I got my nerve up and asked her out. She had been married before and had a young son. She was living with her mother and father. We dated for several months and one day I came to pick her up she was sitting out on the steps by the curb. She and her parents had argued. She blurted out, ‘Why don’t we get married?’ So we ran off to Tijuana, Mexico and I married Patricia LaPlant on October 16, 1960. Over the next few years, we were blessed with two daughters: Linda and Deborah. But Patricia was changing. She was becoming very paranoid and had frequent outbursts accusing me of having affairs with other women. I worked hard and only had time for her and our children. When we decided to divorce, I tried to obtain custody of my two daughters. But this was the mid 1960’s, and no judge ever gave a man custody of the children over the mother. So I rarely saw my girls. Our divorce was final December 8, 1965.”

“On February 17, 1968, I remarried and my new wife’s name was Jackie Carter. I was married to her until October 16, 1970. We had a son, Paul, Jr. Paul, Jr. had some major problems with drugs as a teenager and even after Jackie and I divorced, I brought him back to the Wheeling area to try to get him some help. Nothing we did seemed to help. He eventually hung himself at the age of 19. I believe to this day that he



Shirley’s children: Richard, Gina, Chris
& Bobby

did not mean to kill himself, but was only crying out for help.”

When he came back to the Wheeling area in 1970, Paul again began to date Shirley Evans. “Shirley had been married for many years and had four children: Gina, Chris, Richard and Robert (2 girls and 2 boys). She was separated from her husband but could not afford a divorce. I had a 1959 Cadillac Coupe Deville. One day a man driving a bus hit my Cadillac and I got \$150 dollars from the insurance company for the damages. I gave the money to Shirley and she obtained her divorce. Shirley soon become my third wife and she was ‘the love of my life.’ We had 40 wonderful years together. I took up photography as a hobby and Shirley was my favorite model. I taught myself and got pretty good. I was asked to photograph several weddings.”

During 1970-1978, Paul worked as a mechanic for Hundley Ford and Glenn Straub Pontiac in the Wheeling area. He also drove for Dieckman’s Florist on a part time basis. “Shirley and I moved to Tacoma, Washington in 1978. I worked for a huge dealership: Titus-Will Ford. I had three bays at this garage and worked primarily on large trucks. One day, the employees at the dealership went out on strike. I walked the picket line for a week and thought, ‘this is getting me nowhere.’ A man who had always picked my brain for ideas on how to make repairs came up to me and offered me a job. He was a well-driller and wanted me to maintain his equipment and trucks. He had stainless steel blades and drills that needed welding. To weld stainless steel, you have to preheat the area first and stick the part to be welded onto the area. Then you tacked it and proceeded to complete the weld. I remember on one occasion the clutch in a huge truck would not work. I told the man who had the truck, ‘the clutch is on backwards.’ He disagreed with me and said that was not possible. On a big tuck the clutch is two plates. If you install one plate backwards the fingers of the clutch lock up. That is what had happened and once the man listened to me, I made the repair, reversed the backwards clutch plate, and it worked fine!”

When asked how big of a transition it was to go from repairing automobiles to repairing heavy drilling equipment and huge trucks, Paul laughs, “Equipment is equipment. Once you know how machinery

works, you can figure it out and make the needed repairs. The equipment all works the same once you understand it.”



Paul with granddaughter Lori in 1977.

Paul worked at Mallon Ford in Tacoma, WA for many years and retired from that job in 1995 at the age of 62. He explains, “Shirley and I stayed in Tacoma, but her children wanted us to move back to the Ohio Valley to be closer to them. When Shirley fell and broke her hip in 2002, her daughters, Chris and Gina, came out on a plane to help take care of her. They really started working on us to move back home to the Ohio Valley. And we did. We moved back in 2002 and lived with Gina in Bellaire until we bought a house on West

48th Street in Shadyside, OH. We lived there until 2006. In 2006, I was diagnosed with esophageal cancer and had to undergo numerous chemo and radiation treatments. The prognosis was not good and I was very weak and unable to mow the grass or keep up the house. So we sold it and moved into a rental house on Short Avenue. Our landlord is a good man and keeps the house well maintained. I used to keep things repaired, but now I am not able. My landlord has not raised my rent even though I know he could get more money because of the gas and oil boom in the area. That is the kind of man he is.”

Sadly, Paul’s wife and love of his life, Shirley, passed away four years ago in 2011. “I have Gina who is a God-send. Gina is my step-daughter, but she looks out for me, takes me to the doctor appointments and makes sure I get my groceries. I’ve always been very close to my other step-daughter, Chris, who lives in Chambersburg, PA, and to her daughter, Lori. Lori was raised as my granddaughter. Chris’ granddaughter, Taylor, is a joy and is my great-granddaughter. Chris also has a son, Rusty. My daughter, Linda, lives in Connecticut and has two children: Amber and Evan. My other daughter, Debbie, lives in Las Vegas and has three children: Tiffany, Morgan and Jordan. They are my biological grandchildren, but I don’t get to see them very often. My step-son, Richard, lives in Florida and has several children. Step-son, Bobby, lives in Spokane, WA, and he has four children. Unfortunately, I currently depend upon Gina for so much and regret that I must rely upon her and can’t be more independent. But my failing health does not allow me to do much.”

When asked what he would like to tell a young person about joining the military, Paul states emphatically, “Don’t ever volunteer for anything when in the military. But I keep telling young people that they should continue to learn new skills and entertain new ideas for as long as they live.” As his health declines, this Ohio Valley patriot and hero remains ever thankful for the life he has lived. Paul states, “I have my Union pension, my social security, and my memories. I have it better than many others in this country and for that I am most grateful.”



Shirley surrounded by her children.
Front: Chris, Shirley, Gina
Back: Richard & Bobby





Left: Paul's daughter,
Linda. Age 12 1/2

Right: Paul's great-
granddaughter, Taylor



Below: Paul's
granddaughter, Lori. A
ringer for his beloved
wife, Shirley.



Below: Paul's daughter,
Debbie. Age 11 1/2



Above: Paul dancing
with his step-daughter,
Gina, at her wedding.



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