



Pappi and the birds working on the back porch.

On November 4, 1952, my immigration to the United States was cleared, so my dad took me to Hamburg, Germany, where I received my official travel documents. The next day I said goodbye to my father and boarded a ship for America.

I officially entered the United States on November 15, 1952, and Uncle Alfred and Aunt Edith picked me up in NYC. After spending two days with them, I rode a Greyhound bus to Peoria, IL, where the Reverend and Mrs. Detweiler had moved. Reverend Detweiler was now a minister at Glen Oak Christian Church, and I stayed temporarily at the



Rev. Detweiler and I talk with the Journal Star about applying for permanent residence in the U.S.

church parsonage with the Detweilers. In January 1953, I began working in the bookkeeping department of Hotchkiss Steel Company in Bradford, IL, thanks to a connection of Reverend Detweiler's. In order to get back and forth to Peoria on the weekends, I had to get a driver's license. My boss, Bob Hotchkiss, loaned me his car so I could take the driver's test. After getting my license, I bought a 1950 used Ford so I could commute between Bradford and Peoria to date a certain Nancy Phillips, a member at Glen Oak