

PREFACE

I am writing this autobiography in order that my children and their children and their children's children and generations beyond will have an opportunity to know about me and the life I have led. It might also provide some insight to what life was like during this time period. It's been a good time to live but I'm sure in some future generation people will look back and think how backward we have been. Even so, I consider myself very fortunate to have lived at a time when scientific knowledge was literally exploding. In looking back, the technological changes during this whirlwind life of things has also been a life filled with happiness and joy accompanied by the sadness and sorrow that make a life complete. Only God can know and understand the innermost thoughts and feelings that have filled my soul.

I would like to dedicate the pages that follow to all of my posterity and all mankind who I love. I pray that all who read these pages might gain some in knowledge and wisdom from the experiences I have had, that they might extend their lives beyond the limits that I have been bound with by both my feelings and my knowledge.

GROWING UP

PRE-SCHOOL YEARS

On Tuesday, November 26, 1935, my mother gave birth to a bouncing baby boy. I don't recall my birth but I'm sure it happened. The memories of my pre-school childhood that I do remember are few but memorable. I had a happy childhood. The first I can recall was once when my mother changed my diapers. I remember she had me climb up on the dining room table to be changed. She's since told me that she normally didn't change my diapers on the dining room table which is probably why I remember so well. I also remember sleeping in my crib. It was in the basement of our house at 36 Elm Street. I can remember how afraid of the dark I was and how I would pull the blankets over my head to hide from the bears and other creatures that I was certain were there.

I also had a little girl friend. She lived around the corner in the second house up the street. I don't remember much about her although I guess we had planned to get married or so she said in a letter she wrote to me when I was in the fifth grade. Our family had moved away when I was five and I had forgotten her name until I received that letter. It was Carol Michelson. In any case, I can remember how angry I would get when I would call her to come out and play and she couldn't. When that happen, I would sneak in their back door and down to the basement where her toys were and take one. Later I would return the toy with a wild story that was intended to make me her hero.

The one story that I have some recollection of concerned an old table knife. My story was that I had seen a robber, who had naturally stolen the knife, throw it through the window of the house next to ours. That house had always been full of mystery and we considered it haunted. Anyway, after the robber had thrown the knife, I bravely sneaked into the haunted house and retrieved it just for her.

Then there was the day I got caught taking her toys. I don't know if her mother had previous suspicions or not but that day I had taken a toy cowbell. I tried to be so quiet until I got out of their yard. Then I started ringing the bell like there was no tomorrow. The next thing I knew

was her mother had me by the arm and was giving me a good lecture. I was really ashamed and afraid she would tell my mother. To this day, I don't know if my mother ever found out.

Other memories I have include making and eating mud pies and sand pies. I remember how much fun we had making the mud pies but I don't remember that they tasted too good. Another memory I had involved the ditch on 5th East. It was an irrigation ditch that we always played in. We would fish, catch frogs, go wading and play in the grass at the side of the road. It was always a fun place. One day I remember that mother told me not to play in the ditch. Well, I wanted to play in the ditch so I did and in the process I got the bottom of my trousers wet. I knew I was in for a licking when I got home. Anyway, I rolled my trousers up to my knees to hide the wet. When I came home, I know mother knew where I'd been. She told me to roll down my pants. I knew that I was in big trouble until dad came to my rescue. He told mother to let me keep my pants rolled up because the Andreassen's always had their pants rolled up. Dad was a real lifesaver for me that day and I have sometimes wondered if he also saved Mother from giving me a punishment she didn't want to give.

It was about this time in my life that I started dressing up and going out on Halloween. I don't know whether it was the first time or not but I was so proud the time mother took me out. She was dressed up like a witch and her costume was super. For years to follow I would pull her costume out of the box and remember how great she looked.

I assume that I was 3 years old when I first went to church. In any case, I remember going into the nursery and crying for my mother. If I remember right, she or dad came and stayed with me for the first few weeks. I also remember the room we met in. It was off to one side of the stage. At that time we were members of the Wells Ward and the Junior Sunday School met in the Recreation Hall.

My birthday (November 26) came just after the cutoff date for starting school. I remember when I was approaching 5 mother took me to the board of education building to see if they could make an exception and let me go to kindergarten that year. I remember one question on the test they gave me. It was a rectangle with picture of a house on one side and a picture of a school on the other. The question was "Which way around the rectangle was the shortest way to school?". I really felt stupid because I didn't know what "shortest" meant. I don't know if I failed the test or not but I didn't go to school that year. As a result, instead of being one of the youngest children in my class through school, I was one of the oldest.

At the age of five (1941) we moved from our house on Elm Avenue to the house I was raised in at 2467 South 7th East. It was less than a mile away but to me it seemed like it was on the other side of the world. I guess I was sad about leaving friends behind but I don't really remember. What I do remember was how the boxes and furniture stacked helter skelter seemed like a maze of secret tunnels and passageways. I also remember Mr. Duckworth, the man we bought the house from. He was really nice to us children, giving us candy bars and other things. After we moved into the house we lost track of Mr. Duckworth until dad died in 1965 when we found his grave about 50 feet from my father's.

The last recollection I have of this part of my life is how mother would help me tip the couch and chairs over, put them together, and cover them with blankets to make a house or cave or castle or whatever my imagination fancied. I used to play in these makeshift quarters for what seemed like hours on end.

I was first introduced to death shortly after we moved into our new house on 7th East. Carol's 12 year old sister died and I went with mother to the funeral. I didn't understand what was going on. People talked and prayed and there was a lot of crying, but in general, I was bored. It wasn't until the service was over and we were walking out that we walked past the open casket and saw the girl lying there. I asked mother when she was going to get up and come out to play. Mother very patiently explained to me that she would never get up. She had gone to live with her Father in Heaven and would never be back. Then I began to realize what death was all about. I can still remember the tears.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL YEARS

My memories during this period of my life somehow don't seem quite so colorful. Maybe my imagination was taking a little rest. I do remember walking to Columbus school on 5th East with my brother, Val. As we grew older he didn't like me hanging around although I don't think he minded walking me to school when I was in kindergarten. I do remember the foggy, cold, and snowy days we walked that 1/3 of a mile. At least to begin with, it was a real adventure.

In kindergarten I remember some big blocks, a sand box, and finger paints. There was probably a lot more that I don't remember too. I remember sitting on the floor listening to the teacher tell stories. There were two bathrooms (a boys and a girl) on the way to the corridor and there was an entrance from the playground. We had one boy in our class who was older. It was rumored that he was 21 although I really suspect that he was 8 or 10. I felt sorry for him because he was retarded and everybody made fun of him. He would get so excited that he was flying when he would jump with both feet.

In first grade I remember a variety of things. We learned to tell time in first grade and then there were the Dick and Jane stories. I was a good reader and I remember being selected with some of the other children to go to read in front of the sixth graders. That was scary. In elementary school we didn't get graded with A,B,etc. Instead, we got graded with acceptable or unacceptable. It was in first grade that I received my one and only unacceptable grade. That was for carrying my chair wrong when we went across the hall for activities with the other first grade class. I would put the chair on my head instead of carrying it in front of me. I also have some vague recollection of recess in first grade.

In second grade Mrs. Armstrong was our teacher. I remember her name because we all were afraid that she would live up to her name when we first started school. In the end though, she was one of my favorite teachers in elementary school. During my year in second grade I remember we spent a lot of time learning to write. I can remember doing the writing exercises which continued through the fourth grade. I also remember a girl who transferred into our class from a private school. When the teacher asked her if she could write, she responded "yes" but when we had our first writing assignment she proceeded to print. The teacher let her know that printing and writing were different and then taught her to write. However, I liked her printing from that time on I learned to print and would print whenever I was allowed. I ended up through the years with a reputation for being a good printer although I never did print fancy. Even today, I almost always print everything. Also, while the second grade I remember getting my first pair of corduroy trousers and my first full length top coat. I liked the coat and wore it every opportunity but I hated those pants, a dislike that

I've continued to carry throughout my life. I can remember playing on the tricky bars at school in my topcoat until I broke my arm that spring.

The way I broke my arm was kind of funny and looking back, I have to laugh at myself a little. I remember walking home from someplace while my older brother, Val, and his friends were playing on a rope swing we had hanging in the middle of our driveway in the back of the house. They would get on a bicycle at the street and then going as fast as they could down the driveway, they would grab the rope and fly while someone else would catch the bike. I had to try it. When I grabbed the rope, I flew but when the rope came back, I wasn't with it. I was still flying. When I landed, I dislocated my right elbow and couldn't bend it. It really hurt. I ran in the house crying. Mom and dad were working but an older cousin, Ulah Smithson, who was staying with us gave me an apple to quiet me down and took me to the doctor. I remember standing in front of the x-ray machine when mother walked in. Then I was taken to the hospital. In the operating room, the doctor had me counting backward from 100 while the gas mask was over my face and the sickening sweet smell of gas filled my lungs. I don't think my count got below 90. Later that evening, when I woke up, I was hungry but they wouldn't give me any dinner. I guess with the gas, it would have given me an upset stomach. However, I was too young to appreciate that and I think I must have been a real pain for the nurses. I was constantly pushing the call button until finally they relented and gave me some saltine crackers and milk. I only spent two days in the hospital but that was long enough. I didn't want to go back and so far God has given me that wish.

For the next six weeks, the special attention at school was kind of fun. I was excused from writing assignments although I still tried to participate using my left hand. That got me all kinds of praise from Mrs Armstrong. It also gave me an appreciation of the problems of not having a good writing hand. Also, it was hard for me to just stand by at recess and just watch my friends play on those tricky bars that I enjoyed swinging on so much. When the cast finally came off my arm I was really glad. However, I could hardly bend my arm and it was as skinny as a rail. I didn't think I would ever be the same.

I turned eight while I was in the second grade. That was a big event for me because it meant that I could be baptized. I remember going with my father on a Saturday morning to the tabernacle in Salt Lake City to be baptized and how awesome it seemed to me. I was quite anxious and very apprehensive about the whole experience. I don't remember the my actual baptism but I do remember the dressing rooms painted a sterile white off to the side of the baptismal area which was in the basement of the tabernacle. I also remember sitting on the bench while an opening prayer was given and waiting my turn and watching while those ahead of me were baptized.

In the third grade the emphasis seemed to be on reading. The only memory I have of that year of my life is how impressed I was with what seemed like an enormous number of readers we were expected to complete during the school year. I didn't think that I could ever do it.

The fourth grade was equally uneventful although there was a feeling this was the beginning of being a big boy because the upperclass classrooms were on the other side of the center entry foyer and principle's office. The primary emphasis in the fourth grade must have been on vocabulary and spelling. We had weekly spelling tests on words that we were adding weekly to our vocabulary list. That year some of my friends and I had sort of a contest going to see who could come up with the most difficult words to spell. The two words I remember were banana and encyclopedia. Also, we changed rooms and had a different teacher for arithmetic and writing. There

was one time during our writing lesson that a girl named Jenny Ploeger and I were singled out by the teacher as having very good and very similar handwriting. What an ego trip.

The fifth grade home room classes were at the end of the building, separated from the fourth grade classrooms by the sixth grade classrooms. However, we rotated among four teachers with the sixth grade classes for the different subjects. Our home room teacher was a new teacher, fresh out of school and, as kids will do, we tested her in every way we could. She was completely unable to control the class and finally quit midyear. To this day I have pangs of conscience when I recall looking in the room from the playground at recess and seeing her in tears. I also received the letter from Carol Michelson during this year. I remember how mushy and silly it seemed.

The school subjects I remember from the fifth grade were science, art, English, arithmetic, and geography. The science and art teacher frequently gave demonstrations in science. The one that's clear in my mind was a volcano that actually erupted. I believe the volcano was paper machet with some kind of a container for the crater. She used some mixture of chemicals which to this day I don't know to create the eruption which to me looked just like I would expect a real volcano eruption to look, my friends and I used to draw boyish things like cars and airplanes. This was a lot of fun because our futuristic drawings allowed us to really exercise our imaginations. In English we were beginning to learn sentence structure and how to diagram sentences and in arithmetic we were faced with the seemingly impossible task of memorizing the multiplication tables all the way up to 12x12. I never thought I'd be able to do it. With all of these memories, the class I remember most was geography. Our teacher was special. If I remember, her name was Miss Jones. She had us drawing maps, playing 20 questions with geography, and doing all kinds of assignments that I really enjoyed. I remember the time we were playing a game and she said she would give the winner a big kiss. When one of the boys won she took him into the hall with the aas and oohs of everybody in the room. When they came back in he was beaming and very smartly displayed the chocolate candy kiss she had given him.

Mrs Hammer, the school principal, selected me to be one of the traffic cops when we got to the sixth grade. Those of us chosen were taken to the library on several occasions for special training and before the year ended we were also able to help the sixth grade traffic cops so that we would know what our job was for the next year.

Sixth grade was like a continuation of fifth grade except now we were the school big shots. I was a traffic cop and was the first captain that year. Of course I was proud and I think I did a good job. I remember carrying the bamboo poles with flags out to the street to direct the school kids when to cross the street and when to wait for traffic. Also, we took turns riding the one school bus that served the school. It was kind of a fun duty that made me feel important which I enjoyed. The only other thing that I remember about sixth grade was the graduation dance. One of the class rooms was cleared of desks and the boys and girls just stood around (like they usually do). I guess we did do some dancing and had a good time. I didn't realize it at the time but this was a signal that a change from being a big shot to a little shot was about to take place.

When I was in the sixth grade I went on my first date. It was with Anita Deeter, a girl who had just moved into the neighborhood. It was a double date with another equally young couple. We caught the bus and went

downtown to the movies. It was a short lived romance as they usually are at that age.

In addition to the activities at school that are identified with school years, there were events that occurred in my life that I can't associate with any particular school year. At school, during recess, some of the games we used to play are memorable. Along with the normal games like softball, we played tag with the seagulls. There were a lot of seagulls that just hung around for crumbs at lunch. We would chase them and dodge their shadows. Also, we would watch the horses in the barnyard near the school. That was my first introduction to sex which I really didn't understand. When we played an organized sport such as softball or flag football, I was never the first one chosen on a team. More likely, I was closer to the last. This was blow to my ego. The problem was that I couldn't hit the ball although I could catch and throw pretty good.

I remember coming home from school to an empty house. Dad always worked at the Utah Fire Clay Company and mother worked as a seamstress, first with a tailor shop and later at Sears and Roebuck. They both got home between 5:30 pm and 6:00 pm so between the time I got home from school at about 3:30 pm until they got home, I had to entertain myself. In general I was a good boy and so it wasn't a big problem. TV was not yet a household word so I would go out and play with my friends until it was time to come home. Sometimes I didn't get home early enough and would get the dickens although I don't really remember being spanked. I also went to primary regularly. It was on the way home from school and I could usually just go on the way home. I can remember working to get all the badges for my bandelo; however, the only actual activities I remember were learning the articles of faith, the names of the church authorities, and the names of all the past church presidents. There was also the primary parade on pioneer day. We just dressed up and walked around the neighborhood. The parade I remember best was when one of my friends put on a diaper and had someone push him around with a bottle in a baby carriage. That year we marched past an empty lot that was to become our new chapel.

During the summers until I was almost 10, I went to summer school. It had been set up during World War II at the Oquirre Elementary School for children whose parents both worked. I would ride the Seventh East bus every morning and walk two blocks from where it dropped me off. I would take the Ninth East bus every evening and walk two blocks home. Every day for lunch we would walk through the school yard to the YWCA. We took turns blessing the food and I remember how strange it was when one of the boys who was Catholic had his turn. Twice a week we had swimming lessons at the YWCA. That's where I learned how to swim. I used to enjoy the two block walk to summer school. It was a peaceful time when I was alone and could do all kinds day dreaming. Once I found a little bird that couldn't fly. I didn't know what was wrong so I caught it and carried it to school. Everyone was excited. We tried to make it comfortable, making a bed in a matchbox and finding worms to feed it. There were all kinds of thoughts about healing the bird, whatever was wrong with it, but that afternoon it died. We converted the bed to a coffin and were just burying the bird when we saw the worms that apparently had killed it. Even today it makes me cringe to think about it. Summer school was not a school for formal education but I will never believe that it was a vacuum for learning. We had play time, inside and outside. Playing with modelling clay was my favorite inside activity. There was also a nap time for the young kids which I always thought I was too old for. Then there was the crafts we did. I made and painted a wooden napkin holder that mother has on her kitchen counter to this day. When I was nine World War II ended. Everybody at school was cheering, ringing bells and showing all kinds of excitement in general. After that, the

reason for the summer school was gone the it became non-existent. I was sad at losing the friends I had made there. It seemed that a chapter of my life had closed.

The next summer mother had quit her job and set up business at home as a seamstress. At that point and for several years to come I watched her work endless hours sewing. She was good. I liked it best when she made wedding dresses. They were always very beautiful.

My sister, Marian, got married when I was eight. She got married in the temple but had her reception in our house. It was a lot of excitement for me and I'm sure them. Her husband, Bob, was in the Army so he wasn't around too much that first year and Marian stayed at home. After the war, Bob came home and they moved into an upstairs apartment in the Peck's house next door. About a year later they bought a house about a half block away, down Warnock Avenue and my first nephew, Carl, was born. All my friends thought it was pretty exciting to be such a young uncle.

Another event of my life as a ten year old was the time my friends and I decided to beat up a boy we didn't like. He was always trying to hang around with us and we didn't want to play with him so one day we just ganged up on him and took turns sitting on him and hitting him. I felt badly and tried to go easy but I'll never be proud of taking part. However, probably as a result of that encounter he became involved in the local boys club and learned to defend himself. A couple of years later I felt proud to be able to cheer for him in a fight he had with a bully from school. I don't remember how that fight came out.

My closest friends were Rickey Curtis, Irving Cunningham, Jimmy Crowley, and Billy Raymond. Rickey was a year younger but his parents were always friendly and warm. Billy was a year older. These age differences always seemed to make the friends more distant and as the years passed the friendships withered. Jimmy was my age but used some pretty rough language which upset mother. It's not surprising that the first time I slipped and uttered one of the four letter words I had picked up from him, she laid her hand across my mouth with a slap that burned a mark on my memory. After that I learned to express myself in other ways.

Then there were Christmas times. My brother, Val, and I slept in the same bed and when Christmas came we would wake up early. The rules were that we couldn't go downstairs until the rest of the family was up and we all had breakfast but we would take turns sneaking down to see what Santa Clause had brought. Some of the stairs squeaked and we had to be very careful. I don't remember any of the gifts I got but I always wanted toys, not clothes. Even today I prefer things other than clothes because they're not as likely to get bought otherwise.

Halloween was always a great time. My friends and I would plan our costumes for weeks in advance. We always made our own and for several years we made more than one. That way we could go around the neighborhood and find out who had the best candy. Then we would come home and change into another costume and make the rounds to those places again. One year I had three different costumes. At school we always had a parade through each classroom at Halloween. The best costume I ever saw was in one of those parades. We called it a potato head. It was a pillow case with a face on it, a coat with the neck at the person's waist and gloves pinned to the coat sleeves. I used the same costume myself when I was older and made it again for several of my children at different times in their lives.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL YEARS

During the summer after graduating from elementary school, I got my first taste of working for a living. I went to work for Afton Love, an old spinster who lived on Loveland Avenue around the corner from us. I was only a yard hand which was mostly mowing the lawn, but also included helping her with the flower beds. Occasionally I would run to the grocery store for her but that didn't happen very often. The job was only on Saturday mornings and while it provided more money than I had ever had, it didn't take me long to realize that I could use more. As a result, the next summer I also got a job working for Doctor Drury two doors down the street as a general handy man. I can remember painting his house but not much more. I worked for both Miss Love and Doctor Drury for two years each with the jobs overlapping one year. As a result, I guess you could say that I was gainfully employed for my three years in junior high school.

With the opening day of school approaching I was apprehensive at this new experience. I planned what I was going to wear for days. I wore a long sleeved silk plaid shirt and a pair of slacks. In general I didn't like (and still don't) long sleeved shirts and I always wore slacks in school. I walked the mile to Irving Junior High with Leon Soderquist, my best school chum from Columbus school. When we got to school, everybody was hanging around outside. We were both a little frightened because according to the rumors, Gomer Brown and his friends (the school bullies) picked on the seventh graders and would take their pants.

At the school the seventh graders were all on one floor. We rotated among six teachers and classrooms. Each teacher taught a different subject. My home room was the Physical Education class. I remember how upset I was when the teacher flunked me for a paper I turned in because I had printed it. His statement was that we were supposed to be learning how to write. But he was the Phys. Ed. teacher. Why should he care.

In Phys. Ed. we would have timed sprints outside and when we couldn't go out for some reason we would play active games in the room. Then there was mathematics. We were learning how to figure areas and volumes. Mr. Belknap, our teacher, would use the blackboard to explain the concepts and show us how to do the calculations but I was a slow learner. He gave us lots of homework too but I could never manage better than a C. The art teacher was a cute lady and very short. It was funny to see her and her husband together because he towered over her by at least a foot.

I had a girl friend in seventh grade named Jackie Chapman. I used to flirt with her a lot by telling her that her slip was showing. I would call her on the phone occasionally and we danced together at the seventh grade dance. That was about the extent of our romance although it lasted most of the year.

In the eighth grade our classrooms moved upstairs. That's the year that we started to use the gym for our physical education class. Even though we alternated days in the gym with the ninth graders it was nice because we didn't have to stay in and play those chair games like musical chairs during bad weather. While I recall some of the classes, the only teacher I remember by name is Mr Turner, the gym teacher. He had a son in our gym class. Also, I started to improve in mathematics. Although I still didn't understand what I was doing or why, I was able to pull my grade up to a B. Another memory is the story we would hear frequently from the teacher in our home room. Her son had been killed in an auto accident by some Mormon youths who were joy riding when they should have been at Mutual (MIA). It was a sad story but probably more sad because of the hatred that was eating at the teacher from the inside out. Another story we would hear

frequently was from our history teacher. I don't know if it was true or she was fantasizing but she would tell of her escapades of intrigue and spying during World War II. We would make fun of those stories behind her back because we figured that they were fantasy.

In the eighth grade I started to get excited about gymnastics and tumbling. The idea of being able to do all kinds of flips and handsprings seemed exciting so I decided that during the summer. It seemed like a great idea and so after school had ended for the year, I rolled out a sleeping bag on the back lawn and using it for a mat, I began practicing. Well, to make a long story short, while I was doing flips one day, my foot got caught in the grass, I ended up landing on my head and I dislocated my neck. I didn't realize how serious it was until the next morning when my head was twisted on my shoulders about 60 degrees to the left. The good nights sleep hadn't helped a bit. When mother saw my dilemma, she took me to Dr. Drury, the chiropractor down the street, and he took x-rays. It turned out that one of the vertebra in my spine was rotated over 45 degrees taking the top part of my spine and head with it. Well, since Dr. Drury was a chiropractor, he didn't operate (thank goodness) but it took him about 4 weeks of daily treatments to straighten my spine up. I just thank my lucky stars (and God) that the vertebra hadn't shifted sideways. If it had, I'm sure it would have severed my spinal cord and I would have been killed.

We were the big shots again in the ninth grade. Again, I can remember some of the classes and activities I can not remember most of the teachers names. In mathematics I was introduced to algebra. It was like someone had turned on a light. I finally understood what was going on to the point that it was an easy class. Mr Tanner was the algebra teacher and he liked me. He even let me help the other students with their algebra which really gave my ego a boost. In gym we would be tested on various physical activities and I had one of the fastest times at rope climbing and one of the highest vertical jumps in the school. I also remember the day I dove over a pyramid that was higher than anyone else had done. Everybody was really impressed and as a result I was in the pyramid dive in our school gymnastics assembly. However, that one dive was a fluke and I totally bombed in the assembly. I really felt foolish. Also in the ninth grade I came up with another girl friend. I don't remember her last name, but her first name was Sherrie. It was a short lived relationship when we didn't keep in touch after graduating from junior high. She went on to East High and I went to South High.

Another activity I was part of was being a member of the stage crew at school. That was fun. We would get excused from classes during every assembly and we were also able to participate at evening shows in the auditorium. Then on occasion we were able to cut classes to prepare for or clean up after a program. That's when we would play. Once when we were playing hide-and-go-seek, I hid behind the curtains in a high window. I don't remember if I got caught or not but I do remember when I came down. I hung from the sill and dropped. My hand dragged across the rough wall and I still carry the scar as a momento. The most fun though was when we would ride the four wheeled cart around on the stage. It was always fun whether we used it like a sled or someone was pushing it.

During my years in junior high school, I almost always walked the mile to and from school, and frequently it was alone. In retrospect, those were probably among the most pleasant times of my youth. I remember how peaceful it was walking through Fairmont Park being alone with my thoughts. I would spend a lot of time day dreaming and it was through those day dreams that I first began to come to an understanding of myself and the philosophy that would direct the pattern of my life. The most frustrating feeling that I recall and one that is still with me was the desire or need to do something

worthwhile with my life. I have never been able to identify that something. Then there were the times when I had company walking home. We would poke around the stores in Sugarhouse and play in the park on our way home. One spring when the ice on the pond was getting soft during the spring thaw, I was walking on it and fell through. I was frightened but fortunately the water wasn't deep. After I got out my biggest concern was to get home and get my pants dried out before mother came home. I think by the time I got home my pants were frozen and I was cold but I don't remember if I ever caught cold or not. I did get the pants dried out enough that I don't think mother ever knew.

I was in the boy scout troop at church and really enjoyed it. I remember three of the leaders we had. Of those three, I've heard that Dave Hinckley died of cancer at about 38 and I don't know what happened to Allen Procter or J. Raaf Johnson. Allen was an active outdoors type person and as a result he would sometimes take some of my friends and I on hiking and camping trips that were not regular scouting activities. He and his brother Art also had a summer business that was quite unique. They had outdoor movies for the neighborhood in their backyard. They sectioned off part of the yard with blankets and had the projector mounted in a window. It cost a dime to see the movie which compared to the normal price of a quarter, was cheap. The church also had movies on Friday evening which were free for families who had paid their budget. Otherwise, there was a charge.

Also, it was during these junior high school years that I began developing the friendships that were to be part of my life through the remaining years at home and the ones that even today I look on as being my most lasting friendships. While I don't keep in touch with any of these friends, when I go back to Salt Lake to visit, I frequently try to visit Al White, one of the adult leaders, who seems to keep in touch with all the old gang. The names of the kids I hung around with during these years are Don Springer, Bob Halgren, Bob Foster, Bob Reed, Willey Boren, Jack Keener, Janet Keener, Anita Boren, Elsa Weiberg, Carol Ann Price, Carolyn Allred, and Barbara White. Another neighborhood kid who was not a member of the church, Tom Brignand, was not really included with the rest of us which made me feel kind of bad. Bob Halgren and Bob Foster were probably my closest friends. The Borens, Keeners, and Elsa moved into the neighborhood during this time period. Carol Ann was taking dancing lessons and we all figured she was on her way to becoming a ballet star. I often wondered whether she ever made it. Carolyn had epilepsy which unfortunately kept us from really including her with open arms. How cruel children and epilepsy can be. I remember one time we went on a swimming party to Great Salt Lake. When it was time to come in, Carolyn was way out in the lake and seemed to be ignoring our calls to come in. After about an hour, she finally did get back to shore. She and I guess all of us were fortunate that the lake is so salty that you can't sink because she had had an epileptic seizure and had been floating helpless. It scares me now to think what might have happened to her. That summer after the ninth grade Bob Halgren and I signed up for an expedition down the Colorado river. It became one of my most memorable experiences of this period of my life. It was sponsored by the boy scouts. We used big 12 man rubber life rafts and had about 8 people plus supplies in each raft. The trip took two weeks. We got on the Green river at Hite Utah and travelled to Glenn's Ferry in Arizona. It was before the Glenn Canyon dam was built and so I can say that I've seen things that man may never see again. For instance, Hole-In-The-Rock which was a famous river crossing for the pioneers and many Indian ruins which are now under water. I hiked up the canyon to see the rainbow bridge which is now a simple boat ride. I also climbed to the top using hand holes that had been cut into the rock by the ancient Indians centuries before. Then there was the cathedral of music. It was a hollowed out rock that seemed to emit music when the wind

would blow. I think that there were probably several hollow rock formations in the cave. The excitement that I felt riding the rapids and the awe I had for the wonders of God when I looked up at the canyon walls are memories I'll never forget. How much love God must have for his children here on Earth.

As an interesting side note, was the news about two years after the trip down the river that one of the leaders of that trip (I believe his name was Cheney) had been arrested and convicted of arson. What a shock.

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL YEARS

When I started high school in 1951, I was a little fish again. I didn't have the apprehension about school that I had had in junior high but there was still a lot of excitement about the unknown and some concern about Gomer Brown and his friends. As far as I know though, there never were any problems. As soon as I turned 16 that year I went to get my drivers license. I had studied and practiced enough so I was able to get it on the first try for which I was thankful. I really think I was a pretty good driver. However, about two months after I got my license I got a ticket for speeding on 21st South and had to go to traffic school. Luckily though, my fine was suspended. The next summer I got another speeding ticket on highway 89 returning from Ogden. I had to pay that one to a justice of the peace in Bountiful who I think pocketed the money because it never showed up on my driving record. In the Fall of 1952 I was involved in my first accident coming home from work at Western Auto. I was driving down 21st South when a girl going the other way made a left turn in front of me. I couldn't stop and caught her broadside. My head hit the edge of the sun visor which had fallen and which gave me a gash on my forehead just above my nose. It didn't hurt and I didn't even know it was there until someone told me I was bleeding. It wasn't serious though and a few stiches from Dr. Drury took care of it after I got home. However, although that accident was probably nobodys fault, I got the blame and had to pay my previously suspended fine along with the repairs to the other car.

The High School I attended was South High. It was one of the three high schools in town and of course I always thought it was the best. East High was where the rich kids went and had the reputation of being snob hill while West High was very ethnic and generally thought of as being the local gangland. I don't know if either of those concepts were correct but it seemed to help our school moral. I remember the large entry foyer with its tile floor. Ramps went between floors in the center of the building with stairs at each end. The walls on all three floors were lined with lockers and everybody had their own. There was a lot of opportunity to choose classes, even to the point of having students from all three grades in a single class. As a result, I have more trouble associating a given class with a particular grade. I think I took geometry as a sophomore. The first semester was plain geometry and the second was solid geometry. I did good but I never liked having to memorize all the theorems. However it did give me an insight into how to reason. Algebra in my two senior years was much easier. I could understand it because it was logical and didn't require memorizing a bunch of theories. Also, I really liked my algebra teacher. Miss Schroeder was a cute little old lady who had the ability to relate to the students. She could laugh and joke with us and be our friend as well as teacher. I also enjoyed the acappella choir. I couldn't get in when I was a sophomore so I sang in the glee club but I did make the choir in my junior and senior years and enjoyed Mr. Willardsen as our choir teacher very much. Our choir was very well known and we had singing engagements almost every weekend. Also when I was a senior, the choir performed the Student Prince. Practice was a legitimate excuse from class in addition to being a lot of

fun. We were frequently excused from classes for practice which made some of the teachers quite unhappy. That didn't bother me though and my grades didn't seem to be suffering. I was only a member of the chorus but I didn't mind at all since I've always had stage fright. We had three performances on three consecutive nights. Mr Willardsen always told us that the best performance would be the second night after we had overcome the first night jitters and before we got too cocky about how good we were. I don't know if that's how it worked out but I've always felt that it sounded reasonable. Another jewel of wisdom that I remember from Mr Willardsen is where to sit in the auditorium. He told us that the best seats in the house were behind the fifth row but not under a balcony. Sounds from the stage go over the heads of the people in the first few rows and gets blocked by the balcony for people sitting under the balcony.

Other classes I remember taking include technical drafting, chemistry, English, German, physics, biology, electrical shop, gym, geography, family living, and history. In gym, I remember the time we all had to run a mile. How my lungs burned and my legs felt like rubber when I had finished. Also, I remember the time in gym that I dislocated my ankle playing basketball. I thought it was just a sprain at first went to my geometry class after gym. However, as the swelling and pain got worse, I finally went to the principle's office and got excused to go to the doctor. Since I couldn't walk very well, I had difficulty taking the bus home, but I finally made it and went straight over to Dr. Drury's. He reset my ankle and 'painted' a latex cast on me foot. It was a neat cast because it was a little flexible and allowed me to have some use of my foot during the six weeks I was in cast. In German I was the teacher's pet. I don't think my German was that good but the teacher thought it was great. Then in shop, I had real trouble believing that anyone could ever understand what the wiggly lines on an oscilloscope meant. Then there was the time the shop teacher wired up the door knob to give us a shock when we came in. He taught us that by grabbing it firmly we could get in.

As a junior, I was asked to go to the senior graduation party by Janet Keener. That was a real honor for a junior and I thought that maybe Janet and I could develop a boyfriend/girlfriend relationship but it never really worked out. We were just good friends.

All through high school, I was able to maintain good grades and as a result, I was able to attend the annual Awards Dance when I was a senior. It was an exclusive affair where only those who had been involved in some major school activity or had sufficiently good grades could attend. Boys and girls were paired up using a lottery. My date was a sophomore (I don't remember her name) that I didn't even know. It turned out that she was her class vice president and she was really good looking and quite popular. She was really nice and we had a great time but I guess that ultimately, her popularity was her downfall. By the time I graduated, her morals had gone to pot. While I was a senior, I started seriously dating a junior named Ellen Hogge. Her parents were dead and she was being raised by her grandparents. I liked her a lot and we had a good time together. She lived on an avenue by 9th South and about 4th East and I can remember walking over to 9th South with her to watch the Parade on July 24th (Pioneer Day). There was also the time I spent Thanksgiving with her, ate a full Thanksgiving dinner at her house and then went to my sisters and ate another full Thanksgiving dinner. I was never so stuffed in my life. That may have been the beginning of the hiatal hernia that was to plague me in my later life.

I began thinking of college as a senior and took the college entrance exams that winter. On the day I was taking those exams I went home for lunch and was involved in my second accident as I was turning left into our

driveway on 7th East. A man was trying to pass me in his brand new 1954 Oldsmobile. He broadsided me and really made a mess of our little Chevy and it gave him a little tiny dent in his bumper. He wasn't concerned about me or my car but he sure cried about the little dent he had. However, it was his fault and I wasn't hurt so, other than my being a nervous wreck for the exams that afternoon and the inconvenience of not having a car for a while, everything worked out alright. Later, I discovered that I should have taken them the previous year. As a result, I was late applying for college entrance and was turned down at some schools because they were already full. However, I had applied to several colleges and was accepted in several. I received a full tuition scholarship to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York which I ended up taking. I had also received a work/study scholarship to Antioch College, along with being accepted at several other schools. I didn't try to go to Brigham Young University or to the University of Utah because I wanted to get away from home and go out into the world. Mrs Dyer, the guidance councillor in high school was also urging me to go someplace else. She said it would be two educations for the price of one and I think she was probably right.

My grades were good enough in high school that I was selected as one of the six students to give graduation speeches out of six hundred graduating seniors. They didn't single out an individual as a valedictorian but they did select three boys and three girls to give speeches and I was one of those boys. I always felt that if they hadn't selected three boys, I wouldn't have been there. There were certainly a lot of girls that were smarter than I was. It was still a great honor and one which I can remember with joy.

Activities outside of school were split between church, friends and work. My friends were church members and as a result, even the activities with them centered around church. We went on church outings, participated in church projects (welfare projects, building projects, fund raisers, etc.), and played basketball together. I really enjoyed playing basketball and for a couple of years, while I was playing junior basketball, I was selected to the all-star team. We had a good junior team but for some reason we could never do better than second place in the league. The Forest Dale Ward boys team was always a little bit better. Our senior team was a different story. The Fairmont Ward senior team reigned as stake champions for over ten years and in some years were rated among the best teams in the church. However, the one year they were rated number one, they were upset during a first round single elimination game which was a huge disappointment. I was only able to play on the senior team one year before I left for college but even though I spent most of the time sitting on the bench that year, it did give me a chance to play in the all church tournament. I even got my picture in the Deseret News with the caption "Does he have the ball or doesn't he". I was told that I had stumbled and was in the process of falling when the picture was taken. In addition to basketball, our ward had volleyball and softball teams but they were never as exciting or fun to me.

I attended church every Sunday and I guess that my testimony grew as I grew. However, I believe that my testimony is a little different than most in that I came to recognize the truthfulness of the gospel but I never held the church in the same category as the gospel. I did enjoy going to church but possibly more for the friendships I had there. My friends and I would sometimes play hooky from sunday school and we would walk to Grand Central Market to get their soft ice cream sundae special. It was only thirteen cents. The Fairmont Ward chapel on 8th East and about 24th South was built about this time. I can remember the ward sponsoring carnivals at the ward building lot to raise money and then after the building got started, I remember helping with sheetrock. I don't believe I did as much as I should

have though. It was also about this time that I got my drivers license. Of course, that was a momentous occasion and I would try to take the family car everywhere I went. I even remember a church picnic in Parleys Canyon that I drove to. I was the only one of the kids that I ran around with to drive that day so we all piled into our little 1941 Chevrolet Club Coupe. When it was all over I remember counting 14 of us in that car. I don't know how we did it.

During the summer after graduating from junior high school I went looking for a steady job that would give me a little more money. After being rejected many times over and really getting frustrated, I finally got a job at Gambles Western Auto on 21st South in Sugarhouse. I was just a stock boy but it gave me more spending money which was nice. I worked regular hours during the summer and after school when school started. I was usually able to attend special activities and play basketball but it did give me an excuse when I wanted one. They also let me help out on the sales floor when there wasn't other things to be done. I think it gave me some good sales experience and help me develop an understanding of human nature. I can only remember having one problem and that happened the first summer I was there. I was putting some small table radios on some shelves that were attached to the wall when the shelves came off the wall. It scared me out of my wits and I thought sure that I would lose my job. It didn't happen and I kept that job through my senior year. It was a fun job and gave me an opportunity to learn about all kinds of different tools and useful gadgets that are available to do different things. It also gave me some salesmanship experience that has proved useful to me as I've grown older. Most of the time I worked at Western Auto the manager was Jim Sharp. Although I have a vivid picture of him in my mind, I don't really remember much about him. The other people working there were Cal, a super salesman, and Rolley, a management trainee. I remember Rolley had a small Austin Healey car which, one time for a prank, a couple of us lifted to slide blocks under the axle so the car wouldn't move when he left to go home. Unfortunately, we weren't around to see his reaction.

Probably the most important lesson I learned at Western Auto was the wisdom of maintaining a good credit rating. The store sold some items (washers, dryers, refrigerators, TVs, etc.) that were fairly expensive and required most people to use time payments. It was not pleasant to see how angry and sometimes devastated people would become when they had an application for credit turned down. I've since realized that most people are very sensitive about their money and how angry a person can get when their money has been misused or stolen. It's sad but no matter how hard we try to change, money and greed continues to be the major driving force in our society.

Even though I'd had a reasonably good job through high school, I hadn't saved any money for college so that summer after graduating, I got a job at Utah Fire Clay. Dad was their bookkeeper and he helped me get on as a general laborer. They made clay products such as bricks, sewer pipe, and flower pots. Most of the time I had a job as a trucker. That was the task of pulling large flatbed wagons loaded with green clay products between the building where they had been drying to the kilns to be fired. It was a boring job but gave me a good opportunity to continue my day dreaming. Again I had some experiences while I worked there that put indelible marks on my memory. Utah Fire Clay had been a Union Shop (i.e. a person had to belong to the union to work there). However, before I began to work there, the state of Utah had passed a law making union shops illegal so since it was only a summer job for me, I decided not to join the union. The other workers were extremely upset and threatened to cause a major work slowdown if I didn't join and the company was forced to tell me that I would be fired

if I didn't give in. Begrudgingly, I joined the union. The whole process taught me how powerful unions are and how little compassion they really have for the membership and other people.

Occasionally I had jobs other than trucking. One of those jobs was probably the worst job I have ever had. That job was to sit on a platform overlooking a clay mixing bin and to keep the bin full of clay. The clay to fill that bin came from an overhead hopper through an opening that was opened and closed electrically. Once the bin was full, it supplied clay to the brick press below for about 30 to 60 minutes before it had to be refilled. The job was to push the open button and then the close button about a dozen times a day. Even though it was ideal for day dreaming, it was also ideal for sleeping and it was a real struggle to stay awake, a battle that I often lost. The lesson I learned there was how difficult it is to turn idle time towards useful tasks. Another job I remember was driving a small forklift. Even though the forklift was small, driving it gave me an appreciating of the men who operate heavy machinery.

I was still dating Ellen, and my sister, Marian, one day offered to help me buy an engagement ring for her before I left for school. Ellen and I were pretty serious and it seemed like a great idea to me so I accepted the offer. I bought a ring set from Mr. Fankhauser, a family friend. He operated a small jewelry store in Sugar House. Before the end of the summer Ellen and I were officially engaged.

By the end of the summer I had saved between three and four hundred dollars. That plus the eight hundred dollar tuition scholarship and a promise of \$75 a month from mom and dad was what I headed to school with. I remember catching the Greyhound bus in Salt Lake with my duffel bag and suitcase and heading out into the vast unknown. Needless to say, I was frightened. The bus trip took three days and was fairly memorable. I met several people, none of whose names I remember; however, I mostly enjoyed the company of a young women on her way home to Lincoln, Nebraska. I remember being concerned about developing a lasting relationship because of her brilliant red hair. I guess I'd stereotyped women with red hair as being very hot tempered and difficult to deal with.

I had purchased my ticket to Troy, New York where RPI was and I thought that the bus was supposed to be a direct. However, I had to change buses in New York City and, when I arrived in Albany, New York, I discovered that the bus didn't go to Troy. At that point I can remember the panic. Here I was, only about 20 miles from my final destination without the foggiest notion of how I was going to get there. Finally, I guess the ticket agent at the bus depot realized my dilemma and got one of the bus drivers going thru Troy to Burlington, Vermont to take me with him. It's hard to imagine how grateful I was. He dropped me off in a residential area and, pointing up one of the streets, told me that he thought RPI was up that street a little ways. I got off the bus with my suitcase and duffel bag and, after walking what seemed like forever, I began to wonder if, with the driver's uncertainty, that I was even going the right direction. I finally came to some buildings that looked like an apartment complex and thought I'd ask directions. Surprisingly to me, and I'm sure by the grace of God, those buildings were the freshman dormitories. I found my way to my dormitory and there, found the foot locker I had sent ahead about a month earlier. I had arrived safely and was intact with all of my belongings. What a relief.

COLLEGE YEARS

I found my room and proceeded to get settled. I had contracted for a single room since I didn't know anybody and I always enjoyed my privacy. It

cost a little more (\$60 each month for room and board) but I had figured that the money I got from home would cover it without any problem. I can remember revelling in the feeling of freedom that I felt. I had no responsibilities to anybody except me. I could do whatever I wanted, and whenever, however, and with whomever I wanted and first on the agenda was to forget about church. I felt that church had inhibited me too long and it was time to spread my wings.

I had arrived at school a few days ahead of the scheduled reporting time in order to familiarize myself with the area which I did. The following week was freshman orientation week. The freshman were divided into groups (basically each floor of each dormitory) and assigned to an upperclassman. He setup several different appointments with us and told us everything he thought we should know about the school and the town and answered whatever questions we asked. The only thing I can remember was what he told us about Gainors, a local bar just down the hill from school. He told us what a colorful place it was and that we should all go there just for the experience. During that first week I met some new friends and we would all occasionally venture down to Troy just to see what it was like. We did go into Gainors and it was an experience. However, since I was not a drinker, I never went back again. We also located the local movie theaters and I found a laundromat that I used regularly for several months before I discovered that there were laundry facilities in the basement of one of the dormitories.

The second week the upperclassmen began to arrive and registration began. Tables were setup around the gym for each department and after we had checked in and been given our paperwork, we would walk around to the various tables to sign up for the courses and schedules that we wanted. It was always a challenge to get an "ideal" schedule since nobody really knew what "ideal" was. After we had registered and been told what books and supplies we would need we proceeded to the bookstore to get everything. I can remember the mobs fighting their way to the counters to get waited on, a scene that was repeated during every registration week that I can remember. My supplies that first week took all the money I had and I began to find out that money didn't grow on trees. Not having any money to spend slowed down my excursions downtown with everybody else and I began to spend more time doing things by myself. Among other things, I learned how to use my slide rule (a forgotten art in todays world of computers) and of course I was writing Ellen every day.

School started the following week with the first couple of weeks being freshman hazing. Freshman had to wear small caps to identify them as freshman and then if they were singled out by an upperclassman, they had to do whatever they were told. I don't ever remember being picked to do anything for which I'm thankful. I did my best to stay out of sight or at least not attract attention. I didn't take the cap off though because that would give the upperclassmen an excuse to really pick on me if they found out. It was during this early beginning that I began to develop some of the friendships that lasted through my years at RPI. The four names I can remember are Don Flemming, Fred Burant, Lance Greive, and Pete Brady. Don and I remained the closest. We would frequently double date for hockey games or dances and he was my best man four and one half years later. I remember the time Fred asked me about Mormons. I gave him a brief rundown of the beliefs and principles of the church. However, even though I thought or discussion had gone well, he would never discuss religion with me again. He was a good catholic and I guess his priest had gotten to him. That discussion did clear up some of my misconceptions about Catholicism though. Most notably was the conception of infallibility. I had thought that infallibility was a belief that the Pope could do no wrong but in reality,

it's only that he could do no wrong in matters pertaining to religion. This is not too different from the LDS belief regarding the prophet and head of the church. Lance was just always there. Whenever we did anything together, he was one of the group. Last was Pete. I felt truly sad for him and have often wondered what became of him. He didn't like the taste of alcohol but thought that drinking was an important part of socializing. As a result, he would force himself to drink whenever there was an opportunity in order to develop his taste for liquor.

After the freshman hazing was over, fraternity rushing (membership drive) started. For a week, each fraternity had what amounted to one long party. The freshman could go to any one of the fraternities and drink and socialize. When rushing was over the fraternities sent out invitations to those freshman they wanted as members and a freshman could join the fraternity of his choice. I decided not to join a fraternity after having been turned off by all the partying. I felt that I was at school for an education and I wasn't in to the fraternity way of partying. I was never sorry for that decision although I know that some people that would never have made it through school if they hadn't been in a fraternity.

"Hell week" followed the fraternity rushing. That's the week when the fraternities initiate their new members. For those who joined fraternities, it was sort of a continuation of the freshman hazing week except much worse. There was no way they could escape the upperclassmen and it was a full time hassle for them. During that week I was really glad that I had decided not to join a fraternity.

School was a lot different than anything I had known before. The course instructors didn't seem to care whether we went to class or not and we were pretty much on our own to learn. I studied hard and still had trouble maintaining even a high C average. After about 2 months I began to realize how much the church had meant to me and I got involved with a Christian Fellowship group at school. They had weekly meetings and I even went on a weekend retreat with them. However, while the Christian Fellowship group at school was better than nothing, it didn't fill my needs so I decided to look up the Mormon church and start going to church again. That turned out to be not so easy. I couldn't locate a church group in the area so I finally had to write home and have mother get a name and an address. I know she was thrilled to know that I was going to go back to church and I got the information by return mail. The name of the Branch President she sent me was professor Cliff Barton. He was studying for his PhD at RPI in the Mechanics Department which, for me in the years to follow, was very fortunate. I called professor Barton (Cliff) and arranged to meet with him later that week. When I met him, he also introduced me to Vince Milligan, a graduate student in the same department, and to Phil Haymond, a senior who worked for him. Vince invited me to go with him and his new wife, Carol, to see the church roadshows that were going to be held that week in Schenectady. They picked me up at the dorms and we headed into Troy where we picked up two girls, Joanne Hansen and Loretta Green, who were going with us. That stopped changed my life. Even though I was engaged, I still enjoyed the female company and I can remember looking at Joanne and wondering what it would be like to have a date with her.

On Sunday, the Milligans picked me up again and we drove the 20 or so miles to church. It was a small branch meeting in the YMCA in Albany. I remember how strange it seemed not to have a regular church building to meet in. They introduced me to just about everybody. The only introduction I can remember was to a chubby little eight year old, John Hansen, Joanne's brother. There were ten or twelve families at church so there weren't a lot of people and, for me, there were only two other boys even close to my age

and maybe eight or ten girls. Pretty good odds in favor of the boys. The families I remember are the Behrens, John and Betty, the Souls, John and his wife with two daughters, sister Applebaum and her daughter Judy, brother and sister Batchelor, two Konig families (two German brothers and their wives), the Milligans, Cliff and Emma Barton with their daughter, Sister Clawson and her daughter Mary Jane, the Greens with Loretta, and John and Helen Hansen with their children, John Jr., Julaine, and of course Joanne. The third boy with Phil and me was named Richard. There were also a few others whose name I don't remember. In general church was no different than in a large Ward in Salt Lake City except that because of the small numbers of people many of the classes were combined. Even with the small numbers of people, there was a lot of effort to provide the complete church program. In keeping with that effort, MIA (as the teenager's program was called), Primary and Relief Society were held in private homes during the week. Everybody had several church jobs and trying to run a full church program with the travel required was a burden for everybody. However, with the close ties that developed in that environment, being part of that Albany Branch was probably the most rewarding church experience I ever had.

Along with the normal church activities this small group of people were trying to raise money to get their own church building and there were many fund raising projects going on. I guess the women had their bake sales but what I remember was the men's projects. They got into handy man kind of activities and painted some homes, cleaned yards, and I remember putting in at least one flagstone patio and scraping and painting at least three houses my freshman year. The fellowship a person can feel standing on a ladder scraping or painting a house out of love can't be described.

In early November that first year, the Souls invited me to Thanksgiving dinner and I accepted. About two weeks later the Hansen's also gave me an invitation which I would have preferred going to Hansen's because of Joanne so I was really disappointed when I had to turn it down. However, they extended to Christmas which thrilled me. In looking back, I think everybody was hoping something might develop between me and one of the eligible girls. When Thanksgiving rolled around I had a mountain of homework which I didn't want to be saddled with for the holidays. As a result, I stayed up all night long the night before Thanksgiving to get it all done. I barely finished it before the Milligans (who were also going to the Soul's for dinner) picked me up. I didn't know it then but John Soul and Vince were planning to go deer hunting. They asked me to come too and found me a gun to use. I was never a hunter but felt like I should go so I went along. After we got to where they were going to hunt, we hiked around the hills a little without seeing anything. When we came to what was left of an old log cabin about halfway up a hillside, it was decided that Vince and I would wait there while John went into the woods at the bottom of the hill in an effort to flush out some deer. It was cold and there was about six or eight inches of snow but even so, I remember as we were standing up leaning against the remnants of a log wall, Vince all of a sudden started laughing. I had fallen asleep and started snoring. I was tired but that wasn't an excuse for my embarrassment. I forced myself to stay awake the rest of the day but, even though it was a super dinner, I was glad when it was time to go home so I could go to bed.

The Hansen's found out that the school dining hall didn't serve a Sunday evening meal so they invited me to start going to church with them on Sunday and come to their house for dinner afterwards. After a couple of weeks of that, they found out that I was carrying my laundry down the hill into Troy to a laundromat every week to wash my clothes so Joanne's mother offered to do it if I could bring it to their house in North Troy on Saturday. I jumped at the chance since it would give me something to do on weekends and

at the same time would allow me to spend more time with Joanne. It became a weekly pilgrimage for me to carry my duffel bag full of laundry down the hill to the bus stop, catch the Fifth Avenue bus to 121st Street in North Troy and walk up the hill to their house. I got my laundry washed and ironed, slept on the top bunk of a bunk bed in Johnny's room and was able to spend the weekend in a very enjoyable family surrounding. When they moved to the store on 3rd Avenue two years later I continued to go to their house and spend the weekend. It was a weekly trip that I took as long as I was in Troy for the next four years and one that I never regretted. I became one of the family and appreciated it more than anyone can imagine although I'm sure that I must have become a burden at times.

When the Christmas holidays came, most of my friends at school went home. There were a few people left but in general, the dormitories were very empty and lonely. I remember going to one party which one of the deans had for those of us still there. That was my first experience with what most of the world considers a party to be. Everybody just stood around and talked and drank. The dean had made a rum punch that he thought was great and he spent his time walking around making sure everybody had a full glass. The talk was mostly small talk and since I wasn't interested in drinking, I felt quite awkward walking around carrying this full glass in my hand participating in nothing conversations. I do remember that one of the other students thought it was a terrible punch and so the two of us ended up putting our glasses on the mantel over the fireplace and leaving early.

On Christmas Eve I went to Hansen's and spent the day with the family making the Christmas preparations. The missionaries had also been invited to spend that Christmas with the Hansen's and came on Christmas morning. I don't remember much about that Christmas except that one of the missionaries got a pair of socks.

As spending the weekend at Hansen's became a regular thing I felt that I should pay something so I began to do the dishes on a regular basis. Eventually, it got to the point where Joanne and I would do them together. It was time she and I could spend alone without any family interference that I greatly enjoyed. She would wash the dishes and I would dry and as we grew closer together I would take every opportunity to stand behind her with my arms around her waist and my head on her shoulder.

About the first of December that year the church bought what had been a Jewish synagog and along with the fund raising activities, the members all of a sudden had the task of cleaning and refurbishing the building to make it suitable for our own use. Work parties at the church became a regular thing. We started out with just a general cleaning but before we were done, we had scraped and refinished all the pews. I had done one of them myself and always felt that I had my own private pew. The walls were totally repainted by one of the Konig brothers who had used textured paint to make the entrance look like stone and the chapel to look like wallpaper. He also painted a pipe organ on the wall behind the podium and put the phrase "The Glory of God is Intelligence" above it. It was on one of the cleaning work parties that I first asked Joanne for a date. We were on our hands and knees cleaning the floor in the recreation room. We were in a side hall alone and I asked her to be my date at the annual ROTC ball. I was in the Air Force ROTC at the time and the ROTC ball was the big annual event. I don't think she accepted right then. I think she was a little afraid to go out with this college guy who was engaged. However, we did end up going together. I remember the dance in the school gym and having our picture taken.

While my relationship with Joanne was blossoming, my letter writing to Ellen was taking a back seat. My letters had gone from one a day to one a week by the end of the school year. Ellen's letter writing had gotten even worse. I think hers were coming about once every two weeks. It was obvious to me by the time Spring came that the engagement with Ellen was not going to last and I knew that we would break up when I went home. In the mean time, Joanne and I were going to movies and plays together and really enjoying each others company.

After the Christmas holidays that year, Cliff Barton offered me a job working with him in the Mechanics Department. I accepted the offer because I needed the money. He pulled some strings and got me \$1.50 an hour which was almost as much as I had been earning at the Utah Fire Clay the previous summer. It also helped me with some of my other finances. The \$75 a month that Mom and Dad were giving was just barely covering the necessities. Now I could buy an occassional ice cream from the ice cream vendor when I walked past him on the way to classes. However, it still didn't happen too often because I had already learned to leave my money at home so it wouldn't get spent unnecessarily. I tried to work 20 hours a week. The work actually involved working with Phil helping on Cliff's research project for his PhD. He was analyzing the propogation of a stress wave as it propogated down a steel bar. The job involved instrumenting a steel bar with strain gages and an oscilloscope and photographing the stress wave as it propogated down the bar. The trick was causing the oscilloscope to trigger at just the right time. I don't remember just how we did it but we were successful and were able to get some good results. This job gave me good experience using oscilloscopes and developing film. I've never used that experience but if I ever decide to take up photography as a hobby, I'm not a total novice. I kept the job working with Cliff for the rest of my time at school. It was nice because it provided me with most of the spending money that I needed and really made my life quite comfortable although I'm sure my grades suffered because of the time it took.

The first two years at school were spent on a broad range of subjects including physics, drafting, calculus, literature, chemistry, and so on. In general, with the exception of maybe three courses during the four years the courses did not include the humanities. Everything was more centered around technical subjects and the level that things began with the assumption that if we didn't know the basics ahead of time we would learn them on our own. For example, I can remember the hours I spent studying the manual and learning how to use the slide rule in the dormitory. I was really shocked when I went home the first summer to find out that Bob Foster had taken a course at the University of Utah on how to use the slide rule. That first year, no matter how hard I struggled, I couldn't get the A's that I was accustomed to in high school. Even though I felt that I was doing good in some of the subjects, B's and C's seemed to be the norm when it came time for finals that first semester. The one bright spot I had was calculus. While I struggled to maintain a C average through the year and only had a C average going into the final, my final grade was an A. Apparently, I had passed the final with the highest grade in the school if not 100%. After that calculus was a real breeze. I guess it gave me a reputation that followed me into every math class I took. Unfortunately, it didn't help me much with my other subjects.

I also got involved in the RPI glee club that year and enjoyed singing and traveling with the glee club for my entire four years in school. In my junior and senior years Joanne would come on the day trips we took which was quite pleasant. She almost became like a mascot to the rest of the guys. My singing voice was always good although my musical talent left something to be desired. I can remember our director selected me out to be in a

quartet but when he had me try out at the piano with the group, my ability to keep time and read the music soon became apparent and I was replaced. The second year in the glee club when he heard me in the group, he didn't know it was me and he wandered through club as we were singing until he came to me. When he realized it was my voice he heard, he just quit looking any further and went back to the front of the group.

That summer I went home. I didn't want to take the bus again because it took so long and was too confusing when I had to change busses so I decided to take the train. That turned out to be an experience but really no better than the bus. I caught the train in Albany and went to Chicago. In Chicago, I not only had to change trains but I had to change train stations. The huge train stations to me were intimidating but when I got out into the city, I really felt lost. When I finally did get on the train to Salt Lake City, I offered a silent thanks to God. I don't remember much about the whole trip except the little girl and her mother sitting in the seat behind me. She was anxious to see the Rocky Mountains but after seeing only the rolling hills of the Iowa and Kansas for a day and a half, she was getting very discouraged. The last night on the train was when we finally got into the mountains and when she woke up the next morning her excitement was almost beyond description. I was happy too that the mountains had lived up to her expectations and that I was almost home.

It took about a week after arriving home to realize that I was only a visitor. All of my family and friends had different lives that I was not a part of. In a way it was sad but on the other hand it was part of growing up and becoming my own person. It wasn't easy, but the end of that first week I finally got up the courage to go to see Ellen. I knew our relationship was over and I had to tell her. I guess she felt the same way because she almost beat me to the punch. I'm sure it wasn't any easier for her and I guess we were both relieved when it was all said and done. She gave me the diamond back and our paths parted. I've occasionally wondered since then how she has fared in life. She really was a nice girl.

I was able to go back to work at Utah Fire Clay doing pretty much what I'd been doing the summer before. It was boring as usual but didn't take much thought which left me a lot of time to let my imagination do it's thing. The pay was a little higher than the previous summer which was nice. That summer I didn't try to fight the union. I'd learned my lesson but unfortunately, part of that lesson was a loss of respect for unions in general. I think in principle unions are necessary and possibly even a good thing, but in practice, they're no better than the company management.

During my spare time I got involved with the old gang playing softball, going to movies, and just enjoying each others company. Within about two weeks Pat Halgren, Bob Halgren's younger sister, had introduced me to Maxine Reichert. Maxine lived on 5th East between 9th and 13th South and her father owned and operated a small independent gas station on 9th South between Main and State Streets. He seemed to have a fairly comfortable income from the gas station. He would occasionally let us borrow their Crysler Imperial for our dates. Before the summer was over, Mr. Reichert ruptured a disk in his back and ended up bedridden for six months. He was a heavy man which probably made it extra hard for him. I hope that I never have to go through what he went through. Maxine and I had a beautiful summer together but she just didn't quite replace Joanne. I really felt bad for Maxine because I'm sure she had hoped our relationship would develop into something more lasting but I knew from the beginning where my heart really was. When the summer was over, I tried to end our relationship as gently as possible but ending that kind of relationship can never really be gentle.

When I went back to school that year I was driving the old family car. It was a 1941 Chevrolet club coupe that I had painted that summer. However, I was lazy and hadn't rubbed down or buffed my paint job so it was kind of a speckled rough finish. I'm sure my imagination is playing tricks on me but I have fond memories of that car and sometimes wonder if it wasn't the best car I ever had. I was accompanied by two young women going home to Long Island. We drove straight through which was first of many times that I did that. I can remember arriving at the house on Long Island about quitting time (5 ish) and how bad the traffic was. The family invited me to stay over night or just for dinner but I was anxious to get on up to Troy so after getting directions and studying the map, I left. In retrospect, I probably should have. The traffic getting off the island and through New York City was herendous and the lack of super highways didn't help any. I finally got to the Sawmill River Parkway about 9 pm that evening. Not long after I got on the Parkway the car had a flat tire. It was getting late and wasn't in the mood to fix a flat but there wasn't much choice so I pulled over the curb onto a grassy area by the side of the road. I was in the process of unloading the trunk to get the spare tire when another car stopped and two men got out. I was really thankful for the help but they looked at the old car and looked at me and looked at all the junk lying on the ground and finally got back in their car and drove off. Afterwards I concluded that they had stopped to rob me and then decided it wouldn't be worthwhile so they left. At that point I took the money I had out of my pocket and put it under the mat in the car and then proceeded to change the tire by myself.

I ended up arriving in Troy late that night and went straight to Hansen's. It was good to be back. I don't remember if I had arranged for an apartment before I left the previous spring or not but in any case, I ended up in an apartment on Oakwood Avenue with two other students. The only one I remember though was Fred Hand. He was a poor little rich kid from California. He was a Catholic and I remember at Christmas how concerned he was that the Bible he gave me as a gift was the right kind of bible for a Mormon. It was and I really appreciated that Bible. It was the first one I had ever owned.

Our apartment was located right at the top of a hill and one snowy winter night while I was in the apartment and my car was parked at the curb outside, I heard a crash. Someone slipping and sliding coming up the hill had slid into the car. His insurance would only pay up to the value of the car and wouldn't pay to get it completely repaired and we ended up settling for \$200. I bought a new fender and put it on, but never got it painted so now the car, in addition to being speckled was taking on a rainbow appearance. It was still good transportation though and gave me good service for the rest of the year.

Joanne and I began to get more serious that year. I had a car and the job at school kept me in spending money so we began to date regularly. We went to hockey games, plays at the school playhouse, drivein movies, dances, glee club performances, church functions, swimming at some local swimming holes, and anything else we could find to go to. Our favorite swimming hole was Eagle Mills and I remember one time going to Tanglewood in Massachusetts to hear the Boston Symphony. That's the year our relationship really started to grow. To me, she was (and still is) the most beautiful person I had ever known. I even took her to one of the school dances early when they were selecting a queen. To this day I think she should have won but I think she lacked confidence because of her age (15) and her limp and it must have showed. It continued to be a struggle for me to maintain decent grades. I tried to study but I guess my mind wasn't really in it and with all the

extra circicular activities my studying really suffered. During the four years I think my cumulative grade point average ended up at about 2.7 out of 4.0. On a term by term basis it varied between about 2.3 and 2.9. I can remember being concerned about maintaining my scholarship with an average below 3.0 but that turned out to not be a problem so now as I look back on it, even though the tuition went up almost every year, starting out at about \$800 and ending at \$1200 when I was a senior, I think I did things about right.

When summer rolled around I packed up to go home again. It wasn't as easy for me to leave this time because of Joanne. However, I was excited about the long drive and found an Iranian student who was going to Yellowstone Park to work to go with me. We hadn't gotten more than about 100 miles on the New York Thruway (now Interstate 90) when the car all of a sudden lost all the cooling water. We found a stream and put water in so we could go for a mile or two, hoping to find an exit but without luck. There was a big hole in the engine that we just didn't understand and the water came out too fast. (It turns out, a frost plug had blown out) Finally a police car came along and called a tow truck for us. He towed us about 15 miles to the next exit at Herkimer, New York. It was Saturday and we couldn't get the car fixed until Monday so we just loafed around town for a couple of days. On Monday morning we got the car back and were on our way again but it wasn't more than about 30 minutes down the road before we were pulled over by another police car. He told us he was just checking to make sure we weren't a couple of kids out for a joy ride in an old jalopy. He checked the license and registration and let us go.

It was a long but finally, the end was in sight. We were in Wyoming, about 150 miles from Salt Lake City when the engine started making an awful racket. We slowed down to a crawl in order to get to the next town where the mechanic told us that one of the bearings was shot. We were running short of money after the repairs in Herkimer and so we decided to try to fix it ourselves. We got the new bearing and tore into the engine from under the car. It was a messy, dirty job but finally we were done. We didn't know what we were doing and we only had the tools we could borrow from the mechanic but it the job seemed simple enough so we felt pretty good when the job was finished and the car started up and purred. It was night but we were anxious to get going again so we were off. It was maybe 5 miles down the road and the car noise started again. We apparently hadn't done things right. We got back to town, and I called home to try to tell everybody what was happenning and try to get some money to get the car fixed right. Well, we didn't get any money but my brother, Val, drove up that same night to get us. After he got there, he tied the two cars together with a rope and began the trip to Salt Lake City towing my car behind his. Using a rope, both cars needed drivers so I drove mine while he towed. At one point I can remember swerving off the road. I thought maybe he was falling asleep; however, he told me that I wasn't tracking him right and had pulled him over. It was morning when we got home and we were all dead tired. After a little rest, we put my Iranian friend on a bus to get to Yellowstone and was left with an experience that I'll never forget.

That summer I bought another car. It was a 1951 Plymouth. That was the car I used for the next two years while I was in school. We sold the Chevy (I think for \$15) to a friend of Val's who repaired it and used it for a few years after that.

That summer I worked for Utah Fire Clay again. This time, I joined the union without making such a big fuss but I was never really happy about it. When the summer was over I packed up my new car and headed for Yellowstone where I was picking up my Iranian friend. When I got there, there were also

two girls who wanted a ride to Chicago. I didn't mind since we were going right past Chicago anyway so the four of us piled in the car and off we went. There wasn't any hanky panky between us although I must admit that the thought crossed my mind, especially when I looked in the rear view mirror and saw one of the girls changing her clothes. The trip back to school was uneventful except for the moment that I fell asleep at the wheel. I had been driving all day and was supposed to trade off with my friend but was trying to drive as long as I could. I remember pinching myself and wiggling to try to stay awake and then all of a sudden I opened my eyes to find myself driving on the wrong side of the road with headlights coming toward us. Even though the headlights were a long ways off, it scared me good and I guess got my adrenaline running. I ended up wide awake and driving all night and half the next day (probably about 36 hours) before I took a break.

If I remember right, I moved in a third floor apartment that was on 8th Street just below the school. My room mates were Fred Burant and Lance Grieve. We only stayed in that apartment for the first semester before Fred and Lance decided to move into the fraternities that they had joined. I never joined one and couldn't afford the apartment by myself so I had to find another place to live. I ended up connecting with Fred Behr and John Althousen and the three of us found a large third floor, 4 bedroom apartment on 7th Street that had one other student, Mark Zorn, living in it. It was about a mile from campus so it wasn't as convenient but it was really much more suitable for us as students. Mark was a different kind of person. He had come from New York City and thought that Greenwich Village in Manhattan was heaven on Earth. He liked classical jazz and had a high-fi set that he often played at very high volume. I often wondered what the landlord who lived below us, thought. Also, he was majoring in chemistry, he almost never went to class unless there was a quiz or a test, it seemed like he never studied, and he got straight A's. I don't know how he did it. He liked to play poker and would frequently set up games in the apartment that sometimes lasted several days. He would usually team up with a friend and, with the two of them in one poker game, would take one of the someone else that had some money to loose to the cleaners. Fred was another straight A student. He had flunked out of college before going into the Navy a few years earlier. I guess the Navy had straightened him out a little and now he was back in school with a real desire to do something with his life. All I remember about John is that he was a heavy smoker and when they first published reports that smoking caused cancer, he said that he liked to smoke too much to quit. He didn't care if it shortened his life expectancy. I've often wondered what his thoughts today are on the subject.

I set up my study area in the corner of what was a large kitchen. It was pretty private and quite since there normally wasn't a lot of activity in the kitchen. This was my home until I graduated. Fred and John moved out when summer came but Mark and I stayed and because the landlord was charging rent by the person, we didn't get anybody else to share the apartment with. Mark and I didn't have much to do with each other since I spent most of my free time at the Hansen's and he took every opportunity to go back to New York City.

For the entire four years I continued to receive the \$75 monthly allowance from Mom and Dad which I think must have been a real struggle for them. Dad's salary was less than \$5000 to begin with so sending me 20 percent of it must have hurt. During the Spring of my senior year several different companies came to school for interviews and after having several, I accepted the highest offer I got which was from the Boeing Aircraft Corporation in Seattle, Washington. If I remember right, that offer was for \$525 per month which was more than Dad had ever made. About that same time I asked Joanne

to marry me and we started planning for a wedding early the next year. Mom and dad came to my graduation and stayed in one of the extra bedrooms in the apartment. It worked out alright although I've always felt bad that the only bed I could offer them was a bunk bed. After I graduated on June 6, 1958, I stayed in Troy until Joanne graduated from Lansingburg High School late in June. I remember it was a cold summer and we only were able to go swimming once before I left. Leaving that summer was again very very hard. I had left my fiance behind once before and our relationship had fallen apart. I didn't want that to happen with Joanne.

I was headed for Seattle and decided to go through Salt Lake City on the way. It was a long drive and a short stay in Salt Lake before I started the final leg to Seattle. I got about four hours North of Salt Lake City, in the desert about 25 miles before reaching Burley, Idaho when the car threw a rod. I was able to get a ride into Burley and arrange for a tow truck to get the car. After waiting through the weekend for a mechanic, they were finally able to start working on the car. The mechanic used parts he got from the junk yard to keep the cost down. After about three days the mechanic had the car running but it was still very sick. I couldn't afford to spend any more money or time so I thought I'd nurse it through to Seattle where I could have it fixed right. I nursed it through to Twin Falls, Idaho where, because the car was burning so much oil and making such a terrible racket, I decided I'd better try to get it fixed again. I called mom and dad to wire me some money, and waited another two days with the car in the shop again. I remember seeing the movie "The Fly" to pass the time. When I got the car back it still wasn't running right. I just stocked up on oil and decided I'd do the best I could. I drove all night and as dawn came, I was only about 25 miles from Seattle when the engine seemed to explode and came to a sudden stop. I was on the downhill side of Snoqualme Pass and so I put the car in neutral and coasted to the next small town. There, I arranged to put the car in a local junk yard and started trying to figure out how to get into Seattle. At the local diner, after I had eaten, I found a truck driver who was willing to give me a ride. I guess God was watching out for me. When we got to Seattle, he dropped me off at a hotel that catered to truckers and was real cheap.