

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

