

Midget Race Car Races

In the last summer that dad was in Vernal, we went to see midget race cars. They were something new. Small cars with funny shapes that raced against each other around a dirt track, roaring and sliding as they turned the corners in the evening under bright lights on tall poles. The roll bars looked odd because I'd never seen something like that but they made sense of a sort. The idea that a car would be driven on purpose in a way that might make it flip over was foreign. That's why the roll bars weren't difficult to understand. Why in the world would these men drive so badly?

The track was on the west end of Vernal. We went in the evening and the crowd was, once more, intimidating. I never liked to go out into bunches of people, but dad's choice to go see the cars and take us with him left no option. I did want to see the races, and tolerated the insecurity associated with crowds of yelling unfamiliar people. No one was hurt and there was lots of noise and cheering. An announcer reported the event for us ringside which actually didn't help me at all but it was thoughtful of him I suppose. It was sort of a rodeo atmosphere with funny cars instead of horses.

New Winter Coat and Aviator Helmet

It was in the winter of the year that mom worked at JC Penny I think that this happened. Mom pored over the Sears catalog for weeks as fall was ending and winter was starting, a time of short days and increasing coldness. We had gotten by previous winters with hand-me-down winter coats from cousins. We were used to that and expected nothing different this year, although we hoped mightily for a change. The chronic shortness of money in the house engendered a penury that chilled any requests for something new. You learned to just not ask because the response would be a short terse comment about how we didn't really need the thing, or the reason we needed it was because we hadn't taken care of the other one, or something equally painful to hear. So we didn't ask.

But mom knew. She understood. And she cared, even though she did all she could to not let us see it. She cared. As she hunted through the catalog she was hunting for new winter coats for us. Astonishing thing. We looked in the catalog with her and wanted to know all we could find out about each choice. Of course, we only got to look at the choices she had selected first. That was always her way but we understood that was one of the ground rules and accepted it without even realizing that we did what we did. When you don't know any different, you don't

know any different.

Well, one of the choices she offered us was this snazzy coat that came with the fantastic Aviator's Helmet. That had goggles. Man alive, we were out of our minds with excitement. We picked that one out and told her fervently that we wished to have it and so on. She understood and told us that she would order for it then, and did. We were in agony every day thereafter, hurrying home from school in the darkening autumn to see if the postman had come yet, aching to hear that a large package had come from Sears. Anxiety and stress haunted our days and dreams, encouraged by the increasingly cold weather especially when we walked home that mile each day.

Now you have to understand this. The choice of the aviator helmet was driven as much by World War II as anything in the community. The war hadn't really even ended. Military clothing was prized because our parents admired soldiers and expressed appreciation for their efforts. So we were caught up in a patriotism that leaked out in this manner. When the box was brought to the house by the mailman, we could hardly wait to get it open. However, we knew that if we rushed things that somehow there would be an exaggerated slowing down of the process. Far better to hold still and wait for her to move at her own pace. Control. She was into control so we let her have it but were nervous wrecks until we were handed our own coat and aviator hat with goggles.

We put them on immediately and went outside in the coldness to experiment, to see how warm they really were. Of course, we probably thought they were the warmest thing we had ever worn simply because they were new. We ran around the yard under the barren cotton woods, imagining that we were pilots, braving the weather, hunting for the bad guys.

The odd thing about this outfit was that was unable to wear the goggles to school. I was too uncomfortable wearing something like that outside of the yard. Why would that be? I don't know today and don't understand it. Was it because I somehow thought inside of myself that I was not entitled to wear nice things, things that were unusual? I don't know why but I do know that I did not wear the goggles to school. The coat and helmet were wonderful and I was thrilled.



Figure 1 Aviator Helmet
<http://www.newportarmynavy.com/st/12357>.
Jpg

Yardley Toiletries - 1946

This brand diminished in importance to the point that most of you probably have little recall of it. Perhaps the only recollection you have is the bars of Yardley handsoap that dad gave me back in the 1980's, lavender scented that I love.

Yardley is an English company and was perceived as a sophisticated, upper-crust brand. Look at the beautiful woman here. Hair done up in a stylish turban of the time, against a background of swirling satin and subtle colors patterned like clouds. The layout is tasteful, suggesting that the products themselves would be tasteful additions to one's collection. Today the jewelry would be overdone but at the time when women wore it, the ad would have been pleasing, suggesting that "You, too, can look like this."

The other lovely thing about this ad is its shape. A long narrow image sitting to the side of a page is more artistic than one that fills the center of the page or a squarish block of it. This has a sense of design that bespeaks the quality - is intended to suggest - of the products themselves. The round box obviously is a bath powder, a body powder, that women dusted on

AT APPOINTMENT
RESERVED TO
H.M. QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY, LONDON

cool as coral

Why not—when her complexion affects
that delicate, coral-like glow
. . . when her mouth is one smooth,
coral-bright curve. . . She
looks, feels, is completely
beautiful—and why not,
indeed, when clearly
she's learned to
"Color-light"!

"Color-light" your skin with Yardley
"English Complexion" Powder, \$1 —
your lips with Yardley Lipstick, \$1.
Yardley also brings an array of ex-
quisite beauty aids including Dry Skin
Cleansing Cream and Night Cream.
Both \$1 and \$2. Prices plus tax.

"color-light" with
YARDLEY
aids to beauty

Yardley products for America
are created in England and
finished in the U. S. A.
from the original English
formulae, combining
imported and domestic
ingredients. Yardley
of London, Inc.,
420 Fifth Ave.,
Rockefeller Center,
New York, N. Y.

ADK. BY W. W. BISH

Ladies Home Journal

Figure 2 Yardley 1946 - in Ladies Home Journal
http://scriptorium.lib.duke.edu:80/dynaweb/adaccess/beauty/cosmetics1940s/eGeneric_BookTextView/4144

themselves after
the bath.

Charles of the Ritz

Another sophisticated ad campaign was run by Charles of the Ritz. This Christmas ad in 1947, when I was 5 years old, is as beautiful today as it was at the time.

The simplicity of the colors and the design reflects the intention of the company to portray itself as one whose products would be trusted to represent a person well, demonstrating the excellence in taste.

Another aspect of this ad that may be lost on you kids is the hand writing. We learned to write, more or less, using the Palmer Method. In those days people did all their letters by hand and hand-writing methods emphasized beauty. The Palmer Method even required you to make patterns of loops just to learn to move your arm and hand



Figure 3 Charles of the Ritz in the NEW YORKER 1947
<http://scriptorium.lib.duke.edu:80/adaccess/BH/BH16/BH1606-72dpl.jpg>

rhythmically.
This ad tapped
into the sense
of discipline
and style. Of
course, I
never did
learn to write.

Helena Rubenstein

The *New Yorker*
magazine was a
trend-setter in
a variety of
ways which
encouraged
top-drawer
businesses to
choose
sophisticated
ad agencies to
craft
campaigns
suitable for
the magazine.
Helena
Rubenstein has
pretty much
dropped from

view now but back then it was one of the premiere cosmetics firms. The ad is understated, relying on an appeal to simple values and a familiar product to draw the viewer in and encourage her that she, too, would look like this if she only used these products. The balloons are particularly appealing to me, outlining the person in her simple under-stated linen suit and lovely smile hidden under a straw hat and

helenarubinstein dips into

crackerjack

for crisp, delicious, new color!

Carousel music, the bubble of pop, the crispy sweetness of **CRACKERJACK**—caught for you in carnival color! Your lips go ravishing, rural red. Your skin glows warm and tawny-touched. That's **CRACKERJACK** for you—delicious, delectable color confection, for luscious locals or city slickers.

CRACKERJACK BOX, 2.25
Lipstick, Nail Lacquer, Face Powder

PARIS • 715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22 • LONDON

LIPSTICK, 1.50, 1.00 • ROUGE, 2.00, 1.00 • FACE POWDER, 3.50, 1.50, 1.00 • CREAM TINT FOUNDATION, 1.50 • MILK-TONE CAKE MAKE-UP, 1.00 • NAIL LACQUER, .60

feather over a long pageboy, THE hairstyle of the era.

Hastings Rings

One of the images of that era that captured my attention was the ad for rings used in internal combustion engines. The fascination stemmed from the bizarre shape of the man's face as well as from the fact that it dealt with things made out of metal, i.e. my dad's world. The man showed up with red stripes on his shirt sometimes, but he always had the square jaw. It was probably intended to represent the shape of a piston, a fact that escaped this kid. The fact that dad was a machinist, a man who worked on motors and engines -I don't know what the difference is and used to fight with Tommy about it, though neither of us really had a clue- probably added to my interest in this ad.



Figure 5 Hastings Piston Rings

<http://www.kb-silvolite.com/Harley/pg6.html>

Bowery and Baby Birds

On the north side of the east end of our property, there was a primitive corral structure. I call it a bowery but am not sure what the right name is, and I can't find anything like it on the internet although it was a common structure in the area. It was simply a "roof", without walls, made of straw for the purpose of protecting livestock from the rain and sun.

The construction was simple. Four large cedar posts were driven into the ground in a square. Long logs were laid across the tops of these posts to form a rectangle. Smaller logs were laid across the rectangle and finally branches and

straw were braided across these smaller logs to form a thatch that was 8 or 10 inches thick. After the straw was compacted and sat out in the weather, it was tight enough to keep water from flowing through when it rained so protected livestock standing under it.

The height of this roof was perhaps six feet, far too high for me to reach. But when cousins like Dale and Norman came over, they were tall enough to reach into the thatch and in the spring they did something that interested and troubled me. This was early enough that baby birds had hatched. The straw thatch was used by sparrows as a place to make nests, because it was dry and secure. Straw for nesting material was already present. The sparrows made burrows through the straw that were several feet long in some cases.

So Dale or Norman would reach into the narrow tunnels that the birds had created, hunting for baby birds that were still in the nest. They'd pull them out and they were ugly creatures, eyes hardly open, no feathers, floppy, and whitish. They would throw them like rocks which is the part that bothered me. I didn't mind the pulling them down to look at them but the killing was not necessary. I don't know where I came by this pacifism. It doesn't bother me if others kill creatures but I can't do it and this was the first time I was aware of that aversion.



Figure 6

<http://community-2.webtv.net/hubertrap/HO>
USESPARROWCONTROL/

Swimming in the Green River

I only remember one time when we went swimming as a family, in the summer before dad went to Alaska. We went to the Green River and spent an afternoon playing, swimming and roasting wienies. It is a wonderful memory. We went through Jensen to get to the part of the River where we swam. In retrospect I can see that the reason we went to that place is because it is where mom swam when she was a child living Jensen. This is a view along US 40 near Jensen. The mountains in the background are in Colorado.



Figure 7 <http://utahreach.usu.edu/uintah/cities/jensen.htm>

This is the only time I remember seeing mom in a swimming suit. Dick is on the left.

Whenever we went out in the desert to explore or play, we always had a wienie roast. A camp fire was made of whatever wood was at hand and we used willows to roast hot dogs. I usually charred the outside of mine but didn't mind. It was food.



Figure 8 Swimming in Greenriver below Jensen 1950

In the background you can see Split Mountain Gorge just to the left of center, right where the long peak on the left falls. The jagged mountains to the right -east- of Split Mountain that I talked about above where Butch Cassidy and his gang holed up when he went to the region to visit.

When I took you kids 40 years later to Vernal, I took you to the river and hunted for this spot. Unfortunately, the banks had moved so much in the intervening years that it was impossible to get back to this specific location. But we got close enough that I took this photo of the five of you



standing under a tree in the general region. Julie was mad and didn't want to stay in the photo but I insisted. Good thing, huh, Jules.

This is about the same location that I found a veritable forest of psilocybin (sp?) mushrooms that I photographed, much to the astonishment of one of you when you saw the photo many experiences later.

It was on the day I took this photo that you spent the night on the east rim of this Green River, perhaps 20 miles upstream of the place we're standing on right here. It was a hot windy summer night and we went there with grandpa and grandma Jensen in their motor home. He had a quarry at the spot we stayed on, the point of going there at all. From that location we could see the three box canyons very well.

Soda Pop

Then, as now, soda pop was a big deal. I think it was a bigger deal then, than now because it was a rarity, something unusual that wasn't a daily habit. I loved it. I nagged mom and dad to have another bottle and was generally ignored, but now and then they would relent and I'd get a bottle. The problem then was that I couldn't drink it. A full bottle was just too much for me, so I got in trouble for not drinking the stuff I had been pestering them about. It was real hard to beat them.

Pop was only available in bottles. No cans where we lived, though cans were appearing to some degree in metropolitan areas. To give you a sense of the variety of companies competing in the pop business and the variety of flavors offered, I've collected photos of pop bottle caps and put them on the next two pages. There was an enormous variety of sodas. These pages are only a small percentage of the images I found. After those pages, I've put some images of particular sodas that I encountered.

Mission Orange

Mission brand was familiar because Grandma and grandpa sold it in their little country store. Us little consumers were bombarded even back then with ads enticing us to get our parents to buy the products, by promising us some sort of "premium" or "prize" if we could finagle a purchase of the product.

This ad calls me by name, "Kid", I understood that. Look at him, standing there with his beanie, short pants and striped shirt, funning with his bottle of Mission Orange in his hand while he yells to me that I can get free balloons. "With every carton of Mission Orange." So what. We had to buy a whole carton to get the balloons. That didn't faze us. We couldn't get a bottle let alone a carton so we could be fascinated and tantalized all we wanted.

These line drawings with simple blocks of color appealed to me. I understood that kind of cartoon presentation of ideas.

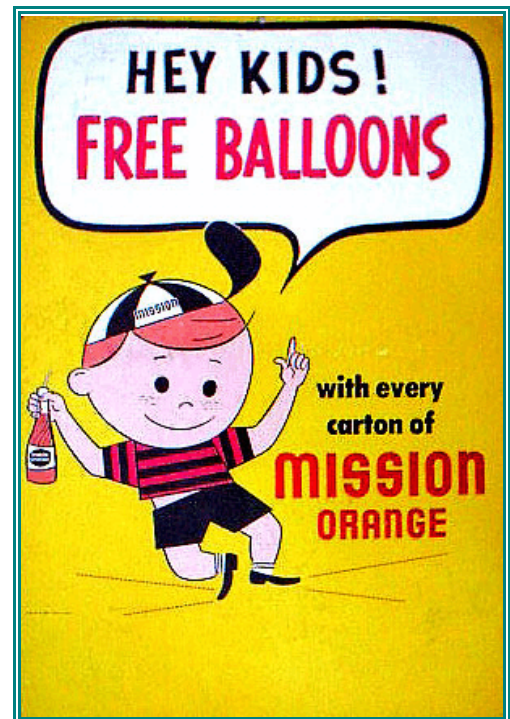


Figure 10

<http://theimaginaryworld.com/pix264.jpg>

Orange Crush

The company that made Orange Crush was competing for my purchase with the other companies that made orange flavored drinks, like Mission. In this ad, the premium has changed from baby toys like balloons to more mature items that speak to my maturity. Cards, printed colored cards. Of something I liked, namely dogs. We had a little black dog and that qualified us to be connoisseurs of these cards and to know about them.

One of the hooks for us in this ad was the phrase "Trading cards". What a sophisticated idea. Cards that we could trade with other kids. Made me feel like I was an adult to have cards to trade, sort of like exchange them like money.



Figure 11 <http://thelmaginaryworld.com/disp47.jpg>

Pepsi-Cola

This ad was aired for families across the country. I wonder what moms and dads did to protect their young from such risqué exposures? I never saw any of that when I was a kid and am surprised today at the graphic representation in an era that seemed at the time so innocent. Obviously, I was the only one who was innocent.

This bottle is a mere nickel. And had a refund/deposit of 2 cents. I'm not sure what the point was of having clowns or cops drawing the information in the sand. At least that's what they looked like to me. Clowns or cops and I wasn't entirely sure they weren't the same thing. My dad didn't approve of the latter.



Figure 12 <http://www.anderooney.com/Graphics/PepBeach.gif>

Coca Cola

These are probably 8 ounce bottles, but what do you think about that price?

Two bits for
6 bottles?
And notice
the handle on
this pack. A
wire handle
to support
the stress of
the weight.
Obviously a
returnable
metal carrier.
This little
bright eyed
kid was in the
ads for
years.

This
stuff was
originally

made with cocaine, hence its name. It was apparently concocted by a pharmacist. The story goes that he was trying to create a cough medicine. This country has a long history of using "illicit" substances publicly and unregulatedly for a long time. Just look at the story I tell about paregoric elsewhere. Coke was part of that culture, and they dropped cocaine from the formula only because federal regulations began to crimp their style and threaten them. Otherwise, Coke would still contain "coke".



Royal Crown Cola

The third most popular cola drink was Royal Crown. It has never competed with Pepsi and Coke, probably because its flavor -and ad campaigns- don't compete.



Figure 14 http://thepostcard.com/*SCAN/9021.jpg

These folks were in tune with the prevailing chauvinistic attitude of the country and used that harmony to sell their product. A guy lying out on a blanket while his wife or girl friend, fashionably attired, serves him.



Figure 15
http://www.nostalgiavilleusa.com/tins/t_sodas.htm

Hires Root Beer

This is still the finest root beer in the world. If you want to know what REAL root beer tastes like, then drink this stuff. It is without doubt the best of them all.



Figure 16 <http://www.imsdesign.com/c25hires.jpg>

Nesbitt Orange

Another of the orange sodas was Nesbitts.

Orange was probably the most popular flavor.



Figure 17 <http://www.imsdesign.com/Nesbitt1.jpg>

7-Up

This drink was as popular as Coke and Pepsi in that era. It's being pitched as a "family drink", which is perhaps advertising taking advantage of the risqué ads shown above that were doubtless provocative.

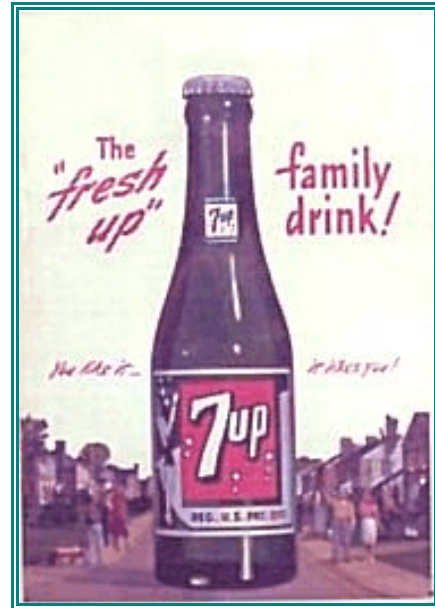


Figure 18

http://www.nostalgiavilleusa.com/tins/t_sodas.htm

Nehi

This bunch wasn't above using a little sex to sell their drink. It is remarkable in retrospect how seductive ads were back then. I have believed that the use of human form and flesh was something that crept into advertising in the last half of the century. Obviously, not. The difference is the amount of exposure, not the fact of exposure and innuendo.



Figure 19

http://www.nostalgiavilleusa.com/tins/t_sodas.htm

Test Holes for Oil

The intermountain region was a prime location for oil exploration because of its geology. One of the major jobs dad did at Payton's machine shop was re-thread drilling pipe for the Rangeley Colorado oil field. One of the first obvious steps we'd see indicating that more oil exploration was being done was the appearance of a small group of men with a specially designed truck. It had a small derrick that was used to drill narrow holes in the ground that were then tamped with a stick of dynamite. Some sort of receivers were carefully laid hundreds of yards around this test to receive and record information after the blast. The sound waves from the explosion would go in all directions and when they struck strata of differing hardness, they would reflect back upward at different rates. When the returning sound waves were collected and analyzed, an image was created of the strata. The geologists -stratigraphers actually- could look for tell tale signs that suggested there might be oil.

The next step if the site looked hopeful was to bring in a larger drilling rig. A stationary derrick was erected over the possible spot and tended by the requisite men and equipment. This was done northeast of our property at some point in time. I don't remember specifically seeing the rig in operation but the evidence of their efforts was half a dozen worn out drill bits that looked like this one. The ones we found were not this large because they were drilling test holes, but they were of this design. They were still too heavy to even move.

The way the bit drills is simple: the drill string with this bit on the end is allowed to rest on the bit and rotated. As the pipe rotates, the three toothed-wheels also rotate and grind up whatever they are resting on. This debris is flushed out with drilling mud that is forced down the pipe at which point it reverses direction and flows upward, washing out the debris.



Figure 20 Oil drilling bit

<http://www.montello.com/l/photos/meo-photos-03-lge.jpg>

When oil was discovered, the company then has to cap it and set up a piping system to collect the oil and transport it to a refinery. A few of these pumps were set up around Vernal and they all looked like this. The yoke on the left end of the bird-head-shape that runs down into the ground is a rod that pushes down and pulls up and the rocking beam goes up and down. A valving system keeps oil from flowing back into the hole and on to the refinery.



Figure 21 Oil Well Pump
<http://www.bokproperties.com/oil/>

Soap Ads

Madison Avenue has been hard at work for as long as this country has existed.

Madison Ave., of course, is the ad agencies. Their product was vividly present in my life as far back as I can remember. For example, this 1948 Palmolive soap ad probably showed up in LIFE, LOOK, SATURDAY EVENING POST and various other, now defunct, publications. The same irrational message of "do this in 10 days you will be beautiful" persists today. Nothing has changed, but the product and the models. Fortunately, the FDA has curtailed the bogus claims of bogus medical authority. If it weren't for the FDA, you'd be assailed by the same claptrap.

DOCTORS PROVE the Palmolive Plan
brings 2 out of 3 women

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

Regardless of Age
Smoother, Less Coarse-Looking Skin
was reported by the 36 examining doctors in almost two-thirds of the cases tested. And the women were all ages, from 15 to 50. So don't let your age discourage you. Try the Palmolive Plan!

Regardless of type of Skin—
Clearer—Actually Less Oily Skin
for many who had just about given up hope! The doctors tried the Palmolive Plan on all types of skin—and proved it really works! Reason enough, if you long for a lovelier complexion, to start your Palmolive Plan tonight!

Regardless of beauty care used before!
Brighter Color—Fewer Tiny Blemishes
was the thrilling result for 2 out of 3 women tested. Yes, even tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing—respond in most cases to the Palmolive Plan! Regardless of previous beauty care!

You, too, may look for such Skin improvements in only 14 days!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

HERE'S THE EASY PALMOLIVE PLAN!
A Wash your face with Palmolive Soap!
B Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!
C Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect!

Remember, 36 doctors, leading skin specialists, tested the Palmolive Plan on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

P.S. For Tub For Shower Get the New, Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive!

Figure 22 1948 Palmolive Soap

<http://scriptorium.lib.duke.edu:80/adaccess/BH/BH11/BH1106-72dpi.jpeg>

Refrigerator

Sometime in the last year or so before we moved to Alaska, mom and dad bought a refrigerator, a real honest-to-goodness refrigerator that had a compressor and coil that worked well enough to not only keep food cold, but cold enough to actually create ice. That was the measure of the thing.

It was odd by modern measures, with the expansion coil sitting on the top of the machine, not buried in the bottom or along the back. It actually makes more sense than making a flat sheet of it and hanging it between the refrigerator and the wall.



Figure 23 Our first refrigerator
<http://memory.loc.gov/>

Busses

In this era when the personal car was just taking over, commercial bus lines were relied on to travel between towns and states. The two dominant trans-continental firms were Greyhound and Trailways. These ads are from the late 1940's. The bulk of the copy is not photographic. Drawings and paintings were used for the most part. The Trailways ad would not work today.

Who would be impressed with an ad suggesting that you should explore the four quadrants of this country by bus? Airplanes today are the only way that most Americans will travel distances. The ones who use bus were those too old to drive, those who could not afford cars. So trans-continental busses today are relegated to a sector of the population that are not well-to-do, who have little money.



Figure 25 Greyhound Busses
<http://scriptorium.lib.duke.edu:80/adaccess/T/T27/T2744-72dpl.jpeg>



Figure 24 Trailway Busses
<http://scriptorium.lib.duke.edu:80/adaccess/T/T26/T2637-72dpl.jpeg>

This is probably true today but the difference was that that personal cars still had not become dominant and air travel was prohibitively expensive so busses could successfully compete with each other for passengers. These busses were luxurious. They were well suspended and quiet. The seats were soft and

comfortable to sit in for long rides, and there was a small restroom in the back, a novelty that allowed the bus to drive long stretches without worrying about passenger "comfort".

Union Pacific Motor Bus

The UP Railroad was aware of the number of passengers who took bus to see the sights in addition to the utilitarian motive of just getting from here to there. Cost was perhaps a factor that entered into people's decisions, but the fact that busses could take any road probably entered into UP's decision to offer their version of busses. They called them "Motor Busses", and they were basically large limousines.

This ad shows one of those "buses" covered with luggage, traveling through Zion's Park, Bryce Canyon and the Grand Canyon. The railroad aspect of UP is in the background, though present. Instead, the emphasis is on using the roads to see the sights.

1946 22

TRAVEL IN COMFORT...BY UNION PACIFIC
To
ZION
NATIONAL PARK

Even the name "Zion" conveys the feeling of awe inspiring majesty created by this National Park.

Zion, together with beautiful Bryce Canyon and spectacular Grand Canyon, are connected by smooth highways. All three may be seen on an unforgettable motor-bus tour.

Union Pacific will take you direct to Cedar City, Utah, the National Parks gateway. If desired, you can visit the Parks as a "stop over" en route to or from Los Angeles.

ABOVE—Typical formation in Bryce Canyon Nat'l Park, Utah.

BELOW—Visitors gaze in wonder at Arizona's Grand Canyon.

Write Union Pacific Railroad, Room 323, Omaha, Neb., for free copy of "Utah-Arizona National Parks" booklet. Also ask about Excursion Low-Cost Vacation Tours.

UP Motor Bus in Zion's

<http://scriptorium.lib.duke.edu/80/adaccess/T/T33/T3330-72dpi.jpeg>

Sheep Herding

To sit alone out in the desert -sort of the height of insane behaviors- with 300 head of sheep that are as dumb as rocks was not for the faint hearted. Coyotes, cougars, or thunderstorms would upset them and the sheep herder had to somehow contain them - or collect them. That's why sheep herders always have a good shepherd dog. Well-trained dogs are worth half a dozen men because they move so fast, understand the sheep so well, and don't scare the sheep like men might.



Figure 27 Sheep Camp being repaired.

<http://www.usda.gov/oc/photo/00di0897.jpg>

The dwelling place, if you can call it, that a shepherd lived in had to be portable because the pasture for sheep is quickly chewed down to rocks so he has to move the flock frequently. So they can denude the next area. Living in a tent was simply untenable for a variety of reasons so a special type of covered wagon was designed over the years that was called a "Sheep Camp" and it looked like the image.

These men are working on the back end of the sheep camp making some repair no doubt. The other end has a door in the middle that allows access to the inside without allowing weather in. The shepherd slept inside these tightly sealed camps, that held supplies of staples that consisted basically of beans, flour, sugar, coffee, salt, baking powder and baking soda. With those items a shepherd could stay out for months on his

own, tending his flock.

There was nonetheless a stark beauty to that rugged isolated life, shown in this lovely photo of a Navajo Indian herding her flock in southern Utah in this same time period.



Figure 28 Navaho woman herding sheep. I lost the URL

Buffalo Berry Dumplings

The area around Vernal and Naples had lots of Russian Olive trees. These are medium sized trees that had silvery gray leaves, long and skinny, sort of two toned, with the top being a bit darker and shinier than the underside. They grow well in that climate as long as they have access to enough water. They are foreigners to the area, being brought in by early settlers. But they have thrived to the extent that one wonders if they may have crowded out some native willows.

Along these same streams one finds a similar looking shrubby thing, smaller, but covered with long narrow leaves of comparable color. The similarity end with that. These shrubs have short sharp spines on the branches. They produce small red buffalo berries the size of very small peas in clumps along each branch. Grandma Merrell made dumplings with them. The berries obviously are only available for a short season in

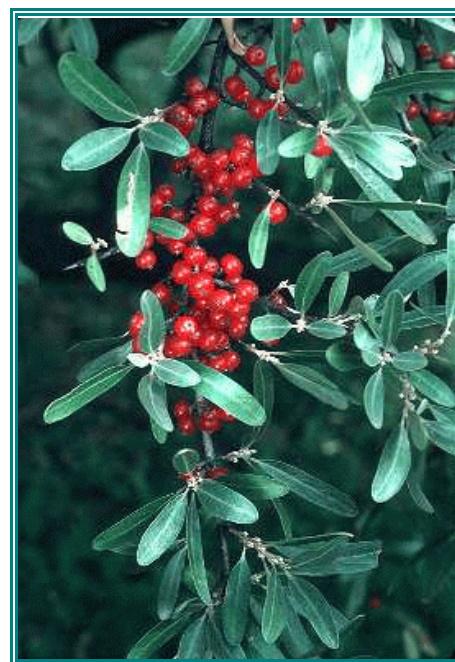


Figure 29 Buffalo Berries

<http://wiscinfo.doh.wisc.edu/herbarium/scripts/detail.asp?SpCode=SHEARG#Photos>

the fall, so we only had dumplings in that season. If someone went out to pick them.

These bushes grew tall and were easy to find along streams. Their scent was distinctive. The challenge was to get the berries without being stabbed too many times by the thorns. It was inevitable that you would have a few pokes. In the process of holding your small pail or bucket up to catch the small berries, bits and pieces of dead leaves fell into the container. This, too, was inevitable. There were insects in the leaves buzzing around and it seems like a certain kind of tent caterpillar took up residence as well, all in all it was an education to pick buffalo berries.

After the pail was full -or you gave up- you'd go home with the catch, generally a few pints because the berries were so small and the job so messy. At the house grandma would take the pail and go through the berries, throwing away the detritus and any bad berries that she found. The simplest technique was to dump the berries into a pot of cold water. The leaves and insects would float to the surface of the water as she stirred the water, making them rise so she could pull them out. After she had cleaned the berries she mixed them with some granulated sugar and set them aside.

Then she prepared the dough for dumplings. I don't know the recipe for it but know that it was different than the dough she prepared for chicken or turkey and dumplings. The latter is more like bread while these dumplings were somehow lighter in texture and color, and sweet.

While she was making the dough she'd have a pot of water on the stove to boil. After the dough was ready, she would form small balls of it, press her finger into the side of it to make a depression. Then she'd spoon a heaping teaspoon of the berry-sugar mixture into the hole, and then pull the dough over it. After being satisfied that the pocket was sealed, she'd drop the dumpling into the pot of water where it would bounce around in the boiling bubbles. She continued make dumplings until she had used up all the berries.

By the time she was through shaping the dumplings the first ones were cooked. I don't really know how she could tell a dumpling was ready but it obviously was a matter of experience. What I saw at the table were smoothish round balls about 2 inches across, the outer surface of which was glistening and transparent.

The eating of them was heavenly. Several were presented in a deep soup bowl. You could obviously eat them however you wanted to but the standard drill as to take a spoon and cut the dumplings open. Then you poured cream, real honest-to-goodness right-out-of-the-cow cream, on the dumplings, not so that they floated but generously enough that you could savor it. Then you sprinkled granulated sugar over the collection using the spoon in the sugar bowl, or if you were an adult, by taking the sugar bowl and

carefully pouring sugar out onto the dumplings. Then you took your spoon, cut off a large bite of the dumpling, being sure to capture a few berries and ate it. The texture, the flavor, tartness and sweetness were delicious.

Years later, probably the summer of 1960 when I visited Naples with Lyle, I talked to grandma about these dumplings. She said she would make some for me if I would gather them, so I went out with a small bucket and collected enough for a meal. They were as small as I remembered and the trees were as spiny as before but the result was worth it. Grandma made them and I ate them.

Squanto and Ma-ka-chits

A year or two before we moved to Seward my elementary school class put on a play at Thanksgiving time, the re-enactment of the story of the first thanksgiving celebrated by the Plymouth Bay colonists. This was still standard repertory when my kids were in elementary school in the 1970's and 1980's. When the teacher assigned parts to students I was given the role of "Squanto" - whether I liked it or not. I did not like it. Nor did I want to even be in the play. I imagine I was given the assignment so that I would "feel important", or feel included, or learn something that the omniscient teacher knew I needed. Of course, if she had really been omniscient, she would have understood that making me perform in a play was about the most painful torture she could have chosen to inflict. She certainly did not intend to do that.

I was horrified at the thought of performing publicly. The idea of being expected to say some words out loud in front of everyone who would be sitting there watching and waiting to hear me was disturbing. That's the first and primary reason for my discomfort with the role. But there was a second: the name was ugly. What a stupid sounding name. "Squanto." The fact that it was a foreign name, an Indian name, didn't cut any ice with me. I disliked how it sounded because I disliked how it sounded. I didn't like it. Any name starting "Squa-" sounded stupid then and still does. What a stupid syllable. This is the kid whose first big word about age 2 was "reflection", repeated endlessly so he could feel the beauty of the liquids flowing over his tongue. "Squanto?" Nope. "Squanto" was just plain ugly.

Well, grandma and grandpa Merrell heard of this insurrection and didn't think too highly of it. Grandma, of course, was mild and kidded with me in the manner of the tolerant, affectionate adult she was who wanted to change a kid's mind but who wasn't angry about it nor was she really determined. Her style was a grin and a question or two, "Now Ronnie you don't really feel that way do you?!" or "Ronnie, don't you really want to do it?" The answer in each case was the same: "No." She didn't push hard on the matter

because that wasn't her style - or problem. She also understood that it didn't really matter.

Grandpa, however, was a bit more direct about it. But also creative this time. His usual style was to attack a problem frontally. Horses, people, problems. Just take them on. None of this beating about the bush. Naturally, it had no more effect on me than did Grandma's attempts. I did not want to be in the play. Even when he tried to be nice, there seemed to me to be an edge to him because he had what felt like natural, all-pervasive, all-purpose brusqueness. Perhaps that's not actually the case but I always anticipated something a bit harsh out of him. His approach would not be a question. Instead he tried shame. "Well, I don't see why a young feller like you wouldn't be glad to get to be in the Thanksgiving play!" or "Why, I remember when I was a little feller like you I'd a been proud to do it!". No soap. Didn't work.

Now his creativity surfaced, an usual thing to experience in him. He decided to become one with me, sort of a fellow traveler this time. He had spent a lot of time on the Ouray Indian reservation out by Fort Duchesne west of Roosevelt. One of the few stories I remember about his time with them as a teenager involved hats. He was an ornery kid his whole life by the evidence. He'd "find sport" -his words- in knocking the Indians' hats off, just for the fun of it. One weekend he was doing this and the Indians had reached their limit. But rather than remove his scalp which is what they probably should have done, they opted for some torture. Several of them chased ol' Fuller down and then tied him up. Not tightly enough to really injure him, but securely enough that he couldn't escape from the ropes. That was bad enough but to really get his attention they decided to sit him across the edges of a wagon box, tied in such a way that he couldn't escape. Then they left him there, sitting with all of his weight across two boards cutting into the back of his thighs until someone happened by to release him. I don't imagine he repented, though he probably didn't knock those Indians' hats off for a while.

His approach to me was to tell me a story about his life as an adult on the reservation. He had to have been an adult because had whiskers in this story. Perhaps the time he was talking to me about as he was trying to persuade me to be in the play was when he lived on the reservation with grandma just prior to their move out to Rainbow where mom was born.

His strategy to persuade me to feel OK in the role of Squanto was to get me to understand that he lived with Indians and was comfortable with them. In retrospect, it strikes me now that he didn't understand my resistance. As already noted, the resistance was to performing publicly and dislike of the name itself. I did not resist the notion of Indians but that must have been his assumption. He explained that when he

lived with them, he was given the name "Ma-Kuh-chits" because of how his face looked. He apparently had a rough beard. As he stroked his chin he explained that the name mean "horned toad." This story had no effect on my resistance to the role.

The role was painful for other reasons as well. I had to memorize a series of what struck me as nonsense syllables that I was to say at a certain point in the play. To this day I don't know whether they were real Ute or other Indian words or just babble made up by the teacher. I had difficulty memorizing the "words" and dreaded the time I would have to say them in public. Even in practice in class I was embarrassed.

The other reason the role was painful was because I had to take my shirt off. Then my chest and face were painted with stripes and I wore headband with turkey feathers in it. The problem, again, wasn't dislike of Indians, it was simply embarrassment at dressing in a conspicuous way and being on public display. During the play, I had to sit on the floor for a while and then stand up at the right time and mutter those nonsensical syllables. I was nervous about being able to tell the exact point in the play when I was to stand up and speak my nonsense. The performance came and went and I don't remember it, but I have remembered grandpa's Indian nickname even though we never talked about it after that season.

"Singing of Bell Bottom Trousers"

*"Singing of bell bottom trousers
And coats of navy blue,
Let 'im climb the rigging'
Like his daddy used to do..."*

The honorable warrior. This one was a sailor, but it didn't matter. When that song was popular at the end of WWII in the late 1940's, and I was 7 or 86 years old, I loved it. My vision of the young sailor described in this song, the 'gob' in a rakish white sailor hat, was the boy on the Cracker Jack box. I could see him in my mind's eye, swinging in the rigging with the men, brave and strong, wind blowing a gale - and accepted. That was important.



Figure 30
posters.barnesandnoble.com/collection.asp?pid=66017

When I listened to the song I didn't get a sense from the adults around me that there was anything wrong with the song. But when I listened to the words, I had a sense that there just might be something not quite right. For example, when the sweet sounding young woman sang that the man who wanted to rent a room asked her to lead him to his room with a candle, I thought that was odd. Obviously, I didn't really understand what was going on, but I knew at a primitive level that this was not entirely appropriate. But because I did not in fact comprehend what was being said, I simply enjoyed the melody. At that age, if I had understood it was a dirty song, I would have insisted that I not enjoy it. When I heard the old sailor lyrics recently, the original version of the song, I was amazed. It is indeed a dirty bawdy song. The version that was released is shady but the original is clear and specific. The new version is on the CD I have sent to all of you kids.

Cracker Jack was such an exciting thing to get at the store, first because the popcorn and peanuts were sweet, unlike any popcorn we popped at home, and second because there was always a small prize. To heighten the suspense, the manufacturer also wrapped the prize in a small envelope that informed the buyer that there was a prize, and teased him with the challenge to "Guess what's inside?" We never could but that was part of the fun. Anyway, the song made me think of myself dressed up like the Cracker Jack Kid.

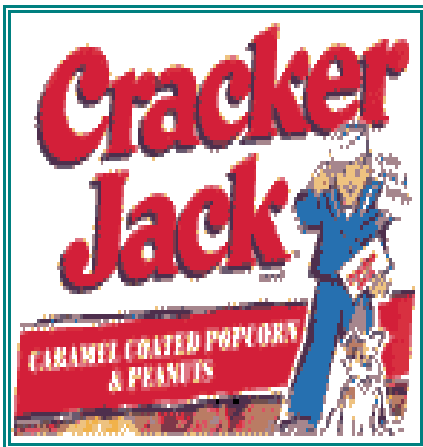


Figure 31
<http://www.namingnewsletter.com/images/crackerjack.gif>



Figure 32
<http://www.randomshiznab.com/Intros/CrackerJack/CrackerJack.gif>

The honorable warrior was accepted in my family as a worthy enterprise, one that was a necessity which called families to give up their men and men their lives to defend this nation, to preserve its freedoms. I understood that as a child, obviously not with the specificity I just stated it, yet that is what I was taught to believe, did believe, and still believe. The price of freedom was blood. Literally.

I understood that wars were evil but that freedom was precious. And if it came to war to defend freedom and our country, then that was the right thing to do. Remembering my uncle Grant again. His back was broken on a LST landing during the famous battle of Guadalcanal. There was no shame on his return from war, only concern for him. The war was present in our lives in various ways. When we went to movies, the news reel that was always shown, along with a cartoon, before the main feature, showed important incidents in the war which covered the globe. There was no part of the world that was not either directly involved in it or affected by it.

Grant's injury was the only incident I remember that affected our family directly. We did not lose anyone like some families did. The battles against the Japanese on Guadalcanal were critical.

Guadalcanal is located in the Solomon Islands in the south Pacific north east of Australia. I don't know which island the battle he was hurt on.

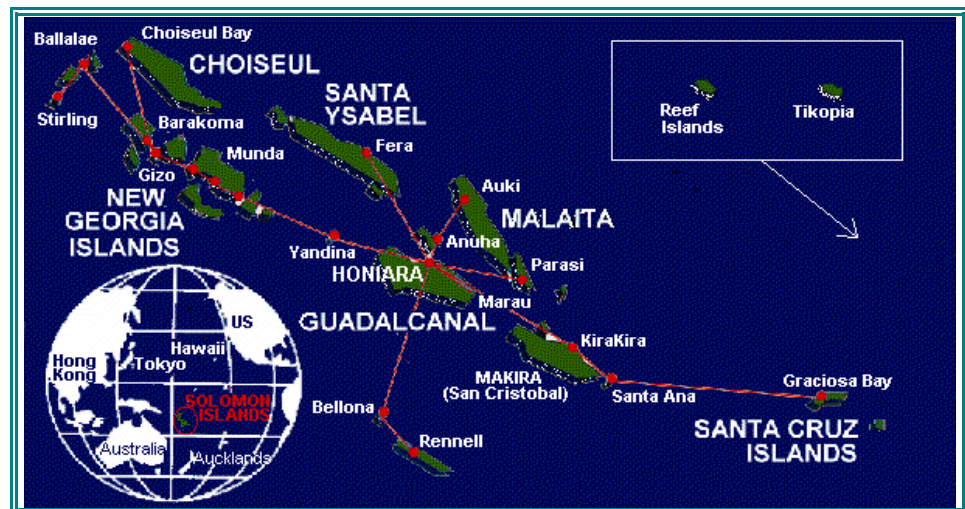


Figure 33 Map of South Pacific - Guadalcanal

I was able to find another image of the Guadalcanal landing that gives you an idea of the setting. In this image the landing is not complicated by weapons' fire from the beach so it is not chaotic and bloody. I don 't know whether these are LST's or Johnson Boats, nor do I really know whether there's a difference. Whatever these are, they are comparable to the one from which Grant was unloading ammunition cans. The front "side" of these crafts is dropped down into the water when landing. That provides a ramp for men and gear to exit the boat. It was in this process that the man behind Grant fell and landed on Grant's back with a can of ammunition which is basically a block of steel at that point.



Figure 34 Guadalcanal Landing
<http://www.vw.cc.va.us/vwhansd/HIS122/Guadalcanal.gif>

Korean Conflict

My small consciousness of world events became aware around the time we moved to Seward that something bad was in a place called Korea. This was really evident when I lived in Alaska, but started before we moved. The people who were portrayed in the news reels and magazines looked like Japanese or Chinese.



Figure 35 General McArthur
<http://www.vw.cc.va.us/vwhansd/HIS122/McAKorea.gif>

They all looked the same. I didn't understand what the problem was but did know that there was some kind of war going on over there again. To me it was a continuation of the WW II that had been going on for as long as I had consciousness. An important general was involved, named MacArthur. He was a hero and looked like a tough man.

This little war that erupted in 1950 while I was in Vernal as a small kid was the war that drove the economy of Seward when we moved there the next year. A substantial percent of the shipping that came through Seward was related in some manner to the Korean war so dad made his living as a longshoreman from the war. About 1953 or 1954, the amount of munitions that was being shipped through Seward to the military installations in Alaska became so great that the risk of a devastating explosion on the docks that would destroy the central part of the small town was so great that the government even constructed a special dock clear across the bay specifically to handle munitions. That meant the men had to drive a long ways around the head of the bay to get over there but there was an added premium for working in that dangerous setting that offset the inconvenience.

Municipal Sewer Line

In the spring of 1951 a few months before we moved to Alaska the sewer line from town was pushed out our way. A steam shovel -a real steam shovel that used steam from a coal-fired boiler- was used to dig up the road so the line could be set in place and buried. The process was slow and I do not believe it had passed our place by the time we made the move. This was the third utility to reach out to the farms, the first and second being electricity and the telephone service. Vernal was growing and the fact that there was a demand for a sewer in



Figure 36 Uintah valley ranchstead
<http://geolimages.berkeley.edu/Geolimages/Starrs/cowboys/RSTEAD.JPG>

unincorporated land was evidence that there was also an increase in the wealth of the community. The valley was still basically ranches and farm land like this, but the sewer was being pushed out.

I was fascinated by the process because I had never seen holes made in the ground that way. Uniform width and depth in straight lines. Impressive. Ditches I understood, footings for house walls I had seen, but nothing like this. That trench went straight for a mile from town down the center of the road, aimed past our house, same width and depth, as straight as an arrow. I couldn't even draw a line that straight. The men labored hard moving the pipe around, setting it down in the trench, joining it, moving dirt back into the trench with shovels. The joint of pipes is what interested me. I understood the idea that the pipe should not leak stuff and that the joint was the place where this was controlled. But I did not understand how a thick black rubber ring was going to prevent the outflow of liquid. All I knew was that I badly wanted one of those wonderful black rubber rings for my own.

Santa Fe Chiefs

The Santa Fe was a famous railroad back then. I vaguely knew the name as a kid in Vernal probably from ads in the news paper or magazines, and the name conjured up something to do with the southwest. Obviously, with a name like that. I wasn't quite sure where Santa Fe was, but trusted that it was a place in fact and that one day I would learn where it was. Meantime, the ads proved to me that it went through my kind of country, country wide open and dry and deserty. Country populated sparsely with Indians who rode painted ponies.

I'm including a good quality, full page image to give you a sense of what the full-page ads were like in Collier's or Look or Life or the Saturday Evening Post. This ad illustrates another feature of advertising in those days. Some of them were actually creations worthy of being framed and hung. The quality is not that of one of the old masters, yet it demands your attention when you look at it. You take a minute to see the rest of the tribe standing in the shadow behind the Chief, sitting high and proud on his Appaloosa, in full regalia, waving his ceremonial spear, trailing streamers of feathers in the light breeze, with orange palm prints on the chest of the horse. You can barely make out the returned wave of the engineer, leaning from his window greeting the tribe that he saw every time he passed through the region.

The perspective on the train creates the sense of an enormously long machine, with the powerful red head that would take it safely through whatever needed to be gone through. Behind the train is a wonderful dramatic display of huge thunderheads, fluffy

white clouds that really did materialize in the desert summer. Behind the last half of the train is a sandstone promontory just like the ones I saw all over Utah. It was a familiar ad for all of these reasons.

This is a work of art worthy of being collected.



The Chiefs

BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST



Headed by the *Super Chief* and *The Chief*, the Santa Fe great fleet of trains between Chicago and California offers a choice of fine accommodations to satisfy every taste and fit every pocketbook. And between Chicago and Texas, it's the *Texas Chief*.

For smooth-riding comfort... friendly hospitality... delicious Fred Harvey meals... fascinating scenery... travel Santa Fe—the *Chief Way!*

E. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4, Illinois

Figure 37 Sant Fe Chief trains
<http://scriptorium.lib.duke.edu/edaccess/T/T25/T2523-72dpi.jpeg>

Ring "Bear" for Gold and Green Ball

One of the highlights of the social calendar in Vernal was the "Gold and Green Ball," the annual formal dance sponsored by the dominant faith of the community to which we subscribed. The color terms are the designated colors of the organizations for the young men and young women, gold and green. This event provoked enormous amounts work in the production of suitable, striking beautiful "formals". It was less of a deal for the young men, but the women were like a flock of peacocks, strutting and competing and looking at each other. The event happened in the spring, and was as predictable as the rising of the sun, always looked forward to.

The highlight of the evening was the crowning of the queen. Her selection probably was the result of a lengthy arduous competition in the local congregations. The fact that she was only queen in a small town was of no significance. She might as well have been queen of New York. The investiture ceremony was elaborate. She was escorted to the dais on the arm of a young man suitable attired and prepared for the occasion. In her train followed two little kids, a boy and a girl. The little girl carried flowers and the boy carried a cushion in which rested a ring that would be placed on the young woman's hand at the appropriate point.

Guess who the little boy was. Right.

The preparation for my first public performance, particularly one of this magnitude, was as elaborate as that for the queen. Mom was told to make me a costume suitable for the event, a long sleeved shirt, pants and slippers. Out of white satin. She was capable of the task and fitted and refitted me so that my appearance would honor both her and the coronation. I had to stand on a chair several times while she redid the hems on the legs of my trousers. I had to stand still while she measured and checked my waist band, the length of my sleeve, the lay of the collar and so on. I had no idea how arduous it was to being handsome. But we were ready in time for the frosty evening.

The event was held in a large dance hall owned by a civic group. Cars filled with gorgeous young men and women disgorged them at the entrance. Coats and wraps were taken by a hat check girl who handed a coupon to each patron before then entered the festivities.

The little girl and I had to be on-duty the whole evening, actually a demanding thing to do to little kids who were usually in bed long before the crowning took place. Our job was to carry baskets of candy around the hall, offering it to all of the people. Do you know how nervous I was to do that? I did my best however, because there was a certain woman watching me who made darn sure I thought I was having a great time.

As the time neared to go do my ring bearer job, I just had to go pee. I had waited all evening but couldn't wait any longer. The design of the trousers was not the normal design so it was difficult to undo them and do my job and get back into them neatly. But being a big boy, I had to do it alone. No going with mommy to the bathroom. I went in, struggled to get the pants loosened and anxiously did my duty. Enormous relief. Ah. I struggled once more to refasten my pants. As I finished the task, I looked in the floor length mirror and was stunned. I had peed my pants. And my spotlighted walk down the hall, with the world watching me was yet to come.

I was mortified. I wanted to go home, I wanted to cry. But I could do none of those things. I hardly dared tell mom what had happened but I knew that I better tell her before anyone else did. She was angry at me. All of her careful work was soiled and I had committed a serious sin. I knew it. I would have done anything to undo it but there was no option.

So I lined up with my little pillow with the ring resting loosely on it, terrified I would drop it. At the same time, scarlet-cheeked from embarrassment that people would all look at my pants and know that I had wet them.

Somehow it ended and I went home but it was an unpleasant experience that goes with me into the next world. Have you noticed how you are able to identify half a dozen mistakes you have made that embarrass you above all others, that you relive and wish you could undo? This is one of mine. It doesn't matter that I am sixty. That event is one of the most embarrassing times of my whole life.

Dinosaur National Monument

There were sign posts and trails back then but it was OK to ignore them and veer off into the desert whenever. It was OK to hunt for the small sandy concretions and put them in your pocket.

When I visited the Dinosaur National Monument with you kids in the mid-1980's I was shocked. The simplicity and freedom of the site was destroyed by bureaucracy and bureaucrats.



Figure 38 Desert by Dinosaur Monument
<http://www.lookoutnow.com/parks/sound.htm>

I suppose it was inevitable, and perhaps even necessary, but it was offensive to be put into herds like cattle and lead around in the order and manner prescribed. There were sign posts and trails back then but it was OK to leave them. It was OK to hunt for the small sandy concretions and put them in your pocket. I remember filling a bottle with them, and taking the bottle home. It was just dirt. The quarry is located in the middle of the desert, above the Green River. The desert looks like this:

On one of the visits to the Dinosaur Monument we took a side trip to a place called McKee's Springs because there were some wonderful Indian Petroglyphs there. Here's a shot of Dickie and Ronnie standing in front of them.



Figure 39 Ronnie and Dickie at Petroglyphs 1949

Over the years I have imagined that the vandalism that is endemic in the consciousness of our countrymen would have removed these wonderful creations - or that the fervor to collect and carry off any thing that has an economic value -same thing- would have resulted in the loss of these petroglyphs. It was a shock to surf the net and see this same image which means they are still there: I don't know what tribe made them but if you go to that URL you might be able to find out.

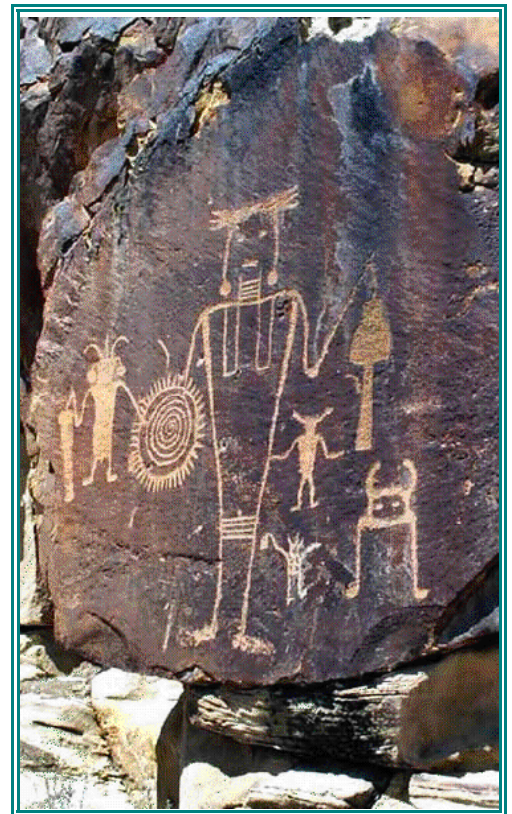


Figure 40 The same petroglyphs 40 years later. http://www.nps.gov/dino/photo/v_rockar.jpg

Ceramics, Seattle and Seward

Back to ceramics: I learned more than I imagined from those years of association with the medium. I have created things today that my present wife and children can scarcely believe I created. No formal training to help me. Indeed, my last boss used to be a ceramicist and even developed the program at the University of Ontario, Canada couldn't believe it. When I showed her the red elephant, her only comment was a powerful affirmation of my ability. She took it in her hand, examined it thoroughly and asked, grudgingly, one question which illuminated her mind set upon seeing this thing. She asked, "Did you do this alone?" I said, "Yes." She changed the subject.

The astonishing thing about mom's and dad's ceramics business was the fact that it generated sufficient money to pay the passage for 3 people, from Vernal, Utah to Seattle, Washington, to Anchorage, Alaska and then to Seward, Alaska. That is not an insubstantial accomplishment. The passage included a one-way bus trip for 2 kids and an adult on Greyhound from Vernal to Seattle. We spent several days in Seattle waiting for the next D-C 3 flight to Anchorage. That involved hotel charges and food. I remember well going to what today I recognize as a low-cost hotel, but a clean respectable one, for several days. The elevator operators were nice black women who quickly learned our floor



Figure 41 The New Curiosity Shop

We also went to Pike's Place which I was thrilled many years later to introduce to my son Nate and subsequently to the other kids. We even found the old store of miscellanea. My heart was filled with the recognition of the store where I saw a mummy, a mermaid, a deep sea diver and a kraken. They were all there in 1990 when I took Nate on a sort of treasure hunt to see what was left of the waterfront mom took us to in 1950. Of course, by the time Nate and I visited it, it had shrunk to 10% of its original size. He and I went again in 2002 and took this photo. The owner said that this is actually not the original structure. That one burned down years ago on a different wharf, but the store was resurrected in this location. I was not surprised because I remembered that the original had a loft around the store that you could walk around in.

It was there in Seattle during those few days when we laid over waiting for our flight on the DC-3 that mom offered to buy us "a book". Of course, there was a hook to this offer, but I did not recognize the hook, the qualification. In my mind, the offer to buy "a book" included ANY book I liked. So I started grazing in whatever bookstores she took us to visit.

Sure enough, I saw a book I liked. A biography of Arturo Toscanini. I don't remember today why I liked him, but he had become a compelling figure. He was a dramatic, ferocious serious little man, waving his baton like a sword at the bassoon player. Since he was a classical music conductor, I obviously discovered him through classical music, and that means that it was through dad. Perhaps my fascination with Toscanini was actually a sense of a bond with my dad who had been absent from my life -again- for 4 or 5 months.

Anyway, I had to have this book. It was all I could think of. But, no, Mom wasn't ready to do what I wanted to do in response to what I thought -i.e. wanted to believe- was an open offer that she had

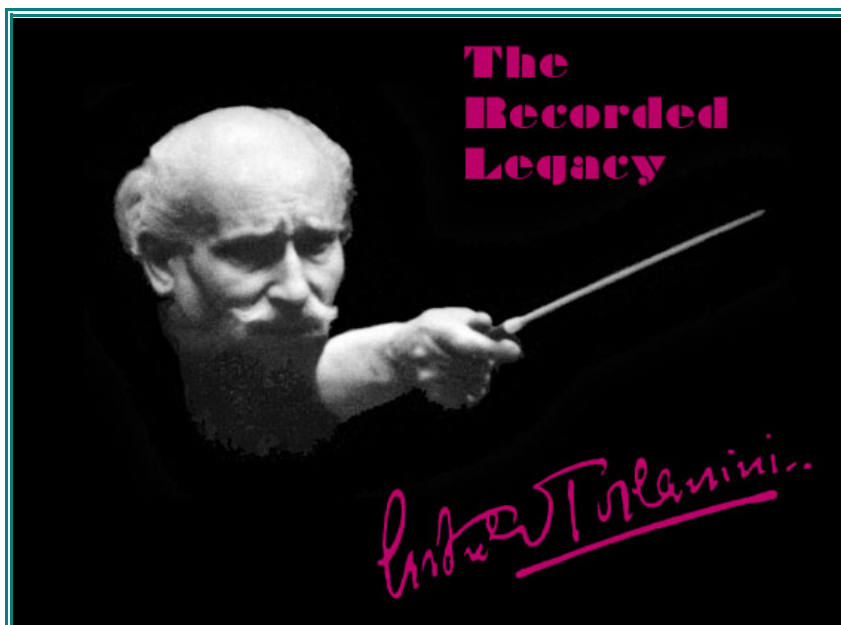


Figure 42 Arturo Toscanini
home.earthlink.net/~jw3/

tendered. It turned out that she had HER heart set on spending some of her hard-earned cash on educational books, so my plaintive, heart-felt request for his biography was eventually beat down. What I discovered was that I really wanted to buy a workbook of arithmetic problems. Gag. Such was life with Marie who loved us passionately but had no tolerance for our own ideas or preferences. It was a thick green book that I did dutifully, but mostly unsuccessfully, work in for a while. It was boring, and the knowledge that the book I really wanted was left behind sort of made any exercise an exercise in futility.

The fare included the one-way trip for the three of us on a DC-3 from Seattle late at night to Anchorage, a trip that lasted a good part of the night. At the time this was top of the line in commercial aircraft.

It came to be a workhorse the world around because of its reliability. I flew in them in Brazil between Goiania and Porangatu, an old friend actually. Note how steep the angle is when the plane sits on the tarmac. When you boarded through the push-up stairs, you had to hold onto the seats as you climbed up to your own. It was the first time I had flown at all so I was nervous about it. Dad had flown but I hadn't and it was fearful to think that I was going to be up there in the air where I could fall out, or the plane could crash. I was afraid but there was no way around it.

There were two stewardesses on the over-night flight. I didn't understand why we flew during the night. Isn't it harder to see where you're going in the dark? They wore form-fitting uniforms and jaunty soldier-like hats while they passed out blankets and pillows and life savers to chew



Figure 43 DC-3

<http://hep2.physics.arizona.edu/~savin/ram/dc-3-ai1.jpg>



Figure 44 Flight of Stewardesses

<http://www.acfamily.com/airshared/galleries/tcac-pp/images/Pion06.jpg>

to prevent inner ear problems while ascending. They also passed out box lunches - literally cardboard boxes- at one point. Inside was a sandwich, apple, cookie and carton of milk, like a school lunch. Here's a school of them and it was mandatory that they wear these uniforms, that they keep the seams of their nylons straight -no panty hose then- that they smile, etc. etc.

The last part of the fare included the trip from Anchorage to Seward on the AAA Railroad. That is one of the monumental journeys of my life. I was so afraid that I would have gotten off the train at any point if I had been offered the opportunity. The greatest fear I felt was when the train traversed a long elevated section of track and then entered into a tunnel half way up a mountain. The elevated section was built on a series of logs driven into the ground by a pile driver and looked to be insufficient to carry the weight of a steam engine and the cars it towed. This elevated section built out of piles actually completed a complete loop! I was terrified up there. I'll tell you about in the next volume.

Goodby Payton

LT Payton was probably an average boss. OK, but nothing to write home about. He made one error, however, where dad was concerned. When he would get drunk and go to this machine shop when dad was working, he would tell dad, "Any time you want to be paid off, you just let me know and I'll do it right then!" Well, one day in late 1950, dad had his fill of drunk Payton. So when he made his usual stupid threat of paying dad off, dad said, "Fine, give me my check, I'm gone." And he was. In a few days he and his best friend Art Schafermeyer went to Seward, Alaska. I have no idea what LT Payton felt but it was not an issue.

I missed him tremendously those few months when he was in Seward and we stayed behind to finish school.

In 1951 we moved from Vernal to Seward where we lived 5 years after which we moved to Boston. In Seward dad worked as a dockside longshoreman. In Boston, he worked in one of the Harvard museums.