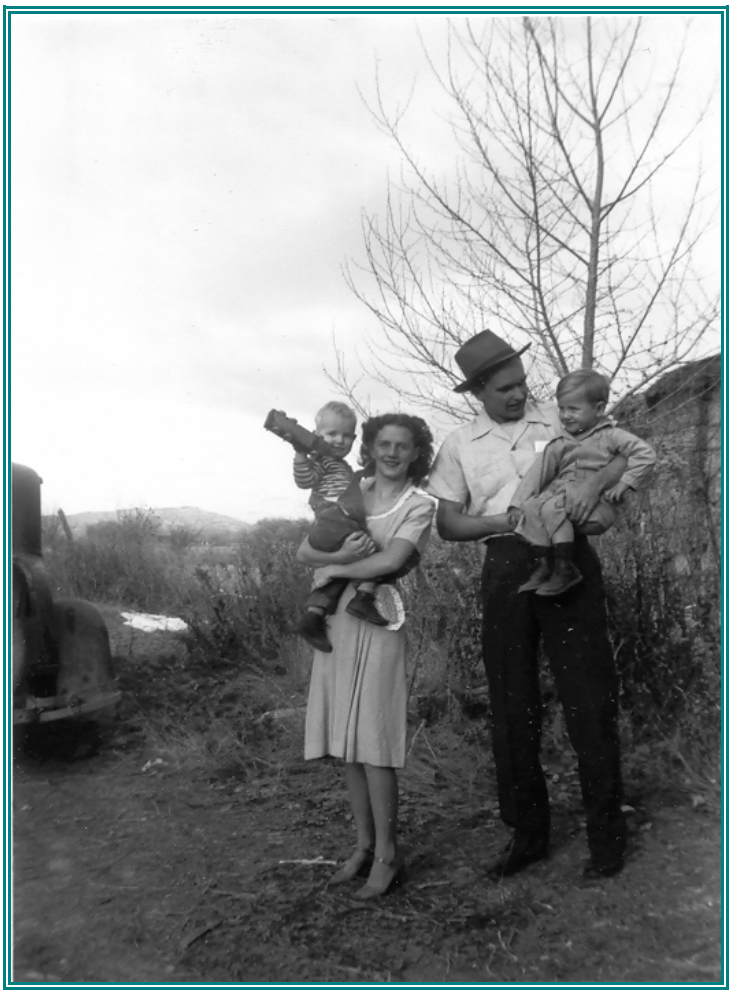
UPHILL - BOTH WAYS



Volume 6 -Naples 1941
-Salt Lake City 1942
-Hanford 1943
-Pearl Harbor 1944

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SORRY ABOUT THE MIXED UP FONTS!!! computer bug.. If there is something you really want to know, let me know and I'll decode it.

Dedicated to us...

..Four and Five

Contents

Mom returned to Naples in Fall 1941

Mom and Mable spent a few months in Seward after she got married. But when the military presence in Seward became disruptive to civilian life, Mom went back to live with her folks in Naples. Mable didn't returned at the same time . She stayed behind and married Ted Handy. When mom returned to Naples, she took up residence in grandpa's house because "the boys were off to war", such an off-hand way to say it, isn't it. Her return was November,1941, a month before the nefarious bombing by the Japanese of Pearl Harbor. Mom said it got so that women weren't safe in the streets due to the frequency of rapes in the daytime. Pretty rough time.

Dad returned to Naples in Fall 1941

Dad had to stay behind to sell the house he had built for mom. He also had to make a quick trip up the Alaska Railway to Fairbanks to buy a wooden box of fossil mastodon or mammoth ivory which is still at 2821 N. He returned to mom in Naples on Christmas day, 1941. Mom obviously was pregnant when she left Alaska and since I was born in SLC in March 1942, she and dad obviously had to have moved to SLC before I was born in March 1941. Mom's memory is so deteriorated now that I will probably never be able to reconstruct the specific dates but the facts and the order in which they occurred is accurate here.[1]

[1] Without meaning to suggest anything in particular, I must admit that even this matter is open to interpretation. Once one admits irregularity in what is otherwise a predictable course of events, the door is opened to anything.

SALT LAKE CITY 1942-43

When the US finally entered WW II after the nefarious Japanese[c] bombing of Pearl Harbor, mom and dad, who were married 1941, were still living in Seward, Alaska. Seward was at the head of the pivotal Aleutian chain-where key battles were waged in Atu and other remote outposts- as the railhead to the interior, hence all military bases of Alaska. It was then turned into some sort of military installation. All civilians were sent "stateside" or "the lower 48". Dad tried to join to SeaBees but they wouldn't take him because he was married. So they moved to Salt Lake City where I was born in LDS Hospital on State and South 21st, which was razed in the 1970's. Dad enrolled in a crash program to become a mechanic and machinist. Dick was born 18 months later. Then we moved to Naples, Utah, the little town east of Vernal where mom's multitudinous family lived.

3rd South and 2rd East Apartment

After mom stayed a while in Naples, dad also returned from Seward to Naples. Dad worked at odd jobs for a month or two but he got bored, wasn't earning enough money, was impatient with a one horse town. He and mom decided that they needed to move to SLC for reasons that I haven't heard ever explained - partly because I never asked. The only apartment they ever lived in was the one on 3rd S and 2nd E. They pointed out the apartment to me when drove by it with the statement, "That's where we lived when you were a baby."

The building was a three story brick building on the southwest corner of 3rd

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[c] I am not an expert in Japan. But it is my firm conviction that the Japanese who did this dastardly thing to us are alive and well in Japan today. And we have General McArthur, and those who agreed with him, to thank for writing a Japanese constitution that forbade them from raising a military which has given us 50 years of peace in the region.

It was of no small interest to read this past week the words of a current Japanese leader who said that same thing but in different words. He said that the weak movement afoot today to alter the Japanese Constitution to allow the formation of a military should be resisted at all costs - and here's the point- because he fears that the Japanese will once more begin to flex their muscle in the world.

The treacherous spirit of the Samurai epitomizes my view of the Japanese even today, and it is a nasty spirit. It confuses me because I find their art and life style and zen the most beautiful in the world. How does one reconcile these treacherous with the beautiful creations?

South and 2nd East. It was close to busses, being only 5 blocks from the dead center of SLC, i.e. East Temple and South Temple where the large statue of Brigham Young stands in the center of the intersection. This photo gives you an idea of the inside of the apartment. Look at the backgrounds of some of the following photos for more insight into how the apartment was decorated. A simple pre-war apartment for two kids without any money.

Sidecar Baby

It didn't take dad long to get another motorcycle after he and mom returned to SLC in early 1942. Since I was born in SLC March 31, 1942, they obviously moved between January and March 1942.

Mom told the story about rides in the sidecar of a motorcycle before I was born. I apparently was late in hatching and they wanted to get the deed done. To hasten delivery they mounted the side car on dad's motorcycle and took several long bouncy motorcycle rides with mom in the sidecar. (See the section below about motorcycles and University of Utah). Whether or not there was medical evidence to support this belief, it was commonly accepted that jolting would shake the baby loose. The side car had to be used because she wouldn't fit behind him in the saddle. Turned out that the bouncing didn't help. But that's why I love motorcycles.

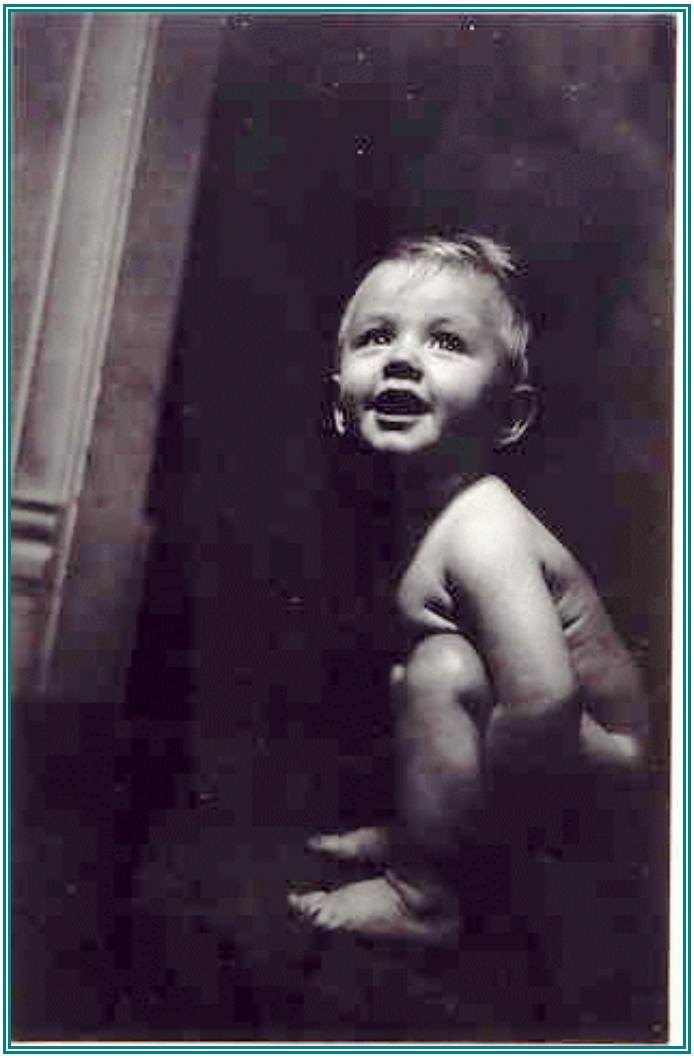
Mom liked this baby. She was 19 years old, just a child herself. But she thought this kid was OK. She is a beautiful woman and produced this big-headed

kid that was a handful. This is in the apartment on 3rd South in Salt Lake when I was about 6-8 months.

In those days breast-feeding had become an embarrassment, evidence that a woman was a low-class person and so on. Doctors prescribed tight binders over the breasts until the y"dried up" to terminate lactation. So I was bottle-fed. The pendulum has swung the other way today, though your mother experienced more than a little bit of judgment and criticism for breast-feeding you. The health benefits today are well know.

There seems to be a requirement that parents take embarrassing pictures of their babies. Why? Did I ever do that to you? Be glad I didn't put the photo in where I am holding the pot in my right hand rummaging around in it with my left, grinning at the camera. Dad probably put me up to it. Probably 2 years old here and full of it.

In those days the fancy little training toilets didn't exist in the world my folks were from. Perhaps the wealthy had them, but everyday families just used an old fashioned chamber pot to do the training.



This little brown dog stayed with me until I was 14. I loved it, even when I was 14.

Somewhere along the way its right ear was worn off. Excelsior showed through the tear but it was packed tightly enough that it didn't come out if I handled it gently. I did.

I finally had to give him away in Seward when we were shaking down belonging so that we could pack everything into the covered bed of a 3/4 ton1951 Chevrolet pickup. I really missed it and felt it unfair to be forced to leave it behind.

That was tough. I also left behind a collection of wonderful cartridges , including a 130 mm Cartridge with the fuse removed from the projectile. I missed that collection that was stored in a plywood box that dad made, along with what I called a "sea cucumber." I see today that it was what is now called a "loofah sponge." Whatever, it was oil-soaked, and from the beach during one of our interminable beach combing session, so I could call it whatever I wanted to call it and no one in Seward was going to know different. They believed me when I confidentially called it a "sea cucumber" because they didn't know either what it was.

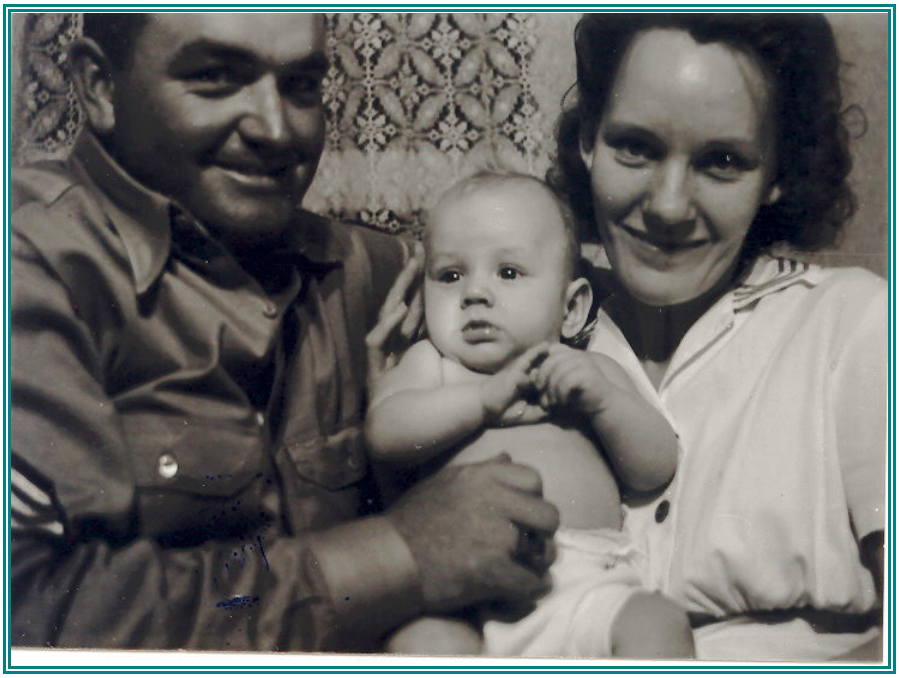
I imagine that mom dreaded coming home from shopping because she never knew what dad was going to do with the baby. The baby obviously didn't care but mom didn't think it was funny to take a couple of socks and pin them on the baby in place of a real diaper. The hat, always a hat. And a paint brush. Today the FDA would issue a recall for such a dangerous baby toy. It's a miracle that you kids survived, based on the inane alarmist passionate generally stupid directives from that bunch of mis-guided otherwise nice morons who run this country. But don't have the common sense of a flea God help us.

This little radio stayed with us for many years. It was later dropped so the case was cracked, but it still worked even though it was a tube radio that was affected by being dropped. Radios sat on the kitchen table, unless they were the monstrous console models that took up half a wall. This is the one that Cousin Marion would turn on for us to listen to the Lone Ranger in Vernal 5 years later when she tended us after school while mom worked at J.C. Penny's store in town. It was dropped on the floor at one point and lost one of the front top corners but the tubes seemed to work OK and we had a great time tuning it. Such a unique set of sounds came from a tube radio as you scrolled across the dial. Shrieks and growls and rumbles and ticks and tom-tom's and about anything you could imagine. Further, they changed according to the time of day as the ionosphere

raised or lowered diurnally. Digital radios today are pretty sterile things in comparison..

Aunt Viola and Uncle Conrad

Dad's sister Viola shows here in the days when she was still in good health. Something happened to her and she deteriorated over the years and had chronic medical conditions that limited her activities of daily living and impacted her family members. I remember her interest in health matters that led her, in 1953, to eschew the use of cow's milk and to substitute "lucerne", to buy a special machine to make juice of vegetables like carrots, and to avoid the use of soaps, using scrub brushes and water instead. At least that's how I remember it when we visited them for a few days in 1953. But here she was healthy.



This was also in the days before Conrad lost his leg. He was a brakeman for the railroad and one night as he routinely mounted a boxcar after having given the signal with his lantern to the engineer to move out, he slipped on the metal rung of the ladder, fell to the ground at which point his leg was simply amputated. My memories of him are basically of the wooden leg. He had a healthy attitude about it and kidded and joked a lot.

Don't Touch me

There has always been a certain amount of discomfort for me when being touched. That response is part of my nervous system. It simply is part of me, and when I'm in that mode, a touch by anyone for any reason makes me re-coil. Don't touch me! Which is odd because when I'm in another mode, I love to be petted and rubbed and touched. Mom has told the story many times of an episode that happened in SLC. That means I was about 2 years old. Mom and dad had apparently put me down to take a nap and after I was sleeping they went out, probably to get some time away from the baby. While they were out I woke up and discovered that they were not around. I obviously don't know today what went on in my head but it probably wasn't a nice thing.

Mom and dad got back, probably only being gone a short time, and found an upset baby. They took me out of the crib to comfort and reassure me, but I would have none of that. After mom set me down on the floor to do whatever I did on the floor, I crawled under their bed, all the way back to the wall. Mom tried to coax me out to no avail and I was too far back for them to reach me easily. I went to sleep and only came out after I woke up. But they still had to pull me out by the leg.

That's how I am today. Whenever I hurt myself, I do not like someone trying to help me. It infuriates me, unless I'm hurt so badly that I really do need help. I do not know why I respond that way, why I feel the way I feel. It is disconcerting to people, loved ones in particular, to be ferociously rejected that way by me when they are trying to help me after I've been hurt. My mom finally understood that so when I was hurt, she'd do a quick sort of exam from a distance to see if I had broken something or was going to bleed to death. If not, she left me alone and when I was ready to get help, I would.

When I try to capture the feelings and thoughts going through my head at such a time, I recognize several things. One is that when I am hurt I just feel rage at the pain and want to lash out, so it's a good thing that I push people away. I really want to hit them in my anger. Another is that I am usually embarrassed at being hurt, because virtually every time I am hurt it is the result of my own stupidity, a failure to pay attention to what I'm doing and the risks associated with it. That's obviously not always the case but most of the time it is. Another feeling is a resistance to accepting help, even when I need it and the person can provide it. Logic would dictate that I should be grateful and should graciously accept what's being offered. But that's not how my psyche operates.

I prefer to be left alone, I do appreciate the quick check to see if a limb is hanging, but I prefer to be left alone. Then when I'm ready I will get up and take care of the problem and seek assistance if I need it. The obvious problem with that approach is the unfortunate rejection it signals to whoever comes to help me. If it weren't for my age when I first exhibited this isolating tendency when hurt, I'd wonder if it wasn't caused in some manner by how I was handled some times.

Twisting the Baby's Head

Dad had his way of handling the baby. This is another story reported by mom from our time in Salt Lake City. Like most people in those days, they did not have a car, and since they lived in the city, they couldn't keep horses. So they used public transportation, buses and trolleys, paying with tokens, where the world at large could observe, whether it wanted to or not, the manner and style of parenting exhibited by James Alvin and Marie, AKA my "parents." It left something to be desired in some instances, but probably no more than for most specimens of *homo sapiens sapiens.* In those days the three of us went together on a trolley and on some of those times dad would hold the baby.

On more than one occasion he and I got into a test of wills that received public attention, actually a prophetic [and not entirely complimentary for either of us] state of being for the two of us. While I sat on his lap looking forward, he would take my head between his hands and try and turn it. Being naturally stubborn, I did not like that so I'd resist him. Which seemed to make him more determined to achieve his objective. By now little old ladies on the trolley were watching what was happening with undisguised concern. They wanted to whack him with their umbrellas for being mean to the baby. Then he would escalate the process by adding audible grinding noises and grimacing while he acted like he was trying forcibly turn my head. Mom didn't say how these interactions ended but I imagine that she probably took the

baby away from dad, to the relief of the little old ladies. Who probably, and with some justification, felt sorry for her.

Trade School, Welder and Machinist

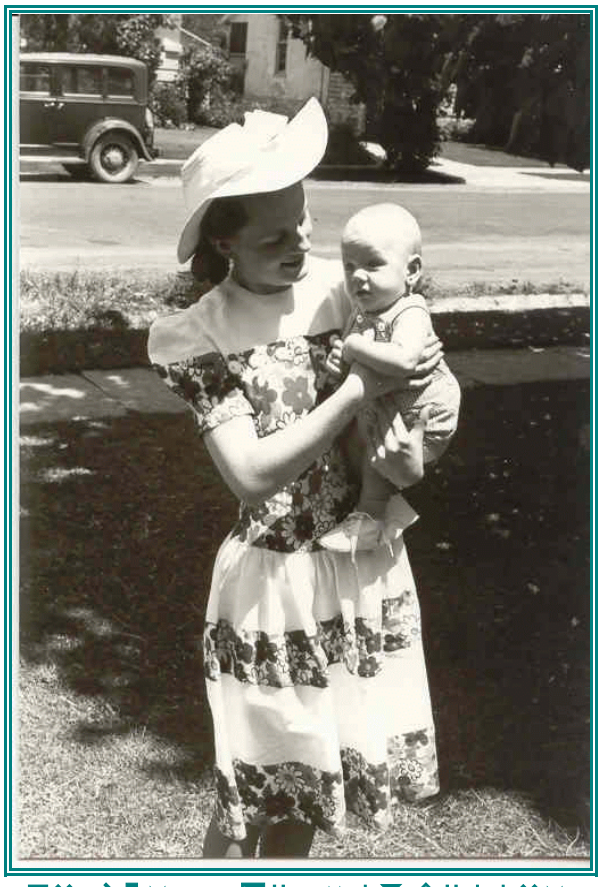
I am not clear on the specifics of this course but apparently young men -and woman- who signed up for this course were able to attend the course at no cost to them, plus the government paid a small living allowance to get them through the course, enough to pay rent and buy some food. That's the only way dad could have done it, but he wasn't alone. The government had such an appetite for war machines that it needed all the machinists and welders they could coax, plead and bribe into its service. In the end the only alternative for the government was to simply create the machinists and welders by these programs. So dad went through was apparently a 6 month course, taught on the University of Utah campus, to become a journey man machinist. He did accomplish this and took a job at the Remington Arms Plant that had recently opened.

Happy First Birthday, Ronnie

I'll admit it. I don't remember this birthday. Obviously mom made a cake, from scratch for those of you who care about such details. She obviously made a two or three layer cake and iced it on a dinner place. The words doubtless come from one of those little packages of hard-sugar letters and numbers. It says, "Happy Birthday to You" and has something in the bottom center. Without any external evidence, I'd be willing to bet that I wasn't able to blow that one candle out.

Dick appeared about now

Dick appears to be something like 4 to 6 months old so I, being 14 months older, was 18 to 20 months old at the time. Obviously he objected to my holding him, or having his photo taken- but in any case, I'm having a grand time grandstanding for the camera. In my diaper.

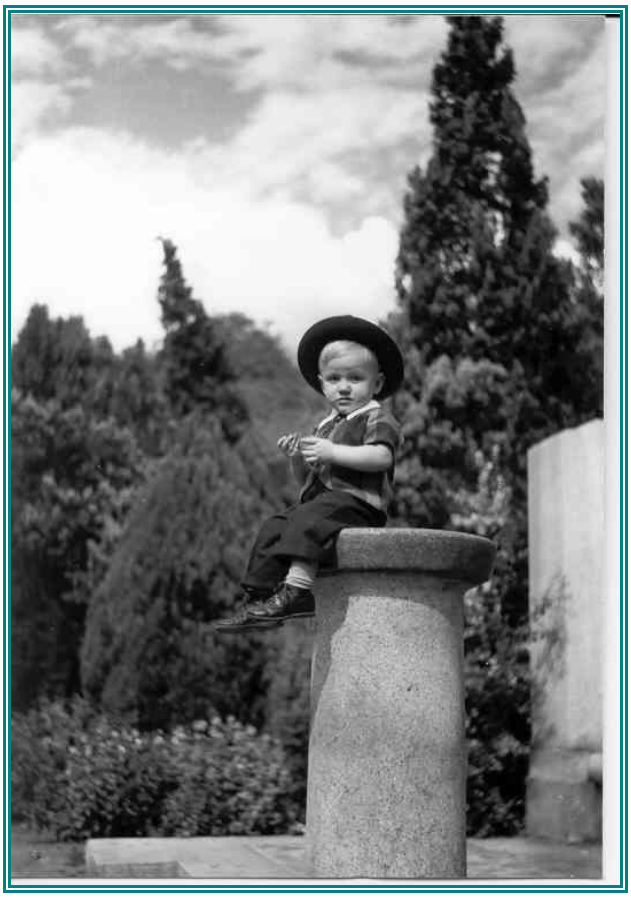


Mom always took good care of herself and dressed well. She stayed within her budget by sewing whatever she could, which eventually included sports coats. She liked hats in the 1940's and wore them well. The car in the background was probably a nearly new car. Gives you a point of perspective.

I frankly have a hard time imaging where she could be going that she should feel it essential to wear a fancy dress coat, gloves and hat with a veil. Really quite extraordinary, isn't . Gloves were mandatory with this lovely coat and she looked good. Dad was probably proud of her. She always dressed well, took great pride in how she looked.

This is taken in the center of Salt Lake City, so you can see that it , too, is a very young city, compared to what it looks like today in the area, 4th south and 2nd East.

Memory Grove



Actually, I don't have any memory of this place but I remember hearing the name many times. Memory Grove was a popular source of recreation for families with limited resources. Limited resources made this sort of public entertainment particularly appealing. For the price of car fare, a family could take a picnic basket and spend a Sunday afternoon together enjoying the sunshine and freedom of a park.

Hats were part of my life back then and continued to be up to the present.

This photo was taken on the same day that Bud Hegyessy spent the day with mom and dad in Memory Grove. You've seen the photo of dad duded up with Bud in his ROTC uniform? That granite memorial was in Memory Grove, a place behind the state capitol in Salt Lake City.
This photo is also taken in the grove.

To you recognize dad's outfit here? It's the same he wears in the photo with Bud. Mom's wearing a summer outfit, fancy hat, full skirt and smile. She made all of her own clothes for all of my early life, though I expect she purchased the hat and the shoes.

My love of flowers, persisting to the present in a virulent form, was earned early. I don't know whether it was somehow an intrinsic response to beauty, or was a response I learned from dad. That's where it would have come from if it was a learned response.

Remington Arms Plant - Utah Ordnance

Plant

Dad talked about the Remington Arms Plant several time in my hearing but I had absolutely no idea what time period he was there until I did some research about that plant and its role in the war effort. While Dad talked about having worked at the plant, he had no photos of it, and nothing to indicate that he actually worked there, so as I started looking at his work history in detail I contacted Remington Arms. On the internet, I found a man named Roy Marcot, who as the historian for the company has access to all company documents including restricted ones. I told him what I was after and he replied via email:

Subject: History of Remington Arms - Salt Lake City Plant
Date: Sat, 8 Sep 2001 11:12:41 -0700
From: "roymarcot" <roymarcot@email.msn.com>
To: "James Jensen" <jrjensen2000@yahoo.com>
CC: <LWierjr@aol.com>
Dear Jim:
There is frightfully little available at Remington Arms Company about its munitions plant in *Salt Lake City during World War II. I am attaching (below) the text on Remington's munitions effort, but I'd suggest getting together with the various historical societies in Salt Lake for more information about the plant.*
All my best,
Roy Marcot
Tucson, Arizona

This synopsis was included in Roy's email:

"Remington's Utah Ordnance Plant
-First shipped ammunition in February 1942.
-Eventually reached a manufacturing capacity of 5,000,000 rounds per day.
-Ultimately reached peak employment of over 10,000 munitions workers.
-Utilized 3 primary manufacturing buildings and 200 other structures on a 5,000 acre site near Salt Lake City.
-Awarded the Army-Navy "E" Award for manufacturing excellence on September 23, 1943.
-Produced 1,241,932,000 .30-06 cartridges and 418,345,000 .50 caliber cartridges."

University of Utah photos of the Plant

I went to the Utah Historical Society and the Library of the University of Utah to see what information they had but it seemed they had even less. So I surfed the net searching for sites that might deal with Remington ammunition and found several that seemed like long shots. I sent 8 or 10 emails to the webmaster or the "contact" person. I received no reply, typical of cold contacts on the internet in my experience, but I had lost nothing in the effort. At least I was in there pitching, trying to get more information to satisfy my own curiosity and to provide my kids with more understanding of what dad did there.

But the internet is a remarkable thing. I later received an email from a person I had never heard of, Keith Pagel, six weeks from the time I sent the email to the Webmaster of the "Fifty Caliber Society". He apologized for the delay and said he'd only received my email that day. His "cc:s" included four other people, none of who I knew, one of whom worked for Ohio State University. The upshot was that he had additional information to flesh out the facts, and even had a URL that listed 6 photos. - at the Utah Historical Society! While they were listed, I could not figure out how to access the photos, so I've emailed them with the URL and a request for the procedure to view the images, or a request to provide them on CD for purchase. I think we'll get some photos to add here. The paragraph he provided is this:

> *"Utah Ordnance Plant, Salt Lake City, Utah-This was a '2nd Wave' plant run for the government by Remington Arms Co. It was originally constructed to manufacture Cal. .30 and Cal. .50 ammunition. The first lot from production was accepted in March 1942. The headstamp code used*
> *first was 'UT,' but in late 1942 this was changed to 'U,' which remained the code for the balance of production. The change to 'U' was made to correct excessive case scrap loss caused by the 'T' eroding from the heading tool during mass production. Utah Ordnance Plant stopped production in late December 1943 when it was put on standby status. During the production phase this facility produced a total of just over 1.2 billion rounds of Cal. .30 and over 400 million Cal. .50 rounds."*

This is interesting because it suggests a reason for dad leaving the plant: it was put on standby in Dec. 1943 after operating only 21 months. That may be when mom and dad moved to Naples.

I just received a black-tip Cal. 50 cartridge that I purchased from Keith. It is a black tip, i.e. armor piercing, and is stamped for1943 at the Utah Ordnance

Depot. For $15.00. It will be stored in dad's machinist toolbox, an appropriate archive for it, and for whoever is interested in it.

About a month after corresponding with Keith, I contacted George Kass at Forensic Ammunition Services, a man he referred me to, an expert in munitions who lectures around the country on the topic. His reply was prompt, another of those internet surprises and included more information than I had before, still not a huge amount, but more so I am slowly accumulating information about the plant here dad worked. I have attached his reply as "Attachment 1" to this chapter

QC Supervisor at Remington Arms Plant

After getting his journeyman's card, and joining the right union, dad landed a job at the Remington Arms Plant in the south-west side of Salt Lake City on Redwood Road. I like it that I worked across the alley from the defunct plant during the mid 1960's for Deseret Book Press, a job shop and book bindery. The loading dock where we disposed of the waste from the cutter opened onto the narrow alley across from the plant. I looked directly into the aging, decaying concrete structure that remained. There were a few night lights to reveal what was inside, but it was deserted, not even a night watchman on the premises. Rebar starting to show through the decaying concrete. Today I wish I had taken a camera and walked the 5,000 acre plant, taking photos of what remained, although I didn't have a clue about what was there. I could have asked an expert later what the photos meant.

I don't know what work he was assigned to do, but whatever it was, the product was cartridges. I don't know what he did to demonstrate his excellence but he was good enough that they pulled him off the machines and did two things with him. One of them was to make him a Quality Control inspector.

He checked the specs of sample rounds before lots were shipped by railroad to the munitions depot. Checking specs with a micrometer sounds easy. Just take this device and hold it over the thing to be measured, turn the wide barrel until the anvil touched the thing, then turn the small handle until the pressure release was reached and finally read the size off the scale. Except it wasn't that simple. When the specification calls for a thee-thousandths of an inch clearance, one is entering a world where what you and I think "fits exactly" is no longer accurate. A good machinist in those says before the sophisticated measuring technologies of today developed a sophisticated sense of touch that

was required for accurate measurements at that level because there is actually a certain amount of friction between the mic and the sample. In fact, to my hand when I tried to mic something under his direction, I felt so much friction that I concluded that the sample was too large. He took the mic and checked the spec and said it was right on. I suspect that part of his success was in the development this refined sense of feel under conditions that were really counter-intuitive to the average man or woman.

The plant manufactured 30 caliber and 50 caliber ammunition. The 50 caliber was shot in machine guns that looked like this one:

There are groups of shooters today that get together and use these weapons for target practice and so on. Amazing, really, because the slugs are half an inch in diameter and have such energy that nothing survives the impact of several of them. It is a native American affection for fire arms. Which, ultimately, is one of the truly great and effective forces that control and limit and curtail the rampant idiocy and stupidity and insanity of politicians in Washington, D.C. They know, with the same certitude they have that the sun will rise in the east in the morning, that if they EVER attempted to take over the government by force that an unorganized but astonishingly powerful group of mavericks would appear on the White House Lawn with this exact weapon to contest anything that needed being contested, even if it meant sacrificing their lives. Our right to "Keep and Arm Bears" is secure. Haha. If you think that an unprincipled self-serving liar like Bill Clinton might never think about taking control of the country you are as naive as he is unprincipled. Thank god for the Amendment to the constitution that provides for us the right to keep and arm bears.

I don't know if this story actually took place in Utah or in Hanford, Washington so keep that question open. But the facts are the same, regardless of where it happened. The other assignment he was given make him proud, for good reason, and it was a most unusual assignment given the single focus of the plant, i.e. just churn out box car loads of the same ammo day after day. He was pulled from the QC assignment and given liberty to do what he wanted to do. How this came to be is illustrated by this story.

Dad worked at the plant for a while so had become familiar with the work of most of the guys in the different sections. His mind was extraordinarily fertile so when he saw anything, it was not just observed, it was analyzed. Usually that was the end. But in this instance what he observed produced a response.

What he watched was a group of guys assigned to cut pieces from metal stock. This was done manually with hack saws. Cut, cut, drop; cut cut drop;... change the blade, and repeat the process. I've forgotten the exact numbers, but you get the idea. These guys could each cut something like 15? pieces an hour. Dad's observation of the cuts led to his making a jig, a sort of template that would hold the stock and the saw in such a way that the cuts were as accurate, but vastly faster and the saw blades lasted longer. Instead of 15 an hour, each man could now make 60 or some such big number - and use fewer blades.

He did these sorts of things free-style, effortlessly. It was his nature to problem-solve but not only by taking things that everyone agreed was a "problem". Everything, even established procedures, were analyzed this way, and he could determine new ways in some cases for speeding the process up, for reducing the amount of waste, or for increasing the quality. So one fine day, the shop super said to dad when he came to work, "Jensen, you don't to draw any prints. You just walk around and do what you want." That gave him latitude to go anywhere in the shop reviewing how things were done and devising new methods to do all the things just enumerated. Pretty extraordinary for a 25 year old kid who never graduated from high school and grew up in a true desert in a town of less than 500 people. James Alvin was a miniature Leonardo or Michelangelo. Really, though you may not have sufficiently broad detail about him to know it yourself..

Photos of the Remington Arms Plant:

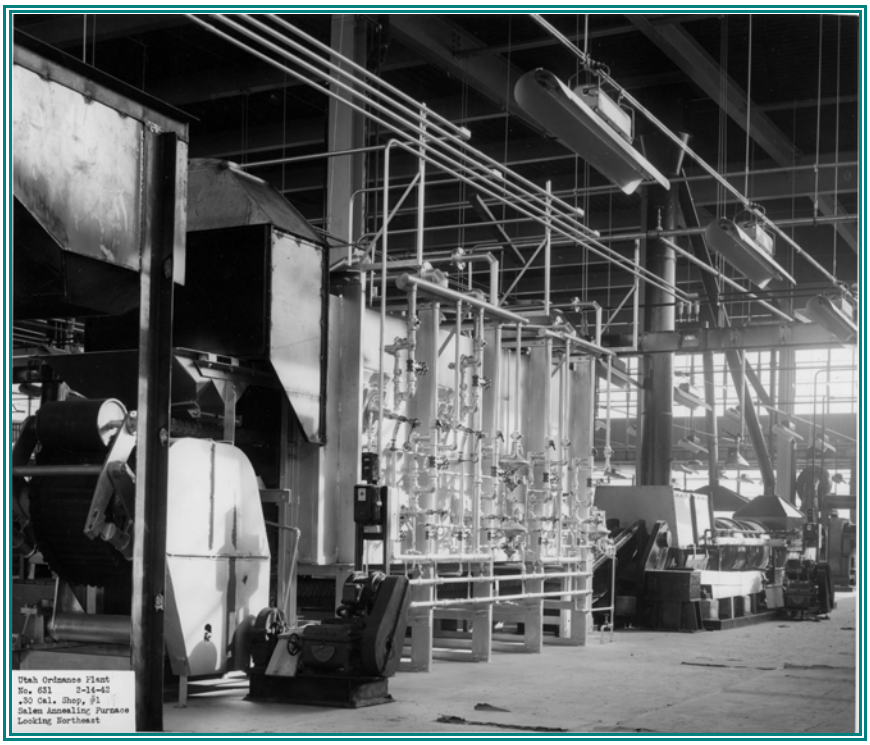
It will be a life-long lament that I failed to take any photos of the defunct, decaying, long-abandoned Remington Arms plant that I looked at every night for 2 years while working my way through the University of Utah by working part-time in the evening 1964-67. I worked in the Book Bindery of the Deseret Book Press on Redwood road, and when I when I was a laborer on the cutter at the end of the hot-melt machine that was fed by the 18-pocket Pocket Collator, I was constantly fighting with the vacuum removal system that didn't work as advertised. As a result, I had to spend much time manually hauling the cut-off waste out to the loading dock, with this borderline-gorilla who's IQ was smaller than his shoe size. He was harmless but strong so you were real careful about what you said. Anyway,

he and I swept up and hauled waste out there. And more than once I stood on the dock staring into the decaying concrete structures a few feet away that had a few bare bulbs glowing dimly in the light, water dripping on the floor, concrete turning to dust, surface of the floor covered with gritty debris. THAT WAS WHERE MY DAD WORKED! What was wrong with me! I should have been poring over the place for weeks on end, shooting a hundred rolls of photos of whatever was there. Just to be in touch with my dad. What was wrong with me!

So I purchased an expensive set of photos to share with you whether or not you want to see them! Six of them. Here they are. The mountains in the back ground are the Oquirrh Mountains, now denuded but there are pioneer accounts of riding horses over them when the grass was as high as the horses' bellies. Something went wrong, didn't it.

Anyway, I can't tell you what each of these photos represents, but I want you to see them because this is a place your good ol' grandpa Jensen spent a year or so. When he, too, was 24-26. That ought to place him in time for you, should give you a personal sense of what he was about. It is significant, isn't it, that when he stood in these buildings when he was 25 like you are? A young man. Family to tend to, frustrated and eager at the same time. Building bullets to kill people. My, my.

Numbers 1 and 2:



Numbers 3 and 4:

Numbers 5 and 6:

.50 Caliber Machine gun shell

Here's an image of an armor piercing shell that I purchased through the internet. It was manufactured at the SLC Remington Arms Plant while dad worked there. Keith R. Pagel is the name of the man who deals in these sorts of things. I located him through the internet. This is a live round and could explode I suppose but that's such a low risk that I'm not concerned. I'm just glad to have this thing that was created there while dad worked in the plant. On the bottom, it's stamped "U" for "Utah Ordinance Plant" to distinguish it from the St. Louis plant that was in operation at the same time. It is also stamped "43" for the year it was created in, 1943. Keith had one case of these rounds and sold it to me for $15.00, which seems sort of steep I support for one cartridge but not when it is what this is. They are five and a half inches long , about the size of the image:

Back to Naples Again

I don't know for sure why dad left Remington Arms, and since he was constitutionally unable to stay at one job for long, it may be that he simply got fed up with the plant and walked out. That, however, isn't my guess. He was trained to be a machinist and had a job as a machinist and was able to do things that he liked to do. So the fact that the plant was put on "stand-by" in Dec. 1943 persuades me that he left the plant in Dec. 1943 when it shut down. It was never re-activated.

He and mom now had two little boys ages 1 and 2 when they moved back to Naples. I again have no information about the reason for the return, but knowing that they had minimal resources and guessing that they had no savings, they probably decided that rather than continue to run up living expenses like rent without any income, they would prudently take Greyhound out to Naples and just hang out until things settled down. It must have been comforting to be able to do

that, to be able to count on being able to stay with grandpa and grandma Merrell.

Attachment 1 Utah Ordnance Plant Remington Arms Co. SLC, UT

UTAH ORDNANCE PLANT
REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Utah Ordnance Plant was one of three "Second Wave" GOCO (Government- Owned, Contractor-Operated) plants for World War II. The plans for a second wave were drawn up in the spring of 1941. Construction began during July and August of that same year.1 The Utah Ordnance Plant was designed by Smith, Hinchman and Grylls of Detroit, Michigan.4 The Government asked Remington Arms Company to supervise the design, engineering and construction - a feature not embodied in the company's previous contracts.2

Remington Arms Company undertook to operate the Utah plant even with the burden of operating Lake City and Denver Ordnance plants. To staff this facility, which covered five thousand acres, the company recruited and trained more than ten thousand employees in a non-industrial area where workers with factory experience were almost unknown.1 Construction began on July 21, 1941, on a 5,000-acre tract in the basin of prehistoric Lake Booneville, within the urban limits of Salt Lake City. Every conceivable device was employed to expedite the work. Three main manufacturing buildings, administration building and some 200 other structures were erected.2

Seven months after construction was started, the first lot of ammunition was accepted by the Ordnance Department. A force of some 200 foreman and supervisors was trained at other Remington- operated plants. First designed to produce 2,000,000 caliber .30 and 600,000 caliber .50 cartridges per day, the plant's capacity was greatly expanded after operations began. This resulted in an actual installed capacity of 5,000,000 cartridges per day. The plant manufactured ball, amour piercing and tracer in caliber .30 and armor piercing, tracer and incendiary in caliber .50.2

During the summer of 1942, as Ordnance had predicted, the shortage of copper and a revision of requirement led the Ordnance Department to specifically direct Utah and several others ordnance plants in June to freeze their production at the level attained in mid-May.1 When the success of the small arms ammunition program enabled the War Department to reduce schedules sharply late in 1943, orders were received to terminate operations at Utah at the end of the year, placing the plant in stand-by condition. Production to December 31, 1943 was 1,241,931,847 rounds of caliber .30 and 418,344,629 rounds of caliber .50 ammunition.2

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Naples 1943 - Part III

Mom and Dad, Dick and I return to Naples 1943

I believe that our -note "our" because Dick and I were now part of this clan- return to Naples around Dec. 1943, more likely than not was a result of the Remington Arms Plant being put on standby by the federal government. That was done in December 1943, and the plant never produced munition again. Dad had no more work in SLC so something had to be done to keep the family financially viable. It was a logical thing to return to Naples where there was free room and board while they figured out what to do next.

Dickie appears to be about a year old in this photo. That means it was taken about 1944, so it was either taken just before Dad left for Hanford or just after he returned. His ID was dated 09-12-44. He didn't spend long in Hanford, so he returned in early 1945, at which time Dickie would have fulfilled year. It is impossible in this photo to tell just how old he is, so the question remains: 1944 or 1945. This is the same setting as the title photo, but Dickie is earing dad's hat.

The old car has what was called a "rumble seat." I don't know where the name originated. The seat is where the trunk of most cars is located, and opened up front of what corresponds to the lid of a trunk. Sitting there was actually sitting outside of the car which was fine in nice weather.

Grandpa's New House

While dad was off in Hanford building atomic reactor parts, we were in Naples. The original house that grandpa Merrell built on that property after moving from Rainbow was a log cabin and had been abandoned by the time we moved from SLC to live with him and grandma in 1943. Mom said the original log cabin was still standing when I was a kid but I have no memory of it. The "new" house, shown here, was stuccoed and had 5 or 6 rooms on the main floor and a full basement. The first time I became conscious of such a thing, a hole in the ground that people went down into with rooms to walk around in. New concept. A simple farm house built before the days of electricity.

Mom, Dick and I initially lived in a room on the main floor. After dad passed through on his way to Honolulu, we moved out back into an old uninsulated garage that had been divided with cellotex and 2x4 partitions into two rooms by Mom's dad and brothers.

Grandpa's house -this house- was just north of an irrigation canal that was in a ditch that was about 8 feet deep at that point due to the need to maintain the necessary grade. On the other side of the house was the garage -to the right

in this picture- and then behind the garage there was a small irrigation ditch and on the other side of this ditch were the corrals, chicken coop and pig pen. Pastures extended north of these structures perhaps a mile before one saw any structures. Just a huge open pasture criss-crossed by a few fences denoting property divisions. I could see west to Highway 40 and north to the Naples School and church a mile away.

In that picture you see Tommy again, ears flapping. He had the biggest ears of any of us cousins and was a great kid to be with. He and I argued about things now and then but we got along we, the way some cousins do, which is interesting. There is sometimes a special chemistry between cousins. Tommy and I got along better than we did with most other people.

The yard is dirt, there being basically no real grass, certainly no lawn. It was fall or spring so the trees are also bare. There is a house on the left in the background that is located across the road that ran east-west. Ross' house is several hundred yards behind grandpa's house, and Harold's house is behind the camera about the same distance, also on the canal.

Mom is outfitted in nice clothing as usual. She always took good care of herself and looks sort of incongruous in this humble setting doesn't she. She was a truly beautiful woman. Wearing her high-heel shoes sitting on the rugged dirty porch. I'm sitting there with my hand in my mouth. One of my own children asked me recently about that, why do kids put their hands in their mouths. I guess it's in the genes. Haha.

Living with Grandpa and Grandma

One of the earliest memories I have is eating breakfast with Grandpa in his house. In the morning grandma got up at 5:00 am and cooked a huge farm breakfast for six or eight people. Remember, these were farmers who got up early on the south end of a shovel for the day so needed to stoke their furnaces. Any self-respecting farm breakfast includes potatoes, eggs, perhaps a steak or chop, and fried ham or bacon which produced a thick layer of fat in the bottom of one or two cast iron skillets. Grandpa offered me bits of heavy home-made food across the half-door. One of the tastiest was the bread chunks that he broke from his own piece and handed over. Instead of putting butter on the bread, he just dipped it into the bacon fat in the skillet. The flavor of smoky fat in heavy home-made bread is wonderful. Poor grandpa. His life was shortened by the fat and cholesterol that he ingested with every breakfast. He died prematurely - at

the age of 86 years. His oldest son in 2001 is only 98. Turns out that it's the genes, not the diet, that will get you. So while it's true that "Those who indulge, bulge," it's true that you will live until your genes die.

Dickie Sucked Raw Eggs

Of all the uncles hanging around those days, Grant was my favorite. He was nice to us, and kidded a lot, doing things that real adults didn't do**[3]**. He got us to do things mom didn't like. Like he got Dick to eat preserved fishing minnows out of the bottle. That is so funny now - but mom didn't see the humor at the time. And he taught Dick to suck raw eggs, something that made me sick.

That created a problem actually. Dick who was probably 3-4 years old would just go out to the henhouse whenever he wanted to have an egg. He'd take one, crack and slurp it and leave the shells. Well, this began to affect grandma's economy because she sold excess eggs for cash, an essential part of the family welfare. The topic was raised over the dinner table and everyone started suspecting a particular dog that Grant had. For some reason it was a likely suspect for this dastardly deed. So guess what. They shot the dog. Better him than Dick. But the broken shells kept appearing. People paid closer attention to what was actually happening in the henhouse and finally figured out that it was Dick helping himself.

So we lived with mom's parents, Grandma and grandpa Merrell, while dad went off to the war but as a mechanic, not a soldier. I don't see today that the sacrifice was much different, except that he didn't have to be disciplined and wear a uniform. He spent about six months in Hanford, Washington working on Project Manhattan and then he went to Pearl Harbor to work on the reconstruction. After another year doing that, he returned to be with us in Naples. Somewhere around my 5th year, dad and mom scraped up a down payment to buy a 2 acre farm with a 5 room house on it. From a guy named Ashton. A mile south of Vernal on its south side.

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[3] His jokes got us in trouble with mom. Grant was a Lothario and said things that we thought were so funny that we went around saying them. The one that got us into the most trouble was, "I'm going to be a bachelor - and teach all my kids to be bachelors!" It was many years before I finally understood why that was 'bad'. To my mind it was a logical impossibility and struck me as funny for that reason.

Mom took an Apartment in Vernal

At the time that dad returned from Hanford, mom was feeling anxious about living with grandma and grandpa. After he left to go to Pearl Harbor, mom[4] felt that she had exhausted her welcome with her parents or she was so stressed by it herself that she felt she needed to do something different - or something else that I can't guess. So she took a few dollars, went into "town", i.e. Vernal, found an apartment to rent for herself and us 2 boys with the intention of moving in and getting a job to take care of herself. Perhaps she already had a job, I don't know and she didn't say.

When her parents found out that she had done this, she said that her mom came as close as she ever saw her to getting mad, and of course, Fuller did get mad. They told her in no uncertain terms that she could not move into town because she had to stay right there "so they could take care of the boys", i.e. me and Dick and my heart twinges right now. So Fuller agreed that living in the same house was a bit tough so he agreed that he would now convert the garage into a two-room apartment for mom to live in with us boys. That was done and we stayed in the garage until dad came home.

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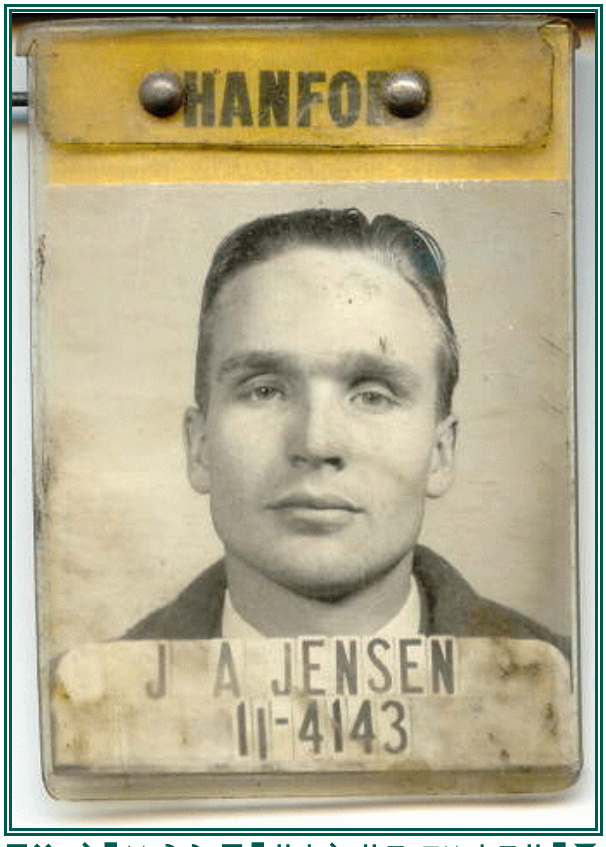
[4] This is one of the stories that mom has told me in the last 6 months as I've researched her story. This is a story I never heard during the time I lived as her oldest child for 18 years.

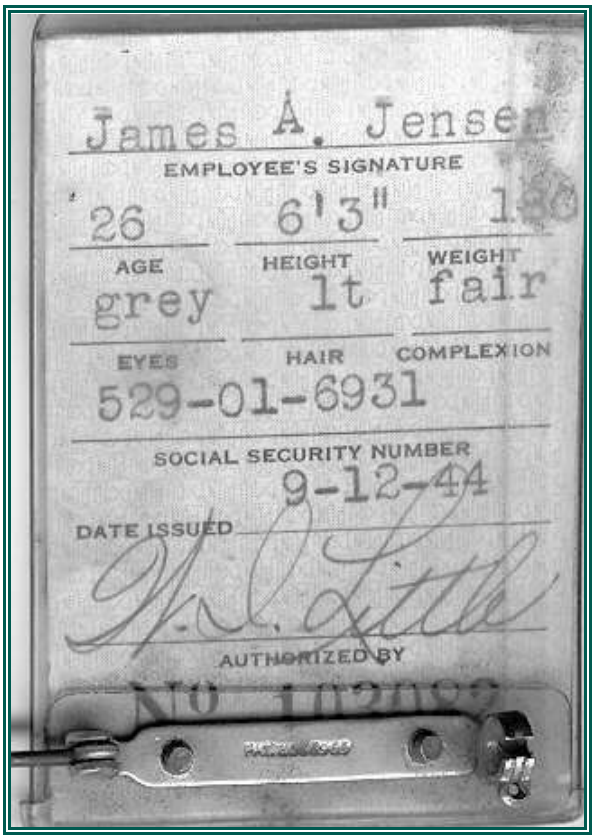
Hanford Washington - Manhattan Project - 1944-45

Journeyman Machinist

As far as I have been able to discover, mom's memory fading badly, dad went to work at the Remington Arms Plan on Redwood Road as soon as he had became a journeyman machinist.

In case the notion of "journeyman" isn't familiar, there are three levels of skills to being a practitioner of a trade wherein men worked with tools and their hands. The levels were created and named in the medieval guilds when young men would be apprenticed as cheap labor in return for being taught the craft of the guild that they were apprenticed to. Then they were granted papers that certified their abilities and allowed them to practice the trade. The first level is





the apprentice, the second in the journeyman and the third is the master craftsman. An apprentice could not work alone but the other two levels could.

The journeyman was qualified to do anything required in his trade and only differed from the master in minor ways.

After we moved, we stayed at grandpa Merrill's farm. Dad must have worked in the area but I don't know what he did or where he did it. His trade was the likely thing he would have done. After a month or two, dad went to Hanford, Washington, as you can see in the above security badge.

On September 12, 1944, I was 2 and a half years old, just a little kid. My dad went to work on the reactor core at Hanford Washington as part of Project Manhattan. With the "sneak attack" on the US on 12-7-41, the U.S. was galvanized into action. The Japanese attempted in that audacious, well-planned action to disable the US long enough to keep it from interfering with its own plans to take over parts of Asia and the Pacific. The problem was that Japan could not foresee that the US government and people would respond as it did. A nerve in the body politic was struck. Yankee ingenuity and Yankee outrage at the Japanese sneakiness in the west and German preying on US shipping in the east produced a more sustained, coordinated national response than had been seen before and which has not happened since. Today we are a nation of splintered single-interest groups with nothing to compromise and no motivation to compromise and work cooperatively, but in those simple days it was different. The US was invincible when the sleeping beast was aroused. It possessed the greatest supply of natural resources in the world and a people with the maverick streak that sets the country apart. The ultimate effect of the US response was the defeat of the major Axis players, Japan and Germany. The US didn't do it all alone, but without US involvement, the European allies would have been over-whelmed.

Manhattan Project

After the US entered into WW II, a race developed between the US and Germany to be the first to develop and use the atom bomb. Those who have spent their entire lives under the shield of multi-headed weapons of enormous mass destruction fail to comprehend how extraordinarily powerful these weapons are compared to conventional explosives. It was precisely this difference that compelled each nation to frantically attempt to develop "The Bomb" first.

The enterprise was termed the “Manhattan Engineering District” for a variety of reasons and spread across the country, involving hundreds of thousands of people. Oppenheimer and General Groves were the towering figures that enabled the US to be first. Once Roosevelt was persuaded that The Bomb was in

fact feasible back around 1939, and that it was the most likely way to end the way and to minimize the enormous casualties that would result from a land assault on Japan, he committed enormous resources on this project. The project consisted of two inter-linked sets of activities, relying on each other for success.

You must not forget that The Bomb was viewed as a way to minimize the extraordinary number of deaths that were likely if the US had actually assaulted the island of Japan from the ocean with hundreds of thousands of men in uniform. If you can remember that, you may be able to understand something about why the government did in fact seem to turn its back on what was suspected to be monstrous radiation poisoning. The Japanese nation was trained and prepared to stand even with bamboo spears on the beaches to defend the nation from a naval assault. The number of casualties on both sides would have been extraordinary. In this setting, The Bomb seemed a faster, more humane -if such a word can be applied to war which is obscene- way to bring a close to the war.

Robert Oppenheimer The Theory Man

One branch of the Manhattan Project was the theory-to-reality bunch, primarily a group of scientists scattered across the country. They had to develop the mechanism that could reliably initiate an fission reaction of a mass of radioactive substance. This most difficult process was under the command of the brilliant, brittle Robert J. Oppenheimer. The largest sub-groups of this scientific bunch worked at the University of Chicago -achieving fission under the football stadium at one point, the Livermore Lab in California, with the largest contingent being housed with Oppenheimer in a town built for the purpose in the New Mexican desert.

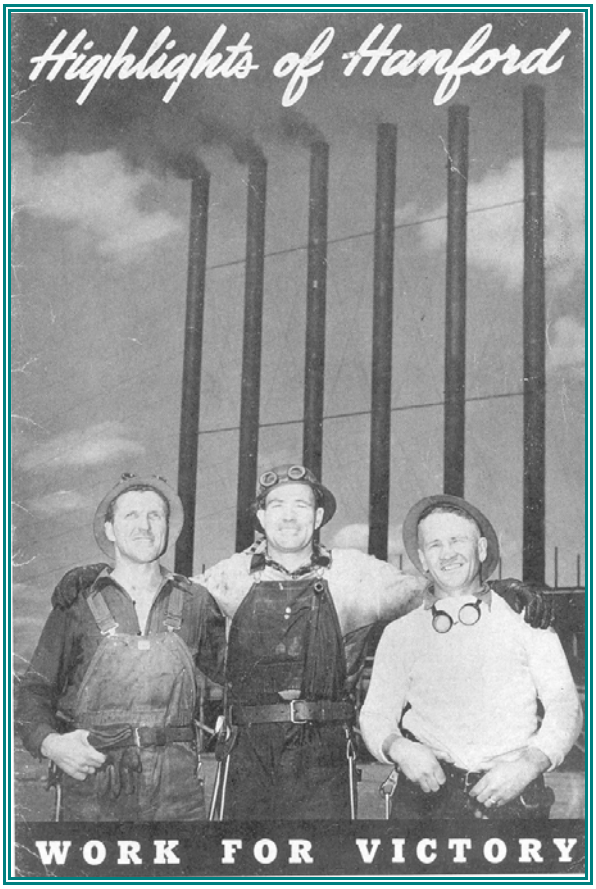
Leslie Groves The Practical Man

The other branch of this astonishing program was dedicated to the actual harvesting of the right radioactive substance for the bomb. A molecule at a time. This branch was overseen by General Groves. Which uranium isotope was the optimal one wasn't even known when the project got underway. With a confidence that wild-eyed Americans possess, they launched themselves simultaneously into the exploration of unproven theories, confident that solutions would be found. They were. Ultimately, U-238 -plutonium- was selected as the preferred isotope.

An enormous construction program was undertaken to create the sophisticated systems needed to isolate sufficient quantities of this rare, difficult to collect molecule. The major centers were constructed at Oak Ridge, Tennessee and Hanford, Washington. "In January, 1943 Groves acquired the Hanford Engineer Works, 780 square miles of land on the Columbia River in Washington for plutonium production reactors and separation plants."

This is the man who had just finished constructing the massive Pentagon

Hanford, Washington



Dad entered into this national drama by taking a job as a machinist at the Hanford, Washington nuclear plant. Its primary function was the production of plutonium. He read an advertisement somewhere and was attracted by the income and the romance of working on a national program. This caused him to leave his little family and venture out to Hanford on the Columbia. This photo is the cover of the Employee's Handbook that was provided by the Richland Operations of the Department Of Energy.

As a trained machinist with maximal security clearance he was a shoo-in for working on the reactor core. At the time, no one knew what they were working on, but they gleaned bits and pieces of information and eventually pieced together the fact that they were doing just what they were doing. To educate himself, dad bought two books that are still in his library, one titled "The Cyclotron" and the other "Atomic Artillery." Today they seem rudimentary and primitive but they were state of the art books at the time, all that was available for the interested person to become acquainted with nuclear physics.

The Hanford plant was located in the middle of no-where. Intentionally. The scale of construction was enormous. During the few years it operated in high gear, as many as 45,000 men were employed on the site at one time. Some of them went with families, others without. The tri-cities housed them, Richland, Pasco and Kennewick.

The scale is also revealed in the facilities to care for this number of human beings in one location. There were 8 mess halls this size. The claim was that the food was plain but good, in sufficient quantities for anyone. Dad

bought a meal ticket that was punched each time he ate so he wasn't paying for meals he didn't eat.

Dad sent mom one of his used meal tickets. This ticket was purchased on Dec. 28, 1943, just after Christmas. I am lost. Remington Arms shut down on Dec. 6, 1943, so how did dad get up there so fast? Apparently he didn't spend any time in Naples before he took off. In any event

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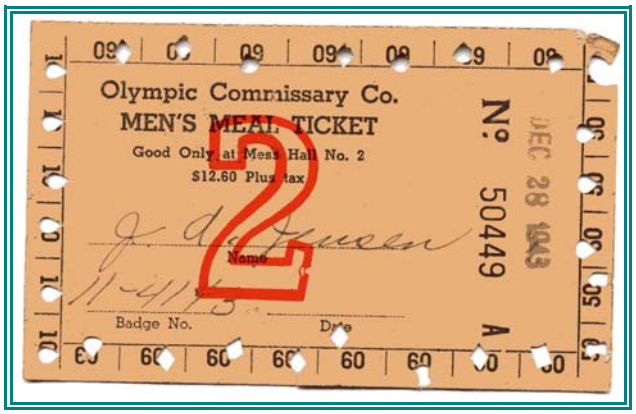
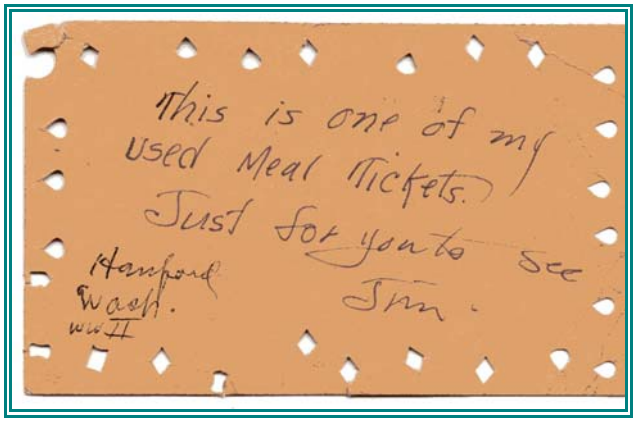




his is a sample of the tickets he used to eat. The large red "2" was probably the designated dining hall that he was required to eat in. There were six of them I believe.

Dad had to join a union to be allowed to work in the plant. Two identical badges are pinned in the lid of his oak tool box. He scratched his name on the face of the badge, whether out of whim or necessity, we'll never know. But being as how he was the consummate maverick, it's not unlikely that he did it out of spite at a shop steward. Who couldn't discipline him for his subtle insubordination.

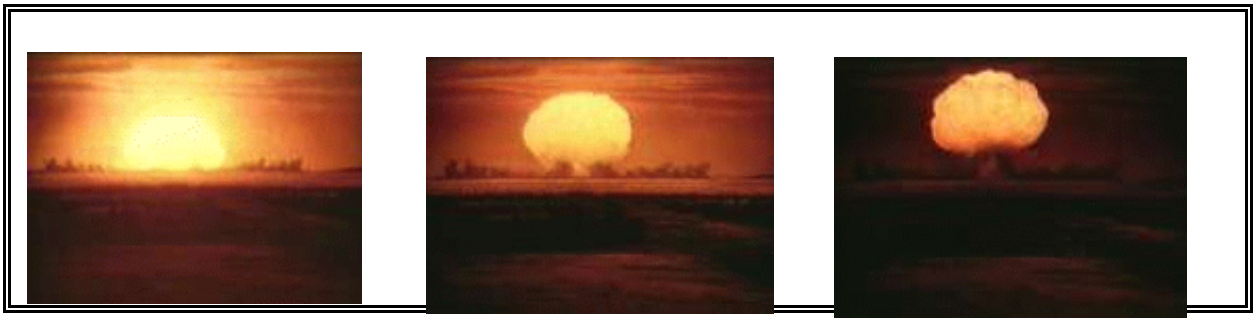
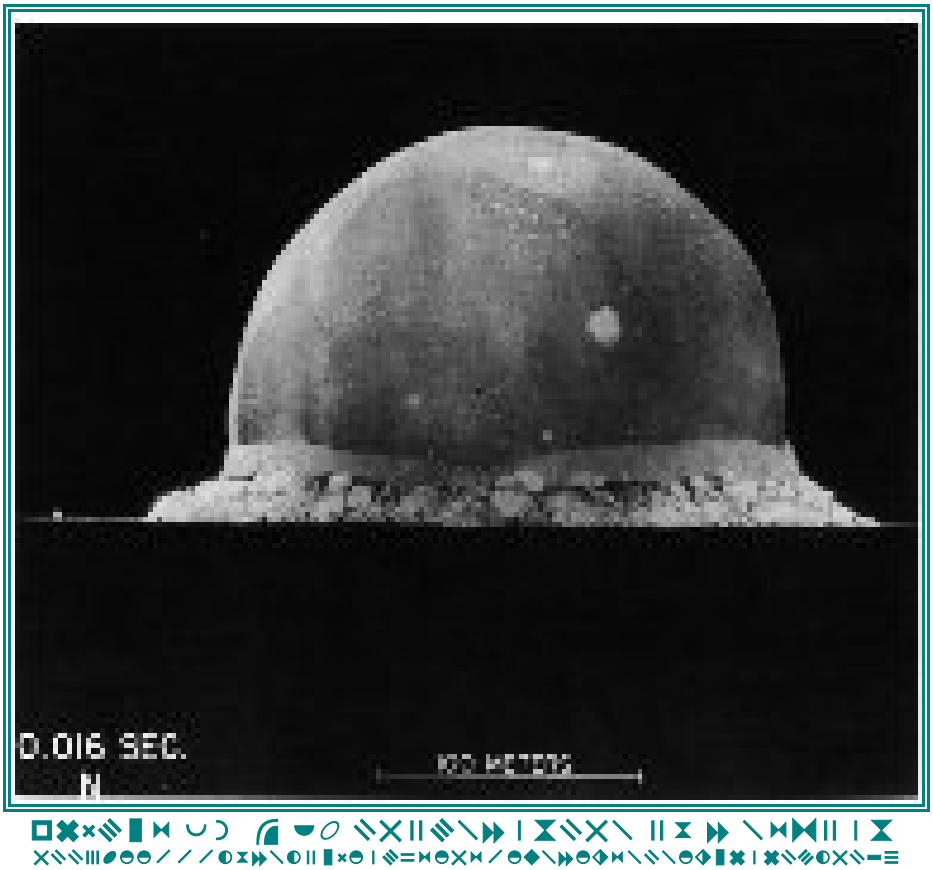


Figure 43 First shot Figure 43 Bit later Figure 43 Mushroom

[Photos: http://www.fas.org/nuke/hew/Usa/Med/Med.html]

On July 16, 1945, the first full-scale, albeit tiny compare to subsequent devices, nuclear device was detonated. Code-Named "Trinity", it was exploded in the Alamogordo Test Range, in Jornada del Muerto desert of New Mexico, a most appropriate name - "Journey of Death".

The black and white is also of Trinity and it captures the evilness of the bomb. A sinister jelly fish creation that was 600 feet -2 football fields- across in a tenth of a tenth of a second. This was the first test of a nuclear device. It obviously worked.



Radiation Hazard

This photo, to me personally, is the most revealing photo I could imagine to gain insight into the comprehension -lack of comprehension- by the two principal creators of the atom bomb of the radiation risks that resulted from nuclear explosions. Groves and Oppie themselves are standing right at the absolute center of the first nuclear test ever done in the history of mankind next to the remains of the tower that held the tiny bomb. They "didn't get it", did they. They had both on the preceding day witnessed the horrifying explosion that is shown in the preceding photos, yet here they are now standing on the very spot where it happened.

The fact that they stand there grinning at each other and celebrating -without any protective gear- reveals poignantly and emphatically, to my simple mind at least, that the scientists and soldiers who were involved in the program simply had no real comprehension of the devastating effects of radiation. They obviously and unarguably treated the explosion as that of any bomb made with conventional materials. These men were not stupid. If they had really understood the lethality of the by-products of the fusion reaction they had released, they would not have even entered the area unprotected as they are here. They would not have stood on this precise spot if they had really understood that the radiation there was as devastating as it turned out to be later. Oddly enough, they actually did have some protection: the fused glass -trinitite- created from sand by the explosion did in fact shield them from a substantial portion of the radiation. Oppenheimer and Groves together stood at the epicenter of Trinity. [I suppose one might take the devil's position

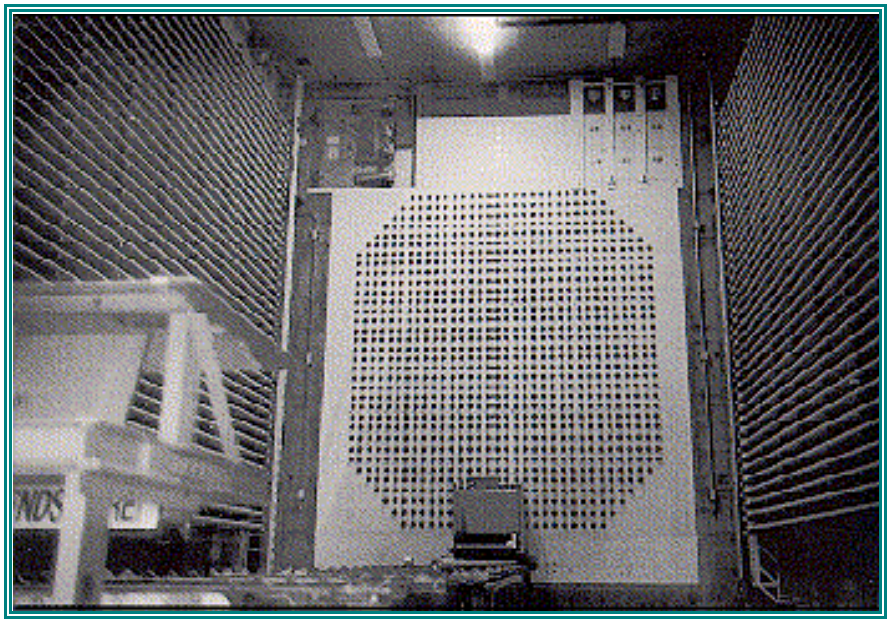
here and say, "See. They stood there and didn't experience radiation poisoning, proving that radiation poisoning, while real and nasty, is nonetheless over stated in some respects."]

There was in fact theoretical awareness of radiation dangers but the effects had not yet been experienced. To these men, those risks were obviously more theoretical than real, so while the government did take precautions, thereby revealing awareness of "something", it did not take the precautions that some argue today it should have. This is unfair to quarter-back the situation 55 years later. There was a major war going on that had to be won and The Bomb was understood to be the avenue to victory. Again, the fact that these men, in particular Oppenheimer, actually stood on the site reveals the lack of comprehension that existed at the time of the horrors of radiation burns. The emphasis was on the explosion itself, not on radiation. It had never been done before so there was no empirical evidence to show the truth about the real dangers. That doesn't make it right that the government did so little, but it isn't really wrong that it didn't, particularly in the context of the war where men and woman were being killed in quantities greater than were killed and maimed. There is also the fact that the US did not start the war so there was not a whole lot of sympathy for what was going to happen to the nation that snuck up on us.

High Level Security and Reactor Cores

Dad had the highest security clearance one could get to work at Project Manhattan. What risk was a farm kid from central Utah going to pose, but that was how it was. Men and women left families and worked in secret not even being told what they were doing. Each day after he passed several guards, he used sealed blueprints to machine secret parts from secret alloys which were part of the reactor core. He figured that out somehow. Perhaps it was common knowledge.

The following photo shows the heart, the inner sanctum, of a reactor. There were at least four reactors in Hanford, named "B Reactor", the first to go on line 9-24-44, "D Reactor" that went critical on 9-17-44, "F Reactor" that went on line 2-45, and then "N Reactor". I don't know what the difference between the reactors was but suspect there may have been little difference, the need for more than one being driven by the need for



additional capacity. At maximum capacity the entire plant only produced something like a pound and a half of plutonium a day.

I do not know which one dad worked on. Somehow it doesn't seem likely that he would have worked on more than one though it is possible. This is the N Reactor core which is made of graphite and measures 39 by 33 by 33 feet. Channels cut horizontally into the graphite held nuclear fuel and uranium "target" slugs which slugs were bombarded with energy which transformed some of the uranium into plutonium - U-238- the weapon-grade uranium that had been chosen as the fuel for the atom bombs. This is where dad worked, in the construction of the reactors. Of course, he didn't know it at the time with the certitude he did later, but he suspected that he was working on a nuclear device, though that was kept a secret.

Dad decided after 5 or 6 months at the Manhattan Project in Hanford that he'd had enough. So he returned, again, to Naples. Always Naples. Where we were, the three of us, mom, Dickie and Ronnie. Thank god for Naples. I don't know what these two people would have done without the reliability and dependability of Fuller and Teen who always took them back in.

The decision to leave Hanford to go to Honolulu was made in Hanford according to mom's latest conversation. She said that he and three other guys who roomed together in Hanford all decided they would go to Pearl Harbor. This meant that his visit to Naples was just that, a visit, before he hopped off for Pearl Harbor. I have no idea how he got there but since commercial airlines were few and expensive, frequented by the wealthy, he doubtless took a ship from San Francisco or Los Angeles. He never mentioned that trip in my hearing. I found a contract he signed with the federal government that indicated that he had to go first to a place called Mare Island in California where he awaited transport to Honolulu. The dates on the document are completely confusing but at least it's clear he did go to Mare Island on his way.

I want an apartment

After dad left, the three of us slept in her old bedroom in her folk's house, the one on the first floor that she shared with Mable while she was growing up. But Delroy, Grant and Ray were still at home so it was crowded in that house. She felt like she was in the way. One fine day she decided that she had had enough of this cramped living, this trying to raise her own family in the midst of another family, so she went to look for an apartment. Since there were no apartments in Naples, she took us kids, went "up town" and hunted for one, She finally found one that would meet our needs that she could afford. She put a deposit down on the place, and returned home, fully expecting to make the move. She planned on getting a job to make enough money to get by.

When she got home, her parents asked where she'd been. They apparently didn't know of her plans. After she explained what she had done, her Mom "blew up". Mom said this was the only time in her life when her mom blew up. Her mom said she was not going to move out and that was that. But mom had made the point that she needed her own place to live in with her children, so grandpa, Ross and Harold decided to convert the garage behind the house into a two-room apartment.

The bought cellotex sheets, wiring, nails and whatever else they needed. The three of them were skilled in woodwork so they were able to do all the work themselves. They created a partition half-way down the garage to create two separate rooms, and finished off all the walls by covering them with cellotex. Then the moved beds into the back room, a table and chairs into the front room, bought a small two-burner kerosene stove and set it on top of a counter so she could cook. The smell of kerosene permeated the place because the reservoir was open to the air.

Mom liked staying in the garage instead of moving up town because it was cheaper and she was with her family. But it was difficult for her. Today she admitted something

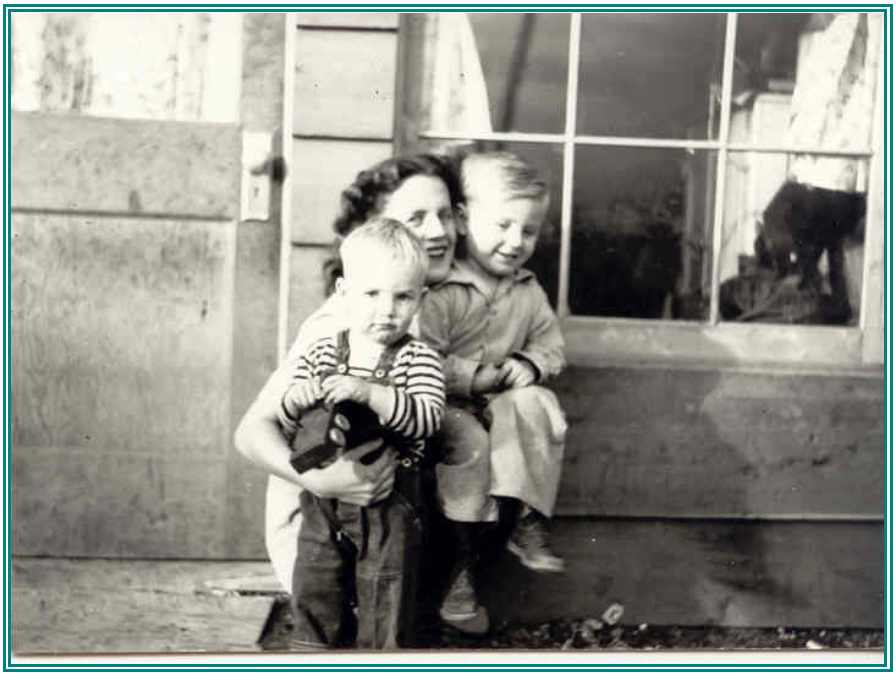
she never revealed before. She said it was difficult to live there in those conditions. I asked what she meant and she said that the garage was not a very nice place to live and that there was friction. Her ,mom was always nice, but her dad wasn't so sometimes he said things that weren't kind. She didn't elaborate but I know he was mean so don't doubt that he spoke his mind in a way that was critical of my dad.

She also admitted that she was tied down by us kids. Oh, she said she wanted it and that she was devoted to us. But she pointed out that she was still a young woman at the time, and that she wanted to visit her friends. After all, she was living in the town she was raised in so had lots of friend. But she didn't feel like she really had her freedom to go as often as she probably would have liked. She said she "felt like she had to stay around the place." I asked if her high school friends visited her and she said that they really didn't, that she "had a few visits from them but none of them were married." What a difference that makes as you all know. So on a rare occasion where mom dared inconvenience grandma, mom ask her to watch us boys and would a few hours to go visit friends. But she said, "Still, there were lonesome times." I don't doubt it. A twenty-year old girl, married for 2 years with 2 children stuck at home while her young husband was traipsing around the world.

I asked her again about the calendar, i.e. when did dad leave for Hanford. She said she doesn't really remember but the evidence I've found suggests that he left Naples in about January 1944. Dick would have been about 6-7 months old, so mom had 2 kids under the age of two and her husband left. I asked her why he left and this time she admitted that she really didn't know. She went on to reveal that dad "was not the kind of person you could talk to. He's withdraw himself." Familiar sounding story. In any event, he left which is why the three of us had to life with Fuller.

She surprised me with another admission. She said that one thing that made her mom decide she couldn't live in town was Larry Thorne. Larry Thorne is still a clear memory for mom because he wanted to marry mom and that if dad hadn't married her, Larry would have. While mom was in town hunting for an apartment, something happened that she told her folks about in that discussion about her plans. While she was walking by Ashton's, Mr. Thorne, whose studio was right across the street, called to her. He waved for her to wait a minute, grabbed a camera "and came running across the street, dodging the cars." When he caught up with her, he said he wanted to take a picture of her boys so he could send it to his own son Larry who was in the army in Europe. She refused him that privilege and went her way, but obviously was flattered. She said that Mr. Thorne and Larry "really cared". When she was telling her folks about her trip "up town" to get the apartment, she also told them how Mr. Thorne had tried to take photos of us kids for his son Larry. That clinched the deal for Teen. She said mom couldn't live in town. I asked mom why but she couldn't explain.

The Garage



These photos were taken after Dad embarked on the Pearl Harbor episode. Judging from Dickie's size, I'd guess he was about 18 months, which meant I was 3'ish. Mom's holding the two of us which was OK with us. If Dickie was a year and a half then this was late 1943 or early 1944 in which case mom was a slip of a girl being 21 years old. But she'd already been around: she'd spent a summer in Tremonton working for her sister, meeting dad and deciding to get married, had returned to Naples while dad went to Seward, followed him to Seward to get married, moved back to Naples for a few months until dad came back from Seward, went to SLC where dad became a machinist and worked for the Utah Ordnance Depot, while two kids were born, after when she returned to Naples again while dad went to Hanford. Not bad for a 21 year old, particularly in those days. Mom is as extraordinary a creature as dad. That fact is lost too often in my stories. My best description of her strength is her chapter, "Tough as Nails", in JIMMARIE.

Dad is holding us on the same day, pointing to something that neither kid is sure about. Look how large his hand is across my chest and how small my own is holding his wrist. He was thinner -and younger- in those days, wearing the fedora that he wore until we moved to Boston ~13 years later. He'd dress up in this hat with an over coat and leather gloves looking so classy. What a gorgeous pair when they were duded up for a dance like the Gold and Green Ball.

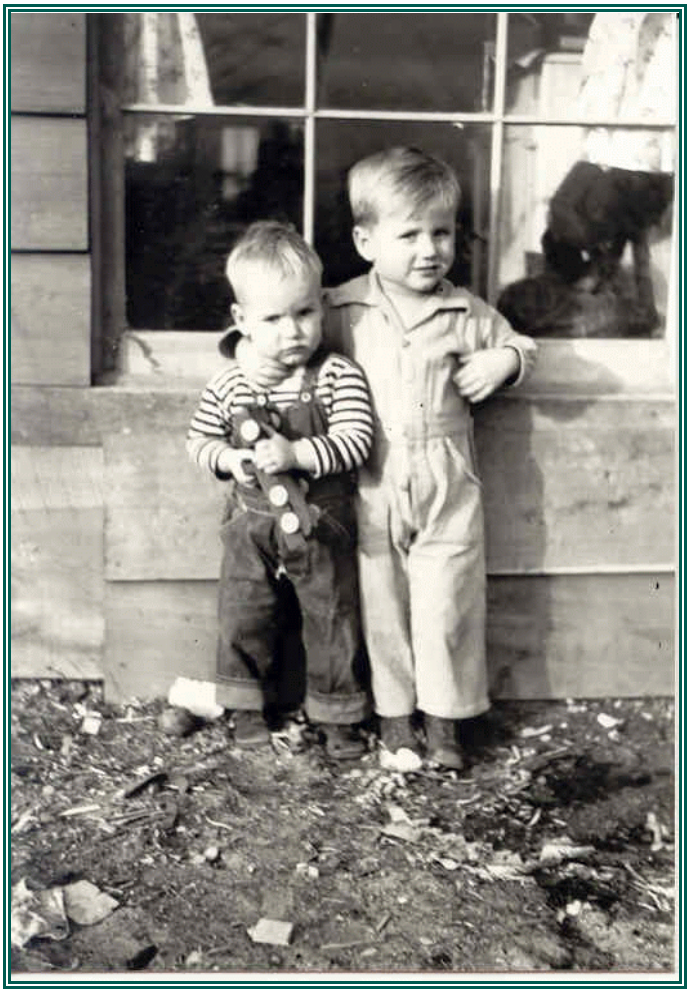
This garage was converted into apartment by grandpa Merrell and his sons by building a single wall across the garage to divide it into a front room and a back room. Then he finished off the interior walls with the same fibrous wonder board of that era, Cellotex. The front room was the living, dining and cooking room and the back room was the bedroom and storeroom, of whatever there was to store. I don't believe that we had any plumbing so used an outhouse. There was electricity, but we cooked with a kerosene stove.

The humbleness of the place shows vividly in these photos. The yard isn't in grass, just dirt covered with whatever debris was on it. No major cleanup on the farm. That isn't to say that no one cared because they did, but most energy went into tending crops and animals, growing and canning vegetables and cooking. Making sure that there was enough grub for the next winter.

We were fourteen months apart but there seems to have been a substantial difference in our size. Dickie was a little guy that I took care of and I guess I sort of pushed him around. His toy truck was wood with eight wheels.

Just recently in an antique store I saw the characteristic reservoir for kerosene a stove. Few people probably know what the odd shaped glass bottle is for. It is a gallon-

size jar made of clear glass with vertical sides, a flat bottom, a flattish top, and a rather narrow mouth. Over the narrow mouth there is a "lid" that has a one-inch long metal shaft sticking out. After the bottle is filled with kerosene the bottle is inverted and is set into a metal cup designed to hold the bottle. As the bottle is lowered, upside down, the metal shaft impinges on the bottom of the metal cup which pushed open a valve in the lid which allows kerosene to flow out of the bottle into that cup that is attached to a tube that runs across to the two burners. The bottle sits there as a reservoir, with air bubbles occasionally rising inside it as kerosene is consumed by the burners. The burners sat on the narrow feeder tube from the reservoir bottle. They were about 4-5 inches across and had circular wicks made of asbestos fiber to burn the kerosene. These wicks soaked up the kerosene from the feeder tube and you lit them with a large kitchen match. Then you adjusted the size of the flame by turning a knob to raise or lower the wick, thereby making a bigger or smaller flame. This little two-burner stove even came with an oven. A rectangular, asbestos-insulated metal box with a door on one end. To cook in the oven, it was set across the two burners which were both lighted and allowed to heat the oven. There was a gauge in the door that sort of indicated the approximate temperature inside. When it was deemed hot enough, the cake or bread was put inside, the door closed, and you prayed. But the omnipresent smell of kerosene is a vivid memory.



Milk, Cows and Cats

Grandpa had some milk cows which was a good deal for us in our poor state. We could have all the milk we wanted and make our own butter, plus the left over milk was put in the slop bucket for the hogs that had to be fattened up and they loved milk. A single cow can produce a prodigious amount of

milk every day so must be milked in the morning and in the evening. They were almost in pain by the time milking was to be done. The milker took out some "hobbles", a single-legged stool to sit on, a clean milk pail with a dish towel to cover it, and a pail of soapy water.

The next image shows what the milking operation looked like out in the corral. Pretty humble. This woman -you can tell because of the bare legs and apron plus the style of the hat- is using a bucket to sit on instead of the one-legged stool. Note how unsanitary the location is. Nothing like the nearly sterile environment of modern dairies. Out there in the dirt with cow pies, flies and straw everywhere. The milker usually had a rag in the bucket of warm soapy water that s/he used to wash off the bag and teats before starting. This washing only took off the gross dirt and straw. It obviously isn't possible to really disinfect a cow standing in those conditions.

http://www.usda.gov/oc/photo/01di1437.jpg

You can't see the hobbles but they are there. Cows get rambunctious and kick and try to run sometimes, so a milker protected him/herself and the pail of milk by using hobbles to immobilize the cow for the duration of the milking. Hobbles are U-shaped metal strips with small chains across the open side. The U-shaped metal piece is wide enough to fit around one of the cow's hind legs, and is held in place by a small chain that hooked across the front side to hold of the U-shape. One hobble was put on each hind leg and the two were joined together by a chain that was so short that the cow could move one leg alone. This meant it could not walk or kick or buck. It couldn't walk which is why the things were called 'hobbles'. The cow might be offered some hay to appease her during the milking and sometimes its calf would nurse while the cow was immobilized.

Cats would hang out sometimes in the corral at milking time, hoping for some. If the milker was inclined, s/he might offer the cat some warm milk in a tin can or cup.

Grant would just squirt the cat which didn't offer much sustenance to the cat but provided some humor because cats hate to get wet. Even with milk.

The pail of milk was sometimes covered with a dish towel and carried back to the kitchen where it was always strained through a cloth to remove wisps of hay and dirt that might have gotten into the pail. Then the milk was ready to use. Period. No pasteurization, no homogenization, just raw milk. Whatever milk wasn't used was let sit in a large jar or bucket until later. During the time it was sitting, the cream would rise to the top and could be spooned off in thick spoonfuls.

Samuel Peter and the Cedar

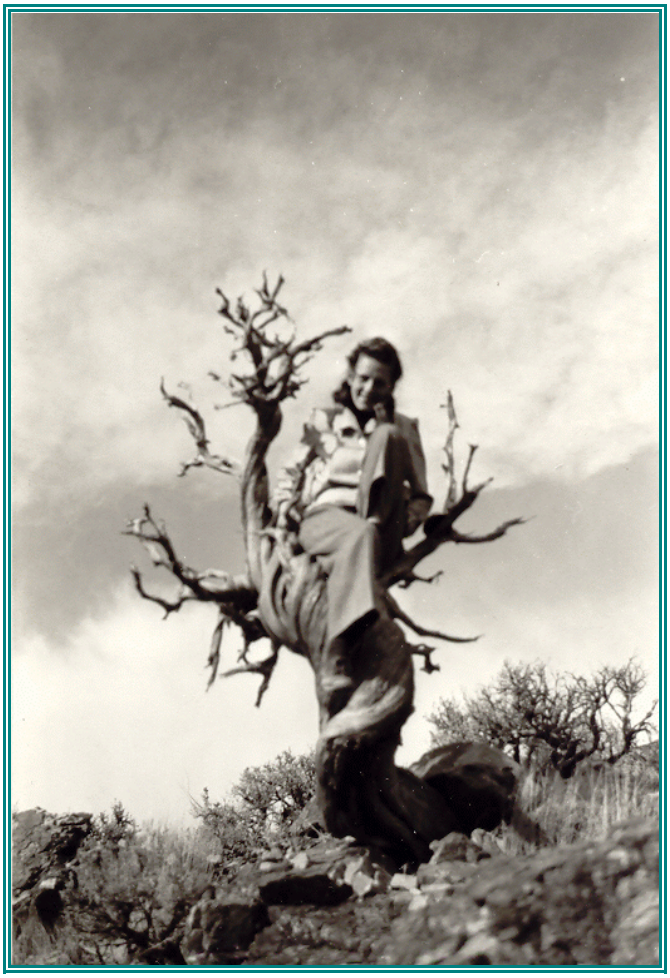
During the month or so that dad was back in Naples, grandpa Jensen "found a ride to Naples," and he spent a week or so with us all in Naples. While he was there, the adults took a trip into the Uintah mountains so dad could show them to grandpa. Dickie and Ronnie were too small and would have "been in the way" so they were left behind with grandma. Grandpa Jensen always carried his rock hammer which you see stuck into the trunk of the dead cedar behind him.

Dad described how as a kid he and his dad would pack into a canyon on horseback and spend most of a weekend. Together, looking around, seeing what there was to see. I have Grandpa Jensen's geology book in my library that he used as a guide to geology from which he taught dad about geology and stratigraphy. This trip with was probably payback for the

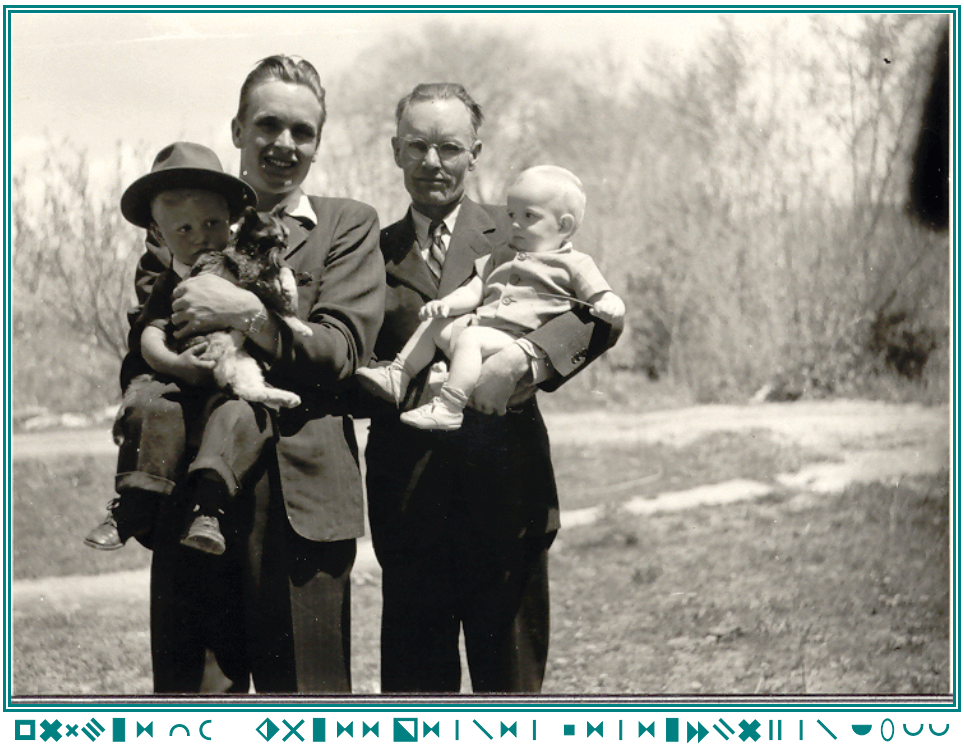
memories.

Grandpa only wore dark colors, bright ones being unseemly. Quietness, peacefulness, thoughtfulness were his hallmarks. Collar always buttoned. Grandpa Jensen was the most gentle man I ever knew.

Mom went on this outing, leaving us kids home with grandma Merrell. She was dressed for the occasion in slacks, appropriately. Note how tidy she is. She isn't wearing levis or blue jeans. She has on some kind of nice slacks and a blouse on comparable quality, even for climbing trees and hiking around in the desert. That was her style. Always.



Three Jensen Generations



This is actually an important photo, more important than most of the ones you see in UBW. Because it is one of the few photos there are of the three generations of this line of US Jensens.

Dick and I have no male age-mates who are named Jensen, just a smattering of female cousins and a few other-named males, i.e. Joey Zezulka. So this is an important photo to genealogists trying to construct a pictorial history of the generations.

Of course, I have a cat in my arms. And a hat. Always a hat. I love hats. See the chapter in JIMMARIE on "Hats" for details of this lifelong fetish. And cats have always been my preferred pet compared to dogs. That particular cat was one of my favorites as you can tell from all of the photos in this chapter that show me playing with it. Gentle animal that seemed to love me as much as I loved it.

In terms of the generations, Jens Jensen who came to this country in the late 1800's was an only son, as was his son Samuel Peter and his grandson James Alvin. This means that there are no Jensen relatives in the US who are directly related to us. None. Dick and I and our sons are the only related Jensens in the US. I had 2 sons and Dick had 4 so the line has now branched substantially.

New Vernal Third Ward Building

The Ashton Place was situated in the Vernal Third Ward. West and south end of town. The congregation moved into a brand spanking new building about the time I got a memory. Prior to the time that it was constructed and dedicated, we attended religious services in an older church building on the north side of town, one that was constructed out of dark brown bricks. The three memorable aspects of that congregation are a

fireplace in the dark foyer, the yellowish-tinted, leaded glass windows and having to sing for the whole congregation.

The latter was preceded by weeks of feverish practice in Sunday School and by painful laborious memorization at home. The occasion is not recalled, but the episode is. In those days, adults and kids all met together in the chapel for the start of Sunday school before breaking our for indoctrination. The kids sat in orderly rows in the front of the chapel, arranged by age group, the youngest -3 years- in the front. When the time for our "performance" arrived, our little class of little kids - couldn't have been more than six years of age- stood in place at rigid attention with Walter Morrow and The Eyes of The World upon us. Plus the bishop and his counselors who sat stony faced staring at us. I was a nervous wreck, dry mouth, swallowing often and hard. The song was one of the awfulest in the Mormon hymn book, [the one about Joseph Smith vision in the sacred grove]. We had to sing the entire song, 5 long verses, with a sort of hip-hoppy melody that skipped from down low to the third C below middle C and up to the second C above middle-C, sort of like the chorus of the Star Spangled Banner. The accompaniment was provided by a tinny piano about three hundred feet away so we sang at a different time than the pianist played.

Once our little band was launched, there was no stopping us. We had been in agony for weeks and could not wait to get this fearful task completed. Jesus Christ Himself would have had to appear to interrupt us because we knew our teacher's honor, the reputation of The Sunday School, the respect of the entire congregation, the approbation of the Mayor of Vernal, the admiration fo the Governor, the welfare of the State Road Department and the general well-being of our own families were at stake in this ordeal We were determined in our nervousness to acquit ourselves well - but more out of fear of the consequences of failure than out of love of the song or a desire to serve the congregation, which, after all, is precisely what we were exhorted and threatened to do. That dichotomy persisted throughout my tenure with that well-intentioned bunch - sweet exhortations followed by sometimes implicit and sometimes explicit brassy threats.

Once that opprobrious task was completed, we were able to make the move to the new building for the 3rd Ward. That was exciting. It was one of the largest buildings in Vernal and entering it each time was an occasion. It smelled new and had shiny door hardware that was unfamiliar and impressive. The tallest buildings otherwise in town were in the center intersection, each two-stories high and they really seemed tall to this little kid: The Bank of Vernal and across the street JC Penny's. We did go to SLC on rare occasions and the multi-story buildings there were not something I could comprehend. They did not compute so were not a frame of reference for determining whether or not the town buildings were big or not. My measure of tallness was the two story JC Pennys building or the Bank of Vernal.

It was never a congenial thing to attend church in either of these places for some reason. My shyness, my sense of being out of place, dominated my perception of the experience. We had to be quiet, things were hushed like a funeral, people were grave and solemn, lectures filled with threats of punishment poured over the pulpit, infractions against decorum were sharply chastised and so on. Even the pert smiling Sunday school teachers communicated a deeper sense of discomfort of some kind that impressed me more than their stories about the man named Jesus who wore odd looking clothes. Joy and happiness were mentioned but somehow the words rang hollow. You can't fool kids. Even if the kid pretends otherwise, it intuitively, with shocking accuracy, grasps the tenor of any situation. Like a pet dog, a kid has emotional radar that picks up signals in the environment and deciphers where they originate and what they seem to mean - with

unerring accuracy. The only peculiar thing about the kid's perception is that it often has no frame of reference on which to fit the interpretation which means they don't quite understand what they are perceiving. But perceive it they do. I did. An apt summary of the years of "Doing Sunday school", which was sort of like 'doing time', is the judge with a big black book filled with black marks against our names for all of our infractions. There were no gold stars.

Sunday School in a Log Cabin

About the same time the "Vernal Third Ward" was being outfitted with its new building, the "Naples Ward" was receiving similar attention. A year or so before we moved to Seward the new building was operational. I can't remember specifically what the old Naples church building was like but I remember that there was a large log cabin by it that was used for Sunday school. It stood on the east side of Highway 40 about a quarter mile from grandma and grandpa Merrell new country store - which was perhaps 3/4 of a mile from the little house they lived in when we visited them in 1953.

This old log cabin stands out in memory because of its resemblance to a painting that was reduced to a poster for use by Sunday school teachers when they taught about "The First Sunday School". The predominate features of the picture were the humble nature of the building because it, too, was a log cabin, and a man named "Roger I-think-it-was Ballantyne" the perpetrator of Sunday school. Of course, if he hadn't done it another zealot would have devised a method to teach and exhort and encourage and nourish the youngest generation. At least those were his commendable goals. It just didn't feel like something positive to me.

It interests me that even though our home in Vernal had a log cabin on it and the fact that there were other log cabins still lived in by old timers, a log cabin had a sense of rusticness, of being leftover from a bygone era. A meeting in it for any reason created a sense of being in the wild untamed west that greeted the first settlers. The log cabin had a large stove in one end to generate heat during the winter. The spaces between the logs were well chinked so there were no breezes inside. But the sense of gravity that Sunday school was apparently supposed to create was missing. A log house had become an anomaly or anachronism even in that era. Not a particularly impressive setting even for a kid. The well-intentioned teachers exhorted us with fervor to good works and vigilance against Satan but all they accomplished was to depress and scare me. I wasn't encouraged. I was discouraged.

But I couldn't complain because a complaint about SS -not the Waffen SS, mind you, though they share some traits- would have produced something less than the

sympathetic understanding I desired from my parents. So hating all the mean loud jostling kids, I went like a sheep to sit and follow. Hoping earnestly that no ruddy faced excited adult leader or teacher would call on me to do something or to answer a question. Even if I knew the answer, I couldn't get it out properly so would sit in misery waiting until the inquisition moved to the next victim. My tongue wouldn't work, I couldn't look at the teacher when addressed by her -always female- nor could I look around the room. I stared at the floor, head hung low to reduce the size of my profile, hoping I guess to make myself less conspicuous, less likely to be called on, less interesting to the other kids who wondered what was wrong with me.

Today, it's evident that this description of what others in the environment were doing isn't entirely accurate. Likely no one really gave a rip and looked my way out of curiosity to see if there was any entertainment value, but seeing none, they went on. But this description captures the essential mood of the memories of the time. It was painful.

The Satan character was an odd one. SS teachers didn't teach it but the image in my "community" was that of a man with red horns, the hind legs and cloven hooves of a horse, and a long ropey tail with a sort of arrowhead on the tip. His teeth were long pointed fangs and his eyes were compelling and evil. In one of his hands was a pointed three tined pitchfork used to torment his victims. Even when we were told that there was no such creature -today, I'm not sure- this portrayal of The Evil One was much more interesting and unsettling than the SS teachers' description of a Satan who looked like a man.

So we met in that log cabin for Sunday school opening exercises and the divided into classes. The log cabin was painted white inside and was kept clean and orderly. The windows has some sort of gauzy curtains hanging on the sides. Posters of scenes from the Bible were thumb tacked to the walls to set the right tone. An upright piano sat in the front in a corner to accompany us kids when singing. The most memorable songs were "Little Purple Pansies Touched with yellow-gold", "Give said the little stream", and "In my Garden". When wee were in the right mood and had the chorister that we liked, we'd sing our hearts out, loving the experience though I'm not sure that it was a "religious" one.

Snowstorm in Naples

Vernal doesn't really have much snow in the winter, although my memories contain some big drifts of snow here and there. The scene in the next image is grandpa's yard in Naples. In the left in the back you can just see the front edge of the garage that we eventually lived in, but I don't think we were living it at this time. I am too small, so this

was probably the winter of 1943-44 just after we moved from SLC after the Remington Arms plant shut down. The yard covered in snow in which case it looks clean and tidy. You will see below in this chapter a photo of a birthday party of us kids on this yard that looks considerably different.

Mom's hat which is hard to see against the snowy tree is another of those fancy things she did for herself and Jim. I'm obviously objecting to something, big mouth open - again. Haven't stopped yet. Snowball in hand, ready to pop someone. Probably poor Dickie who stands patiently and quietly there. Snowsuits and winter coats and mittens. I remember those feelings well. They were the same every cold winter there.

This view shows the stuccoed side of the house and the size and location of the garage. Grandpa and his sons built both of them from the ground up.

For me Tommy and Ruthie was as close as brother and sister, although she has about leaned out of this picture. We spent lots of time together from an early age playing together. Tommy was a fearless, good-natured kid who was always fun to have around. Oh, we argued now and then about things such as whether it was proper to call the motors on airplanes "engines" or "motors". But we were friends. And his mom let him buy and make "kool aid"!!

I relied on Tommy for fun and companionship. I went fishing with him various times later in our lives. He stayed in Vernal in a house not far from the small air strip until he graduated from high school so was always there when I returned. In later years

when I stayed over night at his house, he and I'd get up early in the morning and go to a 'crik' to fish. Neither of us seemed to catch something but he was always sure he'd catch an "Eastern Brown", a trout I had never seen, and one that I'm not really sure was that prevalent. But he'd say that was what he was after and who was I to argue with him. I didn't know what was there so we'd quietly at 5:30am sneak out the house with our poles and worms and hike a mile or so to fish.

4 Year old Riding Horse Alone

While we lived in the garage, farm life went on. Grandpa was still active then so was out and about on the farm, and his sons did their assigned duties. All of the farmland had to be irrigated if one wanted to have any sort of crop, whether it was vegetables or alfalfa. So my uncles who were at home -probably Ray, Grant and Delroy because Harold, Ross, Carl and Leo were married by then- had several duties related to irrigation. One of them was just maintaining the ditches, the other was letting the water out on the field and stopping it at the end of the water turn.

Ditch maintenance was critical. They had to be kept clear so that water would flow through them, and the banks had to be stable so that water didn't break out where it wasn't supposed to go. Grass that grew luxuriously in the good soil with all the water it wanted was the stabilizer of the banks, but it also obstructed the ditch as it grew luxuriantly in the rich soil with all the water it wanted. So someone had to ride or walk the ditches every month or so in the summer checking every foot of both sides of the ditches to make sure they were in good repair.

The uncle with the duty would put a 10 inch mill bastard file in his back pocket, put on knee high black boots and a hat, grab a shovel and me, and get on the horse he had saddled up to go out to the end of the property so he could walk the ditch back to the house. At the property line the uncle would dismount with his tools, tie the reins to the pommel of the saddle so they wouldn't drag on the ground, then make sure I was well-seated in the saddle and then turn the horse toward home. At that point the horse would start ambling slowly back to the barn. Of course the horse that did this was a gentle one that always went to the barn whenever it was given that chance, so it was safe for me. No foolishness here about the welfare of a kid who was being loved and cared for by an uncle who patiently agreed to take the little kid out with him on his job so the kid could get another ride on a horse, always aa big deal even on a farm where horses abound. Interesting, isn't it, that horseback rides are always special occasions.

Let me ask you a question here, in jest and earnest. How does it strike you - who was raised in Boise to be careful, even fearful, about his/her safety- to know that a 4 year old child was left on a horse alone, unable to reach the stirrups, unable to handle the reins, practically unable to hold onto the pommel, relying entirely on the good nature of the horse to protect and care for him when he was out of sight of the uncle and the barn? The grandparents and mom knew this happening but showed no concern even though they all knew that the horse could bolt if spooked by a snake, that the kid could fall off, etc. etc. How would you feel at this very moment if someone told you that your own 4 year old child was going to be taken half a mile away and then left alone on a horse that was going to bring the child back to you? Be real, now. Your guts should wrench cuz

you didn't never live on a farm, and don't know that there are gentle reliable dependable horses that are as safe as an easy chair. Drop the reins to the ground, or tie them to the pommel, and slap its rump and say, "Go home". And it would with a certitude and reliability you can't always find even in dogs. Horses are wonderful creatures.

The Five Horsemen

One bright summer morning, five little kids begged their moms to take their rolling stock out into the yard. So that they could ride together, in a puddle, and chase bad men away and round up steers. Escaping marauding coyotes and cougars. Tough work. But safe in the yard where a call for a mom would rouse one of them immediately. Couldn't take our guns outside today but a mom would come running if needed so we were safe. In a puddle.

Ruth Handy on the left, who burned herself up when she set fire accidentally to our grainery while playing with a gallon of kerosene and matches. I'm the next one, with Tom Handy on my left, followed by Jim Cook, and then Dickie. Actually, there is are two pieces of unidentifiable rolling stock and one wagon, plus the rocking horses.

Nash. Built like a tank. The first car I remember we owned. You could drive it though a brick wall and only the bricks would be damaged. Pre-WW II cars were still built with heavy sheet metal. The war sucked up any metal that could be economized so thinning out the metal used in cars provided some of this needed metal.

Vernal winters got below freezing most of December through February and into March so starting an old timer like this one was a chore in the cold. A head bolt heater was used. I don't know exactly where it was plugged in but on the coldest nights when the temperature got into the teens or colder that heater was connected to an extension cord to keep the oil in the pan warm enough that the starter could crank and start the motor in the morning. Mom stands out as the one who had to go out and tend the old car in the cold weather. I remember her out there in bitter weather cranking the car and worrying about whether it would start. Sometimes it did and sometimes it didn't.

Fish

One of the things that we ate with surprising frequency given the fact that we lived in a desert was fish. Fish. With fins. That had white flesh and was moist and sweet. We got to do this because mom's family were fishermen. Not dad's. Looking back today I actually can't remember single instance where dad caught and landed a fish. He may have but it was not something that was memorable, like seeing mom hook, fight and land a fish. It seems like he may have held a rod when we trolled in the bay in Seward for salmon, when we all seemed to take turns, but he did not participate in the catching and landing of these slimy critters. Mom did.

We started fishing at a young age and I believe this is a photo of us standing in front of some bushes that were out in the county where we went out to fish with some of her relatives. As usual, she was clean and tidy in a skirt and sweater, with a ribbon in her hair, her kids being equally clean. Even if we wanted to get dirty, that wasn't an option for us. I don't know what I'm waving, but I have someone's shoes on for the occasion.

I love cats

My entire life I have loved cats, any cats, any shape and color. Cats. Scratchy, mangy, mean, soft, squeaky , squirmy cats. I have always loved them.

I'm not sure where this was taken but it was someplace in Naples. This kitty looks like a tortoise shell of some sort and she's tolerating being held. S/he shows up in the next few photos as well. Obviously my favorite cat and obviously an unusually tolerant one. Doubtless she would rather have been out there running and was doubtless contemplating how to get out there, but she patiently tolerated the affection and handling of a small kid that loved her.

I had a lantern jaw when I was a kid, prognathism. A dentist in Canada told me to use a popsicle stick to force against my upper teeth and back against my lower teeth to correct the problem. Seems to have worked.

I'm about 2-3 years which meas I was living in Naples but somehow that doesn't look like the yard of grandpa's house. His yard had more structures that would have been evident in this photo - at least in my memory, but I admit that is flawed. In any event, you see that the yard was not fertilized, watered, mowed, grass. This was whatever came up, including a variety weeds.

To me, dogs are pretty awful when compared to cats. Cats don't jump on you, they don't drool on the furniture, they don't nuzzle your crotch when you're

meeting someone, they don't whimper and whine, they don't bark,

they don't crap on your drive way, they tend to their own body wastes, they clean themselves, i.e. they are generally more respectable than any dog ever dreamed of being, they are soft, they groom their fur, they are muscular and athletic, and quiet and soft. And have a sense of propriety and are not co-dependent.

Today I can lock the doors of our Beaverton house and leave our two giant 20 pound cats for 3-4 days without any human intervention. They will eat their boring dull dried food to satiety as often as needed as long as I leave two containers of nuggets for them to indulge in. They will drink their fill

of water through out those days if I leave a quart of water in a bowl - plus access to clean toilet water, and the water in the catch bowl under the large bamboo in the dining room. And they will walk through their cramped pet door between the laundry room and the garage as often as they need to do their duty, to relieve themselves of whatever pee and crap they are infested with. Try this with dogs. By the end of the first 12 hours you will have a crappy house, starved puppies that are beside themselves with grief over the lack of human interaction. True, our kitties are very glad to see us, but they are quite capable of differentiating between their daily need for 6pm affection and the obviously new conditions that prevail when their owners are not in the house at 6pm. And they adjust. They go on, they are not happy, but they will survive. Not like dogs. Admittedly, I ask Dick to stop in every afternoon that we are gone to feed them a can of tuna fish. Most spoiled cats. Who don't even appreciate it, which dogs probably would. But these sturdy creatures thrive in our absence.

This kitty -the one talked about above- is tolerant of the rough handling of this kid. Probably because it can tell that he loves it. Unqualifiedly. Cats. I love cats and this one knew it. Here I am snuggling this cat from the back in my nice hat and clothes. Because that was safer than from the front. The cat was looking at the same thing I was apparently. Smart cat.

This kitty is the same as in the preceding photos. Fat-headed little kid, wasn't I.

Still am for that matter. Dee says I'm five, so I'm just 2 years older than in this photo.

Notice the shoes. Depression mentality again. Can you tell why? Size. Look at how big they are. About twice as long as my real feet. Either they are hand-me-downs from older cousins or Mom bought shoes several sizes too large - so she didn't have to buy them as often as she would have had to if she bought them exactly the right size for my feet at the moment. Not unusual for families in those days. I was well-fed. And clean. Always well cared for.

US Highway 40

US Highway 40 was the lifeline for all of the communities in the region. Those that didn't sit squarely on the route had good roads -not necessarily paved- leading to it. In those days the extraordinary network of 4-lane divided freeways -that doesn't seem remarkable to you since you grew up with them- that now criss-cross the country from north to south and east to west did not exist. That network was envisioned in the late 1940's as part of the response of the country to the cold war threat and the possibility of nuclear attack. Civil Defense plans were based on the concept of this network of highways that would allow the large scale movement of people and goods away from or toward whatever areas were designated by the government for such movement. Civil defense was as much a reason for constructing these monstrous freeways as was the need for interstate commerce.

In those days the transcontinental highways were narrow 2-lane affairs that hugged the contours of the land, winding around, instead of through, mountains. The most famous of these cross-country highways was Route 66, immortalized in the lovely jazz ballad. But in Vernal we had Route 40. The region relied on it to an extent that a little kid couldn't really comprehend. The dependence arose from the fact that there was no railroad access to Vernal. None. Even attempts to get the Uintah Railroad extended to Vernal failed. And commercial airlines simply didn't exist. Vernal only had a tiny airstrip with a dozen or so small planes like Piper Cubs and a funny-looking crop duster. US 40 was our connection with the rest of the world.

For the purposes of a little kid, US 40 started in Denver way out there in the east, a place I'd never seen, at the edge of the known world where the map was gray and had images of krakens and Neptune and other wondrous mythical beasts in terra unknown. In fact I'd rarely been east of the bridge over the Greenriver in Jensen. From that point eastward was mystery and tingley excitement. There was nothing out there but coyotes, rabbits and sagebrush with some juniper and mule deer. On the west side of Vernal US 40 went up the mountains through Strawberry, Roosevelt and Fort Duchesne to Salt Lake

City. At least I'd been to SLC so knew the road went that far. Period. As far as I was concerned,40 just dead-ended there. From there on the map must have shown the same kraken and mythical beasts as in the east.

Sunshine Ranch

This is the same tribe that was riding a few moments ago on hobby horses and rolling stock, with the addition here of a few older cousins to keep us from hurting ourselves out on the Sunshine Ranch. These kids represent four of the Merrell kids' families. There must be 500 descendants of Teen and Fuller today. No kidding.

The back row, left, is Marion Cook, a favorite cousin. She baby sat us after school when mom was working at JC Penny's. Gave us a few cookies and milk while we listened with our imaginations to wonderful radio programs after we had walked home from school. Next to Marion is Dallas Merrell, Ross' oldest child. Grew to 6 feet 6 inches and was always nice and became a world class specialist in un-sticking drill strings frozen miles below the surface. Magic in those fingers that couldn't be taught. When the giant oil company had a 2 mile long drill string freeze up, they needed him and ASAP. So it was Lear jet flights at odd hours with carte blanche because the company loss for the stalled drilling rig for each hour of down time was vastly greater than the fine fees he received. He'd sit down, scan the instruments, review drilling logs, try some soft experimental things and more often than not he unstuck the drill string to jubilation in headquarters. His brother

Norman is to his left and developed terrible arthritis that disabled him in his 40's. The next row was Cook children, ending with Jim. The third row started with Tommy Handy who looked like Buckwheat in "Spanky's Gang" with elephant ears like his. Those ears got us in trouble more than once. On the ground are Ruth Handy, Dick and Diane Cook.

Shoes were not always a necessity and in the summer when everything is dry and kids were on a rough farm, they were dispensed with Sometimes. Thistles, tumbleweeds and cockleburrs were painful but feet toughened so they were less of a bother as the summer wore on.

I'm not very clear about who lived on the Sunshine Ranch, whether it was grandpa Merrell or someone else. Nor do I understand the form the occupancy took, ownership, lease or rent. In any event, someone in the family lived on the Sunshine and I remember going out there in the summer. Aunt Pearl and her family seemed to be the residents on these visits. It was located a few miles north of Jensen, west of the road that went on to the turn off to Split Mountain Gorge ending at the Dinosaur National Monument. It was a fair distance in my mind from Naples to the ranch. But so was the trip in 1953 from Naples to the ranch on the Greenriver that Grant occupied. It seemed like an hour to get out there but years later when I went through Vernal, I saw that the ranch must have been something like 10 miles out, not far at all. Time and distance can dilate dramatically for a kid who has little life experience and less judgment about such things.

Out on the Sunshine Ranch five particular activities stand out in memory:

1) Catching toads
2) Riding a space ship,
3) Picking raspberries for pay,
4) Swimming in the small reservoir, and
5) Eating watermelons in the field.

The toad business was a messy one. In a desert they don't spend a lot of time in the sun. So you find them in moist areas. The problem was that part of the moisture was from human bodies too pained to trek all the way back to the privy by the house. One of the places we found toads was basically an unused root cellar. The dirt floor was hard packed even though the door was missing. In the afternoon we went down to explore. Sure enough there were several small toads.

The fascination with toads derived from their poor jump. In contrast to the sleek shiny powerful *rana rana* who lived in irrigation ditches, these little guys jumped weakly. That made it easy to catch them. It was always satisfying somehow to chase any wild crittur and actually catch it. The fact that these poor things could hardly jump didn't detract from the sense of accomplishment. Not to a little kid who really couldn't run fast

either and whose motor skills were only developing. But the toads always got their revenge. As soon as you picked one up, it peed in your hand. Every time. Why, you ask, did we persist? I don't know. At least the pee looked and smelled like water.

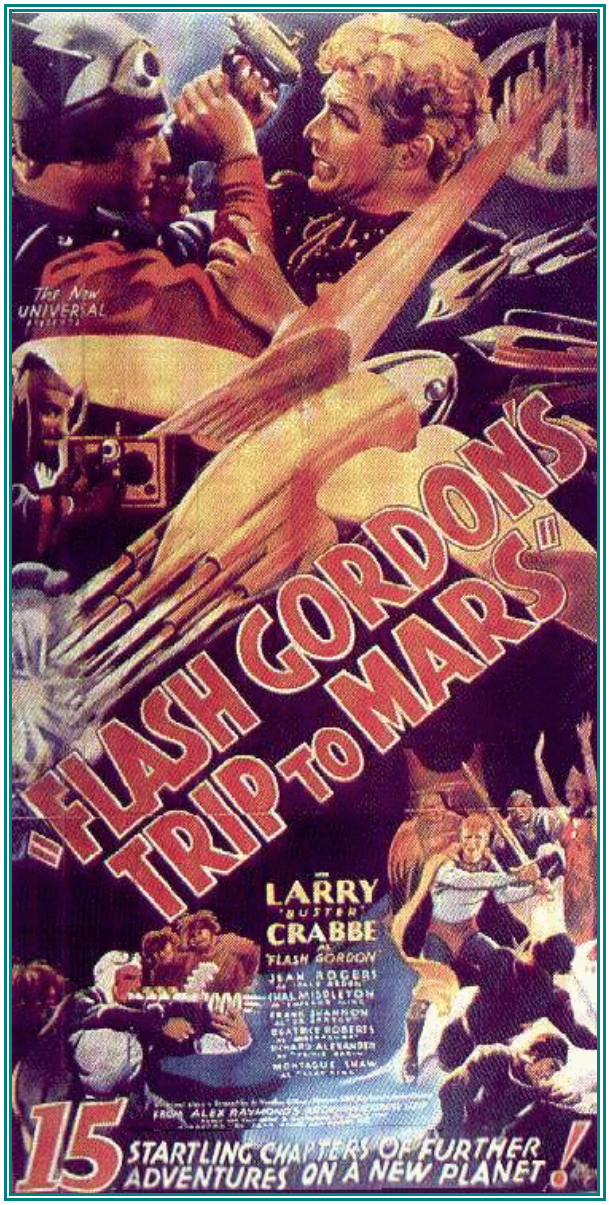
The aged travel trailer was parked out of the way on the Sunshine on some unused land in the back yard. It was abandoned and had been completely stripped of wheels and furnishings. What remained was rough bare plywood walls and closets without doors or windows. The notion of a house on wheels was novel in that era. It is impossible to guess today how a trailer could have been that poorly used in the few years it had been in existence. Nor can one imagine how a thing that was owned mostly by the wealthy ended up on this isolated farm perched out there in the dry eastern Utah desert. Whatever the facts are, the carcass of the thing was there for us cousins to play in. It must have been appropriated by some Arkies or Oakies to get across country, using it up in the process. We knew them by reputation and by sight because they came looking for work and a livelihood.

Kids naturally form a pecking order based on:

1) who's the biggest,
2) who's the meanest,
3) who's the oldest,
4) who's the smartest, and
5) who likes who.

We always did that. Not surprisingly, the biggest, or oldest or meanest kid got to be the captain of this space ship. That's what this grimey hulk turned into in the hot golden afternoon sun that slanted softly across us all as we crouched at our positions in doorways and windows, Flash Gordon fantasies from the Sunday comics playing through our minds. While the captain barked orders and described for us what he was seeing up

there in the command center. Us little kids out there in the rear of the ship couldn't see a thing so we were all moved by the drama of his shouted, hurried descriptions to "Hold on!" or to "Shoot!", or "Drop the bombs!", or "Fire the flamethrowers!", or to "Watch out for attack!", or to "Prepare to board another space ship!" We had no conception of an atmosphere so weren't hampered by facts. None.



Whatever came to his mind was gospel to us, and we executed his instructions as quickly and fully as we could. Even if we didn't have a clue what he was telling us to do. We turned invisible knobs, and we sneered at the enemy and we ducked and we crouched as the play progressed. We did not want to be the one responsible for the fiery crash of our ship and the scalding deaths of us all. I vividly remember standing behind a lime-green half-wall, holding on for dear life, shivering with excitement as the entire ship shook and careened out of control from one near-miss to another. Actually, I think an older cousin was jumping up and down in the center of the trailer to make explosions and shock waves. It worked. And my stomach churned.

Picking raspberries for pay was another new idea encountered out there on the Sunshine, a most unlikely source of learning things preached in "Das Kapital.". My introduction into labor relations and employment and payrolls and performance standards and the unfair demands of management on poor over-worked powerless laborers took place right there. Right by the dingey lime green space ship. All of those things Aunt Pearl did to me when she handed me a lovely enticing blue aluminum tumbler and announced that she'd give me a nickle each time I handed it back to her full of raspberries. So simple and innocent. She just wanted some raspberries for jam.

I thought the nickels were a great idea. A candy bar or five pieces of Fleers or Bazooka bubble gum - which had tiny comics wrapped around each piece with offers of neat prizes for a quarter and so on. The Bazooka comics were about Joe Palooka, a regular comic book hero. Each piece was a mouthful. So the tempting offer from management was sufficient. I went to the fields. These colored aluminum tumblers were new and a joy to hold. Our house only had clear glass tumblers so these pretty colors -green, blue yellow, and red- were exotic and seductive to hold.

Probably cousin Jimmy, one of Pearl's sons, went out with me into the raspberry patch, early in the day before the sun was hot. The canes were taller than we were so they made narrow tunnels for us little kids to walk through. We each at the ripe old age of 5 had a tumbler and started picking berries. Sampling was allowed by management - and irresistible anyway. As we went down the row looking for berries ripe enough for management we discovered that it's hard to tell whether a berry was really ripe enough for the tumbler without tasting it. In our tasting we excelled in telling which berries were at their peak and which ones were not quite ready. By the time we got to the bottom of the first row the bottoms of our tumblers were scarcely covered. But the nickel beckoned so we turned and started up the second row. Half way up one of us needed to go pee so we took a potty break and went to the privy. Pearl noted that we were on break, but couldn't dock our pay since this was a piece work contract. She was in a jam making mood so wanted berries ASAP before the day got too hot - and she wanted to straighten and prepare the kitchen for some earnest canning. But we would not be hurried. We knew our rights.

We did return to the field with our tumblers but somehow the notion of standing there in these prickly canes and the increasing heat was less enticing than when we started. The bloom was gone and Pearl's exhortations to "Hurry up!" didn't motivate us. It made even the tasting less enjoyable. In the end -which was probably no more than half an hour- we gave up on the project. The wish for a nickel evaporated and we returned the half-full tumblers to Aunt Pearl who clucked her tongue and went about her business. She knew this was going to happen but tried optimistically one more time to bribe kids into doing some of her labor. She would have been shocked if she really did have to pay that much money for that few raspberries.

The Sunshine had a small reservoir to collect water during the winter and spring for the cattle during the summer. Perhaps it was also intended for irrigation but I don't remember that part. The reservoir was not really large, in retrospect, but at the time it seemed like a big lake. We were cautioned to be careful when we played around it and we were. But water being what it is and little boys being what they are, the two would join forces here and there.

Swimming is what we called it. But it hardly qualified for that fine name because

the water was hardly deep enough to swim where we dared go in. And because we entered the water in our clothes after carefully taking off shoes if we wore them that day, and more significantly, because the water along the shore where we went in was mud. A foot deep. After we churned around in it for a while, it mixed with the small amount of water and made a sort of soup that we played in. We were covered from head to toe in slimy tan mud. Our skin and clothes were the same color. Mud.

Some of the bigger cousins would also play. They were braver and actually did swim out into the deeper water, yelling and splashing. And generally having a grand ol' time. There was some sort of head gate affair on the east end. These big guys climbed up on it and used it as a diving board making "cannonballs", holding their noses and screaming as they launched themselves out into the water. The cleanup sequence of this story was erased. Mercifully, probably.

The watermelon business is a scant memory, but there is a sense of something illicit about it. Seems that I got caught with the older kids sort of stealing a watermelon after being told not to take one. The effect on the total number of melons in an acre of taking one probably was negligible. The problem was being told not to do something and then doing it. It was late in the afternoon and the watermelon was warm from the sun. The style of opening the thing was real primitive. It was simply dropped on the ground. After it 'busted' open, we scooped out handfuls of the heart and broke off pieces to eat, getting drenched in the sweet juice, running down our arms and chins, cutting light streaks in the dirt that we were covered with. That was probably the evidence that got us into trouble when we went back to the house.

Grandma, Nasturtiums and Petunias

Most farms did not have resources to spend on fancy landscaping. The concept of spending money on shrubs and plants just to decorate the yard was viewed suspiciously. Indeed, it was wasteful. And the idea of putting fertilizer on the grass when it could profitably be used on vegetables was irrational.

Few resources were expended in the yard but there was a battalion of old-fashioned flowers that grew well and created spots of color if tended regularly. Petunias, asters, and nasturtiums. Peonies grew in some yards, large puff balls of bright color in the cool spring. Bachelor buttons, sweet pea and Sweet William's were reliable. Snap dragons, especially afer seeing "Alice in Wonderland", fascinated us little kids who pressed at the base of the flower to make its jaws open. And imagined music.

Other plants were borderline. Hollyhocks and sunflowers. Weeds or flowers? Giant sunflowers matured in the hot summer, heavy heads sagging by the time frosts

started. The seeds set in fascinating patterns that swirled out like speckled spinning starbursts. Good example of the Fibonacci series I learned later.

Grandma loved color in her dry brown yard so planted various kinds of flowers. Nasturtiums were the exotic ones. Flat round leaves were abnormal. Leaves should be elongated and pointed on at least one end. The blossoms were equally unusual, looking more like the mountain columbine than an honest, god-fearing flower, with backward-projecting spikes. The real surprise, however, was the fact that grandma ate nasturtiums. She said they tasted like water cress That in fact was true. But I wasn't a real fan of water cress so didn't get too excited about nasturtium leaves in my salad. She loved the tingly flavor - which I do, too, today.

Water cress was scarce because it didn't grow in irrigation ditches. It requires cool, fresh, free-flowing water. Mom liked cress, when she could find it, in a sandwich.

Grandma also grew petunias. They had split personalities. On the one hand, their bright colors were pleasing. They thrived and bloomed all summer. But on the other hand, they stank. I still dislike the smell of petunias. But they were rewarding flowers for a country wife to grow because they require little attention, some water and are exuberant in their blooms all summer long.

Iris and gladiolus were grown in town. On a field trip in third grade to her own yard to see the "Four O'Clocks", Mrs. Schofield stopped us by a white picket-fenced yard filled with glads. They were arrayed like soldiers in tidy, manicured rows. The owner had collected as many varieties as she could so the yard sparkled with a variety of bright colors. In spite of their size and color, I dislike glads. They are the flower of funerals, massed together in crushed crowded gaudy displays that dishonor the flower and the deceased.

A women's club in tiny downtown Vernal had flower shows each summer. I heard the town women discussing various exhibits. Snippy, sniffling superior comments. I didn't understand it. All flowers are beautiful and if one person liked one more than

another that was OK. The comments seemed more social commentary than insights into the qualities of flowers.

Slaughtering hogs

Slaughtering hogs is a major project for any family. I remember grandpa doing it and how much work it was. We were chased away when the hog was killed with a shot to the base of the skull or a mighty blow with a sledge hammer. It all started early in the morning and took all day. The first, early part was men's work out by the corral, but second part was women's work in the kitchen.

The day before the hog was killed, a 55 gallon barrel was set securely over a fire pit on blocks to hold it steady. Then it was filled half-way with water. This fire pit was located beneath a stout branch so that a block and tackle could be hung right over the barrel. After the pig had been killed and gutted, the carcass was fastened to the block and tackle by hi hind legs and hoisted up into the air. By now the fire had raised the water temperature to near boiling so when the hog was lowered into it, he was scalded. The men raised and lowered the hog a few times just to scald him, not to cook him. Then they took large butcher knives and holding them on both ends, scraped the hide to remove the dirt, the bristles and hair.

Once the hide was basically free of bristles and dirt, the carcass was lowered onto a table near the fire pit, which is where the butchering really began. Grandpa was experienced at this so knew how to divide the hog into quarters that were manageable. An axe and a hack saw were used to section the legs and back. Then the hide with the fat layer was removed and taken straight to grandma in the kitchen.

Grandma had cleared the kitchen by now in preparation for the event, so she had space to work on the projects that went with butchering a hog. The first task was to start rendering the lard from the thick layer of fat. She first cut the large sections of hide with the fat attached into smaller pieces, several inches square. There was nothing scientific about this process which was simply to get the skin into pieces small enough that they could be put in the skillets on the stove. After the fat had been rendered from the hide, which left large quantities of fat in the skillets, which, when it congealed was called lard, grandma made cracklin's. To do this, she pulled the shrunken bits of pig skin out of the skillets and laid them on cookie sheets. Then she baked it all in the oven where it dried and puffed up enormously. Meantime, grandma was cutting and wrapping the pieces of pork into steaks, chops and roasts that were later taken to a commercial freezer where they rented a locker specifically to hold their meat, whether from hogs, beef or venison. As she made the packages up, she trimmed the pieces to make them

more presentable when they were cooked.. The scraps were what she minced and mixed with spices to make sausage. This sausage was converted into pound size portions for freezing to make patties later, or it was used to make sausages.

Sausages required that she take long lengths of guts and clean them thoroughly so that only the lining itself remained. These limp whitish flaccid tubes were then cut to manageable lengths and slipped over the end of a sort of funnel. Then as the minced, spiced meat was pushed with a plunger through the funnel, it filled the guts. This process continued until the whole length was filled. It was then twisted at regular intervals and tied so that individual sausages were produced.

The process of slaughtering a hog was a strenuous, day-long exercise. It had to be completed in a day because meat would start to spoil, become "tainted" as it was described, in a day so haste was imposed on the enterprise by mother nature in the form of tiny bacteria that set up housekeeping ASAP.

Light bulbs and Darning Needles

Ever noticed how quickly the heel and toe of a sock wear out if you wear them everyday? There is something about that kind of use that must compress the fibers and thereby allow them to wear through. Whatever the process is, it also happens with slacks and shoes. If you alternate pairs of slacks everyday the total life of the two is longer than if you wore each pair daily until it wore out.

Bathing every day wasn't done nor were clothes changed every day. The result was that things not only got pretty heavily soiled, they developed holes in areas of heavy wear. Socks were the most often affected this way because they were worn everyday so toes and heels rubbed in the same spots.

Early settlers of this country had to spin their own threads, weave cloth from it and make whatever articles of clothing they needed. They also knew how to repair holes in cloth, whether it was a sock, shirt or coat. Grandma like a lot of farm women retained the skill of repairing holes even if the other skills had generally disappeared.

Grandma Merrell had 11 kids. Frugality in a household with limited resources dictated that any tears or holes in clothing be repaired as many times as was reasonable. It made no sense to discard an otherwise sound shirt if there was just a hole in the sleeve. The idea of actually purchasing the replacement for what was basically a good shirt made her recoil. Shocked. Why would someone do that? Her large household

produced a large number of things needing repair.

The process is called "darning" and is a lost art today except for a few specialty shops that can still do it. The idea behind darning is simple: re-weave the fabric that is missing using threads that match the original fabric. This is done in two steps that replicate the process of weaving on a loom. A long thread of the correct color is threaded through a darning needle, a thick, not-too-sharp needle with a large eye. The thread is used to places one set of threads side-by-side over the hole in the fabric. It doesn't mater whether these are the woof or warp threads. After the defect is completely covered with this first set of threads the process is repeated in the other direction. This step is more complicated, however, because these threads have to be woven up and down across each one of the first set of threads. This weaving actually re-creates fabric that closes the defect.

The quality of the newly woven fabric obviously varies depending on the skill of the darner. As with any manual skill, there is a host of details to master. If the knots that are used to start the thread are too large, the wearer of that sock will note the irritation and may grow a blister. If the new threads don't start far enough back from the edge of the hole they will eventually pull out and leave an even larger hole. If the darner misses threads when weaving, the new fabric will be flawed and be more like to wear out quickly. If the thread used to weave the patch is too thick, the wearer of the sock will be aware of the patch because it will be thicker than the original fabric. The thickness problem is always present in any event because the patch relies on threads placed in the intact cloth which means there is a doubling up of thread all around the edge of the patch. The durability and wearability of the patch depends on the skill of the darner and the location of the patch in the garment or sock and whether the patch will be subjected to constant wear.

When grandma did the washing -not laundry- she examined each sock for holes. Any that had a hole were put into a pile to be darned. The longer she let a sock be used with a hole in it, the larger the hole got and the harder it was to mend so she didn't like them to go another week. She also watched for rips and tears in shirts and pants and held them out for mending.

When she set down to darn socks, she used an old light bulb as an armature, though there were polished wooden shapes for ths purpose that pre-dated the bulbs. The bulb was pushed into the toe or heel where the hole was. This held the sock securely and uniformly tight. Then she could see the size and shape of the defect and re-weave the fabric while holding the sock over the light bulb. If fabric with a hole that needed mending was flat, as in a shirt sleeve, the round bulb obviously wasn't going to work. In this case she would use something like an embroidery hoop to hold the fabric taut while she darned the hole.

When an article of clothing got too ragged to be repaired, it was put in the "rag bag". From that point on, it could be used in any manner by whoever needed a rag. But these discarded clothes were used yet again. Two household arts utilized the contents of a rag bag: quilting and rug making. Grandma did both. I have a quilt that she made as a wedding present. The pattern was called "Grandma's Garden" and consisted of rosettes like flowers that were created from smaller blocks about 2 inches across. She did the entire process by hand because she lived in an apartment in SLC and didn't have the equipment that she had previously in her Naples home. That was typical of a woman from her era who relied on herself to do whatever she deemed necessary and who wasted nothing.

Federal Ration Stamps

As noted previously, this used ration stamps during WW II. That probably strikes you as something incredulous, is dad just kidding us? But I'm not. Grandma Jensen still has booklets of some of these stamps. The government issued them to each family based on the number of people in the family to enable them to purchase commodities they needed. The reason for rationing was simultaneously the tail-end of Depression as well as WW II which forced the country into a conservation stance the like of which I've not seen since. For example, rubber tires for personal automobiles were almost luxury items because rubber was being conserved for our troops in the various theatres of war, gasoline and sugar were rationed..

The war was a reality for me, not some news item read off during the 6:00 p.m. news. My Uncle Grant came home from WW II with a broken back and wore a back brace for years. Part of his treatment required him to hang a contraption in a doorway and to suspend himself in it to apply traction to his back. His injury was caused when the LST he was on landed at Guadalcanal in what was one of the famous battles of the Pacific. He was unloading ammunition cans that were heavy square metal boxes. Something happened as the line of men walked down the long ramp into the surf and the man behind him tripped with his ammo cans. And fell directly onto Grant, breaking his back. His return home was sad but it was also somehow a matter of pride that he had paid that price for our freedom. Today we get disgusted if someone is patriotic and cares about paying the price of freedom, but do not be deceived. The price of freedom is blood. Period. And a free people that is unwilling to pay that price, regardless of the wisdom of its politicians and manufacturers will cease to be free. I was proud of my uncle, and I remember wearing his too-large hats and shirts stored in the basement of his house in Naples. Proudly. For my mom and Grant and grandparents to see.

Birthday Party for the Cousins - on the Lawn

When I was about 4, near as I can tell (don't rely on me) I had a large birthday party on the front "lawn" of Grandpa Merrell's house. Here we sit, about 12 of us, about the same age. Sitting on the "lawn" on quilts made by grandma and her daughters. Picking at the goodies that were provided which consisted of home-made cupcakes or home-made cake, and vanilla ice cream. With some sort of punch, probably "kool aid".

The old Nash is there sitting in the garage, ready for a getaway if needed. It looks like aunt Nellie, -Harold's wife- is standing there in the middle of the picture, which means that cousin Sandy is somewhere in the photo. Her home was bout half a mile to the right of this photo, taken at the "new house" that Fuller built after living a while in the original log cabin that was located left of this photo.

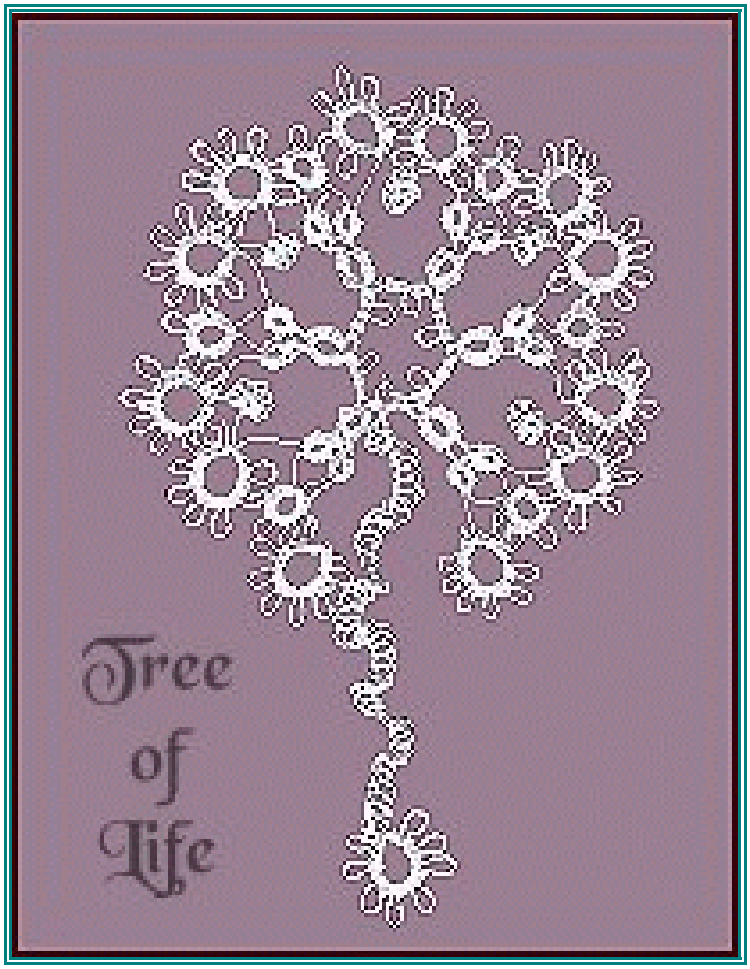
The garage that we lived in sits there in the background, with the structure on the front -or behind if- visible. The photos of mom in her dresses were taken just in front of that garage.

The lack of leaves on the trees together with the lack of winter coats suggests that this is a March 31st birthday. Winter was gone, but spring had not yet had its day, so we celebrated in the coolish weather as if it were warm.

I can't tell who the other women are in the photo. The photo elsewhere of me sitting by mom, wearing a hat when I was about 3 years old, was taken with mom and me sitting at the end of the "walkway" that shows in the front of this photo, going out of the left side of the photo to the front porch of the house.

Aunt Helen, Tatting Lace and Louisa May Alcott

Question: What does Aunt Helen have in Common with Louisa May Alcott?
Answer: Henry Seton.



In case Louisa is an unknown to you, she was the famous Early American writer who wrote "Little Women." And Aunt Helen was Grandpa or Grandma Merrell's sister. I can't remember which. Since LDS genealogy sheets don't show the MATERNAL lines, I can't tell from my family group sheets or pedigree charts. She lived in a small house beneath two large cottonwood trees on the west end of the large property that the Merrells first occupied in the 1930's, as far as I can tell, the land they acquired after leaving Rainbow. Helen was an odd old woman that struck me as being slightly crazy. I was nervous any time she tried to talk to me because of her appearance and demeanor. To get to her front yard from the road, you had to walk on a narrow bridge across the large irrigation canal near a large headgate. In a crazy way the headgate created conditions comparable to being in Helen's old house. The water flowing over the concrete headgate created a pool of swirly bubbly roiling water and a great deal of noise. It was scary. So was she.

I don't recall any specific conversations with her, just memories of the emotions I felt whenever I saw her or interacted with her. She always wore a housedress and apron, had a perpetual scowl, sharp nose and close-set light eyes. The few white whiskers on her chin made her into a witch. There was even a large wart somewhere on her face out of which grew hair. Her speech was somehow difficult for me to understand. Her home was

not a place that welcomed children.

Aunt Helen was a tatter. She tatted lace. Instead of crocheting and embroidering like most women, she preserved a form of lace-making that was disappearing for reasons I don't know. Tatting is done with an odd-shaped metal shuttle about 3 inches long that holds one bobbin. The bobbin is loaded with the thread one wishes to use to make lace. Then in a manner I don't understand anything about, this single strand of thread is used to create lace, sort of magic really because there is no fabric for it to grow out of as in crocheting, no hoop to hold it in place as in embroidery, and no cushion and needles to anchor it as in bobbin lace. It was simply formed out of air and thread. Aunt Helen would do this, muttering to herself.

Fast forward now to Christmas of 1958. We were invited to Henry Seton's home. He was a wealthy man who "clipped coupons", dined at the Harvard Club and dabbled in paleontology at MCZ, the museum that dad worked in at Harvard. Dad knew him from the lab and treated him well, which was a bit unusual apparently because Henry didn't invite anyone else from the museum to Christmas Dinner. Henry's wealth was inherited so he didn't need to accomplish anything to thrive. It sounded like his presence at the lab was almost a source of irritation because he was a dabbler dilettante who came and went as he pleased, being therefore unreliable assistance if one wanted to get a particular job done, He was tolerated because he contributed regularly and largely to the college.

The size of his income is reflected in the gift he gave his only daughter on her 18th birthday: a red Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud convertible. The family residence was a historical landmark. It was the home built by Ralph Waldo Emerson, The Ralph Waldo Emerson, on a hill that overlooked Walden Pond to the west.(Turns out that Walden Pond was disappointingly small, no where near as large as it's Thoreau-generated reputation. But it was lovely in the setting of large deciduous trees.) A vista from the house toward the Pond was created by selective cutting and pruning of trees in front of the verandah. Standing inside, one could look down the hill and see through the trees the pond, no other habitations being visible.

The first time we went to the house for Christmas, there was an enormous, ancient, hairless, horse hair couch in the enormous living room. The second time, there was a new couch sitting in front of the old one that was pushed back. The third time, the new couch was gone.

The house was not plumbed when it was built so it was retrofitted with pipes at a later date. This was apparent in the small guest bathroom that was off the large entry way into the house. It struck me as incongruous that such a wealthy family in such a prestigious house would tolerate this sort of crude plumbing. It didn't bother them in the least. They had nothing to prove.

Presenting a gift when we visited for Christmas dinner -or whatever the dinner was because one of them took place in the winter but not at Christmas- was de rigeur, and intimidating. Mom's and dad's resources were limited so choosing an appropriate gift that they could afford was a problem. The year in question, mom cast about for something personal in our house that she could give to Mrs. Seton. We had little, but in the linens she had carted to Alaska from Vernal, and then across the country to Boston was a pair of pillow cases edged with Aunt Helen's tatted lace.

Mom consulted with dad about the appropriateness of presenting this hand-made set. Probably having no more opinion than money, he agreed it seemed reasonable to do that. So the pillow cases were washed, starched, ironed, folded, boxed and carefully wrapped. When we went to dinner, the present was dutifully presented at the door and graciously received and opened. For all of their wealth, they were plain-spoken, good people and their thank you's were sincere, relieving mom and dad. After pre-dinner conversations in a large fire place room, mostly between the adults while us sports-coated, tied, teenagers politely listened, we retired to the dining room where plates were handed around by a waiter. We could look out the french doors and see the Pond. Dinner was good and we went home.

But that wasn't the end of the story. Mrs. Seton was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, an obvious measure of her pedigree, and had involved herself in a historical reconstruction project. That, I suppose, is the charter of this blue-blooded group. The next time she saw mom, she begged her forgiveness, and told this story.

She explained that her pet project was the rehabilitation of Louisa May Alcott's home. As the DAR members and hired specialists worked their way through the house, going from room to room, each item was thoroughly examined. The object of the examination was to determine whether the thing was appropriate for that period of history, i.e. the proper fabric, the correct pattern, right color and so on. Mrs. Seton and Co. were nearing the end of their work, being able to restore most items in the house. One of the remaining challenges was to find period linens because fabrics didn't survive like wooden or metal items did.

While casting about for linens, Mrs. Seton recollected the lace on the pillow slips that mom had given to her. So she took Aunt Helen's pillow cases to an expert for an examination. His opinion was that Helen's lace pattern matched those known for that period. They were qualified to be used in the residence. Mrs. Seton donated the pillow

cases to the Alcott residence. They are probably still on the bed in the master bedroom of Louisa's home.

Grampa Merrell and Potato Candy

The first home-made candy I remember seeing made was Grampa Merrell's favorite, an old-fashioned sweet off the farm, potato candy. It was simplicity itself, using three ingredients without any cooking and checking of temperatures.

The principal ingredient was potato, stuff that was available in abundance on the table every day. The second ingredient was powdered sugar, a bit more exotic but something that could be easily obtained when his sweet tooth needed to be satisfied. And the third ingredient was peanuts. The latter was also easily obtained but it was never the oily, shelled peanuts in plastic bags on aluminum cans that are most commonly encountered today.

These peanuts were the kind that were roasted in the shell with a small amount of salt in the shell. They were available in the dry goods section of the grocery store in an open gunny sack set in a small wooden barrel that had been used to transport nails. If you were being fancy, you'd use a large metal scoop to dip the peanuts out of the sack into a paper sack provided for that purpose. Otherwise, you'd just scoop them out by the handful. In those days there was not much anxiety about spreading diseases by food handling. You got to be up close and personal with what you bought.

The scales used in the dry goods section to weigh whatever needed weighed varied by the store. Some used the kind with a white glass table that you laid your purchase on, in this case the paper sack of peanuts. This kind of scale showed the weight of the thing in a little window that was sometimes back lighted. Other stores used the kind of scale that hung from a hook in the ceiling. The principal parts of this kind of scale were a large circular face like a clock from which hung a wide flattish metal scoop that you put your purchase in. The weight of the produce pulled down on a spring inside the clock-face and turned the needle on the face to show the weight. Still another kind was a bar scale. It was a long rod that rested on a knife-edge pivot point. The produce was suspended in a bag from the long end of the rod. On the other end were different size weights that were moved back and forth until the lever was level. The weight was read off from graduations on the bar.

Shucking peanuts was fun. You cracked the shell and extracted the peanuts which were glossy and dry. The husks were always removed from the nuts because their flavor was sort of bitter. The nuts that I produced were generally cracked because I didn't have a sense of how hard to crush the shell, but Grampa produced whole nuts that I

envied. We'd naturally have to eat some of the crushed nuts so it took a long time to get a cup or so of nuts. After he had enough nuts, he would lay them on the table folded in a dish towel and then roll a rolling pin across them. He didn't push so hard that they were pulverized because he liked chunks but by crushing them he could extend them for a larger batch of candy. I think my preference for super chunky peanut butter stems from this time.

Meantime gramma had taken care of the potato. Either she boiled several potatoes or took a couple that were already cooked for the next meal. The potatoes were simply mashed, just like ones she was preparing mashed potatoes for dinner with gravy. But she didn't add any salt or butter. Just plain ol' potatoes was what was chiefly needed.

Now he was ready to make his wonderful candy. He took a cupful of powdered sugar and mixed it into the mashed potatoes. Measurements and recipes had no place in a country kitchen. The target was known so the cook just added ingredients, tasted the result, added more ingredients, tasted and so on until the target was reached. He tasted the mass to see if it was sweet enough, and if it wasn't he'd added more sugar until it was.

After the mass was sweet enough, he'd mix in the crushed peanuts until they were well distributed. After he was satisfied with the flavor, he'd take a piece of wax paper and form the mass into inch wide logs. He'd sprinkle these logs with a bit of powdered sugar and then let them sit for several hours.

The best time was obviously when he allowed as how they'd probably dried enough so let's get a sample. Wow. Sure. A bite or two showed it wasn't ready so we'd have to sample it again in half an hour to see. By the time dinner came half the candy was gone. It's a great candy even today.

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid in Split Mountain Gorge

Cowboys were a real force when I was a kid. Grandma Merrell told me about them, and she didn't like them. It was unusual for her to show anything negative so it caught my attention when she said something pejorative about anything. Mom says that grandma never showed anger in her entire life. Living in that country meant we saw cowboys all the time, at least the guys who herded cattle and lived on ranches and were called 'cowboys'. But the cowboys that Grandma was talking about were the ones who raised cain while she was a young girl.

Grandpa Merrell said he knew where Butch Cassidy hung out when he was in the

area, in one of the three deep narrow canyons that you see in this shot of the Split Mountain. [I've got to find this one. I know the shot but don't seem to have it with me here in Beaverton.] He knew which one. No one went in there probably because there was no reason, which was the reason Butch chose to hole up.

The other famous story I heard again and again was about "The Showdown" in the OK Corral between Doc Holiday and Wyatt Earp. You gotta see this movie. This version has to be the best version of the story of how the cowboys that grandma didn't like were cleaned up. The particular thing about her story that stood out for the kid was the idea of the red sashes that they wore around their waist or necks. It was mystifying to a kid that something inanimate like a scarf could be so important in her story. It was my first exposure to the concept of symbols, things that stood for other things. The symbol itself took on the attributes of the thing symbolized and in this case the attributes were not good, and grandma's dislike of the red scarfs came through loud and clear.

When the group went to the Vernal area they were known as "The Wild Bunch" and looked like this:

"Among Vernal's more famous visitors was the infamous Wild Bunch. The group consisted of: Harry Longabaugh (Sundance Kid), Ben Kilpatrick, Robert L. Parker (Butch Cassidy), Bill Carver, and Harry Logan" <http://www.vernalcity.org/>

The Wild Bunch

Marie the Dressmaker

Mom's hand-written notation on the back of this photo is "Marie M. Jensen 1944." Without definitive documentation about the dates of their moves, it is impossible to say with certainty where mom was, and where dad was in 1944. But by my reckoning, in early 1944 they still would more likely than not have been together in Naples, having just left the Remington Arms Plant in SLC in late 1943 or early 1944 after the plant went on "stand by". So dad probably took this photo. Subtle evidence of his handwork is the fact that the format is "portrait". Most people would probably have taken this photo in the "landscape" format. Later I'm thinking that's not an accurate observation. He was shooting his wonderful old Kodak and it may be that its format lent itself more to the portrait format than the landscape format that is the "standard" format today..

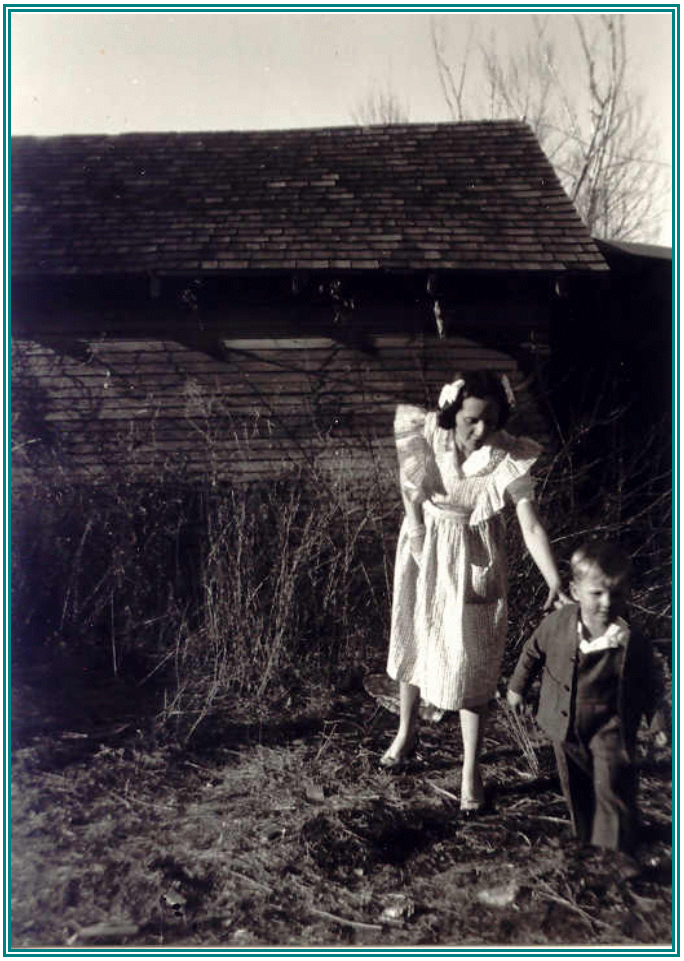
Mom was 21 years old. She had two children, one 2 and the other less than a year old. She had lived in Alaska, Naples, Salt Lake City and Naples again. At 21. This girl had been around. Ain't no flies on her. Notice her "page boy" hairdo. Very popular in those days and in the 1950's.

This shot appears to have been taken in Naples, though I am not sure where on Fuller's lot it is

taken. I suspect that it was a shot with mom standing in the back yard of the main home, looking to the south. The evidence for that assumption is the clothes lines in the background. Clotheslines would not have been put anywhere else in the yard but near the back door of the house, so the house is grandpa Merrell's house.

It is winter as shown by the snow on the ground, another indirect evidence for the location. The house faced the south on the road, which would have been to the left of this photo. This means that the sun would have been shielded from the piece of yard where the snow remains. The garage was behind her, to the right of the house in this photo.

The dress she wears is doubtless one of the many she made. She was an excellent seamstress and made all of her own clothing. She purchased shoes and hats and dickies, but she made virtually all of her other clothing. She learned from her mom how to sew well and took some classes from the Singer Sewing Company as part of their campaign to persuade you to purchase their sewing machines. She always had one, usually a Singer.



When we moved to Waltham, dad shot his wad and bought her a Necchi sewing machine for her birthday. It turned out to be a bitter experience for both of them. It was a fancy machine with cams -this was in 1957- that could be assembled in different combinations of three cams, thereby creating different stitches, yet it never worked properly. That was their lament. He spent an enormous sum on her because he loved her and wanted to show his love by providing her a top of the line machine, the kind she had never owned before. But it turned out to be a dog. They both would have been

better off and happier if he had purchased a cheap Singer that was reliable and dependable.

Here she is posing for dad but I obviously got into the picture when I wasn't wanted. So dad snapped a candid of her shooing me away so that she could stand serene and beautiful alone.

The garage obviously had a sway back. Mom stands here posing for dad in a pinafore that she doubtless made, hand in the pocket. She wore ribbons in her hair and a lovely smile. She was a beautiful girl, and I see why dad was captivated by her. She doubtless was just as fiery as he was, indeed, may have been more fiery. She, not he, is the one who captured for ever the soul of the other.

The yard is humble. No money or time was spent on keeping it up. Weeds grow in profusion by the garage and debris covers the yard. That was life. I knew no different. It wasn't until we moved to Boston when I was 14 in 1956 that I lived in a house with a bona fide yard that needed to be mowed. Strange concept really. Spend money on water and fertilizer to then mow the result and discard it. What sort of screwy world was that?

The single set of windows on the south side of the garage here is the one where "Green Eyes" watched me occasionally, as reported below.

Note that she is wearing a nice pair of shoes, high heels. She has always taken great pride in her appearance and has in particular loved shoes. She never lacked for

good shoes for any occasion.

I am surprised today at how close the garage is to another building - or that there was some type of structure on the front of the garage. My memory is that the front was distant from any other structure and completely unobstructed. I am obviously wrong.

Mom is wearing a suit she made with a hat she purchased -at least I think she purchased it. I don't remember her making hats during my childhood.. In her nice shoes. In the weeds and bushes by the garage.

I can't tell what the white thing is behind the bushes. That is where the front door to the garage was.

This is the next view of her in the same outfit. I think these must have been posed for dad after he returned from Hanford. I say that because in his mechanics tool box there is a miniature of one of these shots, a keepsake that he kept in front of him each day by its presence in the lid of this tool box that was his source of security and accuracy as a mechanic.

The boulders outline a walkway from the back of the main house to the garage. Pretty humble, wouldn't you say? At least there was an attempt to beautify the property. But the board sort of gives it away.

She looks fairly serious here, but there is no evidence to explain why. In the preceding shot in the same outfit and same spot she is smiling. Perhaps she's not quite sure what dad's doing. This was a camera with a fixed focal length lense so he had to physically move himself about when changing perspective in which case she may not have been aware that he was taking a shot when he

did this one.

This is a typical "Marie" smile when she was happy and feeling good. A happy sort of look with peace and comfort in it. I loved it when she was happy, when she smiled, when she was OK with the world. It meant that my lot, too, was easier and less painful. She was a good mother I suppose, though she was generally a severe woman who demanded total obedience. I unfortunately was not able to provide that. Something in me went against the grain in this regard. I resisted obeying blindly her instructions in spite of the knowledge that my actions would result in pain - to me.

Her dress is doubtless her own creation made of a fabric that looks sort of like seersucker. Don't ask me what kind of cloth that it. It is just fabric that has puckers in it, on purpose. Her shoes are high heels. At 5 feet 2 inches she was acutely aware of her smallness and compensated I suppose by heels.

Broken Milk bottle and Knee[5]

This is the first significant injury that I remember, the first of what has been an unusually large number of significant injuries and hospitalizations and illnesses over my life. Perhaps everyone has this many of these things happen to them but I don't think so. The question, then, is have I caused these things to happen? A nurse I worked for even suggested that I had Munchausen's Syndrome, a psychological condition wherein people intentionally injure themselves, probably for a variety of reasons. I don't think so but the number of 'things' does seem inordinately high. I ask mom in July 2001 whether it seemed to her that I had more accidents and injuries than normal and she promptly said yes. I asked why and she promptly replied, "You were so curious about everything and wanted to see things and find out about them." Certainly a more flattering diagnosis than Munchausen's, but perhaps biased.

I was probably 5 years old. We were living in the garage behind grandpa Merrell's house. It was another sunny day, early in the morning as I recall where the sun was when this happened. I was carrying a mason jar out in the dirt driveway near the bridge that crossed over the irrigation canal. I started to run with the jar, probably excited to catch frogs in it - or perhaps it already had frogs in it. In any event, I was running and dropped the jar which shattered, and at that instant I fell, right onto the shards.

I made a lot of noise so I got a lot of attention. Someone came out and picked me up, probably mom or grandma because the men would all have been out in the fields by then. I was carried into the house and laid on my back on a kitchen counter while clean dish towels were used to swab the blood so they could get a view of the thing. In those days home remedies were the norm, no emergency room visits or doc-in-a-boxes. So after the bleeding was controlled somewhat, mom probably daubed Merthiolate** liberally on the cut. She didn't use iodine which I appreciated because iodine really hurt sometimes[6]. Then she used the 3-inch wide roll of gauze, as opposed to the 1-inch wider roll of gauze, to wrap around the knee a few times after which strips of adhesive tape

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[5] I decided to include history about sicknesses and injuries. My impression is that I had more of each than most people.

[6] Having supervised an infection control program in a hospital I see today that the iodine would have been a better antiseptic, but we got by with merthiolate and mercurocrome.

were used to secure the whole thing in place. Enforced inactivity was the final order which was probably followed for a day or two. But the size of the scar indicates that the cut never did close. There is a 3-inch long, 1-inch wide scar on the outside of my left knee.

"Green Eyes"

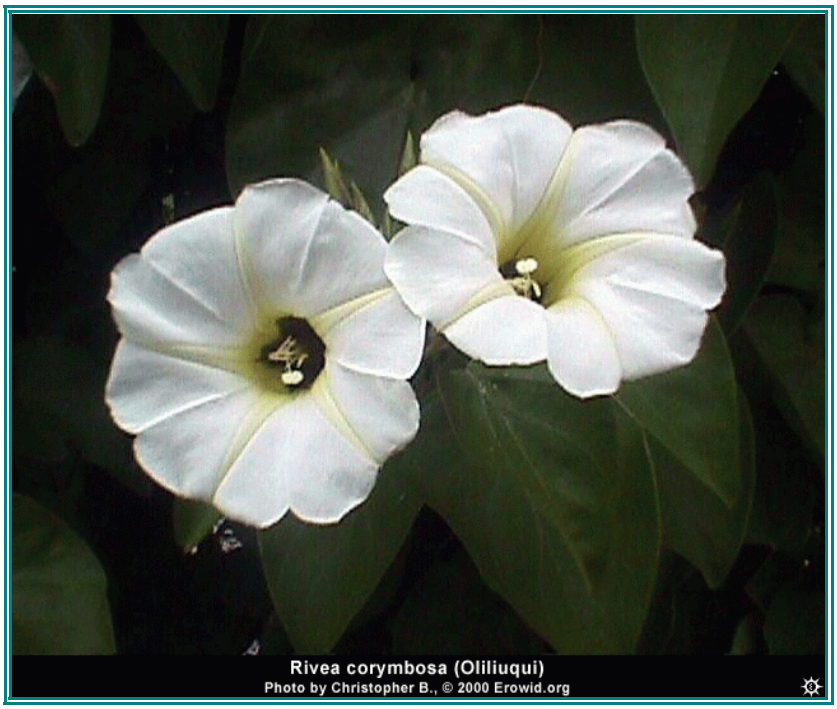
This fragment of memory is hardly more than the words, but they carry a powerful emotional sense. The sense is of being nervous and fascinated at the same time, with what was probably a purely imaginary being that had 'green eyes'. I can't reconstruct any play involving them, I can't remember any experience that frightened me, nor can I really recall any physical context in which they were manifested. But they were inextricably part of my life in the garage. Windows seem to be involved in their being present. There were perhaps 3 windows in the garage, one on the front by the door and one on the south of each of the garage and one on the north side of the garage.

Green eyes shined through the windows from above, from out there. Day time or night time, I don't know. But they were present and not visible to adults, a secret revelation that Dick and I shared, though he was so young that he didn't really enter into the play. I was only 3-4 years old. These words also carry the sense that I was being watched, or that I was being watched over, two very different things and I can't tell which predominated, probably because at the time I couldn't either.

Given the watchful nature of this 'green eye' creature, it is probably an imaginary being created out of words I heard but didn't understand, which involved me. Coming from a fundamentalist background where god was omnipresent, omnipotent and not just a little mean, it is more likely than not that he transmogrified, to borrow Calvin's wonderful term, into a pair of watchful, sort of critical eyes, that hung in the sky and air, popping in at unexpected times to check me out. I was indeed fascinated and nervous about them.

Grandpa and the Morning Glories

Farming men worked hard in the fields. Their duty around the home itself was to keep things operational and safe. Beautification of the homestead was pretty much outside the scope of those duties and in the sphere of influence of the women. But grandpa seemed to my child's mind to have taken personal affront at one brand of weed which grew well in the area. Morning glories. This was the only "beautification" project I remember him taking interest in, a flower, albeit a weed.



His dislike of the flower puzzled me for two reasons. First, in contrast to grandma's interest in growing beautiful flowers, his interest in morning glories was in destroying them. Other garden variety weeds around the place that really were ugly didn't seem to attract much of his attention, but this one did. Second, morning glories were seductively beautiful flowers to my mind, so why would they incite him to fits of destructiveness.

They are members of the sweet potato family. I think. Their beauty stems -haha- from their shape and coloring. The flower is like a long trumpet shaped like an old-fashioned lampshade. Long ribs extend from the narrow base outward, flaring into a wide horn. These long, narrow, flat-sided, flaring trumpets are subtly tinted with pastel violet-blue. At the bottom of the throat the lovely tint was darkest, and decreased in intensity up to the mid-point of the throat. Some had a yellowish cast, and all were a feast to look at, eye candy, that I couldn't look at long enough wondering at their beauty.

Their other interesting feature was their manner of wilting. Petunias sort of dissolved into lengths of sad looking colored tissue that hung limply on the plant. Unattractive, pathetic wisps that dishonored the gaudy large blossoms. But morning glories had class. As they ended their lives they also wilted. But instead of just collapsing like the petunias, they chose how they would deal with their death. They started their wilt carefully at the outer-most margin of their trumpet. This narrow band shrunk and tightened while the rest of the flower remained firm. As a result, the wide flare began to decrease. As the contraction progressed down the flower the tightly contracted zone pulled to the center like a rubber band and rolled up on itself, sort of like a window shade would do if it were circular. Finally, the process encompassed most of the flower, at which point there was a compressed fist ready to whack whoever was responsible for this business.

Grandpa's dislike of these curious flower wasn't something I could understand. But grandpa was grandpa and what he would he did so I watched. At irregular interval these "noxious weeds" would catch his attention. His sole objective where they were concerned was to annihilate them. Not just beat them back a bit, bit annihilate them. He used a hoe to dig at them - not dig them out because that wasn't possible. Then he tried an herbicide. Nothing worked. The fascinating thing about these plants was the proliferation of stems that grew out of each hole in the ground. In contrast to most plants that erupt with a single stem these guys pushed up half a dozen tendrils at a time, each of which matured into a climbing vine. His attempts to dig or poison them had little effect on the general population. If he beat them down in one spot, they erupted in another. His hacking and complaints did not change the size of the seed pool from year to year but the effort he expended seemed to satisfy something inside him.

Mulberry Trees and silkworms

During the era that Brigham Young, of the LDS church, was attempting to create an independent culture and economy, i.e. not-dependant-on-anyone outside his faith, he created a string of 120+ colonies that ranged from Alberta, Canada down to the Juarez Colonies he founded in Mexico. This grand experiment - the largest in US history- required that the group undertake an enormously wide range of activities in order to sustain and maintain their autonomous economy One of the experiments was the

importation of silk worm to produce silk, and the necessary adjuncts to create a hospitable environment for them to thrive in.

One of these was mulberry trees. With fruit that resembled skinny elongated soft raspberry berries that stained your clothes if you got the juice on them. The flavor was mild, sort of like a mulberry. Ross had two enormous old mulberry trees left over from Brigham's experiment out in the back of his farm acreage, sitting next to the irrigation canal. I bare-handedly caught an exhausted trout in that ditch in the early morning of the summer of 1957.

These trees were large-enough in which to build tree-houses, a reasonable measure of any tree, and their dense foliage created darkness, sort of a tunnel without light along the little ditch. They were far enough from the house that traveling to them was basically an expeditionary process. We would pick and eat all of the fruit that was accessible to us but didn't understand until many year later what Ol' Brigham had attempted to do.

I was astonished around 1990 in my mucking around in TMG -the chapter about the 89th section with the surprising conclusion- to discover that Brigham had allowed one of his favorites, none other than Orrin Porter Rockwell of "Man of God, Son of Thunder" fame to set up and operate a medium volume whisky still. This was while Ol' Brig was still alive in SLC. He allowed on of his men to manufacture and to sell wine and whisky. I love the location where Orrin was allowed to do this: "Point of the Mountain" that, as you know, subsequently became the State Penitentiary. Isn't that wonderful? Theologically, this is actually a significant issue, though I won't go into it here. If you are interested in the implications about the health code, go to TMG to "Chapter 25. Coffee, Tea or Milk?" It amuses me to see how far even Brigham deviated from the mainstream tenants of the

faith he ostensibly represented.[7] He cheapened his faith by his willingness to allow Orrin to manufacture and sell spirits.

Dad Decided to Leave Manhattan Project

For his own personal reasons that mom does not know -or which she won't reveal to me- dad decided to leave Project Manhattan and go to Pearl Harbor to help in the clean-up after the Japanese Bombing. He was not ready to stay with our family. The only thing that Mom said in December 2, 2001, was that dad reached the decision to leave Hanford and go to Honolulu with three other guys who were rooming with him but that's the extent of her knowledge. There are different points of view about what was going on. The only time I clearly remember hearing the opposing view was in 1953.

Bombshell with Time fuse

In the summer of 1953, when we went to Naples and stayed with grandpa and grandma in their small house that was next to Grant's large house we did everything together as a clan. At one point during that long stay, Dad's good friend something-Pope wanted to see some of dad's slides of Alaska. Since Grant hadn't seen them either, he

---

[7] It twas in spring 1964 that I heard Milt Backman of BYU state that the first LDS generation to "live" the health code was the newest living at that time. In retrospect, I see that probably my own maternal grandparents or relatives drank coffee, an act that subsequently assumed in that faith the significance of whore-mongering .R.L. Dewey stated in his 1986 book "Porter Rockwell":

> "...he [ed. Porter] purchased sixteen additional acres near Point of the Mountain...Here he constructed a tavern/hotel...The bar was later added January 1861, but by August, 1860 the premises had been titled 'Hot Spring Brewery Hotel'...(there was) a brewery capable of making 500 gallons of beer per day.." (1986:246)

The source documents for this quote are:

> Utah County Deeds, 1851-1864.
>
> -William Marsden, Inspector of Spirituous Liquors and Beer
>
> -Journal History, August 29, 1860

went with us to Pope's house that evening. I don't remember much about what went on because it was another of those boring evenings where us kids had to sit still and be quiet while the adults talked about pictures that I already knew about. I wondered why we were forced to be there when we could have been playing on Grant's farm, chasing each other playing hide-and-seek or "No bear's are out tonight, daddy shot them all last night".

After the slide show was finished it happened. The mine was laid. Talk turned to dad's peregrinations, probably in an admiring way. But at some point Grant interjected a wry, almost bitter comment, "Yeah and you left your family behind so we had to take care of them". That surprised me. There were immediate protests and clarification but the damage in my mind had been done.

I had not realized before that there was any possible explanation for dad's going other than that he just wanted to go and that it was a good thing overall. I had never perceived that being left to live in a garage on a poor farm while he was gone was somehow wrong.

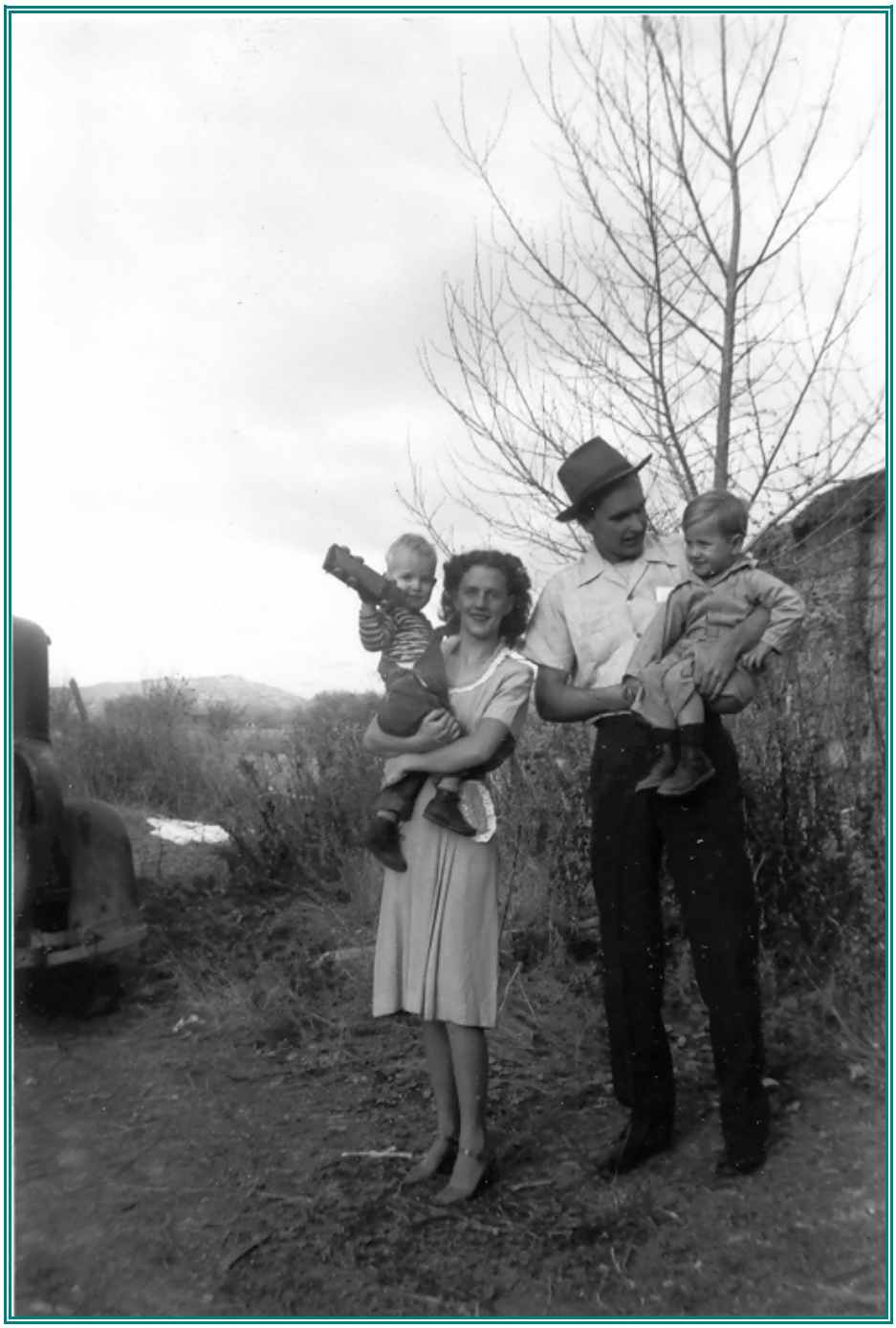
Several years later as I ponder this story and its significance, I find that I am persuaded that Grant spoke truth. Oh, mom sort of argues about it but her arguments are ineffectual because her mind isn't working right anymore. And because I felt the truth in Grant's claim. It stuck in my heart like an arrow and remains there today over all these years. He was a kidder and mom thought he sort of lied a lot but he was my favorite uncle. And when he said this thing, I knew I wasn't hearing a kidder.

Dad Stopped by on his way to Honolulu

It must have been fall or spring when dad came through Naples from Project Manhattan judging from the scenery here. The "building" on the right is made of either sod blocks or unbaked adobe bricks. The mountains are the Uintah's which are 5-6,000 feet high and covered with snow.

Mom was fanatical about appearance. She always took good care of herself and never appeared in public in anything that wasn't in good taste as was this dress, and heels. She weighed 100 pounds until she was older than 40, a miraculous achievement, even if she is 5 feet 2 inches tall. It was no accident.

This is one of the few pictures that show Dick with a smile on his face.



Dad Joined Honolulu Lodge 1245

Dad signed up to work in Pearl Harbor during the reconstruction after the Japanese bombing. His contract, that is still in his papers, routed him by Pullman to Mare Island outside of San Francisco where he spent time until he could get on a steamer to Pearl Harbor. His contract was to work as an "inside machinist" in Pearl.

He had to join a union there, and be assigned to a local lodge. He apparently worked in "Navy Yard 31" and was a member of "Honolulu Lodge 1245", an AFL affiliate.

These badges are from his wooden tool box that mom gave me him after his death. Because it is the only personal thing he possessed that meant so much to me. Notice how these badges place a perimeter around the possible dates that he lived there. Some are missing from the time sequence identified by them, but they are reliable indicators of the likely time interval he was in Honolulu. That's important because mom's personal memory is vague and I don't know of any document otherwise that can clarify the question.

Dad's Honolulu Union Book

Perhaps the most exciting discovery in July 2002 was finding dad's union book for Pearl Harbor. I already had a fix on his time in Hanford but Pearl was a mystery. I now have the beginning and ending months based on objective, third-party evidence. The puzzling thing is that I have contradictory information, information that was produced by neutral third parties. Here it is:

-The first hand-written notation in the Honolulu book is Dec. 30, 1943.

-That note is struck out and a new date is written in of Jan. 10, 1944.

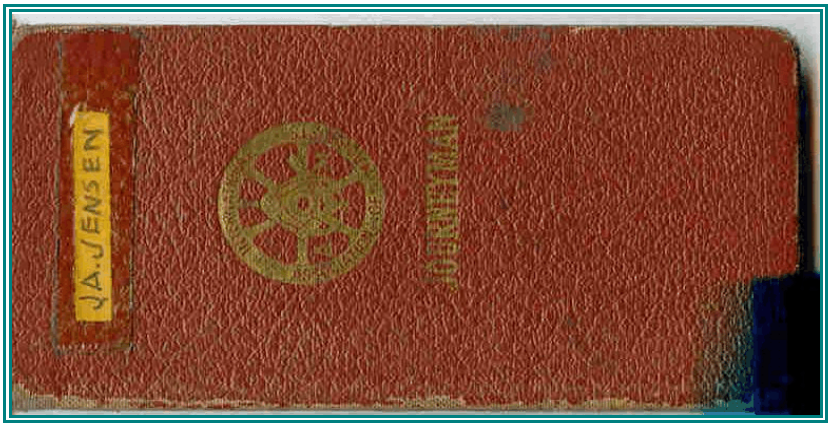
-He was originally placed in Lodge No. 1743 - dues of $2.00 per month

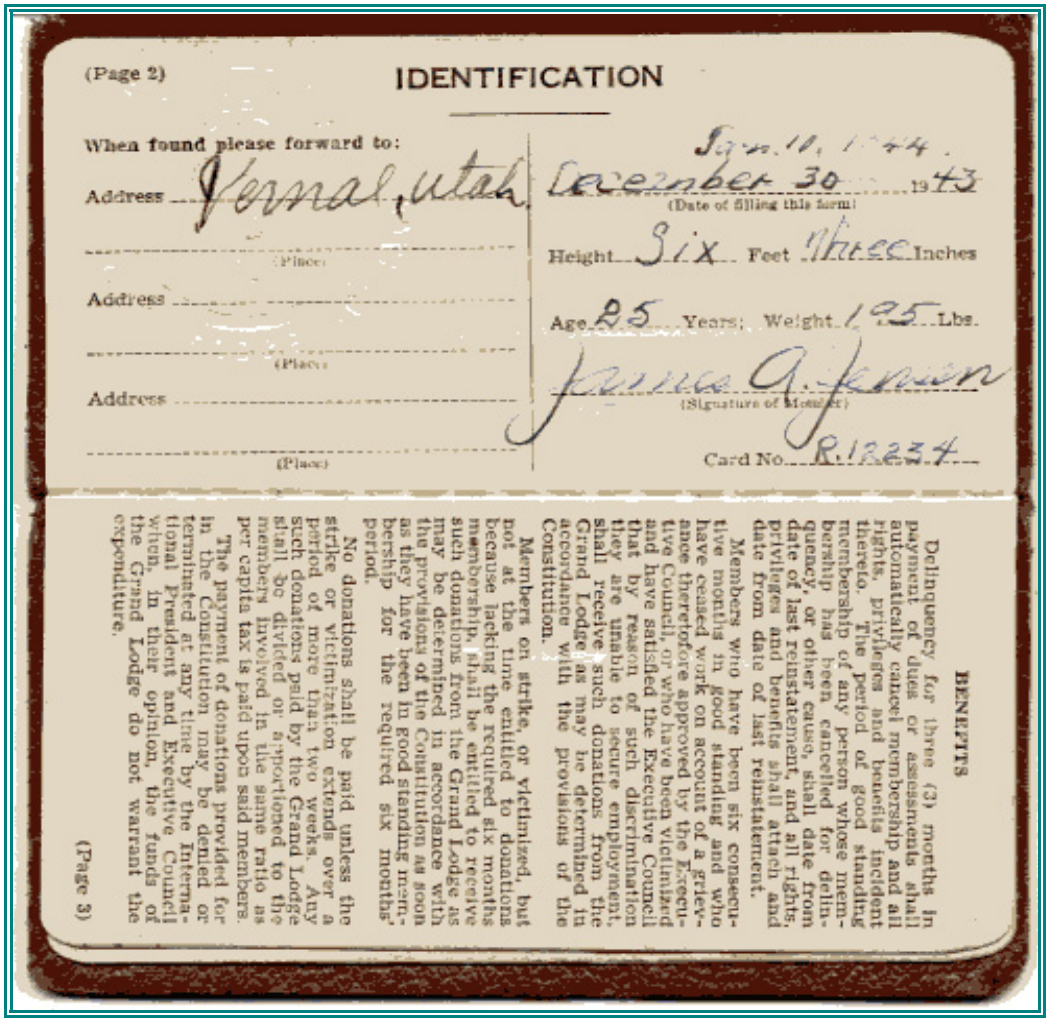
-On March 23, 1945, he was moved to Lodge No. 1245 - dues of $2.20 per month

-He paid monthly dues from Jan. 1943 through March 1946.

-The Hanford badge was issues Sept. 12, 1944

Something is wrong. He couldn't have been in both places. I asked mom if she understood this contradiction and she didn't. Following are scans of all pages with information.





(Page 2)

IDENTIFICATION

When found please forward to:

Address Vernal, Utah
(Place)

Address
(Place)

Address
(Place)

Sept. 10, 1944.

December 30 1943
(Date of filling this form)

Height Six Feet Three Inches

Age 25 Years; Weight 195 Lbs.

James A. Jensen
(Signature of Member)

Card No. R.12234

BENEFITS

Delinquency for three (3) months in payment of dues or assessments shall automatically cancel membership and all rights, privileges and benefits incident thereto. The period of good standing membership of any person whose membership has been cancelled for delinquency, or other cause, shall date from date of last reinstatement, and all rights, privileges and benefits shall attach and date from date of last reinstatement.

Members who have been six consecutive months in good standing and who have ceased work on account of a grievance theretofore approved by the Executive Council, or who have been victimized and have satisfied the Executive Council that by reason of such discrimination they are unable to secure employment, shall receive such donations from the Grand Lodge as may be determined in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

Members on strike, or victimized, but not at the time entitled to donations because lacking the required six months membership, shall be entitled to receive such donations from the Grand Lodge as may be determined in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution as soon as they have been in good standing membership for the required six months' period.

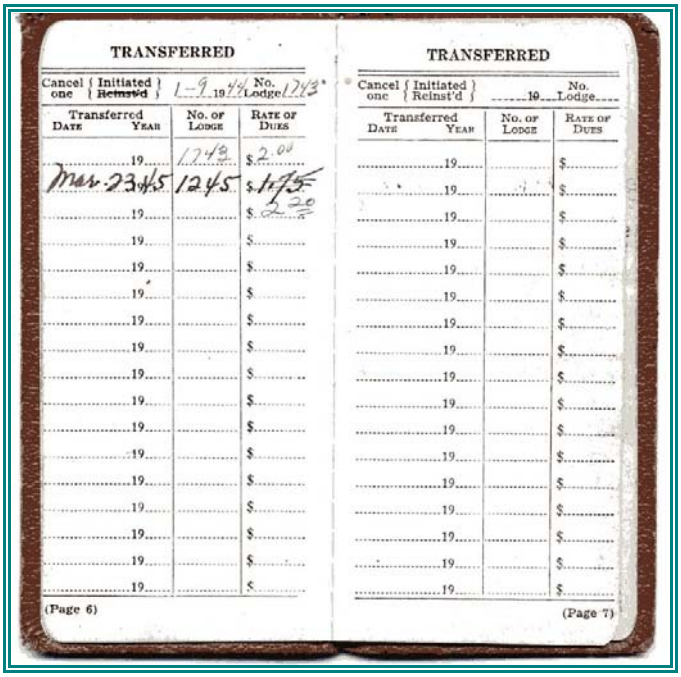
No donations shall be paid unless the strike or victimization extends over a period of more than two weeks. Any such donations paid by the Grand Lodge shall be divided or apportioned to the members involved in the same ratio as per capita tax is paid upon said members.

The payment of donations provided for in the Constitution may be denied or terminated at any time by the International President and Executive Council when, in their opinion, the funds of the Grand Lodge do not warrant the expenditure.

(Page 3)

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS, Local 1245
Morgan J. Haywood, BUSINESS MANAGER,
312 McCandless Building, Honolulu 16, T. H. Phone 65852
Meetings at 7 P.M. 2nd and 4th Fridays at 50 South Queen Street, Honolulu, T. H.
Shop..... Bldg..... Floor.....
.....Steward
DUES MUST BE PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS LIMIT SURE

Headquarters: Machinists' Building, Washington, D. C.
Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor
International Association of Machinists
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
Name James A. Jensen Card No. R12234
IS MOST EXPERIENCED AT
machinists WORK
and is entitled to the Rights and Privileges of Membership, as long as this book is stamped in accordance with the Constitution.
TRANSFER ACCOUNT STAMP
William B. Mitchell President
Wallace Kent Fin'l Sec'y
Ledger Page 2 Line 49



TRANSFERRED
Cancel one { Initiated / Reinstd } 1-9 19 48 No. Lodge 1243

Transferred Date Year	No. of Lodge	Rate of Dues
19	1243	$2.00
Mar 23 45	1245	$1.75
19		$.20
19		$
19		$
19		$
19		$
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(Page 6)

TRANSFERRED
Cancel one { Initiated / Reinst'd } 19 No. Lodge

Transferred Date Year	No. of Lodge	Rate of Dues
19		$
19		$
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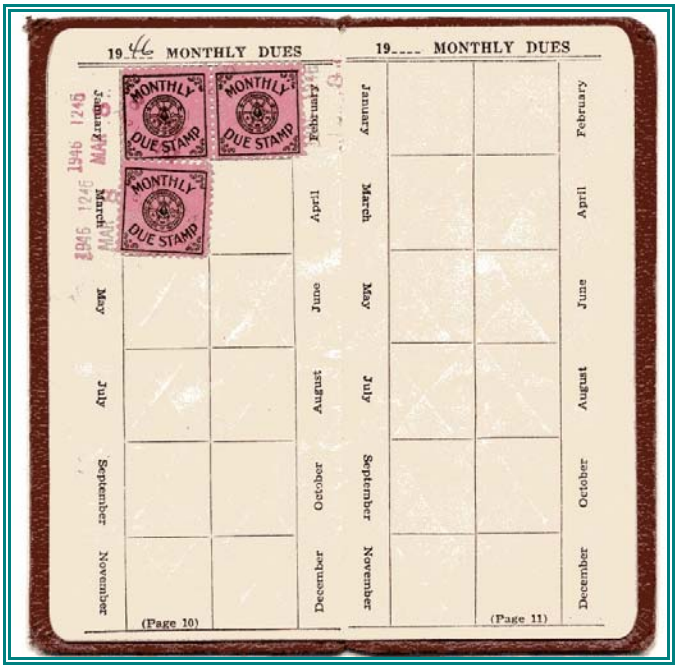
(Page 7)


19 43 MONTHLY DUES
January
March
May
July
September
November
19 44 MONTHLY DUES
INITIATION STAMP
January
March
May
July
September
November


19 46 MONTHLY DUES
19 ____ MONTHLY DUES
January
February
March
April
May
June
July
August
September
October
November
December
(Page 10)
(Page 11)

Joe O'Leary

Dad met Joe O'Leary in Pearl Harbor and they became good friends, even roomed together. He and Joe shared a lot of interests which produced interesting experiences that he summarized in short stories over the years. These interests included anthropology, botany, skin-diving and exploring. Outside of the scientific interest that runs through his stories and the collections he brought back, there was a quality of mysteriousness that ran through many of the Hawaii experiences.

Joe and dad wanted to visit abandoned ruined temple sites and dug up stories about many that were on the "big island" [Oahu] where they lived as well as some on other islands. They had a third friend who shared their interests and weekends. His name was Dallas.

Dad described one of their excursions to a deserted temple site. Apparently Hawaiians placed curses on temple sites when they were abandoned, or the desecration of temples resulted in their becoming cursed and abandoned. To enter such a site was to expose oneself to whatever curse was placed on that particular site.

In those days there were no anthropological or archeological maps showing where old temple sites were located so they had to find old people to get confirmation of the legends they collected and to get directions to the locations -if they were lucky because those who knew where the sites were also knew the curses and believed that in even giving directions to the temple exposed them to the curse. Dad found an old Hawaiian woman, enormous was the word he used to describe her, who knew the way to this particular site. She was a brave woman who gave them directions. She described the route over mountains and streams, miming the acts of wading through water, climbing over fallen logs and so on. When she neared the temple in her narrative, she averted her face and closed her eyes lest she be contaminated by the curse but she showed how to cross a stream and where to turn and what to look for to tell that they were in the right location.

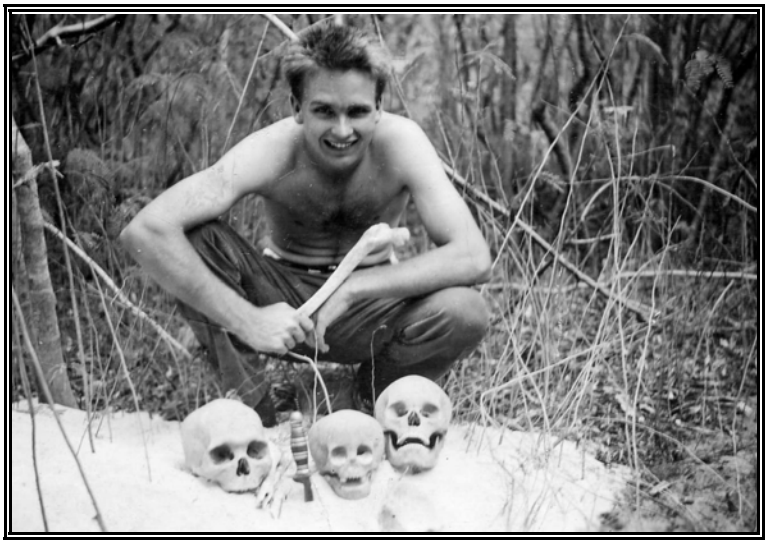
Joe, dad and Dallas followed her directions and found the temple site. As expected, it was overgrown with vegetation and the structure had practically disappeared. But the perimeter of the temple itself was visible. The three of them explored the area surrounding the temple, but only Dallas stepped into the temple proper. They finally returned to base in Honolulu without incident. Many years later they compared notes, Dad in Utah, Joe in Florida and Dallas still in Hawaii. Joe had remained a

bachelor until he died but Dallas had gotten married. He was unable to have any children. The curse on that old temple was barrenness for those who desecrated it.

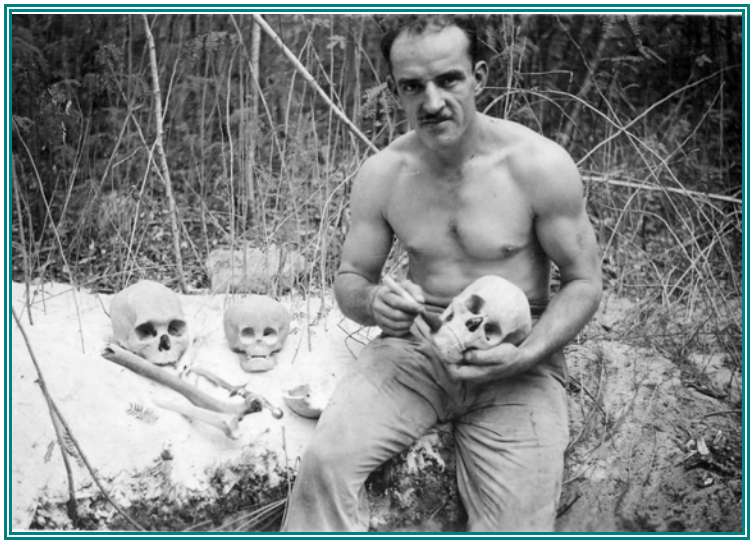
Skulls

Joe and dad explored Hawaiian burials on Oahu. Some of them were on beaches. They dug up several burials and took some of the remains back to their apartment. For the two of them, the thrill of discovery led them to explore and test things.

They did not discuss their activities in public. But one evening when they came home from work, they discovered that all of the remains were missing. The windows and doors were locked and showed no sign of forcible entry and as far as they knew no one had keys to their apartment except for the white man who managed the complex.



In one of the grave robbing trips, the two of them took photos of each other. I don't remember whether or not dad explained how they knew to find this graveyard but whatever, they did find it and exhumed half a dozen skulls and limb bones. Joe has a brush, removing sand from the skull.



Dad's hair is standing on end but I imagine it wasn't fear. He's holding a femur, grinning like a cannibal which is probably what he's pretending to be, the skulls sitting in front of him, grinning at Joe.

It was in Finland 18 or so

years later that I did the same thing. I took a timid companion in Loimaa into a deserted church yard surrounded by a 10 foot high fence. We pushed the heavy, creaking door open and walked our bikes to the back. As the Finns had said, the church itself had been burned down, and the whole yard was covered in tallish trees. In the left, back part of the 4 acre church yard, we came upon a burial mound. I excavated two skulls and brought them home with me. You know the one I kept, Heikki. He's still here.

The final odd footnote to this particular story is that around 1985 he received a notice from some government agency that he was in violation of some government regulation concerning human remains and that if he didn't promptly send the aforementioned Hawaiian skull to the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D.C. that he obtained "illegally" in 1945 in Hawaii -as I did 18 years later in Finland, a skull you know well- he would be prosecuted to the full extent of the laws. etc. ad nauseam. He gave in. He had no leg to stand on, he had no idea who ratted on him, and he was plain tired to death with the unending relentless unmitigated, unqualified and eternal asininity and stupidity of 25 year old bureaucrats who think they are Jesus Christ -Buddha? Muslim? - him [or her?] self incarnate. He threatened to send these same stupids a bag of his fecal material when they harassed him in one of his quarries for not submitting to them some five-part report in quadruplicate telling them in abject, forelock-tugging prose how he "planned to restore his area to its original state after 3 months of crapping into a hole that hadn't -and wouldn't - see moisture for 50 years." They ultimately required that he plant some non-native clover [!!!!] that wouldn't even germinate in the first year, let along survive into maturity. Thank you, Washington D.C. Can you tell that I sympathize with him in his endless fight against self-righteous, ill-informed or just plain stupid bureaucrats hired on the strength of a bachelor's degree in "anthropology" to tell him, a Man of the Desert, how he SHOULD behave in lands he knew more intimately than they ever would - speaking from their hot tubs in Vail, Colorado, learnedly telling him that he MUST re-plant the Dalton Wells quarry with some god-forsaken clover that never had -and never would- survive that arid climate. I wish he had sent them a box of you-know-what.

Ghosts

The strangest story he told about Hawaii is scarcely believable but I do believe it. First, you need to know that his friend Joe was a phlegmatic unflappable man who took

everything in stride and never lost his cool. Joe looked like a bald blood hound. This incident happened on the island of Kahoolawe which was later turned into a bombing range by the military but access was open at the time they lived there.

Dad and Joe dug up an account of an old village site on Kahoolawe that they wanted to visit. It was inland and was supposed to contain the remnants of temples and some unusual structures and artifacts that they wanted. They didn't own a boat so had to find someone who would ferry them over and back. The taboo on the site made it difficult to find a willing boatman but they finally located an islander who would do the job. He wasn't excited to do it but the money persuaded him.

The access to the site they were interested in was difficult to find because it was simply a small cave on a narrow beach on a coast that was generally cliffs. They departed Oahu and did find the location because the islander either knew the access or else he understood the directions well enough to home in on it. After they finally found the site, the islander insisted on returning to Oahu. Immediately. He said they could use his boat if they wanted to but that he was too scared to stay and that he had to be returned directly to Oahu. Being present on the island where the curse was unnerved him. Joe and dad discussed this change in circumstances that they hadn't expected. They agreed that Joe would stay on Kahoolawe and that dad would man the boat and go back with the islander, drop him off, and return to Kahoolawe. So that's what they did.

While dad was gone, some horrible things happened to Joe. When dad got back to the island, it was late in the evening. When dad finally found Joe he was in a state of shock. His psychological condition was serious enough that they did not do any exploration on the island. It was too late to return to Oahu that night, so they spent a fitful night. They left as soon as they could the next morning when it got bright enough.

Joe's account of what happened was frightening. He said that after dad left, it started to rain. That was OK. It was Hawaii. So Joe holed up in the cave that was the access to the island, sort of a tunnel through a tall but narrow coastal mountain that stood as a barrier between the beach and the jungle on the other side.. While he waited for dad to come back, Joe started to feel uneasy, which was unusual for him. As he sat alone inside the cave on this uninhabited island he saw two apparitions. He wasn't sleeping and wasn't drunk, just quietly watching and waiting for dad's return after which they were going to hunt for the abandoned village that was supposed to be near to this tunnel. Suddenly, something made him look at the entrance of the cave. He saw a man run across the cave entrance. The man didn't slow down, he didn't look into the tunnel,

and he made no noise. He just ran quickly across the mouth of the cave. That obviously upset Joe but he wasn't out of control, just upset that he should see such a thing when he was a practical man not given to visions. The real shock came a bit later when he saw the man run as silently and fast in the rain but in the other direction across the mouth of the cave. Followed this time by a rolling fire ball. That appeared to be pursuing the man. Joe's upset was great enough that when dad returned, he was easily persuaded to skip the exploration and to get off the island as quickly as they could. It was too late to return that night but as soon as it was daylight, they left. And never returned.

Joe and dad made spear guns to hunt fish with when they were skin-diving. Dad's is still in Provo. A length of amber rubber tubing was the source of energy to propel the nasty steel spears that dad machined for this purpose. He cut the spears in half and threaded them so he could break the spears in half for transport. The trigger was an elegantly simple device. It was a strip of spring steel attached on one end to the mahogany hand piece with a stout hinge. The other end was shaped into in a narrow curved trigger. This trigger set squarely over the end of the hand piece and was perforated in the center with a hole that was slightly wider than the diameter of the spear. To cock the spear, one held the trigger flat on the hand piece and then threaded the spear through the hole in the trigger. The spear was then nocked in the clasp in the middle of the amber tubing and pushed down against the tubing to stretch it to whatever length one wanted. At that point the trigger was released against the spear which naturally pushed against it and caused it to bind diagonally on the spear. At that point the spear could only be released by pulling the trigger which straightened it and aligned its center hold with the center hole in the handpiece which thereby allowed the amber tubing to propel the projectile straight out at whatever was aimed at..

Papaya tree outside barracks

When I developed this negative I was thrilled. This is the only photo I have seen of dad in Hawaii and the only one I've seen of Joe. I coaxed mom last summer to let me take her stash of black and white negatives so I could print the ones I didn't already have. When I started sorting them last night, I put them into piles of Seward, Vernal and a few of Hawaii. I was intrigued to see some of Hawaii so this was one of the first 6 I scanned and inverted. I was astounded. That is skinny, grinning dad by the shorter, heavier younger Joe.

The photo fits the stories he told. He lived in an army barracks on the second floor. Next to the building was a papaya tree that he and Joe used for their personal fruit garden. One night after watching a papaya ripen, they snuck out with a long pole to get it down so they could eat it. In the dark, they misjudged the distance. When the dead-ripe papaya fell, it struck one or both of them in the heat in a juicy mass. The papaya tree on the left of the photo may be the one in question though I don't see why they'd need a pole to get its fruit. There must have been another one. Those are banana tree leaves behind them.

When I got that collection of photos,I obviously didn't know what images were in the set. Turns out that I already had the majority of them, thanks to mom who made

them up for Christmas around 1984. I was disappointed to receive a metal recipe box of a bunch of old photos. But it didn't take long before I started to think about them, finally sorting them chronologically, buying an album to display them, and writing short paragraphs for each set. It turns out that her gift was a real gift, one that contributed to this product, stimulating it by the memories it brought back to mind.

Swimming and spear fishing at Waimea Falls

Skin diving was not evolved into a popular sport. These two just did what they wanted and that included a lot of time on and in the water.

Dad's notation on the back of this photo reads:

"Jim J and Joe O Leary at Waimea Falls, Hawaii, May 8, 1945."

I had just turned3 and Dickie was about to turn 2. Dad was out there having a grand ol' time by all accounts.

Hanauma Bay

The note on the back doesn't say that Joe was with dad on this day but it's impossible to believe that one of them would go out alone doing what they loved most about Hawaii. So it was Joe who took this photo of dad.

Dad's note went to great lengths to impress mom:

"Myself poised on the coral reef with a spear under my left arm, awaiting the kill (Note diving goggles pushed up on my forehead."

Jim (Apr. 10, 1945 Neaer Honolulu, Wawaii
(At Hanauma Bay)"

Joe wasn't too hot with the focus ring but he still got the shot.

Spear Gun

The spear dad's holding is probably the one in this image:
I talk about it elsewhere but I put it in right here to show you what he's carrying under his left arm. He made this entirely himself.

The rubber straps that provide the power to shoot the spear are cracked from oxidation. To pulll on them would be to break them. What's interesting is the fact that the strings used to lash things together still appear to be sound

I have hunted for the spear he used but can't find it. I was impressed at the fact that it unscrewed in the middle, making it easier to transport. I had never seen a long thin thing like that built such that it could be taken apart. That sort of activity usually meant that something was broken and there would be hell to pay.

"J" Trips

I don't know what those were but obviously they were days that dad and Joe could prowl and explore as shown in this image simply noted "Me on a recetn "J" day." This is a well-constructed bridge.

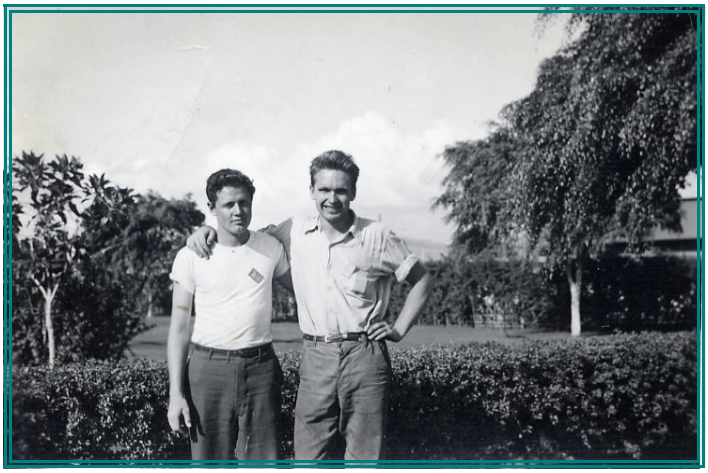
Kalihi Valley

Dad and Joe seemed to spend equal amounts of time in the water and exploring the hills and mountains. The inscriptions says:

"Yours truly in "Raspberrie Gulch" Kalihi Valley near Honolulu 5/5/45 Jim
Also "Ti" and ferns
(short hair too)

To a kid from a farm in the desert this lush vegetation must have been gorgeous. He loved plants all his life and the time he spent in Hawaii was probably a highlight for this kind of appreciation.

Delroy was there



I had no idea that Uncle Delroy - mom's baby brother- was in Hawaii when dad was. I knew that four of the sons were in the military during WW II, but somehow never dreamed that one of them would be in the same place as my dad, so this was a surprise to see. The inscription says:

"Us "Castaways" Taken on April 10, 1945 at EHA3 (?), Honolulu. As you can palinly see this place is nothin but a desert. Also we are about half starved. (Notice Delroy's ribs.)"

Dad's Collections

Dad had a penchant for collecting about any thing he found as long as it wasn't too large to pack around. There are still amber quart jars sealed with bakelite lids in the basement of 2821 North that contain sea life that he colleted. Along with some plaster casts of fish. He made molds of fish that he and Joe speared and then made these casts that he painted in the natural colors of the live specimens. These are all still in Provo. Another collection that damaged me for life is his seed collection, some of the most amazing seeds I've ever seen. Consequently, I can't pass up seeds. I collect them for their uniqueness and beauty, some from Brazil that the Dept. of Agriculture would probably take a dim view of if they could see them, and others from various places I've lived in the US.

Another collection he brought back was a set of knives that he machined probably to test his ability and to create things that he loved. One has a sinuous "S"-shaped blade and sets in a similarly shaped metal scabbard. Another collection included war clubs from Tahiti.

The prize of all the things he brought back was a fairly large wooden bowl. It is carved out of a Kou wood prized for its resistance to splitting when filled with water. The

tree is extinct now so the bowl belongs in a museum.

Dad left Honolulu

I have no evidence about his reason for leaving Honolulu. He did return to Naples in 1946. His union book shows dues paid through March, 1946 but there is a letter from the secretary of the union in Pearl Harbor addressed to dad in Vernal. The secretary thanks him for his payment through March and states that he is returning dad's dues book to Vernal. This letter refers to a letter from dad that was dated Feb. 14, 1946 so dad apparently left Pearl Harbor around mid February, 1946. So he came back to live with mom and Dick and me. In the little garage behind grandpa's house in Naples. Pending purchase of the Ashton Place. The next volume, Volume 4 Vernal Utah describes the 4-5 years I lived on that little farm.

Dad returned to Naples in 1946

After he had his fill of Pearl Harbor, dad returned,- again- to Naples, where the three of us were camped out in a garage. Waiting for him to get over his urge to run around. The change in our lives was profound I am sure though I have no specific memories of them. Indeed, I don't remember his returning, though it must have been a time of celebration for mom.

Mom and Dad buy the Ashton Place

I obviously don't have a clue how long it took. But he and mom finally scraped enough money together that they were able to make a down payment on a 2 acre farm on the west side of the valley outside of the Vernal city limits. It was the "Ashton Place" and we moved in before I was in kindergarten. I know that because I have clear recall of him coming to Central Elementary School when I was out of kindergarten to give me a ride home. On a pillow tied to the bar of his bicycle, on his way home for lunch, from LT Payton's Machine shop on the east side of Vernal. My bum ached by the time we got

home. And dad was tired.

ORIGINAL 2001 NOTE:

I'll work on "Vernal, Utah 1946-51" for next Christmas. It is probably going to be as long as this entire text. Rich memories of all kinds, and lots of images to share with you.

Love
Dad

I do hope that this means something to each of you. Your own stories are continuations of this one. There really is no separation. This started with your great-grandparents and beyond - and it flows right down through me into your own lives. You may not see that because this part of the story only get me to age 6. But when you each make your appearance in following years, you will be more able to see that this story is yours as well.