

Forks in the Road and My Travel Through Life

- Chapter 4 - Our Early Married Life

1959

After our reception in Salmon it was time to get to Ogden and start our married life together, and for me to begin classes at Weber College. We packed everything we owned into the 56 Ford Fairlane and departed Salmon.

We found a furnished basement apartment in Ogden for \$50 per month at 2044 Madison Avenue. It was three or four blocks from Gail and Carma on Adams Avenue. Our landlord was a widow who decided to rent the basement apartment after her husband passed away. The quirky thing about the apartment was that the toilet was in a closet on the left side of the kitchen and the shower was in a closet on the right side of the kitchen. We didn't care and were happy with our first apartment. We were newly married and enrolled in college just a little over three months after getting discharged from the Air Force. It had been a whirlwind.

We went shopping at Skaggs to buy the many things needed to set up housekeeping. It was fun doing it together and we made several trips as we always needed something.

The first crisis was when LaRue made her first batch of cookies. They were so hard that I couldn't chew them, and she had a meltdown.

We didn't have a TV, so our entertainment was LaRue's stereo record player. LaRue's childhood friend Sondra, and husband Bart, lived in Hyrum and came to see us one Saturday. We went to a drive-in movie and drank some refreshments. The next day our landlady complained about us flushing the toilet so many times.

I enrolled in the spring quarter taking a remedial algebra course and a couple of electives, so I could get used to studying and college. I sent for my transcripts from the University of Maryland extension courses that I took in Scotland and was glad I had my college English requirement fulfilled. Weber classified me as out of state for tuition purposes. I petitioned that I did not have a home or reside in Idaho since 1955. They granted me resident status.

LaRue went into the Bank of Utah and was immediately hired as a bookkeeper. Now we would have a little income coming in. Gail knew a house contractor and I got a part time job sanding wallboard in new houses a few hours a week. We were in good shape as I still had some money in the bank from my Air Force savings. The only obligation besides the rent was a small payment on the stereo. I decided to hold off on the G.I. Bill that quarter figuring I would need it for four full years of college ahead of us.

The second crisis (a major disagreement) happened in December. It was a bitter cold Sunday morning. We went to breakfast at Harmon's Old Mill, which was a short drive. The car interior stayed cold and LaRue said the heater was broke again. I said the car just needed more distance and time to warm up. She insisted it was broke. We still disagree. I never had anything done to the car and the heater worked thereafter.

Gail recommended us to Dr. Harding, an ophthalmologist, who needed a handyman around his office complex and five apartments above. We talked to Dr Harding and he offered us a deal. All I had to do is keep the parking lot clean, mow a small strip of grass, and shovel sidewalks in the winter. In return he would give us \$25 credit on the \$80 apartment rental. It was apartment #5 on the far end from 23rd Street. It looked new and modern and had two bedrooms. We were thrilled even with the light green paint throughout that we dubbed Dr. Harding green. That color is still Dr. Harding green to us.

Our apartment was above Dr Harding's office complex on 23rd street and less than a block to Washington Blvd, which is the main street of Ogden. This was the center of the downtown business area and very convenient. The only problem was Christmas shoppers would use the parking lot. Dr. Harding instructed me to me put up a chain about 6pm to lock them in. A sign instructed them to come to apartment #5 and pay a parking fee to get their car. It upset people tremendously. I believe Dr. Harding gave me some of the take, but it wasn't worth the hassle. I quit putting the chain up and Dr. Harding never said a word.

Bea Gayle was Dr Harding's nurse and lived in the apartment nearest us with a laundry room in between. Next to her was a nurse, Arzella Bird. They were older and never married. We called them "Auntie B" and "Auntie A". They adopted us as their own. When Kathleen was born on January 7, 1960, they were thrilled to have a baby around and called her "their little Muggins." If they heard her cry very long they were right over to check on things and lend a helping hand.

Summer came and Gail, with all his connections, got me a summer job with a Logan based firm, Legrande Johnson Construction. The job was building highway right of way fence on a new road south of Weber College towards Weber canyon. I worked with four big Utah State football players. We had to carry heavy cedar posts on our shoulders up and down the hills to where we were building the fence. We hand dug the holes and it was hot brutal work. I thought I would die but managed somehow to keep up with the football players. I lasted through it.

Around the 4th of July we took LaRue's folks with us to visit Max and Loa in California. We left around 5am. We planned to drive straight through and get to Walnut Creek around dinner time. I was the only one awake until we got to Elko. We had a picnic lunch packed and stopped in Battle Mountain and had lunch beside the railroad tracks. We had a nice couple of days in Walnut Creek and headed back to Utah. LaRue was driving just past Battle Mountain, Nevada, and I was sleeping in the backseat. Her folks were in the front seat. They were yakking away oblivious to the speed. The speedometer on the Ford would stick and never go past 60. I felt a floating sensation and could tell we were really flying. I raised up looking

around and the speedometer was registering over 90 mph. The speedometer had come unstuck and was now working. The Ford had a Thunderbird V8 in it, so it could go. No more driving that day for LaRue.

Early in the summer we learned that LaRue was pregnant. We were happy and excited to be future parents. LaRue was thrilled to know that we could have children. With a baby on the way we had to acquire baby furniture. We made a trip to Salmon to visit her parents then went to the house in Patterson and picked up the small crib I had as a baby, sister Beverly's old highchair, and a chest of drawers. Later I stripped about seven layers of paint off the crib and refinished the highchair. We later obtained an old abandoned large crib that I stripped down and refurbished.

(My old baby crib has seen a lot of babies and we have it stored for future great grand babies)

My folks were returned that summer from Guatemala for Dad to be the mine superintendent at the Bunker Hill Mine in Kellogg, Idaho. Dad ordered a new 1959 Pontiac station wagon from the factory before leaving Guatemala. They flew to Detroit to pick up the car and drove to Ogden to see us. They were happy to see LaRue after so many years and thrilled they were going to be grandparents.

So much had happened since I last saw them in January on my visit to Guatemala. We went shopping downtown and mom bought me some clothes, as she thought my wardrobe was in bad shape. It was also a nice treat to go to the well-known Maddox steak house in Brigham City. I was going to order chicken, but the folks insisted I have a big steak. I had not had a steak in a long time and surely appreciated it.

We found that mom and dad knew Auntie B's brother, Walt Gayle. He owned the store and service station in Mountain City, Nevada when dad was working at the Rio Tinto Mine. Small world.

The fall of 1959 I enrolled in electrical engineering and began college in earnest. I had to have a slide rule and drafting equipment along with the textbooks. All engineering majors had to take engineering drawing which had long lab hours learning drafting. I also bought a drawing board for home to finish assignments outside of the lab. Learning drafting took a lot of hours which I thought was a total waste of time. In the real world draftsmen do the drafting. I found theory of electricity and physics to be subjects I really didn't like, but suffered through them. I took Calculus my freshman year, found I liked it, and got an easy A. I started thinking about a Math major.

LaRue was working at the Bank of Utah and I received \$80 per month under the Korean GI Bill and we got along ok. I felt I should have a part time job and went to the state job service on a Friday afternoon. Grayson Robinson's (a women's department store) needed a stock clerk for a few hours on Saturday. I went and later the manager said he could use me for a few hours a

week and Saturdays at 95 cents an hour. It was low pay, but I decided to do it. It was handy as the store was only two blocks from our apartment and the hours were totally flexible.

Grayson Robinson was based in New York City with stores throughout the country. One of my duties was to count and verify the quantity they shipped. One of the early shipments contained a box about 2-foot square and 2 feet high filled with women's underwear. I was not about to count so many and signed off on it. About a week later the store manager got a call saying to fire the new stock clerk. They had deliberately shorted a few as a test. The store manager laughed it off. He lived in Salt Lake and he often departed early as he trusted me to sweep the floors and close in the evening. I got an increase from .95 cents to \$1.05 an hour.

Christmas 1959 was special as I had not had a Christmas at home since 1953. We had a nicely decorated tree and apartment. I shook and examined every present trying to guess the contents. We had acquired a used black and white TV and could watch the Christmas programs that I had never seen. We also thought we might have a baby by year end, but nothing happened.

1960

LaRue's mother came to stay with us after New Years to assist when the baby came. Finally, in the middle of the night on January 6 we headed to the hospital in a heavy snowstorm. St. Benedicts Hospital was on a hill, and I just barely made it up. It was a long night and day, but we finally had a baby girl that evening on January 7, 1960. We named her Kathleen as LaRue always said her first daughter would be named after her childhood friend in Hyrum that was killed in a car wreck.

We didn't have health or hospital insurance or a lot of money, but we paid the doctor and hospital in cash. I believe the total bill was around \$250. It was the same at school. Tuition was very low and books for a quarter were around \$30 total, so we were able to pay as we went. Those were the good old days.

Between the winter and spring quarter we decided to go to Walnut Creek to show off Kathleen. Loa had already sent Kathleen a swimsuit that said "Miss California" on it. It was miserable snowy weather in Utah but the weather and green grass and flowers in California made quite an impression on us. This started us thinking about living in California. It was a nice break and was just one year from when we departed Walnut Creek for Salmon and our life together.

In April Kathleen was four months old and LaRue decided to go visit her folks who were in Laramie, Wyoming working as caretakers on a ranch. I put LaRue and Kathleen on the train and I had to batch it for a couple of weeks. She said she got something to eat on the train and it was expensive. She was going to bring a sandwich on the return trip. She was worried about me eating and cooking for myself. I wrote that I made spaghetti and it was good. I also wrote that my folks wanted us to come to Kellogg for a visit, but I felt we couldn't afford it. The store was working me a lot, and I didn't want to ask for time off as we needed the money.

I decided to join the Air Force Reserve unit in Ogden to make a few easy dollars a month. I was given my S/SGT rank and new uniforms. I served one weekend a month sitting around doing nothing. It was easy money and I enjoyed being around Air Force people again. I found I missed the Air Force and two or three times I talked to the recruiter about reenlisting. Then I would remember I got out of the Air Force to get a college education and that ended that.

Kathleen was known to raise a ruckus at bedtime after she got a little older. One time she was mad and jumped up and down. and while holding onto the side rail of the big crib, vaulted over the side, and landed on the floor on her feet. It scared us to death. We then left the side rail down so she could get out easily and safely. Auntie A and Auntie B were always ready to babysit and would suggest we go to a movie or dinner so they could have "Muggins". We couldn't have asked for a better setup. However, they would let her do anything she wanted in their apartments. We came back one night, and Kathleen had emptied all the cupboards in Auntie B's apartment.

LaRue stayed home with Kathleen until she was almost walking then went back to work. Her coworker had a daughter about the same time and decided not to work anymore. She agreed to babysit Kathleen when I was in school. The morning routine was to take Kathleen to the sitter in north Ogden, drop LaRue at the bank in mid Ogden, and I would continue to Weber college in south Ogden. I would pick up Kathleen about noon. I would study and she would nap and play and was no problem. When she started walking she could walk under the card table I studied on. Soon she was too tall to walk under it. We would pick LaRue up after work or she would walk home and I would go to work at the store for a couple of hours. I would put in a few hours at the store on Saturday and study. School wasn't easy for me and there was a lot of homework. I studied all I could.

I made some good friends at Weber College. The student body was mostly young local kids just out of high school or back from their missions. There were four or five of us that were older and veterans. We would meet and have coffee together if we had idle time. We would also meet at one of our houses and study together.

One of the guys, Marc, had a job at Hill AFB at night and was a computer operator. I asked him about it. It sounded interesting, and I filed it away. That conversation changed the course of our lives as I ended up with a career in computers.

In late spring of 1960 Grayson Robinson closed the Ogden store and my part time job went away. It was summer, and I looked all over for a job. I finally found one at Pacific Iron and Steel as a helper fabricating beams for bridges and buildings. I would hold plates while a welder welded them to a beam or run a punch press punching bolt holes in the plates. It was a miserable job punching holes in plates one after another all day long. The environment was loud and dirty, and I would come home black after work. It gave me motivation to continue getting an education and away from a job like that. I was happy when school started, and I could get out of there.

That fall we found out that LaRue was pregnant again. We were in a bit of shock after just having Kathleen in January. Two children in the first two years of college was a pace that we would have to think about in the future.

That fall I was told about a decent job opportunity at the train station and the Ogden Union Railroad Depot Company. You worked the extra board and only if you were called that day. I applied, was hired, and worked when I was called.

It involved sitting around a lot, loading and unloading baggage, mail, and caskets. The only thing you had to know is military veteran's caskets always go feet first. Others go head first. While sitting around I could study, so it worked well for me. The holiday season was a lot of work with rail cars full of packages and mail. The regular workers were old guys with 30 to 40 years handling baggage and mail. They loved to sit and issue directions when us young guys were on the job. I was working there when the earthquake happened near Yellowstone and formed Hebgen Lake. It shook Ogden also.

1961

My second year at Weber was study and work when I could. I would graduate with an Associate Science degree on June 2, 1961. I also had to start thinking about where to go for my next two years. In the back of mind was University of Utah since my Scotland buddy, Ed Smith, was going there. It would also be an easy move. I had reconnected with Ed and his wife, Joyce, and we enjoyed a couple of picnic outings with them. We were also beginning to think of beautiful warm California and attending the University of California in Berkeley. Loa and Max being in Walnut Creek helped influence the thinking. The more we discussed it the better it sounded. As the year wore on it became the plan.

(Today, in hindsight an easy solution would have been to stay where we were and go to the University of Utah as we were Utah residents. However, I would probably not have ended up in computers had we not gone to California. The decision in the long run worked out for us)

LaRue was due around the middle of May, and I was to graduate around the 1st of June. Our plan was to move to California so that I could attend Cal. We gave notice to Dr. Harding to be out of the apartment on June 1. The middle of May came and went. and the end of May was approaching. We were in a panic, and all packed up to move. The doctor finally started labor on the last day of May and Brian was born on June 1, 1961. I was in the middle of finals and up all night before I took my last test that morning. LaRue said I looked awful. I passed and was ready to graduate.

LaRue was in the hospital where she had to spend three days and I graduated on June 2, 1961 with an Associate Science degree. The only celebration was Chinese dinner with Clyde and Joyce Howell, a couple we knew, and he had graduated also. It was the last junior college class to graduate from Weber College. It then became a four-year school and the name was changed from Weber College to Weber State College.

(I discovered years later that Clyde Howell and another buddy at Weber College, Wally Greenwell and I ended up working at Control Data Corp. Clyde and Wally were in different capacities than me. It is a strange coincidence. Wally and I also met up again in 1962 while attending Utah State in Logan.)

We were out of the apartment and ready to travel to California with a U-Haul trailer. We decided LaRue and the kids would stay with her brother Val and sister in law, Loi, until she could travel to California. Val and Loi were shocked when LaRue flipped upside down and walked on her hands into their house! Loi still talks about it. Kind of a show off.

I didn't depart Ogden until late on June 4, as I couldn't get the lights to work on the trailer. The car was packed to the ceiling in the back seat and the front passenger seat as well. Larue's brother Gene dropped by with daughter Vickie and wanted me to take Vickie to California to visit friends! I couldn't believe it and gave a quick no. Not only there was no room I did not want to be responsible for a young girl if I should break down along the way.

Before I got to Wendover I was tired and pulled over and slept for three hours. I stopped again in Lovelock and worked on the trailer turn signals. Then had a flat rear tire on the car in Reno. I was relieved that it was just a patch that came off an inner tube, and the tire itself was ok. I could not afford a tire. I had a spare inner tube and was back in business. I made it over Donner Summit in the heat of the afternoon. I was relieved that the Ford didn't boil over, as it was prone to do. I made it to Max and Loa's about 7pm and surprised them. Max and I unloaded the next day and Max said I could not have put a sheet of newspaper anywhere in that load.

I started looking for work right away. I was looking for a job as an engineering aid. It was a tight job market and most places said they had already done their summer hiring. I went to San Jose, Livermore, Oakland, and the gas and chemical companies in Antioch and Pittsburg to no avail. The large employer for those types of jobs were the counties, so I took the civil service tests for Alameda County in Oakland and Contra Costa County in Concord. County government moves very slow.

It was discouraging and in fact looking hopeless. The Ford was a gas hog and I was going through a lot of gas. I wrote to LaRue and said I was down to \$10 and had to get gas the next day to continue my job search. If I was looking for jobs around Hayward I would spend the night with Ross and Marion. If I was in Livermore I would stay with Uncle Fred and Aunt Merriam. If I was out near Concord I would stay with Jane and Jerry. This saved a few miles travel and gas.

I was in Berkeley visiting Max at his fire house and someone said to try the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory. It is located on the hill above the University of California and is operated for the Atomic Energy Commission by the University. I drove up to the gate and was passed through to the personnel office. **They did not have any jobs in what I was looking for, but they**

needed a beginning computer operator. That rang a bell as my Weber College buddy, Marc, had said it was a good job.

The personnel guy asked if that was something I might want to try, and I couldn't get "yes" out quick enough. He took me to the computer center and there was this huge IBM 709 computer that filled the room. The operator console alone was three feet wide, five tall, and five feet deep with rows of blinking lights and switches. The Lab would also be receiving the biggest and newest IBM 7090 supercomputer in a few weeks. Wow, what a place. The head of operations turned out to be from Utah and we hit it off. I was offered the job and immediately accepted. I was on my way and what a day! It required an Atomic Energy Commission security clearance that they said would be no problem since I had been cleared for DOD Top Secret, but it might take a month.

In the interim I could work in data processing for an experiment being conducted on the University's 88-inch Cyclotron. I started the next Monday making a grandiose \$400 a month. I was in hog heaven and went and bought some new shirts, pants, and slim neckties that were in vogue at the time. I wanted to look professional. The job was not much of a challenge if you knew your right hand from your left with a fist full of punched cards in each hand. It entailed running thousands of punched cards through IBM sorters and then running them through a printer and getting print outs for the scientists to look at, One day we were moving boxes of cards around the room and my fellow worker asked me, "what are you getting your doctorate in?" I stuttered and stammered something like, "not sure yet".

After a paycheck I was able to get airline tickets for LaRue and the kids. They flew down and I picked them up at the Oakland airport. It was great to see them and be reunited. The airline was great with helping LaRue and the kids and even had a basinette for Brian that attached to the forward bulkhead. LaRue was impressed with my new professional look and skinny necktie. Max and Loa were leaving on a long vacation and we could live there and take care of their place while they were gone.

We started looking for place to live right away and found a two-bedroom house on Posen Avenue between Berkeley and Albany. We were on the Albany side. Max's cousin lived across the street on the Berkeley side. Max and Loa had an old gas kitchen stove in the garage that we cleaned up and bought a new kitchen table and chairs, a used refrigerator, and a new Sears washing machine. Firemen friends of Max and Loa were getting new furniture and for \$80 we got a dining room table and chairs, couch, lounge chairs, and lamps. We were back as a family again, settled in a house, and had a job with a monthly paycheck. It still was not easy. I was paid once a month and by the time we paid the rent, the monthly utilities, groceries, etc there was not a whole lot left. We were happy though.

My clearance came through and I began training as a computer operator. It wasn't long before I was trusted alone and began shift work as we operated around the clock seven days a week. I got to know a lot of the scientists and grad students as they would come in especially on the weekends. They would bring their programs for me personally to run as I catered to them. I

turned the job around quickly since they were up there working. One that I really liked, Don Lind, was from Utah, an ex Navy jet pilot, and working on his doctorate in Physics. He was also applying for something called the astronaut corps. He eventually became an astronaut and worked on the Apollo 11 mission, Skylab, and flew on the STS-51 space shuttle flight. When he left NASA he became a Physics professor at Utah Sate University in Logan.

I found I liked computers and started studying the manuals to learn FORTRAN programming, which is the language used by scientists and engineers.

As fall approached it was time to see about attending Cal. Non-resident tuition was prohibitive, so I decided to work a year to become a California resident. As a lab employee I could take night courses at Cal and the lab would pay for a certain number of hours. I could make a little progress towards a degree. I enrolled in Theory of Equations and planned to be a math major. That was a tough course. I have never seen so many smart people in one place. It was intimidating.

The new IBM 7090 computer arrived and was installed in the newly constructed Chemistry Building that was several stories high looking out over the campus and San Francisco Bay. It was quite a view. By now I was gaining status and was the lead operator on the shift. I didn't care to be on shift work but at night it was quiet, and you were your own boss. Often on midnights I would run out of work. I would start a standby job that performed calculations on moon orbits for as long as you let it run. If you had to end It, you put down a switch and it punched out a few cards that you stored away until you used them to restart the calculations. While that ran it was a good time to read and study.

President Kennedy visited Berkeley and since I was off during the day we took the kids and watched the motorcade come into town. He was in the open top Lincoln and we had a very good view. He was to visit Cal and the lab with a scheduled stop at our building. We had to spruce everything up for days and nobody was allowed in. After he was gone one of the scientists found a note on his desk pad from Kennedy thanking him for the use of his space.

The Cuban Missile Crisis became a major issue and looked like war was imminent. I received a notice that my reserve military obligation was extended from eight years to indefinite. I was afraid I might be recalled to active duty.

One night I headed to work on the midnight shift. I was driving along and saw flashing lights and searchlights out in the bay. It was the big prison break from Alcatraz! I got to work and put on the long standby program and went up on the roof of the Chemistry Building. I watched the circus in the bay the rest of the night.

The 56 Ford Fairlane, while it looked good, was not reliable. I figured it must have been a high mileage traveling salesman car. I was overhauling brakes or fixing something all the time and it was a gas hog. I decided it had to go. I found a used dark green 1960 six-cylinder two door Ford Falcon station wagon that I thought would be good for a young family. It was affordable,

and I was able to work a good trade for it. I do not remember a bank loan, so we must have had cash left in our savings. We liked the two doors for the safety factor with the kids and it served us well.

The weather in Berkeley and the bay area took some getting used to. The mornings were overcast and gray. Then the fog always rolled in about two or three in the afternoon and added to the gloom and cold. Out in Walnut Creek and the East Bay it was usually sunshine and nice. It was one of the coldest winters on record the winter of 1961-1962. There was even an inch or so of snow in the Bay Area.

The Oakland Raiders football team was in the second year of their existence. There was a Catholic school across from our house and the Raiders used the football field for their practice field. Being on shift work I was home a lot in the afternoons when they were practicing. I would go over and watch them. It would just be me and a newspaper reporter, Scotty Sterling, watching practice. Sterling later became part owner of the Raiders along with Al Davis. I quickly got challenged as to what I was doing there. They thought I was spying on them. They were so bad that nobody needed to spy on them. They were getting beat badly every game. Anyway, I became a Raider fan. That year they played their games at the new Candlestick Park and the 49ers played at Kezar Stadium.

1962

In June 1962 I was working during the night and picked up a magazine for computer professionals called Datamation. There was an interesting ad for a computer operator position for the scientific computer at Thiokol Chemical in Brigham City, Utah. They were the prime contractor for the solid propellant first stage of the Minuteman ballistic missile. The more I thought about it the more interested I became. I thought, what the heck, I might as well send my resume and see what happens. I got a call and they wanted me to come for an interview. They would even pay my expenses to fly up. We saw it as a chance for a free vacation and flew to Salt Lake and picked up a rental car.

The interview went well, and I was what they were looking for. They agreed that I could work straight night shift so that I could go to school during the day. A formal job offer would be coming in the mail.

We visited LaRue's folks, and I also visited Utah State University to check them out. I could register as a resident, all my credits would transfer from Weber College, and the tuition was low. I found that the Applied Statistics Department had the school's only computer and that was interesting. I was going to major in math but started thinking about applied statistics. Rent and the cost of living was much lower in Logan than Berkeley and this was looking good. But we were not sure we wanted to move again or leave California.

The written offer came very quickly, and it was for more money than I was making. A big surprise was Thiokol would pay all moving costs even though the job was nonexempt hourly,

and only exempt salaried employees qualify for paid moving expenses. They wanted me and made an exception. The job required a DOD Secret clearance, but that was not a problem with my past DOD Top Secret and AEC clearances.

I hated to leave the job at the Berkeley Lab, but the offer was too good to pass up. I was told that if I ever wanted to return I had a job. So, we were on our way back to Utah. Max and Loa hated to see us go but understood the reasoning and opportunity. Just another fork in the road or maybe just a course correction. A year ago, I was struggling to find any kind of work and now a company was paying all our expenses to come work for them. What a concept.

We stayed with LaRue's parents in Providence while we looked for a house. We planned to live in Logan. I would commute to Thiokol which was 45 miles west. I started on day shift and rode the bus back and forth for a reasonable fee. We found a two-bedroom house quickly at 317 North 3rd East that was close to Utah State University. We had our furniture delivered and settled in. The summer was beautiful in Logan with lots of sunshine. Kathleen now two and a half would get up in the morning, look out the window, and declare "It's a pity (pretty) day". That summer I would get off the bus downtown and walk the four blocks home. It was neat when the kids ran out to meet me.

Fall arrived, and it was time to get back to school. Thiokol kept their promise and put me on straight swing shift working from 4pm until midnight. I was the only computer operator on the IBM 704, and later the new IBM 7044.

I decided to major in Applied Statistics since they had the school's computer. It was an IBM 650. It was punched cards in and punched cards out.

I was lacking two sophomore pre-requisite courses for what I was enrolling in but got permission to take them concurrently. So, I was learning what I needed for learning what I was learning. It was difficult. I enrolled for about 13 hours credit hours and figured if I went to summer school I could make it through in two full years.

I qualified as a full-time student for the G.I. Bill and with three dependants got \$150 per month. Tuition was only about \$90 per quarter. We were in good shape financially and LaRue would not have to work. I could study and do homework on the job and studied every waking moment at home. On Saturday I would go to the library to get away from the distractions at home. Merlin Olson, who was playing for the Los Angeles Rams, was often in the library working on his graduate studies in Economics that summer.

I rode in a car pool to Thiokol and back after I started school. I scheduled my classes starting at 8am and done by noon or no later than 2pm. The car pool would pick me up at 2:45pm for an hour commute to Thiokol due west through Tremonton. I would get home after 1am and be up and off to school for an 8am class. It was a tough schedule for two full years including summer school.

Statistics required many hours entering volumes of data from experiments into a Friden desk calculator, which would perform statistical analysis. Those old mechanical calculators would grind and chunk away for minutes at a time. If you made one mistake entering the data you didn't get the right results. I wrote a Fortran program that would do the analysis. I would use a keypunch at work to punch the data onto punch cards then run them through the listing machine. I could then scan the data on the printout for accuracy and make corrections as needed. Then I attached the punch card data to my program and ran it on the IBM computer at work. I had the results in seconds and accurate every time.

I took all the programming courses offered at the university. Homework required writing programs and executing them on the schools IBM 650. Then it was wait for the turn around, and run the corrections until you got it right. It could take several days. At work I could turn the program around as many times as needed until I got the correct results the same evening. I always turned in perfect results, and usually knew as much about programming as the instructors.

Statistics was not all working with data as there was tunderstanding the theory of statistics. A Theory of Statistics class was about as tough a course as I ever took. The outcome was always in doubt on a test.

Summer in Logan was idyllic, and winter was horrible. Walking across campus on a winter morning with the wind coming out of Logan canyon was like being in the Arctic. The last winter we were there I shoveled a snow pile 8 ft high beside the driveway. Winter in Logan now is nothing like it was back then.

Fall was a pretty time also. We enjoyed football games, made real homemade onion rings, and I brewed beer with my old Weber College buddy, Wally Greenwell. At one time we had five different 10-gallon batches stored in our garage. We had the caps labeled one through five, so you knew what batch you were getting. His wife banned his homebrew from their campus apartment after an incident before I got there. Wally had a batch stored in quart bottles up high on the open shelves in their kitchen. He was in class when the campus police hauled him out of class and hustled him to the apartment. The beer was exploding, and his wife was out on the porch with a few cuts from flying glass. Wally had to throw rocks to finish off the unexploded bottles. So, I had to store the homebrew in our garage.

Wally was a real character. I needed a five-hour elective course and Wally talked me into an "easy" graduate level Economics 100 course along with him. He had all the tests and papers from Merlin Olson who was a straight A student. Wally thought it would be an easy A. I worked like the devil to get a C, one of my worst grades at Utah State.

Wally threw a party at their apartment and invited a bunch of guys from a fraternity. I took a case of our #5 homebrew because it was the worst of the lot. It wiped out the whole bunch of fraternity guys. Wally and I knew enough not to drink it.

There was not a lot of distraction in Logan. We were doing pretty good financially as there was no place to spend it. There were only a few cafe's and they closed early and Sundays. There were a couple of pool halls, and couple of college hangouts and they all closed on Sunday. There was a private club and steakhouse that catered to the affluent as it cost a lot to be a member. Wally worked there as a bartender and he would let me in through the back door. Members purchased their booze at the liquor store and stored the bottles in private lockers at the club. Wally knew the lockers with the good booze. He would get into one and pour me a drink. Wally was a good friend to have in Logan.

The University of Wyoming and Utah State had a huge football rivalry. LaRue's brother Milton (Milt) and sister in law Pauline lived in Laramie and came over to the game the first fall we were in Logan. We had a great time. The next fall the game was in Laramie and we went over. We were excited because Craig Murray was our star fullback and the brother of our sister in law Carma. We knew Craig would run all over Wyoming, but he had a bad day and we lost. Milt took us to the Elks Lodge after the game and I had to put up with the razzing from the whole lodge. Craig went on and played several seasons and a good career in the Canadian Football League and then coached high school football in Idaho Falls.

1963

I finished my first year at Utah State and enrolled in summer school. Summer school consisted of two quarters with each quarter compressed into five weeks each, and it was intense. I enrolled in both quarters so that I could get through in two years.

We enjoyed camping on weekends and I built a wood camp box that fit in the back of the Falcon. It held our kitchen stuff and a small gas stove. We would borrow LaRue's dad's teepee tent that hung from a tree branch and sleeping bags and go up Logan canyon or over by Bear Lake. The kids had fun with the campfires and roasting stuff on sticks and we had great fun.

Towards the end of the second session of summer school we met my folks up Big Creek in the Pahsimeroi Valley south of Patterson and had a nice weekend fishing and camping. We were sitting around Saturday evening and saw a white Cadillac bouncing and bumping down the hill into the campground. It was Doctor Goggins and his wife who were good friends of the folks when he had his practice in Salmon and we were in Patterson. Norma who ran the bar and café in May told them that we were at Big Creek. Then Harry Blessinger who lived in Pocatello arrived. He was the one that caught us swimming in the water tower and much later would give me his Buick for the weekend when we were in Salmon.

LaRue and the kids went with the folks back to Kellogg as I had a couple weeks of summer school to finish. Then I would take vacation and come to Kellogg and we would all go to Canada on a camping trip along with Aunt Mary and Uncle Donald, Ronnie, and Lenny. We caravanned in three cars up through Calgary, Banff, and Lake Louise and had a great time. I remember coming out of the teepee tent in the rain one cold morning at Banff and Dad was

sitting by the campfire with a beer and marshmallows. It was a great vacation and we returned to Logan though Hebgen Lake and Yellowstone.

My second year began at Utah State and it was work and study. The Falcon was starting to burn oil, trail smoke, and I started thinking about a new car. Not a used one but a new one. After looking them over a Rambler station wagon seemed the best fit. The front seats would fold flat to make a bed. It would be great for traveling and camping. On December 31st I closed the deal on a new 1964 Rambler Classic 440 station wagon that was gold with a white top. It was six-cylinder, standard shift with overdrive, and had positraction. I couldn't bring it home as it had to be dealer prepped and I had to go to work New Years Eve for four hours. So LaRue had the pleasure of bringing it home. I got home, it was snowing like crazy, and we were meeting friends at the Gaslamp that evening. It snowed over a foot but the Rambler with positraction had no problem. That car turned out to be one of the best cars we have ever owned. With just six cylinders and under powered in the mountains I would put it in 2nd gear and overdrive. It would keep up and run with anything. We sure liked the Rambler.

1964

Now that I was close to graduating I had to start thinking about the future. Thiokol had said they would promote me to an exempt salaried job as a beginning programmer when I graduated. Production of the Minuteman missile program was quickly winding down. The aerospace industry has a history of letting everyone go when that happens so the future at Thiokol was up in the air.

When I got out of the Air Force I received a letter from the super secret National Security Agency (NSA) that said if I was ever interested to contact them. They were the people we worked for in the Air Force Security Service. I contacted NSA and was invited for a week of testing and interviews. It was exciting as I would get my first flight on a jet airliner from Salt Lake to Washington DC.

In those days the Salt Lake airport was a single long concourse with a boarding area at the end. You walked across the tarmac to the plane. I walked out, and it was a new United Airline Boeing 727. I noticed the tail number N70001, and it stuck in my mind. I was wowed with the power when we took off. A stewardess served two free drinks and some macadamia nuts and then a nice dinner. In the back of the plane was a lounge where you could sit on couches and visit.

(We attended my Air Force reunion in Seattle in 2015 and visited the Boeing Museum of Flight in Renton. Sitting on the tarmac was the first Boeing 727 delivered to the airlines. It was a United Airline 727 with the tail number N70001, the same one that I had my first jet plane ride on. We went up the stairs and sat down inside and it sure looked small)

I was put up in a hotel in Washington DC. An Army car and driver picked me up Monday morning and drove me to NSA Headquarters at Fort Meade, Maryland. I began taking

academic tests, psychology tests, and aptitude tests nonstop for three days. One day during lunch break in the cafeteria I ran into two NSA guys (ex Air Force) that I had worked with in Turkey, and we had a great visit. Near the end of the third day I was told I would be offered a job. If I accepted I would continue through the next two days. The offer was a mid level civil service rating and the salary was much less than I would be making as a programmer at Thiokol. I thought about living in the heat and humidity in Maryland, the salary, and the long distance from Utah, and declined the offer. They called for an Army car and driver and told him to take me back to DC and to take me sightseeing the next day. He took me all over Washington DC and I saw everything.

I also looked up, Bruce Maynard, one of my coworkers, and apartment mate in Samsun, Turkey. He had gone back to Germany and married his old sweetheart he left behind, and they now had three daughters. That was a great reunion. He took me to the airport for my return flight on Saturday.

When we lived in Albany/Berkeley California we often visited Uncle Fred and Aunt Merriam in Livermore. Livermore was a nice little town and we liked it there. Uncle Fred worked as a machinist at Lawrence Radiation Livermore Lab. Since I had worked at Lawrence Radiation Berkeley Lab I decided to contact the Livermore Lab about working there. They came back that they could not employ relatives, so that ended that.

The military recruiters were on campus during my last quarter of school. I had been missing the Air Force and had often thought about it. I had over six years of service counting my Air Force time, National Guard, and active Air Force Reserve time. That was a good start on retirement from the military. I went through the process of analyzing another 20 to 25 years as an officer and retiring at least as a Lt. Colonel. It penciled out better than staying in civilian life. I still wanted to be a pilot but was six months too old.

I decided to talk to the Air Force about career opportunities and Officer Candidate School (OCS). I signed up to take the test for OCS and the results came back that I qualified. Then it was to Fort Douglas in Salt Lake for a physical and passed. The next step was a career path. I knew the Security Service had the highest priority. While I liked them I didn't want to be overseas all the time at a remote location.

The Air Force countered with six months of OCS then one year of specialized computer training, which was just what I wanted. The orders came. and I was to report July 5, 1964 to San Antonio, Texas. The more I thought of leaving the family on July 4 the more apprehensive I became, so I cancelled out.

Then the Air Force came back with an offer of two years at the University of Utah to get a degree in meteorology. That was a lot better. Later they came back and said the slot had been filled. By now I realized that if I was back in the Air Force the Security Service would probably override everybody and latch on to me. Vietnam was in full swing, and I could end up

sitting on mountain tops. caves, or in the back of spy airplanes over the jungle. I decided it was best to stay a civilian.

I found later that some Security Service people in Vietnam were overrun in a cave and killed. They also lost seven of those spy airplanes. A friend that comes to our reunions flew 222 of those spy missions in the back of an old C-47 over Cambodia and Vietnam. They got shot at a lot and he is also suffering from exposure to agent orange.

I finally graduated on June 6, 1964 with a Bachelor of Science in Applied Statistics from the School of Science. It was ten years after my high school graduation and a little over five years after getting out of the Air Force. It was a great feeling to accomplish what I said I was going to do when I left the University of Idaho in September 1954. Mom, Dad, and Bev came down for graduation and we had a great time.

end of chapter 4

