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E.Forks in the Road and My Travel Through Life

Harry Hathhorn

1.Chapter 1b - My Heritage

The Hathhorn Journey to the West

My great grandfather John Ripley Hathhorn (known as JR) was born in Burlington, Iowa, October 22, 1841. He was the son of George W. and Mary Ann Ripley Hathhorn, natives of Clarke County, Virginia. They moved to Iowa then to southwestern Missouri. They had a family of five sons and four daughters.

I would not be on this earth if not for JR, my great grandfather, surviving the Civil War. He succeeded by escaping from his prisoner of war death sentence and heading west to Montana. Thank you for doing what you had to do to survive the Civil War.

JR enlisted in the Confederate Army with Co K Missouri Mounted Infantry in July 1861 as a private, He was later promoted to officer. He participated in 20 major battles. One of the most famous was Wilson Creek. He fell ill after an engagement in Helena, Arkansas and was sidelined for several months. While recuperating he was arrested by the Union Army. Since he was in civilian clothes he was treated as a spy and sentenced to be executed. He conned his two guards into taking him on an evening walk and overpowered them (reportedly killed them). He then jumped into the river and used a reed to breathe through while he floated away under water.

On the run he met up with William Quantrill who he had served with in the cavalry. Quantrill was now leading a group called Quantrill's Raiders. They were a brutal bunch that JR soon had no use for. He departed for Denver using the name Huddleston, which was the married name of a cousin.

He hung out around Denver and did some freighting to Virginia City, Montana. Then he installed hydraulic plants for placer mining in Montana, and took up ranching. According to my cousin, Marvin Hathhorn, JR's Trail Creek Ranch was approximately 10 miles north of Livingston on the west side of the Yellowstone River near the present day DePuys Spring Creek. According to Uncle Dallas he also established a ranch near the north entrance to Yellowstone Park. This ranch was acquired by a religious sect called the "Moonies" in the 1970's.

Paradise Valley and Livingston, Montana

JR returned to Missouri in March 1872 and married Nancy (Nannie) Lilly, the daughter of a judge. They returned to Montana in a buggy behind a team of mules.

JR and Nannie had three sons and two daughters. They had a winter residence in Livingston where the children attended school. All five children graduated from college in the east, which was an unusual occurrence at that time.

The oldest son Frederick Hosea became a prominent attorney in Helena, Montana. He had connections in Washington DC and was able to acquire a pardon for JR. This was necessary since JR was a fugitive, and not covered by the blanket amnesty granted after the Civil War.

The second son, Charles Clifford, became a medical doctor, He died in a train wreck in late October 1900. He normally traveled by train on Monday to Big Timber, Montana to tend to patients, but instead was on the Great Northern that fatal Sunday. Seven were killed and so mangled that identification was almost impossible. A meal ticket with his name on it and a few facial features identified him. Also killed in the wreck was the fiancée of Montana Hathhorn. The funeral procession for Charles was the longest seen in Livingston.

The third son, Harry Homer (my grandfather.) stayed on the ranch and married J. Nina Vandembroeck. She was a young school teacher from Michigan who was teaching in Clyde Park, Montana. Harry Homer caught her attention while riding his white stallion by the schoolhouse. I have a newspaper picture of him on his white stallion dressed as Uncle Sam in the 4th of July parade. Must have made an impression.

The two girls were Montana Lilly and Evaline (Eva) May. They became school teachers and married Lovelace brothers.

JR passed away February 12, 1921 at the age of 80. Nannie passed away Dec 8, 1921 at the age of 66. They are interred in the Mountain View Cemetery, Livingston, Montana. Their graves are in the northwest quadrant of the cemetery.

Today, the Hathhorn building on the northeast corner of Main and Wilson in Bozeman, Montana is a visible remnant of the legacy of JR. There is also the Lovelace building across the street. JR is a recognized Montana Pioneer and appears in the history given in "Progressive Men of Montana" on pages 663-664. Also, in Volume III, "History of Montana", pages 1699-1700. His history also appears in the book, "Paradise and Beyond" by David W. Depuy. The history books have a sanitized version of his Civil War duty with, "he was released from service".

His obituary states that JR took an active part in the Montana vigilante movement and was present at the trials and executions. It also states that "he and Nannie brought into the world a large family they reared to manhood and womanhood, gave them the best educational advantages possible, and handed down to them the heritage to continue the building of the state they loved so well".

Harry Homer raised sheep which was not accepted well in Paradise Valley. So, he and Nina and three young boys picked up stakes and went to a place near Anatone, Washington in the south eastern part of the state on the Grand Rhonde River. This is where my Father Charles Converse was born, and called Kim. Later in life he went by Charlie. The middle name of Converse came from my grandmother Nina's mother, Caroline Converse of the Converse shoe company clan. I remember that she had bad feet in her older years and always wore black and white Converse high top shoes like those worn for basketball.

Harry and Nina then acquired a ranch up Rush Creek near Cambridge, Idaho where they raised seven boys, Boyd, Marcel (Parse), John, Charles (Kim), Frederick (Fred), Dallas, and Jim. An eighth son, Woodrow Wilson, died in infancy.

Cambridge, Idaho

The ranch was, and still is, a beautiful ranch at the end of the road about eight miles from Cambridge, Idaho. Cuddy Mountain is in the background. The house is red brick that was made onsite. It was two stories with an upper and lower porch. There was a large yard with a white picket fence, a huge flower bed, large garden, a huge barn, and a separate pantry. Coal oil lamps provided the lighting . A hand pump for pumping water was beside the sink. Since there was no indoor plumbing an outhouse sat out back. The inside was papered with pages out of the catalogs that made good reading and provided insulation. This is where I lived my first three years. Two white eagle statues about 3 feet tall were in the front yard until they disappeared one night after the move into town. I wonder if they are hidden away in a barn somewhere or ended up in the Weiser River to get rid of the evidence.

The ranch is still owned by the Fords who bought it from my grandparents in the 1940's. I have heard that my uncle, Earl Armacost, became aware of the deal and offered more money. Granddad replied, "no, we shook hands on it".

We visited the ranch a few years ago. It looked the same as I remember. One of the sons told us something that I did not know. He said the family of my maternal grandfather, Ed Edmunson, owned the ranch before the Hathorns. He would have taken us through the house, but it is occupied by his mother, and she was in town. He and his wife live in double wide nearby. He also told us the house is featured on a post card that is sold in the drug store. We dropped in and bought a few. The ranch is worthy of a movie setting.

There are stories about the Hathorn boys on the loose in Cambridge. There was a large Civilian Conservation Corp (CCC) camp nearby and there were a lot of fights in town. Seems as though Dad was the great equalizer. He was not big, but they say he packed a punch. The brothers relied on him to bail them out of trouble.

Granddad Harry never learned to drive. He came back from town one day with a new Model A and was much the worse for wear. He never drove it again.

I remember getting to ride with him in a horse and buggy to take milk to the creamery in Cambridge. After he delivered the milk we went to the saloon where he liked to watch the patrons play pool. However, he never drank or played pool. I guess the boys made up for it.

The Edmunson Journey to Idaho

My great grandfather on my mothers side is Bradley Edmunson. He was born in 1843 in Norway, and was married to Emma. Bradley and Emma had eleven children, but four passed away at an early age. The fourth child, Edward Nicholas, my grandfather, was born March 8, 1880. Emma is the first person to be buried in the Cambridge cemetery.

My Mother, Doris Louise Edmunson, was born in Cambridge, Idaho. Her parents were Edward (Ed) Nicholas Edmunson and Theresa (Baily). She had been married to Bradley Armacost and they had several children. He passed away and she married Ed Edmunson and they had my mother and Mary. They ended up getting a divorce as Ed had a drinking problem. They remained friendly through the years. Ed worked on ranches and herded sheep. Grandma lived in a house up the road from her son Earl Armacost and cooked in the Cambridge High School for years.

I have great memories of staying in a sheep camp wall tent on Cuddy mountain with grandpa Ed. He was a bear hunter and had great tales about bears coming into camp. He said they would come into the tent and lick our face at night. He made great sour dough pancakes for breakfast.

My Mother was in high school when she met my father, who was six years older, and working on the family ranch. The courtship was short and they were married in January 1936.

end chapter 1b

2.Chapter 1c Birth through Stibnite, Idaho

I was born in my uncle Earl Armacost's farm house (still there) in Salubria on August 19, 1936. I was named Harry Edward after both grandfathers.

Doctor Whiteman came out from Cambridge early to be there for the birth.

He was a rotund man that liked food and his wife kept him on a diet. Grandma Edmunson was a great cook and fed him well. So, it worked out well for him.

We lived on the Hathhorn ranch until I was about three. The Hathhorn's were fond of nick names and I became Hi. I suppose I got the nickname since there were three Harry's in the family. The family on both sides have called me Hi ever since.

Horse Heaven Hills, Prosser, Washington

Dad was the only son that wanted to stay on the ranch. His brothers went on their way.

Granddad intended to hand over the place at some point but kept delaying. Dad, and I suppose my Mom as well, got impatient and decided to move on. Dad got a job herding sheep in the Horse Heaven Hills outside of Prosser, Washington. We lived in a tent in the wind, sand, sagebrush, rattle snakes, and heat. It was t in the desolate area between Prosser and the Columbia River. It was a god forsaken place. One day Mom had enough. While Dad was out with the sheep she lit the tent on fire and burned it down. Mom got her way and got us out of there.

Rio Tinto Mine (1939-1941)

Dad's oldest brother, Boyd, was working in the sawmill at the Rio Tinto Mine near Mountain City, Nevada about a 100 miles north of Elko. He sent word that the mine needed beginning miners (called muckers). So, off we went. I believe the car was a 1936 Ford coupe at the time. My place in the car was standing behind dad. That is where I rode until I got much older and sat down.

He was hired and that was the start of his mining career. The mine owner had built two story apartment buildings for the miners to live in. They had stairs on the outside and we lived in one of the upstairs apartments. Uncle Dallas came to live with us and find employment at the mine, also. He ended up being inducted in Elko and ended up in the Army Air Corps, and made a career of it.

It was 1939 and I was three years old when we arrived. I remember a few things about living in Rio Tinto. My first daredevil adventure was when I rode my tricycle down the outside stairs. I guess I wasn't banged up too badly. Uncle Boyd and I were great buddies. He would take me walking around the camp area. His leg was

injured badly by the big saw blade in the sawmill and gangrene set in. It was amputated but he passed away. Afterwards there was a big scene when someone found his leg in the garbage dump.

Uncle Boyd was the dapper dresser of the Hathhorn boys. He liked to wear a white shirt, blue blazer, and white pants. Not bad for a ranch kid. His body was sent back to Cambridge on the train and we went in the car for the funeral. On the return trip just north of Mountain City and out on the desert a rear wheel came off the Ford. It tore out through the sagebrush out of sight. We looked all over but it was never found. I wonder if it is still out there somewhere.

We went through Mountain City, Nevada a few years ago and one of the apartment buildings like we lived in had been moved from the mine into Mountain City. It is on the left side as you enter Mountain City coming from the south and Elko. It looked the same as I remember it. Another familiar sight was the old sign over the Miner Bar where they used to party while I slept in the back of the 36 Ford.

We visited the museum and found a picture of a foot race during the 4th of July celebration about 1940. Leading the race was a guy in a white shirt, slacks, and dress shoes. I am 99% sure it is Dad as he dressed that way. He also liked a foot race as he was fast. It is strange that the Hathhorn boys grew up on a ranch but dressed very well.

Dad liked to fish in the Owyhee River in the canyon south of Mountain City. Mom and I would wait in the car, which seemed like forever. Mom would start throwing rocks in his fishing hole to get him to stop.

Dad was a quick learner in the mining game, catching the eye of the bosses. He quickly moved up in the pecking order. In 1940 there was a labor dispute and two or three bosses decided to leave and join the Bradley Mining Company operating a mine in Stibnite, Idaho. It was known as the Yellow Pine Mine as it was a few miles up the creek from Yellow Pine. Dad was invited to go since he had proven his worth. So, we were off to Stibnite, Idaho and a fork in the road.

Stibnite, Idaho (1941-1944)

The Stibnite mine is in interior central Idaho and isolated. The nearest town is Cascade which is 80 miles of mountain dirt roads with summits to climb and descend. You pass through the very small village of Yellow Pine about 20 miles down stream from Stibnite. There was a bar, a cafe, and a rooming house to serve miners and prospectors in the area. The road was a challenge, and in the winter very tough due to the heavy snow. The mine and the state worked hard to keep it open as the mine trucks had to haul the ore to the railroad in Cascade.

The Bradley Mining Company was based in San Francisco and operated by three brothers, Jack, Jim, and Worthen Bradley. Jack had operational control over Stibnite and later the Ima Mine at Patterson. They were mining engineers and geologists educated at University of California and Stanford. They were great people and employers.

To support the mine in Stibnite, and later in Patterson, they constructed an airfield in Boise called Bradley Field. It was situated near the present-day fairgrounds west of Garden City. It had several company airplanes, repair facilities, a cafe, and a small motel called the Skytel. Airplanes flew regularly to the mines with parts, supplies, and personnel.

We arrived in Stibnite in 1941. I remember hearing about the attack on Pearl Harbor shortly after. The mine was being ramped up to produce war critical antimony and there was not much in the way of housing. However, a crash effort was underway. We lived initially in a wall tent with boards around the sides to keep the snow from smashing in the tent. Must have worked as mom didn't burn it down.

Dad by then was an underground shift boss and we got one of the first houses when it was completed. It was a small two-bedroom frame house. We soon had grass planted and a white picket fence around the yard. I remember the snow so deep in the winter that we had a tunnel to get in and out of the house. At an elevation of 6,500 feet the average snowfall was 5-8 feet and temperatures could get 40 below. The windows had to be boarded up in the winter to keep the snow from crashing through. You could walk onto the roof of the house.

One winter the road in and out of Stibnite was closed for a long time. Food and supplies soon ran out. The Army Air Corps parachuted basic supplies until the road opened.

Bradley Mining Company worked hard to build the infrastructure. There was a boarding house, a recreation hall with cafe, bar, bowling alley, a place for movies, and a new school. I started first grade in the new school. My teacher was my aunt, Irma Armacost. Uncle Dick Armacost (mothers half brother) worked at the mine.

Medical needs were provided in a small clinic staffed by a nurse, Bea Green. A larger 16 bed clinic was built and Doctor Haliday was brought in. My brother Garry was born April 29, 1943 in the new clinic.

Due to the war the men worked long hours with little time off. Everything was rationed, so there was not much in the way of extra food or fuel. If there was a day off I remember camping and fishing excursions over into Big Creek.

The road through Yellow Pine went over a pass to Big Creek and it was steep and rough. The car by then was a white 1941 four door Chevrolet and somehow it managed to get us there and back. It was essential to catch fish if you wanted to eat. I remember one trip the fishing was bad, so the men shot squirrels for dinner. One time I was sitting on a blanket holding brother Garry and a baby fawn deer came and started nuzzling my ear. Someone in the group had a camera and got a picture that we still have. The fawn had a makeshift harness so it must have been from a cabin in the vicinity.

Around the winter of 1943 my uncle Dallas was at the family ranch recuperating from injuries he received in a bomber crash. Dad managed some time off and we went to bring him into Stibnite to hang out for a while. We could also bring a hog and some of grandmas canned garden stuff with us to bolster the food supplies.

It took all day to get the hog slaughtered and everything ready for the trip back to Stibnite. It was in the dead of winter, and bitter cold when we left that evening with the hog carcass tied onto the top of the car. It was about 150 miles of bad road ahead of us. No big deal for people used to living in the back country. We made it fine in the Chevy. A little whisky was passed between the adults in the front seat. They seemed to enjoy the trip. The hog was frozen stiff when we got to Stibnite. Uncle Dallas was my hero. I thought his Army Air Corp dress uniform was the greatest looking uniform ever, and I still do. We would go outside and watch formations of bombers passing overhead. He would identify them. What we didn't know is if they were on training flights or headed across the Pacific to war. This was probably the beginning of my love for airplanes, flight, big bombers, and the military. Little did we know then that we would meet near London years later while we were both in the US Air Force.

In the early 1940's the Bradley Mining Company took over an old established tungsten mine, the Ima Mine, near Patterson, Idaho. The locals that had been working at the mine were not cooperating and the operation was not going well. The company decided to send a team of managers from Stibnite to take over and straighten things out. Dad was selected to be the Mine Superintendent and Assistant General Manager. So, off we went around January 1944. I was in the middle of the 3rd grade.

End

3.Chapter 2b My life in Patterson (1944-1954)

In the early 1940's the Bradley Mining Company took over an old established tungsten mine, the Ima Mine, near Patterson, Idaho.

The locals that had been working at the mine were not cooperating and the operation was not going well. The company decided to send a team of managers from Stibnite to take over and straighten things out. Dad was selected to be the Underground Superintendent and Assistant General Manager. So, off we went around January 1944.

We departed late on a snowy day in the 1941 Chevrolet. It was problematic if we could get to Cascade. Snowbanks were high on each side of the road. We made it and stayed overnight in the only hotel.

The next morning we continued on to Boise and stayed in the Idanha Hotel in downtown Boise. I was the proud owner of two small turtles that I left in the car overnight. The next morning my turtles were frozen solid. However, they survived after slowly warming them up.

Mom's uncle "Frosty" Nixon and family lived in Mountain Home, so we stopped to see them for a while. Frosty was an airplane mechanic at Mountain Home Air Base. He got us onto the base to look at the bombers even though we were at war.

We left Mountain Home and it was dark as we went through what is now the Craters of the Moon with wind and snow blowing across the road. There was a cafe open in Arco and we pulled in to get something to eat. All they had was luke warm watered down potato soup. Garry eventually threw his soup up across the table and that ended that ordeal. I never liked Arco after that. Even though it was late and dark we continued on to Mackay and stayed in a hotel above Perk's Bar.

Strange that LaRue and I ended up moving to Arco in 1995 when we bought the DK Motel.

Patterson, Idaho and the Ima Mine

The next morning we continued on to Patterson by way of Challis and down the Salmon river to Ellis where we turned up into the Pahsimeroi valley. It was sunny and nice as a January thaw was in progress. We pulled into Patterson and it was mostly mud from the melting snow. It looked rather bleak with no trees and the whole valley was a barren landscape. Sure was a stark contrast to Stibnite.

Patterson consisted of a few old log buildings, a tall wood water tower, a rec hall, and seven or eight recent government built apartment buildings that had six apartments each. The buildings resembled those built during the war for the Japanese internment camps.

The rec hall had a big room where movies could be shown. It also served as a meeting room and a dance hall. There was a small privately owned store with two gravity flow glass fuel pumps, and two bars on opposite sides of the street in the old log cabins.

A third bar with a cafe opened later in a log building. It was owned and operated by Herb and Mabel McPheters, the parents of my soon to be best friend, Richard.

There was a one room white frame school house for grades 1-4 and a one room log school house for grades 5-8. They were situated about a quarter mile down stream on Patterson Creek.

The town site was at the mouth of Patterson Creek canyon and the mine was a little over a mile up the canyon. The first building was the mine office and adjacent was the mill where the ore was crushed, and Tungsten extracted. Further up were the support facilities. Diesel generators generated the power for the mine and town site until the REA brought power in the early 1950's.

There was a main tunnel at ground level and another tunnel about 1,000 feet up the mountain. It was accessed by a hoist at the top that pulled up a small car on rails called "the skip". Once inside the mine there were other tunnels connected by shafts with ladders to go between the different levels. There were a few old houses, a bunkhouse, and cookhouse for housing single miners.

We moved into an end apartment and our belongings arrived in one of the mine dump trucks. The apartments had two bedrooms with a bathroom, kitchen, living room and was probably about a total of 1,000 sq ft.

Living in Patterson did not have the feel of being in the back country like Stibnite. In Stibnite if you went 80 miles to Cascade or beyond you were going "out". We never had the same feeling in Patterson even though the nearest towns were 55 miles to Challis and 67 miles to Salmon. The roads were still gravel, but there were no passes to go over.

The Pahsimeroi Valley lies north and south. It always seemed odd that if you went south you gained elevation and went over the summit at Summit Creek. When you went north you lost elevation all the way to Salmon which is about 2,000 feet lower in elevation than Patterson.

After a while a house on the hill became available and we moved there. There were two houses below us on the other side of the road. One was a log house built on a slope with a walk out basement. The other was a nice three bedroom home that the new General Manager, Tony Mecia, and family lived in. That house and the one on the hill are still there today along with one unit of the apartments at the town site.

The three houses got water from a spring high on the mountain above us that was gravity fed down the mountain through a buried pipe. The main town site got their water from a well at the mouth of the canyon. In the winter the water would freeze up in the town site and our water was the only available. There was an outlet outside the log home where anyone could get water and the mine ran a water truck around the apartments as well.

When the larger log home became available we moved down there. I liked the basement as I could work on my bicycle after I finally got one after the war was over and a long wait. The downside was there was no indoor bathroom. That outhouse sure was cold in the winter. After a while a bathroom was built onto the house. We lived there until about my sophomore year in high school. Then we moved into the nicer house when Dad was promoted to mine manager. I helped Dad plant a lawn and build a white picket fence after we moved in. He always had to have a white picket fence.

A Kids Life In Patterson

There was not much to do in Patterson for kids growing up. We climbed all over the mountain and the cliffs, skated on the ice on the tailings pond, shot jack rabbits, and fished Patterson creek. The creek was polluted with tailings below the mine so we would get up early and hike about seven miles up the creek to some beaver ponds. We could catch a 100 or more bull trout in no time, and we would give them to people in town. They were a little mushy after the long hot hike home in a gunnysack.

Richard and I had three campsites scattered around where we would cook and camp out. It was something we really enjoyed. Our dinner was usually hamburger or pork chops, fried potatoes, and creamed corn.

There was a natural cave on the mountain above Patterson. We would hike up there, build a fire with sagebrush, and throw potatoes in the coals. When they were black we would fish them out, peel off the black and enjoy eating what was left. While the potatoes were cooking we would roll big boulders down the mountain towards the townsite. There were no trees or anything to stop them. We would hold our breath hoping that we didn't hit anything or anybody. One time we nearly hit the first apartments. We were ordered to stop that fun little practice.

We found one diversion that got us in real trouble. We wanted to swim and started eyeing the big wooden water tower that was over 50 ft high. A ladder went up to a walkway that went around the water tank. From there a ladder went up the side of the tank and on top there was a trap door into the tank. From there you could drop down to some planking over the water. It was a frightening endeavor the first time. We succeeded and became comfortable with it. We had a stash of comic books and maybe even some smokes. It was a nice place to cool off, relax, and read. All was going well until Harry Blessinger was walking by and heard splashing up there. We were quite surprised when he poked his head in. The fun was over. There was quite a backlash as we were using the town's water supply for our swimming hole. Being the boss's kid didn't help my situation any. Dad took charge and the tank was drained and a fire hose brought up to wash the interior. It took several hours. No more swimming for us.

Richard McPheters dad gave him an old Ford Model A panel truck. Richard was in the 8th grade and I was in the 7th grade. I don't know what his dad was thinking as we took it everywhere and got into some scary situations. We liked to race herds of antelope and wild horses going wide open across the sagebrush flats. This often led to flat tires or blowouts. We walked home across the valley many times when we could not patch a tire or run out of gas.

A favorite pastime was to set the throttle on the Model A at a good jogging pace then get out and run alongside as it continued on its own. One day it started angling towards a barb wire fence and Richard was trapped and knocked down. It then stopped on his upper leg. He was ok after I got the Model A off him. Just some tread marks to show for it.

One excursion we came close to not coming back. It was a Sunday around December 1949 when we decided to take a ride. I could not go unless we took my brother Garry who was about five, so we relented and took off. The valley is about 10 miles across and about 50 miles long with a lot of area to roam. We decided to go across the valley and see if we could go over Double Springs Pass. We got there and it was snowed shut, so we decided to go south to Howe in the Little Lost River valley. Rather than back track and pick up the road south we cut across on a little used trail and picked up the road over the summit to Howe. There were no tire tracks in the snow coming from Patterson and that nearly caused our demise. We were pushing through over a foot of snow when we passed the ranch and a reservoir near Summit Creek. About a mile further we ran off the road on a slight curve and was stuck solid. No problem, we will walk to the ranch and get them to pull us out with their tractor. We decided it was too far to back track on the road and about another half mile up their lane. The shortest way was on a diagonal across the reservoir which was about a mile through deep snow. We made it to the ranch house to find they were gone for the winter. We found a way into the house thinking we could get warm, find something to eat, and hole up there. There was only a couple cans of pork and beans in the cupboard. We built a fire in the cook stove and devoured the beans. By then we worried about being found and decided we had to get back to the Model A, get it out of the ditch, and head for home. In hindsight we should have stayed at the ranch.

We got back to the Model A and it was getting dark. There was no way we were going to get out of the ditch.

We contemplated going back to the ranch house but decided we would not get there in the dark and blowing snow. We decided to stay with the truck and burn the small wood racks in the back and then one tire at a time if we could get them off. It turned out to be the right decision for the situation we were now in.

It was around 8pm, pitch black, and blowing snow when we saw headlights bouncing around and coming down the road behind us. We were fortunate they got to where we were stuck. It was three guys that had been fishing on the Salmon River and decided to take a short cut back home to Blackfoot. Lucky they got to us as they were driving a Lincoln Zepher sedan that was ill equipped for the conditions. We joined up with them and got the car turned around. They shoveled and pushed for miles. We arrived in Patterson around midnight and there were lots of cars parked at the McPheters bar and café. Our rescuers were fed well with steaks, drinks, a full gas tank, and some travel money to take the long way home back through Challis, Mackay, and Arco.

Our parents were so relieved to see us alive that we were not in trouble. They had started looking for us in late afternoon. They did not follow the road south as there were no tire tracks in the snow after the junction to Double Springs. They searched elsewhere all over the valley and were going to resume the search with airplanes at daybreak the next morning. We surely dodged a bullet that night. The Model A spent the winter buried in snow.

After that incident Richard's dad decided he needed something more reliable, so he got Richard a Ford sedan which was around a 1940 model. In the summer of 1950 we loaded our supplies and went for a two week camping trip up Morse Creek just east of May.

We had a lid off a 50 gallon barrel and sat it on four steel rods pounded into the ground and a fire ring underneath. It made a great stove top for cooking and making toast. We kept our meat in covered aluminum pots in the creek and caught fish. We did not have a tent, so we slept on the ground. We sure missed the Model A panel truck. It had neat little wood racks lining the inside that was a perfect fit for our canned goods, and we could sleep in the back.

One night we were telling bear and cougar stories trying to scare each other. I woke up at dawn and here comes a big adult cougar walking towards us. I started saying cougar to Richard and he thought I was trying to scare him and ignored me. Finally, his little dog Mickey started growling and barking. The cougar finally turned around and bounded off into the trees. After that we slept in the car, one in the front seat, and one in the back seat, and it was not comfortable. At least the cougar couldn't get us.

Then the car keys came up missing. We searched for two days everywhere we had been. The car could not be hard wired as the ignition was in a cast steel enclosure on the steering wheel. We were stranded. Early one morning we took some canned fruit and water and set out for May about ten miles down the canyon and across the sagebrush flat. Leaving camp we saw a big bear footprint and a small cub footprint and they were fresh. We were pretty nervous getting out of that canyon. The nearest building in May with a phone was the Forest Service office and we called for help. Our Dad's showed up later and used a hacksaw to saw into the ignition and hard wire the Ford. We elected to end our camping trip.

The Adult's Life In Patterson

There was not much to do for the adults in Patterson either. Tony Mecia and his wife Betty played bridge so they gave bridge lessons in the early days. Mom and Dad both got to be very good and played the rest of their lives. I remember them having big bridge parties after Dad replaced Tony as the General Manager in 1950, and we moved into the big house. The players were ranchers, Julia and Sherm Furey, the Kirkpatricks from down the valley, as well as the McCall's, the Miller's, the Collins, and Godloves from the mine, the Scoresby's who owned the store, and the McPheters who owned the bar and cafe. They ate and drank and played a lot of very competitive bridge. In the summer mom would move the party outside on the lawn with floor lamps from the house for lighting.

The Mecia's were native Californians and they introduced us to artichokes. I don't know how they got them to Patterson, but we had them. Jack Bradley lived in Burlingame, California and he would fly up in his plane quite often, so he must have brought them. I know he brought cases of whisky. He flew a big Cessna 195 tail dragger with a radial engine. It had plush leather seats in the cabin. It was gleaming silver trimmed in maroon and was an impressive airplane. I always liked it when he flew in as we would all go to Gus's cafe in May for steaks.

Gus was known far and wide for big steaks and big hamburgers. He raised and butchered his own beef. He would bring a big slab of beef from his cooler and cut the steaks as you watched. As a teenager I was a big steak eater, and he had a special large platter just for me. If one steak was not enough he would cook another one for you. One time I was ready to ask for another when mom kicked me under the table. He served fried potatoes, a vegetable, and salad all family style in big bowls. There was always more if you wanted it.

Gus was a character, quite big, and his nose was flattened on his face from a truck accident. The Bradley's loved to come to Patterson, have a good time, and trips to Gus's place.

Gus passed away while I was overseas in the Air Force and his daughter Norma continued to run the place. Norma and her daughter Jackie were characters also. Later in life if you wanted to know what was going on in the Pahsimeroi Valley just stop and talk to Norma and Jackie, which we did quite often.

The Bradley's needed instant communication with their far flung interests. We had a two way radio in the house with the call sign KOE998. It was about 3 feet tall, 2 feet wide, 2 feet deep, and was beside one of the lounge chairs. Mom was the operator if Dad was not there. Dad had a radio in the car with the call sign of KA8710. Bradley Field in Boise and Stibnite also had radios as well as the airplanes, so everyone could be in touch. It was necessary as the only phone line in and out of Patterson was a single wire. It ran through the trees over Double Springs to a ranch at Dickey between Mackay and Challis.

They also needed airplane access to the mines to minimize travel time. Stibnite had a backcountry airstrip but when we arrived at Patterson there was no place to land airplanes. They scraped off the sagebrush about 10 miles from Patterson and a wide landing field was scraped out.

Jack Bradley wanted Dad to be a pilot and provided a company plane that was a Luscombe (NC2825K). It was parked with a fence around it at the new landing strip. Smith Stoddard operated the Salmon Air Service. He would fly in to give flying lessons to dad and others all weekend.

Smith Stoddard flew P-51's in WWII out of England and had interesting war stories. He was a great guy and one of my heros. He crashed up Iron creek south of Salmon while returning from the backcountry and was killed in August 1952. I have done some research via the internet and found the serial number of his P-51, and a war time picture of it. It survived the war and was one of several sold to the Swiss Air Force, who flew it

until 1955 when they converted to jets. I also found pictures of his P-51 with Swiss Air Force markings. There is no record of it after that although several went to Brazil.

We spent many weekends around a bonfire while Smith gave lessons. He had a Cessna 140 that was about the same type and size airplane as the Luscombe. He would stay in the guest apartment on Saturday night and give lessons again on Sunday. Once instead of the drive across the valley when lessons were over for the day he asked if I would like to fly with him. We would land on the county road going into Patterson from the south. That was a no brainer, and I was hooked. I was about 11 at the time.

Landing on the county road at Patterson was more convenient than driving across the valley, so the narrow gravel road was widened another 50 feet to make it safer. A cross wind strip was added, although it was never used. The road ran uphill towards Patterson Canyon and the mountain, so airplanes always landed uphill and took off downhill. Herb McPheters built a hangar for his Cessna and the mine built one for Dad's Luscombe. A parking area for visiting airplanes was scraped out of the rock and sagebrush in front of the hangars. That became the Patterson airport rather the one in the middle of the valley.

We stopped there a couple of years ago to look around and everything is gone except for a few boards. I was looking around and I found a tin lid from a Copenhagen container out in the sagebrush. It had to be Dad's as he chewed Copenhagen. He called it "snoose". When he passed away in 1993 we placed some in his casket.

After the war ended the 1941 Chevy was pretty much worn out. The first car to hit the market was the Kaiser and Frazer. Dad got a 1947 Frazer that was built pretty much like a tank and was a good car. Then a sleek new 1951 Kaiser came out and dad came home in a 1951 two door black deluxe model. It was the prettiest car I had ever seen. I ended up with exact same car much later in life.

Jack Bradley thought Dad should drive a General Motors car, so the company provided a new green 1952 Oldsmobile Rocket 88 four door that we dubbed "the Green Hornet". It was fast and really looked official with a long whip 2 way radio antenna attached to the rear fender. Dad installed a horn that sounded like a bull bellowing. I would get it for a while when they were in Salmon. I would roar into LaRue's with the bull horn bellowing, and the 2 way radio antenna whipping around in a cloud of dust. Must have made an impression. I don't know what her parents thought.

On October 31, 1951 Dad, was still learning to fly and he and an experienced pilot were flying to Salmon. Close to 12 Mile Creek south of Salmon the engine quit. A small field was spotted, and they put it down and applied the brakes. The field was covered in frost and they were sliding towards a cliff with the Salmon River below. They were lucky that they hit an irrigation ditch that flipped the plane over and stopped them. They were upside down hanging by their seat belts with pigs staring them in the face. They were not hurt, and Bradley Field recovered the plane, repaired it in Boise, and returned it. Dad's logbook notation is "Patterson part way to Salmon - 20 minutes".

In 1955 Jack Bradley thought a bigger and faster airplane was needed. A low wing North American Navion (N91189) replaced the Luscombe. It had retractable tricycle landing gear, a sliding canopy, upgraded 300 horsepower, and comfortable seating for four adults. It was red with white trim and was a striking airplane. I was away in the Air Force so never got a ride in it. I located it in 2004, and it was in the Los Angeles area.

Bradley Field in Boise played a big part in Idaho aviation, so it was fitting they participated in the annual Idaho Flying Farmers trips down into Mexico. The folks and several others would fly in three or four of Bradley's planes with the Flying Farmers as far down as Acapulco and beyond. They landed for the night one time in Acapulco, and went to a hotel. Then caught a cab to a restaurant where they could watch the cliff divers. When they were ready to go back to the hotel nobody remembered the name of it. They waited a long time hoping the same cab driver would come back. Eventually he did.

Ima Mine Annual Picnics

After the war ended the Bradley's sponsored a picnic for all the residents of Patterson and anyone in the valley who wanted to attend. The mine provided all the eats, soda pop, and beer all day long. The first one was in a large open space in the town site. A large brick and stone oven was constructed large enough to roll in a huge rack loaded with beef roasts. A wood fire was maintained by volunteers and the meat roasted all night.

The annual free bar-b-que in Mackay does the beef roast in the same manner today. I don't know who copied who. The Bradley's gave speeches and the picnic lasted all day. It was a huge

success. More space was needed so a larger permanent location was set up. It became an annual event that the whole valley looked forward to. It was a great PR coup for the Bradleys and the Ima Mine.

My Patterson Grade School Years 1944-1950

We had one teacher for four grades in each of the two school houses that had one room. A single oil heater in each building provided the heat. There was no electricity or running water and the outhouses were out back. The older kids took turns hauling water to the school in a 10 gallon milk can and were paid a small sum by the school district. The hauling was done with a wagon or snow sled depending on the season. I seem to recall the pay being \$2.50 for two weeks hauling water. At least it wasn't up hill both ways, and I liked the pay.

I probably didn't get a good education in Patterson. At least I could read, write, and knew arithmetic. I did not have English class in the 6th grade because the teacher didn't like to teach it.

My teacher the last two years was Fauntella Smith who was single, and it was her first teaching job. She was a good teacher. She went by Teddy to adults instead of her first name. She caught the eye of Jack (Bus) Miller who supervised the mine surface operations, and they were soon married. Teddy, as of 2017, lives in Salmon and we often visit her when we are in Salmon.

I finished the 8th grade and graduated from Patterson grade school in May 1950 in a class of four. Dad asked me what I wanted to do in life. I responded, "be a Mining Engineer". He said, "Let's spend a day in the mine". We spent all day climbing ladders, walking through hard rock tunnels exposed to the noise of air driven hammers and drills, and dripping water and heat. I made the decision that day not to be a Mining Engineer.

My High School Years 1950-1954

High school meant a daily bus ride to Challis, a round trip distance of 110 miles. My friend Richard was a year ahead of me and his parents elected to rent an apartment in Salmon. Richard and his mother lived there during the week. Then the McPheters bought a house and offered to let me stay with them. So, it was Salmon for high school. We would leave Patterson Sunday evening or early Monday morning and return on Friday evenings or Saturday morning. The roundtrip was 134 miles, but only once a week. In the winter it was a wonder we didn't end up in the Salmon River. We had some close calls.

End chapter 2b continued on chapter 2b-2

.4. Chapter 2b-2 My High School Years in Salmon (Class of 1954)

High school meant a daily bus ride to Challis, a round trip of 110 miles. My friend Richard was a year ahead of me and his parents elected to rent an apartment in Salmon. Richard and his mother lived there during the week. Then the McPheters bought a house and offered to let me stay with them. So, it was Salmon for high school. We would leave Patterson Sunday evening or early Monday morning and return on Friday evenings or Saturday morning. The roundtrip was 134 miles, but only once a week. In the winter it was a wonder we didn't end up in the Salmon River.

We were the kids from Patterson that nobody had seen before. Richard and I hung out together since I boarded with him and his mother. The house was the third house on the big rock wall after you cross the Salmon River bridge and head up the hill.

We liked another new student, Zenas Hartvigson. Zenas was a big farm kid that lived at Baker, up highway 28 towards Leadore. He went through grade school in Baker then drove to high school in Salmon. He didn't care for farm life (a dairy) and spent most of his time in town. He liked chess and taught us. We played a lot of chess and joined the chess club when it was formed. He also played the clarinet, so Richard took it up. I was his suffering audience when he practiced.

Zenas liked to hang out with us until he met a girl he liked, and they were inseparable. They married and went to Oregon to work in a lumber mill. He studied math in night school and earned a Phd in math at Oregon State. He became a professor at Colorado and taught math and computer programming. He later became the department head. He died in 2012 and the new math building was named after him. Former students wrote glowing tributes for his funeral.

The Girl Encounter (1950)

We did a lot of ice skating on the city outdoor pond in the winter and hung out at the teen center that had a roller skating rink. There were no girls in our life in Salmon. I was seeing a girl, Glenna, in Patterson.

There was slight contact with a girl when I was a freshman in 1950-51. Richard and I were roller skating and there was a blonde girl with pig tails flying around the rink. She came up behind me and shoved me out of her way. By the time I got going again to get even she was long gone. I never saw her again at the roller rink. However, that brief encounter caused me to keep a lookout for her. *It* would change my life forever.

The Blond Freshman Girl (1954)

This happened near the end of my senior year while boarding with Olga and Clarence Smith. The last school prom was coming up May 8, 1954. Since I was a senior and the last prom I thought I should attend. However, there were no girls I knew available that I was interested in. I had been noticing a blonde freshman girl, LaRue Gibbs, walking from school through town and up the hill to where she lived, which was about two miles. I thought she might be the girl that shoved me on the roller rink when I was a freshman. However, she was much more mature looking, I thought it was understandable given the time that went by. I was interested and wanted to get acquainted. Giving her a ride would work, but I didn't have a car.

One day Olga was quizzing me about going to the prom and we discussed various options for dates. I mentioned the blonde girl, LaRue, and she knew who she was. She said, "go call her". I wasn't very brave and kept putting it off. One day Olga said, "you know a girl should have two weeks to get ready, so you better call her today". I summoned the courage and did. She knew who I was and accepted with no hesitation. She sounded kind of excited about it. LaRue was among the oldest in her class at 15 and I was the youngest in my class at 17. I didn't feel I was robbing the cradle.

Shortly after making the prom date with LaRue I was riding around with Larry Fisher one evening. He had to go by the high school and pick up his girlfriend, Renee, after a school function. Renee and LaRue came out together. I gave up the front seat for Renee and got in the back seat. To my surprise LaRue got in with me. That was good as we had a couple of things to talk about. She confirmed she was the girl that shoved me on the roller rink. We discussed it and moved on to the prom date. She was outgoing and talkative, so it was easy to continue getting acquainted. We clicked and the ride turned into an impromptu double date. We continued to get together after that. Before this I was attending the prom with a girl I didn't know. Now she is my girlfriend. The prom date would be much more relaxed now.

Olga was pleased and Clarence razzed me about dating a freshman girl.

School

My freshman class was about 75 students and I didn't know anybody. Most of them had been going to school together for several years and were clickish. My first class was science and the teacher was Gilbert (Tommy) Farr. It was his first teaching job and his first class. He was small man and a bunch of us thought we could intimidate him and take over. Were we ever wrong. Mr. Farr took command instantly, put everyone in their place, and invited anyone who thought otherwise to meet him in the back room. There were no takers. Little did we know that he had

been a tough combat pilot in WW2 providing close air support for the troops. in Europe. He became my favorite teacher and another hero of mine.

I organized our 50-year class reunion. I contacted him in Bellevue, Idaho to invite him to the reunion and speak. He accepted and rode his motorcycle to Salmon at the age of 83. He told me the pay was so poor teaching school that he left after four years and went to the Forest Service in Ketchum and retired there. We happened to run into him while getting onto a ski lift at Sun Valley around 1976. He remembered both of us.

Another favorite teacher my first year was Harry McCarty. He taught Algebra and I did good in it. I was always drawing airplanes, rocket ships, and dreaming of going to the moon, so he nicknamed me "Supersonic". He also wrote in my yearbook, "may you build a better rocket ship". He was a smoke jumper in the summer and I thought that was something I would like to do. It was his influence that moved me towards math and statistics in the future.

I also took Latin that first year as I was thinking about being a doctor and our family doctor and friend, Dr Goggins, recommended it. It was nice that the teacher was the best looking young female teacher in the school. I also took English but that was a different story. Everything was confrontational in that class. I also took elective 4th year English from her and earned an A in class work. However, my report card came out with an F because of deportment. We negotiated a B afterwards. Her name was Mrs. Gwartney and I never liked her. I also took// typing along with several other guys because the teacher was an attractive female. In my later years I was thankful that I knew how to type.

It was in the spring of my freshman year when a tragic event occurred. I was with a friend, Jimmy Pike, and we were drinking a coke in a small stand across the street from the Main Theater. We were adjacent to the Roxy Theater (now named the River Theater) as Salmon had two movie houses. We saw a lot of smoke coming out of the Main. Two bodies were removed and one was the step father of my friend Jimmy. He was a volunteer fireman and got trapped in the smoke in the basement and perished. Jimmy and his mother moved to Idaho Falls at the end of the school year. He wrote in my freshman year book, "Roses are red, violets are blue, some people stink, but I l like you. Lots of Luck, Jimmy Pike". He later went to BYU and formed and headlined a group called "The Letterman", and became famous. His picture in my year book looks nothing like his picture on "The Lettermen" albums. In later years he lost his voice and sold his rights to the group. His voice came back later and he started a new group called "The Legends". We caught a performance in Idaho Falls and visited with him. I couldn't recognize him with white hair as it was black in high school. I tried to get him to attend our 50-year class reunion but he couldn't make it. Well, he could make it if I would organize a concert and guarantee \$25,000. I checked with the Salmon Arts Council and the Rotary Club t to see if it was possible, and it wasn't.

After my freshman year I was nominated often for class officer positions but would lose to one of the locals. With one exception, I was elected class secretary my junior year. I guess they were beginning to accept that kid from Patterson.

A big event occurred May 17, 1952 when my sister was born. Mom and Teddy Miller were due around the same time, so they went to Salmon and stayed in a motel to be near the doctor and the new hospital. I was home for the weekend by myself when the word came that I had a sister. Richard and I got the only package of pork chops out of the freezer and went to one of our camps for a cookout.

I was seeing a new girl in town named Beverly. I recommended the name and it became the name of my sister.

My Work Experience During High School

After my freshman year in high school Jack Bradley gave permission for me to work at the mine during the summer. The locals grumbled because their kids could not work at the mine, but the boss's kid could. Rank has its privileges, and that is the way it was.

I worked until my pay equaled what the income tax deduction was for dependants. It took about 6 weeks. The bookkeeper would track it, so I wouldn't exceed that amount. He would let me go over and I would end up working for free for about a week. When I was done the folks could still claim me as a dependent. In those days it gave me enough disposable income on top of my weekly allowance to easily get through the school year. I would have enough left to buy new gloves and new boots to go back to work. I had my own bank account and check book, so I was right up town among my peers.

I worked on the surface of the mine and stacked lumber and straightened logs when they came on a truck from Sawmill Canyon. When that was done I usually cut brush. The canyon was very brushy and it was a goal to clear it for a trailer park for the miners. It was a tough hot job. A perk was that it was behind the cook house and the cook would have a big slice of pie and kool aid for me in the afternoon. She would call me in for my treat and my boss, Bus Miller, would drop by to see how things were going. I think it was on purpose to get a piece of pie. He would sort of frown and grumble, "sure need to get all this brush out of here". I really didn't care. Fire me and I'll go to Yellowstone Park and work.

Another job was to smooth out the widened part of the gravel county road that was the airfield. I would go up and down all day picking, throwing rocks, and filling holes. I would come back the next day and it seemed like a new batch of rocks had sprung up. It was a never ending job that was a filler when I was caught up with other things. There was no shade, so it was miserable.

I also hauled garbage, and on rainy days worked in the diesel generator shack wiping oil off the diesel engines and the floor. I also loaded lumber on the skip, went up the mountain with it, and unloaded it at the mine portal. While up there I would crimp detonating caps on a length of fuse and poke it into sticks of dynamite for the miners to use on the evening shift. I envisioned blowing myself up even though I was told it was safe as long as no sparks or fire were nearby.

One day I was riding the skip down. It was pulled by a cable attached to a hoist at the top and went up and down on rails. The rails were on a 6 to 10 foot high wooden trestle above shale rock. I was coming down, the skip derailed, and went over the side of the trestle. I jumped as far as I could and luckily hit in small shale rock. I tumbled downhill to get out of the way. I hiked down and the two carpenters in the framing shed below had been watching. They were having a big laugh at my expense. They said I put on a good show. After that I never liked riding that thing and was always ready to jump.

I ate lunch in the cook house with a few night shift single miners and we were fed really well family style. A dollar or maybe two dollars a week would be held out of my paycheck. I was always trying to gain weight for football and I ate enough for two miners. After dinner at home I would go to the cafe in the new recreation hall after it was built and have a milkshake to try to gain weight. I would walk slow so I didn't work it off, but it didn't seem to work.

I hauled in the dirt and planted the lawn for the new recreation hall when it was built about my junior year. Today it is the LDS Church for the whole valley. My lawn is still there.

We worked ten days on and four days off at the mine. It was a long stretch. I was ready to go Salmon after ten days. Harry Blessinger, a young miner, had a new 1954 yellow and white two door hard top Buick. He was single and I would ride to Salmon with him. All he wanted to do was party for four days and did not need a car in Salmon to do it. He would give me the Buick and I would go impress LaRue with it. I would pick him up Sunday evening and drive him all hung over to Patterson.

After I was done working at the mine I would go to Uncle Donald and Aunt Mary's (Mom's sister) who managed a ranch on the Oregon Slope between Ontario, Oregon and Weiser, Idaho. There was no pay involved there. I would haul hay bales and cut thistles. It was something my cousin Raymond and I had been doing when we were much younger and it became a tradition. The pay was an occasional soft ice cream sunday at the Dairy Queen in Weiser. Then a pack trip and fishing in the high mountain lakes north of McCall before the start of school.

Uncle Donald would load the horses and supplies in his stock truck and us kids would ride with the horses on a platform behind the cab. We had a rodeo or two on those trips. One time I was riding at the rear and the pack horses and everyone was ahead of me. A bear spooked the pack horses and they wheeled and were coming at me with packs flying. My horse wheeled around

and took off. I was trying to bail off to the side, but the horse kept running under me. I finally hit the dirt just before I smacked a tree. After that I elected to walk and it was all day in steep country. We saw a cougar and bears spooked the horses nearly every night. It was good fishing though.

My Football Experience at Salmon High School

We did not have organized sports in Patterson Grade School and there was no TV at the time. I had never seen a football game before high school and only weighed 110 pounds so did not go out for football as a Freshman. Also, I had never played basketball or seen a basketball game so that was out also. By my sophomore year I had grown a little and went out for football. Since I was sort of quick Coach Golden Welch made me a right guard. They pulled and lead nearly every play in the single wing offense. My sophomore and junior years Salmon High had an outstanding football team, so I hardly played. Four players and Coach Welch made the Idaho all star team my junior year. Those players graduated so in my senior year I had a big role to fill as a 160 pound right guard on offense and defense. Our specialty was end sweeps and reverses and I had to pull and lead nearly every play. After a few sweeps I would plead for a run over my hole so I could get a rest. In a home game against Rigby our fullback gained four yards in a cloud of dust over my hole. I told the quarterback to keep calling it. He kept calling the play and we went 80 yards and scored. Coach Welch was yelling and looking mighty perplexed on the sideline. We ignored him. The reason for the cloud of dust is that the field was alkali dirt.

Stan Allen was a cowboy and was the right tackle next to me. Nobody could run through our side of the line when we were on defense. By the fourth quarter I was worn out playing offense and defense. Coach Welch would move me to the other side of the line to left tackle. A couple of the games we had a lead but the opposition would go through my old spot and score to beat us.

We were not used to hearing praise from Coach Welch. In my senior year he said he liked my blocking and tackling and, "way to go knocking down the defensive end on those end runs". I would get the end and then go after the linebacker. After the game at Firth, which we won, I was rewarded with a steak and the rest of the team got hamburgers at the North Highway Café in Idaho Falls. I remember hitting the quarterback when he was passing and the ball landed in the hands of Stan Allen and he ran for a touchdown. Man, we were a team.

We played Challis at Challis and Mom came to the game. Two Patterson boys, Gussie Popejoy and David Arehart were playing for Challis. Arehart was a halfback and fast and we were told he would run all over us, and we were worried. I had a great day tackling Arehart at the line of scrimmage or behind it. Porkey Gonder, our quarterback, was tackled out of bounds in the rocks and gravel and knocked out cold just before half time. He came to and thought he was at a

rodeo. He watched the rodeo from the sidelines the rest of the game. In spite of that we won easily. I rode home after the game with Mom and she gave me heck for being a mean bully to my Patterson friends.

I thought I might be contacted to play football at a college, but nothing happened. I guess 160 pound linemen were not anything they wanted. I played against a 160 lb defensive back at Rigby, Larry Wilson. He went on to play the free safety position at Utah and in the NFL. He became famous and all NFL.

My Life Boarding in Salmon

The McPheters sold their house in Salmon in 1952. Richard and I then boarded in a rooming house operated by Clarence (Smitty) and Olga Smith. We had a room upstairs in their house and had our meals with them. Richard was there one year before going to college, and I was there two years. Richard by then had a 1949 Chevrolet and we went to Patterson on weekends.

For my last year they moved me downstairs into their son Bill's room since he was away in the Marine Corp, and their daughter Joanne was away to college. They treated me as family, and I had free reign to do as I wish. I was careful to come in quietly late at night or early morning, but Smitty was aware of everything. I did not go home a lot of week ends that last year since I did not have car. I went to the movie every time it changed, which was two or three times a week. I also spent a lot of time at the Rexall Drug Store soda fountain. A small fountain coke was five cents and a bunch of us would try cokes with all kinds of flavors added. I kind of liked a chocolate coke. On a Saturday several of us would be there all afternoon. I'll bet we drove the owners crazy. The Rexall also had the greatest milk shakes around. I think the price was 25 cents. My favorite was chocolate banana with chocolate ice cream. If we won our football game we would get one on the house, but we didn't win a lot of games my last year with a team lacking experience.

I finally got brave enough to invite a junior classmate, Sharon Noh, to the Junior Prom. She had been the steady girl friend of LaRue's brother, Val, but he graduated and was gone. The date was ok but did not lead to any other dates as she was never available. At least not for me. At our 50-year reunion she said she had a cowboyin Challis that she was after at the time. They got married and settled in Arco. She was a teller in the Wells Fargo Bank in Arco when we had the DK Motel (1995-2002) and we often had a chance to visit. Val came to visit us and wanted to go to the bank and surprise his old girlfriend, Sharon. She had no clue who he was but when told she said, "gee, I used to be able to reach completely around you".

A pastime in the evenings was cruising main street going back and forth with u-turns at each end. My friend, Denny Hawley, would get his dad's old Chevrolet sedan and we would cruise. During my Senior year we would have a little beer to spice up the evening. George Benson's parents owned the Motel Deluxe and the Smokehouse Bar and Café. He had ready access to cash for the evening. I would walk in the front door of the pool hall, drop the money on the bar, pick up a case of beer, and exit through the back door. We would stash the case of beer on the hill behind the cemetery, and get a few bottles when we needed them. One night the case of beer was not there. It was a mystery until 2014 when I was telling the story to former classmate, Vaughn Ziegler, and he started laughing. The property belonged to his father and he had observed us coming and going. The mystery was solved over 60 years later.

We did not get into trouble as long as we kept the speed down and were not reckless. The sheriff and city cop left us alone.

We had a big scare. I was in my senior year when we decided to go to the state basketball tournament in Pocatello. We needed sleeping bags, so we could bunk up with friends going to college at Idaho State. A classmate said he had a few that we could borrow. We asked why he had so many nice sleeping bags. He sort of rolled his eyes at us. and shrugged his shoulders. We loaded up Larry Fisher's Pontiac and took off.

We were in Pocatello about two days when Frank Sorenson's parents showed up and told us there was a problem with the sleeping bags we borrowed. They had been stolen from the BLM warehouse. Did we know anything about it? We didn't, but we had our suspicions. Would that implicate us? The sheriff thought he knew who did it, but was not saying who. We were mighty scared and headed back to Salmon. We thought the sheriff would be waiting for us, so we sneaked into Salmon on the back road from Lemhi. We laid low for a day then figured we better go see the sheriff and turn ourselves in. We were absolved but our friend who loaned us the sleeping bags was in the hot seat.

I went home the next weekend and did not tell my folks about it. We were sitting around the living room and low and behold the sheriff knocked on the door. I thought I was going to be arrested and about had a heart attack. He was there for another matter and never said a word about the sleeping bag heist. I decided I better be up front with my parents.

The guy that stole the sleeping bags got off lightly with probation. He joined the Navy later and while in Florida he and a buddy robbed a bank. They got away cleanly and returned to their motel. Someone walking by their open window heard them dividing up the money and called the cops. He did time on that one. No one saw him until he came to our 50 year class reunion. We didn't discuss those incidents. I write about this now since he passed away shortly after our reunion.

My Army National Guard Experience

I joined the Army National Guard the beginning of my senior year. The unit had just been formed and seventeen year olds could sign up. The unit was Company B, 882nd Aviation Engineer Battalion and built airfields, roads, and such. Our unit was mainly Korean War veterans and high school seniors.

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I was made the demolition guy since I had handled dynamite and caps at the mine. We had war surplus army uniforms and combat boots that we had to spit polish. We had lots of weapons that we got to fire. I especially liked the "grease gun". We spent many hours cleaning cosmoline out of M-1's, carbines, and sub machine guns that had been stored since the Koren War. I loved it all and got a quick promotion to PFC then Corporal in one year.

I went to Guard Camp the summer of 1954 for two weeks after I graduated. During the day we trained out on the desert towards Mountain Home. I was given a jeep and a trailer loaded with dynamite, caps, fuses, and small barrels of TNT known as cratering charges, and told to head to point x in the desert. A Sgt met me out there and we blew things up, We nearly blew up the field mess one day. The plan was to dig a hole and put a cratering charge in it and set it off to see what it would do. The only problem was the field mess arrived and set up nearby for lunch. The officers arrived first and filled up their mess kits and scattered about to eat. The Sgt said not to worry and told me to set it off. Dirt and rocks flew really high and the blast was deafening. The officers were diving under trucks and equipment to get out of harms way. I don't know how we got away with it, but nothing was said. Maybe they thought it was a war simulation thing. Can you imagine a 17 year old (18 in a month) with all of that dangerous stuff? Later I went around the desert and set off dynamite just to get rid of it. The rest of the guys drove road graders, bull dozers, and dump trucks.

The Prom

My folks thought I should have a car for the prom. They came to Salmon for the night. I think their motive was to meet my date and pass judgement. I went to pick up LaRue in the Oldsmobile "Green Hornet" that was a company car.. She was not ready and I was invited in. That could have been a scary situation as her dad was rather gruff. Bby now I knew him and it was normal. A couple was there visiting and everybody gave me a hard time until she came out. We then went to introduce her to my folks and Olga and Clarence. I could tell everyone liked her.

We had a great evening. We liked each other and would continue getting together through the summer.

Graduation

Graduation came, and I graduated in a gown and baby blue suit that my parents bought for me at McPhersons. They could not attend graduation as Jack Bradley had a big trip planned for them to Hawaii. It was a big deal and I felt they should go. The Boise paper even published a photo of them boarding the plane.

After graduation we all went to the Salmon Hot Springs for a while and LaRue came with me. Afterwards an all night party was planned at Jim Schafer's house. LaRue could not be out all night, so I took her home early. I drank coke graduation night as LaRue would not allow anything stronger. I didn't seem to mind the sacrifice.

Summer 1954

I worked at the mine that summer until I reached the cutoff point for income tax deductions. I was going to the University of Idaho in the fall so the folks bought a used 1953 Chevrolet 210 four door sedan for me. It was white with a red top and stood out. Every weekend I would be in Salmon to see LaRue and would stay with Smitty and Olga like I was part of the family. LaRue came to Patterson that summer with a couple of friends for my 18th birthday. I toured them around and that was the end of seeing my Patterson friend, Glenna.

A would be competitor surfaced that summer. He came to LaRue's house late one evening. It was strange as he was my friend and had a steady girlfriend he was totally committed to. He got nowhere. We continued on as usual, and he eventually married his girlfriend

End chapter 2b-2

5. Chapter 2c Life After High School

University of Idaho Experience

I took off for Moscow the fall of 1954 in my 1953 Chevrolet. It had been arranged by Jack Bradley that I would stay at the Sigma Chi fraternity as a guest of Governor Smylie's son. That place was too snooty for me. I moved to Pine Hall a relic of a dormitory. It was more of an army barracks, which it had been during the war. Pine Hall was the pits. My bed was in the hall and there was no place to study or do homework.

I was intrigued with Navy ROTC. It was a 4 year program and possible to get paid the last two years. I took the long test, passed, and was accepted. I selected the Marine Corp if I made it all the way through. It was a tough program that required a lot of study and work. I also enrolled in 19 hours of engineering courses. It was a far too heavy load for the first year.

Salmon guys I knew were in the TKE fraternity. I hung out with them and all we did was party. I also went through Rush Week visiting the fraternities. Every fraternity was a party house. Idaho was known then as a party school.

I had not had to study in high school and didn't realize college would be different. After two or three weeks things were not looking good. I realized I was not ready for college and would probably flunk out. I would be drafted quickly as there was a two year military obligation to fulfill.

The Korean GI Bill was ending in January 1955. I decided I should go into the military by going on active duty through my Salmon National Guard unit. I would qualify for the GI Bill, and then go to college. I went directly to the Dean of Engineering. He listened, looked things over, and agreed with me. Then he offered a deal. If I withdrew that day I would be in good standing and get a full refund of my tuition. I withdrew and departed the next day. A fork in the road.

I arrived in Salmon about 5pm and parked in front of the Rexall Drug Store to get a milk shake and think things over. In a few minutes I was face to face with an excited LaRue demanding what I was doing in Salmon. She was walking to work at the Roxy theater and was passing the drug store when she spotted my red and white Chevy. Was she ever surprised and upset also! I decided not to go on to Patterson that night and picked her up after work. After all she needed a ride home. I didn't go home the next day either as the Smiths welcomed me back and I had a place to stay. My folks heard that I was in town and came to Salmon to see what was going on. They were disappointed but not too upset. The Dean had contacted them.

I disappointed a lot of people, but my plan was to make up for it later. It inspired, drove me, and gave me the tenacity to get a degree later in life, which I did.

My Beginning Military Life

The next day I went to the National Guard office. They had not processed my discharge and I had options. I requested to be put on active duty for two years in Army Airborne. They said it would take a couple of months to process everything.

I was in town later killing time until I received my orders. Porkey Gonder and I were sitting in my car down on the island watching the river go by, since LaRue was in school. He said he wanted to join the Air Force and since he didn't have a car could I drive him to Pocatello to enlist. A little excursion sounded great to me and we took off.

I went into the recruiter's office with Porkey to wait while he was being processed. After a while the recruiter asked me if I would be interested also. I told him what I had going on and it didn't back him off at all. He asked about my interests and if I would like to be a pilot someday. I bit and said "sure". He said he had an aptitude test. I took the test and sure enough passed and according to him with, "extremely high scores". All I had to do was enlist and apply for the Air Cadets. I swallowed it hook, line, and sinker. I told him there was a problem in that I was waiting on orders for active duty in the Army. He replied, "no problem because you do not have the orders yet. You will also enter basic training with your two stripe Army National Guard Corporal rank". So, I enlisted in the Air Force for four years along with Porkey! Then I found out that I could not apply for the Air Cadets until I was eighteen and a half years old which was five months away. What a snow job that recruiter did.

We walked out of there with orders to report to Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City in a week. We were stupid enough to be excited and happy about it. Recruiting had been good and we would be going with a large group from southeast Idaho called the "Flying Spud Flight". We would go to Camp Parks, also known as Parks Air Force Base (with no airport or airplanes) near Pleasanton, California.

We got back to Salmon and I went to see the National Guard people. They were upset about it but there was nothing they could do. Active Air Force orders overrides yet to arrive Army orders.

While in Salmon I talked to Frank Sorenson who wanted to be a pilot also and tried to get him to sign up and go with us. He said he would apply for the Air Cadets and wait and see if he got selected rather than enlist first. He was accepted about a year later. He became a jet fighter pilot and retired from the Air Force. He was in no hurry and turned out to be the smart one.

I don't think mom and dad knew what to say when I told them. What was done was done. They put me on the Salmon River Stage at Ellis one morning and I met up with Porkey, who had boarded earlier in Salmon. We had our manila folders in hand containing orders, which instantly identified us as new recruits. We stopped at Challis, Mackay, Arco, Blackfoot, and got off at the end of the line in Pocatello. After a layover we caught a Greyhound Bus and arrived in Salt Lake in the middle of the night. We got a cheap hotel room across the street.

Basic Training

The next morning we reported in at Fort Douglas and started through the process of physicals and testing. It was fairly civil and we spent two or three days living in an army barracks without any hassle. Then we took the oath and were sworn into the Air Force on October 13, 1954 for four years. Things changed instantly, and the yelling ers began.

We were flown to Oakland and met with fanfare and a photographer since we were the "Flying Spud Flight" complete with a banner. We then boarded a bus to Camp Parks and were met by our Drill Instructor (DI). He was not impressed and called us, "The Mashed Potato bunch", and ridiculed us nonstop. We wanted to get rid of the banner by then. He was a New Yorker and totally obnoxious.

In a week we were shaped up and marching together really sharp. He even threw in some razzle dazzle routines that we enjoyed doing. He was proud of the way we marched and would call for the razzle dazzle when others were watching.

We had to pay twenty five cents for a buzz cut (I already had a short crew cut, but still got a buzz cut). Training was nonstop close order drill, physical training, guard duty, bivouac, night exercise's, escape and evasion, gas chamber, rifle range, class work, and testing.

We took batteries of aptitude tests and one of them involved morse code. They gave us the dit and dah patterns of several characters and when we heard one we were to write down the character. I was not sure of anything, totally confused, and figured I blew that test. The results came back and radio operator was one of my highest scores. My test scores were good, and I could have my choice for advanced training. I requested Airborne Radio Operator, figuring that I would be on a flight crew. I would fly around the world, and get extra flight pay. For a change I got what I asked for (I thought).

A strange thing about the Air Force. If you were walking and had to turn a corner it had to be precisely square. I never understood that one. We had two guys that couldn't take the rigid ways

of basic training and went AWOL one night. That caused us all some grief. I couldn't figure that one either as it was not our fault.

Basic Training was 12 weeks and we had a completion date the week after Christmas. We would be advanced two weeks furlough and travel time before we reported for advanced training. We thought they would let us out early to get home for Christmas but that didn't happen. We finally graduated and most of us were promoted from Airman Basic to Airmen Third Class which was one stripe. The Air Force did not honor my National Guard Rank of Corporal as the recruiter promised. I tried to get it to no avail.

LaRue sent a letter after I was at Camp Parks saying they were moving to Laramie, Wyoming. She would not be around when I got home. A big disappointment. That started me planning how I was going to see her. I was to report to Keesler AFB, Biloxi, Mississippi in mid January for Airborne Radio School. I would drive my car. My plan was to go home and spend some time then travel through Laramie on my way to Biloxi. Two friends that lived in Salt Lake were going to Biloxi also. They would catch a train to Laramie and ride to Biloxi with me.

Don Schell from Blackfoot had a pilot friend that would fly down and bring him home. Don was also the smart one. He was accepted into the Air Cadets before entering the Air Force and was just taking basic training with us. His friend would fly into Hayward and since it was a big plane two or three more could come along. I jumped on it as well as Chuck Powell from Idaho Falls. We got to the airport that morning and were wowed that the airplane was a red stagger wing Beechcraft with a huge radial engine, upper and lower wings, and a huge comfortable leather interior. I was impressed. The airplane is a classic today. The weather was worsening, and the pilot said we would land and wait on the weather in Wells. A limo came out and took us to the casino. I think the pilot wanted to gamble and the weather was reason enough.

We then flew low hugging the highway to Idaho Falls where he dropped the two of us off. I had written the folks that I would fly into Idaho Falls. I did not tell them how or the schedule but to meet me at the airport. They were not there so I went home with Chuck Powell. I finally found the folks later at the airfield. They were looking for me on a commercial flight and not a private plane. We stayed for the night in the Bonneville Hotel and Dad and I went to a professional wrestling match. I was a big hit in my uniform in the Bonneville Hotel coffee shop.

While in basic I had ordered headers and dual exhausts with glass pack mufflers to jazz up my mundane Chevy. The parts were there when we got home. The folks thought it was frivolous. I got it installed in Salmon. The sound was loud and terrific with a real rumble.

I hung around home as long as I could. It was boring as everyone I knew was gone or off to school somewhere. I didn't know how long it would take to drive to Biloxi and I wanted to spend at least two days in Laramie. I was anxious to hit the road.

My Trip to Biloxi, Mississippi

I departed Patterson on a dismal winter day. Roads were one lane each way as there were no freeways in those days. I had never driven more than across Idaho, but I was full of confidence. I did fine, but it was long way across Wyoming in a snow storm.

I drove all the way to Laramie arriving in the early morning and got a room in a downtown hotel. Then I was up early to see LaRue before she went to school. We had a great time for two days and my buddies arrived as expected on the train. Then it was time to say goodbye to LaRue after school and head for Biloxi.

We departed Laramie in the late afternoon for Denver. We continued south through the night across the Oklahoma panhandle to Amarillo, Texas where we got a motel room for the night. Leaving Amarillo a couple of guys in a 55 Chevy started following us then pulled up along side. We didn't know what was going on. They liked the sound of my 53 Chevy, wanted to know what was in it, and would we like to race! No thanks. I knew a 6 cylinder against a V8 would not be a race that you could win. It was kind of like a scene you see in the 50's movies.

My uncle Dallas was still in the Air Force and stationed in Dallas, Texas. I had arranged to stop and see him. That was our next stop for a night. From Dallas we drove straight through to New Orleans. Driving along the swamps and bays was a strange experience for us mountain boys. We were two days ahead of schedule, so decided to get a motel room and enjoy New Orleans. I remember going into a nice seafood restaurant and the restroom had ice cubes in the urinals. Now that was something to talk about! I even wrote home about it.

My Time at Keesler AFB

It was time to report for duty at Keesler AFB and back to military life. We drove up to the gate and I saw a big frown on the Air Policeman's face. He was yelling, "Get that loud sob out of here and park it in that lot over there". So, the Chevy stayed in the lot and we continued on to report in. We would be restricted to the base for the first six weeks of training. My class would not start for two weeks and I would have KP duty. That meant rising at 4am, getting back to the barracks about 8pm, and dog tired. Life in the Air Force was miserable again. Then the bad news. The Air Force did not need Airborne Radio Operators. I was going to be an Intercept Radio Operator. Another disappointment in my Air Force career. They tried to smooth it over in that it is an elite group with a top secret mission in a special unnamed unit. Your assignment will be overseas. You will be investigated by the FBI to ensure you are of the utmost highest character. Not much you can do, but do as you are ordered. Anyway, I would soon be applying for the Air Cadets and be out of there. Then I found that I had to complete the full six months of training before I could apply. Another bump in the road..

I survived KP. I was ready to start six months of Morse code and radio operator training, and moved into my training squadron barracks. There were four WW2 two story wooden barracks with two on each side of a big open square of sand. The sand was to be swept smooth at all times. It was the place where we formed for morning roll call, marching to the mess hall, and to school. It was messed up regularly and we were constantly sweeping the sand.

The mosquitoes and cock roaches were terrible. We had to have netting draped over our bunks to keep from getting eaten alive. It was hot, humid, and rained a lot. Saturday mornings we had to march in a parade on the flight line. Several guys would keel over while standing at attention. I had a difficult tooth extraction one Saturday morning and thought I would be exempt from the parade. I had to march anyway.

Training began with one of the classes being typing lessons. I was already proficient from high school and after a test was exempted. I got to clean halls and latrines while the others learned to type.

Hour after hour was spent learning Morse code by typing what you heard over the headsets. We had to pass certain speed levels before moving up to a higher speed. The target was 20 groups per minute, with a group being 5 characters, in order to qualify for graduation. I think I made it to 22 but do not remember for sure.

Having the car off base was inconvenient. It was time to figure out a way to get it cleared. Someone came up with stuff metal chore girls, that you use to clean cooking pans, up the exhaust pipes. So, we stuffed a bunch in both pipes with a broom stick and took it for inspection. The Air Policeman said, "rev it up" which I did lightly, and it sounded great. Then he said, "rev it up higher" which I did, and all was well. The next time he said, "to the floor" and chore girls came flying out like cannon balls. Good thing he was out of the way. After getting reamed for a while he said, "and scrape those Idaho Vandal stickers off your windows". We retreated and I bought two regular mufflers, scraped off the decals, and got the car on base.

A hazard when you were an airmen driving around was the crooked cops and sheriffs pulling you over for some alleged infraction. I was coming back from Pascagoula one evening and was pulled over by a pink Ford coupe. The guy was in a cop uniform and wanted a large sum of money on the spot or I was in a heap of trouble. I was lucky I had it on me. Another time we were cruising around Gulfport in the late evening when I still had the loud glass packs on the car. I got pulled over and told that I "disturbed the judge". I didn't have the money and was hauled in, which required notifying the Air Police. I think the Air Police were on to what was going on and got me out of there. The cop told me not to come back to Gulfport.

After six weeks we were issued a permanent weekend pass and life was better. Now I can go places. Downtown Biloxi was a rip off area with dive bars and shops for taking your money. We liked to go to Bay St. Louis, Gulfport, Pass Christian, Pascagoula, and New Orleans. Pass Christian was a favorite since there was a girl's school located there. However, it didn't do us any good.

We were at the Mardi Gras in New Orleans and got banned for bad behavior from Pat O'Briens, a famous place that is still there.

The South was segregated and we had to learn how to deal with it. One time in Biloxi I saw a black classmate walking towards me. Without speaking he got off the sidewalk and kept going.

When we graduated he needed a ride to Mobile, Alabama to catch a plane. I said I would take him. I put him in the back seat between two big white airmen. He was a little guy and he scrunched down with a blanket over him. We held our breath going out the gate, through downtown Biloxi, and got him to Mobile. Job well done and in the deep south a lot of risk.

Since I was slated for overseas assignment that required a top secret clearance I had to fill out forms disclosing everything about my past for investigation by the FBI. I was also given three choices for where I wanted to go. I requested #1 Japan, #2 Germany, and #3 England. When I got my orders it was for #3 England and specifically RAF Chicksands. So much for getting what you want in the Air Force.

I had some good news in a letter from LaRue. They were moving back to Salmon after school was out. She would be in Salmon when I get home on furlough.

I made it through training, graduated in mid July, and was granted a 30 day leave before going to England. At that time I found that I would be in the US Air Force Security Service (USAFSS), which nobody knew about. We would joke later that we didn't exist.

The first thing I did after graduating was beat it to the orderly room to apply for the Air Cadets as I was out of tech school and almost nineteen. The response was, "You are on overseas orders, therefore you cannot apply until you get to your posting. Also, a regulation requires you to complete half of your overseas tour before you can apply." Wow, my tour is three years. It would be eighteen months before I could apply. I have been beaten by the Air Force again.

Home on Leave – 1955

Two buddies were riding to Salt Lake with me. We departed in the afternoon and drove straight through. We only stopped for gas and to change drivers. After about two and half days we arrived in Salt Lake in the early morning. I dropped them off and headed north to Idaho. There were two ways to Patterson. It was through Arco, Mackay, and Challis on highway 93 or through Idaho Falls, Leadore, and Salmon on highway 28. I chose the later, for good reason. I could stop and see LaRue. I would stay a couple of days with the Smiths before going on to Patterson.

It was a great 30 days and I spent time in Salmon. I turned 19 and brought LaRue to Patterson for my birthday party. We bought matching shirts and wore them often. Mom went to Cambridge to visit her Mother, and later Dad was flying the plane to Cambridge. I wanted to see my grandparents and Uncle Donald and Aunt Mary, so LaRue and I went in my car. It annoyed me that she would sleep in the backseat while I drove.

While we were gone Larue's sister and brother-in-law, Loa and Max, arrived in Salmon on vacation. They couldn't believe that she was allowed to go to Cambridge with me. LaRue was sixteen (seventeen in November) so her parents must have trusted us. However, if we sat outside in the car too long after I brought her home the porch light would start flashing on and off.

My Uncle Dallas and family was in Cambridge while we were there. He was being transferred to Air Force Headquarters near London and was home on leave. He was pleased to hear I was going to England also. He said he could get me reassigned and a much better job at headquarters with him. He took a copy of my orders so he could get them changed. I got a letter sometime later and he said, "I don't know who you work for, but I work for the Strategic Air Command that has number 1 priority on everything, and I cannot get your orders changed".

We got back to Salmon and the time came to say goodbye. Three years is a long time and LaRue still had two more years of high school remaining. We made no comitment to each other except to write often. I wondered if she would still be around when I returned. It was a long drive back to Patterson that night.

End chapter 2c

6.Chapter 3b -My Air Force Overseas Duty (1955-1956)

My Journey Overseas

The day after I said goodbye to LaRue my folks drove me to Boise to catch a flight to New York City. It was the last week of August 1955. After 30 days at home I was short on money, so Dad bought me a first-class ticket on United Airlines. I said I would pay him back when I got settled, and I did. My orders showed my assignment was RAF Chicksands, which is near London.

We had a shrimp dinner at a seafood restaurant and then I changed into my uniform at the hotel, as I had to travel in uniform to get a military fare. I boarded a 4 engine United DC-6B in the evening and it made stops in Salt Lake, Denver, and Chicago. Seems like all I did was eat. I would be sleeping and the stewardess would wake me up and serve a full course meal on china. They gave me special attention. I had to change planes in Chicago and that was a scary task for a country kid. I found my connection and it was on to LaGuardia in New York arriving about noon.

I had arranged to go to the home of a classmate in radio school, Merle Chucknick, in the Bronx. I didn't know anything about public transportation, so decided to get a taxi. It was quite a distance, and expensive but I made it. He lived with his parents on the 5th floor of a walk-up apartment building. They were Polish, and we had pigs in a blanket for Sunday dinner. It was a new food experience for me.

My friend took me around New York City the next day to see Times Square, the Empire State Building and other sights. I had to report the following day, so he took me on the subway to Sheepshead Bay where the processing center was located. I appreciated him showing me around and getting me to the right place. It was a dry run for him as he was to report to the same location in a few days.

The Manhattan Processing Center was huge. It is where military personnel wait for transportation overseas. As required I checked the bulletin board several times a day looking for a manifest that might have my name on it. A few were lucky and went by military air, but most went by troop ship. It was two or three days and my name was suddenly posted for the USNS General William O. Darby. It was a small WW2 era troopship bound the next day for Southampton, England. I did not have enough change to make phone calls and was restricted to base until departure.

An article I found later in the Star and Stripes Newspaper listed the typical cargo for this ship as 1,434 troops, 260 crew, 459 dependents, 18 pets, 54 tons of household goods and baggage, 3,000 bags of mail, and 18 vehicles. It can take 7-9 days depending on the time of year. My crossing certificate is dated September 7, 1955 and I believe we made it in seven days or eight days

The morning of August 30, 1955 we loaded on 6x6 trucks and were transported to what I believe was the Brooklyn Army Terminal. The truck drove out onto a covered pier where we unloaded, shouldered our duffel bags, and marched up the gang plank. We yelled out our name, and checked off as on board (my first cruise).

We were directed down into the bowels of the ship which was the hold with bunks four high that were canvas stretched across a frame. The bottom bunks looked claustrophobic, so I grabbed a top one. At least I wouldn't have a body hanging over me and I could sit up in my bunk without hitting my head. We were in the hold and restricted when top side to the bow and the stern. The dependents got all the nice space in between, and cabins. The makeup of the troops was about 1,000 army, 400 air force, a few Navy, and the crew was Navy. The army guys were always complaining about having to spend a year overseas. I was going for three years.

After claiming a bunk, I went aft top side to get some air and look over the scenery. I was standing next to an old army noncom (he was probably 30) and he said, "first one". I said, "yep". He said, "son, let me give you some advice. Unless you want to work the whole voyage stay top side tonight until they run you off. They will start assigning duty for the entire voyage in a little while and you will not be around. Also, you are going to start feeling sick, so keep eating no matter what". His advice was good as I had no duty and I managed to keep everything down. It was a struggle and I didn't throw up while most everybody was losing it.

Eating was an experience. There were long tables with rails around the edges to keep the trays from sliding off the table. The ship rolled constantly and when you looked out one side you saw sky and the other side you saw water then vice versa. There was vomit in the drinking fountains, ladders, stair wells, and everywhere you went.

A big surprise was cold salt water in the showers. There was no entertainment and the hold was stifling hot. I spent my time top side, weather permitting. There were gambling games going on twenty-four hours a day.

One night it was announced the Queen Mary would overtake us in the early evening on its way to Southampton. We saw it coming from behind on the port side. We ran over to the rail and the ship started listing badly. An announcement over the loud speakers told us to back away from the rail and spread out. The Queen Mary passed us with lights ablaze. We could hear the music and the people having fun. *(Around 2009 Larue and I spent a night on the Queen Mary in Long Beach, California where it is now a hotel and museum. It was launched in 1936 the same year as me.. It was quite an experience to stay in a 1st class cabin with all the original wood. The desk had a hole for a teapot to sit securely. You could see that it had seen a lot of use. We also did a crossing on the Queen Mary 2 in 2016 from Southampton to New York, then on to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. There was quite a difference in the two Queen Mary's.)*

The sea was rough. It was a big relief when we entered the channel and cruised for several miles to Southampton. The English countryside was picturesque and I stood at the rail and took it all in. We docked in Southampton around September 7th and set foot on English soil.

Those of us in the USAFSS were loaded on a British bus for a short trip to nearby RAF Shaftsbury. I remember sitting behind the driver as we roared down the narrow winding roads on the left. I was pretty nervous about it.

We were told that our uniforms in England would always be our wool dress blue's. Our khaki summer uniforms would not be worn because of the cool weather.

We had to surrender our American money and were given paper military script in exchange. Even the nickels and dimes were paper. We were also issued ration books that allowed one carton of cigarettes per week and one imperial quart of booze per week. Then we were shown our quarters that were WW2 Royal Air Force. We were ready for a nice hot shower in fresh water. We found there were bathtubs instead of showers.

After eight days on the rolling sea we were ready for beer, so the base club was next on the agenda. We thought we would get American or British beer, but all the club had was Beck's beer, which is German. The German's tried to bomb England and especially the Port of Southampton into oblivion just 10 years ago and all we can get is German beer. We discovered the hard way that German beer is much stronger than American beer and we didn't feel too well the next morning. For some strange reason we had to take turns standing guard duty during the night.

(After that experience I never drank a Beck's beer again until recently, making it almost 60 years. Strangely enough it was in Southampton, England. LaRue and I flew into Southampton from Dublin to catch the Queen Mary 2 in February 2015. We arrived three days early to have time to relax and look around. One day we went to a nice Italian restaurant for lunch and the only beer they served was Becks. So, I relented and had a few more before we departed Southampton.)

The next day it was announced that several of us would not be going to RAF Chicksands near London but to a new site in Scotland. The Air Force had another change in plans for me. The change didn't really bother me as by now I was used to the Air Force way of doing things. Waiting for our departure we got lectures on how to conduct ourselves.

An abandoned RAF airfield near Edinburgh, Scotland was first evaluated by the USAF in January 1952. The following is a retirement interview of Colonel Russell T. French that was top secret at the time. The redacted parts in brackets are now declassified

Start of interview

...it was about 6 o'clock in the morning. It was probably the most dreary picture I ever had in my life—cold, overcast, and everything. I finally managed to find out where [RAF Kirknewton] was and managed to get hold of a cab, and after several wrong turns, we arrived at a desolate bunch of buildings which had formerly been used as a POW camp for Italian prisoners. They were basically concrete block buildings and not very many of them. Also, a big old hangar which had originally been used by the [RAF] as storage for their aircraft because it had been built originally for a fighter field. But there was a big hill located at one end of the airfield, and I guess after [the RAF] lost several aircraft into the hill, they discontinued all operation. Then it became an Italian POW camp, and then subsequently a possible location for [bomb storage] a wider part of the base was an opportunity for housing to be put into that area.....the other part which is the airfield site is where the antenna field would go.....nothing there except an old hangar and no water or anything there. It was sort of a dreary picture. I remember returning from the so called site survey and my recommendation basically was that although it appeared from a geographical standpoint and looking at the map an ideal location,it was not a very practical place to move.....but that was sort of glossed over in a hurry by the powers-to-be to advise me that not only were we going to send the [37th Radio

Squadron Mobile] but I also was probably going to be the commander of it. So, we kind of rolled with the punches. When I returned we had a cadre I believe of about 30 enlisted people and I think six officers. and we departed on or about July 1952.....arriving at [Edinburgh]. When we first got there we stayed in various places—I know that the six officers with me arranged to stay in a boarding housestayed there for I guess approximately three months, and in the meantime were able to get some support to get some tents put up and get some camp stoves and make the place habitable for the small cadre. Then we built some more tents to handle the people—the typical WWII type thing of putting down a wood base and putting the tent over it and had the old diesel camp stove which used fuel oil to heat with. So, the situation was quite primitive for the first year, and then managed to get some construction.....as we continued to build up the base from the six officers and 30 men until we got up to I guess 3-400 men who were living in tents and we were operational. In fact, we were operational from the very beginning. I think we had one or two positions that we got going in a matter of three or four weeks after we were there."

End of interview

Early September 9, 1955 we boarded a British bus. We departed RAF Shaftsbury near Southampton, England, and headed to RAF Station Kirknewton in Scotland. The roads were narrow and winding the entire 400 miles or so. I enjoyed sitting up front watching the road and the scenery. It took all day and well into the night.

We arrived around midnight. I think the driver was lost as we were all over southern Scotland. We were tired, grumpy, hungry, and about to revolt when the driver finally found the place. He pulled up to the gate and was directed to the mess hall. It was a WW2 era olive-drab concrete former warehouse with a 16ft ceiling and cold inside. There was a single light bulb over the door. It was raining and mud was everywhere. It was a depressing place.

A cook was on duty and served eggs to order with chipped beef and gravy on toast (SOS) served on cold stainless steel trays. It was great after all day without much food.

We were taken to supply and issued sheets, blankets, and pillow cases. Then taken to one of four old buildings utilized for transient personnel. These were the buildings used during WW2 to house POW German and Italian Officers until they could be transported to the United States. The latrine was a separate small building between the four buildings. You had to cover some distance outside in the weather to get there. The only thing needed to complete the look of a POW camp was a wire fence around the place. It had been removed when it was no longer needed for POW's. This site was located down a hill from the main base, so we were isolated from everyone.

We finally got to bed about three or four in the morning and figured with no instructions for the next day we would sleep late. We were roused out at 6am and told the 1st Sgt would be arriving at 8am for an inspection! We hustled around to get things shaped up and he strode in with white gloves and started inspecting. Nothing was satisfactory and we got chewed. We even got chewed about dust that had been there for years. on the exposed rafters. He told us , "if you ever need to talk to me just come to my office and I will be glad to court martial you." He was old school and cranky.

We then processed in and attended a briefing. We were told that we could never talk about our work and were given a cover story. Then we were told that several of us were not cleared yet for top secret and I was one of them. The others would move and join their assignment after going through a security briefing and signing their life away. The rest of us would continue to bunk where we were and would be on work detail around the base. My duty was to pick up litter all day.

I discovered the University of Maryland gave college extension courses and a new semester was set to begin. I enrolled in Freshman English. I had been there only a few hours and I was back to studying again.

It was late fall, wet, and cold. A senior career airmen told me that it has rained since he arrived three years ago to open the base. If you didn't get pneumonia the first year you would get TB the second year.

We were issued knee length WW2 era fleece lined parkas with fleece lined hoods. They became the most essential item of our on-base attire. The heat in the barracks was a small oil burner at each end of the barracks and did not do much for the middle. The only sitting area was your foot locker and a couch on one end that would sit three people.

After a few days I ventured into Edinburgh and found Edinburgh to be cold, dark, wet, and the air full of coal smoke. The people wore dark clothing and were hurrying along hidden under umbrellas. It wasn't a pleasant experience. We walked around and hit a couple of pubs and found the beer to be cellar temperature and the whiskey to be Scotch whiskey. Neither too appealing. Princess Street Gardens and the castle towering above was impressive.

I spent my spare time reading books, writing letters, and studying. There was a small snack bar up the hill at the main site where you could get snacks. It had a small jukebox with 25 records on it. One play for a British 3 penny coin called a thruppence or thruppenny bit. A record of Bing Crosby singing "I'll be home for Christmas" played over and over. Those going home played it to our chagrin as we would not be going home for another three years. I played "The Green Door" a lot since the door into the operations building in the secure area was green. The song was also known as "What's Behind the Green Door". It seemed to be appropriate. I could not go through it until I was cleared for top secret.

Four of us were still in the transient barracks when Christmas came. We got two of those red fold out paper Christmas bells, cut some green and red crepe paper stringers, and put them up for a little Christmas spirit. I have a picture in my old photo album of me sitting on my foot locker with book in hand and the decorations visible hanging from the rafters. I wrote that an airman walked in with a case of beer and two boxes of Ritz crackers and we were going to have a Christmas party.

I got a small break from picking up litter. It was two weeks at the new NCO Academy. I cleaned the class room, got coffee from the mess hall, and donuts from the snack bar. (One year later I found myself attending the NCO Academy in the second class)

There was also a week working at the rifle range on a nearby Royal Army base. My job at the range was to help qualify the officers on the 45 pistol and the airmen on M1 and M2 rifles.

I had one other break from litter patrol when I was assigned to the antenna maintenance crew. There was a large antenna field that covered the old runways that were last utilized during the war. Each antenna had four tall wooden poles that the wires were strung between. The poles were hinged at the bottom so they could be lowered for maintenance. The maintenance crew would lower a pole with a winch on a truck and my job was to paint it with olive-drab paint. The job lasted three or four weeks and it was great to work with regular guys that had been there for a while.

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I was issued a steel helmet, a gas mask and once in a while played soldier. We would have an alert, handed M-2 carbines, and go out into the surrounding woods to set up a perimeter to protect whatever we were protecting. It was spooky on a dark snowy night out in the woods tromping around.

By February 1956 everyone but me had received their top-secret clearance. I was moved to a barracks on the main site that housed support personnel and continued to be a general all around flunky. I started getting letters telling me the FBI had been around asking a lot of questions about me. Everyone assumed I was in trouble. I realize now that the reason my clearance took so long is because I grew up at a remote mine in Idaho. The closest FBI office was 500 miles away. They got around to investigate when they had nothing else to do and had the time to travel.

Around March 1956 I decided to use a couple days leave in conjunction with the weekend and take the train to London to see my uncle Dallas and family. He was stationed at 3rd Air force Headquarters at South Ruislip near London. His job was to keep track of the nuclear bombs stored in the UK. He had a long history of nuclear bombs as he had worked on the trigger for the atomic bomb at the Los Alamos Laboratory. Later he was in the ground crew with the bomb group that dropped the bombs on Japan. He knew all of the crews. I was anxious to talk to him. He had tried to get me stationed with him but found the Security Service had a higher priority.

I left Edinburgh in the late evening on the "Flying Scotsman", which was a large steam engine pulling a string of coaches. It is now famous in the history of British train travel. I arrived in the morning and went to the Marble Arch Underground Station to catch a train to South Ruislip where they lived. It involved a change of trains and when I got off to make the change I forgot the name of my destination. I checked my ticket to see where I was to go, and didn't realize that Marble Arch was where I started. I got to Marble Arch not knowing my mistake. I exited through the stall where a worker looked at my ticket. He brought it to my attention that I had not gone anywhere. This was after nearly two hours of riding. The tickets show where you bought the ticket and not your destination. So, I got back on the train. When I got to my train change an old gentleman in the compartment directed me, and I ended up at South Ruislip. I walked several blocks and somehow found my uncle's house.

Uncle Dallas and Aunt Patricia, who was from the London area, showed me a great time. We attended a musical production in London and had dinner at the Douglas House. It was a nice hotel, dining room, and bar for U.S. military personnel. The steaks were just like back home and reasonably priced.

Patricia was from nearby Henley-on-the-Thames and we spent a night at her family home, which was a big estate.

The trip was a great break from picking up litter all day while waiting for my clearance. My return to Edinburgh was uneventful. It was my first venture into the UK on my own

My clearance finally came through about March 1956. After security briefings and signing my life away I was assigned to Dog Flight or Dog Trick as we called it. It would be shift work that went around the clock seven days a week, 365 days a year. We would rotate shifts with Able, Baker, and Charlie flights. The rotation was seven days on day shift, then the next day start seven on swing shift, then on the next day seven on the midnight shift. Then it was two full days off, and start over. Finally, I was going to get to go through the green door. It was behind a huge prison like fence with armed Air Police

End chapter 3b – continued on chapter 3d

7. Chapter 3d My Air Force Overseas Duty (1956-1957)

Scotland

I moved into the H-frame barracks with Dog Trick in April 1956 after finally receiving my top secret security clearance. They were in the shape of an H with 10 bunks in each of the legs of the H, with the latrine in the center. Each leg of the H was called a bay. Each bay was heated by two small oil burners. If they were turned up on high they glowed red and were dangerous.

I was nervous about copying morse code since I had not heard any for many months. I started by sitting beside experienced operators. After a couple of weeks I was put at my own console. I had a headset, two big receivers, a direction finder, a reel to reel recorder, and a typewriter loaded with continuous six part paper. There were about fifteen radio operator positions and a few Russian linguist positions. My job was to search and copy transmissions if I found something.

The USAF Mission at RAF Station Kirknewton

I start this section by saying that none of the following could not be talked about until a few years ago when the veil of secrecy was lifted. However, there was never an announcement that it was lifted. We never talked about what we did. Even after the veil of secrecy was lifted we were not sure if it was okay.

(Note Around 1999 I was thinking about Kirknewton and my old buddies, so I started searching the Internet. I finally found a reference on the RAF Chicksands webpage about a Kirknewton reunion to be held in April 2000. I called the number that was listed. The reunion was scheduled for April 26-28, 2000 at the Flamingo, Hilton in Las Vegas. LaRue stayed in Arco to tend the motel and I drove down. It was the first big reunion of the group and over 300 attended. It was great to see my old buddies on Dog Trick, Frank Donovan, Dan Kroll, Joe Mullican, and Jim Stockie. Also, George Page who worked in the orderly room. He told me that our friend Henry Singer died in a motorcycle wreck shortly after he returned to Kentucky.*

Duncan Kirkley living in Australia had started a rudimentary Kirknewton website, and he was dropping it after the Las Vegas reunion due to personal issues. I took it over and started enhancing it. I also started an Alumni List with about 120 names from a list that Roger Oleson was maintaining. I have grown that list to 2200 names.)

The reunion was a huge success and we voted to have one every two years with the next one in San Antonio, Texas, which is the home of the USAFSS. George Page retired from the Air Force and lives in San Antonio and assisted with organizing that reunion. After San Antonio we met in Biloxi, Mississippi under the direction of Joe Mullican, retired Air Force, and lives in Biloxi. An alumni association was formed, and I was elected President. After a meeting and a vote, the next reunion was scheduled for Colorado Springs. During the Colorado Springs reunion we voted to meet every year.

(In 2013 we held our reunion in Edinburgh Scotland. We contacted the RAF operating a glider school at the old runways at Kirknewton and were invited to attend a briefing on what they were doing. We in turn would brief them on our role at Kirknewton. I had turned over the alumni President job to Fred Crawford and he asked me to do the briefing. After thinking it over I found that I was not comfortable talking about what we did. He is a director with the Armed Forces Center at the Minneapolis Airport and has connections to get the briefing cleared.. He said he would put it together, which he did.

When we got to Edinburgh I had a mission to find my old friend, Joe Mickulick. I had heard he retired from the Air Force and was living in Edinburgh since his wife Eleanor was from there. I found him in the phone book and called. His wife answered and said he wasn't there and who am I. I told her and she was excited and said, "I remember you, Harry. You were at our reception". Joe was away for an afternoon at the pub and called me back later. He didn't want to come to the reunion but would stop by before the banquet to say hello. We connected at the bar and had a good visit. When I told him about our briefing the RAF on what we did at Kirknewton he got excited and said, "Harry you cannot do that. It is all classified". I assured him that it was now okay.)

My Morse Intercept Duties at RAF Station Kirknewton

The job entailed searching for a certain type of call sign, or recognizable transmissions, and copying everything that was sent. Sometimes hours would go by as you sat there with one hand on the big dial slowly searching. If you made a couple of contacts a shift you were doing really good. If you found something you started copying and it usually turned to coded messages, which came in groups of five characters or numbers. This was the important part that got your utmost attention. Once you started copying an analyst would come by and tear off a page and go to the back room and make an ID. Once in a while they would come back somewhat excited and you knew it was important. The next thing to do was zero in on the frequency with the direction finder and get the direction the signal is coming from. If they started speaking Russian I turned on the reel to reel recorder and notified the Russian linguists. Usually the other end would be responding on another frequency, so if I had time I would use the other receiver to look for them. Once you started copying the other operators that were not occupied would start looking for the other end also.

When Sputnik was launched by the Soviets October 7, 1957 I got the assignment to copy what it was sending. It was sending the same letter over and over at regular intervals. It soon became obvious it was a recording and not a human sending it.

One night I was searching, and I was sure I picked up an SOS. I was so startled that I wasn't sure and never heard it again. Later that night we heard that the passenger liner Andrea Dorea had gone down. I wonder if that was an SOS from her?

After a few months I was given the hot corner position as that operator was heading home. It was a mad house all shift without pause as it was a whole network of bases and airplanes. Paper flew through the typewriter nonstop and I was totally wiped out by the end of the shift. We had to type a codeword at the top and bottom of each page and it was difficult to get it on there without missing transmissions. I don't know if I got that job as punishment or if I was really good.

I got a little break after the hot corner assignment and sat at a special desk and communicated via secure line with the Brits to get direction findings on intercepts we were working. I felt rather intimidated talking to them as they were old guys and had been doing this for years. They tolerated this young whipper snapper and we got along fine. I was never told who they were or where they were. The policy was, "need to know". If you didn't need to know you were not told anything.

The Food

The food on base was not too bad. The cooks did the best with what they had. However, for three days a month they were required to serve C rations that had been in storage for years and probably since the war. The best was probably the beans and wieners. It must have been tedious opening all those individual C ration boxes and the little tins of stuff in them.

About once a month we would get steak which was thin and not the best steak but still a treat. Before we started midnight shift we would get breakfast as well as the swing shift coming off duty. If we came in on the last bus from town we would hurry and change into fatigues and get the midnight breakfast. Fried eggs and SOS tasted good after a night in Edinburgh.

One time the mess hall ran out of food as the supplies did not arrive. I wrote that we had stew two times a day for quite a while.

One good thing is that we did not have KP duty as we all contributed to a fund to pay local workers. We did this gladly.

The food in town was not all that good and portions were small as they were still in recovery mode after the war. The best was fish and chips with malt vinegar and wrapped in newspaper. One of our first trips into town Ed Smith and I went into the Manhattan Cafe and saw they had steak on the menu. It resembled a small piece of shoe leather. It was really small so after eating it we ordered another. That was the wrong thing to do as it really offended the owner. I think we set international relations back with that gaffe. We later found a small cafe on Rose Street that served a big platter of spaghetti at a reasonable price. Ed and I would share one of those on occasion.

Other Important Happenings

In April 1957 I was promoted to Airman First Class (three stripes). It had been delayed several months as we had been frozen in rank because of military budget problems. This meant a raise in base pay from \$117 a month with over two years of service to a base pay of \$140.40 per month. I also got foreign duty pay of \$13.00, and a clothing allowance of \$4.20, for a total of \$157.60. Then \$17.70 income tax withheld, \$3.16 social security tax withheld, ten cents US soldiers home withheld, and a \$50 allotment sent home. My net for the month to spend was \$86.64. This is all from a document I have in my files. A big perk with the promotion was that I could now belong to the NCO club that had cheap booze, steaks on weekends, a big juke box, and slot machines.

Two months after my promotion to Airman First Class I was selected to attend the NCO Academy for two weeks. This was a big deal. I was the only intercept radio operator. A total of 10 airmen were selected from the

entire base. Most were already NCO's, which is Staff Sgt or above. It was also gratifying as this was only the second NCO Academy Class ever conducted at RAF Station Kirknewton. I was the flunky taking care of the first NCO Class while I was waiting for my clearance. Now I was in the second class.

The end of June 1957 I lucked out and got the camera I had been wanting for a long time. A lot of guys had their name on a waiting list for a German made Kodak Retina III-C 35mm camera ever since they arrived. This is the same model that President Eisenhower used and I had seen pictures of him with it. One came into the base exchange and nobody had the cash on hand to buy it. I slipped in with \$92 and bought it. That is almost a month's pay, but I wanted it badly. This is the first one they got in for the last year and a half, so I lucked out. It had a rangefinder, a light meter, and was much smaller than my old heavy square Argus C-3. I was a happy camper. I wrote to LaRue that "I show it off just like it is a new car." Then I wrote later "man oh man I really love my new camera now that I know how to work it. Just like one guy said today. It almost takes a college education to run one." *(note-I still have the camera)*

It was about this time that I had half of my overseas tour completed. I was single, had uncorrected vision, and was in excellent physical condition, so I could apply for the Air Cadets and pilot training. I filled out the application and took some tests. Orders came to report for an eye examination by a local eye doctor which I passed with flying colors. Then it was report to Prestwick AFB, Scotland for a physical by an Air Force Flight Surgeon and I passed. Then orders came to report to South Ruislip near London for seven days temporary duty for more physical, eye, and aptitude tests. After all of this was done the official word came "that the Air Force has a surplus of pilots and no new cadets are being accepted". So once again stymied by the Air Force. I decided then to finish my tour, get discharged, and go to college. I wonder now if my connection with the USAFSS, which had the highest priority in the Air Force was the real reason for not being accepted.

Changes at Home

The Bradley's closed down the Patterson Ima Mine in April 1957 since the price of tungsten was well below what it took to mine it. Jack Bradley was also the President of the Bunker Hill Mine in Kellogg, Idaho and he put together a joint venture between Bunker Hill and Grace Lines that was to be based in Guatemala. Dad was to be the mining expert in Guatemala to locate minerals for shipping to the United States. So, the folks moved to Guatemala City.

LaRue and I wrote regularly after I got to Scotland. It started tapering off by the end of 1955 and there is no recollection of any correspondence during 1956. She was busy in high school and had other obligations. I heard she had moved on with a new boyfriend, Dave. I knew him to be a jerk and couldn't understand the attraction. Then we resumed writing in April 1957 as she had dropped Dave, was excited about graduating, and thinking about her future. I had been thinking about taking leave and coming home for a visit the summer of 1957 and hopefully also revive our relationship. I had been sending a monthly allotment home to put in savings and planned to use some of it. Then I found my money had been invested for me in mining stock. Being broke and with the folks in Guatemala I gave up going home on leave. LaRue's letters ended again the summer of 1957. I learned later that after graduation she worked as a telephone operator then went to live with Loa and Max in Walnut Creek, California in December 1957.

Social Life and Events at RAF Station Kirknewton

Most of the social life in Edinburgh centered around the Berkeley Bar and later in the evening, the Palais. The Berkeley was like an American club with music and they catered to the Yanks with cold Scottish Tenants Lager Beer. I preferred the more traditional pubs like my favorite, the Shakespeare, the pub at the Caledonian Hotel, the Black Bull, and Fairley's which was rough and later declared "off limits".

Scottish teenagers finish school at an early age if they don't score high on the exams for higher education. The outlook was dreary for them in Edinburgh in those days. The girls saw the Berkeley as a great opportunity to meet a yank and a ticket to the United States. The yanks saw it as a great opportunity also. Later in the evening when the Berkeley closed most would gravitate to the Palais which was a huge dance hall with a live band. We discovered a few years ago that Sean Connery was a bouncer at the Palais at the time. Frank Donovan swears it was Connery who bounced him out the side door and beat on him.

There was a gang called the Teddy's that would harass yanks going from the Berkeley to the Palais. They carried bicycle chains to work you over with. It was always best to walk in a group. They acted tough but did not seem to carry anything out. A bunch of us were in the West End Cafe waiting for the last bus to the base one night and we were told the Teddy's were on their way with their chains. There were some anxious moments, but they never showed up.

We always dressed well when we went to town. We wore slacks and a sports coat and more often a suit and tie. A top coat was essential because of the weather. Alexandre's, a men's clothing store in town, had a tailor with samples at the base at scheduled times. About all of us ordered tailored sport coats and suits as the prices were a bargain. I got a Harris tweed sport coat, a dark blue wool suit, and a dark gray wool suit. I already had a nice tweed top coat that I bought in Pocatello the last year of high school and had that in Scotland. I found receipts in my cigar box full of memorabilia and found a receipt from Alexandre, Ltd for \$42 for two pieces that I presume was the two suits. Another receipt for \$21.25 was probably the sport coat.

Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev came to Edinburgh for a few days on a diplomatic visit. We were well briefed and told there would be Soviet agents around town and to be careful. I went to town with some buddies and went to the Shakespeare that had a nice quiet atmosphere and a nice back room with a fireplace. I preferred it to the rowdy Berkeley crowd. A well-dressed fellow started paying attention to our table and started up a conversation and offered to buy drinks. We accepted knowing what he was up to. He was a Soviet agent and he didn't mind buying even though he was getting nowhere. Probably liked an excuse to drink on his government's money.

In early 1956 I became friends with Bill Davenport from New York state. He was from a wealthy family and had brought a new Oldsmobile 98 with him to Scotland. We decided to take a run in it over the long break to London. Six of us loaded into the Olds and took off in the late afternoon. I remember we were listening to the Armed Forces Network and Elvis Presley was singing "Blue Suede Shoes" as we departed Edinburgh. We drove into the evening and needed gas so stopped in a small village with one gas pump. The locals gathered around to watch as we filled up the big monster. We then drove through the night and arrived in London in the morning. We spent a couple of nights at the Douglas House in London and had a great time.

On July 6, 1956 tragedy struck and took Bill Davenport and Gene Asay who was from Utah. A fishing excursion had been arranged for a weekend on nearby Perthshire Lake. Some guys including Frank Donovan went early in a small boat operated by local fisherman to an island out in the lake. Others were to be ferried across when they arrived that evening, and a few of us were planning on joining them the next day. Bill and Gene were making the crossing that night in the dark and the boat capsized due to bad weather and big waves. They were wearing the heavy parkas that we were issued, and the weight pulled them under. They didn't have a chance. It was a sad memorial that we had on base for them a few days later.

We had a couple of beach excursions to Gullane Beach on the North Sea. We chartered a bus and loaded up cases of beer, picked up the married couples in Edinburgh, a few local girls, and headed for the beach. It was cold and windy, but we had a great time.

A lot of the guys had played golf at home and were excited to be in Scotland. They played the famous golf courses whenever they could. I had never seen a golf game so was not interested in it. I now wish I would have. We hardly ever saw summer in Scotland. Seems like we would be working the midnight shift and would be sleeping during the one day of summer. However, the summer of 1957 turned out to be the hottest summer in forty years and the temperature would get up to 80 degrees. We were told to get out our summer khaki's and they would be the Class A uniform for five weeks.

Travel Opportunities

Travel in Europe was a big attraction. In May 1956 I had built up some leave time so Glen Moore, Jim "Big Mo" Molinaro, and I caught a hop from an airbase in England, and flew to Rhein Main Air Base in Frankfurt, Germany. On our way into town we were shocked to see so many bombed out ruins from the war. They were still rebuilding.

We once again experienced first hand how potent German beer is. "Big Mo" was a stocky Italian built like a tank and sort of resembled a gorilla the way he moved. He had a black belt in Judo, so we just let him do his thing. We were in this bar and he manages to get us ejected out the front door. We thought "no problem", we'll go around the corner and go in the next one. We saw an entrance and went in. The only problem it was the side door to the place we had been ejected from, so out we went again.

We had a hotel room in town so if you needed a break you could go back to the room and go out again later in the evening. We had been hearing about food called Pizza and we found a place that had it. I had my first pizza in Germany and I thought it was awful.

After a couple of days, we caught a night train to Paris and got a hotel room by the Gare Du Nord and went sightseeing. We didn't know there was a pedestrian tunnel to get to the Arc de Triumph and walked across about eight lanes of traffic. We were called a lot of things. We had to visit Place Pigalle with the rowdy bars that the military guys favored. The law was that they had to close the doors from 3am to 4am for housecleaning. We were thrown out at 3am but some rowdy Army Airborne guys kicked in the door, and we all went back in.

I bought a black beret in Paris and with my dark blue suit thought I looked like a Frenchman. After three days in Paris we caught a train to Amsterdam and spent a couple of days sightseeing. I bought a pair of wooden shoes to send home. Finally, it was time to get back and we caught the ferry across to England and then the train to Edinburgh.

In October 1957 me, Ed Smith, and Jim Molinaro went on leave to Spain, Portugal, Morocco, and Germany. We went by train to an air base outside of London and signed up for space available on any flight to Spain. We ended up on a weekly Navy courier flight to Madrid and spent a couple of days seeing the sights. We were not impressed with Spanish food and ate a lot of spaghetti. Then we got on an overnight express train to Lisbon, Portugal. The authorities came through the train in the early evening and looked at our papers. We were traveling on military orders and did not need passports. There was a lot of consternation and discussion among them and then we were told the train would stop and let us off at Talavera, the next little town. The problem was that our orders were not in Spanish as well as English. The train stopped about midnight in this little town just to kick us off. The express train never stops there so it was an abnormal event. We found a little rooming house that had several beds upstairs and told we could get some roommates before the night was over, but we didn't. We were up early and caught the first local to Madrid (I still have the ticket). It took several hours as it stopped at every little town. We shared our compartment with farmers and chickens going to market.

We went to the American Embassy in Madrid and they did a Spanish translation for us and we caught the same evening train to Lisbon. The authorities were on us like flies, and the train stopped at the border with Portugal. We were ordered off and scrutinized by the Portugese authorities. Eventually we were told we could board and continue. We planned to stay three days in Lisbon as a train out of there did not leave until then. We saw everything we wanted to see and were discussing what we would do for two more days in the hotel bar that night. An older gentleman in a black suit was listening to us and struck up a conversation in good English. He had a big Chrysler limo and he was driving to Cadiz, Spain, which is next to the Rock of Gibraltar, to pick up rich Americans arriving by ship. We could ride with him for a very small sum of money which sounded great to us.

We took off the next morning riding in the back of the limo in style. After a while he suggested we stop in a village and get some wine, grapes, bread, and cheese. We concurred whole heartedly. He had some empty wine bottles that he got filled from a barrel at a cost of 20 or 30 cents per bottle. It was great wine, and we went merrily on our way. It was a long trip on tough roads along the coast of Portugal and Spain and we spent the night in Seville, Spain. It was a nice hotel with the rooms looking down on an open court yard. There was great entertainment that night with Flamenco dancers.

It was not too far the next day to Cadiz and he let us off. We were walking around wondering what to do when we started talking to a young American guy walking along the pier. He had a big sail boat and was about to depart for the United States. He had lots of room and said we were welcome to come along. Mighty attractive offer but just didn't fit our situation. He said he was an actor and had a part in a card scene in a popular western movie. I cannot remember the name for sure but I believe it was High Noon.

A ferry boat was about to depart for Tangiers, Morocco so we got tickets and boarded. It was a nice trip across the strait.

When we debarked we were approached by a bearded male Moroccan in a long gown and fez who was friendly and spoke good English. He would be our guide for a small fee and recommended a nearby hotel. He had a two day tour and would accompany us to the right restaurants and night clubs. The fee was reasonable, so we took him up on it. The first day we went to a bazaar with hundreds of booths selling stuff. The specialty was leather goods. I bought a leather wallet that I used for many years and a small leather box for keeping my foreign coins in. Ed Smith negotiated hard and bought a camel saddle that he had shipped home. Molinaro bought a nice leather bag. Our guide warned us to not drink anything we would be offered in the bazaar. The next thing I know Ed and Molinaro were drinking cokes with the guy they were dealing with! We were lucky they didn't get drugged or sick later. We went on touring that day and visited snake charmers and ancient artifacts.

On the return ferry we shared a compartment with a couple of older Spanish ladies. After the authorities had gone through and we were ready to debark the ladies retrieved the contraband that they had hidden under our seats! We would have been the ones in trouble if the authorities had found it.

We caught a train to Madrid and went out to Torreon AFB to catch a hop back to London. We were able to get the Navy return flight. We would have time for an all-night train ride to Edinburgh and report in on time for the swing shift. The weather turned bad and our flight diverted to Frankfurt, Germany. With luck we thought we could still get back in time. However, we could not land at Frankfurt either and was diverted further east to Munich. There was no possibility of a flight until the next day. If we could get to London the next day we would be a day late. We checked into the transient barracks, changed into civvies, and caught a bus into Munich. We were in a bar and the Army MP's came through checking ID's, passes, etc. "Big Mo" Molinaro had a little too much German beer and took exception to being checked as we were doing nothing wrong. We hadn't done anything wrong until he mouthed off. The MP's hustled us outside to their little booth in the middle of the street and proceeded to write us up. The young Army MP's had a dislike for cocky Air Force guys in civilian clothes. They sent us back to the base which ruined the rest of the evening. The paper work would go directly to our unit for disciplinary action.

The next morning, we were able to catch a hop bound for London. It looked like we would be AWOL only one day. Enroute the weather turned bad again and we were diverted to Prestwick, Scotland which was a tremendous stroke of luck. We landed and caught a train to Edinburgh and reported for duty on swing shift the nick of time. Now we had to sweat out the report coming from Germany. It could result in the loss of a stripe and pay which you never recover from. I alerted my friend George Page who worked in the orderly room that a report would be coming in.

A few days later George Page caught me and gave me a big grin. He screened the incoming mail to route it to the proper place. He had seen our write up and tore it up. It pays to have friends in high places.

(I talked to George about it a while back. He said, "I cannot confirm nor deny that ever happened". He spent a career in the Air Force and said he counseled young airmen not to do the things he did as a young airman)

My Escape from Scotland and the High Marriage Rate

The early arrivals in 1952 lost their security clearance if they married a local girl. The Air Force soon realized that approach would lead to not enough people to carry out the mission. The policy was changed with clear guidelines and severe penalties if you married and talked out of school. It worked, and I never heard of any problems. In fact, everyone was overly protective of the nation's secrets. If a local asked you what you do out there the standard reply was "clerk typist". They would say "how can you all be clerk typists?" Then they would ask about all the poles with wire strung between them and we would reply, "helicopter pilots practice there". Then "how come we never see any helicopters?" and our reply would be "they only fly late at night in the dark". I don't think we fooled anybody. They just gave up.

LaRue and I wrote regularly. It tapered off by the end of 1955 and there is no recollection of any correspondence during 1956. She was busy in high school and had other obligations. I heard she had moved on with a new boyfriend, Dave. I knew him to be a jerk and couldn't understand the attraction. Then we resumed writing in April 1957 as she had dropped Dave, was excited about graduating, and thinking about her future. LaRue's letters ended again the summer of 1957. I learned later that after graduation she worked as a telephone operator then went to live with Loa and Max in Walnut Creek, California in December 1957.

The tour of duty in Scotland was three years. It was likely that young airmen would meet a girl and get married. The marriage rate was 80%. Only Ed Smith and me escaped from our group that was sent to Scotland. I didn't want to bring a Scottish wife home. I wanted to be available just in case.

After 2 years I was contemplating volunteering for a transfer to Samsun, Turkey. A call had been put out for volunteers. It was a remote assignment for one year and you received per-diem of \$6 per day to live on the local economy. I heard through the grapevine that you could save the per-diem. It would make a nice nest egg to reenter civilian life with (That proved to be true).

I decided to go to Turkey. I would get out of Scotland and the girls looking to marry a yank and a ticket to the United States. I would walk away from the girl I was seeing.

My Journey to Samsun, Turkey

There was a going away party at the old hangout, the Berkeley. Then I caught a train to London about midnight with several guys going to Turkey also. We conked out in a compartment and almost missed our change of

trains. We made it to an air base outside of London and was put on an old two engine C-47 headed to Frankfurt, Germany. It was loaded with crates of cargo. We wore parachutes and sat in web seats along the sides with our feet up on the crates. The weather was really bad over the English Channel, and we had our doubts we would make it. We could hear the pilots talking and looking for lights in the dense fog. We finally arrived at Rhein Main Air Base and stowed our duffel bags at the arrival/departure counter. Then we dropped our AWOL bags with our orders inside at the transient barracks and headed for Frankfurt.

It was early morning when we caught a cab back to the base. We got to the guard gate and none of us had our orders. There was no way they were they going to let us on base. We were in uniform, so they finally let us through. After a couple hours sleep we boarded an old tired four engine C-54 cargo plane. We were joined by about 20 more airmen from units in Germany going to Turkey. There was a pole between the ground and tail section of the plane so the tail would not drop and hit the tarmac. We had to walk forward after the engines were started and before taxiing so the pole could be removed.

Off we went again sitting in web seats along the sides and cargo in the middle. We droned over the Alps and then started letting down in Italy. We could see the leaning tower of Pisa which was quite exciting. All we did was refuel and continue to Athens, Greece where we spent the night in a small hotel.

At the Athens airport the next morning there was a huge crowd. A Russian four engine TU-104 jet had arrived, and it was the first to be seen in a western country. It was painted as a commercial passenger plane, but it had a bombardier position in the nose. I got pictures as our old crate was parked nearby.

End chapter – continued on chapter 4B iTurkey

8. Chapter 4B

My Air Force Overseas Duty in Turkey (1958)

My Arrival in Turkey

We landed south and west of Istanbul, Turkey on a small remote airstrip that the Germans used during WW2. A bus and truck eventually arrived to transport us a few miles to Karamursel, which was the home of the USAFSS and the Navy Security Agency. The bags and cargo were unloaded, and my bag was missing. I had mistakenly assumed that the bags that we left at the counter at Rhein Main would be put on the plane. The others were told they had to retrieve and load their own bag, but I didn't get the word. The hassle of getting back on base without orders was a big distraction that morning. My head was hurting from the night in Frankfurt. All I had was my small carryon bag that in those days was called an AWOL bag. It was going to be a long time before I saw my bag again.

Karamursel was a mixture of old and new construction surrounded by mud. I would be there for a week or so until transportation was set up to Samsun which is on the Black Sea and about 300 miles east of Istanbul. All I had to wear was the dress blues that I was wearing when I arrived. I scrounged around and retrieved an old pair of fatigues that had been discarded. I didn't have to report for duty, so lounged around and visited with people. I also spent a lot of time in the club which was an old left-over Quonset hut from the war. The waiters were Turkish and I had to get used to getting their attention with "Garcon". It was different as about half of the guys were Navy, half Air Force, a few Marines, and a few Army. However, we got along as we had a common mission.

A bus took us to Yalova where we were dropped off to wait for the ferry to Istanbul. We drank tea with the locals and watched them play dominoes until it was time to board. It was a couple of hours on the ferry to Istanbul. We debarked and walked to the "White Boat" that was our transportation up the coast of the Black Sea. In its previous life it was an old German passenger liner. It made the trip once a week. We had two to a cabin and it wasn't too bad. We spent most of our time in the lounge and bar. We arrived the next morning in Samsun, and had to get in small boats for the trip to the pier. It was raining, the waves were high, and we got wet. I was wearing the big blue Air Force wool overcoat. It weighed about 100 pounds when wet.

We got a taxi to the Vindlisi Hotel. We would stay there until we could arrange to move in with other airman who had a vacancy, or we found a house or an apartment we could rent and set up housekeeping. We were told not drink the water without boiling it. That was a bother and we drank the water anyway. It was two weeks of misery before the system became tolerant of it. There was no milk that you could drink. The hotel had a dining room, small bar and a barber who I became good friends with. There were bedbugs that made life miserable. The toilets were holes in the floor. I was in the hotel about a month then found a vacancy in a house. I moved in with three airmen who would be leaving in a few weeks.

My Work and Living Arrangements in Samsun

I was on Dog Trick and on 24/7 shift work. The shift rotation was three on day shift, come back the next day for three swing shifts, then come back the next day for three midnights, then two full days off and start the rotation again. It kept you totally out of synch with the world and it was difficult to get a good night's sleep. Each shift had about five intercept radio operator positions, a couple Russian linguists, radar people, and some analysts. The mission was mainly Russian missile launch facilities across the Black Sea and deep within Russia.

Our site was a small fenced compound on the mountain. The Turkish army lived in shacks and provided security. We had an old wooden operations building, a motor pool shack, and a small PX. The PX had a few essential items like beer, cigarettes that were rationed one carton per week, and booze that was rationed one quart per week. Strange they could get this stuff but essentially no American food. I remember some catsup came in and we were allowed two bottles per person. I was happy also to get a bar of American soap. There was an outhouse that had a great view looking out over Samsun and the Black Sea, especially in the early morning with the sun coming up. For water onsite we had a war surplus water trailer that would hold about 400 gallons. We would pour a bunch of bleach in it and our Turkish driver would fill it up somewhere in town. Who knows where the water came from. That is what the bleach was for.

On the way up to the site we would pass peasants trudging to town or back to their villages. The women and children would be carrying heavy loads and walking. The man would be riding a donkey, smoking and enjoying life. Kids would throw rocks at us. We rode in the back of a 6x6 with a canvas top and it was hazardous. Also, cold in bad weather. The Air Force solution was to gut the back end of a hard-sided communications truck and put benches in it. At least the rocks bounced off the hard sides. Much later we got an old bus. One night we boarded the bus for the midnight shift and the locals stormed around trying to turn it over or whatever they could do to it. The Turkish army appeared out of nowhere with rifles and fixed bayonets and dispersed the hooligans. We never knew what to expect in Samsun and appreciated the Turkish Army having our back that night.

The first place I moved into was a small white 2-story dwelling with a Turkish family upstairs. We were on the ground floor and the windows were covered with steel bars for security. We were quite a way from the town center. One night we partied all night. Morning came and we wandered out because of a commotion in the street. A Turk was laying dead with his throat cut.

The guys I was boarding with were going home and I did not want to stay in the place any longer. So, four of us that worked together on Dog Trick rented an apartment on the fourth floor of an apartment building that was closer to the town center. We set up housekeeping and after a couple of inept maids we hired a good maid, Futma, that we paid \$15 per month in equivalent Turkish lira. She had worked for an American officer in Ankara and had a written recommendation. Her husband was a drug addict in prison in Samsun and she needed to be nearby to take him food as the Turkish prison did not provide any. .

We were able to buy the large American refrigerator from the house I had been in since it was being vacated. A little Turk strapped it on his back and carried it by himself up the stairs. The only trouble with the apartment was that it was directly across the street from a Mosque that started wailing at sunrise. But then you could hear them from all over town, so it didn't make much difference.

For hot water we had a tank with a fire box in the bottom. If you wanted hot water you built a fire and waited. Our cook stove used wood or coal. When we moved in the toilet was the standard Turkish hole in the floor. We managed to find a western style toilet and installed it over the hole and would flush it with buckets of water. It worked and sure beat the hole in the floor.

I had mailed my civilian clothes from Kirknewton, and they showed up shortly after I arrived, so I had civvies to wear. My bag that was left in Germany showed up five weeks later. It was mostly uniforms that we were not to wear in Samsun, so it was no big deal.

Turkey and Greece were having a dispute over an island and there were big organized protests. We were restricted to our quarters when off duty as the crowds were unruly. Our apartment was on the parade route and the street was completely full for about two days with rowdy protestors marching by. We went up on the roof of our apartment building and watched and took pictures.

I received a per diem check every month (as I recall about \$180) and never had to cash one in the year I was in Samsun. My monthly salary (about \$150) was paid in U.S. currency, and we could get three times the exchange rate on the black market, so my salary was plenty adequate. Since we never cashed a check, or exchanged any currency with the Air Force, an officer from Karamursel was sent to investigate. We never heard anymore about it after he saw the living conditions, interviewed us, and we promised to exchange a little money with the Air Force to make it look good.

We gave our maid 10 lire (about a dollar on the black market) a day for food that she would buy each day in the local markets. It was mostly water buffalo that was too old to work, mutton, and fish. The water buffalo and mutton hung in the front window of the butcher shop and was covered with flies. She served a nice roast one evening that was different and tasted pretty good. I asked her what it was, and she replied "kerpec". I thought it over and said "dog?" and she replied in the affirmative. We told her "no more dog". Futma took good care of us, We had sit down meals when she was there, and she did her best to make them appeal to our taste. It wasn't always possible given what she had to work with. We gave her one day off a week and made do without her.

Futma had to leave for a while and go back to Ankara for something and she arranged for another maid while she was gone. One morning she didn't have our lunches ready to take with us for the day shift. I came back down the hill later to pick them up and caught the interim maid cleaning the toilet with one of our tooth brushes. On top of that our lunches that day were fish sandwiches. She had put a fish with the bones intact between two slices of bread. I conferred with the other guys, fired her, and we did without a maid until Futma got back.

We longed for pork since it is forbidden in Turkey. About every three months our Turkish mechanic would work over our old 6x6 and we would send a couple of guys in it to Ankara and the American base that had a fully stocked base exchange. We would make up an order for our house which always had several canned hams

and about three big rolls of baloney on it. The baloney rolls were about four inches across and about two feet long and we could make short work of one. It was over 250 miles through mountains and bad roads and took several days for the round trip. We were never sure how long it would take because of the old truck and the bad roads. It was a big relief and a real treat when they got back. Futma was not happy about serving pork but she did her job. We also had a variety of cans of soup in our order. After a while it would all be gone except cream of mushroom as the guys didn't like it. I got to like cream of mushroom soup when Futma was not around and I needed something to eat.

Former Girl Friend Resurfaces

I was in Samsun a while when I received a well traveled envelope with a card in it. It had gone to my former address in Scotland, but my forwarding address had expired. My old buddy George Page was still there. He was still handling the mail and had saved my address in his address book. He sent it on to me or I would not have gotten it. It was from Larue and had a Walnut Creek, California address on it. I was quite surprised and happy as I had not heard from her for months. I had heard through my contacts in Salmon that she had graduated from high school and went to California. There was a card with a guy at one end of a long table, a gal on the other end of the table, and a candle in the middle. The wording was, "is there still a flame between us?" I thought it was appropriate and answered quickly to get it on the white boat when it came back down the coast in 3 days. We only had mail service once a week when the white boat came through, and I wanted to get my reply to her with no further delays. As I had heard she had gone to California and was living with her sister, Loa, and brother-in-law Max. I knew both of them. She was working at the Bank of America. I assumed that since she sent the card she might be unattached. I wrote back that I had extended my overseas tour, was now in Turkey, and would not be back until late December instead of August. Maybe we could get together when I got back. We continued to correspond the rest of my time in Turkey. In one of her last letters she and her sister extended an invitation to come to Walnut Creek. It was looking like we would see each other again after all.

Our Mission in Samsun, Turkey

We were a detachment of the USAFSS 6933rd Radio Group Mobile but by diplomatic treaty operational units like ours were not allowed in Turkey. So, we were disguised as "Turkey and U.S. Logistics (TUSLOG) Detachment 3-2". We were merely "advisors" to the Turkish military. My mission was to locate and copy Soviet transmissions of Morse code. The targets were deep behind the iron curtain and the other side expended every effort to obscure the transmissions under man made noise called jamming. They had reason to do so as they were conducting the early testing and launch of ICBM's and did not want the world to know. The only way to hear and copy the Morse code was to turn the volume to the maximum and work the squelch to try to hear the underlying transmission. In these extreme conditions the audio meter would peg at its maximum limit and the headsets would feel like they were bouncing. One way to reduce the trauma was to move the headset forward of the ears. This was not too successful, so the next method was to move the headset back over one ear and not subject both ears at the same time to the suffering. I usually used the right ear and when I did this it seemed to be more discriminating. However, to get better accuracy it usually required moving the headset back over both

ears and getting both ears blasted. Our standard saying was , "we will probably not be able hear by middle age". How little did we know that it would be the case. We were locked into the "Cold War", and we took our mission very seriously. We put up with the ear trauma. I seemed to have the knack to find and copy the tough ones and became the "go to" guy on Dog Trick.

During the summer of 1958 I was transferred to Charlie Trick as the Shift Supervisor of about 25. I also manned my radio operator position. On the night shifts I had sole responsibility for the men and the operation of the site. I was an Airman First Class and was replacing a Sergeant that was not getting the job done. In that position I was privy to a lot more information. One being briefing books on the other side. I could read up on "Ivan" and his drinking habits. Some nights "Ivan" seemed to slur his dits and dahs, so what I read was accurate.

In September 1958 I was approached by our only officer, a Lieutenant, and told I was out of uniform. I could not figure how I could be as I was wearing civilian clothes. Then he handed me Staff Sgt stripes. I had been promoted. Now my pay including allowances was \$205 per month, plus I was getting my monthly per diem check. I was also advised that I should reenlist. I said I would consider it, but knew I was not going to.

We were short handed that fall due to the lack of replacement personnel. We got down to 12 radio operators total and went to three shifts with Charlie and Dog shifts combined and I was the supervisor, We worked 12 hour rotating shifts with no days off.

Incidents Providing Motivation

The following are five incidents that made us realize how important a position we occupied in Samsun and the Cold War. They also gave us added determination to carry out our mission under harsh conditions.

1. The summer of 1958 the magazine Aviation Week published a feature article with photos which blew our cover. The other side then made our mission much more difficult with even more jamming and noise covering the transmissions.
2. Two U.S. Congressmen arrived on a fact-finding mission to observe in person what we were doing. I was dutifully impressed when in the middle of the night they were standing behind me observing my work that was in full progress at the time. However, I was too **involved** to talk with them as I was locked onto a launch count down in progress in the far reaches of the USSR.
3. The seriousness of our mission was further impressed on our minds and made us even more diligent after the tragic "shoot down" by Russia of a specially equipped C-130 (tail #60528). It was on a top secret electronic intelligence gathering (ELINT) mission out of Adana, Turkey with USAFSS Morse intercept operators and language specialists all known as "backenders". It was shot down by Russian MIG's on September 2, 1958 when it was close to Soviet Armenia, just across the Black Sea from our location. All 17 "backenders" and 6 flight crew members were lost. The "shoot down" was not fully disclosed until remains were returned 39 years later. A monument was established on September 2, 1998 at NSA Headquarters in Fort Meade, Maryland.

I had been planning to volunteer for these missions for the excitement, and to get flight pay, but decided that it was not the thing to do. As I was finishing up in Turkey I had the option of volunteering for flight duty operating out of Germany on these missions. It required one more year of overseas duty. I had endured enough.

Our presence in Samsun, Turkey on the Black Sea annoyed the Soviets and Khrushchev so much that a MIG fighter buzzed our hilltop operations area. The U2 over-flights of the USSR were launching from Turkey. After I departed in late November 1958, Gary Powers was brought down over the USSR.

The Soviets were very aggressive and would fly near Samsun on occasion. We were told that if we were overrun by aggressors we would be on our own and should head for the mountains and go inland. That was really comforting. After that some unmarked crates arrived with rifles in them. Most of our guys had guns already that they ordered supposedly for wild boar and bird hunting.

Social Life in Samsun

There were no Air Force females in Samsun and there was no fraternization with Turkish women. Women were fully covered from head to toe and we were told not to look at them, and they didn't look at us. You couldn't help but notice there was some real beauty behind some of those veils.

There was one encounter that nearly caused an international incident. Four of our guys lived on the second floor of a house near the location of my first house. Across an open field was a 2-story house of a well-to-do Turkish family and they had a daughter who left Samsun for her advanced education. She became westernized and was a very attractive young lady. She came home to visit her family and while standing out on the back balcony she took notice of the airmen in the house across the field. They took notice also. I can't remember his name but will call him John, hit it off with her across the open space. John and the young lady managed to rendezvous in the dark until her father caught onto what was going on. He then started aiming a rifle at the airmen's house. I got word since they were on my shift and went over to see what was going on. I walked in and they were hunkered down around the windows. Each had a rifle, shotgun, or pistol and they were ready for a shooting war. I got John out of there and hid him in our apartment. He was ordered out of the country, and we put him on the white boat when it came through on its return trip to Istanbul. We heard much later that John and the young lady got together and were married. That incident could have gotten our clandestine operation and all of us kicked out of Turkey.

We had an empty lot with a big stone fence around it that the Air Force leased. We had a ball diamond and a big screen and benches for showing movies in good weather. Turks would sit on the wall smoking and watch what we were doing, and it was a little spooky at times. We also had a small club on the 2nd floor of a building that was called "Hardship Haven". We had coupon books that we purchased for five dollars. I think a beer was a 10-cent coupon and I still have a book with some coupons in it. I was put on the board of advisors with the perk of receiving free beer during our meetings. We had a lot of meetings.

Once a month a Catholic Chaplain from Karamursel would come on the white boat and stay a couple of nights until it came back through on its return to Istanbul. He spent his time in the Hardship Haven getting blitzed every night. He always had a bottle of booze in his briefcase. He liked to come to Samsun. Not being Catholic I don't know if he ever conducted a service. The only place it could have been held was in the club, so I might have been there.

On our long break we would get the 6x6 and load it up with several cases of beer at the PX, whatever rationed booze we had coming, and proceed to the apartment. We had a German Grundig stereo and a lot of albums. That was our entertainment.

A couple of times we rented a Turk and his small boat to take us fishing on the Black Sea. He would not go out very far because of the "Ruskies". He would point across the Black Sea. We got the message. We never caught anything and would stop and buy fish at the market on our way home. Futma told us we were good fishermen, but I think she was on to our act.

One long break we decided to camp on the beach. We loaded up the 6x6 with all our stuff and headed out of town about 20 miles to a secluded beach. We were having a grand time until the second day a farmer herded his water buffalo to the beach to wash them off and hang around. We loaded up and cleared out.

Everyone liked our apartment for parties on the long break. In a letter to LaRue I referred to them as "Group Discussions". We often had as many as 15 in attendance. It would go until the wee hour of the morning or until the beer ran out then everyone would crash on the floor.

Our only officer, Lt. Generaux, was a good guy and liked our apartment social gatherings. He was a Yale graduate and accustomed to fraternity life, so he fit right in. He would show up in the evenings when we were on long break and party into the night. The trouble is he would get a little out of control and we would have to slow him down and get him to behave. When he left Samsun we went out to the White Boat and spent all morning seeing him off. There are not many officers like him.

A British freighter arrived carrying equipment for our site on the mountain and pick up Turkish tobacco and was anchored well out into the bay. We met some of the seaman who invited us out to the ship for some British beer and food which was a great treat.

We then invited them to our apartment to socialize and it went well into the night. Towards morning they needed to get back to the ship, so we escorted them to the pier to find a Turk and a boat to get them back. Nobody was around so we tried starting a couple of boats with no success. We finally found a Turk with a boat to take us all out and we got the seaman delivered. On the way back to the pier we challenged one of the guys to jump overboard which he promptly did clothes and all. We got him back aboard with no loss of life.

There was a Turk that had a yellow horse drawn carriage that had a top with fringe hanging down. We named it the "Five Ten to Yuma" and would rent it for a ride around town in the evenings. We also did some hiking and exploring the outskirts of town and found buried Roman ruins that we could drop down into and look around the big rooms. The arches and design and color of the tile was amazing. We found old roman coins and lots of broken pieces of pottery.

Once in a while I would walk to the Vindlisi Hotel and have lunch. I would also have a beer or two and visit with my barber friend. One day I was there with Bob Langston from Iowa and two open cockpit biplanes came buzzing over the city and landed in a field. Bob and I and the barber took off and went out to see the airplanes. It turns out they were barnstormers selling rides. So, Bob and I rented both planes and pilots, put on parachutes, and took off. We did some stunts and flew over our operations site and got a lot of pictures. I took off my Harris tweed sport coat that I bought in Scotland to wear the parachute and I have pictures of my barber friend wearing it.

The barber invited us to come to his house for a Turkish dinner. He served the national drink Raqi which we were familiar with and very potent. It has an opium derivative in it and turns white when mixed with water. He cooked up a huge meal for us that I think we enjoyed. He wanted an American electric razor, so I ordered one through the PX. Then I worried about getting caught by the authorities and thrown in the clinker. We heard of a few airmen in the early days that were caught selling items on the black market and were beaten severely with rubber hoses and locked up.

There was an older civilian in town that said he was an American, and a tobacco buyer. He would come around and be friendly. I think he might have been a spy trying to get information. We had been thoroughly coached that there would be Russian agents around and we never talked business outside of the compound as our surroundings could be, and probably were bugged. In thinking back about it I wonder if our maid was a spy. She wouldn't have gotten anything from us as we never talked about our work.

Before I got to Samsun a week of R and R leave to Istanbul was granted after six months of duty. After I arrived the policy was cancelled, and I would be there the whole year without any R and R. The Air Force got me again.

We had an incident that caused all of us some grief. One of the guys was from Boston, Massachusetts. He wrote a letter to his mother complaining about the living conditions and how badly we were treated. About a month later all hell broke loose with headquarters all over us. We had to explain within so many hours. It turns out the guys mother worked for a Senator Kennedy from Massachusetts. He told the Secretary of the Air Force to find out what is going on over there. It took a while to get all the answers submitted and people off our backs. Before I departed Samsun ground was broken for a

new operations site complete with barracks and facilities. I wonder if that letter and the congressional visit had anything to do with it? That Senator Kennedy became President two years later.

Time went slowly. I was being bugged to reenlist and even told the Air Cadets and pilot training was an option if I signed up for six more years. I was too wise for that by now and my mind was made up to go to college and get a degree. My parents were in Guatemala I and had no home to go back to. I did not know where I would be going, or what I would do as soon as I was discharged. Being single and unattached my options were wide open. I was full of indecision and apprehension about entering civilian life and what I was going to do in the future, but my mind was made up to go to college under the GI Bill. Some of the guys tried to persuade me to extend my enlistment and we would put in for a year at a newly opened site in a remote area. Per diem was \$11 per day versus the \$6 or so per day we were getting in Samsun, so it really had to be bad. I believe the site was in Pakistan. No thanks, I have had enough and will get discharged.

Just before I left for the states we returned to the apartment after working all night and found the place totally ransacked. Stuff was thrown everywhere. One guy lost about \$500 in camera equipment. I didn't lose anything as I kept my stuff in a metal foot locker that I kept locked. It sure shook us up.

My Journey Back to Civilian Life

The time to depart finally came. We had a big party in the apartment that spilled over the next morning onto the White Boat. The following dates and times are from a 5x5 scrap of paper that I recorded them on. The dates and time are in military format.

22 Nov 1958

1200 Dep Samsun - commercial boat

23 Nov 1958

1400 Arr Istanbul

I went to the NCO club the Air Force maintained in town and had a hamburger and even some milk as I had not had any for a year. I hit a jackpot on a slot machine and didn't even care as the money didn't seem to matter. I had to go to Karamursel the next day to process out, so got a hotel room and spent the night in semi luxury.

24 Nov 1958

1200 Dep Istanbul - commercial ferry

1500 Arr Yalova

1500 Dep Yalova by bus

1530 Arr Karamursel

While processing out the next day I was given the option of staying for several days to get my discharge physical and paper work completed or wait until I reached the U.S. I opted for getting out of Turkey as fast as possible. As the following entries show I caught the ferry back to Istanbul with travel orders to depart Istanbul on November 28.

26 Nov 1958

1130 Dep Karamursel by bus

1200 Arr Yalova

1230 Dep Yalova by commercial ferry

1430 Arr Istanbul

Another guy and I got a nice hotel room and relaxed. We met some embassy people the last night that were having a party at the nearby Hilton and we were invited. We went but were kind of partied out and did not stay long.

28 Nov 1958

1045 Dep Istanbul by plane (*Turkish Airlines*)

1145 Arr Ankara

1500 Dep Ankara by plane (*Olympic Airlines*) 2000

Arr Tripoli airport (*Libya, North Africa*) 2015 Dep

Tripoli airport by bus.

2100 Arr Wheelus AFB

While walking to the bus in Tripoli I saw a guy that I knew in Biloxi and exchanged greetings. After we arrived at Wheelus we were put up in transient quarters to await a flight to the U.S. It was supposed to be the next day but the Military Air Transport Service (MATS) C-121 Super Connie had an engine problem that the mechanics worked on all day. They worked on it for three days before it was given the OK to fly. Sure made us feel good.

I saw a Rolex Oyster Date wristwatch in the Wheelus AFB base exchange and bought it for \$69.50. I still have it, and also the receipt.

01 Dec 1958

0335 Dep Wheelus AFB

0900 Arr Lajes Field (local time) (*Portugese Azores*)

9hr 30min 2,196 miles

I was in a window seat and after a while went to sleep. I felt us losing altitude and woke up to see ocean and big waves out my window and very close. The seats face to the rear in military aircraft so I could not see forward. I felt sure we were ditching in the ocean. Then we plopped onto a runway. We had not been told we would be landing that soon, so we assumed it was a mechanical problem. The troublesome engine needed to be worked on. A bunch of us headed to the NCO Club to fortify ourselves and stayed until we were alerted for a 4:30pm departure. We got back on the plane and taxied and stopped. A jeep came out and a ground crewman ran out and removed

the lock on the nose gear that had been forgotten. We were soon on our way but not feeling all that confident in our MATS airplane.

1630 Dep Lajes, Azores

2315 Arr Bermuda (local time) (*got off while the plane was refueled*) 8hr

45min 1,908 miles

02 Dec 1958

0130 Dep Bermuda

0430 Arr Charleston AFB, South Carolina

Back in the USA

A big cheer and round of applause erupted when we touched down in Charleston. A Sgt came on board and made the announcement that due to the trouble in town caused by returnees like us we would be restricted to the base until discharged or sent to another duty assignment. After three years and nearly four months overseas that did not go over well with me. A guy in the transient barracks told us of a hole in the fence nearby. So, a few of us went to town that night. It was really a treat to walk into a cafe and get good food. We managed to stay out of trouble in the bars.

I couldn't wait to call LaRue. I got a roll of quarters, some small change, and found a bank of pay phones out on the sidewalk. I summoned up my courage and dialed but she was out for the evening. I tried again the next night with no success. I gave up and didn't try again as I was too scared to make the call. Her sister Loa would let her know I was calling.

I was looking through the base exchange and spotted a small transistor radio that had just been introduced. It was a Motorola and about four inches high, six inches wide, two inches thick, and ran on four AA batteries. It was new on the market and such a novelty that I had to have one even if it was \$50 which was a lot of money in those days.

The food in the transient mess hall was served on plates instead of the standard steel trays. Everything was good after being in Turkey. I think the Air Force was putting on a good show for the other military branches traveling through Charleston AFB, and guys waiting for separation that might be on the fence. It didn't sway me.

Processing out did not go well for me. My blood pressure was up, and the doctor would not clear me for discharge. I had to go in every morning to get it checked. Then we would fall out for work detail. Since I was a S/Sgt I would be assigned a few airmen to police around the swimming pool. We would go a couple of blocks and I would head to the club for coffee. Same thing in the afternoon and I never did see the swimming pool. The doctor told me to lay off the booze and I tried it to no avail. So, I decided to go to town with some guys and we had a big night out. The next day my blood pressure was fine. So much for the doctor's advice.

I was discharged on December 15, 1958 after four years and three months in the Air Force. It was a strange feeling to be totally free, with no home, no job, no pay coming in, and nobody telling me what to do, and when to do it. I did not know what to do. My instinct told me to head for Idaho, which I did.

end chapter 4b

9. Chapter 5.1 – Discharge and reunion with LaRue

I was discharged December 15, 1958 after four years, three months, and three days in the Air Force. I would be in the inactive Air Force Reserve until I accumulate eight years of obligation as required by law. My active duty requirement was fulfilled.

My family was living in Guatemala. I was in no hurry to go there after just returning to the United States after three and a half years overseas. I felt totally lost, so I would head towards Idaho where I was born and raised. I planned to see LaRue eventually as I had an invitation to visit. I would do that later when I go to Guatemala. Through a stroke of luck we had reconnected via letters while I was in Turkey. Following is an excerpt of how it happened.

---excerpt from chapter 4B-Life in Turkey –

Former Girl Friend Resurfaces

I was in Samsun, Turkey a while when I received a well traveled envelope with a card in it. It had gone to my former address at Kirknewton, Scotland, but my forwarding address had expired. My old buddy George Page was still there. He was still handling the mail and had saved my address in his address book. He sent it on to me or I would not have gotten it. It was from LaRue and had a Walnut Creek, California address on it. I was quite surprised and happy as I had not heard from her for months. I had heard through my contacts in Salmon that she had graduated from high school and went to California.

*I opened it and there was a card with a guy at one end of a long table, a gal on the other end of the table, and a candle in the middle. The wording was, “**is there still a flame between us?**” I thought it was appropriate and answered quickly to get it on the white boat when it came back down the coast in 3 days. We only had mail service once a week when the white boat came through and I wanted to get my reply to her with no further delays.*

As I had heard she had gone to California and was living with her sister, Loa, and brother-in-law Max. I knew both of them. She was working at the Bank of America in Walnut Creek. I assumed that since she sent the card

she might be unattached. I wrote back that I had extended my overseas tour, was now in Turkey, and would not be back until late December instead of August. Maybe we could get together when I got back. We continued to correspond the rest of my time in Turkey. In one of her last letters she and her sister Loa extended an invitation to come to Walnut Creek. It was looking like we would see each other again after all.

---end of excerpt---

I decided to fly to Salt Lake City and look up my old Air Force buddy in Scotland, Ed Smith, and buy a car. Then after a few days make my way to Salmon and Patterson to pick up stuff and leave uniforms. Then go to California and on to Guatemala.

I got an airline ticket from Charleston, South Carolina to Salt Lake for \$152.74 and still have the carbon copy receipt. That was a lot of money in those days. However, I was reimbursed the amount the train ticket would have cost. I flew to Midway Field in Chicago on National and changed to a United flight and arrived in Salt Lake in the early evening. I didn't have Ed's phone number or address so went to a phone book. There were a couple pages of Smiths. I had a vague memory that his phone number started with an IN prefix, but then most of them did. I was on about my eighth call when the lady who answered said she was Ed's mother and he was out for the evening. She would come and get me. I still have the list of names that I called and checked off. Ed was surprised to see me when he got home.

We visited Ed's hangouts in the evenings, and I shopped for a car. I found a used gray and white 1956 four door Ford Fairlane that looked to be in good shape with low miles. It was one of the first cars to have seat belts. It was around \$1,200. I peeled off my per diem checks from Turkey and paid cash for it. The salesman was impressed.

The car dealer was in South Salt Lake and I had to take the car to the State Court house on the hill in North Salt Lake to get a temporary sticker on it. I had not driven in over three years. I was nervous about driving again, and my Idaho drivers license had expired. The salesman rode with me to help me get there.

In those days when you pulled into a service station an attendant pumped your gas, checked your oil, and washed your windshield. I liked the idea of having seat belts in the car and used them. However, before I pulled into a service station I would unhook my seatbelt and tuck it away. I didn't want them to think I was a wimp!

After a few days in Salt Lake I was ready to take off for

Salmon. I headed north around December 20. I got to Salmon late and got a hotel room. The next morning I went to where I boarded in high school to see Olga and Clarence (Smitty) Smith. They took me right in.

It was Sunday and I was talking to Olga and Clarence about my future plans. LaRue was mentioned and they knew she was working in California. I told them I called her twice when I got back to the states, but she was always out for the evening. So, I quit calling. Olga said, "it is now afternoon in California and you should go right in there and call her." She was persistent. (Olga always thought we should be together and encouraged our first date in 1954 for the prom). I summoned up my courage and we finally connected. I had no idea what her commitments were but thought it would be fun to see her again. I told her I would be going to Guatemala to see my folks and I might drive down and fly from San Francisco. If I did I could pass through Walnut Creek and see her. I also had in the back of my mind that I would need a place to leave my car.

I got my car registered with Idaho plates (2L1311) and a new driver's license. I took my car to the Ford garage to get it serviced and was told the tie rods were shot. I had them replaced and wondered how they could be that worn with the low mileage showing in the dash. It looked in good shape otherwise. Later, however, I began to wonder if the mileage had turned over after 100,000 miles. Much later I concluded this was probably the case. We drove it until 1962 and traded for a 1960 Ford Falcon station wagon in California.

About a month before I was to depart Samsun, I mailed a metal trunk of my stuff to the May Post Office. I drove to May and it was there. I took it to the house in Patterson. The folks had locked the door and left with everything in it. I sorted through my stuff and took what I wanted, which was civilian clothes, and my new slide projector and 35mm slides that I had sent in the trunk.

There were only two or three guys around Salmon that I knew and a night or two going around with them was enough. I ran into Pat Skinner, a friend and classmate of LaRue. We visited for a while, and she asked if I was going to look up LaRue. I told her no even though I knew I planned to. I wanted to leave all options open.

I was soon ready to hit the road and see my grandparents in Cambridge, and Aunt Mary and Uncle Donald on the Oregon Slope near Weiser.

I arrived in Cambridge and knocked on the door of Grandma and Grandpa Hathhorn. There was no recognition by Grandpa when he answered the door. I told him I was an encyclopedia salesman and that got him flustered. Grandpa let me in then I told them who I was. They had no idea of my whereabouts and were surprised. I spent the night with them and visited Grandma Edmunson and then went to Uncle Donald and Aunt Mary's on Christmas Eve.

My Reconnection with LaRue

I was restless Christmas day at Uncle Donald and Aunt Mary's. *It was a beautiful clear day and* I decided to leave in the afternoon and drive part way to California. My plan was to drive to Winnemucca. I got to Winnemucca and had a steak and decided to keep going. Next it was Reno and over Donner Pass to Sacramento about 1am. No use stopping as I was not tired. Too excited, I guess. I proceeded on to Walnut Creek. I arrived about 4am and got a motel room. It turned out to be about four blocks from where LaRue worked.

I had no idea how seeing LaRue would go and had no expectations. It could be hello, how are you, a short visit, and continue on my way. She could have obligations.

I hoped at least I could leave my car for a while when I went to Guatemala. My backup plan in case things didn't work out was to visit Uncle Jim and family. He was a professor at the University of Nevada in Reno and they lived in Sparks, Nevada.

I was up early and called the house, hoping to catch her. Loa answered and said LaRue had gone to work at the bank. I later found the bank easily as it was nearby. I turned a corner too fast and my new portable transistor radio flew off the passenger seat and cracked the handle/antenna, which upset me. I listened to it because it was better than the car radio. I told myself to slow down.

I walked into the bank and saw LaRue walking behind the teller cages. She was a more mature version of the high school girl I last saw over three years ago. She saw me and ran out into the lobby causing everyone in the bank to take notice. We could not talk long. I came back, picked her up, and we went to Loa and Max's for lunch. Loa invited me to stay with them and said I could have their son David's bed. I was all set for what I figured to be a couple of days before I moved on.

Max was home from the firehouse that night and we all gathered in the living room. It was a strange feeling being reunited with LaRue.

Max and Loa were having a martini and asked if I would like one. Knowing LaRue was against alcohol I declined. I had been wondering how I would handle this issue. Then she said she would have a drink! I was surprised and backtracked in a hurry.

We were rather reserved that evening. She sat on the couch across the room and we all sat around and visited. I wondered if this was how it was going to be. I might not be here long and started thinking about moving on.

I brought in my slide projector and slides and gave them a slideshow on Scotland and Turkey. My reception was good, but LaRue and I were somewhat distant. We did get a hug in later in the evening when we all hung it up for the night.

Relations warmed up quickly that weekend. We were happy to be together again after three and a half years. I had planned to stay in Walnut Creek a couple of days, but I was easily convinced to stay over New Years. Max and Loa were great hosts. I knew them since the summer of 1954 when they were on vacation in Salmon. I felt they liked me and were promoting this reunion.

On Sunday I suggested we go to Reno New Years Day. I wanted to visit my uncle Jim and explore college ideas as he was the Dean of Men at Nevada. I conveniently left that out. LaRue said, "to get married or what?" It totally surprised me hearing "married". We had talked before I went overseas about getting married someday, but that was ancient history. We had gone our separate ways as she had 3 more years of high school and I was going overseas. We did not go to Reno.

After I took her to work Monday morning I started thinking. We were back to where we were over three years earlier. Both of us by now felt we were meant for each other. We both had over three years to explore life. We were back together again. I would be leaving soon to go to Guatemala and then to college. I felt we needed to have a commitment to each other. A ring might be in order. I was not thinking any further than that. Tuesday, I started shopping for a ring. I found nothing in Walnut Creek and ended up at Samuels, a well known jewelry store in Oakland on Wednesday, the day before New Years. I picked out a ring, and paid cash for it. I needed to get a ring size and they would size it Friday morning. That was good as LaRue had to work Friday. I could get it sized and present it that evening.

I showed the ring to Max and Loa to clue them in and they approved. I had Larue's niece, Maxine, get a ring of LaRue's out of her jewelry box so I could get the new ring sized. Now the family was in on the plan, and anxious for the big moment.

Max and Loa were going to a New Years Eve party and said we could have a party at their place and watch the kids. Larue's sister Jane and brother-in-law Jerry and another couple were invited. I went to the liquor store and stocked up with four bottles of good booze. Max was impressed with my selection and had to sample them all. We had a nice quiet New Years Eve party. New Years day was difficult as everybody but LaRue knew I had a ring.

Friday morning I took LaRue to work and went to Oakland to get the ring sized. I would spring the surprise Friday night after LaRue got off work. The family was gathered in the living room. We entered the house through the garage into the family room. As planned nobody was there. I stopped LaRue and nervously got the ring out. She was totally surprised, and there was no hesitation on her part. I had stopped to say hello and hopefully leave my car and we were engaged!

This was a huge fork in the road and totally unplanned. I would go to Guatemala, come back, and we would figure out the next move.

My Trip to Guatemala

I didn't have a passport but could go on a tourist card for a limited time. I had no idea how long I would stay. I thought it might be a couple of months working with my Dad at the small mine on the remote mountain surrounded by jungle.

I briefed LaRue on the quirks of the 56 Ford as she would be driving it. It was hard to start on cold mornings, so you had to pump the gas. The gas gauge was faulty. It would be empty when it shows 1/4 tank. It leaks engine oil, so check the oil level often.

Max, Loa, and LaRue drove me to the San Francisco airport. I boarded the plane and could see LaRue at the window. I didn't want to leave and thought about getting off. I departed January 5, 1959 at 5pm on Pan American #515 to Los Angeles, then to Guatemala City. The one-way ticket was \$143.56 and required a Guatemala tourist card for \$2.

I had sent a telegram saying that I would arrive at 6am, January 6. Mom, Garry, and Bev met me at the airport. Dad was out in the jungle working. Mom sensed that I had something to tell her and was not surprised when I gave her the news. She said, "Why didn't you bring her with you?" She said she expected LaRue to get off the plane with me.

They would run into each other in Salmon while I was gone, and mom always liked her.

End

10.Chapter 5.2 Guatemala and My Return

Brother Garry was in high school and sister Beverly was about the first grade. The folks had a decent two story house with a big wall around it with a gate and had a maid. Guatemala was getting two or three big earthquakes a day and it was rather unsettling. They shook the house really good. Guatemala was too much like Turkey and I decided I would not stay as long as I originally thought.

Dad spent all week out on a big mountain in the jungle where he had established a small lead producing mine. He found this location after covering Guatemala on horseback and on foot. We decided to go visit him and got on an old DC-3 and flew to Huehue Tenango and landed on a grass field. Dad met us and we went to the hotel and got rooms. That evening we were sitting in the courtyard and dad asked if I would like a beer. I had never drank in front of them so I declined. Garry said he would have one and I changed my mind in a hurry.

I had written earlier to LaRue telling her I was going to Huehue Tenango and that it was sure an odd name. I wrote, "maybe we should name our first child, Huehue Tenango, ha, ha." Funny attempt at humor at the time, I guess.

The mine was about ten miles from town through the jungle. Then it was a steep road up the side of a mountain that dad had someone make with a D8 Cat. He had a Jeep station wagon for going back and forth and hauling supplies. Where the new road started up the mountain we were going up through a big wash and a boa constrictor was hanging across a tree in front of us.

The mine was located in pine trees at a high elevation. It consisted of dad's adobe shack, a diesel for electricity, and a kiln for melting lead out of the rock brought out of the mine. The mine itself was a small hole that went in and snaked around following the veins containing lead. I could not stand up in the tunnels as the Indian miners were small and not over 5ft tall. It worked for them but not for me. It was really claustrophobic. After the lead was melted from the rock it was poured into wooden molds resulting in heavy lead bricks that dad had to haul out. You had to be dedicated to live there and operate a primitive mine like that.

We decided to take a jaunt in the Jeep up the Transamerica highway to Mexico to buy items that were very expensive in Guatemala. Carlos, who is Guatemalan and dad's interpreter and assistant, drove the Jeep. The highway was a dirt road and a spring broke on the Jeep, but we were able to keep going. I kept seeing bodies laying beside the road and Carlos said they were Indians that had consumed too much tequila and passed out.

We got soap and a few items, had a late lunch, and headed back to the border. We were worried about the border crossing as Guatemala and Mexico were in a border war with each other. We got to the gates and the two sides were having a party together and paid no attention to us.

We flew back to Guatemala City on the DC-3 that was really loaded. I remember people standing in the back and crates of stuff in the aisle. I also noticed that the fence posts were cut off low at the end of the grass runway so the plane could clear the fence.

I went to Guatemala thinking that I would stay two or three months. LaRue and I were exchanging letters almost every day, and we were not happy being apart. We were anxious to get on with a life together. A lot of decisions had to be made about getting married, getting a job, and where to go to college. She was wanting to know what we were going to do and when were we going to do it. At this point I had no idea. She wrote that she was acquiring dishes and stuff for married life. She even asked what kind of pillow I like. I wrote back, "it doesn't matter as I am not used to having a pillow." I never had a pillow in Turkey.

She wrote that rain was leaking in the back window of the car getting the back seat wet. Max was going to help her put some clear caulk around it. She had also found front floor mats for \$5 as she was concerned about the rainy weather and the carpeting.

After two weeks I was ready to get back to the United States and LaRue. My return ticket was on Pan American for \$159.87. I paid an additional \$16.65 excess weight charge. I still have the receipts. It was Pan American flight #516 departing at 6:15pm on January 22, 1959.

We had to take the back streets to the airport as a revolution was underway to overthrow the government. Tanks were rolling on the main avenues and sealing them off. I was glad to be leaving.

My Return to the United States from Guatemala

I arrived in San Francisco at 4:30am Friday, January 23, 1959. I had sent a letter when I would be arriving and was hoping LaRue would be there to meet me. I waited for a while and decided she wasn't coming as she might not have received the letter yet. I caught an airport bus from the airport to the bus terminal in San Francisco and got a ticket on Greyhound to Walnut Creek. I arrived around 8am and got a taxi to Max and Loa's. I saw LaRue briefly before she went to work.

Dad had told me to call his old boss, Tony Mecia. He was now the President Of Utah Construction based in San Francisco. Tony had told dad that if I needed a job when I got out of the Air Force that he would have one for me. I called Tony. He was in a board meeting but

came out of it to talk to me. Utah Construction had a project in Rock Springs, Wyoming. All I had to do is show up and I would be put to work. I had been spending a lot of money and figured this was the best thing to do until I could start college in the fall.

Our Plan for the Future

We planned to get married as soon as we could work it out. Since her folks were in Salmon we felt we should get married there. We decided that LaRue would quit her job and we would move her back to Salmon. I would go on to the job in Rock Springs. LaRue and her Mother would get the wedding planned and I would return from Rock Springs. That was the plan.

LaRue gave notice and we had two weeks to kill. We went to see the newly released movie "South Pacific" in San Francisco and did tourist things. We visited Golden Gate Park, the San Francisco Zoo, China Town, and Fisherman's Warf.

End chapter 5.2

11.Chapter 5.3

Return to Salmon and our big decision

Loa had a bridal shower for LaRue on February 6th. We headed for Salmon about February 9th rather late in the day. Everything fit in the back of the 56 Ford. Even her large portable record player that took a good part of the backseat. I didn't think it was necessary, but it was her new toy, and she still owed payments on it.

We were going over Donner Summit which back then was a winding two lane road. There were high snow banks on both sides. The heater quit working and the car got colder and colder inside. We bundled up and kept going. We stopped at garages but it was Sunday and they were closed. We were in Elko the next morning and got it fixed at the Ford garage. Luckily it had not been bitter cold like it can get in that part of the country.

We got to Jackpot which was a wide spot in the road. LaRue told me about the time she came through Jackpot with her folks and her and her dad had a great steak cooked rare in a place about where Barton's 93 is today. So, we stopped and had a steak.

We got to Salmon in the evening. We stopped first to see Olga and Clarence Smith where I boarded in high school. They had seen our engagement notice in the Salmon paper and were thrilled we were together again. They gave me my old bedroom for as long as I wanted to stay. I told them I would not stay long as I had to get to the job in Wyoming. We then unloaded LaRue at her place. They had no problems with us getting engaged and married. Her parents had always liked me (I think).

Our Big Decision

I dreaded going to Wyoming and hung around a few more days than I had planned. I decided I had to get going the next day which was Valentine's day, February 14, 1959. We had settled on a wedding date of April 14 as that was the day of our first date for the prom in 1954.

We went to a basketball game at the high school and then stopped at the Crescent Club to talk. The evening wore on and LaRue said, "why don't we elope tomorrow. It's Valentine's Day". That was a stunner. It sounded good to me, and I would not be leaving her behind again. We rationalized that it would be hard for my folks to come to a wedding from Guatemala, and we didn't want to burden her folks with the expense. Eloping would be a good way to go. It hadn't occurred to us that we could have gotten married when we passed through Nevada on our way to Salmon.

I dropped her at her folks and went to Smith's with a lot on my mind.

I woke up the next morning thinking about what I had agreed to the night before. I thought I would sleep longer as I was not sure if this was for real or not. Maybe LaRue changed her mind. I knew she was not an early riser. I heard the phone ring and Olga soon yelled, "LaRue is on the line". I knew then that it was for real and got moving.

I believe Olga and Clarence knew what we were up to as I was packed up, and in a hurry to get out the door. They probably heard me on the phone, and I had dropped a hint or two. They were all smiles.

It was Saturday and getting married that day seemed impossible. I picked up LaRue and she had her bag with her. Her parents had gone somewhere that morning so there was no problem there.

We had to get a marriage license, a blood test, and get moving. My friend Denny Hawley's mother worked at the court house, which was closed, and she was off. We went to see her at home. She agreed to go to the court house and issue our marriage license. Pat Skinner's stepmother was a head nurse and she agreed to come to the hospital and do our blood test. There was normally a three day wait for the results. Somehow she got it accomplished.

Pat Skinner was going to college at Idaho State in Pocatello. LaRue called her to see if she could line her bishop up to marry us that evening. Pat would work on it.

The next stop was to get money out of my savings account at Idaho First National Bank and visit Colvin's Jewelry next door to pick out and purchase wedding bands. By 1pm we were on our way to Pocatello.

We did not have time to eat anything so we stopped at the little store in Leadore to get some snacks. I was longing for shrimp and we got canned shrimp, a big package of Oreo cookies, and Cokes. The lady in the store found a can opener and opened the can of shrimp, and we were on our way again.

We arrived in Pocatello around 6pm and called Pat Skinner from a pay phone. She said we were on for our wedding. We had time to find a motel and change clothes. I registered nervously as Mr and Mrs expecting to get challenged, but nothing was said. I figured I would have the paper to prove it later that evening.

. I changed into a gray suit that was one of two tailored suits that I bought in Scotland. I chose it because it travelled well with no wrinkles. LaRue changed into a white dress. It looked like a short wedding dress to me. I asked her if she bought it with getting married in mind. She said no. It was because she liked it. (Our grand daughter, Summer Redd, tried it on in 2024. It fit her perfectly, and still in new condition, so LaRue gave it to her.)

We found the bishop's house near the campus. Pat Skinner was there and had her brother Reed with her to stand up with us.

The bishop of the college ward was young, and it was his first wedding. His name was Glen Marshall. He was nervous and we were nervous. I was repeating the vows and said, "I LaRue take Harry to be", and that loosened us up a little. It didn't take long and we were a married couple. LaRue was 20 and I was 22. It was nearly five years from the time we met in high school.

A lot of water had passed under our bridges. We had withstood the test of time and distance between us. We absolutely felt that it was meant to be. We still feel that way after 67 years.

Afterwards we took Pat with us for a nice dinner at the Bannock Hotel, which was the place in Pocatello for social functions and fine dining. We had Manhattan's before dinner and then prime rib. Later we went by the telegraph office and sent telegrams to her folks and my folks. It was quite a day and a major fork in the road.

Our Honeymoon

We spent the next day in Pocatello deciding what to do next. We felt we should drop by her brothers in Ogden, Salt Lake, and Springville, Utah to apprise them of the fact that we were married. The first stop was Gail and Carma in Ogden.

Gail asked me what I was going to do with my life, and I said I was going to college but did not know where. He informed me Weber Junior College is in Ogden and they were on break between winter and spring quarters. Would I like to look them over. I didn't think it would hurt and away we went.

Weber at the time had just moved the campus from downtown to South Ogden. The new campus consisted of four new long one-story buildings, and a student union. Gail knew the registrar, and we went straight to his office. We talked and toured the buildings. I ended up enrolling for the spring quarter starting in a few days.

We never considered the job in Wyoming after that. It was a good decision that brought resolution to all of the questions we had been asking ourselves. I was starting college much sooner than I thought possible.

Wow, another fork in the road.

We hurried along and saw Val and Loi in Salt Lake and Gene and Wanda in Springville. While there we went to a jewelry store in Provo and purchased a diamond wedding ring to match her engagement ring. I felt she needed more than a wedding band.

We decided to make a quick run to see aunt Mary and Uncle Donald and my grandparents in Cambridge. On the way we traveled on highway 30 from Burley to Twin Falls and stopped at a little pullout at the Perrine Bridge and I took photos. From there the highway turned left onto what now is Golf Course Road. We passed a half mile south from where our home is now. We kept remarking how beautiful the farms were through Twin Falls and Jerome. Little did we know that 50 years later we would be living here.

After Cambridge we hurried back to Salmon via Arco and Challis to face the music and pack up and move to Ogden. I didn't have to stay with Olga and Clarence anymore.

LaRue's folks were disappointed in not getting to put on a wedding, but accepted what took place. We had a nice reception that made up for it. We were officially recognized in Salmon as married. We surprised a lot of people and old classmates. We beat out our friends Carol and Grant that had a wedding date a few weeks away.

end chapter 5.3

12. Chapter 6.1
- Our Early Married Life in Ogden
(1959-1961)

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 finished 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 within two months after getting discharged from the Air Force. It had been a whirlwind. We were happy and ready to settle down together.

We went shopping at Skaggs downtown to buy the many things needed to set up housekeeping. It was fun doing it together. We made several trips as we always needed something. The clerks soon noticed we were newlyweds setting up house keeping and were very helpful.

We didn't have a TV, so our entertainment was LaRue's portable record player. I had a bunch of 33 1/3rd albums that I acquired while in Turkey. I didn't like owing money or payments, so we paid off the note on her record player.

I had to take entrance exams to enroll at Weber that showed I needed a refresher in algebra. 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 didn't want to make the mistake of overloading like I did at Idaho. 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. Our home is in Utah. They granted me resident status.

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 melt down.

The second and last crisis (a major disagreement) happened much later 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.

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.

LaRue went into the new 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. 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.

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 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.

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 as she was worried about it. 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 then obtained an old abandoned large crib that I stripped down and refurbished. We thought we might have a baby by year end, but nothing happened.

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

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.

My folks 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 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.

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. No more driving that day for LaRue.

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 decided to major in math. Rue 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 about 20 hours a week at 95 cents an hour. It was low pay, but I decided to do it 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. He drove a new Studebaker Golden Hawk 2 door coupe that he parked in a parking garage. He would have me go get it for him, which I loved to do.

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 really enjoyed our first Christmas together.

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.

When Kathleen was born January 7, 1960, Aunties A and B were thrilled to have a baby around and called her "Muggins." If they heard her cry very long they were right over to check on things and lend a helping hand.

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. We were happy with married life and doing well.

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 should not go. The store was working me a lot, and I didn't want to ask for time off. *I Liked my low paying job.*

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 bouncing up and down in her crib. Holding onto the side rail of the big crib she 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 and was a computer operator on the night shift. 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 steel 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. It was with the Ogden Union Railroad Depot Company. You worked the extra board and only if you were called that day. I applied and was hired. I worked when I was called and the pay was good. 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 hard and work when I could.

I would graduate with an Associate Science degree 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. 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 the inner tube, and the tire itself was ok. 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.

13.Chapter 6.2

Our Early Married Life in Berkeley (1961-1962)

. 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 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. 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 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. 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. There was 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 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 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. Nonresident 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 mid nights 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.

end of chapter

14. Chapter 7b Our Life in Logan (1962-1964)

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 316 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.

School

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 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 dependents 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. I usually knew as much about programming as the instructors.

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

Life in Logan

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 mountains, in caves, or in the back of spy airplanes on daily dangerous missions 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 missions over Cambodia and Vietnam. They got shot at a lot and he is 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 7b

15.Chapter 7c

Summer 1964 and End of job at Thiokol

I graduated June 6, 1964 from Utah State University with a B.S. in Applied Statistics. Thiokol promoted me from computer operator to Junior Programmer. Thiokol had the contract to build the 1st stage of the Minuteman Missile and I would be doing Fortran programming on missile related stuff. It was an exempt monthly salary of \$705 per month and I would be working permanent dayshift which was nice after working three years on shift work.

I moved out of the computer room and across the hall to a big open room with desks lined up one after the other in typical aerospace engineering style. The manager sat in a room behind us with a big window so he could see what we were doing (or not doing). We wore shirts with necktie and slacks. It was the custom to have a pocket protector with pens and pencils in your shirt pocket. In today's words we were "nerds". I was happy to be in a professional job, but it was not an office environment I wanted the rest of my life.

Now that I had the summer free we bought a new tent and sleeping bags. We spent weekends camping in Logan Canyon, Bear Lake, and went to Bryce Canyon. When we arrived at Bryce Canyon about 2am we found that we had left the tent poles home. We put down the front seats in the Rambler for a bed for us, and the kids slept in the back. It worked great.

We spent the 4th of July weekend camping at Bear Lake where I sunburned the top of my feet badly and could not go to work for two days. Another place we liked was up Strawberry Canyon east of Hyrum towards Bear Lake. LaRue's dad, Morris, had a summer job up there riding for the cattle association looking after hundreds of cattle. He restored an old sheep camp that he parked in the aspen trees. We would go up and spend weekends with him. We would be in our new tent. The beauty of the aspen grove, the mountains, the wild-flowers, and the sunshine was perfect. The kids got to ride horses, and I rode with Morris to move cattle.

LaRue's brother Val was a forest ranger on the district. They would come up weekends and stay in the Forest Service cabin nearby. We had a Gibbs family reunion, and everybody came from all over. It was a great place to camp and have a reunion.

Another camping trip we enjoyed was a trip to visit LaRue's brother, LaGrande, who was herding sheep. He was on a mountainside on the border of Idaho and Star Valley, Wyoming. We loaded up LaRue's folks, Morris and Mattie, and all our camping stuff in and on top of the Rambler and took off. We got to where he said he would be beside the road but there was no LaGrande, and no sheep visible anywhere. We went to Star Valley and backtracked looking for him. I stopped where he said he would meet us, and I smelled sheep. I took off on foot up the side of the mountain. I finally found sheep and his camp, but he wasn't there. I waited around and he finally rode in looking a little sheepish. He had ridden his horse to a tavern down the canyon, and was drinking beer when we went by. His weakness for alcohol had over ridden his obligations.

We got his spare horse and his pack horse and rode down to the highway. We packed the poor packhorse as high as it would go. We even had a card table on the top of the load. Tourists were driving by gawking at us and laughing. It was quite a sight as we headed up the mountain. Morris and Mattie rode the horses and the rest of us walked. We had a nice camp in an aspen grove and the kids got to sit on the horses and play cowboy.

LaGrande killed and butchered a lamb, much to our chagrin with the kids around. We roasted it over the fire. It was a weekend to remember.

Around the last of August we decided to take two weeks vacation and go see everyone in California. We couldn't go earlier as I was low man on the totem pole and got last pick on vacation time.

Knowing Thiokol was getting shaky I asked my supervisor if I had to be worried about getting terminated in the immediate future due to the lack of funding and work. If it looked like it might happen I would look for work while on vacation. His reply was, "Don't worry. We need programmers and they are hard to find. You would be the last to go."

Laid Off

We had a nice vacation and returned to Logan on a Sunday. That evening the phone rang and it was the driver of the carpool. He said he would not be coming by to pick me up Monday morning as he had been laid off. Also, the other four in the carpool had been laid off. After a pause he said, "you were laid off also". Wow, what a kick in the face.

I drove to Thiokol Monday morning and went to my desk. There was a big red X on my desk pad. I turned around and there was my supervisor with termination papers in his hand. I was processed out and home by noon. Now what do we do?

Thiokol did everything they could to help place people. They set up and staffed a "recruiting in reverse" center in Brigham City. We could get help writing a resume and use telephones, copiers, etc. They also invited companies to come to Brigham City to interview people.

I went over to Brigham City the next day and got started. I had three months experience as a professional programmer. I thought nobody would be interested in me. I was openly wishing I had a year of experience. An older engineer said, "**Yeah, but you don't want a year of experience forty times**". He was a veteran aerospace engineer that had been through this many times. I filed that one away in my mind somewhere. It encouraged me to open new doors in the future.

Soon I was getting offers. Some without even being interviewed. Programmers were in big demand. I had an offer from Boeing in Seattle, Washington as well as Huntsville, Alabama, Ford in Detroit, Pratt and Whitney in West Palm Beach, Florida, interest from Bendix in the Mojave Desert, and interest from Honeywell somewhere that I don't remember. IBM requested me to come to Poughkeepsie, New York for an interview. I hopped on a flight to New York and rode the train up along the Hudson River. The interview was over two days, and included a programming aptitude test. One manager that interviewed me was from Idaho. Over lunch I asked him what he thought of living and working in New York. He said he would rather be in Idaho.

Before I departed IBM I was told that I would receive an offer in the mail and their policy was the job would have a six month probation period. Also, IBM had a dress code. You measured up or you were out. Then they put me on the train to New York City and said there was a room for me at the Waldorf Astoria. They told me to take in the World Fair on IBM. On the train into the City I was sitting behind two young IBM engineers. They were griping nonstop. I was all ears.

I thought about it a lot on the return flight. The offer was in software development for the new IBM 360. It was something I wanted to do but from what I had overheard, and the thought of moving to upstate New York tipped the scale the other way. I declined IBM's offer, which most people don't do.

I was pondering other offers when I was notified that a manager from Edgerton, Germeshausen, and Grier (EG&G) in Las Vegas was in Brigham City and wanted to interview me. EG&G was the prime contractor for the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) in Las Vegas and responsible for the operation of the Nevada Test Site.

I reluctantly went to the interview. I was impressed with Jim Carter, who was the manager of systems programming for the scientific computer system in Las Vegas. All my experience was on IBM computers and they had a Control Data Corporation (CDC) 1604 computer. I knew nothing about CDC, or the 1604, and started looking for a way to end the interview. He said I would really like the CDC 1604 and why don't I come to Las Vegas and have a look. EG&G would fly us down. I thought it was worth a look, and it was a free trip for both of us to Las Vegas.

We flew down and I spent a day interviewing and took a programming aptitude test. I was relieved to find the computer center was in town and not fifty miles out on the desert. It was across the runway from the airport terminal. Jim Carter was correct. I was impressed with the CDC1604 unique features. It was ten times faster than the IBM 7090. It was designed by Seymour Cray (now a legend). From what I could tell it was a much better scientific computer than IBMs.

My job would be a systems programmer maintaining, fixing, and enhancing the operating system. This was the ultimate elite field in programming. You got into the internals of the computer and what makes it work. It was a move upward. Then I began to worry that I wouldn't qualify for the job as I only had three months as a professional Fortran programmer. EG&G extended a good offer that included all moving expenses. I accepted, and we were moving to Vegas.

The Move

Somewhere along the line we had acquired two cats. Kathleen and Brian named them "Table Head" and "Rolly Cookie". We had to find a home for them. LaRue's dad was still up in the mountains with the cattle and liked cats. He agreed that we could bring them up. The cats were not there long and went missing. It was well after we were in Las Vegas that we learned one of the cats found its way to the house in Logan. It was at least thirty miles through rough mountains and canyons.

The movers packed us up, loaded everything in the moving van, and we were off to Las Vegas in early October. We were put up in a hotel just off the strip and looked for a house. We found a small two bedroom with a carport at 1705 Bonita Avenue between Sahara and ,Charleston and near the Boulder-Henderson highway. The air conditioning was a swamp cooler but it worked well in the dry climate. The lawn was sand and Bermuda grass.

End chapter 7c. Continued in Las Vegas chapter 8b

16. Chapter-8b 1964-1965 Las Vegas

I had to wait for a clearance again before getting into the inner sanctum. The AEC clearance required was for a higher level than the AEC required in Berkeley. By now I was accustomed to waiting for a clearance. There were several of us working in a common bull pen office. It looked out on the main runway of McCarran Field, and across to the Strip. We could see the Dune's sign from there. When the Dune's sign came on in the evening it was time to go home.

We took notice of two white jet passenger planes with a red stripe down the side and no other markings. They would depart in the morning and return in the evening, and park in a big hangar next to our building. We were told they were

EG&G airplanes and they were doing air sampling work over the Nevada Test Site.

I learned many years later they transported workers to and from the super secret Area 51. The red and white paint scheme were the colors of the EG&G logo. The logo was a white oval and the center was EG&G in red. We called the company the "egg" company. A truck pulled in one time looking for the egg warehouse. The name was a shortened version for three scientists (Edgerton, Germeshausen, and Grier) at MIT that founded the company. Their high-speed photography expertise was utilized for filming nuclear tests at the Nevada Test Site and thus EG&G became the prime contractor. *(Years later I ended up working again for EG&G in Idaho Falls).*

My clearance came through and I began working in the computer center as a systems programmer on the CDC 1604. I helped maintain the operating system and began learning about keeping the system running and diagnosing and fixing problems. The CDC computers were much different than IBM's computers as they were designed for solving scientific and engineering problems with better numerical accuracy, and they were faster. I became a big fan.

Living in Las Vegas we got a lot of visitors. I would get home on Friday night and there would be a strange car in the driveway. Some people called ahead, and some dropped in. At first we would get a sitter and show them the town. After a while we told them where to go and would stay home and watch all the kids. We even loaned money to a couple who we did not know but their parents were friends of mom and dad. They were broke and needed money to get home.

We did not gamble, other than put pocket change in a slot machine as we passed by. We did enjoy going to the lounge shows that were excellent and free. We especially liked the Kim Sisters at the Stardust and Louis Prima and Keely Smith at the Sahara. One night at the Sahara Don Rickles was at a table nearby and was constantly heckling and disrupting the show.

Our neighbor was a pit boss at the Riviera and anytime we wanted tickets to the main show he would comp them. He was an older guy and his daughter was attending Stanford, so I am sure he did well. I was convinced he was mafia and he looked the part. Mafia was very present in Las Vegas. Friends of ours from Salmon lived across town and their backyard neighbor worked for the mafia, and he was very open about it. Nice people too.

It was just before Christmas 1964 and I went out one evening to do my shopping. I was crossing the street downtown beside the Golden Nugget and a car going through the intersection honked, yelled my name, and pulled over. It was my old friend in Scotland, Ed Smith, and his wife. What a surprise that was. They were in Las Vegas for a couple of days then moving from Salt Lake to Denver. He had dropped out of the University of Utah and was working in the design of fire suppression systems. He was moving to Denver to design and install fire systems for Frontier Airlines. That was our last contact until I found him 55 years later.

Christmas Eve came and Kathleen and Brian were hyper and excited. We decided to get them out of the house and go to Shakey's pizza. Shakey's had a big window where they could stand and watch the workers make pizza. That entertained them and got them out of our hair. Pizza on Christmas Eve became a family tradition that we enjoyed from then on.

1965

One morning I arrived at the office and there was a turbo prop passenger plane crashed in our parking lot. It belonged to Bonanza Airlines and was on a training flight when it went out of control and came down next to our building. The airline company hurried and painted out Bonanza on the fuselage. Their airplanes were painted orange, so everyone knew who it belonged to anyway. Another one of their planes letting down for landing in Las Vegas hit a mountain and killed everyone on board. We watched the helicopters from our office as they brought in the bodies.

I had to fly to Los Angeles for a one-week training class and I was booked on Bonanza. I was highly nervous about it.

We had acquired a cat before I departed and the last night in Los Angeles I got a distress call from LaRue. The cat was sick from what looked like distemper. I got home the next day and the cat was dead, so we went out on the desert and had a funeral and buried it. I let Kathleen drive the Rambler very slow while we were out there. She was about six years old.

A secretary at work announced she had a batch of new puppies that were a cross of schnauzer and miniature poodle. We went to see them, brought home a black one, and now we had to name it. Wilson was the husband's name and we thought it sounded and fit perfectly. So, the pup got the dignified name of Wilson. The secretary said her husband was highly flattered. Wilson turned out to be quite a character.

In the spring we enjoyed a couple of camping trips to Death Valley. One night the wind blew so hard I backed the Rambler up close for a wind break and tied a rope from the roof rack to the top of the tent frame. While I was doing this Brian announced he would hold the tent up. A family that was with us had an old wall tent with no floor and sand and rocks were whipping through all night. They were not impressed with Death Valley.

We enjoyed going to the Valley of Fire to picnic and hike. From there we would continue to Overton in the Moapa Valley so the kids could see farms with cows and hay fields. It was nice to get away from the glitter of Las Vegas and see normal people. Picnics were also enjoyable in the evening at Lake Meade even if it was hot. In those days turtles were a hazard on the road that you had to dodge around. Many turtles got splattered and today you never see any. A big turtle even meandered through our back yard one evening.

We decided to go to the north rim of the Grand Canyon over the 4th of July. LaRue got whole chickens and cut them up and fried them for our trip. We arrived at the north rim after midnight and the campground was full. I pulled off into a flat area and set up the tent and we went to bed. I got up the next morning and we were on the edge of the canyon rim, and it was about a 1,000 foot drop. Glad we didn't wander around in the dark. We waited until someone pulled out of the campground. We got a nice spot and enjoyed the Grand Canyon.

We got back home where it had been around 110 degrees all weekend. I opened the front door and the smell about knocked me over. I closed the door and then it dawned us that we had not taken the garbage with the chicken parts out when we left home. I held my breath and dashed in, grabbed the garbage, and went out the back door gagging as I went. That was the worst smell ever. Since then we always double check the garbage when we leave on a trip.

The summer of 1965 I took vacation time to get away from the Las Vegas heat and we went back to Logan to visit LaRue's parents. While there I visited the Utah State Alumni Office and got to know the director, Swede Larson. We talked about things

I could do in Las Vegas which had a lot of Utah State alumni living there. Utah State was playing Arizona State in Tempe in the fall and he gave me the idea of sponsoring a bus trip to the game. Swede gave me the list of alumni and when we got back to Las Vegas I started working on it. I sent out an invitation to everyone in the area and followed up with phone calls hoping I would get enough people to fill a bus. I didn't get anybody. We ended up farming the kids out with our friends and LaRue and I drove to Tempe by ourselves. We were guests at a big reception for alumni, attended the game which we won, and had a great time.

A builder with a development across town had many new homes for rent. They were new, five bedrooms, low rent, and no lease obligation. The house we liked was off East Charleston at 5317 Del Rey. It was new and better neighborhood than we were in. We were not sure how long we would live there as we were having doubts about raising children in Las Vegas, but decided to make the move.

A month or so later I saw an ad in the professional magazine, Datamation, that caught my interest. Lawrence Radiation Laboratory (now known as Lawrence Livermore Laboratory) in Livermore, California was advertising for a special type of programmer. The Director's Office was specifically looking for a Fortran programmer to write programs analyzing financial cost and budget data using scientific computers. This sounded crazy as scientific computers and Fortran are not suited for this type of application.

Livermore had the world's fastest supercomputers for scientific work and was known as the most advanced supercomputer center in the world. Their policy was to acquire serial #1 of the fastest supercomputer available. They had just installed the first CDC 6600 designed by Seymour Cray, were getting the 2nd one, and preparing for the future CDC 7600 serial #1. They also had the one of a kind

Livermore Advanced Research Computer (LARC) specially built by Univac, an IBM 7030 Stretch that was the first of only nine produced, and an older IBM 7090. Business applications ran at the Berkeley lab on a Burroughs computer. The

Berkeley Lab could not or would not generate the close to real time information the

Livermore Director's Office needed. Therefore, they decided to utilize the Livermore scientific computers. It was odd that they advertised outside for a programmer when they had some of the best in the world working there. I saw this a great opportunity to work on the largest supercomputers ever produced and pioneer new applications. It was an opportunity of a lifetime.

Before I graduated from Utah State I applied at the Livermore Lab and was told they could not employ relatives and my Uncle Fred worked there. I could not apply as he had left the lab and went to work elsewhere. I decided to send a resume and see what happens. They responded within a week and invited me for an interview. It was Thanksgiving week and we could drive up for the interview and spend Thanksgiving with Loa and Max, and the rest of the family in the bay area.

The interview went well, and an offer arrived shortly after we got back to Las Vegas. The lab would pay all moving expense. This was a unique opportunity to work on the world's fastest supercomputers and a challenge to develop what the Director's Office required. That and the fact Las Vegas was not a great place to raise a family made the decision to accept the offer quite easy. I hated to leave the people at EG&G, and my management tried hard to get me to stay.

I gave my notice and we were on our way to California. We quickly found a newly completed three-bedroom house in a new sub-division at 334 Coleen Street for \$19,800. With my VA loan and no down payment required we closed in about three days, and moved into the house a week before Christmas. What a whirlwind.

end chapter 8b

17. Chapter-9b Livermore - Livermore Lab (1966-1967)

The lab is a super secret National Weapons Laboratory and for a change I didn't have to wait for a security clearance. My clearance came with me from Las Vegas. My office was in a single wide trailer between the Director's Office and the computer building . It was convenient for running back and forth, which I did several times a day.

The Livermore Lab was operated by the University of California and had a very loose management style. People sort of worked and wandered around without a lot of supervision. Most of the technical staff had Masters and Doctorate degrees ,but you would never know it.

You never knew who might be eating lunch by you in the cafeteria. One day I was slurping my soup and across the table was Dr Edward Teller, the father of the H bomb, slurping his soup. I would see him often. He never talked to anybody. I guess he was thinking of atoms and designing nuclear devices.

In my new job I would be using the Fortran language, the programming language used by engineers and scientists. Fortran is the acronym for "formula translator". It scans math equations and translates them into computer instructions that the computer executes. Livermore developed their own version of Fortran with many extensions for handling bits and bytes . Using their version of Fortran they developed their own operating system for any new supercomputer they acquired. It worked very well for them. It also worked for me in what I was about to undertake.

1967

My first assignment was to plot project cost versus budget and predict the year end result. It was to be shown on a monthly 35mm color slide for each project at the lab. The slides would be shown at the monthly Director's meeting for the project managers.

The input data would be the monthly General Ledger magnetic tape produced with Cobol (Common Business Oriented Language) on the Burroughs business computer at the Berkeley Lab. The scientific computers couldn't read the Burroughs tape and recognize the data, which was binary coded decimal used in the business world. They expected scientific data in scientific notation. Also, there was no color graphics capability on the computers in those days. This was going to be a monumental challenge.

I enjoyed going to the Berkeley Lab to pick up the magnetic tape. That is where I worked in 1961-1962 and got started in computing.

After some experimentation I determined that I would have to read the magnetic tape in binary mode. This is the most basic mode of data representation for a computer. It is all zero's and one's, each called a bit. It took a lot of effort to transform the bits into useable form with the Fortran programming language and word oriented scientific computer. I read the data in raw form from magnetic tape into the scientific computer. This gave me

60 or 64 bits of binary data per computer word, depending upon the computer. I then extracted 8 bits (a byte) at a time and determined if it was an alpha character or number. Then combine it into an alpha string (project name) or a number string (dollar amount). This was done until a computer word was formed that was compatible with the scientific computer and Fortran. It was a slow process requiring an hour per full magnetic tape on the world's fastest computer.

Due to the way the lab allocated computing budgets and computer time the scientists got the newest and best computer. I had to start programming and testing on the old Univac LARC (Livermore Advanced Research Computer) and found it too slow. I got permission to move to the IBM 7090 computer and soon found it was too slow. Then I got permission to use the IBM 7030 Stretch and it wasn't much better. With the clout of the Director's Office I ended up on the new CDC 6600 and things started humming along the way I liked. It was gratifying to pull that one off. I loved the CDC 6600.

When the magnetic tape was processed the data had to be sorted by project. There was no sort program on the scientific computers. I had to write my own sort program which I had done as a student at Utah State.

Then it was scan for project identifiers, total the cost data, compare it to budget data, and generate plot data. You were either over (red) or under (green) for the month and year to date. Once I had the month by month data I needed a trend analysis to show the end of the year projection. This was plain old statistics that I had a degree in. I programmed a least-squares fit subroutine. This gave me a trend line that was red for over budget or green for under budget.

The 35mm slides had to be in color and there was no computer color graphics capability at the time. Each line on the graph had to be red or green depending on whether it was under or over budget. I sorted the data by project and stored it in the applicable color column with the number of the project in the upper corner. Then I sent each color column in sequence to the black and white film processor.

I would pick up the 35mm black and white film which was one strip for each color. I then had the graphics lab add the proper color to the frames on that strip. Then I had them overlay the different color frames by matching the numbers in the upper corner. When it was done there was one color slide for each project.

The Director's Office loved it. All the project managers would convene in the conference room. On one slide they could see their performance month by month and where they would end up at the end of the year if they continued performing in the same manner. They could take corrective action and next month see how they were doing. Before that they were flying by the seat of their pants. They usually ended up way over budget.

Life in Livermore

We liked Livermore. It was a small town with a cow town western atmosphere. The quaint little town of Pleasanton was about four miles east of us. I went through Air Force basic training near Pleasanton. The weather was hot in the summer but cooled down in the evenings when the wind came over the Hayward hills from the bay. Winters were moderate with rain and fog.

We lived in a new development and everyone was young families. The first year we were all busy putting in lawns, planting trees and shrubs, building backyard privacy fences, and pouring concrete patios. I planted a

lemon tree, a miniature orange tree, and artichoke plants that had a hard time in the hot climate. Everybody worked like crazy all weekend. We were in our new house three or four months and discovered we were expecting and that was exciting.

Gary and Sue Robinson next to us were also expecting. Gary worked at the United Airlines maintenance base at San Francisco Airport. When United Airlines received the first 747 delivered by Boeing, Gary took me over and we went through it. *(They stopped in Twin Falls a few years back and we had a good visit).*

Mel and Vicki Hambrick lived across the street and Mel worked for Pacific Gas and Electric in Livermore. *(We ran into Mel and Vicki in 2015 on our 48 day South Pacific cruise. They boarded in San Francisco and debarked in Sydney, Australia and we continued on. Were they ever shocked when LaRue asked them if they lived in Livermore on Coleen Street!)*

Dick and Marion Stolcis lived on the other side of us and were probably fifteen years older than us, and had a pre-teenage son. Dick was an instrument technician at the Lab and she was a nurse at the hospital. He was quiet and mysterious and she was nice and friendly. Our houses were close together. We were really surprised when Dick put up his TV antenna and ran a guy wire across and anchored it to our roof without saying a word! *(After we left Livermore we learned that their son was run over and killed by a freight train as he was jogging home along the railroad track. It was strange as there was a nice smooth highway running parallel with the train track).*

We would work in our yards all day on Saturday and Sunday. About 3pm Mel would be in his garage having a beer and wave me over. I tried to make it to 4pm. Mike and Gloria lived on the other side of the Robinson's. Mike was overweight, lazy, and didn't do much work. Mike would sit around and talk while I was trying to work and was a big distraction. I was laying brick for a planter in the front on a Saturday afternoon and I had to quit because of Mike as I couldn't concentrate.

Behind our house was a street and across was "boot hill" where the kids loved to play. Next to boot hill was the new Granada High School with tennis courts and olympic size pool. It was a very convenient location for us. The kids took swimming lessons there. They made the Livermore Aqua Cowboy Swim Team. The team was AAU sanctioned and a very respected swim team in the East Bay. We spent a lot of time at swim meets in the bay area.

While driving by the Rambler dealer before Christmas I saw a new white 1967 Rambler Ambassador station wagon with a red bow on top of it in the showroom window. It was a beauty and I had to stop for a look. It had a 290 V8, automatic transmission, and a 3rd row seat. The 1964 Rambler was getting a little small for us and mom and dad and Bev were coming for Christmas. The larger vehicle would be nice, so I worked a trade on December 16, 1966. The purchase price on the 1967 Rambler Ambassador was \$4,399 and the trade in on the 1964 Rambler Classic was \$1,600.

We continued our tradition of pizza on Christmas Eve at Potters Pizza which we really liked. It was owned by a guy I worked with at the lab, Bob Bowers, and wife Laura. The original owner started it in an old house downtown and featured New Mexico style pizza. Bob and Laura bought it and named it Potters that was a family name. They would make a pizza any way we wanted. It was our favorite place to go. It was there that

we started getting green chiles on our pizza. We went often and the kids thought they owned the place. Potters became so popular they built a much larger place and moved.

Big Ben Davidson, the defensive end for the Oakland Raiders, and family lived in Pleasanton and their two daughters were on the team. We had a team BBQ one evening and I was serving one steak per person as they came through the line. I plopped a steak on a plate without looking up and heard a gruff voice, "I'll have another one of those." I wasn't about to turn down Ben. He spent a lot of time waiting for his daughters after swim practice also.

LaRue joined the Junior Women's Club, was very involved, and held an office. She also took tennis lessons, played often, and even played in a tournament. I became active in the Golden Gate Chapter for Utah State alumni in the bay area. We had a large membership that took in the San Francisco area and the East Bay and I was elected Vice President.

After Julie was born I took LaRue's mom and dad back to Logan and went to the Utah State homecoming football game as an invited guest. I was introduced at half time and attended the alumni banquet as a guest of Swede Larson, the Alumni Director.

Changes in my Organization

The Director's Office by now had decided to get into the information business on a larger scale and advertised for more people. A fast talker, Chuck, showed up with the answer for everything. He had been an information specialist for the Air Force, on a system called the Formated File System (FFS). Chuck said it would do everything the Director's Office needed at the wave of a hand. No programming was needed. Chuck would bring a copy of FFS with him. The Director's Office bought it hook, line, and sinker. Chuck arrived with his personal secretary. From what I observed, she was more than that. He also brought along a couple of female assistants. They were a close knit secretive bunch in the other end of the office trailer. Chuck and friends traveled widely and spent money freely.

The FFS system did a great job for the Air Force in tracking parts, and what the Air Force does, but did not produce anything at the lab. Chuck's explanation was FFS just needed more time and money. Our group was in turmoil. I could see there was no future for me in my current job.

I kept away from Chuck's FFS crew and picked up another interesting task. The manager for equipment maintenance needed a system to manage preventive maintenance for every piece of equipment at the lab. He was trying to do it with index cards and it was impossible. We hit it off and he proceeded to indoctrinate me in what he needed. I was given access to research projects within fenced compounds that was forbidden to everyone except those that worked there. I saw plutonium being machined and stuff for making the nuclear part of bombs. He said we needed to go to Los Alamos and see how they were doing the job. So, we flew to Albuquerque and caught a puddle jumper to Los Alamos on a high plateau about 50 miles out of Santa Fe.

The guy touring us around Los Alamos was in the first cadre of people that arrived for the Manhattan Project during the war. We had dinner at his house, and he mesmerized us with tales of the old days. They worked nonstop during the war and for recreation they would drive to Santa Fe for drinks and dinner. Oppenheimer, the

brains of it all, would go also. He liked his drink and liked to talk shop. There would be an FBI agent on each side of him for protection, and to make sure he didn't engage in "loose talk".

After Los Alamos we went to the Y-12 Plant in Oak Ridge, Tennessee to see how they do things. Y-12 is the production facility for nuclear weapons. We stayed in an interesting Holiday Inn near the plant. Across the street was a fully visible drive-in movie screen. The sound track of the movie was piped to the radio in the room. If you wanted to watch the movie you opened your drapes and turned on the radio.

We went through some really sensitive places at Y-12 and saw machinists in space suits milling plutonium in a zero oxygen environment. When we departed we were told to never mention the size or shape of the things we had seen. All I can say is "we saw some big stuff" that took up an entire railroad car. We were told later that we never saw it. After our trips and evaluating the requirements I determined there was a system on the market that would do everything that was required. We bought a turn key system and was in business.

My friend (I can't remember his name) was then approached by the Port of San Francisco to come over and manage all port maintenance, which included Fisherman's Warf. It was a lucrative job and he took it and started recruiting me. I went over and we toured the piers and had lunch at Alioto's, which was comped. I could see it was a monumental job with a lot of perks. I would have open license to buy the computer I wanted and set up shop. It was tempting but the commute from Livermore was brutal, and we did not want to live in the City. I was also afraid I might fail. That was the end of that.

I began to watch the ads and saw that Union Oil Company needed programmers. I sent my resume and was asked to fly to Los Angeles for an interview. They responded with an offer and assignment in Tripoli, Libya in North Africa. LaRue was very pregnant at the time and there was a lot of turmoil in Libya. I decided it was no place to be and declined. Moamar Khadafi overthrew the government shortly afterwards, and some Americans were killed.

The evening of October 25, 1966 we were attending a PTA meeting at the school and sat in the back of the room in case we had to leave. Sure enough LaRue said it's time to head for the hospital. LaRue's mom and dad had come down from Utah to help when the baby came so they were home with Kathleen and Brian. There was a hospital in Livermore about a half mile from us but we belonged to Kaiser Permanente. The nearest Kaiser hospital was in Walnut Creek. It was about 25 miles away and we made it without much time to spare. We had a baby girl a short time later, and named her Julie.

Sandia Livermore Lab was located across the street from the Lawrence Livermore Lab and looking for a systems programmer for their CDC 3600 scientific system. Sandia was operated by Bell Labs for the AEC with headquarters at Sandia Laboratory in New Mexico. Their mission was to take the basic nuclear weapon design that Lawrence Livermore or Los Alamos designed and package it into a deliverable weapons system. From there the Y-12 Plant in Oak Ridge, Tennessee produced the weapon in quantity for the military.

On the Move Again

I decided to talk to Sandia across the street They were interested because of my systems programming experience at EG&G Las Vegas. They had gotten a government surplus CDC 3600 from Stanford Research Institute that had been in a flood. Therefore, it had problems and would crash several times a day. They needed

someone to help with diagnosing, fixing problems, and keep it running until they got a new computer in a few months. They offered me a job. I decided to accept in August 1967 and get out of the turmoil in our organization. Shortly after I departed the Directors Office put the boots to Chuck and his FFS crew.

With my termination money from the lab we splurged for our first color TV set. We belonged to a buyer's service with an outlet just south of the San Francisco airport and went over and picked up a 23-inch Zenith. It was really a treat to watch the Christmas shows and the New Year's Rose Bowl parade in color. No remote control in those days.

end chapter 9b Continued on chapter 10b Sandia Lab

18. Chapter-10b Livermore Sandia Lab (1968-1970)

1968

Sandia had great benefits with five weeks paid vacation per year. You were required to take three weeks and could sell back two weeks. They were very structured and organized compared to the Lawrence Livermore Lab and was very well managed. There was very little attrition, so it was a difficult for an outsider to get hired. There were two job titles at Sandia. I was hired as a "Staff Member Technical" and the other title was "Staff Member Administrative".

I started to work as a systems programmer at Sandia on the unreliable CDC 3600. I joined Freddy who was a longtime employee and not too motivated. Due to the flood the computer had been in it was crashing often and nobody could find the problem. The hardware people blamed the software, and the software people blamed the hardware.

(The CDC 3600 had a unique space age looking operator console. The console and CDC magnetic tape drives were often seen in space and technology movies. It is a thrill to see an old movie with those props. I spent a lot of hours at one of those consoles diagnosing problems)

It was difficult to form a working relationship to find the problem. My goal was to find the problem and not blame the other side as had been the case. I needed something to study. When the system crashed I would capture a dump of the entire contents of memory on magnetic tape and print the contents. Then I would compare that to the printouts of the operating system.

The memory printout would be about a foot high and the operating system was about four feet high in several binders. I spent hours, days, and weeks tracing through listings and comparing. It was not an easy comparison as the dump listing was all numbers and the system listing was alpha characters for the instruction and numbers for addresses and registers. An "add" instruction would be three numbers like "124" on the dump and in the system listing it was "add" in alpha characters followed by numbers. I had to be familiar with the numerical and alpha representation of all the computer instructions.

I found that when the system crashed it would be out of bounds of the program that was being executed. There was no way to trace how it happened. The next thing was to get a listing of the program that was executing when the crash occurred. Then look at the output it had generated up to that point. By looking at the output I could zero in on what the program might have been doing when the crash occurred. It was cat and mouse.

I traced it to where the program jumped to a system routine in the operating system to perform a standard math operation which is common in solving an equation. One night I found where it jumped off into oblivion and crashed rather than take the correct path onward. I checked old memory dumps, and they showed the same thing. I had it down to an instruction where the crash situation initiated. It was a unique instruction that

accomplished four tests to determine where it was to branch to. It did not transfer to where it was supposed to and crashed

When I was sure I had it diagnosed I went to the hardware people and asked them to test the particular instruction when they ran preventive maintenance the next morning. They were dubious but ran the test. It failed. I removed the instruction from the operating system and patched in four separate instructions to perform the task. The system was stable after that.

I went through the whole operating system and that was the only place that weird instruction was used. The instruction was not even needed as the normal programming protocol was to perform four instructions in sequence to decide the branch. The hardware designers thought a single instruction to perform all four branch decisions would be neat and they designed it into the hardware. This was the only CDC computer with that hardware instruction. Some software guy thought it was a neat instruction and used it.

One of the engineers was transferred over to the Lawrence Lab to train on the newly arrived CDC 7600. (Years later I was told the engineer told his fellow workers what a great job I did solving the problem at Sandia. One of those engineers was Larry Cook and in 1977 we both made the Control Data Shark Club, and were recognized at a big gala in Athens, Greece. He made the Shark Club as an engineer at Lawrence Livermore Lab and I made it as analyst for my work in Idaho Falls. Larry and I later worked together at CDC and ETA Systems, a CDC spin off. Larry and his wife Sharon stopped to visit us the summer of 2017. He related the story about his fellow engineer at the Livermore Lab heaping praise on me.)

After a competitive procurement and selection process Sandia awarded a contract for a CDC 6600. Meanwhile the current computer was loaded to capacity and more computer time was needed to handle the workload and prepare for the new computer. UC Berkeley had a compatible computer and an agreement was worked out to use it from midnight to 8am. I would accompany two operators to Berkeley each evening. We would load a couple of boxes of magnetic tapes into an old government Plymouth station wagon and go to Berkeley.

One morning we were loading our boxes into the Plymouth that was parked on the street in front of the computer building. The car was conspicuous since it was gray with government plates and had Atomic Energy Commission painted on the front doors. We heard a commotion up the street, and it was a large group of Vietnam war protesters running our way yelling something like, "there's the war mongers". We jumped into the old Plymouth hoping it would start quickly as it had a habit of being balky on cold wet mornings. I hit the key and we were fortunate it started. We put distance between us and the protestors. They broke the windows and front door of the computer center. They were kept out of the computer room by the police. We went back the next night and the front door and windows were covered with plywood. We had been told to park in the back and use a back entrance. No more problems after that but we were always on the lookout for trouble. UC Berkeley was a crazy place in those days.

Some time later the protestors massed in Livermore and marched out East Avenue a couple of miles to where Lawrence Livermore Lab and Sandia Lab are located. Nobody knew what would take place when they got to the labs. We were told to stay within the fenced compound and not leave. The police blocked them about a quarter of a mile away and they finally dispersed.

In preparation for the new computer a new underground computer room was constructed with copper lined walls. This was to prevent electronic emissions being transmitted and picked up outside. Sandia was working on highly secret weapons systems and Vietnam was going full blast. My security clearance was upgraded from the highest AEC Q (Top Secret) to an even higher level AEC Q Sensitive.

We got a briefing once on Sandia developed detection devices that were dropped on the Ho Chi Mien Trail. That is about all we were ever told on what was happening at Sandia. Sandia also operated a test range near Tonopah, Nevada. Monday morning scientists would board a plane at the Livermore airport and come back Friday evening. We never knew what went on at the test range at Tonopah.

The new CDC 6600 was delivered. I was the lead systems programmer and responsible for the acceptance tests. The tests were to wring out the system and ensure that it would perform at a certain system availability for thirty consecutive days. It passed and the system was accepted.

I made a few trips to Sandia in Albuquerque to run work and tests on their CDC 6600 system to make sure it produced the same results as ours. It required carrying a few magnetic tapes that would fit in my satchel brief case. The tapes contained top secret bomb codes. I would sign for them as I departed Sandia and headed for the San Francisco Airport. I was instructed that my brief case had to be with me at all times, and nobody was to open it or take it away from me (*just think about that in today's world*). I was also briefed that there could be listening devices in the hotel room. There was precedent for this. It was the same hotel in the White Winrock Center that was involved in the famous WW2 spy case and the Los Alamos Lab. The husband and wife team were eventually caught and executed.

I enjoyed the trips to Albuquerque because of the good New Mexico style Mexican food and I came to love chile rellenos. I would even have one at the airport before I boarded my plane back to San Francisco. My brief case would be empty for my return trip so I would pick up a couple bottles of booze as it was a fraction of the price in New Mexico compared to California. On one trip I came down with the flu and stayed in bed for several days before I could fly back home. I thought I was going to die. Someone from Sandia came by a couple of times to see if I was going to make it.

Landings in San Francisco always made me nervous because of the wind coming off the bay, and the rain, fog, and the final approach from the South over water. I would tell myself that nobody has ever landed in the water before reaching the runway. Then a Japan Air DC-8 landed short and in the bay.

My brother Garry was in the army stationed in Georgia and his unit was ordered to Vietnam. He phoned and said they would be flying into San Francisco on a Delta charter and would then go to Vietnam by troop ship. We went to the airport and saw the plane park on the tarmac. The soldiers came down the stairs onto the tarmac carrying rifles and combat gear, which was a sobering sight for us. We met for a few minutes in the baggage area before he was off to eventually catch a troop ship. He spent a year in Vietnam and was fortunate to be in a Headquarters unit in the rear. He said only a few bullets whizzed by his jeep. When he came back and stayed with us for a while.

One night I was working at Sandia on the problem we were having with the computer crashing and LaRue called. She said Garry was in jail and needed bailed out. I went to the jail and found he had been out on the town and decided he shouldn't drive. He got in the back seat of his car to sleep. An officer came by and

arrested him for "being drunk in public" and hauled him in. I didn't have any money on me to post bail, and he needed more sleep anyway. I told them to keep him. I went to the hearing that morning and the judge let him go. I don't remember any fine.

(A highlight visiting the old town jail is that I saw a famous light bulb that has been turned on and glowing since the very early 1900's. I recently saw on "Mysteries of the Museum" that the light bulb is still glowing)

A summer activity we enjoyed very much was to camp at Pinecrest Lake 120 miles east of Livermore in the Sierra's. For years Loa and Max and friends would spend a couple of weeks a year vacationing there. We would join them and stay in our tent and Max and Loa had a new 18-foot trailer. Ross and Marion would come with a tear drop trailer and he would build a canvas city around it. Family friends, Gordon and Lois, would be there with their big trailer and two couples that were family friends living in San Francisco would come with tents. It was quite a gathering. I would spend the weekend and drive back on Monday morning to work and go back up Friday evening. It was nice to leave the 100 degree valley heat and climb up into the cool Sierra Mountains and smell the pine trees and campfires. We noticed how nice it was in Max and Loa's trailer and began thinking about owning a small trailer.

On January 13,1968 we found a new 17-foot Nomad Golden Falcon single axle trailer at Jones Trailer Sales in Concord and bought it for \$2,475. The dealer installed a load leveler hitch, brake controller, and wiring on our new Rambler Ambassador and we were trailer owners. Loa and Max gave us a set of short Texasware drink glasses for martinis and suggested we keep a log of our trailer trips. I have maintained a record across two log books. It is now in parallel on an Excel spreadsheet "our-rvtravel" on the computer. The computer version totals miles towed and nights spent by year in each rig we have owned. The drink glasses are still in use

The first excursion was in January 1968 on a shakedown trip to Sunset Dunes beach south of San Jose. Ross and family were there when we arrived. He had their tear drop trailer and canvas city all set up and he was sitting in the rain in his rain gear drinking a beer. Quite a sight that was. They brought a couple of neighbor kids. Along with their five it was a chore that had him ready for a beer or two. We pulled off the road onto the sand by Ross and set up. Max and Loa and family arrived later as well as family friends Dee and Therese from South San Francisco. Dee didn't put up their tent until evening after he had a lot to drink and the tent collapsed during the night and it was raining. Regardless, everyone had a lot of fun.

Our trailer had a pressurized water tank that I filled before we left home. I ran the pump to a pressure of 80 pounds and turned on the water. It ran a little and stopped. I put more pressure in the tank and still no water. I decided to crawl under the trailer and turn the drain valve to see if any water would come out. I turned the valve and with about 120 pound's pressure in the tank the water blasted the sand. I got covered with wet sand from head to foot. LaRue and the kids had a good laugh. We had water in the tank alright. We made do that weekend with no water coming through the faucets.

The trailer had a new toilet that had just come on the market. It was a Monomatic brand and the salesman said it was just like those in the airliners. You start with two gallons of water and add a package of dark blue powder. When you flush the toilet it circulates blue water and it "grinds up whatever you put in the toilet" according to the salesman.

The weekend was over and I thought I would pull the drain on the back and empty the Monomatic toilet since it was supposed to be harmless blue water. I pulled the valve and out came the real stuff just as it went in and blue water. I was horrified and quickly closed the valve, but a lot had been dumped on the sand. The people that had pulled in behind us waiting for our spot were not in a good mood either. I got my shovel and covered it over and we got out of there. The salesman had oversold the Monomatic. It didn't grind anything. It only circulated blue water. The weekend was a real indoctrination into trailering.

I took the trailer back to the dealer in Concord which was about 35 miles from Livermore and left it. It turned out that the tank installer had pushed the plastic plug into the tank instead of removing it. Pressure in the tank caused the plug to seal off the water outlet.

I got the trailer home and found the pig tail from the trailer to the car was fried and had to take it back to the dealer again for a new pig tail. Later it happened again. I got under the car and found a bare spot on a wire that was shorting out and fixed it myself. The dealer gave me another pig tail.

We talked to an old couple that were out walking behind our place. They were the O'malleys and lived behind Granada High School on about two acres. We became friends and they let us park our trailer behind their house. We wouldn't have it in our driveway all the time. He was a pilot in WW1. He retired from a hardware store in Oakland and he had lots of tools and stuff that I could use. He passed away while we were in Livermore, but we continued to visit her.

We saw a notice in the local paper that a new camping club was being organized. We went to the charter meeting and joined the new chapter of the National Campers and Hikers Association (NCHA). We named ourselves "The Camperos". We had around twenty families and would have a monthly campout from March through October. Each month we would designate a wagon master that would choose the location and make the arrangements.

Once a year we conducted a litter pickup on a highway. The camping trips were a lot of fun and we went to places we didn't know about, and with people from all walks of life and ages. People our age were not quite into trailering yet. I agreed to publish a monthly newsletter and purchased a portable typewriter and a used mimeograph machine. Each month I tried to print something amusing or eye catching and was even reprinted in the national NCHA newsletter a couple of times.

The summer of 1968 we started our vacation by pulling our trailer to Red Fish Lake near Stanley for a rendezvous with mom and dad and Bev as they also had a new travel trailer. On our way over Donner summit I looked in the backseat to see what the commotion was back there. The kids were on the floor. Wilson had the backseat and wouldn't let them have any of it.

We spent a night in Donner State Park and again in Jackpot, Nevada. Arriving at Red Fish Lake we found a campsite in the Mt Heyburn campground. The folks pulled in a short time later and got a campsite across from us. We enjoyed Redfish and camping among the small lodge pole pine trees was sure different than we were used to in the tall forests in California. The folks had to return to Kellogg, so we all went to Patterson to camp a night for old times sake.

On the way we stopped in Clayton for a break. When we got to Challis we were missing Wilson. We had to backtrack thirty miles to Clayton and found him sitting in front of the store waiting. The store owners said Wilson would have nothing to do with them. After a night camped on Patterson Creek the folks left for home. Bev continued on with us and would fly home later in the summer.

We went back through Stanley and then rough gravel road to Lowman Boise, and then Uncle Donald and Mary's place out of Ontario. From Ontario we went across central Oregon to the coast and headed south along the coast camping along the way. We especially remember Bandon, Oregon where we had fresh fish and chips in a small cafe. The owner had just picked up the fish at the Bandon pier. We liked it so much we returned the next year. When we got back to Livermore we had been on the road fourteen days and traveled 2,627 miles.

Our dog, Wilson was a man about town. He would open the garage door, take off, and do whatever he wanted to do. One evening a man came to the door and wanted to know if we were Wilson's parents. He said Wilson had gotten into his backyard and molested his German Shepard . It started LaRue laughing since Wilson was a small dog. Anyway, he was not happy. A short time later Wilson got away and was never seen again. There was no trace of Wilson anywhere and we suspect that guy or someone else did him in.

While Wilson was around he caused all kinds of trouble. After Julie was born we would put the basinette in the back seat when we were going somewhere. We would go out to get in the car and Wilson would be in the basinette that was all nice and clean for the baby.

We had another pet. LaRue's niece Maxine and husband Dick were getting a divorce and had a Siamese cat named Mitsu. Maxine needed to find a home for Mitsu so we took her. We had her until we were transferred to Switzerland in 1977. Maxine and Dick by then had remarried so we shipped Mitsu back to them.

We got a lead on some early American furniture that people in Walnut Creek were selling. We bought a nice wooden rocking chair and a couple other items. There was not room for the rocker in the station wagon, so I tied it on the roof rack of the station wagon. We got home, and I got out to open the garage door and left the car door open. Wilson came roaring out of the garage and jumped into the car and was all over everybody. I was mad at Wilson and jumped in the car and drove into the garage. The wooden rocking chair did not survive. We just sat there as wooden pieces fell on the garage floor. I gathered it up for the garbage truck to pick up the next day. However, in the morning I went out and gathered up the pieces and glued it back together, and it lasted a lot of years.

(We ran into our former neighbors, Mel and Vicki on our South Pacific cruise in 2014. The first thing that Mel said after he recognized us was, "I remember the time you drove in the garage with the chair on top of the car".)

1969

The summer of 1969 we took a three week vacation towing the trailer. We went to LaRue's parents in Providence, Utah then up to Salmon where we parked at our friends, Grant and Carol Haveman's place. From there we met my folks at a campground near St. Regis, Montana and then went to Kellogg and Couer d'Alene then across the border to Canada.

At Grand Forks, Canada we went East and stopped for lunch at a roadside stop. We had lunch in the trailer and when I went out I looked up in the tree by the door and there was a bear up there. I slammed the door closed and the bear came down the tree and went over to a couple eating at a table and took their lunch.

We continued to Vancouver and a side trip to Victoria then down through Seattle to the Oregon coast where we were last year. We stopped at the small cafe in Bandon, Oregon and had fish and chips again that we liked so well the year before.

We spent a night at Lake Shasta and it was so hot we couldn't sleep. I filled the car at a small gas station at the lake and apparently got some bad gas. Near Red Bluff, California it was not running well. A garage couldn't find anything to fix, so we continued on. After filling the tank again all was well. We were gone three weeks, pulled the trailer 3,267 miles and drove a total of 3,892 miles. Campgrounds on the trip ran no more than \$2.50 per night.

I had no trouble backing the trailer into tight spaces the whole trip. We got home on a Sunday and it was a struggle getting the trailer backed in. The neighbor watching from across the street was a truck driver and that added to my anxiety. I finally got it parked.

That night we sat on the patio with the TV in the door and watched Neil Armstrong walk on the moon. Monday was declared a holiday, and we had an extra day of vacation.

I was a big fan of the Oakland Raiders and the Oakland A's when they moved to Oakland from Philadelphia. The Raider's coach John Madden and family lived in Pleasanton. His wife owned a small bar on the main street of Pleasanton and would sponsor bus trips to games. Uncle Fred and I did a game trip from her bar, and one sponsored by a bar in Livermore. In those days you could roam all over the stadium and at a New York Jets game I was behind the Jets bench tormenting Joe Namath. He would just smile at me and go in and throw another touchdown. He was the coolest guy I ever saw. I also saw great games against Kansas City, Pittsburgh, and a Monday night game against the Redskins.

I attended my first major league baseball game one evening with some of my Sandia co workers. We had great seats behind home plate and the opposition was the Minnesota Twins. Harmon Killebrew, an Idaho boy, was playing first base. Jim "Catfish" Hunter was pitching for the A's. I thought the game was rather boring as the Twin's could do nothing, and the fans were cheering like crazy. I didn't realize until late in the game that "Catfish" was pitching a perfect game. It was the 8th perfect game in baseball. It doesn't get much better than that.

By mid 1969 the new CDC 6600 computer was performing well, and I was not faced with any challenge or learning anything new. I began to worry about getting the same one year of experience over and over. I interfaced almost daily with my CDC counterpart, Roger Martin, that worked out of the local CDC sales office about a half mile down the road. We hit it off and he was also a graduate of Utah State, so we had a lot in common. He liked the challenge of working in a sales support environment with both labs as well as other installations in the bay area. He started working on me to come to work for CDC and it was beginning to get very tempting.

One day over coffee Roger passed on that CDC was opening two new positions in the local sales office for analysts. The job would be to learn and support the newest supercomputer, the CDC 7600 serial #1 that had just been installed at the Lawrence Livermore Lab. He thought I would be a good fit and he wanted to recommend me to his management. I figured it would not hurt to find out.

CDC had a regional sales office in San Jose and I was called over for an interview. It went well but there was reluctance about hiring people away from one of their customers. Therefore, I didn't think anything would happen. A couple of months went by and Roger told me an offer was on its way. Wow, decision time coming up. I loved the benefits at Sandia, especially five weeks vacation per year. However, the job was no longer challenging, and there was no advancement opportunity. I decided to give notice and accept the CDC offer in December 1969. I didn't burn any bridges and was told that I could come back anytime.

end chapter 10b

19. Chapter 11b Life After Joining Control Data 1970-1971

The New Job at Control Data (CDC)

I left Sandia Livermore Lab and moved a half mile west on East Avenue to the Control Data office in December 1969. The move was to become a field analyst on the newest supercomputer, the CDC 7600.

I filled one of the two open positions. The other was filled by Mike Hendrickson. He had been a CDC field engineer in Sunnyvale and recently graduated from Stanford. Mike was a character. We became best buddies in a couple of weeks. He continued to live in Palo Alto and commuted on his motorcycle regardless of the weather. He and his family moved to Livermore a few months later.

The third person in the office was Chuck Breckinridge who was the Livermore account manager. He was one of the elite salesmen in CDC, and somewhat of a legend. It was nice to get to know him. We would become competitors in the future and good friends in later years. We were exchanging emails as late as around 2010.

The first five or so 7600's were to be fabricated in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. Then production would move to the CDC facility in Arden Hills, Minnesota. Serial number 1 had just been installed at the Lawrence Livermore Lab just up the street. Serial number 2 was in test mode before it would be shipped to Livermore.

Mike and I were told we would go to Seymour Cray's Chippewa Falls lab for two weeks to get hands on experience. Seymour Cray was the designer of the CDC 1604, 6600 and 7600. He was a brilliant, eccentric, and reclusive person. He would not work in Minneapolis, so he had his own lab on the family farm in Chippewa Falls. He allowed very few people to come there. The fact we were allowed access was a great privilege.

I flew to Minneapolis and got a rental car and drove across the river to Wisconsin. Mike would join me a week later. I was told to arrive at 5pm and a receptionist would give me pass keys.

The directions were to go to Chippewa Falls on a lonely farm road and look for the lab on the left side of the road. The only clue was S. Cray painted on a rural mailbox. I turned down a long and secluded driveway to a clearing. There was a home on one side and a low brick building on the other side which was the lab. An older lady unlocked the front door and let me in. She opened her desk drawer and pulled out a small piece of paper with my handwritten name on it, and signed S. Cray. I was told we could be in the lab after midnight. Seymour did not allow loud talk or noise. If I didn't abide by the rules, I would be told to leave. That was it. She took me back to show me where the computer was, and we passed an open door. I glanced in and saw a youngish looking clean-cut guy in a flannel lumberjack shirt looking at a large drawing of circuits on the wall. I assumed it was a design engineer as I expected Seymour to be an older bearded scientist. It was Seymour Cray and about a common looking guy as you would ever see.

I came back at midnight and got to work. The operating system was very limited, but I was able to run one of my tests. I did not get much done the rest of the time as there were all kinds of problems with hardware, software, and storms causing power outages. If the system was down, I would watch a couple of people in a back room punching miles of color-coded wires into the back plane of the next 7600. Seymour seemed to be around all the time. I was getting a cup of coffee in the middle of the night and heard someone getting ice out of the refrigerator. It was Seymour. He never said anything and neither did I. There was a sign on the coffee maker to make a new pot if it was empty, and a sign on the refrigerator to refill the ice tray. They were signed S. Cray. He ran the place with an iron fist.

I was joined by a CDC analyst, Evans Harrigan, from CDC headquarters to guide me through things. He was one of the few headquarters people allowed in the Chippewa Falls lab. He was from the Virgin Islands, a great guy, and very smart. He liked his beer also. Our paths would cross many times over the years.

It was a great experience even if we were not too productive. There were great taverns, and the Wisconsin people were fun to socialize with. One place we were told not to miss in Chippewa Falls was Leinenkugel's Brewery. The guys back in Livermore even instructed us to bring some Leinenkugel's back, which we did.

I would cross path with Chuck Breckinridge and Seymour Cray many years later. The background follows:

Background

CDC had a parallel design project underway in Minneapolis that was a radical departure from traditional computers. It was the Star 100. The Livermore Lab would be the first customer. In the Star 100 a single instruction would apply to all the operands in a vector of any length, so it was called a vector processor. It operated at a slower clock speed but did many things in parallel. Cray's 6600 and 7600 design was one instruction operating on one operand and referred to as a scalar processor. Cray's designs achieved the highest speed attainable with the existing technology.

Seymour Cray disliked the large corporation bureaucracy and the siphoning of funds for the Star 100. With the blessing of CDC, and startup funding, he took his 8600 design and founded Cray Research in 1972. The agreement was that CDC would retain first right of refusal on the new computer. CDC eventually passed on the 8600, and he renamed it Cray-1. He had great success with that design and later the Cray-2. This was a big mistake by CDC.

Chuck Breckinridge went with Seymour Cray as a salesman at Cray Research in Mendota Heights, Minnesota. After the Cray-2 Seymour Cray left Cray Research and started Cray Computers in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He had a new design called the Cray-4 that got its great speed by being very compact and immersed in an inert oil for cooling.

Chuck went with him as the VP of Marketing and Sales. Chuck and I had crossed paths in 1984 and competed against each other on a computer procurement in Idaho Falls when I was with ETA Systems, a spinoff of CDC. I left ETA Systems in 1989 due to their inability to deliver a working product and the lack of continued funding. I then re-joined EG&G in Idaho Falls.

In late 1994 I was invited to Colorado Springs to get a preview of the new Cray-4 computer. Chuck toured me around. I was really surprised when Seymour joined us for a chat and a catered box lunch. Seymour had a commitment he had to get to. Chuck and I saw him off as he drove away in his Jeep. Before the day was over Chuck offered me a marketing position pending a new round of financing.

I was waiting for this to happen when EG&G offered an early retirement. I took the offer and we went into the mom an pop motel business in 1995.

Seymour Cray died October 5, 1996 from injuries in a car wreck. He was in his Jeep on I-25 near the Air Force academy and a reckless driver caused a three car accident. He rolled three times resulting in severe head injuries. He was 71 at the time of his death. He was one of a kind and that began the end of Cray Computing.

Our Life in Livermore

The Rambler Ambassador was nearly three years old and I wanted a larger V8 for pulling thr trailer over mountain passes and air conditioning. I started looking for a new car and looked all over the east bay. We were in San Jose and found a 1970 Dodge Coronet 500 station wagon with a 383 Magnum V8, 3rd row rear seat, air, leather seats, air conditioning, and an 8-track tape deck. It was dark green with fake wood on the sides and was a demo driven by the dealer's office manager. We struck a deal and I went back the next afternoon to pick it up. I drove home and pulled into the garage and noticed it was hot in and around the dash. LaRue came out and noticed the same thing. We decided to have a pizza, so I went to Potter's Pizza to bring one home. When I got the pizza and went to start the car it was dead. I caught a ride home and the next morning had it towed to the Dodge dealer in Livermore. He asked me where I bought the car and I told him San Jose and he told me to take it to San Jose! We had a few words and he finally agreed to get it going, but since it was Friday I would have to leave it over the weekend. We had tickets for the Oakland A's bat day game on Saturday and I had to rent a car. Kathleen and Brian each got a green Louisville Slugger bat with Sal Bando on one and Reggie Jackson on the other.

Livermore Dodge got the car running Monday morning and I took it back to the dealer in San Jose. They found electrical problems and worked on it all day. I got the trailer hitch and controller installed that week.

A Gibbs family reunion was scheduled in Idaho in late June 1970. Val was now the forest ranger on the Dubois District in Dubois, Idaho. The Forest Service maintained the Kaufman Guard Station on Birch Creek just north of Lone Pine between Idaho Falls and Salmon. Val could use it for the reunion. There was a house and a lot of space for tents and trailers. We hooked up our trailer to the Dodge and headed to Idaho on Friday afternoon.

We started up the Sierra's and was nearly to Auburn when the car started bucking and jerking. I was afraid it was going to die. There was a trailer park just off the freeway and I pulled in about 6pm. The next morning I took it to the Dodge dealer in Auburn and they worked all day on it, but didn't find anything. We hitched up and took off late in the afternoon and it started acting up again, but not as bad. We needed gas and I stopped and filled it up. It ran better. I got more gas in Reno and it ran normally. It looked like a case of bad gas again.

We had a nice reunion, visited our friends in Salmon, and camped a night in Patterson. Then returned to Livermore. We drove 2,123 miles total and spent \$113 on gas at an average 45 cents per gallon . It computes o be 8.5 miles per gallon. Not good but par for the course.

After Mike Hendrickson, wife Sue, and family moved from Palo Alto to Livermore we enjoyed outings together. One was a tent camping trip above Yosemite National Park the summer of 1970.

We left after work and went through Modesto up into the Sierra's high above the north side of Yosemite and arrived late. We got our tents setup and went to bed. We then heard a loud bear like roar that scared the daylight out of us. It was Mike. The next morning, we sat on a large granite boulder and had bloody marys in the sunshine. Mike and I decided to take his two kids, Troy and Robin, and Kathleen and Brian on a long hike to the valley floor. LaRue, Julie, and Sue would meet us with our car in the late afternoon at Yosemite Village. We hiked along a creek and trail several miles to the top of Yosemite Falls where we looked down on the valley floor below. The trail then went straight down parallel to the falls. We got to the bottom extremely hot. Mike dived into the ice-cold fast running river. I thought he was a goner for a while. The women arrived, and we headed back up the mountain.

We had another outing the end of December. We took our trailer December 29 south of San Jose to Pinnacles National Park the site of underground caverns. Mike and family came down the next day and it was pouring down rain. Mike is a Stanford graduate geologist and we were anxious to get his take on the caves. Once inside the cave entrance Mike gave us a detailed running dialogue.

We returned to Livermore the next day and had a New Year's Eve party at their place. Mike had a lot of beer. He had an old fridge with a large keg inside and a convenient tap on the outside of the door.

1971

On the Move

After a year in learning mode in Livermore CDC was anxious to get Mike and I in a more productive mode. The National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado had CDC computers and Mike was transferred to support that system.

An analyst was needed at the Hanford Lab in Richland, Washington The job was to assist Westinghouse engineers in using the CDC Cybernet Data Center in Palo Alto. They were disgruntled with the Hanford Univac 1108 provided by Computer Sciences Corporation (CSC) and were looking elsewhere.

A CDC analyst on site would help them convert to the CDC system. That person would also be the pre-sales analyst for an upcoming procurement, and hopefully the sale of a CDC computer for the Hanford lab.

I was asked if I would be interested. If yes, I was to fly to Seattle and interview at the CDC Seattle District Sales Office in Renton. I was not sure I had an option so flew up to see what it was all about.

The Seattle area was in a depressed state. Boeing was laying people off by the hundreds. There was a saying going around which was, "The last person to leave Seattle turn out the Lights". I was told that over a 150 Boeing people applied after CDC advertised the job in the paper.

After my interview I was told to fly over to the Tri- Cities and spend a day looking around. I found the area to be depressed. The Hanford Lab was in a down cycle. However, Westinghouse had a contract to build the Fast Flux Test Facility (FFTF) reactor so there was some hope. They were the people that I would be working with as well as an independent energy consulting company, Jersey Nuclear. I was to promote and assist them in using the CDC Data Center in Palo Alto, California..

Everyone I talked to advised against buying a house if I got the job as it would be a bad investment. There was a lot to think about. When I got back to Livermore I was offered the job.

I knew that CDC would not keep me in Livermore much longer, so it was off to Richland, Washington. It was ironic that Mike's desire was a job in the Pacific Northwest and my choice was Colorado. Much later Mike ended up working out of the CDC office in Renton, so we would meet again.

I went alone to Richland to get started. I lived in a motel for a couple of weeks then went back to Livermore, and we listed the house with United Realty. We then decided to leave everything in Livermore and live in our travel trailer while we looked over the housing market in Richland.

End chapter 11b0

20. Chapter 12b CDC – Richland, Washington 1971 - 1973

It was a hot trip from Livermore to Richland in June 1971. Mitsu, our Siamese cat was meowing so loud that we finally put her in her cage in the trailer. When we stopped that night she couldn't make a sound. The next day was even hotter through Portland and up the Columbia River Gorge. The Dodge overheated, and we had to stop a couple of times to let it cool off.

We got to Richland in the evening and pulled into a county campground along the Columbia River. The temperature was over 100 degrees. We noticed the people in the campground were a different looking bunch. The next morning they were all gone, but the trailers and tents were there. They all returned that evening. It dawned us that they were gypsies picking fruit during the day. We moved to a nicer trailer park.

Our Life in Richland, Washington

We found a newly completed house at 2159 Crestview Avenue in east Richland. It was built by a builder with a great reputation. It was a split entry with four bedrooms with a total of 2,100 sq ft on two floors.

The street ran east and west on a long wide sand dune formed by blowing sand. The elevation provided a nice view out the front looking over the Columbia River area. The back looked over the tops of the houses behind. After some more looking we made an offer of \$31,500 and put money down on June 20. It was contingent upon our house selling in Livermore and it was accepted. We then received an offer on June 21 for \$28,850 on our Livermore house and accepted. We had to close in Livermore then we could close in Richland. We had an agreement to rent the Richland house for \$4 per day until closing which happened about a month later.

The 4th of July weekend was coming up. We decided to take the trailer and meet the folks at the Bumblebee Campground on the Coeur d'Alene National Forest near Kellogg.

We got there and parked. The ignition switch on the Dodge started smoking. We had arrived a day early, so I planned to get the car checked out the next day while garages were open. I went to Coeur d'Alene and they recommended the Dodge dealer in Spokane, so I headed to Spokane. They worked on electrical problems all day and I went back to Bumblebee.

Other than the car problem it was a nice camping trip with the folks. We left the trailer in Kellogg as we planned to start using the two weeks we were authorized in a motel. We stayed at the Hanford House. It was a newly built hotel and convention center on the Columbia River in Richland.

We made a quick trip to Livermore to get the moving process going and say goodbye. The movers packed and loaded everything into a big moving van and away we went. Arriving back in Richland we checked in at the Hanford House again. That evening we had a ring side seat on the balcony of our room for the awards to the

powerboat racers. They had just completed a week of racing on the Columbia river. It was also being broadcast on the ABC Wild World of Sports.

The next day the moving truck arrived and unloaded our stuff. Our new phone number was 509-946-9165. Our next door neighbor's last name was Asay, and they were from Utah. Her first name was LaRue! It was comical when the two LaRue's introduced themselves to each other. Turns out that he was a cousin of Gene Asay that I served with in Scotland. Gene Asay was one of two airmen that drowned on a lake in Scotland when their boat overturned while on a fishing trip. Small world again.

Now the landscaping work began. For a decent lawn you had to add mulch to the sand. I ordered a full load of bark mulch, which was 23 cubic yards. The delivery arrived when we were shopping. We returned to find a pile of mulch covering our whole driveway about five feet high.

I bought a new wheelbarrow and started distributing the mulch about four inches high over the planned lawn area, and then rototilled it in. Next was a sprinkler system front and rear. It was a lot of PVC pipe to bury, but digging in the sand was fast and easy.

I had to dig about six feet down to connect to the water main. It took about an hour in the sand. It was a huge hole since the sand kept caving in. LaRue ran to the store when I started digging and when she got back all she could see was my head sticking up.

The plan was to plant the lawn in the spring. In the meantime build a cedar fence around the back yard, a 1-foot concrete mowing strip all of the way around, pour a large patio, and widen the driveway with a trailer pad beside the garage. The backyard was several times larger than the Livermore house and there was a lot of work to do.

I completed the sprinkler system in late summer then built the backyard fence. The fence was 6 ft high cedar, 80 ft on the left side, 80 ft across the back, and 55 feet on the right side. I also built a gate for access from the trailer pad, and a gate in the back. The back gate was so I could go through and dump grass clippings along the back of the fence to stabilize the hill and the sand.

Then it was time for concrete work. The patio would be 60 feet long along the back of the house. It was 20 feet wide on the right end, and curved free form to 10 feet for the left end.

The driveway expansion and trailer parking pad would be 60 feet long and 10 feet wide. That was a lot of concrete to pour and finish without help. We decided to buy a cement mixer and do it ourselves in small sections that we could pour and finish in one day. I used 1x4 redwood dividers in 5x5 sections. LaRue and I could finish one or two alternating sections per day on a weekend. I put down a good base of sand and gravel before pouring concrete.

With that all done I decided on a curved free form front sidewalk that was 3 feet wide by 32 feet long in exposed aggregate. It seemed like all we did the first few months was build fence, mix, pour, and finish concrete. The two of us did it all. My notes show that it took 34 tons of sand and gravel and 120 sacks of cement in several deliveries. We got the lawn, shrubs, and trees planted in the spring and our place looked great. We were the show place in the neighborhood.

Christmas 1971 we decided to go to Kellogg and spend Christmas with my folks and Bev. It was cold and snowy up that way, so I got snow tires and tire chains to be prepared. We had a good Christmas and met Bev's boyfriend, Tom Franson, who was working for a finance company in Kellogg.

We had acquired a new dog named Penny. She was small and white with a few black markings. Penny was outdoors and ran into the street and was run over and killed. So, there was trauma also.

We headed back to Richland after a few days and left late in the afternoon. We went through Spokane on the freeway west and had just passed by the small town of Sprague where Tom grew up. It was well below zero.

Something blew with a big noise in the engine, and we were stranded on the side of the freeway. Nobody would stop. Even the highway patrol kept on going. I saw a farmhouse about a half mile away on the other side of the freeway and decided to go and see if I could call for help. I could hear a big dog barking inside and I could hear someone, but they wouldn't answer the door. I knew they were in there and kept knocking. Finally, a guy peeked out and eventually said I could use the phone. He recommended a tow truck operator in Sprague.

I could see a female peeking through a crack in the door across the room. I figured she had a gun on me. I couldn't get out of there fast enough. I got back to the car and everyone was freezing.

The tow truck arrived and told us the nearest service was in Ritzville about 30 miles further west, and we were hooked up. There was not enough room in the tow truck for all of us, so LaRue and I rode in the car dangling off the hook. He dropped the car at the Dodge dealer and us at a mom and pop motel. They were nice people and loaned me their car to get our stuff out of the car.

The next day we found it was going to be major engine work. Luckily the car was barely within warranty. It would be a couple weeks getting parts and the engine rebuilt.

The Ford dealer had a rental car which was a two door Mercury Cougar that I rented. Somehow, we got all of us and our stuff into it and went on home.

On our way home we decided we needed a second car as LaRue had taken up selling Avon. On December 30, 1971 we found a new four door four cylinder Mazda with standard shift and light metallic green. It was \$2,250 with a dealer installed radio. The dealer was Bob and Floyd's Mazda and Used Cars in Kennewick. The next day I took the rental car back to Ritzville and went by Greyhound bus to get back to the Tri Cities. I had to kill time in Ritzville and ate lunch at the Golden Pheasant Cafe. Then a pool hall watching the local wheat farmers play pool and snooker. Those old boys were good.

The Dodge continued to have problems. You never knew when the turn signals and stop lights were going to work. It was time to cut our loss. That spring I traded for a new 1972 Oldsmobile Delta 88 Royale 4dr hardtop sedan loaded with everything and with a 454 engine. The Olds was \$5,104 and we were given \$2,404 for the Dodge. I ran into the salesman a month later and he said the Dodge sure had a lot of electrical problems! I acted dumb.

We took a shakedown camping trip with the new car and trailer to Fishhook Campground where the Snake River meets the Columbia River, and all worked well.

A week later we left for vacation pulling the trailer to Lolo Montana to Salmon then up to Glacier National Park. From there it was Calgary, Banff, the Canadian National Parks, and back home. No car problems for a change.

Vacation 1973 we towed the trailer to the Oregon coast then up through the Olympic National Park and back home. Leaving Richland we had a severe head wind going down the Columbia River and averaged 4 miles per gallon. We could just make it between gas stations. At least we had no more car problems. Without strong head winds the mileage was acceptable for the rest of the trip.

It was nice being within a four hour drive to Kellogg, Idaho and the folks. There had been employment changes for Dad over the last few years. When they came back from Guatemala Jack Bradley made Dad the underground mine manager of the Bunker Hill Mine in Kellogg

Jack Bradley and his wife were killed in a car wreck on the San Francisco/Oakland Bay Bridge. It was a big shock and loss for Mom and Dad. After a while the new management of the Bunker Hill Company sent Dad to Superior, Montana to get the Nancy Lee Mine operating again. The folks were in Montana for a couple of years. When they were ready to come back to Kellogg Dad decided to leave Bunker Hill, and took the job of underground mine manager of the Sunshine Mine.

The spring of 1972 we went to Kellogg for a visit. My brother Garry was there, and Dad asked if we would like to tour the Sunshine Mine. We said yes and the next morning we packed a lunch and went to the mine and got hard hats and miner's lamps.

Dad was busy, so he had a shift boss escort us on the tour. We walked in a ground level mine tunnel to the Jewell Shaft where a huge hoist drops a cage on a cable down into the mine. The Jewell shaft is the only access to the many levels of the mine below. We got in the cage and dropped straight down the Jewell Shaft to the bottom 6,000 ft level. We toured around then went up to the 3700 ft level. We walked nearly a mile and toured the big rooms for machine shops, etc.

At noon we stopped at a widened area called the Blue Room. We were eating lunch and talking to the shift boss and four or five miners. All of a sudden one of the miners jumped up in alarm when he caught the smell of smoke. The shift boss answered the phone on the first ring. He was told there was a fire in the mine ,and we were to head back to the Jewell Shaft.

The miners broke out breathing back packs that were stored for emergencies. We piled into ore cars that were hitched to an electric powered locomotive. We didn't put on the breathing apparatus as we might need them later. When we got to the Jewell Shaft the smoke was coming from a level below, and not from above where it could block our only exit. The cage came down and stopped at our level and Dad came flying out. He said, "get these guys to the surface", and up Garry and I went. He stayed to assess the situation and direct operations. We got to the top and walked back through the tunnel to daylight. Fire trucks and ambulances were arriving with sirens and lights going. We were worried how bad it was going to be. TV crews were arriving, and we went home and watched it all.

It turned out the fire started on the level below the one we were on and was confined to old timbers. They were ignited when dynamite was set off to blast rock. The fire was put out without any serious consequences. It turned out a lot more tragically the next time.

Shortly after that Dad was in one of those big rooms in the mine and a fist sized rock fell and hit him in the back of his head splitting his helmet apart. He was out for a while and had a big cut on the back of his head. He was checked out at the hospital, stitched up, and he thought he was ok. Later his balance was off, and his speech was slurred ,so he was put on medical leave.

I was on my way to the airport on May 2, 1972 to catch a flight and I heard on the radio that a mine disaster was taking place in the Sunshine Mine. I knew that Dad was home on medical leave or he would have been in the middle of it.

The official report later states that two electricians in the electric shop on the 3700 ft level smelled smoke and yelled a warning. A mine foreman and a miner in the Blue Room heard the warning and headed for the Jewell Shaft encountering heavy smoke. This was the exact scenario that Garry and I experienced only much worse. The men started closing access doors to other areas of the mine. This caused ventilation problems and they were now stranded.

It was a major disaster over many days that killed 91 miners. Even the hoist operator of the Jewell Shaft died because of the smoke. Dad knew the mine better than anyone, so he was brought in from medical leave to help direct the rescue.

Eventually 80 miners were rescued, and the mine was closed for several months. The disaster was caused by some old dry timber that was somehow ignited.

Dad was not able to work after his accident. The folks bought the Motel Deluxe in Salmon and operated it for about six years. Dad continued to have balance and slurred speech the rest of his life. He had a problem later with a heart valve that doctors attributed to the blow on the back of the head. The valve was replaced with a pig valve. He passed away suddenly August 27, 1993 at age 79 when the valve quit working.

My Work in Richland

CDC installed a user terminal in a building in Area 300 where the Fast Flux Test Reactor (FFTF) was being built. This was about five miles due east of Richland and our house.

There was no CDC office in Richland, so I was to work out of the house. The Renton office shipped me a desk and chair and installed a second phone line for business use in our house. I sat up my office downstairs in the family room. I found it difficult to work with all the distraction, and I was constantly running out to Area 300 to solve problems and interface with the Westinghouse engineers. Westinghouse soon provided me a desk next to the user terminal and I began using it as my office. This arrangement worked very well. I became a trusted partner with key engineers on the project.

My immediate job was to work with the Westinghouse engineers to promote and assist them in using the CDC Data Center in Palo Alto via the user terminal over a broadband line. I worked with the data center salesman, Dick Bennett, based in the Renton office. Dick was young, dynamic, personable, and one of the best CDC data center salesmen selling computer time.

My secondary job was as a pre-sales analyst promoting the CDC computer for when the Request for Proposal (RFP) would be released. The new computer would then replace the Univac 1108 owned by the contractor, Computer Sciences Corporation (CSC), and leased to the AEC. In that capacity I worked with the CDC salesman, Bill, who was based in the Renton office. His job was to sell a new computer. He was an older guy, set in his ways, and not open to new ideas. His mode of operation was to call strictly on upper management and ignore the engineering users. This is the strategy IBM utilized in the business world and it worked very well for them in that environment. Selling in the scientific and engineering world you also need to work the users. They ultimately are the driving force and make the recommendations.

Whichever salesman was in town to make sales calls I would change hats and go along to provide technical support. The two salesmen were at odds with each other. Dick was making big commissions selling computer time and wanted to keep it going. Bill's job was to sell a computer so that the work would be done in Richland. I was caught in the middle trying to promote both. Dick's success was with both management and the engineering users. Dick and I got along well and saw eye to eye. Bill was a different animal and was resentful of Dick and the success he was having at Westinghouse and the consulting company, Jersey Nuclear. Consequently, he didn't keep me informed on what he was doing or his strategy.

On November 24, 1971 my manager in Renton was on a business trip to visit the analysts in the Portland, Oregon office. He caught a return flight to Seattle on Northwest Airlines in the late afternoon. This was the flight that was hijacked by a Don Cooper who later became known as D.B. Cooper. I got a first-hand account of it all. The odd thing about it is that a coworker of mine in Las Vegas was now working in the Portland CDC office. His name is Don Cooper. He went through a lot of hassle whenever he flew after that incident.

As time went by it was getting closer and closer to when the RFP would be released for the new computer. One day a Westinghouse engineering manager that I knew came to me with some advice. He said that if Bill keeps working the account the way he is CDC would not win.

Bill was discussing his pricing and configuration strategy with the top administration people that included CSC management who wanted CDC out of the picture. The decision for the new computer would be based on cost versus performance. If the competition had inside information they could bid accordingly. CSC wanted a Univac solution like the one they were providing, so the CDC strategy would probably be passed on to Univac. Therefore, it was a losing situation for CDC. I passed this on to my manager in Renton in my weekly report. In about two days the branch sales manager in Renton arrived in Richland to meet with me. About two days later I was summoned to Renton to a meeting chaired by Boyd Jones, the regional sales manager, in San Jose.

I knew this was a showdown that I would not enjoy. Boyd Jones was a stern faced retired Air Force officer, and a friend of Bill's. Boyd had placed Bill in his current job. If I remember correctly they were brother-in-laws. I didn't know Boyd Jones and he didn't know me, but I knew he was originally from Utah.

I flew over the morning of the meeting and arrived shortly after the meeting had convened. I walked in and from the way Boyd Jones looked it was going to be a bad day. Bill was at the podium presenting his sales strategy, and how it was a winning one. He always had a smirk on his face and it was still there. I surmised he was winning the battle. I was called to the podium and presented what I was told by a person that could be trusted. I worked with these people every day. Then I concluded we needed to change the sales strategy or lose the order. Boyd asked who could make us successful on the upcoming procurement. My advice was there should be one salesman in Richland, and it should be Dick Bennett. I was told I could leave the room.

I could hear loud voices in the conference room. I sweated it out until the meeting ended. I was then told Dick Bennett would be the only salesman in Richland, and I would be his analyst. For a while I thought I would be going down the road. The message was, "You better win this one". *(A year later we did)*

My Role in the Computer Procurement

The RFP for a new computer to replace the existing Univac 1108 was released in early 1973. The specs were for a computer in the performance range of the CDC 6600, the new Univac computer (1110), and the new IBM 360 model 165. It was to be in the price range of \$5-6 million. It included a benchmark test consisting of many programs that run on the local Univac 1108. It required a demonstration and timed run of the benchmark attended by the Richland selection committee, a proposal answering technical questions, the exact configuration of the proposed computer, and the cost. Vendors had 60 days to demonstrate the benchmark and present the proposal. Upon delivery in Richland the winning computer was required to run the benchmark again in equal to or lesser time before it would be accepted. This was to prevent cheating with additional hardware on the demonstration benchmark.

The day the RFP was released I picked up the magnetic tape containing the programs and data to be benchmarked and flew to Minneapolis to get started. The benchmark lab was across town in the Arden Hills facility where there was a computer and configuration similar to the one we would be proposing.

The CDC 6600 had been out for a while and the Univac 1110 and the IBM 360 model 165 were new on the market. CDC put new paint and skins on the 6600 and named it the Cyber 74. It was the same old dolly in a new dress. It had the same performance as the 6600, so the competition knew what we could do. They were promising much better. We did not know what they could do. We were at a disadvantage from the start.

My first look at the fifteen or so programs that were on the benchmark tape told me that we had been had. The programs were all big and tough to convert as they contained all kinds of Univac extensions. This was to make programs run fast on the Univac 1108 as well as the new and compatible Univac 1110. It looked impossible. However, I had a few months working with Westinghouse engineers who were converting Univac 1108 programs, so I knew what to look for. The extensions handled data and scratch files that had to be written to or read from external drum storage devices that were very fast and a unique Univac specialty. The first step was to go through the programs and remove all the specialized stuff and replace with standard Fortran. This was a monumental task as the programs filled eight trays, each four feet long with keypunched cards. When I got the programs converted and running correctly I would have to deal with the problem that Univac drum storage was faster than our disk storage. That would come later. The benchmark lab scheduled two-hour blocks of time on the configuration you required. The blocks of time were often four hours apart around the clock and weekends, It was difficult to get much sleep. Two local CDC analysts were provided to assist me. I soon found these guys

to be inexperienced and worthless. They were wasting my time as I was training them. One night I told them I didn't want them around. The manager of the lab was ineffective and not willing to bring in experienced people. I informed my management and requested two experienced guys from our Renton office. They came out later. Then a trouble shooter, Bob Korsch, from headquarters across town showed up. He hung around for a few nights observing. He was known as a "corporate gunner" that reported to the top, and a guy you did not mess with. I didn't know if it was me he was observing or the lab manager, or both. A short time later the lab manager was removed, and Bob Korsch took over as temporary manager. He was effective and remained the manager for many years.

I had about six weeks to get the programs converted and running smoothly before the customer came back for the demonstration and timing run. It was 7 days a week 24 hours a day with about 4-6 hours of sleep squeezed in when you could get it. It took about four weeks to get the programs running with the correct results. Then I had a couple of weeks to fine tune things. Reading and writing to disk storage was a bottle neck resulting in wait time which was not good. Total throughput time is what counted, and we couldn't afford time wasted for input/output to disk storage. CDC had just announced a new product called Extended Core Storage (ECS) that works just like finger drives on personal computers today. You plug it in and you can access files with zero wait time. It was about the size of a car and took a lot of space in a computer room. It was also expensive. The cost had to be factored in and a decision made if it was cost effective. After many timing runs it proved it's worth and became a part of the proposed configuration.

While the other two analysts and I were working in Arden Hills we stayed at the Paul Bunyon hotel and convention center nearby. The Univac plant was a couple of miles away. One morning three guys were eating breakfast next to us and were grouching about what a difficult time they were having with the Richland benchmark. We managed to sit by them a couple more times to listen. We were all ears and learned a lesson to watch ourselves in public. We picked up a lot of valuable information that we used against them.

We managed to squeeze in a decent meal once in a while and a favorite place was Lindy's Steakhouse that was an old farm house in the country. There were three choices listed on a menu stand at the table. The choices were ground sirloin, sirloin, and top sirloin. Your choice was accompanied by a green salad with their house dressing, a platter of their special hash browns, and a basket of garlic bread. We always went for the top sirloin. The steak came out on a sizzling platter, looked like a roast, and always cooked perfectly. Rare was a cool blue center and absolutely melted in your mouth. When you were through they brought a small piece of candied watermelon rind. That was it. One night, John Denver and his wife came in and were seated behind us.

(LaRue and I visited Lindy's a few years back and the place was the same and the steaks just as good. The young red headed waitress that waited on us was a spitting image of a red headed waitress in the old days. It turns out that she was the daughter. One of the sons opened a Lindy's Steakhouse in Seeley Lake, Montana and we have been there twice,.The steaks were the same.)

An evaluation team of about a dozen people made up of AEC, Westinghouse, and CSC management and technicians arrived for our big show. They had just been to IBM, and I was anxious for any hint of how it went.

A day of demonstrations and benchmark run of an hour and fifteen minutes went well. The CSC reps picked on everything. They even requested a second run of the benchmark on short notice to see if the results could be duplicated. They went so far as to look behind cabinets to see if extra equipment was hooked up, as if they

would know. The Westinghouse and AEC reps seemed to be pleased with our performance. Their comments sounded like we did much better than IBM.

We had to wait several weeks for the evaluation team to make their decision and it was a long anxious wait. Finally, we were announced the winner and awarded a \$5.5 million contract. This was a huge win for CDC, our Seattle District office in Renton., the Western Region office in San Jose, and me.

August 1973

I was told I would head the installation team and the acceptance testing. This required a rerun of the benchmark in equal to or less time than in Minnesota ,and then a period of thirty days of better than 98% availability for the users. The system arrived and was installed in the Federal Building in downtown Richland. I was provided office space among the CSC people.

After the new computer was installed I ran a test run of the benchmark and ran into problems. About an hour into the run jobs began aborting. I turned the system over to the customer engineers to run diagnostics and no problems were found. I reloaded the benchmark and in about an hour jobs began aborting again. My analysis pointed to a problem with the ECS memory that we were using heavily as a scratch input output device. I configured it out of the system and reloaded the benchmark and it ran perfectly. The only problem was we were fifteen minutes or so over our target time of one hour and fifteen minutes.

At least I could tell the customer engineers that ECS was causing the problem. Their diagnostics did not show any problems, so I would try again. In about an hour I got the same failure. We went back and forth with the same results for about three days. I concluded that something in ECS was causing a hardware error after being hit hard for a long time.

Sunday came, and it was the last day that we could qualify. We were down to the mandatory live demonstration in front of the customer. I decided to make the run using ECS for the first forty minutes. The remaining jobs would not use it. We made it through to completion but were several minutes over the target time. The CSC reps were gloating as they could see us getting disqualified. However, we were allowed three tries according to the rules. For the second run I upped the ECS usage close to sixty minutes. We ran to completion and were still several minutes over the target. Everyone took a short break and during that time I decided I would configure ECS for the entire third and last run. I knew that the customer engineers had noticed that a certain wire was very close to a memory module. It was possible that heat, caused by prolonged use, could be causing the problem. They rerouted the wire. It was a huge longshot. My helper, Leo, said It's not going work

We reloaded the benchmark and held our breath when we got to sixty minutes and beyond. We made it through with a couple of minutes to spare. We had qualified! Now we could move on to thirty days of acceptance tests. The dalesman, Dick Bennett, was on cloud nine. He took me, LaRue, Leo, and the customer engineers out for a great dinner and celebration.

We started the thirty-day acceptance period the next day on Monday. The first week went well and then the system started crashing about four times per day. At that rate we would fail. My investigation led to numerous operating system modifications that were made by CSC. They said it was to make the CDC system look more like the Univac system for the convenience of the users. My protests fell on deaf ears, so I bounced it up to my management.

My management requested a meeting with Richland high level management. The meeting was chaired by AEC Richland in a big conference room in the Federal building. I was in my office. The sales manager of the Seattle District rushed in and said the meeting was not going well. Could I drop everything and come to the meeting.

I walked in and could see the smirks on the CSC manager's faces. The AEC manager asked me to present my analysis of the problem. I placed it squarely on CSC and their modifications. The smirks quickly changed to hostile looks. The AEC manager then asked me how the problem could be fixed. I replied the solution was to remove the CSC modifications. Then grant thirty days of acceptance testing with the operating system that we delivered. CSC protested strongly but were told, "If Harry says we do it this way, then that is what we will do." If looks could kill I would not be here today.

The acceptance period went well. CDC received a check for \$5.5 million dollars. CSC had to remove their Univac 1108 that had been earning them \$8 million a year for several years.

I later received a large wood and bronze plaque with the following

CONTROL DATA CORPORATION

Presented to

HARRY E HATHHORN
SEATTLE DISTRICT 1973

FOR CONTINUED OUTSTANDING
CONTRIBUTIONS AS AN
ANALYST
CONTROL DATA CORPORATION

William C Norris
President

I was invited to the first ever Professional Services Division symposium for top performing analysts in the company. Five were being honored over a two-year period, and I was one of them. The symposium was a week in Rancho Bernardo, California just north of San Diego. A highlight was a motivational speech by retired Navy Captain Bucher who was the commander of the spy ship USS Pueblo that was attacked, the crew held hostage, and tortured by the North Korean's. It was especially interesting to me as they were doing the same thing I had been doing in the Air Force.

Before I went to the symposium LaRue and I were invited to a special dinner at a gourmet restaurant in Bellevue, Washington. It was special recognition by high level management. The place was noted for their escargot and that was a first for us. We were treated royally that evening.

New Opportunity Surfaces

In late August Chris Christopherson who worked out of the Renton office, and the salesman responsible for Idaho, approached me. He had a prospect which was EG&G, Idaho. The AEC had an IBM 360 Model 75 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. They were a prospect for a CDC 7600 class computer in a couple of years. He also was working with a consulting company, Energy Incorporated (EI), that was interested in using the CDC Data Center in Palo Alto.

This was a scenario like I had worked in Richland,. He would like to have me in Idaho Falls. EG&G, Idaho was the prime contractor at the INEL and would be responsible for the computer procurement. They were the same company I worked for in Las Vegas. That would be a plus, as well as being from Idaho. My role in Richland was essentially complete. I did not want to hang around fighting with CSC as a support analyst. I said I would be interested if he could work it out.

In late September Chris got back to me. I was to go to Idaho Falls with him to meet people and assess the situation. It looked like a huge challenge in Idaho Falls. CDC lost to IBM a few years earlier, even though CDC was the preferred vendor, and had the best computer. The procurement was tailored for CDC, but the analyst messed up the benchmark. IBM won and now EG&G management and the users had a grudge against CDC. I thought it was something I could turn around. I loved the pre-sales environment. I was ready for a new challenge.

A few days later LaRue and I were told to fly to Idaho Falls and look for housing. Before we left we listed the house for \$39,500. The realtor was skeptical as that model had never sold that high. We farmed the kids out with the neighbors, flew to Idaho Falls, and stayed at the Westbank Hotel. LaRue looked at houses while I met with EG&G and EI people.

21. Chapter 13b

Control Data – Idaho Falls 1971

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We had no idea how long we would be in Idaho Falls and we didn't want the work of another new house. LaRue liked the older established house at 245 Ronglyn Avenue and I liked it also. It was all brick with a family room, living room, dining room, kitchen, pantry, 1 1/2 baths, and two bedrooms upstairs and a finished basement with two bedrooms, a bathroom, huge fruit room, huge recreation room, a craft room, a laundry room and a furnace room. It was built in 1955 by the owners of a furniture store and the carpets and drapes were all high quality. The wife had passed away and he moved to Island Park with a new wife. He would only entertain a full offer of \$40,000, so we submitted our offer at his asking price. After the realtor tracked him down he accepted.

Our flight home was on Hughes Air West (the yellow airplanes called the flying banana) via Boise, Lewiston, then to Pasco. We had an hour to kill in Lewiston, and we went to the bar to watch the Oakland A's in the final game of the World Series. It came time to board. It was the last of the ninth inning with the A's in the lead. We were being paged over and over, but we had to see the ending. The A's won and we dashed across the tarmac while frantically being waved aboard. The pilot asked who won.

When we got home I made a long banner and hung it across the front of our house with "Oakland A's" in yellow and green. We sat on the front porch that evening with our drinks, our A's caps, and the green A's bats of the kids.

In the next day or so we received an offer on our Richland house at our full asking price of \$39,500 much to our and our realtor's surprise. Maybe we should have asked for more, but we were happy to have it done so we could close on the Idaho Falls house.

I had some work to do to turn over the account to my old friend, Don Cooper, who was moving from the Portland office. I decided I would leave the Mazda at the Pasco airport and fly back and forth until the turnover was complete around Thanksgiving. We hated to leave the Richland house and all the work we had done. The movers packed and loaded us up and we departed for Idaho Falls on October 24, 1973 pulling our Golden Falcon travel trailer with the new Oldsmobile.

It was windy and raining hard. The gas gauge on the Oldsmobile was on empty when we got to Boise that evening. I pulled into the first gas station we came to and coasted the last fifty feet to the gas pump out of gas. We stayed at the Holiday Inn across from the airport and went on to Idaho Falls on the 25th. I parked the trailer at the house, and we checked into the Westbank hotel. It was Julie's seventh birthday. We had a birthday dinner in the Bonneville Hotel dining room. We moved into the house a few days later after we closed, and a house cleaner had gone through it.

My Work in Idaho Falls

I finished up my work in Richland the day before Thanksgiving. I put snow tires on the Mazda and departed after work. I hit a snow storm through the Blue Mountains and the rest of the way. I got to Burley around 1am and the freeway was closed. The Mazda had good road clearance for the deep snow, and the snow tires were effective. I drove around the barrier and kept going. I was the only vehicle on the road from Burley to Pocatello. I got to Idaho Falls at 5am

Thanksgiving morning. The folks had come down from Salmon and they had a tough trip also.

The winter of 1973-1974 was bitterly cold with a lot of snow and temperatures down to 20 and 30 degrees below zero. We never really wanted to live in Idaho Falls because of the cold winters but now we were here. I wondered if we could adapt and like living in Idaho Falls.

Chris was a wheeler dealer and made an agreement with Energy Incorporated (EI) to provide us an office in their building downtown. In exchange, I would help them convert their programs to run on our Palo Alto Data Center 6600. He convinced CDC to install a user terminal at no cost to EI since it would produce revenue. Chris went so far as having EI sign a letter of intent for a computer system within a couple of years to sort of validate things and bait CDC management. Chris would continue to live in Seattle and fly back and forth almost weekly. He obtained budget for a nice monthly expense account for entertaining prospects. Chris used it liberally.

My main effort would be with EG&G to meet key users and build trust. They operated the IBM 360/75 computer for the INEL that was selected after CDC botched the procurement a few years earlier. It was woefully inadequate when it came to the reactor safety research program called RELAP that was developed at the INEL and used worldwide. A typical reactor simulation on the IBM 360/75 could take several hours. A justification was being built for the acquisition of a new modern supercomputer.

In one of my first meetings at EG&G I met with Dick Wagner who was now the head developer of RELAP. The original two developers of RELAP had left EG&G and were now in ownership positions in EI. That would help me greatly in the future. Dick asked me how much faster the CDC 7600 would be versus the IBM 360/75. I told him I would expect around ten times faster. That got his attention, and challenged me to prove it. I accepted the challenge with all the confidence that I could muster.

Converting RELAP would be a major undertaking since it was programmed around the IBM 360/75 and its scientific computing limitations. IBM with its 32 bit word lacked the numerical accuracy of 10-12 decimal places. It required double precision floating point notation. Single precision is the normal mode of operation with CDC computers and its 60-bit word. So, the programmers devised a scheme using double precision 64 bits on the IBM system. I knew that the way IBM does normalization within 64 bits it still provides less accuracy than CDC with 60 bits. I planned to exploit it.

EG&G programmers programmed the reference to the first variable in an array as A(1,1) in IBM notation. It would have to be changed to A(1) for CDC notation and a massive task. RELAP had many thousand lines of code that would have to be changed to run on a CDC computer in single precision.

CDC computers could run RELAP in double precision with no changes. However, it would take twice as long per calculation and was not necessary. Luckily the people at EI had accomplished some of the conversion and I could follow what they did. However, it would still be a big effort. Knowing this I loaded up and flew to Minneapolis where I would have access to a 7600. I worked day and night with little sleep for a week and finally got it to run.

I flew back with the results on a computer printout about a foot high. I met with EG&G management and Dick Wagner. I held my breath while Dick flipped through page after page of the results. After quite a while he said the results were good and we were 10.8 times faster than the IBM 360/75! The EG&G and DOE people were impressed. With this speedup they would be able to run a complete reactor simulation in an hour or two versus twenty-four hours on the IBM 360/75.

Chris and I began pushing for a quick sole source procurement for a CDC 7600, and EG&G management picked up on it. The normal computer procurement cycle in the AEC, now known as the Department of Energy (DOE) was around three to four years. It required a feasibility study and justification to be submitted. If it was approved a funding request had to be submitted for congressional action in the next budget cycle two years out. A sole source procurement could be accomplished in six months, but is only approved in urgent circumstances.

RELAP was the only computer program in existence that could simulate reactor failures and predict the outcome. If a major accident occurred (such as happened few years later at Three Mile Island) EG&G and DOE would not have the computer power in place to address the accident. EG&G submitted this as the justification for a sole source procurement for a CDC 7600. It had a good chance but was rejected at the final

hearing in Washington. It was not all bad as EG&G could proceed with an expedited competitive computer procurement. We would have to fight it out with the competition.

I have no doubt that high level IBM management used their Washington DC clout to shut down the sole source request. We knew we were getting under IBM's skin as they were complaining to EG&G and the AEC about my activity in Idaho Falls. They started bringing in IBM sales and technical people with Idaho backgrounds to make sales calls. It was amusing. They even replaced the regular salesman based in Boise with the hotshot salesman based in Houston. He was the salesman for the last procurement in Idaho Falls, which IBM won. However, he remained in Houston and only came to Idaho Falls infrequently. Chris and I would run into him in the Stardust bar and had some good discussions. I told him one night I didn't want to see the IBM jet flying in with IBM executives to go fishing with key INEL people as was the case in the last procurement. We learned later that IBM issued a directive that IBM people were not to frequent the Stardust.

Chris and I were deflated about not pulling off the sole source procurement, but we had made a lot of progress in the first six months in Idaho Falls. The Seattle District's annual sales meeting was at a resort on the Oregon Coast that spring and Chris and I went over. It was a short time after the sole source procurement had been rejected in Washington and we were dejected. At the award's presentation we were both given a length of rope "to hang in there". We didn't see the humor in it,

I learned a lot when I converted RELAP and made the timing run in Minneapolis. It took many hours looking through the program listing over a foot high to find the changes that had to be made. Then keypunch the corrections to hundreds of cards. Being under extreme pressure and dog tired it was easy to make keypunch errors that took time and effort to correct. I found there was a consistent methodology used by the EG&G programmers to get around the short commings of the IBM 360/75. I decided I would write a program that would scan for the cards that needed changing. It would look for a match of what I was looking for. The program would initiate the change without me having to look through the listing and keypunch the changes.

My goal was that I would not have to go through a listing and keypunch a card to make a change. Once my program found a match it would create a change directive according to my input data. This was then written to a file for the CDC UPDATE utility to make the changes.

I worked on the program in my spare time over the next year or so. It was difficult programming. I had to scan every column of the 80 column punched cards looking for a match with the data I provided as input. Fortran and CDC computers were designed for fast computations using 60-bit words and not manipulating bits and bytes at the character or single digit level. I learned how to do this on the program I wrote while at the Lawrence Livermore Lab, so I knew what I had to do. I was fortunate as I could use the Palo Alto Data Center 6600 via the user terminal at EI to debug my program as I went. I kept adding functionality until I could convert the many thousands of cards of RELAP without me touching any part of it.

It was amazing that the computer did the conversion in less than a couple of minutes and was error free. I could now convert any program by simply changing the input data that was appropriate for that program.

I named my program "EDIT" and used it extensively. The program is 217 FORTRAN statements. That is about three inches of keypunched cards. I still have it stored in the top drawer of the desk in my shop. I also reproduced it in a WORD document. I have included it at the end of this chapter as an Addendum.

I was in a lull waiting for the Idaho Falls computer procurement to get underway when I got a call that I was needed in Minneapolis to work on a benchmark for Lockheed Corporation. I got there, and the three analysts assigned were in trouble.

The benchmark demonstration was in less than two weeks and they didn't have anything converted and running.

Lockheed had given them the toughest programs they had that were running on a Univac 1108. They made heavy use of unique Univac extensions to FORTRAN. The analysts were working on a couple of programs each. That was about all they would get done. They had decided three other programs were too difficult. They would only get to them if they finished what they were working on. They had decided a fourth program, which was Lockheed's structural analysis program named REXBAT, was too large and complex. Therefore, there would be no attempt to convert it.

I told my coworkers to concentrate on the programs they were working on and I would work on the three difficult ones they had set aside. With my EDIT program I had all three running correctly in two days. I then decided to tackle REXBAT, the one declared impossible. It was a massive program and indeed looked impossible. However, within a week I was correctly running two of the three sets of data. The third dataset ran correctly for a long period then would suddenly exit. You knew it ended as the last page of the printout was a full-page picture of Snoopy sitting on top of his doghouse.

It came time to run the benchmark for the evaluation team. Running two of the three data sets for REXBAT was a fantastic accomplishment according to the Lockheed people.

The purpose of the benchmark was to qualify vendors if Lockheed should decide to replace the Univac 1108's in the future. We ran our demonstration, and the evaluation team was surprised at what we accomplished. However, Lockheed eventually decided not to go ahead with a competitive procurement. They had a sweetheart arrangement with Univac. It is my belief they were afraid they might end up with a CDC computer.

Shortly after I returned to Idaho Falls Lockheed paid CDC a consulting fee and expenses for me to meet with the Lockheed REXBAT team to discuss the how and why of what I did. I flew to Sunnyvale, California and spent a day with them. I am not sure but what the results of the third data case on our computer was correct, and the Univac solution was wrong due to less accuracy. That may have been what the meeting was all about.

Our Life in Idaho Falls

We settled in and joined the Newcomers Club that was quite active with socials and potlucks. We met a lot of professional people that were also new arrivals for jobs at the INEL Two couples that we met and socialized with were Kay and Layman Lott who moved from Boulder, Colorado, and Neil and Pat Cox who moved from Tucson, Arizona. Layman was a Phd engineer with EG&G and Neil was a Phd chemist with EG&G and

formerly a college professor. They were not quite sure about what I was doing in Idaho Falls since I had no official connection with the INEL

Our house was just three houses from where the IBM analyst lived that beat CDC a few years earlier. He was no longer with IBM as he had started his own data processing business downtown. We never did get together to discuss things., I am sure he was watching what was going on.

The kids soon got into skiing by going to Kelly Canyon with friends, and LaRue went with lady friends she met in Newcomers. They started by renting skis, and then with stuff from the ski swap. I wasn't about to take up skiing but finally relented to go once. I rented stuff and we went to Kelly Canyon on a nice spring day. I signed up for a morning ski lesson. The instructor started me on the rope tow and beginners hill snowplowing and making turns. Then gradually into skiing parallel. I was doing good, so we got on the lift to the top and I made it down skiing parallel with the instructor. The lesson was over, and I was full of confidence. I took the lift to the top on my own. My confidence and what I had learned gave way to panic at the top. All I could do is traverse across and stop until I got brave enough to turn around and go across the other way and stop. I finally got to the bottom after about an hour, and was soaking wet from sweating so much. I was done with skiing and found a place to sit and wait in the lodge.

After a couple of hours, I decided skiing was not going to defeat me. There was a rope tow on a gradual slope behind the lodge. I got my stuff and went out again. I got myself together and started having fun. The hook was set.

The next weekend we went to Targhee and after that to Salmon. We bought new boots and skis from our friend Grant Haveman who had a ski shop in his Ace hardware store. I got Kneisle skis, LaRue got K2's, and we both got a pair of Scott ski boots, which were the hot new boots on the market. LaRue's were orange on the bottom and yellow on the upper. Mine were lime green. Julie got a new pair of yellow Hummer skis and new boots. Kathleen and Brian already had their stuff. The next day we went skiing with our new gear on Lost Trail Pass with Carol and Grant. After that we went to Big Sky, Montana. It became one of our favorite places to ski. My fourth time on skis we jumped in over our heads. We rode the gondola to the top then spotted a chair lift going on up into a bowl on Lone Mountain, and headed for it. We got to the top of the bowl and it looked too steep and frightening to head straight down. The guy in front of us was traversing across the top of the bowl so we followed him across until he stopped. We asked him where the easiest way down was, and he said it was his first time here, and he didn't know. It was straight down in deep snow and moguls, but we made it with a couple of falls.

That fall we bought a family ski pass for Kelly Canyon and joined the Idaho Falls Ski Club. We had a lot of good parties and ski trips with the ski club.

I decided we should do some backpacking as a family. We began acquiring the gear. We bought Jansport backpacks, lightweight sleeping bags, cooking gear, ponchos, rain fly's, and hiking boots from REI in Seattle and local sporting good stores. Even Julie who was around seven had her own small backpack.

Our first backpack trip was in Yellowstone. We took an overnight trip to an isolated lake. I was in the lead and Brian was bringing up the rear when I heard him yell "moose, moose, moose!" I looked back and we had walked by a huge bull moose laying just off the trail. We hurried on up the trail to put distance between us.

We sat up camp by the lake by strung two rain fly's to keep the rain off us. We forsook a tent as they are too heavy to pack. We caught trout, cooked them in foil for supper, and then it was time to bear proof the camp per park ranger's instructions. The first instruction was to hang all food from a tree limb away from camp and out of a bear's reach. The second instruction was to not sleep with the cook which was not feasible. It rained all night and the thought of grizzly bears made for a long night. At one point during the night I pushed up on the rain fly's to drain the puddle. They separated and dumped the puddle of water on Julie. The next morning, we were hiking across a large meadow. We came to a backpacker crouched down and pointing to moose off to our left that were really agitated. All we could do is crouch low and move on down the trail.

Yellowstone was probably not the best place to take a family backpacking. The next day we departed on a two day trip to another remote lake. It rained most of the way which was about seven miles. When we got to the lake and evaluated the weather we decided to head back out.

Brian and I took a backpack trip to the White Clouds and the Little Boulder Chain Lakes. I stuck my six pack of beer in Brian's pack before we left the car without him knowing it. We set up camp next to a small creek. I put the beer in the water and it was cold after a short while.

There were fish in the lakes, but they weren't biting. We had canned stew that night. We hiked up high on Castle Peak and looking down on the string of lakes they resembled a chain. Thus the name.

Another trip we left the kids with the folks in Salmon as they didn't want to go backpacking. LaRue and I backpacked up a creek off highway 28 south of Salmon with the goal to reach 4th of July Lake. It was seven or eight miles all up hill.

We started late in the afternoon and were chugging up the trail. LaRue wondered if there were rattlesnakes to worry about. My reply was, "it is too high altitude for rattlesnakes". A short time later I saw what looked like a big rope in the trail. When we got closer it was a big rattlesnake with an attitude. I had my 22-pistol in my backpack, so I had LaRue get it out. I remember Dad telling me how he would shoot the head off rattlesnakes and that was my intention. However, I was shaking so much I couldn't come close. We detoured around and got out of there as he was highly annoyed.

We kept climbing higher and higher in the hot sun and we ran out of gas about a mile short of the lake. We made camp on a grassy spot beside the creek and caught some Cutthroat trout for dinner.

We got some big rocks out of the creek, made a fire ring, and got a good fire going. I brought four mini bottles of gin for evening martinis. I poured one each into our tin cups and we sat on a log by the fire to enjoy. We just got seated with our tin cups in hand when a rock in the fire ring exploded. We both tipped over backwards and the tin cups went flying. We had two mini bottles left. We moved the rocks away from the fire and started over.

We planned to sleep under the stars. We spread out a large black plastic sheet and rolled out our mats and sleeping bags. I had my pistol and flashlight by my head. During the night I heard something walking on the plastic at the foot of our bed. I grabbed my flashlight and pistol ready for the worst. I flipped on the flashlight

and it was a tiny cottontail rabbit. It was hard to sleep after that excitement. We went back to Salmon the next day.

1975

The Idaho Falls Computer Procurement

The DOE finally approved EG&G after delays and jumping through bureaucratic hoops to issue an RFP for a large-scale computer to replace the IBM 360/75.

It would be a fully competitive procurement with a huge benchmark and lengthy evaluation period. The RFP was released early 1976. I picked up the benchmark on magnetic tapes and headed to Minneapolis.

I found that the benchmark consisted of the RELAP reactor safety program and about seven other large programs. Each program had several sets of data. I was familiar with all the programs due to my involvement with EG&G for nearly two years.

In all there were 44 jobs and the run time was expected to be between four to six hours. It was intentionally designed to be over four hours. The published mean time between failure for the CYBER 76 that we would be bidding was four hours. That could be a problem.

The CYBER 76 was the old 7600 with a new name and new packaging. We referred to it as the same old dolly in a new dress. It was a number cruncher and had to have a frontend computer to interface with the users. We would bid a small CYBER 173 as the front end.

IBM and Univac knew what they had to beat. IBM had recently announced a new model called the IBM 370/168 as their new giant killer. There was not much known about its performance. We suspected they would have to bid two processors to meet the performance specs. We also knew IBM would submit a bid with a competitive price. You never knew what UNIVAC (now Sperry Rand) would do. I knew we were in for a dogfight.

We were allowed six weeks to prepare for a live demonstration with the evaluation team in attendance. I went right to work with my EDIT program on an old 7600 in the Arden Hills, Minnesota benchmark lab. I had all but one job running correctly in a few days. The third set of data for RELAP ran correctly for about 25 minutes then would go into a never-ending loop. My conversion looked good, but something was going wrong. I needed to talk to Dick Wagner at EG&G in Idaho falls. That was prohibited by the rules of the RFP.

I knew that Dick moonlighted at EI with his former coworkers on RELAP. My office was with EI, so I made a quick trip to Idaho Falls. I got with Dick in the evening to discuss the problem.

He quickly found it was due to the superior accuracy of the CDC computer. It was not accounted for in the program that was developed on their IBM computer. He generated a fix and I was in business.

I had the programs converted and running correctly and needed blocks of at least six consecutive hours for timing runs. I knew from experience that I could not live with an hour here and hour there in the benchmark lab. I needed to make many timing runs and decide what to do to speed things up. This would be impossible to do on a computer used by many people.

I liked to visit the manufacturing floor to see what was being built, and for what customer. I discovered that a new CYBER 76 was in final checkout, and there was no customer name on it. It was the model we would be bidding for Idaho Falls. I told my management that I needed that system, so I could work around the clock with no interruptions. I also wanted it in the “fish bowl” on the second floor, so that the customer would be impressed.

My request went up the chain. Then Chris and I were called to present my request to the man himself, Bill Norris. He was the founder, President, and CEO of CDC. We timidly walked into his big office on the top floor of the new glass tower, This was CDC Headquarters near the airport in Bloomington, Minnesota. He listened for a while and asked many questions. He would authorize it if we ”guaranteed the order”. Wow, the pressure was on big time.

Within a few days the new CYBER 76 was moved from the checkout floor to the “fish bowl” on the second floor as I had requested. The “fish bowl” was called that because it was behind a glass enclosed wall above the grand stair case of the lobby in the Arden Hills facility.

I knew it would wow the evaluation team. My friends in the benchmark lab were impressed that I pulled it off. The manager, Bob Korsch, assigned my old friend, Evans Harrigan, to generate and tune the operating system the way I wanted it. I was pleased getting Evans. We had worked together in the Chippewa Falls Lab during my Livermore days. I knew he was the best available on operating systems.

I could handle all the programs that had to be converted, and the timing demonstration. I also needed a topnotch analyst to do the interactive demonstrations on the second day of the evaluation team visit. I knew of Bill Gray who worked in software development in the Sunnyvale, California facility. I requested Bill, and eventually got him. I had a good team for a change. People were listening to me and I got what I wanted.

It took a couple of weeks to get the CYBER 76 moved and checked out. Also, the necessary peripheral equipment that we would be bidding all checked out and working together. It was a monumental task, and the clock was ticking. It was the old game of a team of hardware engineers and software people often in conflict.

It finally came together. It was time to make full timing runs. The initial run took four hours and 15 minutes. It was in the ballpark of 10 to 12 times faster for each job than the Idaho Falls IBM system.

I knew of some things I could do to bring the elapsed time down. I would put in my changes, and the first thing of the day was to run another timing run. However, I was only gaining a minute or so. I expected a lot more. I made timing runs over the ensuing days. There was little or no improvement. I believed the elapsed time was good, but I thought we should do better.

Bill and I worked sixteen-hour days seven days a week. With about two weeks to go I was tired and planned to spend a weekend at home. However, the Western Regional Sales Manager walked in about midweek and

wanted me to show him where we were. I am sure it was a special trip for him as he probably didn't believe the reports he was getting.

The first thing he asked was if I needed additional resources. and I said no. I ran a demonstration from beginning to end and he was impressed. However, I told him I needed to squeeze some more minutes off the elapsed time, but really wanted to go home for the weekend. He said to stay and keep working. CDC would pay for LaRue to fly out for the weekend, which she did.

I had been having meetings with Evans to discuss issues and kept telling him, "I feel like there is a governor in the system holding me back. No matter what I do the elapsed time barely improves."

We tried different versions of the operating system to no avail. It was down to the last day and late afternoon before the scheduled demonstration.

Evans walked in and said he thought he had identified the problem. When the operating system was generated a debugging feature was turned on. He explained that it would cause an interrupt every time input or output was initiated. It was to log a trace for fixing problems. He said it could cause an eighteen percent degradation in throughput if there was a lot of input/output going on. Just as I thought all along. There was something stifling me.

Chris was to meet the evaluation team of about ten people at the airport and we were all scheduled to go to dinner at a fancy place. It was around 5pm and I needed to make one more timing run to see what the improvement would be.

I told Chris that he and his management were on their own with the evaluation team. Bill and I had things to do. I didn't tell him anything else. I made the timing run and saw a huge improvement. The elapsed time went from four hours ten minutes to three hours and ten or so minutes. I was ecstatic.

The next morning, we all met early at the hotel and went to the Arden Hills Facility. We entered the lobby. There was a wide spiral staircase to the second floor "fish bowl" that had drapes that were normally closed. I had them pulled open that morning for our guests. I told them, "look upstairs and you will see the system we are demonstrating. It is the exact system we will bid in our proposal". It made a nice impression.

Demonstrations are usually conducted in crowded noisy computer centers with computers all over the place. The CYBER 76 in the "fish bowl" was impressive. I was proud of the effect it had on the evaluation team.

I had a nice conference room set up with a detailed briefing binder for each person. It contained all the changes to the programs and timings of all 44 jobs we would be running. I led off telling them how easy the conversion was. "I did not touch a single card ". I held up my handful of punched cards that was my EDIT program. "This did all the work and every change it made is documented in your binder. To prove it I will hang the IBM magnetic tape you released with the RFP and run this program. In less than two minutes it will have made the complete conversion, and we will start the benchmark".

Then I said, "you can expect an elapsed time of around three hours and ten minutes". Chris's head popped up from his hangover state with, "you mean four hours". I came back with, "we'll see". Chris kept muttering, "four hours". Now it was show time.

We moved into the "fish bowl". I hung the IBM magnetic tape and ran my conversion "program. It did its work in about a minute. It was time to start the timing run. I told them, "when I start the benchmark I will back away from the operator's console and not touch anything per instructions in the RFP". The RFP stated,"the operator will not assist in scheduling jobs or interfere with the order of the jobs for execution. The operating system must do it all automatically." However, I had some tricks up to my sleeve to automatically control the order the jobs were processed.

I also told them they could sit at the console which was two big cathode ray tubes. They could watch the progress of jobs being processed. They could also watch the contents of memory change on anything that was running in the computer. They were free to look at anything. They loved it. I circulated around explaining things, answering questions, and exuded complete confidence.

The timing run ran in three hours and ten minutes. Chris was flabbergasted, and the evaluation team was smiling. I knew we aced it, but we still had a long list of mandatory demonstrations to perform the rest of the day and the next morning.

It was lunch time and Chris and the sales managers from the Seattle Branch Office and San Jose Regional Office took the evaluation team to the conference room for a catered box lunch. Bill and I had to get ready for the mandatory demonstrations that would take up the afternoon and the next day. We grabbed a sandwich out of a machine. I also wanted to double check our timing run to ensure we processed every job correctly, which we did.

We finished the day around 6pm and the CDC Vice President of Sales, Bobby Robertson, had a chartered bus outside. It was for transportation to a famous Swiss restaurant in Stillwater, Minnesota.

Bill and I began setting up the next morning demonstrations as we had not been invited to go to dinner. We thought they were gone when Bobby Robertson came busting in the room saying, "you guys are coming with us." We scrambled aboard to cheers. Robertson handed us a large glass of extremely good red wine. He had a couple of cases in reserve. Everyone was in a good mood and really wound up during the hour bus ride to Stillwater.

The Swiss restaurant was fabulous. Everyone was singing after dinner and having a great time.

We had the bus driver drop Bill and I off at the Arden Hills facility around midnight as we had to get ready for the next day. We got about four hours sleep.

The next day went well and the evaluation team departed in the afternoon for IBM in Kingston, New York. I felt very good vibes coming from them. I don't believe we could have done any better. We had pulled off an astounding benchmark demonstration.

(I recently visited with a former DOE representative who was on the evaluations team. He did not remember much of the IBM demonstration except they had a lot of trouble performing the benchmark timing run. It was midnight before they left the facility and there was no place to get something to eat His impression of IBM was not good.)

We had a lot of work to do finalizing our proposal as we had to answer a long list of mandatory questions. We got it done and submitted about two weeks later which was the proposal deadline. We waited until the last minute to turn the proposal in so that our price of \$8.4 million could not be leaked to the competitors. Then it was a long wait. A lot of rumors flew around Idaho Falls. Then we finally got the call that CDC was awarded the contract.

It was quite an accomplishment for me with back to back wins in Richland and Idaho Falls against UNIVAC and IBM.

After the Idaho Falls Computer Installation

My next assignment was to install the system and get it through the 30-day acceptance test which went smoothly. It was a big day when Chris and I and a CDC courier picked up the check for \$8.4 million at the DOE building on April 26, 1976. We went to the Bon Villa Club and had bloody marys. Chris presented the check to the bartender to see if he could cash it! It blew his mind.

We initialed the check before we put the courier on the plane that evening. I still have a photocopy of the check in my drawer somewhere.

It was agreed that I would work under contract to EG&G converting programs and then move into sales. I requested Bill Gray to replace me. He accepted and moved to Idaho Falls. Both of us would end up working for EG&G in 1980.

Our Airplane

Bill Gray was a private pilot and glider instructor, and was looking for an airplane to buy. I wanted to learn to fly. Chris expressed interest, so we decided on a three-way partnership. Bill found a great deal on a 1971 Piper Cherokee 140 (N591FL) in Ohio for \$7,500, and we decided to go for it. Bill and I flew to Toledo, Ohio to acquire the plane if it passed his inspection. It was a beautiful four passenger (two adults and two smaller people, or three adults), 150hp, low hours, and painted white with red trim. We were impressed when we saw it and inspected it.

Bill took a check ride with the seller. Then we handed him the check and departed. Bill is a cautious type, so we flew about an hour and landed at Valparaiso, Indiana to go over the airplane and plot our next leg.

The plane checked out and we continued and flew south of Chicago observing the skyline. We landed in Moline, Illinois for fuel and were advised of a weather front blocking our route due west. Our plan then was to turn North and follow I-35 to Minneapolis where we could bunk up with fellow CDC people that we knew were in town. However, it began raining hard, so we landed in Mason City, Iowa and parked the plane. The Holiday Inn sent a car and we spent the night there.

The next morning, we headed North again. We got to Albert Lee, Minnesota and Bill landed to go over the plane again. I think the real reason was that Bill lived in Albert Lee when he was young, and learned to fly out of that airport.

The weather cleared to the west, so we turned and headed west across South Dakota. I was the navigator. I had great vision and Bill's vision was not too good.

He insisted that I have a map in my lap and call out landmarks every few minutes. In the flat midwest we flew IFR (I follow roads) and sometimes railroad tracks. Bill would circle low over a town, and I would read the town's name on the water tower to make sure we were where we thought we were. It worked as we kept on course. We refueled in Mitchell, South Dakota and headed west over the badlands following I-90 to Billings, Montana.

I relieved Bill at the controls every now and then and that was fun. After five hours I was watching the two fuel gauges approaching the empty mark, and we had another half hour to go before reaching Billings. Bill would tap the fuel gauges, and didn't seem too concerned. We were following the interstate and had a place to land if we had to. I wasn't aware at the time that we had a five-gallon reserve in each tank after they showed empty.

We made Billings and ready for a rest stop after five and half hours. The Billings tower called us, "One Foxy Lady", the phonetic annunciation for the last three digits of our airplane number N591FL. He should have referred to us as "one foxtrot lima". We liked "one foxy lady" and it stuck.

The weather briefing said our weather going west was getting worse. We decided to have a look and took off with the idea we could return to Billings. We skimmed through to Butte and were flying through a rain squall when a bolt of lightning knocked out our electrical power. We had no electronics. Bill started down to make a landing on the freeway if necessary. He told me to check and reset the circuit breakers which were between my knees. I got it done and we were ok, so we turned south for Dillon, Montana.

We decided to land in Dillon to top off the tanks. Bill wanted reserve to get over Monida pass, or detour around, if the weather got worse.

We were filling up in Dillon and a guy out for a flying lesson came over and offered to buy our plane. It made us feel good, but we declined his offer.

We were now only about an hour from home, so we called ahead to expect us. It was getting dark when we landed in Idaho Falls. LaRue, and Bill's wife Nancy, were there to meet us with champagne and snacks. We set it on the wing and rehashed our journey.

My Flying Lessons

An engineer at EG&G was a Certified Flight Instructor (CFI) and I linked up with him to take flying lessons after work. One evening he told me to fly to Rexburg and do a touch and go. Then to Rigby and do a touch and go. Then land in Idaho falls and stop in front of the Red Baron office and hangar. I was surprised when he signed my student license. He got out and said, "do five touch and go's, taxi back here, and park in your usual spot". Wow, I was soloing after seven hours of dual instruction! I did have the benefit of flying with Bill on the trip from Toledo and trips to Boise and Salmon. I had been having trouble with my landings up until that evening and was wondering if I would ever get it right. That evening all eight landings were perfect. I walked two feet off the ground when I got out of the plane. Bill and Chris knew I was flying and had come out to watch. We went to the airport bar and celebrated me soloing. Chris wanted to be a part of it all but never took a lesson.

My New Job

I was finished with my job as an analyst in Idaho Falls and was selling computer time and structural analysis applications for the CDC Data Center in Palo Alto.

I was working with Morrisson Knudsen (MK) in Boise. They had major construction jobs all over the world and the designer and builder of the Teton Dam that just broke. I had made major strides in getting them to use the Palo Alto Data Center for doing structural analysis.

I was scheduled Monday morning after the dam broke to give a presentation in Boise. I called my contact at MK Sunday evening to see if I was still on for Monday morning. I was advised it would not be a good idea given the circumstances. So much for that.

The Teton Dam Break

On a nice Saturday morning on June 5, 1976 Bill and I planned to wash and wax the plane. He would also give Brian a ride. On the way to the airport I heard on the radio that the Teton Dam might break. I never heard of a dam breaking, so never thought much of it.

Bill said they would fly towards Rexburg and the Teton Dam and see what was happening. I stayed at the airport as we didn't have the backseat in the plane. National Guard helicopters swooped in and our congressman, big George Hanson, stepped out declaring an impending disaster, and was interviewed by the press.

Warnings were now coming over the radio. Idaho Falls and the airport would be under five feet of water.

Bill and Brian returned and were excited. They saw the flood hitting Rexburg and saw houses, dead cows, and trees floating in the flood water. Bill said he would fly the plane to Driggs to save it. He asked me to get his

wife Nancy and son David and take them to our place as we were on higher ground away from the river. It is strange he left his Volvo station wagon that was worth more than the plane at the airport. Bill took off and I went to get his family.

The flood was projected to hit Idaho Falls late Saturday afternoon. We were fortunate that the initial direction of the flood water was out over flat land away from the Snake River. It would take hours before it would flow back into the river. This provided time to muster volunteers and place sandbags along the river bank through downtown Idaho Falls.

Crews worked all night and stacked sandbags over five feet high on the east bank and about eight feet high on the lower elevation west bank of the Snake River through Idaho Falls. By Sunday morning the flood water was at the top of the sandbags, but they were holding. It was solid water and the falls were no longer visible.

The CDC office was in a basement about 50 yards from the east bank of the river and would be flooded if the sandbags failed or the water came over the top.

My brother Garry and I went to the office Sunday afternoon to get important documents. He stood at the top of the stairs to warn me while I went into the basement office to gather things. I got what needed to be preserved and we got out of there. Water was beginning to flow over the top of the sandbags when we departed. I took pictures of trees, carcasses, house tops, etc. floating down the river. It was a scary scene.

By Monday the water began receding and we were no longer in danger. The Broadway Bridge was a mess and would take a long time to get it back into service. The hotels and downtown area were saved by the sandbagging effort. It was quite an accomplishment.

ADDENDUM -My Computer Program

```
PROGRAM EDIT (TAPE1, TAPE2, TAPE3, INPUT, OUTPUT, TAPE5=INPUT,      1TAPE6=OUTPUT)
      DIMENSION LS1(50), LS2(50), ICODE(50)
      INTEGER S1(50,80), S2(50,80)
      INTEGER TAB1(80), TAB2(80)
      DIMENSION LSTART(80), INDEX(80)
      INTEGER EXPAND(80)
      EQUIVALENCE (IN(73), EXPAND(1))
      DIMENSION IN(92), ISAVE(92)
      DIMENSION IGNORE(80)
      INTEGER DELETE(14), PERIOD, BLANK
      DIMENSION IDECK(7)
      ISAVE(91) = 10H
//ORIGIN ISAVE(92) = 10HAL LINE      PERIOD =
1R.
      BLANK = 1R
      REWIND
C*      READ IN THE DIRECTIVES AND CHARACTER STRINGS TO LOOK FOR
9000 FORMAT (4I5,4X,R1,4X,R1)
      DO 100 I=1, 50
```

```

      READ(5,9000) LS1(I), LS2(I), TAB1(I), TAB2(I), ICODE(I), IGNORE(I)      IF(EOF(5)) 150,90
90  CONTINUE
      NS = I
      READ(5,9100) (S1(I,J), J=1,80)   IF (ICODE(I) .EQ. 1RD)
100,91
91  IF (ICODE(I) .EQ. 1RP) 100,92
92  CONTINUE
      READ(5,9100) (S2(I,J), J=1,80)
9100 FORMAT(80R1)
100 CONTINUE
      WRITE(6,9101)
9101 FORMAT (1H1,* //FIRST 50 STRINGS ONLY WERE PROCESSED
//*)
150
      CONTIN
      UE
      WRITE
      (6,9150) NS
9150 FORMAT (1H1,* //*, I2,* STRINGS PROCESSED AS FOLLOWS //*)      DO 175 I=1,NS
      WRITE (6,9175 LS1(I), LS2(I), TAB1(I), TAB2(I), ICODE(I), IGNORE(I)
9175 FORMAT (1X,R15,4X,R1,4X,R1)   WRITE (6,9176) (S1(I,J), J=1,80)
      IF (ICODE(I) .EQ. 1RD) 175,171
171  IF (ICODE(I) ,EQ, 1RP) 175, 172
172  CONTINUE
      WRITE ( 6,9176) (S2(I,J), J=1,80)
9176 FORMAT (1X,80R1)
175 CONTINUE
      WRITE (6,9177)
9177 FORMAT (1H1,* //MATCHING STRINGS WERE FOUND AS FOLLOWS //*,//)
C*      READ IN A NEW LINE FOR EDITING
180 READ (1,9180) (IN(I), I=1,90)
9180 FORMAT (90R1)
      IF (EOF(1)) 999,200
200 CONTINUE
      DO 190 I=1,90
      ISAVE(I) = IN(I)
190 CONTINUE  INEDIT = 0
      NOV = 0
      DO 250 I=1,NS
      ISTART = TAB1(I)
      ISTOP = TAB2(I)
      IC = ICODE(I)
      NCS1 = LS1(I)
      NCS2 = LS2(I)
      J = 1
      L = ISTART
      NODEL = 0
202 CONTINUE
      IF (S1(I,J) .EQ. ISAVE(L)) 205,225
205 IF (NCS1 .EQ. 1) 215,207
207  DO 210 JJ=2,NCS1

```

```

      JJJ = L + JJ - 1
      IF (JJJ .GT. ISTOP) 250,208
208    IF (S1(L,JJ) .EQ. ISAVE(JJJ)) 210,225
210  CONTINUE
      215    IF (IC .EQ. 1RR) 220,216
      216    IF (IC .EQ. 1RD) 260,217
      217    IF (IC .EQ. 1RP) 248,218
      218    IF (IC .EQ. 1RI) 240,219
      219    IF (IC .EQ. 1RB) 230,214
214  IF (IC .EQ. 1RU) 400,220
      400    DO 401 JJ=1,7
      401    IDECK(JJ) = 1R
           JJJ = 0
           JJ = 0
420  JJJ = JJJ + 1
430  JJ = JJ + 1
           IF (ISAVE(L+JJ+NCS1-1) .EQ. 1R( ) 410,402
      402    IF (ISAVE(L+JJ+NCS1-1) .EQ. 1R( ) 404,405
      404    IF (JJJ .GT. 1) 410,430
      405    IDECK(JJJ) = ISAVE(L+JJ+NCS1-1)
           IF (JJJ .GE. 7) 410,420
410  WRITE (3,9410) (IDECK(JJ),JJ=1,7) 9410 FORMAT(* /DECK *,7R1)
           WRITE (6,9411) (IDECK(JJ),JJ=1,7)
9411 FORMAT(* /DECK *,7R1)
           GO TO 250
      220  CONTINUE
C*    SPECIAL CASE TO HANDLE A SUBSTITUTION STRING THAT IS LARGER
      THAN THE ORIGINAL STRING
           NC = NCS2 - NCS1
           IF (NC .EQ. 0) 221,223    223 NOV = NOV NOV + 1
           LSTART(NOV) = 1
           INDEX(NOV) = 1
           GO TO 224
      221  CONTINUE
           DO 222 JJ=1,NCS1
           IN(L+JJ-1) = S2(L,JJ)
      222  CONTINUE
      224  INEDIT = 1
           L = L + NCS1 - 1
           IF (L .GT. ISTOP) 250,225
      225  CONTINUE L = L + 1
           IF (L .GT. ISTOP) 250,202
230  DELETE(I) = 10H/BEFORE,
           GO TO 242
240  DELETE(I) = 10H/INSERT,
242  DO 245 J=1,72

```

```

245 IN(J) = S2(I,J)
      GO TO 261
      WRITE (6,9280) (ISAVE(K),K=1,92)
250 CONTINUE
      NODEL = 1
C*    IF LINE IS EDITED DISPOSE OF ACCORDING TO ICODE
      IF (INEDIT .EQ. 0) 8250,260
8250 WRITE (3,9300) (ISAVE(I), I=1,80)
      GO TO 180
260 CONTINUE
C*    *DELETE CARD LOGIC HERE
      DELETE(1) = 10H/DELETE,
      IF (NOV .LE. 0) 261,300
300 JC = 74
      LBIAS = 0
      LAST = 0
DO 310 I=1,80      310 EXPAND(J) = BLANK  320 L =
LSTART(NOV)
      IF (L .LT. LAST) 323,321
321      L = L - LBIAS      323 I = INDEX(NOV)
      NCS1 = LS1(I)
      NCS2 = LS2(I)
      NC = NCS2 - NCS1
      IF (NC .LT. 0) 330,322
322      JC = JC + NC
      JJ = JC
      JJJ = JC - NC
325 IF (JJJ .LT. (L+NCS1)) 330,328
328 IN(JJ) = IN(JJJ)
      JJ = JJ - 1      JJJ = JJJ - 1
      GO TO 325
330 CONTINUE
      DO 335 JJ=1,NCS2
335      IN(L+JJ-1) = S2(I,JJ)
C*    SHRINK UP THE LINE
      IF (NC .LT. 0) 336,337
336      NC = IABS(NC)  JJ = L+NCS2 - 1
      DO 339 I=1,JC
339 IN(JJ+I) = IN(JJ+NC+I)
      JC = JC - NC
      LBIAS = LBIAS + NC
      LAST = L
337      NOV = NOV - 1
      IF (NOV .LE. 0) 340,320
340 NOV = 1      261 CONTINUE
      DO 255 I=1,13
      II = I + 1
      IF (ISAVE(73+I) .NE. BLANK) 251,256
251 DELETE(II) = ISAVE(73+I) 255 CONTINUE
256      DELETE(II) = PERIOD
      NDIGIT = 14

```

```

      III = I + 1
      DO 259 I=II,13
        If (ISAVE(73+I) .NE. BLANK) 257,258
257      DELETE(III) = ISAVE(73+I)
      III = III + 1
      GO TO 259
258      NDIGIT = NDIGIT + 1 259 CONTINUE
      WRITE(6,9259
(DELETE(I),I=1,NDIGIT(I) 9259
FORMAT(1X,A8,13R1
      WRITE(2,9258)(DELETE(I), I=1,NDIGIT)
9258 FORMAT(A8,13R1)
      IF (NODEL. EQ. 1) 270,264
264 IF (IRC .EQ. 1RD) 290,270
270 WRITE(2,9260) (IN(I),I=1,72)
9260 FORMAT (72R1)
      WRITE(6,9262)(IN(I),I=1,72)
9262 FORMAT(1X,72R1,18X,* //REPLACEMENT LINE *)

WRITE(3,9300)(IN(I),I
=1,80)          9300 FORMAT(80R1)    IF
(NOV .LE. 0) 275,271
271 DO 273, J=1,80)
      IF (EXPAND(J) .EQ. BLANK) 273,272
273 CONTINUE
      GO TO 275
272 WRITE(6,9272)(EXPAND(I),I=1,80)
  9272  FORMAT(6X,1H*,80R1,4X,* //CONTINUATION LINE *)
      WRITE(2,9273) (EXPAND(I),I=1,80)
  9273  FORMAT(5X,1H*,80R1)
9261 FORMAT(1X,90R1,3A10)
275 WRITE(6,9261)(ISAVE(I),I=1,92)
C*      GO BACK TO PROCESS THE NEXT CARD IN THE PROGRAM
      GO TO 180
9280 FORMAT(/1X,90R1,2A10,*--PRINTED ONLY*)
290 WRITE(6,9290)(ISAVE(I),I=1,92)
9290 FORMAT(1X,90R1,2A10,*--DELETED*)
      GO TO 180
999 ENDFILE 2
      REWIND 2
      CALL EXIT
      END

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End chapter

End chapter32

22.Chapter 14b Switzerland 1977-1978

Interview for the Job in Switzerland

The week before Thanksgiving 1976 I got a phone call from my manager, Tom Odle, in Renton, Washington. Bobby Robertson, the Sales Vice President in Minneapolis, thought I was the perfect fit for the CDC account manager at the European Center for Nuclear Research (CERN) in Geneva, Switzerland.

I then received a call asking if I could come to the Western Region Office in San Jose as soon as possible to interview with Bob Hayden. It was worth a shot, and we decided to drive to California that weekend. We could also visit and stay with Loa and Max in Grass Valley. I would go to San Jose for the meeting on Monday.

Bob Hayden had just been promoted to Control Data Switzerland Country Manager based in Zurich. He and his new wife were in the process of moving to Zurich and he was in a hurry to get things done. The meeting went well, and he asked if I could go to Geneva next week to interview and visit CERN. The company would pay all expenses for both of us. I said yes, and he took me to the travel office to make reservations. Wow, we didn't have passports and would have to expedite everything to make it.

I drove back that afternoon to Grass Valley in a daze. LaRue couldn't believe it when I said we were flying to Switzerland the end of next week. We got passport pictures taken the next day in Grass Valley and picked up passport applications. We could get a passport in one day by taking the applications to a regional passport office. We had Thanksgiving with Max and Loa and hurried back to Idaho Falls.

Late Monday I flew to Seattle with our passport applications in hand. I was in the Seattle Passport office when they opened Tuesday morning. By 4pm I walked out with passports and flew back to Idaho Falls. We were ready to fly Friday morning. However, early Thursday morning I got a call to hold off. It was a big letdown as we were packed, had passports, and airline tickets. I figured the trip wouldn't happen. A few days later we got word to proceed to Switzerland and spend an entire week.

Mom and Dad came down from Salmon to stay with the kids. We departed Idaho Falls the next day and flew to Salt Lake then on to JFK in New York on Western Airlines. Bob Hayden instructed that we fly Swissair from JFK to Geneva because of the great service. The Swissair Boeing 747 was a great experience with fine tableware, food, and service. It was as good or better than first class today. The flight was comfortable and enjoyable. It was amazing to fly by Paris at daybreak enjoying the view from my window seat.

We arrived in Geneva around 8am Thursday and Walt Chase met us. Walt was the account manager at CERN for three years and was moving on. If I got the job I would replace Walt. He would be the Branch Sales Manager in Lausanne, Switzerland and would oversee CERN, the Union Bank of Switzerland, and the Geneva Hospital.

Walt took us to a new Ramada hotel in downtown Geneva and we checked in. I was not happy when they took our passports and would not return them until the next morning.

Walt and I then went to CERN to meet the staff. The CDC staff was Nils Buss from Sweden and the support analyst. Andreas Grimm from Austria and Victor Rejino from California were logistics support. There were five customer engineers providing computer maintenance. They were from Switzerland, India, England, France, and the USA.

CERN was funded and staffed by 13-member countries. The computer center management was from England, Scotland, and Switzerland. It was a diverse culture to interface with. It looked like a huge challenge. At least the common language for doing business was English.

CERN had the only CDC 7600 in Europe and was the most prestigious customer CDC had in Europe. It got a lot of attention all the way to the top at headquarters in Minneapolis. What happened at CERN got everyone's attention. To even be considered for the job was an honor. The job would be to manage the account and obtain an order for a 2nd CDC 7600.

After all day at CERN we went to the hotel to pick up LaRue and have dinner with the Chases. It was a long day. Friday was another full day meeting CERN management as they would have a say in the selection of the new account manager.

Late Friday afternoon I was told to take the company car and enjoy the weekend. The car was a Volkswagon station wagon with stick shift. The customer engineers and logistics people used it for hauling parts and stuff. I got a quick review of the quirks of the car and driving in Geneva. From what I had observed of the traffic and driving habits I was not looking forward to the experience.

I left the office about 6pm in the dark and it was raining. I saw the gas gauge was on empty. I would have to get fuel at the first opportunity. I pulled out of CERN which sits on the border between France and Switzerland and saw a service station and pulled in. The attendant didn't understand English, so I used my hands to indicate "fill it up". Luckily, I had acquired Swiss Francs from the bank at CERN that day.

Now it was back on the road skirting the airport and into the city traffic to find the hotel. Seeing and driving was difficult since I could not use headlights after dark in the city limits. The law at that time allowed only parking lights. It was hard to see with the rain coming down. I thought I knew the turns to the hotel but ended up lost for a while in downtown Geneva.

I found the hotel and the underground parking garage entrance. It was narrow and steep with sharp turns at each level of parking. I was a nervous wreck when I got to the room. and LaRue was a nervous wreck also. We ate at the hotel that night and crashed.

We decided Saturday morning that we needed to see all we could in case I did not get the job. We would drive to Chamonix, France and look around. It was scary driving up the narrow steep ramp of the parking garage. There was a toll gate near the top. Then get going again without rolling backwards. We found the right change, pulled it off, and headed out of town to Chamonix. We came to the French border and were fortunate we had

retrieved our passports from the front desk. That was the first thing they wanted to see. We came to a toll booth requiring French Francs that we did not have. They settled for Swiss Francs at face value which was not in our favor. We enjoyed Chamonix, drove around Lake Geneva that weekend, and enjoyed the country.

The Branch Sales Office was in Lausanne. Monday morning Walt and I drove up and spent a partial day meeting the staff. Then on Wednesday we flew to Zurich to the Country Sales Office. Bob Hayden had only been there a few days and the thing he was most proud of was the fully stocked bar. I thought that was strange as CDC did not condone a bar in the offices in the United States.

One evening Walt and his wife Kay took us to a very nice French restaurant in a small village across the border in France. It was a favorite of the Chases for fine dining and expensive. Since the company was buying Walt did not spare the expense. The richness of the French food was more than we wanted that evening, and it was a struggle to enjoy it. The main course came, and we did our best to get through it. Then the waiter brought a 2nd portion! Walt and Kay plowed through theirs, but we had to bow out. Rich French food was about the last thing we wanted that night. Jetlag wasn't our friend either.

It was a long tiring week. Friday evening was our last night. We were on our own as the Chase family departed for Christmas in the U.S. We dined in the hotel dining room. I had raclette as I wanted to try the national dish. I thought it was ok since it was melted cheese and potatoes.

We departed Saturday morning on Lufthansa to Frankfurt, Germany. We spent the night as we wanted to see all we could while we were in Europe. We walked around Frankfurt that evening and had a big German dinner in a gasthaus. We departed Frankfurt the next day for Chicago then on to Idaho Falls through Salt Lake.

It was a long tiring trip, and we only had a week to get ready for Christmas. I had no indication if I would get the job, but felt it went well.

It was wait and wonder what it would be like to move to Switzerland. The kids were not excited about it.

Switzerland Job Offer

After the first of the year I received an offer from Control Data Switzerland for the job as account manager at CERN. The offer also stated that I was to sell CERN another 7600! I would work on commission and have a draw the first year against future commissions. It looked risky and from what I had observed CERN didn't need another 7600. Walt had tried for three years and had not been successful. The lure of moving to Switzerland overrode my misgivings and I accepted.

Moving to Switzerland

We were to be in Geneva by early March. A lot had to be done to get ready for the move.

LaRue and I had to attend a three-day orientation seminar at CDC Headquarters in Minneapolis. We attended and had a great time meeting corporate people and learning about living in a foreign country as an "ex-patriot". The term sounded to me like we were deserters.

We decided to rent the house, sell the cars, travel trailer, and television that would not work in Switzerland. Bill Gray felt we should sell our airplane as he didn't think he could afford it. Chris was not interested in flying. Bill listed it on TradeA-Plane, and it sold in two weeks for a \$1,000 profit.

Chris wanted the Oldsmobile and agreed we could keep it until we were ready to depart Idaho Falls. My brother, Garry, had a friend who wanted the travel trailer and that was finalized.

We had a cat, Mitsu, and a dog, Boots, that we needed to find homes for. We got Mitsu when LaRue's niece, Maxine, and Dick divorced while we were in Livermore. They subsequently remarried and lived in San Ramon, California. They wanted her so we shipped Mitsu to them. We delivered her to the airline baggage area and we could hear her meowing throughout the terminal. LaRue's brother Val lived in Challis. They agreed to take Boots until we came back.

We had to have physical exams, shots, dental exams, and the kids needed passports.

We had to decide on household furnishings that we wanted moved and what would go into storage. The advice was to take everything we would need to feel comfortable. A large refrigerator was recommended as the European ones were small. We bought a new washer and dryer to take along as well. We decided to take all our furniture and only put non-essential items in storage.

Shark Club Nomination and Award

In the middle of January, I received a phone call from my manager that I had been selected to be a member of the Bill Norris Shark Club. I would be inducted at the 100% Club in Athens, Greece the first of February. This is the most prestigious award in the company and is only awarded to a handful of people. To be going to Athens, Greece would normally be a trip of a lifetime. However, we were in the process of moving to Switzerland.

The nomination memo for the Shark Club follows:

MEMO

Date: 12/07/1976

To: San Jose Regional Sales Office

From: Stan Gardner, Seattle District Sales Office

Subject: Shark Club Nomination – Harry E. Hathhorn

When hungry or aroused, a shark will stray from previously bountiful and tranquil surroundings to satisfy his needs. Such a shark found his way up the Snake River where it runs through Idaho Falls, Idaho. There this shark's instincts sensed a challenge that he decided was just what he was looking for, and he called these waters home for two and one-half years.

Idaho Falls turned out to be a place where the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory (INEL) was located. The energy crisis had brought about increased research and expansion to INEL where they were rapidly outgrowing the capacity of their computer, an IBM 360/75. This shark, being of the Professional Services

Division (PSD), was determined that his company offer the best total solution for INEL, so he teamed with a shark from the sales species who shared his position. Their naturally competitive instincts were intensified by the fact that the encumbent and prime competitor was the blue monster, IBM.

For the better part of the two and one-half years this shark spent his time in this isolated location becoming familiar with the INEL operations and personnel and establishing CDC products as the best way for the technical community to meet its computing requirements of the future. So thoroughly did he and his partner penetrate this account that the specification writers were able to put together a very clear, representative RFP and benchmark. This was by far the best job of account penetration and control I have seen in many years, particularly where CDC was not the encumbent.

As we entered the purchasing agent's office to pick up the RFP, the IBM representatives abruptly terminated their complaints about the technical requirements of the RFP. Our shark had done the first part of his technical job well. The first phase of the kill was complete.

He moved on to the waters of the land of 10,000 lakes to run the benchmark. Since his killer instincts told him to leave nothing to chance, he became so intimately involved in preparation of the benchmark that the tapes were released in CDC format as well as IBM format. With only ninety days before the kill, his strategy was well conceived. Hard work with a minimum of cost was the way this shark handled his task of making the Cyber 76 and Cyber 173 perform. After the sales representative left to pick up the customer who was to witness the benchmark, he found a way to knock an hour off the elapsed time. Even the sales representative was unaware of this last phase of the kill until after the demonstration. Many experienced, long-term CDC people said this was by far the smoothest demonstration they had seen. Our shark had completed the second phase of the kill.

On April 22, 1976, INEL awarded the contract for the Cyber 76 and Cyber 173 to CDC. Our shark brought the kill to its final stage by assisting with the installation and benchmark re-validation and having INEL hand over the check in the amount of \$8.4 million on time. The kill was complete.

Our shark's name is Harry E. Hathhorn. I hope you concur that his efforts on the technical side of this procurement are truly deserving of membership in the Shark Club.

The letter from Bill Norris follows:

Control Data Corporation

January 17, 1977

*Mr. H.E. Hathhorn
245 Ronglyn Avenue
Idaho Falls, ID 83401*

Dear Harry:

It gives me great pleasure to invite you to join the Bill Norris Shark Club for 1976.

I told the members of the original Shark Club in 1971 that dedication, creativity, aggressiveness and achievement in promoting total services were what counted most when the ground rules were established for membership. Those characteristics have not changed even though the competition for membership becomes much keener every year. Your performance in Professional Services in 1976 demonstrated that you possessed these qualities during the past year in your relentless pursuit and triumph over the competition.

This year our Shark Club activities will be held at the Hilton Hotel in Athens, Greece in conjunction with our 100% Club meeting there. Travel arrangements will be made for you and your fellow Sharks. Wednesday, March 2, has been set aside as Shark Day at the Athens Hilton. Our formal Shark Club award banquet will be held that evening and you will soon receive more information regarding all of the activities we are planning for you.

All of us at Control Data are very proud of you, Harry, and this honor is the highest we can bestow in recognition of your accomplishments in 1976. Very careful consideration was given to the achievement records of all the nominees before selections were made. You and your fellow Sharks were indeed superb performers.

Please accept my congratulations which I will repeat in person when we meet on March 2.

Sincerely Yours,

/s/ Bill Norris

William C. Norris, Chairman of the Board

The Shark Club was the highest honor bestowed by CDC. However, it put us in a dilemma as we were in the process of moving to Geneva and had a lot to get done. Any other time, LaRue would have gone to Athens with me, but we could not fit it in. I decided to fly to Geneva the week before the meeting in Athens. I would get some work accomplished at CERN and look for a place to live.

I arrived in Geneva and Nils Buss was at the airport to meet me. I had expected Walt Chase, but he delegated to Nils. Nils was on vacation with his wife and daughter at a chalet in the Alps and Walt called him to come back to show me around. I felt bad that I was the cause of the interruption of his family vacation. I thought it strange that Walt was not around.

The CERN people seemed glad to see me and knew that I had attained Shark status. They were impressed as they knew what it was all about.

Walt Chase was now working out of the Lausanne office, and I had a lot of one-on-one time with the CDC staff and the CERN computer center management. It did not take long to see that it was not as rosy a picture as had been presented. I detected that people seemed to be happy with Walt out of there. He was the proverbial bull in a china closet. It did not go over well with the Europeans.

Nils Buss took me around looking at houses in the areas that we liked on our December trip. LaRue and I liked the countryside around the little town of Coppet. It is about 20 miles up the lake from Geneva and CERN. The Chase family lived in that area and liked it. Their three kids attended the private international school, College du Lemman in Versoix, which was between Coppet and Geneva. LaRue and I had visited the school and decided it was the best option for us also. It was very expensive, but Control Data would pay for it. At least we had that much decided before the actual move.

Walt came around Friday afternoon and asked if I could go with him on Saturday. He had found a 1956 Ford Thunderbird for sale about 90 miles north of Geneva. He wanted me to drive his car back if he bought it. The Thunderbird was in great condition. It was a steal at the price the guy was asking. Walt closed the deal, and I nervously followed him back to Coppet in his Pinto.

I had lunch with Walt Chase before I left for Athens on Monday, February 2, 1977 for the start of the 100% Club. He did not qualify for the 100% Club, and was very cynical about the Shark Club. I didn't like his sarcastic remarks.

We discussed sales strategy for CERN and I could see that he and I did not see eye to eye on what had to be done. I caught my flight to Athens wondering how this was going to work out. I thought I should back out of the deal, but we were too far along.

Athens Shark Club

The 100% Club is an annual meeting to reward sales people that made their quota for the year, and is a huge annual event. Wednesday was a special day for introduction of the members of the Shark Club. It was in front of everyone in the Athens Hilton grand ball room. There were spotlights, strobe lights, loud music, and much fanfare. We felt like celebrities. There were 30 new Sharks and almost all were salesmen that had busted their sales quota. I was one of only two analysts that made it. That evening was a special dinner with Bill Norris. He presented us with a large plaque, a gold Bulova Accutron wrist watch, a ceramic shark about a foot long, and a gold tie clasp with the Control Data logo and a shark.

Control Data shared no expense that week with tours, banquets, and elaborate sales meetings. A group picture was taken of us at the Parthenon.

I flew back to Idaho Falls on Saturday March 5 via Montreal, Chicago, and Salt Lake. It was a tough miserable flight from Athens on Olympic Airlines (Greek) to Montreal then on to Chicago. The single aisle Boeing 707 was loaded to the hilt, and they kept the cabin stifling hot. I was sitting beside a CDC Vice President who was

of Greek heritage, and he took his shirt off! We complained about the heat to no avail. No more Olympic airlines for me!

I got home worn out. We had three weeks to wrap up things, get packed, and out of our house by March 1. We got the Mazda sold and had buyers for the Oldsmobile, and travel trailer. The realtor that sold us the house found a renter for us, who was a used car dealer, and we signed a one-year lease.

CDC arranged for the moving company to start packing, which for an international move is a lot more complicated. The owner of the local Allied Van Lines and his two sons took a full week to pack everything. Even the dresser drawers were emptied and repacked into boxes. Then another three days to pad and wrap the furniture. They loaded it into big wooden cargo boxes for international shipping.

We were out of the house the last day of February and the renters moved in on March 1.

On Our Way (we thought) to Switzerland

I turned over the Oldsmobile to Chris and rented a station wagon as we had a lot of luggage. We moved into the Stardust Motel for what we thought would be for two or three days. Then we were put on hold as someone failed to get my Swiss work permit.

The week went by and we were told to hold for at least two more weeks. At this point I was getting cold feet due to all the indecision, and from what I had learned while I was at CERN on my last trip. I talked to my manager in Seattle and told him I was thinking of backing out. He convinced me to hang in there. Also, keep him posted in case it did not work out.

Meanwhile the kids went to school. We made do in the Stardust, and enjoyed restaurant dining on the company. I hung out in the CDC office on Memorial Drive.

After about three weeks I was told we were to go to Minneapolis for a couple of weeks. The CERN computer center management would be there several days for the annual CDC Worldwide User Group Meeting. I was to escort them around, and wine and dine them in the evenings.

We boarded Western Airlines early one morning and flew to Salt Lake to change planes for Minneapolis. Kathleen, a junior in high school, and Brian, a sophomore, were not happy campers leaving their high school friends. Ten year old Julie was throwing up in a barf bag when we walked across the tarmac to our airplane in Salt Lake. The flight attendant just rolled her eyes and shrugged her shoulders as we boarded.

Killing Time in Minneapolis

We had two adjoining rooms at Howard Johnson's Hotel (Hojo's) in Bloomington near CDC Headquarters. At that time the Minnesota Twin's and Viking's Metropolitan Stadium was situated where the Mall of America is today. Hojo's was at the far edge of the stadium parking lot just off France Avenue. There was a good restaurant, bar, huge indoor recreation area with a swimming pool, miniature golf, lots of artificial grass, fake palm trees, and lounge chairs. It was an indoor oasis that people in snowy Minnesota loved to visit for a winter weekend.

Hojo's went over well with the kids. We had time to decompress from the last hectic weeks at home. I enjoyed going to my favorite eating places in the Twin Cities and especially to my favorite, Lindy's Steak House, across town.

The CERN computer center managers arrived, and I escorted them around CDC Headquarters and meetings with top CDC management for a couple of days. In the evenings I wine and dined them at nice restaurants and took LaRue along. The kids got to do what they wanted at Hojo's. It was a grand time at CDC's expense.

I had one-on-one time with the CERN people and we developed a good relationship. They felt they should let me know what the future looked like at CERN. A 2nd 7600 was not in the plan, which did not surprise me. The 7600 was obsolete, and CDC had bet the future on the STAR 100 vector computer that had proven to be a failure. If CERN was to acquire a new supercomputer it would be the Cray-1.

(Note-Seymour Cray, the designer of the 6600 and the 7600, was working on a new design known as the 8600, that wasn't working out. He became fed up with CDC bureaucracy and the channeling of funds to the STAR 100. He departed CDC in 1972, and formed Cray Research. He rectified his mistakes made with the 8600 and came up with the Cray-1. Serial #1 was very successful at the Lawrence Livermore Lab. Cray Research and the Cray-1 was now the darling of the supercomputer industry. I knew all about Cray Research. Two good CDC friends, Chuck Breckinridge that I worked with in Livermore, and Evans Harrigan that I had worked with at Seymour's Lab and Minneapolis, had recently quit CDC and signed on with Cray)

The CERN people departed and we were finally given the go ahead to fly to Geneva even though I did not have a Swiss work permit.

We had been living out of suitcases for about five weeks and were ready to get going. We flew to JFK and then boarded the Swissair Boeing 747 in the evening. With the seat arrangements of two side by side along the window we were lined up with Brian in the first row, Kathleen and Julie in the next row, followed by me and LaRue in the next row. The Swissair service and elegance made it an enjoyable flight. Again, I was mesmerized flying by Paris as the sun was coming up.

Arrival in Switzerland

We landed in Geneva around 8am Easter Sunday morning. As we entered the terminal we were greeted by two Swiss Army soldiers with UZI automatic rifles pointed at us. It was a big shock and rough welcome to the orderly world of Switzerland.

Nils Buss was there to meet us. He had Walt Chase's VW bus to accommodate us and our luggage for the trip to the Ramada Hotel in downtown Geneva. Before we got to the hotel we all saw a McDonalds. Nils said it was new and the only one in Geneva. We found out later that Americans living in Geneva referred to their arrival in Geneva as "pre McDonalds" or "post McDonalds".

We checked into two adjoining rooms. I advised everyone to try to stay awake the rest of the day. However, we were soon all zonked out. We woke up about dinner time and I asked where everyone wanted to eat Easter dinner. The answer was McDonalds.

I wasn't about to cave in to McDonalds for Easter and we set out to find a nice restaurant. We soon found that Easter was a day that almost everyone closed. We found a Movenpick which is a Swiss hotel and restaurant chain. This restaurant was on the order of a very nice large diner. The food was excellent, but the kids did not care for the new taste and smell.

The weather was damp, cold, and it was a gray overcast day. It was not a good start for the first day in Switzerland.

The next morning Walt Chase swung by the hotel to pick me up and get me started at CERN. He was in a hurry and ended up rear ending a lady in a Citroen. Walt got out and berated the lady in English that she didn't comprehend. He jumped back in the car. He said there was no damage that he could see, and took off for CERN. I kept looking behind expecting to see gendarmes in pursuit. We would be easy to identify as his car was a powder blue American Ford Pinto. Bad start for the first day at work. I wondered to myself about Walt's lack of good judgement. We could have been kicked out of the country.

My Work at CERN

My office was in a great location on the 2nd floor with glass windows overlooking the computer center. There were four more CDC offices occupied by Andreas Grimm (Austria) and Victor Rejino (American) who handled logistics, Bob Rogallo (American) the customer engineer manager, and Nils Buss (Sweden) my support analyst. Five customer engineers from India, England, Switzerland, and one American shared a large office on the floor of the computer room. We were a mixed bag of nationalities.

The CERN computer center management welcomed me warmly, and we rehashed our time in Minneapolis. They enjoyed our time together in Minneapolis.

My secretary was Francois Schmidt (Swiss) who was fluent in English, French, and German, and an excellent secretary. Her husband was a real estate agent and could help us find a place to live.

I was told that I still did not have a work permit. We could not rent a house, get our furniture, or buy a car.

Temporary Living in Switzerland

After two or three days at the Ramada we decided we would rather be in a country setting. LaRue said she had to see and walk on grass. This was after her first walk outside the hotel and pigeon droppings landed on her shoulder.

Nils recommended the Motel de Founex about 20 miles up the lake from Geneva. The motel was in the area where we wanted to live and not far from the school the kids would be attending. It was like an American motel with a restaurant, and we liked the looks of it.

The company had made arrangements for the kids to attend College du LeMan and the bus would pick them up at the motel. The Easter break was over, and it was the start of the spring quarter. It would work nicely, so we moved.

We got a one bedroom unit with a small kitchenette and a room next door with two beds for Brian and Kathleen.

The company did not authorize a rental car, so we were dependent on Nils Buss and the company car when I could get it on weekends.

We got moved in and went for dinner in the restaurant. Julie was not keen on anything on the menu that she understood or wanted (it was in French).

She saw a tank along the wall with live trout and pointed to it. The waiter fished out a trout and took it to the kitchen. We could see someone dispatch it. It was served complete with the tail and head and Julie refused it. We then used sign language to indicate the tail and head should be whacked off. After that was done Julie was fine, and usually had trout for dinner.

The dessert menu came around and the kids saw "Coup Denmark". It was a large bowl of vanilla ice cream swimming in warm chocolate syrup with whipped cream and marachino cherries on top. I believe they had it every night we were in the motel.

The next morning, April 18, the kids started school. We went to breakfast in the restaurant and there was a lot of bickering and kicking under the table. The bus picked up the kids and the day and classes seemed to go well for them. They were enrolled in the English speaking curriculum and had to take French, which was good.

The total tuition for College Du Lemman for all three kids was 49,000 swiss francs per year. At the going exchange rate of 1.2 swiss francs per dollar this is nearly \$42,000 per year. Books and lab fees were extra. It was good that CDC was paying the bill.

The New Job and No Work Permit

After a week I was told I would have to go to Italy. It was illegal for me to be working in Switzerland without a work permit. A work permit for CERN, that was made up of workers from the 13 member countries, should have been a quick routine process. The blame had to lie with the CDC office in Zurich. I was not a happy camper. We could have been kicked out of the country.

A couple of days later I was directed to fly to Milan, Italy and work out of the Milan sales office. I would pair up with an Italian salesman, A. Biagetti. We would visit Italian nuclear power companies in Milan, Genoa, and Rome to determine their computer requirements. Italy had 4 nuclear reactors with a plan for 10 in 10 years, so there was potential for new computers.

The family would be on their own after less than two weeks in Switzerland. I got approval for a rental car so LaRue would have transportation. She had not driven in Switzerland. I gave her a quick lesson as she drove me to the airport. It was a European Ford with automatic transmission to make it a little easier.

I found out later that after dropping me at the airport they went to the Grand Passage shopping center and parked in the parking garage.

When they got back to the car to back out of the parking space she could not get the shift lever to move into reverse. Someone came along and found a button on the dashboard you had to push for the shift lever to move into reverse.

When they got to the coin operated gate to get out of the garage she didn't have the required change. It was quite a first day driving a strange car in Switzerland.

Working in Italy

The Italian salesman had sales calls lined up in Milan and on the coast in Genoa. His English was not too good, but we managed. The people we called on were all educated scientists and engineers that were fluent in English. There was no problem communicating. We made the sales calls in Milan and later in the week got in his little Fiat and drove to Genoa.

On the way over we came to the summit of the coastal mountains and stopped at a roadside restaurant that was a favorite of his. He said we would have gone to Genoa by train, but he wanted me to experience this restaurant. That was my introduction to a great spaghetti 1st course with very little sauce on it. It was merely a light coating on the pasta. We then had some great ham that was a specialty of the region. We proceeded down the mountain to Genoa.

Our first sales call was on the electric utility company that operates the nuclear power plant. I noticed a notebook binder labeled RELAP in a bookcase and commented on it. (*RELAP is the reactor safety program developed in Idaho Falls*). They were impressed that I was from Idaho Falls, knew the developers, and had experience with the program. I promised to help them if they were to use the CDC computer at the University of Bologna that they had access to.

We took them to lunch at a nice place and ordered a huge sea bass for all of us. To my surprise I was offered the eyeballs since it was my birthday. In their culture I got this great delicacy. I respectfully declined.

After lunch we walked around the corner, and they showed me a plaque on a house which was the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. I couldn't believe it as the house was still in good condition.

Friday afternoon I flew back to Geneva for the weekend. I would meet up with my Italian counterpart in Rome the next week. LaRue and the kids got along fine after their parking garage experience and pretty much knew the ropes and their way around. They had ventured out for dinner in Coppet and found a great restaurant where they had a whole salmon that was costly. I was a little worried about the dinner expenses as they were eating good. There were no protests from the Zurich bean counters. We were saving the company money living at the rural Motel de Founex rather than an expensive hotel in downtown Geneva.

Monday morning I flew to Rome, caught a taxi for the long ride into the city, and found the small Hotel Nazioni, where the Milan office had made reservations. The hotel was on a quiet street in central Rome and about three blocks from the famous fountain.

My Italian counterpart arrived and we made calls on the Italian Atomic Energy Commission, the electric utility company, and some engineering firms that design nuclear power plants. We were near the University of Rome one day and my friend decided I needed to experience a typical Roman lunch. We sat down at a table and the waiter brought a 2-liter jug of red wine. I commented that was way too much wine, but my friend said we drink what we want. They measure what's left and charge accordingly. It was a great lunch with many courses and lasted about three hours. We didn't make any more sales calls that afternoon.

We did some sightseeing, walked into the Coliseum, and wandered around on our own. (*We were there recently and the place was packed with people waiting to get in. They were waiting for their paid tour to begin*)

We had more sales calls to make in Rome the next week, so I spent the weekend in Rome on my own. After we finished in Rome we returned to Milan to wind up my work with that office.

Working in Italy was a great experience, but stressful for the family.

Back to Work at CERN

I got back to Geneva and still did not have a work permit. I was told to hang out at CERN and keep a low profile. We could have been ordered out of the country within 24 hours if the Swiss Government caught on. It was an uneasy situation to be in. Our furniture and belongings had arrived and were impounded in storage.

We looked at houses but could make no commitments. Nils took me around to car dealerships to look at cars, but again could not do anything. I saw a used Audi 80 sedan that I thought would work.

I got along well with the CERN computer center managers. John Ferguson (England), Eric McIntosh (Scotland), and Jean-Claude Juvet (Swiss). They invited me to sit in their weekly meeting with users and I accepted. That gave me a great opportunity to meet key users, listen to their problems, and computing requirements.

As I suspected CERN was moving towards an interactive computing environment. The 7600 was a number crunching computer with no interactive capability. There was no need for a 2nd 7600 that Walt Chase had been pursuing for three years! This confirmed what I had been told in Minneapolis.

Digital Equipment Corporation (DEC) was having great success with their small engineering workstations called the VAX 11-780. They were priced in the hundred thousand to 200 thousand dollar range. CERN's maintenance bill for the 7600 was around \$1 million per year, and they were very unhappy about it.

Computer procurement at CERN was not done by competitive bids. Decisions were made by the CERN Council that met twice a year. Their direction was to pursue DEC workstations and a midrange IBM computer for administrative computing.

Here I am at CERN with orders to sell another 7600. I knew this was not going to happen. It was time for creative thinking. I was aware of a project underway in Minneapolis to add interactive computing capability to the 7600. It would be called the Cyber176.

My only hope was to persuade CERN to consider a liberal trade in allowance on their old 7600 for a new Cyber 176. This solution would also allow them to get rid of the front end computer that fed the 7600. I called my idea Plan B. In my discussions with CERN management they showed interest. My Analyst, Nils Buss, liked Plan B and was wholeheartedly behind it.

I presented Plan B to Walt Chase and he went ballistic. We were in my office and Walt was yelling at me, “you are to sell and install a 2nd 7600 within a year”. I was at the blackboard diagramming Plan B and could see down the hall. Andreas Grimm had stepped out of his office to see what was going on.

I went on to tell Walt that what he was promoting was wrong. A 2nd 7600 at CERN would never happen. Plan B was a strategy that had a chance.

Since Walt unloaded on me I unloaded on him about my lack of a work permit. I also added that since I didn't have a work permit I shouldn't even be in Switzerland. That caused him to yell even more.

Nils was in the meeting and looked terrified. Walt stormed out and we never got along after that. I was mystified by Walt's refusal to listen and hear me out. I had just had winning strategies at Richland, and Idaho Falls. I couldn't see anything in his career to justify him calling the shots at CERN. My only hope was to go around him. I then met with Bob Hayden, who had just arrived in the Zurich office as the new Country Manager. Bob was more interested in his relocation and new job than hearing me out. He liked Walt's plan of a 2nd 7600 at CERN. I got nowhere.

(Note-The INEL in Idaho Falls found themselves in the same situation as CERN a couple of years later. I had left CDC and was employed by the INEL. I worked Plan B and negotiated a trade for a new Cyber 176 for \$300,000. We ended up with a new Cyber 176 supporting a large interactive computing environment. With this capability we were selected by DOE to be the computer center for the Three Mile Island nuclear disaster. We ran many hours of Three Mile Island simulation and was the only DOE computer center with the capability to do so.

CERN dumped their 7600 after I departed and went to a distributed computer environment with many small computers. They implemented the world's first interactive browser (Mosaic), developed the first router, and hooked up hundreds of personal computers to interactively solve problems. The architect was my old friend at CERN, Eric McIntosh.

We visited Geneva in 2017 and had a great visit and lunch with Eric, Nils, and Andreas. Eric is still working at CERN as an advisor. He was going to take us on a tour of the Super Collider then found it was conducting an experiment and we couldn't go. We ended up going to the CERN visitor center and museum with him instead.)

Finding a Home and Getting Settled

My work permit eventually came through and we began looking in earnest for a place to live.

My secretary's husband had a place for us to look at that weekend in Coppet. They were going to be out of town, so I got the key, which in Switzerland was strictly against the rules.

I got home from CERN Friday night and we went and looked at it. It was a huge French type farmhouse on three levels. It had a huge yard of at least three acres. We liked it and decided it would do.

Saturday morning I went to look at it again by myself. I pulled in through the gate and down the right side of the house to where there was a garage door to enter the lower level. It was slightly open, and I knew we hadn't left it that way. I feared that we had not locked it when we left. Then I saw one of the small panes of glass was broken. I went in and saw paint dumped on the floor. There were footprints where they walked through it. There was a toilet in a small room and there was a big mess in it that could not be flushed since the water was turned off. The evening before I had seen keys hanging on the wall and they were gone. The door to the main floor at the top of the stairs was locked and they couldn't get up to the main living area.

I went back to the motel and called Walt Chase to get some help, as he knew a little French. He didn't want to be involved. I checked with the neighbor to see if they saw or heard anything and they had not.

I decided I better go to the Coppet police station and report it. The constables didn't speak English, and we had a heck of a time. They followed me to the house, investigated, and took notes. That evening they came to the motel to check our shoes to see if any matched the footprints.

During the night we heard some noise outside our room. When we got up Sunday morning there were police on our patio looking around.

The motel was about two miles from a big casino in France and it had been held up in the early morning hours. The bandits were pursued to the motel where they ran up the stairs to the 2nd story. Evidently the noise we heard was the casino robbers jumping over the patio railing above us, and hitting the railing of our patio. They took off and got away. The police looked around our patio and interviewed us.

To make matters worse we were involved in the breakin of the house the night before. I guess we did not fit the description of the casino robbers and the police finally left. Switzerland is the land of law and order with very little crime and we were involved in two crimes in one day.

A Place to Live – At Last

I dreaded going to work Monday morning and telling Francois what had happened to the house Friday evening after we looked at it. I gave her the good news first that we would like to lease the place, and then the bad news.

No problems were encountered, and we had a place to live. We signed a three year lease starting June 1, 1977. It was another week or so before all the contract and signatures were done, insurance bought, and arrangements made with the moving company.

We had been living out of suitcases for three months and it was great to unpack. It was like Christmas as we unloaded things. It was good that we had such a big house as we had brought all our furniture. We had a few surprises as the large charcoal BBQ grill and wheelbarrow that was supposed to go into storage was in the

shipment. I was glad to see both, and they were used extensively. Our European friends were amazed at the big grill. We had some good BBQ's with them.

We also had a case of gallon size Skippys peanut butter the Chase kids requested, and a water pump for Walt's 1956 Thunderbird. We heard later the peanut butter was gone within a month.

We had a telephone installed and our number was 76.11.69. Our address was Route de Founex, CH-1296 Coppet, Switzerland.

I went to the post office to get mail delivery started and they already had us in their records for Route De Founex. There was no house number on the house and none was required for delivery. The first mail we received was a large tax bill retroactive to the day we arrived in Switzerland. I sent it on to the Zurich office and they took care of it.

The house was known as the Brooks Villa. It was owned by an English guy, Alan Brooks, that was living in South Africa. The annual rent was 28,800 swiss francs which was about \$2,200 on a monthly basis. It doesn't sound like a lot today but in today's dollars it would be \$10,000 or more per month.

My monthly salary was \$1,500 augmented by a draw of \$600 per month against future sales commissions. It almost covered the rent. In addition, I received \$800 per month housing allowance and around \$800 per month cost of living allowance. That was around \$1,600 per month to live on. We were poor American hired help in Switzerland where the cost of living was ranked the third highest in the world.

Our House

The Brooks Villa had three floors with three bedrooms and one bathroom on the third floor. The front entry was into the middle 2nd floor since the house was built on sloping ground. Off the entry hall was a small kitchen on the left, a large bedroom on the right, then a hall to the left with stairs going up to the bedrooms and stairs down to the basement. Off that hall was a large bathroom on the left and a maid's room on the right that we used for our breakfast nook.

Continuing in from the entry way were two big rooms side by side. We used the room on the left as our formal living room and the room on the right as a family room as it had a fireplace. These two rooms were connected by big French doors.

French doors also opened to a porch the width of the house. The porch had stained glass windows on each end. It was covered above by a porch off the master bedroom on the 3rd floor.

Downstairs was a full walk out basement with a furnace room, small toilet room, a workbench, space for two cars, and a separate room. It was locked with the owner's stuff stored in it.

The only drawback was the small kitchen. Our big refrigerator had to go across the hall in the big bedroom that we used as our dining room. The kitchen was equipped with a small refrigerator and an old dishwasher that didn't work.

The heating system was a large oil burner in the basement. It heated water that circulated through radiators in each of the rooms. It took a long time to get the rooms up to the desired comfort level, but worked well.

Electricity was 50 cycle 220 volts. We needed transformers for our American electrical stuff. The lamps were no problem as we replaced the bulbs with European bulbs and bought adapters for the plugs.

There was a large turnover of people going home so used transformers were plentiful. We picked up large capacity models for the refrigerator and washer and several small ones for the vacuum cleaner, stereo, and whatever else needed one.

The record player played slow on 50 cycles but there was a wheel adjuster on it to adjust the turntable to the right revolution. For some reason unknown to me the 8 track tapes played at the right speed.

Nils had just gotten a color TV, so I bought his old black and white model. It was all we needed as there were only 3 stations over the air in black and white broadcasting in French. We didn't watch much TV until we picked up a little of the language. I wanted to move the antenna cable to enter the house in a different place and went to drill a hole through the wall. I had a 1 ft drill bit, but the wall was thicker than that and I gave up.

The back porch was about 10 ft above ground level. The view was over the huge backyard, across fields, Lake Geneva, and the beginning of the Alps. It was a million dollar view that we never grew tired of. I would crank up Neil Diamond or John Denver on my stereo 8 track and float off across Lake Geneva, the clouds, and the snowy Alps beyond.

Our house and lot was secluded. There were 10 ft high shrubs between the front yard and the street. Across the street in front was a farmer's field. The shrubs continued about half way down the east side of the lot. There were 4 houses on that side, but we could only see the last two. Adjacent to the west side of the lot was a farmer's field.

The south end of the lot that faced Lake Geneva dropped on a steep slope to railway tracks. They were low enough that we could barely see the top of the trains. The trains were electric so there was hardly any noise.

Buying a Car

Now that we were moved into a house it was time to find a car. On a Saturday I picked up Nils. He was fairly fluent in French and could interpret. We shopped around and then went to the Audi dealership where I had seen a white Audi 80 sedan some time ago. It was still on the lot and we went for a test drive with a salesman. We stopped at a roadside auberge for an aperitif and to chat about the car. The salesman went to the rest room and I told Nils to offer 500 Swiss francs less than the asking price.

Nils was aghast and said, “you don’t negotiate in Switzerland”. I said do it anyway. An embarrassed Nils translated the offer. Nothing was said and we returned to the dealership. The salesman went inside, and I figured my car buying effort was a failure. Then the salesman came out and agreed to my offer. Nils thought I was the greatest, and told everyone at CERN what I had done. They had never dickered on the price of a car, but from now on they would.

Next was the hassle of getting the car insured and licensed. Since we lived in the Canton of Vaud we had to go to Lausanne to get the license. I elected to get a tax free license for one year, which was available for foreigners. Everyone knew you were a foreigner as the last digit was Z and the license plate had a vertical red stripe. They were known as Zed plates. I figured out that was why we were always stopped at the border when we were coming home from skiing in Italy or France. The other cars were being waved through and we would be stopped and questioned.

I also had to get a Swiss driver’s license. That took three trips to Lausanne to apply, take a written test, a driver’s test, then pick up the license. The fee for the license was huge, but it was good for a lifetime.

First Summer in Coppet, Switzerland

A big drawback of our new home was the size of the lot. There were many trees and shrubs that had been neglected for a long time. They all needed trimming and maintenance. The entire lot was planted in grass that had to be mowed. There were a few gardening tools and a power mower, but it was not self-propelled. It also wouldn’t start. I took it to a repair shop where they got it going. I started mowing and it took a lot of effort to push. I had to pull it backwards in long grass in order to get through. I was soon worn out and was not even half done. You cannot mow on Sunday in Switzerland, so I decided to mow half on Saturday and the other half the next Saturday. I soon decided I would have to find a larger self-propelled mower. There was a Migro’s warehouse nearby that was sort of like a Costco, but no membership required. I found an 18-inch self-propelled American mower and got it. It was a great improvement, but I still had to do half on successive Saturdays.

I was able to keep the place manicured well enough to keep the neighbors and the Swiss authorities happy. The alternate Saturday mowing schedule left time to trim shrubs and trees on Sunday since I was not making noise. I could burn the cuttings on weekdays and Saturday. I cut up the larger stuff for firewood and soon had about a half cord of wood stacked to dry out.

The slope down to the train tracks was too steep for the mower so I would let it grow to about a foot or more and use a scythe. Trains had to slow down for the station that was a few hundred yards away. Tourists would see me cutting grass with the scythe and start taking pictures. To them I was a Swiss farmer cutting hay the old fashioned way. Sometimes I would wave.

Summer in Switzerland was delightful. The weather was much like Idaho, but a hot day would probably top out around 85 degrees. In the late afternoon thunderclouds would start building up due to the lake effect and mountains on both sides of the valley. About 4pm it was time to grab a drink, crank up the stereo, sit on the porch, and experience the rain, thunder, and lightning. It would last an hour or so, and was a nice break.

The kids summer vacation from school began shortly after we moved in. They had adapted well and enjoyed new friends. Kids from all over the world attended College du Lemman and it was an eye opener for them. There were extremely wealthy Saudi and Iranian kids that came to school in chauffeured limo's. The Shah of Iran's nephew was one of the Iranians.

We had lived in the Hotel de Founex nearly two months and Brian got to know the help and management. He was able to get a job for the summer as a maid and handyman working with the Italian maids. He was an undocumented foreign worker doing a job that the Swiss would not do. The pay was not good, but it gave him something to do and extra spending money above his weekly allowance. Kathleen was in demand babysitting for American families and was paid well. We gave them a fairly good weekly allowance. They had money to ride the train to Geneva and do the things they wanted to do.

CDC would pay for LaRue and I to take French lessons and we found a lady tutor near us. Her name was Madam Perone and was from Paris. We would go for an hour a couple of times a week. We took the newspaper which was in French and we got so we could comprehend what was in the news.

Just after moving in we got a letter from our neighbor across the street in Idaho Falls. They were surprised that we were selling our house! I called our realtor and he said the renters had suddenly moved out. He thought he would see if he could find a buyer. I asked him about the one year lease. He didn't think we would get anywhere with this guy since he was a used car dealer. I told him the house is not for sale and to find another renter, which he eventually did.

Social Life

We lived very close to the train station. It was easy for Brian and Kathleen to catch the train to Geneva and back. They had to walk about 1/3 mile down Route de Founex, turn left, and it was a hundred yards or so to the small station. The last train back to Coppet was at midnight, and they had to be on it if not earlier.

There was a very active social life for Americans in the Geneva area because of the diplomats and the many international companies with European headquarter in Geneva. There was also the World Health Organization, and other world organizations. The social life centered around the American Women's Club, which LaRue joined right away.

We met a lot of people and attended several house parties. The Club's social function of the year was the annual Christmas party at the International Hotel. Charles Schultz (Peanuts comic strip) and his wife were members and he provided Peanuts posters for the 1977 Christmas party.

There was also a huge 4th of July celebration. We were told it was the largest 4th of July celebration outside of the United States. We didn't get the 4th of July off in Switzerland, but we went to the celebration that evening. It was a spectacular event.

The diplomats assigned to the American Mission (could not be called an Embassy in neutral Switzerland) were good to know. Diplomats and family had access to the United States military post exchanges in Germany and would ask if they could bring anything back for us. Our first request was for Frito Lay Fritos and the kids wanted Hershey chocolate bars, of all things. Switzerland is known for the best chocolate in the world.

Another thing we missed greatly was iceberg lettuce since it is not grown in Europe. Once in a while the Grand Passage (a huge department store) would import iceberg lettuce and the word would spread like wildfire. We would acquire all we could. They also had tortillas in a can, so we could have tacos.

One weekend we invited Nils and Lena, and daughter to our place for tacos. We decided we needed Margaritas. Nils and I took off to find Tequila. We visited several places in Geneva before we finally found a bottle for around \$50. We were glad to get it. They became hooked on tacos and introduced tacos to their European friends.

(We visited Nils and Lena when we were in Switzerland in 2016. They said they still enjoy tacos)

Skiing

Andreas Grimm was Austrian and an avid skier, but he didn't know anything about maintaining skis. I learned ski maintenance in Idaho Falls and had all the equipment. Our house had a large basement with a workbench. Andreas would visit and I would show him how to do it. We had a great time flat filing, filling in gouges with P-tex, and hot waxing while enjoying a few beers. He loved it.

Kathleen, Brian, and I needed new skis. Andreas took me around the ski shops to shop for skis. He had a favorite shop in Ferney, France. I got new Atomics for me and Kathleen and a pair of Rossignol's for Brian. Skis were a lot cheaper in France and Ferney was just down the road from CERN.

The major ski areas in Switzerland were very expensive so we started in France in the Jura mountains. They were local areas with fairly easy terrain. Kathleen's friend Jane's father was the head of security at the American Mission and had access to a condo at the Flan ski resort. They had a cozy arrangement at Flan and many of the Marines that provided security at the mission worked night security on their off time. Flan was a newer resort in the Alps just before you get to Chamonix, and about 50 miles from our house. We went there a few times, and would enjoy an after-ski aperitif at their condo. The runs were high in the Alps, steep, and icy. It was strange as there were no trees. It was snow and ice and big cliffs and narrow chutes.

Andreas joined us one time and got there late. He arrived as we were taking a break at the bottom. He said he would take the gondola up for a run and Brian decided to go with him. After a while we saw two figures very high on the mountain and streaking straight down. It was Andreas with Brian behind and they were not making any turns. Later, I asked Andreas if he knew how to turn and he just smiled.

Brian and Kathleen just had two weeks expert ski instruction, so they were good skiers. Their school had offered two weeks extra-curricular ski instruction at Crans-Montana, Switzerland. It was optional at an extra cost that CDC would not cover, but we decided they should go. They were totally immersed in skiing.

Local Trips and Sightseeing

We enjoyed getting in the car and driving around when we could get away from the yard work. We would drive north past Lausanne and on up towards Bern passing through the Valais area. It was manicured farms well up on the mountains on each side of the valley. One time we were driving along on a nice wide two lane highway and soldiers stopped all traffic. Then we saw jet fighter planes taxiing out of the side of the mountain. They turned onto the highway in front of us and took off! We just discovered a runway for the Swiss Air Force! What a concept.

It didn't take long to get to another country. We drove north in one day to Lichenstein. We took the slow route over the pass that Hannibal took the elephants over. It was switchbacks, snow, and glaciers over the pass in the middle of summer.

Another trip we packed a lunch to go up the St Bernard Pass over the Alps between Switzerland and Italy. At the top we looked around and bought souvenirs then started looking for a place to have our lunch. Every turnout or wide spot had people with tables set up and having lunch. There was no place to stop. We continued on down the other side in Italy and was on the road to Milan before we found a road side rest. It was on the way to Courmayeur, Italy and the Mt Blanc tunnel. The tunnel was 7.2 miles through the Alps and the other end was near Chamonix, France. When you exited the tunnel you turned right into Chamonix and left to go to Geneva. We ended up making a big circle by going over the Alps and through the Mt Blanc tunnel to Geneva.

We made the trip to Courmayeur, Italy through the Mt Blanc tunnel several times just to have lunch and buy cheap booze. The round trip was around 80 miles and very enjoyable.

Trip to the U.K.

Control Data had a manufacturing plant in Wales that made computer magnetic tape. A Swiss salesman based in Zurich had sales responsibility for all magnetic tape prospects in Switzerland including CERN. It didn't make me happy having another salesman calling on CERN, but that is the way it was. He had sold a carload of tapes to CERN a couple of years before and they were defective. It caused all kinds of problems and CERN returned the lot. They did not want any more CDC tapes. The plant then underwent a big upgrade and implemented a rigid quality control process. The salesman requested CERN to visit the plant and evaluate the product. CERN agreed as long as I was with them. They did not trust or like the Swiss salesman.

The meeting in Wales would be 2 days. CERN computer center managers. John Ferguson, Eric McIntosh, and Jean-Claude Juvet would be making the trip. I decided to take vacation after the meetings and drive with the family. After the meetings we would go on up to my old stomping grounds in Edinburgh, Scotland.

We departed home 5am Saturday and drove over the Jura mountains for a more direct route to Paris. Our little Audi 80 was packed full.

It was a winding two lane mountain road to Dijon, France and then flat country west to the main autoroute between Paris and the south of France. It was a nice scenic enjoyable drive until we hit the autoroute to Paris. Then it was heavy and fast traffic driving for daylight. We saw ambulances and wreckers cruising the autoroute looking for wrecks.

We approached Paris around noon and took the circle route around Paris to the coast and Calais, where we would catch the ferry to Dover in the south of England. We were early for the next crossing, so we drove around the Calais area sightseeing. Then drove onto the ferry.

We settled into the lounge area and Brian was watching people playing slot machines. He wanted to play and converted his Swiss Francs to English Schillings. LaRue told him he might as well take his Schillings and throw them overboard. It would be the same result. He played anyway and hit the jackpot. So much for that lesson. He now had lots of Schillings.

England

I had a reservation at a hotel in Dover, England. We were off the ferry around 5pm. I wanted to get experience driving on the left side of the road and thought we should continue up the Motorway towards London. We would travel for an hour or so and find a place to stay. I cancelled the reservation and away we went. We started looking for a place to stay and they were few and far between. When we found one it was full, so we had to continue on. Every place we stopped was full.

The map showed a ring road around the south of London that would get us to Wales. What I thought would be a nice Motorway was ordinary streets connected every few blocks with a round-a-bout. It was slow going and nerve-wracking driving on the left side of the road. It got later and later and still no vacancy. Each stop was taking up time.

It was after midnight when Kathleen woke up and said we went by this place hours ago. Indeed, we had. I had gone too far around a round-a-bout. I had been going back the way we came for a long time.

Around we went and finally saw signs to Heathrow airport. I figured there would be hotels around Heathrow, so there was hope. I finally saw a big Holiday Inn. In European Holiday Inns kids stay free in the same room as the parents. It was now 4am and one room was too small for the family. It would require two rooms at a very expensive rate compared to our Dover reservation.

We need sleep. We were now only about 80 miles from our destination in Usk, Wales. How about that for one day. Geneva to Paris, across the English Channel, around London to Heathrow, and not far from Wales. Not recommended and it was not planned that way.

We got going later that morning. Traveling along on the Motorway we saw a sign for the exit to Stonehenge. Everyone wanted to visit Stonehenge. I was not about to venture off on a detour and get lost. We were within sight of our destination. I just wanted to get there with no more drama.

Usk, Wales – Our Destination

We found Usk, Wales to be a small quaint village. The magnetic tape plant that I was to visit was about 30 miles away in an industrial area.

The Swiss salesman preferred staying in Usk at the Three Salmon Inn and had made reservations. It was a small place and very nice with an upscale and expensive restaurant and pub. The first thing we noticed in our room was a television with people speaking English. What a treat that was!

I was busy with two days at the tape manufacturing plant and evenings wining and dining the CERN people. The Swiss Salesman had a favorite Inn out in the country that we frequented the first night. He said they had a great wine cellar and he had found a 1936 red wine that he really liked. He had it every time he was in the area. That was the year I was born, so we ordered it. It took a long time to bring the bottles from the wine cellar, so they would not disturb the contents. When we finally got to taste it, it was fantastic. The strange thing is that it was not expensive.

The 2nd night we dined at the Three Salmon Inn and it was expensive. The Swiss salesman knew how to live, and take advantage of an expense account.

Meanwhile LaRue and the kids were on their own for dining. They wandered down the street and saw the Nags Head Inn and Pub but were not sure if kids were allowed. They ventured in and were made right at home. The old boys in the pub took Brian in tow, showed him their games, and gave gambling advice. They had a great time and ate there both evenings.

On Our Way to Scotland

With the meetings over we packed up and headed out and stopped at an old castle. Then drove through Merthyr Tidfil where LaRue's great grandfather was from. We then proceeded North to England and stopped to get some lunch. I got fish and chips wrapped in newspaper to take with us. Heading out of town we stopped by a farmer's field and had our lunch with cows peering through the fence.

We continued north and arrived in Liverpool. We stopped early to find a place to stay. We lucked out at a Holiday Inn that was in a rough industrial area. and were glad to get it. That evening we went to a pizza place in downtown Liverpool. We were told it was a place where the young Beatles hung out before they were famous.

Edinburgh, Scotland

The next day it was on up the west coast and across Scotland to Edinburgh on the east coast. It was a treat for me to be back in Edinburgh after almost exactly 20 years.

We looked for a place to stay around Princess Street but no availability. We finally found a hotel out towards the airport that had a room for two nights only. I was anxious to visit where I was stationed at RAF Station Kirknewton and drove straight to it with no problem. The Royal Army was now occupying the upper base. I drove up to the gate thinking we would be turned away. I told the guard that I had been stationed here 20 years ago and he came back with, "aye, you were one of the yanks?" in a friendly manner. I confirmed that I was, and I just wanted to show my family where I had been stationed. He opened the gate, told us to go ahead, and look around all we wanted.

It looked nearly the same. We then went down to the lower site near the old airfield where our operations building was located. The building was empty and the door was swinging in the breeze. We went in and I showed them where my old radio position was. It was quite an experience for me to relive it.

Over the course of two days we saw the sights of Edinburgh. I even got to frequent a couple of the pubs where I used to hang out. The only place I remember us having dinner was a new Kentucky Fried Chicken place. We all wanted KFC!

Next Stop London

After two days we hit the road south to London traveling down the east coast of Scotland. That road then connected to the Motorway through the center of England. We kept seeing signs near the exits that said, "No Football Coaches". We wondered what that was all about and asked when we stopped for gas. Football coaches were not wanted because the occupants were always drunk and rowdy going to or from the game.

About halfway to London we started looking for a place to overnight. It was late afternoon but the hotels along the Motorway were all booked. I decided to exit and travel the rural highway going south. We finally lucked out at a small bed and breakfast.

The next day we headed to London where we planned to stay three days. I was worried about finding a hotel and about 60 miles from London decided to pull off and make phone calls. We drove into Northampton and spotted a Holiday Inn. It was lunch time and we could inquire about rooms in London and get something to eat in the restaurant.

I talked to the front desk manager and he said there were several Holiday Inns in London. He would check availability while we were eating. The only vacancy was at the Holiday Inn Marble Arch in the center of the city. That was great news and we booked it.

London

We got into London in fine shape. I could see the Holiday Inn but could not find the street. We went around and around a three or four block area and got extremely frustrated. Finally stumbled onto the frontage street for the hotel by accident. I pulled into the parking garage and parked the car for the duration of our stay. The Marble Arch Underground Station was near the hotel, and we could get anywhere we wanted to go.

We saw the sights of London that evening and the next two days by riding the Underground. We had a rule that if any of us missed getting on the train the rest of us would get off at the next stop and wait. We never had any problems.

We even left the kids at the hotel and dinner on their own one evening while LaRue and I went out for dinner. She also had to shop at Harrods.

We departed London and found our way south to Dover and the ferry without any problems. I don't remember if Brian played the slot machines, but I suppose he did. The ferry ride to Calais was smooth and we drove to Lille, France where we got a hotel room. The next day we headed south around Paris. Then further south on the autoroute. We took the exit to Dijon and over the Jura Mountains to home. It was a great trip.

Easter Trip to Germany and Paris

Easter 1978 was March 26. The kids were out of school for a week. I decided to take a week of vacation and we would spend it in Paris.

The guys at CERN recommended a small hotel on the way into Paris that they liked and it was not expensive. A Metro station was directly in front of the hotel. The Metro made it easy to get around Paris and leave the car parked. I trusted their recommendation and made a reservation for several days.

We decided to make a big circle by driving north through Switzerland into Germany then head west across France to Paris. We would return by heading south from Paris and then through Dijon and the Jura Mountains to home. We departed home early on Saturday morning and headed northeast on the autoroute through Lausanne, the Valais area, Bern, and to Basil on the German border. I stopped to get gas and they gave us a bunch of colored Easter eggs which we put away for a roadside lunch. We crossed into Germany and the traffic changed drastically as there is no speed limit on the autobahn.

We were no longer in orderly Switzerland with a speed limit of 120 kilometers per hour. The traffic was as fast as they could go. However, the trucks were slower and to get around them I would wait for a break. Then go for it only to have a big Mercedes on our rear bumper flashing headlights to pass.

The autobahn traffic was just too much for our little Audi and us. After a couple of hours I spotted an exit to Strasbourg, France. I took it to get off the autobahn. There was a decent route to Paris that would work nicely. We were in Strasbourg early in the afternoon and got a room at a Holiday Inn and went sightseeing around town. Strasbourg is in the Alsace region with a strong German influence. Dinner that evening was German cuisine that we enjoyed.

Verdun, France

The next morning we headed west on the autoroute to Paris. We saw a road sign to Verdun, France. It was just a few miles off the autoroute and decided to see what this famous WWI battlefield was all about. We started seeing French, American, and German military burial grounds stretching over the rolling hills. The battle ground was pockmarked with huge shell craters every square yard. It was a spectacular sight. We came upon a small hill that had a tunnel going through it and stopped to take a look. It was a good place to have a snack. We got out our colored Easter eggs and ate them in the tunnel entrance. Proceeding on through the tunnel we exited at restored bunkers and tunnels. It was the area that became famous for launching carrier pigeons with messages. The battle ground, visitor center, and burial grounds are something I will always remember.

Proceeding on to Paris we pulled off at a roadside restaurant for a late afternoon lunch. I wanted a beer only to find beer was not available in any restaurant in proximity to the autoroute. Hadn't heard of that before, and so much for that.

Paris

Our hotel was easy to get to since it was on the east side of Paris and on our route. We found it easily and was able to park in front of the hotel where we would leave the Audi during our stay in Paris.

The Metro station entrance was in front of the hotel, so it was very convenient. It was a small two-story hotel. The rooms were small, so we had two rooms. Breakfast was included and it was very good. It was an eclectic mix in the dining room in the mornings, with a Russian bunch in suits, some French, and us. I figured the Russians were spies.

The plan was to ride the Metro to get around Paris, so we purchased 5 day passes and took off to see the sights. We followed our rule that if anyone missed getting on the Metro before the doors closed we would all get off at the next stop and wait for them to catch up. It worked well.

After 2 days we were veterans of Metro travel and Brian and Kathleen were allowed to go their own way if they wanted, which they did. We toured hard all day and would end up back at the hotel about 5pm worn out. The Metro was a fantastic way to get around Paris.

Each evening we would find a different restaurant. Since we all knew a little French my rule was that all ordering would be in French. However, the waiter would usually not understand because of my accent even though I had the words right. One night our waiter insisted that I was a Texas ranch owner and switched to English, which is highly unusual for a French waiter. He kept insisting I was a Texas ranch owner, so I finally relented, and said I was, and we got back to ordering dinner.

After spending the week in Paris we left for home. The Versailles Palace was not far off our route, so we stopped and spent the morning touring the buildings and the grounds. Then it was on home via Dijon and the Jura mountains. It was a nice way to spend Easter week.

The Lunch of a Lifetime

The annual European Control Data User Group Conference convened in Lausanne, Switzerland in March 1978. Nils Buss and I attended as Control Data representatives. John Ferguson, Jean-Claude Juvet, and Eric Mcintosh represented CERN. It was a three day event with European speakers and speakers from Control Data Headquarters in Minneapolis.

The first evening I hosted the CERN people at a nice dinner at our hotel. Nils Buss was there also, and Walt Chase showed up in time for dinner. Wild game was featured on the menu and the Europeans were big on the venison. It was a nice dinner with good wine and very expensive. It was no problem for my expense report as Walt Chase was there and he was the manager that would sign off on it.

The next day Jean-Claude Juvet caught up with me and said he had talked to Freddy Girardet. He was the chef and owner of a Michelin 3-star restaurant located in the village of Crissier adjacent to Lausanne. Freddy had been voted the best chef in the world, and his restaurant considered the best in the world. Reservations had to be obtained a year in advance. Juvet was known as one of the best jazz pianists in Europe, a native of Lausanne, and a friend of Freddy, so he had the connections. Freddy would accommodate five of us that day for lunch, and

did I want to do it. My eyes kind of rolled knowing I couldn't justify a lunch tab like that after last night. He caught my hesitation and said we would all share the tab. Wow, what an opportunity that was.

Nils, me, Ferguson, and McIntosh piled into Juvet's old Deux Cheveau (2 horse) Citroen. Juvet wanted to show us a couple of his old hangouts on the hill above Lausanne, and we visited them for a starter. The old Citroen could hardly get us up the hill. We enjoyed the view, the wine, and proceeded down the hill.

Freddy's restaurant was in the City Hall building and was a plain stark white décor. The menu was outstanding. Juvet suggested we order one each of nearly everything based on Freddy's recommendation. Then we would share and get to try it all. It was a great idea, and he ordered everything Freddy recommended.

The wine menu was amazing and not expensive. Freddy came to the table two or three times to chat. He applauded Juvet's wine selection and said it is not necessary to drink expensive wine at his place.

It was a totally amazing experience and we were there all afternoon. As I remember the tab came to around \$80 each for five people. Quite a lot of money in 1978 and worth every penny.

(Note-We were back in Idaho Falls and a couple of years later I was watching CBS "On the Road" with Charles Kuralt. A segment came on showing Charles Kuralt dining at Freddy's restaurant. He was sitting at the same table we were at. It was about a 10 minute segment showing the food and Charles visiting with Freddy just as we had done. I was on cloud 9. The best food experience I ever had or ever will have.)

My Trip to the U.S. and Idaho Falls

The Control Data Worldwide User Group was having their 1978 meeting in Minneapolis again in early May. I escorted the CERN people the year before. It worked out well and they requested that I be there again. I expected opposition from my management, but got the ok.

The CERN people liked to visit other sites while they were in the United States to see how they do things. Eric McIntosh and I put our heads together and agreed he should visit the Idaho Falls computer center. We had a great time in Minneapolis and when the meetings were over Eric and I proceeded to Idaho Falls. I had arranged to tour the computer center, visit with management and key users. We had two great days and he enjoyed wild west Idaho falls, and American beer that I kept apologizing for.

Being unsure of the future I also talked to a few friends at EG&G about a possible job if I ever needed one. George Schultz, a manager in the Loss of Fluid Test (LOFT) program, said if I ever wanted a job to give him a call.

I took a couple days vacation and stayed with Brother Garry and Bonnie in Rigby. They took me to Salmon to visit the folks.

I had a shopping list of things to buy for LaRue and got that done before departing Idaho Falls for New York and then to Geneva. Before I left Geneva a letter from Max and Loa informed us they were coming to visit and travel Europe for 30 days. They would be flying to Geneva about the time I would be coming back from my trip. I had their flight numbers on TWA.

I preferred to fly Swiss Air but thought it would be neat to book the same TWA flight from New York and surprise them. I arranged my return to coincide with them. Were they ever surprised in New York. We had a nice flight together. However, Max was not feeling all that well. Looking back it was the start of his depression episode. LaRue met us at the airport and I drove home. I noticed Max in the passenger seat was braking quite often. He said later my driving like the Europeans scared him to death.

We toured them around Switzerland and through the Mt Blanc Tunnel into Italy. Monday morning we would put them on the train for a week of touring. They would return Friday evening to regroup and leave again Monday morning. It was fun having them. After they left Gene and Wanda dropped in for a couple of days, as they had been touring Europe with friends.

The CERN Human Supercomputer

Nils was acquainted with a Dutch mathematician who was winding down his career at CERN. His name was Wim Klein. Before computers he solved complex math problems for CERN. When CERN got the 7600 Wim checked the results it produced in his head. He set a Guinness Book Record for finding the 73rd root of a 500 digit number in 2 minutes 43 seconds.

Nils brought him to my office and introduced us. I found him to be one of the most fascinating people I have ever met. He had been on television shows in the United States with the stage name of Willy Wortel. He wanted to pursue a career in television and eventually asked me to sponsor and promote him. I bowed out as I had no idea of how to do it.

He retired and moved back to Amsterdam. On August 1, 1986 he was found in his bedroom murdered with a knife. The case has never been solved.

Winding Down in Switzerland

The spring meeting of the CERN Council set the official direction for CERN to begin migration from the CDC 7600 to small engineering workstations and a distributed interactive computing environment. I had seen it

coming. I knew there was no way to turn it around. In reality it was the right direction for CERN. Walt Chase and Bob Hayden refused to believe it. My pay structure was based on what they wanted to happen at CERN. What they wanted was not going to happen. My work permit did not allow me to work anywhere but CERN. I saw that my only option was to end my assignment in Switzerland. I talked to Walt Chase and Bob Hayden about it. Neither would listen.

Kathleen was graduating from College du Lemman the first of June, 1978 and would be going to college at Boise State. We had paid home leave coming in the fall. We decided that Kathleen and Brian would fly to Idaho Falls after her graduation. They could stay with friends and find jobs for the summer.

LaRue and I and Julie would come on home leave later, get Kathleen in college, and return to Switzerland. That was the plan. The more I thought about it the more I came to realize that it made no sense to continue the charade in Switzerland. It was time to force the issue and get back to a productive career in the United States.

Kathleen's Graduation

Kathleen had an impressive graduation ceremony. The school had a big dinner afterwards for the graduates and families. They erected a huge tent and it was a sit-down affair for a nice dinner. The wine and music flowed freely. College du Lemman knew how to have a graduation.

We took Kathleen and Brian to the airport a couple of days later and saw them off to Idaho Falls. We worried they had to connect in Copenhagen and Seattle. They made it fine. Before they departed we told them that we might not continue to live in Switzerland and to plan on that possibility.

Ending it in Switzerland

I knew that I had a job any time I wanted with Tom Odle, the sales manager in the Seattle office. I had called him and was assured I had a job. He told me to do whatever I needed to do to get back. I approached Walt Chase about the economics of me being in Switzerland and he refused to listen. He passed it of to his boss, Bob Hayden, in Zurich. I wanted to be leaving on a mutual parting of the ways and went to meet with Bob Hayden. According to Bob my only option was to resign from Control Data Switzerland. He wanted it in writing, which I did on the spot. Two days later he called and said I had to revise the letter to resigning from Control Data Switzerland, and Control Data Corporation. With that I did not have the job with CDC in Seattle to go back to. However, I sent the revised letter of resignation knowing I had options in Idaho Falls with my former customer.

I had previously called George Schultz at EG&G Idaho and asked if his offer was still valid. He came back with yes. I would be his computer expert in the LOFT program. EG&G could not cover the expense for an international move but would cover living expenses for two weeks after our arrival in the United States. I knew that a condition for a Swiss work permit required that the company that brought you to Switzerland was required to return you to where you came from. It was agreed to in writing by Control Data Switzerland.

Later I got a call from the head bean counter in Zurich and told that I would have to pay for the move back to Idaho Falls. It was on the order of \$35,000 coming over. I told him to read the contract. Later that day he called the moving company and made arrangements for the move.

Working Out Going Back to Idaho Falls

I called George Schultz and accepted his job offer that was for a lot more money. I had a good job to go to, and the return move was covered by CDC.

Our friends through the LDS Church connection, had a couple of years left in Geneva and greed to take our cat named Tigger.

I planned to ship the Audi but discovered it didn't meet U.S. emissions standards. We would have to sell it. We asked our friends that were taking Tigger if they might be interested in the Audi. They decided a second car would be useful. They would buy it if they could pay over three payments. That worked for us, and we agreed they would get the Audi when we departed.

Our lease on the house had two years remaining and that was a problem. A new engineering manager and his family had just arrived from Minneapolis and were looking for a place to live. We showed them our place and they liked it.

Our realtor got the owner's approval, and the lease was transferred. We were off the hook in Switzerland. We now needed a place to live in Idaho Falls. The lease on our house in Idaho Falls was up with an option to renew in writing by July 1. They didn't renew the lease, so we gave them notice to be out August 1. We were set for our return.

A team of four workers was at our place for a week packing and crating. My secretary alerted me that if we wanted a happy work crew and good move we needed to have beer, wine, and snacks available for their morning and afternoon break! We made sure we did. We spent the last two or three days at the Motel de Founex while the packing was going on. Then we thoroughly inventoried and cleaned the house for the formal inspection. We were nervous and it passed.

It was hard leaving coworkers and friends at CERN. They understood why we were leaving. We had a nice going away party and they gave us a pewter wine decanter.

Touring Europe by Train

Early one morning we handed over the keys to the Audi and got on the train for two weeks of touring. LaRue had her backpack and Julie a small backpack. I had two medium size suitcases, carrying one in each hand to balance the load. Suitcases didn't have wheels and collapsible tow handles in those days.

Our first stop was Munich where we stayed at a small hotel Andreas Grimm recommended. We toured hard for a couple of days and then got on the train to Salzburg, Austria.

We got off the train and an elderly man approached us about staying at his bed and breakfast a few blocks away. The pictures looked good so away we went. The rooms were small, so we had to have two rooms. We were nervous about Julie being in a room by herself. In the morning we would sit in his kitchen while he fixed breakfast. He was interesting as he told us about serving in the German army in WW2.

The scenery and food was excellent in Salzburg. My German 35mm camera that I bought while in the Air Force quit working and I took it to a camera shop. The old gent said, "Ah yes, I know this camera", and fixed it. The next stop was through spectacular scenery to Vienna, Austria for a couple of days. Vienna was great. It had a different feel to it being so close to communist countries.

After Vienna we backtracked through Germany to Hamburg. We got off the train in Hamburg and I left LaRue and Julie at the station while I took off looking for a place to stay. It took a while, but I found a place in a sketchy neighborhood. Then it was hurry back and collect them and our belongings. Touring by train and on foot is hard work.

We took the train and ferry from Hamburg to Copenhagen, Denmark which was a nice journey. Loa and Max recommended a small hotel where they had stayed. I made a call and confirmed they had a room available and got directions for riding the bus.

We were unwinding in the room when LaRue decided to check her suitcase for her wedding rings. Unbeknown to me she had put them in the suitcase in Switzerland when we were packing and cleaning the house for inspection. She went through everything and the rings were not there. My thoughts went back to the sketchy place in Hamburg and possibly the ferry ride to Denmark. We had left our compartment on the ferry for a while and two guys stayed behind.

We decided we should have a police report for documentation. Maybe our Swiss insurance might cover it. I caught a bus and went to the police station and got that done. Luckily, the police were conversant with English. It was not a good beginning for our stay in Copenhagen. However, we saw the sights, enjoyed free beer at the Carlsberg Brewery, and rode the rides in Tivoli Gardens.

(Note: In hindsight we think the theft probably happened while the movers were packing our stuff. It could also have happened during the two days we had our suitcases in the Motel de Founex. After we got to Idaho Falls I had Andreas make the theft known at the Motel de Founex. It was to no avail and our insurance did not cover the loss. It was a lesson learned)

Our next Destination was Goteborg, Sweden via train, ferry, and train again. I found a hotel close to the train station, so it was fairly easy. The room was large with high ceilings and big windows. The first thing that stood

out was drunk people passed out by noon. We went to a MacDonalds for a hamburger and an old lady was passed out at a table. Then we went into a small shopping mall and a young guy was laying in the stairwell passed out. It was not a pretty sight. The Scandinavian countries charge exorbitant prices for alcohol, but it makes no difference. We observed more drunks than anywhere. One beer and that was all we felt we could afford. These people pay about 80% of their earnings to the government. I wonder how they have anything left to get stoned every day.

There was not much to keep us in Goteborg. After two nights in the hotel we caught the train for a scenic ride to Oslo, Norway. I hit the street running and found a hotel within a reasonable distance. Oslo had a lot of scenic attractions to keep us busy and we enjoyed it.

The hotel had a big buffet breakfast of fish, cheese, bread, and pastries. LaRue had fish for breakfast, but it was not for me. I think Oslo was my favorite, although Copenhagen was great also.

After a couple of weeks of hard touring it was time to head for the United States.

It was around the first of August, 1978. Our house had been vacated and our furniture was on its way. We flew from Oslo to Copenhagen on a small plane then boarded a SAS DC-10 to Seattle. I enjoyed the great view of Greenland as we flew over the polar route to Seattle.

Customs in Seattle put us through a thorough grilling and search. I was wondering if we would ever get through. We made it and called LaRue's brother Ross to pick us up. It was great to be back in the United States.

End chapter 14b

23.Chapter 15b

Idaho Falls 1978-1980

Our return to Idaho Falls

We arrived in Seattle the first of August 1978 after two weeks of touring in Europe. We stayed with LaRue's brother Ross and family in Kent for a few days visiting and went clamming with them. The first thing we noticed was the litter and rusted out cars on the roads. We did not see such things in Switzerland.

Our first priority was to buy a car. I was looking for something large and a 4x4 for camping and skiing. I found a slightly used 1978 Chevrolet Suburban in north Seattle for \$8,000. It was an ugly brown and tan but that was ok. It was huge after our little Audi 80 sedan in Switzerland.

We couldn't stay too long as a Gibbs Family reunion was being held at Bear Lake in Northern Utah in a few days. We proceeded across Washington to visit Tom and Beverly in Sandpoint, Idaho, and collect our mail that had been forwarded to them. CB radio was the big new thing and Tom helped me install one in the Suburban. Then it was on to Salmon to see Mom and Dad at the Motel Deluxe. From there it was on to Idaho Falls to check on the house and pick up Kathleen and Brian for the reunion. While in Idaho Falls we discovered our furniture was held up due to a dock strike on the east coast. No telling when it would arrive in Idaho Falls. I had two weeks of travel expenses covered by Control Data and another two weeks expense covered by EG&G for relocation. We would be ok for a month or so.

LaRue's brother, LeGrande, was working on a ranch near Dell, Montana. We made a trip up to get him and go to Bear Lake for the reunion. The whole Gibbs clan was at the reunion. It was a great get together.

We returned to Idaho Falls and got a large suite with a kitchenette in the Driftwood Inn next to the Westbank Hotel. Our suite on the 2nd floor overlooked the river and the falls. Watching NFL exhibition games on TV was really a treat.

My termination package from Control Data arrived in the mail. I was required to sign papers and return them. I was surprised to see that Bob Hayden had entered that I was not eligible for rehire. That was fine with me as I was done with them. From hero to goat in less than two years. I briefly thought about challenging it in Minneapolis to get even with Bob Hayden and Walt Chase. It was not worth the effort. The direction Control Data was going was something I wanted no part of.

I began working for EG&G in mid August. My job was to be liaison between the LOFT Reactor Program and the computer center. The computer center had become overloaded with personnel and oblivious to customer service. The cost of using the Cyber 76 had continually gotten higher. The LOFT program was being severely impacted. My job was to fix the problem.

Since we had no furniture and couldn't move into our house we worked evenings and weekends washing walls, painting, and wall papering. New carpets were installed on the main floor. We gave the house a good overhaul. Early September we received word that our furniture had arrived by ship in San Francisco and was on its way to Idaho Falls. We were moved in by mid September and everything was in excellent condition. Our packers had done a great job in Switzerland. The Allied moving company in Idaho Falls unpacked us. They were the same father and son team that packed us for the move to Switzerland. It was not the last we would see of them.

We were barely in the house and unpacked and it was time to get Kathleen moved to attend Boise State. We loaded her stuff into the Suburban and went to Redfish Lake and rented a cabin. We had missed Redfish Lake and wanted to spend a night there. We continued to Boise the next day going out through Lowman and Idaho City.

My New Job with EG&G, Idaho

I was on the job a short time when the computer center manager, Orlando Lopez, came to me asking for help. He would like me working for him and help straighten things out between the computer center and the user community. I was obligated for one year with the LOFT Program. I talked to my manager, George Schultz, and he agreed that I could probably be more effective in the computer center. He talked to senior management and I was transferred. I was back in the frying pan of the computer center.

Turmoil in the Computer Center

It was a Friday afternoon and I heard loud talking and commotion in the hallway. Orlando Lopez had just been terminated and his managers under him demoted. Two engineers, Jim Zane, and his right hand man, Dick French, were in the building and now in charge. They were both from the engineering side of the house. I didn't know either one. Those in the know said they were tough and ruthless. I was not sure I wanted to know them. It wasn't long until I was called in and told that I would report to Dick French. He would be over operations and report to Jim Zane.

My old friend Dick Gipson, the manager of the systems programming group for several years, took it very hard. When Jim Zane called him in and told him he was demoted, he kicked Jim on the foot. Jim called security and had him hauled off for mental evaluation. It was a wild Friday afternoon. Dick Gipson was given two weeks off without pay and returned as a non-manager.

New Management and My Computer Upgrade Plan

A new manager, Bob Cox, from Kaman Nuclear Science in Denver was hired to manage the systems programming group and advanced planning. Bob had a good record of managing a computer center with Control Data computers and I liked him. I would report to him and have the advanced planning function. He didn't believe in maintaining the status quo and was receptive to my ideas about how we should proceed in the future. We were struggling with the ageing Cyber 76 and frontend 173 that I installed years before.

The system did not have interactive capability and the user community was demanding it. This was the same problem CERN was facing when I was there. It did not turn out well for Control Data. There were too many options available with low cost engineering workstations, and the emerging personal computer.

I now had management that would listen to me. I believed in Plan B that I introduced at CERN but was rebuffed by my management. The option to upgrade a Cyber 76 so that it could support interactive computing had recently been listed in the Control Data pricing manual for \$300,000. It was just what we needed, but here was no money in the budget for an upgrade. Any request for funding for computer acquisitions had to be in the DOE five-year plan for automatic data processing equipment (computers). I worked it anyway.

I presented Plan B to Bob Cox. He liked it and arranged a meeting for me to present it to Jim Zane. We walked into his office and Jim said, "What are you two crazies up to now?" We took it as an offhanded compliment. I gave my presentation and then it was, "ok, now get out of my office." Apparently, I was to continue working it.

My old friend, Chris Christofferson, was still the salesman for Control Data in Idaho Falls. I told him what I was thinking. Chris got back to me and told me the option couldn't be applied to a system in the field. However, there was nothing in the pricing manual that said that. Control Data would be in a bind with the government if they could not deliver what we ordered. I saw the possibility of CDC having to trade for a new Cyber 176 if we ordered the upgrade.

Chris was desperate for a sale of any kind. Also, Control Data as they were not selling computers. Cray Research had taken over the supercomputer market, and low-cost engineering workstations were proliferating as well.

We decided to work the \$300,000 upgrade. Chris floated it up through his management chain. It came back that we should place the order and see what happens. I went back through my management chain and got their backing. Now we had to convince DOE for funding out of cycle, which is nearly impossible. Jim Zane was a bulldog. He had a good working relationship with the acting director, Bob Tiller, of the Idaho Falls DOE office. He was a bulldog also and was looking for a success story, being he was the acting Director. They both wore cowboy boots and were a bit of a cowboy. I was told to put a presentation together and we would go to DOE Headquarters in Washington DC. I had done that in 1975 to support EG&G trying to sole source a CDC 7600. We got nowhere and were not treated well. I dreaded the upcoming meeting. I put together a presentation and ran through a couple of dry runs to fine tune it. Then Bob Cox, Jim Zane, myself, and Bob Tiller flew to Washington DC.

I wondered at the time why Tom Rhodes, who was our oversight manager at the DOE, Idaho Operations Office was not with us. Anything computer related went through him. I later found out he was not included because he was against it. It was not in the five year plan.

DOE Headquarters was in Gaithersburg, Maryland and we booked a hotel nearby. The next morning we walked into the conference room and there was a room full of people. It was far beyond my expectation. I saw the DOE

Headquarters computer planning and budget people. I knew them and they had a serious look. I was nervous when it came time for me to give the presentation. I launched into what this would do for computing at the INEL and supporting the DOE mission, especially LOFT. I had a good flow going and was enjoying it. After about 15 minutes Jim Zane signaled me to stop. He announced, “Well folks that concludes what we have to say”. A few questions were asked and the meeting was over. On the way out Jim said, “You had it sold, so it was time to shut up and sit down”. I didn’t know it was sold.

(I believe now that it had already been approved and we were just jumping through hoops for show. Note: Bob Tiller was the acting manager for DOE Idaho and also the DOE Idaho manager for the LOFT Program, which was the most important program at the INEL. He had a vested interest. It probably helped that I was hired into the LOFT Program when I came back from Switzerland. Also, Jim Zane and Dick French had a close relationship with Tiller as they had been engineers supporting LOFT.)

We returned to the hotel and Bob Tiller had a bottle of booze in his room. He said we will have a drink and celebrate. Bob and Jim Zane considered our upgrade proposal a done deal. We went to dinner that evening and more drinks into the night. I was hearing things discussed about INEL politics and people that I should not be hearing. I eventually bowed out and they kept going.

We returned to Idaho Falls and I was tasked to write the justification for a sole source procurement. Then work with purchasing to issue a purchase order to Control Data. Chris was clued in that if the upgrade could not be installed in the field for \$300,000 we wanted an exchange of our Cyber 76 for a new Cyber 176. It took time, but Control Data agreed to the exchange. We would be one of the first Cyber 176 installations. We would also be the first with a new version of the operating system that would run on a dual system with full interactive capability for the users. It had been tested in the Control Data manufacturing facility but never utilized in full production at a customer site. The operating system that was utilized on the existing Cyber 73 had the same look and feel as the new system but there was massive new capability to operate as a dual system with the new Cyber 176.

The operating system that the users had been using on our outdated Cyber 76 would be replaced with the new interactive operating system on the new Cyber 176. It would have a totally different look and feel for the user. It had never been tested in a user production environment. We had a very meager and inexperienced systems programming staff. It was a scary situation, and I owned it.

My Promotion

My manager, Bob Cox, was not happy living in Idaho Falls. He gave notice and moved back to Denver. That left systems programming and advanced planning with no manager. I was asked to take the job but had no desire to become a manager. Jim Zane and Dick French kept up the pressure until I finally accepted.

I had a staff of 8 people consisting of two systems programmers for the IBM business computer, and two systems programmers for the Control Data scientific computers maintaining two different operating systems. I also had four hardware maintenance people for small computers around the site. I called a staff meeting to

discuss goals and expectations. Morale was low after the purge of the computer center management and hardnosed new management in place.

My people were accustomed to working in a country club atmosphere and were not happy. They proceeded to tell me how to do business. They would take the system from 6-9 am the mornings they needed test time for fixes. I laid down the new rules. Test time would be no later than 4 am without impacting the user community. In addition, changes would not be made to the operating system without extensive testing, review, and authorization by me. System stability had been a major issue, and we needed to fix it. The two systems programmers for the Control Data system were greatly upset about the new rules and let me know it. They threatened to go elsewhere. I did nothing to discourage them. I took the threat seriously and began looking for replacements. A tried and true systems programmer on the IBM system, Don Jones, had been coming over to observe what was going on with the Control Data computers. I asked him to switch over and he accepted. A young engineer, Gerald Litteer, wanted to be a systems programmer and asked for a job. His management informed me he was hard to control and advised against it. However, he was bright and eager, so I went ahead with the transfer. Both turned out to be excellent.

Bill Gray was still based in Idaho Falls with Control Data, and they were going to transfer him elsewhere. I seized the opportunity to contract for his services on a part time basis to keep him in Idaho Falls. I needed him to work with Don Jones and Gerald Litteer and get them up to speed. Jones and Litteer learned the system quickly. They became as good as you could find anywhere. My two unhappy people found other jobs. I was glad to see them go. My little group became close, loyal, and dedicated.

It was late spring 1979 and the new computer would be installed over the Labor Day holiday. We would shut down the computers Friday afternoon and would have to be up and running Tuesday morning.

A Control Data employee, Bob Scott, became aware of what was going on in Idaho Falls. He had worked at the INEL after college for a few years. He wanted more excitement, so joined Control Data where his job was to plan facility upgrades and install Control Data computers in Europe. He had done that for about 10 years and would like to come back. He was a hippy type, but would be a valuable addition. He was hired and arrived in Idaho Falls with a new wife, Denise, from Switzerland. He was driving an old Dodge van with a crescent moon window in the back.

There was not enough space, electrical capacity, or cooling capacity to install the new Cyber 176 next to the old Cyber 76 and then switch over at our leisure. The Cyber 76 would have to be moved out and the Cyber 176 installed. These were big mainframes. Each had a footprint of about 20x20 feet with different size and shaped modules.

The raised floor cutouts for electrical cables, signal cables, and air conditioning would have to be changed before the Cyber 176 could be put in place. To top it all off it had to be done in three days. A normal installation was around 2 weeks. We had to do it over a long weekend.

Control Data had an excellent facility engineering department. Bob Scott worked with them preplanning and orchestrating an installation plan. Control Data would also bring a highly experienced installation team. We had about sixty days to get ready. I felt we were up to the task. Jim Zane demanded a flawless cutover and I agreed to it. Jim said heads would roll (mine) if it didn't work.

I needed to beef up our systems programming staff with an expert in Control Data computers, communications, and interactive computing. I talked to an old acquaintance in Livermore who was now working at Princeton to see if he was interested. He wasn't but recommended Gary McConnell who was at Lehigh University in Pennsylvania.

I called Gary and he was hesitant to leave Lehigh. However, he loved to ski and owned a condo in Jackson Hole, so he would come for an interview. Gary arrived and we were in my office when I got word that the system had crashed, and critical files were lost. This was serious. My two new systems people needed guidance. I left Gary in the care of my secretary. It was chaos all day until we got files restored and the system running again. When I got back to Gary he was less than impressed with his interview and our operation. He would think about it for a while. Weeks went by before he called and said he was ready to move to Idaho Falls. He could not be here in time for the arrival of the new computer. At least he had accepted the offer.

Installing the New Computer

I had been counting on having Bill Gray on contract to help Jones and Litteer with getting the new system up and running. About a week before installation Bill had family matters to attend to in Minnesota and would not be available. So, it was up to my rookie crew and me.

The refrigerated electronics moving van rolled in Friday morning before the Labor Day weekend. We shut down the system in the afternoon and work began around the clock. Doors were too small and moving space limited. Our facilities people had previously cut a huge opening in the cinder block building and constructed a temporary loading dock. It made it easy to move the old computer out and the new one in.

Then it was miles of underfloor wiring and cables to hook up equipment before the engineers could begin system checkout. The Control Data team was excellent. By late Monday morning the system was checked out and turned over to me. It would require several hours to build the operating system to match our configuration and requirements. My job was to keep things organized and hang the proper magnetic tape on a tape drive in the order they were required. By late Monday evening we had the operating system generated. It was time for the smoke test. There was no smoke, no flashing lights, and no running computer. We went back and checked everything to no avail. Around 3am I decided to go home for some sleep and come in and face the music. I sent Gerald Litteer home also as we might have a long day ahead. Don Jones said he would sleep for a while on the floor as he lived halfway to Blackfoot. I went back to the computer center around 7am dreading to face the music and the consequences. I walked into the computer room and Don Jones was sitting in front of the console, and lights were flashing. The system was live and there were users doing things. I was dumfounded.

Don said he slept for an hour then decided to recheck the engineering deadstart (bootup) panel. It consisted of several columns and rows of switches. The engineers would set them for their tests and when they were done they would reset them for loading the operating system from magnetic tape. The switches toggled up and down. It was how the system got basic information for starting up. There were around 100 switches and he found one in the wrong position. Don flipped the switch, and the system booted up and was live. Wow, what a relief. We had checked the switches, but somehow in our hurry, and being tired, missed it.

It was a happy bunch of people around the computer center that day. We had pulled off what most thought was impossible. I still had a job.

The new computer transformed computing in a major way and greatly increased user productivity and satisfaction.

(Background information--The old system was a batch processing system. The user submitted their work at the front desk where it was read into the Cyber 73 front end computer. It would go into a queue and then be transmitted to the Cyber 76. When the Cyber 76 finished the job the output was sent back to the Cyber 73 where it was printed. The user then went through the computer listing and did whatever they had do. With the new system the user sat at their desktop terminal where they could prepare and submit their job to either the Cyber 73 for small non compute intensive work or to the new Cyber 176 for number crunching. The output then went directly back to the user at their terminal. It was a great improvement.

This was before wireless communication and wifi. The terminals had to be connected by coax cable to the communications controller in the computer room. This in itself was a huge task and one of the reasons I hired Gary McConnell was to orchestrate it.)

Moving On and Up

EG&G went through a major reorganization in early 1980. Jim Zane was recognized for excellent work straightening out the computer center. He was promoted to be one of four Associate General Managers reporting to the General Manager. He would be over all INEL site services. Dick French would report to Jim Zane as the Division manager over the computer center and software development for all specialized small computers supporting research programs. This included the new hot item which was personal computers (PC's). His approval was required to get a PC. They were generally only approved for secretaries for word processing.

(Note Jim Zane would eventually be promoted to General Manager of EG&G, Idaho.*

I eventually replaced Dick French as Branch Manager of the computer center. I now had about 80 people reporting to me. I moved into the corner office where my old friend, Orlando Lopez, sat when he was fired. I was now in the hot seat and did not really want it.

Our Life Back in Idaho Falls 1978-1980

It was good to be back in Idaho Falls and our home on 245 Ronglyn Avenue that we liked so well. We joined the Idaho Falls Ski Club and bought season passes at Kelly Canyon just out of Idaho Falls. We made sure we got our money's worth night skiing and weekends.

The ski club organized out of town ski trips, had great parties, and sponsored the annual ski swap. The Suburban was the perfect vehicle for loading up and going skiing and then camping in the summer.

Brian graduated from Idaho Falls High School in May, 1979. He had a part time job in a men's clothing store and bought a used Chevelle Malibu two door hardtop. He would be going to Boise State in the fall.

With two going to college LaRue went to work for Idaho First National Bank on First Street as a teller.

We needed a 2nd car, so I found a used 1978 Dodge Colt (made by Mitsubishi) at Hertz. It saw us and Julie through high school, BYU, her getting married, and later move to Logan. It was the best little car we ever owned.

We planned to do a lot of tent camping and still had the large plywood box that I built in Las Vegas in 1965. It fit on the roof rack of our station wagons, held a lot of camping gear, and was weather proof. We didn't need it anymore with the large capacity of the Suburban. I tore it apart and used the plywood to make two camp kitchen boxes to hold our kitchen supplies and groceries. Each was about 24 inches wide by 30 inches tall and about 20 inches deep. The front closure was hinged at the bottom and when unlatched at the top lowered down for a formica surface to prepare food on. Sitting on a picnic table or on the lowered tailgate of the Suburban they made a nice organized camp kitchen. We used them until we got a travel trailer.

Our first trip with the camp kitchen boxes was Memorial Day weekend in 1979. We met Mom and Dad with their camper and Roy and Lois with their small motorhome up Morse Creek Canyon east of May, Idaho. Garry and Bonnie and girls came the next day pulling their Security trailer. Our camp was a small campground up the canyon where my friend Richard and I once camped. Richard and I had also camped further up the canyon and a mountain lion approached us and we saw bear tracks. It was there we lost the car keys and had to walk to May.

The fourth of July weekend we decided to go to the upper Pahsimeroi. It is where I camped with my folks when I was a kid.

LaRue's brother Val was the Challis National Forest ranger based in Challis. We would be in his territory, so I checked with him about the roads, trails, and the lakes. I also told him we would be at the head of the Pahsimeroi the 4th of July weekend.

Ron Raymond, who worked in the computer center, and his girlfriend were invited as well as Bob Scott and Denise. After work we caravanned by way of Mackay, over Double Springs Pass, and over Horse Heaven Hills to Mahogany Creek where the going got tough.

It took about 2 hours to bump and grind the last 8 miles. We got there about midnight and to my relief had the area to ourselves. It was the end of the road with no facilities. The water source was the creek which was also good fishing. It was a beautiful place to camp. There were two high mountain lakes that we planned to hike to and fish. The first hike was to Marion Lake which was up the right fork of the creek towards the base of Mt. Borah. It was only a little over 2 miles, but steep and tough the last half mile. It was a beautiful lake with lots of fish, but they were not biting on anything we offered.

We had not planned fish for dinner and brought all we needed for a great dinner around the campfire.

The next day we took the trail up the fork that went south until we would turn west and on up to Pass Lake. The lake was between Leatherman Peak and Mt. Borah. This hike was a long gradual hike of over 5 miles with a tough mile at the end.

I remember sitting on a high rock looking down. Large fish were swimming by. They wouldn't even look at my hook. I went back to where the others were fishing and there was a local rancher that arrived on horseback to fish. I remarked that the fish ignore everything. He took a big breath and drawled, "b'out the only thing that works up here is a Dupont spinner". It took me a minute to realize he was talking about dynamite.

We headed down the trail to return to camp on the trail descending East. Looking down I saw two people coming up the trail from the South before it made the bend towards us. I decided we should bushwhack across the bend. It would shorten our hike and we would bypass the people coming up. So, we cut across and picked up the trail.

I was surprised to see two people running down the trail towards us. It was LaRue's brother Val and sister-in-law Loi. They had seen what we were doing and turned around. We suspected something had to be wrong. Val told LaRue their father had died of a heart attack that morning. They knew we were up here and had followed our tracks.

We returned to camp and they sat and visited for a while before returning to Challis.

We decided to spend the night and pack up early to return to Idaho Falls and then to Providence, Utah for the funeral. Before we departed we vowed to return next year.

When we got to Utah for the funeral Val and Loi had quite a story. When they left our campsite to return to Challis they had a mishap. Val was driving fast and hit a big rock and broke a tie rod. They were a long ways from nowhere and nobody came along. They decided to walk to a remote ranch in the distance and get help. Nobody was home. They waited for someone to show, and they never came. Val looked in a car in front of the ranch house and the keys were in it. They decided to leave a note and borrow the car.

Down the road they met the rancher who thought they were stealing his car. It was a difficult situation until Val explained things. Finally the rancher recognized him as the forest ranger in Challis. They continued home in the borrowed car and retrieved their car the next day.

Val hinted that we should pay for the repairs. Hey, it wasn't our problem that you were driving too fast and wrecked.

1980

The new employee, Gary McConnell, was anxious to get out in the wilds, experience the country we were talking about, and fish. He was single and had taken up with Loretta who worked in the computer center and was divorced. She had a teenage daughter and teenage son. We invited them for this year's 4th of July trek to the upper Pahsimeroi along with the Scotts, Ron Raymond, and his girlfriend.

I was worried about Gary's car that was a small under powered 4 cylinder Fiat station wagon. He thought it could handle the bad roads as it had good road clearance. A problem was how to haul the camping gear for four people. He built a platform that hung on the back bumper. He had bungee cords and straps all over to attach the platform and secure the gear. The ugly pea green Fiat with all that stuff on the back platform was a sight to behold.

We got away from work early as it was raining. I was afraid the road would not be passable. We also wanted to get there and secure the camping area at the end of the road. The trip went well until we got to Mahogany Creek and the start of the really bad road. The first bad spot was a long incline that was wet and muddy. The Fiat couldn't make it. The heavy load on the back made the front steering light and barely steerable on the muddy incline. It also lost traction being front wheel drive.

We were in the lead and backed up. I planned on hooking on with the Suburban, but Gary said he would turn around and back up the hill. It worked and we continued on.

It was now dark and still raining. I was in the lead and we were communicating by CB radio to warn those behind of detours, bad rocks, holes, and such. We turned a corner and entered a narrow ravine just wide enough for one vehicle. There was a dead cow in the middle of the ravine. There was no way to get around it. The others had not turned up the ravine yet, so I got on the CB and told them to stop in case I had to back out. I got out to survey the problem. It was a big cow that was stiff and laying on its side. I figured I could grab a front leg and a hind leg and roll it over to get enough clearance to drive by. I gave it a try and slipped in the mud and manure and landed on the cow. Julie was on the CB describing the scene to those behind us with, "Dad slipped on some stuff and landed on the cow". I got off the cow and tried it again avoiding the slippery stuff. I got the cow pinned to the side of the ravine, but it rolled back into the road. I got some rocks ready and when I got it pinned again I kicked rocks in to hold it. It worked and we had just enough room to get by and continue our rough journey. The guys following us got a good laugh about me landing on the cow. It was around midnight

when we reached our destination at the end of the road. We were happy to see nobody there. We got a fire going and set up our tents and enjoyed a beer in the rain. We agreed that nobody in their right mind would have come up here on that road with the rain coming down.

We did the hikes to the two lakes and had a great camping trip. We planned to return in 1981. Meanwhile it was back to the grind.

High Stress Job Decisions

Being a manager reporting to Dick French and Jim Zane was high stress. It was always, “You are overstaffed”. Then it would be, “Hire more minorities”, or “You need more females in supervisor positions”. It was a meat grinder. Then came the order to reduce staff by 10%. Terminating 8 people was the toughest thing I ever had to do.

I started the process around 3pm on a Friday. I would send my secretary to get the person and bring them down the hall to my office. From there they were escorted out the front door by Human Resources for termination.

Bill Kirschner was a computer operator and one of my favorites. He soon noticed that when people were summoned to my office they never returned. My secretary said Bill would get visibly nervous when she came through the door to the computer room, and he would try to stay out of sight.

When the grim task was over I told her, “Let’s have some fun with Bill”, and had her go get him. He was white as a ghost when he got to my office. I told him to have a seat and let him squirm. Then, “Happy hour tonight at the Sandpiper, if you want to stop”. It was cruel, but was fun with Bill as he was always quick to dish out verbal barbs. I considered it payback.

Chance Meeting with Control Data European Sales Manager

Being the manager of the computer center I went to the annual meeting of Control Data computer users in the United States. This meeting was in Minneapolis. I stayed near the airport at the Thunderbird Hotel within sight of Control Data Headquarters.

I checked in and went to the bar to relax after the flight. I walked in and saw a familiar face. It was Fred Mobbs who was over all the CDC country managers in Europe. He was Bob Hayden’s boss when I was at CERN. I figured I might as well say hello as I knew him. He was cordial and asked me to sit down.

We chatted and he asked for my side of the story of what went on with Walt Chase and Bob Hayden when I was in Switzerland. I told him what happened and that I had enough. I had no option but to resign. Bob Hayden had added later that I was not eligible for rehire. He thanked me and went on to be highly critical of Walt Chase and Bob Hayden. I could come back to Control Data anytime I wanted. It was good to hear, but I had no desire to return.

(Note Walt Chase and Bob Hayden returned to low level jobs. I ran into Walt Chase about five years later when he was attending a sales class at ETA Systems. I was the instructor.)*

Unexpected Job Opportunity

In late November 1980 I got a call from an old friend and former coworker, Carl Haberland. He was the Control Data analyst at CERN in the early 1970's. He moved to the Portland, Oregon office after I transferred to Idaho Falls. He was a good analyst and I liked him.

Carl was now working for Floating Point Systems (FPS) in Beaverton, Oregon. He was the product manager for a new computer (FPS-164) that FPS was ready to hit the market with. It was designed for scientific computing with 64-bit accuracy to compete with Control Data and Cray Research. It was also competitive in speed. The big advantage was that it was very affordable. It was in the \$300k-\$500k range versus millions for them.

I knew that FPS was highly regarded as the builder of 16-bit array processors utilized by the oil companies and in CAT scan equipment in the medical field. It was the size of a VHS player and cost in the range of \$15,000-\$20,000. FPS owned the market and was looking to get into bigger things.

Carl said they needed someone that knew how to talk to people in government labs and elsewhere. He thought I was the person they were looking for. He wanted me to come to Beaverton to talk about it. I told him I was just two years in a new job and not interested. Carl was relentless and I finally agreed. It was more out of curiosity about the new computer than anything. I flew over and Carl picked me up at the Portland airport. FPS was in a new facility on Murray Blvd between the east-west freeway and the main street of Beaverton. It was located on a large wooded area with nothing around it but trees. On the other side of Murray Blvd was a small building that was Nike World Headquarters. We pulled into FPS and I saw an older guy with long hair sitting on the tailgate of a pickup. It was going around while he took pictures of the building and grounds. Carl waved and said that's Norm Winningstadt, the founder, President, and CEO.

Carl went on to tell me Norm had worked at Tektronix in Portland as a design engineer. He got the idea of the array processor, so he left Tektronix and designed and built it in his garage. It was highly successful and he moved into larger facilities. Then he built this new FPS World Headquarters. The company was his family, and he treated everyone as family. With success came a helicopter that he flew, and a couple of Ferrari's he drove and raced.

Carl showed me around and introduced me to Norm and several key people. He then asked me to speak to the sales and marketing staff about how I saw the potential of the FPS-164 in the high speed computer market. I envisioned the potential as huge as labs were buying engineering workstations as low cost alternatives to super computers.

Workstations were not designed for high accuracy high speed number crunching. The FPS-164 attached to one of these workstations gave them the capability of the fastest Control Data or Cray Research computer for a tenth of the cost. I found myself getting enthused about the FPS-164.

Carl had a job offer to me in a few days. The product and company was exciting. I missed the sales and marketing world, and my current job was a daily grind with very high stress.

This was an opportunity to get in on the ground floor of something that could be huge. Beaverton was a nice small town and appealing. Another plus was that Max and Loa had a cabin about 30 miles towards the coast and Tillamook,

I decided to accept the offer, gave notice, and recommended Bob Scott as my replacement. Dick French understood the lure of FPS and the new computer and wished me well. If it didn't work I could come back anytime I wanted. He would have a job for me.

End Chapter 15b

24.Chapter 16b Beaverton, Oregon 1981

New Job

I terminated employment with EG&G Idaho the first week of December 1980. My new job was with Floating Point Systems (FPS) in Beaverton, Oregon. I would be in marketing on the four-person team preparing for the introduction of the new FPS-164 computer.

The FPS-164 was designed for scientific computing with 64-bit accuracy to compete with Control Data and Cray Research. It was also competitive in speed. The big advantage it had was that it was very affordable, in the \$300k-\$500k range versus millions for the competition. FPS was a highly successful relatively new company that made 16-bit array processors for oil companies and CAT scan medical devices. Their entry into the high-speed scientific number crunching world was unknown territory for the company. That is why I was hired.

We decided to delay our move to Beaverton until after Christmas. LaRue and Julie would stay in Idaho Falls and I would go over and start work. Brian and Kathleen were in college at Boise State, so that was not a problem. Their only change would be to go the opposite direction when they came home to visit. I loaded up the Dodge Colt with my skis on top and headed to Beaverton. I checked in at the Satellite Motel about a half mile from FPS. FPS would pay for 30 days. I would go back to Idaho Falls for the Christmas break and we would start the move process.

I would be working for an old Control Data friend, Carl Haberland. He had recently hired Phil Vaughn from Tektronix for his IBM expertise and David Long from Phoenix, Arizona where he did design work for a company that built array processors. Carl and I were both ex Control Data employees with extensive experience in scientific computing.

The FPS-164 was in the prototype phase. Manufacturing capability was ramping up. The first shipment of a production model was expected to be Chevron Oil in Houston, Texas around mid-1981.

My first purchase after I arrived in Beaverton was to buy a raincoat. My coworkers made fun of me. According to them a raincoat was not needed for "Oregon dry rain".

I dug in and learned all I could the first two weeks. Christmas was approaching and FPS policy was to shut down for a week over the Christmas holiday. FPS also sponsored a Christmas party, the last day of work before the shutdown. It was held at the Greenwood Inn between Beaverton and Tigard. The party started around 3pm and it was food, drinks, and live music all courtesy of FPS. I went to the party for a couple of hours and hit the road for Idaho Falls. I was impressed how well FPS treated their employees.

There were a couple of workdays before the New Year's holiday. I had agreement that I could stay in Idaho Falls and work at home. We decided I would return to Beaverton and work for a couple more weeks. LaRue would fly over and we would look for a house. I went back to the Satellite Motel and checked in again.

A Strange Encounter

I went skiing on a Saturday at Mt Hood Meadows which is on the east slope of Mt. Hood. It wasn't much fun skiing by myself, but I ran into some people that I knew at FPS. That made it better and I had a good day skiing.

I returned to the motel that evening and decided to go to a tavern on the highway towards Aloha that a great bratwurst sandwich. It was dark and raining and not much traffic. A small car kept approaching my back bumper then would fall back and run up on me again. I couldn't see the car with the rain and spray flying up. It did this several times then pulled beside me looking me over. I could make out one guy in it looking at me. He then accelerated and took off. I noticed it was a yellow VW with stickers in the rear window. The encounter stuck in my mind.

A few years ago I was clicking through TV channels and saw something about the I-5 Killer. He was operating around the Portland area at the same time as my strange encounter. It got my attention and started watching. The killer preyed on young women, and several were killed or missing in the area of Interstate 5. He was a serial killer and named the I-5 Killer. He was linked to 18 murders and there may have been a total of 44. One of the last was February 15, 1981 in Beaverton. When they caught him, he was driving a 1974 champagne gold beetle. I am positive he was the one I had the encounter with the night in January 1981.

Relocating to Beaverton

After a couple of weeks LaRue flew over. We would look at houses and hopefully find something we liked. An intriguing one was a narrow 6 story house on the side of a ravine off Canyon Road that went over the hill to Portland. Each floor was one room or so. We only looked and imagined what it would be like. We found a newly finished house that the builder wanted to rent, and struck a deal. The address was 7085 SW 125th Place, Beaverton. It was 2,476 sq ft, cedar sided, 2 story, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, large living room, dining room, large kitchen with an eating area, a family room, a bathroom, and laundry room on a 2 level main floor. The 4 bedrooms and 2 baths were upstairs. We were fortunate to find such a nice new house and reasonable rent. It was super bowl Sunday and we watched Oakland beat Philadelphia to my satisfaction. After the game we went out for Chinese food. LaRue flew home Monday morning and we started the process of moving. We decided we would play it safe in case the new job didn't work out and rent our Idaho Falls house.

FPS would make the moving company arrangements and pay all expenses. I asked them to use Allied moving in Idaho Falls and they did. This was the father and son team that packed us for Switzerland and unpacked us when we returned. They knew what they were doing. A realtor found a renter for the house. FPS allowed me a week to fly home while the movers were there and get things wrapped up. I left the car in the FPS parking lot and Phil took me to the Portland airport. Once things were loaded in the moving van we had to get going in

order to be at the house in Beaverton when they arrived. We almost lost the cat, Radar, when we stopped at a roadside rest before getting to Baker City, Oregon. Radar disappeared into a thick stand of low juniper bush and wouldn't come out. After three hours we were about to leave when he casually strolled out. We got to Beaverton and checked into the Satellite Motel for the night.

Our furniture arrived the next morning. Smooth move and everything came through in good shape.

Mt. Saint Helens

The volcano eruption of Mount St. Helens in March was of concern. It was history, although it was still smoking. My folks were in their pickup and camper in the Idaho panhandle when it erupted. It went dark, heavy ash was falling, and they had to pull off the road and stop. They couldn't get anything on the radio and they thought the world was coming to an end. The next day they went to a farm house and found out what happened.

Life in the Beaverton Area

One day I was looking in the attic of our house and saw a coating of stuff on the rafters. It was ash from the Mount St. Helen's eruption. Evidently the roof was not on the house when the volcano erupted.

After we were in Beaverton a while a friend of Phil Vaughn took the two of us on a flight to see the volcano. We flew over miles of flattened trees and ash and mud slides as we flew up the western slope. He intended to fly into the low end of the crater and circle inside. However, there were two helicopters inside the crater, so we flew by looking in. There was a lot of smoke and steam coming up and the smell was terrible.

We liked Beaverton and there was a lot to do. The main attraction was the coast that was about 60 miles from Beaverton. Max and Loa's cabin was a little over halfway on Highway 6 to Tillamook. The cabin was located on the Reeher (Max's family) homestead of 320 acres. There were about 30 cabins owned by family members. A locked gate off the highway at Lees Camp kept people out. It was paradise that we could use any time we wanted. It was a tiny former logging camp cook shack. There was a big wood cook stove for heat and cooking as well as a small electric stove. There was no TV or phone. The North Fork of the Wilson River ran by and had some deep holes to cool off in on a hot summer day. In later years Max and Loa put a double wide manufactured home on another lot and son David inherited the little cabin.

On weekends there was always some kind of festival going on in the area. It was bluegrass music at a winery, an octoberfest, or something in Portland.

It was always fun to get a huge hamburger at the Helvetia Tavern in Helvetia, that was about 10 miles from Beaverton. ABC's Wild World of Sports filmed a hamburger eating contest a few times. My coworker, Phil, was a contestant in the first one. He said once was enough.

Brian, Kathleen, and her friend, Denise, came for Easter and we took them to Astoria, Fort Clatsop, and down the coast. Then we stayed at the cabin. They drove over from Boise, in Kathleen's Corolla and the windshield wipers quit working. Windshield wipers that don't work in Oregon is not good. We gave them the Colt to go back to Boise and got the Corolla wipers fixed. We delivered it to Boise the next weekend and retrieved the Colt.

There was skiing at Mt Hood and Mt Hood Meadows about 80 miles west. You could ski year around. Brian and Kathleen came for the 1981 Memorial Day holiday. We loaded up our camping gear and skis and headed for a lake campground at the base of Mt Hood near Government Camp. We drove into the campground with skis on top of the Suburban and people gave us funny looks. They were canoeing and fishing. We went skiing.

Brian was in need of a car as something had taken out his Chevelle. While in Beaverton he found a used Mercury Capri and we made the purchase. It sideswiped a tree in Boise not too much later.

Near the end of the school year Julie's class was going on a field trip to Oregon State Parks. They would be camping and needed tents. I color coded the ends of the aluminum outside frame of our tent. We conducted drills for Julie sitting it up. The trip went well but they had six inches of snow one morning. LaRue was in Utah during Julie's field trip, so I handled the logistics. LaRur's mother was having cataract surgery which in those days was a major deal. She had to be in bed with eyes bandaged shut for a week. So, LaRue tended to her mother and Julie and I made out fine.

The Idaho Falls bunch was going to the head of the Pahsimeroi again for the 4th of July holiday. We couldn't miss out and I had a few vacation days. We loaded up and headed for Idaho. We arrived early in the afternoon and secured our usual spot at the end of the road. The others arrived later and we had a fun reunion and campout. This was the last time we saw Bob Scott's wife, Denise. They split and she returned to Switzerland.

FPS sponsored the company picnic that summer at a private place on several acres near Battle Ground, Washington and Mount St Helens. It was an all day affair with food, drinks, sports, and music provided at no cost to us. Our CEO, Norm Winningstad, arrived flying his helicopter, circled a few times, and landed to an ovation. It was a beautiful day and a great picnic. FPS treated its employees very well.

We decided for Labor Day weekend we would go camping near the lakes south of Mt Hood. Julie invited a friend and we loaded up the camping gear and took off. The forecast was for rain. In Oregon if you wait for no rain you don't go. We got our camp set up and it rained for two days. We had tarps and we weathered it. There was plenty of wet firewood. If you got the fire hot enough it would burn. Monday it was time to pack up and it was beautiful sunshine.

With Julie back in school in the fall and two going to Boise State LaRue went to work at U.S. Bank in Beaverton as a teller.

We had an interesting Thanksgiving. Kathleen's friend in Switzerland, Jane, was with Ballet West and they were performing in Portland. She came and had Thanksgiving with us. Brian, Kathleen, and Julie attended the ballet.

I saw an ad in the Portland paper about a boat shop on Sauvie Island that also had great deals on diamond jewelry. LaRue's wedding rings were stolen while we were traveling in Europe and I thought this might be a good time to replace them. Julie and I slipped away on a Saturday to go Christmas shopping. This guy had just what I was looking for and made the purchase. When we went to get the rings I saw a man's ring in the show case that had a unique design. I asked about it and it was special made for a guy that never picked it up. I bought myself a diamond wedding ring.

My Job

When I came on board the first shipment of the FPS-164 was targeted for the summer of 1981. It would go to Chevron in Houston who was one of the largest users of FPS array processors.

The sales force needed to be brought up to speed. We made sales calls with them and they brought prospects to Beaverton. Sales brochures needed to be developed, pricing determined, and pricing manuals produced for the people in the field. There was a weekly meeting with the hardware, software, and manufacturing people. It was a busy time.

FPS array processors came in one color, and it was the corporate color, green. It was decided that the FPS-164 should be different, such as blue. It took many meetings to pick which shade of blue. It was finally determined there would be a choice of three colors. It would be IBM blue, DEC blue (darker), and the new CDC Cyber color, harvest gold. Problem solved. It took many meetings and man hours to arrive at that decision.

IBM saw the potential of using the FPS-164 to augment their small computers. Carl gave a presentation to a huge audience of IBM sales people in California. This led to a joint agreement with IBM. We then went as a team to the IBM Seattle office and Carl gave the staff a presentation. It was a strange experience after being an adversary of IBM in two large competitive procurements. Now we were buddies. We also made a joint sales call with IBM at Union Carbide in Allentown, Pennsylvania. I gave my first presentation on that trip.

A meeting of all FPS salesmen was scheduled for Disney World in Orlando, Florida. Carl and I went to give presentations. FPS had a policy if you flew before 7am out of Portland you could book First Class. We had a stop in Denver where we were joined by Grumman executives. They were going to launch #2 of the space shuttle at Cape Kennedy. We visited with them and were invited to join them in the VIP viewing stand for the launch. We were obligated, but it was nice to be invited. The launch was scheduled for around 3am and we were told it would be highly visible from our hotel. I got up to see it, and after delays it was scrubbed for several days. It was a big disappointment, but we had time to visit and tour Cape Kennedy when our meeting was over.

The salesman in New York requested my assistance for a call on Grumman Aerospace on Long Island. He picked me up at LaGuardia and drove to Long Island and checked me into a hotel. There was a nice restaurant he wanted to take me to, and we went there for dinner. On the way out of the restaurant he pointed out that they sold this great berry jam they displayed on a shelf. I told him it was from Oregon. He had always thought it was from New York.

I also visited Ford in Detroit, Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburg, McDonnell Douglas in St. Louis, and a sales meeting in Philadelphia.

I was in St. Louis again to give an update to the FPS User Group Conference. Carl told me to entertain the Chevron people that were attending. I made dinner reservations at a steakhouse across from our hotel and met them for drinks at the hotel bar. The head Chevron guy asked me where we were having dinner and I told him it was at the steakhouse nearby. He says there is this acclaimed Italian restaurant that would be much better. I am here to entertain the customer, so went along with his wishes. I discovered later this place was considered the best Italian in St. Louis. We had to wait for a large table. A waiter made drinks as we watched and lounged in big chairs. There were four Chevron people and they ordered big. Dinner was outstanding and good wine flowed. I reached for a wine bottle once and a waiter was there in a flash. The drink and dinner tab was out of sight. I was a new employee and knew it would not go well on my expense report. I called Carl the next morning and he agreed that it was a problem. He should have warned me about the Chevron people. It will be approved this time.

Changes at FPS

It came as a total surprise when it was announced around mid-year. Norm Winingstadt was no longer the President. His replacement was a former IBM executive. Norm would be the CEO reporting to the Board of Directors. It was a shock to everyone. Morale took a hit. Then Carl Haberland, who recruited me, announced that he was moving to California as a salesman for FPS. I couldn't understand why as he was doing a good job as the Product Manager. There were manufacturing problems delaying the first shipment of the 164, but that was not any fault of his. I was promoted to Product Manager, which I really didn't want. There were too many meetings to attend, and now I am the manager of my two co-workers. They accepted it and were not a problem.

Problems With the FPS-164

The first system was supposed to ship by mid year. It kept slipping due to various problems during manufacture. I was getting beat on daily by the sales force. They were trying to sell the product. There was no success story to reference. All I could say is how great it is going to be. In late November we had the first system on the floor for final checkout. I had brought some benchmark programs with me from Idaho that we utilized to check the results the Cyber 176 was producing. It would be a good test to see if the FPS-164 would produce accurate results with real life engineering problems. This would be a far tougher test than what the engineers used for checkout. I made a run and was impressed that it ran to completion. The output looked good. I ran the program a couple more times. I knew from past experience that when components heat up from continual use things can fail. I got different results on each run. The engineers blamed the program, but I knew better. In my opinion the system could not be shipped. I went to my manager and explained the problem. He was not a technical person, and more of a bean counter. His job was to approve expense reports, manage budgets, performance reviews, etc. He sent me to the Sales and Marketing Manager over him. He was distracted and in a hurry to leave. His wife was outside waiting to take him to the airport. He had to catch a flight to connect with a Concorde flight to Europe. So much for that.

I ended up in the new President's office and went through what I had found. His comment was, "I shipped computers with worse problems when I was at IBM". He intended to ship it as is. That was enough for me. I went away hoping something would be done to fix the problem, but plans were made to ship serial #1, and that was it. I wanted no part of something that was wrong.

I waited until well into December and I had my one year obligation fulfilled. I called my old boss, Dick French, to see if anything might be available at EG&G. Sure enough I could take back my old job in operations or be staff to him. I didn't want my old job and it would not be fair to Bob Scott. I said staff to him would be fine. He would have personnel send a written offer and I should have it within a week. The offer arrived and I accepted. A couple of days before the Christmas break I gave notice. My boss asked for 30 days which would put it in the last week of January 1982, and I agreed.

Then it was the annual Christmas Party. It was at a big hotel in downtown Portland. We boarded busses around 3pm so people would not have to drive, find parking, and then drive back under the influence. Spouses came to FPS to travel on the bus also. It was a grand party in the grand ballroom of the hotel.

Winding Down in Beaverton

Brian and Kathleen came to Beaverton for Christmas. After Christmas we would all go to Idaho. Brian would drive our Dodge Colt and we would leave it in Idaho Falls. We departed Beaverton with Kathleen and Julie in the Corolla, Brian in the Colt, and LaRue and I in the Suburban. The weather turned bad with snow and freezing rain going into Lagrande, Oregon. I slowed down and Kathleen didn't. We saw her spin around and off the highway. We caught up and they were ok but shook up. Brian was behind us and stopped also. The Corolla had a dent in the driver's side rocker panel where it made contact with a highway reflector post. A passerby stopped with a tow chain and we got the Corolla back on the road. Kathleen was too shaken to continue driving. The girls got in the Suburban with LaRue driving. I drove the Corolla with Brian following behind. We got to Ladd Canyon and it was snowing hard. A semi was stopped in the right lane and an old couple in a sedan was trying to pass. They were going too slow, lost traction, and stopped. Now both lanes were blocked. We would have made it if the car in front of us hadn't spun out and stopped. Now we would have to chain up the two cars.

The Suburban was four wheel drive and had good traction. Chains went on the Colt easily, but the Corolla's was a problem. I worked for more than an hour laying in the snow. By then the truck and the car that caused the problem were gone and Brian also. I finally got the chains on and we got going only to lose one chain going into Baker City, Oregon. I took the other chain off and we had the worst roads to Boise that I have ever been on. We never saw Brian again. We got to Boise about 4am and he was there. That was a scary trip.

LaRue and I went on to Idaho Falls the next day in the Suburban and the Colt. We visited friends and arranged to leave the Colt at the Lotts. We met with our realtor and had him notify the renters of our house to be out by February 1.

On New Year's eve we drove to Boise in a blizzard and stayed at Kathleen's. We returned to Beaverton in freezing rain along the Columbia River. It was a round trip to remember.

The 1982 sales kickoff meeting was the first part of January. It was at a remote resort on an Indian reservation between Portland and Bend, Oregon. The last half day of the meeting was for educating and updating the sales force on the 164. I drove over that morning with my staff of Phil and David. I gave the standard hype presentation and asked for questions. The sales people had been sequestered all week at a remote resort in the middle of nowhere. They were not in a good mood. They demanded to know why the first system had not been shipped. They wanted answers and it was getting annoying. I held nothing back. I had nothing to lose and would be gone in a couple of weeks anyway. I said, "It doesn't work and I don't know when it will". The room went silent and there were frowns on the managers faces. The meeting was over. Later Phil and David said my response was appropriate and loved it.

On the way back to Beaverton we stopped and had a nice dinner and drinks on FPS. I submitted the receipt on my expense report and never heard a word about it

Preparing for our move I called Allied Moving in Idaho Falls to get a recommendation for a moving company in the Portland area. The owner said, "No need to talk to anyone. I will send my two boys with our moving van and take care of everything". They arrived on schedule and three days later we were packed and loaded.

The sales and marketing department had a going away luncheon on my last day at work on Friday, January 29. LaRue needed the Suburban for last minute running around and would meet us at the restaurant. I would catch a ride. I was busy checking out with human resources and everyone was gone when I got back to the office. I had to call the restaurant to get someone to come and get me. We had lunch and said our goodbyes and loaded up the Suburban. We had a lot of stuff. We were going to do some skiing along the way and begin work on Monday, February 8. The moving van was on its way and would be in Idaho Falls the next day. They would leave our stuff on the van until we were ready to move in.

We decided to spend the night at Max and Loa's cabin. It was raining and turning to snow when we got to the cabin. It didn't take long for a fire in that big old cook stove to heat the place up. In the morning there was six inches of heavy wet snow. It was no problem with the Suburban. We departed for our first stop to ski Mt. Batchelor near Bend, Oregon.

We spent two nights in Bend and drove across Oregon to Boise. We stayed a couple of nights at Kathleen's apartment to ski Bogus Basin. Next was Sun Valley for a couple of nights to ski. We then headed to Salmon to visit the folks. It was cold and the roads were bad. We rounded the big bend at Ellis and a car was coming at us on our side of the road. I had to take the borrow bit to miss him. Traveling that winter was not fun.

It was a relief to get to Idaho Falls and check into the Driftwood Inn where we stayed when we got back from Switzerland. I signed in with EG&G Monday morning and we worked on the house that week to clean and get ready to move in. The morning of Friday, February 14 Julie woke us up early for a surprise. She had canned

shrimp, Oreo cookies, and Coke set up for us. That is what we bought in Leadore the day we eloped to get married in Pocatello. What a surprise that was.

The Allied Moving father and son team moved us in the next day. They remembered where most things went, so it was easy. Everything came through in fine shape. They said they hoped to see us again.

David Long left FPS three months after me and Phil departed about a year later.

(Note FPS had a great concept and market niche with the FPS-164. However, the use of the TTL chip was a problem and it was not a success. They switched to a new design using ECL chips and called it the FPS-264. In 1986 they switched completely to massive parallel computing and named it the T series. It was a massive flop that cost the company 10's of millions of dollars. This led to filing bankruptcy and the sell off of assets.)*

End of chapter

**25. Chapter 17b
Idaho Falls 1982-1984**

My New Job

Beaverton, Oregon and my job at Floating Point Systems is history. I returned to EG&G, Idaho mid February, 1982.

I reported as staff to my old boss, Dick French. He was the Division Manager of the computer center and software development for all small computers scattered around the site.

I was not back for long and he asked me to be the Branch manager over a small group. They developed software for projects on the desert. They were professionals that would be easy to manage, and I accepted. The group had been wrestled away from the Physics Department in a power play. The Physics Department held a grudge. There was a lot of politics in play, and they got even later.

I was sitting at my desk one afternoon and the General Manager of EG&G, Ron Kiehn, walked through the door. His office is across the river, and he never shows up in the TSA/TSB building where I was located. He had to walk through a maize of cubicles to get to my office. Everyone was speculating. My secretary was in the cubicle outside my door, and he went right past her. She thought I must be in trouble. I was surprised to see the General Manager and flabbergasted when he asked, "What do you advise me to do with my Floating Point Systems stock"? Whew, that was a relief. I advised him that based on what I know get rid of it. He thanked me and departed. I discovered later that Dick French, Jim Zane, and Ron Kiehn, bought FPS stock based on my reports of what a great new computer FPS was coming out with. Evidently, I had done a good job selling them when I went to work for FPS.

During this time personal computers were evolving with the DOS operating system. Mini-computers were proliferating in engineering/scientific applications. Unix was the preferred operating system which was cryptic in the style of engineers. The user interface for entering commands for DOS and UNIX was a keyboard. A few of us sat around discussing the need for an operating system that was graphics based and user friendly. We discussed developing such a system in our afterwork hours and then selling the product. However, there was a problem. Vendors supplied software free to sell computers. We concluded that nobody would pay for software, and went no further with the idea. Bill Gates came along later with Microsoft's Windows 1. The rest is history.

I was in the job about a year when there was a big reorganization. Ron Kiehn retired and Jim Zane replaced him as General Manager (GM). My boss, Dick French replaced Jim Zane as Associate General Manager (AGM) over all site services. The group of people that I managed returned to their former organizations. My new job would be staff to Dick French. When Dick was on travel, sick, or on vacation I was the Acting AGM. I would be one of the four AGM's attending the weekly Senior Staff Meeting. I was up in the world.

I was heavily involved in advance planning for computers as well as projects around the site. The INEL had a bus fleet of about 40 to transport workers to the site. Most were more than 30 years old. Dick French had me work on a replacement program for the entire fleet. I put together a proposal and presented it to DOE Idaho. Since there was no advance planning or funding for bus replacement we were told to go away. However, the seeds were planted, and it eventually happened.

Security at the National Labs and nuclear reactor sites needed upgrading to prevent terrorist acts. Security had an open checkbook. I would hear what was being done in the weekly staff meetings. The INEL was spread over 890 square miles and upgrading security was getting a lot of attention. It was funny at times. Swat teams were trained, and they would need 4x4 SUV's. A fleet of black vehicles was quickly procured. They arrived with shiny chrome bumpers and trim that would give them away at night. The solution was to paint the chrome black. Cold weather came and when the vehicle hit a bump the black paint fell off. An armored vehicle with a big gun was brought in. During a training exercise they fired the gun as they were descending into a ravine and shot through the radiator. We were in a staff meeting and the head of Security reported on the pending procurement of two helicopters. He planned to sole source two German Messchersmitts. Discussion went around the room and then it came my turn. I questioned why he was buying German helicopters. Bell made excellent helicopters.

It seems that Dick French used me as the devil's advocate in his staff meetings. The managers of various functions on the site were accustomed to telling the boss what he wanted to hear. I called them "yes" men.

I always sat on the left side of Dick in staff meetings. He would present an idea and ask for comments. He would start with the manager on his right and then go around the table. The managers would agree with him. When it came my turn I would give my opinion, which was usually not in agreement. I believe he did it on purpose to get the managers to think rather than agree with him. It seemed to work. We got two American Bell Jet Ranger helicopters instead of German Messchersmitts.

The Cyber 176 I orchestrated with Control Data was running at full capacity due to the Three Mile Island incident. We needed more capacity quickly and started looking for offsite resources. Control Data operated Cybernet computer centers that sold time to outside users. We needed to take a look at what they had to offer. One center was in Sunnyvale, California and the other was in Los Angeles. Rockwell had a facility in Seal Beach that we would evaluate also.

Dick and I flew to San Francisco through Salt Lake. Western Airlines served free champagne and we had our share. In San Francisco Dick rented a Pontiac Firebird (his choice and not on the list of approved government rental cars) and we drove down to Sunnyvale.

On the way he said he does not travel well and was not sure if he would make the entire trip. We had a good dinner and evening at a restaurant across from the Sheraton where we were staying. The next day we toured the Cybernet center. Dick was not feeling well. I assumed it was due to the night before. That afternoon he said he was going back to Idaho Falls and that I should continue the trip.

I drove Dick to the San Francisco airport. He didn't use credit cards and had cash to pay for the rental car. He insisted on giving me his cash for the rest of the trip. He would not need any as he would get on the airplane and be back in Idaho Falls by early evening. I returned to the Sheraton in the southbound commute traffic, and it took a couple of hours.

When I got back to the hotel I went to the restaurant and bar across the street for dinner and drinks. It was late when I got back to my room and my message light was flashing. The message was from Dick. His flight was cancelled, and he wanted me to come and get him at the airport. It is about a 40 minute drive in heavy traffic and I was not about to drive up there. I went to bed and the phone rang. I didn't answer.

I finished the trip and dreaded what I would face when I got back to work. I walked into the office Monday morning, he was fine, and laughed about it. He didn't have any money and spent the night in the airport. He was fortunate that he ran into an EG&G acquaintance that bought him something to eat.

Events That Effected My Future

In the late 1970's and early 1980's Control Data continued to lose ground in the supercomputer market. Their new product was the Cyber 180 line aimed at the general purpose market in competition with IBM. It was a bad mistake that cost them dearly.

Cray Research took over the supercomputer market. My friends Chris Christopherson and Bill Gray could no longer justify being based in Idaho Falls and were under pressure to move. I had been working on Bill to join EG&G, and he finally did. Chris resigned and went with Network Systems as their salesman based in Idaho Falls.

In September 1983 Control Data spun off a new company, ETA Systems, to develop a new supercomputer to compete with Cray. Startup money and key design and management people were provided by Control Data. More on that later.

Cape Canaveral Proposal

In early 1983 EG&G Corporate in Massachusetts made the decision to bid on the NASA Cape Canaveral contract. Lockheed had been the contractor for many years. NASA put the contract up for bid rather than renew as usual. The contract would begin with the new fiscal year for a period of five years. The proposal would be prepared utilizing EG&G Idaho personnel working on a moonlight basis and paid by Corporate. I was asked to work on the computer part of the bid after work and weekends. I would go to a temporary office on 17th Street and work. It was a tough request for proposal and I figured there was no chance of us winning. My job was to

look at the massive array of computer systems and present how EG&G would transform and manage it. I was told to be bold and creative.

Our proposal was delivered and there was a long evaluation period. The winner was finally announced. Our bid won.

EG&G Florida was the new site services contractor for NASA at Cape Canaveral. Several of us that worked on the proposal were invited to transfer to Florida. I turned it down. After EG&G took over it was a thrill to see the EG&G big red logo when the astronauts boarded the shuttle.

The INEL Contract Renewal

It is ironic that in 1994 the tables were turned. DOE put the INEL contract up for bid. It had been automatically renewed the last four or five contract periods of five years each. Lockheed bid on the INEL contract and won. September 1, 1994 a Lockheed transition team arrived and took over the top management positions. November 1, 1994 there was a wholesale replacement of EG&G managers with Lockheed people. It appeared to me that the new managers were Lockheed misfits and inept.

New Opportunity -1984

Just before Thanksgiving 1984 I slipped away from work to have coffee one morning with my friend Chris. He had an office in the old Rogers Hotel building downtown. We were visiting and his phone rang. I could tell that it was an old friend from our Control Data days. It was Bob Robertson who recommended me for the job in Switzerland. He was now the VP of Sales and Marketing at the new company, ETA Systems. We knew ETA Systems was recently spun off from Control Data to build the world's fastest supercomputer.

Bob was putting together a sales and marketing staff and invited Chris to come to St Paul for an interview. Chris said he was interested, and that Harry was sitting in his office. Then Bob wanted to talk to me. He invited me to come back with Chris and talk about joining ETA Systems.

Changing jobs was not something I had in mind and laughed it off. The last thing Bob said was to think about it. Chris had made up his mind to go. He started working on me.

Eventually I decided I might as well go along and find out what this new computer was all about. It would be useful information that I could use in advance planning for computing at the INEL.

Later I told Dick French that I would like to take a couple of days vacation and the reason for it. He agreed that it was worth looking into.

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Chris and I flew to Minneapolis as soon as we could arrange reservations. Bob put on the full court press when we arrived.

He was a big likeable guy. He was a good old Texas guy, and everyone called him Bobby. We called him Bob as Bobby seemed juvenile. In his college days he was the quarterback for Texas and played against Don Meredith, the quarterback at SMU.

When Bob talked you paid attention. He was looking for former Control Data salesmen that he knew. One for the east, one for the south, one for the midwest, and one for the west, which would be Chris. The salesmen would get a low base salary and work on commission. They could take a monthly draw against future commissions until sales got going, which was expected to be one to two years.

Bob offered me a sales support job. It would be the same as I performed successfully at Richland and Idaho Falls. He said he had something else in mind for me after things got going. It was a lot to think about.

The new people would reside where they live rather than relocate. We could find an office to rent in Idaho Falls. Chris was sold.

We toured the new facility and met the lead design engineer, Tony Vacca, and the lead software/hardware system architect, Neil Lincoln. After all this I was sold. It was worth a shot. We would be in on the ground floor.

End chapter 17b

26. Chapter 18b

ETA Systems and Control Data

1984-1988

Life With ETA Systems

I was on board with ETA the 2nd week of December 1984, and Chris about a week later. We scoured Idaho Falls for suitable office space and decided on the old Rogers Hotel building. We bought desks, chairs, and office supplies to get us going. It all went on my expense report, and I was reimbursed by ETA. After we were set up we bought booze and invited friends at EG&G for an office warming and preview of ETA Systems computers. We were in full scale sales mode by Christmas.

Bob hired former Control Data salesmen for Chicago, Miami, and Houston. He also hired a non Control Data person in Washington DC. It was somebody I knew well, Ron Swartz. He was the DOE long range computer planning and budget manager when we were going through our upgrades at the INEL. It was fun to work with Ron on the same side of the fence. He knew the ins and outs of government procurement. We made a joint presentation to his old group at DOE Headquarters that was fun. Cancer claimed him a couple of years later.

There was a lot of travel with our territory being the western states. There were also frequent meetings at Headquarters in St. Paul. A sales call I enjoyed the most in early 1985 was to the huge NASA facility between New Orleans and Biloxi, Mississippi. Chris and I flew to New Orleans and met up with a Control Data analyst. He would introduce us to the NASA people. He recommended we eat at Paul Prudhomme's famous restaurant, K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen in New Orleans. I had seen it featured on TV several times. It was a great experience.

We spent the next day at NASA, and that evening went to Biloxi to look around and have dinner. It was fun for me as I spent 6 months in 1955 going to radio school at Keesler AFB in Biloxi..

Our most important prospect was Lawrence Livermore Lab in Livermore, California. It was a treat to call on people where I had worked in the late 1960's. In late 1985 we were attending a sales meeting in St. Paul when Bob Robertson revealed what he had in mind for me. Chris had too much territory with all the western states. Bob wanted me to become the salesman for the INEL in Idaho Falls, Hanford in Richland, Lawrence Livermore Lab. Sandia Lab in Livermore, and NASA Ames Research Center in Sunnyvale. I would work out of the Idaho Falls office the rest of 1985 and see how it worked. It was a chance to make a lot of money, and I agreed to it.

It didn't change much of what I had been doing except I would not be traveling with Chris. He would not be going to Livermore. I would be traveling to California at least every other week. I never understood why Chris accepted giving up these prime prospects, but it didn't seem to bother him.

The Foreign Friend Episode

The week before Christmas 1987 I had to be at Headquarters in St. Paul for meetings. I finished up and got on a plane in the afternoon. I was upgraded to first class. We were delayed for departure, and the flight attendant began serving drinks to the first-class passengers. We all started talking and the guy in front of me was really interesting. He was English but lives in Zermatt, Switzerland. I asked him a few questions about Zermatt to see if he was being honest. His answers added up with what I knew. The reason he was in the U.S is that he buys race horses for wealthy Saudi Arabians. He was on his way to Bay Meadows in the Bay Area. His name was Chris (*my coworkers name is Chris, also. I will refer to him as CC for Chris Christopherson, so there is no confusion in the following*). We finally took off and I could see we were not gaining altitude or making any turns. The Captain announced that the hydraulic system had failed. We would make a slow wide turn to return to the airport and make an emergency landing. "Do not be alarmed when fire trucks and ambulances chase us down the runway after we touchdown". We landed and rolled to a stop in the middle of the runway at the far end with all the equipment around us. We were towed to a gate and got off to await further word. I belonged to the Crown Room, so I invited new friend Chris to be my guest. He hit the free booze hard. Four hours later the aircraft was ready to go. When we got to Salt Lake I had missed the last flight to Idaho Falls. Chris was able to connect to a flight to Oakland and we parted.

Around 4pm a couple of days later CC and I were sitting in our office in Idaho Falls, and the phone rang. It was my new friend, Chris, and he was at the bus station in Idaho Falls. What a surprise that was. I went to the bus station and he was there with only a small satchel. I thought that was strange. We went back to the office and I introduced Chris to CC, and we went down to the bar for a drink. Chris explained that he had flown to Butte to see an old friend, but nobody was home. It was a short trip by bus, so he thought he would come to Idaho Falls.

Being polite I invited him for dinner. Brian, Kathleen, and Julie were home for Christmas as well as my folks. One more would not be a problem. Chris ate very well and never turned down a drink. In fact, he was putting them down rather fast. We had a spare hide-a-bed in the basement, and I offered it to him for the night. He quickly accepted.

In the meantime CC called and asked if he and his wife, Diane, could stop in. He was impressed with Chris and wanted Diane to meet him. They were big in the Idaho Falls opera group. They invited Chris to attend the opera Christmas party the next night. They didn't invite us. CC and Diane went home and everyone drifted off to bed. It was down to me and Chris. I was showing him where his bed was when he said he was short of money, and asked for a loan of \$500. I told him that we could talk about it in the morning. He insisted on the money now and wouldn't accept wait until morning. That was it for me and told him I was taking him to a hotel. He said he had no money for a hotel. Then we will go to the bus station. The bus station was closed. The next option is the freeway, and he can hitchhike. It was 20 below zero. I didn't care at that point. Maybe the airport terminal would be open. It was, and I dropped in off with his little satchel in hand.

The next morning everyone was asking, "Where's Chris", and I told the story. Mom thought it was pretty dumb and dangerous hauling Chris around late at night and alone. I was glad I got rid of him as I was having doubts before he even asked for money. It didn't make sense that he absolutely needed the money that night.

I decided to go to the airport and see if he caught a flight. He was still there. He asked again for money so he could buy a ticket. I was not about to give him any. Then he needed eight dollars so he would have enough for a bus ticket. He had several rolls of 35mm film and wanted me to buy the lot. I bought two rolls for ten dollars, and dropped him at the bus station.

I called CC and told him what had taken place. He worried that Chris would show up at their place to attend the opera party that evening. I never heard from Chris again. The film turned out to be expired and no good.

Climbing Mt Borah – 1st Try

I decided to climb Mt Borah. On September 12, 1985 I towed the trailer to the foot of Mt Borah and parked beside the earthquake scarf. I spent the night and returned early the next morning to work. LaRue and I returned that Friday evening. My climbing partners, Ron Raymond and Pat Rafferty arrived later and set up their camp. I was surprised that Pat had his 10 year old daughter with him. She was going to make the climb also.

We were up early Saturday morning. It was cloudy, cold, and threatening snow. I had cold weather Gortex gear. Ron and Pat only had light coats and no gloves. Pat's daughter didn't have a coat. LaRue gave her a coat and said she would walk up the primitive road to the trail head with us. On the way up LaRue talked the daughter into staying with her in the trailer.

We headed up the trail and Pat took off. Ron was not in good shape, so I paced myself with him. By the time we got to the tree line it was snowing hard. We could not see Pat on the exposed parts of trail going up the mountain. I was concerned about Ron and told him to head back to camp while I try to catch Pat. I thought we should abort the climb. The tree line was about 10,000 feet and I was to 11,000 ft when I caught up to Pat. He had stopped at chicken out ridge as he didn't see a way to continue. This is the most dangerous part of the climb.

It was snowing hard with about six inches of new snow. I convinced him that we were going down the mountain. We got down to tree line and Ron was there freezing to death. I had directed him to go down. He felt he should stay in case we needed a rescue. It was not a good scenario, but we got back to camp ok.

Pat and his daughter headed back to Idaho Falls and Ron stayed to camp with us for the night. Ron and I were rather shook as the day could have very easily ended in disaster due to Pat's recklessness. Ron, LaRue, and I went to Mackay for a steak and quite a few drinks. Ron and I made a pact to try again next year.

Climbing Mt Borah – Success #1

We scheduled the 2nd try to climb Mt Borah for August 19, 1986 on my 50th birthday. Joining me would be Ron Raymond, Pat Rafferty, and Lynn Hower from EG&G. Larry Cook, my ETA Systems coworker based in Seattle, flew over for the climb.

Larry and I hooked up the trailer early Friday August 18 and went to the Mackay Dam to set up camp. Ron and Pat would drive up in the afternoon. Lynn would fly up in his Cessna 185. He would buzz us and land at a rancher's private landing strip at Dickie where we would pick him up. The rancher had a hand painted sign on the highway pointing to "Dickie International Airport". We had camp set up and Lynn flew over about 100 feet off the deck to let us know he had arrived. We went to pick him up and he invited us to get in. We would fly up and over Mt Borah to scout it out. We jumped in and away we went. His Cessna 185 is a powerful back country plane that he uses on his 2nd job as a bush pilot in Alaska. We went straight up the mountain checking the trail and circled the top. The summit looked really small. I didn't see how we could all stand on it at the same time. Chicken Out ridge looked impossible. I thought of backing out of the climb.

(Note Lynn Hower and I had something in common. He lived in Stibnite while his dad worked there in the late 1940's. He still has a cabin at Big Creek about 30 miles from Yellow Pine. He got stranded in Big Creek a year after our climb. He had flown in and there was a large snowfall and he couldn't take off. There was nothing available to plow the landing strip, so he caught a ride to Yellow Pine. He found an old guy with a homemade steam powered snow plow. They fired up the boiler and drove it to Big Creek and plowed a strip for Lynn to take off. The summer of 2019 we saw the old snowplow parked in Yellow Pine.)*

We were up at 4am and at the trail head at 5am. I wanted to hit the trail at first light. The first hour or more of climbing to the tree line is a tough scramble and tiring. It was a short break at tree line, and we continued on fairly good trail through shale for another hour to a flat spot where we took a break. This was the spot two or three climbers were killed by lightning several years earlier. Then it was on up to chicken out ridge. Pat behaved himself on this climb. I paced myself with him, Ron, and Lynn while Larry went out ahead. We got to chicken out ridge and Larry was spread eagled on the knifelike ridge about 50 ft up. He was afraid to go any further. I climbed up to give moral support. We crawled along looking down about 1,000 ft on the left of us. We got to a safe spot and Lynn yelled he found a better route on the right side of the ridge. I watched Lynn, Pat, and Ron casually stroll up that route and join us. They said it was easy except for a ledge and a step across blue sky to the other side. The rest of chicken out ridge was a scramble. It ends with a 15 ft drop onto a snowfield that that we had to cross. If you slip on the snowfield it is a 2,000 ft slide into the rocks at the bottom of a canyon. A climber a year or so later slid to his death on it.

From there it was an easy traverse across a bowl to the final 800 ft or so vertical scramble to the top. The scramble was fine scree and straight up and was tough going. I ventured off to the right and found easier going around boulders but on solid shale. I looked straight down on the upper Pahsimeroi. That was a better route but everyone seems to fight the scree.

I was the first to the summit and welcomed the others. Lynn handed me a beer and that was the last thing I wanted. Food didn't taste good either at 12,655 ft. Ron brought a flag with my name and "Climb for 50" on it.

We took some pictures. It was a beautiful sunny day and we had a 360 degree view. We spent an hour on top and headed down.

Our climb was 5 hours up and 3 ½ hours down. We got to the bottom and Larry started showing us the rocks he collected. He had about 30 pounds of rock in his backpack.

Climbing Mt Borah – Success #2

The next Mt Borah climb was for my 53rd birthday in August 1989. This time it was me, Ron Raymond, and his girlfriend Cindy. I pulled the trailer to Mackay Dam on August 17 and they arrived and put up a tent. We hit the trail at daybreak August 18. Cindy was about 20 years younger than Ron and had no trouble keeping pace. I found the easy route through chicken out ridge and we were on the summit in 4 hours 25 minutes. It was a cool day and we spent an hour on top. Coming down was 3 hours 15 minutes. We could see lightning in the valley and moving towards us as we were descending. I thought about the two aluminum canteens I had in my backpack. We met two guys coming up and one had a metal golf club sticking out of his backpack. I complimented him on his lightning rod he had sticking in the air. We had rain the last 30 minutes coming down.

This made one aborted climb and two successful climbs of Mt Borah.

Climbing Mt Borah – Success #3

The next climb was around my 58th birthday in 1994. Gary Slette wanted to go as well as our Salmon friend, Grant Havemann. Gary had a banker friend, Bill Babcock, who would go also. Bill had a house in Mackay where we could spend the night. The Havemann's had a daughter that lived in Hailey so she would drive to Hailey and LaRue and Kathleen would go to the condo in Sun Valley. We would all meet at the condo for dinner after we climbed Mt Borah. I met Gary and Bill in Mackay and Grant flew from Salmon to Mackay in his twin engine Piper Navajo.

I trained hard for the climb. I would do my morning run then run up and down the stadium steps at Idaho Falls High School for 10 reps. I was probably in the best shape in my life.

We hit the trail at daybreak and didn't stop until the tree line. Two guys were in their sleeping bags. We talked to them briefly and headed on up the mountain. I looked back and they had packed up in hurry and were trying to overtake us. We got to chicken out ridge and I found the slot to the right for the easy way through. Chicken out ridge had the two guys behind us stymied and we left them far behind.

Bill Babcock complained most of the way up that I was trying to kill everyone. The only break we took was after we traversed the bowl and stopped in the saddle before the last 800 ft vertical to the top. The top was in

the clouds when we got there and there was no view to enjoy. We headed down and met the other two guys coming up.

We hit the saddle and while traversing across the bowl we met a large group of climbers from Boise. Gary knew them so we stopped to visit and give advice. By then the summit had cleared of fog and clouds so they would have a great view. Nobody in our group wanted to go back up and enjoy the view that we had missed. We got to the Suburban and were enjoying a beer. Grant pulled out a giant round loaf of bread from his pack that he had baked. It must have weighed 10 pounds. He packed it up and all the way down before he thought to get it out. The beer and bread hit the spot.

We made it to the summit in 4 hours and the descent was 3 hours. The time at the top was about 30 minutes as it was cold and miserable.

Climbing Mt Borah – The Backside

The next attempt was a totally different experience. It was around the summer of 2000 when we were in the motel in Arco. We had two Idaho Power guests every year that hauled fish from the hatchery in Hagerman to the hatchery by Ellis on the Salmon River. We talked about climbing Mt Borah and one of them had a brother who wanted to try the backside. I had always heard that it had not been climbed. The geologist had also discovered Idaho's only glacier on the backside when he was a student at Idaho State. He was on a weekend trip exploring geology and back to school he told his professors who thought he was crazy. He took the professors and they confirmed that it was a glacier that nobody knew about. The geologist would go with us and show us the glacier if we climbed the backside.

We departed the motel very early and drove to Mackay and over Double Springs Pass at Dickey. Then it was a turn south through the Horse Heaven Hills and a right at Mahogany Creek to the end of the primitive road. We then bushwacked south until we came to a long meadow heading west and upwards towards the mountain. We saw two of the biggest bull elk a trophy hunter would die for. They were just standing and watching us. At the end of the meadow it was a scramble up to a ridge running north south and parallel to Mt Borah. We went down the other side of the ridge and up to where we could see the glacier. Then we climbed back up the ridge and it was a steady gain in elevation to where the ridge curved to Mt Borah. At that point I could see Marion Lake and Pass Lake to the south. We were about a 1,000 ft below the summit of Mt Borah. We could not see any way to the summit from where we were unless we had ropes and climbing gear. Everyone was shot and it was time for a rest. I decided to continue up the ridge for a closer look at the summit and to assess the difficulty. I confirmed it was straight up vertical rock. I could see people on the summit looking down and probably wondering about those fools down there.

We rested a while and began the long trek back to the trucks. It was a long day, but the scenery was worth the trip.

Our Life – 1986

Chris and I were frequent flyers on Western Airlines and on a first name basis at the check-in counters. In March 1986 Western Airlines gave both of us complimentary first-class tickets for two to any destination in Mexico. Chris said that he and Dianne would go to Mazatlan. We decided to be different and go to Puerto Vallarta in April. I had credits for free stays at Sheraton hotels as I always stayed at the Sheraton Midway in Minnesota and the Sheraton Pleasanton in California. We would use credits and stay free at the Sheraton Bouganvili in Puerto Vallarta for three nights.

We caught the Friday morning flight from Idaho Falls to Salt Lake and then on down with a short stop in Los Angeles. Western Airlines was promoting Mexico and had just started their highest level of service. In first class it was called “Royal” on their Hawaii and Mexico flights. Lunch started with four large prawns and cocktail sauce. Then we chose filet mignon that was restaurant quality, and then a nice dessert. All service was with glassware and china. The booze and wine was high quality also. There was hardly anyone in first class. I was all over videotaping with my new Sony camcorder. We were on a roll when we got to Puerto Vallarta.

We checked in and I went out on the balcony to look out over the pool and the ocean. I came back in and LaRue was standing there with black all over her hands and white pants. She had been working on the toilet. The water kept running so she took the lid of the tank and adjusted the float. That was the end of her toilet fixing. We had dinner at the pool side restaurant.

I went for a run the next morning towards the city center. I got to the Malecon and there was a fish market and small boats unloading their morning catch. I stopped to look and a guy named Carlos invited me to a timeshare presentation. I had read about timeshares and no way was I interested. Carlos said we would get a free breakfast and it would take just one hour for the presentation. The taxi would be paid both ways. I thought “what the heck - might as well get a free breakfast” and agreed to go. We went to the Villa del Mar resort and had a nice breakfast. We sat through the presentation and told the interviewer no thanks. Then a more senior person sat down and it was no thanks again. Then another person arrived with special deals. A one bedroom condo for a fixed week per year for 25 years was around \$4,000. The week in Puerto Vallarta could be traded for a week in any resort in the world that is listed with Interval International. Financing was instantly available with a qualified credit card and small down payment. It was getting interesting. People were buying and there would be applause. We got caught up in the moment and signed on the line.

We were invited to the Mexican Fiesta that evening as guests of the sales manager and his wife. We could move to the Villa del Mar and stay for something like \$10 per night. We hurried back to the Sheraton, packed up, and moved. The Fiesta was a lively with free drinks, food, and entertainment all evening. We made it to our room and woke up in the morning with a severe case of “buyer’s remorse”. This was the dumbest thing we had ever done. I hurried down to the office to back out of the deal only to find that there is no backing out in Mexico. We bought a timeshare. We made the most of the rest of our time in Puerto Vallarta, had a good time, and flew home wondering whether to tell anyone what we had done.

A year went by and we returned in April 1987 to use our fixed week. Julie was on spring break and came with us. I had a lot of frequent flyer miles and we flew First Class again. The nice thing about Western Airlines is that you accumulated miles even if you were using them to fly. The net result was that you gained almost as many as you used.

When we checked into the Villa del Mar they requested that we attend a presentation to get an update on what was going on at the resort. Might as well get updated and get a free breakfast also. The next morning Julie slept in and LaRue and I went to the presentation. We went through the “no thanks” routine a couple of times. Then special offers were produced. We ended up upgrading to a two bedroom unit with the fixed week in October. We thought that another \$2,000 or so was worth having two bedrooms in the event we had guests. They threw in some bonus weeks also, and they came in handy in 1988. In reality the value of the bonus weeks was worth more than we spent for the upgrade.

Julie couldn't believe what we had done, and we didn't either. We had a great week in Puerto Vallarta ,and took a tour every day. The next year the Villa del Mar owners bought the property next to them and the Villa Del Palmar was built. We could access both properties.

(It turns out that the timeshare worked very well for us. It made us think about a vacation every year. We traded a couple of times for the Bahamas and Mazatlan and rented once in Cabo San Lucas. We liked Puerto Vallarta the best and never traded again. We returned every year and sometimes twice a year by renting a week. The contract ended after 25 years and we continued renting every October. The timeshare was worth every penny. We still see people that have been coming for years.)

On March 27, 1986 I was driving by Smith Chevrolet. We had our 1978 Suburban for almost 8 years so I thought I would stop and look. They had just received a new 1986 Suburban that was dark grey on the top and bottom and black in the center with red striping. It was ready to go with running boards and everything. The list price was \$21,091 and they offered \$6,291 for the 1978 that we bought for \$8,500. We now had a new 1986 Suburban. Julie had been driving the Dodge Colt as she had a job at Scotties. I had acquired a used 1983 Oldsmobile Omega a couple of years earlier for my transportation. It had belonged to Dr. Arbon who smoked big cigars. It took about a year to get rid of the cigar smoke.

Kathleen was teaching at Kimberly High for a couple of years after graduating from Boise State. She was living in an apartment in Twin Falls and dating Gary Slette. We didn't meet Gary until we all met at Redfish Lake August 2. That was our introduction and the infamous verbal interchange between Gary and Julie. Gary greeted Julie with something like, “You must be the spoiled brat that gets everything”. Julie shot back, “You must be the ...hole from Minnesota”. It about floored us all. It didn't take long to get acquainted.

Brian was also a graduate of Boise State and was working for a finance company in Boise. He had met Tina at Boise State and it looked like things were getting serious.

Julie would be starting her second year at BYU in the fall.

The Job - 1986

With me being a salesman Bob Robertson thought we needed an analyst in the bay area for sales support. An ex Control Data analyst, Mike, had been pestering ETA Systems for a job and he lived in San Mateo, California. He said he had close contact with people in my accounts, and especially at Lawrence Livermore Lab. Bob hired him based on his word and resume. I was not happy when I discovered who it was. I knew Mike to be a lazy opportunist. However, I was stuck with him. He would continue to live in San Mateo.. We found an office for him to work out of, and where I could hang my hat when I was in the area. I took him with me to Livermore and discovered they barely knew of him. He was a bust as far as I was concerned. He did know a couple of people at NASA Ames Research Center in Sunnyvale, so that was of some help.

I continued to press for an additional analyst that knew the Livermore Lab as well as the INEL. The analyst was Larry Cook in the Control Data Seattle office. He had also been a customer engineer at Lawrence Livermore on the Star computer in the early 1970's. He made the Shark Club for that effort the same year as I made the Shark Club. When I was at EG&G he would accompany the Control Data salesmen when he came to Idaho Falls. Larry was an avid runner and coached me when I took up running. Eventually he was hired, and I had an analyst who was an asset.

I set up a corporate visit for Lawrence Livermore Lab management. The date was January 28, 1986, and we were meeting in the board room at ETA Systems. I was in the midst of my presentation when someone stuck their head in the door and announced the space shuttle Challenger had blown up after launch. That sucked the air out of the room and the disaster took over the meeting. I am not sure they took away much after that.

Larry and I took them to dinner at the special Swiss restaurant in Stillwater that everyone liked. We did the whole nine yards with cigars (for them) and rounds of cognac after dinner. I submitted the tab on my expense report and later got a call from Bob's secretary. She asked, "Are you sure there wasn't a couple more people at the dinner"? Being quick on my feet I came up with two more names and all was well. I called the two people to make sure they were in the loop.

Change Is In the Air – 1986

Late summer of 1986 Bob Robertson decided I needed to be in Livermore full time, and asked me to move. The company was depending on an order from the lab for an ETA-10. The problem was that the first working production model had been slipping and was still two years away. It is difficult to sell something you don't have. The Lab was satisfied with their Cray computers and looking forward to Seymour Cray's new Cray-2. I went through all this with Bob and said I would give it a year in Livermore if the company rented a house and furniture. If things started looking better we would move. He agreed.

LaRue gave notice at the bank and we prepared for California. We flew to Oakland in September to find a place to rent. We settled on a townhouse in Pleasanton and found a place to rent furniture. It also had a fenced lot where we could park the trailer. We flew home and I drove the Olds down with a few household items. I

worked a couple of weeks and left the car at the Oakland airport and flew back to Idaho Falls. On October 7, 1986 we loaded the trailer with living essentials, two bicycles, and headed to California. Julie was beginning her second year at BYU, so it was just the two of us. Our new address was 1531 Calle Santiago, Pleasanton. It was a 930 sq ft townhouse with 2 bedrooms and 2 baths. It was fun coming back to the area we lived from December 1965 until we moved to Richland the fall of 1971. Our old Livermore neighbors were still around and my aunt and uncle were still in Livermore.

I rented an office in the Sunset Office Plaza in Livermore. It was a few blocks from where we had lived. It was about four miles from Pleasanton. I purchased office furniture on the company, and I was in business.

I took vacation days in conjunction with Christmas 1986 and we drove to Idaho Falls. Everything was fine with the house and we enjoyed our visit. On the way back to California we stopped at Lake Tahoe and skied Squaw Valley. It was good skiing, but too many people. Leaving Squaw Valley we hit a bad snowstorm that had traffic stopped for a couple of hours. Loa and Max were expecting us that evening in Grass Valley. We had no way of letting them know, but they heard it on the news.

Julie enrolled in the 2nd semester at BYU Hawaii. We put her on the plane in San Francisco and away she went on a flight to Honolulu. We flew over a couple of months later for a visit and see how she was doing. This would be our second visit to Hawaii within about four months. Just after we arrived in Pleasanton we flew to Maui and spent a week with Max and Loa. They had been in Maui for a couple of weeks and had a rental car. They toured us around the island. We went to the Sheraton for Sunday brunch and ran into Loa and Max's neighbors when they lived in Walnut Creek. Small world.

It just so happened on this trip to see Julie that Bev and Tom were attending a corporate event in Honolulu. They would be catching a plane home a couple of hours after we arrived. We had a great flight in first class and was on a roll when we deplaned in Honolulu. Julie was there with a friend that gave her a ride to the airport. Tom and Bev was also at the gate to greet us. Julie introduced us to her friend, Matt, and he departed to go back to the campus. We saw Bev and Tom off and picked up a rental car. We had a motel for two nights near the campus and then two nights at the Outrigger on Waikiki Beach.

The Polynesian Cultural Center was next to the campus. We spent an afternoon and evening with Julie touring the center and attending the performances. Julie knew a lot of the people working and performing. We didn't see Matt again.

When we checked in at the Outrigger for the last two days the desk clerk said our room was not ready. However, she would upgrade us to a one bedroom suite. The suite was huge and on the corner with two balconys. The side balcony had a view of Diamondhead and the front balcony looked down and over Waikiki Beach. We really lucked out. However, it rained for two days.

LaRue's Idaho Falls bank friend, Carol and her husband, were also in Honolulu. They came by for a visit and were duly impressed.

When we got back to Pleasanton LaRue talked to Bev on the phone. They both had a feeling that Matt may become more than Julie's friend.

Big Change – 1987

The merger of Western Airlines into Delta Airlines was finalized on April 1, 1987. We would now be flying Delta. We noticed the first class service to Puerto Vallarta was not as good as Western Airlines but still good. We were on a flight to Puerto Vallarta in April and told the former Western flight attendant that we missed Western Airlines. She gave us a china coffee cup with the Western Airlines logo as they were phasing them out.

In early 1987 there was an important sales/marketing meeting at Headquarters. It was announced that Bob Robertson was gone and replaced with an ex IBM executive. We were dumfounded. The new guy didn't come across well. His standard response to sales/marketing strategy questions was, "That dog don't hunt". In other words we didn't know anything.

My friends at EG&G Idaho let me know that approval had been granted to issue an RFP for a new computer to replace the Cyber 176. It was at full capacity and obsolete after nearly 8 years service. They were looking for a Cray class computer.

I considered my commitment to Bob Robertson, which was for a year in Livermore, no longer in effect since he was gone. With the procurement activity at the INEL and nothing happening in Livermore I decided we should return to Idaho Falls. The rent on the townhouse in Pleasanton was month to month so that was not a problem. We packed up the trailer and departed Pleasanton on April 30, 1987, I left the Olds at the Oakland airport for whenever I was in the bay area. I would alternate weeks between Livermore and Idaho Falls.

EG&G issued the RFP for the new computer shortly after we got back to Idaho Falls. A tough benchmark demonstration would be required in the early fall. The specifications were for a Cray class computer. My inside informants told me that it would be a problem as the budget was only \$3.5 million and a new Cray computer was over \$10 million. This was good news for me as the ETA Piper air cooled system was to have the performance of a Cray-1 and would cost around \$1 million. We should win easily if we could demonstrate good performance on the benchmark demonstration. That was a big if. The hardware was looking good but the operating system was in limbo. The early decision to use the Control Data Cyber 205 operating system was not accepted by potential buyers, and had recently been abandoned. This is exactly what we in the ETA sales force were saying from the beginning. UNIX was now being developed but it was another year away. We had essentially lost over two years. I could only hope that it all would come together in time for the benchmark demonstration. I had two analysts work on the benchmark all summer. They had to use a Cyber 205 as there was no working ETA model.

I worked with corporate proposal writers and we wrote the proposal. We were a couple of weeks from demonstration time, and we wouldn't make it. I had to cancel the demonstration and could not submit a proposal. I could only hope that the bids would be too high and be rejected with another try in the future.

My old friend, Chuck Breckinridge, who was the Control Data salesman when I was in Livermore, was the salesman for Cray on this procurement. Chuck did his homework and submitted a bid of \$3.5 million which was exactly what was in the budget. Chuck knew how to get inside information also. It was the winning bid as no other vendor responded to the RFP. However he bid a used Cray-1 and obsolete. It was a disappointment for the guys at EG&G. But it was a Cray computer for the INEL. The decision was driven by the computer center people. The user community was not on board with it. It was a problem that I would inherit. More on that later.

Our Life 1987-1988

We had Thanksgiving in 1987 for everyone in Idaho Falls. Mom and Dad came down from Salmon. Julie brought her boyfriend, Matt, and they came from Provo. Brian and Tina came from Boise, and Kathleen and Gary came from Twin Falls. In the course of the holiday everyone was getting along well as a family. We all went for a walk one evening and we are thinking this is probably the way the family is going to look. We had been expecting Brian and Tina would have an announcement to make as they had been together since college.

We were all sitting around in the family room after dinner. I thought I would make an announcement that maybe would speed things up. I announced that whoever gets married first gets two first class tickets to Puerto Vallarta and a week at the Villa del Mar condo. Nobody said a word. I guess it didn't go over well, as I heard about it later.

Engagements

It was not long after and I was staying at the Sheraton Pleasanton while doing sales work in Livermore. I was back from my morning run and cooling off in the recliner and the phone rang. That was unusual at 7am. I was apprehensive about answering. It was Matt Redd and he asked for my permission to marry Julie. What a surprise that was. Of course, I gave permission.

A few days later I got another call. Gary Slette asked for permission to marry Kathleen. Brian finally got the hint and proposed to Tina.

All three of our kids planned weddings starting in May 1988 within a span of five weeks. I had enough airline frequent flyer miles and bonus weeks for our condo in Puerto Vallarta to accommodate everyone. Within a week I had first class flight reservations and resort reservations for all. It was amazing how it worked out. We put all three engagements in the same Sunday paper. That caused a stir among our friends. We couldn't believe it either.

1988 Weddings

Three weddings in five weeks was a great experience. Matt and Julie were first. The day before the wedding Matt's parents hosted a luncheon at the Westbank. They were married the next day in the Idaho Falls Temple

May 7, 1988. We had a reception later at the Elks Lodge with food, refreshments, and dancing. They departed Idaho Falls the next morning for their week at the Villa del Mar in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico.

Gary and Kathleen's wedding was next in Twin Falls and they did all the wedding arrangements. Gary's brother worked for Winnebago and drove the Slette's out from Minnesota in a Winnebago motor home. We took our trailer and stayed at the KOA Campground on Highway 93. My folks were supposed to be at the wedding, but Dad was having a health problem and they couldn't make it. The evening before the wedding there was a catered dinner at the Turf Club. The wedding ceremony June 11, 1988 was in a beautiful open area of the Blue Lakes Country Club at the bottom of the Snake River canyon. A reception followed at their house where they had two large tents erected in the side yard. It was a great reception with food, refreshments, and music. Gary's sheep rancher friend had a grill going and grilled lamb all afternoon. Later in the day a few people jumped in the swimming pool clothes and all. The next morning was a hosted breakfast at the Depot Grill. Gary and Kathleen's trip to Puerto Vallarta was scheduled the week following Brian and Tina's wedding the next week.

We wrapped up the wedding in Twin Falls and hooked up the trailer and moved to the KOA Campground in Ketchum. We were in site #16 for \$14.99 per night. The folks were able to come and stayed in site #17 in their Alpenlite 5th wheel. We hosted a catered BBQ by Mutt's of Ketchum at the Hailey park.

Brian and Tina were married June 18, 1988 in the Hailey Catholic church. A reception was held at a wedding reception center with the food and refreshments provided by Louie's Italian Restaurant of Ketchum. Louie was a long time family friend and catered the gourmet food in person. Tina's father, Joe Macarillo, was a musician and his trio played the main dining room at the Sun Valley Lodge. Joe was the 2nd generation of the trio performing at the lodge. His partner on the piano was Joe Foss. He played throughout the reception. It was a great reception.

Gary and Kathleen departed the next day for their week in Puerto Vallarta. Brian and Tina went a week later, and they overlapped one night in our two bedroom condo at the Villa del Mar.

The Slette family hosted a reception in Minnesota for Kathleen and Gary after they returned from Puerto Vallarta. I had enough air miles, hotel, and rental car credits to cover the trip for them and for us. We flew first class to Minneapolis, picked up a Hertz rental car, and stayed overnight at the Sheraton Midway in St. Paul. The next day we drove to Walter in the southern end of the state. It was good to see where Gary was born and raised on the family farm. They had a very nice reception in their church meeting hall.

The weddings and honeymoons to Puerto Vallarta came off without a hitch. It was a summer to remember.

1988 Job Happenings

The summer of 1988 all sales and marketing people were summoned to Headquarters for an announcement. The announcement was earth shattering. All ETA sales and marketing people were being transferred to Control

Data. ETA systems would only design and manufacture computers. I was devastated as I didn't want to work for Control Data again. I told the new management that when I left Control Data I was not eligible for rehire. They hurried off to check it out. They came back that everything was fine. I was now a Control Data employee. and would report to the sales office in Sunnyvale, California. I hoped all along that I would be rejected. However, I was still employed, and it gave me time to plan an exit. I was not going to work for Control Data.

(Note Control Data closed the doors on ETA Systems in April 17, 1989. A few systems had shipped with limited success. The remaining inventory was given to universities for research. Control Data was out of the computer business and defunct by 1992.)* Former ETA sales and marketing now had the task of training a large number of Control Data people. I gave a sales training class and my old nemesis, Walt Chase, who was my boss at CERN, was in the class. Walt was now a salesman in New Hampshire, and I was his trainer. I enjoyed the role reversal. We talked at coffee breaks a few times but not about what happened at CERN.

Following my return to Pleasanton I checked in with the Control Data Sunnyvale office. My new boss was Brian Jones, who I had never met. He was in his late 20's with very little experience. It didn't matter since his father was Boyd Jones, who had been the Western Region Sales Manager. He retired and had evidently set his son up.

I was advised that the ETA sales offices would be closed when the lease was up. I could work out of my Livermore office until the end of the lease in October, 1988. Then I would have to work out of the CDC office in Sunnyvale. I decided to find a job with EG&G in Idaho Falls. It wouldn't be easy as my old boss, Dick French, was no longer there. I asked my friend, Ron Raymond, to check around. He came back later with an internal job posting. It was for a sales and marketing oriented person in the newly formed Technology Transfer Office. The mission was to license technology developed at the INEL with the private sector and collect royalties. The job was to be filled from within EG&G. Ron talked to the manager, Jane Welch, and told her I was a good fit and interested in the job. We eventually connected by telephone. Jane said she would see what she could do after the posting period was over. She could hire from outside if not satisfied with the internal applicants. The General Manager, Jim Zane, would have to sign off on it. I had good rapport with Jim, and thought I had a good chance if it got that far. I met in person with Jane Welch. As soon as the required job posting was satisfied she would go through the approval process of getting me hired. Jim Zane signed off. I received a job offer and accepted. I would start with EG&G mid August, 1988. I gave two weeks notice to Control Data.

(Cheis Christopherson resigned and joined his old boss, Tom Odle. Tom was now the sales manager of a company selling plug compatible peripheral equipment for IBM computers. This allowed Chris to continue living in Idaho Falls. Things eventually soured and he went on his own selling personal computers out of a small office downtown. He had no experience with PC's but he tried. Chris and Diane divorced and he went to live with his brother in Ohio. He passed away in August, 2017 at the age of 83.)

27. Chapter 19b EG&&G Idaho Falls 1988-1995

The New Job

The Technology Transfer Office mission was to transfer INEL patented technology under a licensing agreement to the private sector. The inventor of the technology would get a percentage of the royalties. Initially it was Jane Welch, me, and our secretary Carla. Jane was about 30, had a Phd in Physics, knew what she was doing, and great to work for. Her husband was also a Phd scientist with EG&G.

Carla and Jane both had PC's which were still a relatively new tool at EG&G. An order was put in for my PC. When it was installed it was the latest and newest IBM PS2. Carla remarked that I must know somebody. In fact, I did. The PC was approved and installed by the people that had worked for me in the computer center. I never wanted a PC at home. Christmas 1988 LaRue splurged and bought me a Packard Bell 500. It consisted of a small black and white monitor, the computer, and a dot matrix printer. The software was MS-DOS and a compiler called BASIC. The speed was 16MHZ. If it didn't work correctly it was switchable to 8MHZ. The cost was \$2,500.

Technology Transfer

There were over 50 technologies submitted to our office for evaluation and potential licensing. Most were a long shot. We were a small office, so we prioritized a list of 10 with the most potential. We worked with graphics design to come up with a poster presentation of each technology. They were designed for display in a booth at tradeshows and technology transfer meetings with industry.

Bryant Hafen was hired straight from serving in the Air Force as a 1Lt. He was a graduate of BYU in chemical engineering. He met and married a girl while at BYU who was from Salmon. It turns out she was the daughter of my high school classmate, Dean Stokes. Bryant and I became good friends and worked well together.

The first trade show I worked was at the Jacob Javits Center in New York. I sat up the booth and manned it by myself for a week. I also gave a talk in the auditorium to a large audience. New York was scary in those days with a lot of crime. I would walk from my hotel near Times Square to the Jacob Javits Center. The hotel bellman warned me about walking alone. One of the first mornings I was up early for a run and headed to Central Park about four or five blocks away. I was enjoying the run in Central Park when I realized I was all alone in a deserted area. I got out of there fast and back to where there were people.

In October, 1989 there was a Technology Transfer symposium for DOE labs in Mystic, Connecticut. Jane and I would represent the INEL. She was from New Haven, Connecticut and was taking her young daughter along to

visit grandma and grandpa. We flew to New Haven and I got a rental car to drive to Mystic. Jane would stay with her folks and go back and forth to Mystic.

It was World Series time and the Oakland A's were playing the San Francisco Giants. It was October 17 and the fourth game was in San Francisco. I found a nice sports bar and was all excited for the game to start as I was a huge A's fan. The TV went funny and there was no picture. Then we discovered there was a major earthquake in the Bay Area.

The Navy was the host one evening at the Groton nuclear submarine base. We were given a guided tour of the first nuclear submarine, the Nautilus. It was especially interesting as I knew Frank Fogarty at EG&G. He was a retired Navy Captain and the commander of the Nautilus for several years. There was a bronze plaque on the bulkhead with his name on it.

On our return flight I was reading the book, "The Hunt for Red October". We landed in Salt Lake and I had plenty of time to get to the gate for the flight to Idaho Falls. I was into the book and sat down to keep reading after we deplaned. Jane and her daughter continued on to the next gate. I read for a while and proceeded to the next concourse for my flight. I got there and there was nobody there. I had missed my flight. LaRue was meeting our flight in Idaho Falls and there was no Harry. She talked to Jane and she said I got off the plane behind her in Salt Lake. and didn't know where I was. I had to get a hotel room for the night. It was embarrassing Monday morning explaining to Jane what happened. I was the seasoned traveler and the one to mess up while traveling with my new boss.

Two of the inventions I liked the most were the centrifugal contactor and the device that turned organic garbage into fuel pellets. The inventor of the garbage device had a prototype installed on a trial basis with the garbage company in Thief River Falls, Minnesota. It had been there for several months. He asked me to accompany him on a visit to talk about their experience and a possible license agreement. He would be on another trip, and we would meet in Minneapolis, and drive up to Thief River Falls. I arranged to arrive Sunday night so I could visit ETA Systems and old friends before I picked him up.

Shutdown of ETA Systems

Monday morning April 17, 1989 I arrived at the ETA Systems parking lot. There were no cars in the lot. I could see a sign posted on the front door. It directed all employees to go to a meeting at an auditorium. I found a phone and called the home phone of a friend that worked at ETA. He was home and said the meeting announced the closure of ETA Systems. All employees were terminated. It was a complete surprise. What a shock that was, and what a coincidence that I was in town the day it happened. It was about nine months after I departed.

Turning Garbage Into Fuel Pellets

I met my travel companion and we drove north to Thief River Falls. It was a small town. The best place to eat was the bowling alley next to our hotel.

We watched garbage being separated and fed on a conveyor to the pellet making machine. My coat smelled like garbage the rest of the trip. The machine worked well and produced fuel pellets for the furnace at a school. They wanted more time to evaluate the machine and we put the license agreement on hold.

Cleaning Up Oil Spills

The centrifugal contactor was my favorite. It had huge potential for cleaning up oil spills in the ocean. It utilized centrifugal force to separate oil from water and was about the size of a 50 gallon drum. It sucked in contaminated water, spun it at high speed, pumped clean water out, and pumped oil to the tender. It was small and relatively affordable so that any number could be utilized to clean an oil spill. Charles Taggart was an investor and businessman in Salt Lake. He was with the large construction company, Taggart Construction, and wanted an exclusive license for the technology. First, we had to determine if it could be built in quantity. We found a company in Ogden with expertise in stainless steel fabrication who NASA contracts for special projects. They determined they could build it. I negotiated an exclusive license with a performance guarantee that Taggart had to meet in one year. He didn't live up to the terms of the contract and it was back on the market for licensing.

I read years later that an environmental group fronted by the actor, Kevin Costner, was promoting it. However, the centrifugal contactor never found acceptance.

Family Life

Kathleen, Brian, and Julie were all married in 1988. Nearly three years had gone by and there were no grandchildren. Then in early 1991 Julie announced she was expecting, and then Tina announced she was expecting also. The due dates were early November

We went to Puerto Vallarta the last week of October for a week in our timeshare at Villa del Mar. We flew home on November 2 and had a stopover in Los Angeles. LaRue made a quick phone call between flights in Los Angeles to see if there was any news. She reached Tina, and she said nothing was happening.

Grandchildren At Last

We landed in Salt Lake, and as we taxied to the gate we could see people with banners in the concourse. In those days greeters could be at the gate. It was common to see people with banners meeting returned missionaries. We were in the first row of first class and the first off the plane. We saw banners with, "it's a boy". Then we saw Matt, Kathleen and Gary. The people behind us could barely get by us. We found out later that Tina knew that Jake had been born but withheld telling us as she didn't want to ruin the surprise. We didn't board our flight to Idaho Falls. We went to Logan to see the new baby Jake born on November 2, 1991.

Brian and Tina moved to Portland and Haley was born November 15, 1991. Christopher Slette was born in Twin Falls on May 31, 1991. Caitlin Slette was born in Twin Falls on April 24, 1994. On July 1, 1993 Taylor Redd was born in Logan, Utah. We towed the trailer down and parked in front of Matt and Julie's trailer in the USU trailer park. LaRue stayed for a week, and I went back to Idaho Falls to work.

Lake Powell

Our friends, Kay and Layman Lott, had a timeshare week on a houseboat on Lake Powell. It was a large houseboat and expensive to operate. We were invited to share gas expense. A week on a houseboat on Lake Powell is a great experience that we enjoyed on four different trips. We got on the houseboat at Bullfrog Marina and had our favorite canyons to overnight in. One memory is getting overrun with mice. It was just Kay and Layman and us. We anchored for the night and had our gangplank out. After dinner we went up on top to look at the stars and watch for satellites going over. When we went down there were mice running around everywhere. We grabbed brooms and whacked away. We learned a lesson. Always pull the gangplank in the evening.

Management Changes

I worked for Jane Welch about a year. Then she was promoted to a higher level position. As soon as she was gone a new hire was brought in. He was Jack Peterson, the former President of the Idaho Mining Association. He knew nothing about technology transfer, but supposedly had high level contacts in industry. I tried to talk to him about mining, but he didn't have much to say. He was always traveling. He was supposed to move to Idaho Falls, but he figured since he traveled all the time, it was just as easy to fly out of Boise. He called one time from Boise and said he needed to get to Idaho Falls in a hurry to pick up travel money and plane tickets for his next trip. He would be speeding and asked me to call the Idaho State Police for a police escort! That was too much to believe. I let it go in one ear and out the other. We hardly ever saw Jack and there was no management direction from him. He even missed giving our performance reviews.

I had enough of Jack after six months, and went to Jim Zane. Apparently, Jim Zane had enough also and fired Jack. I was made acting manager of Technology Transfer. However, we were to report to Dick Rice in Engineering Services. I viewed it as out of sight out of mind. I knew Dick and didn't think much of him. We went back to 1973 when we all arrived in Idaho Falls and socialized in Newcomers Club. Kathleen babysat for Dick and his wife. Dick divorced his wife and hooked up with a gal on the fast track up the ladder at EG&G. Dick was the mysterious type. You never knew what he was thinking. We both reported to Dick French a few years back and mostly disagreed on things. His idea of a weekly staff meeting was to go through his stack of mail and read it to us. Three or four months went by. Dick Rice called a meeting to announce the new manager of the Technology Transfer Office. I was the acting manager and might be in the running. But I figured it would be a Phd scientist, like Jane Welch. He named a young guy who was a friend and golf buddy. He had no degree or technical experience. I was stunned, and so was Carla and Bryant. The new guy brought in his buddy that didn't have a degree or experience. Also, a secretary to replace Carla. Carla was a big loss as she had been in

the Technology Transfer Office since the beginning and new the ropes. Bryant and I were the outcasts in the office.

Job Change - 1990

I began to look around EG&G for an alternative. The DOE had recently asked the weapons labs to design a facility for producing tritium for nuclear weapons, as it was in short supply. It was called the New Production Reactor, and the labs would compete for it. The EG&G design was for small modular high temperature gas cooled reactors (MHTGR). Our desert was the space to build as many small reactors as needed.

A few large gas cooled reactors were in operation and could provide valuable data on the reliability of components. A job was posted for a technology transfer person to facilitate technology transfer from the existing reactors. I interviewed and was accepted since I had technology transfer experience' as well as computer skills. I joined the NPR Program in June, 1990. Soon after I left the Technology Transfer Office Bryant Hafen also departed. He opened a State Farm Insurance office on North Broadway. It was a strange switch in occupation. His father-in-law, Dean Stokes in Salmon was with State Farm, and his motivation. We remained in touch for several years and Bryant did very well.

The EG&G NPR Program consisted of about 80 nuclear reactor experts. They were a pleasure to be associated with. My boss was a former Navy officer in charge of the nuclear reactor on submarines. He had great stories about life on a nuclear submarine.

Visiting Nuclear Reactors

We visited General Atomic in La Jolla, California a couple of times. They designed and constructed gas cooled reactors and were a wealth of knowledge. La Jolla was a nice place to visit also. We also visited reactors in South Carolina and Colorado. The South Carolina reactor was on the southern border with Georgia. We flew to Atlanta then to Augusta on a small plane. We got a treat in Augusta as we circled low over the Augusta golf course, the site of the Masters. We stayed in Augusta and drove to the reactor site and meetings with the operators. We had dinner one evening at the Green Jacket restaurant located outside the main entrance of the golf course. There was a treasure trove of golf memorabilia on display.

The Colorado reactor was about 30 miles north of Denver. We arrived in the morning and found the road blocked. People in black were running around with guns..We thought we might be in the middle of a gun fight. It turned out to be a surprise drill for a terrorist attack. We had to watch and wait for the exercise to end. We checked in and met with our hosts. Then we all proceeded through rigid screening and security to enter the reactor area. The reactor was shut down for decommissioning, so we were allowed access to formerly closed and restricted areas. It was confining and spooky. When we went through exit screening we set off alarms. We registered radioactive and couldn't exit. We were escorted to a room for more checks and to sit and wait. The health physics people explained that suits with polyester attract radiation. After an hour or so the reading should be normal, and it was. We were glad to get out of there. I can't say I liked the place.

Gathering Reactor Failure Data

My job was to look at component failures so that mistakes would not be repeated in our design. Every failure in a nuclear reactor had to be reported to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC). It was done on paper and the volume was such that it was transferred to rolls of microfilm. It was impossible to gather and compare failure data. I talked to the person in charge of the microfilm and discovered there was a way to scan and digitize it. It could then be transferred to media that a computer could read. I asked for a few rolls to be transferred to diskettes. I would figure out a way to read them and do something with it. Maybe I could write a program for PC's. There was BASIC, but it was not on my work PC. I didn't know BASIC, but it looked sort of like FORTRAN. My Packard Bell PC at home had BASIC installed. I copied it and brought it to work along with the programming manual.

I hadn't written a program in about fifteen years. The task at hand was similar to what I had done in the past. I would read in a line of the failure report from the diskette and string characters together looking for key identifiers. When a match was found I would write the pertinent data to a file for processing later. The program was complicated. Through trial and error I eventually got what I was looking for. Now the data had to go into a database, but I had no database software. There was new database software called ORACLE that ran on mainframes as well as PC's. It was expensive and I couldn't justify the cost for an experiment. I knew an engineer that had acquired ORACLE for his project. I talked to him to see how he liked it. It turns out his project fell through and he was not using it. I could borrow it and give it a try. I learned ORACLE and was able to load my data into a database. Now I could type in a simple query of the database and get all occurrences of any pump, switch, component, or any key word. It was just what we needed. Now I had to get all the failure data pertaining to gas cooled reactors. I got boxes of diskettes from the NRC with the data. It took about eight hours to process a single diskette. That wiped out my PC for the day. I took diskettes home and let my PC crank away. It was against the rules to do company work on home PC's, but I did it anyway. I got the job done and we had a fantastic tool.

As time progressed it looked more and more favorable that we would win the NPR contract. We were feeling confident when it rolled around to Christmas 1991. Our boss was called to DOE Headquarters for a meeting. We speculated that it was the announcement we were looking for. He came back and called a meeting the afternoon of the last working day before the Christmas break. The announcement was that the NPR Program was cancelled. Then we were told that when we return from the holiday we could expect termination notices. It made for a tough Christmas.

My NPR Job Ends

We returned to work and were given 30 day notice. We were free to look for jobs within EG&G. Too many engineers and scientists were looking for jobs. My only hope was to go back to the computer center and work for Bob Scott. He replaced me when I went to Floating Point Systems. However, Bob was under the gun. He

was overstaffed, over budget, and the user community was drifting away from using the Cray. There was a move underway to get rid of it and use small department size mini computers. He couldn't hire me.

Mom and Dad at this same stage in life bought the Motel Deluxe in Salmon. It worked well for them. I began to look at motels as an option. They had spent some winters in Overton, Nevada and liked the area. We liked the area also when we lived in Las Vegas. I called a realtor to see if anything was available in the area. His mother owned and operated the Overton Motel and due to her age she was thinking of selling.

I took a couple of days off and drove to Overton . The Overton Motel had 22 units, decent curb appeal, large living quarters, and there was only one other small hotel in town. The rooms needed a lot of work. It was something I could handle. The old gal wanted to sell and her asking price was reasonable. However, she could not face up to it. So much for that. If she would have agreed we would have been in the motel business.

New Job at EG&G

I was down to the least week of the 30 day notice and I would be out of work on February 1, 1992. Bob Scott dropped by and said he had gotten approval to bring me on board in the computer center if I was interested. My job would be to work with the user community and save the Cray-1 from being declared surplus and removed. It was a job and I accepted.

Change in RV's – 1992

Mom and Dad had an older Prowler 5th wheel. They sold it and bought a new high end 1987 26ft Alpenlite 5th wheel in 1987. They towed it to Overton/Logandale, Nevada a couple of winters and to Parker, Arizona a couple of winters. They couldn't go anymore due to Dad's health. It sat idle in Salmon for about a year. They decided to sell the Alpenlite and the 1978 Ford F250 extended cab. They would give us a great deal at \$7,500 for the Alpenlite, and \$2,500 for the truck. We were happy with our 1978 Security trailer and 1986 Suburban and really didn't want a 5th wheel and a 14 year old truck. However, the price was too good to pass up. We listed the Security trailer for sale, and it sold quickly for \$5,200. We went to Salmon and hooked up the 5th wheel and truck to head home to Idaho Falls. Dad wanted to make sure I knew how to put gas in the truck, and how to check the tires before we departed. Then he decided he should ride as far as Leadore with me. Mom and LaRue followed.

There was a head wind and I could see the gas gauge going down as I drove. The truck had dual gas tanks and I was barely halfway to Idaho Falls and had to switch tanks. Dad had always bragged about the great gas mileage he got with the truck. I wasn't seeing it. The engine was a big 460 cubic inch V8 and it was really going through the gas. When I filled up in Idaho Falls the average was 5.9 mpg from Salmon to Idaho Falls.

On May 21 we hooked up and went to Island Park for the Memorial Day weekend. Gary, Kathleen, and Christopher joined us. Then on May 29 we went to Stoddard Creek Campground near Spencer, Idaho. I decided

the 1978 truck was too old for reliable towing. I listed the truck for \$3,700 in the Idaho Falls paper and it sold within a week. The guy that bought it was Butch Claunch from Salmon and owned the rv park. LaRue remembered him in high school. He didn't dicker on the price and wrote a check that was good. I saw the truck around Salmon for years. Mom and Dad was not too happy about me selling the truck so quickly, and at a \$1,200 profit. I then listed our 1986 Suburban and sold it for \$9,700 to a guy that worked at EG&G.

I looked at new trucks and settled on a white 1992 $\frac{3}{4}$ ton Chevrolet extended cab with the 454 V8 engine. The price was \$21,750.

Dad's Health and Death - 1993

For the 1993 Memorial Day holiday we went to Downata Hot Springs south of Downey, Idaho. Gary, Kathleen, and Christopher were already there with their new trailer, and we parked next to them. Matt, Julie, and Jake came and set up their tent in the grass area behind us.

The next morning I was paged over the loudspeaker that I had a phone call. I ran to the office fearing what it might be. It was Roy Bisson on the phone. Dad had a cardiac arrest that morning in Missoula. They had gone to Missoula for doctor's appointments and were having breakfast before returning to Salmon. Dad keeled over and luckily two football coaches were in the restaurant. They gave him cpr until paramedics arrived and took him to St Patricks hospital. LaRue and I packed up and departed via Idaho Falls to Butte and across to Missoula. We knew the hospital well as Mom had colon surgery and Dad had a heart valve replaced there. We went straight to the front desk fearing the worst news possible. Dad was ok for the time being. The pig heart valve that was put in two or three years before had calcified and quit working. It could not be replaced and could quit at any time. The hospital let us park the trailer for two nights in the back parking lot,. Gary and Gladys, and Beverly and Tom arrived. We had a mini reunion and BBQ the next evening in the parking lot. We returned to Idaho Falls on May 31, 1993.

I was at work the morning of August 27, 1993 and I got a call from Bumpy. She had gone on a morning walk with Mom. When they got back Dad was dead in his chair. We took off for Salmon and arrived in the early afternoon. They didn't have burial plots, so Mom sent us to City Hall to purchase two plots. After we purchased them the clerk said the price would be going up. We purchased two adjacent plots for ourselves at \$200 per plot.

I gave a talk at Dad's funeral. I was relating stories and started on the one about Dad and Bus Miller winning the Patterson Rod and Gun Club prize for the largest trout in the 1950's. Nobody knew that the fish was obtained illegally. They were fishing in the Boulder Chain Lakes in the White Clouds. They saw this huge trout that wouldn't bite anything. They shot it in the back of the head with a 22. The bullet hole was not visible. It weighed eight pounds, so they entered it in the contest and won. I started telling the story and Bus Miller blurted out, "You can't tell that story". I said the statute of limitations has expired and went on with it. His reaction was funny after all those years.

After Dad passed away Mom didn't want to stay in the duplex they had been renting. Ray and Little Ray were building duplex townhouses further up the bar. Mom bought the one at 714 Taft Avenue. The duplexes are on

the property that LaRue's parents had owned. Mom's living room window looked across the driveway to where LaRue's bedroom window was. A huge willow tree was still there. We remember it when it was a small willow tree. The concrete front porch and steps were all that remained of their old house. They were removed later.

New Job 1992-1995

Saving the Cray computer would not be an easy job. The users wanted it gone, and replaced with small computers that they could control. It was also obsolete and expensive to maintain. I needed to look at newer technology to replace it.

The Cray salesman was my old friend, Chuck Breckinridge, who I worked with in Livermore when I joined Control Data. He was based in southern California and would come to Idaho Falls a couple of times a year. LaRue and I would have dinner with him. In late 1994 I got a call from Chuck. He had left Cray Research and had gone with Seymore Cray and his new company, Cray Computing, in Colorado Springs. Chuck was the VP of Sales. and he invited me for a preview of Seymore's latest design, the Cray-4. In my new job I needed to be aware of new computer development, and had recently been to IBM in New York, Cray Research in Minnesota, and Convex in Texas. I set up a trip to Cray Computer in Colorado Springs.

I met Chuck for dinner when I got to Colorado Spring. Bob Cox was with him. I knew Bob as I worked for him at EG&G in 1979 after I transferred into the computer center. He had joined EG&G from Colorado and then went back to

Colorado. He was now in sales and marketing at Cray Computer. What a surprise that was.

Chuck and Bob toured me through the facility the next morning and introduced me to people. It was impressive and state of the art. The Cray-4 was coming along nicely.

A catered box lunch was delivered, and we sat around to visit and have lunch. To my surprise Seymore Cray joined us. This was totally unusual for Seymore. I had worked in his Chippewa Falls lab back in the 1970's and knew him to be reclusive and not one to visit. We visited a while. Then he excused himself as he had an obligation that he needed to drive to. We walked him to his jeep and he departed. Before the day was over Chuck offered me a job with Cray Computing. I was stunned. It was a job offer, but it was contingent upon a new round of financing that was in the works. He didn't know how long it would take. but it was a standing offer.

Major Change at the INEL

The end date for the EG&G five year contract for operating the INEL was the end of the fiscal year October 31, 1994. The Department of Energy had automatically renewed the contract four times previously, but not this time. It would be open for competitive bids. Late summer 1994 it was announced that Lockheed Martin would

be the new operating contractor. It was ironic that EG&G had replaced Lockheed Martin at Cape Canaveral a few years earlier. Key Lockheed Martin managers arrived in September 1994 to begin the transition.

On November 1 nearly all EG&G managers were replaced with Lockheed Martin managers that were transferred from other locations. It appeared to me they were not the cream of the crop. I now worked in something called network computing under a manager of dubious qualifications. My orders were to get rid of the Cray. Any work now being run on the Cray must be directed to the Lockheed Martin owned Cray computer in Denver. It didn't look legal to me, but that is the way it was.

There were too many former EG&G managers around with little to do. An early retirement option was announced near the end of the year. It offered severance pay based on years worked and five years added to your age for retirement benefit with six months compensation. I opted for early retirement effective January 25, 1995. I was hoping the round of financing for Cray Computing would come through and I could go there. It never happened.

(Note Seymore Cray's round of financing did not come through. He was killed in a car accident about a year after I retired. That spelled the end of Cray Computing.*

Lockheed Martin did not do well operating the INEL. They were replaced at the end of their five year contract by Battelle Northwest.)

End of chapter

28. Chapter 20a The Motel Search 1995

Early Retirement

LaRue retired from US Bank in the fall of 1994. Lockheed Martin took over the INEL contract from EG&G, Idaho beginning the new fiscal year starting November 1, 1994. An early retirement option was offered. I accepted and retired on January 25, 1995 at age 59.

After a couple of weeks being retired we decided we needed something to do.

Motel Search

My folks bought the Motel Deluxe in Salmon, Idaho at about the same stage of their life. It treated them well. When they decided to sell in 1978, they wanted us to take over. Being gainfully employed we declined. It was always in the back of my mind that maybe we should have done it. We began thinking of going into the motel business. When it looked like I would be laid off in 1993 I looked at the Overton Motel in Overton, Nevada. It was in an area we liked when we lived in Las Vegas. It had a lot going for it. There was a marina on Lake Meade and Overton was adjacent to the Valley of Fire Recreation Area. An 80+ year old lady was the owner/operator and looking to sell. However, she backed out at the time.. We decided to look at the Overton Motel again. I called the realtor who was her son. He said she was now ready to sell. We decided to drive down and see if we could make a deal. We checked into the Overton Motel for a couple of days to fully evaluate the place.

The motel was 25 units with two rental office spaces. It had a large 2 bedroom living quarters attached to the motel office. The exterior was white stucco southwestern style. It had good curb appeal and good parking. The rooms would take a lot of work. The \$180,000 price was affordable, and we decided we would go for it. She had to go to Las Vegas for the day, so we killed time until she got back. She was late getting back that evening and the next morning her son said she decided not to sell. That was the end of that. We looked at the other motel in Overton. It was too small and too many problems. We returned to Idaho Falls.

The trip was good for us. We committed to finding a motel. We would need serious money. and decided to sell our house. We listed it in early February for \$99,900. We began packing our stuff and putting it in storage units.

After a few days we went to Salmon to see mom. She thought we were crazy looking at motels. We checked with the owners of the Motel Deluxe, my folks former place. They might sell for the right price, but only if their son operating the motel agreed. They were thinking in the range of \$700-\$800 thousand! That was way above our thinking. The son did not want to sell anyway.

(Note-After we sold our motel a new hospital replaced the old hospital near the Motel Deluxe. Later they needed more parking and purchased the Motel Deluxe, demolished it, and paved the lot for parking. I would

guess the owners got around a million dollars cash. The huge neon sign that was atop a scaffolding was salvaged. It showed up on the internet later. I remember the sign being installed when I was a Freshman in high school. It was visible from all over Salmon.)

We got an offer on our house February 28 for \$99,000 and accepted. We would have 2 months before closing. In the meantime we looked at a motel in Eureka, Nevada on remote Highway 50. It was not what we wanted. We then went on to Ely, Nevada to spend the night and look around. We checked into the Desert-Rest Motel and I asked the owner if they were interested in selling. Turns out he was. We discussed the \$265,000 asking price which was firm. The next day we went home to continue packing. It was a big job packing as we had a house that had lots of storage space. Every day I would haul loads to our storage units. We ended up with 5 storage units. I organized them as short term, medium term, and long term storage. I made a map of where I put things in each unit to facilitate finding things we would need later.

A week or so later the owner of the Desert-Rest Motel called and wanted to get serious. We decided to go down and give it another look. It had fair curb appeal, but the beds and room interiors were tired. They would need a lot of work. There also was too much competition in Ely. We decided to keep looking.

We saw an ad for the K-Bar Motel in Greybull, Wyoming and went to take a look. The appearance of the K-Bar was good. We spent a night in one of the rooms. The owner had no books or data to justify his asking price of \$269,000. It was 19 units, small living quarters, and a large shop. We liked the place but decided against it. From Greybull we went north to Malta, Montana to look at the Maltana Motel. This was a well maintained popular motel with a large home. It was way above our price range at \$450,00 for 20 units. We made our way back to Idaho Falls through Havre and Great Falls, Montana. We kept a lookout for motels and RV parks.

Our packing was going well. We decided to take time to run over to the Oregon coast and look around. We stopped to have lunch in Baker City, Oregon. I picked up a free paper that had business listings in it. Staring me in the eye was a listing for the DK Motel in Arco, Idaho. We both laughed and I remarked, "Who would want a motel in Arco"! The trip to the Oregon Coast did not turn up anything affordable and we returned to Idaho Falls.

We decided we should look at the DK Motel since it is only 70 miles from Idaho Falls. The listed price was \$350,000 for the 20 unit motel, a separate 20 unit storage unit, and a small old house being used for storage. The owners, Mike and Diane Beitz, would sell each separately, and carry the note with a down payment of \$80,000. We were only interested in the motel which would be \$295,000. The curb appeal was not too good, but ok.. The 3 buildings and office/living quarters were of different construction and material. However, the property was neat and tidy. The Beitz's had worked hard on the rooms, and they were in good shape. A plus was that it was the best of four motels in Arco. The Craters of the Moon was a great tourist attraction. We looked and expressed no interest since Arco was not a place we wanted to live. I never liked Arco.

We made a trip to Hamilton and Missoula, Montana to no avail and a trip to Bozeman, Montana. The only good prospect was a mobile home park in Manhattan a few miles from Bozeman, which we decided against. Many years later I saw it featured on a crime show involving a murder.

We also made a trip to Boise to check out the 7K Motel. The asking price was too high and it was rather sleazy. Not long ago I saw a tv show about a missing Nevada ranch owner that was last seen there.

Then it was a trip to Roosevelt, Utah to check out the Western Hills Motel. It was interesting. The owners had restored it from the dead. It also had a restaurant. Too many problems to consider. We went back again and decided against it.

We made a 2nd trip to Arco to take a closer look at the DK Motel. We found the owners had a decent set of books. We did not see the husband, Mike, on our first visit and he was not present for this visit. He did a lot of traveling checking out business deals while his wife ran the motel. He tinkered in all kinds of things. When we finished at the DK Motel the realtor took us to the Lost River Motel across the street and up the hill. It was closed for the winter, and the owner was still in Nebraska, which was his home. It was 12 units and the rooms were tiny. It was not a place we would want to stay in or own.

Brian and Tina had moved from Portland, Oregon to Denver, Colorado for a new opportunity for Brian. Their new home was in a suburb south of Denver called Highland Ranch. They were planning a week vacation in Hawaii in mid May. They asked if we could come over and stay with Haley and Nick. Closing was the end of April on our house. It would work for us, and we could check out Colorado for motels. We had everything out of our house on April 25. We stayed in our Alpenlite fifth wheel in the driveway for two nights while we cleaned the house. The trailer and truck were packed with what we would need for the weeks ahead.

We closed on the house April 27 and moved to the KOA campground for the night. The water pump on the trailer failed and I got a new one for \$96. Not a good start on our journey. The next day we went to Matt and Julies in Lehi, Utah and parked in front of their place. I replaced the water pump the next day and we headed south to Moab and a KOA at \$18.75 per night. A lot of motels in Moab, but nothing affordable. We did some sightseeing and moved on to Grand Junction, Colorado on May 1. We met with a realtor and scouted the area the next day. We didn't find any possibilities. It was on to Denver via the Eisenhower pass/tunnel on I70 in a snow storm arriving at Brian and Tinas on May 3. We parked the fifth wheel on the street in front of their place, which was against the covenants. They left for Hawaii a couple of days later.

I talked to a realtor. and we took the kids and scouted the area down to Colorado Springs. We also visited the Air Force Academy. Nothing to get excited about. The realtor had a listing for the Blue Spruce Motel in Lamar on the eastern border of Colorado. We agreed to meet him in Lamar on April 14. Brian and Tina returned. They had a letter from the homeowner's association to remove the trailer. We were gone when the letter arrived. We traveled across the state to Lamar and a KOA campground at \$16 per night. Lamar was a nice city and the Blue Spruce Motel had good curb appeal. The price was \$455,000. It had 28 units, fair living quarters, nice office, and a swimming pool. The downside was large chain hotels moving in. It was on the plains and tornado country. We elected not to pursue it.

We went back across southern Colorado 145 miles to check out the Western Inn in Walsenburg, Colorado. We stayed at the Country Host campground at \$13.50. The Western Inn was not to our liking. We proceeded 215 miles to Durango, Colorado. Durango was really nice. Everything was upscale and too expensive. We then proceeded 70 miles to Cortez, Colorado and parked at a KOA. Nothing listed for sale. We walked in and talked to motel owners to see if they were selling. A lady invited us in and gave us motel advice. She stressed keeping an accurate set of books. The selling price of motels is based on a multiple of the average annual gross. We got a good education on how to buy, operate, and sell a motel. The information served us well in the future. The Farmington, New Mexico area looked interesting. The route took us through Monticello, Utah where our son-in-law Matt Redd was raised. There was a nice motel that an older couple owned that was available. We checked it out and a grandson had taken it over.

We proceeded on to Farmington and parked at Mom and Pops RV Park for \$12.72. We found a realtor and looked around, but came up with nothing.

I saw an advertisement for a motel in Globe, Arizona. We headed there by way of Show Low, Arizona. We parked at the Camptown RV Park in Show Low and found that the owners were from Idaho Falls. The next day it was mountain roads all the way to Globe where we parked at the Apache Trails CG for two days. The motel we were going to look at had sold, so we found a realtor. Hearing we were from Idaho she said her husband was from a small town in Idaho. We queried her as to where, and she said near Challis. We pinned her down some more and it was Goldberg, which is about 10 miles south of Patterson where I grew up. At that time there was just the Goldberg school and ranches. Now it is just a ranch or two. Small world. Kennecott Copper put Globe on the map with the huge open pit copper mining operation. It had just shut down. Globe was not a place to buy a motel. On May 21 we headed north and stopped in Flagstaff, Arizona and looked around. Too many mom and pop motels, and chain motels for us to consider. Continued on to Kanab, Utah to look at the K Motel, a Budget Host Motel, an RV park, and all too pricey. Headed north surveying motels along the way to no avail. Overnights at the Redd's in Lehi, Utah and continued to Pocatello for a short look, and found nothing. We went on to Challis to look around. Then through Stanley to McCall. McCall was nice but nothing for us.

We moved on to Caldwell, Idaho then on to Twin Falls and parked at the Slettes. The next day we went to look at Sullivan's Country Inn in Fairfield. There was no living quarters or office. The owners lived at home and rented rooms from their restaurant. We went on to Bellevue to look at the High Country Inn. It only had 10 rooms and was pricey.

We had been evaluating motels for four months and on the road the last month. We looked at many motels and had a lot of time to think. The more we thought about the DK Motel in Arco it looked to be the best possibility. It would be an easy move from Idaho Falls, close to family, was priced ok, had good books, and a proven track record. We decided to pay a visit on May 31. The realtor, Don Cain, was surprised when we called. He and the owners had given up on us. Mike, the husband, was traveling in Colorado. This was our third trip to look at the motel and Mike was never there. We spent the day with his wife, Dianne. We drove off to think about it. We consulted with Gary Slette and decided to submit an offer of \$250,000, with \$80,000 down, and closing in two weeks. The asking price was \$295,000. We thought they would reject the offer or possibly counter. The next day Don Cain called and said, "You bought a motel. Close on June 16, 1995". WOW!! We think Diane

was sick of running the motel by herself while Mike ran around the country. They had a big job to be out of there in two weeks, and got right after it. We had things to do in Idaho Falls and departed the next day. Phone calls needed to be made to the State for workman's compensation and obtain a tax ID, so we got a cell phone. We were told the signal was weak in Arco, and would need the large bag phone. It cost a lot more than the small flip phones.

We got our business done in Idaho Falls and departed for Salmon to spend some time and relax at moms. Total miles driven from when we departed Idaho Falls for our motel search was 5,086 miles. Towed the fifth wheel 3,955 miles.

The following is a partial list of the motels that we looked at. There were a few more.

Overton Motel, Overton, Nevada
Plaza Motel, Overton, Nevada
K-Bar Motel, Greybull, Wyoming (3 times)
Yellowstone Motel, Greybull Wyoming
Wagon Wheel Motel, Pinedale, Wyoming
City Center Motel, Hamilton, Montana
Deffy's Motel, Hamilton, Montana
K Motel, Kanab, Utah
7-K Motel, Boise, Idaho
Sullivans Country Inn Motel, Fairfield, Idaho
High Country Inn, Bellevue, Idaho
Marianna Motel, Panguitch, Utah
Maltana Motel, Malta, Montana
Desert Rest, Ely, Nevada (2 times)
Blue Spruce Motel, Lamar, Colorado

History of the DK Motel

The following was provided by friends in Arco.

In the early 1940's Al Blodgett owned a Shamrock service station and 6 tourist cabins behind it. On July 19, 1946 he sold to Willard Brown, the Sinclair oil man in Blackfoot. Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt operated the business. On September 3, 1948 the business sold to Mr. DeKay "to update".

The following article is taken from the February 4, 1949 Arco Advertiser.

DEKAY MOTEL OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Arco now boasts one of the finest cabin camps in this Northwest, as DeKay's Motel opened for business this week. The new establishment is owned and operated by Roy S. DeKay, who came to Arco six months ago. He

has been busy in constructing the eight new units. The new units are located adjoining the former Shamrock station and cabins on highway 93, which Mr. DeKay also purchased. The new units include all the luxuriousness of the Waldorf Astoria and the privacy of home. Accommodations in this strictly modern Motel include butane heaters, tub baths and kitchenettes with butane ranges.

This new enterprise has been enthusiastically declared a great asset to this area.

The original 6 units of the “motor court” were parallel to the highway and set back behind the service station/office. The rooms were small and the exterior was a log looking veneer painted dark brown. The 8 unit building that DeKay built was perpendicular to the highway on the north side of the office/living quarters. The exterior was a reddish looking roman brick veneer. The office/living quarters was the original service station office augmented with a small house butted up against the rear of that structure. It was sided with tog looking veneer painted dark brown.

Monte Dick bought the motel from DeKay. He had the motel a long time and raised his family there. He built the 6 unit building perpendicular to the highway on the south side of the office/living quarters. It was a pinkish red block structure with a flat roof. The reason for the flat roof is that he planned to add a second story in the future. Each unit had 2 rooms making it a small apartment with a kitchen between the two rooms. Dick Starnes from Idaho Falls then bought the motel and was an absentee owner. It doesn't show in the history. We know that a retired Navy guy operated the motel for a couple of years. From what we heard he ran it down and Starnes took it back. He later sold it to Mike and Diane Beitz from American Falls in 1992. They did a good job in bringing it back to life and a good reputation. They had it three years when they sold to us. Monte Dick lived across the highway and would stop by now and then. He was proud of the motel and his addition of the south building. He was interested in the changes we were making and liked it.

Dick Starnes lived in Idaho Falls and stopped by once to visit.

End of chapter 20a

29. Chapter 20b The Motel Years 1995 – 2000

Arriving in Arco

We departed Salmon June 7, 1995 with the fifth wheel and went to the Mountain View RV Park in Arco. The next morning there was 6 inches of snow on the ground! What a surprise that was. We left the trailer and met Gary and Kathleen at the condo in Sun Valley to relax and unwind. Then it was back to Arco to get ready for the takeover. We finally got to meet the mysterious Mike Beitz. He was always travelling when we looked at the motel.

Diane had asked previously if I wanted to help install the swamp coolers that they remove and store every fall. I was ready to help and learn the process, but Mike had them installed. They were busy packing and moving, so we stayed out of their way.

On July 14 we moved the trailer to the motel and parked on a pad in back that had hookups for a trailer. The first thing to do was get a bank account at the local Wells Fargo Bank. The customer service lady was Sharon (Noh) Parsons, a Salmon High School classmate of mine. We were surprised to see each other in Arco. She had dated LaRue's brother Val. He graduated and left for the Air Force. I took her to the Junior prom in 1953. It was our only date. She told me later that she had a cowboy in Challis in mind when we went to the prom. They married after graduation and eventually moved to Arco.

We worked with Diane learning the ropes in the office, the laundry room, and met the maids. They were worried and nervous. The next day I picked up a U-Haul trailer and went to Idaho Falls to get the basic necessities to move in the next day. That evening the Beitz's went to dinner and left us to tend the motel. That was the extent of our training. On July 16 we all went to the title office and closed. We put \$80,000 down and assumed the note the Beitz's had with Dick Starnes. They carried the remainder. We would make one payment a month to an escrow service in Idaho Falls. We were in the motel business, and it was the busiest time of the year. It was baptism by fire. The Beitz's cleaned out the cash drawer and departed. We had to learn to rent rooms and run a motel. The difficult part was that we were not familiar with the room configurations and the rates. The three buildings were built at different times. The rooms were all different. There were smoking rooms and non-smoking rooms. Diane knew them by heart and the rates. There were no cheat sheets to look at. I put one together and we referred to it every time we rented a room. People bore with us while we figured it out.

Room Configuration in 1995

North Building

- #1 nonsmoking, kitchen, 1 queen
- #2 nonsmoking, 1 queen, hot water heater in separate room
- #3 smoking, 1 queen, 1 double
- #4 smoking, kitchen, 1 queen
- #5 nonsmoking, 1 queen, 1 double

- #6 nonsmoking, 1 queen, 1 double
- #7 smoking, 1 queen, hot water heater in separate room
- #8 nonsmoking, kitchen, 1 queen

Back Building

- #9 smoking, 1 queen
- #10 smoking, 1 queen
- #11 nonsmoking, 1 queen, water heater on back of building
- #12 nonsmoking, 1 queen
- #13 nonsmoking, 1 queen
- #14 smoking, 1 queen
- #15 nonsmoking, 1 queen, 2 water heaters and storage in locked back room

South Building

- #16 smoking, 1 queen in front room, kitchen, 1 double in back room
- #17 nonsmoking, 1 queen in front room, kitchen, 1 double in back room
- #18 smoking, 1 queen in front room, kitchen, 1 double and 1 single in back room
- #19 nonsmoking, 1 queen in front room, big fridge, 1 double in back room
- #20 smoking, 1 queen in front room, 1 double and 1 single in back room
- #21 nonsmoking, 1 queen in front room, 1 double and 1 single in back room

We eventually replaced the single beds with double beds in units 18, 20, 21 and replaced the double beds in units 3, 5, 6 with queen beds..

Taking Over the Motel

Our first customer was a couple from Amsterdam, Holland, and about our age. We told them we had just taken over. We asked them if they would like to come in later and have a glass of wine with us. They were delighted. I ran to the store and got wine and snacks. We didn't have furniture moved in. I got a cardboard box for a table, and four lawn chairs set up in the kitchen. It slowed down around 6pm and we could relax when they came in. They were great people and we had a good time. They said only in America could people our age change careers and do what we were doing. They wrote to us when they got back to Holland.

I had gotten our bed moved in that afternoon. We were too wound up to go to bed until about 4am. The next morning I was up early. I figured I had to work something out to track revenue. I had retrieved my old Packard Bell personal computer, black and white monitor, and dot matrix printer from storage. I set it up in the spare bedroom. I built a spreadsheet using the IBM Lotus 1-2-3 that I pirated from work. LaRue got up and counted the cash. Then we worked out a daily cash management sheet. Then it was dial up the credit card company and batch transmit the transactions from the credit card terminal.

LaRue got with the maids and give them the list of rooms to be cleaned. We both started stripping beds and getting acquainted with the rooms. We had 2 experienced maids, Pat Lengle and Elaine Jason. They had worked at the DK for several years. Elaine was mentally challenged, but capable and programmed to clean a

room the same way every day. We would later hire her 20 year old mentally challenged daughter, LaRee. They were dependable and great employees. Two other maids were short term and not reliable. We added two high school girls to assure a full crew every day. We had a meeting with the maids to impress upon them our requirement for clean and properly stocked rooms. It is the way we want it done every day. We will check each room and if something is not right, they will hear about it.

After 4 nights of not getting much sleep we had to change the way we operate. I would go to bed early and get up at 5am to open and do the spreadsheet. LaRue would stay up until midnight and sleep until 8am. It worked well for us with her being a night person and me being an early person.

The rooms were in good shape although the furnishings were dated. The Beitz's liked tacky trinkets hanging on the walls and yellow paint. We planned to remove the trinkets and repaint the yellow rooms a neutral color in the off season. They also had large colorful butterflies hanging on the exterior of the buildings. They had to go. Gary and Kathleen came up the first weekend. We removed trinkets and butterflies. Gary and I ripped out Mike's partition in the laundry room, his work bench, and shelves packed with junk. This was all in the backroom of the living quarters. We hauled heaping loads to the dump. We now had a laundry room with a small table for folding, two washers, and two dryers. It was clean and organized, but not adequate.

Clem Birney, an old geezer from Nebraska, owned and operated the Lost River Motel across from us. He was open in the summer and closed winters. He drove in about the third day we were there. He proceeded to tell us how to price our rooms and operate our motel. If we needed help just holler. Needless to say, he did not win friends, and we did not need his help.

A few days later I checked with Wells Fargo and did not see any deposits from our credit card transactions. We checked with the credit card processor and the deposits were made, but going into the Beitz's account. Somehow the change had not occurred. We eventually got our money.

One week after we took over the Iowa 150 bicycle tour was coming through Arco. Dianne had reserved every room expecting to accommodate them all. We had long term stays we inherited and would not have enough rooms. We had to book rooms at the Lazy A Motel for those that we could not accommodate. It was nervous time getting ready. We pre-registered them with names assigned to rooms based on their rooming preference. Then figured the charge per person based on what they had been quoted. We could move them through rather quickly. Each person only had to pay their room share when they arrived. They trickled in all afternoon, and it worked out well. The city put on a spaghetti feed for them in the park. They cleared out for dinner early, returned, and went to bed early. We had 31 beds total, and every bed was occupied that night. The only thing that bothered us was that they had to have their bicycle in the room. We had stacks of old towels and rags for them to clean their bikes. They were up early and gone the next morning.

Problems

The maids had been using an old metal food serving cart with small wheels for their supplies. It was wobbly and difficult to move. A maid would push and another would pull. We immediately acquired two modern motel carts. Also, a new pull cart for hauling dirty items from the stripped rooms. The maids had been hand carrying dirty stuff to the laundry room. LaRue started inspecting sheets and towels and discarded worn stuff

wholesale. We placed a large order for new towels and sheets. We became a good customer of American Hotel Supply.

We noticed during our room inspections that carpets did not look clean. We found that the maids rarely put a new bag in the vacuum. The bags were stuffed full. We even found a vacuum with no belt to drive the rotating brush. New rules were put in place, and we ordered new vacuums to get better cleaning.

Phone coverage was a problem. If we were both out on the premises there was a switch to flip for a ringer outside. It could be heard a block away. We would have to run to the office to answer a call. The first few days we would forget to turn off the ringer. We would hear about it from a guest that evening.

Transferring calls to a room could only be done on the console in the office. If we were in the living room we would have to run to the office console. The telephone system was old, obsolete, and had a limit of 2 lines. Internet access in the area was only dial up phone access. Two lines were not adequate. A new phone system was a high priority.

The laundry room in the back of the house was not adequate. It consisted of two conventional washers and two conventional dryers. During busy times they ran all day and could not handle the load. It required most of the sheets to be sent to Blackfoot. A driver would pick up and deliver every Monday. This was costly and required a large inventory of sheets. There were sheets, towels, and cleaning stuff everywhere. The maids didn't have a good folding table to work on. Diane would take loads from the dryer into the living room to fold. One of the things a motel owner in Cortez, Colorado stressed was to have a separate laundry facility. The maids would not be doing laundry in the living quarters. A new professional laundry facility was one of our highest priorities.

An amenity in the rooms that was really dated was the coffee service. It was a 1950's vintage plastic shelf on the wall. It had signage, a small hot plate, and pot to heat water. A shelf below had instant coffee, sugar, creamer packets, plastic cup holders, and inserts. It was not only dated, but ugly and dangerous attached to the wall. We ordered 4 cup coffee makers, ground coffee packets, sugar and creamer packets, and got rid of the old service in August. I kept one for a souvenir, but ended up throwing it away when we sold the motel.

Several rooms had kitchenettes. They had old propane stoves and large refrigerators at least 40 years old. The stoves were next to the wall with wood cabinets above the burners. There was a fire hazard. I planned to remove the stoves at the first opportunity. For the time being I turned off the propane. I often found the propane turned back on. Once people saw a stove they wanted to cook. Then they would come to the office wanting pots and pans.

We did not want long term stays and cooking in our rooms. We inherited three rooms paying low weekly or monthly rent. We planned to make changes when they departed. One guy stayed over a year paying a very low monthly rent. He sat in the room and smoked when he was not at work. The walls were coated with nicotine. When he left it took a couple of weeks to wash down the walls, repaint, and install new carpet. It was so clean we made it a nonsmoking room. It became one of our favorites and most popular to rent at a much higher nightly rate. Even if it sat empty at times during the slow winter months we were ahead. Also, there was much less wear and tear on the room. Focusing on overnight and short stays became our strategy. It was the result of many interviews, experience, and observation during our extensive motel search. The strategy worked well for us over the 7 years we had the motel.

There was no ice machine and there was no place to put one. The former owners did not worry about it. Ice was a necessary amenity in our opinion. I made a quick trip to Idaho Falls and got a mini freezer for the office. We got new ice buckets and liners that we would fill from the ice maker in our refrigerator. It was a popular guest amenity and good interim solution until we got an ice machine a year later.

A memorable encounter occurred the first or second week. We had a large group of Harley riders in the south building. One morning they were revving up and tuning the Harleys. I was walking out of the office and was confronted by a rambo guy in camo's and bloused paratrooper type pants and boots. He had a 45 caliber pistol strapped on his side. He was irate and demanded, "You take care of those guys with the motorcycles or I am going to". I needed to defuse the situation and told him, "Calm down. They are nice guys, and they will soon be gone". He grumbled and went back to his room. A while later I looked out and he was laughing, joking, and having a beer with them.

Arco hosted an annual softball tournament in middle August. Our first summer we were fully booked with teams from Idaho Falls, Blackfoot, and the Wendell/Jerome area. The Idaho Falls and Blackfoot teams were young and rowdy. We decided that from here on we would only accept the team from Wendell/Jerome. They were older dairy farmers. While they had a good time they were orderly, enjoyable, and wrapped things up early in the evening. We had them every year thereafter, and reserved the 12 rooms they preferred. We would join them in the evenings, and they became good friends. They were also good ball players and usually took first place. With this strategy we had rooms available for tourists who paid the going rate. We would still be full by 6pm. The cheap rowdy ball teams filled up the competition.

The winter was cold with a lot of snow and blowing snow. I had to deal with snow removal and hired John's Auto Electric with their wrecker/snowplow. A big problem was where to push the snow as our space was limited. The solution was push it towards the units in back. It resulted in a huge mound in the back of the parking lot. It eventually blocked the rear exits. It was a big mess when it warmed up and the snow melted.

Arco Rotary Club

We were in the motel about a month when Jim Morris, the Superintendent of the Craters of the Moon National Monument stopped in. He had park brochures for us to give to guests. We talked a while and he said he was in Arco Rotary. It meets every Tuesday at the Golden West restaurant at noon. He invited me to the next meeting as his guest. I attended, was invited to join, and accepted. It was a small chapter averaging about 10 members who were all business people or retired business people. They knew what was going on around town, and discussed things freely. I always knew what was going on. The two bankers and the judge were especially interesting and informative.

One of the charter members was Ira Boyer. He was the gas and oil distributor for many years, and retired for many years. He was nearing the end and I only got to visit with him a few times before he passed. The interesting part is that his daughter was married to the actor/comedian, Gene Wilder. If they were in town visiting he would bring Wilder to Rotary. It was before my time, and never got to meet him.

(I would go on to serve 2 terms as President and become a Paul Harris Fellow. I didn't want the job but the club had been languishing for many years and needed to be rejuvenated. It turned into something that I enjoyed doing. I made sure we achieved the District Governor's goals every year.

We had a fund for a community project that had been sitting in the bank for years. I came up with the idea to use the fund as seed money for a grant. The old railroad tracks had been removed that ran along the highway across from the motel. The right of way was available. My idea was to get a section paved for a walking, biking, and jogging trail. We moved ahead and got it accomplished. We then had a huge granite rock about 5 ft high hauled in and attached a bronze plaque on the face. The plaque said, "Arco Rotary" and below "Ira Boyer Memorial Parkway". Ira's daughter came to the dedication and still contributes funds for maintenance.

I took two astronauts to a special Rotary dinner meeting. They visited with us long after dinner was over. They were in town to celebrate the 35th anniversary of their training at the Craters of the Moon and stayed at the motel two nights. They were the 6th man to walk on the moon, Edgar Mitchell, and the 12th and last man to walk on the moon, Gene Cernan. I still have their registration slips and Gene Cernan's autographed book.

We supported the acquisition of a Navy submarine for display at the Arco Science Center that was to be built across the street from the motel. The USS Hawkbill (666) was decommissioned and available. However, it was too big to transport. The solution was to cut out the center portion containing the sail (conning tower). It was trucked into town with the mayor waiving from the top of the sail. There was a dedication with sailor plank holders (1st crew) and the Commanding Officer of its first voyage attending and speaking. A fundraiser for this project was selling bricks with a brass plaque and the name of the contributor. We bought one for each grandchild with the DK Motel and their names on it. They were placed by the sail, but the last time I checked I could not find the one for Christopher.)

New Telephone System

A good telephone system was required. Very few people had a cell phone. Our system was antiquated and had a limit of two lines that were always busy. I got bids for a new telephone system in July. I elected to go with AT&T on a lease to ownership agreement for a total cost of around \$8,000. We would get the controller, 20 new room telephones, a console for the office, an identical console for the living room, a portable handset, a combination intercom/doorbell/telephone, and 4 telephone lines. In August they swooped in and installed the system in a day. Now if we were out on the premise with the portable handset we could answer calls, transfer calls, and communicate with people at the door. The outside ringer was no longer needed. The portable handset had long range. We could go to Pickles for lunch and not miss a thing. A great feature that we could turn on or off was that callers in response to a menu could enter the room number they were calling. They would be transferred without us being involved. It was a great upgrade and made life easier.

The new telephone system required 2 digit room numbers. Number 10 was reserved for the office, so room #1 became #11. It went on around to room #21 becoming #31. Hotel tradition avoids #13, so we had no #13. I replaced the old metal room numbers on each door with new square dark blue plaques with large white numerals. They would complement what would be our new color scheme. The planned color scheme was gray, navy blue, white trim, and red accent on our neon sign. The dated and ugly orange plastic key tags were replaced with much smaller rectangle shaped dark blue tags with only the room number. We did not want

missing keys being traced to the motel. The old key tags had, “ drop in any mail box to return postage paid”. The postage was \$8. I could replace the new key tag for 35 cents. It was less than a dollar for a new key. A few days after getting the new telephone system, Clem Birney, at the Lost River Motel called and wanted the old system. Sorry Clem AT&T took it. I wouldn't have let him have it anyway.

After the Tourist Season

The pace started slowing down in September and it was welcome. Our occupancy had been round 99%. It was a good summer and a good start. We were accustomed to going to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico the end of October to utilize our timeshare week. We began thinking maybe we could continue going. All we needed was a good manager. We had hired a new maid, Nancy Hughes, for laundry and she looked to be a good candidate. She was in her 50's, divorced, and stable. We approached her with the idea. She was willing, so we started training her in the office.

We tried her by going to dinner in Mackey and leaving her in charge. That worked fine so we hooked up the 5th wheel on October 1 and went for a night on the Little Lost River north of Howe. We had our cell phone to be in touch, but the battery didn't last until morning.

Everything was fine when we got back to Arco, and she handled the overnight stay easily.

The end of September I removed the swamp coolers from the windows. The only place to store them was in the box off an old truck in the back of the motel. It was the only storage we had. I put the room # on each one so I would know where they went in the spring.

We elected to go to Puerto Vallarta for a week the last week of October, and left Nancy in charge. I made a daily work sheet for her to fill out that looked like my computer spreadsheet. Also, a cash management worksheet for each day. I did it this way since she was not computer literate. We didn't want to add the stress of computer problems. All I had to do was transfer her entries onto my computer spreadsheet, which took about an hour. Her daily cash management worksheet matched with the cash receipts and the cash bag. She was calm about it all and had no problems. The method worked well. We did it this way every time we were away.

Mid November was the time to shut down the 6 rooms in the back building. They were heated by electric baseboard heaters, expensive to operate, and not needed during the winter months. It involved shutting off the water, opening a drain valve in the crawl space underneath room #20, and pouring antifreeze in the toilets and drains. The rest of the rooms were heated by propane wall heaters. They were very old,, but usually worked well. Once in a while I would have to relight a pilot light or have a control unit worked on by our propane guy, Bill, at V1 Propane.

Our first 6 months were busy and hectic. What a way to get started in the motel business. It was difficult Friday evenings watching people and their rigs going by on the highway to enjoy the weekend. When you thought about making money 24/7 it was not so bad.

The winter was cold with a lot of snow and blowing snow. I had to deal with snow removal and hired John's Auto Electric with their wrecker/snowplow. A big problem was where to push the snow as our space was

limited. The solution was push it towards the units in back. It resulted in a huge mound in the back of the parking lot. It eventually blocked the rear exits. It was a big mess when it warmed up and the snow melted.

My Motel Management Software

I liked the way my spreadsheet for daily room revenue worked and continued to expand it. I set up a monthly spreadsheet so that the totals rippled up automatically to a room-by-room monthly summary. Then ripple up to a yearly summary showing monthly totals side by side. The year **summary** then rippled up automatically to a summary showing the years side by side. I entered the room revenue the day it was collected, and the rest was automatic. I could track what every room was doing, and what every month or year was doing. When we thought we were not doing as well this month compared to last month or last year I would bring up the spreadsheet and there was the answer. We were always doing better than we thought. It was the trend we wanted.

I set up an expense monthly summary the same way. I had categories for, utilities, maintenance, supplies, etc. I entered the item and the expense underneath the proper category. The monthly totals rippled up in the same manner with monthly side by side summaries for the year and every year side by side. There was never any doubt about how we were doing on revenue and expense. My software was a great tool

1996-Year of Big Changes

Acquiring the Annex

Early January the owner of Grandpa's Southern BBQ, Lloyd Westbrook, stopped to chat. He and his wife, Loretta, owned the six-unit apartment building across the street on the North side of the motel. It was perpendicular to the street and centered on four city lots with a large lawn in front and back. It also had a newer two door garage that was large. I had been noticing the property and there was very little or no activity. Lloyd said he needed money for his restaurant and would like to sell it. I didn't think much of it that day. The more I thought the more interesting it became. We would have more units to rent, a large garage, storage space, and a lot of open green space on both sides of the building. The space would be great for pushing snow from the motel. I got back with Lloyd to look at it. It was originally six one and two bedroom apartments. A few years back it became an assisted living facility. Two of the apartments on the north end had been remodeled into two bed units, with a large bathroom, and a large walk-in closet. The two apartments on the south end had a kitchen, huge pantry, and dining room for the assisted living people. These two were in bad shape. The two units in the middle were a one bedroom apartment and a two bedroom apartment. They were in their original old condition. They were rentable with elbow grease, paint, and repairs.

A single guy was in the one bedroom apartment and was moving out. I saw that the two remodeled units on the north end could be rentable quickly with the addition of beds, furniture, and carpeting. The two in the middle would take some work and would be rentable. The two on the south end closest to the motel were bad, but perfect for storage. We could empty our storage units in Idaho Falls and have everything in those two units. I would also have a shop and storage space in the garage.

Lloyd held firm at \$45,000. He would take a small down payment and carry the note. We struck a deal. We labeled the acquisition, "The Annex", and the rentable units, A1, A2, A3, and A4.

A Great Buy on Motel Furnishings

After striking the deal with Lloyd Gary Slette called and said a large chain motel in Burley was selling complete rooms of furnishings to get ready for an upgrade. I drove to Burley to take a look. The furnishings were in good shape. Each room included a queen bed, a headboard, 2 night stands, 2 night stand lamps, 1 hanging lamp, 2 wall mounted lamps, a 36 inch round table, 2 sled chairs, a large mirror, 2 large pictures in frames, a large 4 drawer credenza, and the carpet. All of this was \$100 per room. A credenza alone was worth more than \$100. I didn't care for the light green and light pinkish carpet, but you had to take them. The furniture was better than our furniture and I bought 10 rooms of my choice. I had a week to get it moved. I went back to Arco to figure out how to do it. I would go to Twin Falls, rent a truck, leave the car at the Slette's, and go to Burley. I would need help loading so I called a Burley moving company. I could hire two of their guys. I would need storage space to store it when I got back to Arco. We had not closed on the Annex. That was the space I needed to store as well as utilize a lot of it. I got with Lloyd and he agreed to let me use the apartments to store the stuff. The garage was not available as he had a guy using it for woodworking.

I picked up the truck in Twin Falls and it was snowing hard. I had no experience driving a diesel truck with a clutch and manual shift and was nervous about it. We got it all loaded in Burley and I gave the two movers \$100 each for 4-5 hours work. Everything went fine on a cold winter night. It was 30 below zero when I arrived in Arco. I was afraid if I shut the engine off the diesel would not start the next morning. I left it idling the rest of the night. I hired a young guy the next day. We put 6 credenza's in the 6 units in the motel's south building. They were a perfect fit and needed. We also replaced the nightstands and lamps. I would put the matching headboards in later. We unloaded the rest in 2 units in the Annex. We got done and I saw the carpet rolls were close to the wall furnace that to my surprise were operating. Without thinking I turned off the furnace.

The Freeze Up

The next morning I went to the Annex to look things over. I could hear water running in the unit next door. A PVC pipe had froze and broke. Luckily the shut off was handy. I had a big problem to fix. The next day I headed to Twin Falls to return the rental truck. LaRue called and said there was no water in rooms 16 and 17 in the north building. of the motel. The propane guy, Bill, was there to fill the propane tank. She told him about it when he came to the office. He was super nice and said he would check it out. He figured the wind blowing out of the north into the crawl space opening caused a freeze up. He crawled under to check things out and nothing was broke. I would have pipes to thaw when I got back.

The next day I discovered the cover for the opening into the crawl space was inadequate, and cold air could easily blow in. Also, the heat tape that was on the pipes was not working. Where there wasn't heat tape the pipes were wrapped in newspaper. I used a hot air blower, thawed the pipes, and got water flowing with no problems. Then I stripped the newspaper insulation. I found dates in the 1950's. I spent days under there stripping paper, putting on new pipe insulation, and new heat tapes. I also fabricated two insulated plywood covers for the entries into the crawl space. We never had a problem after that.

After we closed on the Annex, I turned my attention to the broken water pipe. I found when the 2 units were remodeled they replaced the old galvanized pipe with PVC. It breaks easily in freezing conditions. I found the break, fixed it, and turned on the water only to find another break. This went on and on. Totally frustrated I yanked out all the PVC and put in all new copper pipe.

I spent hours in the crawl space underneath. While I was at it I installed shut off valves and drains for each unit. I could now easily do maintenance and winterize the units. We would not utilize the Annex during the slow winter months, so this was important. I then worked on getting the two remodeled rooms A3 and A4 in the Annex ready to rent. I would wash the walls, paint, get new carpet installed, and move in 2 queen beds and furniture that I acquired in Burley. The credenza fit perfectly in the space between the walk-in closet and the bathroom.

An older couple drove in. They were looking for a small apartment for the summer while they visited their daughter. I didn't want to rent long term but the Annex one bedroom apartment (A2) was rentable as is, if people were not too picky. I let them look at it thinking they would not want it. To my surprise they would rent it if I put in a couch and a couple of chairs. We had a couch and chairs from our Idaho Falls house in storage. We agreed on \$550 per month and they moved in May 16. That was our first rental in the Annex. I finished up with A3 and A4. The kids came and stayed in them in mid June to test them out. We had a BBQ and picnic on the front lawn, and had an enjoyable evening in front of the Annex. The rooms were rented thereafter. They were two of our most popular units in the summer.

With two rooms available for storage in the Annex I began moving our stuff from Idaho Falls. I made many trips through the summer with truck and trailer and got it done.

Air Conditioning Upgrade

During the summer of 1995 I was not happy with the swamp coolers for air conditioning. The units for the north and south buildings were huge 3x3x3 units that mounted in the back window and were unsightly. Each had a water line connected for the water supply and I was always fixing a float or a water pump. They were not controlled by a thermostat, so the guest had to turn them on or off. They were not suitable for motel use. I reinstalled the swamp coolers at the beginning of the 1996 season and began looking for refrigerated units. I found a good buy at Blackers in Idaho Falls and got six Amana units for the south building. The cost for those were \$1,974. The north building back windows were a narrow slider that required a vertical unit that was more expensive. They had White Westinghouse models that fit, and I got 8. The total for those came to \$3,752. I would end up later acquiring two White Westinghouse units and two more Amana units for the Annex. The rooms on the back building were small and a much smaller unit would suffice. I couldn't find any and decided to utilize the swamp coolers for a while longer as they were visible only from the back alley.

Now I had to worry about power requirements. I found an electrician, and he ran conduit on the back of the buildings so each unit would have their own line and circuit breaker. The cost for that was \$1,963. I removed the swamp coolers and installed the new air conditioners, and we were in business. It was a worthwhile upgrade.

Other Repairs

A problem I was determined to fix was in the building in the back. The hot and cold was backward in about three of the units. I spent days under that building correcting the problem. While at it I installed shut off valves and drain valves for each unit to facilitate winterizing and maintenance. I also fabricated two insulated plywood covers for the two entries into the crawl space. With these projects completed we were set for cold winters.

Other Projects

The six units in the south building each had a back bedroom. Room 26 on the west end had the back bedroom locked off. It contained two large propane water heaters and hundreds of old sheets, old towels, years of old cans of paint, acid for cleaning, and other junk. It was full and a fire hazard. Gary and I took several loads to the dump. Paint was supposed to be left with the attendant, but he was gone. We went on to the landfill and dumped. I sweated the consequences. The next week I got a call from a guy saying he was the sheriff. He asked about the paint we dumped. I almost had a heart attack. The caller was Gary playing games with me.

I removed the old fridges before tourist season started. I replaced them with mini fridges, and sold the old fridges for \$25 each. Our maid, Pat Lengle, bought one. Later, it caught fire and they had to call the fire department. Dodged a bullet on that one. I also removed eight old 4 burner propane cookstoves with ovens. Brother Garry and Gladys had a bar and café in Yellowpine. He said he could sell them easily to the locals. He came over and hauled them to Yellowpine. We never saw any money.

Sign Renovation

We had a large neon sign in front that was visible from up and down the highway. The color scheme was unattractive. It was faded brown with white and yellow panels popular in the 1950's. It proclaimed RCA color TV and telephones. That was not needed in modern times. Bulbs were out and the vertical part with MOTEL was missing light behind one of the characters. It showed M TEL at night. It displayed neglect on the part of the owners. The Beitz's had done one good thing by installing a 3x3 reader board below the sign. It had three rows. You could put up any message you wanted from a large supply of plastic cards with letters and numbers.

YESCO in Twin Falls was the sign company that serviced Arco. The sign had been under a maintenance contract with them years ago. I called YESCO to see about updating it. A guy came out and we discussed changes and a color scheme of white, dark blue trim, and a red DK at the top. A few days later we received an artist rendition. We liked it. It was expensive at \$3,500,, but we gave the go ahead. YESCO spent a couple of days replacing bulbs, fixing neon, and new paint. We also signed a maintenance agreement. They would check the sign periodically and repaint when necessary. The sign always looked fresh and clean. The YESCO crew would often rent rooms with us, and we became friends. They took great care of our sign.

Security Camera and Monitor

The office was not visible from the living room. They were separated by a wall. We were alerted to someone entering the office by the door activating a switch that rang a bell in the living room. You then went to the office

to see what it was all about. I was at Costco in Idaho Falls and saw a video monitor system and purchased it. I mounted the small camera in the corner of the office and ran coax through the wall to a monitor on top of our TV cabinet. Now we could see what was taking place in the office while sitting in the living room, and even in bed. You were never sure about middle of the night people. This provided an added level of security. We had a scruffy guy come in one night and you could see him look up at the corner. He reacted when he saw the camera. He muttered something and went out the door. We are sure he had something bad in mind.

The Telephone Booth

Mike Beitz had his little business things going. One was a revenue sharing agreement with a 3rd party for a coin operated telephone booth. It was next to the sidewalk in front and people using the phone could observe everything taking place in the office. If they needed change they would come to the office. I had one guy ask to plug in his computer as his battery was low. Our take the end of 1995 was \$12, and we provided the power for the booth. It was a big annoyance. I tried to terminate the agreement by calling and sending letters to no avail. Gary then sent a letter on his letterhead telling them they had two weeks. If it was not gone by then the booth was going to the dump. They showed up on the last day of the deadline and hauled it away.

The New Laundry Facility

During our first winter we made plans for a new laundry. We wanted to have it the duration of our ownership rather than just part of it. The best location would be off the east end of the south building. This would put it between our office/living quarters and the service station/convenience store next to us. It would solve the problem of car lights shining on us, and people sitting over there watching what we were doing. The only problem was two huge trees, but they could be sacrificed. They looked dangerous in a windstorm. It would solve that problem. When the snow melted I went out with a spray can and laid out the dimensions, and a layout of the interior. I would refine it now and then making it larger. It would have a guest laundry in the front with the motel laundry in the back. The motel laundry would have a bathroom with a toilet, sink, shower, and space for two large water heaters on the left as you enter. I could then remove the 2 water heaters in the backroom of #26 and return the room to service as a bedroom. The water heaters would connect the laundry room to the south building, and recirculate hot water. The motel laundry would run across and behind the guest laundry. The washers would share the drain, water, and electrical connections in the common wall.

I needed a contractor and talked to Don Northrup who had a great reputation. He was totally booked with projects out of town. He suggested Don Ziegler who owned and operated the lumber yard and hardware store. He was a professional engineer by training and a qualified builder doing business as King Mountain Construction. His girlfriend, Marci, ran the store. I knew them as I frequented their business regularly. I was in the office one morning in mid May. Don Ziegler walked in and asked if I might need any work done. I showed him my layout on the lawn all staked out. He would draw it up and get back to me. Don was back in couple of days with a set of professional drawings.

He would get the permits, have the trees removed, excavate and pour an 8 foot deep foundation, pour a concrete floor, construct the building with 2x6's, have the electrical done, have the plumbing done, a new water line from the street, the sewer connection done, procure and install a high capacity 100 gallon propane water heater, remove the water heaters in the back of #26 add install the old 80 gallon water heater in tandem as backup for

the new one, install a recirculating hot water pump to the south building, install a propane wall heater in the guest laundry, install a propane wall heater in the laundry room, toilet, sink, and shower in the bathroom, set tubs in the laundry room, and build shelves across the back wall. The siding would be medium gray vinyl. The roof would be dark blue metal as we requested. We would be responsible for the laundry equipment. The estimated cost was \$41,000 and he could start immediately. We gave the go ahead.

Monday morning we were surprised to see the trees being taken down. There were big trucks and a Collins Excavating backhoe. Collins removed the trees, stumps, and dug the foundation and water line trenches. They had to be 8 ft deep to be below the frostline. I was not aware of it but Don was already building the walls in his lumber yard. When the forms were in for the foundation concrete trucks, one after the other, arrived from Idaho Falls. We had a new building in no time. There was a \$1,000 overrun due to an additional charge by the city for the water hookup. It was added by the mayor as he viewed the work being done by the city crew. I guess he needed a new toy. After the mayor retired I heard similar stories.

I researched products and ordered a new high capacity WASCO commercial washer, a high capacity commercial dryer, and a commercial water softener. Also, 2 coin operated washers, and 2 coin operated dryers for the guest laundry. The total cost was \$8,800. They arrived early and we had them stored in the garage at the annex. The commercial washer was big and extremely heavy. Don brought his forklift and two employees from the lumber yard to get everything over into the laundry room. They had to use rollers to get it in. Then they bolted everything down per specifications. The equipment moving and placement wasn't Don's responsibility, but he did it anyway.

We moved our best washer and dryer into the new laundry room to handle small loads. I added a 4x8 table in the middle of the room for folding. It was a first-class facility. We were happy and in the new laundry room by the middle of July 1996. The new water heater was a monster and could heat water as fast as it was used.

Other Building Projects

I asked Don to give us a bid for gray vinyl siding on the south building. Also, a bid for gray vinyl siding and dark blue metal roof on the north building. The bids were reasonable and we gave him the go ahead. We were in the middle of tourist season. Don worked with us to minimize disturbing guests. We would give the go ahead to start work around 10am and stop him around 3pm. When he got to the north building and began removing the asphalt shingles he found several layers. This increased his work load a bunch. He found dry rot in the six wood porches where they attached to the north building. We lucked out. He had just gotten a great deal on a load of cedar. He would pass the saving on to us. We would get three new cedar decks with railings for \$2,700. Each deck had two steps and was centered across the entry of two rooms instead of a small porch for each room. The total remodel cost for the two buildings was \$20,000. I stained the decks medium gray. We placed big flower pots on each end of the 2nd step. We often had tourists say they chose us because of the nice look and the flowers. The improvements would pay for themselves with the increase in room rentals.

When Don finished the buildings I had him insulate and panel the back room of #26. It would then be a two bedroom unit like the others in the south building. Another bed meant more revenue. Wood doors with aluminum screen doors were on the north and south buildings. The screen doors impeded guests coming and going with luggage. I had Don remove them. The doors were hollow core with no insulation and an eyesore.

We had Don replace them with steel insulated doors. The total for the #26 backroom and the doors was \$2,760. I painted the doors “thunder gray”. It was a dark smokey bluish gray.

The new look was great. People in town were taking notice and talking about us. There had been no improvements of this scale in Arco for many years.

Our Office Help

Nancy Hughes was doing a great job for us in the new laundry and spelling us off when we were away. Around late summer she had to go to Portland to help her daughter who was having an operation. She would be back in time for us to go to Puerto Vallarta the end of October. October was coming up. There was no Nancy and no word. We decided we needed another person trained just in case. I talked to a lady, Debbie, in the Sawtooth Club who seemed sharp and capable. I asked if she would be interested. She was, so we brought her in a couple of evenings to train. Gary and Kathleen came up in mid September with their trailer and camped up Antelope Creek. We had what looked to be a slow Saturday night. It would be a good time to leave Debbie in charge and have dinner with Gary, Kathleen, and kids. We were nervous, but with a slow night she should be ok. We got back and the no vacancy light was on much to our surprise. We walked in thinking she would be upset and flustered, but she was cool, calm, and collected. It had gotten busy. She rented over 10 rooms in a hurry with no problems.

Gary and Kathleen liked their stay on Antelope Creek and asked us to be on the lookout for property.

We wanted to try Debbie on an overnight stay. We hooked up the 5th wheel and went to the Little Lost River north of Howe for a night. It went well, so we did it again about a week later with good results. We had found a relief manager, and scheduled her to motel sit for our Puerto Vallarta trip the last week in October. A couple of days before we were to depart Nancy arrived unannounced! She was ready to tend the motel. Too late Nancy. She then burned her bridges. We came back from Puerto Vallarta and Debbie said it went well with no problems. I noticed the beer was gone that we left in the fridge. There was about a case of various brands that guests would leave. I didn't think too much of it as I knew she enjoyed a beer. Occupancy was low, so she apparently had an easy time of it. I went to vote and ran into the guy that bought the Lost River Motel from Clem. He thanked me for taking vacation. His business really boomed! Then we got a call from the couple that own the bar and café in Howe. They would close early on Sunday. They would book a room with us and go to the bars for the evening. He said they called and told Nancy they would be in around 5pm and hold a room for them. They arrived, the office was locked, and Nancy was not around. They had to go to the Lost River Motel and hated it. No wonder business was lousy while we were gone. I then talked to Frank who owns the Sawtooth Club. He said Debbie came in about 5pm every night we were gone! So much for Debbie. We later referred to her as “Crazy Debbie” after we hired a new Debbie. A young divorced gal with a young son, Debbie (Collins) James, moved back to Arco to live with her parents who owned Collins Excavating. She needed work and was extremely capable. We hired her to run the laundry, train in the office, and stay when we went somewhere. She was excellent.

In March Gary and Kathleen became aware of a cabin up Antelope Creek that was for sale. Cliff, a would be mountain man, built it from scrounged logs, lumber, etc. He lived there full time with his wife. It was rustic with no running water, an outhouse, a couple of log outbuildings, and a sweat lodge. Cliff offered to let them use it for the weekend while he and his wife went to Montana where they would be moving. We pulled the 5th wheel up on May 19 and spent the night with them and celebrated Caitlin's 3rd birthday. The place was just what Gary was looking for and they bought it. It turned out to be a great acquisition that they still enjoy.

Ice Machine

The first thing to get for the tourist season was an ice machine. We had space in the new guest laundry room. The hook ups were put in when the laundry building was built. I ordered a new Scotsman ice machine for \$1,790 from Bar and Restaurant Supply in Idaho Falls. I hauled it to Arco and did the installation myself. It was a nice addition, but a problem keeping greedy people from filling large ice chests, and not leaving ice for other people.

New Propane Heaters

The propane wall heaters in the north and the south buildings were old. Rooms 11 and 15 had control valves much older than the others and were getting cranky. New valves were no longer available. It was time to look for replacement furnaces. Our V-1 propane guy, Bill, said the best high tech and most efficient model was Rinnai, made in Japan. He had installed a few and it was his recommendation. The drawback was that they were pricey. They were the size of a small suitcase and had a flexible hose for a vent and a flexible hose for outside air through the back of the unit. With extensions they could be routed through the existing hole in the roof for the old furnace vent. There was no pilot light or live flame. They ignited and ran only at the level required to maintain the desired temperature. They could bring a cold room up to temperature in minutes. Being 80% efficient they used less propane. I ordered the medium size model for rooms 11 and 15. That model was around \$1400 each installed.

Air Conditioners for the Back Building and Office/House Projects

In June I went to Costco in Twin Falls and bought six Sharp 5100 btu air conditioners for rooms 20-25 to replace the last of the swamp coolers. I was able to sell all 20 of my old swamp coolers to a guy in Mountain Home for \$25 each. Very glad to get them out of my way.

The front windows in the rooms in the back building were huge, single pane, and were the original windows. I had Don remove them, scale the size down to 4x4, and replace with double pane windows with a slider for ventilation in the bottom part of the window. He also procured two 4x4 slider double pane windows for the office with installation later. The total cost was \$1,656.

The working relationship with Don was great. I told him we would want a blue steel roof on the house/office at some point in time. He looked and pointed out a pronounced sag in the roof line. He thought it indicated broken rafters. It could be a big job to fix. He would prove to be correct. It was around this time that Don told us that he was closing the lumber yard and hardware store. He would now have more time. When the Home Depot opened in Idaho Falls it killed their business. He had tried to sell to no avail. The only option was to

close the doors. This is what was happening in Arco. You could not even buy a pair of socks in town. The two grocery stores merged into one. The one that closed was turned into a funeral home. Then we had two funeral homes.

Our small living room had just enough room for a couch, two lounge chairs, a TV, and the pellet stove. My plan was to take out the wall between the old laundry room and living room. Removing the wall would more than triple the size. I began removing the knotty pine boards that were on both sides of the wall. Then I removed the plumbing, sewer drains, and electrical. I knocked out a few 2x4 studs and noticed there was some load on them. The remaining studs had a lot of load. I stopped and called Don. He came over and found that it was a load bearing wall, and it was good that I stopped. It will require an 18 foot beam supported by support beams on both ends that extend through the floor to the ground. There were too many unknowns, so he would work on a time and material basis.

Since the job just expanded I asked about removing the old wall furnace in the wall between the living room and kitchen. It was 4 foot wide and floor to ceiling high. When we first saw it we thought the bottom vent sent heat out both sides to the kitchen and to the living room. The first winter proved otherwise. One side was intake air and the other side blew heat. The living room was the intake side and did not get direct heat. When the Beitz's took over the motel the living room was in the front adjacent to the office and the kitchen was in the middle of the building. The rear of the building was formerly two bedrooms that were remodeled into the laundry. They changed the front living room to be the kitchen. The former kitchen became the living room. Now the living room did not get direct heat from the wall furnace. So, they installed a pellet stove that took up the outside wall of the living room. It was time to remove the old inadequate and very noisy furnace. Removing it we found a charred area showing there had been a small fire apparently in the electrical connection. An extension cord bypassing the problem had been utilized for a fix. It was good to get that mess out of there. The former laundry room had a wall furnace that would suffice until we got a new Rinnai furnace installed. With the old furnace out we would have a six foot wide opening between the kitchen and living room. Another beam and support beams went on the list to span the opening. Don thought we should have another beam between the two cross beams for additional support. He was worried about the sag in the roof line, and it would provide a margin of safety in the middle of the house. He ordered a 10 inch laminated beam for the wide span and smaller laminated beams for the two shorter spans and support beams. He had steel brackets fabricated for bolting the beams together. When the beams arrived Don brought in floor to ceiling jacks to hold up the ceiling while he installed them. He put down a new sub floor throughout for a smooth surface. We had new carpet installed. Then we brought our dining room table, chairs, and hutch from storage. We felt like we were living in a home again. It was mission accomplished. We had a big open living room and dining room.

The next job was to get up into the attic and see what was going on. There was no way to get into it. He had to cut an opening. Don found broken rafters and the electrical was a dangerous mess. To get around in the attic he laid down 1x12 boards for a walkway and installed lights. He was up there many days jacking up the centerline of the roof several inches and repairing the rafters. Then he put in new electrical wiring and removed the old wiring. A propane line running to the furnace was also dangerous. It was replaced and rerouted to meet code. I told him I was worried about what it was going to cost. He said, "don't worry about it. I won't charge you for all my hours, as I work slow". Don was amazing. The total cost for the beams, porch, and installation of the windows was \$1,601. With the rafters fixed and the interior work done he went to work on the roof. The old shingles had to come off, and he found layer upon layer. In one area he found 12 layers. Somebody must have been a frustrated roofer. It is a wonder the house didn't cave in when there was 2 feet of snow load that winter.

In the process of redoing the roof Don suggested extending the roof over the backroom addition that had a flat roof. The flat roof also extended over a patio. Snow would build up and required shoveling. We gave the go ahead and he installed rafters over the flat roof, put on blue steel, and enclosed the ends with gray vinyl siding. It made the back of the house look great, and solved a big problem. It took about a month and I sweated the total bill. It came to \$2,148. I expected \$10,000. We had a large model Rinnai furnace installed where the old laundry room furnace was, and a small Rinnai model in the far corner of the office. They worked wonders in keeping an even temperature throughout.

The office was small with a room behind the back wall. It was about 4 feet wide. There was a water heater, water softener, storage shelves, and telephone equipment. Also, a counter with an old key cutting machine that ruined four out of five key blanks. I elected to have keys made at Ace Hardware and got rid of it. We decided to remove the wall and make the office larger. It would give us more room between the front desk and the back wall. Don was busy working on the rafters and roof. I knew Ed Price who was a finish carpenter and retired. He was expensive being accustomed to union wages, but he was fast and good. He had built shelves for our rooms, and we liked his work. Ed ripped out the wall and we replaced the water heater and water softener. He enclosed them in a small closet with louvered doors. He then built cabinets for storage along the rest of the back wall. The extra space allowed a computer desk between the front desk and the outer north wall. The computer could now be moved from the back bedroom into the office. The new telephone system also fit in there. The front desk was an old display cabinet with a counter placed on top. Ed made a new counter top. It had a riser on the half extending to the wall with a 1 foot wide top. It was all topped with dark green laminate trimmed with oak. He also put oak paneling on the front of the old display cabinet. Guests could use the top of the riser to register without bending over the lower counter. The riser hid the phone console, the credit card machine, and provided a place to hang notes and rate sheets without being visible to the guest.

I put up new lighting and wired in a battery powered emergency light that would activate when the power failed. We learned from experience that it was needed. New carpet was installed, and the office looked great. With the roof done Don installed the two new slider windows that had been in storage in the office. He also redid the entry porch to match the new decks on the north building.

New Sewer Line and Water Line

A sewer line and water line replacement were unexpected repairs. Early in the year the sewer for the north building and the house was slow and backing up. I had a plumber run a snake down the line and he diagnosed a broken sewer line. I called Collins Excavating. Luckily, they were in town as they worked all over the state and as far away as Alaska. They dug a test hole and found the pipe was bad. It was cheap plastic and cracking. It was a long run on a diagonal across the back parking lot to the end of the south building and to the city sewer in the alley. It had been installed years earlier when the city put a new sewer line in the alley. Whoever owned the motel at the time went the cheapest way possible with plastic pipe. It would all have to be replaced.

Collins began digging at room 14 towards the end of the house and diagonally across the parking lot. The water line to the house was uncovered and it was badly rusted. A worker tapped it with his shovel, and we had a geyser of water 20 ft in the air. I had visions of a long shut down. We called the city, and they came and shut

the water off. Collins had a saddle patch that might work, and it did. We decided to move on with the sewer and put in a new water line later. They dug across the parking lot and came to the concrete driveway/trailer pad. The concrete was broken and sinking in places. We decided to demolish the entire driveway. That uncovered the propane pipe from the propane tank to the south building. It was old and should be replaced. It was an easy job for V-1 propane at no charge.. The digging revealed the sewer connection coming from the back units was also cheap plastic. So, it was another 100 ft of line to replace. That was the end of the surprises, and they put in new sewer pipe. The trench had to remain open for a day to spot problems. They filled in the trench and it was a wait period for settling.

Collins then replaced the water line to the house. The old line came from the north building and they capped it off. Then they dug a trench and tapped into the water line feeding the new laundry building. The new water line came into the house under the south side of the house. With the sewer and the water line finished Collins brought in asphalt to patch the driveway and pave the driveway/trailer pad.

I found you don't trigger a conversation with the owner, Junior Collins. You cannot get the conversation to stop. His son worked for him and he never said a word. Daughter Debbie worked for us, and she was talker like her dad.

Annex Rooms Added to the Phone System

When we bought the Annex I had individual phone lines installed in order to get telephones in the rooms quickly. It was a costly monthly expense. The new phone system could be expanded to serve the Annex with the installation of a line across the street, and expansion modules to the phone system. I was picking up food at the Village Club and talking to Jack Youngstrom who has Powerline Construction. His wife, Jeneane, runs the Village Club and he works mostly in Island Park and Ashton all week, and gets back Friday afternoon. I mentioned that I wanted to run a telephone line over to the Annex but didn't know how I would get it done. He said he would do it for free. All I had to do is buy the cable.

Jack and his crew with their boom truck pulled in late on a Friday afternoon and made easy work of it. They ran the line up the pole for the yard light at the back of house to a tall tree behind the north building. Then over the street to a tall tree at the end of the Annex. Then to the end unit in the Annex.

I had the company that installed the new phone system add capability for six more phones, connect the line to the system, and install new lines from the end unit to the rooms with new telephones.

I renumbered the Annex rooms 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37. Rooms 32 and 33 were our storage units that someday could be remodeled into guest rooms.

New Computer

My old computer did not have internet capability and was very limited. With the new computer came a lot of software including Microsoft Publisher for building websites. By trial and error I built a website for the motel and published it on the Internet. People could now find us. It resulted in an increase in reservations.

Summary List of Projects in 1999

| | |
|--|---------|
| 3/99 New Rinnai furnaces in room 26 and 28 | \$2,471 |
| 4/99 Phone system upgrade. Expand system to include the annex. | \$2,285 |
| 4/99 New flooring and carpet in office | \$ 742 |
| 4/99 Sewer line replacement. Collins Excavating | \$3,973 |
| 5/99 Three new Sharp air conditioners for rooms 33, 34, and office | \$ 714 |
| 6/99 Rafter repairs and new blue steel roof on office/house. Don | \$2,148 |
| 7/99/99 Water line into house replacement. Collins Excavating | \$ 965 |
| 7/99 Asphalt patching on parking lot. Collins Excavating | \$1,890 |
| 8/99 New Micron computer | \$1,123 |
| | |
| 11/99 New Rinnai furnace room 12. V-1 Propane | \$1,205 |
| 11/99 New Rinnai furnace room 18. V-1 Propane | \$1,227 |
| 12/99 New Rinnai furnace room 29. V-1 Propane | \$1,333 |

Our Idaho Power People

When we took over the motel the Beitz's told us to expect an Idaho Power crew every April for 4 weeks. The crew consisted of 5 guys with 2 fish hauling tanker trucks. They drove to Hagerman early every morning and loaded steelhead hatchlings at the Hagerman fish hatchery. The fish were transported to the hatchery at Ellis, which is between Challis and Salmon. They would return to Arco to overnight. The North building had electrical hookups in the back where they parked on the street and plugged in the trucks. They required 5 rooms in the North Building so they could monitor the trucks parked behind. We had them every year and they were good guys. Idaho Power paid the going rate and it was good business in April before the tourist seasons starts. They also paid for the electrical hookups for the trucks.

Their route on highway 93 took them by Mt Borah twice a day, and the guys often talked about climbing it. I told them about my experience climbing it three times and one aborted attempt due to a blizzard. I was invited by the boss, Vic Otto, to join them for a climb during the summer. Being prepared was essential for success, so I wrote a guideline for everyone to read and heed. My guideline follows:

t Borah Climb

They say to allow about 12 hours, but I have found that a window of 9-10 hours is adequate unless a member of the party has problems. The slowest time I've had was 5 hours up, an hour on top, and 3 ½ hours down. The fastest was 4 hours up and 3 hours going down (not recommended). If the day is really pleasant we can take our time coming down and not beat up the legs so badly. We leave at daybreak and have a lot of daylight. By leaving at daybreak it is cool all the way to the top and is only hot coming down the lower part.

Equipment:

Good pair of sunglasses and a hat

Day pack for water, extra gear, camera, food, etc

Fanny pack (Not essential but quick access to sunglasses, lip balm, energy snacks, etc)

Wear quality high top hiking boots (preferably light and mostly leather)
Wear light weight shorts (or pants if you prefer) for strenuous hiking and comfort
Wear light weight long sleeve jersey for early morning and on top
Take 1 short sleeve shirt for the hot part coming down or stay with the long sleeve jersey
Take a windbreaker jacket and pants. (Gortex running clothes are excellent)
Take a good pair of light leather gloves as the rock is tough on hands
Take extra pair of socks Take light weight poncho (in case of wet weather. Haven't had to use it yet)
Flashlight (just in case)
Optional - a pair of sneakers in case of feet problems

Liquids:

The least I have used was on a cool day and was a quart of water, a coke, and a quart of gatoraid. The last notes I took was 3 quarts of liquid consumed on a fairly warm day. To be safe I would plan on 4 quarts of what you like. We would then leave 1 quart about mid mountain for coming down. I found that a quart of gatoraid was ok for nutrient replacement but I really liked plain water the best and a Coke for lunch.

Food:

What worked best for me was about 4 bananas, a couple of oranges, a couple of apples, and many small Snicker bars for energy as you are hiking. I also liked lifesavers or lemon drops for moisture as I hiked. On top you need to eat pretty good but probably won't feel like too much. I liked some cheese, salami, crackers, etc. Heavy food and a lot of it isn't appealing. Rev. Rittenhouse of May always told us that all you need is a handful of raisins! Probably good for energy and a quick snack.

Other Essential Items:

Sunscreen (15 or better) as the sun really beats down
Lip Balm
Band Aids and /or blister kits
Toilet Paper (just in case)
Aspirin or whatever you use
Camera and film. I take my small Sony camcorder and small Olympus 35 mm Small
Binoculars (optional)

Route:

Leave from the parking area and campground at the base of the mountain at daybreak. The trail is now about 1/3 mile longer since the Forest Service closed off the jeep trail. At the end of the jeep trail you veer left and head straight up a ravine that is steep and soft dirt. It then traverses West for a ways then turns East straight up the ridge to timberline. It is brutal hiking for about 1/1/2 hours. This is also the killer part on the way down. After a break at timberline it gets fairly easy by comparison over a rocky but good trail. You will be surprised at how much altitude you gain. It then flattens out for a ways where we will leave some water, sneakers, etc for the trip down. It then heads up again over rocky shale and big rocks to pick your way over. It then gets steep, rocky and narrow as you come to Chicken Out Ridge. It then slows down to a crawl as you go hand over hand and pick your way along the ridge. This lasts about a 1/2 mile or more. The best route through is to veer right through a little V when you start up Chicken Out Ridge and stay on the right side of the ridge until about halfway when it is best to get right on top of the ridge or veer over to left side until the ridge ends with a 6-8 foot drop to a snowfield. At the snowfield the trail turns North and you traverse across to the saddle at the base of

the final assault to the top. The traverse across is easy hiking and pleasurable with terrific view of the valley below and the peak above. It looks scary from the highway but after Chicken Out Ridge it is all pleasure. It is best to take a break at the saddle and enjoy the view of the Pahsimeroi and all around, and build up some energy. From there it is about 800 vertical to the top. It is mostly straight up through scree, shale, and large rocks. It is slow tough going, sometimes sliding back nearly as much as you gain. It is best described as a scramble. People have been all over the place and there is no set trail. I prefer to veer to the right and pick my way over big boulders and rocks and sort of go up the ridge with the drop off on my right. It probably takes about an hour for the last 800 vertical. The view at the top is worth it all. -----

The Mt Borah Climb and the Glacier

Vic Otto and I stayed in touch to plan the date of the climb and who was going. It got down to Vic, his daughter and me. His brother, Bruce Otto, was interested. The interesting thing about Bruce is that he discovered Idaho's only glacier on the back side of the mountain. He was a geology student in the 1970's at Boise State. While exploring the back side of Mt Borah he discovered what he thought to be a glacier. He told his professor who didn't think it was possible. However, he agreed to go with Bruce and take a look. He confirmed it was a glacier, and it is the only known glacier in Idaho. It became known as "Otto's Glacier" (An article in the paper in early March 2020 said the glacier had been officially recognized and named the "Borah Glacier" on February 1, 2020. A second article later stated that Bruce Otto knows of another glacier in Idaho, but the location is being kept secret to keep people away for the time being.)

Bruce decided he would join us for the climb and offered to show us the glacier, which meant climbing the back side. I had never heard of anyone reaching the top from the backside as the last 2000 ft is vertical rock. I offered my opinion, but Bruce thought we could find a way. It would be new territory and conquest for me, so let's do it. We drove two trucks in case we had trouble and departed the motel at 4am. North of Mackay it was east over Double Springs Pass, then south over Horse Heaven Hills. This is the same route we took to the head of the Pahsimeroi when we lived in Idaho Falls. At Mahogany Creek there was a logging road west towards Mt. Borah. It went a short distance and ended. We started walking.

We bushwacked south through trees and ravines a good distance to a big meadow headed west towards the mountain. We surprised a herd of elk and saw two of the largest bull elk I have ever seen. The meadow was about a mile long and had a steady uphill slope to a large ridge running north and south parallel to the mountain. It was a hard scramble up to the ridge. At the top we could see the glacier across a steep canyon. **We wanted to see the glacier up close. It was down the west side of the ridge into the canyon** and a climb up to the glacier. We were now at the base of the glacier with Bruce who discovered it.

Bruce, being a geologist, gave us a detailed briefing on the geology of the area. The clock was ticking.

From there it was nearly vertical rock to the top of Borah and impossible to climb without technical climbing gear. The only option was a scramble back up onto the ridge and proceed south to where the ridge curved into the southeast side of the mountain. It was a tough scramble and hike to where the ridge ended at the mountain. By then it was about 1pm. We were ready for food and a rest. From our vantage point we could see the head of the Pahsimeroi, Marion Lake, Pass Lake, and the summit of Mt Borah above us. We could also see a couple of people on the summit watching us. They were probably wondering what those idiots are doing.

I scouted around for a way up but didn't see any possible route. We didn't have time anyway as we had a 3 hour hike to get back to the trucks. We enjoyed the view and the sunshine for a while and headed back. It was a great excursion.

My Air Force Reunion

When I got the new computer I could access the internet. I searched and found that my old Air Force unit in Scotland was having a reunion in Las Vegas. I had not heard from any of these guys since 1957 and signed up. The reunion was April 26-28, 2000 at the Flamingo Hilton. LaRue stayed home to tend the motel and I drove down. We had 240 people attend and had a super time. It was great to reunite with five old buddies I worked with on Dog Trick. It was especially great to see my old friend, George Page, who worked in the orderly room and the post office. He was the one that knew where I was in Turkey and forwarded LaRue's postcard that led to us getting back together after I was discharged. George apologized.

The last evening the master of ceremonies summoned the Scottish wives to the stage. The stage was full and hardly any women were left in the crowd. It is a fact that 80% of the guys that went to Scotland came home married, and it was evident.

The guy that had a web page for our group posted that he would have to bow out. He would scrap it unless someone took over within two weeks. The deadline came and nobody came forward, so I jumped in. He had a list of about 100 airmen and I was #74. Another guy maintained addresses. I took the two lists and combined them into a spreadsheet with names, years at Kirknewton, email address, home address, and phone numbers. I also developed and published a new and expanded webpage.

(My alumni list now has over 2500 known airmen that served at RAF Station Kirknewton from 1952-1966. After Las Vegas in 2000 we scheduled reunions every two years and switched to every year after 2006. LaRue and I attended reunions in San Antonio, Texas (drove); Biloxi, Mississippi; Colorado Springs, Colorado (drove); Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Red Wing, Minnesota (drove); a Miami Caribbean Cruise; Branson, Missouri (drove); Edinburgh, Scotland; Las Vegas, Nevada (drove); Dayton, Ohio; Seattle, Washington (drove); and a New Orleans Gulf of Mexico cruise. I organized the Miami cruise and the last Las Vegas reunion.)

End chapter 20b

30.Chapter 21b 2000 – 2002 Wrap up and the Sale

We planned to own the motel five years and put it up for sale. We realized that it would probably take a year or more to sell it. **It was** always in the back of our mind that maybe nobody would want an old mom and pop motel. What then? If that happened I figured we could remodel the annex large end unit that we used for storage into a luxury apartment for us. We could then retire and have full time managers in the motel.

Early 2000 I developed a motel for sale webpage and published it on the internet. I also placed an ad with a company that lists motels for sale. We did not want it known locally and no realtors involved. The terms were \$495,000 with \$150,000 down. We would carry the note.

Changing the Looks of the Annex

The look of the Annex was not bad. The exterior was a brownish brick veneer with green in it. It did not identify with being part of the motel. We decided to paint it gray to match. Our son -in law Matt had a pressure washer and professional spray paint equipment. I borrowed the pressure washer and did the Annex. The Redd's came up for Matt to spray the paint. Brian and I went ahead taping and masking. Matt came behind spraying. We were done in the afternoon and the new look was terrific. All that was left was for me to finish the trim around the doors and windows with white.

Changing the Looks of the Motel Back Building

The back building exterior was a fake log siding painted dark brown. It did not fit with our new color scheme. The siding was durable and in good condition. Rather than having it covered with vinyl siding I decided to paint it gray. I would do it myself with a brush after I pressure washed it.. I started on the back to see how it looked and liked it. I painted about 20 feet a day and it took a while.

With the building now gray the fading tan stain on the front deck that ran the length of building didn't fit. I tackled it next with the gray stain that I used on the new decks on the north building. The new look was great.

Changing the Looks of the House/Office

It was sided with the same fake log siding and dark brown paint as the back building had been. I pressure washed and painted the office/house gray in the same manner as I did on the back building.

The entire motel now had a nice cohesive appearance that was pleasing to the eye.

Annex Remodel

Rooms 34 and 35 in the middle of the Annex hadn't ever been remodeled. I turned Don Ziegler loose in August to work his magic. The first was room 35 a one bedroom apartment. We ripped out the kitchen and a closet. That created a big room for 2 queen beds. The old bedroom was locked off. It was difficult to keep warm in cold weather or cool in hot weather. The electrical was old and dangerous, Don brought in new 10 amp service.

There was all new wiring for switches, lights, outlets, and air conditioning.

The interior walls were not sound proof. He put one inch thick cork panels on the walls. Then it was paneling with a vinyl wallpaper for the finished look. I tested the soundproofing by turning the volume very loud on the TV. I couldn't hear it in the adjoining room. The cork panels did the job. With new carpet, beds, and furniture the room looked like a nice motel unit.

Don then did room 34. It had a small living room with a bedroom on the left and a walk-in closet between. We knocked out the closet and the bedroom wall and now had a large room for two queen beds. It was like room 35 he just finished. He redid the electrical, put up the soundproofing cork panels, and the paneling with the vinyl wallpaper finish. With new carpet we had another modern looking room. With this done we had four nice rooms in the Annex to rent.

Our two units for storage were numbered 32 and 33. During the summer I moved everything in 33 into 32, the first unit in the Annex. Don remodeled 33 into a 2 queen bed unit in September. This would give us 25 rooms for 2002. The total cost for the remodel of the three rooms in the Annex was \$14,944.

I winterized the Annex the beginning of October and shut it down for the winter.

Selling the Motel

I got my video camera out and did a walk through of the grounds and the rooms. It was about an hour long and turned out good for an amateur. I intended to give a copy to potential buyers. Time went by and there were several people interested. A fellow in Killeen, Texas came for a visit. He was a teacher and coach in the high school that had been decimated by a tornado. He had to identify dead students and the trauma was so heavy on him that he was leaving. The motel was just what he was looking for. He went home and brought his wife out. They were both enthused. They talked to the bankers and visited the high school to see about her teaching. They spread the word they were buying the DK Motel. They appeared to have the money for a large down payment. It looked like we had a buyer. They returned home. He called a couple of weeks later and said his wife changed her mind. She would not move to

Arco. Meanwhile life goes on at the motel. There were other lookers. They talked a big story and had no money. A doctor in Atlanta, Georgia would trade his house for the motel. I asked for a photo. The house had an 8t ft high chain link fence around it. No thanks, doctor. He was highly upset. We had at least 10 people that wanted the motel with no money down. They would do a great job. No thanks folks.

Debbie James could manage the motel the last week of October so that we could go to Puerto Vallarta. We were back a while and Evelyn Thornton who worked for us previously and moved away called us. She was available the month of December and would come back to tend the motel if we wanted to get away. That was too good to pass up. We set up a trip to Cabo San Lucas departing December 4.

A realtor in Idaho Falls had called in early November. He had a potential buyer if we would pay a commission. LaRue knew him as he banked where she worked in Idaho Falls. He had approached us in the past to list our house in Idaho Falls, and then the motel. We were not fond of him. Putting that aside we told him we would give him one shot. He had to sell it for enough to cover his commission. He drew up a contract for a sale price of \$512,000 with a commission of 3%. The expiration of the contract was December 31, 2001. We signed on November 11.

He arranged to meet his clients, Dave and Nicole Altman, who lived in Winnemucca, Nevada, at the motel. It was the day before we were to leave for Cabo San Lucas. It was snowing like crazy when they arrived. They would not stay long as they wanted to head back to Winnemucca before the roads got too bad. We had time for a quick walk through and sat and talked for about an hour. The realtor just sat and listened with his head going back and forth like he was watching a tennis match. The Altman's appeared qualified as she owned apartments in Winnemucca that she was selling. He was a drilling consultant working around the world. It turned out they knew my second cousin, Marc Hathhorn, a mining engineer in Winnemucca. They had to get going, so we gave them summary spreadsheets of the financials, and a copy of my video. We didn't expect anything out of the brief interaction. Hopefully, they would come back for a closer look.

We had a good week in Cabo and returned Tuesday, December 11. Mom called to tell us that Roy was in the hospital in Missoula, Montana and in serious condition after surgery. Roy Bisson and Mom married in February 1997. The realtor called the next morning and said he would be out shortly with an offer. We were shocked and on pins and needles until he arrived. He said Dave and Nicole watched the video over and over and made the decision. The offer was \$512,000 as listed, \$125,000 down instead of \$150,000, and a note at 7 1/2% for 15 years rather than 8% for 20 years. They would put \$50,000 earnest money in escrow and close April 1, 2002. It was a no brainer for us. We initialed the changes and signed.

SOLD

It was a two year process, but we couldn't have found more qualified people or a better offer. We decided to not announce the sale locally until March. With the motel sold and Evelyn available we

departed the next day, December 13, for Missoula. We arrived in the evening, picked up mom at the motel, and went to St Patrick's Hospital. We met a nurse coming out of his room and she said Roy passed away moments ago.

We attended the funeral a few days later in Salmon. We were fortunate in having Evelyn available and utilized her through Christmas.

January 2002

We had 3 months to kill before we closed. In early January we rented a large storage unit. I started emptying our storage unit in the Annex. Jack Youngstrom owned the storage units and I told him I was remodeling the rooms in the Annex and needed a place to put stuff. I ended up renting three more storage units from him as the move progressed. I think Jack caught on but didn't let the cat out of the bag.

I emptied the storage room in the Annex and started packing in the house. After Idaho Falls I had experience packing and moving things to storage. I used the same technique of long term in the back of the units, progressing to short term in the front of units, and keeping a map.

The Altman's called to see if they could bring a couple of loads to Arco. It was fine with us. It meant commitment. They unloaded and stored it in the Annex. Nicole was interested in my spreadsheets and was computer savvy. I said that she could have what I developed. She left a laptop computer and I loaded my spreadsheets set up for the next 5 years.

I wrote detailed procedures on the operation and maintenance of the motel. We wanted them to be successful and take care of the asset.

Around the first of March we announced locally that we had sold the motel. A cohort in Rotary had been bugging me about running for Mayor in the fall. I resisted knowing we would not be in Arco. Now she understood.

We had everything out of the house with a couple of days to spare and stayed in #11 at night. The 5th wheel trailer and the truck was loaded with everything we might need for full time RV living. LaRue even had a portable sewing machine in the back seat of the truck. The only commitment was to be at Matt and Julie's for the birth of the new baby in early April, Kaiser Bill's seminar July 4-8, and the Air Force reunion in San Antonio, Texas September 19-21.

I developed a tooth problem and went to the dentist from Idaho Falls that practiced in Arco one day a week. I needed a root canal. He referred me to a dentist in Twin Falls as that is where we were headed.

(The Altman's were excellent and continued to upgrade the motel. Nicole was a workhorse. She mostly ran the motel by herself. Dave was often away on projects overseas

End

31. Chapter 22b On the Road 2002

Out of the Motel

We closed on the sale of the motel April 1, 2002. I left Arco in the truck pulling the fifth wheel trailer and headed to Twin Falls. The truck was a white 2001 GMC Sierra 2500 crew cab with an 8.1 liter V-8 and Allison transmission. The fifth wheel was a 1987 26ft Alpenlite that we bought from my parents in 1991. LaRue would follow in the car after she wrapped things up. The car was a light gold 2001 Chrysler 300M. It was a cold windy day, but typical for the time of year.

The Slettes' would not be in Twin Falls as they were traveling. They owned the empty lot next to their house on Buchannon Street where we would stay in the trailer. I backed in and parked.

We celebrated the first night out of the motel by going to dinner at the Rock Creek Restaurant. It was a strange experience not having to worry about how things were going at the motel. We celebrated by having Manhattans and prime rib. That was what we had after we were married in Pocatello.

I had an appointment with a dentist for a root canal on April 9. We would relax and look around until then. We had no idea where we wanted to live but Hagerman looked attractive. We looked at property around Hagerman and came to the conclusion we would spend too much time running back and forth to Twin Falls. We had enough of that in Arco running back and forth to Idaho Falls. Our next destination was Smithfield, Utah for the birth of the baby Matt and Julie were expecting. The morning of the 9th LaRue took off for Smithfield.

I had an unpleasant root canal. Then I hooked up the fifth wheel and drove to Smithfield. There was room to park the trailer beside their garage. Two days later Summer Kristine arrived. A daughter for the Redd's after three sons! LaRue helped around the house. I worked on the trailer getting it road ready, since it had been sitting for seven years. I got new tires before we left Arco. I repacked the wheel bearings, checked out the brakes, and made sure everything worked in the trailer.

On the Road

We departed Smithfield April 17 heading south for Nevada. We hit a heavy snowstorm south of Provo. I elected to pull into a campground in Nephi, Utah, making only 176 miles the first day. We were in no hurry, and not on a schedule. In a short while the trailer was warm and comfortable, but we went out for dinner.

We continued to Overton, Nevada and parked at the Fun and Sun RV Park in space 14 at \$15 per night. This is the place that my folks wintered a couple of years. It was nice getting into warm weather and we changed into summer clothes.

We were curious to see what the Overton Motel looked like since we were not successful in buying it in 1995. The old gal had sold. It was not thriving under the new ownership.

A problem for Overton was Lake Meade had receded leaving the nearby marina high and dry. Just as well we didn't get the Overton Motel. We liked Overton and considered the possibility of making it our home. However, we didn't find anything.

We visited the Valley of Fire and recalled when we lived in Las Vegas. We would have picnics there with the kids. In those days you had to dodge desert turtles crossing the road, and there were wild burros everywhere. We didn't see any desert turtles and the burros were scarce.

We knew people in Idaho Falls that bought property for retirement in Pahrump, Nevada, so we decided to check out Pahrump. After three days in Overton we headed to Pahrump and parked at the Pahrump Station RV Park at \$20 per night. We remembered Pahrump as only a junction on the way to Death Valley when we lived in Las Vegas. Now it is a thriving retirement and casino city. We checked out the area and spent a day in Death Valley.

LaRue's sister Jane lived near Tehachapi, California, and wanted us to visit. She owned and operated a water company, and needed help in buying and installing a new computer. That was our next destination via Ridgecrest and Mojave 240 miles away.

We looked at new computers in Lancaster, and she bought one in Costco. I spent a couple of days setting it up, and developing a spreadsheet for tracking customer billing and payments.

After three days we headed north to return to Idaho via Big Pine, California, Tonopah, and Wendover, Nevada. It was rain and hail from Ely to Wendover. Parked at the KOA for \$22.50 per night. The campground had a good slope to it. The trailer uphill from us dumped their holding tank. The sewer line was plugged, and their sewer flowed downhill to us. We had to hook up and move. Learned to check if the sewer will drain before opening the valve.

While in Wendover we toured the old WW2 airbase where my Uncle Dallas was with the 509th Bomb Group. They were training to drop the atomic bombs on Japan. We also checked out the Bonneville Speedway, but nothing was happening that day.

We departed Wendover April 29 for Smithfield, Utah to see how things were going with new baby Summer. We took the cutoff (highway 233) between Wendover and Wells to Snowville, Utah. Then across to Logan. It is about 100 miles across the cutoff with nothing but a few ranches before you get to Snowville. That is the route we took when we lived in Logan and would go to California for a visit.

After a couple of days at the Redd's we headed to Twin Falls and parked at the Oregon Trail RV Park on Kimberley Road at \$85 for a week. It was packed with full-time residents. We lucked out and got the only space available. We spent the week with a realtor looking at houses. We were not in a hurry to buy a house but wanted to see what was available and start narrowing down where we might want to live. The next stop was

Idaho Falls to check out the housing market and see old friends. We arrived on May 8 and parked at the Sunnyside RV Park at \$22.05 per night for three nights.

We looked at houses gathering information for later. We also looked at new fifth wheel trailers since our Alpenlite was 15 years old. Also, the low-profile design did not have a bedroom that you can stand up in. Alpenlites' are built in Yakima, Washington, so we decided to visit, take the factory tour, and possibly pick up a new model. We headed north to see mom. Then brother Garry and Gladys, stop at Tom and Bev's, and on to Yakima. We arrived at moms in Salmon and parked on the street at her place on the bar at 714 Taft Avenue. It is the townhouse she bought after dad passed away. It was built by my cousin Ray and Little Ray. LaRue lived in almost the exact place. Mom's front window faced across her driveway to where LaRue's bedroom window would have been. The house was demolished but a willow tree was still there. Now it is a huge tree.

During our travels we discovered that most Elks Lodges have trailer hookups for members and charge around \$5 per night. We had friends that belonged to the Salmon Elks Lodge that would sponsor me. I applied for membership. We spent four days in Salmon and headed north again and overnighted in St. Regis, Montana. We were a few miles north of Superior where my folks lived 1961-1964 while dad managed the Nancy Lee mine. The mine was between Superior and St. Regis. The next day we continued through Kellogg and Couer d'lene then south to Garfield, Washington to visit brother Garry and Gladys for one night, which was enough.

On May 17 we continued to Pasco, Washington and parked at the Arrowhead RV Park at \$25 per night. This is as close as we could get to Kennewick where Tom and Bev live. We spent three days visiting, and toured wineries. We drove by our old house in Richland, and it looked great after 29 years. After three days we traveled 89 miles to Yakima and parked at the KOA at \$27 per night, which was pricey for an average RV park.

We visited the Alpenlite factory the next day and saw fifth wheel trailers being built from start to finish. We were impressed and picked out our favorite, a 32 ft model. The local Alpenlite dealer would have to order one. However, \$74,000 was way more than we wanted to spend. They had a good inventory of trade-ins of several brands. We decided to look around. There was a large dealership about 35 miles north in Ellensburg. We looked over their inventory and did not find what we wanted. We went back to the dealer in Yakima and they had just taken in a 1997 29ft Alpenlite. It was a one-owner in good condition, and was bought from them. At \$26,900 it was affordable.

They offered \$8,000 for our 1987 Alpenlite, and we decided to go for it. The dealer was backlogged and would need a week to prep the trailer with new brakes, new tires, repack wheel bearings, and make sure things work. We closed the deal and decided we would go to Loa and Max's cabin near Tillamook, Oregon and relax for a week. The next day, May 22, we hitched up and took highway 96 south to the Columbia River. It was then across to the Dalles, Portland, Beaverton, and on to Max and Loa's cabin near Lee's Camp, Oregon. We parked under the big trees at their place on the Reeher Family homestead. I turned on the water and the water line into the house was broke. We had water for the trailer but not into the house. I spent the next day repairing the water line with Jim Reeher's help, so it would be fixed when Max and Loa arrive for the summer.

It was a relaxing week visiting Tillamook, Astoria, Fort Clatsop, and down the coast. On May 29 we retraced our route of 240 miles to Yakima and parked at the KOA again. We checked with the dealer and our trailer would be ready late afternoon May 30. They parked the trailers side by side with the doors lined up, and planks across to make it easy to move everything across. We didn't realize how much stuff we had. It took all afternoon and into the evening before we were out of there.

It was nice having a bedroom that we could stand up in, and walk around the bed. We had to crawl into bed in the old trailer. We also had a lot more living space in the living room with the large slide out. On May 31 we headed to Twin Falls. We spent two nights in Baker City, Oregon and one night in Boise. The fifth wheel trailer towed fine. It was much heavier than the old one.

On June 3 we parked at the Anderson RV Park at the Eden Exit on I84 near Twin Falls at \$21 per night in space 22. It was nice and shady under big trees. The plan was to spend several days relaxing, organizing, and get with a realtor to look at houses. We were there 10 days. Then made trips to Salmon and Idaho Falls. On June 29 we headed south to go to Kaiser Bills restoration seminar in central Utah. We parked at an RV park behind a Chevron station in Logan. We visited the Redds in Smithfield and looked at houses to no avail. July 1 we went to Vernal, Utah and parked at the KOA. We stayed 2 nights and looked around the area. It was a hot 102 degrees. On July 3 it was 61 miles to Kaiser Bills. We parked under big trees along with 4 or 5 attendees who were also camping. Other attendees were staying at a hunting lodge a few miles away, and at a small motel in Altona which was about 5 miles from Kaiser Bill's place. A few drove their cars from as far away as Pennsylvania.

Bill Brown known as "Kaiser Bill" is the utmost authority on Kaiser-Frazer cars and restoring them Kaiser Bill's way. His background follows: *Kaiser Bill grew up in Atlanta, Georgia where his father was a Kaiser-Frazer dealer. He worked at the dealership in high school then came out to BYU for college where he met Elaine, who would become his wife. She was a ranch girl who grew up on the property where they are now living. He didn't finish at BYU and became an installer for the telephone company. His first job was installing the phone system for the Atomic Energy Commission on the new reactor site between Arco and Idaho Falls. He stayed at the DK Motel for the length of the job, so we had a connection that made us close friends. It assured me a slot in his seminars that was limited to about 30 attendees.*

Bill moved back to Atlanta with his new wife, Elaine. They had children. A son became a programmer and developed a banking system. Bill quit the telephone company to form a company with his son and they eventually sold the banking system to IBM for big money. Bill decided to retire and move to Utah and build a big home on the property where Elaine grew up near Altona, Utah, which is about 20 miles north of Duchesne. He collected Kaiser and Frazer cars while they were in Atlanta and they moved about 80 to Utah. They built a huge lodge with big windows looking out on the Uintah Mountain. He had an indoor Olympic swimming pool, a vintage showroom/museum, and shops for restoring cars. It is an impressive place.

Bill had a classroom set up in his largest workshop where he had two restoration projects in progress. The projects were a 1951 Kaiser 2 door coupe and a 1952 Henry J, and were great visual aids. He would lecture for a couple of hours then we would break for hands on training in MIG welding, cutting and fitting patch panels, color sanding, media blasting, powder coating, spray painting, polishing chrome, and stainless steel. We did

this for two days. The third day was assisting with his car show that brought people and cars from all over. I directed traffic and parked cars. LaRue worked in the 1950's dealer showroom.

We had 90 vintage cars register and park around the premises. Free hotdogs and soda pop was served all day. The seminar and car show was a huge success. It was all courtesy of Kaiser Bill and Elaine. Bill was planning another seminar and car show next year and we planned to attend. We departed July 7 and traveled to Evanston, Wyoming to look around since Val and Loi owned property there. They had moved to Arizona, and were renting their property in Evanston. We looked around a day and went on to Pocatello, Idaho for a couple of days.

We found a place we liked on 2 ½ mile road in Chubbuck. It was a very nice manufactured home on 8 acres with two large shops. The downside was that it was downwind from the Simplot fertilizer plant. That was not desirable, and we returned to Twin Falls to the Anderson RV Park. We spent a week with a realtor looking at property to no avail.

Max and Loa were at their cabin in Oregon and working on the old cabin that now belonged to David. We decided to hook up and go to Oregon to visit and help. We arrived on July 18 and helped where we could on the old cabin. It was in bad shape and needed major work that was beyond what we could do in a short time. They had a new metal roof installed and that was a start. We departed on July 29 and went down the coast to Waldport and parked at the KOA in one of the few spaces available.

Our next destination was further south to Bandon, Oregon but there was no RV space available. We decided to head east for Idaho and spent the night in Coquille, Oregon. We talked to mom on the phone and found that I had been accepted for membership in the Salmon Elks Lodge. We needed to be there for the initiation ceremony on August 8. We headed west on winding mountain roads for a long day, and an overnight stay in Burns, Oregon. From there we made stops in Arco, Slette's cabin on Antelope Creek, a Salmon River campground, and on to Salmon and the Salmon Meadows Campground at \$20 per night. I was initiated into the Elks in an impressive ceremony on August 8th. We could now park at the Salmon Elks RV Park for \$5 per night. We would stay there often in the future.

A leak had developed in the water heater. We went to Idaho Falls August 9 and dropped the trailer at Eagle Rock RV. It was replaced under warranty. We knew the owner from our days in Idaho Falls and it was nice to see him again.

The rest of August we checked out areas around Idaho Falls, Logan, Boise, Salmon, and Twin Falls. We made a lowball offer in Ammon. We later discovered there was a flooding problem with heavy rain. We were happy when our offer was rejected. We also submitted an offer in Kimberly, but they accepted another offer.

I had an Air Force reunion scheduled September 19-21 in San Antonio, Texas. We planned a road trip to Texas in the car and would leave the truck and trailer at my friends ranch in Firth. We went to Idaho Falls on August 29 and spent a week at the Sunnyside RV Park to visit friends and look at housing. September 8 we took the truck and trailer to Firth and parked them.

We took off in the car for Safford, Arizona to visit LaRue's brother Val then on to her brother Milton in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. A highlight was a stopover in Hatch, New Mexico where the Hatch chili peppers are grown. After visiting Milton we got on I10 for the very long drive to San Antonio. We overnighed in Fort Stockton, Texas and checked out Kerrville, Texas as it is a great retirement community. The Texas hill country is an area we liked.

The following is a summary I wrote on the reunion:

Reunion 2002 San Antonio

September 19-21, 2002

Summary

LaRue and I arrived early on September 18th, checked in at the Fairfield Inn, and headed downtown. We enjoyed walking on the River Walk, the boat tour, the Alamo, and a nice lunch that afternoon. San Antonio is a beautiful city and caters to the tourist.

Day 1, September 19 saw us on the "Silver Arrow" bus headed for Fredricksburg (about an hour and half ride through the scenic hill country). Our tour guide kept us informed with area information and entertained with jokes. It poured down rain for a while but stopped before we arrived. The destination was the Admiral Nimitz Museum and the Pacific War Museum, which are adjacent. It was so informative and well done that it was hard to believe. A person could easily spend a day or two looking at and reading all of the information on the displays. We had about three hours and time for lunch at one of many excellent German restaurants. Then it was back on the "Silver Arrow" for the ride back to the hotel. About 50 people were on the tour.

That evening was registration and reception at the hotel with great snack foods and beverages. There were lots of old pictures passed around and reminiscing about the "good old days" at Kirknewton. Many old friends were there and new friends made.

Day 2, Friday morning, September 20 and it was off bright and early to Lackland AFB for the parade and graduation ceremonies. We had reserved seats in front of the grand-stand and to our surprise we were introduced and asked to stand up and be recognized. The moment was outstanding. The ceremony was very impressive and it kind of brought a tear to the eye, especially to those that graduated, almost to the day, 50 years earlier. After the ceremony we walked around and viewed the aircraft displays, then went to the base museum which was very nostalgic. The museum curator met with us and gave us an insight as to what had been done and plans for the future. Following that we had a nice sit down lunch at the Officer/NCO club before returning to the hotel to get ready for the evening.

Friday evening we were on two busses headed for the 7A Ranch about 1 hour away. We had a superb Texas BBQ and entertainment complete with a hay ride. The trick roper, gun slinging, and western swing band was as good as you can find. The evening was perfect with a full moon and even the mosquitos behaved. The ranch owners were most gracious and took time to answer all questions and make you feel at home. It was a very nice evening. After returning to the hotel a bunch of us sat up swapping stories, most of which were true.

Day 3, September 19th, what a wind up! It began with a briefing at 10 AM by the Air Intelligence Agency. While walking down the driveway to the meeting room we could hear a bagpipe playing and thought what a coincidence. Upon rounding the corner we were greeted by Colonel and an Air Force Captain playing he bagpipe. What a surprise and such thoughtfulness. We all enjoyed it with the Scottish ladies leading the singing and requests for special songs. This could have gone on all day.

The briefing was superb and gave us an insight into the mission and what the AIA is all about. It was special in that they led off with the history of Kirknewton and showed pictures taken during our era at Kirknewton. There were people in the pictures that were actually in the audience. LaRue and I came away duly impressed. I believe most of us were thinking if we could just get back in and be a part of it. It made you proud that we played a role in the past.

At 5:30 we were on the busses again bound for the dinner/dance at Lackland. We were at our tables socializing when we heard bagpipes again. To our amazement the San Antonio Pipe Band marched in dressed in full regalia with bagpipes and drums going full blast. It was a stand up ovation with clapping and cheering. They proceeded to entertain us royally with everyone joining in. There were a lot of moist eyes at times.

The dinner was very well done and the music was our era. and at the right decibel level What a nice night. As a result of a vote the 4th Reunion will be held in Biloxi, Mississippi in 2004. The last bus left Lackland around 11 PM and we enjoyed an impromptu and entertaining ride back. I understand the riders on one of the busses coming back from the 7A ranch enjoyed the same spontaneous fun. The bus driver said he would never forget that ride!

Many of us sat up and talked into the night. Sunday morning it was still going on with reluctant farewells and "see ya in Biloxi".

Enough cannot be said about the hospitality and staff of the Fairfield Inn. They were great and the coffee was always on. The tour organizers did a great job in that everything came off as planned and access to Lackland was as simple as riding the bus through the gate.

Throughout the reunion Charles Jenkins was doing a professional job videotaping. He plans to produce an edited videotape that will be available for purchase in the future. I can't wait to see it.

We departed September 22 and went north to I80 in Nebraska to get back to Idaho. It was a long road trip, and we enjoyed it. We picked up the truck and trailer in Firth on September 26th and went to Sunnyside RV Park for the night. The next day we went to the Redds in Smithfield, Utah to visit and look around. Then it was to Anderson RV near Twin Falls on October 1 for a night. Then on to Boise to visit Brian and look around. On October 6 it was to Jerome and the Tall Tree Trailer Park, space 25 at \$12 per night. We needed to get ready to go for our timeshare annual fixed week in Puerto Vallarta the last week of October.

The first thing we did was get with our realtor who had shown us several houses previously. He just had an open house on a newly finished home in Sawtooth Acres he thought we would like. He took us to it, and we instantly liked what we saw. Another interested couple drove in, and LaRue told them we were buying it!

We had been looking for several months, and we knew this was our retirement home. We made a full price offer and it was accepted that day. We had a home. We could move in as financing and closing was not a problem. It was on a full acre, so there was ample room to park the trailer. That had been a priority as well as a view in our house hunting, We were happy and satisfied.

Now we have to get everything moved from Arco. My first thought was to do it myself. I decided it would be too many trips and take too long. A moving company gave me a reasonable bid of \$2,200. They could do it in two days with a large moving van. We gave the go ahead to get it done. I met them one morning at our four storage sheds in Arco. They loaded it all, and unloaded the next day in our new home. It was well worth \$2,200.

We parked the trailer beside the house on October 9, 2002. It was six months after leaving the motel. Our wandering lifestyle was over.

end chapter 22b

32. Chapter 23b Retirement (2002- 2025)

This chapter is organized by topic.

We had plenty of things to keep us occupied. We had the new home to settle into, a shop to be built, our annual trips to our timeshare in Puerto Vallarta, working on my Kaiser, attending K-F meets , attending Air Force reunions, working on the cabin in Oregon, cruising, traveling, and camping with the fifth wheel trailer. I enjoyed writing. I wrote blogs on our cruises and several trips. They can be found on my computer in word and pdf format in **One Drive – Personal/1-our files/travel blogs** They are also on my website: www.hhpages.com/travel

I also wrote my life story consisting of 32 chapters. They are in word and pdf format on my computer in **One Drive - Personal/1-our files/mybook chapters** I enjoyed creating websites. I created and maintained a website for my Air Force unit in Scotland, the Ima Mine in Patterson, Idaho, and my 1951 Kaiser. All of my websites can be accessed currently from the menu on: www.hhpages.com

New Home

We moved into our new home at 285 Dollar Hide Way, Jerome, Idaho on October 11, 2002. We had been traveling and looking for six months after we sold the motel in Arco. We bought a new stove, refrigerator, freezer, washer, dryer, garage shelving, and garage storage cabinets to get started. Additional furniture would be added later. New blinds for the windows were also ordered. It was fun unpacking boxes that we packed the beginning of the year and boxes that we had packed 8 years earlier in Idaho Falls. We had forgotten about some of the stuff.

We had a week to get situated and leave for Puerto Vallarta. We had bought a timeshare in Puerto Vallarta at the Villa Del Mar. The contract was for 25 years, and we have been using it every year during our fixed week, the end of October. We traded a couple years for Mazatlan and Jamaica. We found we liked PV the best. We returned home and got into landscaping and fixing up the place.

I wanted to restore a vintage car and would like a shop. In 2003 I started figuring out the location and size that would fit on our lot. It needed to be large enough to accommodate the 5th wheel and a bay for working on a car. I settled on 42 feet long, 28 feet wide, 16 feet high in the interior, and 3 high bay doors. I also added an office and bathroom. By skewing it slightly it could be on the east side of the house for convenience. It would meet all codes and covenants.

The first two bids were way too high. I called Valley Building in Filer. The old boy and his three cousins were retiring, but they would do one more. The bid was reasonable and we accepted. They dug the foundation, the trenches for electrical, water, and sewer. The foundation and shop floor was 6 sack concrete.

The framing was 2x6 with R19 insulation. They roughed in an office and bathroom. There were 3 high bay insulated doors, an entrance door, 9 windows, steel siding, and steel roof. This was done in two weeks. They brought in subs for the electrical, plumbing, and complete the bathroom with a water heater, toilet, set tub, and shower. Also, sheetrock, paint the walls, and epoxy the floor. Many loads of road mix gravel were trucked in for the entrance driveway and exit driveway around the back of the lot. This took another two weeks. The total cost was around \$42,000.

I could now pull the 5th wheel in the front high bay door and out the back high bay door. It was very easy to pull in, park, and exit with the trailer. I let the concrete cure and pulled the 5th wheel in for the winter in November 2003.

My 1951 Kaiser

WHY A 1951 KAISER? When WWII ended there was a pent up demand for new cars. A new company named KaiserFrazer Corporation was one of the first to start delivering. My father purchased a new 1947 Frazer to replace the old family 1941 Chevrolet. It looked like a box and was built like a tank. It was a good sturdy car with a lot of comfortable room inside. In 1951 the new sleek restyled Kaiser was introduced and the Frazer was traded in for a black 1951 Kaiser 2 door Sedan Deluxe.

I always thought the 1951 Kaiser was one of the nicest looking cars on the road. As the years went by I kept my eyes open hoping to find one. In 2000, while surfing the internet, I came across a reference to Kaiser-Frazer Owners Club International (KFOCI). Further searching revealed that the Northwest Region was having a meeting in Oregon City, Oregon, and I attended. Several Kaiser, Frazer, and Henry J's were there. It was great to see the cars I remembered from 50 years ago. I joined the KFOCI. Conversations with members led me to Bob Brown, also known as "Kaiser Bill" living in Altona, Utah. He has a 50's style show room of restored and original condition Kaisers and Frazers as well as other cars of the period. He also has a bone yard of over 50 Kaiser-Frazer cars and many more keepers that he plans to restore in out-buildings. I called Kaiser Bill and accepted his invitation to come down for a visit. It turns out we had more than the same interest in cars. His first job was with Bell Telephone installing the telephone system at the Naval Reactor Test Site between Arco, and Idaho Falls, Idaho in the early 1950's. He stayed at the DK Motel in Arco the length of the job. Lo and behold we were the current owners of the same DK Motel!

Kaiser Bill is an authority on restoring these cars. He conducted 3 free 4 day seminars with hands on experience in 2002, 2003, and 2005. I attended all three. Bill taught and demonstrated the proper way (Kaiser Bill's way—no bondo) to go about a restoration project.

It was during the 2005 seminar that I learned of a black 1951 Kaiser 2 door Sedan Deluxe that might be for sale in Seattle. It was in running condition. I called that evening and struck a deal over the telephone. It was identical to my father's 51 Kaiser. I thought it could even be the same car. However, I found the original owners warranty card made out to a Seattle resident in the glove compartment. While the car ran and was driveable I elected to trailer it home for safety sake.

While the car looked great from a few feet away a closer inspection revealed it had been patched with bondo in several places, and repainted in the past. It was done poorly in the same original color of black. It had paint blisters showing on the leading edge of the hood, as well as other places,. It revealed bondo, and rust underneath. I cut it all out. The rocker panels were rusted through in places and paper thin. The whole rocker panel needed to be replaced on both sides of the car. The headliner was hanging down, and was original. The door panel fabric was original. It was all in bad condition, so it was all removed. Removing the front floor mat revealed that both the driver side and passenger side front floor panels were badly rusted through. They had to be cut out. The rear floor was not too bad, but rusted out where the rear body bolts on each side attach the body to the frame. I cut out the rusted areas. and welded in patch panels. The leather padded dash was original and in good condition. The seats had been reupholstered with a gray non Kaiser material and fairly good shape. The proper material would be a good idea. The battery box was rusted away as well as part of the inner fender well where it was attached. The 6 volt battery was hanging in place with bungee cords. I rebuilt it all.

The engine was fairly clean. It is a 226 cu inch 115 hp L-head 6 cylinder Continental engine with a GM Hydro-Matic transmission. The electrical system is Autolite. The wiring under the hood is in poor condition. The tires on the ground were new radials and the spare was a Firestone that looks like the original tire. The stainless steel wide body moldings and grill were in fair condition. The door handles, trunk handle, and other trim made of pot metal were all badly pitted. Both doors had a severe rusted out area in the bottom front of the door. All of the side glass needs to be replaced. The curved rear window and the driver side front windshield were ok. All rubber moldings need to be replaced.

Considering the rust issues (probably much worse than normal being a Seattle car), the car should probably have been parted out. However, I had a nice big shop, needed a hobby, and a challenge. I decided to see what I can do with my new found knowledge. I would not do a body off restoration as it requires heavy lifting and a rotisserie device. Maybe have a driver without investing a lot of money.

I drove it around the neighborhood a few times watching the road go by between my feet. I then decided to start the restoration process. It was a great learning experience and a huge challenge. The progress was extremely slow since we traveled a lot. At times I was stymied as how to proceed.

The rocker panels were a show stopper for a couple of years. The bends and metal shaping was beyond my equipment and ability. Then I found right and left NOS rocker panels for a 4 door model while at the national meet in Tennessee. The retrofit of the rocker panels to a 2 door model has been a trial and error process, but looks like it will be a success. The driver side is welded in and looking good. I followed Kaiser Bill's "Restoration Guide" handbook to the letter. It was invaluable.

I became very good at welding new steel patches to old thin rusted metal on the car. It takes a lot of finesse. Photos are on my computer in folder /my51haiser as well as on my website www.hhpages.com/my51kaiser if it still exists. I was ready to drive the car again in 2021, but couldn't get it started. I worked on it to no avail.

I had a stroke in December 2022 and could no longer work on the car. I put it up for sale in early 2024 at \$800. There were no takers. I ended up donating it to disabled veterans in March 2024. It had to be done as we were starting to downsize.

Puerto Vallarta (PV) - 2002

We planned October 26 to November 1, 2002 in PV at our timeshare. Then we would stay two more weeks in a hotel in old town. On October 26 we drove to Boise to overnight and leave the car at Brians. Our flight the next day connected to the Puerto Vallarta flight in Los Angeles. We were told there would be a long delay for our departure from LA. It was due to Hurricane Kenna and the airport was not yet open. As we waited we noticed another couple and two adult sons also waiting. They were Gary and Judy Ditto from Laguna Beach, California. The sons were Chase and Scott from Chicago. We all sat around wondering what to do. I finally got through to the resort and they said they were still operating. Gary Ditto also got through to the general manager who was an old friend from his Chicago days. He said we would be accommodated if we got there. We decided we would continue on. We were soon called to board the flight and away we went.

PV was a disaster area when we arrived. There had been 150mph wind and 20 ft ocean waves pounding PV. Our resort was the only resort operating in the central hotel zone. There had been three feet of water in the resort. The main floor throughout was closed. Our condo is on the second floor. It was an adventure getting to the room. We had no power or water. The restaurants were flooded and closed. The large glass enclosed restaurant next to the beach was destroyed with glass all over the beach. A cold buffet was set up in a second floor meeting room for dinner. We had our small flashlights and that impressed the servers. We learned that lesson after a power outage while skiing at Big Sky. We got back to our room after eating and the water was on. Power was restored about midnight. We were in good shape.

The next morning I looked out and saw the cleanup operation was in full swing. In preparation for the hurricane loose items were dumped in the 3 large swimming pools. The ocean waves then crashed in and filled the pools with sand and salt water. Workers were digging out furniture and bagging sand for removal. I recognized the workers as they were servers in the bars and restaurants. They worked like crazy. All three pools were operational in three days.

I was out walking one morning and talked to a timeshare person for the new Mayan Resort in Nuevo Vallarta. If we attended a presentation we would get \$500 or a choice of tours and a rental car for two days. We attended and chose a two day tour to Tequila and Guadalajara. We also got the rental car for the days of our choice. I wanted to visit an old Air Force friend that lives in Tepic about a 100 miles north of PV and would use it for that trip. We left early in the morning on our tour. The new freeway was closed due to the hurricane. Our route was the old narrow road through the mountains. It was slow going and scary ride. We only stopped to tour Mayan ruins, and to taste sugar cane before getting to Tequila about 6 hours later. We toured an agave plantation, a tequila distillery, taught the art of sampling, and judging tequila near the city of Tequila. It was another two hour ride to Guadalajara. We were checked into a 5 star hotel and had dinner and tours of the city. The next day was a tour of a famous shopping district and lunch. Then it was a long 6 hour ride back to PV. It was a great tour, but exhausting. After our time was up in our timeshare we moved to a hotel in old town for two weeks. This is our favorite area in PV. The hotel was next to Chilis, owned and operated by two friends, Hank and Conrad. Hank was from Mackay, Idaho.

I picked up the free rental car for our trip to Tepic to see my old friend, Cliff. I had never driven in PV or Mexico and was highly nervous. We had to go completely through PV and find the route north. It worked out fine and we were soon in a jungle on a narrow mountain road. Jungle trees were flattened by the hurricane, but had been cleared off the road. The trip went well.

November 15 we flew back to Boise. It was a trip to remember. We continued to use our timeshare until the contract ended in 2011. It was a two bedroom unit and we invited Bev and Tom the last four or five years. They got hooked on PV. We would often see the Dittos as they had the same fixed week. Gary Ditto passed away around 2006. Judy continued on and would be there with her son Jace. She had a lot of timeshare weeks built up. After our contract ended we bought weeks from her at a very reasonable rate or rent. We last saw Judy in PV in 2021 and remain in touch.

Puerto Vallarta – 2015 Hurricane Patricia

A memorable trip to PV was in 2015. Our timeshare had expired, so we rented El Dorado Condominium #103 in old town on Las Muertos Beach for October 18 – November 1, 2015. We were on the third floor

above the beach and the ocean. Our entry door was on the back of the unit to a road on the mountain. We had good cable TV and internet. I saw on the morning news that Hurricane Patricia was coming up the coast, and never thought much about it. My sister Bev and Tom were to join us but cancelled when they heard about a potential hurricane. Later CNN says PV is directly in its path with record breaking 200mph wind, and 40ft ocean surge. That got my attention, especially when we started hearing sirens. I went out to take a look and maybe get a taxi to get out of there. The streets were deserted! Now what do we do? I knew of a solid concrete hotel about two blocks north. It should be a safe haven on the upper floors. I went to get a room, but they were evacuating guests in dump trucks! I also called the Pinnacle Resort that is high on the mountain behind us. No answer there. We are going to have to ride it out where we are. I saw a small mini market trying to close. I barged in and bought the last of the bottled water and small candles used in church services. Meanwhile fire trucks were roaring through with sirens going. They were announcing in Spanish to evacuate. LaRue made sandwiches and we prepared for the onslaught. We would open the front patio doors and the back main door so the water could flow through onto the street and up the mountain. We would hunker down in the bathroom in the hallway between the two. Hopefully the water would flow through and bypass us in the bathroom with the door closed. That was the plan.

I also investigated hiking up the mountain. It was raining very hard and with 200mph wind, flying debris, and steep terrain it would be impossible. Bev said don't do it as we were staying in touch. We faced the reality that we probably would not survive. It is strange how you can remain calm and resigned to what the outcome might be. All we could do is wait. It was raining hard. The ocean had 10-20 foot swells below us rolling in all day long. It was deathly quiet in the neighborhood. It is a miracle that the power stayed on. I could be on the internet but TV was off. I found a good website on my laptop. It tracked the hurricane and I watched it all afternoon. PV was where it would make landfall around 6pm. The prediction was that PV would be leveled. Around 6pm I noticed the path had changed a bit. It looked to me like it might hit slightly south of us. We were on the south end of PV, so we may still be in its path. Around 8pm it was announced that it made landfall in the jungle 30 miles to the south. What a relief that was. We celebrated with a martini and ate our sandwiches. We heard the next day that a small fishing village had been leveled. I went out the next morning and I was the only person around. Everything was deserted and boarded up. It was eerie.

The one thing we learned is that we would have a better chance of survival staying at a resort. They have resources and connections to take care of their guests. We learned that our old resort evacuated guests in luxury tour coaches. However, they ran into trouble in the mountains due to mudslides.

We enjoyed the rest of our stay and returned home November 1. We returned to PV for another four trips or so. We usually rented two weeks at our old resort and a week in a hotel in old town.

Cruises

We had heard a lot about cruises and finally decided to try one in early 2003. I had decided I would try one cruise. I found a reasonably priced one-week roundtrip cruise from San Pedro,

California to the Mexican Riviera, and booked it. I never thought I would like a cruise. However, I was hooked! We took the same ship through the Panama Canal later that year. That set the hook even more.

Twenty years later we had been on 36 cruises for a total of 454 days. We did 3 full transits of the Panama Canal, crossed the equator 6 times, the international date line 4 times on cruise ships, and two times by air.

Our favorite cruises:

1. Long Beach, California around South America to New York City 48 days.
2. San Pedro, California to Australia, New Zealand, and back 48 days.
3. San Diego to South Pacific and back. 35 days.
4. Rome to East Mediterranean then West Mediterranean and back to Rome 21 days.
5. Long Beach 50 year anniversary with family- roundtrip Mexican Riviera 7 days.
6. Queen Mary 2 Southampton, England, then New York City to Fort. Lauderdale, Florida 10 days

Favorite stops:

1. Skagway, Alaska
2. Porto Monte, Chili
3. Ushuaia, Argentina
4. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
5. Sydney, Australia
6. Port Villa, Vanuatu
7. Istanbul, Turkey
8. Malta
9. Bora Bora, French Polynesia
10. San Francisco

Favorite Cruise Port: San Diego

Favorite cruise Line: Holland America

My Air Force Connections

While we were still in the motel I found that my old Air Force unit in Scotland was having a reunion in Las Vegas. I had not heard from any of these guys since 1957 and signed up. The reunion was April 26-28, 2000 at the Flamingo Hilton. LaRue stayed home to tend the motel and I drove down. We had 240 people attend and had a super time. It was great to reunite with five old buddies I worked with on Dog Flight. It was especially great to see my old friend, George Page, who worked in the orderly room and the post office. He was the one that knew where I was in Turkey and forwarded LaRue's card. It led to us getting back together after I was discharged. George apologized. The last evening the master of ceremonies summoned the Scottish wives to the stage. The stage was full and hardly any women were left in the crowd. It is a fact that 80% of the guys that went to Scotland came home married, and it was evident.

After I got back to Arco the guy that had a web page for our group posted that he would have to bow out. He would scrap it unless someone took over within two weeks. The deadline came and nobody came forward, so I jumped in. He had a list of about 100 airmen. Another person maintained the addresses. I took the two lists and combined them into a spreadsheet with names, years at Kirknewton, email address, home address, and phone numbers. The list grew to over 2100 known airmen that served at RAF Station Kirknewton *from 1952-1966* that I maintained on my website *www.rafkirknewton*.

A researcher involved in the JFK assassination investigation saw a name of interest on the alumni list and sent me an email looking for information. The message follows:

-----Harry, I am an Army Security Agency Vet and served from May '68-Dec '71. I found the person I am looking for on the alumni page, David K.Christensen, but there isn't any contact info. Can you find out anything on his whereabouts?

Thanks, William H. Warrick III MD, Retired

(Note* Christensen while at RAF Kirknewton claimed to have picked up a message that JFK would be killed within a few days. It was also seen by an Army private in France. They were both sent to a psycho ward in Washinton DC. JFK was killed as stated)—HH).

The emails we exchanged can be read on my website: www.hhpages.com/mybook/jfk.pdf

The RAF Kirknewton web page, the alumni list, and reunions kept me busy in the retirement years. It was a labor of love that I enjoyed. Due to the advanced age of our members and declining interest I phased out www.rafkirknewton.com in 2025. The content is now on www.hhpages.com/rafk for as long as I can maintain it. I was also the administrator for our interactive website on myfamily.com for 14 years.

That website is now on spokt.com and I am one of the administrators.

The list of Air Force Reunions follows

Reunion 2002 - San Antonio, Texas (drove)

The reunion was held in San Antonio, Texas, September 19-21, 2002 at the irfield Inn.

Reunion 2004 - Biloxi, Mississippi.

The reunion was held in Biloxi, Mississippi, April 29 through May 1, 2004 at the Imperial Palace. We flew into New Orleans and toured two days. A highlight was eating at Brennans and Paul Prudhomme's Louisiana Kitchen.

A governing board of directors was formed during an open meeting at the reunion. The purpose of the board is to provide continuity and guidance for future reunions. It will maintain mailing lists and (hopefully) start up funds for the reunion committee for the next reunion. The local reunion committee will have sole responsibility for organizing, planning, and implementation of their reunion. I was elected Chairman.

After the reunion we toured Alabama and Florida in the rental car. We returned to Louisiana and spent an afternoon at the Tabasco facility. We even had Tabasco ice cream.

Reunion 2006 - Colorado Springs, Colorado. (drove)

The reunion was held at the Ambassador Hotel in Colorado Springs, Colorado, September 13-16, 2006.

Reunion 2007 - Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Marriott Residence Inn, in downtown Philadelphia, Pennsylvania across from historic City Hall on September 20-23, 2007.

Reunion 2008 - Red Wing, Minnesota. (drove)

The reunion was held at the Treasure Island Resort & Casino near Red Wing, Minnesota, August 13-16, 2008.

Reunion 2009 - Western Caribbean Cruise.

The reunion was on the Carnival cruise ship Destiny. It departed Miami, Florida on September 21, 2009 and returned to Miami September 26, 2009. I organized the reunion and cruise.

Reunion 2011- Branson, Missouri. (drove).

The reunion was held at Boxcar Willy's Hotel, Branson, Missouri, September 21-24, 2011.

Reunion 2013- Edinburgh, Scotland.

The reunion was held September 18-21, 2013 in Edinburgh, Scotland. The hotel was the Royal British Hotel, 20 Princess St. A meeting and lunch was hosted by the RAF 661st VGS Glider Squadron at RAF Station Kirknewton. The banquet was at the Royal Overseas Club on Princess St. Julie and Parker attended.

Reunion 2014 - Las Vegas, Nevada. (drove) The reunion was held September 22-25, 2014 at the Orleans Casino. I organized the reunion.

Reunion 2015 - Dayton, Ohio.

The reunion was held September 21-24, 2015 at the Crown Plaza hotel. We flew into Cincinnati and picked up a rental car to see the country. The highlight was Churchill Downs in Louisville, Kentucky. We saw a race, did a tour of the facility, the Kentucky Derby Museum, and had brunch with mint juleps in the restaurant.

The highlight in Dayton was the Wright Patterson AFB Air Museum.

Reunion 2016 Seattle, Washington. (drove)

The reunion was held September 15-19, 2016 at the Courtyard Marriott in Tukwilla, Washington. A highlight was the Boeing Air Museum and a tour of the Boeing plants.

Reunion 2017 New Orleans Cruise. The reunion was held September 17-24, 2017 on the Carnival Dream.

We departed New Orleans September 17 and visited Roatan, Honduras, then Belize City, Belize then Cozumel, Mexico and ended in New Orleans on September 24.

Going South

When we left the motel in April 2002 we enjoyed going south with the 5th wheel and acting like snowbirds. We planned to continue doing it. We went south every year through 2014. Our route was to Ely, Nevada the first night. Ely at 7,000 ft was quite cold in March. The next night it would be much warmer. We would be in summer clothes and running the air conditioner.

We enjoyed Lake Mead near Boulder, Nevada, Kingman, Arizona, Parker, Arizona, Quartzite, Arizona, and Yuma, Arizona. While in Yuma we enjoyed walking across the border to Algodonez, Mexico to have lunch and shop. I even got dental work done in Algodonez, and we got new glasses. We saved a lot.

We were busy in 2003 with the new house, taking care of mom, and getting the shop built. We planned to get away early March 2004. We could not go earlier as we had our taxes done by our CPA in Challis. He planned to have them done early March. We would be ready to go. The 5th wheel was packed and sitting in the driveway ready to travel. I went to the Twin Falls Post Office to take care of the mail. I also had to go to Home Depot to return an item. I had just crossed Blue Lakes on Pole Line going east I was hit in the rear passenger door by a car coming down the sidewalk on Blue Lakes about 30mph. I was spun around and clipped two cars stopped at the stoplight. Witnesses verified I had the green light. The driver that hit me had a seizure and his wife had steered the car onto the sidewalk to avoid rear ending cars stopped at the stoplight on Blue Lakes. That explained it. The insurance company said our truck was totaled. Then they said they would have it repaired for \$32,000. That meant a branded title and something you don't want. We got Gary involved. Before the day was over we would get a check for the value of the truck. Now we need a truck. Dealer inventory was scarce as there had been an employee pricing promotion. I located a loaded 2003 red Ford F350 in Salmon. It had the new International 6 liter diesel at a decent price. We drove up and got it.

It did not drive well on the way home. The next day it wouldn't idle. I barely got it to back out of the garage. I took it to the Ford dealer and they worked on it all day. All it needed was to "de tune" it since it had been tuned to meet the new emissions standards. I got the 5th wheel towing stuff installed and we headed south. We spent time in Overton, Nevada, Parker, Arizona, and Yuma, Arizona. Then we headed home through Safford to visit Al and Loi, and Flagstaff, Arizona. The elevation gain from Phoenix to Flagstaff is brutal. The freeway north starts out completely clogged with 18 wheelers going about 30mph. About halfway to Flagstaff lanes are added. I pulled out and started passing the long line of trucks.

Our new diesel truck had lots of power and we were flying. There was an explosion under the hood. Black smoke blew everywhere and there was no power. I was able to get back across the freeway and pull off in a wide area. Luckily the truckers backed off and gave me room. It was strange that the engine was idling. I quickly shut it off. We had Good Sam Emergency Road Service and gave them a call. A small wrecker arrived an hour later. We were surprised when he hooked up to the truck with the trailer still attached. I questioned if the small wrecker could do it. He said we won't go fast but we will get there. He towed us to Black Bart's RV park in Flagstaff where we unhitched the trailer. He then took the truck to the Ford dealer and left it. I am glad we didn't have to pay the tow bill.

The problem was that the turbocharger over pressurized and blew. The engine itself was ok. We spent 3 nights in the RV park and continued home successfully. It was not the last of the problems with the truck. It happened 2 more times on a trip to Oregon.

Oregon Trips

We started helping rebuild Loa and Max's old cabin (now Davids) on the Reeher homestead in Oregon in 2002. It was enjoyable and we spent two weeks every summer through 2008. The cabin had been a cook shack in a logging camp in the early 1900's. We found newspaper in the walls with WW1 news. It was built with 2x3 studs that were rotting out at the bottom. It is a wonder it had not fallen down. They had a new steel roof put on and over the years we totally redid the structure. We replaced the deck, the windows, the electrical, water pipes, re-studded the walls, insulated, sheetrocked, put on new siding, redid the bathroom, and painted the exterior.

One trip there was a movie crew set up at Max and Loa's place. They were filming a movie about a fisherman fighting a huge fish. The river ran by their deck, and we could sit out there and watch. It was very entertaining.

We were on our way to Oregon in July 2005 and had problems with the Ford F350 again. We overnighted at our usual place in Baker City. The wind got really bad on the Columbia River. At Biggs Junction I took the bridge across to check out a state park. The park was full, so we headed back across the bridge. It was a steep incline and the truck suddenly had no power. I had visions of blocking the only lane across the bridge. We crept back in limp in mode to Biggs Junction, but there was nothing there. It was about 30 miles to The Dalles where there is service, so we got on the freeway. We crept along at 20 mph with traffic going around us at 70 or more. It was a dangerous situation.

I took the first exit at The Dalles as I knew there was a hotel with a large parking lot. Then we saw an RV park entrance. I pulled in and got the last spot. I was at the Ford dealership when they opened the next morning. They had the parts as it is a common problem with the new 6 liter engines. It was the turbo again. When it over pressures it goes into limp in mode. That is why we could keep going at 20mph. They had it fixed by early afternoon and we continued on the next day.

We had a good two weeks working on the cabin and headed home. We went by Pendleton and started up Cabbage Hill when the truck suddenly went into limp in mode. It was too steep, so pulled over into a turnout. The wrecker had to tow us to the top of the mountain to turn around and go back to Pendleton. He dropped us at an RV park and took the truck to the Ford dealer. They had just gotten the parts for a local truck and used them to get us on the road. We made it home with no more problems, but we did not want to take another trip with the Ford. I looked around Twin Falls to no avail. However, I found I liked the Dodge diesel.

I called the salesman in Salmon and told him about the lemon he sold us. Also, I wanted a deal on another truck. The dealership floored all brands, so there were options. He had a loaded Dodge 1 ton diesel with all the options we wanted, and offered a great deal. We went to Salmon and drove it home. We drove the Dodge 18 years with long trips to Arizona and Oregon pulling the trailer with no problems.

Camping

We enjoyed going with the trailer quite often. We attended family outings at Slette's cabin on Antelope Creek near Arco. Then we would spend time at the Mountain View RV Park in Arco. We would also go to Stanley, Cambridge, Salmon, Idaho Falls, Burley, Hagerman, and Glens Ferry. Our favorite place was Castle Rocks State Park near Almo and the City of Rocks. There were improved pull through trailer spaces that we loved. We would book Memorial Day and around Labor Day for a weeks stay. We had water and electricity hookups, internet, a satellite dish for tv, cell phone service, a trailer with a lot of room, and all the amenities. It was always great regardless of the weather.

A special trip was tent camping in 2004 at Yellow Pine to visit Stibnite and the area. We found the old house in Stibnite and it was a pile of rubble. I collected a red brick with WEISER stamped on it and a picket from the picket fence that dad always had to have. I remember him building it. We were driving through Big Creek and saw a mailbox with McCrae on it. That was the name I went to school with in grades 1-3 in Stibnite. I knew they had a cabin in Big Creek, so I pulled in. It was my old classmate who is an eye doctor in Boise. He inherited the Dewey

Mine near the Frank Church Wilderness Area and was going to winterize it the next day. He invited us to come up. It was 30 miles of tough going beyond Stibnite, but we made it. A bear had been in the lodge, so we helped clean up and put plywood over the windows. I remembered the lodge as we had stayed there in the early 1940's. Dad shot a deer (out of season) and told me it was a cougar, so I wouldn't blab it in school.

My Mom

Early 2003 we got a call from mom. She was in St Patrick's Hospital in Missoula, Montana with a cracked pelvis. We hurried up there. She was ok, but would need therapy. She was moved to the rehab facility and we returned home. About two weeks later mom called and said "get her out of there. They were killing her". We rushed up. She wanted to go home or at least Salmon. Home was not an option. I called Discovery Care Center in Salmon as that is where Aunt May was living. They had a spot in skilled nursing.

We loaded her up, took her to Salmon, and checked her in. It looked like a good fit. About two months later she called to get her out of there. Now what do we do? The only option was Twin Falls. I scurried around and found that Bridgeview Estates could take her in skilled nursing. We rushed to Salmon. She wanted her Buick in Twin Falls, so I drove her down with her laying in the back seat. She got better and after a couple of surgeries she moved into assisted living.

Life was improving until she fell and broke a hip. Then it was back into skilled nursing in 2005. She was miserable and made life miserable for the staff. She wore her welcome out at Bridgeview. Her doctor then recommended hospice at Idaho Home Health and Hospice. It was a shock as it means maybe six months. It turned out to be the right call. She was in hospice 7 months and passed April 12, 2006. I was there. Final arrangements had been made at her request and paid in advance. All it took was a phone call, and the hospice nurse took care of it.

We took the Buick back to Salmon when we went for the funeral. On a whim I listed it for sale in the Salmon paper being published the next day. A couple we know looked and bought it. He had a picky reputation and we worried about it. Every time we saw them thereafter he told us what a great car it was!

At the funeral Little Ray asked if we were going to sell her place. Little Ray and his dad built it, so he knew it well. I said we planned to. We went home and were on our way to Yuma when he called to see if his girl friend could look at mom's place. I gave the go ahead. We were on our way back from Yuma when he called

and relayed the offer at our asking price. Wow, that was fast and easy. We met Bev and Tom and Gary and Gladys later and cleared out the place. I noticed the case of beer we had left in the refrigerator after the funeral was missing. Little Ray and his girl friend must have enjoyed it. At least she bought the place.

Class Reunions

My 50 year high school class reunion was coming up in 2004. Nobody was stepping up to organize it. We had not had a reunion since our 30 year reunion. My friend, Denny Hawley, spoke up at that reunion and said he and I would organize the 40 year reunion. Denny died and the 40 year reunion didn't happen as we were in the motel. I felt sort of obligated. I put an announcement in the Salmon paper to test the water. A few positive responses came back. I decided to organize it.

Our base of operations was mom's place as she was in Twin Falls. I don't know if she liked it, but didn't get a vote. I worked hard and had a good turnout. Saturday morning we toured the old high school. Then a catered Dutch oven lunch. Dinner was catered at the Elks Lodge. Our keynote speaker was my favorite teacher, Mr Farr. He was now 83 and rode his motorcycle from Bellvue. He remembered all of us, even LaRue three years behind us. Everyone had a great time and we vowed to have a 60 year reunion.

Nobody stepped up to organize the 60 year reunion. I got a few emails concerning a reunion, so decided to do it. Our base of operations was our 5th wheel trailer parked at the Elks Lodge. It was very convenient. I decided on providing a picnic lunch Saturday at the pavilion in the park in front of the golf course. Matt and Julie made big banners that we hung up. They were very visible from the highway. People stopped to visit. LaRue and I brought everything for the picnic and it was a lot of work. That evening we had a catered dinner at the Elks Lodge. We were sitting around visiting after dinner. I mentioned that during high school I was always, "that kid from Patterson". A gal spoke up with, "you are still that kid from Patterson"! I guess I am.

LaRue's 50 year reunion was in 2007. There were several classmates still in Salmon and they always organized the reunion. It was easy for us, and a little unfair for them. Classmates that lived in Salmon were duds. They wouldn't even attend a reunion. Our base of operations was our trailer at the Elks Lodge.

New 5th Wheel

We liked our 29ft 1997 Alpenlite fifth wheel. In 2007 we starting thinking about something newer and larger for more comfort. Our first choice was a 35ft Alpenlite but it was too expensive at \$90,000. They also were going out of business. I had been noticing the high end aerodynamic Titanium built in Canada. There were not many dealers around, but there was one in nearby Eden. They announced a closeout sale on the 2006 models, so we went to look. A 37ft model immediately got our attention. The price was marked down \$14,100 to \$45,900 making it affordable. It had three slides and everything we wanted for room and comfort. We agonized over it, and decided to go for it on May 8, 2007. We traded in our Alpenlite and brought the Titanium home on May 10.

We towed the 1997 Alpenlite 24,140 miles and spent 299 nights in it. The last trip we took with the Titanium was in September 2018 to our favorite place, Castle Rock State Park. We decided to put it up for sale in March 2019 as we felt it was getting too difficult to go anymore. I listed it on a national website. It sold three weeks later on April 3, 2019 to a couple in Paso Robles, California.

We towed the Titanium 28,253 miles and stayed in it 496 nights. There was no need for a truck. A local saw the for sale sign in the back window and bought it about a month later.

Kaiser-Frazer Conventions

We attended a7he following Kaiser-Frazer Owners Club Interntional conventions:

2006 Grand Island/Niagara Falls/Buffalo, New York. Drove via Michigan to visit a friend then to Niagara Falls, and the convention.. Returned through the middle of the country.

2007 Hoffman Estates/Chicago, Illinois (Drove)

2008 Salem, Oregon. (Drove with the trailer)

2009 Matamoros, Pennsylvania. Flew to Newark, New Jersey and rented a car.

2010 Kerrville, Texas. Flew to Austin, Texas and rented a car.

2011 San Diego, California
Drove

Shipsewana, Michigan. Flew to South Bend, Indiana and rented a car.

Puyallup, Washington (drove)

2012 Sweetwater, Tennessee. Flew to Knoxville and rented a car.

2015 Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Flew to Pittsburg and rented a car.

We met great people at the annual conventions. Many drove their vintage cars and had them on display. There were people attending from as far away as Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Australia. There were always booths set up with parts for sale. I bought many hard to find items. It was also a great opportunity to see the sights. Optional tours were always offered, and we made the most of them.

Winding Down

I had a small stroke in December 2020. I recovered well, but slight vertigo dictated the use of a cane. It was difficult to maintain our acre lot or work on the Kaiser. In 2023 I listed the Kaiser for sale. However, I got no offers. I tried donating it to the College of Southern Idaho automotive technology department and Jerome High School to no avail. I donated it to the VA.

The summer of 2024 we started thinking about moving to independent living in town and selling our place. We checked out all the independent and assisted living places in the area. In August it boiled down to two in Twin Falls. The two were Grace Assisted living and Bridgeview Estates that offers all levels of senior living. Bridgeview had a two bedroom unit #228 being redone with new flooring, and available. We liked the location in central Twin Falls and it was affordable. It looked out on the Sportsman Warehouse parking lot where I always park to walk the canyon rim trail. It also overlooks the canyon rim and the north end of the Perrine Bridge. We knew the place as my mother was in Bridgeview in skilled nursing and assisted living in 2003-2004. We toured the apartments back then. We jumped at it.

Matt, Julie, Summer, Nikk, Jake, Taylor, Gary, Christopher, and Brian moved us into Bridgeview the last week of August 2024. They also conducted a garage sale a couple of weeks later. We let them take anything they wanted, and donated the leftover to members of the church. We put a for sale by owner sign on the house. The place was empty by the end of September 2024.

No takers on the house. I put an ad in the East Bay Times in California. There was no interest after a month. So, we listed it with Cindy Collins one of the best realtors in Twin Falls. She predicted a quick sale. We went with the second offer

in two weeks. They were locals. I expected it would be Californians with money. The shop is what sold it.

We closed on January 21, 2025 for \$580,000. It was far more than we ever expected. So here we are. On the last cruise.

It was a great journey. If I had to do it over again I would do it the same way. HH

End chapter 23b. End of book