

The Indian Motorcycle (Rondo)

He spent a quarter at the University of Utah on this plan worked out with Coach Carlson and tried his hand at BYU. But something happened that derailed dad. He always loved motorcycles. While he was taking classes at the University he worked hard to save his money. The purpose was to pay for the next quarter's tuition.

But the devil in the disguise of a friend came along with a deal he couldn't refuse. He couldn't.

The friend had an old Indian Motorcycle that probably belonged in the junk yard, but this guy gave dad such a good deal -magically the same amount of money as was in his savings account- that dad just had to buy the dang bike. He couldn't refuse it, too good of a deal. The Indian motorcycle was an aged beast. Dad told how much work was required to keep it running. The two-cylinder engine was shot. He said that if he got going down a hill too fast, the pistons swapped cylinders. [That's obviously an exaggeration but if you understand motors, it's a funny statement.] The model here is a 1939 Sport Scout which is about the right vintage for the aged beast he bought.

Buying the Indian forestalled his returning to the "U" the second quarter, and you can sketch the rest of the story in yourself.

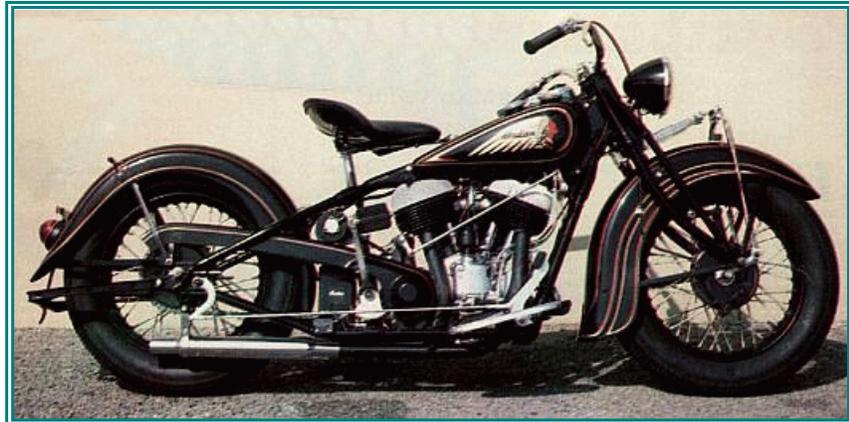


Figure 1

<http://www.geocities.com/MotorCity/Downs/7204/39ind.html>

Alvin the Don

James Alvin had an attitude. He fought with the world every morning. He told me that he had a "hate list" and that each morning he'd get up and go down the hate list to remember who he was mad at and why. And update it if necessary. That was sort of a joke, but it's also true. He was bitter about something that he never resolved. I guess that's not much different than most of us, is it. His bristling attitude was masked as he matured, but it glowed in his younger years as in this lop-sided photo. I think it captures the man I saw inside of the body. Actually, I love this old photo. It is so characteristic of his soul.

Mom was obviously aware of his intemperate outbursts and actually took steps that he wasn't aware of. In the years he was active in the Society of Vertebrate Paleontology, he got heated up about protecting fossils under the "Antiquities Act", and made it a crusade to enlighten the membership of their god-mandated duty and obligation to help him save the fossils first. This didn't go over too well, which only made him more determined. So he wrote letter castigating various people who had offended him.

At this point, mom would intercept his letter after he had put them in the mail box outside of the home for the mailman. After he went to work. She'd steam them open carefully in the kitchen to see how bad the language was. If it was more than she thought was tolerable, she'd simply burn the letter, and never told him about it.



Figure 2 The Don

1935 Spring and Summer

[Notes from his Work Chronology]

Spring: "Cut juniper posts/dug post holes with Daryl Moulton in Leamington Canyon 10 cents apiece and 10 cents a hole for Fred Nielson."

Summer: "Pitched hay on McIntyre Ranch with Melvin Ashley for Than Ashley. Did other farm work for \$1.50 a day."

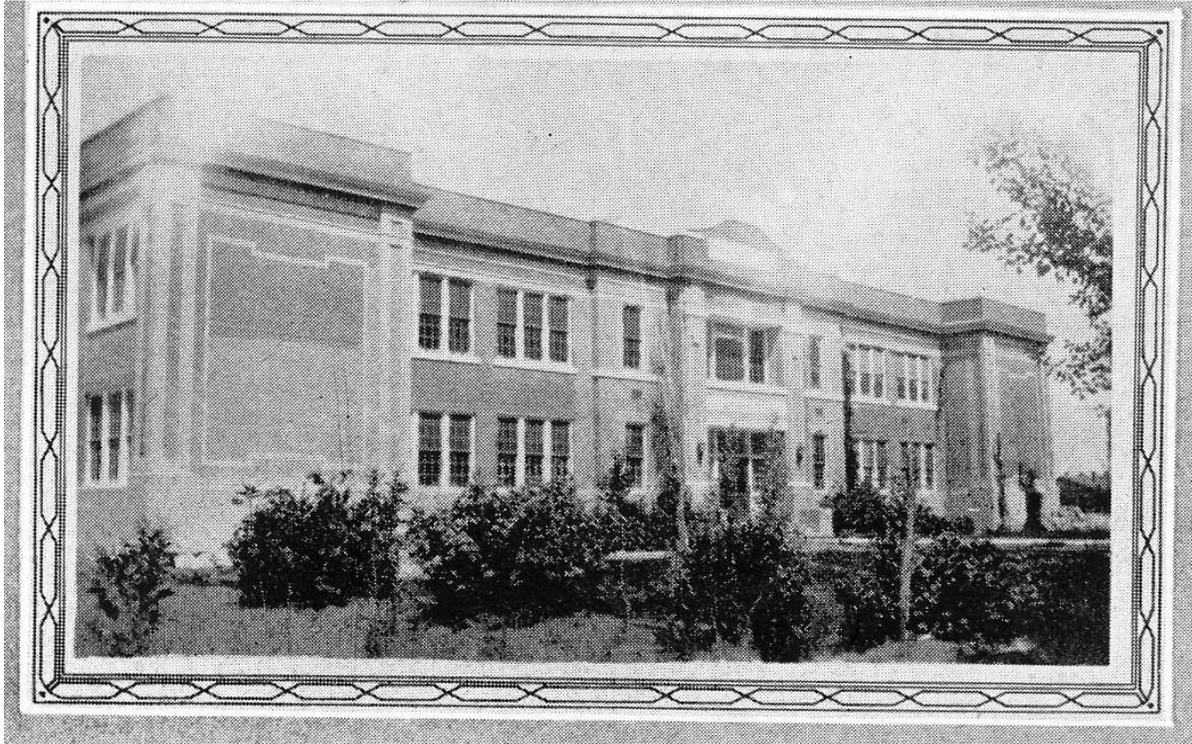
1935-36 Did Fifth Year in Delta High School

[Notes from his Work Chronology]

According to dad's "work history" he did his fifth year of high school in this year, which makes sense. He skipped the third grade so was coming out even with the usual age of 18 of most kids.

Delta High School

Dad explains elsewhere about his tenure at this high school. The hero of his

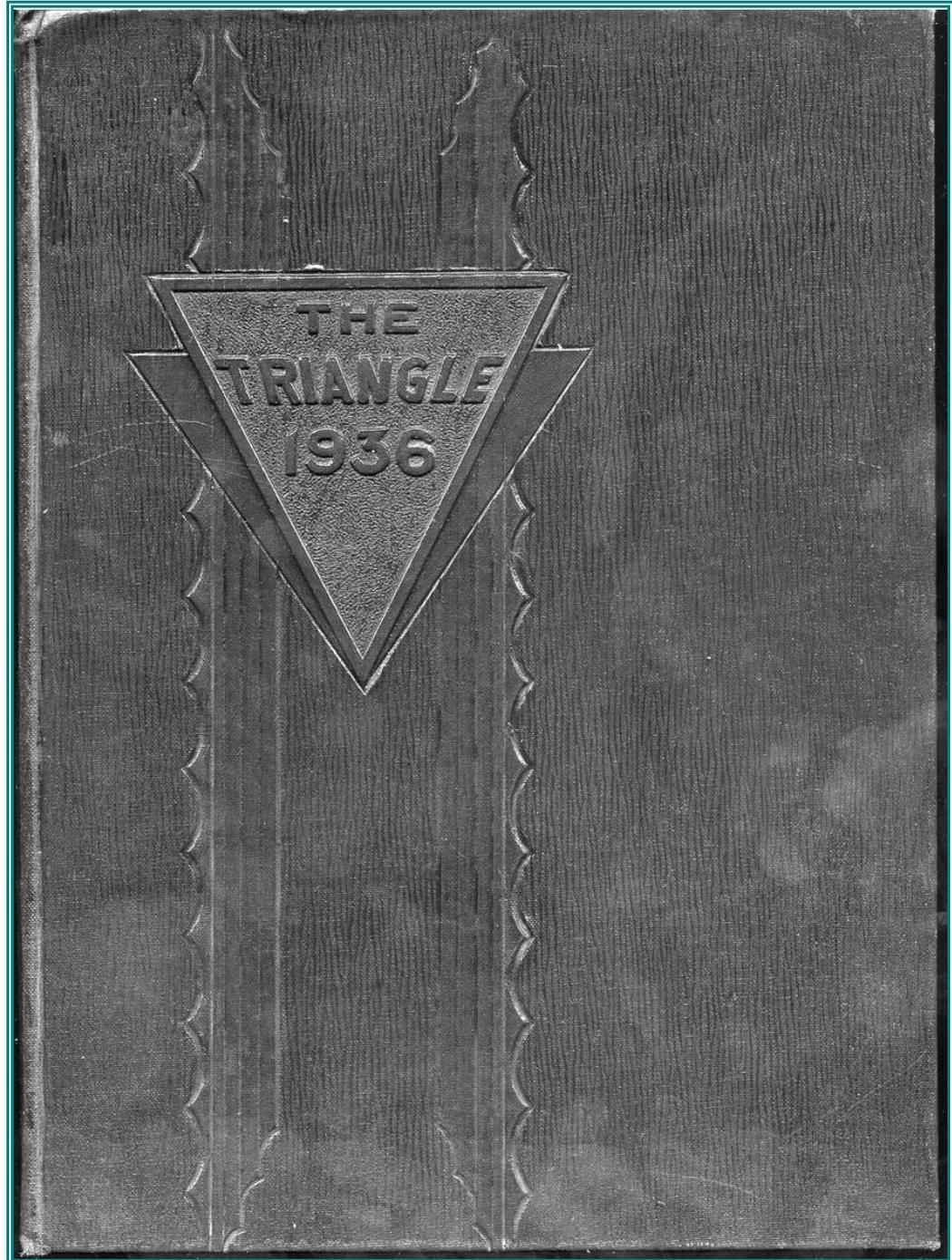


time there was Coach Carlson who took an interest in him and urged him to do more with his life than farm. Dad didn't tell many stories about the school but I learned several from Bud Hegyessy when I visited him at his nursing home in February 2003. During my rummaging around in dad's things in 2003, I found out more information about his tenure at Delta High School than I had learned in the rest of my life with him. He didn't talk about it. I've dissected that yearbook and include her images that give some insight into this man and his experiences at this high school.

"The Triangle 1936"

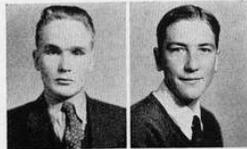
This yearbook is about 3/4 inch thick and is printed on heavy, varnished stock in black and white. There were seven items that I excerpted and provide below.

The next page is the complete page with dad's serious photo. He was apparently a clown but didn't let on when his photo was taken.



TRIANGLE

ALVIN JENSEN
 "SAM"
"Never do today what you can put off until next week."
 Vice President Camera Club; Opera, 34-35-36.



LEALA JENSEN
 "LEA"
"Softsoap."
 Debating Team, 32-33; Home Economics, 32-33-34.



LLOYD JACKSON
 "LUCE"
"It takes a great man to make a good listener."
 Football, 33-34-35-36; F. F. A., 34-35-36.



VESTA KILLPACK
 "VEE"
"Oh, it just burns me up!"
 Home Economics, 32-33-34-35.



ROA MORGAN
 "BLONDIE"
"It just about gets me."
 Home Economics, 32-33-34-35-36; La Via, 34-35; Sewing Contest, 34-35.



GLEN NEILSON
 "DOC"
"Little people get lots of places big people can't."



LOIS OGDEN
 "SQUACK"
"A popular Breeze."
 Home Economics, 32-33-34-35; Glee, 34-35-36; Opera, 34-35; Delt Club, 35-36; Triangle, 35-36; Scribblers Club, 35-36.



VERL JACOBSON
 "JAKE"
"Oh! My Gosh."
 Big Brothers Council, 35-36.

VIOLET JONES
 "VI"
"Move over!"
 Home Economics, 32-33.

RONDO JEFFERY
 "SPEED"
"The principal parts of swim, teacher, are swimming, swimming, and swimming."
 F. F. A., 32-33-34-35; Football, 33-34-35; Glee, 34-35.

RUSSELL KNIGHT
 "HIEME"
"Where's my pipe."
 F. F. A., 32-33-34; Live Stock Judging Team; Class President, 33-34; Football, 34; Junior Prom Committee, 34-35.

BARBARA MORTENSEN
 "BARBS"
"The easier a girl is to look at; the harder a man looks."
 Home Economics, 32-33-34-35-36; Cooking Contest, 32-33; Assistant Manager of Home Economics, 33-34; Vice President of Class, 34-35; Prom Committee, 34-35; Student Body Vice President, 35-36; President Girls' Club, 35-36; Secretary C. C. C., 35-36; Glee, 35-36.

LORRAINE NEILSON
 "NUGGS"
"It isn't by size you win or fail."
 Home Economics, 33-34-35-36; Delt Club, 35-36; President of C. C. C. Club, 35-36; Triangle, 35-36; Scribblers Club.

MARVIN OGDEN
 "GOAT"
"I like to hang around the bookstore."
 F. F. A., 32-33-34-35-36; Judging Team, 32-33-34-35; President of F. F. A., 34-35; Football, 34-35-36; Campus Council, 35-36.

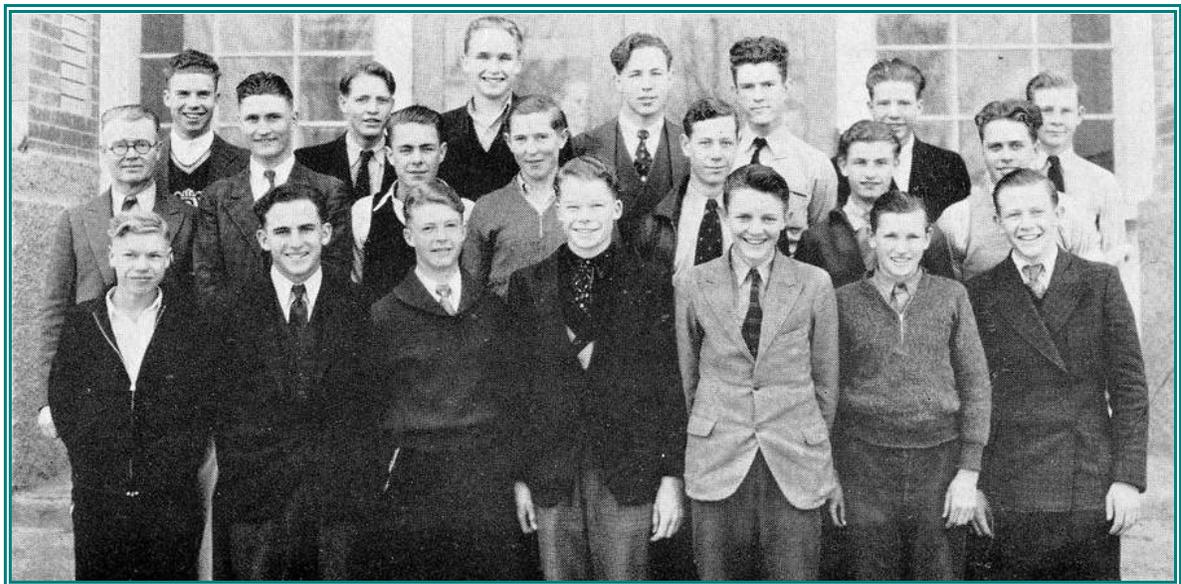


Note the art deco decoration used on the right side of the page, fascinating because they lived in a desert. Few if any of them had ever seen an ocean liner, which may be the reason for the attraction to it. It's a neat looking page in any event.

Note also the everyone had a nick name. Dad's nick name was given as "Sam", which doubtless stems from his dad's first name, but virtually all of the notes written in his yearbook are addressed to "Jake," with several addressed to "Alvin." Bud Hegyssey, dad's best friend, was known as "David."

The Boys' Glee Club

The Boy's Glee Club, lead by Mr. Dorius (left, second row) was populated by dad and his friends. He's the tallest on the back row.



Most of the guys who went to the Bryce Canyon music festival show up in this photo.

Dad's Gang of Seven

Dad obviously had a full social life in spite of the difficulty he had in high school. Perhaps the two facts are related after all. This photo of hitchhiking teenagers was given to him by someone outside the family, who wrote on the back of the photo that this was "Trip to Bryce Canyon via Cedar City Spring of 1936". Dad would have been 18. The names of the seven are also listed, starting with the



Figure 7 1936 trip to Bryce Canyon

left: Rondo Jeffery (the man I am named for, who was killed in a tractor accident when he fell off the tractor into the plow shares), Blaine Sampson, Elvid Stucki, Harold Hegyessy, Lindeau Christenson, Alvin Jensen, and Talmadge Christenson - first or second generation Americans all. The unknown author's explanation on the back of the photo ends there. But there's another tidbit.

In dad's hand is the interesting addition he made many years later:

"Renegade splinter from the quarantined Glee Club. We went to music festival anyway. J.A.J."

A lot of things come to mind in response to that comment. Why were they quarantined? Why did they go anyway? How did they travel? Where did they stay and so on? Did they get into trouble for doing this? It looks like there was a gas can, probably to entice drivers to stop.

Later: I just had the good fortune of talking to Bud Hegyssey himself last week in Provo. I was visiting mom and Bud's name came up. Her statement was that

she had spoken to Bud last week. I had no idea he lived there so I clarified with her that she had in fact talked with him. She said that she had and that he had broken his back so was confined to a nursing home out in American Fork.

I asked her for his phone number and called him. Sure enough, it was "Bud", though he was taken aback to be called that. He said that no one called him by that name anymore, and when I identified myself as "Jim Jensen" he wasn't quite sure what was going on. After we sorted out names and identities, I asked about him and so on. He was disabled by a compressed lumbar vertebrae when he fell onto his knees. Then I talked to him about this UBW project. He was interested because he has been writing his own history.

I told him that I had one question, one dealing with the above photo of the "Renegade Splinter." I told him I had it, told him who was in it and described what dad had written on the back side of it. When I asked him what the "quarantine" business was about, he laughed. He said that there had been an epidemic of scarlet fever in Millard County so bad that the health department shut down all public institutions for two full weeks. The choir festival in Bryce Canyon was scheduled for that time period so these guys decided they would go any way.

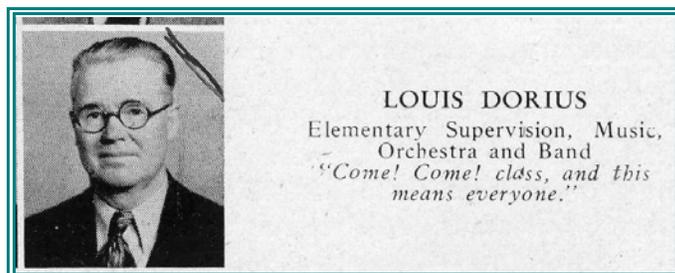
Talmadge Christensen's dad loaned them his 1929 Oldsmobile and they had to supply the gas. The seven of them piled their stuff and bodies into the car and made the trip down, have a grand time.

Mr. Louis Dorius

Louis Dorius was the all purpose music teacher for Delta High School. Bud described a Christmas concert at the school where dad made a fool out of Mr. Dorius, or himself.

At one point Mr. Dorius was energetically leading an orchestra in a seasonal piece of music, carried away with

his baton. The exaggeration of his movements seemed over-done to Alvin. So behind the curtain that hung behind the orchestra, dad began to pantomime Mr. Dorius movements while the performance was going on. Students standing behind the curtain with him were amused but one of them figured a way to "get" Alvin for this tom-foolery. This student grabbed the curtain and suddenly lifted it up



without Alvin being aware of the change in scenery because Alvin had his back to the curtain. When the curtain was lifted, Mr. Dorius looked directly at Alvin flailing away, at which time everyone knew that Alvin had been "had". Dad did not make any points that night with Mr. Dorius.

The Camera Club

Dad was president of this bunch, and is in the center, standing tall. His photos reflect a love of photography and an understanding of composition. His interest blossomed early.



The Lass of Limerick Town

I'd never heard that dad had any interest in acting but here's a snippet from the yearbook that shows he had a supporting role. Note, please, that Bud had the male lead and that the other actors included none other than Rondo Jeffery, Wally Church, and Blaine Sampson. This same bunch apparently showed up in groups all over the place.

"THE LASS OF LIMERICK TOWN"

The opera that was chosen for this year was a romantic comic opera in two acts, "The Lass of Limerick Town." Written and composed by Arthur A. Penn.

Harold Hegyessy, who was the masculine lead, was ably supported by Julia Finlinson as the feminine lead. The remainder of the cast were as follows: Blaine Sampson, Rhea Elder, Ruby Allen, Edward Gardner, Alvin Jensen, De Lelle Hopkins, Keith Kelly, Edward Allen, Lem Lovell, Thais Tangren, Wallace Church and Rondo Jeffery.

We are very sorry that at the time the book was published the opera had not been given, thus making it impossible to have a picture of it taken.

Mr. Adam's Note

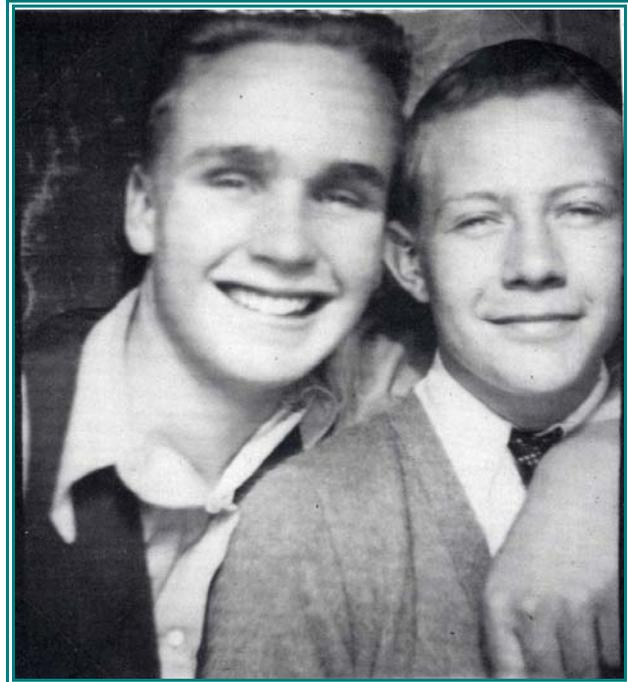
In light of admissions by dad in the last year of his life, it appears to me that he did in fact tipple during his younger years. His wife shut him off absolutely but he started out experimenting. Mr. Adams was one of the teachers, though I can't tell what subject he taught, and he specifically cautions dad:

Dear Alvin -
I have become interested in ^{your name} the
the ability that you have exhibited
and I am sure that life has
a lot in store for you if you will
just set your head to obtain it and
at the same time keep level and
sober.
Success to you Alvin
Mr. Adams.

It is no sin but I mention this aspect of his life because I want you to know that he was a human being and that he experimented in what life has to offer. That's OK. That's why you're here I think.

Harold "Bud" Hegyessy

I think that Bud remained dad's favorite Leamington chum all his life. He shows up in the next volume as well. Dad was a year ahead of Bud in school but they maintained a friendship that lasted up to dad's death. Their friendship shows in this photo taken in 1934: This photo is identified "Jake and David" and they were like brothers. Dad had no surviving brother so doubtless welcomed the friendship of another guy.



Bud went through ROTC at the University of Utah and flew combat in the air force. His final rank upon retirement was Lieutenant colonel as shown in this photo taken at the time of his retirement. I visited him in his nursing home apartment with his wife and enjoyed his easy humor and friendship. I can see how dad would find him a lasting friend.

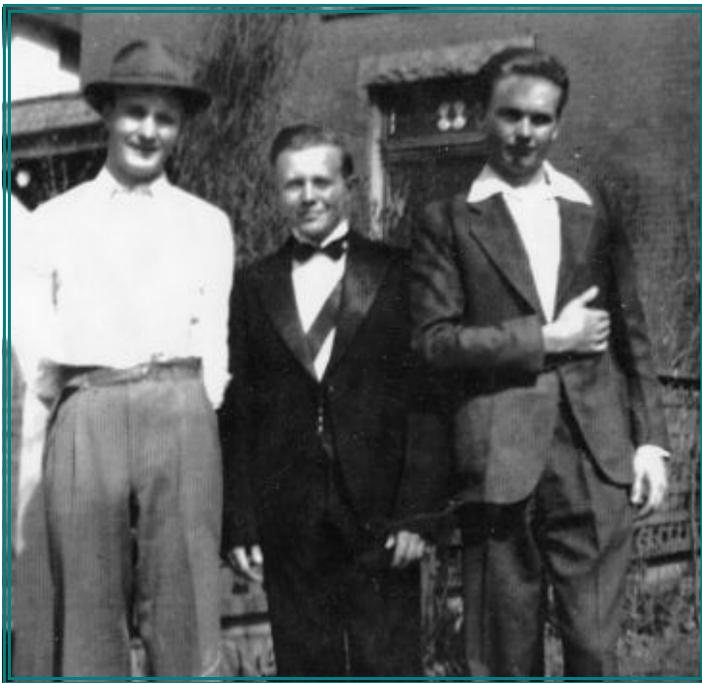
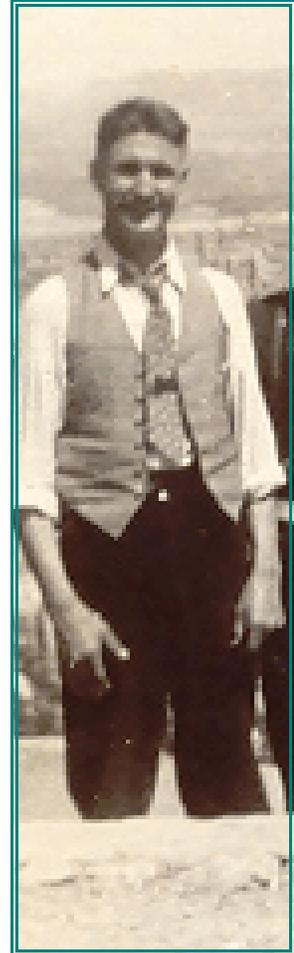


[August 7, 2004: In an exchange of E-mails with Aunt Doris last week, she reported that Bud had passed away in the last year.]

Blaine Sampson

Blaine is the other man from dad's Leamington days that I heard about a few times. Dad didn't talk much about his childhood in any way, so I don't know what it was like in general. But Blaine is someone he talked about.

Indeed, on our 1953 trip back to Seward from Vernal, we went through Seattle. That's where Blaine has lived for half a century I believe because he was there. We visited him at his house. I had forgotten that but when I talked to Blaine in Dec. 2004, he reminded me of that event. I told him the story about how I spilled ham juice in his daughter's hair during a set-down dinner in mom's and dad's formal dining room during my BYU days. He thought that was funny. I didn't but that's OK. The photo to the right is Blaine, excerpted from the "Gang of Seven" talked about above. He was as tall as dad. Blaine is the man on the left in the following photo. This was taken while Budd, in the middle, was at the University of Utah.



I've sent a set of Volumes 2 through 5 to Blaine recently because he's interested in seeing dad's story. He thinks the world of dad and calls just to

reminisce. He's pretty hard up I'd say if he's calling me to talk about Leamington affairs but I'm as hard up trying to find someone from Leamington to talk to me about it, so we're a great pair. He told me that he remembers the days in SLC

when he lived in the south part of the city and dad and mom visited him, bringing both babies. He added a few details about dad's days in Leamington:

-One day when dad returned to Leamington on his motorcycle, he took Blaine on a ride. When they turned one corner, a large dog set on them, barking madly. To pay it back, they stopped, Blaine picked up a big rock and dad drove around the same corner. The dog ran out again, but was smacked by this rock. It never bothered the motorcycle again.

-He said that in 1950, Dad came to his home. (Had to have been 1951 actually but his dates vary as much as mine, and since he's older, he has the right to make them up if he wants! I do.) Dad had taken a cab, a pricey proposition for a young man with little money but no alternative. It was around 2:00 a.m. when he arrived. Blaine went to the door and peeked out the peep hole to see who was there. He let dad in and he asked to stay while he waited for the ship to take him to Seward. Dad spent several days there, enjoying the company.

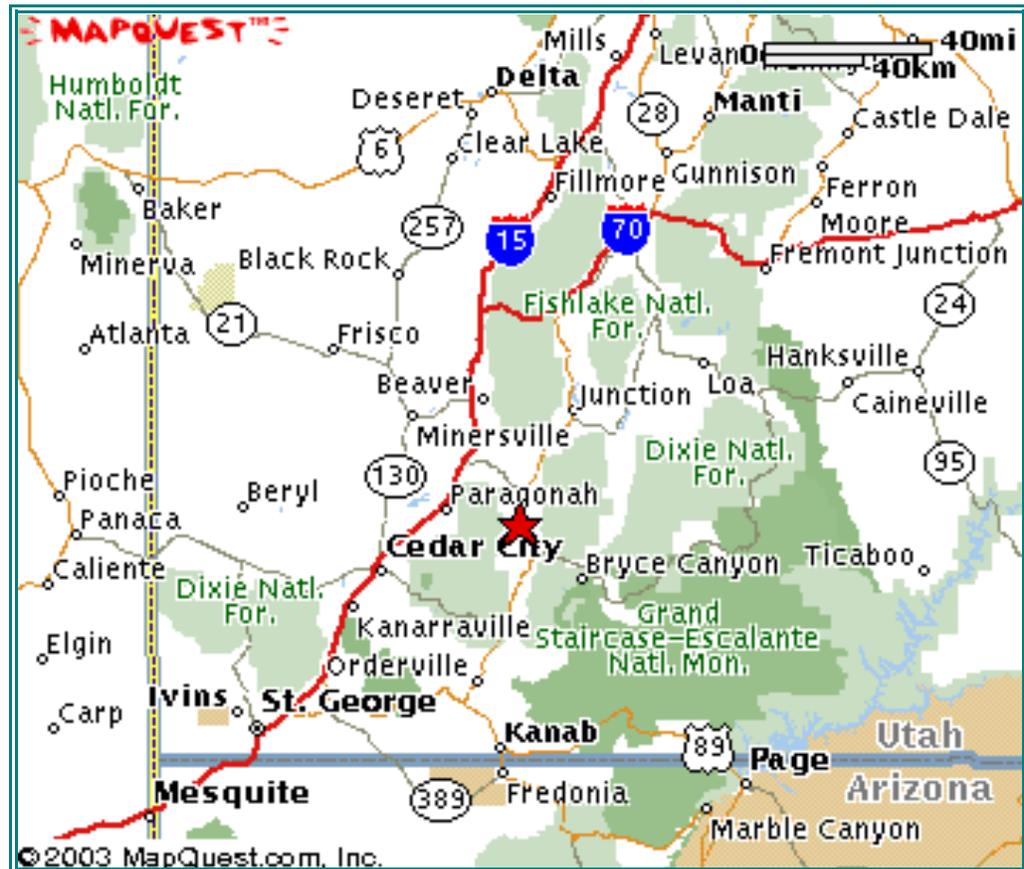
-He told me that Hegyessy worked with dad in the Mercur mines. I didn't remember that. Even Bud didn't mention it to me when I talked to him on the phone and visited with him years ago before he died. Had to have been before. The story that tickled Blaine about Mercur was dad's humor. Dad took one of the marking pencil and wrote "The phantom strikes" on one of the walls. The old timers didn't see him to that and as he hoped, several of them were too superstitious to work in that area.

During another phone call, Blaine told about his days in the Quartermaster Corps during WW II. He was sent to New Jersey to be trained and at one point ended up in Tokyo. General MacArthur had completed his overhaul of things in general, including disarming the locals. On one evening, as a result of several unrelated circumstances, he ended up in the garrison as the senior officer even though he was only a sergeant. On that evening Emperor Hirohito was in Tokyo and due MacArthur's reforms, Blaine "outranked the emperor."

The 1928 Oldsmobile in Panguitch

Bud also explained another funny episode involving Alvin. The same bunch of guys that went to the Bryce Music Festival in spite of the county quarantine also went down together to Panguitch

the red star- ★- in this map. On today's map, which obviously doesn't necessarily reflect the roads that existed at



the time, the distance is probably around 150 miles, not an inconsequential distance when one's automobile only runs 30 miles an hour. But they wanted to go so they used Mr. Christensen's 1928 Oldsmobile again.

During a phone conversation with Blaine Sampson in January 2005, he told this story again, and added the detail that this Oldsmobile had problems. It kept breaking down but that was sort of standard for cars in that era so no one was surprised. The problems, obviously are, "Is there a person who can repair it?" and "Do we have the stuff to fix it with?" Turns out that they did have the stuff and the guy who did the work is my namesake, Rondo Jeffries. The last time it broke down they were even close to Leamington so had to delay their return even longer.

It was winter and this bunch was given free room at a local hotel on the condition that they sing for their supper. They obliged because they wanted to

spend some time down performing and visiting the local girls. After one of their concerts, these young men were given the assignment of seeing some of the girls to their homes. They were pleased to do that so each lined up a girl and got out the door as quickly as possible to enjoy the remainder of the evening. Somehow Alvin was the last to make his connection. By the time he got out the door, all the others had gone their way leaving him to bring the Oldsmobile. I suspect that his being last reflected his delayed social development.

The problem for Alvin was that all the cars he had driven to that point in time were the Model T type that had individual foot pedals for the various gears. The new fangled Oldsmobile had a true transmission with a clutch and a shifting lever. According to Bud, Alvin could not figure out how to get the car into any gear except Reverse. As a result, Alvin drove this girl all the way to her home - in reverse gear. Everyone gave him a hard time about this, doubtless in the presence of these girls.

I Leave Home

This title is in his Table of Contents and is the dividing line he made between his time in Leamington and the rest of the world. I put it in here to make that same division. Once he left, he never returned to live, and even his visits were few. Before he went to Seward the first time, he probably did visit Leamington frequently but during my life, I only remember two visits that he made there up to the time of the 1969 visit I made with him. The first was when he and I drove to southern Utah around 1949 and stopped in Leamington to see grandpa Jensen. The other was in 1953 when grandpa died while we lived in Seward so dad went to Leamington again. There were probably other visits when I was too young to remember them but not many.

The next section is from his "win if you will" transcript and contains bits of history from different eras of his life in Leamington. Its purpose here is to get him out of Leamington and on his way into the world, starting in educational efforts in Salt Lake City.

High School, U of U and BYU (Alvin)

At that time, in the sixth grade, Elder Milton R. Hunter, who was my teacher, had broken his leg playing football. He was a handsome young man, tall as

I remember him with dark black hair, but a very good teacher. I feel I was very fortunate to be born into humble circumstances. In those years on the farm a board, a piece of iron, was a treasure, and before we cut it or use we spent a lot of time planning on how to use the job without using the board or piece of iron. Because we were in these humble circumstances I had a chance to develop my imagination and I think today one of the saddest things that happens to our young people is that we give them everything that can be dreamed up by manufacturers, fancy toys and gadgets, and our youngsters have no opportunity to develop their imagination. I had a chance to develop mine in many ways.

The things that I built were made, fashioned from scratch. I used old alarm clocks, part of an old doorbell, batteries discarded from our crank telephones. These were all fascinating things. Often on weekends I would get on my horse, and with one of my friends, ride to town down across the river and up into the foothills of the mountains and look for Indian artifacts and then on into the mountains to collect fossils. These were wonderful years because I felt the thrill of my coming future, yet not knowing exactly what it would be. Many times I had this exhilarating feeling that wonderful things were ahead and that I could do anything that I wanted to and that something wonderful was going to happen to me. I think this was partly due to the fact that I was in humble circumstances and that lay imagination had a chance to develop. I learned how to dream.

Unfortunately, there isn't anything in my scholastic model for young people because I've never really accomplished anything in a prescribed academic manner. The only thing that I did of any note was to skip the third grade, and I think that perhaps it was really an obstacle in a way to my progress because the students I left were jealous of my advance and the students I joined resented my intrusion. So I was left in between.

Because father was such a mild person, he didn't teach me to learn the art of self-defense. I retired as an unaggressive youngster and developed a sort of inferiority complex. In a way, though, this may have been good for I didn't lean to do a lot of things the other boys did. I didn't do things other things other boys did who ran around in the town, because I didn't feel their equal. I sort of stuck to myself and my dreams, I did a lot of reading. I liked to tinker and experiment with all kinds of things mechanically.

And so this business of being a lone wolf was good in a way. As far as girls go, I didn't have a date in high school, I was afraid to. I was afraid to learn to dance and the urging people gave me to learn made it even more difficult. I went to my first dance after my high school years. So here again I avoided problems,

not willfully, of course, but I just happened to avoid a lot of pitfalls that young people are trapped into by in their high school years. Girls were all right I suppose, and although I was attracted to them somewhat in high school, I kept my distance. I enjoyed their company in school activities in my last year in high school, but it never went beyond that. Having four sisters, I did learn to tease girls quite effectively. I more than once became an object of their wrath from which I escaped into a tree house or my castle with the big padlock on it.

Because of this inferiority complex, I was ill-adjusted to high school and failed most of my subjects for the first three years, and then Pete Carlson our high school coach, noticed I was a misfit and took an interest in me. Perhaps it was only a temporary interest but it changed the course of my entire life. I was a good sized kid, but because I rode the bus I couldn't be involved in athletics very easily. So he had no purpose taking an interest in me. I couldn't play on any of his teams anyway. He said, "Hey, kid, what's the matter with you? You are a big kid like this. I see you running around here, you don't do y anything." He discovered I had an interest in geology. Good old Pete Carlson. He said, "Hey, I know Dr. Pack at the University of Utah and I'll take you up there and introduce you to him and when you get out of high school I'll get you a job at the University of Utah." This really inspired me. This changed ay life. He did just that. He did make an appointment.

I met him in Salt Lake City, and he took me to the geology department at the University of Utah, introduced me to Dr. Pack. What a wonderful, exciting experience this was. By his recommendation I got a job at the buildings and grounds department so that I could enter the university. But as this time I was in ay third year and I had done nothing in high school, but fail most of my classes. So I had to get busy and finish my high school work. I enrolled freshman classes and took them over again. It was a little difficult at first, but I finally had rolled up my sleeves and dived in. I enrolled in freshmen classes in my fourth year. I went five years to try and finish up the work I hadn't done, and then for some strange reason when graduation came around at the end of my fifth year, I was told that I couldn't graduate. This was no blow to me for I was a very independent person. I simply went my way and I didn't graduate from high school. In later years I learned I did have enough credits and so why they told me I couldn't graduate I don't know.

Years later after I became a faculty member at BYU, my dean told me he would like me to work towards a degree so I went back to high school. My wife and I were married before she graduated from high school, so our sons were always kidding her about graduating. After we moved to Provo, we decided to

enroll in night school. I became the only faculty member working my way through high school. You can say very little about me to inspire young men to dig into their studies because I only studied and read things that interested me first years in high school, and this wouldn't be a very good model to inspire young men of today, and if I were to go back over the road I don't know what I would do, I can't say.

I went to a quarter at the University of Utah and a quarter at BYU, which you could do without graduating from high school. But the depression years made it difficult to get an education for two reasons. In the first place there was no way to earn money to go to school, and in the second place, if you had a degree there was very little application for it. There were no jobs available. So I went off for various adventures. I traveled around the United States, traveled through many different states. Before I was 20 I had traveled through more than 30 states.

1936 Spring, Summer and Fall

[Notes from his Work Chronology]

- Spring: Cut mine props in lodgepole pine on Tabby Mountains in eastern Utah with Darryl Moulton, for Alma Duke, who married Carrol Slaughter.
- Summer: Worked for Jim Elliot on UPRR tie gang with Mexican gang, living in "outfit cars" from Champlain thru Lynndyl to Cline. Burned mouth with Mexican pink gravy."
- Fall: Enrolled in U of Utah , got job raking leaves to help pay. Quit at Christmas. Narcolepsy^[1] in chemistry lecture.

Tabernacle Choir (Rondo)

I knew that dad had been in the Tabernacle choir but had figured that was after I was born during that stay in Salt Lake City. But dad's Table of Contents shows that he was in the choir right after he left Leamington so it was about this

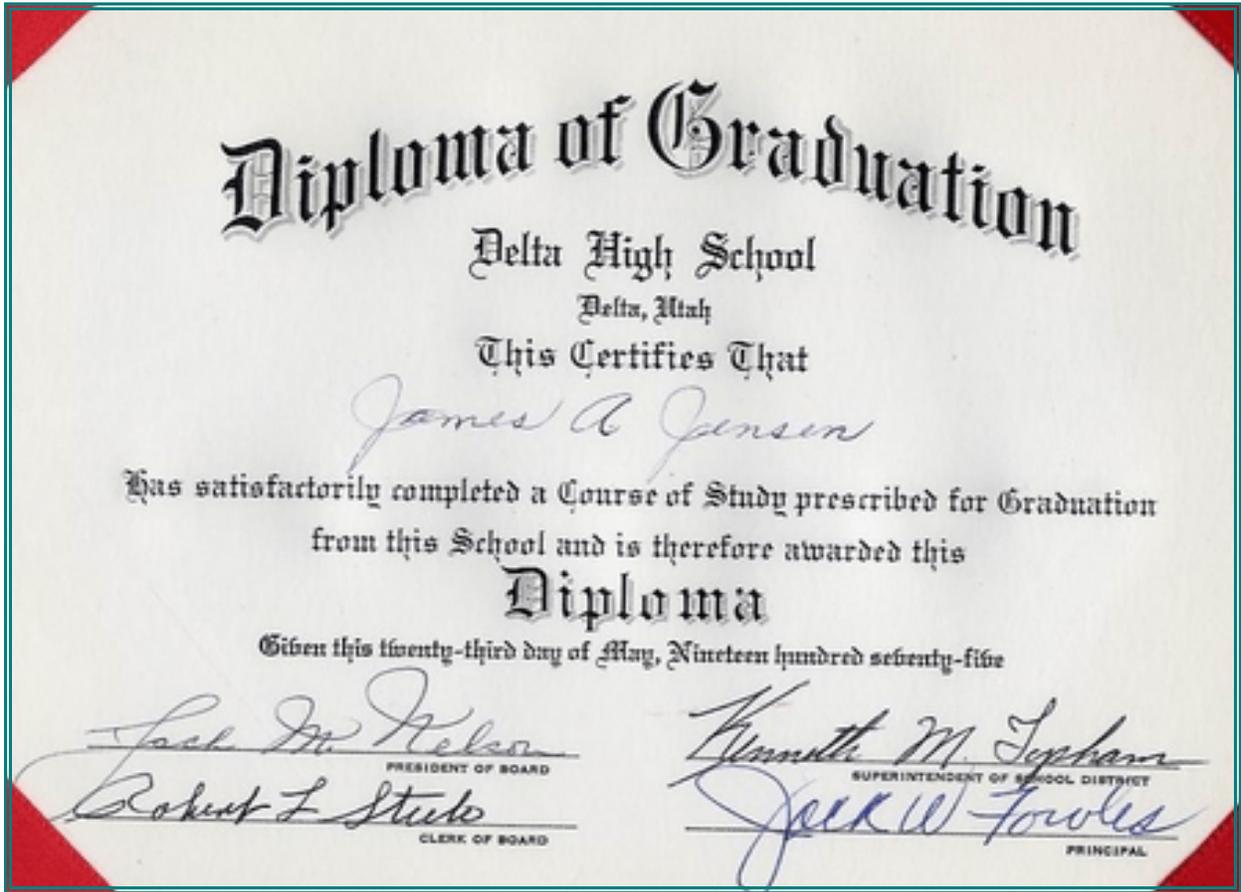
¹I expect that this was one of his subtle jokes. He probably spent too much time on his night life and slept during class is more like it.

point in his life that it happened. He places it before his tour of the US. He was Tenor 47 and apparently went to Zion's on a tour with the choir. He had the good fortune of singing when Cornwall and Condie were the organist and director. Over the years at home, I heard him speak a few times of this experience. It was a treasure for him and he had greatest respect for those two men, though he never explained exactly why that was so.

Delta High Diploma - 1975

Dad went to Provo in 1961 and he was apparently asked by the administration to do something about the fact that he didn't have his high school diploma. That doubtless rubbed him the wrong way because he was super-sensitive and took things to be slights which were not. I never heard him say a word about this and only learned about it from mom. She, bless her heart, decided that she, too, would take the night classes at the Provo school system so that he was not alone. She had not earned a high school diploma either. They did complete the classes and I found the certificates of completion somewhere and will insert them here when I find them.

Meantime, I did find his diploma from Delta. I think he has the story written somewhere about how it all happened and I'll insert it when I find it. At that time, he was officially given his Delta High School diploma.



Postscript: Some Work Chronology J A Jensen (Alvin)

After finishing this thing, I ran across three steno pad pages stapled together and in dad's hand. It follows below. I have inserted this information in the appropriate spots above.

Dad's life continues in Volume 4 - Mercur - 1939. That's where he meets Marie and they plan to get married and plan to homestead in Alaska.

Some work chronology Jafarson

1935 - Spring - cut juniper posts/dug post holes w/ Darryl Moulton in

Leamington Canyon 16¢ a post and 10¢ a hole for Fred Wilson.

Summer - Pitched hay on Moneypore Ranch w/ Melvin Ashley for Ethan Ashley.

Did other farm work for \$1.50 a day.

1935-36 School year, went 5th year to H.S.

1936 - Spring - cut mine props in lodgepole pine on ^{Eastern side of} Tally Mountain w/ Darryl Moulton, for

Alma Duke, who married Carroll Slaughter.

Summer - Worked for Jim Eliot on U.R. & R. Tie gang with Mexican gang, living in "outfit cars" from Champlain thru Tynnyrdyl to Cline. Burned mouth w/ Mexican pink gravy.

Fall - Enrolled at U. of Utah got job raking leaves to help. Quit at Christmas. Narcology in Chemistry lectures.

1937 - Spring Through sister Violas boss Mr. Merry, got job at Snyder mines in Mercur, Utah. Leased first at West Dip: didn't pay out so was moved to lease with Ed Brown in the old Resolute mine above the famous "Electric". Didn't pay out so in ~~the~~ summer went to work for Wogee on mountain south of Mercur. Quit in the fall to go to college again to have my mind trained.

1937 Fall Enrolled at BYU lived with old schoolmate Bonds Jeffery. Worked on grounds for $13\frac{1}{2}$ \$ an hour. Couldn't make it financially so quit at 7 mac. ^{visited home} went to S.L.

1938. Spring Routed AS & R at Garfield and got a job on "Surface". Progressed to "Schea Train", then to "Larry Train" from "Poaster", then to "Skimmere helga" on "reverbratory Furnace" floor; then to "Coppa Casting" dept. where I lost the end of my big toe; ~~went on hitchhiking tour of the U.S.~~

Then to "Punching Conventer" at \$5.70
 a day, top pay in those times.

late
 winter } Quit smelter and went on a tour of
 the U.S. hitchhiking through many
 states. Often going hungry. Tried to sell
 "Woman's World" mag. sub's in Missouri
 but failed.

1940 Spring got job at Tosek smelter, then
 met Marie, went to Alaska in Aug.
 worked on A.R.R. till freeze up, went on to
 Anchorage, worked at Elmendorf Air base

1941 till ~~fall~~ late winter, went to Seward
 and began longshoring for A.R.R. with
 Lee Rafter as time keeper. Marie came up in
 May, we were married by ^{Judge Bryant} J.P. U.S. Comm.

1941 Nov. Marie goes outside, baby on way.
 I go to Fairbanks to get fossil money
 Dec 7. Japs hit. I get to Vernal, Utah and
 my wife on Christmas day 1941.

Figure 20