

UPHILL - BOTH WAYS



Volume 9 - Boston 1956-60[©]

James R. Jensen

5324 SW 153rd Avenue

Beaverton, OR 97007

December, 25, 2004

Dedicated to Alfred Sherwood Romer, Ph.D.

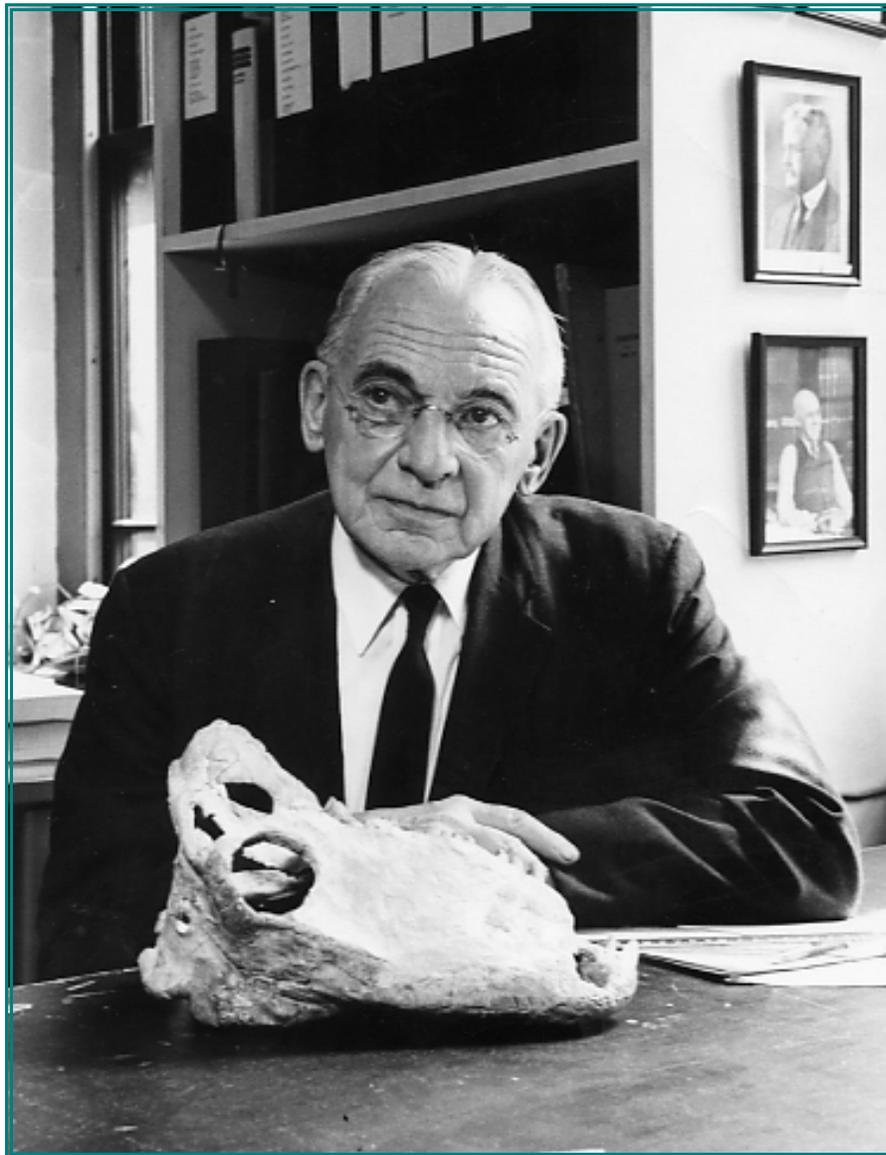


Table of Contents

Explanation for why this volume is so small	7
Part 01. Introduction	<u>7</u>
Arnie Lewis	<u>12</u>
Summer Interregnum 1956	<u>14</u>
New England Geography	<u>16</u>
Part 02. Alcan Highway	<u>19</u>
Alcan Highway & World War II	<u>20</u>
Japanese Invasion of Aleutians	<u>25</u>
Opening of Alcan Highway	<u>26</u>
Canadian Customs	<u>27</u>
Caterpillar crash	<u>28</u>
Haines Junction	<u>29</u>
Whitehorse	<u>30</u>
Dawson Creek	<u>31</u>
Muncho Lake	<u>32</u>
Gotta spanner?	<u>33</u>
Helicopter Crash	<u>34</u>
Peace River Bridge	<u>35</u>
Montana	<u>35</u>
Open Pit Mine	<u>36</u>
Part 03. Naples Summer	<u>39</u>
Nova Scotia	<u>40</u>
Swimming in Town	<u>43</u>
Rodeo and Highway Patrol	<u>44</u>
Laurel, Bears and moon beams	<u>47</u>
Grandma's eggs	<u>48</u>
Francis' Custard	<u>50</u>
Cottontails & single shot .22	<u>50</u>
Grant's MIA lawn party	<u>50</u>
Fishing in canal	<u>51</u>
Closure	<u>52</u>

Part 04. US 40	<u>53</u>
US 40 to Boston - No dad	<u>53</u>
License Plate theft	<u>54</u>
Cut-rate Motels	<u>54</u>
New York City	<u>55</u>
Woodlawn Restaurant	<u>56</u>
West Acton	<u>57</u>
Mud Turtles	<u>57</u>
Part 05. 3 Auburn Terrace	<u>59</u>
Waltham, Massachusetts	<u>59</u>
Waltham Watch Factory	<u>59</u>
Clevite Transistor Company	<u>61</u>
3 Auburn Terrace place	<u>64</u>
Rolly Thomas, Landlord	<u>66</u>
Lawn Mowing	<u>66</u>
Concord Grapes for Jelly	<u>66</u>
Rolly & the platen press	<u>68</u>
You Buy Your Own Clothes!	<u>76</u>
Another lecture <grin>	<u>79</u>
Filene's Department Store	<u>80</u>
Clothespin guns & Peashooters	<u>81</u>
RCA Victor Record-of-the-Month Club	<u>84</u>
Boys' Club of America	<u>86</u>
Japanese beetles, Starlings & Forsythia.	<u>87</u>
Italians	<u>89</u>
Elvis Presley	<u>91</u>
Ed Sullivan Show	<u>92</u>
Part 05.1. Waltham School Stuff	<u>93</u>
North Junior High School	<u>93</u>
Miss Bassett & Latin	<u>95</u>
Beautiful Counselor & IQ Tests	<u>97</u>
Miss Hanna & Ancient History	<u>98</u>
Algebra	<u>100</u>
New Clarinet	<u>101</u>
Playing in the Band	<u>102</u>
Walter & City Council	<u>104</u>

New Waltham High School	<u>105</u>
Part 06. Cambridge	<u>107</u>
Cambridge	<u>107</u>
Mt. Auburn Cemetery	<u>108</u>
Brattle Street	<u>109</u>
Longfellow's House	<u>110</u>
Al Capp & Li'l Abner	<u>111</u>
Charles River	<u>113</u>
MTA	<u>114</u>
Trolley Cars	<u>115</u>
Trolley Busses	<u>116</u>
Subways	<u>117</u>
Part 07. Boston	<u>118</u>
Boston, Massachusetts	<u>118</u>
Brigham's Spas & Silverware	<u>118</u>
Science Museum	<u>118</u>
Mystic River Bridge	<u>120</u>
Howard Johnson motels	<u>121</u>
Spas, apothecaries, frappes and tonics	<u>121</u>
Mass Turnpike	<u>123</u>
Earl, Editha and Rich	<u>124</u>
Tenley Albright & Boston Skating Club	<u>128</u>
Part 08. Get a Job	<u>129</u>
Field Hand	<u>129</u>
Truck Gardens	<u>132</u>
Hey Pachuco!	<u>134</u>
Mrs. Cavicchio	<u>136</u>
Copy Boy for the Hearst Syndicate	<u>137</u>
Part 09. Harvard University	<u>141</u>
Harvard University	<u>141</u>
<i>Dramatis Personae</i>	<u>142</u>
Physical Setting	<u>144</u>
Peabody Museum and MCZ	<u>145</u>
Cleaning Exhibit Cases - ornithology and African collection	<u>147</u>

Ethnology and <i>Giant Gorilla</i>	<u>149</u>
Remodeling Storage Cases	<u>150</u>
Preparing bird Skeletons	<u>151</u>
Cavident, Cavitron and Coprolites	<u>154</u>
Harvard Square	<u>155</u>
Ushering Harvard Football Games	<u>155</u>

Explanation for why this volume is so small...

As you all know, I've had a terrible year in terms of my health. I was stupid so fell 16 feet out of a tree in March, broke my back, spent 3 weeks in two hospitals, developed pneumonia, developed an almost untreatable pseudomonas bladder infection, during the summer developed diverticulosis that turned into diverticulitis, developed fistula between colon and bladder, had radiological procedures that broke everything loose, had to have emergency surgery, etc. No end of health disasters that have sapped my strength and will. One evening 2 weeks ago I think death walked through this house. I remember it clearly and didn't care. If Deanna had not nagged and prodded me to take care of myself, I may well have let go. She would not. So I did not, and I survived. Bless her.

As a result of 10 months of being out of commission I was unable to complete even half of this volume. I regret not being able to provide you the complete thing this year because that was my plan. But the remainder will follow next Christmas - which, as Julie told me, is also history. Onward into the portion I will be able to provide for 2004...

Part 01 Introduction

I don't know. I just can't decide. I look back from the (unfair?) vantage point of 62 years of age to the move in 1956 from Seward to Boston and wonder which impresses me more about the move:

- A) The incredible emotional trauma which was piled on top of my concurrent recently erupted pubescent storm,

OR

- B) The incredible stretching of my mind caused by the move that put me in personal contact with Harvard, Boston, art, science, powerful and famous people.

I don't really know. Actually, I am being chicken here. I'm setting up a straw man, aren't I. In the first place, it's fruitless to try to sort that kind of thing out, and in the second place, the consequence of the experience is an amalgam of both. I

benefitted in both respects. The athletes are right: "No pain, no gain." The first bestowed on me independence that only comes out of a fiery forge like that. The second permanently opened up my remarkable mind and annealed it so it could not re-close. One may argue that the latter harmed me because I could not be contained in the fold, but it's no point in trying to make that point. What's done is done and here I am, and here you are benefitting.

This extraordinary creation called UBW is only possible because of Boston. I have no fear of an intellectual challenge of any dimension. One thousand, two thousand, five thousand pages. Who cares. I will take it on and enjoy it, thanks to my exposure to men and women who undertook enormous intellectual challenges. My folks and these men and women -remember, women- encouraged and stimulated me to step up to the plate and swing for all I'm worth at this dang project - *in their absentia*.

This makes me think of an E-mail I recently received from Bobbie, one of our legal assistants at the office: jwallace98@netscape.net. She sent this email:

"I found this quote and it made me think of you . . .

"Life is not a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming-- 'WOW, what a ride!!!"

I love it. I am touched that another person can see into the inside of me and can tell that I'm in fact spending all I have on this gamble. That is indeed how I hope to end this trip. I might be completely wrong in the end, but I will have spent all I have in the project called 'life'. It will not be possible to say that I stood aside and watched. The corollary is that if I am wrong, I will be thrilled to discover the 'truth', whatever it is because it has become such a squishy concept to me now that I scarcely believe it exists. Please prove me wrong, someone!

Anyway, it was pretty rough. Moving that way. Going from a tiny, pre-modern, run-down, dirt-roaded, dirty, isolated, frontierish, longshoring, railroading town to toney, metropolitan Boston. At 14 years of age. Don't ever do that to your own kids if you dare have any. It's really crappy. Everyone treats you like a freak - while they acts cool or smart-aleckey. Just don't do it.

Oh, I think it was a grand thing to be able to learn and see and do and experience and understand things like I was able to do in that bedlam of torrential talking and being different. But I am not persuaded that the benefits justified

the price I paid. I understand at one level that's it's immaterial at this point in my metamorphosis to pine and ponder and wonder and wish. Doesn't stop me, however. I wonder if I would have experienced less stress and agony had I been left in Alaska or in a small town. I suspect that I would have ended up being a mechanic and welder like my dad, marrying and driving old cars that needed lots of attention. Looking across the back yard that needed mowing with a few kids screaming around the place, the wife wearily putting them to bed while I looked at the stars, scratching an unreachable scratch.

The first two years -I'm going to be beating on this for a long time, so get used to hearing it repeated- were just pure agony. You have no idea. Part of the agony was the nature of the experience, the other part was the duration. Two full years it took to get over the bulk of the experience, but tendrils trailed across the next two years in Belmont.

We moved into a minuscule two story house in the manufacturing, Irish-Italian suburb of Waltham for two years. That's it on the cover, the four of us standing in our Sunday best in the yard under a tree called a "skeleton maple." Then we moved to a larger 2 story house with a liveable but unfinished attic, covered with slates on the roof and a full basement in Belmont. Two more years it went on after which I vanished forever from Boston. Alone. The day after graduation I climbed into a panel truck with dad and drove away, never to live there again. I briefly visited Boston two times since then.

I sought refuge the only place I could - in my head. My folks were remote and inaccessible and Dick and I fought as much as we talked, neither knowing how to communicate, how to talk about what needed talking. Indeed, I don't think that either of us even realized that there WAS anything that needed talking, that there might be something going on that could be ameliorated if we could get a grip on it, understand something about it, share part of it. Nope, people in those days didn't go to counselors. They just "got over it." That's what we'd hear if we whined. At the best, we would be reminded again that things will get better. But when? When?

I think my folks were terrible to me and Dick. Am I wrong? I am open to the possibility that I am, and indeed can even try to turn the telescope end-for-end to get a new view. But having done that, I see that the only difference is that the image is of a different size, not that the image or perspective shifted. Nothing we did was right. They were never happy, they were tense, judgmental, critical. They just didn't seem to genuinely like us. The best we could hope for was to be ignored and left alone. At the time I didn't understand why, and the fact

that I do now doesn't change what it was like.

In defense, now, of mom and dad, I have to say more. I do know that that they did not intentionally inflict harm on me. My anxiety about them is that they focused more on themselves than on us, that they didn't care much about the impact of their punishments, didn't measure the punishment against the crime. Further, in their defense, I want to point out that during the research and consideration of UBW information, I have made a major discovery that I've already alluded to several times. I discover that THEY were going through their own hell - yes, H E L L- and they had no resources left to tend to the needs of a confused, disoriented-by-the-move pubescent teenage kid. That is an important discovery.

But it is, unfortunately, after the fact - like 40 years after the facts and no amount of intellectualization or "understanding" of the facts will change their impact at the time on my poor inner child. As I pointed out in Volume 1:

"That sort of forgiving and healing requires me to get back emotionally to a point and place in my soul and development where I would have access to the raw data of those early interactions with him. That is the only place one can possibly alter what happened and how it was interpreted and incorporated into one's psyche. But the raw data are sealed up from me today, as they are for all adults, concealed and buried by the amalgam of confusion and pain that was formed of them, ironically concealed from ourselves by ourselves."

Think about mom's and dad's lives in Boston. Neither of these people had even finished high school. Both were farm kids who had never lived in a real city, never attended a university, yet there they were, hob-knobbing with blue bloods, big shots and big names in the colonial city of Boston at Harvard University. That would make my blood run cold in retrospect if I had taken a job with the same background and qualifications they had. Truly. I would not have presumed to take a job with their background at Harvard. They were remarkably brave - or stupid? I don't know about that, but I am persuaded today that a large share of the irritation that we felt constantly radiating from them wasn't irritation at all, at least not irritation with us. It was more likely anxiety about their own experience, inferiority in that prestigious setting. And not enough money.

The most vivid example I have of their struggle was something mom told me several years ago. We had been talking about how difficult it was for dad to be at Harvard. She told me that there were nights when dad came home from MCZ (Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard where he worked in the Department

of Paleontology) so depressed about how things had gone that he'd cry during the night and she'd hold him and get him to sleep. I had never heard that.

No wonder I got nothing from either of them to help me adjust and adapt to an extraordinarily different, difficult universe. I moved from levis and hip boots on the edge of civilization to sport coats, white shirts and ties in an enormous, overwhelming city. Mom and dad shot their wads in defending their own psyches, trusting I suppose that I'd be able to handle it. Well, I suppose I did. I'm here today.

The first inklings of this struggle appeared in Waltham when I realized that I was cut off from anything and anyone familiar. Trauma of both an emotional and psychological sort ensued, treated internally by a sort of hibernation. Who was this faintly disgusting showman with the extravagant name 'Elvis Presley'? Where did all these people come from? What were those sloppy "submarine" sandwiches filled with pungent Italian meatballs? French Catholic churches attended by hefty Italian mommas with flamboyant athletic sons with names like Alfio Graceffa? Not understood, but obviously lewd gestures with fingers and arms. Cuban immigrants in the fields throwing knives at each other, and their uncles who exhibited distinctly disgusting habits -e.g. literally flailing their whangers at anyone who came near them while they fried their whipped eggs for lunch. No kidding. I wasn't used to that kind of behavior - nor to the miserable dirty shacks that were provided them to live in.

But the second two years were much better -socially, that is- when friends with comparable values were found. Girl friends followed each other, the most prized being a lovely, petite girl of French Catholic provenance, who stoutly refused to cross the threshold of my church when our young people's group met before taking in the Boston Pops. Her eccentric, shy elder brother is a world-class mathematician at MIT today (Guillemin). Dances and parties every weekend and emotional roller-coaster rides in between. Those years compensated for the previous pain.

Our lives in Boston were dominated by two families and two institutions:

The Romers and the Coxes, and

Harvard and the LDS church

I'll tell you a great deal about both later, but mention them at this point to set out the structure of what follows. Of course, the umbrella over the whole experience

was Boston itself, embedded in the oldest portion of these United States of America. Amazing history. Houses that had 1830 on the doorway weren't advertising their addresses. Those were the years the houses were built.^[1]

Arnie Lewis

I haven't really explained about Arnie although I've referred to him at several points along the way to this date. Since he was the person who created the circumstances that took us to Boston, I'll give you the background here. The story starts back around 1925...

Part 1: Remember the story in Volume 2 - Leamington (dad's childhood) of his learning taxidermy? He had seen the little ads in the back of magazines advertising correspondence courses that claimed to teach you how to prepare and mount birds and animals. In his state of mind, his natural I-want-to-try-it mode, he was a sucker. He leaned on his dad Samuel, probably more than once, and in the end, Sam agreed to fork over the dough for the course. So Alvin send the form and money to the address, waited impatiently. When it arrived it turns out that Sam was as interested in learning the art -hence the agreement I suppose- so together they learned how to mount critturs, starting with specimens of the abundant local population of pigeons. That's how dad learned taxidermy.

Part 2: Sam took Alvin out in the desert and up in the mountains with some frequency. On these outings Sam taught dad about stratigraphy and they collected fossil specimens. Dad took them home and eventually had to be moved out of the house into an old chicken coop because he had accumulated so much 'stuff'. His interest in and knowledge of dinosaurs were cultivated by his dad from early on.

Part 3: There was a new fieldhouse in Vernal, right in the center of town on the park. It was dedicated to a full range of wildlife, but given its location in the

¹I need to add a note to put those remarks into a perspective that was only possible after I had done some traveling. In Kyoto, Japan in 1994, I visited the temple known as "San-ju-sangen-do", a 400 foot long structure that was constructed in the 1200's about the time the Magna Carta was being signed in England. Man alive. That was amazing. But there's more. That particular structure was the "new" one. The original which had burned down around 1000 AD was built clear back in the 700's. So now when I look back at the time in New England I see that my reaction, while valid, was pretty parochial, wasn't it...

middle of dinosaur country, fully half of the building dealt with dinosaurs, dad's lifelong weakness. The director was Ernest Unterman and his wife Billy helped run the operation. Dad spent considerable time there and knew Ernest and Billy as personal friends. Billy gave me small books about dinosaurs for my birthday. It was like I had personal friends in the fieldhouse and I had a proprietary sense about it. That's how integrated dad was in the operation. We got to go through the doors marked "Employees Only" into the labs with their characteristic odors and disarray. When I went there with Mrs. Schofield's third grade class, I was smug because I had the inside track and Billy talked to me and used my name but no the names of the other kids.

At some point the Fieldhouse hired Arnie Lewis as a preparator. Arnie was from Myton, a tiny town to the west close to the Indian reservation where Grandpa Merrell and his family had lived years before. I have no information about Arnie's background other than this, but whatever it was, he was qualified for the job. Someone gave Arnie a golden eagle skin and another large bird skin that needed to be mounted. That was something he did not know how to do. In talking with Ernie and dad, it came out that dad knew how to taxidermy, so the agreement was made and I expect the birds are still there. That's how Arnie got to know dad personally, how he worked and of his interest in dinosaurs.

Arnie left the fieldhouse around 1950-51, the same time we pulled up stakes and headed up to Seward.

The friendship between dad and Arnie continued. Here's a photo of Arnie and dad that was taken around 1957 in front Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology. Dad would have been 39 years old. The original photo is out of focus but this shows the two of them in their prime at Harvard. Arnie always smiled and treated me like a human



being. I always liked to be around him because he was actually courteous, and he joked with me, a kid.

I remember the time I was in the lab and dissected an odd looking, sort of

waxy brownish mass out of a slab of shale, using the low-power binocular microscope. I was pretty excited to be doing paleontology and proudly showed Arnie what I had found. He was a gentleman and treated me with great courtesy when he explained with a gentle smile that what I had found was a coprolite. I was thrilled. I had found a coprolite! I didn't know what that was so asked him. He kindly explained that it's a piece of fossil dung.

Part 4: You remember that the school in Seward was a single building. Twelve grades in a two story building. The population of 2,000 actually didn't have that many kids so they fit for many years, but the school population was growing as the baby boomers came on line. Church basements were pressed into service to handle the excess and this affected quality to some degree. Seward had little revenue at all, so education didn't receive substantial support, for which reason the quality of education was marginal. Mom and dad spoke various time about the need to return to the "lower 48". They had decided that the proper time to make the move was when I entered 9th grade.

Serendipity is a real thing. In late 1955, Arnie contacted dad from Harvard where he was working at the time. I don't know whether he went directly to Harvard from the Vernal Fieldhouse or worked somewhere else before ending up there. In any event, that's where he was, and he needed to hire a preparator to work with him in the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology. Dad and Arnie corresponded several times, but there was a fly in the ointment: we had been planning that amazing expedition down the Tanana and Yukon rivers for months and our hearts were set on it. We had the canoe stripped and re-covered with red fiberglass, etc. The problem was that the new hire was needed in the Nova Scotia expedition that was to be mounted around June 1st that year, about the time we embarked on the Yukon. So dad and Arnie negotiated and in the end, dad was given a dispensation and allowed to take the river trip. So we did the river trip and the next four years of my life are set out below.

Summer Interregnum 1956

I want to do the usual geography lesson to fix the location of this volume for you because physical context illuminates any story. Before I do, I need to describe explain the peculiar interregnum in which we -the four of us- lived from the end of the Yukon trip until we were reunited in August. This 3 month period consisted of these items:

- 1) The 4,000 mile trip over the Alcan Highway from Anchorage to Naples.
- 2) Upon arrival in Utah, dad immediately left us and flew to Boston and then Nova Scotia to join the expedition.
- 3) While he was in Nova Scotia, the three of us lived with in Naples with mom's parents for the summer. It was in Naples that mom traded-in the '53 Chevy for a 56 Chevy that was to be picked up at the factory in Dearborn, Michigan in the fall. Uncle Ted worked at the dealership and helped arrange the deal for us.
- 4) At the end of the summer, mom drove the overloaded Chevy pickup across the US to Boston.
- 5) Dad returned from Nova Scotia in late August at which point we reunited and rented a house in Waltham.

In a text which is a linear one-block-after-another sort of thing, it is impossible to create a real-time sense of the flow of several different threads, but there's no choice. So after I talk about the geography of New England and metropolitan Boston, I will go through these 5 items in that order and then pick up the story in our rental home in Waltham.

New England Geography

Boston was a city filled with extraordinary things and places. It is the center of New England. This map shows New England and also includes Michigan and Indiana, just to give you perspective about where some of you also lived.

The six states that comprise New England -the part of the US that is east of New York state- are :



Figure 4 http://www.netstate.com/states/maps/images/usa_states.jpg

Connecticut (CT)	5,544 sq. mi.s
Rhode Island (RI)	1,545 sq. mi.s
Massachusetts (MA)	10,555 sq. mi.s
Vermont (VT)	9,615 sq. mi.s
New Hampshire (NH)	9,351 sq. mi.s
Maine (ME)	30,865 sq. mi.s
TOTAL	76,475 square miles

To give you some perspective, compare the total area of these six states to the area of several individual western states you know:

Oregon	98,386 sq. mi.s
Washington	71,303 sq. mi.s

Idaho	83,574 sq. mi.s
Wyoming	97,818 sq. mi.s
Utah	84,904 sq. mi.s

Each of these states contains more territory than all of New England. That gives you a sense, then, of how small the New England states are. Massachusetts, the longest of them all is only 150 miles long and is about 45 miles wide at its widest point on the east. How far was Ontario from Boise? 60 miles. You would have driven north-south across the state and half way back by the time you put in 60 miles. That should give you a sense of proportion. New England states are small and the only thing that makes it take a long time to travel is the traffic in the larger cities. Even New York state which is much larger than any of the New England states is 330 miles by 283 miles, about the dimension of Oregon which is 360 miles by 261 miles.

But New England is densely populated. For example, Oregon has 3,421, 299 people while Massachusetts by itself has 6,349,097 people. It is also filled with history, the beginning history of our country, being settled by the pilgrims around 1740.

This map gives you a more detailed view of metropolitan Boston:



As you can see, the entire countryside around Boston is settled. There is a dense web of streets and suburbs that run into each other, indistinguishable from the next except for road signs telling you that you've gone from Dedham to Needham. You find Boston proper, Cambridge where Harvard and the church were located, Belmont, Waltham and North Acton where we spent a short time awaiting dad's return from Nova Scotia. During our stay we visited most of the cities with bold text identifying them.

Back to the story: I'll start now with the five items listed above that are part of the Interregnum, going back to the trip out from Alaska that summer.

Part 2 Alcan Highway AKA Anchorage to Naples

To reorient you to the flow of events, remember what has just happened. We have just finished a 3 week trip down the Yukon river, have flown in a pontoon plane to three towns including McGrath, and finally, taken the weekly DC-3 from McGrath down to Anchorage. That's where this volume begins, Anchorage, leaving Alaska permanently.

We had parked our car in someone's driveway in Anchorage until we finished the river trip. Everything in Seward had already been sold off or given away, other than the small amount of stuff that was packed into the 1951 Chevrolet half-ton pick-up that Mary Someone, an Amazon of a woman, had driven for us out to Great Falls, Montana. This giant woman needed a cheap ride out and we needed a cheap driver so the deal was worked out. Great for both of us. So when we flew back into Anchorage from McGrath, all we had left in Alaska was what we had in our hands and what was stowed in the 1953 Chevy.

This is the car we made that final expedition in. Mom and dad bought this 1953 Chevy in 1953, the first time we had ever had a new car so it was pretty exciting. It was light tan on the top and brown on the bottom, sitting here over at



Clam Gulch near Ninilchik where we dug giant razor clams. If you weren't there, you wouldn't know that charcoal grey and pink were the colors of the years. I had a charcoal gray shirt with small pink medallions scattered over it. I figured I was pretty darn handsome when I wore that shirt to dances and parties. Funny that particular colors would be preferred that way. The brown and tan was the color combo for cars that year. When we bought the 1956 Chevy, the color combo of the year was white on top and turquoise - that was the color combo mom and dad picked.

I don't have much memory of the return to Anchorage after the river trip, just that we were feeling pressure. When dad negotiated with Harvard to take the job, he had to work out a deal with them. They were headed on an expedition in early June up to Nova Scotia and wanted him along. He wanted to take this trip down the Yukon so the parties agreed that he could delay his start three weeks. That was the time we had planned for the river trip. The 3 weeks had passed now and we still had close to a week to back to Naples after which he was to fly back to Boston and on up to Nova Scotia. We probably spent only a night there to rest up after which we jumped in this car and started on the long drive. I checked Mapquest to get the mileage from Seward to Naples and am surprised to find it is know it is 3,339. The distance from Seward to Waltham is 4,600.

All the roads were unpaved so travel was slower than any you kids have done as I hauled you around the countryside. Back to World War II again. It was just part of my childhood. This country found itself unexpectedly -due to the naivete of certain politicians regarding Stalin's real motives- in what was termed the "Cold War" wherein the west confronted the east over the "Iron Curtain", democracy confronted communism, or however you would like to characterize it.

As a result of the worsening of the US prospects for peace on the continent, the federal government embarked on what has to be perhaps the hugest construction project of all time. You've used it all your lived and probably don't realize what it was: the national interstate highway system. It was created as a way to deal with possible bombing attacks in any part of the country, to provide exit routes for people and materiel to flow as needed. Well, it just so happened that this long trip in the US took place where some of the massive construction was taking place. We waited hours some places for dynamite blasting to be finished and a road cleared. The blasts were impressive, shaking the whole ground with a powerful, muffled 'whoomp'. Then we got to drive by the blast site and see the results.

Alcan Highway & World War II

Do you remember the story of the Alaska-Canadian Highway? It bears repeating to be sure you do. In a single sentence, it was built during World War II by Canada and the US in anticipation of a Japanese invasion of Alaska and Canada. Please forgive me if I bore you here, but I am so distressed at how the modern media in general and educators of all ilk -remember, I spent my entire life from age 14 around universities so I'm not an entirely unformed commentator about education in the good ol' US of A- have revised the history of WW II that I am going to launch another of those (probably boring) educational sessions here.

The fundamental objective of my lectures about WW II is to provide you information about the entire picture as best I can so that you will understand that while mistakes were made as they always are by politicians and warriors who engage in the obscene activity called war, the US did the best it could have done - and better than most would- under the circumstances. You need to take a balanced view of things and you need to take into account a wide range of information - and you need to NOT use the retrospectroscope.

So the reason that a road was built across virgin territory as desolate and difficult as any in the lower 48 was the developing hostilities with Japan. Do you remember that Japan had embarked on a series of invasions in the 1930's, which was just a few years before WW II got under way? Those nice Japanese people had invaded Manchuria way way way up in China. Look it up on a map. It wasn't just across a narrow gulf. It was an enormous undertaking and demonstrates clearly that the Japanese were determined to conquer and occupy. They developed the resources, they planned and they attacked. Remember the Rape of Nanking"? 300,000 thousand unarmed, defenseless people slaughtered in 18 months! This is part of the story, then, the

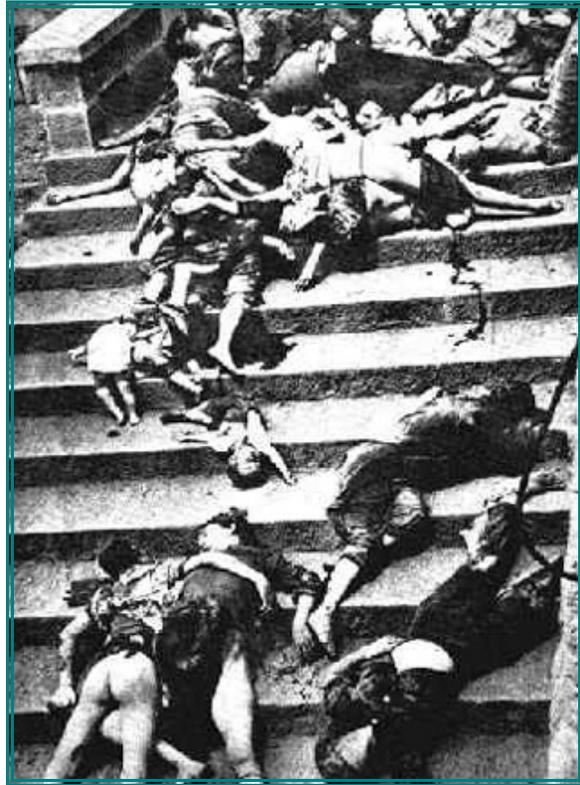
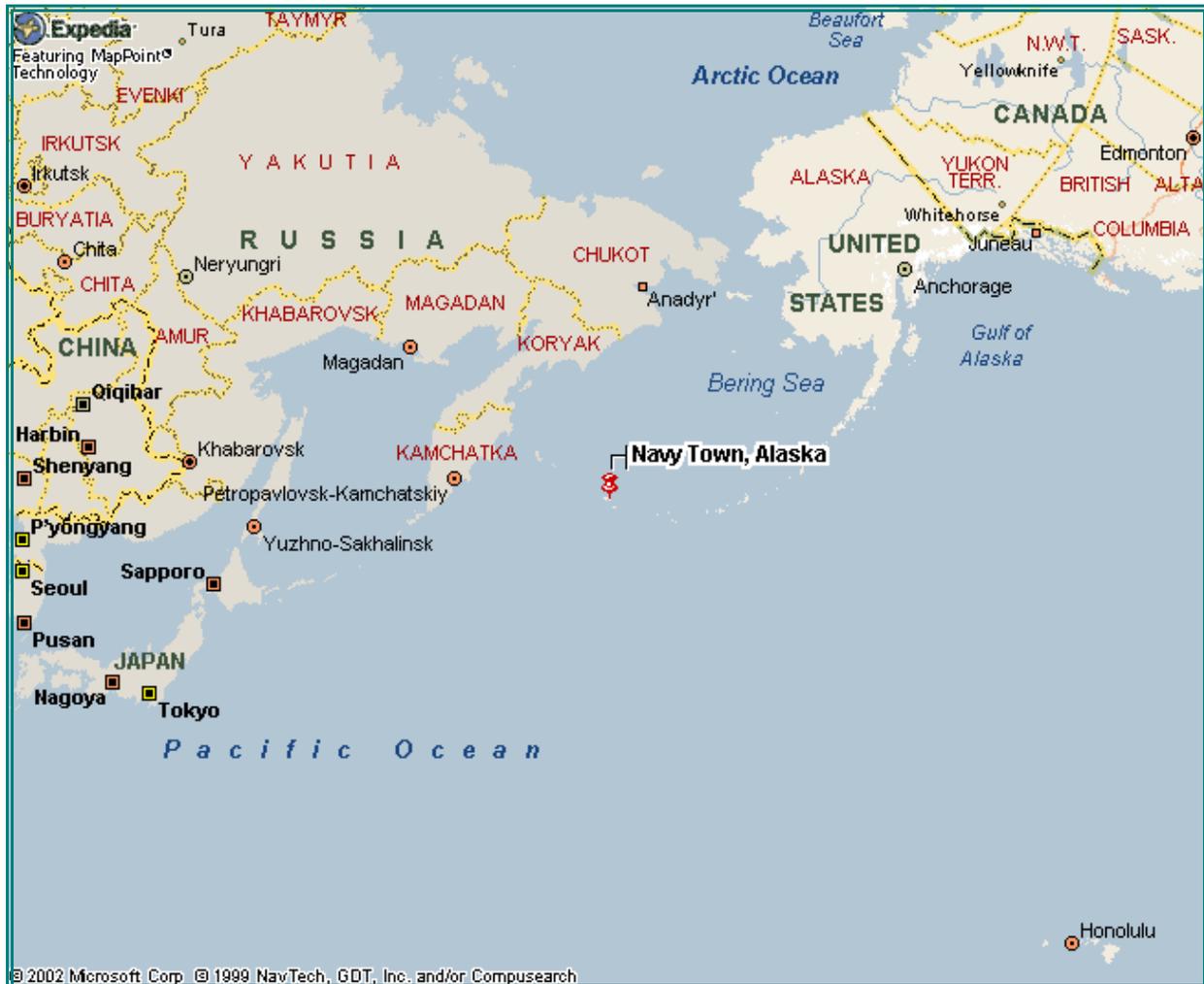


Figure 7 Rape of Nanking -
women and children

ruthlessness, the calculatedness, the planning, the invasiveness. Here's that photo I used previously taken during the rape of Nanking. We had reason to fear this enemy.

I know it will be easy for you to look at this photo and my version of history and say that I am too histrionic about this matter, that I am tied to a single version of history that is not reliable. I am not histrionic and just happened to be alive during some of it, so I have personal knowledge of some things and have studied history of this part of World War II. I suppose, in the end, is that all I ask is an audience for this version of history that I know you have not been exposed to during your growing up. The edited, skewed white-washed, self-righteous versions of history that you were exposed to are just that. Choose to believe them if you wish but if you do, you will never be able to understand what the US did or why it did what it did. I suppose that's really what I am wanting to put across to you. I'm not trying to argue that the US was pure, that it was honest and fair. It wasn't. But it was also not the wanton, ruthless, arrogant power it is painted to be by those who want for their own reasons to tear down the United States of America. Just get it that the US acted as honorably as any nation involved in WW II and better than you kids have been lead to believe I suspect.

In terms of invasions, here's a map that shows what a tidy little ladder the Aleutian Chain was for the Japanese if they should elect to use it. Doesn't that boggle your mind? A chain of islands starting from "Navy Town" half way between



Alaska and Canada that leads conveniently like ladder rungs up to the body of Alaska which just happens to lead to Canada.^[2]

Go back to the map a minute. See Tokyo at the bottom left? Now find Shenyang in China right on the left margin. Manchuria is **north** of Shenyang. So

²Observation about this map in case it looks funny to you. Most maps of the world are drawn as if the artist was in space directly above the equator which always distorts the upper part of the maps. Well, in this map, the artist is positioned closer to the north pole than to the equator. That way you get a more accurate representation of the sizes and positions of land masses vis-a-vis each other. Which is why Siberia on the left looks so small and puny compared to most maps you've seen of it.

was it just a Sunday Drive to mosey over and just attack Manchuria a little bit? And Nanking? Nanking isn't even on this map. It's west of Seoul. So was Tokyo a kind and peaceful nation minding its P's and Q's (or Kanji equivalents)? If anyone suggests that to you, just feel sorry for their ignorance or willful lie. The Samurai spirit will rise again. Just you wait.

And look way down there in the lower right corner. Who's that. Honolulu. Was Japan willing to attack anywhere? Yep, and that's precisely why the US and Canada decided to cooperate and construct a highway that ran from the Lower 48 up into Alaska because it was predictable that the Japanese might walk up the Aleutian Chain and attack through Alaska conceivably venturing over into Canada on its way down to the island. In that case, enormous depots of war materiel were needed in Alaska. There were none of the enormous Starmaster cargo planes so ground and sea were the only way to get supplies into Alaska in sufficient quantity.

Find the letter "A" for Anchorage? That's where Seward is, on the Kenai Peninsula, right between the legs of the "A".

Here's the first fascinating aspect of the AlCan highway that I haven't mentioned so far: Canada and the US formed a Permanent Joint Board to develop plans for mutual defense in August 1940. Remember when Pearl harbor was? December 07, 1941. So we were getting pretty uneasy way back when. Keep remembering Manchuria and Nanking as part of the background for that -as well as the important little fact that France fell in June 1940 to Germany who was allied with Japan. Even Einstein had done his duty to persuade the president of the US to start work on the Atom Bomb -to beat the Germans to the punch- in 1939! War was afoot. Anyone who suggests to you that the US was just peacefully picking dandelions up to 12-07-41 has been smokin' some serious stuff.

Second point: as politicians could see the possibility that Alaska might be overrun, a bill was introduced in the US congress in February 1941 to build a highway from the Lower 48 across Canada into Alaska. Again, remember when Pearl Harbor was - Dec. 1941. Canada and the US were already moving onto a war footing BEFORE Pearl Harbor, and Japan was the focus of their anxiety on the west coast. Also remember, please, Manchuria and Nanking as part of the historical factors driving the anxiety in North America.

Might as well orient you again to your grandparents activities at the time: Dad had gone to Seward around August 1940 and mom went up in May 1941. In June 1941 the army started construction on Fort Raymond in Seward which is why dad stopped working for the Alaska Railroad and went to work in construction. Then mom left in November 1941 to be home to Naples in time for Christmas. The

Japanese bombed Pearl on December 07th and dad returned to Naples on Christmas Day that same month.

So the Alcan highway was started jointly by the US and Canada in early 1942 -to celebrate my birthday- at three points, not just the ends, to accelerate completion: from Big Delta (site of a military base) in Alaska, two direction from White horse in Northwest Territories, and two directions from Dawson Creek in British Columbia. Seven US battalions moved into Canada to assist, four major civilian management contractors were hired along with 47 Canadian and American civilian contractors. The route chosen followed the primitive air route that had been laid out a year before to take advantage of that meager resource.

The two ends of the highway contacted each other in October 1942, 7 months after I was born, and the highway was finished in 1943. The number of men working on this phenomenal project was as high as 16,000 at a time. The conditions in the winters were terrible as was the terrain. Muskeg which is sort of like a swamp of moss and mud and low shrubs moved under the road and so on. It was an arduous task to put the thing in place but it had to be done because the risk of leaving Alaska and than Canada unsupplied and undefended was too great.



Japanese Invasion of Aleutians

So, you ask, did it turn out to have been a wise decision after all? I say, "Yes." The Japanese did invest the tip of the Aleutian chain and I doubt that they did that as an overnight camp-out. They were going to walk right up the chain if they felt they needed to do it. Here a list of the four Islands in the Aleutian Archipelago that were occupied by the Japanese:

1. **Attu**
2. **Adak**
3. **Kiska**
4. **Dutch Harbor**

Hardly a trivial enterprise.

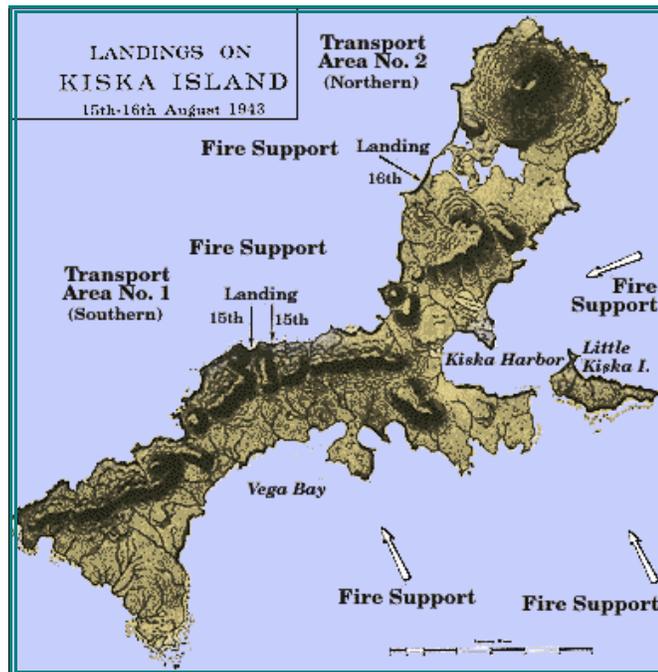
Documents have revealed that the Japanese had a secondary purpose to at least part of these invasions. At the time they were preparing to attack at Midway, the Japanese intended to take complete control of the Pacific by destroying what remained of the US Navy after Pearl Harbor. In order to annihilate US navy, the Japanese staged what they viewed as a diversionary attack, against the Aleutians with the expectation that the US would divert its navy up from the central Pacific and follow the Japanese forces that were sent up to the Aleutian chain. The US wasn't diverted, however. The US is always a maverick and doesn't do what it's expected to do. So while the US was alarmed at the attack on the Aleutians, and did deal with it, the main body of the navy remained behind on the chance that the Japanese had something big planned. They did.

When the Japanese unleashed their major assault at Midway, the US was there, and ultimately kicked the Japanese butt all over the place. The US lost substantial forces in this pivotal engagement, but the Japanese lost more both in terms of materiel, and for the first time, morale. Four of the treasured Japanese air craft carriers were sunk at Midway which was the turning point of the war in the Pacific. So the Aleutian Diversion failed. But



that's not to say it was taken lightly either. This photo shows a portion -only a portion- of the naval forces when the US counter-attacked at Adak alone. Not a trivial exercise. I count about 50 vessels here and that was only a portion of the force thrown against the Japanese.

You can see by that photo that the Japanese forces were dug in deeply. Similarly at Kiska there was a pitched battle. This map shows the order of battle which surrounded the entire island, requiring a similarly large force. The date on the map is August 15-16, 1943, which was about the time the Alcan Highway was actually completed. There are more photos and stories to tell but I won't take the time or space. You can dig them up if you're interested. So yes, the Alcan Highway did turn out to be an essential element in the US response to WW II. I just don't want you kids to go through life believing the biased, inaccurate, incomplete reports about the US in WW II.



Opening of Alcan Highway

On November 02, 1942, the Alcan Highway was officially opened at Soldier's Summit. We passed this site three time during our stay in Seward. Pretty uninhabited looking place, isn't it. The drive was five days and boring as it could be, sitting there inside the car with no video



games or Cd players or DVD players, etc. Comic books and each other was the whole deal.

Canadian Customs

This was my first contact with Customs. We had passed Customs on our 1953 round-trip but this time we had to stop and do something. Dad had his old muzzle-loading musket and all firearms had to be 'declared' at Customs. I thought that was pretty funny "Declaring" that "this is a firearm", as if it wasn't obvious. In any event, as a result of admitting he had the darn thing, which was pretty honest of him, it had a twisted hairy string tied around the hammer and through the trigger guard that kept him from loading and firing it.



He was dangerous, you know and might just take a wild shot at a swamp spruce. To make sure he didn't untie the hairy string, the customs officer put a lead seal over the ends. Dad was likely to just take it off apparently. Actually, he was. Chuckle.

I see later that everyone is treated that way but at the time I had to wonder just why dad was being treated like a dangerous man. I knew he was mean but didn't think it showed! All the officer had to do was tell him not to use it and he wouldn't have used it. That simple. I was simple.

The flag was interesting with two emblems on it. The light was apparently bright because I shaded my eyes. Go back to the preceding photo and look at the trees by the Custom House. Those are swamp spruce and that is all there was in the Northwest Territory. Imagine sitting inside a car for 2 days seeing nothing but



those miserable little trees along the road, where there were no signs, no mile posts, rare houses, rare businesses. It was just plain boring so we were always getting into fights in the back seat.

Caterpillar crash

Somewhere along the way we had to stop and wait for a long time. I don't remember how long, just that we were held up for a long time by this accident. This large cat must have not been tied down securely enough for the rough roads. Or the driver didn't confirm often enough that his come-along's were tight. The vibration obviously allowed the cat to turn on the low-boy sufficiently that the blade caught one of the members of the bridge.



This is how it looked from the other end. It was fortunate that the driver was able to stop the truck before the cat was pulled off the low boy onto the bridge because its back was broken at that point and the weight of the cat impacting at that spot would probably have broken the bridge.



This image suggests that the only reason it didn't fall off is the fact that the cat was lodged between vertical supports on both sides so they were holding it in place. There is no doubt that if a cat had been pushed that far back on a low boy out in the open that it would crash down onto the ground.

The odd thing about the crash was that the driver was headed up off the bridge at the time the accident happened. You can see in these photos that the tractor was starting off the bridge and that it had cleared all of the lateral structures. He must have moved a bit too close to the right side so that the blade struck the bridge.



Haines Junction

I'm going to throw in the rest of the photos that dad took of our last trip, but have to tell you that they are probably out of order. But since you won't be going there and it doesn't matter much anyway, I'm just going to proceed to put them together in whatever order they appear. Don't mean no disrespect of you! If you want me to sort them out into the proper order, just tell me and I will.



This was a church that caught dad's attention, probably because it was an old army Quonset hut converted into a church by the simple expedient of adding a false front with a Madonna and cross. Note: this Quonset hut is doubtless a relic of the highway construction 10 years earlier. Amazing how everything fits together isn't it.

Whitehorse

As you remember from above, this was one of the seed-points for the Alaska Highway. But its really interesting claim to fame as far as I was concerned was its relationship to the Gold Rush. This was one of the objectives of men who started the trek to the gold fields from out in Nome which is a heck of a long ways away.

The Gold Rush is the reason that the Yukon became frequently traveled by stern wheelers. After the Gold Rush was over and technology had changed, a bunch of these creatures were hauled out of the river in Whitehorse and set up on blocks. To die. It was sad to see.

These are the only 3 photos and they are out of focus because it was late in the day when he took them and he didn't have a tripod to stabilize the camera. I include them for the same reason he took them: to commemorate a historical event, the death of a bunch of stern wheelers from a famous era. They had no value so were left to decay and rot.



Dawson Creek

This was one of the three seed-points set up as part of the construction of Alaska Highway. As a result, it was one of the most developed things we encountered, along with Whitehorse. They are basically artifacts from the highway construction that were able to take hold and survive but you can see that they weren't much at the time. Mom's standing by a milepost - notice how far away it is from things.



Whitehorse up the road, from whence we had come, was 918 miles away! We had just gone from one province to another and had traveled a thousand miles. And Fairbanks was 1,523 which means that Seward was probably closer to 2,000 miles at this point.

There was a car dealer that caught dad's attention with an old Oldsmobile. That's why it's called 'old..' Gag. BTW: see mom's checked shirt reflection in the window? Which way is the window slanted because it isn't square with the building.



Muncho Lake

This was a bizarre story. We had finally arrived in the Canadian Rockies and enjoyed their beauty after the tundra and muskeg. Dad stopped to take this photo looking down the dirt road to Muncho Lake that we had all agreed to stop at for a break. The mountains really were impressive even though we had lived on the feet of mountains for years.

We reached the lake and stopped for lunch. It was a beautiful setting and we were all so tired of sitting in the car that we wanted to get out and stretch our legs instead of eat while traveling. Dad had time to get his camera out and take this picture while mom opened the trunk to set out lunch. One of us and then another complained about being bitten by a huge horse fly. In short order we discovered that there were dozens of large, ravenous horseflies that also wanted lunch. We couldn't get back in the car fast enough. The time it took you to read this paragraph isn't much longer than our stay at this spot.



Getting through the Northwest Territories to the Rockies was grim. Here's more of the swamp spruce and underbrush. Imagine sitting in a car bumping over a dusty unpaved road for 2 days. Get the picture? Horrible. The sign points to Steamboat something and Muskwa Valley that I can make out because I remember it. Rare that dad would let us ham it up when he took our pictures. Notice the road? Pretty rough isn't it. And notice the scruffy scrub spruce. That was the scenery for hundreds of boring desolate miles. This was no Sunday Afternoon excursion.



Gotta spanner?

We came across a car that was pulled to the side of the road. Seeing any cars was unusual for most of the trip so living human beings were interesting creatures that we were interested in. The car was jacked up and a man was obviously trying to remove the tire. We stopped to see what was going on and to offer help if necessary we could. The memorable part of the situation was the request of the man for a "spanner".

After stopping and getting out of the car, dad went over to the man and started chatting about things in general. The man said he was in fact having difficulty. He had searched his trunk and car without success. When dad asked if there was anything he could do, the man replied with the questions, "Gotta spanner?" That stopped dad. What was a spanner? After sorting out the confusion, dad opened our trunk and pulled out our star wrench that the man used to remove his lug nuts. After the tire was repaired and replaced, the man returned the spanner to us and we went our separate ways.

Helicopter Crash

Somewhere in the Rockies in Alberta we came across a crashed Canadian Helicopter. We were pretty desperate for entertainment and would stop at anything. We spent 10 minutes or so looking and wondering about this thing. Both rotors are mangled, yet the hull is undamaged. Go figure. How does one chew up both rotors that badly and not damage the hull and manage to get it back on the ground without damaging it. The only visible damage was to the read landing gear.



How did they manage to land it and also position it in the barrow pit to not obstruct traffic, such as it was?

Here's a shot that shows more clearly the extent of the damage to the rotors. Remarkable that they could sustain such damage without the rest of the ship being damaged. It was like something hard had hit the blades though we hadn't a clue about what that might have been.

Notice how low the car sits on its rear tires. It was loaded heavily. And it has skirts. Dad loved those things.



Peace River Bridge

There were two memorable things about the Peace River: first, was the bridge itself and second, was the fruit. There was fresh fruit grown in the valley. I don't remember what the fruit was but I do remember that mom bought some and we ate it in the car after we went on our way. It was a beautiful bridge and impressive since it was half a mile long.



Notice two identical uniforms down to the high-top black sneakers. Shirts, levis, belts, underwear, socks. Identical. What was that all about? Tell me if you ever figure it out.

Montana

We stopped first in Great Falls because dad had some business there, in a mortuary of all places, an appropriately garish decor that seemed as much bordello as mortuary though I wouldn't really know.

Then we stopped for breakfast in Butte a treat for all of us, especially for mom because she didn't have to break out the bisquick and water and fire up the Coleman stove. The restaurant was actually a saloon along the highway that advertised breakfast. Now, for me that was a wonderful adventure to go into a den of iniquity that sold ol' devil rum, where unspeakable deeds were



done - like playing pool.

This saloon had a hitching post in front and reeked of tobacco smoke -which I always guiltily found pleasingly exotic- mixed with the strong pungent odor of coffee and the smell of fried bacon or ham. We got to go in there for breakfast but only because we were "protected" by mom and dad. There were no fast food places in those days, no McDonalds, no Burger King, only a few Dairy Queens and A&W's none of which were open at that early hour because they didn't serve breakfast.

We had been on the road 5 or 6 days coming down through the Yukon Territory and Alberta, and by the time we got to this saloon, we hadn't bathed so we smelled like a herd of smoky billy goats. But we fit right in. No one in the place noticed. Their own weathered levis, sweat-stained shirts and cowboy boots carried the strong spice of horses and cowpies, familiar scents to us.

I was so shy that ordering was painful but I ordered what I wanted: silver dollar pancakes and a glass of milk. Now, to a kid today, who has never seen a silver dollar, the name is probably a curiosity. To me, it was reality. Small pancakes the size of silver dollars, spread with butter and hot syrup. A single bite for each one if I could get away with it. Dad wouldn't mind, but mom would.

Open Pit Mine

Dad was a miner if you recall Volume 4 - Mercur. If you don't, you should. It was inevitable that we would take one of his side trips to look at something like an open pit mine both because he mined and because he was a geologist. It was interesting to watch the thing in operation and I was in love with those huge trucks, called "Eukes" for Euclid. They hauled several cubic yards each. Look at the Euke in the distance and compare its size to the vehicles up on the road above it. They were enormous.



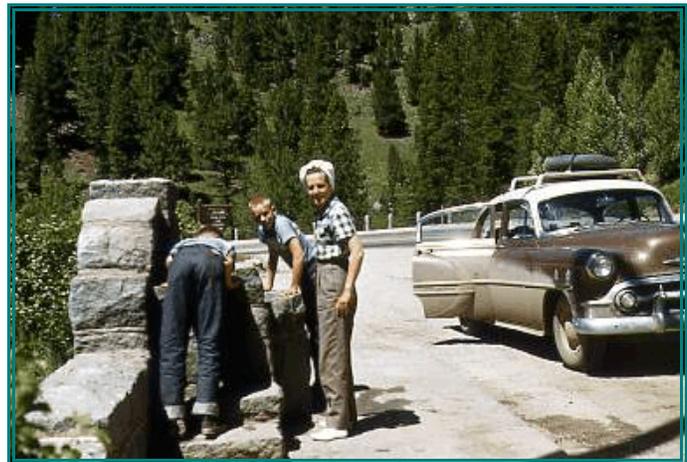
We got out and examined the rocks - 'ore' he called it. The trusty fedora, he always traveled with his hat and wore it whenever he got out of the car.



As we drove through the state we enjoyed the greenness and the large trees. Along the way there was a free flowing water fountain. We stopped where dad took this shot of our little expedition consisting of the overloaded 1950 Chevrolet half-ton pickup and 1953 Chevrolet car.



Dad took another photo of the three of us getting our last drink before we piled back into the vehicles. After we picked up the truck in Great Falls, one of us rode with mom and one with dad and we changed off at the next stop that way. Mom wasn't much bigger than we were by that age. I was 14. See the extra tires on the roof rack?

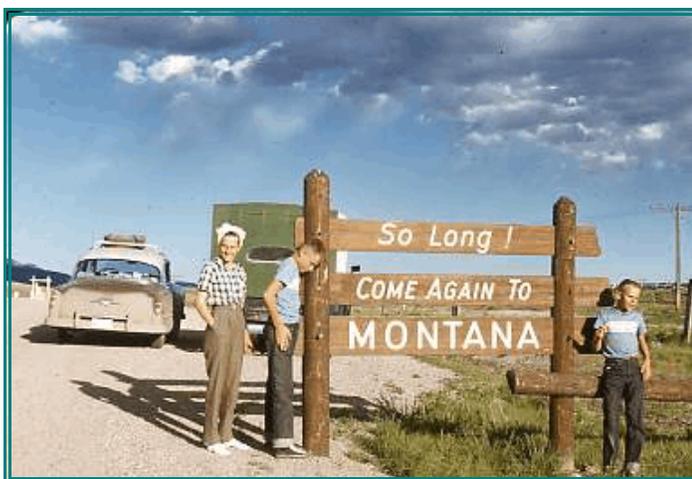


The other memorable thing about Montana was that when we stopped to shop one time, Dick and I hassled mom and dad to buy us some sherbert. We didn't really know much about the stuff but it sounded exotic and wonderful. In the end, we persuaded them -probably a reflection of their relief at being out of the desolateness of Canada- so they bought us some. A pint a piece with the usual order, "Eat it all." (Your dad used to say the same thing, "Order what you want, eat what you order.") Which was a stretch and made me sick.

As we left the state, dad took one more photo, showing the beautiful clear sky. And we felt we were closing in on Utah. We drove the next day until we were in Utah. We did not stop until we got into Utah which was 9-10 pm. At that point we pulled off into a turn-out to sleep.

There are two memorable things about the place we chose to sleep. First, there was an enormous black stink bug between our sleeping bags in the morning but we didn't see him until we woke up. Second, we had chosen a turnout from the highway -paved- that was next to a train track that we didn't know was there until at train went by and woke us up, thundering a few feet away from our heads.

At last, we were in Utah and on our way to Naples. We stopped in Bountiful and bought more fruit and headed east. We stopped in SLC shortly to see Viola and Conrad and then proceeded on to Naples where three of us spent the summer.



Part 3 Naples Summer

Mom Dick and I spent this summer with her relatives, the extended Merrell family in Naples. Grandpa and Grandma Merrell still lived on the road where they originally purchased a home in the 1920's on something like 30 acres of land. At that time, there were homes for Ross, the old one for Aunt Helen, one for Dale and family, one for Norman and family, Harold's house and several others. That summer was an idyllic time -at least in my aged memory. We were in a state of limbo between Seward and Boston. I didn't think of it that way at the time, of course, yet I was aware that I was in a state of suspended animation, a blessed state before the storm, sort of living out sunshiny days and peaceful, cool mosquito-free nights, fishing, wandering around the corrals, chasing chickens, collecting eggs, and visiting relatives. Anticipating that I was about to embark on another great adventure, sort of nervous but curious. A state of quiet comfort, not having a clue about what hellish thing was about to happen to me. Turns out that it was as heavenly as it was hellish but the hellish stands out fiercely here.

As soon as we hit Naples, mom and dad sold the '53 Chevy to a dealer I Vernal where Ted Handy -Mabel's husband- worked, as I recall it. They ordered a brand spanking new 1956 Chevrolet Bel Aire and made arrangements to pick it up at the factory in Dearborn in the fall after we had settled in Boston. I guess we mooched rides that summer as we needed them from Grant whose house we also populated.

Dad then headed to SLC to climb on an airplane and take off in the direction of Nova Scotia, by way of Boston. He was about as excited to get there as Harvard apparently were to have him. I'll tell you something about Nova Scotia here. Remember that this Nova Scotia business is taking place for dad at the same time we've set up housekeeping in Naples with grandma and grandpa Merrell. We were separated for about 9 weeks that summer.

Nova Scotia

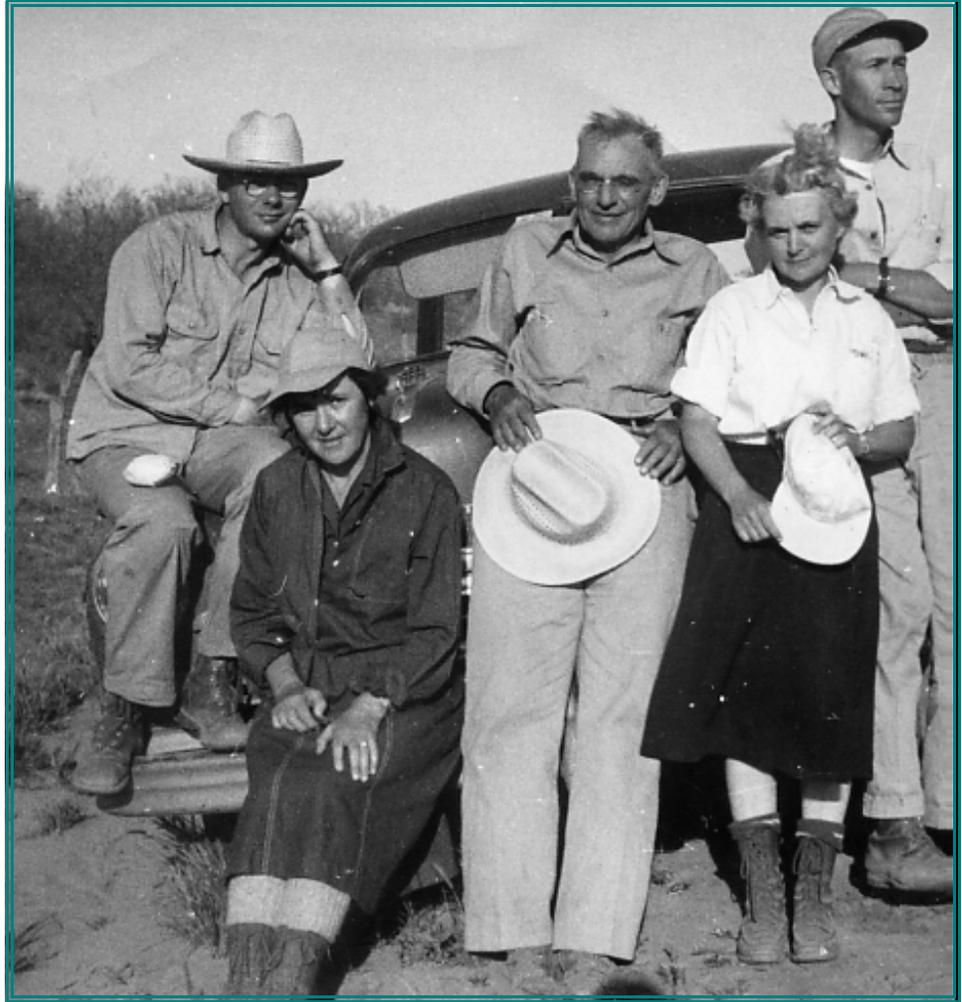
Nova Scotia is one of the "maritime provinces" (I learned that in the 5th grade) of Canada, located on the eastern seaboard. See the red star over "Halifax"? That's the principal town of Nova Scotia. The province is probably the smallest of them all and I can't make out precisely where its boundary line is located. Nor am I sure where the expedition worked but this at least orients you to dad's location while we were back



in Naples basking in the hot sunshine, not having had that experience in Seward. Years later, 1967 to be precise- your mom and I spent two weeks in Quebec above the "M" in Montpelier, as part of our idiotic Peace Corps training, worthy of a Monty Python skit.

The objective of this exploration was obviously dictated by the geological era of the strata they chose to work in. Did you ever think of that? That paleontologists actually choose what sort of specimens they are going after by choosing strata of the particular age of the specimens they want to collect? They don't just sort of start poking in rocks anywhere. They use stratigraphic maps to find the strata with the type of specimens they are interested in. Trilobites will be found in the earliest ages like the Cambrian and Ordovician. The only thing I can say for sure is that they worked in strata that were ancient when dinosaurs roamed so they were in the Paleozoic era, and probably in something like the Pennsylvanian, Silurian or one of those later segments of the Paleozoic. Obviously, then, they weren't hunting dinosaurs. What they were after was as much plant and animal. We saw some of the specimens they collected but I don't recall much about them.

The members of this small expedition which was personally headed by Dr. Romer, included himself, his wife Ruth, Arnie Lewis, Dad, Nelda who was Dr. Romer's factotum, and a guy whose name I can't remember now but will later and will try to come back and put it in. Dr. Romer is the one in the center, Ruth to his left, Nelda to his right, Arnie on the right and the other guy on the left, dad obviously taking the photo. Notice how they

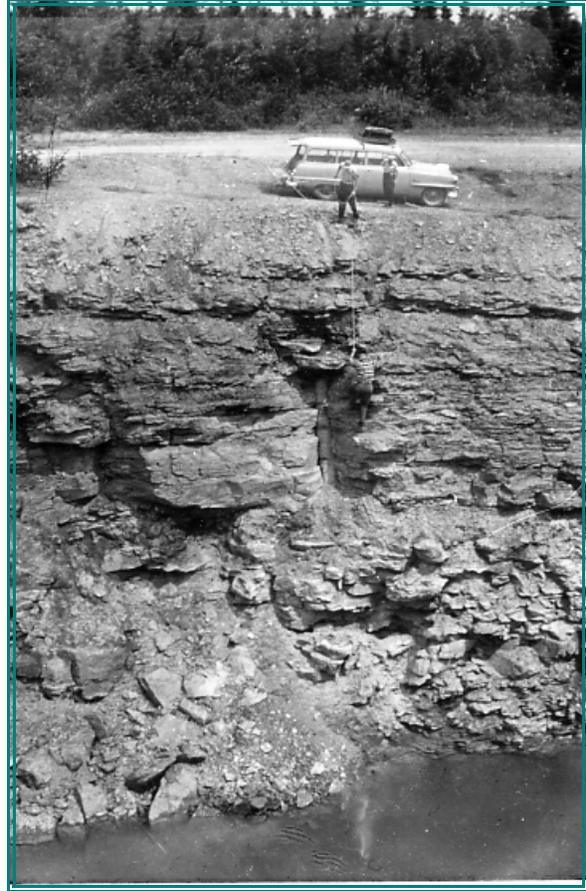


are outfitted, heavy boots and work clothes. That wasn't an affectation. Every one of these men and women got on their hands and knees and dug. It's hard dirty tiresome work -I can tell you personally from working on Dry Mesa for 3 months in 1972!- so you dress for your comfort as much as possible.

Nelda was a quiet old-maid who took care of Dr. Romer for many years. There is some correspondence from her in dad's files and I remember her kindness well. She would talk to us kids without patronizing us, sort of like a distant aunt who had some interest in us but who was not really connected with kids. I liked her. You'll see her again in the photos in the Harvard sections below.

In this shot from the expedition dad is hanging from a rope as he descends to a lengthy fossil tree trunk that was exposed when this channel was opened as part of a mining operation. He's hard to see here but he's wearing a plaid shirt and is just to the right of the top of the trunk. I don't know the process they used to actually remove these segments, only that they did. As I remember, the matrix (rock holding the fossils) was a gray shale and that supported by the multitude of horizontal lines you see here.

Arnie is standing by another trunk in this photo:



You can tell that it's a different specimen than the one dad's going after. They somehow got these things up on the level ground, bandaged and transported back to Harvard.

So that's what he did that summer while we were spending the summer in

Naples with grandma and grandpa Merrell and mom's other relatives. This is probably obvious but I mention it to be sure you think about it. The reason that we stayed in Naples was that we had no where to go in Boston until dad was back. He would help us find a place to live with mom and so on, so we really had no choice but to wait there in Naples, but it was a grand time.

Swimming in Town

Now this was a big deal. I was simultaneously terrified of and fascinated with the prospect. Seward? We didn't swim. Even the ocean was too cold, though the rivers flowing from glaciers fed First Lake where a few hardy souls -probably drunk teenagers- ventured to "swim". Insanity. On one campout down the bay at Tonsina we waded in one of those glacier-fed rivers and nearly froze. Then we staggered down to the ocean and in contrast it was like taking a warm bath. So, no, I had never swum in a swimming pool, and had scarcely even seen one.

This municipal (I guess it's called since it was city owned and operated?) was located in the park in the center of town. The Fieldhouse which was also in the park, sat on main street, the swimming pool north a short walk. It was not a large pool but it was properly outfitted to handle the job. There were two restrooms with showers, and two sets of lockable baskets for storing one's clothing. The cost for entry was something like a quarter and in return for the coin, you were handed a substantial safety pin to which was attached a key and heavy duty metal tag that had a number stamped into it. That was your assigned storage basket and you had to wander around to find it which really wasn't hard once you saw the order in which the baskets were numbered.

Then you took off your street clothes, however many they were, and stored them in the basket. The key on the safety pin was pulled out of the lock on the basket and fastened to your trunks wherever you wanted. Next was a mandatory shower though it was really just a rinse. Soap was not used but I suppose it took off the top layer of dust and dirt that covered some of us. After the shower we could finally go into the pool area. It was surrounded by a tall anchor fence, open to the sun and elements. The walk around the pool was probably 15 feet wide so it accommodated a large number of people.

After going through this one time, I became intoxicated with going into "town", i.e. Vernal -remember that I'm out here in rural Naples- to swim. But there was in fact a major problem. I was terrified of putting my head under water. The idea that I would voluntarily immerse my head that way made me shiver. What an

insane idea! Why would I want to ever do that to myself? But it was inevitable, wasn't it. Entering a public swimming pool with a bunch of other rowdy kids was a formula for a mini-disaster. And sure enough, it happened.

Mom and several her sisters had taken the lot of kids to the pool for the afternoon - more for peace for them, than for the opportunity to swim for us I'd opine (and wouldn't blame them). We paid our quarterses, stowed our clotheses, showered lightening fast (cold), and wandered out to the pool. The adults saved money by sitting outside the fence at picnic tables that were shaded by tall trees, where they could chat and keep a lazy eye on us kids, a delightful way to spend an afternoon for all of us.

I waded in the shallow end of the pool but was nervous as a cat about the deep end. There were a lot of kids there for the same reason we were. At some point, things got out of hand. We were playing some sort of game, being a little rough, not intending on dunking anyone. I don't remember who did it, a cousin or a city kid. In any event, some one grabbed me or pushed me down into the water, completely covering my head, the first time in my life.

I was properly panicked. It is disorienting to be under water for the first time, and disorienting to be surprised. I had no skills but since I was in the shallow water I could find the bottom and stand up, which I did as fast as I could. Then I staggered to the edge of the pool and clung there coughing to clear my throat and trying to regain my equilibrium. Nothing came of it in the end but mom said years later that she was proud of me. She had seen what happened and was worried about drowning, but was happy that I had handled the experience as well as a kid can. My fear of water was to be resolved in the next two years.

Rodeo and Highway Patrol

When we lived on the farm in Vernal we went to the annual rodeo one time and I loved it. I lived around large farm animals from the beginning so they were familiar and I liked them. I rode horses alone from about the age of 5 so had a fondness for their strength and oddly enough, for the smell of them. The rodeo took place again that summer so we got to go.

This photo of the rodeo is from the Vernal website and shows a rider calf roping which was always exciting. You can see that the lasso is around the poor guy's neck and that the highly-trained horse sees and responds to the rider by stopping so fast it must be like hitting a wall. You can see his legs are stiff and pushed forward and in the next split second the calf is confused, lying on the ground, at which point the rider flies off the horse to the calf and uses the short length of rope -it's called something like "pegging string"- that he has in his mouth to immobilize the calf by tying two of its legs together - can't remember which ones! The instant he completes the knot in that rope, he thrusts one of his hand straight up in the air. That's the signal to the time keeper and judges that he's finished. The times are ridiculously short something like 10 seconds from the time the calf and the rider are let loose into the ring.



Figure 40 Photo from Vernal website

We went one evening with Grant and some other cousins and had a great time but something didn't go right. I don't remember what it was but when we got around to going back to Naples which was probably 4 miles away, we couldn't find Grant or any other adult who lived out that way. It was pitch dark now but we weren't bothered. None of the Naples cousins were around so Dick and I had no choice but to hoof it home. Walking long distances was normal so we didn't find it difficult to do. We just wished we didn't have to do it especially during the night. But things are what they are and they are dealt with as best one can, so we headed back to Vernal.

We got out on US 40 and headed south, knowing our way home. After some time, a car pulled up behind us. We were not allowed to hitch hike which meant that drivers of cars who stop might not be nice. I knew that dad had hitchhiked around a lot so had a sort of ambiguous understanding of the whole business. In this case, the prospect of getting a ride outweighed the fear of the driver. Pure laziness.

Well, the driver of this vehicle was a middle-aged Utah Highway Patrolman in

his brown uniform. We stopped when he stopped and were instantly worried. Dad had taught us an anxiety about dealing with lawmen so we were nervous about whether we would be hauled off to jail for some sin we had committed. I couldn't think of anything I had done other than stick a piece of gum under one of the bleachers but I worried.

He came over and started to chat with us. He was like one of my uncles. He commented that it was pretty late for a couple of kids to be out alone on the highway. How were we doing? He asked. He asked where we were going and where we had been. After we explained that we had been to the rodeo and lost our family who lived in Naples, we had to walk home which is what we were doing. I wasn't sure whether he'd believe us or not but he didn't look mean or threatening.

In the end, he told us he'd drive us home if we'd show him where it was. He knew the Merrell family since there were a lot of them, but didn't know which house to take us to. We got in and I loved the fact of getting to ride on a real highway patrol car. The officer had a side arm and full uniform, with the impressive wide, flat-brimmed hats. He smoked so the car smelled of cigarette smoke and leather, a really nice combination of smells. He took us to grandpa's house, pulled in, let us out, and drove away. No need to get out and talk to the parents.

Looking back it's apparent that he was simply doing his duty although I felt like I had been breaking some sort of rule. He was protecting two little kids (13 and 14) who were on the major highway of the area and he knew what things happened - which we didn't. It was prudent of him to get us safely home, particularly since he obviously didn't have anything on his dance card at the moment.

What's most illuminating about this little story is the fact that mom wasn't frantic. I don't specifically recall the reception we received but it was not angry. I expected that we'd get lambasted for getting separated from everyone else because the others were already home. But it didn't happen. That suggests how safe it was and how trusting she was about our abilities to get home. We had been independent in Seward and this tided us over this hump in the road.

The final act to most of the trips into Vernal was a trip to a soda fountain, the old fashioned kind in a Rexall Drug store. These stores always have a particular smell that is compounded of soaps, perfumes, deep fat fryer, etc. which is wonderful. Stepping inside was stepping into a never-never land where things were pleasant, lighted and peaceful.

We'd walk up to the counter that was lined with stools -there were no

booths in this narrow drug store- and find seats together. If Laurel was with us, there would be some not-so-subtle squabbling between two of us about who got to sit next to her. It wasn't evident that she was aware of this competition but we certainly were. When the counterman -called a 'soda jerk'- came to take our order, he'd ask each of us in turn. Our orders from headquarters were explicit and the same each time: a 10 cents root beer.

He'd leave and go to a large freezer that had ice cream as well as two sizes of heavy duty glass mugs. The mugs were kept there so that the glass was below freezing. That way the drink stayed cold longer and no ice was needed. He'd pull the mugs full and bring them over 2 or 3 to a hand and set them down before each of us. The aroma immediately hit our noses. It was a delicious smell and to this day I still prefer Hires Root Beer to any other. The others are close but somehow they fail the taste test.

We paid the man for our drinks and he returned to his work while we worked on them. The neat thing about the mugs was that they were so cold that they actually accumulated a skin of frost, like on the inside of a window on a winter day. We'd scratch it off with our fingernails as we sat without much talking, relishing the foamy, odoriferous cold drink after the swim in the hot weather. After finishing, we'd get down from the stools and then go to wherever our ride was, Grant, mom or Mabel, and go back to Naples.

Laurel, Bears and moon beams

I am not sure of the details of the land swaps that took place and who did what to whom, but when we went there for the summer, Grant was in the nice house that had a basement and running water. Grandma and grandpa lived in an adjacent rectangular house, covered in tar paper, with three rooms in a row and no water so they had a privy. Somehow it was my understanding that Grandpa and grandma bought the property with both houses but somehow Grant, not they, ended up in the larger, nicer house. They didn't complain, however, because it was a far cry from the log cabins they had both lived in for years.

When you went into grandma's house through the front door, you entered the living room. Their bedroom was to the right and the kitchen was to the left, a door leading to the back yard. Mom slept on the couch in the living room but there was no place for Dick and I to sleep in so we slept over at Grant's house. They were about 100 feet apart. Dick and I would either sleep on the covered front porch that had a half-height wall around it, or we'd sleep on the lawn. We'd only

take a blanket because we didn't like pillows and find a place to lay down wherever we wanted.

The summer nights in farming country have a sweet charm. There was no manufacturing or industry so the only smells were ones of nature. We could sometimes smell fresh cut hay, or smell the horses in the barn, or clover. Whatever the scent was, it was sweet and lovely, totally different than what we experienced in cool, Seward with its seaweedy, fishy smell. The finest nights were those when there was a full moon. There were no street lights and few houses - across the street was a field that extended for perhaps a mile north without houses that we could see. That made it an isolated feeling place, although it obviously wasn't. But it created that sense.

Running and chasing around in the dark on the lawn in the bright moonlight was exhilarating. There were a few bushes to hide behind and a large catalpa in the front yard. But the ultimate excitement for us pubescent boys was to have Laurel in Grant's house.

Grant was married by now and his wife, Francis, had two sisters, both of whom spent time in Naples that summer. The older one, Maria, was my age and I dated her 4 years later when I went to SLC to work for Uncle Grant in a commercial construction project. At the time, however, she was too old for me and intimidated me, but her younger sister Laurel was totally different. Laurel was probably 12 years old, just a year younger than Dick. She was a knockout. Pretty face that smiled a lot, blonde hair and a zest to play and do things.

During at least one full cycle of full moon, Laurel lived with Grant and Francis and that was perhaps the highlight of the summer for me. She obviously slept in the house but was allowed to play outside in the moonlight with us until late in the evening. During those evenings, we played hide-and-seek and "No Bears out tonight." The thrill of playing with this pretty girl, outdoors, in the sunlight, late in the night about blew my circuits. Seward? Nothing like that would have happened given the climate and so on. The thrill was not just the games. It was compounded of the excitement, at that age, of being close to a pretty girl who was friendly and easy to play with. I had never experienced that before and was undone.

Laurel remained a sweet memory for many years after we left for Boston.

Grandma's eggs

One of the reasons that grandma and grandpa bought this large property that had two houses, corrals, fields and a chicken coop was to produce eggs to

supplement their meager income. Their little country store enterprise apparently never really got off the ground so they sold it and then purchased this other place, Grant somehow ending up in the house. It just occurred to me that the reason he ended up in the house is because he was just getting married and everyone would agree that newly weds would be happier in a plumbed, finished house than in a tarpaper shack.

There was a largish chicken coop out by the corral where grandma kept several dozen laying hens. I wasn't there long enough to know whether she bought them as chicks in boxes through the mail like she did in 1946 etc. but she had a bunch of them. On the east side of the coop was a set of nesting boxes. These were supplied with a thin layer of straw to create the sense of a nest to stimulate the hens to lay, which they did. I don't know how they knew which box belonged to whom but they seemed to know. They walk over the wall of cubbies and jump, flapping madly to get to their particular box. Then they'd chuckle a bit as they settled down.

Collecting eggs is actually a pretty benign project - with most of the hens. Grandma would give us a basket in the morning and tell us we could go out and collect the eggs if we wanted. She didn't send us out but she knew we'd be thrilled at the chance. We'd take the basket and head out to the corral and chicken coop. After letting ourselves through the fence, we'd go into the chicken coop and start collecting eggs from the nests. As long as there wasn't a chicken in the nest this was easy. Just pick up the eggs and put them in the basket - carefully. But grandma had a rule we did balk at a bit. We had to check EVERY nest. The reason was pretty simple: if eggs were missed, they would spoil and she wouldn't be able to sell them. So we knew we had to get into the boxes that were occupied, which was a different deal entirely in some cases.

You would go to the box and reach under the chicken. It would flap its arms a bit and complain loudly but usually they didn't really do much. It was warm under the chickens and you felt their soft feathers with stiff spines over the straw. You had to push to the back of the box which would upset the hen a bit more but generally it was a simple task. There were, however, several brood hens who had raised chicks, who were older. They objected strenuously to anyone reaching under them. They would crow loudly and flap their wings in a threat display I suppose. Neither the noise of flapping was the problem however.

The problem was that these girls would actually attack your hand, pecking vigorously enough to puncture the skin. The injury wasn't serious but the noise and flapping was unsettling to kids who hadn't been raised to just shoo the hen off the

nest. So we would usually let those girls sit and tell grandma when we handed her the basket of eggs which hens she'd need to go check. She'd go out with us and she would just swoosh her hands at the hens, scaring them off the nest. For some reason our swooshing didn't have the same effect.

Francis' Custard

Francis was -and still is I know since I talked to her a couple of months ago- a nice lady. She and Grant were madly in love and playing house so us little kids were practically an irritation, but she never showed it. One of the nicest things she did was to use grandma's excess eggs. Since grandma sold eggs for cash I'm not sure how she ever had excess eggs but she did. More likely, she just offered them before selling them in case Francis would use them. She would. She make large pots of custard, let it cool, and then spoon it into bowls for us, as much as we wanted which was an unusual experience for me.

Cottontails & single shot .22

Grant had the large ranch on the Greenriver south of town and went out each day to work it. He'd leave early in the morning, practically before the sun was up. We'd ride out several days a week with him, standing in the back of the jeep or sitting the back of the pickup. Byron and Tom would go with us some days so we'd spend glorious days exploring the ranch, walking along the river, fishing for catfish, or hunting cottontails.

These rabbits were plentiful in the region so were easy to find. They'd be out in the daytime so we could always locate several. We were given a single shot .22 rifle and a box of "shorts". The rifle was not heavy and was easy to load so we had a great time. The only problem was that we'd get impatient with each other, wanting to take a turn with the rifle, convinced that we could do better than whoever had the rifle. Obviously none of us was experts but we would sometimes bag a rabbit which we'd take back to the house to be cleaned so that grandma could cook it later.

Grant's MIA lawn party

Grant was a teacher for one of the classes of teenagers and during the

summer her had a big party for them. The thing took place in the evening and by the time it was over, it was dark. The festivities took place on the front lawn with some incandescent lights. Dick and I felt it was our lawn so felt entitled to participate. Grant disagreed, however. So he'd nicely chase us away and we'd nicely run over to grandma's place, but we'd return. In the end, he got pretty brusque with us, which was unusual for him, so we snuck as close in the weeds as we dared to watch what was going on. After the kids had left and the lights removed, we dug up our blankets and took possession again of the lawn.

Fishing in canal

The road in front of Grant's house was paved which impressed me. There were no houses directly across from the house. There was an enormous field that extended for perhaps a mile with a fringe of houses along the roads that were its boundaries. Otherwise, it was just grass, weeds, marsh and a few scrubby trees along the stream that cut through it. But just on the other side of the road was a large irrigation canal that ran parallel to the road.

This canal was perhaps 8-10 feet across and several feet deep. It flowed swiftly and was stocked with trout during the summer so it was always a challenge to find one of them. We got fishing gear from Grant who was an avid fisherman and went across the road. For bait we used worms that we dug in his yard in places he knew they would be, though I didn't understand how he knew where they would be.

We'd take out gear and bait and walk across the hot tarry-smelling road - paved with native asphalt that actually softened in the heat- to the strip of weeds and grass on the verge of the road. The descent to the canal was perhaps 5 feet so we'd get down by the canal and be invisible to anyone on the road. We'd bait our hooks and throw them out into the water which quickly pulled them downstream. After not getting a bit, we'd pull the worm up for inspection and throw it back out. This cycle repeated until the worm was water-logged and fell off, or until the rare instance when one of us would get a bit.

Tom or Byron fished with us sometimes which made it more fun. Dick and I tended to squabble too much so these two leavened the deal so that we had a good time. They tended to be better fishermen than we were which puzzled me because I had actually caught a lot more fish than they had. The difference was probably in how we set the hook when we got a bite. I think I sort of ripped the pole upward, tearing the hook out of the mouth of these small fish while they were

more careful. The fish were 6 - 8 inches long so were tender.

We'd take a lunch with us sometimes to eat when we got hungry, which was usually as soon as we got down by the canal. After an hour or so of not catching anything, we'd get bored, throw the rest of the worms in the water, take our gear and go back to Grant's place, satisfied enough that we knew we'd be back soon. If we did catch a fish large enough to cook, we'd give it to Francis who would take care of it, but that was a rarity. Usually we returned without anything to show for our efforts, other than the contentment at having been fishing which is indeed its own reward. Catching fish can actually spoil the experience of fishing.

Closure

Somewhere in the middle August the time had come to prepare for the odyssey across the US. The summer had been lovely and I didn't want it to end but it was inevitable. The fun on the ranch was over, Laurel was history, swimming trips into Vernal were no more. I was anxious about the trip across country. I knew we were going clear to Boston on the east coast. We had looked at maps so we knew that Boston was clear over on the Atlantic Ocean, a place we had never seen. It wasn't fear really, but it was anxiety compounded of more things that I realized at the time.

At one level, the anxiety was simply uncertainty about what I was going to encounter over there in this historical town of Boston that stood out in American history. It was understandable that a young kid will be anxious this way. But at a deeper level, the anxiety was enforced by the unconscious understanding that I had been unceremoniously uprooted. Remember. I was 14 years old and 5 of those years -more than a third of my life- was spent in Seward. Imagine that you had lived somewhere for a third of your life and then were uprooted against your own wishes, and that you were being taken away from all family and friends, to a location that was intimidating. Then factor in the trauma of puberty that we all experience whether we understand it to be trauma. Would that create anxiety? Yes, so my anxiety was a compound of various things.

We had to pull ourselves together and get on our way to find Boston way over there, a daunting prospect.

Part 4 US 40 to Boston - Without dad

On the fateful day, we finished loading the few things back in the truck that we had taken out, closed the doors and got on our way. Grandpa and grandma were there waving good by to us as mom backed the truck out. She turned west 200 yards to US 40 and turned left when we hit it. That took us east toward Jensen and the Greenriver and Colorado. To that point, the territory was familiar. We'd been that way many times, but from there on it was new country. I felt like an explorer at that point. To guide us across the country mom and dad had ordered a map from the AAA. This thing was about 5 inches wide and 11 inches long, about half of one of these pages. The paper was fairly heavy and was bound at the top, not the side, with a spiral coil.

Each page contained a blown-up segment of a map showing the route we were to take. The pages were obviously in order so we started with the top page at Naples and followed US 40 across the country. Given the detail on each page, the guide consisted of something like 50 or so pages. Someone at AAA had used a marker to manually highlight the roads we were to take. Since the maps were highly enlarged, it was easy to see the numbers of the roads so when we came to an intersection where we had to make a turn, we could tell which was to go. Us kids argued over who got to hold the map and give mom directions, which was pretty pointless. Changes in directions were so few that there were few directions needed.

The three of us sat in the cab of this pickup and looked straight ahead. And waited. And waited. While we drove and drove. The truck was loaded down on the leaf springs and had a small engine so mom didn't push it over 50 miles an hour. Imagine going 2,000 miles at that speed. That works out to 40 hours of hard driving. Since we didn't drive even 10 hours a day, the trip took 6 days. The truck had a temperamental shifter on the floor and the thing drove like a truck. It was tough for 100 pound Marie to handle it but she was determined and anytime she's determined, she succeeds as you all know.

There was a point somewhere in Colorado I believe it was that the engine started to act up. We were on a long haul up a mountain and slowed down to a slow speed, mom shifting down. The odd sound of the engine and the slow speed alarmed me considerably and worried me for the rest of the trip. I was afraid that the engine would fail and we would be stuck somewhere and have to spend a lot of money. Whatever the problem was, it resolved itself after a time and never happened again.

License Plate theft

Somewhere in the middle of the trip, we stopped somewhere in Kansas for the night. In the morning when we got back in the truck, mom noticed that one of the license plates was missing. She thought it had been taken that night, although I suppose it could have been taken at another stop. Whatever the situation, she was severely worried. She feared that she would be stopped in some state by the highway patrol and be given a ticket for driving without a plate. I don't know how realistic that fear is but it was real so she had to tend to it. I was unsure about how worried to be so I just worried a little bit, understanding that she'd take care of the problem somehow like she always did.

She located the police station and parked, leaving us kids in the car. She went in and explained that during the night someone had stolen one of our license plates and asked them what she should do. Obviously she couldn't get a temporary plate from that state, not being a resident, but she felt that they should be able to do something to help her. They did.

Someone made up a yellow cardstock "plate" that didn't have numbers, but it was a official-looking device. We taped it inside the window of the cargo box and that way had two plates. The benefit of the temporary thing was that it showed that she had advised officials of the problem and done all she could do to remedy the situation.

Cut-rate Motels

Above I said we didn't drive 10 hours a day but perhaps we did, at least some days. I say this now because as I think about how she got good rates on motels, it's clear that we did in fact drive late into the night in some instances. She would push on during the day, driving this hard-to-manage over-loaded truck, and start calculating where to spend the night.

For some reason, we always stayed in motels. I didn't think about the reason for this extravagance at the time, but think it's pretty obvious. Don't you? We camped out all along the Alcan highway trip which was even longer than this one. But a woman and two little kids camping along the road without a man along? I expect that mom and dad agreed that she would spend some of their precious cash on a motel room so that we were safe. I appreciate that today and didn't know what was behind it at the time until I just started to tell you about it.

The way she managed to get cut-rates was to drive until later in the evening.

I don't know how late that was but the sun was setting or had even set, which means fairly late. Then she'd start watching motels which were plentiful to see which ones were clean but not expensive. You could tell the difference in price by the appearance as you know. When she found one that met her expectations, she would pull into the drive in front of the "Office" and go in alone.

She then approached the clerk about a room for one adult and two kids and got a quote on the room. I believe that in at least one instance she found the rate too high so she got back in the truck and hunted for another motel. When she found one she liked, she'd then bargain with the clerk somehow. Her method seemed to be to determine whether there were more than one vacancies. She said that if she could get the room for such and such -less that the quoted rate- she would take it and the clerk then would be able to turn on the NO VACANCY sign and go to bed. It worked more than once.

New York City

This was the only disaster on the whole trip. We were unable to decipher the otherwise trusty AAA maps due to the complexity of roads. We had never seen such things, super highways over streets, bridges over the river and so on. Too much for us. I remember that we crossed the Hudson River on the George Washington Bridge and was most impressed. So far so good, but that's where things started to unravel. Somehow we had to get onto US 1 to go north to Boston. We tried to follow the map but simply could not figure out what to do. Perhaps if mom had been navigator and dad had been the driver they could have figured it out, but once mom took a wrong turn and drove off the map, it was absolutely impossible to pick up the route again. One way streets, confusing street names and so on prevented us from working it out.

Finally, she stopped to ask a man on the sidewalk for directions to the road she wanted. He was reasonable and while he waved his hand in the direction we needed to go, told her to take this turn and that turn and "to follow the cow track". That was too much. She couldn't remember all of the turns, and did not comprehend the final instruction to "follow the cow track". What the man meant was "follow the car track" meaning a trolley of some sort, but his dialect was foreign to us and we wondered if he was an immigrant.

At this point, mom fell apart, the only time. She pulled the truck off the road and parked it. Then she started to sob, her head bent forward with tears dropping off her nose, hands clenched on top of the tall steering wheel. I felt like

my world had come apart. I was helpless. I depended on her to take care of me and to get me back safely to my dad in a new place and here she was unhinged. There was nothing I could do and I was stricken. I felt like crying but didn't. We sat there for a time while she collected her wits and then resumed the drive. I don't remember how she got us out of that predicament but she managed to find US 1 and drove us into Connecticut where we spent our last night on the road.

This drive was one of the most heroic things she did, alone with two little kids, 98 pounds, struggling with a cantankerous hard-to-handle, overloaded- pickup truck, across the whole continent, on roads and places she knew nothing about. Truly a heroic odyssey.

Woodlawn Restaurant

This was the most embarrassing part of the trip for me, one that has actually returned over the years as an embarrassing memory. After we got settled into the motel room, mom handed us a five dollar bill, an enormous amount of money to give to a kid in those days. She said she was too tired to go out -not surprising considering the harrowing day she had just finished getting through New York City- but that we were to find a place and get a hamburger which we loved. So we dressed in nice clean clothes and left. We wore identical polo shirts and fire-engine red slacks. They had been gifts to us in Seward that we had hounded our parents about for weeks. They finally relented and bought them for us. We were as proud in those things as in anything we owned.

We left the motel and walked down the road to a restaurant nearby, named "The Woodlawn". I remember the name vividly. Not having enough experience in these matters to be able to read the clues that were abundantly clear, we walked to the entryway and were greeted by a man who showed us to a small table. He was a maitre'd though we didn't have an inkling of his function. He was just a waiter to us. The medium size restaurant was dimly lit and most of the tables were occupied by well-dressed couples, some of whom looked curiously at us, two little kids without an adult, in fire-engine red slacks.

The maitre'd brought us menus and retired. The menus were like little blackboards about 10 inches long and the choices of the day were written in chalk. Nothing on the menu was priced as low as five dollars. By now we were getting the sense that we had stepped into it real bad. Those fancy people, those fancy cars, the snazzy decor, the suited maitre'd added up to a fancy place that we had no sense to be in.

So we put the menus back on the table and surreptitiously got up and snuck out trying to be as inconspicuous as possible - impossible with those fire-engine red pants. As we got out the door, our ears were burning with embarrassment. If we had had any sophistication, we could have told from the cars in the parking lot that this was a high-class joint that wouldn't have hamburgers. We wandered on and found a greasy-spoon that did sell cheap hamburgers, went in, ordered, ate and returned to the motel. We never told mom about what happened. I was mortified and still feel it today as I tell this story.

West Acton

Arnie had made arrangements with dad that we were to go to his home in West Acton to live until the Nova Scotia expedition was over. So we hunted for the town. We had a larger map than the AAA guide so pored over it hunting for this place with the odd name. The drive from Connecticut up to Acton wasn't long but it seemed to take all day. We had had enough of this drive and couldn't wait to get out of the truck and spend some time on the ground.

As we read the map we saw the weirdest names we'd ever seen: Leominster, Billerica, Cochituate, Worcester, Waltham, Ipswich, Roxbury, Natick, Nahant, Naragansset and so on. We couldn't even decide how the names should be pronounced but had fun experimenting. We never did get Worcester right. It's pronounced "Woosta". We also saw a few familiar names like Lexington and Concord and were interested in going to visit these famous landmarks of American history.

Eventually, we made it to the Lewis home in West Acton and we able to spend a few days there recuperating.

Mud Turtles

I grew up with painted turtles in bowls and liked them. Turtles were familiar and friendly, though timid. It was an amazing thing to discover that there were entirely different turtles. We went across the street a short distance to a house where some kids lived who had a small pond behind their house. We were allowed to swim there, the reason for the visits.

The water was muddy and dirty along the edge where we walked but that didn't matter. The green river was also muddy. The kids were nice and played with us. At some point, one of them pointed across the small pond and announced that

"There's a mud turtle!" I'd never heard the name and was interested, "mud" turtle, what would that be. We wandered around the pond, walking slowly, trying to creep up on the turtle. We didn't succeed, but we kept trying and eventually I saw one.

It's the oddest turtle I've seen. It is shaped like a turtle but its carapace (back shell) is soft and looks like soft rubber with a few dull markings. It has a long skinny neck and an elongated nose so that it can raise its nostrils out of the water without exposing the rest of the animal. The kids threw rocks at it but to no avail.

3 Auburn Terrace, Waltham, Massachusetts

The suburb of Waltham is located about 20 miles outside of the city of Boston as you see in the map, on the next page but was perhaps 6 miles from Belmont. We saw signs like this one when we arrived in Waltham and were impressed that it was incorporated in 1738. Note that the date of incorporation was specified, not the population. New England was acutely aware and proud of its age.

The original inhabitants were farmers but as time passed and the industrial revolution revolutionized manufacturing, Waltham was a natural place for factories to be built because there was a good size river flowing through it that could be used for power. Factories were built everywhere in New England where rivers were found. At the time I lived there, Waltham remained primarily a manufacturing town.

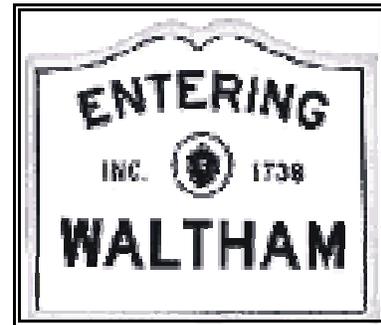
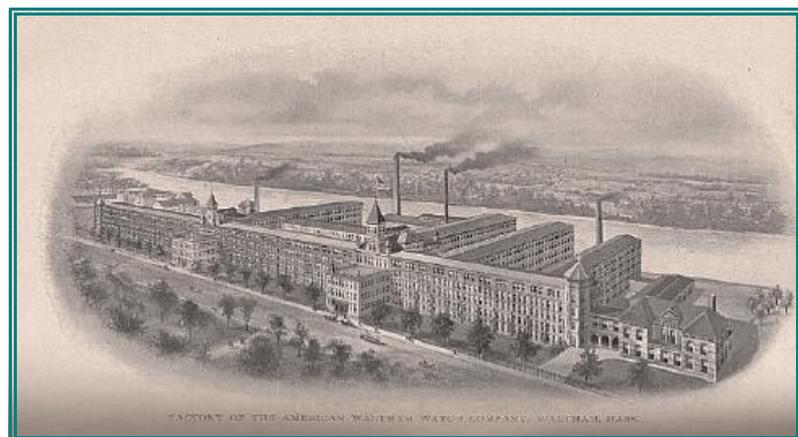


Figure 41
<http://www.city.waltham.ma.us/IMAGES/WELCO ME2.GIF>

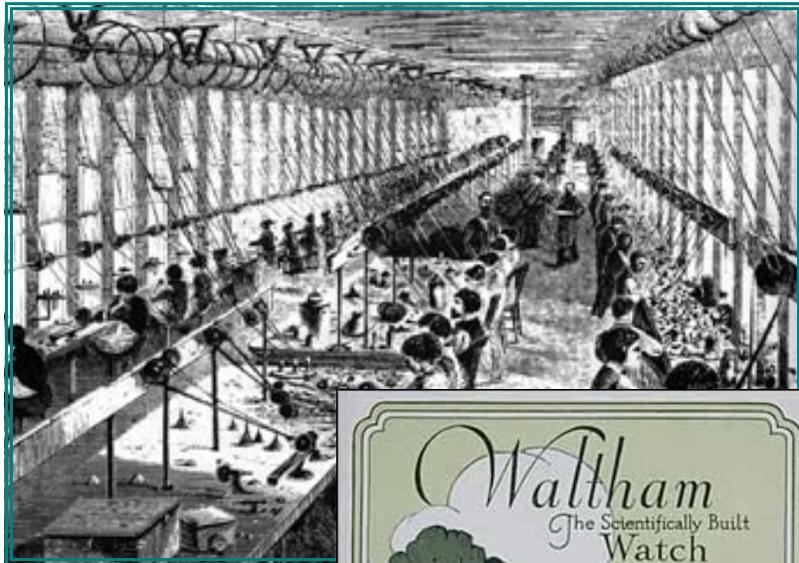
Waltham Watch Factory

One of the largest factories ever built in Waltham was the Waltham Watch Factory. In its day during the late 1800's and early 1900's, Waltham Watches were among the most reliable in the US so were preferred by railroad



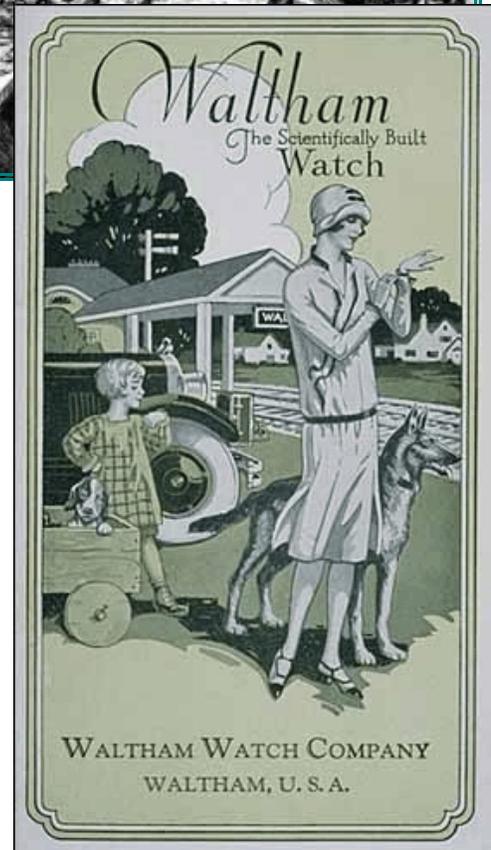
men who relied on their timepiece to maintain their schedules when there was no other means of telling time out on the rails. The watch manufacturing company had long since departed this building when we moved there, but the building remained. This old image from the Waltham home page shows the huge factory sitting on the river. It was an enormous 5 stories building that sprawled along the river. Its size indicates that a large number of people were employed, which explains part of the early growth of the town.

In this drawing from the Waltham page you see the inside of the factory. Note the source of power. Each person at a bench received power for his or her tools by means of a long belt that is powered by an enormously long shaft attached to the ceiling, one on each side of the room. Each shaft is powered at one end by a powerful motor capable of producing the necessary power. This gives you an idea of the number of men and women who were hired. Looking at the first picture of the factory, one can see that several thousand people would be employed.



This ad gives an idea of the image the Waltham watch wanted to create with its "scientifically built watch." A beautiful woman, dressed as a flapper which indicates the ad is from the 1920's, stands in front of a fine car, fancy house, in a fine subdivision, with a child and two dogs. The curious thing about this ad today is that it shows refined, wealthy people when in fact the rich were a minuscule segment of the general population.

Following is a recent photo of part of the same factory from across the river. The structure obviously hasn't changed much other



than the addition of the ubiquitous outbuildings that you kids attended school in, although the ownership and industries have:



Figure 45 <http://members.aol.com/erniewint/waltham/photo14.jpg>

Clevite Transistor Company

It turned out that this factory played an important role in our lives. The above photo shows the factory as it looked in the 1050's, minus the prefab temporary buildings along the river bank. The building was in disrepair for some time but segments were being purchased by manufacturers of various kinds. Clevite Transistor Co. was one of those companies. They were one of the early manufacturers of transistors that reign supreme today in computers and related gear of all types. This photo shows the version that was being manufactured when mom was hired on the line in 1957. It is large and clunky compared to today's designed but it did the job. It was manufactured with germanium which still used today and had three prongs out of the bottom.

Mom was initially hired to work on



Figure 46

http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Andrew_Wylie/CTP1304.HTM

the line where the transistors were produced. She was not happy in the job because the women she worked with were pretty crude in her estimation. They were probably human. They told dirty stories, smoked, and swore, real evil things and she was offended in her purity.

But Marie was Marie and she worked hard. She had two speeds: off and overdrive. Predictably, in a few months she had set herself apart from the other women by the (a) quality and (b) the quantity of her work. It was natural for her in any job to learn the skills perfectly and then to refine them. Nothing she touched was left unmodified because she could always see a way to tweak this or that to improve the speed or quality of the work coming out. That was a fine thing with the supervisor, "Mary" was her name I believe.

There was a severe negative consequence of this trait however. The other women were married to union men so even though they were not unionized, they had adopted the simple unimaginative world view of employees who want to do only the minimum to get their pay. They had no interest in helping the company which they probably viewed as trying to take advantage of them. You can see where that went with Marie's performance. The women began to complain aloud to each other in mom's hearing about people working too hard, about people upsetting the status quo, or people trying to show off.

That bothered mom because she was actually human, too, but it didn't deter her. She continued to streamline her work station and output. The next step was also predictable. Mary the supervisor had an opening for a QA inspector and the rest in history. Mom was hired as the new QA inspector over other women with much more time with the company -remember union, remember seniority- which was the kiss of death as far as personal relationships went. She had none from that point forward, but I don't think it bothered her.

What she did was simply repeat her performance, but at the QA station. Once more she revised and refined the operation at the work station so she was able to test several times more transistors than before, obviously making Mary very happy and the other women mad as wet hens.

Mary was an interesting person who became a good friend to mom. I had the impression that she was also sort of an outcast for some reasons. They two of them started to do a few things outside of work together and that naturally didn't make points with the other women but mom had written them off on moral behaviors, i.e. they smoked, so it was no loss to her. The funniest thing about Mary was how she rewired her living room. This woman made her living in a world of electricity but she was a forgetful as anyone else.

She bought a new floor lamp and located it in a corner where it seemed to provide the best effect. The cord was too long, however, so she figured out how to handle that. She went to the kitchen, got a pair of diagonal cutters and returned to the lamp. She plugged the cord in, pulled it to the correct length, and then cut it with the diagonals. Except that she got shocked and burned and made a mess out of the new cord.

The other interesting memory of the Clevite Transistor Factory was the "seconds". There was a candy manufacturer in another segment of the old watch factory and it produced its share of second quality candy bars. They were too deformed to be packaged and sold but they were fine for eating as long as you didn't think you were eating first quality stuff. So the company packaged the seconds in 4 x 8 x 10 inch boxes and sold them for a buck a piece. Even in 1957 that was a lot of candy. Most of it was peppermint patties but there were various other kinds. This is where we got our school lunch desserts.

3 Auburn Terrace place

As I recall the circumstances we located a house to rent at this address. We went to the "Mission Home" of the church located on Oxford Street in Cambridge, a short distance from Harvard university. Us kids were typically left in the car to "wait" for however long it took -which was tough and not infrequently resulted in irritated squabbles. I don't know how long it took, but we waited until mom and dad returned. It was an unsettling thing, sitting there in the car after that rugged trip across the country, sitting in foreign territory, seeing the large old unfamiliar New England houses and trees. They said a few words about having found a house, and immediately drove, as best they could, which wasn't too darn good considering that they could barely spell Mt. Auburn, to dig up Rolly Thomas and his wife to see if they would rent this house to us out there on Auburn Terrace, a small cul de sac in Waltham.

They would. So we ended up renting this peculiar house out of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" to live in for the next 2 years, sort of a haunted place. Perhaps the most memorable occasion was when Dick sleep walked out of the house during a rain storm and had to ring the doorbell to gain entrance back into the house.

The house was 2 stories high and had a basement. But the space of each floor must have been something like 600 square feet, if that much. The rooms were extraordinarily small. In this view of the side of the house, you see a back porch door and screen. You can also barely see the left wall of the porch so get an idea of how small it was. The two windows are the width of the kitchen, there being an enormous sink under the shorter window.



The stair case was almost as steep as a ladder. No kidding. So little room was devoted to the stair case that the steps had to be short from front to back, not much more than a long shoe-length. You had to be careful walking up but more so walking down but there was a railing to hold onto. Upstairs there were three bedrooms, a linen closet, and a bathroom.

One of the three bedrooms was converted into an "office" for dad. He had so much stuff that he needed a separate room. This is a self-portrait that he took, pretending to sit there sort of nonchalantly in front of that wonderful set of drawers that he got from MCZ. Those are his mukluks in the background. Since the camera is in the doorway, you get an idea of how small this room was. The other two upstairs rooms were the same size.



One room was mom's and dad's bedroom, a place that always felt "off limits" to me for no particular reason. The other room was for Dick and me. Initially, we slept in sleeping bags on the floor because we didn't haul any beds across country. After we were able to save enough money -mom and dad did not buy on credit at the time- they bought a pair of new twin beds, a remarkably

extravagant thing for them to do. They were a good brand but it seemed reckless because Dick and I were content to sleep on the floor. In fact, I continued to sleep on the floor, lying by the new bed.

The only bathroom was upstairs and wasn't much larger than the one we used in Homebrew alley.

This photo is taken from the front steps of our house, showing the 1956 Bel Aire and houses across the cul de sac. Point of reference for yourself: this was taken in 1957 which means that dad was 39 years old and mom was 34 years old. There were a total of 5 houses on the circle, Rolly's being just to the right of our house in this image.



Rolly Thomas, Landlord

Rolly was our landlord so we got to know him well. A recent convert to the faith, he and his Canadian wife. Who claimed she was a witch. Looked like one though she was nice to us. Eccentric people like many we saw back there where they lived lives on short leashes from birth to death. She went shopping Every Saturday and while she was out she would always buy one, not two, small ceramic figures a couple of inches in size. They cost 15 cents or a quarter and it didn't matter if it was a cat or fish or person. Took it home, put it in large fish bowls and clear vases which sat about the house. There were dust covers over the furniture in the tiny parlor, with bottles full of tiny ceramic figures covering the piano and every horizontal surface.

We just moved from Alaska, across the continent. And Rolly excitedly described to us the big adventure of his life when he and his family "went out west." He went on at great length about the trip, where they went, who went and so on. It turned out that they went to the west end of the state and crossed over into upstate New York .

Lawn Mowing

This place had a yard of grass that needed to be mowed. What a job, because we had to use a push mower to do our own lawn, PLUS Rolly's. That was one of the "jobs" I was forced to do which did teach me about work - how awful it is! Rolly's mower was stored in a shed with other lawn implements. After raking the mowed grass up and putting it in a garbage can, we replaced the mower and left the job until the next Saturday.

Concord Grapes for Jelly

I had never seen a grape arbor. In fact, I don't think I had an inkling about how grapes grew and were trained and cultivated. In dusty dry Vernal they weren't welcome and obviously they didn't grow in Seward, so I first encountered them there at 3 Auburn Terrace. I'd obviously seen eaten them so knew that they grew in clusters but I didn't know about the vines and their habit.

There was a high school teacher across the street who had a grape arbor on his house. This photo is from Pennsylvania but if the house had board siding, this photo would reflect exactly where the arbor was in relationship to the house. The teacher's name was Mr. Smith and he was a nice person. I think he taught art.

Somehow mom worked out things with Mr. or Mrs. Smith -I don't remember ever seeing her although I must have- so that us "boys" could go over in the fall and harvest grapes. I was of two minds about that job. On the one hand, it was interesting to be able to harvest grapes. I came from farm stock so appreciated the concept of harvest which was the highlight of the growing year. I liked the idea.

But on the other hand, I understood that at least part of our underlying motivation for doing this was our poorness. I was embarrassed to seen in that urban setting gleaning grapes like a migrant because of that poorness. Of course, I don't imagine today that anyone paid a great deal of attention to us other than

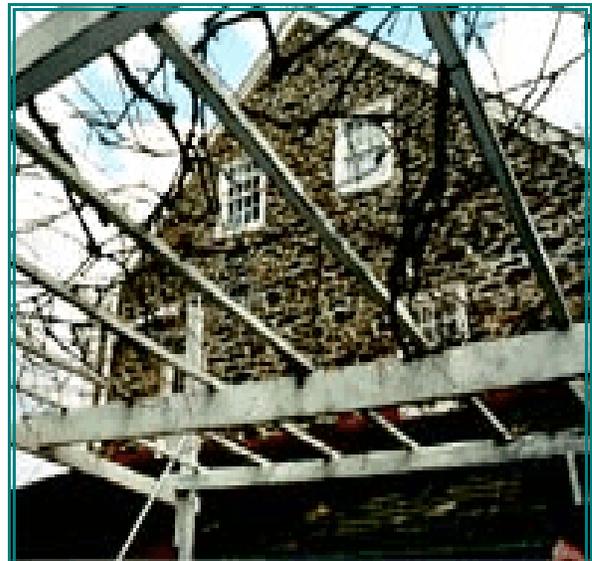


Figure 50

<http://www.ushistory.org/germantown/upper/wyck.htm>

the teenage neighbors -who actually tried to be friends- but what was actually going outside of my head was totally different than what was going on inside my head. Dad earned a small income so mom hunted for any way she could to economize, to stretch our income, to supplement our resources.

This was a natural thing then, and the Smiths graciously allowed us access to the arbor. After a short explanation about how to grasp the clusters and remove them from the vines, we were turned loose. I did enjoy it for many reasons. First, I was fascinated by the vines themselves. They are tough and woody but are flexible as a rubber hose, and are covered with a hairy loose layer of sloughing bark. The clusters of grapes all hung from joints created on the vines by leaves. Second, as mentioned already harvesting things gives me pleasure, a feature bred into me by farmers who worked hard to raise crops, who were pleased to see their crops produce. I also liked the tactile sense of handling these clusters of grapes and removing them from the vines, so different than picking squash or cucumbers that are prickly. I liked it that our buckets filled quickly compared to picking raspberries or blueberries. Plus we were in shade, enclosed under a ceiling of dense large leaves. And we were standing in perfume, gorgeous sweet grape scent. After we filled our buckets we hauled them back to the kitchen for mom to process.

Mom's primary goal with the grapes was to make grape jelly. Fruit juices were not part of our regular diet so she wasn't interested in making grape juice. I don't remember all of the steps but remember how she removed the juice from the grapes. She put the grapes into a cloth sack and hung it from a small tripod on the kitchen counter over a kettle. I don't remember whether she crushed them or not but she must have done something to release the juice and natural pectin from the skins.

The primary use for this jelly was to make soggy peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for our school lunches. I got real sick of the stuff after two years. But our impecunious state made it mandatory. Either you ate it or you went hungry, and got no sympathy. This was particularly galling for a year or so there in Waltham because mom developed "colitis". That diagnosis carried two unhappy consequences: First, we were informed that us boys were the cause for her worry and stress, and therefore, her colitis, a rather nasty thing to accuse one's kids of doing, particularly when those particular kids are barely keeping their own heads above water. Of course, we didn't think about it in quite those terms, but now I see that her stress was caused by our poorness and by the strangeness and newness of everything where there was no family to support her. The other bit of

baggage involved a diet change that was "required" for her to heal. She was "forced" more or less against her will apparently to eat broasted chicken, usually cooked a half-chicken at a time. Those savory, salty, peppery brown crispy things made me salivate. It did irritate me to see her pretend that she didn't really like to eat the stuff, as if she was also suffering from having to eat such wonderful stuff when we got canned vegetables.

Rolly & the platen press

Rolly worked for the Atlantic Register in Waltham. A job printing shop that produced any printed article you might want from business cards to posters, letter head, etc. Had worked there for 25 years and I'm sure he retired from there. Well, Ol' Rolly was dedicated to the art of printing and came to it honestly, having learned how to set type by hand years and years before. And had purchased a treadle run platen press and installed it in his basement along with the accouterments necessary to actually do print jobs. He also had sets of drawers of various fonts which means different type faces and different sizes of each face. There were girlie pictures pasted everywhere that he accumulated in the navy which bothered mom immensely but dad wanted me to learn to set type..

Thanks to Rolly, I, like my dad, was touched by the tail end of a dying manual trade. Rolly somehow ended up teaching me how to set movable type. An accomplishment that is totally worthless today, but one which I take great pride in having done exactly because it is a left over of a vastly different level of technology that even pre-dates the new fangled linotype machines that had replaced the manual process. Printing was an art that men learned and took pride in. They started as apprentices and advanced as they aged, learning a variety of clever tricks along the way, some of which they would share with a neophyte, others of which they would only acknowledge with a sly smile.

When I speak of "moveable type" I am referring to small pieces of metal that



Figure 51

<http://www.yale.edu/yale300/democracy/may1text/images/Metaltype.jpg>

are narrow and long. In the mid-1450's, Gutenberg came up with the idea of making individual letters this way, which could be combined in words in rows to create whole pages, thereby bypassing the tedious process used up to that time of manually writing whole books. Wood was the first material used for making these individual letters.^[3] Here's a set of 26 letters and 10 individual numbers placed in rows.

I believe the metal, like Wood's metal, is a compound of antimony, bismuth and zinc. On the end of each of the little square metal sticks is a letter, number or character. When setting type, you pick up one letter at a time and put it in a hand-held device made for that purpose. They are machined but are still not perfectly sized which creates a challenge for the typesetter/printer. Some are fatter than others, some are longer than others. When you realize that the type must be evenly spaced and that all pieces of type must touch the sheet of paper with uniform pressure, you can imagine the kinds of machinations you go through before finally getting everything to come together.

The first step, then, was to learn the layout of a California Job Case which held the loose type. Here's a cabinet with several dozen California Job Cases holding different type faces and different sizes of type faces. Imagine, instead of clicking on a little window to change from 10 point to 12 point, you had to find a case of the right typeface in the size you want. This drawer is divided into three columns/sections as follows: the left column is for lower case letters only, the middle column is for upper case letters only, and the right column is devoted to everything else, numbers, and typographic symbols. Note the difference in the size of the little compartments. The position of letters in the case and the frequency of each were the basis for assigning letters to compartments. The three wide compartments in the left column are for from the left "l", "a" and "e" because they were the most common letters in English.



Figure 52

Go to the next page right now to see what I learned to do with this type.

³It is a funny footnote to remember that Gutenberg's creation was viewed as supernatural. He could print thousands of books and pamphlets in less time that it took to make one copy of a book. That worried the clergy, but he worried them more by making the truth available to everyone because he printed the Good Book in English! Instead of Latin that only the clergy understood..

That's a finished block of type "locked up" in a "chase", ready to be locked in the press to print sheets of paper. Here are terms that help you understand what the different items are in that photo, all things I used:

Chase - that's the heavy cast-iron frame around the whole thing. The purpose of the chase was to hold the block of type together, and after it had been properly filled, it was locked into the press. The one in the photo has curved edges which means it was for a hand-fed platen press like mine. The curved upper surface was less likely to catch the edge of the paper stock as you hurriedly put it into the bed to be printed.

Wooden furniture - blocks of cherry wood used to fill the open space in the chase after you had installed the block of type that you just set. They were too short to affect the printing and were simply fillers. Cherry was the preferred wood because it doesn't warp.

Quoin - a device (3 of them in the photo) consisting of two metal pieces constructed in such a way that you could squeeze them apart or pull them together with a special tool. This allowed you to lock the block of set type securely in place. When finished printing, you used the tool to loosen the quoins at which point, everything would fall out of the chase if you weren't careful.

Metal furniture - in this photo you see a piece of metal like an I-beam at the top of the block of lines of type, just below to quoin.

Leads - thin strips of metal used to separate lines of type. These are as long as the lines of the text being set.

Spaces - small thin strips of metal used to create spaces between words.

Quads - long strips used to fill in the end of lines.



Figure 53 <http://www.balanceresearch.com/museum/gallery/typset01/enlarg01.htm>

After I learned the layout of the California job case, I was ready to start setting type. Rolly explained and then showed me how to do it first. He held a rectangular metal device, the name of which I've forgotten, in his left hand and proceeded to collect pieces of type. He worked from a bit of "copy" -the text that is to be printed- and started at the top of the page as if he was reading it. The disconcerting thing, however, was that you had to compose the lines of type upside down and backwards in your left hand so that it will print out in the correct orientation. I had to get used to reading my type upside and backwards which was difficult.

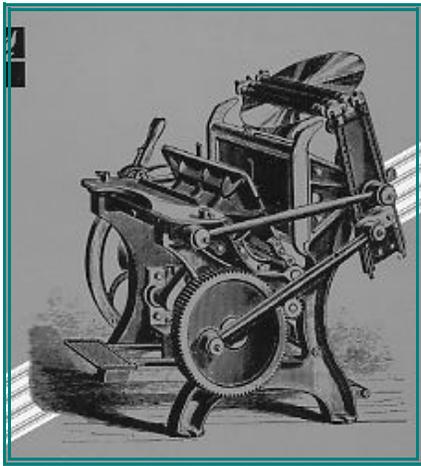
After putting "t", "h" and "e" together to make the word "the", he put a narrow thin piece of metal after the "e" to create the space between words, and so on to the end of the line, the length of which you had already established before even starting. Then when you had finished setting a line of type and were ready to start the next one, you had to put in a "lead" -of the proper thickness- to make the space you see between these lines here. You continued this slow, tedious process until you got to the end of the paragraph. At that point you usually had a long

space to fill so you used quads and spaces to fill it. Remember, each line had to be identical in width. If a line wasn't, it would fall out of the chase.

The steps involved in making the booklet were many. And complicated. Setting type itself is a challenge but that was only the first. The next one was getting the block of loose type you have set locked up in a chase in such a way that it's secure in all directions. Picking up a chase and having a line or two of type fall out is disheartening and frustrating. When you look at the above photo, you see the furniture and quoins that were used to get the type locked in place. There is nothing scientific about the process: just get the right size pieces required to tightly fill the chase so that when the quoins are tightened, nothing drops out, an experience I had several times.

In addition to the problem of lateral pressure on the lines of type, is the problem of uneven sizes of the individual pieces of type. To the eye, they look equal but in reality they can vary a fraction of a millimeter which isn't much. But when a block of type is picked up, any short piece will fail to print. There will be a missing letter or part of a line. The first way to deal with this problem is practical: the chase with the locked up block of type is turned upside down so that the letters themselves are resting on a perfectly flat piece of cherry wood. Then a rubber mallet is used to hammer on the bottom of the pieces of type. This will generally force the type pieces down flat on the other side, the side that will be inked and printed.

After the chase is prepared, it is locked into the platen press which looked like this large image. The only difference between this one and mine is that this one doesn't have the treadle in the front that you can see in this small image which means it has been converted to an electric motor for power.



These presses are constructed of iron so are enormously heavy.

The "platen" is the round disc sticking diagonally up on the top of the press. That's the plate that holds the ink and it was serviced by a pair of black hard rubber rollers that moved up and down on the heavy-duty steel 'ways' you see which are curved toward the platen at the top.

To ink the platen, you squeezed ink from a tube or scraped it out of a can with a putty knife and applied it in a thick row across the middle of the disc. Then you grabbed the big fly wheel, gave it a hard push to get things working, and started pumping the treadle. This made the pair of black rubber rollers begin to go up and down over the platen. In the small photo you can see that a pair of rollers is sitting on top of the platen. In the larger photo, the rollers are in a different place, lower and over the vertical half of the bed below the platen which is where the chase is locked up.

Those rollers serve two purposes: first, they spread the row of ink uniformly over the platen; second, the rollers which are now coated with a thin layer of ink roll down across the type to coat it with ink. The rollers finish their downward trip to deposit ink on the type and sit still at the bottom while the diagonal plate

you see moves up against the inked type at which point an impression is made, the point of this whole tedious exercise.

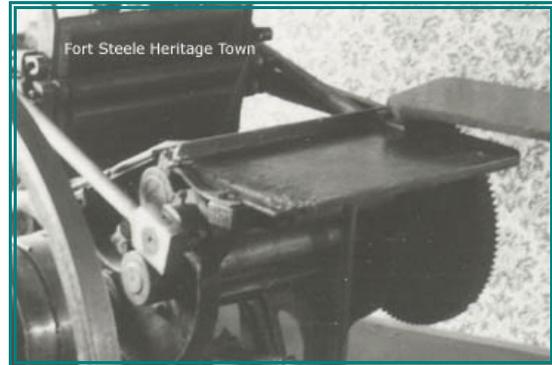
Running the platen press was even harder because it was a dynamic dance with a heavy cast-iron machine that could hurt your hands real bad. The flywheel itself weighed something like 800 pounds. But running it was fun, sort of satisfying actually - once you got the hang of it and developed the rhythm necessary to do it well. After the chase is locked into the machine, the platen is inked, you secure a layer of heavy paper to the diagonal bed and allow it to be printed. That way you can see precisely where the type is printing. In order to secure blank stock in the proper location, after you have made this impression on the heavy paper, you insert three specially designed wire stops into the heavy paper in the positions where they will hold a piece of paper. That way the blank stock will not fall off the bed in proper position.

Then you insert a piece of stock and make another impression. At this point a real piece of art is done. As you look at the first impression, you always see that in spite of the careful hammering you did to create a uniformly flat type face, there will be areas of the impression that are darker and others that are lighter. So what you do is take a pair of scissors and carefully cut out from that impression only the portion that is too light. Then you secure that piece of cut paper that looks like an amoeba directly over the corresponding section of the impression on the heavy paper so that the blank stock will be sitting on TWO pieces of paper, thereby being more likely to be pressed down into the sections of type that are too low. Then you print another piece of stock and repeat the process until you have a uniformly dark impression.

Finally, you are ready to begin printing. It took two months or more to get to this point. I printed a two-sided, 24 page booklet that was a dictionary of printing terms, in black and green ink. But it turns out that the actual printing of paper stock is much more difficult than I had imagined. I was basically dancing a dance with a malevolent cast iron machine that could crush my hand.

See the lever sticking out in front of the right press image? That is a god sent, a life saver. After you have the press fired up and moving, it will do precisely what it was designed to do, and if you drop stock through the machine or don't get it in place in time, you just hit that lever and it trips gears in such a way that while the bed moves up to the type, it is kept half an inch away. I used that thing many times, particularly in the beginning.

In this image you see a flat surface with a small shelf turned to the right. This is set up for a right handed person. The wide surface on the front of the machine was used to hold the blank paper and the other one held the paper after it has been printed. So you start pumping the treadle, just like an old sewing machine, take a deep breath and go. While you are standing on one foot like a crane, pumping the treadle with the other foot, you have to do different things with each hand. While you keep pumping the treadle.



You pick up a blank piece of stock in one hand, and quickly insert it into the wire paper holders just right so that it was securely in place, but of course the bed is actually moving while you are trying to do this. Then you get your hand out before it is smashed at which point the bed moves up to the type where the blank paper receives an impression of the paper. At this point, the bed moves back away from the type so you remove the now-printed paper with one hand, set it on a pile while simultaneously picking up a clean sheet with the other hand, and insert it in the moving bed, the machine rolling and moving distracting you, having to remember to push the treadle or things just stopped and so on. More difficult that patting your head, rubbing your stomach, talking and walking. Really. When things got bollixed up, as they would because you didn't get the paper in the right place fast enough, etc. you just pushed that life-saving lever and re-group.

And layout. Got any idea how complicated layout is? I'm talking here of the most simple layout, that is, single sheets divided into halves so you had four pages of print on a single sheet, 2 on the front and 2 on the back. As long as you only have 4 pages, that's easy. Fold the sheet in half, lay it down with the crease to the left like a book, and count pages 1, 2, 3 and 4 without difficulty in which order or which side they go on. But let's have 8 pages - keep it in multiples of 4 that are nested inside of each other to keep it easy. Well, this is not quite so easy is it. Try it. Fold two sheets of paper in half, nest one inside the other, with the crease to the left and number them from top to bottom, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. That doesn't seem to hard, does it. But take out the inserted sheet. Notice that page 2 is on the same side of the sheet as page 7! And 4 and page 5 are on the same side of a sheet. So when you set up the type in a chase, you had to include the two pages for the side of the sheet you were printing. Not impossible, but confusing, even

after making up a dummy and carefully numbering the sides and disassembling the dummy and using it to make sure you set the right pages up for the right side of the sheet. The booklet was 24 pages so it was 6 sheets of paper printed 2 pages to a side.

Just FYI, I saw the really interesting layouts at the Deseret News Press in SLC where they printed both sides of huge sheets of paper in flat bed presses, with 64 or even 128 pages on one sheet - which after it is printed is folded in half, folded in half again folded in half again and folded in half enough times to end up with one 'signature' that would then be cut on 3 sides to open it into book page! You should see how that works. Actually, it is not random, rather has a pleasing mathematical order to it AFTER you learn it, otherwise it is impossible.

You Buy Your Own Clothes!

I was about 15 when mom and dad announced another set of ground rules. Understand, please, that when those two set up rules, you could bet your life on them, you could go to the bank with them, you could threaten your friends with them, you could set your clock by them, you could probably undo the Federal Government with them - and you could die by them. They were the truth from that point forward. These new rules were simple:

- 1) "From now on you will buy all of your own clothes, suits, shirts, coats, shoes, belts, underwear, whatever you want to wear. We will pay for food and school supplies and utilities but that is all.
- 2) That obviously means that you will have to earn money to do this.
- 3) We suggest you buy everything at Filene's bargain basement to get the best deals. And be sure to work each summer, else you will have no new things in the fall.
- 4) Mom will continue to do the laundry for the family.
- 5) But if you wish to have anything ironed for church or school, you will personally iron our own things. Period. If we are leaving the house in 5 minutes and you're not ready, you have to go, but in unironed stuff or unwashed stuff. No questions asked - except, do you need to be

taught how to iron shirts and pants? I will show you how but I will not do it for you."

Remember that this was just prior to the advent of the era of miracle fabrics, of "wash-and-wear", or "drip-dry" fabrics^[4]. Just plain ol' cotton -or smelly wool, or rough wrinkly linen- that wrinkled terribly. So one had to sprinkle water on the shirt with a 7-Up bottle filled with water plugged with a device that allowed water to flow out in a spray after which it was wrapped into a tight ball, and put in a plastic basket overnight for the rough cotton to soften enough so that it could be ironed flat. Not a minor project. Of course, if you got lazy and didn't get to the project in one or two days, the darn things mildewed. Which made an awful smell, and required that they be rewashed, and worse, in some instances, the mildew managed to stain the cloth permanently, so you lost another white shirt or whatever was stained. Which was pretty awful when you had bought it with your own money.

When the miracle fabrics came out I was flabbergasted! What astonishing things, what a wonderful invention! They truly were and I loved the new fabrics for shirts or suits. It was actually difficult to believe that a fabric could be made to be like that. I relied on my personal experience to decide whether what I was experiencing made any sense and this didn't. Nothing in my 14 years had even hinted that it might be possible to manufacture fabric that didn't wrinkle badly, that held creases, that didn't mildew easily, yet here it was.



Figure 57

My favorite wash and wear garment was <http://www.thismodernworld.com/media/gra/washwear.jpg>

⁴I have to enter another irritating footnote. Those of you who have never had to deal with cotton or linen that had not been treated to become wash-an-wear simply cannot comprehend what a remarkable development this was. For all people who had to 'iron' their own clothes. It was phenomenal that you could simply wash n article of clothing, hang it up to dry over night and could wear, WITHOUT having to iron it.

a powder blue suit. I loved this suit because it felt so good, being light in weight as well as a classy powder blue color. I bought it for something like \$15 in Filene's bargain basement and wished it would last forever. When the cuffs of the jacket or slacks became dirty from so much use, I could wash just that portion of the garment, rinse it thoroughly and then hang it up to dry. If I had rinsed it well, there would be no evidence that I had just washed a small part. Years later when I tried to find the same suit, I could find the color but not the fabric so it was not as pleasurable to wear. I believe the miracle fabric was orlon which apparently isn't made much anymore.

In retrospect, I see the wisdom and reasons for what they did. Truly. They had little money I discover, though they didn't admit that to us. Which was unfortunate, because that is something I would have actually understood and appreciated. But no. I don't know why. Instead, the notion was presented as "We are the adults and we are going to give you goals and rules all for the purpose of teaching you how to get along by yourself.." Too bad they didn't simply level say to us that they were having a tough time making enough money to make ends meet. Somehow that would have transformed this darn crusade about "work to learn to take care of yourselves" into something more palatable, into something that would have made us feel like we were worth something, like we were actually contributing to the welfare of the so-often-praised "family". But that was the last thing they would have done for us. I don't know whether it was pride, stubbornness or pure meanness but it was SOP for those two.

I also see now that it was reasonable to ask us to do these things. Buy our own clothes and do our own ironing. Mom worked full time so she wasn't too excited about standing over an ironing board each weekend when two able-bodied kids could do the work - which happened to be for them anyway. It made great sense to have us kids start taking over chores that were for benefit.

At this age I can also admit that there were benefits to their fixation on learning to work and to care for ourselves. Specifically, I did learn to take care of myself early. Going way back prior to even Seward, I remember cooking most of a thanksgiving dinner when I was a kid in Vernal. Now I realize today that it couldn't have been Thanksgiving Dinner because we lived in Vernal and there were a thousand and 10 of mom's relatives there who were part of our lives. Perhaps it was just an everyday dinner that I personally and individually prepared. But it seems in my inner child's memory today that it was a Thanksgiving dinner. It was to me. Literally. It was a huge undertaking.

I was around 7-8 and mom was 'down' again with some ailment so she wasn't

able to cook. She was laying in a cot in the kitchen is how I remember it. In my mind's eye I don't see enough room in the kitchen to put a cot up so perhaps she was in her bed in the next room. It wasn't a large house. But I remember cooking vegetables and some sort of meat. On the coal stove that I already knew how to feed and control. The water came from the bucket under the pump with its constant companion, the dipper. And I would have gone out to the root cellar for bottled vegetables that I knew how to open by pulling up on the lid with the ring.

The meal was probably nothing at all, just a couple of bottles of vegetables and one of bottled venison that I heated in pans on the coal stove. But to me, it was like making an 8 course thanksgiving dinner, all by myself, with my mother laid low and me saving the day in a Walter Mitty fantasy - except that it turned out to be real. I did it. I did it alone with her coaching. What an accomplishment for a kid, isn't it. So I learned independence.

Another lecture <grin>

Well, this next section is a sort of digression that was written on part of a lunch hour and fits right here right now. While I will complain about the negative things of my childhood I have to emphasize two things.

1. Every human being that ever has or will live will experience tough things in childhood.

That is a cosmic truth - because this devilishly sly and subtle experiment was set up specifically to stress and test and shape us, so poor parenting skills by kids who hardly know which end of a baby to hold up guarantee questionable quality parenting and -this is the real point- it is somehow intended that we all experience crappy parenting - and that we inflict it when it comes our turn. Uniformly. Across the specie. Everywhere. And the screaming baby contributes just as surely and powerfully⁵. So I'm saying it's Ok to have pain and to have unhappy

⁵I think that one of the few original observations I've made is to admit that these little squirmy screamy uncontrollable things CONTRIBUTE to their own abuse. They do. That doesn't make it right, but it does make it clear that abuse isn't just necessarily a random act of violence inflicted by the big one on the small one. My first wife understood this well although she never said it. She wisely advised her own children that if you get so upset at your child that you might harm them, just put them down and walk away. Truly wise. Any parent who tells me they never considered throttling or seriously maiming their children are either out of touch with what they

memories. It's ordained to be so.

2. The other thing I want to emphasize is: I'm saying that while I had as painful an up-raising [⁶] as most people, even more severe in various respects, I also experienced one of the richest a person could have.

I have enough information and experiences -that all stem in various ways from my upbringing - for 2 or 3 average people. Just look at this dang book. That is truth also of a deep eternal sort. All good in my life has roots in that upbringing as surely as it has roots in my own essential being-ness. So my poor mom and poor dad who struggled with compassion and understanding made up for the failure -yes, failure but not unlike that of other parents such as me- with extraordinary gifts - yes, gifts- of love of this world and problem solving and independence.

Which is the greater, compassion or independence? What a silly question, my friends. What a silly question. How Christian - to take two things and try to pick out the higher-valued - as if that were ever and always possible. That's the inflexible, binary view of the universe that cramps our souls and hinders our growth. I find the choice between compassion and independence to be a comparison of apples and oranges. These things aren't even the same specie. Would you value a hawk more than a whale? Or a CD player more than a balloon? Silly, isn't it.

Filene's Department Store

I just mentioned this store above. It still exists but I don't know whether it still has the "bargain basement" that we frequented. This bargain basement was truly a bargain hunter's paradise. It was several levels down in the ground and was directly accessible from at least one MTA subway line. It was a mish-mash of things that were marked down to ridiculous amounts. It wasn't unusual to see thing selling at 10% of the price on the tag, wedding dresses to glassware, shoes, socks, coats, etc. An amazing place. Some of the items were the same tones that were for sale at full price a few levels above in the store.

experienced - or are bald-faced liars.

⁶ I hasten to add that I am not proud of how I raised my own kids. What can I say now?

In-coming college students from other states quickly learned about Filene's as a place to stretch their dollars. It was really an institution and the funny thing was that well-heeled women in furs could be found rummaging around in the bargain basement shoulder-to-shoulder with the students and working people. The main store is located in the heart of Boston, though I can't remember the street or the subway line. It was a lovely granite building of about eight stories, nestled amongst comparable buildings. This is a recent photo of Filene's and that's how it looked in the '50's.

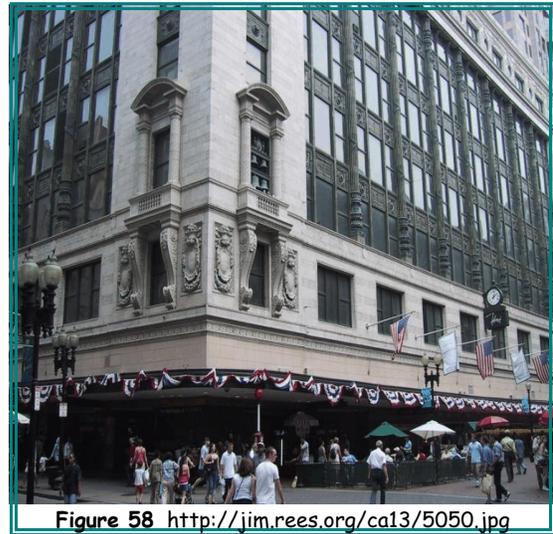


Figure 58 <http://jim.rees.org/ca13/5050.jpg>

In addition to having ultra-low prices, Filene's also had sales now and again. Those were spectacles to behold, more because of the performance of the shoppers than for the prices. I was never at the store when the door opened but heard marvelous stories of the crowds pressed against the glass doors just waiting. They'd been in the store the day before scoping out what was there and had identified precisely where they needed to go to get items they wanted. When the door opened, it was like opening the infield at the Indy 500, or the Oklahoma Land Rush. Sheer pandemonium as women, some nicely dressed, pushed and quarreled and jostled each other to get to their chosen patch of store.

I went into the store later in the day during various sales and it was a sight to see. People, primarily women, would just grab handfuls of the sweaters, socks or whatever it was just to be sure they got the size or color they wanted. Two women sometimes pulled on the same item. Standing there in the press of people who totally filled the aisles between the bins, they unabashedly try on things to get what they wanted, and then, they'd just throw the unwanted items back on the top of the bin, sometimes the wrong bin, sometimes letting them fall to the floor, as they moved on to the next battle station they had picked out the day before. Clerks must have gone nuts straightening what was left of the displays on those days.

Clothespin guns & Peashooters

These items really belong in Volume 8 Seward but I forgot them so put them

in here. The most interesting thing about these do-it-yourself toys is that they were considered to be fun, real old-time let's-have-a-good-time fun. Today I don't imagine that most kids could be enticed to waste time to take an old-fashioned thing like a clothespin and convert it into a gun, and might regard shooting spitwads through straws as too childish. Times have changed as have the toys and the level of sophistication of kids who cut their teeth on battery powered toys that are lifelike and bright and colorful. They were right up our alley, however, coming from the dark ages.

To make a clothespin gun, you need two clothespins of the kind that you squeeze open. The other kind that is just a dowel with a groove cut through it don't do the job because you need the steel spring out of the first kind to be your trigger.

Take both clothespins apart and with an exacto knife or razor blade change the shape of curved hole that normally holds the rolled section of the spring. That curved depression that was made to fit around the spring must be squared off on the front end so that one arm of the spring can be pushed back and trapped into it. Here's a shot that shows the trigger. The left hole on the top side is the squared off hole that will hold one leg of the spring to create the tension for the trigger. You can see how the spring had been placed on that half of the clothespin. The woman is cocking the trigger with another piece of a clothespin. She'll push it to the left until it falls down into the squared-off hole. Where it will remain. At the same time, the body of the spring below will straighten out and be perpendicular to the piece, thereby creating a trigger.

Then you tape or rubber-band the other half of the clothes pin together with the trigger piece. This creates a space to hold you ammo. This is what the finished gun looks like. The lady is pushing to trigger back into the squared-off hole. Then she'll put a pea or b-b or rock in front of the trigger, aim the gun



Figure 59

<http://www.deuceofclubs.com/randumb/clothespingun/clothespingun04.htm>



Figure 60

<http://www.deuceofclubs.com/randumb/clothespingun/clothespingun04.htm>

and pull back on the trigger at which point it pops vigorously forward, ejecting whatever the ammunition was. The pea is ejected with some force because the spring is strong and it can really hurt a kid's eye if it hits there. If you make these for your kids, be sure to warn them about avoiding people's eyes.

Another variation of the clothespin gun is to make a rubber band gun. This is as simple as the preceding toy. Take a piece of one-by wood and cut out the outline of a pistol. For us it didn't need to be fancy, just the rough outline of a revolver or pistol. In those days, imaginations provided the details. The only requirement for this cut-out is that the top of the back edge of the handle must be curved. This was necessary to allow a rubber band to slip over it. You can obviously make these any size or shape you want, the only limiting factor being the length of the rubber band "ammo" that you have available to waste.

Then you tape a clothespin to the handle of the gun, near the top of the handle, with the open end of the clothespin near the top. At that point you're in business. You slip one end of a rubber band over the front end of the barrel and stretch it back and secure the other end in the clothespin by squeezing it open, sitting the other end of the rubber band in the teeth of the clothespin. Then you allow the clothespin jaws to close and are ready. At that point, you have a loaded, cocked gun ready to hunt anything that needs hunting. This is how they look, pretty simple, aren't they but they were a source of endless fun and were cheap to operate. All you had to do was con your mom out of a handful of rubber bands and then retrieve them after shooting them.

The pea shooter was even more primitive but was as fun. You could buy heavy duty plastic or paper straws for this purpose. Then you filled your mouth with peas or made a spitwad and held the straw to your mouth. All you did was aim the tube at the target, move a pea into the tube, and suddenly blow hard. That ejected the pea with surprising velocity at the target. Kids did this in school with spitwads, pieces of paper chewed into a pulp and rounded like a ball. Teachers took a dim view of this

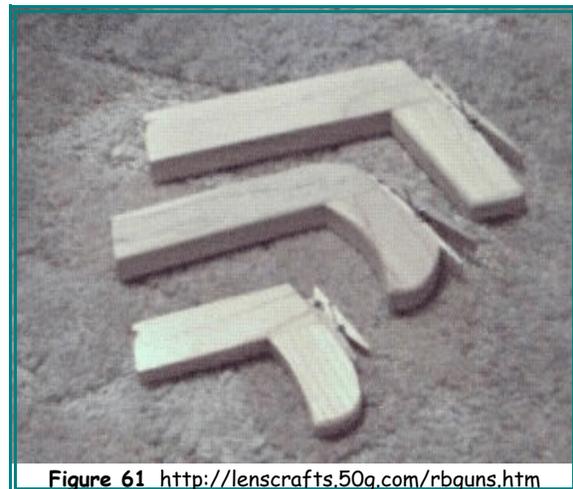


Figure 61 <http://lenscrafts.50g.com/rbguns.htm>



Figure 62

<http://cgi.ebay.com/ws/eBayISAPI.dll?ViewItem&item=5902577583&category=30#ebayphotohosting>

project. This is a box of dime-store pea shooters but any straw serves the same purpose. These are the simplest kind of blow gun and some kids got really fancy by taking narrow metal tubes a yard long, made darts by wrapping paper around the stem of kitchen matches to fit the diameter of the tube. When they shot these things, they went a long ways and when they hit a hard surface like a sidewalk, the match would ignite in a small flame burning the piece of paper. These were dangerous and we didn't mess with them.

Back to Waltham --

RCA Victor Record-of-the-Month Club

I think it was in the second year we lived in Waltham that I fell victim to the lure of an ad that I saw many times. Prior to this event, mom and dad had been given a Bogen VP17X (amazing that I can even remember the exact model number) record player by Bill Cox. They needed something when they called square dances and taught folk dancing to the local congregation. Bill knew we had no money. He did and he loved dad -they stayed in touch until dad died. So he went out and, being an expert electronics amateur- bought the best portable record changer he could find, this particular model. Dick owns this unit now if you would like to see it. I don't remember the features of the turn table that guaranteed its consistent rate but was impressed with another thing: there was a lever that could be turned to vary the turn table speed from 80 RPM down to something like 16 RPM's. Any speed in between would play so you could adjust the turntable to produce a mickey mouse voice or whatever you wanted.

After we got this unit, mom and dad bought a handful of cheap LP's that they found in a grocery store, 50 cents apiece. They were all classical and the quality was pretty poor even then, but they wanted to get a variety of music - and having cut their teeth of really primitive record players, they weren't incommoded by the quality that bothered me. They had some Mozart, Hayden, Bach, Rachmaninoff in this set, and later when a supermarket started to sell an album-a-week, with a special cover, so that you could build a collection of classical records, they started to shop that store and the collection is still at 2821 North.

Well, in this era RCA Victor advertised their Record of the Month Club, as did Columbia and other companies, all competing for your money. The special offer to hook you varied over time, but about now there was a delicious offer that finally wore me down. It was a boxed set of nine LP's of Beethoven's nine symphonies by

the NBC Symphony of the Air, conducted by Arturo Toscanini. You've seen his name earlier in this series so can perhaps intuit how susceptible I would be to such an offer. I was.

So I cut out the little coupon, filled it out, and mailed it in, not telling mom and dad what I was going. By now I was earning my own money so I didn't feel like I had to get their permission. When they found out what I'd done, they were ambivalent. But in the end, they knew that they had set things up so that it was reasonable for me to do this: when they told us boys that we had to earn money to buy our own clothes so that we could get what we wanted, they unintentionally set the stage for me to do this. I did.

I'd hurry home and check the mail, dying for the set to come. It was in the summer when we were working in truck gardens. It was agony to wait. The ad said it would take four to six weeks, and it did, but I wasn't capable of being patient. One day the set finally came and I was giddy. I opened the package and took out the LPs and admired them. I was fascinated by the cover photo of the man, a tiny fiery man with a shock of receding hair and an enormous moustache. In reality he was short, perhaps 5' 6" but he towered in my imagination.

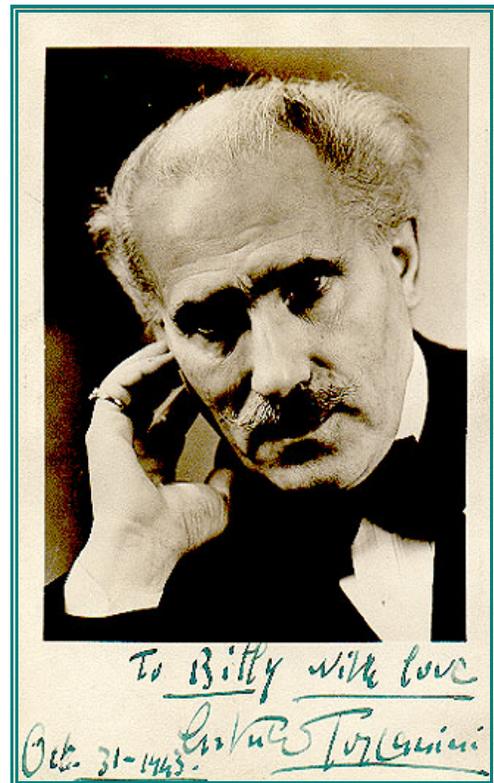


Figure 63

<http://www.cs.princeton.edu/~san/toscanini.jpg>

Dick Sleeping Walking

Dick turned out to have a remarkable ability, probably the same one that caused so much hell in Seward when "someone" took the toilet seat off sometime during the night, thereby shocking mom's bare bottom in the cold dark night. He sleep-walked. I had naturally heard of this trait, particularly in comic books and thought it a neat sort of thing to do. However, I was skeptical about how 'real' this business was. I actually found it hard to believe that anyone would actually be so deeply asleep that they could walk around in their sleep and do things.

Dick did it one day so convincingly that I knew it was true. I was the one who was summoned from my sleep to go down stairs to see who was knocking on the front door. I had been asleep but had no choice. When mom or dad said to go do something, you damn well did it, and right now. So I surlily crawled out of bed, turned on a hall light and descended the steep spiral stairs to the first floor.

Someone was knocking which was strange, it being something like 2:00 a.m. but in those days there wasn't fear of someone breaking in or assaulting you if you opened a door to a stranger, so I just went to the door and opened it. There was Dick, wet and cold from having walked around in the rain. I took him back up to bed and he went to sleep. I don't remember whether he was actually still sleeping when I let him in, but the next morning when things were sorted out, it became clear that he was actually sleep walking.

Boys' Club of America

Ever heard of this organization? I haven't outside of Boston. And I suspect that it underwent some pretty profound changes as time passed. As mom and dad cast about for things to occupy our time after school was out each day and before they got home from work, they located this Boys' Club which was on our way home from school. It was sort of a YMCA for boys, only for boys. It had a wide range of activities for kids of all ages, some were games, sports and so on. The program that mom and dad decided to sign us up for -note, there was no choice in this thing. It was an ultimatum- was swimming.

By now I had learned to swim and enjoyed it so it turned out that this ultimatum was not unpleasant in the final analysis. The program was simple: Dick and I were to go directly to the Boys Club after school, and we were to swim for an hour, after which we were to go directly home. That was not a burden really and we did that for the second year.

The pool was a large one that had a shallow end for beginners and a deep end with diving boards. There were probably 50 or so kids there each time we went. We'd go directly to the pool, go to the dressing room and find our locker for which we had been provided the combination, undress and put out clothes in the locker and we were ready to go swimming. Do you see what's missing? Trunks. No one wore trunks, indeed they were forbidden for some reason. Truly forbidden. If we had tried to wear some, we would be ordered to take them off.

Going into the pool made me feel like I was back in Greece 2 thousand years ago when athletes didn't wear anything. We were naked as jay birds, running and diving and swimming. We didn't know any of the other kids so kept to ourselves but they knew each other so played rough games, yelling and cussing. It took a while to get used to swimming naked in public and I always wondered if we were being watched. I didn't understand pedophilia at the time so hadn't been conditioned to worry about that. Indeed, had anyone broached the topic with me, I would have been shocked and embarrassed and confused. There was, in fact, a man of perhaps 25 years who also swam with us. He was large and fat, sort of grotesque looking, and he was always trying to play with any of the boys who would tolerate his presence. He'd try to participate in games, laugh at silly things the boys laughed at. He was the person who taught me how to squirt water with one hand. I stayed away from him because it seemed odd that an adult would participate in these swims that were populated entirely by boys. I imagine that as time passed and this problem grew, that trunks then became de rigueur.

In any event, we headed directly to the pool after leaving North Junior High school every day for at least one school year. Summer was devoted to working so we didn't have time to go. That's where I refined my ability to swim after I had learned at MIT. It was great exercise and filled part of the afternoon so we had less time to wait for mom and dad to get home from work.

Japanese beetles, Starlings & Forsythia.

During the first spring in Waltham, I was checking out some large spider webs out in the back yard. Seward actually didn't have many so this was a treat. I'd feed them to see what happened. Grab a grasshopper and throw it into the web and after a second during which the spider apparently evaluated the signal it detected in the web to see if it was dinner or not, the spider would hurry over to the grasshopper. It would grab it, stick the point of its abdomen on the insect and begin spinning a wide band of webbing while it spun the poor thing in circles.

This created a sleeping bag for the insect, preventing it from getting away. Then it was hung somewhere on the web for later use.

During the search for grasshoppers I found one of the most gorgeous beetles I'd ever seen, again, there were few in Seward. These insects were about half an inch long so were not large but the coloration was wonderful. They were iridescent, shimmering in the sunlight. They moved slowly which suggested that they didn't worry about predators so were easy to catch. I found out from Rolly that while these beetles were beautiful, they were pests. This image shows how they damage foliage, the damage obviously proportional the number of beetles, so these creatures are systematically poisoned. But they are still beautiful.



Figure 64

http://www.ppdl.purdue.edu/ppdl/images/japanese_beetle_adults_sm.jpeg

Another iridescent creature I'd never seen before was the starling. Again, while I thought they were beautiful, was informed that they are a pest. They were imported from Europe and have taken over an ecological niche that suits them well. They are abundant and noisy, flying in pesky flocks



Figure 65

<http://homepages.ihug.co.nz/~cie/starling.jpg>

In the front yard, a rather grassless plot because it was shaded by a large catalpa tree, was a large forsythia. Again, I was startled at the beauty of this bush. Seward didn't have ornamental bushes nor did our farms in Vernal so I was not prepared to see bushes that exploded into a ball brilliant of yellow blossoms -without any leaves- each spring.

This was amazing and later I was asked to "prune" it because it was too large, and was handed pruning shears. I had never handled this tool and had no clue about how to prune. The bush was obviously too large for the space it was in, that much I understood, but how to shape it? I didn't know so all I did was cut the longest branches back. In the end, even I could tell that I had butchered the bush but no one seemed to care so I didn't worry. But I did a bad job. The interesting thing about these is that many of the branches which erupt from the



Figure 66

<http://www.plantyfolia.com/photos31/forsyens.jpg>

center of the bush die off each year, sort of like raspberries so. That meant that pruning included shaping the outside of the bush, and cleaning out the deadwood.

Italians

My impression of Waltham was that it was fundamentally a manufacturing suburb largely populated by foreigners, Italian, French, Germans. I wasn't offended by the idea of foreigners - I wasn't offended by Indians or Eskimos. The reason they stood out is the fact that I had never lived near colonies of people like this, people who still embraced the culture and language of their European homes. In fact, I found it interesting to run into the different customs and foods.

For example, when I worked as a copy boy for the Hearst Syndicate, I wandered all over the metro region, often on foot. I loved walking around because I ran into nooks and crannies of history and exotic -to me at least- places that I stopped at for some education. One of the vivid places was Haymarket Square nestled down town amongst large building that I would expect to have driven it out. But it survived.

It offered produce and foods that were not available in the markets otherwise, and because it catered to specialty groups. Like the Armenians. I didn't dare to talk to the crusty old men in the tents, yelling in a foreign tongue, but I stared at the items for sale, fascinated by things I'd never seen. The most memorable was a circular loaf of bread, shaped like an enormous doughnut but obviously made out of braided bread dough. That was interesting but the finishing touch was half dozen chicken eggs that had been embedded into the dough and baked in place. If you stared at their items, they'd offer insults about what you were doing, sort of like New Yorkers, "Well, do you want it don't you want it?! I ain't got all day." I don't know why they did that. They weren't losing anything if I just looked but they were compelled to carry on. I suppose, today, that what they were doing was bantering with the customers who were expected to engage them in the same level, questioning the freshness of the produce, the quality of the clothing, getting ready to enter into

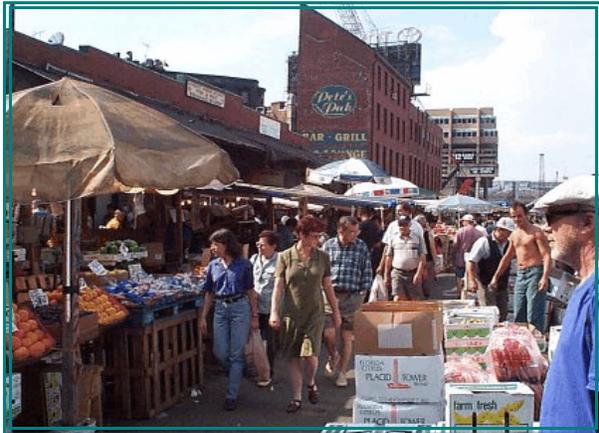


Figure 67

<http://www.boston-online.com/cityviews/haymarket.html>

serious bargaining by each side taking the offensive. I wasn't ready to do that.

I don't think that Waltham had an Armenian enclave but Italians were all over the place. The neighbors to the west of our house were Italian, hundred percent, big large mommas, loud voices and lots of garlic Italians. The daughter who was my age was named "Francis" and to this day I don't know what she was doing. Who sounded like Barbara Streisand. Large nose, heavy fluffy black hair, in your face, "whas-a-matta-you?!" And scared the pants off us. At least that's what it looked like. It did scare me.

I can see that perhaps she was just making friends in the manner of a city kid who had been raised in a big Italian family in a free-for-all Italian neighborhood. But it intimidated me. Francis was often eating something, chewing on a candy bar, slurping an ice cream cone and she would offer me whatever it was she was eating. She even offered to buy me something from the Good Humor man. Mom has taught me to not share germs with other people that way so for that reason I declined, but I declined on my own terms. She scared me and I couldn't imagine getting involved any way with her, sort of like a rat who is suspicious about the bait on a trap won't take the bait, not really knowing about the trap but fearful nonetheless.

The oddest thing Francis offered was an Italian "Meatball Sub". I had never heard of "submarine sandwiches" so didn't know what to make of them, and I had never heard of meat balls being used in sandwiches. They belonged in spaghetti. But Francis was insistent, saying, "Hey, Whassa matta U? You neva taste meatballs?! Taste it! You like it." While vigorously thrusting the dripping sandwich in my direction. About that time I realized that I needed to go do my home work so faded from the scene. She wandered away muttering something in a stage whisper that I couldn't make out and don't know whether it was complimentary or not. To her I was probably a weird kid because I was reclusive and quiet, not interested in getting involved with kids in the neighborhood. It was actually a friendly thing she did, wasn't it. I just didn't know how to relate to city kids who were so assertive that they felt aggressive, although they probably weren't.

Part of that mind state came from mom and dad and their fundamentalist faith. It creates a sense in believers of superiority of self and inferiority of all others. Oh, it will vigorously deny that, but it's nonetheless true. Only believers are good enough to be accepted without question, all others are suspected of being nasty, evil, unworthy, hence not really suitable to be friends with. So Francis and her other unwashed neighbors were not good enough for being my friends. Sad, isn't it. I should have taken up her offer of friendship and visited her in her home.

I would have seen a lot of interesting things. It was a perfect setting for doing a little field work on the sociology of the Italian Family in America!!

Elvis Presley

We moved in 1956 and it was about that time that this bizarre phenomenon broke out. I had never heard of this character while I was in Seward, although he was erupting at the time. The tiny radio station in Seward dealt more traditional fare, peaceful music, bits of history and some local personalities talking about local things. Elvis was not part of that scene and I was just amazed when I encountered him and I was equally amazed at the number of comparable singers and groups that were played on the radio stations.

The first Presley song I remember is "Hound Dog". It was not bad singing and tune but when I saw what the guy looked like I immediately disliked him. He looked so weird and extravagant. This image shows him as he was, oversized coat, and weird gyrations that were called dancing. He was actually called "Elvis the Pelvis" because of his pelvic gyrations. I have to chuckle today about my reaction to him and his style of dancing because I see that my own was comparable. Chuckle.

It wasn't his appearance that surprised me the most, it was the squealing teenage girls who adored him.



Figure 68

<http://www.indiesoho.com/liquidmusic.htm>

Ed Sullivan Show

The Ed Sullivan Show was a TV show that came on Sunday evening. It was an hour long show that was a really a variety show with singers, dancers, comedians, puppeteers, and so on. One Sunday evening when we had dinner at the Cox's we watched the Ed Sullivan show when Elvis appeared. Ed was one of the people who gave Elvis the massive publicity that turned him into a star - which convinced me that it didn't take talent, just a good agent.

Ed had Elvis on his show this evening and I was surprised that his singing was almost drowned out by the screams from the audience. When the camera panned the crowd, it was hundreds of teenage girls who were leaning toward the stage, frantically waving their hands in the air as if they would tear his clothes off, scream at the top of their lungs for some reason. I didn't get it. But it was how things were in the Lower 48. Even Martha Cox was overcome by Elvis' appearance. She had the same disease.

Because Elvis was so wildly popular, Ed had him on his show various times - good for his own ratings as well. But Ed received lots of severe criticism about showing such vulgar antics on public television. People told him that they considered TV a family medium and thought it was inappropriate to show a man wiggling his pelvis that way. The quantity of complaints was so severe that the next time Elvis was on the show, the camera man was instructed to show the top half of Elvis. His pelvic gyrations were taboo so they were not shown.

North Junior High School

Shortly after arriving in Waltham, mom asked Rolly what junior high school we would go to. He said his sons went to North Junior High School and imagined that the school district remained the same. Mom called the school office to make sure it was the right school. It was and received instructions about what documents she needed to bring to register us for the fall. According to Dick who has visited Waltham several times in the last 15 years, this school was razed many years ago. There is another institutional building in its place. This one looked like a penitentiary - and felt like one.



Figure 69

<http://www.fiftiesweb.com/tv/ed-sullivan.htm>

I could scarcely believe that there was a photo of the school on the web but I'm getting less and less amazed the more I find out there. This was used in a Waltham resident's autobiography -which interestingly is buried in his website names "philosophy-religion". <Chuckle> To right edge of this photo there was a cement playground that was surrounded by an Anchor fence



Figure 70 <http://www.philosophy-religion.org/nolan/north-junior.htm>

which also separated our school from a parochial school that filled the other half of the block. It was a Catholic school. At lunch time, we were allowed to go into the fenced-in playground as were the parochial students. I had never seen school uniforms and found them interesting. They were white and royal blue. Amongst the poor parochial students there were a few nuns. In those days the nuns had not been liberated so they wore the full length habits and white hats, which may be the reason they were so mean to the students. They carried rulers and doled out whacks on the hands of miscreants who had offended them some way.

The other interesting thing about the construction of this school was its entrance ways. You can see the east entrance on the right side of the school. On the opposite side was, you guessed it, the west entrance. On the left side of this image is the main entrance with an imposing set of steps and a pediment. Each of these three entrances was strictly limited to certain classes of people. The east entrance was the "Boys' Entrance", the west entrance was the "Girls' Entrance", and the front entrance was for adults, officials, salesmen, anyone who was not a student. To enter through a door that you were not authorized to use ran the risk of a tongue lashing by any adult who caught you, so you didn't do it.

She collected whatever documents she needed, i.e. birth certificates, and took us over to the school. We entered through the imposing main entrance. I felt like I was being admitted to a reformatory school because it was so enormous and dark and cold. Remember, the school in Seward was only 2 stories tall and housed all twelve grades. This building was several times larger and was dedicated to grades 7, 8 and 9.

It was during this registration process that my identity to the world

changed. Sounds strange, doesn't it, but it's true. My name change to Jim took place in an instant that mom was not prepared for and which she has resisted ever since. To this day she will not acknowledge that I am Jim - indeed, when I left work at the nursing home a few months ago to tell mom that I was going to call her that afternoon after her phone was fixed, she was distraught when I called because she had been waiting for "Her Jim" to call and he hadn't appeared like he promised. He appears to her frequently and she told me last week to tell him something I had told her about "next time you (I) see him." She just plain confuses me with him sometimes. Another time while we were talking she reported with some disgust that she had discovered that "Ron still doesn't know how to handle money!" Haha. I handle all of her accounts. Still another time while we were talking she reported that "Dick and Ron are away for a weekend." and then added that she was glad "Because Ron always has to have things his way." Chuckle. I have to be careful when I talk to her to sort out who she's talking to.

Anyway, the point: when mom registered me for school in Waltham in August, 1956, the office staff referred to me by "James" my first name. Mom corrected them and said, "No, he goes by Rondo." They replied, "No, we use the first name." and they did - and everyone else has since then. I became James/Jimmy in that instant and have been known as such for the rest of my life. Only family members persist in calling me Rondo, just as family members persist in calling dad "Alvin". Families are that way, you know. Don't ask me, "What way?!" But they are.

I think that for some reason Jim is sort of a sacred name to mom, not really sacred, but I don't know how else to refer to it. The name is one that refers to the love of her life and to apply it to a child is to disgrace the name. Dad at least would refer to me as Jim but mom will die before she does. Literally. An interesting note I learned from Mable years ago had to do with my babyhood at the Avalon Apartments. She said that everyone called me "Jimmy", including mom, so I don't know when the change took place, but it did. I never liked the name. It was too odd and I was odd enough anyway. Plus it bothered me that the guy who I was named for was killed in a tractor accident. Sort of an ominous reason, isn't it.

North Junior High provided three distinct curricula. Each student had to pick one and only one at the time of entrance, and ever after was locked in that track. There was a Technical track, a Business track, and a College track. The curriculum for each contained a few overlapping classes as well as a unique set. Since we had more or less decided that we would go to college, although that seemed like a far off, impossible, unlikely thing to happen to me, we signed up for

the College Prep track.

The most unusual aspect of the college prep track was the foreign language requirement. I don't believe that any foreign languages were taught in Seward. While I understood what a foreign language was, I had never imagined that schools would actually force you to study them. However, there was a certain generosity here. We had two options: either we could take three years of one language, or we could take two years of two languages! Man alive. Which should I do?!

The languages taught in this school included Latin, French, Italian, German and Russian. This was only a junior high school, and it taught that many languages. I was intimidated. Without any grasp of what I was doing, I opted to go the two years-two language route so signed up for Latin, anticipating that I would later sign up for French.

Miss Bassett & Latin

I am not sure why I picked Latin to study. I suppose it has to do with the fact that I was enamored with mythology and ancient things and had devoured Edith Hamilton's "Mythology" book and anything else I could put my hands on during those long dark winters in Seward. If ancient Egyptian had been offered, no doubt I would have signed up for it. But I had not a clue about what I was getting into. In English class in Seward we never diagramed sentences and scarcely understood parts of speech, so I was absolutely unprepared what I was about to do.

As an aside, isn't it interesting how classical this college track was? It was a holdover from times gone by when people who considered themselves educated understood that this education automatically entailed learning foreign languages. No question about it so there was absolutely no alternative when we signed up for the college track.

The teacher for this class was a woman who was as old as the universe, a Miss -not Mrs.- Bassett. At the time I didn't know of the hound of the same name but see a semblance today. She had steel gray hair, eye glasses, looked as tired as she was old, saggy, jowly face with severe eyes, never smiled, was over-weight in her plain baggy dresses, and rapped her desk with a heavy-duty yard stick when she was so moved. She scared the crap out of me.

Declensions and conjugations? What in the H are those? And why were there more than one? What was the difference? Why doesn't English do all that stuff? And what did I get myself into?! Nominative, Genitive, Dative, Accusative, Ablative? Active and Passive Voices, Indicative, Imperative, Subjunctive Moods,

Present, Past, Imperfect, Perfect, Pluperfect Tenses, Plural and Singular Numbers and First, Second and third Persons? My god what was this stuff? I was absolutely unprepared for that sort of systematic mental gymnastics and ended up getting C's and D's in most of my classes - and those were probably gifts.

The only memory I have of Latin is a sad one. For some reason one evening at home I shared what I was learning with dad. I didn't know what he would think though I knew he was generally taciturn and not given much to emotional displays of affection. But I took a chance and sure enough, I wasn't disappointed. I think we were in the little kitchen washing dishes and either a parent asked me what I was learning or I was bursting with pride at having mastered the cases for the word "femina" (obviously 'woman') I found languages difficult to learn at the time.

I launched into a recitation of the 10 forms of the word, singular and plural of Nominative, Genitive, Dative, Accusative, Ablative. "Femina, feminae,..." and so on (I've forgotten them now). Dad kept drying the dishes, studiously looking at the dish he held. He never looked at me, he didn't say a thing. When I proudly finished my recitation of something that had been difficult to master, he didn't even compliment me, let alone ask a question about what he had just heard. He changed the subject and I was stricken. He might as well have slapped me. Indeed, I was actually embarrassed at having been so egotistical - I don't really know what I felt but that seems like the closest word to capture how I felt. I never did it again. I remember wandering out into the yard, the sun setting behind the house as I stood beneath the large skeleton maple. I replayed the scene in the kitchen again and wondered. I wasn't sophisticated enough to form actual questions, but it seemed so wrong - and de-motivating.

So I dreaded Latin and did poorly, so poorly that the school counselor became interested in me.

Beautiful Counselor & IQ Tests

She was a young, beautiful, woman who dressed well. In those days teachers wore professional, borderline formal clothing to class - and kids dressed well. She wore high heels, had a fancy hair-do and perfect make-up. She, too, intimidated the H out of me, though for a different reason than Miss Basset. I don't remember her name, just her fancy frilly dresses and scarves and bright lipstick and a direct and intimidating face when she looked me in the eyes. Remember, I was a pubertous boy.

One fine sunny day a messenger from The Office came to my home room

early in the morning with a message for Miss Hanna. I'll tell you about her next. Miss Hanna read the message after the messenger left and then called me up to her desk. She told me that the school counselor wanted to see me right then and made sure that I knew where the office was. I headed out right away, not having any idea about what this was about. I hadn't heard anything to suggest that I would do this and was curious. I knew I hadn't done anything wrong, and since I was in the dark about what a "counselor" was, I just waited to see what she did.

She introduced herself pleasantly and gave a glib explanation that didn't really help me understand why I was there, but far be it from me to argue with adults. They are always right -whether they are or not. Today I imagine that the reason for these visits was the startling contrast between my intelligence and grades. It was enormous. So somehow someone decided that it might be a good idea to test me to see if there was really something wrong with me, hence this call.

She explained that she was going to have me come to her office two times to take tests, but I didn't understand why I had to take tests. It didn't really matter anyway. I have always liked taking tests and have done well. In Seward there were annual tests that most kids hated but I loved - because I always scored way above my actual grade level. I figured this was just another group of those kinds of tests that the school needed to place me, a student they had never seen.

So I returned to her office on at least one other time to take tests. These tests were really not like the ones I'd taken in Seward for some reason and they had some peculiar items I'd not seen. The most vivid example I recall involved mechanical systems, things that I naturally loved because my dad did. Drawings showed a set of shafts with different sized gears on the ends of each, the gears meshed together. The object each time was pretty simple: for example, two shafts out of the dozen were highlighted. There was an explanation that Shaft A is turning counter-clockwise. The assignment was to tell which direction Shaft B was going to turn, clockwise or counterclockwise. That is actually a pretty simple thing to do. I'd grown up around mechanical things so didn't have any problem - just follow each gear and change direction each time you encounter the next one.

A lot of the questions dealt with things I'd never heard about. I don't remember the content but it had to do with things that hadn't been tested in Seward. I was never informed of the results. Miss Beautiful Counselor never called me in to tell me my score. I never saw her again and don't know what was done with that information.

[Miss Hanna & Ancient History](#)

This woman was a character, likeable, energetic, excited and in love with her topic. I am sure half of her performance was staged but it was believable. She would say things about ancient personalities, as if she had known them personally, "Dear Cicero" or Caesar and so on. She was my home room teacher as well as my ancient history teacher.

The books we used were ancient, printed many years before, but I don't support that made much difference for this topic! At the end of the year, they were discarded and we were allowed to take our copy home for good if we wanted. I wanted and it is in my library somewhere.

There were four general segments to the class as I remember it: Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek and Roman. Miss Hanna knew her stuff cold and could rattle off dates and events and names like she really had lived back then. I remember that she had a favorite year when there were many momentous events. I don't remember the specific year nor do I remember the concatenation of events, other than it was the time the Hyksos invaded Egypt! They were unexpected, powerful and overwhelmed the pharaoh and ruled Egypt for generations until they, too, were expelled.

The neat thing about this class was that it jibed with my interest in ancient things. I had devoured every book in the tiny Seward library that dealt with anything like Egypt, Rome, Greece, mythology and so on so taking a class about this topic was fun, the only one that was fun. I got to look at maps like this one, and statues and images I'd never seen. I loved to see familiar names like Karnak and Luxor and Thebes, particularly since I was at sea in most of my other classes.

It was during a home room session that I did something that this kid

thought was a joke. He was a cool, likeable Italian kid with a name like Tony. He was writing some thing to send to another kid and I saw the note. I don't know whether he showed it to me to read or not but he thought I was smart so when I told him that he had mis-spelled the word "whore", he changed it to "hoar", the only similar sounding word I knew. Later, he found out that he had spelled it right so he came back to me and good-naturedly said, "You were teasing me, right?!" He didn't get angry which surprised me. But I still didn't understand what he was talking about.

Algebra

This was one of the saddest parts of this story: I entered North Junior High in the ninth grade where students were already in second year algebra. So I gamely went to class and didn't have a clue what I was doing. It might as well have been taught in Chinese. The teacher was a middle aged man (probably 30) who wore the mandatory blazer, dress shirt and tie each day. He was humorless and about as tired as Miss Bassett when he stood at the blackboard.

Proof of how poorly I was doing is the fact that mom and dad actually hired me a tutor for the class. He was a Harvard student who drove out to our place once a week in the evening to sit for an hour with me. Gene England obviously knew what he was trying to teach me and was patient, but for the life of me, I could not get it. It must have been frustrating to him to take money from my folks when I made no progress, or so little that it seemed like none.

The other note about algebra contradicts what I just said. I was assigned to visit families with Leroy Nelson, a Ph.D. candidate in Electrical Engineering at MIT. One evening as we were making a long drive in the sunset, he got to talking to me about school and I must have mentioned how poorly I was doing. He was a quiet likeable kid, unmarried, awkward. His story in the end was actually a sad one. After multiple attempts to pass the qualifying exams to formally enter the doctoral program at MIT, the faculty finally took him aside and told him bluntly that he didn't have what it took to get to that level. They awarded him a Masters' Degree and sent him on his way.

Anyway, he was a nice person and thought he'd try and help me with algebra. I don't remember whether he did this each month or only that evening, but I specifically remember him teaching me how to solve quadratic equations in my head! He explained the method, gave an example and carefully solved it out loud. Then

he posed another problem and asked me to do it. The surprising fact is that I was actually able to start the solution. At some point I fell off the track but he was able to jump start the process. Too bad he wasn't the one who tutored me.

New Clarinet

This is one of those memories that stings a bit - because it demonstrates that my experience in Waltham was not as uniformly gray as I paint it to be. I took my old silver one-piece clarinet from Seward more because mom and dad wanted me to than because I wanted to. That's true and the fact that I didn't express my opinion was the fact that it was their wish to buy that clarinet even though they denied it and said, "Oh, you can pick ANY instrument you want!!", I understood the subtext in the next sentence, "But if you want a clarinet, mom and pop Jones are selling Poodie's clarinet for \$12.00 which is about as much as we can afford to pay"... silence.....well, I got it, didn't I. I knew that they wanted to save money, always save money, so it was easier to just give in and agree that I "Really wanted to play clarinet" than to buck them. So the darn thing was one of my few possessions to make the cross-continent trip on the pick-up.

Of course, once we got in Boston and both mom and dad really did have to both -meaning that we were alone at home in the afternoon from 3:30 until 5:30 when they got home- it was apparent that they had grave concerns about us boys being alone. about us not having any goals or directions or objectives. I think, in retrospect, that they did sincerely care that we have meaningful things to do with ourselves, but that isn't how it came across. The subtext of their attempts at persuading us that WE really did want to do this or that was an anxiety that we're going to just get in trouble. Sad that I remember it that way when that was only part of their rationale.

The way I know it was only part of their rationale was the fact that they decided that they would buy me a new clarinet. For my 15th birthday in 1957. I had no idea. On March 31st, I was given a present to open and it was small case with a take-apart clarinet, the one that you kids messed around with at 5111. It was brand spanking new and they explained that it cost \$85 dollars which was a lot of money but that they thought I needed it so they bought it on a time payment plan, paying \$6.00 a month. I didn't know whether to thank them or apologize. It was always that way with them. Both of them were so poor that they could not simply get someone a gift without making the point to the recipient of how much the thing cost. Bad manners for sure, but just a feature of their depression mentality.

So I ended up with this fancy new clarinet and was really obligated to deal with it. Mom and dad also compounded my obligation by signing me up to take clarinet lessons. Gag. I didn't like the darn instrument and it turned out that I

didn't like the teacher, a prissy, curly-headed Italian who came to the house for half an hour each week. He was a musician obviously, and he was apparently a poor musician because he hated these lessons as much as I did. It was apparent in his tone of voice, his irritation at the mistakes I made, and at the fact that I obviously did not practice. I have to sympathize with him. It must be terrible to try to teach an instrument to any student who refuses to practice daily.

In addition to teaching me how to play the instrument, he dared venture out into the world of theory. I'd never heard of the thing. Music theory? But since I was in this sophisticated, cosmopolitan city, there must be a thousand new things that I'd never heard about that were going to impinge on me. There were. However, after he got started, I was able to relax. He was just talking about time signatures and tempos and basic things like that. We never did get to the level of chord structures, probably because I never rose to the level.

He gave me an exercise that I did like. He told me to write out every conceivable combination I could of a certain number of notes of specific length, eighths, sixteenth, and quarters. I don't remember the number of notes he allowed, but I do remember that I was astonished at the number of variations that were possible. When he checked them each on the next visit, he was pleased, I had finally done something right. But that was about all I did right.

Playing in the Band

In their fervor to keep us off the streets, to protect us from the hooligans and riff-raff, mom signed us up for band when she registered us at North Junior Highschool. Now I had been a crappy band member in Seward, really only being successful at filling a uniform. But getting into this band was a nightmare. There were so many kids, probably 50, and they knew what they were doing - and they knew what I wasn't doing. It was embarrassing, but when mom decreed that I do something, I did it, come hell or high water.

The band met regularly in the music room for practices during school hours which was a mixed bag. I played poorly -because I didn't like the clarinet and I didn't practice- but on the other hand, it was an escape from the psychologically traumatic courses where I was at sea. I was simply over my head. I enjoyed being able to get away in my head while the other students made noises - I just held my clarinet in my mouth and pretended to play, literally. I am not kidding you.

The major function of this brave band was to perform at the foot ball

games. Remember, I was not entirely in favor of cheer leading and didn't much care for any organized sports. Football struck me as one of the stupider sports, people intentionally knocking each other down and hurting them. Idiocy. And here I was, not only present, but I was aiding and abetting them by (supposedly) playing music to encourage and support them.

These games were played every weekend in the fall, a new concept. I was amazed at how excited people -adults and kids- got about who was winning. What was the point of that? It's just a game, but they got mightily exercised, cussed and yelled, cheered or jeered. I felt like I was inside a cage with a bunch of baboons. We used a school bus to travel to the away-games. I only remember going to Haverill but I went to other towns as well.

I hated these games because I was too embarrassed to take a sack lunch, so I starved. Other kids were given money to buy their lunches at the food kiosks and I envied them. They bought franks (hotdogs) that were served in an odd looking bun that resembled a tiny loaf of bread that was spilt vertically. The dog was placed in the slit, the bun was placed in a crinkled white paper sleeve like a large chocolate paper, and handed across. They smelled good. Chips, pretzels, and pickles completed the lunch. While my stomach ached. It was stupid to be so sensitive about having to take my own lunch. Other kids did, so why didn't I? Just stupid, false pride, but it was learned from my folks who rather die than admit that they didn't have money for something.

This band business ended badly. It was foreseeable I suppose that I was not suited to be in the band. I was not integrated into the student body, didn't know a soul, was intimidated, nervous, retiring, afraid, agitated, plus I didn't like the clarinet and didn't like band, so I was not able to seriously participate in band. The band leader was a crusty old man who also scared me. He looked mean and yelled at us for mistakes, irritated at our inability to do what he told us to do. I stayed away from him as much as I could, just finding my spot quietly, not even looking at him for fear he would ask me a question. When the time came that I just could not stand band and was about to come apart, I summoned up enough courage to tell mom about it. This time, she got it, she listened, she could see that it was a mistake to force me to continue to stay in the band. So she did a remarkable thing, for her a remarkable thing. She told me that if I wanted I could drop out of the band.

However, to do this thing, I had to do it alone - was that punishment on her part? She was the one who decided I should be in band, is the one who signed me up, so it seemed as reasonable that she could un-sign me up but that wasn't an

option. So I had to go to The Office, that imposing, inquisitional place with solemn, long-faced people who just knew every student was a miscreant and trouble-maker. Then I had to tell the secretary that I wanted to get out of the band. She was neither happy or sad. She took the information she needed to make this change and dismissed me. I sighed a deep breath, relieved that it had been so painless. I had anticipated being interrogated.

Sure enough, I was. The next week I was summoned to The Office, by the band leader. He was not going to let this take place without a fight. He scared the crap out of me and wouldn't accept the flimsy excuses I gave, that I was getting bad grades and needed to study more. He stared hard at me, didn't ever smile, and when he could see that he could not persuade me to change my mind, he laid into me. He told me that I was making a big mistake, that I needed to stay in the band and toughen up, that I needed to cut the apron strings to my mom, that I needed to become a man. See, I apparently blamed mom for wanting to take me out of band - which was not the truth at all. Pretty chicken of me.

Today, I look back at that band teacher and I have to say that he probably did really care about what I was doing. I had no evidence of it at the time, and since his demeanor was like that of my parents, I reacted to him as I did to my parents, with anxiety. He was probably 50 and seasoned in what students did, so he could see through me and understand that I really did need to grow up and to become part of the band so that I could be part of the community. He spoke the truth when he told me that I needed to stay in the band so that I could grow up a bit. I don't suppose he was nearly as upset at me as I felt he was, rather he was probably frustrated that he couldn't change my mind.

Walter & City Council

Being basically a foreigner from a strange land, I had no friends. I knew no one east of Utah so the chances of having friends who would ease my entry into this new complex environment were about zero. The fact that I was shell-shocked by the move to a huge city, and was shy, also counted against establishing new friends. So I was a nice thing that one of the kids in my home room was willing to be a friend.

Walter, was his name. He had shaggy wavy hair, not well groomed, wearing plain clothes. Looking back, I see that he was also an outcast from society, that he was an awkward kid who didn't fit in with the other kids. He was quiet, didn't volunteer anything, and stayed in the background. On the playground at lunch time

he hung out along the wall so as not to be seen.

We each saw a possible friend who was quiet and out of the mainstream. At some point, probably on the playground, we started a conversation and this led to becoming friends. We never became really good friends where we went to each others home, but at school we were sort of a life ring for each other, I suppose. His shyness was painful. When a teacher called on him for an answer, he managed to get it out but was so nervous that I felt bad for him. He was smart but didn't excel in classes any better than did.

I don't remember which class it was in but at some point he and I did go somewhere together after school. It must have been in a civics class that the assignment was given to attend some sort of governmental activity. A range of possibilities were given and we had a deadline. It turned out that Walter and I both thought attending the City Council was interesting. This was an evening meeting so we arranged to meet in front of City Hall shortly before the starting time. Then we went in and sat in the public benches. We didn't stay for the whole meeting because it went much later than we were allowed to be out, plus it was boring as could be. I think that's what I learned, government is boring.

New Waltham High School

The year I was to leave North Junior High was the year the new Waltham High School, shown here, was completed. It was a large three story building that we traveled to on the MTA. The only memorable thing about the year I spent there was a teaching intern from Boston College who taught my English class in the last half of the spring semester.

He wore a sport coat, white shirt and ties. Always. Tweedy preppy sort of guy. Tall. With a passion for poetry. That he imparted to us students who were generally ignorant of the thing. In particular he taught me about the stirring mind-buzzing poet named Dylan Thomas. Remember that this was only a few years after Dylan had died so he was still close to a living person, hence more real in a sense. Of all the poems he taught, Spring Hill is the most memorable. What



Figure 71

<http://members.aol.com/erniewint/waltham/photo15.jpg>

powerful writing. That was an introduction into the unique world of imagery where words mean what they mean through a variety of techniques evoke emotions and visions that has a powerful disturbing reality.

Part 6 Cambridge

It is difficult to decide where to place Cambridge in this history. Because it extended across our entire stay, starting from the first week. It, not Boston proper, was the center of our universe. Harvard where both mom and dad worked was in Cambridge as was the church we attended so we spent a great deal of time in Cambridge. Plus we always traversed Cambridge whenever we went into Boston. I'll insert it at this point in this volume, but remember that Cambridge was a weekly event for me, and a daily event for mom and dad.

It is difficult to even decide where to begin with Cambridge. It was so many things and each crowds the other out at the moment I start to write. Cambridge was actually a more dominant feature of our lives than Boston itself. Boston was certainly the center of gravity for the area but our lives only impinged on it. The traffic on Storrow Drive and Memorial Drive (both along the Charles River as it flowed eastward to the sea in Boston) was so bad that we didn't willingly venture that direction. Only when there was a specific reason for us to go did we drive. Otherwise we used the MTA to go down town. Cambridge was a place we spent a great deal of time in since mom and dad both worked there and because our church was there.

Mt. Auburn Street

When we drove into Cambridge one of the first streets we used in Cambridge was Mt. Auburn Street which ran through Cambridge and out through Watertown. We entered the street coming from the west on Trapelo Road, whether we drove from Waltham or Belmont. At that point there was a large Star Market on the north side, across from the cemetery. Star Markets were regular super markets, long single-level buildings selling the usual wide spectrum of things - among the new to me ones were large dill pickles in large

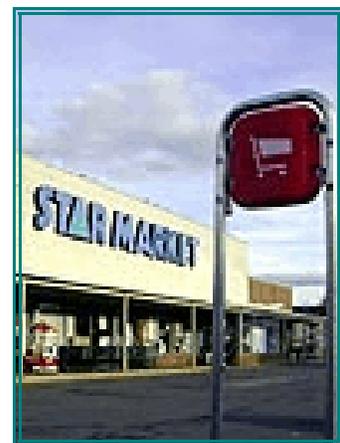


Figure 72

http://www.iamtonyang.com/0211/beacon_st_star_market.jpg

jars, purchased individually to eat like an ice cream cone. This one is on Beacon Hill but looks like the one at the junction of Mt. Auburn Street and Belmont Street. We'd stop there on rare occasions to get something we needed for dinner because it was convenient on our way home from Cambridge.

The Star Market was located, in this map, just below the word Belmont in the bottom right corner of the following map. The "Belmont Street" in that corner is the same we lived on several miles further.

Mt. Auburn Cemetery

The cemetery is the light blue section in this map. The lower end that runs along Mt. Auburn St. is something over half a mile long. That street is a main street that runs from Cambridge to the left out into Watertown. It was 4 lanes with with parking on both sides and street car tracks in the center. Brattle St. coming in from the bottom left starts at Harvard Square but didn't have tracks. Belmont St. did have tracks, but it lost them at the junction with Trapelo Road. The

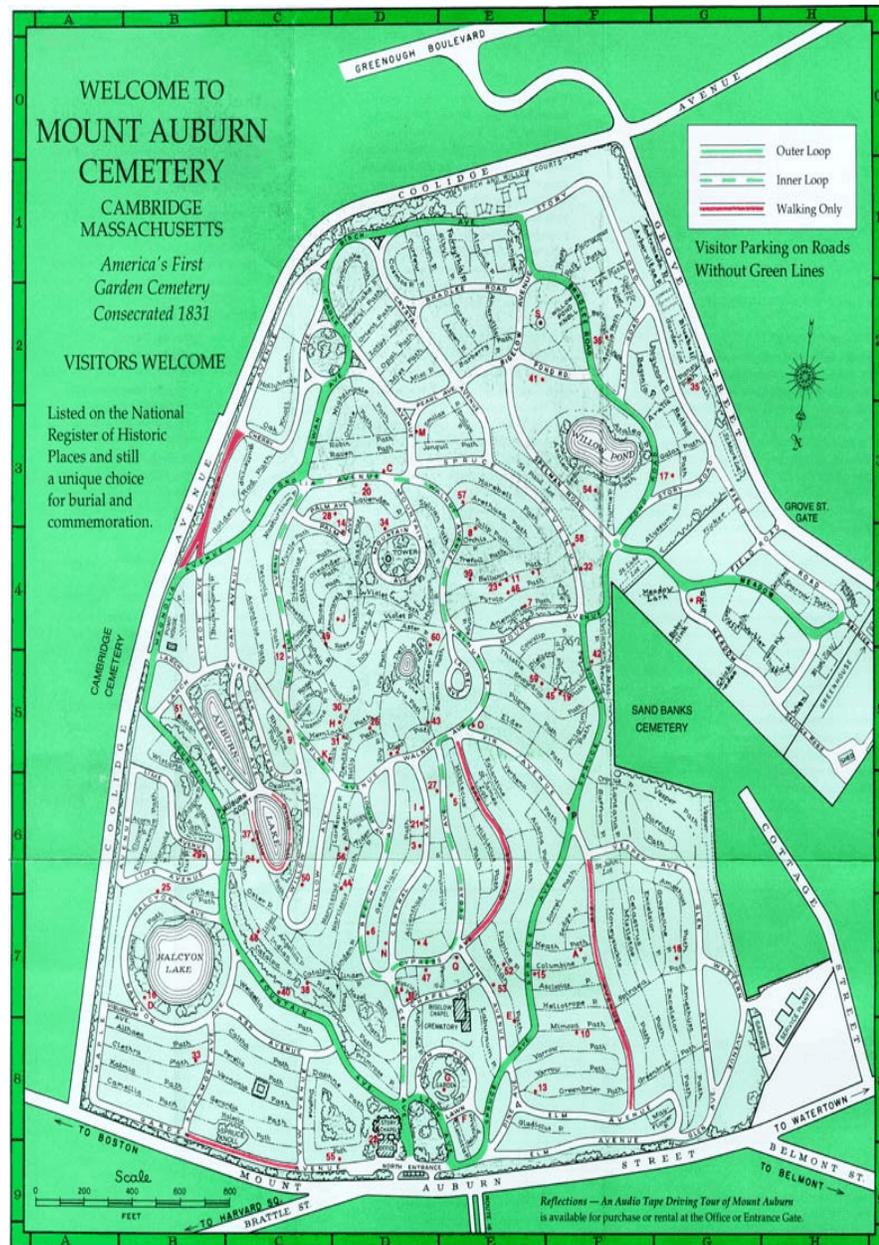
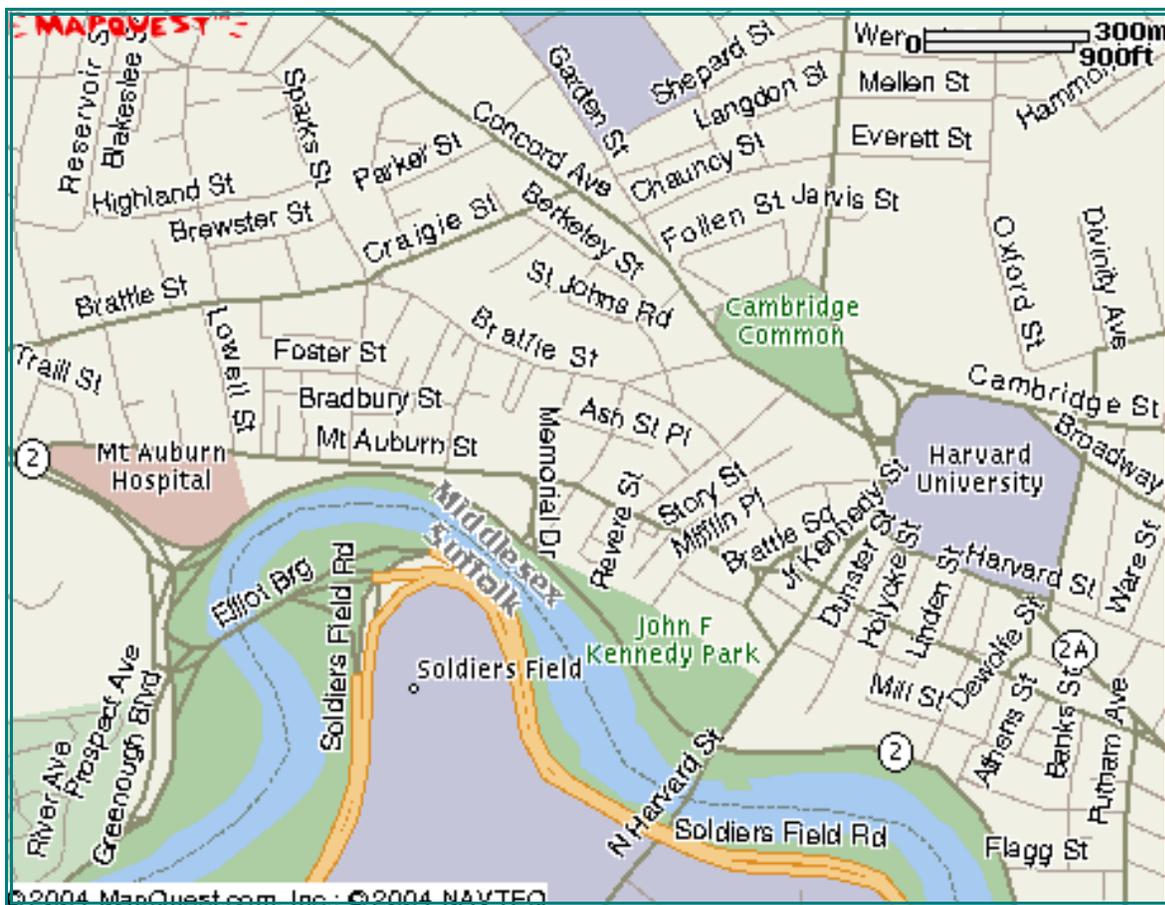


Figure 73 <http://www.lotsaweb.com/wangal/mtauburn/mtauburnmapweb.jpg>

tracks ran out to a turnaround in Waverly. Many dignitaries and famous people are buried here and attract large number of genealogists and sight-seers each year. We drove around one time I believe but otherwise just observed it each time we went into Cambridge.

Brattle Street

This map gives you a better sense of the geography that I spent a lot of time in because it includes Brattle St. and Harvard. Find the junction of



Brattle St. and Craig St.. That was one of the most confusing intersection we'd ever seen being the junction of five streets that came in from different angles. During work hours, there was always a policeman standing in the center of the large intersection in an elevated box, wearing white gloves, blowing a whistle and giving order to what would otherwise have been bedlam. Another new feature was

the fact that during the Christmas Season, drivers who came through this intersection daily, thereby becoming personally acquainted with this irascible policeman who got huffy and arbitrary when stressed, hurriedly got out of their cars and rushed up to his little stand. They didn't wish him Happy Christmans. They deposited conspicuous tall brown paper sacks, hoping he would remember them on some cold irritating morning in the future.

Brattle street curved eastward and joined what became J.F. Kennedy St. Which turned to the left one block and ended in Harvard Square. Harvard is the violet blocks. Dad worked off Oxford St. Which is located just above the right Harvard Block so he drove through this intersection every day. Mom worked for the married student housing for Harvard in an office that was located on J.F. Kennedy St. so dad would let her off on his way to the MCZ.

Longfellow's House

Find the word "Brattle" in the above map just below Craig St. and you'll notice a long loop drawn across from the "tle" of Brattle on the other side of Brattle St. That is Longfellow Square has a road shaped like that which allows you to drive through it. The Quaker Church was located on the left arm of the loop near the closed end, and our church was located across the loop out on Brattle St. Longfellow's House was located directly across from this loop. The photographer for this image was standing in the lawn that filled the loop, looking across shrubs along Brattle Street to Longfellow's place. The church would be directly to the right of the photographer as s/he took this photo.



Figure 75

<http://libraries.mit.edu/rvc/kidder/kjpegs/C2022-060.jpg>

Behind the photographer is a park that extends through the wide block to Mt. Auburn Street on the other side. The park was landscaped with bushes and trees and was divided into two levels, a concrete stairway of perhaps 5 steps leading from this level down to the other. I spent much time wandering around this little park with girls from the branch on Sunday and during the week when there were youth meetings.

Al Capp & Li'l Abner

What does Al Capp have to do with Brattle Street? Well, he lived there. Several houses west of Longfellow Park on the south side of the street in a large colonial house that had a large front porch with a large ornate globe hanging on a pipe. I never went into the house but I did sit in a car with Rich Hawkes and Dick while we waited for Al Capp's son to come out to go down into Boston with us.

I don't know if you kids liked the comic strip "Li'l Abner" or if it is even familiar to you but I grew up with it. In Vernal before we even went to Seward, lying on the floor on a hot Sunday afternoon trying to figure out what it was that made mom and dad when they read it. Li'l Abner was a big nice uneducated farm boy who had a gorgeous girlfriend Daisy May and an assortment of hilarious characters that Al used to entertain the US for years. This 1950 cover of TIME magazine reflects his fame and these two characters.

In this TIME cover you see Schmoos in the speech "bubbles" for Daisy May and Li'l Abner, creatures that I loved. Denis Kitchen's website has this to say about these creatures:

"Cartoonist Al Capp was already world-famous and a millionaire in 1948 when he introduced an armless pear-shaped character called the Shmoo into his daily "Li'l Abner" strip. The unusual creature loved humans. A Shmoo laid eggs and bottles of Grade A milk in an instant, and would gladly die and change itself into a sizzling steak if its owner merely *looked* at it hungrily. Its skin was fine leather, its eyes made perfect buttons and even

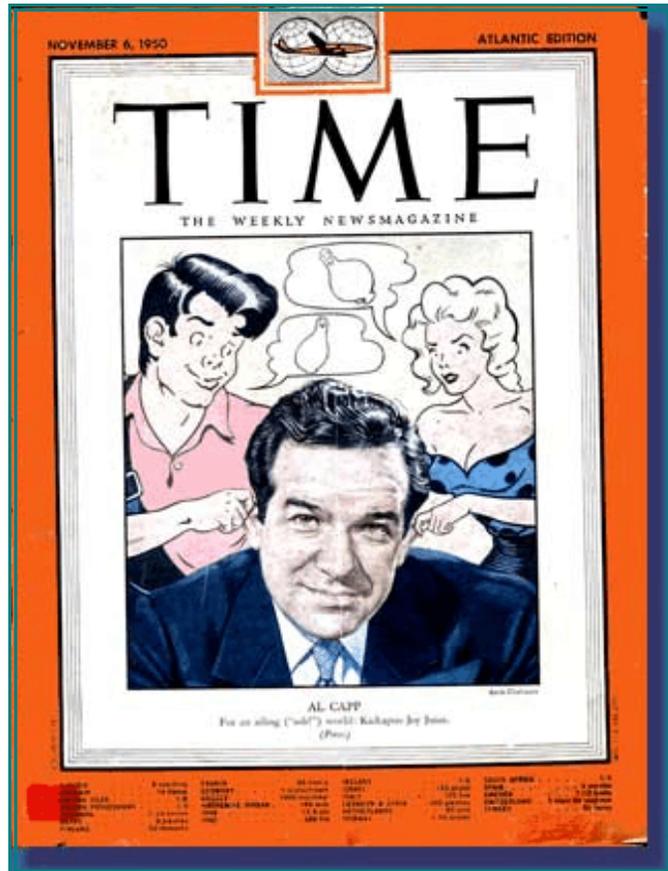


Figure 76 http://www.lambiek.net/capp_a.htm

its whiskers made excellent toothpicks. Shmoos multiplied much faster than rabbits, so owning a pair of Shmoos meant that any family was self-sufficient. " <http://www.deniskitchen.com/docs/new_shmoofacts.html>

This is a better image of the critter from the same website.

I never met Mr. Capp but did get to know one of his sons who was Dick's age. Rich Hawkes was the intermediary. Rich and the son attended the same private school. Private schools were a new phenomenon to me and intimidated the heck out of me. Rich went to "Brown & Nichols", probably the most snooty of the lot in the metropolitan area. The girl equivalent was "Buckingham". Both schools were located in Cambridge and had a formal dress uniform. Boys had to wear blazers, white shirts and ties to classes. My friend Jack Cranney went to "Belmont Hill", another of the private schools, located, not surprisingly, on Belmont Hill in Belmont. Another friend, Charlie Clayton, went to another in Newton named something like "River Country". I always felt like a poor country cousin even around the ones who were my friends.



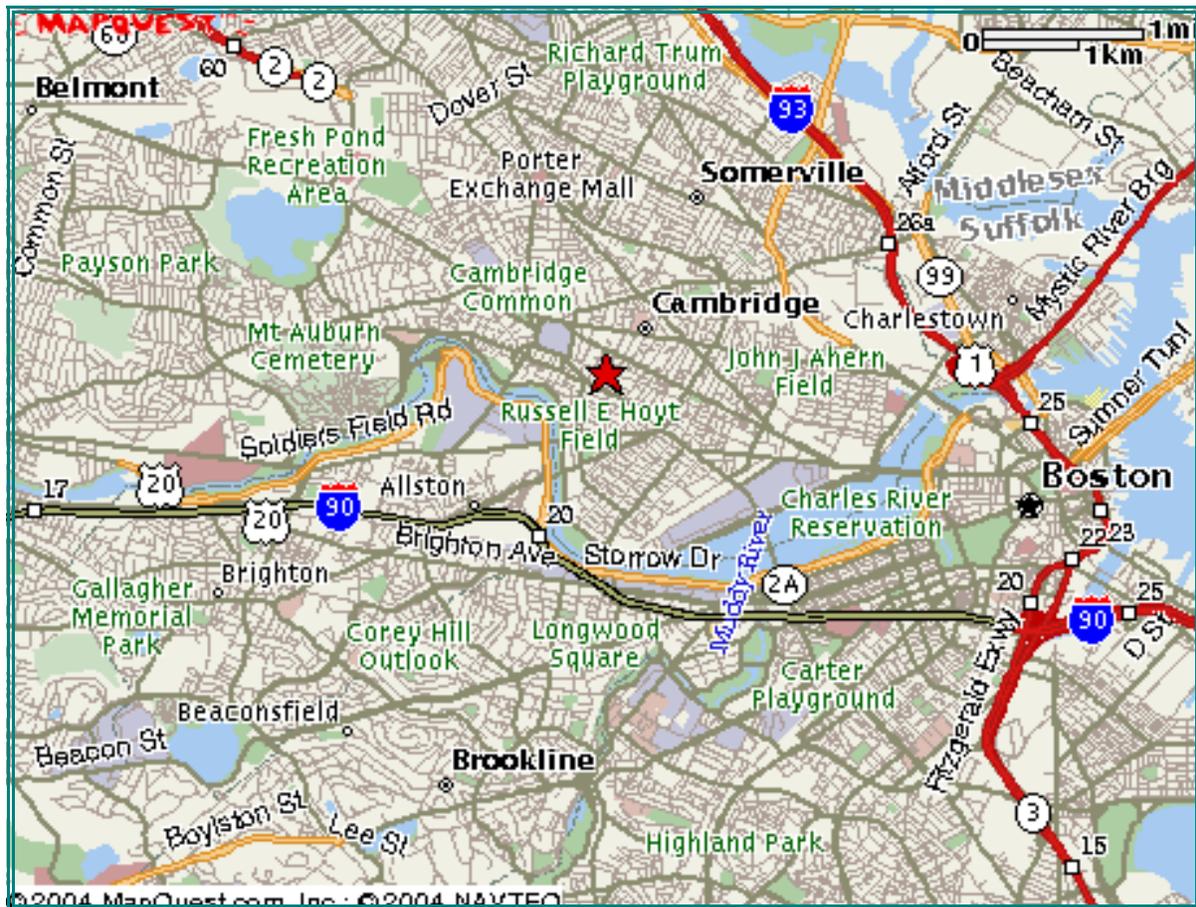
Rich was always getting free tickets to really neat events in Boston because his dad, Earl, was General Manager for the Hearst Syndicate operation in Boston, hence was always being schmoozed in hopes of some good advertising or some such thing. There's no such thing as a free lunch. On this particular Saturday, Rich had 4 tickets to "Around the World in 80 Days", a lovely movie that you should watch sometime. Dick and I rode the MTA Harvard Square and then and then walked down Concord Avenue to Rich's apartment. Editha then drove us in the huge brand-spanking new gray Buick tank over to pick up Al Capp's son. I don't remember his name but he displayed the intellectual-nerdy humor of privileged private school kids. Sometimes their jokes meant about as much to me as a cover of the NEW YORKER magazine.

His joke of the day had to do with space shots and orbiting animals. Remember, this was a year or so after the Russians sent up Sputnik so space topics were topic du jour (There. Some of their snooty humor) The joke was an elaborate one that went on for a minute or so. The net result of the story was a collection of cows, horses and pigs up in space orbiting the earth. The punch line was something like "That was the first herd shot round the world." Of course, you have to remember the famous line from US History about the battle in Concord between the British and the colonist which has to do with the "first shot heard round the

world." If you didn't remember that, the joke meant nothing. The fact that we had been to Concord down the road a piece somehow added to the experience.

Charles River

The Charles River flowed from the west through Cambridge and Boston into the Atlantic. This map gives a good view of its path. Our home in Belmont is off



the map to the left. Harvard is located right under the word "Cambridge" so you can see how close it is to the river. Two major streets ran right along the banks of the Charles and were major thoroughfares to move traffic into and out of Boston. (You can see the Mystic River Bridge in the upper right corner, the one for which a 2003-4 movie was named.)

MTA

I don't know the name of the organization today but when we lived there the highly developed public transportation system was called the Mass Transit Authority or "MTA". The Kingston Trio immortalized this system in their 1959 hit "Charlie on the MTA", recounting his struggles at various stations along the route. These guys were one of the hottest groups of the time, riding the crest of the folk music wave. A song about our home town made them favorites. This is one of their albums, issued in 1959. I owned it of course as did half of my friends. This is the kind of music, along with Frank Sinatra, that we took to parties at friends' homes or played at school dances.

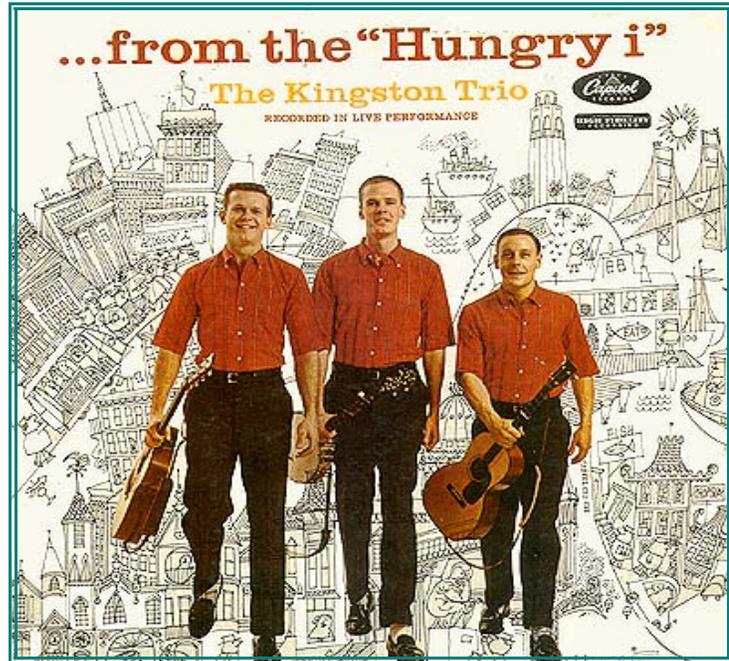


Figure 79

http://tralfaz-archives.com/coverart/K/kingston_trio_hungry.html

I need to spend some time on the MTA because it was my primary source of transportation in Boston other than the family car. It sprawled across the metro area serving what must be several suburbs through a large number of lines that used different kinds of rolling stock including trolleys, busses and subway trains. The system covered the metropolitan area with varying degrees of effectiveness. In the outlying suburbs like Newton, there were few lines to rely on but in Cambridge there were many lines so Cambridgites could basically park their cars and use the MTA if they wanted. Saved time and hassles and gas. However, the lines were basically very limited in their scope even though they may extent 15 miles.

This meant that to get to where you were going, you may have to transfer from one line to another, sometimes more than once. That was no problem, however, because you could get a Transfer Ticket from the conductor to use as your fare on the next line. These transfers were timed, however, so you couldn't save them for later use. You had something like half an hour to use it and if you

didn't, it wasn't considered valid by the next conductor who scrutinized it carefully, in which case you had to pay full fare again.

Trolley Cars

The trolleys were basically small trains that ran on rails set into the roadway powered by DC electric motors that got their power from over head wires through spring-loaded, flexible steel arms tipped with rolling wheels that rolled along the wire. When this wheel jumped across a junction where the line was opened by another connecting line, arcs were created that made noises and bright flashes but didn't cause any harm.



Figure 80 <http://206.103.49.193/boston/htm/bos170.htm>

This trolley is the Northeastern University line that I rode several times. They were designed to be driven from either end, hence the double arms. This one was driven from the left end as you can tell because the overhead arm contacting the overhead electric wire is the arm on the right end of this car. When the trolley hits the end of the line, the conductor raises the arm on the left end of the car and lowers this one, and then enters the "back" end of this car to drive it from that end.

This image gives you an idea of the size of the MTA. This is the trolley yard in



Figure 81 <http://206.103.49.193/boston/htm/bos170.htm>

Watertown, the town that abuts both Waltham and Belmont. This is just a small section of the system so you get an idea of how large it was.

This image shows a trolley on Mt. Auburn Street (which naturally is in Cambridge) at the entrance to the Harvard Subway Station, a line that we rode many times. I don't remember the lines well enough but imagine that this line is the one that we would ride when we walked over to Trapelo Road in Belmont and boarded a trolley to go to Harvard Square.



Figure 82 <http://206.103.49.193/boston/htm/bos170.htm>

Trolley Busses

These critturs are busses that run on pneumatic tires instead of on steel rails but they are powered by electric motors rather than internal combustion or diesel engines. Their power from the overhead lines like the train trolleys do. In this case , however, there are two spring-loaded flexible metal poles that extend upward to connect with a pair of electric lines. It was not unusual for one of both of these poles to pop off of the wires when the driver was making a turn, particularly a tight



Figure 83 <http://206.103.49.193/boston/htm/bos123.htm>

turn or one where he ran too far out away from the wires. In that case the bus just stopped functioning so the driver would disgustedly get out of the bus, go to the back, grab hold of the ropes that ran from reels on the back of the bus and up to the end of the poles. Then he'd pull the poles down below the wires and, while holding tightly to the ropes, maneuver that wheel-end of the pole over the proper

wire. Then he'd get back in the bus, trying to overlook the passengers who were pointedly holding out their wrists, exaggeratedly examining their wrist watches to see how late they were going to be THIS time. Hope they got paid enough for the guff they had to take.

Subways

This subway train is above ground obviously. That's how they ran in Boston, in underground tubes alternating with rails at ground level and other rails that were elevated, hence the term "elevated". This particular image shows the Gillette factory in the background, a familiar sight that I'd pass every weekend when I went downtown Boston to work for the Hearst Syndicate.



Figure 84 <http://206.103.49.193/boston/htm/bos123.htm>

Part 7 Boston, Massachusetts

I am going to follow the Cambridge section with a description of Boston to give you the full picture right now of the metropolitan area. Boston was an extraordinary experience. That's the best way to describe it, an "experience", a "happening", compounded of a wealth of new-to-me things and old places. I was introduced to a fraction of the possibilities of the cities during the four years I lived there but it was sufficient to give me a sense of the city. It is quite extraordinary to live in one of the birthplaces of our country, literally. I'll share some of the places and experiences to give you the flavor of this historical metropolitan city, in random order but that's how they are experienced. One of the items below is a description of the "Freedom Trail", a carefully mapped out walking-tour of the city exposing the walker to famous landmarks, e.g. Old North Church and the site of the Boston Massacre.

Brigham's Spas & Silverware

At the time we lived in Boston, the most prominent chain of soda shops, if I can call them that, was "Brigham's". They were scattered throughout the metropolitan area. Constructed a bit like an English pub with exposed timbers and individual booths, they were more formal than the fountain in a drug store, and charged a heck of a lot more. The ice cream was supposed to be one of the best through I couldn't really tell. Seemed to me that Madison Avenue and snobbery had affected opinions. For me ice cream is OK if it's cold and not old. Brigham's was a place for teenagers with some money to go after a dance to see and be seen. The measure of its fanciness was its tableware: sterling silver. Yep, sterling silver. It wasn't counted to my knowledge and I'm sure that the sterling was replaced many years ago by stainless, but it was a remarkable thing that a public establishment would use expensive tableware.

Science Museum

Rich Hawkes took Dick and me to the Science Museum for the first time. He was the only child of parents who were well-off and who lavished gifts on him, particularly the educational kind. Science was his major interest so he went to this museum often and took us along one time.

Among the things we saw was a color television in 1957. At the time, there were very few TV shows broadcast in color. When we saw it, the NBC (I think it is) Peacock started the show, its tail fanning out in colors. What an amazing thing, color on the TV that usually was just black and white. It's so odd today to see that "explorers" and "inventors" in the graphic arts are returning to black and white, as if it was an innovation, a surprising discovery. It is not. Black and white simply is black and white, possessing more emotional power than color for some reasons.

Some exhibits in the museum were constructed to give kids a chance for hand's-on experience with science. That was really the novel aspect of the museum, Instead of a bunch of static displays behind glass panels and screens, things were set up so that kids would actually walk into and through them.

Near the entrance was a simple one that impressed me because it surprised me. It was not what I expected. It was simply a table with blocks of four or five different substances. The blocks had been set permanently into the table surface with a thermometer attached to each. Labels explained what each substance was. All of them were at room temperature which was about 70 degrees. That wasn't

the remarkable thing. The remarkable thing was that the wood block and leather didn't seem cool or warm while the metal definitely felt cold. That was the point, to demonstrate that some substances conduct heat better than other things even when they are all the same temperature. That was what foxed me and seemed counter intuitive - but I could see the thermometers in all of the substances. They showed the same temperature.

The most painful exhibit was a small Van De Graaff generator. This device generates enormous amounts of the same static electricity you experience when you walk across a carpet and touch a metal door knob. The one we saw in the museum was about the size of the one in this image.

The girl has her hand near the ball which has made her hair stand on end. There is a cylinder with a metal sphere on top. The ball is connected to a static generator under the table which generates a flow of electrons that accumulate on the outer surface of the metal sphere, like a capacitor. An employee stepped up to the device and turned it on. There was a quiet whir from the static generator as the man talked about static electricity and explained what the thing did.



Figure 85

<http://www.oms.edu/community/plannedgiving/>

To demonstrate that a charge had built up on the ball, he took a long metal rod and started to move it near the ball. Suddenly a purple lightning bolt about an inch and a half wide and a foot long jumped loudly from the ball to the metal bar. He repeated this demonstration on each side so all of us could see and hear it - and get psyched out by it. He also reached toward the globe with his bare hand to show that the bright bolt actually created a momentary depression in his skin where it hit. It looked painful but he didn't seem to mind. He explained that static electricity is different than the other kind of electricity because it only stays on the surface of objects, not inside of them. Then he said something to one of the kids and offered him a chance to experience the shock.

The kid timidly walked up and held out his hand as requested. The man held one of his hands a few inches from the out-stretched hand of the kid. He then held the metal rod up to the globe again - slowly to build tension in the kid - until a bolt jumped to the rod. At that point, the bolt, which traveled on the surface of his own body jumped off his other hand onto that of the kid who yelled in shock and minor pain. He had obviously not anticipated that anything would happen to him if the man was touching the globe and not him. That actually surprised all of us

because we didn't expect it either. The man called for a couple more volunteers who nervously but eagerly came up but then did something totally unexpected. He then reached out his hand to a volunteer kid who was still standing in the crowd of us kids. As the shock jolted that kid, it traveled over his body and immediately jumped off his body to strike the hands and arms of the kids who were too close to him, in which instant it traveled over those kids to their close neighbors and so on until it was so attenuated that it died.

That Van de Graaff generator had a globe of about 12 inches. On a later visit we saw another generator that had just been donated by MIT. This one had a globe of something like 10 feet! They told us how many million volts it generated and I was glad it wasn't operational.

Mystic River Bridge

Down in the middle of Boston is an enormous suspension bridge named Mystic River Bridge which was a cantilever bridge with a main span of 800 feet built to provide a minimum clearance of 135 feet above the Mystic River to allow large vessels to pass. It was built after the end of WW II to handle the growing amount of traffic into and from the north end of town. It was opened in 1950 with a 15 cent toll. I was surprised at Rolly Thomas' reaction to it. He was a native Bostonian, our landlord, and lived a narrowly focused life in a small region.

At some point while we lived in his house in Waltham, his wife had to go into town for something to do with the Relief Society. It turned out that she had car trouble so she called Rolly to come and fetch her which he did. Upon his return, he was in a state of shock and not from the malfunctioning car. He said that he hadn't been downtown for about 25 years and that during that time a multitude of things had been built. The one that seemed to actually upset him for some reason was the Mystic River Bridge which is an enormous thing.

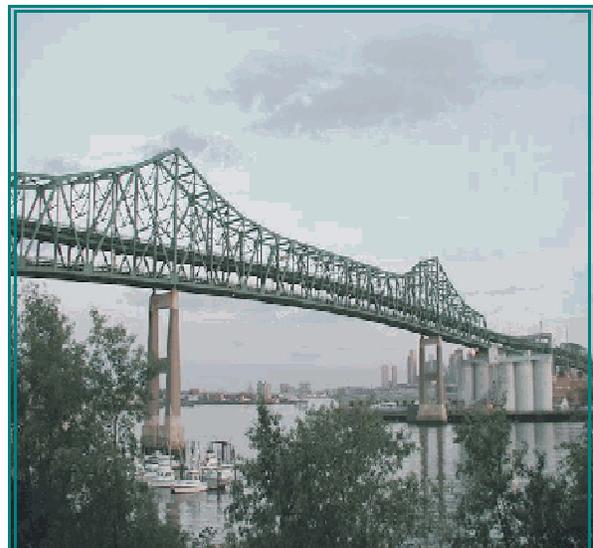


Figure 86 a cantilever bridge with a main span of 800 feet. The bridge has a minimum clearance of 135 feet above the Mystic River

Howard Johnson motels

"Ho Jo." These things were all over the place and had a shocking bright orange room that was accented by the watery turquoise sign color. The colors in this image don't reflect the brightness of the actual colors. I'd never heard of this chain but got used to seeing it everywhere we went in New England. They were the most distinctive of all chains in my mind because of the garish colors.



Figure 87

<http://www.fwmadigan.com/files/history.html>

Spas, apothecaries, frappes and tonics

There are various dialects in New England that differ enough that you can tell where someone came from. This was particularly true for people born and raised in one location. In addition to the accent, there was a set of foreign words that we had to learn to communicate with the natives such as:

Spa = drug store

Apothecary = pharmacy

Frappe = thin milk shake

Tonic = soda pop

Phosphate = old word for soft drink

They actually used these words. We, in our own narrow-minded provincialism, laughed at their quaintness, thinking how provincial and insular they were. But of course, WE were the foreigners, uninformed and ill-bred to judge them.

The most unusual feature of New England speech is the epenthetic "r". (Epenthesis is the phonological process of inserting a sound in sentences.) Turns out that's a feature of some dialects in Great Britain, from whence it obviously sprang. The first example I remember, hearing my folks poke fun at it, was the phrase "lawr of the land'. They thought that was so funny, in a sort of sarcastic way. Why would anyone put an "r" after "law"? "Don't they know how to talk?!" Well, well.

The explanation turns out to be simple and historical. And WE were the

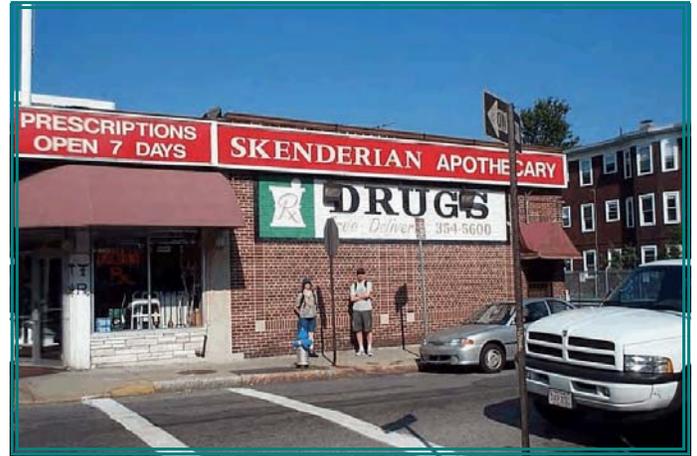
ones who didn't know how to talk. The fundamental issue is that this dialect does not tolerate the collision of vowels, one vowel running into another vowel, which can only happen across word boundaries, i.e. between words. That's very simple. The problem for this dialect is that hearers have difficulty understanding words if they are allowed to blend together, to be slurred into a single string of sounds. "Lah-ahv" sounds like "lahahv", which is difficult to understand as being two words, "law" and "of." If two vowels were allowed to come together, the hearer may have difficulty understanding which words were spoken. So speakers, who may not have the option of separating words by inserting an "r" between them, may do something else.

In fact, this is what you probably do sometimes for the same reason without even realizing you do it. You may insert a glottal stop after one word and before the next to be sure the hearer understands the two words - or to be sure that you don't sound like a slob. Try it. Say "law of the land" as a single smooth string of sounds, and then say it with a little stop after "law" to break the flow of sounds, to make an audible break between "law" and "of".. Can you feel that? That shows the hearer where one word ends and the next begins. Another method is to insert a glottal stop between the vowels, an interruption in speech caused by closing your vocal cords briefly. That would differentiate separate the two words. the ending of on work and the beginning of the other.

Plus there is a sort of stigma associated with the use of glottal stops in Cockney which serve the same sort of function, to prevent the collision of vowels. You've heard how this phrase sounds when pronounced by a cockney, "what do you want?". It comes out chopped off with glottal stops where I put apostrophes here: "Wha' 'ah ya want?" Glottal stops are used when one word that ends in a vowel is followed by another word that begins with a vowel. a word-final vowel with a following word-initial vowel. Remember to ignore the spelling of these words when thinking about what I'm saying. Just think about the sounds you make when you say the sentences. The word written "Law" is pronounced "lah" so the final sound -not letter- is 'a' and the sound of the word written "of" is "ahv", the first sound -not letter- being 'a'. So there are two vowels colliding with each other. Those particular dialects don't tolerate vowel collision so they insert another sound to alter the flow of sounds.

This turns out to be fairly common in languages of the world. Classical Greek -I don't know about modern Greek- did the same thing. Instead of inserting "r", Classical Greek would insert an "n", which was named "nu", and French elides the "e" from "le" in the phrase "l'homme".

This apothecary near Harvard Square has survived, obviously owned by an Armenian family.



Mass Turnpike

While we lived there the Massachusetts Turnpike was completed - 1955. It was a toll road that extended 123 miles from Boston directly west across the state to upstate New York at the Hudson River. The tolls were among the highest in the US. I don't remember the amount but they were based on the number of miles you traveled. You had to pass through a toll booth wherever you entered to turnpike, at which point a very fancy looking IBM punch card was generated with lots of writing in tidy columns and bands of color. Then you drove to wherever you were going and as you exited, you passed through another toll booth. The operator at that point fed your punch card that was coded for your point of origin. The machine magically computed a number that was your toll. You paid it and were allowed off the turnpike. I was mightily impressed at this fancy technology. Remember, computers were limited to a few in universities. They had not touched every day life. Today people drive through similar settings without even slowing down and the toll fee is deducted from a RFID chip that the driver carries. Wow.

Earl, Editha and Rich

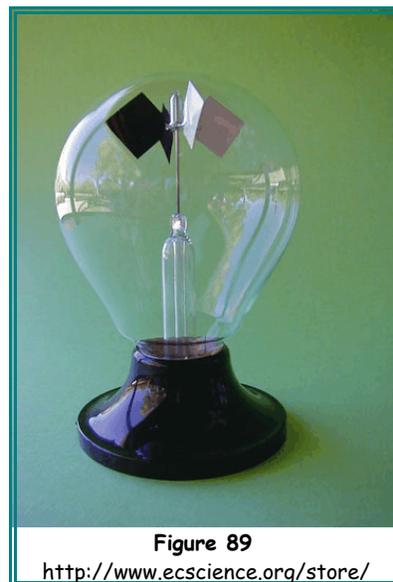
Earl Hawkes was the General Manager for the Hearst Publishing Syndicate, THE Hearst Syndicate which was a big deal at the time. His generous compensation was reflected in their elaborate life style. He, his wife Editha and

their only child Rich lived in a fourth floor apartment in one of the ornate apartment buildings for the rich that lined Mass Avenue near Harvard Square. I suppose it was proximity to town and happenings that kept them from ever buying a home which is surprising because it had to be exorbitantly expensive to rent this large apartment and not have any tax benefit. Earl and Editha were both from Utah and were good to us. I liked both of them. Rich was well-mannered and over-protected, but it was fun to spend an afternoon in his apartment.

Edit: Earl had one child, Rich, who became one of our friends, friends in those days being pretty carefully chosen by mom. The Hawkes family lived in a large apartment in a brownstone-sort of dignified buildings on Massachusetts Avenue, north of Harvard Square. Editha was the mother and she always wore tailored suits. I suppose we saw her in dresses but at the point in time I can't remember it. She was formal and dignified and serious. She didn't get jokes that Rich would tell. She would make an appropriate comment after he told his dumb jokes, but didn't laugh like she got it.

Editha would formally invite us over for a Saturday afternoon and we practically dressed in suits. She was so strict that she didn't allow Rich to play with just any kids. We apparently passed muster so she'd invite us over for a Saturday afternoon with Rich, or to go to a show with him. I never saw Editha ever in anything but a tailored suit, other than at a clam bake. The first visit was an eye opener. We were ushered into the apartment, she took our coats and gave us to Rich. Rich took us to his large bedroom and proceeded to share his toys with us. The most fascinating ones were the scientific ones, the most vivid of which was a radiometer. It looked like a lightbulb with four little flags sitting on a wire. It was magic. When you shined a light on the black side of these flags, the set of four flags started slowly turning. I was pretty unsophisticated as far as this kind of science was concerned and fascinated.

Rich was also a magician so he did shows for us there in his apartment. He had all of the apparatuses needed, a table with a lovely silk cloth, magic boxes, trick cards, hats, tiny silk scarves, black hat, and special money, evidence of his family's financial position. We expected that since he was our friend that he would finally reveal the secret because we knew that magic is only tricks but true to his



"profession", he absolutely refused to divulge even the slightest bit of information.

When our visit was coming to an end, we were summoned to the dining room by Editha who had been fretting in the kitchen all along.

Editha was a perfectionist and insisted that the lunch served to her son and friends be top notch. It was so formal as to be uncomfortable. Then she finished it off with a special desert she had bought as an expensive store in Cambridge. She handed round a plate of what she called "petit fours", funny little pieces of cake smothered in tasteless pastel-hued icing, each sitting a little corrugated white paper as if they were chocolates. We were supposed to be impressed and I suppose we were but it was a bit much for me. They really didn't taste good.

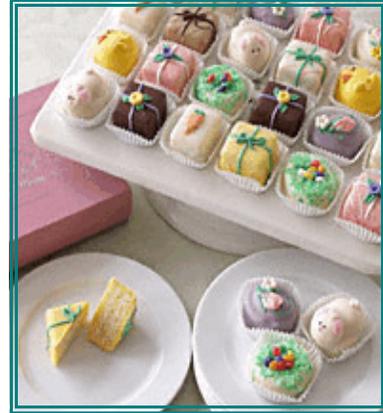


Figure 90

http://www.stonewallkitchen.com/Content/ProdImages/693_large.jpg

Used to visit him and Editha at their fine fancy home. She was a strange woman. When she told dad that Rich was called on a mission to Australia, the southern hemisphere, he told her that the sun rose in the west down there. She said, "Oh." And went on.

Earl later moved to SLC and there he persuaded "The Brethren" to let him decorate the trees on Temple Square with strings of Christmas Lights to go with their crèche. Like had been done for generations on Boston Commons. In so doing, he started a tradition that persists today and has spread like wildfire. Others may have had the same idea but he had the influence in the right places to make it happen. And he did. First time was around 1965. I remember. Lived in SLC with first wife at the time, three blocks off Temple Square.

Anyway, I was a copy boy on Saturdays, starting early in the morning. Walked from our house on Belmont Street over to Trapelo Road near the English Walker shoe store to catch the trolley, rode it to Harvard Square, changed to the subway, rode into Boston and got out somewhere near the Winter Street-Summer Street intersection. Changed into each other right there. Never got used to the idea. Unpatriotic or dishonest for streets to do that.

Rich went to a snooty private school in Cambridge, may have been Brown and Nichols. So his friends were from the well-to-do. As a major officer of a major newspaper, Earl received all sorts of tickets and perks, including tickets to see the Ice Capades at the Boston Skating Club where Tenley Albright practiced.

On this particular Saturday, Earl had picked up a set of tickets for 4 to go to "Around the World in 80 Days". " That is really a wonderful movie that you should see before you die. It has apparently been released in DVD format and is a must-see. David Niven is the star with a valet Passapartout played by the famous actor Cantiflas and a host of walk on cameos worth seeing.

We met Rich at his apartment and then Editha drove us over to pick up the fourth kid, a con of Al Capp, the cartoonist who was doing "L'il Abner" those days. I don't remember his name but he, too, attended private school, and displayed that intellectual-nerdy humor of those kinds of kids.

His joke of the day had to do with space shots and orbiting animals and was au courant because Sputnik had just been sent up we American's were sensitized to things to do with space. The joke went on for a minute or so until there were cows, horses and pigs in orbit around the world (like the sputnik). Then he closed with a line that was particularly funny since Concord was nearby: "That was the first herd shot round the world.

Earl had one child, Rich, who became one of our friends, friends in those days being pretty carefully chosen by mom. The Hawkes family lived in a large apartment in a brownstone-sort of dignified buildings on Commonwealth Avenue, north of Harvard Square. Editha was the mother and she always wore tailored suits, properly coiffed and made up in patent leather shoes. Reminded me of mom, but with more money. I suppose we saw her in levis but at the point in time I can't remember it. She was formal and dignified and serious. She didn't get jokes that Rich would tell. She would make an appropriate comment after he told his dumb jokes, but didn't laugh like she got it.

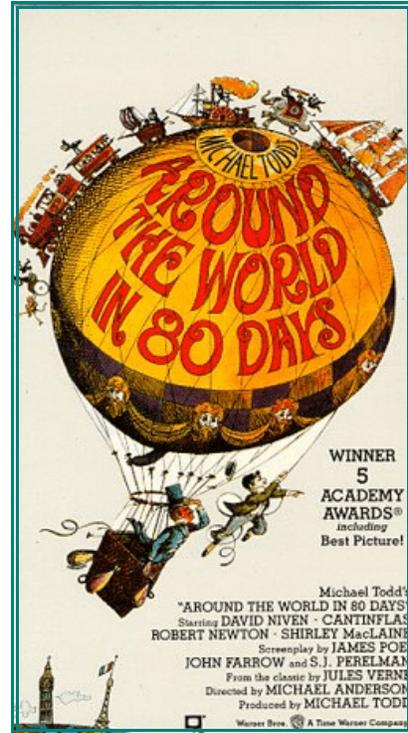


Figure 92

http://www.bc.edu/bc_org/avp/cas/fnart/fa267/19th/303Ccomm_ave.jpg

Tenley Albright & Boston Skating Club

Earl Hawkes received all kinds of free passes to events in the Boston area and passed some of them on to Rich. Rich would sometimes take us with him. This time he took us to the Boston Skating Club to see some sort of exhibition that included Tenley Albright who had just won the gold medal in the 1956 Winter Olympics. Since I wasn't too clear about this Olympics business I probably didn't appreciate the opportunity as much as I should have but enjoyed the display. I was at least familiar with ice skating in a drastically simplified form. This was a totally foreign style, wearing fancy clothes that didn't cover the body, jumping and spinning in the air, executing moves I'd never heard of in Alaska. I pretended to be properly impressed, however.

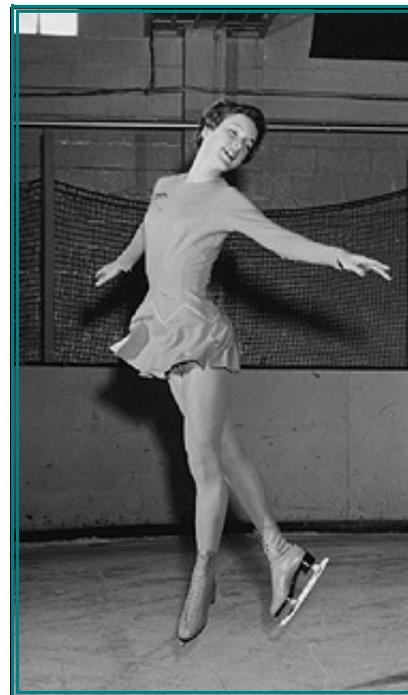


Figure 93

<http://www.bu.edu/bridge/archive/1998/12-04/sports.html>

The Boston Skating Club was not nearly as fancy as the performances were inside. It was an older building that had been built with function in mind. Rich said he took skating lessons at the club and had seen Tenley on various occasions when she was practising. I had a hard time being impressed, however, because I was not raised to be impressed by "notable" people.

Part 8. Get a Job

Field Hand

Mom and dad were determined that we would work, probably for two reasons: one, the money, and two, to keep us occupied and off the streets. Those are legitimate reasons given (a) our impecunious state and (b) the fact that both of them worked in Cambridge so we would be unsupervised until 5:30 p.m., particularly in that era when two-income families were the exception and leaving kids home

alone was frowned on. But to us, being forced to work felt like punishment although it was no different than being forced to get out of bed at 5:00 a.m. in wintery cold Seward, walk down to McMullins store and shovel snow for 2 hours. Today I know it wasn't intended as punishment - but that doesn't change the memories, does it.

I look at my own children and my child raising and can't congratulate myself. Perhaps my own weakness as a parent was rooted to some degree in my own parent's failure? The thing to say in their defense, however, was that they loved us, although they were unable to show it. What we perceived was that they did not trust us to stay out of trouble. I don't know why. I suppose it was the natural conservativeness of parents in general. Dick and I had been too severely disciplined growing up to have the courage to act up now. They apparently felt that they still had to keep reprimanding and controlling and minimizing us, making us virtually little puppets they could manipulate. There was no reason for that, none. But the message was loud and clear, "We know you boys are going to get into some sort of mischief and we are going to prevent that. So there."

Oddly, the fact was never discussed that they needed us to work so we bring in additional money. Never. Why not? I don't really know. Dad had real hangups about sharing information about his personal finances with us kids -about anything to do with himself other than dinosaurs. For example, in about 1984 dad told me on the phone about the motor home he had just purchased. He was excited and went in to detail about the reasons for choosing that type instead of another types, the features and so on. He said he got a real good deal on it. Well. What's the next question to ask him? When someone says that to me about a purchase, it is an open door to ask them "just how good was your deal?" I did. He answered "\$15,000", and went on talking about the plans for traveling. Well, wouldn't you know it.

In the following week when I was talking to mom she said that dad was really upset when I asked how much he paid for the motor home. Go figure. He actually seemed to be leading up to the key question as if to show his perspicacity by the build-up. So I helped him along by asking the question, feeling like it was what he wanted. I make this point to illustrate with a specific example how dad could not talk about money, indeed how he resented being asked an innocent question about his money. (In retrospect I have to wonder what her motivation was in telling me, a 40+ year old, about dad's childish pique. I think the answer, whatever it is, is not complimentary of her.)

When mom and dad revealed their plan to have us earn more money for the household, they turned the need around, they concealed it. The message was,

instead, that us boys needed to go to work because we otherwise would be getting into trouble. How sad. It would have nice to have understood that by working we were actually contributing to the household by working. That would have helped us "boys" feel somewhat -not entirely- better about this strict requirement that we 'get a job'.

The other unhappy thing they did when discussing the new obligation of work was the requirement that we buy our own clothes. Again, it was reasonable and I am glad that we did it this way. But when we were informed of this new requirement, were given to understand that we complained too much about what mom picked out -probably true. It was almost as if this requirement was punishment for complaining. I give the detail about that lecture somewhere else. I don't know why they were unable to simply say, "We don't have enough money to buy all the clothes and shoes you kids want. We need you boys to help us." Nope, no way. Their manner in advising us that we now had to work made it sound like (a) another of their irritating lectures about responsibility and growing up, and (b) like we were somehow in trouble for not already doing it. There was no way to win with them.

In retrospect, I can see that there were reasons to support their anxieties about us getting into trouble. This was the booming metropolis of Boston that they probably, rightly, perceived as full of temptation for teenage boys. Perhaps they also realized that we had never been exposed to most of the nasty stuff that was out there -and it was out there- so they doubted our ability to resist. The truth was that I didn't even understand what was out there. That's the irony. Seward wasn't exactly a booming center of crime, even though we lived across the block from the red light district - that I didn't understand anyway. Obviously, they did not understand how powerfully repressed we had become through their constant judgment and criticism. Otherwise, they wouldn't have worried.

I am not sure it was realistic to believe that Dick and I would stray very far. I mean that both literally, because we would hardly leave the cul de sac we lived on, and figuratively, in terms of values. I remember the sense I had when standing under the house-high catalpa tree in the mouth of the cul de sac, looking both directions along the sidewalk that curved in both directions. Not anxiety, but I had no desire to walk either direction. It was unfamiliar and I was hurting so much that all I wanted was to be left alone in the house. I had no money and everything cost money. The thought of going out to encounter more mis-understood people and circumstances was sufficient to ground me at home. Of course, mom and dad didn't realize that. How could they? They never talked to us about how we felt.

By the time we were this old, I know it would have been futile to have tried to talk to us. Teenagers do not talk with their parents freely about things that matter if the parents have not done that all along - and even then it's chancy. But when our feelings had been steam-rolled and beat down, there was no way in hell we would have revealed the extent of our confusion and anxiety.

Employment Office

The job hunt was pretty simple. Mom and dad found that there was a state employment office near our home, and that the agency had daily summer work available for unskilled farm hands. We certainly were that. Dad finally hauled us to the Employment Office against our wishes. We were not allowed to say anything about it after a few feeble complaints were quickly rebutted with something like, "Well, you gotta' grow up some day, you gotta' learn to work, you gotta learn responsibility." Of course, the sad thing was that mom and dad were absolutely correct. But wasn't it possible to make it a little easier?

We were forced into the child labor market after school let our in 1957, Waltham was still a depressing, even though we'd lived there 9 months, an overwhelming place. We didn't understand the idea of day-labor or piece work, but that didn't matter, did it. We were going to do it anyway. Dad did try to dress the experience up as being helpful to us. I believe he really did when he finally got around to hauling us captive to the employment office. But the history of our relationship didn't allow any bridging. In the end, his efforts came across as another attempt to make sure we did what he feared - because he feared we wouldn't do it.

This was one of those standard government-issue buildings with drab colors and nondescript design, filled with tired, irritated apparently over-worked (un-)civil servants. Inside the dark dingy office were benches filled with out-of-work people looking forlornly at each other and everyone coming in, expecting or hoping against hope that a job would materialize. We waited until a bored clerk could take us. Dad took us up to the counter and earnestly explained what he wanted, some kind of day work. He said he'd been told this was a place where we could sign up to get a list of available bodies. The woman said that was true and handed us some forms that we had to fill out.

We went to a desk and filled out the forms and got in line again. The woman checked the papers over to see that they were accurate and complete. They were. She told us that we needed to be at the office every morning before 7:00 a.m. if

we wanted to work. They would not call us to offer work. We had to go there and be available. The way this day-labor thing worked was simple: farmer Brown called in before 5:00 p.m. the evening before saying how many of what kind of laborers he needed. The clerk took that information and filled out some forms that were used the next morning by the supervisors that put us common laborers together with farmer Brown. The clerk said there was a lot of work for kids like us if we wanted it, looking at us, knowing we didn't.

We were told to check at the office on a daily basis to see if there were any jobs for that day. I hated it. We didn't want work. We wanted to stay home alone. But nope, we had to be productive and responsible. It was depressing to go to the Employment office early in the hot humid morning. Weather there was terrible, too cold and wet in the winter and too hot and wet in the summer. Standing there in the hot sun amidst a flock of silent watchful men and kids was a miserable way to start a summer day. We had no choice. So dad would drop us off with our sack lunch around 7:00 a.m. and take off for Cambridge. Hardly a good-bye, more likely an exhortation to "Work hard!" We'd get out of the car feeling conspicuous and out-of-place. The knot of men just stared at us for a bit and looked away.

Truck Gardens

The Greater Boston area had lots of truck gardens to feed the metro area, which were run with lots of cheap unskilled laborers. Truck gardens are sprawling vegetable farms with acres and acres of beans, squash, radishes and so on. The soil in the area was good so the crops were substantial, which meant lots of work. In Vernal we learned about harvesting crops so this was a natural thing for us to. The difference here was that we had to pack the vegetable for market rather than just throw them into a bucket or basked.

On the first day at the Employment Office as job fodder, the supervisor came out and call out what kind of people were needed or called out specific names. In our case, a Farmer Brown apparently wanted 2 kids that didn't cost too much. The supervisor called our names and pointed him out, so we trudged dejectedly over to farmer Brown with our sack lunches. After cursory introductions, we all got into his pick-up and were driven silently out to his truck garden. It was in Sudbury.

This farm appeared to be dedicated to flowers. We weren't used to dealing with flowers. He took us out to a field that had been cultivated in preparation for

planting seedlings. There were 6 foot wide swaths of land with hard-packed paths between, from one side of the field to the other. Pairs of milk crates sat on these walkways across from each other, supporting a 2 x 10 board. That was what we laid on to reach the middle of the strip of tilled land.

Mr. Brown brought over some trays of flower seedlings. The seeds had been planted so densely that the roots of 2-3 inch seedlings were intertwined. He showed us how to tear off a swatch of seedlings, and how to plant them. It was depressing. The day was hot and muggy as usual. It was not easy to tear out a 4 inch square of dirt and roots without damaging them. I am sure I crushed a lot of them. Then we took those blocks over to the field. He assigned us to adjacent aisles so we could accomplish more?

He showed us how to pull individual -more or less- plants from the block. The soil had been thoroughly soaked the day before so we'd poke a finger into the dirt to make a small hole, stick the poor little flower down in the hole, and then scrunch soil up around it. They weren't to be too deep or too shallow. I understood that part, but I didn't really understand where the dividing line was on the plants and knew he could see that.

After coaching us a bit, he turned us loose. We each laid on one of those boards that were elevated above the beds and started the back-breaking work. The beds must have been 100 feet long looked like they stretched to eternity. Our job was to plant a complete swath - in one day? I don't know what his expectation was, but he had a lot of land to plant and I think he expected to get a lot more work out of us than he did. One little plant at a time. This was torture. Lying there on our bellies on narrow boards, feeling like we'd tip off and mess up the flowers, straining our backs in unfamiliar work, alone, Farmer Brown just watching. He finally wandered back to his barn to work and told us he'd call us when it was noon.

He let us know, after about 10 hours, that it was time to knock off for lunch. Like most truck gardeners, he kept an old beat-up refrigerator in his barn of cold soda pops for his laborers. This was the only courtesy and it was a courtesy because warm soda is what you know it to be. It was the only refreshing thing of the day to open a bottle -not cans- charging the normal dime a bottle. He asked us if we wanted one to go with lunch. Yes, Please, we said, ever obedient and polite. That must have struck him, a rough old guy -at least 30 years old- as pretty funny, these two scrawny little kids who didn't have a clue what they were doing. Polite and courteous and completely a loss. Probably as poor specimens as he ever got in the Employment Office Mystery Drawings. We went over to a shaded spot under a

tree and sat down. We ate our dry sandwiches and drank our pop, enjoying the relaxation, albeit short. When the time came, half an hour later, to return to work, Farmer Brown called us back. Groan, dread, agony. We hurt so much already and knew that 4 more hours would never end. The sun was high and the heat was probably in the 90's. The unbearable humidity rose up off the dark wet beds, heated by the sun.

We got back on the boards with our clods of crushed, wilted flowers and gamely continued. There was no choice. We couldn't even quit. How would we get home if we did? The MTA didn't run that far out. Besides, we'd get killed when mom and dad got home, so we did the only thing that kids can do in that situation - shut up and work. It was tough and I imagine that a good share of the plants I transplanted failed. I just did not get the hang of doing it. I could not manage to tear of a single seedling without damaging the plant or tearing off the roots, so I ended up planting several at a time - which was not allowed.

The proof that we had failed was pretty dramatic. Farmer Brown drove us back to our house, since it was closer than the Employment Office. He wouldn't provide more than a monosyllable in response to us as we -politely- tried to make small talk with him. I don't know why we felt compelled to try to talk to him, but we did. It didn't work. He paid us off as we got out of the pickup at which point we -politely again- thanked him. For hiring us, for Christ's sakes! We hated it but being namby-pamby sweet little boys, we did what mom would expect us to do - or what we thought she'd want us to do. It was ludicrous and he was probably embarrassed at our innocence and naivete. He didn't ask for us the next day.

Hey Pachuco!

Truck gardening is tough work. Not that it's particularly heavy rather because you work out in the hot sun, in 90% humidity, for long hours, getting dirty with prickly things in your skin, getting sunburned, no chances to take breaks, and so on. Working with kids we were afraid of because they were obviously "bad boys." Actually, I imagine they were normal boys but we were too self-conscious and self-righteous to engage them as friends. They tried to talk, asking questions about us, where we were from and so on. We answered their questions, but briefly and we did not reciprocate. In the end, it was like they were interviewing us and that didn't interest them. They weren't mean to us usually, but there was a distance between us and it was obvious they thought that we thought we were better than they were. That is not exactly accurate but the difference doesn't

matter. We didn't fit in.

Do you have any idea how hard it is to work with Cubans who don't like you, who don't speak a word of English, who are fairly vile-in-our-estimation in their habits, and so on? It was rough. There was a certain animosity between some of the Cubans that spilled over on to us. We didn't have a clue what the issues were because we didn't speak a word of Spanish. They screamed at each other as we worked our way along rows of vegetables and when things reached a fever pitch, there were even an occasional knife thrown. We would mind our own business, not even looking up at these folks who didn't speak any English, hoping they would forget we were there. For the most part they seemed to. But I don't know, obviously, whether that had anything to do with the fact that we stayed out of their way. At that age, 15-16 what did we understand about interpersonal dynamics, particularly about cross-cultural problems? Not much. Actually, if I were confronted with those types of problems today, I'm not really sure I could do much better than we did - pure avoidance on my part.

So we spent some awful hours out there. On some mornings, as in when we harvested string beans, we would be out of bed at 5 am so we could meet the pickup truck at 6 to be out harvesting by 6:30 because the humidity was so devastating by noon that no one could stay out there and pick beans. Other day we worked when the sun was high, thinning vegetables, or transplanting flowers, a horrible job because the roots grew together. And harvesting squash was the worst. Tall plants that we crawled around in to get squash, with tiny hairs rubbing off onto our skins, creating nasty itches that only stopped after we showered.

Later: I remember several more positive episodes of work in Boston that need to be mentioned to balance this negative picture. These all involved Harvard University but let's talk some more about Waltham first.

Mrs. Cavicchio

Mrs. Cavicchio was married to Mr. Cavicchio. Mr. Cavicchio owned a large truck garden out west in Sudbury but he didn't like to supervise to field hands. So Mrs. Cavicchio supervised the field hands, including picking them up in the morning at the Employment Office.

Their truck garden was a typical sort of place with cold spring crops like peas and radishes, ending with fall crops like pumpkins and squash. We ended up spending most of the summer of 1958 on this truck garden and went through an interesting evolution, particularly considering that Mrs. Cavicchio had known some

of the other kids for a year or so.

The most interesting plants were hot peppers. I had never seen live hot peppers and was intrigued by these long skinny, pointed peppers. Some were red, some yellow and others green. The acreage devoted to hot peppers was small, but the output was substantial in terms of dollars. When we asked about the peppers and how they were eaten, one of the kids told us about Mr. Cavicchio. He said that Mr. Cavicchio loved the hottest peppers and would eat them raw with his fried steaks. They were so hot that he actually sweated but he somehow thought that was a good thing so continued.

Turned out that hot peppers were actually hazardous to your health. The kids we worked with, about half a dozen, were pretty rough - which in retrospect interests me. Why were we, genteel sort of kids in our mom's eyes- put out there on the dirt with these wildmen? Whatever, we were there and saw eye opening things that we wouldn't have witnessed otherwise. The weather was always hot and humid, 90 and 90. Just unbearable, particularly in the morning when the sun was converting the dew that had collected overnight on the leaves into humidity. It wasn't much different than standing in a shower so we all took our shirts off early in the morning and parked them in the barn with our sack lunches.

One afternoon things got out of hand and somehow I think I was the unintentional instigator of what turned into a riot and a visit to an emergency room. We had been picking the hot peppers again and while the kids were kibbutizing, I heard one of them say something about how if you broke a pepper open and rubbed in on someone's back, the skin would blister. I was always ready for a lab experiment and piped up with a question like, "Really?" Just an innocent question. I'd never heard of peppers that hot even though I grew up with pickled hot peppers on Fuller's dinner table.

Given the rowdy state of mind of most of the kids that afternoon, my naive question provoked the lab experiment. One of the kids yelled, "Yeah. We did it to Joey last year. Like this!" At which point he grabbed a pepper, broke it open and jumped over at another kid, trying to pin him to the ground so that he could rub the pepper on his back. The other kid took exception to this rough treatment and dropped whatever vegetables he was holding. The temptation was too great. The day had been a rough one and everyone was keyed up so a melee broke out - which could only happen when Mrs. Cavicchio was not directly watching us.

Soon all the kids, except for Dick and I, were rolling over plants, getting dirty as heck, yelling and screaming, trying to burn each others' back with a crushed hot pepper. About this time Mrs. Cavicchio returned and was madder than

I had ever seen her. Being a short, dark Italian woman, she knew how to yell which she did with authority. Suddenly one of the boys started screaming and everything stopped. He was rubbing his eye and yelling that pepper seeds had gotten into it. Someone took a gallon jug of water and started pouring it into the affected eye which helped a bit but not much.

The only thing Mrs. Cavicchio could do was load the kid into her station wagon and haul him into Waltham to the emergency room. That's what she did, and at that instant she forever set Dick and me apart from the other kids. She turned to us and ordered us to keep an eye on the other kids and tell her when she came back if they didn't work or were getting into trouble. From that point forward, we were her pets and subject to frequent snide comments and rudeness.

Copy Boy for the Hearst Syndicate

Big name. Even to a teenager. In 1958. Earl Hawkes, a member of the Cambridge Branch with one child, Rich who was Dick's age, was General Manager for the Boston "Record American" in those days. Got me a job as a copy boy. Wonderful job. Best I had in Boston for a heroic wistful 16 year old wishing independence and maturity on himself.

The Record American -or whatever its name was- was housed in an old decaying brick building five or so stories high square in the middle of the old city. A tabloid with a good circulation third, behind the Globe. It lived off advertising as newspapers do so copy boys were the analogue then of today's digital communication networks, which shunted drafts and mock ups and layouts and proofs and photos and cuts and color separations between the ad agencies, the stores and the newspaper. Pungent ink and paper smells filled these places, acidic smells in the electroplating shops where cuts were made, nasty acids and etching stuff that really is tough to dispose of because of its toxicity, like dry cleaning fluid in that respect. Dirty, stained, drab and dingy. And absolutely wonderful.

I'd go to the ad office in the building to see what was waiting to be either delivered or to be picked up. The deliveries were of proofs usually of ads or were returns of originals copy, etc. The pickups were the same sort of stuff. Just shuttled it back and forth.

Their camera was the most impressive camera I've ever seen. The guy took me to see the camera and didn't say much. Was just giving me a tour. But when he showed me the camera I couldn't see it. I didn't want to sound stupid so I listened.

A real good technique - better to be quiet and thought a fool than to open your mouth and prove it sort of thing. Finally, I got it. The little ROOM the size of a small bathroom WAS the camera. That funny window on one side had the enormous bellows with lens in it and the opposite wall of the little room was where you could hang huge sheets of undeveloped film. Outside of the lens was a track that had a little car sort of thing that rolled toward or away from the lens with really bright arc lights hanging there to illuminate whatever size thing was hung up. The thing to be photographed was put in the middle of the stand-up 'wall' on the little car and the photographer would maneuver the little car toward or away from the lens to get the size image he wanted. I have never seen such a huge camera.

Do you know the "camera oscura"? In the middle ages in Europe some of the rich apparently had such a thing. It was nothing more than a room that was absolutely light-tight, with a door that could be opened on one side. People would walk into the room and shut the door. And the operator would then take the cover from off a tiny tiny hole in one of the walls. This obviously allowed light in. When it came in and shined on the opposite wall, and actually made an image of the world outside. Upside down. This camera was that size and made upside down images. Had to be a pinpoint hole to work. That's how cameras work. Too.

Well, I'd get bus fare from my boss and take copy out to get on the MTA to go wherever I had to go. Some days I was way out in Newton, other days across the street practically. I'd go to all the big stores, Filenes, Jordan Marsh, Sears, etc. etc. So I got to know where the ad offices were. Always in the back out of the way difficult to find. No one wanted to talk to a lowly copy boy, you're late again, I've been waiting, I got a deadline a hour ago, where you been, etc. Nothing but hassles. No problem however, just ignore them and don't talk back, do what your boss said to do and keep him informed of everything you did. He'd cover you as long as he knew. Some of the problems were left over from the day before or week before so tag end on weekends was battling cleanup with irritated people who were mad to be at work who directed the madness at you.

I got to know down town well. Had to go everywhere. Learned the Freedom Trail by heart, starting at Boston Common, knew all the places, Paul Revere's home, the Old Burial Ground, site of the Boston Massacre, where Old Ironsides was docked, Old North Church where Paul R. hung the lanterns, and everything in between. Funny to discover that the site of the Tea Party is now about a mile inland. Bay has been filled to make real estate. There's a brick circle in the intersection to mark it. Fauniel Hall, Hay market square, etc. Really wonderful. And I was alone so could look and do what I wanted to do. As long as I got my work

done.

Payday was a kick. Had to walk in a line with the union guys past the pay cage. A dingy little wire cage with a 200 year old bald scrawny book keeper with a green eye shade and garter to hold his right sleeve up handing out pay envelopes. Yep, little 3 inch long manila envelope with bills and coins in it. Muttering and cussing about taxes. Smelling like tobacco, beer, onions and ink.

It was while working at the newspaper that I really started my library. I would go to a book store near the office and look through books. I would buy the small Random House versions because they were hardbacks for only 2 dollars. I'd take it and go to a sub shop and buy a 50 cent sub and sit there and read, having visions of myself sitting heroically alone in the big city. Which was true in a real sense.

I have a general comment here. Mom and dad were deadly serious about us learning to work and to fend for ourselves. I've said that already, but I need to mention it again, because I want you -like me- to hear it again and again. No time for being silly or having a good time. And heaven forbid that we should spend any of our hard-earned money on frivolous things. That was the height of stupidity.

I tell you about this because I want you to perhaps understand why my outlook was so different than your mothers about making you work in high school. She just wanted you to "have fun" because you were going to grow up so needed to take advantage of your teenage years. I didn't understand that. I still don't, really, but I see that the stress in me had less to do with the reality, and more to do with the fact that I believed differently than she did. You poor kids are the one who may have felt the brunt of the conflict.

Now, I have to admit at this age [59] that from this point in my life that perhaps they weren't that harsh about 'wasting' money. Perhaps they even understood how it was for kids who earn their own money who want to buy something simply because they want to buy it, not because it was healthy, or good, or useful, or anything practical. Just buy it because a girl friend wants it, a big stuffed tiger, or a silly half inch wide belt for himself, etc.

Interjection later: it is significant looking back along the chain of memories of my parents to consider how often they spent money on frivolous, ephemeral, silly things. Can you guess the frequency? Never. Well, there it is. They didn't expect of us something they didn't exemplify.

But regardless of what they might have felt inside of them, the only thing us kids could see from the outside looking in was constant judgment about our choices, a narrowed eye, a knitted brow, a faint shake of the head. That was all it

took. We had learned early in life what their physical cues were for expressing disapproval. They were basically burned into our nervous system such that we didn't even think consciously, "Oh, oh. There it is. Run." No, the our responses to their visual cues were conditioned, automatic and irresistible. They were the background against which we lived. Constant, incessant, eternally present.

I bring this in here because this atmosphere was inextricably linked with that message of "get a job, make you own money, some day you'll be on your own." It all created the sort of atmosphere one feels in a Thomas Hardy novel, i.e. *Return of the Native*, *The Mayor of Castorbridge*, etc. Ominous, foreboding and so on.

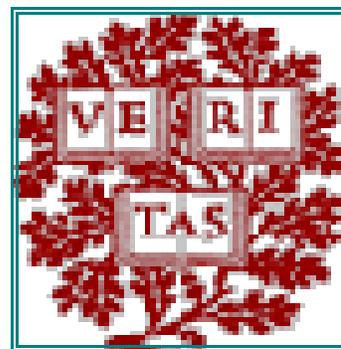
Part 09 Harvard University

Harvard University

We're finally down to the center of our life in Boston, the reason that we even moved there, the lodestone on which all of our activities focused. Even though Harvard isn't showing up in this text until this point, Harvard was instantly the center of our universe when we arrived in Cambridge. It's impossible to introduce everything to you at once in a linear text.

Harvard is one of the highlights of my life. I've been a lot of places and done a lot of things, but Harvard... it's in a universe of its own. I didn't take classes there yet my association with Harvard was more organic in some ways than that of students. I was drawn into the fabric of the university through the back door, as it were. I was the child of a member of the faculty, and was actually employed by the university in various capacities over 4 years. I walked behind the scenes, entered libraries and exhibits through doorways not open to students, indeed, places that students weren't even aware of. I got to use Weidner Library, the swimming pool, get into museums, and so on.

Here's its logo. Isn't it gorgeous? It is Latin for "truth", split into three syllables, laid on top of three books. This was one of the premier universities in the US due principally to its age and the spectrum of well-known and well-heeled grads who exert invisible political clout and bestow financial largesse beyond what other universities can obtain. To even visit the Harvard Campus was to be impressed, to be persuaded that it was something above the average. It's "B"



[Business] school was reputed to be the best at the time, and case study method utilizing small groups of students with real life cases was a model copied by other business schools. Its med school spread across an enviable set of hospitals including among others, Peter Bent Brigham, Women's Hospital, and Massachusetts General [Mass General] hospital. The Law School was highly respected as was its Divinity School. The faculty was comprised of stellar individuals who were widely published, respected and known. This quote from the Harvard website gives you a brief history of the university:

"1636 Harvard College was established in 1636 by vote of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts Bay Colony, and was named for its first benefactor, John Harvard of Charlestown, a young minister who upon his death in

1638, left his library and half his estate to the new institution."

"Under Harvard President A. Lawrence Lowell (1909-33), the undergraduate course of study was redesigned to ensure students a liberal education through concentration in a single field with distribution of course requirements among other disciplines. Today, 51 fields of concentration are offered to Harvard College students. The tutorial system, also introduced by Lowell and still a distinctive feature of a Harvard education, offers undergraduates informal specialized instruction in their fields."

"One of Lowell's most significant accomplishments was the House Plan, which provides undergraduates with a small-college atmosphere within the larger university. After being housed in or near Harvard Yard during freshman year, students go to one of 12 Houses in which to live for the remainder of their undergraduate careers. (A 13th House is designed for nonresident students.) Each House has a resident master and a staff of tutors, as well as a dining hall and library, and maintains an active schedule of athletic, social, and cultural events."
(From Harvard website)

The life sciences are obviously the area dad was most involved with. Authorities and specialists in zoology, ornithology, paleontology and so on were attracted from Europe and other universities, like Alexander and Louis Agassiz, both of whom contributed in the 1800's to the development of the Museum of Comparative Zoology where dad took a job. He was a preparator in the Department of Vertebrate -as opposed to Invertebrate- Paleontology, in the Museum of Comparative Zoology, in Peabody Museum at Harvard University, a pretty heady string of designations for a high-school drop-out from the central Utah desert.

Dramatis Personae

Dad's professional life in Cambridge was peopled by a set of most remarkable people I had ever met. I spent a fair amount of time at the museum, at parties and outings with them so was also affected by them. This list contains the names of most of the people in that group:

Alfred Sherwood Romer, Director of MCZ

Ruth Romer, Dr. Romer's wife

Nelda Wright, Dr. Romer's executive assistant

Arnie Lewis, dad's boss and friend and his wife Jane Lewis

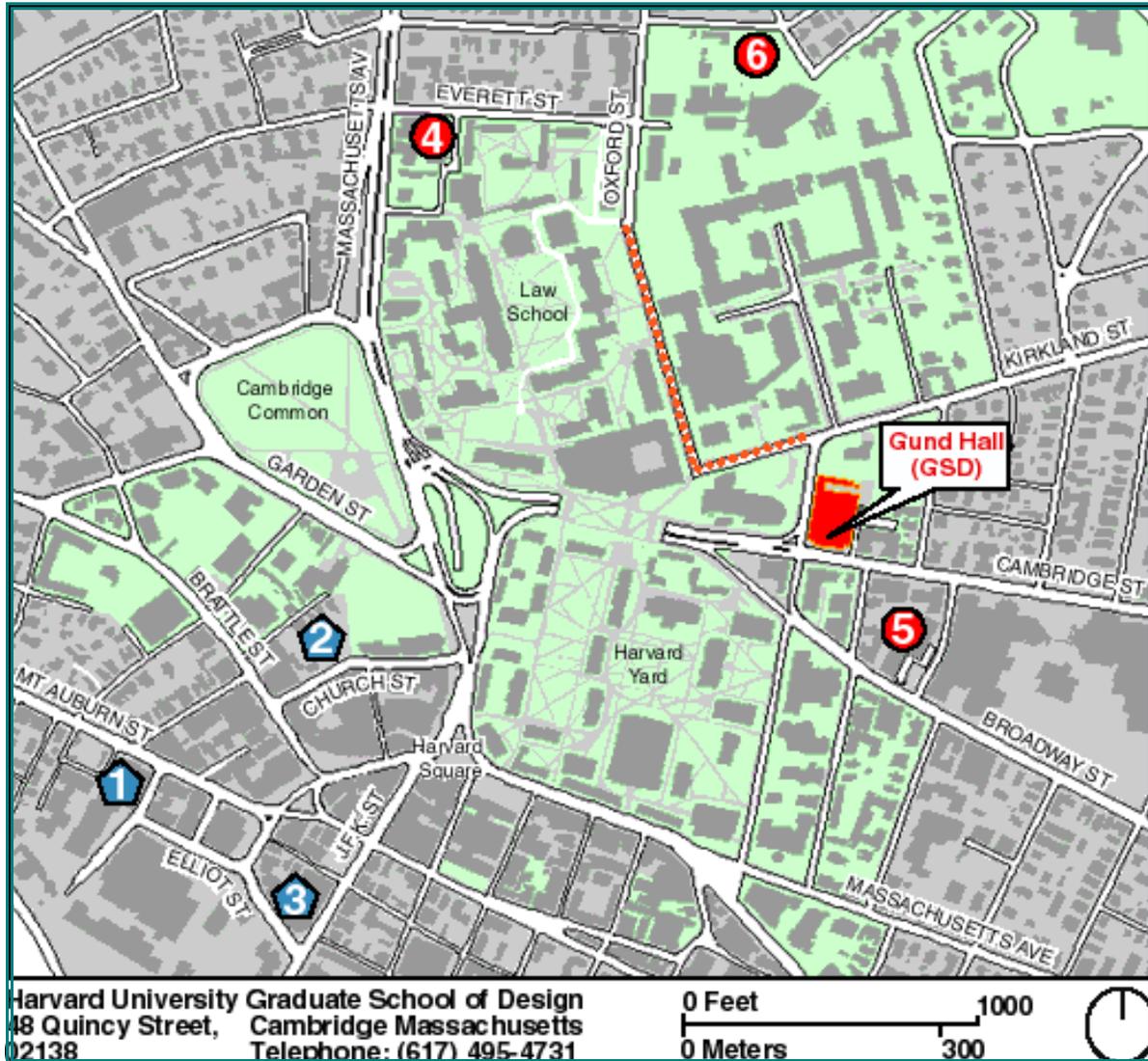
Edith Scammon, old-maid millionaire botanist

Patterson, another self-made paleontologist
Tilly Edinger, Holocaust victim, Neuro-paleontologist
Liska (Elisabeth) Deichmann, Danish invertebrate paleontologist
Joe O'Leary, dad's long-time friend from Honolulu
Ernest Williams, herpetologist
Myvonwy Dick, ichthyologist
Ernst Meyr, German ornithologist (still alive in 2004)
Raymond Painter, Ph.D. (Liked to be 'doctored'), ornithologist
Henry Seton, millionaire dilettante
Ernst Maier of Hebrew University
Jack McIntosh, the sauropod man

These are the people I knew personally, people I worked for, people I talked to at clam bakes, dinner parties, or picnics, people that I corresponded with even while I was un Brasil and then Indiana. They stand out today for the variety of things they did that affected me.

Physical Setting

This is a 2004 parking map from the Harvard website which gives you a clear overview of the campus:



The parts of Harvard University that we trafficked included the following:

Peabody Museum

Museum of Ethnology

Museum of Comparative Zoology ("MCZ")

Vertebrate Paleontology

Invertebrate Paleontology
Ichthyology
Herpetology
Botany
Blashka Flowers
Ornithology
Harvard Yard
Harvard Square
Weidner Library
Fogg Art Museum
Mem (Memorial) Hall
Swimming Pool
Administration Building (where I got my checks)
Soldier's Field stadium

There were even a set of streets that that stand out in this universe:

Oxford Street
Divinity Street
Mass (Massachusetts) Ave

Now I'll tell you how this bunch of people in these location affected my development, what I did at the different place, who I dealt with. I will organize these explanations on the basis of the people, introducing the places as appropriate.

Peabody Museum and MCZ

The Museum of Comparative Zoology, shortened to the acronym "MCZ", is located on Oxford Street down a few blocks from Memorial Hall, "Mem Hall" as it was called. It's hard to see but it appears in the above map. Find the red "6" near to top center and a short distance below it is a pair of gray boxes. Those boxes are the museum complex. Dad worked in the one on the left. He worked with Arnie Lewis in the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology. The preparation section that he went to each day was located in the "basement", actually more of a first floor because you entered it from ground level, but its decor suggested something subterranean. It was adjacent to large, dark, dusty storage rooms, filled

with plaster-jacketed specimens, unlabeled wooden cases, piles of paper and old books. The men's bathroom down the hall was filled with antique fixtures which were always clean but stained.

Peabody was constructed in the shape of an enormous horseshoe. While it had grown by accretion, the original style was preserved throughout. The building

was constructed of brownish-red bricks and at the time many of the first two floors were generally covered with ancient ivy. The ivy was so old that it had wooden trunks 5 or 6 inches thick. I believe the ivy has been removed because it was destroying the mortar and weakening the walls. The windows on the first floor were covered by heavily re-painted screens made out of thin bars. I can't estimate the floor



Figure 96 Harvard website

space of the building because it was huge, six stories tall, stretching perhaps 2 or more blocks in one direction and perhaps half that in the other. Because of the length of the legs of the horseshoe, passageways had been constructed through the buildings. Going through them was like going into a dark tunnel fringed around each end with ivy.

The large yard created in the center of this structure was criss-crossed by sidewalks and occasional benches, with a variety of ancient trees, maples, oaks, elms and beeches. In summer the yard was filled with students pretending to study but most seemed to be horsing around. This was the first place I saw a Frisbee, also called a "Pluto Platter" at the time, a sort of reference to flying saucers I suppose. Some of the early frisbees even had the signs of the zodiac on the top surface. The students were throwing one around and I was surprised at how smoothly it flew, appearing to sort of float. Harvard students being who they were

undertook to study frisbees, trying to figure out how they worked, why they had the characteristics they did, arguing loudly about the differential angular velocities of the rim versus the center to explain the unexplainable "lift" that held the thing in the air, and so on. I think that one group proved that it was impossible for frisbees to fly at all.

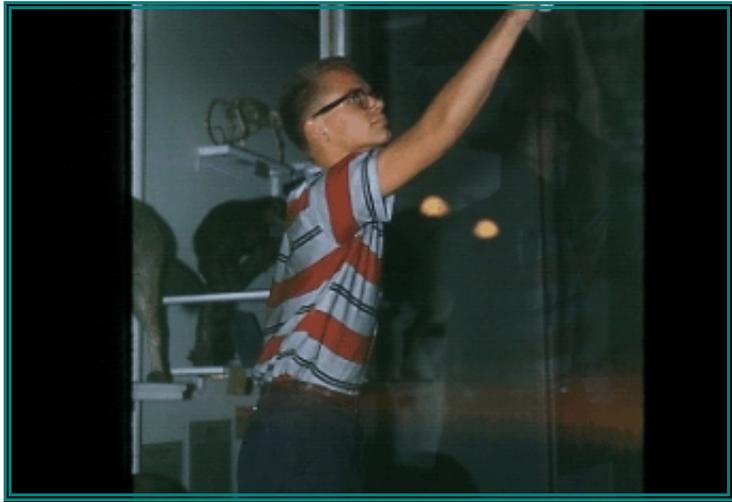
MCZ was just one of a variety of museums that constituted Peabody (pronounced "Pee-buh-d" with accent on the first syllable) Museum. Harvard being the venerable institution that it is, and as well-endowed as it is, possesses a wide range of museums but Peabody was the largest, hence most complex, hence interesting to a wide range of students and visitors.

In MCZ there was a huge stairway that extended from the top to the bottom floor. It was constructed entirely of metal, had a gentle slope and steps that were 15 or 20 feet wide. Looked like something one would expect to see in a palace or mansion. We used this stairway instead of the tiny slow old elevator - which required a key to operate. On the walls above the stairway were hung heads of animals, including the largest moose head I ever saw. About the time we were leaving, the museum began to go through some massive changes. One of the sad ones I was aware of was the removal and destruction of all of these preserved heads. That's called progress. The stairway was for staff and students so it was secured in public exhibition areas by metal screens.

Cleaning Exhibit Cases - ornithology and African collection

One of the first jobs dad got for us at MCZ was cleaning exhibit cases in different parts of the museum. We didn't always work on the same jobs so didn't see each other during some days. The first job was a joint effort. We were hired to clean up after the displays had been refurbished in the public display section of birds. Dr. Raymond Painter was our "boss". These cases were of two sorts, one the wall-mounted variety, sort of built-in, the other was the free standing case. They were about 8 feet tall, so we needed step ladders to get to the top. There actually wasn't much debris because it had been generally cleaned up by the preparators, which means that our job was mostly the tedious task of using razor blades to remove paint that had lapped over onto the glass when the frames were painted, and then washing the windows. That is not a minor task when the panes were so large and so many.

Another summer I had a full-time job working on the top floor, in a sweaty hotbox below the roof, in the bird skeleton collection. At that time, Dick was down in the exhibit halls washing windows. The cases were probably 150 years old, consisting of glass on four sides as well as the top. The glass had to be cleaned both inside as well as outside so he had to climb inside of the cases and maneuver around the exhibits to finish the job. In



some cases he had to actually move the exhibits from their normal position so he could get around them to the glass. One of the African animals that he had to move was larger than most so he had to push really hard to get it to move. Only after he heard the glass shattering on the floor did he understand that the difficulty was not the size of the animal, rather the fact that the animal's nose was pressed directly against the glass. It was hot sweaty work, there being no air conditioning in those days to deal with the 90% humidity and 90 degree heat.

Another job that lasted a few Saturdays was replenishing the moth crystals in the Gray bird skin collection, and then in the Gray collection of bird eggs. You have no idea of the things we saw as we opened cases that hadn't been opened for many years in some cases, sliding out yard wide drawers and peeking inside. Just amazing. Bird skins of kinds I'd never heard of, large and small. And eggs? Whole drawers full of enormous, thick-walled ostrich eggs, etc. Just staggering. These collections extended from the floor to the ceiling around the many rooms dedicated to this particular collection, while the free-standing cases were about 8 feet high. Our assignment was simple: systematically go through every cupboard, cabinet, drawer, find the little dishes that had been used to hold moth crystals, and re-fill the dishes. Simple. Nothing to it. So we did that.

The interesting twist to the moth crystal was Raymond "Doctor" Painter, PhD's cupidity. Dick and I had spent some time searching for Sandwich glass with mom and dad. Everywhere we went, we stopped at junk shops and picked around for any sandwich glass initially, but then they decided they wanted to specialize in the pattern named "Paneled Thistle". We noted that many of these little flat dishes holding the moth crystals were obviously Sandwich glass, though we didn't

know the pattern. In passing we mentioned to Raymond "Doctor" Painter that fact. He didn't show any particular interest, but we later discovered that he had been affected by it. On a later day as we worked in the collection, we noticed that there were no more Sandwich glass plates. That struck us as odd. They had been replaced with a modern substitute. Being naturally inquisitive, and suspicious, we went back to cases we had already completed. Sure enough, all of the Sandwich glass plates were replaced.

Looking back now, I am curious. Were these jobs at the museum ones that actually did come open during the course of museum operations? Or were they created as a result of dad's requesting any possible employment for his kids? At the time, they were work that I could do to earn some money. I resented being forced to do it but liked the money, and never thought about whether dad was arranging these for us or not. But it seems plausible that these little make-work jobs were just that. Dr. Romer liked dad and would have helped him this way. Nelda would know the MCZ well enough to come up with small tasks that teenagers could do.

Ethnology and Giant Gorilla

Dick and I worked in different parts of MCZ and roamed all of Peabody. My favorite part was actually not the paleontology part, though I obviously was linked to it. It was the ethnographic section that fascinated me. This was located on the west limb of the horseshoe and possessed wonderful collections from around the world. The newest exhibit, prepared in a modern style, was most impressive. It was a set of rooms filled with carefully spaced Mayan statuary from the Yucatan. The walls were black and no overhead lighting was used. Instead, small narrowly focused spot lights were strategically placed around each exhibit to illuminate it and to dramatize it by patterns of shadows. In the case of the colossal heads the effect was impressive, creating a sense of foreboding grandeur.

My interest in anthropology was stoked by the massive collections that included a full range of artifacts of clothing, tools, weapons, and ceramics. Photographs provided additional insights about the people and culture. But of all the items on display only one gave me nightmares and I really don't know why.

It was on the sixth floor where some African exhibits were housed. In a back room there was an exhibit that was sort of out of place because it didn't reveal anything about the culture. The topic was big game hunting safaris. A set

of photos showed kills of various large animals. One of the grinning hunters surrounded by the black bearers was none other than Teddy Roosevelt.

The shocking item was a huge glass jar in the center of the exhibit behind which was a set of mirrors to provide the viewer a 360 degree view. Of the largest gorilla head I have ever seen. A portrait of the kill that had the animal posed on his feet between the hunters revealed how enormous it was. It was an enormous silverback with forearms as large as the body of the hunters and a set of shoulders that looked 5 feet across. Sort of a mini-King-Kong. But it was the enormous head and human-like face in that jar that haunted me. It was horrifying and fascinating, drawing me back many times.

I discovered a couple of years ago that Michael Coe was doing his graduate work there while we were roaming the halls. His book about the decipherment of the Mayan hieroglyphics is as fascinating as Michael Ventris' "The Decipherment of Linear B". Maybe the name "Michael" is the key. You should read both if you have an interest in cryptology or simply an interest in some of the more difficult intellectual problems that the human mind has solved. The solution to the Mayan problem was actually predicted by the soviet Mayanist Khorozov?? who lived in St. Petersburg and never left his country. He suspected, rightly it turned out, that the Mayan system, like Egyptian hieroglyphics, consisted of 3 different kinds of symbols instead of one like the English system: alphabetic, syllabic and representational. The all-mighty somewhat arrogant American Mayanist Eric Thompson ridiculed the suggestion.

The other person of note today who was starting career at that time was _____. He

THE PANDA'S THUMB

Remodeling Storage Cases

Another job took several months to complete. Apparently MCZ had decided to remodel one of the collections, which one I don't recall. Understand these collections I'm referring to are those collections of fossils, skins, eggs, skulls, etc. stored in closets and cupboards, not those on display in glass cases. To accomplish the remodel, all of the trays on which specimens were stored had to be cut down and re-nailed together. Dad and his best friend at the time Arnie Lewis contracted to do the job, on Saturdays. And us two kids were hired on as common labors to do the running and handling and cleaning. It was saw-dusty work because

they set up a table saw and ripped the trays lengthwise and across somehow, thereby producing large quantities of saw dust that went everywhere, giving us something to do when clean up time was there. We carried trays back and forth and scrap strips of wood. We were paid something like 35 cents an hour about 1958- which is about what minimum wage was at the time. The point: dad took us with him to do this work so taught by example with a few well chosen words you can be sure- which was a good thing after all.

Preparing bird Skeletons

The funnest job dad got me at Harvard was cleaning bird skeletons. I don't remember which summer it was but it was the summer when Phil Weitemeier also from Belmont Highschool, was employed by another. He was a genius and his dad also worked at Harvard. His job was glueing together some sort of electronic gizmo that usually didn't turn out most of the time, but he was paid the same. He was a quiet guy, good quarter-miler.

Anyway, dad managed to get me a job in the Gray Bird Collection at MCZ at Peabody Museum. Stuffy sounding place already, isn't it. My job was to literally clean and prepare for study skeletons which had been accumulating in the collection for 100 years. For that reason, I had the good fortune of being the person who actually was honored to clean and prepare the skeletons of the last two known living specimens of the "Passenger pigeon" Most of you youngsters don't know but it was somehow a significant specie to be decimated. They used to fly in such large flocks that a single flock would block the sunlight for a full day. That's a lot of birds. But easterners with shotguns full of bird shot brought them down in the thousands, skinning and salting them in barrels for transport and sale in eastern seaboard markets. The net result was the actual total extermination of these lovely pigeons. And the last two known living specimens died and were bequeathed to the Gray Bird Collection.

So I got to clean and prepare skeletons. Sound boring? Not at all. Because the methods I was taught to use were so varied, as varied as the condition of the specimens I had to prepare. In some cases I just picked the dried skin and tissue off the bones. Others I had to boil in a dilute solution of sodium hydrochloride, a base, to get the tissues to dissolve which created a pretty awful odor but nasal fatigue is a blessing and sets in about half an hour later. Then I would pull them off the burner, remove them from the boiling solution and cool them. The tissues

would be softened to the point that they were actually more like jelly than tissue. I would remove this stuff and discover the bones below. The problem, obviously, was that one could cook the specimens so long that the cartilages were softened to the point that they could not be identified. That was a problem because the student depended on the shape of the cartilage for information to use in his study. I fear I did a bad job. Indeed, I know I did. I did the best I could under the circumstances but it was not good.

But I cleaned those passenger pigeons and was thrilled to do it. They even came in their original skins and feathers so I could see what they more or less looked like. But in the end, they resembled a number of other birds taken apart and stored in boxes after the tissue, skin and feathers were removed.

There were other equally important specimens I had to deal with and it was glorious for me. I understood enough about the environmental movement even then to know that it was an honor to be able to prepare the last specimens of a disappearing specimens. For example, I got to work on one of the last dodos. And I discovered that owls have bones in their eyes, circular bones called sclerotic rings shaped like truncated cones. Like ichthyosaurs had. And that wood peckers have bones in their tongues, that are so long they curl all the way around the back of skull over the top ending not too far from the orbits.

I would sit up there on the sixth and top floor of the museum under the summer sun, 8 hours a day, having driven in with dad. There was no air conditioning so it was hot. But I was generally unsupervised so was able to do whatever I wanted to do, as long as it dealt with these skeletons.

There were two other methods of skeleton preparation that stand out.

One was the use of the bug room. The museum had a room filled with dermestids, tiny beetles that loved to eat dry dead tissues, even desiccated ones. These are the bugs that would eat my butterflies in cases if I didn't seal the cases tightly or use moth crystals. And since they only ate the tissues, not the cartilages or bones, they were ideal for preparing sensitive specimens. All one had to do was get permission first from someone and to then go through two small hermetically sealed entry rooms like compression chambers to gain entrance to the room where the nasty little creatures worked. They were less than a quarter inch long so were not visible. They lived in batts of cotton. So all one did to encourage them to do the work was to create a space on a work bench, lay the specimen down and just cover it with batts that contained these bugs. They went to work and laid eggs and joyfully devoured the dry tissue, though not very fast and reproduced. It took several weeks for them to finish their work but it was wonderful to behold so

was worth the wait - if there was enough time to wait. Most of my things couldn't wait.

So I used another non-chemical technique to remove tissue from bones called maceration. Outside of the museum, in the parking lot where dad parked the car was an outbuilding that I had a key to. It was a small brick building probably 10 x 16 feet and unheated and no one used it. I would fill a large graduated cylinder - 3 or more litres - with water and drop a specimen into the water and carry it out to the house. I'd set it by other graduated cylinders containing other specimens. To ensure that the process would proceed as quickly as possible, I would pour a bit of the water from other nicely simmering specimens into the new cylinder. The purpose, obviously, was to inoculate the new water with the bacteria that had already set up housekeeping in the previous specimens. That accelerated the maceration process immensely. Every few days I would go out to the room and pour off the old tissue-fragment-filled water and replace it with fresh water. This speeded up the process and finally produced a jar of bones connected by cartilages and tendons that I took out and dried and then prepared for storage in the collection with proper labels in proper boxes.

Sometimes, however, this process did not work right. For reasons I don't know today, some of the specimens set up anaerobic rather than aerobic cultures - so I was told. I had no way to independently determine that. The result was that the organisms that were cultured had a totally different smell. Please understand, I was not a fan of the odors produced by the helpful aerobic cultures, but the scents produced by anaerobic bacteria were horrible. It smelled like something worse than dead and diseased. The aerobic cultures smelled sort of rich and full but these were skinny tight horrible putrid smells that turned one's stomach. So in the cases where the anaerobic bacteria set up housekeeping, I tried for another week to encourage aerobic maceration with inoculation of aerobic bacteria and if that failed, I would just revert to the sodium hydroxide solution. That always worked.

Another job Dick and I had at the museum, thanks to Dad, was cleaning the windows of the bird display cases after dad had completed his remodel of the displays. This meant opening the cases and using razor blades to scrape off the paint on the windows and picking up debris left behind in the cases. This wasn't hard work, but it was boring. The best part was listening to the moms and dads and kids talk about the exhibits. I don't remember any examples but I recall that some funny things were said. This was regular work on weekends that we earned money from. It was an ordeal getting paid, however. It seemed like one had to go

at certain hours of one day a week to a particular building on the campus to a particular clerk at one counter where checks were issued. After waiting in line I would go up nervously to a counter in a high-ceilinged room where I announced my name and collected the check for the last pay period. It was like I was stealing gold from God's treasury to get those old ugly women to hand the check across. Bookkeepers like librarians think they personally own the stuff they pass out.

We received shipments of specimens from Costa Rica. These were given to me to prepare which was interesting because they were basically fresh specimens. They obviously had been cleared by US Customs, but it was evident that the examination of the specimens had been cursory. Upon opening the cartons and sealed plastic bags I found several live tropical insects that would have been enthusiastically rejected by the Department of Agriculture. I was opening the cartons with Dr. Raymond Painter so he took the insects away. I don't know what he did with them but imagine that he took them down the halls to Entomology.

Cavident, Cavitron and Coprolites

There were actually two different experimental dental devices loaned to the paleontology section/MCZ to be tried out. I forget the name of the other, but it was a device that used ultrasonic waves to drill, an even more unpleasant way to make holes in teeth than the standard rotary bits. The Cavident was intriguing on the other hand, an equally useless bit of invention, but nonetheless interesting.

The Cavident that I got to use on a glass bottle employed a stream of high pressure, fine grained sand to etch whatever needed etching. The bottle was something to play with, and I did actually etch a hole completely through it. The hand piece was manipulated inside of a closed chamber in this situation, sort of an enclosed space to collect the spent dust and dislodged particles. Right there you have an idea about how useless the device would be in a real dentist's office where real people opened their mouths to allow the dentist to use this dust-producing device on real teeth. It was fun to do this and was an introduction to the concept of "sand blasting" that has so many uses in our country. For example, tomb stones are etched with a sand blaster. It uses a larger grit to be sure but the principle is the same. A paraffin wax coat is applied to the stone, the area that is to be engraved is carefully cut out and then the stone is blasted with high pressure grit long enough to etch out the shape and depth of shape that is desired. Industrial application range from simply cleaning a surface of whatever material was in place

to other specific etching needs. It can be used to etch patterns in glass, though hydrofluoric pastes are probably simpler, using the same paraffin mask.

Harvard Square

There are two places called "Harvard Square" one is the yard encompassed by quadrangles of old multi-story dormitories that were taken over by various service or such and such groups. The other was the MTA subway stop names "Harvard Square."

Ushering Harvard Football Games

Through Belmont high school I also got a job in the fall being an usher at the home foot ball games for Harvard. That was sort of fun, sort of awful. Standing on the entries to different levels of the stadium in the cold wind to help people find their seats set one up for all sorts of responses. Some people were genuinely happy to receive an explanation of where their assigned seats were. Others were rude and nasty when we offered to help them find their seats, having been there for more years than I had been alive it seems. The pay checks were dispensed at the same mausoleum but I was real happy to get paid the \$5 per game I earned. I did love it. Really.