

**Minnesota Farm Boy
to American Executive**

**Always Seeking New
Challenges**

An Autobiography

By

Carlyle E. Hystad

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**Dedicated to my Grandchildren:
Michael, Julia, Caroline, Amanda,
Ashley, Megan, Anna and Claire**

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CHAPTER ONE:

THE EARLY YEARS 1938 - 1948

My Birth Day

It was very late in the evening, 11:36 p.m. to be exact, when I came into this world as a living, screaming being, covered with wet and slime and abused with a hard slap on the butt. I was not at all happy about it. Why was I being tortured, with the cold, the bright light in my eyes, the beating? Was I suspected of being a spy? Had I been captured by the enemy? Was this Germany? I looked for a calendar to check the date: July 17, 1938. Hitler was making aggressive moves in Europe; he had already taken over Austria and part of Czechoslovakia. Maybe I had been so unlucky as to be born in Germany, or worse, in Austria or Czechoslovakia!!

I looked for any sign of a friendly face; maybe someone would rescue me. An ugly old woman pretending to be a nurse had me firmly in her grasp and was taking me away, maybe for more torture. I screamed as loud as I could, but it seemed that nobody heard me, or maybe they were hardened against the violent screams of all those being tortured. I was trying hard to think of a way to escape, but my mind was hazy and confused; I probably had been drugged. Just when I was starting to despair, a young woman appeared over me and gently picked me up. She took me to another room and held me to her breast so I was warm, and I could get something in my stomach; now this was more like it. I didn't know who she was but I was going to stick with her, at least for now.

The next morning, I watched closely to determine who were the friends, and who were the enemies. I listened carefully as the officials scurried in and out and asked lots of questions. I learned that the young woman who had taken me to her bed was called Esther, or sometimes Mrs. Hystad. She kept referring to herself as Mommy. She said she had named me Carlyle Everett; I was not at all

sure I liked that name, although Carlyle had sort of an aristocratic ring to it. I also learned that someone called Mrs. Bellmore was sharing this little room with us, and that she seemed very attached to a baby girl also born on July 17; she was called Marlys. Our paths would cross many years later.

I received a great scare later in the day when a dark, gruff looking man came into the room and grabbed me. I started screaming and was prepared to fight to the death, but he just gave me a hug and then passed me back to Mommy. I was informed that this was Daddy. He had a very dark tan on his face and arms; almost black. No hair on the top of his head, but a ring of black hair around the back and sides of his head, like an oversized horseshoe. He also had lots of rough, black stubble on his face. He did not look friendly (and that unfriendly look never changed much over the years; in fact, I think that was the one and only time he ever hugged me). I was hoping that we would not be seeing much of this guy called Daddy.

On the second full day with Mommy, I learned some more as I listened to Mommy giving information to complete a birth certificate. Mommy was 26 years old. Her maiden name was Esther Lillian Frazee. She was born in McKenzie County, North Dakota. She was a house-keeper. I was her fourth child, and the others were still alive; oh no, don't tell me I am going to have to share this woman with three older siblings!! If I'm lucky, maybe they have been given up for adoption, or have gone to live with a grandparent or something!

We were in a place called St. Francis Hospital, in the city of Breckenridge, in the county of Wilkin, in the State of Minnesota, in the country of the United States of America. Whew; thank goodness I'm not in Europe. But Minnesota? That's polar bear country. Why not California or some nice warm place?

I also learned that my designated father was Carl Nordahl Hystad, who was white (he didn't look white to me), 34 years of age, working at farming, and was born in Coleman, South Dakota. The birth certificate also attested that I was full term and legitimate. Well, I guess that is better than being called a fraud, but how did they know I was legitimate? I could be faking it! The attending physician signed the birth certificate: *E^^^R~~~~~*.

The next day Mommy bundled me up, even though it was quite hot that day, and carried me to a jalopy of an automobile being driven by that same dark man she called Daddy. We bounced along for several miles as I tried to catch up on my sleep. I don't know why those big people don't appreciate the importance of sleep for a little tyke like me.

After what seemed like hours, we arrived at "home," in what some people called a "town" of Everdell, Minnesota. There were only a few buildings there, and we headed for a shack that apparently passed for a house, where Daddy parked the car. It suddenly dawned on me that I had been born into poverty; I may have an aristocratic name, but it looks like this family is white trash. Look at this dinky little house; almost no furniture; and who are those grimy children wearing those ragged, hand-me-down clothes? They must be my siblings. And they are all boys! And they look like someone out of a Charles Dickens novel.

I was forced to be introduced to all of them. Norris (or Norry) is the oldest; 8 years old in April; Wallace (or Wally) is next; he will turn seven in August; and then Milton (called Mickey) who has just turned four in June. Wally and Mickey both had runny noses, and this was July! Norris gave me a disdainful look, and commented that he was meant to be an only child. Wally pretended to be very interested in me, and very kind, but then he covered up my face with a blanket when Mommy wasn't looking. Mickey was obviously trying to figure out how he could use me as a new toy; maybe he could take me apart and see if he could put me back together again. Is this bad luck or what? Three older brothers? Living in poverty? Out on the prairie of west central Minnesota?

Yes, I learned something about this place. We were on the southeastern edge of the Red River Valley; what used to be the bottom of a very large lake; flat as a table top, and it stretched for over five hundred miles along both sides of the Red River. I discovered to my amazement that the Red River flows north from Breckenridge into Canada and eventually into Hudson Bay. I was under the mistaken impression that all rivers in the middle part of America flowed south into the Gulf of Mexico.

Interesting what you can learn if you keep your ears open and your mouth shut.

The fellow called Daddy worked as a farm hand for a local farmer. He made very little money, but we usually had enough food to keep our bellies mostly satisfied. Mommy worked hard to grow food in a garden and patch up the old clothes that friends and relatives had given her; and trying to keep those three monster brothers of mine from killing themselves or each other, or me.

The next year was so bad that I decided to sleep through most of it; it was my only form of escape from the brothers and the poverty and the dust and those scary looks from Daddy whenever he came near. But there was one incident that I thought was sort of interesting, and Mommy kept talking about over the years. When I was about 3 months old, Mommy had left me in the middle of her bed while she was outdoors doing chores. She thought I was too small to roll off the bed or get into any trouble. Well, I decided I would play a little joke on Mommy. I wiggled to the side of the bed that was close to the bedroom wall, and then I slowly slid down between the bed and the wall until I was on the floor. About that time, Mommy sent Norry in to make sure I was O.K. When Norry came in, I didn't move a muscle; he finally saw me under the bed; he thought I was sleeping. He went back out to tell Mommy that I was on the floor but I was fine; I wasn't crying. Mommy screamed and ran into the house; she thought I had fallen off the bed and killed myself. When she picked me up I said "fooled you". Or I would have said that if I had been able to talk. Mommy didn't think it was funny, but she did seem to be very happy that I wasn't dead.

Moving to Clitherall

In the Fall of 1939, things started looking up. Daddy had rented a farm about 25 to 30 miles east of the Valley, near Clitherall, Minnesota, and he would now be able to run his own place rather than work for someone else. The family loaded up its few meager belongings and moved to the Hokanson Place, which was what the neighbors called the farm. The place had a large house compared to what we left, with three quite large rooms and one small room and an

unheated enclosed addition all on the main floor, with four more rooms upstairs. It was almost middle class in its size and appearance. Of course, there was no electricity or plumbing, or gas. The rest of the farm was not nearly as nice as the house, with a small old barn, an old log building used as a granary, some old chicken coops, and several sheds in various stages of dilapidation. And the land was not very good. Sandy soil, with a good portion of the farm covered with swamp and woods.

But it was a beautiful place. A large lake, Crane Lake, was just down the hill behind the barn; there were trees, and a nice creek, and hills, and interesting places to explore. Compared with Everdell, it was like heaven. We even had a windmill that worked, pumping water for the livestock and for us, while keeping the cream and milk cool in the water tank.

Learning to Walk

I was 15 months old, and I was not yet walking. My brothers were starting to say nasty things about me; maybe I was a little slow or retarded or something. Mommy was getting a little impatient with me. I had been observing my brothers' ability to run around wherever they wanted to go, while I was limited to scooting along on my rear, or crawling on my hands and knees and getting sore knees and dirty hands. I had practiced walking several times when no one was watching. I really didn't want anyone to see me fall. I wanted to be able to just start out walking like a normal person. So, I practiced in secret. I fell many times. I bumped my head, hurt my butt, and was generally bruised by the experience.

At one point I was about ready to give it up and just keep on scooting on my butt for the rest of my life. I was torn between my desire to walk like my brothers, and my reluctance to sustain more injuries. Then on the day we moved to the Hokanson place, I was scooting around the house, getting in the mud that was being tracked in as they moved in the furniture, dishes and pots and pans. It had snowed a little, creating muddy conditions. Mommy was getting exasperated with me. She said: "Carlyle, why don't you get up and walk." I just stood up and walked. No one had ever asked

before. I just needed that little bit of added motivation to overcome my fear. And I never looked back; I never scooted again. Within days I was running around like a regular kid.

Well, not quite like a regular kid. My brothers were permitted to go outside wherever they wanted; to the barn, or the granary, or the chicken coop, or down to the lake, or way down in the woods to the creek, or all the way to the school house, over a mile away. I had to stay in the house. I could only go outside if someone was with me to watch me. It wasn't fair. Why was I the only one in the family to be treated this way. I could take care of myself.

The family settled in to life at the Hokanson Place. Norry and Wally went off to the one-room school house out by the county highway. They had to walk over a mile to the school, crossing the Peterson farm, where Oscar, Emil, Victor and Hulda Peterson lived; three bachelor brothers and their sister.

Daddy had to cut and chop wood to heat the house. We had a pot belly stove in the living room, and a wood burning cook stove in the kitchen. That was all that stood between us and death by freezing in that cold Minnesota winter, when the early morning temperature would often be minus 30 degrees or colder. Fortunately, there were many trees on the farm that could be used for firewood.

Mommy believed that she needed to go to church regularly to make sure Jesus liked her so she would be allowed to enter heaven. She did her best to convince her four sons of this. She had almost given up on Daddy, but she still managed to get him to church a few times a year. She had given up her church, the Presbyterian Church, to join the Lutheran Church, because Daddy thought he was a Lutheran if he was anything, but that still didn't help get Daddy to church very often.

Baptism

Mommy insisted that her children would be baptized, so it was my turn on May 19th, 1940. I was almost two years old, but better late than never, Mommy said. I was properly dressed in the best hand-me-down clothes available. The whole family went off to

Eagle Lake Lutheran Church. The Reverend Seastrand, Pastor. The ceremony was not a pleasant memory. First, I was almost too big to be held easily, but I was too small to stand over the baptism font by myself, so it was a bit awkward; and why was I the only one up there who wasn't a baby? Second, I had this brief moment of terror when I thought it might be some sort of human sacrifice ceremony, with me as the sacrifice, when I heard Pastor Seastrand say "this child we dedicate to thee, O God of grace and purity". Third, I did not understand how it would help me get into heaven to have a little water splashed on my head. Mommy told me I would understand when I was older. Just one of many things she told me that was not quite correct, but well-intentioned. Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Sandstrom and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Bjornson were the witnesses and god parents. The Sandstroms were good friends of Mommy and Daddy, or at least Mrs. Sandstrom and Mommy were good friends, and continued to be as long as they lived. Mrs. Sandstrom never forgot that she was my godmother, although she was never called upon to save me.



Here's a picture of me taken shortly before my baptism. I was soaking up some of that Spring sunshine.

The summer of 1940 was good, because I was allowed to be outdoors some more, with a little bit of freedom to explore. I learned something about horses (we had five or six at the time), about cows and calves and bulls (we had a mean bull), about chickens, pigs, and about “my” dog Shep. I watched in horror as Mommy drove Dexter, a very large and clumsy gray horse, as she helped Daddy with farming by raking hay. I was terribly afraid that Mommy would be hurt and I would be left alone with Daddy and those three brothers. My brothers were often put in charge of taking care of me while Mommy worked in the fields or in the garden, which usually meant that no one paid any attention to me unless I let out my loudest scream.

Alone with Shep

In December of 1940 a major disaster struck. Mommy went away to the hospital for a few days and came home with a baby; a baby girl. I was depressed for many days. How could she do this to me? I had always been her favorite. She had always given me more attention and love than any of her children. Now she was giving most of her time and attention to this intruder. I finally concluded that Daddy had forced Mommy to do it; Daddy must have picked out this baby at the hospital and made Mommy take care of it; she was doing it against her will; otherwise she would never have abandoned me like that.

I was alone, except for Shep. My brothers were too busy with school and chores and playing their games outside, to spend time with me. I was not big enough to participate in any of their fun. And Mommy was busy with the baby, Valeria was her name, and all her other work, including milking cows twice a day, baking bread, churning butter, washing piles of dirty clothes, and making meals for seven of us. She seldom had any time for me anymore. And I almost never saw Daddy except at dinner and supper, which always hurt my eyes because all of the smoke from Daddy’s cigarettes would come in my direction. Daddy would be outside working when I got up in the morning, and he would be outside working when I went to bed

at night. I looked forward to becoming a man so I would never have to go to bed, like Daddy.

The summer of 1941 was a great relief, because I could go outdoors again. I could play in the lilac bushes where I had a little fort. I could climb on the pile of chopped wood, or go down to the barn and watch the calves, or chase some chickens. And I had a birthday party with lemonade and cake. Here I am in some of my second-hand clothes, standing on the porch of the house at the Hokanson Place, with my dog Shep.



My happiness that summer was overshadowed a bit by the news from one of my brothers, probably Norry, that someday the sun would stop shining and the whole world would be dark and cold and everyone and everything would die and that would be the end of life forever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever and ever, and if I kept on saying ever forever there would still be no life after the last ever, and no one would even be there to keep saying ever. I felt like I had this heavy weight on my shoulders for many weeks, contemplating the end of everything and feeling that I should try to do something to prevent that from happening, but I had no idea what could be done. It was a troubling time, and I never thought about going to heaven as an escape from this disaster; I guess I assumed that the sun also would go black in heaven.

But I would forget about the sun dying when Mommy would make a good dessert and I would get my share. A cinnamon roll, or some pudding, or a chocolate cake, or even some ice cream that everyone would help make with the old ice cream maker. Mickey often tried to get me to give him my share of the dessert, and sometimes he would just take it from me, so I learned to hide from everyone when I had a particularly good dessert. I had good hiding places where I could savor my dessert; I would eat as slowly as I could, to make it last and last as long as possible.

Working on the Farm

I also had work to do, including helping my brothers husk corn for the pigs and cattle. See the photo of the four of us busy at the corn pile in the Fall of 1941, when I was three years old. Notice the interesting array of clothes we were wearing.



In the winter of 1941-42, I came face-to-face with death. The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor in December, just three days after Valeria's first birthday. But that really didn't mean much to me. What really upset me was the cow. One morning I heard Wally say that one of the cows was having problems calving. When I had a chance I went to the barn to see what was happening. There my brothers told me that the cow had died. My first question was to ask when it would come back to life again. They told me it would never come back to life; it was dead, and that was the end. Mommy came and took me back to the house. I never saw the dead cow again, but I never forgot that cow. It was my first experience with the death of a creature that I knew, and it was as shocking as the information that the sun would die someday.

The summer of 1942 started out to be excellent. It was warm; I no longer had goose bumps all the time. I spent most of my time outdoors, exploring the farm buildings, getting to know the cows and the pigs and the horses. The horses were named Beauty, who was brown, Fly, who was black, Dan, who was dapple gray, Dolly, who was brown like Beauty, Dexter, who was a dirty gray

color, and Fly's baby, the Colt. One day I was trying to help my brothers herd the horses into the barn so they could be harnessed to do some work. One of the horses just jumped over the top of me and ran away into the pasture. I guess I was still a little too small to be herding horses.

But I was big enough to explore the woods all the way down to the lake; and I could climb the big tree down by the garden. And my brothers would take me with them sometimes down to the lake to take a bath and play in the water. Mickey dug up turtle eggs on the lake shore. We picked June berries. I even got to ride in the hay wagon a few times, with Beauty and Fly, the two most gentle horses, pulling the wagon down the drive and across the field to pick up more hay.

Another nice thing about summer was that I wouldn't freeze my butt when I went to the toilet. Our toilet was a two hole outhouse about 150 feet from the house, over by the wood pile. In the summer it would be warm in the outhouse, although there would be lots of flies, and it was quite stinky sometimes.

Going to Town

Some Saturday nights we would all get in the car and drive to Clitherall so Daddy could sell some eggs and Mommy could buy some groceries. Sometimes Mommy would give me a penny or a nickel so I could buy candy at Wastweet's Café. Clitherall was a big town. It had two grocery stores, two gas stations, two restaurants, a farm produce company, a lumber yard, a grain elevator, a two-story school house, a post office, and stock yards where cattle were loaded into railroad cars. And it had a movie theater, with real movies showing some Saturday evenings. My brothers and I watched a movie there once that summer; it was mainly galloping horses with some guys wearing black hats and some wearing white hats, and a lot of shooting and jumping on and off the horses. I was not greatly impressed.

I started spending more time outdoors or in the barn or the granary; sometimes with my brothers; sometimes by myself. I learned to climb on the back of the smallest milk cow and pretend

that I was a cowboy. I climbed into the hay mow and burrowed my way into the loose hay. I explored the pasture with Shep, and would help bring the cows home for milking in the evening. I learned about fire weed, and how it caused my arms and legs to turn red and burn and itch. In the evenings I liked to sit by myself and listen to the loons down on Crane Lake, as they made their lovely, but lonesome calls.

I had no toys to play with; no bicycle; no wagon; no baseball bat or basketball. No toy trucks or cars or tinker toys or puzzles, or sleds or train sets. We had a rubber ball that we used to bounce against the house, or play catch; and we had a rope swing on a tree behind the house.

The War

Mommy cried about her brother, Uncle Vance, going off to fight in the war; she was afraid he would be killed. Mommy also was afraid the Germans or the Japs would attack us. On the rare occasions when a military airplane would fly over the farm, Mommy would scream and yell at the kids to take cover; we might be under attack. My brothers just laughed at her. Just like they did whenever there was a thunder storm. Mommy would scream and cry, begging all of us to get in the house and away from the doors and windows. She was sure we would all be struck by lightning. My brothers just laughed at her.

Everyone was worrying about the war. We could not use the car very much because gasoline and tires were rationed (but we didn't use it very much in any case). Some food items were rationed also, but we grew most of the food we ate. We stopped using sugar on our breakfast oatmeal and bran flakes because of the rationing. Our cousin Dallas Hystad went off to fight in the war.

Mommy and Daddy did find time to have a family picture taken that Fall. I was four; Mickey was eight; Wally was 11; Norry was 12; and Valeria was almost two. Mommy was 30, and Daddy was 39. Notice that my hair has turned dark, from the blond color of

the previous year. Also notice the nice new shirt I'm wearing. This was one of the few new pieces of clothing that I ever had in those years, because I got hand-me-downs from my older brothers



Christmas

Christmas in 1942 was special because it is the first one I remember clearly. Daddy and my brothers had cut down a small evergreen tree somewhere and built a wooden stand for it, and put it up in the living room. Mommy decorated it with some paper and candy and ribbons and a few shiny, round balls. She attached a few candles to the tree, the small ones like you use on birthday cakes, which we were to light only on Christmas eve and Christmas night. My brothers told me that Santa Claus would come on Christmas eve, and he might bring some presents, and every day I would ask them if this was Christmas eve. Finally, it was Christmas eve. After supper, we cleaned up the dishes, and my brothers told me that we all had to wait in the kitchen and close the door and listen carefully

for Santa. We waited and waited, and then Wally said he heard Santa on the front porch, and then I heard Santa, and I thought I caught a glimpse of his reindeer and sleigh as he flew away after dropping off the gifts.

We peeked into the living room, and there were presents under the tree, and all the candles on the tree were burning. It was beautiful; it was magical. We all gathered around the tree, and Mommy led us in singing some Christmas carols, and then we got to open presents. I got some underwear, and some stockings and a pair of mittens. My brothers also got some new clothes. It was a wonderful Christmas.

Falling on My Head

The winter of 1942-43 was a bad one. Snow was so deep that all the roads were blocked for miles around. Even the horses had a hard time making it through the snow. The snow was over six feet deep in many places, with drifts over the top of some of the farm buildings. It was in the middle of this snow-bound isolation that I created a crisis. I was riding my favorite cow in the barn, while Norry and Wally were cleaning the barn. The cow was spooked by something and jumped suddenly, and I fell off head first and struck my head on a sharp, pointed rock in the foundation of the barn. The next thing I remember was watching a stream of blood fall onto the snow as Norry carried me to the house. I had a large hole in my forehead, and I was slipping in and out of consciousness.

Daddy was not at home. He was about two miles away working with several of the neighbor men to help the county snowplow open up the main highway. The snow was so deep the snowplow could not get through except with the help of many men with shovels. Mommy sent Norry and Wally off to find Daddy and to tell him to bring a doctor back as fast as possible. Meanwhile, Mommy tried to keep me from dying; she held a cloth on the wound to slow the flow of blood, and she tried to keep me awake; I just wanted to go to sleep. A few hours later, Daddy arrived with the horses and sleigh, bringing the doctor.

The doctor poured some liquid into the wound that burned and made me cry, and then he pulled the skin back together and held it together with some metal clamps. He told Mommy that I should be fine; just make sure I got plenty of rest, and don't let me cry because that might pull the clamps out and open up the wound. Fortunately, I overheard this conversation, and I used it to my advantage over the next few weeks until the wound was fully healed. Whenever I wanted something, or didn't want to do something, I would pretend to start to cry, and Mommy would immediately give me what I wanted. It was a sad day when the doctor removed the staples and said I was fully healed.

Another bad thing about winter time: it was freezing cold in the outhouse, and if I had to do a big job my rear end would get very cold. And if anyone peed on the toilet seat it would freeze solid right away, so we just peed in the barn or in a snow bank, rather than get the toilet seat all covered with ice. We had sort of a toilet in the house for use only in the winter time when it was just too cold or stormy to go to the outhouse. It was a big bucket with a toilet seat over it, and Daddy usually would keep it down in the cellar or out in the washroom, and he would have to dump the bucket when it started to get full. It was pretty cold in the cellar or washroom, but much better than going outdoors in a blizzard.

Food in Storage

Even with the deep snow and cold weather that kept the roads blocked, we had enough food to eat. The cellar still had many jars of vegetables and fruit on the shelves, from Mommy's garden. There were jars of peas, string beans, corn, beets, carrots and pickled cucumbers. There were jars of jelly and jam made from strawberries, raspberries, June berries, gooseberries, and apples. There were jars of apple sauce made from the apples from the crab apple tree, and sliced peaches and pears made from the boxes of peaches and pears that Mommy bought at the store last summer. The potato bin still had many bushels of potatoes. There were frozen beef roasts and steaks and hamburger left from the steer that Daddy and the neighbors

butchered last Fall. Or we could always go catch a rooster or two for dinner. And we had plenty of milk, butter and bread.

When we ate dinner and supper, we always sat at the same spots at the table. Daddy sat at the head of the table. I had to sit next to him, on his left, because I was the smallest and my brothers didn't want to sit by him. Mickey sat next to me; Norry sat at the other end of the table; Wally sat next to him on the other side, and then Mommy was across the table from me, with Valeria in the highchair. Daddy always smoked cigarettes at the table, and the smoke would always come right to me. I couldn't stand the smell and the smoke and it hurt my eyes. I decided right then that when I was a daddy I would never smoke cigarettes.

Because I was the smallest person at the table, I sometimes was the last person to get any food; my brothers would grab the bowl of potatoes or the plate of meat before I could get any, and sometimes there was almost nothing left when I got my turn. But I always had all the milk I wanted. And I learned to grab my food quickly to make sure I got my share before it was all gone.

Welcoming the Sun

Finally, winter ended. The snow gradually melted, creating little streams all over, and little ponds that would freeze at night, with rubber ice that we would bounce on in the morning until it broke and we got wet. A key milestone that Spring was the day I could walk all the way from the house to the barn without stepping on any snow or ice. It was already May, and the apple tree would soon be blossoming. I liked the longer days; I could stay outdoors longer, and we did not need to use the kerosene lamps and lanterns so much. In the winter, we needed several lanterns in the morning and evening to see to do the chores. And we had two or three lamps in the house so Mommy could see to cook supper. We always had a lamp in the middle of the kitchen table where we ate. In the summer we could eat supper in the daylight, and it would still be light when I went to bed.

I would soon be turning five. Only one more year before I would start school, but I was still having problems pronouncing some words. I could not say “r”. A car was a “caa”. A horse was a “hose”. I pronounced my own name “Kilyle”. Which is why my brothers started calling me “Ky”. No matter how hard (hod) I tried, I could not pronounce “r”.

But I could do more chores now. I could gather eggs in the hen house. I could help feed and water the chickens. I could help husk the corn to feed to the cattle and pigs. I could even help turn the crank on the butter churn. I helped Mommy pull weeds in the garden. I picked potato bugs off the potato plants. I tried to help my brothers shock grain, but I was not of much help; the bundles of grain were bigger than I was, and I could not start a shock. But I could add bundles to a shock once my brothers got it started with the first four bundles leaning against each other.

Thrashing Time

I tried hard to help with grain thrashing. Daddy had bought a thrashing machine and he had worked out an arrangement with four of the neighbors to work together as a thrashing crew to do all five of the farms. I was not allowed to go with the crews to the other farms, but when they came to our farm I was in the middle of it all. I went along with my brothers as they pitched bundles onto the wagon to haul them to the thrashing machine and pitch the bundles onto the conveyor that carried them into the machine. I watched carefully as the straw was blown out of the big pipe that looked like an elephant trunk and formed a huge straw pile. I climbed up on the grain wagon to watch the grain pour into the wagon from the thrashing machine. I made sure I stayed well away from the very large belt that went around and around from the tractor to the thrashing machine and made all the gears and belts and chains on the thrashing machine move in amazing harmony.

I was fascinated by the teams of horses driven by the neighbors, and by the way some of the neighbor men put tobacco

into their mouths and then spit all sorts of nasty looking stuff for hours after. I was fascinated by the activity at the house, where the neighbor women had all arrived to prepare morning lunch, mid-day dinner, and then afternoon lunch, for the thrashing crew. They took the morning and afternoon lunches into the field for the men. But everyone came to the house for dinner. They prepared a huge feast that looked like Thanksgiving dinner at about 12:30, and the men and boys ate it all up in a few minutes. I asked Mommy why some of the men held their fork in their left hand and their knife in their right hand while they ate. We had been taught that we should always hold our fork in the right hand, except for Mickey who was left handed and refused to use his right hand. Mommy told me that the neighbor men were from the old country and they had not been taught proper manners yet, and I should not do what they did.

Another Sister

In early August, disaster struck again. I woke up one morning and was informed that the doctor had been to the house during the night and delivered another baby girl. She was named Phyllis. Why did the doctor think we wanted another baby girl? Why didn't he deliver that kid to someone who wanted a baby, like maybe the Petersons; they didn't have any babies? The Hansons didn't have any babies; the Johnsons didn't have any babies. Take the baby to one of them. We already have too many.

It was the final straw that broke my small remaining special tie to Mommy. She informed me that I was a big boy now. I could take care of myself; I could help my brothers with the farm chores in the morning and evening; I could help her around the house, to bring in more fire wood for the stove, and help wash the dishes and sweep the floor. Daddy didn't say anything to me, as usual.

In September, I helped with the potato harvest. Emil Johnson and Ellsworth Holo, his nephew, came with their big potato digger, pulled behind their tractor, to dig the potatoes, and my brothers and I picked up the potatoes and dumped them into gunny sacks to be

picked up by Daddy and hauled to the house and dumped in the cellar until the cellar was almost full of potatoes. Those potatoes would feed all eight of us all winter long, with enough left over for seed potatoes for next year.

My brothers and I would sometimes pick up a very small potato that was too small to keep and we would throw it at someone. But we almost never hit anyone. I threw some of those little potatoes at Ellsworth who was riding on the potato digger, and finally I got one close enough to him that he was able to catch it. He threw it back at me, and hit me right in the middle of the forehead. It hurt a little bit; not enough to make me cry or anything, but I decided to act like they did in the cowboy movies and I fell over like I was dead. Ellsworth thought he had killed me. He yelled at Emil to stop the tractor, and he and Emil and daddy all came running over to me. Just as they got to me I jumped up and yelled “fooled you”, and everyone laughed and laughed, particularly Ellsworth.

That Fall, Norris decided he would run away from home. He walked and hitched a ride to get into Clitherall where he convinced a farmer to give him a job as a hired hand. Norry had completed the eight grade, and he had decided it was time to go out on his own. He was thirteen. Mommy was quite upset. Daddy also; he was in danger of losing his best farm hand. They found Norry and convinced him to come back home. Daddy promised him that he would send him off to boarding high school the next year. But he would need to be home to work on the farm during the summer months.

Milking the Cows

There was always a lot of work to be done on the farm, but the most demanding job was to milk the cows every morning and evening. Regardless of the weather, and even if everyone were sick with a cold or the flu, the cows had to be milked every morning and every evening, seven days a week. In the winter time it was always dark at milking time, both morning and evening, which made it hard to see with the dim kerosene lanterns. Milking the cows would take about an hour each time, if there were at least three people milking.

Daddy and Mommy both milked, and as Norry and Wally got strong enough to squeeze milk from the cow's teats, they were required to help. Milking was not nice work, because some of the cows did not like to be milked and they would try to kick the milker, and they would switch their tail around and slap the person in the head, and sometimes they would pee or poop just when the milker was getting settled on the three-legged stool, so they had to jump out of the way to keep from getting splashed.

With four of them milking they could do it all in about 45 minutes, but then they also had to strain and separate the milk and store it in the cooler. The separator was used to separate the cream from the milk, by spinning the milk in a large metal container so that the cream would fly off in one spout and the skim milk would run off in a lower spout. Mommy used some of the cream to make butter and for cooking, and Daddy sold the rest at the produce store in Clitherall or in Battle Lake. The skim milk was fed to us kids and to the pigs and calves.

When the milk ran through the separator, it was strained through a thin cotton pad to remove any dirt that shouldn't be in the milk. Every morning and evening my dog Shep would wait by the separator until the job was finished, and then one of us would remove the strainer pad, soaked in milk, and throw it up in the air for Shep to catch. Shep would always catch it and swallow it in one gulp.

Bath Time

Working with the cows and pigs and chickens, and all the other farm work, sometimes caused us to get a little dirty, and Mommy insisted that we have a bath every Saturday, even if we weren't dirty. On Saturday afternoon she would heat some extra water in a tub on top of the stove. Then she would get the galvanized wash tub from the wash room and put it on the kitchen floor near the stove, and fill it half full with water. Then each of us kids would take turns getting scrubbed in the tub. Sometimes the water would get so dirty that daddy would need to dump out the dirty water and Mommy would fill it again to finish the line of kids. Norry and Wally

really hated getting this public scrubbing; they thought they were too old for this, and didn't like being fully exposed at their age. In the summer time they would go to the lake to take a bath, but the lake had a thick layer of ice from October until May.

The Sled

Christmas was unusual that year. We had the usual Christmas tree with candles on it. Mommy had baked lots of cookies and cakes, and both divinity and fudge candy, and we waited for Santa to arrive on Christmas eve. Sure enough, he came again. But his year, in addition to small packages under the tree, there was a big toy under the tree; a slightly used Flexible Flyer sled. Mommy said it was my Christmas present. I was delighted. This was the first big present that I had ever received. And it was mine; not my brothers.' I was special; Santa liked me the best. I couldn't wait to get it out in the snow.

But my brothers had other ideas. They did not have any sleds. The next morning when I woke up I immediately ran to see my sled by the Christmas tree. But it was gone. Where is my sled? I ran to Mommy in a panic. She said "your brothers must have taken it out; I'll help you get dressed and you can go out too." Sure enough, there they were, playing with my sled; going down the hill at great speed. I demanded my sled, but they ignored me. Finally, they agreed to let me have a turn. They even pulled me back up the hill on the sled. But they wouldn't let me have the sled. I complained to Mommy, and she made them give me the sled. I played with it for awhile until I got tired, and then I took it back to my fort in the lilac bush to hide it where my brothers couldn't find it.

That afternoon, I went out to play with my sled again, and it was gone. No where to be seen. I hunted for the culprits, and finally found them sliding down a hill in the pasture. Again, I finally got the sled to myself, and then I hid it in a different spot, underneath some blankets in the wash room.

The next morning when I went to get my sled, it was gone again. This was really getting annoying. Once again, I found my brothers sliding down the hill on my sled, and they wouldn't let me

use it until Mommy came out and yelled at them. That day I kept the sled with me at all times so they couldn't take it. And that afternoon, after playing with the sled, I waited until it was getting dark and then I hid the sled underneath the car that was parked out in the front yard. The car was completely surrounded by a snow drift, so you couldn't see under it; it had been sitting there for many days with the snow gradually building up around it.

The following morning I came downstairs for breakfast, and my brothers all left the room. Mommy was acting strange. I ate breakfast and then got all dressed up and went outside to get my sled. I headed for the car. But the car was not there; it was gone, and so was my sled.

Ellsworth Holo, a neighbor who was there to help daddy saw up some big trees for firewood, was at the tool shed nearby. I asked him if he knew what happened to the car and whether he had seen my sled. Ellsworth said "they didn't tell you?" Tell me what? "Well, your sled is completely destroyed. See, here are the remains; it's all broken up. Your parents used the car last night; I guess they went over to the Sandstroms. Your dad shoveled out the car and he drove over your sled as he drove away. He didn't know it was there. I know they are very upset about it, because I'm sure they can't afford to buy another one."

I was in a state of shock. My sled; my only toy; gone. And I knew they could not replace it. It's my fault. How stupid of me to hide the sled under the car. What a bonehead! That's what I deserve for being selfish. I should have just let my brothers use the sled. Now none of us has a sled. Mommy said she was sorry, and she would see what she could do about finding another used sled somewhere, but she didn't seem very optimistic. Daddy never said anything to me about it. My brothers never mentioned the sled again. I never did get a replacement, and I never had a sled again until I was an adult; neither did my brothers. We never had ice skates either, although we lived right next to the lake. We never had a pair of skis, although we had snow for at least six months of the year.

Trying to Keep Warm

Now that I was a big boy, I slept in the same room with my brothers, at least during the winter months. We slept in two double beds in the upstairs room directly above the living room that had the wood stove. A vent in the floor allowed warm air to come up into this room to keep us from freezing to death. When we went to bed one of my older brothers would carry the kerosene lamp upstairs to light the way, and set it on the table between the beds. The last one into bed was expected to blow out the light, but no one wanted to be the last one so usually everyone jumped in bed at once and no one blew out the lamp. Then Norry would say “last one asleep has to blow out the lamp”, and we would all laugh. I never had to blow out the lamp.

Even with the vent in the floor, over the wood stove, it was usually very cold in our bedroom. We would go to bed wearing our long-john underwear, and in the morning I would pull my clothes in under the covers to warm them up, then make a little tent and get dressed under the covers. I thought that goose bumps were a normal part of life. I seldom had enough warm clothes to wear.

This was the winter that the house almost burned down. Because of all the wood that we burned in the stove in the living room, the chimney got full of creosote, and one day it caught fire. Flames and smoke and sparks were shooting out of the top of the chimney, and a loud roaring noise was coming from the stove. Daddy told Mommy to get everyone out of the house. We all grabbed our coats and pulled on our overshoes, and Mommy bundled up the girls, and we all went outside. I was waiting for the house to go up in flames. But it didn't. The fire went out. Daddy had to make some repairs on the chimney up in the attic, but he was soon able to build a fire again, and we didn't need to go live in the barn with the horses and cows.

Some winter evenings we would try to listen to the radio. Daddy would hook up the big battery, and sometimes we could hear voices or music coming from the big brown box, but usually it was mainly static and whistles. Norry and Wally would move the wire that was used as an antenna, to try to get a better sound, and

sometimes we were able to listen to Fibber McGee and Molly (on Tuesday evening), or Jack Benny, or Superman, or just some music.

I preferred to listen to daddy playing his violin or mandolin. Many Sunday afternoons in the winter he would get out either his violin or mandolin and play songs that he or Mommy liked. Some of them were very fast and happy, and some were slow and sad, and some were just nice. Dad could play almost any song if he knew the tune or if someone hummed it for him. Mommy told us that daddy used to be a leader of a dance band before they were married, and he could play many different instruments.

Summer Delight

The summer of 1944 was terrific; all summers in Minnesota are terrific, because the contrast with the rest of the year is so great. This is the mandatory manic period after the many months of depression. I turned six years old, and I would start school in the Fall. Mommy decided that it would be a good idea if I got to know some other kids my age who would be going into first grade with me. There were only two others that she knew of: Clayton Paulson and Charles Olson. Mommy invited them over to our place for a party to celebrate my sixth birthday. It was a big deal. The Petersons brought their motor boat over to our part of Crane Lake and gave all of us rides in the boat. This was the first time I had been in a boat. Mommy made ice cream and cake and lemonade and it was all delicious.

The adults talked about the three Cs, Carlyle, Clayton and Charles, and of course they all knew that their child was the smartest and would do the best in school. But the three Cs had very little to do with each other during this introductory meeting; I simply didn't know what to do with another kid my own age.

The Fishing Expedition

Later that summer Norry and Wally found an old wooden row boat that had been abandoned on the shore of Crane Lake. It was badly rotted, and certainly would never float. But they pulled it home with a team of horses and proceeded to "fix" it. They patched it with tin cans and tar paper and roofing shingles and anything they could

find. Then one day daddy and Mommy and the girls went to Fergus Falls, on an all-day shopping trip, to buy things for the upcoming school year. So Norry and Wally used this as an opportunity to try out their boat.

The four of us pushed the boat into the water and jumped in. Norry had a long wooden pole with a line and tackle, and he was going to fish. Wally was assigned the job of rowing the boat. Mickey and I were each given a tin can and told to bail water out of the bottom of the boat. Water was leaking in fast, and we were both dumping water out as fast as we could. Norry told Wally to row out into deeper water where the fish would be, and he dropped his line in. He quickly caught a nice walleye pike. And then another. The water was getting deeper in the boat, and we were bailing faster. And then it started raining. Norry liked that; he said fish would bite better when it rained. So Wally kept rowing, and Norry kept catching fish, and Mickey and I kept bailing water for our lives. None of us knew how to swim. We had no life jackets or anything else that would float. We were fishing in 50 feet of water, a few hundred yards from shore.

I kept telling Norry that we needed to go to shore; the boat was leaking faster. Wally was getting tired of rowing and he wanted a chance to fish. Mickey was getting tired of bailing water and was starting to slow down. Finally, Norry let Wally fish while he rowed, until Wally caught a nice walleye. By then the water was at least five inches deep in the boat and gaining fast. Norry calmly rowed to shore with his catch, and I lived to tell the story.

Starting School

In September I started school, in first grade, at Public School No. 155. Wally was in eighth grade and Mickey was in fifth grade. There were only about five other kids in school, including Orris Sandahl, Leroy Rix, Clayton Paulson, Charles Olson, and one little first grade girl, Elaine Bjerketvedt. The Olsons moved away shortly after school started, so there were three of us in first grade, Elaine, Clayton and Carlyle.

I liked school. I wanted to learn how to read and write. We had no kindergarten, and Mommy and daddy never tried to teach me to read, so I was starting from zero. Clayton's mother had been a school teacher before she married Thorfin Paulson, so Clayton already knew how to read, at least a little. I usually walked to school with Wally and Mickey, but some days they would be late finishing their farm chores so they would tell me to go on ahead so they wouldn't have to wait for me. They could walk a lot faster than I. I would start down the drive and across the field, then cross the road separating our farm from Peterson's, and then walk along Peterson's dirt drive all the way across their farm, past their house and barn, and down the hill, and then across the County highway to the little white school, which was located just behind Paulson's apple orchard. Some days I would get all the way to school before Wally and Mickey caught up. Some days I would go slow and wait for them and then they would get mad at me for making them late for school.

One day it was the start of deer hunting season and I was hearing gun shots coming from all different directions as I started walking to school by myself. When a shot sounded really close I would dive into the tall grass and wait until it was quiet, and then I would run as fast as I could towards Peterson's house. More shots, and I dived into the ditch and waited. I finally made it to Peterson's house without being shot, and I waited there until Wally and Mickey came and walked with me the rest of the way to school.

News from the Outside World

Norris went away to boarding school in October, at Morris, Minnesota. It was a boarding school for farm kids and it was only six months a year so the kids could be home in the warm months to help on the farm. After several weeks at Morris, Norry came home for the weekend. He talked non-stop about all the new things he had learned and the people he had met, and we all listened in awe at his wondrous experiences. In particular, he learned a lot of new things about girls and something called sex, and he taught us several naughty songs after he made us all promise never to tell Mommy or daddy. We all memorized those songs that weekend, and I remember

them yet. I didn't understand most of the words, and certainly not the meanings of those jingles, and I never taught them to anyone else.

That winter was bad as usual. Cold and lots of snow. Daddy would take us to school with the horses and sleigh if it was very cold, like colder than 30 degrees below zero, or if there was a cold wind blowing. Otherwise we would walk. Sometimes the snow was so deep and soft that I could barely walk. I would try to follow in the tracks made by Wally and Mickey, but their steps were so far apart I could barely reach them, and then I would sink all the way up to my crotch with each step. Sometimes the snow was packed so hard that I could walk on top without sinking in. When it was really cold we would stop at Peterson's house to warm up on the way to and from school, and Hulda would sometimes give us something to eat and drink. Hulda looked a little unusual because one arm was only about six inches long; it sort of stopped up above where the elbow should be, and then she had a couple of little fingers growing from that stump. But she was always very good to us, and happy to see us.

On the really bad days, daddy would hitch a team of horses to the big farm sleigh, which had a large box on it to haul grain and milk and other farm goods. Daddy sat up above at the front of the box, and he would cover the box with canvas to help keep out the cold, and we would crawl in under the canvas and shiver as he drove the horses to school.

I was learning to read quickly. "See Dick run. See Dick and Jane run fast. Dick and Jane see Sally. See Sally jump." At this rate I would have learned everything there was to know before the year was over. The teacher didn't have a lot of time to spend with us, because she also had to teach Mickey in the fifth grade, and Orris in the sixth grade and Wally and Leroy in the eighth grade. But we could all listen to the other lessons, so we started learning about geography and history and multiplication right there in first grade. After noon recess every day the teacher would read a chapter from a book, and now we were reading about a deer named Bambi.

We didn't have any toilet indoors at the school; there were two outhouses, one for boys and one for girls, way at the back of the play ground. We had to walk through the snow to get to the

outhouse, which was always ice cold. We never asked to be excused to go to the toilet in the winter time, unless we were really desperate.

That winter had problems in addition to the cold and snow. Mommy was mad at daddy for some reason, but I didn't know why. I heard her tell daddy that she wanted to move back to Watford City, to be with her family. She wanted to go back home. The disagreement became worse, until one evening Mommy said she was leaving. She was going to walk over to Johnsons and have them give her a ride to the train station. She had a suitcase, and her big coat, and was going out the door into the cold night. I was terrified. I told her she couldn't go. She wouldn't be able to walk all the way to Johnsons in this cold and snow. She would get lost in the night, and she would freeze. But she was mad and crying and wouldn't listen. As she started away from the house, daddy came and grabbed her and pushed her back into the house and told her he would not let her go. Mommy went into her bedroom and barricaded the door. I didn't know if she were still there; maybe she climbed out the window and ran away. I started trying to figure out how I would survive there without Mommy; maybe I could find my way to Watford City too. Maybe Mrs. Sandstrom would save me. I didn't see Mommy again for two days, when she finally emerged from the bedroom and started doing her usual work again. I never knew what caused the problem or why she decided not to leave.

Getting in Trouble

Spring did come again. The snow melted. I was learning to read and write. I was enjoying school and was learning how to play games with the other kids in school. Clayton, Elaine and I would play together outside during recess, and we would have a longer recess than the older kids, probably so the teacher would have fewer disruptions while she conducted classes with the older students. One day Clayton suggested that we should grab Elaine and lift up her dress so we could see what she had under there. I thought that sounded like a good educational experience, so we grabbed Elaine and pulled her dress up over her head, but we didn't see anything of interest. We both had younger sisters and we had watched our mothers give them baths, so we discovered nothing new.

The next day, Elaine's parents came to school and had a long private talk with the teacher. The following day the teacher had a long private talk with Mommy and daddy and Clayton's parents. And then she had a talk with Clayton and me. We had been charged with sexually harassing Elaine. Actually, she didn't use those words. She said we had done a very bad thing when we lifted up Elaine's dress, and Elaine's parents were very upset with us, and she had told our parents and it was up to our parents to punish us further.

I expected to get a spanking from daddy, with the leather strap that I had seen him use on Mickey's bottom many times. But Mommy just told me I should never do such a thing again. Daddy never said anything. I expect Clayton got a spanking; his mother was very embarrassed. She was a Sunday School teacher, and kids of Sunday School teachers were not to do such terrible things. But I imagined that she blamed me for being the ring leader of that crime spree.

The summer of 1945 was great. The war was coming to an end in Europe, and it was hoped that Japan would surrender soon. The war was good for most farmers, with high prices for farm products. And daddy was talking about buying a farm of his own. Uncle Vance survived the war in Europe and was coming home.

Shopping in Fergus

One day Mommy told me that I could go along with her and daddy to go shopping in Fergus Falls. Valeria and Phyllis also went with us, and daddy drove in the 1936 Chevrolet over twenty miles to Fergus. I followed Mommy into the big store called Penny's; I almost got lost in there, because it was so big, with many women shoppers. When Mommy was done shopping we went back to the car that was parked on the street in front of the store, to wait for daddy to finish his shopping. While we were sitting there, I noticed a man walking down the street towards the car who had black skin. I had never seen anyone with skin that black before. Daddy had dark skin in the summer time, but not nearly as dark as this man. I pointed at the man and yelled: "look at the black man, Mommy". Mommy whispered to me to keep quiet, and to sit down and stay out of sight;

he was a Negro and he might be dangerous. I shrank down in the back seat, but I peaked at the black man as he walked away from the car and down the street. I asked Mommy where the black man came from. She said he probably came from the cities, where some Negroes live. I tried to imagine what a big city would look like. Were the people all black and dangerous?

Driving Horses

That summer I spent more time helping with farm chores, helping Mommy with the garden, gathering eggs, feeding the pigs, and trying to help with the haying and shocking grain. One day I went in the hay wagon with Norry and Wally, to the farthest field we had, up north of Peterson's place, to get a load of hay. They loaded up a high load of hay, and the three of us rode way up there on top of the hay, driving the horses who were a long way down below us. Norry and Wally started fighting about something, and Norry let go of the reins to wrestle with Wally. So I grabbed the reins and steered the horses all the way back home again as my brothers rolled around on the hay. Norry tried to convince me that the horses knew the way back home and there was no need to steer them, but I was not buying that.

Yet Another Sister

In August, Mommy went away to the hospital, and she came back with a baby girl. This one they named Eileen. This was getting boring. It didn't make any difference anymore. It would not have any impact on my life.

Mrs. Hershey came to help out around the house for a few days while Mommy was in the hospital. Mrs. Hershey lived on a farm about two miles up the road towards Clitherall, and Mr. Hershey was away fighting the war. Mrs. Hershey also had several children. I thought she was very attractive and very nice. I thought maybe I would marry someone like her when I grew up.

It was time to go back to school. I started second grade. Wally had finished elementary school and expected to be going away to Morris, and Mickey was in sixth grade. Now there were even fewer kids in the school since two had graduated, and there were no first graders.

Moving Down

It was about this time that I heard daddy talking about buying the old Anderson place a few miles north, where the Hersheys lived. He was buying two farms next to each other, and we would live on the place that had the big barn. We would soon be moving. I would need to go to a different school, probably that big two-story school in Clitherall, where there would be maybe 20 kids in each of the two rooms. I didn't like that idea. I was happy where I was. But one day I was told that we were moving. We all loaded up everything into wagons and started moving. We pulled some wagons behind the car, and some with horses, and some with the tractor. And we herded the cattle down the road to their new home. We moved the barn cats too, but they kept finding their way back to the Hokanson Place. They were like me; they didn't want to move, and they didn't.

The new place was a real disappointment. The house was much smaller. There was a small kitchen, a small living room and one more small room downstairs. Upstairs there were only two small bedrooms with sloping ceilings, and a little space in the hall at the top of the stairs, where daddy put a small bed. There was barely room for everyone to sleep. Wally and Norry slept in a bed in one small bedroom upstairs. Mickey slept by himself in a small bed at the top of the stairs, and I had to sleep in a bed with Valeria and Phyllis in the other little bedroom. Mommy slept in the little room downstairs next to the living room, and baby Eileen slept in a crib in the living room. This was not good. When Wally and Norry went away to school I could sleep in their room, and sometimes Mickey would sleep there with me, but he sometimes wet the bed so Mommy usually made him sleep in the little bed at the top of the stairs.

It was here that I discovered that daddy slept. I had never seen him in bed before, and just assumed that he never went to bed. But finally, I saw him sleeping one morning, and Mickey informed me that he went to bed in that little room with Mommy every night. I was disappointed to learn that I would need to waste a good deal of my life sleeping, even when I grew up.

The new place had some advantages. It had a very large barn and a good silo, and a large granary and chicken coop. It also had much more good farm land, with a total of 320 acres in the two farms.

Second Grade

Mickey and I had to go to school in Clitherall. I was in the lower grade room, which had first through fourth grades, and Mickey was in the room, upstairs, which had fifth through eighth grades. Daddy or Mommy took us to school every day in the car except when there was too much snow, because it was too far to walk; it was over three miles. When the roads were blocked with snow we couldn't go to school at all. Some days we had to walk home from school when the weather was nice.

I didn't like the school. I didn't know any of the kids, and the teacher always looked like she was mad. She was very strict and having fun was not allowed. Some of the kids made fun of me because I still couldn't pronounce "r" properly. And I had to fight a couple of town bullies who thought they could beat me up. Fortunately, I was as big and strong as any of the kids my age, and was able to defend myself, and Mickey would fight any of the older kids who might pick on me. Mickey wasn't very big, but he would fight anyone; he was never afraid of getting hurt. No one wanted to fight him because he would get wild when he fought.

Wally didn't get to go to school in Morris that winter; Dad said he had to stay home and help with chores. Mickey had to help milk the cows, and I was put in charge of the chickens. Before school each day I had to fill the chicken feeders with grain, and fill the water tanks with water that I had to carry from the pump house.

I also had to carry the slop from the kitchen to feed to the pigs, and throw some corn over the fence for the pigs. In the afternoon when I got home from school I fed and watered the chickens again, and gathered all the eggs. We had over 200 laying hens, and most of them laid an egg every day, so I had lots of eggs to pick out of the nests. Some of the hens didn't want me to take the eggs, and would peck my hand when I would try to reach under them to take any eggs. I learned to quickly grab them behind the head and pull them off the nest so I could get all the eggs. Then I had to take the eggs to the kitchen and wash them clean, to remove any chicken manure and other dirt that was on them, and put them all into egg crates. When I had 24 dozen eggs in the crate, daddy could take it to town to sell them.

I also helped feed hay and silage to the cows, and then I helped Mommy wash and dry the dishes after supper. Daddy was able to buy some things to make life a little easier now that the war was over. He got some more gas lamps and lanterns, that gave much more light than the kerosene lamps and lanterns. This made it easier to read and do my homework after school, and easier to do chores in the barn and chicken coop. He also bought a milking machine with a gasoline engine. The milking machine made it possible for daddy and Mickey to milk the cows, and Mommy did not need to help anymore. Daddy also bought a second old tractor, so we now had two tractors and we still had two teams of horses. Daddy, Norry and Wally could all be working in the fields at the same time during plowing, planting, haying and harvesting.

That winter, daddy and some neighbor men cut chunks of ice out of Clitherall Lake and brought it home on the big sleigh pulled by a team of horses. They stacked the blocks of ice and put sawdust around each block to keep them from freezing together, then stacked some more on top of them until they had a large stack of ice, which they covered with straw to keep the sun off. This ice would be used in the ice box all summer long to keep our food cool.

I got all "A"s on my report card that year. At the end of the school year the teacher told me that I had the highest grades of everyone in the second grade. Probably because I had no close friends to distract me, and I was always afraid of the teacher. I

always did my assignments and homework so I wouldn't get in trouble with that teacher.

Summer came again; school was over; and I was glad. But I wasn't entirely happy because Norry and Wally were home from Morris so I had to go back to sleeping with Valeria and Phyllis. That was very disgusting. Here I was, a big boy, working on the farm, taking care of the chickens, weeding the garden, and doing all sorts of chores, and I had to share a room and a bed with these girls who just played and never had any chores to do, and were basically just nuisances. It was not fair.

A Little Red Wagon

I guess Mommy understood that I was unhappy, but she couldn't see any alternative, and she had seven of us to try to satisfy. I overheard Mommy tell Mrs. Broberg that I seemed to be unhappy, and I didn't talk very much; she said I was busy thinking instead of talking. She did try to cheer me up; she convinced daddy that they should buy a little red wagon for me. I couldn't believe it. A brand new, bright, shining, red wagon, with four wheels and a metal box, and a black handle. The only problem was that I was already almost too big for a little red wagon. I was eight years old. Some of the other kids in my grade at Clitherall school already had bicycles. But I never let Mommy guess that I thought I was too old for a wagon, and I tried to play with it. It was useful sometimes to haul feed for the chickens, and to bring in wood for the stove. And I let Mickey, Valeria and Phyllis use it whenever they wanted.

During the summer I noticed that Mommy was getting very fat; her stomach was getting very large. Mickey told me that she was going to have another baby. What? Where are we going to put another baby?

There was some good news that summer. Daddy and Mommy had organized the neighbors to re-open the local one-room school house, up on the County road between Brobergs and Cleve Johnson's place. It was only about a mile away. There would be about ten kids in the school, including Mickey and me, and Valeria would be starting first grade. I would not have to go back to the Clitherall school with that grouchy teacher.

In September, I started third grade at the new school, Public School No. 53. There were three kids in my grade: Clayton Paulson (the Paulson school had closed because they didn't have enough students after the Hystads moved), Duane Koep, and me. Duane Koep had a younger brother in the first grade, and other brothers and sisters at home. The Koeps were very unusual in our neighborhood; they were not Norwegian or Swedish, but German, and they were Catholic, not Lutheran like everyone else. Mommy was very suspicious of Catholics, but she said it was all right to go to school with them as long as you didn't marry them. They seemed to be fairly normal to me, although they had to eat fish on Fridays, which I thought was very peculiar. In any case, I had no interest in marrying any of them. Duane was as tall as I was, and sort of fat, and he tried to beat me up one day, but I won the fight or at least didn't get beat up.

Twin Sisters

On the morning of October 2, 1946, I woke up to find that Mommy and daddy were gone. Daddy had taken Mommy to the hospital during the night, and Mickey told me that she was going to have a baby. I walked to school with Valeria, and Mickey stayed home to take care of Phyllis and Eileen. When I got home from school that day, daddy was back home, and Mickey told me that Mommy had twin girls, and they were named Judy and Joyce. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I was excited about the novelty of twins, but how were we going to fit two more babies into this house? I would be forced to sleep with girls for the rest of my life, the way things were going!!

To make matters worse, Mommy and daddy decided that daddy's sister, Auntie Selma, and her son Bruce, would come live with us for a few months. She could help Mommy take care of the twins and Eileen (who was only 15 months old). Bruce was Mickey's age. So now we had two more people living in this dinky little place. It was getting ridiculous. I started spending more time outdoors and in the barn (where it was quite warm from the heat of

the cattle). I looked forward to going to school so I could get away from the mad house.

The summer of 1947 was a great relief. I could spend most of my time outdoors. Auntie Selma and Bruce had gone back to North Dakota. I still had to sleep with the girls when Norry and Wally were home, but I was getting used to it. The twins were crying a little less.

Daddy bought a new tractor in 1947; a “C” Allis Chalmers. It was a small tractor, made for cultivating corn and mowing and other light farm duties. Daddy decided that I was old enough to start driving the tractor in the field. I had been practicing driving the new tractor for a few weeks, but now I was going to be a real farmer. I would soon be turning nine years old. Dad showed me how to cultivate corn, and told me to go to work on the field just east of the granary. I spent much of the next month cultivating corn, and then I helped with haying, while continuing to take care of the chickens and pigs, and helping Mom with dishes.

A Fork in My Foot

One summer day daddy asked me to herd some of the cattle; he was going to let some of the cattle out in the yard area to eat the tall grass, and I was to make sure they didn’t wander away or get out onto the road. He also told me to stay out of the barn because he was going to put the bull in the barn with one of the cows for breeding, and it might be dangerous to go in there. I watched the cattle, and made sure they stayed in the yard. They were all busy eating grass so I decided I would peak into the barn to see how the bull was doing. I went into one of the side doors, but couldn’t see much, so I quietly moved farther into the barn, climbing over the manger and into the area where the bull and cow were. It was dark in there, so I moved closer. Then the bull saw me and started towards me. I turned and ran, but my foot hit a hay fork that had been knocked onto the floor. One of the curved tines of the hay fork went right through my shoe, into my foot between the big toe and the next toe, and came out the top of my foot. I fell down, but was able to crawl to the door and get away from the bull before he got me, pulling the hay fork with

me. I pulled the fork out of my foot. It didn't hurt all that much. I could still walk, and it wasn't bleeding hard, just a small trickle.

I was in big trouble. I had disobeyed dad twice, by going into the barn and by not keeping my eyes on the cattle. I knew I would get a spanking with the leather strap if dad found out. I ran back up the hill to check the cattle; they were still all there. My foot was starting to hurt more. I didn't want to tell anyone; the only way I could stay out of trouble was to keep quiet about the hole in my foot. The foot started hurting more. I could barely walk. I had to go chase a couple of steers that were wondering off, and when I got them back with the herd I couldn't stand the pain any longer. I hobbled to the machine shed and found Mickey and asked him to watch the cattle, and then I went to the house and told mom what had happened. She screamed and called dad. He came to the house, looked at my foot, heated some very hot water on the stove, poured it into the dish pan, poured a half bottle of Lysol disinfectant into the water, and then held my foot in the water. I thought I would die, but then the pain gradually went away. I had to keep soaking my foot in hot Lysol water for a long time, and then dad bandaged it up and found a big shoe that would fit over the bandage. Then he sent me back out to herd the cattle. He didn't even give me a spanking with the leather strap.

Summer came to an end too soon and I was back in school, in the fourth grade. It was still Clayton, Duane and me in the fourth grade, and Mickey was in the eighth grade, and Valeria in the second grade. Shortly after school started a new student joined us in fourth grade; a girl name Sharon Bergsten, whose father had bought the old Anderson place down between the Hansons and the Hokanson place. This fourth grade class was getting pretty large, but Clayton and I were still the smartest kids. Clayton usually got better grades than I did, but I thought that was only because his mother helped him at home, and my parents didn't help me at all. The addition of Sharon to the class created some problems, because she decided that I was her boyfriend, and at recess she would pull me into the woodshed behind the school house and kiss me and hug me. This made the other boys mad, and then I had to try to win fights with Clayton and Duane again so they would stop pestering me.

Getting Electricity

That winter of 1947- 48 we had some very good news. We were going to get electricity. As soon as the ground thawed, the REA would be running a power line along our road to provide electricity to all the farms in the area. Daddy hired electricians to come and pull wires through the walls and ceilings in the house, and put wires in the barn and the granary and the chicken coop and the machine shed, and the pump house. The REA came and put up tall poles and strung wires between them. They put in a meter, and the electricians hooked up our wires to the meter.

When I came home from school one day, the electricity had been turned on. I went into each room in the house and pulled the light cord to turn on the light in the ceiling. I went to the barn and turned on the lights. I went to the chicken coop and turned on the lights. I went to the granary and the machine shed and turned on the lights. I went to the pump house and turned on the light. I even turned on the yard light that was way up at the top of the electric pole by the pump house. It was fantastic. We didn't need lamps anymore; but we kept one just for emergencies. We didn't need to carry lanterns to the barn or the chicken coop anymore. We could even see to walk between the barn and the house without a lantern. I could even see to read the books that I brought home from school.

A few days later, a man named Mr. Herfindahl, who owned the appliance store in Battle Lake, came to the farm with a truck, with some refrigerators in the back. Dad bought a refrigerator from him, and they unloaded it and plugged it in right on the spot. We didn't need the ice box anymore. And mom bought an electric iron to replace the gas iron that she had been using. Then dad bought an electric motor to replace the gasoline engine we used to pump water. That was the most amazing of all. I always had trouble starting the gasoline engine to pump water; I could barely turn the big fly wheel, and sometimes it would backfire and kick back and almost break my arm. Now all I had to do was push up a little lever and the motor started humming and the pump started pumping and the water started running. Mom also got an electric motor for her washing

machine to replace the gasoline engine, and I know she was happy about that.

We even got an electric radio, and mom was able to listen to the radio station in Fargo, North Dakota, which made her feel a little closer to her home in Watford City. Of course, we still didn't have an indoor toilet or running water. We still had to go to the outhouse, which was down the hill behind the house. Mickey and I would carry buckets of water from the well to the house, to fill the water tank on the side of the cook stove, and fill the drinking bucket which stood on the wash stand. We would dip warm water out of the tank on the stove and pour it into the wash pan which was on the wash stand, and wash our hands and face in that in the morning before we went to school. And I had to wash my hands before meals. We had a dipper with a long handle in the drinking water bucket, and we would all drink out of the same dipper when we were thirsty.

Every Sunday evening we would carry several buckets of water to the house to fill a large tub placed on the top of the kitchen stove. The water would heat up during the night, and then mom would use it on Monday for washing clothes.

Last Family Photo

That Spring, in 1948, mom decided we should have a family photograph taken, because Norry had just graduated from high school at Morris, and would be leaving home. So this might be the last chance to get us all together in one picture. She made an appointment with a photographer in Fergus Falls and she found some pretty good second-hand clothes, and even bought some new clothes, to dress up all eleven of us. When we were all scrubbed and dressed, we looked almost like town people. We needed two cars to get all of us to Fergus, and there the photographer recorded us for history. I was almost ten years old. And obviously the cutest member of the family.



Front row: Valeria, Judy, Phyllis, Joyce. Middle row: Eileen, dad, Carlyle, mom. Back row: Wally, Norry, Mickey.

CHAPTER TWO

GROWING UP

1948 - 1956

Summer of 1948

The highlight of the summer of 1948 was the family trip to Watford City, North Dakota; back to my parents' home town. Mom, dad, my five sisters and I went on the trip in the old 1936 Chevy. Wally and Mickey had to stay home and take care of the farm. Norry had already left home after graduating from Morris.

It took us almost two full days to drive from the farm to Watford City, about 500 miles. We had car trouble in Valley City and had to stop for repairs, and then we stopped and spent the night in a little motel room somewhere near Dickenson, North Dakota. The next day we drove through the Badlands on the way to Watford. North Dakota was a big surprise to me because it looked entirely different from Minnesota. There were no lakes, and almost no trees. When we were on a plateau I could see for many miles in all directions. As we went farther west it got drier and more brown, and the ground was more rolling, with large buttes randomly poking up a hundred feet or more in the air. The sky seemed to be very big because I could see so far in all directions.

The Badlands had been formed by the Little Missouri River washing away the soil for thousands or millions of years, so there were steep cliffs dropping from the grass prairie down to the wide river valley below, with the river winding its way among the small, crooked trees dotting the river bottom land. The cliff walls were brightly colored reds, oranges, grays and browns. The road through the Badlands was very steep and narrow, with many hairpin curves, and mom was worried about crashing over a cliff. As we came up out of the Badlands and crossed the rolling prairie country, we suddenly had a view of Watford City off in the distance, sitting there

majestically on its hillside, beckoning its wandering children to return.

This is a photo of the prairie near Watford City.



When we arrived in Watford, we immediately went to see mom's older sister, Auntie Alice. Auntie Alice and Uncle Perrin Thompson had a nice house about two and a half blocks from main street, across from the school. We were all welcomed into their house to stay with them during our visit. We were reintroduced to our cousins, Shirley, Maurice, Nyla, Kennard (Buzz), and little Leroy. Buzz was 12, two years older than I, and he was anxious to show me around town. But I wanted to go see my twin cousins, Clifford and Clinton, who were just one year older than I. Their parents were Morris and Olga Frazee, my mom's younger brother and his wife. Olga invited me to come and stay at their house during our visit, and I accepted. They had a bigger house, with fewer kids around, and more toys. Buzz got mad at me for deciding to stay with the twins rather than with him, but he got over it later in the week.

I was very envious of my cousins. They got to live in nice houses, in this nice small town of about 1500 people. They did not have to take care of any chickens or cows or pigs, or cultivate corn, or even wash dishes. They had bicycles and all sorts of toys and sports equipment. They did work a couple of hours a day at jobs; Buzz had a paper route, and the twins worked at various jobs like bag boys at one of the grocery stores in town. But their work was easy, and they got paid, and they were allowed to keep the money they made. Buzz had to walk just across the street to go to school, and the twins had only a two block walk to school. I was wishing that mom and dad had never moved away from Watford.

Watford was a typical great plains town. It was laid out in neat square blocks, with Main Street running through the middle of town, four blocks long, and the largest cross street running by the school house and intersecting Main Street right in the middle of town. The stores on Main Street were mostly one story high with a tall facade in front to make the buildings look taller. Main Street was wide, with ample room for parking on both sides. Away from Main Street on both the East and West sides were four parallel streets, creating neat blocks of houses, with several churches dotted around town, as well as a swimming pool, ball park, County building, fire station and the jail.

One day during our visit, we went to Uncle Hank's ranch. He was dad's brother, and he and his two sons, Dallas and Ellery, had several hundred head of Hereford beef cattle. We went there for the annual roundup and branding day. The men had used their horses to herd all the cattle into corrals. Uncle Hank, my cousins Dallas and Ellery and the neighbor men were all dressed like the cowboys I had seen in the movies. They had large cowboy hats, cowboy boots, thick blue jeans, and cowboy shirts with silver rivets around the pockets. Some of them even wore bandannas to pull over their mouth and nose when the dust from herding the cattle got very thick.

The cowboys separated all the young calves from their mothers, and put the calves into a smaller corral. Then each calf was lassoed, wrestled to the ground, and then branded with a hot branding iron, which burned the ranch initials into the hair and hide of the calf. While they were down, the calves also were given shots,

and tagged in the ear. The bull calves also were castrated. It was very noisy, with the calves all bellowing loudly, particularly when they were branded and castrated, and the cows were all bellowing for their calves.

Buzz came with me to see the roundup, and he and I sat on the corral rails and watched all the excitement. We were not big enough to wrestle the calves to the ground, so we were not allowed to help with that, but we did help move cattle among corrals. Dad helped the men do the calves, and mom helped Auntie Emma and the other women with cooking dinner and making lunches.

Late in the afternoon, two of the big bulls accidentally got into the same corral, and they started a major fight; they were in a contest to see which one claimed title to the herd. Hank needed both bulls, and others, to service all of his cows, and he was worried that this fight would result in a serious injury to one or both of these two prize bulls. So Dallas jumped into the corral with a small whip and proceeded to get between the two bulls and whipped both of them until they stopped fighting. The women were all screaming, afraid that Dallas would be killed. But Dallas won the battle, and was the hero of the day.

For the rest of our stay in Watford, Buzz and I were buddies. He took me with him on his paper route and he introduced me to half the people in the town. Most of the people in Watford knew the Hystads and the Frazees; they were both original homesteading families in the county, and many of my relatives from both families still lived in the county. For the first time in my life I got the feeling that I belonged somewhere; I had some roots here in McKenzie County, North Dakota.

My grandfather, Nils Hystad, had made a homestead claim on a quarter section of land out north of Watford City, right on the edge of the "breaks" where the prairie starts to be cut by the canyons of the big Missouri River. Grandpa Nils moved his family there in 1908, when dad was five years old. Their first house was made of stone and sod, and it was only about 10 feet wide and 14 feet long; it was hard to believe that grandpa, grandma and all their kids could live in that little hut. But they struggled and made a decent living out of the North Dakota prairie. I knew that several of my father's

brothers and sisters had died as children or young adults, but I knew very little about the lives of my grandparents. I knew that Nils and my grandmother Caroline came from Norway sometime in the 1800s, and that was about all I knew. Dad never talked about his family, and I usually avoided asking him any questions.

While we were there, we spent time with my Hystad relatives, including a visit with dad's mother, Caroline, who was already 82 years old, and living in Arnegard. This was the first time I remember meeting grandma Caroline. She seemed to be very old, but also very unfriendly, and distant. I said "hi" to her when introduced, but I had no further interaction with that formidable lady. I didn't remember Grandpa Nils because he died in 1942.

My other grandfather, Morris Clifford Frazee, homesteaded just north of Watford City in about 1906, after moving from Indiana. He started with a sod hut, and gradually built a large dairy farm that was the primary source of dairy products for Watford. Grandpa Frazee was still alive, but he was living out in Seattle, Washington at the time, so we didn't see him then. Grandma Frazee (Pearl) had died just a few months before I was born, so I never met her. Pearl's parents, my great grandparents, were Theodore Andrew Finley and his wife Mary Smith Finley, who also homesteaded near Watford. So I had deep roots in the Watford City area. I felt at home there. The place was in my blood.

Unfortunately, our time in Watford came to an end too soon, and we were back on the farm near Clitherall. I was back to doing my chores, taking care of the chickens, feeding the pigs, cultivating corn, and a myriad of other duties. One of our chores in the summer was to pick wild berries. We had several Juneberry bushes down by the shore of Clitherall Lake, in the pasture that dad rented, and I spent several days that summer picking June berries for mom to use to make jelly and jam. We also picked chokecherries, gooseberries, and raspberries for mom to make into jellies or jams.

On some Sundays my brothers and I would go down to the Lake in the pasture to take a bath, and play in the water. I didn't like getting in the water there because there was a large patch of weeds in the water that we had to wade through to get into clear water, and sometimes I would get leaches on me while wading through those weeds. The leaches were very yucky, but they didn't really hurt. I

didn't know how to swim, because I had never had any swim lessons, and my brothers didn't teach me either. I think Mickey didn't know how to swim either, and if Wally and Norry knew, they didn't bother to try to teach me. I couldn't go out in deep water; I just went deep enough to get a decent bath. To celebrate my tenth birthday, mom organized a little picnic down by Clitherall Lake.

Clitherall Lake was a very large lake. It was about four miles long and almost as wide, with a very irregular shore line. It was about 90 feet deep in the middle. When the wind blew hard the waves could get very high, with many white caps. It was a good lake for fishing, and every summer fisherman from many other states, including Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, and the Dakotas would come to fish on the lake, usually trying to catch Walleye Pike or the very large Northern Pike.

On Sunday afternoons I would like to go exploring through the woods along Clitherall Lake. Sometimes I would walk almost to the town of Clitherall. I looked for wild animals; sometimes I would see a fox or a skunk. I pretended I was an explorer finding my way through the wilderness, and always on the lookout for Indians. Sometimes I would go the other way along the lake until I came to Scenic Point Resort, which was about a mile from our place. The resort was run by an old fat guy named Lynn Lundquist. He had three or four small cabins that he rented to tourists who wanted to fish in Clitherall Lake. The cabins were not very clean, and there was no running water or indoor toilets. Norry and Wally called the place the "Last Resort". I didn't know what that meant, but they always laughed when they said it, so I assumed it meant that the place was bad.

One Sunday we were just getting ready for Sunday dinner when a small, single-engine airplane flew very low over the house, and then it circled and flew back over the house again, only a couple hundred feet above the ground. Dad said it was Uncle Vance, mom's brother. Mom was very upset; she thought he was going to crash. Vance circled around and landed the plane in the pasture, just a little south of the house. We all ran out to greet him, and walk back to the house with him. He had flown the plane down from Fargo where he was living with his wife Alice and their kids. I liked Vance a lot. He was very friendly to me, and always talked with me like I was an

adult. He seemed to be a big guy; bigger than dad; and always in a good mood. Vance gave dad and some of my brothers a ride in the airplane. Mom wouldn't go for a ride, and she wouldn't let me go either. But it was fun watching the plane take off and land in the pasture, and fly low over the house and barn. Dad and my brothers got to see what the farm looked like from the sky, and they flew out over Clitherall Lake and they could see for miles in every direction.

Mom was proud of her younger brother, but she worried that he would kill himself flying those planes. Mom worried about almost everything. Just about anything was likely to kill us, including bulls, cows, horses, pigs, all sorts of farm machinery, cars, planes, trains, boats, going in the lake after eating, breathing in germs, colds, flu, pneumonia, tuberculosis, polio, diphtheria, rheumatic fever, blood poisoning, lightning, sunstroke, freezing, windstorms, bats, skunks, rats, wild dogs, Negroes, Mexicans, Indians, any stranger, climbing ladders or trees or into the hay mow; there was almost no end to the imminent threats to our lives. Mom had watched her grandmother Finley die in a car accident when mom was 16 years old, and she understood how easy it was for a person to die.

Mom did her best to keep us out of danger; fortunately, she couldn't over-protect nine kids. Mom also did her best to make sure we were well fed. I particularly enjoyed her baking: hot bread with butter and jam; fresh doughnuts; banana cream pie; cinnamon rolls; chocolate cake; angel food cake, and more.

Back to School

September came too soon, and I went back to school, in the fifth grade. But Mickey would be going off to Morris high school this year, so I was the oldest Hystad kid in the school, for the first time. Valeria was in the third grade. Wally would be in his third year at Morris.

The schoolhouse on the prairie was just one story high, with a little belfry on top, which had a bell to call students in from recess. The only door was on the end of the building facing the road, and inside was a small entryway with a long row of hooks to hang coats, and a jug of water on a stand and a shelf to put lunch buckets. Beyond the entry was the school room which was the remainder of

the building. It was about 18 feet wide and 35 feet long, with blackboards along the front wall, and some old roll maps hanging between the windows on the side walls.

In the back of the room was the large coal or wood burning space heater to heat the room, and some cabinets and shelves to store books and supplies. These small cabinets and shelves also served as the “library.” Near the blackboard in front was the teacher’s desk, and over in the front corner of the room was a table where the teacher met with the students in each grade to go through their lessons. In the center of the room were four rows of desks facing the black board, ranging from very small desks for first graders on the north side of the room to very large desks for eighth graders on the south side, with four to six desks in each row.

We had no Superintendent there; no Principal; no office staff; no teachers’ aides; no janitors; no resource specialists; no nurses; no cooks or nutritionists; no police officers; just a teacher and the students. The teacher had been hired directly by the parents of the students, and the parents got daily reports from their children on the performance of the teacher. The teacher knew she would be out of work if the parents were not satisfied. On the other hand, the parents expected their kids to cause trouble occasionally, and expected the teacher to discipline them as needed. This is my school picture taken while I was in the fifth grade.



Now that Norry was no longer living at home, Wally and Mickey had to deal with each other more. Wally didn't have Norry as a buddy anymore, and Mickey was getting almost as big as Wally and doing many more farm chores. Wally often would bully Mickey, and tease him, or criticize him; Wally still thought Mickey was dumb and lazy. One day Mickey got so mad at Wally that he grabbed a kitchen butcher knife and started chasing Wally around the kitchen table. I thought he would kill Wally if he ever caught him; but Wally was too fast for him, and eventually Mickey gave up and put down the knife. I felt sorry for Mickey. But Wally seemed to be a little more careful what he said and did to Mickey after that day.

When Wally and Mickey went off to Morris in October, I had to do a lot more work around the farm. I had several new chores to do in the barn, including pitching hay down from the hay mow to feed the cattle. The hay mow was very large; it was over 20 feet from the hay mow floor to the peak of the barn, and the hay was piled almost to the ceiling when haying was done. It was very hard to pull the hay loose; I had to climb to the top of the pile and then pull out clumps of hay with the hay fork and throw the hay down through the trapdoor in the floor, down to the bottom level of the barn where the cows were. Then I would climb down and carry the hay to spread it in the manger in front of all the cattle. I also had to dig silage out of the silo and throw it down the chute to feed the cattle, and give each cow a scoop of ground grain every morning and evening.

I also helped clean manure out of the barn. There was a gutter in the floor behind the cows, so when they pooped and peed most of it would go in the gutter. I had to scrape all the manure and dirty straw into the gutter and then load it all into the wheelbarrow and push the wheelbarrow outside and up a plank to the top of the manure pile and dump it. Every day there would be several loads of manure to remove. Then I would spread some clean straw between the cows and under their legs so they wouldn't get all dirty when they laid down.

And I helped dad load grain and corn into the pickup to take to the grain elevator in town where he had it ground up into feed for the cattle. This ground feed was very dusty, and I would get dust all

over me when I would unload the pickup by shoveling the feed into the storage bin in the barn.

I still had to take care of the chickens, gather the eggs, clean and crate the eggs, feed the pigs, carry water to the house, and help mom with the dishes. In the winter time it would be dark in the morning when I got up to do the chores, and it would be dark again when I did the chores after school. I usually got very cold while doing these chores, particularly while carrying feed and water to the pigs and chickens, and water to the house. Even the hay mow and silo were very cold. Only the downstairs of the barn was warm, because of the heat from the cattle.

There were some important advantages to having Wally and Mickey gone to Morris, and Norry off working. I had my own bedroom for much of the winter!! I also had less competition for food on the table, and could now get some of the best food rather than the leftovers. Mom usually had some sort of meat for every meal, including beef roast, meatloaf, meat balls, pork chops, pork roast, Swiss steak, fried chicken, roasted chicken, and various forms of hash. She almost always had potatoes and gravy and some vegetable from the garden or from the canning jars in the cellar. Rarely we would have macaroni and cheese, but that was not something we could grow at home, so it required cash. We never had rice or pasta except the macaroni. Some evenings when she was running low on meat, mom would serve some non-meat meals, such as pancakes with eggs, or milk mush with cinnamon, cream and sugar. I don't know how milk mush was made, but it appeared to be heated milk mixed with white flour until thick, sort of like cream of wheat cereal.

I enjoyed most of the food mom made, except liver from the butchered steer; just the smell of that made me ill. Mom and dad always insisted that I eat it, and I never would. Mom also occasionally made a tomato stew dish, consisting of chopped up canned tomatoes mixed with chopped up stale bread or soda crackers and some other unknown ingredients, and it looked and smelled sort of like something my dog Shep might have thrown up when sick. I couldn't stand to even look at it.

I guess my sisters helped mom in the house a little, but they still were not expected to do any work outside, and from my perspective they didn't do much inside either, because I still had to help wash dishes. I guess that my sisters thought they had lots of work to do indoors. Valeria reminded me of Mickey; she was frequently getting into trouble with mom or dad for some misdeed or failure to obey. But unlike Mickey, she seemed to enjoy rebelling against the rules, while Mickey seemed to just forget about any rules while he was absorbed in some new adventure.

Phyllis, on the other hand, was the darling daughter. She had an endearing personality and, like Wally, was adept at appealing to her parents. She had a sweet singing voice, and was frequently asked to sing for us. She also had an incredible memory for past events; she could tell us exactly what we ate for supper on a particular evening six months ago, and exactly what everyone was wearing, and what was said by whom. Some evenings at the supper table we would be entertained by Phyllis describing past events in amazing detail. Eileen and the twins were still too young to have much of an impact on family life, or at least on my life.

That Fall, I overheard dad mumbling about that damn Harry Truman out on the campaign trail. Dad was quite disappointed when Truman defeated Dewey. I guess he was looking forward to a political appointment or something if the Republicans had won?

Learning to be Good Lutherans

Mom continued to insist that her kids would go to Sunday School at Nidaros Lutheran Church almost every Sunday during the Summer and Fall. Nidaros church was a pretty nice church for a rural community; it was a large white church surrounded by the cemetery; it had a tall steeple with a large bell; it had four stained-glass windows on each side; it had a balcony where I preferred to sit but I usually was not allowed; and it had a full basement with a kitchen, for Sunday School and Bible School and all sorts of community events.

I had been attending Sunday School periodically for the past three or four years, and I thought I was not learning anything useful. I learned some bible verses, and some songs, but nothing that was ever going to help me make a living. I learned about the Creation, and God making Eve from Adam's rib, and the Garden of Eden and how Eve got Adam in deep trouble just by eating an apple; I couldn't understand why all of us should be punished just because those two naked people ate an apple many, many years ago. I learned that many guys with funny names like Job and Ezekial begat someone else with a funny name, who begat someone else with a funny name and on and on.

I also learned that Jesus was born on Christmas Day and that his daddy was God, and that Mary was a virgin, but at the time I had no idea what a virgin was, and the Sunday School teacher didn't seem to know either, because she was never able to explain it to us. She said it was someone who was pure and unsoiled and not known by man. I didn't understand what she meant by that. But then my brothers explained it to me; it was like a cow having a calf without any bull around. I knew that wasn't possible. And later I wondered what was wrong with Joseph, and what his reaction was when he was informed that his virgin wife was going to have a child fathered by an angel. Probably something like: "Oh, that's wonderful; what great news."

Every Fall, about in mid-October, we would start preparing for the Christmas pageant which all the Sunday School kids would present on Christmas night, right up there at the altar, where we were not allowed to go during the rest of the year. I had started out as a sheep in earlier years, and then graduated to be a shepherd, and this year I was going to be one of the Wise Men. I would have at least one line to say: "I have brought gold and myrrh and frankincense for the Lord our Savior." I had no idea what myrrh and frankincense were, but I didn't need to know, I just needed to say the words. So on Christmas night the entire family, except my brothers, got bundled up and went to Nidaros Church, and we all sang carols and told the story about the birth of Jesus and the star of Bethlehem and the fact that there were no rooms available anywhere so they had to stay in the barn and sleep in the manger. I had real empathy for their

situation; I'd rather sleep with my sisters than in the barn, and I hated sleeping with my sisters.

We had many snow storms that winter, and the snow was piled high along the county road in front of the school house. Some days the road would be closed completely as the snow drifted across the snow banks on each side. Each time the snowplow went down the road, the snow banks on each side would get higher and the road would get narrower, until it was just one lane wide in most places, with snow banks eight to ten feet high on both sides. In early February another blizzard filled the road full of snow again, and it was so deep that the snowplow couldn't get through anymore, so they brought out two bulldozers to push the snow banks back on both sides of the road and make it two lanes again.

Shortly after that we had a few days of nice warm weather and some of the snow melted and formed ponds of water in all the low-lying areas. One of those ponds was just across the road from the school house, and each morning the pond would be covered with rubber ice. Clayton and Duane and I were the oldest kids in the school now, and we were being brave and walking on the rubber ice. If we moved fast and gently over the ice we could keep from breaking through; it was sort of like walking on a soft mattress or a waterbed. But on the second day of this, I was showing off a little too much, and was going farther out on the ice than anyone. Suddenly, I broke through the ice and fell into water that came all the way up to my waist. It was ice cold water, and it was difficult to get out of the water because the ice kept breaking around me. I had to wade through the water, breaking ice as I went to get to the edge. I quickly ran into the school house to keep from freezing to death.

The teacher told me to take off my blue jeans and underwear and hang them over the coal-burning heater in the back of the room to let them dry. She told me to hurry and get out of those wet clothes before I caught my death of a cold. I told the teacher that I wasn't going to get naked in front of all the kids in school; there were girls there, including Sharon, who thought I was her boyfriend, and Jeannette Koep, who was in the second grade, in addition to my sister. I refused to get undressed in front of them and sit naked until my clothes dried. There was no place to hide in that one-room school house. About then Clayton volunteered to loan me an extra pair of

jeans that he had. So the teacher told me to get out of my clothes and put on Clayton's jeans. But I refused unless the teacher made sure everyone looked the other way while I changed clothes. Everyone looked the other way for awhile as I struggled to pull off my sopping wet, cold jeans and long johns, and then struggled to pull on Clayton's jeans over my bare skin that was still wet.

I kept trying to make sure no one was watching, but I know that some of them peaked at me, because there was lots of snickering and giggling around the room, and Sharon teased me later that she saw my bare butt. And all of the kids teased me about it later. I decided that it didn't pay to be showing off and taking unnecessary risks. I thought I was the biggest and bravest, but I ended up making a fool of myself.

Winter time at the north place always brought with it a few visits by Lynn Lundquist. The first time I saw him I thought he was a large black bear moving slowly across the snow-covered fields toward our house. When he was within a few hundred yards I started smelling a strong odor that was a cross between Lysol disinfectant and chicken manure. He would stop at our house to warm up on his way to Clitherall to buy supplies. Lynn lived alone at Scenic Point Resort, and the road to his house usually was impassable by automobile for several months during the winter, so he would get on his snow shoes and walk to town and back. Sometimes, when the ice on the lake was not covered with too much snow, he would just drive his car across the lake to Clitherall. Lynn was over six feet tall and probably weighed over 230 pounds, and he would be wearing a large bearskin coat that went all the way to the ground. After seeing and smelling Lynn up close, I imagined that he never took a bath or even changed clothes from about October 1st through late May. The skin on his neck and wrists was an orange color, apparently from applying Lysol. He told us that he used to be the school teacher at my school, years ago, and when his parents died he inherited the farm where he now lived.

Spring did finally come again, in 1949, and the ice eventually melted on Clitherall Lake. By time school was out at the end of May, the water temperature in the lake was probably up to about 40 degrees, but that was better than taking a bath in the wash

tub in the kitchen with everybody watching me. 1949 was not a good year for the farm; prices for most farm products had been declining since the war ended, and dad was making less money from selling eggs and milk. And then most of the cows got a disease called mastitis that damaged the cows' udders and made the milk bloody. He had to sell the infected cows and buy replacement cows. We had even less money than usual. Wally would be going into his senior year at Morris high school, and he was still at home helping dad with farming most of the summer. So dad had plenty of help but that didn't result in more money.

Chicken Farmers

Dad decided to become a big-time chicken grower. He converted every building space available into brooder houses for chicks. The main brooder house was the farm house on the south place. The house was not lived in, and it had two big rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs, that dad filled with baby chicks. We had about 2000 chicks that Spring. Each room would have several hundred chicks which we got just after they hatched. We had hoods close to the floor, with a kerosene lantern under each hood to provide heat; the chicks would get under the hood to get warm and come out to the feeders and water pans when they were hungry or thirsty. As they grew larger and the days got warmer, they were fed and watered outside. Everywhere one looked there were chickens; thousands of chickens. I had to take care of the chickens on the north place. Dad or Wally or Mickey usually took care of the chickens on the south place, because they could drive over there.

The summer of 1949 was great for me, as usual. It was warm again. I enjoyed cultivating corn with the Allis Chalmers. Mickey and I spent many days hauling manure from the manure pile by the barn, which was not so much fun. I was making plans to be a farmer when I grew up. I decided that I would have a very large farm, and that I would have the very best operation, with top quality livestock and crops. I decided I would have a large dairy operation, a large hog farm, a large poultry operation, and maybe have a large beef cattle

herd also if I could get enough land. I had concluded that I could make more money than dad was able to make if I had a much larger farm, with the latest machines. I also thought I should not specialize in one product, such as dairy; I should have three or four specialty areas so that I could still make money even if prices were bad in one area. I also thought that maybe I would buy Scenic Point Resort and expand that into a major year-around resort, to supplement my farming operation. I had no idea where I was going to get the money to do all this, but maybe I would inherit dad's farms someday, and that would give me a good start.

We had relatives visit that summer. Our cousin Maurice (who we called "Sonny", who was about 17, came and stayed with us for a few weeks; he spent most of his time fishing. His sister Nyla also visited us for about a week. She was Mickey's age, and I thought she wasn't very attractive; she had big lips and was way too old for me, and I thought she talked too much. But she decided she wanted to teach me how to kiss a girl properly. She was only 15, so I don't know how she learned to be a kissing teacher, but she was intent on teaching me. She taught me how I was supposed to pucker my lips, and how I should hold a girl when I kissed her, and she wanted me to practice on her over and over, but I escaped to the corn fields. I had just turned eleven years old, and I was not interested in kissing old girls.

Uncle Morris, Auntie Olga, Clifford, Clinton and Curtis also came to visit. Uncle Morris spent most of his time fishing, but I was able to spend some time with Clifford and Clinton, showing them what farming was all about, including how to drive the tractor and how to take care of chickens. They were not very interested in learning about farming; it seemed like hard work. They preferred to go down to the lake to swim, or play hide and seek in the corn field.

This was a bad summer for Mickey. One day I was reading a comic book that someone had left at the house, and Mickey tried to take it away from me. I ran across the yard to get away from him, but Mickey caught me and grabbed the comic book. As he ran away from me, he stepped on a board which had a long nail sticking up from it. The nail went all the way into his bare foot. He pulled the nail out and blood started squirting out in large amounts with each beat of his heart. He had punctured an artery. I helped him get down

the hill to the house. Blood was squirting all over the kitchen floor. Mom screamed and tried to stop the blood by holding a cloth on the wound, but blood still kept coming fast. I told mom we needed to put a tourniquet on his leg, like I had read about in school. We got a tourniquet around his leg and twisted it tight, and the blood flow slowed down. Mom told me to take care of Mickey while she went to the south place to get dad who was working in the fields there. I remembered to release the tourniquet every couple minutes to let some blood flow to the rest of his leg, and then tightened it up again. The kitchen floor was covered in blood. Finally, mom came back with dad and we put Mickey in the car and they took him to the doctor in Battle Lake. The doctor fixed him up and gave him a tetanus shot and sent him home.

A few weeks later, Mickey was “investigating” a piece of machinery which was used to strip grass seed from June grass, and he got his hand caught between a chain and gears and cut three of his fingers very severely. I had to help him get his hand free from the gear, and then help stop the bleeding until dad came to take him to the doctor and patch him up again.

September rolled around too soon, and I went back to school, in the sixth grade. Valeria was in the fourth grade, and Phyllis started first grade. School was different this year because the Paulson school was reopened and Clayton and Sharon went back to that school. So it was just Duane Koep and me in the sixth grade. Duane weighed more than me, and I still had to beat him in a fight every so often to keep him from trying to tell me what to do. Unfortunately, Duane was not a great student, so I no longer had much competition in school now that Clayton was gone. I got good grades in school, but I found it quite boring now without the competition and without Sharon trying to be my girlfriend.

Arlene Johnson was our teacher. She had been our teacher for the past two years, and I liked her. She lived with her parents just about a mile east of the school, and she was the sister of Cleve Johnson who lived just south of the school. She started teaching at our school right after she graduated from teachers college, so she probably was only about 23 years old. She was pretty; very slim and had nice blue eyes, and I sometimes wished I was older so I could give her hugs and kisses.

Miss Johnson gave me extra work to do to keep me busy at school. She suggested I do some wood work; learn how to make things from wood. She showed me a magazine article about how to draw large pictures of animals, and then cut their shapes out of wood. I tried that. I found some small pictures of animals, like Porky the Pig and Donald Duck and some horses and cows. I marked a grid on the small picture, and made a similar but larger grid on a big piece of plywood that the teacher had at school. Then I drew the animal on the plywood, following the pattern on each grid square. I made some very good drawings of the animals. Then I cut out the figures with a hand jig saw, and painted the animals. The teacher liked the animals and hung them around the room for the parents to see when they came to visit.

In late September we had our usual chicken roundup. Every summer the chickens were allowed to run free outdoors. As the young roosters got big enough to eat, we would catch a couple for every Sunday dinner, and that year we also caught hundreds of “broilers” to be sent to market. But the laying hens had to be locked up indoors in the winter or they would freeze to death. About half of the hens would roost in the chicken coop every night, but the others would start roosting in trees during the summer. Every Fall, when the first snow storm hit, dad would decide it was time to lock the chickens up for the winter. The only way to catch all the chickens was to wait until dark when the chickens went to roost, and then sneak up on them and grab them and carry them to the chicken coop. So one very cold stormy night, with a mix of snow and rain blowing hard in our faces, dad, Mickey, and I set about the task of capturing 200 plus chickens roosting in many trees around the farm yard. Sometimes we could reach them from the ground, and we would grab their legs and put them in a sack. For some of them we had to climb the tree to reach them, and for some we used a long pole with a wire hook on the end to slip around a leg of the hen and pull it out of the tree. It took about three hours or more to catch almost all of the hens and lock them in the chicken coop. A couple of them escaped and disappeared in the snow and darkness. By the time we finished, I was soaking wet, with scratches and scrapes from the trees and the chickens, and completely worn out. I always wondered

why dad didn't do this on a nice pleasant Fall evening rather than waiting for a storm! I guess winter always took him by surprise.

Butchering Time

That Fall we also had the usual butchering of a steer. Usually, I would be in school when the butchering took place, but this year I was there to help. Dad selected the steer that he thought would bring the least amount of money at the stock yards; we herded it into the barn, tied a halter around its head, and brought it outside of the barn, under the hoist that was used to lift hay into the hay mow. Then Billy Hanson shot the steer in the head a couple of times. After it fell they tied the hoist rope to its hind legs and used the tractor to pull the steer up in the air by its hind legs. Then they cut open its throat so the blood would drain out. When most of the blood was out, they started with the butchering. They cut open the belly from top to bottom and removed all the intestines and internal organs, followed by removing the entire hide from the remaining carcass. Now they were ready to cut it into quarters, which dad took to the butcher in Battle Lake who cut it into various roasts, ribs, stew meat and hamburger and put it into the freezer locker that dad had rented at the creamery. This was our primary supply of meat for the winter, along with one hog and many chickens.

At Christmas that year I got a very special gift. Santa Claus was no longer bringing me presents, but mom and dad gave me a Brownie box camera that used number 127 film. It was a very small (and very inexpensive) camera, but it was the one thing I really wanted for Christmas. I immediately started taking pictures. I loved taking pictures. The biggest problem was getting any money to buy film and to get the pictures developed, so my photography was carefully rationed.



**Above is one of the few of my photos that have survived.
It shows a typical snow scene on our farm.**

Saving My Sisters

I saved the lives of Valeria and Phyllis that winter. The three of us almost always walked to school, about a half mile across our field to Broberg's farm, and then about another half mile to the school house. It was open prairie all the way, where the winds could become very strong, and there was no shelter of any kind. One morning in January the three of us set off for school. The temperature was about 20 below zero. This was not unusual. If it had been 35 below, then dad might have taken us to school, but it was only about 20 below so we could walk; a sixth grader, a fourth grader and a first grader. As we climbed the hill from our house, up to the open prairie, we discovered that the wind was quite strong, and it seemed to be getting worse. The snow was blowing and drifting and getting deep in places where we usually walked. It seemed to be much colder than 20 below, and the deep snow made it slow walking.

After we had walked about two-thirds of the way across our field, Valeria said she was tired and she just laid down in the snow. She said she wasn't going any farther. I pulled her up and told her she would freeze to death if she didn't keep going fast, but she wouldn't walk. Then Phyllis said she was tired and wanted to rest and take a nap. I had heard about people getting so cold that they just went to sleep and never woke up again, and I decided that this was happening to my sisters. I concluded that it was closer to go back home than to continue on to school, so I decided to go back as fast as we could. I got my sisters up and yelled at them to walk and run if they could, we were going back home. I was pulling them along as fast as they would go. We made it almost back to the granary at the top of the hill, only a couple of hundred yards from the house, when Valeria wouldn't walk anymore, and laid down in the snow. I left her and pulled Phyllis to the house, and then dad and I went back and got Valeria.

Both of them had frost bite on their cheeks, toes and fingers, but it was not serious. After an hour or so of slowly warming up, they were back to normal. I don't recall that they ever thanked me for saving their lives, but I didn't expect any thanks, and I'm sure that they didn't understand that they would have died if I had not been there.

As Spring came, I had another opportunity to save my sisters. The three of us were walking home from school, and we walked through our cow pasture for the final quarter of a mile or so, which was one of our usual routes home. As we were about half way across the pasture, one of the cows started pawing the dirt like a mad bull and then she charged at us. And most of our cows had long horns, so they could be very dangerous. I had never seen a cow act like that before; I was used to cows running away from me when I chased them. I knew that we couldn't outrun this cow, so I picked up a stick and ran toward the cow, waving the stick and yelling as loud as I could; at the last second she turned and ran away. I quickly got my sisters out of the pasture and we made our way home. At home I learned that one of the cows had hemorrhaged while calving, and had bled to death. Apparently, the sight or smell of all that blood or the death of the cow had caused the other cows to become very

agitated and aggressive. We were very lucky that we were not gored. I guess someone should have warned us to stay out of the pasture.

I had a bad toothache that Spring. Normally, dad would just get his pliers and pull any tooth that was hurting, but this was a big tooth toward the back of my mouth so they decided to take me to a dentist. It was the first and only time I was ever to a dentist while I lived at home. After inspecting the tooth, the dentist pulled out his largest shiny pliers and proceeded to try to pull the tooth. He yanked and twisted and turned and strained for what seemed like an hour, but the tooth would not budge. Finally, he gave up, and said he couldn't do it. Maybe I should see a specialist. Mom and dad took me home. Eventually the tooth stopped hurting and the swelling subsided.

Mom and dad had a limited understanding of dental care. We seldom brushed our teeth, although occasionally mom would decide that we needed to brush our teeth, sharing some old tooth brush and using a dab of baking soda. We never went to see a dentist for checkups. Both dad and mom had lost all of their teeth already, and I guess they assumed this was normal.

The Storm

Summer came again, and it was warm, but the summer of 1950 was not good. Wally was now gone away to work also, so it was just Mickey and me at home to help with farming, and we both had more work to do. After getting all the Spring planting done, Mickey and I were given the job of loading the huge manure pile into the manure spreader and spreading it on the summer fallow fields. Much of this manure pile had been there for several years; the pile was large when we bought the place, and it had been reduced only slightly over the past couple of years. The pile was about 12 feet high and was as long as the barn, about 70 feet, and about 25 feet wide; it was enormous. Our job was to completely remove this huge mound of manure. Every day we would work on it from right after morning chores until we had to start evening chores. After about two weeks of pitching manure, we had the pile almost gone. It was getting late in the afternoon of June 15 when we finished loading the last load of manure. Mickey and I joked that we

had moved so much manure away from the barn that the barn might fall down.

It had been very hot the past couple of days, and June 15 was a particularly hot day. We had noticed that dark clouds were gathering on the western horizon as we loaded the last couple of loads of manure, and now it was looking like a major thunder storm was about to blow in. I ran up to the chicken coop to water and feed the chickens and gather eggs before the storm hit, and Mickey put the milk cows in the barn to get ready for evening milking. As I finished gathering the eggs, the wind started blowing and the rain began. I started toward the house. At the same time, dad had arrived from the field and parked the tractor in the machine shed just on the other side of the granary from the chicken coop. We both started running down the hill to the house. We were running against the wind, and the wind got so strong that we were almost crawling against the wind by the time we reached the house. As we got to the porch, we turned around and saw the machine shed take off straight up into the air like a helicopter, and then it sailed off east and out of sight.

The wind blew stronger and the rain started coming down in sheets so thick that we couldn't see anything. Mom said we should go to the cellar in case the house blew down. Dad said no, we would not go into the cellar, because he knew of someone who had died in a cellar when the house fell in on them, but he did tell mom and the girls to go into the old log part of the house that he thought would be the most sturdy. Dad, Mickey and I stayed on the porch and watched. Suddenly we heard a faint crashing sound through the roar of the storm and then one of the cows came running from the barn toward the house like she had been shot out of a cannon. A little while later the rain let up a bit and dad said that he thought the barn was gone; he couldn't see it through the rain. But the storm continued for another fifteen minutes or more, until it finally died down to a gray drizzle. We ventured outside. The barn was indeed blown down. It didn't blow away, it just folded over like a crushed cardboard box. The big silo was also down. Big trees were uprooted all around the yard. Debris was scattered everywhere. Then we remembered that Mickey had put the cows in the barn for milking.

Fortunately, we were only milking three cows at the time, because most of them were dry in the summer. We ran to the barn to see whether it was possible to save any of the cows. We quickly discovered that one of the cows had somehow escaped from her stanchion which was firmly locked around her neck and had apparently hurtled herself over barriers to try to escape. We found her trapped under low hanging debris, but mainly unhurt. We were being very careful searching in the barn, because it might still collapse further and crush us.

We found a second cow already dead; she had been crushed where she stood as the weight of the barn came down on her back. She was one of our best Holstein cows. The third cow was still alive but trapped under all the timbers of the upper floor and roof of the barn. Her neck was still in the stanchion, which had been squeezed almost shut under the weight of the building. It didn't seem possible that she could still breath. She must have been lying down when the barn fell, which minimized the impact on her. Dad debated whether to try to rescue her or put her out of her misery. Probably because he had no humane way of killing her, he decided we would try to get her out from under all that rubble.

By now, strangers were starting to drive into our yard, park their cars and stare at the rubble. We were told by some of these strangers that they had watched funnel clouds come from the west, travel right across Clitherall Lake and continue on east. They came to see what damage had been done. They said that Broberg's barn and other buildings were gone, and that Cleve Johnson's barn was down. Their farms were just east of our place. Within a half hour or so, hundreds of strangers and neighbors had arrived at our farm. Most just gawked; some helped us try to rescue the cow; and many just got in the way. We worked with saws and bars and hammers and mauls and whatever tools were available to cut away all the timber above the trapped cow, and finally we had her free. But she was not able to stand on her own. We got ropes and canvas under her and several men were able to lift her out of the hole and move her away from the debris. A veterinarian checked her and concluded that she probably had internal injuries, but no obvious broken bones.

We learned that Cleve Johnson had not been as lucky. We had lost only one cow, and possibly another. He lost fifteen prized Jersey

cows that were in his barn, when the wind tore off the top of the barn and dropped tons of hay onto the cows, suffocating all of them. Sven Broberg lost only a couple of cows when the top half of his barn blew away.

The next morning I awoke and asked Mickey if the barn had blown down. I thought maybe I had been having a nightmare. He said it either was blown down or he had been having the same nightmare. We looked out our bedroom window in the gray, wet dawn, and saw that we were not dreaming. As dad surveyed the damage that day, he found that things were worse than he initially thought, because a large portion of the crops were ruined also, either flooded or blown away. Many chickens also were missing, apparently blown away in the wind. Sven Broberg found one of our oil cans that had been in the machine shed, embedded in a tree, nearly a mile from our house. Pieces of the machine shed and barn were strewn over the fields for over a half mile.

The next few days we worked to pick up scattered debris in the fields and then we started taking the barn apart, board by board. Dad wanted to save as much of the lumber as possible to use in a new barn. He borrowed some big nail pullers and put Mickey and me to work pulling nails out of boards and timbers from sections of the collapsed barn. We worked all day long pulling the barn apart, day after day. We gradually collected unbroken boards and put them into stacks to be reused. Dad had been meeting with the insurance man to see how much the insurance would pay, so he could start building a new barn. We needed to have a barn before winter.

Ten days after the barn blew down, Cleve Johnson came by to see how much damage we had suffered. He was terribly upset about his cows, and then he said he didn't know if it was even worth rebuilding the barn, because he had just heard on the radio that the communists from North Korea had invaded South Korea, and we could be in a nuclear war soon and we could all be blasted to bits or killed by radiation. This was the first time I was aware of the threat of nuclear bombs. I was wishing that Cleve had kept this news to himself; we already had enough bad news.

Despite that threat of nuclear holocaust, dad decided to build a new barn, and to build it on the south place, rather than rebuild

where we were, because the south place had a nicer flat area for a barn, and the house there was a little bigger. He concluded that he should use this as an opportunity to move to the nicer place. We immediately started working on the south place so it would be ready by winter. Dad hired a builder to help build a new barn, and he leveled a spot for the new barn. We started cleaning the chicken manure and feathers and dirt out of the house on the south place, which had been used as a chicken house that Spring. We scrubbed, painted, wall papered, put down linoleum, and fixed windows.

The Painter

After I had finished pulling thousands of nails and stacking the salvageable boards from the old barn, I was given the job of scraping and painting the outside of the house on the south place. I worked every spare moment I had, and I also had to help dad and Mickey with haying. We didn't have any barn to put the hay in, so we had to stack it in the field and outside the pasture fence near where the new barn would be built.

By my 12th birthday on the 17th of July, I had almost finished painting the outside of the house. By then the new barn was already being built. The builders were now raising the rafters and putting on the roof. I helped nail on siding boards on the inside of the barn walls. The barn was smaller than the old barn, but it had room for about 12 milk cows, a big calf pen, and a pig pen. And upstairs was a hay mow with a new pine floor and a big barn door to bring hay in on the steel track attached to the peak of the barn.

When the barn was almost finished in mid-August, dad decided he should have a barn dance before starting to use the barn. He remembered playing music at barn dances in North Dakota when he was young, and he thought a barn dance would be good way to raise some money to help pay for the barn. He wanted to have the dance there soon, so he could put some hay in the hay mow before winter. He built a special stairway up to the hay mow, where the dancing would be; he hired a dance band; he put notices in the two local newspapers; he put up some posters on store windows in Clitherall; and he personally invited everyone he knew.

No Dancing for Me

I was all excited about going to the barn dance. I had never seen a dance of any kind, and now I would have a chance to see people dance in the barn that I had helped build. I was looking forward to the coming Saturday night when the big dance was scheduled. The house on the south place was not yet ready to move into, so we were still living on the north place. On Saturday afternoon, mom told me that I would be in charge of baby sitting my sisters that evening, because dad, mom and Mickey would be at the barn dance, and they would be late. I begged mom to let me go to the dance. Why couldn't the girls come to; I could watch them there. Or maybe Mickey and I could take turns watching the girls. Mom said no; they needed Mickey to help work at the dance, and my sisters and I were too young to be at the dance.

I was outraged; I was devastated; I was never going to speak to my parents again. I left the house and started walking across the pasture toward Clitherall. I would run away from home. I was tired of being treated like a slave. I got no appreciation for all the work I did. I was expected to work like a man, but otherwise I was treated like a child. I could go live somewhere else. Where should I go? I didn't have any money. Maybe I could hitchhike. After walking for a couple of miles I was getting discouraged about where I could go; where would I sleep tonight? Where would I get something to eat? After awhile I decided to go back home; I would run away from home later. I needed to try to get some money and decide where I should go.

That evening after I got my sisters to bed, I stood outside the house and listened to the noise coming from the barn dance a half mile away. I could faintly hear the music, and I could hear a lot of loud laughter and shouting. Finally, I went to bed, feeling very, very sorry for myself.

The following Monday dad told me to get a big bucket and start picking up all the empty beer bottles and soda pop bottles that were strewn all over the yard around the new barn. I picked up hundreds of bottles; they were in the field, and in the woods, and in the weeds, and behind the house, and everywhere. What a party it must have been. I kept telling myself that I needed to focus on how I was going to run away. Maybe I could sell some of these bottles and get some money. Maybe I could get enough money to take a train to

Watford City and live with my cousins. I decided to forget about my dream of becoming a big-time farmer someday.

When I had finished picking up all the bottles I could find, dad told me to start painting the barn. He wanted it painted white, and he had several five-gallon cans of paint for me to use. I spent the next three weeks, all day long, all week long, painting the barn white, from top to bottom, on all four sides. I climbed the ladder all the way up to the peak of the barn, carrying a bucket of paint and a big brush, and I brushed the paint on the siding. Paint would drip on my clothes and my hands and my hair as I reached high above my head to paint the roof overhang. Everyday I got up, did the chores, ate breakfast, and then painted all day long. But I was too young to go to the barn dance. And now I didn't even have time to think about running away.

The photo below is of the new barn, taken several years later. Notice the open door on the second floor. This was the door dad made for people to get into the hay mow for the barn dance.



Moving South

Before school started again, we moved to the south place. We moved all the cows and calves and chickens and pigs and machinery and furniture and people. And my dog Shep, of course. The house here was really not much better than the north place. It had only two rooms downstairs, although those two rooms were larger than the rooms on the north place, and a porch which we had enclosed. One room was used as the kitchen; the other room was the living room, with the heater. The enclosed porch was used as the wash room and the entry way. Upstairs, there was a bedroom over the kitchen, where mom, dad and the twins slept, a smaller bedroom over part of the living room, where Valeria, Phyllis and Eileen slept, and a little space at the top of the stairs, just large enough for a double bed, which is where Mickey and I were supposed to sleep. Wow! Isn't this great? Everyone gets to walk through this hallway that passes for our bedroom on the way to their bedroom! Now that is real privacy. Real first class. Why do my bedrooms keep getting worse every time we move?

That year I looked forward to going back to school. It was an escape from work and my parents. I was in seventh grade, and Duane Koep was my only classmate. Valeria was in fifth grade and Phyllis was in second grade. The south place was a little bit closer to the school house; just under one mile, and we could walk along the old rutted road that ran straight west from the school and separated our north place and south place. Unfortunately, Arlene Johnson was no longer our teacher; she got married and moved away. I missed her. The new teacher was an ugly old lady of about 50 who seemed to me to be a little stupid, and lazy. She also didn't smell very good, and often looked like she needed sleep badly. She often didn't have assignments for us to do, and sometimes she wouldn't even correct the work we did. She told me to read any books that interested me in the school library. But the collection of books was very small, and not many of them interested me. We had no books at home, except the bible, and mom and dad never encouraged me to read.

Although I was getting good grades, I was afraid that I was not learning much. And just because I was in school again didn't excuse me from all farm work. I had to stay home to help dig and pick the potatoes that Fall, and to help haul silage from the field to the silage pit that dad had dug because we didn't have a silo built yet.

Mickey went off to Morris again in October, in his third year there. I had the bed to myself most of the time, except when Wally or Norry were visiting. Wally and Norry were both worried that they would be drafted into the Army to go fight in Korea. They both decided that they would enlist in the Air Force rather than being drafted by the Army. So Wally enlisted and went into the Air Force in November of 1950, and Norry left right after Christmas. Mom was very worried about them, and would cry when they called on the telephone to tell her that they were still alive. They called from foreign places like Texas and Louisiana and California, that were far away, with very strange living practices and seldom any snow.

With Mickey in school at Morris, and Wally and Norry gone to the Air Force, I was the only remaining farm slave. I had to get up early in the morning to help dad with chores before walking to school. I had to take care of the chickens and the pigs, and feed the cows and calves. Dad milked the cows. When I got home from school, I had to let the cows out of the barn to get water, clean the manure out of the gutter, feed the cows their ground feed, silage and hay, feed and water the calves, pigs and chickens, gather the eggs, carry water to the house, and a couple times a week I had to clean and crate the eggs to take to market. Dad milked the cows again in the evening. I was usually very cold while doing these winter chores. It was cold in the chicken coop. It was cold in the hay mow. It was very cold outdoors in the silage pile, and it was extremely cold in the pump house where any spilled water would freeze almost instantly.

That winter I "inherited" a pair of skis. I should say that we called them skis, but they were really just two boards with a slight upward curl on one end, and with a leather strap nailed in about the middle of the skis to slip my overshoe in. Wally had found or bought these skis somewhere, and I used them after he joined the Air Force. Sometimes I skied to school on them, but

they didn't work very well. It was almost impossible to control them with the little strap over my overshoes, and if any snow or ice built up under my overshoe it was impossible to keep from just sliding right off the skis. If the snow was very deep and soft I would use the skis to help pack down a path to school that we all could walk in, and if the snow was hard and cold, I could slide along on top of the snow with some success. I tried skiing down hill with them a few times, but it was a hopeless case. The only positive thing to say about those skis was that they were so slow that I could never get going fast enough to hurt myself if I ran into something or fell down. They were slow motion skis.

More Farm Work

Summer did come again. I finished seventh grade, and would soon be thirteen years old. I was growing fast now, and my legs ached often. Mom called them growing pains. I had additional farming duties this summer because I was getting to be almost as big as Mickey, and could do more of the heavy work, like pitching hay and shoveling grain. I had to ride in the hay rack and stack the hay in the rack as the hay loader picked up the hay and dumped it into the rack. This was very hard work because I had to keep my balance on the moving hay rack while moving large fork loads of hay around the rack to make a stable load. It also was very dusty work, and I would get covered with hay dust, all over my body.

The summer of 1951, mom, dad and the girls went to Watford City for about a week to visit relatives, and Mickey and I had to stay home to take care of the farm. I had to cultivate the corn fields, and Mickey was supposed to do summer fallowing, and we both had to finish bringing in hay from one of the hay fields on the north place. I did my work. I did the chores and then cultivated corn all day. I had to cultivate a big field on the rented land by the lake, just north of the north place, and another field on the south place. Meanwhile Mickey was not doing the summer fallowing, and I couldn't get him to help me bring in the hay from the hay field. It required two people to load the hay, one on the tractor, and one

stacking the hay in the hay rack, so I couldn't do it by myself, and the hay was starting to decay laying out there in the field.

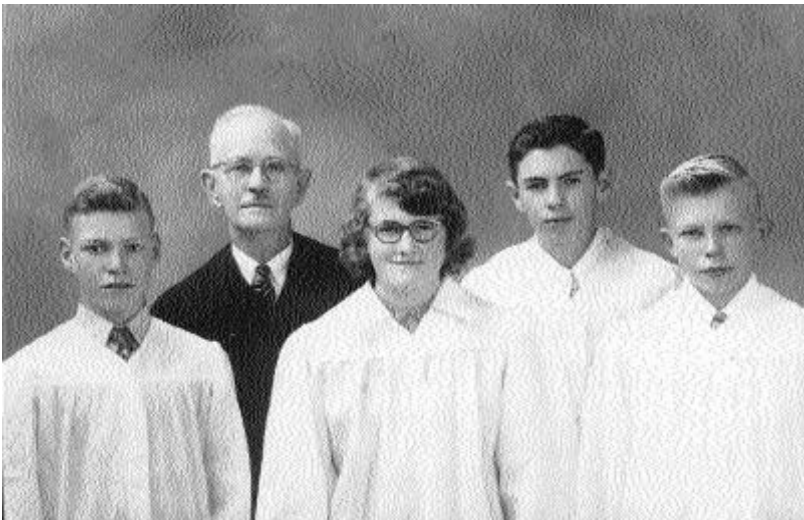
Mickey was busy on his own project. He decided he was going to build a power lawn mower. We had never had a lawn mower on the farm; dad would just mow the area around the house with the hay mower a couple times a year, and rake up the hay for the cattle. But Mickey had somehow found an old push reel mower, and we had an old Briggs and Stratton gasoline engine that still ran, and he was trying to mount that engine on the old push mower. He worked from morning til night on his project; he got the engine mounted on a platform attached over the reel, but he was having problems getting a pulley attached to one wheel of the mower so he could use a belt from the motor to turn the mower wheel.

Every day I warned Mickey that he would get in big trouble if we didn't get the hay in the barn. But he was still busily working on the mower when dad, mom and the girls returned from Watford City, and the hay was still in the field and the summer fallowing had not been touched. It was not a pretty scene. Dad used words that I had never heard before, and he tried to catch Mickey and give him a whipping, but Mickey was now 17 years old and was just as big as dad, so dad finally gave up and seemed to be contented with verbally abusing Mickey for several days.

That summer I got to drive the pickup around the farm, to haul grain and other chores. I was now thirteen and big enough to reach the pedals and still see out the windshield. I was practicing driving whenever I could, because I would be able to get my drivers license in two years, when I turned fifteen. The pickup was somewhat unusual. It had once upon a time been a 1929 Chevrolet car, but many years earlier it had been in an accident in which it rolled over down a steep embankment, and the body was broken into little pieces. So dad had taken off the old car body and replaced it with the cab from an International truck which he had found somewhere, and built a wooden bed with high side boards behind the cab. He then used this mongrel to haul grain and just about anything else. Over the years he had replaced the transmission with a truck transmission, so it had five forward gears and two reverse

gears. It worked fine around the farm, but it was a potential death trap on the highway.

Every Saturday morning that summer I had to go to Confirmation classes at the Nidaros Lutheran church, because mom expected me to be confirmed in the Lutheran faith, along with other kids my age. And Clayton Paulson was going to be confirmed and he was no better than I. There were four students in the class, Clayton, Larry Auny, Joyce Fletcher, and I. Reverend Framstad was the teacher. We had to learn about Martin Luther and why the Lutheran Church was better than other churches, particularly the Catholic Church. The Lutheran Church was best because it was not under the domination of the Pope; each Lutheran Congregation ran its own business, built its churches and hired the pastor, unlike the Catholics who were controlled by the Pope. I also was expected to learn about and understand the Trinity; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. That never made any sense to me. I understood the idea of God, and the idea of Jesus being the Son of God, but where did this Holy Ghost come from? And what was his or her role? In spite of my failure to connect with the Holy Ghost, I was officially confirmed one Sunday morning in early September. The photo is of my Confirmation class. From left to right are: Larry Auny, Reverend Framstad, Joyce Fletcher, me, and Clayton Paulson. Do we look Angelic or what?



Smartest Kid in My Class

In September, I went back to the little one-room school on the prairie. I was in the eighth grade; my last year here. Next year I would go away to Morris. I was looking forward to getting away from home and going to a real school. Valeria was in the sixth grade; Phyllis was in the third grade; and Eileen started first grade. I was alone in the eighth grade because the Koeps had moved a couple of miles away and were going to a different school. I was now the smartest and the dumbest kid in my class. We had some new kids in the school. The Albergs had bought Lynn Lundquist's farm and resort, and they had two boys, Russell in third grade with Phyllis, and Gaylord in first grade with Eileen. Also, dad had rented out the house on the north place to a family from Fergus Falls who had a whole bunch of kids, and three or four of them were in our school.

After getting to know these renters I realized that there were people even poorer than we were. Those kids had worse clothes and shoes than we did. Sometimes they didn't even have any food to bring to school for their lunch, and the kids were all very skinny, like they never had enough to eat. Their mother worked in Fergus Falls and drove back and forth to work every day. The father didn't have a job. He stayed home and looked after the kids. Dad thought he was a lazy bum; he believed that no self-respecting man would stay home while his wife went off to work every day.

In late September, dad tripped on a stair step as he was going downstairs one morning, and he tore some ligaments in his foot. At first he thought he just sprained it and it would get better soon, but it got worse and he couldn't walk. The doctor said he had to stay off the foot to let the ligaments heal, and it may take several weeks before he could walk again. He was hobbling around on crutches and couldn't do any farm work. So dad told Mickey that he would not be able to go back to Morris; he would need to stay and take care of the farm until the foot was healed. Mickey was very mad; it was his senior year in high school. The senior year is always the best year in high school, and he couldn't go?? But he had no choice; dad

would not pay for him to go; he had to stay and milk the cows and haul hay and shovel snow and keep things going on the farm.

The Longest Winter

The foot did not heal all winter long. The doctors said he had poor circulation which kept it from healing. At one point they thought they may need to amputate the foot when it turned all purple and blue and green. Dad sat in a chair by the heater in the living room, with his foot propped up on a stool, all day long, month after month, all winter long, except when he would slowly hobble on crutches down to the cellar to use the toilet or up the stairs to bed at night. As he sat there, unable to do anything, he started trying to read. He had never completed fourth grade in school, and he was able to read only the most common and simple words. He started reading some of my sisters' early readers, and then he started struggling through some magazine stories, and then he started reading condensed stories in Reader's Digest. By Spring, he was able to read with some ease and speed. He had taught himself to read. But Mickey missed his senior year of high school.

The winter of 1951-52 was particularly bad. The snow started early and continued all winter long. We had snow drifts that nearly covered some of the farm buildings. We had to dig steps down into the snow to get into the barn and the chicken coop. Our roads were blocked for several weeks in January and February and again in March. Our neighbor, Teman Rasmussen, had a snow blower that attached to his tractor. He tried to keep the road open past our place, but his snow blower broke down about mid-January. We walked to school almost every day, because dad could not drive the car with his bad foot even when the roads were open. The county snow plow would come through and open the road about once every ten days, but it would soon either blow full of snow again, or a new blizzard would hit and block the road again.

Toward the end of January, all of my sisters became very sick with bad colds or flu or bronchitis, or something, and they were not getting better after a couple of weeks. Mom was worried that they would get pneumonia and die, so she called the doctor in

Henning and begged him to come to the farm to treat the girls. She didn't tell him that he probably would get stuck in the snow before he got to our place. The doctor agreed to come; they expected him by about 3:00 in the afternoon. About 5:00 I saw him trudging up the driveway, carrying his satchel. He was a very unhappy man. His car got stuck on our township road, almost a mile from our house, and he was not close to any farm house so he decided he might as well walk to our place. It was already quite dark by the time he got to our house. I led him into the house and he immediately started yelling at mom for not telling him that the road was blocked with snow. But then dad came hobbling into the kitchen on his crutches, and the doctor quieted down. He attended to all my sisters, gave them some shots and pills, and apologized to mom. Mickey and I got our snow shovels and walked with the doctor back to his car and helped him get back out to the main road.

It was a tough winter for mom. She had dad in that little house constantly all winter long. They were getting on each other's nerves. And she almost never could get out to go to town or to visit neighbors because of all the snow, and she was reluctant to drive the car even on newly plowed roads. One day I overheard mom and dad arguing (it was impossible not to hear) about their financial situation. Mom was saying that they should have stayed in North Dakota; after all these years in Minnesota they still didn't have any money, and her brother and sister and their families in Watford were doing very well. Dad was furious; he said mom should be thankful that they had been able to support such a nice family of nine children; she should feel lucky that we were all alive and healthy; she should stop complaining and do her duties as a wife and mother. Dad really hated it when mom pointed out that Uncle Perrin was making a lot of money in the plumbing and construction business in Watford, and that dad's brother Hank had enough money to spend the winters in Arizona.

Now that I was the only student in my grade, I could move along in my course work as fast as I was able; there was no need to wait for Duane to catch up. So by the end of January, I had completed all of the assigned work for the eighth grade. The teacher didn't know what to do now. She asked the Superintendent of Otter

Tail County schools what she should do with me. Could I just graduate early, or what? The Superintendent came to visit our school and told her to give me reading assignments from books that the Superintendent had brought for me. The rest of the school year I just read books in school, and thought I was very smart. I also decided to participate in the spelling bee that the County sponsored. The best speller from each school was invited to attend the spelling competition, which was held in Vining this year. Since I was the only eighth grader, and there were no seventh graders, I had little trouble qualifying as the best speller in my school. The teacher helped me prepare for the spelling bee. She would read a word to me, and I would spell the word, and she would tell me if I made a mistake. The teacher thought I was brilliant because she couldn't spell most of those words herself.

So off I went to Vining for the big competition. I didn't win, but I didn't embarrass myself. I finished at least among the top half of the spellers. But it was a real eye-opening experience. First, I discovered that there were many kids out there my age who seemed to be as smart or smarter than I. Second, I discovered girls. For the first time in my life I realized that there were beautiful girls in the world, and that just looking at them made my body do strange things. There were two particularly exciting girls in the spelling competition, and I thought I was in love with both of them. I talked with them and I found out their names and where they lived, and where they went to school. The most exciting girl, her name was Janice Cox, was in the eighth grade like me. She had dark hair, big brown eyes, a very pretty smile, and she was tall and slim. She told me she would be going to Henning High School next year. The other girl, Karen Froslee, was in the seventh grade, and she was a petite brunette with a very pretty face; she went to school in Vining. I mailed Valentine's cards to both of them, the very next day, even though it was already the 17th of February. I felt a little guilty about sending a Valentine card to both of them; maybe I should have chosen just one; maybe I was being too greedy. I never received a response from either of them.

In late winter I came down with a bad cold, with a cough that wouldn't go away. Every day I would come home from school and take more cough syrup to try to provide some relief. One day I came

home and immediately went to the medicine cabinet for cough syrup. I was coughing as I reached for the bottle without looking; I poured a large spoonful and swallowed it in one gulp. Then I realized something was terribly wrong; my throat was on fire; there was a horrible taste in my mouth; I looked at the bottle. I had just swallowed a large spoon full of liniment. I couldn't talk; I went to mom with the bottle, pointing to my mouth and the bottle. Just then there was a horrible noise, bump, bump, bump, bump, bump, followed by screams. One of my sisters had just fallen head over heels down the stairs and lay in a heap at the bottom. Mom, dad and my other sisters all ran to see if she were still alive, carry her to the couch and comfort her. Meanwhile I was standing there unable to speak, and concluded I would get no help from anyone there. I went to the icebox, grabbed the milk pitcher and drank a quart or more of milk. I started burping liniment. I got my voice back; the burning subsided. I burped liniment for days.

When the snow finally melted that Spring, I learned how to ride a bicycle. Michael Johnson was four years younger than me, but he was the next oldest boy in the school now that the Koeps were gone, so he and I played games together during recess, and I was sort of an older brother to him. He was the only child of Cleve and Myrtle Johnson. He would ask me lots of questions about life that I would do my best to answer. I had considerable information about life, most of which I had learned from my brothers. I thought I knew most of the important things, like why adults got married and how babies were made, and what high school was like, and how to kiss girls. Michael lived only about a quarter of a mile from school, right on the County highway, and in warm weather he would ride his bicycle to school. I guess to help cement our relationship, Michael offered to let me use his bicycle to learn to ride. I practiced during recess every school day for a few weeks until I could ride without too much danger of killing myself or destroying the bicycle. I had nothing to give to Michael in return, except brotherly advice and information.

I had continued to grow rapidly all that year, and by the time school was out I was almost six feet tall. I was skinny as a rail, but I was about three inches taller than dad or any of my brothers. I liked

being tall, but it was a disadvantage on the farm; it just made dad and Mickey think I could now do more farm work because I was so big. And I did get stuck doing more farm work. I worked all day, almost every day, all summer long, doing plowing, cultivating, haying, swathing grain, as well as taking care of the chickens, pigs, geese, and cattle.

My sisters, on the other hand, were not required to do any farm work. They had to help mom in the house, with dishes and washing clothes and cleaning house, but they never had to take care of chickens or feed the cows or pitch manure or carry water. They were helpless, hopeless house girls. Some of the neighbor girls had to work for their fathers on the farm, feeding the cattle, driving the tractor and other chores, but my sisters were exempt from farm work for some unknown reason.



This photo of me with Mickey leaning on my shoulder shows that I was taller than Mickey, but weighed about 130 pounds.

That Spring I was reading through some 4-H pamphlets and learned that the County 4-H office had started a program to promote soil conservation in the County, and that as part of the program they were inviting 4-H members to develop soil conservation plans for their parents' farm or a neighbor's farm, and submit the plan to the County Office. The submissions would be judged, and the winner would receive a trophy and other prizes. I decided I would develop a plan and submit it to the County. I knew we had some serious erosion problems from water run-off, and we also had wind erosion in the Spring and Fall when fields were bare, because we had almost no trees. I developed a plan to plant trees along the west and north sides of the farm, and along some of the fence lines, to provide wind breaks. And I planned to protect our sloping fields from water erosion by planting them into pasture and hay land, with special earth barriers to slow the flow of runoff water in the steepest places. I described my plan and drew maps of the farm showing the location of my planned actions. Then I mailed it off to the County Agent.

After haying was done that summer, I got a break from work for a couple of days, because mom wanted me to go to Bible school at the Nideros Lutheran church, and she convinced dad to excuse me from farm work for about six hours each day. So some of my sisters and I were taken to the church by mom on Monday morning late in June to start Bible school. I considered this to be a nice reprieve from farm work. The church basement was cool and pleasant on a hot summer day, and it sure beat pitching hay and breathing hay dust all day long.

The first day of Bible School the teachers were a little late getting organized so all of us older kids were outside in the grave yard, and we decided to play hide and seek among the tombstones. Several of us were hiding behind large grave markers, when I noticed that a new boy who looked about my age was sneaking up on other kids and pushing them out from behind the tomb stones so they could be seen and called "out". I decided that I had to put a stop to this. I thought I was the biggest and toughest kid in the school and it was my duty to deal with bullies like this kid seemed to be. I

confronted him, and before I knew what had happened, he had knocked me to the ground and had my arms pinned behind my back, and I couldn't move. I was shocked. I had never encountered anyone of my age who was stronger than me. And this kid was a lot stronger than me. After I said "uncle" he let me up, and he introduced himself, and we decided that we could be friends. His name was Jim Christopherson. His older sister was going to be one of the teachers at the Bible School, and he had to come along because he was not allowed to stay home alone. So we went into the basement, and were assigned to tables, based on age groups, to start our lessons.



This is a photo of Nidaros Lutheran Church.

Jim, Clayton and I and three other kids were at one table. Jim's sister was our teacher. Jim and I sat on opposite ends of the long table, and we discovered that our legs were so long that we could touch each other's feet under the table. We started a game of seeing who could pull the table in their direction. With our feet planted against each other, we would grab the table legs and pull. The table would slowly slide in one direction, and then back the other direction. The students sitting on each side of the table were getting annoyed that the table kept moving back and forth in front of them,

but they were afraid to complain. We continued this game off and on during the day, as we were supposed to be studying the bible and writing about what we had read in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Shortly before the day was over, Jim and I went back to our table-pulling contest, but this time we overdid it, and the table split right in half, and fell onto the laps of the students sitting on each side. Jim warned them not to say anything to his sister; just hold the table up and make it look normal. When the bell rang for the end of the day, Jim and I left as fast as we could, as the table crashed to the floor. Jim didn't come back to Bible school anymore. His sister said he was too much of a disruption. Several years later, Jim played professional football for the Minnesota Vikings. He got his start tackling me in the Nidaros Lutheran Church cemetery.

Now that I was fourteen years old, I was given the duty of chopping the heads off roosters whenever mom needed one or two for dinner. I had performed this duty several times in prior years, but now it was almost a weekly affair. First, I had to catch a nice plump, young rooster which would be eating in the yard somewhere. I would use a pole with a hook on the end to grab the desired rooster by one leg and pull it to me. Then I would grab both legs in my left hand and lay its head on the chopping block; with my right hand I would pick up the ax and make a quick, clean chop through the neck right into the block of wood. With the head off I would quickly throw the rooster down in the grass so it wouldn't splatter blood all over me. The rooster would get on its feet and run for several seconds before it dropped and stopped moving as it lost most of its blood. Most Sunday dinners required two such roosters. After removing the heads, we would dip the roosters in boiling hot water and then pull out all their feathers. Mom would then take over to prepare the birds for frying.

Mickey Leaves Home

It was the start of grain harvest time, and I was swathing grain in one field while dad ran the combine to thrash the grain in another field that had been cut a few days before. Mickey drove the pickup to haul the grain from the combine to the granary and unload

it into the grain elevator which carried the grain up into the upstairs grain bins. One day as I came in from swathing a field, to have our usual mid-day dinner, mom came running outdoors and screamed at me to come to the house quickly because dad and Mickey were killing each other. I ran to the house with mom, asking “what am I supposed to do about it?” Mom said that I should make them stop fighting. Me? Sure.

I found the culprits upstairs where Mickey and I slept. I found Mickey had dad in a half-Nelson grip, and dad was unable to move. Mickey’s nose was bleeding badly and dripping blood all over dad and the floor, and dad had a red mark across his bald head. I tried to remain calm and asked both of them to stop fighting, before someone got seriously hurt! (And I was afraid it would be me.) Mickey said he would release dad if dad promised not to hit him any more. After a few more unsuccessful struggles to escape, dad agreed to Mickey’s terms and Mickey released him. Dad immediately turned around and took a big swing at Mickey to hit him in the head with his fist!! But Mickey was too fast for him and grabbed dad’s arm, and again he twisted dad’s arm behind his back and this time Mickey twisted it even harder until dad was in considerable pain. Meanwhile, mom was screaming at me to do something. As a neutral observer and diplomat (and someone who didn’t want to get physically involved with those two idiots), I suggested to dad that he was not fighting fair, and if he didn’t agree to stop trying to hit Mickey, I would have to take Mickey’s side in this matter (or at least that is what I imagined I said)!! After a few more vain struggles and more arm twisting by Mickey, dad agreed to stop fighting, but he told Mickey that he could go ahead and leave, but “if you leave now I never want to see your ugly face again as long as I live.” Of course, that made mom cry.

Dad also made the comment that if he were younger he would have beat Mickey to a pulp. What a sore loser!! I learned from mom and Mickey that this fight was the result of some “bonehead stunt” on Mickey’s part which caused dad to have to stop combining grain and wait for Mickey to get back with the pickup so dad could unload grain from the combine into the pickup. Dad apparently starting cussing out Mickey, and Mickey said he had taken all the abuse he was going to take from dad, and he was

leaving home, right then. Mickey went to the house and started packing his few belongings, and asked mom to drive him to town so he could catch a bus. He was going to Watford City. Dad followed Mickey to the house and told him he was not allowed to leave, and “get back out there and get to work”. Mickey told him No, and dad hit him in the nose, and other places, until Mickey was able to pin dad, which is where I came in.

So, Mickey was gone. And then there was one. I was the only slave left. I decided right then, that when I was ready to leave home, I wasn't going to tell dad in advance. He would find out only after I was long gone! Here we were in the middle of grain harvest, and I had suddenly been promoted to chief slave. So now I could swath the grain and also haul the grain from the combine to the granary and unload the grain, which I hated. Unloading grain was a very dusty and dirty job, particularly when I had to go up into the granary and shovel the grain around to the sides of the bins in order to fill them up. It would get so dusty in there that I could barely see or breath. But I figured I had to put up with this for only about two months and I would be off to Morris for my freshman year of high school.

But I figured wrong. I was soon informed by mom that dad had decided that I would go to our local high school in Battle Lake. The high school had decided to start a new bus route that would go right past our farm because there were five of us in the area who were starting high school this year, Sharon, Clayton, Elaine, Duane and me, all the kids I had gone to school with off and on since first grade. We could all ride to school on the same bus. And I would be home to help poor daddy with the chores in the morning and after work and on weekends. I told mom I didn't want to go to Battle Lake; I was going to Morris just like my three older brothers. But I knew that it was a hopeless case, and I was not going to take a chance of getting punched in the nose. The day after labor day I was down at the end of the driveway at 7:15 a.m. to catch the school bus to my first day of high school in Battle Lake. Whatever happened to that idea of mine that I was the favorite child?

What a shock. I was one of over fifty freshmen, and there were over 150 kids in the high school. And I knew only about ten of them, including some I remembered from second grade. I had

courses in English, General Science, Algebra, Business, Agriculture, and Physical Education. I quickly discovered that I was not the smartest kid in class anymore, and some of the kids had learned a lot more before they came to high school. The agriculture class was the only one where I was among the top students that year. I got B + in Business, B in Algebra, B- in General Science, and C+ in English. I discovered that the English grammar I had learned at home and in the first eight grades was apparently almost entirely incorrect! And I was having great difficulty even understanding my errors, because it seemed to me that almost everyone except the English teacher spoke the same way I did. We all said “I done it”, and “I ain’t got nothing”, and “we seen them”, and numerous other common Midwest phrases.

My lowest grades (all Cs) were in Physical Education. I was basically “retarded” when it came to almost any Physical Education activity. There were a couple of other farm boys who were almost as retarded as I, but I think I was the worst. I knew nothing about football; I had never even seen a football, and had never watched a football game. I knew nothing about basketball; I could just as well have been from Mars. I had a smattering of knowledge of baseball as a result of playing a little softball in grade school, but most of what I thought I knew was wrong, and I had never held a baseball glove or baseball before. I knew nothing about volleyball, or badminton, or wrestling, or tumbling or any other game we were expected to participate in during our Physical Education classes. The only PhysEd activities I could do without looking completely silly were running and jumping in track. I was not very fast, but I did well in long distance runs because I had more stamina and was willing to endure the pain of long runs. When track season came in the Spring, I was one of the milers on the track team, but I never finished among the top three that year.

There was one aspect of Physical Education that I enjoyed; the showers. I could get a nice hot shower every school day. I didn’t need to take a bath in the galvanized wash tub anymore. Some days I would be late for my next class because I would stay in the hot shower too long after PhysEd class.

I joined the high school chorus, because I could sing reasonably well, and it didn't cost anything. The kids who knew how to play instruments were in the band, but that required money for an instrument and music lessons. Clayton and Elaine were in the band, because they had learned to play instruments at home. Although dad was a musician who played several instruments, he never thought it was a good use of his time or money to teach any of his kids how to play anything.

One October weekend, Mickey came back home from Watford City for a visit. Buzz drove his father's car and brought Mickey. Dad didn't make him go away; I guess dad had resigned himself to Mickey being old enough to make his own decisions. On Saturday night, Mickey and Buzz invited me to go with them to Fergus for a movie, and Mickey also invited Clayton Paulson to go along. Surprisingly, Mrs. Paulson agreed. We went to a movie, and then stopped at a drive-in food place to get something to eat, and Mickey and Buzz were hoping to find some girls. After eating, we "cruised" around town for an hour or so, looking for girls. Finally, we went home; it was after midnight before we got Clayton back home, and his mother was fit to be tied. She was furious that we had kept her little Clayton out so late, and I bet she swore that she would never let Clayton go anywhere with any Hystad again. Mickey just laughed about it, because he and Buzz were leaving on Sunday to go back to Watford.

Starting My Dairy Herd

One January day in 1953, I received a letter from the County 4-H office in Fergus, informing me that I had been selected to receive a Holstein heifer calf as part of the 4-H program to help young farmers start their own dairy herds of purebred Holsteins. I was very excited and proud, although I understood that one of the reasons I was selected was because my parents had no money. I was proud that the 4-H adults thought I was responsible enough to take care of a heifer. I was informed that I would receive the heifer when a heifer calf was born from one of the cows that had been given to 4-

H members in previous years, and I would need to make a commitment to give back to the program the first heifer calf born to my heifer. A few weeks later I was informed that a heifer calf was available, and we should come to pick it up at a farm near Fergus Falls. So a few days later I took the day off from school and dad drove me to Fergus to meet with the 4-H people, sign the necessary papers, and then go to the farm to get the heifer. We didn't have a decent pickup truck that was safe to drive on the road as far as Fergus, so dad drove the 1939 Chevrolet car, which was now our "second" car. We brought along some canvas and gunny sacks to cover the back seat, and we planned to put the calf in the back seat to bring it home. I could tell that the 4-H County Agent thought it was very odd to carry a calf inside a car, but at least it confirmed that we were poor folks. We drove to the farm, and I met the 4-Her who was giving up his first heifer calf, and I thanked him. The calf was only a few days old, and still very small and a little wobbly. I picked up the calf in my arms and put it into the back seat of the car. Then I had to hang on to it all the way home to keep it from trying to stand up. It was a very cold winter day, and my calf stayed nice and warm in the car with dad and me.

King of Conservation

A few days after we picked up my new heifer calf, I received the news that the soil conservation plan I had submitted last summer had won the top prize, and I would be honored at a special honors banquet for 4-H members and adult leaders to be held in Fergus in a few weeks. One cold evening in February, dad drove me to Fergus to attend the banquet. We were seated at large tables in a high school gymnasium, and were served dinner. Then there were speeches and awards presented to members and leaders; finally, they announced the competition for soil conservation planning, and they called me to come up to receive the prize. They gave me a large trophy with my name engraved on it, and an envelope with a check for \$20. Wow! I was making waves now. My genius was starting to be recognized! I was on my way to becoming a famous farmer. I would build the best

herd of Holsteins in the state. People would come from miles around to see the prize-winning soil conservation efforts on my very large and beautiful farm. A few weeks later I learned that the Future Farmers of America club at Battle Lake, which I had joined earlier that year, was accepting applications to receive a sow pig, under the same kind of program as the Holstein heifer program. The selected recipient would receive a weaned female purebred pig, and then would return a female pig to the program, from the pig's first litter, to be passed on to another FFA member. I decided to apply for a pig.

Spring came again, and I had to help dad with Spring planting whenever I wasn't in school. I helped with plowing or disking or dragging to prepare fields for seeding, when I got home from school and on weekends. I also was given the job of milking the cows every evening so dad could spend more time in the fields doing planting. When school was over for the year, I worked all the time helping dad on the farm, planting corn, cultivating corn, loading and spreading manure, mowing hay, loading hay, digging the summer fallow fields, swathing grain, hauling grain, plowing, until school started again. I also had to milk the cows both morning and evening while school was out.

Now that I was the only slave working on the farm, and was more involved with all aspects of the farm operation, I became more aware of dad's weaknesses as a farmer. It seemed to me that he couldn't decide what he wanted to grow on the farm, and he seemed to be trying something new almost every year, and not sticking with anything. He tried dairy cattle for awhile and then one day he came home with a Hereford bull; he had decided to do beef cattle. But the result was big skinny cattle that were built like Holsteins but had white faces like Herefords; the cattle weren't good for either milk or beef. He tried capon chickens and then gave up on them; he tried hogs, and gave up on them; he tried soybeans and gave up on them; he tried to raise seed corn, and gave up on that. Sven Broberg on the next farm raised a huge flock of turkeys every summer and milked a large herd of cattle all winter and was doing very well financially, without any slaves. Cleve Johnson on the next farm over had a large herd of Jersey cows and he also worked at a job off the farm, and they were doing very well financially without any slaves. But dad

couldn't seem to make money at farming, even with lots of free labor.

It also occurred to me that dad was a lot like Mickey (or the other way around). He would get distracted on some "bonehead" scheme instead of sticking to something and making it work. He tried to be a salesman for Cargill seed corn; he tried to get into the earth moving business with a little "tumble-bug" dirt scraper that he pulled behind the tractor; he tried to do custom combining for other farmers; but none of these worked out. He seemed to spend lots of time dreaming about some other business rather than focusing on farming. And he completely rejected the idea of ever working for anyone else as an employee in his spare time to earn extra money. From October through mid-April he had relatively little to do around the farm, and he might have been able to work in town as a mechanic or something, but he wouldn't even consider that.

Roasting in the Sun

I worked all summer long without a shirt, whenever the sun was out. I was trying to get the world's darkest tan. My tan got darker and darker, and by mid-August my back was almost black. We had never heard of melanoma. I would go down to the lake to take a bath whenever I was particularly dirty from haying or shoveling grain, or if I was planning to go anywhere where teenage girls might be present.

On July 17, I turned 15 years old, and I could now get my driver's license. I had been driving tractors and the pickup and the old 39 Chevy around the farm for years, and I had completed the drivers education course at high school that Spring. So I got my license a few days after my birthday. Mom and dad would let me drive the Chevy into Clitherall to buy things, and sometimes mom would let me drive when we went to Sunday School.

That August I was elected President of the Nidaros Township 4-H Club, at our monthly meeting that was held at Paulson's place. Sharon Bergsten, who still thought I was her boyfriend, nominated me for the position, and almost everyone voted for me. Clayton didn't vote for me because he wanted to be President himself. After the meeting we

played games outside like we always did after 4-H meetings in the summer, and Sharon pulled me away from the crowd and behind some bushes and told me that I needed to sneak off with her into the apple orchard so we could kiss and hug without anyone seeing us. I consented because I might enjoy it, and I really should properly thank her for her support in helping to get me elected. Sharon was a pleasant girl, but she was almost as tall as I, and probably weighed more, and I think she was as strong as I. She worked for her dad on the farm just like a boy, and she had the muscles to prove it.

Mom undertook a new venture that summer. She discovered that there was a pickle factory near Henning that would buy all the cucumbers she could grow. She wanted to make some money herself so she could have some spending money without begging dad. She convinced dad to let her have about three acres of crop land just north of the granary, and she planted hundreds of cucumber hills. I had to help her cultivate and hoe all those little plants, and pretty soon the vines had completely covered the entire field. Mom, Valeria and Phyllis picked cucumbers every day, because the pickle factory wanted them small. Every day they would pick thousands of cucumbers and put them in sacks and mom would take them to the factory. Some days I helped pick when dad didn't need me for "real" farm work. Everyday for a few weeks, mom would take a couple hundred pounds of cucumbers to the factory and bring home a couple of dollars.

Uncle Vance, Auntie Alice and their kids came to visit us that summer. Their oldest child, a red-head named Sally, was about the same age as Phyllis, and then there was a boy named Junior who was a couple of years younger. My sisters played with Vance's kids, and they wanted to play outside and explore the farm. They decided to play hide and seek in the corn field just south of the house. The corn was already at least six feet tall, and it was like a jungle for little kids. Some of my sisters and cousins got lost in the corn field that day; they couldn't find their way out, even though the field was only about a quarter of a mile across. I heard kids screaming and crying in the corn field, and I had to go rescue them again.

Mickey joined the Air Force for four years, that summer. He had lived in Watford for about a year before deciding to follow his two older brothers into the Air Force. Mom was very relieved when President Eisenhower announced an armistice agreement ending the fighting in Korea, in July.

In September of 1953, I began my Sophomore year at Battle Lake High School. It was easier this year. Things were not all new, and I was doing well in all my courses except PhysEd, where I was still retarded. I took all the available science and math courses, including Chemistry and Geometry. I also joined the school chorus, singing bass.

Judging Champs

I was on a livestock judging team as part of Agriculture class. Clayton, Roscoe Evavold and I had formed a judging team and we won the livestock judging competition at the school, beating out teams from Senior and Junior classes. We judged dairy cows, beef cows, sheep, and hogs; the purpose was to rank the animals from best to worst based on meat production capability, milk production capability, breeding capability, likely longevity, and overall health. At first the three of us learned how to judge by reading books, but after we won the local competition our Ag teacher, Fergi Ferguson, started giving us special instruction. He would take us to dairy farms and beef farms and sheep farms and pig farms to practice judging the animals. Because we were the best judges at Battle Lake school, we went to the Otter Tail County competition in Fergus, where we won the competition. A few weeks later we went to the Regional Judging competition in Breckenridge, where we won a trip to the State competition in St. Paul. Fergi drove the three of us to St. Paul, for the two day competition. We drove down a day early and had time to see a little of the twin cities. This was my first time to any place bigger than Fergus, and I was amazed that so many people existed. How did they build those tall buildings? Why did they build them so tall? Who lives or works in those buildings? What do all these people do to make a living? Why do all the drivers take

off so fast when the light turns green and then slam on their brakes at the next red light?

We saw a movie that first night, in a big theater, with a big screen. My first movie in a real theater, but the movie was not memorable. I was more interested in looking at all the people in the theater; all the good looking teenage girls, with blond hair, and wearing lipstick, bobby socks and sandals. I felt like a hick from the sticks. I was. The next day we went to the State Fair Grounds where we judged dozens of dairy cows and calves; beef cows, steers and calves; ewes and feeder lambs; and brooder sows and feeder pigs. We didn't take first place in the state judging competition, but we did win blue ribbons and we got to see the twin cities.

Later that year, I was informed by Fergi that I had been selected to receive a female pig under the FFA program, and I would have to return a female pig in a year or so after my pig had its first litter. In the Spring, after the pigs had been weaned, I picked up my pig. I built a special house for it, and cared for it very diligently. Dad was annoyed that I had built a separate house for my pig; he thought I could use the old dilapidated shack that he had used for his pigs. I said that this was a purebred and I was going to make sure it got treated like a purebred. I now had the beginnings of my purebred hog farm to go along with my Holstein herd. I figured that I would have a large herd of hogs within a few years, because my pig would have its first litter in about a year, and I should get five or six females from that, of which I could keep all but one, and the following year, when I finished high school I might have five or six sows having litters, and the year after that I could have 20 to 30 sows having litters, if I could make enough money selling the male pigs to pay for the food for the sows. Since I was a top judge of hogs, I could make sure I selected the best sows for breeding and find the best boars for artificial insemination. I had big plans for a pig population explosion.

I was very busy, doing all my usual farm chores, milking the cows, taking care of my heifer and pig, helping mom with her garden and cucumbers, and helping dad with plowing, planting, haying, manure spreading, and more. I was teaching my heifer to be a show animal. I taught her to be lead with a halter, including when to start, when to stop, and how to place her feet to look the best. I

washed her, brushed her, and shined her hoofs. She was now a little over a year old, and would be ready for competition this summer. I also taught my pig to be a show pig. I taught her to follow my commands with a cane; to turn right, turn left, stop, and go. I washed and brushed her, and even applied some powder to make her smell sweet.

The last week of June, the town of Battle Lake held Dairy Days, with dairy cattle competitions, dairy products for sale, and crowning of a Dairy Princess. I entered my heifer in the Yearling Competition, representing the Nidaros 4-H Club. Clifford Ukleberg came with his truck to pick up my heifer and take it to town, along with some of his Holsteins that his son Harold was entering in the competition; Harold also was a member of our 4-H club, and his parents were the main leaders of the Club. My heifer won top honors in her class. As I led her around the ring, I could hear the announcer telling the audience that this heifer was of excellent breeding and an example of the quality livestock being provided by the County 4-H program to youngsters like Carlyle Hystad to start top quality dairy herds around the County. In earlier years I had entered some of dad's cross-breed yearlings in County competitions and had never received anything better than a white ribbon. So this was a proud and happy day.

The day got better a little later when Marlys LaValley stopped by the pen where the calves were held, and chatted with me for a long time, then she invited me to join her for some ice cream at one of the food stands. Marlys was the most beautiful girl in the world. I liked her a lot when we were in second grade together at Clitherall school, but then I went back to the country school and she moved to Battle Lake, and I never saw her again until high school, and by then she had all her snobby town friends who didn't like having a country boy like me around. But now Marlys was not surrounded by her town friends, and she was being very nice to me. She was the most beautiful girl in the world. She had golden blonde hair, bright blue eyes, perfect pouty lips, lovely peaches and cream skin, and a petite Marilyn Monroe body, athletic but very feminine. I was in heaven. I had just won a blue ribbon and now I was having a pleasant, fun conversation with the most beautiful girl in the world. Marlys told me that she was sorry that she had been sort of

unfriendly the last two years at school, but it was because of her friends, and maybe we would be able to do some things together in our Junior and Senior years. Yes!! Yes!! I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the most beautiful girl in the world.

But meanwhile I had to go back to work on the farm. Hauling manure, summer fallowing, finishing haying, milking cows, taking care of the chickens, and taking special care of my heifer and pig. About the middle of July, I was requested to attend a 4-H Leadership Camp in Ada, Minnesota, for three days of meetings and instruction and getting to know other 4-H leaders, because I was President of the Nidaros Club. Mom drove me to Fergus on Friday, where other 4-H leaders from the County were taken by bus to the camp. I recall that some of the campers complained about the lack of indoor plumbing at the camp; for me it was just like home. The meetings were not memorable, but during the first day a girl from Fergus Falls introduced herself to me and began following me around and inviting me to do things with her. Her name was Natalie. She was almost a year older than I, and would be in her Senior year in high school in September. She told me all about herself; that she was President of her 4-H club; that she lived on a farm very close to Fergus; that she had been going steady with an older boy from Fergus for the past two years but he went away to college and now she had no steady boyfriend.

By the last day of the Camp, Natalie seldom left my side, and was telling me that she wanted to be my girl. She was embarrassing me, because she was clinging to me like a wet shirt, and I barely knew her. Some of the other guys started teasing me about Natalie, and some of the other girls started saying nasty things to Natalie, saying that she was not a good girl, and worse. But that didn't deter Natalie; she refused to leave my side, and insisted on sitting next to me on the bus ride back to Fergus, where she gave me big wet kisses and said she wanted me to come see her next Saturday night at the Drive-In burger place where she worked; she got off work at 9:00.

Going Steady?

The next few days I was torn as to whether I should go see Natalie. She was sort of cute, and had a nice figure, and we had a lot of common interests, and maybe she would be interesting to be with on a date. But I was really interested in Marlys LaValley, and she seemed to be interested in me, and if I went out with Natalie, maybe Marlys would find out and get mad. And I had never been on a date, and had no idea what people were supposed to do on a date, and I had no money to buy anything or even enough money to go to a movie. By Saturday evening I decided to go see Natalie at the drive-in; I would just stop by to talk. It wouldn't be a date. Mom and dad said I could take the 39 Chevy to go to Battle Lake to see a movie; I didn't tell them I was planning to go to Fergus. I drove to Fergus and went to the drive-in. Natalie was working as a car-hop, and she told me where to park, and then she brought me free food and drinks. I heard her tell other teenagers at the drive-in that I was her boyfriend, and she introduced the other car-hops to me, telling them that I was her boyfriend. At 9:00 she jumped into my car and asked if I would take her home. I said I would, if she would tell me how to get there. She told me which streets to take, and then we headed out into the country, where she told me to drive down a little dirt road until we came to a lake shore, and she told me where to park. I noticed that there were a few other cars parked in the area. She informed me that this was a lover's parking place; she used to come here often with her previous boyfriend.

Natalie then proceeded to show me what I should do when I am parked with a high school senior in a lovers lane on a dark night. So this is what dating is all about! I had no idea. I thought people maybe just went to a movie or something. After a half hour or so, Natalie insisted that I take her class ring; we were now going steady. I protested that I had just met her, and maybe she was rushing things a bit, and what if I lost the ring, and maybe we should wait until we had a few more dates. But she was insistent, and did almost everything she could think of to convince me to take her ring. I was starting to get worried that it was getting late and I better get back

home before dad came looking for me. Natalie insisted that I agree that we were going steady, before she would let me take her home. I agreed, so I could get home. I was blackmailed into going steady on the first date of my life!!

Grain harvest time had started, and I was busy swathing grain, and if it was not dry enough to swath, I would summer fallow. As I sat on the tractor going around and around the oat field, or back and forth on the summer fallow, I was debating with myself: should I really go steady with Natalie, or should I tell her that she is only one of my girlfriends, or just tell Natalie that I can't be her boyfriend. It was not my idea to even have a date with Natalie; I had just reacted to her pursuit. But she is interesting and she is teaching me a great deal about things that I guess I should know sooner or later. But she may want to go steady and then get married before I even finish high school, or something, and I am not ready to get married and I probably wouldn't want to marry her in any case. One of the Sophomore girls in my class last year had to get married to a boy in the Junior class because she was going to have a baby, and I certainly didn't want that to happen to me. But Natalie is quite exciting and I like all the attention she gives me. But she is sort of like Sharon, and I don't want to be Sharon's boyfriend either. And I really want to be Marlys' boyfriend. I wouldn't mind marrying Marlys anytime she wanted.

By the end of the week I had decided that I would return Natalie's ring to her and tell her that we can't go steady. If she wants to be an occasional girlfriend I might be interested, until Marlys agrees to marry me. But I won't be her steady boyfriend. And I am not going to let Natalie tempt me into a relationship that I don't want. So on Saturday evening I drove back to Fergus and the drive-in. Natalie was working, and she immediately came to my car and gave me a kiss and shouted to everyone that her boyfriend had arrived. She brought food and drinks for me again, and then got in my car when she finished work. She directed me back to the same parking spot by the lake. I told Natalie that I had decided that we shouldn't go steady; I was too young, I was only sixteen, and we didn't know each other well enough, and it would be better for both of us if we were just friends, and I lived too far away, and we would

never see each other during the winter, and maybe she would prefer if I just took her home right now. Natalie acted like she didn't hear me, and went to work to convince me to change my mind; she seemed confident that I could not resist her, and she was almost right. But when we got to her house an hour later I handed her ring to her and asked her to take it, and I promised that I would still come to see her next Saturday night if she would just take back the ring. She would not take the ring, and quickly went into her house and closed the door.

The following Monday I wrote a letter to Natalie, explaining why I couldn't go steady with her, and why I was mailing her ring to her. I apologized and thanked her and said we could still be friends. I put the ring in a box, and drove to the post office in Clitherall and mailed the letter and ring to Natalie. The next Saturday evening I again drove to Fergus and the drive-in. Natalie was working, but she wouldn't come over to my car. Another car-hop came to wait on me. I asked her to have Natalie come over, but she said Natalie didn't want to speak to me. I waited for awhile, thinking that she would give in and come to see me, but she didn't. I didn't have money to buy anything at the drive-in, so I drove away and went back home.

County Fair Time

In mid-August, the Otter Tail County Fair started, and I had several entries for my 4-H Club. I entered my Holstein heifer, and my pig. I entered some potatoes I had grown specifically for the fair. And I entered the 4-H Project Demonstration program where I would give a demonstration on soil conservation, based on my prize-winning plan. The 4-H Club hired a trucker to pick up all the 4-H animals and bring them to the Fair in Fergus, and I was soon there with my heifer in one of the dairy barns and my pig in the hog barn. My heifer won another blue ribbon; my pig won her first blue ribbon; and my soil conservation demonstration won the grand championship prize, which meant that I was to go to the Minnesota State Fair to present my demonstration there.

I had to work hard to help dad finish grain harvesting so I could go to the State Fair. Toward the end of August, the Ukkelbergs picked me up and drove Harold and me to Fergus where we boarded a bus full of 4-H kids going to the State Fair for four days. After a four hour ride, we arrived in St. Paul, and we all were assigned bunk beds in the 4-H dormitory building, and were given meal tickets to get meals in the cafeteria. We had to be in our bunks by 11:00 p.m., but otherwise we were free to do whatever we wished, and of course I had to practice for my soil conservation demonstration which was scheduled for the third day. I went with other Otter Tail County kids to explore the huge fairgrounds. There were many barns full of animals; there were acres of fancy new farm machinery exhibits; there was a very large carnival grounds, with rides and freak houses and all sorts of games designed to take money from kids; and there were horse shows and musical entertainment in the large covered arena. And there were cute girls everywhere. This was living. I liked being a farmer!

The State Fair ended and I had to go back to school, for my Junior year. High school was getting easier and better, and I was looking forward to seeing more of Marlys, and maybe I would be able to use the car sometimes to go on dates with her. Marlys sat next to me in English class and she helped me with my English home work sometimes. We sat next to each other in Chemistry class, and I helped her with her Chemistry home work. Chemistry was my favorite class; the teacher was very nice and helpful and made chemistry interesting.

Dad was talking about the Communists taking over the country any day. He had been reading in the news that Senator Joseph McCarthy had identified hundreds of communists in high positions in the government, in Hollywood, and all over the country, and dad seemed to be convinced that we were in grave danger of an invasion by Russia, with the help of all the communists in America. I doubted that the Russians would ever make it all the way to Minnesota; they probably would prefer those warmer places like California and Texas and Florida.

Mom insisted that I continue to attend church, and now that I was confirmed I was a member of Luther League which was for

teenagers and young adults who had been confirmed. Luther League met once a month on Sunday evenings, mainly as a sort of social gathering, but we also were expected to plan events and help raise money for church activities and overseas missions. I went to the September meeting, which was when they elected new officers for the coming year. Someone nominated me to be President; someone else nominated Clayton to be President. So the members voted to see whether Clayton or Carlyle would be President. Of course I won, by just two votes. I guess Mrs. Paulson was upset, and mom was proud. I didn't really want to be President, but I sure liked winning against Clayton.

In October, Wally was discharged from the Air Force after nearly four years. He came home with his wife Ginger, who was from Louisiana. Wally was now trying to decide what to do. He thought he would go to college on the GI bill, and he needed to decide which college. Meanwhile Wally and Ginger rented an apartment in Henning to live until he could start college.

Disaster Strikes

In late October mom told me that dad had decided to sell the farms. He was going to take over a restaurant in Henning, and we would be moving there as soon as he could sell the cattle and machinery, and get the restaurant ready. She said that dad and Wally were already working on getting the restaurant ready. I begged mom to tell dad that she refused to go. I begged her to stop him. But she said the decision had been made. It was time to get out of farming, and maybe dad would have better luck at something else. This can't be happening to me. What about my heifer? My pig? My future dairy and hog farm? My soil conservation plans? My friendship with Marlys? He can't do that. Doesn't he know that this will ruin my life? He didn't even discuss it with me! He didn't even tell me he was planning to destroy my future! Does he hate me? Or maybe he just doesn't know I exist? For a few days I refused to believe what was happening. I was praying that something would happen to stop it. I was praying that dad would be killed in a car accident, or that the tractor would crush him, or that he would have a fatal heart

attack. Anything so we could stay on the farm. I could run the farm without him. I could do a better job, and make more money, and support mom and my sisters. Maybe I could stay here with whoever buys the farms from dad, and work as a farm hand, and keep my heifer and pig. Maybe Sven Broberg or Cleve Johnson would hire me as a farm hand and let me keep my heifer and pig. I would save my money and buy my own farm someday.

But after a week or so, reality set in. I came home from school one day and my dog Shep was not around to meet me at the bus. I asked mom if she had seen Shep around. She told me that dad had decided that the dog couldn't come with us to Henning, so he had Billy Hanson come and shoot Shep; he was very old and would have died soon anyway, so it was best to do it this way. Why doesn't he just have Billy come and shoot me too? I'm not going to be able to adjust to living in Henning. Put me out of my misery.

It was clear that dad was not going to change his mind. The farms were going to be sold. We were moving to Henning, and there was not anything I could do about it. I had to tell the County 4-H office to come and get my heifer. I had to tell the FFA to come and get my pig. I had to tell the 4-H Club that I was moving and could no longer be their President. I had to tell the Luther League that I was moving and could no longer be their President. And I had to tell Marlys and my other friends at Battle Lake that I was moving away. I was very depressed and very angry. I refused to talk to either mom or dad, or even eat meals with them. For a few days I would take the 39 Chevy to high school in the morning without even asking, and I would not come home until late in the evening. I didn't milk the cows, or feed the chickens or carry water, or any of my other chores. I was on strike.

When I was ten years old, I was wishing that I could live in Watford City, like my cousins, and enjoy the nice life that they had in town. But now I had no interest in moving to town. I wanted to be a farmer. On Saturday, dad told me I had to come with him to Henning to help fix up the restaurant. I had to help paint, and I might need to take some days off from school next week to help him prepare for the farm auction that he had scheduled for the following Saturday.

Rather than get punched in the nose, I went with dad to Henning on Saturday. On the way there, dad told me I was being very selfish; I was only thinking about my own interests, not about the rest of the family; I was upsetting my mother; I should be happy that we had this new opportunity, and we all would be better off, and have more money. I should be thankful for all the things he and mom had done for me. I should be thankful that I had grown up healthy and smart and strong. I had no reason to be unhappy.

I remember thinking that this was the first time in my life that dad had ever spoken directly to me except to tell me to do some work. He didn't ask me for my thoughts; he had no interest in my opinions. I also thought that he had no idea at all what was going on in my life. He was a complete stranger; a nasty, mean stranger who had complete control over my life. I did not say a word to this stranger.

The following Saturday was auction day. Most of our neighbors were there, and many people I didn't know. The auctioneers went from one pile of junk to another, selling everything to the highest bidder. Most of the farm machinery was old and out-of-date, and much of it sold for only a few dollars. Some items got no bids at all. After selling all the junk, they moved to the junky livestock, and every chicken, cow, calf and goose was sold. Most of dad's cattle were weird, accidental cross breeds of dairy and beef cattle, and they weren't very good for dairy and they weren't good for beef. They were a sorry lot, and the bids were low. It suddenly occurred to me that dad had been a really inept farmer, and I was embarrassed that this was all we had to show for those fifteen years of farming in Minnesota. I'm sure dad would have commented that he had nine healthy kids to show for his years in Minnesota. Then the auctioneer took bids on the farms themselves. There was only one bid, from Mr. Rix, who had a small farm a few miles east of us, and dad thought it was too low so he didn't sell it then; he negotiated a sales price with Mr. Rix later. My heifer and pig were already gone before the auction.

After all the livestock had been taken away, we loaded up our few remaining items of furniture and clothes and moved to Henning.

My life was over. My future did not exist. I began focusing on getting through high school and then escaping from this family forever.

Moving to Town

In Henning, we moved into a large brick building with a restaurant on the main floor, hotel rooms on the second floor, and a full basement with a hotel laundry room, storage area, and a game room. A sign out front said: Corner Café. We moved into some of the hotel rooms. Mom and dad and the twins moved into a large room at the back of the hotel, over the kitchen and across from one of the two bathrooms. I was given one of the “single” hotel rooms across the hallway, near the back stairs. My room was about six feet wide and eight feet long, but it had a window, and it was private, and I could lock my door. The remaining three sisters were assigned to the large room at the very front of the hotel, which apparently had been a doctor’s or dentist’s office at some time in the past. There was another bathroom near the front of the hotel. In addition to the rooms we used, there were about eight other rooms, some doubles and some singles, available to rent to overnight hotel guests. We were to share the bathrooms with any overnight guests.

The restaurant on the main floor had several booths along one wall and another row of booths down the middle of the room. On the other side of the room was the long bar, with stools. Behind the bar was a counter with cabinets above for displaying pies and other desserts, and lower cabinets for dishes. Near the front door was a soda fountain bar, a candy counter, and the cash register. At the back of the restaurant seating area were two swinging doors into the kitchen, where there was a large baking oven, a grill, and several burners, food preparation and serving counters, the dish washing tubs and drying area, and a center island with pots and pans hanging above. Stairs led from the kitchen up to the hotel level, and down to the basement. There was a fire escape ladder coming down on the

outside of the building off the kitchen from the hotel level to the ground in the back alley behind the building.

This photo is of the Corner Café building, taken several years after we lived there. The lower level of the building was the restaurant. The upper level was the hotel and our bedrooms.



Dad informed me that the restaurant would be open from six in the morning to eleven at night, every day, except on Sunday when we would open at eight in the morning and close at ten in the evening. My job would be to work during my lunch break from school, and again when I got home from school until closing time. I would wait tables, wash dishes, mop floors, help clean hotel rooms, and whatever else needed to be done.

The next day I walked the three blocks to the Henning High School and enrolled. The Principal said he would try to get me into classes similar to the ones I had been taking in Battle Lake, and he got me enrolled in Chemistry, Solid Geometry, English, and Social Studies. I said I did not want to take Agriculture anymore. So he put me in an Advanced Algebra class instead. Fine. Whatever. I didn't

care. The Principal said that the basketball coach would be happy to see a tall new addition to the school, but I told him that I was retarded when it came to sports, so I would not be joining the basketball team.

At lunch time I went back to the restaurant, and helped take lunch orders from the high school students who had come there for lunch. This was very embarrassing, because I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't know what was on the menu; I didn't know how to carry things without spilling them; and I hated being in the spotlight in front of all these high school students I didn't know. After school, I came back to work, washing dishes, cleaning the floor, and helping the cook prepare for the supper rush. Then I waited tables during supper, and then washed more dishes. Some high school students came by to introduce themselves to me, and welcome me to the school. Pauline Nyberg, who lived a couple of blocks up the street, Ann Salmon, who lived just across the street, and Bruce Holmgren, whose father ran the tavern at the other end of the block. They were all Juniors like me; they did their best to make me feel comfortable.

Work Slow-Down

I was not buying into this restaurant work. Some days I would not come to the restaurant at lunch time to work; I would eat lunch at school, or not at all. Some evenings I would sneak out the back door when I was supposed to be working, and go to the pool hall or to Bruce's place or up to the high school to watch a basketball game. Some nights I wouldn't come back to my room until everything was dark at the restaurant and hotel. To me, that building represented nothing good, except a place to sleep at night. It was a prison, and I was a prisoner who would escape as much as I could. I didn't care if dad made money or not; I didn't care if he didn't have enough help. There was nothing in it for me. Make my sisters work; they can wait on tables; they can wash dishes; they can scrub floors. I resign as slave.

By Christmas time, I was getting more comfortable waiting tables, and I had settled into my new classes. My Chemistry teacher

thought I was some sort of genius because I had already studied the stuff he was doing in his class. I really liked my English teacher, who was the first English teacher I had who was able to make me enjoy literature. Even the Advanced Algebra class was O.K., although the teacher was also the basketball coach and he frequently made comments that it was too bad that I wasn't a basketball player.

A girl in my class named Marlys Bellmore mentioned one day that her birthday was in July. I said so was mine; July 17th. She said hers also was the 17th. No kidding. I said I was born in Breckenridge; so was she! Wow! Oh, I remember you; you were that brat in my room who was crying all the time!! I watched when they changed your diapers. That evening I told mom about Marlys born in Breckenridge the same day as I. Mom said she remembered Mrs. Bellmore; she was in the same room in the hospital. Marlys said her mother remembered Mrs. Hystad. So, Marlys started calling me "brother" and I started calling her "sister". She was a nice sister, but not girl friend material for me.

All my brothers came home for Christmas that year. Norry had just been discharged from the Air Force, and came to visit, bringing his wife Lennie and their daughter Pam. Wally and Ginger were there. And Mickey came home on furlough before being shipped to Japan for a tour of duty there. That was the last time all nine of us kids were home for Christmas. It was a strange Christmas. We had plenty of rooms for everyone, unlike the farm, and we had indoor plumbing, but we didn't have a family kitchen or a living room or any other family gathering place. We were just a bunch of non-paying hotel guests, and we ate our Christmas eve supper and our Christmas dinner in different booths in the restaurant. I am quite sure Santa Claus didn't come that year; he couldn't find us at the farm, and he didn't know these strange people living in a hotel in Henning.

Getting Religion (or a Girlfriend)?

In January, I was enticed into going to the Lutheran Church in Henning. An attractive blonde girl who lived just a block down

the street from the Corner Café invited me to come with her to church. Shirley was the daughter of the woman who ran the beauty parlor in town, and although she was two years younger than I, she was quite mature. I went with Shirley to church and to some evening bible study classes, and then she convinced me to join the church choir with her, which required choir practice one evening a week as well as wearing robes and sitting in the choir section of the church each Sunday. Shirley's mother wouldn't let her go out on dates, but we spent one or two evenings, and a few hours on Sunday, together at church functions. Not quite the same as my experience with Natalie. I felt good about going to church; I was being a good boy, and I felt like I was part of the community, not just dangling out there by myself. I also welcomed the opportunity to get away from the restaurant. Dad didn't want me taking time off work to go to church, but even dad couldn't win on that issue; mom insisted that dad let me off work to go to church. Maybe I should become a Minister or a Missionary!!

In February, I volunteered to be in the Junior class play, and I would sneak away from the restaurant many evenings to go to play practice. I enjoyed acting, and I enjoyed the social time with the other kids. I got to know John Thoreson, who lived on a farm near Henning and was able to stay in town after school. John soon became one of my best friends. He had grown up on the farm, and knew all about farm work, and he was intent on getting away from the farm as soon as he could; he talked about going to college so he could do something other than farming. John helped me to start thinking a little about what I might do with my life, rather than be a farmer, but I was still pretty much rejecting any alternatives. Norry and Wally had both started college that January. Norry at the University of Minnesota, and Wally at Bemidji State College. Norry was definite that he wanted to be a lawyer, and Wally thought he might want to be a lawyer. But I had no interest in being a lawyer. Maybe I'd be an actor. Maybe I'd be an engineer, and build things. Or maybe I'd just have fun and be a bum.

I still missed Marlys LaValley and some of my other friends from Battle Lake, and I had no chance to visit with any of them. I

couldn't use dad's car to go to visit them. Other than my pristine relationship with Shirley at church, I had not met any girls at Henning who I was interested in, and who were interested in me. There were a couple of girls who were cute and smart, but they were going steady with seniors. But a cute girl named Joann Leaders sat next to me in one of my classes, and she was very friendly. She was going steady with a senior named Mickey Froslee, who had lots of money and drove a fancy new pickup truck. One day Joann told me that she was available to go out with other guys; she was still going out with Mickey, but she would like to go out with me. We made a date to go to a basketball game in Deer Creek, just five miles down the road, the next Friday night. The following evening, Bruce and I were out in front of the pool hall talking when Mickey Froslee drove up and parked in front of us. He got out of the pickup, came over to me, and said: "I'll kill you if you even think about going out with Joann." I was bigger than Mickey, and wasn't afraid of him beating me up, but he probably had guns, and I wasn't sure he wouldn't use them, so I said: "I'll go out with her if she wants to, and you aren't going to stop me, you runt", (I wish I had said that). Mickey didn't like that answer, but he just repeated his warning and roared away in his pickup, spinning his wheels and sliding sideways on the thick layer of packed snow and ice that covered the street. How did Mickey know about my date with Joann? I guess Joann must have told him. Maybe she was just trying to make him jealous. Maybe she was just using me. I decided I would not become part of an infamous lovers triangle. I told Joann about Mickey's threat, and that I thought it would be best if we just forgot about a date. So far, my experience with girls was not good; Natalie insisted that I go steady; Shirley could see me only in church; and now Joann is trying to get me killed. I think Joann broke up with Mickey a couple of months later, and started dating someone from Battle Lake, and Mickey did not kill him.

In March, dad had a mild heart attack. Maybe my prayers had been answered, but too late to save the farm! He had to stay in bed for a few days, and the doctor ordered him to work only limited hours for the next several weeks. He also was told to change his diet,

and was given some blood thinning medicine. Mom asked me to help more at the restaurant. I said I would help her, but I had no interest in helping dad. A few days later, dad got me alone in the kitchen and told me that I had caused his heart attack. I had failed to carry my weight around here; I had forced him to work long hours; I had made it necessary to hire another part-time person; I was the reason the restaurant was not making money. (At least he didn't punch me in the nose; I guess he had learned that punching his sons was not very effective. Or maybe it was because I was three inches taller and weighed 20 pounds more than he.)

Back to Slavery

Dad was giving me a choice. I could leave now and never come back. Or I could start carrying my weight around here. If I wanted to stay, I was to get up and open up the kitchen for the cook at 5:45 every morning, and then open the restaurant to customers at 6:00, and wait on all customers until I had to leave for school; then I would be there to wait on tables during lunch break; and I would be back after school and work through the supper rush, until about 7:00. I wouldn't have to work in the evenings. I could have the evenings off to do my school things. But if I failed to open the restaurant in the morning, I was out of here. Dad was obviously surprised when I said I would need time to think about it. I decided I could tolerate being a slave for another year, so I could get through high school. I told dad that I would accept his schedule. The next morning I was up at 5:30, and started my new routine. It was becoming more apparent that this restaurant and hotel business was not going to be any more successful than farming. Part of the problem was that there were two large restaurants and another two places that served food, and two hotels, in this small town. There simply was not enough business to support that many restaurants, and there was enough hotel business to support only about two rooms, not two hotels. And dad had the largest building and the most expensive operation. The previous owner had failed, so how did dad think he could make money here?

But that was not my problem. I just had to get through one more year. Although I was working more hours at the restaurant, I was free in the evenings for play practice, or to go to church events with Shirley, or to go to basketball games, or just hang out with my friends. We had a movie theater in town, and one of my friends worked as the projectionist there, and I would go visit him in the projection booth and sometimes watch the movies for free. I would give him free sodas and ice cream at the café in exchange.

As the weather got warmer, the roller skating rink out near Leaf Lakes reopened for the summer season, and several of my friends were hoping to go there the next Friday night, but they didn't have a ride and they asked me if I might be able to get my father's car for the evening. I said I would try. I asked mom, and she said she thought it would be fine, and she would talk with dad. The next day she told me that dad said I couldn't have the car. Mom didn't know why, but dad had decided, and that was it. I concluded that dad was punishing me. I had been driving the car for almost two years. I had never had any accidents or caused any problems. There was no reason for not letting me have the car. He was just punishing me. It never entered my mind that he might be concerned about the safety of me driving a bunch of kids to a party.

I went to my room and screamed in total frustration and anger. Why was I born into this family? Why don't I just leave now? I was laying there on my bed staring into space and trying to decide what to do. Then I noticed that I was staring at that large trophy I had won for my soil conservation plan, and that made me even madder. It reminded me of all that I had lost. I grabbed the trophy, broke it into pieces, and threw it in the trash can. And I promised myself that I would never ask to borrow dad's car again.

A couple of days later, mom asked me how my trophy had been broken. I told her I broke it intentionally. I was pretending it was dad as I was breaking it into little pieces. Mom cried. She said I should have been proud of that trophy; it was an important accomplishment. I told her that everything I had done on the farm was all a waste of time; that trophy was meaningless now. Mom cried some more.

Lacking Motivation

Margaret Halvorson was the Social Sciences teacher and also my advisor. One day that Spring she asked me into her office. She asked me how I was adjusting to Henning. I explained that it had been very difficult for me to move here and to give up all my plans and projects, and I had not been able to find a new goal or direction. Then she said something like the following: “Carlyle, your grades are not as good as they should be; you do not seem to be applying yourself. I have seen all of your records and test scores and I know you have the potential to have the highest grades in this school. It would be a shame to let all that intelligence go to waste. I’ll be happy to meet with you whenever you want to discuss options for your future. You should be planning to go to college, and I hope you will work to improve your grades so you can go on to college.” I thanked her, and said I would try to do better.

After leaving her office, I didn’t know whether she was just fibbing me about being able to get the best grades in school in order to motivate me, or maybe she was right. Maybe I should try to focus on a new life; a new goal; a new reason for studying and getting good grades. But nothing seemed to excite me. In fact, I was so unexcited about my school work that I skipped school a few balmy Spring afternoons to go fishing with friends. I got my “sister” Marlys Bellmore to forge excuse slips for me, and sign my mother’s name. But one Friday afternoon, too many of us disappeared after lunch and the Principal became suspicious. He called the parents of all of those missing, and he discovered that my mother knew nothing about any excuse slip, and that several other mothers also had not excused their sons. So on Monday morning several of us were summoned to the Principal’s office and told that we were being given detention. We would be required to stay after school for an hour every day for a week, as punishment. The Principal didn’t realize that this was not punishment for me; he was just saving me from work at the restaurant.

I did join the track team that Spring, and ran the mile. I competed in several track meets with other schools, and usually finished in the top three, winning a ribbon. I considered trying out for the baseball team, but after watching the team practice I knew I

could not compete with any of them. I couldn't catch a ball; I couldn't hit; and I certainly couldn't pitch.

The Junior-Senior prom was coming up soon, and many of my friends had invited girls to go with them. None of my friends was going steady, but we decided it would be nice to dress up and go to the prom. I didn't have a girlfriend, so I spent some time trying to figure out who I could ask. Shirley's mother wouldn't let her go; my "sister" Marlys wasn't available. I decided to ask Phyllis Hoyhtya. She was a farm girl in my class; she was very quiet and shy, but she was pretty, and smart, and had a nice slim figure, and no one had invited her yet. She accepted my invitation. A friend of mine loaned me his car to drive out to Phyllis' farm to pick her up. She was all dressed up in a formal gown; she looked beautiful. We spent the evening together at the high school, doing all the prom activities. I even tried to dance with her, although I didn't know how to dance. She didn't seem to mind. I drove her back home again shortly after midnight. I walked her to the door and thanked her for the evening, and left. We didn't even have a kiss on the cheek. Well, she sure is different from Natalie.

My Junior year came to an end, and I was facing a long summer of working at the Corner Café. For the first time in my life I was not looking forward to summer. But then I got lucky. A few days after the end of school, Eugene Volden, who was in my class and lived a few blocks from us in Henning, gave me a call and asked if I would be interested in going to work for his father's company. His father owned a construction firm that built grain elevators, and they were just starting a new project out in Williston, North Dakota, which was only about 50 miles from Watford City. Eugene's father wanted Eugene to go work on the Williston project that summer, and Eugene wanted someone his age to go with him and sort of be his buddy for the summer. They would pay \$1.00 per hour, and we would usually work about 60 hours per week, weather permitting. My primary job would be to saw lumber and pound nails.

I told Eugene I would like to go, but I would need to talk with my parents. I doubted that dad would let me go, and I knew that Mr. Volden would not take me if my father objected. I went to mom and told her the situation. I told her that this was an opportunity for me to learn about the construction business; an opportunity to get involved with something other than farming. And I could make some money so I could pay all my own school and clothes expenses next year. I also told her that

if dad said no, I would leave anyway; I would go find a job somewhere and not come back.

The next morning, mom said I could go. She said dad had agreed not to object. I could tell that dad was angry with me, but I didn't care. I was getting out of there for the summer. Two days later I took my little bag and jumped into a Volden Construction Company pickup with Eugene and another employee, and we were off to Williston.

In Williston, Eugene and I shared a little room in a boarding house that Volden had rented for us. We had a bathroom down the hall. We were about three blocks from the construction site, and each morning we were up at 6:00, had a quick breakfast; bought a bag lunch to take to work; and were to work by 7:00 a.m. We were building a wooden grain elevator, which would be over 120 feet tall when finished. It was built by stacking planks, laid flat one on top of another, held in place with 16 penny spikes. At the very bottom, the walls were 2" by 12" planks laid flat; as we got up to about 20 feet the plank size was reduced to 2" by 10", and another 20 feet they were reduced to 2" by 8", and then to 2" by 6", and finally to 2" by 4". Normally the high school kids on such a job were assigned to carrying lumber and doing other chores for the carpenters, but because Eugene was the boss' son, he and I were immediately assigned as carpenters. We were trained for the first couple of days, and then worked on our own, under the general supervision of the chief carpenter.

Our job was to saw planks to the correct length and then nail them in place with the 16 penny spikes, using a heavy hatchet hammer. All corners were alternately overlapped, as well as all junctions with the inside dividing walls for the grain bins. This way all the exterior and interior walls gradually climbed higher and higher, 1 1/2 inches at a time. Once or twice a day we would need to raise all the scaffolding as we slowly moved up into the sky. For ten hours a day, six days a week, we sawed and hammered. By the end of the first day, Eugene and I both had big blisters all over our right hand; by the end of the second day, we had blisters on top of the blisters. By the end of the first week, the calluses were forming and the pain was subsiding.

During the first couple of weeks Eugene and I usually were so tired after work that we would just eat supper and go to bed. But we gradually built up our stamina and we started to spend an hour or two exploring the town of Williston after supper. We went to some movies, met twin sisters at a drive-in diner who showed us around town, went to a carnival, and started to feel like real residents. We even visited two of

my cousins who lived in Williston; Donna Quinnell, who was the daughter of one of dad's dead sisters; and Alva and her husband and kids; Alva was the daughter of Hank Hystad, dad's brother. Some nights or on rainy days when we couldn't work, we would just read a book. Both of us were saving almost all of our earnings. We spent very little on food, and almost nothing on entertainment.

We drove back to Henning for the July 4th weekend; it took almost a full day to drive home; we were there two full days, and then drove back the fourth day. Dad didn't make me work in the restaurant those two days I was home. I just goofed off with friends in town. We returned to Williston and the elevator. By the end of July we had reached 100 feet, which was the top of the grain bins. Then we built a floor on top of this structure. And on top of all this we built a 20 foot high frame structure which would hold the machinery to move grain into the various bins, and large fans to control dust. As we started building the frame structure at the top, the work became much more dangerous and frightening, because we had to clamber around on the thin shaky frame walls which we stood up on top of the bin structure. From the top of these walls it was 20 feet down to the new machinery floor, and 120 feet down to the ground. One day the construction chief asked for volunteers to go up to the top of the 20 foot frame wall to nail the final bracing on the walls. Eugene and I volunteered. We climbed up the long ladders, one of us in each corner of the wall. We had to climb onto the top of the 2"by 6" wall frame and slide along this wall, with our feet dangling below, to nail the final braces in place. Looking down to the ground, the cars below looked like match boxes. One little slip here and I was dead; no safety nets; no safety belts; no safety nothing. We both survived, but I decided I would not volunteer for that duty again.

We were nearly finished with the machinery building at the top; just the roof left. Then metal sheeting would be applied to the entire outside of the elevator. After work that day, Eugene and I were talking with one of the employees with the company who owned and operated the grain elevators in Williston. He had watched us up there 120 feet in the air. He asked us how long we had been doing this work. We said this was our first job, we were just doing it this summer before going back to school. He asked where we were going to college; we said we were still in high school; had just turned 17 a couple of weeks before. He wouldn't believe us.



This is the grain elevator we built in Williston, when it was at about two-thirds of its final height.

That weekend we had both Saturday and Sunday off from work because we were waiting for some key pieces of construction material to arrive. I suggested to Eugene that we hitchhike to Watford City to see my cousins; I figured that they would give us a ride back on Sunday evening. We started out, and quickly got a ride toward Watford, but the driver only went as far as the northern part

of McKenzie County, just across the Missouri River. And we waited and waited but no more cars stopped for us. Finally, I decided we could walk to my Uncle Hank's ranch which I thought was not too far from where we were. We walked and walked and walked for over two hours. There were no cars on the road, and no houses in sight. It looked like we had stumbled into Death Valley. Finally, a car stopped for us. I told the driver we were trying to get to Henry Hystad's place. The driver said we were in luck because she was on her way to the school to pick up her kids and Dallas Hystad's wife should be there to pick up her kids. So we went to the school and met Dallas' wife, who took us to Hank's place. Hank and Emma were very nice to us, and gave us a place to sleep for the night, and invited relatives over to see us. Dallas and Phyllis came, and Ellery and his wife Doris, and Donna stopped by. They had a little impromptu picnic for us.

The next morning they gave us breakfast, and then Ellery asked me if I would like to come to work for him for the rest of the summer. He needed some help during harvest season. He would provide room and board and pay me \$40 a week; he argued that this would give me about the same take home pay as I was making now on the elevator. I discussed it with Eugene, and he said it would be all right with him if I wanted to do it, and they only had about two weeks of work left on the elevator for me anyway, so that could be a good deal for me. So I agreed to come to work for Ellery. But first I said we wanted someone to take us into Watford so we could visit our cousins there, and I would have one of my cousins drive us back to Williston to take Eugene back and so I could get my things.

Its All Relative

On Monday morning I started work for Ellery. They had given me a cot in an old shed near the house, that they called the bunk house. It had no bathroom, but it had a cold water shower out back, along with an outhouse. Here I was back on the farm, and back on a Hystad farm. For a couple of days I was thinking that maybe I would just stay here, and finish high school in Watford. But then I learned that Ellery was much too closely related to dad. I was now

his slave. He expected me up at 5:00 a.m. to milk cows, by hand; he didn't even have a milking machine. Right after a skimpy breakfast I was out to work in the fields, shocking grain. I couldn't believe it; shocking grain? We had given up shocking grain years ago, and here he was still shocking grain and using a threshing machine rather than a combine. And if it rained, I was out fixing fences, watching carefully for rattle snakes all the time. And at the end of the day, I had to milk the cows again, before a supper that was never very good. After supper, I was to help wash the dishes and then take out the slop bucket and dump it. I also noticed that Ellery was doing almost no work. He sat around the house in the morning while I milked the cows, and then he took a long nap after the mid-day dinner, and then he was back sitting in the kitchen while I milked the cows in the evening. What have I gotten myself into? Well, its only a month before school starts, and I will go back to Henning. I'm not going to volunteer to be Ellery's slave, even for \$40 a week.

The following Saturday afternoon, I asked Ellery if I could spend the night in Watford; I would be home Sunday evening. He said that would be all right, as long as I could get myself there. I called Buzz and he came out and picked me up. That evening I went with Buzz to a beer party in the Theodore Roosevelt National Park in the Badlands. There were 20 or more guys and girls there, mostly seniors in high school and college kids, including Buzz who would soon be starting his second year in college, and Clifford and Clinton, who would be starting their first year in college. It was a fun party; I drank almost a full beer; there was good food; singing; conversations; and some smooching with the girls.

I was introduced to Joanne Dodge, who was my age. She was tall, very slim, athletic, had very nice lips, and she had the top grades in her high school class. She was not with anyone at the party; her steady boyfriend was away in Wyoming working. Are all the attractive girls in the world already going steady? I was interested in Joanne, and she was interested in me, and we soon wondered away from the crowd a bit, and did a little experimental kissing. In the middle of a long kiss, some guy yelled right in my ear, telling me to get away from Joanne; she was taken, and if I didn't leave her alone he was going to get Roger to beat me up. Joanne informed me that

this pip squeak was a cousin of her boyfriend, and that Roger was a big bruiser who was here at the party tonight.

I soon found myself face-to-face with Roger, who said he was going to beat me up. It was quite obvious that Roger had consumed more than a couple of beers and he could barely walk. He took a swing at me; I ducked; and then Roger started screaming. He had thrown his shoulder out of joint when he swung at me and missed, and now he was in great pain. Buzz helped him snap the shoulder back in place, and Roger lost interest in fighting, even though the pip squeak was still urging him on. It occurred to me that maybe women were not really worth all this fighting and threats. Or maybe I just needed to stick with girls like Phyllis who had no boyfriends.

My First Car

The next day, Sunday, Buzz introduced me to some more of his friends, including Darryl Hagen. Darryl had a 1935 Ford Coupe for sale. I drove it around the block, and it seemed to run fine. It had a good paint job; no rust; plush carpet on the floor; red interior lights; and a radio. He was asking \$60.00. If I had my own car, I could drive into town from Ellery's whenever I wished; I might even arrange a date with Joanne. I offered \$50. Sold. I had just purchased my first automobile. Wow!

That evening I drove my 35 Ford back to Ellery's place. I discovered that the car had one major flaw; the brakes were very unreliable, and even at their best they were not good. They were mechanical brakes, with rods running directly from the brake pedal to the rear wheels. The rods would bend unpredictably, and sometimes they would bend so much that there would be no braking leverage at all. I quickly learned to stop the car by down shifting and then shutting off the ignition, using the engine to brake the car.

That week I was back to milking cows, cutting grain, shocking grain, and patching barbed wire fences, as well as washing dishes. Ellery continued his leisurely life style. One day after dinner, I spent about a half hour tightening up the brake rods on my car, hoping they would be a little more reliable. On Saturday evening, after milking the cows, I headed back to Watford. My cousins and I

went to a party in Watford, and I spent some time with Joanne again. She invited me to come swimming with her out in the country on Sunday. So, the next day I followed Joanne's directions to a place in the country. She first took me to a picnic with some of her friends, and then she asked me to drive her to the swimming hole where we could go swimming. I said I didn't have a swim suit with me; she said she didn't either; we could go skinny dipping.

When we arrived at the swimming hole, which was really a dirty cattle watering pond, we found several people there already. We couldn't go skinny dipping. We drove around for awhile until she found a place where she said she would like to park. She started being very romantic and loving, and then she said she was getting too warm and she had to take off some of her clothes. I was getting a little uncomfortable because it was a bright sunny day and we were parked right out on the prairie; anyone could see us for miles around. There is no place to hide out there in Western North Dakota. Joanne suggested that I must be getting too warm and should take off some of my clothes, but I said I was just fine. She finally decided it was time for her to go back to visit her friends. Maybe Shirley or Phyllis were more my type.

I was back at the ranch Sunday night, and up bright and early Monday morning to milk the cows and do my other chores. After I finished the chores, I went to the bunk house to get something. Ellery followed me in. He said that he needed to talk with me. He said he was very disappointed in my work. I had been away two Sundays in a row; I had failed to take out the slop bucket some days; and I had worked on my car on his time. Therefore, he had no choice but to let me go. He would pay me for two weeks, but he was deducting for the time I spent working on my car, and he was deducting \$5.00 for 15 gallons of gas that I used. I said I didn't use any of his gas. He said I must have taken gas out of his tank because I had driven the car so much. He handed me the money. I threw my belongings in a bag, walked around him, got in my car, and left. What a first class pile of manure; ashamed to have him as a cousin; embarrassed that his name was Hystad. And I never spoke to Ellery again.

Enjoying Watford

It was now the middle of August, and I had no job. But I did have several hundred dollars saved. What should I do? I could go back to Henning, or I could just goof off in Watford for two weeks before I had to go back to school. I headed for Watford. I went to see Buzz first. He was working for his dad, Perrin Thompson, building a new basement for a customer. Perrin had a construction company and a plumbing company. I told Buzz and Perrin that I had just been fired by Ellery because I didn't work on Sunday and didn't take out the slop bucket. Perrin said: "You can go to work for me right now and I'll pay you \$1.50 an hour, and you don't have to work on Sunday or carry out any slop buckets." I went to work immediately helping them build a basement. We set up forms for pouring concrete; it took a couple of days to prepare all the forms, and then we mixed the concrete and filled the forms. When we finished that project we started on another house, building another basement. I worked the last two weeks of that summer for Uncle Perrin and made \$180. I stayed at Perrin's house, in the basement bedroom with Buzz, and ate many of my meals at their house. It was a very good two weeks financially. It sure makes a big difference which relatives you work for!

But I needed to leave. Back to Henning for my Senior year. Why didn't I just stay in Watford? I could live with Uncle Perrin and Aunt Alice. But I knew that mom would be very upset if I didn't come back, and I didn't want to be a burden on Alice and Perrin. I decided it was not safe to drive my 35 Ford all the way to Minnesota; I'd probably kill myself or others. I left my car with my cousin Shirley (Buzz's sister) and her husband Duane. I told Duane he could use the car or sell it if he wanted. I took the train back to Minnesota; back to my "volunteer" job at the restaurant.

Chief Waiter and Dish Washer

Up at 5:30 a.m. to open the restaurant. Wait on grumpy old men coming in for breakfast; fortunately, most of them ordered the same thing every morning. Our restaurant was the only place open

so early in the morning, so many of the business men in town would come in for breakfast or at least a cup of coffee before going to work. After making and serving several pots of coffee, and serving up various combinations of eggs, bacon, sausage, toast, doughnuts, French toast and even leftover pie, I rushed off to school. Still looking for a girlfriend in Henning. Still not interested in school work. Still no plans for the future.

The minister at the Lutheran Church saw me on the street and welcomed me back and asked me to come back to join the choir. I said I would, but I didn't. I thought about religion carefully; I tried to resurrect that good feeling of belonging, that good feeling of being taken care of by an all-powerful force. But I could not. I didn't need it or want it. I was through with church. I hadn't concluded there was no God, but I knew I didn't believe most of what was said by the minister in his sermons. I was convinced that the church was not able to help me, and I was not able to help the church.

Eugene Volden persuaded me to join the football team; he thought I would enjoy it and that I would make a good pass receiver. I reluctantly volunteered to join the team. The coach was happy to have a big, tall player, until he discovered that I knew absolutely nothing about football. I went through all the football drills, blocking, tackling, high-stepping through tires, pushing a blocking sled, running laps; I was in good shape physically, but I didn't understand anything in the play book, and I usually made all the wrong moves on the field. The coaches never spent any time explaining game strategy; they apparently assumed we all knew those things. The coach soon gave up on me as a possible receiver, and told me I would play defensive end. My job was to prevent anyone from running around my end of the line, and to tackle the quarterback in passing situations; that was the extent of my coaching. I thought that sounded easy, but I quickly discovered that I seldom knew who had the ball and was often tackling the wrong person. I was still retarded at sports.

No Gift From Dad

I was still looking for a girlfriend; and my sports retardation didn't help. I decided I needed a car; maybe that would interest some attractive girls. Dad had abandoned the old 39 Chevy at the farm when we moved to Henning, and I asked him if I could have it if I could get it running. He said fine. A friend gave me a ride to the old farm, with a can of gas, and I got the Chevy started, and drove it slowly back to Henning, on tires that were bald and nearly flat. I bought new tires, put in new plugs, points, condenser and filters, replaced the water pump, and got it licensed. Dad had once painted the car an ugly gray color, with a big paint brush, and it looked like it had been painted with a broom. But I had wheels; very ugly and old wheels, but I was one of only a few Seniors with their own car. But then dad noticed that the car was running. He said I owed him \$100 for it. What? You said I could have it if I fixed it up! He said: it's my car; if you want it you can pay me \$100 and I'll give you the title, or I can sell it to someone else. *Dad, you are really a nice guy! I'm so lucky to have you for a father.* Sign the title over to me and I'll give you the \$100.

Every morning for the next three months I took four quarters out of the cash register while I was working in the restaurant; I would get back my \$100. Some days I would take eight or ten quarters, if I needed a little extra that day; I got back my \$100 plus interest! I was careful not to take very much any one day, so it wouldn't be obvious. Dad didn't have a system to detect embezzlement! Wonder who else was snitching money from the till.

Restless and Reckless

That Fall I became friends with Ronnie “Tub” Johnson; he had graduated the prior Spring, and was working at odd jobs around town trying to decide what to do with his life. He had a sporty 39 Ford coupe, and had devoted much of his time since graduation to discovering where to find girls. He had discovered several dance halls, skating rinks, and beer taverns that never checked IDs. Two or three times a week Tub and I would go check out one or more of these night spots, in Parkers Prairie, about 12 miles southeast; in Miliona, about 15 miles east; in New York Mills, about 15 miles north; in Wadena, about 12 miles northeast; and in Ashby, about 20 miles southwest; wherever there was a party and beer. We would drive either his old 39 Ford or my old 39 Chevy over the narrow, snow-covered roads to these neighboring towns, and most return trips would be made under the influence of alcohol. It’s a wonder we didn’t kill ourselves. We met many girls, but none who I considered to be good enough for me; those I was interested in were going steady with big mean guys. I dated a few girls once or twice, but always lost interest in them.

With all my driving to neighboring towns, my old gray Chevy was taking a beating, and one day the transmission stopped working properly; I couldn’t shift into reverse at all, and could only drive in first and second gear. Major problem. John Thoreson had been trying to get me to buy a 39 Chevy from him (it was his father’s car), and I decided to buy it so I could use spare parts from one car to keep the other one running. \$75.00 cash. Now I owned three cars for which I had paid a total of \$225, and none of them was any good. John’s car was in better condition than my old gray 39, so I worked on fixing up that car whenever I had any spare time, until it ran quite well and it looked as good as a 17 year old car in Minnesota can look. It was painted black, and it shined; all lights worked; the radio worked; it had all of its hub caps (after a long search); padded carpet on the floors; and I even got the heater to work, which was rather important in a Minnesota winter. I had become the chief source of transportation for the high school seniors

in town, but I still didn't have a girlfriend. John Thoreson, Bruce, John Brogard, Merlyn, Myron, Richard, Pauline, Tweedy, Lucille, Marlys (sister) and others were frequent passengers in one of my old beat up cars.

As the year progressed, Bruce Holmgren and John Thoreson would join Tub and me frequently on our explorations into foreign lands. It was not unusual for me to get to bed at 1:00 or 2:00 in the morning, and then up again at 5:30 to open the restaurant and wait on grumpy old men. I was getting to be as grumpy as the old men. To catch up on my sleep, I would frequently go to sleep in Social Studies class, which was right after lunch. This got to be almost a regular occurrence. I would walk into class, take my seat, lay my head on my arms on the desk and go to sleep. The teacher, Ma Halvorson, gave up on trying to keep me awake; and I still got As or Bs in the class. One day, I came into class and I wasn't tired. I started noticing who was sitting around me, and started talking with some of them, and flirting with one of the girls nearby. I was disrupting the class. Ma Halvorson said: "Carlyle, would you just put your head down and go to sleep as usual, so the rest of us can work." Oh, yeah. What a put down. Very embarrassing. What a great student I've become!

Getting My Act Together

I started focusing on my school work a little more. I wrote some good stories for my English composition class, and volunteered for the speech competition; I started getting A in geometry and algebra classes; and I even stayed awake in Mrs. Halvorson's class most days. But I found school boring most of the time. Only the English teacher, Mr. Scribner, had the ability to make the class interesting and to motivate me. He got me interested in reading good books, writing, and speech. But I still didn't have any focus. I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life.

I was selected for a lead role in the Senior Class Play. And I became a member of the Men's Quartet when the regular bass singer became ill shortly before the major regional competition. The Quartet

was a big hit at the regional competition, and we were called back for encores several times. The only problem was that the four of us had practiced only two songs together, so all we could do with the encores was repeat one of the songs we had already done, including “When the Saints Come Marching In”. We were very good with those two songs. And there was a very attractive red-headed girl in the audience from Parkers Prairie who obviously was very interested in the bass singer; me.

I also was selected for the district competition in Speech. I wrote and delivered a speech on driving and automobile safety; this was before highway safety was a popular issue. I presented the speech to English class first, and then to the Henning student body, and then to a PTA meeting of parents, and then at the district speech competition. The red-headed girl from Parkers Prairie was also at the speech competition, and she made a point of attending the session when I gave my speech. We talked afterwards, and made a date to go to a movie the next weekend. Lovely girl; a senior who was planning to go to college next year; very nice smile; slim, athletic, intelligent.

I picked her up in my black 39 Chevy; it was not the best car for making a good impression on a date; how do you look successful in a 17 year old car? We had a good time at the movie and at the ice cream parlor after the movie. And then she told me that she was wearing the ring of a guy who was away at college and that he was expecting her to marry him in a year or so, but she would like to go out with me again. Damn! Are all the pretty and intelligent girls in the world already taken? Or am I just unlucky? I said I would call her soon. The next week I discovered that she was also dating a sleazy guy from Henning whose father had money and this sleazy guy had picked up my red-headed sweetheart in his father’s big, new Cadillac. I didn’t call her again.

One of the advantages of working at the Corner Café was the jukebox we had in the restaurant. I had access to the key so I could play any songs I wanted, for free. The records were updated on a regular basis and it carried most of the popular songs of the time, with lots of pop, R&B doo wop, and rock, and very few country

tunes. Elvis was hitting the big time, along with Bill Haley and the Comets, Chuck Berry, and Jerry Lee Lewis. And there were The Platters, The Penguins, The Coasters, The Drifters, The Moonglows and a host of other black groups with doo wop hits.

Some of the top tunes those two years were: “Rock Around the Clock”, by Bill Haley & the Comets, “Maybellene” by Chuck Berry, “Sincerely” by the Moonglows, “The Great Pretender”, “My Prayer” and “Only You (and You Alone)” by The Platters, “Earth Angel”, by The Penguins, “Blueberry Hill” by Fats Domino, “Sixteen Tons” by Tennessee Ernie Ford, “Don’t be Cruel” and “Heartbreak Hotel” by Elvis, “The Green Door” by Jim Lowe, “Blue Suede Shoes” by Carl Perkins, “Glow Worm” by the Mills Brothers, “Be-Bop-A-Lula” by Gene Vincent, and “Mr. Sandman” by the Chordettes. “Unchained Melody” was one of my favorites, which I sang to a few of my girlfriends (which is probably why I only had a few dates with them). And I loved “Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White”. Another significant advantage of working in the restaurant was my access to leftover banana cream pie, lemon meringue pie, banana splits, chocolate fudge sundaes, and other goodies.

John and I would spend time many evenings playing pool in one of the two pool halls in town, and Bruce would join us sometimes. Bruce liked to discuss politics with me. The 1956 elections were coming up soon, and it looked like it would be Adlai Stevenson running against Eisenhower again for President. Bruce thought he was a Democrat, because his father was a Democrat, and of course he supported Stevenson. And I thought I might be a Republican, because dad was a Republican. Bruce knew all the classic arguments as to why Democrats were better than Republicans, like Republicans cause depressions, and only help the rich, and don’t care about farmers or laborers. I had heard dad talk about why Democrats were bad; they started wars and they coddled lazy workers and let labor unions run amok. But I hadn’t heard any good reasons why dad was a Republican; I only knew that he hated Roosevelt and Truman, and liked Ike, but it was not clear to me why dad hated a party that supported working class people.

Did he consider himself to be rich? I personally had little interest in politics. It seemed to have no impact on my life.

During this year I seldom had any interaction with my sisters. I knew they were around, but I seldom saw them, and almost never talked with any of them. On rare occasions I would see one of my sisters at the school and it would remind me that they were living here in Henning also. We never ate meals together; we had no family meeting place; we didn't do anything together. My interactions with mom and dad were mainly about work, during lunch hour and after school.

In March, the track coach talked with all of the track students about the need to start getting in condition for Spring competition. I would be running in the long distance competitions again. I started running in the gym, or on the outdoor track whenever the weather permitted. Then one day the coach stopped me in the hall and asked me to come to his office. He told me that he had been told by a reliable source that I was smoking cigarettes, and that was not acceptable. I was furious. I had never smoked; I was one of the few senior guys who didn't smoke at all; I was adamantly opposed to smoking, and I told him so. He didn't believe me. He said if he had any further reports that I was smoking I would be off the track team. I said: you don't need to bother; I'm off your track team as of right now. And that was the end of my illustrious sports career.

Enrolling in College

John Thoreson and I continued to discuss plans for college. We decided we would both go to Concordia College. John's mother wanted him to go to this Lutheran college in Moorhead, and I didn't have any strong reasons not to go there, so we agreed on Concordia. One day in early May, John and I drove up to Moorhead and registered at Concordia for the next Fall. We also applied for financial aid, but we didn't get any assurance about receiving aid. John knew that his parents would help pay his costs, and I knew my dad would not pay a cent for me. So now I had to figure out how to get the money. I suggested that we

both go out to Watford as soon as school is out to get jobs and save a lot of money for college. I figured if I could get a job like I had with Uncle Perrin last summer, at \$1.50 an hour, I should be able to save enough so I could make it through the year by working part time at some job at the college or maybe work in a restaurant in Moorhead.

On the way back from Moorhead, my black 39 Chevy started making a loud noise in the engine. The mechanic at the garage said I probably needed new crankshaft bearings, which would be very expensive. I needed a car that could get John and me to Watford, but I couldn't afford any major engine repair. My savings from last summer were almost gone. A few days later I negotiated a deal with the body shop owner just behind the restaurant to trade him my two 39 Chevys plus \$40, for his 41 Chevy. The 41 ran well, and the body was in good condition; the only problem was it used a quart of oil about every 75 miles. I made an arrangement with the garage mechanic to save used motor oil for me to use in my car.

I talked with Mom about my plans. I told her I would be leaving for Watford right after school was out so I could earn money to go to college. The next day, dad informed me that I couldn't leave when school was out; he needed me to work in the restaurant. He said the restaurant was not making money, largely because I wasn't working enough; and he also suspected that I had been taking money from the till!! Who, me? He might need to declare bankruptcy. I was to stay there and work until he got things straightened out financially. I didn't appreciate being blamed for his mismanagement of the business. I suspected that he would never get things straightened out financially, and I didn't feel I owed him a thing. He didn't seem to have any interest in my plans for college, or my financial situation; my plans were not important. Oh sure, dad. No problem. I'll stay and be your slave for the rest of my life if you want! To avoid getting a punch in the nose, I didn't argue with him.

In Trouble With the Law

A week before graduation day. We seniors had completed most of our exams, and were going through the final formalities and ceremonies and good byes. John, Pauline, Tweedy and I were in my 41

Chevy after school one day, and as we drove by the high school, Pauline or Tweedy started honking my car horn to celebrate our graduation. We all felt it was worth celebrating. Pauline and Tweedy were happy they made it through high school; I was happy that my days of slavery were almost over. Friday evening before graduation, John and I and some senior girls went to a dance near Deer Creek and had a good time. Coming home, John drove my car because I was tired and maybe had too many beers. As we came into Henning, John made a couple of U turns at each end of main street, squealing the tires a bit on each turn, and then he turned onto a side street where his car was parked, got in his car and went home. I drove my car to my usual parking place on the side of the Corner Café. As I got out of the car, the town cop drove up next to me and stopped. His name was George Dickout, (and you can imagine that us high school kids had some fun with that name). George was not very bright; and usually he was afraid to stop anyone to give them a ticket. He informed me that he was giving me a ticket for reckless driving for making those two U turns. I said I wasn't driving. He didn't believe me, and because I argued with him, he said he was also giving me a ticket for excessive horn honking two days earlier up by the high school. Huh!! Dad told me later that he thought Dickout gave me those tickets because dad had cussed him out about some incident out in front of the café a couple of weeks earlier.

The next Monday, I had to appear before the Judge in Fergus Falls. I pled guilty to excessive horn honking, noting that I was not the one honking, and that we were only celebrating our graduation. I pled not guilty to the charge of reckless driving. The judge fined me \$10 for the horn honking offense and suspended my driver's license for 10 days. He set a trial date on the reckless driving charge for two weeks later. This was bad news. John and I were planning to leave for Watford on Saturday, the day after graduation, and I needed my license; and I didn't want to wait around for a trial. John said he would have his father talk to Dickout and tell him that John was the one driving the car, and that Dickout should drop the charge; John said his dad and Dickout were old friends.

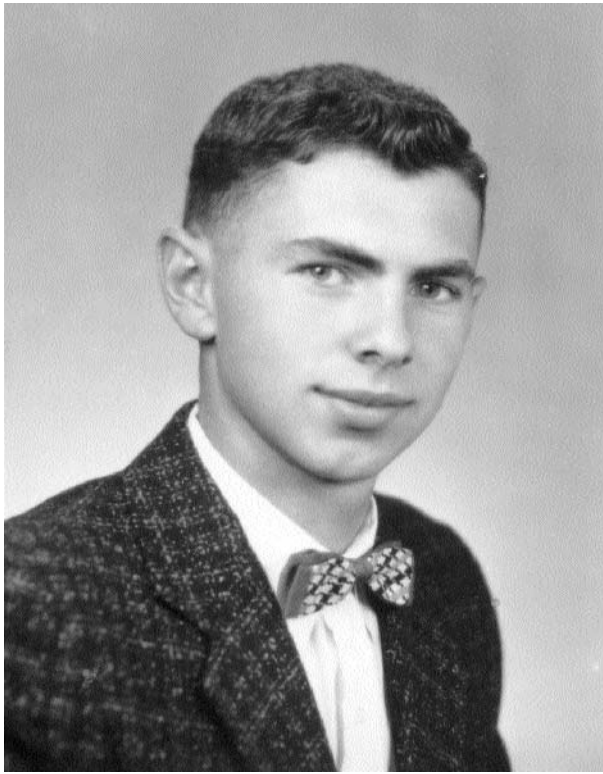
On Tuesday, I had red spots over much of my body, and the doctor said I had measles; a mild case, but I was still contagious and should stay at home a couple of days. But I refused to miss any of the

senior class activities or the graduation, and fortunately dad agreed that I shouldn't wait tables in the restaurant for a few days while I was contagious. A few other graduates also got measles at the same time, and we all agreed we would go to graduation anyway. That same day, I heard that Bruce Holmgren had been in a serious auto accident. He was in serious condition in a hospital in Alexandria. Probably because I couldn't drive that week, he had borrowed his dad's car and gone to Parkers Prairie by himself, met a girl and was driving her home when he went off the road. Probably had been drinking too much. On Wednesday, I was informed that the reckless driving charge had been dropped by Dickout after talking with John's dad. John and I went to see Bruce in the hospital. He was in bad shape, but able to talk. Said he had one arm around the girl and took his eyes off the road to try to kiss her when he ran off the road and that's all he remembers. He will miss graduation. Poor Bruce; he wasn't a very good driver even using both hands.

On Thursday, dad told me that he was going to Fergus on business; I asked to ride along, because I wanted to see if I could get the judge to give me my driver's license back early. I went to the judge's office and explained that I was graduating tomorrow, and I was planning to leave for North Dakota on Saturday, and if I were delayed it would hurt my chances of saving enough money for college. The judge was sympathetic, opened a desk drawer, pulled out my driver's license and handed it to me, with the admonition that I should not drive in Henning until I am leaving town on Saturday; Dickout will stop you if he sees you driving.

Free At Last; Free At Last

On Friday, we had our graduation ceremony, and I was now free to leave. I realized I had really come to like many of my fellow students at Henning, and they had welcomed and accepted this outsider as one of their own. It had been a good two years there. I would miss my friends and Henning, for at least a few days. But I wouldn't miss dumb Dickout.



My high school graduation photo.

Friday evening I decided to drive to a dance hall with several friends, to celebrate. I drove down main street in Henning, right past old Dickout sitting in his cop car on main street. I waved at him as I passed. His red light and siren went on immediately, and I obediently pulled over. Pulled out my driver's license, and informed him that the judge had returned the license early because the judge didn't believe Dickout's charge about excessive horn honking. Dickout was very disappointed, but he believed me. I drove off to the dance hall. Still didn't meet any girls of interest, but one quite drunk young woman wanted me to come with her outside; said she had a camper out there,

with a bed. I declined. Went home, and wrote a short note to mom: "I'm leaving early in the morning to drive to Watford to get a job. I'll write. Love, Carlyle."

Saturday morning, at 4:30, I tiptoed down the hallway, out the back door, down the fire escape, and into my car, with two bags containing all my belongings. I was not going to have a fist fight with dad. I drove out of town. I had escaped my slavery. I was finally running away from home. I was a free man. I don't know who opened up the restaurant that morning.

I drove to John's place, where he was waiting for me. His parents thanked me for taking John along to get a good job. His mother gave us bags of food and some water for the trip. We waved goodbye and headed west on US 210.

I had about \$20 in my pocket and 12 quarts of oil in the trunk. I was all set to begin the rest of my life.

CHAPTER THREE

FINDING A CAREER
GETTING AN EDUCATION
1956 – 1962

First Day of the Rest of My Life

We were heading west. I was starting my new life. We drove all day, stopping every 100 miles or so to add more oil to the engine of my 1941 Chevy. By 6:30 that evening, we drove out of the North Dakota Badlands and over the rolling plains where Watford City popped into view. It was a lovely June evening, and Watford looked wonderful. I drove directly to Uncle Perrin's and Auntie Alice's house, where Auntie Alice and Buzz welcomed John and me and invited us to stay there that night. There was an extra bed in the basement. That evening we relaxed with Buzz, Clifford and Clinton, and talked about what jobs were available in the area.

In Watford, it stayed light until after 10:30 in the evening in June, because Watford is located on the extreme western edge of the central time zone, and it is rather far north. The great plains location also results in relatively dry conditions, so even on very hot days the temperature would drop to a comfortable level as the sun went down. This made for many pleasant summer evenings in Watford.

On Sunday, Uncle Perrin told me that he didn't have a job for me right now, but he was hoping to get word in the next few days on some bids he had made, so he might need me soon; he might know as early as Monday. Clifford and Clinton told John and me that an oil drilling support company was hiring roustabouts to work out in the oil fields east of Watford, and they gave us the name of the person to contact. John called the guy, and met with him Sunday afternoon, and was offered a job on the spot. He was to start work the next morning. He would get paid \$1.40 per hour, with a possibility of substantial overtime pay. Roustabouts provided a

variety of support services to oil exploration companies, including building temporary roads, laying and removing temporary pipelines, and cleaning up drilling sites after the rig has gone.

I decided to wait until Monday before accepting a roustabout job, because Perrin might have a job for me, and I also wanted to check out the possibility of a job with an oil drilling company as a roughneck, which paid \$2.00 an hour, working 56 hours a week, with time and a half for all hours over 40. On Sunday afternoon, John and I rented a room at Duane and Shirley's (my cousin Shirley) for \$50 a month. We had the front bedroom upstairs, and a bathroom down in the basement. It was not fancy, but comfortable enough for the small amount of time we expected to spend there; it was a place to take a shower and get some sleep.

On Monday morning I was up early and down to the drilling company office at 7:00. The door was still locked, so I sat down on the steps and waited. As I was sitting there, Buzz' brother Maurice drove up and told me Perrin had a job for me; go to his shop right away. By 7:30 I was working. Perrin had just won a bid with the National Park Service to install a major water and sewer system in the Theodore Roosevelt National Park and we would be paid \$2.10 an hour with time and a half for all hours over 40 hours a week, while working on the Park contract. In the meantime, we would finish up some small jobs in town, and be paid \$1.50 an hour.

John and I had been in Watford for 36 hours, and we were both employed at good jobs. A few days later I wrote mom to let her know I was fine, and had a good job, and a room at Shirley's place.

Making Money

Uncle Perrin bought a new tractor with a backhoe and front-end loader, to use to dig the trenches for the water and sewer lines in the National Park. Buzz and I were going to be the ditch-digging team. Buzz would be the primary backhoe operator, but I was also to learn how to operate it so we would have a backup. My primary responsibility was to make sure the ditches were dug in the proper place and to the right depth. After a week or so of preparation, we started work in the North Unit of Theodore Roosevelt Park. Buzz

and I left Watford in the company pickup every morning at 7:00, and we would usually return no earlier than 7:00 in the evening. We got paid for the time in transit as well as the time actually working, and because there was a very tight schedule to get all the work done before freezing weather in the fall, we were free to work as much overtime as we wished.

John also was working long hours and making lots of money. In the evenings, John and I would go out to one of the three cheap restaurants in town to get something to eat and talk about how hard we were working and how much money we were making. It was a big surprise to both of us that we were earning so much money. After eating supper we would usually collapse into bed.

On Saturday evenings we always had a party with Buzz and his friends, and Clifford and Clinton sometimes joined us, although Clinton hated to spend any money so he seldom participated unless the food and drinks were free. John and I were meeting most of the eligible girls in town, including Marge and Sonja and Janice and Arlene. A few of the parties were down in the National Park, near where we were digging water lines during the week. I also visited with Joanne Dodge, who I had met last summer, but she didn't invite me to go skinny dipping with her; apparently she had decided I was too much of a prude for her.

Buzz and I dug a couple of miles of ditches in the North Unit of the Park during the next five weeks. We were putting in a water system to provide water taps for picnic areas and campgrounds, and water for a couple of large rest rooms in the camping and picnic areas of the Park. The water pipeline had to run through the picnic and camping areas and then up a hill where the large water storage tank was to be installed. I had to make sure the bottom of the ditch was perfectly flat and that it sloped upward at exactly the right grade, to permit drainage of the pipes before freezing weather every fall. Park Service engineers double checked my work to make sure I was on target. Two plumbers worked behind us laying water pipes in the ditch, and then tested it with air pressure to make sure there were no leaks. After approval by the engineers, Buzz and I back-filled the ditches, packed the dirt, and smoothed over the ground where we had dug.

Miss Watford City Pageant

In late June, John and I attended a Miss Watford City competition in town, with talent competition, swimsuit competition, and formal gown competition. Marjorie Stenslie won the title, and Janice Campbell was the runner-up. Janice won the talent competition. Janice was famous in town as the redheaded baton-twirler; she had marched as the lead majorette in many parades in town when she was going to high school, and had also performed with her college band. Her specialty was twirling batons which had a wick-like material on each end, soaked in kerosene, and then lit aflame. She would twirl this double flaming torch between her legs, over her head and then throw it high in the air and catch it on the way down, all without setting herself on fire.

Janice had big, bright, shiny eyes which I found very appealing. She was very slim, with unusually nice, athletic legs, and very thin arms. I thought she was the most attractive girl in the beauty pageant. I asked Janice for a date, and she accepted. She seemed to be as interested in me as I was in her.



Janice is third from the left in this photo.

Buzz and I continued to work our long hours digging ditches in the Park. We found several snakes in the bottom of the ditch every morning when we came back to work. There were rattlesnakes, bull snakes, blue racers, garter snakes and others we couldn't identify. We would try to rescue the bull snakes, racers and garter snakes, and kill the rattlers. Some days we would bring a dead rattler home with us, just to impress the girls! One day we put a dead rattlesnake in the back of the pickup; on the way out of the Park we stopped at the Ranger station at the entrance, to return some flare pots we had borrowed from the Rangers. The Ranger got some oil and soot on his hands as he picked up the flares, so he grabbed a gunny sack from the back of our pickup to wipe his hands; as he did so, he uncovered the dead rattlesnake, which was only a few inches from his hand. I've never seen anyone jump as fast and as far backward as Ranger Al did that day.

Supporting Dad

In early July, I received a letter from mom, telling me that dad had declared bankruptcy, and they had to sell everything to help pay the creditors. The creditors would get the restaurant and most everything else they owned, which wasn't much. They were going to be moving to Bemidji where Wally lived, and hopefully they would be able to find work there. Mom said that dad needed money, and wanted me to send them whatever I could spare; they didn't even have enough money for food now.

Dad had lost every cent he had made from selling the farms. Financially he was back where he was before he moved to Minnesota during the depression years. He had no business, he had no job, he had no recent work experience outside of farming and working in a restaurant, he had no money, and he had an old car and almost no furniture. I guess Wally influenced him to move to Bemidji, where Wally and Ginger were living, but there were almost no good jobs in the Bemidji area. It would have made more sense for them to move back to Watford, which was in the midst of an economic boom due to oil drilling in the area. There were lots of good jobs in Watford, requiring relatively little skill, in the construction and oil field

industries. But I guess dad didn't want to come back to Watford in complete poverty; he may have been embarrassed to have all his relatives know of his failures. Or maybe he was just being stubborn and resisting the pressure from mom to move back home. I sent mom \$200 the next day, and another \$100 the next week when I got paid, and continued to send them some money each pay day for the next two months. I never knew whether any of my three older brothers gave them any money to help them through this crisis.

I started dating Janice on a fairly regular basis, at least every Saturday, and sometimes on week day evenings. We went to movies and to parties or just hung out with friends. We would drive up to the parking lot by the old school on top of the hill, where we could see the entire town, and neck, and talk about our past and our plans. Janice had just finished one year of college at Minot State College; she had been one year ahead of me in high school, but only about six months older than me. She had decided not to go back to Minot; instead she had enrolled in a stewardess training school which guaranteed a job as an airline stewardess when she finished their school. I told her of my plans to go to Concordia College in Moorhead that fall. I was still evaluating other girls, and I dated a couple of girls who Buzz had introduced to me. One was a college girl who Buzz knew from Dickenson College. We went on a double date with Buzz and another Dickenson College girl while we were in Dickenson one night. But the other girls were not exciting me; they were no competition for Janice.

Our work in the National Park was very pleasant. Although we worked long hours, the work was not strenuous or complex. It just required accuracy and persistence. Working conditions were unusually nice, working among the shade trees dotted around the picnic area and campgrounds in the Park. At lunch time we would take our lunch buckets to one of the picnic tables and have a nice picnic. Some days we would start a fire in one of grills at the picnic grounds and cook something for lunch. It was almost like being on vacation.

Buying a Cool Car

By mid-July I decided I needed to buy a different car because my old 41 Chevy was not running well and was using even more oil. John told me not to do it, because I needed to save my money to go to college. I told John that I may not be able to go to Concordia in the fall because I was sending money home to my parents, and in any case I wasn't sure I really wanted to go to college yet. I was enjoying this life; I liked making all this money; I liked living in Watford; I liked being able to date girls; and I wanted to have a decent car. There was no hurry to go to college, and I didn't know what I wanted to study even if I did go to college.

A few days later I bought a 1951 Ford sedan from one of Buzz' friends, Norman Sondrol. It was a very neat car. It was only five years old, with only about 50,000 miles; it was robin egg blue in color, and it had fender skirts, glass packed dual mufflers, and dual spotlights. The mufflers made a pleasant rumble when the car was decelerating. It was the coolest car in town, and I got it for \$500 cash. Now I could travel in style. John enjoyed my car also, as we went on double dates; I was with Janice and John was with Sonja Christianson.

Buzz and I finished the work in the North Unit, and moved to the South Unit near Medora to dig the ditches for water lines there. Medora is a small town near where Teddy Roosevelt lived on a ranch when he was a young man trying to develop his physical strength. While working in the Park, we lived in a motel in Belfield, about fifteen miles from the work site. We would drive the 90 miles from Watford to Belfield on Sunday evening or Monday morning, work all week in the Park, and then drive back to Watford Saturday afternoon. While we were staying in Belfield, Buzz and I were checking out the local girls, and spent some evenings in the local bars and restaurants chatting with available girls.

Cave-In

Buzz and I were both getting more skilled on the backhoe, and we were able to dig the ditches faster. Most of the ditches we were digging were only three to five feet deep in good firm soil, with no problems with cave-ins, but at the South Unit we ran into problems with cave-ins. After completing the ditches in the campground and picnic areas, we had to dig the line up a hill to a high point where the large, 10,000 gallon water tank would be located. As we went up the hill we had to dig seven to nine feet deep, and we ran into sandy soil. The walls of the trench would frequently crumble off and fall into the trench, so we had to dig tapered trenches, very wide at the top and angled to a narrow ditch at the bottom. We were being very careful to avoid getting trapped in a cave-in. Because Buzz did most of the backhoe work, I spent more time working in the ditch to make sure it was flat and on grade.

One day as I was working in the ditch, one of the walls gave way and hundreds of pounds of dirt fell where I was working. Fortunately, I was standing up at the time, because the dirt went up to my waist. I was stunned at the amount of pressure the dirt put on my body. I couldn't wiggle my legs; I couldn't even wiggle my toes; I even had some difficulty breathing. I was very thankful that the dirt wasn't any higher. Perrin and two of his plumbers were working nearby, and they and Buzz all rushed to dig me out. It took them over fifteen minutes to shovel away enough dirt so I was finally able to get free; it seemed like hours.

Official Comedy

By the end of August we had almost finished the work in the South Unit of the Park. Buzz had to go back to Dickenson State College, in late August, so I finished the backhoe work in the South Unit. After we had installed the large water storage tank up on the hillside and completed all the connections, Perrin gave me the job of applying a couple of thick coats of a rust inhibitor and sealant to the

inside of this large tank. There was a small manhole on the top of the tank, with a steel ladder welded inside the end of the tank to climb on to get down into the tank, which was about ten feet in diameter and about 25 feet long. I used a large brush to apply this tar-like sealant to the inside of the tank. The coating was extremely slippery; it was like ice. The first coat was relatively easy to apply because I could stand on the dry surface of the tank as I painted. But the second coat was much more difficult. The paint was black, so it became harder to see with the light I had in the tank, and it was very difficult to walk on the bottom of the tank without falling on the slippery surface. Because the bottom of the tank was a rounded surface, I had to step just exactly on the center of the bottom to avoid slipping on the curved surface. As I applied the second coat of sealant I slipped and fell a few times, and by the time I was finished my clothes were badly soiled with the tar-like material which could not be removed with soap and water.

The next day, three Park Rangers were inspecting our work prior to final approval, and they decided they needed to go down into the tank to make sure I had sealed it properly. They were all dressed in their fancy Park Service uniforms, all clean and neatly pressed, with their Ranger hats on their heads. I advised them not to go down into the tank, because it was very slippery and the tar was very messy. I suggested they just look in from the top. My recommendation that they not go into the tank only increased their desire to inspect it closely, and all three of them squeezed down into the tank to make a thorough inspection. I waited outside. Within seconds I heard a loud thump as one of them fell on the slippery goo, followed by a stream of stifled swear words. Then the others followed in quick succession. For the next several minutes it sounded like they were playing drums down there, with one loud bang after the other as they repeatedly fell and slid around in the black tar.

I couldn't contain myself. My sides were aching with laughter. I ran behind a truck parked nearby so my laughter wouldn't be quite so apparent as they slowly emerged from the tank. All three of them looked like they had been in a mud wrestling contest. They were covered with that black tar from head to toe;

their hats were crushed; it looked like one of them had landed on the top of his head in the tar, with his Ranger hat crushed down over his ears. They didn't say a word; just walked to their Park Service truck and drove away. I and the other contractor workers who had witnessed this scene were rolling on the ground in uncontrolled hysterics. It was the highlight of our relations with the Park Service. The next day I had to go back into the tank to apply another coat of sealant where the Rangers had sopped up the tar with their uniforms and hats.

Don't Need College

That weekend I was back in Watford. It was time for John and me to leave to go to Concordia. Friday had been John's last day with the roustabout company. I told John I wasn't going to college. I told him I had decided to stay and work for one year at least before going to college; but in fact I really wasn't certain I would ever go to college. I thought I could make good money as a skilled worker, running a backhoe or working as a plumber. I could eventually start my own business like Uncle Perrin had done, and make lots of money. Maybe I didn't need to go to college at all. As I took John to Williston to catch the train back to Minnesota, I told him that I thought I had found the person I was going to marry: Janice. John thought I was rushing things, but he liked Janice.

That evening Janice and I had our usual Saturday evening date. She already knew I wasn't leaving for college, and she had decided not to go to the stewardess training school; she was going to stay in Watford to be near me. Isn't that sweet; I think she likes me. She had a job as a sales clerk at Stenslies Clothing store in town, and she planned to continue working there, for now anyway. Maybe she would go back to college later, but right now she preferred to stay in Watford with me. We both were looking forward to me finishing the job down at the Park so we could see each other more often than just Saturday evening and Sunday.

The Runaway Truck

On Monday I was back at the South Unit of the Park near Medora. We were going to finish up the project there this week. On Wednesday Perrin told me to load the backhoe tractor onto the flatbed truck and drive the truck back to Watford. I backed the truck into a loading area, drove the tractor onto the flatbed, and secured the tie-down chains to hold the tractor in place. I said goodbye to the contractor workers and engineers, and drove out of the campground area to the long winding road leading out of the Park. To exit the Park, the road first climbed steadily up through several switch backs to the top of a high ridge, and then the road dropped quickly down through three sharp hairpin curves to the next valley, before climbing again up out of the badlands and up to the grasslands plain.

As I reached the top of the first ridge and started down the other side, I touched the brake to keep the truck from picking up too much speed. The brake pedal went all the way to the floor; I had no brake at all; I pumped the pedal; still no brake; I pulled the emergency brake lever all the way back; nothing; no brakes at all. By now I was going about 30 MPH and gaining speed rapidly. I shifted down one gear; tried to shift down one more gear but it wouldn't take; got it back in the higher gear and shut off the engine. The drag of the engine slowed the rate of increase of speed, but I was still picking up speed gradually. Looking ahead I could see the first switch-back curve coming up in about 300 feet; the road curved sharply to the right; straight ahead was a drop of 300 to 400 feet into the valley below.

My first thought now was to jump and let the truck go; but what if a car came around that curve right now; the truck would crush and kill anyone in any car it hit, and I could be severely hurt by jumping out at this speed. My second thought was to pull the truck into the high cliff on the right side of the road to try to stop it; but I concluded such a forceful stop would likely break the chains holding the tractor and the tractor and backhoe would come right through the cab and crush me. I decided to try to drive the truck

down through these three hairpin curves and into the flat valley below.

The first curve was not bad. It was turning right so I pulled the right wheels into the shallow ditch on the right side of the road as I approached the curve, to tip the truck away from the pressure of the turn; the truck leaned back upright as it sailed around the curve. Survived the first one; two more to go; and the truck was still picking up speed; it was now up to over 40 MPH.

The next curve was the big problem. The curve went around to the left, and if I didn't make that curve I would plow right into the cliff on the right side of the road and the tractor would come crashing through the cab. I thought my only hope of making that corner was to stay to the extreme left-hand side, to drive on the wrong side of the road; to use the inside ditch again to tilt the truck away from the pressure of the curve; but if I met another vehicle coming around that corner, we all were dead. Maybe I should have jumped from the truck back when the truck was going slower. I took the chance. I pulled the truck over to the extreme left side of the curve just before I went around it. The truck first leaned to the left, and then tilted up on its two right wheels as we went around the curve; I thought it was going to tip over, but it plopped back down on all four wheels and continued down hill toward the last curve. I hadn't met another vehicle. My luck was with me today. I might survive this yet.

This final curve was to the right again. I repeated the process of pulling the right wheels into the ditch on the inside of the curve. The ditch here was deeper and for a second I thought the truck might roll to the inside but then the force of the turn pulled it up on its left two wheels and I felt like it would just keep on rolling. But just then the wheels hit some loose sand and those two left wheels started sliding; we were sliding around the corner rather than rolling over the cliff. I was able to bring the truck back into a straight line to head down to the flat valley below. I'm going to make it! I'll be able to stop this thing! I'm not going to die! I won't even wreck the truck or the tractor.

The truck gradually rolled to a stop as I reached the flat road. I pulled off onto a parking area along the road. Then I realized I was

shaking, and I was suddenly cold, and I was all sweaty. I reached for the door handle to climb out of the truck. I could barely move my arm; it felt like Jell-O. I climbed down from the cab and stepped onto good solid earth, and collapsed onto the ground; my legs weren't working. Just then a car came down the road going toward the Park. Thank goodness I didn't meet that car coming around that curve. The car stopped. By then I had managed to get back on my feet, and was feeling a little better.

The driver was a salesman who dealt with Perrin; he was on his way to see Perrin at the project. I told him what had happened with the truck, and about how lucky we both were that we met here rather than up on that curve. He gave me a ride back to the Park project area. As the salesman and I pulled up near Perrin, the salesman pointed at me and said that the truck had gone over the cliff; I was lucky to have escaped. Perrin stood there looking at me and trying to absorb what had happened as the salesman explained that the truck had lost all its brakes, and I had to jump as the truck went over the cliff. After a few seconds Perrin said to me: "Well don't worry about the truck and tractor; thank God you're O.K." Then the salesman laughed and told Perrin that I had managed somehow to save the truck and tractor. They were parked safely by the road. I was very impressed with Perrin's reaction to the news of the loss of the truck and tractor. I wondered what my dad would have said if he were in Perrin's shoes then; I thought he probably would have cussed me out for wrecking his equipment.

Two days later we finally got the brakes repaired on the truck. All the brake fluid had leaked out of the brake system, and the emergency brake cable had been broken for a long time. It was obvious that Perrin had not had the truck properly maintained. The mechanic repaired and tested the brakes, and then I drove the truck back to Watford. Before reaching the top of every hill I would touch the brake pedal to make sure the brakes worked. And I still always check the brakes before driving any vehicle anywhere.

Now that Buzz was off at college, I was the backhoe operator. Perrin had several projects in the Watford area that required backhoe work; digging footings for buildings; putting in water and sewer lines for a rancher; digging holes for septic tanks;

and digging up some sewer lines for the city so they could repair the line. I was becoming very good at operating the backhoe. I could play those levers like a concert pianist, making that backhoe work as fast and as smoothly as the hydraulic system permitted. Through September and October I was busy six days a week, ten or more hours a day. This was fun work and I was making good money.

Janice and I had been seeing each other almost every evening and all day Sunday since I had returned from working in the South Unit of the Park, and by the end of September we seemed to have a tacit understanding that we would very likely get married someday; there was nothing official yet, but we were partners. We enjoyed each other. I particularly liked her optimistic outlook on life; she was almost always cheerful, upbeat and happy. Her large brown eyes sparkled with excitement. We had several common friends in Watford and had fun at parties with them, but we could have lots of fun just being by ourselves.

Getting Engaged

In late October I decided I would buy a diamond ring to give to Janice; I would ask her to marry me, and we would be officially engaged to be married. I had decided I would never find anyone better than Janice, and I thought that when a person finds something really good there is no sense in continuing to test things that aren't as good. I believed in making quick decisions and getting on with things. Life was short; don't waste it. It had already been almost five months since I graduated from high school; time was slipping away.

I had lots of money in the bank. I found a nice diamond engagement ring and a matching diamond wedding band at Shelleys' Jewelry store in Watford, and paid cash, on November 1, 1956. On the evening of November 3, as we were parked up on the hill overlooking Watford, I asked Janice if she would marry me. She said Yes; Yes; Yes; she apparently was not interested in looking further either. After Janice discussed a wedding date with her mother, we set a date for the following June 16. I called mom to tell her; I'm sure mom was shocked, but she didn't try to discourage me.

She knew she would be wasting her breath. Uncle Perrin tried to discourage me from getting married. He said I was too young; there was no reason to rush into marriage; marriage was too long as it was, without rushing into it as a kid; you should get some experience with other women before making a decision. But he didn't weaken my resolve. I was content that I wouldn't find anyone better even if I waited for years, so why wait.

Dad Comes to Watford

Toward the end of October, dad showed up in Watford City one day. He had driven an old beat-up car from Bemidji. He came out to see if he could find a job. Mom and the girls were still in Bemidji; mom was working as a clerk in the Woolworth store. Dad had been working as a janitor or watchman at the little airport in Bemidji, but I guess he got tired of that job or thought he could do better. Perrin offered dad some part-time work to help out on some projects we were finishing. As the weather was getting colder, the construction business was winding down. Dad had picked a bad time of the year to come looking for a job.

Dad worked on a couple of jobs where I was running the backhoe. He was doing menial manual labor, shoveling dirt or loading concrete forms. I was doing the skilled job of operating the backhoe. At the end of the day, I would drive off in my neat 51 Ford while dad drove away in his beat up old Chevy. I avoided dad in Watford, and I didn't offer to give him any more money. I introduced Janice to dad one day. After Janice left, dad said: so that's the girl you're planning to marry. I said yes it is. That was the extent of dad's comments on the subject.

Cold Shock

As Thanksgiving neared, it was getting very cold in North Dakota. The ground was frozen, making it impossible to dig unless we built fires to thaw the ground first, and it was too cold to pour concrete outdoors. So most of Perrin's projects came to a halt. I

continued to do some backhoe work down in the North Unit of the Park, digging ditches for gas and water lines for some new houses being built for the Park Rangers. Just before Thanksgiving dad went back to Bemidji. There was no more work in Watford for him.

After Thanksgiving I worked at finishing the ditch digging down in the Park for the Ranger's houses. It was very cold sitting on the tractor. I bought extra underwear and insulated coveralls and wool socks and insulated boots and I still got cold sitting on that tractor. We kept burn barrels going on the site so we could warm up a bit every half hour or so. In mid-December we had a big snowstorm that covered all of our work. We stopped work; there was nothing we could do until the weather improved, and we had no idea when that might be.

I decided to take Janice to Bemidji to meet mom and my sisters. Right after Christmas we drove to Bemidji and spent a couple of days at their house. They lived in an old house they had rented just down the street from Wally and Ginger's house. It was not in very good shape, but it was large enough for the family and it was warm. Mom seemed to be quite unhappy in Bemidji; she didn't like her job in the Woolworth store; she didn't have any friends here; they were having trouble paying their bills, and now dad was unemployed again; and she was pessimistic about dad's ability to find and keep any decent job. But mom liked Janice and said she would come to our wedding next June if she had to walk there. My sisters were excited about meeting Janice, and they got along well.

On the way back from Bemidji we went through Henning and Clitherall so I could show Jan my old stomping grounds. And we drove out to John Thoreson's parents' farm to say hello. Mrs. Thoreson was almost rude to Jan and me. She made it clear that she thought I was making a serious mistake by not going to college this year; and she made it even clearer that she thought we both were out of our minds for planning to get married so young. She made it obvious that she thought I was a real loser compared with her dear son John.

Facing Winter Reality

Janice and I were back in Watford right after New Years. Janice went back to work at Stenslies, but Perrin still wasn't able to do any outside work, and the only inside work he had was for one of his plumbers. Two weeks dragged by and the weather didn't improve; this could go on until March or April!! Maybe this construction business in North Dakota is not such a great job after all. Maybe I should have gone to college with John.

I checked with almost every employer in Watford and the surrounding area to see if there were any jobs available. No one was hiring. One of the drilling rig companies thought they might have an opening in the next couple of months, but nothing now. By the third week in January, I decided I needed to do something. I didn't want to just sit around and spend all my money. I decided to go south. Some of the guys I knew in town who worked in the oil fields had told me that construction could continue all winter farther south. I figured if I went to Kansas or Oklahoma or Texas or someplace like that, I might be able to find a job as a backhoe operator. I could work there for a few months until the weather improved in North Dakota. Janice didn't want me to go. I promised to call or write her every day.

The next day I packed my bag, jumped in my Ford and drove south. I had no idea how far south I might need to go to find weather warm enough. The first day I drove through South Dakota, part of Wyoming, and into eastern Colorado. It was still just as cold as North Dakota. The second day I drove southeast into Kansas; it was still just as cold as North Dakota. That evening I was talking to a guy sitting next to me in a diner. He said he was from Texas. I asked him why he was here in Kansas. He said he was up here looking for work, because there was no work in Texas, and so far he had found nothing in Kansas. He was thinking about going to California. That evening in my motel room it struck me that what I was doing was pretty silly; out driving around the country looking for a job. I had no idea where I might find a job. I could drive for weeks, and spend

hundreds of dollars on gas and food and motels, and still not find a decent job.

The next morning I decided to give up on my scheme of driving until I found a job. What should I do? Turn around and go back to Watford? I decided to drive to Minneapolis instead. I could visit with Norry, who was attending the University of Minnesota there, and I might explore the possibility of going to college there myself next year. And I might get lucky and find some job in Minneapolis; if not I will just go back to Watford and wait for warmer weather. I drove for nearly 18 hours that day, arriving in Minneapolis near midnight. I called Norry's telephone number. He was still awake studying. He gave me directions to his place, and I found my way to his little metal barracks in the married-student housing village of the University. Norry and Lennie made room for me in a bunk bed in the children's room, along with their daughters Pam and baby Karen.

Sales Jobs

The next few days I was busy looking for possible jobs. I read all the want ads, and answered several, but there seemed to be nothing in the construction business that would use my skills. On the third day I was offered a job selling magazines door to door. I reported for work early the next morning. There were several other new employees starting that morning. Three of us were assigned to a supervisor, who told us we were going out into the field to start work right away. As he drove us into a residential part of the city, the supervisor told us a little about the magazines we would be selling, and he gave us a one page paper with a sales pitch that we were supposed to memorize. We were to ring the doorbell and when someone answered we were to spew out our sales pitch before they had a chance to say no.

He dropped each of us off in different blocks, and told us he would be back at 4:30 that afternoon to pick us up. There I was, out there on a cold day, in a strange city, with no way to get back to my car. Well maybe I would sell lots of magazines and make a bundle of

money. I rang the first door bell. An old guy came to the door, took one look at me, and slammed the door in my face. No one answered at the next two doors. At the fourth house, a young woman with a screaming baby in her arms answered the door; she listened to about half of my spiel before she closed the door. After an hour of knocking on doors, I hadn't been able to even finish my sales pitch, much less make a sale. Now I understood why they dropped us off out here. If I had my own car, I would have been gone by now.

Still five hours before I get picked up. I went to an apartment building; maybe I'd have better luck here. There were lots of retired people living here, and some of them were willing to listen to all my sales pitch before they sent me away. I was getting very cold. I had been out here for several hours now; I had never been allowed inside any house to warm up a little. I was starting to think about calling a cab to come pick me up and take me back to my car. But at the next door, an elderly man invited me to come in out of the cold. He patiently listened to my sales pitch, and he asked some questions about the magazines, and even looked at the samples I had. Hey, maybe I'll make a sale! After asking more questions, the old man explained that he had tried selling magazines once just like I was doing. He explained that these companies were taking advantage of people like me who didn't know better. He explained that the company will make money on me even if I make only one sale; they don't care if you starve to death trying to sell their silly magazines. They know that most of you guys will quit after the first day; they'll have a new group out tomorrow trying to make a sale. He asked when the fellow was due back to pick me up. He said I could just stay there and visit with him until it was time to be picked up; no sense being out in the cold; no way you were going to sell anything anyway.

So I had a cup of coffee with the old man and he told me stories about his life experiences, until it was time for me to go to the corner to meet the supervisor. I returned my samples, and that was the end of my career as a magazine salesman. I earned nothing, but I learned something about capitalism and human nature.

The next morning I was back on the phone checking help wanted ads; nothing in construction; nothing for unskilled laborers;

lots of jobs for people with college degrees. Then I saw the ad: Earn hundreds of dollars a month in your spare time; no experience necessary. I called and got an appointment for that afternoon. I went to a very posh office in Minneapolis where I was ushered into a large office to meet with a man who seemed to be quite wealthy; nice clothes; large diamond rings on his fingers; expensive watch. He said I was an ideal candidate for the position he had to offer. I would sell their amazing set of pots and pans to young, unmarried women who were building their hope chests in anticipation of meeting the right man. He took me into a room and showed a short movie extolling these pots and pans; with these pots anyone could be a gourmet chef; they almost cooked the meal by themselves. And the price was only a measly \$275 and the lucky buyer could pay on the installment plan; only \$15 a month for the rest of your life!

My first reaction was that I could buy these pots for about \$15 at the local hardware store, but then this guy told me why I was a perfect candidate to make thousands of dollars in this business. The target market was young women; recent high school graduates who had left their small home towns or farms and come to the cities to pursue a career. Tens of thousands of these girls came to the twin cities every summer; they were everywhere. And none of them had a decent set of pots and pans. I would target those girls who were lonely; who were looking for a boyfriend; who had hopes of finding their prince here in the big city. He said a tall, dark handsome guy like me would get all the girls buying a set of pots and pans just to try to keep me around. That sounded easy.

I first asked how I would find these girls; did I go door to door or what? I wasn't going to do any more doorbell ringing. He explained that it was entirely up to me to find potential buyers. Call up girls from my high school who have moved here; meet girls at parties or dances or bars. It was easy to meet girls here. They are hungry for men. He said he would provide a full sample of the set of pots and pans for my use. When I sold a set I would just submit the order to them and they would pay me my commission of 35 percent. Sounds simple; low risk. All right, I'll do it. I left the building with a very large suitcase full of amazing pots and pans.

That evening I started going through the phone books looking for any girls I knew from Henning or Battle Lake who might be living in the twin cities now. Before the evening was over I had found four girls I knew, and had arranged to meet two of them the next evening; they didn't know I'd be bringing a large suitcase with me. The next day I did more research on where to meet lonely girls. I found a couple of YWCAs. I checked out some of the large apartment buildings in downtown Minneapolis where many young women shared apartments. I also toured the campus of the University of Minnesota; college was starting to seem a bit more attractive to me as the winter wore on.

That evening I made my way to meet my Henning classmates, Tweedy and Lucille, in Lucille's apartment. They were very happy to see me, until I told them about the amazing pots and pans. They weren't interested in pans; they already had plenty, and could get more from their mothers if they needed them. They wondered why I was here in Minneapolis trying to sell pots and pans. Why didn't I have a real job? I explained about the cold weather, etc, but they continued to look at me as though I were a real loser. Why didn't you go to college? I thought you were going to college with John.

Well, maybe selling pots won't be so easy after all. But Tweedy and Lucille did give me some names of co-workers and friends who might be interested in my amazingly expensive pans, and then they sort of hurried me out the door; they had to get up early and go to work in the morning. I called some of their friends, explained I was a good friend of Tweedy or Lucille and they thought sure you would love to see my amazing pots and pans. One of them agreed to see me. So the next evening I arrived at her apartment; she was there with her roommate; two of the most unattractive girls I had ever seen. Patricia, the girl who had agreed to see me, looked like she might make a good football player, and she had a terminal case of acne. Her friend was shaped like a fire hydrant. But I was very friendly and made flattering comments about their apartment and their furniture and their hair, and then I demonstrated the amazing pots and pans. Patricia seemed to be very interested in the pans, and asked lots of questions, and said she might want to buy a

set, but she needed to think about it; she asked if I could come back tomorrow night and maybe she would buy. Hey, I'm making progress.

The next day I made more calls and did my best to start conversations with young women who seemed to be in need of amazing pots and pans, but I didn't get any invitations to present a demonstration. That evening I went back to Patricia's apartment; I was even more gracious and told her how beautiful she was looking tonight. After offering me drinks and food, she said she would buy a set, but only if I promised to deliver the set personally. I said certainly; be delighted; would love to have the opportunity to see her again, etc. I completed the order form and got her signature and a deposit. I thanked her profusely as she was telling me that I didn't need to rush off. I left as quickly as I could, making up an excuse about needing to get back to my studies; big exam tomorrow.

The following day I turned in my order, with great fanfare from the rich guy at the office; he said I could take the set with me to deliver it personally. They would send my commission in the mail. I continued to try to find excuses to talk with girls, but I was discovering that anyone with money worked during the day, so I could only meet them in the evening, and if I had one presentation, the entire evening was shot. I couldn't possibly make thousands of dollars doing this, and I was starting to hate the idea of flattering ugly young women to try to make a sale of over-priced pans.

That evening I called Patricia to arrange a time for delivery of her set of pans; she asked me to come right over. I lugged that huge box of pots up to her apartment, where she was waiting for me, alone; her roommate was out. Patricia was ready for me; she was wearing a low cut dress, lots of perfume and too much lipstick. She asked me to sit next to her on the davenport, and then she suggested I turn off some lights, which I was happy to do; she looked better in very dim light. She managed to smear lipstick all over my face and shirt, and to remove a good bit of my clothes before I was able to convince her that my brother was waiting for me outside and he would be getting very angry if I stayed longer, and maybe we could get together Saturday night. She reluctantly let me go.

I called Janice later that evening; she begged me to come home; she missed me terribly. I said I might. I had noticed that

Norry's wife Lennie was becoming more persistent in questioning me about how long I planned to stay with them. Did I have a paying job yet? Have I looked for another place to stay? She was anxious to be rid of me.

Going Back to Watford

The next morning I packed my bag and headed for Watford City. I wasn't cut out to be a salesman. I just wasn't comfortable with all those lies. I probably couldn't make enough money to even pay for rent and food here in the cities. I would go back to Watford and take whatever job I could find until the weather warmed up; maybe that roughneck job would be available soon. I drove very slowly on ice-covered roads for the first couple hundred miles, but finally made it back to Watford late that evening.

Learning the Value of an Education

The next few weeks in Watford were a great educational experience for me. First, I applied for unemployment compensation and received enough to cover most of my living expenses. Then I started a detailed study of all the employers in the area. I called on every business in Watford and most of them in Williston; every oil company business; every construction company business; even insurance companies and real estate offices. Not a single job available for a high school graduate who didn't know how to type.

As I was making these calls, I was observing and asking questions about the types of employees now with these organizations; what were their qualifications; how much education or training was required; how many years of experience. I discovered that all of the jobs which were of interest to me required at least a Bachelor's degree, and many required a Master's degree or a professional degree. Petroleum engineers, geologists, civil engineers, architects, accountants, financial managers, attorneys, pharmacists, dentists, doctors. All of the good jobs which were not

seasonal required a college education. Hello there! Wake up call. I guess maybe I should go to college.

All right. I'll start college next fall, if Janice agrees. I'll save my money and go to the University of Minnesota in September. The University is less expensive than Concordia, and they have a wider choice of majors. Janice and I will move to Minneapolis; it will be tough but it will be worth it in the long run.

Over the next few weeks I worked at three short-term jobs, helping the implement dealer do inventory of his parts department, helping a local farmer spread some manure and chemical fertilizer on a field, and helping Uncle Perrin move some construction materials and clean up his shop. Then I got a call from an oil drilling foreman who said he needed someone to replace a roughneck on his rig for a week or two; it was only temporary, but I took it. The pay was \$2.00 per hour, and they worked eight hours a day, seven days a week. There were three shifts on each rig, eight hours each, to keep the rig drilling constantly, seven days a week. I would be working the evening shift.

Roughnecking

At 3:00 the next afternoon a car carrying the four other members of the shift crew pulled up in front of Shirley's house to pick me up; it took almost an hour to drive to the drilling site out east of Watford, in the middle of a wheat field. I had been told to bring along a set of work clothes, including warm coveralls, steel toed boots, and a hard hat. Work clothes would be left in lockers in the crew cabin on the rig; we would change back into clean clothes for the ride back to town, because it was highly likely that the work clothes would be very dirty by the end of the day. The crew chief, referred to as the "driller," informed me that I would be trained on the job.

When we arrived at the site I was astonished at the immensity of the rig. There was a huge structure made of large steel beams, with heavy wooden logs on top, that served as the base for the derrick and all the equipment. This base was at least 60 feet wide and 80 feet long, and about 15 feet high. On top of this base was

mounted the derrick that rose up over 130 feet above the base. Directly under the center of the derrick was the rotary drilling table that turned the large steel pipe with the drill bit on the end, drilling deep into the earth. Off to one side of the rotary table was the large control unit that controlled all operations, including the engines, the pumps, the rotary table, and the huge “traveling block” which was an enormous block and tackle hooked to the very top of the derrick and used to raise and lower all the drill pipe.

The driller informed me that we were in luck; the drill bit had recently been changed by the previous shift, so we should have an easy day. He said the motorman would explain the workings of the rig to me, and train me on routine maintenance duties. The motorman explained that they were drilling a hole that was expected to go down to about 9500 feet below the surface; they were now down to about 4000 feet. He showed me the instrument that charted the progress of the drill bit over time; we were moving down at the rate of about 10 feet per hour right now, but in some rock formations they made only a foot or so in an hour. When the drill bit got dull they had to pull up all 4000 feet of pipe, uncouple it at every third pipe joint, which was 90 feet, stand those 90 foot lengths of pipe up in the derrick where they would be handy to use when putting the pipes back together, and finally remove the old bit, screw on a new one, and then run the full 4000 feet of pipe back down the hole, attaching all of the 90 foot lengths of pipe again.

The motorman, named Doug, explained the economics of the rig operation. Most drilling companies worked on a contract with an oil exploration company, and they had made a bid to perform the work for a specified amount per foot drilled or a total amount for the entire job. Because the drilling rigs were very expensive, they wanted to keep them working as much as possible, earning money for every foot drilled; that’s why they work around the clock. When it is necessary to stop drilling to change a bit, they aren’t earning any money, so there is great pressure to minimize the time required to change a bit. Changing the bit is the real challenge for the crew; that’s when everyone has to work at their peak, and that’s when things are most dangerous, because everything here is big, heavy and potentially fatal. The rig keeps going day and night, rain,

snow, hail or shine, cold or hot; nothing stops this rig, except a mechanical breakdown, which happens infrequently.

Doug then showed me the engines and the pumps. There were three huge diesel engines that stood about eight feet high, five feet wide and twelve feet long. All that power was needed to pull up the drill pipe when they were changing bits. They needed enough power to pull that enormous amount of weight up very quickly. Much less power was needed to turn the rotary table, run the electric generator and turn the big “mud” pumps. He showed me the large pumps, the size of an old Pontiac, sitting near the engines. The pumps were used to pump a “mud” solution down into the hole all the way to the drill bit and then force the grindings or “tailings” back up to the surface. The drill bit bored a hole about 8 to 10 inches in diameter. The drill pipes were about 4 ½ inches in diameter and were hollow in the center; there was about a two inch hole down the inside of the pipe. The mud solution, which consisted of clay, some chemicals and water, was pumped down through this hole in the pipe, and out through small holes in the drill bit, forcing the mud and materials to flow back up on the outside of the pipe to the surface. The mud was then filtered to remove the grindings, and recirculated down the hole. The mud also cools the drill bit and coats the inside of the hole; the weight and pressure of the mud helps hold back water, oil or gas that might otherwise flow naturally into the hole.

Doug showed me the top of the derrick. About 87 feet up above the deck were a series of steel bars protruding into the center of the derrick, like a huge comb. He explained that when they pull the pipe up to change the bit, they stack the 90 foot sections between the teeth of this comb to hold the top of the pipes; the bottom of the pipes are set back on the heavy wooden deck behind the rotary table. It is important to try to stack the pipes neatly to minimize the amount of swinging when they are picked up again to reattach to the drill string. He said that working up there in the “eagle’s nest” was his job during the changing of a drill bit; he stood up there on the teeth of the comb and stacked the pipes when the string is being pulled, and then when going down again he had to grab the huge swivel clamp attached to the traveling block and hook it onto the top

of the next pipe to be added to the string. He said he wore a safety belt when working up there, but lots of roughnecks had died or were severely injured while working up there.

Just then the driller honked a horn, and Doug said that meant it was time to add another 30 foot length of pipe to the string. We had to add a length every three hours or so in this type of drilling. This would be my first task. I was to help another roughneck get a rope tied to a 30 foot pipe stacked in a pile just outside below the deck, and guide the pipe as it was lifted up to the deck to be attached. Then I was to swing a huge wrench around to clamp onto the drill string to hold it while the new pipe is screwed into the top of the string. When the new pipe was tightly attached, I was to unlatch the wrench and swing it out of the way. The wrench I was using was about six feet long and the head of the wrench was about six inches thick and big enough to clamp around a six inch pipe. The wrench weighed a few hundred pounds and was held up by cables attached up in the derrick, with counter weights to permit the wrench to be moved up and down and around by one person. There were two of these wrenches; one on each side of the rotary table.

The crew consisted of the driller; the motorman who was responsible for maintaining the engines and for working up in the eagle's nest at the top of the derrick when the drilling pipes needed to be pulled; the mud man, who took care of maintaining the mud solution and the pumps and also worked on the deck to help stack the pipes and reinstall the pipes when the bit is changed; a deck hand, who handles one of the wrenches and helps stack and unstack the pipe on deck; and a second deck hand who handles the other wrench. The two deck hands also insert and remove the large safety clamp that is placed around the pipe during pulling and restoring the pipe, to make sure part of the string doesn't fall down into the hole. Since I was the new kid on the block, I was going to be the second deck hand.

At about 11:00 that evening the driller announced that it was time to change the bit. We needed to start pulling the pipe out of the hole. The other crew members were happy that they would only need to work at this for an hour before being relieved by the graveyard shift at midnight. I was about to learn what it meant to be

a roughneck. I was about to start on a “trip” which is what they called the process of pulling the pipe, replacing the bit, and reinserting the pipe.

The driller and other crew removed the equipment that pumped the mud into the top of the pipe. Then the driller brought the huge traveling block with the clamp on the end, down to the top of the pipe. My job now was to lock the clamp onto the top of the pipe, just below the collar on the end of the pipe, as the other deck hand pushed it in tight against the pipe. The driller then started the block moving quickly up to the top of the derrick, pulling out three lengths of pipe. The other deck hand and I then pulled the safety clamp into place around the pipe, and I had to swing my wrench around and attach it a foot or so above the joint of the pipe. And the other deck hands would swing into place and clamp the mud catcher, which was sort of a shield to reduce the splash of the mud solution when the pipes are separated. Now, the driller would rotate the drill table which turned the bottom pipe, to unscrew it from the upper pipe. When the top pipe was loose, the driller would lift the block slightly so the top pipe could swing free. At this point, several gallons of mud solution would come splashing out of the upper pipe, and I had to instantly unlock and remove my wrench, while being splashed with mud; the deck hands were usually well covered with mud after the first few separations. Then the other two roughnecks would push the mud shield out of the way, and move the swinging pipe back to the platform to be stacked while the driller lowered the block to gently set that pipe down onto the surface. Up above, Doug had whipped a rope around the pipe and as soon as the pipe was resting on the floor, he unlatched the clamp holding the pipe and pulled the pipe into the appropriate slot between the teeth of the comb.

This process is fairly simple if done in slow motion, but our job was to do these things at high speed, like watching a movie running at double speed. The second the driller brought the block with the clamp down to the right level I had to have it firmly latched onto the pipe. The instant it was latched the driller pulled the pipe up out of the hole at high speed, stopping at just the right time for the third joint. At that instant we had the safety clamp in place and I had

the wrench locked around the upper pipe, and the other two deck hands had the mud shield in place, and the driller had the rotary turning to unscrew the pipe, lift it up and splash the mud while I instantly unlocked my wrench and swung it out of the way while the other two pushed back the mud shield, grabbed the bottom of the pipe, ran it back to the right stacking location while the driller set the pipe down and Doug unclamped the block up above and the driller had the block screaming back down for more pipe and I locked the clamps on the pipe and away he went again up to the top, stopping just at the right instant, and I had the wrench locked around the upper pipe, and the other two deck hands had the mud shield in place, and the driller had the rotary turning to unscrew the pipe, lift it up, splash the mud while I instantly unlocked my wrench and swung it out of the way while the other two pushed back the mud shield, grabbed the bottom of the pipe, ran it back to the right stacking location while the driller set the pipe down and Doug unclamped the block up above and the driller had the block screaming back down for more pipe and I locked the clamps on the pipe and away he went again up to the top, stopping just at the right instant, and over and over we repeated this process until the crew of the next shift slipped into position to replace each of us. There was not more than a few seconds lost as the result of the change in crew.

The problem with this high speed operation was the potential for disaster. Failure to properly clamp the hoist onto the pipe, for example, could cause a pipe to suddenly drop on a foot. I once had one drop within two inches of my foot; it would have been the end of my foot. A miscalculation by the driller could easily send that huge traveling block and cables down onto the deck, crushing the deck hands. If the guy in the eagle's nest failed to unlock the block from the pipe just at the right time before the block descends, the block could come down and crush him. And if any of the cables broke, we all were in danger. There also was the danger of a blow out of gas or oil from the hole which could cause an explosion and fire. The well had a blowout preventer to minimize this risk, but it was still possible to have explosions when working with natural gas and oil under pressure.

The rig operated with three crews of five, with an overall supervisor who was called a “toolpusher”. His job was to keep the rig operating at maximum efficiency and to oversee the relocation of the rig to a new site when one project is completed.

When the crew was not performing a “trip”, we had a variety of maintenance duties, including cleaning, scraping rust, painting, drying and packaging samples of the tailings, and repairing machinery. We also usually had ample time for a lunch break, unless we were in the middle of a long trip, in which case we did without lunch.

When my two week assignment as a temporary roughneck was completed, I felt like a veteran. I had become quite efficient at my job, and the driller praised my performance. It was obvious that I was more efficient and reliable than the other deck hand, who had much more experience than I. My driller recommended me to the other two drillers on the rig in case they had any vacancies. A few days later, one of the other drillers hired me for a vacancy on his crew, doing the same work, with the Rutledge Drilling Company, that I had been doing in the temporary job.

I was making very good money now, but the working conditions were bad. It was very cold on the rig in the winter, and we had only minimal protection from the elements. We worked in the rain, snow, wind, hail or whatever weather. We had to work seven days a week, which really disrupted my social life with Janice. The only way to get a day off was to convince a member of one of the other crews to “double” for you; that meant that they would work two consecutive shifts, their shift and your shift. Because I had the least seniority on the rig, no one would double for me, but I was expected to double for more senior crew members. Every two weeks we would rotate shifts, so those working on day shift would move to the evening shift, and then two weeks later we would move to the graveyard shift, from midnight to 8:00 in the morning. It was difficult adjusting to these constantly changing hours of sleep.

Dad and Mom Following Me

In early May, dad appeared back in Watford, looking for work. He was able to work for a few weeks for one of the other construction firms in town, and then got a job with Perrin working on building basements. One day he informed me that he would be moving mom and the girls out to Watford as soon as school was out in Bemidji. What is this? I run away from home, and now my parents are following me!! What do I have to do to get away from them? Well, I'll be leaving Watford soon. Maybe they won't follow me to Minneapolis.

I got to know all the members of the three crews on the drilling rig over the course of those first three months, and I concluded that I had no interest in making a career of being a roughneck. Several members of the crews were over 40 years old, and they had spent their entire working lives as roughnecks. They had moved with the rigs from Texas or Louisiana to Oklahoma, to Wyoming, to North Dakota, and other locations. They had dragged along their wives and children, in small trailer houses, moving from town to town and school to school. Although I thought I was making good pay, I noticed that these guys had very little to show for all their years of work. They had no retirement plan; they had no skills for any other job; they had no choice but to keep on working as a roughneck until they were injured, killed or too old to work. And many roughnecks were killed or injured on the job. In those first three months on the job, one man was killed at a neighboring rig when an oil tank exploded, another man had his leg crushed working up in the eagle's nest in the derrick, and another had his hand nearly severed when crushed between two pipes.

Working Overtime

I decided I would continue to work on the rig until I had to leave for the University in the fall. I would make and save as much money as possible before going off to college. This was a good place to work if you wanted to save money, because I seldom had time to

spend any money. It was not a good idea to try to party while working in this job. One Saturday evening in late May I decided I would go to a party with Buzz and some of his friends. I was working the day shift, so I had the evening and night off; I had to leave for the rig at 7:00 in the morning. Late that evening we started playing poker and drinking beer, and I was winning and having a good time. Then I realized it was already 4:00 in the morning. I had to get up in about two hours to get breakfast, get a lunch packed, and get ready to leave by 7:00. I had consumed a couple more beers than I should have, and the bed was not standing still when I tried to go to sleep. I finally dozed off for about an hour before the alarm went off. I was still feeling high; I needed to drink some coffee to sober up and wake up.

I slept a little on the ride to the rig, but when we got there we immediately had to finish a long trip, pulling pipe, changing the bit and going down the hole again. It was very hard work for someone who had one hour of sleep. I was really looking forward to 4:00 when I could go home and go to bed. About 3:30 my driller informed me that I needed to double for one of the guys on the next shift; he was a senior crew member whose parents had just arrived for a visit, and I needed to work for him so he could have this Sunday evening with his family. Horrors. I've got to work here until midnight. It'll be 1:00 in the morning before I get to bed, then I'll have to be up again at 6:00 to come back for my normal shift! Six hours of sleep in two days; I don't know if I can do that.

Fortunately, the evening shift was slow, because we had just completed a trip. The driller and some of the crew were playing poker in the crew cabin, along with a couple of the driller's friends who were visiting. My only assignment was to collect samples of the drilling tailings every hour, dry them on the hot plate located in the little tailings shack, and package and label the tailings. As I was sitting in the tailings shack that evening, about 9:00, I fell sound asleep. I must have slept for a half hour or more; long enough for the driller to notice that I had disappeared. Suddenly I was shocked out of my deep slumber by the shouts of the driller yelling in my ear, calling me all sorts of nasty names, and threatening to kick my butt off the rig if he caught me sleeping on the job again. For the rest of

the shift I kept walking so I wouldn't fall asleep. I overheard the driller tell a senior crew member that he didn't care if I slept, but he just wanted to make sure I knew he ran a tight ship; he didn't want me telling my regular crew that I got to sleep on his shift. I did manage to get up and go to work the next morning. There is some advantage to being 18 years old.

Wedding Preparations

Meanwhile, Janice was busy planning for our wedding. She was going to have four bridesmaids, and so I had to have an equal number of attendants. I asked Buzz to be Best Man, and Clifford, Clinton, my friend Vern Suelzle and Janice's brother Ralph Campbell were grooms men. Janice had Marjorie Stenslie as Maid of Honor, and Sonja Christianson, Joyce Olson, Carol Perry and Elizabeth Ronholm as bridesmaids. Janice's brother Robert would be the vocalist, singing the Lords' Prayer and Because. Janice had two of her young cousins assigned as flower girl and ring bearer. The wedding was set for 7:00 p.m. on Sunday, June 16, 1957, in the First Lutheran Church in Watford City, the Rev. A. O. Grenden, Pastor. Invitations had been sent to all our relatives and to many friends in the area.

I ordered my tuxedo, and we had arranged for tuxedos for all my groomsmen. Janice had ordered a fancy wedding dress, a floor length gown of nylon tulle over bridal satin; the snug duchess bodice of embroidered tulle was fashioned with a sabrina neckline outlined in frosted pastel sequins and short scalloped sleeves, (or at least that was the description in the catalog). The maid of honor and bridesmaids would be wearing ballerina length gowns of blue crystalette with blue taffeta sashes and matching picture hats. La de da!

I was looking forward to the wedding, but I also was starting to get a bit worried. Was I doing the right thing? I was only eighteen years old; did this really make sense to tie myself down at my age? What if we got tired of each other after a few years? What if I were

to meet someone else who really excites me? Oh, well. It's too late to call it off now, and everything will be fine.

Janice and I had rented a house to live in for the rest of the summer. We would move in officially right after the wedding, although we had already started moving things in, and had tested it out to make sure everything worked. I really was looking forward to coming home to a wife every day. Janice and I had decided we would not have a honeymoon now, because I couldn't take several days off work without getting fired; I didn't have any seniority, and they would quickly find a replacement for me. So we decided I would just take one day off, on Sunday, our wedding day, and then back to work. I arranged for a fellow from another crew to double for me on Sunday; I'd have to double for him later. We would have a honeymoon in the fall, just before college started.

Unplanned Honeymoon

On June 15, the day before the wedding, I went to work as usual, working the day shift. We had a hard day, doing a long "trip" for about five hours of the shift. As it came close to 4:00 and quitting time, I was sort of expecting that the crew might have a little celebration of some kind for me; they all knew I was getting married tomorrow. But 4:00 came, and no mention of any party. As I went to my locker to change out of my dirty work clothes, the driller walked up to me and told me to take my work clothes home; clean out your locker; this is your last day. What? Why? The driller responded that his son had come home from college and he needed a job for the summer, so his son would be taking my job! I was shocked. I was speechless. I bundled up my clothes, grabbed my boots and hard hat, and we all rode back to town together. Not a single word was spoken by anyone in that car during that forty five minute drive back to Watford. It was clear that the other crew members were embarrassed by what the boss had done to me.

When I got back to town, I immediately went to see Janice. Change in plans. We can go on a honeymoon after all. I was just fired. Let's go to Minneapolis after the wedding; I can enroll at the University and get everything set for the fall, and we can have our

honeymoon there. I want to make sure I get enrolled in the University. I've had enough of being an unskilled laborer. Getting fired like this clinched my decision to go to college that fall; no more procrastination.

Word of my sudden unemployment spread around town quickly, and people were shocked that anyone would treat an employee like that, and to think that he would fire a good employee to provide a job for his son. And to fire him the day before his wedding. What a terrible man he must be. Even the driller's wife heard the gossip about how horrible her husband was, and she called Janice to apologize for her husband's behavior.

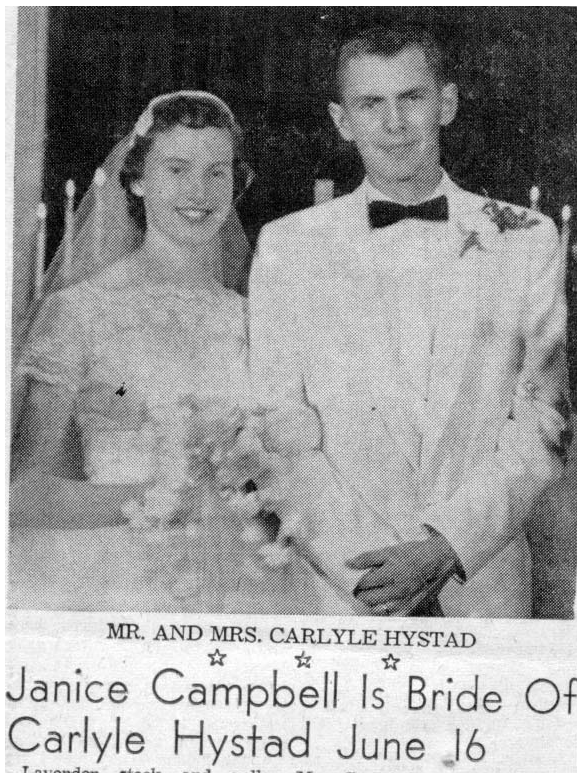
Wedding Bells

Sunday, June 16. I was getting married this evening. Unemployed and about to take on the responsibility of being a husband. But I felt a great relief that I wouldn't have to go back to the rig on Monday. I focused on preparing for the wedding; looking my best for my big day. Some of my relatives had arrived in town to attend the wedding, including Wally's wife, Ginger, and my grandpa M. C. Frazee. And mom, dad and my sisters would be there, along with all my aunts, uncles, and cousins from the Watford area. Uncle Hank and Auntie Emma, Auntie Selma and Uncle Mac, Auntie Alice and Uncle Perrin, and Uncle Morris and Auntie Olga would all be there.

The fateful hour arrived. I was waiting at the alter of the Lutheran church for the bride to be ushered down the aisle. Janice's dad, Duncan Campbell, brought her down the aisle, on his arm, and reluctantly gave her away; he thought I was too young also. Janice was stunning in her wedding dress. We said our "I do's," we exchanged rings; we were pronounced man and wife; we kissed. Over 150 guests attended the wedding. In addition to all my relatives and Janice's relatives, it seemed like half the town was there, the Christensons, the Sondrols, several Sanfords, the Drovdales, the Stenslies, the Luttrells, the Stenseths, the Monsons, the Olsons, the Petersons, the Nelsons. And all of our partying friends were there, including Norman and Marlene Sondrol, Daryl

Erickson, Larry Veeder, Bev Suelzle, Bob Charchenko, and Joanie Nelson, in addition to those in the wedding party.

We had a large reception in the basement of the church after the wedding, and received piles of gifts. We had stacks of sheets, pillow cases, blankets, bedspreads, bath towels, hand towels, dish towels, frying pans, silverware, bowls, platters, cutlery sets, dishes, glasses, serving trays, double broilers, table cloths, wall plaques, and several items that I didn't even recognize.



This is our wedding photo as it appeared in the local newspaper.

We finally managed to escape from the church at about 9:30. The house we had rented was only two doors away, so we didn't need to drive, but people had decorated my car so we made an

official exit from the church, drove around the block and parked behind our first home. We were now legal. It was now acceptable to be alone, together, in a house, with a bed, and we didn't need to worry about what our parents or the neighbors would think. That took a while to get used to. Hmmm. Will it still be fun now that it's socially acceptable?

But before we started being alone in our new house, we invited our wedding party and a few of our closest friends over to celebrate and to officially open our new residence. Everyone left early that evening; they assumed Janice and I had other things to do tonight. I discovered later that Clifford and Clinton had placed a cow bell under the mattress of one of the beds in the house, but it wasn't the bed we used that night.

Crowded Honeymoon

The next day we prepared for our "honeymoon" trip to Minneapolis. Ginger asked if she could ride with us back to Minneapolis, along with her baby girl Debbie, and my sister Phyllis who was going along with Ginger to live with them this summer and baby sit for Ginger or Lennie; they had been planning to take the train but it would be so much less hassle to just ride with us. And Sonja wanted to ride along as far as Fargo. This was starting to sound like an unusual honeymoon. Buzz stopped by to tell me that Perrin needed help on some new projects, and I could go back to work for him when I got back from Minneapolis, if I wanted. I accepted the offer. Well, that was a short unemployment.

Our "honeymoon" in Minneapolis was successful. I enrolled for the Fall Quarter at the University, in the Institute of Technology, which was the college of the University which had the engineering programs. I planned to be an engineer; maybe an aeronautical engineer, but I didn't need to make a decision about a specialty area now. The Fall classes would start in mid-September. We also applied to be on a waiting list for married student housing. Most of the married student housing was for students with children, but they had a few units for just couples and there was a waiting list to get in

there. We might get lucky and get one of those units. We also visited with Norry and Lennie, who lived in married student housing near the St. Paul campus of the University, and with Wally and Ginger, who had recently moved from Bemidji and were now living in married student housing closer to the Minneapolis campus.

Janice and I also had a few minutes alone together. We went on a picnic; and we went bowling! Janice recalled later that it seemed there was always a relative of mine around; we weren't alone until we left to drive back home. Janice suggested that maybe on our second honeymoon we could take our kids along; who wants to be alone on a honeymoon? I guess our honeymoon wasn't exactly what she had imagined a honeymoon would be like.

But now we had to learn to live together in our house. Running a household was new to both of us. Who was going to do the cooking? The laundry? What time was breakfast, and supper? Who was washing the dishes? Mowing the lawn? We assumed the traditional male and female roles; Janice tried to do most of the cooking, but I usually made my own breakfast and packed my lunch; I mowed the lawn, fixed things around the house, and helped with the dishes. Janice was a beginner at cooking, but I had very limited appreciation of good food, so we were compatible in that regard. We soon discovered we had timing conflicts, however. I went to work very early in the morning, and Janice didn't need to be to her job at the store until 9:00 a.m., so I would be up and gone in the morning before she was out of bed. In the evening, I often worked until 6:00 or later, and then I had to get back to the shop, and then take a shower and change clothes, while Janice was impatiently waiting for me; she was usually home by 5:30 or 6:00. We were finding that we had very little more time together than before we were married!

Back to Backhoe

I worked the rest the summer for Uncle Perrin on various ditch digging and construction assignments. Buzz and I frequently worked together digging ditches or holes for septic tanks. Perrin got

some large new contracts to install plumbing at two new schools, and we worked on those contracts for much of the summer. We built several basements for new houses in town and out in the country. I even dug the ditches to install a new water and sewer system for my cousin Dallas Hystad, out north of Watford on his ranch.

Some afternoons after a long hot day of work, Buzz would insist that I join him for a beer or two at one of the bars in town before going home to Janice. Sometimes those one or two beers would eat up an hour or more of time as we got caught up playing one of the miniature bowling or pool machines in the bar. On those occasions I would have a very unhappy wife when I came home; “married people are supposed to do things together; why didn’t you marry Buzz if you like spending so much time with him”. I always promised to do better. But it was hard adjusting to the idea that my time was not my own anymore.

Buzz left for college in late August, and I stayed and ran the backhoe until I had to leave in the second week of September, when Janice and I loaded up everything we owned into my 1951 Ford. We had no furniture yet, but the car was packed to the roof with all those wedding gifts and our clothes and various memorabilia. We said goodbye to our family and friends in Watford and headed for Minnesota. This time I wasn’t running away from home; we were running toward a better future. We had about \$1000 saved, and we hoped this would be enough for initial tuition, deposit on an apartment, buying some furniture, and paying living expenses until we could get jobs. Janice would try to find a full-time job, and I would get a part-time job.

Going to College Finally

We stopped in Moorhead on the way, and visited with John Thoreson for a few minutes at Concordia College. He was happy to see us, and was glad I had decided to go to college. Everything seemed to be going well with John.

Upon arrival in Minneapolis we stayed with Wally and Ginger for a few days while we hunted for a place to live. We were

still on the waiting list for married student housing; none available right now. So we started checking out apartment vacancies near the university. In a couple of days we found a place we could afford, just about six blocks from the Minneapolis campus. It was in a private home; the older lady who owned the place lived downstairs, and she rented out rooms upstairs. We rented two rooms; one room we would use as the bedroom, and the larger room across the common hall we would use as the kitchen, dining area, living room and study area. We shared a bathroom with another tenant, a single guy living in the other room upstairs.

Furniture Shopping

The next day I checked the classified ads to find used furniture for sale. Janice was not feeling very well, so I went by myself to check out furniture that some family in St. Paul was selling. They were selling most of the old furniture in the house; apparently someone had died or gone to a nursing home, so they were getting rid of everything. I bought a mattress, box spring and bed frame, a large chest of drawers, a couch, two over-stuffed easy chairs, two end tables, a dinette table and four chairs, a nice small wooden desk, a television set (with a round screen), two lamps, an ironing board, and a stepladder, for a total of \$100 even. Not bad; almost everything we needed for our apartment. I rented a U- Haul trailer, loaded the furniture, drove to the apartment, unloaded with Wally's help, and Janice and I were all set in our new place.

The next Monday, I attended orientation at the University, went through all the class registration process, had the mandatory physical exam, and paid my tuition. Then I started looking for a part-time job, with the help of the student job service at the University. I also chauffeured Janice around to interview for full-time jobs. We had only one car, and Janice was not yet comfortable driving in the cities. Janice soon found a full-time job working as a clerk-typist at Telex, a hearing-aid manufacturing company in Minneapolis, just a few miles from our apartment. I was having a harder time finding a decent job that fit with my class schedule. I

could only work in the late afternoon or evening, or on the weekends, because I would be in classes and labs much of the day. I finally took a job with a company that made jams, jellies, mince-meat and related food products. I worked some evenings and all day Saturday, mainly working on the assembly line packing cans of foods into cardboard boxes, and stacking the boxes in the warehouse. It was a very boring job, and I got paid \$1.00 an hour; I would make only about \$15 to \$20 a week. But that would help pay for groceries, and Janice was making enough to cover the rent and our other expenses.

Morning Sickness?

I helped Janice learn how to drive from our apartment to her job and back, so she could drive to work. I rode a bus or walked to and from the University. Janice was quite homesick. Everything here in the cities was strange; she had no friends here yet; I spent most of my time at the university or at work; and she missed her family and friends back in Watford. In addition, she had not been feeling well for several days, particularly in the mornings. It was like a mild case of the flu, but she usually felt much better later in the day. After several days of this, I helped her find a doctor's office near our apartment, and she went to see the doctor about her condition. The doctor suggested that maybe she was pregnant; a few days later the doctor confirmed that the test showed she was pregnant. Janice and the doctor calculated that the baby was due on June 1.

Well, that's bad news, and good news. It's bad news because we will have another mouth to feed, and Janice will need to stop working as she gets closer to the due date, and she will either need to stay home with the baby, or we will have to pay for a baby sitter. The good news is that we will be parents and have a smart, beautiful child; and we will be eligible to move into the married student housing for couples with children, which is much nicer than the units for childless couples.

Meanwhile my course work was extremely difficult. I was taking 16 credits of mandatory courses for the engineering program, including physics, chemistry, engineering drafting, and English. The chemistry course required lots of study and lab work, but it was interesting; I enjoyed the drafting course, and it was relatively easy; English was not difficult, but I was still struggling with grammar; physics was very difficult because my high school courses had not prepared me properly for this level, and I had to spend lots of time trying to catch up with the class. I needed to spend almost all my available time studying, writing papers, or working in the lab.

Home Sickness

One Saturday in late October I came back home from working at the jam factory, late in the afternoon. I had lots of homework to do before Monday. Janice was not feeling well and she was very lonely and feeling sorry for herself sitting there in the apartment all day, waiting for me. We were both wondering why we were doing this. Is a college degree really going to be worth all this work and loneliness? We were missing all those parties we had; all the friends we partied with; all the spare time we had to just goof off. I argued that we couldn't quit now; we hadn't given it enough time; things would get better. Just look at Norry and Lennie, and Wally and Ginger; they both have kids and seem to be enjoying it here. If they can do it, so can we. But Janice pointed out that they both were on the GI bill which covered much of their expenses. How were we going to be able to earn enough once the baby is born? Maybe we would be better off back in Watford.

I thought about how my mother begged dad to go back to Watford for years, until he finally went back, twenty years later, and he probably should have stayed in Watford, where they had all of their family support system. But I'm not going back to being a roughneck, and there is no backhoe work in the winter. Janice suggested that I could go to trade school in North Dakota to become a plumber or an electrician, so I could have work all year around,

and maybe start my own business. I agreed that trade school might be an option; I liked the idea of having my own business.

We finally agreed that we needed to stick it out here at least through this quarter, until Christmas time. We had already paid for the courses and the books, and she had a decent job, and we had enough money to manage until Christmas, so let's decide then whether to continue with college or go back to North Dakota.

Things did get better. Jan made friends at her work, including a co-worker named Ellen Hystad, who was the adopted daughter of a second cousin of mine from North Dakota. Her husband was also a student at the University, and she also was pregnant with her first child, so they had a lot in common. My studies were still tough, but I was slowly adjusting to the grind of spending almost all my waking hours in class or studying or working; it was starting to become sort of normal. I tried to spend Saturday evenings and all day Sunday with Jan, and she was getting used to my schedule. Also, her morning sickness had ended and she was returning to her usual cheerful self. We would visit with Norry and Lennie, or Wally and Ginger almost every weekend, and we all had Thanksgiving Dinner together; we had a little Hystad community here in Minneapolis.

Doubts About Engineering

During November and December I was considering whether I should continue to pursue an engineering degree. I had decided on engineering for no particular reason, other than I had taken a lot of science and math courses in high school. There was nothing about engineering that excited me, but I thought it would be a good degree to have for purposes of getting a good job. I talked with many of the other engineering students and to my graduate teaching assistants to try to get a better understanding of the type of career that an engineering graduate might have. I tried to determine what motivated the other students. A few of the students really enjoyed the course work; they liked the math and physics courses, which I thought were completely unrelated to anything in the real world. But

most of the students, including most of the graduate students, hated the course work; they were doing it to get a good job; they were suffering now for a future reward. And most of the graduate students were not looking forward to getting an enjoyable job. One of them said: a job is not supposed to be enjoyable; you work to make a living; you get your enjoyment outside of the job. That really shocked me; I thought a primary reason for getting a degree was to be able to get a job that offered some enjoyment.

In sharp contrast to the engineering students, I talked with many students who were pursuing other majors who were excited about their course work, and who were looking forward to getting into their upper level classes where they could get into their favorite subjects in more depth. They were dreaming of an exciting career as a lawyer, or newspaper person, or a diplomat, or an architect, or a doctor, or managing their own company, or a corporate executive, or an artist, or a musician. I never heard any of the engineering students talking about their dreams of becoming an engineer.

Norry was now in law school, and Wally was finishing his pre-law courses and would soon enter law school. They and their law school friends seemed to have an enthusiasm about their studies which I hadn't been able to find in the engineering school. Maybe I should switch to pre-law.

Finally Settling In

On December 19, 1957, I finished my last final exam for the Fall Quarter. I had passed all my courses; I only got a C in Physics and Drafting and a B in Chemistry and English, but that was better than I had expected at the start. And we had two pieces of good news. One, we could get into married student housing; we would be able to move in right after Christmas (apparently several other students had dropped out of college because the long waiting list had disappeared). The unit we had received was identical to all the other units for married students without children. They were old Quonset huts built for GIs after World War II. Each unit consisted of one room about 18 feet square, with a partial wall partition for a bedroom

alcove. There was a wash basin in the corner, a small closet with a toilet in it, and a very small kitchen counter, sink and cabinet. But the rent was only \$35 a month, including all utilities (we were given a five gallon can to use to carry kerosene from a central supply barrel to fill the tank on the back of the kerosene heater in the room). It was small, but it was cozy. The only real negative was that we had to walk half a block to a central building to take a shower and to wash clothes; when it's 10 below zero, that can be a bit intimidating.

The second bit of good news was that I had found a much better part-time job. Wally had been working as a paper delivery man for the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, delivering for the married student village on Como Avenue, which had over 300 housing units. He had taken over the job from another student last summer, but now he had received the job as resident manager for the village, so he was offering me the paper delivery job. It was a good job for a student because I would deliver the morning Tribune at about 6:00 a.m., before going to college, and then deliver the evening Star after 5:00 p.m. after classes. I would earn about \$125 a month, which should be enough so we could manage through the year. If I got a good summer job I could save enough to cover all tuition and book costs for the next year.

Christmas was a few days away. Jan wanted to go home for Christmas, but she was not asking to move back to Watford anymore. We would stay for at least another quarter of college. Two of Janice's high school classmates who were living in Minneapolis offered to drive back to Watford for Christmas and we could ride with them. He (Larry Veeder) was attending an art college in the city and his wife, Carolyn, was with him. On December 22nd we crammed the four of us and all of our luggage and Christmas gifts into their car and drove to Watford. The trip out was particularly crowded because I was bringing along the television set that I had purchased as part of my \$100 trailer load of furniture; I was giving it to my sisters for Christmas, because we never had time to watch much television, (and it didn't work very well in any case). Jan and I had to share the back seat of the car with that television set. We made it to Watford that evening, cold and cramped, but in time to celebrate Janice's birthday the next day, December 23.

Our few days in Watford that Christmas was a good reinforcement of our decision to go to college. It reminded me of the difficulty of working out there in the Winter, and we received lots of compliments for successfully making the move to Minneapolis and college. Many people in Watford, including Janice's father, my father, and Uncle Perrin obviously doubted we would be able to make it, working and going to college full time, particularly now that Janice was pregnant; they had expected us to give up or flunk out by now. It felt good to prove them wrong. And I was not about to give them any satisfaction.

Changing Majors

Upon our return to Minneapolis, I started talking with college advisors about the feasibility of changing my major from engineering to pre-law. I would need to transfer from the Institute of Technology to the College of Science, Literature and Arts (SLA). I was informed that I could make the transfer, and that SLA would accept the English, Physics and Drafting credits from the Institute of Technology; they wouldn't accept the Chemistry credits because that was not one of the optional pre-law courses. I would be able to complete pre-law courses in two years and then enter law school for four years. I decided to make the switch. I registered for Political Science (Introduction to States in the Modern World), Philosophy (Logic), Humanities, and English Composition and English Literature.

The winter quarter was much better for both of us. We moved into our little unit in married student housing. It was small but we had enough room, and we had privacy, except when we went to the central shower facility. I immediately painted the unit, added a partition to screen off the wash basin from the rest of the room and added a mirror and medicine cabinet; and I built a little bar to divide the "kitchen" area from the rest of the room. A nice aspect of married student housing was that all of our neighbors were also married students attending the university; in most cases it was the husband attending college and the wife was working, but in some

families both were going to college. A few of them were expecting their first child like we were. The couple who was in the unit on the other end of our little duplex were about eight years older than we; he had worked for several years and was now back in college to get a degree in business administration so he could take over his father's business someday. Almost all of us in this tiny village had little or no extra spending money, and most of the husbands had little spare time after studying and working a part-time job, so our life style seemed quite normal.

Our housing was closer to Jan's work, only about a five minute drive, and Jan was enjoying her job more. She had been given more responsibilities and her good work was appreciated. We also were now living only one block from Wally and Ginger, and only five to ten minutes from Norry and Lennie, so Janice was able to interact with Ginger and Lennie more readily.

I loved my pre-law courses. They were interesting, exciting and relevant. Even the Logic course was enjoyable. All of the courses dealt with issues which I could discuss with other human beings; how do you discuss a physics equation with your wife? I was learning about things which I could see would have some value in my future, and the courses were stimulating my little gray cells to think rather than just memorize. My school work continued to be very demanding, but I had now developed more efficient study habits so I was doing better in my courses and still had more time available to be able to spend a couple of hours with Janice every evening.

Paper Boy

And my new job was a big improvement. I delivered about 220 morning papers six days a week, to the two married student housing complexes along Como Avenue. The Quonset huts were spaced very close together, and a high percentage of the units were subscribers, so I could just walk down the sidewalk between the rows of huts and throw the rolled up papers onto the doorsteps on both sides of the walk. I could cover about 12 blocks of Quonsets in

about 90 minutes in the morning. I got faster as I became more experienced at rolling the papers and as I learned who were all the subscribers so I didn't need to refer to my list anymore. When I was in a hurry I could cover the route in an hour or less. In the evening, I delivered about 130 papers, in about 45 minutes. Sunday delivery took about three hours because the papers were very large and couldn't be rolled, so I had to walk to all the doorsteps, and there were over 300 Sunday papers on the route.

During the first couple of months I got to know all the best places to jump fences, how to quickly unhook all gates, where all the dogs lived, and who would complain if the paper were not right in front of the door. Although it would be extremely cold some mornings at 6:00 as I was covering my route, I could stay warm by moving fast. And it was good exercise for someone who spent most of the rest of his time sitting at a desk.

The least desirable part of the paper route job was collecting the subscription money. Subscribers were required to pay in advance once a month, and most of them paid me rather than paying the newspaper directly, so I had to spend several hours each month going from door to door collecting money. Each month I had to pay the newspaper for the papers they had delivered to me, and my income was the difference between the amount I collected and the amount I paid the newspaper. So if a subscriber failed to pay, I personally lost that income. Being poor college students, it was sometimes difficult for a family to come up with the few dollars every month for the newspaper, so I would need to come back two or three times to some huts before I got paid. Every month I would have to terminate delivery for a few who were in arrears. But I also kept track of all new residents moving into the housing and would try to sell them a subscription. I got an extra bonus for each new subscriber.

I had to keep very close track of the number of paid subscribers I had each day, and adjust my order with the newspaper accordingly, so I wasn't paying for extra papers. If I had an extra paper or two I would deliver them to non-subscribers who I was trying to get hooked on the paper. I had to avoid the temptation of spending more than my share of the money I collected, to make sure

I had enough to pay the newspaper every month. It was a good introduction to business management.

Tuna and Hamburger

Janice and I also were learning how to minimize our food budget. I took a tunafish sandwich with me to the university every day, so I didn't need to spend any money for lunch at school, and Jan also brought her lunch to work. At home we lived on the cheapest foods available, eating lots of tunafish casserole, hamburger in various forms, including meatballs, casseroles, and patties, and lots of chicken. Potatoes and gravy always made for a good meal as far as I was concerned. We almost never ate out unless we were traveling; we couldn't afford that extravagance.

In late March I completed the Winter quarter in college, and registered for the Spring quarter. I would continue the next course in Political Science, Philosophy and English Composition and Literature, and I decided to take a German language course, which was one of the acceptable electives.

She Couldn't Leave Me

It was now only about nine or ten weeks before the baby was due, and Janice had decided she wanted to have the baby in Watford. She was nervous about having the baby here in the big city, and she liked the idea of having her mother nearby to help with the baby. We decided that she would quit her job when my Winter quarter was over, and I would drive her out to Watford. She would stay there with her parents until a month or so after the baby was born. I didn't like the idea of not being there when the baby was born, but Janice was quite insistent. So we drove to Watford in late March. I stayed a couple of days to visit with my family and friends, and prepared to leave to drive back to Minneapolis by myself to start Spring quarter. As I was kissing Janice goodbye, she started crying and told me she couldn't stay there without me; she was going to come back with me. Great. She packed up all her stuff and we drove

back to our cozy little hut in Minneapolis. She was embarrassed but happy; I was proud and happy.

I enjoyed Spring quarter even more than Winter quarter. I was getting more involved and more interested in my classes, and was getting to know more students who had similar interests. I even enjoyed the German class. And Jan had gone back to work at her old job; she was going to work through the end of April, one month before the baby was due.

A Good Excuse to Miss Class

Janice quit work on April 30 as planned. On May 1st I went to my German class as usual. The professor called me to the front of the room; said he had a message for me. He handed me a note saying: call your sister-in-law (Ginger) immediately; your wife is in labor. The professor said that was a good enough excuse to miss class today. Ginger informed me that Jan had started having pains that morning shortly after I left for school; she didn't realize they were labor pains; thought she had indigestion or something; but then she called Ginger and explained that she was getting these pains about every 20 to 30 minutes and they seemed to be getting worse. Ginger informed her that they were labor pains, so they had called her doctor, who told her to come to the hospital when the pains were about six or seven minutes apart. Ginger thought she would soon need to go to the hospital. I'll be right there. I ran across campus, flagged a taxi, and sped home. The pains were now at about eight to ten minutes, so we needed to wait. By about 4:30 the pains were at six to seven minutes; let's go to the hospital. I carefully helped Janice into the car; gently now; don't move too fast; easy now; don't want to have the baby right here.

Paper Route Money Buys Baby Girl

We arrived at the hospital safely; and I got Jan checked in. The admission's people told me I would need to pay them \$200.00. I gave them \$50 and said I would need to go home to get the

remainder. I went to the “fathers” room (they didn’t allow fathers in the labor rooms) to find out when the baby might be born, and was told by the nurse that I might want to go home because it would be several hours and probably tomorrow morning before the baby arrived. I rushed home to get the remaining \$150. I had only about \$50 in my checking account, but it was time to collect subscription fees from my paper route customers, so I started rushing from door to door collecting paper subscription money. In about an hour I had collected \$150. I fixed myself a quick bite to eat, and drove back to the hospital with the money. When I arrived at the father’s room the nurse came and said: congratulations, you have a baby daughter; your wife is fine. A daughter? Me? I’m a father? Holy cow!! After a short wait I was allowed to see Janice and then taken to the viewing window to see the baby. Amazing. What an incredibly beautiful baby. How is it possible for the two of us to produce a new life like this? A miracle. I’m a father. I’m a father. Congratulate me, I’m a father.

We named her Cheryl Lynne. She was born a month “early”, but she weighed a normal six plus pounds. Now I had to rush around to prepare our little hut for the baby. Jan thought she was going to have an entire month to get ready for the baby, but I would need to get everything ready in two days. I bought all the essential supplies: diapers, powders, lotions, milk bottles, crib, blankets, and much more with help from Ginger. And then I brought Janice and Cheryl home from the hospital. Cheryl slept most of the time. I would check her crib every few minutes to make sure she was still breathing. At night we placed the crib close to our bed so we would hear if she needed anything. I would awake about every fifteen minutes and listen; no sound; I would jump up and hold my ear close to her to make sure she was still breathing. Whew! She’s still alive.

The first few days Cheryl was home we got very little sleep, but then we started to relax a little. It appeared that maybe she would survive even if we didn’t watch her constantly. I started to sleep more, probably out of sheer exhaustion. But we both were up a few times during the night whenever baby Cheri would cry.

The next several weeks were a little tough for me. I had all my classes to attend, my papers to deliver, and my studying to do, as

well as my full-time job as Father and Husband. I tried to do most of the usual household chores, including laundry and washing dishes and cleaning, because Jan had her hands full with Cheri. It had suddenly become difficult to study at home, because of the distraction of the miracle in the house. And I was having more trouble staying awake while studying; I started drinking coffee during these weeks.

But I had a new motivation to do well in college. I had a family to support. I had to make sure I could afford to send Cheri to college in eighteen years. I'm 19 years old; I'm a father; I have responsibilities; I'm an adult. I got a B average in my classes that quarter, despite the distractions.

In early June I had finished my exams. Janice decided she wanted to go to Watford with Cheri for a month or so; her mother wanted her to come, and her mother could help take care of Cheri and give Janice a little rest. I needed to get a full-time job for the summer to support the family until Jan could go back to work, and to save money for the next school year. I drove Jan and Cheri to Watford, and came back to find work. I had my paper route to deliver in the morning and evening, but I could get another full-time job.

Summer Jobs

After a couple days of searching, I discovered there were not any construction labor or backhoe operator jobs available; the summer jobs had already been filled by the unemployed or students who were out of school earlier. So I accepted a job as a driver of a lunch delivery truck. These trucks went to construction sites, factories, and other places of employment which didn't have their own eateries, to deliver hot coffee, soft drinks, sandwiches, pastries, and assorted junk food. The job started at 8:30 a.m. loading the truck shelves with the selection of food and drinks. Then I drove to assigned stopping points where the customers were expecting me at set times for their morning snacks, then on to places for mid-day lunches, then on to stops for afternoon snacks. I was required to stop

at designated places of employment, but I also was expected to find new business along my route, by stopping at various employers and offering my goodies to anyone coming in or out of the place. I had to move very quickly, driving fast to the next stop, opening up the doors of the van, serving people, collecting money, closing up, and dashing to the next stop.

I got paid a percentage of my sales. After the first week, it was clear that this job was paying about 50 cents an hour. I had only one really good stop on my route, where I could sell several dollars worth of goods; most of the other stops would produce only a dollar or two, and some would net only a cup of coffee or a soda pop. I continued this job for another week while I started looking for other work.

I found an ad looking for someone with a car to do lawn care work on a commission basis. I decided to apply. The business was spraying lawns with liquid herbicide to kill dandelions and other broadleaf weeds. The owner of the company was a guy named Howard Hovland, in his early 30s, who had built four or five sprayer systems which consisted of a two-wheel trailer that had two fifty gallon barrels for water and herbicide, a five gallon can of herbicide, a gasoline engine to power a water pump, and a reel with about 500 feet of heavy-duty hose, and a six-foot wide spray boom on wheels and with a hood to minimize wind drift of the herbicide. I would earn 35% of any job I did. Howard had been in business for a few years so he had many regular customers, and he had several customers waiting now to have their lawns sprayed. Howard worked as a mechanic for the telephone company, so he didn't have much time himself to run a sprayer; he was looking for a couple more people to work on commission. I accepted the job.

The following Saturday I started work spraying lawns; I had quit the lunch wagon business on Friday. Howard said Saturday was a good day to be out spraying, because most home owners were at home and if they see you working in a neighbor's yard they are likely to ask you to do theirs while you are there. I hitched the wagon to my '51 Ford, got instructions on how much herbicide to mix with the water, how fast to walk with the sprayer, and to stay away from expensive shrubbery, and I headed to the first house on

Howard's list. I pulled out the spray boom, started the engine, and proceeded to carefully spray the entire lawn. It took about 25 minutes to do the lawn. Charge: \$10.00 for up to 5000 square feet. My share: \$3.50. Not bad for 25 minutes. I was being paid by the homeowner when a neighbor walked up and asked if I could do his. Sure. Before I had finished his yard, two more neighbors came over and asked me to do theirs. By 4:30 that afternoon I had done 14 yards in that same neighborhood. I had \$140; my share was \$49.00 or about \$7.00 an hour. Now this was my kind of job. I drove back to Howard's place. He asked me how many places on his list I had completed; I said: only one. What? I handed him the sales receipts for 14 jobs and his share of the \$140. He was very happy, and so was I.

The next week I worked every day, except one rainy day, spraying dandelions. I would start about 2:00 p.m. and work until dark, about 9:00, to try to maximize the number of walk up orders I would get from neighbors who were home from work. By the end of the week I had earned almost another \$400; it would have taken me ten weeks to earn that much on most jobs. Janice is going to be surprised when she returns. Howard told me that now was the very best time of the year to be doing this, because all the dandelions were in full bloom, and almost everyone was willing to pay \$10 to try to get rid of their dandelions. But in another two weeks or so they would stop blooming and then business would slow way down. It would pick up again in early September when the dandelions bloomed again. So the next two weeks I worked from the time the dew was off the grass until dark, except for a rainy day and one day when it was so windy that there was danger of the herbicide blowing onto ornamental plants.

Moving Up to House With Bathroom

During these weeks I received notice that we could move into the larger married student housing, for those with children. The unit would be available July 1. Hot dog. We would have a real bathroom, and two bedrooms. The unit we had received was in

Grove East, near the St. Paul Campus of the University, about one block from where Norry and Lennie lived. The university ran a shuttle bus to and from the campuses, so I would not need to drive.

On July 1st, I moved into our new home. This unit was one-half of a metal barracks, built for GIs after the war. It had one large room on the end, with kitchen cabinets and sink, refrigerator and an oil burning stove in the living area. It had two small bedrooms, a bath with a small tub and shower, and a pantry. It had a fire escape trap door from the second bedroom which went into the bedroom of the adjoining unit. This was a very convenient trap door, because it permitted the people on one end of the unit to babysit for those on the other end of the unit, while leaving the child in their own bed. The rent was \$45 a month, including all utilities. I had to carry heating oil from the central oil tank for the oil heater in the living room, which was the only heat.

I painted some of the walls, built a bookshelf divider bar between the "kitchen" and "living room", added some shelves, and bought a new sofa bed for the living room to replace the old beat up couch we had. Now we could even have overnight guests. I also bought a new clothes washer and dryer, which I was able to squeeze into the space along one wall of the kitchen only by trimming off about one inch of the adjoining wall; I had to remove the inside dry wall, cut off one inch from the studs, and replace the drywall. That was strictly against the rules, but it worked.

In July, Jan and Cheri came back from Watford and joined me in our spacious new home. It was wonderful. The weather was pleasantly warm; I was making lots of money; my wife and daughter were back with me; and I even had time to play golf. Golf? This married student housing complex bordered the 18 hole university golf course. As a student I could play a round for only fifty cents, or I could just walk on the back nine from our housing area and play for free. Ellen Hystad's husband Glen was very interested in golfing and had loaned me some clubs to use so we could play together. He taught me how to hold the clubs, how to swing, how to putt, how to score, how to get out of sand traps, and how to find stray balls in the deep rough so we didn't need to buy our own balls. I would get up early in the morning and play a round of golf before breakfast.

Janitor Job

In mid-July, when the dandelion destruction business was slow, I found a job working as a building maintenance person (commonly known as a janitor) on a part-time basis for the University. Initially, I was hired to fill in for people on vacation or sick. I worked for about four weeks that summer helping scrub and wax floors in several large classrooms on campus, before the return of students. I learned to operate the motorized scrubbing machine, which also converted to be the polisher after applying wax. I was taught how to make those floors look better than new. The job paid only \$1.10 an hour, but there was a good possibility that it would lead to a regular part-time job during the school year, so I stuck with it, and worked at my dandelion killer job in the evenings and on weekends. I turned the paper delivery business over to a friend.

John Thoreson, my best friend from Henning, called me one day in August. He was in Minneapolis for a couple of weeks visiting with an older sister and other relatives and doing some odd jobs for them. We arranged to meet; I went to his sister's place and John immediately led me to a local bar where we caught up on things since I had seen him a year ago. John had now completed two years of college at Concordia. He was telling me that he was really getting into acting and drama; he had been spending lots of time on extracurricular work in the college theater program, and he loved it. He was thinking about focusing on becoming an actor. I worried a bit about John because he was drinking heavily that evening, and wanted me to stay and keep on drinking with him. I had to drive home so I stopped after three beers, but John kept on drinking. I got the impression from what he said that evening that he had been drinking heavily while visiting his sister. A few evenings later I picked up John and brought him home to our little house so he could have dinner with us and see Jan again, and meet Cheri. We also had invited Bruce Holmgren from Henning to join us; Bruce was working in St. Paul as a clerk at Great Northern Railroad. Both John and Bruce drank a lot of beer that evening, but we all had a good time,

and they both told me that they were envious of me having a wife and kid and a real home. Jan was happy to hear that.

Enjoying College

In September, I registered for classes again, starting my second year. I enrolled in Political Science (World Affairs), Psychology, Social Sciences, and Russian Language. My interest in foreign affairs had developed gradually over the past two quarters, and I was particularly fascinated with Russia. Russia's launching of the Sputnik satellites during the past year had helped increase my interest. I decided I would study the Russian language as an elective, as one way of learning more about Russia. I also selected a World Affairs course in Political Science, reflecting my increased interest in this area.

I enjoyed all of my classes that quarter. I thought the Psychology course was particularly interesting, although it seemed to me that most of it was just common sense, and I got an A in the course with ease. The Russian language course was anything but easy; first we had to learn a new alphabet; and we had to learn the pronunciation of sounds which don't exist in English; then we could start learning the vocabulary, which had virtually nothing in common with English. It required hours of memorization. But despite the hard work required, I was still very interested in learning the language and learning more about Russia.

Jan found a new job at the St. Paul campus of the University, working as a secretary in the Department of Veterinary Medicine. Her office was only about five blocks from our house. We found a baby sitter for Cheri; the woman on the other end of our barracks was looking for baby sitting jobs so she could stay home with her kids. Cheri could sleep in her own crib; when Jan was ready to go to work she just opened the fire escape door into the next unit and called out to the baby sitter. It was very convenient.

I got a permanent part-time job as a janitor at the University shortly after school started. I worked four hours each evening, from 6:00 to 10:00, and 12 hours on Saturday, from 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.

The first few weeks I was assigned to clean one of the buildings in the Medical school. Late in the evening I would be dusting and sweeping floors in classrooms and labs with wall shelves lined with various body parts in large jars of formaldehyde; a row of livers here, a shelf of brains there, several amputated feet over here, some pre-mature babies up there, a shelf of stomachs on that wall. It was all very reassuring in this large old building, that echoed as I moved along, apparently the only living thing on this floor. But then one evening I had to move a very large box in the middle of the room to clean underneath; it was on rollers so it was easy to move. As I pushed it to one side I accidentally lifted the cover and there was a man staring up at me; he was naked and obviously dead, awaiting a group of medical students who would carve him up tomorrow. I apologized for disturbing him and finished my cleaning a little faster than usual.

Fortunately, I soon was assigned to another building, in the Education College, where I never found any dead body parts. I did walk in on two partially naked live bodies in a small room once, but they were there voluntarily. The really nice part about my janitor job was that I had specific cleaning tasks to perform, and when I was finished cleaning I could study at the desk in the little janitor's "lounge"; I was the only evening and Saturday janitor. As I became efficient at the job, I could do the evening work in less than two hours, and the Saturday work in about three or four hours, so I had lots of uninterrupted time to study. I couldn't leave the building unattended, and there was nothing else to do but study. Working as a janitor also kept reminding me of what I might be doing if I didn't finish college. I got paid \$1.10 an hour for 32 hours a week, for a total of \$35.20 a week. It was enough to pay for groceries and my transportation expenses, and I had saved enough from summer to cover my tuition and book expenses for the year. Jan was making enough to cover rent, telephone, babysitter, Cheri's needs, clothes and a little left over for some rare entertainment or other luxuries.

The Christmas of 1958 we didn't go back to Watford. We celebrated Christmas eve with Norry and Wally and families. There were now five children, Norry's Pam and Karen, and Wally's

Debbie and Kevin. Cheri was the youngest. She looked like a real-life baby doll under the Christmas tree.



Here is the photo that was on our Christmas cards in 1958.

Staying in the cities for Christmas was a major milestone for Janice; she was adapting to life in the cities, and she was getting comfortable with the idea that we were now a family that was independent of her parents.

In the Winter quarter, 1959, I continued studying Russian, and Psychology, and I took a Political Science course in American Foreign Policy, and a course in the Principles of Economics. This was my best quarter yet; I breezed through the American Foreign Policy course and Psychology course; I really liked the Economics course, and although it was all entirely new to me, was able to ace the course.

Mickey completed his four years in the Air Force and moved to Minneapolis this winter. Later that winter he married Karen, a very strange girl from South Dakota. Mickey enrolled at the University as a freshman and they moved into married student housing, only a block or two away from us, with Karen's daughter

Kimberley. Now all four of us brothers were going to the university. Maybe some kind of record.

Precocious Child

Cheri was getting to be a real person. By the end of January she was crawling around and starting to take her first steps; much faster than her daddy. And she was starting to say her first words. She obviously was exceptionally bright; takes after her father. I regretted that I didn't see her much during the week; I would see her for a few minutes in the morning before going off to school, and most days I would see her for a short while in the late afternoon before I had to rush off to be at my janitor's job at 6:00. And I would be gone all day Saturday, until after 6:00. I also saw very little of Jan. She usually would be in bed by time I got home from work in the evening, and then she was up early and off to work in the morning. We would have only a few minutes together between 5:15 and 5:40 in the evenings during the week, and Saturday evening and Sunday.

Pursuing an Opportunity

During the Spring quarter that year I was finishing my required pre-law courses. I took anthropology, geography (natural resources), public health, and a second course in economics, as well as continuing the Russian language course. Upon completing these courses, I would be ready to enter law school next Fall. In April, I happened to read an article in the Minnesota Daily (which was the daily student newspaper), about a program called SPAN which helped college students spend a summer studying overseas between their junior and senior years in college. The program was sending groups of students to four countries this coming summer, and they were now accepting applications from students for the following summer, the summer of 1960. They were seeking applicants to go to Austria, Denmark, Australia, and the Soviet Union. Bingo!!

Wouldn't it be terrific to spend the summer studying in Russia? But maybe that's not realistic for a married student, and it probably costs too much. I decided to get more information about the program anyway.

I talked with the Executive Secretary of the SPAN program. SPAN is an acronym for Student Project for Amity Among Nations. It was created by students and faculty at the University of Minnesota and a few nearby colleges shortly after World War II to help educate Americans about other people and cultures, with the goal of reducing the prejudice and ignorance that contributes to war. The motto of the organization is: "It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness." The organization is run by students, with faculty advisors; it helps raise funds to finance a substantial portion of the cost of spending a summer in a foreign land, and it provides twelve college credits for the study done as part of the overseas assignment. During the academic year before going abroad, the selected students work with a faculty advisor to study the country and to select specific study tasks to be undertaken while abroad. Upon return to their colleges, the travelers must prepare an extensive paper detailing the results of their study; the paper must be of high quality and is evaluated by a faculty committee of three relevant professors.

I asked about the planned trip to the Soviet Union. Did they have lots of applicants already? He was just now starting to receive applicants. How are applicants selected? A selection committee consisting of at least two faculty experts and three past student participants in the program make the decisions. How much will the student need to pay? They wouldn't know how much money SPAN would have to distribute until just before the trip, because fundraising was going on constantly, but based on past experience, they expected the SPAN organization should be able to provide a grant of about two-thirds to three-fourths of the total cost, and they would charter an airplane to Europe to minimize the transportation costs. He estimated the total cost for the summer trip to the Soviet Union would be about \$4,000, and he thought that SPAN would be able to provide about \$2500. So I probably would need to provide about

\$1500. That seemed like a huge amount of money to me. But I took an application form and their literature anyway.

I discussed the possible trip with Janice. She was not very enthused; I would be gone for three months, and she would be left home alone to work and take care of our daughter. On the other hand, it might be good for my career. It would be a significant honor to be selected for the program, and it would be a great learning experience. But she would be very lonely without me. And how can we afford it? We would need to borrow money. Maybe I could get a student loan or some other scholarship. And what about law school? How would such a trip fit into my law school schedule? It would be between my first and second years in law school, and I would need to write an extensive paper in the months after my return. How could I do that while in law school?

I only had a few days remaining before the application deadline, and I finally decided to apply to be one of the students to go to the Soviet Union. I probably won't be selected, and we won't need to worry about how we are going to do it. If I am selected, we could still turn it down if we want to. But if I get it, I probably would switch my major from pre-law to international relations, with a focus on Russia. I can always go on to law school after I get my Bachelor's degree.

May 1st. We celebrated Cheri's first birthday. She was already a big girl. Walking and talking and acting like she was already an adult. Cheri already had many friends, as we were surrounded by married students with young children.

In mid-May, I received a letter from SPAN informing me that I had been selected from a large group of applicants to be one of twelve students from the SPAN colleges to go to the Soviet Union in the summer of 1960. The group would be organized next Fall, with the aid of a faculty advisor who will accompany us to the Soviet Union. I was to inform the Executive Secretary if I was not able to accept this honor for any reason. Yahoo!! Unbelievable. Incredible! I had won a large scholarship for three months in Russia! Fantastic! Ain't I wonderful. I'm going to be famous some day. I won't be a famous farmer, but I'll be a famous Russian expert or a noted

diplomat or something. Wow! This will give my career a big boost. I'm wonderful; I'm great. Whoop tee doo!

The possibility of not being able to afford the trip didn't enter my mind. I was going to do it; period. Jan was happy for me, and was proud of me, but I knew that she was secretly sad that I would go off and leave her for three months. I tried to rationalize it; many men have gone off to war for years at a time; many men go away for months to work on construction jobs and other temporary assignments; even college professors leave their families behind sometimes for a summer study in some far off place. It is not unusual to go off and leave your family in order to earn money or enhance your career. It may be hard, but it is just one of those sacrifices that we make in life. I still felt guilty, because I knew I was going to enjoy the trip, and I knew that Jan would have a harder time by herself, taking care of Cheri and working. And I would not only need to come up with the extra money for the summer abroad, but I wouldn't be earning and saving any money that summer, which would make it even harder for us the following school year. I made a promise to myself: someday I would take Jan and Cheryl to Europe with me.

Changing My Major Again

During the final weeks of the Spring quarter, as I was finishing up my second year of college, I changed my major a second time, from pre-law to International Relations. The International Relations major was an interdisciplinary degree, with courses from the Political Science, History, Economics, Geography, Language and other Departments of the College of Science, Literature and the Arts. I was assigned an advisor, Professor John Turner in the Political Science Department. As soon as I finished my final exams in June, Jan, Cheri and I went to Watford for a short visit, and Cheri was baptized at the First Lutheran Church in Watford, on June 15, 1958, by A.O. Grender, Pastor. Marjorie Stenslie, Robert Campbell (Janice's brother), and Janice's parents,

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Campbell, were the sponsors. It was apparent that this was Jan's idea.

On our way back home from Watford we drove through Clitherall and Henning, and we drove out to John Thoreson's parents' farm to see if John might be there. His mother informed me that John had become very ill and was now in the mental hospital in Fergus Falls. The mental hospital was the place we always called the "funny farm" or the "loony bin" when we were kids. John's mother did not provide any further details about his problem, but said he was not up to seeing visitors. I brought Mrs. Thoreson up to date on my life, including my scholarship to go to Russia next summer.

In Henning, I talked with a classmate of mine from High School who told me that he had heard that John had a nervous breakdown while at college; the rumor was that he had become so involved with his extracurricular acting stuff that his grades suffered and he was in danger of flunking out of school, and he just snapped. Another person thought that his mother put too much pressure on him and he couldn't deal with the thought of facing his mother if he flunked out of college. I got the impression that there were lots of rumors going around town about John, and very few facts.

I was feeling very sorry for John, and wished that I could see him. But I concluded there was nothing I could do. It did cross my mind that it was ironic that John was having these problems while my college career was going well. John's mother had been very critical of me for not going to college that first year out of high school; and she had made it quite clear that she thought I wasn't going anywhere with my life. I guess it's difficult to predict the future.

Upon returning to the cities, I focused on earning and saving as much money as possible to cover the cost of the trip to Russia. I continued to work at the University as a janitor. I worked for Howard Hovland killing dandelions whenever the dandelions were in bloom, and I got a third job as an "on-call" Pinkerton guard to work at special events such as golf tournaments. I worked at three golf tournaments that summer, including the PGA Open tournament which was held in the Minneapolis area, and got paid to watch the best golfers in the world, including Sam Snead and Arnold Palmer.

At one tournament, I worked the night shift with a supervisor, guarding the club house, swimming pool, and nearby grounds. The nights were warm and a dip in the pool at 3:00 a.m. helped keep us alert.

One weekend that summer, Norry invited Jan and me to come up to the North Woods of Minnesota, on the Sawbill Trail, where Norry and Lennie had purchased some lots on Gus Lake. He was starting to build a log cabin on his lot, and Wally and Ginger were going up to help. Jan found a baby sitter for Cheri, and the two of us drove up into the wilderness west of Lake Superior. Norry had set up some tents, which we slept in that night, while a black bear rummaged around the campsite. Wally and I helped Norry build his log cabin that he was in the process of constructing right next to the lakeshore.

The dandelion extermination business was good that summer, and along with my other jobs I was able to save over \$1200 during the summer. I hoped I would be able to save most of it for the Russia trip, but I probably would need to use \$500 or more to cover tuition and books during the year. That Fall I applied for some academic scholarships which I hoped would help cover my tuition. In October, I learned that I had received one small scholarship for enough to cover my tuition for two quarters, and I later received two more small scholarships. I would still need to borrow money to be able to go to Russia.

Internationalist

In the Fall of 1959, I got into my International Relations major with both feet. I took courses in International Law, International Organizations, International Economics, Journalism (Public Opinion), and English Constitutional History. I also continued studying Russian language. I joined the International Relations Club and was active in helping organize programs and seminars on international issues. I offered to be a “brother” in the international Brother-Sister Program in which foreign students at the university are paired with an American student who is to provide guidance, assistance and introductions for the foreign student. I was

assigned to a student from Southern Rhodesia, and spent time helping him get settled in on campus, including help with class registration, learning his way around the large campus, finding places to shop for food and other necessities, and getting to know other international students. We had him to our house a few times for Sunday dinner. I think I learned more from him than he did from me.

In addition to all my studies, the group of students selected to go to Russia started regular meetings every second Sunday afternoon. Our faculty advisor, Dr. Armajani, who was a professor of history at Macalaster College, organized the group, and we agreed on a schedule of reading and other preparations for the trip; we had to finalize a study topic, define how we were going to perform the research, and prepare an initial outline of the research paper which we would write after returning from Russia. I decided to study "Industrial Management in the Soviet Union". I had read about a recent major change in the process of controlling and managing industries in the USSR, and decided this would be a good way to combine my economic and political interests. Other students in the group were planning to study such things as the legal system, control of religious practices, organization of artists, and control of the press.

Dr. Armajani was dealing with the state department and the Council on Student Travel, a private student travel group, to make arrangements for our studies in Russia. We were trying to get maximum flexibility to travel within the Soviet Union, and to be able to interview officials and private individuals to gain information for our studies.

I also was voted to be the representative from our group to the SPAN Board of Directors, which included faculty representatives and representatives for those country groups just returned from overseas and those groups preparing to go overseas. The Board was responsible for overseeing the program, including the important fund raising efforts. All students just returned were expected to participate in fund raising, by making presentations to various organizations in the community, including joining a faculty member in making fund raising visits to major corporations in the state.

I also continued to work at my janitor job 32 hours a week (which also was my primary study time). And I tried to spend time with Jan and Cheri, which usually was limited to Saturday evening and most Sundays. I was very busy, and enjoying almost every minute.

The Winter quarter of 1960 picked up where the Fall quarter left off. I was taking courses in International Law, International Relations, Russian History, Geography of the Soviet Union, Journalism (Public Opinion), and studying Russian. I also was more active with the International Relations Club; I wrote a few articles on international issues for the Minnesota Daily, the student newspaper; and I helped the Foreign Student Advisor's office with programs for foreign students.

Like Pulling Teeth

Jan's dental care as a child apparently had been no better than mine, because she had several major problems with decayed and crooked teeth. She had been talking with me about getting her teeth fixed for the past several months, and now I agreed that she should have the work done if we could get it done inexpensively, like at the University dental school. Jan decided that if I could afford to go to Russia, she could afford to get her teeth fixed. She found a dentist with a good reputation who was willing to accept payment of as little as \$15 a month until I finished college. So Jan spent many hours in the dentist's office, getting almost every tooth repaired, with many root canals and caps, and lots of gold and silver. The total bill was over \$1500.00, which I thought was a small fortune.

The dentist also agreed to fix my teeth with the same low monthly payment until I graduated. When he started working on my teeth, he found that three teeth on top and two on the bottom were in such bad shape he couldn't save them with a root canal and cap; he had to remove the remains of the teeth. He suggested some bridges to replace the missing teeth, but I decided I couldn't afford the bridges now; I just had him fix all my remaining teeth, and I would

live without a few teeth (none in front were missing) until I was through college and making some money.

As the Winter Quarter came to an end, Wally decided not to finish his work toward a law degree; he had enough credits for a Bachelor's degree and concluded he was not interested in being a lawyer. He took a job with Employer's Mutual of Wausau, and he and his family moved to Wisconsin and then to Louisiana to work for this insurance company. The Hystad clan at the university was diminishing.

Preparing for Russia

The Spring quarter was even busier than the Winter quarter, for me. Our group preparing to go to Russia was now very busy finalizing our study plans and outlines. We learned that our group would not have very much freedom to study while in the Soviet Union. Our time in the USSR would be limited to a little less than two months, and we would be allowed to speak with officials and other individuals only when accompanied by an officer of the Soviet Komsomol Exchange Office and an official interpreter. We were to present a list of particular officials, or categories of officials, with whom we would like to visit, and they would see if they could schedule such visits. It appeared that we would need to gather most of our information informally in any casual discussions we might have with individuals we met.

In April, we were informed of the amount of money we would receive from SPAN for the trip to Russia. We would get \$1800 plus our round trip charter flight from New York to Frankfurt, and return from Paris to New York. We were required to pay a fixed amount of \$2400 per person for our two months in Russia; the Soviet Exchange organization would provide all transportation in the Soviet Union, all housing, and all meals. We would only need to pay for incidental expenses such as entertainment or gifts while in the USSR. I will need to pay out of my own pocket only \$600 for the time in Russia, plus we will be spending about three weeks in Western Europe before we can get

into Russia, and about two weeks in Europe after we leave Russia. I had read the book "Europe on Five Dollars a Day," but I figured I would need at least another \$500 to cover my expenses for those five weeks outside Russia and to provide a little spending money while in Russia. Plus, I had to get to New York and back. I decided I needed at least \$1300 when I left for New York. I had only \$700 left in my savings from last summer.

Where was I going to get another \$600.00? Not from my parents; never crossed my mind. Not from Jan's parents; didn't even think to ask. Not from my brothers. I was starting to face the reality that I really couldn't afford to make this trip. Maybe a bank would give me a loan; but I had nothing for collateral, and it would be hard to show a bank how I would repay the loan. Then one day Jan came home from work at the University and told me that she had solved the problem. Jan had been discussing my planned trip to Russia with a co-worker in the department, who was very interested in the trip. Without being asked, she had volunteered to co-sign a loan from the bank. She was single and had been working at the University for several years, and had a good credit history, and she would be happy to help us out. It was a miracle. An astonishing gift from someone I personally had never even met before. A few days later I applied for a loan for \$600, and Jan's friend completed the co-signers portion. The loan was approved, and I was all set. See, I knew all along that I could do it. No problem. You just need to have a little confidence.

We celebrated Cheri's second birthday on May 1st; she invited lots of little girls over for a party. Cake and ice cream and other goodies. It was a nice Spring day and we were able to have the party outside. I had just purchased a new 35 millimeter camera to take with me to Russia, so I got lots of pictures of Cheri's party while learning how to adjust the shutter speed, aperture and focus on the camera.

Also on May 1st, the Soviet Union shot down an American U-2 spy plane which was flying over Russia at very high altitudes. This crisis happened just days before a scheduled summit meeting between President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev in Paris. The summit meeting quickly ended in disarray, and Khrushchev withdrew his invitation to Eisenhower to visit Russia. For the next

few weeks there was speculation that Russia also would cancel all student exchange programs, including our planned study in Russia. It wasn't until early June that we received some assurance that our trip would go on as planned. And we all were concerned that the increase in tensions caused by this incident would result in decreased cooperation by Soviet officials.

In late May the International Relations Club held its annual organization meeting to elect officers for the coming year, my Senior year. I was elected President, primarily because the outgoing President, Tom Mikulecky, had decided I should be the next President and had asked the other members to support me. I was surprised at being elected, because I was not seeking the position. But I was pleased to be President because it would permit me to implement my ideas about how to increase the visibility of international issues on the campus.

In early June I finished up my course work and final exams. I had my passport, and was getting everything ready to go to Russia. Another SPANner had asked me to ride with him to New York to catch the chartered flight. He was driving a friend's car to their home near New York City, so we just had to pay for the gas.

Norry graduated from Law School in June. I was surprised that he had finished Law School already; he had been able to complete pre-law and law school in five and one-half years. Mom and dad and grandpa Frazee all came to the graduation ceremony, which was held in the large football stadium, with a few thousand graduates seated on the football field, and tens of thousands of parents and other guests seated in the stands. It was not very personal, but it was a grand and happy occasion, particularly for Norry. He had already accepted a position with a law firm in Duluth, and they would be moving there shortly after graduation. The number of Hystads at the University continued to dwindle.



This was taken a few days before I left for the Soviet Union. From left to right are Grandpa Frazee, me, Cheri, and dad.

My First Multi-Course Meal

A few days before I was to depart for Russia and Norry and Lennie were to move to Duluth, Norry invited Jan and me to join them for dinner at a nice restaurant in St. Paul; their treat. We dressed up and went to this fancy restaurant with white table clothes and male waiters, and candlelight. We had an elaborate dinner; an appetizer, a salad, steak for an entree, a large dessert, and Norry even had an after-dinner drink and cigar. This was the first time I had ever been to such a restaurant. This was the first time that dinner had been served to me in more than one course. The dinner was outrageously expensive. It was over \$26.00 total for the four of us. That's almost as much as I earned all week in my job as a janitor. It was a wondrous experience. So this is how rich people live! I could get used to this. When I get rich, maybe I'll be able to afford to eat in such fine restaurants.

Leaving for Russia

It was June 14, the day for me to leave for New York on the way to Russia. I was leaving early in the morning. Leaving Jan and Cheri was much harder than I had expected. Jan cried, and I cried. I didn't want to leave her and Cheri behind for three months. I guess I hadn't focused on how difficult this was going to be when I applied and accepted this scholarship. But now I had to go; it was too late to turn back now. I had asked Jan to write me by sending letters to the American Express office in Hamburg, Germany, where I would be just before we went into Russia, and to Nurenburg, Germany, where I would check after coming out of Russia. And she could try sending some to Moscow, but none of us knew if we would get mail there. I told her I would write to her from all my major stops on the trip.

My fellow SPANner Bob arrived with the car and we left at 7:00 a.m. sharp, headed for New York, by way of Washington, DC. We had five days before the chartered plane was to leave Idlewild airport on Long Island. The first day we drove to Gary, Indiana, just southeast of Chicago, a very dirty, decaying, working class area, where we spent the night with a relative of Bob's, sleeping on the floor. This was going to be a cheap trip. The next day we drove to Washington, DC, driving over narrow winding roads from the Pennsylvania turnpike to Washington. We couldn't believe how bad the road was; there was no decent highway coming into Washington from the West or North, just a small country road winding through the mountains and hills. We arrived in Washington at sundown and found a room at the YMCA in Northwest Washington. We got something to eat at a diner and then walked a few blocks to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Sure enough, there it was. The White House. What a sight. Just imagine what goes on inside that building; the power, the intrigue, the detailed planning by the best minds in the country. It was awe-inspiring. We wondered around the White House and saw the Washington monument reaching toward the sky, and then the Lincoln Memorial and the Jefferson Memorial, and there's the Capitol way up there on the hill on the other end of this big open space. What a thrill; it made shivers run up and down my

spine just to be there, standing in the midst of all that power and all that glory and all that history.

The next morning we decided we would visit the Congress. We decided to see if we could watch the Senate in action. We went to the Capitol and were told that the Senate was in session, but we needed a pass from our Congressman or Senator to get into the visitors' gallery. We decided to go to Senator Hubert Humphrey's office to get tickets. We walked into his office suite and told the receptionist that we were from Minnesota and would like to get passes to get in to view the Senate. She said she was happy we had come by, and handed us the passes, after getting our names. We thanked her and started walking out; no, wait, the Senator will see you in just a few minutes; just have a seat, he will be with you shortly. Well, we really don't need to see him, we just wanted the passes, and we hate to disturb him. No problem; he will want to see you; he will be very upset with me if you don't wait. So we sat down.

In about three minutes the side door in the office flew open and Senator Humphrey came bounding out of his office, grabbed my hand and then Bob's and led us into his office. So good to see you; what brings you to Washington; going to Europe? To Russia? Wonderful. How are things at the university; any problems; anything I can do for you while you are here in Washington; what do you think about the U-2 incident? Is that going to cause problems for you in the Soviet Union?

And he listened to our answers, and carried on a substantive conversation about several issues. We were there for fifteen or twenty minutes before he apologized that he had to run to a hearing, and he hoped we would stop by when we returned from Europe and give him a report. We were both stunned. He treated us like we were important. He seemed to really be interested in what we had to say. Incredible. Makes me proud to have him representing Minnesota. We went to the Senate Chamber and watched the Senate in boring, slow motion action for awhile, but it was definitely anticlimatic after our visit with the Senator.

The Big Apple

That afternoon we drove to the New Jersey suburbs of New York City to deliver the car. The family invited us to stay for dinner and spend the night; they had an extra bedroom in the basement. Saving money so far. The next day the wife drove Bob and me into New York City, and dropped us off near Grand Central Station. We found our way to the YMCA and were lucky to get a room, cheap. The rest of the day we wandered the streets of Manhattan, mainly looking up in the air; we were getting sore necks from staring up trying to see the top of all those tall buildings. It made Minneapolis look like a little village. I felt like I had been dropped on another planet with a different species of people who ran around at double speed, who never smiled, who were mainly dark in complexion, and who spoke all sorts of strange languages. Even the food seemed like it was from another planet. Nothing I had read about other cities or other countries had prepared me for New York City. It had nothing in common with the America I knew. After dark that evening the city became even more strange, as we walked around Times Square. I had never seen women who looked like that, not even in the strip joints along Hennepin Avenue in Minneapolis. A couple of them asked us if we would be interested in a good time, but we wisely moved quickly away.

The next morning we made it out to see the Statue of Liberty, and we walked along Wall Street, and checked the sights in Greenwich Village. At about 3:00, June 19, we were on the train headed for the airport. I had never been on an airplane before. We were getting on a four-engine prop plane with Pan American written on the side. All of the SPANners made it to the plane on time, and we were off on schedule. As we taxied down the runway, I was convinced that this huge piece of machinery would never get off the ground, and then when it did, I was convinced it was about to slide backwards straight down into the ocean as the nose of the plane seemed to be pointed up at the stars. But with all my mental energy pushing it along, the plane finally leveled off and the roar of the

engines subsided slightly. I started to relax a little; maybe it wouldn't crash after all.

After several hours of trying to sleep on the plane, we landed at Shannon Airport in Ireland for refueling, just as the sun was rising. Then we were off again, arriving in Frankfurt, Germany about noon, very tired and somewhat disoriented. The SPANners scattered in all different directions; some were heading directly to Austria or Denmark, and others were visiting friends or doing some site seeing before going to their destination. The Russian group had almost a full three weeks before we were to meet in Hamburg, Germany on July 9 to start on our official journey into the USSR. We were on our own until then. Some members of the group had made detailed arrangements for their time; they were staying in hotels and taking trains or buses or planes around Western Europe in those three weeks

Bicycling Through Europe

I didn't have enough money for such extravagant travel, so another member of the group, Bob F., from St. Olaf college, and I decided to buy bicycles and see Western Europe up close. We found a cheap hotel in Frankfurt where we collapsed. On our second day in Frankfurt, we found a reasonable bike shop and we each purchased a nice three speed bike for about \$65.00, and we bought "saddle" bags to place over the back wheel, in which we would carry all of our belongings. We took only what we would need for the bicycle trip, and then took our remaining baggage to American Express to be sent to Hamburg where we would pick it up in three weeks. We planned to sell the bikes when we reached Hamburg.

We pulled out our maps of Europe to plot a course. We decided to go west, to Mainz, and then follow the Rhine river down toward Bonn. When we got there we would decide where else to go. So the next morning we were up early and set out along a bicycle path headed west. I was a little shaky on the bike at first, because I hadn't been on a bike for about 10 years, and barely knew how to ride. But after the first hour or two I was doing fine. We soon found

a bike trail that followed the Main river all the way into Mainz, where we would be able to follow along the banks of the Rhine River. The path was nice and flat, with a very gentle downward slope, and we were in the shade of trees much of the time.

At mid-day we stopped at a small village and found a little shop where we bought sandwiches and drinks and refilled our water bottles. It was a very lovely ride along the river, past farmers' fields and through small villages. I was wishing that Janice and Cheri could be with me to enjoy this quiet countryside. As the afternoon wore on, we both were getting tired and sore, but we pushed on and reached Mainz by about 6:00. We found a small room in a little inn near the river. Bob immediately collapsed on the bed; he said he needed to rest a bit before we went out to find some food. I found the bathroom down the hall and took a very welcome shower. When I got back to the room Bob was sound asleep. I went for a walk to explore a bit of the city, and came back to get Bob to go to supper, but I couldn't wake him; he just moaned and rolled over. So I went to a little bar down the street and had a good German beer with sausage, potatoes and sauerkraut, and enjoyed watching the local guys flirt with the barmaids. I was glad I had studied German for a few months at the University so I could understand at least a few of the words.

Bob slept right through the night. The next morning, we were back on our bikes, heading down the Rhine. It was a nice path, usually very close to the banks of the river, and we could watch the continuous traffic on the river. One barge right after the other, going both directions, with an occasional tour boat or small power boat. The large barges seemed to have families living on them permanently. Clothes were hanging out to dry on lines stretched across the barge, kids were out playing, some even had a swing set installed on the boat.

It was easy riding because it was a fairly substantial downward grade as the Rhine continued its drop from the highlands of Switzerland to the North Sea. We stopped early that day, to rest our sore rears and legs, and because we had found a nice Youth Hostel where we could spend the night for about 50 cents each. The bunk beds were not very comfortable, but better than the one I had

at my cousin Ellery's place. Bob and I explored the village. There was a castle up on the cliff overlooking the river, with vineyards on the hills on both sides of the river. We found a nice little German restaurant; no one spoke any English there, but we managed to have an interesting conversation, with lots of sign language, with the owner who wanted to tell us about his American friend from the war years.

The next day we continued on down the Rhine, with a slight drizzle falling. By afternoon we had passed out of the rugged castle and vineyard country and reached the flatter industrial section. We passed through Bonn after looking at the government buildings and other key sites, and headed toward Cologne, which was a more industrial city, where the sky was heavy with smoke. We found another Youth Hostel for the night; they also served food at their cafeteria, so we had a very inexpensive stay. Cologne was a dreary place, particularly on a cloudy day, so we decided to head west. We followed small country roads and bike paths and soon crossed into a corner of Holland. We followed canals and roads heading toward Antwerp.

It was getting late in the day, and we had not found a Youth Hostel or even a cheap hotel, and we seemed to be in the middle of endless farm land, somewhere near Baexem, The Netherlands. We decided to stop at the next farm house we came to and ask if they had an extra room. We pedaled up to a nice white farm house, with geese out front and wooden shoes on the porch. A man and woman came to the door, and we asked in German if they had a room they would rent to us. They didn't understand us, but their teenage daughter spoke a little English, and translated. Sure they had room for us, and we were welcome to have dinner with them. They didn't know how much to charge; we offered the equivalent of about \$2.00 each, which they thought was wonderful. After settling in, we joined the family for their evening meal, and then sat with them in their living room, as they told us about their experiences during the war, under German occupation. The next morning they fixed a nice breakfast for us, and we pedaled on down the road, very content with our adventure.



Here I am taking a soda break at a refreshment stand in Belgium, with my bike close at hand.

That day we bicycled to Antwerp, where we decided to rest a little and see the town. We took pictures of houses on canals, and visited a few bars and cafes. The next morning I didn't feel very well; must have been some bad beer I drank. I felt all right after riding for awhile; nothing like some good exercise to work off a hangover. That evening we found a Youth Hostel in Deinze, and the next day we made the last leg into France and on to Dunkirk, on the North Sea. We passed through the flat farm land with the grain fields colored bright red with all the wild poppies in full bloom. It was a beautiful sight, but it reminded us of all those Allied soldiers who had fought and died on these Flanders fields. We had decided we would catch a ferry across to Dover and go to London. We rode directly to the dock, and found that a ferry would be leaving in an hour, for an overnight trip to Dover; we bought tickets for ourselves and bikes, and got aboard, where we were able to have a nice meal while we waited to depart.

We had a double berth far below deck, with bunk beds slung one on top the other. In the middle of the night, we were awoken as we were nearly thrown from our bunks by the violent rolling of the ship. We could hear the wind blowing and the sea crashing into the boat. I had to wrap my feet around the ropes on the bottom of the bed and hang on with my hands to keep from being tossed right out of the top bunk. For the next few hours we were tossed about in the Straits of Dover. Finally, the sea calmed somewhat, as we were approaching the English shore. We went up on deck and were greeted by a spectacular view as the sun was just rising over the sea and shining directly on the white cliffs of Dover. Are those blue birds flying over the cliffs?

We had breakfast in a little shop in Dover; it was nice to be in a country where we could read the menu, and the newspapers. It was June 29. After looking over Dover, we headed toward London, pedaling through rich green countryside with pastures full of sheep. But we soon found we were going straight into a strong wind that was quickly increasing in force; it was almost impossible to make headway against that wind. At the next town we went to the railroad station to catch the next train to London; we would put our bikes in the baggage compartment. We got our tickets and asked directions from the baggage handler on where to take our bikes; he responded at length, and we understood not one word of what he said. What country are we in? What language is he speaking? We quickly learned that many people in England did not speak the same English we knew. We spent four days in London, seeing all the tourist sights, as well as many things off the beaten path. We listened to political speeches at Hyde Park Corner; we saw the Queen as she drove away from Buckingham Palace; we went to two plays in London theaters in the afternoon when we could get in for a few pennies; we tried steak and kidney pie at a pub, along with a stout beer, and didn't care for either; we toured the Tower of London, and the Houses of Parliament; had my picture taken in front of No. 10 Downing Street; and discovered that Piccadilly Circus was not a circus, but a good place to watch people.

Time to move on. We took a train-boat ride from London to Rotterdam, saw the city of Rotterdam, and pedaled north to The Hague where we visited the World Court headquarters and learned about their current cases. That evening we decided to try our luck again at a farm house. At the second house we tried, we were welcomed, provided a nice room and supper, and were entertained by the children of the family. The lady of the house even fixed us sandwiches to take with us the next day. She didn't want to accept any payment, but we insisted.

The next day we continued north along the North Sea, and soon reached Amsterdam. We toured the old city with all of its canals and interesting sidewalk cafes, and then headed north across the long highway-dike that separates the Zuider Zee from the North Sea. But as we were riding through the flat country side, Bob suddenly concluded that he had enough of bicycling. He wanted to spend a few days in Copenhagen before we went to Hamburg, and biking would be too slow. We needed to hitch-hike if we were to get there in time. All right. In the next town we found a bicycle shop, and we sold our bikes for \$25 each, and started hitch hiking. We were soon picked up by an attractive young French woman driving a Citron, on her way to Groningen in northern Holland. We had a pleasant few hours ride, bouncing along in the old Citron, discussing world politics with the French woman who spoke very good English.

We waited by the side of the highway for over an hour, before a large Mercedes stopped for us. A German business man was driving; on his way to Bremen; he spoke very little English, but wanted us to understand that he personally was not anti-Jewish; we should all live in peace. He was driving very fast, over straight, flat roads, with little to see in any direction. We were in Bremen in no time. After a short lunch, we were back on the highway, looking for a ride to Hamburg. Two young guys in an old beat up car stopped for us. They were going to Hamburg for a party, and they had already started partying. The speedometer soon hit 190 KM, or nearly 120 miles per hour. The car was shaking and swerving, and I thought we were all going to die. We made the 80 some miles from Bremen to Hamburg in well under an hour. They dropped us off

right at the train station, where we bought tickets for an overnight train-boat trip to Copenhagen. Well, that was sure faster than bicycling, but we didn't see much on the way.

Copenhagen was bright and sunny and we had open-faced sandwiches for breakfast as soon as we got off the train. I had an address in Copenhagen of someone who would know the whereabouts of my friend Bob C. who drove with me to New York, so we found the address and they told us where Bob was staying. Bob C. showed us around Copenhagen; we did Tivoli Gardens and several other tourist spots, but Bob also took us to the places tourists never see, including some small jazz places and several small bar-restaurants where college students congregated. Bob had only been there for about two weeks, but he already had found a Danish girl friend who had moved in with him, and he seemed to have integrated into the local culture.

Going Into Russia

After two days in Copenhagen, we caught the train-boat back to Hamburg and joined the other members of the Russian group to start our journey into Russia. I went to the American Express office to retrieve the rest of my luggage that I had sent on ahead, and I picked up my mail which included a few letters from Jan. Everything was fine back home; they missed me. I had been sending post cards and letters home at all of our stops along the way.

The next part of the trip would be easier logistically because everything was being arranged for the group, but we would be stuck with the group and the itinerary for the next two months. We went aboard the train and headed for Berlin, behind the "Iron Curtain", where we would spend two days. Berlin was divided into the American, British, French and Russian sectors, but there was not yet a wall between the Russian sector and the western sectors. We were able to move freely around the city. The Russian sector still had block after block of uncleared rubble, as though the war had ended only last week, while most of the western sectors had at least been cleared of rubble and many new buildings had gone up. The western

sectors looked to be prosperous and alive with activity, while the Russian sector was gloomy and quiet, and the few new buildings which had been erected were of an ugly, heavy concrete style that seemed oppressive. I had expected to see a difference, but not this much.

After Berlin, we rode by train on to Warsaw, where we spent one night and changed trains for the trip to Moscow. We passed the border into the USSR, and Soviet officials swarmed the train, checking all luggage, bags and cameras. Some cameras were taken away and returned later, with the film gone. We were given sheets of paper warning against taking any photos from the train without prior permission of appropriate officials. We also were warned of the dire consequences of bringing in undeclared foreign currency or of selling any of our possessions while in the Soviet Union. Years in prison or in a hard labor camp were to be expected, at a minimum. That morning for breakfast we were served tea, yogurt and caviar on toast. Not my idea of breakfast, but it was to be the usual breakfast for the next two months, minus the caviar.

Leningrad

We arrived in Moscow later that day, and were taken to a student dormitory facility where we would rest for one night before continuing on to Leningrad; I was starting to think we would spend all of our time on a train. On July 15 we arrived in Leningrad, for a six day visit. We were being housed with some other students from Western countries who were on similar exchange programs, including a couple of groups of American students who were on a similar itinerary but a different schedule. We had group events for much of each day, and usually a couple of hours of free time. All eleven of us and Dr. Armajani had to go as a group to all of the functions, and we were always accompanied by an interpreter named Igor, and a Komsomal (Young Communist League) official named Boris whose apparent job it was to harass us. We saw all the key tourism places, including the Winter Palace where the Bolsheviks attacked the Kerensky government and gained power;

we saw Lenin's Headquarters, and the Kazan Cathedral and the Hermitage Museum, and the Peter & Paul Fortress and the Museum of Revolutionaries, Leningrad University, several war memorials, and more.

The Russians arranged an interview for me with the manager and chief engineer of a book printing factory which had over 1200 employees. The printing factory worked for a publishing house that specializes in foreign scientific publications, both books and pamphlets. The Manager explained how prices are set for the paper, ink and other materials he uses and how prices are set for the amount the factory gets paid for producing the books. It is designed to give the firm a "profit" that he can use for new machines, bonuses for workers, and improved housing for the workers. The distribution of bonuses and housing assistance among the workers is determined by the plant manager and the union. The plant manager receives about the same salary as his highest paid technical workers, and about five times as much as his lowest paid worker.

While in Leningrad our group also visited with students at the University of Leningrad; met with the Minister of a Baptist Church; talked with the Director of the House of Marriage which conducts fancy civil wedding ceremonies, and we witnessed one ceremony; met with Komsomal (the Young Communist League) members; interviewed a Leningrad municipal judge and viewed his court room; talked with the district and factory representatives of the Komsomal and Pioneer (very young communists) groups; met with writers and critics of the Leningrad Writers Union; and talked backstage with a stage troop from Georgia which performed traditional Georgian music and dances as well as modern American jazz.

In our free time we tried to talk with people who were not selected by the officials. We were approached by several young college or high school age guys who wanted to buy U.S. dollars and any American clothes, shoes, jewelry, or anything else we had. We all rebuffed these guys for the first few days, but as we became more relaxed being in the Soviet Union, some of the guys in our group starting selling them items of clothing that they didn't need. One of our group sold a pair of Levi's, which was well worn, for the

equivalent of over \$200 in rubles. I sold a pair of old flip-flops for \$25 in rubles, and I sold an old pair of trousers for about \$150 in rubles. In addition to the risk of being arrested, the problem with selling things to these Russians is that they could only pay in rubles and we had a limited need for rubles since all of our room, board and travel was already paid for, and the rubles were basically worthless outside the country. I used my excess rubles to buy a few gifts and a nice handcarved chess set.

Lost Idealism

One day I was approached by a fellow who spoke in fluent American English and said he used to be an American. He asked where we were from, and when I told him Minnesota, he got all excited, and with tears in his eyes he explained that he was born and raised in Minnesota and he left there in the mid 30's, in the depths of the Depression, to come to Russia to help build the utopian socialist society. Obviously, he said, things hadn't unfolded as he had hoped; he suffered greatly here; he was discriminated against because he was American; he had been drafted into the Army and barely survived his wounds in World War II, and he was still living in poverty. He had tried to escape and go back to the States, but he had been caught and thrown in prison. He was still hopeful that someday he would be able to go back to America. He asked about life in Minnesota; was there still high unemployment; did people have enough to eat; were unions permitted? I explained that most workers had jobs and enough to eat, and unions were permitted, and things had improved greatly since the War. I tried not to make things sound too good, without telling any lies, because I didn't want to make him feel even worse about the mistake he had made 25 years earlier.

On July 17, our group gave me a little birthday party; I was 22 years old already. We met two young fellows who were very interested in jazz music, and asked us many questions about jazz musicians in America. We soon discovered they knew more about jazz in America than any of us. They said they would show us a good jazz music place in Leningrad; it was on a small ship docked

on the Neva River; that evening they led us there and managed to get us on the boat in front of a long line of people waiting to come aboard. It was a restaurant and bar, with live jazz music; the jazz group was quite good, and we had a nice meal with good wine as we watched the mid-summer sun set over the Neva. It was a nice birthday. And our two Russian friends begged us to do whatever we could to help them leave Russia and come to America. We promised we would; but we knew there was nothing we could do.

Moscow

Our six days in Leningrad were over, and we took the train back to Moscow, where we were to spend six days. We had meetings with court officials, with newspaper officials, and with a couple of Orthodox priests. We had meetings with a Professor of Conservatory Music, with the Deputy Director of the Committee on Youth Organizations, and with the President of the All Soviet Baptist Union. We were taken to a performance of the Bolshoi ballet, a special movie theater, a huge exhibition site with pavilions for each of the 17 republics of the USSR. We were taken to a civil wedding ceremony, an Orthodox church service, a Methodist Church service, and a television studio preparing a production of a Russian classic. We were given a tour of parts of the Kremlin, the Moscow subway system, the University of Moscow, the GUM department store, war memorials, and the mausoleum where Lenin and Stalin were on view. There was a line several blocks long of people waiting to see their preserved bodies; our group was taken to the head of the line and the officer stopped the line to permit this American Delegation to view these god-like Soviet leaders; this was the Communist sanctioned worship in the Soviet Union.

We visited with the Manager of a precision tool factory, as I had requested. The factory made control measuring tools, including meters and precision calipers. They had over 4,000 workers, and they made a “profit” of almost six million rubles last year. The plant got to keep about one million of the profit, the rest went to the government. They used the one million for bonuses, housing

construction, schools and camps for children of employees, and they paid part of the cost of vacations for their best workers. Salaries averaged about 960 rubles per month, with a minimum of about 700 and a maximum of about 2000. (There was no world market in rubles, so it was not possible to compare it directly with dollars, but in terms of what a person could buy with rubles, one ruble was worth probably about fifteen to twenty cents.)



This is a photo I took inside the Kremlin walls.

Unfortunately, I was not able to visit with Gosplan officials, those people responsible for overall industrial planning in the Soviet Union, as I had requested. This was a major disappointment for me in terms of writing my paper on industrial management. I was getting information on how the system operated viewed from the bottom up, but not from the top down.

When we had free time, we tried to see the parts of the city that the officials didn't want us to see. I walked through block after block of residential sections of Moscow with one-story homes which looked like our dilapidated chicken coop or pig shed on the farm. They had no running water and used outdoor toilets. It appeared that the houses were heated by wood or coal, with little stoves; I tried to imagine how they were able to survive the cold winters of Moscow. There were no automobiles on the streets; the residents walked or took a bus or the subway. On the main streets, there were a few horse-drawn wagons, a few trucks, and an occasional black limousine carrying a high official.

We talked with young people hanging out in the parks or at the university. Some wanted to try to convince us of the merits of communism and the weaknesses of capitalism; most wanted to learn about life in America; they wanted to know how we lived, what we ate, did we have an automobile, how did we manage to survive with all the crime and guns in America. Several wanted to buy any clothes or shoes or jewelry we had. One offered me the equivalent of \$500 for an old pair of blue jeans; one said he would pay me a commission of \$100 (in rubles) if I could get anyone of the group to sell him a man's suit. I rejected all these offers; I was suspicious of entrapment here in Moscow, and I didn't need the rubles.

We received some mail from the States while here in Moscow. I had a few letters from Jan saying she and Cheri were both doing fine but they missed me and wanted me home.

Tashkent

On July 26, we were on our way to Tashkent, in the Republic of Uzbekistan; we were aboard a modern Soviet passenger jet, the TU104, which had unusually short and swept-backed wings. It was over 2000 miles from Moscow to Tashkent, and we were all happy we weren't going by train. Several of us were standing in the aisles of the plane, stretching our legs, when we hit an air pocket somewhere over the desert of central Asia; I found myself suddenly pushed up against the ceiling, and then thrust down to the floor.

Fortunately, no one was hurt, but most passengers were somewhat wet as all open drinks were sprayed around the cabin.

Tashkent was like an entirely different foreign country, compared with Russia. Most of the people were dark in complexion, similar to East Indians; most practiced the Moslem religion; and only the well-educated few spoke Russian. We had arrived in one of the Asian republics of the Soviet Union. Although Russians held most of the key positions in the republic government, in the Communist Party, and in industry, the culture was almost entirely Asian, with only a relatively few symbols of European culture. We were particularly surprised when we went to the bathroom in our hotel, to discover that there was no toilet to sit on, only a hole in the floor over which one was to squat, with a handle on the opposite wall to hang on to.



This is my photo of an old Moslem mosque in Tashkent.

During the next two days in Tashkent we were given a tour of the old city; went through a museum of the Uzbekestan people; went to a theater and saw a play all in Uzbek; met with the Deputy Director of the Moslem Center for Central Asia; toured an

orphanage and met the Director; had a chat with the Director of the Pioneer Palace (very young communist league); interviewed the Head of the Union of Soviet Composers; and toured a large textile factory and interviewed the Personnel and Social Director of the factory. This was very frustrating for me because this personnel official was not able to answer most of the questions I had about planning and management in the factory; it was becoming clear that the Soviets were not interested in giving me much information about industrial management.

Samarkand

On July 28, we took a train to Samarkand, an ancient city in Uzbekistan, where the Ghengis Khan once ruled. The following day we visited several very old and not very well preserved mosques, and toured the old city. It was very hot that day and two of the women in our group collapsed from too much sun and heat; they recovered later with lots of water and shade. Later that afternoon we were taken by bus up into the foothills of the Himalayan mountains to a Pioneer camp, where we were the guests of honor and were treated to a fancy feast with lots of fruit, rice and lamb. This was unusual because we had never before been served fruit in Russia, and very little meat. We also were required to sit through a long program of Soviet propaganda presented by the Pioneers, who reminded me of American Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. The Pioneers at this camp were the brightest prospects from throughout the Soviet Union and they were here at this mountain retreat for several weeks of instruction on the infallibility of the Communist Party. These were the youngsters who were expected to grow up to be the future communist leaders of the USSR.

The next day we visited a TB sanitarium in the morning and interviewed the Director; it seemed to be a very clean and pleasant place for TB patients. Then we were taken to a large Kolkhoz, which is the Russian term for a collective farm. Many small farms had been taken over by the government and were now run as one large government operation, like a factory. I was able to interview

the farm Manager and his assistants, and we were given a tour of some of the key facilities. The Kolkhoz covered about 10,000 acres, with about 2500 acres irrigated. The total population living on the farm was about 6000, with 2100 working people, over 2100 students, plus young children and retired folks. They had about 2500 acres of vegetables, 3500 acres in wheat, several vineyards, 300 beehives, and 1500 cattle, including 225 milking cows. They had a modern milking operation, with Western-style milking stalls, with milk piped directly to water-cooled tanks. The farm had 6 schools, up through tenth grade, six nurses and three doctors with a 30-bed hospital, and a large child day-care center. The farm had about 1250 families, and they had four separate housing villages for the families. The Kolkhoz built the houses and the family pays for the house in installments, like a mortgage. Each family was given about one-half an acre for their own use, for a garden or a cow or two, or a few sheep. The family could keep any income they make from their little plot of land. I noticed that there were some large modern tractors working in the fields, but there also were several teams of oxen and horses out working in the fields, with rather ancient farm equipment, even older than dad used to have on the farm.

After we toured the Kolkhoz, the Manager treated our group to a feast out under the palm trees in a recreation area of the farm. We were seated on large pillows on a platform covered with oriental-looking rugs, next to a little pond which contained some gold fish, turtles and other wildlife, and which was also used by goats, dogs and other unfenced farm animals as a source of drinking water.

They first served us a large selection of fruit grown on the farm, including grapes and several types of melons; I noticed that they washed the grapes and melons in the adjoining little fish pond before serving them to us. Next, they served a huge selection of native dishes of mutton, lamb, curried rice and an assortment of vegetables. It was all quite delicious. Definitely the most tasty food we had eaten so far in the USSR. There was a rather amusing and embarrassing incident after this meal, as we were preparing to leave. One of the guys in our group had gone to the outhouse toilet in the area, and while he was squatting over the hole in the floor, his

passport slipped from his pants pocket and plummeted out of sight down into the hole. He quickly discovered that he couldn't reach it, and so he very sheepishly reported to the Dr. Armajani that he had lost his passport down the toilet hole; Dr. Armajani in turn told our interpreter, who informed the farm Manager. But the process of telling was quite hilarious, as each person in the chain kept asking the same questions in an incredulous tone of voice: He lost what? Where did he lose it? Down the hole? How did it get down there? Why did he have his passport in the toilet? How are we going to get it out? With each repetition of the questions more and more people became aware of the problem, and the poor American was by now completely humiliated. The Manager told his assistant to see if it could be retrieved. He called a couple of workers who brought some tools to try to reach it down through the hole, but no success. Finally, they moved the entire toilet off the hole, dug away a mound of dirt to reach the passport down in the deep hole, and carefully lifted the heavily soiled passport out of the hole, after which it was cleaned and left to dry in the sun. We all joked about the poor immigration officials who will be inspecting that passport in the future.

That evening we returned to Tashkent, and the next day we visited some more sights in Tashkent, including watching a seven year old chess wizard play twenty or more challengers at once and beat all of them, including the best chess players in our group. We were scheduled to fly to Tbilisi in the Republic of Georgia early the next morning, but by mid-afternoon several members of the group were complaining of flu-like symptoms and diarrhea, which was particularly distressing with the lack of Western style toilets. By late that evening I became ill, along with everyone else in the group who had eaten fruit at the Kolkhoz. The Soviets called in eight doctors and 10 nurses, plus the Head of the Ministry of Health in Uzbekistan to exam and treat us. We all had a bad case of dysentery, with high fever. We were put on a special diet and fed pills for the next 36 hours. They canceled our flight to Tbilisi as we all spent the day in bed or in the bathroom. By late evening most of us were starting to feel a little better, so they decided to get us out of Uzbekistan, and the next morning we flew to Tbilisi.

Tbilisi

Tbilisi is very different from Tashkent and from Moscow. It is sort of a mountain tropical city, with lush green foliage everywhere, and mountains looming up around the city. We were still feeling pretty weak, so were given a gentle bus tour of the city and shown films about Georgia. In the evening we went to the Hilltop Park of Culture overlooking the city, where Boris once again got very drunk and harassed some members of our group. The next day we caught a train to a lake up in the mountains, called Komsomal Lake, where we spent most of the afternoon; it was a gloomy, rainy day, and the planned hike in the mountains was canceled due to the weather and the weakness of most of our group. I took a short hike up a mountain with Igor, but most of the group just rested. Boris called us all together for a meeting and informed us in a very loud and derisive manner that our entire group was bad; we didn't appreciate what they were providing for us; we were lazy; and he was thinking about expelling all of us from the Soviet Union. Apparently, Boris had been reprimanded by his superiors for allowing us to eat that contaminated fruit at the Kolkhoz, and now he was taking it out on us. His bad hangover didn't help his mood any.

Later Dr. Armajani met with our group and advised us to treat Boris with more respect even if he didn't deserve it. He also informed the group that he was leaving us for two weeks so he could attend an important academic conference. In his absence, I was appointed the Acting Group Leader. If there were any problems with Boris, or anything else that required a group decision, it was my responsibility. He informed me that I was responsible for making sure the group members didn't get into trouble with the authorities. He would meet up with us again in about 17 days, when we got back to Moscow.

Black Sea Camp

That evening we took an overnight train to Sochi, a small city on the Black Sea. We were sleeping on fold-down bunks in the train compartment as we click-clacked our way through the mountains. In the morning I awoke from a dream, confused as to where I was; I peered out the train window and all I could see were a few hundred nude people on a beach next to dark blue water. There were attractive young women sun-bathing on blankets, people playing volley ball, some doing exercises, and others just gazing off into the sea, all with not a stitch of clothes. For a brief moment I thought I was still in a dream, or maybe I had died and gone to heaven. Then I remembered I was on the train; I realized we had reached the Black Sea, and this must be one of the nude health camps I had heard about. As the train followed along the coast of the Black Sea we passed several other nude beaches, and several where bathing suits were worn, until we reached Sochi at 9:00 a.m., and were taken by bus to the International Youth Camp where we were to stay for 15 days.

The camp was located right on the Black Sea, with several dormitory buildings, recreation rooms, and eating areas up on the hill above the sea, surrounded by tropical foliage. The camp accommodated about 300 people; about half were Russian students and half were students from all over the world. There were a couple of American groups, and students from most of the Eastern European countries, including Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. There were groups from France, Italy, Spain and other Western European countries. And there were groups from Morocco, Ghana, Kenya and other African countries. Most of these students were members of a local communist party youth group which was paying for their time at this camp. We were informed by Boris that the purpose of this camp was to give us an opportunity to meet students from around the world and learn about other cultures. I was not excited about spending two weeks here, with no opportunity to learn anything about industrial management, but I had no choice.



Here are some of the sun bathers on the shore of the Black Sea near Sochi.

The camp had set schedules for breakfast, lunch and dinner, but otherwise we were largely free to do what we wanted. They had organized exercises on the beach at sunrise every morning; they had supervised sun bathing on the beach in the morning after breakfast, and late in the afternoon, with nurses there to try to make sure we didn't get sunburned; they arranged some short bus trips to Sochi, up to a mountain lake, and to visit some local villages; they arranged a couple of boat rides on the Black Sea; and there were some movies, talent shows and parties arranged for evening entertainment. We were expected to interact with the students from other countries and make this an educational experience.

After settling in rooms, I started to try to meet other students, but found that the individuals tended to stick with their original group, and many were either shy or unfriendly or afraid to try to communicate in another language. I found a couple of Russian students who were trying hard to improve their English and who wanted to spend time with me to practice English. Two girls from Czechoslovakia introduced themselves to me while we were sun bathing on the beach; we were trying to communicate in Russian, which significantly limited the depth of our conversation. And I

talked with a few French students who spoke English quite well. Over the next several days, I noticed that most members of my American group were not interacting with the other students; they spent much of the day on the beach or in their rooms reading books. They could just as well have stayed on a beach in the States. I called a meeting of the group and we discussed the failure of most of the group to take advantage of this international camp, and I encouraged all of them to take the initiative in meeting others. I also informed them that I had volunteered that our group would participate in an international concert the next evening, where we would sing some typical American songs and dance the Virginia Reel. I got a lot of grumbling, but they all finally agreed to participate.

We did reasonably well in our performance at the concert, and as a result of our performance we met several students, both Russian and others. It helped other members of our group get some dialog going with other students. I talked with the women from Czechoslovakia some more; one was about to complete her medical degree, and the other was a teacher; they both hated the Russians, and wanted to visit America, and asked me to come visit them in Czechoslovakia. We promised to write to each other when we returned to our home countries. Two days later we had a big campfire and a farewell party for one of the French groups and the Czechoslovak group, where we were able to meet other students in a relaxed atmosphere. I met a Russian from Rostov and had several chats with him about life in Russia, and answered his questions about America. I also tried to talk with Boris every day and thank him for the wonderful job he was doing; he was beginning to soften up a little.

Every day I would try to have a good conversation with at least one new person, as well as chat with the others I had already met. I tried to avoid my American pals as much as possible, both because it made it easier for me to meet others, and I was getting a little tired of most of them. August 19 was our last day at the camp; late that evening we were to catch the train to Moscow, and there was to be a going away party for us. I convinced our American group to put on a little program for the other students. Some of the guys got dressed like native Americans, with war paint and all, and did a

little war dance; some sang a Russian song they had learned, and others made little farewell speeches. We had a fun time, and I was feeling sad that I had to leave the friends I had made here. We grabbed our bags and climbed aboard the local train as it stopped at the camp, and we were on our way to Moscow.

Leaving Russia

All that night, and all the next day, and all the next night we were click-clackng along on the train, until we finally arrived in Moscow at noon on August 21, where we immediately went to a different train station to catch the train to Brest and then to Warsaw. We said goodbye to Boris and Igor. We gave Igor some nice gifts; he had been a great interpreter and was fun to be with. I gave Boris an article I had written on the train at his request about our experiences in the Soviet Union.

Warsaw

We rode the train overnight until arriving in Warsaw in the afternoon of the 22nd. It seemed like we had been riding trains for weeks. We immediately had a long bus tour of the city. Warsaw was the most heavily damaged city in Europe during the war. It was almost obliterated; first the Germans did heavy damage capturing the city; then they systematically destroyed the large Jewish ghetto in the city; then most of the rest of the city was destroyed as the Russians drove the Germans out. We were fortunate to meet several Polish college students who spoke English or Russian, and we spent an evening in a student café with them. Although all of them were members of the Young Communist League, they were unanimously anti-Russian; they despised the Russians who they felt were controlling their country. They considered the Russians to be an inferior race, and most of them were hoping to someday be able to go live in the West, preferably Paris. France was their idea of heaven.

We stayed in Warsaw four days, with a tour of the remains of the Jewish ghetto, the Parliament, an art museum, Warsaw University, the Ministry of Education, and a cookie factory. One afternoon we were taken by bus some 30 miles into the country to visit Chopin's birthplace, which was a beautiful country place with a lovely pond with swans floating serenely along. We received extensive instruction in the history of Poland and three movies on the history of Warsaw. We all found Poland to be a refreshing change from the Soviet Union; the people were more inquisitive, more interested in the West, and more open to new ideas. Many of the people remembered well the days before the Communists took power in Poland; they had not been indoctrinated from birth in the Communist culture.

On August 27 we took an overnight train to Prague, Czechoslovakia, where we had only a few hours to look around the center city, before departing by train for Wurzburg, West Germany. On August 28 we were back in the West. We spent two days here with the other groups of Americans who had visited Russia that summer under the auspices of the Council on Student Travel. We evaluated the overall schedule, the value of the things we saw and did, the usefulness of the trip for academic study, and made suggestions for improvements. On the afternoon of the 28th I had to make a presentation summarizing what our group did, and our thoughts about the trip, as the designated spokesperson for our group. After completing the evaluation sessions we had a nice banquet for everyone, and a spontaneous "Komsomal meeting" in which we all contributed some of our favorite Soviet propaganda and other excuses or explanations from our Soviet guests, including parts of Boris' drunken diatribes. It was very funny and yet provided an excellent summary of our feelings about the Soviet officials.

Seeing Southern Europe

On August 31, we were on our own again. The pre-paid portion of our summer was over. We were all to be at the airport in Paris on September 19 for our charter flight back to New York. I decided I would see the southern part of Western Europe these final

19 days. I would need to hitchhike or take cheap trains and stay in Youth Hostels. All eleven of us in the Russian group were going off in different directions; I guess we were all tired of traveling together. I spent one day seeing Wurzburg and then hitchhiked to Nurnburg where I toured the site of the famous Nurnburg trials of the Nazis. It was beautiful country and I enjoyed the city, but I started coming down with a cold so wasn't feeling well. I noted in my journal that it "sure would be nice to have a car and money." I went to the American Express office and got my mail from home. I had lots of letters from Jan, and even a couple official letters from the University. Jan and Cheri seemed to be surviving without me. The next day it was raining, making it hard to hitchhike, but I finally got a ride with a fellow all the way to Munich, and he even bought dinner for me. I was able to get a decent room at the hostel.

While in the hostel I ran into Kent, one of the Americans in our Russian group, who also was planning to go south to Innsbrook, so we decided we might as well travel together. The next day we toured Munich and then hitchhiked to Garmich, a beautiful resort town in the foothills of the Alps. We got a ride with a young couple who was stopping at a nice lake on the way to Garmich, so we went with them and had a nice two hours at the lake before going on to Garmich. We got a very nice room in the hostel in Garmich, with great mountain scenery.



The following day we were going to Innsbrook, but hitchhiking was very poor on a rainy day, and we got only one ride about half way to Innsbrook, where we were “stuck” in this beautiful little mountain village, which looked like it should be on a tourism brochure. I was out enjoying the scenery; Kent sat in a bus shelter reading a book. After failing to catch a ride for a couple of hours, we paid for a bus ride into Innsbrook, Austria, the twelfth country on my trip. It was still raining in Innsbrook all the next day, and Kent and I didn’t agree on anything; he wanted to spend all his time in museums; I wanted to see the architecture and the gardens and check out the beer halls. So we decided to go our separate ways.

After a day of walking around Innsbrook in the rain, I caught a bus to Salzburg, hoping to find the sun. Still raining in Salzburg, so I took a train to Vienna, where I found a lovely hostel and met some interesting people, both Austrian and foreigners. The next day I was busy all day, there was so much to see, the Opera House, the Rathaus, museums, Parliament, Shoenbrun castle, the Don River, and very attractive shopping areas. On September 9th, I hitchhiked out of Vienna, headed for Graz; I got a ride on the back of a little scooter for several miles, which was a thrill a minute, weaving in and out of traffic. I made it to Wr. Neustadt , where I took the train to Graz, a beautiful city in the Alps, and found a good hostel. It is much easier to travel by myself; easier to hitchhike, and no arguments about when to go where.

Yugoslavia

In Graz I decided I’d like to go through Yugoslavia on the way to Italy, just to see how it compared with the Soviet Union. I was told by someone at the hostel that I would need a visa to get into Yugoslavia, which would take several weeks if I followed normal procedures, but I could get one by just offering a few dollars to the officials at the border or on the train. He also advised me to buy some Yugoslavian currency before going in, because it is very cheap in Austria and very expensive in Yugoslavia, so I bought a few

dollars of Yugoslav currency in Graz, and got on the train with a ticket to Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. At the Yugoslavian border the officials came through asking for passports; I was told I needed a visa and was not allowed in. I asked the officer if he could arrange to help me get a visa as I handed him a five dollar bill; he said he would take care of it, and let me stay on the train; at the next stop, I was given a visa by an official there.

I spent the afternoon seeing the sights in Ljubljana, and then went to the best restaurant in the city for a seven course meal, which I discovered I could easily afford with the currency I had purchased in Graz. It was a lovely meal, with wine and all the frills, and it cost the equivalent of about \$1.50. I took my time eating this wonderful meal because it was excellent and because I had to kill time before catching a night train to Rijeka, a small city on the Adriatic Sea where I was told there were some nice resort beaches. I had decided I would start traveling by train at night so I could sleep on the train and save the cost of a hostel, and I wouldn't waste time hitchhiking. So I was taking the 1:15 a.m. train from Ljubljana to Rijeka. But I didn't get any sleep on the train because it was so cold I couldn't sleep; I had to walk around on the train to keep from freezing. We arrived in Rijeka at 5:00 in the morning, just in time for me to get a cheap breakfast on the waterfront and warm up. I didn't discover any nice beaches, but it was a beautiful city and I found a port with some interesting naval vessels docked. At 1:15 I got a train which was to take me to Trieste, Italy; I needed to change trains at a small station down the line, named Pivka, and the conductor promised to tell me when we reached the station where I needed to change. The next thing I knew, I was back in Ljubljana; I had missed the station for Trieste, and now I needed to spend the night here and catch the first train in the morning to Trieste. Fortunately, I still had local currency so a hotel and meal in Ljubljana was cheap, but I had to buy another train ticket now to get to Trieste, wasting about \$2.00. I wrote in my journal that night: "God I'm tired of traveling and riding trains."

Italy

By noon the next day I was in Trieste, a beautiful city on the Adriatic Sea, after eating and walking around the city center, I took the 6:00 p.m. train to Venice. What a city; just like a fairy tale; streets of water. I arrived too late to get a hostel room that night, and I decided I couldn't afford a fancy hotel room in Venice, so I thought I'd sleep in the train depot waiting room along with lots of other bums. I slept there just fine until about 2:00 a.m. when the station officials came and threw me out, along with the other bums; it was too cold to sleep in a park or even to just walk the streets (and I hadn't perfected walking on water), so I found the cheapest looking hotel around and got a room; it cost \$2.50, about five times what I normally paid for a hostel. I was not staying within my budget of \$5.00 a day. After trying to get my money's worth at the hotel, I spent the day exploring all of Venice. I took a couple of boat rides, hired a gondola, ate at a sidewalk café, people watched at St. Mark's Square, and generally had a great time until late at night when I went to the train station to catch a 1:00 a.m. train to Genoa. I was hoping to sleep on the train and avoid a hotel or hostel, but the train was so crowded that I had to stand up all night on the train. The next day I toured Genoa; a beautiful city with inviting Mediterranean beaches; and then I caught a train to Nice and stood all the way again; I'm not getting much sleep. I had to break down and get a hotel room in Nice; couldn't find a hostel with space.

France

The following day I toured Nice, took a bus to Monaco, lost about a dollar at the casino there, walked around Monaco, rode a bus back to Nice, and caught a night train to Paris, arriving at 8:30 the next morning, September 15. I went to the American Express, got my luggage and mail, and looked up Bob C. who had arrived from Copenhagen a few days earlier. I got a fairly nice and cheap hotel room, and Bob and I went to an interesting jazz joint on the left bank

that evening. The next two days I caught up on my sleep, and saw much of Paris; went to the Louvre Museum; took in some more jazz places; saw the Catacombs and the Sorbonne University; and all the tourist places, including Notre Dame Cathedral, Arch de Triumph, Eiffel Tower, City Hall, and the Opera.

On Sunday, the 18th of September, I took a train about 30 minutes outside of Paris to visit a person we had met at the camp near the Black Sea in the Soviet Union. She was a high school student who was one of a group of French students at the camp; she had invited all of us to call her when we arrived in Paris. I apparently was the only one of the group to accept her invitation. I called her and was invited to come to the family home for Sunday afternoon dinner. She met me at the train station on her bike and she rode along as I walked a few blocks to her house, where I was welcomed by her parents, who were quite young, probably in their late thirties or early forties. The father spoke good English and was very interested in American literature and politics. He kept me busy the entire time I was there, answering his questions about particular writers or books or American music, or politicians. But his wife served a wonderful meal, starting with a light soup served with a glass of white wine, and then a beef and vegetable dish served with red wine, and then a salad served with white wine, and then a dessert served with a sweeter white wine. After about three hours of eating and drinking wine, I was feeling very good; I had never had such a great meal. I didn't know it was possible to enjoy a meal this much. After more conversation and wine, I bid them all farewell and made my way back to the train station and floated onto the train. I think I hovered up toward the ceiling of the train all the way back to my station in Paris, feeling very content. And that wonderful meal didn't cost me a cent.

Home Again

The following day we saw more of Paris and then went to the airport in the evening and our charter plane left Orly field at about 8:30. After a refueling stop in Shannon, we arrived in New

York at 8:00 the next morning. I was almost out of money. I was planning to hitchhike back to Minneapolis, but doubted I had enough money to make it even hitch hiking. I asked Bob C. if he might be able to loan me enough to get a plane ticket back to Minneapolis, and fortunately he was able and willing to do so. I got a standby ticket and was able to catch a plane late that morning back to Minneapolis. I called Jan when I arrived at the airport, and she got Mickey to drive our car to the airport with her to pick me up. I was very happy to see her, and I was very happy to be back in the U.S. of A. And I was very happy to have an automobile again. Jan got mad at me because she thought I seemed to be about as happy to see my car as I was to see her; it had been over three months since I had driven a car. But I got in the back seat with Jan and let Mickey drive us home from the airport. Back home to see my Cheri, who seemed to be a year older. My European adventure was over.

Keeping Busy

I needed a vacation to recover from my travels, but I immediately became very busy. School started in a few days and I was back in classes for my Senior year, studying Politics of Asian Countries, European History, American Constitutional History, and Conversational Russian. I also had to complete my study of industrial management in the Soviet Union and write the thesis-style report, in order to receive the twelve academic credits for my SPAN work. And I continued to be a member of the SPAN Board of Directors. And I was President of the International Relations Club, and I had an ambitious schedule for the Club; we organized a weekly luncheon seminar session with a guest speaker on a current international issue, and I obtained the agreement of the student daily newspaper to run an article on international issues each week, that IRC would be responsible for writing. And I was appointed Chairman of the International Affairs Commission of the Minnesota Student Association, the University's student government; as Chairman I was responsible for a wide range of international programs on campus, including the Brother-Sister program, three

student exchange programs, orientation for foreign students, an International Emphasis Week, and a monthly International Newsletter. And I was still working 32 hours a week as a janitor. Other than that, I didn't have much to do.

I was appointed by the University to attend a National Conference on Undergraduate Study Abroad, for two days in Chicago, on October 7 - 8. I participated in seminars on Criteria for selecting students and staff for study abroad, and on Administration of study abroad programs. And then in late October I was selected to be one of two University of Minnesota representatives to the West Point Conference on East-West Relations, an annual conference sponsored by the West Point Military Academy and various foreign policy organizations. One or two representatives from the major universities of the country participated in the conference, along with a host of foreign affairs and military specialists from academia and the government. It was a four-day conference, which included a luncheon speech by New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, and a keynote speech by Dean Rusk, who was expected to be appointed Secretary of State if John Kennedy were to win the election in November.

The West Point conference was sort of an eye-opener for me, because I realized for the first time that U.S. government officials were providing serious misinformation about the economic and military threat of the Soviet Union. I was a participant in one seminar session at the conference discussing the economic strength of the Soviet Union; I pointed out that in many respects the Soviet Union was still a third world country; their agriculture production was about where U.S. agriculture was in the 1920s; their industrial production was largely antiquated and inefficient; their transportation system was typical of the U.S. in the 1920s; housing for most of the population would be condemned as unsafe in this country; they had a few notable technological achievements like building big rockets, but their economic strength was not even remotely close to that of the U.S. I was immediately attacked by a representative of the State Department and a Department of Defense "analyst" who proclaimed that I was completely wrong, uninformed and misguided. They informed the group that the Soviet Union was on a path to overtake

the U.S. in total economic output in the near future, and our country was in great danger from this economic giant. The U.S. needed to do much more to prepare to fight the Soviet Union on all fronts. One or two academics half-heartedly supported my position, but it seemed that the government propaganda was generally accepted as the truth, and most of the other delegates seemed to think I was some sort of weirdo.

What struck me as really strange was that the government officials on one hand were telling us that communism was a horrible system which we should destroy, and on the other hand they were telling us that the communist system was so incredibly successful that it had miraculously propelled a third world country into the strongest nation on earth; it didn't make any sense to me. The only logical explanation for such contradictory messages was that the government officials believed that these stories would garner the most money for programs to fight or compete with the Soviet Union. I was put down as some sort of communist sympathizer because I was saying that the Soviet Union was still a third world country. Made no sense. It was not until over 30 years later, after the collapse of the Soviet Union, that the U.S. government finally admitted that the Soviet economy was a basket case.

Getting Political

Back at the University, I was also becoming more politically aware and involved. The 1960 Presidential election was coming up soon, and I was being courted by both the Democrats and Republicans to help them campaign, because I had never indicated my political affiliation. It was an educational experience. A leader of the Republican group on campus invited me to attend a Republican rally for Nixon which was being held in one of the wealthy suburbs of Minneapolis. It struck me that everyone there was rich, including the students, who all seemed to be planning to take over their family business. They were all white males who seemed to talk only about their business ventures. I also was invited to a couple of Democratic events near campus in Minneapolis, in a lower middle class

neighborhood. The attendees were teachers, professors, labor leaders, government workers, leaders of non-profits, and several lawyers, journalists, and students.

The international relations and political science students who expressed any political preference favored the Democrats by about 95 percent. Before I started studying the goals of the Democrats and Republicans, I had sort of a gut reaction against Kennedy, this rich kid who was being financed and promoted by his father, who had become wealthy by apparently corrupt means. Nixon, on the other hand, had worked his way up from a relatively poor background. But when I examined what the parties represented, it became clear that I had almost nothing in common with the goals of the Republicans; they obviously represented the capitalist establishment, and I was not and never would be part of that establishment. It became clear to me then that I needed to vote for the Party that represented my interests, not for the particular candidate who seemed to have most in common with me. There were lots of happy students in my part of campus when Kennedy won the election that November, even if only by an extremely small margin. And there was even more happiness after Kennedy was sworn in and introduced a number of programs of great interest to us, including the Peace Corps, which energized many of the international relations students.

Second Child On Way

In late January, 1961, it was confirmed that Jan was expecting our second child, which was due in late August. This triggered an evaluation by me of when I could expect to get a good job and start making money. I would graduate this Spring, but could I get a good job? The country was in the middle of a recession, with few new jobs available in the private sector. After discussing job prospects with professors and some college recruiters, I was coming to the conclusion that I should continue on and get my Master's degree right now. I was encouraged that I could get a student loan if necessary, and we would be able to manage even with two children.

By the end of the Winter quarter I had decided to apply for graduate school, specializing in Russian Area Studies; I calculated that I could get my Master's degree by the summer of 1962, in just over a year, if I really focused on it. By the end of the Winter quarter I already had enough credits for my Bachelor's degree, so I started taking my graduate courses in the Spring quarter. I decided I would need to unload most of my extra-curricular tasks so I could focus on getting my graduate degree.

I still had one major extra-curricular function to complete: a Model United Nations conference which I was organizing to be held at the University. I had 38 colleges and universities in the upper mid-west signed up to come and participate in this three-day event. We had delegates assigned to represent almost every member nation of the United Nations. I was the overall Chairman of the event, and I would be Secretary General of the United Nations during the mock sessions. I had set an agenda for the event which was designed to get students and spectators interested; issues to be discussed and voted upon included: foreign intervention in Laos and the Congo; relations with Castro's Cuba; admission of "Red" China to the United Nations; turning the Panama Canal Zone over to Panama; and ending South Africa's control of Southwest Africa. The event was a great success; the students even voted to admit Red China to the United Nations, long before the real United Nations took that step, and to give the Panama Canal Zone back to Panama, long before President Carter made that an issue. The event received substantial publicity, including a couple of large articles in the Minneapolis Tribune highlighting the action to admit Red China to the UN. In the subsequent weeks I received a few irate letters from strangers (all men) blasting me for promoting these dangerous one-world ideas.

Media Distortions

My work with the International Relations Club and other international organizations on campus during the past two years had taught me an important lesson about the news media. Reporters from the Minneapolis Star and Tribune and the St. Paul Pioneer Press and

other major newspapers had covered several of the events I had organized, including the Model United Nations, a seminar on racial segregation and white domination in southern Africa, and a forum on Castro's Cuba, and I was shocked and amazed at the stories they had written about those events. In most cases the "facts" presented by the reporters were incorrect, or they had completely missed the most significant substance of the meetings. But what was most disturbing was their intentional misrepresentation of the events; they focused on one small incident of disagreement or anger or controversy and made it appear that was the entire substance of the event.

In one seminar on Africa, for example, we had a very good, extended discussion of the issues, hearing viewpoints from black Africans, black Americans, white Africans and white Americans; toward the end of this very instructional seminar, one member of the audience stood up and yelled something about the need to get the CIA out of Africa. The news article in the papers the next day only discussed the CIA reference and made it appear that the entire seminar was a shouting match about the CIA.

The newspaper and television stories about the Model United Nations focused almost entirely on the vote to admit Red China to the UN, and gave the impression that the students were a bunch of communist sympathizers. I learned not to believe much of what I read in the newspapers, and even less of what I saw on television.

By the end of April. I was phasing out of my non-academic duties. My term as President of the International Relations Club was coming to an end and a replacement President was elected in May. And I completed my term as President of the International Affairs Commission, with the most successful year ever. That Spring I was one of 17 students of the 45,000 students at the university selected for the University's highest award for contributions to the University, the Order of the North Star.

Going for Master's

Now I could concentrate on getting my Master's degree. I had a choice of taking 65 credits of approved courses, or 45 credits of courses plus a Thesis and an oral examination. Both options were expected to require two academic years. I chose the Thesis option because I thought it would make it easier for me to complete everything by the next summer, if I went to summer school. I had to figure out how I could afford to go to school full time, without working in the summer and with fewer work hours during the rest of the year.

I applied for and received a student loan for \$1500, which I thought would be enough to get us through the Master's degree. I also applied for the paid position of Executive Secretary of the Student Project for Amity Among Nations (SPAN). The job paid only \$1200 a year, but I would have an office on campus, and I would only need to work 10 to 15 hours a week or less. In early June the SPAN Board of Directors selected me to be the new Executive Director, starting July 1. I would have little to do until the SPANers returned from their overseas assignments in late September. I decided I would quit my job as a janitor; I couldn't do both jobs, and I looked forward to not working every weekday evening and all day Saturday.

After completing Spring quarter in June, I went through the official graduation ceremonies for my Bachelor's degree. It seemed unimportant and anti-climatic since I was already working on my Master's degree, but I attended the grand ceremony with thousands of graduates seated on the football field in the massive Memorial Stadium; we all dutifully marched in single file onto the stage and were handed a large envelope, which the audience assumed was a diploma, but it really contained nothing but a little card which said we could receive our diploma in room 235 of Morrill Hall between the hours of 9:00 and 5:00 if we had indeed completed all requirements for graduation. It was not very personal, but the parents and other relatives were impressed.

Mom and dad were there to witness the great occasion. I had surprised them all by getting a degree. And now Jan's parents were starting to wonder why I wasn't getting a job; why did I need to get a Master's degree? Maybe I was going to be a professional student! I should get a job and support my wife and children!!

Mom and dad's financial situation had improved somewhat during the four years I had been in college. Mom had a job at the small department store in Watford which was now owned by her brother, Uncle Morris. This was the same store where Jan worked when we got married. Dad had worked for Perrin and another construction contractor in Watford for a couple of years and then he managed to lease a backhoe and start his own backhoe digging business. He dug graves, and water holes for cattle ranchers, and septic tank holes and water line ditches and whatever business he could get; he charged less than any of the competition so he was able to build up the business to the point where he was keeping busy much of the year. He had made enough money so they were able to buy a small house in Watford, which was big enough for mom, dad, Eileen and the twins. Valeria and Phyllis had already left home. Eileen was now 16 and the twins were 15 years old. Time sure flies. My sisters were almost grown up and I hardly knew them.

After graduation, I continued right on into summer school. I loved it; the campus was quiet, with very few students. My class sessions were all early in the morning while it was still cool, and then I could study in the library or in my office until mid-afternoon, before working on the SPAN job for a couple of hours. There were almost no distractions from my studies, and I was able to start research for my Master's thesis, which would be on the Reorganization of Industrial Management in the Soviet Union. The thesis would draw on the paper I did for SPAN, but focus on the causes and consequences of the 1957 reorganization of industrial management. I also was continuing to study the Russian language, to permit me to read original source material for my thesis, but also so I could pass the required foreign language exam to obtain my Master's degree. When I had a few extra hours I would do some work in the SPAN office to prepare for the return of the summer travelers and to develop plans and programs to expand and improve

the SPAN program. And I also did some dandelion killing during the high season. I had time in the evenings to be home with Janice and Cheri, which was a very nice change from working as a janitor every evening.



Here is a photo of Cheri and some of her many friends, watched over by Jan who was expecting our second child soon, in our yard in married student housing. Notice the nice picket fence I built so Cheri could play outdoors.

Christopher Carlyle

It was a very pleasant summer with my family, and Janice was growing larger by the day. On August 18 she started having labor pains and I carefully drove her to the hospital in St. Paul. This time I didn't need to go collect paper route money to pay for the baby. I was able to sit at the hospital and wait. The wait was short, and I had a son. A healthy, noisy boy, with bright red hair. We

named him Christopher Carlyle. A chip off the old block. From the beginning, Chris was a rambunctious little boy; wiggling and squirming and crying and taking up lots of space. It was nice to have a son to carry on the Hystad name. I imagined him growing up to be a doctor or a professor or a famous basketball player, or maybe President of the United States. I had a break from school from mid-August through mid-September, so I was able to help Jan at home while she recovered and we both adjusted again to being awakened several times during the night.

As I was preparing to go back to graduate school, I decided to apply for a position as a teaching assistant. Several positions were still open with various professors; I applied for a position as assistant to a new professor teaching entry level political science and U.S. political history to college Freshmen. A few weeks later I was made an offer for the position. I was to work about ten hours a week, helping to prepare course material, grading tests, and providing individual help to students. After further meetings with the professor, it became clear that the professor had never taught such a course before and had no overall plan on what to cover, how to test or how to grade. He asked me to put together an outline for the course, select a textbook, and prepare tests and exams. As the quarter went by, I also was asked to fill in for him in the classroom several days, doing the scheduled lecture or leading student discussions. It would not have been much more work for me to teach the entire course.

It's Academic

In late September I was back in my classes. In addition to the required courses on the history, politics, economics and geography of the Soviet Union, I was taking a seminar on the 20th Century history and politics of Russia and the Soviet Union. The seminar would continue for all three quarters this year, and would be critical to obtaining my Master's degree. The professor was Theofanis Stavrou who had just received his PhD from Indiana University in Russian History. He was a native of Cyprus, but knew English better

than most Americans, and he was an excellent professor. His seminar met just once a week, for three to four hours. Each week, each student was assigned a book to read before the next seminar meeting; not only read, but write a detailed review of the key points of the book and then discuss the book in the next seminar. Each of the five students in the seminar had a different book to read each week; and we would discuss the substance of each book in detail. By the end of Spring quarter, our group of five graduate students had read over 175 books in total; there was not much worth reading about 20th Century history and politics of Russia that we hadn't read. It was a very intensive and time-consuming effort, but this was the most effective learning process I had ever experienced.

Professor Stavrou had the unusual ability to make all of this work exciting and enjoyable; his enthusiasm was contagious, and his insistence on accuracy and thoroughness was a tremendous help in my future career. He was the first and only professor I had in college who insisted that every paper we submitted (one every week) was letter perfect. Typos were not allowed; grammatical errors or misspellings were not acceptable. Incorrect or missing footnotes were grounds for failing the course. He continually stressed the importance of doing a professional job on everything; if it was worth doing, it was worth doing perfectly. Each week we all made fewer errors; we all worked harder.

I was working hard on my Thesis research. I was reading Pravda and Isvestia newspapers and Soviet economic journals which had articles about the reorganization of industrial management and its impact. I read every critique and discussion in the Western press and academic journals about Soviet industrial management. I prepared and revised an outline of the thesis and defined the remaining information I needed to be able to provide a complete report. I started writing the background chapters, and then drafted the guts of the thesis which was an analysis of the economic and political reasons for the reorganization, and how the struggle for power within the Communist party influenced the reorganization and its implementation. I was starting to gain a better understanding of the struggle involved in gaining and retaining power in the Soviet Union after the death of Stalin, and particularly the reasons for

Nikita Khrushchev's actions. Although the major reorganization of industrial management resulted in some economic benefits, probably the primary reason for the reorganization was to give Khrushchev an opportunity to place people loyal to him in many key positions of power while reducing the influence of those loyal to others in the Communist hierarchy.

Planning My Future

By early November, I also was starting to make plans for my future after receiving my Master's degree. I needed to start applying for jobs now to make sure I had something lined up by time I graduated next summer. In some cases, examinations had to be taken early to get on qualifying lists. For example, the U.S. Civil Service Commission administered an exam for its Management Intern program for graduate students who expected to have completed a Master's degree by next summer; I took that exam on November 18, in Minneapolis. In late December I was informed that I had received a rating of 87.8 on the Management Intern exam, and I would be invited to an oral examination later in the winter. Those passing the oral exam would then be put on an eligible list for all Federal agencies to use. I also took the Foreign Service written exam on December 9, and was informed later that I had passed the exam and would be called for an oral exam when the Service had a need for additional candidates.

By January, Professor Stavrou was strongly encouraging me to continue in school and get my PhD in Russian Studies. He said he would recommend me for a scholarship at his alma mater, the Indiana University's Russian and East European Institute, which had one of the best Russian studies programs in the country. He also suggested I apply for a similar program at Stanford University. I was really enjoying the academic world at this point. I enjoyed the research and writing; I enjoyed the atmosphere on campus; and I even enjoyed teaching. I thought it would be a good life to be a college professor, and my kids would get free tuition for college! So I agreed to submit my applications to Indiana University and

Stanford. I had to prepare extensive applications, including detailed outlines of my proposed course of study and doctoral thesis; and details on my need for financial assistance; a summary of my career goals; and a list of professional references. In early February I sent off the applications.

Lighting a Candle

I also was getting deeply involved in my job as Executive Secretary of SPAN. I developed an ambitious program for the year, to expand fund raising, increase programs for the outgoing and returning SPANners, and get SPAN alumni involved with the program again. Late that Fall I created a major controversy. The SPAN Board of Directors was considering which countries would be selected to send SPANners to in 1963, summer after next. A committee had recommended four countries, including Egypt. One of the faculty members on the Board strongly objected to the selection of Egypt because Egypt had in the past denied visas to Americans of Jewish heritage; he argued that we should refuse to send students to any country which in any way discriminated on the basis of religion, race, nationality, etc. I argued that to refuse to send SPANners to Egypt and any other Arab country which was then in a state of cold war with Israel would be in direct contradiction of our motto: "It's better to light one candle than to curse the darkness." By rejecting Egypt as a SPAN country we would be cursing the darkness, not lighting a candle. But the professor was more persuasive than I, and the Board voted to reject Egypt.

Over the course of the next few days I pondered this decision and it bothered me more and more. I understood the desire of some to refuse to patronize a country that discriminates against Jews, but the total reason for SPAN was to help improve understanding among people; to help reduce the intolerance and unfounded hatreds that resulted in such discrimination. Finally, I decided I couldn't live with the decision, and I prepared a letter resigning my position as Executive Secretary, explaining my reason and arguments, and sent it to the student President and the head faculty advisor. The next day

the head faculty advisor phoned, frantically begging me to reconsider; he would reopen the issue about Egypt; he agreed with my position; he asked me to stay on at least until the Board could meet again and reconsider the issue. I agreed to do so. Meanwhile the student President was outraged that I would object; I was not even an elected officer; I was a paid employee; my job was to implement what the Board decided, not to make decisions; he had a minor temper tantrum in my office before I told him that the faculty head had decided to reconsider the decision, then he had a major tantrum. It was clear that he wasn't concerned about whether to select Egypt; he was concerned that I was undermining his authority as President. The next week the Board met again and voted overwhelmingly to reverse its previous decision; apparently I was not the only one concerned about the prior vote. But the President never forgave me.

In February, the U.S. Civil Service Commission sent representatives to Minneapolis to conduct oral examinations of candidates for the Federal Management Intern program, those who had high scores on the written exam. I fought my way through a snow storm to make the interview. I thought it went well. I also watched the various career centers at the University for any recruiters coming to the University, but most of them were with large corporations and I had no interest in working for a corporation; I did interview with 3M corporation just to see if they had any interesting positions dealing with international activities.

Accidental Interview

One day I was passing by the Office of the School of Public Administration, just down the hall from the International Relations Center, when the teaching assistant who worked there, a friend of mine, saw me walk by and chased me down the hall; said he had a recruiter from the Atomic Energy Commission sitting in his conference room with no one to interview; someone had failed to show for his interview and he had no one scheduled for the half hour after that either. He begged me to come and talk with this guy from

Atomic Energy; I said I knew nothing about atomic energy; he said just pretend that you're interested; please. So I was lead into the conference room and had about a 30 minute chat with the Atomic Energy fellow, who was the personnel director for the Chicago office of AEC.

I told him that I knew nothing about atomic energy; that I was only interested in working in an international program, that I was considering going for my PhD, and that I had taken the Federal Management Intern exams. He explained that AEC did not use the Federal Management Intern program, but recruited candidates themselves for their own management intern program. We talked about growing up on a farm; fishing in Minnesota lakes; traveling to Russia; and several other topics unrelated to employment at AEC. And then he mentioned that AEC had an international relations division that administered several international programs, including an exchange program with the Soviet Union. Hmm. Maybe this place could be interesting after all. But he wanted to chat some more about life on the farm; said he hoped to retire to a little farm someday. I wished him well, and left, and promptly forgot about it as a possible job.

In February, I had initiated and got Board approval of a major reunion of SPAN alumni. SPAN had been in existence for 15 years, and alumni were spread around the world, with many in key positions in government, academia, nonprofits and industry. I had spent a good deal of time working with volunteers to track down these alumni, and I started a regular newsletter for them. There was substantial interest in a reunion, so I organized a weekend reunion in Minneapolis, with a banquet, noted guest speakers, including Mrs. Walter Mondale who was a SPANner, and a SPANner who was now on the staff of the White House Press Office, working for President Kennedy. The reunion was a great success, with a large turnout; and it was particularly impressive for recently selected SPANners, who were able to track the careers of past SPANners.

As a part of this reunion effort, I asked alumni for generous contributions to help current SPANners going overseas next summer, and I received many donations; the first time alumni had ever been asked to contribute. After the reunion, I sent another

newsletter to all alumni, reporting on the reunion and asking everyone to make a contribution, no matter how small. I said we had already received many contributions from alumni, so join in, and make a small repayment for all SPAN has done for you. A couple of days later I received a phone call from the chief fund raiser for SPAN. He was a retired faculty member who worked part time raising money, primarily from corporate donors, for SPAN. He had just read my newsletter and I had failed to check with him before asking alumni to make contributions. He was outraged that I would issue a newsletter stating that we had already received many contributions; he informed me that no one else would contribute now because they would assume we already had enough money. His fund raising pitch was to tell potential donors that we were about to close our doors for lack of funds, and their contribution was absolutely critical for us to stay alive. Now I had just destroyed that pitch.

I had always thought that his “poor us” pitch was a bad approach; people don’t like to support an organization that’s unsuccessful; people want to get on the band wagon and support what’s successful. I explained to the fund raiser that I was expecting alumni to want to jump on the band wagon, but I couldn’t appease him. He immediately called the chief faculty advisor and informed him that he was resigning his position as fund raiser unless I was fired. The faculty advisor said he would look into the problem. I learned later that the student President had encouraged the fund raiser to make this demand, and that he would support the demand. The next day I explained to the faculty advisor my position on fund raising; emphasize the positive, not the negative, and he agreed with me, but he really needed to keep the old coot on board; he would have a very difficult time finding anyone to replace him. I suggested that he inform the fund raiser that I had agreed to resign effective the end of April, which is when I had planned to quit in any case so I could devote all my time to finishing my Master’s degree. He thought that was a good plan, and thanked me profusely for all my work for SPAN.

Over the next few weeks the donations from SPAN alumni poured into the office in response to my newsletter, and at the next

Board meeting the faculty advisor made a point of praising the work I had done raising money from the alumni. The old fund raiser said not a word.

Defining My Political Positions

During my Senior year and graduate school I developed a growing recognition of the power of businesses and corporations in our country, and in all the Western world for that matter. I was becoming aware of how workers often receive such a small share of the profits of corporations compared with management and investors; I was starting to notice how corporations claim natural resources as their own, rather than the property of the community or the nation, and how so much wealth in this country had been accumulated by a few individuals who had basically stolen the country's forests, iron ore, oil, copper and other resources. The corporate disregard for worker safety, which I had once accepted as normal as an oil roughneck, was now becoming unacceptable to me. Pollution of the environment by corporations intent on making larger profits was starting to be recognized as unnecessary and unacceptable. And I was becoming concerned about what appeared to me to be at least an informal conspiracy of large corporations to destroy small businesses and reduce competition.

I was beginning to recognize the need for government to represent the interests of workers, consumers and the environment. It was my impression that our government primarily represented the interests of big business, which already had too much power. I was in no way enamored with the communist approach to economic control, but I thought the democratic socialism being practiced by many Western European countries made much more sense than our coddling of capitalists. I wasn't proposing government operation of industries, but much more government regulation of capitalists to reduce the abuse, and a much more equitable distribution of income. During the course of my college years I had moved from being apolitical to being on the left side of liberal.

This may have been partially due to my studies of Marxism and the communist party theories, but I believe it was more the result of learning more about the real world. Prior to coming to the University I had not seen the poverty of cities or the vast wealth of the rich; where I grew up there was relatively little difference between the wealthiest and poorest in the community. But in the cities I saw the hopeless poverty without even a garden plot to help provide food; and I saw what I considered to be the decadent extravagance of the very rich. I learned about the government sending in soldiers or police to break the unions who were trying to gain a living wage. I learned about the power of business in our political process; how a small group of wealthy people are able to buy the politicians. I saw the government as the only power that could control and soften the abuses of capitalism, but only if the government is not controlled by the businesses that it should be regulating. Although I was not planning to become active in any political party, I was developing some fairly radical political opinions.

Toughest Career Decision

On March 30, 1962, I was deluged with offers. First, I received a telephone call from the Atomic Energy Commission recruiter from Chicago telling me that they were offering me a position starting as a Management Intern for one year, after which I would be assigned to the International Relations Division in the Washington Headquarters of AEC; they were offering a starting salary of \$6,300.00, with a start date of approximately July 9. They would confirm all this by mail. A short time later, I received the morning mail which contained a letter from the Russian Institute at Indiana University. The letter said I had been accepted for admission to the Institute and I had been granted a Ford Foundation Fellowship which would pay all my tuition and other school expenses plus a living stipend, for three years, to complete a PhD program. A short while later I received a phone call from the Department of Commerce in Washington telling me that I was on the list of

candidates selected for the Federal Management Intern program; the list had just been issued, and they would like to interview me as soon as possible. Over the next four hours I received three more offers or requests for interviews from the Office of the Secretary of Defense, the Department of Agriculture, and the Post Office Department, all for Management Intern positions starting at \$6,500.

What should I do? I had to respond to the Indiana University offer by April 15, and the government agencies were all pressing for a response. Meanwhile there was still no word from the Foreign Service about vacancies there, so I could not consider them in the equation. I concluded that of all the government job possibilities, the Atomic Energy Commission sounded the most interesting and appeared to have the most potential to quickly move into a substantive job in the international field. The choice was really between going to work for the Atomic Energy Commission or going for my PhD at Indiana University.

I discussed the choice with everyone. Professor Stavrou really wanted me to go to Indiana University, but he was amazed that I had an offer to start work at \$6,300. He was making less than \$6,000 as a professor with a PhD. He told me that he would not blame me if I decided to take the Atomic Energy job. I was still leaning toward going on to get my PhD. It meant three more years in school, and three more years that Jan would need to work, and three more years that Cheri and Chris would have baby sitters. But a PhD would give me many more options for a career; I could work in academia, or in government, or in non-profit organizations, and I could be a leading expert in my specialty area. And if I became a professor, my children would be able to go to college tuition free. And I was imagining how nice it would be to spend three years studying without the need to work at any other jobs; I would actually be able to spend time with my family.

I discussed the choice with Jan, and she thought the decision was easy. Take the job; you've been going to school long enough. I discussed it with friends, who were split about 50-50 between job and PhD. The strongest argument in favor of going for the PhD was that this was my only chance to do that; once I took a job I would never be able to quit and go back to school. But I could always go to

work for the government after getting my PhD. I tried to imagine what our lives would be like under each scenario, but I got lost in all the potential paths I might follow, and gave up. What should I do? It was nice to have these options, but now I had to make this very tough decision. After a few days of arguing with myself, I gave in to the reality of having a wife and two kids. I needed to go to work and make money so we could have a better place to live and Jan could stop working and take care of the kids, and we both would have more time to be with the kids. I decided, reluctantly, that it was time to face up to being the bread winner. On April 12, I informed the Atomic Energy Commission that I was accepting their offer, and the University of Indiana that I would not be able to accept their offer. But I wasn't entirely certain I had made the right decision.



These photos show two of the reasons I decided to go to work for the Atomic Energy Commission rather than go on for my PhD.

Marriage Penalties and Rewards

Going to college while married was definitely a burden in terms of the added responsibilities of a spouse and (in my case) two children, but on the other hand Jan was an important companion, and she provided a substantial amount of financial support for me; my quality of life would have been worse if I had been single. And being married with children gave me motivations that most single students didn't have; I was not there because mom and dad were paying the bills; I was there so I and my family could have a better future. A few of my professors made it clear that they preferred married students; they were more serious; they worked harder; they had career goals; they were more mature; and they had fewer hangovers.

But most unmarried students didn't like having married students around. Single male students tended to view college as a time and place to have fun and date women and get drunk and generally be irresponsible; they felt they had nothing in common with a married student like me. There were several times during my college years when fellow men students were very friendly and cooperative with me while they assumed I was single, but when they learned I was married they avoided me. Married students were not invited to participate in most social events, and they were excluded from most clubs on campus. Single female college students usually seemed to be repulsed by male married students. I experienced many situations where women students were friendly and helpful with me until they realized I was married and then they would almost run the other way. A few times I overheard women students talking about some guy who was married (when they didn't know I was married). Their conversations went something like: yuck; and he was so cute, but then I noticed he's married, disgusting; why do these old guys go to college anyway; yuck; I wonder if he had to get married;

gross. If the married student had been openly gay he wouldn't have attracted as much hostility.

Since the vast majority of undergraduate students were single, this negative attitude toward married students caused some problems for us. We married students tended to congregate together when possible, but in the entire International Relations program there was only one other married student, so I didn't have much company there.

In my first two years of college I learned not to advertise the fact that I was married; if I didn't mention it, I could have a normal relationship with my classmates. Except I didn't join the guys in any parties or respond to any flirtations from the women; I had a good excuse that I worked every evening. In most classes and extracurricular situations I was assumed to be just another single guy who was not a party animal, and I tended to be friends with the most studious people in the class. I wasn't shunned because I was married. But in a few classes it became common knowledge that I was married (like in the German class when I had to be excused because Jan was in labor) and I found that only one or two guys in the class would talk with me after that.

When I got into graduate school, things changed a little. More of the students were older, and probably 15 to 20 percent of us were married, so we were a larger minority group. And in graduate school it was an advantage in dealing with the professors for them to know I was married; they just assumed I was a better and more serious student because I was married. So in graduate school I made a point of making sure the professors knew I was married and had family obligations.

Getting My Master's Degree

By late April, I had finished drafting my Master's thesis. Now I had to get it typed, with four copies. Typing the thesis was almost as difficult as writing it. I could type only with the hunt and peck method; men were not supposed to type; that was clerical work for women. So first, I had to find and hire a typist who knew all the

style requirements for the thesis and who could type it without any mistakes; typos were not acceptable. The typist had to type an original and four carbon copies. There were no such things as word processors or computers, and most typists didn't even have an electric typewriter. If they made an error, they had to start over on that page unless they could make an erasure and correction on all five copies without making a mess of it. It took a few weeks to get the thesis typed and proofed and bound and delivered to my faculty board, three Russian area experts, who would grade the thesis, conduct the oral exam, and decide whether I should be granted a graduate degree. One of the faculty board members was Professor Stavrou, who had already made it clear to me that he would support my candidacy. He said I was the top student in the Russian Area Studies Program as far as he was concerned. I just needed to convince the other two.

In late May, I took the required Russian language examination, and two days later I was informed that I had passed; a big relief. I scheduled my oral examination for early June. The exam would cover my thesis and any other topics the three professors wished to discuss. Normally the oral exam would last for one to two hours, but the time was entirely up to the professors. Before the fateful day, Professor Stavrou called me into his office and gave me some advice about taking an oral examination. He said the most important thing is not to try to bluff your way through an answer where you are unsure; first, the faculty will know you don't know what you are talking about; and second, you will be eating up valuable time that you could be using to answer a question where you are on firm ground. If you don't know an answer, or are not sure, just say: I don't know. It's over, and they will have to ask another question that hopefully you will know. And if you are asked an open ended question where you feel you are a real expert, use as much time as you want to provide an answer in great detail, so they will have less time to ask you questions you may not know.

It was great advice. I was calm and confident going into the oral exam. I answered the first few questions, no problem. Then I had a "I don't know," and answered a couple more and another "I don't know". One of the professors was an elderly gentleman who had

been a member of the Russian aristocracy under Tsar Nicholas, and I knew what his particular interests and biases were, so I was able to get him involved in a series of questions and answers about the First World War and the Russian Revolution and he loved my answers. The third professor was from the economics department and asked the most detailed questions about my thesis, but I was able to handle those with no serious problems. He asked a couple of more general questions about the Soviet economy, and I gave my “I don’t know” to one of them. It was over. The next day I was informed that I had passed the oral exam and the Thesis. I just needed to complete my current classes and I would have met all the requirements for my degree. I would be able to graduate officially at the end of the first summer session, in late July, but I would have everything completed by the end of Spring quarter.

In mid-June, 1962, I attended my last classes, finished the last final exams, and I was done. I would miss this place. I thought back to my first days at the University; what a tough time we had that first year; how Jan and I were tempted to give up and go back to Watford. Now I didn’t want to leave. This had become my home; I was happy here. College was not so bad; it sure beat working as a roughneck. I would be happy to just stay in college; I enjoyed the academic world.

Jan and I and the kids went to Watford for a quick visit before we left for my job with the Atomic Energy Commission. It would be a long time before we would get back to Watford.



Here are Cheri and Chris with both sets of grandparents.

Starting a New Adventure

The Atomic Energy Commission asked me to report for work on June 29. I would spend three months in Chicago and then be transferred to Headquarters in Germantown, Maryland. It was time to wind up our activities in the twin cities. I obtained approval to receive my official Master's degree "in absentia"; they would mail the diploma to me.

The University reminded me that I would now need to start repaying my student loan. And we still owed over \$2000 to the dentist. And we had to finish paying off the loan I got to pay for my trip to Russia. I hope I make enough money to pay all these bills.

We had a few good farewell parties with our neighbors in married student housing, and the last Saturday night we had a large bonfire out in the common area; we burned the remains of my picket

fence. All of the students would be moving out of this section of housing this summer, and our barracks would be torn down and replaced with faculty housing. We packed up our belongings, loaded everything we owned into a rented U-Haul trailer pulled behind my old Ford, and headed for Chicago and a new chapter in my life. I was twenty three years old, almost twenty four; time flies when you're having fun.

CHAPTER FOUR

ADJUSTING TO THE PROFESSIONAL WORLD 1962 - 1971

Atomic Energy Commission Near Chicago

We arrived in Illinois after an all-day drive from St. Paul, pulling the U-Haul trailer, and stayed in a motel one night while I finalized the rental of a townhouse for us in Park Forest. The Atomic Energy Commission's personnel office had helped me find short-term housing in a relatively new suburban community south of Chicago called Park Forest. It was about 20 miles from the AEC office located at the Argonne National Laboratory on the west side of Chicago. I was going to be here only until the end of September, and it was hard to find housing I could afford with only a month-to-month lease. But we were lucky and found a nice two-story, two bedroom townhouse. We were able to move in immediately. I backed the U-Haul up to the front steps and we unloaded, with the friendly help of our new next-door neighbor.

This was going to be an entirely new experience for all four of us. Jan would be staying home with Cheri and Chris; I had promised her that she would not need to get a job when I finished college. Cheri and Chris would no longer have to go to a baby sitter five days a week; they could stay home and play with their mommy all day. And I would go to work for the government in a "management" position. No more manual labor jobs; no more janitor work; no more part-time jobs; no more seasonal work. The next day I drove to work and began the three-month training program. The first four weeks would consist of a basic introduction to the atomic energy programs, how they were organized and

managed, and the roles of the various Divisions in the AEC's Chicago Operations Office. The first few days we watched several movies on the science and engineering of nuclear fission and fusion, how nuclear weapons are created, how nuclear reactors worked, the use of atomic energy in medicine and various industrial applications, safety aspects of working with atomic energy, and a primer on security and classification.

The new Management Interns were all cleared by the FBI for access to Top Secret atomic energy information, the highest level of security available; a "Q" clearance.. That didn't mean we would get access to all atomic secrets; such information was available only on a "need-to-know" basis. If we didn't need the information for our work, we would not have access to it, but if the information was required in order for us to perform our duties, we were authorized to receive it.

I came home from work the first few days feeling like I was on vacation. I was putting in my eight hours each day, but I was used to working 16 hours a day or more. This is pretty easy stuff, but I guess it will get harder soon. They'll probably make us start working hard one of these days, to make us earn all that money we're getting paid. As the days went by, I was beginning to wonder if we would ever start working. We watched more movies. We attended meetings and briefings with each Division in the AEC office; we received tours and briefings by the various departments at the Argonne National Laboratory which was operated for the AEC by the University of Chicago; we saw a nuclear reactor; we visited a cancer research hospital in Chicago where radiation was being used to try to kill cancer cells; we visited labs full of white rats who were receiving differing levels of radiation to study the effects of radiation; we watched more movies about how fissionable nuclear material, uranium 235, was captured from natural uranium in gaseous diffusion plants; we watched movies on how plutonium was produced in large nuclear reactors by bombarding natural uranium with neutrons; we watched movies on accidental exposure to radiation at some of the AEC facilities which killed some workers;

and we watched movies about what horrible fate awaits people who sell nuclear secrets to the Russians. But we still were not given any work to do. I had never had a job before that didn't require any work. But I kept reminding myself that this was all part of my training program; we were learning.

Meanwhile, Jan was having a similar adjustment. She didn't need to jump out of bed early in the morning to get the kids ready for the baby sitter; she didn't have to work eight hours typing away at a typewriter; she even had me at home in the evenings to help entertain the kids and get them into bed. Suddenly there was so much time. She was starting to look for things to do to keep herself occupied; she got acquainted with some of the neighbor women and joined them for coffee; she started focusing on the need to buy more or better furniture and clothes; and she started exploring new recipes to make for dinner. So much time; so few worries. Amazing.

Financially we were still not in great shape. We had to make payments on the college loans and the dentist bill. And Jan now had more time to buy things, so expenses for food, clothing and things for the kids seemed to increase substantially. My salary of \$6345 a year was quite good for a starting salary by national standards; the median household income was only about \$6000 at that time, and a comparable salary in 2003 would be about \$35,000. But with four of us to feed, and with all of our old bills to pay, we had a very tight budget. We did manage to come up with enough money to buy a new bed; we had been sleeping on that old saggy bed that I had bought in my \$100 trailer-load purchase back when I started college. It was nice to have a decent bed finally. That was my first tangible reward for those years of college.

Our weekends were free to explore the Chicago area between naps for the kids. Jan and I even had time for naps ourselves some weekends.



In August we celebrated Chris' first birthday. He was all dressed up in new clothes.

During the last few weeks of my training in Chicago, we were given some actual work assignments. I was assigned to review personnel applications against Federal selection criteria for a couple of days; I reviewed a batch of contracts and purchase orders to determine whether they complied with all applicable Federal Procurement Regulations; I drafted some summary reports for the

research and development division; and I reviewed and filed some travel reimbursement claims for the finance division. These were obviously make-work assignments, but I did learn something about the duties of these divisions as a result of the tasks. I was getting very anxious to move on to the Washington office.

On to Washington

At the end of September, we were ready to move to Washington. The government was paying for our move this time, so we were able to hire a moving company to come and load up our furniture and boxes. We just took our suitcases and drove to Washington. Jan had an Uncle living in Alexandria, Virginia, a suburb of Washington, so we stayed with her Uncle Gene and Aunt Opal for a few days while we were looking for a place to live. I was going to be working at the AEC Headquarters at Germantown, Maryland, so we started looking for rental housing in the area. We quickly learned that there was nothing available anywhere close to Germantown; there simply were no apartments or houses for rent in the Germantown, Gaithersburg or Rockville areas. There were a few apartments available in south Rockville, near Bethesda, but they were too large and expensive for us to afford. We finally found a nice garden apartment complex in Kensington, just off University Blvd, only a few blocks west of Wheaton Plaza. We signed a lease for a two bedroom with den. It had a large living room area with a dining ell and a sliding door onto a small balcony; it had a very small little kitchen, a bathroom, two decent sized bedrooms, and a small little room adjoining the living room that was called the “den”.

Our furniture movers didn't arrive when they were scheduled, and I didn't like driving all the way from Alexandria to Germantown, so we moved into our apartment without any furniture for a couple of days. After several telephone calls and threats, we finally received our furniture and got settled in.

My first month in Headquarters was devoted to a general orientation; the AEC Personnel office had prepared a thorough orientation program for the new management interns who had been hired that year by all the AEC Field offices as well as Headquarters. About 60 of us new interns were to receive a month of orientation and indoctrination before heading to more focused training programs for the remainder of the intern year. A few of us would stay in Headquarters after this one month, but most would go back to a field office where they would eventually receive permanent positions. So once again we watched more movies, sat through briefing sessions, and read introductory materials. I was learning a great deal about atomic energy and the history of the AEC and how the AEC functions and how the AEC fits into the rest of the government, but still no work. There were no exams; no term papers; no weekly tests; no thesis to write or defend. Just sit back and absorb.

Cuban Missile Crisis

We did have a great deal of excitement from outside AEC however, as the Cuban missile crisis unfolded. President Kennedy announced that the U.S. had discovered that the Soviet Union was placing missiles in Cuba, targeted at the United States, and that the President had demanded that the missiles be removed. The President was placing a complete blockade around Cuba to prevent any further shipments coming into Cuba. It appeared that the Soviet Union already had some missiles with nuclear warheads installed in Cuba and ready to fire. Many people thought we were going to have a nuclear war; people were digging bomb shelters; some even decided to leave the Washington area that was considered to be a prime target for a Soviet missile attack. The Atomic Energy Commission Headquarters building also was thought to be a key target for a Russian missile, and we were informed of the contingency plans to continue operations from other locations in the event of an attack on the Washington area. It was a very scary and exciting time; here I

had been in Washington only a few days and already I was right in the midst of a world crisis. Of course I had absolutely no role in that crisis, but I still felt like I was part of history in the making here in Washington. After a few days of tense waiting, Khrushchev agreed to remove the missiles, and things gradually returned to normal.

Finally, our one-month orientation was completed and we started rotational assignments to key Headquarters offices. We were to spend about six weeks each in seven different divisions, including finance, contracts, basic research, international affairs, military applications, reactor development, and personnel, to complete our one year of intern training. Some of the divisions gave me real assignments to do, but most of them weren't prepared to fit us into their normal work, so we got make-work assignments, more briefings and more reading.

The Contracts Division gave me what they thought was a make-work assignment; the Policy Branch Chief asked me to analyze various options for determining how much "fee" or profit should be paid to contractors working on cost reimbursement contracts. He gave me a large stack of regulations and articles to read and put me in a back office. I'm sure he thought that would keep me occupied for the six weeks. I worked on the project like I used to work on my graduate-school work, and in about four days I had prepared a detailed analysis of some new options that I had invented, with my recommendations for major changes in determining the amount of fees paid. I presented it to the Branch Chief. The next day he called me into his office; at first he questioned me as to whether I had really written this myself. When I convinced him I had, he said he was amazed; he had guys on his staff who had worked in procurement for 20 years who couldn't come up with such a good paper if they had all year. He bragged about my paper to the Division Director and the other Branch Chiefs, and they started giving me some real work to do, analyzing problems and alternative solutions, and writing papers. They even requested that my time in the Division be extended.

My experiences in most of the other divisions were not as good. In most cases they didn't give me anything substantive to do; in the Controller's office I was given some clerical assignments to kill time, but I didn't learn much other than I thought their work was very easy. Personnel work was boring. Security and Classification work was deadly boring. The Basic Research division didn't give any interesting work to anyone who didn't have a PhD in Physics or Chemistry. The Military Applications Division didn't give substantive work to anyone who had no experience in one of the facilities which designed or assembled weapons.



The photo is of Chris playing in a field near Gaithersburg, MD.

Outside of work, we had plenty of spare time to learn about the Washington area. Every weekend Jan and I and the kids would explore the area. We went to museums and to all the monuments,

and drove to the Blue Ridge mountains to see the Fall colors, and drove to Annapolis to see the Chesapeake Bay and the Naval Academy.

One weekend a high school classmate of Jan was visiting us while he was in the DC area on business. He was playing with Chris, and was swinging him by his arms, which he really liked. All of a sudden Chris started screaming and holding one of his arms. I didn't know what was the problem, and we rushed him to the Emergency Room, where it was determined that he had pulled his shoulder out of joint when he was swinging by his arms. His shoulder was popped back into place, and the pain gradually went away. We decided not to swing him by the arms anymore.

We celebrated Christmas by ourselves; just the four of us. It was the first time that we had not been with some other family members at Christmas.



Cheri and Chris are opening Christmas presents on Christmas Eve, 1962.

On New Year's eve, we drove to Baltimore to spend a couple of days visiting Lu and Mary Hintz and their kids. They had been

next-door neighbors to us in married student housing at the University, and Lu had taken a job in Baltimore. We had a good time bringing in the new year, 1963, with them and some of their neighbors, dancing the Limbo, listening to good music, eating good food and discovering new drinks.

That winter in the Washington area I discovered something called a “Snow Emergency”. It seldom snowed in the area, but there were signs on many roads indicating that it was a “Snow Emergency Route.” Having lived in Minnesota all my life, I had never heard of a snow emergency or a snow emergency route. I discovered that anything greater than a few flurries could qualify as a snow emergency, and if such an event occurs, drivers must have snow tires or chains on their vehicles to drive on snow emergency routes. I had never had snow tires or chains in Minnesota, but now that I was in this polar region, they were required? The guys at the local service station didn’t believe me when I told them we didn’t have such things as snow emergencies in Minnesota.

Introduced to International Relations Division

At work, I was finally assigned to the Division of International Affairs for six weeks of training. The Division Deputy Director decided I should be assigned to the Office of East-West Relations, which was a two-person office which was supposed to be in charge of any interaction with the Soviet Union or other Soviet Bloc countries. It was a disheartening experience. The head of this East-West office was a former security official with the Army who apparently was hired for this position because he had at one time worked in an office which was to catch any Russian spies trying to get secrets from the Army. He had never caught a spy, but he thought he would know one if he ever saw one. The second person in the office had worked in the FBI for a few years where he was involved in determining whether selected documents should be classified as confidential or secret or top secret.

Neither of these two members of the East-West office had ever studied the Russian language; neither had ever studied the Soviet Union; neither had ever been to the Soviet Union or any other Soviet Bloc country; neither had any interest in learning anything more about the Soviet Union. When I reported to the office, they gave me some documents to read, which were reports passed along from the CIA to the AEC about various atomic energy activities in the Soviet Union; it appeared to me that all of the information had been taken directly from Soviet newspapers, or in some cases from Western European newspapers. Wow! This is really some deep intelligence work! When I asked the office head if he wanted me to do some research of Soviet documents myself, he said no; they didn't have any need for any more information.

It soon became clear that the only role of this office was to try to keep tabs on any individual associated with the U.S. atomic energy program who ever visited the Soviet Bloc and any Soviet Bloc person who wanted to visit any U.S. atomic energy facility. But they didn't have the capability to gather any information themselves; they relied on the CIA and the FBI to send them any relevant reports. I soon got the impression that these two guys were suspicious of me; they knew I had been in the Soviet Union and had studied Russian, and they didn't trust me even though I had been cleared by the FBI. I was very happy when that "training" period was over.

We Are Pregnant Again?

In January, Jan discovered that she was pregnant again. We really need to figure out what is causing this!! The due date was early September. Even with two little ones at home already, this pregnancy was much easier than the previous two; Jan didn't have to go to work every day. And Cheri was already getting big enough to pretty much take care of herself and even help keep Chris out of trouble. She would be five years old on May 1!!

The weather in the Washington area was a pleasant surprise. Almost no snow. The temperature seldom went below about 20 degrees on even the coldest winter nights, and on March 18th that year, the temperature reached 86 degrees. It was a Sunday, and we had a picnic outside; and we thought about those poor people in Minnesota still deep in snow.

That Spring, we decided that it was time to buy a better car, because the old Ford was starting to fall to pieces, and was no longer reliable transportation. After looking at a wide range of new and used cars, I decided to buy a new Saab, made in Sweden. A friend at work had recently bought one, and it seemed like a good, reliable and inexpensive little car. I bought the red one that was on the showroom floor, and paid the enormous sum of \$2100 for the car. I was able to get a new car loan to pay for it. The Saab had a three-cylinder, two-stroke engine with about 35 horsepower, and it sounded like a lawnmower.

We also bought a new television and a stereo record player, both of which we had done without during our years at the university. We were definitely moving on up. In June, we discovered that summers in Washington can be very hot and humid, but fortunately we had central air conditioning in our apartment, so it was not a big problem. We had time to go to Rock Creek Park nearby, and to other state parks in the area, for picnics and to let the kids run.

After completing my intern training, at the end of July, 1963, I was assigned to the International Relations Division, and promoted to the GS-9 grade, with a salary of about \$7,000 (which compares to \$45,600 in 2020). We were living high on the hog now! I requested to be assigned to the European Relations Branch; I certainly didn't want to work in the East-West office, and they probably didn't want me. I was finally given my first permanent assignment, working as an "International Affairs Assistant" in the European Branch.

My job was to "facilitate" the implementation of exchange agreements that had been made under the "Atoms for Peace" program initiated by President Eisenhower. The AEC had

agreements for cooperation on peaceful uses of atomic energy with several European countries. The largest cooperation programs were with the European nuclear powers, Great Britain and France, and there were smaller agreements with Belgium, The Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries, Italy, Western Germany and others. As a new staff person, I was to assist the senior staff with various projects such as helping with arrangements for European scientists or administrators visiting the U.S. or U.S. personnel visiting Europe, or to help ensure the proper distribution of research reports that were to be exchanged.

I kept thinking that I would soon be given more interesting and complicated assignments as soon as I learned the basics here. But after several weeks I came to the conclusion that there were no more interesting or complicated assignments. This office had no other role than a facilitator; our job was to help make sure that other people did their jobs and to serve as a contact point if any problems arose regarding an exchange matter. We were not expected to make any substantive input; and we were clearly discouraged from doing so. Boring.

As I learned more about the various offices and functions within the International Division, I concluded that almost the entire Division served the same facilitator and coordinator role. Some individuals got involved in a little substance regarding the shipment of enriched uranium overseas, but even that was largely a repetitive process. Another office organized official receptions for foreign atomic energy dignitaries visiting the Commissioners; they probably made more real decisions than any other office; where to hold the reception; who to invite; what to serve; how to seat the guests; decisions, decisions, decisions. I learned that only the Division Director and two or three of his most senior staff ever got involved with the negotiation or revision of exchange agreements, and even they usually played a secondary and supportive role to the program division which was involved in the exchange, such as the Division of Biology and Medicine or the Reactor Development Division.

This was not what I expected when I decided to come to work for the Atomic Energy Commission. I was not using any of my international relations expertise or my knowledge of the Soviet Union; I was not even using my ability to do research and write papers. I certainly didn't need a Master's degree to do this "facilitating". I was getting quite frustrated and discouraged. It looked like I made the wrong decision coming to work for AEC. I should have gone on to get my PhD, or maybe waited for an opening with the Foreign Service.

I had been discussing my feelings of disappointment with a couple other interns, and they seemed to be somewhat dismayed also, although they didn't seem to be all that concerned about the lack of substantive work. Apparently, I had greater, or more unrealistic, expectations about working for the government. I had been expecting to use my job with the government to help make the world a better place, not just earn a living.

A Child is Born in Silver Spring

As the summer came to an end, Jan was getting very big, and on Labor Day night, she went into labor. At about 3:00 a.m., I drove Jan to Holy Cross hospital in Silver Spring. One of our neighbors in the apartment building babysat Cheryl and Chris. By 7:30 that morning, there was still no baby, and the doctor told me it would probably be several more hours, so I might as well go home. I wanted to get home so I could get Cheri ready to go to her first day of Kindergarten, on September 3, 1963. I went home and got Cheri all ready and helped her get on the school bus to go off to her first half day of classes.

I barely had Cheri off to school when the phone rang; it was the doctor informing me that I had a son; congratulations. So off to the hospital I rushed to see Jan and Gregory Scott, then I rushed back home to be there when Cheri got back home from Kindergarten. I picked up Chris and was out at the bus stop waiting

for her. The bus came and stopped; three or four little kids got off the bus, but no Cheri. Oh no! What has happened to her? Did she miss the bus? Where is the school anyway? I've got to go find her. I was heading back to the apartment to get my car keys to drive to the school, when Cheri came walking down the sidewalk, she had decided to get off the bus at the stop just down the street a block, because she had made friends with the girl who lived down there. That's Cheri; smart, sociable and independent.

After a couple of days of baby sitting Cheri and Chris, Jan and Greg came home from the hospital. I took some more time off work to help around the house while Jan recovered. Jan now had her hands full with a new baby, a two year old and a five year old. But she didn't have to milk cows or bake bread or tend a garden or churn butter like my mom had to do with all those little ones.

At work one day in October, I heard the rumor that there would soon be a job opening at the AEC's office in the American Embassy in London. There were now four people in the London office, including the head of the office who was a "scientific" person, a senior administrative officer with international exchange expertise, and two clerical staff. The senior administrative officer would be returning to the U.S. in early December, and the rumor was that the powers-that-be were planning to replace him with a junior administrative person because of reduced workload in the office now that the exchange agreements with Great Britain were running smoothly. I was very interested in that position; it wouldn't be dealing with relations with the Soviet Union, but it would give me real overseas experience which could be important for future international jobs, and I would have an opportunity to see and experience first-hand how an American Embassy operates. Plus, I could show Jan the highlights of Europe and we could go to the theater in London, and hop over to Paris for a weekend!

A few weeks later, I heard that they had definitely decided to fill the London vacancy with a more junior person, and that person would probably come from the International Relations Division. There were three junior staff members in the Division, including me.

The other two were unmarried; no dependents to move. The Director decided to offer the job to one of the unmarried people, Billy Hill; he and I were both interns and had similar backgrounds, so it was a logical choice. Billy first decided to accept the assignment, then changed his mind and decided he didn't want to live in London, then changed his mind again and said he would go, and then finally decided he would not go. I then heard that the other junior staffer in the Division had also rejected the offer. A couple of days later, I was called into the Director's office and was offered the job in London. I accepted on the spot. Maybe with this new job I could help change the world. We would be leaving in about a month, about December 6. They were anxious to get the position filled as soon as possible. I had already discussed the possibility with Jan, and she did not object violently; she was nervous about leaving the States with three small children, but she also was excited about the adventure.



Here is a photo of Chris, Greg and Cheri in our apartment in Kensington, taken shortly before we packed up to head for London.

I think I convinced Jan it would be no more difficult to raise three kids in London than in Maryland. And we would be better off financially in London. In addition to my regular salary, we would receive a housing allowance which would pay for all our housing costs! But, Greg was less than three months old. He was still a little baby, and Chris was only two years old and still required constant attention. It is likely to be a big adventure in London.

The Russians are Coming

Meanwhile at work, I had been assigned to assist the Division Director with a major visit by nuclear scientists from the Soviet Union, including the head of the Soviet atomic energy agency. They would be in Washington for several days, and then tour atomic energy facilities in Illinois, Tennessee and California. I was to help organize the entire trip and would assist in escorting the Russians while they were in the Washington area. I received the list of Russians who were coming to visit, as well as the list of a few officials from the Soviet Embassy in Washington who were planning to accompany the visitors throughout their stay in the U.S. As I scanned the list, the name Boris Ponemyrov jumped out. Boris; that was the same Boris who was our “guide” and torturer during my visit to Russia; he was the Young Communist League official assigned to our group, and he was now working at the Soviet Embassy in Washington! And he was going to visit all these atomic energy facilities!

I immediately told the Division Director that Boris should not be allowed to join the group touring the States. I told him about how Boris had treated the Americans in Russia, and convinced him that Boris would only create problems for us if he were allowed on the group. He drinks too much; he has a bad temper; and there is nothing he could contribute to the group. A few days later the Russian group arrived in Washington and the American hosts had an initial meeting with them. I participated in this first meeting, and

sure enough, there was Boris. I walked up to him and said Hello in Russian. For a few seconds he obviously couldn't remember how he knew me, and then he turned pale. What a stroke of bad luck. He knew the shoe was now on the other foot.

The next day, the Soviet Embassy was informed that Boris was not welcome to join the Russian visitors on the tour of the U.S. Sometimes revenge is sweet.

I spent a few days assisting the Russians while they were in Washington, and then they all left for the other stops on the tour. I did not join them because I needed to get ready to go to London. I made arrangements with an international mover to come and pack all of our belongings, and we got our "official" passports and shots and physical exams and everything that needed to be done before we left. I even arranged to have the new Saab shipped to London, at government expense.

The President is Dead

Jan's parents had decided they would come out to Washington to visit us before we left for London, and they were to arrive by train on November 22nd. On the morning of November 22nd, I went to Union Station in Washington to pick up Jan's parents, Norma and Duncan Campbell, and brought them back to our apartment, then I went to work. I was in my office working on some material regarding the Russian visitors when I received a call from Jan. She said: President Kennedy has been shot in Dallas; they don't know if he is still alive. She told me what she heard on the news.

As I was on the phone, I noticed that all the other phone lines were starting to ring. I hung up and walked across the hall. I was shaking, with the chills. I went into the Assistant Director's office; he was working at his desk. I said: President Kennedy has been shot in Dallas. He turned completely white and I thought he was going to faint, and he slumped back into his chair. I went down the hall to tell

others. After a couple of minutes, the public address system came on and made the announcement, and then they connected the PA system to the radio so we could get the direct news reports.

By now everyone was milling around in the halls; people were crying; some women were screaming; the phones were no longer working, just a busy signal. We waited in a state of shock, and then they announced that he was dead. More sobbing and screaming. People were running out of the building and going to their cars. Then the Chairman of the Commission, Glen Seaborg, came on the PA system and made a few comments and told everyone to go home.

I drove home, still in shock. Jan and I and her mother and even Cheri were crying as we watched the events unfolding in Dallas; the swearing in of Lyndon Johnson on the airplane; the flight back to Washington; the stories about the hunt for the killer; the rumors about multiple attackers. Duncan sat there completely dry eyed; he acted like we had arranged all this excitement just in honor of his visit to Washington. I never did know whether he was not distressed by the assassination or whether he was in a state of shock; no reaction; he could have been watching the weather report.

We attended the funeral procession in Washington, and watched as the caisson carried the dead President to Arlington Cemetery where he was buried and the eternal flame was lit. As we were waiting for the procession to start, someone in the crowd shouted that Lee Harvey Oswald had just been shot by someone as the police were moving him in a courthouse in Dallas.

The next two weeks were very difficult for me. We still had many things to do to get ready for our move. I had to finish up some assignments at work. And I was quite depressed every time I saw or heard that Texas drawl when Lyndon Johnson spoke. I was having a hard time accepting him as President. I harbored a suspicion that Lyndon had something to do with the assassination of President Kennedy, although I had no evidence to support such suspicion.

On December 3, the movers came and packed up everything except what we were going to carry on the plane, and loaded it into

large crates which would then be loaded on a ship to go to London. And the Saab was taken away for shipment. We spent the next two days staying with friends in Rockville, until our flight on December 6.

Moving to London Town

On December 6, we took a cab to Dulles airport, all five of us and our luggage, and boarded the plane bound for London, with a stop over in New York. Cheri and Chris were both enjoying the excitement, and Greg slept through much of it, but it was still a very trying experience for all of us, as we landed in London early the next morning London time, but only about 2:00 a.m. Washington time. A car from the embassy was there to meet us, and the driver took us to our temporary quarters that the embassy had arranged for us. It was an apartment with a living room-kitchen area and two bedrooms. We all crashed in bed for a few hours, and then in the afternoon I found my way to the Embassy that was about ten blocks away. I told Jan I would go get checked in at the Embassy and then I would go get some groceries. I spent the rest of the day at the Embassy, meeting the people in the AEC office and being shown around the Embassy.

Working hours at the Embassy were from 9:00 to 6:00, primarily to give an extra hour of overlap with working hours in Washington, where it was five hours earlier. I got back to our temporary quarters at about 6:15 that evening, carrying a few bags of groceries, and discovered that Jan had been in a state of near panic because she had no watch or clock in the place and it had been dark for three hours and she thought sure something bad had happened to me. She didn't realize that it got dark by about 3:15 in the afternoon in mid-winter in London.

The next few weeks were very exciting, educational, intimidating, and tiring. It was tiring because the kids would not go to sleep at night until about 1:00 in the morning, which was 8:00 in the evening Washington time. I had to get up early in the morning to go to work, and I would try to get Jan and the kids up earlier each

day so they would sleep later, but it took a few weeks before they were finally going to bed at a normal time.

I found places to shop for the things we needed for meals and supplies for the baby and a few basic household items. Our furniture and everything wouldn't arrive for about six weeks, so we would be living in these furnished quarters until then. I learned the currency and explained it to Jan. I learned how to get around on the subway (called the "tube") and the double-decker buses. I took Jan and the kids out to some department stores to do some Christmas shopping. I bought a little Christmas tree for the apartment. When we were out and about in London, we frequently had people tell us how sorry they were about President Kennedy's death.

At the office, I discovered that my supervisor was not the best in the world. His name was Sam Nordlinger, and he was the AEC's Scientific Representative in London and head of the office. He had a personal secretary who had been working in the Embassy for over twenty years. She was American, but had lived in London so long, and had married an English guy, that she was more English than American. I had the other large office in the AEC suite, and I also had a secretary, a young black American woman who had been there for about two years.

Sam was supposed to be the Scientific Representative, but I soon discovered that he seemed to know very little scientific about atomic energy. He had obtained an engineering degree many years earlier, but it was apparent that he hadn't worked in engineering for years. Whenever any technical issue came up for us to handle, he assigned it to me. Sam spent most of his time on "diplomacy," which included taking people to long lunches, talking on the phone, roaming around the Embassy, or just absent at some unknown location.

On weekends, I would hunt for a house or apartment to rent, and go to look at those that seemed possibilities. It was a difficult process because the Saab had not arrived yet, so I had to take the subway and buses everywhere. I learned a good deal about the London area as I struggled to find my way to the houses for rent. I was very surprised at the state of housing in England. Many of the

houses and apartments had no heating and not even any hot water. Some didn't even have an indoor toilet; and some apartments shared a bathroom with other apartments in the building. It was like the good old days on the farm.

Finally, I saw an ad posted by an American Navy officer who was leaving the UK and had posted a "house for rent" notice for his landlord. I talked with the officer about the house, and it sounded better than anything I had seen, so I went with him to look at it that evening. It was a detached home far out in the suburbs of London, but it was only two blocks from the Hillingdon subway station, on a line that would take me to the Baker Street station only a few blocks from the Embassy. It also was only a few miles away from a major U.S. Air Force base where there was a PX, commissary, American school, and a hospital, all of which could be used by Embassy personnel. The house had no central heat; it had two coal burning fireplaces and a few little electric burners on the wall. But it did have hot water and a shower, which had been installed by a previous American tenant. On Saturday, Jan came with me to look at it, and we signed a lease.



This is the front of the house we rented in London for two years.

A couple of weeks later our household goods and Saab arrived, and we moved into the house in Hillingdon. It was mid-winter, and very cold in the house. The landlord was there to greet us, and had a coal fire going in the cast iron cook stove in the kitchen. He and his wife were huddled around the stove. The rest of the house seemed to be about 25 degrees. I immediately started to try to warm up the place, but even with all the little heaters in the house going, it was still cold, and I worried about the fire hazards of those heaters. The first few nights I got very little sleep as I kept checking on all the little heaters to make sure they were not setting the house on fire, and trying to keep enough blankets on the kids.

The next Saturday, I went to the PX and bought a new oil-burning space heater, sort of like the heaters we had in married student housing. I hunted around and found two 50 gallon barrels to hold oil, and found a company to deliver oil to fill the barrels. Then I connected piping from the barrels to the stove, and we had heat. The heater was in the living room, so it got quite toasty in that room, but it kept the rest of the house reasonably warm, and it was safer than all those little heaters.

We explored the area with our Saab, and Jan learned how to drive from our house to the PX and commissary and the doctor's office and the local shops. I took the subway to work every day, and then hopped onto a double-decker bus to get from Baker Street station to the Embassy. It was difficult adjusting to driving on the left side of the road, and the Saab was made for right side driving, so it was a little tricky driving in England, and Jan avoided it as much as possible. There were no Kindergarten classes in the American school, so Cheri didn't go to school that first winter.

Jan had all three of the kids at home all day while I was at work. She tried to get to know some of the neighbors on the street, but they were not friendly. Some were quite old and didn't want to be bothered by a young woman and three little kids, and some apparently were not interested in associating with Americans. One neighbor informed Jan that she wasn't interested in socializing with her because "we are in a different class, you know". Jan didn't know

whether the woman thought she was in a higher or lower class. We did have the largest house on the street, and had one of the few automobiles on the street, and many of the men on the street were blue-collar workers, so we guessed that some of the neighbors thought we were in a higher class, and probably some considered any Americans to be of a lower class. In the two years we were in England, we continued to find this focus on “class” which we had never heard of in North Dakota or Minnesota.

Learning About the Foreign Service

At work, I was becoming acquainted with the other staff at the Embassy. I discovered that almost every agency of the US government had an office in the Embassy, including the Internal Revenue Service, the FBI, Customs Service, Federal Aviation Administration, Postal Service, NASA, Commerce Department, all four military services, the Coast Guard, and of course, the State Department, and a large contingent from the Central Intelligence Agency. The latter were referred to as the “spooks”, and they had an entire floor of the Embassy. There were over 600 employees at the Embassy, with about half of them being Americans and half British. The British staff filled most of the various administrative, clerical and support positions such as drivers and cooks. Of the 300+ Americans, about half were with the State Department and the others were with the “attached” agencies. About 60 of the State Department employees were Foreign Service officers. I learned that less than ten of these Foreign Service officers were in any way involved with foreign policy or diplomacy. The remainder were assigned to various administrative and counselor duties, including assisting Americans overseas, handling visa requests, and administering the Embassy operations.

The Foreign Service officers did not socialize with staff from the attached agencies. They weren’t even interested in having lunch with someone from an attached agency. They obviously considered

themselves to be superior to the agency staff; they had their own “class” system within the Embassy. The surprising thing to me was that the attached agency staff handled almost all the substantive work at the Embassy, not the Foreign Service staff. Anything to do with atomic energy was handled by our office; any tax matter was referred to the IRS office; any military matter went to one of the military attaché offices; any trade issue went to the Commerce Department office, and so on.

I found myself getting to know staff from the other attached agencies, and I became good friends with staff from IRS, Customs, and FAA. I learned that the IRS staffer, John Walker, had a wife and five children and that his youngest was about the same age as Greg. We started getting the families together on weekends for various social events. And on many evenings, Jan and John’s wife, Eleanor, would come to the Embassy and the four of us would go to dinner and the theater. Jan had found a few good baby sitters to leave the children with, so she could get away from the house.

The Marines provide guards for the Embassy, and they always had one or more guards at the front door in full dress uniform. One day as I was leaving the Embassy, I happened to look at the Marine guard, and he looked very familiar. I looked at him closer, and said: “Tub”? He said “Hyster the Shyster”! It was Ron “Tub” Johnson from Henning; my old drinking buddy from my senior year at Henning. He explained that he had joined the Army, and had been sent to England; and then he finished his tour in the Army and joined the Marines so he could come back to England. He was married to a British woman and they had one child. He was planning to stay in the Marines at the Embassy as long as he could, because his wife didn’t want to leave England. Jan and I had Ron and his wife over to our house a few times, and we visited their place a few times; it was nice to see a friend from home, although we had very few common interests now.

Jan and I went to the live theater in London as often as we could; usually at least twice a month. They had so many great shows, and the prices were so reasonable, it would have been a

crime to miss them. We saw all the great shows and many not so great; London has the best theater in the world. One long weekend, John and Eleanor and Jan and I drove to Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, and we went to three performances at the Royal Shakespeare theater there. It is an experience of a life time. The best theater, and the best actors.

Bored With My Job Again

At work, I was bored again. There was not enough to do. I was not changing the world. I wasn't even changing the AEC office in London. I was having no impact whatsoever! A typical day would consist of reading four or five newspapers to collect any information about any atomic energy activities in the country; reading one or two technical magazines for any atomic energy news; maybe make a couple of telephone calls to UK Atomic Energy Authority staff to arrange for a visit by some Americans and to get any gossip that might be floating around the agency; maybe greet an American visitor and provide him a short briefing about the UK programs and what arrangements had been made for the visit; and maybe enter a petty cash expenditure into the accounting book. I seldom had anything for my secretary to type; an occasional letter or a short report back to Washington. My Secretary also handled a few requests for movies on atomic energy issues that the U.S. AEC made available on a loan basis. As far as I could tell, Sam seldom did any real work, and spent most of his time pretending to be important, but I might be wrong.

I would periodically find an assignment that I would devote lots of time to, just to keep myself busy. For example, one of the British atomic energy research centers had a large cyclotron that was used to smash atoms to try to identify sub-atomic particles, and they had a mechanical failure in the cyclotron that caused significant damage to the machine. I took it upon myself to get the details of what had happened, which required me to do a great deal of research

about the engineering involved in building cyclotrons. I managed to get a good detailed description of the failure by talking with several British staff on the project, and then I prepared a detailed report and sent it to Washington. I completed this work while Sam was out of the office on vacation for a couple of weeks, so I sent my report off to Headquarters without waiting for Sam to review it.

The Director of International Affairs in Headquarters, Algie Wells, was greatly impressed with my report, since he knew Sam was not in the office so I must have done the work myself. He even sent a nice memo to Sam praising my work on the report. But Sam was really upset when he got back to the office. Normally, I would prepare the technical reports, and Sam would sign his name to them and give me no credit. And now his cover was blown. Sam was not a happy man.

London was a favorite stopping point for government officials who were on overseas “junkets”. Congressmen and Senators and their staffs and top Executive Branch officials would stop by the Embassy for a few minutes so they could pretend that they were traveling on official business rather than just vacationing at taxpayers’ expense. Whenever any of these visitors had any responsibility for atomic energy matters, our office would be responsible for meeting them at the airport and helping them with any travel or lodging arrangements they needed. We usually would arrange a meeting for them at the Embassy to discuss some general atomic energy issues, before they rushed off to see the sights with their wives (or mistresses?).

I frequently was given the job of meeting these officials at Heathrow airport, with an Embassy car, and accompanying them to their hotel; I would also provide them with local currency and help with whatever other assistance they wanted. This gave me opportunities to give these officials some “inside” information about the AEC office in London. On several occasions I informed AEC Commissioners, Congressmen, and other senior officials that the office was over-staffed. I suggested that there was no need for my secretary or for my position; there was not enough work for even

two people; they could close the office completely and almost no one would notice. I naively believed that it was my duty to identify opportunities to save taxpayers' money. I didn't yet understand how staffing levels were determined in the government, or why managers at every level had an interest in expanding their empires rather than diminishing them.

Sam would have burst a blood vessel if he ever heard what I was telling these officials; but there was no need for him to worry. There was no danger that anyone would decide to close the office. They did decide not to replace my secretary when her two-year assignment came to an end, but Sam's position and my position were secure. Most visitors to my office were quite envious of me and my neat job. They couldn't understand how I could be dissatisfied with such a great assignment; I had a large office with my own secretary; not many responsibilities; didn't have to work overtime; got paid well plus a housing allowance. What more did I want? Maybe something was wrong with me. Maybe I was a workaholic, and just couldn't be satisfied unless I was overworked. Probably I was unrealistic about making any impact in a low level job with the government?

As the weather began to warm up a little, I planned a driving trip around Great Britain, to visit some of the British atomic energy facilities and to see the country. Jan got a baby sitter to keep the kids and we set off for the north, driving to Nottingham, Sheffield and Newcastle (we didn't bring any coals), and then into Scotland. We spent a couple of days in Edinburgh (pronounced Edinborough) and then went north along the east coast to Dundee, then Aberdeen and then across part of the Grampian Mountain range to Inverness, and then all the way to the northern tip of the country, to John O'Groats and then west to Thurso, where I visited an atomic energy facility near Dounreay. After a couple of days in the area, we started down the western side of Scotland, through the very barren and rugged Highlands, where we drove for hours without seeing anything but thousands of sheep. We eventually made it to Loch Ness, where we stopped to watch the monster do its thing, and then continued on

south through the loch country. We had a picnic lunch on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond one day, before seeing Sterling castle, where we tried to pick up a few pounds Sterling silver, and then on to Glasgow for another visit to atomic energy facilities.

From Glasgow we went south to Carlisle (no relation) and then to the very industrial city of Manchester, and then south to Birmingham, and finally back to London. The central part of England is very industrial, quite dirty, and not a very interesting place to visit, but Scotland was quite nice, except for the industrial parts of Glasgow.

We also made several shorter trips in the next months, including a few days in the south of England, in Southampton and Portsmouth; a trip south to an atomic energy facility near Bournemouth, which is a nice town on the English Channel, west of Portsmouth; a trip to Oxford where we visited friends nearby and toured the university grounds; a trip to Cambridge where we spent a weekend with friends from the University of Minnesota who were living there on a year sabbatical; a trip to Canterbury to see the famous cathedral and the home of the Church of England; a trip to Winchester and its cathedral; we visited Norfolk and Suffolk, and Essex and Sussex, and Shropshire and Hampshire, and Herfordshire and Worcestershire. We ate steak in Salisbury, but not in Braintree. We even visited Watford, which is a small city not very far to the northwest of London.

Vacationing on the Continent

Living in London provided opportunities to travel around Europe relatively inexpensively, and we took advantage of this as much as we could afford. In the summer of 1964, John and his wife joined Jan and me on a three-week vacation tour around the Continent, in my Saab. We took a ferry boat across the Channel to France, went through Belgium to the Rhine river, into the Black Forest region of southern Germany, then into the Alps and down to

Venice, and across Italy to the French Riviera, and then through France to Paris, and back across the Channel.

We saw all the typical tourist stops as well as many small little villages along the way. We went on a nice boat ride on the Rhine, watching Germans dance the polka and drink liters of beer. We visited Hitler's Eagle's Nest and bunkers near Salzberg, Austria. We survived the drive over the Alps with hundreds of hair raising turns. We enjoyed Venice and the Italians. And we leaned in the Leaning Tower at Pizza. But by the time we got to the French Riviera, we were all getting a bit tired of riding in that small little Saab, and we were having more vocal disagreements about where we should go and what we should do next. John had wanted to go to Rome, but I concluded that we didn't have time to do that if we wanted to have any time in Paris. Since I was driving, I won that argument. Jan wanted to spend more time in Monaco, but the rest of us were not very interested in that, and John was opposing anything now that he couldn't go to Rome. And Jan and Eleanor were getting quite grouchy. By the time we hit Paris, no one was speaking to anyone else except to complain about how cramped and uncomfortable it was in the Saab. A few days in Paris helped all of us recover a bit, but I highly recommend against such a trip with four people in a midget car.

Of course, I should mention that part of the reason for Jan's discomfort was that she was pregnant. Oh no; not again. As I recall, we had figured out what was causing these pregnancies, but we hadn't figured out an acceptable cure. The baby was due about the end of March. This was getting to be sort of old hat to us, and Jan was not going to give up a vacation in Europe just because she was pregnant.



Cheri and Chris help Greg celebrate his first birthday at home in London. Note Chris' fancy new hat with feather.

Second Christmas in England

The five of us celebrated Christmas at our house in Hillingdon. Chris received a train set and I built a nice platform for the train, upstairs in the hallway. Here I am with Chris.



In December of 1964, I received a promotion to GS-11, which was equivalent to about \$55,200 in 2020 dollars. This promotion was given to me by the Assistant Director of International Affairs back in Germantown; Sam would never have given me a promotion on his own accord.

That winter was quite cold in London, and dark and foggy as usual. The unusual cold was causing high demand on the electric power system and on cold days they couldn't meet peak demand in late afternoon and early evening because so many people were using electric heaters for heat. So we had rolling blackouts many late afternoons at the Embassy. The electricity would go off for 15 or 20 minutes once or twice between 3:30 and 6:00 and we would sit with candles until power was back.

One afternoon in late February of 1965, I was in my office at the Embassy when I received a phone call from Bob Campbell, Jan's brother. I was surprised to receive a call from him and immediately assumed it was bad news. He told me that Jan's dad had died suddenly of a heart attack. He was only 56. Bob called me rather than calling Jan at home, because they thought I should be with Jan when she heard the news, particularly since she was about eight months along in her pregnancy. It was my job to go home and break the news to Jan. I was not looking forward to this.

Before heading home to tell Jan, I called her doctor and asked if he thought it was safe for her to travel to North Dakota for the funeral. He said it probably would be no problem, but he advised against it. There was nothing she could do for her dad now, and she shouldn't risk her baby. I caught the subway for home, while trying to figure out how to tell Jan the news; I concluded there is no way to break the news gently. When I got home, about two hours earlier than normal, Jan immediately suspected that there was some serious problem; maybe I had been fired or something. I told her I had received a call from her brother Bob and it was bad news; your father died of a heart attack last night. I caught her as she nearly fainted, and held her as she sobbed and screamed, and I tried to

explain to Cheri, Chris and Greg what had happened and that their mother would be fine, but now she had to cry for her daddy.

It was a long night. I called the Navy Chaplain who we knew, and he came over for awhile to help comfort Jan. Every time Jan would break down into sobs, all three kids would start crying also. And I was worried about an early labor as a result of the grief and stress. Later that evening I called Bob to tell him that Jan was doing O.K, and to ask about funeral plans. Then Jan tried to talk with her mother, but they both just cried and couldn't say a word.

The next day Jan decided that she would not go home for the funeral. She didn't want to take a chance of going into labor while on the long flights or while in North Dakota. I was relieved.

Child Number Four

About three weeks later, March 17, I once again drove my wife to the hospital as we timed the labor pains. She went to the U. S. Air Force hospital near where we lived. It was nearly midnight when the nurse advised me that it would be a long time yet, so I might as well go home and get some sleep. I went home, and sent the babysitter home. About two hours later the doctor called and informed me that Cynthia Joan had checked in (and was talking already) and my wife was doing fine. It was only about 9:00 in the evening back in North Dakota, so I called both grandmothers to give them the news. I was at home at 2:00 something in the morning, with three little kids, so I had to wait until morning to get a baby sitter to the house so I could go visit Jan and little Cindy. Jan told me that the baby came very quickly, and she was feeling good, and she had been up this morning helping some of the new mothers in the ward because the nursing staff was not very helpful.

Now there were six. Two pair. Four of a kind. And a full house. Four young ones in eight years. All of them smart and beautiful and great to have around, and I wouldn't trade any of them for anything. But I guess we need to find the cure before we have too much of a good thing. Fortunately, we had some good baby sitters so Jan could get a little relief.

My work at the Embassy continued to be easy. I spent a lot of time studying the British program to build more gas-cooled, graphite-moderated nuclear reactors to generate electricity. The electric power system in Great Britain was entirely owned and operated by the government, and the Electricity Generating Board had decided to rapidly expand its use of nuclear power to increase generating capability. I studied the engineering of the reactors, which was much different from the water-cooled and moderated reactors being developed for commercial use in the States. I studied the construction cost estimates and the expected generating costs and compared them with U.S. estimates for water-cooled reactors. And I prepared several reports that were sent to Washington, under Sam's signature of course.

Trip to Norway

A few months after Cindy was born, Jan was ready to travel again, and we took a trip to Norway that summer of 1965, to visit my relatives in Bergen and Stord and see where my grandparents grew up. We took a passenger ship from Newcastle, England up to Bergen. We spent a couple of days in Bergen where grandma Caroline came from, and visited with my dad's first cousin Martha who lived there. Martha was the daughter of Engel, who was grandpa Nil's brother who inherited the Hystad farm on Stord.

Then we took a hovercraft boat from Bergen to Stord. I had written to my relatives in Stord earlier to tell them we would be visiting, and Martha called ahead to tell them when our boat would arrive. As the boat pulled into the dock at Liervik on Stord, I immediately spotted two bald-headed men standing there who obviously were Hystads; they looked just like my dad and Uncle Hank and Uncle Sam and Uncle Alfred. These two men who had come to meet us were Ivar and Laurits, sons of Engel. Ivar and his wife Nelly lived in the old house where grandpa Nils grew up, and Laurits had a house nearby on the Hystad farm.

Jan and I were taken to Ivar's house, where they had the Norwegian flag flying in celebration of this momentous event. It was rare that they were visited by any Hystads from America. Only one other descendant of the American Hystads had ever come to visit Stord. We were given the Master bedroom in Ivar's house, with a beautiful view of the fjord and the mountains on the mainland.

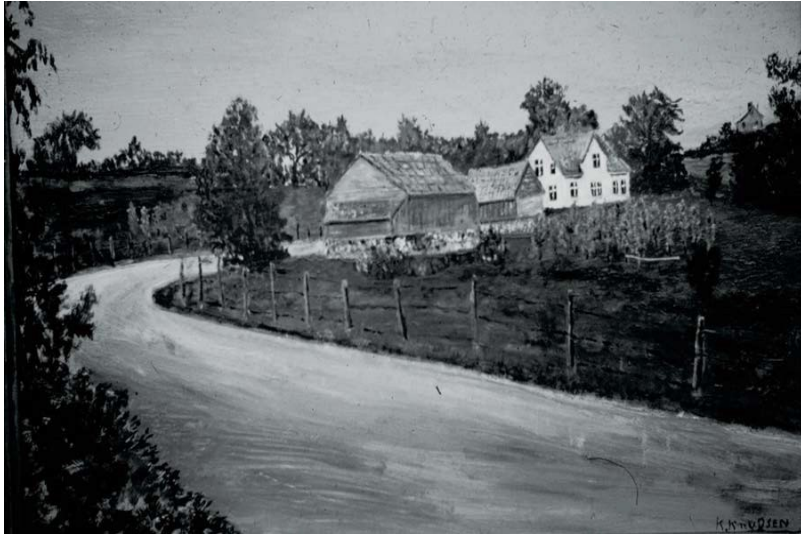


The photo is of Ivar (on the left) and Lauritz Hystad, sons of Engel Hystad who was a brother of my grandfather Nils Hystad.

That evening they had a big celebration at Ivar's to welcome us. All of the Hystads from the area came; it was a huge crowd. We were introduced to Ivar's brothers and sisters and their spouses and their children. We met his brother Nils and wife Borghild and their sons Edmund, Karl and Marit; we met Laurits' wife Guri and their children Eilif, Dagmar, Gunro and Bodil; we met his sister Helga and husband Lars Steinsland and their son Kare; we met his brother Sigurd and wife Susanna and their children Trond, Rolf and Dag; and we met his sister Hilda and her husband Alfred Wold and their

children Magne, Gerd and John Birger, and many more spouses and children and cousins.

This is a painting of an old photo of the Hystad farm on Stord where my grandfather Nils Hystad lived as a boy.



After eating a delicious meal, Ivar made a long welcoming speech. He spoke in Norwegian and one of the younger generation interpreted for us. He talked about the grand history of the Hystads in Stord and in America, and how good it was that I took time to come back to visit them. He talked about the qualities of the Hystad family; we were solid, independent, self-sufficient, reliable, sober, God-fearing people; we were never in trouble with the law and there were no bums in our family. As I sat there listening to his long speech and the translation, I was thinking that when he finished I would be expected to make a speech in response, so I started making mental notes about what to say. I gave my speech, with interpretation into Norwegian. I praised their hospitality; I apologized for not speaking Norwegian; I praised the beauty of Norway and Stord and Hystad, and said I was regretting that my

grandparents ever left here. I told them how the Hystads had struggled and endured many hardships when they came to America, but they survived and prospered and multiplied and were now all across America, and now we were even spreading into Great Britain. I think I even told them a joke about Norwegians and Swedes in North Dakota. It was a very good party, and I really was sort of regretting that my grandparents decided to go to America. But if they had not, I wouldn't have been born, so I guess it was a good thing they did. Later, I showed them my Embassy security badge which read "Carlyle E. Hystad, Assistant Atomic Energy Attache". They were impressed and they were surprised that we still spelled the name the same way as they did, even though we pronounced it differently.

After several days at Stord, we went back to Bergen where we visited with some other cousins, Gerhard Meland and his wife and children. Gerhard is my second cousin; he was the grandson of Sara Hystad, who was a sister to grandpa Nils. They told us about life in Bergen during the German occupation in World War II, and showed us around Bergen. In Bergen, Jan and I visited a large furniture dealer and exporter, and we purchased several nice pieces of Norwegian furniture, including a leather easy chair which was still in use in my house 36 years later.

On the boat trip back to England, there was a sizeable storm on the North Sea and almost everyone on the boat was seasick. I was just about the only passenger who ventured to the dining room for breakfast as we were tossed around by the large waves.

A few weeks later, Jan was suffering from a cold which was not getting better. She finally decided she needed to see a doctor, and she was diagnosed with pneumonia. They checked her into the Air Force hospital on Friday, but they gave her no treatment for two days as she lay there and got sicker. On late Sunday, I finally found the doctor on duty sitting in a back room playing poker; I asked if he could take time out to treat my wife. He looked at me disdainfully and asked what rank I was. I threatened to have the Ambassador call

his commanding officer if he didn't attend to Jan immediately. He reluctantly went to work and put her on penicillin.

I had to go to work the next day because we had some big-shot visitors coming, so I had to take the four children to baby sitters. I took Cheri and Chris to one baby sitter and Greg and Cindy to another. Cheri and Chris did not like their baby sitter, because she had very strict rules; for example, they had to stay in their beds in the morning until a specified time. When I took Cheri and Chris to the baby sitter that day, Cheri took me aside and begged me not to leave them there. She was so grown up, and so serious, I had great difficulty telling her that I had to leave them there so I could go to work. I was in tears as I drove away that day.

The Good, The Bad and The Ugly

During our time in London, and our travels in Europe, we learned a great deal about some of the finer things in life, including great theater, excellent food, the best French wines, great music, and even the best ballet. We rubbed elbows with Ambassadors and Congressmen and Senators and Prime Ministers and Lords and Ladies and all sorts of accomplished and distinguished people.

But the work experience at the Embassy was a great disillusionment for me and my dreams of a career in foreign affairs. I had learned that most Foreign Service officers have a very minor role or no role in developing foreign policy and most have little or no role in diplomacy. I learned that most Embassy staff are underutilized and bored with their jobs. I learned that most of the real interaction between countries is handled by those with specific substantive expertise, not by foreign affairs generalists. By the time my two years in London were drawing to a close, I had decided I did not want to continue to work in the international relations field in the government; I would try to move into another area of expertise, or maybe go back and get a PhD and be a professor.

On December 12, 1965, we were ready to leave. The movers had come and packed up all our furniture and other belongings and taken them away. The Saab had been taken for shipment. We had a passport for baby Cindy, so we could get this British-born girl into the United States. I had said goodbye to Sam and his secretary and my other friends at the Embassy and in the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority and the Foreign Office. Sam was delighted to see me go. He was still mad at me for laughing at him when he stood on a box in the reception line at the last Embassy party he threw; Sam was about 5'1", and even standing on his box he wasn't as tall as his wife.

But here comes the taxi to take us to the airport. We wave goodbye to our landlady, Mrs. Peacock, who had purchased the oil burning space heater from me; she was huddling up to it as we drove away. We didn't say goodbye to our neighbors, because they were "in a different class, you know".

Back in America

We arrived back in Washington, and spent a few days with Jan's uncle Gene and aunt Opal in Alexandria while we waited for the Saab to arrive at the port in Baltimore, and we searched for an apartment near AEC Headquarters in Germantown. It was great fun coming back home with four kids. At 2:00 a.m they were all wide awake and ready to ramble; it was 7:00 a.m London time. How do you keep four little kids quiet for four hours or so in a very small house where others are trying to sleep?

We found a nice three bedroom apartment in Bayla Gardens in Gaithersburg, only about ten minutes from my office. It was on the ground floor, with a kitchen, dining room, large living room, small den, three bedrooms and two full baths, and the rent was reasonable. This was a new apartment complex that had been built while we were in London.

I checked in at the AEC Headquarters and was informed that I would be working for William Yeomans, an Assistant Director of International Affairs who was responsible for all international exchange programs. I would serve as sort of a special assistant to the Assistant Director and have the title of Foreign Affairs Officer. It was nice to learn that at least Mr. Yeomans respected the work I had done in London. Then I left again to start three weeks of vacation. I didn't need to be back until after New Years day.

The Saab showed up in Baltimore, and we all piled into it and headed for North Dakota. After two long days driving, we arrived in Minneapolis; the first time we had been there since we left the University. We visited with Jim and Marjorie Hanson, who had been our neighbors in married student housing, and a couple of our other friends from university days, and then continued on to Watford City. It was an emotional reunion for Jan and her mother, and everyone was happy to see the foreign travelers return.

We had a nice Christmas in Watford, with some good times visiting our old friends. My family arranged a large reception for us, and invited all of our relatives and friends. I was requested to make a presentation about our experiences in London, so I showed slides of our time in England, and only a couple of people went to sleep.

My dad proudly showed off his latest backhoe equipment during our visit to Watford. He had been able to buy a larger new tractor and backhoe, as well as a dump truck and a trailer on which to haul the backhoe. He seemed to be doing well financially, for the first time in my lifetime. Mom was still working, and they had no kids to support anymore, so they finally seemed to be comfortable financially.

My little sisters were suddenly all grown up and married and they all seemed to have kids or have one on the way. It didn't seem like I was gone very long, but suddenly my four youngest sisters are all married and mothers. They had all changed so much since I saw them last, that I barely recognized them. And I had a bunch of new brothers-in-law. Phyllis was married to Bill Mindrup, and they had baby Brent. Eileen was married to Jim Ostergaard and they had baby

Jim. Judy was married to Michael Brooks, and little Michael was on the way. And Joyce was married to Myron Forland, and they had baby Myron Dean.

The years 1964, 1965 and 1966 produced a bumper crop of grandchildren for mom and dad; eight of their nine children had children those years; everyone except Milton! The new kids in the tribe were: Tara, Allison, Carmella, Cynthia, Brent, Jim, Michael, and Dean. Mom was going to have a hard time keeping track of all the grandkids. Mom and dad now had 25 grandkids, and more to come.

On Christmas Eve, Jan and I had told the kids that we should take a ride around town to look at all the nice Christmas lights, and maybe, if they were lucky, Santa would come while we were gone. Santa didn't really like to have people standing around watching him while he unloaded his bag of toys. So we all climbed into the Saab and were about to back out of the driveway, when Santa came out of the house next door and starting walking toward Grandma's house. He apparently had just finished making his delivery next door. We were leaving just in time. The kids were all amazed; even Cheri, who was now a grown-up eight year old and was not easily impressed by the Santa stuff.

On December 29th we started back to Minnesota; we were going to visit my brother Norris in Grand Marais and spend New Years with them, and then drive back to Washington. Jan's mother decided she wanted to come back to Washington with us and stay with us for a month or two. We all squeezed into that little tiny Saab. Three adults, four kids, all of our luggage and all of the Christmas presents we had received. We were like sardines in a can. I barely had room to move the shift lever. We first drove to Minot and stopped briefly at my sister Eileen's place. By then it had started snowing hard, and there was a strong wind. The wind was so strong that I couldn't keep the car in fourth gear going into the wind; the Saab just didn't have enough power, so it was slow going in third gear. We headed east toward Grand Forks as the snow was accumulating on the highway. After a few hours we were going

through snow drifts one to two feet deep across the road. And then we ran into sheer ice on the highway. After creeping along on the ice for a few hours, we made it to Grand Forks where we spent the night.

The next day we drove all day on a slick sheet of ice to Grand Marais. We had a nice two days visiting with Norris, Lennie and family and celebrating the New Year, and then we drove three more days to get back to Washington. I strongly recommend against driving from Watford City to Washington in mid-winter in a tiny car with three adults and four kids and lots of luggage and Christmas gifts.

Our furniture had arrived from London, and we moved into the apartment in Gaithersburg. Cheryl started school in Gaithersburg, in the second grade. My moving had made things difficult for Cheri; her Kindergarten was interrupted with our move to London, and now she had to change schools in the middle of second grade. But she was smart, adaptable and mature, and she managed. Meanwhile, I was struggling to manage our finances; we no longer had a housing allowance or access to a PX or commissary with discounted prices. We would have to tighten our belts; no eating out at expensive restaurants; no theater or foreign travel; no expensive wine or beer.

I also was struggling with my job; not because it was difficult, but because it was so boring. I was back doing the same clerical-type tasks I had before I went to London, with a few more substantive tasks, but not enough to keep me challenged. I was torn between trying to make this job acceptable, or just abandoning the international relations field entirely and trying something different.

On January 29, the East Coast was hit with one of the worst blizzards of the century. from the Carolinas north to Maine. It snowed for three days, accumulating up to 30 inches of snow; there was a strong north wind with gusts over 60 mph; and the temperature fell below zero in the Washington area. Snow drifts reached over 20 feet deep in places. Almost all highways and streets were blocked, and several people died in the storm, including a few

who froze to death in their cars stuck on the Interstate highway only a few hundred yards from the nearest homes. The military was called out to help rescue people stranded in cars and unheated homes in the area. It was so cold and windy that the furnace in our apartment could not keep the place warm. The furnace was running continuously, but the temperature in the apartment kept falling until it reached the bottom of the thermostat scale at 55 degrees, and it kept on falling. Our apartment was on the northwest side of the building, so we got the full force of the wind. It got so cold in the apartments that some water pipes froze in the inside walls between the kitchen and bathroom. We had to bundle up and spend most of our time in the back bedrooms which were sheltered from the north wind. We had been telling Jan's mother about the nice warm weather in the Washington area, and now she was living through about the worst blizzard she had ever seen while living in North Dakota all her life.



This photo is of my four major responsibilities, looking chipper after surviving the blizzard.

Back at work, my assignments were mostly quite easy and boring even though my boss was doing his best to give me some challenging work. I talked with several potential employers about other management jobs within the AEC and in other agencies, and applied for several job openings, and the common response was that they didn't have any need for an international relations specialist. I tried to explain that I was not looking for an international position; I was a good analyst and a good writer and a quick learner and I could do a good job in many other positions. But it wasn't selling. It was obvious from my resume that I was focused on the international field; I had two university degrees in international fields; I had studied in the Soviet Union; I had worked at the American Embassy in London for two years; I was now working in the International Relations Division. Why would I want to leave that field when I obviously had been very successful so far. I was starting to think that I had already been so type-cast as an international relations specialist that I would be stuck with it the rest of my career.

I seriously considered going back to college to get my PhD, but when I calculated the costs and the impact on Jan and the kids, it became clear that it was not feasible to quit my job and go back to school. I had responsibilities to my family. I had no choice but to keep on working. I was starting to think that I should just work hard at my current job and maybe things would improve; maybe I could discover some challenging work here if I really tried. I was going to give it another shot.

Disgusted With International Relations Division

In June, the Division Director asked my boss to give him a report on the status of the nuclear power industry in the United Kingdom. The Division Director was new; the previous one who liked my work in London had retired, and this new guy was an engineer who had previously worked in Reactor Development. My boss assigned the task to me; I was the expert on British atomic energy

programs. I knew the British nuclear power program thoroughly; I had studied it extensively while in London; I had visited some of the plants; I had analyzed the economics of their gas-cooled, graphite-moderated reactors; I had studied their electricity demand curves and projections; I had studied all of their reports; I clearly knew more about their nuclear power system than anyone in the AEC, and probably more than anyone in the country. I prepared a very thorough report and presented it to my boss; he thought it was great, and asked me to deliver it to the Division Director immediately. I took my report to the Director's office; after waiting for some time, I got in to see him and handed him the report. Without even looking at the report, he asked me who had prepared it; I said I had. He said: "I want the Reactor Development Division guys to do this; you don't know anything about nuclear reactors." And he handed the paper back to me and shooed me out the door.

I took my report to the Reactor Development Division and found the guys who knew anything about the British nuclear program. They read the report and said they really didn't have anything to add. I told them that my boss wanted the report to come from them. So they had it retyped and added a couple of sentences and got their boss to sign it and send it to my Division Director. My Division Director thought they did an excellent job. I got no credit.

That was the last straw. I was not going to tolerate any more of this. But what to do? Then I remembered that the Contracts Division people had tried to get me to come work for them after I finished my internship program, so I decided to see if anyone there still remembered me. Contracts was not something I was excited about, but it would get me out of the International Division and let me build a reputation as something other than an international specialist. That same day I stopped by the office of one of the Contracts branch chiefs I had worked for as an intern; he was now Deputy Director of the Division. Sure, he remembered me; I explained my situation and asked if he had a vacancy or could give me any suggestions for other positions. He said a position had just

opened up and he needed someone right away, and he would love to give me the job. Great. I'll take it.

Contracts Specialist?

Two weeks later I was in my new job, with the title of Contracts Specialist. And they gave me a promotion to the next grade level, a GS-12!! The salary was equivalent to about \$66,000 in 2020 dollars. I was no longer an international relations specialist. I had jumped ship. Over the next few weeks, several staff of the International Affairs Division stopped to congratulate me on my move, and told me that they had been trying to get out also, but had not succeeded yet. It was now mid-1966. It had been four years since I received my Master's Degree and started my career, but now it seemed that I was starting all over.

In evenings after work and on weekends I would play with the kids; take them to the swimming pool; go for rides in the Maryland countryside; and take them to the playground. At bed time I would tell them stories about my childhood on the farm in Minnesota, and how I had to walk several miles to school every day, in deep snow, going uphill both ways.



Here I am with Cindy and Greg on the patio of our apartment.

In August, we decided to spend a week at the beach. Jan and I had never been at a beach in the United States, but a college acquaintance of mine suggested that we should all go to Rehobeth Beach in Delaware for a week. His name was Garth Johnston and he had been an international relations major at Minnesota while I was there. He left after receiving his Bachelor's degree and had taken an administrative job with the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda. He lived nearby with his wife and a couple of kids. Johnstons found a house to rent in Rehobeth, and on Saturday morning we all headed for the beach. The house was located about five blocks from the beach, and was a typical old two story beach house with a wrap-around porch and no air conditioning.

The kids all loved playing on the beach, and I was having fun riding a boogie board in on the breakers, at least until a wave picked me up and rammed my head into the sandy bottom. But back at the house, Jan thought that Garth's wife was not doing her share of the work around the house, and Jan soon started feeling overworked and frazzled with six or seven kids screaming while she was trying to cook meals for the entire crew. The weather turned very hot and it became difficult to sleep in the bedrooms without air conditioning, and various kids were up at all hours of the night, demanding care, and Jan was nearing her breaking point before the week was over. It was not a good first experience at the beach.

That fall, I decided I would go to college in the evening and work toward an advanced degree in Public Administration; maybe get a PhD eventually, but at least complete enough courses so I could present myself as a public administration specialist rather than an international specialist. I worked hard to learn everything I could about the contracts and procurement business; I took some special training courses on government contracting and on procurement and on financial controls. I enrolled as an evening graduate student at American University, and started taking evening classes in public administration.

Even with my evening classes and new job, I still was able to spend three evenings and weekends at home with Jan and the kids. I needed to study a little on weekends, but I was mainly free to play with the kids and the kids' mother. Jan and I started playing tennis; she had played a little before, and she was good competition for me. It was good exercise and fun. In the summer months we spent a lot of time at the swimming pool at the apartment. The kids were learning to swim. They had lots of friends in the apartment complex.

This Fall, Cheri would be going into third grade, and Chris would be starting Kindergarten. Chris loved to dress up in a white shirt and tie and look like his daddy did when he went to work. Jan had convinced Cheri that she should be a majorette and a baton twirler, just like her mother, so Cheri was a good sport and learned how to twirl the baton and march in parades.



The photo shows Cheri marching in a Memorial Day parade in Falls Church, Virginia in May, 1967.

Jan and I had met many couples who we spent time with. We played bridge with a few couples almost every week. We became very close friends with Bill and Jill Vose who lived above us in the apartment, and with Ray and Linda Brady who also lived in the apartments. Things were looking up; we were settling into our new life in Gaithersburg.

Money was still very tight, but my bosses in Contracts gave me another promotion even before the mandatory one year in grade; they got approval for an exception to promote me to a GS-13 after only about ten months in the job. Salary at the GS-13 level was equivalent to about \$78,000 in 2020.

By mid-1967, I was a full-fledged member of the Contracts Division team. I was given responsibility for all procurement of nuclear fuel for naval reactors, including submarines and aircraft carriers. I also was starting to handle some major contracts for the nuclear weapons program. The work was interesting; I was learning a lot about the U.S. nuclear programs and about how those programs are managed. And I was getting top grades in my evening school classes. I was assigned to travel to various atomic energy facilities in the U.S. as part of this work, including the weapons research lab at Los Alamos, New Mexico, the research centers at Berkeley and Livermore, California, and the nuclear materials production facilities at Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

During the summer of 1967, all six of us crammed ourselves into the little Saab and headed for Minnesota and North Dakota for a three-week summer vacation. Our first destination was my brother Norris' home in Grand Marais, Minnesota, where a Hystad family reunion was scheduled. It was to be the first reunion since the Christmas of 1955 in Henning. We decided to take the scenic route from Washington to Grand Marais by driving north through Michigan, into Canada, and then along the north shore of Lake Superior to approach Grand Marais from the North. It was a long two and a half days drive, and it wasn't very scenic; most of the road north of Lake Superior was through dense forest, and we couldn't even see the forest for all the trees.

At Grand Marais, my mom and dad and all my brothers and sisters except Milton arrived over the next couple of days, and we had an enjoyable time. We went fishing on Lake Gust with Norry; he had a little log cabin on that lake. We caught a few fish but not enough to feed the entire tribe. At Norris' we spent most of our time trying to keep tabs on 20 grandchildren; it seemed more like 50. There seemed to be about a dozen little ones about Cindy's age, and I never did figure out who belonged to whom; I just made sure that I got Cindy back when we left.



Here are mom and dad with their grandchildren (and their mothers). What a flock!

After spending about a week in Grand Marais, we drove to Watford City and spent over a week there, mainly visiting with Jan's mother and her relatives, and with some of our friends. Jan's family organized a picnic at the tourist park in Watford, attended by many of her aunts, uncles and cousins as well as her brothers and their families. Our four kids now had a chance to pose with their cousins on Jan's side of the family.



My kids are posing with Ralph's and Bob's kids and Jan's mother, at the tourist park in Watford City.

While we were in Watford, we stayed at Jan's mother's house, which was the same small house that she and Duncan had lived in for the past several years. The house had a living room, a small bedroom and a small kitchen on the main floor, two small bedrooms upstairs, and an unfinished basement. The basement contained a toilet stool which was just sitting there in the open basement, and it had a shower head with a curtain around it. To get to the basement, one had to lift a heavy trapdoor to access very steep stairs to the basement. Jan's mother, Norma, was complaining about the problems she had going up and down those stairs, particularly because she had varicose veins in her legs.

I decided I would pay to build a bathroom on the main floor. I designed a small bathroom to go in the corner of the living room, and I got a bid from a plumber to install the bathroom, and gave Norma the money to cover the costs. She had no extra money; Duncan had left her with nothing, and she had very little income

from working in the laundry at the hospital in town. It cost me over \$1500 to have the bathroom built, which was about all the savings I had at the time, but I thought it would make Jan happy to know that her mother would have an easier life.



On August 18, Chris turned 6 years old. He is getting to be a big boy. Notice the devilish grin.

That fall I continued with evening courses at American University; I was still intent on establishing myself as a public administration major rather than an international relations specialist. I also saved up some money and bought Jan a piano. She enjoyed playing piano and liked music, and I thought a piano might give her some enjoyment while she is trapped at home with the kids. She seemed to enjoy it, and I taught myself to play a few simple tunes as well.

During our two years in London we had missed some of the political activity in the U.S. Although I tried to keep up with events in the States, I was surprised upon returning to America that civil rights for blacks had become such a major political issue, and that

President Johnson had become a champion of the cause. I also was surprised at how opposition had started to grow against U.S. involvement in the Vietnam civil war. By late 1967, Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota had started to campaign for the Presidency, running against President Johnson's escalation of the Vietnam war. He had decided to challenge Johnson for the Democratic nomination for President in the elections of 1968, and started a "Clean for Gene" campaign among college students across the country. In the March 1968 New Hampshire primary, Senator McCarthy shocked the political establishment by winning 42% of the vote against Johnson, and this was considered to be a large anti-war and anti-Johnson vote in a relatively conservative state like New Hampshire.

As a result of McCarthy's success, four days later Robert Kennedy decided to get into the Democratic race. Robert Kennedy soon gained substantial support among liberal Democrats, and he won a couple of primaries, and he and McCarthy were now the front-runners. Lyndon decided not to face the competition, and announced he would not seek reelection. With Johnson's withdrawal, Vice President Hubert Humphrey announced that he was a candidate. But it was too late for him to get into any primary elections; he had to focus on picking up delegates in states that didn't have primary elections.

Then on April 4, 1968, Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee, allegedly by a white man, which triggered riots in black communities across the country. Much of the black area of Washington, DC was in flames as blacks set fire to many buildings owned by whites, and rampaged through the streets, setting cars afire and looting stores. Even little Frederick, Maryland, near us had rioting. The President called out the National Guard and the military to help end the disorders.

The assassination and riots reinforced Robert Kennedy's popularity, and he won the California primary on June 5. As he was leaving the hotel ballroom after acknowledging his win, he was shot and killed. This assassination, coming on the heels of the King assassination, and less than five years after President Kennedy's

assassination, shocked the country. There was a general feeling that things were out of control; that the country had sunk into anarchy. And we had no outside enemy to blame; we were our own enemy.

Kennedy's assassination gave new life to Humphrey's campaign, and he became the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination. Strange that these two Minnesotans, McCarthy and Humphrey, were now fighting it out for the nomination. Despite all this political chaos, our lives were quite normal and under control. In the spring of 1968, we managed to buy another car; a new Rambler station wagon. We had outgrown that little Saab. And now Jan had her own car to drive while I was at work. On May 1, 1968, Cheryl celebrated her 10th birthday. Hard to believe she is that old already. Chris will soon turn seven, and Greg will be five. Cindy had celebrated her third birthday in March. I will be 30 years old in July. I'm getting old, and I'm still trying to figure out what I want to be when I grow up.

Marriage Strains

Jan seemed to be going through a personal reevaluation of her life. Maybe an early mid-life crisis. Or maybe she was just tired of staying home taking care of four kids. She was 31 years old. She apparently was realizing that there were things in the world that she was missing. She was now getting to know people who had a much wider range of experience than she had. She had a taste of a different life that she couldn't live, and maybe she was feeling that life was passing her by. I believe she was feeling unsatisfied with our marriage; unsatisfied with her role as mother and housewife; unsatisfied that she was almost completely dependent on me; unsatisfied that she had almost no options available to her. And she could not see any light at the end of the tunnel.

In hindsight, I failed to appreciate Jan's frustrations. I saw the two of us fulfilling our traditional roles. I was the bread winner and Jan was the mother and housewife. I thought that was the natural order of things. While I was fretting about my career, and feeling

frustrated that my career was not going in the direction I wanted, I ignored the fact that Jan had no career at all, and really had no prospects of ever having one. I did nothing to help her find any creative outlet. I rationalized that I was stuck in this job to make money to support Jan and the kids, and she had no more reason to be unhappy than I did. And meanwhile, I was sometimes feeling annoyed that Jan seemed to be living in the past; she seemed to continue to view herself as a small-town girl from North Dakota who was just temporarily away from home. She continued to like country music, country food, and country politics. Although I had become a left-wing Democrat, Jan stuck firmly to her Republican roots. While I was preaching tolerance and acceptance of diverse life styles, Jan seemed to be sticking with her provincial intolerance. I felt that Jan was still most comfortable back home in Watford City. But I may have been wrong. Despite our frustrations with each other, and our growing differences, we were both intent on keeping the family together for the sake of the children.

Joys of Camping

In the summer of 1968, we decided to all go on a camping trip. I have no idea who came up with the idea of camping in northern New York, but I know Chris was interested in camping, and Cheryl was in Girl Scouts, and I had recently been to the Schenectady area of New York on a business trip and it reminded me of Minnesota. In any case, we decided to rent a “fold-out” camper trailer and go to up-state New York for a week of camping in a state park. The camper trailer we rented was theoretically able to sleep six; the camper expanded out on each side of the trailer to make a narrow double bed on each side, plus a double bed on the floor of the trailer. We packed the trailer full of all the necessary equipment: cooking equipment, lantern, sleeping bags and bedding, food and drinks, toys, games, etc.

Late Saturday morning we headed out. The first day we made slow progress, and we found a campground in western New Jersey where we experimented with setting up the camper, cooking a meal, squeezing six people into the camper, finding our way to the outhouse in the middle of the night when one or more of the kids had to go to the bathroom, doing without a shower in the morning, and then repacking everything back into the trailer. It wasn't too bad. The weather was nice, and we were able to sleep for a few hours. And the kids were having fun.

On Sunday, we made it to our destination in upstate New York, and found a camp site in the state park, in a deep pine forest not too far from a lake. We set up camp, cooked dinner, sang songs around the campfire, and had a good time. Until about 2:00 a.m., when we all were awakened by a loud banging of pots and pans right outside the camper. I grabbed the flashlight and spotted the intruders: two large raccoons who were searching for any food scraps and who were not in the least frightened by humans. After the raccoons decided to try another campsite, we got back to sleep, but I was awakened about 4:00 by one or more of the kids trying to climb into our bed. They were cold. I realized that it had gotten very cold in the camper, and we did not have enough covers to keep warm. We huddled together until sunrise, and then I got up and built a fire to try to thaw out. I discovered that it was 34 degrees. This was the middle of the summer; how can it be 34 degrees? But it got worse. A little later that day, clouds rolled in and it started raining. We tried to maintain a dry area under a canvas cover, where we could cook and eat, but it was not working very well. And then the kids all starting tracking sand and dirt into the camper and into our beds, as they ran in and out of the trailer with their wet feet.

It rained all afternoon and all night. Next morning it was still raining, and it was still cold, and the forecast was for more rain. The camper was getting full of sand and everything was wet or damp. By mid-morning, Jan had all she could take. She insisted that we pack up and go home. I tried to convince her to stick it out at least one more day, or maybe we could find another campground up here

where it wasn't raining. She said: "No. I have done all the camping I'm going to do." The kids didn't want to go back home. I didn't want to go back home. But we were out-voted. I threw all the wet, dirty camping stuff into the trailer and we headed for home. I drove almost non-stop all day and we reached home near midnight. It was warm and dry back in Maryland. Jan was happy; back in her own bed, with a shower and TV; this was her kind of camping.

The next morning, I opened up the camper, pulled out everything, cleaned out all the sand and dirt, and dried it out in the bright sunshine. That afternoon I asked the kids if they would like to go camping with me up at Coctoctin state park in Maryland, near Camp David. Yes; yes; please; let's go. Jan was not having any part of it: you go on, I'll camp here in the apartment. So, my four children and I headed for the mountains.

We stopped at a grocery store and loaded up with food; the kids got to buy all sorts of goodies that their mother wouldn't normally let them have. We found a nice campsite and set up camp. We cooked great meals, hiked in the woods, gazed at the stars, found our way to the toilets, and got plenty of sleep. We stayed there Wednesday through Friday nights, and had a good time. Jan drove up to visit with us Friday evening, but she wouldn't spend the night. She seemed to be quite happy having a vacation away from all of us. On Saturday I had to return the camper to the rental place, so we had to pack up and go home. It was time to leave anyhow, because the camping area was getting very crowded and noisy with the influx of weekend campers.

Another Promotion

My bosses continued to be pleased with my work, and they gave me a promotion to GS-14, with a salary equivalent to about \$93,000 in 2020 dollars. The Division Director mentioned to me that I probably should be planning to get some experience in one of the AEC Field Offices; I could get a senior level management position in

one of the offices, as Director of Contracts or Administration, and prepare myself for a “super grade” position as a top manager. He said he could help me get such a position, maybe after another year or so here in Headquarters. I was not certain I wanted to relocate to a field office; they were located in Chicago; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Oak Ridge, Tennessee; Richland, Washington; New York City; Berkeley, California; and Savannah River, South Carolina. The Berkeley and Albuquerque offices were the only locations that appealed to me, but I was concerned about being isolated away from the rest of the Federal government. If I went to a field office, I probably would be committing myself to spending the rest of my career with AEC, which is exactly what the AEC management wanted. I was starting to think about possibly moving to another agency in Washington rather than going to an AEC field office.

My promotion was very good news because we were still barely making ends meet. Jan and I were feeling more and more cramped in our apartment, and I wanted to buy a house so we could build up some equity rather than dumping our money down the rental rat hole. The primary problem was that we were not able to save enough money for a down payment. We had finally paid off our loans from college days, and now we were hoping to save some for a down payment. We had less than \$2000 in savings, and I would need at least \$6000 for a 20% down payment on an inexpensive house.

Democrats Self-Destruct

At the end of August that year the Democrats held their nominating convention in Chicago. The McCarthy supporters among the delegates claimed that Humphrey and Johnson were rigging the convention, by not recognizing delegates supporting McCarthy. There was near chaos inside the convention hall, aided and urged on by news people, particularly a junior reporter named Dan Rather who ran from one group of delegates to another spreading gossip

and rumors in an attempt to rile up the delegates to an even greater level of animosity. At one point one of the delegates got so annoyed with this obnoxious reporter that he took a swing at him; Rather immediately ran back to Walter Cronkite to literally cry about how horribly he was being treated. I never could tolerate cry-baby Rather after that convention.

Meanwhile outside the convention hall, over 3,000 anti-war demonstrators protested the war and protested against Johnson and Humphrey and the establishment in general. Then Mayor Daley, a Johnson-Humphrey supporter, ordered his police and the national guard to disperse the demonstrators, which led to a massive battle, with several hundred demonstrators injured. Although Humphrey finally won the nomination, he was a severely wounded candidate heading into the fall campaign. And George Wallace also was running as a third party candidate, appealing to southern Democrats who opposed the civil rights stance of Johnson and Humphrey.

Buzz Moves to DC

In the fall of 1968, my cousin Buzz Thompson and his wife Nell and their three children moved east from Colorado. He was working as an auditor with the General Accounting Office, and had been transferred from Colorado to Headquarters in Washington. I helped him find a three bedroom apartment in Bayla Gardens about the same as ours, and they settled in there. I thought it was strange that Buzz and I were living in the same apartment complex in Gaithersburg, Maryland, after taking quite different routes since our days running the backhoe in North Dakota. I learned that Buzz was inspired to come to GAO Headquarters as a result of my assignment to London for AEC. GAO had offices overseas, primarily auditing activities at U.S. military bases around the world, and he asked to be transferred to Washington so he could be considered for an overseas assignment. He did receive an assignment in Germany a couple of years later, and they lived there for four years.



The photo above shows Jan and Cheryl all dressed up to go to a Girl Scout's Tea. Although Jan was not very interested in camping in the wild, she was interested in Cheryl's activities in the Girl Scouts, as long as the activities were indoors, preferably with air conditioning. Notice the white gloves.

Humphrey Defeated by Nixon

The Presidential election of November 1968 was a huge disappointment to me. Nixon received 31,785,480 votes; Humphrey 31,275,166 votes; and Wallace 9,906,473 votes. Now we were going to have a new President, elected by less than 44% of the voters, who couldn't even get elected governor of his home state, and who had

that outstanding running mate, Spiro Agnew. It wasn't until the election of 2000 that I was more upset with a Presidential election. Although I liked McCarthy's position against the war in Vietnam, Humphrey was my political hero, for several reasons; he was a dedicated liberal and one of the few senior Democrats who consistently fought for the interests of workers, minorities and the dispossessed; his position as Vice President under Johnson prohibited him from opposing the war, but I expected him to end the war if he became President; and I had been very impressed with him when I met him in Washington in 1960 on my way to Russia.

He lost the election primarily because he refused to distance himself from Lyndon Johnson's policies on the Vietnam War, and many anti-war liberals refused to vote for him. This short-sighted action by liberals resulted in the election of Nixon who continued and escalated the war in Vietnam, in addition to the domestic atrocities of that horrendous President. I was depressed for a few weeks after that election. That election also gave encouragement to the racists and bigots and other intolerant know-nothings in the country, as Nixon and Wallace between them received over 57% of the popular vote. This was the signal for the right wing ideologues to become much more vocal in espousing their racist and religious fundamentalist hatreds, which continued on into the 21st century. George W. Bush and Trump have taken the worst of Nixon's unethical, cynical and paranoid practices and made them an integral part of their Administrations. Fortunately, life goes on for most of us, largely unaffected by who is in the White House.

Moving On

Thanksgiving of 1968 we spent with Buzz and Nell at their apartment; Jan and I helped cook and we had a nice big family celebration. We were making it easy for Buzz and Nell to adjust to their move. And this was the first time in several years that we had been with any relatives for Thanksgiving.



At Christmas, 1968, Jan took some pictures of me with my two sons and my two daughters. I was very proud of all four of them.

More Responsibilities

In early 1969, I was given a special assignment at work. I was to develop a new standard contract to be used to provide funding to universities for basic scientific research. The existing commercial contracts were unnecessarily complex and largely irrelevant, and the traditional grants made to universities were too loose and open-ended to ensure that the funds were used for their intended research purposes. My job was to create a standard contractual agreement that all AEC offices could use which would minimize the bureaucratic requirements on university scientists but still ensure that the universities weren't using the money for other purposes. I talked with the funding offices and with several university scientists and administrators and developed a Standard Research Support Agreement. After getting general acceptance of it by the scientists and administrators, I then fought with the attorneys in AEC until they gave in and agreed it was legally acceptable. It was then adopted by the Commission as the new standard to be used by all AEC offices. I then spent a few weeks traveling to all the field offices to introduce the new standard and train the staff on how it was to be used.

A few weeks later I was talking with a friend of mine, Glen Schleede, a former AEC employee, who was now working at the Bureau of the Budget, which was part of the Executive Office of the President. I mentioned that I had just finished developing a new research support agreement for AEC. He said that some Bureau staff had just been talking about the need for such a standard university research contract for the entire Federal government; maybe I could help them. A few days later he called and asked me to come to a meeting at the Bureau to explain what AEC had done. As a result of that meeting, the Bureau of the Budget asked AEC to loan me to the Bureau for a few months to head up a team to establish a Federal-wide standard for university research support.

By early spring I was working in the Old Executive Office Building next to the White House on my temporary assignment. I

had a couple of staff assigned from other agencies to assist me, and full authority to call upon any agency in the government to work with me in developing a standard for all agencies. We first reviewed what was now being done by all agencies; they all had their unique contracts or grant agreements. We then talked with the university administrators and documented the bureaucratic mayhem created at universities as a result of all these differing requirements. And then we proposed a standard research support agreement, which looked very much like the one I had developed for AEC. Within three months we had obtained general agreement by all the agencies on the new standard agreement, and the Bureau issued a Bulletin requiring its use for all university research support efforts. The Director of the Bureau of the Budget sent a nice letter to Glenn Seaborg, the Chairman of the AEC, praising my work on the project.



Cindy celebrates her 4th Birthday on March 18th, 1969.

In late March of 1969, my brother Norris, his wife Lennie, and their three kids, Pam, Karen and Tara, came to visit us. They drove from Grand Marais during their spring break from school and spent about a week with us. Shortly after they arrived, former President Eisenhower died, and I took all of them downtown to watch the funeral procession along Pennsylvania Avenue. I also gave them a tour of Washington, including the White House, the Capitol and the Supreme Court building. As a lawyer and sometime politician, Norry was very interested in seeing where the government operated, particularly the Supreme Court building. We also took them to Gettysburg and toured the battlefield there.

Buying a Townhouse

During early 1969, I was exploring all possibilities for buying a house. I finally found a deal that I thought we could afford. Montgomery Village, a new “planned community”, was in early stages of development just outside of Gaithersburg. I found a townhouse model that was priced at \$32,000, and the developer would arrange financing with an 80% first mortgage and a 10% second mortgage, so I could buy the place for only about \$3500 cash, including closing costs. The town house had three levels, with three bedrooms and two baths upstairs, a kitchen, dining room, living room, foyer, half bath and a deck on the main level, and a walk-out basement with sliding glass doors off to a potential patio area. I was thinking I could divide the large basement room to make a fourth bedroom downstairs, and still have a nice recreation room down there. After debating for several days whether we could afford it, Jan and I decided to do it. I somehow managed to scrape up the \$3500 cash, with the help of a loan from the AEC Credit Union.

I was a bit annoyed that it was so difficult to come up with a down payment, because I had spent much of my savings to pay for that new bathroom for Jan’s mother, and meanwhile Norma had met and married a wealthy rancher and they had sold that old house with

the new bathroom, and I guess it never crossed her mind that I could certainly have used that \$1500 now, and it would have been easy for her to repay me. In any case, by late June 1979, we were owners of a house. It was small but we loved it.



This is our townhouse. The kitchen window is on the left. Cheryl's bedroom window is above the entrance door; Cindy's is above the kitchen window.

The decision to buy the townhouse now was also a decision that I would not be moving to an AEC field office any time soon. I had decided I did not want to commit to a career with AEC. I was afraid that if I stayed with AEC I might soon find myself typecast as a contracts specialist, with no opportunities for new experiences. I had observed several contracts experts who had settled into narrow specialty areas and seemed content to sit in their offices and wait for someone to come to them with a problem. For example, we had a small business contracting expert who waited for some small business problems to arise, and a construction contracts specialist

who twiddled his thumbs unless there was a construction contract problem, and a specialist on Davis-Bacon wage issues who didn't want to be bothered with any other subject. This seemed to be a deadly way to make a living. My experience on the special assignment with the Bureau of the Budget made it clear to me that there were many options available in other agencies now that I was no longer an international affairs specialist.

As soon as we signed the papers to buy the townhouse, I went to work to build the dividing wall in the basement and create a nice large bedroom for Chris and Greg. Cheryl and Cindy would each have their own small bedrooms upstairs. Cheryl was now 11 years old and she didn't want to share a small room with Cindy. On a very hot day in late June, we moved into our own house. I now had lots of work to do to fix up the front yard, put in a brick patio in the back yard, help Jan find some new furniture, and all the things that come with being a homeowner.

The boys had their own bedroom down in the walkout basement, two floors below the other bedrooms. I explained to Chris and Greg what they should do in the event of a fire; they should just go outdoors through the basement doors, and not try to come upstairs. There were smoke alarms that would wake them if there were ever any smoke in the basement. Greg told me many years later that for the next few nights he tried to stay awake all night, waiting for the inevitable fire to start.

Later that summer we drove to North Dakota for our summer vacation. We visited with all the relatives, and I helped dad do some work with the backhoe. As the years past, there were fewer of our friends still living around Watford, but there were still lots of relatives to visit and not quite enough time to please everyone.

That fall, Cheryl, Chris and Greg had to go to new schools in Montgomery Village. They didn't like changing schools, but they did like the townhouse and they quickly made new friends in the neighborhood. The Stedwick townhouse community was still under construction when we moved in, so there were many new neighbors

moving in that summer, and Jan and I quickly established friendships with several neighbors.

In September, I resumed my graduate courses at American University. I was now planning to start looking for a new position in another agency of government which would broaden my experience and help prepare me for a higher level management position. I was doing some research on possible jobs in NASA, or Health, Education and Welfare. My work at AEC was still interesting, but I felt I had learned about all I could learn about contracting in AEC, and I was restless for a new challenge.

Jan seemed to be happier with her lot now that we had a house. With three kids in school and Cindy already four years old, she had more time for herself and her own hobbies. Maybe our marriage will survive after all.

At work, my bosses were giving me special assignments to try to keep me from getting bored. The Division Director, Joe Smith, gave me full responsibility to organize a major conference and training session for contracts and procurement staff of all AEC field offices and major prime contractors. I designed the program, arranged the speakers and trainers, handled all logistics and managed the conference with over 400 participants at a conference center in Boulder, Colorado. My bosses were impressed, but it was very similar to what I had done as an undergraduate in organizing the Model United Nations conference. No big deal for me.

On my way back from the Boulder conference, I flew to North Dakota and drove to Watford to visit mom and dad, because I had just received word that dad had been in an accident and was in serious condition. He had been working on an old house he had bought in Watford, that I think he was planning to fix up as a rental property. He was up on a ladder and fell and injured himself; when they got him to the hospital they found that he also was suffering from a heart attack as well as injuries to his legs, ribs, etc. It was not clear whether the fall caused the heart attack or the heart attack caused the fall, but the latter seemed to be the most likely to me. In any event, he was in bad shape when I arrived; he was home, but

could barely move. He couldn't walk because of his injuries, and was on medication for his heart. I had to carry him to get him into the car to take him to the doctor for a checkup.

Dad never seemed to fully recover from the effects of this heart attack and fall, and was never able to go back to work full time with his backhoe business, and he sold his equipment a few months later. He was 66 years old at the time, but his disabilities made him seem much older.

Changing Jobs Again

In late 1969, I received a telephone call from Hugh Loweth in the Bureau of the Budget. I had worked under his overall supervision during my special project there. He asked if I might be interested in coming to work at the Bureau full time. There will soon be a job opening for the Budget Examiner to handle the National Science Foundation budget. I said I would like to be considered. In early January, I was invited for an interview. I already knew Hugh quite well from my previous assignment, and we got along well. I told him that I knew nothing about budget examining, and he said I didn't need to know anything; I could learn it quickly. The most important qualifications were to be a good analyst and a good writer, and he knew I was good at both of those.

A few days later I was formally offered the job, to start in early February. This was going to be a major change for me. I would be working in the most powerful office in the U.S. government; the people in this office are responsible for helping the President control all the agencies; they control funding levels, staffing levels, all legislative proposals, all proposed regulations, and generally serve as the watch dog for the President to make sure the agencies are implementing the President's programs and policies. I would be moving into entirely new specialty areas for me, including budgeting, program evaluation, and legislative controls. I had the feeling that this would be the real start of my career.

The thing that impressed me most about working at the Bureau of the Budget was that there was more work to be done than any one person could possibly do. I would be expected to learn everything there was to know about the work of the National Science Foundation, with a budget of over \$500 million a year, recommend appropriate funding and staffing levels for every part of the Foundation, and evaluate all proposed legislation affecting the Foundation. I noticed that everyone at the Bureau was always busy. No dead wood here. This looks like my kind of place.

I informed my bosses at AEC that I was leaving to go to the Bureau. The Division Director offered to give me a promotion if I would stay; I refused. A couple of days later, one of the top managers in AEC asked me to come to his office. He asked if I would reconsider my decision. He told me that I was on AEC's list of "comers," those staffers who they expected to move into top management positions in the future. And he tried to convince me that I would do better staying with AEC than going to the Bureau. I said I would consider his message.

During the next couple of days I talked with several people in and out of AEC regarding the relative merits of staying with AEC or going to the Bureau. Most thought that it was an honor for me to be offered a job at the Bureau; it was hard to get a job there, particularly at such a high grade level. The decision was easy for me: I wanted a new challenge.

AEC people had a nice going-away party for me at the Washingtonian Country Club, with lots of food and drink and even a few speeches. I was touched. I was going to miss these folks. It had been a very friendly place to work.

Bureau of the Budget

In January, 1970, I started work at the Bureau of the Budget, Executive Office of the President. I shared a large office with two other budget analysts in the Old Executive Office Building, next to the White House. Part of the Bureau was housed in this building and

part was in the New Executive Office Building just across Pennsylvania Avenue. The Old Executive Office Building also contained several other offices supporting the President, including the Vice President's offices, the Council of Economic Advisors, the Scientific Advisor and his Office of Science and Technology, part of the National Security Council staff, the President's Domestic Policy staff, and other "big wigs" in the Administration. The first few days on the job was a bit intimidating, just finding my way around that huge building and learning about all the offices in the building.

My first job as the Budget Analyst covering the National Science Foundation was to learn about the budget process; what I was expected to do, and when. Other budget examiners told me how it worked, and filled me with many war stories about prior "budget seasons". I learned that "budget season" started every September when the agencies were expected to submit their budget requests to the Bureau, for our review prior to submittal to the President. The requests were to provide details on the amount of money requested for each discreet program element, along with the amount expected to be spent in the current year and the actual amount spent during the past year. They also were to provide details on how the funds were to be used; how much for salaries and wages, how much for travel, how much for grants, how much for construction, etc. The agencies were expected to prepare their budgets in accordance with general guidance from the Bureau regarding the overall spending targets for the upcoming year.

Once the agency has finished its budget, it submits the request to the Bureau. Then it would be my job to review the agency submission and determine how the request should be changed to be more consistent with overall goals of the Administration regarding program objectives, spending levels, and staffing levels. I would have about a month to review the request, including collecting additional information from the agencies if needed. I could hold hearings and have agency officials come and explain their budget requests, if I wished. In about a month after receiving the agency request, I would need to be ready to make my recommendations to

my bosses on what the agency budget should be. I would need to provide detailed numbers for each program, and identify any major issues to be decided by the Director of the Bureau or by the President.

After my immediate boss reviewed and approved my recommendations, then we would have the formal “budget review” hearings during which all the top officials of the Bureau and other White House offices would form a panel to hear the recommendations of the budget analysts. I would be required to make my presentation and defend my recommendations in front of this panel of officials. After the Director of the Bureau had made his decisions, the recommendations would be presented to the President in a series of formal budget presentations to him, and the President would make a preliminary decision, which we would then pass back to the agency. Throughout this process in the Bureau, the requesting agency officials have no role and are not informed of any preliminary decisions until the President has made his decision.

When the agency head receives the President’s markup, the agency head has a couple of days to make an appeal. If the agency head is important enough, or is a good friend of the President, or has a very controversial issue, he or she may get a meeting with the President to present his or her appeal. Bureau staff will be there to defend its position as well, and the President will make a final decision.

After the President’s final decision, I would be required to make sure the agency submitted revised numbers and justification, and then prepare all the materials to be printed in the President’s Budget, including an overview of how the budget supported the broader goals of the Administration. By mid-January or thereabouts the Budget would be submitted to Congress. Then it would be my job to try to make sure that agency officials supported the President’s budget. I would review proposed testimony by agency officials, attend Congressional hearings on the agency budget, and generally try to ensure that the agency was doing everything appropriate to support the President’s requests.

I was told by my boss, Hugh Loweth, that I had until next September to become an expert on the National Science Foundation budgets. I had a little over seven months to learn what NSF was doing and why, and identify any possible budget issues. Should some programs be cut; should some be increased; should some be ended? During this study period leading up to the next budget season, I would have a few routine tasks to perform, such as reviewing any proposed budget amendments or proposed legislation from NSF, but I could spend most of my time learning about NSF programs.

After spending a few days reading all the available written materials describing the NSF programs, I scheduled a series of meetings with NSF program offices to receive briefings on their programs. This was pretty heady stuff for me; when I called, the agency staff would jump, because they knew that their future budgets depended largely on my recommendations. NSF staff were always “pleased” to meet with me; it was their opportunity to try to impress this naïve, inexperienced budget analyst about the importance of their program and their need for more money. After a month or so of meeting with NSF staff in Washington, I arranged a series of visits to major recipients of NSF research support grants. Over the next four months or so, I visited dozens of research centers around the country, mainly university-operated centers. I visited the marine research center in southern Florida, which was quite nice in March. I visited several research centers in California, including LaJolla, UCLA, Cal Tech, and Berkeley. I visited LSU and Tulane in Louisiana. As the weather warmed up, I moved north, and visited universities in Colorado, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, New York, and Massachusetts.

The university officials were also very “pleased” to have me visit, because NSF had made it clear to them that I was now the guy who had great influence over the amount of future funding from NSF. During most visits I would be escorted to see the President of the University for a brief chat; in some cases I would be the guest of honor at a lunch with the President, Deans and other officials. And

at LSU, the President invited me and a few other officials to dinner at his mansion in Baton Rouge. Hey, I could get used to this. I'm finally starting to receive the respect that I deserve!!

Becoming An Analyst

During the course of these briefings and visits, I was starting to identify some major policy and budgetary issues which I thought should be addressed. I had learned that the NSF had some large programs designed to increase the number of science and engineering PhDs in the country and to increase the number and quality of PhD-producing research universities in the country. These programs were initiated after the Soviet Union launched Sputnik and beat the U.S. in putting a man in earth orbit, which resulted in much hand-wringing among U.S. officials who claimed that America had fallen behind the Soviets in the science and engineering fields. This idea that the U.S. lacked enough scientists and engineers was pushed by various government agencies, including the CIA, the State Department, the Defense Department, and NSF, and was promoted by university officials who saw a way to get more Federal funding for their research programs.

But by 1970, when I was reviewing these programs, there were widespread complaints from newly graduated PhDs that they couldn't find any research jobs. They had spent all those years to get a PhD in physics or chemistry or engineering, etc, and now there were no jobs requiring this expertise. University officials were pressing NSF and other agencies for more research money so they could hire some of these new PhDs. Meanwhile, NSF was continuing to spend nearly \$100 million dollars a year to help produce more PhDs. They were providing large grants to help more universities develop capabilities to produce more PhDs, by building research labs, buying research equipment, and hiring experienced professors. The program was very popular with Congress because it was giving large grants to smaller or lower-ranked universities to

help them compete with the MITs, Cal Techs, Purdues and other major research institutions. NSF also was making large grants to universities so they could provide financial support to PhD candidates pursuing their science degree.

I knew from my years studying the Soviet Union that the premise that the U.S. was lagging the Soviets in numbers of qualified scientists and engineers was pure propaganda and had no basis in fact. In the late 1950s the Soviet Union had been leading the U.S. in only one area, and that was their ability to build large-payload rockets. That achievement permitted them to put a man in orbit and it gave them equality to the U.S. in nuclear deterrence, but it didn't require lots of scientists and engineers. It only required them to give high priority to that effort, just like the U.S. subsequently gave high priority to putting a man on the moon by 1970. It was obvious to me that these NSF programs to increase the output of PhDs were based on a false premise that resulted in an inappropriate goal. Hey, I'm finally getting to use my knowledge about the Soviet Union!

I started focusing in on these programs to determine whether there really was any valid reason for them. I visited several universities which had been selected for major grants to upgrade their science programs. I concluded that these "second-tier" universities generally had improved their science programs as a result of the NSF grants, but I could not identify any national need for U.S. taxpayers to be paying for such improvement. These institutions were not likely to increase the number of significant scientific discoveries in the U.S., because they did not have, and could not attract, the best scientists in the country.

Meanwhile, some changes were taking place in the Executive Office. The Bureau of the Budget was renamed the Office of Management and Budget, and a new Director was named: George Schultz, who had been in senior positions in the Administration, (and who became Secretary of State Under President Reagan.) The organization changes had almost no impact on my work.

During the spring and summer of 1970, I also was receiving information from NSF, universities and the Office of Science and

Technology in the Executive Office, that some other Federal agencies were in the process of reducing their support for basic research at universities. In particular, the Advanced Research Projects Agency in the Department of Defense was reducing its support for basic materials research, electronics research, and other basic research with potential long-term applications to defense hardware, weapons and telecommunications. NASA also was reducing the level of its basic research support as the Lunar Landing program was coming to an end. And AEC was reducing the level of support for basic research in high energy physics and biology related to atomic radiation. I gathered information from the budget analysts for these agencies to determine how much these agencies were reducing basic research funding at universities.

I did take time for a vacation that summer. Actually, I was prepared to skip a vacation, but Hugh insisted. So, Jan and the four kids and I rented a resort cabin on the seashore on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, on the Long Island Sound side of the arm, just west of the elbow. The water was warm and the beach was nice, and we all had a good time. We explored the Cape and the coast up to Boston, stopping to check out Plymouth Rock to see where my ancestors came ashore way back in the early 1600s. This break from work was good for me. It helped me process all of the information I had been collecting during the past few months.

By August of 1970, I had concluded that the NSF program to develop additional large research centers at universities should be terminated on the grounds that there was no national need for the program. I also had concluded that the program of grants to provide financial assistance to PhD candidates should be phased out as current enrollees graduated; no new students should be given that assistance. NSF officials were starting to be suspicious that I was planning to cut these programs because of all the attention I had given them and all the questions I had asked, and they began a campaign to convince me that these programs were essential. Even the Director of NSF asked me to meet with him so he could make a pitch for these programs. My response was that no decisions had

been made regarding any NSF programs, and the President would have to make any such decisions.

In Stedwick, we had more new neighbors move in. We became good friends with the Rohms, Howard and Peggy. They had a baby girl, and Cheri would babysit for her sometimes. Jan and I started playing doubles tennis with the Rohms; we could usually beat them, because Jan was a much better player than Peggy, and Howard and I were about even, so sometimes we would change partners just to make it more competitive and to keep Howard from getting too mad; he hated to lose. I also started riding my bicycle around the bike paths in the village, to get some exercise.

Chris was busy playing baseball on a Village team, and was one of the best players. I tried to get to watch him play whenever possible, but I didn't get home from work until about 6:30 or 7:00 on weekdays, so I missed many of the kids' activities. Cindy had just graduated from Kindergarten; she was the tallest and cutest girl in the class. This fall all the kids would be in school and Jan would have more time to herself. She seemed to be happier with her life now that the kids were growing up. But now I was busier at work and had less time to spend with her.

Kettler Brothers, the developers of Montgomery Village, were now expanding Stedwick into the field behind our townhouses, and they were building a swimming pool and tennis courts less than a block behind our house. We would soon be able to take a short walk to the pool and tennis courts. It would be like living at a country club.

Making a Difference

At the end of September, NSF submitted its budget request to me. They proposed continuing funding for the institutional development programs and the graduate student scholarship programs, at about current year's levels. They proposed small increases in funding for research grants. I studied the requests in

detail, working evenings and weekends for a couple of weeks, and then I conducted some hearings with program officials; I felt that I already had all the information I needed to make my recommendations, but I wanted the agency staff to feel that I had given them every chance to make their case.

Toward the end of October, I was ready to make my recommendations to my bosses. I proposed eliminating all funding for the institutional development program, and phasing out the scholarship program, resulting in a total savings of nearly 100 million dollars. I proposed that the savings from stopping these programs be used to increase NSF funding for basic research efforts, primarily to offset the cutbacks by the other Federal agencies. These changes would provide more opportunities for recent PhD graduates while ending the efforts to increase the glut of PhDs even more. The total budget for NSF would be about the same as requested by NSF, but with a major shift in how those funds were used. I figured that it would be difficult for the NSF Director to oppose my recommendations because he would have all of his research program directors urging him to accept this increase in research funding, and only two program directors urging him to oppose my recommended cuts in their programs.

My boss, Hugh Loweth, liked my recommendations, even though he had been the budget analyst for NSF back when these institutional development programs were started. He supported me when I made my recommendations to Jack Young, the Division Director, and Jack vigorously approved my proposals; he thought it was a great idea and a terrific strategy. My next step was to present my proposals at Budget Review, to the panel of all the big wigs. My turn finally arrived. Hugh and I sat on one side of a long conference table. On the other side sat George Shultz, the OMB Director, Cap Weinberger, the Deputy Director of OMB, James Schlesinger, an Associate Director, Don Rice, the Associate Director responsible for NSF and many other agencies, Edward David, the President's Science Advisor, and a couple of other White House staffers.

(George Shultz had been Secretary of Labor before being appointed Director of OMB. Later, he was appointed Secretary of Treasury by Nixon, and then Secretary of State by Reagan. Cap Weinberger later became Director of OMB when Shultz left, and later he was appointed Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare by Nixon; he was Secretary of Defense under Reagan. James Schlesinger was later appointed Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, then CIA Director and then Secretary of Defense, by Nixon; he was Secretary of Energy under Carter. Don Rice later left OMB to become President of the RAND Corporation; later he was Secretary of the Air Force.)

My presentation followed a standard format for such Budget Review sessions. I first gave an overview of the NSF budget request, and then an overview of my recommendations. Then I presented three separate issue papers. The first paper focused on the institutional development program; I recommended no funding for the program; NSF asked for over \$60 million. After a brief discussion, they accepted my recommendation. Then I presented the issue paper regarding scholarships for graduate science students. I thought that George Shultz might object to this, because he was a former university professor and he still had close ties to universities. But again they accepted my recommendation. Finally, I presented the issue paper recommending a large increase in funding for research, over and above the amount requested by NSF, to help offset the cuts in basic research by other agencies. They loved it. All my recommendations were approved.

Now I had to prepare the materials to go to the President. The same issues would be presented to the President, but I had to summarize each issue on one page, with a one page summary of the NSF budget request and the OMB recommendations. A couple of weeks later, George Shultz met with the President to go over the NSF budget issues. The next morning after Shultz met with the President, Jack Young, my Division Director, called me into his office. He told me that the President had approved my

recommendations, but the President wanted OMB's recommendations on whether NSF could use an additional \$100 million, and if so, how should they use it. Jack said he needed a one page paper from me by noon with my recommendations on how NSF would use an additional \$100 million. It had to be no more than one page, and no later than noon. I had about two hours and 45 minutes, minus about one hour to get it typed with no errors (there were no word processors then). So I had less than two hours to figure out how the agency should spend \$100 million. Is this fun or what?

I knew that NSF could use another \$20 million to offset cuts by other agencies. And I knew that they could use about another \$20 million to fully offset the effects of inflation during the past couple of years. That would get the total funding for basic research back to the levels that they had been two years earlier. But what would they do with the other \$60 million? I decided that the \$60 million should be used to fund basic research that might help solve major national problems that were not being addressed by any other agency.

I had noticed in my study of NSF that their research grants were neatly categorized by traditional academic disciplines. They had grants for physics; grants for chemistry; grants for biology; grants for astronomy; grants for meteorology, and geology, and even social sciences. I also noticed that they didn't know how to handle a proposal from a university researcher if the proposed research covered more than one discipline. For example, if a researcher wanted to work on understanding how certain materials reacted in a biological environment, the work might involve chemistry, physics, and biology issues, so which funding office should consider this proposal? Such research might be very important for solving problems related to surgical implants, for example, but it didn't fit neatly into any NSF discipline. NSF had even set up a small grant group called "Interdisciplinary Research" where such proposals were sent, but this group had a very limited budget and clearly was viewed as an undesirable stepchild by most of the scientists at NSF. It seemed to me that NSF's funding should have been organized on

the basis of providing understanding of the fundamental mysteries of the universe, rather than on the rather rigid academic disciplines. For example, an office might focus on funding research related to understanding the interaction of atoms in the formation of elements and new materials, which could provide the basis for new materials of use in industry, the military, space, medical applications, etc. The research might include physics, chemistry, astronomy or even biology, as long as the goal of the research was to improve the understanding of how materials are formed and modified. Such a goal-oriented approach to research funding would make it easier for NSF to support research being dropped by the other agencies, and it also might result in more funding for research which could have more near-term application to solving human problems, like reducing environmental pollution, increasing transportation safety, or improving efficiency in electricity generation.

Other agencies had been supporting basic research which had the goal of helping achieve the mission of the agency; NIH supported basic research which might eventually lead to a cure for cancer, for example; NASA supported basic research which might lead to better materials for space vehicles; and the Agriculture Department supported basic research on genetics which might lead to improved plants and animals for agriculture. But NSF had this strange notion that if they specified any possible ultimate goal for the research, such research would no longer be basic research; they thought their mission was to support creative scientists with bright ideas, and just see what happens. But their organization structure meant that the bright ideas had to fit neatly within an existing academic discipline.

I sat down and wrote a one page memo to the President, to be signed by George Shultz, which said the NSF would use an additional \$100 million as follows: \$20 million to fund good research being dropped by other agencies; \$20 million to offset the effects of inflation; and \$60 million to support goal-oriented research which had the potential to provide knowledge which could be used to help solve national problems. This research would be in

areas not now funded by other agencies, and I gave some examples, including research related to improved transportation, telecommunications, electronics, and energy efficiency. I briefly explained why NSF was not funding such research now.

I got the paper typed and proofed and into Jack before noon. He liked my recommendations, and said he was going to walk it to the Associate Director for approval and then over to the West Wing of the White House to give it to George for his signature. The next day Jack called me into his office. He handed me the memo I had written to the President. On the bottom of the page George Shultz had written: “this is what the President wants to do.”

Wow! I still didn’t quite believe that I could have so much influence. This was almost the opposite of the way things were done at AEC. There I always had to get four or more other staff offices to concur with any recommendation I made, plus several layers of supervisors had to approve. It would take weeks to get anything through the concurrence process. At OMB I had just recommended an entirely new program to be funded at \$60 million, and it had gone to the President and been approved in less than 24 hours. Amazing.

This is Fun

My boss also was quite amazed. There had never been such major changes in NSF programs in any one year before. It was unprecedented that a budget analyst would have this much influence. Most budget analysts would recommend some relatively minor decreases or increases, but it was rare that a budget analyst would recommend and obtain approval of a program that had not been requested by the agency. But now we had to meet with the Director of NSF and his key staff to inform them of the President’s decision, and see if they were going to appeal any of the decisions. I arranged a meeting in one of the large, impressive conference rooms in the Old Executive Office Building. NSF was informed that the Director and a small number of his trusted staff should attend. On the

OMB side would be the Associate Director Don Rice, Jack Young, Hugh Loweth, and me. We also asked the President's Science Advisor to be there, to help emphasize that these changes in the NSF budget had been carefully considered by the President; they were not just OMB's positions. The meeting was scheduled for late that afternoon, at 5:00. It was already dark outside on this December afternoon. The NSF officials entered the conference room; they were surprised at the formality of the meeting, and more surprised that the science advisor was there. They appeared to be apprehensive; normally the budget markup is passed back in a more informal manner, and usually the agency head does not attend, and the science advisor had never before attended such a budget meeting with NSF. It was obvious that this was going to be either very bad news or very good news, and they didn't expect good news.

Don Rice and the science advisor proceeded to inform the NSF officials of the budget decisions. The total budget approved by the President for NSF would be \$100 million higher than that requested by NSF. This was a shock; the NSF Assistant Director couldn't contain a smile. Then they were informed that there were to be some major changes in how those funds were to be used: the institutional development programs were to be terminated; the graduate student scholarship program was to be phased out with no new awards; basic research funding was to be increased to offset cuts in other agencies; and NSF was to start new programs to support goal-oriented basic research with the objective of finding solutions to major national problems not being funded by other agencies. They were told that NSF would be expected to propose the target problem areas to be funded, but OMB would need to approve their proposed target areas and their proposed organization to manage the new programs.

The NSF officials sat there in an apparent state of shock for several seconds; the Director looked at his staff, who smiled and shrugged their shoulders. Then the Director said: This is great; it is exactly the right decision. I agree that those two programs should be ended, but I couldn't make that recommendation because of all the

political pressure I'm under from the program officers, the National Science Board and from the Hill.

There were handshakes and back slapping all around, and they were all congratulating each other on such a great outcome. Except for me; I was just the lowly staff person at the end of the table. Some of the NSF staff knew that I had made some of these recommendations, but they had no idea that I could have been responsible for all those changes. As the meeting broke up, I reminded everyone that NSF would now need to revise their budget submission to go into the President's budget, and we would need their proposals for the new goal-oriented research programs. I was just the junior staff guy taking care of the details.

I was quite surprised that the NSF Director agreed with all the decisions, and there would be no appeals. I had expected a contentious appeals session. But I was most shocked that the NSF Director really believed that those programs should be terminated, but he felt no responsibility to make such a recommendation. A sorry state of affairs for all taxpayers.

The next morning Hugh Loweth called me into his office for a chat. He congratulated me on a great job. But he said there was a problem with all this success: what was I going to do for an encore? How could I match this next year? I have created expectations that will be almost impossible to live up to in the future. Hugh said he wasn't trying to discourage me, but he thought I needed to give more thought to my own career rather than just doing a good job.

He pointed out that many of the budget analysts who moved up in the organization the fastest were those who were always looking out for themselves; they spent effort kissing up to the right people; they took credit for everything they did as well as what others did, whenever they could get away with it. A couple of examples of analysts who were very good at marketing themselves were Paul O'Neill and Don Derman. They weren't any better as budget analysts than many others, but they were very aggressive in promoting themselves, and had been moved up to Branch Chiefs and were likely to get Division Director jobs soon. He noted that I was

being a little shy about claiming credit for my successes. I responded that I thought that good work would be recognized, but maybe I'm naïve. Hugh thought I was naïve; good work has to be marketed, just like anything else. But Hugh admitted that he didn't do a good job of marketing himself either.

But I did get some reward. I was promoted to GS-15, with a salary of \$23,000, which was equivalent to about \$109,000 in 2020. This is the highest grade level for a public servant who is not in a supervisory position. I had reached the top promotion level for a specialist; in order to go higher I would have to move into a supervisory role, where the bulk of my responsibilities would be supervising the work of others. I had made it to the top in 8 ½ years; promoted six times in 8 ½ years, which was very good but not spectacular.

1970 was the first year that I really felt good about my career. I was enjoying the work; I felt I was doing something very useful; and I was never bored. I loved working for OMB. This was my kind of place.

Things also were going well at home. We finally had enough money to buy some of the things we wanted for the house, and we could even afford to go out to dinner now and then. Jan particularly liked to go to the Charcoal Inn restaurant in Gaithersburg where we usually had surf and turf, with South African lobster tail and a small filet mignon, with baked potato, salad and wine. We also could now take the whole family out to dinner on special occasions, including every child's birthday. And we joined the indoor swimming pool and spa, where we went swimming in the heated pool on cold winter days.

At Christmas time, all OMB staff members were invited to come to the White House for a lighting of the Christmas tree in the East Room, so Jan and I went and pretended we were VIPs.

Back at work in the new year, I was working with NSF to try to get them to correctly describe and justify the termination of the two development programs and the new goal-oriented research programs. They decided to name the new programs "Research

Applied to National Needs”. We had several disagreements on how the program would be described to Congress, and I had to rewrite much of the material to get it right. The NSF academic types had great difficulty understanding the concept of goal-oriented research, or if they understood, they didn’t agree. But this was the President’s budget, and I had the final say on what was said.

During these first weeks of the new year I also had responsibility for pulling together a summary of all budget numbers for research and development by all government agencies and then describing any significant changes or trends. This helped give me a much better understanding of all the R&D programs in the government.

After the President’s budget was submitted to Congress, I was busy reviewing and revising proposed NSF testimony before Congressional Committees and responding to requests from Congress for more information about the changes in NSF programs. I also started a review of how NSF was managing all of its research programs, to determine whether they had systems in place to evaluate the results of the research it was supporting. I knew that they had a “peer review” system to evaluate proposed research, but there appeared to be no follow-up to see what was accomplished with the NSF funds.

In the spring of 1971, I bought a new Saab. My old 1963 Saab now had lots of miles and was becoming unreliable, so I traded it in on a new model, which had a regular four-cylinder engine and much more room than the old Saab, and it had more of a sporty look. I was feeling pretty rich driving my sporty new car. I also took time away from work to take the family to see the cherry blossoms around the tidal basin.



The four offspring are reluctantly posing for a photo in front of the Tidal Basin, in April, 1971.

Swim Team

That spring, Jan got involved in helping to organize a new swim team for the kids in the Stedwick community. The swimming pool would be finished that spring, and we would have a place for practice sessions and swim meets. Jan helped get parents involved and kids registered for the team. Coaches were hired, and as soon as school was out that summer, our kids joined the team for practice sessions. Cheryl was in the 13-14 age group, Chris was in the 9-10 group, and Greg and Cindy were in the 8 and Under category. Cheryl and Chris were both competing against swimmers who had been swimming competitively for a few years, so it was very difficult for them to finish among the top three swimmers in their events. Greg was seven and by the end of the swim season he was starting to win

some ribbons, particularly in backstroke. Cindy had just turned six and was learning her strokes. I was able to make it to a couple of the swim meets that summer.

Jan and I continued to play tennis whenever possible, and I had frequent matches with Howard Rohm. I also took up sailing small sunfish sail boats on Lake Whetstone in the village. I could rent one of the little sail boats inexpensively, at the dock on the lake, and I learned how to get some good speed out of those little boats on a breezy day.

At work, I completed my review of NSF management of its research programs and prepared a report for OMB and NSF management. In essence, the report concluded that the NSF was not making efforts to ensure that taxpayers' monies were being used properly or effectively; they were doing little more than throwing money at scientists who had been able to convince some of their peers that they were good guys. I recommended that NSF needed to establish systems to follow up on each of its research grants to ensure that the funds were first, used for the purpose intended, and second, that they were producing useful results, i.e., making progress toward understanding a specified phenomenon. This may require additional scientific staff at NSF to provide this oversight, but without it we really had no idea whether we were just wasting taxpayers' money.

My report was highly praised by OMB management. The Assistant Director, Don Rice, was so impressed that he took the time to send me a note. He said: *"I realize that the press of day-to-day business makes it difficult to find the time for the kind of in-depth research and thought you obviously put into the paper. The initiative required on your part under these circumstances makes the quality of the paper all the more noteworthy."* I'm going to have to get a larger hat size if this continues.

The response from NSF was not so universally positive. The NSF Director and his immediate staff agreed with most of my conclusions and recommendations, but the more entrenched science bureaucrats were completely opposed to the concept that recipients

of NSF grant funds should be held responsible for any results. The NSF Director promised to take action to try to implement my recommendations, but it was clear that it would be an uphill battle.

More Responsibilities

This year I also was given responsibility for reviewing all Federal research support programs which were funded by more than one agency, to ensure a coherent and coordinated Federal effort. The major multi-agency programs I was to be responsible for included astronomy research, which was supported by NSF and NASA; weather prediction and modification research, which was supported by NSF and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in the Department of Commerce; and earth sciences, supported by NSF and the Geologic Survey in the Department of Interior. This should help keep me from getting bored. By October, I was expected to know what these other agencies were doing and planning to do in these research fields, and assess whether and how those programs fit with what NSF was doing.

I soon identified a major issue in the area of astronomy. Both NASA and NSF were proposing large, long-term projects in astronomy. NASA was proposing a new space-based optical telescope (which would later be named Hubble), which would provide astronomers with a view of the universe unimpeded by the distortion effects of the earth's atmosphere. NSF was proposing a Very Large Array of radio antennas which would consist of 27 antennas arrayed on rails in a Y-shape so that the array could be contracted or expanded as needed to focus on space objects of interest. Each antenna would be 82 feet in diameter, and the total system would provide resolution equivalent to an antenna 22 miles across. Both of these proposals would be expensive to build and then require substantial continued annual funding to utilize the instruments effectively. My job was to recommend whether one, both or neither of these proposals should be funded. I had a few

months to learn enough about the goals of astronomy research and the capabilities of astronomical observatories to be able to make a recommendation to the President.

After a week or so of studying this astronomy issue, I discovered that there was substantial disagreement among leading astronomers and science administrators regarding which of these two observatories should be funded. There was a general expectation that there would not be adequate funding to proceed with both the Hubble telescope and the Very Large Array of radio antennas. Some astronomers thought that all available new funding should go to the space-based optical telescope, while others thought that an optical telescope in space was so complex and expensive that it would be decades before it could be achieved and we should proceed with the Very Large Array which would provide critical information on distant galaxies much sooner. A few optimists thought we should proceed with both systems.

NSF was pushing for funding for the Very Large Array, of course, but they were not optimistic about receiving approval of \$78 million for design and construction, and they also wanted more funding to support astronomers working at existing observatories. NASA was desperately trying to gain approval of new missions now that the Lunar Landing program had been completed, and the space-based telescope was a key part of this effort to define new missions. The Office of Science and Technology in the White House was not particularly excited about either proposal; they preferred increasing the budgets to improve utilization of existing observatories. If any extra funding were available for a new observatory, they preferred the space-based system.

I set about studying the capabilities of the existing observatories and the projected capabilities of the two new systems. I examined the potential for science advances if funding were increased for existing observatories. I studied the estimated schedules and budgets for developing the two new systems and obtained independent assessments of the validity of those estimates. I concluded that it did not make sense to increase funding for

researchers to use existing observatories, because the usefulness of those observatories was seriously limited by their technology. The only major advantage of increasing funding for them would be to provide employment for more astronomers, rather than advance knowledge of the universe. I didn't see a national need to employ more astronomers, even though both NSF and the President's science advisor were supporting such increases.

I also concluded that the space-based optical observatory was the most desirable of the two systems, in theory, in terms of potential science breakthroughs, but there were so many uncertainties about the feasibility of placing such a working system in space in the next several decades that it was risky to place all of our bets on that one system. I concluded that the Very Large Array was a proven system, using tested antenna and proven data processing systems, and that it could be built and in use in less than ten years, compared with probably 25 to 30 years for the space-based system. The Very Large Array would provide us with the capability to study radio wave emissions throughout the universe, including emissions from solar flares on our sun or from the most distant galaxies. It would be able to provide much of the information that could be obtained with a space-based telescope, and it would provide some critical information which would not be available from any optical telescope.

I prepared a detailed paper analyzing the alternative funding options and recommending that the Very Large Array be funded in the upcoming budget, with no increases in funding for existing observatories. I also recommended that funding be provided to NASA to continue research and design to develop a large space-based optical telescope as the next major new observatory after the Very Large Array. The office of the President's Science Advisor did not like my recommendation not to increase funding for existing observatories, but they decided to support my recommendations in hopes of getting support for both of these new observatories.

At my budget review session with the Director and other senior staff in early November of 1971, I presented the astronomy

issue as one of four major decisions to be made regarding the NSF and related science budgets. My recommendations were approved by the Director of OMB and by the President, and were submitted to Congress for action. On the astronomy issue as well as other issues, it was clear that my recommendation was critical. If I had recommended against funding the Very Large Array, I would have been supported by the President's Science Advisor and others. If I had recommended more funding for work at existing observatories, I would have been supported by the President's Science Advisor and others. If I had recommended no increases in funding for anything in astronomy, it probably would have been approved by my bosses and the President. I continued to be surprised and amazed at the influence which could be exercised by OMB budget analysts who were willing to take a stand on issues. **Note:** the Very Large Array was funded by Congress in 1972 as requested by the President's budget. Construction started in early 1973, and was completed in 1980, within budget and nearly one year ahead of schedule. It is located on the Plains of San Augustin, west of Socorro, New Mexico. The official history of the VLA notes that the project was approved by Congress in 1972; it does not note that it might never have been built if I had not made the effort to justify the investment. The Hubble space-based telescope was initially deployed in space in 1990, but an error in developing the telescope lens and other technical problems required extensive repair over the next few years before Hubble was able to provide the expected spectacular views of our universe.

Carl and Esther Come to Washington

Mom and dad came to visit us for Thanksgiving in 1971. They took the bus from Minneapolis to Washington, DC. They spent about ten days with us and I was able to take a few days off work and we showed them all the sights in the Washington area, including my office in the Executive Office Building, and the White House.



This is mom and dad and the gang on the lawn at Mt. Vernon, with the Potomac River in the background.

Dad had not fully recovered from his heart attack and fall. Although he was now able to travel, he still seemed to be very frail, although he was only 68 years old. In late November, I took them to Union Station in DC to catch a sleeper train which would take them to New Orleans and then on to Texas where they were going to spend part of the winter with my brother Wally and his wife Ginger and family.

As 1971 ended, we were a pretty contented family. I liked my job. Jan liked our townhouse and seemed to be happier with her role as mother and housewife. The kids had adjusted to living in Montgomery Village, and had made new friends. We had enough money to meet our needs. Life was good. But I was already 33 years old and I still had not made any major changes in the world.

CHAPTER FIVE

CAREER SUCCESS

1972 - 1979

1972 Was A Good Year

1972 was a good year for the Hystad family. We all were finally feeling settled in our Stedwick townhouse. I was happy with my job. I was earning enough money to pay the bills and keep Jan relatively happy. Jan had just turned 34, while I was much younger at only 33. Cheryl would soon turn 14; Chris would be 11 in August; Greg would turn nine in September; and Cindy would celebrate her seventh in March .

My job was less demanding now that I had over two years experience as a budget analyst, and I had more time at home to play with the kids, play tennis with Jan or Howard Rohm, ride my bike around the village, swim in the indoor or outdoor pools, sail a little sunfish sail boat on Lake Whetstone, and play bridge with neighbor couples.

Meanwhile, on the national scene, Nixon was still trying to bomb North Vietnam into submission, with no success, while trying to convince the American public that he was ending the war. The Presidential elections were coming up in the fall, and he wanted to reduce opposition to the war. He was gradually reducing the number of military on the ground in Vietnam, while escalating the bombing. We were killing more and more innocent civilians, in an attempt to prop up a corrupt government in the South, all the while pretending that we were fighting for “democracy.” In March of 1972, North Vietnam troops invaded the South. The U.S. responded with widespread, indiscriminate bombing of the North, including the city of Hanoi. This was another shameful chapter in American foreign policy.

National Science Foundation Expert

I was in a smooth routine in my job as Budget Analyst at the Office of Management and Budget. I knew the programs and budgets of the National Science Foundation better than any one person at NSF. I had identified all the major program and budget issues, and I was working on improving the management approach at the agency. I had found a couple of interesting issues, which took much of my time. One was the Antarctic research program, which was managed and funded by the National Science Foundation. I conducted a thorough review of both the science program and the logistics management of the activities in the Antarctic. It was very expensive to maintain year-around facilities in the Antarctic, and relatively little science work could be carried out in the winter months which could not be accomplished by unmanned devices. But our national security and foreign policy people thought that the U.S. needed to maintain a strong presence there in order to discourage any possible efforts by other nations (particularly the Soviet Union) to use the Antarctic as a tool in the Cold War or to stake claim to any natural resources there. Although the science programs were advertised as the reason for our large presence there, it was clear that this was not just a science mission.

I was told that I could go to the Antarctic personally to review the activities there, during the summer months (our winter), but I couldn't justify to myself that this would be a reasonable use of taxpayer money. I knew that such a visit would not result in any major changes in programs or spending there, and I could get all the information I really needed without a personal visit. Travel to the Antarctic reminded me of all the Congressional visitors we used to get in London who claimed to be on fact-finding missions but were just getting a European vacation at taxpayer expense; I didn't want to join that class of leaches. The other major issue that I focused on in early 1972 was weather prediction and modification. Both the NSF and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Agency in the

Department of Commerce were spending several million dollars a year on research to try to improve capabilities to predict weather, and to determine the feasibility of modifying the weather. Weather prediction efforts focused primarily on developing improved models of weather behavior in the near-term, up to four or five days in the future, which some scientists thought was now becoming feasible with the availability of larger and faster computers. Weather modification efforts focused mainly on preventing or moderating severe storms that caused major damage, such as hail storms and tornadoes.

After reviewing the primary weather prediction modeling efforts, it became clear to me that there was very little potential to significantly improve prediction capabilities. Although faster computers could process much more data, and it might be possible to develop models which could theoretically predict weather patterns, the key problem was the lack of adequate real time data on what was happening all around the world, in the oceans, in the atmosphere, on the land masses, which would impact weather conditions over the next hours, days or weeks. It seemed to me unrealistic that we would be able to collect enough such data, at an acceptable cost, to significantly improve weather prediction. And what would be the benefit of such large costs? What would be the benefit of knowing for sure that it would rain next Tuesday and Wednesday, or that it would snow on Sunday, versus having a 50 percent probability of such weather? There might be great value in being able to predict life-threatening storms, including tornadoes and hurricanes, but most weather prediction would have relatively small benefits.

Weather modification efforts could be successful only if we could predict the weather with a great degree of accuracy, so that we could then try to prevent the predicted result. And there was great uncertainty that we would ever be able to develop the capability to prevent a hail storm or a tornado.

It seemed to me that the entire weather prediction and modification efforts of the government were largely a waste of

money. On most days the typical user of such forecasts could predict the weather himself just about as accurately as the official forecasts, just by stepping outdoors. Granted that the movement of major weather fronts and storms were relatively easy to track, and the location of such fronts and storms was valuable information to boaters, pilots, farmers, and others who are most impacted by the weather. But it was possible to provide warnings of such major weather movements without a huge additional investment in research or in data gathering and modeling. I concluded that there was no value in spending money on weather modification research at this time. And that further research on weather prediction should be focused on a few areas with potential high payoff in terms of lives saved, including research to improve warnings of tornadoes, hurricanes, and major floods, and wind shear near commercial airports

.Enjoying the Townhouse

At home, I was enjoying our townhouse, making use of the indoor swimming pool, attending parent-teacher conferences, and trying to get used to the idea that my little children were growing up. Cheryl was in 8th grade and was doing well in school, and was always “Miss Responsibility”. Chris was in 5th grade and was not quite as studious; he was into basketball and having fun. Greg was in 3rd grade and doing well, and was the up-and-coming young star on the summer swim team. Cindy was in the first grade, and had learned to talk very fast just to get a word in edgewise at the dinner table.

Using My Position to Help the Family

Sometime during 1971 or 1972, I had the pleasure of helping my sister Eileen, as a result of my position at the White House. Eileen's husband, Jim, had left her, and he had joined one of the military services and was stationed overseas. He had been ordered to pay child support to Eileen to help her with the cost of raising their two boys, but he had not been making his payments and was ignoring Eileen's requests for money. Eileen asked if there was anything I could do to help; she gave me the name and address of his commanding officer.

Although I had no responsibility for the military services, I decided to send a letter to Jim's commanding officer, in which I informed him of the problem and asked if there was anything he could do to see that Jim met his responsibilities to his children. I used my office stationary, which happened to say "Executive Office of the President", which may have had some little influence on the commanding officer. In any event, in a couple of weeks I heard from Eileen that the commanding officer had immediately sent Jim home with instructions to take care of the problem. According to Eileen, Jim was not at all happy that I had intervened, but she was now receiving child support.

During my years in OMB I was able to help a few other members of the family who were having difficulties with government agencies, including helping Uncle Perrin resolve a problem with the Social Security Administration. It was one of the perks of that job.

Visiting Wally in Louisiana

During Easter vacation in 1972, we all loaded into the Rambler station wagon and drove to Lafayette, Louisiana to visit my brother Wally and his wife Ginger and their six kids. We drove to Atlanta, Georgia the first day, and then all the way to Lafayette the

second day. Wally worked for Employers Mutual of Wausau, an insurance company based in Wisconsin, and his clients included offshore oil drilling companies that were working out of Lafayette in the Gulf of Mexico. His daughter Debbie, who was born in Henning when I was in High School, was now about to turn 18 years old, and Kevin was 16. Wally's kids were growing up. Wally showed us around the Lafayette area, which is just west of the Atchafalaya Basin, which is the huge swamp created by thousands of years of flooding by the Mississippi River. We tried some local food favorites, including seafood gumbo, red beans and rice, crayfish, and jambalaya.

On our way back home, we drove north through Mississippi to Tennessee, spent the night in Memphis, but didn't see Elvis, and then back home the next day.

Part Time Job for Jan

Jan took a part time job in 1972. She got a job as a receptionist at the sales office in the new model homes in a new section of Montgomery Village, called Fairidge. She worked a few hours a day while the kids were in school, and a few hours on the weekends, assisting the salesman who was selling these houses. She assisted visitors to the model homes, providing information on prices, options, lots available, building schedules, etc. It was a fairly pleasant way for her to earn a little money and get to meet new people, without interfering very much with her role as mother and housewife.

In June of 1972, the kids were back into their swim team practice, with the Stedwick Swim Team. Cheryl was in the 13-14 age group; Chris in the 9-10 age group; and Greg and Cindy in the 8 and Under age group. Greg was one of the oldest kids in his age group, because he turned nine in September, and he had a very good summer as a competitive swimmer. He won many of his events, in free style and backstroke, and as one of the members of the relay team.

Cindy was becoming a good swimmer, but was competing against kids almost two years older, so she was not winning ribbons. Chris and Cheryl both were having fun on the team, but they had tough competition against kids who had been swimming competitively for a few years. Jan was very involved in helping the parents manage the swim team, and I came to the swim meets to cheer on my kids.

The summer Olympic games in Munich in September 1972 were highlighted by Mark Spitz winning seven gold medals in swimming. My kids were excited about this, and I think it encouraged a lot of young swimmers to train harder. There also was a sad note about the Olympics, as Palestinian terrorists attacked Israel's delegation and killed eleven Israeli athletes.

Promotion to Branch Chief

In July of 1972, I was called into the office of my Division Director, Jack Young. He informed me that I had been selected to be Chief of the Commerce Branch, which was also in his Division, if I wanted the job. It was a Supergrade, GS-16, position, and I would be responsible for supervising four employees in the Branch. I would be responsible for the Commerce Department, Small Business Administration, Postal Service, Federal Trade Commission, Security and Exchange Commission, Panama Canal Zone, and a few smaller agencies. I accepted the job without hesitation. I was ready for a new challenge. I was 34 years old; I needed to move up in my career.

The first few months in the new job were quite difficult. I had only a few weeks to try to get up to speed on the major issues before the next budget season. Although the budget examiners working for me were expected to be the lead experts on these issues, some of the examiners were quite young and inexperienced, and I would need to provide lots of support and backup to get them through the process. So I was cramming to learn everything I could about the programs, budgets, and personnel of the various agencies.

From the first day in the new job I was confronted with the need to provide emergency funding for the Small Business Administration to assist businesses and home owners who had lost everything as a result of flooding from hurricane Agnes that had hit the mid-Atlantic states with up to 18 inches of rain in late June of 1972. The flooding had caused over \$3 billion of damage in the area, with Pennsylvania hit particularly hard. The Small Business Administration had the primary responsibility to provide emergency financial relief for the victims, and my staff and I were responsible for rushing through emergency requests for additional funding. We helped SBA prepare a budget amendment and get it to Congress, along with supporting information on the magnitude of the need.

I also was learning how to be a supervisor. Initially, I thought that my role should be limited to teaching, advising, motivating, and setting priorities for my staff. I didn't want to interfere too much in the work of my staff, because I knew how much I resented it when my supervisors tried to tell me in detail how to do my job. I believed that excessive interference by the supervisor resulted in loss of motivation by the employee, with a resulting drop in the quality and quantity of their work.

But I soon learned that my bosses considered that I was responsible for the work of my staff. If my staff did a lousy job, it was as though I did a lousy job. So within a few weeks I concluded that I needed to be much more involved in the work of my staff. I started reviewing all reports, memos, letters and recommendations prepared by my staff to make sure they met my standards. If time permitted, I would send any unacceptable work back to the originator, with instructions on what was wrong and how to fix it. If they were unable to fix it, I did it myself and then explained to the employee why I had made the changes. I made it clear that I would not accept any sloppy work; no typos; no grammatical errors; no unclear sentences; no illogical arguments; no recommendations without supporting evidence; no emotional arguments in lieu of facts.

Most of my staff had a tough time with my requirements; they were not used to meeting tough standards of quality. But two of the staff quickly shaped up, and their work required less and less correction. One of the staff, the most senior member, resisted my supervision for weeks, and his work did not improve. I was forced to correct much of his work; he left for another job within a couple of months. And the most junior staff member was almost worthless; I spent more time training him and correcting his work than I would have spent doing the work myself. But I understood that training was part of my responsibility as a supervisor.

I was beginning to understand that the role of a supervisor was more difficult than it had appeared, and not as rewarding as doing the analytical work all myself. As a supervisor, I didn't have time to get into deep research on many issues, which I enjoyed. I didn't have time to travel around the country reviewing program activities. I couldn't take full credit for the work of my Branch, but I got most of the flak if things were not done right and on time. I was now spending much of my time as a teacher, and I could get rewarded only if my students did well.

My experience learning to be a good supervisor made me understand why so many supervisors do such a horrible job. Most supervisors are selected for their position solely because they were one of the top performers on tasks that did not involve supervision; they are selected because they are good engineers, accountants, analysts, writers, etc, not because they were good supervisors. And then they receive no training on how to be a supervisor; it is assumed that anyone can supervise other people without any training. Probably a majority of supervisors fail miserably in their jobs, because they have no experience, no training, and they frequently hate the supervisory duties. This phenomenon is the basis for the Peter Principle, which says that in a large organization a person is promoted to his or her level of incompetence.

I inherited a secretary when I was named Commerce Branch Chief. She had been the secretary to the previous two branch chiefs in the position, and had been with the government for almost 30

years. She must have been competent at some time in her career, in order to move up to become a secretary to a branch chief, but now she was not able to do her job adequately. Her typing was slow and full of errors; she forgot important tasks; and she could not be relied upon to handle even the simplest assignments on her own. One day my boss called my office to ask me to come to an important meeting immediately; my secretary answered the phone and told my boss that she would get the message to me right away. She hung up the phone and forgot to tell me, sitting at my desk in the next room. That was the last straw.

I knew from experience and from institutional memory passed along by other supervisors that it was almost impossible to fire someone for incompetence; it would take years of detailed recordings of failures to perform assigned duties, and continued efforts to help her improve her performance, before I would be able to get action to dismiss her or even get her reassigned. I decided on an alternative approach. I informed her that her work was not acceptable, and I was going to document her poor performance and place it in her personnel record, or she might want to announce that she was going to take early retirement, since she was now eligible to retire. She resisted until I drafted a performance report and gave it to her for review, after which she decided to retire. I was able to replace her with a top-notch secretary who made my work much easier. In the days before computers and word processors, and before copy machines and fax machines, a good secretary was extremely valuable.

I made it through budget season in the fall of 1972, and I enjoyed it. It was a challenge; I was learning a great deal about the programs under my area of responsibility; I was meeting many new people; I was very busy all the time. My kind of job.

Presidential Election

Nixon's White House staff was very busy also during these months. Some were busy breaking into the Democratic National Headquarters in the Watergate office building, and others were busy trying to cover up any connection to the White House. In 1972, we all heard about the Watergate break-in, but we didn't learn about all the cover-up activities until later. Ironically, there seemed to be no need for the Republicans to use thievery and other dirty tactics to defeat George McGovern in the Presidential election that fall. Nixon had successfully painted McGovern as a radical liberal who would lead the country to socialism. McGovern had won the Democratic nomination by defeating Edmund Muskie in the primaries. McGovern strongly opposed Nixon's actions on the Vietnam war and recommended complete U.S. withdrawal (he was right). On domestic policy, he proposed a guaranteed income for all Americans.

Nixon won the election in November by a landslide despite his failure to promptly end the Vietnam War. As a public servant, I could not voice my opinions regarding the merits of the two candidates, but I was deeply disappointed that the American electorate had been bamboozled by Nixon once again. It was clear to me that Nixon was an unprincipled guy, and he had surrounded himself with unprincipled people who believed the old Marxist slogan that "the ends justify the means". And they were willing to use almost any means to achieve the "end", which appeared to be nothing more grandiose than assuring more power to Nixon.

A Larger House is "Needed"

In early 1973, Jan decided she wanted a bigger house; she wanted one of the houses in the new Fairidge section of Montgomery Village, where she was working in the model homes. I guess she had plenty of time while working there to imagine that it

would be nicer to have a big detached house, with a yard. I didn't want to move. I was very happy with the townhouse. I thought we had plenty of room, and it was easy to maintain, and we were within walking distance of everything. We could walk to the shopping mall; we could walk to the indoor and outdoor swimming pools, the tennis courts, the ball fields, the schools, the park. It was a great location. And Cheryl would be going off to college in just a couple more years, and then there would be even less need for a bigger house. If we moved, we wouldn't be able to walk to anything; we would spend lots of time driving the kids everywhere. And I would spend more time maintaining a larger house and yard. Not to mention the larger mortgage payments and higher utility bills. I wanted to stay where we were, primarily because it was inexpensive; we had a small, low-interest mortgage and I was finally making enough money to pay our bills and have a little left over. I had finally reached the point where I could start to relax a bit about money, and maybe start saving money to send the kids to college.

But Jan was insistent. She needed more room. And we could afford a bigger place. And there were couples younger than we were buying those houses in Fairridge. If they could afford it, we could. And the kids would have larger rooms; they could each have their own bedroom. I finally gave in; she convinced me that my reasons for not buying a larger house were selfish. Jan was the housewife; she was the one who had to live in the house all the time; she had to clean and cook and care for the kids. And I needed to keep her happy. We signed a contract on a new house and picked out the lot we wanted. The house cost just over \$70,000. I expected to be able to sell the townhouse and make enough to provide a sizeable down payment on the new house. Construction would start in a few weeks, and it was scheduled to be completed by about the end of May, 1973.

It was a five bedroom house on a lot of about 1/3 acre. The model was well designed for our family situation; it was a semi split level; on the main floor was an entrance foyer, a sunken living room, a separate dining room, an eat-in kitchen, a family room with a

fireplace and sliding doors on to the back yard, a one-half bath, and a “mother’s room”. A third of a flight upstairs was the master bedroom and bath, which was located over the top of the double garage. And another two-thirds of a flight upstairs were four bedrooms and a full bath, as well as substantial attic storage space. Going down from the main floor was the garage, and then at the lowest level was a basement under half of the house where there was room for a recreation room, a workshop, and the furnace room.

Tolerating Religion

I was opposed to sending or taking my kids to church or Sunday school. I believed that religious indoctrination at a young age was undesirable, because I did not believe in any super natural being, and I felt that it was wrong to encourage my children to believe in any supreme being. To me, it made no more sense than continuing to pretend that there was Santa Claus or a Tooth Fairy. However, I did not prohibit my kids from attending church services with their friends if they wished, and Cheryl decided she wanted to go to church and Sunday school with a friend of hers. For a couple of years while she was a young teenager she attended church quite regularly.

I was firmly convinced that we could teach our children good moral standards without teaching them to believe in any religion. Actually, I believed that most religions promoted undesirable moral standards, including intolerance, self-righteousness, and selfishness, and that religious leaders and politicians used religion to promote war and other undesirable social behavior.

Vietnam Cease-Fire Accord

In January 1973, the U.S. finally agreed on a cease-fire accord with North Vietnam. The U.S. would withdraw all of our

troops, and North Vietnam would release all of its prisoners of war. The U.S. continued to provide financial support and supplies to the South Vietnam government, but most people recognized that the unpopular regime in South Vietnam was doomed.

Abortion Legalized

Also in January 1973, the U.S. Supreme Court issued the famous Roe v. Wade decision which essentially struck down laws prohibiting abortion, and effectively making abortion legal throughout the country. This was a major victory for all women and sensible men. It was a major defeat for those men who fear that the right to abortion will reduce their control over women. For the next several decades, these insecure men worked to overturn the Roe v. Wade decision, and the national Republican party supported those efforts.

Trying to End Regional Economic Development Programs

At work in the spring and summer of 1973, I spent a good deal of my time working on trying to find a politically acceptable approach for regional economic development programs. Under President Johnson's Great Society a number of new programs were established for the purpose of providing good jobs for the unemployed in economically depressed areas of the country. The original idea was to provide grants to selected economically depressed areas to help them attract new businesses. The grants were to be used to develop industrial parks, build water and sewer systems needed by new businesses, and support local efforts to entice businesses to locate in these areas. The largest set of programs for regional economic development was administered by the Economic Development Administration under the Department of Commerce. Other programs were under the Appalachian Regional

Commission and a few other regional commissions, which were independent agencies. I had responsibility for the budgets of all these independent regional commissions as well as the Department of Commerce.

President Nixon's Administration wanted to abolish most, if not all, of the Great Society programs, including these economic development grants, and I was under orders to try to find some way to convince Congress to abolish or at least phase down these programs which totaled nearly \$400 million annually. Nixon's budget the prior year had recommended ending these programs, but the Democratic controlled Congress ignored his budget and provided full funding for the programs. And the political appointees who headed these agencies were doing everything they could to keep them going; Nixon's own appointees were ignoring his direction.

My job was to try to make a solid case that these programs did not work and were just a waste of money. I also was informed that if we couldn't terminate the programs, we should at a minimum try to convert the programs into block grants to states, and let the states decide how to use the money for economic development. I spent a lot of time working with the President's domestic policy staff and with the Republican staff members of the relevant Congressional committees, to try to work out a strategy that would make it past the President and also would have the support of at least the Republicans on the Hill.

One of my staff was assigned responsibility for these programs, and he firmly believed that the programs were worthless, but he was not good at producing evidence to support his contention. I worked with him for several months to pull together all available data on the impact of the programs, to see if a case could be made to either terminate or continue the programs. After we completed our study, I concluded that the programs were doing very little good for poor people; much of the money was going to consultants, advisors, planners, administrators and other middle income people, and very few jobs were created for the unemployed or poor. Funding had been

dribbled out in small amounts all over the country, with little impact anywhere, to please a large number of Congressmen. The programs were having very little impact on reducing high unemployment anywhere. Spending money to set up industrial parks had little impact, because most of them were empty; it was clear that businesses did not come running to industrial parks just because lots were available with water and sewer. Counter-cyclical construction grants didn't work to help the unemployed, because they were too late; by the time the construction started, the economy was already coming out of recession, and the new construction just contributed to inflation.

I tried to find a way to provide help to the poor, as intended. I wanted the program changed to focus available funds on a very few areas, to make a big difference in a few high unemployment areas, including job training grants and incentives to employers to hire and train unskilled workers. The White House shot down all of my suggestions except block grants to states. So I proposed block grants which could be used by states to help areas of low income and high unemployment, with lots of flexibility on how it could be used within the state. Unfortunately, this would mean that each state would receive only a small amount of money, and the impact would be nil. Congress was not excited about block grants because they couldn't take credit for individual projects; not even the Republicans in Congress were interested in block grants; they had no interest in giving funds to states, with the governors or state legislatures getting all the credit.

After several weeks of negotiation with White House staff and Congressional staff, I finalized a proposal for a new block grant program. The White House held a press conference to announce this new initiative. It was my first experience in the White House Press room. The President's press secretary opened the meeting and then turned it over to the Domestic Council guy and me to explain the program and answer questions. We were at the podium where all Presidential staff brief the press. Representatives of the press sit around most of the day in this press room waiting for someone to

come and tell them something. When they get a scrap of news, they rush off to prepare a report for their newspaper, radio or television. The job of these White House reporters seemed to me to be terribly boring.

In preparing the budget that fall, I dutifully recommended phasing out funds for all all the Great Society economic development programs and replacing them with the new block grants to states. During the course of the next year, Congress provided the requested funding for the new block grant program, but they also continued to fund all of the older Great Society programs as well. So the Nixon Administration's efforts to reduce these programs only resulted in more money being spent, and little of it was having much impact on the poor.

While dealing with these economic development issues, and also supervising budget and legislative activities on all the other programs under my Branch, I had to deal with my boss, who was quite a challenge. Jack Young had been Director of the Division for several years, and was my immediate supervisor. He was a very competent, politically savvy and connected guy, but he had one major problem: he drank his lunch almost every day. On many days he would return to the office in mid-to-late afternoon quite intoxicated. He usually managed to appear fairly sober, until he started talking and it was obvious that he was not making much sense. And the next morning he would not remember anything about the previous afternoon. Some of his staff made the mistake of holding meetings with him in the afternoon, to get his approval on some issue. He would rant and rave and harass anyone present, and even if he made a decision he would have no recollection of it the next day, so they would have to start all over again. I had learned, after observing one of these meetings, never to meet with him after he had been out to lunch.

But I got lucky; during the summer of 1973, OMB made some major organizational changes, and my Commerce Branch was moved out of Jack's Division to the "General Government" Division, which had a younger, bright, sober Division Director,

named David Bray, with whom I enjoyed working. He treated me more like an equal, and gave me a great deal of flexibility to do my job, as long as I kept the top honchos happy.

Moving to Fairidge

In early June, 1973, we put our Stedwick townhouse up for sale; I decided to try to sell it myself. We held open house for a couple of weekends; I always dressed in my tennis attire, and pretended that I was just on my way to play tennis at the courts just a block behind our house, whenever anyone came to look at the house. I sold the house in about three weeks, for \$48,000, which was a good profit on the \$32,000 I had paid four years earlier, and enough to give me a good down payment on the Fairidge house. The buyer of the townhouse wanted to move in quickly, but our Fairidge house was not quite finished yet. We pressured Kettler to finish our house as soon as possible (Jan worked for Kettler, and she kept bugging them). In order to get out of the townhouse on time, I had to rent two U-Haul trucks and load everything we had in the trucks for a few days, until we could get into Fairidge. We moved into Fairidge in July, on the hottest day of the year, once again, with the temperature hovering around 100 degrees.

The new house was certainly large enough for us with four growing kids. The kids each had their own bedroom, and the kids' bedrooms were separated enough from the master bedroom a half floor down, that we all had a little privacy. Cheryl was already 15; Chris was 12; Greg was 10 and Cindy was 8. My salary at the time was \$33,283, which was near the top pay for government employees. But the new house created new financial problems; higher mortgage payments; higher heating and air conditioning bills; and lots of expenses to furnish and decorate, and to landscape outside. It kept me broke most of the time. We seldom had any extra cash.

This is a photo of the new house (taken a few years after we moved in).



The family budget was a source of growing irritation between Jan and me. She frequently complained that I spent too much time at work, and gave too high a priority to my work, but she also frequently complained that we didn't have enough money. From my perspective, I was making more money than most civil servants only because I worked very hard and I moved up the Federal pay scale very quickly compared with most civil servants my age; most civil servants never make it to the supergrade level that I had achieved. But Jan seemed to think that I could make even more money and work less. Her thinking on this issue made no sense to me, and it created a resentment by me about her lack of appreciation for the work I was doing. It is likely that she was comparing my

income to that of some of the guys in the neighborhood who worked for private firms, where pay scales were often higher.

Gasoline Lines

In the Fall of 1973, the country had major problems with gasoline supplies; there were long lines at gasoline stations waiting to buy gas, and there were days when I had trouble getting enough gasoline in my car to get to work. I was carpooling with two other guys who worked at OMB, and we all had problems getting gasoline because the gas stations were all closed by noon or earlier, so we had to get up very early in the morning and go sit in line to get the gas tank filled.

This gasoline crisis was the result of two separate events in 1973. The first was action by President Nixon, with Congressional support, to impose price controls on many products, including petroleum. These price controls were an effort to slow down the high rate of inflation that was gripping the country. The price controls prohibited oil companies from raising prices in response to increased demand or shortage of supplies; they could raise prices only to recover their increased costs of operation. The second related event was the Mideast War. On October 6, 1973, Egypt and Syria attacked Israel, in an all-out invasion, with the apparent intention of eliminating Israel. With U.S. help, Israel easily defeated the invaders and captured a good chunk of land from Egypt, Syria and Jordan. In response to this defeat, the Arab oil exporting companies imposed an embargo on selling their oil to any western country which supported Israel. This brought about an immediate large reduction in oil supplies to the United States, and within days U.S. oil companies were cutting back supplies to retail dealers. Then the consumers panicked and started lining up at gas stations early in the morning to make sure they could get gas. Most gas stations would use all their daily supply long before noon, and then close for the rest of the day. The gasoline companies were not allowed to raise prices to reduce

demand, so the long lines continued into 1974. The Arabs finally lifted the embargo in March of 1974.

Our big new house was heated by a central furnace that burned fuel oil, and now with the sharp increase in oil prices (fuel oil prices jumped from about 28 cents a gallon to about \$1.30 a gallon), it was costing a small fortune to heat the house. I bought a wood-burning stove which vented through the fireplace in the family room, and I bought a couple cords of firewood. I tried to keep a fire going in the stove constantly to minimize the need for the central furnace. It was a lot of extra work, and not very comfortable; it usually was too warm in the family room and too cool in the rest of the house.

There was some good news in the fall of 1973. In October, Vice President Spiro Agnew resigned after pleading no contest to a charge of income tax evasion related to alleged acceptance of kickbacks from construction contractors when he was Baltimore County Executive. Thank goodness we are rid of that loser. Agnew had the great distinction of being the only Vice President to leave the office with a criminal record. Nixon named Gerald Ford to replace Agnew, and the nomination was approved by the Congress.

Rambler Wreck

In November of 1973, we narrowly escaped disaster. Jan was driving the Rambler, taking Cindy and some of her friends home from an event in Montgomery Village. As she turned a corner, one of the back doors swung open; it had not been closed properly by the kids in the back seat. Jan reached back to close the door, taking her eyes off the road for a few seconds, and immediately ran smack into a fire hydrant on the side of the street. The fire hydrant stopped the car instantly. Cindy was in the front seat and went flying into the windshield or dashboard, and then crashed to the floor, unconscious. No one wore seat belts back then, and air bags were not yet invented

(maybe fortunately for Cindy, in view of the later deaths of children from the impact of airbags).

An ambulance was called quickly, and Jan and Cindy were taken to a hospital. Meanwhile, I was in the midst of one of my most important budget presentations of the year, presenting my annual budget recommendations on the Commerce Department budget to the Associate Director of OMB. I had completed about 90 percent of my presentation when someone came into the conference room to tell me that I had an emergency telephone call; something about my wife in an accident. The caller was a very thoughtful guy who had been at the scene of the accident, and had asked Jan how to reach me as she was being carted away to the ambulance. She had told him I worked for the Government, and he had tracked me down somehow. He told me about the accident, and that my wife and daughter had been taken off in an ambulance; he didn't know which hospital they were headed for. I asked him if they were hurt seriously. He said "your wife seemed to be O.K., but I don't know about your daughter; she seemed to be unconscious". Damn. I didn't even think to get the guy's name. My first thought was to catch a cab and rush off to the hospital, but I didn't know which hospital they were going to. I didn't have my car at work because it was not my turn to drive today. I called the driver of the carpool, to see if he could leave (it was already after 5:00); he said he could leave in about ten minutes. I called around to find out which hospital they were in, but they had not yet arrived anywhere. So I went back into my meeting and quickly wound up my presentation. By then I was able to find out that Jan and Cindy had arrived at Montgomery General Hospital, and the emergency room people informed me that they were both alive!

Meanwhile, Cheri was at home babysitting Chris and Greg, unaware of any problem until I called her and told her that her mother and Cindy were in the hospital and that I was on the way home. When I finally made it home, I got the Saab and we all headed for the hospital. When we reached the hospital, Jan had already been checked and had no serious injuries. Cindy, however, had a

serious concussion and was still under observation. She had hit the windshield or dashboard with her face, and her face was beginning to swell terribly. We waited at the hospital for a couple of hours until they released Cindy, and we were able to take her home. She apparently had no serious problems, other than the swelling of her face. By the next morning, she was almost unrecognizable. Her face was nearly twice its normal size; her eyes were almost swollen shut; her lips were huge; she looked like a horror Halloween mask. But she was still beautiful to all of us.

So the Rambler was a Wreck. Totaled. We needed another car. After searching for cars that would hold two adults and four kids who were quickly approaching adult size, I finally bought a 1973 LTD Ford that would seat six; SUVs and vans had not been invented yet, and I decided I didn't want another station wagon because the four kids were getting too big to fit into a station wagon very well. I got a good price because it was the end of the 1973 model year, and this car had been used as a demonstrator.

Maritime Programs

At work, I began leading a major study of the government subsidies of the maritime industry. The Maritime Administration, which was part of the Department of Commerce, had two major programs to subsidize U.S. merchant shipping. One program provided subsidies to build U.S. flag ships in U.S. ship yards; that program was costing over \$300 million dollars a year in 1974. The other program provided subsidies to companies that operated U.S. flag ships, which also cost taxpayers over \$300 million. The official justification for these programs was to ensure that the U.S. had merchant ships under the control of U.S. companies, so that these ships would be available to the country in time of war or other national emergency. The only problem with this justification was that the Department of Defense said there was no national security need for such merchant ships; in time of war, the government could commandeer whatever shipping was needed if other countries were

not willing to provide shipping at a reasonable price. The real reason for these subsidies was simply a welfare program for the few remaining U.S. shipyards and shipping companies. And these programs were supported by the labor unions working in the shipyards and on the ships, so both the Democrats and the Republicans in Congress supported these corporate welfare programs.

After studying the validity of the need for these programs, it was clear to me that there was no justification for operations subsidy and ship building subsidy other than providing employment for workers. Therefore, I proposed terminating the ship building programs as current construction was completed, and phasing out the operating subsidies. My recommendation was accepted by OMB management, but I knew that Congress would continue to fund the programs. As a joke, I facetiously proposed terminating the programs and just paying all workers at the shipyards and on the ships \$50,000 a year for the rest of their lives; it would cost less per year and would phase out over 40 years or so; it would be much cheaper than subsidizing the corporations. It emphasized the fact that these programs were corporate welfare rather than to support workers. It got a laugh from a few people in OMB, and a few frowns from some of the Republicans, but no one was willing to even propose it to Congress. We all knew it was a non-starter.

Testifying Before Congress

In the early months of 1974, I had my first experience testifying before a Congressional Committee. It was before the Senate Public Works Committee, regarding the budget for the Economic Development Administration and the proposed new block grant program. The Chairman of the Hearing was Senator Montoya from New Mexico, and I hope he was at least one of the stupidest Senators ever elected. I attended the hearing with the OMB Associate Director, who delivered a prepared statement (that I had written), but

then he had to leave to catch a plane (or at least that was his excuse), so I was left to answer the questions from Senator Montoya and his staff. Because I was representing the Nixon Presidency, I was considered a hostile witness by Senator Montoya, D-New Mexico.

The Senator would read a question, which had been prepared by his staff, and I would answer. But it was obvious that in most cases the Senator didn't understand the questions, and he certainly didn't understand the answers. And frequently he would garble the question so badly that the staff guy would have to repeat it so it made any sense. Since I was considered to be the enemy, the Senator would yell the question at me, and turn red in the face, and maybe pound the podium a bit. Then I would calmly answer the question, and it was clear that he was not listening to the answer. Even his staff people were getting embarrassed by this farce. After an hour or so, I was free to go. It was not a difficult experience in terms of being able to answer the questions, but fortunately it was the most disillusioning experience I ever had with the Congress.

We Got a Dog (Almost)

Now that we lived in a big house with a yard, the kids thought we should have a dog. Jan and I had both vetoed previous requests by the kids to get a dog. Because of my experience with animals on the farm I always thought that it was cruel to keep a dog penned up in a house or yard; if you have a dog they should be free to roam. And Jan had opposed a dog because she expected that she would be the one getting stuck with caring for the dog. But now Cheryl promised that she would take care of the dog, and the other three assured us that they would help. I finally gave in and said they could get a dog. And Jan finally relented. Jan and the kids went out and bought various paraphernalia they would need, including a collar and leash, and were about to go to the dog pound to pick out a dog. At the last minute Jan changed her mind. She came to her senses just

in time and decided there would be no dog at our house. It was a close one.

North Creek Swim Team

In the Spring of 1974, Jan took the lead in working with a few other neighbors to start a new swim team for the northern part of Montgomery Village, including Fairidge. Most of the initial organizing group lived in Fairidge. I agreed to help out with the new team. Chuck Gularson was elected the “President” or Team Representative, but Jan did much of the work of actually organizing the team, based on her experience at Stedwick. We hired Bruce Shafer to be the Head Coach; he had been the assistant coach at Stedwick, and all of the swimmers liked him. I agreed to be the Assistant Representative for the team and learn how to be a stroke and turn judge and referee. I would be the referee at all home meets. The referee was the official in charge of the swim meet, and was the final arbiter of any disputes regarding compliance with the rules of the meets.

We did not yet have a swimming pool in the northern part of the Village, so we had to use other pools in the Village for our home meets. That first summer, our new North Creek Swim Team was not very large, but we had a few good swimmers, including the Hystad kids. Greg was an older member of the 9-10 age group, and won many events that season. Cindy also was in the 9-10 age group and was a contender in most events even though she had just turned nine. Chris was in the 11-12 age group, and Cheryl was in the 15-18 group. There were a few other swimmers on the team, including the Hendricks, the Heatons and the Heleniks. We could have called it the 4-H club.

Nixon Resigns

In August, 1974, President Nixon was faced with almost certain impeachment and removal from the Presidency for his cover-up of the Watergate break-in, so he resigned and slunk off to California. Good riddance. Gerald Ford, the Vice President, became President, and he soon nominated Nelson Rockefeller to be the new Vice President. Many of Nixon's staff and several cabinet officers were indicted for criminal activities.

With Nixon gone, there was a massive house cleaning in the White House, with most of the staff being replaced. A guy named Don Rumsfeld was named President Ford's Chief of Staff, and a guy named Dick Cheney worked as an assistant to Rumsfeld. Paul O'Neil, who had been a Division Director in OMB, was promoted to Associate Director, and later to Deputy Director of OMB. Some people may recognize these names as they popped back up 25 years later in the Administration of George Bush "Junior."

Summer Vacation in Minnesota and North Dakota

A couple of days after Nixon resigned, I took a three week vacation and we all loaded up in the Ford LTD and headed for Minnesota; I figured it was safe to take a vacation now that Nixon was gone! Actually, not "all" of us loaded up in the LTD; Cheryl did not go with us on vacation this year. She was a big girl now; 16 years old and about to start her junior year in high school. She decided she needed to stay with her girl friend rather than go to Minnesota and North Dakota with us. On the way to Minnesota, we spent the first night in South Bend, Indiana, visiting with our old neighbors from Bayla Gardens, Jim and Janet Hall. Jim and I had carpooled to work at AEC back in 1966 and 67, before he left to take a job in South Bend with a patent law firm. Since South Bend was a good one-day drive from Gaithersburg, we made it a point of visiting them on the way (and we got free room and board as well).

We first spent a week at Scenic Point Resort on Clitherall Lake, in a little cabin right on the edge of the lake. We stayed in one of the cabins that I had helped paint when I was about 12 or 13 years old living on the farm just up the road from the resort. We went fishing and caught a few sunfish, crappie and walleye, and played in the water a little.



A photo of all of us (missing Cheryl) standing in front of Clitherall Lake.

Then we went to Watford City to visit Jan's mother and my mom and dad. My parents were living temporarily in a house owned by the

Kelloggs, right down by the Missouri River (my cousin Donna Quinnell was married to Tom Kellogg, so they were relatives). They had a couple of horses there. The kids took turns riding one of the horses, with some help from Donna's sons. It was a very welcome break from the rat race in Washington.

Dad was not working at all anymore. He had sold his backhoe equipment and was retired. He was 70 years old. They also had sold their nice little house in Watford City, because they planned to live in a retirement community in Blue Earth, Minnesota, the town in southern Minnesota where my sister Valeria lived with her husband and kids. Mom and dad were living at Kelloggs for a few months until their move to Minnesota. After selling his equipment and the house, they had almost \$15,000 in savings in the bank, and no debt. \$15,000 was the financial wealth they had accumulated during more than 50 years of work. That sounds like a very small sum, but it was the most cash my father had ever had; dad was feeling quite wealthy.

New Bosses at OMB

After President Ford settled in, he appointed many new political appointees throughout government, including the top people at OMB. Roy Ash was appointed Director, and there was a new Deputy Director, and new Associate Directors. I had three levels of new people who knew nothing about OMB or any of the issues we had been studying. Nixon and Ford both made a practice of bringing in people from industry to fill most positions in the Government, so they had no clue about how things got done in Washington. There was a strange assumption that private sector executives could do a better job of running government agencies than someone with government or non-profit experience.

Superficially this made sense; they might have knowledge of management systems which government agencies did not have. But in fact, bringing private sector people in to run government agencies

was a very bad idea; it was probably a worse idea even than hiring public servants to run major corporations. The problems were numerous: Most corporate executives came to the job with the perception that government was inefficient and generally screwed up, and they made it clear to the public servants that they had little or no respect for them. This obviously was not good for morale among the people who did all the work. Corporate executives were used to the idea that they could give an order and it would be implemented; they didn't understand that in Washington almost everything requires Congressional action or at least consent. They didn't understand the concept of working with Congress to obtain support for anything they wanted to do. They didn't understand the ethics of public service. They were used to the idea that anything that made money was good as long as it was legal or you didn't get caught. In the government, even the appearance of conflict of interest, personal gain, or illegal activity could be a major problem, and government employees are expected to live by a set of ethical standards that the private sector never even considers.

Corporate executives only wanted to work for the government for a couple of years, and then return to the private sector. They saw government employment as a means of improving their ability to get future contracts or favorable regulatory treatment from the government. So there was this constant revolving door of top management in the agencies. They would almost get competent at their jobs when they would leave to go back to industry and big bucks.

This all was very frustrating for people like me who were in the top levels of the career service, because we were the ones who had to work directly for these outsiders. We were the ones who had to spend months training the new bosses; explaining the procedures for getting anything done; explaining the history of all the programs under his (there were no "hers") area of responsibility; explaining that his predecessor tried to kill that program last year, without success (well we will try again, my way); and explaining that it was not possible to just give orders to a Cabinet officer and expect them

to be implemented. We spent probably half of our time educating our bosses and reinventing the wheel, over and over. Each new boss would have some new budget procedure that he wanted to implement; each new boss thought they could be more successful than the last in changing or eliminating ineffective programs; each new boss had some different management gimmick that they insisted be implemented.

Prior to the Nixon presidency, many of the senior executive branch positions were filled by career civil servants; career people filled jobs as Deputy Assistant Secretaries, Assistant Secretaries, and even Deputy Secretaries, and frequently the Secretary would be someone with government experience, as a former Congressman, Governor, etc. At the end of the Johnson Administration there were people in top level Executive Branch positions who had been in key executive positions through the Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. Nixon changed all that. He was paranoid about the reliability of career staff, because he assumed most of them were Democrats or loyal to someone else, and he wanted them replaced with his own appointees. During the course of Nixon's first term he had replaced almost all career staff in the top four or five levels of every agency. Most of these career staff left the government, so the Executive Branch lost a huge amount of talent and institutional memory in these few years. And the new political replacements were almost all short timers who wouldn't stay around long enough to become expert on anything.

This situation was discouraging to senior civil servants, who saw a vastly diminished opportunity to ever move up into the top ranks of any agency, and if they ever did, they knew they would be replaced with the next change in Administration. So, many of the brightest and most ambitious senior career people were leaving the government for better opportunities with universities, nonprofits, think tanks, and commercial firms.

Home Improvement Projects

Ever since we moved into the Fairidge house, I had been spending much of my weekends and any other spare time on various home improvement projects. The first major project was to build a large brick patio in the back yard, off the family room, and plant a large number of flowers, bushes and trees around the property. I also terraced part of the sloping portion of the back yard to make a vegetable garden. Then I built a fish pond with a waterfall coming down the terraced embankment into the fish pond; a pump re-circulated the water from the pond to the top of the waterfalls. The backyard was now quite impressive, and it was a good place for a large garden party. We had some crab feasts and other parties in the backyard, with many of our Fairidge neighbors.





Here are photos of the patio and the fish pond and waterfall.

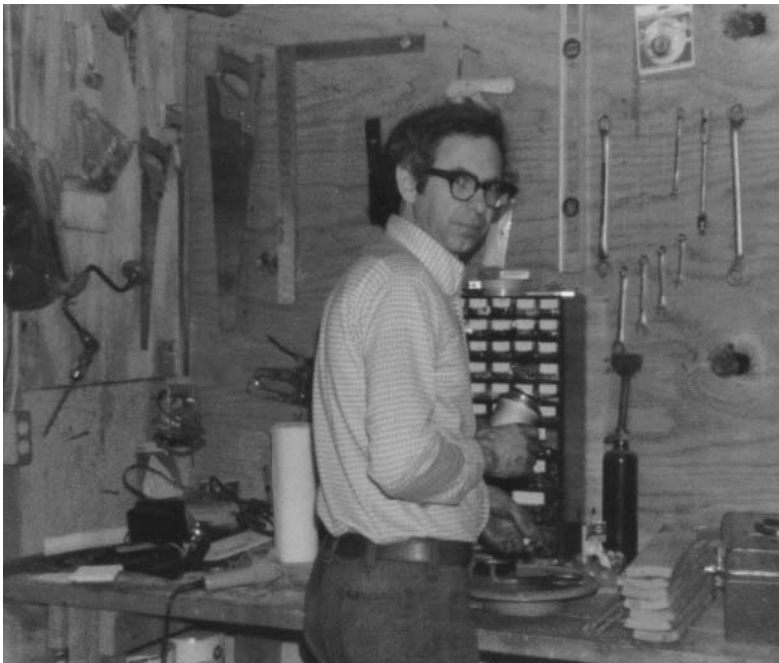
I got gold fish for the pond, and they grew to a fairly large size and multiplied. They were my kind of pet. I didn't have to take them for walks, or clean up after them, and they didn't shed hair around the house or scratch up the furniture or chew up my slippers.

I renovated the "mother's room" on the main floor to move the washer and dryer from the basement into the mother's room, so Jan would not need to go downstairs to do the laundry. I also changed the location of the door into the half bath, so we could enter the half bath directly from the main hallway rather than going through the mother's room; it was an obvious design mistake that

was relatively easy to fix. I finished the basement area, to close off the furnace room, make a nice little workshop area, and create a finished recreation room which had a ping pong table, a bumper pool table, and a large platform for a model train and slot cars. I designed the latter train and slot car platform so it could be folded up against the wall when not in use.

I added storm windows to the house, to reduce heating costs; landscaped the front yard; built a small patio area near the front door for warm spring days; and wallpapered the entry hall and living room. With a house that size, there was no end to projects, just to keep it painted and maintain the plumbing and other equipment.

Photo of me in my workshop in the basement.



Becoming an Old Hand as Branch Chief

In the fall of 1974, I went through my third budget season as Commerce Branch Chief. I was becoming quite confident about my knowledge of all the programs of the Commerce Department, the Small Business Administration, and all the small agencies I handled. I had trained an entirely new set of Budget Examiners during the course of the past two years, and I now had two very competent employees, and two who were learning their jobs well. I was now in a position where I knew these programs, and their histories, better than anyone else in OMB, and better than most of the staff in the agencies. It made my job easier, because I didn't have to do a lot of research on every issue that came up; I already knew the background of the issues. The downside of becoming an expert was that by the third budget season, several of the issues were repeats of issues that had been hashed over sometime in the prior two and a half years, and things were getting a little boring. But overall it was a great job. I was making the top salary allowed for career staff; I had a nice, large office; I had my own secretary who was very competent; the work was interesting and there were always plenty of challenges; and there were only a couple months a year when things were so busy that I had to work overtime, so I could usually have my weekends free. My immediate boss, the Division Director, David Bray, was smart, effective, and did not try to micromanage me. We had a very good rapport; never any problems with him; and he gave me excellent performance evaluations each year.

National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration

In early 1975, I began helping one of my Budget Examiners in a detailed review of the programs of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), which was part of the Department of Commerce. NOAA had a wide range of programs,

including research on ocean fisheries; participating in international efforts to conserve ocean fisheries and stop over-fishing; coastal environment protection; the Weather Service; and several research and modeling programs to improve forecasting and tracking of severe weather, including hurricanes. Most of the NOAA programs were like motherhood and apple pie; they were useful to society; they were generally well managed; and they were not politically sensitive. The primary role of OMB was to try to determine a reasonable level of funding for the programs, because many of the programs could have been expanded greatly, with useful results. For example, there was a demand for more funding for data buoys to collect data from the oceans, useful for weather predictions and monitoring changes in ocean conditions. There was demand for more radars on land to monitor weather conditions, particularly to detect dangerous weather conditions such as wind shear and tornados.

After a few months of studying these programs, we found no need for major changes in direction or funding levels. We did conclude that most of the Weather Service forecast services should receive lower priority for additional funding, compared with most of the other programs, simply because the current state of scientific capability to predict weather was so poor that they really could not usefully predict much except hurricanes with any useful level of accuracy. Why spend all that money on weather forecasts so people can decide whether to take an umbrella with them in the morning?

The odd thing about this study was that we were sort of disappointed that overall the programs were necessary Federal efforts and well managed. Ideally, all government programs should be necessary and well managed, but it was more fun and rewarding for us at OMB if we could find major problems with the programs.

Small Business Administration

In 1975, I also spent time reviewing several Small Business Administration programs, particularly the large Loan Guarantee program. The program was intended to help small businesses obtain loans for their business operations. But rather than the SBA giving the loans directly to small businesses, the SBA guaranteed repayment of loans made by banks to small businesses. The banks had to follow specified criteria regarding eligibility, but otherwise the banks decided whether to provide a loan and how much to loan. The SBA would guarantee repayment of 90% of the loan amount if the small business defaulted. In theory, this program would permit a large amount of loans to small businesses, at very little cost to the government. In the early years of the program, there was very little cost, because there had not been enough time for many loan defaults, but each year the cost of the program was rising. And the cost was now out of the control of the government, because the current costs were resulting from loans made in prior years. So we were now faced with uncontrollable expenses of a few hundred million dollars a year from defaulted loans, and these expenses were expected to continue to grow in future years.

My job was to make a recommendation on what to do about this program; should it be curtailed, or stopped. Or was there a better way of helping struggling small businesses obtain needed working capital.

After many meetings with SBA staff, bankers and representatives of small businesses, we found that most banks were using the SBA guarantee for any loan they made to a small business, even though they had been making similar loans to small businesses before the SBA guarantee program started. And many banks had not increased their amount of lending to small businesses, or taken on higher-risk loans as a result of the SBA guarantee. Essentially, most banks were simply taking advantage of the SBA program to reduce their costs on loan defaults. SBA was providing significant financial

assistance to banks, but small businesses were not receiving a major amount of additional capital. We also found that most of the loans were going to “small” businesses which I would not have considered to be struggling small businesses. Many already had a few hundred employees and were well established concerns. Very little of the loans went to start-up firms or very small businesses that were trying to expand. But what could we do to change this? SBA had built up a strong constituency for the program; most of the banks in the country loved the program, and their lobbyists were not going to let the program be killed without a fight.

Democrats were in control of the Congress, and they were the promoters of the Small Business Administration; they believed that the Government should help promote small businesses, because successful small businesses helped spread the wealth in the country; they helped maintain more competition, and they provided more opportunities for people to achieve the “American Dream”. The concept was commendable, but in practice the programs had been hi-jacked to a large extent by the Republicans and the wealthy. The Republicans didn’t care for SBA, but they would tolerate it as long as most of the actual Federal money went to larger corporations and banks, which were Republican supporters.

Many Democrats on the Hill wanted SBA to provide direct loans to small business, rather than guaranteeing bank loans. They thought that this would result in more assistance to small firms that would not ordinarily receive bank financing. But the Nixon Administration had been opposing any increase in the small direct loan program, for two reasons: 1) they didn’t want it competing with banks; and 2) the direct loans required the government to spend money up front as it provided the loans, even though it would gradually recover most of that money as the loans were repaid. An increase in direct loans would result in an immediate increase in budget outlays, while an increase in guaranteed loans would show no increase in outlays until the loans defaulted. So the Nixon Administration was providing increases for guaranteed loans, while trying to reduce direct loans.

In prior budget seasons I had tried to convince my bosses to increase spending for direct loans, without any success, so I had accepted SBA recommendations for increases in guaranteed loans. It made it appear that the President was supporting small businesses, without showing any increase in spending. But as the loan defaults starting increasing, I pushed the SBA to make more realistic estimates of the future cost of defaults on the guarantees. This showed that the out-year expense would skyrocket with the increases in guarantees. I was not able to convince my bosses to switch from guaranteed loans to direct loans, but I did convince them to stop increasing the level of guaranteed loans, which were primarily benefiting banks.

I found that once again, big business had found a way to reap the benefits of a government program intended to assist those most in need. The banks and relatively large “small” businesses were receiving most of the money being spent on this program. This was a common pattern for many Federal programs; the greedy seemed to always find a way to get much of the money intended for the needy.

Testifying Before Congress

In 1975, I had my second “opportunity” to testify before Congress. A House Subcommittee on Small Business requested OMB testimony on funding for the Small Business Administration, so I went with the Associate Director to give testimony before the Subcommittee. The Associate Director, Wally Scott, read a prepared statement, which I had written, and then we both answered questions for quite some time, until Wally had to leave for some other meeting, leaving me behind to finish answering questions. There were at least a half dozen Congressmen and women at this Hearing, sitting up on their platform, looking down on me; one of the Congresswomen was Bella Abzug, wearing one of her trademark hats. I think I did a good job of explaining and defending the President’s budget requests for

SBA, but it was difficult because I really didn't believe that the guaranteed loan program was effective in helping small businesses.

After answering a question, explaining why we did not increase funding for the direct loan program, one Congressman called me an enemy of small business, and said it was shameful that I was responsible for SBA budgets within OMB. I couldn't say anything. It was my job to defend the President's budget, even if I didn't agree.

It Must be Summer Again; It's Swim Season

The kids were back at swim team practice again, so it must be summer. This was our second season for the North Creek team, but we still did not have our own pool. Kettler Brothers company was starting to work on the site where our new pool would be, but it wouldn't be ready until next year. Meanwhile we had to borrow other pools for our home meets. Chuck Gularson continued as team rep, and I was the Assistant Rep. Jan and I pretty much ran the meets, and I also served as Referee at home meets, and Stroke and Turn Judge at away meets. I discovered that swim team could be a lot like Little League Baseball, with overzealous parents getting out of hand. I think that sometimes I was one of those overzealous parents, considering the time and effort I devoted to the team and my obsession with how our swimmers were doing (particularly my kids). It consumed much of our spare time for a couple of months every summer.

The Race

One of the most memorable moments of that swim season was the meet against River Falls Swim Team. We had been rivals with them for two seasons now. They had beat us last year, and they were thought to be the strongest team in our division again this year, based on the won-lost record to date. And the River Falls parents and

swimmers were certain they were superior in every way; they were not a graceful, pleasant opponent. It was a home meet, being held at the pool at the apartment complex in Montgomery Village. I was the Referee. The score was very close throughout the meet. The final event was the boys' relay, which included one swimmer from each age group. Going into that final event, River Falls was ahead by a few points. Whoever won that last event would win the meet. Jack Helenik was the last swimmer for our team, in the 13-14 age group. Both teams were close through the first three swimmers, the 8 and under, the 9-10, the 11-12 age groups; as the third swimmers finished, the River Falls team was slightly ahead. Now it all depended on the final swimmers. They had to go two laps of the pool. Jack's opponent had beaten Jack in the earlier freestyle race, so there was little hope that he could catch up and win this race. But Jack seemed to have some extra propulsion; he swam faster and more gracefully than he had ever swam before. He was pulling even with the River Falls swimmer; just five meters to go; he was pulling ahead maybe. All eyes were on the finish line. As the Referee, I needed to make sure I saw the finish in case of a dispute among the lane judges and timers; I got in position. Jack touched the wall while the River Falls swimmer was still at least a foot away. We won. We won. We won the race. There was no dispute. We won the meet. We beat those snobs from Potomac.

Greg Crashes

A couple of weeks later, Greg was in a serious auto crash. He was riding in the back seat of a van driven by Mrs. Anderson, mother of two of the boys on our swim team. The boys swam in the same age group as Greg that year, and the older one usually beat Greg in his events. Mrs. Anderson was driving on one of the narrow, winding back roads near Montgomery Village when she was hit head-on by a vehicle coming around a blind curve. Greg was thrown face-first into the back of the seat in front of him. Mrs. Anderson

suffered a broken leg and arm, and both of her sons had significant injuries. Greg managed to get out of the car and to a house close by to call for help.

Luckily, Greg's injuries were primarily just severe bruises, particularly on the face. His face was soon swollen beyond recognition, very much like Cindy's after her accident. He looked like the elephant man, only worse.

But there was a swim meet coming up in two days against Olney Mills, and with both Anderson boys unable to swim, it was Greg's duty to carry on for his age group in that meet. He swam in the free style, the backstroke, the butterfly, and the relay, and he won every event. He was still in substantial pain, and it was particularly hard to dive into the water, but he persevered. As he would walk up to the starting marks for each race, he looked so grotesque that I think the swimmers from the other team were completely freaked out and might have figured they had better let him win for fear he would cast some ugly spell on them. Actually, he was a faster swimmer than the competition that day, despite his wounds.

Another Budget Season

At work, I was going into my fourth budget season as Chief of the Commerce Branch. There had been almost a complete turnover of the officials at the top of OMB; a new Director, a new Deputy Director, and a new Associate Director in charge of our Division, a fellow named Cal Collier. None of these guys had any previous experience with the budget process, and as usual they knew little about our agencies or the program issues. So we were spending lots of time educating them and revisiting the same issues that we thought had been resolved last year or the year before.

The Commerce Department had a new person in charge of its budget office, and he was a perfect example of an officious bureaucrat. He insisted that every office in the Commerce Department follow his budget preparation rules precisely, and

because of his nitpicking, he failed to meet the OMB deadline for submitting the Commerce budget for our review. After he was a week late, I started speaking directly with the offices in the Department to get information from them on their budget requests. I knew the budget needs of the Department well enough that I really didn't need to get all the details from the Department. After he was two weeks overdue, I couldn't wait any longer, and my budget examiners and I prepared our budget recommendations without waiting for the Department's request. We had completed our budget review meeting with the Associate Director, before the Department finally got around to submitting its budget. We didn't make any changes as a result of their belated submission.

So basically, all that work the Commerce Budget Office had forced on all the offices in the Department was a waste of time, because they were too late. And that Budget Director was so proud of his budget submission; he couldn't get it through his head that it was worthless, no matter how nicely it followed all the procedures. In OMB, the old saying "Better Late Than Never" did not apply; the rule was: "Better Never Be Late". Unfortunately, this was not the end of my dealings with this fellow.

The budget process was not very interesting or challenging this year. We had no major new issues. We revisited the same old issues on the maritime programs and the economic development programs, and we spent lots of time training our bosses. I was starting to think that it was time to move on to a different position; someplace where I could learn something new and maybe have a bigger impact. Although most civil servants in the government would have killed to get my job, I was starting to get restless. For some reason, I just couldn't be satisfied with an easy, comfortable job. I needed a tough challenge; I wanted to have a bigger impact. I decided I would start looking for another position after budget season, when things were a little quieter.

I had a small little issue regarding the U.S. Travel Service, which was under the Department of Commerce. Its purpose was to encourage foreign visitors to come to the United States, to bring in

foreign currency, but it was unable to show that it made any difference in the number of tourists to this country. It seemed to me to be not much more than a source of funds for boondoggles by some Congressmen and other politically well-connected who ostensibly were going to promote the U.S. as a tourist destination. It seemed to me that most people around the world who had enough money to be able to vacation in the U.S. already had ample information about the tourism attractions of the country, and I proposed to terminate the program.

I also once again dealt with the issue of Federal subsidies for the operations of the Panama Canal Zone. The operations were supposed to be self-sufficient, collecting enough fees from shipping through the canal to pay for the costs of operations, but every year they asked for a taxpayer subsidy to keep them solvent. Just another corporate welfare program.

Even though the budget season was not very exciting, I received an outstanding performance evaluation from my boss. Some of the highlights were:

“He is an excellent analyst who has a broad, in-depth knowledge of his programs and his agencies. He has particularly good instincts for policy analysis—being able to zero in on the most feasible options quickly.

“Works extremely well under pressure and is able to handle prodigious workload with undiminished quality of product. Writes with great clarity and is a very effective communicator.

“I think he is one of the best Branch Chiefs in OMB. He continuously seeks new responsibilities and is ready and willing to assume risks.”

The Joy of Being a Father to Teenagers

Cheryl had never caused us any problems; she was always responsible, did her school work, and participated in family activities. But as she grew older she began expressing her

resentment at our apparent lack of trust and over-control. She felt that we had way too many rules and restrictions on her life, compared with her friends. And she probably was right; we had no experience raising a teenager, and both Jan and I worried about the hazards for a teenage girl. Jan was the one who set all the rules, but I supported her, and was expected to be the enforcer. After some complaining by Cheryl, we lightened up a little, but still were more restrictive than we were later with the other three kids.

Cheryl had a small “accident” while driving the LTD one day. She pulled out in front of a car and the other car hit the LTD in the front end. It didn’t do a great deal of damage to the LTD, but the other car was badly damaged. Cheryl was quite shook up about it, and I know she was dreading my arrival home from work that day. I listened to her story, and then gave her a hug. My only disappointment was that the LTD wasn’t totaled; I didn’t like that car.

Cheryl was now a senior in high school and was trying to decide what she should do with her life. I very much wanted her to go to college, but she did not seem very interested. I was concerned that if I pushed her too hard to go to college it might just increase her opposition to the idea. So I tried to gently inform her of the unpleasant consequences of not going to college, and the advantages of a college education, while trying to give the impression that it was entirely her decision (which it was). In her senior year in high school she had a very light class load and had a part-time job, so she got a little first-hand experience with the working world without a college education. But it was still not clear to me that she would decide to go on to college.

Meanwhile, Chris was now in the ninth grade, and his teachers were informing us that he was not doing well in most of his classes. We learned that he had been placed in class sections for students who were behind the rest to the class. In talking with the teachers, I got the distinct impression that the teachers had essentially given up on these students and were just going through the motions with them. It was clear that many of the students in

these “slower” sections were not stupid, they just were not motivated to learn; they were more motivated to be disruptive and sort of prided themselves in rebelling against authority. By pushing these students together in the same classrooms, they reinforced each other’s efforts to goof off, rather than learn. The school was not dealing with the problem; they were just letting him slide through; they didn’t make Chris work, and had no expectations of him.

As a parent I felt sort of helpless. I tried to encourage Chris to study and to stay away from his rebelling buddies, but my pressure on him only seemed to result in Chris avoiding me more so he wouldn’t have to explain his actions. I was not able to devote enough time to him to make a difference. I don’t know if I could have made a difference even if I had all the time in the world.



Photo of my tribe, taken in December 1975, for Christmas cards.

Music, Music

Music was important in our house. Jan's father had been a good musician, and so had my dad. And we both had an interest in playing musical instruments. We had the piano, which Jan played quite well. I could play a few simple tunes, but I had never had any piano lessons, and I never seemed to have much time to play. Jan tried to make our kids great musicians, but without any long-term success. Cheryl, Greg and Cindy all took piano lessons for awhile. Chris had a drum set which we all tolerated. And Greg also took trumpet lessons. For Christmas in 1975, I bought Jan an electronic organ that she had been admiring. In addition to organ and piano sounds, it simulated several other instruments. Jan learned to play it well, and most of the rest of us could make it produce a lot of noise. Jan and I also had a collection of 45 and 33 records. I had started collecting some classical and jazz records before we went to London, and expanded that collection over the years, and added a lot of show tunes. Jan collected primarily country or western music.

1976

In 1976, after the President's budget had been submitted to Congress at the end of January, one of my budget examiners and I did an in-depth review of the Federal minority business development programs. The Department of Commerce had an Office of Minority Business Development to provide technical assistance to minority-owned businesses, and to ensure that government agencies doing major procurements had a minority business set-aside program. The Small Business Administration also had a program to assist small minority businesses, with loans and technical assistance. My staff guy and I spent a good deal of time trying to gather information on the impact of these programs.

I concluded that these were typical programs, intended to help the disadvantaged but primarily helping the wealthy. Most of the

technical assistance funds went to white-owned and operated contractors who supposedly had expertise to help minorities start and operate businesses; and most of the money that went to minorities went to a relatively few who were already doing quite well and had some good political connections.

The individual entrepreneur who wanted help to start a new venture seldom was able to get any useful help from these programs. There may have been some validity to this approach, since most of the proposed new ventures had extremely little chance of success, because of lack of market, lack of marketing expertise, lack of capability to provide the proposed product or service, or just lack of dedication to making it work. Many of the government managers of these programs thought it was preferable to focus on helping a few minority firms who had already had some success in business and needed an additional boost to make them grow.

Jan's Medical Problem

Jan's doctor found polyps or tumors in her uterus, and recommended a full hysterectomy to ensure that cancer did not result. The surgery was performed at Montgomery General Hospital, with removal of the uterus and ovaries. She was then confined to bed at home for a few days after returning from the hospital. I converted our bedroom into a convalescent room and stayed home from work and played nurse for a few days until she was well enough to take care of herself. She was only 38; quite young to have a full hysterectomy, which results in immediate menopause. And the doctor did not provide any hormone replacement medication.

More Home Renovation Projects

Jan decided that she would like to have the wall removed between the kitchen and the family room, to make one larger room. She didn't like the feeling of separation from the rest of the family

when she was working in the kitchen and others were in the family room reading or watching TV. I removed the wall. It was not a simple task, because I needed to move a light switch, two electrical outlets, and the wall telephone, as well as patching the resulting gap in the ceiling, floor and both adjoining walls. But no renovation task is too difficult to dissuade me from knocking out a wall.

And while I was in the process of removing a wall, I decided I might as well reuse all that lumber to build a new dividing wall in the master bedroom. The master bedroom was unnecessarily large; it was sort of like sleeping in a gymnasium or hay barn; it was not cozy. And I wanted to have a “study” where I could do homework, bookkeeping etc. In that very large house, there was no place for an office for me. So I reused much of the lumber, doors, etc from the kitchen wall and built a dividing wall in the bedroom, to make a small study area that could be closed off from the rest of the bedroom.

Dominoes Don’t Fall

On the international scene, North and South Vietnam were merged into one country called the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. And amazingly, the dominoes did not fall. Burma, Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, and all the other southeast Asian countries that were expected to fall to communism like dominoes, for some reason did not. Could it be that our government’s stated reason for the Vietnam war was all wrong; did almost everyone get it all wrong? Or like Iraq in 2003, were our leaders misleading us?

My Baby Graduates

In the spring of 1976, Cheryl graduated from Gaithersburg High School, 20 years after I graduated from high school. And the best news was that she had decided she was going to go on to college. She had decided to go to Towson State College, near

Baltimore, and would be starting school in the fall. I was relieved and happy.



**This is Cheryl's high school graduation photo;
a beautiful young lady.**

Bored With My Job Again

At work, I was getting bored with the annual repetition of basically the same issues; rehashing the same issues again. I found it

frustrating to keep reinventing the wheel with frequent turnover at the top. We spent much of our time training new private sector people with absolutely no knowledge or concept of how the government functions; we had to train them from scratch and deal with their grandiose ideas which were completely unrealistic politically.

The job as Branch Chief also required much of my time to train new examiners. Because examiners could easily get jobs in other agencies, I would lose an experienced examiner just about every year, and I had to hire and train a replacement. I started feeling that I was not learning much new in this job. I didn't have much time for travel or to study programs in depth. I was starting to feel underutilized or over-qualified for this job.

I was getting to be very fast at dealing with the issues because I knew them inside and out, so I was becoming more valuable as a Branch Chief, and the job was becoming easier. I could have spent the remainder of my career in this job, making good money and doing a good job. Several Branch Chiefs had spent 15 or 20 years in these jobs. But I thought I was being underutilized. There must be some other place in the government that can use my talents.

Competing to Be Division Director

In the spring of 1976, I decided to look for another position that might be more challenging and interesting. I kept starting to do a job search, but never had time to pursue it because of pressures at work. Then my Division Director announced that he was leaving to take a job with a university, and I decided to apply for his position. The Division Director job would open up a new set of programs and issues for me, and would be a real challenge, at least for a few years.

Unfortunately, at about this same time the Associate Director (the boss of the Division Director) also left OMB and a new outsider was appointed. I felt certain that the Associate Director who was

leaving would have selected me to be the new Division Director, but the new guy didn't know anything about the candidates. My boss recommended me to replace him, but there were at least four other qualified candidates, and the new guy had no experience with any of them. I decided that if I didn't get the Division Director job, I would leave OMB; I would resign and spend a few weeks to look for another job. I was confident (overly confident) I would have no problem finding another better job. When I interviewed with the Associate Director, I made it clear to him that I had planned to leave OMB, and would stay on only if I were selected for the Division Director job.

I didn't get the Director's job! The top managers had decided the job should go to a woman, and there was a competent woman applicant. She had no experience as an examiner or branch chief, and knew very little about the role of a Division Director, but she knew the budget process and seemed to be reasonably bright. When the Assistant Director called me to his office to inform me that he had selected the woman, he also asked that I help train her in the new position. I responded that I would be happy to do so, except that I was submitting my resignation today, effective in two weeks, so I wouldn't be around to help her. He was shocked; I guess he didn't believe me earlier when I said I would leave if I didn't get the position.

As promised, I submitted my resignation the same day, and started a job search in earnest. In hindsight it was a naïve, brash, and foolhardy thing to do. I had a family to support and a daughter about to start college and three more who would soon be college age. Why did I quit? I was making \$37,800! OMB was a nice place to work. The work was interesting. I had lots of influence. If I had stayed, I would have been promoted to a Division Director position within the next five years or sooner, and I probably would have spent the remainder of my working career at OMB and retired at age 55 with a decent retirement income. (One of the staff who worked for me, Ken Schwartz, who I hired, moved up to fill that Division Director position some 10 years later, and spent his entire working career at

OMB.) It would have been a secure job, reasonably interesting, and with substantial impact. But boring.

Job Hunting

I resigned from my secure and relatively prestigious position as Commerce Branch Chief at OMB. I had a few weeks of vacation accumulated that I could use while hunting for another job. I immediately began spending full time exploring other options, inside and outside the government. I applied for a few jobs, but nothing that really excited me. Within about a week, an Assistant Secretary of the Commerce Department called me and asked if I would chair a short term study effort for them, regarding an international trade issue; they thought that it would be a good opportunity for me while I was looking for another position. I agreed to take the assignment, and started work immediately. I was assigned two staff to help on the project, including a college professor who was working at the Department on a summer assignment.

Meanwhile, I kept up my job search. I met with several friends and acquaintances in other government offices, and I talked with a couple of consulting firms who did work for the government. But after three weeks I had not received any offers and had not found a job I really liked. I was starting to worry a little that maybe I had been over-confident about my ability to get another position quickly.

Four weeks after I had left OMB, while still working on the special study for the Department of Commerce, I received a phone call from a guy named Tom Noel from the Federal Energy Administration. He had recently been appointed as an Assistant Administrator of FEA to direct a new program called the Strategic Petroleum Reserve, which was to store up to one billion barrels of oil to guard against a future disruption of oil imports from the middle east or other major suppliers. He was now searching for key

people to staff the new office, and his most urgent priority was to find someone to head up the planning and analysis group. He had recently had a conversation with an Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Joe Kasputyz, who had recommended me for the position. He wanted to know if I would be interested. I said I would like to talk further about the job; I might be interested. We arranged to meet.

Moving to the Strategic Petroleum Reserve Program

A couple of days later I met with Tom Noel in his office in FEA. He explained that President Ford had proposed the SPR in his State of the Union address in January 1975, and the Congress had authorized and provided initial funding for the SPR, and now the Administration was pushing to accelerate the implementation of the program. The law provided that there should be 150 million barrels in storage by December 1978, and 500 million barrels by December 1982. An office had been established in FEA several months ago to prepare an initial plan for storing the first 150 million barrels, and that plan had been submitted to Congress just a few weeks ago, in April. Tom had just been appointed to take over the program; he planned to use the staff already in the SPR office, but he was going to bring in his own people to get started with construction. But before he could start on the full program, we needed to prepare a detailed plan for the full Reserve and submit the Plan to Congress for its review. The Plan was due to Congress by mid-December, 1976. They now had less than five months to develop the Plan, get it approved, and submitted to Congress. That would be my first priority if hired.

Tom Noel told me that he wanted me to interview with his deputy, Bob Davies, who was the guy who had been directing the program before Tom was hired. I interviewed with the deputy a few days later, and shortly after that Tom gave me a call and offered me the job. I accepted. It would be a promotion to the GS-17 level,

which was the second highest pay level in the government for non-political positions. My title would be Associate Assistant Administrator for Planning and Analysis.

Swim Season Again

Swim season was upon us again, and I was back at work helping the team. Greg had a great year in the second year of the 11-12 age group, and he had the second highest number of points scored by the boys on the team. Cindy also had a good year, even though she was in the first year of the 11-12 age group.

This is a photo of Greg and Cindy with their swim team trophies.



New Beginnings

I was about to start my new job as head of planning for the Petroleum Reserve Program, and Cheryl was getting ready to go off to college. I attended an “orientation” session at Towson for parents of new students, just a day before starting my new job.

At the SPR office, I was now the new outsider. I was highly resented by the existing planning and analysis staff who had been working on the program for several months, and now had to take orders from this new guy who knew nothing about the program. I was sandwiched between two old-timers; my boss was the deputy and former head of the program, and the analysis division director reporting to me had been the chief planner until I came along. They both had a vested interest in seeing me fail. Many of the other existing staff also resented my rejection of their sloppy work.

Their opposition came to a head after about two months on the job. Some of the planning staff who were supposed to be working for me convinced the Deputy Director that I was screwing up the work on the Plan and that it would not be ready to go to Congress in December. Rather than discussing the situation with me, the Deputy called a meeting of all the SPR staff (everyone except his boss, who had hired me), and informed all of us that he was appointing his Special Assistant to take charge of the effort to get the Plan ready for Congress. I was to report to his Special Assistant regarding my work on the Plan. Unfortunately for the Deputy and his co-conspirators, the Director who had hired me had some spies on the staff, and the Director was informed about the results of the meeting almost before it was over. Within ten minutes after the end of the meeting, the Deputy called me into his office and told me to disregard the previous meeting; I was still in charge of the Plan. And he apologized for holding the meeting.

I was told later that the Director had threatened to fire the Deputy for his actions, and would fire him if he ever heard of any future failures to cooperate with me. The Director assigned one of

his spies to report to him on any uncooperative actions by staff. I never had any more problems with the Deputy or his minions in the planning office. I had been completely oblivious to the office politics going on around me; I was just focusing on doing my job. And I won the battle without taking any action myself. This reinforced my erroneous opinion that if I just did a good job, the office politics would take care of itself.

The Strategic Petroleum Reserve Plan

I had less than five months to develop a detailed Plan for the Strategic Petroleum Reserve and submit it to Congress. The existing staff had already done a considerable amount of work to initiate studies on how to build and use the Reserve, but those studies now needed to be completed and analyzed and then used as a basis for developing a cohesive Plan. We had to define the desired size of the Reserve, the type of petroleum (crude oil or refined products) to store, where to store the oil, how to purchase the petroleum to store, how and when to use the Reserve once it is built, and how to physically distribute the oil from the storage sites during a drawdown of the Reserve. In addition, we had to propose a schedule for building the Reserve, present best estimates of the costs of developing the Reserve, estimate the economic impacts of building the Reserve, and perform an assessment of the environmental impacts of building the Reserve. As of August, 1976, there were studies underway on all of these issues, but no overall plan had been developed. I had until December 15 to get the Plan done, get it written, get it approved by FEA management, have it printed, and then submitted to Congress.

Reserve Size

The first priority was to determine the desired size of the Reserve, because that decision would influence most of the other

issues, including how and where to store it, economic and environmental impacts, costs, and schedule. We evaluated several oil import interruption scenarios to provide a range of potential losses of oil imports, and then evaluated the potential economic and other impacts of such losses, to come up with estimates of the benefits and costs of various Reserve sizes. I concluded that we should recommend a size of 500 million barrels, which was the size originally suggested in the enacting legislation. I concluded that there was no good analytical basis to recommend a larger Reserve, and that Congress would not be willing to accept a smaller Reserve (even though our analysis indicated that it was unlikely that we would have an oil import interruption that would require as much as 500 million barrels). Some of my staff members wanted to propose a larger Reserve, and OMB analysts were arguing for something significantly smaller than 500 million barrels. I took the pragmatic approach and recommended a level that would be accepted by Congress.

What to Store?

The second priority was to decide what to store in the Reserve. We rather quickly came to the conclusion that we should store only crude oil, because we had adequate oil refinery capacity in the United States to produce whatever type of refined product we needed, as long as we had adequate crude oil supplies. Storing only crude oil would give us maximum flexibility to produce whatever products were needed in an emergency. There were several members of Congress who were urging us to store refined products in their regions. Members from New England wanted us to store fuel oil in the New England area to assure adequate supplies of heating oil for the area. Members from Hawaii wanted us to store gasoline in Hawaii to assure they were not left without adequate supplies. After studying these special cases, I recommended against storage of any refined products in these areas because it would significantly

increase the costs of the program without providing any real increased protection. And I believed that this recommendation would be accepted by the Congress.

We also needed to describe what types of crude oil would be stored in the Reserve. There are several grades of crude oil, ranging from the highest quality, light, sweet crude to low quality heavy and sour crude. The “sweet” crude grades are low in sulfur content, while the “sour” grades are higher in sulfur. Our analysis concluded that the Reserve should store about 60% intermediate gravity, moderately high sulfur type crude oil, with the remainder being one or two types of low-sulfur crude. We emphasized the need to minimize the types of crude stored, with flexibility to modify these choices over time, because it was important not to mix heavy, sour crude with light, sweet crude in our storage caverns, and it was likely that the sources, quality and prices of crude oil would change over time. We assumed that the most likely major interruption of crude oil imports would be due to an embargo by OPEC, similar to the 1973 interruption, and that most of the lost imports would be of higher gravity and higher sulfur content from OPEC producers. We had conducted a detailed analysis of the US oil refinery capabilities that showed that a substantial portion of refineries can not process the heavier crude oils, so there was a need to store some light, sweet crude to help maximize flexibility to respond to a supply disruption. However, the light, sweet crude is more expensive to purchase, and there was no need to store only this higher cost crude.

In addition, we had to determine the desired daily drawdown capability of the Reserve, that is, how many barrels a day would we be able to take out of the Reserve to replace lost imports. Based on our analysis of potential disruption scenarios, and the planned size of 500 million barrels, we concluded that we should be able to draw down at least 3.3 million barrels a day. This would be a key design requirement for the storage sites, to have the capability to move that quantity of oil into the established private distribution system on short notice.

Where to Store?

The next major issue was to determine where to store the crude oil. The studies that were underway had examined a wide range of options, including steel tanks, huge rubber bags, surplus oil tankers, underground rock caverns, and caverns in large underground salt formations. The initial studies indicated that the underground storage in salt formations or rock caverns might be the most desirable. Initial estimates showed that such storage would be much less expensive than above-ground tanks, and it would be much less vulnerable to accidental or intentional hazards such as fire or explosion. A key remaining question was whether we could identify underground storage locations which would be readily accessible for filling and withdrawing the oil, in relatively unpopulated areas, and which could be acquired at a reasonable price. We had identified several possible sites, including several salt formations along the Gulf coast, stretching from Mississippi to Texas, with the most likely candidates in Louisiana and the Northeast coast of Texas. We also learned that some oil companies had been storing small quantities of oil in a couple of salt formations in that area, and that Morton Salt company had excavated a large cavern in a salt dome under Weeks Island on the Louisiana coast. There also were some salt formations near the Great Lakes, and a large abandoned mine in Canada that might be used for storage.

After further examination, we concluded that all the oil should be stored in a few large salt formations in Louisiana and Texas, primarily because storage in that location would provide the fastest and least costly access into the established crude oil supply system of the country. The local ports already had the facilities to unload and load oil tankers, and three major oil pipelines ran from the Gulf coast area up the center of the country to feed refineries in the Midwest. And a large portion of U.S. refinery capacity was already located in the Gulf Coast area to process the oil from the

large oil fields in Texas, Louisiana and the offshore oil fields in the Gulf. By locating our crude oil reserve in Louisiana and Texas, we could build pipelines from the storage sites directly to three oil pipeline terminals as well as to local tanker docks. From these terminals and docks we could easily move at least 3.3 million barrels a day into the system, with minimal disruption of the existing private distribution system. Reserve oil could replace most or all of normal imported crude oil coming into the Gulf region, so that remaining oil imports could be redirected to other parts of the country, including the East and West coasts.

The process of developing oil storage in salt formations is quite interesting, and seemed to be ideally suited for the Reserve. Along the Gulf coast are many of these large natural salt deposits which can be several hundred feet in width and depth. Most of them are quite close to the surface. Most of them are almost pure salt, with no significant fissures. They developed over millions of years as salt from ocean beds migrated into these geologic formations. To store oil in such formations, all that is required is to drill a hole down into the salt and pump in fresh water, which dissolves the salt, creating a cavern. As fresh water is pumped in, the resulting brine is forced out through a separate pipe in the same drill hole and disposed of in the Gulf of Mexico. When the cavern reaches the desired diameter, oil is pumped into the cavern; it floats on top of the water and brine, thereby stopping any further dissolving of the salt at the top of the cavern. The pipe with the incoming fresh water is then moved lower in the salt to continue dissolving salt below the oil, until a nice cylinder is created to hold 10 million barrels of oil. Each large salt dome might hold ten to twenty such caverns. To remove the oil from the cavern, water is piped into the bottom of the cavern, forcing the oil out a pipe from the upper portion of the cavern.

Finalizing the Plan

With the major decisions made about the character of the Reserve, we were then able to complete the analyses of the costs, development schedule, economic impacts and environmental impacts. By late November, we were nearing completion of all the required analysis. In some cases, the assigned planning and engineering staff did a good job of providing draft reports to me to include in the final plan. But in some cases I had to take over the writing of the drafts because the assigned staff were not capable. Some of the proposed reports and sections of the Plan were virtually incomprehensible to anyone, filled with jargon and caveats, and convoluted sentences that no Congress person would understand. Fortunately, I had a couple of people on my staff, including Betsy Marcotte and Richard Zabell, who were excellent analysts and writers, and were able to help convert the research results into useable plan documents.

By the end of November, it was now all up to me to pull together all of the results and draft papers and prepare a coherent document to submit to Congress. I started by writing an Executive Summary, which had been standard practice at OMB, and I summarized in about three pages the entire Plan. I laid out the total plan in a clear and convincing way, which covered all major issues and decisions. The summary was designed to tell Congress essentially everything they would need to know to decide whether to approve the Plan. Then I prepared chapters on each of the major issues, including size, what is to be stored, how it will be stored, how it will be distributed in an emergency, etc. When I was all done, I had a Plan of over 300 pages.

As I was finishing the writing and editing, it was quickly approved by FEA management. My big boss, Tom Noel, loved the Plan. He finally had something that gave him a complete understanding of the project, and the rationale for all of the features of the Reserve.

I now faced a final major hurdle: getting the document typed in final, proofed, corrected and printed. This was 1976. We did not have word processors in FEA with the capability to handle such a production effort, and the typed drafts were in many different formats and styles. Fortunately, one of the Branch Chiefs who worked for me, Gus Whiton, was able to contract with a firm in Virginia with an early word processing program, to type the entire document in a standard format and style which we could then proof and correct without a major retyping job. As the deadline approached, we still had many additions and corrections to make. The day before we had to send the document to the printer, I went to the offices of the contractor at Tysons Corner, and proofed the final output. It was five o'clock in the morning before the last changes were made and approved by me.

The Plan was a big success. It was approved by Congress as submitted.

Now I could relax a little, after working 60 hours or more a week for the past few months. And those in the office who had opposed me earlier were now either supporting me or at least silenced.

Carter Elected President

During the crash effort to get the Plan completed, things had been going on in the rest of the world. Jimmy Carter had been elected President, defeating Gerald Ford who had moved into the job when Nixon resigned. Carter's Vice President was Walter "Fritz" Mondale, the former Senator from Minnesota. My brother Norris knew Fritz quite well from participating in Democratic activities together in Minnesota, and Fritz' brother had been our next-door neighbor in married student housing at the University of Minnesota. So I felt that I had some special connection with the Vice President.

Meanwhile Back at the Ranch

A demanding effort at work, such as preparing the SPR Plan, meant relatively little time left for the family, but now I had a breather. As 1976 ended and 1977 began, I was able to spend more time with Jan and the kids, and deal with problems at home. Cheryl was in college and doing well. Chris was in the tenth grade, but still underachieving. Greg and Cindy both seemed to be doing fine in school. Cindy was becoming Miss Popularity, with more little girl friends than I could keep straight.



This is a photo of my four offspring, taken in late 1976.

I was trying to maintain a good relationship with Jan. We played bridge two or three times a month, usually with neighbors in Fairidge or with others in a bridge group. We played tennis with the Rohms at an indoor tennis court. We went out to dinner once or twice a month. Now that the kids were older, we didn't need a baby sitter, and it made it much easier to get away from the house. But

my relations with Jan were not all smooth. We disagreed on many things. It seemed to me that she took strong positions on many issues, and they were almost always opposed to mine. We had frequent disagreements over money; I thought she was spending more than I was earning, and she seemed to be blaming me for our lack of money. To help resolve that problem, we opened a separate checking account for Jan. I paid all the recurring bills, including the mortgage, utilities, insurance, car payments, etc, and the remainder of my paycheck went into her checking account for her use for groceries, kids clothing, and other miscellaneous household expenses. She was expected to live within the available funds. This helped to reduce the complaints about lack of money.

During spring break in 1977, Jan and I took the kids (except Cheryl) to Disney World in Florida. We spent several days at Disney World and then drove down to Miami and Fort Lauderdale in hopes of finding warmer weather. Unfortunately, it still was not very warm there, but we all had a fun time, and I got to spend some quality time with my family.

In 1977, Jan decided she wanted to get into the real estate business. She took a course and a test to qualify as a real estate agent, and went to work for one of the local real estate firms. She worked entirely on a commission basis. She would earn a percentage of any sales she made. If she made no sales, she would get no pay. She decided that her new job required a better car than the LTD Ford, which was getting quite shabby. So to help kick off her new career, we bought a new 1977 Chevy Caprice. It was a nice looking car, and plenty roomy for the five of us. But it was another expense, which kept us tight on money. It was hoped that Jan would make enough money selling real estate to pay for the new car, and more. I still had my SAAB which I used primarily for commuting to work.

Photo of the new Chevy Caprice in front of the house.



Elvis Who?

An event of little importance in August of 1977 was the death of Elvis Presley. Some of the women working in the SPR office were screaming and in tears upon hearing the news. Some claimed that they would always remember where they were and what they were doing when they heard the terrible news. For me, I had to look it up on the internet to remember when it happened and where I was. I was not a great fan of Elvis.

Draft Evaders Pardoned

An event of 1977 of great importance was action by President Carter to pardon Vietnam draft evaders. He took a lot of flak from war mongers for that action, but this clearly was a case of the draft evaders having much more sense than our leaders who were trying to send them to die in Vietnam for no good reason.

Carter's Focus on Energy Issues

When President Carter assumed the Presidency in January 1977, he immediately made energy one of his top priority issues. He particularly wanted to reduce U.S. dependency on imported oil from the Middle East, and to develop protection against another oil supply disruption like we had in 1973-4. He quickly proposed legislation to create a new Department of Energy, which the Congress enacted to be effective October 1, 1977. He appointed James Schlesinger (one of my old bosses at OMB) to be his Secretary of Energy. While awaiting establishment of the new Department, Schlesinger served as a special assistant to the President for energy.

“Accelerating” the SPR Program

One of Schlesinger's first actions was to ask the Federal Energy Administration to accelerate the SPR program as much as possible, to build a sizeable reserve earlier than the planned 500 million barrels by 1982. When this directive came down to the SPR office, the initial reaction of all the senior people there was that we really couldn't accelerate the schedule; we would have to be very lucky to even meet the original schedule. When the FEA Administrator gave this response to Schlesinger, his reaction was that this was not acceptable; certainly we could do better, and he wanted a plan as to how we would accelerate the schedule.

The SPR Director, Tom Noel, told me that we needed to do something. He was under enormous pressure from his boss and from Schlesinger to accelerate the schedule. And Tom Noel felt that his job was on the line in any case, because he had been appointed to his job under a Republican Administration and he expected to be replaced unless he could really impress the new Democratic leadership. Tom asked me to see if I could figure out any way to accelerate the program. He was counting on me. We couldn't go back to Schlesinger again telling him that it was impossible.

I discussed the problem with my staff and the engineering staff. We looked at every critical item in the schedule to see where we might move things along faster. It struck me that we were wasting a good deal of time trying to build a small "early" reserve using temporary systems to start filling a few existing storage caverns. This early reserve would result in maybe 20 to 30 million barrels of oil in reserve before the main systems were constructed so we could start developing the larger reserve. We were devoting a significant amount of effort to building this temporary system, which would result in a minor amount of protection. I suggested that we examine the option of killing this early temporary effort and put all our resources into building the full system. Tom Noel and the Deputy Director both liked the idea, and the engineers were asked to come up with estimates of how much we could accelerate fill with this change. After crunching all the numbers, we concluded that we might be able to get 400 million barrels in storage by the end of 1980 (in about 3 ½ years) a significant increase over the 325 million barrels by that time as proposed in the Plan.

But this was not acceptable to Schlesinger. He insisted that we should be able to do better, and told us to come up with something better. So the senior SPR staff went back over the numbers; we were there working well into the night. Some of us were arguing that we should stand our ground; we would be lying if we said we could do it faster. But our boss did not want to go back to Schlesinger with that message. He demanded a faster schedule.

After much further arguing among the staff, we decided that the only thing we could recommend is that we might be able to accelerate the schedule if the President (or the Congress) gave us exemptions from all the standard requirements placed on such programs, such as completing the long and complex environmental assessments of each storage site and pipeline, and complying with the slow and complex procurement process to select engineering, construction and operating firms, and following the slow process for hiring government personnel. If we could get exemptions from all those time-consuming requirements, we could accelerate the schedule, and maybe get 450 million barrels in storage by the end of 1980. Tom Noel presented this proposal to his bosses. The next thing we heard was that the FEA Administrator and Schlesinger had agreed on an accelerated schedule of 500 million barrels in storage by the end of 1980. I was instructed to prepare a formal Amendment to the Plan to make it official. All of the SPR staff went away from that last meeting knowing that we would not be able to meet that schedule, but it was out of our hands. But we would ultimately get the blame for not achieving the schedule.

I prepared the Plan Amendment to accelerate the schedule, without any details as to how we were going to do it. And I was told not to mention any exemptions from environmental, procurement or personnel requirements; those issues would be dealt with when the time came if they presented problems.

Named Acting Director of SPR Program

On October 1, 1977, the new Department of Energy was created, and the Federal Energy Administration was abolished and folded into the new Department. On Sept 29, Tom Noel was informed that he was being named, on an "Acting" basis, to be an Assistant Secretary of Energy with broad responsibilities for energy resource development, and the SPR would be just one of several programs under his jurisdiction. He was directed to appoint an

“Acting” Director of the SPR program to replace himself. Tom called me into his office and informed me that he wanted me to be the acting Director. He said I was the only person who understood the entire program and who had the capability to deal with the outside world, including OMB and the Congress. I was to take over as Director immediately, on October 1. I had the weekend to prepare myself for this new assignment. In a moment of insanity, I accepted the job.

Tom Noel also informed me that he was taking several of the key SPR people with him to help him set up the new operations under the Assistant Secretary. The Deputy Director would go with him, as well as about ten other senior people in the SPR office. So here I was, with Schlesinger demanding that we accelerate the schedule, while Tom Noel was taking away several of the my key SPR staff people, when we were already short handed. But it got worse. The creation of the new Department resulted in all sorts of bureaucratic confusion, and most actions came to a halt for a few weeks, including procurement actions, personnel hiring, and even travel requests. And the Department officials were placing a whole new set of administrative procedures on us that we all were expected to follow. By the end of the first month in the Department of Energy, we had lost at least a full month on our schedule for SPR. But it got worse. We soon found that it was taking several months to get a procurement request through the DOE system, while our schedule had assumed only a few weeks to complete new procurements. Unless we got exemptions from this system we wouldn’t have 500 million barrels in storage for a decade.

Selecting a Special Assistant

When I was appointed Acting Director of the SPR, I was told I should hire a Special Assistant to help me handle many of the more routine chores that I would have. After considering three or four candidates, I selected a young woman named Betsy Marcotte, who

was on the staff of my Planning and Analysis Division. She was a 26 year-old economist who had been one of the few members of my staff who had been able to produce coherent material for the SPR Plan. She was a quick study, was willing to take on almost any task, was not afraid to deal with higher level officials, and was a hard worker. Even though she had a small son, she was willing to work long hours as needed.

After being on the job as Acting Director for only a couple of weeks, it was obvious to me that we were way behind schedule and it would only get worse under the new DOE systems. And I soon had an opportunity to inform top management in DOE of this. DOE required each program director to make a formal progress report to top management every month, including detailed flow charts showing critical paths and whether we were ahead of or behind schedule on meeting those deadlines. At my first presentation I informed the Deputy Secretary and the Under Secretary that we had already fallen behind schedule due to the disruption of creating the Energy Department, and we would need special expedited handling of all procurement, personnel and environmental issues if we were to even come close to meeting the accelerated schedule. They gave me no feedback at the meeting, and unfortunately, Secretary Schlesinger was not at the meeting. It soon became clear that the Deputy and Under Secretaries did not inform him of my request, and that these two did not share Schlesinger's urgency about the SPR.

“Enemies” At Work

But it got worse. I soon discovered that there was an effort by some of my SPR staff, aided by some other new DOE staff, to convince the new DOE management to remove me from the position of Acting Director. These SPR staff were the same people who had tried to block my work on the SPR Plan. The “conspirators” included a close aid to the Under Secretary, and it soon became apparent to me that the Under Secretary had bought into the agenda of my detractors and was planning to replace me. The Under

Secretary, Dale Myers, was a former Associate Administrator of NASA, and had a reputation as being able to manage large programs on a tight schedule. Tom Noel was still my immediate boss, and he reported to the Under Secretary, and Tom served as a buffer between me and the Under Secretary for now. Also, another special assistant to the Under Secretary was Jack Young, a former boss of mine at OMB, who was in my corner and was working to convince the Under Secretary that I should remain as Acting Director of the SPR. This was a whole new level of political in-fighting that I had never before experienced, and I did not like participating in these games.

Acquiring Land for SPR

Meanwhile, I was working to try to expedite the development of the SPR. We were in the process of trying to procure several salt dome properties in Louisiana and Texas, as well as right-of-way for pipelines from tanker ports to these storage sites. The Army Corps of Engineers was serving as our agent to procure these properties, but they were not being very successful in reaching purchase agreements with the landowners. The landowners thought the prices being offered were inadequate. So the Corps decided to proceed with condemnation of some of the properties, which required time consuming court proceedings. I was working to try to resolve disputes between the Corps and landowners to avoid condemnations, and also spending time in courts in Louisiana testifying before judges regarding the urgent need for these properties.

As more and more landowners began to oppose these actions by the Corps of Engineers, the Louisiana politicians got involved. Tom Noel and I were summoned to appear at a hearing held by the Louisiana legislature, and I spent nearly two days there explaining the program, answering questions and being harassed by the local officials. Then the Governor got involved, and threatened to stop any construction activities if we didn't satisfy him and the

legislature. I spent many hours meeting with the Governor's special representative for SPR issues, and many hours on the phone with him and other politicians in the state, trying to appease them. The primary problem was money, and we resolved some of the problems by agreeing to pay more for the properties, but the Corps was resisting any significant price increases because of concern that it would create a bad precedent for future Federal government acquisitions.

I was spending about half of my time in Louisiana, going down there almost every week, sometimes on very short notice. I started keeping a shaving kit and an extra change of clothes in the office to be ready for an emergency trip. Meanwhile, back in DC, we were having major problems with procurements, with the DOE procurement office making us go through a very long and slow process. At this rate it would take several months to get our key contractors hired and working. I kept asking for expedited handling of our actions, but I was being ignored by the procurement people. Only the Under Secretary or the Secretary could force faster action; the Under Secretary refused to do so, and he did not tell Secretary Schlesinger that there was any problem.

Chaos in the Department of Energy

But it got worse. I was trying to hire additional staff to replace the people who had been taken by Tom Noel, and to staff the accelerated construction program, but the DOE personnel office insisted that we follow their cumbersome new procedures for recruiting and hiring new staff, so weeks were going by without any new hires. By the end of November, after two months as Acting Director, I was convinced that we couldn't continue to manage the SPR construction program from Washington; we needed a field office to manage the program, with its own authority to hire people, handle procurements and manage the contractors. The Washington staff offices were simply too bureaucratic to move as fast as

necessary, and there seemed to be no hope for improvement. My initial idea was to have an existing field office take over the construction management. The former Atomic Energy Commission had been folded into the new Department of Energy, and they had very competent field offices with experience managing large construction and operating contractors. The closest field office to Louisiana was in Oak Ridge Tennessee, and the Manager of that office was now Bob Hart, who was one of my old bosses when I worked in the Contracts Division in AEC back in 1966-67.

Trying to Open a Field Office

I called Bob Hart and arranged to go down to Oak Ridge to explain the situation to see if they would be able and willing to take on this assignment. After meeting with them, I was convinced they could handle the SPR construction management much better than the Washington office, and Bob Hart was willing to take on the challenge. I made the proposal to Tom Noel that we turn over construction and operation management of the SPR to the Oak Ridge Field Office. The SPR office in Washington would continue to be responsible for the overall planning, establishing specifications, selecting storage sites, budgeting, dealing with OMB and Congress, and all other non-operational issues. Tom Noel agreed that we needed to do something to get the day-to-day management out of the Washington offices of DOE, which were a complete disaster. We quickly submitted the proposal to the Under Secretary for approval, and he quickly shot it down. We found out later that one of his buddies had some personal beef with Bob Hart and was opposed to giving him this new responsibility; more politics screwing up the works.

Under Secretary Myers did agree to establish a study group to make a recommendation on whether we should have a field office manage the SPR construction. He appointed some old cronies of his (former NASA employees) to the study group, and did not include

anyone from the SPR office. A couple of weeks later the group leader informed me that they were going to recommend setting up a new field office in Louisiana to manage the SPR construction, rather than use the existing Oak Ridge Office; there would be a meeting chaired by the Under Secretary to decide the issue in a week or so.

The meeting with Under Secretary Myers was held to hear the presentation by the study group. I was not asked for my opinion, but I gave it anyway. I strongly objected to the idea of a new office in Louisiana rather than using an existing office, because it would take several months to set up a new office and get it up to speed to handle the large workload of the SPR project. A new office would need to find office space, hire all new staff, set up communication systems, establish administrative procedures, and a host of other time-consuming actions not required by Oak Ridge. A new office would delay development of the SPR by several months compared with using an existing office. But apparently the Under Secretary had no concerns about the impact on the SPR schedule. He was interested in playing the political games with DOE staff, rather than filling the Reserve. He approved the recommendation to open a new office in Louisiana. He would name a Manager to head the office, and I was ordered to do whatever was necessary to help establish the office.

After the meeting, I was seriously considering resigning my position. But Tom Noel and others convinced me to hang in there. They suggested that I needed to understand that this sort of political decision making was normal at these levels; I needed to relax and go with the flow.

New Boss From Outside

But a few days later Tom Noel informed me that he had decided to leave DOE because it was clear that he was not going to get the permanent job of Assistant Secretary. For the next few weeks I reported to a temporary replacement who knew nothing about the SPR and cared less. Where is Schlesinger? How could he be so interested in accelerating the fill of SPR a few months ago, and now

he obviously is paying no attention to the program, and his appointees are doing nothing but delaying our efforts? I soon heard that a permanent Assistant Secretary had been selected, a guy named George McIsaac. I knew nothing about him other than that he was coming into government from a private consulting firm.

Now I had the job of setting up a new office in Louisiana as well as trying to keep the SPR program going as fast as possible. Most of the SPR staff were unhappy with the decision to set up a construction management office in Louisiana. Some of the engineers and operations people would be required to move to the new office if they wanted to keep their jobs. And those who would stay in Washington felt that their role in the program would be diminished as the field office assumed more responsibilities. Some of the staff even called in union officials to help them fight the move. And most of them were blaming me for recommending the field office, even though I had opposed the new office in Louisiana.

Testifying Before Congress

In addition to my other duties, I had to represent the SPR program in hearings before OMB and at least four Congressional Committees. I defended the DOE budget request in hearings at OMB, and then before the House and Senate Appropriations committees. I also testified before the House and Senate Energy committees on more than one occasion. With the departure of Tom Noel, I was now the only senior person left in the office who knew the SPR plan and the details of the development effort, so I had to testify at all hearings dealing with the SPR.

While defending the SPR budget request before Congress, I ran into an old acquaintance who was out to get me. The former Commerce Department Budget Director who was late submitting his budget requests to me at OMB was now on the staff of the House Appropriations Subcommittee who handled the SPR budget. This Subcommittee was the primary Congressional decision maker on how much money we would get. The rest of Congress usually went

along with whatever this Subcommittee proposed. So now the tables were turned, and instead of me reviewing his budget, he was reviewing my budget, and he was determined to give me a hard time. He told one of my staff that he was going to slash the SPR budget, just to get even with me.

Fortunately, the Subcommittee Chairman was a very competent and ethical Congressman. The staff person had prepared a long list of tough questions for the Chairman to ask me during the Hearing, and I was able to convince him that we really needed all of the money we requested. He also understood why his staff guy was out to get me, and agreed with me that I was just doing my job. He overruled his staff guy, and SPR got its budget request.

Meanwhile, we were making progress in acquiring real estate in Louisiana and Texas. I held a meeting with a large number of people who owned land in the Atchafalaya Basin where we needed to run a pipeline. They were all resisting selling to the Corps; they claimed they had been paid several times as much for pipeline right-of-way by private oil companies working in the basin, and they were not going to accept the paltry sums offered by the Corps in part because it might encourage the oil companies to pay less. I suggested that they should just donate the right-of-way to the government; they could avoid the precedent of a low payment and gain a valuable tax deduction. After considering the suggestion, several of the landowners donated their property.

An Unexpected Friendship

My Special Assistant, Betsy Marcotte, had quickly become my eyes and ears among the SPR staff. She would help keep me informed about who was working, who was opposing me, who was worthless, and who should be promoted. We worked closely together on many issues, including the major task of setting up the field office in New Orleans to manage the construction effort. She also had a major role in studying potential additional sites for more

storage. She traveled with me and other staff members to review construction activities in Louisiana and Texas, and to study potential additional salt domes for future storage.

During the fall of 1977 and all of 1978, we went through several very difficult challenges together, and we became very close emotionally. She was the only one who knew most of the details of what I was going through, and my victories and defeats were also hers. For the first time in my life, I realized that it was possible to have a close relationship with a woman that was mental and emotional; someone who I could discuss complex and personal issues with, on an equal level. Prior to that, I had always dealt with women either as support staff who took orders, or as a traditional wife who also was expected to play a support role. This new experience emphasized for me the problems in my relationship with Jan. It was apparent that I was at fault for viewing her as the supporting wife; but it also was apparent that I could not have the sort of professional and intellectual relationship with her that I had with Betsy.

Field Office in New Orleans

By the spring of 1978, we had acquired office space near New Orleans for the new SPR field office, and were slowly getting staff there. Some moved from Washington, and some were new hires. We were now several months behind schedule, but no one seemed to care. The Under Secretary was still focused on internal intrigues and implementing new management systems, with no apparent concern about the SPR schedule. At one of my monthly progress report meetings with Under Secretary Myers, I went through all the charts and graphs showing how far behind schedule we were, and how it would get worse unless major corrective actions were taken. I particularly urged that the field office be given full authority to recruit and hire new staff, rather than having to go through the Headquarters personnel office. The Under Secretary's

only response was that the staff member who had prepared my charts had not used the proper symbol for some proposed action, and I should make sure that is corrected before the next meeting. What a worthless boss!!

More Bureaucracy

Then things got worse. The powers that be had now selected a Deputy Assistant Secretary, by the name of Dobie Langenkamp, who would be responsible for the SPR and a couple of other programs. I was to report to this new Deputy Assistant Secretary, who reported to the Assistant Secretary, who reported to the Under Secretary who supposedly reported to the Secretary (but he didn't tell him about the SPR). Before the creation of DOE, the Director of SPR reported directly to the Administrator of the Federal Energy Administration, who reported to the President. Now it was nearly impossible to even get to the Under Secretary.

The new Deputy Assistant Secretary was a lawyer directly from a small law firm in Oklahoma who knew nothing about the government, or the SPR or oil or the oil industry or just about anything else we were doing. He was selected for the job because he had been an early supporter of Jimmy Carter in his campaign, and he wanted to be rewarded with a political appointment in Washington. So now I had to spend a good bit of my time trying to educate Dobie and George (the Assistant Secretary), and they were not quick studies. They contributed absolutely nothing to help manage the SPR or speed up administrative actions. Dobie's major "contribution" was to insist that we build a large "score board" to show graphically how many barrels of oil we had in storage. He wanted (and got) a large board with a thermometer-type gauge from zero to 500 million barrels, and we were expected to update this every week. But we were adding such small amounts of oil to the Reserve at this point that it was not possible to see any difference on the chart from week to week. He thought we were just not updating

the chart for him, or maybe we had just stopped filling the Reserve. I was still traveling to Louisiana frequently, primarily dealing with land issues and new environmental concerns being raised about our pipelines. The new Deputy decided that I shouldn't be traveling so much because that meant I was not available in Washington to answer his questions and keep his chart updated, so he informed me that I could not travel anymore except with his advance approval.

Political Appointee Flunks the Test

By the spring of 1978, word was reaching the Congress that the SPR program was behind schedule, and the House Energy Committee scheduled a Hearing to get the facts. George McIsaac, the Assistant Secretary, was asked to testify, but George didn't know anything about the program (although he had now been on board for over four months), so he told me I had to come along to testify. I also had to write his opening statement for him. After George read the statement, the Congressmen present started asking him questions. With each question, George would turn to me to give the answer. This went on for over 30 minutes, with George not answering a single question. I was able to answer all the questions with no problem, but George was starting to look like a complete airhead. Finally, the Congressman chairing the hearing interrupted when George again turned to me to answer a question. The Chair said: "No, I want you to answer that question Mr. McIsaac." George stammered and sputtered, and it was obvious that he didn't have any idea how to answer the question. He really hadn't learned anything about the SPR program that he supposedly was directing.

Did You Read the Plan?

I should have expected that not all SPR staff had read the Plan approved by Congress for the development of the SPR. While I was Acting Director of SPR, one of my senior staff, Smokey Field,

requested a formal meeting with me so his staff could present their recommendations on purchasing oil for the Reserve. At the meeting, a relatively new staff member made a detailed presentation regarding what type of oil should be stored in the SPR. As he proceeded, I became more and more shocked and disturbed, because he was discussing issues which had been presented in detail in the official Plan approved by Congress, and it was apparent that neither the presenter or Smokey had read the Plan. Rather than making a big fuss about wasting everyone's time, and to avoid complete embarrassment for Smokey, I rather quickly thanked the presenter (whose name I don't recall), and ended the meeting. Then I informed Mr. Field that these issues had been considered and decided some months earlier, and were in the Plan approved by Congress; the Plan had an entire Appendix devoted to this issue. It was past time for him to get up to speed.

Passed Over for Permanent Director of SPR

Now that they had selected a Deputy Assistant Secretary, I knew they would be focusing on selecting a permanent Director for the SPR. I really didn't expect to be selected because of the obvious opposition from Under Secretary Myers, and I knew that I did not have the experience managing a large construction and oil fill operation. There must be other people out there with such experience. but I didn't have time to even think about it. Then one day in late June, 1978, I was asked to come to a meeting with the Assistant Secretary and his Deputy. At the meeting, I was informed that they had selected a new Director for the SPR. He was a retired Army General named Joseph DeLuca. He had been in charge of a financial accounting operation in the Pentagon before he retired, which somehow made him highly qualified to head the SPR program. He would be reporting for duty about the first of July. Then the Assistant Secretary said they wanted me to be the Deputy Director of SPR, reporting to the new Director. We had not had a Deputy

Director for the past nine months, since I had taken over as Acting Director, and they thought I would make a great Deputy Director. I would provide continuity to the operations and make it much easier for the new Director. They spent ten minutes explaining to me what a great honor it was for me to be selected as Deputy Director, and what an important job this was, and how I was really needed, etc. I almost puked. I said I would consider the offer, and left.

I had always thought that Deputy positions should be illegal. I had never met a Deputy who was happy with his job. They got the crappy assignments that the boss didn't want, and frequently got the blame if things went wrong, but they never got any credit. I really didn't want to take the job, but I didn't have another job lined up, and I decided not to take the risk of just resigning. I would see how things progressed. I had been Acting Director for nine months. I had been working 14 hour days, at least six days a week during that time. I had almost no time for the family. I should have been happy to finally have a bit of a respite from the pressure. But it still felt like an insult that I was being replaced by a person who had no better qualifications for the job than I did, and who had no knowledge of or experience with the program. But I was beginning to understand the nature of political appointments. Although I was a career civil servant, I had moved up to the top rung on the ladder, where political considerations tend to outweigh all other qualifications.

The General Rides In

In early July the General (retired) appeared. He announced that he wanted to start immediately with a briefing by the new field office manager. Apparently the Under Secretary had advised him to start his briefing in the field (where the manager had been on board for a couple of weeks) rather than being tainted with any facts provided by me or the other senior Washington staff. I decided to join the General at the New Orleans office, to provide some badly needed history and perspective about the project, the schedule etc, that the

New Orleans office manager did not have. We met in the New Orleans office Monday morning to start the briefings for the General. As I entered the office, the Manager's secretary said I was wanted on the phone by the Deputy Assistant Secretary. I took the call and was informed by him that I was to catch the next plane back to Washington. I was to leave for the airport immediately. I was urgently needed in Washington to deal with some important budget matter. Ah so; the General was serious about not wanting me in on this briefing.

Forty?

Meanwhile, away from the office, a terrible thing happened. I turned 40 years old on July 17. I had been so busy working that I hadn't noticed I was getting older. Now it slapped me in the face. Jan organized a big birthday bash for me; all of our friends and neighbors were there. Cheryl was there with her boyfriend, Allen Myers; Chris was there with his latest girlfriend, and Greg and Cindy were there with their friends. All of our good friends were there, including Chuck and Suzanne Gularson, Dennis and Anita Ferm, Wally and Sally Heaton, Howard and Peggy Rohm, Ray and Linda Brady, and many more. It was a good party, but it didn't make me any younger.

For a few weeks in the spring of 1978, we had four teenagers. Cindy turned 13 on March 18, and Cheryl was 19 until May 1. Chris was 16 and Greg was 14. Chris was starting to cause more concerns and problems for me. He probably thought I needed some diversions from my work! Chris had his driver's license, and I had helped him buy a used GTO. He had the money needed to buy the car as a result of his work at the local Amoco station in Gaithersburg. In hindsight, I should have insisted on a less powerful car, but I didn't have hindsight. Luckily, he didn't kill himself or anyone else.

But one evening he begged to use our relatively new Chevy Caprice, saying he had a hot date, and he promised to drive slowly and carefully. In a moment of insanity, Jan and I agreed to let him use the car. Chris still was not home at midnight, and Jan and I finally went to bed. We were just settling in when I heard this loud clumping and bumping sound that seemed to be getting closer; soon it was in front of the house and then into the garage under our bedroom. I pulled on a robe and ran down to the garage. There was Chris staggering into the house from what used to be the almost new Chevy Caprice. He was so drunk he could barely speak or stand. Looking at the car to see the source of the noise, I noticed that both wheels on the right side of the car were sitting at a non-vertical angle, and attached to the wheel housing by only one nut, and one of the tires was completely flat.

Chris was in no condition to even begin to explain what had happened, and I am still not sure, but apparently he ran into a high curb or other obstruction and blew out both tires on the right side. He then tried to change the tires, but having only one spare he could only change one, and when he went to put the nuts back on, he could find only one nut for each wheel. So he drove home that way, on one completely flat tire and with both wheels wobbling crazily. And he drove off leaving the expensive wheel coverings somewhere along the road, and he was never able to find them. I had two ruined tires, two ruined rims, and two missing wheel covers. Several hundred dollars of expense. Chris did not get to drive the Caprice much after that (or at least not with my approval).

Shunned by New Director

My problems at work helped take my mind off the problems at home. Over the next few weeks I tried to reach an understanding with DeLuca about what role he wanted me to play as his Deputy. I suggested that I would oversee the remaining planning, budgeting and environmental assessment activities in Washington, while he focused on the construction and operation issues, including all the dealings with Louisiana officials. But DeLuca said he wasn't ready to make any specific assignments. It soon became clear that he had no intention of assigning anything to me. He was treating me as the enemy to be defeated or ignored. I soon heard from some of my staff that some of my opponents on the SPR staff were telling Under Secretary Myers and General DeLuca that I was working to undercut them; and DeLuca was telling some SPR staff that I had screwed up things while I had been in charge, and he was going to fix things.

Fire at Storage Site

Then a real disaster struck. I was in the office working late when I took a call from the field office manager who was calling to report that there had just been an explosion at the West Hackberry storage site, and there was now a raging fire, and it appeared that at least one person was dead. He said he was leaving to go to the site, and wanted any backup help he could get from Washington to deal with the situation. I called the General, who was already at home for the day, to give him the news. I offered to go to West Hackberry to help manage the situation, but he said he would go, and hung up. I then called the Deputy Assistant Secretary and the Assistant Secretary to give them the news before they heard it on the radio or TV. They demanded that I come to the Assistant Secretary's office to keep them informed on what was happening, and to be prepared to answer any inquiries from the press or politicians. The three of us spent most of the night in his office, periodically receiving reports

from West Hackberry. We weren't contributing anything to resolving the problem, but I guess that's the role of political appointees. And unfortunately for Assistant Secretary McIsaac, he forgot to inform the Under Secretary about the problem or to keep him informed.

During my telephone conversations with SPR people at the site, I learned that an oil rig crew had been doing some repair work on the piping on one of our storage caverns which was partially filled with oil under pressure. The pipe into the cavern had been plugged with a pressure retention plug, which was standard practice in the oil industry, but the plug failed and oil came shooting up out of the pipe into the oil rig where it was set afire by the engine. One person was dead and another was in the hospital with severe burns. A huge fire was still burning as the oil continued to spew out of the cavern and feed the fire which could be seen for miles around. The SPR people at the site had already directed the contractor to bring in an oil rig fire fighting specialist to help put out the fire, but it may take a few days to get it under control. The local press were already on the scene, and it would probably make the late evening TV news shows in the area.

I knew that this accident would bring the vultures down on the SPR program. Everyone would be asking for investigations of the program. What had gone wrong? Why was it so far behind schedule? Within days there were several investigations underway. DOE's Inspector General started an investigation, the General Accounting Office started one, several Congressional committees scheduled hearings, and Congressional staff members were investigating for their bosses. The SPR office was soon spending more time dealing with the investigators than with building the Reserve.

Leaving the SPR Office

DeLuca still was not giving me any assignments. I was handling many issues and responding to many inquiries just because he wasn't always available, and usually didn't have the answers, but it was apparent that he didn't want me around. I suggested to him that I would just move out of the SPR office, with a few of my old planning staff members, and finish work on a plan for distributing Reserve oil during an emergency, while I looked for another job. He happily accepted the suggestion, and I quickly moved to space in another DOE building. It was clear to me that DeLuca had been ordered by Under Secretary Myers to remove me from any substantive role with SPR, and hopefully I would leave.

I now had almost nothing to do. We were still finishing a study on how to sell oil from the Reserve, but my staff could handle that themselves. I started looking for another job. I contacted all my friends and acquaintances at OMB, Commerce Department, Small Business Administration, National Science Foundation, and Congressional committees to tell them that I was in the job market. I submitted resumes to several people who expressed an interest. And then I went on vacation for a couple of weeks.

Getting Away to Minnesota

In early August, Jan, Cheryl, Chris, Greg, Cindy and I drove to Minnesota to attend a Hystad family reunion and the 75th birthday party for my dad. It was held at a resort on Lake Mary near Alexandria, Minnesota. We rented a small cabin on the lakeshore, with a fishing boat available for our use. It was a much-needed break from Washington. We fished and visited and I tried to catch up with what my brothers and sisters had been doing. We drove up to Henning, Clitherall and Battle Lake to see how our old stomping grounds had changed. Chris and Greg had a great time with the boat and motor buzzing around the lake and even catching some fish.

Cheryl's boyfriend stayed at our house in Fairidge and finished painting the outside walls, while we were gone. I was very happy to avoid that job.

Dad was looking very old and frail, much older than his 75 years. He was starting to have some emphysema problems, and was still on valium, which made him a little dopey. Mother was still in good shape and was keeping occupied taking care of dad. She was only 66 years old. They had tried living at Blue Earth, Minnesota, but dad decided he didn't like it there, so they had moved back to Watford and rented a small house there for awhile. But then my sisters apparently convinced them that they should move into a senior citizens development near my sister Eileen's place in White Bear, Minnesota, and that was where they were living now, but they didn't seem to be content there, and mom was talking about moving back to Watford City. Mom was happy only when she was living in Watford.

My Senate Testimony in Louisiana

Returning to work at DOE, I was told by the Deputy Assistant Secretary that I was to accompany him to Louisiana where the U.S. Senator from Louisiana was holding a formal Congressional Hearing on the West Hackberry fire. Joe DeLuca refused to testify, claiming that it was not his responsibility, so Dobie was going to testify, and I was to provide support for him. I was well acquainted with the Senator's staff guy who was organizing the hearing, and he had informed me that the Senator would be focusing on the causes of the fire, which he seemed to think resulted from lack of adequate DOE oversight of the contractors working on the SPR development. As the Hearing commenced, Dobie and I were sitting at the witness table. The Senator asked a few background questions which Dobie answered adequately. And then the Senator went for the juggler. He asked who in DOE had authorized or directed the contractor to conduct repair work on the cavern while the

cavern was under pressure; if the pressure had been released before starting work, there would have been no accident or fire.

Dobie started to answer with what would have been a long evasive discussion about the difficulties caused by the creation of the new Department, etc. Dobie had not finished the second sentence when I grabbed the microphone away from him and said approximately the following: "I authorized the contractor to work on the caverns under pressure, in my role as Acting Director of the SPR. I made that decision last fall after extensive review by my staff and with advice from oil industry experts. I made that decision for two reasons: first I was assured by the experts that the process of using a pressure retaining plug was standard practice in the oil industry under conditions of much higher pressure than would be encountered with the SPR storage caverns, and that the plugs were highly reliable; and second, that if we required the contractor to depressurize the caverns every time before doing any work on them, it would delay the development of the SPR by a year or more, and I was working under direction from the President that accelerated fill of the SPR was of utmost national importance. I directed that the work be done under pressure because of the perceived low risks of a plug failure and the potentially high cost to the nation of slowing the development of the Reserve."

The Senator and his aide sat there looking at me for a moment, with a sort of stunned look, and then the Senator started looking down at his notes which contained a long list of questions; he scanned one page, and then another, and then another, before he came to a question related to a completely different subject. Apparently, my answer made his long list of questions irrelevant. And the Hearing ended on a relatively upbeat note.

After the Hearing, Dobie cornered me and said he was shocked that I had accepted responsibility for that decision; he thought government employees never accepted responsibility for any decision. He was very appreciative that I had gotten him off the hot seat. (A couple of years later, as Dobie was leaving government service, I was invited to his going-away party; in his final comments

to the attendees, he noted that one of the highlights of his two years in government was my testimony at the Senate Hearing.)

A Major New Assignment

My performance at the Hearing did nothing to impress General DeLuca; I was still a Deputy without duties. The Assistant Secretary still needed me once in awhile to respond to questions from Congress or to help deal with the Louisiana Governor, because no one else had the institutional memory. A few more weeks went by as I continued to look for a job outside DOE. Then I received a telephone call from Al Alm, who was Assistant Secretary for Policy and Evaluation in DOE. I had worked with Al briefly while we were both at OMB. He asked if I would be interested in coming to work for him as head of a new Office of Emergency Response Planning. I met with Al the next day to discuss the details. I would report directly to him, and would supervise an existing small emergency planning staff in his office, and I probably would be able to bring along with me the staff I now had working for me on SPR issues. This would actually be a promotion, working directly for an Assistant Secretary, rather than reporting through a Deputy Assistant Secretary and office Director.

One of the reasons Al wanted to upgrade the emergency planning function was the new crisis brewing in Iran, where the Shah was in a losing battle against a huge grassroots opposition. The disarray in Iran was disrupting its oil exports, and there was concern about possible oil shortages in the U.S. I accepted the assignment as the Director of the new office. I learned later that my old bosses at OMB had been responsible for this move. Jack Young, one of my former bosses at OMB, had learned from a friend that I was looking for a job outside of DOE; Jack discussed the situation with Schlesinger and Al Alm, who agreed that I had been mistreated by the Under Secretary and the General, and that Al could use a good person to deal with emergency issues.

Former OMB people seemed to have a special rapport with each other; we had a common understanding of how the decision-making process should work; we knew how to cut through the bullshit and focus on the real issues and real potential solutions; we were pragmatic, but had a high standard of ethics. And we knew we worked for the President even if we didn't always agree with his decisions; it was our job to help the President achieve his goals in the best way possible. Many of the other people at DOE didn't share this outlook and attitude. Many were pushing their own agenda rather than the President's; many seemed unable to sort through all the fluff to get to the real problem; and most seemed unable to come up with potential solutions which were politically viable.

I was back in the saddle again. This new job was not quite as interesting as being Acting Director of the SPR, but it was a lot less demanding while still being challenging. I was soon housed in offices in the Forrestal Building, the new DOE Headquarters, with about 15 staff working for me. About half the staff were working on SPR issues, including a new study on the desired size of the SPR, done at the request of OMB. The OMB wanted to reduce the ultimate size of the SPR to about 250 million barrels, rather than the 500 million included in the Plan. The remaining staff were focusing on defining what actions needed to be taken to prepare for another disruption in oil supplies such as the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo.

More Turf Battles

Once again, I was in the middle of internal fights over turf and influence. My appointment greatly upset the staff of the oil and gas policy office under Al Alm, who thought they should be responsible for this oil supply emergency response planning, and for SPR planning. Over the next year, they opposed me at almost every opportunity, but they were always trying to catch up with what I was doing, and Al always came down on my side. They had only one solution to every problem – deregulate and end price controls. They

had good arguments in theory, but they could not get anyone to implement their ideas, which were not acceptable to the President.

Also, Jack O'Leary, the Deputy Secretary, was not happy with my appointment, because he had placed a crony of his in Al Alm's group with the expectation that he would be in charge of emergency response planning. But O'Leary's guy couldn't do much other than puff on his pipe and pretend to think deep thoughts; so Al Alm put me in charge and had the guy report to me. I soon gave up trying to get much work out of him, and just let him sit in his office on days when he felt like coming to work. I still had several incompetent staff in my group, but I had a couple of good analysts, including Glen Coplon, and Betsy Marcotte. Betsy was my primary analyst and did lots of the leg work I needed done; she was excellent at pestering people for information.

The General Retreats and Surrenders

In early 1979, General DeLuca asked if he could come meet with me in my office in the Forrestal Building. I was very surprised that he would have any interest in talking to me about anything, and that he would lower himself to come to my office, but I agreed to see him. He informed me that he was resigning his job as Director of the SPR (after about seven months on the job). He made some excuse about his wife having health problems, but it was clear to me that he had decided that the pressure of the SPR job was too much for him, and he did not see things improving. DeLuca apologized for treating me so poorly when he came on board; he said that he now realized that I had been doing a good job under horrible conditions, and he just wanted to tell me that he was sorry and that he was amazed that I had stuck with the job through all the chaos of creating the new Department of Energy and that I had put up with all the crap I got from Dobie and George McIsaac and the Under Secretary.

I was very tempted to tell him that I no longer believed a word he said, and that I would always consider him to be a sorry

SOB, but instead I thanked him and rather quickly showed him out the door. In hindsight, I think he also was largely a victim; he didn't have any idea what he was getting into and was completely misled by the Under Secretary and his cronies. But his treatment of me and some of the other old hands in the SPR program was not justified under any circumstances.

A couple of weeks later I learned that the Under Secretary had appointed another General to replace DeLuca, and I was soon hearing from my friends in the SPR office that this guy was a real fruitcake. They said he was very enamored with the fact that he had a car and driver available to him, and that the car had a phone; he supposedly would go for drives around town just so he could call people on the car phone! But maybe my friends were exaggerating. And the SPR program was falling farther and farther behind schedule. Note: the goal of 500 million barrels in storage was finally reached in mid-1986, instead of the original target date of the end of 1982, or the "accelerated" target date of the end of 1980.

Iranian Crisis on My Desk

I had barely settled into the new job as Director of Emergency Planning, when the Shah of Iran fled the country, in January, 1979, followed by the return from exile of the Islamic leader Ayatollah Khomeini who led an Islamic takeover of the Iranian government in the next few months, with continued disruption of their oil exports. I was directed to start preparing a specific plan of action in the event of oil shortages in the U.S. I was to pull together a package of possible actions, including emergency conservation measures and other restrictions on oil use. I also was to put together initial plans for rationing gasoline if a severe shortage materialized. So now I had plenty to do, and a whole new set of issues on which to become informed in a short period of time. But it was still a fairly relaxed place compared with the SPR office.

Visit by Joyce & Family

On President's Day weekend in 1979, my sister Joyce and her husband Myron and three kids came to visit us. They drove from Columbus, Ohio, where they were living at the time. They came for the long weekend, and stayed with us. They were planning to return, on Tuesday, after the Monday President's Day Holiday. But on Monday evening it began to snow. When I got up in the morning to go to work, I was shocked to find that I couldn't even open the screen door on our front step, the snow was piled at least three feet high. It was impossible for any vehicles to move that day, and it was well into Wednesday before snow plows had opened enough roads so Joyce and Myron could leave for home and I could go to work.

Gasoline Lines Again

The relative quiet at the office didn't last long. In April, long gasoline lines suddenly started appearing at gasoline stations in California, and within days they spread throughout the country. I was suddenly in the hot seat. The President expected the Department of Energy to do something to solve this problem quickly, and I was the one who was supposed to be ready with a plan to deal with such problems.

Why did we have gasoline lines? The simple answer is that some motorists in California became concerned that there would be shortages of gasoline again like we had in 1973-74, so they began to hoard supplies, and their panic spread throughout the country. Within days, motorists moved millions of gallons of gasoline from the petroleum supply system into their gas tanks; instead of the normal situation of having automobile gas tanks averaging less than half full, we suddenly had the average gas tank being kept nearly full by silly motorists who feared they would not be able to buy gasoline when needed. The lines formed because the hoarding motorists started lining up at gas stations in the wee hours of the morning to make

sure they would get some gas before the station ran out. The stations, or their suppliers, imposed daily quotas on the amount they would sell, and many stations would close by ten or eleven in the morning after dispensing their quota for the day. This practice just encouraged more people to get in line early in the morning, because it was the only way to buy any gasoline.

The more complicated and accurate answer is that price controls established by President Nixon and continued by Ford and Carter, prevented the oil industry from raising prices in response to reductions in supply or increases in demand. So, with a relatively small loss of supply from Iran and the sudden increase in demand by hoarding motorists, prices could not adjust to reduce demand. The lines worsened and continued into May and June.

For the next few months, I was putting in very long hours dealing with this crisis. Many nights I worked until well past midnight, preparing proposals for the Secretary, or preparing for twice-weekly meetings at the White House, or preparing for weekly press briefings on the crisis, or preparing for Congressional Hearings.

Dealing With Secretary Schlesinger

One Saturday, a few days after the gasoline lines started, I stopped in Jim Schlesinger's office to get his signature on some document that had to go out; he asked me what I thought we should do about the gas line situation. I was still in the process of pulling together a package of recommendations from different parts of the Department, but I told him my current thinking. I said there was little we could do assuming the President was unwilling to remove price controls, but we should at least do the following, and I listed about six steps we could take, including immediately stop filling the SPR, place minimum purchase requirements on gasoline sales to reduce topping up, which was creating this huge reserve of gasoline in cars, and initiate a campaign to encourage carpooling and use of

public transportation. A few days later, Schlesinger, Al Alm and I were at a meeting in the White House, and Carter's chief of domestic policy asked Schlesinger what he thought we should do about the gasoline lines. Schlesinger repeated what I had told him, almost verbatim. The guy obviously had an incredible memory, but I was shocked that he was accepting my ideas with no modifications. Didn't he have any thoughts of his own on the subject?

Carter Fails to Act

In the next weeks the Department issued several orders to require energy conservation, including turning down thermostats, reducing the temperature of water heaters, and several other inane and basically worthless actions that had no effect on gasoline usage. I was urging the Secretary and the White House to take stronger action to reduce hoarding by motorists, including minimum purchase requirements to reduce the number of idiots sitting in line to buy one or two gallons of gas (and there were many such people), and permitting or causing some targeted price increases on gasoline, either by higher taxes or exceptions to price controls. I also suggested that the government help reduce the panic by assuring the public that they could always buy gasoline somewhere in their community, even if at very high prices.

President Carter and his advisors never could agree on what actions should be taken, and they never did take any action to remove price controls, increase taxes or reduce hoarding. Meanwhile, most states implemented a scheme to permit motorists to buy gasoline only on odd or even numbered days, depending on the last digit of their license plate. This silly requirement at least kept hoarders from lining up at stations every day, and it made it virtually impossible for anyone to go on a driving trip that lasted more than one day. This kept many people away from summer vacations in the early summer of 1979.

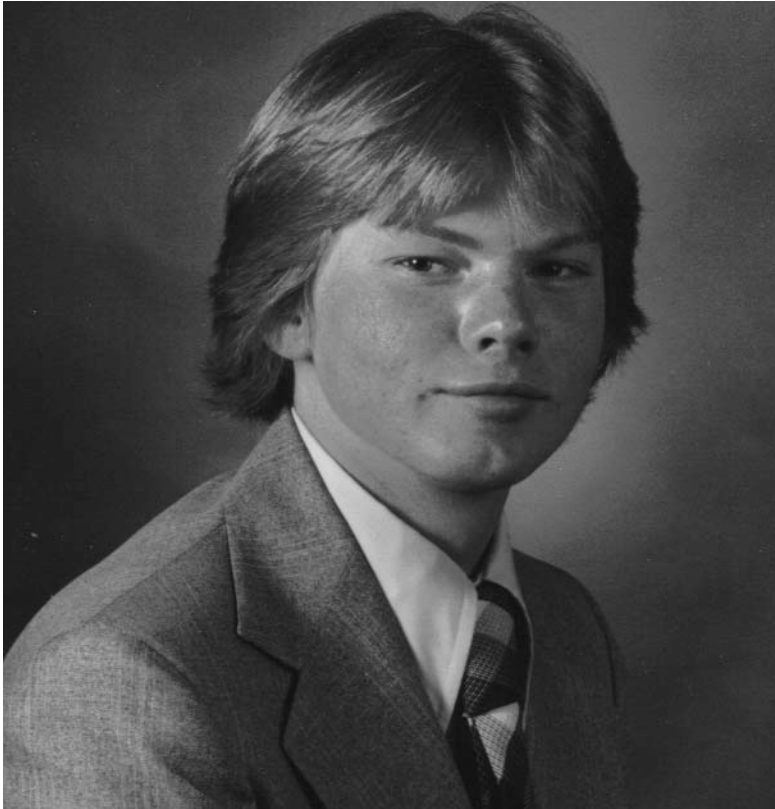
Throughout this crisis, I was meeting almost daily with the Assistant Secretary, Al Alm, and Secretary Schlesinger, briefing them on the status of the situation, discussing what other options we could propose to the White House, or preparing for press conferences and Congressional Hearings. I joined Schlesinger at all the weekly press briefings and Hearings, to back him up with details. Betsy and I also developed a new flow diagram to depict what was happening with oil supplies; it showed all sources and quantities of crude oil, including imports and domestic production, it showed the resulting refined products from the crude oil as well as direct imports of refined products, and it showed amounts going into and coming out of inventories. This diagram was used by Schlesinger in all his press briefings and Hearings and White House meetings; we updated the numbers weekly using available data from Energy Information office in DOE, and other reporting sources.

Very Little Time for Family

Meanwhile, I did have a little time with my family. Jan and I still played bridge many Saturday evenings, and we still played some tennis on Sunday. But I used the social events to get input from our friends about how the gasoline crisis was impacting them, and to kick around ideas for resolving the problem.

Chris Graduates

In early June, there was a major event in the family, as Christopher Carlyle graduated from high school. I was encouraging him to get additional education, either in college or in a trade school.



Here is Chris' graduation photo; pretty cool guy, huh!

Fear of Heating Oil Shortages

There was growing concern that there might be a shortage of fuel oil for the upcoming winter heating season, and the New England congressional delegations were particularly vocal in demanding assurances that the Department would take action to assure adequate supplies. I conducted analyses that showed there would be more than adequate fuel oil supplies for the coming

winter, and Schlesinger used my flow diagram to demonstrate this to the Congress and the press.

Oil Industry Conspiracy?

By early June there were many accusations that the oil industry had created this crisis in order to drive up prices and to try to get price controls removed. These claims were repeated over and over in much of the media, and there were soon Congressional demands that the Department of Energy investigate these claims. The White House directed the Department to undertake this study, and I was given the assignment to lead the study and prepare a report by the end of July. I pulled together a small group of experts from the regulatory office, the Energy Information office and the International division of DOE, and we collected all available information on international production of crude oil, imports into the U.S., storage levels in the U.S., refinery outputs, allocation of refined products around the U.S, etc., to see if there was any evidence that the oil industry was intentionally limiting oil imports to the U.S., reducing domestic production, hoarding oil in storage, or any other action which might have resulted in an unnecessary shortage of gasoline at the pumps. We also interviewed senior executives from all the major oil companies doing business in the United States.

The conclusion of the study group, which I shared, was that we could find no evidence of any actions by oil companies to limit supplies of oil. The reduction of crude oil supplies into the U.S. as a result of the Iranian upheaval was quite small, and similar to reductions to other oil importing countries. Refinery output and inventory levels were consistent with normal practice, and final gasoline supplies to gas stations were down only slightly from prior year levels. We could find no basis for blaming the oil companies, even though there were some within the Department and the White House who were hoping we would find such evidence. I prepared a

report on the findings of our study, which was made available to the press and submitted to the Congress.

Within a couple of days of the release of the Report, it was being attacked by some people as a whitewash; they were sure the oil industry was to blame. In some cases, I was personally attacked as a lackey of the oil industry. A Washington Post reporter wrote a long piece on the study report in which he claimed that I had previously worked for the oil industry and would likely return to a lucrative job in the industry. This resulted in a rush of inquiries by others in the press for information about my background and any possible conflicts of interest. The Washington Post reporter had never even attempted to contact me about the article before it was published; he had fabricated the story that I was an oil industry employee (or maybe he found out that I worked as a roughneck on oil drilling rigs when I was 18 years old!). This was another example of the irresponsibility of the media. For the next couple of weeks, I was busy dealing with inquiries from the media and Congressional staff. And I never did get a lucrative job in the oil industry!

Swim Team Again

In spite of all the pressures at work, I did take time to run the North Creek Swim Team. From June through early August I worked at the swim meets every Saturday, and usually one evening a week. I was still serving as the Referee at home meets and as stroke and turn judge at away meets, as well as being Team Representative. At one of these Saturday meets, against a team somewhere in Rockville, I was busy doing my stroke and turn judge duties when I was paged over the loud speaker; I had a call from the White House operator. Somehow the White House operator had tracked me down, and put me through to the White House press office. They wanted me to come to the White House press room immediately for a press briefing about my study of whether the oil industry had caused the gasoline lines.

My Nemesis Flunks Out

I got a bit of good news in late spring, that Under Secretary Dale Myers had been fired. About time. He was a complete disaster in that job as far as I was concerned. It was a shame that it took Schlesinger so long to get rid of him. In hindsight, he probably was placed in a job for which he was not prepared, and he probably did not receive much guidance or advice from Secretary Schlesinger. He may have been a nice guy outside of a work situation!

Myers was replaced by John Deutsch, who was a much faster learner, and who knew how to supervise people. He and his staff were quick to recognize that the current General who was Director of the SPR didn't know anything about the program, so they turned to me on several occasions for help on SPR issues.

Carter's Bomb

In late July, President Carter delivered his horrible speech that the press dubbed the "Malaise" speech. The speech basically said that the energy crisis in the country was so severe that we all needed to treat it as the moral equivalent of war. He said there was a general feeling of hopelessness in the country as a result of the Vietnam war loss and high inflation and oil embargos, etc, and this negative mental attitude was contributing to our problems. We needed to shape up and fight this energy war. But he didn't propose any specific actions that would resolve the perceived problem. In particular, he did not propose the one action that could have made a major difference on future use of foreign oil, to greatly increase taxes on oil consumption, as they had in most European countries. Many of us in the policy office in DOE felt that a large increase in taxes on oil imports, for example, would have encouraged more domestic production, supported use of alternative energy sources including solar, and reduced oil consumption.

That speech by Carter probably was the key factor in his reelection loss the next year. In hindsight, Carter's obsession with the so-called energy crisis was stupid; yes, the country should reduce its dependence on oil from the Mideast, but this required a long-term change in policies, not a "war". The only real energy crisis we had was in 1973 when the Arab countries cut off oil exports to try to punish the U.S. for its support of Israel. And we exacerbated the problem with our price controls which kept demand artificially high. Some ten years later when Iraq invaded Kuwait, the world lost more oil exports than we did in 1979, but we had no gasoline lines or other crises in oil supplies, because we no longer had price controls.

Carter's obsession with his "war" on the energy problem was very similar to the later obsession by George W. Bush with his "war" on terrorism. Twenty suicidal guys with box cutters caused a major, but short-term, disaster, which G.W. Bush turned into a never-ending war on terrorism, with much more adverse impact on our country than the 9/11 terrorists inflicted. Carter obsessed over problems caused in large part by U.S. policies in the middle east, including our one-sided support for Israel. G.W. Bush obsessed over problems caused in large part by U.S. policies in the middle east, including our one-sided support for Israel. And like Carter, Bush proposed no real changes in U.S. policies that might help reduce the creation of mideast terrorists.

But Carter's "moral equivalent of war" energy obsession did provide a bit of humor for DOE employees. Apparently, Carter's White House staff failed to notice in advance that the acronym was "MEOW". Many in DOE thought that the actions we were taking were indeed like a timid house cat.

Secretary Schlesinger Leaving

By early August, the gasoline lines had disappeared, and things were calming down at DOE. Then Schlesinger announced that he was resigning. Apparently, it was by mutual agreement with

the President; I think Schlesinger was getting frustrated with the inability of the President to make a decision on anything, and the President was disappointed with the inability of the Department of Energy to suddenly solve the problem. Schlesinger hosted a going away party at his home shortly before he left, and Jan and I were invited. It was a nice, low-key party, attended mainly by those in the Department who had been working most closely with him on the various crises of the past several months. He informed me at that party that I had been selected to receive an Exceptional Service Medal at an upcoming ceremony before he left.

Exceptional Service Medal

On August 22, 1979, I was awarded the Exceptional Service Medal, along with a framed citation that read as follows:

“The Department of Energy’s Exceptional Service Medal is awarded to Carlyle Hystad for his performance as Director of the Office of Emergency Response Planning, Office of Policy and Evaluation of the Department of Energy.

“At the outset of the Iranian upheaval Mr. Hystad without hesitancy assumed the responsibility for developing the Department’s contingency and response planning functions. Under his supervision, the Iranian Response Plan was developed and the Department’s capacity both to evaluate the impacts of such curtailments and to implement effective remedial actions were significantly enhanced.

“In recognition of his professionalism, diligence and contributions to the formulation and implementation of Federal energy policy he is presented this Medal.”

Signed: James R. Schlesinger, Secretary

That's nice. Although a big fat check would have been more useful. But I still have the medal and citation on my office wall, while any money would have been spent long ago.

Vacationing in New England

I decided that now was a good time to get away for a short vacation, and we set off on a driving trip to New Hampshire and Vermont. We now had just Greg and Cindy with us; Cheryl and Chris were big people and had other things to do. We spent a few days on a beach in southeastern New Hampshire, and then went inland to the mountains of Vermont. We even drove the Chevy to the top of Mt. Washington, which was a bit of a hair raising ride. I tried to get out and run a few miles every morning, to help get rid of some of the toxins from the past several months at work.

As we returned to Maryland, it was time for the kids to go back to school. Cheryl would be going into her senior year in college at Towson; Chris was going to a technical school to study refrigeration; Greg was about to turn 16 and going into 11th grade in High School; and Cindy was 14 and going into the 9th grade. They grow up so fast.

On September 25, 1979, my parents celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Quite an amazing achievement for both of them, to stick together through nine kids and some very rough times financially. Maybe it was the nine kids that kept them together, because they spent about 35 years of their married lives working to put food on the table for those kids; maybe they didn't have much time left to think about whether they were happy in their marriage. Or maybe they were mostly happy with each other. They had now moved back to Watford City, and were living in a nice apartment in a new senior citizen complex up on the top of the hill in Watford. The rent was subsidized, so they could afford it on their social security income. For those two, there was no place like home in Watford City.

Another Study on SPR Size

Back at work, I was under the gun to finish a study to submit to OMB on the ultimate size of the SPR; congress authorized up to one billion barrels, if needed; the Plan recommended 500 million barrels for now, with the possibility of more. The OMB staff guy handling the SPR wanted to limit it to less than 500 million barrels; maybe only 250, and definitely wanted to make sure it didn't go above 500. There was no way to justify any particular size, because we couldn't predict the future. We could show that the loss of oil supplies could have a huge impact on the economy, and a large reserve could prevent that impact, if the reserve were used. But we could not predict the size of any loss of oil imports, and we could not predict whether the President would decide to use the Reserve.

I decided to take an aggressive approach, and argue for a reserve larger than one billion, on the grounds that a small reserve would never be used for fear things might get worse; so we needed a very large reserve so we would feel comfortable using some of it. It put OMB in the position of arguing against my proposed increase in size rather than having us defend against their proposed downsizing. The issue was finally decided by the President. As one of Schlesinger's last duties as Secretary, he and I met with President Carter in the Cabinet room, along with OMB staff, Vice President Mondale and other senior staff. The President dismissed the OMB recommendation for cutting the size, and agreed with us that we should make no change now in the authorized one billion barrels, and the current plan to proceed with 500 million barrels. Aha! I had won another competition.

Al Alm Leaves DOE

Shortly after Secretary Schlesinger left DOE, Al Alm announced that he also was leaving, to take a position at the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University. This was a disappointment to me, because I really enjoyed working for him, and we almost always agreed on issues. Fortunately, he was replaced by another former OMB employee, Bill Fischer, who had been a Special Assistant to Schlesinger, and we worked well together, although things were now a bit disrupted as a new Secretary was brought on board with new procedures and policies.

Second General Goes AWOL

In October, Under Secretary Deutsch informed me that I was needed to accompany the SPR Director (the second General) to testify before a Senate Committee on the status of the SPR program and the plans to use the Reserve. We were to appear at the Hearing room at 9:00 a.m. on Monday morning. As I walked into the Hearing room, I was met by the Under Secretary's Assistant who informed me that the General would not be coming; he had called the Under Secretary over the weekend and submitted his resignation effective immediately. He gave no reason, but it was assumed that the General was not prepared to testify before a Senate Committee. So, I was there representing DOE; I presented an opening statement and then answered questions, with no problems. Even if the General had appeared, I probably still would have had to answer most of the questions. Anyhow, the second General bites the dust.

1979 Ends on High Note

As 1979 was drawing to a close, things were looking good. I had outlasted Under Secretary Myers and the two generals. And I had received an Exceptional Service Medal, despite all the opposition I had all those months. None of my opponents received any medals. Now I would have an opportunity to do even bigger and better things for the good of the country and humanity.

I had a great family, four wonderful kids, a nice home, and we were all healthy. And I made enough income to support all of them. I had good friends and colleagues at work, and good friends and neighbors at home. Life was good.

EPILOGUE

1980 - 2024

I am writing this Epilogue in 2024, and much has changed in my life in the 44 years since the end of 1979. I will quickly summarize some of my experiences since 1979.

I soon was looking for new challenges after the end of the gasoline supply crisis in 1979. And I was not looking forward to dealing with a new Secretary of Energy, a new Assistant Secretary of Policy and Analysis, and the high probability of a new Administration in Washington after the 1980 election. As I had done a few times previously, I decided to resign from my current government position, as Director of the Office of Emergency Response Planning, I also decided to seek a position outside the Federal government. Many of my friends thought I must have lost my mind, or was having a mid-life crisis. Why would I leave such a high paid position, with great job security, particularly when I had children in college and more who would soon be ready for college.

I wanted a new challenge. I believed that I could be successful in the private sector, and I wanted to prove that I could. I accepted a position as a senior staff member at Sobotka & Company, a consulting firm in the Washington area that specialized in oil industry issues, and did work for the Department of Energy, the Environmental Protection Agency, and other government agencies. I completed some major studies for DOE and EPA while there, but found the work to be very unsatisfying, because as consultants we usually had only a remote participation in decision making, and government employees were making all the decisions, not me.

I started a new consulting firm, named **Hystad & Associates, Inc.**, with the help of a couple of former employees of mine at the SPR program. I managed this firm for a few years. It was a greater challenge than being an employee, because I needed to plan and manage the financial health of the company, and do much

of the marketing work to obtain new contracts. But this left relatively little time for complex analysis work, and I concluded I did not enjoy marketing. Although the energy consulting business was rewarding financially, I once again began looking for more useful work. I still was motivated to try to “make a difference” and not just make money.

My motivation to make a difference led me to focus on nonprofit activities, and on international activities. Although the oil issues frequently resulted in getting involved with international issues, I had almost entirely moved away from my earlier interests in international affairs, diplomacy, and international economics. But I still had contacts with people who were working on international programs or who had college degrees in international affairs but had not found an acceptable career in the international arena. Occasionally, I was asked for advice on how to find a good job in international affairs. With a bit of research on the issue, I concluded that American universities were producing thousands of graduates in international affairs or diplomacy or economic development, every year, which was far in excess of the number of job openings available for such specialists. And many of the limited number of openings were being filled by people without any education or training in the international area, because there was no effective means to match international job seekers with the employers who had the job openings.

This led me to start a new business, to make information of international job opportunities available to all those international job seekers. I started a new publication named “International Employment Opportunities.” We searched for job openings in the government and the private sector, and published detailed information about those jobs, at no cost to the employers. We sold the newspaper to international job seekers for a modest price to cover the cost of publishing and postage. The publication quickly became highly popular, and was widely used by employers and job seekers around the world. My work in consulting gradually was crowded out by this new endeavor. It did not make me wealthy but it

provided a needed service in the international arena, and it was challenging. I eventually closed Hystad & Associates consulting, and focused on the work of the Carlyle Corporation which published the newspaper **International Career Employment Weekly**. Over time, with the development of the Internet and email, we began promoting international job openings on our website, emailing urgent job openings to our large database of job seekers, and eventually delivering the newspaper primarily by the Internet. We continued to publish this newspaper for 25 years.

Meanwhile, my non-work life also changed substantially. Jan and I were divorced in 1984. Although all four children were already through high school, and three were in college, it caused great disruptions in all of our lives. But we managed to carry on.

Jan continued to work for a science & engineering consulting firm, as administrative manager, for several years. She is now retired and lives in Ocean View, Delaware.

Cheryl graduated from law school and has had a very successful career as an attorney. She is now retired and living with her husband David Friday in Baltimore, Maryland. She has two daughters, Julia and Caroline.

Chris enlisted in the Air Force where he was trained in air conditioning maintenance. He later worked in a variety of construction jobs. He was diagnosed as having bipolar disorder, which subsequently prevented him from supporting himself. He died in 2014 after a long struggle with the disease. He was married and leaves a son, Michael, and a daughter, Ashley, who live in Maryland.

Greg is now a senior IT manager with the U. S. Government in Washington, DC. He married Marsha Palazzi and they have two daughters, Anna and Claire. They live in Virginia.

Cindy obtained a Bachelor's degree from the University of Maryland, and worked for several years as a personnel recruiter. She is married to Ted Hart, and is the mother of two daughters, Amanda and Megan. They live in Chevy Chase, Maryland and Bethany Beach, Delaware.

I purchased a “hobby farm” of 71 acres in Virginia, in 1988, and lived there much of the time while managing the Carlyle Corporation. I sold it in 2017.

In 2007, I married Lisa. In addition to being a loving companion, she was the key to the success of International Career Employment Weekly for several years.

In 2017, after selling the farm in Virginia, we travelled the country while deciding where we would stop next. We purchased a Victorian house in Battle Lake, Minnesota. It’s a great place for happy ever-aftering.

At age 85, in early 2024, I continue to have good health, and continue to seek new challenges.