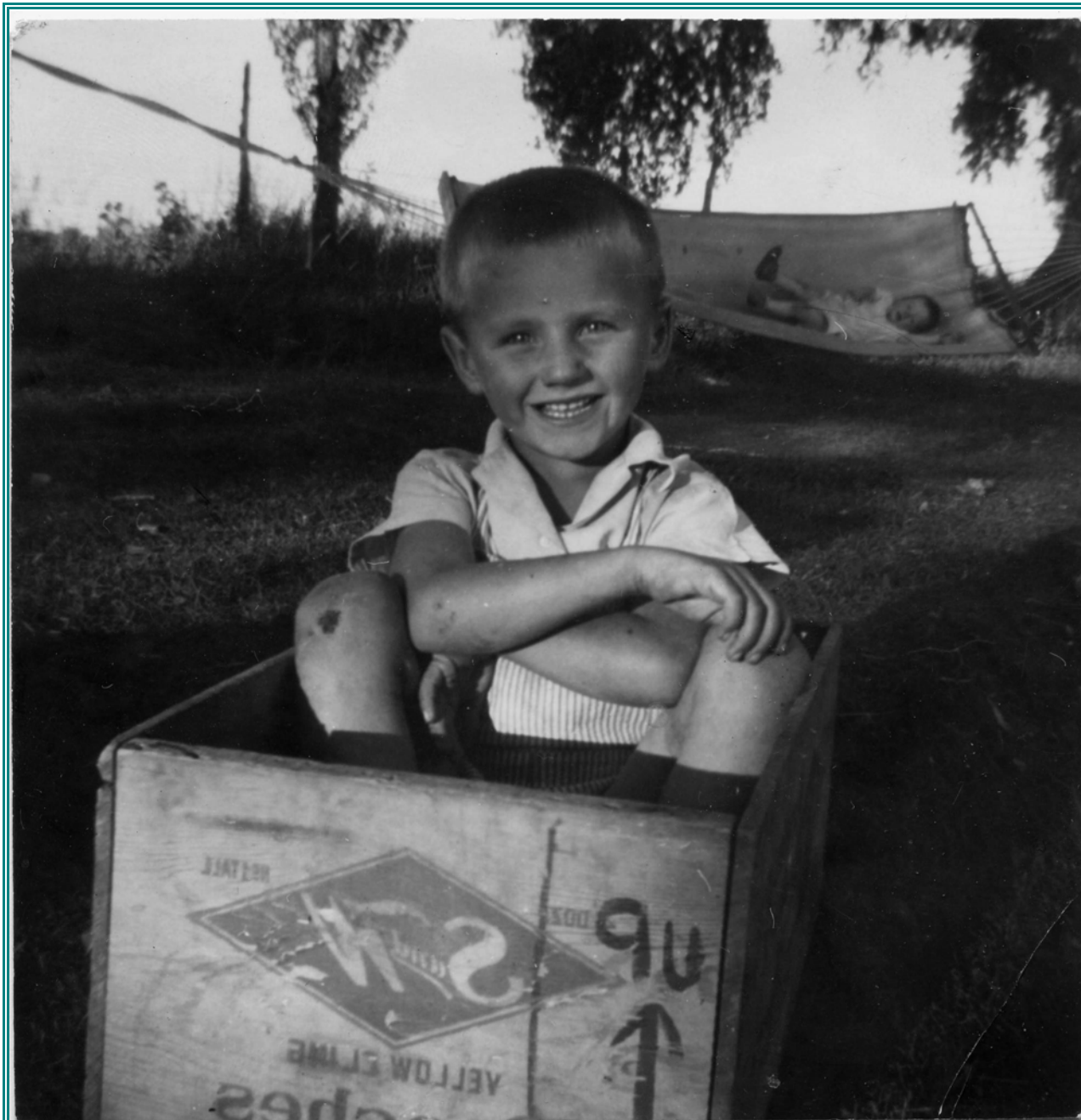


UPHILL - BOTH WAYS

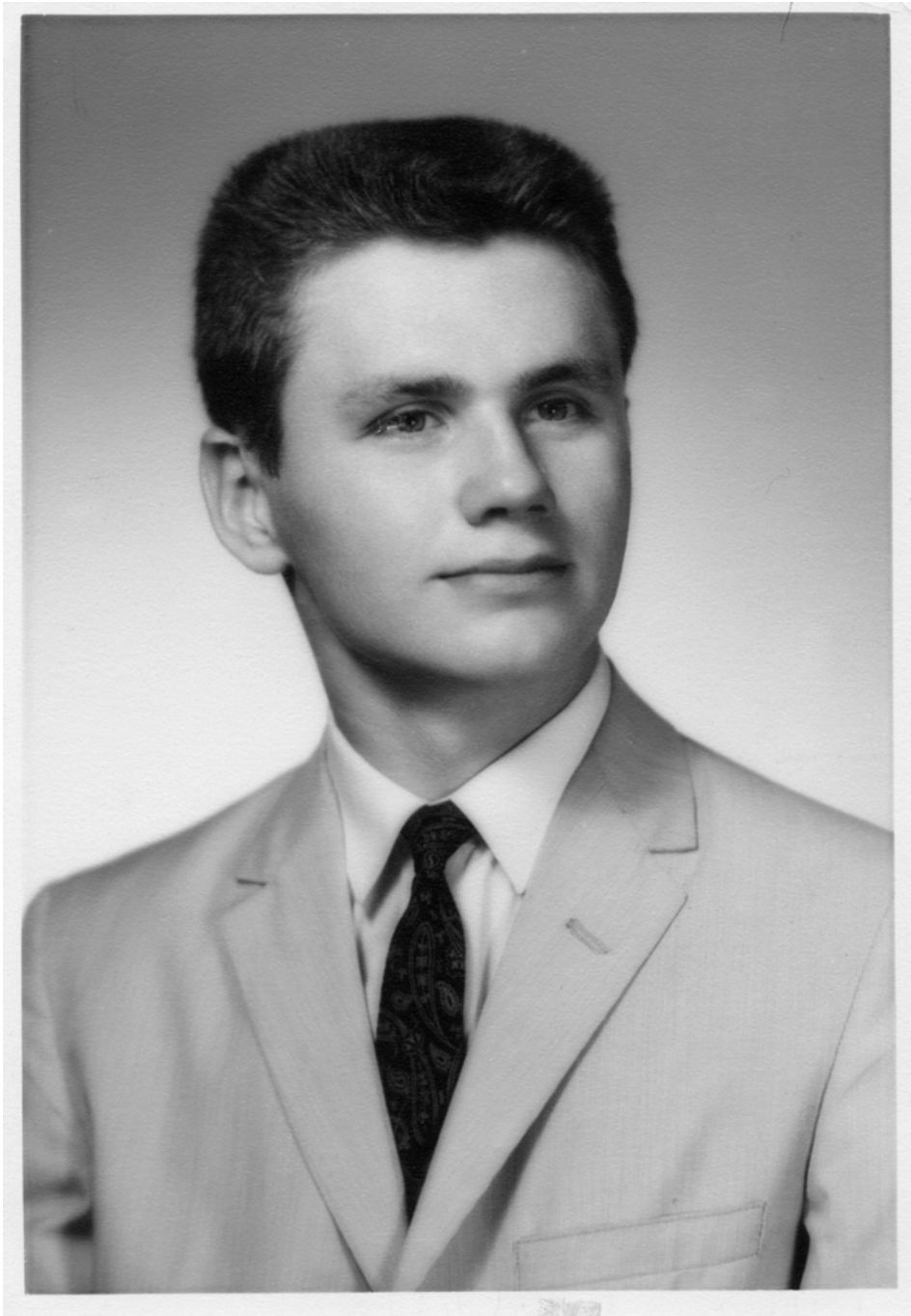


Volume 1 -
James R.
5324 SW 153rd
Beaverton, OR

Introduction
Jensen ©
Avenue
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Vernal Farm - 1946



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1. Introduction

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This is the story of my life. It's named "Uphill - Both Ways" because I walked a mile to school when I was in the first grade, uphill both ways. Actually, I rode the bus in the morning and only walked back to our farm after school. For 3 years, fall, winter and spring, first grade through third grade in the late 1940's. It was flat in both directions. That walk is one of the stories, but the concept of "uphill both ways" describes how it felt to be raised as I was. By two harsh demanding parents who incidentally loved me though I scarcely understood it.

The impetus to write stemmed from an innocent request in 1999, from my son in New York City for a description of my work history. His own peripatetic journey had disoriented him and he needed to get his bearings. Roots are what we chiefly need. I wrote a thumbnail sketch, hit the high spots, sent it to him, and let it go at that, expecting I was done.

That outline was forgotten for a year or so, but the seed was planted. It sprouted and slowly matured into an all-consuming project: collect and write down all the childhood memories I could. The project has exploded, like a star-shell against a black sky. It reaches into every crevice of childhood memory and fills my days. I urgently entered anecdotes on a palmtop computer during the daily train rides to work in Portland, oblivious to my surroundings. More than once I awakened from a trance realizing in the instant that I had nearly missed my stop. I scanned photos and documents from my "genealogy box" and then mined the internet for additional images to illustrate the stories.

During this feverish time, I assiduously researched Naples and Vernal, Utah, and Seward, Alaska, the Manhattan Project, Hanford, Washington, the Unitah Railroad, the Remington Arms Plant in Utah, and Pearl Harbor. I bought books, I bought images. I searched my memory for bits of history of dad and mom, and searched the internet for correlations and images. I sorted my personal photos and letters. I corresponded with several dozen people, government agencies, unions, libraries, and historical societies. I picked mom's memories, and talked with my brother.

After amassing enormous amounts of outlines and text and images, I had to decide how to organize it. I settled on the present structure which is simply a chronological-geographic index. Nothing fancy. This work starts at an arbitrary point in time, the era of my paternal and maternal grandparents, and moves in date order to the present. I started there because (1) I don't have information further back, and (2) I can't stand the thoughts of taking on any more than I already have. This history in date order outlines the forces and influences affecting the growth of this child.

Installation Plan

Once the thing got underway, it exploded into a panorama that spans a substantial space-time continuum that encapsulates me. My initial intention when setting out on this writing journey was to produce a story about my whole life and tuck it into one tidy, densely packed volume. After a sketchy Table of Contents reached 13 single-spaced pages, it became that a single volume was inadequate. After casting about for a logical way to subdivide it, I decided to chop the story into volumes that each cover one "time/location" of my life. You received what was originally intended to be the first volume in December 2001.

Research over the succeeding year showed that Volume One was inadequate to handle the portion of history I had assigned to it, i.e. my grandparents, some economics, some politics, my parents' childhood and meeting, and the arrival of me. So it has been torn apart and re-divided into three separate volumes each of which has been enriched with additional materials. You hold the first of those three new volumes in your hand, "Volume 1 - Introduction". It is the introduction to the whole series and was created from these first three chapters of the 2001 volume:

- (1) The Introduction
- (2) The Great Depression
- (3) World War II (WWII)

These chapters needed to be excised and placed in a separate volume because they interfered in the storytelling. For example, it was mildly distracting to be reading about World War II and to then dive into dad's childhood. These chapters now stand alone in this volume and constitute the introduction to my life history. They are critical to your understanding because those two things that have haunted my life, consequently affected yours.

The Depression and WWII were harsh external forces that weighed heavily on the economy of my parents' families, bending them to cheese-paring ways that showed up 30 years later in your own childhood. The Old Testament 'prophecy' that the 'sins of the father shall be visited upon the heads of the children for generations to come' isn't divine inspiration. It's a squinty-eyed view of how generations affect those that follow. My provincial views of the Depression and WWII are discussed in some detail. I give each topic its own chapter to emphasize its separate identity, power and dimensions. These forces were outside of my extended-family and community but filled the local universe like umbrellas that overshadowed every family and business.

Another impetus to disassemble and reassemble the 2001 volume came from the trip I made to mom's house in 2002. She had been begging me during the monthly phone calls I made to her -she never calls me, doesn't write, doesn't send cards, doesn't send gifts, doesn't even acknowledge the \$200 Christmas gift I sent her- to come and see her. I'm not sure why she wants me to visit. It seems to be some sort of a deep reflex in her mind which is damaged now by the stroke, by the death of dad and by age. She's nice when I get there but it isn't a warm visit, rather is sort of mechanical and almost contrived. In any event, during the 2002 pilgrimage, I was allowed for the first time to rummage through drawers

and boxes and shelves of 'stuff'. I dug up a pile of treasures I'd never seen, some of it about mom, some about her mother and much about dad.

The materials and information I found made it necessary to tear 2001 Volume One apart and divide it into three separate volumes:

- Volume 1** - Introduction [the volume you are holding]
- Volume 2** - Leamington, Utah
- Volume 3** - Naples, Utah

Volume 2 is dad's volume, hence its name "Leamington," which is his home town, located just east of Lynndyl in this map. It tells about his ancestors, about his childhood, about his leaving home after highschool, and about meeting Marie in Mercur, Utah, the red star in this map. It ends with his going to Alaska to make his fortune, and homestead.

Volume 3, is mom's volume, hence its name "Naples", her

hometown which is just east of Vernal in the above map. It tells about her ancestors, about her childhood and about her meeting Jim. However, her volume differs from his because it continues to tell the story of their life together in Seward and traces it back to Utah and tell the story of my life from birth up to age 5 in Naples.

My history will then continue in the following volumes that have all been started:

- Volume 4** Vernal [2002 Xmas gift that tells my story from age 5 up to age 9.]
- Volume 5** Seward [Covers ages 9 to 14.]
- Volume 6** Waltham/Belmont/Boston" [Covers ages 14 to 18.]
- Volume 7** Miscellaneous Things [SLC, Provo, Finland, Provo, SLC]
- Volume 8** Peace Corps - Brazil
- Volume 9** Indiana [Masters and PhD and 2 sons]
- Volume 10** Michigan [Respiratory Therapy and 2 daughters]



Volume 11 Boise [1 daughter and various jobs]

Volume 12 Portland to the end [I hope I get this far before I go away]

Images

Let me say something about the large number of images sprinkled through the volumes of this history. One picture is, indeed, worth a thousand words so I have used them profusely. Photos convey details and information that narratives cannot, but in addition to information, pictures conjure up emotional responses. As an example, take this picture of the little boy sitting in a washtub in front of an old coal stove in the kitchen, taking his once-a-week, Saturday-night bath. I did that for 9 years in Naples and then Vernal.

When you look at this image you receive a richness of detail that creates in your mind the atmosphere of the experience. The only things that are missing are the smell of the soap and house, the coolness of the air when a breeze blew through the kitchen and the sounds of mom chopping onions on the counter, telling Dickie to get his clean clothes for his turn. The wall behind our stove was smooth, but otherwise this picture shows you exactly what our kitchen was like, and was like when to sit in the washtub Saturday night for my weekly bath. I could not explain enough details to you to conjure up this vivid image.

I have used family pictures as much as possible. There are images from my personal collection of family photos. It is ironic how I came to have most of them. In about 1984, mom and dad visited me in Boise for Xmas. Mom handed me my present, a smallish rectangular box. I opened it and found a metal recipe box filled with a set of 4" x 6" black and white photos. That's all. Just a box of pictures of my childhood. I was disappointed. I don't know what I wanted but I know I didn't want a bunch of old photos. Well, as time passed, they started to grow on me. I looked at them, and memories were called up that to be recorded for you kids. That was important. I bought a three-ring binder and album pages. I sorted



Figure 5 Saturday night bath in a wash tub in the kitchen

the images in chronological order, inserted them in the sleeves and left blank spots. Then I typed one page explanations about the each set of pictures to place them in context, to tell you about them. Mom did, in fact, lay the foundation for this thing with that gift that I didn't appreciate. UBW will contain virtually every one of the photos she gave me.

Other images are from books that I had in my library or which I purchased specifically for this project. The internet was the source for the bulk of the other photos of governmental matters, pictures of farms and things on them, ads, movies, songs, toys, movie stars, soaps, and foods. I have cited the source of the images from books or the internet. Internet copyright laws are unfamiliar to me but I have listed the URL for virtually all of the worldwide web and do so in order to not violate those laws. There is no intent to pirate what is not rightfully mine.

Outline of "Jim and Marie"'s Life

They are a conjoined organism actually, a single entity, a symbiosis, neither having any longer an individual identity. They met in the now-defunct smelter town of Mercur and went to Seward, one and then the other to get married. They married in May, 1941 a few months before the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor. Each inherited the economies and mind-sets of their economically-depressed parents and then had to contend with the Depression and WW II. They came from hard-scrabble farms, yet dad became the most publicized paleontologist of the 20th century, known as "Dinosaur Jim".

His was an American Success Story, a brilliant, creative kid who didn't graduate from high school, who hooked up with a woman who matched him fully, including not graduating from high school. They jointly took on his dreams and his fame rose like a meteor starting in 1961, while he worked for Harvard University in the Hells Bend Quarry in Montana. I was living in Europe at the time and knew he was in that region. But I was puzzled about who this "James A Jensen" was when a Finn showed me a local newspaper with an article saying he had discovered a 13 foot long triceratops skull. I scarcely believed it was my dad. That was the first piece of international publicity that he generated for 24 years.

The publicity continued until he retired in 1984. He garnered a constant stream of publicity in national media, starting on TV shows like "What's my line?", "Good Morning America", and "David Letterman" where he stumped David with a story about a giant dinosaur claw. He appeared in major magazines -National Geographic, Time, Newsweek, People, Atlantic Monthly- and in prominent newspapers -NY Times, Wall Street Journal. His story and discoveries continue to appear in new books about dinosaurs, the story of a kid who never finished high school. Half of my genetic and familial inheritance is from dad and half is from mom.

The volume about dad's childhood is told for the most part in his own words. He wrote stories over the years that I incorporated into a single volume, taking him up to his adventure to Alaska. Stories he wrote about later events in his life will be incorporated into the appropriate volumes at the proper points in time. It's a funny story about him and his computer: At age 65, he learned to use it to write and polish his stories, but he apparently regarded the computer as a fancy typewriter. Once he had a story in a satisfactory

condition, he printed it out and then deleted it. No one could persuade him to save his stories on his computer, suspicious, apparently that his stories would be lost in the bowels of the machine - sort of like the aborigine who feared losing his soul into the camera of an anthropologist.

Mom's story will never be much longer than it is in Volume 3. I was able to locate a few fragments of things she wrote but she consciously chose to not record much of it. I have researched her childhood and the travels of her mom and dad and included that information to fill in her childhood. I don't know why she never wanted to talk about her family or childhood, but suspect that she did not want to re-visit deep pains of her childhood. She basically abandoned her own family after she got married and moved away. The bulk of her family still lives in the Naples/Vernal area but she hasn't lived there since we moved to Seward in 1951.

My Dad

A few words are in order here about my dad and me because that is a thread that runs through the stories. Now that I have looked backward and inward for several years, processing the data that's been sitting there, I have new insights and questions. I see that dad's view of the world and his restlessness had more negative effects on my brother and me than I had suspected. Some of the dysfunction was simply a function of our genes and individualities. But the dysfunction spawned by that genetic/personality chemistry was exacerbated by his absence from us for 2 ½ critical years of our babyhood and childhood. He left home to work at in the Manhattan Project in Hanford, Washington and then in Pearl Harbor, Hawai'i. When he re-entered our lives, he thought he was just picking up where he left off. But he didn't. We were no longer 2 and 1. We were 5 and 4.

When dad went to war, he abandoned me. Mom, my brother and I forged our own life together, dependent entirely on each other and her extended family for our support. His return after the war was intrusive and disrupted the structure we had shaped. I was confused by him, then I resented him, and finally I was crushed by him. His style was imperious and unforgiving. His way was the only way. Slight deviations from a command resulted in a disproportionate anger response. I wanted to hide under the table during his anger. A 5 year old does not understand why violence results from his misunderstanding. My brother and I had sufficient time to learn to get by without a dad. We resented him on his return. That was our state of mind for the remainder of his life.

I have still not grieved his death in 1999, nor will I. I shed a few tears at the time, but I did not experience the soul-shaking sense of loss that people report at the death of their dad. I thought he looked fine in the knotty pine coffin he insisted on having. Indeed, he looked better at that moment than he had looked for most of my life with him, relaxed and beautiful. I spoke at his funeral and enjoyed telling fine stories of him. But there is a profound reason for why I haven't experienced "loss" as a result of dad's death: it is because I grieved the loss of him when I was 3, 4 and 5 years old. A long time ago I grieved the loss of my dad. Then I adjusted and coped and got on with my life. His manner on his return reinforced the need to be self-sufficient and independent of him. It appears on the inside of me today that the laying down of the husk of him was more of a relief and

closure than a sadness. I no longer have to worry today about how he'll treat me, or what to say or do to not upset him.

I am not being nasty about him. He hoed the row he picked, just as I have. The point is: his row didn't include me in the beginning of me, nor ever after. I became fundamentally aware, though only subconsciously, of that reality way back when I was a baby. In some manner as a consequence, as a coping process, I went through a profound shift vis-a-vis James Alvin. I experienced and grieved the loss of him early in my life. I accommodated myself to it as best I could before he returned from the war effort. But he subsequently confused my entire life by the reality of his body being in the house with his relentless harshness and rejection. I love him, and I admire him. I even have a certain detached affection for him. But he left me. Oh, he continues to hang over me as a part of the firmament that contains me, and in a marvelous compelling ways. But I will never forgive him for abandoning me.

Because I cannot. That sort of forgiving and healing requires me to get back emotionally to a point and place in my soul and development where I would have access to the raw data of those early interactions with him. That is the only place one can possibly alter what happened and how it was interpreted and incorporated into one's psyche. But the raw data are sealed up from me today, as they are for all adults, concealed and buried by the amalgam of confusion and pain that was formed of them, ironically concealed from ourselves by ourselves. I wonder today how much of a life-long sadness was caused by the war which drew my dad away. I am not naive about that complex man. But the question remains open that some portion of what I've laid at the door of his personality was the result of his absence when he joined the war during crucial developmental years for me.

Dad was a deeply conflicted man. It manifested in various ways and confused me. It still confuses me. I love him. I am grateful for the marvelous things I learned from him. Yet, being objective about it, I acknowledge with more pain today than I care to admit that the things I learned from him were incidental to living in his house, from being in the same geographic location that he was in, feverishly creating. The things I learned did not result from an attempt by him to teach and educate me. They did not grow like healthy flowers from a bed of warmth and affection. They were simply things that an eager mind observed him do and then imitated, out of a deep need to please him.

My brother and I learned to not express personal opinions, to not ask too many questions, to not talk back, to shrink into ourselves when he became angry lest he turn on us for even making noise. The quality of our relationship with him was always dictated by his mood. We had a constant anxiety about stepping over a line we didn't even know existed. This leads a reader to ask, "Just what sort of relationship did we have with him?" I ask myself the same question after having lived with it 60 years. I don't know. There were some wonderful times, but there were at least as many awful times. The mix is a wash overall. But I can tell you this unequivocally: I would give up the talents I have in return for an affectionate relationship with him.

My Mom

I am startled to discover as I stand back and look at this history, that I don't have a

fix on mom or her place in my life. I admire her too, and believe that she was dad's equal in virtually every way. In addition, she had an extraordinary capacity to give herself to the cause of "Her Jim". She denied herself many things in order to advance him. That is astonishing because most of us human beings are too selfish to be able to do that.

But at this point in time, September 2002, it is evident that she is the unknown cipher. I don't know her. I don't understand her role in my upbringing. I have struggled with dad and his treatment of me, and in the process, acted from an assumption that he, and he alone, was the source of most of my difficulties and struggles. I have focused on him, and overlooked her, assuming that she was an innocent bystander. Perhaps that's true. I even have a few memories of her taking my side in an argument, protecting me from him, which made me feel grateful. I think that is the manner of mothers. But as I look at my relationship with my own children and understand more about the profound filtering effect of their biological mother's influence on our relationships, the suspicion is dawning that perhaps my mom in fact contributed to the dysfunction of my dad and me.

I suggest this because on the one hand, dad was a wild man. An 18 year old kid doesn't ride the rails and thumb his way through 30 states without experimenting heavily in what life had to offer. He referred during the last conversation I had with him in prior to his death to "the first time I got drunk". Well. That was a startling admission, the first time in my life I had heard him admit to being human. There were other times apparently. He left home for two and a half years living in Hanford Washington and Pearl Harbor with bands of at-ends men whose life styles were probably not models of propriety.

On the other hand, mom was buttoned up and judgmental and critical. And powerful. To this day I do not comprehend how she was able to ultimately draw him back to her and bind him for the rest of his life. She turned out to be as tough as he, and he lost his freedom. But the constant conflict between their value systems and innate tendencies spilled over me. I obviously did not understand this at the time. I simply experienced the tight jaws, the tense advice, the tension in the household over his choices.

I now entertain this possibility that mom was a substantial contributor to the pains of my childhood. Oh, I've known since about 1985 when I recovered some memories of the nasty things she did to me in Vernal that she was excessively harsh. But in spite of those memories, I have maintained the view that she was more a benefactor than a malefactor. I am not sure today. The evidence that I adduce to support this harsh view of her is her own behavior during the last six years in particular, and some in the preceding 5 years in general. I see now that she is not the innocent, honest person she has always pretended to be. Indeed, I see the opposite. It is of no consequence to day in terms of my relationship with her to experience these novel things. It is an odd one to be sure. The consequence of these discoveries is and erosion of the pristine image of goodness that she created, the image of a mother who was always above lying and deceit and cupidity. The evidence I see suggests she is no better -or worse I'm sure- than I am.

In closing this Introduction, I must enter a note about dad and his affection for me. He never verbalized it for which reason it is shocking to discover. As I went through papers and articles in 2002, I found a variety of things with dad's hand-written instruction, "Save for Ron. He wants it." Or "Save for Ron, it's the last one." He loved me. Deeply and dearly, but I didn't know that until today. My poor dad and poor me.

But that's life and on we go. The reason for dwelling on the underside of the thing is not to tear down or tarnish anything. On the contrary, the purpose is to provide some truth that is otherwise inaccessible to you kids. Truth does make us free. Look at it with a clear, unflinching eye and you'll perhaps see a flash that illuminates some of your own issues. Generations are chained together like closed links and share experiences. There is indeed nothing new under the sun, or son.

2. The Great Depression

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The effects of the Depression on me were two fold, one indirect, the other direct:

- 1) Mom's and dad's experiences in the depression affected their views of employment, economy and private property so their handling of me was affected by those experiences; and

- 2) I experienced the effects of the depression directly in the poverty of our lives in Naples and Vernal.

I don't think one can underestimate the significance of "The Great Depression" in the upbringing of Dick and me. This is the frame of reference within which you can understand this process of my learning to work and learning to value money and things. Things are never isolated. They are tied by a thousand invisible strands to other things. Invisible, unimagined but present and exerting their individual influence and constraint. It would be like emotional and psychological Fourier analysis to try to find, sort out and quantify and qualify all the threads that make up one's history and one's reality.

As you doubtless understand, my parents were Children of the Great Depression of 1929. Dad was born in 1918, and mom was born in 1923, so they were 11 and 9 years old in 1929 when the Depression struck. But do you really understand the effect that devastating, all-pervasive national depression had on the psyche of everyone in this country? I don't see how your generation could really. I'm not being critical of you. I can scarcely comprehend it myself even though I experienced it in varying ways and degrees. It is simply a fact that there is no way for children born 40+ years later to grasp the wholesale debilitating modification of world views that resulted from that disaster without having either lived in it or having been the child of people whose lives were threatened and affected by it.

My early life overlapped the receding tail-end of the Depression. I was born just prior to WW I I which was subsiding by the time I went to Kindergarten. Both forces exerted enormous influence of the life described here, sometimes subtly sometimes not so subtly. I always understood that they were present in my childhood world, but had viewed them sort of like mountains off in the distance, detached from my daily world. But as I researched my parents' movements from their youngest years, I discovered that these forces actually influenced every aspect of my life with them. I finally understood that the

Depression drove dad to leave home to be a hobo on the rails in the 1930's. He visited 30 states that way, playing guitar, singing and developed a life-long, inveterate distrust of the "bulls". Woody Guthrie's "Bound for Glory" and the movie of the same name depict dad's life. Like Woody, he even left his wife and two small children with her own parents, because he was frustrated and fed-up with the struggle.

Stock Market Crash

To be sure you grasp the basic facts, here's a highly over-simplified description of what happened when the Great Depression hit in 1929. I came along 13 years later. The national depression resulted from the nearly total collapse of the US stock market. Overnight, for more reasons than I comprehend, stock values plummeted to zero. People lost their entire portfolios, their investments, some committed suicide, they lost their homes and livelihoods. Ripple effects immediately moved out into manufacturing sectors, into all aspects of the economy. Money dried up and trade and commerce froze. Unemployment skyrocketed as did foreclosures, banks failed, and so on. Government programs were ginned up to try and support people long enough to get them through the worst of the crisis.

The effect in rural America was felt in various ways, primarily by the inability to market agricultural products for what it cost to produce them. As incomes fell, so did the standard of living. This resulted in the cheese-paring penury that I remember so well. People scraped and re-scraped the inside of the jam jar to get the last drop, the spoon was licked carefully, water was added to the soup that was made with fewer vegetables than in normal times, coal was too expensive to buy, clothing was mended and re-mended, passed down to the next kids until it was almost more patches than original fabric, etc.

Oakies and Arkies



Figure 6

<http://newdeal.feri.org/library/s12.htm>

Life was turned upside down for farming families in some regions and resulted in the mass exodus. Some of them came to the Uintah valley in search of a home a livelihood. We were poor but were rich in contrast to these families who had nothing. They were accused of being gypsies and thieves, the same thing to towns like Vernal and Naples in those days. Perhaps today, too. I don't know. There was also an influx of "Arkies" who were doing the same thing as the Oakies for the same reason - poverty. Part of the poverty stemmed from the "Dust Bowl" and some from the Great Depression, but it didn't much matter to them. They were poor and they streamed down Highway 66 to California and the West in search of something. We were threatened when we mis-behaved with being "given to the Oakies" instead of the Indians if we didn't act better. It was a sobering threat. BTW: an Oakie is someone from the state of Oklahoma, and an "Arkie" is a person from the state of Arkansas.



Figure 7

<http://newdeal.feri.org/library/r61.htm>

John Steinbeck's GRAPES OF WRATH

John Steinbeck's powerful novel The Grapes of Wrath captures the experience of the beat-down Joad family. It's original cover portrays the flavor of the book. The line of clattering decrepit vehicles represents what really happened. These poor folk trying to find a new place to live after their prior livelihood collapsed had nothing. They put their only belongings onto a vehicle that well-off families would have scorned, and took off. They drove as far as their gas money would take them. Then they'd squat somewhere while they earned another dollar or so for food and more gas. Then they load up again and head on down the road as far as they could go, making repairs

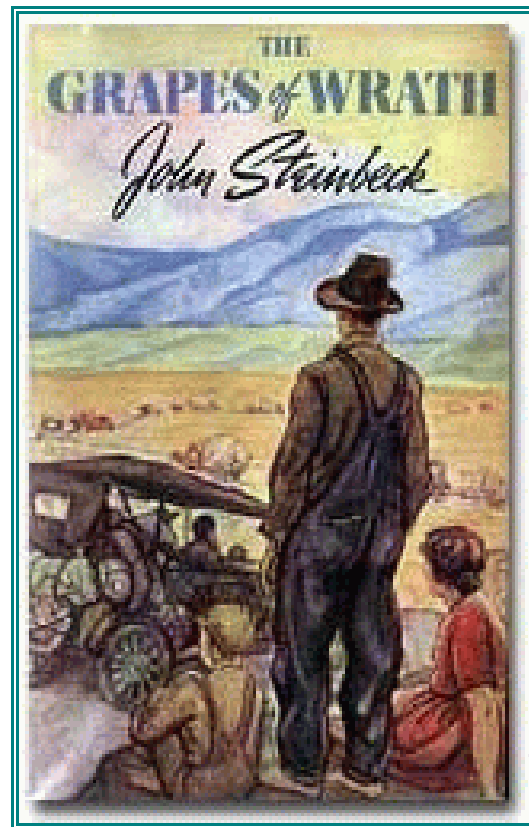


Figure 8

<http://www.pbs.org/fmc/segments/progseg6.htm>

along the way as needed, hunting for the promised land. California was the most frequent objective because of its wonderful climate and soil. But as the state was populated with an increasing number of people with nothing but the clothes on their backs, becoming a drain on the economy, with an increase in robbery and theft, these migrants were no longer welcome. Highway patrolmen and police men would even shake these folks down for whatever cash they had or turn them back if they didn't have any. A most terrible state of affairs.

The ending scene of Steinbeck's book is one of the most surprising of any I've ever read, speaking in an image that is both shocking and marvelous. It shows the manner in which the world should respond to those in need, providing succor where needed in the manner it will serve the needy.

What it was like

There is no way for young people today to understand that many families lived from day to day with uncertainty about the most basic things of life, paramount among which was food. I imagine living in the worn out old truck in the previous photo, your earthly possessions piled helter-skelter in the back, with no where to even park without being in danger of being charged with violation of vagrancy laws.

But the daily reality for many of them can be approximated by the visceral tension you will feel, if you can really imagine yourself in their place, if you can role play from your heart and ask, "Will there be enough food to feed the baby today? I'll give it mine.", "Will there be enough bread to make dad a sandwich to take to the smelter?", "Will there be flour for mom to make bread?", "Can I afford to buy a pound of sugar this week - and: do I have a ration coupon?", "Are there eggs, the baby needs eggs." No kidding, that is how it was. But no one went around beating their chest and tearing their hair. Everyone stoically did what they could do and left it at that. I know that there was no alternative, but somehow the ability to carry on in these circumstances without self-pity was heroic.

Phrases you've heard in your own lives entered the national vocabulary in this era with special meaning, e.g. "Making do", "Getting by", "Penny-pinching", and "Doing without". I heard all of that stuff. They were part of my parents' vocabulary and indeed, we did "make do", "got by" and "did without." Those phrases reveal the borderline economy of families that had lost all they had. You kids experienced my tendency to penury that developed from parenting that happened in a context where we didn't have money to buy new shoes, so we had to wear cast off shoes of cousins, too large, clothes too large for the same reason, patched clothing, and so on.

One of the powerful images about the financial impact of the depression that I recall involves electricity, a new-fangled thing in rural America. My own grandparents would not turn on an electric light in a room unless there was a task to be done that required light. Because it cost them money to do that. They would sit in the dark, quietly waiting for bed time which came when it was dark outside. If you went into a room and turned on a light just because you wanted to be able to see, they asked why you did that and then asked you to turn it off. That simple. Don't turn it on unless you had a specific task to perform that required electricity. Otherwise, get by without the light. Light bulbs themselves were

expensive so they were hoarded and not replaced until most of them in the house were burned out. A famous advertising image in magazines of that era was the "Bulb Snatcher". S/he was never seen but these cartoon-like drawings centered on a lamp or light socket that was empty, surrounded by glaring family members who needed that light - or who were disappointed because they were going to steal the bulb themselves.

City folk had it worse in some ways than farming people did because farms at least could produce food: vegetables, fruits, dairy products, eggs, and meats. It was not unusual in some areas for city folk to visit their country cousins specifically for a good meal and with the hope of being handed a ham or a basket of bottled fruit to take back to the city to help stretch the family budget. The country cousins understood that and feeling the bond of family and concern for 'kin' would, if they had the resources, offer something that was initially politely declined by the city folk because that is what etiquette demanded. But once etiquette had her due, the second time around the offer was accepted and the dang ham was accepted and carefully stowed in the old car or truck. "Thank you very much. Mabel, git the kids and git in the car. We're goin' home."

My childhood was overlapped with a receding wave of the tail of the depression in the small agricultural towns of Vernal and Naples. Having said that I have to emphasize to you that even having had this personal experience with the ragged ends of the depression, I really don't know what it was like when families were in the middle of it. The horrific wall street crash tipped even rural America on its ear, and affected my own upbringing in more ways that I can even specifically understand. Which then spilled, though much attenuated, over onto you. As you will see, my life was influenced invisibly but powerfully by the influence of the depression in the Naples, Vernal and Seward phases.

My Dad and the Depression

I 'm still working this one out and have finally understood the profound significance of the Great Depression on my dad. It affected his internal make up in such a way that he became incapable of parenting children in certain ways. To get a visual image of what happened, watch the film version of Woody Guthrie's 1942 autobiography, "Bound for Glory." In it I saw my dad and my family, again and again, the music, the wanderlust, the failed promises to his wife.

The damage caused in him is illustrated by a pruning saw that I have in the shed today. He gave me 20 years ago. Except that he didn't "give" it to me. Same with a small bow-saw. On two different visits to my home, he saw that I needed one of those saws so I could tend to my property. He knew that I didn't have the money to buy either at the time, also a commentary on my impecunious state because the bow saw cost no more than \$10.00. So he bought the saws but each time, after shelling out the cash down at the Fred Meyer's store, he went home with me, and handed it to me and said, "I 'm not giving this to you, but you can have it on "permanent loan" [a museum technique] - in case I need it at some time."" My, my. How cheap." I thought at the time. He had no children, he had two incomes and money in the bank, yet he couldn't just hand me a 12 dollar gift. There had to be a string

attached, a means to recover it, "Just in case".

His cheapness knew no bounds. Many years later when I visited him and mom in Provo, he and I went to see a famous exhibit of Chinese art at a local university. Mom cornered him before we left and made him promise -a cast iron thing in their relationship, a promise- that he would buy me an exhibit catalog. That suited me because these catalogs are things of beauty that provide an education not otherwise accessible about what was on display. We went through the exhibit together, enjoying it and discussing ceramics and mechanics and so on. At the end of the exhibit there was a small store set up to separate you from your money. I got involved looking at the wonderful things available, not paying attention to dad who could take care of himself. As I neared the finish line, I started to check out the exhibit catalogs, when dad re-appeared, grinning an odd grin, holding out an exhibit catalog for me. Paperback, not hardback. He said he hurried to get it before I did because he knew I'd want the hardback. I would have paid the difference but he forestalled me in his haste to save a few bucks.

Well, that's the impact of the Depression -and the result of the poorness of his parents who were the newest immigrants in the valley, hence the poorest. Dad never got over it. He refused categorically to loan me any money. He refused to even co-sign a loan application for me to purchase a car. He never handed me a 5 dollar bill to just blow. Never. Never. Never. He'd die before he coughed up a dime for me to shoot on some frivolity. That's the depression. It is. And he harmed me badly by it, so I struggled mightily with money in the raising my own children.

Me and the Depression

Do you remember when salads made their debut at McDonald? In the era when we went there literally every Friday night and had no money to do it, except for the \$25 that your grandmother sent us each month, bless her heart? Guess what, most of you wanted one of these damn \$1.50 contraptions. Hamburgers were a quarter. So you'd order one because your mom told you that it was OK. It drove me crazy to see time and again that you ate less of that salad than you would have eaten of a hamburger. Getting less nutritional value than you would have gotten from a hamburger that cost one sixth as much. Then you committed the cardinal sin - you wasted the rest of the salad. You threw it away. I could not comprehend why you did that or why your mother allowed it.

Today I see that, but at the time I didn't. I didn't understand where my anxiety arose. In fact I didn't even think about it that way. I didn't understand that my upbringing clashed frontally with that of your mom who did not grow up in a penny-pinching depression-haunted family. That doesn't make either of us better or worse. It is simply the reality, and you were affected by it. You received encouragement from her to buy whatever you wanted and at the same time you got the opposite signal from me, not to spend money. Poor you!

3. World War I I

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The "Great War"

The "Great War" spoken of in the history books is World War I , but for me, the "great war" is World War I I (WWI I). Not even the nasty Viet Nameese conflict stands up to it in my personal experience. I was born in 1942 just after the US entered into the world-wide conflict. By the time the war was ending 4 years later, my consciousness had erupted. I was 'aware' of the military in particular, not surprising is it since the war was a military enterprise. That's the most pervasive sense of WW I I to me, "the army", the soldiers who were engaged in a terrible thing a long way away where they were killed or where they killed. They used big guns, and large equipment to do their jobs.

My Uncle Grant was one of them. He was a marine at Guadalcanal. While he was off-loading ammo cans from boats like these, the guy behind him tripped and fell on Grant, breaking his back. He returned home incapacitated for a long time, having to hang himself in a suspension device upside down in doorways as part of his treatment.

Saying that I was aware of "the military" may provoke a response in you, "Of course, that's what you remember. That's what wars are fought with." That would be a reasonable response, but by that phrase I'm saying that the only thing I was conscious as being

part of "the war" was the military, as if that is all it involved, as if the military was detached somehow from the rest of the country. The fact is that the extraordinary all-out national effort by the United States of America to achieve supremacy over the Axis consumed the entire country, militarily, emotionally, psychologically, economically and socially. It is an effort that we will never see replicated. We have now become a nation of single special interest groups who can neither see the concept of the "good of the body politic", nor have anything to compromise. Me, I, My. Those are the words that I would use to characterize the US today, a bitter realization. Gibbons' "Decline of the Roman Empire" is being re-enacted now. Within a hundred years, the US will cease to be the dominant world power. All great powers eventually cease to be great.



Figure 9 LST's landing in Guadalcanal
National Archives Photo 80-CF-112-5-3

<http://www.ibiblio.org/hyperwar/USMC/USMC-C-Guadalcanal.html>

Japanese Bombing of Pearl Harbor 12-01-41

Rumors of war had been building for several years. But the US decided to enter the war after the nefarious bombing of Pearl harbor by the Japanese on December 07, 1941.

I have been fuzzy most of my life about the timing of the happenings in the 1940's.



Figure 10 "A World in Flames" -

"USS Shaw (DD-373) exploding during the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbor."

National Archives and Records Administration, General Records of the Department of the Navy, 1798-1947 80-G-16871) [VENDOR # 91

The rest of my life, from Seward forward, I know the chronology, but in these early years of

my life, I was just a growing hatchling without a memory. The perimeter around the cloudiest part of my life is Pearl Harbor on one end and the exploding of "Fat Man" on the other. That's 12-07-41 and 08-07-45. That is 3 and a half years during which I lived in Naples. But through this exercise, I have developed a reliable chronology of the peregrinations of James Alvin and Marie M (no period). It is based on a few objectively verifiable dates, specific experiences rooted in fact, conversations with Mom and intuition. As mom fails, her ability to dissemble has decreased to the extent that she unwittingly reveals through her replies to my answers previously concealed truth that are both surprising and rewarding. Surprising because I had never expected the admissions I 'm hearing, i.e. that dad "kicked her out of the house", and rewarding because I had suspected the same my entire life.

9-11-01 Trade Towers' Disaster

10-14-01: Isn't it amazing that we actually find ourselves in an essentially identical state of the union today? I would have bet the farm that it would never happen again. The destruction of the Trade Towers by suicidal -that's the key- mad men has thrown the US, indeed the entire world, into a state of war. Because no one is exempt. The evilness of the attack is simply beyond belief. So it is happening again. Pearl Harbor and the Trade Towers disaster are comparable - except that the death toll for the latter is 3 times greater and the number of sovereign nations that lost citizens is not one, but it 65. The US will prevail again, but will be diminished in the process.



Figure 11

Curtailement of the freedoms we cherish is an automatic consequence of government actions responsive to the consequences of the new level of terrorism confronted by democracies with open societies. There is no other defense, I F the societies remain truly open as they are today. The only alternative to ensure the continuation of this society for an unknown period of time, but one longer than without these actions, is the curtailement of some

of the freedoms we prize and cherish. To fail to curtail them is to guarantee that the entire fabric of our culture and society and government will be destroyed in 20-50 years by the adversarial forces that respect nothing which destroy themselves willingly in the pursuit of their monomaniacal destruction of whatever it is they are hell-bent on destroying.

Federal Government Money-Making Campaigns

Back to the war effort - it was experienced at a personal level. The federal government started a variety of campaigns to assist the war effort. The purpose overall was to simply produce enough good stuff to throw at the enemies that they would capitulate. The effort filled the national stage and affected every family in the country in various ways. Poster campaigns were launched by a variety of government agencies so posters affected every person in the country.

"Have you tried to save gas by getting into a car club?"

These posters were hung everywhere in the mid-1940's. The war ended in 1945 so I was 3 when it was over and most of these posters are not clear memories. Yet they still hung in various places and edged my memory of the time. The experience and sense of deprivation created by the wartime demand for goods and material was clear to me, though I obviously couldn't understand where the needs arose. Some of the need stemmed from our innate poorness.

Governmental exhortations to help the war effort persisted for years after hostilities were finally over, an interesting observation today. The governmental thirst for "more" persisted well after the armistice had been declared and signed, ostensibly as part of the need to repair and rebuild after the war was over.

The injury to the soldier in the poster is evident and his need is expressed simply. Who could deny it, who could not stop and look at the image and think about what was going on to stimulate these posters. That's what Uncle Grant looked like in my mind as he fought from an LST in the Guadalcanal Campaign.

"He's Watching you"

Perhaps the most sinister poster of them all is a highly abstract one. A Nazi soldier is portrayed in block shapes without details, just darkness. The threat that, "He's here," and that he's observing us, with slitted eyes suggesting evil was unnerving really. Clouds of blackness on



Figure 13

<http://www.nara.gov/exhall/powers/hewatla.jpg>

a field of deep blue suggest smoke of war and more evil. I am not quite sure what the purpose of this poster was, unless it was another version of the "Loose lips, sink ships" slogan to get people to be circumspect in their speech about sensitive topics. I don't imagine, however, that most Americans actually knew anything that could have profitably been shared with the enemy other than the specialists who knew who they were^[1].

¹I think this affected the work of Art Spiegelman's award-winning books 'Maus I ' and "Maus I I ", powerful comic book representations of the Holocaust.

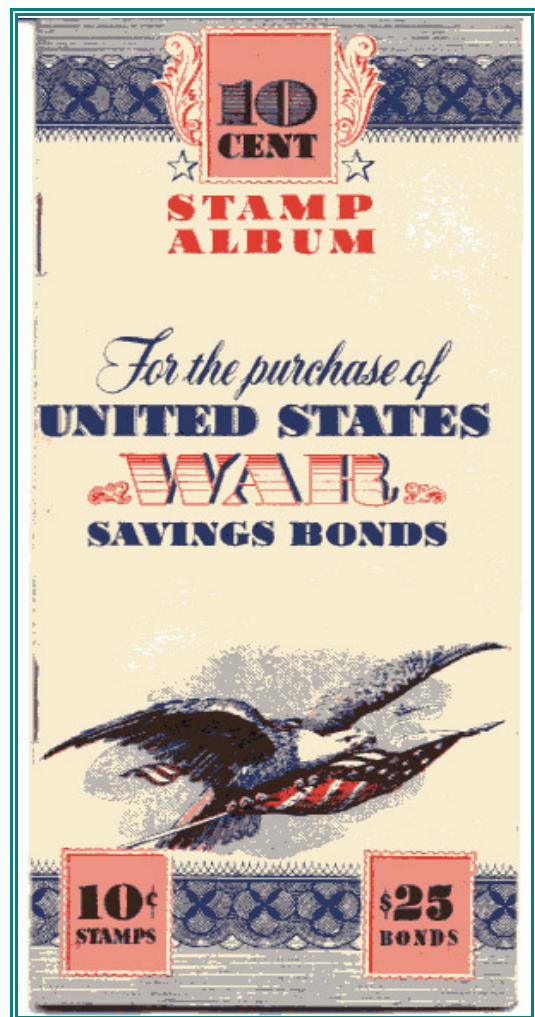
Postal Savings Stamps

I remember, for example, the pressure in third grade, i.e. 1950-51, to save money for the government by purchasing Postal Savings Stamps that were put in little booklets like green stamps were 5 years later - actually I've discovered these ubiquitous stamps were in use in the east at the time, just not out in the sticks. The armistice had been declared several years before, but the demands placed on government spending required on-going campaigns to replenish government coffers. So this was one of the things that spilled over onto me. I had no reservation. It was the patriotic thing to do, my family had sent brothers and sons into the military and this was simply an extension of that commitment to the nation.

These stamps came in different denominations. Mrs. Schofield provided each of us our own booklet like this one. She kept them in a box like a shoe box on the top shelf of the supply closet by the door into the hall over the hanger for her coat. Once a week Mrs. Schofield would take down the box of booklets and ask us if we had brought money to purchase more savings stamps. She had a method to list our names, the amount of money we brought and the number of stamps we wanted to buy.

I purchased the 10 cent variety which was a stretch for the family budget. I think mom did it for me so I didn't feel embarrassed at being poor. That was not a trivial thing for mom to hand me a dime each week to buy one of these stamps. This was the year she worked at J.C. Pennys so had some extra cash I guess. When Mrs. Schofield had our stamps, she called our names and we went up to the desk in order. None of this rudeness of kids today who have no self control. Actually, we didn't have it either. But our folks did. Believe you me. We'd go up to her desk, take the stamps and books and return to our desks. Then we would lick one and put it in the other and return it to her, satisfied with our contribution to President Truman's collection system. Proud to be patriotic and helping the war effort. We did understand that was what we were doing.

Mom saved my book for me and here's what it looks like.





This is about a

actual size. Notice the formal full name, in her hand, and notice the address, "Rt. 2,, Vernal", out there beyond the edge of town with the alfalfa, cows and pigs. The printing says that 187 stamps and a nickel would complete the investment. I could probably cash in the 60 or so stamps I managed to purchase but the thing has too much sentimental value for that. A left over of an era filled with the makings and consequences of WW I I .

Buy War Bonds

There was also pressure to buy War Bonds during my childhood through posters like this one. I was one of those little kids, not sure about what was happening, being patriotic but not understanding it all. Note how much propaganda was fitted into these posters. In this one the swastika -the "shadow" referred to in the caption- covers the yard. The little girl is troubled by it as she looks down, holding her baby doll that suggests a dead body. The oldest boy is protecting the younger kids, one decked out in a newspaper helmet carrying the American flag and a fake rifle. The messy yard was my own that I was assigned to rake when I was 7 years old. I understood the message that there was something sinister and evil out there that could reach down into my own yard.

At some point I did have a war bond but don't remember anything about how I got it or how I cashed it in. The price was so much bigger up front than the postal savings stamps that it was basically out of reach for our family.



Figure 16

<http://www.nara.gov/exhall/powers/shadow.gif>

"Save Waste Fats for Explosives"

Such simple requests - save fat and take it to the butcher so that it can be used to make weapons of war. The effect was felt everywhere. I remember seeing this poster and of course, I vividly saw my grandma pouring bacon grease out of her skillet into the bowl kept by the stove for that purpose. I did not know it could explode that way, that it could be converted into explosives. Directed at the viewer no less. Powerful propaganda in these posters wasn't there.



Figure 17

<http://www.nara.gov/exhall/powers/fats.jpg>

"Keep 'em Fighting"

Do you see my dad? Working at Remington Arms in Salt Lake making ammunition? He was a machinist and had been to Hanford Washington, and Pearl Harbor in the war effort. These posters had impact on the viewer. More propaganda. Enthusiastic, clean handsome men working with clean clothing and tools churning out war materiel. But this one had the interesting twist of safety, but as a means of increasing production, not so much to preserve the workers. That was how the federal government worked. Looking down into the Manhattan Project the same mentality was abundantly present. I 'm not saying they were evil men, but they did have a focus that was not the men and women in the factories.

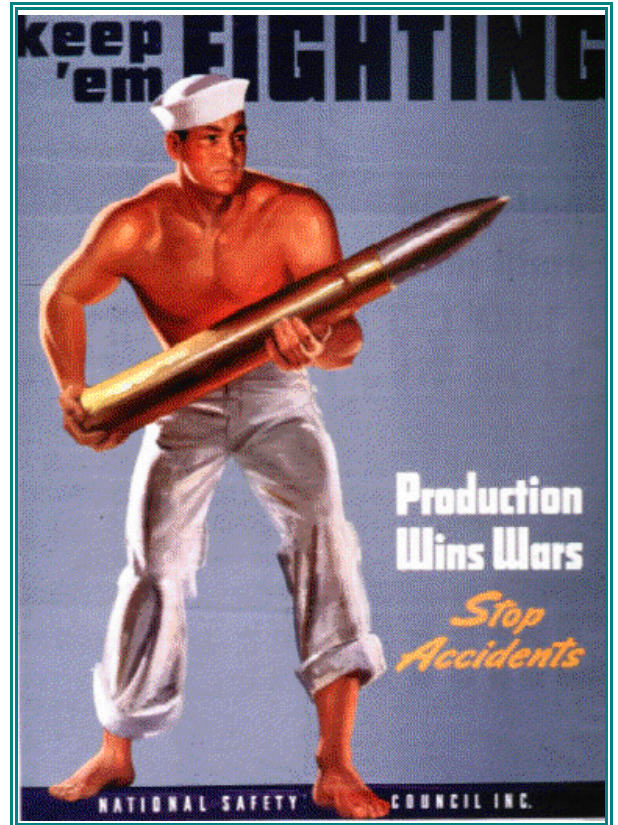


Figure 18

<http://www.nara.gov/exhall/powers/keepem.jpg>

“Remember Pearl Harbor - Don't Wait, Enlist Today”

If I don't remember seeing this specific poster then I remember seeing one so close to it that it might as well be the same. My dad went to Pearl Harbor because of what happened in Pearl Harbor and although I didn't understand politics, I knew that something dirty had been done to us by those Japanese and so we had to fight to protect ourselves against them.

Note, please, your memory that my best friend in Boise is Nissei George Taniguchi and his wife Helen. I visit them each time I visit Boise, the only people I check on when I visit Nancy who is the reason for the visit. We even spent a weekend with them in Lincoln City.



Figure 19

<http://www.higginsboat.org/html/photo/photo01.html>

Federal Ration Stamps

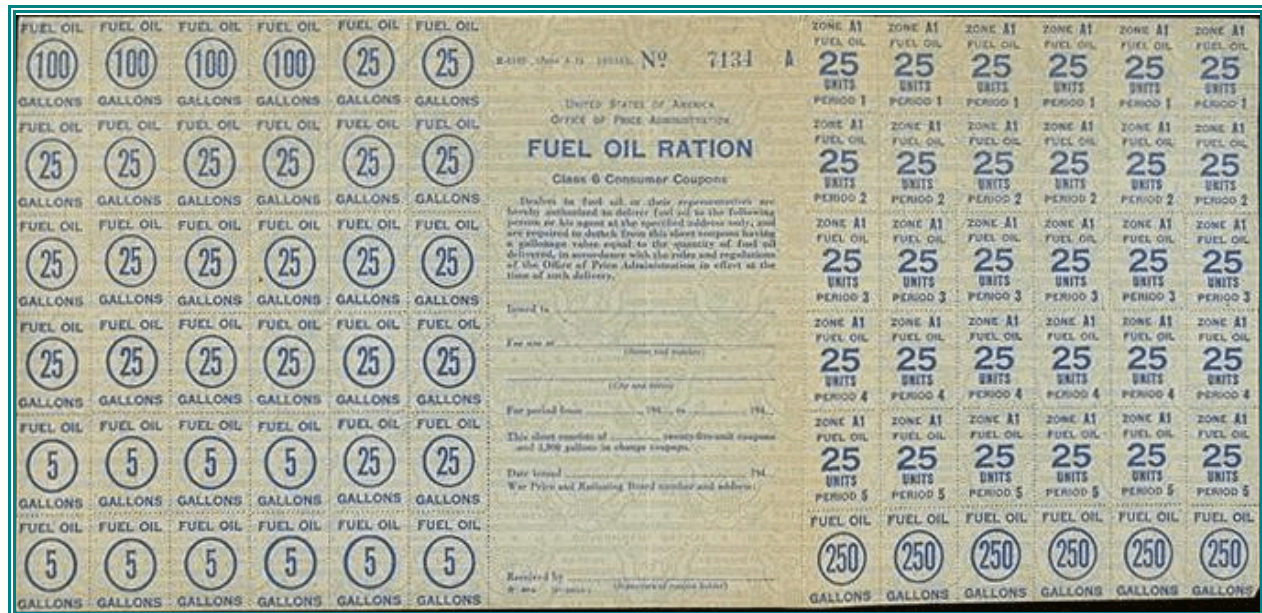


Figure 20 http://www.egusd.k12.ca.us/valley/Departments/Social_Science/images/WWI/youngs/rationing/oilrations.jpg

The rationing of consumer goods was another way the war effort affected each person. Mom still has some of the government-issued coupons. For sugar I think. A government office doled out this type of coupon for each family and person during the war. The size of the family was one of the factors that was taken into account in determining how many stamps to issue. The coupon page in the image has stamps for varying sizes of purchases. Note the three divisions. The middle division contains space for personal identifying information. The right side refers to Zones and to Periods that pertained to the time that the fuel oil could be purchased. Similar coupons were issued for gasoline, sugar, coffee, tires and so on. When dad people drove long distances, they had to pool coupons like these in order to have enough gas and tires to get there. They could only be redeemed in the time periods specified and if you used your allotment, you were out of luck. Of course, just having the coupons didn't get you the goods. You had to have money to go with the coupons. The coupons just gave you the luxury of buying at that time.

Roosevelt's "Four Freedoms"

One of the most appreciated series of posters bearing on WW II was created by Norman Rockwell on the basis of Roosevelt's famous 1941 speech about "The Four Freedoms." that said:

"We look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.
The first is freedom of speech and expression--everywhere in the world.
The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way--
everywhere in the world.
The third is freedom from want . . . everywhere in the world.
The fourth is freedom from fear . . . anywhere in the world."

--President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Message to Congress, January 6, 1941

This powerful speech has been repeated endlessly. It was used by many government agencies to assist them in their mission.

The most effective use, in my mind, of the speech was in Rockwell's set of four posters. Initially they were done by him to capture the essence of the Four Freedoms. But they spoke to people so powerfully that government agencies used them. They probably received their broadest distribution when the Saturday Evening Post, the most popular magazine of the time that came out weekly and was nearly the size of a tabloid newspaper, published them as individual covers.



Figure 22

<http://www.nara.gov/exhall/powers/freedoms.html>

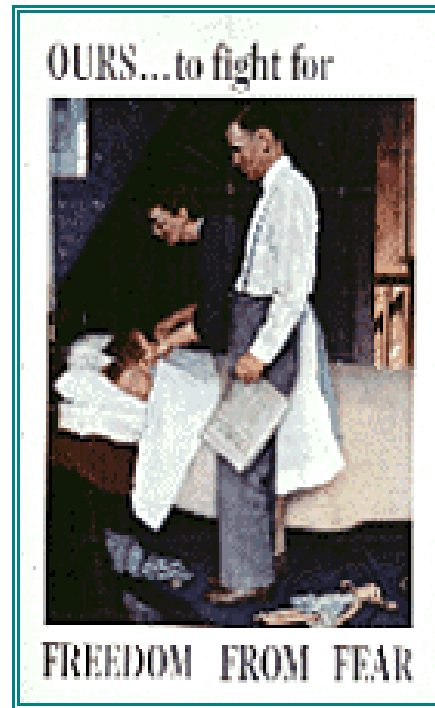


Figure 21

<http://www.nara.gov/exhall/powers/freedoms.html>



Figure 24

<http://www.nara.gov/exhall/powers/freedoms.html>

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Figure 23

<http://www.nara.gov/exhall/powers/freedoms.html>

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. I looked at those faces. I thought about the messages that were being communicated. The wonderful feast with a large family present. I knew a large family. Being able to sleep at night without fears, and warm. It was bitter cold in Seward, but I was warm and dry and understood I was fortunate in that. People, all kinds of them who held their hands in front of their faces to pray. Odd, yet I knew prayer. And a farmer standing in a town meeting saying his piece while an old man, like ones I knew, looked patiently on, wishing him well and pleased to see him doing that. Paper of the meeting rolled up in his work coat pocket, like my dad's work coats. Getting out the thing he needed to say. Free to do it. These were powerful posters and covers.

Rosie the Riveter

One of the most profound social changes initiated by the war was the employment of women on a large scale outside of the home in industrial settings. "Rosie the Riveter" was out there in masses leaving the home, contributing to the profound social changes that seem to have either been spawned, or accelerated, by the war. The consequences of this shift are profound and permeate US culture and civilization today. This poster is familiar to me from my early childhood on a post office wall or in a bank or store. I knew women "belonged at home" and that this poster and those like it urging women to "go to work" was new and strange.

My own mom did it. She went to work at the J. C. Penny's store when I was in first grade I'd guess. The exigencies of family life were more than dad could cover with his will-of-the-wisp salary. It's amazing how many times he changed jobs in Vernal. No one makes much money that way, so mom apparently took up the slack by going to work. She was the woman in this poster. I related to her and understood something of it.



Figure 25 All over the internet

Appendices

In addition to providing you historical information about your ancestors, one of the major purposes of "Uphill Both Ways" is to provide a thorough understanding of me. To that end a set of six documents follow. The final appendix is an old table of contents for the entire book, out of date but representative of the scope of the work.

(1) The "Milestones" page is a thumbnail of the major events of my life. It is sort of an obituary, capturing on one page the nature of my experience in this world.

(2) The Work History that follows was prepared at Tom's request. It fleshes out the Milestones by providing a list of the jobs and kind of work I've done to earn money. Not a very glamorous bunch of jobs but they made sufficient money for my needs.

(3) Hobbies reveal the natural state of my mind, the interests that I turned to when I had time for leisure activities, i.e. when I wasn't working. They ebbed and flowed over time, but remained essential interests of mine.

(4) The Curriculum Vitae, a stuffy long document is the last version of a document I updated over the years as I moved between jobs. The version inserted here is printed from the internet website I created to advertise my consulting business that lasted about 3 years. The only job that is expanded is the one I owned for 15 years at St. Alphonsus Regional Medical Center -pompous name- in Boise. It was without doubt the best job I ever had. I loved it and was fulfilled by it. In an odd way, it became my family when my children left home and the intrinsic weakness of my marriage showed through. I knew half of the 2,200 employees by first name and took their emergency calls nights and weekends - I counted 14 of them over one weekend. Urgent calls about violence or serious injury or death from staff and doctors. Hair-raising stuff to one not accustomed to it, but life blood for me in the final years. I was greeted everywhere I went in Boise by people who liked me and relied on me for direction and support in their difficulties.

(5) Publications follow. You're probably surprised to see the number and range of things that came from my pen.

(6) The Risk Manager Job Description is included to give you a microscopic view of what I was required to do at SARMC.

Milestones

Appeared - 1942

Seward, Alaska - 1951

Boston, Massachusetts - 1956

Graduated Belmont High School 1960

Provo, Utah - 1960

Finland - 1961

First marriage - SLC - 1964

Bachelor of Arts, English and Classical Greek - 1967

Peace Corps Volunteer - Brazil - 1967

Two Weeks in Amazon Jungle with Indians

"Descoberto-Porangatu" - 1969

Masters Degree in Linguistics and Anthropology 1971
Nathan - 1971
Thomas - 1973
Doctorate in Linguistics and Anthropology 1973
"Stress and the Verbal Phonology of Tubatulabal"
Lisa - 1975
Registered Respiratory Therapist 1975
University of Michigan Medical School Appointment 1975
Nancy - 1977
Learned FORTRAN I V and BASI C in 1977
Editor - professional journals from 1971
Published ~35 articles, editorials, etc.
Julie - 1978
Bought Atari 800 - 1979
I nterviews - TV and Radio and national publications
Bought PC - 1982
"The Mechanical Gospel" -1983-1994
I MPACT & "Also Sprach Zarathustra" - 1994
Board member for various professional and other agencies
Second marriage - Portland - 1997
Dis-appeared - you'll have to provide this date

Work History

Date/Location	Chores-Jobs
1949 - Vernal, Utah	-Raking leaves -Carrying coal, carrying ashes, emptying honey pot
	-Walking 1 mile between school & home- <i>Uphill - Both Ways</i>
1952 - Seward, Alaska	-Shoveling snow for a store
	-Delivering newspapers -Selling them on the street
	-Setting up church at 6:00 a.m.
	-Selling fish
	-Picking nails
1956 - Waltham, Mass.	-Ironing own clothes
	-Truck gardens
	-Setting type and printing 2 color booklet on platen press using California Job Cases
1958 - Belmont, Mass.	-Copy boy for Hearst Syndicate
	-Various jobs at Harvard University: -hauling display drawers to be cut down and reassembled -cleaning display cases of birds -helping prepare <i>kronosaurus queenslandicus</i> for display -ushering at Harvard home football games -cleaning bird skeletons in Gray Bird Collection -replenishing moth crystals in Gray Bird Collection of skins and eggs

1960 - Salt Lake City, Utah (SLC) Summer	-Common laborer in construction site - shoveling, driving front-end loader, cutting rebar with acetylene torch, tying steel curtains for foundation, painting, tamping backfill, cleaning concrete forms, pouring concrete
1960 - Provo, Utah	-BYU Student - not employed [shock]
1961 - Helsinki, Finland	-Missionary -Translator
1964 - Provo, Utah	-Lab assistant preparing dinosaur bones
	-BYU Student - 2 semesters
	-Worked on antrodemus skeleton for display, made gastralia with plaster/asbestos mixture
	-Beaver Farming - feeding, cleaning pens, cutting teeth
	-Driving truck – delivering cement, steel, cinder blocks, bricks, chimney tile
1964 - SLC, Utah	-Selling Colliers Encyclopedias
	-Copy boy for Deseret News Press - across from old Remington Arms Plant
	-Bindery assistant part time while going to U of Utah
1967 - Porangatu, Goias	Peace Corps Volunteer - Amazon Basin, Brazil
1969 - Bloomington, I N I ndiana University -	-Teaching assistant in Linguistics Department
	-Graduate teaching assistant in Department of Urban and Overseas English
	-Assistant editor to "Language Sciences"
	-Apartment cleaner between semesters
	-1971 M.A. in Linguistics and Anthropology
	-Selling programs at I ndy 500
	-Night watch man
1971 - Delta, Colorado	-Dry Mesa laborer

1971 - Bloomington, I N	-Lab assistant in phonetics laboratory
	-1973- Ph.D. Linguistics and Anthropology
1973 - Ann Arbor, MI	-On-the-job trained respiratory therapist
	-Washtenaw Community College - Respiratory Therapy (RT) Diploma
	-1975- National registration in RT -#3867
	-Typed dissertations for money
	-Edited manuscripts for Mosby Corporation, and other national publications
	-Various administrative positions in RT department in University Hospital
	-Adjunct faculty member, Department of Anesthesia, School of Medicine, University of Michigan
	-Research assistant for various physicians
1977 - Boise, Idaho	-Various faculty positions in RT Program Boise State University (BSU)
	-Common laborer for concrete pouring business
	-Part-time respiratory therapist while working full-time at BSU
	-Rubber Stamp fiasco
	-Christine Street Rental Unit fiasco
	-Director of Quality Assurance, St. Alphonsus Hospital
	-Risk Manager, Safety Officer and Disaster Chairman at St. Alphonsus Regional Medical Center
1996 - Portland, Oregon	-Risk management consultant for medical malpractice plaintiffs
	-Temp for Manpower, Boly Welch and Legal Northwest - counting bolts, receptionist, legal assistant

	-Legal assistant for Mason & Associates
	-Glass bead making
	-Ceramics
	-Legal Assistant/Office Manager for Ingrid E. Slezak
	-Legal assistant for Deanna

Hobbies

Reading

Writing

Book making

Photography

Classical guitar

Insect collecting

Cosmology

Metaphysics

Egyptology

Glass bead making

Book collecting

Lepidoptera

Stamp collecting - Egypt & the Sudan

Plants and seeds

Cacti and Orchids

Fishing

Beach combing

Ceramics

Curriculum Vitae

Risk Manager Job Description

**REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER
RISK MANAGER JOB DESCRIPTION**

Department: Quality Improvement

Division: Human Resources

Job Title: Risk Manager

Shift: Day

Reports To: PROPER POSITION

Approved:	08/87
Reviewed:	03/96
Job Class:	210
Salary Gr:	17

BASIC CONDITIONS OF EMPLOYMENT:

Basic Conditions of Employment form the fundamental performance requirements for continued employment. To support and fulfill the mission and purpose of NAME OF HOSPITAL it is expected that all employees, regardless of job title, perform their job duties in a professional manner; this expectation includes awareness of and high quality service to our many customers, developing and maintaining job competence, ethical personal behavior, the development and maintenance of supportive and caring relationships with others at work and basic professional morality. Meeting these expectations is a minimum requirement for continued employment.

BASIC CONDITIONS OF EMPLOYMENT STANDARDS:

- 1. CUSTOMER SERVICE: Identify customer groups, and assess service needs. Meet or exceed customer needs in a caring, efficient and cost effective manner.**
- 2. QUALITY: Maintain levels of quality of service/product which meet or exceed customer expectations through demonstrated contributions to Total Quality (TQ) via participation of supervised area in TQ training (e.g. TQA, QAT, QMS, etc.); and actual process improvements**
- 3. PROFESSIONAL CONDUCT: Participate in the review and revision of professional standards. Comply with established professional standards. Maintain confidentiality of patient and employee information.**

Risk Manager
Quality Improvement

4. **PERSONAL CONDUCT:** Engage in personal conduct at work that is legal, ethical and moral, dependable and reliable. Develop and maintain positive interpersonal work relationships with others. Demonstrate appropriate dress and personal hygiene. Accept direction and provide direction in a cooperative and positive manner. Demonstrate honesty at work.
5. **COMPETENCY:** Develop and maintain skills, knowledge and abilities required for adequate performance of assigned job duties.

SCOPE AND PURPOSE:

Develops and implements comprehensive risk management and loss control programs that protect institutional resources against foreseeable losses and ensures compliance with pertinent codes, laws, regulations, and standards. Interacts with all levels of staff from front-line employee to the President. Interacts with medical staff officers and departments. Handles serious patient problems, and negotiates resolutions with patients, families. Develops settlement compromises with physicians involved in claims with medical center. Provide all in-house claims management activities for all professional liability, general liability and worker's compensation suits naming the institution. Counsels and advises hospital employees who are called to testify in pre-litigation hearings, who are deposed or who testify in court. Educates and advises at all levels and in all department and divisions regarding risk exposures and methods to treat them. Represents the institution externally to governmental or regulatory agencies in lawsuits and development and promulgation of standards. Oversees nurse epidemiologist and development and implementation of infection control program. Oversees part-time safety activities of QI Coordinator. Provides direction and assistance in contract development and review process. Handles property liability claims for medical center. Interacts with, and reports to, CORPORATE Shared Services Loss Control and Risk Management Departments. Interacts with and reports to corporate counsel at HOSPITAL System. Coordinates loss control surveys performed by CORPORATE Shared Services or NAME OF Insurance Company, and prepares final reports on recommendations arising therefrom.

ESSENTIAL JOB FUNCTIONS AND STANDARDS:

1. **Occurrence Report Process (10%):** Ensures existence of occurrence report procedure in all inpatient and outpatient services. Tabulates and reports data as appropriate to all involved departments. Analyzes reports for patients and develops adequate response activities to resolve identified trends. Provides tailored reports as requested by managers. Identifies major occurrences that need attention and interacts with departments, patients, physicians and/or family members.
 2. **Professional Liability/General Liability Claims Management (40%):** Provides all in-house direction and support necessary for optimal management of litigated suits.
-

Risk Manager
Quality Improvement

Coordinates institutional responses by interacting with all departments and staff who are involved in claims. Analyzes suits for trends and develops appropriate response activities. Participates in settlement decisions with the President, insurance agents and attorneys. Advises the President and Shared Services as appropriate regarding nature and severity of claims. Analyzes allegations of claims, comparing them to documentation in records and files, and advises President of institutional exposure. Prepares and counsels employees who are required to testify in PL and GL claims. Functions as institutional representative in all Pre-litigation Screening Panels, testifying as necessary. Develops suit strategy for each claim in concert with the Continental adjustor and defense counsel. Participates with the Continental Insurance Company adjustor in establishing reserves for all reported claims or serious incidents. Provides institutional responses to legal instruments like Interrogatories, Requests for Admissions, Requests for Production, etc. Educates Medical Center departments about their high risk areas and assists in developing responses for them. Advises senior management regarding developments in claims. Determines whether physicians potentially contributed to adverse outcomes and seeks contributions from physicians, or their insurance companies, who are involved in claims brought by plaintiffs.

- 3. Safety Program (25%): Oversees the medical center-wide Safety Management Program and various programs subsumed thereby. Serves by appointment of the President as Safety Officer of the Medical Center. Is empowered to take actions necessary to protect life and preserve property. Chairs the Safety Committee. Oversees function of Safety Committee and its various subcommittees. Assures compliance with JCAHO Environment of Care standards. Supervises the implementation and performance of the Hazardous Material Program and coordinates that program with the Waste Management Program. Serves as disaster Chairman, coordinating disaster plan with hospital and medical staff departments, STATE, CITY and COUNTY agencies. Provides initial orientation to all employees on safety management program, disaster plan, medical device reporting program, occurrence reporting, bomb threat plan, utilities and life safety programs, and hazardous material program. Ensures provision of same information annually to all employees as applicable.**

NON-ESSENTIAL JOB FUNCTIONS:

- 1. GENERAL (5%): Follow any job-related instructions and perform any other job-related duties requested by the supervisor/director.**
 - 2. Risk Management/Education (10%): Tracks patterns of risk exposures in the medical center and medical staff, and provides assistance and advice on development of methods to minimize risks.**
-

Risk Manager
Quality Improvement

Provides inservices and updates to medical staff departments on risk managements issues in the institution. Reports quarterly to Quality Evaluation Committee of the Board of Trustees all major events, quality of care, life safety, and such.

3. **Insurance Program (5%):** Meets semi-annually with representatives from INSURANCE BROKER to analyze current developments in the insurance program regarding local experience as well as changes in coverage planned by the CAPTIVE INSURER and other insurers. Provides information and advice to in-house services on characteristics of all insurance coverages, including benefits, exclusions, provisions, limits, etc. Tracks regional and national trends in terms of both coverage as well as premiums and advise the President and Chief Operations Officer of significant variations. Serves as in-house claims manager for PL, GL, Workers' Comp and property claims.
4. **Master Actions Plan (5%):** Supervises medical center involvement in the CORPORATE SHARED SERVICES loss control program, called the Master Action Plan. Develops schedule with appropriate staff members and arranges for documentation review by surveyors. Analyzes final reports with appropriate groups and ensures that appropriate actions are taken to in response to all recommendations. Compile various departmental responses into written summary and transmit to CORPORATE SHARED SERVICES and/or Continental Loss Adjusting Services.
5. **Contract Review Process (10%):** Assists President, Vice-Presidents and managers in analyzing and developing contracts to ensure that medical center interests are protected. Drafts new contracts as requested and obtains formal legal review.

ESSENTIAL JOB QUALIFICATIONS:

- Education:** Bachelor's degree in a health care field or law.
- Experience:** Four years experience in medical specialty and in Total Quality Improvement activities. Experience in handling and resolving patient and visitor complaints. Experience in writing policies and procedures, analyzing data and reporting findings, etc. Experience managing and supervising other employees.
- Skills:** Ability to ascertain clinical course of patient from medical record and to identify sentinel events therefrom. Wide range of public speaking and teaching experience.
- Other:** Knowledge of word processing and database management, and other software programs as used at the time in the institution.
-

Risk Manager
Quality Improvement

NON-ESSENTIAL JOB QUALIFICATIONS:

Education: Knowledge of JCAHO standards and ability to interpret them in clinical settings. Knowledge of liability statutes and litigation process.

Experience: Experience in patient complaint handling and resolution. Experience in insurance and claims handling. Experience in committee functions. Experience in problem resolution with medical staff. Experience in legal settings, testifying, being deposed, etc.

Skills: Notary public. Legal file creation and maintenance.

Other: N/A

MANDATORY CONTINUING EDUCATION/CERTIFICATION REQUIREMENTS:

Licensure: Current license not required, but previous licensure in a Medical Specialty or law is required.

First 90 days: General and Department Orientation, Infection Control, Fire and Safety Education

Within 6 mo.: TQA

Annually: Infection Control, Fire and Safety Education

Continuing Ed: N/A

IMPORTANT INFORMATION: This section describes the anticipated typical means of accomplishing the essential functions of the job. Should you be unable to accomplish any function, or to perform it in the manner described, you may request reasonable accommodation pursuant to the Americans with Disabilities Act and the Idaho Human Rights Act. Your request for reasonable accommodation should be accompanied by a description of how you propose to perform the essential function.

PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS: In an average day the employee may be required to:

Activity	Not Required	Occasionally (1% - 33%)	Frequently (34% - 66%)	Continuously (67% - 100%)
Bend	X			
Squat	X			
Kneel	X			
Climb/Balance	X			
Push/Pull	X			
Reach above Shoulder Level	X			
Lift from High/Low Position	X			
Explain: N/A				

	Not Required	Simple Grasping (Example Writing)	Pushing/Pulling	Fine Manipulation (Example Typing)
Repetitive use of hands:				Data entry and/or word processing - 1 to 2 hours per day

	Speech	Vision	Taste	Smell	Hearing
Sensory Requirements:	Comprehensible speech required in frequent interpersonal contacts as well as legal settings	Ability to see and read much written material; ability to see fine details in technical settings, i.e. see defects in medical equipment	N/A	N/A	Normal hearing acuity required for constant personal interactions

ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS: The employee can expect to encounter the following conditions:

Amount of Time Spent Inside: 95%			Amount of Time Spent Outside: 5%		
Temperature	Normal Range: Yes	Extreme Cold: No	Extreme Heat: No	Extreme Temperature Changes:	
	Comments: N/A				
Humidity:		Wet/Humid: No	Dry: No	Normal Range: Yes	
		Comments: N/A			
Atmospheric Conditions:	Fumes: No	Odors: No	Dusts: No	Mists: No	Gases: No
	Poor Ventilation: No	Comments: N/A			
Hazards:	Mechanical: No	Electrical: No	Burns: No	Explosives: No	Radiation: No
	Other: N/A	Comments: N/A			
Respiratory and/or Skin Irritants: No		Requires protective clothing or personal devices: No			
Comments: N/A		Comments: N/A			
Stress due to:	Staffing requirements; working holidays, weekends, varied shifts: No	Supporting sick and dying patients and their families: No		Work load: No	
Is there potential exposure to blood and body fluids: No	Exposure will be:	High (Routine exposure or potential):	Medium (No routine exposure, but may be required as condition of employment):	Low (No exposure, no requirement to be exposed as a condition of employment):	

Typical Manner of Accomplishing Essential Functions

IMPORTANT INFORMATION: This section describes the anticipated typical means of accomplishing the essential functions of the job. Should you be unable to accomplish any function, or to perform it in the manner described, you may request reasonable accommodation pursuant to the Americans with Disabilities Act and the STATE Human Rights Act [IF THERE IS ONE]. Your request for reasonable accommodation should be accompanied by a description of how you propose to perform the essential function.

Average work hours per day: 8		Shift: Day		
The job allows the employee to vary physical position or activity for comfort: Yes		Explain: Job duties can be varied to give employee change of task		
In a normal work day, the employee may be required to:	Sit: Not Required: Hours: 5	Stand: Not Required: Hours: 1	Walk: Not Required: Hours: 2	Combination Standing and Walking: Not Required: X Hours:
Maximum consecutive time (minutes/hours) required for each activity:		Sitting: 2 hours	Standing: 15 minutes	Walking: 20 minutes
In terms of an 8 hour work day the weight to be lifted is:	Not Required X	Occasionally 1% - 33%	Frequently 34% - 66%	Continuously 67% - 100%
Up to 10 lbs.				
11 to 25 lbs.				
26 to 35 lbs.				
36 to 45 lbs.				
46 to 55 lbs.				
56 to 75 lbs.				
76 to 100 lbs.				
Explain: N/A				

Table of Contents of entire UBW

I 'm including the primitive Table of Contents for a large part of UBW to show you its scope. Not too ambitious, is it. Obviously the page numbers are inaccurate. This master TOC was prepared during the summer when I was still thinking that I could get the whole thing ready for Xmas. This version was prepared last summer [2000] before I started inserting images, and before the text became really long. For those reasons, Wordperfect was still able to expand the master document and generate this Table of Contents. It is a fair representation of what the remainder of the text will be. How long do I expect it will be when it's finished? It's impossible to guess, but if forced, I 'd estimate a text of 5,000 pages.

Actually, I see that this TOC starts with what is now Volume 4 - Vernal. So it is missing the TOC for Volume 2 - Leamington, and Volume 3 - Naples.

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