

O Bruce & Patricia Jones, Life Stories

Contents

Dedication	5
Introduction: A Brief History and Genealogy	6
The Jones Family	6
Tisdell Jones (Great-Great-Grandfather)	7
Francis Marion Jones (Great-Grandfather)	7
Edward C. Jones (Grandfather)	7
The Kascak Family	11
Carl Edward Jones (Father)	15
The Jones Sheriffs of Stevens County, Kansas	16
Sheriff Ed Jones	16
Sheriff Carl Jones	19
Chapter 2: Orville Bruce Childhood	21
My Life Begins in Jail	21
Homesteading	22
My Accident	25
Young adult hood	29
Other Early Memories	30
Chapter 3: The Navy	37
Chapter 4: Kansas University	44
Chapter 5: Panhandle	47
My Cars	50
Chapter 6: Patricia Earline Green	51
Rolla	52
Nursing School	54
Courtship and Marriage	55
Bruce's memories	55
Pats's memories	55
The Wedding/Honeymoon	55
Chapter 7: Northern the early years	59
The Blue House	59
Jan	62

Chapter 8: Building the House.....	63
Chapter 9: Northern Natural Gas- Liberal	66
Chapter 9: Northern Natural Gas- Omaha	67
Nanette	69
Chapter 9: Northern Natural Gas- Liberal	70
Amy.....	74
Chapter 10: The Move to Colorado	78
Chapter 12: Travel	81
1986.....	81
Trip to Washington	81
1988-1989	81
June 1991 (Pat)	81
Christmas 1992	82
1993.....	82
1994.....	83
Summary of travels sent to family.....	83
1996.....	90
1997.....	90
1998.....	90
1998.....	93
1999.....	93
Letters Written in 1999	94
2000.....	106
2001.....	113
2002.....	113
2003.....	122
2003.....	127
2004.....	131
2004-2015	132
Jan Nanette Amy.....	151
Amy.....	153
Appendix The Church of the Nativity	154
Appendix A: The War of 1812	158

Dedication

To my girls

With the passing of my sister Jo, mother and I were talking about how nice it would have been if Jo had written in her own words about her life. Few, if any, really knew what she considered fair accounting and what she thought had worth. So, Mother urged me to summarize some of the things that occupied much of my life. As I write this, I am well along towards my 88th year. It has been a long life filled with many challenges and more love than I deserved.

As you learn from this story and situations, I hope you have a better understanding of the kind of stock you come from and our family's strengths and good morals. Added to that is the great contribution that your Mother, Gran and Great-Gran have made, and you are all very fortunate. These examples of love and strength in times of adversity will help you all weather the difficult times you face ahead

After reflection i've decided the one reason why I should write my story is because it is my story and no one else could write it.

Introduction: A Brief History and Genealogy

The Jones Family

I have done very little to trace my ancestors, but the amount I did disappointed me. There is very little information available for my family when considering that of others. I remember the time when Patricia and I visited Arizona's Canyon de Chelly. On entering, we were handed a flyer that said that 40 generations had lived there and descendants of those of 1,000 years ago still live there. In fact, their people's history goes back 10,000 years. Imagine how that made Patricia, and I feel when we could only go back less than 300 years and even that is very sketchy.

However, the story of my life would not be complete without a brief history of the Jones family. One of my early ancestors was Griffith Jones, who was born in Wales in 1683. The following is from Dr. Shepherd's excellent piece 'Griffith Jones' which he wrote in the year 2000. Dr. Shepherd is Pastor of the Streetville United Church in Toronto:

"Griffith Jones was born into a Dissenting church family in 1683. Overwhelmed one day by means of a vision (unusual in that visions are more typically found among Roman Catholics), Jones had seared upon his heart the immensity of God's mercy. An unmistakable, undeniable vocation to the ministry accompanied the vision. He left the Dissenting denomination of his upbringing for the Anglican Church and was ordained in 1709.

He began traveling beyond his parish into the mountain's villages of south Wales. Just as quickly, an ecclesiastical indicted and tried him on charges that he had neglected his own parish and was encroaching, uninvited, upon the precincts of other Anglican clergy, even preaching outside church buildings. The trial disclosed something entirely different. He preached in other parishes only when the incumbent invited him to, and he preached outdoors only when sanctuaries couldn't contain the thousands who hungered for the bread of life. Now exonerated, and having turned the tables on his accusers, Jones laid before the presiding bishop incontrovertible evidence of cavalierly negligent clergy and spiritually destitute people whose total existence (not merely their "religious life") was dissolute and desolate.

In 1716 Griffith Jones became rector of Llanddowror Parish and immediately became concerned about the illiteracy of the people. In 1731 he began establishing schools in the neighborhood. They were usually held in the winter when work on land was less demanding. The school would last for three months, its teachers then moving on to another location. "Over the next 30 years he established over 4000 "Charity Schools" in 1600 different locations which caused almost half of the population to achieve literacy. The results was startling as Wales became the first territory in Europe to have a literate peasantry". It was from this climate that ancestors of Thomas Jefferson's were brought out of the "darkness"

Few of us are aware of Griffith Jones, the 'morning star' of the revival, a man whose name is fragrant in Wales to this day. After King Charles II caused the "Darkness to return to the people" along came that "Morning Star" and light returned. "It didn't merely scintillate but rather burned brightly as a flare, providing illumination beyond anyone's capacity to foresee it. Twenty years before the Wesleys and Whitefield were even "lit", Jones was doing what the three Englishmen would subsequently render notorious: a forthright declaration of the gospel, without fear or favour, to the neglected poor and the smirking rich; a compassion for those either

alienated from the church or unaware of its mission; outdoor preaching that reached men and women who were otherwise never going to hear the word of life; alleviation of shocking material distresses and deprivations; and, most ominously, persecution from ecclesiastical authorities.”

Tisdell Jones (Great-Great-Grandfather)

It was also during this time that our early ancestors were born and lived in Wales and must have benefitted from these educational opportunities. Perhaps this new enlightenment caused seven brothers to seek the New World. They probably arrived around 1765, close to the time of the Revolutionary War and may have even been pressed into service as many immigrants were. We don't know the names of these first immigrants, but one of them had a son, my Great-Great Grandfather Tisdell Jones, who was born on August 6, 1798 in Sackett Harbor, New York.

It is possible that Tisdell Jones fought in the War of 1812 in the battle of Sackett Harbor (see Appendix C for a description of the War of 1812). He married Amanda Branum Hart in 1819 and they had eight children: Alfred Branum born October 11, 1820; Sarah Mari born August 15, 1822; Emiley H. born March 11, 1826; Perry R. born October 23, 1828; Edwin E. born October 22, 1830; William W. born February 5, 1834; Francis M. born May 4, 1836; and Delos T. born October 18, 1843.

Francis Marion Jones (Great-Grandfather)

Francis M. Jones married and had two children, Estella C., born in 1858 and Hubert L. born in 1861 from his first wife. We do not have her name, and she died while he was fighting in the Civil War. His second wife was Bonard Delia Sackett, born in Jefferson Co. New York near Sackett Harbor on November 27, 1843. Her first husband was also killed in the war and left her with one son, Jasper H. Bonard born September 1865. When Francis returned home from the war, he and Delia were married November 10, 1867. Delia's grandparents were James and Ursula Makepeace. Francis and Delia had three sons: Claude C., born 1868; Edward C. (my grandfather), born March 13, 1875; and Willie J., born 1881. They adopted a daughter, Corda, born 1882 and when a daughter-in-law died and left 4 small children they raised Charley, Roy, Laura and Floy. Charley and Roy served in World War I, Charley in the Army and Roy in the Navy. Francis and Delia lived on a farm near Wellington and Caldwell, Kansas and after their family was grown, they moved to a new home in Narden, Oklahoma. They owned a store building, which they rented, and Francis did carpentry work.

Edward C. Jones (Grandfather)

Edward C. Jones was born at Fairbury, Illinois in 1875 and met Lenna Leota Hess, born at Wellington on October 11, 1874. They were married on November 2, 1892 and they had six children: Hattie May, born at Wellington on January 31, 1894; Carl Edward (my father), born at Crestline, Kansas on October 14, 1897; Mable, born at Nardin on May 12, 1899; Merl R., born at Numa, Oklahoma on October 22, 1902; Frank M., born at Numa on February 28, 1904; and Wilbor Clair (Bruce), born on the family homesteaded farm near Hugoton, Kansas on February 14, 1907.

In the early 1900s, the Ed Jones family consisted of three sons ages 9, 4, and 2 and two daughters aged 12 and 7. A sister-in-law, Ida Criss, died in 1898 leaving 4 small children. Two of the children, Guy and Rocina, stayed in the Jones family home for two years. This period is best described by my Aunt Hattie. The following is from the memories she told to her great-

niece Connie Curtis on her 81st birthday. I feel it must be included because it gives a glimpse of the hardships and strength of my ancestors.

Papa ran a grain elevator at Nardin, Oklahoma. He was a musician and he and his brother Claude played in the Nardin Band. They moved to Numa in 1902 and ran an elevator. This elevator was run with horse power. The horse was "Ginger." She was blind but a big, beautiful horse. Sometimes Ginger would stop and the elevator would clog up so Papa gave me a whip to keep Ginger moving. I was about 6 years old, the eldest of the children. Ferguson Grain Company was going to build a new elevator so they had a well dug. One evening at suppertime, I went to see where Ginger was. I found her at the bottom of the elevator well where she had fallen in. We were able to get Ginger out safe and sound.

In 1904, we moved to a little town Remington near Fairfax, Oklahoma and Papa ran an elevator for Louis Denoy, a Cherokee Indian. He had lots of beautiful horses and this was corn country. In 1905, Papa went to see his brother-in-law Bob Hess near Hugoton, Kansas and decided to homestead two miles south of Fairview School. He built a house, one room upstairs and one room downstairs. He returned to his family and in March 1906 he moved his family to the new home in a covered wagon. On the way, we stopped in Nardin and Papa and his three brothers played music. I played the mandolin and when we left in the covered wagon and were about three blocks away, I noticed that I had left my mandolin. Papa stopped and I ran back to get my instrument. We then visited the Hess farm where Grandma made lots of cookies for us. I think it was a 5-gallon can of cookies.

As we continued our move, we stopped at Great Aunt Jane and Uncle Tyler Sturm's farm. They were at the mailbox with a rooster and a hen. We brought them to our new home. During the trip, we camped each night in a wagon yard or livery stable to feed and rest the horses. Papa played his violin; I played the mandolin every night. One town asked us to come to town to play. We did not look good but we went. They took us to the barbershop and had chairs set up in the street and everyone forgot their troubles for a brief time.

Our last stop before arriving at the homestead was at mother's brother's place about two miles from home. When we got to our new home there was nothing to tie our horses to but the wagon. We took the top of the wagon for a chicken house for our newly inherited flock. There was a small wood burning stove in the wagon so we cooked our food on it and it became the cook stove in the new house. There was 160 acres of land and no water. We soon had a well dug and Carl and I drew water with a horse; one of us led the horse and one emptied the water. Papa made some of our beds bolted up on the wall with a shelf at the top. When the bed was folded up there was a pretty curtain over it. For our dishes, a box on the wall with a door that hinged at the bottom, which when opened made our table and closed a cupboard door.

Papa hired out to the 24 Ranch for \$22.50 a month to feed the family of seven. That left me and brother Carl, age 9, to break sod and plant our first crop of cantaloupe and watermelons for their seed. We seeded the cantaloupe by hand, that was very hard on fingernails. We had a watermelon seeder that was horse powered and I scooped the rinds from the seeder. Carl, Merl, Frank, and Bruce brought the melons to the seeder and we sold the seeds. Juice was almost knee deep and I got new boots after the harvest and the seeds were sold. Later we grew broom corn and maize. Within a year the 24 Ranch owner died and Papa lost the family income. Papa started a freight hauling service from Liberal to Hugoton and at one point in the route the sand was so deep that Carl and I met him with four extra horses to pull them through. At a very early age,

Carl was already carrying lots of responsibility. They began to farm other crops, and in 1912, we had fenced our land and the top wire was our telephone wire. That same year Grandpa Francis brought us an organ. Papa was very forward thinking and in 1913 he bought the Ematon Telephone Co. Line to Hugoton.

My parents ran a thrashing machine for B. Jerman. Papa worked on the thrashing crew and Mother worked on the cook shack. Carl and I and the other little brothers ran the farm. When not busy on the farm, Carl hauled water. A horse hurt Merl so Mother came home and there was still two weeks of thrashing left. Papa took me so I cooked for the crew until we were finished thrashing season.

I moved to Hugoton and became the telephone operator along with Mrs. Wright. The telephone switch board was in the Funk and Wood building. In January 1915 Mother and sister Mable came to visit me and Mable became ill and was taken to Doctor Harrison. She died in her sleep that night at the age of 16.

I had homesteaded and proved up one quarter section some five miles west and in February 1917 another quarter section became available for homesteading and I moved on my quarter section and homesteaded the adjacent one giving me, a twenty-year-old girl, 320 acres. I have been proud of my place and still have a letter from W. E. Eddy, the county attorney:

“Dear Hattie Jones: I presume you received notice that you have 30 days in which to make filing on the Yost quarter. Better come in your first chance and get it off our minds.”

I DID. Mother and I went to Dodge City and filed on the land.

Early in 1920, the family moved to Hugoton and Papa worked for Farmer’s Elevator Company. Later he was a travel agent for Vanderslice Grain Company. After that, he was elected to two terms as sheriff of Stevens County.

Papa bought the lot for the machine shop and one of the first Chrysler car dealerships in the area. All these years Papa, Bob Hess, and I played music for all kinds of programs. We took our music to Hugoton, Wilburton, Liberal, Moscow, and Satanta and he had a large building on the farm where he played for his friends twice a month. We traveled to the locations with a team and wagon and many times the snow was very deep and it was cold. We received \$3 each and left our horses at Curry horse barn. When we were ready to go home, they had bricks warm for our feet and the team ready. The trip home was cold but with our \$3 we could get a good meal for 25 cents.

In 1937 Papa, Mommy, and I bought a farm at Huntsville, Arkansas. We loved our new home and there were two fruit orchards and three rows of grapes. In one orchard there was a water well and cistern springs and three branches of running water. It was two miles to War Eagle River to fish. Both Papa and Mother were not well and we milked cows and sold it to the Pet Milk Company. We had 300 laying hens. In 1943, my parents came home from Hot Springs Medical Center and gave me their part of the farm, 80 acres. It was then a 160-acre farm. Mother died on August 10, 1943 and Papa on August 30, 1944. Papa always said that “no job was too big for me and my four boys”.

Here ends the recollections of Aunt Hattie about the early trials and tribulations as they established the family in Western Kansas.

Hattie was a joy to be around, taking her good humor from her “Papa”. In 1960, Hattie moved back to Hugoton and later brother Bruce came to live with her. Aunt Hattie died on January 19, 1986, her brother Carl died January 4, 1964, and Frank died October 29, 1955. We do not have the dates for Merl and Bruce’s death readily available.

The Kascak Family

The Kascak family migrated from the "old country". Both my grandfather and grandmother came to this country from what was then called Bohemia and later became Austria and Hungary. Grandfather George John Kascak was born in 1847 and came to America from Krivjany, Austria in 1876 with two brothers as a young man. Grandmother Mary Elizabeth Hanigovsky was born in the village of Olsovajany, Hungary in 1858. Her father was Joseph Hanigovsky of the village of Olsovjany, Hungary near Kosice. He was born in 1818.

Mary Elizabeth came to America in 1879 as a young girl of 21. She came to America by herself, which took much bravery. Many years later, her family members who remained in Hungary would still remark on her courage. It is believed they met in Lincoln County, Washington when they both worked on the Intercontinental Railroad and married about 1881. She was a cook for the railroad and Grandfather was a foreman. This information came from the 1900 census in Washington State. They had a family of four boys Steven, George, Joseph and Michael. Two girls, my mother Catherine Marie who was born in 1897, and Anna who died young leaving six children.



Back - Stephen Oscar, George John, Anna Elizabeth & Joseph Paul
Front - Michael Patrick, George John Sr., Catherine Marie & Mary Elizabeth

I believe the spelling of Kascak was changed but I don't know the original. As was the case of my ancestors from Wales, circumstances that took place in Bohemia many years earlier

affected my ancestors. I begin by covering some very early history that influenced their lives and made possible their migration to America.

I actually know very little about the family in the old country and what I do know came from a chance contact with members much later. Unexpectedly, we received a letter addressed to Bruce Jones. We assume it was meant for my uncle and somehow the people in Hungary had his name and tried to make contact with him. That contact is where we learned of Grandmother Mary Elizabeth Hanigovsky's brave trip to the new country. We exchanged several letters and they sent us several beautiful books, which we still cherish. Our contact was lost after a time and we were never able to establish it again.

I had a cousin that sent me some family genealogical information named Stephen Liptak. Stephen was a bank-bookkeeper, ministerial accountant, procurator in a large sugar refinery and finally a chief auditor in a state conserve manufacturing trust. He had two daughters, Lydia who would be 64 now and a veterinarian, and Zuzana who would be 61, who was going to medical school and probably a doctor. I think they lived in Kosice, Slovakia now Czechoslovakia. He would be 91 if still alive; his mother's name was Mary and his grandmother was Ann Hanigovsky. Stephen's brother Francis was an agricultural engineer and his wife was head doctor in a children's hospital. His sister Mary married a lawyer and they had a son who would be 57 now. The two girls may be the best contact and I do not know their married names but Liptak would be a lead.

Your great-grandfather George Kascak (pronounced Kashchak) was born in the village of Krivjany near the district town of Sabinov. Sabinov is about 60 km from Kosice (pronounced Koshice), which was a town of about 120,000, the second largest in Czechoslovakia near Hungary the Soviet Union and Poland.

I was told that Grandfather Kascak was a breeder of cattle and brought a fine herd to Kansas on a railroad car. He purchased a farm about two miles west of the farm my Granddad Jones homesteaded and about seven miles east of Hugoton. It stayed in the family until their death and was then sold and the proceeds divided between the remaining children. It seems to me each received about \$800.

My grandparents on the Kascak side never spoke much English. I assume they spoke their mother tongue but I did not understand the language. All their children spoke English but I am sure they also spoke their mother tongue. All of my grandparents were alive at my birth and I have a little recollection of them all.

Grandmother Kascak was the first of my grandparents to die in about 1936. She was about 86 and I remember her as a very small woman. I attended the funeral in 1936 when I was nine. I was very frightened and the effect of seeing Grandmother lying in the casket is still vivid in my otherwise cloudy memory. On the way home, one of the terrible dust storms overtook us and we ran out into a field and lay down until it passed. It was as dark as night.

Grandmother Kascak was a devout Roman Catholic. My sister Kathryn remembers Grandmother Kascak trying to tell her Bible stories and becoming frustrated and saying "Katie tell you". She called my mother "Katie" as did most of the family and friends. My best memories of her are when she would give us bread soaked in water with sugar sprinkled on top. It was a delicacy and all she had. She always had something for us from her meager store. It is strange

but I can see clearly the interior of the small house in every detail and yet I find it impossible to recall other matters.

Grandfather Kascak and grandmother had a falling out over the children, he thinking she was too lenient with the boys. She had allowed the boys to mortgage the farm and that had angered Grandfather. He moved into a small shack close to the house but on another quarter of land saying, "This land will not be mortgaged."

Grandfather Kascak was a difficult man to get close to. None of us kids had a relationship with him. He did not speak English and kept to himself. After Grandmother Kascak died, he came to live with his daughter, my mother Catherine. He was a tall man and even in his advanced years was as straight as a ramrod. He lived with us after Grandmother died and I remember some trying times when he would walk off and Dad would have to go out to find him. He lived to the age of 103 and his last years were spent at the old soldier's home at Fort Dodge. He had good physical health but his mental health was poor for the last several years. While most of this is from vague memories, I can still see this strong, determined man with a big mustache. He died in about 1941 so I believe he was considerably older than Grandmother.

I am especially sorry that I didn't know my Kascak grandparents. I would love to question Grandmother about her trip from the old country and the circumstances behind her leaving. I feel Grandfather Kascak would have been an interesting person to visit with and I am sorry I did not learn his language and have a close relationship.

The following is taken from the memories of my oldest sister, Kathryn, born August 2, 1919 to Carl and Catherine.

I don't think there was any change in the family name from the old country; however, some of Grandad Kascak's brothers in Colorado changed the spelling to Caskey and Kaskey. The first family members to settle in this country were on my father's side, arriving in the 1700's. We do not know when my grandparents came to this country but it must have been in the mid-1800's. They came separately and met in the state of Washington. They both worked on the trans-continental railroad, she as a cook and he as a foreman. That railroad was built in the 1860's. We assume they met, courted and married during those years. They had six children, four boys and two girls. They moved to Pueblo, Colorado where he worked in the iron smelter. Four of their children were born there, Stephen, George, Anna, and Joseph. The love of farming and raising fine cattle took them to the state of Washington where they homesteaded on a farm in Odessa, Washington. The two youngest children, Catherine and Michael, were born there. Stephen married Margaret Wakefield and moved to Post Falls, Idaho. They had 14 children. George married Kathryn Hoza, who died when their baby Alice was born. He later married Winnie Daniels and they moved to Hotchkiss, Colorado. They had two daughters, Dorothy and Betty, and one son, Daniel. Anna married Charles Libich. She died, leaving 6 children and the family moved to De Ridder, Louisiana. Joseph married late in life to Ann Caskie and moved to Denver, Colorado. They had no children. Catherine, my mother, and Dad lived in Stevens County. She died in 1938, leaving five children for my father to raise. Mike never married and he moved to Spokane, Washington.

In the very early 1900's they sold their homestead in Washington and made the journey to Stevens County, Kansas. They came to Liberal, Kansas in what was called an immigrant railroad car. They brought with them some very fine breeding cattle, which were in one portion of the car. The family and their household goods were in the other portion.

They purchased a full section of good wheat and grassland in the southeastern part of Stevens County and made their home. While they did not speak the same language, it was similar. Grandad was a tall, stately man with jet-black hair and a big mustache. He smoked a pipe, and when I had an earache, Mother would have him blow the smoke in my ear. I remember that Grandad Kascak had trouble with English. One time when they were cutting and stacking wheat he came into the house very angry and complaining that, "They put the stacks too close apart". He was a very strict authoritarian and became difficult in his advanced years. He died in the Old Soldier's Home at Dodge City about 1940 and at the age of 103 years and still had lots of hair with very little of it gray. Grandmother died in 1936, and I remember my mother telling me that just before she died she set on the edge of her bed and read a letter from her nephew from the old country, then laid over and went to sleep. All of my grandparents were alive during my early years and lived close by. I had a closer relationship with Grandma Kascak and I remember her telling me Bible stories. When her English failed, her she would say "Katie, (my mother) tell you". She was special because she spent more time with me and I stayed at their farm for several summers.

Grandmother Kascak tried to pass on her Roman Catholic religion and honesty and generosity were taught by all my grandparents. I wish I had learned the language of Grandmother Kascak so we could have communicated better. Grandmother Kascak was generous to a fault and ultimately caused trouble and a split in their marriage. Anyone who stopped at her house had to break bread with her or she was insulted. She was a tiny woman, just a bit over 4-feet tall. She always wore a black gathered skirt, a long-sleeved black blouse, a black and white checkered apron, and a black kerchief over her hair.

Grandmother never turned anyone away from her door. Gypsies made regular stops and always left with feather beds, food, and whatever else they wanted. Some was given to them by her and a lot more was stolen. Uncles Joe and Mike would be angry with her for letting them in. Grandma raised peanuts in a large patch east of the house. She used a lot of poppy seed in her bread and rolls instead of cinnamon as we do now. The bottom drawer of the washstand always had either sweet poppy seed rolls or cookies in it for us children. That was the first place we headed for when we came to visit.

Easter was very special to Grandmother Kascak; she made special breads with braids and birds on a nest out of sweet dough. She colored several hundred Easter eggs, or so it seemed to us. Uncle Joe and Mike hid them and we kids spent the entire day hunting them. Their place had a row of mulberry trees, some with black and some with white berries. When they were ripe, we stayed in the trees stuffing ourselves with these sweet treats. I often spent weeks with Grandma during the wheat harvest. I was supposed to help her but I think I was there so mother could cook for the harvest hands without me about.

Grandfather Kascak and Grandma had a serious disagreement over Grandma's treatment of the boys. She was borrowing against the land to give them such things as cars and easy living. Grandfather finally set his foot down, moved onto a quarter section adjacent to the home place in an old shack saying, "There will not be a mortgage on this land". They lived apart, less than three blocks away from each other, for at least seven years until her death in 1936. Later, Grandfather Kascak lived with us for a time. He must have suffered from what we now know as Alzheimer's disease because he started wandering off and my parents were forced to send him to the old soldiers' home at Dodge City. After all, he was at the advanced age of over 100 at the time.

Carl Edward Jones (Father)

My father Carl Edward Jones was born October 14, 1897 at Crestline, Kansas. There was a beautiful girl that lived just 4 miles southwest of the homestead. The beginning really began on August 18, 1918 at Guymon Oklahoma. Carl Jones was called to active duty in World War I and prior to leaving the couple decided to marry. They were married on that date and Carl prepared to depart for his service. Word came of the wars ending just as they were to board the train and he was allowed to stay home with his new wife and thus begins their story., and Dad married Catherine Marie Kascak on August 22, 1918 at Guymon, Oklahoma. Mother was born November 6, 1897. There were seven children born to this union.

They moved to a 1 room shack about one mile South of the Kascak farm and on August 2nd 1919 their first child was born in that house a daughter Catherine (Kathryn) Mable. The second child born into this union was a son Edward Carl born April 5, 1921 at Grandpa Jones's farm about two miles east of the Kascak farm. The third child was Sammy Robert, born December 19, 1922, followed by the fourth Donnie Joe born May 27, 1925.

Times were very hard and particularly for a rapid growing family of four all under the age of 6. Shortly thereafter the family of four moved into the town of Hugoton KS where Carl Jones worked in his father's Chrysler dealership. Grandpa was elected sheriff of Stevens County and his son managed the car business while he served 2 terms from 1922 to 1926. Carl Jones followed his father into the Sheriff's Office and served one term 1926-1928.

The Jones Sheriffs of Stevens County, Kansas

This is a true story of a father and son who served their county as sheriff for six years in the "roaring" 1920s. It was a time when the nation was experimenting with prohibition. Prohibition, coupled with the boomtown effect on their area caused by the discovery of the world's largest shallow natural gas field, was a nightmare for law enforcement.

Sheriff Ed Jones

My grandparents, Ed and Lenna Hess/Jones came to western Kansas from eastern Kansas, around Coldwell. I remember something about Grandpa's mother being widowed by the Civil War and marrying a man whose wife died while he was away to the war. Granddad managed several grain elevators in Oklahoma and also ran a freight wagon between Hugoton and Liberal before moving to Hugoton. They came in a covered wagon to homestead the two quarters east of Hugoton, Kansas and about two miles from the Kascak farm.

My uncle, Bob Hess, had preceded him and homesteaded a farm about one and one-half miles south of the Jones homestead. I remember one story that my Aunt Hattie was fond of telling about stopping at the Hess place and they gave them a hen to start their flock. She also tells about her "poppa" using the remains of the covered wagon to build cabinets in her claim shack. She had homesteaded a quarter to the west and was perhaps the last or one of the few women to prove up and keep her land. She was in title until her death and it remains in the family.

Ed Jones was truly a self-made man, homesteading in the southwestern corner of Kansas in about 1906. He moved his family, which consisted of a wife and four boys and two daughters, to a quarter section of land 10 miles east of Hugoton, a small community and the county seat for Stevens County. To make ends meet and feed his family, he took a job on a ranch for about \$22.50 a month. By 1920, the year Prohibition began, Ed moved the family into Hugoton. He worked for Farmers Elevator Company and later as a travel agent for Vanderslice Grain Company.

My grandfather was the most loved and respected man in the county. He was very popular and his personality was contagious. His laugh was infectious and recognizable for blocks. His face was pocked caused by smallpox in his childhood. He was small in stature with a big nose and a bigger heart, which was the reason for his popularity.

He also led the only band of musicians for all the dances and events in a large area of southwest Kansas. He taught himself to play the fiddle and his son Merle played the guitar and his daughter Hattie the piano. His brother-in-law, Bob Hess, played the bass violin. They were very popular in that entertainment-starved time and place. His popularity increased as "his band" played music for all kinds of programs. They traveled to the locations with a team and wagon and many times through deep snow and extreme cold. They were paid \$3 each and left their horses at Curry Horse Barn. When they were finished, the owners would have warm bricks for their feet and the team ready. The trips were cold but their \$3 pay was like a king's ransom.

Ed Jones was an entrepreneur before the word was even discovered. He started his own freight service from Liberal, a community 25 miles to the east, to Hugoton with a team of horses and wagons. He brought the first telephone service to the community using the top wire of the

barbed wire fence as the telephone line. He established the first Chrysler car dealership in the area in 1915 and sold thousands of cars over the next 15 years. Ed Jones was a well-to-do and greatly respected and loved community leader.

Because of his great sense of humor and popularity, he was easily elected as county sheriff in 1924, winning two terms. His son, my father Carl, was his deputy during his second term. At the time Ed took office, the county was in great turbulence as Prohibition became the law of the land. Bootleg liquor was available in all areas with stills being built to make booze. Those that dealt in the illegal market were numerous and control was dangerous and difficult. There are many stories of running gun battles with bootleggers and the smashing of stills throughout the county.

Sheriff Ed Jones the Peace Officer, as they were called, kept the peace somewhat on the strength of his personality. He used a loose-on-the-reins approach. Although small in stature, it was said that he could bring in the biggest ornery old trouble-making drunk by talking and laughing with his arms around him. This usually worked, but if it didn't, a slap upside the head with his billy club was second choice. He surprised everyone by always bringing in the biggest, meanest lawbreakers. He would take a drink now and then and, while never allowing laws to be broken, he permitted some slack for the people.

Many bad elements began to move into Hugoton and the local paper reported the arrival of the Ku Klux Klan (KKK): "The address given by the KKK speaker at the Gem Theater last Thursday was attended by the largest gathering of men we have ever seen in Hugoton. Those who were privileged to hear the address in its entirety speak very highly of it". So, in addition to keeping the peace during Prohibition, he also had to deal with the KKK.

A few months later on June 20, 1924, the cross appeared. The organization continued to grow in strength and the newspaper reported: "In September of that year a temporary restraining order forbidding parades of the Ku Klux Klan in Kansas had been issued". It prohibited masked parades in all parts of the state. That did not stop the meetings and in May 1925 they offered their support in the campaign to "clean up the county" by writing letters to the county attorney and to Ed Jones, County Sheriff. Mr. Jones replied:

To the Hugoton Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Gentlemen:

"I want to thank you for your letter in the paper last week commending my office for its efforts to enforce the law, I will be frank to say that at times we have felt that we had accomplished but very little and were discouraged. We wondered whether or not we were gaining or losing ground especially when we would hear some of our most influential men say on the street that they had never seen conditions worse than at the present time. This member of the sheriff's office accepts your offer of support with appreciation, and we assure you that we are at all times ready to do our best in a LEGAL way to enforce the laws. In this connection I want to say that we have no pets, and it makes no difference who the violator is, we want them.

The hardest part of our work is in dealing with the booze question, and it is astonishing to find to what extent the younger folks are fooling with intoxicants of some kind or another. While they intend to do nothing wrong, after taking a swig or two of the average bug juice, they would climb a fire escape to slap their grandmother. It might look easy to run down this booze business, but we find it some job. The only good thing about being an officer is that you never get lost for there are always plenty of people who know right where you are all the time.

It used to be so we could ship it in, then we could put it in Mother's oats boxes, original packages, sacks of bran, etc. Then we could pay our money and have delivery made from the pistol pocket. But nowadays you pay the man to give you the directions. Then you go so many miles one way, then twice that many back; take thirteen steps over the fence; three sideways, look at the moon and say Hocus Pocus, wiggle your ears three times, scrape the sand aside with your left foot, then look down and there she is.

There are some who are against the enforcement of the laws for being as careful as we can. They always pick some flaw in the way we go at it, or the evidence we get, and give some lawyer a fat fee and then in court make fun of the officers and citizens who are trying to do what they can to make things better. Every citizen is either for or against doing the right thing. If they would let it be known at all times where they stand, it would make the job of the officers easier."

Ed Jones, Sheriff

To add to the problems of keeping the peace, Ed was confronted with the growth and crime that followed a boom when a huge natural gas field was discovered in 1925. It became the world's largest shallow gas field with over 13,000 wells drilled. This turned Hugoton into a tent city boomtown overnight as people rushed to the area for work. Along with them came increased criminals and crime. It brought in those types that follow booms and even Bonnie and Clyde came through and stayed a few months. At this time, my father Carl became a deputy in the department.

Ed was term-limited, so when his son Carl was elected to replace him, he took on the motorcycle agency for Indian motorcycles that were the rage of the day and expanded it into the Chrysler car agency. I always wished I had inherited his entrepreneurial spirit and ingenuity, but I did not. The only thing that brought him down was the great depression, which caused the loss of a great deal of his net worth.

Since banks did not carry car loans in those days, he carried the paper on hundreds of sales. When the stock market crashed in 1929, he was ruined financially, losing what would be equivalent to millions of dollars in today's value. In his search for something to allow him to recover, he established a blacksmithing business in the building that had housed his car agency.

In the early thirties when the drilling for natural gas was at a high degree of activity, the industry called on his skills in sharpening the drill bits. After the drilling slowed and the drought worsened, he turned to serving the farmers, repairing their machinery and inventing and building farming equipment. Among his inventions was a chisel, which helped farmers to stop the wind erosion of the land by leaving deep crevices to catch and hold what little moisture fell. He also built a piece of equipment that made little dams, also for catching and retaining any rainfall. He built the first knife sheds to cultivate crops and remove weeds. He operated the blacksmith shop until 1937 when he acquired a farm in Arkansas and he and his wife retired. He and his wife's health caused him to turn the business over to his son Merle and he acquired a small farm in Arkansas. I remember he was a staunch Republican, and I can still see the large posters on the shop walls and the talk of elections.

He was especially popular with the kids, always having a penny or two for all the grandkids that stood around prancing on one foot then the other. My favorite memory is standing in his blacksmith shop and soon he would stick his hand into his pocket and out would come a penny or nickel for candy at the dime store. He would look up and grin and reach in the pocket

of his overalls then bust out in laughter as they rushed to the five and dime. He would also manage to buy hamburgers for the family when we came to town on Saturday. It seems to me a dollar bought 20 hamburgers at 5 cents each at Slim Brown's restaurant.

Grandpa and Grandma died about a year apart with Grandmother having a stroke and passing in about 1943 and Grandpa dying in 1944. Aunt Hattie was unmarried and lived with them so she stayed on the farm. I had probably the closest relationship with Grandpa because he was such a warm and friendly man. He had a laugh that was infectious and he had a wonderful personality. Grandma was a large woman and a very loving and caring woman and my best memories of her were when she cared for me after I was recovering from my burns.

If I could have a nice long talk with my grandparents now and learn about their life and dreams and their views, it would be wonderful. I wish I had been able to establish a deep relationship with them. But times were hard and there was not time or opportunity for them to spend other than working to make ends meet. I was not old enough or alert enough to question them about their feelings and cannot benefit from their wisdom and experiences. I would like to ask Grandpa how he kept his sense of humor and pleasant outlook in the face of many adversities and it would have been so wonderful to have their stories in print. I wish I could have inherited Grandpa's great personality and outlook on life—his sense of humor and his super laugh.

Sheriff Carl Jones

My father, Carl Edward Jones was born in Crestline, Kansas, which is in the southeastern lower part of the state October 14, 1897. At a very young age, he traveled in a covered wagon with his family to the homestead. His father worked away from home and Dad, being the eldest boy at eight or nine years old, was put in charge of running the homestead. He completed only three years of formal schooling but taught himself and was able to read and write well.

Dad was also surprisingly good at math and other business matters. The early demands put upon him maybe prepared him for what was to come. He was a handsome man and married a beautiful neighbor girl, Catherine Marie Kascak, on August 22, 1918. Mother was born on November 6, 1897, so they were both 21 years old.

While both Ed and his son were fine keepers of the peace, each used different methods. Ed used his personality and was more flexible. Ed was effective using gentle reasoning when possible, his jolly laugh disarmed most, and he was able to keep the peace and made few enemies. At age 31, Sheriff Carl was elected to the office in 1928 following his popular father Ed. Carl was different from his father. Everything was black and white with no gray areas. Without a doubt, Carl was elected because of the great admiration the community had for his father and his promise to be just as diligent in preserving the peace. Carl was a strict enforcer of the law, a highly principled man, harsh in carrying out his duties. The following story is one example of this.

As he drove into the yard, two barking dogs met him. When the Mrs. answered his knock at the door, Sheriff Carl said "Tie up your dogs or I am going to have to shoot them". He explained that he had orders from the State of Kansas Health Department to take that action because of the spread of rabies in the county. "But", she protested "We have never had them tied before and we just couldn't do that to them now". Sheriff Carl said, "I am sorry but I have my orders and I will shoot them if they are not tied". The lady, obviously believing that he would not, answered "Well I guess you will just have to shoot them". Without another word, Carl

leveled his revolver and shot both dogs. He then turned to leave. The husband came running up from the barn and asked what was going on. Crying she said, "He shot our dogs". A long and bitter relationship resulted from that occasion and it and other factors caused many to want him out of office. He made many enemies from such incidents and his unwillingness to cut the "important people" any slack, ultimately led to his defeat in the next election. Another factor that played against him was his marriage to "one of those," a Roman Catholic. Many held that against him, which was the prevailing attitude of many in those days. He also caused some anger with other county employees when they were all ready to get new furnishings for their offices. He would not go along saying "We can make do with what we have."

It was a stormy two years for Sheriff Carl but it did not change his life-long belief that everyone should be treated equally under the law. The community was in the middle of the boom and the effects of Prohibition. The county provided a house for the sheriff and his family, which consisted of five children ages 9, 7, 5, 3 and 1. A sixth was born near the end of his term. A part of the house also housed the women's jail and his wife Katie was the cook for all the prisoners, and jailer for the women. The men's jail was attached but separate, and it was the duty of the sheriff and his family to care for the inmates.

Now the first of several tragedies struck this young family on February 23, 1928 their third son Sammy died of meningitis and the fourth son Donnie Joe followed him in death March 9th of that year also of meningitis. Several other medical emergencies followed with sister Catherine and brother Carl hospitalized.

To add to the Sheriff's difficulties, the stock market crash started the years of the Great Depression, which brought more lawlessness. Since he was a "teetotaler" and Prohibition was still the law, he prosecuted those that were making illegal liquor and bringing it in from outside with a vengeance. Probably his hatred stemmed from the fact that several of his own brothers had drinking problems. To make matters worse, his deputy was shot and killed in an alley

A story uncovered some 20 years later reveals just how incorruptible Sheriff Carl really was. Defeated in his bid to retain the office, he was finishing his term as a lame duck. Some thought this offered a great opportunity to use him to their advantage. In addition, they seemed to think that the fact that he had just buried two sons and was heavily in debt must make him susceptible to being on the take. A plan was hatched to get him to look the other way, giving them some time to operate freely. With a hidden witness, he was offered several thousand dollars to ignore their operations for the remainder of his term. He was so infuriated by the attempt, he told the man offering the bribe to be out of town before sundown or he would personally see him sent to prison. At Carl's death in 1964, the witness made this confession to his son: "I confess and yet I offer NO apologies for what my life has been in the 90 years and counting."

Carl was defeated for a second term came as the 1929 crash occurred and brought financial ruin on Ed Jones. This left my Dad, who had spent his formative years in law enforcement, to weather the coming hard times without a job and with a family of five kids during the Great Depression and the coming Great Dust Bowl.

As the Great Depression grew deeper and the drought continued year after year, conditions grew progressively more desperate for the family. If one was to draw a target, Hugoton was right at the dead center of the Dust Bowl.

Chapter 2: Orville Bruce Childhood

My Life Begins in Jail

Our family started in a small shack about ½ mile south of the Kascak place. My sister, Kathryn Mabel, was born there August 2, 1919, the first of seven children. Granddad, Grandmother, and Hattie moved off the homestead to Hugoton and we moved to the homestead. My brothers Edward Carl (April 6, 1921), Sammy Robert (1923), and Donnie Joe (1925) were born there. Then we moved into Hugoton and Dad became a deputy under Grandpa. I was born in Hugoton on May 9, 1927, which was a Monday. I was always under the impression I was born on Sunday, Mother's Day. Someone told me a long time ago that I was a Mother's Day present she could not forget. The family had moved into the house that was also the women's jail and that fact has caused many surprised and humorous comments when I announce that I spent my first 3 years in a jail house.

I assume I was born at home since most were at that time. I know nothing about the event since no one has shared the particulars. Since I was the fifth child, I doubt if it was a red letter day for the family. I am pleased that I am a citizen by birth and that was my first blessing. But my biggest blessing was having the parents I had and the brothers and sisters who were to see me along my path.

My sister Eula Jo was born on February 7, 1929 and my brother Tommy Robert was born on February 2, 1931 after dad was defeated and we moved to the west of Hugoton in 1930. I do not recall anything about the birth of any of my brothers and sisters. But they were all very influential in my life.

I was not named after either of my parents. My oldest sister and brother were named for Mother and Dad. I was named after my Uncle Bruce whose real name was not Bruce but rather Wilbor Clair. I do not know where the Orval came from but it seems to me someone told me it came from a friend of the family. I am sorry that I never learned why or how my name was arrived at but I've been satisfied with the name except as you will note I did change the spelling of Orval to Orville. I don't recall why it was so important that I do that but it was changed when I entered the Navy. I've always been pleased to be a Jones and until moving to Grand Junction I never met another Bruce Jones. Even in the Navy where there were dozens and dozens of Jones but not one was a Bruce. Now here in Grand Junction there are at least two if not three others. The only time I was ever embarrassed about my name was several years ago when I returned to Hugoton on a visit. I was told of a horrible crime and murder committed by a Bruce Jones. I felt it tainted the name and I felt sure that some in the community associated the name and the incident to me. It still bothers me that my name was used by this sort.

I suppose for one that was born in a jail and spent his first three years in jail, everything after that would be anticlimactic. But I have skated on the edge for many of those 90 years. Now perhaps an explanation is appropriate regarding my "jail time". Since my father was the county sheriff in 1927, the year of my birth, we lived in the house provided for the family by the county. It also housed the women's jail adjacent to the separate men's jail. Mother was required to prepare the meals for the prisoners.

At age one I survived the contagious disease that took the life of two of my brothers. One of the prisoners that Carl arrested was a carrier of contagious diphtheria. My brother Sammy was three and my brother Donnie was five when both came down with the illness and died about three weeks apart. The rest of the family was quarantined and the other children and a year-old baby survived. The entire family became ill, but for some reason my mother, dad, my older sister Kathryn, my brother Carl Jr., and I survived. The county offered to pay for the burial but Dad said, "They are my boys and I will take care of my boys."

Homesteading

After leaving the sheriff's office my father spent a year assisting his dad in salvaging the building that housed the Chrysler agency and establishing a blacksmith shop. Granddad was able to survive by sharpening drill bits and other work for the drillers developing the world's largest shallow gas field, Hugoton Natural Gas Field. That field now encompassed all of western Kansas and the Oklahoma and Texas Panhandles.

Dad moved our family to the homestead in 1932 in an effort to save it. Each year we planted crops and each year we saw them dry up and die because no rain came. We watched each crop either burn by the hot dry winds or get cut off and covered up by the blowing dust that covered everything. The dust covered our machinery and even killed livestock. It was so fine it could not be kept out of anything, including food or drink. Several people in our town died from what was termed dust pneumonia. I still carry scars on my lungs caused by breathing dust, as did other family members.

The cost for seed to plant each crop with no return and fuel for tractors added to the problem of saving the homestead. We managed to keep the family alive with raising livestock for food but food for them was also difficult to get. We sold cream and eggs for what essential provisions we needed to buy and to clothe ourselves. Somehow, we managed to get the contract to bring water to the school, which had no water. For \$5 a month we loaded up a five-gallon milk can of water and brought it to the school. Our transportation to school was a horse and buggy that brother Carl Jr. harnessed up each day and on some very bitter cold days we rode to school with the can of icy water at our feet.

Regardless of what Dad tried, it was not enough to save the homestead from selling for unpaid taxes. In 1936 with the farm lost, Dad found an old abandoned farm with a two-room house that he rented five miles north of Hugoton. We again managed to survive by growing our livestock and chickens and selling cream and eggs. And again, we planted crops and the drought continued and the dust blowing intensified. It was to continue another five years.

Mother was very ill for a number of years starting in about 1933, suffering from severe headaches and blind spells, and was treated for four years by a quack doctor. Finally, in early 1938 Dad became so angry he forced her to go to another doctor—a doctor that a few years later was to save my life. After an examination, Doctor Boyce said, "I do not know what the matter is but it is so serious you must go immediately to Denver for treatment." Just recently I learned that Dr. Boyce was a highly decorated WWI veteran. President Wilson personally presented him with a presidential citation and two gold bars for outstanding bravery in action in France. He saved your Grandmother and your Grandfather Green's lives in the late twenties and he certainly saved my legs. So many owe him so much for his competent care and determination to win the battles of sickness and injury.

Mother died in Denver on August 1, 1938 on the operating table from a grapefruit-sized tumor on her brain. It was so large that surgery was too late to save her life. More difficulties faced the family as it dealt with the loss of the mother along with all the other challenges, and Dad with a family of five to keep alive and in school.

I do not remember much about Mother since I was only 11 when she died. One would think I would have some recall about her but she was very ill for the last five years of her life so it was difficult to establish any relationship. I remember her having terrible headaches and blind spells. I am told and I've seen pictures of her as a young girl that showed her to be a beautiful woman. I wish I did have memories of my mother but I just don't.

Before proceeding with my story I feel it necessary to say in spite of all the dire facts about my early years you should know I have had a much blessed and wonderful life. So, those good days will be coming up but first I need to record and describe the four great challenges in our early years my family had to survive. Circumstances all beyond anyone's control and giving my family very difficult times to just survive. They were the early tragic death of two family members followed by the triple whammy of the Great Depression, the Great Dust Bowl and the death of my mother.

Dad was left with a family of five. Kathryn was 19, Carl was 17, I was 11, Jo was 9 and Tommy was 7. It was at the height of the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl. Faced with this triple whammy Dad still refused to split up the family, even resisting the urging of family members to do so. Dad was showered with advice from well-meaning family and friends about what to do with us kids. He must split up the family he was told and "farm out the kids". There were offers from family to divide us and split us up. Dad was clear he was NOT going to separate the family. He said, as he had when two of his sons died from a contagious disease while he was the sheriff and the country offered to pay for their burial, "They are my kids and I will take care of them."

Because of the drought it was difficult to grow crops so the income from the farm consisted mainly of eggs and cream from our livestock. We survived by eating off the farm animals and what little we could buy with the egg money. The drought began to break in 1939 and we raised some crops. Slowly the Dust Bowl went away and we were able to raise better crops, which began to ease the financial crisis for the family.

The meat came from the farm animals we butchered and processed, and the basics were oatmeal and pancakes, which were prepared on the old coal-fired cook stove. That was it seven days a week there was no other choice. Maybe once a month we might buy a chunk of baloney, which was a great treat. Nothing but white bread, which sold for 5 cents a loaf. Very, very rarely maybe a cake but these were really occasions. We always had enough to eat but only because we had our meat and produce from the farm. It certainly was not a balanced diet or a good healthy diet but it was all we could manage.

I do remember gardens where we grew sweet corn and other veggies but we had such a lack of variety that we ate only corn for so as long as it was edible and we were sick of corn. We always had a watermelon and we waited with great anticipation for them to ripen. I remember some watermelon-stealing escapades and how frightened we were, stumbling around in the dark and finding melons too big to carry out.

My sister Jo at age 11 did most of the cooking and housekeeping. At age 13 I was assigned the chores and farm work while Carl was away on a job. Tommy, age 9, was pressed into service also and we all continued our education at the one room school two miles west.

The one big occasion for the family was our once-a-year trip to Dodge City 90 miles northeast to do our Christmas shopping. Each of us was given a dollar to do our shopping and we managed to buy gifts for everyone in the family and even one for Slim, a man that the family had taken in. It was on one of these trips that an event happened that has been talked about ever since. On the way home, we stopped in Sublette to go to the bathroom. I was late getting out so when I got to the place where the car was it was gone. I've always believed they planned to abandon me but this is the story they tell. Brother Tom and I had received a new hat and they were down the road about five miles.

My older sister Kathryn was working in town and providing help and my older brother Carl Jr. became our second Dad, shepherding the family through the next three years. And this brother saved my life three years later and was my go-to person for the rest of his life. As I look back on these years and try to understand the hard treatment we received from Dad I now realize he must have been close to a mental breakdown with the nearly impossible task of keeping us alive. I was eleven and beaten often for small or no reason as was my little seven-year-old brother. We never knew what would set him off. When older brother was around he would stop Dad's tirades. My sister Jo was nine and she and I did the housework and she did much of the cooking. I and my brother Carl Jr. did all the chores of milking and feeding the stock.

So how does one fit a family of six into a two-room house? My older sister Kathryn was rooming in town where her job was and my Dad and sister Jo shared one room as their bedroom. The other room was the kitchen and general-purpose room where we all bathed in a washtub with water heated on a kerosene stove and the house was heated by a coal burning pot belly stove. There was a tacked-on porch that was unheated and a small building built around the well. We three boys slept in the well house with a man, Slim, that the family had taken in. It was mighty cold in the winter when the water would freeze six inches on the water barrel. We had feather beds that we used to keep from freezing. These were not good accommodations, let me tell you. I remember once when Brother Carl was bit on the lip by a rat while sleeping.

Brother Tommy, Jo, and I went to grade school at Fairview, a one-room school, about two miles north of the homestead. I remember the long cold rides every morning in a one-horse buggy. Carl cared for the horse after we arrived at school and hitched back up for the equally cold ride back home. Being a slow starter, I was held back one year and that put me in the same grade with my sister Jo. Our one sport was volleyball and we even won our area tourney and went to Liberal 35 miles away for a playoff.

Carl was a very proud man but reluctantly accepted county relief in the form of shoes and winter coats for the kids. I remember Dad being very harsh with us we all suffered several beatings for just being irresponsible kids. We did not know the pressures that he was under and how all these tragedies had pushed him to near insanity.

Kathryn married Murel Curtis on June 1, 1940 in Syracuse Ks. and they began to establish their home. Murel worked in the oil fields and they moved to Illinois in early 1941. Brother Carl married Verna Greenwood on May 31, 1941 and they moved onto a farm one mile north of us. Both Kathryn and Carl continued to concern themselves with us kids and assisted us in so many ways from that time forward.

My Accident

Then came another blow to the family when I was badly burned over the lower part of my body in an accident near our country school in December 1940. We were still slowly recovering from the results of the Great Depression, the Great Dust Bowl and the death of Mother. Finances were still tight and like so many others during that time, we obtained our tractor fuel from a free source. The Hugoton natural gas field covered much of southwestern Kansas and the Oklahoma and Texas panhandles. It was the largest shallow natural gas field in the world. Gas-gathering pipelines spider-webbed the entire area. In the production and transmission of natural gas, gasoline “dropped out” or was separated and collected in so-called ‘drips’. These ‘drips’ were installed in lower sections of the pipeline and the gasoline collected was called drip gas or by many locals “Midnight Bronze”. This latter name came from the fact that farmers only went out at night to blow these drips and collect the fuel in barrels.

Even though this fuel was normally vented to the atmosphere and wasted, it was illegal for people to collect and use because the State wanted to collect tax on all fuel consumed. It was only legal to collect and use the gasoline if one applied to the State and submitted to inspections and paid the tax. Most farmers were not able to pay the tax, so they resorted to “filling up at night”. Certainly they could be condemned for doing illegal acts but the company employees welcomed this “help” because if these ‘drips’ were not emptied then the gas flow in the pipeline impeded and eventually stopped. The gas company employees had to make regular rounds to blow the drips to the air or depend on farmers to do the work for them. For liability reasons they could not and would not openly encourage this practice but unofficially condoned the act. Today that byproduct is highly valued and pipeline companies collect, process, and market this added benefit.

The ideal conditions for this “fallout” were on the coldest nights, which added to the very high pressures and caused considerable discomfort and danger in the collection. The fluid came out under pressures of 350 to 400 pounds with an occasional chunk of ice from moisture that accumulated along with the gasoline.

It was on a cold December night in 1940 we were out making our usual rounds collecting our fuel for the next years farming. On this outing, which could have been the last night of my life, Dad, brother Carl and I were busy blowing a drip and collecting gasoline in buckets, which I carried to the pickup and Dad then poured it into barrels. Carl was operating the valve to regulate the flow of gas, and here is where there is some confusion about who, what, when, and how events occurred. As I remember it (and brother Carl remembers it a little differently), I was holding the hose in the bucket and my hands were almost frozen even with the rather thin gloves. A chunk of ice came through the hose and dislodged my hands. The hose flew out of the bucket across my legs and towards a meter house on the wellhead. Unknown to us, and a rare event, this well had a small heater installed to keep the well from freezing. There was a sudden explosion and the entire low area around the site was engulfed in flames. With the quick action of Carl shutting off the flow of gas and liquids a complete disaster was avoided. With the fuel feeding the fire gone it quickly died except for my burning pants and Carl’s gloves. I was in shock and disoriented and did the natural but wrong thing. I began to run around and thanks again to the quick action of Carl, who caught me and threw me on the ground, dousing the flames with dirt my life was saved.

The pants I wore were corduroy and they had made a perfect ‘chimney’ effect on my legs. I had socks on with elastic in the tops and the deepest burns were at these bands. On later examination, the pants were hardly scorched and showed little sign of the fire but not so with my legs. Dad and Carl rushed me to Hugoton, about eight miles, and began a search for a doctor. It was then about 10 PM and we were lucky to find Doctor Boyce in the usual place, a beer hall on Main Street. He examined me on the sidewalk and as they dropped my pants the skin on the legs slid down with them. I was in a state of shock and he took me into his office and began treating that life-threatening situation, staying with me until he was sure I was out of danger. Then he began treating the burns on both legs from my thighs down. Because of these burns, I missed the last half of eighth grade as I was moved into my grandmother and granddad's house in Hugoton and the treatment continued for the next several months. The burns would not heal and infection known as proud flesh began threatening the loss of both legs.

There was no possibility for hospitalization, so I was placed in my Grandmother Jones' bedroom where I remained for about four months. Initially the county health nurse came daily to change the dressings. Later my Aunt Hattie and Grandmother learned how and changed the dressings and applied the ointment. I eventually took over dressing my legs and actually got very good at wrapping the wounds. Dad used to carry me around town and I particularly recall the time he carried me into the barbershop for my first hair cut by anyone except Dad.

Through it all Dr. Boyce was always the overseer and careful observer without regard to expenses, all of which he bore himself. His immediate treatment and close watch pulled me through the initial shock and early healing of the lightest burns. While Doctor Boyce was an excellent doctor and his treatment was critical to my recovery, he did hit the bottle. However, this never interfered with his treatment of me and his other patients. The deeper burns would not heal and other treatment was needed. The family's funds were drained and one day Dr. Boyce said there was nothing more he could do. This is another example of where Dr. Boyce excelled, knowing when he needed to call in help.

He had arranged for me to be admitted to the Crippled Children's Hospital in Kansas City, 500 miles away. He was going to drive me there in his car knowing the family did not have the resources to manage that. Within two days, he loaded me up and we drove to Wichita. Besides being a great doctor, he was a good and kind man. In packing for the trip I put my three dollars in my bag and he put it in the trunk. I told him I needed to get my money so I could buy something. He told me I did not need it and he paid for everything on the trip. I am certain my three dollars would not have made a dent in the expenses.

The trip to Denver was memorable for several reasons. He took an old drinking buddy with us and they sat in the front seat drinking and chewing tobacco and spitting out the window. They would take turns taking a big slug from the bottle and I remember their horrible faces after each drink as if it was terrible stuff. They would then take a big chew of tobacco, I assume to cut the taste. They would spit out their car window and as I sat in the back seat the residue came back in on my face, which became somewhat spotted with the juice. When they opened the door to get me out and saw my face covered with the tobacco juice they were so ashamed. They cleaned me up and put me to bed and stayed up talking into the night.

We had an overnight stop at a doctor friend's house in Wichita and I remember lying awake listening to the three men talking and drinking. All of a sudden, the door opened and a man came in with an emergency. I heard loud noises and screams coming from another room.

They were obviously treating someone. He was a service station attendant. In those days, stations had a hose that ran across the driveways. When a car drove over it, a bell rang inside the station to let the employee know there was a customer. He had made a quick trip to the bathroom and on hearing the bell zipped up but caught his penis in the zipper. He was in awful pain as the surgeons worked to solve this problem. After the work was successfully finished and the man had left, I remember the loud laughing that went on in the living room.

I was admitted to the hospital in November 1941 where I was to remain for about five months. I want to begin this next chapter of my life story with some comments that I cannot explain. Through my life and in the years I have already written about I cannot understand what was driving the events. I think the words of the author of "Kon-Tiki," Thor Heyerdahl, expressed my feeling about this life in his Foreword to the 35th anniversary edition: "Some people believe in Fate, Others don't, I Do and I Don't." In explaining further he said, "It may seem at times as if invisible fingers move us about like puppets on strings. But for sure, we are not born to be dragged along." That is where I come down. I Do and I Don't, but there have been many things that came to pass in my life, which makes me believe that I must have been directed because of the blessings I received—certain people caring for me at the just the right time and place.

I must accept that sometimes I was directed or lead by a power beyond myself. I know I had nothing whatsoever or anything to do about where I would be born or to what family I would be born into. How can I explain my good fortune of having such a remarkable family or how else can I explain the good fortune of marrying the love of my life Patricia and sharing 66 years of life together? Just luck or was I directed? Now I do know there were times when I took off on my own and choices I made dictated what resulted. There are other times when good things happened to me that came out of the blue.

I do know many wonderful people appeared in my life at just the time I needed them and they made great contributions of love and care. That was certainly the case with Doctor Boyce, who took it on himself to treat me and then take me to get care when he knew he needed to find me help that was beyond his abilities. That is the kind of doctor all of us need—one that admits his limits and sees that you are placed in the hands of those who can help. Doctor Boyce was credited by Patricia's parents for saving their lives years earlier as he slept on their couch to see them through life threatening crises.

So there I was, a near 12-year-old boy admitted to the Crippled Children's Hospital in Kansas City, alone and "a million miles from home" (really 500 miles but it might as well been a million). The first question that was asked, was could my legs be saved? What could be done to save them with proud flesh so present? There was a relatively new method they thought might work, but it was experimental. And if it had a chance of being effective, the wounds must be cleaned and all effects of the months of treatment removed, leaving the wounds in the rawest and bloodiest condition possible. The decision was made to attempt a skin grafting of skin taken from across my abdomen and to sew it over the wounds on both legs. Whether this would be a success was totally unknown and I became the object of much interest with doctors by the dozens following my progress.

At the hospital they began preparing me for the very new technique of skin grafting. In order for this procedure to work, the burns had to be completely clean and raw. The months and months of dressing with the ointments had caused the wounds to become proud flesh and that had to be reversed. The proud flesh had raised the area above my skin on both legs from my

knees down. The process used to clean the areas was to wrap the wounds with dry gauze, pour sterilized water over them, and let them dry. After they were completely dry, the bandages were cut and ripped off the bloody, raw wounds. It was the most painful thing I have ever experienced and I begged and pleaded with them to stop each time it was done, and it had to be done many times. My screams caused the nurses great sorrow. I could see it in their faces as they had to cause great pain for me. Of course, it had to be done, and I made their life hell because they hurt as much as I did during the operation. My screaming and pleading did not stop the treatments, which went on for several weeks before all the signs of the contamination were gone and left a good surface for the grafting.

After a few weeks, it was deemed that there was enough raw flesh to attempt the operation and the grafting was done. Then everyone waited to see if it would take or if it would fail. About the fourth day there were signs that the skin from my abdomen was showing signs of growing with some pinkness around the edges. Then the miracle was confirmed in the next week that it was successful and celebrated by the many who had been watching and holding out hope while learning a new method of treatment.

There were a few other scary procedures that followed, but from there on it was a matter of weeks and weeks of healing before I was to be released to go home. As I lay in my hospital bed that December 7th, I remember listening to the report of the Pearl Harbor attack and then the country entered the war.

I wanted to get this addition into the record. As I wrote this late last night I was struck remembering the overwhelming kindness and remarkable professional care I received from perfect strangers while being treated in Kansas City. The hospital staff more or less adopted me since I had no family close and treated me like family. I did have a surprise Christmas visit from my oldest sister Kathryn and her husband Murel, who drove down from his job in Illinois. This was an outstanding event in the life of this 13-year-old boy. While all the doctors, nurses and staff in the hospital were so kind to me, the lack of money had prevented any of my family to come from Hugoton, which was 450 miles away. They brought me gifts and one in particular stands out in my mind. It was a small radio that I delighted in listening to even after lights out. The nurses would tell me to shut it off but I would cover it with my blanket and muffle the sound, breaking the rules. Kathryn and Murel wanted to bring me Christmas dinner and asked what I wanted. I told them I had seen a place across the street that advertised three cheeseburgers for a dollar and that was what I wanted. I got what I wanted for Christmas dinner.

As I began to recover from the surgery, the doctor told me one of these days they were going to do something drastic. I kept asking the nurses what that meant and they would say, "We will see." The grafting was a 95% success but there was one small place that continued to be a remaining problem. They planned a second operation to repair that and found a stitch from their sewing had not been removed. That was the drastic thing they did. They made the mistake of giving me a wheelchair and I made a nuisance of myself wheeling up and down the halls and bumping into people around corners. After several kind talking to's, I restrained myself and slowed the speed down. Just stupid stuff a 13 year-old would do after being restricted to bed for more than a year.

One thing that I had to do was to learn how to walk all over again. It had been over a year since I had walked. The first time they stood me up, I felt I was 15 feet tall and could not get my

feet to move. But everything was looking up and I would soon be released from the hospital and put on the train for the trip back to Liberal to my waiting family.

Reflecting on this event in my life I know that I did not fully appreciate all the people who showed me such kindness. The caregivers who were so gentle and competent, the family members who not only became caregivers but also loved and put up with me. I was surrounded by people in the community that expressed their concern and support. When I needed people they were there even though the family could manage but very little of the expense. From this experience, I now know that some are trapped in circumstances not of their own making. I cringe when I hear those who put all in need in the category of losers, lazy or inferior. I remember my intensely proud Republican father having to take relief from the county for winter coats and shoes. I can still see the great shame on his face when his \$600 John Deere tractor was repossessed because he could not make a payment of a few dollars. Without the assistance from the government and the generosity of so many, I don't want to think what would have happened to the family. Certainly my life would have been quite different and perhaps much shorter.

When I was ready to be discharged there was no one to take me home. Hospital personnel took me to the train station and saw to it that I got on the train to Liberal, Kansas. Liberal was on the main line of the railroad and only 32 miles east of Hugoton. The ride was very long and slow and I spent the time anticipating how the family would react to me walking off the train and into their arms. As the train pulled into the station, I saw Dad and my brothers and sister waving and ready to welcome me home. What a glorious sight and great homecoming for me. I was home with my family and ready to begin life anew. *"People who Need People are the luckiest People in the World". Yes I was!!*

Young adult hood

I had missed lots of schooling—the eighth grade and half of my freshman year in high school. I had taken special classes and been tested by the County Superintendent to pass the eighth grade and I was allowed to enter high school at midyear on my return. My legs were still very tender so I had to wear high boots to protect them. For much of that school year and the next I wore boot pants and lace-up boots. I must have looked like a gestapo. As kids will do, I was the butt of lots of jokes for my strange attire. My sister Jo was now one-half school year ahead of me but I completed high school in three and one half years to graduate with her.

We all worked hard and conditions gradually began to improve. We raised some good crops and by the time I had returned from Kansas City Dad had managed to get Jo and I a 1932 coupe for us to drive to Hugoton for high school, about 6 miles. I volunteered for the U.S. Navy in 1945. That is why I have always been a student but never a graduate. Not able to graduate with my classmates from grade school and I was on my way to Great Lakes Naval training center when they called my name and Dad made the trip up to receive my diploma.

Dad was failing in eyesight and with me gone, farming was too much for him. He moved the family, which now consisted of just Jo and Tom, to Hugoton. From that time forward, we saw a change in him and we began to realize what he had done for us. On my shore leave home before shipping overseas, he was so proud of me and I was proud of him. I began to realize just how much he had given of himself to carry us through and my respect and love for him grew. He finally remarried in 1947 when he felt his duty to his family was finished. He continued to help

us with counsel and in other ways until his untimely death in 1962. We felt a great loss and much of what is good in us came from this good man.

Other Early Memories

One of my earliest memories was playing with an old truck tire and it fell on me breaking my leg. I must have been about three and I have little recall until about six or seven.

The first radio I can remember was a small table model and we all crowded around it to listen to Jack Armstrong, The All American Boy, Amos and Andy and other shows of the day. There was a grove of mulberry trees just north of the house and I remember climbing them and sitting in them eating mulberries until my hands were black. We also picked them and a bowl of them sat on the table with sugar for dessert when they were in season.

My Grandfather Kascak's farm was two miles west and I can picture the long lane that lead to the house, which was lined with large hedge apple trees and we used to have a ball using these for balls. I don't know of any good use for these to this day but they made great balls to throw and they were the only things we had to play with.

Most of my friends and playmates were fellow students at the country school I attended. My first grade was in a school close to Uncle Bob Hess's farm. It was called Pleasant Valley. I cannot remember this at all but I do remember attending Fairview School. It was located about two miles north and one-half miles east of the Jones' homestead. I believe my first five grades were here and my sister Jo and brother Carl attended with me. We rode horses the first year or two and when Jo started we somehow acquired a one-horse buggy. Mind you, this was an open buggy, no heaters and no radios. We were frozen stiff when we arrived at school and still had to care for the horse so we would have horsepower for the trip back home.

There was very little time for fun and games. In fact, I don't recall any games except later playing volleyball for the school at Hillcrest. We did make homemade kites from newspapers. The glue was a mixture of flour and water. I do not recall toys except those we made by ourselves. We rolled old tires and made stilts from cans and later higher ones from lumber that would put us in the air about two feet. We thought we were ten feet high and what fun to try and walk as fast as we could without falling. We certainly received at least one toy at Christmas but none special that I can recall. As for major toys such as a bicycle there were very few in the county so it was an impossible dream and I don't remember being disappointed because we knew these things were out of the question.

I have wished many times in my life that I had learned how to play a musical instrument. There was little opportunity in school and no opportunity in the home. There was no money for lessons or instruments.

The only transportation for us was the horses, the buggy and on a rare occasion, a trip to town in the 1936 car that was impossible to start. I recall Dad pulling it all over the farm trying to get it started. First, he would use the horse and when they tired he would switch to the tractor. It was a beautiful car and we were very proud of it but it just would not start. I remember being allowed to make a trip to Colorado with my Uncle Joe and Uncle Mike in their brand new 1936 Chevy.

The only family pet I remember well was a Shepherd dog named Sport. He was a great working dog and was with us for years. I can remember Dad sending him out to bring in the

cows and he was a master at doing this. We always had a patch of Sudan grass that the cows were in and the height of this completely hid the cows but old Sport brought them in without fail. The loss of him was a family tragedy but I believe old age was the cause. We did have ducks and I suppose a pet cow but they left no impression. It is very beneficial for young people to have the responsibility for a pet. The important point is that it be their pet with full responsibility for its care. During this time old Sport was still our only pet that I can recall.

I must tell you the story about the baby ducks. They were hatched out and were about three weeks old. I put them in the horse tank for a swim but when I remembered them again later it was too late. They had drowned, perhaps not able to swim well and being left too long.

All of my education through the eighth grade was at country one-room schools. I attended three in all but the one I remember most was Hillcrest, which was about three miles west of the farm we moved to in about 1937. I completed the fifth grade through the part of the eighth grade there. We had a volleyball team that played other schools but mostly we were limited to schoolyard play with classmates. I only completed a part of the eighth grade because I was burned in an accident and could not complete the year.

Anyone who hasn't attend a one-room country school could not fully appreciate what a unique situation it is. It was the early form of the later version of the open-concept system. They talk now of classrooms being too crowded and the difficulties of teachers. Imagine being a teacher who is responsible for teaching eight grades and up to 30 students with all of them in the same room at the same time. It was a marvelous experience and even though the conditions were quite severe, I will be forever grateful to those dedicated teachers.

I must insert a fact that most do not know. I started school at an early age and it was soon obvious to my teachers and parents that I was in over my head. The wise decision was made to hold me back for the second grade. My sister Jo started early and with my year holdover we came to be in the same grades thereafter. We walked to the school and usually with our neighbors the Hamilton's, Robert, Audine and Hazel, who lived about 3/4 mile closer. Although we played together, we also fought each other. I have no idea about what, but we were always involved in some disagreement. I recall the time Audine hit me over the head with her lunch pail.

I was not involved in clubs at school because we were needed at home to do the chores. Certainly, a childhood with less stress might have been more desirable, but the one I had made me what I am today. I am stronger because of this harsher climate and heavy responsibility. We all had to pull together and had no other choice. There was no such thing as junior high when I was attending school. I went from the eighth to high school. As I mentioned earlier, I did not complete the eighth grade. I finished the eighth grade by taking special exams to qualify for my diploma. I entered high school at mid-year 1941, which made it very difficult for me.

I was not active in church during my adolescence and for that matter was not active in any activity outside of the family farm. My sister Jo and I attended high school together and except for an occasional stop at the drug store for a Coke, we went straight home to do chores. The responsibilities at the farm kept us out of all school activities and Dad was not a church-goer so church was out. I do recall attending church on a few occasions but they were extremely rare. As I said earlier, there was no opportunity to participate in after-school sports. I must also admit that there was no great desire or ability so other than wishing to hang out it probably was just as well that the farm called for my time.

We always enjoyed the occasional camping or fishing outing. We did not travel far and there was little within a hundred miles. I remember the trips to Meade Lake, approximately 40 miles east. Also, there were the fishing trips to Northfork, which was by Ulysses, Kansas, about 20 miles north.

I had no hobbies that I can recall. It just seemed that the business of surviving was so totally consuming that all else was lost. Much later, I did lots of dancing but not during this time period. I worked on the family farm through most of this period. After my brother Carl married and left I was responsible for driving the tractor in the field and helping with the chores. I did work out one summer when I was about 14 for a big farm to the north and east. I received \$16.00 for 31 days of work at 50 cents a day and a bonus of 50 cents at the end of my time. I worked from daylight to dark, first doing the chores (milking the cows, etc.), then driving the tractor through the day and then finishing the day by doing the chores at night.

When I got my check, Dad took it and said I should invest it so I bought a calf with my summer earnings. Some of it went to pay bills and buy groceries. One incident that is burned into my memory is when the family pooled all its funds and managed to have 38 cents—enough to buy a peck of potatoes.

I do believe it is important for teenagers to have a job and be responsible for performing services. It teaches them how to be productive and much about human nature. They also learn how to get along with fellow coworkers and the public, which will serve them all their lives. There should be some opportunity to participate in school activities if they will but there should also be jobs and if they do not have good interest in school activities that either help develop their social graces or their organizational skills then working on jobs is better time spent. There should be some time for recreation but care should be taken that all is not fun and games.

The first vehicle I learned to drive was the farm tractor and other equipment. My sister Jo and I drove to high school in a small coupe that Dad acquired for us. I remember it well as it had a rumble seat in the back. It was a fun car for us and gave us freedom from having to ride with the Hamilton's.

I suppose Dad taught me to drive but it may have been my brother Carl. I do not recall having any close calls, but there were surely some. Dad acquired a "cabover" truck to haul grain and it was a fun vehicle and a strange looking thing. I remember a 1936 Ford pickup that we had for many years and a small Fordsen tractor. Also, the only new piece of equipment I can remember us ever having was a Model A John Deer tractor. It had rubber tires with the front wheels in the center of the front. We farmed with it two years, I believe, before it was repossessed because we could not make the payments.

I remember that as the wind blew the sand about we sometimes could not get the front door open because of the sand drifts. It was a barren, sad-looking place and the old barn was almost covered by the blowing sand. How we survived, I'll never know but as the drought began to end there were crops and some greenery around the place that took away some of the drabness.

As I have stated earlier, it was essential that all of us carry heavy responsibilities. It surely was united we survive and divided we starve. I remember having to milk to do and feeding the farm animals. We also worked in the fields pulling weeds and helping with the harvest. I began driving the tractor at the age of 13.

I still remember one particularly time when Dad beat me harshly for letting the cows get out. I guess I was assigned to watch them and did not do my job. Dad was subject to losing his temper and only now do I know that some of that was from the heavy worry he had trying to keep his family of five children together without his wife.

We were just kids and of course we did not always satisfy Dad and usually we were punished hard. I remember the terrible milkings late at night and on those cold, cold winter nights. The cows were not always cooperative and many is the time they kicked the bucket over and I had to go into Dad with an empty pail. We had a one-legged stool to sit on and in the summer the flies would bother the cows. The natural reaction was for the cow to switch their tails and, of course, the milker got it up the side of the head and across the face. After milking, we had to separate the milk, which was a lengthy process. The separator was a machine that had a hand crank and the milk was poured into a large tank at the top. As it passed through a series of disks the cream was separated from the milk. I never did know how it did what it did and didn't care because it was such a pain washing the separator after the job. The cream money was very important to the family economics and this provided all the income during the drought.

As I was growing up, the price of a postage stamp was 3 cents. A penny would buy a candy bar and an ice cream cone was a nickel but might as well have been a dollar because we did not have the nickel. A gallon of gas sold for 13.9 cents. For 25 cents we could go to a double feature movie and have all the treats we could eat. A coke was a nickel and today that same coke cost 70 cents. That same 3-cent stamp is today 29 cents and wages of the day were \$1.00 and that was not an eight-hour day. It was from daylight until dark.

I do not recall many family reunions. I do remember some get-togethers where we made ice cream in the hand crank freezers and had dinner together. There were frequent times when Grampa Jones would buy hamburgers and we would stay in town for supper. I do not remember a birthday of mine so there must not have been any gifts or certainly no parties.

I was a rather tall, skinny kid—not attractive for sure. My clothes were hand-me-downs and always fit poorly. I probably wasn't clean and certainly later years proved that I did not take care of my teeth. I do not know when I had my first toothbrush, and I was at least 12 before I had a haircut in a barbershop. Dad always cut my hair and he was no barber let me tell you. He also repaired all of our shoes and I can remember many times having cardboard in the soles to keep the cold out.

I was serious and relatively shy and quiet. I remember one time Uncle Bruce came out to the farm and I showed him around. He was impressed with how grownup I acted and talked and he commented to Dad about it. The happiest times I recall were the trips to Liberal when Dad would treat us to a big ice cream cone at Fairmonts. The best memory is when I knew I would be able to walk and my legs would heal. After being bedfast for over a year it was wonderful to stand on my own two feet.

The saddest memory was the death of Mother and seeing Dad as he returned from Denver with her. I was very sad when Dad would beat one of us kids. The years have not removed the pain and sadness of that time but I have a better understanding of Dad's pressures and the terrible tensions.

In about 1937, Dad brought home our first radio. It was a table model with a small dial and rounded on the top. I remember crowding around the little box, because the volume was not

all that good, and listening to Amos and Andy, Jack Armstrong the All American Boy, Inner sanction and Mystery Theater.

Listening to music was not important to me because we did not have an opportunity to develop a liking. I miss the fact that I was not exposed to such things so I could appreciate them. Perhaps I could have been a musician had I been able to have a try at it.

I had lots of aunts and uncles but none made a great impact on my life and I did not have a close relationship with any of them. Aunt Hattie was probably the one I remember and knew the best. I also remember Uncles Joe and Mike as well and Uncle Steve who had a stiff leg. He was wounded during World War I and his kneecap was blown off. Uncle Joe was gassed during the war and was always sickly. I always enjoyed Uncle Bruce for his good humor and stories.

I do not know why there wasn't more contact and more memories of the relatives. I had no particular friends except for my brothers Carl and Tom and my sister Jo. We were friends and playmates and we looked out for each other.

In high school I had a good friend, Wendal Walker, and we argued and discussed topics of the day. I see Wendal about every three years at the class reunion. I also see Robert Hamilton and Junior (Otis) Farmer. Both were classmates of mine at Hillcrest School.

Again, I must say that there was no dating during these years. My sister Jo, my brother Tommy, and I used to go to the movies together on Saturday afternoons. We had to be back at the farm for the chores at night.

I first met Patricia when I was a sophomore in high school. I remember seeing her and her mother in front of the Ideal Food Store on Saturday afternoon and had a big crush on her from then until today.

I did not have a nickname until in high school. Someone turned my initials around and they began calling me B.O. At that time there was a character in Dick Tracy by the name of B.O. Plenty and that is where it came from. I did not like it because there was also a soap commercial that had a fog horn that went B.O. There were only one or two of my schoolmates that used it so it was not a big issue with me.

The nickname that stuck with me longer was the name Aunt Hattie gave me. She called me "Buddy" and my brother Carl shortened it to "Bud," which has stuck even to this day. I always liked it because it seemed to make me feel they used it out of fondness toward me.

I am sorry to say there were no goals in my life as a teenager. I was a late developer and only after I went to the Navy did I begin to decide I had a life of my own to take hold of. There were no expectations imposed on me by the family other than not to bring dishonor on the family name.

I think it is good for the young to contemplate what they would like to be but not to close in on a goal so firmly that no other options are considered. It may be dangerous for a young person to select a set goal to early in life. If they can identify their natural skills and likes clearly and pursue a course early in their education then it can speed up their preparation but if they travel down a dead end path to long then there is much lost ground to recover to change course.

I certainly did not learn about the birds and bees from Dad. I guess it came mostly from peers and from school conversations. In the proper setting, this subject should be approached and covered with children but I am afraid to delegate this to educators. However, I know most

parents either do not or will not take it upon themselves to educate their offspring. The important thing to guard against is the child making a mistake that damages them for an extended time. The long-term damage is the horrible price to pay for learning about sex.

I always looked to my brother Carl and my sister Kathryn for help and support during this time of my life. They were always there when I needed work, a place to stay and just to talk or for encouragement. Carl was more of a father to me during this period and Kathryn the mother I lost at age 11

As I have indicated earlier, I cannot recall much about Mother. Therefore, there could not have been a relationship beyond that of mother and child. If I could talk to Mother, I would tell her I want to know more about her life and dreams. I would like her to tell me about the things we did together and what she thought at my birth. I would tell her that I am sorry she had such a hard life and that we did not understand her illness. I wish she had lived to see her family grow up and to enjoy her grandchildren.

My relationship with Dad was based on fear. I feared him through my teens and until I returned from the Navy. Our relationship was much improved after I returned from the service. He was not so pressured with most of his family obligations over and he was semiretired. He was supportive and helpful, especially while we built our new home. But during my childhood, Dad was very strict and he beat us and talked harshly to us most of the time. Now I attribute most of this to the pressures of providing for a large family alone. Maybe if he had a softer life without the tragedies and hardships he might have been a different person and us as well. The relationship never was a warm one. Dad was not able to show affection and we did not learn how to either. Since Dad was under tremendous pressure, he was serious and hard. I did everything I knew how to help the family. We all tried to please Dad but always he was not happy. Finally, I think we quit trying and fought his harshness. We concluded that he was a mean man for no reason.

I now believe that Dad did the best he knew how in raising us but at the time I thought he was the meanest and most unfair man around. He was certainly an honest man and as the years passed, I admired him most for his honesty and willingness to do what was right for others. I wish things had been easier for him so he could have relaxed and enjoyed us and we him. He did not have an easy life and had too many pressures left on his shoulders. Dad was definitely a conservative Republican and a realistic. He was generally sad or angry and certainly very strict.

If Dad were here right now, I would tell him that I now understand why he was like he was. I appreciate all he did for me in seeing me through the accident and I wish life had been easier for him. I would thank him for being so strong and living a life that earned respect and honor.

Dad did implant on all of us that a person was only as good as their word. He was absolutely honest and a trustworthy man. He set a good example for us in that respect. He would not abandon us and he taught us how to survive and to stick it out in whatever we did. He was respected in the community and lived a life of decency and honor. He was a person that the family leaned on for help. When his Sister Aunt Hattie needed help, he was there.

I would have liked to have had a close and warm relationship with my Dad—one where we could have discussed his feelings and beliefs. I would have liked to have known him as a friend. I wish he could have had an easier life and enjoyed his family more.

Later in life he liked to fish, as did all the men in western Kansas but fishing was really scarce in those parts. He spent lots of time sitting on the street corner with his old friends. His last contribution to his community was serving on the cemetery board, and many commented that the cemetery was never better cared for than during his term. Dad also looked out after his sister Hattie and helped her through a tough time moving her back from a bad marriage.

I remember Dad's marriage to Margaret Brown in 1946 followed by Sister Jo and Ernie's wedding. I do not recall any other special days or celebrations. Jo and Ernie had gone together since high school and continued during our year at K.U. They had a June wedding in 1947 at the Methodist church and Ernie worked for Northern for a short time before moving to Denver to finish College at Denver University.

Brother Tom enlisted in the Army and was sent to Korea during that "police action". He was wounded twice once in the head and returned home with a medical discharge. He was to suffer from those wounds and the mental part of war until his early death.

I cannot leave this time without repeating how difficult and harsh these times were. They were hard for everyone and especially for us with all of the illness, deaths and the depression and drought all rolled into one. I really do not know how we survived at all and still all of us turned out pretty well. There was no such thing as junior high when I was attending school. At this writing I feel blessed that I came from the stock and circumstances that I did. I refuse to dwell on what might have been be that better or worse. The start I had has served me reasonably well and I remain grateful for the circumstances that formed my personality.

Chapter 3: The Navy

In the spring of 1945 as we were about to finish our last year of high school, I enlisted in the U.S. Navy since I was going to be 18 and subject to the draft. I wanted to pick my branch of service so I volunteered in March or April of that year. I was scheduled to graduate from high school in May but was in the Great Lakes Naval Training Center when that day came. That is why I have always been a student but never a graduate. I was told that Dad accepted my diploma in my absence. Of course, my sister Jo graduated at the same time so it was a big event for the family with two members getting their diplomas on the same day. After I entered the Navy Dad, Jo, and Tom moved to town. Dad's eyesight was failing and he could not continue to farm.

Why the Navy when living in Kansas I was as far away from the oceans as one could be? All I knew at 17 was someone told me that in the Navy one always had a warm, dry place to sleep; but they neglected to tell me, unless your ship is sunk. Because of the life-threatening burns I had suffered, everyone said "they will not take you." Well at that time, they wanted warm bodies and that I had. I left Dad with two at home, my younger sister and younger brother.

Here I begin my story and this is about my time in the services. A few scares but not much of real threat to body. As you will soon learn there was nothing glorious or heroic about my service. All I can say is I did as millions of others did, I answered the call of my nation to serve.

I, and three others from the area, were first sent to Kansas City by train where we stayed overnight in a basement of sorts. We were all frightened because we were small-town boys with no experience or exposure to the outside world. We then traveled to the Great Lakes Naval Training Center by train and spent our second night in a holding barracks. On the first night, I drew guard duty for the midnight to 6 AM shift. There was nothing to guard but it was part of the initiation and staying awake was difficult. It was the beginning of lots of guard duty guarding nothing.

They began processing us early next morning; we had physicals and were given uniforms and waited on assignment to a company. Companies for training purposes were about 200 men. I remember all of those "old enlisted", meaning those who had arrived a day before you, would yell at you telling you "just wait until they hit you with the square needle".

My three months of training Great Lakes, Illinois was mostly marching and marching and marching from daybreak to dark. I guess to make us disciplined. We had many shots and health exams and they looked at my legs and said, "Well you have a heart beat that is good enough." I was assigned to a company with those who accompanied me from Liberal, but on taking the first medical exam, I showed signs of sugar in the urine and was held over, losing my company assignment. I was about one week in this holding pattern before being cleared to catch another company.

While at the Great Lakes Center, I received my first pay. It was called a "Flying Five" and consisted of them handing me a five-dollar bill, then giving me a toothbrush, shaving gear, and some other toilet articles, and then at the end of the line, taking the five-dollar bill away. My regular pay was \$45 dollars per month on first entering and increased to \$50 per month after leaving training, half of which I sent home to the family, as was expected. Since all my needs—food, shelter, and clothes—were met by the Navy, I got along with \$25 a month and I even

managed to buy some tailored dress blues just before shipping out. As I recall, the cost of my new threads was \$12.50, half of my funds. I blew the rest on shore duty, leaving me flat broke for almost two months.

We were up at 4 AM every morning and out on the “Grinder” for drill practice. The Grinder was a huge asphalt field where all the men marched and marched and marched. The term Grinder came from the fact that it ground your feet off at the knees before you were through. I do not remember the length of training. I still do not know why it was so important that sailors know how to march.

I also was assigned for two weeks duty in the chow hall so by my third week in boot I had already had every rotten duty one could have in the mess hall. I peeled potatoes, scrubbed pots and pans and even the garbage cans so they “were clean enough to eat out of,” then was told to do the lids and make them shine. Every morning our barracks was inspected with the inspection officer wearing white gloves rubbing everything to see if he could get any dirt on them. He wiped every surface in the building including the bathroom. Many is the time we had to clean the bathrooms with toothbrushes because we failed to pass inspection. If we failed the inspection we had to scrub down the entire barracks using tooth brushes and spend extra time on the Grinder. We had regular bunk inspections and the bunks had to be made up so well and tightly that if you flipped a coin on the blanket it would bounce up. The inspection also included whether our pillows and folded blankets were in a perfect line. A line was actually strung from one end of the barracks to the other to check them out.

We each had a footlocker at the foot of our bunk and it was inspected every day. Our shoes were to be placed exactly right by the locker with a perfect shine on them. Our clothes were rolled and tied with a cord. We had navy whites as well as blues and these had to be as white as snow. Our washing was done by hand with bar soap after hours on the Grinder. We were usually so tired from marching that we fell into our bunks, but occasionally fights would break out and again the entire company was back out on the Grinder.

I finally received some training on the use of firearms and the duties we could expect once aboard ship. There were several classes taught by no-nonsense, mean, gruff old navy chiefs. Our company commander was a man mad at the world and particularly new recruits. I did have some good buddies and we all helped each other but if one of the guys was a goof-off and caused all of us to be punished we shaped them up in a hurry. I remember one guy that would not take showers and the whole company was punished. That night we took him into the shower and scrubbed him until he was blood raw. After that, he took the longest showers of all of us.

We also spent time in the pool attempting to learn how to swim. I was told I had to learn how to swim before I could complete my training. Time after time I was thrown into the pool and nearly drown but I just could not keep from sinking. I guess that was what caused me to sign up for a transfer into stevedore training. I recall standing guard duty over the USS Neversail, a wooden ship at the entrance of the Naval Station, and our duty was to march around it and protect it. As if it was going anywhere and it was threatened. In front of my company a call was made for volunteers to go to the stevedore training, which is learning how to load and unload ships on docks, and I held up my hand.

Now to explain about stevedore training. I was sent to Davisville, Rhode Island for stevedore training before getting my first leave to return home. Upon completion of training I was given a seven-day furlough on the very day my life was spared. That was the day President

Harry Truman made the decision to drop the atomic bomb, which brought the war to an abrupt end. Many experts and knowledgeable individuals have concluded the land invasion of Japan would have resulted in the death of as many as two million American troops and more than twenty million Japanese because that was the state of mind of all their people who had taken an oath to die rather than let their homeland be taken. These awful predictions caused him to reluctantly choose the option of using the A-bomb, knowing that hundreds of thousands of innocents would die but far less loss of lives. History records the first use of nuclear weapons, which happened as we were making our way across the country. We were being readied for that invasion and very probably I would not be alive today to write of this adventure along with millions of others.

I rode the train home in July for a week's furlough. The war had just ended in Europe and everyone at home said I was lucky and would not have to go overseas. That also proved wrong as had lots of other things I was told. It was great to be home and I had a good time walking around town impressing the girls and old classmates in my dress blues. The week passed quickly and then I headed back to the east coast. I recall going through Grand Central Station, the huge rail terminal in New York.

While I was on leave, the war ended with Japan. However, the long-range planning was still in full force, so I still expected to head out on a ship. I returned to Rhode Island and then the 600 of us were loaded onto a troop train bound for San Jose, California, the point of departure. The train was pulled by a coal-burning steam engine and we were in chair cars. It took us fifteen days as we sat for hours on end as more essential material was moved by. The coal dust on the windowsills was more than an inch high by the time we arrived and sleeping in those chairs for that long was miserable. We did have a dining car to eat in and we spent our time traveling up and down the train to stretch our legs. It was a miserable trip and there was only one incident that brings a smile to my face, recalling the boy from the east asking, "When will we be seeing the Indians?" as we moved across the west.

In San Francisco we were given a weekend pass and I spent my monthly pay of \$50 quickly. I sent \$20 dollars home to Dad and I blew \$20 on a set of tailored "dress blues" and having my picture taken. I don't know where the other \$10 went but I do know I boarded the ship without a single nickel. For the next 31 days of our trip to Tokyo, I could not even buy a five cent candy bar that I craved.

On returning to base, I was notified that I had been transferred to the Seabees and assigned to a base in San Jose. Within three weeks of the war with Japan ending, we were loaded onto the USS Azalea City, a converted tanker that had been pressed into service to take us to Tokyo, now to assist in the occupation of Japan, rather than establishing beach heads. Most of us had signed up to serve our nation for however long it took for complete victory. We knew not how long our tour of duty would be, but it was referred to as a V6 term of service.

Since the war was only over a few days, we went overseas in a convoy. Communications were not the same as today and many of the Japanese were not informed that the war was over. In fact, there were people in remote areas that went weeks, months, and even years before learning that the war was indeed over.

There were 600 of us on the ship that was not designed to carry people at all and certainly no more than 400 so we were packed in like sardines. I don't believe the ship was even safe and seaworthy so we were lucky to have survived the typhoon that we faced later. The bunks were

stacked five high, and I drew the next to the top bunk. We could not turn over because the swag in the hammock did not give a person room to do so. In shipping out we went under the Golden Gate Bridge and the water is always rough as you leave the harbor. The first meal on the ship was wieners and sauerkraut. Many of us got our first taste of seasickness as we lined the rail up-chucking and some did not make it to the rail.

Other than being very long and with some minor rough seas the trip was uneventful. There was no fresh water on board for showers and if you have ever showered in salt water you know how pleasant that can be. It did rain a couple time and all hands were on deck to wash down with good rainwater. Arriving in Tokyo Bay we had another surprise, no one knew we were coming and there was no place for us. We were told to stay on board and wait for new orders. We did get a mail delivery as a barge came out with the mail and other supplies. The seas were rough and the barge poked a large hole in the side of the ship. A storm came up and it was difficult to make the repairs and we took on water. We were in the bay for about 12 days while repairs were made. During our time there we would throw our garbage overboard and the Japanese people in their little boats would pick it up for food and use. It was terrible to watch these defeated people and the horrible things their leaders had done to them. Finally, with the hole patched we were sent to Guam.

THIS COULD HAVE BEEN IT, THE END.

Would the emergency patch hold? We were about to find out as the USS Azalea City tossed like a cork in a typhoon as it headed to Guam. For two days the ship and its 600 passengers were at the mercy of the storm and close to the end of their tolerance. The waves were higher than the ship and we were tossed around like a toy boat. It was a miracle that the old boat stayed afloat as the rain and wind pounded us mercifully. The ship was no longer capable of taking this kind of pounding but managed to hold on. We were lashed to the ship to keep from being thrown overboard. One had to be careful not to be washed overboard as we made our way to the chow hall. Everyone was seasick and as you ate, trays would slide down in front of you with someone's up-chucked dinner. The old ship made it through the storm and we landed in Guam after 45 day on the water without touching land. You cannot doubt that many could not resist kissing the ground, me included.

Obviously, my life did not end with that frightening experience. But this was not the first or only close call I have lived to tell about. Everyone has had close calls during their lives and especially if they have lived a long life such as mine. In my case, I have had five potential life-ending events.

I was placed in the 44th Battalion and set to guard the ammunitions depot. I was kicked out of the jeep at midnight by the sergeant in charge of the huge ammunition dump at the Naval Supply Depot and was told he would check on me every two hours. He also reminded me that sleeping on duty was punishable by death. I was to walk the entire site and challenge anyone that may show up "Who goes there? Identify yourself". If I did not get the correct response with the password, I was to shoot to kill the intruder.

Some of the Japanese were still hiding in the caves, not knowing their country had surrendered. They continued to make night raids against American facilities, blowing up everything they could. They were still fighting the war and, of course, the ammunition storage areas were prime targets. No one really wanted to put their lives on the line to go hunt them out.

One of their favorite tricks was to light a fire so the guards were easy targets in the firelight. Here is one of their stories:

“After 28 years of hiding in the jungles of Guam, local farmers discover Shoichi Yokoi, a Japanese sergeant who was unaware that World War II had ended.

Guam, a 200-square-mile island in the western Pacific, became a U.S. possession in 1898 after the Spanish-American War. In 1941, the Japanese attacked and captured it, and in 1944, after three years of Japanese” occupation, U.S. forces retook Guam. It was at this time that Yokoi, left behind by the retreating Japanese forces, went into hiding rather than surrender to the Americans. In the jungles of Guam, he carved survival tools and for the next three decades waited for the return of the Japanese and his next orders. After he was discovered in 1972, he was finally discharged and sent home to Japan.”

I began to familiarize myself with my new “home”. It was a big area with long lines of crates stacked high. These were separated by a narrow passageway. I walked these many lines of stacked explosives that, if attacked and set ablaze, would have leveled half the island. The fact that I am writing this is proof that I survived another close call.

It was a frightening experience walking around those dumps in the pitch-black night, not knowing if or when you would meet either a Japanese soldier or an explosion. It was the most terrifying period of my life and thank God lasted only about three weeks, after which I was relieved and replaced by NP’s of the regular U.S. Navy. I also drew guard duty to guard prisoners on work details. Many were very good at drawing and I had several handkerchiefs with beautiful pictures they made for me.

Guam was beautiful, a tropical paradise with palm trees and sandy beaches. Initially we were housed in “Tent City.” There were four and sometimes five in the tent. Most of my roommates were named Jones. My closest friend was Les Jones and another was Lucky. His father was a doctor in St. Louis. We took pride in our tent and the area around the tent. They were not bad housing even though it rained several times a day. The temperature did not vary 10 degrees from 75. The odd thing was when it rained there was no thunder, lightning, or warning. It just started pouring and then stopped just as suddenly. We had outdoor theaters where movies were shown every night. They were along the beach and we sat on long benches under the stars with the sound of the waves in the background. Many went swimming in the tide pools. I went wading since I still could not swim and I remember large, black snake-like things on the bottom but when one stepped on them, just sea water came out. I did not know what they were but I assume they were harmless but not pleasant to step on. Our living conditions improved as the troops returning home left huts that provided better living conditions.

We experienced a terrible hurricane with wind so strong it blew over many buildings and palm trees. It lasted for two days and the wreckage left was unbelievable. We also had a tidal wave scare. It was reported to have 100-foot waves coming, which would flood all the island except the top of the mountain. They loaded us in trucks in the dead of night and drove us to the mountaintop to wait out the tidal wave. We waited through the night but it turned out to be mostly a false alarm because the wave that reached shore was only about 10 feet high. It was a frightening experience since the area we were at on the mountain was known to be the area that the holdout Japanese occupied.

With the war over the military began sending home as rapidly as possible those who had a long tour of duty there. Because of this, the Navy disbanded my Seabee unit and transferred me back into the regular Navy. I was assigned to work at the big Naval Supply Depot and to work records in the office. We were moved to new quarters as they were emptied out by those going home. These were metal huts that accommodated about 10. My job in the office lasted only about one month then I was transferred to the shoe warehouse. The Chief in charge of the warehouse was being sent home and I was promoted to Storekeeper 3/C and put in charge of the shoe warehouses. My new pay was \$85 a month—was I ever moving up.

The shoe warehouse was a series of ten huge, round-top buildings all connected together. We had shoes ranging in size from 4AAA to 14FFF and thousands and thousands of pairs. We had pallets stacked 30 feet in the air and used forklift trucks to store and retrieve the shoes when the 7th Fleet came in for supplies. The cigarette and candy warehouse was next to mine, separated by huge stacks of Pepsi-Cola in bottles. We would go back into the center of the stack and swipe some pop, using fire extinguishers to cool them down for drinking. That is how I got hooked on Pepsi, and with the cigarettes so close and so many free, I started smoking. I continued that bad habit of the next 25 years before finally quitting in 1968.

I remained in charge of the warehouse for 9 months and then we were sent home to be discharged. We sailed back on the U.S.S. Billy Mitchell. It was a regular troop transport designed for that use and it held 6,600 of us. There was a group of Marine and Navy personnel on board and the voyage was a comfortable 8 days in length. I was sent to Lambert Field in St. Louis for discharge in August 1946 and then returned home. I arrived home about September 1, almost 18 months after leaving but a much changed and world-wise young man of 19.

Most of my traveling was while in the Navy. I never dreamed that I would go from coast to coast and half around the globe—a Kansas farm boy on the world's largest oceans. It was a frightening and yet a wonderful opportunity to expand my horizons. However, my Navy travel was severely hampered by limited finances. Had I had more funds at my disposal I could have taken more advantage of the places I visited. There were times that I did not have even a nickel.

I would like to revisit Guam and I wish my brother Carl could have seen and opposite some of the things I was allowed to do. I would like for my children to have some of the same growing experiences. These were not under the best circumstances but rewarding and beneficial just the same.

Again, reflecting back on this event in my life I am proud of my service and profited from the experience. Most of my fellow veterans have said as I have “I would not take a million dollars for the experience but do not choose to do it again”. I very quickly grew into manhood and the exposure to the world broadened my horizons for the rest of my life. I cannot imagine what my life would have been like without this “adventure” shaping my life in so many wonderful ways. I probably would not have furthered my education, which would have changed all later opportunities. Because of these pluses, I firmly believe that some kind of national service should be required of all young people. One does not value something that has not cost them and citizenship comes at a price. The young would mature in ways they cannot otherwise do and have a pride that only serving can give.

The following is taken from my discharge papers; Ratings held, AS,(Apprentice Seaman), S2c,(Seaman second class), S1c,(Seaman first class), SK3c,(Storekeeper third class). Assigned to these stations, NRS Kansas City, Mo.,(where I was inducted), NTC Great Lakes,

Illinois, NCTC Davisville, R.I.(where I took stevedore training, the loading and unloading of ships), transferred to the Seabees at CBRD Camp Parks, Schoemaker, California, 7th NCB; NSC Navy 926 Guam. Transferred back into the regular navy and assigned to the Naval Supply Depot. Metals earned Victory and Asiatic Pacific. Received \$302.14 final mustering out pay, which included \$36.00 travel allowance to return to Hugoton from St. Louis, Missouri. Length of service one year four months and seven days.

Chapter 4: Kansas University

I don't know when the plan was hatched for Jo and I to enroll in college, but very soon after my return to Hugoton from the Navy in August 1946, we left for Lawrence, Kansas to enroll in Kansas University (K.U.) and to find housing. Dad went with us as we searched for an inexpensive apartment. We found a basement just off 14th Street, about 8 blocks from the campus, which was partly finished off as an apartment. The only problem was that it was straight up the steep hill of 14th. It had a hot plate for cooking, a bath, and some sleeping areas separated by hanging fabrics. Most of the basement was taken up by a huge furnace with many arms of ducts sending heat to the various rooms on the upper level. We had to go through the unfinished part of the basement and duck our heads to keep from hitting the ducts. The entrance was from the backyard down some cement steps. The rent was acceptable at \$25.00 per month and after all I was getting \$75.00 per month G.I. benefits for us to meet our expenses.

The owner was an elderly lady who lived alone on the upper level of the house. If we made any noise she would pound on the floor above with her cane and tell us to quiet down. While it wasn't horrible and was better than some we had lived with, it was not a good arrangement.

I remember once coming home with our groceries for the week. It was cold and ice was on the steps. I slipped and dropped all the groceries. Eggs broke and jars of pickles and peanut butter crashed. Several items were broken and I was so angry that I insisted on going right back to the store and repurchasing those replacement items.

It was necessary for us to work in order to make ends meet and I waited tables at the Jayhawker Cafe just off campus. My future brother-in-law also worked there as well as several other boys from Hugoton. It was a favorite meeting spot for the football players and served lots of beer and the best fudge cake I ever had.

There were several others from Hugoton on campus so we spent most of our off time with them. Not having our own transportation, we were totally dependent on others. My future brother-in-law, Ernie Brown, and several others from Hugoton had a Ford car they had purchased together, which they called tray ball. I don't know the origin of the name, but we caught rides with them back home two or three times. I believe they even took us up for the beginning of classes in the fall of 1946.

Not knowing what I wanted, except something better than what I would have if I stayed in Hugoton, I enrolled in Liberal Arts. I had no plan or goal in mind and was just trying to feel my way into higher education. As I look back on this period, it is obvious that it was just an escape or the only thing I knew to do. I had my G.I. benefits and I suppose that was the motivation for going to college at all.

One of my first classes was German and after a class or two of spitting, trying to get the German words out I transferred to French. I did not fare much better with French but passed with a low grade. I think I made a D, but French was Greek to me and still is. Neither took root for me so I remained with only my mediocre command of English. I flunked one class but I don't recall what it was now.

One of my classes had 900 in attendance. I remember the class was held in a large auditorium. The manner in which the instructor took roll was a number on the back of the seats. If that number was not covered by a body, then the person assigned to that seat number was recorded absent. I knew I was in trouble and could have dropped out, saving my failing grade, but I was too stubborn and insisted that I would stay no matter what my grade was.

The college experience was quite a shock for us from a small town. It was a case of country people going to a big university. My grades were not good and it was a financial strain on us to house and feed ourselves. It was a learning experience to say the least but all-in-all a pleasant time. However, I did not do well in that kind of setting and lasted only one year.

There were thousands and thousands of students and no chance for teacher-student relationships. That is not to say that we did not benefit from the year at K.U. We knew we would never be satisfied with the life we had before and things would never be the same for us. We left Lawrence in May of 1947 and got home to learn that Dad had remarried in May and then Jo and Ernie announced plans to marry in June.

Television was still not in my life as a young adult. In fact, I do not remember it becoming a factor until after marriage in about 1955. While attending college there was radio and I do not remember it as a big item. I began dancing after returning from the Navy. There was not much opportunity for fun and games while attending K. U. because there was no money to take advantage of such things and very little free time between work and classes.

I did have some instructions in the Navy but nothing I could draw on in private life. My year at K.U. benefited me little in so far as the instruction but it did impress on me the desire to go on to college later. That taste of the college experience was to prompt me to return to college after one year lay out.

Ernie and I once went to a demonstration on cookware and we were so impressed that we signed up and received a big black suitcase with a full set for sales demonstration. This was going to make us lots of money and we could live like kings. We mapped our strategy and laid a plan. We would pick a street and Ernie would take one side and I the other. We would meet at the end of the block and count our money. I knocked on several doors before one let me in to give the sure-fire sales pitch. I was not allowed to even complete the opening before I was shown the door. After several more times being turned away, I was invited in and unpacked the entire kit. After a long and outstanding sales demonstration and with my order book in hand the customer said, "It is very nice cookware but I would not be interested, thank you." Now the kit had to be repacked exactly as it came or all the pots and lids would not fit in the case. I spent many minutes trying to get everything back into the case. Finally, I got it close enough that I could get the lid closed by sitting on it. By this time I had completed my side of the street and I waited on Ernie, I waited and I waited thinking "Ernie has hit pay dirt and I am empty handed". Finally, Ernie came up and I could tell he too was also unsuccessful. He had gotten into more houses and had unpacked and packed the kit several times with the same results. We decided right then and there that door-to-door selling was not for us. It seems to me we made another attempt or two and although no sales were made, we received more education from this outing than we did from the year at K.U.

We have all looked back on this time and had great laughs but it was a frustrating and difficult time for us all. The money was very tight and we eat quite meagerly. I remember we had lots of chili, guess it was cheap.

The only two entertaining happenings I recall was the time we went bowling and the several times we went roller skating. I could not stay on my feet but soon learned that was a good way to meet girls as they came over to see if I had hurt myself when I fell. We spent some time playing the pinball machines at the Jayhawker and we went to all the home football and basketball games.

Sports played no part in my life at this time or any other time in my life. I guess I either was not interested or had no skills that made me a contender. The one time I seriously thought of sports was at K.U. My brother-in-law Ernie and I decided to go out for track. We signed on and went out the first day for a run. The second day we ran around the stadium track several times, and on the third day we both could hardly move. We did not go back and we both joke to this day that somewhere in the stadium are two lockers with our track equipment still in them waiting for our return.

The college was just too big for those of us who were use to class sizes of 30 or 40. There were thousands and thousands of students and no change for teacher student relationships. That is not to say that we did not benefit from the year a KU. We knew we would never be satisfied with the life we had before and things would never be the same for us. We finished our first year at K.U.in Lawrence and returned to Hugoton in May 1947. We learned that dad had remarried in May, and Jo and Erine announced plans to marry in June.

My brother Carl was in construction and, as he did so many times when I needed help, he gave me a job. This was before sheetrock so plaster and stucco were the finish for walls. My first job was mixing plaster for two men from Wichita. They were hard drinkers and yet very fast and good at their trade. It was next to impossible to keep up with them and I can almost still hear them yelling "more mud". I very soon decided that I wanted to move up and be the one that yelled "more mud". After learning the plaster trade I also began to do more and more laying of block and bricks. It was hard work and the pay was not good.

I also took odd jobs to make more money, which lead to the most dangerous and worst job I ever had. One of the grain elevators needed a vent hole cut in the roof. For those who do not know, these elevators were 100 or more feet tall and the roof was 12 inches of concrete reinforced with rebar. It was winter and the roof was icy. There I was with a star drill and hammer chipping away at the ice-covered roof. The slightest slip and I was gone. I do not remember what I got paid for the job but there isn't enough money today to get me to repeat that work. I still had the G.I. bill for more college and it was about that time when I decided to seek something better.

My life after returning from the Navy was full of excitement and fun. I worked hard and played hard and began to really live. I was wise for my years and ready to challenge the big world that I had met out there. I became a person in my own right and was able to shake off the invalid complex that had followed me since my accident. I had some financial resources, not much but some that I could use as I saw fit. I remember one Christmas taking great pride in buying all my brothers and sisters kitchen radios and another time buying them tape recorders. I dreamed great dreams and began to work towards goals by enrolling in college. I also beat the odds by returning to college after dropping out for a year. Those years were a challenge for me to continue my education and wanting the things that only a job could give me. For the first time I knew I could accomplish anything I wanted to work hard enough for.

Chapter 5: Panhandle

In the fall of 1949 I enrolled in Panhandle A&M College in Goodwell, Oklahoma, southwest of Guymon.. It was a small, four-year college, with an enrollment of about 600 students, only about 50 miles from home. It has since been renamed Panhandle State College with a student population of approximately 1,500. Goodwell itself was a very small community with a population of less than 200. I could get room and board on campus for \$30 monthly so it was affordable. We lived in an old building on campus called Anna Jarvis. It housed about 20 students and I shared one big room on the first floor with five other men.

I enrolled in some speech and some drama classes. I did well in this environment with almost one-on-one teaching. The professor stirred a fire in me and I strongly considered becoming a speech major, hoping to work with those with speech defects. I also began to be concerned about my grades and they improved greatly. All my grades were As or Bs except for the class I took in electricity. Since I entered college after serving in the Navy, I was older than some of the students and I guess some of the foolishness was gone in growing up quickly in the service. Certainly, my good grades resulted from maturing and knowing I had to get on with preparing myself for life.

I liked the drama professor and began working in radio and theater. I was in the drama club and was in several class theatrical productions where we had to make all our own costumes. We also produced our own radio shows on campus and every week we went to Guymon and produced programs in the KGYN studios. I remember the programs we produced at the college were from scripts and we had to create the sound effects and fade the music in and out. They were very crude but we were learning.

I also belonged to the debating team and I remember judging debate teams in the outlying high schools. I did not fancy that experience. It was hard to tell a young person who had given their all that I felt one of their classmates had done a better job. This too was a learning and a broadening experience for me and was to set me on a course that influenced my life from that time forward.

I am not dissatisfied with the path I took because I've been blessed with a wonderful family and a good life. But if I could be assured that I would still have my family, then I would have changed things. I would have pursued broadcasting and continued in drama and perhaps had a different life altogether. I would also have continued in speech corrective work and may have found a rewarding career in that kind of work.

I had acquired my first new car a Frazer Manhattan during my year layout, and I went home weekends. My brother Carl always had a job for me to help me stay in school. I doubt that he really needed or could afford me, but he kept me in gas money and the G.I. bill paid for my books, tuition, and room and board. Having one of the few cars on campus, I was popular and I furnished the car while fellow students provided the gas as we made trips to Guymon, Texhoma, and Amarillo for excitement.

I was not free to be involved much in outside activities. I traveled to and from home on weekends. Of course, with the fellows, we cruised and picked up dates from time to time. I remember Al and I dated two basketball players from a small town in Oklahoma for a short time. I also dated a girl from Rolla, Nan Fiddler, for a short time. Patricia used to give me lots of lip

about her. I didn't date much while I was at Panhandle A&M and I don't really know why. My friends and I made several trips to Amarillo since I had a car but there was no dating, just fellows out helling around. Then I was making trips to Dodge City to see Pat because we began going together in 1949. I knew by now that I wanted something more out of life and began to set some goals.

This is the first time in my life that I had good, close friends. Since I had no or very few friends before, it seemed to me that all of a sudden I had lots of good friends. They became very important and significant in my life. Don Wilson had a car and so we had wheels. Later I had a car and Al acquired a car so we roamed the area. We even made trips to as far away as Denver on weekends. Al, Don, and Kenny were the closest but there were several others that were good friends. During this time, my sister Jo married and she and Ernie were living in Denver. My sister Kathryn and her husband Murel lived in Hugoton and they cared for me more and more. As I have said before, my brother Carl continued to provide support and assistance to me all during this period. Another one of my fellow students was Leo Winters from Hooker, Oklahoma. He was a good debater and went on to be an important politician in Oklahoma. One of my roommates was Wayne Barker from Cement, Oklahoma. I haven't thought of him in years.

I am very fortunate to have had very patient and understanding brothers and sisters and they have blessed my life over and over again. My younger brother Tommy was still at home and after finishing high school, he enrolled in college at Goodwell with me, but after about three weeks he left, never to return to school again. I am sorry for this because he was a very capable man and a college education would have been very beneficial later in his life.

While I know I did get into mischief, there was not any particular time that comes to mind. I experimented with drinking and was fortunate enough not to be hooked by this demon. I recall playing a prank on one of my buddies—I acted like I was drunk and it was a pretty good act because he fell for it. I was ashamed afterwards because he was so concerned and willing to take care of me that I was sorry I played a trick on him.

This is not about mischief but I must tell you about one of my great success stories. At this time there was a big shortage on antifreeze and it was not available. Everyone was trying to get some for the approaching winter and none was to be had. My buddies and I made one of our trips to Denver for a weekend and while there we spotted great supplies of it in the store windows. We never had much money and we had even less this trip, but thinking that this was a great opportunity to make a killing, we spent all our funds on antifreeze and headed to a coin-operated gas station to fill up the car before leaving for home. The coin machine ate our gas money and it was late at night. We pounded and shook the pump for several minutes and contemplated what we could do—a car full of antifreeze but no gas to get home. All of a sudden the pump started and we filled the car and moved on. We arrived home, ready to sell out and much to our amazement found all the stores in town stocked up with antifreeze. I don't remember what we did with the stuff but I can assure you we did not come out ahead on that deal.

While working for my brother Carl I helped him build a round top that was to be his plumbing shop. I was up on the roof when I stepped onto a board that was not lying across two supports. I fell to the ground, a fall of about twenty feet, and escaped with minor injuries. I did miss a few days of school at Panhandle.

I returned to Goodwell in the fall of 1950 and continued to work in radio, theater and spent weekends judging high school debating teams. I was in several theater productions and we

produced a weekly radio program for KGYN in Guymon, Oklahoma. My grades improved more and more and it was a productive time for me. When spring came it was obvious to me that I could no longer live without Pat so on April 23, 1951 at Ford County Lake I proposed and she accepted my engagement ring.

My brother Carl was always a strong supporter that encouraged me to get an education. The education really wasn't the important thing I got from my three years in college. It was the exposure to others and the right climate for me to develop a stronger character. I came home from the Navy well-traveled but somewhat confused and college afforded me the time and best environment to prepare myself for life.

The happiest memories of college life were the times we produced and directed our radio programs on the air. I enjoyed the campus life on the little Goodwell college and had good times with fellow students. It was the first time I felt equal to others. Probably the saddest times were when I did not have funds enough to go home or go to Dodge City to see Patricia. It was difficult to make ends meet when the G.I. bill paid little more than the \$30 monthly room and board and I had a car payment and gas to buy.

I learned that one needs a time and a place to reflect and dream. I learned that it probably isn't necessary that we escape the pressures of limited finances for us to build strength of character. My daughter Jan is a case in point. Even though she had to work to get her education, she has done more with it and pushed herself more because of the hardships she had to endure. It is a difficult situation because I wished for an easier time during my youth and had I been financially able would have made it easier for Jan. Perhaps in doing so both of would have been the worse for it.

I would leave one thought with my daughters and their children. Overcoming difficulties seems to be the only way we can grow up with strength and honor. Perhaps they can manage a better balance than I could and then again maybe there is no balance possible.

If I could change one thing in my life it would be to have had better resources to make life fuller and happier for all. But then I am very proud of all my daughters and my wife for making the very best out of the hand we were dealt. We are perhaps better for all our trials and tribulations and certainly I would not wish any of them to be different than they are. They are a source of great pride for me and I take no credit for their fine character and great strength. I do wish I could have made it more pleasant and easier for them all. Life is not always easy and we must all be prepared for the hard parts that are sure to come. That is the best thing a parent can do for their children. This must or should be done in good humor and that is where I failed the most.

The school years should be pleasant but not all fun and games. There should be many times of serious study and contemplation. It is wrong to think of work or study or serious discussions and not being pleasant. It seems to me that these things are considered unpleasant and to be avoided and only when we play or are being irresponsible are we really enjoying ourselves. Some of the most enjoyable times in my life were when a job was done well or something was learned.

My Cars

My first wheels were an old model A Ford truck with no doors, floorboards or hood. My brother Carl had it parked in storage and we finally got it running enough that we could cruise Main.

My next car was a 1939 Ford coupe that my brother Carl sold me. During the war years, one could not buy cars and this one had belonged to Republic Natural Gas. He bought it from them after the war and when he bought a new car he sold me the Ford. They had put over 150,000 miles on it before selling it to Carl. He and his wife Verna drove it until 1948 when I took title. It must have had well over 250,000 miles but when I put on a new paint job, it was beautiful, though pretty worn out.

The new paint had hardly dried when I bought the Kaiser Frazier with a snakeskin top, which was a beautiful car but not very well engineered. I couldn't keep the front end in alignment and several other things but it was a fun car and took Pat and I on our honeymoon. The Kaiser was green and a real beauty. I decided to pass the Ford coupe down to brother Tom. We were late getting started to Liberal to pick up the Kaiser car before the dealership closed and we made the round corner too fast and rolled the Ford. Tom jumped up to crawl out and stepped on me, breaking my collarbone. Carl came to our aid and I was taken to the hospital to have my collarbone set. The doctor did not set it but only disenabled it with tape and a sling. It grew together at an odd angle and remains that way to this day. We did manage to get the old coupe back home and Tom drove it even in its crumpled state. We just had to be pleased with what we had and grateful for anything that ran.

Chapter 6: Patricia Earline Green

It all started on August 30th 1931 in Moscow, Kansas. It was a hot summer day and my mother and father were living in a small apartment in the Moscow hotel. My grandmother Addie Hall was there. Doctor Ungles from Santana, a small town about 20 miles away came to deliver me. My daughter Amy sent for my birth certificates in February of 1991, and I discovered that my name on my birth certificate was Patsy, not Patricia, as I had always thought. When I asked my mother, she replied my father had put Patsy. I was born at 10:15 PM.

My father's full name was Lester Earl Green and my mother's full name was Eva Love Hall Green. My mother's middle name was also my grandfather hall's middle name. I was named after my father Earline from his name Earl. I have always liked Patricia. I can tell. O who knows me from my early years. When I lived in Moscow, Kansas people called me Patsy. In Rolla it was Patty, when I left for school nursing school in Dodge City Kansas, I was called Pat.

My maternal grandparents were Ferdinand Love Hall, & Adeline Eleanor Campbell Hall, William Green and his second wife Mary, who I called Gran Green. My grandfather Hall died during the flu pandemic in 1917. Gramp Green was a tall blonde thin blue eyed man. Don't remember much about him except he chewed tobacco and Gran was always on him about chewing in the house. I'm sure Judy remembers more about him. Grand green was a big boned woman, almost as tall as Gramp was. My grandfather Green died in Rocky Ford in 1959.

Granny hall My grandmother, she was always special little old lady who loved her family more than life. I know she loved me and I loved her. She was always making a plan for someone. Her church was so important to her and the children, both of the church and family. She should have been an actress! She could recite poems and stories she learned as a child. She had an expressive face and gestures that made you feel you were watching an actress. When she was still living in California, she belonged to the young at heart club in the Mormon church and as a group they went on an outing, one trip to visit the ship. Queen Mary was a highlight for her. When my father died in 1980 Granny came back to live in Rolla to be near my mother. Also so she would be in Kansas when she died.

My brother was born in 1936 August 10th Lester, Earl Green Junior. My sister was born in 1944, November 27th Judith Michelle Green. I don't know if I really remember the day my brother was born or if it is just the story, I have heard over the years. But it was another hot, August day or night. I remember laying on a bed outside when daddy told me I had a baby brother. Although I was at 5 years old or almost 5 I couldn't say "brother" so the infamous buzzy was born. He should hate me for this for the rest of his life for giving me giving him that nickname. It was not until he was in the navy that he was called Lee.

Judith Michelle was born in Elkhart, Kansas. Granny came from California to be with us kids while mom was in the hospital. I had come home from school, and Granny told me that Judith was born. I vaguely remember going to the hospital to see mother and the baby before daddy and Judith went to Wichita Kansas. For Judith to have surgery on her cleft palate. It was almost a month before she would be home with us in Rolla. I think she had the softest blonde hair I ever saw. I was excited to have a baby sister and we all adored. Mother had this huge old baby buggy. That was used a lot, Lee pushed that buggy all over the neighborhood

I lived in Moscow Kansas until I was about 12 years old. Daddy managed the grain elevator “Security Elevator Company”. Summertime was always busy. Harvest time in Western Kansas.

Snatches of memories from Moscow

- Security elevator built a new 2 bedroom home for mother and dad, it had a bathroom inside, a large hating stove in the living rooms and a wall telephone in the kitchen.
- We had very large yard and it seemed. Mother worked a lot in the yard planting trees flowers. We had a garden. We had pigs and at one time, my brother had a pet pig.
- Mother milking a cow across the road in Shaw’s pasture. The pasture was buffalo grass with lots of cactus.
- Eating mulberries with Billie Jean in the Shaw’s trees.
- Riding my bike home from school against the wind, throwing down the bike and kicking the bike.
- It seemed like we had a lot of company, friends of Mother’s and dad, Uncle Donny and Aunt Mildred (Aunt Mill) and kids.
- Tolene Dudley, Millie Gaskil, Billie were girls I knew in Moscow.
- We listened to the radio

My aunt DD (Edith), grannies sister and Uncle Will Thompson live next door to us. Aunt Edith DD and Uncle Will Thompson lived next door to us in Moscow. Aunt Deedee was my Granny’s sister. She was a teacher and intellectual or so she wanted everyone to think. Aunt DD late in later years wrote the history of Stevens County,

When I was a little girl we had lots of pets. Pud and Tuffy were dogs, we had early on. Tuffy of course, was the little dog who died in the dirt storm in 1935. There was another Tuffy when Lee was a little boy. Tuffy was run over by a car and we were heartbroken. I had bantam chickens, rabbits and when we had pigs there was always a pet pig.

Reading was my hobby. I can remember loving Christmas because I always get books. I read all of the “Heidi” books, Bobsey Twins and everything else I could get my hands-on.

Rolla

When I was 11 or 12 we moved to Rolla, Kansas. It was another small town, about 30 miles West of Moscow. Since Rolla was such a small town. It was years later before the streets were named. We lived on the corner close to the highway and just a block from the high school. About 2 blocks from the elevator. Daddy always drove the car to work When we moved to Rolla, the train still brought in the mail usually late afternoon. There was a drugstore, cafe, post Office, beer hall, grocery store, the grade school was a big 2 story building at the South end of Main Street. Rolla had a big park with a swimming pool and outdoor roller-skating rink. When I was a teen almost all the summer’s activities centered around the park, and Park day was a big celebration. Park day was usually held sometime in July after harvest.

Mary and Annabelle lived across the street from Rolla. They lived with their grandparents, we had a playhouse out in their backyard. It was a little 2 room house. We acted

out movies plays made up our own plays Carmen, Miranda was always a favorite. In the summer we played under the streetlights, usually hide-and-seek during the war commandos.

When we moved to Rolla, the house was 5 rooms, a huge closet and 2 porches, front and back. The bathroom was a two-holer out behind the alley. I remember Lee. Looking out the back door and running like mad with the pot in the morning. We had a bathroom put in the large closet between the 2 bedrooms soon after we moved in the house. But before we did, baths were taken in a big tub in our kitchen. Lee and I slept in one of the bedrooms. Our house was an old one, one of the first built-in Rolla. When we moved there, the yard was just one huge sandpile. Mother worked very hard starting a lawn, flowers and trees.

We always had enough to eat, not a large variety. We always had meat, potatoes and vegetables in the summer time. Liver and onions was so good the way mother fixed it. We usually had our big meal at lunch or dinner, we came home from lunch during school so that was usually our big meal.

I was about 15 years old, when mom taught me to drive. Judith was just a little girl and mother would take us out in the country and put me behind the wheel. The car, was a stick shift and the big lesson was the clutch! Let the clutch out slowly. No, don't pop it, That's the way slowly. When I finally learned to drive, I went down to the hardware store and old Mrs. Williams gave me my license.

I can only remember one time that I took the car and went to Hugoton, for the movies. We only had one car and it was difficult for the family to be without transportation. Usually depended on various fellows for transportation. Howard Epsom, Walter Cassidy had some had some kind of old car's Bill Bressler, Lonnie had an old pick up. Bruce had a car.

We had a radio listen to all the radio programs. We also had a player piano with lots of music rolls. This was how I learned to dance. Mother taught a bunch of us kids and Lee pumped the piano. The front porch had a cement floor, and in the summer time, my friends and I danced on the porch.

I think my Uncle Donnie and Aunt Mildred "Aunt Millie" were the relatives we saw the most. They lived on a farm South of Hugoton, where we usually spent holidays with them either at our house or theirs. One time when we were going to see them. This was when we lived in Moscow, we had a car accident, and I broke my collarbone, daddy had a gash in his head, Lee just tumbled around and mother was shook up. Mother was trying to get us out of the car, she said "come on Earl, get out". Dad got out of the car. Mom was herding Lee and I down the road, looked back and dad was just standing there. "Come on, Earl" and dad replied but I can't find my hat Mother said to hell with your hat come on.

I worked for Claremont Williams at the Rolla grocery store. I clerked, stock shelves. My wages were 50 cents an hour. Some weeks I made \$11. This was used mainly for spending money and clothes. Claremont was a gentle kind man and it was a great learning experience. One summer. I worked for daddy at the elevator, this was after Judith was born because mother usually worked there during the summer but after Judith was born, she was too busy. This job was keeping records of the amount of grain, moisture content and storage of grain brightened by the farmers. Like most jobs, when you work for a parent it caused my father many trials. Also one summer, I worked at the local café as a waitress. It was a fun job because of all the broom

corn Johnny's and farmhands that came in for lunch and dinner. I was a big flirt and enjoyed all the attention I got from the fellows.

I graduated from Rolla High School in 1949. Maxine Hunt, Lesta Lou light, Marylin Hunt Verneece Prock, Bernadean Kraber, Ernest Higgins, Vernon McBride, Billy, Joe Davison, Walter Cassity, Lonnie Dorth, Howard Ipson, and Charles Friend, Kenneth Cowser and myself were the whole graduating class of 1949. Our senior class went on a trip to the Mammoth Caves in Kentucky. Saw the Mississippi river.

Rolla High School. The pirates green and white was our school colors. Basketball was our big school activity. I played a little basketball, not well and not very long. I acted in several plays in high school. After school we usually walked down to the drugstore for a cherry Coke. During high school I kept having some sort of fainting spells and mother and dad took me in Wichita to a Doctor to find out what was wrong with me. The Doctor put me on a sugar free diet. I learned to like limeade without sugar. Lost weight and at one time had an incredible 24 inch waist.

Orville Bruce Jones and I met at a park day celebration in Rolla, Kansas. Probably the summer of 1948, because we dated my senior year in high school. We double dated with Albert Renfrow, a friend of Bruce's and Lesta Lou Light, a friend of mine from Rolla. We went to the movies in Hugoton and dances at the old skating rink north of Hugoton. Bruce was going to school in goodwill Oklahoma, working for his brother and doing a bit of farming on the side.

Nursing School

I started school at Saint Anthony's school of nursing at Dodge City Kansas in the fall of 1949. I remember how scared I was the 1st day. Roomed with Dolores Paulin from Mackville Kansas. Oh, the trouble we got into. Sister Brenden was our house mother and she was this little plump nun in a black & white habit. We had to go to chapel every morning at 630 or 7 am then breakfast, school then floor duty. We were issued 3 white uniforms, they were washed and ironed in the hospital laundry. Starched until they would stand up by themselves. We had to cold starch our caps and belts, white hose and shoes completed the costume.

It was the time of steel bed pans, emesis basins, bed baths making beds with patients in them. I remember one of the first things we were required to do was stand up when a Doctor entered the room or nurse's station. A lot of the nuns taught the classes, also, some of the doctors. One I remember was Doctor Gribble. The nursing program was 3 years and I completed 2 years, during my vacation Bruce and I decided to get married.

Courtship and Marriage

Bruce's memories

I worked during the summer of 1949 and during that time a beautiful girl from Rolla, Kansas named Patricia Earlene Green caught my fancy. (We thought that was her name until recently. Upon getting a copy of her birth certificate, she was surprised to learn that her name was Patsy instead of Patricia.). I met Patricia at a dance at Farmer's Skating Rink. She was with her mother and some girlfriends. I went off to college at Goodwell and she went off to nurses training at Dodge City, in the opposite direction. This meeting was the beginning of our courtship of about 18 months. We dated occasionally at first but then I began making trips to Dodge and when she came home, we would go out. We carried on this long-distance love affair through the winter of 1949-50. I worked through the summer of 1950 and made trips to Dodge City. There really never was another serious girl in my life but Patricia. Although I dated others, there was never anyone else for me but her. I can truly say that I fell in love with her when I first saw her in front of Ideals grocery store when she was about 14 and I about 16. This was a good six years before we began to go together.

It was at this time I began to attend dances with Pat and two of my buddies, Al Renfro and Don Wilson. Sometimes Jack and Roy Barber were with us and Kenny Long would also join us. It was the only time in my life that I can remember being carefree and careless. It was my lighthearted time and a fun time with good friends. I will always remember these times as pleasant.

I returned to Goodwell in the fall of 1950 and it was a productive time for me. Patricia and I began to plan our lives together. We went steady for about two years but the miles between us made our times together infrequent. She was my only true love and that has not changed in near on to 40 years of marriage. When spring came it was obvious to me that I could no longer live without Pat so on April 23, 1951 at Ford County Lake I proposed and she accepted my engagement ring. Thank God she accepted my proposal and even though she had another year to finish nursing and I another year of college, we decided we could not and would not wait to start our lives together.

Pats's memories

We had been dating on and off for a couple of years. Bruce was going to school at Goodwill Oklahoma, and we got engaged on the 20th of April then married June 22nd 1951 at Clayton New Mexico. We were married about noon by the Justice of the peace in Clayton spent our first night in Raton, New Mexico and then went on to Denver, Colorado for a couple of days. While we were in Denver, we bought a little puppy named him Spike.

The Wedding/Honeymoon

We planned to be wed in June, which was shortly after my classes finished and Pat would quit nurses training. During the summer of 1951, I spent 45 days building a porch on my future in-laws house (Earl and Eva) as we prepared for our coming marriage. That income provided some of the money for our honeymoon trip. Pat's father, Earl, offered to give us a washing

machine if we would go off and get married instead of having a formal wedding. We had first planned to marry on Jo and Ernie's anniversary day, June 21st, but Pat could not get her hair done in time so we eloped on the 22nd of June 1951. With the knowledge of all the family, we "eloped" to Clayton, New Mexico. New Mexico did not have a waiting period, so we like many others, went there and were married by Justice of the Peace George Kite.

We stopped on the way so I could buy a pair of shoes and a wedding ring. We arrived at the courthouse and got the license. As we came out of the courthouse we noticed a flat tire on the car. I changed the tire and we went looking for a justice of the peace. We saw a sign and pulled into a house on the south side of town. Mrs. Kite called her husband in from the barn and he prepared to perform the ceremony.

He called over to a filling station across the street and had the owner and his wife come to witness the marriage. Within five minutes, we were married and hurried off so they could get back to their business and his chores. Under those unlikely conditions, we were joined in marriage, which lasted just two months short of 66 years. For years, Patricia maintained that the wedding was not legal since Mr. Kite kept referring to me as Oliver even though the license said Orville.

We left for Raton where we were going to stay for our wedding night. We stopped outside Clayton and I bought Pat an orchid corsage. I remember the lady telling me what a lucky guy I was to have such a beautiful bride. On the way to Raton we played a game; we counted the cows. If I counted more cows on my side of the road, I would sleep with her and if she counted more on her side of the road, then she would sleep with me. It was a win-win situation and I won!! We had not eaten so we stopped in Raton for dinner and ordered fried chicken. We waited and we waited for our food. I thought we waited for an eternity but Pat said I was just anxious to get her to the motel. We returned to Raton in 1990 and tried to find the motel but it had long since been torn down.

We drove to Canyon City to visit my Uncle Bruce and introduce him to my new bride and then on to Colorado Springs to see the sights. We then went on to Denver for about three days for our honeymoon. We found a motel in Denver and walked around the city. During one of our walks, we passed a pet shop and in the window was the most lovable little puppy. That was our first purchase together as "Spike 1", a terrier, joined our new family. I had to borrow \$40 from Pat to get us home or I guess we would have started our married life in Colorado right then. Fortunately, I had married a girl with money. We arrived in Hugoton flat broke and with no job prospects. The Lord really does watch out for young fools because within a week we both had jobs and a house to rent.

When we got home, we rented a house in Hugoton. That had been a café for \$40 a month, used mother and dad's roll away bed. Borrowed a ice box and stove from Bruce's brother. Carl. Bought a couch and chair from the second hand store grey velour for \$35 and that's what we started housekeeping with.

The ladies of Rolla gave us a huge wedding shower, without which we would never have been able to start also, friends of Margaret and Kathryn gave us a shower in Hugoton.

Bruce was farming and going to school and after we married, he started working for Northern Natural gas. \$200 a month and we thought we were rich!. I was working at the Stevens

County hospital. In November of 1951 I had to be operated on for appendicitis and also found out. I was 2 months pregnant. I continued to work until I was about 8 and a ½ months pregnant.

We began our search for an apartment and that was bad news. All of them were "furnished" (with hot plates and horrible old sofas and wire bed springs). We lucked out and found an old army barracks that had been converted to a restaurant. It was on a lot across the street from the high school. The owner agreed to rent it to us for about \$0.00 per month and we started turning it into a home. We painted the rooms with paint that looked like mustard and cleaned the grease off the kitchen floor. My brother Carl let us use an old icebox, yes, one that you put ice in the top and a pan at the bottom that caught the melting water. I continually forgot to empty the pan under the bottom, which caught the water from the melting ice and had to mop the floor. Ed and Verna also lent us an old gas range with the oven door sprung so it would not shut. We bought a horrible grey velour old sofa and chair secondhand for \$25. When you set down in the couch, it took a team of horses to pull you back out. Eva and Earl loaned us a rollaway bed and the first big purchase was a new bed so we could retire the rollaway. We had the washer Earl gave us for a wedding present and we were in business.

The ladies of Rolla gave us a huge wedding shower, without which we would never have been able to start also, friends of Margaret and Kathryn gave us a shower in Hugoton. I remember walking to Dad's, which was about one-half block from us, to borrow a paring knife to peel potatoes. The first tragedy we faced was the death of Spike 1. He was with us only for a week or two when he was hit by a car and died.

We knew that one of the first orders of business was for both of us to find employment. Before we could begin our search, another unexpected blessing happened. Carl Ikard came to our door and said "Do you need a job?" "Why yes," I stammered and was hired on the spot as a Dispatching Clerk with the gas transmission company, Northern Natural Gas Company. That was to be the beginning of 18 years of employment, which ended in my resignation as Regional Superintendent of the Liberal office in 1968 and our move to Colorado.

Pat quickly found employment at Stevens County Hospital, which was also close to the house. Her hours were from eleven pm to 7 am. The first years were fun and carefree for both of us. We had nothing and it did not concern us much. We worked shifts that were mismatched so we only saw each other for a few hours before I went to work and after she came home from the night shift.

Since we could purchase appliances from the company and have the payments withheld from my paycheck, we soon replaced the icebox with a fridge and the stove with the broken oven door with a new range. With these paid for, we became one of the first in the town to add a clothes dryer. The old ringer washing machine that was our wedding gift did not get enough moisture out of the clothes so the dryer had to start with very wet clothes.

Who would have believed that this fumbling, stumbling fool would ever rise to middle management in a big energy company or become chairman of the largest chapter of the Society of Petroleum Engineers or Cochairman of the University of Kansas Extension Service Planning and managing numerous institutes? Or serve his community on a school board that established a college and vocational tech school, or serve his church as superintendent of church school and Senior Warden?

My wife Patricia did, even after I had to borrow money from her to get us back home from our honeymoon. Her belief in me never wavered even when I decided to give up my 18-year career and move my family to Colorado. It was a family decision and prompted by my failing health and a desire to live in Colorado.

Chapter 7: Northern the early years

My employment with Northern Natural Gas Company, a large gas transmission company that gathered and transported natural gas to the northeast, began on July 6, 1951 and continued until April 1968 in several different assignments. The starting pay was \$225 per month, and had it not been for Pat working at the hospital and earning \$100 a month, we would not have been able to pay our bills. However, with Pat's salary we were real flush. Pat worked the night shift as nurse in charge. She would leave for work at 11 PM and come home at 7 AM. I would leave for work at 7 AM and arrive home at 6 PM. Other than weekends, the only time we had was from 6 until 11 PM. This schedule continued until just before the birth of our first daughter, Janea Sue, on August 14, 1952.

Patricia worked up to about a week before delivering and the baby was delivered at the same hospital where she worked. We used her family doctor who practiced in Elkhart. The total bill was less than \$50 dollars. Patricia returned to work after six weeks at home and I took over baby care when I arrived home from work and she left for work. We were now a very happy little family and filled with joy and fun watching our baby grow.

My first job was as a dispatcher and my duties were to order wells turned on and off to produce the volumes allocated by the governmental agencies that regulated such matters. My first superior was Carl Ikard and my immediate overseer was Perry Moore. I stayed in that position for about five years. After leaving that position, the pay got considerably better and we were able to meet the expenses of our growing family.

Dad had left the farm when I went into the Navy so I was away from farm work for several years. But, shortly after our marriage, I rented a quarter of farmland (160 acres) up by the Cimarron River north of Hugoton. Dad let me use his machinery and we farmed this land for about three years using my vacation time to plant, cultivate, and harvest the crop. The maize we raised provided some income while I began my job with Northern.

The Blue House

The first year, Bruce and I were married. We bought an old prefab house that last operated owners had run as a short order cafe in the front part of the house. So armed with a small down payment, lots of batco, soap rags, mops and wax. We moved into what we had hoped in time would be our comfortable little dreamhouse. Wearing rose-colored glasses we cleaned painted, replaced windows removed cafe signs, scraped cafe signs off, what windows were left and tried to discourage coffee salesman.

It was about early 1952 when the owner of the house we were renting offered to sell us the house for \$3,500 and we jumped at the chance to own our first house. This was our first purchase. Our second purchase was a refrigerator, which we financed through the company, and the third was a clothes dryer, also financed through the company. We began remodeling the kitchen and doing landscaping. When we settle down to replant the kitchen after moving the sink from one end of the kitchen to the other. We needed a new floor so after 3 months of stepping over 12 inch cracks in the joints in went the new flooring.

We bought our first metal siding, got sucked in by a hot salesman, and had a blue house.

We did lots of work on the house but it was a converted barrack and just not constructed well enough to invest much money into remodeling. We did fall for the pitch for aluminum siding and selected powder blue. We spent weeks and weeks trying to landscape around the house and I had several loads of dirt hauled in for fill. Pat questioned whether I was getting too much dirt. A family joke since then was my remark, "One can never have too much dirt". We planted a hedge row along the side that faced the high school, which proved to be a very bad idea. It seemed that those attending ball games at the high school were in the habit of parking on our property and continued to do so. The hedge lasted one game and we spent several weekends trying to discourage that practice. We finally decided to cut our losses and instead of trying to break their habits started charging them for parking.

The roof was the final blow. After a drought the rains came now. I really didn't mind stepping over the cracks in the floor looking at holes in the ceiling for months and I can always scoop out the dirt, but when it rains, just as hard inside as it does outside, it was just the last straw. Do you have any idea what a new roof cost? \$400, it might as well have been 4000 we just couldn't do it. A couple of weeks later, Bruce casually remarked. So what do you think about selling the house?

Well I don't know? what do you want to do?. Hoping all the time he would say sell it sell it. Then he replied it needs a new roof, flooring and windows and we aren't really satisfied with the location or arrangement. It's a never-ending remodeling job. We just can't seem to keep up with that, 3 years of work, all the extra money and what have we got a darn old shack? Let's get out! We could getting enough out of it to make a down payment on a new house. It sounded wonderful. They have brand new roof, floors, windows, and closets. Closet space had always been a sore spot with me.

So the next issue of the weekly paper carried this ad "for sale five room modern house choice location. All pavement paid. call 4 – 2534 or contact Bruce Jones"

The telephone rang all that evening appointments were made to see the house but as it turned out, most people were just curious. Six months later, after having strangers peer into the one closet, knocking on the walls, jumping up-and-down in the middle of the room we sold it. Thank goodness no one had climbed up in the attic for it was still full of rain, there were 13 coffee cans the day we left.

If 6 months earlier any one had told me, I would get a lump in my throat and have a horrible urge to cry the day we moved out. I've given them a long horse laugh. But that is the way I felt Bruce and I had started our married life in this house. This was the home, Janea came to after she was born. Her first Christmas was in this house. A huge amount of memories. We're in both of us as the front door was locked by us the last time.

We bought a Kaiser Car with a snakeskin top and we began a fight with people parking all over our property for football games. I farmed during the weekends and during my vacations. We did take one trip to Colorado when Jan was about three, in 1955. When we got to Denver on the way back, the motor went out on the car and we had to wire home for money to repair the car. We stayed in a motel for three days while they repaired the car. We rode the city bus and Jan would call out the street names after the drivers at the delight of all the passengers.

My bosses were involved in starting the sand green golf course and Carl would come by my office and say, "Come on Bruce let's go water the new seedlings that were planted around the course." My other boss loved to play horseshoes and we would kill time at the horseshoe pit behind the office. It was the first time I learned I needed glasses. I looked up one day and said to my fellow clerk, "Does that calendar on the wall look fuzzy to you?" and he said "No".

Jan

Pat worked up to within a month of the birth of our first girl Janea Sue on August 14, 1952. Pat went in the hospital the day before after beginning labor but did not deliver until late that next day. It was a very hot August day and there was no air conditioning in the hospital. It was a wonderful and exciting day for us and all the family came to see the new baby. We spent many hours trying to pick just the right name and now I cannot recall how we arrived at the one chosen. I liked Sue and Pat liked Jan and somehow she came up with Janea.

Jan was delivered by a doctor friend of the Green family from Elkhart, Dr. Buckmaster. The cost was a whopping \$25 for the doctor and because Pat was an employee of the Stevens County Hospital, I do not remember a charge. Pat delivered Jan on a very hot day in a room without air conditioning. Of course, that was not unusual because that was before that comfort was offered. Now we really put the new dryer to good use with many diapers.

There had only been the two of us for 14 months so it was quite a change in our lives to have a new baby. We had to change our schedules and our routine. Pat returned to work about three months after Jan's arrival and I cared for her in the evenings. Life was good and we had such fun with our happy, healthy baby. There was that one incident when I was in charge with baby watching and left Jan in the bedroom on the bed. She pushed against the window screen of an open window, and the screen popped out and she fell out onto the lawn mower. I took her to the emergency room and received minor medical attention for Jan and a scolding from the nurse, her mother.

Jan was a pretty little girl and a happy and lively baby. Everyone made over her. We had great fun with her and I took picture after picture of her from all kinds of angles. I remember once standing on the dresser just to get the right angle. We still have pictures of her looking into the clothes dryer and trying to crawl into it. It was to be almost seven years before another baby came into the family so all of our affection was lavished on Jan during those years when there was just the three of us.

Just before her first birthday Jan was given a challenge by her Grandfather Earl Green. Walk by your first birthday and I will buy you new red cowboy boots. She met that challenge and received and wore those boots. Those same boots have now graced the feet of her two sisters, her son and daughter, her grandchildren, and her niece and nephew. Nine in total over the past 60 years have benefitted from Jan winning her first challenge.

Jan was about three when we began to build our new home. She was hard to keep up with and always busy. We recall with great amusement for the time when she went through the house with her hammer "knocking out the knot holes".

Chapter 8: Building the House

Feeling flush by 1955, we began planning to build another home. My brother Carl had a building lot, which actually adjoined our old house on the north and we purchased that lot for our new home. We sold the blue house in the summer of 1955 and rented a small house that Kathryn and Murel owned across from Aunt Hattie's. My father and stepmother lived across the street and north one-half block.

We began building our dream house in December 1955. We designed it ourselves and were quite pleased with its size. We had it staked out to dig the foundation and a friend came by to see. She remarked "what a nice sized living room". However, it was the whole house consisting of two bedrooms, living room, dining room, bath and kitchen. We designed and built it from scratch with the help and expertise of my brother Carl and Dad. I believe we were almost 8 months in finishing, working nights and weekends. We had trouble working nights until after getting lights to finish the interior. Many of our friends and neighbors, seeing the lights, came by to visit and see our progress. The problem was that they stayed and stayed so we could not get any work done. We finally had to resort to saying "we are going to call it quits and go home," then we would turn out the lights and drive around the block waiting until we thought the coast was clear for us to return and get some work done.

My advice on building your own house is to think about it a long time and then forget it. It did turn out well but what a job when you already have two jobs in the family. We had very little experience that was applicable, so all we had going for us was great help from Carl and Dad and our excitement. Youth has its belief that "we can do it" and when push comes to shove one has to finish what one starts.

Jan was three and she wanted to help; she carried around a hammer and tried to knock out all the knot holes. We told her not to do that but her remark was "but daddy this is only a baby knot hole". We moved in after the sheetrock was up but not finished. Living through all the dust of finishing the walls was awful. I remember one episode with the bathtub. I had made the opening very tight and we finally got the tub in by pushing and shoving, grunting and cussing. Then we found that it had to come out again to do something we had forgotten. This happened not once, not twice, but three times before we got it right.

The design was somewhat unique for that time, with the living room in the back of the house. We built a huge floor-to-ceiling window in the living room and had a fireplace with bookshelves on both sides and a bench seat along the fireplace. The kitchen cabinets were slanted with sliding doors and one entered the front going down an entry hall to another hall going to the two bedrooms or straight ahead to the living room. We had another large window in the front of the house, which was actually in the kitchen. We also had a different little design by the front entrance. The furnace was behind the fireplace with a louvered door.

We laugh now about finishing the fireplace in July and lighting a big fire in it to see it burn even though it was in the 90s outside. We sat in front of it with sweat pouring down our faces, perhaps mixed with tears as we watched our creation work. We put our new home up for sale and moved to Liberal.

We kept detailed journals on the materials and hours spent on the house, Excerpts are provided. The intro to the Journals was written by Pat

“This journal will probably be dull reading for most people but it was one of the most wonderful experiences of our lives. Bruce and I had nothing to start with as far as building a house was concerned. Bruce had done some building but starting to build a house was almost an absurd idea. But since our Grandfathers had built their house why couldn't we?

Our house plans were drawn up by Bruce one important feature was the living room in the back of the house, a fireplace and a 9 ft long picture window. We obtained a loan from the bank. How? I still marvel at this and with sheer guts started our house. Our main equipment consisted of 2 hammers, 1 hand saw, and since Jan was just 3 years old a pot and a thermos of water.

I was 24 years old, Bruce 28, what we lacked in experience we made up for in intestinal fortitude (or in plain English Guts. I often wonder now how in the world did we do it? Bruce was working full time at Northern every other 12 days he got a 4 days off; with out those 4 days in a row we might still be building.”

Then for a year we rented, but this didn't suit either of us. It wasn't like having one of your own. Where if you wanted to tear out a wall, move plumbing, it wasn't anyone's business. We considered trying to buy a house, but the ones that suited us were too expensive. And the ones we could afford we didn't want.

We spent evening after evening looking at house plans and gallons and gallons of gas, driving around looking at the construction of houses taking notes of anything that struck our eye and I've visited myself flipping on pictures or rooms that struck my fancy when construction started on a new house. Bruce and I were one of the first on location trying to figure out where the rooms were to be. We should have some inkling. What was to come the idea building? That must have been when the idea of building our own house slowly sneaked into our minds.

For about 5 or 6 months we lightly remarked Bruce and I are going to build our house. Then we can put what we want in it. It was a big joke. Then, on November 14th 1955, the ditch was dug for the foundation of the house.

I don't want anyone to think that this was a snap decision. It required months of thought a city law, a house plan and most of all of it required alone from our bank. Without this confidence, help and money the house would still be a dream. The house plan consisted of 2 houses, the floor plan of one. The outside design of another. The blueprints were drawn by Bruce on a huge sheet of company paper. Many evenings that started out in a gay mood planning rooms, closet space, utility rooms and designing cabinets would end with remarks like. But Bruce I want big big closets. Ha, I told you a million times they can't be any bigger. Now just forget the closet for a while, how about the bathroom? Where do you want the tub this time? The den or spare bedroom or family room, needed a divider from the kitchen and on and on. Should the kitchen cabinets go to the ceilings or not. Could we afford a room with a brick fireplace? What kind of tile in the bathroom. Later on when actual construction was started, the things we considered problematic in the planning stage where nothing compared to the problems that were to face us.

The house plan consisted of 2 houses, the floor plan of one and the outside construction of another. The blueprints were drawn by Bruce on huge sheets of company paper.

Naturally, we were like anyone else who didn't know a lot about building and when in the talking stage. We wanted a roof over our whole outdoors so to speak. But when actual construction was to begin, we had to settle for something suitable for the money we had. It wasn't nearly as big as we wanted. But I was proud of the 26 x 40 foot house. That is, I was proud of it until my next door neighbor remarked my that's going to be a lovely living room, t but Betsy, that's not the just the living room, that's the whole house. I replied nearly in tears.

When we started the house, Bruce was working a 40 hour week scheduled in this way, 10 days work, 4 days off, 5 days work, 2 days off, then back on the 10 days. This enabled us to accomplish quite a lot on his 4 days off. After work his work would really begin. We had decided to keep a record of each day's work. Here is a sample. November 14th laid out house and dug foundation. It showed Bruce 18 hours, November 19th foundation board, Bruce 2 hours, November 20th, measured and laid out rooms. Bruised, 2 hours Pat, 2 hours, November 22nd plumbing rough in.

We were going to have cement floors November 22nd to December 1st. We worked on the plumbing. All the drain water pipes would be under the cement floor so it had to be done right? Bruce and I dug out ditches for the pipes. Cut joint of pipes caulked and leaded them. After a total of 61 hours, a city inspection and many callouses the rough plumbing was finished, and we were ready for a floor.

The forms were built, sand was spread over the dirt, wire reinforcing was in place and we waited 5 days for it to get warm enough to pour cement. Those 5 days were like 5 months to us. Those 5 days were the most frustrating I've ever spent. We were both so eager to get on with this business of building each morning, each evening we would drive down and look at the house on one such evening, Bruce and I got out of the car and walked around. Over to admire the plumbing, rough in still admiring this whole where someday the throne of our Kingdom would stand and telling each other that other what wonderful work each had done. We got back into the car with one last admiring Look. Bruce, put the car in the reverse, roared out into the street and crashed right into the neighbors pick up. . Jan started crying and said to her daddy "What did you do that for". This was just the first of a series of incidents or maybe a better word would be accidents that continued along with the progress.

One of the big things I can remember talking about when we began to consider building our own home was a picture window. In fact, the picture window is the first thing. Bruce drew when he started. The floor was on a completely blank piece of paper. 12 foot long by 6 foot high picture window in the back of the house. It was very cold, so we built the big picture window inside a building belonging to my brother-in-law. As we looked back on it, I wondered how we could have been so stupid, but at the time we both agreed that it was the only logical thing to do was to build the window while we waited.

The 6th of December. The floor was poured and once again. We were on. So armed with the knowledge that a house was built with plates on the bottom and top with studs in the middle. I helped my husband put all of this together. Plate studs etc by slapping instruments in his hand as he yelled hammer, square, saw, nails. No, not those nails, the 16th, the 16th are the big nails. The eighth are the little nails. I would appreciate if you would please hand me some nails the 16th?

Chapter 9: Northern Natural Gas- Liberal

In about 1954, a young college-educated engineer, Gaston Tribble, was assigned to our unit on a training program. He was to change my life in a very positive way a few years hence. Gaston Tribble was placed in our office to gain some field experience before moving into the home office. Pat and I became good friends with Trib and his wife Louise, and that led to my second assignment and many of my later advancements. In 1956, he was moved to Omaha and he offered me a job in Liberal as a well tester.

As a dispatcher, I had developed a great memory and was able to locate most of the 2,500 gas wells and their producing capabilities. It was a responsible position and I learned the importance of being careful and working with people. I liked this part of the job but did not like the fact that it was an inside desk job. After the first two or three years, the position offered no challenges and there did not seem to be any advancement possibilities.

Trib offered me a position at Liberal as well tester in 1956 and we moved there even though we had not finished the construction of our new home.

We rented a small house on Penn Street in the north part of Liberal and it was here that we bought our first TV. It was a black and white (color was not in at the time), from Montgomery and Wards. Were we ever in hog heaven. By fall, we had found a new house in south Liberal on Walnut Street and bought it for \$7,000. The builder carried the mortgage and it had about the same square feet as the one we built. We moved in late fall or early winter. The winter of 1957 was severe and I was caught in a bad blizzard in Texas while Pat had to deal with snowdrifts seven feet high in the yard.

I tested gas wells all over the state of Kansas, and the panhandles of Oklahoma and Texas. The job of well tester was dangerous in that we worked around very high-pressure wellheads and piping. My job was to do the annual tests required by the states on the shallow Hugoton wells and test the new wells being drilled in deeper zones. In testing, we vented the gas through a measuring device called a Prover. We attached the Prover on the wellhead with a selected orifice and vented the gas at pressures from 400 pounds per square inch to as high as 1,800 to 2000. We took pressure readings at regular intervals and calculated the deliverability. Needless to say, the gas venting made an extremely loud sound. My hearing was damaged from that work and I live with that job-related injury to this day. It was dangerous work and the working conditions terrible but I enjoyed it and learned a great deal on graphing and predicting production from the wells. Our test results were the determining factor whether we would contract for the gas and lay a gathering line to it.

We were in the house less than a year when in the spring of 1957, I was offered a promotion in the home office in Omaha, Nebraska. Now being somewhat experienced in selling houses, we sold the house back to the builder and left without a place to live.

Chapter 9: Northern Natural Gas- Omaha

We were in Omaha for a three-year stint beginning in the early summer of 1957. The company put us up in a hotel just across from the office for two weeks while we located a place. Jan was delighted with the elevator, riding up and down and bothering the other guests. We rented one-half of a duplex on Parker Street in north Omaha through the summer. We were not used to the heat and the humidity so we were very uncomfortable. Without air conditioning, we bought a window fan that could be turned on to vent out or blow inside. Everything felt damp including the bedding.

Jan began kindergarten at Walnut Hill in the fall of 1957. There was a small group of shops close by and one of our favorite outings was to walk to the ice cream parlor and get peppermint ice cream. There was also a movie theater in the complex and we took Jan to see either Bambi or perhaps it was Lady and the Tramp. I remember that she cried all the way through the movie. We used Parker Street for sledding and took many walks in the neighborhood. We wanted to buy but could not find anything suitable in the area.

The spring of 1958 found us again seriously searching to buy a house. We saw one on Vane Street, which belonged to an old German man who was in a rest home in Iowa. It was being sold with most of the personal belongings and furnishings. It was a nice looking older bungalow with the garage under the house. It had a nice porch and a glassed-in room off the living room with French doors. There was a large dining room, a small kitchen, a bath with a tub with claw feet, and two rather small bedrooms. The kitchen was very small and hardly modern but did have the old style sinks. There was a grand fireplace and a sun porch that opened into the living room through French doors. There was a full basement, but most of it was taken up by a huge monster furnace, reconverted from coal to fuel oil, and the garage. The house adjoining on the west was a huge beautiful home with wonderful grounds. It bordered 30th Street, which was the main travel route to downtown and Northern's office at 22nd and Dodge Streets. There was a steep driveway into the garage from the street. The backyard was very small as was the front yard, which sloped down to the sidewalk.

We made a trip to Iowa to talk with the owner and he agreed to carry a loan for us so we could buy the house. I think we paid \$7,500 for the house and all the contents. Some of the personal items had been taken by his children, but most were left. We loved the house and the fireplace.

The area was called Minnie Lusa and Jan started school at Minnie Lusa in the fall of 1958. We were close to Miller Park and the Piggly Wiggly supermarket. We were about 7800 north and not far from the community of Florence on the north side of Omaha. I rode the city bus to work most of the time and later joined a car pool. It was about this time we bought our first and only brand new car. It was a 1957 Chevy and I believe we paid \$2,500 for it. It was a beautiful car and was to become a classic and collector's car. We were so proud. Jan learned to ride her bike in the Safeway parking lot and we spent many evenings at the airport watching the large planes come and go. We had a great sledding hill in one of the parks. We also went to the amusement park just inside Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Jo and Ernie came to visit, as did Kathryn, Murel, and Connie for Thanksgiving 1958. By spring, we were expecting our second child.

Nanette

Our second daughter Nanette Gay Jones was born on May 2, 1959 in Omaha, Nebraska. She arrived on a very hot day at Emanuel hospital and Grandmother Eva came on the train to help Pat for the first two weeks. It was a very hot day and the hospital again did not have air conditioning. We had been in Omaha about two years when Nanette Gay came to bless us all. Sister Jan was as delighted as Mother and Dad. We had bought our house on Vane Street and had just settled in the home. She was a good baby and the entire family came to see the new addition. She did manage to put a scare in her parents. Shortly after her birth, Pat and I decided to take in a movie and asked a friend Wanda to watch the baby. We had hardly arrived at the movie when we were called out on an emergency. Just after we left, Nanette had a temperature convulsion and Wanda called the emergency services. Nanette had several of these in her first year but eventually outgrew them.

We had great fun with this new family member and she was delighted with all the attention. As with Jan, we had a difficult time choosing just the right name. We both had liked Nanette but Pat did not want her to be called Nan, the name of one of my old girlfriends. I don't know how we arrived at Gay but that was the favorite name of everyone so it was Gay all during her growing up. It was only after the Gay Right's movement and all the bad press concerning the word Gay that she changed to Nanette and later it was shortened to Nan by her co-workers.

Nanette was shy and yet not quiet or reserved. She did not like the limelight but she liked attention and got plenty from us all. She had many playmates and Jan was her second mother and did most of the babysitting. We moved back to Liberal when she was only one year old and she was nine when we moved to Grand Junction.

With two daughters now in the family, there were several major changes. Pat and I now had to divide our attention for the first time and naturally the baby got most of the attention. We had a crib in our bedroom for about two years and then she moved into her own room. It was a long time before she slept alone, however, since she always managed to get in bed with Jan or us. Nanette did not like school as did Jan and she did her work reluctantly. Because of the age difference, they attended the same school only one year before Jan went off to South Jr. High. We had purchased a house on South Webster when we first returned to Liberal. By the time Nanette started school, we had sold that home and purchased a large old home on West Second Street.

Nanette was a happy child but she was an accident looking for a place to happen. Always skinned knees or bumps on the head. I recall having to umpire one of her softball games and being attacked by the angry mothers and dads. She was always on a dead run and was one we had to keep a leash on to keep up with and keep safe. Nanette was inquisitive and interested in things. She and her cousin Mike had a great relationship and were playmates all their childhood.

That winter the snowfall was very heavy and we had to shovel tons of snow out of that sunken driveway. Later that year Earl, Lee, and Judy came to visit and spent Christmas. Grandfather Earl bought me a double-bladed axe for Christmas to cut firewood for the fireplace. He was not sure that I knew how to use it so he had to demonstrate. We really enjoyed our time in Omaha, which came to an end much sooner than we wanted. It was this assignment that really allowed me to grow in knowledge and capabilities. Our time in Omaha was pleasant and rewarding financially.

Chapter 9: Northern Natural Gas- Liberal

By spring of 1960 we were on the move again as I was offered a promotion in Liberal as director of the well testing section in the Gas Supply regional office. So, we again sold our home for about what we had in it and bought a home in South Liberal. We finished the full basement and contoured the lawn, and began what would be 8 years in that city.

I was now age 33 years and was excited to see what I could do with this new position. It was a very good promotion and an excellent opportunity to move into middle management. My office had important functions in keeping the company's gas supply adequate to meet its market demands. It was our responsibility to gather information about the gas wells' performances to predict each of the producing capabilities and their decline. There was much specialized equipment such as wire line units that lowered "bombs" into the wells for measuring the conditions at the well bottoms and the liquid levels in the well bore and the use of sonar to find the liquid levels in the wells. We designed our vehicles and equipment to meet our needs and carry all our specialized measuring equipment. Annual tests were required by the States Commissions used to determine their allowed production. In my region we had more than 4,000 wells to test. In addition, we were charged with testing all new wells being drilled to determine if they qualified for connection to our gathering system. My first task was to construct a facility that would house this equipment and the staff of engineers and technicians.

This was my first position of responsibility over other people. There were only three people under me at that time but it grew to a unit of about 30 people over the next eight years. The work was dangerous and the men worked alone in remote areas. It was always a worry whether everyone was in and safe. There was continued pressure from the Omaha office as the unit grew. I also became heavily involved in community and church activities, which added to the stress.

I was required to make many trips back to Omaha, about 450 miles away, as we planned the expansion of the work and the staff to fulfill our obligations. One problem that hounded us, and me in particular, was how to estimate the number of people we would need to do the task before us. I recall one trip to the home office after a long discussion about how to predict the manpower needed to perform the work. On that trip in the dead of night in the motel room, an approach just seemed to come to me and I stayed up all that night developing the method to determine the manpower required. Thus was born a Man Power Study that came to me out of the blue that gave us answers management accepted, and they authorized me to hire engineers and technicians to accomplish our mission. I interviewed and began hiring people and designing and purchasing the units my personnel would use to do the fieldwork and in the office by technicians in reporting and making projections.

As I now write this, it hits me just how absorbed I was in my work and how little I was dedicating to my family. It came to me later only when my health began to fail and Patricia and I began to discuss rectifying that. I even magnified that by taking on more obligations outside those of my position.

I was now Regional Superintendent of the Liberal Area Gas Supply, and it was in the interest of Northern for me to be involved in the community. I was called upon to do more in my professional growth and in the community. It is true that with higher positions come

opportunities to serve and I could not say no if a challenge came my way. I fed on challenges and relished the opportunities that came to serve. I took on the Program Chairmanship of the Anadarko Basin Chapter of the Society of Petroleum Engineers the largest Chapter of the AIME of SPE with several hundred member engineers. I was then elected Chairman of that group. I joined and later served as president the Liberal Toastmasters club. I really needed help in speaking before groups and this was very beneficial in that regard.

I became Chairman of the University of Kansas Extension Services. Our task was to plan and hold the numerous industry institutes each year. I also served on the Chamber's Agriculture Committee of the Chamber and when an opening on the school board became open, I was appointed to fill it. This was my first experience in politics and public service. I later stood for election and won, joining the board that planned and established under our direction the Seward County Community College and adjacent Liberal Area Vocational Technical School. It was a wonderful challenge and we made many trips throughout the area during the planning stages learning from others successes and failures. It was a great marriage of the higher education and learning a vocation, which allowed for students to use both in preparing for their futures. Today the college has an enrollment of 2,500 and is rated in the 5% top community colleges of the 1100 in the nation. The Vocational Technical School has an enrollment of 1200. Both complement each other and are functioning well serving a population area of about 60,000 in the tri-states of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas Panhandles.

Another political activity was helping in the initial campaign of a young man running for Congress. Patricia and I held a fundraiser for Bob Dole when he made his first run for public office. I stayed in the Republican Party until about 1970 and managed a campaign in 1990 for a Republican. Since then I have moved far away from that corrupt party. And it was then I was sure I had a new vocation as a comic writer when Jan performed one of my skits and won first prize at a local talent show. We thought, as a team, we were headed for the big time but another disappointment.

Other obligations and opportunities and changes began to happen outside my work. One of the most important from that point in time until today was finding our church home in the Episcopal Church. We never really knew whether we either chose or were led to it, but it provided guidance and the source for our strength to overcome the many problems in life that were to come and opportunities to serve others.

We had been "church shopping" for several years in Omaha and in Liberal at the urging of our daughter Jan. At a young age she seemed to recognize something was missing in the family. And, after a visit from Sister Jo and her husband Ernie who had joined the Episcopal church in Bartlesville, Oklahoma we were encouraged to check out St. Andrews Episcopal church. We felt right at home and Dr. Good and his wife sat with us through the service to help us. The preacher, Fr. Weaver, was outstanding and the experience was wonderful. After the service, the Good's came to our home with flowers from the altar and were so kind that we wanted to be a part of the congregation. We attended confirmation classes and were confirmed in the fall of that year. Jan and Nanette were baptized, Nanette saying, "Fr. Weaver got my hair wet", and we finally had our church home. From that time forward the Episcopal church has been the focal point in our lives.

I began teaching in church school and that lead to an appointment as superintendent of the church school at St. Andrews. I followed that as a member of the vestry and later Senior

Warden of the vestry. That was, without a doubt, the best choice we made as a family and it was cemented early on by the reception and guidance and love shown to us by a doctor and his wife as they sat with us through the first months of exposure and became great friends and godparents to our girls.

When I was Senior Warden of the vestry of our church, the Junior Warden was the Chief of Police and the two of us held the congregation together during the trials of the resignation of the Priest and the long search for a replacement. Chief Ralph Smith and I became close friends and when he took the Chief of Police position at Fort Collins we began earnestly thinking of relocation to Colorado.

I was aware that doors for further advancements at work were being shut to me. The company put a very high value on formal education. While at Northern, I had advanced my education primarily by on-the-job training. As a dispatcher, I learned a lot about scheduling and balancing manpower to jobs. I also learned about operating systems and lots about people. When I was offered a well tester's job at Liberal in 1956, I began to grasp many engineering principles and again how to work with people. Finally, when I was transferred back to Liberal as the man in charge, I began to learn how to manage a function and how to evaluate people and get a job done. There was some formal instruction but again, most of my learning was done on the job.

My promotions were won primarily by my experience and performance and I did not have the college degree they so highly prized. I felt and still do that some value should be placed on experience and proven capability, which can offset the lack of a degree. While I lacked the years in college I had 15 years of experience and proven management skills. I felt I was a pretty good manager; attesting to that was the fact that I selected good people and created an atmosphere under which they could and did develop. For several years over 1/3 of my staff was raided annually by the Omaha office, who were looking for good people. My group of engineers and technicians grew from five to about 20 in five years. I am proud of that fact and believe that proves I was a pretty good judge of people and allowed them to blossom. I interviewed and hired many engineers and evaluated many with Master's degrees during those years.

I also made a small contribution in advancing the cause for women. The woman I hired as secretary showed she had capabilities beyond that position and when I had an opening for a technician, I notified my superior of my intent to promote her into that job. In the 1960s that caused a great deal of concern in the company, because that grade of pay was considered excessive for a woman. However, Pam became one of our best technicians and earned her better salary.

I am proud that I raised this issue early on though I was completely oblivious at the time that it was a no-no to put a woman in too high a pay grade. I fought and won that battle and it began to affect the treatment of women throughout the company. I was not even thinking of women's rights but only the best person for the open position happened to be a woman. Today I feel ashamed that it was that difficult for women to be treated equally. At least in the past 50 years there has been some improvement, but the more women are able to win, the more those who want to restrict them work to hold them back to those awful times when women were treated as property.

Now what was happening on the home front while I was too heavily involved in building my career and spending far too little time with my family? Well, Patricia was busy managing our homes, and there were three moves during these 8 years. She was earning a lifetime membership

in the PTA for her work and she was a Scout leader for the girls' troops. Jan attended Southlawn Elementary and Southlawn Junior High while we lived in our first home in Liberal. About this time, Jan and Nanette went with me to the city pound and we picked out a great little female puppy that we named Bubbles.

In 1964, we sold that house and bought a wonderful big home in the better part of town. Yes, we were caught up in "getting ahead by looking prosperous". It was a beautiful, spacious home with room for everyone including Amy Robin, who joined the family on June 25, 1965 and now there were five of us.

Amy

Our third child was a wonderful surprise coming almost seven years later. Amy Robin Jones was born on June 25, 1965, the same date as her Grandmother Green's birthday. She arrived early and caught me in Omaha on a business trip. We thought she was going to arrive about July 1st and I would be home in plenty of time. I received a call from Liberal that I had a third daughter and rushed home to see her. Amy was the third blessing for our family and came along when we really needed a baby in the family.

Her sisters loved her and she became their doll. Amy was just three when we moved to Colorado and she grew up in the drive-in. She and Nanette had a special closeness and were roommates for several years. The house on Hall had three bedrooms and older sister Jan, at 14, got her own bedroom. This left Amy and Nanette to share the remaining bedroom. Amy was babied by everyone and was a beautiful, happy baby. She has remained with us the longest of all three. Jan moved out at age 18 and Nanette was married at age 18. Amy is still living at home at age 26 but looking forward to buying her own house in 1992.

Regarding the selection of Amy's name, I cannot remember how or why we selected Amy Robin but we've always been pleased with both the name and the girl. Since she has been the only one in the home for the past 14 years, it is natural that we have been more involved with her and her life.

I was in Omaha for meetings and Amy arrived about two weeks earlier than expected. They broke into the meeting to tell me and I rushed home to greet my new daughter. What a grand family I had been blessed with, a good wife and mother and three beautiful girls. For some, the fact that our three girls were born seven years apart was not a positive. On one occasion a woman remarked, "Hmm, just like the locusts". Pat and I did not plan it that way but we would not have had it any other way. This allowed us time to care for and enjoy each baby before the next one came. It did mean that we had one of them in school for about 40 years. We were in our sixties when the raising and education was finally done. I believe in the saying from Apocrypha "Call no one happy before his death; a person will be known through his children". Nowadays the families have empty nests and they are in their forties.

Train trip November 1966.

Bruce and I have been going through a lot of old papers and found a diary. I had written about a trip to El Paso Texas, in 1966. Since Jo and Ernie move to El Paso, we have been anxious to visit them during the teacher convention. We decided to go visit them. Bruce suggested that we go by train. The girls Jan and Gay have been so excited the first big train trip. So begins the latest escapade of Jones. We were to leave Liberal at 5:30 AM. The girls and I got everything packed, baths, hair rolled and in bed by 9 PM. Bruce had a meeting and was late getting home. I couldn't sleep, I just knew the alarm would not go off and we would oversleep, and then when I did go to sleep, I dreamed we missed the train. About 4:30 AM we got up, dressed, and gathered up all the assorted luggage and called a cab. At 5:15 AM we left the house with 2 suitcases, a suit hangar, curler box, diaper bag, lunch, one box of Kleenex, 1 box disposable diapers, Coats and purses, 3 sleepy girls. Just as the cab pulled into the parking lot, we saw a train leaving. a break. Manual that has you missed your train. But our luck held, It wasn't our train. After buying our tickets, we learned the train would not arrive until 6:30AM we went across the street to have breakfast. Have you ever listened to Willie boogie and I and I love onions at 5:30 AM? We checked back at 6 and found out the train was not due until 7:30AM. Called the cab and went home for another hour sleep. Arrived back at the station at 7:15 AM left Liberal at 8 AM only 2 and a ½ hours late, and \$3 short cab fare. Train coaches just looked just like they did 20 years ago, not really dirty, just sort of seamy around the edges. Then I saw the sign smoking in the restrooms. Only Gay had found the lady's room and the drinking fountain before we left the city limits, most of her time was spent drinking water, bringing everyone else a drink, little white folding paper cups or else flushing the stool. Flushing the stool was quite a novelty, not only did it have a pedal to flush, you could also see the train tracks when it flushed. We spread out and made ourselves at home. Jan and Gay had 2 seats, Amy and I behind them and Bruce across the aisle. We got out the comic books, crossword puzzles, that lasted 15 minutes or so. Amy and Gay were hungry so they ate the lunch. The scenery wasn't much, same old sand and sage maybe a few rolling hills. Went back to the Club Car and had 75 cents worth of cokes, Amy found the service button and it was war. About 11:30 we stopped at Tucumcari New Mexico and got off the train to stretch our legs. Bought Gay a coloring book and crayons, met a little lady for Montreal, Canada. Saw about 30 boys that were on our train, they were going to El Paso to join the Army. Harry's lunch counter. Harry was a nasty vile man after we got back to the train. Ate the rest of the lunch and everyone napped for a while. Gay and I started passing each other, I going back to smoke and Gay, continuing her drinking and flushing. Amy got her train legs, it was up-and-down the aisle charge. By this time, Jan was pretending she didn't know this group of people. Saw a lot of young women traveling with small children. Several had been on the train a couple of days. Made another trip to the Club Car. Jan woke up just as we started back and Bruce told her to come to the Club Car in a little while after 15 or 20 minutes. The princess made her appearance. Brushed blue denim suit, hair combed, eye makeup on lovely. More sand and sage, and in the distance, phony looking paper machine mountains. Lady in the Club Car commented on the 3 girls, 7 years apart, something about locusts. Ladies with thick Texas accents talking about Ladybird Johnson. Nice man with laughing eyes hiding a smile, as the ladies went on and on. city slicker, showing a middle-aged businessman the label in his English tweed sport coat. lady from Montreal, telling me how hard it is to get a decent cup of tea and impossible to get milk with tea.

Then at long last El Paso, Jo, and Ernie, Mike. Mike jumping up-and-down waying and yelling. . Waiting and yelling.

Two days of talking, catching up, drinking coffee, eating. El Paso is such a contrast, flat, sandy, cactus, sage, and Palm trees. Along the horizon paper machine mountains. Saturday, we went to Mexico, it doesn't seem possible that just crossing a river you would go back in time 50 or 60 years.

Shoe shine boy's, boy's wiping windshields as you stop not just 1 or 2 but 7 or 8. Paper boys running alongside the cars. Beggar men and women. Fruit peddlers with crude carts, tamales carts. Shacks jammed together poverty and dirt everywhere.

We went to a glass factory, mexican men were using the same method used in the 14th century to blow glass, and shape glass. Huge furnaces, adobe kilns, crude tools, but absolutely beautiful animals glasses, dishes.

We went to the horse and dog track completely air-conditioned would seat about 5000 people on 2 levels. Beautiful spiral walkway to the second level. builders had used native tile and mosaic. "Camino Real" the kings highway. This is a beautiful place, all new buildings around a plaza, many small shops with Mexican crafts. Wrought iron candlesticks, lamps, tables and chairs. Lovely, handmade furniture, massive pieces. Some stained others, white or ebony black, baskets, hats, pinatas Inca rain gods, crude carvings of saints and merry unique figures painted in gaudy colors. Silver pin earrings and huge paper flowers some as big as bushel baskets in every color of the rainbow. GORGEOUS! Leather sandals. So cheap, lovely tablecloth starched so stiff they stood alone.

We spent about 3 hours in Mexico. I'm glad I'm an American. We went back to El Paso and had dinner at Ashley's. This is where the Ashley's brand of Mexican food is canned. It was wonderful food.

Sunday evening. Joe and Ernie and kids took us to the train same amount of luggage. But add to that a large box, another lunch, Jan's Mexican sombrero. It must have looked like COXS army.

Jo and Ernie, and the kids got on the train with us in before they could get off the train did a series of backing up going forward stops. which caused a lot of excitement.

Amy got sick coming home high temperature. I felt bad long and unpleasant night arrived in liberal 2 hours late. Just in time for Bruce to shower and shave and go to work. Amy has an ear infection. I have the flu.

The stress of caring for my people through battles for better pay and working conditions began to affect my health. The biggest stress was that I had men out in the field alone doing very dangerous work in remote areas. I could not rest without knowing that all of them were safe either at home or at their motel. I spent about a week in the hospital for bleeding ulcers and other health issues. I was self-motivated and did not need to be prodded to perform, but some of my immediate supervisors applied pressure on me. This had a damaging effect on me and my health by adding to my stress.

It was about that time when Patricia and I began to question where we were headed, but it took three more years on the fast track before we put a radical shift in motion. Patricia and I had many long discussions about our future and what, if any, changes we should make. The money I was making was quite good with my final wage about \$13,000, which in 1968 was an excellent salary. But, after much soul-searching and prayer we decided to seek a simpler life in our favorite place, Colorado. It came down to me staying and perhaps dying an early death or

making a change in our lives. Colorado was always calling us and we thought it was time to answer that call. My friend had taken the Chief of Police position in Fort Collins, Colorado on the Front Range and my younger brother Tommy and his family lived there, so there were several things drawing us there. We sold the big home on Second Street and rented a home in North Liberal for several months as we prepared for the move.

My 20 years of corporate life taught me many things. The first was, to have opportunities to advance one needed to hitch his wagon to a star. If one picked the right star and performed well then advancements came. If your star fell, then those hitched to the then-rising star moved past you and there was little chance for advancement. My star was Gaston Tribble and he was rising fast. He offered me a way out of Hugoton and ultimately to Omaha and back to Liberal. Soon after that, he began to lose his chances for movement up when his star was bypassed. So the old saying "It is who you know" holds true in the corporation. I also found that about seven years in one position was all that I could find challenging. After that length of time I needed a new work environment or my performance start to deteriorate.

I really missed the management of people and projects and the resources to do it well. When I began to move into the private sector, it was the lack of resources, principally finances, that was the greatest obstacle. Also, the transformation from very important positions where I dealt with budgets of millions to one-horse operations was very difficult. I believe everyone who leaves a very important position finds the same transformation problems. I am reminded of the story of President Lyndon Johnson after he left office. He could not adjust and held cabinet-like meetings with his ranch hands. It is a hard habit to break, dealing with big issues and then retiring or making a dramatic change to small or no issues.

I remain grateful for all the training and opportunities that I had with the company and do not regret in the least the decision to leave for a new and better life. Had I not resigned and stayed with the company, it is doubtful I would have lived until retirement. I certainly feel that, dying on the vine, so to speak would have been a fate worse than death and my health was already breaking. Leaving Northern, I had no one to blame or credit for any success or failure. I did pray continuously over the last few months to be lead to the right decision. The events since have proven that it was the right decision and as I write this today, I am thankful for the Lord's leading.

Chapter 10: The Move to Colorado

We cashed in our company stock and bought a closed business on the Redlands. It was not a good time to be in the restaurant business and we struggled for 10 years of little income. During that time, I joined in several causes, only one of which was concluded successfully. I remained active in the church, serving as lay reader and as co-leader of Junior High religious education at St. Matthews. Following that, I was involved in the outreach on the campus of Mesa College to students. I joined with a Catholic Priest for the first survey of the religious preferences of the student body.

I experienced my first unsuccessful effort in my church work when we attempted to solve the problem of distance and separation from home dioceses for those in the wide remote areas. The huge remote areas of the four states of Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas panhandles all were hundreds of miles from their dioceses. With our new highly credentialed priest in place, we began the big effort of attempting to establish sub dioceses with Liberal as the center and serving all the scattered congregations with traveling priests. All of the small churches did not have clergy and were also too far removed from their dioceses to get services from them. We spent many weeks and years attempting to establish a satellite group that would serve these churches in these four dioceses. It was a good plan and would have given the small congregations services they were not getting from their diocese. That was my first attempt to get the four Bishops to cooperate and it proved impossible because each was afraid of losing some of their flock. It was an interesting project and we learned an awful lot about how afraid some are of relinquishing control.

I launched an effort to honor John Otto that failed and then began a long period of attempts to improve relations and cooperation between Christians in the valley. I served as Chairman of the Fellowship of Cooperating Christians for three years. We had some temporary and minimal success in gaining cooperation between the 96 churches in the valley. That led to serving as Chairman of the Redlands Interfaith Chapel, a major push to several congregations sharing the same facilities. This effort failed, which is a great disappointment for me.

I was appointed to the Grand Valley Youth Commission and we had many projects to provide activities for the youth of the community. We worked on the effort to save Lincoln Park Barn from planned demolition with success and it is still serving the community.

In 1976, we began meetings with two other couples to establish a new mission, which was to become the Parish of Church of the Nativity that has served the community for the past 36 years. I served as Chairman of the group and as lay reader for the first dozen years.

After selling our business, I obtained a real estate license and two years later a broker's license and established Realty Junction. I served the Board of Realtors as program chairman, and joined with three other independent offices in founding the group Independent Brokers of Mesa County. That group continues and enjoys success. I closed my office in 1997 and after a work life of 55 years, we began our retirement.

Since then I have contributed very little if anything of worth. My only entry in politics other than active support of various candidates was managing the successful campaign of John

Crouch for Mesa County Commissioner. I remain deeply concerned about the future of the country we are leaving for my children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and will work for their welfare until I can no longer act.

I have worked on several other causes but was never to bring them to a successful end. My contribution has been little but now I am pleased and contented to relish in and enjoy the accomplishment of my daughters and those of our grand's and great-grand's.

Starting with Jan's birth in 1952, we have had children in the home almost 40 years and children in school for 35 of those years. Many couples have their families raised and are alone by the time they reach their fifties.

We would not change our lot for we would not have liked to have had an empty nest for so long. Of course the special days in the family are August 30, 1931 (Pat's birthday); May 9, 1927 (my birthday); and the birthdays of the three girls, August 14, 1952; May 2, 1959; and June 25, 1965. The day of our marriage was June 22, 1951; Jan's wedding day was August 7, 1977; and Nanette's on April 22, 1978. These are all important days for the family.

Here is a letter written by Patricia to Eva Love describing Jan's Wedding.

letter from Patricia to Eva love Green

Janea and Paul's wedding

Salt Lake City Utah,

August 8th 1977.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning 8 AM, no smog, birds singing. It had rained on Saturday, the streets in Salt Lake City were flooded and we had not planned on rain.

Nanette. Amy and I roared up the Canyon road to rotary park. I was dressed in my wedding finery, Amy, and Nanette had on their shorts with dresses hanging in the bus. So they could change just before the wedding.

We had packed the bus for 2 days in preparation for "Wedding Day". Items were plates, glasses, silverware, tablecloths, scotch tape, thumb tacks, coffee cans to hold flower arrangements, baskets to hold coffee cans, which held flower arrangements, baskets to hold rolls for sandwiches, baskets to hold potato chips. Three cheese plates, two trays of Roast Beef. two trays of ham, mustard, Mayo, ingredients for a Mormon punch, case of white wine, flowers, 500 yd of yellow ribbon, guest book, 12 white stakes with yellow bows and streamers to use for the wedding aisle. One bamboo mat for the bride and groom to kneel on. The list continues with 1 roll of toilet paper for the facilities, which was down the hill and under the tree, several bags of ice, napkins, and various other things.

Rotary park has big gates across the entrance, which was supposed to be unlocked for the Jones -Schenk wedding at 8:30 AM. But when we arrived, no one was in sight. No one, but those dumb birds singing gaily and all the trees. I was super upset. A few minutes later. Linda (friend of Jan) arrives. She is going to do the flowers. We drag out the yellow ribbons and start making bows. Roger who came with Linda, starts back down the Canyon to find someone to unlock the gate.

Time passed slowly, but finally Roger arrived at the park ranger to unlock the gate we fling yellow ribbons, coffee cans back into the VW bus and start up the Canyon 2 more Miles. On the way up Nanette would leap out of the bus and put up the sign “Jan and Paul’s wedding”.

Arrived at space 9. We leapt out and started the decorations. Amy is to help Linda find more greenery for the flower arrangements. Nanette covering side tables with white paper tablecloths, white cloth covers for the main tables. It was then discovered just how nervous Bruce was. He had packed the thumbtacks in the ice chest.

Paul arrives. I have him put the stakes with bows and streamers up to form the aisle. A few minutes later, Tom arrives with a keg of beer. Finally, it all comes together. Tables covered flowers, punch streamer signs baskets a bird seed to throw at the bride and groom the priest arrives. Paul’s family arrives. The Jones and Brown clan arrive. Bruce and Janea arrived just in time. Paul and his parents, Linc the priest, are standing on a small hill. Bruce and I escort Janea Sue up to them. The birds are singing. The Sun makes beautiful patterns through the leaves of the trees. It was a really lovely wedding.

Then we all ate drank and greeted all the relatives, friends, had some good bluegrass, music, danced, and took lots of pictures. Everyone had a good time.

Guess started leaving just close relatives still there, we start cleaning up. Paul and Jan decide to leave. We get everyone together “Carson” Jan’s VW has been decorated with appropriate slogan’s, tin cans and yellow ribbons. The bird seed is handed out and we throw birds seed with love and prayers at Janea Sue and Paul as they leave.

Nanette and Mike brown drained the keg into a jug. We loaded the bus again not so much to load now. Bruce, Amy and I start back to Salt Lake City. Nanette and Mike follow in the car with the beer and paper cups. By the time they arrive back at the motel, the beer is gone and so are Nanette and Mike.

Jan and Paul went to Snowbird that evening, a ski resort. We left Monday afternoon and went down to Bryce Canyon and tamped out that night.

We have been fortunate to have the entire family together for most of the major holidays year after year. Other important days came with the birth of our four grandchildren. Hillary was the first to arrive on March 1980.

Now for the rest of the story. All three of my daughters have degrees and two, my eldest Jan Jones-Schenk, and Amy Jones, my youngest, graduated from what was then Mesa College and is now Mesa State University. Nanette G. Holzer, our middle daughter, has an Associate’s degree from another school. All of them worked through their high school and college years. Jan received a two-year degree because that was all Mesa offered at the time, but later she continued on to receive her Bachelor’s and her Master’s degree and then her Doctorate. Amy completed her four-year degree at Mesa and went on to receive her Master’s.

Chapter 12: Travel

1986

Trip to Washington

1988-1989

Free for the first time in our lives, we took advantage of that freedom by traveling the west. Pat and I were approaching our late sixties and we were determined to do the traveling we had not been able to do before. We bought a 1977 Cruise Air motor home and hit the road. While we had made some winter trips south of a few weeks' duration, we had not undertaken trips that were months' long. We actually purchased the motor home in 1987 and the first outing was to Camp Illium near Telluride for a week while the grandkids were at church camp. Our first major extended adventure was in 1988. We spent some time in January and February at Quartzite with Carl and Verna and Kathryn and Murel. We then drove towards Indio, California where the motor threw a valve, leaving us stranded on the interstate. In a very short time, a "road warrior" came to our rescue. He was a young man from the south that traveled the highways in search of anyone having troubles. He agreed to tow us in and install a new motor for us. He and a heavyset friend spent two days replacing the motor while we were parked on an abandoned lot.

We then met Kathryn and Murel for a trip to the Salton Sea and back to Yuma where we had the power steering repaired. I was still heavily involved in real estate so we were only able to get away for no longer than a month or six weeks. The winter of 1989, we again met Kathryn and Murel along with Carl and Verna at Quartzite, and on our way back learned that Murel had developed cancer. We stopped in Las Vegas and spent the month of April with them in the Sam's Town RV park while Murel had his treatments. This made our trip about two months long and we had to return to take care of business.

We made a brief winter trip in 1990 to Quartzite, returning to close the office. We made a trip to Kansas for Murel's funeral. We took Kathryn with us for the 1992 trip south for the winter.

We are continually trying to recall where we were at or what were we doing during the past 12 years. When we started this new path, Pat was 60 and I was 65. So now to assist us, we are recording the events and places where we were during these 12 years. We will try to mark them by Christmas of each year and New Year's.

June 1991 (Pat)

This has been an interesting summer. Kathryn spent the month of June with us. We were all planning to go to Wendover, NV for a few days of gambling, but it never worked out. Kaye made all the flower arrangements for the anniversary party and did a lot of crafts. Kaye, Deloris, and Dave went to Wendover for a week. Jan, Paul, Hillary, and Morgan came over June 20th to get ready for the party. Jan and Amy worked very hard to get the basement of the church ready for the party. We used raspberry, pink, and white for the colors, and lots of plants. Ebright Hall looked beautiful filled with balloons, streamers, and silver trim. Bruce and I and Jo and Ernie renewed our wedding vows with Muzz Ebright officiating.

The girls fixed a large bulletin board with pictures of Bruce and I and all our family, and our forty years together.

Mother Judi, Jess, and Jaylene came late Friday nights. We sat up until the wee hours of the morning talking. Mother and I decided to sit out on the east porch Saturday morning to drink coffee before we went down to the beauty shop to get our hair done for the party. I moved a chair up on the porch and set down and fell off the porch and broke 2 ribs.

Christmas 1992

We had an early Christmas at Jan and Paul's; the girls gave us an Emerson TV with VCR player, which we used until 2003 and then gave it to Chris. We spent the holiday in Fruita and I was still trying to sell real estate. The only note we have in our ledger is items we gave everyone: Hillary a paint set and bunny slippers, Morgan a mike and books, Chris pants and shirt, Melissa PJ's and slippers, Ron and Nanette a table and chairs, Jan and Paul briefcase and warm up suit, Amy a leather backpack. Amy finished her environmental law class by video on December 31st. She had a fall at work, slipping and bruising her knee and ankle on December 17th.

1993

New Year's 1993 we went to dinner with Dick and Mary, stopped by Amy's house and were home by 11:30 PM. Pat had her glasses redone on the 2nd because they were so scratched. Bruce and Amy both had bad colds. Bruce had 3 teeth filled and got a contract signed on the 960-acre property. Both of us now have colds, feel dismal. Homeowners meeting. Had lunch with Carl and Verna; they are planning on leaving on the 19th. We had Brandon and Drew give us an estimate on doing the ceiling of Amy's basement. We left on the 19th in a heavy snowstorm from the Utah state line to Green River. Stopped for gas and decided to try San Rafael Swell. Roads wet and slushy but clear enough. Arrived at Virgin River Campground about 5 and noticed water leaking out of the back. We had lost our plumbing and tore holes in the holding tanks. The snow and slush built up and pulled the drains loose. Went on in to Mesquite to meet Dick and Mary at the Pepper Mill and spent the night with a 5-gallon bucket as a commode. Had the plumbing repaired at a cost of \$180. Spent the day of Bill Clinton's inauguration waiting on the repair job. On the 21st we filled the holding tanks to see if they would hold and they leaked. Mel again made an attempt to reseal the pipes with bond fiberglass and we waited for that to set up.

We sent Carl and Verna on and will meet them in Quartzite. Got to Sam's Town RV Park on the 22nd. Had a shower hooked up and everything and Dick and Mary came by and we went to Westward Ho for hot dogs and beer then to Del Webb's home development and looked at houses. Next day drove through Green Valley to see the statues, lunch at Excalibur, caught the birds and gardens at Tropicana.

Arrived in Bullhead City on the 27th with Dick and Mary. Amy went to Denver to see the Aztec exhibit, Nanette starts a new job, Jan and Paul to California for a cruise. I won \$400 on keno and the motor home brakes are bad; had them checked in Bullhead but did not fix the problem. Moved on to Quartzite and finally had to have the brakes completely redone. Wrong fluid put in the brakes back in Fruita and it ruined all the wheel seals. I bought a whoopee cushion for Morgan and Chris. Rained hard and dry wash by Carl and Verna is running full. Went to Parker to do laundry then on to Laughlin.

From February 16th to 22nd at Katherine's landing then to Las Vegas. Met Connie and Marv at Balley's for their 25th anniversary dinner. Stayed at the Hacienda RV Park and went to the presentation. Carl and Verna spent the night with us at the Skyline in Henderson. Back home on March 6th. To Park City April 11 to 21st to stay with Morgan and Hillary while Jan and Paul went to Mexico. In May, we spent the weekend with Jo and Ernie in Denver. Had to have a new air conditioner and battery. To Crystal Geyser on Memorial Day.

All of us went to Kansas for Eva's birthday bash. We painted Amy's kitchen shelves over the 4th of July and painted the floor. Chris, Melissa, and Morgan went to Camp Illium in July. August we made a 3-day tour of Saguache, Crestone, Center, and South Fork. September to Green River to the Geyser then to Moab and Canyon Lands. To the Utah State Fair in late September trying to win Morgan a bike. In October, Ann and Max had their part of the tree cut and I had the accident with the Las Vegas couple on Highway 6 by the Animal Farm. November 15th we left for Mesquite, then Laughlin, staying at the Hilton for 3 nights. Spent Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at Dick and Mary's. Back for Thanksgiving with Jan and Paul, Hillary and Morgan. Great dinner, bowling, and pedicures. Pat, Jan, Amy, and Roberta to NIF from December 4th to 13th. Amy started a new job, Independent Brokers Christmas party. December 17th Bethlehem Inn dinner theater. Chris was shepherd and Melissa Ruth. Westgate Inn Party at Otto's, Christmas Eve dinner with Amy, then to church.

Church on Christmas Day with Nanette, Ron, Chris, and Melissa. Chris was a torch bearer, then to Nanette's for dinner. New Year's Eve 1993, dinner and games with Carl and Verna. Spent some time at Battlement Mesa with Jo and Ernie

1994

New Year's 1994 we started a walking program walking to the entrance of the Colorado Monument, about 3.8 miles. Met Kathryn at Elko June 15th and Dick and Mary joined us for the beginning of our long trip north and west. Trip through the Ruby Mountains and talked to the "bull shipper" from Canada. To the Thousands Springs Campground. On the 19th took a long trip to the "City of Rocks"—no big deal. Dick bought frozen trout and fixed them for dinner. New motorhome battery at Sears in Boise. Stayed in a nice campground at Nampa. In Boise saw a man making Holland wooden shoes. Went to Weiser, Idaho and other places such as Payette to eat at the café that Robert Fulgrum recommended in his book. Saw peppermint and spearmint growing. Stayed at Stanfield, Oregon park then on to Troutdale. Dick and Mary left for Bend, Oregon and we went towards Portland to meet Amy. Had "Mobil Maynard" put new plugs and wires on the motorhome. Drove to the coast to check out parks and waited until July 2nd to pick up Amy.

On July 4th drove to Salem, visited the capital, then on to Corvallis and camped at the fairgrounds and saw the community fireworks. Toured the coast up to Astoria, camped at Kalama, then on to St. Helens. On the 10th put Amy back on the plane and drove to Miller Sylvania outside Olympia, meeting the Andsager again.

Summary of travels sent to family.

Today, Sunday July 31st is the 50th day of our journey to discover America. We are now parked in an escapee mobile RV park at Chimacum, Washington. Tomorrow completes our

second week at this location, as we explore the Olympic peninsula with day trips from our “home base”.

At this writing, we’ve driven the motor home 1730 miles and the car 4300 miles. Many of our daily outings have been up to 200 miles and more driving out 75 to 125 miles and returning. In this manner, we have visited most of the Oregon and Washington coastlines. We have also spent many days exploring Puget Sound and Vancouver Island.

We began our long-awaited adventure on June 11th, getting as far as Lake Utah near Provo, where we left the motor home and Jan and Morgan came to meet us. Jan offered to drive us to Park City for the night so we could. See Hillary and Paul. They then returned us to our home and we spent our first night in the motor home Sunday evening at lake Utah.

We drove to Elko Nevada on Monday and met Kathryn at the Red Lion Inn. This was the place for a hook up with our traveling companions, Dick and Mary Andsager, We spent Monday and Tuesday night as Kathryn’s guest and Wednesday and Thursday night’s boondocking at Elko. Kathryn left Wednesday noon and we spent that afternoon and all day Thursday seeing sites in the area, specifically the Ruby mountains with Dick and Mary.

We drove to One Thousand Falls Idaho on Friday. Just outside of Twin Falls and spent the next 4 days driving the area and touring Twin Falls. Made minor repairs on the hot water heater and prepared to move on toward Boise. The Shoshone Falls were outstanding and the area surprisingly highly developed. Farming fisheries and several national companies were located in the area.

The campground was right on the Snake River with many falls out of the cliffs on the other side of the river. We visited the museum and Cowboy Poet’s Hall of Fame and a commercial fish processing plant.

On June 21st, we moved on to Nampa Idaho just outside of Boise. It was ideally located for several outings to Boise and several surrounding areas all together. We spent 5 days in Nampa Campground. Went to Boise for 2 days, visiting the capital, museums and buying a new coach battery for the motor home. We took a couple days off to relax and drove to Weiser Idaho to attend the fiddler’s contest and toured a large cheese factory. Area is even more highly developed than Idaho Falls. Learned that most of Idaho’s population is concentrated in the valley from Twin Falls to Nampa.

Left Sunday, June 26th for a meet up with Amy in Portland. Dick and Mary headed straight West to Eugene to visit family and we followed the Columbia River gorge from Pendleton to Troutdale Oregon, close to Portland. Stayed one night in between at Stanford, about midway from Nampa to Portland. Had to deal with high winds and a motor home, not running well.

Camped at a RV park in Troutdale for 2 nights before moving into the county to a small community of Corbet, (still almost a suburb of Portland). On Wednesday, June 29th, we were set waiting to pick Amy up on July 2nd. Drove along the Columbia River to several falls and drove back on the Washington side of the river

On the 30th. We drove to the Oregon coast to check out RV parks and decide on a route after picking Amy up at the airport. Went to Tillamook and Newport and spent time on the beaches. Decided not to move to the coast until Amy got in and drove into Portland Sunday to meet the plane.

After discussing the problem of crowds, we stayed in The Crown Point campground at Corbett until July 4th using the days to sight see Portland and the Columbia River Gorge. We moved on the fourth to Salem, visited the capital and saw a great firework display. Drove to Newport and spent 2 nights at Pacific shores RV park while we went up-and-down the coast. Visited 2 lighthouses and went through the Oregon state aquarium. There was much beach walking even though the winds were strong and cold. Cannon beach was attractive, but very much a tourist trap. We visited the Tillamook cheese factory, a huge operation and spent time in Seaside during the evening.

Moving back towards Portland to get Amy back for return home. We drove to Astoria Traveled the 4 mile bridge, saw the Astoria column, the mouth of the Columbia River where it enters the Pacific Ocean and then on to Kalama WA to spend the night.

On July 9th or the 28th day, we went to Mount Saint Helens to view the effects of the eruption. Long drive in and out, then back to Kalama to see the world's tallest totem Pole. We took Amy to her motel in Portland so she could catch her 6 AM flight back to Clifton Sunday, the 10th and return to Kalama for the night.

We left for the Olympia area on Monday and found the Millersylvania State Park campground, about 10 miles South of Tumwater. We were to find this so pleasant, we stayed 9 days while we toured the coast and everything in and around Olympia. We even managed a tour of the of the Olympia brewery, and the state capital. Had to have a new clutch installed on the car air conditioner. Great hiking trails and beaches.

Dick and Mary rejoined us on the 13th and we spent the next 7 days touring the area. Several trips to Olympia, two to have the car air conditioner worked on, and of course, a tour of the Olympia brewery at Tumwater "It's the water". We also visited the Washington State capital and made a trip to Aberdeen on the Washington coast.

Left Millersylvania on Tuesday, July 19th and moved up to the Evergreen Coho SKP RV Park t Chimacum WA where we remain at this writing.

Following is a summary overview of reflections on our first 50 days. This is the halfway point of our shakedown trip of a 100 days which should end about September 15th when we returned to Fruita. We found the travel very pleasant and satisfying; However, we have only been able to touch the areas superficially. I believe one should stay in an area for a minimum of one month to really see and taste the areas. This we did while staying 3 weeks at Chimacum.

Time seems to zip by never enough to relax, read and write letters and see all the areas have to offer. We assumed there would be days when time would weigh heavily, but nothing could be further from the truth. Probably the best routine would be at least 2 days at camp for each Day Out. Particularly, since our out trip seemed to average 100 to 200 miles of travel.

The costs have really surprised us. Out of necessity and safety concerns Ww have stayed most of the time in campgrounds. We assumed the state campgrounds would be inexpensive. Wrong, for example, those in Oregon and Washington were \$16 to \$18 per night with water and electricity and \$11 per night to boondock. One could stay in commercial parks about this cheap. But those along the coast went as high as \$22 to \$25. All other items are higher. Groceries dining out and fees to get into special tourist areas.

~~I believe Washington and Oregon have strong economies because they take advantage of their visitors. Pluck the turkeys. Another example I lost a filling and had to have a temporary one. Put in Costa \$186, keeping their economies high. At the expense of others is unforgivable. Both of these states also have a huge benefit from government spending, which also bleeds the rest of the country. I prefer the West people over the far West~~

While we've seen a variety of landscapes and lots of beautiful country. I now know that God has evenly distributed the beauty and splendor no area has it all over another and except for the ocean beaches. Our home state has beauty and variety equal to any we have viewed here. I relate a story while in Portland sightseeing. We passed the library downtown a young man sitting on the steps asked where we were from when we answered Colorado, he said well, what are you doing here?

We found crowds and heavy traffic everywhere, even though we made every effort to go at low times. This is going to be worse with each passing year, and the joy of travel will not be joyful because of the crush of people and the tension of traffic. We are both in high stress each time we begin to move our base.

~~We have also been amazed at the number of retirees and the huge expensive rigs, many travel with. As an example, we spent, we met a black man and his wife, retired from the service with a \$180000 motor home and his wife following in a 1993 Lincoln town car. Is it any wonder why many resent retirees when they see this kind of affluency and they can't afford adequate Health Insurance. Sorry for the length of this and I'll be more brief on the second 50 days. It is interesting to note that we were only briefly outside the limits of the United States. This is when we went to Victoria BC. I don't believe one can tour our country satisfactorily in less than three to five years and that will be our goal.~~

Are second fifty days

We decided another week was needed to cover the Olympic peninsula, so we paid up our rent through August 9th. At the Coho evergreen escapee RV park and laid plans to visit Seattle, Olympic National Park and other points not yet covered.

On Tuesday, August 2nd Kathryn's birthday, we made our first of two ferry trips to Seattle, one from Bainbridge. And one from Bremerton, separated by a week. In the between time we toured Olympia National Park, many beaches along the northern coast and took a Harbor cruise to see the battleship Missouri and many other navy ships in moth balls.

We saw the Pride of Baltimore, a sailing ship, visited 2 churches for services in different parts of the peninsula. We also toured the Kitsap peninsula before departing Chimacum, for Central Washington. We ferried our vehicles across from Port Townsend to Keystone and drove through the cascades to our first camp at J. R. National Forest campground outside Okanogan WA for 2 nights. We are headed for Grand Coulee dam, August 11th and we will meet up with Dick and Mary at glacier National Park about August 20th for a third rejoining.

As I begin this writing Pat tells me. We are now on our 69th day, August 18th, so 7 days have jumped by. We changed our entire plan on entering Omak, Washington. Traffic was backed up for a mile as they rode the rodeo horses between Okanogan and Omak and we learned we had arrived during the biggest event of the year. The Omak rodeo and world-famous suicide race was to begin the following day. We had planned to drive 70 miles to Grand Coulee dam. But as

we've done several times before, we stopped after only 20 miles and extended our stay for 3 days. It's these little surprises that really add interest and pleasure to our travels. These days were most interesting and fun. As we watched, the Indians come together for their encampment. The rest of us circled our RV's on the rodeo grounds. About a 1000 units for ringside seats to the event.

Friday night we went to the rodeo, one of the nation's best, which ends with the suicide race. This race begins 100 yd back from a 350 foot cliff, and the riders hit the edge at a full gallop and slide down the steep bank into the Okanogan river, swim across and then ride into the arena. I had hoped to get a video of the race but they had a power failure so the race was run in total darkness. We did see the wet riders as they entered the arena and 4 riderless horses. It is truly heart-stopping to see those 20 riders

top of the cliff and down the sheer drop into the river as we were able to see on Saturday night. The race is run as the rodeo's finale for each of the 4 events. I was able to get good video which pleased me.

The Indians usually win because they go all out and train all year. It was featured in a Disney movie but animal rights people are trying to force stoppage. It is unique and we were continually told by the locals that the horses and riders are well-trained for the event. Omak is a lot like the Grand Valley with orchards of truck farms. But it is on the edge of Colville Indian reservation. The citizens pull off this huge event, with hundreds and hundreds of volunteers. We ended our stay by attending a cowboy church service at 830 Sunday. Before leaving for Grand Coulee. We met and enjoyed a fine man from Canada who parked next to us. His name was Hewitt Hayward and was traveling alone. He'd lost a leg in his early 20s but got around very well and was splendid company.

After making it all the way to cool it to Grand Coulee, 50 miles, we sat in the Spring Canyon Campground, a forest service facility on the shore of Lake Roosevelt. The dam backed up the Columbia River for 150 miles even into Canada.

We spent 2 days enjoying the lake, beach, touring the dam and seeing the laser light show. The dam is huge, the largest in the country. The spillway covers 13 acres, it is 500 foot thick at the base and 550 feet high. It took 12 million cubic yards of concrete to build- enough to build a 4-foot-wide sidewalk around the Earth at the equator. It generates about 4 times the electricity that Hoover dam produces. It pumps water up into a high elevation lake at the rate of 500 bathtubs full per second. This irrigates, one million acres of land and this is only three 3% of all the water in the Columbia.

The light show was wonderful to see and very well done. It is viewed by thousands, and we arrived 1&1/2 hours early to get parked. They open the spillway, and the lights are reflected on the huge sheet of rushing water. As in most other areas we visited, we could have stayed at least another week but pushed on toward Glacier. We made big time going all the way to Sandpoint Idaho, about 190 miles before stopping at the fairgrounds.

Sandpoint is a truly beautiful spot where we again were planning on passing through. The beauty of the area and lake Pend Oreille gobbled us up and here we stayed for 5 days. We were going to stay in Sandpoint but had to move. So we drove to Hope Idaho about 10 miles East of SandPoint. Then we drove to Beyond Hope before settling in at the Sam Owens Forest service

campground just before Beyond Hope. We are right on the lake, which has a shoreline of 110 miles and as a 1000 foot deep in places.

We spent 2 days doing Sandpoint, very interesting community, with beautiful city beaches, shopping malls built on a bridge and lots of interesting people. Spent 2 days around camp watching the deer eat our tomato plant and seeing wonderful sunsets

Left Beyond Hope Sunday August twenty first headed for Libby, Montana. Learned that several forest fires were burning in the area. So opted to go down to Plains and drive to Kalispell along the west side of Flathead Lake. Beautiful drive and Kalispell is busy buzzing bustling community.

For a second night we camped at the elk's campground. Since several of the sites were close to the road. I requested a site further into the campground. The host said she would put us in the last site furthest from the road. Upon parking, we noted we were adjacent to the airport and small aircraft came and went on regular intervals. We thought we could survive these when a huge military helicopter set down not 50 feet from our motor home. About 15 military men dressed in camouflage began to remove propellers and pound on things. After about 2 hours they put it all together and cranked it up for a series of test runs and lift offs. They finally left us in peace about 10 PM leaving the copter parked right at our bedroom window. Next morning at 8:30 they revved up the props nearly flattening our home and flew away. We also left to find a quieter spot.

We were happy to learn that Dick and Mary were on the other side of Glacier. So we made arrangements to meet them at the West entrance for brunch and catching up on each other's travels. Made plans for us to drive through the park on "Going to the Sun Road" and met them for lunch and a drive Wednesday.

On our return to Kalispell Wednesday. Thursday evening. Our car began to heat and drip water. Spent the next 2 days and \$260 getting a new heater core installed.

Left Kalispell on Friday driving along the east shore of Flathead Lake. stopped at Ronan and spent two days touring Polson including the People Center, a cultural center run by a confederate of three tribes, the Salish, Kootenai, and Pend d'Oreille. The wonderful and fantastic Saint Ignatius church with 58 of the most beautiful murals one could imagine out here in the Montana wilderness.

Here we set today August 29th in Drummond home of the world-famous bull shippers Plan to child depart the City Park campground tomorrow to meet Dick and Mary.

Arrived Helena Tuesday morning Pat's birthday and found slim Pickens for parking. Had to pull our first pass just outside Helena but the motorhome came along well we'll stay here for four or five days.

Wednesday August 31st, we went out for a birthday breakfast and explored Helene's last chance Gulch arriving back at camp we found Dick and Mary had checked in from Great Falls. During our Helena stay of four days, we toured the Capitol. the outstanding museum adjacent to the capitol grounds and played bingo 2 evenings. Saw the white bison big medicine at the historical museum in Helena then heard on the TV that a white bison had been born somewhere in the Midwest and all the Indians were predicting a time of peace. The highlight being our river trip down the Missouri to the gates to the mountains we went on an open launch with about 25 others the pilot of the boat was an excellent guide pointing out many interesting birds, (golden

and bald eagles, Hawks osprey) animals (a couple of mountain goats) and geologic features. it was a great 2 1/2 hour trip we enjoyed with Dick and Mary. We did visit the wonderful St. Helena's cathedral the building was magnificent and the stained-glass windows superb

Left Helena for Butte on September 3rd a short drive and camped at the KOA campground this was our first stop at a KOA because they are higher priced usually \$20 plu. Not wanting to travel on Labor Day we stayed three days sightseeing. Dick repaired my pilot light on the hot water heater. Butte is a beautiful town with 4500 buildings and homes on the National Historic register. We spent hours at the mining museum and touring the downtown area, We viewed the huge to open pit copper mine and planned our next short trip to Bozeman via the Missouri headwaters park.

We stopped at three forks and left our unit as we drove to the park. It was an experience to actually see the confluence of Three Rivers which began the Missouri River, the Madison Jefferson, and galantine rivers come together about halfway between Butte and Bozeman. Dick insisted that he and I are going to travel the Missouri from this point to Saint Louis 2700 miles by boat. We have a differing view on who will paddle.

Thursday September 6th we invaded Bozeman decided rather than a one night stand we would spend 2. Went to the great Museum of the Rockies, in three hours plus covered only about 50% of this outstanding facility. Had dinner out twice, at Frontier pies, a rarity and left for Yellowstone Thursday.

We decided to enter Yellowstone park at the original or north entrance we later thought the West entrance might have been a better choice. The road was very very very bad from the entrance to our campground Madison. Also had a very steep curvy climb which took us both into first gear. Camped at a very nice National Park Service facility. The campground hosts were a couple from Clifton.

On Friday we visited the sites and old faithful a nice day trip with a picnic at old faithful with our traveling buddies Dick and Mary. Saturday we drove to the Canyon of the Yellowstone the most wonderful sight of the trip. Artist point gives a splendid view of the upper falls and a beautiful Canyon. I probably over killed on video but the views were breathtaking. Words cannot describe the beauty and variety of Yellowstone. I entered A skeptic but will leave a believer of all that's been written. Sunday we drove to grant village on the West thumb of the Yellowstone lake here we said a sad farewell to Dick and Mary who chose to move on down to Jackson we felt the need to spend at least two more days touring.

Christmas 1994, we were in Las Vegas with the motor home in the Boom Town RV Park. Amy rode the train down to join us and returned to Fruita on New Year's 1995. On January 6th we moved to Katherine's Landing and stayed in the Bullhead area until the 19th. Moved to Lake Havasu, then to Quartzite, and stayed until February 4th. Spent 10 days with Carl and Verna in Why, Arizona, then moved to Tucson. Changed oil at Kmart parking lot on motor home and generator. Left for Benson on the 15th and Dick and Mary joined us on the 16th for the

beginning of our Texas trip. Left on the 22nd and reached Las Cruces. Learned that Amy had an accident in Gateway Canyon February 23rd. After getting a good report, we continued to El Paso on the 26th. Then on to Van Horn, Marfa, and Alpine Texas. Stayed at Marathon and took a long trip into Big Bend National Park on March 4th with Dick and Mary. Dick took us on a cruise across the Rio Grande River. To Del Rio for 4 days, then on to Hondo Escapee Park. Toured San Antonio, Johnson City, and Luckenbach. The O.J. Simpson trial is dragging on. Left the area on the 23rd for Golaid, then to Corpus Christi where Amy joined us for a week. Stayed at Port Lavacas on the way to Galveston April 13th and met the Andsagers again in Houston. Moved to Livingston on the 16th through the 21st when we parted again with the Andsagers who headed east, and we headed to McLean. April 28th took Eva to Elkhart, surgery in Amarillo on May 6th and 9th. Eva passed away on the 23rd of June.

1996

Christmas 1996 we were in Hemet, California for Christmas. Amy arrived a few days before at the Palm Springs airport and spent 10 days with us. We had the motorhome in an RV park for the month of December.

1997

We left in early January for Quartzite and spent the remainder of the winter at an RV park in Brenda. In March, we drove to Kansas to see Kathryn. Kathryn bought a new Caddy and we made a deal with the dealer to buy her 1988 Buick for what they allowed on her trade in. As a side note, we still have that car and it has 170,000 miles on it at this writing. In August, we were in Park City looking after Morgan while Jan and Paul made a trip. In November, we began our move south going through Kansas, spending a very cold night in Canon City. We visited Judith in McLean and then on through upper Texas. We had a water pump break down at Sherman Texas and spent Thanksgiving in a garage lot waiting on parts from Dallas. Met friends Cristal and Craig when they knocked on our door with a pumpkin pie offering. We still hear from them on Christmas. After wandering towards Orlando, we arrived just before Christmas at an RV Park close to Disney World and Amy joined us again for about 10 days.

Christmas 1997: After Christmas at Disney World we moved the motorhome to an Escapee park at Zolfo Springs for New Year's 1998.

1998

Spent some time on the Gulf Coast and returned Amy to Orlando for her flight home. We then returned along the Gulf Coast, then to New Orleans, and finally to McLean and Kansas. Leaving the motorhome at Kathryn's, we came home to take care of some business.

Musings on this trip

I thought I would follow-up my regular short card notes with a letter. That will allow me to give you my impressions and observations after 73 days on the road and about 6000 miles of travel. What value they are is questionable but it truly has been an education.

First I need to tell you that we have had to revise our travel plans. As you know, we had planned to gradually move north through the New England states, this Spring and summer ending up in Canada in New Brunswick & Nova Scotia. Several factors have forced us to cancel such plans and we will be returning home on or before late May instead of in the late fall as we had planned to do.

The first and overriding one is the condition of the motor home. This 2300 miles trip here has revealed things that prove its age is wearing thin. As I have told you we've had some rather minor but troublesome mechanical problems getting here. Now it has developed an exhaust manifold leak, which I do not know how serious it will prove. Also one of the overhead cabinets fell and had to be reattached and propped up. The continual vibrations of the travel and the deterioration of the wooden interior base is causing structural problems that I cannot repair because there isn't any solid material to hold screws. We also have an irritating water leak above Pat's bed that I have had a little luck finding the source. In a nutshell, the 20 year age and unknown hundreds of thousands of miles have taken their toll. We don't feel we dare push it another 4000 or mile before returning home. Add this to the fact is that the trip has been more costly than we anticipated and that in any event, we must be back in late May for the graduation of our 2 granddaughters. We made the decision to cancel the extended trip.

Having said all that the above there is no reason for anyone to be concerned for us. It has been a splendid trip and we are grateful. We were able to get this much of the plan fulfilled. We found Louisiana, Texas Alabama and Mississippi to be pleasant states to travel through. Did not spend enough time to get a fair opinion of the people. Overall, it has been very educational and wonderful trip. We feel so fortunate that we could make this trip and would not have missed the adventure for the world, but most of it, we would not wish to repeat. We have purposely stayed out of the heavily populated areas and those that are expensive. We've been reasonably successful except for the Orlando and Kennedy space center and a planned trip to Miami this weekend to visit Lee. Of course, we were in the Tampa, Clearwater, Saint Petersburg, Sarasota, and Fort Myer areas but for the most part, start driving to them at off hours and return to our park in its rural settings.

I have some early impressions and as we continue our travel they have been confirmed by observation. The more we see, the more obvious that the cities and towns are crumbling from within. We see blight everywhere and within sights of extravagance. Developers foul one area, then move off and begin the process in another area. It would seem that 50% of the commercial property is vacant and much of it relatively new along with the old. It seems that the small independents are not able to make their ventures as profitable as being employees of chains are government, so they go out of business and abandon the buildings leases. I suspect that many of these facilities are throwaway properties caused by savage capitalism and foolish tax laws that make it a good business to abandon these buildings and build new. I feel strongly that savage

capitalism or what I term as capitalism without a conscience or compassion is beginning to destroy our society.

It is also obvious that the gap between the haves and have nots is widening rapidly and most involved at all levels of government are in the have group. They are better housed and able to afford the necessities (which are now priced at their level) and have some leftovers to enjoy more of the pleasures of life. I see a growing resentment in this disparity and the natives grow restless. The gated communities will not afford the safe protection they are designed to if this problem is not resolved.

Other observations we've made there must be at least one billion cars and trucks for sale at dealers', used car lots, and people's yards. Most of the homes and land in the country is for sale. Real estate signs seem to be more numerous than trees. The beaches are much whiter than any we've seen, but most are owned by the wealthy or investors and condos and hotels. Very little access is available to the general public unless one can pay the resort prices. The affluent practice discrimination and segregation of the worst kind and we not only condone it but honor them.

Disney World must be the most worldly place on earth. It was rare to be next in line to someone who spoke English. Of course, only the well-to-do foreigners could afford these holidays and they appear aloof, which most of the affluent everywhere, seemed to be. I was pleasantly surprised with Disney World. It was expensive but still within reach of a lot of Americans and well worth saving up for considering the wonderful things one can see and experience. There is no other place like a place like it on the planet with such interesting events in uniqueness. The closest we've come to in our travels was the 1986 EXPO in Vancouver. I highly recommend everyone do it once in their lives: however, we talked to several who were return many times. One should allocate a minimum of 4 days and a week would be better, so one could have a break to rest up since there is so much walking and waiting in lines. If one is also going to see Cypress Gardens do it first because it was almost anticlimactic, after Epcot.

One fact we should have known is that most Florida visitors and many of the residents are easterners. They are very different and we certainly prefer midwesterners. They're not as open and friendly and can be abrupt impatient and have feelings of superiority.

Another bright spot has been the price of fuel prices range from \$0.99 to a \$1.05 for the same grade, we paid a \$1.49 for in Grand Junction. Everything else seems to be about the same except the food and RV parks in Florida are expensive. Many parks are \$20 and up per day but we've been fortunate to belong to Passport America and Escapees. We've averaged about \$10 a day since getting to Florida. For the 1st month we paid no park fees since the first 2 weeks were with family and then it came Kmart, Walmart, Casino parking lots and Flying J truck stops.

Certainly one of the many blessings of this trip has been our attendance at about half a dozen wonderful churches. They have been uplifting and we have met some kind and gentle people. We have been in very small churches where it was standing room only and in large churches where very few were in attendance. The old buildings are wonderful and the priests have given thoughtful sermons.

I believe it has been almost a month since my last report so I thought an update was in order. We are now back in southwest Kansas at my sister's home. We arrived here one week after a short visit with Pat's sister in McLean TX, We have now moved our home 4,295 miles and

driven the car 8,300 additional miles besides following the motorhome. Today is our 155th day in the motorhome and it continues to serve us well. We have had a pleasant time here and a blessed Easter week with Kathryn. We had hoped to meet our traveling buddies the Andsegers here as they begin their summer trip to the northeast but missed them. We will drive to Hutchison, Wednesday to visit with them then return here May 1st. We will attend the college graduation of our niece Jaylene in Borger TX.

After leaving the Florida panhandle and all the rain, we stopped in Alabama for another 10 days waiting out another 10 inches of rain and some bad weather and a mail drop from Amy. We then went to New Orleans for the weekend. It was very interesting but I would not want to live there. We saw many strange people and events in the French quarter. The Riverwalk was pleasant and the buildings beautiful.

We then drove the full length of Louisiana staying in at Alexandria in a Kmart parking lot for a night before arriving again in Shreveport for a three day stay. We founded an interesting city with lots of history. After leaving Shreveport we drove to Texarkana and on to Clarksville TX where we stayed in the City Park for the night. We drove in high winds to Bonham TX and stayed in the City Park on lake Bonham for the next 5 days waiting on the wind to subside so we could move on to McLean. We made several interesting side trips to little Texas towns and found some remarkable history homes and buildings.

We will stay here until about May 3rd when we will go to Denver to see our first great grandson Austin Patrick who was born on April 11th. Then we will drive to Fruita and be there just prior to my 71st birthday. That will be 6 months from the time we left. We will attend the graduation of granddaughters Melissa and Hillary during the spring and plan something for the summer in Colorado before gallivanting out on our next adventure it has been a wonderful and exciting trip for us and we are thankful for our safety and good health.

We returned in April and went to visit Dick and Mary in Plevna and Judith in McLean. May 20th we visited Chris in Longmont and saw our great-grandson Austin. In June, we were in Park City again to stay with Morgan while Jan and Paul made a trip. Late June we made a trip to Las Vegas to help Nanette move Ron back home after his emergency appendix operation. We made trips to Park City in July, August, and September. To Kansas in October.

1998

Christmas 1998: We spent Christmas 1998 in Mesquite on our way south.

1999

In February we were at Surprise and Deming in March for dental work at Palomas, Mexico. April we were in Kansas making a quick trip back to Fruita in May. In June we began our trip to Great Falls from Hugoton with a stop-off at Dick and Mary's in Plevna. Then on to Beloit, Scotts Bluff, and Crawford Nebraska. We were in Deadwood, South Dakota in July and on to Great Falls in August to meet Amy. Made a trip into Canada and into Glacier National Park. In September we were in Ft. Bragg California getting the motor home repaired while we were returning home.

CHRISTMAS 1999: We were in Mesquite.

Letters Written in 1999

Circle City, Arizona

February 24, 1999

Dear Family and Friends

We left Fruita 67 days ago and it is difficult to believe we've been on the road that long. I am sorry for being so bad about dropping you a line from time to time and no excuses are good enough. We have had a great trip so far and the weather is wonderful. We spent the first three weeks in the Mesquite area. As is our usual practice, we drove the car hundreds of miles in all directions and saw some unusual and beautiful creations by our Maker. It was good to have Amy with us for about two weeks of that time. We then spent three days along Lake Meade before arriving at Lake Mohave where we spent four days at Katherine's Landing. It is a beautiful spot and a nice place to relax. My sister Kathryn and our niece and nephew Connie and Marvin came into Laughlin (which is only about 6 miles from Lake Mohave) for four days and we had a fun time trying to win a bundle. It did not happen but it is always fun with them. From there we moved to the desert west of Quartzite, Arizona where we stayed for 14 days while the big pow-wow events were going on. The nights were grand and the sunrises spectacular. We had some great campfires and serious talks about the world's problems with my brother Carl and his wife Verna. We made several trips around the area the longest being one to Yuma.

We moved to Salome, Arizona on the 9th and spent two days scouting out the area and sitting out a rare day of windy weather. We then continued on to Congress where we boondocked for seven days at the escapee park. We drove to Bagdad one day, to Phoenix another and to Prescott. We spent several days in Wittenburg and were there for their annual celebration "Gold Rush Days". It was fun and very interesting. Went to church at St Albans, good service they give all the visitors a coffee cup printed with I worshiped at St Alban out Wickenburg Way.

We found nothing much happening in Congress, Arizona and learned not much was happening also in the Congress in D.C. Then went on to Bagdad (did not see Saddam) then then came back through Hillside, Yava, Kirkbud, People's Valley and Yarnell. It was a very scenic drive and now we've "seen it all done it all and don't remember most of it"

I leave you with this remarkable truth "A day without sunshine is well, night" and "On the other hand ___ there are different fingers."

Hugoton, Kansas (my birthplace)

April 16, 1999

(nine miles west of Moscow, Kansas, Patricia's birthplace)

Dear family and friends;

I see that the date of our last correspondence was exactly 30 days ago. Perhaps an update is in order to keep you current on your wandering friends. I saw a bumper sticker that said "Just because we are wandering doesn't mean that we are lost."

At this writing we have moved our house 2,089 miles and driven the car an additional 4,600 miles. Today marks the 118th day since leaving Fruita (more than 4 months). The weather after being near perfect for the first 90 days has not been as pleasant. We experienced several days of wind and dust and some cooler temperatures than we had all winter.

We left Benson after 15 days and drove to Deming New Mexico. We stopped in Wilcox, Arizona on the way and toured the old town and a small museum. Wilcox is the birthplace of Rex Allen, an old cowboy movie star and was at one time a wild west town. We had planned to spend no more than a few days or a week at most in Deming.

We drove 30 miles south of Deming to a small Mexican village on the Border (Palomas). After getting some prices on dental work decided that finally we could afford to have some much needed work on both of us. We returned the next day and began the process of getting three crowns and a new partial for Pat and five crowns for me. We returned the following Wednesday and had the work completed. How is that for speed and the price \$1,250!! In Grand Junction it would have taken two months to get the first appointments and a series of X-rays and four more appointments to have the work done. The bill would have been in excess of \$5,000 we are certain. After seeing the results my lower partial showed much wear so we walked back to the dental office and started the process of having a new lower partial made. Because of the Easter weekend we had to wait until the following Tuesday to get my partial.

Now we have beautiful smiles we intend to show off every chance we get so watch out for us. Altogether, we made four trips to Palomas, which we found to be a very sleepy and poor little village of about 1,500 people. We felt safe and were very well treated by the people. Our dentists were a man and his wife. Both are dentists and very kind. The wife, Yolanda, spoke good English but the husband, Alejandro, needed his wife and the assistant Betty to interpret. We had a wonderful dinner in Palomas with free margaritas and were serenaded by a great band. We also both got haircuts for \$3 each. Their economy is more in line with our circumstances.

So we ended up being in the boondock area of the SKP park in Deming for 15 days. We toured four state parks and drove up to Silver City while waiting on our dental work. On our way back from Silver City we met "Bob Sunshine", an elderly former Marine who was RVing in a worn-out trailer with a tarp stretched over it. It was pulled with his three donkeys and he traveled the country. He had been featured on "Good Morning America" and other TV programs. When one walked up to him as we did and asked where he was going his reply was a quick "I am going to Heaven". He said one of his sons was a general in the Air Force. His donkey held the hammer in his mouth while Bob busied himself installing new shoes. We also were blessed to find a nice Episcopal church in Deming for Palm Sunday and Easter. Two very kind men helped us solve some minor problems with the motorhome. Deming has one of the best museums we've found in our travels and a beautifully restored Customs House.

We scrapped plans to go to Alamogordo and to Carlsbad and instead moved north on I-25 towards Albuquerque. We boondocked one night at the Belene Walmart, which is about 30 miles south of Albuquerque. We fought high winds so we moved the next day to an Indian casino just east of Albuquerque and spent the weekend boondocking in their parking lot waiting for better weather. We helped pay some of the overhead at the casino.

Then it was on to Clayton, New Mexico. That is the place where it all began for Pat and I. We were married there 48 years ago in June. We boondocked at the city historical park and traced our steps of long ago. We went to the courthouse where we got our marriage license and this time did not have a flat tire when we returned to our car as we did that day 48 years ago. We then found the house of the Justice of Peace where we were married. The Justice has not survived but we have. We had nothing when we started out and we still have most of it!!! It was

pleasant to remember our youth but nostalgia is not what it used to be. We don't know when our wild oats turned to prunes and All Bran.

We had planned to go by Pat's sister Judi in Mclean, Texas on our way to Kansas to visit sister Kathryn but had to change that since Judi and Jesse were going to be out of town. We will spend the next two weeks here with Kathryn, being treated with kindness and fed like royalty. We will drive to Texas the last of this month to visit before we head to Fruita for a couple weeks. We will leave our motorhome at my sister's place and return here to continue our trip about June 15th. Will take sister Kathryn to a family reunion in early June and leave thereafter.

Most of you will be relieved to learn that this will be my last letter for some time. It may be July or August before we have anything to report and we will probably be in northern Idaho or on the Oregon coast. We will try to see as many of you as we can while in Fruita during early May. In the meantime take care of yourselves and stay in good humor. Just remember this "A DAY WITHOUT SUNSHINE IS LIKE, WELL, NIGHT." And just so you will know the next time someone asks, "The longest recorded flight of a chicken is thirteen seconds".

Peace and Love

Pat and Bruce Jones

PS: Fruita is still our favorite place but Las Vegas New Mexico was very interesting and we plan to scope out Overtown, Nevada as a possible winter haven when we have to give up traveling.

Cozad, Nebraska

July 5, 1999

Dear Family and Friends:

Here continues the saga of Pat and Bruce. It has been 80 days since we last reported to you. We have not made it around the world but we did get to Colorado, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Nebraska. As you can see above, we are now in Cozad. We had never heard of it before landing here and are, in fact, quite surprised to be here. After a very pleasant visit with sister Kathryn we began our summer trip northeast on June 22nd, our 48th wedding anniversary. We drove through Dodge City, and not a shot was fired, then on to our traveling friends Richard and Mary Andsagers. They have a wonderful little farm in Plevna, a small pleasant hamlet about 20 miles east of Hutchinson, Kansas. They were very gracious hosts as always and we made several trips of 100 miles or more in all directions. In Hutchinson, we visited the Dillon Wild Life Refuge. One memorable trip was to Yoder, south of Hutchinson, an Amish/Mennonite community. We had a delightful meal at Carriage Crossing and it was like a trip back in time. They do not have electricity in their homes and all the farming is done by horses. They drive their buggies to town to shop and there are signs on the highway with the horse and buggy to warn motorists to use caution. Such commitment and holding to a belief was admirable.

Richard has always helped us out with problems on our rig and this was no exception. He engineered a repair job on the front corner of the motor home that will outlast the entire RV. As luck would have it, Friday night was Veronika night at Caroline's in Arlington. It is a German dish of ham or sausage in a meat pie cooked with cottage cheese and eggs. These are covered with a wonderful ham or sausage gravy. We really enjoyed the food and fellowship that evening.

On Sunday we left the Andsager "Rooster Hill" RV park and headed for parts unknown. Truly we did not know where we were going. We talked of two possibilities. One was to head in

a northeastern direction and up into Minnesota, Wisconsin, and into Canada to Winnipeg. The other was to head northwest through the sand hills of Nebraska into South Dakota, Montana and into Canada at Regina, then west. It was hot and very humid, so at Salina we chose to take the west route hoping to get to dryer air. We found ourselves in the beautiful town park at Beloit, Kansas. They offered free parking in a grand city park, which was in a bend of the Solomon River. It was so pleasant that we stayed for five days and toured the area to the west and south. The Glen Elder Dam creates the second largest lake in Kansas. The community of Cawker City is the home of the world's largest ball of twine, and Lucas, a small community 50 miles southeast of Beloit, has one of the most unique home and grounds we have ever seen. It is called Garden of Eden and was a 20-year creation by a man named Dinsmore. It really defies description and is a must-see for everyone. This man made dozens and dozens of figures, buildings, and unbelievable things out of concrete. He even built his own coffin and mausoleum. In the same community is the Grassroots Arts Museum, which was just as unique and also a must-see. Some outstanding works of art by people with no art instructions. The lady who guided us through the displays, Doris Johnson, was a most interesting woman. She taught wheat plaiting in England once a year and wrote a book on the subject. We purchased the book and she autographed it for us. After making an appropriate donation to the city of Beloit we bid a sad farewell to a most pleasant place. We moved on to Minden, Nebraska, passing by the geographical center of the United States near Lebanon, Kansas. The Pioneer Village in Minden is a place that will take a week to see completely. We spent the better part of two days and just scratched the surface of this marvelous collection of "everything under the sun". We recommend that everyone see this display of "how America grew" We spent the fourth in Cozad at another wonderful city park. The cost was 5 dollars a night with all utilities. So pleasant that we stayed three days and attended church at St. Christopher. It is a surprising city with two large manufacturing plants. One is a plastic firm and the other is a Monroe, the makers of auto parts worldwide. The park was most pleasant with a 1/2 mile walking trail that we used every day. We were fortunate to witness a great demonstration of border collies working with sheep. Such concentration and such obedience to every command. We also caught up on our laundry so all is well to travel.

July 8th

We have now been in Scottsbluff for three days as we prepare to leave this morning for Crawford and Chadron. Our parking arrangements here were not anything like Cozad or Beloit. We are again in a city park by the zoo but not as pleasant and appealing. We probably will not find such grand accommodation again. The zoo was fair but a wood sculpture in the zoo was exceptional. It was from a large Cottonwood and stood about 20 feet tall. In it was carved over 18 different animals, very beautifully done. We also drove to the Scottsbluff National Monument and to the top of the bluff. That and Chimney Rock were important landmarks for the Oregon Trail pioneers.

July 13th

I hope to finish this letter today and get it in the mail soon. We are now in the Flintstones RV park in Custer, South Dakota and will leave for Deadwood tomorrow. I was wrong about not finding a place to park that compared with Beloit and Cozad. The city park in the small community of Crawford, Nebraska was wonderful. So beautiful and pleasant that we stayed four days and three nights. We arrived on the beginning of Fur Trading Days at Chadron so we drove 30 miles to see this event. We visited the outstanding museum of Fur Traders outside of

Chadron. At first we were not anxious to see this one but on entering we were shocked and amazed at the presentation and the quality of the items displayed. It is a must-see museum for anyone interested in history. The next day we drove to the huge Fort Robertson. It actually is a splendid resort with all the buildings very well restored. We bought tickets for the Post show for eight in the evening. We then drove to Harrison, Nebraska 30 miles west and near the Wyoming state line for lunch. When we visited the tourist center at Crawford, the lady told us what we must not miss while in the area. One event she mentioned was going to Harrison for a Coffey burger. I said what is a Coffey burger and she said "You haven't heard of the Coffey burger"? I confessed that I had not and she said "One cannot leave Nebraska unless they experience a Coffey burger." So that is why we found ourselves in Harrison, the county seat of Sioux. The community has a population of 200 and the huge county has less than 1,000. We entered an old drug store with four booths and a soda fountain in the back of the store. After seeing a picture of the Coffey burger we decided to share one between Pat and I. When it arrived it was even larger than the picture. It had 28 ounces of very tasty lean ground beef topped with four slices of cheese. The trimmings were on the side because it was already piled over 6 inches high. We began by cutting the overhang and that was all we could hold. We brought the remainder back to the motor home and had two more meals for the two of us. A total of 6 meals from that one Coffey burger. Now that's a burger!!!!. One has to see it to believe it and it was featured on CBS Sunday Morning recently. We returned to Fort Robinson and enjoyed the comedy "Charley's Aunt" before driving back to Crawford (3 miles) for another wonderful evening in the park. Saturday was laundry day but before that we walked to town for breakfast at the Frontier Bar. We did lots of walking while in Crawford and after laundry we walked up to the rodeo grounds to an antique auction and spent the afternoon feeding the squirrel "Little Bat" and I cooked a steak dinner. We also had some very interesting people drop by for a visit. One was Victory Robertson. She was so names because she was born on VJ day. She and her husband drove trucks nationwide for many years and because she was married at 15 had not finish high school. She is now working on a college degree at Chadron State. What a delightful woman. Mrs. Ferguson, a rancher's wife, had her grandchildren in the park and she visited with us. She and her husband had to take back a ranch that they had sold and were in the process of bringing it back from the terrible treatment of the people. Saturday evening two young girls arrived on bicycles to camp for the evening. They were riding from Seattle to Iowa. We were sad to leave such a beautiful spot but we pushed on 30 miles north to South Dakota and then on to Custer. This stop stretched into three days. The first day after settling in and getting groceries, we purchased tickets to the Mountain Music Show for Sunday evening's gospel music. We had seen this group eight years ago when our girls gave us the bus tour to the area for our 40th anniversary. They have been performing for 22 years here in the Black Hills. Monday we drove to Mt. Rushmore, 17 miles, and spent almost 4 hours viewing this wonderful sculpture of our leaders. We were able to take a long circle walk to the base of the mountain. They just completed the new visitor's center recently and it is marvelous. That afternoon we drove to Rapid City to get tires rotated at Sam's Club and shop. Today we drove to the Crazy Horse mountain and spent almost 4 hours learning about this huge sculpture, the largest in the world. The Presidents on Mt. Rushmore will all fit in a small part of Crazy Horse's head. Then we drove through Custer State Park, the second largest state park in the nation. Great drive and went through two one-lane tunnels that were very narrow. We saw a small herd of buffalo and a wonderful visitor's center built by the CCC's. We also stopped at the lodge that President Coolidge used as his summer White House. This brings you up to date on the traveling Joneses. It has been a splendid trip so

far. All the vehicles running well and all is well with Pat and I. The motor home continues to serve us very well and I have hours and hours of video that no one wants to see. I also now know what it is to be on a fixed income. Fix the TV, Fix the stove, Fix the motor home, Fix the clock etc. I am glad we decided not to go to Alaska this year. We heard that a man hit his wife with a 5-lb tuna. She in return hit him with a 10-lb tuna and was arrested for assault with a deadly weapon. They are now considering outlawing tuna and if they do "only the outlaws will have tuna". As they lead her away she was heard to say "they will have to pry my cold dead hands off my tuna".

LOVE AND PEACE and stay happy and healthy. PAT & BRUCE

From All Points North and West

September 18, 1999

Hello dear family and friends,

It has been almost 30 days since I last wrote about our great adventure today is the 18th of September and I try to conclude this letter so it will arrive to you before we do. We will be back at Fruita during the first week of October. I now move to the end of the writing of about August 18th to continue this narrative on a most unusual and splendid trip.

It has been almost 60 days since our last travel log report to you. We then drove North into South Dakota staying the night at the Hot Springs city park and then on to Custer where we stayed for a week as we went to Mt. Rushmore and the Crazy Horse monuments. We attended a show in the theater and drove through Custer State Park. We were finishing our doing of the Custer area and moving out of the private campground. We moved only about 50 miles to a National Forest Campground about 15 miles south of Deadwood. We intended to stay only about two days but spent four days in the Twin cities of Lead and Deadwood, South Dakota.

We attended church in Deadwood and visited Lead and the Cemetery where Calamity Jane and Wild Bill is buried.

Both of these have a long and interesting history. The Home Stake Mining Company began and prospered in Lead with the discovery of gold. The mine continues to operate 100 years after that first discovery. After the huge "open cut" mine operation had eliminated a mountain and left a great crater they began underground operations. The mine now has more than 300 miles of tunnels reaching 8,000 feet in depth. The equipment and techniques now used are a marvel of engineering and ingenious development.

We hesitated going through the Mining museum in Lead since neither of us had much interest in mining. Like so many delightful surprises on this trip we decided on the spur of the moment to go and take the "mine tour". It was outstanding and something everyone should experience. One does not actually go down in a mine but the lower level of the museum was so designed that you felt as if you were indeed deep in a mine shaft. The trip through the mine was so well done and the tour guide so good that one came away completely steeped in the life of miners yesterday and today. We left the museum truly amazed at what we had experienced and learned. The community itself is going through a difficult time due to large layoffs at Homestake. The mine has employed as many as 3,000 people but was operating at 900 employees when they laid off 500 about a year ago. As one can expect this had a severe effect on the community.

We visited Deadwood several times, seeing many historical sites including the Mt. Moriah cemetery where Wild Bill Hickok is buried along with Calamity Jane. Wild Bill, who was really not Bill but James Butler, was murdered, shot in the back while playing poker, by a man who believed he had killed his brother. Martha Jane Burke, better known as Calamity Jane, died within a few days and had requested to be buried next to Wild Bill, which she was. It was said that Wild Bill probably would not have been wild about her being buried there since he knew her but had no fondness for her.

We did a little gambling and contributed some to the economy. We have found that everywhere we go people are depending on us for their livelihood, so we accommodate them by spending some money. Actually, we won almost as much as we lost, which is not usual. While in Lead, we found the church and did our usual video of the fine old building. A notice on the door advised that services were held on alternative Sundays here and that Deadwood. Sunday's service was to be in Deadwood. Since we had planned to leave for North Dakota that day we got up early Sunday morning and moved the motor home into Deadwood and attended church at historic St. Johns. The priest, Fr. Heines, a silver-haired, elderly man with a pony tail, was the celebrant. He began by saying he was going to be more calm in his sermon because he had gotten so involved with his last one that he leaped off the step and cracked two ribs and threw his back out. We have seldom, if ever, heard a more forceful and enlightened sermon and we wondered what he was like when he was not "so calm". The parishioners assured us that all his sermons were so excellently given. The church there is also raising up a cannon nine priest to be ordained soon. Fr. Heines is retired and comes up from Custer for the services until their man is ordained.

We drove on North into North Dakota On the way, we passed through Amidon, which is the county seat of Slope county. Population 28 and the entire county has a population of 907. We stayed in the Theodore Roosevelt National Park for several days while we visited the Medora theater for a one man showing of "Teddy" and other sights.

The next morning we drove to Medora, which is a small town at the entrance to the Theodore Roosevelt National Park. We drove the motor home five miles into the park and stayed two nights at \$5 dollars each. This was another surprise for us. It is a delightful park with herds of buffalo, elk, and wild horses. The scenery is beautiful in a different sort of way, but striking. We enjoyed the little hamlet of Medora and saw a wonderful one-man show called 'BULLY'. The buffalo came right into the camp and I have a video of a large male beside the phone booth that Pat was in talking to Amy. I have some excellent video of the herds and one especially good of two pawing the earth and lying down to roll in the dust.

We drove to Bowman, North Dakota, which is very remote and we stayed in a nice city park for the night. We drove on to Beach, North Dakota, which must be hundreds of miles from any water and bid farewell to the Dakota and hello to Montana. We spent the night at Circle, Montana in the city park. It was very warm and it was not the most pleasant place to stay, but we were miles from anything else. Montana, we found, is huge and it is a long way between towns, and they may have no more that 200 or 300 in population when you do get to one. The landscape is endless prairies and huge farms of wheat and hay. That was what we drove through after entering Montana until we arrived at Great Falls. It is beautiful but after 600 or 700 miles one does wish for something more. As luck would have it we did get two delightful breaks. We arrived at Ft. Peck planning to stay only one or two days but found it so pleasant and the camping grand so we stayed six days. The Ft. Peck Dam creates a reservoir of over a hundred

miles long with 1,500 miles of shoreline. It is the largest hydraulic-filled dam in the world with the 6 1/2 mile long earth fill taken out of the Missouri river bed. The campground was operated by the Bureau of Reclamation and a dandy. We had excellent hiking trails and a beautiful park at a cost of \$6 a night.

While at Ft. Peck we went to the theater for "Voices of the West" drama. During the performance a bat began flying around the theater and the actors had a difficult time holding the audience's attention. We made side trips to Nashua and to Glasgow, no not the one in Scotland, twice to do laundry and once to church. The priest was a Lutheran pastor who held the communion service Sunday evenings for the Episcopalians while the church readied a Doctor as a cannon nine priest. We also attended a service at the campground early that Sunday. This stop was a much-needed one and we really enjoyed the time spent here. We had a guided tour of the massive power generating facility and the hikes through the wetlands were wonderful.

Now it gets worse before it gets better. From Ft. Peck we drove to Chinook. It was a nice little community and the people very gracious but the temperature was hot. We parked at a little city park by the water treatment plant and ran the generator and air conditioners for the first time. Then it was on to Haver and YOU CAN HAVE HER. We did not enjoy that place. It continued to be very hot and we did not find many pleasant people. We stayed the night at a Kmart because the campgrounds were poor and too expensive.

We moved on to Ft. Benton, which was the second pleasant break from the plains of Montana. We had now been in Montana 9 days and already driven the motor home over 500 miles, the car over 1,000 miles and still less than halfway across the state. We stayed by the city park on the bank of the Missouri River. It is a town with lots of history, being the largest inland shipping port in the west. At one time, over 79% of all goods sent west was unloaded at Ft. Benton. The main street was once called the bloodiest in the west. There is now a great river walk of a mile or so with historical information about its past. There is a wonderful sculpture of Lewis and Clark with the Indian woman Sacagawea at the "Point of Decision". The actual spot is about 10 miles downstream where they came upon another river, the Marias. Not knowing which was the Missouri, there was much discussion and disagreement on which to take. Lewis insisted that it was the left fork and finally prevailed; he proved to be right. We drove over to the place where they stood. It is in an almost inaccessible area and poorly marked but we did find the spot and walked to the famous overlook.

INSERT Trip to Glacier

From there we headed west into Montana as we began to make our meet up with Amy. It was very hot and we stopped the night at Circle at the city park by the water plant population 800. Next stop was at Fort Peck where we spent a week in the campground below the dam. A great spot after a hot long drive in east Montana. We drove into Glasgow for church and laundry and attended a nice show in the theater in Ft. Peck. The next stop was a long hot drive to Haver and we stayed one hot night in a Kmart parking lot. We decided right then and there anyone can have Haver because we do not want her. On to Fort Benton which was a delight after Haver. We stayed near the city park in Fort Benton and It was a very peasant spot on the Missouri river. It was the main port for supplies coming up the river for points west. As we traveled we were close to the route of Lewis and Clark and we read the book about their expedition as we traveled. We met Amy in Great Falls and we spent the next two weeks in the Glacier National park and going

into Canada several times to see Mashed in head point and Waterton National Park. We also attended the Montana State Fair, which was showing in August.

Another impressive sculpture of a dog is along the river bank. It is of Shep, a sheep dog. The story about this loyal dog is inspirational. His master died and was loaded on the train for burial back east. Shep met every train for 5½ years waiting for the return of his master. The community adopted him and he was killed by a train when he met his last one, slipping on the icy rail.

Another event of interest was the pending launch of Perry's Dream. An elderly man in his eighties had finished building his houseboat and planned to float down the Missouri to St. Louis as his father had done some 90 years before. His departure was delayed because of a leak in his boat so we were not able to witness his start. However, there was lots of news coverage and we heard that he had started his adventure on Sunday the 8th.

We stayed in Ft. Benton three days, during a big regional swim meet that brought hundreds of campers to town. We attended the oldest Episcopal church in Montana Sunday, August 1st, before leaving for Great Falls. Amy was to fly in and meet us on the 6th but we wanted to be there early in case of mechanical trouble. Our good luck held of being at the right place at the right time as we learned that the State Fair had just started and would be going until the 8th. With the city full of fair-goers, we moved from the Walmart parking lot to the Kmart to the Albertsons while waiting on Amy's arrival. We took many nice walks in a beautiful park along the Missouri River, did some household chores and scouted out all the things to see and do in Great Falls.

Amy arrived at 11:45 PM and we began 11 days of busy sightseeing and travel to Glacier and Canada. Since the state fair was due to close Sunday, we began by taking it in on Saturday. It was fun even though it was quite small as state fairs go. Lots of great things to see and some very good, free entertainment. There is a marvelous Lewis and Clark Interpretative center in Great Falls, so after church on Sunday we visited it and the Charles Russell art gallery. He was the world-renown western artist. Both of these are outstanding and a must-see when in Great Falls. We also saw the Giant Springs, which flows at a rate of 134,000 gallons of water per minute along the Missouri. It is fed by runoff from mountains 38 miles away, deep underground. It takes over one hundred years for the water to travel the 38 miles to the springs. We drove out to the Great Falls, which is about 15 miles northeast of the city in a very remote area. Due to low water it was not as impressive as usual but still spectacular.

Then it was on to Glacier National Park.

We just managed to get into the St. Mary's Campground at the east entrance and left the motorhome there for six days as we drove and hiked and boated this magnificent park and the Waterton National Park in Canada. There are over 50 glaciers with 37 named. To be classified as a glacier they have to be over 100 feet thick and moving down as they melt. The lakes are an emerald green color caused by the "glacier milk". As they move, they grind up a silt that turns the lakes that color.

Theodore Roosevelt writing about the Lewis and Clark journals said "Few explorers who saw and did so much that was absolutely new have written of their deeds with such quiet absence of boastfulness, and have drawn their descriptions with such complete freedom from exaggeration". In writing these descriptions of sights seen and experiences, I know how difficult

it is to not exaggerate. But most need no exaggeration and that certainly is true of the Glacier and Watertown National Parks. The drive on the Road to the Sun is grand and the view from Logan Pass outstanding. We hiked up to Hidden Lake, the first of many wonderful hikes. It is strange as Amy said that so many of the hikes were "uphill both ways". We saw several mountain Goats "hanging" on the side of the hill.

The boat ride up St. Mary's Lake was interesting and pleasant. We decided to take the 4 PM tour, hoping to see more wildlife. The young girl, Hillary, who piloted the craft, gave a very informative description of the area. At the upper end of the lake, about 12 miles, we left the boat and took a short hike up to one of the many awesome water falls in the park. After about 45 minutes, we again toured the lake back to the landing. A splendid trip to end our first day in glacier country.

Our second day at Glacier we drove to Ft. MacLeod, about 80 miles into Canada, to see "Head Smashed In Buffalo Jump", which is a world heritage site along with Glacier and Waterton Parks. The center is indescribable as it is seven stories high built back into the cliff. It is so well designed and all the displays so wonderfully done that one has to see it to believe it. One section is three stories high and open showing buffalo on a cliff being run off the cliff. We were fortunate to be there on the day that the Piegan Indian tribe was scheduled to do many dances. The Chief of the tribe introduced the drummers and dancers in exceptional costumes. Before they began, they gave a prayer in their native language and ask the audience to say their own prayer. To witness that was worth the trip there. The Canadians certainly know how to do things in grand style.

We also toured the old Ft. MacLeod, which covered the formation and history of the Royal Mounted Police. Very interesting and again nicely done. We drove back to Cardston but time ran out so we could not visit the Carriage Center on that trip. The next day we drove the Many Glacier road and saw the first of many bears in their natural environment. We witnessed a Grizzly from a distance, and several Black Bears. It was such a thrill to see these beasts out in the open gathering their food. This was a rather short drive but took all day to see and do it well. The lodge at Many Glaciers is a sight to see, with huge logs supporting the three and five stories hotel. The interior was marvelous and elegant.

Next on the agenda was the trip to Waterton National Park of Canada. The drive ended at the small community of Waterton where the famous Prince of Wales Hotel is located. We toured the shops and the beautiful Cameron falls while waiting for our 1 PM boat ride down Waterton Lake, which extends into the United States. The tour guide was excellent and the one-hour trip down to Goat Haunt was great, and we saw the border marked between the two countries. They actually cut a wide path through the forest on the border and maintain it continuously. We had another layover of about 45 minutes at the American Ranger Station before heading back to Waterton. After the boat trip we drove to Red Rock Canyon and that is where we saw many of the bears. We drove back to Glacier on the Chief Mountain International Highway. A long day but full of many outstanding memories and great experiences.

Our last day before heading back to Great Falls to get Amy back on the plane, we went back to Cardston, Alberta to see the Carriage Center. We entered this one not knowing whether this was going to be that good. Another surprise, for it was well worth the trip and more. One man started collecting old horse drawn carriages and out of that grew this fantastic center with over 50 superb carriages wonderfully displayed and over 200 more in storage. Again I say, those

Canadians know how to build and display their things. This was truly a wonderful center—so well done. A must-see even though you don't think you want to see a bunch of horse-drawn carriages. You will be very impressed as we were.

The trip back to Great Falls was pretty uneventful except for a stop in Browning at the Museum of the Plains. It was good, but after seeing Head Bashed in and the other centers it was somewhat of a letdown. We spent the night in Conrad about 60 miles out of Great Falls. Spent the next day resting and getting ready to send Amy off at 6 PM. We then left the next morning for Helena, spending the night at a Kmart parking lot where they swept the lot by the motor home all night long. We then moved on to Missoula and a Walmart parking lot. About all we were trying to do by then was get out of Montana.

Arrived at Powell Jct. on the Wild and Scenic River Corridor. Stayed in a Forest Service Campground at Powell for 4 nights. Beautiful huge Cedar groves and clear mountain streams. Had electrical hookups so spend the days hiking and mucking out and writing this. (AUGUST 23RD)

The drive from the Powell campground is one everyone must take. It follows roughly the route of Lewis and Clark's "Lolo trail". What made it even more special to us was that we bought the book 'Undaunted Courage' by Stephen Ambrose and were reading it aloud to each other as we traveled. The beauty of this area is outstanding; we walked to the 'salt lick', which is an area where all the animals come to get their salt by licking the rocks in the area. It was a scary walk of about one and 1/2 miles through dense forest and lots of bears in the area. Pat wore her bear bells that Amy bought her and I sang very loud, which must of did the trick. We stayed at the Lewis and Clark campground at Kamiah and toured the whole area. We stopped at Lowell and had one of the best chicken-fried steaks we've ever had at Ryan's Wilderness Inn. Stopped at Kooskia and heard the story of the "Heart of the Monster", the Nez Pierce Indians creation story. Drove from Grangerville through Harpster where we noted the church sign "Is the road you are on going to bring you to My place? signed God" Saw a salvage yard called "the Iron Farm".

The drive to Lewiston was along the Lochsa and Clearwater rivers. It was a wonderful drive and the river is the clearest we have ever seen anywhere, including the mountain streams of Colorado. Lewiston was hot after the cool nights along the Lolo Trail. We stayed only one night as we toured the area and Clarkston, Washington before moving on to Walla Walla (they liked the name so well that they used it twice). Stayed the night at a Sears's parking lot and moved on early the next morning, as we promised the security man we would do, who advised us at 10:30 PM that we were not supposed to stay in the parking lot overnight. It was not posted or we would not have stayed there and that is the first time we have ever been told to leave. We bought some famous Walla Walla onions and they are as sweet as they boast they are.

We moved on along the Columbia River to the John Day Corp. of Engineers campground and stayed three days and drove hundreds of miles in the car seeing all the sights and touring the dams and locks along the Columbia. We went to church at Maryhill, A hundred-year-old building built by the Advent Christians. The service was warm and comforting. A young couple, Sham and Paula, newly married, who are missionaries in Nepal gave us a very informative talk on the work of the church in that part of the world. We went to the famous Maryhill Museum and the replica of the Stonehenge which Sam Hill built as a memorial to WWI veterans.

We headed south through Madres and turned west at Redmond and stayed in the city park at Sisters, Oregon. Nice little tourist community. Paid nine dollars just to park, no services.

Drove on to Eugene and to Cottage Grove for the night at Walmart. The drive was along the specular Mackenzie River with remarkable water falls. Had the oil changed and serviced the vehicles and drove to the coast at Reedsport then down to Coos Bay. Stayed Sept. 3, through the 7th in the Coos Bay North Bend area. Attended a wonderful church service at Emmanuel and witnessed the baptism of a darling little girl, Ireland Rose, who really put up a loud cry until Fr. Jennings took her and sprinkled the water on her head then she was as calm as a lamb while Fr. took her up and down the church introducing her to all the congregation. Spent many hours on the beach and went to the beautiful Botanical Garden right on the ocean shore.

We arrived at Bandon just before the cranberry harvest festival and on to Port Orford, Gold Beach, and down to Brookings where we stayed in a State Park near the beach three nights. More time on the beach videos by the hour and walked the docks at Harbor. While there we visited the world's largest Cypress tree and drove by many large fields of lilies. Having been there done that and have the video we moved on down the coast to Crescent City, California.

We have now been in our 16th state and 2 foreign countries since leaving Fruita in December. Stayed at a commercial campground on the beach and went to church at St. Paul's and heard a splendid talk on forgiveness. After church, we drove to Klamath and stayed at a nice campground for \$10, which is the least we paid in Oregon or California, (the Oregon state parks are \$19 with no hookups). As we moved on Monday the 13th we stopped at the Drive through Redwood tree, Which we Did, and the Trees of Mystery where Paul Bunyan and Babe lives in huge stature.

We camped on the beach just south of Orick for two nights but the fog was so heavy and the temp. so cool that we decided to move on to Eureka. We did not stop in Eureka and decided to try and make Willits for the night. Here begins another kind of adventure for us. We were about 60 miles south of Eureka and 60 miles from Willits when our motor home engine quit. I worked on it for about two hours and finally decided that it was something beyond my capabilities, so we called the road service and ask for a tow to a shop. Our road service search and searched for someone who could handle our size rig and finally told us that a tow truck from Ft. Braggs was coming to get us and take us into Ft. Braggs for repairs. After a wild ride down Highway 1, the most crooked road we've been on, we arrived at Coast Auto Repair at 9:00 PM. No doubt the Lord was looking out for us as we were taken to the best shop and they allowed us to stay in our rig for the two nights needed to get the part. They were very honest and competent and solved our problem inexpensively. The next morning we found that the shop was adjacent to St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal church. A coincidence!! Well everyone to their own interpretation, but we feel we had some divine guidance in this scary episode. The tow truck driver was very kind, efficient, and careful. The man and his son at the shop were wonderfully kind and very knowledgeable about our 22-year-old motor. And to top it off, we spent two great days touring the area from Mendocino and took long walks to the beach to see the seals. It happened to be their day off so we did not get to see the seals.

We left Ft. Braggs much appreciative of the kind and fair way we were treated and drove to Nice last night. Today we drove to a National Forest campground outside of Truckee where I am attempting to finish this letter. Tomorrow we drive to Reno or further as we head to Park City for a short visit with Daughter Jan and her family. Then on to Fruita and a face-to-face meeting with most of you all (that's from being in Texas). One final comment, the gas prices have been horrible in Oregon and California. From \$1.55 to \$1.75. a gallon for the cheap stuff.

One of the many observation we've made during this trip (we will bend your ear with the others), is regarding our founding fathers and those who made such sacrifices for us. They were all very religious and faithful to God. Sometimes we forget this about them and our generation distances itself from the source of strength that they all had. I also have learned the perfect balanced diet "A cookie in each hand".

See all of you soon and we send you our love and good wishes.

2000

Were in Mesquite for New Year's 2000 with Amy. In early January Amy returned to Salt Lake and we put the motorhome in storage at Mesquite and drove to Kansas to spend 6 weeks with Kathryn while she was in treatment in Garden City. We returned to pick up the motor home in February and returned to Fruita for the summer. During the fall we made trips to Kansas and to Amarillo to assist Connie and Kathryn. In mid-December we left for Salt Lake and then to Hawaii for two weeks with the Schenks. Following is the detailed account of this marvelous trip.

TO HAWAII AND BACK IN EIGHT MONTHS

As all stories do, this one has a beginning. This began on April 23 in the year 2000 (Easter). Jan and Paul came over for a spring visit and one evening Jan ask us if we would go to Hawaii with them over Christmas. Of course, we were hard to convince but after considerable arm twisting we agreed to go along. Jan and Paul then began the process of getting all the arrangements finalized. They secured the airline tickets and then the date was set. We were to leave on December 15th and return on the 24th (Christmas Eve).

It was to be and was a yearlong gift and we all began to talk about and plan for the trip. As is always the case, the anticipation was high and as the time drew near the excitement level escalated. Jan and Paul made all the arrangements including accommodation, activities we would do, and transportation while on the Islands. I will cover all of these in detail later in this story.

Perhaps I should say at the outset that this is my version and while I believe it to be the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, others may remember certain events a little different.

Most books (and this is beginning to look more and more like a book), begin with Acknowledgments. And in every story there are usually heroes and there are several in this one. Jan and Paul for giving us this wonderful gift and paying all the costs. Jan for all the time and effort to make many of the arrangements. Paul for the many kindnesses and extra effort in arranging several of the events. He, along with Morgan, handled all the problems of dealing with the luggage, rental vehicles, most of the driving, accommodations and flight cancellations. Hillary and Morgan for their care, help and patience with us during the entire trip. We are so appreciative and grateful for one of the best adventures of our lives.

Jan started feeding us little bits and pieces along as each part of the planning was completed. This kept our interest and excitement at a fever pitch. We received information about the place we would spend most of our time at in Kona. I will attach a copy of that information to this report. Amy unselfishly agreed to house sit for the Schenks while they were in New York the week before and while we were gone to Hawaii. All the plans were well made and all began to fall into place. The final details to be worked out were how all six of us would manage to arrive together in San Francisco for the flight to Honolulu. The six of us were in four different places.

Paul and Morgan were in Park City, Jan was in Washington DC, Hillary was in Seattle and Pat and I were in Fruita.

Hillary flew to Salt Lake and Pat and I drove to Park City on the 14th. Jan was to fly out of DC to Atlantic and catch a connecting flight to San Francisco. We were all to meet up there the evening of the 15th and leave immediately for Honolulu.

The first part of the plan went well. Amy drove us in to the Salt Lake airport with our nine pieces of luggage and four or five pieces of carry-ons. Hillary, Paul, Morgan, Pat, and I were all at the Salt Lake airport for an afternoon flight to San Francisco. We arrived there about 4:00 pm expecting to see Jan soon, and leave about six and arrive together in Honolulu about eight. That is when things began to get interesting, I do not recall which came first, being advised our flight to Honolulu was canceled, or learning that Jan's flight out of Atlanta was canceled.

Paul and Hillary began the long ordeal of finding another way for us to continue our trip. They stood in line for hours and had continuous discussions with the ticket agents. In the meantime, Jan was searching for ways she could join us. Paul finally managed to get us on an Alaskan flight to Seattle where he stayed overnight, then caught a Northwestern flight to Honolulu, arriving about three in the afternoon Hawaii time.

Jan was still working on things and *in her own words this is how it played out.*

"I left Washington DC at 10:30 on the morning of Dec 15th (Friday) and traveled by train to Baltimore. I was to take a noon flight to Atlanta but the flight was delayed an hour. When I did finally arrive in Atlanta, my flight on to San Francisco had been delayed as well. It was to leave around 3 pm and arrive in SF about 5:40. I arrived in Atlanta about 2:30 pm and stood in lines and hung around until my flight finally departed at 11:30 pm on Friday.

I arrived in San Francisco at 2:30 am on Friday and went to the hotel for a couple of hours of sleep before I was to return to catch a 10:30 am flight to Honolulu the next day. When I returned to the airport, I learned that flight had been canceled, and despite the fact that I had previously booked a flight on the 7 pm to Honolulu later that same night, Delta was refusing to honor it. (*That is when things got a little testy or maybe a bit more than a little.*) Finally, they did (after I pitched a fit) so I put my luggage in storage and hopped a bus into town. It was a beautiful day in San Francisco, almost 60 degrees out! Holiday shoppers filled the downtown streets. I did some shopping at Macey's, saw an outdoor art exhibit at Union Square, and a Fur protest at Neiman Marcus before heading off toward the wharf. I wandered through Chinatown for a while stopping, to buy some cooking knives and eat a little Dim Sum for lunch. The walk from downtown to Fisherman's Wharf is about an hour but I dragged it out to 3 hours including a short tour through the Italian district of North Beach. By the time I got there, I was exhausted! Throughout the day, I was in communication with the other Hawaii party who were in Seattle and hoping to travel on to Honolulu from there later that same day. I ate some crab dip, shopped for earrings, listened to music and watched a 'shell game' on the street, which took one poor tourist for over \$300 dollars. Finally, I took a shuttle back to the airport to check in for my return trip.

When I got the airport, I started feeling ill. I didn't even make it to the restroom when my stomach decided to empty itself out. About that time, my cell phone rang and it was Paul updating me on their journey. As I was in the process of throwing up, I don't remember much about the call except that it looked like they were going to board a flight soon. I felt a little better

after throwing up so I got my luggage and went to the check-in line. Fortunately, it was the Medallion Frequent Flyers line so it was a short one. I spoke to Paul again, excited that they were in route but told him I was still ill and would need him to meet me at the gate. By the time I got to the front of the line, I was nauseous again and as the agent was confirming my seat, I threw up into a shopping bag! This alarmed her and she tried to get me to rebook on a later flight. As weak as I was, I knew I had to get on that flight so I insisted and she changed my seat to be on an aisle near a bathroom. I was so weak, I had to be assisted onto the airplane in a wheelchair. By then, there was nothing left to throw up but that didn't stop me. I continued to throw up every half hour as we crossed the Pacific Ocean! I don't remember too much more about the trip than that. I went through 6 or 7 airsickness bags and the poor young man next to me had as miserable a flight as I did, though he was tremendously kind and solicitous. I never was so glad to see anyone as I was to see Paul and Hillary at the gate in Honolulu when I arrived at 10:30 pm on Saturday night (Dec 16th), 36 hours after starting out”!

We did lose about a day in Honolulu because of the flight cancellations but Paul managed to get us to everything he had arranged for us. Because of Paul's efforts everything went very well from there on and we had ample time to see the Polynesian Center and Pearl Harbor. However, the rental vehicle developed brake problems and just managed to get us back to the airport the next day.

Expecting us to arrive the evening before, Paul had made reservations for us to spend the day at the Polynesian Cultural Center and made an extra effort to get us to the Cultural Center by 5:00 pm, hurriedly driving almost 30 miles after renting a vehicle and loading all the luggage. We were delighted when Morgan agreed to go in his mother's place since Jan had not arrived and would not until after 10:30 that night Hawaiian time (which was four hours different than Utah time.)

The Cultural Center experience was splendid. We arrived just in time for a tasty buffet dinner and then we had just enough time before dark to take the canoe ride through places representing seven Polynesian Islands. All of the men canoe pilots wore the skirts or Sarongs as the canoe pilot navigated the route. We passed a group representing each island and they performed their unique music and dance. The islands were Tonga, Tahiti, Marques, Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand and Samoa.

The shore line was beautiful and the performances interesting. As we were returning to the landing, we passed another canoe leaving. *That pilot said to our pilot “Your mother just called.” Our pilot asked, “What did she say?” The reply was “She said she wants her skirt back”.* After the canoe trip we had about 40 minutes to shop in the plaza. Some unique craftsmen and women were selling their work. One wood carver held his wood between his feet while he worked on his item. Lots of flowers and braided leaves and Pat bought several colorful sarongs. We bought two leis for Hillary and Jan. Then we moved to the Pacific Theater for a fantastic show.

The stage was three-tiered with a fountain completely surrounding it. We had as perfect seating as one could have wanted—second row center stage. The show was two hours of fast moving action separated by an intermission. During the intermission they brought out huge trays of “Hawaii Delights” desserts. They were beautiful to see and delicious to eat. Each one had a bowl made from the bottom half of a pineapple and they were filled with various fruit and topped with a giant scoop of Orange sherbet. The show was spectacular and it is impossible to describe

it with words and do it justice. Thanks to Morgan, we have some excellent video that reveals just how well done it was. Excellent production, very well performed by at least 50 or more people. We were bussed back to the wonderful condo that Paul had for the night and found that Jan had just arrived and was still very ill. The accommodations were on the sixth floor and had excellent views of the Waikiki Beach right below the deck.

Paul had arranged for Pat and I to take a tour to Pearl Harbor and the Arizona Memorial. Sunday the 17th at 9:30, so we walked the beach and had a dish of pineapple at the McDonalds directly across the street from the Outrigger Hotel.

We were very impressed and shocked to see and hear the story of the attack on Pearl Harbor. The presentation was great in setting the stage and had lots of footage taken from the Japanese. We rode a launch to the Memorial, passing the site of several ships that had been sunk during the attack. It was a solemn place since the Memorial is placed on top of the sunken Arizona with the bodies of 1177 men still entombed inside. We were asked to talk in hushed tones and show reverence for those who lay below. One can see the outline of the ship and some of the gun turrets are sticking out of the water. You can still see oil seeping up from the ship after 60 years. The flag flies from the flagpole, which is attached to the severed mainmast of the sunken ship.

One of the remarkable things about it was that although the Japanese sank 28 ships, all but three were raised and put back in service in a very short time. Another fortunate happening was that the aircraft carriers were not in the port and the harbor itself; fuel storage and the submarine base suffered only light damage. Every American that sees and hears the story has to be very grateful and amazed at how the nation came together so quickly. In less than three months America sank the main aircraft carrier that launched the attack.

One side story is worth telling. On the tour bus to the Memorial, the driver learned that he had a World War II veteran from Australia and each were kidding good naturedly about the war. The Aussie said that the *English saying about the Americans that they were "overpaid, oversexed and over here"*. The driver ask him if he knew what the Americans said about the English. He said no and the driver said the *English were underpaid, undersexed and under Eisenhower*. They both agreed that a lot of good men from both countries fought and died for a great cause. One of them also said that the Japanese had a staff meeting of officers immediately after the attack and the general said "Gentlemen I fear we have a tiger by the tail."

The next move was to get loaded as soon as we returned at 1:00 pm and head to the airport to catch a Hawaiian airliner to the "Big Island" Hawaii. Since it is the southernmost Island (and southern-most point in the US) we flew over or by four other islands. They all said *bye bye* to us as we departed the plane. We landed at the Kona Airport, which is on the east side of the island and the least populated. Paul rented a Ford Expedition so we could get all the luggage and ourselves to the lodging. We found the condo about 7 miles south of the airport and unloaded all the luggage, which had now grown to eleven with Jan's. You can get a little idea of the picturesque development and setting from the attached. The condo was marvelous, on the second level overlooking directly the ocean. The breakers were just below us in a little cove and the sound was very relaxing and pleasant to go to sleep by.

It was now the evening of the 17th, Sunday and we were to stay here until our departure on the 24th. The condo had everything we needed except for food, so the first stop was for dinner at Drysdale where we watched the sun set on the ocean. Jan was still recuperating from her bout

with the stomach bug and had not eaten anything solid for two days. It was a pleasant sports bar that was open on two sides. The food was good, the prices reasonable, and the views specular.

The restaurant was in a shopping center some 1/4 mile from the condo and about three shops south we found a market and loaded up on groceries for the week. We then returned to unit #3104. It had a master bedroom suite for Jan and Paul, another large bedroom with twin beds for Pat and I, and a loft for Hillary and Morgan. The kitchen was very nice with all the necessary items and the living room was large with beautiful bamboo furnishings. The lanai was off the dining area and so pleasant and the temperature so mild we spent a great deal of time sitting there. Sunday evening we were ready to unwind and relax for the night.

On Monday the 18th, we drove north back towards the airport and beyond for about another 10 miles to the beach at Mano Point. Everyone hit the surf and we body surfed for the day. Now that was an experience I will never forget. After venturing out a ways, one of the breakers hit me and tumbled me towards the shore. That was the first of many sandy tumbles I took. Paul and Morgan were very good at the sport and spent lots of time riding the breakers in. Hillary and Jan had shorter times but all of them were much better than I. Paul and Morgan kept a watchful eye on me to see if I surfaced after each hit. After about 30 minutes, I had all I needed and Pat did not take the plunge. The breakers were, it looked to me, huge and when one looks up and sees that wall of water 10 feet high coming at you, it can get your attention. It was a fun experience and everyone enjoyed the day in the surf and on the beach.

On the way back to our condo we made another very necessary stop at the shopping center. I was forced to buy a monopoly set so I could show Hillary and Morgan how a pro plays the game and wins every time. Hillary made a delicious spaghetti dinner and we relaxed for the evening. I showed some of the video from the Cultural Center and then came the first of many games of Monopoly. I agreed to play them if they did not whimper when they lost. And that is how day 3 came to a close—about the game *I don't want to talk about it*. Some reading and observing again a great sunset from the lanai finished the third day of this grand adventure.

Tuesday the 19th we were off to board the Fairwinds II by 9 am for a cruise over to Captain Cook Bay for snorkeling and scuba diving. That was a morning full of wonder and fun. Pat bought herself a great straw hat at the center. The crew fitted us with prescription goggles and snorkels so we did not need our glasses. Jan, Paul, Hillary, and Morgan signed up for Snub, which is like scuba except everyone is tethered to a raft that has the air supply and divers cannot go further than 25 feet. Pat and I thought snorkeling was enough for us. The boat carried 94 plus the crew and had ladders on both sides at the rear that went down into the water. While we were underway, they fitted us all with swim fins. Try walking around with these on your feet. Then they served us pineapple and sweet rolls.

The bay was beautiful and the water perfectly clear. We waddled down the stairs with our fins on and stepped into a totally different and wonderful world. The bottom was covered with a beautiful coral reef and hundreds of brightly colored fish. Pat and I spent more time than we thought we would as one loses the track of time in this environment. Since I am a bad swimmer and could not tread very long they tossed me a tube to keep me afloat. Pat opted to have a tube also and we floated around watching the unbelievably beautiful undersea world below. We saw the Parrot fish nibbling on the coral and one could actually hear the crunching sound. We were told that each one generates 6 pounds of beach sand during their life span. They are a bright,

almost iridescent color of blue and red. The sea life did not seem to be bothered with us as we floated above them about 15 to 35 feet.

The scuba divers left for their instruction and we continued to snorkel until about 11:00. We reluctantly came in to a nice buffet lunch the crew had prepared. We watched the scuba group topside and ate our lunch, enjoying a beautiful day. Jan, Paul, Hillary, and Morgan went back snorkeling after a light lunch until they made the final call to board for the trip back to port. The deck hands had two fishing poles dragging as we traveled back and the pilot guaranteed that they would catch a fish and the crew got the fish. As we approached the pier I reminded the pilot of his promise and he turned to one of the crew and said “get your dolphin suit on and grab on to the line.”

We were back by 1:00 pm and we played some hot Monopoly games (since this is my version of happenings), which I won. On the way back to the condo, we stopped at the village of Kona and shopped briefly before going to dinner. Jan purchased Morgan some beach sandals and Paul found a fun place to dine called Quinn’s. The food was very good and the atmosphere unique. A Gecko walked around on the ceiling and cats watched us eat perched on walls and in the foliage away from the diners. Paul rented two boogie boards, a beach umbrella, and a beach chair for the trip to the black sand beach tomorrow.

On Wednesday the 20th Paul prepared a fine breakfast at the condo. We traveled about 70 miles to the southernmost tip of the island to the Black Sand Beach to see the giant green sea turtles. On the way, we stopped at the City of Refuge in the Puuhonua O Honaunau National Historical Park. It is a complete restoration of a Hawaiian place of refuge for those defeated in battle or commoners who had broken a taboo. It is on the ocean and we saw some turtles in the sea and interesting huts. We listened to a native tell about his trip over the ocean in a canoe made from a hollowed out log. Then it was on to the beach and while the rest of the group went looking for the turtles, I headed to the bathroom, which was a few hundred yards along the beach.

On my way back I walked along the water hoping to get video of the turtles. As I approached a young couple, they ask me if I had seen the turtles. I said that I had not yet and they pointed nearby and there was one by them. I hurriedly moved towards where they were on the volcanic boulders and lost my footing falling into the ocean with the video camera. This was the only down point of the entire trip. I twisted my left knee, skinned my right elbow and seriously hurt my ego. There were notices posted ‘Do not remove sand from beach under penalty of law’. ***Gran got in trouble with the law again removing some black sand from the beach between her toes.*** The day ended with a splendid dinner at Edward's right on the ocean with the breakers almost at hand.

Thursday the 21st, our sixth day, Paul, Jan, and Hillary played tennis while Gran and I took a long walk up to the shopping center. It was up hill all the way and at sea level it was a challenge even though it was less than one half mile. Paul, Jan, Hillary, and Morgan went back to a beach north of Kona for the day. Gran and I spent the afternoon at the pool, the hot tub and did some reading back at the condo. I needed the time to recuperate and soak my sore knee. ***The well-known law breaker Gran did it again, hanging a towel over the rail of the lanai. A notice on the rail clearly stated that it was illegal to hang anything over the rail. Gran hung the towel over the notice and pleaded innocent “I don’t see any sign”.*** That evening Paul took us to

Jameson's By The Sea, a very exclusive restaurant that was also open next to the sea. A musician played Hawaiian music and some Christmas carols. It was a beautiful setting and atmosphere.

Friday the 22nd, our seventh day, Paul drove us to Hilo for a helicopter ride over the volcano. It was a long trip of about 100 miles around the north part of the island and down the east side. We traveled to Parker Ranch for breakfast. The ranch itself is huge. It covers thousands of acres in the center of the island. We heard it is one of the largest in the world.

As we were getting into Hilo the weather changed and it began to rain. We had some time before our scheduled flight so we went to Hilo Hatties to shop. A heavy cloud cover with the rain caused our flight to be canceled but they asked us to return at 4:00 and perhaps the weather would improve so we could take the last flight of the day. With another two hours to kill, we took Jan, Hillary, and Gran back to Hilo Hatties to finish their shopping and Paul, Morgan and I went to the Borders book store. It continued to clear, then rain, and when we returned to the airport they told us that the flight had been canceled. I bought Gran a lei at the airport and took a picture of the copter center. We started back over the long road and stopped to hike up to some beautiful falls just north of Hilo at Hakalau Honomu. The falls are called Akaka and are in a state park. We stopped late the evening in Waimea for a light dinner at the Subway and arrived at the movie theater. Morgan talked Hillary into going to see "Dude Where's My Car". The "Castaway" was sold out so we saw "What Women Want". So ended this interesting trip to the other side of the island. Paul had driven us almost completely around the Big Island putting more than 500 miles on the Ford Expedition.

Saturday the 23rd was the eighth and last full day. Jan, Paul, and Gran went for a long walk. Hillary and Morgan tried once again to beat me at Monopoly. Later Hillary and Morgan decided to go surfing in the bay by the condo. It had big volcanic rocks along the beach and breakers pushed the surfers towards them. Hillary and Morgan were carried out too far and Morgan lost his boogie board. They both had a very hard time getting back in and Morgan cut his foot on one of the rocks. We took back the rented equipment and the shop owner called a clinic that was open. Jan thought he needed stitches but the doctor only put on some butterfly bandages. We decided to catch the movie again and bought tickets to Castaway, then had our farewell dinner at Drysdale's watching the sunset. Everyone ordered drinks and Morgan ordered Pina Colada, and being underage, he said make it a virgin. The waitress said you cannot find one on this island.

Sunday 24th, the trip back to Utah. We had an early morning flight back to Honolulu so we packed everything that evening and everyone slept light for fear we would oversleep and miss our flight. Paul and Morgan loaded all eleven bags and when we arrived at the Kona Airport we unloaded and had to go through the agriculture inspection station. We shopped briefly while waiting for our flight. Again, it was a short flight and only a short wait in Honolulu—just long enough for a quick breakfast at the airport and the flight to LA. We did purchase some pineapple and arrange to have some sent to Kathryn. Jan and Pat bought flowers for the house and a lei for Amy.

It was a pleasant flight to the mainland of about 5 hours. After a short layover in LA, time for a drink, we left for our final flight to Salt Lake. Amy met us and Paul loaded the luggage for the last time for the trip to Park City. Pat's luggage did not make it with ours and was delivered Christmas morning. It was Christmas Eve and a beautiful snowfall had greeted us back.

Amy had prepared most of a grand Christmas dinner. On Christmas morning everyone emptied their Christmas stockings and opened their gifts. Jan and Paul finished the dinner and I took pictures with the new digital camera. We all sit down to a splendid dinner with great thanksgiving for our many blessings and our safe travels.

It all seems like a dream to us now as we reflect on the whole experience. We will keep the memories forever with this recording of events and with the video that survived the ocean. Jan and Paul for your generosity and thoughtfulness we thank you for giving us these remarkable memories. Hillary and Morgan for being such grand people and Amy for the part you played in making it possible. We love you all.

My Impressions of the Islands

Honolulu seemed a lot like any city in the country. When one gets in the interior then it begins to have individual character. There are many modest homes and some seem to show poverty. We did not get a chance to meet many of the Hawaiian people. Everyone treated us well and they were helpful. Tourism continues to be the big economic factor. Prices were higher than in the mainland but not as high as one might expect. For example, gas was \$2.22 a gallon.

The ocean was beautiful and unspoiled by man so far. The beaches were excellent and the weather outstanding during our visit. The big island was a surprise. It is much bigger than I had anticipated. A large part of it, especially the west side, is volcanic rock. Huge boulders and piles of volcanic rock. As one moves to the center and to the east the foliage gets heavier and more tropical in looks. This island is not highly populated while the others are more crowded. The volcanos dominate the landscape and reach to heights of thousands of feet.

Christmas 2000: Back at Park City for the holidays ending a grand trip.

2001

New Year's 2001: We began the new year with Amy here in Fruita. We left for Mesquite on January 19th and met Dick and Mary in Las Vegas on the 28th for their 45th anniversary. We were forced to leave Las Vegas, so we moved to Boulder Dam and stayed in the campground waiting on Melissa and Bob's wedding in Vegas on February 18th. We were back in Fruita in March and made some trips to Kansas to see Kathryn. We had the big family campout at Ridgeway for our 50th anniversary and in November we had to return to Kansas because Kathryn was failing. She passed away around Thanksgiving and we returned to Fruita in December and then to Park City for the holidays.

Christmas 2001: Christmas at Jan and Paul's and Amy surprised us with an Alaskan cruise for late June.

2002

New Year's 2002: We returned to Mesquite and then back to Fruita to begin the preparation for Alaska. Following is the detailed account of that wonderful experience.

North to Alaska

6/27/02

Thus begins our great adventure to the far North. But wait, we must cover our trip to Hillary's graduation in Tacoma which proceeded our cruise by about a week.

We left Fruita on May 12th, about a week before Hillary's graduation on the 17th. We stayed at Amy's and began making preparations for the great excursion to Alaska. We flew to Seattle on the 16th and returned to Salt Lake on Monday the 19th. Our flight was late getting into Seattle and after finding the car rental, checking out where we could leave our luggage when we returned for the cruise, and where we would meet the Princess people, it was very late. The first stop was at a Wendy's for food then finding our way to the motel in Tacoma. It was about 20 miles from the airport but our driver Amy's famous words, "We can always turn around," proved right. She found the motel within a few turnarounds. She must be related to Captain Cook because in his search for a northwest passage he went into several dead ends and named one 'Turn Around Again'.

The trip was fun and it was wonderful to be able to see Hillary mark an important event in her life. We all drove into Seattle on Saturday to Pikes Fish Market and had a very pleasant day shopping. That evening Jan and Paul took Hillary, Morgan, and some of Hillary's friends out to the Cliffs, a very nice restaurant, and invited Amy, Pat, and I to attend the fun graduation dinner. The dinner was finished with Hillary eating five desserts.

On Sunday morning, several of the parents had a good breakfast picnic on a beach. The graduation was at 2 PM and we all walked over from Hillary's house, which was only about three blocks. Even though we arrived an hour early all the seats in the covered area were taken so we were seated in chairs on the football field. Before the event started, it began to rain and everyone pulled out their umbrellas and found the rain gear that had been placed under each chair. It rained during the entire program and we all tried to get pictures and stay somewhat dry as the graduates moved to get their diplomas. That certainly made the event even more interesting, wet, and fun. We count the event as another one of our blessings, being able to see our Hillary walk up for her diploma.

We all walked back to Hillary's house after the graduation and Jan and Paul made a nice picnic dinner. Monday morning we met back at Hillary's and went out to her favorite cafe for breakfast. On our return to the house, Hillary took us on a walking tour of the university. The campus was beautiful with grand old buildings. We also went to the covered tennis courts where Hillary played during her 4 years and her coach happened to be there, so we met him. Paul and Lance helped Hillary load all her things in the car and Jan, Paul, and Morgan met us at the airport for the flight back to Salt Lake together. Hillary and Lance began the trip back that evening, staying one night in Boise and arriving at Park City on Tuesday the 20th. We began in earnest the preparations for the grand Alaskan cruise.

Tuesday May 20th we began getting ready for the cruise. Since we did not leave for Seattle until the 26th, we had five days to buy and pack for the 14 days we would be gone. Amy, Jan, and Hillary assisted Pat on her wardrobe and selection of accessories at a fun party one evening. With the help of Amy, we finally completed the packing on Saturday evening. Sunday we went to Marie Callenders for a late brunch and then Amy took us to the airport to catch our flight on Delta to Seattle. We arranged to leave our luggage at the airport in Seattle and caught the Roadway Inn shuttle to the motel for the night.

Early the next morning, May 27th, we shuttled back to the airport, collected our luggage, and waited for the Princess people to board us on buses for the trip to Vancouver to board the cruise ship Sun Princess. The bus was very comfortable and looked new. The trip was about 150 miles and they served us a box lunch along the way. We made two stops and went through some

beautiful country in upper Washington State. We traveled through Bellingham, where we had been in 1986, and entered Canada without a search. The bus dropped us off at the pier and we again went through customs before boarding the cruise ship.

At 5:50 PM, the gangway off, and we set sail outbound of Vancouver Harbor. We found our stateroom #215, on the 10th floor, at the front or “pointy” end of the ship and only a few steps from the viewing deck on the bow of the ship. I could have driven the ship from our position. We took a walking tour of the ship and made our first of many trips to the 14th floor to Horizon Court, the cafeteria. It was open 24 hours a day and had great viewing windows to watch the coastline go by. The dress was “smart casual” for the first evening. Each day we had in our stateroom the ‘Princess Patter’, which was a daily guide to activities. The first one introduced us to our Captain Pietro. He is 57 and followed his grandfather and father as Captains. This first issue reminded us of the required Muster Exercise. At the sound of the General Emergency Signal all passengers collect their life jacket from their stateroom and carry it to their Muster Station. Our Muster Station was relatively close and members of the crew instructed us what to do in the event of having to abandon ship. Also, each day on the TV channel 21 the Cruise Director reviewed all the activities. The ‘Patter’ also set out the shows in the two theaters and reminded us of the bars, lounges, gift shop, photo shop and the Grand Casino all on the Promenade Deck 7. The show at the Princess Theater was World Champion Juggling Duo ‘Freefall’. Somehow, we missed that one. In the Vista Lounge they showed two movies, Gosford Park and Kate and Leopold. We were busy checking out the ship and did not take in the movies.

One of the first things we did, which proved invaluable during the trip, was to buy a book called ‘The Alaska Cruise Companion’. It also had a large companion map of the cruise route and listed where we were mile-by-mile. With it, we were able to follow our course and the book gave us many interesting facts along the route. The author, Joe Upton, was on board and autographed our copy. He also occasionally came on the ship’s speaker with bits of information.

Now for some facts about the ship. It was built in Italy in 1995 and registered in London. The gross tonnage is 77,441, overall length of 856 feet, 106 feet wide. It had a fuel capacity of 2654 metric tons (1 metric ton = 264.5 gallons). It had fresh water storage of 2370 metric tons, carried a passenger capacity of 1950, actually had 2,063 on board, and a crew of 900. It had a cruising speed of 21 knots (1 knot = 1.15 statute mile) Many countries were represented on the crew, I believe they said 27, and of course many more in the passengers. The Captain was Pietro Raiola of Italy and the Staff Captain Andrew Froude and the 1st officer-navigator Antonino Bertuccio. The ship was beautifully constructed and decorated. Very lavish and very well designed and maintained. At 6:22 we passed Lions Gate Bridge and entered Discovery Passage at 11:45 PM.

Tuesday May 28th We cruised the Canadian Inside Passage, passing through Seymour Narrows, Johnstone Straits, and Queen Charlotte Strait. By 6:30 AM we passed Pine Island and moved toward Laredo Sound. The sky was overcast and rainy but the sea was moderate. At 8:03 we were proceeding towards Ketchikan and set our clocks back another hour, making it two hours ahead of Colorado time. The ‘Patter’ gave us some information on ‘the Inside Passage. It is a 1,000-mile waterway protected by offshore islands and tempered by Kuroshio (Japan’s current). It is a maze of deep channels, quiet bays, and lovely forested islands. It is still as beautiful as when Captain Vancouver discovered it two hundred years ago. The Inside Passage is known as Alaska’s Marine Highway. John Muir described Alaska as “a picture of icy wildness unspeakably pure and sublime.” Upon descending from the glacier that bears his name, he wrote,

“I’ve been wandering through a thousand rooms in God’s crystal temple. Solomon’s marble and ivory places were nothing like this”.

The ‘Patter’ also listed some tidbits such as: Small icebergs are called ‘Growler’. Skagway is the only Alaskan town built on level ground. There are more pilots’ licenses in Alaska than any other state. Alaskans built the White Pass and Yukon Railway through terrain “too steep for a Billy goat and too cold for a polar bear”. Skagway, according to John Muir, was like “a nest of ants taken into a strange country and stirred up by a stick”. The dress was Formal on this night so we put on our best duds and mingled with the ones with tuxes. We actually looked as well dressed as most and Pat was beautiful in her new long beaded coat. The show at Princess Theater was ‘Words and Music,’ which was a wonderful show, very well produced. We loved the performance even though the sea was “moderate” and the stage was rocking and rolling, the roughest night on the cruise.

On Wednesday May 29th at 1:40 AM we crossed the Canada/U.S.A. international boundary and an Alaskan pilot came on board as we commenced the approach to Ketchikan via Tongass Narrows at 5:20 AM. The Sun Princess was secured alongside Cruise Terminal in Ketchikan at 6:45 AM. The temperature was 57, the sky overcast and the sea “Slight”.

We were docked at Ketchikan for 8 hours but we spent only about 5 hours in town. It rained the entire time we were here but that was not unusual since they get an average rainfall of over 200 inches every year. The noon temperature was 57, sky overcast and the sea ‘Slight’. We found a place where I could check our email and then we walked down Creek Street to the Totem Pole Park, about one-half mile. They have some of the oldest poles under glass because they are so fragile from hundreds of years exposed to the elements. Each one told a story about a clan and happenings. Contrary to early belief, totem poles were not carved as monuments to deities and were never worshiped. They bore likenesses of ancestral symbols like Eagles, Raven, Bear, Whale, and Wolf and told the tale of heroic deeds, making them family trees in the truest sense. They were erected during a potlatch, a large and prestigious gift-giving ceremony held to honor the dead or commemorate an important event. During the celebration, which lasted a few days to several weeks, gifts were distributed to guests according to rank. Totem poles are not an ancient art form; the huge carved red cedar poles are largely a 19th century phenomenon, dependent on chisels, steel axes, curved knives and other metal tools introduced by European settlers. On the walk back we stopped to talk to a lady who was getting in her truck. She actually stopped us and told us that she and her husband were visiting their son and he had bought some land at auction on an island. They were helping him build a house and had driven up from Oregon for the summer. We stopped in town to buy some postcards and stamps to send off. We then went to the visitor’s center next to the dock and began to write the messages. I laid my new camcorder down on the bench next to my leg and was busy getting addresses etc. I reached for the camcorder and it was gone. Pat had walked over to a gift store and I thought perhaps she had taken it with her. I hurried over to find her and she did not have it so a very sharp thief had caught me distracted and made off with my brand new camcorder purchased just to record the trip. That was the only unhappy occasion during the entire 14 days. Ketchikan is about 650 miles north of Seattle and 240 miles south of Juneau. It rains almost 240 days a year and has 18 hours of daylight in the summer. The ‘Patter’ advised that the dress was ‘Smart Casual’ so we complied. Each time we left the ship or returned we had to have our special cards run through a counter before they would let us back on board. We caught the show in the Vista Lounge, which was a funny Comedy Cabaret with Ventriloquist Dan Horn.

At 2:32 PM, the gangway off, we sailed for Juneau via Clarence Strait. We cleared Snow Pass, proceeding towards Cape Decision via Sumner Strait. We passed Cape Decision at 9:12 PM, navigating throughout the night into Chatham Strait, Frederick Sound and Stephens Passage.

Thursday May 30th we entered Gastineau Channel at 4:40 AM, the southern approach to Juneau Harbor. The ship was docked alongside South Franklin St. Dock in Juneau at 7:00 AM. We left the ship and began a quick tour of the Capital city. We walked to the Capital and the oldest Greek church. Did some email and then back to the dock to get the bus to the copter field. Jan and Paul had paid for a copter ride to a glacier and we were unsure if the weather would cooperate. At noon the temperature was 61, sky cloudy and the sea “smooth”. The weather cleared for the first time for about two hours, just enough time for us to make a marvelous flight to the glacier. We donned life jackets and heavy overshoes with tread prior to the takeoff. Our pilot was excellent and landed us right on top of a rather precarious spot on the glacier. The others landed in a routine spot below. What a wonderful flight to the glacier and the time we spent walking on the ice. One inch of the ice equals 100 inches of snow. We have super pictures while on the glacier to mark the once-in-a-life time adventure. Juneau is the smallest capital city of the 50 states, having only a population of about 35,000; however, that is a big city in Alaska. A city of 7,000 is the fourth largest in Alaska. We did miss one event that happened on board while we were on shore, Libby Riddles, the 1985 winner of the Iditarod, gave a presentation about her history-making win as the first woman to win the race with a daring move across Norton Sound in a deadly blizzard. She still breeds and trains a kennel of fifty sled dogs and competes in races all over the world. We also missed another marvelous live show, ‘C’est Magnifique,’ that evening while the movies ‘Count of Monte Cristo’, “A Beautiful Mind”, “Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone,” and “Black Hawk Down” played in the theaters. There was too much for us to do besides watching movies. By 7:24 PM we were outbound Juneau Harbor and at 8:30 we cleared Gastineau Channel. We then proceeded towards Skagway via Stephens Passage, Favorite Channel, and Lynn Canal.

Friday May 31st at 7:28 AM Park Rangers came on board at Bartlett Cove to provide commentary as we cruised Glacier Bay. We passed Rush Pt. At 8:21 and entered Glacier Bay. The noon temperature was 64, sky overcast and the sea “Calm” as we continued in the bay until 2:00 PM. We saw Glaciers Lamplugh, Margerie, and Grand Pacific as well as many others. We were able to go much further into the bay as the ice had broken up deeper in and we were able to get very close to the glaciers. Icebergs floated all around us and one had an eagle perched on it. What an awesome sight to behold as the glaciers met the sea. When Captain George Vancouver sailed through the ice-choked waters of Icy Strait in 1794, Glacier Bay was little more than a dent in a mountain of ice. Less than a century later, John Muir made his legendary discovery of Glacier Bay and found that the end of the bay had retreated 40 miles from Icy Strait. Today the glacier that bears his name is some 60 miles from Icy Strait. The resultant recolonization of plants and animals has fascinated naturalists since 1916. Apart from having the world’s highest concentration of tidewater glaciers, Glacier Bay is the habitat for a wide variety of marine life. Whales, harbor seals, porpoises, sea otters, brown and black bears, wolves, moose, mountain goats and over 200 species of birds make their home in Glacier Bay. The Rangers left us again at Bartlett Cove at 6:04 PM and we sailed for Skagway. We opted to visit the casino for a hand at the slots. Pat won a hundred dollars with a strait flush on a video poker machine while I was losing \$20 at the blackjack table.

Saturday June 1st we entered Taya Inlet and begin the approach to Skagway at 4:40 AM. The Sun Princess was secured alongside Railroad Pier at 6:08 AM in Skagway and we disembarked for a brief time of about 3 hours. Skagway's history is notorious as the jumping off place for the Yukon gold rush. In August 1896 George Washington Carmack and two of his Indian companions, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie, found gold in a tributary of the Klondike River. During the first year, 30,000 gold seekers passed through Skagway and began the awful trip over White Pass into the interior. The Royal Mounted Police eyed the thousands of tenderfeet (called cheechakos) challenging the Chilkoot Trail and decreed that each man would have to haul enough food to last a year. It amounted to 2,000 pounds and most had to carry it on their backs, 200 pounds at a time. Of all the images of this period, perhaps the most vivid is the photo of an unending line of black specks arching up and over the mountain. Men, back to nose against each other, fearing to rest lest they lose their place in line. Many of the shops were still closed but some opened earlier than normal to accommodate us.

As we walked up the street a young woman standing on the sidewalk approached us about taking a bus trip up to White Pass. She said that not taking this tour was like visiting Paris and not seeing the Eiffel tower That got our interest but we told her we would think about it and went on to look at the shops. Pat bought two Skagway hats for Morgan and Chris and some gifts for the new baby and Austin. We decided to take the bus tour so we came back to the woman and told her we would take the trip. The price was \$25 each as I took the money out to pay her she said I would have to step off the sidewalk. She explained that there was an old law, from the days of the ladies of the night, that one could not take money while standing on the sidewalk. While the bus tour was ok it was not anything exceptional. The driver had two assistants and we talked about the cost of living here. They said that milk was \$5 a gallon and everything else was accordingly. We went to the top of the White Pass, which was an elevation of about 4,000 ft. We rode a little way into Canada making a pit stop at the summit of the pass. Then we hurried back to catch the ship because we had only three hours in Skagway. At 12:07 PM, gangway off, let all lines go and we sailed for College Fjord via Lynn Canal and Icy Strait. The Alaskan Pilots disembarked at Cape Spencer Pilot Station, and at 7:36 PM we set a northwesterly course in the Gulf of Alaska, full speed towards Prince William Sound. That evening we went to another great live show in the Princess Theater, 'Rhythms Of The City' and again, were dressed Smart Casual.

Sunday June 2nd at 11:18 AM we passed Cape Hinchinbrook lighthouse and entered Prince William Sound. We arrived at the Bligh Reef Pilot Station at 12:26 PM and took aboard Southwest Alaskan pilots to see us through College Fjord. The noon temperature was 50, sky overcast, and the sea calm. From 2:53 to 5:30 PM we cruised the glaciers in College Fjord and then sailed for Seward, our final destination for the cruise. The dress that evening for the final party was Smart Casual, but many went formal as we did. We enjoyed the farewell variety show in the Vista Lounge with comedian Tom Fletcher and Singer/Impressionist Tony Cherry at 7:00, then caught the really funny passenger talent show at 10:15. Following that, we went to the stateroom and packed for an early morning pickup of our luggage. We had to have our luggage outside the stateroom by 6:00 AM and vacate the room by 7:30. We then returned for the final farewell party where they had stacked in a tier 746 wine glasses. The atrium was packed and we walked around attempting to get a place to view the pouring of champagne down the tier. Then a surprising and magnificent event occurred. The Cruise Director appeared beside us and someone said, "Who will be the "First Lady?", and he turned to Pat and said "Will you be the first Lady?". Pat said "I'd be delighted to", so out of the 1200 to 1400 ladies on the ship Pat was chosen to be the 'First Lady' to pour the champagne. What a grand way to end a dream adventure. We went

into the casino for a few minutes and Pat won \$75 dollars on a slot machine and I donated another \$30. We then went up to the cafeteria for a late night snack before retiring for our last night in our stateroom.

Monday June 3rd we entered Resurrection Bay at 1:00 AM and commenced our final approach to Seward. By 2:30 AM the Sun Princess was docked alongside Cruise Terminal in Seward. We were up and had a light breakfast in the cafeteria prior to our announced disembarking at 9:30 AM. That ended our very first and most memorable cruise ever.

Amy had booked accommodation for us at the Windsong Lodge in Seward and the shuttle met us at the dock, transporting us to the beautiful lodge. We were registered in room 256 of the Lily House, which was really nice and new. The lodge offered regular service into town every hour so we went into Seward to visit the Alaskan Sea Life Center. That is the facility that did lots of the sea life rescue of the Valdez oil spill. It is a great facility and very well done. They had a live camera on some seals on a beach somewhere and we could see the babies that had been born recently nursing. After Pat made a purchase of that now-famous bag we caught the shuttle back to a restaurant that our driver highly recommend and had a great meal along the docks. We returned again to downtown to check email and sightsee. We found where the first Iditarod race was started and walked the main street doing some shopping. We returned to the Windsong and spent the evening and night at the lodge.

Tuesday June 3rd we walked to the Resurrection restaurant for breakfast and the Alaskan Heritage tours bus picked us up for the trip to Anchorage. We walked around briefly and saw many airplanes with water landing gears. They had just exchanged them for skis for landing on ice. After a short layover and change of drivers, we were then driven to the Talkeetna Lodge. This was another outstandingly beautiful facility, which overlooked Mt. McKinley. It was very striking and plush. After registering, we caught the shuttle into the village of Talkeetna. It is a small village of about 800 people and makes one think of Telluride in some ways. Talkeetna is the gathering place for those planning to scale Mt. McKinley. We returned to the lodge and met a nice young couple from the east celebrating their 10th anniversary traveling by SUV to the Arctic Circle.

Wednesday June 4th we were picked up by the jet boat shuttle and transported to the jet boats for a trip down the Susitna River using the Mahay Jet Boat Service, with son Israel at the helm. We went up river for about 30 miles. The boat set about 4 feet into the water but when cruising needed only water with a depth of about 12 inches. We could see huge chunks of ice along the shoreline which were the remnants of a great ice jam of just 10 days before. The river freezes solid and raised the river over 4 feet, flooding the railroad and threatening the town. We made one stop and Melissa and Sam, the young tour guides, walked us up to a cabin that was like those that homesteaders used. We were then served a light snack and coffee and hot chocolate before heading back to catch our train to Denali.

We boarded the Princess Midnight Sun Express dome cars on the Alaskan Railroad at noon for the trip to Denali National Park about 150 miles north. The cars were wonderful and we set four at a booth for the 4-hour trip. Our traveling couple was Bill and Judith Mackenzie of Queensland, Australia. They were a delightful couple and that made our trip even more enjoyable with the good company and all the beautiful scenery. Bill is a farm and ranch auctioneer and we exchanged email addresses so I could send them a picture from the digital camera. We enjoyed a nice dinner in the dining car with the Mackenzies. Our accommodations were at the

Denali Cliffs motel and a shuttle was there to meet us at the depot. We were again pleasantly surprised that all our luggage arrived with us as it had all along the trip. As we arrived at the motel, it began raining and we had a heavy downpour for an hour or so. We had a rather early bus tour scheduled into the park so we decided to have a light dinner and retire for the night. We are now about 200 miles from the Arctic Circle.

On Thursday June 5th we took the shuttle bus to the village of Denali and boarded the bus for our trip into the Denali National Park. We saw two Caribou and made two stops on the 2-hour ride. On the first we walked up to the Savage cabin and experienced our first encounter with mosquitos. We had been told that they were terrible in Alaska and actually the standing joke is that the "Alaskan state bird is the mosquito". I guess we were just early enough to escape the hoards. The final stop was at the summit where we had some hot chocolate and a native woman talked to us about her people. She told us that her great-grandmother's husband died and she was forced to return to her own tribe many miles away. She had two young children, and they gave her enough food for five days and she had to provide for them as they traveled all summer to reach her tribe. We had the train to catch for the return trip to Anchorage, so we hurried back to the depot and boarded the same wonderful dome cars for the 8-hour trip. We were again very fortunate to have been paired up with a nice couple, Steve and Joan Dippier, who were from Portland but had recently moved to Mexico and were building a new home. Since the car was only about one-half full we were able to move across from one another and each have a booth. Steve and Joan Dippier were great to visit with and we had a very good dinner together in the dining car. With good company and lots of sights to see the trip went fairly fast. The two young hosts were fun Zack and Mike the bartender was a Mormon boy from Springdale.

We arrived in Anchorage about 8:30 PM and were relieved to see a young man holding a sign with JONES printed on it. Mike with Alaskan Heritage tours was there to meet us and deliver us to the Grand Hotel for our night accommodations. The suite was very nice and the hotel just up from the depot, but I do mean up, and it was raining. We relaxed and hit the bed because we had plans to see lots of sights and do some last-minute shopping before our flight to Seattle at 1:00 AM.

Friday June 6th we began our longest and most tiring part of our journey. Our flight was not until very late but the hotel agreed to let us leave our luggage in storage until Mike picked us for the trip to the airport at 9:30 PM. We walked into town, just a few blocks, and saw why it is called the city of the hanging baskets. Beautiful flower baskets hung all along the streets. We met the elderly lady watering the baskets from an ATV with a long spout and was told she had been doing it for 50 years. We decided to first travel to the Alaskan Heritage Center. It was several miles from the center of town so we bought tickets for a bus ride to the center. We spent about three hours at the center and learned much about the history of the native people. There are five major sections of the state divided approximately by language. We walked around an area that showed the type of housing and customs of each.

We returned to downtown and had a brunch at a neat restaurant before starting our shopping. We finished our shopping and shipped the gifts at the post office by 6 that evening. We did not have room in our luggage and we had bought things we could not carry on. By this time, we had been on our feet for 13 hours and still 6 hours to go before our flight. We had a light dinner at the mall, walked several blocks to see the statue of Captain Cook, and then went to the little park next to the hotel with a plaque of President Eisenhower signing Alaska into statehood. At 9:00 we begged the hotel clerk to let us wait in the lobby until Mike arrived to take

us to the airport. She was very nice and welcomed us in. Even though our flight did not leave until 1 AM, we would rather wait at the airport and perhaps find a comfortable place to catch a few winks. As we checked our luggage, a man was trying to check through two large storage bins. They were overweight and they opened them and found large skulls with 15-inch tusks. We were curious but knew nothing about what happened until a couple hours before our flight. We finally got through all the security by about 10:00 and went to the snack bar for something to eat. We had now been up and running for 15 hours and still 3 hours until flight time and about another 15 hours until we were at Salt Lake. The daylight was now almost 23 hours out of 24 so it was not night. As far as finding some comfortable seating in the airport to rest, that was a foolish hope. As we sat at the boarding gate Pat noticed that the young man that sat down close to her was communicating by a wire with two others who were dressed casually to blend in. She heard him say that as soon as the other man arrived they would move in. When another man appeared in a few minutes they escorted the man with the skulls out. We did not expect to see him again but just as we were about to board he came back and got on the flight.

Saturday June 7th The flight to Seattle was about 5 hours and even though we could have made an earlier flight to Salt Lake we were not allowed to because we had checked our luggage through to Salt Lake on the 11 flight and you must take the same flight as your luggage. Our flight left for Salt Lake at 11:00 and we arrived in Salt Lake at 1:00 PM, 30 hours after we left our bed in Anchorage. A very tiring end to a most wonderful and rewarding adventure. We crashed at Amy's and slept for 16 hours. The time difference and the long daylight hours and the change in altitude caused us some trouble in adjusting.

OVERVIEW OF THE ADVENTURE: All the arrangements Amy made were perfect and everything went so well, without a hitch. What made the trip even more of a blessing was Amy making all the arrangements and handling all the hundreds of details. It was the same with the Hawaii trip that Jan and Paul took us on. For someone to do all this makes it so much easier and completely stress-free for us. The timing of our trip proved to be the very best because we had no crowds to contend with. If we could have changed one thing it would have been clearer skies and more sunshine. We took hundreds of pictures and documented the trip well, so with this write-up, we will relive this many times and always cherish the memories for the rest of our lives. We are so grateful for this grand gift and when we told everyone that our daughter gave it to us we got many comments. Most thought it was remarkable for a daughter do such a nice thing and some said "our kids would never do anything for us, we are always doing for them."

To top off the trip we stayed in Salt Lake and Park City until Morgan's graduation on the 14th and returned to Fruita on Sunday June 16th. Jan and Paul treated Morgan to a graduation dinner at Tony Romas and Amy, Hillary, Pat and I were invited to come along. The food was excellent and it was a pleasant time together. Morgan tried to outdo Hillary on the desserts but we feel she is still the champion. The graduation was on Friday at 5:00 PM on the football field. Jan, Pat, and I went into Salt Lake to gather up things for the after graduation party. For Park City, it was extremely warm. Morgan's other grandparents, Leroy and Margene Schenk, were able to attend and it was great to see Morgan saunter up to grab his diploma. Jan and Paul hosted a nice party as the graduate and friends came in. Saturday morning before we left for Amy's, Jan and Paul joined us for dinner at the Chinese restaurant.

Sunday June 16th We left Amy's for the final trip home. We were gone a total of 36 days and thanks to our grandkids taking care of the yard and our dear neighbor Ann taking care of our mail, watering, and checking the house, all was well at home. We had several matters to take

care of such as starting the air conditioner and paying bills. It has now been 20 days since we ended that exceptional experience and now it seems more of a dream. The writing of this description of all we saw and did brings it all rushing back to mind. In trying to describe the event I have used words like awesome, unbelievable etc. It has been difficult to adequately explain how truly spectacular the experience has been for us. I hope this account will help everyone have a better understanding of the grand happening.

Christmas 2002: Amy returned for the holidays and attended church in Mesquite.

2003

New Year's 2003: Oasis offered us 10 days and nights so we spent the first days of the new year there before returning to Fruita for the summer. Spent the 4th of July on Antelope Island with Amy. We made a fun trip to Mule Creek to spend a week with Judith and Jessie and the details about this unique experience follows:

America at its best still exists in New Mexico

We just returned from one of the most interesting, unique, and enjoyable trips we have made in these United States. We were gone for only one week but viewed country and met people that will stay in our hearts and mind for many years to come.

Starting the trip, we left I-70 at the Cisco, Utah exit and drove to Moab, traveling along the beautiful Colorado River. One is surrounded by steep red rock cliffs and standing monoliths of the Fisher towers and the Priest and Nuns formations. It is a beautiful drive anytime of the year but with the river running high and the numerous rafters floating down, it is spectacular.

Since our destination was in west-central New Mexico, we then traveled south to Monticello, Utah through some additional scenic country past Hole in the Wall and then to Dove Creek, Colorado, through Cortez and into New Mexico. Here we entered Indian reservations as we drove south to Shiprock and to Gallup for our first night's stopover. Leaving Gallup on I-40, we headed west for about 30 miles before turning south on Highway 191 in Arizona. This took us through St. Johns and Springerville, but they were separated by many miles. One can travel 40 to 50 miles before entering a town and then it can be only a signpost with a name on it. America is a big country and traveling in such areas impresses on us just how vast and wonderful it is. Springerville is the beginning of what is referred to as Hoof Highway. It is a renowned cattle drive route to Magdalena, a distance of about 120 miles.

We then turned back east into New Mexico at Alpine, Arizona, traveling through two national forests, Apache and Gila, at elevations of 7,500 to 9,000 feet. Then it was south again on Highway 160 to the Mule Creek intersection. This begins the beautiful ranch country that extends for over one hundred miles to Silver City. It is rolling hills of grass with a sprinkling of trees and sprouting many windmills. Here we turned back west for 9 miles to the Mule Creek post office. That is all there is to Mule Creek and it consists of a building about the size of one storage unit at the corner of Highway 78 and Brushy Mountain road. From here we were about one-half mile south of the Watkins Ranch, our destination. The entire trip was over 700 miles due south of our home in Fruita, Colorado. The map lists Mule Creek as having a population of 25, but that may be in the entire county. It is a 120-mile round trip into Silver City, the closest town, for supplies.

Here begins the most remarkable part of our adventure. It is always a joy to be with Judith and Jesse and it was a double blessing to see Jaylene and spend some time with her. We were delighted to hear all about her Africa trip and see all the pictures. Sunday our hosts my sister Judith, brother Jesse, and niece Jaylene prepared a great breakfast and a great dinner feast of barbeque brisket with all the trimming. Jesse's son, Jesse Jr. and his wife Shelly, arrived for dinner with Colman, age 2 and Charlie, age 4 months. Charlie was born premature at two pounds at birth. Sunday evening we set out under a large tree in the backyard and had our first visit with one of the interesting people of the area. Rancher Clint spent the evening telling us about the ranching life. He is certainly an expert, being a fifth generation rancher living on the same place as his forefathers. They have a large ranch and employ about 20 cowboys in the spring and fall. They are one of the few spreads that still do their cattle roundup the old way of the west. In the spring they round up the herd for branding and doctoring and in the fall for taking the offspring to market. They paid the hands \$50 a day and room and board. Room was a sleeping bag on the back of their horse. We asked him if they had a difficult time finding cowboys in this day and age. His reply was "We found that if we feed them real good they will put up with low pay and bad horses".

Clint is about 30 years of age and tells the most interesting stories about his experiences. He told us about his world traveling adventure to Australia when he was a young man in his early twenties. He had always been interested in how the cattle stations of Australia were operated and, after saving up his money, headed for the country down under. After landing on the continent, he was met by the party he had contacted through a friend of his mother's. He was offered 25 dollars a day plus room and board, which he accepted. He and another one of the newly arrived cowboys helped load an old vintage small plane with supplies. He said it was obvious that the plane was overloaded and when it started it putted and spit, missing occasionally. He was sure they would never be able to get off the ground as it popped and sputtered down the runway. It finally did lift off and they flew deep into the interior to the Cattle Station. On getting off the plane his boss informed him that it was a one-way trip in and to get back out would cost him \$350.

He said the food was very poor and the rooming not any better. He was very distressed to see how cruel they were in handling the cattle. He noted that they kept cattle penned up within sight of water and let them stand without water. He witnessed them crippling cattle by their rough treatment and then leaving them to die a slow death. He just could not stay and watch such inhumane treatment of animals but with the low salary and the high cost of any supplies he needed from the company store prevented him from having enough money to leave. He had all he could take of the horrible circumstances and finally talked a fellow cowboy into driving him out if he bought the diesel for his vehicle. He went in to draw his salary and the man threw it at him and told him to "get the hell out of here". They drove from early one morning to very late at night at 70 miles an hour to finally arrive where he could catch a flight back home.

Clint also told us about an animal that was imported into the area that was a cross between a raccoon and monkey. He called it a twolue, or something like that and said it was vicious and a real menace to ranchers. They have big front teeth that are somewhat like a shark in that once set they tear out of anything they bite. He told us of the time one got hold of his favorite dog by the throat. He made the 60-mile trip into Silver City to a vet with his dog's throat torn out. The vet, a lady from New York, said there was not use trying to save him and that made him very mad. He insisted on a second opinion and found another vet who made an attempt,

inserting over 200 stitches. The dog lived and he still has him. That was the ending of our first full day in this remarkable place with remarkable people.

On Monday, we began a tour of Judith and Jesse's property. First traveling to the Rocky Place, a 1600-acre piece to the east of the place they plan to build their home. It was rough going but Jesse's old four wheeler crawled along the cow path road into the property. On the way in we passed a very interesting adobe house where a worldwide commodity trader lived. He had several flag poles on the roof and flies the flag of the country he is currently doing business with. As we entered the property, we noticed a mother cow with her new-born calf in a creek bed. She was busy cleaning her offspring up and giving us a watchful eye. As we got to the interior of the property, we stopped at the water well and saw some of the new fencing that Jess had contracted to have built. It was very rough country and cost over \$4,000 per mile to have fence installed. Cattle raising seems to be A very marginal income-producing venture with related costs so high.

On returning to the old home place Jess and I walked down to the pond on the north side of the property where we found two pieces of farm machinery mostly hidden in the knee-high grass. There were three one-horse harrows hooked together and a horse-drawn disk. Before we left on Wednesday Jaylene and I went down with Jesse on the tractor and moved them to the farm yard.

After a nap, our hosts took us out to dinner in Glenwood. Glenwood is a small community about 30 miles north of Mule Creek, the closest place to eat and gas up, no pun intended. We had a very good meal at the Blue Front Bar and Cafe. This is where the Hat Event happened. After finishing our dinner, we walked over to a small general store to get some ice. As we started the drive back to the ranch and were about three miles out, I noticed that I had left my hat back at the Blue Front Bar and Cafe. Jesse made a U-turn and we headed back to retrieve my hat. Now it wasn't just any old hat, it was the black cap that my friend Jim Wilson had embroidered for me. He has put the words, 'Good guys wear white hats' and I really liked that cap. I went in and asked the waitress about my hat, she said that 'old Don' had taken it up to the bar. I went up to the bar and ask the bartender for my hat. He said he did not have my hat but went back to the waitress and asked again about my cap. She told him again that 'old Don' had picked it up and said he was going to take it up to the bar. Both she and the bartender went through the bar asking where was 'old Don'. Someone said he had left so everyone went outside and looked up and down the road for 'old Don'. He was nowhere to be seen but a huge mountain of a man stepped out of the bar and ask what was going on. The waitress told him what had happened and he asked her where 'old Don' was staying. He then turned to me and said "You stay right here, I'll go get it". He then jumped on his ATV and roared down the road. We waited and waited for about 20 minutes with me saying, "Let's just go on," but Judith said "No we will wait". As we waited, Jesse said, "I believe that is Bucky that went after the stolen cap". It seemed that he had been a few years ahead of Jesse in school. He was big enough to go bear hunting with a switch at least 6' 5" and weighed 300 pounds.

Shortly, here came the ATV with Bucky and he had my cap in his basket behind him. He then proceeded to apologize over and over again to me about the incident and said he had given 'old Don' a "real good chewing out". He said that the Blue Front Bar and Cafe was his and he did not let things like that happen in his place. I felt so little and embarrassed standing beside him, as he towered over me. I was certainly glad that I was not 'old Don'. That event topped off the day for us and we returned to the ranch with my cap in my hand.

Tuesday was a very eventful day. Judith, Jaylene, and I returned with our grandson Colton, who spent Monday and Tuesday mornings with us while his mother attended college classes. DeVonna, his mother, is Jess Jr's first wife and they live in Cliff, which is about 30 miles south of Mule Creek. Colton is a very bright 'almost four year old' and a good little boy. We met Judith and Jay at the Mule Creek intersection and Pat and I took everyone to the Golden Girls in Glenwood for breakfast.

We began our visiting after taking Colton back to Cliff. First we went to see Ms. Taylor. Jesse worked for her when he was a teenager and she is very fond of him. To get to her place we drove down the graveled Bushy Mountain a few miles then took a dirt road, which turned into a trail along a ravine for maybe another two miles. Finally, we came up to this small house with some outbuildings. Out in the yard was an elderly woman with her bonnet on watering her flowers and garden. Ms. Taylor is 98 years old and lives alone with no electricity. Her husband died several years ago and she runs the ranch by herself.

She was bent over with osteoporosis but was very clear of mind and retained a good memory. She wore black stockings and tennis shoes and as she invited us to sit on the porch we noticed a pistol on the table next to her. She said she had used it to shoot at a crow that was bothering, "Don't think I hit him but I sure scared him," she said. She uses a coal oil lamp for light and has a gas refrigerator. Jesse said she was very upset, telling him once that when she went to town to buy her yearly supply of lamp fuel it cost a whole dollar and it used to cost a nickel. The community of Mule Creek put in a phone out of concern for her living out there all alone. Ms. Taylor has lived on this place since 1936 and still runs 25 head of cattle. A few years ago, maybe she was only 95 at the time, while loading cattle her vehicle started to roll downhill. In an attempt to stop it she slipped under it and it ran over her legs. Did not break anything "but I was a little sore for a while" she said.

We stayed about two hours as she told us stories about the bears coming and getting her calves and about her animal pets she had over the years. She had one cat and a bird that she prized and "They were very smart and knew what I wanted them to do". What a joy to meet such a grand woman of pioneer stock. After Ms. Taylor we went to see the artist Jim Ford who has his studio in the house that Jesse was born in. He does wonderful pencil drawings of western settings, cowboys, horses etc. His work is excellent but at age 77, his arthritis is causing him great difficulty. A very interesting and talented man who graciously visited with us about the past. He has lived in the area most of his life and retired from the mine at Morenci, Arizona. Morenci is a short distant west of Mule Creek.

Back at the Watkins Ranch, a picnic lunch was packed and we drove up to the "home place" a beautiful 480-acre spot that borders the Gila National Forest. This is the planned location of the house, shop, and bunkhouse Jesse and Judith will be constructing over the next several years. It overlooks the valley and the view is marvelous. We sat under the live oaks where the home would be and enjoyed a nice lunch. Afterwards we searched for Apache Tears, finding many laying all along the creek beds. We stopped at the water well and had a cool drink right out of the well. It was the location of an old homestead and a huge walnut tree planted by those who left long ago still stood. This and other wells were powered by windmills but Jesse had installed a solar pump on the home place to assure of a supply of water should the wind fail occasionally. We continued to pick up more Apache Tears and, unnoticed by any of us, Jaylene let her sun glasses fall from her hat. As we arrived back at the ranch Jay noticed the loss and it was decided that in the morning Jesse, Jay, and I would return to look for the glasses. Jaylene

was just certain she knew right where they were. After a light dinner, we settled in on a rousing game of Mexican Train dominos. We all thought that Jay won unfairly but everyone was so weary that there was very little argument. We all crashed and slept through the cool night.

We prepared to leave around noon on Wednesday and packed the van while Judith and Pat went to Cliff to again pick up Colton who was spending the day with his grandparents. Jesse, Jay, and I went back to look for the sunglasses and unbelievably they were exactly where Jay said they would be. Then we went down and moved the harrows and disk up to the yard with the tractor and every one of the Watkins' rode around on the tractor while I snapped pictures. We left the ranch together and had lunch again at the Blue Front Bar and Cafe before saying our goodbyes. We began our trip back to Fruita about 2:30.

We had planned to go straight up to Gallup but took a wrong turn and ended up in Datill. After weighing all our options, we decided to go through Albuquerque and return by way of Durango and Ouray. Between Datill and Socorro we saw over 12 huge disks, which were part of the world's largest radio telescope. We had a beautiful trip over Red Mountain Pass and stopped for the night at the Ridgeway State Park. Oh yes, our cat Kansas did go with us but he was not a happy camper most of the trip. While we were at the ranch, he hid out, and once when we all searched the house over and over again we could not find him. Finally, Jesse found him curled up underneath a chest of drawers. He was very happy when we got to the State Park and frolicked around, having a ball.

Jaylene brought her cat Whiskers on the plane with her and we enjoyed watching him sleep in his pan. He is a beautiful long-haired cat with a much better disposition than Kansas. Kansas did begin to tolerate Whiskers a little better about the time we were leaving. There are two other events that must be recorded. While driving out of the 'home place' Jesse's pickup began to overheat and the generator light came on. A quick look under the hood found the source of the trouble: the fan belt had come off. Jesse, working with only a pair of plyers, managed to put the belt back on and we were able to drive out. Everyone was relieved because it would have been a considerable walk out. The second event was the nice drive Jesse took us into Arizona towards Morenci to see the century plants in bloom. There were a great many just ready to bloom but we were a little early. We turned around at murder camp, just past the famous Blackjack campground.

That is the story about the fun, fabulous outing we had to Mule Creek. I would not have believed there was such a serene place left in the country. Thank God the west still lives in Mule Creek New Mexico

2003

Christmas 2003 and New Year's 2004

Laguna Beach and Disneyland

I write this 8 days after our return from another super adventure. As all good outings, this one began with much pre-planning. We first started talking about making a trip to Disneyland in early September 2003. Amy began to put it all together and made the reservations for a week at the Crown Plaza on October 15. This also included roundtrip flights from Salt Lake to John Wayne Airport, all for less than \$300 each. Jan offered to try and get another week in a condo on the beach. By Thanksgiving, Jan had arranged for us to spend a week at the Laguna Beach resort of Laguna Surf for the week of December 20th through Christmas day. Amy then found a deal on the internet for five day passes for us to Disneyland for \$119 each and, with a Toyota key, reduced entry fees to Knox's Berry Farm.

The plan was now moving along very quickly and Amy finished the arrangements by getting a rental car scheduled for us during our week at the condo. We drove to Salt Lake on December 14 and spent the week between Amy's and Jan's making final preparations for the trip. Hillary had just returned from South America and we had an interesting evening hearing about her adventure. We hope Hillary will record her experiences for all of us to read. It was good to hear of her experiences but very happy to have her home safely. We also finished some last-minute Christmas shopping and packing for the two weeks away.

We were so grateful when Jan offered to drive us to the airport on the 20th and we left on Delta about noon, arriving in California midafternoon. Amy picked up the rental Mazda and we drove to the condo, about 30 minutes away. The condo was beautiful and located right on the beach. The accommodation included a kitchen, two bathrooms, one bedroom, a murphy bed in the living room, and a great deck, which overlooked the ocean and a wonderful beach. After checking in we drove to Albertsons to get groceries for the week and drove along the coast to get our bearings.

On Sunday we began our first of many beautiful days with breakfast on the deck. Amy and Mother had bought a pineapple and oranges, which were delicious and I made egg spudleys. As we watched the ocean, a group of dolphins swam by. We assumed that would be a regular occurrence but that was the only day we saw such a grand sight. But we did see many flights of birds each morning. After a leisurely breakfast, we began the drive to explore the beaches and going north to Newport Beach. We walked out on the long pier and watched the surfers. Amy then drove us to Hollywood where we spent several hours walking the 'stars' walk and seeing all the sights. Amy and I tried to walk to Hollywood and Vine. Mother gave up after about three blocks. We thought it was only four blocks but after three more blocks we gave up and decided to drive to it later. It proved to be more than ten blocks from where we had parked. The drive to Hollywood from the condo was over 60 miles, so we began the drive back after dark. When we got to I-5 I said we turn left and Amy and Mother said right. We ended up at Manhattan Beach several miles north of our destination. This was the only time I was right during the trip and the only time Amy was wrong. We had a late dinner at McDonalds and drove on to the condo, concluding a long but very interesting day.

To top off the long day we decided to go up to the hot tub on the roof to sooth our aching legs and feet. There were two white heavy terry cloth robes in the condo so Mother and I put on

our bathing suits and the robes and Amy put on her swim suit and some sweats. As we walked towards the door of the room, Amy told me to get the keys. I walked into the bedroom and picked up the keys and we walked out and shut the door. We then went to the elevator to go up to the third floor to the hot tub. To run the elevation we needed the room key so when I reached into the pocket of the robe for the keys I discovered that I had picked up the keys to the van and not the room. There we were standing in the lobby on Sunday night with no keys to get into our room, in our swimsuits, no one on duty in the office, and no money to make a call to the emergency number.

I walked out on the street and about two blocks down the street there was a hotel. I walked down and asked the desk clerk if I could use his phone. After an explanation he let me call the emergency number and the man told me there was a key hidden in a little compartment with a combination lock. He gave me the combination and I hot-footed it back to the lobby. By that time Mother and Amy had caught another couple and they too had called the emergency number. There was a lock hanging on the wall and a combination lock on the elevator. It appeared to be the only combination lock, so after several unsuccessful attempts to get it unlocked, we finally turned the other lock upside down and there was a combination on the bottom. The combination worked and we finally got a key that would let us back in to our unit. Still determined to make it to the hot tub we went up and joined a couple for a nice relaxing soak, and thus ended our first full day.

Monday was beach day after another great, leisurely breakfast on the deck. We drove up to a park on the beach and spent about an hour walking. We then drove to Long Beach and then back to the condo. Mother made Amy a lunch and she went down to the beach for several hours. It was about four flights of stairs from the condo to the beach. I walked down with Amy and later Mother joined Amy for a walk and sat on the beach. That evening we had salad and chili over hot dogs on the deck as we watched the sun set over the ocean.

Tuesday we breakfasted on the deck and then drove to Knox's Berry Farm and spent a fun, pleasant day. We saw Snoopy and his friends in several shows and a great 3D show, of Indians at Mystery Lodge. We also saw a wonderful presentation of the Christmas show Scrooge at the Bird Cage Theater and rode the Calico Train around the park. After seeing a grand show on ice at the Charles M. Shultz theater called Snoopy's Christmas, we walked through Camp Snoopy and saw the show at the Camp Snoopy Theater. We had a late snack at the Coasters restaurant and on our way out we ended our visit by shopping at the California Market Place. On the way back to the condo we had dinner at Ruby's restaurant, a 50ies dinner.

Wednesday started with our usual time on the deck, Amy made breakfast wraps and we finished the pineapple. Then it was off to the Mission at San Juan Capistrano, about 30 miles south, driving along the ocean on Coast Highway. We spent several hours on the grounds beginning about noon. It was most interesting to learn the history of this renown place where the Swallows return each year. The Mission was established in 1776 by Padre Junipero Serra and he founded nine of the 21 California missions before his death in 1784. The great stone church was begun in 1797 and took nine years to build. Dedicated in 1806, it stood for only 6 years before a massive earthquake destroyed it on December 8, 1812 during morning services. The walls crumbled and the domes caved in, killing 40 panicked Indian worshipers inside. The beautiful church was never rebuilt and the ruins became known as the 'American Acropolis'.

This was a completely self-sustaining community inside the grounds with iron works ovens, vats for making soap, wine and candles. It was an educational time viewing all the buildings and the museum. The Mission exists today because President Lincoln signed documents returning the Mission to the Church in 1865, three weeks before his assassination, after it had unjustly been seized by the Mexican government. After the Mexican government took the property, it was purchased by a rancher, John Foster, brother-in-law of Mexican governor, Pio Pico. It served as the Foster's private residence until he was forced to leave by Lincoln's proclamation. Such a remarkable place of history and we reluctantly left as darkness closed in on us. On the day back we stopped at Albertsons and picked up a roast chicken for dinner and some steaks for our Christmas dinner. So after dining on salad and the chicken we played games of Quittler and that ended our fourth night at the resort.

On Wednesday, Christmas Eve day, after our breakfast on the deck we walked around Laguna Beach and did some shopping. We then spent time on the beach and at the park. We drove up to Newport Beach again and then on to Balboa Beach for a picnic on the pier. Then some beach walking and shopping in the beach-front shops. On the way back it was on to Fashion Place mall for some last minute shopping. We located the church where we would attend the service that night at 10:30 and then back to the condo for dinner and preparing for church. We got all gussied up and finally found parking about two blocks from the church, St. Mary's, arriving about 10:45 during the carol singing. The church was very full and we sat at the very last seats in the back during a very nice service, which ended about 12:30 AM. We opened our gifts and stockings and retired after 1:30, which was now Christmas Day.

Christmas Day we had very bad weather, according to the locals, the worst Christmas weather in 25 years. The wind blew very hard and it rained. After our breakfast, the first not on the deck, we went down to the laundry and did the washing and attempted to do the drying. After two hours in the dryer the clothes were as wet as when we started. We took the wet clothes back to the apartment and spread them all over and turned the heat up, the fans and heat lamps on in the bathrooms, and decided to drive down the coast to San Clemente and nearly to Oceanside. The weather continued to be bad so we returned and Amy prepared to make Christmas dinner. She preheated the oven for the baked potatoes and turned on the grill on the deck for the steaks. All of a sudden, the fire alarm went off very loud in the resort and everyone left their rooms. It seemed like the alarm continued for 20 minutes, but probably in about 10 minutes the fire truck arrived and the firemen were able to shut off the alarm. The firemen checked our room where the alarm had set it off and said "there is no smoke in here must be too sensitive an alarm". Amy was feeling embarrassed but nothing she had done could have necessarily set off an alarm. As the firemen were leaving one of the women in the resort ask if her two little boys could have their picture taken with them. The fireman agreed and after that the lady ask Amy if she wanted her picture taken with the fireman. She declined! We ate dinner with the potatoes finished in the microwave oven. Thus ended our last night in the condo.

Friday morning the weather improved and it was our last breakfast on the deck then packing for the trip to the hotel. Amy decided to make one last walk on the beach while we did some house straightening and other last minute details. After about an hour there was a knock on the door and on opening there was Amy looking like a drowned rat wet and with sand all over her. She had been caught with a wave and ended up in the ocean. She managed to hold on to her coffee cup, which was half full of sand. This event capped our wonderful time at Laguna Beach. On to Disneyland!!

We could not register in the hotel until after three so on the way we stopped at the Crystal Cathedral and then to the 'Block of Orange,' an outdoor mall. We had lunch at a brewery and shopped at Hilo Hatties. We checked in at the Crown Plaza and Amy made some calls and found that we could return the rental car at a hotel close by rather than having to take it back to the faraway airport. We took the car to the dropoff place and rode the city bus back to the hotel. We had dinner at CoCo's, which was just across the street from the hotel, and shopped at Target and a dollar store, which was also just across from the hotel.

On Saturday morning the 27th we were up and ready for the shuttle to Disneyland. As one enters the Disney complex you can either enter Disneyland on the right or the left and enter California Adventures. After looking at the long line to Disneyland we opted to start in California Adventures. This is a very new park, about the same size as Disneyland. It opened about two years ago and has many of the thrill rides. We began by going to the first event without a waiting line, the Jim Henson's Muppet 3D show. It was very well done and comical. We then found that we could get right in to the 'Who wants to be a Millionaire' show without a wait so that was the next happening. This was an audience participation show that was fun but we did not win a million. After that we entered 'A Bug Land' and saw a very entertaining 3D show there. Next we walked through the Bountiful Valley Farm presented by Caterpillar, which was pleasant, and a great place for kids to play with the machines and fountains. From there we walked to the 'Pacific Wharf' area where we toured first the Mission Tortilla Factory as we watched the making of tortillas. They turn out thousands in an hour and serve them in an attached restaurant. They also gave us a tortilla as we left. Next was the bakery hosted by Boudin Bakery that took us along the path of sour dough bread baking. It is a very complicated and long process of 72 hours. Our tour took us only about 20 minutes and we saw all the bread bowls that they made for their restaurant attached.

From there it was a long walk along Paradise Pier to the Sun Wheel, a giant Ferris wheel. This was our first ride and gave us a great bird's eye view of the park. We decided on the regular chair because the line was shorter but later we took the more exciting swinging chair. We lunched at the S.S. Trustworthy presented by McDonalds. After lunch we continued our tour around the park through Grizzly Peak area and finally by Condor Flats where we wanted to take the highly recommended 'Soarin' Over California. However, the wait time was over two hours so we decided to do that another day. We did see a remarkable presentation called 'Golden Dreams' starring Whoopie and "Disney Animation". After spending some time in Sunshine Plaza watching several kinds of happenings we decided to call it a day well spent and head back to the shuttle bus. We again decided to dine at CoCo's because it had been such a pleasant experience the night before. This time it was not pleasant. Our order was taken after a long wait and the food was a very long time in coming. The waitress was very poor compared to the delightful one we had the evening before. Here ends the first day at Disney and our seventh full day in California.

Surviving our long walk reasonably well, we were up early for a second day at Disneyland this beautiful Sunday. We walked over to Del Taco for a quick breakfast then caught the shuttle to the park. Today the line to enter Disney was no shorter but we moved in and fairly soon were inside. Finally, after telling Chris, Melissa, Hillary and Morgan I was going to Disneyland all these years, we were there. We were not alone; the crowds were unbelievable, we later learned that they closed the park to any others because they reached their capacity. In fact, we were to hear later that for the first time ever Disney closed entry three days in a row, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. We were there for all three but did have less crowds on Tuesday

and Wednesday but only because we left early on Wednesday, New Year's Eve, which again was a huge crowd. Since rain was predicted for Monday, Amy left to check on the movie times to Lord of the Rings. When Amy returned, she had a plan, go get fast track on some of the rides we wanted to take and eliminate standing in the long lines. She was able to get us on Indiana Jones adventure later in the day.

These next four days are somewhat a blur to me about where and when we did what. We did spend most of the last day at California Adventures and were able to catch all that we missed the first day. We did Soaring over California twice, Amy rode the Grizzly River Run through Grizzly Mountain and we saw a great show in the Hyperion Theater. We redid the Jim Henson Muppet and Bug 3D and a second ride on the Sun Ferris Wheel. We did catch the "Magic of Brother Bear", Santa's Beach Blast and "Playhouse Disney stage show with Bear's Big Blue house. I almost forgot "The Ugly Bug Ball" which the little ones really enjoyed and so did we. I will leave it to Amy to set out the sequence but in Disney I know we saw 'Greats Moments with Mr. Lincoln, rode the Disney Train and Tram. We also visited the Enchanted Tiki Room, the Jungle Cruise, Honey I Shrunk the Audience, Innovations (where we sent email pictures of ourselves) and 'It's a Small World'. We went through the Haunted Mansion, saw Winnie the Pooh and friends, the Buzz Lightyear Show and walked many miles. We also saw several parades and special shows like 'Believe the Magic Fireworks Spectacular', "A Christmas Fantasy Parade", and "Disney's Electrical Parade".

These were five long days chock full of activities and fun and by New Year's Eve we were ready to retire early and have our salad and pizza dinner in the hotel room. Amy spent the evening packing and getting us ready for an early trip to the airport New Year's Day by way of a cab. Our flight was at 11 and again we were so pleased that Jan and Paul offered to pick us up at the airport. She also had brought wonderful soup and home-baked banana nut bread. We saved that for the next day and Jan, Paul, Amy and Mother and I went out to Marie Callenders for a nice New Year's dinner. We then spent two days catching up on laundry and sleep, then two days with Jan, Paul, Hillary, and Morgan before returning to Fruita on January 6th, 2004.

We cannot leave this without expressing our gratitude to Paul and Jan for giving us the week at Laguna and for doing so much for us. Their kindness in transporting us to and from the airport and for always making us feel welcome and comfortable in their home, even giving up their garage for us with all the snow and ice. This trip would not have been possible and not nearly as pleasant without the arrangements Amy handled and taking great care of all the details and us. She always provided a warm place for us and allowed KANSAS to stay at her house for the two weeks that we were gone. It was such a relief for us and made it all so nice for Mother and I. We are so blessed by all of you and this grand adventure.

2004

New Year's 2004: Jan and Paul picked us up at the Salt Lake airport and we had New Year's dinner with them in Salt Lake. We then left for Mesquite to spend two weeks with Jo and Ernie in the area. Returned to Fruita and went to Park City and Salt Lake in May and June, and spent the 4th of July in Salt Lake and Park City.

2004-2015

I must fill in the big gap between 2004 and 2012 here.

I apologize again for the details but they help us open the floodgates to your mind and we can then recall those events and the many things not listed that we have been blessed to experience during this life together. We celebrated our 61st anniversary this June and just returned from a very pleasant trip to Blackhawk to celebrate Nanette and Ron's 34th anniversary. We are now ready for the next grand adventure that is coming along for us.

What's in a name? Well, while it cannot bring into complete focus the joys of the event a name can at least help us identify the event. So what name to give to this latest adventure?

South of the Border on the Good Cruise Ship Spirit

December 20th to 28th (2004)

The seeds for this grand adventure were first planted during the Christmas season a year earlier. That is when we had our first discussions about what would be a different and exciting thing to do for "next year". After considering several options it was decided that we should investigate a possible Christmas cruise.

That is when Amy took over, and beginning in March, she started the search for potential cruises. During the remainder of the year Amy scheduled the cruise and started making all the necessary arrangements that included flights and accommodations at the beginning point, New Orleans. Through the year there were many plans made regarding possible offshore tours and long talks about what to pack and how to get all our stuff to and from the cruise. Every last detail was planned and taken care of by Amy including the days of packing. Because she had made the airline reservations early, we did not have to pay for extra luggage, so we checked five bags and each had a carryon. Amy made the airline reservations on August 31, four full months ahead, to make sure we did not have to pay for extra luggage.

Saturday 20th December: Our flight with American was scheduled to leave Salt Lake at 8:30 AM so she had made arrangements for a cab to pick us up at 6:45. About 5 AM Amy received a call telling her that our flight was delayed because of snow and icing on the runways until 12:30, so we all went back to bed and caught the cab at 10. Thus began the long planned and anticipated more than 6,200-mile journey.

This delay caused us to miss our connecting flight out of Dallas scheduled for a 2:20 departure. We arrived in Dallas at 4:30 and we had to rush to catch the flight they put us on that was leaving about 5. We arrived in New Orleans about 6, and Amy had accommodations at the downtown Superdome Holiday Inn for the night. It was a very nice place and within an easy walk to Harrah's. We had a late dinner there and while we were getting the food, we had a sign that our trip was going to be exceptional. Mother hit a machine for \$112.00 and we took a cab back for the night. We slept in and had a very nice breakfast at the Inn before catching the shuttle for the pier.

Sunday 21st December: When we arrived at the pier, the ship was unloading all the passengers from the proceeding cruise and loading all the food and other necessities for our cruise. We began the process about at 1 PM of getting our luggage all checked and going through the process of leaving the country and finally boarded the ship about 3. The Norwegian Spirit set sail with us on board at 5 PM on December 21.

We got settled in our stateroom 5509 on the fifth floor and had a pleasant dinner in the Raffles Court Buffet. We caught the very funny comedy show of Ted Holum at 7 but skipped the 70's Disco Groove Party at 10. After a walk to familiarize ourselves with the ship, we retired to our room for the night at sea.

Monday 22nd December at sea: We had room service of coffee juice and fruit delivered to the room at 7 and then had a delightful breakfast at the Garden main dining room at 9 AM. This full day is at sea as we sailed across the Gulf of Mexico, approximately 900 nautical miles. We walked the ship and spent some time on the deck. The weather was not really bad but it was the worst of the entire cruise. The wind was cold and blowing around 30 miles per hour. The seas, while not really rough, did toss us about a bit but no one had major problems. We dressed up and had our pictures taken, then had dinner in the Windows main dining room before taking in the early show of the evening, *On Broadway* in the Stardust Theater. Deciding not to play *Bling Bling Bingo*, attend the live art auction or the *Newlywed* show, we hit the casino for a while and then to our stateroom.

Amy again ordered room service to be delivered at 7, which consisted of toast, a fruit bowl, juice, and coffee.

Tuesday December 23rd Costa Maya, Mexico: We arrived at 10 AM. After having coffee, juice, fruit, and toast from room service at 7 AM, we went up to the Raffles for a full-blown breakfast and watched the docking of the ship. We met at 10:15 for the 15-minute walk down a long pier where we boarded the bus for an hour and half ride to the Chacchoben Mayan Ruins. As we entered the bus, they handed us a box lunch. I did not understand and thought they were trying to sell me something so I rejected their offer. Thankfully, Pat shared her lunch with me, which consisted of a ham and cheese sandwich, an orange, a cookie and they poured beer and coke for us.

Most of the way we traveled through swamp-like terrain and finally into a tropical forest. The tour was four hours long, so we had about one hour to walk the spectacular ruins. We had a very good guide and he told us that they were rather recently discovered and excavated. In fact, that effort began in 1972 and many were yet to be uncovered. We climbed some of the ruins and took many pictures. Amy did more climbing and watching out for us. This was the first of three tours we were to take on the trip and, because of the fine guide and his willingness to share his knowledge, may have been our best experience.

After arriving back at the pier, there was a pleasant market with an inviting pool. We shopped and sat by the pool until time to reboard the ship prior to setting sail again at 5:30. We retired to our stateroom and showered and dressed for our pictures. We had dinner in the beautiful Garden Room and Amy made a quick visit to the Singles Social, which turned out to be the only bomb of the trip. She joined us and we attended *Comedy Showtime: The Second City* in the Stardust Theater for the 7:30 show.

December 24th Guatemala: We arrived and docked at 8:00 AM and we again had room service of coffee, juice, and fruit in our stateroom delivered at 7. After a quick breakfast at Raffles, we went off the ship for our meeting at 8:20 with our tour to the Quirigua Archeological Explorer. The tour was of 5 hours duration. We boarded a bus again for an hour and a half ride into the interior of the country to the ruins. The trip was through beautiful mountainous country, which occasionally turned into dense jungle. As we entered the park, to the left was a banana

plantation. All the stocks were wrapped in blue bags to protect them from spiders and to enhance their ripening.

Where the bus parked there was a small market center and we walked perhaps a quarter of a mile to the ruins. We had a very short visit to the Jade museum and restrooms before beginning heading to the ruins. After 45 minutes walking around and up and down these remarkable ruins we walked back and shopped for a brief period before boarding the bus for the ride back. During the ride back we stopped at the Hibiscus shop where they made many objects of jade. There Amy bought some snacks for lunch since she was to take another tour as soon as we arrived back at the pier.

Amy began her second tour to the Las Escobas Waterfall Voyage at 1:50. She will have to describe this tour with her firsthand accounts. We returned to the ship to rest and eat lunch and back to the pier where there were several shops, and bought several items while waiting for Amy to get back. We all boarded the ship again at 5:30 PM and stood on deck seven watching the Guatemalans dance and wish us a Merry Christmas on the pier. It was a grand sight and a wonderful send off for us on Christmas Eve as we sailed for Belize City, our next port of call.

We then returned to our stateroom to shower and dress for church. To continue our somewhat tradition of strange Christmas dining, we caught a quick sandwich in the Blue Lagoon Café. Pat and Amy gave in to my need for a burger and fries. We then attended the Christmas Eve Variety Showtime at 7 and after that the Christmas Eve Interdenominational Service in the Stardust Theater at 8 PM. It was a nice service with several children coming forward with members and placing them in the Nativity during the reading of the Christmas story. Before retiring for the night, we made a brief stop in the Maharajah Casino and all the while we were under way to Belize City.

December 25th Belize City almost: We started the day with our room service snack and drinks and had breakfast at Raffles. We arrived just outside of the country in the bay at 8 AM and were ferried in to the port. Here we parted again with Pat and I taking the Calypso Train tour of Belize City starting at 8:30 and Amy taking the tour of the Mayan Ruins of Altun. Her tour starting at 8:45 for a 6 ½ trip which began with a tender transfer to Belize City followed by a bus ride to the ruins.

Since our tour was only about 2 hours, we had about 4 hours to kill before Amy returned from hers. We shopped around and walked along the beach. There were entertainment and food shops as well as the usual gift shops. We actually became concerned when Amy's arrival was later than anticipated, but finally she came back and we boarded the ferry back to our ship anchored 9 miles out. Amy will have to add comments here about her tour and what she experienced.

After dinner in Raffles, we caught the early show, Richard Burr and Josette. It was really a very good magician act and allowed us to get ready for the next big event.

At 11:30 PM we went to the Windows Restaurant for the unreal experience of the Chocoholic Buffet. What a grand display of many sculptures all made in chocolate. There were huge ice sculptures and lots of delicious chocolate dishes. Needless to say, we overdosed on chocolate.

December 26th Cozumel Mexico: Meanwhile the ship was one the way to Cozumel Mexico. We had a light snack from room service and as we arrived in port at 8 we had to grab a

quick breakfast in Raffles. Jan and Paul had paid for our seven-hour tour of the Mayan ruins of Tulum and we had to meet for our tour at 7:45 AM. We boarded the Ferry for a 45-minute ride to the mainland and then to the bus for an hour trip to the ruins. We arrived about 10 AM and spent about three hours seeing this marvelous place on a high rocky point overlooking the ocean. Since words cannot do justice to what we saw, we took many pictures. The ruins are an example of how advanced they were in many ways. One structure was built in such a way that when the sun shone through a small window it was a sign of the beginning of summer and winter. We were provided with a lunch and then hurried back to catch the ferry back to the ship for a 4:30 departure.

Amy went up on deck for a swim and we joined her at the poolside for a cookout. We attended another show with a wonderful singer and later another one the International Crew Show. The ship headed out to cross the Gulf for the return home.

December 27th at sea heading back: We sailed all night and all this day, about 2,000 miles. We spent the day walking the deck and at the pool. Amy bought pictures that were taken earlier. There is one of her, one of Pat and I, and one of the three of us. That evening we attended a show after dinner in Raffles. The show was a variety show with singer Gene Ferrari, Comedian Ted Holum, and Fountains. We attended an information meeting about departing and we made the decision to take the 9:30 time. Since we were going to dock early the next day, we retired to our stateroom and finished packing. Our luggage had to be outside our room by 3 AM so it could be prepared for unloading. We had to tag them with a certain collar that identified when we were scheduled to leave the ship.

December 28th docked at New Orleans: After a delay, we left the ship and collected our luggage. We grabbed a cab and headed to the motel Amy had arranged for us for a two-night stay. Again, the accommodations were very nice at the Hampton Inn on St. Charles Ave. We arrived about 1:30 PM and, after settling in, we walked to an above-ground cemetery. Finding it closed Sundays, we then visited a bookstore and Amy bought a neat city map on a piece of cloth. That evening we caught the trolley and went downtown. We shopped in some shops and then dined at the world-renown Palace Café. We bought day passes for tomorrow's trolley rides and we visited the casino for a short time and then took the trolley back to the motel.

December 29th New Orleans: A very nice breakfast was available in the motel and after a walk to the cemetery again, we met a guide and toured the mausoleums. Then back to St. Charles Avenue to catch the trolley up to the Main Street. More shopping and walking the streets. We boarded the trolley for a trip down the Main Street to the end of the line. Without changing cars, the conductor walked to the other end of the car and we all pushed our seat backs so we were heading back where we came from. That trolley took us to the square where Amy and Pat had coffee and pastries at the Café Delmont. More shopping and then a walk down the river walk and we snacked as we watched the activities on the Mississippi River. We stopped at the casino for lunch and some gambling and Pat again walked out with winnings before boarding the trolley back to the motel for the night. A full day of walking and seeing much of New Orleans concluded the fun day. Since our flight left at 9:25 AM, we packed the luggage and collapsed into bed.

December 30th flight home: Amy had arranged for the shuttle to pick us up at 7 AM and we boarded our flight to Dallas on American Airlines flight 2257. At every airport I had to be hand searched because of my pacemaker, which slowed the process down. We arrived in Dallas

at 11:10 AM and had to hurry to catch our flight 1301 to Salt Lake, which left at 12 Noon. After a 2 hour and 55 minute flight, which took us directly over Grand Junction, we arrived at Salt Lake at 2 PM. We took a cab to Amy's apartment and after dragging the luggage upstairs we sat, unbelieving that we had experienced such a wonderful adventure. As I write this and Mom and I talked, we still find it hard to believe we were able to see so many things far away. Without Amy taking care of all the arrangements and keeping us on track, it could not have happened. I now leave any corrections and additions to Amy with great thanks for all she did to make it a wonderful adventure.

As I finish this, it has been six weeks since that grand adventure and it becomes difficult to recall all we did and saw. This was high on the list of most remarkable trips we have made. That list includes the Hawaii trip Jan and Paul took us on and the Alaskan cruise Amy sent us on. Without the assistance and help of Amy and Jan, we certainly would not have had these excellent adventures. The other memorable trips were to Florida and California, and our two extended RV trips.

To all that have indicated an interest in what we did and what we experienced I offer this very inadequate brief review of our adventure. It was made possible by our daughters and could never have happened without the planning and care of Amy and her willingness to take us along on her trip to celebrate her 50th birthday. We were blessed with many kindnesses and wonderful people and we could not recommend it more highly.

A Voyage to the Sun on the Sun

2014

As most important things do, this one began many months before the actual happening. Amy began the early planning and receives credit for carrying it through to its successful, wonderful conclusion. She found, after much searching, an eleven-day cruise to the Caribbean and put things in play during these months. We would be on the Norwegian Sun for the cruise and Amy made all the travel and accommodation arrangements plus the rental car. So all that was left for us was to head to Murray, Utah early February 6th to help in all the packing before departing by air on the 9th.

Our flight was an early one on the 9th, so we were up by five and none of us slept much during the night because of excitement. The cab to take us to the airport was a little early but we were ready with most of the six bags, two overloaded purses, and one cane ready to load. We made our flight, which first took us to Phoenix then to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. We arrived early Sunday afternoon and Amy picked up the rental car and loaded our luggage. She then drove us into Miami to get our bearings and down Highway One before returning to the motel that would be our home for the next three nights, and settled down for the evening. We had not eaten except for the snacks Pat and Amy had packed, so we found a Cuban café close by and had really good Cuban sandwiches for a late night meal.

Up early on Monday, we called Uncle Lee and Aunt Diana and arranged to meet them at their home for a get-together. We spent a delightful late morning and afternoon with them catching up on things and making plans for the next day. Lee and Diana prepared a champagne lunch and afterward we toured the Rock Castle Lee had told us about, and then drove out to Biscayne Bay to acquaint ourselves with the area. We returned to the Green's for a grand evening meal of Lee's special pork loin. We sat out on the nice deck in the evening and Diana

served us drinks while Lee popped popcorn in his neat “popper” while we talked and talked. Lee was able to arrange a tour of the Everglades for us the next day and we returned to the motel for the night.

Lee and Diana arranged and paid for a tour of the Everglades for us. We met them at their comfortable home and, following another early lunch they had ready for us, we followed them out to the point where the tour began. It was a fairly long drive and, unknown to us, a great deal of it was actually through the Everglades. It was not what we had envisioned as the Everglades, without the big Cypress trees we expected with overhanging branches. The tour was in an open-sided rail-like car pulled by a small engine. What a delightful two hours as we moved through the swamp and the tour guide gave us information about the Everglades along the route and about the many varieties of wild life, birds and gators. All along the way to a high tower where we could overlook the area, we saw “tree hammocks” or mounds where many of the animals and other wild life took refuge. The tour was several miles to the tower and back to the National Everglades Park entrance. At the tower we had a close encounter with a gator on the walkway and saw many around the area from the tower. It was a remarkable and enjoyable tour and we are grateful to Lee and Diana for the experience. It was getting late so we parted company with our loved ones there because on the next day we had to move to our other accommodations preparatory to going aboard the ship on the following day.

Since we were boarding the Sun the next day, Amy had gotten fancy accommodations closer to the docks at the Hilton but we were not able to check in until later in the day. We checked out of our current motel and Amy drove us down through Miami and to several side trips as we headed out to the Florida Keys. We did not go to the very end but perhaps halfway, and had lunch at a busy diner that had the world-famous Key lime pie. We were able to visit the John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park and its nice aquarium. It was a wonderful day that gave us a feel for Southern Florida.

After driving many miles to sightsee, we checked in to the Hilton and Amy returned the rental car. The room was a delight, on the seventh floor with a full view of Miami from the floor to the ceiling and windows on two sides. We could see the dock where we would be boarding the Sun the next day and light rain fell through the evening and night. Amy had a bottle of champagne and we toasted the beginning of our coming adventure.

We could not board before 11:00 in the morning so we took our time getting around and walked next door to a Burger King for a light breakfast. Amy had arranged for us to be picked up with all our luggage by a car service and taken to the boarding area. The boarding process went smoothly and while waiting for our luggage to be delivered to our room we went up to the cafeteria for lunch and to the pool area for the party that was in full force. We attended the mandatory Life Boat Drill as the first order of business and returning to our room found our luggage had arrived. We returned to the pool area on the twelfth floor and watched the ongoing party as we moved away from the dock and out into the Atlantic Ocean to begin our cruise.

As the Miami skyline faded into the distance we made plans for the evening at sea. There was a great deal to choose from but after the Sail Away Party at the pool we decided for dining we would not go to the finer dining places that night, opting to eat at the cafeteria again and catch the early variety show. It was very entertaining. Our Cruise Director, Richard Matic, presented a sneak peak of some of what was in store for the next 11 nights. There were productions by the Sun Production Cast, Acrobats Soul Duo, and Comedian Heath Hyche. We

passed on the Karaoke Blast and the several other music venues that would have kept us up until midnight, retiring for the night about 10PM. So passed the first day of the Cruise to the Sun.

Day 2 was Valentine's Day and was a "Dress Up or Not Night". We ordered room service of coffee and juice delivered to our room at 7:30 AM and went out on deck about 9 AM and headed to the aft deck cafeteria for breakfast. During breakfast we made plans for the day from the many options offered. Patricia considered the Arts & Crafts: Paper Flower presentation at 9:45 but she did not make it. Amy did attend the Shore Excursions Presentation at 10 AM and signed up for two snorkel excursions, and the three of us signed up for several sightseeing excursions around the islands. At 11 AM we attended the Meet and Greet party in the Observation Lounge. Amy attended the Progressive Wine Testing event at 2 PM and purchased a wine plan for us to use during the cruise. We then returned to our stateroom and dressed for the evening events, which began at 7 PM with pictures with Captain Goran Blomqvist. Evening dining was in the Seven Seas and we had the first of the wines for a Valentine toast. The dining was an elegant affair and the offerings remarkable. Pat had steak and lobster and I had a great steak. For dessert, I had caramel apple pie with ice cream and those remained my dinner choices for the rest of the cruise.

We caught the late show at 9:30, which was a rousing Production Show 'Encore'. We passed up the Karaoke Blast again and the many other kinds of entertainment and music that continued until the wee hours of the morning, and after a late evening cup of tea on the aft deck, we retired to our stateroom about midnight. We had been moving within sight of Cuba and during the night, we sailed between Cuba and Haiti and moved into the Caribbean Sea.

Still at sea on Day 3, we ordered room service again for coffee and a light breakfast. Forecast was for partly sunny with temps. 80, so we dressed for warm and with Amy and Pat in swimsuits, we hit the 12th deck cafeteria for a late breakfast at the pool side. I did my morning walk on deck six, which was around the ship. Three and one-half trips around the ship equaled one mile. After long periods under the sun, and reading and listening to books, Pat and Amy changed and we prepared for the evening. We decided to catch the early show at 7:30 and retire earlier than usual and get ready for our first shore activities on Aruba. After the show we had a light snack on the aft deck and then to bed.

We arrived at Oranjestad, Aruba at 8AM on our day 4. The name literally "Orange Town" i.e., the capital and largest city of Aruba. Oranjestad is located on the southern coast near the western end of the island country. The local language is Papiamentu, which I had a little trouble with, and the population is 28,295. Fort Zouaand, Aruba's oldest building, dates back to 1798, and was built to protect the city from pirates. The Willem III Tower was built in 1868, once a lighthouse and public clock tower. The Historical Museum, sitting between the two buildings, houses a permanent exhibition outlining the main events in Aruban history. Amy had a rather early snorkel outing so Pat and I left the ship later to wander the streets, admiring the remarkable old buildings. Got some great pictures and then shopping along the street and just outside the gates. The streets were narrow and hardly enough room for two vehicles to pass but the drivers passed with just a whisker of space between them. After Amy returned, she and I did more scouring the city before returning to the ship before the all-aboard at 4:30. We listened to the Sail Away music of the Calypso Trio.

We decided we would catch the Garden Café Buffet for dinner and the early evening show time at 7:30. The entertainment was Scotty Cavanaugh, a comedian, and an enjoyable

show. Since our next port was Willemstad, Curacao in the morning, docking at 8 AM, we grabbed a light snack and tea on the aft deck before crashing in our stateroom.

Day 5, as we stepped out on deck to view the city we were overwhelmed by the awesome harbor and its unique floating bridge. We looked down and into Willemstad, the capital city of Curacao, an island in the southern Caribbean Sea that forms a constituent country of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. It was formerly the capital of the Netherlands Antilles prior to its dissolution in 2010. It has an estimated population of 150,000. The city center, with its unique architecture and harbor entry, has been designated a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

Our on-shore excursion that Amy had scheduled was to begin about 10 AM, so after our room service coffee and fruit plate we hurried to deck 12 for breakfast before departing the ship. The historic center of the city consists of four quarters: the Punda and Otrobanda, which are separated by the Saint Anna Bay. Punda and Otrobanda are connected by the Queen Emma Bridge, a long pontoon bridge. We made our way to our tour bus, which stood out like a sore thumb. It was an open-sided bus painted bright yellow with colorful paintings of animals and scenes and our driver and guide Eddie was waiting. He was a great guide throughout the tour and gave us lots of information about the island.

Our first stop was Chobolobo, an old colonial plantation house where the world-famous Curacao liquor is distilled. We sampled and purchased two variety packs to give to family members. It consisted of several kinds of chocolate-flavored liquor and was “stout” but tolerable in little amounts. The tour took us up for an overview of the city and the Queen Emma Bridge. We made stops at beaches for walks and to get drinks. It was a very satisfying tour of the island and we ended with a visit to the bridge and Amy walked across. We planned to meet her by taking the ferry, but they were out of service and Amy returned as our time was running out to board the ship.

Amy bought me a bright green shirt and when we dined in the upscale Seven Seas dining room, we were seated by a couple with a young boy. He had an identical shirt and shouted “He has the same shirt as mine”. We shared another of the bottles of wine that Amy had purchased in a package and wonderful food. We finished the day by attending the production ‘The Look of Love’. Day 6 was to be at sea so we spent an early evening checking the many various entertainments and a late cup of tea on the aft deck.

Day 6 was again at sea on our way to Barbados our next port. We decided to go to the Four Seasons for breakfast before spending the day on the sunbathing deck. I did my walk while Pat and Amy read and caught the sun on deck 12. Later, we had a light snack at the Trapani bar, which was an unusual experience—not much food but carefully prepared and presented. A nice leisure day at sea with time to browse and people watch. We had dinner in the Garden Café and retired early to prepare for our events at the next port.

At 8 AM we docked at Bridgetown, Barbados and Amy had purchased tickets for a tour of the island. Bridgetown is the capital and commercial center. The island has a population of about 110,000

Chili, Argentina, and Cape Horn

2015

To all that have indicated an interest in what we did and what we experienced, I offer this very inadequate brief review of our adventure. It was made possible by our daughters and could

never have happened without the planning and care of Amy and her willingness to take us along on her trip to celebrate her 50th birthday. We were blessed with many kindnesses and wonderful people and we could not recommend it more highly.

The cruise ship Norwegian Sun spent the summer cruising Alaska and was moving its way south to spend the South America summer cruising that Continent. This was the ship we caught up with for our journey to the end of the world and back. But to get all the way back we had to survive 14 hours of air travel.

At San Diego the ship took on 800 passengers who spent a total of 31 days aboard. We flew down to Santiago, Chile and hired a car to reach the coast to board the ship at Valparaiso, Chile with another 1200 people for 14 days. Fully loaded with 2,000 passengers and a crew of 900, we began the trip of a lifetime. Very brief report from Santiago, Chile – we spent the day touring the city. So glad we did not have to and never would drive ourselves in this place. A great many interesting things to see and do. We rode a steep rail car up to the grand statue of the Madonna on top of a mountain. I guess it resembles many other big cities in that there is construction and reconstruction everywhere. It was a very good and rewarding day. Tomorrow to the coastal city of Valparaiso to board the Norwegian Sun for the voyage around the southernmost point of South America.

Valparaiso is about midway along the 2,800 mile long and 130 miles wide strip of land that makes up the country. We cruised about 1400 miles along the country's coast, which is covered one third by the Andes down to and around the notorious Cape Horn. Along the way we had several port stops and cruised the magnificent Straits of Magellan and the famous Beagle Channel with its remarkable glaciers.

We prepared for the worse because those waters are known as some of the roughest in the world where the three great oceans joined each other—the Pacific, the Atlantic, and the Antarctic. So, we were ready for the worse with seasickness meds and nasty weather. We were welcomed by the most near-perfect weather possible and while the passage around Cape Horne was windy with very moderate waves, it was probably as calm as it ever is.

We are now official Furgees, having been baptized with water from the three great oceans of the world the Atlantic, Pacific and the Antarctic. We not only went around Cape Horn but made several passes. Millions of stories to tell about this once-in-a-lifetime adventure to bore everyone with.

For my final words about the epic adventure my wife and daughter just concluded. I consulted Webster for the description of Epic to see if it was the right word to describe what we have just experienced for some 17 days and here is what I found. "telling a story about a hero or about exciting events or adventures: very great or large and usually difficult or impressive". That certainly fits what we just had the awesome opportunity to do. This Epic journey was over 17,600 miles of travel and was done in several modes or ways. It began and ended by air traveling at speeds approaching 600 miles per hours at seven miles above the earth. It included several miles by car, a bus, and by tenders to ports and 4,200 miles by ship traveling at top speed of 40 miles per hour and averaging 20 miles per hour. While I highly recommend that everyone have this experience, I strongly recommend one should do it while they are in their 40's or 50's or 60's or 70's but even if not then do it even while in your 80's. The younger you are able to take this journey to the "end of the world and back" the more enjoyable it will be. Warning: there will

be more about this and pictures but I promise to try not to overstay my welcome with you my Facebook friends.

We concluded our journey of a lifetime in Buenos Aires before flying home, a 14-hour flight. We visited the Cathedral where Pope Francis served before being elected but we are told and believe from his actions that he spent most of his time administering to the poor in the areas in the city we saw during our bus tour. The Argentinians seem to have the right idea. Nothing happens until after 10 AM and they are now in the middle of a four-day holiday. Our tour of the cemetery was not high on my list after the one we took in New Orleans but this was remarkable. A fantastic display of how the very wealthy revere their dead. One can actually look inside and see the coffins. We visited Eva Peron's tomb and many notable leaders.

We had an interesting time in the capital city of Argentina. After leaving the ship, our home for 14 glorious days, we have today and most of tomorrow to taste of this city of 5 million and with suburbs 15 million. A third of the population lives in this metropolis and 40% are of Italian decent and 40% Spanish, leaving a small minority of others. We had a good tour guide that provided lots of historical and useful information. We left the Norwegian Sun at 8 AM and boarded busses for a 5-hour tour of the city.

Argentina has free education and is mandatory through university so there is no reason why anyone cannot excel in any field or profession. Also they have free health care, but most people who have jobs pay for private health insurance. All this could change with the election of a conservative government for the first time in many years. I am much better informed about South America.

During our epic trip to the end of the world and back, we felt ourselves at a loss for not having a second language and having to deal with four different currencies. But the country that most impressed me, and we had only a small taste of it, was Uruguay. And on returning to see, this makes me more impressed. The thing that was almost completely absent in all the countries we visited was the lack of the use of solar or wind energy.

The end of our cruise of 4,200 miles from Valparaiso Chile to Buenos Aires by way of Cape Horn and the Falkland Islands. Fourteen wonderful days in a journey never to be forgotten, like being on a floating United Nations with more than 54 nationalities breaking bread together.

Date

As the tenth year of the decade comes to a close, I would like to review the happenings in our lives during this last year. It seems to us the years fly by at an increasing speed and this one really whizzed along. We continue to be blessed and receive many kindnesses from family and friends. We are still anchored in Fruita, Colorado. We are pleased that our three daughters remain close, within 280 miles of us. Jan and Paul are still in Park City, also spending some time at their second home in St. George. Nanette and Ron are still in Denver and Amy continues to live in Murray, Utah. We also have grandson Christopher and his son our great-grandson Austin here in the valley.

We both continue to enjoy good health and have experienced many highs and some sad lows, but on balance it was a good year. Our greatest loss was losing our sister-in-law Verna. The family was deeply saddened with her passing. It was difficult for us to see our granddaughter Melissa relocate far away to Pennsylvania for her husband Bob's work. She took three of our great-grandchildren with her. We also miss our granddaughter Hillary and her

husband Ian and great-grandson Asher and grandson Morgan Andrew since they are in Mexico for a period of time.

We started the year by having a fun meetup with long-time and dear friends Richard and Mary Andsager in Las Vegas. It is always such a joy to get with friends and we had two occasions to do that during the year. The second is mentioned below.

Now for the other highs—a remarkable reunion of the last of the Greens when Pat met with her Brother Lee and Lil’ Sister Judith in Las Vegas for a happy three-day event. Of course, we “sidekicks”, Diana, Jessie, and yours truly were allowed to come along. Sandwiched between the reunion and the next great high was the long overdue and pleasant visit with great friends Jim and Laurel Wilson at their splendid cabin in the Arizona White Mountains. This was followed by the wedding of our grand-niece Jaylene and Will McIntosh at the Watkin’s ranch in Mule Creek New Mexico. Words can hardly adequately describe this beautiful and wondrous event, and I was honored to be asked to officiate. With family and friends as witnesses, the grand couple were married under the Live Oaks with the beautiful New Mexico landscape as the sanctuary. A great party hosted by mother and father of the bride followed.

Following on the heels of this was another spectacular wedding of great-great nephew Timothy Rose to Sarah Grasmick. The couple also asked me to officiate at their most important event, which I was honored and pleased to do.

In conclusion, we hope the year has been good to you and yours and we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. You all have blessed our lives with your many kindnesses and friendship. May the Lord bless and keep you in good health.

The family Cruise Norweigan Star 7 Day Mexican Riviera from Los Angles

December 28 2018 to January 4 2019.

The Grandman Cruise by the numbers

1 Grandman, who made it all happen

2 9-yr old boy cousins, Bryan Stewart and Asher Poor and 2 Jones’s Amy and Bruce

3 Sisters, Jan, Nanette, Amy and 3 Schenk’s, Paul, Jan and Morgan and 3 Holzer’s Ron, Nanette and

Chris and 3 port days

4 Poor’s, Hillary, Ian, Asher and Olive

5 Celebrations, an engagement, a birthday, an anniversary, a family cruise and New Years Eve and 5

Stewart’s, Bob, Melissa, Ashleigh, Alex and Bryan

6 Cruises Gran & Grandman took together

7 questions on the cruise interview, and days on the cruise

8 females on the Cruise: Amy, Nanette, Jan, Hillary, Melissa, Ashleigh, Alex, Olive

9 males on the cruise: Grandman, Chris, Ron, Paul, Morgan, Bob, Bryan, Ian, Asher, 9 Grand & Great

Grand Kids, Chris, Hillary, Melissa, Morgan, Ashleigh, Alex, Asher, Bryan, Olive,

10 professional cruise photos

11 people toasting Grandman for cruise

12 Bars on the ship!

13 Alex Stewart is 13

14 People under the age of 63

15 buttons on Grandmans Cruise shirt

16 Ashleigh Stewart is 16

17 Family members on the cruise, all descendants of Orville Bruce Jones and Patricia Earline Green

Jones married on June 22nd 1951

5 Celebrations

Chris announced his engagement, Olive turned 7. We were all 17 of us together on the ship, Ron and

Nanette celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary (2018), New Years Eve to 2019

Trip memory questions

1. What was something you learned about a family member you didn't know?

2. What was your favorite food on the trip?

3. What was your favorite activity?

4. Is there anything you didn't bring you wished you'd brought?

5. What are you going to do to stay connected to the family?

6. What surprised you most about the trip?

7. What is a 'first time' experience (other than the cruise) you had on this trip?

Answers (to be continued)

Bob: family fact- Granman joined the military when he was 17. Favorite food - Coconut cream pie.

Favorite thing was talking with Bruce for 2 hours yesterday on deck.

Ron: Thing I didn't know about someone: I didn't know a kiss from Bob could mean so much. favorite

food, lobster bisque. Favorite activity - Glass bottomed boat tour in Cabo.

Melissa: Family fact-Hillary and I began having motion sickness after having babies.

Glass bottom boat tour in Cabo. Prime rib.

Nanette: Chris got engaged, favorite food Chicken enchilada in PV. Favorite activity, being with all my

family on the cruise. I was surprised by the size of the ship. First- glass bottomed boat.

Granman: enjoyed learning about Bob's upbringing. Favorite activity was the massage I didn't have.

Wished he'd brought an extra pair of pants.

Amy: didnt know Bob was afraid of sharks. Tenderloin at the Italian place, La Cocina. Favorite activity 1st

family dinner and hanging out in the Spice H2O bar on Wednesday. First cruise she hasn't been in the

nightclubs every night.

Alex: Thing I didn't know-Asher and Olive are only 2 years apart. favorite thing, first time swimming in the

ocean. Wished she'd brought more tee shirts. It surprised me how much I loved the ocean. My favorite

food on the trip was the chilaquiles. I am going to stay connected to the family by trying to find out more

about my ancestors.

Jan: favorite experience, the trip to San Pancho. Favorite food the lunch after electric biking (camel meat

in adobo sauce) in Cabo. Learned that Bryan is spelled with a 'y'. I wish I had brought a blanket. My first

was electric bike beach riding. Family fact- Melissa has an artists eye for color and Bob has a funny

sense of humor. Connection - regular texting to sisters and phone calls to Granman and trips to Fruita

when I can.

Ashleigh: wished she'd brought some long pants. learned that Chris had been engaged. favorite food,

steak at Le Bistro. Favorite activity was shopping. Text family members. First time seeing the ocean. It

was colder than I expected.

Hillary: family fact- happy to learn we are putting a book together of grandmans writing. Favorite food

Camerones de ajo en islanders pierdas. Swimming with dolphins was soooo good. Wishes she had

brought a winter coat. Was surprised by the international presence on the cruise ship. First- taking a

tender from the ship into the Cabo port. Connection to family- social media updates

Ian: family fact, Bob doesn't like boats. First time I ever kissed a dolphin. Ceviche in Mazatlan.

Morgan: wishes he could have brought Stella. Plans to connect with Chris at his new home in San

Antonio. Learned that Ron and Nanette have plans to motor home around when they retire. First -

ebiking on the beach. Most fun activity ebiking in the desert and making margaritas. Biggest surprise was

the reappearance of Jessica (gut and love handles!) Ceviche in Mazatlan.

Asher: favorite food- tacos in San Pancho. First time holding a giant iguana. Favorite activity, swimming

with the dolphins. Wished he'd brought a soccer ball. Biggest surprise was seeing a stingray right near

his feet in the ocean!! Stay connected by having more sleepovers with Mim and Capi. Family fact- Didn't

know he is 2 months older than Bryan.

Olive: Favorite food Frosted Flakes. Favorite activity swimming with dolphins. Best surprise was having

room decorated for birthday and a cake. Olive wishes she brought Tiggie.

Bryan: favorite food is steak. Favorite activity, Going to the beach. Family fact- Olive is funny and Asher

and I laughed a lot. Staying connected- visit Granman after school. First- watching a magic show. Biggest

surprise- seeing whales

Paul: family fact- learned about Chris' job. Olives in a dirty martini and tacos in San Pedro. Wished he'd

brought a smaller appetite! First time riding an electric bike on the beach. Most surprised by, alcohol and

bars everywhere 24x7. Ask Jan more often what's going on with family.

Chris: favorite food, chilibites in PV and Mexican coffee. Family fact:

Patricia Earline Green Jones

Patricia (Pat) Green Jones passed from this life on Sunday March 5th leaving behind her lifelong soul-mate Bruce, her loving family and extended family and many, many others who were touched by her gentle kindness. She was a traveler, befriender of anyone she met who was confused or in need, a lover of animals (especially cats) and an independent thinker whose community was inclusive of all people regardless of their beliefs or way of life. She originally trained as a nurse at St. Mary's of the Plains Nursing School in Dodge City KS. The skills, empathy and compassion nurtured there became her hallmark throughout her life.

She worked in many jobs but was most satisfied in those where she could help others. A native Kansan, she was born in Moscow KS but did not miss the windy plains when she and Bruce ventured forth to settle at the foot of the Colorado National Monument in 1968. As early entrepreneurs, she and Bruce ran the Redlands Drive-in, later Potato Junction for many years. After retirement, she and Bruce crisscrossed the country in their motor home, always finding adventure and friendship in the most unlikely places. They visited nearly every state and in later years traded the motor home for cruise ships. They cruised to Alaska, Nova Scotia, the Caribbean and just last year to South America. She loved camping in Colorado and across the country but always felt that her home in Fruita, with the Colorado river just steps away and the monument in sight, was her personal refuge.

The establishment of the Church of the Nativity, an Episcopal church on the Redlands was a labor of love she shared with Bruce and many like-minded souls. It became her spiritual home for many years. Graced by one of her beautiful stained glass creations, Nativity was full of fellowship with people who became extended family. A wearer of hats, a maker of crafts, she created many beautiful stained glass windows, was a fervent 'beader' and loved to garden. She took particular pleasure in seeing her flowers naturally reseed themselves year after year. Her favorite flower, the Sunflower is a perfect symbol of her life, beautiful but not fussy, bright but not soft, resilient and independent. She is survived by her dear husband, companion and soul-mate Bruce Jones, 3 daughters Jan Jones-Schenk and husband Paul, Nanette Holzer and husband Ron, and Amy Jones. Also her sister Judith Watkins, brother Lee Green and brother-in-law Ernie Brown, her four grandchildren Christopher Holzer, Hillary Poor, Melissa Stewart and Morgan Schenk; six great grandchildren, Ashleigh, Alex, Asher, Brian, Olive and Austin and many nephews, nieces, great nephews and nieces as well as her countless friends.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests donations be made to the CLAWS Rescue and Adoption Center for Cats. One of Pat's last acts of love was her rescue of 13 homeless kittens who were taken in by CLAWS. Interested family and friends can make their donations online at <https://www.gofundme.com/clawscats> or by check to CLAWS, in memory of Pat Jones. A Celebration of life will be held Saturday morning, March 11, at Church of the Nativity, 2175 Broadway, Grand Junction, Colorado at 10:30am. The service will be followed by a light reception afterwards in the fellowship hall of the church. All are welcome.

I want to thank everyone for coming today to celebrate Mother's life. Many of you traveled long distances to be here and my sisters and father and I are deeply touched by your presence. It is difficult in this time of great loss to be able to find words... and to even get them out... but here goes.... My Mother was a happy person. She had such an infectious laugh; she liked to laugh and had a positive attitude about her world and her place in it. A voracious reader and relentless

traveler, she had tremendous curiosity about the world and was game for any new adventure. When I spoke with her last week, we talked about our next trip being one to Yosemite, one of the few national parks she hadn't been too. She loved the national parks, camping, road trips and her family.

She was "mama bear-like" when it came to the latter. Family was a big word for Mother because it meant all who were dear to her, her sister and brother, her daughters and their families, her nieces, nephews, grandchildren and greats, her dear, dear friends, her church family, her animals including Kansas and all the others she cared for through the years... Bubbles, Ralph, and of late the 13 orphan kitties. Fruita was part of her family as were all the plants and flowers she grew at her home. The cottonwood tree was family and also the vine that grew on it. Things could happen, issues could come up but if you got sideways of my Mother about her family, watch out! When the woman next door accosted that plant, she got a piece of Mother's mama-bear side, and it only happened once but I think many of you know what I mean!

She had a scientist's mind and an empathetic heart. She was political in the sense that she cared for others welfare and wanted a world that cared for people. She was a feminist in the sense that she thought her daughters, granddaughters, great granddaughters and her nieces and great nieces could do anything, be anything and change everything. She also thought her grandsons, great grandsons, nephews and great nephews were men of quality who respect women and don't fear equality. She loved ice cream and chocolate and hated to cook! She loved movies and picnics and was a great swimmer as a young woman. She liked to wear hats and loved Indian jewelry. Growing up she was called Patsy-girl by her momma. She fell in love with a handsome, curly haired man who became her live-long companion for nearly 66 years. She brought her sunny Kansas disposition to Colorado while she was in her 40s. She raised three strong independent women and contributed to her community in many lasting ways. She loved her brother and sister and was continuously planning for the next time they would be able to come together. She liked to gamble so casinos made for a good meeting up place. She liked to crochet but she didn't want that said in her obituary □ (sorry momma). She was really proud of her progeny, loved her grandchildren and great grandchildren intensely and couldn't wait to see them and hear about their lives. She journaled for years about everything including the challenges, accomplishments and interests of everyone in her family, ranging from a great-grandchild starting to read or play the clarinet to birthdays, marriages, anniversaries and dance events. She befriended our friends and many have sent their words of support and comfort this week. She was down-to-earth and believed in this saying Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak Kindly. Leave the rest to God.

Political Writings

October 2016

Since the third and final Presidential debate, I have read [headlines](#) that seem distinctly out of place in America. My fellow World War II veterans and I fought against tyranny and dictatorships to protect the system Americans enjoy today. We fought against Communism and Nazism and Fascism to ensure that no one man or party would enjoy open-ended control over the American people. We fought to protect democracy and freedom and to guarantee the peaceful

transition of power in our elections. And so to hear the candidate of a major presidential party in the United States cast a [shadow of doubt](#) on our elections was beyond surreal; it was a betrayal of the sacrifices so many of us made for this great country.

By the spring of 1945, the Second World War had wrought misery and devastation upon millions of people around the world. A reluctant America had entered the war three years earlier, after Japanese warplanes attacked the American Naval Base at [Pearl Harbor](#) in a surprise morning attack on December 7, 1941. Thousands of American lives had been lost fighting the Axis and yet the atmosphere in the U.S. was one of resolve, dedication, and unity. I was 17 years old and thus not yet eligible for the draft but I convinced my father to let me sign up to serve. I was in Rhode Island for training when my high school classmates accepted their diplomas; my father accepted mine on my behalf. My experience during this final phase of the war instilled in me a deep and lasting respect for those who make the choice to place country above self and to vow to protect our democracy from tyranny and dictatorship. It is precisely for her lifelong service to our country and her respect for its democratic system that I, a lifelong Republican, will be voting for Hillary Clinton in this election; the most important—in my opinion—of our lifetime.

This election has brought out the worst in many of us; we have become a nation divided. We need a leader who can reach out to *all* Americans and direct our resources toward healing those divides and working towards common goals: economic prosperity; social justice; and gender equality. We face many difficult challenges, from healthcare to employment to terrorism, to which there are no easy answers. But then again, we have always been a nation of fighters. In my own lifetime, we have survived a devastating world war, a struggle over civil rights, and terrorist attacks on American soil. In fact, we have not simply survived; we have thrived, in no small part because of our democratic system, our commitment to institutions and the rule of law, and our consistent desire to serve.

Hillary Clinton has spent [her entire adult life in public service](#), as a lawyer, first lady, Senator, and Secretary of State. She has sat in countless meetings with foreign leaders talking to them about the importance of democracy, free and fair elections and the importance of a peaceful transition of power; I can only imagine her disbelief as she stood on that debate stage next to a man who attempted to cast doubt on the foundation of our democracy. I greatly respect her commitment to our country and her ability to listen to people's problems, to search for solutions and to work across party lines to turn them into reality.

I have lived long enough to see this great country evolve into a beacon of hope and opportunity for millions of people around the world, and I have been horrified by the rhetoric I have heard from Hillary Clinton's opponent, which mirrors that which we heard from Hitler and Mussolini in the run-up to WWII. In this election, there is only one candidate that embodies the values I hold so dear and those for which my generation fought to protect: dignity, inclusivity, service and respect. I intend to honor my generation's sacrifices by voting for Hillary Clinton in November. I hope you will do the same.

Janea Sue Jones was born August 14th 1952 and all the family was there. Doctor Buckmaster from Elkhart delivered her after inducing labor. My Uncle Donald had taken me for a pick up ride over a lot of bumpy roads, mother, Bruce and I had walked Miles trying to get something started. Mother, Dad, Lee, Judy, Uncle Donald, Aunt, Mildred and the Jones family were at the hospital.

After Janea was born, I went back to work at the hospital. I worked nights, Bruce took care of the baby and I came in home in time for him to go to work. This lasted for about 8 months.

We bought the house, we had been renting from Coleman Downing and started remodeling the house. Bruce had several loads of dirt hauled in to build up the yard, and we put up a picket fence around the house; because we were right on the highway and we needed a place for Jan to play safely. This is where we have a saying that throughout the years “never can have enough dirt”.

We sold the house and bought a vacant lot just behind the house. We decided to build a new house. We moved into Kathryn and Merle’s little house about 4 or 5 blocks away. Bruce and I drew up the set of plans for a 2 bedroom house. We started in November of 1955, it was built on a concrete slab. We had to do all of the plumbing before the floor was poured. The concrete was poured on December 24th.

We worked on the house every day we could, nights after Bruce came home from working at Northern. Bruce’s dad. Grampa Jones helped us some, but I learned how to use a hammer that year. I think it must have been about March when we moved into the house, it was not finished, and we lived with sheet rock dust for months. One of the family stories that came out of building the house was Bruce and I would go down to work in the evening and half the town would come down to see how we were doing! Finally with we would say gosh! we have to get some rest, the visitors would finally leave. We would go back to the house we were living in; wait a little while then, go back and start building again. During this time Jan had a pallet on the floor to sleep on. But, she also had her own hammer and had fun helping. When we had the 2 x 4’s up. She would go around knocking out the knot holes, when Bruce would tell her not to do that: she would say “but daddy, they are baby, knot holes”. Bruce built a beautiful brick fireplace with a to be gas log in it. In August of 1955 we were transferred to the liberal Kansas. We had finally finished the house except for the gas log. So some time in August we installed the log opened all the doors and windows and start it a fire in the fireplace.

Liberal Kansas was a bigger town about 35 miles from Hugoton. The company Northern Natural moved us. We rented a little house on Penn street in the North part of town. We bought our first TV (black & white) from Montgomery wards. This was pretty exciting Mother and Dad had TV and when we had gone over to Rolla to visit, Jan felt ignored and would stand in front of the TV with her bathrobe spread out so no one could see.

We rented for several months and then bought a new house on Walnut Street. It was a nice 2 bedroom with hardwood floors and a front kitchen. Mother came over and made curtains for the bedrooms and kitchen. I guess I’ll always remember those kitchen curtains. They were red with white flowers.

Jan Nanette Amy

Jan was always self-confident even as a small child. She was not shy and in fact enjoyed being in the spotlight. She was eager to get on with school and anything else that came along. It was a blessing that we had almost seven years to enjoy her before the next addition came.

There are several stories about Jan as a little girl. One time we met Grandfather and Nana Green in a small town in Western Nebraska. She was questioned about school and what she did when she first got to school. She said they all hung up their coats and sat down. Then she said the teacher called your name and you stood up, "but if you were not there you couldn't stand up". Another time when she was shopping for a Christmas present for me she insisted that I go to another part of the store while her mother helped her pick my present. Soon I notice Jan approaching me with a puzzled look on her face. As she got to my side she asked me a question which she thought would not give away her proposed present, "Dad how fat is your head?"

Other "RED BOOT" challenges were faced and met beginning now. A few short years later Jan was entertaining with her tap dancing and giving comedy skits before an audience. And then there was Brownies and a trip to Girl's State and her love affair began with VW bugs. She began her work life at the Liberal Kansas Dairy Cream at age 15.

There followed graduation from Grand Junction High School and then was on to college at Mesa College. Many more "RED BOOT" challenges met and completed. Jan worked all through her school years beginning at the family business, Mesa Theater, and later fueling helicopters for the Forest Service. She began in her chosen field of nursing by working at a nursing home while going to school.

The story I want to share is about Jan at the graduation in 1972. Unbeknownst to her mother Patricia and I, she walked up to receive her degree with a peace symbol on top of her Mortar Board. The speaker was none other than Republican Colorado U.S. Senator, Peter Dominick. Nowadays that is not a rarity because we see it quite regularly, but then and during the Vietnam war, it was a big deal and as far as I know was a first, creating quite a reaction. I am so very proud of what Jan did as an act of protest against that awful war but then I was uneasy to say the least. But of course she was right to express her opposition to that war and it was a brave thing to do.

At that time I was just beginning to move towards divorcing from the Republican party but still not able to cut all the cables. We were recent arrivals, about four years earlier to this predominantly Republican area of Colorado. I had several important Republican friends, one of whom was Jim Rob, who was later to be a great help in our effort to establish our new church. Jim was Administrative Assistant to Peter Dominick.

Here began another “RED BOOT” challenge, the wild years in Telluride, her move with a friend to “find herself”. Living in a cave-like place without plumbing and working to make ends meet and freezing in her old VW in the bitter cold winters. With that advanced life learning, she began moving into her life-long career in the nursing field at Colorado University. Jan then decided to move to Salt Lake City and enter Westminster College to finish her degree in nursing. She began practicing her profession in the ER at Saint Luke’s hospital and continued there in a number of positions for 10 years. During this period, she and Paul married and began their family of a daughter Hillary and son Morgan.

Then began her entrepreneur years and serving in nursing-related organizations. Jan launched the Fresh News publication, a summarizing of Federal laws enacted concerning health care issues. After three years of committed effort, she stopped the publication because it was too time consuming. Another “RED BOOT” challenge. Jan was then elected to the Board of Directors of the National Nurses Association, traveling to DC to serve and being elected President of the Nurses Credentialing Center, all the while continuing her education and finishing her Master’s degree in Nursing Administration.

Jan served on several local boards and ran unsuccessfully for public office on the Board of Education in Park City. This was one of the very few unsuccessful efforts in her life. A big “RED BOOT” challenge was when she served on the hospital board. After ten years of effort the marvelous new Park City Hospital was completed. The current “RED BOOT” challenges. During this period she accepted a position with Western Governors University with the challenge of developing its online nursing program. That has been a consuming task over the past five years and resulted in the establishment of a successful and highly praised program. And today we find her completing her latest “RED BOOT” challenge, finishing and receiving her Ph.D. in International Nursing.

Amy

Our third child was a wonderful surprise coming almost seven years later. Amy Robin Jones was born on June 25, 1965, the same date as her Grandmother Green's birthday. She arrived early and caught me in Omaha on a business trip. We thought she was going to arrive about July 1st and I would be home in plenty of time. I received a call from Liberal that I had a third daughter and rushed home to see her. Amy was the third blessing for our family and came along when we really needed a baby in the family.

Her sisters loved her and she became their doll. Amy was just three when we moved to Colorado and she grew up in the drive-in. She and Nanette had a special closeness and were roommates for several years. The house on Hall had three bedrooms and older sister Jan, at 14, got her own bedroom. This left Amy and Nanette to share the remaining bedroom. Amy was babied by everyone and was a beautiful, happy baby. She has remained with us the longest of all three. Jan moved out at age 18 and Nanette was married at age 18. Amy is still living at home at age 26 but looking forward to buying her own house in 1992.

Regarding the selection of Amy's name, I cannot remember how or why we selected Amy Robin but we've always been pleased with both the name and the girl. Since she has been the only one in the home for the past 14 years, it is natural that we have been more involved with her and her life.

Appendix The Church of the Nativity

Following is the time line for the development of the Church of the Nativity:

December 1976: A group of eleven people, including Father Ebright, met at the Redlands Community Church to discuss the feasibility of establishing a new mission on the Redlands. It was decided to continue meetings and gather information on the need and appropriateness of such action.

January to April 1977: The church held meetings in members' homes and a communion service held in the Potato Junction Cafe. During this time, the church collected information on the projected growth due to shale oil development. Such information indicated a need and the group felt led to continue their efforts to establish a mission on the Redlands.

Easter 1977: The first official service was held in a rented old Pentecostal church on Rosevale Road. It had been converted to a gym and bed sheets were hung to hide the gym equipment. Fr. "Muzz" Ebright served the new effort and continued to serve there until summer's heat drove the group into city parks. He served communion from a card table in various parks until an arrangement was made to start fall services at the Redlands Methodist Church. On April 17, 1977 the group made a feasibility report to Bishop Frey and was allowed to continue their efforts. Bruce Jones served as group leader for the first three years.

September 1977 through 1980: Regular services were held at 2:00 PM at the Redlands Methodist Church and we received our first official status from the Diocese, "Episcopal congregation on the Redlands". Feeling that the service time was restricting growth and believing that the Ridges may provide much of that growth, services were moved to the "Learning Tree" a daycare nursery in the Ridges. It should be noted that on May 1, 1979 an official request was made to the Diocese for mission status. It carried 20 names of members and suggested three names for the new mission. 1/ Whitsuntide Episcopal Mission, 2/ Prince of Peace Episcopal Mission and 3/ God of Love Episcopal Mission. We were asked to resubmit other names and finally were given mission status as "Church of the Nativity" in late 1979. It was during this time that the congregation designed and had built their first altar. Sister Kathryn and Murel contributed towards the cost as a dedication to brother Tommy. It was so designed to store all the possessions of the congregation. The annual report for 1979 submitted by Fr. Ebright showed 26 baptized members, 25 in attendance on Easter and a total income of \$5,046 for the year.

December 1981 to 1983: Services were moved to a storefront location in the Safeway shopping center on the Redlands. Fr. Ebright continued to serve until a priest was called. During the six years he served without salary the congregation was able to save \$13,000 and that enabled the mission to call Fr. Smith with diocese support of \$10,000 a year. Under the name of Redlands Interfaith Chapel an effort was begun to rent the abandoned Redlands school and in 1983 the congregation was the first to rent space from the Interfaith Chapel. The monthly rental was \$125 and was paid to the School Board by the interfaith chapel committee, which by then was chaired by Richard Sigafos. An early goal of the group was to assist in the establishment of an interfaith chapel shared by others who may be in the same unhoused situation as they had been for six years. It should also be noted that as early as 1981 the group made an offer for a site in the Ridges and again in 1982 for a site on 20.5 Road for the Chapel. In 1983, the Church of the Nativity made an offer of \$65,000 to the school board for the building and about 2.5 acres of

land. That offer was accepted and the financing was done through a loan from the Episcopal Church Foundation of New York. At this time, the idea of an Interfaith Chapel was essentially abandoned. We believe it failed because we were unsuccessful in explaining the philosophy, the benefits and were unable to overcome the natural fear of sharing. I remain convinced that the concept is viable and necessary if the Church is going to use its resources wisely and be most effective in its mission to save the world from itself.

The main challenge is for churches to be willing to be tenants rather than owners and that is a hard concept for people. We want ownership and control and would rather not share and live together. However, it is in working out the problems of sharing and living together that we will break down the barriers, suspicions and hostilities towards each other. It is through our separation that these things grow and there is less and less cooperation in the main task for the Church. Gradually this will occur out of necessity and perhaps only because they are forced. If they do not they will find that all the resources of the Church will be used for plant and maintenance. The wasted and underused resources are huge and there are better uses for these limited funds than for bricks, pavement, and utilities.

It is my firm belief that only a unified Church will accomplish its purpose. Until we begin working in unison we will remain fractured and ineffective in our mission. This leads also to the confusion and lack of interest and participation by those not now involved in the great work of the Church. My biggest disappointment in life is my inability to further this cause of unification. I do not see it moving towards unification; in fact, just the opposite seems to be happening. When the fractured Church comes together, we can then promote world peace, heal the sick and care for the poor and lame. Too much of their energies are spent on discussing their differences and justifying them.

May 1986: Fr. Smith left and services continued with lay members and occasional communions served by Fr. Ebright. In November, Fr. Blackstock was contacted about serving the congregation. Further discussions with him and Bishop Wolfrum lead to a Team Ministry approach with Fr. Blackstock serving as Vicar and holding services the first three Sundays and Fr. Muller of Delta serving the fourth. Fr. Ebright was to take any services extra and serve Delta on the Sunday Fr. Muller was to be at Nativity.

March 1987: Deacon Betty Noice moved to Grand Junction and joined the team ministry. Fr. Blackstock was installed as Vicar in April of 1987.

August 1988: During a severe rainstorm the roof blew off the chapel and great damage resulted. With the insurance money, a renovation was begun and the new enlarged chapel was finished.

March 1989: At a meeting with Bishop Wolfrum it was decided to hire a part-time Lay Administrator. Richard Sigafoos was selected and the team ministry continues until one of the members could prepare themselves to be installed as a Canon III.9 Priest to serve the mission.

June 1989: The congregation voted and Richard Sigafoos and Jacqueline Hansen were selected as candidates. Hansen declined and Sigafoos accepted. He became part-time administrator at a salary of \$300 per month and began his preparation for the examination for canon 9 Priest. His appointment as Lay Administrator began in August 1989. On September 1990 during a visit from Bishop Wolfrum he clarified the current status. The Church of the Nativity was to have no Vicar and the Lay Administrator was to fill that role. The Senior

Warden, in consultation with the Bishop's committee and Administrator, contracts with the ordained clergy for sacramental services.

July 1992: Rev. Richard Sigafos was ordained on the ninth as Priest of the Church of the Nativity and has served the congregation since then.

January 1993 to 2004: The congregation continued to grow and moved from mission status to Parish status. Four other Canon 9 Priests have been ordained, Rev. Brenda Fhuere, Rev. Susan Baker, Rev. Bob Engels. Father Ebright continues to serve occasionally. A new mission has been established in Clifton and is served by Rev. Brenda Fhuere. Rev. Susan Baker serves a Spanish congregation and Rev. Bob Engels serves several nursing homes. Recently Deacon Teri Shecter has joined the clergy. The current Parish list lists 226 people.

IN THE BEGINNING... 1993

by Bruce Jones

There was great excitement as the little group began preparing for their very first (official) church service. The old building, a former Pentecostal Church since converted to a gym, had to be transformed into a chapel in two short weeks. They cleaned, painted, made curtains and fashion an altar from crates. A cross behind the altar was constructed of bark slabs and a drape of bedsheets behind the altar hid the gym equipment.

After the initial meetings in December 1976 the group had informal meetings and communion services in homes and at Potato Junction Cafe, but Easter 1977 was to be the first service for the new congregation. The excitement grew as the day drew near, song books were made and chairs were gathered from members.

It was a beautiful Easter service with Fr. "Muzz" Ebright Celebrant. Approximately 15 women, men and children were in attendance along with a tarantula (that's another story in the trials and tribulations of the new beginning).

The 15 Easter services since have been wonderful in their own special way but that first Easter service will remain the most memorable by those souls attending.

Through the years many have come and gone and all have contributed to the effort that allows us to celebrate our 17th Easter service. One family involved in the beginning and still serving in important ways... the Sigafoos.

HAPPY EASTER AND HAPPY 16TH BIRTHDAY
CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

Appendix A: The War of 1812

This little-remembered War of 1812 lasted almost three years and was the deciding factor in securing America's independence. Sometimes called the forgotten war or the "Second Revolutionary War," it was vital to our finally winning our independence. It was a surprise when a search of Google found 921,000 items on file and yet few know any details about it. The nation's national anthem "*Star Spangled Banner*" was a product of this war. The flag that was flying on the day Francis Scott Key wrote his famous poem had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. Whoever stopped the practice of adding a stripe for each state saved the nation from having a fifty-striped flag today. Key's poem was set to the music of an English drinking song and becoming the national anthem in 1931.

This war was also the only time that the nation's capital was captured and then burned to the ground. It was a very difficult war for the very young nation and ended with the battle of New Orleans. The term Uncle Sam also came from this war. A man by the name of Sam Wilson furnished meat for the troops and the stamp U.S. was referred to as being from Uncle Sam. This then came to represent the United States.

One of the strange things about this war is that, had the communications been better, it would not have started since England had agreed to stop interfering with our ships, but word did not reach President Madison before the war was declared. The battle of New Orleans was fought after the Treaty of Ghent had been signed but before word was received on the battlefield. However, one school of thought is that had we not defeated the English in that battle they would not have honored the treaty. General Andrew Jackson's forces defeated a crack British force. The British lost 700 killed and 1,400 wounded. American losses were 8 killed and 13 wounded. Following is a brief explanation of the cause of the war.

The British, still smarting from their defeat in the Revolutionary War, began boarding American ships on the high seas and taking crew members to serve as slaves on their ships. This practice escalated during the years of 1803 to 1812 as British captains took over 10,000 American citizens and impressed them into service aboard their ships. President Madison also charged that the British were supporting restless Indians on the frontier. In June 1807, the Chesapeake was fired on by the Leopard after refusing to be boarded. Three Americans were killed and 18 wounded. In 1810, war hawks Senators Calhoun and Clay were elected, and along with others bothered by these insults to the U.S., pushed the president to declare war on Britain. At the same time, America was interested in conquering Florida and annexing Canada. The battle of Tippecanoe in 1811 was a preamble to the war where Tecumseh's brother (the Prophet) led an attack on Harrison's army of 1,000. On June 18, 1812, Congress declared "Mr. Madison's war".

After several unsuccessful attempts to take Canada and the burning of the capital by the English in 1814, the tide began to turn in America's favor. America won several naval victories and turned the English back in their attempt to capture Baltimore. The battle of New Orleans brought it to an end. Here is included the remarkable letter from the First Lady Dolly Madison to her sister. It was written the day before Washington, D.C. was burned and she describes the ordeal saving Gilbert Stuart's priceless portrait of George Washington and other papers just ahead of the advancing British:

“My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President’s house until his return on the morrow, or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left, beseeching me to take care of myself, and the Cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two dispatches from him, written with a pencil. The last is alarming, because he desires I should be ready at a moment’s warning to enter my carriage, and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had at first been reported, and it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention of destroying it. I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, so that he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C. with his hundred, who were stationed as a guard in this enclosure. French John (a faithful servant), with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder, which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

Wednesday Morning, twelve o’clock.--Since sunrise I have been turning my spyglass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but alas! I can descry only groups of military, wondering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own fireside.

Three o’clock.-- Will you believe it, my sister? We have had a battle, or skirmish, near Bladensburg, and here I am still, within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us! Two messengers, covered with dust, come to bid me fly; but here I mean to wait for him...At this late hour a wagon has been procured and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles, belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the ‘Bank of Maryland’. Or fall into the hands of the British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! And the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write you, or where I shall be tomorrow, I cannot tell”!!

Mrs. Madison fled safely and was able to meet with her husband and together from a safe distance, they watched Washington burn. What an outstanding description of the frightful situation and the personal bravery of a great First Lady Dolly Madison.