

# TRANSCRIPT OF ORAL HISTORY

## KEITH LEON WINN

### DOB 3 10 1927

Interview &

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[A video was done of Mr. Winn. We took Keith to the place where the "Winn Ranch" was formerly located. The first stop was on the hill where the alfalfa field grew. The second stop was at a home that they called, "The Big House". Many family parties and gatherings were held there.]

My name is Keith Winn, and today's date is August 8, 2011. This was our ranch when I was small. We moved up here when I was 6 years old (1933). My father and mother are Pete and Helen Winn, and this was "Winn Ranch". It was a fruit and chicken ranch. I had 2 sisters, Darlene and Joan. We all lived up here until everybody got married and moved away. We went to all the schools up here.

I can remember the first time I went to school was in a little, old, wooden school bus—nothing like the big ones they got now. They came around and picked all the kids up from the farms up here. There were eight farms along Wasatch Boulevard. Then they picked everybody up on the other roads and then they went over to the Butler Elementary School and dropped off the kids there.

Then they went on down and picked up all the junior high school kids and took them down to Union Junior High School. Then they picked up all the high school kids and took them over to Jordan High School. The first year we got the big metal school buses like they're driving now--boy, we thought that was really something else.

Butler School at the time was fascinating. It was four rooms and an auditorium. The one room was a storage room. I think that was also the office of the principal, too.

The room I was in was the first, second, and third grade. There were two rows for each grade. Across the hall and up towards the front of the building was the fourth, fifth, and sixth grade. Across from our room was where we ate lunch. The auditorium was behind us.

There was nothing like there is now with all the houses. In the spring when the weather was nice, we didn't ride the school bus most of the time. We just took off from the house; ran down over the hill and went through everybody's orchards, and picked up a couple of pieces of fruit on the way. Then we'd walk home the same way. The area was wide open.

We lived up here, and we lived what everybody called the "united order". There were six families up here (two of the original families moved away), and we all lived together. We had to make do. We raised our own animals for food, our own fruits and vegetables. It was a real beautiful life. It was during the depression, and that's the main reason the family moved up here because the family couldn't make it alone down in Salt Lake City. All the boys and the girls got together and moved up here.

As kids, we learned how to work because everybody had a job to do on the farm. I worked with my dad with the animals, and we took care of the barn, to feed the animals and milk the cows. I was the one to "slop the hogs". We raised everything that we had. You learned to work early. We weren't what you would call a fluent people. We were farmers.

Originally, our farm was ninety-three acres, and it started from Wasatch Boulevard, and it came down to just below this fence and then over in to the hollow on the other side. As we acquired property, mainly for the water rights, we ended up with all the acres from 7200 South to 7800 South and from 30<sup>th</sup> East all the way to the mountain to what they called the "Forest Service Road". This whole thing was our farm, our big old ranch.

There was nothing out here except sagebrush, weeds, and scrub oak. We took our turkeys found out the best thing with the turkeys was to let them go out and eat the stuff. As soon as they started eating it down, then we would pick up the roosts and move them, and move them, and move them. When it came Thanksgiving time, we had people--once they found out about us--drive all the way down from Logan to get a fresh turkey. I learned how to kill and dress turkeys and chickens. That was one of my jobs.

They taught me how to catch and kill, and dress our fryers. It was interesting. It was a job. I had a big tub of water, and I had a floating thermometer. I had to keep the water right at 150 degrees. Then I would take four fryers by their legs and dip them in that water for forty-five seconds. Then I would throw them over on the bench. When you did that with the fryer; then you grabbed him by the neck, and wipe your hand down him. All the feathers would just pull right off, and you'd clean him off.

The people who bought the fryers wanted the legs and the heads so that they would make sure it was a spring fryer and not an old hen. I had to learn how to split the bird across its back, open it up, and clean the inside out. I would save



the liver and the gizzard, wash them, and clean them all up. Then we would hang them up and wrap a piece of paper around the head. Everybody thought, "Oh, they were delicious".

Over time, we got freezers and everything. We used to keep all our meat and every thing in freezers. We killed three cows every fall, at least one pig and sometimes two. If some of the sheep from the sheep herd wandered off down here, we would take them down and get them nice and fat. Then we would have some lamb chops. That's the way we lived. All this property was ours. It went down over this hill and all the way down over that hill.

That big, white tower was what they called the Siphon Tower for the Salt Lake aqueduct. The water came down from Deer Creek Reservoir into the big aqueduct, and they just started digging a hole and laying pipe. To get through Big Cottonwood Canyon, they developed what they called the siphon. That's why it's as tall as it is. The pipe came over and went into it. They built that great big siphon. Then the water went down through the canyon and back up on to Wasatch Boulevard on the other side. I worked on that for almost a year in 1950 before I went back to Korea.

We had a beautiful life up here. You learned how to take care of things. You didn't waste anything, and you worked hard. All of us kids in the summertime got jobs picking fruit; picking strawberries, and taking care of other people's places. It was an excellent life. It was a good life. I'm just sorry that a lot of my grandkids and great grandkids couldn't have the experiences that we had. They were wonderful. You just grew up here, and you had friends here. Until I went into the Navy, I lived up here.

The Draper egg producers came over because we had white-leg horn hens to lay. They wanted to know why my dad's chickens were laying over 90 per cent. Most white-leg horns were 80 to 82 per cent maximum. My dad said, "Well, we do two things to them. We keep them clean, and we wake them up early." The fellow laughed.

We had a big mechanism in the feed house. It was set so that at night it would start to dim the lights down in the chicken coop at about nine o'clock. Then at four o'clock in the morning, the lights would come on, and the chickens would go, "Oh, okay, fine.", and they would all run in the nests and start laying eggs. That was one of the things.

The other one was cleanliness. My dad was a bug-a-boo when it came to that. Twice a week we would go in the chicken coop with the wheelbarrow and a hoe, and lift up the roost where the chickens sat. We scraped all the droppings off into the wheelbarrow and take it down and dump it down below here. Twice a month we would clean the whole chicken coop. We cleaned all the straw and

scraped all the droppings off the cement and everything, and put in fresh straw.

The grain and everything started to grow in the summertime. When we were mowing, we would get some of it and throw it in with the chickens. Everyone would say, "O, the yolks of your eggs are so pretty. They are really, really dark orange--not yellow." We say, "Well, that's why." That's what I learned before I went into the service. That's where I learned to work.

We had our own business down in Salt Lake City, "Winn & Company, Inc." It was a big wheel alignment and repair shop. They took me down there and put me to work. By the time I was sixteen, in the automotive industry within Salt Lake County, I was considered a wheel and brake alignment specialist. I could do everything in the shop.

[Transcriber's note: Our next stop was at "The Big House". It is located at 7493 South Magic Hills Drive (3495 East). Keith continues his story.]

This was the main house of the ranch, and there's quite a story about it. Nobody wanted to buy it because Dr. Dole owned it. He and his son had a falling out. His son came up one afternoon, and shot and killed his father. The house had a stigma about it. They said it was haunted, and nobody wanted to buy it. That's why we got it.

My grandmother and my aunt and uncle lived in it. It was so big that they divided it into two homes--like a big duplex. If I remember right, it had either four or five bedrooms, two and a half baths, and a full basement. When Dr. Dole built it--to make sure that everyone had something to eat-- he built a root cellar in the basement.

You could go down there in the summertime, and it was just beautiful. It was nice and cool. You could go down in the wintertime, and it was exactly the same. We put fruits, vegetables, and everything in there. We were eating apples and fruit out of the orchards in February and March with all the snow that was here.

We had all our family get-togethers here at The Big House--family outings and everything. All the kids were here. Everybody made something and brought it up. The girls would get together, and I would give them a whole bunch of spring fryers, and they would cook those up. My mother, bless her heart, made one of the most delicious baked beans that was ever made in the world. She had to make a great big huge pot of them because everybody wanted to know where Aunt Helen's baked beans were.

Everybody had their different salads and stuff. My one aunt made what you would call, I guess, a Spanish salad with macaroni and vegetables. I don't know how she made the sauce, but it was another one that everybody dug into



first. This was the farm. The trees around The Big House were here when I was here. They are huge. Whenever they cut the tree down, it's going to have lines in it to tell you when it was planted—probably when the pioneers came in here.

My grandmother died here. One of the kids came and moved in with my aunt and uncle. Then we all started to move off the place. My mother used to go crazy because I liked to climb these trees. She would come out screaming because I would be clear in at the top of it, sitting in the limbs enjoying myself.

West of The Big House was a great big group of cherry trees. As kids, we never bothered the trees out in the main orchard. We'd go down and climb in those trees. There were six trees. Two of them were Royal Anns, and the others were Bings. We would sit up there in the trees and eat the cherries. They tried to stop us for awhile. Finally, they said, "Oh let them eat that. Just keep them out of the other orchard". The other orchard east of The Big House had apples, plums, cherries, and apricots. Our big orchard in the hollow south of the Big House was our peach orchard.

When we were getting ready to plant that, my Uncle Grant was a professor at the Utah State College up in Logan. They were up there playing with stuff. He said, "I think I've got us some real good peaches". We asked, "What's going on?" He said, "Well, we've made a hybrid", and he said, "It's turned out real nice". He said, "Should I get some?", and we said, "Well, yeah, what are they?" He said, "We call them a "Haleberta". It was a combination of the Hale and an Alberta. It was more or less the size and texture of a Hale with that absolutely juicy, super orange color of that Alberta. We had a whole orchard of them.

Those peaches grew so large that my mother, and everybody on the farm, canned fruits, vegetables, meat and everything. She wanted to get some of those peaches in a bottle without having to cut them in fourths. She told my dad, "You've got to go down and get me some wide-mouth Kerr jars. That was back in the days when the top of the jars was the glass. You had a rubber ring on it and snapped the glass over it. She used to squeeze them just carefully and get them in there. She won two prizes at the State Fair for her peaches. I wanted to keep this place as a farm when I got out of the Navy. I couldn't talk my Dad and uncles into it; so I went into the Air Force.

We also had an alfalfa field. One year, in 1948, when the winter was so bad, a fellow came up with a bulldozer, and he opened all the streets up and pushed all the snow out into this field. We made steps on the one side. We would go up with sleighs, and we would go down off that mountain of snow, across the road and down the hill into the gulley. Talk about a toboggan ride! You'd hit the bottom, and there was a road that went down to the chicken coops. You'd go down off that hill. When you'd hit that road with that toboggan, you'd fly about ten feet out into the snow on the other side. That's what we did. We had our

own fun. We didn't have all these places to go and all that kind of stuff. We had to make our own fun.

We told our kids, "We used to play 'kick the can'." "Kick the can?" We used to take a nice great big can-- a fruit can or something. We'd go out there. You guys think football is good. You ought to go out there and start kicking that can and get kicked in the shins a few times. We would kick the can up and down the road...up and down the road.

We used to haul our garbage and put it over the hill. We didn't have Salt Lake County coming around and picking up the garbage. You either had to haul it in a truck or dump it some place.

We built roosts for our turkeys on the west side of the farm. We had a great big two by eight that would go over it. Then it had an open thing. One guy would pick up the roost. The other two would pick up the stands, and we would go over and set them down and put them back. We just moved everything over where they would roost. Boy, I'll tell you, they'd clean up everything. The poor old scrub oak and sagebrush and all that stuff. They would eat them right down to the stick—anything on them. We had turkeys that were humongous.

We picked fruit, strawberries, and stuff for anybody that needed the help and would pay us. You would go out and pick strawberries, and they had a strawberry case with a handle on it. It had all the cups in it. You got fifty cents a case for picking the strawberries. Of course, back then, to pick strawberries, you'd go down the row where the water runs out; set that thing down there, you were picking on both sides. It didn't take long to fill up one.

We'd get over there early in the morning, and most of the farmers wouldn't let us work after about one o'clock. It was easy to pick ten to twelve cases in the morning. That was just picking. We didn't go in there to see how fast we could go. We just picked them.

They said, "We want the best berries. If there are some that the birds have been picking on, just leave it. Just go ahead and fill them up. Bring it back up and set it down. Pick up another one and go on down." That was the way we picked them.

When I was ten years old, they took me downtown to work at the shop. I just got away from farming to a point. I had what I called a truck farm out behind our garage on the farm. I think they said it was about an acre and a half. I raised everything that you would raise on a truck farm: corn, beans, and peas, tomatoes, potatoes, turnips and carrots.

As soon as everything started getting ripe; and the beans were getting nice, the women would say, "Well, how are we doing?" I said, "Well, you can come out and start picking them. You get the first goop off, and then it will come back in



again in about two weeks." Boy, they would come down there and they were picking the beans, and I'd pull up the carrots. They would come over and get what they wanted. They would make salads, put carrots up, tomatoes, and corn. I raised some of the finest corn there ever was. That's just the way we lived up there. That's the way you had to.

When I was in school, I'd go down and work all day Saturday at the shop. I'd work there on vacations, Christmas and Thanksgiving vacations--any time I didn't have to go to school. My teen years were nothing but work. I was either working on the farm or working down in the shop.

Our shop was located on the corner of Fourth South and Fourth East. There was a drugstore, and our shop was next to it, and it was a huge building. We brought big semi-trucks and trailers in there to align the front and back ends of the trailers. When everything shut down and they finally moved out of there, they left the shop. The basic building is still there, and it's a medical building now.

The deer kept us in meat. Back in those days there were herds of deer. Forty, fifty, or sixty of them would come down and sleep in our orchard because it was shelter for them. Then they would walk down to the barn and eat some of the hay out of the hay stack. When I saw them coming down there, I got out my little twenty-two rifle. I picked me out a real nice, healthy-looking two-point deer. I would shoot him and drag him into the house and clean him.

There was an outfit that had two big trucks, and the one had a big boiler on it and a tank in the back. They would come around to your farm and kill and dress your animals for you. That's how I learned to dress a deer. I watched the guys kill one of the beef, hang it up, have the skin off of it, have the insides out. Of course, we saved the heart, liver, and the tongue. I had no problem with it. I would just drag that old deer down the basement, and my mother would scream at me, "Now you be sure you get everything cleaned up." "Yes, Mother, you bet I will, Mother."

We used to have deer stew. We had our steaks, our chops, and our roasts and everything else that I could clean off of that carcass cut up into pieces. Mother would cook that up into stew and bottle it. We would come into the house from milking the cows during the cold winter, and we had two smells. One was fresh bread, and the other was the stew.

She had all the vegetables cut up and then she would take one of those big quart bottles of that venison meat, gravy and everything and all; pour that in there, rinse the bottle out, and stir it up. Everybody would say, "I don't know if I can eat deer meat or not." I said, "Well, I'll tell you what. If it's taken care of right, it's delicious!" Neither one of my daughters will eat any kind of beef liver, but they will eat two or three pieces of deer liver. That's just how it went.

I got into high school and I tried to play football—too little, got banged up. The coach said, “I need a manager. Come and manage my team for me.” The manager was the guy that took care of the equipment. Some guy would sprain his ankle, and it was my job to tape his ankle up. If we went some place to play football-- and it wasn't grass--it was just dirt. It was my job to change the cleats on the shoes so they could play in the dirt. I was in the chorus, and the plays, and then they talked me into being a cheerleader. When I think back about my years in high school, I was a nut. I was a cutup. I had more fun than anything else, but I graduated.

I remember one morning when we were on our way to school. It was in October, and I was sitting there with my girlfriend in the bus. I handed my buddy my books and I said, “Put these in my locker.” She looked at me, and she said, “Where are you going?” I said, “I’m going to join the Navy.” “No, you’re not!”, and I said, “Yes, I am.” We stopped at 6400 South and State Street, and I jumped out of the school bus.

In those days they had little buses that were running all the time. They were maybe just a hair bigger than the UTA Handicap buses are now. They were bright red, and it cost you a dime to ride into town. I went over and jumped in it, dropped a dime in there, and went downtown to the Navy Recruiting Office, and got everything all checked out. The officer gave me the papers and said, “You’re going to have to get your parents to sign this.”

I went back to school, and everybody wanted to know when I was leaving and what I was going to do. I said, “They told me that I had to check with my counselor to make sure that I had enough points and stuff to graduate.” He checked it out, and he said, “Tell Mrs. Tuttle to increase your English a little bit, and you’ll be just fine.” My poor girlfriend! When I left, I gave her a ring and left, and she sent it back to me.

I went down to San Diego, and that’s where my military career started. They made me what they called a Platoon Leader. It was mainly because when I was in school, I was in the band. I knew how to march and how to keep cadence. My job was to walk towards the back of the company and call cadence, and relay the commands from the Platoon Leader. Everybody said, “ platoons aren’t that big”, and I said, “They were back then. We had 210 men in our platoon.” That’s a long way to holler.

They put the tallest guys in the front and told them to take not more than a thirty-inch stride. You got these little guys in the back, and they’re trying to keep up with you. That’s what I did. Our Company 127 went through boot camp with honors. You could get a ribbon if you passed all the different things that you had to do in boot camp. You could hardly see our company flag for all the ribbons hanging on it. They were all tied on top of it.



So I got through and went over, and I was looking on the bulletin board for our assignment because you got your assignment to where you were going to go. I couldn't find my name, and I went back to the Company Commander. I said, "What's going on? I haven't got a "sea details assignment". He said, "Oh no, no, you're not going to do that. You do too well with this calling cadence and everything. You are going to Platoon Commander School." "Oh, well, okay."

I went down there, and there was a whole group of us. The commander of the school was a real good-looking old man with gray hair and a moustache. His uniforms were impeccable. I mean they were perfect. He used to give us a bad time if ours weren't. We would come out for inspection. I learned how to polish shoes so they looked like they were covered with plastic.

He used to come down there, and you were standing at attention. He would walk along, and he would come over to you, and he would put his foot in between your shoes, and he would say, "Very good, very good." I remember that one morning, and he put his foot between my shoes, and he said, "I think you and I better have a talk." I thought, "Gees, now what did I do?"

I got in there, and he said, "I keep my shoes shined well, but what did you do to yours?" I said, "Well, I learned that from a Marine." "Oh, boy." They used to issue Marines their boots, and they had what they called "split leather". The outside of the leather boots they wore, instead of being nice and smooth, they were rough. They used to tell those guys, "It doesn't matter how tough that leather is, we want a shine on it." They taught me how to put that shoe polish on there and rub it and rub it until it shined.

I went back and took Company 302 through boot camp. I was determined to have a company as good as the one that I got out of—and we did. We were the honor company to lead the parade. Then they sent me home. I had a thirty-day leave because of my school.

I reported back to Shoemaker, California. Every morning you had to check the bulletin board to see if you had an assignment. I finally got an assignment. I was going to Bremerton, Washington to pick up the USS Lycoming (APA-155). They sent us by train. I guess you could call it a train. We called them cattle cars. They would pack you in like sardines. If you're lucky, you had a seat. Otherwise, you would sit over in the corner and lay on the floor.

Back then, the Navy was still sleeping in hammocks on board ship. You had a sea bag with your clothes in it. Then you had your hammock with your mattress and your pillow. You folded them all up, laid your sea bag in the middle, fold the ends up and tied them around. Then you would put it on your shoulder and carry it.

I was looking around, and I figured that I just don't think I want to sit on the floor. I went out into the vestibule and took my hammock off my sea bag and

came in and hung it up to the baggage rack in the train. I climbed up in there, and I'd been asleep for about five hours. All of a sudden I felt someone poking me. I stuck my head over, and I said, "What?" It was the shore patrol, and he said, "Come on and get down out of there. We can't trust those racks up there. We don't want you to go falling down on all these guys." They made me take it down. So I went back into the vestibule and put it back up. I stuck it in the corner of the vestibule and slept on it.

We got up to Bremerton, Washington, and the Lycoming was there. They just got back from the Pacific and brought a whole bunch of guys home. They put on what they called a skeleton crew. There was plenty of men to handle the ship, but it wasn't crowded or anything.

We got out to sea, and the skipper came on the loud speaker, and he said, "Well, I hope you guys like to eat. The freezers and the refrigerators are full of food. We've got to eat it before we get over to North Fork, Virginia." We ate meat for every meal--steak, pork chops, hamburger, lamb chops. We ate like pigs. I put on almost 10 pounds. We went down the coast through the Panama Canal and up to North Fork, Virginia. We were taking this ship up, and we are going to decommission it.

I had been in the Navy for about a year. I went over to the barracks and looked up on the bulletin board to see what was going on, and there was my name. It said to check in with the Yeoman's office; and get your chits and your ticket. You're going home." It was a 30-day decommission leave. I said, "Okay, if that's the way you want to do it." So I went home for twenty days, and then they called me back to Shoemaker. I looked up at the bulletin board, and here I was going to school again.

I had already been to two Movie Operator School for 16 mm, and one was an Operator and Maintenance School. Then they turned around and sent me back to school to 35 mm Maintenance and Operator School. None of the ships that I was ever on had 35 mm. They were all 16's, but that's all right.

I came back, and I thought, "I'm probably going out to sea now." They said, "No, you're going back to school." Two years and for a year and a half, I did nothing but go to school. They sent me to Great Lakes, Illinois, to Basic Engineering School because of my mechanical ability tests were all in the 90s. They said, "You'll never make a Yeoman because you are only 60% in record keeping.

I went back to Great Lakes, Illinois. I was back there for three months—September, October, and November. If you haven't been, don't go. Don't go back to Chicago in November. The winds come in off that lake and cut you like a knife.



I was hoping to get back home for Thanksgiving. I got my orders, and I was going back to Shoemaker. That was a distribution area. I got back to Shoemaker, and I had been there three weeks and finally got a ship—the U.S.S. DUTTON (AGS c-8) at pier so and so. There were three of us going to that ship.

There were seven guys going to different ships. We all got in there and the other guys got out, and we said, "Where's our ship?" He said, "It's down here just a little bit further." The other guys got on their ship, and they were sitting in dry dock. We got down there a little further, and he said, "Well, here you are." I'm looking around for the dry dock. I turned and looked. Here's this boat sitting up in a set of wayes up on the dock.

It was a dirty looking thing. It hadn't been completely gone over yet. It was in there for an overhaul. We checked in with the Bosun Mate at maintenance, and he said, "You'll be over in that barracks over there for a couple of weeks until we get things going here. Then you'll come back here and get this thing cleaned up and get it ready to go to sea." I said, "In that?", and he laughed and said, "Yeah, it's a converted mine sweeper, and he said they had been all over the south Pacific. We've got to go back out. The only charts we had of all the islands we captured are the Japanese charts. We can't read most of them, and the ones we can read aren't accurate."

It was a converted mine sweeper with two great big grey marine straight eight diesel engines. By the time we got ready to go in the water, they painted the hull, and it looked beautiful. Then we got on board, and we had to clean up and paint, and make that sure our compartments were well enough to sleep in. We got down in there, and we took half of the bunks out because there weren't that many guys in there that like there was before.

On a mine sweeper, you have got to have gunnery men and everything. We didn't have any guns. We had some rifles and some machine guns, and that was our general quarters. There was plenty of room for us.

We took off and headed for Honolulu in this little old tub. You found out after awhile to get used to the way it rolled. For some reason or another, in the ocean it's like that unless it's absolutely flat. You've got waves out there, and that little vessel of ours, 136 feet long with a 38 foot beam, and she only drew seven feet of water because the keel was just seven feet below the water. You would go over six waves. You'd go one, two, three, four, five, six, and dive into the seventh wave. You'd come back up. You could sit there and count them. You knew just exactly when the bow was going down.

I got on that ship. The captain was a Lieutenant, and the Executive Officer was a Bosun mate. The Bosun Mate was in charge of the deck crews. Then we had a Senior Motor Machinist Mate, who was in charge of the engine room. We also had a Chief Electrician's Mate that was the supply officer.

I got on there, and I'm expecting to go down with the engines and everything, and he said, "No, I've been checking your records. You're going to be my man." I said, "What's that?" He said, "You're going to be an Electrician's Mate." Well, I'd been everything else, and I said, "Okay, fine."

My compartment duty station was down in what they called the Auxiliary Engine Room. We had a big six-cylinder grey marine 60KW generator and a three cylinder grey marine 30 generator, two alternators, and an evaporator to make fresh water.

We found out about four days' out that there wasn't enough fresh water for you to have a shower. So you showered with salt water. They had salt water soap. By the time we got to Honolulu, man, we were sure glad to get there. They came in with a hose hooked up to the water tank and filled it all up, and we could use all the fresh water we wanted.

The Chief Electrician's Mate was a good old supply officer. He went up and had the Skipper sign a voucher. We went out and checked out a truck. The old man said, "What are we going to do?" He was a scrounger and a scavenger like I've never known. I remember a movie, "The Pink Submarine". Tony Curtis was on there, and he was the same kind of guy.

We went over to the salvage yard and filled that truck up, signed for it, and it didn't cost us a thing. It was salvage—just get rid of it. We came back, and the old man looked down there, and he said, "What have you got down there?", and he said, "We're just going a little bit nicer on this old tub."

We had fluorescent lights, two movie projectors, a soft ice cream maker, and a couple of other things. When we were getting the stuff, I asked him, "Hay, Chief, these aren't DC", and he said, "Yeah, I know. We'll figure them out."

We got back there and down in the compartments there were all these little light bulbs. They run off the DC generators. He said, "You know, down by the bulk head you've got those two big alternators. I want you to keep them cleaned up because we're going to use them."

When they took the ship in to take all the equipment off from it, they had machine gun mounts, 20 mm anti-aircraft mounts. They took the mounts off; and rather to go through the ship and pull all the cable out, they just cut all the cable off level with the deck and put a plate over it.

We got the books out and started going through all those compartments. Here's all these cables going along there, and we're checking the numbers out. That's an AC cable from the alternators. So all the compartments on top of the deck and all those down below deck, we all had fluorescent lights. Our sister ships, The Little Hale, and The John Blish, wanted to know how we did that. We lived fat off the hog.



Our first mission when we got to Honolulu, we got everything all taken care of. We left Honolulu for Antiwita and Bikini, and we went out for the fun and games. The Little Hale went with us. There were just the two of us. We got quite a kick out of our skipper. He came up through the ranks. He started right out as a seaman and came all the way up. We went quarters for musters the first day out of Honolulu. He said, "Gentlemen, the uniform of the day is shorts and shower shoes. But, all you guys who went down to Honolulu and bought you those fancy shorts, roll them up and put them away or throw them over the side. I don't want to see one man in those Hawaiian shorts! We're going to be out here for quite awhile, and I don't want to have you guys chasing each other around the ship."

I'm industrious. Being the Electrician's Mate, I had the nice bunk right down by the ladder that came down in the compartment. Underneath that ladder was this great big chest with a big red cross on the front. The old Chief Bosun Mate called me up, and he said, "I've been looking at your records, and I understand that you were a boy scout and you were doing all this other stuff. You know First Aid." I said, "Oh, yeah, a little bit." He said, "Fine, you're our Pharmacist's Mate. Go down in that cabinet there. If there's anything you don't want, throw it away. Then make me a list, and we'll get all the stuff that you need."

Well, I went down there, and there were some sutures, and bandages, and this and that. I took the book out of there and started looking at it and I made him out a big list—bandages, tape, band-aids, iodine, Merthiolate, pads—everything. I knew how to use it.

The next thing I know I'm walking around in my dungarees. It was kind of getting warm inside. I cut the legs off, and I cut the bottom off my shirt. My boss came over, and he said, "What did you do here?" I said, "I just cut the legs off and hemmed them up. I cut the bottom of my shirt off and hemmed them up." He said, "Oh, you can do that." I said, "Yeah." He said, "Oh, okay, come on." We went up to the chief's cabin, Chief Bosun Mate. I walked in, and he looked at me, and he said, "Okay, Winn, I understand you can sew. I said, "Oh?" You just became the ship's tailor."

He opened the cabinet, and he had a brand new—and that was 1946—the very latest model sewing machine that you ever saw in your life. He had a great big box. It had buttons, pins, thread, and everything imaginable in that box.

On the back of the ship, we had what they called the after cabin, and that was where they made up the blueprints. They had a great big huge table in there with three plugs on it so that they could use it. So, old tailor Winn went back and set up the shop, and my chief said, "By the way, you're not doing any of this for free." I said, "Yeah, I know." So he said, "What do you charge?" I said, "Fifty cents to cut off and hem your pants and seventy-five cents for your

shirt." He said, "How come?" I said, "Because I've got to cut the bottom off and both sleeves, and hem it all."

It only took about a week, and everybody was running around with dungaree shorts and short shirts. I was making money hand over fist. I was running the movies. I was the tailor. If there was anything to be done, call Winn, and he'll do it.

We got out there and watched them light that stuff off and blow those ships up at Bikini and Antiwitak. It was just a mess. They got everything quieted down, and they said, "Let's go see what we did to the bottom". Our ships were equipped with what they called shallow and a deep-sea fathometer that could read down. They went back and forth real slow. One engine idle speed and the fathometer reading it, and the quarter masters were checking it all out and charting it. They came back, and said, "There's nothing down there. It's just as flat as a pancake. They decided to put some divers down there and see what happened.

What happened was that they lit off that underwater bomb in Bikini, and they completely pulverized the entire reef around Bikini. Hard-hat divers went down, and we were listening to them on the radio. One of the guys said, "Stop!" and then he said, "Hold it". The quarter master said, "What did you find?" The other guy said, "Well, you might as well pull me back up. I'm waist deep in gravel."

Some of the ships that sank went down into that stuff, and the coral will build up on it. They sank three or four other old ships in the area around there to build the reef back up.

We all came back and got back to Honolulu. Our ship was radioactive. It was hotter than a firecracker. What had happened was that we used sea water for everything except for cooking, and the fire pipes were all full of barnacles. We're running this nasty, gooey water through there, and those barnacles grabbed a hold of that stuff like crazy.

We got into Honolulu, and they put us in a quarantine area. Then they came out with some big trucks with special chemicals. They hooked on the one end of the fire system, and then they would hook on the other end of the fire system. The truck would turn on and start flushing the stuff out, and they'd suck it up at the other end. We ended up so everything was fine.

There were a half dozen of us that showed a little bit of radiation, but it wore off. I remember that the only thing the doctor said was, "Are you married yet?" I said, "No." He said, "Boy, when you get married, you'd better tell your wife that there's a good chance that you might not have any kids. "Oh, thanks a lot. I appreciate that!"



We got back in, and the John Blish showed up with the U.S.S. Warrick and a great big AKA (Amphibious Cargo Auxiliary), and that was our mother ship. They cleaned it all out and filled it up with supplies so that when we went back out, we went out as a group. We get our supplies from the supply ship.

We went out to Truk. The three of us surveyed the entire Truk Lagoon. We did it two ways. The quarter masters went out on the coral reefs and the island, and they put up a target. One target would be square. The next target would be a square and a half circle in it. The next target was a triangle. The next target was a triangle with some lines in it. We would go back and forth, idle speed one engine.

They would take a sounding every minute. Every three minutes the quarter masters would take a siting, and they would site these two targets and these two targets and mark it on the chart and then go up there and do it again. They would go back and forth, back and forth. Idle speed on that thing was about two and a half--maybe three--knots maximum.

The next thing you know was the old Bosun Mate said, "Well, we're running out of money, and there's no use going along like this and not have some out of it." We got some metal out of the engine room and bent it into some great big hooks. We got some quarter-inch manila hemp and put those hooks on the end of them and fished at night, some of the nicest little fish. We'd stick it on that hook. The next day we would start moving, and we'd throw all three of the hooks, tie them on with the cleats, and let them drag back there. We started living on fish.

We caught an eighty-four pound Blue Fin tuna. I'm getting ready to take a bite of that tuna fish like I figured it would be out of the can. It was scrumptious. I have a picture of a sea bass that we caught. We finally got him dragged in. We had to use the wild cat on a boat wench to bring him in; he was so big. We got him in, put a hook in his mouth, and lifted him up. I've got a picture of him looking down inside of him. I could have climbed inside of him. His mouth was huge. I'll tell you what, "Bass is delicious."

We caught some barracuda. They're not bad. We also caught a Tiger shark. We had a storm out there for two days. We anchored and hoped we didn't move. A great big, old Tiger shark, with the water coming over the reef, got in there. We were lucky enough to catch him.

My general quarter's station was a Springfield rifle on the right wing of the bridge. We were back there, and that wench was just doing all it can to drag that big ole character that was swimming and twisting. Then I heard, "Winn, forward fan tail." I went back there, and the Bosun Mate was standing there. He handed me his rifle, and he said, "Can you slow that guy down. We got to

get him in here." I said, "Okay". I shot him twice in the head, pulled him over and lifted him up with that boat hook—the biggest, ugliest thing.

The old man said, "Well, I don't know what we're going to do with him." The Bosun Mate said, "I do. See those two guys out there in that canoe outrigger?" He said, "Yeah." The Bosun said, "Holler at 'em." He hollered at those two guys, and they came paddling over there. They came along the side, and they were looking at that shark. The old man said, "Do you want this?" They said, "Oh, boss, yeah. We want shark!" We put the shark in their boat, and I could never figure out why those boats didn't sink.

That catamaran went down, and there was just a little bit of it showing above the water. We used to get fruit from them. We used to get what they called a limemon. It was a lemon-lime, I think it got crossed. It was yellow and green, and it was sour like you'd expect them to be. But, boy, I'll tell you that when you put a bunch of that in that ice cream machine that was the best darn ice cream you ever ate.

We had them bring out some bananas once. They would hang them up around the fan tail. We had a big cover over the fan tail. When it would rain, we would put scuppers (an opening in the side of a ship at deck level to allow water to run off) in there, and the rain would come down and go into the hose and fill up our fresh water tanks.

I went back there, and I love bananas anyhow, and I saw this bunch of bananas hanging there. I pulled one off, and I peeled that baby down. I started eating it. I got about halfway through that banana, and I was looking at it. I thought, I could eat two bananas, why can't I eat one of you? The cook came up and said, "Well, because, you nut, you aren't supposed to eat my cooking bananas!"

He would take those bananas and peel them, cut them into hunks, dip them into egg and roll them in cracker crumbs or whatever crumbs we could get. If we had some good ole cereal, we'd crunch that up. He would throw them in the oven in one of his big pans and deep fry them. We were eating desserts for a regular meal.

When we got through surveying back and forth by single ships, then they put down what we called the cable drag. They put a mile of cable--great big one-inch cable. They hooked it on the two ships and set it out in the water. They sank it down fifty-five feet. They put two lead weights on there that weighed one hundred and five pounds on a cable up to a buoy. You could see all these buoys out there. The two ships went along real slow to see if we could find a coral head or something down there.

It happened one day that they found one. To this day I have never been able to (no one has) figure out why, but that cable hit that coral head, snapped up and



turned over and dropped down a big loop right over that coral head. You don't break off a coral head. What we'd do is we'd back up a little bit, and the two of us would come in. About the third time you came in, you snapped the cable. Then the fun starts. You'd have to back down very, very coordinated. You'd back down so far and then you'd grab the pontoon, bring it over and pick that cable up, and roll it up on the fan tail.

Well, somebody got their signals crossed. We backed down over one of the pontoon cables. Everything stopped. The Bosun Mate hollered at one of the guys, and he said, "Go down and take a look and see how bad it is." He came back up breathing very hard. I thought, "What are you breathing for? It's only seven feet down to that cable!" He got up there, and he said, "She's wrapped around about six times. "Did you get one off?" "No, I couldn't hold my breath any more."

About three guys went down. The next thing I know I hear this guy, the Bosun Mate hollered, "Winn, we need ya." I go back and I said, "Now what?" He said, "Most of these guys smoke, and they can't hold their breath very long. You don't smoke, do you?" I said, "Well, no." "I know you can hold your breath because I've seen you swim underneath the ship." I said, "So?" He said, "Well, I want you to go down there and see if you can get the cable off that screw." "Well, okay."

I didn't think much about it. I dove off and went down underneath and put my leg over the shaft. I grabbed hold of that cable, and all of a sudden it dawned on me. "Winn, you're going to pick up 105 pounds of weight that's hanging on the other side of that cable."

Being young and tough, I was a stronger than a bull, being a mechanic in the first place. I pulled it up and got it halfway over and dropped it, swam back down, came up and get some air, and he said, "How are you doing?" I said, "Well, that's one and a half." "Okay" I went back down again and finished that one and caught another one over. I came back for a breath of air. I looked up on deck, and there was a beautiful sight up there. One guy had a Springfield, and the other one had a Thompson machine gun. They were standing there, and looked at both of them I said, "So?", and they said, "Well, we didn't want you to get bit." There was barracuda in the water, and once in a while there were little sand sharks in there.

I went down and got all the good cables off of it. Then they said, "Go down there and check to see how much damage we did to it. I went down there, and about all they'd done was clean the barnacles off the shaft, and they had one little tiny knick in one prop. He said, "How big?" I said, "About as big as my thumb nail. The Quarter Master said, "Oh, we won't even feel that."

The two ships get together, and they splice the cable. Then they throw it all out again. The next morning—I love my Navy boys something fierce. We had quarters for muster every morning to tell what you're going to do. We got up there. The old Bosun Mate calls everybody to attention, and we very seldom do that. So we all come up to attention.

He said, Electrician's Mate 2<sup>nd</sup> class, Keith Winn, front and center. The only thing that hits you first is, "What have I done now? I'm going to get chewed out for sure."

I go out there, and he said, "Attention to orders." He takes this thing and rolls it up. I got a citation. It's still framed at home. It says, "At the risk of life and limb, I dove seven times underneath the ship, removed the cable from the screw" so that we could continue our job out there. They gave it to me. I saluted him, and he said, "That's not all." One of the Quarter Masters came over, and he said, "Just to make sure that everybody knows it's you that did it, he said, "We've got a little something for you. We call it the 'croaks de croaks'."

They made a medal, and it had a bar on it. It's got a little plastic thing on the bottom. It says pretty much what my big one did. The three Quarter Masters—they are the guys that raise the pennants up and down. They had three different colors of pennants. I still have it. It's home someplace in my attic.

The guys kidded me about that. There was one thing about that small ship. In the Navy you've got to have camaraderie because you're living on this thing. We were the craziest bunch of characters you ever saw. Before we got off the ship in 1948, the old man was a Lieutenant JG. He got his full lieutenant. Almost all of us had gotten another rank.

I went down in my engine room one morning. All of a sudden everything was so quiet, and then I heard those main engines come down to idle. I went up the ladder and looked out. Over the side, that ocean was as flat as glass. There wasn't a ripple or anything out there.

The old man was up on the wing of the bridge, and he said, "Everybody over the side. You all stink. Let's get clean." I'm glad he didn't have cameras. About 90% of us went skinny dipping. We jumped out of our clothes. We'd go up the ladder to the wing of the bridge, climb up on the rail, and dive off. You could almost go all the way underneath and come up the other side, swimming and just having a ball. We were there for about an hour.

Finally, the old man said, "All right, I think you're all good and clean. Let's get this thing running again." We climbed up there and put on our shorts and a shirt. Everybody cranked up those engines, put them in gear, pulled them out, and away we went.



Then I had one other job. All the years that I was in the military, no matter what weapon they handed me, I shot at Expert Marksman, and that was on my record. When I was in San Diego going to camp, they used to march us out to Mission Beach. They had a swimming pool—a great, big huge swimming pool with two towers. They told us that we were going to learn how to jump in the water.

You went up three flights of stairs. We went up that way, and this way, and that way, and stepped out on the platform. That is a long way down. I asked the Company Commander, “Is there any real reason that we have to jump off of anything that high?” He said, “Oh, yeah. If you get on an aircraft carrier, and it’s sinking, you’d better be able to jump off that high.” “Ooh, well, all right.”

You put on your life jacket and strapped it up good and tight. Your instructions were that you reached in and grabbed the arms pits of that life jacket and held it down, stepped off, and away you go. The reason you do that is if you don’t, you hit that water, and the life jacket is buoyant enough that it could pop up and break your neck.

If that’s not bad enough, you get down there. Then you have to take your life jacket off and make yourself a set of pontoons out of your shirt. Tie a knot in your sleeves; get the shirt nice and wet; put it over your head, tuck the sleeves under, and you’re buoyant as can be.

They said, “Oh, good. Now do the same thing with your pants. Get your dungarees off. Tie a knot in the legs, and that was even nicer. You’d pop them over you. You’ve got the legs sitting there, and you’ve got your arms over the middle holding them down. They said, “You’ll probably float for about forty-five minutes. If you start losing a little air, throw some water on your dungarees, and that will seal them up.

Then we went down. We were going to be on some of these ships that were down there, and they had a whole line of 20 mm cannons. I’m a little short feller. They had put a clip in that 20mm cannon. You had to cock it, and there was a cable there. You put the cable on it, and they’ve got these big round things for your arms. You get a hold of them, and you’d stand up to cock it. Well, I was about two inches too short.

I’ll never forget the guys that did it. They had an airplane come over with a target dragging behind it. I went up twice, and all of a sudden, I felt these two big, six-foot-four guys. They were buddies of mine. They said, “Hang on, Winn, we’ll get you.” Snap!” I get all set down in there, and here comes the old target. The guys are shooting at it, and I’m watching their tracers go up. Maybe one would hit it, and the rest would go out the back.

I said, “Oh, okay—duck hunting!” I swung that thing around. I didn’t want to hit the airplane, but I looked up there, and I made sure I was shooting about a

good twenty yards in front of that sleeve. We had ten rounds, and we squeezed off three bursts.

The next thing I know the Company Commander comes over, and he said, "Where did you learn to shoot like that?" I said, "Hey, I was raised on a farm. We hunted jack rabbits, deer, ducks, and geese." He said, "What's that got to do with it?" I said, "You never shoot at a duck because he's going to be over there, and the bullets will be over here. You lead him. He comes flying along like that, and you shoot up there, and he runs over there." I said, "Why?" He said, "We just got the report back on the sleeve." I said, "Oh. What are you talking to me about?" He said, "Well, you're a dead eye. You shot Expert Marksman with a 20mm cannon.

I'm out here on the DUTTON, and the Bosun Mate calls me up. He said, "Did you really do that?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "Well, I've got a job for you." He handed me my Springfield. To me, it is one of the most beautiful military rifles they ever made, O3A3. It's so Accurate it's terrible, a 30-06. I said, "Okay, what's going on?" He handed me a clip. He said, "See that big black thing out there floating?" I said, "Yeah," and he said, "Well, I want you to either sink it or blow it up." Here's a mine not quite a hundred yards away.

I pushed some shells in there, and I started looking at it. I fired a round. On the side, the black disappeared, and there was this great big round, rusty spot. He said, "That's a good hole, but it's a little high. Get it down by the waterline." I said, "Okay." I fired again. I 'm looking out there, and all of a sudden, I thought, "Hmm....well, what do you know?" The mine was out there going up and down in the water, and the ship was going up and down in the water. You have about fifteen seconds when the two of you are going up at the same time.

As soon as we were going up and down at the same time, I squeezed a round off. The guys down on the deck screamed, "Winn, what are you trying to do? Sink us?" I said, "No. He said, 'blow it up'." I hit one little finger.

Every time the mine sweepers go through, they are supposed to cut all the cables. Sometimes they cut one only partially through. It will rust and bob loose. Here out in the Pacific Ocean you have all these cables and mines floating around. That was my other job. I had to shoot all the mines when we saw them.

I got all through that and finally got home. I got back to Long Beach, California. That was our home port. I went over there in the office, and they said, "You're due for discharge, but I'll tell you what. We'll give you any ship in the Navy and another stripe if you'll sign up for three more years. I looked at him and said, "You've got to be kidding me. I've got wrinkled skin. I've got webs growing between my toes, and you want me to go back out on the water? Forget it. Put me ashore."



They said, "You're a power electrician. We need you in the big, heavy equipment." I said, "Well, I've worked on sound power phone. I've worked on appliances. I've worked on about everything there is on that ship. Besides, I'm a movie operator." They said, "We just haven't got any room for you" I said, "Fine. Then I'm going home." He tried for fifteen minutes to talk me out of it. Finally, I signed the papers. I went from Active duty to US Naval Reserve and which district I was in. I said, "Fine."

I packed my bag, and I came home. I looked around and what the heck. I had the G.I. Bill, so I went up to the University. I wish at the time I had known what I found out about fifteen years later.

I went up to the University, and my buddy was going out with this young lady. He smoked and drank beer. She just didn't get a long with it very well. I said, "What are you doing with her?" He said, "She's a nag. She's on me all the time about my smoking and stuff." I said, "Oh, she's pretty good looking." He said, "If you want her, you can have her." I said, "Oh, Okay." I went over and talked to her. She and I went ahhhh....and that was it.

I got home in 1948 and went up to the University. I got in the band. I was in the pep band. I got in the symphony band, I think they called it. There were two couples, "Jerry" (Geraldine) and I, and I can't remember the other one. Greg said, "You guys are just real close, and you can really handle stuff. I want you two boys to be Instrument Managers, and you girls will be the librarians."

It wasn't much of a job. We just had to make sure that all the big instruments got into the truck when we traveled. The girls went along, and they had it all set up. They would just pick up the music off the music stands, and we got really close together.

Then they arranged to have us go on tour of all high schools in northern Utah. Well, that was fine. They'd have two or three girls staying at this house and this house, and the rest of us stayed in a hotel. The girls were on the upper floors, and we were on the lower floors. Somebody rode in the elevator all night to make sure there was no camaraderie going on.

Jerry and I told a couple of kids, "Well, we're not that far from the Idaho border. We're going to run up there and get married." They said, "Oh, don't do that." I said, "Oh, why not?" So we took off. We stayed out most of one night and came back. I remember Greg looking at us and said, "You didn't...you really didn't do it, did you?" I said, "Well, she had to get an engagement ring".

Then she turned it around and said, "Well, do you know what kind of repercussions we're going to have?" She said, "No, we talked it over." So we got married later.

What happened about school: When the Navy sent me up to Chicago to the Basic Engineering School; the board came out after I got in the Air Guard out there for promotions. I looked at this one, and I told my boss, "I wouldn't mind doing that." He said, "Well, okay." He came back from a meeting, and he said, "Acey said (that was our boss) said that you're in pretty good shape." But he said, "When we put your name in as one of the people that might make it, they said "Well, yeah, but we don't have that much of a file on him. We need more of what he did. He wants to get a file of everything."

Well, I'm a file keeper and a half. I went home, and I got all my files. I bring them out and took them over to headquarters. She said, "What do you want?" I said, "I want two copies of each one. I'll keep the original." I brought over that file that was very thick. Acey said, "Oh, I just thought you'd just bring over a couple." I said, "You wanted everything. You got everything."

I had all the graduations from the movie schools, everything I'd been to. Every time they came up to give you a certificate for discharge and then re-enlist you. The next thing I know—it's been about three weeks, and everyone's wondering what's going on—I get a call from Colonel Acey, and he said, "Come on down. I want to talk to you."

I went down and walked in his office. He said, "Well, you know you got the job, don't you." I said, "Well, no, but I'm sure glad I did." He said, "Yeah, why didn't you tell us you were a genius?" I said, "I'm not a genius." He said, "That's not what it says in here."

Come to find out that According to the military regulations, when I went to that school, we went eight hours a day six days a week for three months. If I had known when I went to the University that I had that paper work, I had two years of mechanical engineering credits. Too late—I'm too old. I'm not going back to school. We got married, and we had a ball, and we had kids.

There just weren't any jobs after the war was over. I was working seven days a week, part-time jobs and everything else just to make enough money for an apartment and keep the kids going and everything. I finally told mother, "Well, this is foolish. I can't do it. I'm going to go join the Air Force. I don't know why, but I knew it was coming. She asked, "Why?" I said, "Well, I'm a good mechanic. I'll be on an Air Force base. We'll have housing. If we don't have it on base, we will have just off base. I'll be home every night—or almost every night, and we'll go from there." She said, "Well, I guess."

The only problem was I got a letter in the mail. It said, "Greetings, we need your rank back in the Navy, and you're in the reserves. We're calling you up." So I went back in the Navy to Korea. I went back in the Navy in 1951, and I got out in 1954. I spent all my time over in the Far East. Of course, the Korean War was on. Most of us were over there anyway.



They put me on an AKA 97, the big Merrick. I got on there and checked in with the Engineering Officer. He said, "Okay, Winn. I'm sure glad you came aboard." I said, "Well, I'm glad, sir. What's the job for me?" He said, "Well, I've been going through your records, and I need a Boat Electrician, you're it." I was thinking up and down that ship with all these boats stacked up. He said, "It's quite a job. The last guy that was on here did a pretty good job, and you can handle it." "Oh, okay."

Come to find out we got three hatches up forward, two hatches aft. There's a mike boat on each one of the hatches, five mike bolts. That means two engines, and so there is two of everything. We've got an LCVP (Landing Craft, Vehicle, Personnel) in each one of the mike boats. Then we had what they called Welin davits (a davit could hold two life boats). On the side of the bridge they had these big, fancy things that had three LCVPs in them. Well, that's not bad, but that's five and six are eleven, and five, that makes sixteen boats.

Every month you have to go in and check the batteries, and make sure everything is fine. If there is one that's a little bad, you have to take it out, mark it in the record, and take it down to the battery room. Then you had to mark it in the record there; clean it up, fix it up, charge it, and put it on the auxiliary rack.

We got over to Japan, and we wondered what was going on because the first thing that they did was to lift all our boats on. They opened up the hatches and started putting equipment down in them. There were trucks and jeeps. They even had a couple of tanks in the one forward hatch.

We take off, and we get up to Korea. They're talking about the big invasion: Inchon. We pull up there, and, of course, we stay away as far from the beaches that we can. We took all the LCVPs off, even off the Welin davit, and put them in the water. They would go over the APAs and get all the Marines, and away they go.

I'm up on deck looking over there, and I'm thinking "If one of you coxans don't do it right, you're going to have to talk to me about it." What they do is finally get over there, drop the ramp, and the guys all run out. They pull the ramp back up. They're being shot at, and so they're not careful. They throw that thing in reverse, open the throttle wide open, and start backing up. Instead of backing up so that they catch a wave underneath—they might do it twice—and then they go down and swamp the boat. Then there's an LCVP with the front end sitting up and the back end down.

I got a mike boat—that's my maintenance boat. It's got a pump. I put a bunch of batteries, generators, and starting motors in it. When that thing swamps, everything is full of salt water. I had to go in, and I've got a crew with me. We go in there and throw a couple of submersible pumps in and start pumping the

water out. As soon as we get her up high enough and get all the water out, I have to mark down the battery—there are two batteries in that LCVP, a starting motor and a generator.

Then we take a starter, put it in there, and get a generator, and put that in there. We put two batteries in there and mark it all in for the boat. Then we bring all that stuff over to the ship. We picked it all up and take it down into the boat locker.

Then I start. I have to take the generator apart, flush everything and make sure I get all the salt water out of it. I take it to the oven and let it bake, and go to work on another one. I get them all done, and I have to put them all back together. I mark the serial numbers and put them all back. I had all kinds of fun.

We got all through with that. The war was over, and we went back down to Japan. We went into Sasebo and pulled up to the big dock. Big ole cranes came over and took everything off the ship, except my Welin davits. A bunch of guys came along and went down into the compartments in the holes. They were down there banging everything, and we were looking down there, and we said, "What's going on?" They said, "Well, we've got a couple of you guys in there, and you're going to do a prisoner exchange. Oh, great. So what they're building down in there are stockades with wood and wire and stuff.

We take off on this little excursion, and we go up. The old man says, "We don't know how things are going to work out. We've got a squad of Marines on, but you guys are going to have to do a lot of it, too. "Oh, great, I just love that kind of stuff." So we go up, and here they come—Chinese Communists. They are not nice people. They're screaming and hollering. They run them down and lock them into the cages down below, and we take off.

They'd taken fifty-five gallon drums, cut the top off them, and fixed them up into what we called the binjo pots. That's what they used for a latrine down there. You're out to sea going along, and they lower the hook down and pick that up and try to get that thing out over the side and dump it without spilling it all over the ship.

Then we have what they called "riot control". If they get out and come up here, we're going to have to secure the ship. We have to secure that main section where the engine room is, the compartments are, and the bridge. As you come into the bridge area, they have a double door—two steel doors. You lock the outside one. Then you lock the inside one.

It's quite a set up. When you're underway, the doors open and the white light is on. At night, the white light turns off on a switch. There's a red light in there, and you can't see red. Your eyes are night-blind to red. You can see beautifully because of the red light, but it doesn't blind you.



I got a nice position. If we go to riot quarters, I grab my Thompson machine gun and sat in the passage way by the door. Nobody is to come through those doors. They go up the ladder up by the bridge. They said, "If anybody starts undoing the locks on your door—everybody knows they're not supposed to come in there. If somebody's doing it, it's some of the prisoners coming up.

That's a nice feeling. You're sitting there and hoping that not one of those knobs on those doors starts coming open. I just told myself that I would back up about ten to fifteen feet. If that door opens up, whoever is in that doorway is going to be awful dead because I'm going to unload a whole bunch of 45 ammo at him. We made three trips with those guys, and we had one minor riot.

We head back up, and the old man says, "Well, we've got something a little bit different going on this time. If there's anything that needs to be done on this ship, make you a list and be ready." We said, "What's going on?" He said, "Well, all these little Chinese that didn't want to be Communists in the first place, they were Chinese Nationalists." They wanted to go home to Taiwan.

We were waiting there for them to come, and pretty soon there was a kind of valley and then you came down to the water. All of a sudden, we are out there in the water and waiting for them to come. What you hear at first is this din—it was a noise. Then it gets louder and louder. Here comes these Chinese waving American and Chinese flags and singing. They come on board that ship. Everybody gets assigned somebody. I had this little Chinese guy. He was the nicest guy in the world. Anything I wanted done; he would practically push me out of the way, and he'd do it. He knew what he was doing.

We headed down for Taiwan, and for some reason or another, we got a "Three Stooges" movie. Well, you never heard laughing; those guys were rolling on the floor on the deck. He told me, "Never saw anything funny...most funny ever see." I said, "Okay, they have a nicer one tomorrow night." He said, "Oh, like to have the comedy. That was fun."

We got down to Taiwan, and we were getting ready to put them off. This poor little guy was going around in a pair of grass shoes. That's all he had, and they were about completely worn out. I had three pairs of shoes in my locker. I took my oldest pair, which looked like brand new. They had been hardly worn at all. He made me—even though I don't smoke—he took a beer can and made me a holder for my cigarettes. He'd get up in the shop and was messing around up there, and I wondered what was going on. It had a lid and everything. I opened the lid up, and there was a pack of cigarettes in it.

He was getting ready to go, and I told him how much I appreciated his work, and I said, "It looks like your shoes are getting a little worn out." He said, "When go home, I make a new pair." I said, "When you get home, try these on."

I had the shoe laces tied together, and I hung them around his neck. I said, "You can put them on now if you want."

I hate to think about it because the little guy looked at me, and he started to cry. I'm a soft-hearted character anyhow, and I started to cry. He was shaking hands and hugging me and shaking hands. I finally got him off the ship and as far as I could see, all I could see was this wave—one shoe in this hand and one shoe in that hand just a waving.

Then the old man says, "Well, we've got another nice job. We asked, 'Where are we going now?'" He said, "We're going down to Hong Kong" Oh...China! Well, come to find out. They cleaned everything up in the ship. They took the things down in the stockades, and took the wire down, and took the doors off.

We get down there and come to find out that there's four ships anchored in the harbor. They give you a place to anchor, and you drop both anchors; so you're anchored forward and aft. You can't move. We were in there for what they called "picket duty" for four months. The Chinese Communists were raising (excuse the expression) hell. There were all these Nationals in Hong Kong. If the Communists came in there and started doing stuff, man, our job was to scam in there with our boats out of the Welin davits, pick them up and bring them out to the ship. Then we'd take them wherever they needed to go.

Well, the old man comes over the speakers, and he says, "All right now, boys, we've got a little thing going on here. He said, 'I hope it doesn't cause us any problem. The people here in Hong Kong (not Shanghai) are starving. We throw away way too much garbage According to them. There's going to be a group of people come in on the fantail. They're called the 'Marylou girls'. He said, 'They will take your tray when you finish eating, and they will take care of it. You just walk up and hand them the tray, and they will take care of it.' 'Okay'. They're going to be busy working."

Well, I've seen an old G.I. can, and I thought it was clean. Those girls took about a 33 gallon G.I. can. That baby looked like it was silver-plated. They took our G.I. garbage cans and cleaned those up until they just shined spotless. Then we found out why. You'd come up to the scullery. You handed one of the girls your tray; the vegetables went in this can; the meat went in this can. The only thing they dumped was paper. As soon as they'd get a meal, they'd pick those cans up and take them back to the fan tail, lower them down onto a sand pad. He said that they said, 'We're doing real fine.' They really appreciate it." Some of the guys said, "Yeah. We get through eating, and then we'd go up and get a whole plate of stuff and take it to them."

I went into Hong Kong (not Shanghai), and it would just make you cry. I quit going in after awhile. I went in and saw all the stuff they had. The tram that went up the mountain would show you the whole area and everything you



could see. Their theaters are absolutely gorgeous. You'd go in there, and they had two great big seats in the middle of the lobby—a big, round seat with a cone-shaped backrest.

The carpets were very thick. You could go buy your ticket for which movie you wanted. When the movie was over, everyone was kicked out. They had a corps of people going in there, and they had that place swept up and cleaned up in about fifteen minutes. There wasn't a spot. As soon as it was time to come back in, you could go in there.

We met a little guy—a little Chinese kid. He was about four or five years old. One of the guys said he looked like a midget. I said, "Give him time. He'll grow." He'd meet the boat when it came into the dock, "Hi, Joe. You want coke? I got ice cold coke." I looked at him, and I said, "It's cold." He said, "Oh, very cold." I said, "Okay." I gave him fifty cents Hong Kong money. He got money from about five people. He took off. The guys said, "How far do we walk?" The fellow said, "Just go down to the end of the dock and wait for Smith." All of a sudden, here he came with a basket. Remember the little coke bottles we used to get? He came with a bottle opener and hand it to you. It was so cold that it was almost mush." It was just delicious. I'd buy a coke from him, and I never drank it.

We went in one afternoon to see the movie. We came out and went down to the big restaurant. That was the night that I quit coming in on liberty. We came out of the restaurant and started walking up the street. As we went passed the alley, there were screams, and hollers, and everything going on. I looked down that alley, and there were a bunch of kids—four or five of them. They were three, four, or five years old maybe. They were in the garbage cans. They were beating the living crap out of each other to see who was going to get the garbage out of that garbage can.

We went down to the hotel stayed at the hotel at night. We got up the next morning. I've got an alarm clock that the military made for me. At five o'clock, my eyeballs came open. We came out, and we were going down to the little café and get some breakfast. We walked out on the street, and there were three guys pulling this cart down the street. They stopped and went over, and there was this little old guy. He looked like he was as ancient as could be. He was lying on the sidewalk all humped up. They went over and shook him. He was dead. They picked him up, took him over and threw him in the garbage. That was their job.

You could see cars held up coming down the street. People were out there. They just starved to death. There was no food. I said, "Well, that's fine. I get food on board ship. That's where I'm going to stay. I'll see my movies over there." I went back in a couple of other times and went to a couple of places. Mainly, I wanted to go in and get one of them cold cokes.

We got all through, and then we came back. I got back to Japan, and I was due discharge. They released me from the ship, sent me over to the base. I got a ticket and flew home. I got home. My wife met me at Long Beach. I'm down there for about two months working in the shop. Then my discharge came up. They gave me my discharge papers. We threw everything in the trailer. We had two kids by then. I lived in a Quonset hut. The refinery was over there, and the garbage dump was over there. You knew which way the wind was blowing by the smell. We hopped in the car and came home.

I tried to get a job, and there was just nothing there. I told Mother, I said "Well, I'm going in the Air Force." I was helping them out down at the shop. My uncle at the time, come to find out, was Commander of the Air National Guard. He was a pilot when the war started. He was too old to be a fighter pilot, but he could fly anything. The next thing I know he's flying home and flying over the farm up there, scaring the chickens and everything else. Every time I see him, his insignia has changed.

By the time I got in the Navy, he was the commander of the Ferry Command. He and his boys would go down to California and get the new airplanes that were coming out of the factory. They would fly up to Hill Field and fuel. He'd always bring them around and dive down over the farm.

Then they'd go up to Chicago and refuel. Then they would go up to Nova Scotia, Canada. They didn't get off the airplanes. A bunch of French Canadians and English pilots would get on and fly them over, and then they'd fly their boys back. These guys would go back.

I told him, "This is ridiculous. I've got to get me a better job than this. I'm going to join the Air Force." He said, "Well, come out and work for me." I said, "Unc, I think that's nepotism (not plagiarism), isn't it?" He said, "Well, no, not really." I said, "How come?" He said, "Well, I'm the commander. I sit up in the front office. You're a real good mechanic, and you're going to be three commanders below me out on the flight line taking care of airplanes.

That's why I ended up in the Air Guard for twenty-eight years. My career was ten years in the Navy, twenty-eight years in the Air Guard, and four and half years at Hill Air Force Base as an Air Force Reserve. Years...everything went on ....all the fun we had.

I got out in the Air Guard. I was a crew chief on an F86 Fighter Jet. Then all of our fighters got too old to fly as fighters. I was looking at a new thing to do to get a new mission. So we ended up in MAC. Back then it was Military Airlift Command. They were big transports, and the first thing I saw was that something came up on the bulletin board. It said, "Flight engineers needed for the 97. You've got to be a Master Sergeant Mechanic."



I put my name down and went down to San Antonio, Texas, and became a Flight Engineer. For twelve years, I flew them big things all over the world—everywhere. If somebody needed something, they would holler at the Air Guard. They'd call us up and say, "Have you got a bird available?" "Yeah." "Okay, get a crew together. You've got to go down here and pick this stuff up here and take it over there. Or you've got to go here, or you're going over to Europe." Let me tell you—it was fun and games. Like my wife said, "I just don't know how to take you. You're always going someplace and bringing back some pictures or something." I said, "Well, yeah."

We got back and started doing our own flying. Twice a month we used to fly into Honolulu. We'd fly down to Travis Air Force Base and pick up a load of stuff, fly it over to Honolulu and drop it off. We'd pick up a load of stuff over there and bring it back. At least once a month we would go over to Tachikawa, Japan. That was always a fun flight. You'd leave Travis Air Force Base and fly to Honolulu, and then go from Honolulu to that little piece of ground. Up in the air it looks very small—Wake Island. The runway is the longest part of the island, and then it goes from water to water.

If we ever had any passengers on board, we used to tell them, "Oh, boy. I hope everything goes all right. Hope Charlie's not out there." They'd say, "Who?" We'd say, "Backfire Charlie." "Well, who's that?" We said, "We don't know how long he's lived here, but he's the biggest shark we've ever seen. When he sees that airline taxi down the run-up area, he swims down there back and forth and keeps one ear up. If he hears one of those engines backfire, he swims down real fast to the other end because he figures 'it's dinnertime'." They used to get so mad at us that they wanted to kill us.

We used to go from Wake Island to Guam or Okinawa, and maybe even both of them, then to Tachikawa, Japan. Then we'd do the same thing coming back home. I was all over Europe, all over the United States, Spain, England, and Italy. I flew over a million miles and over six thousand flying hours.

My family grew. By then we had four kids—a family and a half.

When I was flying into Honolulu, we used to take trips. The Hawaiians would buy an old beat up jeep. They would clean it all up, fix it up, and put a canopy over it with the most obnoxious colors that you ever saw. Well, you know Hawaiians. If you buy a Hawaiian shirt, what does it look like? Well, that's just what their jeeps looked like. They could put four of us in a jeep—three in the back and one in the front. They would charge us two bucks, and they would give us a tour of the island.

On one of the tours, we always told them that we wanted to go out to the pineapple fields. You'd go out there, and the pineapple fields were huge. You could hardly see the other end of them. They'd always have at least two, and

sometimes three, stands out there. You'd go driving down there, and you'd hop out, go over there and throw them a dollar. They'd have this nice, ripe pineapple, not the green ones. I mean nice, bright yellow ones. We'd core it, slice it all up, and eat all you want for a buck.

They found out we were flying the transports. They would get permission and came out on the field right out to the airplane, and they'd ask us how many pineapples we wanted. You could get a case of twelve pineapples for about ten bucks. We'd throw it on the airplane, and it was twelve hours home. You got some nice, fresh pineapples.

I brought some home one day, and I got one of the wife's big cookie sheets. I took two of those pineapples, and I cut them all up into great big hunks—about two inches square. I stuck a toothpick in each one of them and put a piece of aluminum foil over it. I took it over to school for my daughter's class, so they could have some fresh pineapple.

Nowadays you can't do that. The Board of Health would not permit it. You used to have cupcakes and anything they wanted. So I brought it in. She told the kids the day before, "Tomorrow I'm bringing you some fresh pineapple from Honolulu. They asked, "Where'd you get fresh pineapple from Honolulu?" She said, "Oh, my dad's a Flight Engineer. He goes over to Honolulu all the time, and he's going to bring some over."

I bring it over there just about noon, and I walked in with that great big tray. I'm walking down the hall, and the kids were wondering what was in the tray. I get down to that room, and they've got it all fixed up with a big table. I set it down and took the thing off there. The kids looked at it. What they were expecting was a piece of pineapple out of a can. One of the kids came over, and he said, "Well, is it any good?" I said, "How does it smell?" He said, "Ooh, it smells delicious! I guess I'll try it." Everybody was standing around there with pineapple juice running down their arms eating pineapple.

My daughter came home, and she said, "Boy, I don't know." I said, "What?" She said, "All everybody said is, 'Stacy, when is your dad going back to Honolulu and bring us some pineapple?'"

That's just the way it was. I worked out there and did everything imaginable. I was a mechanic. I towed airplanes. I worked in the tire shop. I worked in the motor pool. I ran trenchers, backhoes, and the big D8 cat, drove the truck, and worked on the airplanes.

You think back over twenty-eight years and everything you did, flying like I did as a Flight Engineer, flying all over this world. We went places nobody else did because our aircraft had a great big huge thing.



If you've ever seen a 97 or if you have ever seen one of the big ones that Pan American used to fly from New York to Paris overnight, that's what our 97s were, but they were hollow. The C130s and the C141, and some of the C124s used all palletized cargo. The cargo was put on a great big metal pallet. Then they would take it up and set it on the floor. They had rails in there, and they'd run it up, lock it down, and tie some ties on it. Well, that's fine. There's always some stuff that you just can't palletize. Guess who hauled it? We did!

I got a flight, and we went back to Dover, Delaware. The Skipper came out, and he said, "We aren't going to go our regular route." We said, "Oh, okay. Any place special?" He said, "Yeah. I think you'll like it."

I came out the next morning and preflight the airplane. The Load Master said, "How much fuel can you put on this thing?" I said, "With a full load, I can put about 30,000 pounds. Why?" He said, "Do you want to put it on?" I said, "What's the matter? We don't have a load?" He said, "Oh, you ought to see our load! It's a beauty!"

I went up the stairs, turned around, and I said, "Oh, no." He said, "Yeah. We've only got about 3200 pounds on here." Have you ever seen those three-cornered antennas at an airport with hooks on? It's three-sided, and it goes up into the sky. Well, there was a naval station over in Italy. They had a great big huge mess over there and blew all their antennas down. They need new antennas.

The old man came out, and he said, "How much fuel are you going to put on?" I said, "Well, the Load Master wants a full load." He said, "Ah, let's go out there to The Azors (volcanic islands situated in the North Atlantic). We'll fill it out there then. I said, "Where are we taking this? He said, "Italy." It's a naval air station just outside of Naples. That's what we did. We flew over to Naples and landed at that base. They stopped it.

The Line Chief came up, and he said, "Boy, I hope that you're not in any bad shape." I said, "Why?" He said, "I haven't got anybody here that knows how to work on one of these airplanes." I said "Oh, well, I'll tell you what. It will probably take you two or three days to unload it." I said, "I can always figure out four or five things that are wrong with the engines. We're planning on staying here a week."

We went to Naples, Bombay—oh, what a mess! We went up to Rome and spent a couple of days there. The only problem we had—[drivers in Utah are bad enough. If you drive in Utah, there are two things you have to have—it's a horn and headlights.] You get in one of those taxis in Naples, and you sit there. You snuggle way down and kind of close your eyes. These guys are going like crazy...honk, honk, and honk.

We went out with one of the guys, and he took us out and showed us some beautiful country—grapes and all that kind of stuff. We said, "Well, we

understand that somewhere around here that we could get some cameos. Do you know where?" He said, "Oh, best place in the whole city for cameos."

We were driving down the road, and why we didn't have a wreck with that truck that was coming, I'll never know. He swung in front of the truck into a dirt road. We went down and down, pulled up and stopped, and looked out there. It looked like one of these great big old barns that the old pioneers had—dust and dirt. We got out and walked in there, and they had a nice little showroom. He said, "You want a watch?" We said, "Well, yeah." He said, "Okay, you come."

He took us back in the factory so we could watch them make the cameos. I came home with two large and three small cameos. I think I spent something like maybe twenty-five dollars.

We got back home, and I just wanted to find out about the cameos, and my wife was wearing hers. We stopped into a jewelry store, and he said, "Could I help you?" I said, "Yes." She took it off. I said, "Would you look this over and just give me an idea on what it's worth?" He asked, "Where did you get that?" I said, "A little old place outside of Naples in Italy." He said, "My Lord, man. How much did you pay for it?" I said, "I got two that size and three a little smaller. I paid twenty-five dollars for them." He said, "Are you going back?"

I brought some synthetic jewelry back from Japan. My wife's birthday is in September, so I got three sapphires. They were gorgeous things. I asked, "Are they real?" He said, "No, these are synthetic—better than real!" I said, "Better?" He said, "Yeah--no flaws." I got those three, and I got a couple of the others for the other girls. I brought them home, and my wife said "Are you broke?" I said, "No! All the stuff I got here only cost me forty-five dollars." "Oh, honey", she said. "They're real!", and I said, "No, they're synthetic. They look like real."

Then we went over to Mt. Olympus, and there was a jeweler over there (most likely William's Jewelers). I went in, and took the sapphires. I set them on the counter. He said, "Can I help you?" I said, "Yeah, I'd like a pair of ear rings and a pendant for my wife." He said, "Oh, my." You know how they pick them up.

He said, "Where did you get these?" I said, "In Japan." "Are you going back there any time soon?" I said, "Well, no, not that I know of. It will be awhile anyhow. Why?" He said, "I'll give you anything you want if you'll bring me back some of those." "Some what?" He said, "Some stones." I said, "Which kind do you want?" He said, "Why?" and I said, "Well, they've certainly got sapphires, and they've got rubies. They also have zircons--they look exactly like a diamond. They've also got some opals." Then he said, "Bring me back ten of everything the guy's got. Don't spare any expense." I told him that I paid forty-five dollars for them. My wife's still got them. They're gorgeous.



That was the main thing about all my flying experiences. When we went from the transports, C97s, we went into the 124s. They don't work too well out of here because they're not pressurized, and you have a heck of a time getting over these mountains. We used to have to fly down south where the mountains are not quite so high. Trying to go over 11,000 to 12,000 feet up here is real hard.

Then we got into SAC (Strategic Air Command) and got the KC97s. Then we got some more fun. They were having problems keeping all the Air Force guys going. They were cutting back on the Air Force. Then they said, "We've got to have some tankers over here in Germany so these guys can train." Twice a year is not enough time for a man to learn how to hook up to a tanker and get fuel.

So the Guard bureau said, "We can work that out for you real fine. We've got twelve squadrons, and we'll kind of mix them up. We'll send five of this squadron and two of that squadron over there and have seven of them on the ground there.

They said, "You realize that you've got to have two of them flying all the time. If one of the tankers can't make it, they've got to have another one for when those guys start running out of fuel." The guy called it a "creek party". You shouldn't really go over to do a job and have that much fun. It was absolutely fabulous. We didn't fly weekends, so we're off taking on all these tours.

I had one trip over, and we got ready to come home. We got down in the run-up area. The Skipper said to "Shut her down. We've got something special." We said, "Oh, okay." So we shut the engine down and went back and opened up the big clam shell doors on it. That was when we were flying the big cargo craft. We got out and went back to see what was going on. Here come these cars, and I took one look at it, and I said, "I'm not going to like this." My Load Master said, "I don't think I am either."

The first big black car that was coming was a staff car, and right behind it was a hearse. We stood there, and here come these people. They said, "It was all right because this was an Air Force family, and it was all right for you to take these caskets with you." We said, "Well, okay."

Of course, we were expecting to have a cadre of six or eight guys there. Four men opened the back of that hearse up. They went over there, and the first little casket that they brought out was blue velvet. He went over and went up the ladder and set it down. He came down and got the little pink one and set it in there. One woman was crying, and she said, "I wish we could go back with you, but we've got to stay here with their father."

They'd had a tremendous wreck on the Autobahn. It killed the mother and the two kids, and the father was in the hospital in critical condition. They said, "We've got everything arranged. They'll pick them up at Andrews Air Force

Base.” Well, that was the nicest, quietest, peaceful trip that I took for a long time. Nobody wanted to say anything. We put a strap across those caskets and tied them down so they wouldn’t move. I stayed as much up front as I could. I didn’t want to go back there.

We stopped in Nova Scotia and filled up with fuel. One of the ground crew came out, and he said, “You guys got something special?” We said, “Yeah, why?” He said, “We don’t usually have these big transports up here.” He looked in the back, and he said, “Oh, my God. Excuse me.” and away he went.

We took off, and we landed in Andrews Air Force Base. They took us down and went around the corner and parked the aircraft. All these cars started coming out. I’m a big softy, and I wished they wouldn’t do that. We shut everything down and got everything ready, and all these people came over—grandmas, hugs, kisses, and thank-you’s. “We didn’t know what we were going to do to get these little ones home.”

I tell you, this guy, when it comes to kids-- I’m a softy. That was the hardest mission I ever flew with the Air National Guard. I’ll never forget it. They won’t leave you alone. No matter how much they get everything ready to go, before they get in the car, they come back and give you another hug and say thank you.

That’s a lot of years—forty-two years and six months. I’ve had fun, and I was scared a half dozen times. The creed of a Flight Engineer is, “Hours and hours of boredom broken by moments of stark terror.” Somebody said, “Why is that?” I said, “Well, you’re flying over the Pacific Ocean, and all of a sudden one of the engines quit. All of a sudden you are flying on three engines. You hope those three will take you. That’s the way it goes.

### 1948 Snowstorm

Nineteen forty-eight was worse than 2010. Up on the ranch it started to snow one night, and the next morning Dad got up and got his clothes on and everything. We were going to go down to the barn. Well, we couldn’t open the back door of the house—two feet of snow! The only way we got out of the house was that we bundled up a little bit more.

The house had a full basement. To come into the front door there were six steps up to the porch to get in. We could push the snow off that porch and then shovel the steps off a little bit and then walked down. Can you see me walking in two feet of snow? The snow was clear up to above my knees. It was all I could do to walk.

I’d go down to the barn and try to get all the animals in and get everything taken care of. The fellow over at the aqueduct came over with that big D8 Cat



of his. He started to push the snow and then he would lock it, move it, and back up pushing the snow, and move it.

When he came up, he came through the gate and then right up in front of the coops, pushing snow out of the way, so that we could get into the coops and work on them. Then, when he started up on the road, that's when he put that big pile of snow of ours in that alfalfa field. You'd hear him, and he'd start gearing down. He'd pull on one of those handles, and that little ole baby would swing around. He'd pick the blade up, and he'd just push it. Boy, I'll tell you that was snow!

Twenty-four inches in one snow storm! It started about eight o'clock at night. We got up at five o'clock the next morning, and we had two feet of snow. Nineteen forty-eight kept doing that. The snow started to go down a little bit. All of a sudden those big old black clouds would come in there—sixteen inches more!

The roads back in those days never got cleared. The plows would go up and push the snow off the road, but there was always snow on the road. I can remember we had chains on our tires. It was the only way you could get around. We didn't have four-wheel drives. They had a few jeeps. We had a Chevrolet with big 450/21-inch tires. I can remember and they had chains on them. We'd break a chain, and I'd repair it, and put it back on. Oh, that was a winter! That was a winter and a half!

### Butler School

My fourth, fifth, and sixth grade teacher was Pete Mickelson, and he was also the principal. It was funny, I went into the first or second grade, and I got a seat. In the fall when I came back, I just moved over two rows and sat down on another one. I came for the third grade and moved over two rows of seats and sat down in another one.

The thing was: I'm in the first grade, and we're doing first grade work, but this year is picking up some second grade and some third grade. By the time you get in the second grade, you're getting the same thing the other second graders did, but you knew some of it. It was the same way in the third grade. Then you started all over because then you went into the fourth grade.

I loved Pete Mickelson. He was a fabulous teacher. Of course back then, it was the three R's: Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic. They used to have those big cards and give you a piece of paper and say, "Okay, here we go." They would flip the card up. Whether it was addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division, you had about five seconds to write it down. We also had English and reading.

The first time I ever heard "The Christmas Carol". Pete Mickelson started to read that to us. He'd read to us an hour a day. By the time Christmas came up, we had read the whole book. He was fabulous.

I told my little granddaughter. I said, "I'm going to get some paper and start teaching you how to write like Grandpa did. Everybody tells me the same thing, "You've got the most beautiful hand--the way you sign your name." Well, I used to sit in class, having a piece of paper there and my pencil. The paper had lines on it. Some of the lines were close together, and some of the lines were wide apart. That was for capitals and small case letters.

They'd say, "Okay, small case 'o'." If you started to move your fingers, you got your knuckles whacked real good with a ruler. Your arm moved. You would write with your arm—not with your fingers. "Okay, now capitals." You'd fill up that page and turn it over. "Now, straight lines up and down". You didn't just scribble them in. They had to be a certain thing apart, you know. You just didn't go up and down and just scribble them in.

Yeah, I am a good penman. In fact, I can print almost as fast as I can write. That's from the military—because you print so much stuff in there. When you're making out forms, you print everything.

Yeah, that was quite a school. I can't remember the name of our cook. What it was, when you brought a lunch, then you also brought a cup or a bowl. She always had something hot for you. It might be chili. She was the first one that made corn chowder, and I love corn anyhow. Boy, I'd go back to get seconds for her corn chowder. There was always something, soup or beans. It might be chili, it might be navy beans. It might be corn chowder, but it was always something nice and hot, and you'd have something nice and hot to eat with your sandwich.

The school is still set out the same. You'd walk in the front door from 70<sup>th</sup> South. The room on this side had a storage room, and it had desks and everything in it. The room on this side was the fourth, fifth, and sixth grade. The room on the other side was the first, second, and third grade. The room on this side was the lunch room, and, of course, the auditorium was in the back. I think part of that storage room was Pete's office. That's the way we learned.

I felt so sorry for a friend of mine. He was a southpaw. The teachers made everybody turn their papers the same way. Lefthanders can't write that way. If you see somebody writing with the left hand, and so they can write on there, then they turn their arm and write. Nowadays, they turn their paper over, and they write like crazy—it doesn't matter which way it is. That was back in the good ole days.

We used to talk of Butler Hill where the church is now. The roads were never dry. There was very, very seldom that there wasn't snow on the road. We'd go



out for recess, and one of our favorite things to do was to bring our big, flexible Flyer sleds. What we would do is belly flop. One of the guys would jump on it. As he came by, another one would jump on him and hang onto the side. We came down off that hill so fast, watching out for traffic, which wasn't that much.

We would go clear down to where that cleaning store is. We would almost go down to where the car was is. Then we'd turn around and take turns pulling the sled back up.

Pete Mickelson, bless his heart was a real character. He had a great big bell. You could hear it clear across the valley. He'd wait until we got just to the bottom of Butler hill. Ding...ding. ding, ding. Then he would ring the bell. All the kids up at the school would all run in there, and we'd run up there. You'd come in there with your tongue hanging out clear past your chin and you'd, hang up your clothes. You'd come in just as quiet as you can and go sit down at your desk. All Pete would do was look up and say, "Have a good ride?" We'd go back to studying. We would go outside and play football. Pete was the quarterback.

We had a dumb maypole. We used to go outside and practice, and practice, and practice. We would go down to Union Junior High School onto their big field and have contests. Boy, we thought we had it absolutely perfect. About six inches down there was a cross there with the wrong color. "Oh no..Oh no." It was very, very seldom that we ever got a maypole right. I hated that.

#### My horse, "Sparky"

There was a pasture between one of the fields and the big orchard over on the south side. We had three horses over there at one time. I never rode with a saddle. I always rode bareback. "You rode bareback?" I said, "Yeah, you get used to it after awhile." "Well, did you have a bridle?" "Nope, just had a piece of rope." It was usually about three-quarter inch piece of cotton rope. It was cotton not hair.

I'd go out there, and there was always a knot at the end of the rope. I'd throw that around old Sparky's neck, and I'd tie a knot in it and pull it down. I'd put the knot through the thing and pull it up tight. I'd go down there, and I'd say, "Are you going to be good to me today, or do you want it in your mouth?" He just kind of looked at me. Then I'd say, "Okay." I'd throw a half-hitch over his nose, grab a hole of his mane, jump up on him, and away we'd go. That's the way we rode ninety per cent of the time.

Dad was a member of the Ute Rangers. It was the Salt Lake County Sheriff's posse—mounted posse. There were thirty-six of them in there. I remember I got the horse. He was mine. Lindy Ozanson's dad had him up there, and they weren't using him much. I went down to see Mr. Ozanson, and I said, "Could I

buy one of your horses?" He said, "Which one?" I said, "I sure do like that big black one." "Oh," he said, "That's old Sparky. He's quite an animal. He's mellow, and he loves people to ride him—with the saddle or without—it doesn't matter." I said, "How much would I have to pay you for him?" He said, "Well, I'll tell you what. How about forty dollars and I'll throw in the saddle?"

I got him, and I brought him home. Dad said, "Well, what did you pay for him?" I said, "Forty dollars with the saddle." He said, "Well, at least, you're a good horse trader." He said, "How does he ride?" I said, "It's just like being in an old stuffed rocking chair, dad." He said, "He's that good?" I said, "Oh, boy, he really is. I get on him real easy." He said, "How's that?" I said "Come and watch."

They taught him how to spread. I reached down with my toe and just touch him on the fetlock and say, "Spread, Sparky, spread." The horse would spread out about three times with his front feet. The back feet are still in the same place, but the front of him is now lower. I grabbed a handful of reins, and I'd jump up there. Then all I do is touch his reins, and he comes back up.

My dad checked, and he told me why he looked like he did. He looked like a stallion—a big bull neck. Under saddle, he would do that. You'd get it on him, and he would look like he was a stupid old horse. When you would get up on him and put your feet in the stirrups, take a hold of the reins, and pull on them, that head would come back up.

We started checking on him, I said, "Why does he look like he does?" I said, "Dad, he looks like a stallion." Then he said, "Son, he's what they call a 'cutting proud.'" "Okay, just what does that mean?" He said, "Well, he just had a vasectomy. He wasn't castrated." I said, "Oh." Then dad said, "He can't make another horse, but he's still got all the stallion in him." He sure had it.

Dad got into the Ute Rangers. We were working on getting him a trailer. I used to ride Sparky down to Vern Anderson's place. Vern had a big two-horse trailer, and they'd go from there.

I remember one day I rode Sparky down Creek Road, and then went over to Sandy on 1300 East. That's just the way we rode. You'd sit up in that saddle. You hardly bounced because Sparky didn't bounce up and down.

I was going along, and this pickup truck came by with some guys in it. The fellow said, "Will you stop? I want to talk to you for a minute." I said, "Sure." I pulled up Sparky, and I said, "Take it easy, boy." He would just stand there and flip his tail. The fellow said, "Have you got him out for stud?" I said, "No, we can't do that." The guy driving the truck said, "Oh, no. He's not castrated, is he?" "No, they just cut him proud. That's why he looks the way he does." He said, "I'd pay a hundred bucks if that was a stallion to get that mare of mine." Then I said, "Okay. Sorry."



I never wore spurs in the first place. I never had to kick him. All I would do is just put my heels in against him. I'd say, "Okay, Spark." The head would come up, and away we'd go.

When Dad was in the Ute Rangers, that's the pace they had all the time. Some of the guys always told dad, "Oh, I wish that horse of mine would ride like yours." He said, "Oh, yeah. He's a nice riding horse."

Sparky was in there until the Ute Rangers disbanded. Dad had two horses. He had Sparky, and he had Tony. Both of them are real similar. It was something to watch them. They would go to rodeos and that kind of western stuff all over the country. They had beautiful uniforms. They had a kind of gray-white pants and a real fancy shirt. Then everybody had white hats.

I used to get a kick out of my mother. She would go with him, and she'd take that hat out of the hat box, reach in and get a cloth out of there. Inside with the hat was a chalk ball. She would take this cloth; rub it on that chalk ball. Dad's hat used to just glow. It was always white.

They'd used to paint their horses' hoofs. They had leggings on them, the red and white leggings to match. Their blankets were all trimmed. Like my mother said, "I used to spend more for shoe polish than anything else. We'd go over there, and those horses would stand just perfectly still. You'd get a bottle of shoe polish and paint them black. If their hoofs had a little bit of white in them, you had to put just a little bit more on it.

Sparky was black. Tony was black, but he had four socks and a blaze. He had a blaze down his face. The hooves were kind of white. Dad used to get a bottle of black shoe dye and put on his hooves because he didn't want him running around being white. Up on that farm we had—it was marvelous.

My sister was a real horsewoman. She got her own horse, and she went around with dad when the Ute Rangers would go. She did the barrels and triage. That horse of hers was great. Triage is when you have to train your horse to be a trotter. A trotter moves both legs forward on the same side at the same time. She taught her horse how to do that, and she won prizes with it. That horse was beautiful. She was good with the barrels. She was a horsewoman and a half.