

SAM'S MUSINGS AND MUTTERINGS

FORWARD

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FORWARD

If someone would ask me why I thought it necessary that I write this "yarn" I am not at all sure what I would say. It really isn't a great story that just has to be told. There is the very real possibility that no one will read the darn thing but at least I will give them the opportunity.

I have known for years that my children did not know what I did in my profession. They knew what my title was and where I had an office but they had no idea what I was paid to do. When I was growing up, I knew exactly what my Dad did for a living. I worked with him and knew intimately just what he faced each day and where our money came from on which we lived. I think it makes a difference in attitude on the part of children when they know and appreciate the efforts of parents.

My children lived in an all together different environment than the one I grew up in and maybe they will be interested in reading something about mine. At any rate, I will give them a chance.

Now when I started this thing I never intended to cover the water front. I had no intention of including all the aspects of our family life. As I thought about doing this, I hoped to include only some of the incidents that I experienced as I went along and most of the best remembered aspects of my jobs. There is no intent to leave any one out or include anyone in for any reason except as they bear upon my job or as they are involved in some episode that I am trying to describe.

It may sound a little selfish but that is the only way I could handle the job. It isn't easy to put all this "stuff" down on paper so if you don't like it-don't read it.

Sherman, Sam, Grampa Waldrip

MY! OH MY! WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE ?

When one sits down to write about his life and to say something about his ancestors, it is very difficult to decide just where to begin the "saga." It is also difficult to know the best way to arrange the "yarn" so it has some chance of being read. Should it be put in chronological order or should it be arranged in a topical way.

This "yarn" will be a mixture of chronological events and topics that are in some way related to each other. None of the material will go back very far since not much is known about our family in early times. If anything was known it has been kept quiet and that was probably a very good idea.

Our family followed very closely the development of this country, that is, they moved from east to west as the country was settled. We know they lived in Kentucky, Arkansas and Texas before John Waldrip and Lola Davis were born in Texas in the 1880s. John was born somewhere east of Dallas in Coleman County and Lola was born in the small town of Divine south of San Antonio. Both came from large families of eight to ten children as was the practice in those days when one had to grow his own help rather than recruit help from the outside.

Apparently the Davis and Waldrip families avoided the large centers of population and as an area became too settled they just picked up and moved farther west so they would have elbow room. They cleared new land, blazed new trails and always moved toward the "Far Blue Mountains." Because of the places they lived, they were continually involved in ranching of some kind. They raised cattle or goats or sheep and always had horses for transportation.

A WALDRIP STORY - OFTEN REPEATED

Somewhere in west Texas in about 1850 a solitary rider picked his way across the plains. He was particularly alert since this was Indian country and he was alone returning from a visit to the settlement nearest his newly established cattle ranch. Prominent on each hip of the rider was a 44 caliber Cap and Ball pistol carried in leather holsters. Tied behind his saddle were two extra cylinders loaded with six shots each. This equipment represented a new development by the Colt Arms Co. The guns were replacing the old muzzle loaders of an earlier time. Muzzle loaders had served faithfully but the time required for reloading could be fatal for a single individual.

The Indians were fully aware of the time element required in reloading after that single shot and would mount a deadly charge immediately after drawing the one shot the muzzle loader had in its barrel. However, the single rider on this special day in 1850 was a new and different proposition for the Indians. He had two pistols loaded with six shots each and he also had two more cylinders loaded with six shots each that could be put into the pistols in seconds if he needed them. Thus he had twenty four shots available for almost continuous firing.

As the rider continued toward his distant ranch, he was almost certain that Indians would see him and attack because he was alone. He knew his guess was accurate when he saw a band of Indians hiding in a clump of trees awaiting his arrival. He suddenly raced his horse in to the head of a small canyon where the animal would be protected and where the rider could take cover and defend himself.

The Indians sensed an easy victim. All they needed to do was to draw that first shot and then mount a fast charge overwhelming the lone man before he could reload. Little did they know that this victim had the fire power of twenty four men. Had they known they might never have tackled him.

The defender waited patiently for the Indians to play the old game of exposing themselves enough to draw that first shot. He hoped to make that first shot a good one thus reducing the odds against him which were about twelve to one as nearly as he could tell.

The Indians took turns jumping up briefly to make a target but not long enough to be hit. The lone white man took his time, patiently waiting for a good chance to make an effective shot. Finally one brave Indian stood up too long and was hit in the shoulder by a heavy lead slug. Immediately the other Indians charged the lone white man in the ditch. You can imagine the surprise they experienced when the "easy victim" stood up and began firing one shot after another into their midst. The battle was too much for the Indians who withdrew to lick their wounds and probably to marvel at the white man who could fire his guns so many times without reloading.

The lone rider continued unmolested to his ranch where his wife was relieved to see him safe and sound. The ranch house was a regular fortress with its thick adobe walls. It was well equipped with port holes and the sod roof kept the occupants safe from fire.

A few months after the "Surprised Indian" incident, the rancher found it necessary to go to the distant settlement again to pick up a load of lumber. He would take a heavy wagon pulled by a team of mules and he expected to be away about three weeks. Before departing on the trip he gave his wife one of the cap and ball pistols which had saved his life earlier.

The wife was accustomed to being alone from time to time but this time she was uneasy about it. She had trouble settling down to do the chores that needed constant attention. Sometime after dark she heard a noise near the corrals and realized that Indians were after the horses. Taking the cap and ball pistol she began watching through port holes expecting an assault on the house. In trying to peer through one port hole she realized that an Indian was trying to look in from the outside. She instantly raised the pistol and fired through the port hole. There was no further activity during the night and at daylight she discovered that some of the horses had been stolen and that there were splotches of blood around the port hole through which she had fired on the previous evening.

Not a great deal of detail is available concerning this woman. We know that she had children and that they survived a number of Indian raids. As for her husband, it is known that he reached the settlement and started back to the ranch with his load of lumber. He never reached the ranch and no trace of him was ever found. He, the mules, wagon, lumber and camping gear completely disappeared. Apparently the Indians had found a way to prevail over the new cap and ball weapon which was so devastating in its early use.

NEW MEXICO TERRITORY

John Waldrip was in Roswell, New Mexico at a time when the town had seven saloons and one general store. He herded sheep near Santa Rosa during the time of Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County War. He was always convinced that he found the Carlsbad Caverns before Jim White did. He was herding sheep in the area west of Carlsbad and observed clouds of bats coming out of an opening in a hill. He and another herder went into the hole a short distance where they came to a vertical drop off. They brought a dead dry sotol to the edge of the drop, set it on fire and pushed it over the edge. John said it just fell and fell until it finally went out of sight. His description of the cave appears to be that of the walk-in entrance used by visitors today. Who knows?

In those days everyone had to work in order to feed the large families. As a consequence, it was common practice for boys between eight and twelve years of age to herd sheep in very remote areas. John was camped with some other boys when they decided to put up a swing. They put it under a large tree and suspended a rope from a limb which was almost over their campfire. The sheep were bedded down and the boys were taking turns swinging when someone shot into the campfire scattering coals and ashes all around. The boys ran away and hid in the nearby bushes while trying to locate the assailant. Finally they figured it out. Since their swing was almost over their fire and they were going as high as they could, they were upside down over the fire. Each boy had a supply of cartridges in his pockets and in the inverted position over the fire some of those cartridges dropped into the fire and exploded. No Indians after all the fuss! Shucks!

GOLD ON THE PECOS

George Waldrip, John's father, had what was called "wandering feet." In other words, he did not hesitate to leave the family to shift for itself while he pursued other interests. When the family was living near Roswell, George decided to do some prospecting for gold in the Pecos River between Santa Fe and Las Vegas. He apparently went up the Pecos some distance and hit some signs of gold along the bank of the river. The digging was difficult and the winter was cold so after working for a few months he decided he had enough dust to justify the time he had put in so he got ready to depart. However, he could not find his horse which had wandered away during the winter.

Not to be discouraged, George went to the camp of another prospector and made a deal with him. He would trade his claim for the man's horse which was a large roan and would probably fill the bill. At any rate the deal was made and George departed on his way home. A few miles down the river the roan horse balked and refused to go another step. After beating and much coaxing George gave up. He was very angry and frustrated so he led the horse back to the prospectors camp where he gave him back to the man. This did not seem to be fair so George beat the man up and then gave him both the horse and the claim.

This tale should have ended there but it doesn't. The mine that George traded for the horse that he didn't get, finally produced millions of dollars in gold and at one time its overhead tram way was the longest one of its kind in the whole world. George Waldrip almost struck it rich but his impatience prevented him from it.

TRUE?

The incidents described here are treasured family stories handed down in the Waldrip family. The "Lone Rider" was the grandfather of John Waldrip and the cap-and-ball pistol given to the wife became a part of the house-hold treasures in John Waldrip's home as long as he lived. That pistol belonged to Grandfather Rhodes whose disappearance was never solved but the authenticity of the disappearance and the Indian attack was never questioned in our household. Many times we examined the old pistol and speculated about the surprise of the Indians when Gramp Rhodes stood up and cut loose on them. This pistol is now in the home of Melvin Waldrip in Phoenix. Melvin is the son of Floyd Waldrip and the grand son of John.

As for the accuracy of the Pecos Gold story, there will always be some doubters. We do know that George Waldrip was very reluctant to talk about his experiences that did not turn out to his advantage. The Pecos mine is still active after all these years and there is no other deposit of gold in the area so the yarn probably has some basis in fact.

MOUNTAIN PARK

Just to the east of Alamogordo, New Mexico, a range of mountains rises abruptly from the desert floor. Their peaks reach nearly ten thousand feet altitude and they are covered by thick forest. Back in the early part of this century, a narrow road snaked its way up the canyons and ridges to the little town of Cloudcroft on top of the range. A railroad was also built in the same way to pick up the pine and fir logs and take them to a sawmill in Alamogordo. The railroad was quite unique because it utilized "switch backs" to get up the steep slopes. In some places the train would go forward a short distance and then go in reverse a short distance before going forward again. In this way it climbed a "stairway" up the mountain. A special locomotive called a "Shay" was used to power the train. This engine was specially developed for use on steep mountain grades and was used in many places around the world.

About half way between Alamogordo and Cloudcroft at about the 6,000 foot level is a small village called Mountain Park. That is where John Waldrip and Lola Davis first met. Lola lived on a goat ranch in Box Canyon not far from Mountain Park. John lived in the village and worked as a brakeman on the railroad. I really don't know just how John and Lola got acquainted but they probably met at some social activity such as a "Box Supper" or some other social affair. Both their families lived there at this time. Even John's Grandmother Crum lived in Mountain Park. John also had cousins by the dozen living in the area. John and Lola were married about 1907 and their first child, Floyd, was born in 1909.

John did not intend to make a career of railroading even though the small line was a branch of the Southern Pacific and would have offered opportunities for advancement. It was his plan to own a cattle ranch and to this end he began working. Each payday he purchased a cow. The very first one was a Jersey milk cow. This was a very significant acquisition since John hated dairy stock. He always maintained that when a cattle buyer saw a dairy animal on a ranch he would lower his offering price by a large percentage. In spite of this, "Old Jersey" became our first cow and was a real member of our family. None of her offspring were kept for breeding purposes so she did not "contaminate" the herd.

On his days off from railroading, John worked at clearing land. There were large pine stumps left in some fields and orchards and these needed to be taken out. John had a team of horses and a stump puller consisting of a heavy cable with a drum and wooden beam. The drum would be anchored down, the cable wrapped around a stump and the horses simply went around the drum pulling the beam and winding the cable to pull the stump out. While trying to pull an extra large stump one day John was in an accident. He was behind the beam which splintered and a piece of it came back hitting him in the side breaking his wrist, two lower ribs and displacing a kidney.

This was a serious accident and called for some expert medical treatment. In Cloudcroft there was a German doctor who had an

excellent reputation. He had performed a number of difficult surgeries and seemed to be the best bet for treating John. So that is where he was taken. The kidney had to be removed and rib bone splinters picked out of his intestines. The doctor did a wonderful job and John fully recovered although he was always bothered by this accident. The doctor returned to Germany when World War I began and no one ever heard from him again.

With the purchase of a cow each month, John had built up quite a herd and needed a better range to graze them on. He found that range in Wills Canyon on top of the Sacramento Mountains. There was a place consisting of 160 acres with seven running springs and plenty of grazing area around it. It would be necessary to take the cattle to the desert each winter but that did not pose a big problem. So in 1911 the move was made to Wills Canyon to a log house on the ranch of Shelby Davis, father of Lola Davis Waldrip.

Sherman Emil Waldrip was born in that log house on March 11, 1912. It is rather ironic to note that Homer Davis and Sherman Waldrip tore down that old log house in 1930 to use the logs for fire wood. Anyway, we built a new frame house on our ranch about a half mile up the canyon from the Davis spread and lived there until 1920 when we moved, with the cattle, to Arizona.

John not only ran his own cattle but worked for the Circle Cross Cattle Company at the same time. The Circle Cross was owned by Oliver Lee who was a legendary figure in New Mexico at that time. He had called the bluff of Pat Garrett, who killed Billy The Kid, when Garrett ordered Lee to report to Federal authorities in El Paso. Lee told Garrett that he would respond to a summons from legally constituted officials but not from Garrett. Lee made his point stick and reported on his own at a later time and was never indicted.

HORSES THAT WERE SPECIAL

I am sure that there are many people who think that all horses look and act alike. Nothing could be further from the truth. Horses are a bit like people in that each one has a different personality and tends to do his job in a distinct way. Some are not the least bit responsive while others respond readily to their riders.

The one horse that stands head and shoulders above all others in my memory was Fox. He was the idol of our family and able to do most anything that was asked of him. Dad bought Fox and Snip, who were half brothers, from a rancher who lived on the Agua Chiquita in the Sacramento Mountains of New Mexico. Fox was about a year old when we got him and Snip was about two. At nearly the same time, Dad bought Maude, a big work mare, and he also bought Tony and Red from Marvin Lane, a horse trader. Tony and Red had unsightly brands on their right hips. Their brands were the owner's name LANE and took up most of the room on their hips. All five of these horses came to Arizona with us when we moved here in 1920. Maude and Snip were work animals. Fox and Tony were saddle horses while Red was used in both roles.

Fox, the star of the bunch, was special because of his intelligence. Dad broke him when he was very young and did not really give him a chance to pick up any bad habits. He showed great promise as a colt when it became obvious that he enjoyed driving cattle and when he quickly understood the purpose of a rope. He also became expert at cutting cattle when a herd was being held. No animal could escape him when he decided to "cut" that animal out of a herd. That understanding carried over to sheep, goats, turkeys, chickens and all groups of animals. Just show Fox the animal you wanted removed from the herd and then sit there and watch him do the job. He was really amazing.

Fox had a few irritating traits that sometimes bothered a rider. For instance he would shy at a black stump and jump sideways when he suddenly saw one. He never did this when Mother or one of the young kids was riding him. He would never make a sudden jump but was most considerate of his rider. He was just broken to ride when Floyd and I rode him to school in Cox Canyon. When we started home at the end of the day we forgot to tighten the cinch and when we leaned over the saddle turned! Off we went! Fox was understandably frightened to have the saddle under his belly so he started running up the road kicking the saddle to pieces as he went. Finally the remains of the saddle came off him and Fox came back down the road to check on the condition of his late riders. Needless to say, his riders were not in the best of shape since the saddle was a new one and we knew that a cowboy who did damage to his equipment by being careless would be held accountable. We were.

Not long after the saddle-turning incident a local character tried to buy Fox from Dad. He offered \$500 which was an unheard of price when you could buy a good horse for \$40 at most. Dad would not sell so the character said he would shoot Dad in the back and take Fox

to Mexico. Dad took him seriously and carried a pistol the rest of his life when he was out on the range.

One could write a book about this horse but there were others who did some interesting things also. One was Chub. Now Chub was a clown. He was owned by Miss Ola and Miss Betty Young whose cattle were managed by Dad. The cowboys hated Chub because he was a pest around camp and because he was so difficult to ride due to his short steps. He probably weighed 1300 pounds but had extremely short legs and so took two steps to the other horse's one. I loved Chub because he was so intelligent and when I went out to the pasture to bring in the horses all the others ran away as soon as they saw me but Chub wouldn't move. He stayed right where I found him and would let me walk right up to him and climb on. Then the show began. He would back his ears, lower his head and begin to buck being very careful not to throw me off. When we had finished his "act" we would go round up the other horses and drive them to the house. Chub had other tricks too. While driving a herd of cattle he would bite the slow ones in the rump to make them move faster. I took advantage of this by getting him to bite the ones I pointed at as we went along. This backfired though when Dad rode up to Mr. Bushman at Dry Lake and leaned over to shake hands with him. Naturally Chub thought Dad was pointing and he was supposed to bite. Mr. Bushman had a sore shoulder for some time.

I want to mention Snip who was mostly unremarkable. He simply did his job in a quiet way and could have been easy to overlook in any group of horses. He was slightly larger than most saddle horses but not as large as his partner, Maude, who died some years before Snip. We had loaned the team to Jack McKenzie for a week and Maude became sick and died. So Snip was all alone and was used with Red and other horses for various tasks. One evening Snip came to the ranch house and stood with his head over the yard gate. When Dad was getting ready to go to bed he saw Snip at the gate so he went out and did a rare thing, he petted him for awhile and Snip turned and walked away. The next morning we found Snip dead out in the pasture. Obviously he had just dropped in to say his last good bye.

Hoggie was a special case. His name came from the shape of his back. Most horses have a sway in their back where the saddle fits. Hoggie had a hump like that of a hog, thus the name "Hoggie." There was another thing that set this horse apart, at various times and places Hoggie would simply go in reverse. That is, he would just start going backward without any obvious reason. We thought he probably had eaten too much loco weed at sometime or other because any animal who ate loco might do many unexpected stunts.

Four of us were riding on a trail one winter and Otto Reasoner was riding Hoggie. The trail led around the edge of a high bank and at one place a large pine tree had fallen across it. We found it necessary to ride very close to a fifty foot drop off in order to get around the fallen tree. Just as Otto on Hoggie cleared the narrow place Hoggie had one of his "reverse" fits and ran backwards right off the bank. Down they went rolling and sliding all the way to the bottom. Luckily Otto did not get trapped under the horse but

took his own way down the drop. It was a miracle that there was no serious injury. Hoggie was a bit skinned up and one stirrup was broken on Otto's saddle. Otherwise there was no damage. When you rode Hoggie you had to be prepared for one of his "reverse" fits at any time and Otto just was not prepared when Hoggie shifted into reverse.

Tony was an ordinary cow horse who did his job somewhat reluctantly but did it well enough to get by. He carried kids to school and herded cattle although he never learned how to handle a rope. That is, he just did not understand how to keep the rope tight after you roped an animal but he tolerated a rope being thrown from his back. Tony was somewhat unreliable with kids. He once ran away with Victor. He just took the bit in his teeth and down the country he went jumping ditches and bushes with Victor hanging on for dear life. He finally jumped a fifteen foot ditch and Dad caught him on the other side. Victor was just not strong enough to hold him and Tony knew it. Tony was a great swimmer but I have no idea how he came by that talent. Later in this paper I will tell how he swam Spring Creek with me during a flood.

Just a word about Mack, a raw boned hammer headed bay, whom we bought from the Rufe Russell family. Mack was probably the worst horse alive at the time. The Russell family was a poor homesteading outfit who lived on Pine Creek about three miles north of our place on the Mesas. We knew they were stealing beef from us but we also knew they had to have something to eat so we were not too vigilant in observing them. They owned Mack and he was about the only thing they did own. One day Dad rode by the Russell's and Rufe told him if he could sell Mack the family would move out of the country. Dad quickly offered him \$40 for Mack and sure enough the Russells moved in the next few days. Dad said he spent \$40 in order to save \$200. We tried to use Mack in various jobs but did not really get any work out of him. He could hardly pull a buggy from the ranch to the school house.

COX CANYON SCHOOL

I have mentioned Wills Canyon a number of times already and now I will point out that Cox Canyon was a main canyon in the Sacramento Mountains of New Mexico. It ran from west to east and Wills Canyon was a branch of Cox. Just below the junction of these two canyons was a barn-like structure which housed the Cox Canyon School. It was a frame building with only one room and on the outside were two "Johns."

The school was the center of community activity and was the site of dances, Christmas parties, box suppers, political rallies and a host of other activities. Pupils came to the school from up and down the canyons and were of all ages. Most were Anglo but there was one Indian family. The teacher was Miss Ivel Davis who just happened to be my aunt. She had graduated from high school and finished a short teacher training course so was qualified to teach all grades from First through Eighth. I still have her first teaching certificate authorizing "Teaching in a Common School."

Floyd had started school at Logwood on the head of Cox Canyon but when I started we changed to Cox Canyon and I really do not know why we made the change. At any rate, we walked down to Grandpa Davis' house and rode to school with the teacher, Miss Davis. Of course if she were ill or other wise indisposed we rode a horse. Our "school bus" was a buggy pulled by a small mule and a roan horse. The horse came to Arizona with us when we moved.

I do not remember many details of that school. It seemed rather easy to learn to read and write and since we already knew and loved the teacher we had little adjustment to make. I do know that I saw my first automobile there. The Bass family had purchased an Overland car and one of them came by the school to give all the kids a ride. I got my ride just in time because the car ran off the road as it left the school and was a total loss.

The center of attention at that time was World war I which was raging in Europe. We were especially interested because two of Mother's brothers, Douglas and Bert Davis, were in the Army and were in Europe. The school put on a program for the community and all the pupils had some part in the program. As a first grader, my part was a "recitation" that required me to get up in front of the crowd and give the following recitation:

"Kaiser Bill went up the hill
to take a peek at France,
Kaiser Bill came down the hill
with bullets in his pants."

Someway I got through the whole thing and got an enthusiastic applause from the audience (which consisted mostly of relatives.)

During the summer of 1919 Dad made a trip to Arizona in an attempt to find a place where we could move and which had a lower altitude and also have range for our cattle. He decided that a

place in Arizona would fill the bill. It was called Pleasant Valley and the post office was Young. So in the fall of 1919 Dad sold the ranch in Wills Canyon and we moved to Cloudcroft. That was the only time I lived in a town until I went to high school in 1928. Although I did not know it at the time, my Mother was pregnant with her fourth child and we could not leave for Arizona until the baby was born.

Floyd and I enrolled in a "City School." My teacher was a Mrs Reddock, highly touted as the "best teacher anywhere." I saw nothing remarkable about her and much preferred Aunt Ivel. We had some trouble with Mexican students and had a few fights but I now know it was not the fault of the Mexicans. They were the first minority group we had ever been exposed to and we hardly knew how to work with them.

I remember we were vaccinated for small pox after we were chased down and forcefully handled. Floyd's vaccination did not take and he was given shots every little while for the rest of his life because he had no smallpox scar on his arm. Imagine being in the Navy and getting vaccinated every time you got new duty. None of them ever took.

All this time, we were waiting to move to Arizona. Finally on January 6, 1920 the baby was born and we would be able to leave as soon as Mother felt that she could travel. I think this is the only time Ruth held up the parade in her whole life. Most of the time she was out front.

A WAGON TRIP

While we were living in Cloudcroft our cattle were on winter range in the desert south of Alamogordo. It was not difficult to get them to a railroad when we got ready to go. Finally we began to get ready in a serious way. Ruth had been born and Mother felt well enough to make the trip. I am sure she considered it to be more than a slight matter but on the surface she was calm and equal to any challenge she had to face. She was anxious to get Dad to a climate recommended by his doctor.

Dad was so enthusiastic about Pleasant Valley that other relatives decided to join our train. They were Dad's sister Effie and her husband John Martin, Mother's brother Bodie Davis and his wife Nellie, Dad's youngest brother Anderson Waldrip and Mother's brother Dalton Davis. We had two wagons and the Martins and Davises had one each. We had six horses; Maude, Snip, Fox, Tony, Red and Roan. Dalton owned Roan.

By February every one was ready. Dad loaded the cattle on the train and began his journey to Globe, the nearest rail head to Pleasant Valley eighty five miles away with the world's roughest roads in between. When Dad arrived in Globe, he had no horse so he went to the owner of a livery stable in an attempt to buy one. The owner said he had an outlaw horse that Dad could have at no charge if he could ride him. Dad had no trouble riding the horse so that is the way we acquired Brownie. Floyd and I rode him to school later and he threw us off only once which was not bad for an "outlaw." Dad herded the cattle out east of Globe in the area near El Capitan while waiting for us to catch up.

Back at Cloudcroft, we loaded the wagons and took off for Arizona. Now I don't remember this trip being a "big deal." It just seemed to be the thing to do. Dad needed to be at a lower altitude so we simply were moving to a place that would help Dad and where there was pasture for our cattle. No problem. I know now that Mom set this idea in our minds to keep us from fretting about the move. We would certainly miss Grandma and Grandpa but we knew we could have a visit once in awhile.

The beginning of the trip is a bit hazy in my memory. Floyd and I would ride in a wagon for awhile and then walk until we were tired then ride again. Mother drove one wagon behind Maude and Snip. Uncle Dalton drove the other behind Red and Roan. Ruth was about one month old, Victor was four years, I was eight and Floyd was eleven. I recall the camp in Oregon Pass just east of Las Cruces. It was freezing weather and the wind was blowing a gale all night. Mother, Ruth, Victor and I slept in the wagon which had a canvas cover. Floyd, Dalton and Anderson slept on the ground under the wagon. Mother and I were up all night trying to stay warm and trying to keep the canvas cover from blowing off. Floyd, Dalton and Anderson slept right through the whole thing. They didn't even know the wind blew.

I remember when we crossed the Gila River near Safford because I had a new cloth hat and it blew off and floated away down the river. In San Carlos, some young Indians tried to drive our horses

away but caused no problem when we challenged them.

After about two weeks on the road we reached El Capitan and joined Dad. We rested there for awhile and Floyd and I enjoyed riding on an ore truck driven by our Uncle Duck Sorrells who was married to Dad's youngest sister Edna. One would think there was a lot of automobile traffic on the roads in those days but there was not. I cannot remember having any problem with cars on the road on that whole trip and we were on major roads at all times.

We and the horses were well rested when we left El Capitan on our way to the "Valley." The cattle were driven along in or near the road as we traveled toward Salt River. I recall the camp at Hicks Wash the first night out from Globe. There was nothing remarkable about it except it just seemed to be a wonderful place to camp over night.

Crossing Salt River and Roosevelt are unforgettable. The river was in flood from rain and melting snow so we waited a few days for it to go down. Finally we decided to cross the cattle at a point above the lake. We had the help of a local rancher named Hoyt Medlar who rode a little mule that could swim like a duck. Floyd, Dalton, Medlar and Dad drove the cattle into the river. Dalton and Floyd were on the upstream side. Dad and Medlar were on the downstream. Dad was riding Fox and somehow he went over a riffle into very deep water. Both horse and rider disappeared under water. It seemed as though they were under for a half hour as we watched from the bank. Finally Fox's head appeared, then the saddle was visible and at long last Dad bobbed up. He had slipped off the saddle and grabbed Fox by the tail in an effort to help him in the deep water. I saw Mom brush a tear off her cheek as Fox and Dad waded out on the other side.

Floyd and Dalton took charge of the cattle and Dad came back to the south side to help us get the wagons across. This involved going downstream some five miles to a ferry boat landing where the teams and Fox were placed aboard a strange craft to be ferried across about three miles of wind swept water. The wind had been blowing all day and there was quite a swell running on the lake. We stayed in the wagons as they were driven aboard. The horses were unhooked and placed beside the wagons. There was some discussion about waiting for the wind to die down but with Floyd and Dalton on the other side we felt that we needed to be over there. The boat was a square contraption made of heavy timbers and was propelled by a Model T engine mounted on the side. The engine was reluctant to start but finally got going. The floor of the boat was covered with water and I remember watching the waves go from one end to the other as we went across.

We finally made it to shore and joined Floyd and Dalton who had driven the cattle down to the north landing. That old ferry boat was a real experience. A few years later Dad and I crossed there with a team and wagon. We got on board, unhooked the team and I was holding them beside the wagon. The team was Red and Roan. Again the engine was difficult to start and by the time the "Captain" got it going we had drifted some distance from the shore. When the engine finally started it back fired with a loud noise and

startled Roan. He took off over the side and almost took me with him. He had on a heavy chain harness and we knew he could not swim with it on. We waited what seemed like a half hour and finally Roan came wading out at the boarding ramp blowing water out of his nose. The heavy chain harness held him down and allowed him to wade out on the bottom. With out it he would have drowned.

Back to the wagon trip. I remember only two more camps on the trip to the Valley. The first one was a point of rock that had vertical cliffs on all sides except one. We drove the cattle out on the point and then camped right in the narrow entrance so we had them fenced in and had a great view of the area to the south. The second camp was just seven miles from the Valley and it was called Seven Mile Saddle. There we broke a wagon wheel. We left the broken down wagon there and returned for it a week later using a wheel from the wagon that made it all the way carrying its own load plus most of the load from the one left behind.

I am going to leave the wagon trip now with a few more notes. You will remember we started the wagon trip with Bodie and Nellie Davis. They turned back to Alamogordo at or near Lordsburg. John and Effie Martin got all the way to Globe and then turned back to Alamogordo. Anderson left us at Globe and went to Winkleman where his father was living at the time. Dalton Davis stayed with us and lived in Pleasant Valley for many years.

YOUNG (PLEASANT VALLEY) ARIZONA

April 17, 1920 was an extremely cold and windy day. It was also the day on which the Waldrip Family and Dalton Davis entered Pleasant Valley or, Young as the U. S. Post Office called it. They were driving one wagon. They had seven head of horses, one hundred head of white face cattle plus the calves born on the trip and four children including a two month old baby.

What kind of a place had they come to? To tell the truth, it was not very imposing.

We had entered the valley through a rocky steep canyon that cuts into the north slope of the Sierra Ancha Mountains. The whole surrounding area was wrapped in drab winter colors and seemed dark and lifeless. We could see a few houses scattered about where smoke was coming from the chimney. There were a few horses and cattle in pastures but no people were in sight. It was rather a lonely feeling to think "this is to be our home."

Pleasant Valley is shaped like a large "L." One leg is formed by M O Creek running from west to east while the other leg is formed by Cherry Creek running from north to south. There are mountains on every side with the Sierra Ancha on the south, Crouch Mesa on the east, Naeglin Rim on the north and a whole series of buttes on the west. In the "lap" of the L are the "mesas", now called Waldrip Mesa, where Dad had selected a homestead. The place was one hundred sixty acres in size and was located four or five miles from the store and post office.

We had an immediate reminder of the Pleasant Valley War because there was a grave only a few hundred yards from the site of our future house. It was the grave of a Navajo sheep herder killed by cattlemen in that war. A few years later Floyd and I attempted to dig the body up because we just knew the man was buried with his gun. We worked hard for awhile but stopped when we uncovered some shirt buttons. The grave marker has since been moved for the convenience of Gila County road builders.

Our first order of business on arriving at the "ranch" was that of providing a house. Dad went to work for Bob Bostrom who had a small sawmill on Cherry Creek about three miles from our place. They cut the trees, hauled them to the mill and sawed them into lumber for our house. Meanwhile, we lived in a one room log cabin on the Greer place near our homestead. The dirt floor in the cabin was no problem for the short time we stayed there. Dad and Dalton built a three room house and we moved in to it before winter came in 1920. Grand Dad Bostrom, an elderly gentleman, built a fire place in the new house and we were able to keep reasonably warm even though the fireplace smoked when the wind blew from the west.

We did have neighbors. Buck Joy and family lived a half mile to the southwest. Rufe Russell and family lived on Pine Creek some two miles north and Sonley Clark lived two miles west of us. All of us were home steaders but the Waldrips were the only ones with a permit to run cattle. Just after we finished moving into the house, Dave and Cora Sparks paid us a visit. They drove up in a surrey with a fringe on top pulled by a span of matched bay horses and

they officially welcomed us to Pleasant Valley. The Sparks had come from Texas in 1913 so had been in Pleasant Valley for some time before we arrived. They invited us to attend church, told us about the school and made us feel a little less isolated in general.

Later we became acquainted with people who had been active participants in the Pleasant Valley War.

The local blacksmith, Henry Blevins, was one of them but neither he nor any of the others were much inclined to talk about the feud. Some others we met were George Wilson, Sam Rose, John Gilland and George Wilson. None of the original leaders of the feud, Grahams and Tewksburys, survived the contest. Zane Gray's book "To The Last Man" had a most appropriate title.

That homestead on the mesa was a "load." I do not know how we survived because there was no reliable source of water. We dug a dirt tank to catch rain water for the cattle and horses. We hauled water from Pine Creek and Cherry Creek for domestic use. Finally we dug a cistern and caught rainwater off the roof of the house but we never had enough to do more than just squeak by. We drilled two wells each three hundred feet deep and when those turned out to be "dry holes" we knew we had to move. After ten tough years we bought a place on Cherry Creek. It was one hundred sixty acres with a large log house, a small log cabin, fences and a well with water in it. The place cost \$2,500 and Dad borrowed \$1,100 from Theo Spurlock to swing the deal. The very next time we sold cattle we repaid Spurlock but we paid no interest on the loan. Our family did not buy things on credit.

Our life on the mesa was not all bad. There was a great view from our house and if you could forget the lack of adequate water it was a pleasant place to live. Our cattle, which were our only source of income, had great grazing both in winter and in summer and we seldom had to feed any of them. We got enough rain to grow corn, cane, clover, maize and a few melons so we could eat quite well. We also grew pink and pinto beans which were a staple food. There were also plenty of deer, elk and wild turkeys in the area and we had an adequate supply of meat.

Each summer cattle buyers came to look at our herd and to buy the increase. It was necessary to keep the herd at about 100 head of mother cows since we were grazing them on National Forest Land and had a permit for one hundred head.

Once our cattle were sold they had to be driven to a shipping point which was most often at Holbrook but occasionally was at Globe or even Phoenix. The actual point of delivery was at the option of the buyer but was agreed on at the time of sale. We always sold our calves when they were "long yearlings," that is they were animals sold in October and which had been born a year before the previous March. They were roughly eighteen months old. There were always a few cows and a bull or two in the sale herd. Cows that did not produce calves because of age or for any other

reason were not kept very long. Bulls were sold periodically to prevent in-breeding.

The distance to the shipping point was eighty to ninety miles and driving a herd that far is no easy task. However, there were corrals spaced one day's drive apart so the herd could be held there over night allowing the cowboys to sleep. Very early in our days in Young, Dad took over the management of the Bar A and the 4 Bar outfit belonging to Miss Ola and Miss Betty Young. They ran about four hundred head so when ours were combined with them there was quite a herd to drive to the railroad.

Preparation for a cattle drive was important and took a great deal of concentration. A cook had to be hired, the chuck wagon greased, work team shod and food and bedding for the crew gathered and packed. The food list always included Teagarden syrup purchased at Frank Bragg's store. There were beans and dried fruit and enough fresh meat for the first two days because meat would not keep without refrigeration more than two days. The fare was mostly beans and dried fruit for the two week trip. The bread of course was dutch oven biscuits and there was Teagarden syrup along with salt pork for breakfast.

A boy was considered mature when he went along on a cattle drive so Floyd and I always wanted to go. School was in session when most drives were held but now and then we were allowed to go along but never at the same time. It was either me or Floyd never both.

The cattle drives went at a very slow pace since the animals would be sold by weight at the railroad we surely did not want to leave a lot of pounds on the trail. They were just grazed along up over the Mogollon Rim, across Canyon Creek and down Black Canyon. From there it was rocky desert all the way to Holbrook. Now and then a herd would make it all the way without a stampede but that was rare. Usually there would be a "run" of some sort every night. The corrals were round in shape so usually the cattle would hit the fence bounce off and just go in a circle until they quieted down. Once in Black Canyon they broke the fence down and scattered all over the area. We spent most of the next day rounding them up but had to drive to the next corral because there were other herds just a day's drive behind us. We also had to repair the corral at Black Canyon for the next herd.

There was pasture for rent at Dry Lake about two days drive out of Holbrook so we usually spent three or four days there letting the cattle gain back any lost weight. As we approached Holbrook we had to cross the Little Colorado River which was full of quick sand. It was a scary experience driving a herd across quick sand which shook like jelly under the weight of the cattle and you had to keep them moving to prevent them from sinking into the sand and getting bogged down. Even crossing the railroad was a problem if a train happened along. The engineers loved to blow live steam in the faces of the cattle just to see them run. It was not a joke for the men who were trying to get the cattle to the stock pens on the other side of the track.

Thousands of cattle were shipped from Holbrook each season and

the yards were very busy. Something was always preventing a quick clean access to the pens. Either there were too many cattle or not enough cars or something else would go wrong. When your turn came the cattle were put in the stock pens, then were herded a few at a time through the crowding pens and up a ramp into the cars. It was slow, hard dirty work and when finished everyone was exhausted. When the last animal was loaded, the buyer handed the Boss a check and then it was up to him to take the crew to a steak dinner at the White Cafe in up town Holbrook. I remember very well when were charged one dollar for a steak dinner. Dad thought the price was much too high and told the management so in no uncertain terms. The dinner of course included vegetables, mashed potatoes, bread, pie and coffee as well as a big steak.

The cattle were shipped to the mid-west or to Imperial Valley in California where they were fattened for market. Sometimes a cowboy was hired by the buyer to accompany the cattle on the train. I remember a guy by the name of Troy Speers who went to California with a load of Bar X cattle. Troy's romantic appearance caught the eye of some movie mogul from Hollywood and Troy played some small roles in a few western movies. He came back to the Bar X some time later married to a beautiful Hollywood starlet. They came in her Packard. She lasted almost two weeks at the Bar X and returned to California. Troy had let one get away but he continued to work at the Bar X.

SCHOOL AND BROTHERS

I had started school at Cox Canyon in New Mexico and was in the third grade when we moved to Arizona. I found the school in Young to be much like the one in Cox Canyon except Young had at least two teachers and many more students. Our first school building there was an old dance hall- at least it was on Saturday night. There was one large room and when school was in session there was a teacher at each end of the room. Some of the pupils were eighteen and nineteen years old but had never learned to read so were forced by their parents to attend. I don't know how well they did academically but I know they were embarrassed to be with all the younger pupils.

Our next school building was an old store which had been converted to class rooms. That held the largest number of pupils I saw in my days in Young. There were four teachers and all of them were excellent instructors comparing favorably with teachers anywhere. I have often noted that the pupils in Young were socially divided by their means of getting to school. The most affluent rode horses. The less affluent rode donkeys and the "poor" kids walked. This was only partially true since the reason we rode horses was that it was too far to school for us to walk and we did not have any donkeys. However, when Ruth began to attend school we were forced to drive a buggy. Also during a few years we had transportation furnished by the School District. It was called a "School Conveyance" and consisted of an old stage coach driven by Claude Delbridge. That was good transportation but did not last long. Delbridge was replaced by Rufe Russell who hauled us in an iron tired wagon pulled by a pair of skinny horses. This was poor transportation and we were the butt of many jokes from our fellow pupils who called us "Hindus." That name caught on and there were many people who called Pleasant Valley "Hindu."

In my opinion, the quality of the school in Young was about what you wanted to make of it. For example, Floyd rebelled and refused to do any studying. He was a very quick learner and was not content to plod along patiently while some of the slower students learned their lessons. Victor had a different problem. He was a natural lefty and when he was trying to learn to write the teacher insisted that he use his right hand. As a result he did not write successfully and he hated the very thought of school. I had a more pleasant experience than either Floyd or Victor. I attempted to do what the teachers asked me to and found that they were pleased and were complimentary of my efforts. I think that attitude made all the difference. I enjoyed my school experience while my brothers hated theirs. I continued to stay in school while they got out as soon as possible.

I was fortunate in that I was able to work each summer after I got old enough to hold a job. The "Old Maids," Ola and Betty Young, kept a place open for me each year and I also worked for Orville Hazelwood who owned the ZT cattle ranch. The only thing I knew how to do was ranch work and fortunately that was what was available. Many of my friends joined the Civilian Conservation

Corps, the C.C.C. but I wanted to be free to return to school each fall. Mr. Pinson, the local Forest Ranger, advised me in this matter and I have always been grateful for his advice. I earned about the same wage as the CCC boys, thirty dollars a month but I was free to come and go as I desired. My duties were many and varied. I did everything from doctoring screw worms to hoeing gardens to repairing fences. I also did regular cowboy work, herding, branding, marking, de-horning and castrating calves. When September came I was right back in school where I thought I belonged.

Floyd did ranch work very reluctantly. He just did not like it but there was no other employment available in Young. Dad sent him to high school in Globe. He stayed in the home of the Rice family and he and the Rice boys played hookey every school day so he failed all his subjects. Dad ordered him home where he stayed for a short time and then joined the Navy. This was in 1923 when there was a "Peace Time" Navy so it was very difficult to get promoted to a higher rating. However, he was a genius on anything mechanical and during his four-year hitch he worked up to Machinist Mate First Class and became very proficient on lathes and boring mills. At the same time he learned a great deal of mathematics. Most of his time was spent on the Navy repair ship, Medusa where the motto was, "we repair anything from a watch to a battle ship."

The Navy experience was really the only education Floyd received but that was enough to allow him to go as high as Assistant Plant Manager at Air Research during his working career.

Victor did ranch work very successfully and also did well in the cavalry during World War II where he became Master Sergeant. He served with the Mars Task Force in India and Burma. This Force was dropped by glider behind the Japanese lines in India and survived for eighteen months supplied only by air. His outfit was responsible for re-taking the Burma Road. Vic's handwriting improved but he never felt confident in any academic area. He spent some years at Air Research in Phoenix and was known as a very valuable employee.

MONTEZUMA

During the 1920s the school at Young continued to grow until we had six teachers. I was able to finish the first two years of high school there and was then faced with the problem of completing high school. Our parents were disappointed in Floyd's performance so they decided to try something different with me. They thought a boarding school might be a better answer than farming me out to a family in Globe. They talked with Rev. Bussell who was a bright very well educated man and was minister of the local Baptist Church. He recommended sending me to Montezuma, a Baptist high school and college in Montezuma, New Mexico. I remember the day Dad talked to me about leaving home to continue school. He was very direct saying, "Sherman, you have gone as far as you can go here in the Valley so we will need to decide where you go from here? What do you plan to do?" I said, "Dad, I want to go on to school. I do not know just yet what I will do but I do not see anything in this Valley that I would like to do for the rest of my life." Dad then told me that he and Mom had talked with Rev. Bussell and that Bussell had recommended a boarding school called Montezuma near Las Vegas, New Mexico. That hit me exactly where I wanted to be hit and I told the folks that I would do my best to make good there.

Now I am sure that many people would not consider Las Vegas New Mexico to be a great place to "escape" to. For me it was like the gates of paradise had just opened and I was ready to step inside. I was fresh from the "sticks." I had never seen a properly set table. I had never tasted ice tea or hot dogs. I was just in from the country riding on a load of pumpkins and had a million things to learn about the rest of the world. I did have one thing going for me. I was ready and willing to make the best of any situation.

It was decided that I would go alone on the train from Holbrook to Las Vegas. After all, I was sixteen years old and could ride a horse or brand a calf so I should be able to ride a train overnight to Las Vegas. It was necessary to get a few clothes and we relied on Sears Roebuck for those, placing an order for a suit, shirts, trousers and shoes. As I remember the order totaled about fifty dollars including shipping charges.

Around the first of September 1928 we started to Holbrook in Uncle Dalton's Model T Ford. That car had a Ruxtell Axle so it would throttle down enough to climb slowly over the large rocks in the unimproved road. The first day we made it to Heber which was forty seven miles from Young. We spent the night in the Heber School house and drove on to Holbrook the next morning. On checking schedules we found that I could catch a train at nine o'clock that evening. Dad and Mom would not think of leaving me alone to catch that train at nine that evening. We all sat around the depot and waited. You might suppose Dad, Mom, Ruth and Victor would stay at a motel after I left but there were no motels in those days. They simply drove out of town to a convenient spot, rolled out their bed rolls and slept. It was much less expensive to travel in those days but it was not very convenient.

I was so excited and thrilled by all that was happening that I couldn't sleep on the train. Besides I was afraid they would forget to wake me and would take me right past Las Vegas while I slept. When we finally arrived, I saw a busy thriving city that appeared to be very large to me. All the trains were powered by coal then and Las Vegas was a Division Point on the Santa Fe Railroad which meant that crews were changed, cars were cleaned and new linen was put on board. Today Las Vegas is barely worth a short whistle from passing trains.

Montezuma had a bus to transport students to the campus from Las Vegas since it was five or six miles out. I was the only passenger on the day I arrived so I got the full attention of Charlie Wood the driver. We headed into the foothills west of Las Vegas and gradually climbed into the pine trees. At last I could see an enormous sandstone building on top of a hill beside the Gallinas River. The building had towers and turrets and a beautiful slate roof. We approached it up a winding road and stopped at the main entrance. There Dr. Barrick, the President of Montezuma, came out to welcome me to the school which was an elementary, high school and college all combined under one roof. I had just arrived in Paradise and I never got over that feeling.

The original building was constructed in the 1880s by the Santa Fe Railroad and Fred Harvey. It was made of red sandstone and was four or five stories high. It was a very ornate hotel to start with. The lobby was lined with golden oak and the furniture was covered with brown leather. There was a huge fire place in the lobby and very heavy plate glass mirrors were placed in the walls in such way as to reflect the fire light. Guest rooms were large and had wonderful Parquet floors. It was a great setting for a boarding school. Only a complete idiot could fail to appreciate the beauty of Montezuma. After seventy years I am still thrilled by the memories of that place and by the people who ran it.

I am not going to write a blow by blow account of my days at Montezuma because my high school experiences were about like those of all other students. I took History and English and all the other "medicine" with more or less success. I played football, basketball and base ball with some average success. It was a great experience to play football in Plainview, Texas in one of the first night games ever played in this country. This was in 1930. Our team stayed in one of the first Hilton Hotels during the Cotton Carnival celebration in Plainview. As you know the Hilton Hotel chain expanded from its meager start in west Texas.

It was also a great experience to play in the New Mexico State Basketball Tournament in Santa Fe even though we were eliminated after one or two games. Santa Fe was a small Mexican town in those days with narrow winding streets and very colorful residents. The greatest traffic hazard was a donkey loaded with fire wood and there were many of them.

It is my opinion that the success of my school experience at Montezuma was due to my association with the faculty and students there. They were a wonderfully inspiring group of people who took time to give a hand to a very green and ignorant boy.

I graduated from high school in 1930 and attended one quarter of college when the Great Depression hit and the school closed. I understand it opened again in 1936 but that did not last long. It was purchased by the Catholic Church and used to train priests from Mexico during a time when the Mexican government was trying to lessen the influence of the Catholic Church there. Today there is an International Academy which provides schooling for high school pupils from fifty different nations around the world. Armand Hammer donated nine million dollars to this institution and Prince Charles of England is on the Board of Directors. However, the "Old Victorian Castle" has been condemned due to structural deficiencies and is standing vacant awaiting its fate. It will be either torn down or rebuilt but it has served its purpose and will always be revered by those of us who lived in it.

When Montezuma closed in December 1930 I had no place to go. I could not go home because the road over the Mogollon Rim was not open in winter. Since there were students from Alamogordo in school with me, I caught a ride with them to Alamogordo and from there to Cloudcroft to my grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shelby Davis. They were still busy moving cattle from summer range down to the "flats" to winter range so I went to work with them and with Uncle Bodie, working cattle. When we finished with the cattle I bought a ticket on the Southern Pacific to Globe and hoped my parents could get out there to pick me up. Dad did meet me and I was home for Christmas where I played Santa Claus at the community Christmas Party.

There is one incident that I want to mention that occurred during my time at Montezuma. I received a routine letter from my Mother and there was nothing unusual about it except that it had a number of lines that had been erased. Now Mother was a good writer and it was not often that she erased anything in a letter. I managed to hold the page up to a light and read what had been erased. It said, "I bet you will be surprised when you get home and find that you have a new--." Well it did not take a genius to figure out what I had at home. I had a new brother or sister and I was already surprised but I was able to appear surprised when I got home and saw my sister Anne for the first time. She arrived in our family at about the same time I moved out but she was the "pick of the litter." She was a real joy to Mom and Dad in their last years and an inspiration to all of us who enjoyed watching her grow up.

TRAPPING

Earlier in this document I noted the lack of places to get a paying job in Pleasant Valley. The cattle ranchers hired people when they needed help which was mainly in the summer time. So when I came home at Christmas time in 1930 in the dead of winter there was no chance to get a job.

However, there was one thing a person could do to keep busy and to make a little money. That was trapping. Yes, trapping with steel jawed traps. Nearly everyone I knew did a little trapping each winter when the fur was heavy and there was nothing else to do. It required no great skill. You enticed a fox, coyote or raccoon into a trap, killed it and removed the pelt or skin. This was then put on a stretcher composed of two long sticks. The skin was stretched tightly and hung up to dry for a few weeks. It was then taken off and mailed to a fur company, most of which were in St. Louis, Mo. The fur company then mailed you a check. I do not recall exact prices but I think we could get one or two dollars for a fox and three to five dollars for a coyote.

Three of my friends were trapping during the winter of 1930 and they invited me to join them. I was only too glad to accept and brought along a few traps, a horse and a dog. I do not recall how I contributed for the food but I must have helped with the purchase of it. I was able to ride our horse, Tony, on this trip.

We started out in the high country and moved to lower altitude as the snow came. By the end of January we were camped at Blevins Trap on Copper Mountain near the JR Ranch. This was to the north of Roosevelt Lake in the Sierra Ancha Mountains. We had seventy five steel traps out and were averaging seven animals a night. Most of our catch was fox but there was an occasional coyote or a raccoon. Once in awhile we would find a skunk which was almost solid black so we would skin it.

We slept in a small tent and cooked on an open campfire. We turned our horses loose to find whatever food they could and we were glad when they did not stray very far from our camp. Among the horses was Hoggie about whom I have already written. He is the one who sat down off a fifty foot bank and was a victim of loco weed.

The weather was wonderful all through January but early in February it began to rain. We were not terribly uncomfortable since our beds were dry in the tent and we had plenty of fire wood. However, as the rain continued day after day we began to see trouble ahead. We had been out over a month and our food supply was dwindling fast. Venison had been a staple for a long time but the deer were scarce during heavy rain.

One day we were coming back to camp from a trap line and found some fresh deer tracks. Very quickly two of the guys volunteered to trail them and bring in some fresh meat. The other fellow and I continued on to camp where we stretched the new pelts and built a fire in anticipation of having fresh venison for dinner. In a surprisingly short time the two hunters came into camp carrying, not a leg of venison, but two quarters of beef.

Now I don't want to make this story a "True Confession" but we

had just stolen a beef. It seems that the two hunters got quite close to the deer they were trailing when the deer suddenly turned straight off the mountain into the Hole in The Ground which is a huge canyon whose bottom is almost on a level with Roosevelt Lake. Just as the deer disappeared, a white faced yearling jumped up out of the bushes and I suppose you can guess the rest.

The players in this drama were Basil Cox, Nelson Turner, Otto Reasoner and yours truly, Sam Waldrip. I don't know if the yearling was branded. I don't know who shot it. I do know the meat tasted very good when we cooked it.

Meanwhile, it was still raining and we were almost out of everything except meat. We hoped the rain would stop but after nearly two weeks decided we were forced to go out for groceries. This meant a twenty mile ride over soft muddy trails and across flooded streams to Young. We first had to find our horses and that took a half day. Our trail led up over a mountain and down a flooded canyon to Buzzard Roost. The horses were weak from lack of good food and the going was slow in the mud. We finally reached Buzzard Roost, where there was a half shelter, at about ten p.m. Fortunately, there was food for our horses and for us. The next day we had to cross Spring Creek and it was in flood. The water was in the tops of the sycamore trees and was really rolling. We went upstream some two miles where we found a place we could get into the water on our side and a place about a quarter of a mile downstream where we could get out on the other side.

Now I knew Tony could swim and Dad had told me to always let the horse decide if he could make it. "Don't force him." Since Tony was the strongest horse in the group I elected to try it first. When Tony's feet left the solid ground we were swept down stream at a terrifying rate of speed. However, Tony knew his business and our crossing was uneventful. Otto Reasoner was the next to cross and he was riding a very small weak pony who turned his head upstream and began to fight the water. He was quickly turned over backward and down the stream came Otto and the horse. I threw a rope to Otto and pulled him out. The horse finally got out on our side just before going into a box canyon. Both Basil and Nelson made good crossings. We were all cold and wet so we built a fire and warmed up a bit before riding on to Young.

We replenished our food supplies and went back to camp where we stayed until sometime in March. When it came time to break camp we found all the horses except Hoggie. After searching for two days we located him. He was sitting under a large juniper tree and was dead. It seemed rather fitting that Hoggie's last move was his "reverse" one. At least he did not sit off a high bank.

ARIZONA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Arizona State Teachers College, now known as Northern Arizona University, was about the size of an average high school when I registered there in 1931. I do not know the exact size but I will guess it was not over five hundred students. I came on campus with over two years of boarding school under my belt so I was quite sophisticated and when they assigned me to the stone cabins south of the campus I arbitrarily moved to Taylor Hall where I found Ray Cordes without a room mate. I moved in and we became good friends. In fact I became well acquainted with Ray's entire family and spent a number of short vacations as a guest in their home. They had a store and post office on the Black Canyon Road south of Mayer. I found that the main source of income for them was the sale of dynamite to mines in the general area. They also sold hay and grain to ranchers.

On the campus, Ray and I were active in the Hiking Club. This was a group that spent almost every Saturday hiking the trails around Flagstaff. Once a year, in May, we went on the "Long Hike" to Havasupai, Betatakin or Rainbow Bridge. This hike lasted a week and only those who had hiked two hundred miles during the year were eligible to go. We carried food, clothing and blankets on our backs and camped out at our destination. This was routine for some of us but was a unique experience for those from a city. The average number on a "Long Hike" was thirty five.

The Hiking Club, under the guidance of Robert Powers faculty sponsor, and with the approval of the U. S. Forest Service, took over a log cabin near Walnut Canyon. The cabin roof was in good shape and we repaired the walls and floors and constructed a fireplace in one corner of the large main room. A perfect sandstone "A" was built into the face of the chimney above the mantle. The "A" of course, was the symbol for Arizona State. Years later after I retired and moved to Arizona I found the remains of the old cabin and there was the "A" perfectly preserved. With the help of the Alumni Association the "A" was moved intact to the north entrance to the campus now known as Northern Arizona University where the current enrollment is some fifteen thousand.

Back to the campus. Since Arizona State was a teachers college and since Aunt Ivel was so idolized, I never considered doing anything other than teaching. I selected education as my major study with minors in social science, english and mathematics. My only academic problem was with mathematics. I got good grades in algebra the first year but the second year was a disaster. The professor was very impatient with all students and especially with those of us who did not learn quickly. I agonized through the first semester and with some tutoring from fellow students I managed to get a passing grade. The second semester was trigonometry which was a snap but I never came close to understanding algebra.

The math professor became ill a short time later and was sent to a mental institution. I think his problem may have stemmed from trying to teach me.

The 1930s was marked and shaped by the great economic

depression. Because of that depression nearly every student worked either part time or full time. For the first two years I had a "half time" job. That means I worked for half my board and room. The other half had to be paid in cash. The second two years I distributed the campus mail and that was a "full time" job.

The Registrar of the college, Robert Powers, was responsible for mail service on campus so he picked the person he wanted to perform that service. When Mr. Powers picked me a controversy ensued with the Director of Athletics, Dr. Vaughn Wallace, who wanted an athlete to have the job. College President Tormey settled the argument by ruling that the Registrar was responsible for the mail service so was authorized to choose the carrier. Dr. Wallace was very cool toward me but we never had a confrontation. He ran the Teacher Placement Bureau and he waited until I graduated and found a job in the Verde Valley. When I asked that my confidential papers be sent to the school district, Wallace sent those of another graduate and then sent that person out to be interviewed. That person got the job and I was out. It was a bitter disappointment and I transferred my files to the University of Arizona in Tucson where I had a good friend, Dr. Victor Kelley, who was in charge of Teacher Placement there.

By the end of the winter quarter in 1934 it became evident that I would not be able to finish the school year. The price of cattle was at an all time low so there was little help from my parents. My clothing all needed to be replaced and there was no money to do it with. The only answer was to leave school so I packed up and went back to Young.

I immediately had a talk with the local Forest Ranger, Mr. Pinson. He told me that an experimental crew was being formed and that he would attempt to get a place for me on that crew. This was a group of twenty four men who were to build erosion control dams in Tonto National Forest. The structures were experimental and were to be made from material found in the proximity of the sites. Some were of stone. Others were of wire and stone while others were made from tree limbs weighted down by stones. At any rate I was selected as a crew member and reported to camp at Roosevelt Lake where we constructed some two hundred dams on the south side of the lake before moving to Round Valley near Payson. Later we moved to the East Verde River off Highway 87 and finally to Haigler Creek west of Young.

Most of my job was driving a truck although I trimmed trees, placed rock, fought forest fires and even dynamited stumps that were in a road right of way. On the road job I used a double jack, a four pound hammer, to drive steel drills to make holes for dynamite to blast a road base around a mountain side. Our last job was to complete the Chamberlain Trail which had been started by the CCC gangs but never finished. That road is used today as a short cut between Payson and Young. It is crooked and rough but is passable in dry weather with any kind of vehicle.

The Forest Service crew was disbanded in the winter of 1935 in time for me to return to college in Flagstaff. So exactly one year after leaving school I was back refreshed and refueled ready to

finish college.

I was elected President of the Hiking Club for the 1935-36 year and was selected a member of the Chain Gang. This was an honor reserved for "outstanding students" and it was our job to assist and guide underclassmen. We also helped visiting dignitaries and did various chores at athletic events. I still go back to Homecoming Celebrations and visit with today's Chain Gang members.

I was scheduled to graduate in May 1936 but my Advisors had made some bad judgements and I needed a course in English Literature and an Education course in order to graduate. I finally got my A. B Degree in August of 1936. My mother attended the graduation ceremony and was elated that I finally had a degree. I am sure she was disappointed that I had no job but we did not discuss that fact.

U. S. FOREST SERVICE

I want to digress a bit to 1934 when I left college because of the lack of money. I was fortunate to be picked for a job on a special crew which was to build experimental erosion dams in the national forest. The leader of that crew was an elderly man named Parker. He had earlier suggested the site for a dam where Boulder Dam was ultimately constructed on the Colorado River.

The crew was camped at Grapevine Springs near Roosevelt Lake when I joined them. There we built dams of stone and wire called "sausage dams." Since we were digging rocks we found numerous rattlesnakes and Gila Monster lizards. One man was fascinated by the Gila Monster and he captured a very large one which he kept in a cage at camp. As an experiment he caught a large rattlesnake and put it in the same cage with the Gila Monster. The two just ignored each other as nearly as we could tell until one morning the rattlesnake was gone. Apparently the Gila Monster had eaten the snake and seemed very pleased about it. The Gila Monster was released unharmed when we moved camp.

When the weather turned hot in June we moved camp to Round Valley near Payson where we made dams of tree branches and stones. The area was very hilly and we managed to turn our trucks over with great regularity as we delivered rocks or tree branches to the dam sites. We had removed the doors of the trucks so when the truck rolled we simply bailed out on the high side. The other trucks were used to right the overturned one and the work proceeded.

During the middle of the summer a forest fire started in the Matazal Mountains just north of Sunflower and we were ordered to report for duty at the fire. When we arrived in the area we were each assigned about fifty CCC boys and were sent out on the fire lines. We spent most of our time making sure that none of the boys in our crews were trapped in the blaze. My group helped protect a large building at a mercury mine near camp. We went from there to a remote canyon where an elderly couple and their grandson were trapped in an isolated spot. When we got there we found them to be safe but they were very exhausted. The fire had jumped across the canyon during the previous night, right over their cabin. The grandson had kept the roof wet all night by dipping water from a spring and throwing it on the roof. He had saved the cabin and was glad to leave the area with the elderly couple.

At the Matazal fire I discovered that you cannot successfully fight a fire in heavy thick growth. It moves too fast to keep up with and during most any breeze the fire can jump a quarter mile. We timed the pace of that fire at sixty miles per hour on one occasion. You just have to find a break like a deep canyon or a wide road right of way to start a back fire and stop the flames.

We had numerous close calls at this fire and could have lost many men if we had not been extra cautious. In one case we simply carried an exhausted local forest ranger out of danger when the wind suddenly changed direction and the fire raced toward us. As we carried him out into a burned area I looked back to see a solid wall of flame where we had been only seconds before.

We were at this fire for nine days and nights and only succeeded in saving some mining buildings. The fire simply burned everything available to it and then went out. We were glad to get back to our camp on the East Verde River.

Our experimental crew's last job involved finishing the Chamberlain Trail. Our camp was on Haigler Creek and we had managed to get a small caterpillar tractor with a bull dozer attachment. We would drill holes using hammers and tapered steel drills, load the holes with dynamite and blast the "rounds." The bull dozer would then push the loose rocks and dirt over to the low side making a road bed over which trucks could operate. The largest rocks were removed by hand and then the road grader was brought in to finish off the surface. Not a fancy job but one that would serve.

Shortly before Thanksgiving we decided to go hunting for wild turkeys. Frank Pascoe and I hiked down to Ellinwood where there was a cornfield on a ranch. It was a lucky day because the field was full of turkeys. We proceeded to kill three large gobblers and were just starting back to camp when someone came out of the ranch house and came toward us. Frank put the three turkeys on my back and I left in a hurry while Frank went to intercept the man from the ranch house. I had sixty pounds of turkey on my back and I did not want to hang around but I saw Frank holding his gun on the man as I went over the first ridge east of Ellinwood. When Frank finally came into camp he told me that the guy was a game warden and that he was really angry about being restrained at gun point. Of course I knew who the warden was and he would have known me but he had no idea who Frank was. Neither Frank nor I had a license to hunt turkeys.

Frank Pascoe was an ex-rancher who lost his "outfit" when the Great Depression came and he was working as a cooks helper at our camp. His old ranch was the Butcher Hooks in the Superstition Mountains east of Superior.

Many of the men in the camp were ones who had been displaced by the Depression. Denver Tomlinson was an ex-rancher who borrowed money he was unable to repay because the price of cattle was too low. Ersel Anderson was a heavy equipment operator and there was no place for him to work. Earl Stevens and Jim Hansen were miners but the mines were closed so they were just marking time until the general economy improved. The Great Depression left its mark on many of us who lived through it and saw the havoc it wreaked on many common people. We came to believe that a steady job was the most valuable asset that a person could have. We saw hundreds of people who were unable to feed their families, buy decent clothes or find acceptable housing. Medical service was simply not affordable. When Earl Stevens was injured on that road job he was taken to Globe to be checked by a doctor but Earl paid the bill. He was off work two days to see the doctor and then had two days pay deducted from his check. Everyone felt fortunate to have a job so we did not expect any "special" treatment in case of an accident.

When we finished the Chamberlain Trail, Mr. Swift, Supervisor of the Tonto National Forest came up from Phoenix and drove over the trail. We had a short dedication ceremony and then began to

break camp and take equipment back to it's customary location. I was then ready to return to college.

COLLEGE DECREE-NO JOB

In September 1936 I returned to Young carrying my B. A. Degree and anxious to find a job. I really wanted to teach but was willing to do anything that would pay a wage.

After two whole days at home I went to Globe and applied for a job at Standard Stations. (now Chevron) This job would entail servicing automobiles, primarily pumping gasoline. Mean while I needed money for food so I went to the Gila County Courthouse and signed up with WPA. (Works Progress Administration) This was a Federal program created to provide jobs for the unemployed. They had a big project going at Roosevelt Dam and needed immediate help. They would give me a job if I would get to Roosevelt right away. I told them I would get there some way and took the employment notice.

I had seen a guy from Young on the streets in Globe and I knew he had a car so I chased him down. I suppose I twisted his arm a bit but somehow I got him to the WPA Office and got him signed up for work. So, in his car, we took off for Roosevelt. We had no money but we did have a job and enough gasoline to take us to work.

The project at the Dam involved raising the level of the lake by fifteen feet. The contractor was Peters Construction of San Francisco. They were ninety days behind on the project and were being penalized for it. In order to speed up the work each employee was allowed to work two eight hour shifts if he wanted to do so. That was just made to order for me, two jobs in one.

My "Driver" and I arrived at the site and began looking for a place to camp. Just above the dam beside the highway was a wide spot where two young men from Wilcox were camped. They invited us to share the spot with them so we spread out our bed and then went to the General Store at Roosevelt to try to arrange for some groceries. The store was owned by Thad Frazier, a friend of my father's. I explained to Mr. Frazier that we were going to work the next morning but needed to get something to eat that night. He flatly refused to extend credit of any kind so we were forced to return to camp hungry. When we arrived at camp the Wilcox guys were just beginning to eat supper and I just walked over to their fire and said, " Men we are hungry and broke and that dam guy at the store will not let us have anything on a credit. We go to work in the morning and we will pay you back as soon as we get paid." Those boys were only too glad to share with us and I became close friends with them.

The fellow who had driven me to Roosevelt found the work there too difficult for him and he quit after working for two days. I am sure he found the streets of Globe much more to his liking.

My first assignment was pushing a wheel borrow filled with sand up a ramp and dumping it into the hopper of guniting mixer. The sand weighed four hundred twenty seven pounds and I was able to last until noon but I knew I would never last through the afternoon. So after lunch I walked all the way to the other end of the dam and was assigned a job scaling down cliffs. I went over the edge of a cliff using a safety belt tied to a pipe above and I used

a pneumatic hammer to chip all the loose rocks off the cliff face. I became very familiar with the roof of the power house some two hundred feet below me. I learned not to watch when I dropped a chipping tool. The sight just reminded me how high I was and made me dizzy.

On the second shift I helped set the steel plates that sealed the new spillway gates that were to raise the level of the lake. It was back breaking work but it was just wonderful to go from no job to two jobs. I feel compelled to point out that from September 1936 to July 1976, a period of forty years, I was never without a job and occasionally I had at least two. I do not suppose that is a record but it would be virtually impossible to do that today.

The Peters Construction people knew that if Standard Stations offered me a job that I would leave even though they offered me a permanent job. I did not want to make a career of construction work so when Standard Stations offered me a job I left Peters and went to Phoenix to be trained for "pumping gas."

After two weeks of training I was assigned to work at a large station in Tucson. I did vacation relief at both Tucson and Nogales but found that I really did not like service station work so I kept calling the University about a teaching job.

Just before Christmas I got an interview with Mr. Rukin Jelkes regarding a tutoring position in his home which was a large horse ranch in the Rincon Mountains east of Tucson. This was part of the Jelkes family who had made millions through the development of Oleomargarine. They had a nine year old son who was caught between a doting mother and an insensitive father. Since I was sick of pumping gasoline I took the tutoring job. They were to pay \$150 per month plus board, room, laundry and the use of a car. I had barely reached the ranch when they got an emergency telephone call to go to Georgia where Mrs. Jelkes mother was seriously ill. I was to stay at the ranch until they returned after Christmas. The family had hardly driven away from the ranch when I got a call from the University informing me that the Superintendent of Schools from Nogales wanted to interview me for a teaching job. I went for the interview, was offered a job teaching a fifth grade, I accepted and sent my resignation to the Jelkes family in Georgia. I never heard from them again.

THE Z T RANCH

Since school was in session only about nine months each year it was possible to work the other three and that is just what I did. I spent a number of summers working for Orville Hazelwood on the ZT Ranch. Orville came from a large family and I attended school with two of his sisters and one of his brothers. I was well acquainted with his family. Orville did not have a good reputation among other ranchers. After coming to Young from Texas in 1911, Orville and his two brothers homesteaded the PB Ranch on lower Cherry Creek and proceeded to build up a herd of cattle. They did this by finding unbranded animals which were a year or more old and then putting their brand on them. Technically, any cow a year or more old and which was not branded was a "maverick" and was fair game for anyone who wanted to brand her. Reasonably, if you owned only twenty or thirty cows and you branded fifty "mavericks" you were stretching the custom by quite a margin and you were looked on with suspicion by neighboring ranchers. This is what happened to the Hazelwood brothers. They built up a large herd in a very short time by riding with a "long rope and a hot iron."

One time a State Cattle Inspector asked me to keep an eye on Orville Hazelwood and let the inspector know if he did anything that was not on the up and up. I was not about to spy on a man who had given me a job. Furthermore, Orville's actions were open and above board in every way and he was a fine "Boss."

I have always been puzzled by the fact that Orville liked me. He was a big rugged two hundred pounder and was a tough guy to stay with when chasing wild cattle in rough country and he could throw a rope on an animal in impossible spots but could not rope anything in a rodeo roping contest.

Orville bought a horse from an itinerant horse trader one summer and the horse turned out to be an outlaw. On one occasion he was trying to break the horse and was riding him in a large corral. The horse bucked into the fence and fell on top of Orville who then grabbed the horse's head to hold him down I ran in and managed to get Orville's legs out from under the horse. It was then that I discovered that Orville had a dislocated shoulder which I managed to get back in place and with his arm in a sling we continued to work with the horse. He was a tough guy.

Orville had a young sister who was about my age and one summer he left me alone at the ranch and went to see his sister in Phoenix because she was ill. Unfortunately she died and when Orville came back he insisted that I conduct her funeral service at the local church. He had never had anything to do with a church but he knew the local preacher and felt that he was not acceptable. I went to my Dad and we found some appropriate verses of scripture to use. I asked my good friend, Ernest Cline, to join me in a duet and with those and a few personal remarks, that was the ceremony. Orville was most appreciative.

The ZT range ran down Cherry Creek a good day's ride from Pleasant Valley and the PB place was in a wild canyon west of

Cherry Creek. There was a one-room cabin, a store room, corrals and a horse pasture. There was also a nice spring which supplied drinking water. I usually came home from school after the ranch work began and would pick up my string of horses at the ZT Ranch in the Valley and join the crew at the PBs. Orville always left my horses at the home ranch and I would ride one, pack one and lead the others to the PBs.

The crew I joined was always a real mixture of people. One year we had Ky Wilhoit from Texas but most recently from Hollywood where he had played parts in some western movies. Ky loved to sing and kept the outfit entertained with his many interesting songs. In the 1970s Ky had some land in Glendale, California and was furnishing cattle, horses, mules and buffalo to the movie studios for use in filming movies.

We also had Jack County, all five feet of him. Jack was an orphan. He had been born in Texas and was found in a basket on the front steps of the court house in Jack County Texas which accounts for his name. Under the circumstances, he was a ward of the county and they gave him his unusual name. Besides being so short Jack had a very prominent nose which was always getting broken and was therefore very crooked. He could not sing but he could ride, rope and tell great stories. He was flanking calves one day in a rocky canyon and managed to let a big calf break his nose again. It did not phase him. He just kept on working.

Another crew member was Jesse Ellison who was a genuine cowboy and the most reckless rider I ever saw. Jesse was married to the sister of George Hunt, the first governor of Arizona. Jesse was the son of Colonel Ellison who owned the Q Ranch for many years and about whom there were many stories. Jesse said he left home at the age of eleven because his father was so mean and cruel. He was raised by the Apache Indians. The Lupe Family of Whiteriver considered Jesse to be a member of their family.

When Jesse was working on a ranch he was never given a good horse to ride because he was so reckless he might break one of the horse's legs. It was no different on the ZT. Jesse rode the poorest horses in the outfit. One day we were riding on Squaw Peak Mesa when a bunch of wild cattle jumped out of a thicket. Jesse Ellison immediately took after them. The cattle just dived off the edge of the mesa and Orville yelled, "Let 'em go!" Jesse paid no attention to Orville. He was right on the heels of the cattle as they went over the edge of the mesa. The rest of the crew went to the trail that zig zagged down an extremely steep mountain side. At the bottom was Turkey Creek and when we got there Jesse had all the cattle in the corral and was sitting on his horse in the gate. No mountain was too steep and no cattle too wild for Jesse Ellison.

We had riders from adjoining ranches riding with us because there was always some stray animals mixed in with ours. R. M. Grantham rode with us on many occasions. R M owned the Q Ranch and I remember his plaited rawhide rope particularly well since it was sixty feet long. R M was a "dally man." The rest of us used thirty to forty feet of cotton, nylon or hemp rope and we tied it solidly to the saddle horn. R M would throw his loop and then wrap the

loose end around the saddle horn (dally) to stop the animal he had roped. The rest of us did well to handle thirty feet of rope but R M could use all sixty feet of his.

Another guy who rode with us was Wiley Lacy and he was a most picturesque cowboy. Wiley was about six feet three with broad shoulders and slim hips. He had black curly hair and bright white teeth. Needless to say all the women looked at Wiley at least twice.

Bus Ellison, Jesse's brother, rode with us now and then. Now Bus was as homely as Wiley Lacy was handsome and here in lies a story I heard about the two of them. It seems that Bus and Wiley were working at the Q Ranch for R M Grantham and R M had a pretty young wife about whom he was greatly concerned because he thought something was not right at home. He gave considerable thought to his two hired hands, Wiley and Bus. He finally reached the conclusion that no woman would look twice at Bus Ellison because he was so ugly, so he fired Wiley Lacy. The next day Bus and the wife left together. She got a divorce from R M and married Bus. Certainly in this case R M's judgement was faulty. I have heard Bus joke about stealing calves from R M but I'll bet he did not joke about stealing his wife.

Other crew members at the ZT included Johnny Yeager who was a stubborn Dutch boy about my age. Oscar Reed was from Holbrook and he always took his pay in cattle since he was trying to build up a herd. Si Garlinghouse rode with us a few times and he was expert in handling mules or horses. Orville had a pack mule which had to be blindfolded in order to get a pack on him. Si took this mule in a large corral and put strong hobbles on his front legs. He then tied the front legs to a rope which was anchored to a hitching post in the center of the corral. Si picked up a saddle blanket and ran at the mule which tried to get away. When he hit the end of the rope he did a complete flip, landing on his side. When the mule got up Si ran at him again and he did another flip. After eight or ten times the mule refused to move when Si ran at him. After that experience, when we wanted to pack the mule we just placed a rope around his front legs and he stood stock still and gave no problem at all as we packed him.

Si Garlinghouse was a middle aged man when I knew him in the 1920s and 1930s. He was unable to work effectively in the early 1940s and was living outside Globe. He and Bob Penrod were both in the camp and both were drawing a small monthly check from some State Relief Fund that had begun in the Depression. When the Second World War began in 1941 and nearly all the young men left for the armed services, both Si and Bob went back to work on ranches. They felt this was their contribution to the war effort. When the war was over both men lost his job and the small relief program on which they subsisted had been terminated. I was told that these two veteran cowboys literally starved to death at their old camp site outside of Globe, too proud to ask for help and trying to make it on their own. They were old and crippled and worn out. When they were unable to get proper food they became ill and died. I have always been saddened by the memory of these two men who were so

dynamic in their productive years but were deserted by their friends and neighbors when they became old and helpless. Maybe their fate is typical of those who hang on until the end of an era and have no place to go at the end. Certainly Bob and Si were among the last of the "Real Cowboys."

THE KLONDIKE

The teaching job at Nogales was a pleasure in every way except for the pay which was \$90 a month for nine months. I was planning on getting married and needed to buy clothing, a ring and the first months rent on an apartment. So when the school year ended in May 1938 I began to look for a summer job. A fellow teacher, Pearn Prather, also wanted to work so we went together to Utah where Peters Construction Co., my old Roosevelt Dam outfit, was driving a tunnel into a mountain to bring water to the west side of the Wasatch Mountain Range. We signed up on WPA in Manti County Utah and drove up to the work site which was at the ten thousand foot elevation. There were snow banks all around and the place looked like a disaster area. The tunnel caved in most every day and a number of men had been seriously injured. We boarded a mine train and went into the tunnel about half a mile where we stopped the train and told the operator to take us back outside. We wanted to work very badly but not at that place.

We went on to Salt Lake City where we found the USA Cafe offering meals at very low prices. We could get a hamburger steak, two vegetables, bread, butter, coffee and a piece of pie for fifteen cents. We spent a few days there but could not find work so we drove south to Chloride, Arizona where Pearn's sister lived. We managed to get jobs at the Klondike Mine about 15 miles northwest of Chloride. The mining effort at the Klondike was financed by Sears Roebuck and Co. and all equipment was first class. Pearn was paid \$5 a day as an experienced miner. I was paid \$4 a day as a "Mucker." We each paid \$1 a day for board and room and the food was excellent.

The Klondike Mine had first been worked by the English who took the ore down to the Colorado River six miles away. They floated it down the river to the Gulf of California on barges. Here it was loaded on sailing ships and taken around Cape Horn to Cornwall, England where the gold and silver were finally extracted. The drifts (tunnels) dug by the English were straight and smooth with the tops arched very precisely. Our mining was not precise at all. The drifts wandered around following veins of paying ore as mapped by a "sampler" who furnished chips of rock to an assayer who determined whether the samples were rich enough to pay. We could make a small profit if the ore ran seven dollars a ton in gold and silver. Gold prices were controlled by the Federal Government and were pegged at \$35 per ounce at that time. I do not know what the price of silver was. We hit one pocket where the ore ran \$5,500 per ton but that was rare.

In my opinion, mining is a tough way to earn a living. It is a dirty strenuous activity and is quite dangerous. The day shift goes in and drills holes for dynamite using pneumatic, liners stopers or jack hammers. They work in pairs with the miner in charge and the mucker as helper. The miner knows how to place the holes in order to deepen a shaft, extend a drift or enlarge a stope. He is also expert in loading dynamite and detonators in the drilled holes to break out the ore bearing rock in a desired way.

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The day crew is finished with a shift when they explode the charges in the holes they drilled. The second shift then comes in and mucks out the loose ore and trams it to the ore bin. They then drill new holes, load them with dynamite, explode them and leave the loose ore for the next shift to muck out.

If you are working in a "stope", (an underground room) you work on top of a pile of ore, drilling holes in the "ceiling" and there is no mucking because the ore is taken out below through chutes and the ore pile is lowered just enough to make room for the next crew to come in and drill another round of holes.

I worked in some stopes at the Klondike that were only eighteen inches high and slanted up at a forty five degree angle. We laid there on our stomachs beside a big stoper and let the mud and water run down our collars. The drills pounded away and cut into the rock. Water was forced down a hole in the center of the drill and it washed the cuttings out and it came down into our collars. The noise was deafening and there was always a lot of oily smoke discharged from the drilling machines. It was not a fun job but there were those who would not work at anything else.

There was constant danger from loose rock falling from overhead. There was also danger from explosive charges in broken ore piles where the charge had failed to detonate as planned. I have uncovered many sticks of dynamite in muck piles and the detonating caps were still inserted in the explosives. Fortunately they did not go off when I dug them out but great care had to be exercised.

The crew at the Klondike was quite a mixture. Many were from the East where they had worked in tunnel jobs but could no longer pass the physical examinations required there. They came West to work in small mining operations where no exams were required prior to employment. There were coal miners from Utah where the mines had closed down and the miners needed jobs. There were also men from other lines of work who were mining because it was the only job they could get. Our "Boss" was an ex-owner of a mine and he had just sold out and was marking time until the economic situation improved.

I probably should tell you that the miners were very protective of me. They would not allow me to go in the most dangerous parts of the mine. They even overruled the Boss on some occasions. They also had all kinds of advice for me when they learned I was getting married in August. I cannot repeat their advice here but it was both amusing and serious. On my last day on the job they would not allow me to go underground. Each of them knew dozens of workers who had fatal accidents on their "last day." The final weekend of work for me the miners put on a dinner dance in my honor. We went to a hotel in Kingman and dined and danced in style. I made a little speech of appreciation, thanking them for all their help and advice. I regretted leaving such wonderful friends but was most thankful to leave the mine without an injury. I had that money I needed to become a husband.

GIRLS

I have deliberately "skirted" around the subject of girls because I did not know exactly how to tackle the subject. It has become clear to me that this most important part of my life should no longer remain out of this presentation. Half the people in the world are women. Everyone has or has had a mother. Most men have or have had wives. Every normal man had a sweetheart or two or three. Girls and women are just too important to ignore even in a paper such as this so I may as well dive into the subject.

During the first few years of my life I knew that girls were there but I did not know why and paid very little attention to them. Gradually I became aware that girls were different from boys and were rather pleasant to be around. Finally I discovered that all girls were not the same. Some were more comfortable to be around than others. Then I became really selective. I decided there was one who stood head and shoulders above all the others. This decision came when we drew names for our school Christmas Party. I just knew I would draw the name of "Thelma Brewer" and I did. Thelma was a brunette and her black hair, dark eyes and bright smile were just designed to rivet the attention of a boy. She got a nice lace-bordered handkerchief for Christmas and politely thanked an admirer who was at least four years younger than she.

I am not sure what happened to that romance but it did not last long. Other attachments came along to heal the wounds of the previous ones and there was always someone there to fill a need for companionship that could not be filled in any other way. Now I must hasten to say that these relationships were rather distant and unspoken. Even though there was no "oral agreement" there was a shared understanding that we were partners of some sort until one of us broke the link. These associations were handy during social activities and at school. Our social activities consisted mainly of Saturday night parties at someone's house where we played all kinds of games. Occasionally we made candy or even had a box supper. Of course there was no radio and if we played games that required music we furnished that by singing. Television had not been invented yet. We usually attended church on Sunday morning and in the spring and summer the boys played base ball in the afternoon.

The Southern Baptist Church, at that time, considered dancing to be a sin and it was not condoned. Floyd and I did not accept this idea and we furnished the music for most of the Saturday night dances. He played the fiddle and I played the guitar. Our "girls" either chose not to dance or were prohibited from doing so by their parents. Our parents left the dance decision to us and we sort of had the best of both worlds. The Baptist minister did not like us to play baseball on Sunday. We offered to compromise by saying if he would play ball with us in the afternoon we would attend Church that night. When he refused, we came to the conclusion that he was unreasonable and we stopped trying to work with him.

When I was away from home attending high school, I got hit by lightening - girl lightening that is. This one really shook me up. I was hopelessly in love and just did not know what to do about it.

This again was a "distant" relationship. One does not tell the object of his affections about his great love for her. After all, she might just tell him to "Get Lost!" so why not enjoy worshipping from a distance and not take a chance on being rebuffed. That one failed when the high school closed in 1930 and I went to Flagstaff in 1931.

I sort of played the field for the next several years but my interest was in finding a girl who would understand the family I came from and who could appreciate the kind of life we had led. When I returned to college in the Spring of 1935 after being away for a year, I struck pay dirt. We were on a Saturday hike and I saw this neat little freshman girl walking in the group. Somehow we managed to walk together and share information about home towns, high schools and families. Other contacts followed and gradually there was an understanding between us and I began to seriously look at her as a possible wife. I tried to find something that would not work in our relationship but it was just not there. Later I took her to my home and went to her home. We parted company a couple of times and were miserable so we came back together. Finally in August of 1938, we were married. I had stopped long ago looking for those things that would prevent a favorable marriage. Oh we have had our ups and downs in our relationship but most of them involved frustration over some minor occurrence and none have come close to threatening our marriage. After fifty-six years we have seen and done about everything possible and as far as I am concerned I am ready to start on the second fifty six.

NOGALES AND PATAGONIA

I have taken a side trip to a number of other subjects since I mentioned my leaving the Telkes family and taking a teaching job in Nogales. This was my first venture in my chosen profession and I was a bit unsure of just what was in store for me. When the bell rang to open school for the second semester at Roosevelt School in Nogales in 1937, I was looking at sixty eager fifth graders of all sizes and shapes. The youngest was nine years of age and the oldest was seventeen. We opened with the pledge of allegiance to the flag even though some of them were from Sonora, Mexico. I introduced myself and began to talk about our first subject of the day when the State Superintendent of Public Instruction walked into the classroom. I happened to know him since he was the main speaker at my college graduation ceremony so I introduced him to the class and then turned the class over to him. He did not know what to do so he said a few words and left. I was not about to give a demonstration of my teaching techniques to the State Superintendent. As a matter of fact, I was not sure that I had any such techniques.

I must admit that my first class was my best. At least they remain the fondest in my memory. There were at least twice the number of students that I should have had. Many did not speak English. I did not know how to handle the situation but somehow we got through it and enjoyed the experience. I have seen a few of those students as adults and am glad to say they have been quite successful so I did not ruin them. As I reflect on that experience, I realize that not once did a principal or supervisor visit my classroom although they evaluated my performance. I was completely on my own and appreciated their confidence but often wondered how a principal could judge my work without seeing at least a little of it.

As previously noted, I thought fifth grade was wonderful but I really wanted to teach in high school. I also thought I wanted to coach major high school sports. To this end, I began to coach a junior varsity team in football and basketball. This was a lucky move because a vacancy occurred at Patagonia High School just east of Nogales in 1939 and I could qualify for the position by going to summer school. I applied for the position and got it.

Patagonia turned out to be quite an experience. It was a school of about one hundred students most of whom were bussed in from as far away as fifty miles. I taught chemistry, mathematics and occupations. I directed the girls glee club and the Senior play. I drove the school bus on athletic trips and coached all the major sports. All this was done on the salary of a regular teacher. Each teacher negotiated his own salary and I was paid the highest amount on the staff.

The team uniforms were purchased from funds raised by my wife and other community women who sold coffee and pie at Saturday night dances to "hard rock" miners and cowboys. I was also able to get a few cast off uniforms from the University in Tucson from J.F. McCale and Fred Emke. There were no district funds to support student athletics. It was a rather shoddy operation but the boys

enjoyed it and played rather successfully in football, basketball and baseball.

As we moved toward 1941 I became convinced that the country could not stay out of the war raging in Europe. We were still hiding behind a wall of "isolation" but I knew we had no choice but to get into the war. Guin was pregnant with our first child and it seemed to me that I needed to stay at home but I also needed to get into the war effort. We decided to go to California during the summer of 1941 and there I went to work at Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica. I resigned my job at Patagonia and began to build airplanes for Douglas.

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT

The aircraft industry was trying to gear up for mass production in 1941. The country had a few planes that could fly as far as Hawaii but those were passenger planes and we had only about a dozen or so. Douglas was building twenty light bombers for the French, ten DC3 passenger planes for Hawaii Airlines, one heavy bomber known as the B19 and was just beginning to assemble the first DC4 cargo planes for the U. S. Air Force.

I went to work in Production Control and was assigned to Department 12, a large sub-assembly operation that was responsible for producing small assemblies that served as flight and motor controls on all the aircraft being built at the Santa Monica plant. There were also landing gear components and other vital assemblies. We furnished some 90,000 parts per week to the assembly lines.

Now the pace at Douglas in the summer and fall of 1941 was not very brisk. There were many arguments among employees about the merits of the Russians vs the Germans. Most people seemed to feel that we were not going to be involved in the conflict. I felt much different. I was convinced that we would become active participants very soon and it was apparent that we were not ready. There was a steady turnover in personnel at Douglas as young men were called into military service and older men came in to replace them.

The Japanese resolved all doubt about what we had to do when they bombed Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7th 1941. We immediately went to work in earnest. We blacked out all the factory windows. We camouflaged the buildings and the airfield. We ripped the fancy "tourist" decorations out of the DC3s on the assembly line and installed extra gasoline tanks in the baggage compartments so the planes could fly to Hawaii with full loads. We then opened factory jobs to women and they flooded the place. I had the job of training some of the first women working in the shop departments and they were enormously productive. Most of them were mature middle-aged women who had a husband or a son in military service and were determined to do everything they could to help the war effort.

I had been promoted to Lead Man in my department and we needed help on the loading dock where a lot of heavy materials had to be handled. As an example of the man power shortage, when I put in a request for thirty additional employees, I received two. One of them was sixty eight years old and the other was a man with only one arm. I always resented those young soldiers who were sitting on top of the factory "protecting" us. I did not like the "guards" at all the bridges on Highway One either. We were very short of workers and we wasted a lot of man power that could have cured the shortages.

I often considered quitting my job and enlisting in the military. I was never drafted because I was "frozen" in my production position. When I saw unproductive assignments occupied by the "guards", I simply could not justify leaving the factory and possibly going up on the roof as a worthless guard.

I previously mentioned the DC4 planes as being on the assembly line. When the first one took its first test flight, a flood of two

thousand change orders hit the plant. This meant that we had to revise and rebuild two thousand things we had already done because they showed up as inadequate on the test flight. In normal times those planes would not have been on the assembly line until after the first test flight. In war time there was not time to await the test flight. Planes were badly needed.

We finally finished the light bombers and crated and shipped them to the island of Martinique in the Caribbean. This happened about the same time as Germany overran France. I never heard what happened to those planes. The B19 flew and many of its best features appeared in the B29 bombers which bombed Japan a few years later.

Meanwhile our assembly lines became loaded with C54, C47 and R5D planes. These were all cargo aircraft. Our parts shortages began to clear up and our planes left in a steady stream for action all around the world. We really began to move planes and those planes along with other production began to make themselves felt on all war fronts.

Early in the war, there was great concern that the Japanese would strike the West Coast so we kept everything blacked out. No windows were showing light at night. No street lights were on and even traffic lights were not allowed to function. Automobile traffic was at a minimum as we were conserving gasoline. Every effort was going into the production of the tools of war.

I had worked seven days a week, ten hours a day for almost two years when I finally got a day off. We took the baby and drove to San Diego, checked in at the U S Grant Hotel and I sacked out on the bed for a nap. When I awakened I was ill with what turned out to be virus pneumonia. This really knocked me out for two weeks and when I returned to work I was unable to climb one flight of stairs to my office without resting halfway up.

Even though the war was still raging in Germany and Japan we had virtually satisfied the great demand for airplanes and the pressure had lessened a great deal. I decided to take a job working on an experimental plane being built in the hanger formerly occupied by the B19. This was the "Big Hanger." At that time there was much speculation about jet propulsion but little was known about it and our engineers were rather skeptical of its practicality. They wondered how stable a plane would be if it was propelled by a strong jet in its tail. Would it begin to spin out of control? Our experimental plane was designed to test that stability. It was powered by two liquid cooled Allison engines mounted side by side between the wings with two drive shafts going to a gear box in the tail. Behind the gear box was a pair of three-blade counter-rotating propellers. There were bombays and racks underneath the big twelve cylinder engines. The landing gear was designed to fold into the side of the fuselage preserving the integrity of the wing's air foil. It was a very advanced design and drew much attention from aeronautical experts around the country.

My job on this project was to assemble and install the motor and flight controls. It was not a complicated job since all the castings and brackets had been drawn by engineers. I had to get the

castings machined and put in the pulleys for control cables and then install the castings in the plane. The brackets had to be drilled properly and then installed with pulleys. Cables had to be measured, strung, cut and the ends swaged on. There were also motor and flight control levers to be installed in the cockpit. All operations were supervised by an engineer.

All this work was interesting but it was very slow going and there were many times when there was nothing to do but wait on a decision from an engineer so I began to think of doing something else. Finally in the summer of 1944 I informed my Draft Board that I was ready to go into the Military and if I was not needed there, I intended to return to teaching. They replied immediately and told me that I was needed worse in education than in the military and they urged me to return to teaching. I had taken some management courses at UCLA so I went to that campus and located the head of teacher placement, a Dr. Aubrey Berry. I told him that I wanted to get as far from Los Angeles as I could but that I had only enough gasoline to go about one hundred miles. The following Saturday I interviewed Frank Bishop, Superintendent of schools from Corona in Riverside County. They needed a coach and physical education teacher and I took the job.

CORONA CALIFORNIA

The town of Corona, California was a small agricultural community in 1944. The town was surrounded by citrus groves and there were several citrus packing sheds in the area. Also a crew of research scientists were working to develop frozen lemon concentrate for the food industry. This plant was a cooperative owned by a number of large citrus growers. Among the owners were the Jamison family who really represented the economic and political power in the town at that time and who also controlled the water supply used to irrigate the vast citrus groves. It was the general feeling among the citrus growers that their success depended in large part on low priced labor.

Corona had grown up around a one mile race track and the old brick track was called "Grand Boulevard." It was a perfect circle and the town's main claim to fame was that Barney Oldfield had raced on the track in 1910.

With one exception, California school districts are separate political entities and have no relationship to cities except in name. San Francisco is the exception and is a county, a city and a school district all in one. In Corona the city consisted of three or four square miles while the school district covered two hundred sixty seven square miles. It included Home Gardens, Eastvale, Norco, Temescal Canyon and areas far up on the mountain range south of the town of Corona.

Our first big problem when we arrived in Corona was finding a place to live. The Norconian Hotel and resort had been converted to a hospital for Navy personnel. Their families and dependents occupied nearly all the available rental space in the area. We first put our furniture in storage and went to a small hotel while we searched for a place to rent. When nothing turned up after a week or so Guin and Carol went to Phoenix to stay with Grandpa and Grandma Robinson. I "batched."

I started football practice at the high school and "advertised" the housing problem among the ball players. They came up with a number of suggestions but none of them worked out. Finally, one of the high school teachers told me that he had an apartment that we could rent so I took it and called Guin and Carol. At least we had a place to live for awhile.

Corona High School had about four hundred students when I taught there and I estimate that about half of them were of Mexican descent so a good percentage of the football squad was Mexican. These boys were from the low priced labor families so necessary to the citrus industry.

I had an immediate problem because I had never coached eleven man football. At Patagonia we had played six man. At the time Stanford University was the dominant college football power and they used the T Formation so that is what I started with. After the first game I realized that we just did not have a quarterback who could handle the T Formation so I suddenly switched to the Single Wing. We won a few games but really did not do well in football my first year and it was my fault.

In basketball I had more experience both as a player and as a coach so we won the league championship my first year. Luckily I hit on the idea of using a combination man-to-man and zone defense. It was quite simple to teach and confused our opponents no end. I had to laugh years later when John Wooden at UCLA used essentially the same system to win three consecutive national championships. All we did was play man-to-man until the ball got to a certain point on the court, then switch to a zone.

We lived in the Bynum apartment the first year at Corona and in May we purchased a small house in Norco. It was located on one and a quarter acres and cost us thirty five hundred dollars. That was rather a large amount since our salary was about two thousand dollars per year.

Meanwhile, I was not fully certificated to teach in California and needed to earn more college credits. So the first summer Guin and Carol went to Young to stay with Grandpa and Grandma Waldrip on the ranch while I attended the University of Arizona in Tucson. I began work on a Masters Degree that summer and this effort continued until 1952 when I finally earned the Degree at Claremont College near Pomona. This effort was rather taxing for me and Guin since I worked at other jobs also. I coached all major sports after school, taught Adult School two nights a week and held a special class once a week for boys who had dropped out of school. To say the least, it was a busy schedule.

It was difficult to find teachers at that time and almost impossible to get a shop teacher. Corona High School had a fairly good automobile shop and welding facility but had no adequate teacher for those courses. I made a deal with the Principal that I would teach the shop classes if he would get some one to teach Physical Education and help with coaching major sports. We were able to get a good man and so I got some help with coaching and also got some experience in auto shop and welding.

I think the teaching staff at Corona was quite good but each teacher was paid whatever amount he or she could force the Board to pay. There was no over-all salary policy. I became active in the teacher's organization and was asked to serve as Chairman of the Salary Committee. I attended training sessions at the California Teacher's Association headquarters in Los Angeles and learned something about salary schedules, tax measures and school district budgets. When spring came and we met with the School Board, I presented them with a complete District Budget which showed that the Board could give all employees nine percent raises without causing the district any financial problem. That really marked the beginning of my career in school business management because a month later when the Business Manager resigned I applied for the position and became Assistant Superintendent-Business at Corona Union High School and Corona Elementary School Districts. I had been in the system three less than three years and was not regularly certificated but was now second only to the top man, the Superintendent. Some of my fellow teachers were a bit envious but that was only a minor problem.

I was taking School Business and School Administration courses

at Claremont College some twenty miles from Corona. I went to class each Saturday and sometimes at night during the week. It was necessary to get teaching credentials first and then get the administration credentials. I got all of those while going part time and working full time.

Business management in public school districts was a new and unique field in the nineteen forties. Only large districts hired Business Managers at the time but with the increase in school age children and the increasing complexity of school finance most districts began to hire administrators to handle the areas of budgets, accounting, building maintenance and operation, pupil transportation, purchasing, food service, insurance and salary negotiations. When I became Assistant Superintendent in Corona, we had two districts, the elementary and the high school. There were two budgets to be administered and there were two school boards to work with. The high school board had five members and three of them were the elementary board. Part of my salary and that of all central office employees was paid by each district. All accounts and records were kept separate. That sounds complicated and it was because both boards met on the same evening and only three of them could legally transact elementary district business. We constantly had to remind board members that only three specific people were the elementary board. Later I simplified the whole process by getting the district "unified."

When I became Business Manager I became faced with a number of specific problems that I thought needed immediate attention. First, the attendance boundaries between the elementary schools were so "gerry mandered" as to create a segregated Mexican school. This had been done deliberately. Second, the district was being ripped off by a pupil transportation contractor whose family was a political power in the community. Third, all books and records were kept by hand and it was almost impossible to tell what was going on and where we were financially.

I decided to tackle the records problem first and I happened to be talking to a local banker at a Lions Club meeting about our situation. He informed me that the bank had recently purchased a National Cash Register bookkeeping machine and that now they were able to total the day's business one hour after closing rather than at nine o'clock in the evening. I called National Cash Register and they came immediately and showed me the systems being used by a few other school districts. I knew these systems would solve our problem but I had more bases to touch. The County Superintendent of Schools did not travel by horse and buggy but it would have been most appropriate for him to do so. He audited every expenditure of every school district in Riverside County. He wrote and signed each check for every district except Riverside City Schools and he did not consider Corona capable of keeping its own records. In other words he turned down the idea of the bookkeeping machine. I was some what frustrated and decided to talk with the County Auditor, Ray Hicks who did the final check on all expenditures made from the County Treasury. As I had suspected, Hicks was very critical of the County Superintendent's record keeping and immediately endorsed

the proposal I had made to upgrade the system. We went together to see Mr. Smith, County Superintendent of Schools, and Hicks told him that he was tired of trying to make sense of all his messy records and accounts and it was time to modernize the system. He added, "Furthermore, if you do not approve this improvement, I will go to the Board of Supervisors and lodge a complaint about the current system." I suppose Mr. Smith felt rather uncertain about his position because he agreed to accept my proposal and to cooperate in getting it started. At any rate, we began to write and sign our own checks and the charges were distributed automatically to each budget category as the checks were written on a bookkeeping machine. We were able to present an accurate financial report each month and to project costs and balances to the end of the fiscal year. These are minimum reports for responsible fiscal management.

I should tell you something about Frank Bishop, the Corona Superintendent of Schools who had been in that position since 1934. Frank was a scholarly man and was very well liked by all those who worked with him. The Board members trusted Frank's good judgement and relied on him for advice in all school matters. Most of the residents of the school district were friends of Frank's but there were more and more who became impatient over unsolved problems. Frank was very astute and knew his time as Superintendent was limited so when I became Assistant, Frank told me that I was to run the District while he attended UCLA to get his Doctors Degree. He said he would be home each evening and would be available for consultation in case I needed his advice. I was to hire employees, instruct principals, prepare for Board meetings and do all the things necessary to operate the District while he took an unofficial "Sabbatical Leave." The School Board, of course, had approved this arrangement and to be fair Frank had taken no vacation of any length for over ten years.

As I mentioned before, the pupil transportation contractor was not providing acceptable service and had a long term contract. Because of his family connections and because there was no other contractor to take his place, I did not want to attempt to void his contract. I discussed the matter with Frank and the Board members and came up with the idea that we could purchase the contractor's vehicles and operate them ourselves with our own employees. This idea sounded good and the only problem was with getting enough money to make the purchase. It was obvious that we would need to hold a special tax election to raise the money but this discussion led to some other funding needs that I will attempt to explain.

I have previously mentioned the "fake" attendance boundaries that placed all Mexican pupils in one elementary school. I was determined to get rid of that eyesore and while I was considering various options, a rather large earthquake occurred. I rushed down to the Mexican school and, sure enough, the stucco on one side of the building had come loose and there was a very distinct bulge in the west wall. I managed to get a very excitable local reporter to come to the school. I got a very long straight edge and held it against the wall to show the extent of the bulge while the reporter took pictures. Those pictures in the local paper got the

whole community excited and certainly excited the Board.

In California the structural requirements of school buildings are extremely high so when the Board called for a structural review of all elementary schools I knew we were in real trouble because none of the schools would pass inspection and we did not have the money to replace them. Sure enough, we had three whole schools condemned including the Mexican school which was my original target.

Under California law, when a school building is condemned, the Board Members are personally liable if a student is injured in that building so we were in a very precarious spot with three condemned school plants. We decided to take a chance on using two of the schools. In the case of Norco, we negotiated with the Navy and were able to use a building at the Naval Hospital.

I was aware that local school districts were eligible for State assistance if they were bonded to capacity and still could not house their pupils. When I estimated the cost of three new elementary schools and checked our bonding capacity, I saw that by voting a new bond issue we would reach our bonding capacity and would still be unable to house our pupils. This situation would make us eligible for a State grant.

Again I sat down with Frank Bishop and outlined a finance program that would do a number of things. It would get us three new elementary schools, purchase the school bus fleet, give substantial raises to school employees and provide some needed improvements at the high school and junior high. All we would need to do was to pass a bond issue at the elementary level, a bond issue at the high school, a tax override at the elementary level and a tax override at the high school. In addition, we needed approval from the voters to accept state assistance to build three new elementary schools.

Only an idiot would try to get voter approval of all those propositions at once but I thought each one was important and would stand on its own. I convinced the Board and the Superintendent that we should schedule an election in both districts and put the bond and tax propositions up to the voters. After all, we might get lucky and pass the whole outfit. They agreed and placed the item on the agenda for the next Board meeting for action.

Early the next day, I received a call from Joy Jamison and he wanted to talk with me in his office. I agreed to be there at ten o'clock. Mr Jamison was a major citrus grower and was head of the cooperative that owned Lemon Exchange Products. When I arrived at his office he was most cordial. We had a cup of coffee and he told me how efficiently the schools had operated long before I ever arrived on the scene. He told me that the tax rate for schools was high enough at its present level and that he was opposed to a special election which he had heard was being planned. I thanked him for his words of wisdom and for the coffee and then went on my way. I never heard from him again but obviously the Board and Superintendent had been under his control for many years.

I do not want to give the impression that nothing was going on

in the school district before I became Assistant Superintendent. On the contrary, a new Junior High School was under construction and an elementary school was out for bid when I came in the office. The architect on these two projects was G. Stanley Wilson who had designed the Mission Inn in Riverside and who had a "Continuing Contract" with the school district. This meant that he would do all the architectural work for the district. Mr. Wilson did not have a good reputation as a school architect. His designs were far too ostentatious for schools and after the Board had called for our special election, it became apparent that our chances of success would be far greater if we did not use him. It fell my lot to terminate Mr. Wilson and I did it immediately. The two of us worked out a settlement for work he had already done and he was most understanding of our problem.

I knew that we would have to explain to the voters all the ballot propositions but I was not sure just how to go about it. I discussed the matter with the high school Journalism teacher and he informed me that his classes were going to take over the local paper in celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Corona High School. This event would take place about two weeks before the bond and tax election. The students were to sell advertising, furnish pictures and provide all the copy for two issues of the local paper. I provided the students with full information about the bond and tax propositions and they did a most enthusiastic job of writing news stories about them. There were plenty of graphs, charts and pictures. Merchants who bought advertising in the paper to congratulate the high school on its fiftieth anniversary appeared to be endorsing the tax and bond issues because those issues were the main theme of the paper. We had full community support for all the ballot measures and expected all of them to receive the required two thirds approval necessary to carry.

Meanwhile, I had been reading the California School Code which is the "Legal Bible" for all public school districts. I found a section of the law that involved "Unification of Districts." The section said that, "When the boundaries of an elementary district and a high school district are coterminous except for a small elementary district and when the school building in that small elementary district is three miles or less from the nearest elementary school in the adjoining district, the County Board of Supervisors may, on the recommendation of the County Superintendent of Schools, declare that a Unified District exists and may combine the districts." In the case of Corona, the elementary and high school districts were coterminous except for Eastvale Elementary which was in the high school district but not in the elementary. An employee and I took a surveyors chain and measured the distance from Norco School to Eastvale School and found it to be forty five feet less than three miles.

I went immediately to the County Superintendent of Schools and told him of the situation. He wanted to get rid of Eastvale because they had given him a lot of trouble in the past and it was difficult to keep teachers there. We both came to the conclusion that Corona would be helped and that Eastvale would receive more

adequate supervision if they were combined to make a Unified District. His recommendation was made and the County Board of Supervisors approved the matter. As of July 1 1948, Corona was scheduled to become a Unified School District.

Then I began to worry. We were going to vote on school bond issues and tax increases in the elementary and the high school. Could these bonds be sold by the new unified district? Would the tax increases which were voted in separate districts be valid in a new single district? I needed to find out in a hurry so I called O'Melveny and Myers, a Los Angeles law firm that rules on the validity of all school bonds in California. I posed the question to them and followed up with a letter so I would have a written confirmation of their opinion. I was relieved to find that everything was going to be OK as scheduled. All assets of the original districts would become assets of the newly formed Unified District.

No further problems came up and all the propositions carried with a healthy majority. Now we had to get busy with an application for State Building Assistance and begin planning for three new elementary schools.

During this whole flurry of activity I could not spend much time with Carol and Guin who were keeping the home fires burning. I would come home late at night and leave early the next morning. They provided a sheltered spot where I could find a quiet peace that really was the help required for me to keep going. Only those who have lived through the turmoil of political strife can appreciate the healing quality of a quiet, clean, loving home.

The Architect and I were struggling with the applications for State School Building Assistance since that aid would be required to build three new elementary schools. It would also require some bond funds that had just been voted. We had just finished all the paperwork on the applications when I got a call from Guin. Carol had fallen from the top of a picket fence and was injured. It was necessary to take her to the hospital in Riverside for X rays of her leg. This we did and, sure enough, she had a cracked bone in her leg. She stayed in the hospital to have the leg set and a cast put on it. Guin stayed with her and during the night Guin became ill. I managed to get her to a doctor and get them both back home but it took some help from a good baby sitter. I then drove to Indio to get signatures from the President of the School Board on the State Assistance applications. When I got back home Guin's doctor had called and told her that she should have surgery immediately. We had been trying to have another baby and it was just not working out. The doctor thought that there was a problem with at least one ovary so we opted to go for surgery immediately while Carol was in a cast and the baby sitter would be able to keep up with her. Guin went to the hospital and I flew to Sacramento with the Building Assistance Applications while Carol stayed with a baby sitter.

I made some important contacts in Sacramento in the State Department of Finance, Local Allocation Division and in the Senate. The applications were accepted and it was a matter of waiting for

action by the Allocation Board. No one was certain that the State Fund would have enough money to authorize Corona's building projects. We were just hoping that some of the applicants in line ahead of us would drop out or not be eligible. James Harris and Paul Hoyenga, who processed our application, indicated that they thought we had a good chance to get the money.

I went back to Corona and after a few days brought Guin home from the hospital. She had one ovary removed and the other one repaired. The doctor thought we had some chance of having another baby.

After waiting for two weeks for word from Sacramento, I called our State Senator who lived in Hemet. Sen. Dilworth was a real power in Sacramento since he had been serving there for twenty five years. He called the State Allocation Board and was told that Corona's application was scheduled for action the next week. I flew to Sacramento again and after much debate and arguing the Allocation Board approved all three of our projects.

While the building projects were being approved there was a school board election to select a new Board for the new Corona Unified School District. Five members were to be elected and none of the existing members were candidates. This meant that we would have a brand new Board of Education and most of the candidates were saying that they would bring in a new superintendent if they were elected. This put a great deal of pressure on Frank Bishop the current Superintendent. Five reasonably good candidates were elected and were scheduled to take office on July first. Meanwhile the old Board and Superintendent carried on with business as usual. Finally July came and at the first meeting the number one item on the agenda was the Superintendent's contract. Frank Bishop asked for permission to speak and simply announced that he would not be available to serve as superintendent since he had accepted a position as a professor at Redlands University. This action left the new board speechless and we proceeded with routine business. After the meeting I discussed the matter of getting a new superintendent and the Board asked me to contact a number of Universities to get applicants. I was to screen the applicants down to four or five who would be interviewed by the Board for a final selection. The process worked well and at the end, George Kibby was chosen from a group of five qualified applicants.

Kibby was a veteran school administrator who had served at Needles and at Redlands. He caught up very quickly with the Corona situation and was most helpful in all areas. Kibby recognized immediately that the sites on which we were scheduled to build new schools were entirely too small. They were all less than three acres and would simply not accommodate four or five hundred pupils. I had recognized this problem but was hesitant to go for more than was absolutely necessary. I thought it was better to have a half loaf than no loaf at all.

I quickly found some new sites in good locations and determined that they could be purchased. I got estimates of cost for each. Kibby and I went to Sacramento and had a session with Jim Harris and Paul Hoyenga of the Allocation Board. They asked us to

get the recommendation of the State Department of Education and that was easy since George Kibby's father was a key administrator there. We got written approval of our Amended Application and went back to Allocation where they agreed to take the proposition to the Allocation Board at its next meeting. After much wrangling and nit picking we got the funds to buy three new sites and build three new schools. We also drew new attendance boundaries that did away with the grouping of Mexicans in one school. Our new schools would be racially integrated long before the remainder of the country was forced to go through that process.

Here I want to throw in some thoughts about the organization of schools in this country. After thirty years of work in school administration, I have come to the conclusion that local school boards are flat failures in handling school affairs. Those boards are mainly composed of small-time, tin-horn politicians whose primary aims are to build their own egos and to gain personal political power. In thirty years I worked with only three boards whose primary aims were the education of the pupils under their control. All the others were self-serving small-minded people whose interests were mainly personal and not aimed at the educational well being of school pupils. Let me temper those statements just a little. There were some very fine individual board members in my experience but nearly all boards were controlled by a majority who could not have cared less about the students in the schools. I doubt that the situation today is any different than it was when I retired in 1976.

I have related how George Kibby was chosen from five qualified applicants by the Corona Board of Education and noted that he was an experienced administrator. After he was on the job for six months, the Board Members began to criticize George about small things. Those criticisms were voiced to me, not to George. At a Board meeting, when George was absent, the members began a litany of complaints about him. I stopped them abruptly. I told them that they were "chicken" and if they had criticism of George they should make it to him not to me. I also told them that if they did their jobs as well as George did his we would have a wonderful district. That "lecture" was entirely too strong and I bent some noses that never got straight as long as I was in Corona. I knew it was a mistake as soon as I did it. I found out right there that erasers do not work on spoken words. Once they are said they echo for a long time.

On the home front things were looking up. Carol was in school and Guin was pregnant with Kay. We had sold the Norco property and were living in the Ballard house on Grand Blvd. I was still working on my Master's Degree at Claremont when Kay was born on December 3, 1951. She was a real joy and a hand full for all of us as she went through all the childhood illnesses one after the other. Carol was her champion and they were very close even though Carol was ten years older.

My salary at that time was not all that great being around four thousand dollars per year. I did extra jobs where ever possible. I worked during a month of earned vacation for Pacific

Airmotive in Chino where we repaired airplanes that had supplied Berlin during the Russian blockade of that city. My experience with motor and flight controls at Douglas stood me in good stead. We used the money I earned at Pacific Airmotive to pay for Kay's "delivery" costs. It is a darn shame that she now hates to fly considering her "birth costs" came from an air craft repair company.

Although my relationship with Board Members was outwardly cordial I knew their resentment of me was still simmering underneath so I told them that as soon as I could find a suitable position I would leave Corona. I must give them credit for being patient because it was April of 1953 before I was able to find an acceptable position and submit my resignation to the Board. I hated to leave Corona where we had so many good friends but the petty attitude of the Board was intolerable. The Board subsequently hired a yacht broker from San Diego to take my place as Business Manager. They stated that they wanted a "Business Man" in that job. I went back after July 1 and helped develop a budget for 1953-54 but the Business Manager did not last long in that position and I suspect the Board did not give him a chance to succeed before they began to chew on him.

This part of this paper appears to be the appropriate place to comment about the County Assessor's impact on tax supported entities. The Assessor's duty is to establish the value of real property for tax purposes in accordance with State Law. Since there is a great variety of properties in each county and since the valuation of each property establishes the amount of tax an owner will pay, there is constant pressure by owners on Assessors to keep their values low. In Riverside County the Assessor always yielded to pressure from citrus growers and kept values of citrus groves at an unrealistically low level. A family could prosper greatly if they owned fifteen acres of lemon trees and they paid virtually no property taxes. Other kinds of property supported the local infrastructure and that property was mostly residential lots and houses. This situation resulted in Corona School District being "very poor" when in fact Corona was a very wealthy district and perfectly able to pay its own way but for the actions of the Assessor who gave in to the pressure from citrus growers. The State of California soon corrected this problem by establishing criteria for setting the value of various properties and then monitoring each county to make sure the procedures were being followed.

Lesser jurisdictions complain about their loss of authority to larger ones but when they cheat in carrying out their duties, they deserve to lose authority. If County Assessors did an honest job of establishing property values, the state would have no reason to check up on them.

LAWNDALE

When Guin and I decided it was best to leave Corona I began to send job applications to various school districts where there were vacancies. One of the first was Independence in Owens Valley and they needed a Superintendent who would serve as High School and Adult Education Principal as well as administrator of an elementary school in Death Valley about one hundred miles away. I told the Board Members there that I thought they should hire someone else. Carol and I enjoyed the trip and we met some very nice people but the job was not one that would allow a person to do more than work hard and try to survive.

I also applied at Ventura Elementary for a job as Business Manager. I was amazed to find the Superintendent afraid to hire an assistant who came from a Unified District. I found the same situation at Glendora Elementary. In other words, I was over qualified in the eyes of the Superintendents and they were uneasy with an assistant who had a record of successful experience in a wide range of areas.

Finally in March 1953 I got a call from Lloyd Nelson at the University of Southern California. Lloyd was a Texan who had earned his Doctorate at Stanford at the age of twenty two and was now specializing in School Business Administration at USC. I had become acquainted with him at California Teachers Headquarters when I was on the Teacher's Salary Committee at Corona. He told me there was a Business Manager's job open at Lawndale in Los Angeles County and that the district was in a real mess. They had just fired their Superintendent. They had no coordinated record system and needed a complete "Overhaul" from stem to stern. He knew that I had completely "rebuilt" the Corona system and he felt that I could do well in Lawndale. I had my confidential file sent from Claremont College to Lawndale and called there to schedule an appointment for an interview. The interview was set up for an evening so Guin and I drove to the district which is located a few miles south of the Los Angeles International Airport.

There were two candidates to be interviewed that day and I was called in first. I immediately liked the Superintendent, Cliff Riddlebarger. The three Board Members were easy to talk with and we had an informal conversation about the trials and tribulations of school districts. When we finally ran down, Hobson Denmark, Board President said, "You are the man we want. We have one more candidate to interview but it wont take long. Please wait and then we will discuss the details of your employment." When I looked at the Superintendent he nodded his head and so I went out and Guin and I waited a little while and came back in to work out the details of our contract.

We moved to a small rental house in Manhattan Beach and Carol enrolled in school in that district. She was no longer a target because her father was a district administrator. It helped her.

The Lawndale School District was very "poor" which means that there was very little local property to tax for the support of services. Virtually all the taxable wealth consisted of residential

property which historically produces more children than it does taxable wealth to support their education. There were five elementary schools and an intermediate, seventh and eighth grades. Some of the schools were being replaced and two more were being added, all financed through the State School Building Aid program with which I was very familiar. The School Board had fired the former Superintendent and hired Cliff Riddlebarger. The Business Manager was a real non-entity who simply sat in his chair and let the superintendent do his work. I spent one day with him on a tour of the district and his principal topic of conversation was the stock market where he had invested heavily. I later discovered that he spent most of his "working" hours on the telephone with his stock broker. The funds he had invested were his own not those of the district.

Lloyd Nelson had told me that I would be shocked when I saw some of the things that went on in Lawndale but that I should move slowly and in a calculated way to gradually make improvements. My first day on duty I found two painters asleep on the job, janitors playing cards in a supply room and clerks missing from their desks as they left "early" from their duties. In all, seven employees were suddenly "unemployed" and that was just the first day. To be fair there were some good employees in the schools and in the Business Office. All they needed was some encouragement and support. Most of all, they needed some records of district financial operations including building projects. Apparently the former Superintendent had kept all the financial records in her office and when she was discharged the records disappeared.

By working through the office of the County Superintendent of schools, the County Auditor and the State Department of Finance I was able to re-construct a fairly reliable financial picture. I then began to look for titles to school district land. I found the titles to all parcels except for the title to one lot at a new school which was under construction. I checked at the site and found that a large classroom wing was being built on it and the building was almost completed. I immediately rushed to the County Recorder's Office to get the name and address of the owner of the lot. He was a resident of the state of New Jersey. When I called him, I acted mildly interested in the property and told him if we bought it he would be paid in full. I indicated that I would discuss the matter with my Superintendent and the Board of Education and would call him back in a week or so. Although I acted "mildly interested" when talking to the lot owner, we just had to acquire that lot. We already had a building on it and were in a barrel of trouble if we could not buy it.

One small problem was that we did not have money for the purchase and would have to get it from the State so I took all the descriptions and documents and flew to Sacramento to talk with Jim Harris and Paul Hoyenga in the State Department of Finance Local Allocation Division. They were most cooperative and after a few days we received a supplementary apportionment of funds from the State. Meanwhile, I had negotiated with the lot owner and we agreed

on a price. It was a close thing but turned out all right.

During my first year in Lawndale the State law was changed to require a five-member board of education in all elementary school districts. The old law required only three members. We had two excellent members and a third who was rather wild. Unfortunately we added two more "wild ones" at the next election and were promptly in trouble.

One of the new Board Members was an employee of North American Aviation, a large aero-space firm in El Segundo. This member never attended a Board meeting alone but was always accompanied by a "Friend" who was a surly unfriendly man who was not a resident of the School District or the immediate community. The Board Member never voted on critical items without first conferring with his "Friend."

One major item for Board consideration was renewal of the Superintendent's contract which expired in June. This item was discussed at length for at least a month and it was finally decided that the District would get a new Superintendent. This was a real shock to me and I immediately told the Board that they should also find a new Business Manager and that I would resign as soon as I could locate a position else where.

Sometime during the following week the Superintendent sent word that he wanted me to come to his office. When I arrived I found a well dressed man there who was introduced as an FBI agent. He told us that the Board Member's "Friend" had been under surveillance by the Bureau for some time and that he was a convicted criminal who should be avoided wherever possible. He advised us to avoid our unlighted parking area and never to go out to our cars alone. He had been attending our Board meetings for some time and was trying to determine what the "Friend" was up to.

Not long after the session in the Superintendent's office the two of us went to North American's headquarters in El Segundo where we talked with a vice president in charge of personnel. We told him the whole story, including the visit of the FBI agent. The Vice President made no promises but within a month the Board Member was transferred to Palmdale so had to resign from the Board.

I never found out what happened to the "Friend" or why he had been advising a Board Member in a small elementary school district in Los Angeles County. I was too busy and I was sure the FBI could take care of that situation.

Both the Superintendent and I needed new jobs. Cliff Riddlebarger, the Superintendent, applied for a position in Valencia in Orange County. Hobson Denmark, President of our Board went to Valencia and talked with those board members there Cliff was hired and I am sure that Hobson Denmark's influence was the key that unlocked that door.

I applied at Torrance for the position of Director of Construction. My old friend from Corona, Hank Hull was Superintendent and needed a Business Manager and a Director of Construction. After a long interview, I was hired as Assistant Superintendent-Business Manager at Torrance Unified School District. This happened exactly two years from the time I had left

Corona in April 1953.

This may be a good place to say something about superintendents. I worked with six superintendents, of varying abilities, during my twenty nine years as a Business Manager. Every one of them were fired or they resigned under fire. Now you might say it was my fault but it really was not. In my opinion, only one of the six deserved to be forced out of the job. In all other cases, the School Board was petty and very short sighted when they took action. I still believe in local control of school districts but I know that local boards, as now constituted, are not doing an acceptable job. We need some kind of qualification and training program for board members. Not just anyone off the street can do the job which is now open to all comers regardless of who or what they are. No adequate school system can function under a typical local board and the education of children is too important a job to leave entirely to chance as we do now.

TORRANCE

If you drove through Torrance, California today you could not imagine what it looked like in April 1955. There were open fields in most of the city. There were many old "stripper" oil wells in much of the town and only two residential subdivisions at that time. Hawthorne and Crenshaw Boulevards were the main north-south traffic arteries and Torrance and Sepulveda Boulevards ran east and west. "Down Town" was along Torrance Boulevard in the eastern part of the city. The industrial development consisted of the General Petroleum refinery, a U. S. Steel plant that made reinforcing bars, an American Standard Plumbing fixture plant and National Supply, an oil tool manufacturing plant. Standard Oil and Santa Fe Land Development Company owned large pieces of real estate but none of it was developed. There was a small commercial development along Pacific Coast Highway in Welteria.

I am not sure what the population of Torrance was in 1955 but there were about eleven thousand students in Kindergarten through Twelve. There were a half dozen large elementary schools and one high school with a second high school under construction.

The Superintendent of Schools at Torrance was a brilliant man who had been a full Commander in the Navy during World War II. He was convinced that students were best served by self-contained classrooms in Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Grades and then by four year high schools. That was the way the district was organized and during his tenure, there were no Junior High Schools. This was a very economical organization because it eliminated a whole layer of school service. We constantly monitored the success of our high school graduates and found they competed very successfully with those from districts that had Junior High Schools.

The Business Manager whom I replaced was a bright and able individual who had one weakness, he could not delegate responsibility. As a result he was obligated to do everything himself. Because of this weakness the district was unable to keep up with the increasing numbers of students at all grade levels. I found over five Million dollars in unobligated funds in the Building Fund. The Business Manager was just "too busy" to buy sites, hire architects and award construction contracts even though he worked eighteen hour days.

Now when I say "I did this and I did that", please remember that I had plenty of help but when you assign a job to an individual, you must hold him or her responsible and you must check up now and then to make sure the person is performing. Also it is necessary to retain the confidence and support of the Superintendent and the Board of Education who must approve everything that is done in the district. I was well-trained in bringing Boards along and always maintained a good working relationship with the Superintendent.

I found we had four thousand five hundred elementary pupils on double sessions and the City Building Department was swamped with thousands of building permits for new homes. It was imperative that we get some new schools under way immediately.

To this end, I began to interview Architects and I filled the position of Director of Construction. This individual would work with each architectural firm in developing plans for each school so that it would fit our particular organization and he would also be responsible for supervising building inspectors once construction was under way. In addition to new schools, we also needed an addition to our office building, a central library, a warehouse a bus garage and maintenance shops. After this review, I recommended employment of six additional architectural firms. Two were already "on board."

When I projected our financial needs, it was obvious that we could not finance the building projects that were going to be required. It would be necessary to have a bond election and at the same time, get authorization to accept a State Loan. This whole process was not new to me since I had gone through it at both Lawndale and Corona.

We worked out an enrollment projection that indicated we would have over thirty thousand pupils enrolled within a few years. In those days we could accurately predict pupil enrollment based on the number of "undeveloped" acres of land in the district and we had a lot of them. It was like estimating the yield per acre of corn.

The Superintendent had organized an Industrial Tax Committee representing all the major industrial tax payers in the district. We assembled this committee and got their agreement and that of the School Board for a Bond and State Loan proposition to be voted on at a special election. The Superintendent and I then held "Information Sessions" all over the City where we discussed the building propositions. When the election results were totaled the voters had approved \$15,000,000 in bonds and \$25,000,000 in State Loans for a total of \$40,000,000.

Now we could go to work. I hired a structural engineer to "bird dog" the architectural firms who were doing State Loan Projects because the State requirements were very strict and there was a very structured system for all reports and records. During the first year, we completed and occupied seven elementary schools and one high school. When we began construction on those schools there were 4,500 pupils on double session. After the schools were occupied, there were 5,000 pupils on double session. That is how fast we were growing.

I am sure you realize that when a school is built it must be built on land that is owned by the School District. It was a part of my responsibility to buy the land needed for new schools. In this endeavor, we were competing with sub-dividers who wanted every lot they could get and would pay almost any price for it. The only advantage we had was that the School District had the power of "Eminent Domain" which means that we could actually take land that was required for the "Public Good" provided we paid the "fair market value." When we selected a school site we immediately filed a claim on it and hired professional appraisers to determine the "fair market value." We then negotiated with the owner or owners but they were aware that we could not exceed the price that was

determined by the Appraisers and we always revealed the appraised amounts. The owner then had the option of selling at the highest appraised price or of going to Court to have the price set by the Court. Not one single case went to Court for settlement. I was able to buy hundreds of acres of land by negotiating a price with the owners.

Not all land acquisition was neat and clean. There were two very large developers in Torrance, Don Wilson and R.A. Watt. Both bought large chunks of land and built houses by the hundreds... Here the similarities ended. When Don Wilson acquired a large parcel of land, he would call me and show me his development plans and I would pick out school sites needed to serve the area. I would then ask him to grade each site to our specifications and then quote us a price for the graded sites. We never paid Don Wilson a profit on a school site. We simply audited his books to determine his cost of acquisition and cost of grading and that is what we paid him.

Ray Watt was a different proposition. He never revealed his plans and never cooperated in any way with the School District. If there was any way he could push the price up he pushed it. Not once in my dealing with Ray Watt did he tell me the truth about plans, acquisition costs or anything else and as a result all his deals were scheduled for Court but he invariably settled just before the trial took place. To sum it up, Ray Watt was a very difficult person to do business with.

I want to relate one land acquisition incident that was quite involved and interesting. R.A. Watt was building a tract of homes near a parcel of land owned by Standard Oil. The School District needed a ten acre site in the tract but the best location for the site required that Watt completely redesign his street and underground utility plans. I studied the whole area and noted that if we took part of Watt's land and some from Standard Oil we could get an excellent site without doing harm to the Watt Tract. The problem was that Santa Fe had a right of way for a railroad over the parcel and it would cross the school site. We held a meeting in Ray Watt's office with Standard Oil and Santa Fe represented. I presented a plan that I thought would work if every one cooperated. We would move the railroad right of way enough to clear the school site, take some of Standard Oil's property and turn out with a straight railroad all in one stroke. After much discussion, we all agreed to that solution and that is what we did. It is not every day that one gets a chance to tell big developers, Standard Oil and Santa Fe what they should do.

The first increment at North High School was under construction when I arrived in April 1955. The contractor, Boesphlug (Base-plug) Construction, was slow and indecisive and at least sixty days behind schedule on the contract. I read the contract document and found that we had a right to occupy the buildings before they were completed so I held a meeting with the construction Superintendent and our resident Inspector. I cited the "right to occupy" section of the contract and told the Superintendent that we would utilize that section and that on "September 7 there will be 1200 students on this site and you

better be ready for them." Actually the contractor refused to believe that we would really put students and teachers in unfinished buildings. They were not impressed with my threat even though they knew we had no other alternative. When over twelve hundred students showed up on September 7 the construction Superintendent almost fainted but then he began to push for the finish that could have been reached well in advance of Sept. 7. All that was needed was a little attention to scheduling of sub-contractors.

Just a word about school size. We felt we could put a thousand elementary pupils, in Kindergarten through Grade Eight, on a ten acre site. Our high schools were built with four thousand pupil stations and were on forty five acre sites. There was a small school for severely mentally handicapped pupils and a Child Care Center that was very popular with the industrial community.

The Superintendent had organized a Citizen's Advisory Committee composed of representatives from every organization in the district. This Committee met each month during the school year and school personnel presented programs that illustrated teaching techniques and procedures used in the schools. We might bring in a teacher and a whole classroom of students who would do a lesson on phonics or long division or art or just any phase of the school curriculum. The Committee members were supposed to report back to the members of their organizations. This process kept the community informed about what was going on in the schools. The whole effort was aimed at communication between schools and community. If a member had a particular interest, he could ask for a program in that field and the school staff was always available to help with questions. I always gave a School Building report to keep people updated on existing and planned projects. This system worked well as long as we were growing rapidly and citizen interest was at a high level. When their interest waned, it was almost impossible to keep the Citizen's Advisory Committee alive and active.

The Soviet Union had just put Sputnik in orbit around the earth and interest was very high in Modern Math. We organized classes for adults in New Math and it was very rewarding to see elementary teachers instructing auditors, computer specialists and engineers in the field of math. They were actually quite compatible and were most respectful of each other.

Once again I must mention the Board of Education. When I first arrived in Torrance, there was an excellent Board. We had a very bright house-wife, a medical doctor, a lawyer, a Superior Court Judge and a labor leader. Everyone of them served on the Board because of their interest in the schools. When this board began to break up we got members who had personal axes to grind or who "hated the Superintendent" or had some idea they wanted implemented through the schools. One of the very first new members was a string-willed man who came on the Board to push for Junior High Schools and to reduce the influence of the Superintendent. He wanted to occupy a position of power so he challenged the top man in the organization, the Superintendent. This Board Member did not bother me very much but he caused me to do much extra work. For

example, he asked me to pad the budget by a million dollars. He said, "I do not want to hurt the schools but I want to cut a million dollars out of next year's budget. You just put in enough extra that the Board can make a million dollar cut." Of course I knew this cut would make headlines in the local paper and I was tempted to refuse him and call in the news reporters and expose the whole thing. I did not do it because I knew it would just start a fight that we could not win. I put in the extra amount and the Board cut it out and got their headlines. There was a great deal more of this sort of thing and relationships were very strained between Board Members and Administrators so that not many new programs were implemented in my last few years in Torrance. No employee is likely to suggest a new program if the whole atmosphere is negative around him and no opportunity is missed to demonstrate the inadequacy of school personnel.

Fortunately, I was able to go ahead with installation of automated equipment in the Business Office. During my first years in Torrance I had organized an Advisory Committee on Accounts, Reports and Records. We started out with IBM punch-cards and then moved to computers as we got the systems ironed out. It requires a lot of discipline for fifteen hundred employees to submit clean accurate data and the Unit Record System seemed to develop that discipline. When all the bugs had been ironed out, we shifted to the IBM 1440 computer and put grade reporting, pupil attendance, financial records and reports on it. One consistent aspect I noted in the computer area at that time is that no computer or system would do all the functions that the manufacturer said it would. It is best to begin with very modest applications which are paralleled by older proven systems until all the problems are ironed out. I knew of one large school district that did not have a reliable financial report for one whole year because they put everything on a Remington-Rand Univac system and it just would not produce the results. Today the small high-capacity computers would work just fine but we did not have those in the 1950s and 1960s. The large "hay balers" we were working with were very hard to keep accurate because data put into them seemed to remain there and then would show up at unexpected times and places. The watch word was, "If you put garbage in, you get garbage out." That is a catchy saying but it does not help in those cases where legitimate data turns to "garbage" while it is in the system. In other words, it was valid when it went in but became outdated or been superseded but was impossible to clean out. This problem caused most of our headaches in using early computers.

I want to mention at least two professional organizations in which I was active during my years in School Business Management. First is CASBO, California Association of School Business Officials. This group covered the whole field of School Business and was a very helpful organization. The State was divided into Sections or geographical areas and there was a monthly meeting of members in each section. We had a state convention each May at which there were programs of interest to all members. We covered such areas as food services, pupil transportation, maintenance of

buildings and grounds, vandalism control, budgeting and accounting, all kinds of insurance, purchasing, new construction, salary negotiations, wage determination, and many others. CASBO was also a part of ASBO, Association of School Business Officials, (Of U. S. and Canada.) This organization was more interesting than it was helpful and although there is not much in common between snow removal in Nova Scotia and Southern California, there are many areas that are common to all school business operations. We dealt mainly in those areas at our annual convention.

I served on numerous committees in both the State and National associations. I also served on the Board of Directors of the State Association and as President and Board Member of the Southern Section of CASBO. Our efforts really paid off in the field of insurance because we represented millions of dollars of insurance premium in both fire and liability coverage. We could be very persuasive as a group. We always had high level insurance executives from large companies at our conventions.

Another organization I found to be very helpful was School Business Executives. This was a group representing the twelve or so largest school districts in California. It was started by Sky Joyner, Business Manager of Los Angeles Unified who felt that there were some problems in large districts that were due to size alone and that we should get together from time to time and compare solutions. The early meetings were held at King's Road, a training center in the Los Angeles District where students learned to be butlers, housemaids, cooks, waiters, gardeners, chauffeurs and other domestic positions. King's Road was a large mansion which was donated to Los Angeles Schools by a very wealthy couple. The District turned it into a training center for all the trades listed above. The facility paid its way by serving wonderful meals prepared by its students and for which customers paid a good price. Later the School Business Executives branched out and met in school districts all over the state.

The format for our meetings was rather simple. We submitted a list of questions that we wanted the group to respond to. This list was sent to each member at least two weeks before the meeting and each member prepared written answers for distribution during the meeting. The questions and answers formed the basis for discussion at the meeting. I remember one question I had and it went somewhat as follows. "Since the State Milk Board sets the price of milk for the school food service needs and the price will be the same on all bids, on what basis do you award the contract?" One district's answer was, "We award the bid to the supplier whose cows won the most blue ribbons at the County Fair." The rest of us were not so imaginative.

I felt highly complemented when I was elected Chairman of School Business Executives during my first year of membership. I did not feel quite so smug when I discovered that it was customary for all new members to be "elected" Chairman. It was not really an honor but a chore. It might be of interest to mention most of the school districts represented on School Business Executives. There were Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Santa Barbara, Fresno,

San Diego, Long Beach, Santa Ana, Alhambra, Fullerton, Burbank, Glendale and Torrance. Not all districts were members each year and membership was strictly by invitation.

I want to mention some of the people who were on my staff at Torrance. One especially good employee was Jean Long, Director of Food Services. Jean was over six feet tall and was one of the most able people I ever worked with. During one year we opened twelve new cafeteria operations and she equipped and staffed all these student food centers. She left nothing to chance but managed to train all the employees who came on board while she kept all the other cafeterias operating smoothly. She opened more than a new cafeteria a month all that year and every operation was as smooth as could be. Jean left Torrance to become Director of the National School Food Services organization. She left quite a gap in our organization because we were still growing rapidly but I was able to hire John Blandy, an Ex-Marine who had been captured during the battle of Wake Island and who spent five years in prisoner of war camps in Japan. John was a real find and fit right in to our organization. He was trained by the Marine Corps in food services so knew the field inside and out.

When our Maintenance program began to become ineffective, I hired "Dutch" Aldershof as Supervisor. Dutch was one of the GIs who waded ashore in North Africa when the United States began its campaign there in World War II. He had been trained by Peter Kewitt Co. and had worked all over the world building air fields and roads. He was particularly effective in scheduling men and equipment. He brought a real shot in the arm for the Maintenance Department.

I now realize that I have waited too long to write down all this "stuff." It has taken me two days to remember the name of my first experienced well trained Accountant. This was Bill Sells and if I could I would apologize to Bill for my poor memory. However, Bill passed away some years ago and the best I can do is to remember him in gratitude. Bill was the first accountant in my experience who really organized a training program for Account Clerks who did the actual work in the Business Office. He produced an Accounting Manual to show the paper flow in the office and to serve as a guide for personnel working there. This Manual became a guide for many school districts in Southern California.

I could include many other outstanding people who were on my staff or with whom I worked but I do not think it would be productive to do so because there were simply too many to deal with in this paper. There were some who did not fit the jobs they were trying to fill and they had to find other employment. I can remember their names but I will not mention them here.

Now I want to turn back to the Board of Education-Superintendent relationship. I doubt that the tension in this area bothered the principals or the teachers. They are quite well insulated from the central administration and from many of the public. The tension certainly did bother the employees working close to the Superintendent because the Board controlled all salaries and they refused to give the Superintendent a raise. For

two years all employees except the Superintendent received raises. This means that of about two thousand employees in the School District only one did not get a raise. The salaries of the Assistant Superintendents were bumped up against that of the Superintendent and we could not even get a cost of living raise. That was enough for me. I told the Superintendent that I was going to find another job, one that did not have a lid on the salary. He said, "Sam, you have been here eleven years and you wont leave now." I did not want to leave but I did just that. I was hired by Inglewood Unified School District at a salary twenty percent higher than I was receiving in Torrance and Inglewood was a smaller system. After my resignation, The Board of Education gave all the top administrators a nice raise and the administrators treated me to a great dinner. I had broken the log jam.

ADIOS TORRANCE

A large portion of my life was invested in the Torrance Unified School District. In a way I grew up there. Both of our girls went to school there and both finished high school in Torrance. However, each girl had a different school experience. Carol attended North High, then Torrance High before finishing at South High in the first graduating class from that school. Kay went to South High all four years and did much better than Carol. It does not help children to be shuffled around from one school to another.

Our home neighborhood was quite stable with mostly middle class families. Our house was small but each girl had a bedroom. The yard was large and fully developed. It was well used by kids from all around the area. Guin did a wonderful job of making that yard beautiful. I thought our home was an ideal place for a couple of kids to grow up.

It was while we lived in Torrance that hypertension became a problem for me. Not only did my blood pressure go up but I had great problems sleeping at night. I would find myself looking forward to and worrying about solving problems connected with my work. My doctor, who was a neighbor, attended a Board of Education meeting which I thought was rather an easy one but which my doctor thought was "impossible." He said, "There is no way in the world I would work for those idiots!" He then recommended that I get busy with some kind of hobby that would allow me to relax and get away from my work.

Guin and I talked about a mountain cabin but the drive there and the maintenance work seemed too much. With the ocean a short distance away, we decided to get a boat and that was just the medicine I needed. I usually took someone out fishing with me but sometimes I would just go alone. There is no way a person can fret and fuss about his job when he is out on the open ocean catching good game fish.

As for my work, I felt productively busy and able to handle my job even though there was always pressure from one thing or another. When it became obvious to me that the Board of Education was not going to raise the Superintendent's salary, I gave some thought to going to another school district. At about the time I was thinking of moving, the Superintendent gave me an unwarranted dressing down during a meeting of the full staff. I appreciated the fact that he was under great pressure from the Board but there was no way I was going to tolerate undeserved abuse. Since he was going out of town to a meeting I went to his office and told him I was leaving the district. Of course he did not believe it but I was almost sure I could get the job in Inglewood so I went there and applied for it. I knew the Superintendent and some of the Board members. They were delighted to have me in their district. By the time the Superintendent was back in town my letter of resignation

was in the Personnel Office.

I do not want to make a big deal out of this incident because all the Superintendent did was to give me a little push in a direction I was already leaning. It turned out to be a blessing since I was able to improve my salary by a large amount. I also had the honor of selecting my successor in Torrance.

A fuss of this sort is not unusual in any organization but my reputation as one who always supported his boss was well known and I expected to be supported by him in return. There had been many sharp disagreements with the Superintendent but all, except one, had been in the privacy of his office or mine and that one resulted in "Adios Torrance."

INGLEWOOD

I arrived in Inglewood in April 1966. This was at a time when the city and school district were undergoing a racial change. The city of Los Angeles was across the street from Inglewood's east boundary and that part of Los Angeles was almost totally black. Naturally the black people wanted to improve their living standard so they began to buy homes and move into Inglewood all along the eastern boundary. At the same time a few financially successful black people began to buy homes in La Brea Heights, a prime residential sub-division in north west Inglewood. One of the first black families was that of Frank Robinson who was then Manager of the Cleveland Indians baseball team and they were soon joined by doctors, lawyers and other professionals. As a result of these changes, we had black students in the west part and the east part of the district but the middle was all white.

The older residents of Inglewood were quite confused and uncertain about what they should do. Many of them simply sold to black families and moved away. Others made an honest attempt to welcome the blacks into their neighborhoods. A few people were very hostile toward the blacks refusing to talk with them and hoping they would go away.

The school district was a key player in this drama. The Board of Education appointed a Citizens Committee to deal with the problems of integration in the schools and hired a "Human Relations Coordinator." This Coordinator was a big black guy who was a kind of referee in all disputes between blacks and whites. He was also expected to teach the whites how to get along with the blacks. As I recall it, this man never gained entry to the inner circle of leadership at the district level. He operated independent of the top level administration and was gone a great deal of the time telling other school districts how to integrate peacefully.

Then a lawsuit was filed claiming that Inglewood was in violation of certain Federal Statutes requiring school enrollments to be racially balanced. We spent a lot of time in court trying to get a decision that we could finance and that would satisfy the Federal guidelines. The Court refused to consider the element of cost in any plans for racial integration. We tried to make the point that dollars for education were in limited supply and that anything that cut into that supply would leave less money for the basic job of educating children. The Court was deaf to that argument and ordered Inglewood to achieve racial balance in its schools by a certain date.

Now the only way to mix students who live in segregated neighborhoods is to transport a certain number out of one neighborhood and into another neighborhood and to take some out to make room for those being brought in. This means "bussing" which is a trigger word any place in the country but bussing is the most obvious and the most used technique for achieving racial balance in school districts. Bussing school children out of their home neighborhoods gives an accurate head count of black vs white and

will probably satisfy the demands of a court order but it will not achieve genuine racial integration. Real integration involves far more than an even number of whites vs blacks in a school.

Enough about integration problems for the moment. Inglewood had some other problems that required attention. When I arrived in Inglewood in April 1966, they were attempting to connect the district to television programs being broadcast from the Los Angeles County Superintendent of Schools headquarters. The idea seemed to be that we would have a large "master" antenna to pick up the County programs and then would "re-beam" them to any classroom or classrooms in the district. Each school was supposed to have a large antenna to receive these programs and then pipe them to all the classrooms. Some \$60,000 had already been expended before I arrived and not one program had been shown in any school.

The work on wiring was being done by district personnel on an over time basis. I had a long talk with the man in charge of the project and it was apparent to me that he was in over his head and had neither the training or the experience to make the system work. I had great concern about the whole project and I instructed him to concentrate on one school only and to get the system functioning there. It turned out that the whole design was faulty and could not be made to work. We were out \$60,000 and had a great deal of explaining to do.

There were also some other peculiar practices in the District. They had never bought a new truck or car. Rather they purchased vehicles from war surplus and then spent a great deal to re-build them. They also wasted hours of man-power because of crews waiting for equipment to be repaired.

Inglewood is an old town and was an ideal small town until all the turmoil of integration turned it upside down. There is a large city park in the north section called Centinella Park. Years ago there was a large spring at this site and the waters from the spring were used to irrigate the Freeman Farm. Today Daniel Freeman Hospital stands on a part of that old farm. This hospital is operated by a nursing order of the Catholic Church and the hospital is known world wide for some of its medical practices.

While I was in Inglewood the Forum was built by Jack Kent Cooke, then owner of the Los Angeles Lakers basketball team. The Lakers were playing in Los Angeles Sports Arena at first but were asked repeatedly to revise their schedule of games to accommodate another organization. This was very upsetting so Cooke appealed to the County Board of Supervisors for better control of his scheduling arrangement. In fact, he told them that if he could not get better control of his schedules, he would just have to build his own arena. The Supervisors laughed at him and refused to make any changes. Cooke bought a large piece of land in Inglewood and built the Forum. The Sports Arena was an empty shell for a few years after the Forum was completed.

In 1969, the Inglewood School District was holding a tax election and we were trying to drum up support for the proposition. Another fellow and I went to Jack Kent Cooke's office in Beverley Hills to try to get him to endorse the tax election. He thought we

wanted a donation and was armed with his accountant and a hard luck story to show us how "broke" he was. When he found out that all we wanted was his endorsement, he gave it readily. We then had a good visit with him. He gave us both memberships to the Forum Club which is an exclusive restaurant on the first level of the Forum.

Contrary to my comments so far, I enjoyed the time I spent in Inglewood. The interesting human factor in racial integration far out weighed the frustration of trying to make it work. Some people were so wrapped up in the problems that they could not forget it and go about their every day lives. One man, a medical doctor, had a fatal heart attack while addressing the Board of Education at a regular meeting. Business places closed rather than try to accommodate black customers. Dentists moved to Orange County rather than work on black patients.

The Superintendent was a former Business Manager and when he moved up to the head spot I took his place. He was very bright and was fluent in six languages. He had no trouble making decisions. In fact he sometimes made the same one five or six times. You never knew whether or when a policy would be changed so you just had to do what you thought best and hope you would be supported. He was the one who started the television project that I had to stop. He also set up the policy of buying war surplus vehicles as a way to save money which turned out to be so costly. I had to be very diplomatic in changing these and other policies but managed to do so successfully.

I recall one incident involving a woman board member. She had requested a cash advance to attend a convention in Chicago. I gave her \$500 out of a small Revolving Cash Fund which I administered in the office. She was to make the trip and then turn in a list of expenses so I could reimburse the Revolving Fund. A month later she had still not filed an expense report so I called her and asked her to please get it to me. Just after that I found out that the Board Member had not gone to Chicago, as authorized, but had gone on a "spree" to San Francisco. I called the County Auditor and told him the whole story. His comments were, "Sam, we are dealing here with an elected official. You and I do not know where she went, do we? You get a list of expenses for her or from her, have her sign it and send it to me. We will reimburse your Revolving Fund."

I understood the direction clearly. I also began to understand the power of an elected official. My secretary was most competent and she made up a list of expenses for the Chicago Convention totaling \$500. The Board Member came in and signed it and I was off the hook. In thirty years of working with Board members this was my only experience with dishonesty.

I have previously mentioned a Citizens Advisory Committee which was appointed by the Board of Education to devise a plan that would solve the problem of racially balancing the schools. There were about forty members on the committee but it was completely dominated by a medical doctor who was a real crusader for integration. (He had no children in Inglewood schools.) The doctor got himself elected chairman of the committee and began to control all considerations for the group and would not allow anyone to look

at the cost of implementing any plan under consideration. Actually, the "good" doctor controlled all discussions so closely that only the plans with which he agreed were seriously discussed.

We had two four-year high schools and two three-year junior high schools plus a number of elementary schools. The committee recommended (really the Doctor's plan) that we change to one three year high school at one location using an adjacent junior high for added space and convert the other high school to a four year junior high using an adjacent junior high as added space. The elementary schools would remain the same except we would continue to run buses to maintain racial balance.

This plan would require added science laboratories, office space and other specialized facilities at the proposed high school as well as revision and conversion of spaces at the proposed junior high. This plan was presented to the Board of Education at a regular meeting of the Board and the Committee Chairman requested that the Board respond by a certain date. The administrative staff discussed the recommendation at great length and came to the conclusion that it was not a feasible thing to do and that the education of all Inglewood children would be severely down graded and they told the Board their decision. The Board agreed with the Staff.

It was now necessary that someone meet with the Committee and explain the Board's objections to their plan. Of course it was the duty of the Superintendent to handle this chore and he prepared a proper response after conferring with the staff. On the day of the Committee meeting I was attending a conference in Anaheim and I got an emergency call from my office in Inglewood. "The Superintendent is ill and it will be necessary that you give the Board's response to the Committee, tonight." Now I was not surprised that the Superintendent was "indisposed." He had formed a habit of becoming "ill" when distasteful jobs came along. At any rate, I met with the Committee and took the heat from them for the Superintendent who was back in the office the next day with no sign of illness.

Something can be learned from this method of attacking educational problems. When we rely on a group of untrained people who are dominated by an articulate aggressive individual to come up with a solution we should be punished by having to live with their recommendation. The most successful integration programs in this country have been those used in the South where the principals and the teachers worked out plans for racial balance. They then told parents and pupils what they were going to do because it "was the law of the land and it was the right thing to do." They then simply implemented those plans in a quiet positive way. When you stir in the whole community and call in "experts" to tell you what to do, all the problems are magnified. Appointing a citizens committee in most cases, is simply a good way to delay or avoid a decision and seldom helps in reaching a satisfactory solution to racial integration.

It was amusing to watch the "integration" of the central office staff. We were all white until a black bookkeeper was hired. At least eight applicants were interviewed for this job and the

best candidate by far was a nice black woman. Her name was placed on the hiring list for Board action and then the Superintendent called me to come in to his office. He said, "Is there a black on the hiring list for this office?" I told him there was. He said he thought that he should make the decision about putting a black in the office. I told him that this employee would be in the Business Office and that I did not know of any policy that prevented us from hiring blacks. Later I found that the real culprit was the Superintendent's secretary who was Mexican. She thought the case required special permission from the head man and the Superintendent followed her lead. Anyway the black woman was hired and had no problems because of her color.

I have evaluated each man I worked for in every district and I may as well talk about Inglewood. That Superintendent is the only one I thought deserved to be fired from his job. He was totally indecisive. He required a great deal of attention. It was as though he expected each staff member to come by his office each day and pat him on the back. It was never clear where he stood on any question and he might change his mind at any time. The people in the community did not understand him and did not have a warm feeling toward him. I stayed with him for six years but when the Deputy Superintendent's job in Santa Monica opened I began to think of moving. A good friend of mine was in Santa Monica. He was retiring and thought I would fit well in that district. The job included both the unified district and the community college and the salary was considerably higher than the one in Inglewood. The Superintendent in Santa Monica had been a principal in Torrance so I knew him well. He was a large brash Italian guy who drank heavily and chased women. When I mentioned this to my friend in Santa Monica, he said, "Yes, he does all those things but he also can make decisions and he will support you in the ones you make. He is a real joy to work with."

I called the Superintendent, went for an interview and got the Santa Monica job. This occurred in April which was my month for moves. Again, I selected my replacement in Inglewood.

PEOPLE WELL REMEMBERED

As we go through life we collect memories of a few people who stand out from all those hundreds we have known and appreciated. They exhibited some trait or characteristic that stuck in our mind and will not let us forget them.

HENRY PULLAN

The first person I remember is Henry Pullan who lived on the old Tewksbury Ranch when we arrived in Pleasant Valley in 1920. Henry had a few head of cattle along Cherry Creek south of the Valley. He also had a small orchard which was irrigated from Cherry Creek. The first time I remember seeing him was at our elementary school when he dropped by with a wagon load of ripe peaches as a treat for all the kids. The look on his face as he watched all those youngsters eat peaches was unforgettable. He enjoyed watching as much as the kids enjoyed eating.

Later I was privileged to ride with Henry and some others with a trail herd to Holbrook. Henry loved to entertain kids with all kinds of yarns. The two of us were riding together south of Holbrook on our way home and Henry told me about stealing calves from a neighboring ranch in Texas. He said there was a sand covered area between his ranch and a large neighboring one and that the wind would blow sand around early every morning. He just caught two calves and led them over the sand hills. The wind then came up and covered his tracks. He claimed to have built up quite a herd, two calves at a time.

Once we were riding through an area of bare rock and Henry assured me that the Lord had put his kids out to finish the area and that the kids had begun to play around and had forgotten to put any dirt on the rocks. He added, "That's the way kids are and you always have to keep an eye on them because they would rather play than work."

As we rode along we noticed a large gray horse on top of a hill beside the trail. As we got closer we could see that the horse was fast asleep. Henry said, "let's wake that son-of-a-gun up. He rode right up beside the sleeping horse and yelled while slapping his leg with a rope. The horse reared up and turned toward Henry coming down across his horse's neck in front of the saddle. Henry's horse kept his feet only by backing out from under the sleeping gray.

It was all a big joke to Henry but we both knew that a horse who has been eating loco weed is unpredictable. The gray went right back to sleep.

VERN GILETTE

I cannot say that I knew Vern Gillette very well but I can say that I admired him from some distance. Vern was my idea of what a cowboy should look and act like. He was rather slender in build

with broad shoulders and a shock of black hair. He wore a battered Stetson hat, chaps, beat-up boots and usually carried a gun. His modest spurs gave off a faint tinkle as he walked and he did not have very much to say about anything. Vern was quiet and self contained. He and my Dad were fast friends having great respect for each other. His ranch was on Haigler Creek northwest of ours and we often rode together to work our cattle. Vern's wife, Jo, was a wonderfully warm friendly person and a joy to be around. The Gilettes tended to shop mostly in Payson since Jo's family lived there. I have recently become good friends with Frank, their oldest son.

BILL SEELEY

Bill Seeley was living on Canyon Creek when we arrived in Arizona. Occasionally he would leave his place, ride down over the Naeglin Rim and stop by our place for a drink of water and to leave his guns while he went to the Post Office in Young. He would come in the house, unbuckle his cartridge belt and hang the two pearl handled forty-five caliber pistols on the deer horns above our fire place mantle. He would then ride to the Post Office to get his mail stopping by later to pick up his guns on his way home. We suspected that he had some trouble somewhere with guns and did not want to wear them to the Post Office.

There was much speculation about Bill Seeley. No one knew where he came from or who he really was. The gossip was that Seeley was not his real name. Finally we found out that Bill had killed a man in Montana and had come to Arizona to start over again. It was also rumored that the case against Bill, in Montana, was dropped. His former name was, Paulsen, but he never used that name in Arizona. He finally moved to Pleasant Valley, married a local girl and ultimately became Justice of the Peace.

I saw Bill Seeley in action once during a trial held in his home. When a brawl started those pearl handled forty-fives were suddenly in his hands and no one dared contest him. His "back-up" was Al Griffen, an old Texas Ranger who was no one to cross. They restored order very quickly and the trial resumed.

Later on I had a chance to examine Seeley's guns from close up when I was serving on a Coroners Jury. If you cocked one of those pistols, you did not need to squeeze the trigger to fire it. Just touch the trigger and it fired. Those old forty fives were not play things.

JIM-SAM HAUGHT

I suppose Jim Sam's size made him easy to remember. He was six feet five inches tall and when astride a small horse he could literally drag his feet. Jim Sam was a joker. Everything was a joke to him and he did a lot of laughing. He lived on Spring Creek and had a small herd of cattle. He did a little farming and mined some gold in the immediate area of his ranch. He stole a few cattle for food and said, "The most helpless idiot I know is a guy that eats

his own beef."

Bill Cohea was raising hogs on a ranch near Jim Sam. Once Jim Sam just loaded a wagon with Bill's hogs and drove them to Globe where he sold them. Of course Cohea challenged him so Jim Sam just gave him the money he had collected for the hogs. He said, "Well, Bill, I was just helping you harvest!" It was all a big joke to Jim Sam.

Once D.C. Sparks was riding with Jim Sam and D C was wearing a new Stetson hat for which he had paid more than a month's wages. D C's hat blew off and Jim Sam whipped out his pistol and shot the hat full of holes. He said, "Damn, D C, I'm sorry. I thought it was a coyote."

I saw Jim Sam just a few years before he died and he was bent almost double and could hardly walk but he was interested in what I had done in my profession. He almost wore me out with questions about my work, family and other things and he seemed reluctant to let me go. I always thought Jim Sam was "big" in more than his physical size. He raised a nice family and provided much entertainment for those around him.

BUCK BLABON

Buck Blabon was the most prominent person in or around Patagonia in the 30s and 40s. He owned the only service station and garage. He owned a cafe. He repaired every windmill in eastern Santa Cruz County. Nothing of consequence was done in the Patagonia area without Buck's approval.

Once an "Easterner" was having a well drilled on his ranch. Buck told him he would not hit water where the well was being drilled. When the well turned out to be a dry hole the Easterner called Buck to come out and show him where to drill. Buck picked a spot about two hundred feet from the first well and, sure enough, the well was a good one.

Buck was originally a baseball player with the Los Angeles Angels of the Pacific Coast League. The Angeles sold his contract to the Bisbee Bees of the Arizona League and Buck was on a train to report to Bisbee when he met a man who was superintendent of a mine east of Nogales. The mine had constant problems with a large gasoline engine and Buck was an expert on gasoline engines. The man hired Buck to come to the mine and repair the balky engine. After the repair, Buck stayed on as Head Mechanic and Bisbee lost a potential first baseman.

From the very beginning Buck intended to start his own business which he did. He married a local girl and prospered for the next fifty years in Patagonia.

Guin and I rented a house from Buck and his wife, Hilda. It was brand new and became known as "Sam and Guins" house. We became fast friends, attending University ball games and local dances together even though Buck and Hilda were much older than we.

SKY JOYNER

Some individuals are just naturally easy to communicate with and seem able to help you in any situation. I had become acquainted with Sky Joyner when I first became Assistant Superintendent at Corona. Both of us were members of California Association of School Business Officials or CAPSEO and the Association of School Business Officials of The U. S. and Canada or ASBO. Members of both organizations were dedicated to helping each other.

When I encountered a problem with management of School Food Services, I thought immediately of Sky Joyner, Business Manager of Los Angeles Schools who had recently put on a program at a CAPSEO meeting. Corona had a Food Services Supervisor who had no record-keeping system for either food or money. I was insisting that we organize an accounting arrangement to allow us to tell where we were at every school. I furnished her with sample systems used in other school food operations. She refused to implement any system at all and, in fact, defied all attempts to get an accounting of cafeteria funds.

I must admit this Supervisor had me "out gunned" because no wedding in Corona was complete without the catering services of this lady. She was a pillar in her church and her reputation as a "feeder of people" was wide spread and unimpeachable. Who was I to challenge her management of food services?

I knew what I could do. I called Sky Joyner who had indicated in his recent CAPSEO program that Los Angeles had some problems similar to mine. To solve them, he had hired a consulting team from San Francisco, a man and his wife, who specialized in establishing record systems for food service operations. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Flambert were truly experts in food service. He in preparation and service and she in record keeping. They had advised hotel and restaurant chains, steamship lines and college and university food services all over the world. When I called them they agreed to spend a few days in Corona and evaluate our food services system.

Sky had spent five minutes on the telephone with me but now I was not the one pointing the accusing finger at the Supervisor. It was the food service experts whose qualifications were unquestionable. The Flamberts attended a Board of Education meeting and made an oral report to the Board. Of course their report was accepted and the Supervisor resigned.

I could cite dozens of incidents that illustrate the work of Sky Joyner. He was always available to help school districts of all sizes and in all states. He became President of ASBO while I was in Torrance and I had the privilege of serving on his Convention Committee and we met at the new Statler Hotel in Los Angeles.

I recall sitting at the San Francisco Airport with Sky while waiting for a flight to Los Angeles. We discussed the problems of a fellow Business Manager who had just lost his job. We agreed on a way to get him a job and it really worked out just as we had planned.

After Sky and I had retired, Guin and I had lunch with him in Santa Monica where we were both doing some consulting work for that school district. Sky had cancer and knew his days were numbered but he was the same person as always, interested in the well being of

all his friends. It was indeed an honor to have worked with Sky Joyner, the "Top Of the Line" in school business management.

BERT LYNN

Bert was a Board Member in Torrance when I worked there. He was loud, aggressive and loved to throw his weight around. Bert was Jewish and caught a lot of flack because of it. He served on the Torrance City Planning Commission as his first public position. During that service he acquired a number of street corners which he leased out to retail businesses. He ultimately owned fifty two street corners in Los Angeles County and was a very wealthy man.

Bert wanted to make a difference in whatever endeavor he was engaged in. He decided to push for junior high schools in Torrance. I am convinced he did this because the Superintendent, Dr. J. H. Hull, did not think junior high schools provided the best environment for pupils.

Bert always talked about saving money for the school district but he traveled First Class when representing the District and he bragged about it. He maintained that the District was fortunate to have a man of his stature on its Board and the difference between coach and first class was not a material cost. No employee dared ride first class at District expense. Bert tried to interfere in business affairs and I told him that he would have to get the approval of a majority of our five man board in order to buy a school site or purchase a piece of equipment. He caught on very fast and was never a real problem to me.

One year a group of residents came to a board meeting to protest Christmas plays that were being held in the elementary schools. Bert was president of the board and he told them they were too narrow minded. He said, "I am a Jew but my son is playing Joseph in a manager scene and I think it is a wonderful experience for him." The protesters had no more ammunition.

Bert died of cancer shortly after I left Torrance but his influence on the school district was tremendous and it was both good and bad. His junior highs were developed but not as fully as he had intended.

JOHN HEINRICH HULL

What do you say about an individual who is a genius one minute and a small petty person the next? I guess I would have to admit that the genius side far outweighs the pettiness. His accomplishments attest to that even though there is "blood" on his shoes from those on whom he has stepped during his petty spells.

"Hank" Hull had a great variety of experience. He ran a rural high school district in Colorado. He managed a large department store in a large city. He became a full Commander in the Navy in World War II. He was Business Manager in Corona. He got his Doctor's Degree at the University of Southern California and then became Superintendent of Schools at Torrance Unified School District.

Hank's approach to school administration was rock solid. His ideas about how to communicate with parents and community were very effective. His relations with Boards of Education were right out of the text book--- until a Board refused to listen to him. He then became almost unbalanced and was most difficult to work with. I suppose all of us become disgruntled when we fail to convince others that what we are trying to do is the right thing. We tend to take our unhappiness out on those close to us. This is what happened to Dr. Hull.

It is the first responsibility of a school superintendent to work with his Board of Education and when that relationship breaks down the whole organization is in trouble. One must recognize the Board of Education is the dominant force in a school district and if they insist in doing foolish things one must help them do them. Administrators can only recommend actions and in the end, the Board's decisions must be carried out. Hank had great difficulty accepting Board decisions that were in conflict with his ideas but he really had no choice except to resign, which he ultimately did.

I remember one instance when Hank did an unusual thing. Mobil Oil had a large refinery in Torrance and was a major tax payer in the district. A new manager came to the refinery and he was aggressively opposed to public education, especially to paying school taxes. Hank went to see him a few times to try and educate him on our operations which were among the most inexpensive in the entire county. The manager was rather rude and very stubborn. Hank then took a plane to New Jersey to the Corporate Headquarters of Mobil Oil where he got the ear of top company managers and managed to convince them that Torrance Unified School District was a live, effective, economically operated organization and that the local refinery manager was a handicap to its operation. I do not know what caused the action but within two months the refinery manager was replaced by a much more agreeable individual.

Hank Hull never hesitated to approach the very highest authority to solve problems in a school district. He was the leader of a group trying to establish a regional occupational training center in Torrance where a Navy Supply Depot became "surplus" after the Korean War. We applied for a grant of land and were finally given forty five acres of the depot site. A Regional Occupational Center was built there and has been quite successful over the years. Hank's persistence in this endeavor assured its success. He made numerous trips to Washington to acquire this site.

I probably have not emphasized Hank's positive work as much as I could have in this review but I had great sympathy for him as I watched him struggle to accept policies which were so abhorrent to him. I was so close to him that I caught some of the flack but I never failed to appreciate both his genius and his weakness.

BERNARD HOPKINS

One of the most delightful people I have ever known was Bernard "Red" Hopkins who was at Inglewood School District when I went there in 1966. Red was a devout Catholic and had served as Director of Athletics at Loyola University before getting his PhD

and coming to work at Inglewood. He was highly respected at Loyola and when they had some problems in their graduate school with the areas of School Law and School Finance, Red recommended me as a professor. I taught there for three years on a part time basis and was able to bring their program up to par in the two areas.

Red was an avid fisherman but seldom went out because he was involved at Loyola University and at Daniel Freeman Hospital. However, I was able to take him fishing on my boat on many weekends and he was a lot of fun. We were sometimes able to take his youngest son, Pat, who was a teen ager and was very enthusiastic. Pat and I observed a pod of grey whales in the Catalina Channel. One surfaced beside the boat and really startled Pat.

After I retired Red became Business Manager of El Segundo School District where he suffered a fatal heart attack. I went back to work for a few months to fill in for him.

SANTA MONICA UNIFIED AND COMMUNITY COLLEGE DISTRICT

I was somewhat apprehensive when I accepted the Santa Monica job because I had no community college experience. I did not understand the college organization or even how it was financed. I soon learned that Santa Monica College was a dinosaur in that it's Board of Education was also the Board for the Unified District, the only one in California that was so organized.

The Santa Monica School District was not large enough to warrant a community college but over the years they had worked out an arrangement with Los Angeles Community College District that allowed students from Los Angeles to attend Santa Monica under a contract and Los Angeles paid their tuition. This made Santa Monica quite a large institution.

The year I became Deputy Superintendent at Santa Monica, Los Angeles Board of Education canceled the contract between the two districts so that Santa Monica College was to lose over half of its enrollment. This meant that many of the College teachers would lose their jobs.

Reducing staff is a messy thing, to say the least, and there are many laws and policies that apply to staff reductions. In brief, all the laws and policies say that the "teachers hired last are the first to leave." It is a seniority requirement. Furthermore the procedure requires that people to be let go must be notified before May first of the previous year and there was very little time to draft notifications after Los Angeles canceled the contract.

A meeting of the college faculty was called and I was introduced as their new "Deputy Superintendent." I proceeded to explain the contract problem and told them that most of them would be getting a Registered letter stating that they might no longer have a job at the college. I tried to reassure them by pointing out that Los Angeles was not able to accommodate it's students and that no doubt the contract would be renewed but there was much apprehension. It was not a very good way to begin a new job.

I immediately began negotiations with Los Angeles and found that the real problem was with the Board of Education there. They had plenty of space available in East Los Angeles and in the San Fernando Valley but were short of space in West Los Angeles where Santa Monica had been serving their students. A couple of Board Members had discovered the unused spaces and decided to make a political fuss about it. After a few meetings the contract was renewed and the threat was ended, temporarily. We all knew that Los Angeles Board could hold a threat of cancellation over our heads and really cause serious problems.

I knew that as long as we served Los Angeles students on a tuition basis, we could be threatened with contract cancellation. In California, the community colleges are a part of the State College system and are subsidized by the State. I concluded that if we could get some new buildings on campus, financed by the state,

that we could probably get the State to intervene on our behalf should Los Angeles decide to cancel our contract.

We had immediate need for a new library building and an addition to the auto shops so I began a drive to get state money to build these new facilities. It was a long hard effort but we finally managed to get both these new buildings but, more importantly, we had made the State authorities aware of the contract arrangement with Los Angeles. I have no idea what the final outcome will be but I doubt that the State will allow Los Angeles to duplicate facilities that exist in Santa Monica so I think the contract arrangement is quite safe.

Santa Monica is a unique place. It operates like a small town but is the hub of a metropolitan area. Then there is Malibu, just next door, which is a part of the school district. The children of many prominent movie and television people attend Santa Monica schools and this increases the need for security. Santa Monica High School had developed a system of checking attendance of pupils that was based on periods rather than on school days. If a pupil was not in a class he was scheduled to be in the alarm went out and the pupil was immediately located. We took no chances with the people in our charge. Yet both pupils and their parents were treated like all other children and parents. This arrangement seemed to be agreeable to every one. I have attended school programs where Jane Fonda, Barbara Streisand, Flip Wilson or Loren Green were present and they appeared to be ordinary parents.

Santa Monica Schools had a superb musical program and each spring there was a district wide concert at the huge Civic Auditorium. A guest Director was brought in and each grade level performed in turn. First the Elementary Schools, next the Junior Highs and then the High School and finally the Community College. At the end the guest director led the combined groups in a grand finale that brought down the house. The whole community was involved and it was a wonderful event and well attended.

The Superintendent of Schools at Santa Monica was a most effective administrator. He kept well ahead of the Board of Education by anticipating their "leanings" and then making decisions in response to Board Member's desires. As an example, there were a few black people in the school system and when the question of racial integration came up the Superintendent was ready with a plan. The matter was placed on a board agenda and adopted as a routine action. The community had confidence in the Board and Superintendent so matters that were so controversial in other districts were just routine business in Santa Monica. This happened because the Superintendent kept ahead of the Board and community in anticipating possible problems.

The one area where the Superintendent was weak was in the Community College. He literally hated the college organization. He was convinced that the teachers were lazy and had half a work load. He also thought they were grossly overpaid. I thought he was wrong on all counts but could not convince him that he was. Finally the President of the college retired and the Superintendent became President as well as retaining the superintendency. This proved to

be too much and a new President was hired.

This new President was an ambitious energetic man who began immediately to under cut the Superintendent. His scheming worked because the Board finally fired the Superintendent and divided the College from the Unified District. I thought the whole problem could have been solved by the Superintendent changing his attitude toward the college. That institution did very well when compared with other Community Colleges. It could not honestly be compared with elementary, junior highs or senior high schools. I decided the Superintendent was seeking early retirement and he chose this way to get it.

During all the twenty nine years I spent as a Business Manager in California School Districts I had the responsibility of handling salary negotiations with employees both certificated and classified. This process gradually became more and more complicated as labor unions began to concentrate on school employees. What had been "Associations" became "Bargaining Units" and required more and more of my time. The teachers in Santa Monica District became quite militant and I was finally unable to spend the time necessary to work with them without getting some help. This same situation prevailed all over California. Teacher's groups became "unionized" to such an extent that there were some strikes in many districts.

When it became apparent that I would have to bring in some one to help handle the work load, I decided that the new person should not be in the Business Division. Many of the items we were discussing were not matters of finance but were more properly "working conditions." I therefore talked the Superintendent into putting the new man in the Personnel Division.

It took a great deal of time to revise the organization and to find a qualified person for the new position. Meanwhile I was meeting with teacher's representatives and their labor lawyers and listening to complaints about "extra duties" imposed on the teachers. They did not want to supervise students in the hallways or on the playgrounds or before school or after school or during lunch time or any time or place outside or their classrooms. It was obvious to me that the teachers were trying to get away from the students and to narrow their responsibilities for supervision of students just as much as they possibility could. This whole movement was pushed by the union leaders and endorsed by quite a number of teachers. It was obvious to me that many parents try to get away from their children in just the same way and with both teachers and parents evading their responsibilities it is no wonder that the behavior of many of our children and young people is so horrible.

Having made all these statements, let me hasten to add that teachers cannot take the place of parents. Both parties are required to do a proper job. Teachers can supplement the work parents do with children but when parents fail to do their jobs teachers cannot do it for them. Today teachers are trying to work with too many children of extremely diverse families and cultures but mainly they have too many children of all kinds in each classroom. At the same time they are being severely criticized by

everyone because the children are not learning as much as is expected and are behaving like "heathens." In my opinion, the teachers are being persecuted for the failure of adults to do their jobs as parents and as financial and spiritual supporters of our schools. Nothing is as expensive as a cheap education for a child.

At any rate, we added a new employee to our staff and he handled the "labor" problems out of the Personnel Division. The new employee was Peter Sweers, a retired Army Colonel, who had been Editor and Chief of Stars and Stripes in the Asian Theater. He was a very well educated man and I had worked with him at Inglewood where he was Public Information Director. Peter did not stay at Santa Monica very long but left when the Superintendent "retired." He became Personnel Director in a large trucking firm in Palo Alto, Calif.

I found the College Faculty at Santa Monica to be completely different from the Unified District. The college had a Faculty Senate and they appointed a Salary Committee to work out an arrangement for the pay of college faculty members. During each of the years I was in Santa Monica we were able to make a joint recommendation to the Board of Education on teachers pay. It was a real pleasure to work with the college teachers on salaries and the whole area of "working conditions" was never mentioned while we were conferring.

I must note that my whole experience at Santa Monica was a very pleasant one. The Board of Education was very stable and supportive, the Superintendent was the best one possible, and the community was very proud and supportive of its schools.

I also served on the Board of the Chamber of Commerce with some of the most successful business men in the country. I don't know whether the Chamber helped the local business men or not but they surely helped the schools and, as a result, Santa Monica had an outstanding school service for its children.

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