

CHAPTER THREE

FINDING A CAREER - GETTING AN EDUCATION

1956 - 1962

First Day of the Rest of My Life

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

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

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

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

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

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

Making Money

Uncle Perrin bought a new tractor with a backhoe and front-end loader, to use to dig the trenches for the water and sewer lines in the National Park. Buzz and I were going to be the ditch-digging team. Buzz would be the primary backhoe operator, but I was also to learn how to operate it so we would have a backup. My primary responsibility was to make sure the ditches were dug in the proper place and to the right depth. After a week or so of preparation, we started work in the North Unit of Theodore Roosevelt Park. Buzz and I left Watford in the company pickup every morning at 7:00, and we would usually return no earlier than 7:00 in the evening. We got paid for the time in transit as well as the time actually working, and because there was a very tight schedule to get all the work done before freezing weather in the fall, we were free to work as much overtime as we wished.

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

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



This is a photo looking into the badlands of North Dakota.

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

neers, Buzz and I back-filled the ditches, packed the dirt, and smoothed over the ground where we had dug.

Miss Watford City Pageant

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

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

Janice is third from the left in this photo.



Buzz and I continued to work our long hours digging ditches in the Park. We found several snakes in the bottom of the ditch every morning when we came back to work. There were

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

Supporting Dad

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

Dad had lost every cent he had made from selling the farms. Financially he was back where he was before he moved to Minnesota during the depression years. He had no business, he had no job, he had no recent work experience outside of farming and working in a restaurant, he had no money, and he had an old car and almost no furniture. I guess Wally influenced him to move to Bemidji, where Wally and Ginger were living, but there were almost no good jobs in the Bemidji area. It would have made more sense for them to move back to Watford, which was in the midst of an economic boom due to oil drilling in the area. There were lots of good jobs in Watford, requiring relatively little skill, in the construction and oil field industries. But I guess dad didn't want to come back to Watford in complete poverty; he may have been embarrassed to have all his relatives know of his failures. Or maybe he was just being stubborn and resisting the pressure from mom to move back home.

I sent mom \$200 the next day, and another \$100 the next week when I got paid, and continued to send them some money each pay day for the next two months. I never knew whether any of my three older brothers gave them any money to help them through this crisis.

I started dating Janice on a fairly regular basis, at least every Saturday, and sometimes on week day evenings. We went to movies and to parties or just hung out with friends. We would drive up to the parking lot by the old school on top of the hill, where we could see the entire town, and neck, and talk about our past and our plans. Janice had just finished one year of college at Minot State College; she had been one year ahead of me in high school, but only about six months older than me. She had decided not to go back to Minot; instead she had enrolled in a stewardess training school which guaranteed a job as an airline stewardess when she finished their school. I told her of my plans to go to Concordia College in Moorhead that fall.

I was still evaluating other girls, and I dated a couple of girls who Buzz had introduced to me. One was a college girl who Buzz knew from Dickenson College. We went on a double date with Buzz and another Dickenson College girl while we were in Dickenson one night. But the other girls were not exciting me; they were no competition for Janice.

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

Buying a Cool Car

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

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

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

we were staying in Belfield, Buzz and I were checking out the local girls, and spent some evenings in the local bars and restaurants chatting with available girls.

Cave-In

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

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

Official Comedy

By the end of August we had almost finished the work in the South Unit of the Park. Buzz had to go back to Dickenson State College, in late August, so I finished the backhoe work in the South Unit. After we had installed the large water storage tank up on the hillside and completed all the connections, Perrin gave me the job of applying a couple of thick coats of a rust inhibitor and sealant to the inside of this large tank. There was a small manhole on the top of the tank, with a steel ladder welded inside the end of the tank to climb on to get down into the tank, which was about ten feet in diameter and about 25 feet

long. I used a large brush to apply this tar-like sealant to the inside of the tank. The coating was extremely slippery; it was like ice.

The first coat was relatively easy to apply because I could stand on the dry surface of the tank as I painted. But the second coat was much more difficult. The paint was black, so it became harder to see with the light I had in the tank, and it was very difficult to walk on the bottom of the tank without falling on the slippery surface. Because the bottom of the tank was a rounded surface, I had to step just exactly on the center of the bottom to avoid slipping on the curved surface. As I applied the second coat of sealant I slipped and fell a few times, and by the time I was finished my clothes were badly soiled with the tar-like material which could not be removed with soap and water.

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

I couldn't contain myself. My sides were aching with laughter. I ran behind a truck parked nearby so my laughter wouldn't be quite so apparent as they slowly emerged from the tank. All three of them looked like they had been in a mud wrestling contest. They were covered with that black tar from head to toe; their hats were crushed; it looked like one of them had landed on the top of his head in the tar, with his Ranger hat crushed down over his ears. They didn't say a word; just walked to their Park Service truck and drove away. I and the other contractor workers who had witnessed this scene were rolling on the ground in uncontrolled hysterics. It was the highlight of our relations with the Park Service. The next day I had to go back into the tank to apply another coat of sealant where the Rangers had sopped up the tar with their uniforms and hats.

Don't Need College

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

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

The Runaway Truck

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

As I reached the top of the first ridge and started down the other side, I touched the brake to keep the truck from picking up too much speed. The brake pedal went all the way to the floor; I had no brake at all; I pumped the pedal; still no

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

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

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

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

This final curve was to the right again. I repeated the process of pulling the right wheels into the ditch on the inside of the curve. The ditch here was deeper and for a second I thought the truck might roll to the inside but then the

force of the turn pulled it up on its left two wheels and I felt like it would just keep on rolling. But just then the wheels hit some loose sand and those two left wheels started sliding; we were sliding around the corner rather than rolling over the cliff. I was able to bring the truck back into a straight line to head down to the flat valley below. I'm going to make it! I'll be able to stop this thing! I'm not going to die! I won't even wreck the truck or the tractor.

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

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

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

Now that Buzz was off at college, I was the backhoe operator. Perrin had several projects in the Watford area that required backhoe work; digging footings for buildings; putting in water and sewer lines for a rancher; digging holes for septic tanks; and digging up some sewer lines for the city so they could repair the line. I was becoming very good at operating the backhoe. I could play those levers like a concert pianist, making that backhoe work as fast and as smoothly as the hydraulic system permitted. Through September and October I was busy six days a week, ten or more hours a day. This was fun work and I was making good money.

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

Getting Engaged

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

I had lots of money in the bank. I found a nice diamond engagement ring and a matching diamond wedding band at Shelleys' Jewelry store in Watford, and paid cash, on November 1, 1956. On the evening of November 3, as we were parked up on the hill overlooking Watford, I asked Janice if she would marry me. She said Yes; Yes; Yes; she apparently was not interested in looking further either.

After Janice discussed a wedding date with her mother, we set a date for the following June 16. I called mom to tell her; I'm sure mom was shocked, but she didn't try to discourage me. She knew she would be wasting her breath. Uncle Perrin tried to discourage me from getting married. He said I was too young;

there was no reason to rush into marriage; marriage was too long as it was, without rushing into it as a kid; you should get some experience with other women before making a decision. But he didn't weaken my resolve. I was content that I wouldn't find anyone better even if I waited for years, so why wait.

Dad Comes to Watford

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

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

Cold Shock

As Thanksgiving neared, it was getting very cold in North Dakota. The ground was frozen, making it impossible to dig unless we built fires to thaw the ground first, and it was too cold to pour concrete outdoors. So most of Perrin's projects came to a halt. I continued to do some backhoe work down in the North Unit of the Park, digging ditches for gas and water lines for some new houses being built for the Park Rangers. Just before Thanksgiving dad went back to Bemidji. There was no more work in Watford for him.

After Thanksgiving I worked at finishing the ditch digging down in the Park for the Ranger's houses. It was very cold sitting on the tractor. I bought extra underwear and insulated coveralls and wool socks and insulated boots and I still got cold sitting on that tractor. We kept burn barrels going on the site so

we could warm up a bit every half hour or so. In mid December we had a big snowstorm that covered all of our work. We stopped work; there was nothing we could do until the weather improved, and we had no idea when that might be.

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

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

Facing Winter Reality

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

I checked with almost every employer in Watford and the surrounding area to see if there were any jobs available. No one was hiring. One of the drilling rig companies thought they might have an opening in the next couple of months, but nothing now. By the third week in January I decided I needed to do something. I didn't want to just sit around and spend all my money. I decided to go south. Some of the guys I knew in town who worked in the oil fields had told me that construction could continue all winter farther south. I figured if I went

to Kansas or Oklahoma or Texas or someplace like that, I might be able to find a job as a backhoe operator. I could work there for a few months until the weather improved in North Dakota. Janice didn't want me to go. I promised to call or write her every day.

The next day I packed my bag, jumped in my Ford and drove south. I had no idea how far south I might need to go to find weather warm enough. The first day I drove through South Dakota, part of Wyoming, and into eastern Colorado. It was still just as cold as North Dakota. The second day I drove southeast into Kansas; it was still just as cold as North Dakota. That evening I was talking to a guy sitting next to me in a diner. He said he was from Texas. I asked him why he was here in Kansas. He said he was up here looking for work, because there was no work in Texas, and so far he had found nothing in Kansas. He was thinking about going to California. That evening in my motel room it struck me that what I was doing was pretty silly; out driving around the country looking for a job. I had no idea where I might find a job. I could drive for weeks, and spend hundreds of dollars on gas and food and motels, and still not find a decent job.

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

Sales Jobs

The next few days I was busy looking for possible jobs. I read all the want ads, and answered several, but there seemed to be nothing in the construction business that would use my skills. On the third day I was offered a job selling magazines door to door. I reported for work early the next morning. There were several other new employees starting that morning. Three of us were assigned to a supervisor, who told us we were going out into the field to start work right away. As he drove us into a residential part of the city, the supervisor told us

a little about the magazines we would be selling, and he gave us a one page paper with a sales pitch that we were supposed to memorize. We were to ring the doorbell and when someone answered we were to spew out our sales pitch before they had a chance to say no.

He dropped each of us off in different blocks, and told us he would be back at 4:30 that afternoon to pick us up. There I was, out there on a cold day, in a strange city, with no way to get back to my car. Well maybe I would sell lots of magazines and make a bundle of money. I rang the first door bell. An old guy came to the door, took one look at me, and slammed the door in my face. No one answered at the next two doors. At the fourth house, a young woman with a screaming baby in her arms answered the door; she listened to about half of my spiel before she closed the door. After an hour of knocking on doors, I hadn't been able to even finish my sales pitch, much less make a sale. Now I understood why they dropped us off out here. If I had my own car, I would have been gone by now.

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

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

The next morning I was back on the phone checking help wanted ads; nothing in construction; nothing for unskilled laborers; lots of jobs for people with college degrees. Then I saw the ad: Earn hundreds of dollars a month in your spare time; no experience necessary. I called and got an appointment for that afternoon. I went to a very posh office in Minneapolis where I was ushered into a large office to meet with a man who seemed to be quite wealthy; nice clothes; large diamond rings on his fingers; expensive watch. He said I was an ideal candidate for the position he had to offer. I would sell their amazing set of pots and pans to young, unmarried women who were building their hope chests in anticipation of meeting the right man. He took me into a room and showed a short movie extolling these pots and pans; with these pots anyone could be a gourmet chef; they almost cooked the meal by themselves. And the price was only a measly \$275 and the lucky buyer could pay on the installment plan; only \$15 a month for the rest of your life!

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

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

That evening I started going through the phone books looking for any girls I knew from Henning or Battle Lake who might be living in the twin cities now. Before the evening was over I had found four girls I knew, and had arranged to meet two of them the next evening; they didn't know I'd be bringing a large suitcase with me. The next day I did more research on where to meet lonely

girls. I found a couple of YWCAs. I checked out some of the large apartment buildings in downtown Minneapolis where many young women shared apartments. I also toured the campus of the University of Minnesota; college was starting to seem a bit more attractive to me as the winter wore on.

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

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

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

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

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

I called Janice later that evening; she begged me to come home; she missed me terribly. I said I might. I had noticed that Norry's wife Lennie was becoming more persistent in questioning me about how long I planned to stay with them. Did I have a paying job yet? Have I looked for another place to stay? She was anxious to be rid of me.

Going Back to Watford

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

Learning the Value of an Education

The next few weeks in Watford were a great educational experience for me. First, I applied for unemployment compensation and received enough to cover

most of my living expenses. Then I started a detailed study of all the employers in the area. I called on every business in Watford and most of them in Williston; every oil company business; every construction company business; even insurance companies and real estate offices. Not a single job available for a high school graduate who didn't know how to type.

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

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

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

Roughnecking

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

by the end of the day. The crew chief, referred to as the “driller”, informed me that I would be trained on the job.

When we arrived at the site I was astonished at the immensity of the rig. There was a huge structure made of large steel beams, with heavy wooden logs on top, that served as the base for the derrick and all the equipment. This base was at least 60 feet wide and 80 feet long, and about 15 feet high. On top of this base was mounted the derrick that rose up over 130 feet above the base. Directly under the center of the derrick was the rotary drilling table that turned the large steel pipe with the drill bit on the end, drilling deep into the earth. Off to one side of the rotary table was the large control unit that controlled all operations, including the engines, the pumps, the rotary table, and the huge “traveling block” which was an enormous block and tackle hooked to the very top of the derrick and used to raise and lower all the drill pipe.

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

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

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

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

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

Just then the driller honked a horn, and Doug said that meant it was time to add another 30 foot length of pipe to the string. We had to add a length every three hours or so in this type of drilling. This would be my first task. I was to

help another roughneck get a rope tied to a 30 foot pipe stacked in a pile just outside below the deck, and guide the pipe as it was lifted up to the deck to be attached. Then I was to swing a huge wrench around to clamp onto the drill string to hold it while the new pipe is screwed into the top of the string. When the new pipe was tightly attached, I was to unlatch the wrench and swing it out of the way. The wrench I was using was about six feet long and the head of the wrench was about six inches thick and big enough to clamp around a six inch pipe. The wrench weighed a few hundred pounds and was held up by cables attached up in the derrick, with counter weights to permit the wrench to be moved up and down and around by one person. There were two of these wrenches; one on each side of the rotary table.

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

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

The driller and other crew removed the equipment that pumped the mud into the top of the pipe. Then the driller brought the huge traveling block with the clamp on the end, down to the top of the pipe. My job now was to lock the clamp onto the top of the pipe, just below the collar on the end of the pipe, as the other deck hand pushed it in tight against the pipe. The driller then started the block moving quickly up to the top of the derrick, pulling out three lengths of pipe. The other deck hand and I then pulled the safety clamp into place around the pipe, and I had to swing my wrench around and attach it a foot or so above the joint of the pipe. And the other deck hands would swing into

place and clamp the mud catcher, which was sort of a shield to reduce the splash of the mud solution when the pipes are separated. Now, the driller would rotate the drill table which turned the bottom pipe, to unscrew it from the upper pipe. When the top pipe was loose, the driller would lift the block slightly so the top pipe could swing free. At this point, several gallons of mud solution would come splashing out of the upper pipe, and I had to instantly unlock and remove my wrench, while being splashed with mud; the deck hands were usually well covered with mud after the first few separations. Then the other two roughnecks would push the mud shield out of the way, and move the swinging pipe back to the platform to be stacked while the driller lowered the block to gently set that pipe down onto the surface. Up above, Doug had whipped a rope around the pipe and as soon as the pipe was resting on the floor, he unlatched the clamp holding the pipe and pulled the pipe into the appropriate slot between the teeth of the comb.

This process is fairly simple if done in slow motion, but our job was to do these things at high speed, like watching a movie running at double speed. The second the driller brought the block with the clamp down to the right level I had to have it firmly latched onto the pipe. The instant it was latched the driller pulled the pipe up out of the hole at high speed, stopping at just the right time for the third joint. At that instant we had the safety clamp in place and I had the wrench locked around the upper pipe, and the other two deck hands had the mud shield in place, and the driller had the rotary turning to unscrew the pipe, lift it up and splash the mud while I instantly unlocked my wrench and swung it out of the way while the other two pushed back the mud shield, grabbed the bottom of the pipe, ran it back to the right stacking location while the driller set the pipe down and Doug unclamped the block up above and the driller had the block screaming back down for more pipe and I locked the clamps on the pipe and away he went again up to the top, stopping just at the right instant, and I had the wrench locked around the upper pipe, and the other two deck hands had the mud shield in place, and the driller had the rotary turning to unscrew the pipe, lift it up, splash the mud while I instantly unlocked my wrench and swung it out of the way while the other two pushed back the mud shield, grabbed the bottom of the pipe, ran it back to the right stacking location while the driller set the pipe down and Doug unclamped the block up above and the driller had the block screaming back down for more pipe and I locked the clamps on the pipe and away he went again up to the top, stopping just at the right instant, and over and over we repeated this process until the crew of the next shift slipped into position to replace each of us. There was not more than a few seconds lost as the result of the change in crew.

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

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

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

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

I was making very good money now, but the working conditions were bad. It was very cold on the rig in the winter, and we had only minimal protection from the elements. We worked in the rain, snow, wind, hail or whatever weather. We had to work seven days a week, which really disrupted my social life with Janice. The only way to get a day off was to convince a member of one of the other crews to "double" for you; that meant that they would work two consecutive shifts, their shift and your shift. Because I had the least seniority on the rig, no one would double for me, but I was expected to double for more

senior crew members. Every two weeks we would rotate shifts, so those working on day shift would move to the evening shift, and then two weeks later we would move to the graveyard shift, from midnight to 8:00 in the morning. It was difficult adjusting to these constantly changing hours of sleep.

Dad and Mom Following Me

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

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

Working Overtime

I decided I would continue to work on the rig until I had to leave for the University in the fall. I would make and save as much money as possible before going off to college. This was a good place to work if you wanted to save money, because I seldom had time to spend any money. It was not a good idea to try to party while working in this job. One Saturday evening in late May I decided I would go to a party with Buzz and some of his friends. I was working the day shift, so I had the evening and night off; I had to leave for the rig at

7:00 in the morning. Late that evening we started playing poker and drinking beer, and I was winning and having a good time. Then I realized it was already 4:00 in the morning. I had to get up in about two hours to get breakfast, get a lunch packed, and get ready to leave by 7:00. I had consumed a couple more beers than I should have, and the bed was not standing still when I tried to go to sleep. I finally dozed off for about an hour before the alarm went off. I was still feeling high; I needed to drink some coffee to sober up and wake up.

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

Fortunately the evening shift was slow, because we had just completed a trip. The driller and some of the crew were playing poker in the crew cabin, along with a couple of the driller's friends who were visiting. My only assignment was to collect samples of the drilling tailings every hour, dry them on the hot plate located in the little tailings shack, and package and label the tailings. As I was sitting in the tailings shack that evening, about 9:00, I fell sound asleep. I must have slept for a half hour or more; long enough for the driller to notice that I had disappeared. Suddenly I was shocked out of my deep slumber by the shouts of the driller yelling in my ear, calling me all sorts of nasty names, and threatening to kick my butt off the rig if he caught me sleeping on the job again. For the rest of the shift I kept walking so I wouldn't fall asleep. I overheard the driller tell a senior crew member that he didn't care if I slept, but he just wanted to make sure I knew he ran a tight ship; he didn't want me telling my regular crew that I got to sleep on his shift.

I did manage to get up and go to work the next morning. There is some advantage to being 18 years old.

Wedding Preparations

Meanwhile Janice was busy planning for our wedding. She was going to have four bridesmaids, and so I had to have an equal number of attendants. I asked

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

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

I was looking forward to the wedding, but I also was starting to get a bit worried. Was I doing the right thing? I was only eighteen years old; did this really make sense to tie myself down at my age? What if we got tired of each other after a few years? What if I were to meet someone else who really excites me? Oh, well. It's too late to call it off now, and everything will be fine.

Janice and I had rented a house to live in for the rest of the summer. We would move in officially right after the wedding, although we had already started moving things in, and had tested it out to make sure everything worked. I really was looking forward to coming home to a wife every day.

Janice and I had decided we would not have a honeymoon now, because I couldn't take several days off work without getting fired; I didn't have any seniority, and they would quickly find a replacement for me. So we decided I would just take one day off, on Sunday, our wedding day, and then back to work. I arranged for a fellow from another crew to double for me on Sunday; I'd have to double for him later. We would have a honeymoon in the fall, just before college started.

Unplanned Honeymoon

On June 15, the day before the wedding, I went to work as usual, working the day shift. We had a hard day, doing a long "trip" for about five hours of the

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

When I got back to town, I immediately went to see Janice. Change in plans. We can go on a honeymoon after all. I was just fired. Let's go to Minneapolis after the wedding; I can enroll at the University and get everything set for the fall, and we can have our honeymoon there. I want to make sure I get enrolled in the University. I've had enough of being an unskilled laborer. Getting fired like this clinched my decision to go to college that fall; no more procrastination.

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

Wedding Bells

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

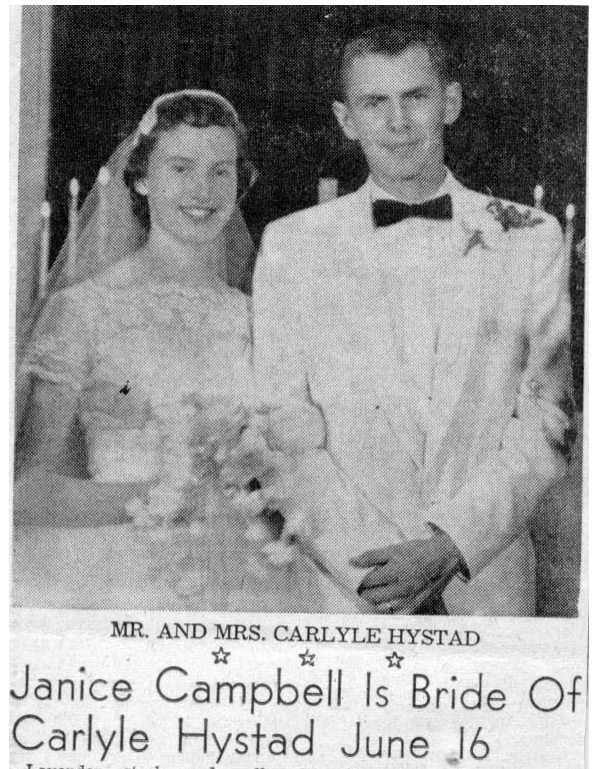
The fateful hour arrived. I was waiting at the alter of the Lutheran church for the bride to be ushered down the aisle. Janice's dad, Duncan Campbell,

brought her down the aisle, on his arm, and reluctantly gave her away; he thought I was too young also. Janice was stunning in her wedding dress. We said our "I do's"; we exchanged rings; we were pronounced man and wife; we kissed. Over 150 guests attended the wedding. In addition to all my relatives and Janice's relatives, it seemed like half the town was there, the Christensons, the Sondrols, several Sanfords, the Drovdales, the Stenslies, the Luttrells, the Stenseths, the Monsons, the Olsons, the Petersons, the Nelsons. And all of our partying friends were there, including Norman and Marlene Sondrol, Daryl Erickson, Larry Veeder, Bev Suelzle, Bob Charchenko, and Joanie Nelson, in addition to those in the wedding party.

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

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

We finally managed to escape from the church at about 9:30. The house we had rented was only two doors away, so we didn't need to drive, but people had decorated my car so we made an official exit from the church, drove around the block and parked behind our first home. We were now legal. It was now acceptable to be alone, together, in a house, with a bed, and we didn't need to worry about what our parents or the neighbors would think. That took a while to get used to. Hmmm. Will it still be fun now that it's socially acceptable?



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

Crowded Honeymoon

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

Our “honeymoon” in Minneapolis was successful. I enrolled for the Fall Quarter at the University, in the Institute of Technology, which was the college of the University which had the engineering programs. I planned to be an engineer; maybe an aeronautical engineer, but I didn’t need to make a decision about a specialty area now. The Fall classes would start in mid-September. We also applied to be on a waiting list for married student housing. Most of the married student housing was for students with children, but they had a few units for just couples and there was a waiting list to get in there. We might get lucky and get one of those units. We also visited with Norry and Lennie, who lived in married student housing near the St. Paul campus of the University, and with Wally and Ginger, who had recently moved from Bemidji and were now living in married student housing closer to the Minneapolis campus.

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

But now we had to learn to live together in our house. Running a household was new to both of us. Who was going to do the cooking? The laundry? What time was breakfast, and supper? Who was washing the dishes? Mowing the lawn? We assumed the traditional male and female roles; Janice tried to do most of the cooking, but I usually made my own breakfast and packed my lunch; I mowed the lawn, fixed things around the house, and helped with the dishes. Janice was a beginner at cooking, but I had very limited appreciation of good food, so we were compatible in that regard. We soon discovered we had

timing conflicts, however. I went to work very early in the morning, and Janice didn't need to be to her job at the store until 9:00 a.m., so I would be up and gone in the morning before she was out of bed. In the evening, I often worked until 6:00 or later, and then I had to get back to the shop, and then take a shower and change clothes, while Janice was impatiently waiting for me; she was usually home by 5:30 or 6:00. We were finding that we had very little more time together than before we were married!

Back to Backhoe

I worked the rest the summer for Uncle Perrin on various ditch digging and construction assignments. Buzz and I frequently worked together digging ditches or holes for septic tanks. Perrin got some large new contracts to install plumbing at two new schools, and we worked on those contracts for much of the summer. We built several basements for new houses in town and out in the country. I even dug the ditches to install a new water and sewer system for my cousin Dallas Hystad, out north of Watford on his ranch.

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

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

Going to College Finally

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

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

Furniture Shopping

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

The next Monday I attended orientation at the University, went through all the class registration process, had the mandatory physical exam, and paid my tuition. Then I started looking for a part-time job, with the help of the student job service at the University. I also chauffeured Janice around to interview for full-time jobs. We had only one car, and Janice was not yet comfortable driving in the cities.

Janice soon found a full-time job working as a clerk-typist at Telex, a hearing-aid manufacturing company in Minneapolis, just a few miles from our apart-

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

Morning Sickness?

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

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

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

up with the class. So I needed to spend almost all my available time studying, writing papers, or working in the lab.

Home Sickness

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

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

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

Things did get better. Jan made friends at her work, including a co-worker named Ellen Hystad, who was the adopted daughter of a second cousin of mine from North Dakota. Her husband was also a student at the University, and she also was pregnant with her first child, so they had a lot in common. My studies were still tough, but I was slowly adjusting to the grind of spending almost all my waking hours in class or studying or working; it was starting to become sort of normal. I tried to spend Saturday evenings and all day Sunday

with Jan, and she was getting used to my schedule. Also, her morning sickness had ended and she was returning to her usual cheerful self. We would visit with Norry and Lennie, or Wally and Ginger almost every weekend, and we all had Thanksgiving Dinner together; we had a little Hystad community here in Minneapolis.

Doubts About Engineering

During November and December I was considering whether I should continue to pursue an engineering degree. I had decided on engineering for no particular reason, other than I had taken a lot of science and math courses in high school. There was nothing about engineering that excited me, but I thought it would be a good degree to have for purposes of getting a good job. I talked with many of the other engineering students and to my graduate teaching assistants to try to get a better understanding of the type of career that an engineering graduate might have. I tried to determine what motivated the other students. A few of the students really enjoyed the course work; they liked the math and physics courses, which I thought were completely unrelated to anything in the real world. But most of the students, including most of the graduate students, hated the course work; they were doing it to get a good job; they were suffering now for a future reward. And most of the graduate students were not looking forward to getting an enjoyable job. One of them said: a job is not supposed to be enjoyable; you work to make a living; you get your enjoyment outside of the job. That really shocked me; I thought a primary reason for getting a degree was to be able to get a job that offered some enjoyment.

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

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

Finally Settling In

On December 19, 1957, I finished my last final exam for the Fall Quarter. I had passed all my courses; I only got a C in Physics and Drafting and a B in Chemistry and English, but that was better than I had expected at the start. And we had two pieces of good news. One, we could get into married student housing; we would be able to move in right after Christmas (apparently several other students had dropped out of college because the long waiting list had disappeared). The unit we had received was identical to all the other units for married students without children. They were old Quonset huts built for GIs after World War II. Each unit consisted of one room about 18 feet square, with a partial wall partition for a bedroom alcove. There was a wash basin in the corner, a small closet with a toilet in it, and a very small kitchen counter, sink and cabinet. But the rent was only \$35 a month, including all utilities (we were given a five gallon can to use to carry kerosene from a central supply barrel to fill the tank on the back of the kerosene heater in the room). It was small, but it was cozy. The only real negative was that we had to walk half a block to a central building to take a shower and to wash clothes; when it's 10 below zero, that can be a bit intimidating.

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

Christmas was a few days away. Jan wanted to go home for Christmas, but she was not asking to move back to Watford anymore. We would stay for at least another quarter of college. Two of Janice's high school classmates who were living in Minneapolis offered to drive back to Watford for Christmas and we could ride with them. He (Larry Veeder) was attending an art college in the city and his wife, Carolyn, was with him. So on December 22nd we crammed the four of us and all of our luggage and Christmas gifts into their car and drove to Watford. The trip out was particularly crowded because I was bringing

along the television set that I had purchased as part of my \$100 trailer load of furniture; I was giving it to my sisters for Christmas, because we never had time to watch much television, (and it didn't work very well in any case). Jan and I had to share the back seat of the car with that television set. We made it to Watford that evening, cold and cramped, but in time to celebrate Janice's birthday the next day, December 23.

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

Changing Majors

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

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

than we; he had worked for several years and was now back in college to get a degree in business administration so he could take over his father's business some day. Almost all of us in this tiny village had little or no extra spending money, and most of the husbands had little spare time after studying and working a part-time job, so our life style seemed quite normal.

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

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

Paper Boy

And my new job was a big improvement. I delivered about 220 morning papers six days a week, to the two married student housing complexes along Como Avenue. The Quonset huts were spaced very close together, and a high percentage of the units were subscribers, so I could just walk down the sidewalk between the rows of huts and throw the rolled up papers onto the doorsteps on both sides of the walk. I could cover about 12 blocks of Quonsets in about 90 minutes in the morning. I got faster as I became more experienced at rolling the papers and as I learned who were all the subscribers so I didn't need to refer to my list anymore. When I was in a hurry I could cover the route in an hour or less. In the evening I delivered about 130 papers, in about 45 minutes. Sunday delivery took about three hours because the papers were very large and couldn't be rolled, so I had to walk to all the doorsteps, and there were over 300 Sunday papers on the route.

During the first couple of months I got to know all the best places to jump fences, how to quickly unhook all gates, where all the dogs lived, and who would complain if the paper were not right in front of the door. Although it

would be extremely cold some mornings at 6:00 as I was covering my route, I could stay warm by moving fast. And it was good exercise for someone who spent most of the rest of his time sitting at a desk.

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

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

Tuna and Hamburger

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

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

She Couldn't Leave Me

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

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

A Good Excuse to Miss Class

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

minutes; let's go to the hospital. I carefully helped Janice into the car; gently now; don't move too fast; easy now; don't want to have the baby right here.

Paper Route Money Buys Baby Girl

We arrived at the hospital safely; and I got Jan checked in. The admission's people told me I would need to pay them \$200.00. I gave them \$50 and said I would need to go home to get the remainder. I went to the "fathers'" room (they didn't allow fathers in the labor rooms) to find out when the baby might be born, and was told by the nurse that I might want to go home because it would be several hours and probably tomorrow morning before the baby arrived. So I rushed home to get the remaining \$150. I had only about \$50 in my checking account, but it was time to collect subscription fees from my paper route customers, so I started rushing from door to door collecting paper subscription money. In about an hour I had collected \$150. I fixed myself a quick bite to eat, and drove back to the hospital with the money. When I arrived at the father's room the nurse came and said: congratulations, you have a baby daughter; your wife is fine. A daughter? Me? I'm a father? Holy cow!! After a short wait I was allowed to see Janice and then taken to the viewing window to see the baby. Amazing. What an incredibly beautiful baby. How is it possible for the two of us to produce a new life like this? A miracle. I'm a father. I'm a father. Congratulate me, I'm a father.

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

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

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

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

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

Summer Jobs

After a couple days of searching, I discovered there were not any construction labor or backhoe operator jobs available; the summer jobs had already been filled by the unemployed or students who were out of school earlier. So I accepted a job as a driver of a lunch delivery truck. These trucks went to construction sites, factories, and other places of employment which didn't have their own eateries, to deliver hot coffee, soft drinks, sandwiches, pastries, and assorted junk food. The job started at 8:30 a.m. loading the truck shelves with the selection of food and drinks. Then I drove to assigned stopping points where the customers were expecting me at set times for their morning snacks, then on to places for mid-day lunches, then on to stops for afternoon snacks. I was required to stop at designated places of employment, but I also was expected to find new business along my route, by stopping at various employers and offering my goodies to anyone coming in or out of the place. I had to move very quickly, driving fast to the next stop, opening up the doors of the van, serving people, collecting money, closing up, and dashing to the next stop.

I got paid a percentage of my sales. After the first week, it was clear that this job was paying about 50 cents an hour. I had only one really good stop on my

route, where I could sell several dollars worth of goods; most of the other stops would produce only a dollar or two, and some would net only a cup of coffee or a soda pop. I continued this job for another week while I started looking for other work.

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

The following Saturday I started work spraying lawns; I had quit the lunch wagon business on Friday. Howard said Saturday was a good day to be out spraying, because most home owners were at home and if they see you working in a neighbor's yard they are likely to ask you to do theirs while you are there. So I hitched the wagon to my '51 Ford, got instructions on how much herbicide to mix with the water, how fast to walk with the sprayer, and to stay away from expensive shrubbery, and I headed to the first house on Howard's list. I pulled out the spray boom, started the engine, and proceeded to carefully spray the entire lawn. It took about 25 minutes to do the lawn. Charge: \$10.00 for up to 5000 square feet. My share: \$3.50. Not bad for 25 minutes. I was being paid by the homeowner when a neighbor walked up and asked if I could do his. Sure. Before I had finished his yard, two more neighbors came over and asked me to do theirs. By 4:30 that afternoon I had done 14 yards in that same neighborhood. I had \$140; my share was \$49.00 or about \$7.00 an hour. Now this was my kind of job. I drove back to Howard's place. He asked me how many places on his list I had completed; I said: only one. What? I handed him the sales receipts for 14 jobs and his share of the \$140. He was very happy, and so was I.

The next week I worked every day, except one rainy day, spraying dandelions. I would start about 2:00 p.m. and work until dark, about 9:00, to try to maxi-

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

Moving Up to House With Bathroom

During these weeks I received notice that we could move into the larger married student housing, for those with children. The unit would be available July 1. Hot dog. We would have a real bathroom, and two bedrooms. The unit we had received was in Grove East, near the St. Paul Campus of the University, about one block from where Norry and Lennie lived. The university ran a shuttle bus to and from the campuses, so I would not need to drive.

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

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

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

Janitor Job

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

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

him home to our little house so he could have dinner with us and see Jan again, and meet Cheri. We also had invited Bruce Holmgren from Henning to join us; Bruce was working in St. Paul as a clerk at Great Northern Railroad. Both John and Bruce drank a lot of beer that evening, but we all had a good time, and they both told me that they were envious of me having a wife and kid and a real home. Jan was happy to hear that.

Enjoying College

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

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

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

I got a permanent part-time job as a janitor at the University shortly after school started. I worked four hours each evening, from 6:00 to 10:00, and 12 hours on Saturday, from 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. The first few weeks I was assigned to clean one of the buildings in the Medical school. Late in the evening I would be dusting and sweeping floors in classrooms and labs with wall shelves lined with various body parts in large jars of formaldehyde; a row of livers here, a

shelf of brains there, several amputated feet over here, some pre-mature babies up there, a shelf of stomachs on that wall. It was all very reassuring in this large old building, that echoed as I moved along, apparently the only living thing on this floor. But then one evening I had to move a very large box in the middle of the room to clean underneath; it was on rollers so it was easy to move. As I pushed it to one side I accidentally lifted the cover and there was a man staring up at me; he was naked and obviously dead, awaiting a group of medical students who would carve him up tomorrow. I apologized for disturbing him and finished my cleaning a little faster than usual.

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

The Christmas of 1958 we didn't go back to Watford. We celebrated Christmas eve with Norry and Wally and families. There were now five children, Norry's Pam and Karen, and Wally's Debbie and Kevin. Cheri was the youngest. She looked like a real-life baby doll under the Christmas tree.

Here is the photo of us that we used on our Christmas cards in 1958.



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

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

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

Precocious Child

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

Pursuing an Opportunity

During the Spring quarter that year I was finishing my required pre-law courses. I took anthropology, geography (natural resources), public health, and a second course in economics, as well as continuing the Russian language course. Upon completing these courses, I would be ready to enter law school next Fall. In April I happened to read an article in the Minnesota Daily, which was the

daily student newspaper, about a program called SPAN which helped college students spend a summer studying overseas between their junior and senior years in college. The program was sending groups of students to four countries this coming summer, and they were now accepting applications from students for the following summer, the summer of 1960. They were seeking applicants to go to Austria, Denmark, Australia, or the Soviet Union. Bingo!! Wouldn't it be terrific to spend the summer studying in Russia? But maybe that's not realistic for a married student, and it probably costs too much. I decided to get more information about the program anyway.

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

I asked about the planned trip to the Soviet Union. Did they have lots of applicants already? He was just now starting to receive applicants. How are applicants selected? A selection committee consisting of at least two faculty experts and three past student participants in the program make the decisions. How much will the student need to pay? They wouldn't know how much money SPAN would have to distribute until just before the trip, because fund-raising was going on constantly, but based on past experience, they expected the SPAN organization should be able to provide a grant of about two-thirds to three-fourths of the total cost, and they would charter an airplane to Europe to minimize the transportation costs. He estimated the total cost for the summer trip to the Soviet Union would be about \$4,000, and he thought that SPAN would be able to provide about \$2500. So I probably would need to provide about \$1500. That seemed like a huge amount of money to me. But I took an application form and their literature anyway.

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

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

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

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

The possibility of not being able to afford the trip didn't enter my mind. I was going to do it; period.

Jan was happy for me, and was proud of me, but I knew that she was secretly sad that I would go off and leave her for three months. I tried to rationalize it; many men have gone off to war for years at a time; many men go away for

months to work on construction jobs and other temporary assignments; even college professors leave their families behind sometimes for a summer study in some far off place. It is not unusual to go off and leave your family in order to earn money or enhance your career. It may be hard, but it is just one of those sacrifices that we make in life. I still felt guilty, because I knew I was going to enjoy the trip, and I knew that Jan would have a harder time by herself, taking care of Cheri and working. And I would not only need to come up with the extra money for the summer abroad, but I wouldn't be earning and saving any money that summer, which would make it even harder for us the following school year. I made a promise to myself: someday I would take Jan and Cheryl to Europe with me.

Changing My Major Again

During the final weeks of the Spring quarter, as I was finishing up my second year of college, I changed my major a second time, from pre-law to International Relations. The International Relations major was an interdisciplinary degree, with courses from the Political Science, History, Economics, Geography, Language and other Departments of the College of Science, Literature and the Arts. I was assigned an advisor, Professor John Turner in the Political Science Department.

As soon as I finished my final exams in June, Jan, Cheri and I went to Watford for a short visit, and Cheri was baptized at the First Lutheran Church in Watford, on June 15, 1958, by A.O. Grender, Pastor. Marjorie Stenslie, Robert Campbell (Janice's brother), and Janice's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Campbell, were the sponsors. It was apparent that this was Jan's idea.

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

In Henning, I talked with a classmate of mine from High School who told me that he had heard that John had a nervous breakdown while at college; the rumor was that he had become so involved with his extracurricular acting stuff that his grades suffered and he was in danger of flunking out of school, and he

just snapped. Another person thought that his mother put too much pressure on him and he couldn't deal with the thought of facing his mother if he flunked out of college. I got the impression that there were lots of rumors going around town about John, and very few facts.

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

Upon returning to the cities, I focused on earning and saving as much money as possible to cover the cost of the trip to Russia. I continued to work at the University as a janitor. I worked for Howard Hovland killing dandelions whenever the dandelions were in bloom, and I got a third job as an "on-call" Pinkerton guard to work at special events such as golf tournaments. I worked at three golf tournaments that summer, including the PGA Open tournament which was held in the Minneapolis area, and got paid to watch the best golfers in the world, including Sam Snead and Arnold Palmer. At one tournament, I worked the night shift with a supervisor, guarding the club house, swimming pool, and nearby grounds. The nights were warm and a dip in the pool at 3:00 a.m. helped keep us alert.

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

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

Internationalist

In the Fall of 1959 I got into my International Relations major with both feet. I took courses in International Law, International Organizations, International Economics, Journalism (Public Opinion), and English Constitutional History. I also continued studying Russian language. I joined the International Relations Club and was active in helping organize programs and seminars on international issues. I offered to be a "brother" in the international Brother-Sister Program in which foreign students at the university are paired with an American student who is to provide guidance, assistance and introductions for the foreign student. I was assigned to a student from Southern Rhodesia, and spent time helping him get settled in on campus, including help with class registration, learning his way around the large campus, finding places to shop for food and other necessities, and getting to know other international students. We had him to our house a few times for Sunday dinner. I think I learned more from him than he did from me.

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

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

I also was voted to be the representative from our group to the SPAN Board of Directors, which included faculty representatives and representatives for those country groups just returned from overseas and those groups preparing to go overseas. The Board was responsible for overseeing the program, including the

important fund raising efforts. All students just returned were expected to participate in fund raising, by making presentations to various organizations in the community, including joining a faculty member in making fund raising visits to major corporations in the state.

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

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

Like Pulling Teeth

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

The dentist also agreed to fix my teeth with the same low monthly payment until I graduated. When he started working on my teeth, he found that three teeth on top and two on the bottom were in such bad shape he couldn't save them with a root canal and cap; he had to remove the remains of the teeth. He suggested some bridges to replace the missing teeth, but I decided I couldn't afford the bridges now; I just had him fix all my remaining teeth, and I would live without a few teeth (none in front were missing) until I was through college and making some money.

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

Preparing for Russia

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

In April we were informed of the amount of money we would receive from SPAN for the trip to Russia. We would get \$1800 plus our round trip charter flight from New York to Frankfurt, and return from Paris to New York. We were required to pay a fixed amount of \$2400 per person for our two months in Russia; the Soviet Exchange organization would provide all transportation in the Soviet Union, all housing, and all meals. We would only need to pay for incidental expenses such as entertainment or gifts while in the USSR. So I will need to pay out of my own pocket only \$600 for the time in Russia, plus we will be spending about three weeks in Western Europe before we can get into Russia, and about two weeks in Europe after we leave Russia. I had read the book "Europe on Five Dollars a Day", but I figured I would need at least another \$500 to cover my expenses for those five weeks outside Russia and to provide a little spending money while in Russia. Plus I had to get to New York and back. So I decided I needed at least \$1300 when I left for New York. I had only \$700 left in my savings from last summer.

Where was I going to get another \$600.00? Not from my parents; never crossed my mind. Not from Jan's parents; didn't even think to ask. Not from my brothers. I was starting to face the reality that I really couldn't afford to make this trip. Maybe a bank would give me a loan; but I had nothing for collateral, and

it would be hard to show a bank how I would repay the loan. Then one day Jan came home from work at the University and told me that she had solved the problem. Jan had been discussing my planned trip to Russia with a co-worker in the department, who was very interested in the trip. Without being asked, she had volunteered to co-sign a loan from the bank. She was single and had been working at the University for several years, and had a good credit history, and she would be happy to help us out. It was a miracle. An astonishing gift from someone I personally had never even met before. A few days later I applied for a loan for \$600, and Jan's friend completed the co-signers portion. The loan was approved, and I was all set. See. I knew all along that I could do it. No problem. You just need to have a little confidence.

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

Also on May 1st, the Soviet Union shot down an American U-2 spy plane which was flying over Russia at very high altitudes. This crisis happened just days before a scheduled summit meeting between President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev in Paris. The summit meeting quickly ended in disarray, and Khrushchev withdrew his invitation to Eisenhower to visit Russia. For the next few weeks there was speculation that Russia also would cancel all student exchange programs, including our planned study in Russia. It wasn't until early June that we received some assurance that our trip would go on as planned. And we all were concerned that the increase in tensions caused by this incident would result in decreased cooperation by Soviet officials.

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

In early June I finished up my course work and final exams. I had my passport, and was getting everything ready to go to Russia. Another SPANner had asked

me to ride with him to New York to catch the chartered flight. He was driving a friend's car to their home near New York City, so we just had to pay for the gas.

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

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



My First Multi-Course Meal

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

Leaving for Russia

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

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

The next morning we decided we would visit the Congress. We decided to see if we could watch the Senate in action. We went to the Capitol and were told that the Senate was in session, but we needed a pass from our Congressman or Senator to get into the visitors' gallery. We decided to go to Senator Hubert Humphrey's office to get tickets. We walked into his office suite and told the receptionist that we were from Minnesota and would like to get passes to get

in to view the Senate. She said she was happy we had come by, and handed us the passes, after getting our names. We thanked her and started walking out; no, wait, the Senator will see you in just a few minutes; just have a seat, he will be with you shortly. Well, we really don't need to see him, we just wanted the passes, and we hate to disturb him. No problem; he will want to see you; he will be very upset with me if you don't wait. So we sat down.

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

And he listened to our answers, and carried on a substantive conversation about several issues. We were there for fifteen or twenty minutes before he apologized that he had to run to a hearing, and he hoped we would stop by when we returned from Europe and give him a report.

We were both stunned. He treated us like we were important. He seemed to really be interested in what we had to say. Incredible. Makes me proud to have him representing Minnesota. We went to the Senate Chamber and watched the Senate in boring, slow motion action for awhile, but it was definitely anti-climatic after our visit with the Senator.

The Big Apple

That afternoon we drove to the New Jersey suburbs of New York City to deliver the car. The family invited us to stay for dinner and spend the night; they had an extra bedroom in the basement. Saving money so far. The next day the wife drove Bob and me into New York City, and dropped us off near Grand Central Station. We found our way to the YMCA and were lucky to get a room, cheap. The rest of the day we wandered the streets of Manhattan, mainly looking up in the air; we were getting sore necks from staring up trying to see the top of all those tall buildings. It made Minneapolis look like a little village. I felt like I had been dropped on another planet with a different species of people who ran around at double speed, who never smiled, who were mainly dark in complexion, and who spoke all sorts of strange languages. Even the food seemed like it was from another planet. Nothing I had read about other cities or other countries had prepared me for New York City. It had nothing in com-

mon with the America I knew. After dark that evening the city became even more strange, as we walked around Times Square. I had never seen women who looked like that, not even in the strip joints along Hennepin Avenue in Minneapolis. A couple of them asked us if we would be interested in a good time, but we wisely moved quickly away.

The next morning we made it out to see the Statue of Liberty, and we walked along Wall Street, and checked the sights in Greenwich Village. At about 3:00, June 19, we were on the train headed for the airport. I had never been on an airplane before. We were getting on a four engine prop plane with Pan American written on the side. All of the SPANners made it to the plane on time, and we were off on schedule. As we taxied down the runway I was convinced that this huge piece of machinery would never get off the ground, and then when it did, I was convinced it was about to slide backwards straight down into the ocean as the nose of the plane seemed to be pointed up at the stars. But with all my mental energy pushing it along, the plane finally leveled off and the roar of the engines subsided slightly. I started to relax a little; maybe it wouldn't crash after all.

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

Bicycling Through Europe

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

we would pick it up in three weeks. We planned to sell the bikes when we reached Hamburg.

We pulled out our maps of Europe to plot a course. We decided to go west, to Mainz, and then follow the Rhine river down toward Bonn. When we got there we would decide where else to go. So the next morning we were up early and set out along a bicycle path headed west. I was a little shaky on the bike at first, because I hadn't been on a bike for about 10 years, and barely knew how to ride. But after the first hour or two I was doing fine. We soon found a bike trail that followed the Main river all the way into Mainz, where we would be able to follow along the banks of the Rhine River. The path was nice and flat, with a very gentle downward slope, and we were in the shade of trees much of the time.

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

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

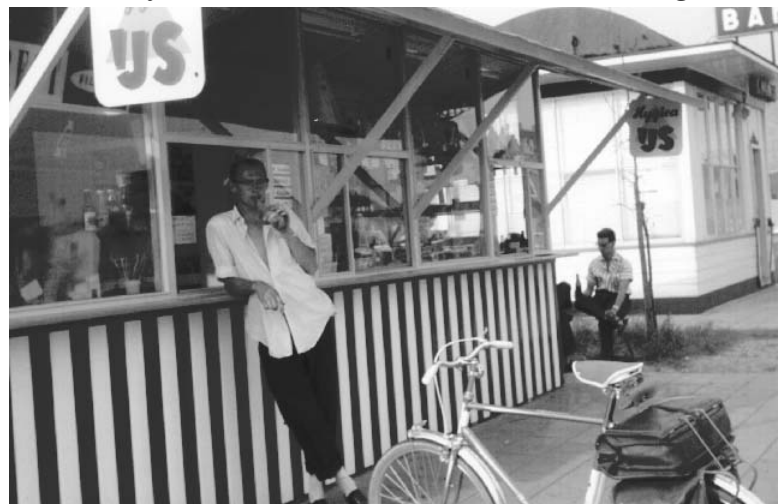
It was easy riding because it was a fairly substantial downward grade as the Rhine continued its drop from the highlands of Switzerland to the North Sea. We stopped early that day, to rest our sore rears and legs, and because we had

found a nice Youth Hostel where we could spend the night for about 50 cents each. The bunk beds were not very comfortable, but better than the one I had at my cousin Ellery's place. Bob and I explored the village. There was a castle up on the cliff overlooking the river, with vineyards on the hills on both sides of the river. We found a nice little German restaurant; no one spoke any English there, but we managed to have an interesting conversation, with lots of sign language, with the owner who wanted to tell us about his American friend from the war years.

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

It was getting late in the day, and we had not found a Youth Hostel or even a cheap hotel, and we seemed to be in the middle of endless farm land, somewhere near Baexem, The Netherlands. So we decided to stop at the next farm house we came to and ask if they had an extra room. We pedaled up to a nice white farm house, with geese out front and wooden shoes on the porch. A man and woman came to the door, and we asked in German if they had a room they would rent to us. They didn't understand us, but their teenage daughter spoke a little English, and translated. Sure they had room for us, and we were welcome to have dinner with them. They didn't know how much to charge; we offered the equivalent of about \$2.00 each, which they thought was wonderful.

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



After settling in, we joined the family for their evening meal, and then sat with them in their living room, as they told us about their experiences during the war, under German occupation. The next morning they fixed a nice breakfast for us, and we pedaled on down the road, very content with our adventure.

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

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

We had breakfast in a little shop in Dover; it was nice to be in a country where we could read the menu, and the newspapers. It was June 29. After looking over Dover, we headed toward London, pedaling through rich green countryside with pastures full of sheep. But we soon found we were going straight into a strong wind that was quickly increasing in force; it was almost impossible to make headway against that wind. At the next town we went to the railroad station to catch the next train to London; we would put our bikes in the baggage compartment. We got our tickets and asked directions from the baggage handler on where to take our bikes; he responded at length, and we understood not one word of what he said. What country are we in? What language is he

speaking? We quickly learned that many people in England did not speak the same English we knew.

We spent four days in London, seeing all the tourist sights, as well as many things off the beaten path. We listened to political speeches at Hyde Park Corner; we saw the Queen as she drove away from Buckingham Palace; we went to two plays in London theaters in the afternoon when we could get in for a few pennies; we tried steak and kidney pie at a pub, along with a stout beer, and didn't care for either; we toured the Tower of London, and the Houses of Parliament; had my picture taken in front of No. 10 Downing Street; and discovered that Piccadilly Circus was not a circus, but a good place to watch people.

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

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

We waited by the side of the highway for over an hour, before a large Mercedes stopped for us. A German business man was driving; on his way to Bremen; he spoke very little English, but wanted us to understand that he personally was not anti-Jewish; we should all live in peace. He was driving very fast, over straight, flat roads, with little to see in any direction. We were in Bremen in no

time. After a short lunch, we were back on the highway, looking for a ride to Hamburg. Two young guys in an old beat up car stopped for us. They were going to Hamburg for a party, and they had already started partying. The speedometer soon hit 190 KM, or nearly 120 miles per hour. The car was shaking and swerving, and I thought we were all going to die. We made the 80 some miles from Bremen to Hamburg in well under an hour. They dropped us off right at the train station, where we bought tickets for an overnight train-boat trip to Copenhagen. Well, that was sure faster than bicycling, but we didn't see much on the way.

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

Going Into Russia

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

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

buildings which had been erected were of an ugly, heavy concrete style that seemed oppressive. I had expected to see a difference, but not this much.

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

Leningrad

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

The Russians arranged an interview for me with the manager and chief engineer of a book printing factory which had over 1200 employees. The printing factory worked for a publishing house that specializes in foreign scientific publications, both books and pamphlets. The Manager explained how prices are set for the paper, ink and other materials he uses and how prices are set for the amount the factory gets paid for producing the books. It is designed to give the

firm a “profit” that he can use for new machines, bonuses for workers, and improved housing for the workers. The distribution of bonuses and housing assistance among the workers is determined by the plant manager and the union. The plant manager receives about the same salary as his highest paid technical workers, and about five times as much as his lowest paid worker.

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

In our free time we tried to talk with people who were not selected by the officials. We were approached by several young college or high school age guys who wanted to buy U.S. dollars and any American clothes, shoes, jewelry, or anything else we had. We all rebuffed these guys for the first few days, but as we became more relaxed being in the Soviet Union, some of the guys in our group started selling them items of clothing that they didn't need. One of our group sold a pair of Levi's, which was well worn, for the equivalent of over \$200 in rubles. I sold a pair of old flip-flops for \$25 in rubles, and I sold an old pair of trousers for about \$150 in rubles. In addition to the risk of being arrested, the problem with selling things to these Russians is that they could only pay in rubles and we had a limited need for rubles since all of our room, board and travel was already paid for, and the rubles were basically worthless outside the country. I used my excess rubles to buy a few gifts and a nice hand-carved chess set.

Lost Idealism

One day I was approached by a fellow who spoke in fluent American English and said he used to be an American. He asked where we were from, and when I told him Minnesota, he got all excited, and with tears in his eyes he explained that he was born and raised in Minnesota and he left there in the mid 30's, in the depths of the Depression, to come to Russia to help build the utopian socialist society. Obviously, he said, things hadn't unfolded as he had hoped; he suffered greatly here; he was discriminated against because he was

American; he had been drafted into the Army and barely survived his wounds in World War II, and he was still living in poverty. He had tried to escape and go back to the States, but he had been caught and thrown in prison. He was still hopeful that some day he would be able to go back to America. He asked about life in Minnesota; was there still high unemployment; did people have enough to eat; were unions permitted? I explained that most workers had jobs and enough to eat, and unions were permitted, and things had improved greatly since the War. I tried not to make things sound too good, without telling any lies, because I didn't want to make him feel even worse about the mistake he had made 25 years earlier.

On July 17, our group gave me a little birthday party; I was 22 years old already. We met two young fellows who were very interested in jazz music, and asked us many questions about jazz musicians in America. We soon discovered they knew more about jazz in America than any of us. They said they would show us a good jazz music place in Leningrad; it was on a small ship docked on the Neva River; that evening they led us there and managed to get us on the boat in front of a long line of people waiting to come aboard. It was a restaurant and bar, with live jazz music; the jazz group was quite good, and we had a nice meal with good wine as we watched the mid-summer sun set over the Neva. It was a nice birthday. And our two Russian friends begged us to do whatever we could to help them leave Russia and come to America. We promised we would; but we knew there was nothing we could do.

Moscow

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

stopped the line to permit this American Delegation to view these god-like Soviet leaders; this was the Communist sanctioned worship in the Soviet Union.

This is a photo I took inside the Kremlin walls.



We visited with the Manager of a precision tool factory, as I had requested. The factory made control measuring tools, including meters and precision calipers. They had over 4000 workers, and they made a profit of almost six million rubles last year. The plant got to keep about one million of the profit, the rest went to the government. They used the one million for bonuses, housing construction, schools and camps for children of employees, and they paid part of the cost of vacations for their best workers. Salaries averaged about 960 rubles per month, with a minimum of about 700 and a maximum of about 2000. (There was no world market in rubles, so it was not possible to compare it directly with dollars, but in terms of what a person could buy with rubles, one ruble was worth probably about fifteen to twenty cents.)

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

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

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

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

Tashkent

On July 26 we were on our way to Tashkent, in the Republic of Uzbekistan; we were aboard a modern Soviet passenger jet, the TU104, which had unusually short and swept-backed wings. It was over 2000 miles from Moscow to Tashkent, and we were all happy we weren't going by train. Several of us were standing in the aisles of the plane, stretching our legs, when we hit an air pocket somewhere over the desert of central Asia; I found myself suddenly pushed up against the ceiling, and then thrust down to the floor. Fortunately no one was hurt, but most passengers were somewhat wet as all open drinks were sprayed around the cabin.

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

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



The next two days in Tashkent we were given a tour of the old city; went through a museum of the Uzbek people; went to a theater and saw a play all in Uzbek; met with the Deputy Director of the Moslem Center for Central Asia; toured an orphanage and met the Director; had a chat with the Director of the Pioneer Palace (very young communist league); interviewed the Head of the Union of Soviet Composers; and toured a large textile factory and interviewed the Personnel and Social Director of the factory. This was very frustrating for me because this personnel official was not able to answer most of the questions I had about planning and management in the factory; it was becoming clear that the Soviets were not interested in giving me much information about industrial management.

Samarkand

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

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

This is some of the modern farm equipment in Uzbekistan.



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

several types of melons; I noticed that they washed the grapes and melons in the adjoining little fish pond before serving them to us. Next they served a huge selection of native dishes of mutton, lamb, curried rice and an assortment of vegetables. It was all quite delicious. Definitely the most tasty food we had eaten so far in the USSR.

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

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

Tbilisi

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

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

Black Sea Camp

That evening we took an overnight train to Sochi, a small city on the Black Sea. We were sleeping on fold-down bunks in the train compartment as we click-clacked our way through the mountains. In the morning I awoke from a dream, confused as to where I was; I peered out the train window and all I could see were a few hundred nude people on a beach next to dark blue water. There were attractive young women sun-bathing on blankets, people playing volleyball, some doing exercises, and others just gazing off into the sea, all with not a stitch of clothes. For a brief moment I thought I was still in a dream, or maybe I had died and gone to heaven. Then I remembered I was on the train; I realized we had reached the Black Sea, and this must be one of the nude health

camps I had heard about. As the train followed along the coast of the Black Sea we passed several other nude beaches, and several where bathing suits were worn, until we reached Sochi at 9:00 a.m., and were taken by bus to the International Youth Camp where we were to stay for 15 days.

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

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

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

During the second day at the camp I was trying to meet other students, but found that the individuals tended to stick with their



original group, and many were either shy or unfriendly or afraid to try to communicate in another language. I found a couple of Russian students who were trying hard to improve their English and who wanted to spend time with me to practice English. Two girls from Czechoslovakia introduced themselves to me while we were sun bathing on the beach; we were trying to communicate in Russian, which significantly limited the depth of our conversation. And I talked with a few French students who spoke English quite well. Over the next several days, I noticed that most members of my American group were not interacting with the other students; they spent much of the day on the beach or in their rooms reading books. They could just as well stayed on a beach in the States. I called a meeting of the group and we discussed the failure of most of the group to take advantage of this international camp, and I encouraged all of them to take the initiative in meeting others. I also informed them that I had volunteered that our group would participate in an international concert the next evening, where we would sing some typical American songs and dance the Virginia Reel. I got a lot of grumbling, but they all finally agreed to participate.

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

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

es. We had a fun time, and I was feeling sad that I had to leave the friends I had made here. We grabbed our bags and climbed aboard the local train as it stopped at the camp, and we were on our way to Moscow.

Leaving Russia

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

Warsaw

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

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

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

Seeing Southern Europe

On August 31, we were on our own again. The pre-paid portion of our summer was over. We were all to be at the airport in Paris on September 19 for our charter flight back to New York. I decided I would see the southern part of Western Europe these final 19 days. I would need to hitchhike or take cheap trains and stay in Youth Hostels. All eleven of us in the Russian group were going off in different directions; I guess we were all tired of traveling together. I spent one day seeing Wurzburg and then hitchhiked to Nurnburg where I toured the site of the famous Nurnburg trials of the Nazis. It was beautiful country and I enjoyed the city, but I started coming down with a cold so wasn't feeling well. I noted in my journal that it "sure would be nice to have a car and money." I went to the American Express office and got my mail from home. I had lots of letters from Jan, and even a couple official letters from the University. Jan and Cheri seemed to be surviving without me. The next day it was raining, making it hard to hitchhike, but I finally got a ride with a fellow all the way to Munich, and he even bought dinner for me. I was able to get a decent room at the hostel.

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

A typical mountain scene in southern Germany.



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

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

Yugoslavia

In Graz I decided I'd like to go through Yugoslavia on the way to Italy, just to see how it compared with the Soviet Union. I was told by someone at the hostel that I would need a visa to get into Yugoslavia, which would take several weeks if I followed normal procedures, but I could get one by just offering a few dollars to the officials at the border. He also advised me to buy some

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

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

Italy

By noon the next day I was in Trieste, a beautiful city on the Adriatic Sea, after eating and walking around the city center, I took the 6:00 p.m. train to Venice. What a city; just like a fairy tale; streets of water. I arrived too late to get a hostel room that night, and I decided I couldn't afford a fancy hotel room in Venice, so I thought I'd sleep in the train depot waiting room along with lots of other bums. I slept there just fine until about 2:00 a.m. when the station offi-

cials came and threw me out, along with the other bums; it was too cold to sleep in a park or even to just walk the streets (and I hadn't perfected walking on water), so I found the cheapest looking hotel around and got a room; it cost \$2.50, about five times what I normally paid for a hostel. I was not staying within my budget of \$5.00 a day. After trying to get my money's worth at the hotel, I spent the day exploring all of Venice. I took a couple of boat rides, hired a gondola, ate at a sidewalk café, people watched at St. Mark's Square, and generally had a great time until late at night when I went to the train station to catch a 1:00 a.m. train to Genoa. I was hoping to sleep on the train and avoid a hotel or hostel, but the train was so crowded that I had to stand up all night on the train. The next day I toured Genoa; a beautiful city with inviting Mediterranean beaches; and then I caught a train to Nice and stood all the way again; I'm not getting much sleep. I had to break down and get a hotel room in Nice; couldn't find a hostel with space.

France

The following day I toured Nice, took a bus to Monaco, lost about a dollar at the casino there, walked around Monaco, rode a bus back to Nice, and caught a night train to Paris, arriving at 8:30 the next morning, September 15. I went to the American Express, got my luggage and mail, and looked up Bob C. who had arrived from Copenhagen a few days earlier. I got a fairly nice and cheap hotel room, and Bob and I went to an interesting jazz joint on the left bank that evening. The next two days I caught up on my sleep, and saw much of Paris; went to the Louvre Museum; took in some more jazz places; saw the Catacombs and the Sorbonne University; and all the tourist places, including Notre Dame Cathedral, Arch de Triumph, Eiffel Tower, City Hall, and the Opera.

On Sunday, the 18th of September, I took a train about 30 minutes outside of Paris to visit a person we had met at the camp near the Black Sea in the Soviet Union. She was a high school student who was one of a group of French students at the camp; she had invited all of us to call her when we arrived in Paris. I apparently was the only one of the group to accept her invitation. I called her and was invited to come to the family home for Sunday afternoon dinner. She met me at the train station on her bike and she rode along as I walked a few blocks to her house, where I was welcomed by her parents, who were quite young, probably in their late thirties or early forties. The father spoke good English and was very interested in American literature and politics. He kept me busy the entire time I was there, answering his questions about particular writers or books or American music, or politicians. But his wife served a won-

derful meal, starting with a light soup served with a glass of white wine, and then a beef and vegetable dish served with red wine, and then a salad served with white wine, and then a dessert served with a sweeter white wine. After about three hours of eating and drinking wine, I was feeling very good; I had never had such a great meal. I didn't know it was possible to enjoy a meal this much. After more conversation and wine, I bid them all farewell and made my way back to the train station and floated onto the train. I think I hovered up toward the ceiling of the train all the way back to my station in Paris, feeling very content. And that wonderful meal didn't cost me a cent.

Home Again

The following day we saw more of Paris and then went to the airport in the evening and our charter plane left Orly field at about 8:30. After a refueling stop in Shannon, we arrived in New York at 8:00 the next morning. I was almost out of money. I was planning to hitchhike back to Minneapolis, but doubted I had enough money to make it even hitch hiking. I asked Bob C. if he might be able to loan me enough to get a plane ticket back to Minneapolis, and fortunately he was able and willing to do so. I got a standby ticket and was able to catch a plane late that morning back to Minneapolis. I called Jan when I arrived at the airport, and she got Mickey to drive our car to the airport with her to pick me up. I was very happy to see her, and I was very happy to be back in the U.S. of A. And I was very happy to have an automobile again. Jan got mad at me because she thought I seemed to be about as happy to see my 51 Ford as I was to see her; it had been over three months since I had driven a car. But I got in the back seat with Jan and let Mickey drive us home from the airport. Back home to see my Cheri, who seemed to be a year older. My European adventure was over.

Keeping Busy

I needed a vacation to recover from my travels, but I immediately became very busy. School started in a few days and I was back in classes for my Senior year, studying Politics of Asian Countries, European History, American Constitutional History, and Conversational Russian. I also had to complete my study of industrial management in the Soviet Union and write the thesis-style report, in order to receive the twelve academic credits for my SPAN work. And I continued to be a member of the SPAN Board of Directors. And I was President of the International Relations Club, and I had an ambitious schedule for the Club; we organized a weekly luncheon seminar session with a guest

speaker on a current international issue, and I obtained the agreement of the student daily newspaper to run an article on international issues each week, that IRC would be responsible for writing. And I was appointed Chairman of the International Affairs Commission of the Minnesota Student Association, the University's student government; as Chairman I was responsible for a wide range of international programs on campus, including the Brother-Sister program, three student exchange programs, orientation for foreign students, an International Emphasis Week, and a monthly International Newsletter. And I was still working 32 hours a week as a janitor. Other than that, I didn't have much to do.

So I was appointed by the University to attend a National Conference on Undergraduate Study Abroad, for two days in Chicago, on October 7 -8. I participated in seminars on Criteria for selecting students and staff for study abroad, and on Administration of study abroad programs. And in late October I was selected to be one of two University of Minnesota representatives to the West Point Conference on East-West Relations, an annual conference sponsored by the West Point Military Academy and various foreign policy organizations. One or two representatives from the major universities of the country participated in the conference, along with a host of foreign affairs and military specialists from academia and the government. It was a four day conference, which included a luncheon speech by New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, and a keynote speech by Dean Rusk, who was expected to be appointed Secretary of State if John Kennedy were to win the election in November.

The West Point conference was sort of an eye-opener for me, because I realized for the first time that U.S. government officials were providing serious misinformation about the economic and military threat of the Soviet Union. I was a participant in one seminar session at the conference discussing the economic strength of the Soviet Union; I pointed out that in many respects the Soviet Union was still a third world country; their agriculture production was about where U.S. agriculture was in the 1920s; their industrial production was largely antiquated and inefficient; their transportation system was typical of the U.S. in the 1920s; housing for most of the population would be condemned as unsafe in this country; they had a few notable technological achievements like building big rockets, but their economic strength was not even remotely close to that of the U.S. I was immediately attacked by a representative of the State Department and a Department of Defense "analyst" who proclaimed that I was completely wrong, uninformed and misguided. They informed the group that the Soviet Union was on a path to overtake the U.S. in total economic output in the near future, and our country was in great danger from this economic giant.

The U.S. needed to do much more to prepare to fight the Soviet Union on all fronts. One or two academics half-heartedly supported my position, but it seemed that the government propaganda was generally accepted as the truth, and most of the other delegates seemed to think I was some sort of weirdo.

What struck me as really strange was that the government officials on one hand were telling us that communism was a horrible system which we should destroy, and on the other hand they were telling us that the communist system was so incredibly successful that it had miraculously propelled a third world country into the strongest nation on earth; it didn't make any sense to me. The only logical explanation for such contradictory messages was that the government officials believed that these stories would garner the most money for programs to fight the Soviet Union. I was put down as some sort of communist sympathizer because I was saying that the Soviet Union was still a third world country. Made no sense. It was not until over 30 years later, after the collapse of the Soviet Union, that the U.S. government finally admitted that the Soviet economy was a basket case.

Getting Political

Back at the University, I was also becoming more politically aware and involved. The 1960 Presidential election was coming up soon, and I was being courted by both the Democrats and Republicans to help them campaign, because I had never indicated my political affiliation. It was an educational experience. A leader of the Republican group on campus invited me to attend a Republican rally for Nixon which was being held in one of the wealthy suburbs of Minneapolis. It struck me that everyone there was rich, including the students, who all seemed to be planning to take over their family business. They were all white males who seemed to talk only about their business ventures. I also was invited to a couple of Democratic events near campus in Minneapolis, in a lower middle class neighborhood. The attendees were teachers, professors, labor leaders, government workers, leaders of non-profits, and several lawyers, journalists, and students. The international relations and political science students who expressed any political preference favored the Democrats by about 95 percent.

Before I started studying the goals of the Democrats and Republicans, I had sort of a gut reaction against Kennedy, this rich kid who was being financed and promoted by his father, who had become wealthy by apparently corrupt means. Nixon, on the other hand, had worked his way up from a relatively poor background. But when I examined what the parties represented, it

became clear that I had almost nothing in common with the goals of the Republicans; they obviously represented the capitalist establishment, and I was not and never would be part of that establishment. It became clear to me then that I needed to vote for the Party that represented my interests, not for the particular candidate who seemed to have most in common with me. There were lots of happy students in my part of campus when Kennedy won the election that November, even if only by an extremely small margin. And there was even more happiness after Kennedy was sworn in and introduced a number of programs of great interest to us, including the Peace Corps, which energized many of the international relations students.

Second Child On Way

In late January, 1961, it was confirmed that Jan was expecting our second child, which was due in late August. This triggered an evaluation by me of when I could expect to get a good job and start making money. I would graduate this Spring, but could I get a good job? The country was in the middle of a recession, with few new jobs available in the private sector. After discussing job prospects with professors and some college recruiters, I was coming to the conclusion that I should continue on and get my Master's degree right now. I was encouraged that I could get a student loan if necessary, and we would be able to manage even with two children. By the end of the Winter quarter I had decided to apply for graduate school, specializing in Russian Area Studies; I calculated that I could get my Master's degree by the summer of 1962, in just over a year, if I really focused on it. By the end of the Winter quarter I already had enough credits for my Bachelor's degree, so I started taking my graduate courses in the Spring quarter. I decided I would need to unload most of my extra-curricular tasks so I could focus on getting my graduate degree.

I still had one major extra-curricular function to complete: a Model United Nations conference which I was organizing to be held at the University. I had 38 colleges and universities in the upper mid-west signed up to come and participate in this three-day event. We had delegates assigned to represent almost every member nation of the United Nations. I was the overall Chairman of the event, and I would be Secretary General of the United Nations during the mock sessions. I had set an agenda for the event which was designed to get students and spectators interested; issues to be discussed and voted upon included: foreign intervention in Laos and the Congo; relations with Castro's Cuba; admission of "Red" China to the United Nations; turning the Panama Canal Zone over to Panama; and ending South Africa's control of South-west Africa. The event was a great success; the students even voted to admit Red China to the

United Nations, long before the real United Nations took that step, and to give the Panama Canal Zone back to Panama, long before President Carter made that an issue. The event received substantial publicity, including a couple of large articles in the Minneapolis Tribune highlighting the action to admit Red China to the UN. In the subsequent weeks I received a few irate letters from strangers (all men) blasting me for promoting these dangerous one-world ideas.

Media Distortions

My work with the International Relations Club and other international organizations on campus during the past two years had taught me an important lesson about the news media. Reporters from the Minneapolis Star and Tribune and the St. Paul Pioneer Press and other major newspapers had covered several of the events I had organized, including the Model United Nations, a seminar on racial segregation and white domination in southern Africa, and a forum on Castro's Cuba, and I was shocked and amazed at the stories they had written about those events. In most cases the "facts" presented by the reporters were incorrect, or they had completely missed the most significant substance of the meetings. But what was most disturbing was their intentional misrepresentation of the events; they focused on one small incident of disagreement or anger or controversy and made it appear that was the entire substance of the event.

In one seminar on Africa, for example, we had a very good, extended discussion of the issues, hearing viewpoints from black Africans, black Americans, white Africans and white Americans; toward the end of this very instructional seminar, one member of the audience stood up and yelled something about the need to get the CIA out of Africa. The news article in the papers the next day only discussed the CIA reference and made it appear that the entire seminar was a shouting match about the CIA. The newspaper and television stories about the Model United Nations focused almost entirely on the vote to admit Red China to the UN, and gave the impression that the students were a bunch of communist sympathizers. I learned not to believe much of what I read in the newspapers, and even less of what I saw on television.

By the end of April I was phasing out of my non-academic duties. My term as President of the International Relations Club was coming to an end and a replacement President was elected in May. And I completed my term as President of the International Affairs Commission, with the most successful year ever. That Spring I was one of 17 students of the 45,000 students at the uni-

versity selected for the University's highest award for contributions to the University, the Order of the North Star.

Going for Master's

Now I could concentrate on getting my Master's degree. I had a choice of taking 65 credits of approved courses, or 45 credits of courses plus a Thesis and an oral examination. Both options were expected to require two academic years. I chose the Thesis option because I thought it would make it easier for me to complete everything by the next summer, if I went to summer school. So I had to figure out how I could afford to go to school full time, without working in the summer and with fewer work hours during the rest of the year.

I applied for and received a student loan for \$1500, which I thought would be enough to get us through the Master's degree. I also applied for the paid position of Executive Secretary of the Student Project for Amity Among Nations (SPAN). The job paid only \$1200 a year, but I would have an office on campus, and I would only need to work 10 to 15 hours a week or less. In early June the SPAN Board of Directors selected me to be the new Executive Director, starting July 1. I would have little to do until the SPANners returned from their overseas assignments in late September. I decided I would quit my job as a janitor; I couldn't do both jobs, and I looked forward to not working every weekday evening and all day Saturday.

After completing Spring quarter in June, I went through the official graduation ceremonies for my Bachelor's degree. It seemed unimportant and anti-climatic since I was already working on my Master's degree, but I attended the grand ceremony with thousands of graduates seated on the football field in the massive Memorial Stadium; we all dutifully marched in single file onto the stage and were handed a large envelope, which the audience assumed was a diploma, but it really contained nothing but a little card which said we could receive our diploma in room 235 of Morrill Hall between the hours of 9:00 and 5:00 if we had indeed completed all requirements for graduation. It was not very personal, but the parents and other relatives were impressed.

Mom and dad were there to witness the great occasion. I had surprised them all by getting a degree. And now Jan's parents were starting to wonder why I wasn't getting a job; why did I need to get a Master's degree? Maybe I was going to be a professional student! I should get a job and support my wife and children!!

Mom and dad's financial situation had improved somewhat during the four years I had been in college. Mom had a job at the small department store in Watford which was now owned by her brother, Uncle Morris. This was the same store where Jan worked when we got married. Dad had worked for Perrin and another construction contractor in Watford for a couple of years and then he managed to lease a backhoe and start his own backhoe digging business. He dug graves, and water holes for cattle ranchers, and septic tank holes and water line ditches and whatever business he could get; he charged less than any of the competition so he was able to build up the business to the point where he was keeping busy much of the year. He had made enough money so they were able to buy a small house in Watford, which was big enough for mom, dad, Eileen and the twins. Valeria and Phyllis had already left home. Eileen was now 16 and the twins were 15 years old. Time sure flies. My sisters were almost grown up and I hardly knew them.

After graduation, I continued right on into summer school. I loved it; the campus was quiet, with very few students. My class sessions were all early in the morning while it was still cool, and then I could study in the library or in my office until mid-afternoon, before working on the SPAN job for a couple of hours. There were almost no distractions from my studies, and I was able to start research for my Master's thesis, which would be on the Reorganization of Industrial Management in the Soviet Union. The thesis would draw on the paper I did for SPAN, but focus on the causes and consequences of the 1957 reorganization of industrial management. I also was continuing to study the Russian language, to permit me to read original source material for my thesis, but also so I could pass the required foreign language exam to obtain my Master's degree. When I had a few extra hours I would do some work in the SPAN office to prepare for the return of the summer travelers and to develop plans and programs to expand and improve the SPAN program. And I also did some dandelion killing during the high season.

Here is a photo of Cheri and some of her many friends, watched over by Jan who was expecting our second child soon, in our yard in married student housing. Notice the nice picket fence I built so Cheri could play outdoors.



I had time in the evenings to be home with Janice and Cheri, which was a very nice change from working as a janitor every evening.

Christopher Carlyle

It was a very pleasant summer with my family, and Janice was growing larger by the day. On August 18 she started having labor pains and I carefully drove her to the hospital in St. Paul. This time I didn't need to go collect paper route money to pay for the baby. I was able to sit at the hospital and wait. The wait was short, and I had a son. A healthy, noisy boy, with bright red hair. We named him Christopher Carlyle. A chip off the old block. From the beginning, Chris was a rambunctious little boy; wiggling and squirming and crying and taking up lots of space. It was nice to have a son to carry on the Hystad name. I imagined him growing up to be a doctor or a professor or a famous basketball player, or maybe President of the United States. I had a break from school from mid-August through mid-September, so I was able to help Jan at home while she recovered and we both adjusted again to being awakened several times during the night.

As I was preparing to go back to graduate school, I decided to apply for a position as a teaching assistant. Several positions were still open with various professors; I applied for a position as assistant to a new professor teaching entry level political science and U.S. political history to college Freshmen. A few weeks later I was made an offer for the position. I was to work about ten hours a week, helping to prepare course material, grading tests, and providing individual help to students. After further meetings with the professor, it became clear that the professor had never taught such a course before and had no overall plan on what to cover, how to test or how to grade. He asked me to put together an outline for the course, select a textbook, and prepare tests and exams. As the quarter went by, I also was asked to fill in for him in the classroom several days, doing the scheduled lecture or leading student discussions. It would not have been much more work for me to teach the entire course.

It's Academic

In late September I was back in my classes. In addition to the required courses on the history, politics, economics and geography of the Soviet Union, I was taking a seminar on the 20th Century history and politics of Russia and the Soviet Union. The seminar would continue for all three quarters this year, and would be critical to obtaining my Master's degree. The professor was Theofanis

Stavrou who had just received his PhD from Indiana University in Russian History. He was a native of Cyprus, but knew English better than most Americans, and he was an excellent professor. His seminar met just once a week, for three to four hours. Each week, each student was assigned a book to read before the next seminar meeting; not only read, but write a detailed review of the key points of the book and then discuss the book in the next seminar. Each of the five students in the seminar had a different book to read each week; and we would discuss the substance of each book in detail. By the end of Spring quarter, our group of five graduate students had read over 175 books in total; there was not much worth reading about 20th Century history and politics of Russia that we hadn't read. It was a very intensive and time-consuming effort, but this was the most effective learning process I had ever experienced.

Professor Stavrou had the unusual ability to make all of this work exciting and enjoyable; his enthusiasm was contagious, and his insistence on accuracy and thoroughness was a tremendous help in my future career. He was the first and only professor I had in college who insisted that every paper we submitted (one every week) was letter perfect. Typos were not allowed; grammatical errors or misspellings were not acceptable. Incorrect or missing footnotes were grounds for failing the course. He continually stressed the importance of doing a professional job on everything; if it was worth doing, it was worth doing perfectly. Each week we all made fewer errors; we all worked harder.

I was working hard on my Thesis research. I was reading Pravda and Isvestia newspapers and Soviet economic journals which had articles about the reorganization of industrial management and its impact. I read every critique and discussion in the Western press and academic journals about Soviet industrial management. I prepared and revised an outline of the thesis and defined the remaining information I needed to be able to provide a complete report. I started writing the background chapters, and then drafted the guts of the thesis which was an analysis of the economic and political reasons for the reorganization, and how the struggle for power within the Communist party influenced the reorganization and its implementation. I was starting to gain a better understanding of the struggle involved in gaining and retaining power in the Soviet Union after the death of Stalin, and particularly the reasons for Nikita Khrushchev's actions. Although the major reorganization of industrial management resulted in some economic benefits, probably the primary reason for the reorganization was to give Khrushchev an opportunity to place people loyal to him in many key positions of power while reducing the influence of those loyal to others in the Communist hierarchy.

Planning My Future

By early November I also was starting to make plans for my future after receiving my Master's degree. I needed to start applying for jobs now to make sure I had something lined up by time I graduated next summer. In some cases, examinations had to be taken early to get on qualifying lists. For example, the U.S. Civil Service Commission administered an exam for its Management Intern program for graduate students who expected to have completed a Master's degree by next summer; I took that exam on November 18, in Minneapolis. In late December I was informed that I had received a rating of 87.8 on the Management Intern exam, and I would be invited to an oral examination later in the winter. Those passing the oral exam would then be put on an eligible list for all Federal agencies to use. I also took the Foreign Service written exam on December 9, and was informed later that I had passed the exam and would be called for an oral exam when the Service had a need for additional candidates.

By January, Professor Stavrou was strongly encouraging me to continue in school and get my PhD in Russian Studies. He said he would recommend me for a scholarship at his alma mater, the Indiana University's Russian and East European Institute, which had one of the best Russian studies programs in the country. He also suggested I apply for a similar program at Stanford University. I was really enjoying the academic world at this point. I enjoyed the research and writing; I enjoyed the atmosphere on campus; and I even enjoyed teaching. I thought it would be a good life to be a college professor, and my kids would get free tuition for college! So I agreed to submit my applications to Indiana University and Stanford. I had to prepare extensive applications, including detailed outlines of my proposed course of study and doctoral thesis; and details on my need for financial assistance; a summary of my career goals; and a list of professional references. In early February I sent off the applications.

Lighting a Candle

I also was getting deeply involved in my job as Executive Secretary of SPAN. I developed an ambitious program for the year, to expand fund raising, increase programs for the outgoing and returning SPANners, and get SPAN alumni involved with the program again. Late that Fall I created a major controversy. The SPAN Board of Directors was considering which countries would be selected to send SPANners to in 1963, summer after next. A committee had rec-

commended four countries, including Egypt. One of the faculty members on the Board strongly objected to the selection of Egypt because Egypt had in the past denied visas to Americans of Jewish heritage; he argued that we should refuse to send students to any country which in any way discriminated on the basis of religion, race, nationality, etc. I argued that to refuse to send SPANners to Egypt and any other Arab country which was then in a state of cold war with Israel would be in direct contradiction of our motto: "It's better to light one candle than to curse the darkness." By rejecting Egypt as a SPAN country we would be cursing the darkness, not lighting a candle. But the professor was more persuasive than I, and the Board voted to reject Egypt.

Over the course of the next few days I pondered this decision and it bothered me more and more. I understood the desire of some to refuse to patronize a country that discriminates against Jews, but the total reason for SPAN was to help improve understanding among people; to help reduce the intolerance and unfounded hatreds that resulted in such discrimination. Finally I decided I couldn't live with the decision, and I prepared a letter resigning my position as Executive Secretary, explaining my reason and arguments, and sent it to the student President and the head faculty advisor. The next day the head faculty advisor phoned, frantically begging me to reconsider; he would reopen the issue about Egypt; he agreed with my position; he asked me to stay on at least until the Board could meet again and reconsider the issue. I agreed to do so. Meanwhile the student President was outraged that I would object; I was not even an elected officer; I was a paid employee; my job was to implement what the Board decided, not to make decisions; he had a minor temper tantrum in my office before I told him that the faculty head had decided to reconsider the decision, then he had a major tantrum. It was clear that he wasn't concerned about whether to select Egypt; he was concerned that I was undermining his authority as President. The next week the Board met again and voted overwhelmingly to reverse its previous decision; apparently I was not the only one concerned about the prior vote. But the President never forgave me.

In February, the U.S. Civil Service Commission sent representatives to Minneapolis to conduct oral examinations of candidates for the Federal Management Intern program, those who had high scores on the written exam. I fought my way through a snow storm to make the interview. I thought it went well. I also watched the various career centers at the University for any recruiters coming to the University, but most of them were with large corporations and I had no interest in working for a corporation; I did interview with 3M corporation just to see if they had any interesting positions dealing with international activities.

Accidental Interview

One day I was passing by the Office of the School of Public Administration, just down the hall from the International Relations Center, when the teaching assistant who worked there, a friend of mine, saw me walk by and chased me down the hall; said he had a recruiter from the Atomic Energy Commission sitting in his conference room with no one to interview; someone had failed to show for his interview and he had no one scheduled for the half hour after that either. He begged me to come and talk with this guy from Atomic Energy; I said I knew nothing about atomic energy; he said just pretend that you're interested; please. So I was lead into the conference room and had about a 30 minute chat with the Atomic Energy fellow, who was the personnel director for the Chicago office of AEC.

I told him that I knew nothing about atomic energy; that I was only interested in working in an international program, that I was considering going for my PhD, and that I had taken the Federal Management Intern exams. He explained that AEC did not use the Federal Intern program, but recruited candidates themselves for their own management intern program. We talked about growing up on a farm; fishing in Minnesota lakes; traveling to Russia; and several other topics unrelated to employment at AEC. And then he mentioned that AEC had an international relations division that administered several international programs, including an exchange program with the Soviet Union. Hmm. Maybe this place could be interesting after all. But he wanted to chat some more about life on the farm; said he hoped to retire to a little farm some day. I wished him well, and left, and promptly forgot about it as a possible job.

In February, I had initiated and got Board approval of a major reunion of SPAN alumni. SPAN had been in existence for 15 years, and alumni were spread around the world, with many in key positions in government, academia, non-profits and industry. I had spent a good deal of time working with volunteers to track down these alumni, and I started a regular newsletter for them. There was substantial interest in a reunion, so I organized a weekend reunion in Minneapolis, with a banquet, noted guest speakers, including Mrs. Walter Mondale who was a SPANner, and a SPANner who was now on the staff of the White House Press Office, working for President Kennedy. The reunion was a great success, with a large turnout; and it was particularly impressive for recently selected SPANners, who were able to track the careers of past SPANners.

As a part of this reunion effort, I asked alumni for generous contributions to help current SPANners going overseas next summer, and I received many donations; the first time alumni had ever been asked to contribute. After the reunion, I sent another newsletter to all alumni, reporting on the reunion and asking everyone to make a contribution, no matter how small. I said we had already received many contributions from alumni, so join in, and make a small repayment for all SPAN has done for you. A couple of days later I received a phone call from the chief fund raiser for SPAN. He was a retired faculty member who worked part time raising money, primarily from corporate donors, for SPAN. He had just read my newsletter and I had failed to check with him before asking alumni to make contributions. He was outraged that I would issue a newsletter stating that we had already received many contributions; he informed me that no one else would contribute now because they would assume we already had enough money. His fund raising pitch was to tell potential donors that we were about to close our doors for lack of funds, and their contribution was absolutely critical for us to stay alive. Now I had just destroyed that pitch.

I had always thought that his “poor us” pitch was a bad approach; people don’t like to support an organization that’s unsuccessful; people want to get on the band wagon and support what’s successful. I explained to the fund raiser that I was expecting alumni to want to jump on the band wagon, but I couldn’t appease him. He immediately called the chief faculty advisor and informed him that he was resigning his position as fund raiser unless I was fired. The faculty advisor said he would look into the problem. I learned later that the President had encouraged the fund raiser to make this demand, and that he would support the demand. The next day I explained to the faculty advisor my position on fund raising; emphasize the positive, not the negative, and he agreed with me, but he really needed to keep the old coot on board; he would have a very difficult time finding anyone to replace him. I suggested that he inform the fund raiser that I had agreed to resign effective the end of April, which is when I had planned to quit in any case so I could devote all my time to finishing my Master’s degree. He thought that was a good plan, and thanked me profusely for all my work for SPAN.

Over the next few weeks the donations from SPAN alumni poured into the office in response to my newsletter, and at the next Board meeting the faculty advisor made a point of praising the work I had done raising money from the alumni. The old fund raiser said not a word.

Turning Left

During my Senior year and graduate school I developed a growing recognition of the power of businesses and corporations in our country, and in all the Western world for that matter. I was becoming aware of how workers often receive such a small share of the profits of corporations compared with management and investors; I was starting to notice how corporations claim natural resources as their own, rather than the property of the community or the nation, and how so much wealth in this country had been accumulated by a few individuals who had basically stolen the country's forests, iron ore, oil, copper and other resources. The corporate disregard for worker safety, which I had once accepted as normal as a roughneck, was now becoming unacceptable to me. Pollution of the environment by corporations intent on making larger profits was starting to be recognized as unnecessary and unacceptable. And I was becoming angry at what appeared to me to be a conspiracy of large corporations to destroy small businesses and reduce competition.

I was beginning to recognize the need for government to represent the interests of workers, consumers and the environment. It was my impression that our government primarily represented the interests of big business, which already had too much power. I was in no way enamored with the communist approach to economic control, but I thought the democratic socialism being practiced by many Western European countries made much more sense than our coddling of capitalists. I wasn't proposing government operation of industries, but much more government regulation of capitalists to reduce the abuse, and a much more equitable allocation of income. During the course of my college years I had moved from being apolitical to being on the left side of liberal.

This may have been partially due to my studies of Marxism and the communist party theories, but I believe it was more the result of learning more about the real world. Prior to coming to the University I had not seen the poverty of cities or the vast wealth of the rich; where I grew up there was relatively little difference between the wealthiest and poorest in the community. But in the cities I saw the hopeless poverty without even a garden plot to help provide food; and I saw what I considered to be the decadent extravagance of the very rich. I learned about the government sending in soldiers or police to break the unions who were trying to gain a living wage. I learned about the power of business in our political process; how a small group of wealthy people are able to buy the politicians. I saw the government as the only power that could control and soften the abuses of capitalism, but only if the government is not controlled by the businesses that it should be regulating. Although I was not plan-

ning to become active in any political party, I was developing some fairly radical political opinions.

Toughest Career Decision

On March 30, 1962, I was deluged with offers. First I received a telephone call from the Atomic Energy Commission recruiter from Chicago telling me that they were offering me a position starting as a Management Intern for one year, after which I would be assigned to the International Relations Division in the Washington Headquarters of AEC; they were offering a starting salary of \$6,300.00, with a start date of approximately July 9. They would confirm all this by mail. A short time later I received the morning mail which contained a letter from the Russian Institute at Indiana University. The letter said I had been accepted for admission to the Institute and I had been granted a Ford Foundation Fellowship which would pay all my tuition and other school expenses plus a living stipend, for three years, to complete a PhD program. A short while later I received a phone call from the Department of Commerce in Washington telling me that I was on the list of candidates selected for the Federal Management Intern program; the list had just been issued, and they would like to interview me as soon as possible. Over the next four hours I received three more offers or requests for interviews from the Office of the Secretary of Defense, the Department of Agriculture, and the Post Office Department, all for Management Intern positions starting at \$6,500.

What should I do? I had to respond to the Indiana University offer by April 15, and the government agencies were all pressing for a response. Meanwhile there was still no word from the Foreign Service about vacancies there, so I could not consider them in the equation. I concluded that of all the government job possibilities, the Atomic Energy Commission sounded the most interesting and appeared to have the most potential to quickly move into a substantive job in the international field. So the choice was really between going to work for the Atomic Energy Commission or going for my PhD at Indiana University.

I discussed the choice with everyone. Professor Stavrou really wanted me to go to Indiana University, but he was amazed that I had an offer to start work at \$6,300. He was making less than \$6,000 as a professor with a PhD. He told me that he would not blame me if I decided to take the Atomic Energy job. I was still leaning toward going on to get my PhD. It meant three more years in school, and three more years that Jan would need to work, and three more years that Cheri and Chris would have baby sitters. But a PhD would give me many more options for a career; I could work in academia, or in government,

or in non-profit organizations, and I could be a leading expert in my specialty area. And if I became a professor, my children would be able to go to college tuition free. And I was imagining how nice it would be to spend three years studying without the need to work at any other jobs; I would actually be able to spend time with my family.

I discussed the choice with Jan, and she thought the decision was easy. Take the job; you've been going to school long enough. I discussed it with friends, who were split about 50-50 between job and PhD. The strongest argument in favor of going for the PhD was that this was my only chance to do that; once I took a job I would never be able to quit and go back to school. But I could always go to work for the government after getting my PhD. I tried to imagine what our lives would be like under each scenario, but I got lost in all the potential paths I might follow, and gave up. What should I do? It was nice to have these options, but now I had to make this very tough decision. After a week or so of arguing with myself, I gave in to the reality of having a wife and two kids. I needed to go to work and make money so we could have a better place to live and Jan could stop working and take care of the kids, and we both would have more time to be with the kids. I decided, reluctantly, that it was time to face up to being the bread winner. On April 12, I informed the Atomic Energy Commission that I was accepting their offer, and the University of Indiana that I would not be able to accept their offer. But I wasn't entirely certain I had made the right decision.



Here are two of the reasons I decided to go to work for the Atomic Energy Commission rather than go on for my PhD.

Marriage Penalties and Rewards

Going to college while married was definitely a burden in terms of the added responsibilities of a spouse and (in my case) two children, but on the other hand Jan provided a substantial amount of financial support for me; my quality of life would have been worse if I had been single living entirely on my own earnings. And being married with children gave me motivations that most single students didn't have; I was not there because mom and dad were paying the bills; I was there so I and my family could have a better future. A few of my professors made it clear that they preferred married students; they were more serious; they worked harder; they had career goals; they were more mature; and they had fewer hangovers.

But most unmarried students didn't like having married students around. Single male students tended to view college as a time and place to have fun and date women and get drunk and generally be irresponsible; they felt they had nothing in common with a married student like me. There were several times during my college years when fellow men students were very friendly and cooperative with me while they assumed I was single, but when they learned I was married they avoided me. Married students were not invited to participate in most social events, and they were excluded from most clubs on campus.

Single female college students usually seemed to be repulsed by male married students. I experienced many situations where women students were friendly and helpful with me until they realized I was married and then they would almost run the other way. A few times I overheard women students talking about some guy who was married (when they didn't know I was married). Their conversations went something like: yuck; and he was so cute, but then I noticed he's married, disgusting; why do these old guys go to college anyway; yuck; I wonder if he had to get married; gross. If the married student had been openly gay he wouldn't have attracted as much hostility.

Since the vast majority of undergraduate students were single, this negative attitude toward married students caused some problems for us. We married students tended to congregate together when possible, but in the entire International Relations program there was only one other married student, so I didn't have much company there.

In my first two years of college I learned not to advertise the fact that I was married; if I didn't mention it, I could have a normal relationship with my classmates. Except I didn't join the guys in any parties or respond to any flir-

tations from the women; I had a good excuse that I worked every evening. In most classes and extracurricular situations I was assumed to be just another single guy who was not a party animal, and I tended to be friends with the most studious people in the class. I wasn't shunned because I was married. But in a few classes it became common knowledge that I was married (like in the German class when I had to be excused because Jan was in labor) and I found that only one or two guys in the class would talk with me after that.

When I got into graduate school, things changed a little. More of the students were older, and probably 15 to 20 percent of us were married, so we were a larger minority group. And in graduate school it was an advantage in dealing with the professors for them to know I was married; they just assumed I was a better and more serious student because I was married. So in graduate school I made a point of making sure the professors knew I was married and had family obligations.

Getting My Master's Degree

By late April, I had finished drafting my Master's thesis. Now I had to get it typed, with four copies. Typing the thesis was almost as difficult as writing it. I could type only with the hunt and peck method; men were not supposed to type; that was clerical work for women. So first, I had to find and hire a typist who knew all the style requirements for the thesis and who could type it without any mistakes; typos were not acceptable. The typist had to type an original and four carbon copies. There were no such things as word processors or computers, and most typists didn't even have an electric typewriter. If they made an error, they had to start over on that page unless they could make an erasure and correction on all five copies without making a mess of it. So it took a few weeks to get the thesis typed and proofed and bound and delivered to my faculty board, three Russian area experts, who would grade the thesis, conduct the oral exam, and decide whether I should be granted a graduate degree. One of the faculty board was Professor Stavrou, who had already made it clear to me that he would support my candidacy. He said I was the top student in the Russian Area Studies Program as far as he was concerned. So I just needed to convince the other two.

In late May I took the required Russian language examination, and two days later I was informed that I had passed; a big relief.

I scheduled my oral examination for early June. The exam would cover my thesis and any other topics the three professors wished to discuss. Normally the

oral exam would last for one to two hours, but the time was entirely up to the professors. Before the fateful day, Professor Stavrou called me into his office and gave me some advice about taking an oral examination. He said the most important thing is not to try to bluff your way through an answer where you are unsure; first, the faculty will know you don't what you are talking about; and second, you will be eating up valuable time that you could be using to answer a question where you are on firm ground. If you don't know an answer, or are not sure, just say: I don't know. It's over, and they will have to ask another question that hopefully you will know. And if you are asked an open ended question where you feel you are a real expert, use as much time as you want to provide an answer in great detail, so they will have less time to ask you questions you may not know.

It was great advice. I was calm and confident going into the oral exam. I answered the first few questions, no problem. Then I had a "I don't know", and answered a couple more and another "I don't know". One of the professors was an elderly gentleman who had been a member of the Russian aristocracy under Tsar Nicholas, and I knew what his particular interests and biases were, so I was able to get him involved in a series of questions and answers about the First World War and the Russian Revolution and he loved my answers. The third professor was from the economics department and asked the most detailed questions about my thesis, but I was able to handle those with no serious problems. He asked a couple of more general questions about the Soviet economy, and I gave my "I don't know" to one of them. It was over. The next day I was informed that I had passed the oral exam and the Thesis. I just needed to complete my current classes and I would have met all the requirements for my degree. I would be able to graduate officially at the end of the first summer session, in late July, but I would have everything completed by the end of Spring quarter.

In mid-June, 1962, I attended my last classes, finished the last final exams, and I was done. I would miss this place. I thought back to my first days at the University; what a tough time we had that first year; how Jan and I were tempted to give up and go back to Watford. Now I didn't want to leave. This had become my home; I was happy here. College was not so bad; it sure beat working as a roughneck. I would be happy to just stay in college; I enjoyed the academic world.

Jan and I and the kids went to Watford for a quick visit before we left for my job with the Atomic Energy Commission. It would be a long time before we would get back to Watford.

Here are Cheri and Chris with both sets of grandparents.



Starting a New Adventure

The Atomic Energy Commission asked me to report for work on June 29. I would spend three months in Chicago and then be transferred to Headquarters in Germantown, Maryland. So it was time to wind up our activities in the twin cities. I obtained approval to receive my official Master's degree diploma "in absentia"; they would mail it to me.

The University reminded me that I would now need to start repaying my student loan. And we still owed over \$2000 to the dentist. And we had to finish paying off the loan I got to pay for my trip to Russia. I hope I make enough money to pay all these bills.

We had a few good farewell parties with our neighbors in married student housing, and the last Saturday night we had a large bonfire out in the common area; we burned the remains of my picket fence. All of the students would be moving out of this section of housing this summer, and our barracks would be torn down and replaced with faculty housing. We packed up our belongings, loaded everything we owned into a rented U-Haul trailer behind my old Ford, and headed for Chicago and a new chapter in my life. I was twenty three years old, almost twenty four; time flies when you're having fun.

