

# WALK WITH ME



By  
HARRY BRILEY

## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

# Chapter 4 – Childhood Passages

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## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

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## Chapter 4 - Childhood Passages

1953 - 1967

### Character Formation

This chapter focuses on memories that influenced my formative years. Any parent can tell the bent in which their children are growing. Attitudes, capabilities, and liabilities become visible within weeks of birth. The environment affects the intensity of the direction of maturity, but the inner temperament of a child is unique to each. The birth order has an often-documented impact. I have the traits common to first-born children.

Kevin Leman, author of *The Birth Order Book*, described firstborns (edited):

*The oldest has its ups and downs. There is definitely pressure. Parents expect more of you and are stricter, especially if they are still setting up the rules. First time parents can be overly protective, strict, and demanding.*

*This can lead to first-born over-achievers. They take charge and burst with confidence. They become perfectionists. The desire to mirror their parents means they want everything just right. They struggle to admit when wrong.*

*Until a second child comes along, family and friends shower first-borns with attention. Many first-borns end up with a lot of natural confidence. Almost all of Presidents were either the first-born or the first-born son. The first astronauts sent into space were first-born or "only children".*

*First-borns have these common personality traits:*

*Confident: More likely to believe in yourself.*

*Determined: Good about finishing projects you start.*

*Born Leader: Often put in charge with baby-sitting and taking care of the house, thus getting early training at being the boss.*

*Organized: Can find things. If messy, you still have a system.*

*Eager to Please: Strong need for approval. Volunteer early.*

*Avoid Trouble: When people expect much from you, it can be hard to speak up or complain. You might not want seen as causing problems.*

*First-borns find these feelings familiar:*

*"Everyone depends on me."*

*"I cannot get away with anything."*

*"I do not get to be a kid."*

*"Why do I have to do it? Nobody else does anything around here."*

*"How come I am responsible for what my little brother or sister did?"*

*Given the first-born roles, these feelings are understandable and common!*

[www.pbskids.org/itsmylife/family/birthorder/article2.html](http://www.pbskids.org/itsmylife/family/birthorder/article2.html)

On a spiritual maturity scale, children can be incredibly insightful and perceptive beyond their years. Yet, at the same time, the fundamental truth most valued by this age group is simply that God loves them. Abstract reasoning comes much later. A touchstone of faith lasted about a year at age 9, which became dormant until late in high school.

Rick Chromey summarized child development in “The ABC's of Spiritual Growth”, Children's Ministry Magazine, 2/22/2014 (rearranged and edited)

*Faith is rooted in attitudes and feelings that mature into special relationships where commitments are created and decisions are later made. Lifelong faith engages developmental issues. Faith is forged through powerful, positive, and personal spiritual experiences. Children crave a faith that is understandable, relevant, and applicable. They want a faith that does not wear out and so do I.*

*Four notables constructed theories about childhood development [and a brief summary of each stage appears for the appropriate age in this memoir chapter].*

*Jean Piaget **cognitive growth** theory:*

- *sensorimotor (0-2)*
- *preoperational (2-7)*
- *concrete operations (7-11)*
- *formal operations (11 and up)*

*Erik Erikson **personality development** theory by resolving these "crises":*

- *trust vs. mistrust (0-1.5)*
- *autonomy vs. shame/doubt (1.5-3)*
- *initiative vs. guilt (3-6),*
- *industry vs. inferiority (7-12)*

*Lawrence Kohlberg **morals development** theory suggests that age has no impact on moral growth (You can be an adult and have the morality of a child).*

- *rules obeyed by reward or punishment (4-7)*
- *rules obeyed by agreement with self (7-10)*
- *rules obeyed if others agree (10 and above).*

*James Fowler **faith stages** theory via Thompson's and Randall from two Fowler papers: Stages of Faith (1981) and Stages in Faith Consciousness (1991)*

- *primal or "prefaith" (0-3),*
- *intuitive/projective or "fantasy" (3-7)*
- *mythic/literal or "formation" (7-11)*
- *synthetic/convention or "patchwork" (12 to adult)*

[www.childrensministry.com/articles/the-abcs-of-spiritual-growth](http://www.childrensministry.com/articles/the-abcs-of-spiritual-growth)

I have no saucy stories about my father much less any public affection towards me. He provided the stability of meals, a peripatetic home, and minimal chores. My main job focused upon school. Inwardly, I struggled due to the incomprehensible (to me at the time) lack of communication or, rather, non-helpful communication when it did occur.

I pretty much “grew up” myself. My mother cared for my basic needs, but with my usual obedience, she pretty much left me to myself.

As noted in the two chapters about my parents, they absented themselves from church and any outward display of faith within the home for 35 years after moving to farm life.

The early farm life suited me well. Easily understood duties and plenty of tasks let me contribute. My docile temperament made me quite at ease wandering alone on the various farm properties. That non-competitive environment naturally enhanced self-reliance and problem solving. A fierce competition among us sibling brothers, without neighboring peers outside of school hours, became the irritating exception.

I saddled up the burro myself at age 8 and roamed our 120 acres without telling anyone exactly where. This seemed permissible to them as long as I came home for dinner and since they previously warned me about trespassing hunters.

I rode my bicycle in fifth grade to kingdom come all day with the same loose expectations. If I came home for dinner, no one questioned where I travelled. I felt sublime happiness being out alone. I became immensely exploratory, self-reliant, moral, and trustworthy to a fault, shy yet confident, and home for dinner.

By that fifth grade, the mostly idyllic farm environment changed with a move to busier suburban life. The scourge of bullies strongly dampened my taking part in social activities. A theme of avoidance of brawny kids and constant improvement in math probably motivated me most into scholastics and professional work.

This chapter taps into significant life snapshots. In some cases, I tell how it worked out in the future. In others, I wrote about an episode because future chapters refer to it or because the scene presaged some later maturity or future spiritual linkage.

### **My Mother’s Favorite Slides**

In 2018, a commercial photographer scanned at high density a set of 70 (out of 150) unseen slides larger than 35mm. The slides revealed images of years not fully explained by my parents and wispy in my memory. When the photographer asked about some, I could only respond, “*I don’t know, I have never seen these before.*”

My mother reprinted a few favorite slides as prints for friends. Otherwise, I never saw these 1955 to 1960 era images given their large format while stored for 60 years. A sampling of the slides which best address the story line, appear in this chapter for Woodland Hills, the Mapleton farm, and the Lorane Highway farm.

## Woodland Hills, California

### When I Appeared on the Scene

My parents married on 10/20/1952 in Arcadia, Los Angeles County, California. Although they came from Michigan, I claim native bragging rights when convenient.

On Labor Day (nationally and “literally” said my mother) in 1953 at 9:05am, I was delivered normally by Dr. Robert Watson, seven pounds 10 ounces, 19.5 inches, “except had to be rotated with forceps” in room 4 of Valley Hospital of Van Nuys.


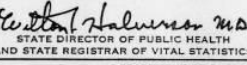
Notification of Birth Registration				REGISTRAR'S NUMBER
THIS CHILD	CHILD'S FIRST NAME	MIDDLE NAME	LAST NAME	29627
	Harry	Howard	Briley	
PLACE OF BIRTH	Los Angeles		DATE OF BIRTH	SEX
			Sept. 7, 1953	Male
MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER	FIRST NAME	MIDDLE NAME	LAST NAME	
	Barbara	Jeanne	Wilson	
NAME OF FATHER	FIRST NAME	MIDDLE NAME	LAST NAME	
	Calvin	Howard	Briley	
THE CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH OF THE ABOVE CHILD HAS BEEN REGISTERED WITH YOUR LOCAL REGISTRAR OF VITAL STATISTICS. IF THE INFORMATION IS INCORRECT OR INCOMPLETE, NOTIFY YOUR LOCAL REGISTRAR IMMEDIATELY.				
MAILING ADDRESS	Mrs. Calvin H. Briley 21327 Dumetz Woodland Hills, Calif.			
			 HEALTH OFFICER AND LOCAL REGISTRAR OF VITAL STATISTICS LOS ANGELES CITY HEALTH DEPARTMENT  STATE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC HEALTH AND STATE REGISTRAR OF VITAL STATISTICS DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH	
STATE OF CALIFORNIA		REV. 7-1-49 FORM 8-53 8-53		

Figure 1- Birth Registration - 1953



Figure 2 –My mother actually told me this (Greg Howard, 9/7/1992)

Rick Chromey wrote in “The ABC's of Spiritual Growth:” Attitudes (Ages 0 to 3)

*Toddler existence is rooted in self-preservation and reliance upon others. Comfort is job one. Learning is a close second. They are learning machines. Piaget called this the **sensorimotor period** because infants touch everything. Learning is through the senses and rely more upon emotions than facts.*

*Erikson suggested the **crisis of trust**. They find faith in caregivers. It is a positive that infants cry. Unless they trust the environment, their screams intensify.*

*Fowler: The earliest undifferentiated (Primal) **feeling faith** is built upon secure attachments. A caregiver’s nurturance and availability provide the basis for the earliest grasp of divine care. Parental involvement is crucial for faith.*

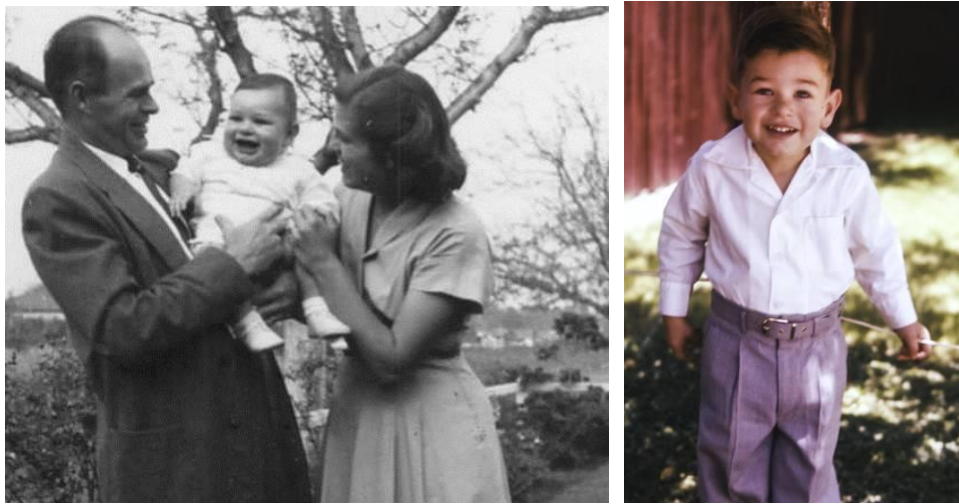
### **Circumcised for Faith Reasons**

My parents had me circumcised eleven days after birth. In the 1950's, this practice commonly occurred because of respect for the Old Testament, even if only done for health reasons, and long before Christians referred to these books as the Torah and the Prophets. They dedicated me as the first-born to the Lord on the next Palm Sunday.

My parents appeared openly intent on giving me to God. The years showed his claim upon my life. Their religious fervor died in 1956, but God did not forget their vows.

### **Dedication and/or Infant Baptism**

In 2006, I found a purse-size album of my baby pictures in my mother's estate, inscribed, "*From Mr. & Mrs. Daily for Baptism gift - Palm Sunday – 4/11/1954*".



**Figure 3 – Dedication 4/11/1954 and Woodland Hills 7/1956**

That inscription surprised me. In 2012, I found my baptismal certificate from Arcadia Presbyterian Church. My parents made a brief return visit there after a year at United Church of Christ in 1953. They never spoke of an infant baptism. Indeed, my father overtly railed against it. They only referred vaguely to some dedication service.

### **Getting Started**

I have photographs from these early years, but absolutely no recollection, positive or negative. The photographs portray a happy childhood and broad smiles all around.

My parents took me on excursions to Los Angeles outdoor activities: Hansen Dam (sailing before the lake silted up and mini-trains), Zuma Beach (Malibu area), and Griffith Park (trains and pony rides). It appears that at two years old, I tagged along with my father. Given the perceived absence in my memories, these images surprised me as an adult. These photos still did not trigger memories of those events at that young age.

Walk With Me – Childhood Passages



**Figure 4 - Front Lawn Seeding 5/1956 – Zuma Beach 11/1955**



**Figure 5 - Zuma Beach 4/1956 - Hansen Dam 9/1956**

My step-Aunt Carla wrote that we visited in 11/1955 on Grandpa Carl's farm in Atlanta, Michigan. When she asked my name, I said 'Cookie' but did not say much else. She wrote, "*How could anyone forget a really cute two year old named 'Cookie'?*" As a cookie monster, I never found a cookie to my dislike. The Girl Scouts love me.

My parents drove their (new?) turquoise colored station wagon up to the Lincoln Highway (Old US 50) that goes through Livermore (my current home). This first major cross-country road predates Highway 66. Sites while in Colorado included Monarch Pass on the Continental Divide and the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River. It snowed in the middle of Michigan where my father grew up in Atlanta. This station wagon shows up in Mapleton, Oregon for the next three years.



**Figure 6 - Lincoln Highway US50 - 11/1955**



**Figure 7 - Barbara in Atlanta, Michigan - 11/1955**

Carla wrote that I seemed a happy normal child. Since she taught learning disability, she would have noticed a problem. However, she noted an odd behavior in my father in that he only let my mother feed me cereal while I wanted to eat what the adults ate.

### Sweet Creek Ranch, Mapleton, Oregon

#### First Personal Memories

At age three in early 12/1956, we flew from Los Angeles to Eugene, Oregon on a night flight. My father drove up earlier. I sat next to the dark window in the front row near the blue-grey bulkhead with my mother in the aisle seat. Infant brother Michael slept in a bassinet at our feet to the drone of propellers. That flight is my earliest memory.

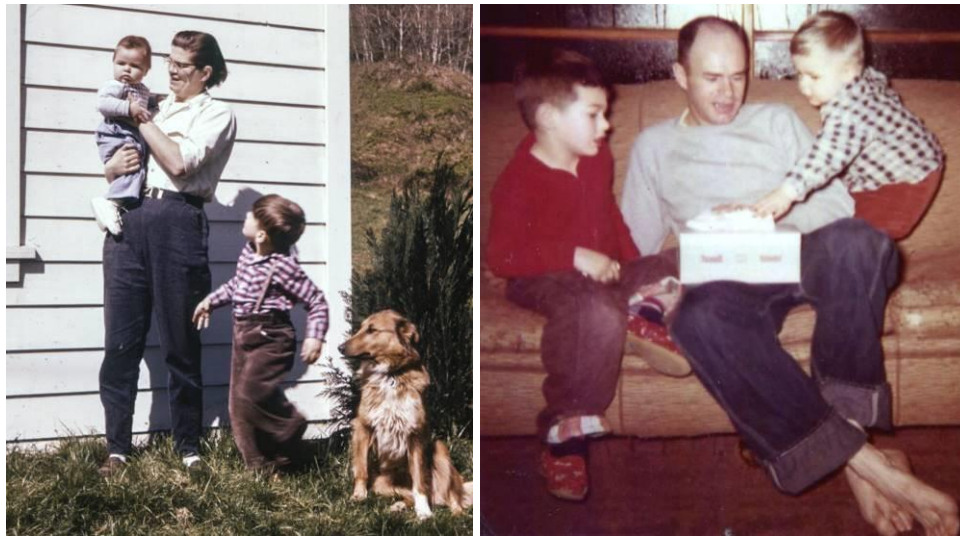


Figure 8 – Harry and Michael– Barbara 4/1957 - Calvin 2/1958

My earliest negative memory involved two-year-old Michael who locked me out of the house. The miscreant enjoyed the sudden power despite my howling. His extended laughter particularly galled me. I angrily threw a plastic toy bowling ball through the back door window to gain entrance. When my parents returned, I received a significant bare-bottom spanking and severe scolding in the small living room. The spanking itself seemed a reasonable consequence. However, I felt humiliated having it done in front of a gleeful gloating baby brother dancing a victory jig nearby. I did not feel on friendly terms with Michael thereafter and ignored him except when annoyed beyond the norm.



Figure 9 - Captain Davy Crockett 4/1957 - Rain ditch mud 3/1959



Rick Chromey wrote in “The ABC's of Spiritual Growth:” Bonding (Ages 3-6)

*Preschoolers love life. Nearly all rank themselves as geniuses. Their future dreams include firefighter mingled with Superman. They happily draw, sculpt, construct, dance, dialogue, sing, or mimic. They enjoy stories and religious traditions. They seek connection in the family, at Sunday school, and with God.*

*Piaget says their **preoperational** minds use symbols, classifications, numbers, and cause/effect. They no longer touch to understand, but their mind remains primitive. We can easily invoke faith commitments that they do not understand.*

*Morality is parent-based. This period is one of relationship and bonding. Many form insipid, faulty God-views if their fathers are aloof, absent, or abusive.*

*Erikson labeled this the **crisis of initiative vs. guilt**. In these can-do years, they are excited and enticed to do everything. Faith is belonging. The children are ripe to teach prayer, mission, and think of church as a community. Erikson cautioned that guilty children are easily manipulated. Hungering for belonging, they will pray for salvation or be baptized before they are ready or understand. Fear and guilt can follow such children to live as emotional cripples.*

*Fowler: **Intuitive-Projective Faith** is magical, imaginative, intuitive, and illogical, filled with fantasy and fascinated by stories of the power and omnipotence of God and the mysteries of birth and death. These stories are internalized in terms of their concerns (protection from threat, dependability of adults, sickness), thus their understandings from religious lessons may differ from those as intended. They may perceive myth as fact. They "intuitively project" their faith (to Santa Claus or the tooth fairy). This is the fantasy stage of faith, and forms by trusting older models (parent, pastor, and teacher).*

My first outdoor memory in life were the hollow lime green sticky spiked tennis-ball fruits (pincushions with needles) that covered the steep lush green hillside behind our house. These glued themselves to clothing. This toxic weed is called “Old Man in the Ground” or Coastal Manroot (Marah Oreganus). I have never seen them since.



Figure 10 - Unripe Coastal Manroot Seedpods – Wikipedia

### Ranch Location

My parents named their 121-acre rural property Sweet Creek Ranch, both for the dirt road alongside the Siuslaw River and for the winding creek that ran through the property. The tall steep green hills tucked Mapleton into an alcove of the Siuslaw Forest between Eugene an hour inland and the nearby town of Florence on the Pacific coast.

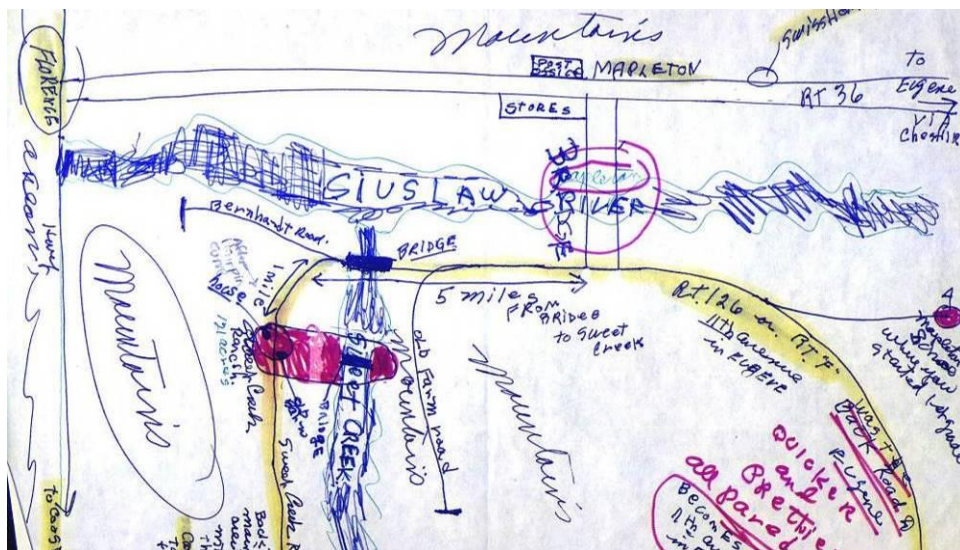
My mother wrote on a hand-drawn map for me in 1980:

*From Eugene, nobody drives Route 36 via Cheshire anymore since the State completed Route 126 (or "F") in 1959, which is the extension of Eugene's 11<sup>th</sup> Avenue. Route 126 was the "back road" to Eugene from Mapleton, but is [the most direct] and prettier since paved now.*

*A [formally covered] bridge connects Route 36 and Route 126 at the Siuslaw River. [Go past that bridge which leads to Florence]. If you turned east [before the bridge to 10870 E Mapleton Rd], you will find Mapleton Elementary School where you started first grade. [Continue straight] five miles [past] that bridge (onto Sweet Creek Road) to winding Sweet Creek. Cross the Sweet Creek Bridge and curve left. Do not take Bernhardt Creek Road to the right*

*The old house and barn of the 121 acres of Sweet Creek Ranch appears in one mile. The property started with the hillside west of the road, the home, and chicken house. It crossed the road to the barn and corral, and continued across the creek by a [worn-out stringer plank] bridge to the opposite hillside.*

*If you continue along Sweet Creek road, you go over the mountains [on a one-lane US Forest road] to Canary town and [lumber] mill [south of Florence].*



Map 1 – Mapleton Area (B. Briley 1980)

Anne and I visited in 6/1980 using her map but we could not find the farm. Instead, we wound up at Canary town after an adventurous trip over the one-lane US Forest road.



**Map 2 - Sweet Creek (Pacific Aerial Surveys, circa 1956)**



**Map 3 - Sweet Creek Ranch – Zoom (Pacific Aerial Surveys, circa 1956)**

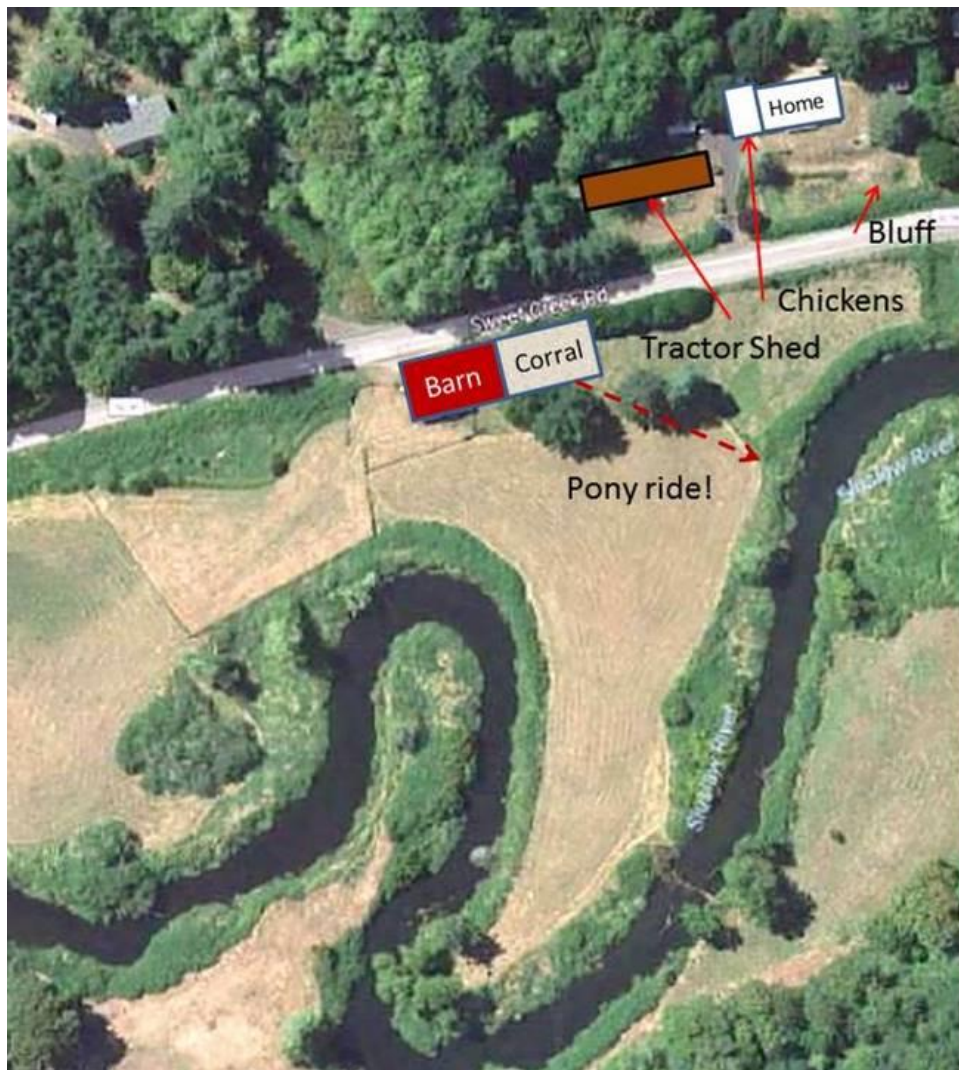
The creek bed meandered slightly after 50 years. Compare the above zoom photo to the satellite photo on the next page. The creek bend closest to the roadway moved west closer to the tiny bluff near the property line. The peninsula south of the barn is much thinner in the current photo. The former plank footbridge crosses the creek.

### Farm Buildings

The Sweet Creek Road property appears soon after a hairpin turn in the road precisely one mile south of the Sweet Creek Bridge. It is ten miles further to Sweet Creek Falls. The meadows are on a flood plain where water rises close to the roadway twice a year.

Thus, our former white clapboard farm home sat up on a slight rise above the seasonal flooding. In 1956 photos, a tractor shed included three open bays for farm vehicles and possibly a small tool-room on the far end. I rarely visited the tractor shed/garage.

I often heard the normal happy clucking of chickens. There was a white painted chicken shed, perhaps 8x12 feet, attached by a covered concrete causeway to the house. The chest-high egg-sorting machine sat inside near the door. Each individual wire mesh cage held a light bulb or a frosted glass egg in the nest box to induce more eggs by the hens.



Map 4 - Sweet Creek Ranch, Mapleton

(Lat. 44.004 Long 123.905 with barn elevation at 21 feet in a valley of steep hills)



**Figure 11 – Home site and Vehicles – 12/1956**

My mother's 1951 Studebaker sedan and the turquoise station wagon appear, but I do not remember them. The palomino horse became my mother's favorite.



**Figure 12 - Sweet Creek Ranch Letterhead - 1956**



**Figure 13 - Barn and Corral - 2/1957**

Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

A farm runs on its tractor but I have no memory of it. All early outdoor photos show my father wearing a plastic red cowboy hat. He hung it on the porch near the kitchen door. While a fashion failure, I conclude that he wore it to make himself visible to hunters.



**Figure 14 - Ford 8N Tractor - 1/1957**



**Figure 15 - Prized Sheep - 8/1957**



**Figure 16 – Corral 12/1956 - Alfalfa Bales 3/1958**



Figure 17 - Front Porch Goats (age 4.5) - 3/1958

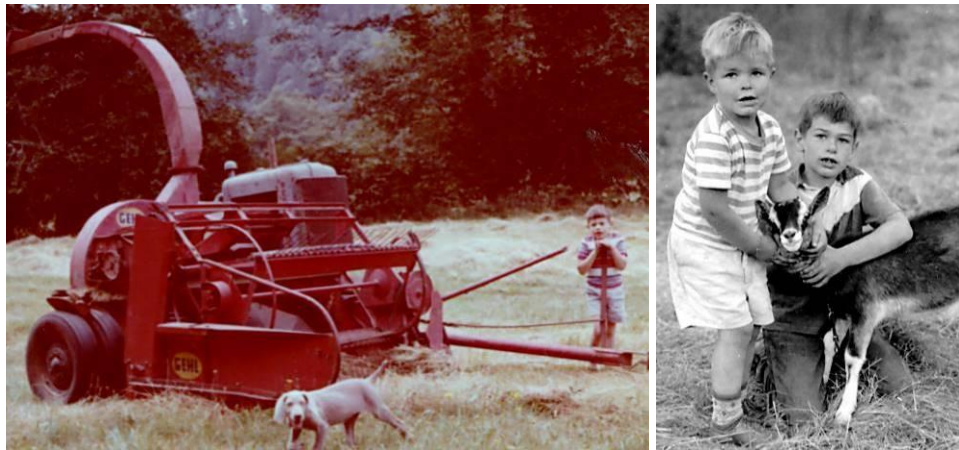


Figure 18 – Harry with a Thresher 8/1958 - Michael and Harry 9/1959

Item	1951	1959
Ave Car	\$1,800	\$2,200
Gas	27 cents/gal	30 cents/gal
Ave House	\$16,000	\$18,500
Bread	16 cents/loaf	20 cents/loaf
Milk	92 cents/gal	\$1.01/gal
Ave Annual Salary	\$4,200	\$5,500
Minimum Wage	75 cents/hour	\$1.00/hour

Table 1 - Price Comparisons 1951 vs 1959 (www.tvhistory.tv)

### **Bane of Nicknames**

I knew no name besides my nickname. I asked my mother if I could *p-u-l-e-a-s-e* change my name. 'Cookie' was not a suave name among the first grade set. She asked, "*How does 'Harry' sound?*" That pleased me immensely and it became a done deal.



**Figure 19 - First Grade, Mapleton - 10/1959**

It never occurred to me that she did not just invent that name out of thin air. I much later found it as my birth name. Nevertheless, anything but 'Cookie' felt like a godsend. I desperately feared anyone knowing that nickname. On this side of age 50, it is a fun name, but it terrorized me that some cousin might bring it up in a conversation. Oh, the fears we bear needlessly. I felt like the Johnny Cash song "A Boy named Sue".

### **“Shoot at the Target” “What Target?”**

My father climbed the steep hillside on the opposite bank across the creek and hand painted a large white bulls-eye target on the expanse of gray outcropping of bare rock.

With his rifle, we together shot at the target a few times one afternoon with me lying prone on the grassy bluff overlooking the roadway. He instructed, "*Shoot at the target.*" The cliff side seemed only a blur. "*What target?*" I replied, straining to see anything that resembled a white circle. He could not understand how I could not focus at that distance.

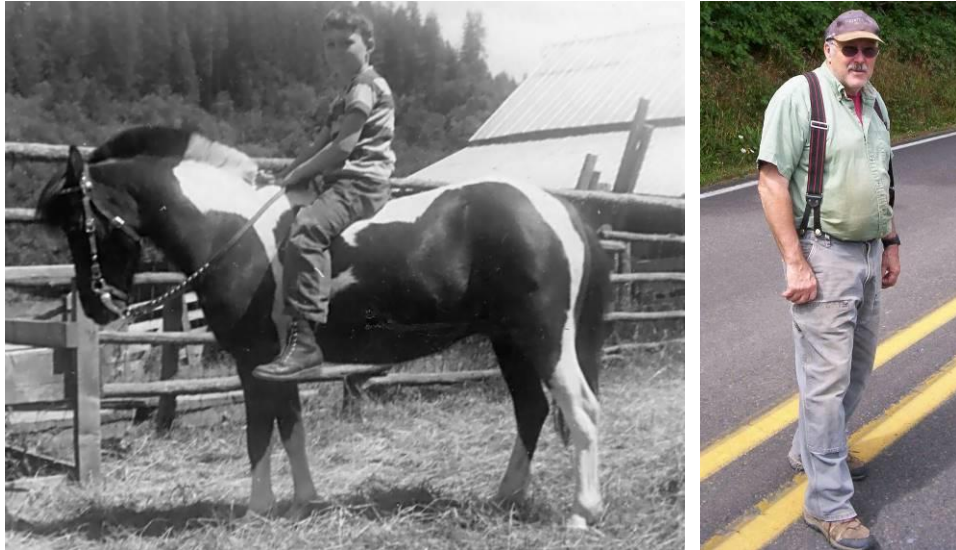
I once played catch with my father and could not see the ball until it hit square on my nose. I badly needed glasses (20/400) and went back to first grade with a pair. It might explain why he never played catch with me again, nor offered a second target practice. I could not hit the side of the barn, much less a bright white target on the opposing cliff.



### **Not the usual Pony Ride**

My parents purchased a Shetland pony named “Sparky” for the corral near the maroon red barn with a gleaming metal roof. The barn held a few sheep, although I do not recall the flock that my father penned in a newly fenced pasture near the house.

Two young boys my age named Grant and Eugene Carey moved just down the road in 1959. My mother took photos of each sitting bareback on Sparky, something my parents did not allow to me. Eugene was about a year older, possibly aged seven. I was six. I found the 1959 photos after visiting Sweet Creek in 2015 with no memory of it.



**Figure 20 - Eugene Carey upon Sparky 8/1959 ... and as owner 8/2015**

Instructed by my father only once, I saddled and bridled Sparky. I did so, probably in early first grade, being meticulous and orderly, including the kneeling action to cinch the saddle tightly. I climbed the corral rails to get high enough to reach the stirrups and trotted around the corral. The wider pasture towards the creek beckoned. From the saddle without permission, I unlatched the gate and the mare took off at a gallop over uneven ground pocketed with gopher holes. I feared that she might step into a hole.

The Shetland seemed quite in control instead of the bouncing boy in the saddle. My parents could easily see this event from the house but never mentioned it. Somehow, I stopped my invigorating mount just before the creek bank, regained control, and trotted her the short distance back to the corral gaining confidence along the way. I secured the gate. I methodically replaced the saddle, bridle, and saddle pad back in the tack room of the barn. After carefully brushing down Sparky as taught, I never rode her again.

Al Tischer bought the “Briley Place”, as did other successive owners until Eugene and his older brother Grant purchased all the flood-plain land on the creek-side of the road. They have lived on Sweet Creek for 56 years and as of 2015, Eugene owns the land.

### **2015 Property Update**

In 8/2015, I methodically drove and backtracked to the supposed location where the barn once stood but none of the buildings looked familiar. When I got out of the car for a better look, a commanding voice called out from high up the heavily wooded hillside.

*“Do you have an invitation?”* demanded a masculine voice hidden by the trees.

*“No, but I used to live here back in 1956.”*

*“What is your name?”* the incredulous voice continued.

When I gave my name, he said, *“I’ll be right down!”*

Eugene Carey warmly introduced himself and said the Sweet family originally owned the property and that is why they called the road and waterway Sweet “Crik” (Creek).

Our old house burned down, the barn fell apart, and the decrepit “stringer bridge” removed. Nothing remained of the 1956 buildings. Oregon removed the covered bridge across the Siuslaw in 1971. The Post Office moved a mile further down Route 36.

Eugene pointed to where a mature Oak tree completely hid the old white target on the face of the rock cliff. All this explained how we missed finding the site in 1980.

He highly recommended a visit to Sweet Creek Falls, which the Forest Service opened up as a park ten miles past the farm. I ate my sack lunch there and hiked up to both falls.



**Figure 21 - Lower Sweet Creek Falls - 8/2015**

### Lorane Highway Farm, Eugene, Oregon

We moved in 3/1960 during my first grade year to another 120-acre property on Lorane Highway (pronounced low-rain and not spelled Loraine) near the town of Lorane. This is a rural area southwest of Eugene. It turns into Bailey Hill Road towards Eugene.

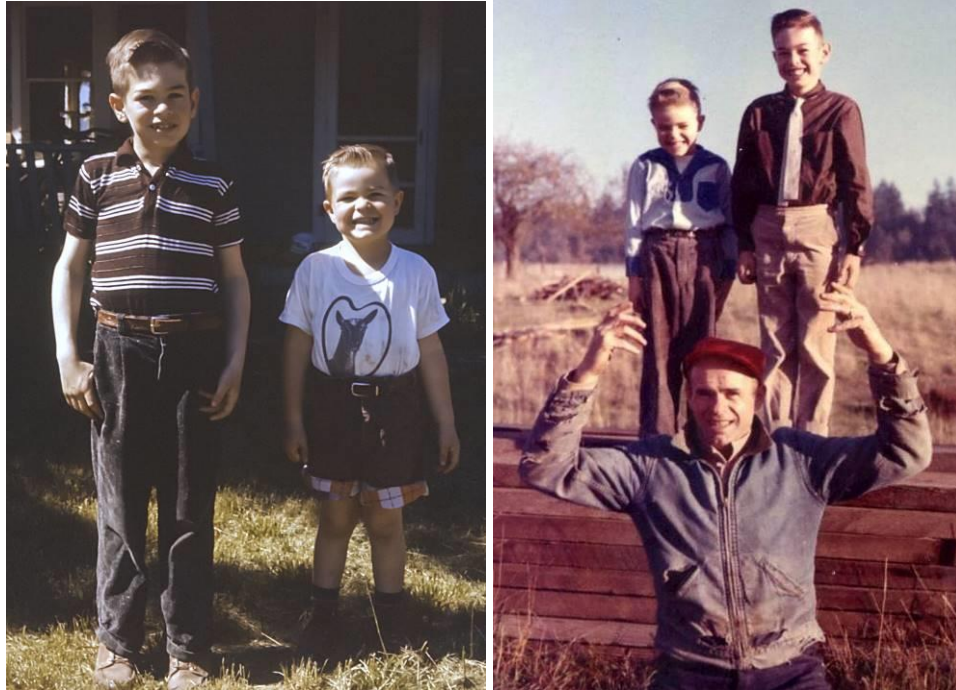


Figure 22- Harry and Michael 7/1960 – and with Calvin (37) 11/1961

For the 1961 photo above, my mother had me wear a tie, which I only wore for the annual school photo. I liked looking my best and wore a tie throughout my adult career.

I only now notice that my father wore out his work jacket in several places. My mother brought him in impromptu and we all enjoyed the fun nature of this staged photo.

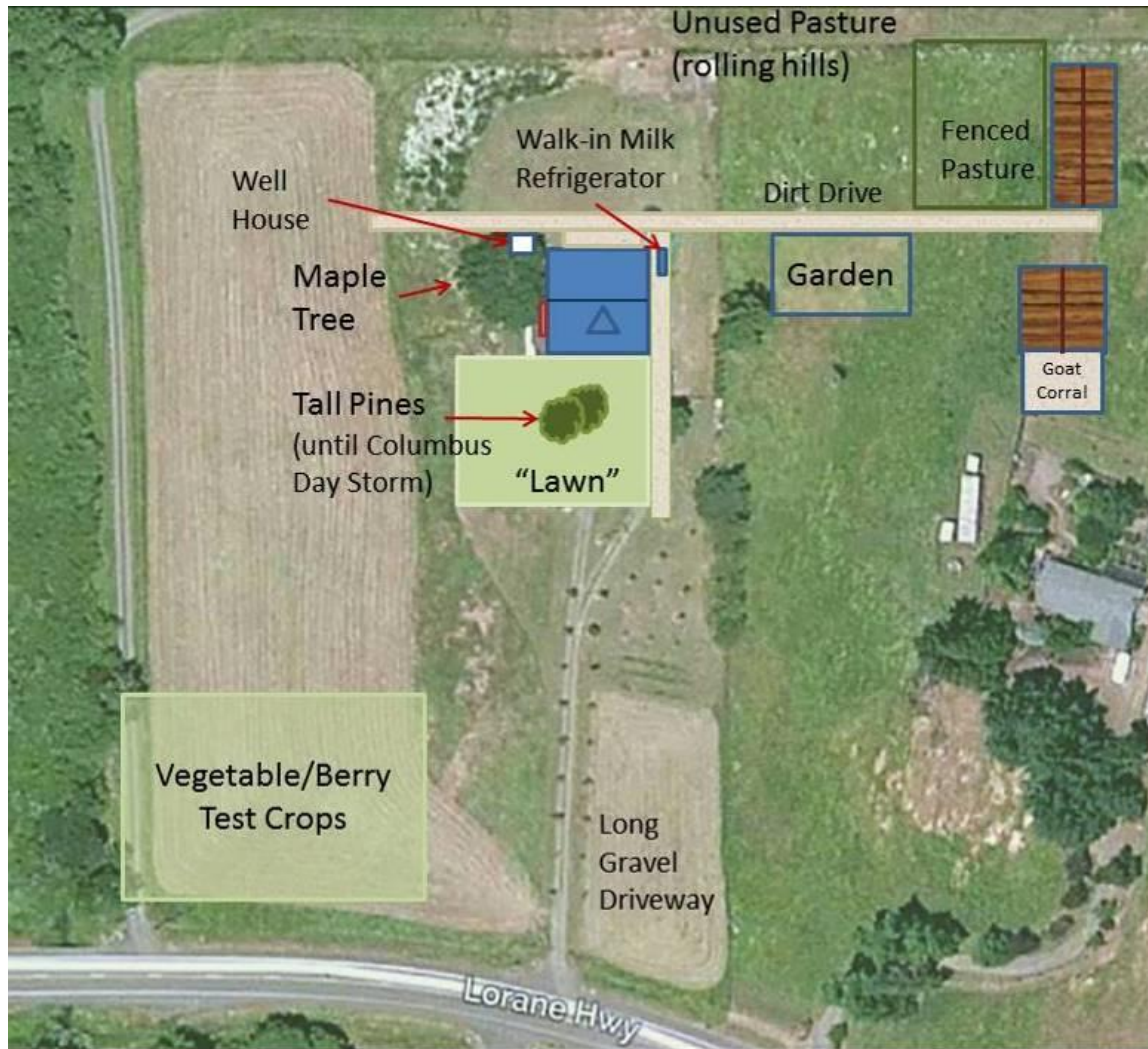
Even though my father was deathly afraid of snakes, first learned about in 2012, my mother was no wallflower. She got out her 6-shot revolver and dispatched a large rattlesnake in our front lawn with a single shot. No one messes with a mom!

#### Farm Buildings

This property appears on maps at Lat. 43.979 Long 123.189 with elevation 470 feet, after a bend in the road. The farmhouse burned down in 1970 and the barns are long gone.

The still rural property became subdivided. The wooded creek on the left and long gravel driveway mark the original site. The maple tree and a patch of bare dirt between the barns at the crest of the low hill helped me place our farm buildings on an aerial photo.

A white (blue-grey?) wooden well house (with an electric pump humming as needed) stood behind the shingled two-story blue-grey farmhouse.



**Map 5 - Lorane Highway Farm, Eugene**

There was an acre of a grassy ‘lawn’ in front of the house as it sat on the lower rise of a hill overlooking the roadway connected by a long sloping gravel driveway. My father used a riding mower to cut the wild grass closest to the house into front and side lawns.

Two bedrooms were on the east main floor. I never entered the master bedroom and only temporarily used the bedroom across the hall. A staircase went east up the center part of the farmhouse to the second floor. My dormer bedroom was on the right off the landing and a door facing the landing entered a large unfinished eastern room. Both rooms had steep sloping ceilings. That dormer bedroom fit me as a child but cramped as a tall adult.

The unfinished eastern room contained hundreds of bright yellow National Geographic magazines orderly and numerically arranged on a low set of shelves that ran along one wall. There were too many magazines to have arrived during our short stay there. The magazines might have come with the house. I did not peruse them.

## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

On top of those low shelves, a model H-O train ran around the perimeter of the room. I never ran the train and visited the room only a few minutes at a time. The clouded window that faced the rising eastern sun let in filtered light. It felt like a roomy attic. I could barely make out the barns up the hill through that age-stained window.



**Figure 23 - Lorane Farmhouse - Dormer was my bedroom – 7/1960**

The fireplace in the living room on the west side included a pass-through firebox (left of chimney) which we loaded from the outside and retrieved firewood from the inside.

Looking at the west end photo, the dining room sat on the left and the living room hosted the large fireplace. A metal chimney, absent by our time, once poked through the roof beside of the chimney. An antenna mast stood beside the front porch.



**Figure 24 - Lorane Farmhouse - West end**

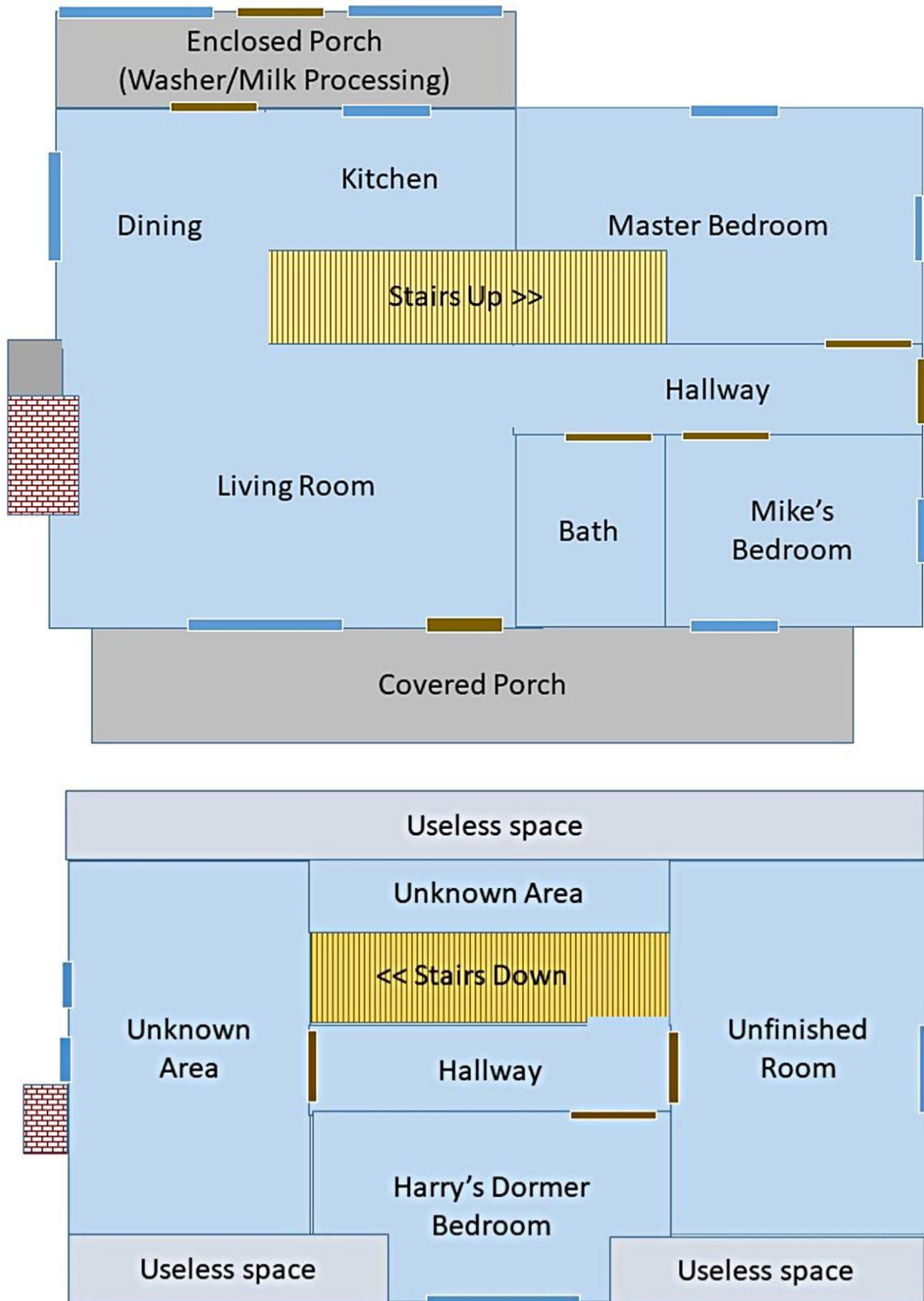


Figure 25 - Lorane Farmhouse (Main and Upper Floors)

## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

On the far left in the Maple tree shadows, an unheated enclosed rear porch had a wall of windows for light. My mother used that small porch for pasteurizing goat milk and washing the laundry. She hung the laundry on clotheslines near the pump house.

When John Satterthwaite's wife, Janet, died in February 2018, my jaw dropped at this previously unknown photo at her memorial. The caption told of a visit to Oregon to cousin "Bobby" Briley. "Bobby" was my mother's nickname with her friends and John was her cousin (See **My Mother** chapter). His family visited the summer before the 1962 Columbus Day Storm (since the pine trees in front of the house still stand.)



**Figure 26 - Janet Satterthwaite family - Summer 1962**  
L-R: Harry(8), John(4), Janet, Katie(7), Mike(6)

From the east-end view, the house looks considerably smaller. I never recall using the east-end door. I exited mostly through the front porch or sometimes the utility porch.

The Satterthwaite family sat on our 1950's Ford 8N tractor that my mother enthused about driving. The large steel walk-in refrigerator sits behind. An unknown Volkswagen bus hides under a carport. The well house is blue-grey. The clothesline on the far right dries our laundry. I have no memory of that visit nor of further contact.

*The 8N, 1947-1952, was the top-selling tractor in North America. It had a four-speed transmission and a 'Position-control' setting for hydraulics. Some attachments such as brush cutters stored inertial energy that could cause transmission to surge. The 8N had running boards, light gray sheet metal, and a red body. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ford\\_N-Series\\_tractor#8N](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ford_N-Series_tractor#8N)*

[At the time, few general tractors included the Ford-Furgesen three-point hitch. That hitch became a big deal in productivity. – Claudio Gonzales]

### Columbus Day Storm

The Columbus Day Storm on 10/12/1962 (still strongest gale as of 2012) toppled trees from Victoria, Canada to Eureka, California. It flooded parts of the low-lying areas in the San Francisco Bay.



With dire weather forecasted, my father boarded up all windows with plywood. The howling wind hurled projectiles “rat-a-tat” against those covers all evening. The storm tore off a third of our shingles, tilted our front yard pine trees precariously directly at the house, and tore off a large limb off the Maple tree in the side yard.

My father found helpers with long guide chains to pull down the pine trees into the side yard. Each downed tree became winter firewood for that exterior pass-through firebox. As one of my new post-storm chores, I kept that firewood box filled.

Dennis Evanosky wrote of the east San Francisco Bay region (edited):

*A storm in the Marshall Islands started on 10/4/1962. It soon became an 80-mile-an-hour typhoon named Freda. Eight days later, the [still potent] remnant walloped the United States and Canadian coast as the “Columbus Day Storm”.*

*It dumped 12 inches of rain on Oakland over a four-day period. Lake Merritt in Oakland floods at 3 feet. That level rose to 7.3 feet leaving nearby streets waist-deep in storm water. Water backed up storm drains that caused manhole covers to pop open [into three-foot tall geysers]. Cascading water from the rain-soaked hills made both driving and walking nearly impossible.*

*Authorities briefly closed the Nimitz Freeway [I-880]. Landslides in Orinda blocked the Caldecott Tunnel [Highway 24] and left eastbound commuters stranded. Water and mud damaged the tunnel electrical system. Even after clearing the landslide, the lack of electricity slowed traffic through the tunnels.*

*Rain began falling in Oakland on 10/9 at 2.5 inches a day over three days. Rain postponed the World Series, not seen since 1911. By landfall on Columbus Day 10/12, Oakland rain gauges already measured 7.5 inches forcing evacuations. On 10/13, the storm raged giving Oakland an all-time one-day record with 4.5 more inches of rain. The howling storm finally passed on 10/14.*

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### **Livestock Barns**

Two unpainted barns sat on a yet higher rise to the east of the house linked by a short dirt driveway running uphill past our fenced vegetable garden. The dirt drive terminated into a turnaround cul-de-sac. The one-story barn on the left with a corrugated tin roof housed the cows, other livestock, and presumably the horses. I rarely went in there.

The two-story barn on the right held the goat pens, the milking stand, and storage with a hayloft for alfalfa for the goats, hay for the cows, and numerous bales of straw for fodder. Both barns sported a wonderful weathered gray patina to their vertical wood planks.



**Figure 27 - Livestock Barns prior to Garden- 7/1960**

The two-story barn hoist sat above a wide double door on the second floor to load materials. One day, a delivery stacked straw bales six high outside under that opening. The high anticipation of jumping onto the straw became too much excitement to resist.

The clamber up the steep permanent wood ladder to the second floor built the excitement of the thrill to be. I jumped out and landed on my back. Wham! Those stacked bales of straw felt like landing on a hard mattress on the floor at the same height. It yielded precious little. Having the wind knocked out of me quickly dampened the adrenaline rush. Counting my blessings for life, I resolved to respect heights and physics from thenceforth and forever more.

### **More Speculator than Crop Farmer**

My parents planted boysenberries, string beans, snow peas, cucumbers, and potatoes. This went far beyond our personal garden between the house and the barns.

The field(s) filled the flat area to the front and left of the house, situated between the rise that the house sat upon and the creek that marked the west edge of our property. The rural two-lane Lorane Highway going west appears in the upper-left of the photo below.



**Figure 28 - Crop field at corner of the road and creek - 7/1960**

The potato plants failed while bushy. I learned in 2015 that farmers let potato plants first die back and then harvest the tubers later. The non-native Himalayan blackberries, which grow wild in Oregon, out-produced my father's carefully tended boysenberry crop.

The cucumbers, peas, and snap pole beans were a hit. We spent hours snapping pea pods and breaking beans in half for canning and freezing. These crops were small experiments while my father waited for the land market to increase the value of the farm.

### **Farm Animals**

Since I did not have enough hand-strength as a child, I watched in awe as my mother hand-milked our [up to 59] French Alpine goats. Over the years, I believe she milked 125 separate goats. She pasteurized and homogenized the milk in our windowed back porch. My father stored the processed milk in ten-gallon cans (90 pounds) that I could barely maneuver and certainly could not pick up.

A roomy walk-in steel refrigerator unit outside easily held the ten cans we rotated through frequently. The local hospital purchased all the goat milk that we produced.



**Figure 29 - Milk refrigerator overlooking back acreage- 10/1960**

With the menagerie of animals, my sole animal chores included feeding the goats from alfalfa bales and a coffee can of oats per feeding trough. I presume my parents handled the care and feeding of the rest of the animals. Schooling was my assigned job.

We soon fenced our garden with ten-foot chicken wire to keep the wild deer and our nearby goats out. We grew tall ourselves on fresh goat milk and fresh vegetables.

Our two Jersey milk cows had doleful eyes. I watched one give birth to a calf in the barn and saw the reddish afterbirth, fresh straw, and her newborn all glopped together. It amazed me how the mother could sort out the mess to clean up her spindly-legged calf.

I watched with fascinating horror the gutting and cleaning of a spare goat buck for meat. They hoisted the buck by its' rear legs via a wooden tri-pod. The team of neighbors slit the belly and the still steaming internal organs spilled into a large round anodized metal washtub. They rinsed the carcass out with ice-cold well water from a garden hose.

I found a convenient distraction that took me from the remaining work. None of us appreciated the wild game venison taste. This was the only butchering that I witnessed and the only 'wild' game our family ate during my childhood.

### **Home on the Range**

My burro easily took to a saddle and ride, although I rarely took the opportunity. The burro felt just the right size, willingly responsive, and riding came naturally.

My mother's blonde Palomino (from the Mapleton farm) and my father's jet brown Tennessee Walker appeared together only once in a since-lost photograph. I never saw the stable nor saw these horses ridden in person.



**Figure 30 - Harry (8) on Wayne the Burro – 4/1962**

In the photo above, a distant northeast hay barn belonged to a cattle ranch of our closest neighbors. I sometimes walked across the rolling hills to visit their children (a boy and a girl my age). We would play with Tonka trucks making pretend roads and ranches with miniature plastic farm animals using the soft dirt in their access road.

Another neighbor diagonally southwest across the road raised white-feathered turkeys for the Thanksgiving market. We visited it once and I only remember the owner claiming that turkeys needed excessive care. The domesticated turkeys were so stupid, that he said some drowned looking up during a rainstorm. I had no reason to doubt his complaint.

### **Gunslingers**

Once, I rode the burro out to the hinter parts of the 120 acres and found the still decaying carcass of a sheep near the western fence line. Since during hunting season, this caused me to return quickly back home lest I be the next victim from these trespassing hunters.

Indeed, seasonal hunters trespassed along the creek, which bordered our property on the west. However, without warning, presumably weekend drunks shot from moving cars at cattle, deer, turkeys, goats, or sheep standing in fields closest to Lorane Highway.

My parents kept us kids focused on the large expanse of property behind the house or the immediate lawn area in front of the house. We rarely went down to the field next to the road except when the snap-bean harvest arrived or for our morning walks down the long gravel driveway to catch the yellow school bus.

The problem became sufficient for my parents to write a letter to the editor. The light humor to diffuse the issue matches my mother's writing style. I doubt my father would have written so unemotionally and certainly not with my mother's disarming humor.

*EUGENE (To the Editor) — This is an open letter to the hot-rod gunslingers who think our ranch on Lorane Highway is the Alamo waiting to be stormed again.*

*Every Saturday and Sunday, these marksmen and "sportsmen" seem to take particular delight in riding along our fences shooting into our pastures. There are numerous low and high spots in these fields and so far, we have been lucky enough not to be in anyone's line of fire. They shoot from the car sometimes not even coming to a full stop. Aside from the fact that our fences are posted and it is against the law to shoot into private property, I believe it is even more serious to be shooting from a car on the highway.*

*Since this has been going on almost every weekend for six months we are about ready to take up arms to defend the Alamo since, even we cannot expect the police just to sit on our fence waiting for these self-styled characters imitating TV crooks! We have given the police several license numbers so far.*

*This is not our problem alone in this area but since I have never seen a letter protesting this dangerous pastime, I am writing in the hopes that something can be done to protect children and livestock of farmers.*

*The Calvin Brileys - Rt. 3, Box 264 [Undated]*

I only saw my mother's revolver during the rattlesnake incident and my father's rifle in the short-lived target practice in the first grade. Otherwise, they kept their firearms completely hidden from our view. It appears they did not retain them in later life because nothing whatsoever related to firearms showed up in my mother's estate.

### **Lane County Fairs**

While a farm kid through fourth grade, my parents left me at the Lane County Fair all week to tend the dozen goats and explain to the incredulous city folk how goat milk tasted and what goats ate. Goats that eat oats and alfalfa provide milk that is leaner, sweeter, and more digestible than cows. They will not eat cans, but nibble the glue from the paper label. If they eat fresh pine boughs or poison oak, the milk tastes astringent. Dairy farms thus keep their goats in a pasture far away from a forest setting.

Eight-foot high stacks of alfalfa bales near the goat pens became mine to arrange into an elevated hidden fort/bed (a pillow and blanket). No adults in the exhibit barn treated it as strange for a second to fourth grader to wander that building alone at night.

I hunted up breakfast before the gates opened from a vendor with a dollar clutched in my hand. My mother arrived each mid-morning to milk the goats. That gave me an hour off to explore the midway, the horse stables, and the Lane County Pioneer Museum facing West 13<sup>th</sup> Avenue in Eugene. I am unaware whether my parents ever visited museums. It appears that this Pioneer Museum sparked my lifelong appeal for historical museums.

### **Dairy Goat Show**

I desired for many years, partly through writing these chapters, to attend a dairy goat show. Even though I cared for the goats in the pens, I never watched (or probably lost patience to watch) my parents present and/or judge in the daylong competition. Therefore, I at last observed the adult side of goats in 2017 at the Alameda County Fair.

The fair opened Saturday with a sanctioned American Dairy Goat Association (ADGA) open show preceded by the area 4-H clubs showing their pet goats. I knew but did not fully comprehend that the competition cycled through each major dairy breed (Nubian, Lamancha, Saanen, Toggenburg, French Alpines, and Not Purebred) and by age (spring kids, yearlings, first year milkers, second year, third year, etc.).



**Figure 31 - Dairy Goat Show, Alameda County Fair - 6/2017**

Each cycle included the opening line-up standing beside their owner, the physical exam for soundness of body, the walk-around (photo above), examining the udder for defects, and the closing lengthwise line-up. After various shuffles of the line-up by the judge, each cycle took about 10 minutes. Six breeds for six age classes yielded six hours for the

ADGA portion. The 4-H portion ran from 11am to 3pm and the ADGA from 3pm to 9pm. The sole judge/veterinarian stood in the sawdust arena the entire 10 hours.

The 4-H students received small graduated cash prizes with their various ribbons. The adults only received written acknowledgement for placement in a class but aimed for the coveted champion ribbon for the entire breed. A star-milker (\*M) or the star-buck (\*B) that produced that champion created the tangible income for the owner.

A breeder who produced champions across generations of a documented line (the “papers”) could push for any price the market would bear. Kids and yearlings from a star-milker easily sold for a thousand dollars. A star-buck could get thousand-dollar orders per vial of semen from overseas as soon as the ADGA posted the annual results.

Goat dairies rarely showed their livestock since they seek to produce quality milk in volume. The dairies purchased the also-rans edged out of a ribbon by some minor flaw. Goat breeders on the other hand sought perfection with maximum milk output. They formed a symbiotic relationship. The breeders insured a long-term flow of healthy goatherds to the dairies. The dairies gave reason for the breeders to raise goats at all.

These observations led me to think that my father chased the gamble for the big money. He indeed produced star-milkers and star-bucks. I give him credit for being successful but he did not raise pets. He was in the breeder business. My mother, the animal lover, made good judgments about goat health. She was in the dairy business.

Likewise, the dairy goat show at the Alameda County Fair seemed entirely a woman’s world. A few men hovered about but not one showed a goat in the arena. I now easily perceive how much my mother enjoyed showing her champion goats among her peers. She carefully stored every ribbon earned within her estate boxes, as found in 2017.

### **Goat Milk**

From my childhood perspective, our goats seemed simply affectionate animals that provided my daily milk. I drank almost a quart a day. While I understood the general mechanics that goats lactated to feed their newborn kids, I never understood how that fact enabled ten months of milk after we weaned the kids over to alfalfa. Hand milking simulated the suckling kid that released the nascent milk into the udder storage sac. If ignored for more than 12 hours, the unreleased milk reabsorbed and the goat would begin to “dry up” after a week. However, the dams raised a ruckus if overlooked. The uncomfortable weight of hauling around a half-gallon of milk yielded much vocalized complaints from the barn heard clear down at our farmhouse. *“I want to be milked... NOW!”*

I felt badly for the French Alpines at the fair. The long day delayed their milking time (the next to the last breed for judging) and their stretched udders looked like balloons ready to burst. Some owners took pity and partially released some pressure at the risk of losing the competition. As soon as their class finished in the show ring, the owners milked them. The goats became readily content with a happy nuzzle in the oat bucket.

## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages



## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

In the process, I noticed that they discarded all the milk. I loved goat milk and this loss of almost a thousand gallons during the week at the fair troubled me. Back in Lane County, my mother took our Fair milk home to quick chill and process for the next day's breakfast. At least I thought that she did so. A certified Grade-A dairy can only sell milk obtained at suitable distance from the goat pens under near dust-free conditions.

The University of Davis student team sadly admitted that their portable sterile vacuum milking unit became useless for producing saleable milk with no washable milking parlor on the fairgrounds. No rapid chiller unit or refrigerated tanker existed to transport the fresh milk to a processing plant.



**Figure 32 - Full udders and portable vacuum milking unit - 6/2017**

In contrast, my mother milked into an open pail inside our dirt-floor wood barn, carried it by hand down the hill to the pasteurizer, and served it the next morning for breakfast. It was a glorious privilege afforded only to the farmer's family. The hospital certified our filtered milk with their in-house testing (and thus became a long-term happy customer).

A city family could only buy from an expensive Class-A dairy plant with a concrete and stainless steel washable milking parlor having a steel roof. Our aged dusty old weathered wood barn with a shingled roof would hardly qualify. The required sanitation of a milk processing plant has priced goat milk out of reach for most people at \$5 a quart in 2018 and \$6.50 a quart in 2020. While I prefer milk that passed inspections, humans have consumed raw unprocessed goat milk under less-than-sterile conditions for millennia.

Since owners cleanse the udder just prior to milking, most of us could drink the raw milk straight from the stainless steel pail (never plastic) and be healthier for the experience. Stir in some cocoa powder and you have hot chocolate since the milk comes out at 100 degrees. The filtering and pasteurization process insures a healthy result that lasts seven days refrigerated. Homogenization is optional since dairy goats have so little butterfat.

### **Twin Oaks Elementary School**

At this rural school, books were limited to basic texts. A bookmobile visited once a week. A class at a time trooped through to borrow library books and return them on the next visit. It became my weekly highlight since we had few books at our farm.

I proudly attended the school renaming to Twin Oaks Elementary School and watched the planting of two scrawny oak saplings in the front lawn area near the flagpole. I revisited that school in June 1980 and marveled at how high those saplings grew.



**Figure 33 - Twin Oaks Elementary - 1962**



**Figure 34 - Twin Oaks Elementary with my Duster- 6/1980**  
Lat. 43.993 Long 123.175 on Bailey Hill road

My mother once drove me in the rain to school, having missed the yellow school bus. A crush of 21 second-grade girls mobbed us as I exited the car. My mother delighted in recounting my numerous girlfriends, enough to make me blush and glow at her praise of my gentle qualities. I did not pal around with the girls. I recall this solitary event for its unusual surprise and good-natured teasing by my mother years afterward.

My 1962-1963 class (combined grades 3 and 4) came under Mrs. McConnaughey (whose name and photo I do not recognize). In the class photo of 23 students, all Caucasian farm kids (12 boys, 11 girls), half the boys sported a butch haircut that I cringed at seeing. The teacher and five girls trimmed their hair off the shoulders. Only the teacher, one girl, and myself wore glasses (each unattractive). I alone wore a tie.

### Not the Scholar

My mother kept my report cards. At age 66, I read the comments for the first time from long-forgotten elementary teachers. I do not recall any of my teachers (aside from report cards as follows) nor their traits.

Every early teacher wrote of my plodding slowness, inattention to instructions, delays in starting work, finding other things more interesting than the assigned task, not completing tasks, and perpetually daydreaming. They noted my competence whenever I actually completed work but found me completely unmotivated.

My mother acknowledged that same distractibility. I was not unhappy or resistant. I did accurate work when slow, but got careless when hurrying. These became lifelong traits typical of many introverts. According to all my early report cards, I might not succeed at anything unless something eventually lit an academic fire under me.

1959 - Grade 1A - Teacher: Mrs. Thelma Price (Mapleton Elementary) - My mother wrote that I always left off the "l" in any word and the "s" at the beginning of words. My speech greatly improved at school. I was a happy boy and adored my teacher. I read *Fun with Dick and Jane* and loved reading other books at home. My mother was thrilled to have me announce that five and four made nine and that I knew what it meant.



1960 - Grade 1B - Teacher: Martha England (Twin Oaks Elementary) - I appeared tense at the move to Twin Oaks, due to my extreme shyness in unfamiliar situations. I dawdled and my mother had to keep after me. I lacked self-confidence.



1960-61 Grade 2 - Teacher: Denise Hinders - I liked my teacher and became a fine reader with good comprehension. Hurriedness hampered my written work. My arithmetic was sound. I had a clear singing voice, enthusiasm, and good interest in discussions. With good comprehension and vocabulary, the teacher bemoaned my inattentive, careless, and unfinished work far below my capability. I easily thought about something other than exploring science concepts. Some science must have seeped in because my mother wrote that I enthused about planetary motions at home, rattled off all kinds of arithmetic, and read library books with little help. Both the teacher and my mother grieved that prodding had no effect. I could not comprehend the shortness of 15 minutes. Aside from pokiness, my mother preferred well-learned basics.

1961-1962 - Grade 3 - Teacher: Mrs. Martin - I liked school, the teacher, and anything interesting near me that easily sidetracked me. I said the kids kept me from completing my tasks. The adults thought I watched the other students instead of tending to my own business. The only academics that I recall involved the self-paced SRA reading boxes. This made a game of reading and I enjoyed moving up the SRA scale.



## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages



1962-1963 - Grade 4 - Teacher: Mrs. Marianna McConnaughey - I constantly needed reminders to work. I listened at times but compared to others, my attention span was overly short. I used reference material only when asked. The teacher hated reminding me six times within 30 minutes to stay in my seat. Otherwise, I did well in reading, arithmetic, and spelling.

V

1963-1964 - Grade 5 - Teacher: Janet Jones (Howard Elementary) - I was an interested student but habitually did not listen while hearing an assignment. The next five minutes, I wondered what we all are doing. I only started "really looking" in reference material earnestly when we were supposed to be finished.

My mother said the teacher might not promote me since I spent so much time staring out the window during class. This might explain why the photo here shows me seated closest to the front and the farthest away from the windows.



### **Faith Briefly Awakens**

My father discovered that he could send me to bed merely by turning on *The Twilight Zone*, *The Outer Limits*, or *Alfred Hitchcock* on our grainy black and white television. He loved those evening shows. Whoosh! I fled upstairs to bed in a flash.

Instead, I listened to *The Hour of Decision* with Billy Graham preaching and George Beverly Shea singing over my plastic white radio/alarm clock during bedtime. The automatic off switch lasted 30 minutes and my parents allowed radio use while in bed. I never asked them and they never acknowledged what I listened to. They never made an issue of it positively or negatively.

Rick Chromey wrote in “The ABC's of Spiritual Growth:” Commitments (7-9)

*Young children are learning machines with limitless energy and boundless creativity. Piaget says these **concrete thinkers** build on previous cognitive skills and master spatial and inductive/deductive reasoning.*

*Erikson suggested the **crisis between industry and inferiority**. They become more peer-conscious and discover personal strengths (industry) or weaknesses (inferiority). They retain their can-do attitudes, but temper it with some reality. By age 7, the "personality" mold has been cast.*

*In child sports, younger children participate because they sense approval. Older children play because they are skillful and wanted (belonging). It is true with any hobby or interest (musical, educational, spiritual). As the child ages, his decisions [and commitments] more reflect inner values and beliefs.*

*Kohlberg observes **self-based morality** or "I'll obey if I agree." This morality is a shift to reward or punishment. Younger children obey for more selfish reasons than adult-imposed bribes or bans. These ages value affirmation of positive moral commitments -- not with prizes or gifts, but with substantive verbal praise.*

*Fowler: **Mythic-Literal Faith** is captured in stories they hear about God and their literal but logical interpretations. Participation in the religious community fosters initial appropriation of beliefs. Children who believe in Santa struggle with a historical Jesus (especially when Jesus is presented as a cartoon while the mall Santa is a real person). Younger children readily create their own fantasy myths, such as imaginary friends. They first make faith commitments to follow someone -- Jesus, parent, teacher, or a peer. However, God is a "family" concept for a community of believers. Children are not ready for adult faith until they no longer accept myths as reality. A community may enjoy a seasonal myth (Santa) but not year-round. Children soon figure this out.*

## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

At age 9, I walked the hills towards the neighboring farm, out of sight as far as the eye could see, singing lovingly from my heart to Jesus. I accepted him as my friend through the example prayers in *The Hour of Decision* but did not have the theology or church experience to understand much beyond that.

I knew Jesus as a dear friend years before he became by my Lord and Redeemer. The spontaneous songs emotionally felt similar to how young King David sang as a shepherd to his heavenly Father.

I mark that tender age as when God began molding me after his character and preserving me from the crude vulgarity of the larger world. He prepared me to listen to his still small voice. No church authority told me what to expect (or not to expect). In my long rambling conversations, I did most of the talking. Unlike an imaginary friend that children frequently have, this felt as touching the creator of the universe as easily as if strolling down a street together recounting the day's events.

My parents did not promote the Santa myth, Halloween, the Easter bunny, or the Tooth Fairy. When asked, they explained the meaning of these secular myths, but the isolation of the farm did not make me feel the need for these myths. In hindsight, I never struggled that my parents had lied to me with these seasonal myths.

I received a white imitation leather New Testament unknown from whom. I treasured this special book with a gilt gold edge that I could call my own. However, no one opened it with me to explain what it meant. I paged through it but left it unmarked. I presume it became lost in my parent's many moves.

### **Grade School Apologetics**

In third or fourth grade, I engaged in an impromptu classroom debate about evolution when the teacher left the room. An evolutionist student announced that he believed that people came from monkeys. I did not know the Bible, had not read Genesis, and had no church experience. However, I inwardly knew that we were not random mutations. The teacher returned to prevent our classroom from turning into a schoolyard scuffle.

I forgot my defense for creation but I did not convince my evolutionist peer nor vice versa. I felt that I made a suitable defense for a reasonable person. It became my first foray into intelligent design concepts.

### String Bass

At the end of the third grade, we students walked through the local symphony orchestra as it sat upon risers. Canyons thus formed between the rows through which we snaked our way. This wonderful method made an orchestra literally touchable for children.

The string bass enamored me and I seemed tall enough to play it in the fourth grade. The *Eugene Register-Guard* wrote up the Festival of Strings held at the University of Oregon on 1/19/1963. Irwin Hoffman, Conductor of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, British Columbia, led about 500 string players from area public schools.

While I chaffed at piano lessons, the bass became a natural instrument for me. Regardless of how I sounded to adult ears, I immensely liked playing it as a child.



Figure 35 – Festival of Strings (*Register-Guard*, M. Pitner, 1/18/1963)  
R-L: Irwin Hoffman, Conductor, Self (age 9), Jane Wilde (age 10)

### Upper Elementary Years

In 6/1962 while lying on the front lawn, Michael dropped a 2x4 board on my face that broke my front bucked tooth. My father searched fruitlessly for the missing portion and a dentist affixed a crown. My crowded crooked front teeth (later complicated by impacted wisdom teeth) embarrassed me. I rarely smiled for the camera.



**Figure 36 - Fourth Grade, Eugene - 11/1962**

I received an award of merit (for submitting an entry) at the Annual School Science Fair on 4/1/1963. I have no idea what I submitted, however a field trip to the sponsoring Oregon Museum of Science and Industry (OMSI) impressed me.



**Figure 37 – Farm kids in town - 8/1963**

As a 10-year old, a bee sting put me at risk. Allergy tests confirmed the seriousness. A regimen of allergy desensitization shots began, but not before a frightful scare. While waiting for the first appointment, the doctor walked into the nurses' station carrying a large-scale model of a syringe and needle (altogether a foot long). It sounded as if I was next in line. I nearly fainted. My mother said I turned as white as a sheet.

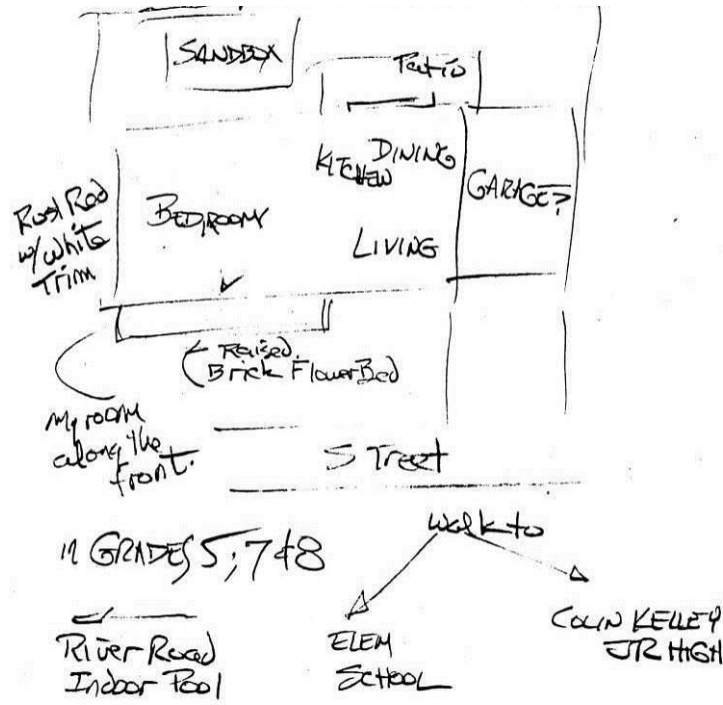


### Fifth Grade, Barrett Street, Eugene, Oregon

We moved in 5/1963 summer before my fifth grade into north Eugene. Barrett Street sat one block from Howard Elementary School and the adjacent Colin Kelly Junior High School (named after a World War II pilot, and named today as Kelly Middle School).



Figure 38 - Barrett Street, Eugene, Oregon



Map 6 - Barrett Street Layout, Eugene

**This is a REAL Sandbox**

Our home backed into an open field to the south for years. The month of our arrival, a truck drove a load of sand through that open field to our back yard. My father made a 12-foot square sand box, perfect for building roads with metal Tonka trucks and equipment. I nearly lived all summer in that sandbox but tired of it during my Junior High years.



**Figure 39 -Sandbox Civil Engineers - 8/1963**  
L-R: Harry (almost 10), Mike (7)



**Figure 40 – Neighborhood Attraction – 7/1965**

### Swimming Lessons 1963-1964, 1966

The River Road Pool sat three houses down, across a usually dry slough, at the end of the street in Emerald Park, several blocks west of River Road. We built makeshift forts in that dry underbrush which burned over one dry summer.

I took Red Cross swimming lessons on my own, reaching the early ranks of minnows and dolphins. My parents enrolled me but did not force me. As long as I showed interest, they paid the fees and sent me down the street with a dime to buy a treat after practice from the candy machine. Since most items cost 15 cents, this limited my snack choices.



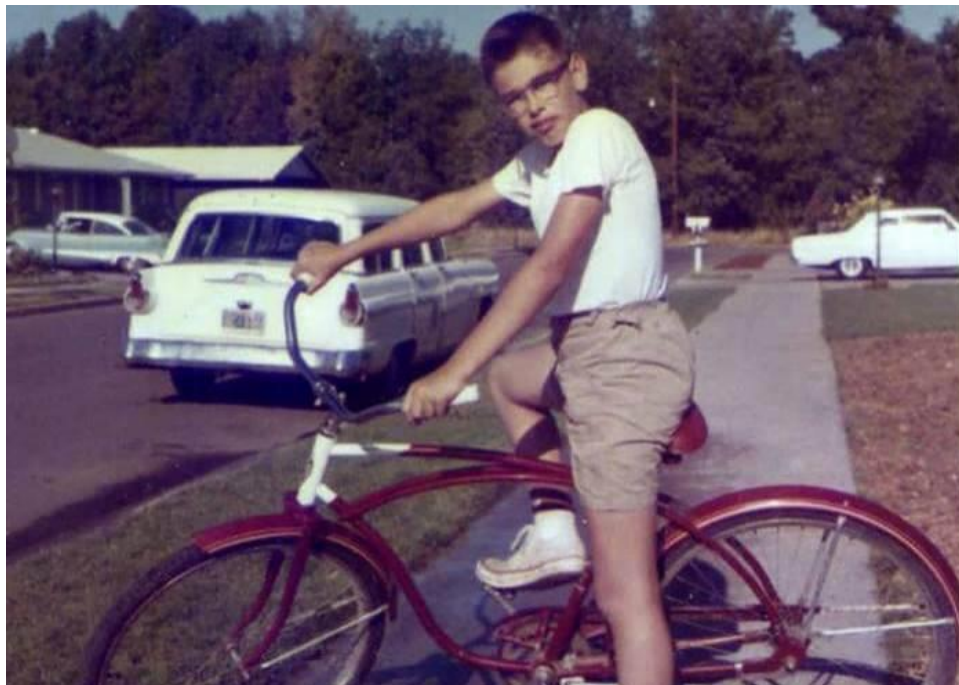
Figure 41 - Red Cross Swimming Certificates

I finished the sequence in the seventh grade and commenced taking Junior Lifeguard training during 1966 using the American Red Cross “Life Saving and Water Safety” manual (4/1966, 20th Printing). I excelled in the academics but failed to pull an adult to safety. I was still physically a child. My parents put me into a swim regimen in the ninth grade in Hawaii but I did not enjoy swimming laps. I gave up the lifeguard goal, not in pity, but that the fun of advancement came to a dead end.

### **My First Bicycle**

I begged a fifth grade friend to teach me to ride his coaster-brake bicycle around the baseball diamond at Howard elementary school. I did wobbly well in a circle. While unreliable going straight, it gave me courage to ask my parents, barely convincing them that I knew how to ride. The gravel farm driveway some miles from school gave no demand or status for a bicycle. None of the rural kids at Twin Oaks owned one. In town, I acutely sensed my inadequacy of being ‘bike-less’. I received a bright red boy’s bike with coaster brakes. Red was the color to have. Blue was for sissy girls. How bike colors figured in with the pink/blue scheme for clothing remained a mystery.

My father held the seat as I peddled furiously to stay balanced. I looked back to see whether he let go and turned forward just in time to smash into a parked vehicle. Stunned and undeterred, I fell in love with the freedom and range of that bicycle.



**Figure 42 - Red Schwinn Bike with Camp Shorts- 7/1964**

During one weekend excursion, I rode out to what seemed the edge of town and over some hilly areas, chased by dogs, falling down, tended to by a kindly homeowner, and getting home by dusk. My parents never said anything positive or negative about my long day out. I am unsure if I recounted the events fully. It seemed a wholesome adventure even if no one knew my location. Every neighborly adult seemed a safe haven. The real terrors were loose gravel, loose dogs, and loose bullies.

I once rode along the road from Colin Kelly towards home and slipped on the gravel on the road edge. My mother dressed the wounds on my hand and knee. I still have scars on the knee with a miniscule piece of gravel embedded in the heel of my palm for years. I do not know the year since I usually walked to both schools and rode only on weekends.

### **Faith a Distant Memory**

With the move into town, faith in any form did not surface whatsoever. There was no conscious rebellion or purposeful distancing. It simply never appeared in routine life.

My ninth year matched Chromey's article about making "powerful individualized faith commitments" but without knowledge of church or faith rituals. No one offered to "challenge and encourage [my] personal faith decisions to be 24/7".

Rick Chromey wrote in "The ABC's of Spiritual Growth:" Decisions (10-12)

*Preteens are decision-makers. If their faith has positively developed, by age 10 children will have made **pronounced and powerful individualized faith commitments**. They will create innovative ideas for family, church, and community, sometimes with minimal adult help.*

*Piaget says these abstract thinkers possess "**formal operations**." They think outside boxes, understand allegory, appreciate metaphor, and create hypotheses. Abstract faith rituals such as baptism and communion become meaningful. It is the moment for decision: salvation, service, or sacrifice.*

*Kohlberg suggests that they **obey from peer agreement**. They make moral decisions based more upon peer values than personal conviction. Later faith development includes an expected amount of doubt, as earlier peer-based commitments are re-evaluated.*

*Fowler: **Synthetic-Conventional Faith** is encompassed in an uncritical, tacit acceptance of the conventional religious values taught by others, centered on feelings of what is right and wrong, especially in interpersonal relationships. They may see no personal life application when their faith is compartmentalized. Activity is how they belong to the club. They later stop attending as teens when Christianity is more like "churchianity", where church is like Boy Scouts, and when merit (prizes and deeds) means more than faith itself.*

*We must both challenge and encourage personal faith decisions to be 24/7. Older children reflect parental faith. Apathy, low commitment, and absenteeism mirror home life. For unmanageable boys, ADD can mean "absent dad disorder." Fathers provide stability and structure for boys. The fatherly influence is missing. Engaged preteens are excited, committed to prayer, Bible study, worship, mission, bringing friends, and reveals a good home-church connection.*

While my father seemed physically present, I found a clear absence of spiritual activities. My parent's daytime activity included tending to farm property and a small dairy herd on Crow Road (where we did not live but visited at times). My mother always greeted me home when school ended. While not a latchkey kid in practice, it felt as if I lived emotionally on my own. I did not feel deprived or concerned about this status.

### YMCA Camp Silver Creek

My parents sent me to YMCA summer camp at Silver Creek Falls State Park, near Sublimity, Oregon about an hour east of Salem in 8/1964 (age 10 after fifth grade) and again in 8/1965. I suspect that my parents sought a structured camp environment after five years of constantly hearing about my wandering inattentive nature while in school.

Camp Silver Creek, YMCA data (edited):

*Camp Silver Creek is 20 miles east of Salem in the largest state park in Oregon: Silver Creek Falls State Park. It is a traditional residence camp with a Dining Hall, Recreation Hall, Crafts Lodge, "The Lake", archery range, and four living units. Each unit has six [youth] cabins, two leader cabins and a unit lodge. [About six] campers of the same age [and gender] share a cabin. Throughout the week, from early-morning Polar Bear [swim] club to campfire, campers engage in fun, challenging, and memorable activities. Challenger campers [grades 5-8] participate in activities of their choice with more activities and freedoms as they age up. Each evening cabin groups participate in an all-camp or all-unit outdoor game followed by a campfire with songs, skits, stories, and more.*

[www.youry.org/camp/ymca-camp-silver-creek](http://www.youry.org/camp/ymca-camp-silver-creek)

Their small pond of a lake afforded a couple of aluminum canoes and fishing. Fishing did not hold my interest but I learned to gut my first caught fish. I adored my tan hiking shorts with its many pockets and a snap-hook for a valued pocketknife.

In childhood cursive script, I sent an obligatory pre-addressed postcard home.

August 5, 1964, Wed. night.  
Dear Mom, Don't set the table for me, I'm at camp! I've got plenty to eat. I've been K.P. [dining hall duty yesterday] for dinner, breakfast, and lunch. I went on a hike. I've been boating, swimming, on tramp [trampoline], soccer, crafts, jogging, and explore. I like my [sleeping] bag real well. At the store, [I purchased] flaslite [sic] batteries. The others burned out. Has [my brother] Mike been in my bedroom!! – love from son, Harry

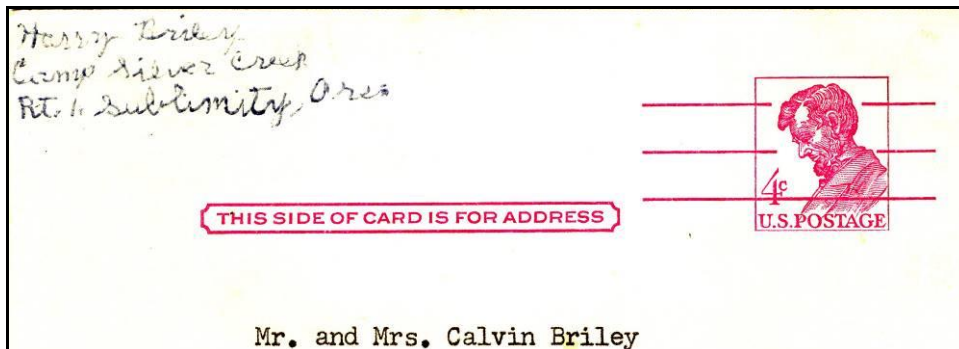


Figure 43 - Postcard from camp - 8/1964

## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

On a day trip, we hiked the Trail of Ten Falls with my Kodak “Brownie” camera with black and white film. Three falls overhang a wet trail behind the spray. Some of the boys and girls midway on our trail hike swam in a diving hole of clear cold water. I kept to myself for the most part, became reasonably friendly, but did not join the crowd.

Park waterfall data: (edited)

*The “Trail of Ten Falls” allow hikers to walk behind three of the waterfalls. **South Falls** is the most popular and accessible with the tallest free-falling drop at 177 feet. **Lower South Falls** is 93 feet tall. **North Falls** pours from a narrow slot and crashes onto huge blocks of basalt, 136 feet below.*

[www.salemoregon.com/silverfallsstatepark](http://www.salemoregon.com/silverfallsstatepark)



Figure 44 – At Camp Silver Creek Cabin - 8/1964

After sixth grade in Newport Beach, I attended two more of the weeklong camps at Camp Silver Creek back to back. I received a color-coded ragger neckerchief after each week.

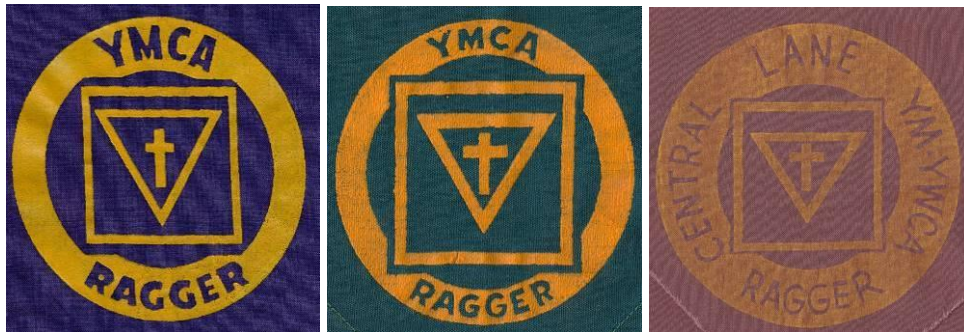


Figure 45 – YMCA rag logos in sequence – 1964-1965

### YMCA Ragger Society

My three “Ragger” neckerchiefs showed a cross symbol since the YMCA encouraged personal Christian faith. Although I felt receptive, I observed nothing overt about Jesus at the camps. Urban YMCA centers downplayed their Christian heritage away from the Dwight Moody’s Civil War evangelistic days. However, the “Rag Society” that started at a 1914 Santa Cruz camp earnestly continued to promote a personal commitment to God.

Christian Leadership Conferences for YMCA leaders explained it (edited):

*The Rag symbol incorporates four shapes. Namely, the **triangle** (YMCA triad of spirit, mind and body); the **square** (foursquare life of spiritual, mental, physical and social); the **circle** (of friendship); and the **cross** (of Christian faith). – ymcablueridgeassembly.wordpress.com/2011/08/15/the-story-of-the-rag*

*Our Mission is to put Judeo-Christian principles into practice. The Rag program encourages campers to look in-depth at their beliefs, strengths, and weaknesses and invites them to accept the challenge to grow in spirit, mind, and body.*

*The recognition of positive traits provides an incentive for other campers and the understanding that we grow by challenging ourselves, setting realistic goals, and trying to be our best self. Rags are merely tools used by YMCAs to help youth find direction in their lives. The rags encourage [personalized] sharing and successful completion of challenges ... a simple outward sign of an inward goal.*

*All may accept the challenge of the Blue Rag. Youngsters are told to give it serious thought and, if interested, to make it known to their cabin leader. If a youth expresses interest, he gets a requirement card, which by means of passages from the Bible, poems, and quotations explains the Blue Rag challenge.*

*It is not required that the prospective Ragger memorize the [whole] card, only that he understood it. He must memorize the Ragers’ Creed. Many directors ask youths to use the thoughts on the card to list ways which they can improve their own lives and thereby to set for themselves some personal goals.*

*The ragger ceremonies are simple and dignified. It has to do with a setting of natural beauty, a [remote] setting created by God, not man. It has to do with dedicated leadership. When an adult whom a youngster admires ties the Rag around his neck and whispers words of encouragement, it is often one of the most emotional moments of his life. It has to do with God and a youth’s religion.*

*[The initial rag colors and minimum ages were:] **Blue** (Loyalty to God, country, one’s best self and acceptance of the Ragers’ Creed, age 12); [**Green** or] **Silver** (Follow Jesus and His Way of Life, age 13); **Brown** (Show leadership among age group for Christian Service, age 14). - www.christianleadershipconf.org/rags*

I got each rag two years earlier than the 2015 rules later stipulated (and brown rag while I was still 11). Nothing from my three week-long camps triggered a faith memory.



## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

In July 2014, 50 years since 1964, I made a return trip to visit friends in Salem. We hiked the entire loop trail and stairways to visit every south and north fall of Silver Creek Falls State Park. Hiking behind three waterfalls resonated with my memories, even if I could not recollect specific topography from that childhood year.



**Figure 46 - Behind Lower South Falls (D. Hegland 7/2014)**



**Figure 47 – Three Salem friends in North Falls Area – 7/2014**

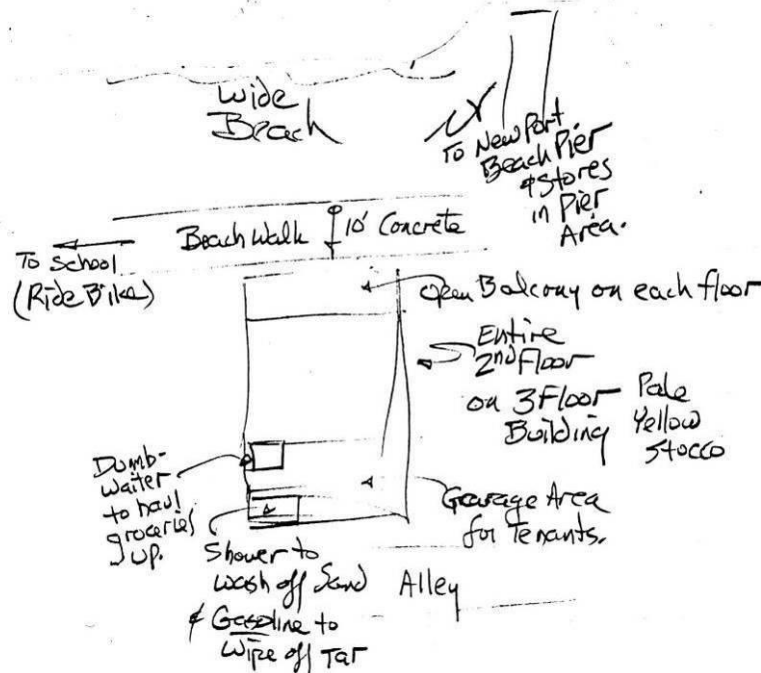
### Sixth Grade, Newport Beach

#### Beach Boardwalk

Starting sixth grade outside of the tourist season in 9/1964, we lived on the beachfront boardwalk at 1810 West Oceanfront, near the Newport Beach Pier. Our flat filled the second floor of a three-flat apartment building. The half-submerged shared basement acted as the common garage with a dumbwaiter that hauled up groceries to the flats. I do not know how my father paid the high rent for ten months but the glorious front yard (the beach) delighted me. In 2013, such beachfront apartments rented for \$260 daily.



Figure 48 - Oceanfront, Newport Beach (1965) - Boardwalk (R. Palmer- 2013)



Map 7 - Oceanfront Flat, Newport Beach

## Walk With Me – Childhood Passages

The ten-foot wide concrete boardwalk ran for three miles with concrete light poles lining the beach side. It seemed perfect for skateboarding and riding my bike off busy streets.



Figure 49 - Unforgiving Light Post (R. Palmer 2013)

In spite of the boardwalk width, while riding my red Schwinn coaster-brake bike to school, something startled me and I careened into a fluted concrete aggregate lamppost. The posts sat directly on the boardwalk in 1964 and the city later moved them three feet out of the way. The rough aggregate ripped a hole in my right index knuckle to the bone (and not my thumb as portrayed in the photos). A life-long scar is my souvenir.

It became impossible to walk the beach in 1964 without being gummed with tar on our feet and legs. Every apartment building cleaning ritual included a gasoline can and an open shower in their common garage area. We kids constantly smelled of gasoline vapor.

I combed the beach for half-buried glass soda bottles, carting these in a little red wagon to the convenience store at the foot of the pier for candy money. While later generations deal with hypodermic needles on the beach, broken glass worried local families. A city machine routinely combed the beach to about six inches deep. I never got a cut.

### **Nostalgic 2013 Trip**

In my 2013 visit, the city placed large trash containers every 100 feet on the shoreline giving ample evidence to the volume of litter still generated by thoughtless tourists. Ron Palmer (see **Coming of Age**) and Bob Sherwood (from LLNL) joined me for a photo-shoot in late 2013. After a 48-year absence, this delightful romp on the beach, the school, and the pier helped tie up loose ends in this chapter. Ron and Bob provided the needed audience to refresh my childhood memories, wonder, and awe. I felt like a big happy little kid showing off my homeroom project.

### Newport Beach Pier

From a spot on the beach in front of our apartment, the view of the pier immediately north invited exploration as safely as possible. At low tide, tangled fishing lines with rusty hooks became our main threat near the pilings. Up top, both sides held dozens of anglers in a maze of poles, foot traffic, cleaning stations, and bait buckets. It reeked with the smell of dead fish and bait. In 2013, an angler caught an unhappy young stingray. He grabbed the tail gingerly with a pair of pliers and released it over the railing shown.



Figure 50 - Newport Beach Pier and Topside (R. Palmer 2013)

The California Registered Historical Landmark #794 at the base of the pier states:

*The original McFadden Wharf completed in the winter of 1888-89 was connected by railroad to the hinterland in the winter of 1890-91. It served as a shipping and distribution point for Orange, San Bernardino, and Riverside counties until 1907 ... the nucleus of which developed into the City of Newport Beach.*

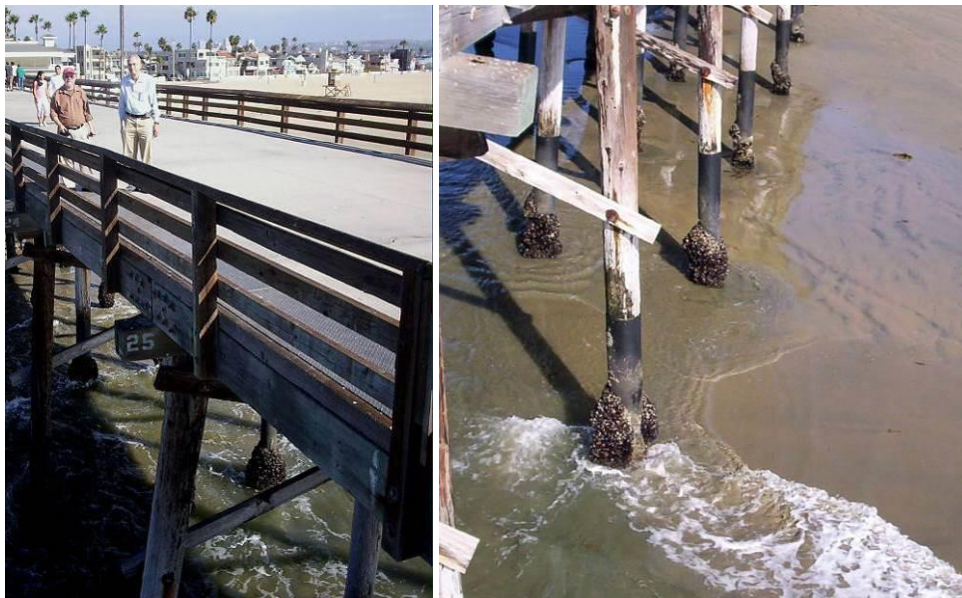


Figure 51 - Pilings with shallow beach slope - 2013

### **Bully Blues**

At age 11, with no tough exterior I attracted bullies with their intimidating vulgar speech. They called me names with sexual overtones but clueless to me about exactly what (and happily remains foreign). One bully routinely intercepted me on my walk from school. I feared physical harm due to the high frequency of encounter.

This led to the only time my father confronted the father of a bully. I have no idea how he discovered the boy's name. We walked together with my quaking alongside him as we met the bully and his father at the pier. I forget the conversation, but it seemed calmly discussed, settled, and I never saw the boy again.



**Figure 52 –Michael (8), Calvin, David (2), Harry (11) – 12/1964**

My parents packed our coaster-brake bikes from Eugene but we rode them only on the boardwalk. Beyond the alley behind our apartment building, I knew nothing about the city nor its streets. The beach, pier, and school became my total environment.

It appears that Mike and I each received a varnished flat skateboard for Christmas day. With three miles of smooth wide concrete boardwalk, the skateboard became my more enjoyable basic transportation than bicycling. Aside from weaving and quick U-turns, none of us in elementary school knew about acrobatic tricks. We used canvas deck shoes to grip the smooth board rather than the later common patch of anti-skid applique.

### Oceanfront School

The Newport Beach Grammar School (known as Newport Elementary) at 1327 West Balboa appears on maps at Lat. 33.606 Long. 117.918 at an elevation of 12 feet.



Figure 53 - School Tile Mosaics, street side (R. Sherwood 2013)

I never saw the street side of this school. We beach kids always entered the gate off the boardwalk. This is the only school to my knowledge with a playground paved on a State Beach. The teachers forbid us to step into the sand during the school day. However, we looked forward to recess and P.E. classes surrounded by miles of breezy ocean views.



Figure 54 - Pointing to School Gate and Sign (R. Palmer 2013)

### **Math, Art, and Drama**

1964-1965 - Grade 6 – With my first male teacher, LeRoy Katnik (Newport Beach Elementary), my first quarter yielded all C's far below my potential. By the fourth quarter, I earned nearly all B's with an A in arithmetic. I thus qualified for the far more enjoyable advanced math (pre-algebra) class and felt grown up within that prestige room. That class captured my wandering interest as the first tinder that fired my academics.

The teacher could not make phone contact with my parents. They might have become tired of hearing about my lack of focus. I started Spanish language awareness that year. I was an ardent, enjoyable, and diligent student, minus my speed and accuracy. My mother helped me assemble a report about Brazil. I developed well in study and work habits but badly needed retention of facts and discovery of new concepts in all subjects.

Mr. Katnik entered my watercolor called “Night in New York City” in the fourth annual Children’s Art Show in 3/1965 sponsored by the Junior Ebell Club of Newport Beach. It has a typical child’s free form drawing of the skyscrapers around the Empire State building. I did not put much time into it. My parents professionally mounted it. The childish innocence still evokes positive feelings within my home library.



**Figure 55 – Sixth Grade and Children's Art Entry – 3/1965**

Another teacher roped me into playing Hansel in the “Hansel and Gretel” graduation play. The play went tolerably well despite my misgivings. This early event probably inwardly triggered my playing the string bass in pit orchestras for school musicals.

### **Churches Hidden in Plain Sight**

Large Methodist and Catholic Church buildings sat between the school and our apartment on Balboa Drive. Upon first discovering these old buildings in my 2013 visit, I have to believe that my parents drove past them regularly. They never mentioned them to me.

The Catholic Church spire and bells should have attracted my attention, but as we were a non-religious family, and those buildings sat idled during school hours, nothing clicked.



Figure 56 - Mr. Katnik's Sixth Grade Class - 3/1965

### All Things Nautical

My father tried to buy an old Navy minesweeper along the coast, which he intended to convert into our home. I loved scampering about the decks, the wheelhouse, and looking into every unlocked compartment. He discovered that dock fees exceeded the rent on a regular home and soon gave it up. I only visited the ship a few times, but it greatly enriched my wonder. To live on that ship as a kid seemed a grand adventure.

With some prior Red Cross swimming credits, I learned to sail a small El Toro inside Newport Beach Harbor. The course taught nautical map reading, which gave some rare bonding with my father who owned several marine maps and standard map plotting tools. I devoured those skills in our final month living on the beach just as school ended.

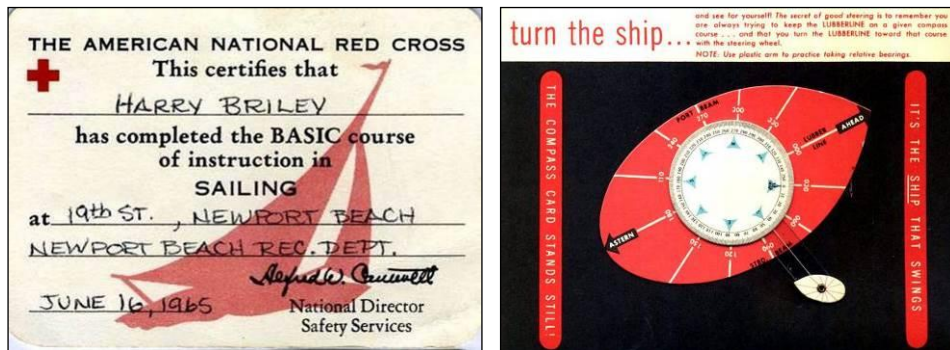


Figure 57 - Sailing in Newport Beach Harbor – 6/1965



**Seventh and Eighth grade, Barrett Street, Eugene**

We moved back to Barrett Street in 7/1965 for my two years at Colin Kelly Junior High School. I do not know if we rented it out during our nine months in Newport Beach.



**Figure 58 - Barrett Street home with Christy Breeden – 6/1980**

On my 6/29/1980 visit, the house posted a For Sale sign and the owner waved to us as we looked around outside. She stopped abruptly when I said this had been my home. She recognized me and teased me for not knowing her. Christy Breeden was the daughter of the real estate developer Dairy Breeden who befriended my parents. Christy and I were childhood playmates in the Breeden home. It held a three-fold surprise: 1) to see her, 2) she owned the home, and 3) she would move tomorrow. What timing!

My parents kept their first ranch name while raising French Alpine dairy goats. My mother became president of the Emerald Dairy Goat Association in Eugene. She proudly displayed the 1966 ribbons (Senior Champion Buck and Grand Champion Buck).

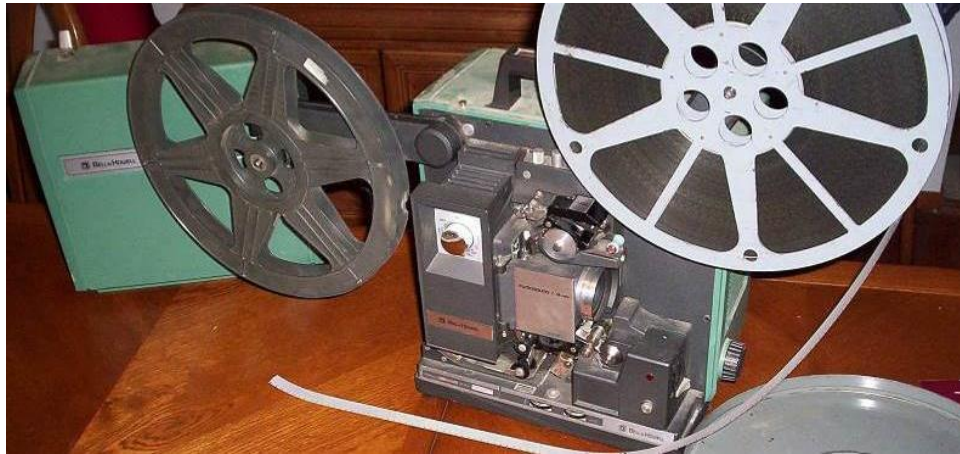


**Figure 59 - Dairy Goat Awards for Champion Bucks - 1966**

**Seventh Grade (1965-1966)**

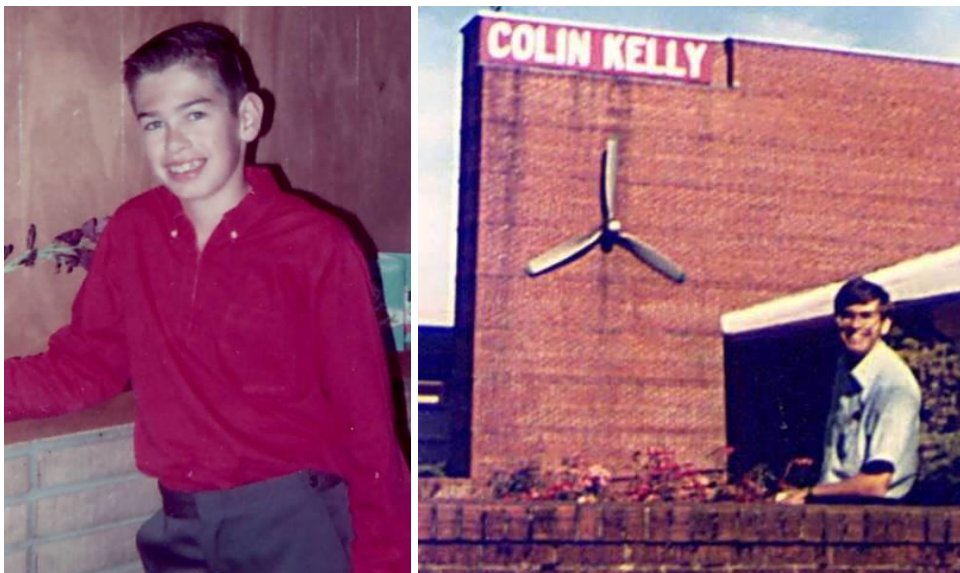
I took beginning Spanish but no one spoke it in Oregon and this limited my vocabulary retention. I only earned A's in Math-1 and orchestra. This aspect with the String Bass caught my conductor's attention, which led to a two-week music camp in 7/1966.

Being a card-carrying Audio-Visual club member let me to set up projectors and films for other classes. I became adept at using my parent's Super-8mm Bell & Howell. I was the fastest threader/adjuster of a 16mm Bell & Howell projector at school.



**Figure 60 - My own 16mm Bell & Howell - 2013**

A friend and I discovered unsecured concrete duct works under Colin Kelly. We popped up inside the boiler room. This occurred when *The Man from Uncle* (1964), *I Spy* (1965), and *Mission Impossible* (1966) series all aired in 1966. We religiously watched all three series. With pride of it being 'our school', we felt our trespass 'protected' our school from 'bad guys' with the *Mission Impossible* music running through our heads. The iron grating access in the raised flowerbeds was still unsecured in my 6/1980 visit.



**Figure 61 – At home 9/1965 and Colin Kelly 6/1980**



**Figure 62 - Homework with a cat - 1/1966**

It appears that I completed my homework immediately after school without changing out of my school clothes. This allowed me to watch evening television shows with the family after dinner. It seems I worked sitting either on my bed or at the kitchen table.

While we wore canvas basketball shoes for physical education classes, we wore “street clothes” to school of polished leather dress shoes and business casual attire. Blue jeans (with holes patched), shorts, T-shirts, and canvas shoes served for play or farm chores.

### **Money Lesson**

My parents never gave me an allowance but let me keep what little earned on my own. Once during these two years, my father challenged me to solve 20 math/science questions in a quiz issue of Scientific American magazine. In an unusually jaunty mood, he offered one dollar for each correct answer. That motivated me and I waited on pins for the next month’s issue with the answers. I earned \$20. Given my poor academics, my father did not expect to pay out that much and never offered a cash-based challenge thereafter.

Besides seeing the American Dairy Goat Journal, LIFE, and sailing magazines at home, I do not recall a Scientific American subscription lying around.

### Short-Lived Boy Scout

I joined Boy Scout Troop 66 of the Oregon Trail Council in 2/1966. I devoured the mechanics of knots, wood lashing, and camp craft towards the rank of First Class. The mechanical aspects of scouting skills appealed much more to me than social skills.

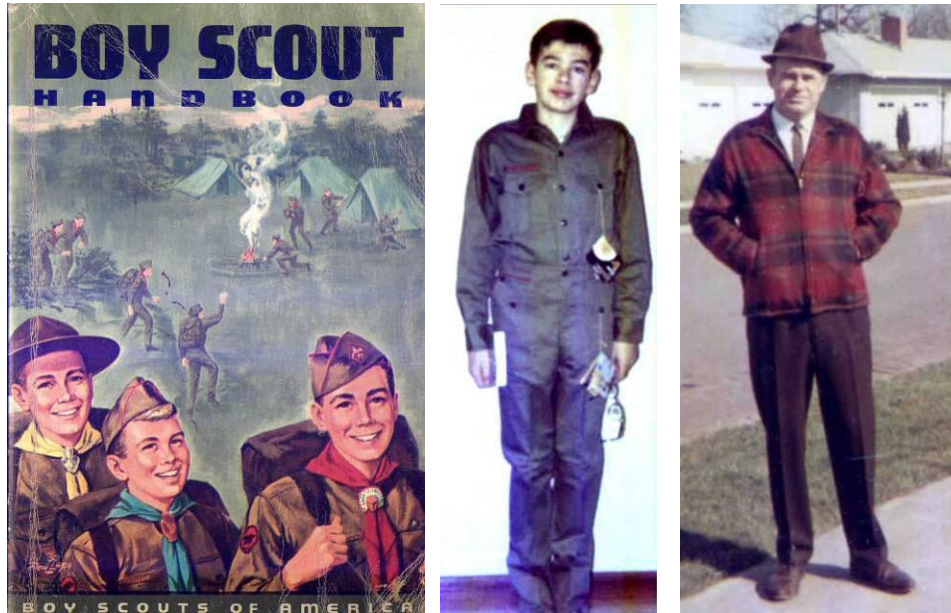


Figure 63 – Scout Handbook/Uniform 2/1966 - Calvin (41) 4/1966

The Boy Scout Handbook, even the seventh edition (as shown) of my era, remained a valuable outdoors guidebook for camping, hiking, and emergency first aid.

I despised the hazing of the younger scouts by the older boys. I especially disliked their sexualized talk coming from their tents on campouts. These things curbed my enthusiasm to befriend those older students. A different troop might have worked out.

While I enjoyed the military aspect, I fully resisted wearing the uniform on Scout Day at school. The idea of being a target to ninth grade bullies killed any latent willingness to be so exposed. The best way to hide in plain sight entailed an awareness of bully locations and swift avoidance. I did not yet have my teen height or strength to defend myself from those trying out their intimidating prowess on younger weaker students.

### Scout Badges and Ranks

I earned Second Class rank the following February. I worked on First Class rank through camping and backpacking into 7/1967. I did not have a mentor for earning merit badges.



Figure 64 - Second Class 3/1967 - Swimming 5/1967

I happily became a helper (den chief) with a Cub Scout pack in the eighth grade. This added a status symbol (a blue and yellow rope shoulder loop) to my scout uniform.



Figure 65 - Pocket Patches and Fox patrol badge - 1967

The Oregon Trail Council offered a local set of progress patches. My mother sewed them to my right shirt pocket. Curving left to right: Ten Days Out, Winter Camping (4/1967), Camp Baker (Oregon's flagship scout camp located on a private peninsula on Siltcoos Lake just outside the coastal town of Florence), Tent Camping, Fire Building, Forestry (We planted fir tree seedlings on a clear-cut hill-side), and Helping Hand.

My time in regular Boy Scouts ended when we moved to Hawaii in July/August 1967.

### **Spring Vacation in Hawaii – Clothing Faux Pas**

My parents took us to Oahu in 3/1966. We stayed in a high-end rental on Mokulua Drive in Kailua-Lanikai with huge manicured lawns and patio windows that opened the entire living room to the beach. We loved being barefoot and played daily on the beach.

However, on the arrival day in Waikiki, I let a clothing faux pas ruin my attitude and spoil an otherwise good day for my parents. We arrived wearing stateside clothes with polished dress shoes with white socks. My father wore a dark business suit, matching fedora hat, and white socks. My parents bought each of us the same tan-colored Hawaiian print shirts and brown swim-shorts. We enjoyed the look-alike beach appeal, but my father did not let us change back into our long pants. My father demanded we walk to other nearby stores in our new swim shorts wearing white socks and dress shoes.

In my father's generation, it demonstrated wealth. As pre-teens, the mismatch mortified me. He recorded our upset hearts on home movies to replay at every family gathering thereafter to show our ungrateful faces. I do not think it dawned upon him that we only reacted to felt public humiliation. That segment landed on the cutting room floor when I converted their home movies to video.

No one in Hawaii cared what anyone wore, but once we ditched those out-of-place shoes for sandals, follow-on photos and film showed a genuinely happy family on vacation.

While at that beachfront rental, I came in for dinner and my mother just changed out of her swimsuit and made a quick pass from bathroom to bedroom. I arrived at just that inopportune moment and my father quickly spun me around the other direction to face him. My youthful mind did not fully register what I saw, but I felt no revulsion or attraction, just a chafing at his abrupt manhandling. Since he did not erupt in rage, I connected the dots and docilely stood until he signaled all clear. That became the only such event with my parents.

There are gaps in my understanding of 1966. I watched the newly released movie *The Russians are Coming! The Russians are Coming!* at the Waikiki theater (released at the end of May). This theater included a white portico with square colonnades at the top of a set of wide stairs from the street. It seems odd that such inconsequential details come to mind but we rarely went to the movies. Did our family take another brief vacation after school let out? We returned to Eugene while I attended a Stockton Music Camp in July. Records show us back in Hawaii from August through October. Perhaps the movie still played in August. I cannot piece the timeline together to my satisfaction.

### UOP Pacific Music Camp

My skills in string orchestra grew marginally without a mentor. Instead, the ninth grade bassists twisted my arm behind my back in the string bass storage room to ‘cry uncle’ out of sight of the director. This adolescent bullying even in a ‘safe’ music class pushed me to isolate and excel in things that did not involve people.

After seventh grade, I earned the privilege to attend the 21<sup>st</sup> Annual Pacific Music Camp held at the University of the Pacific (UOP). The Head Girls Counselor worked in Eugene. Bryon Miller, camp music consultant for the string basses, worked in the Eugene public schools. Since only three students attended from out of state, all from Eugene, I suspect significant collusion behind how the Camp came to my attention.

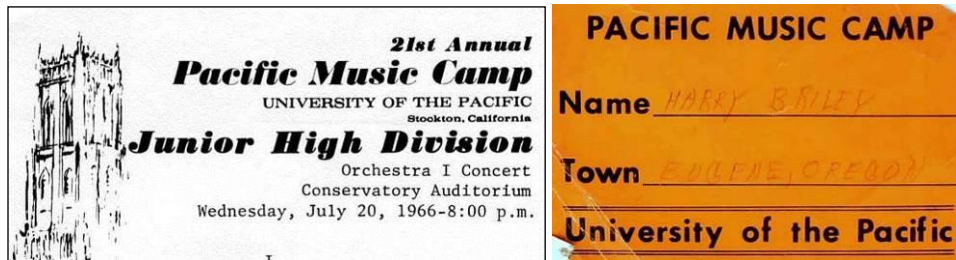


Figure 66 - Pacific Music Camp – 7/1966

I attended two of the one-week Junior High Division Orchestra I camps from July 7 through 20. Each camp ended with a concert on a Wednesday. A Chapel Service occurred each Sunday in the Morris Chapel.

My father paid for both weeks and drove all day in one stretch from Eugene to Stockton, California in our black Oldsmobile 98 (which later became ‘my car’ in high school). My father possibly purchased my student string bass, a King Mortone, for this camp and incredibly fit it inside the car. A letter from my mother to camp intimates this purchase.



Figure 67 –West Hall dorm and Anderson dining hall – 7/1966

I stayed in the men’s West Hall dorm second floor on Stadium Drive and ate at the then elegant Anderson dining hall across the lawn on Burcham drive. I felt very grown up, physically safe, and did not feel on edge as among my older Eugene schoolmates.

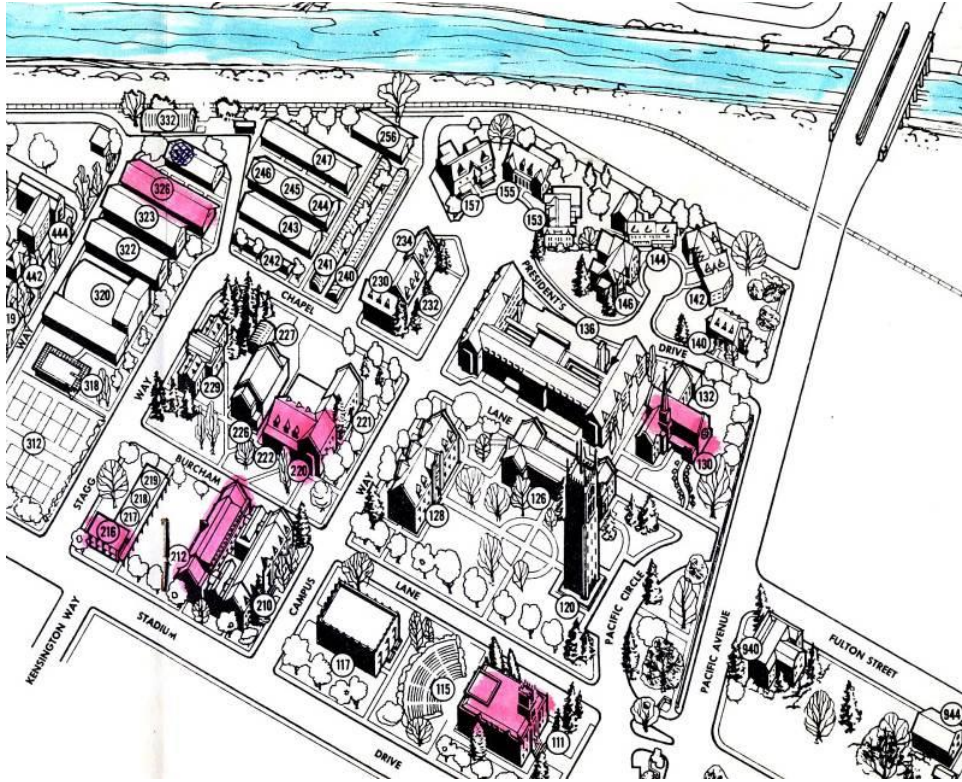


Figure 68 - UOP Campus Buildings for Camp - 1966

I met my first black man, Jester Hairston (1901-2000), a composer and the choral master. He even obligated string players to sing. I did not want to sing for a living but his tutelage spellbound me that I could sing at all, even if off-key.

We sang classical chorales, Negro spirituals, and some Broadway tunes as warm ups. We might have sung his 1956 calypso Christmas carol called *Mary's Little Boy Child*.

I did not know that he was a veteran Hollywood actor. The Pacific Music Camps listed him as one of their guest conductors in 1957, 1961, 1969, and the 1970's. However, the 1966 program listed him as a soloist as he coached and led us in the choral section of our second week concert. No other camp faculty those two weeks left such a lasting imprint.

I looked forward to the practice times for section rehearsals. Those two weeks felt time and money well spent for my maturity. I definitely felt at home on a college campus.

Compared to Oregon with bone-dry summers and water rationing, it seemed incredulous that the UOP at Stockton flooded their lawns to 2 inches deep to the rim of the enclosing raised sidewalks. This practice might yet continue due to the nearby Calaveras River.





Figure 69 - Jester Hairston, my music coach (Source Unknown, 1960's)

# Mary's Little Boy Child

Words and Music by Jester Hairston

Slowly and simply

*p*

*freely*

*mp*

Long time a - go in Beth - le - hem So the Ho - ly Bi - ble  
shep - herds watched their flocks by night, They saw a bright new shin - ing

say, star, And heard a choir from heav - en sing; The mu - sic came from a -

*p* *pp*

Figure 70 –Christmas Carol by Jester Hairston - 1956

### **Super-8 Home Movies**

While away at Music camp in 1966, the Aunt Velma and Millard Schroeder family visited my parents twice on their trip to and from Seattle. My parents drove up to Seattle on a whim but could not find them. Upon their return, the Goodyear Blimp visited the Eugene airport and my parents found a rider to take up their Super-8 movie camera.

A neighbor family recently purchased a 16-foot boat for Fern Ridge reservoir and invited my parents for its launch and ride. The water caused terrible rough bouncing of the docks. I only know about these events via film and in letters to camp. I assembled those movie reels decades later into a two-hour video with a music track for my mother.

### **Eighth Grade (1966-1967)**

I absolutely have no memory of briefly attending Kailua Intermediate School for one month starting the 8th grade. It seems a short-lived 8/25/1966 first attempt to live in Hawaii following my two weeks at music camp. I only learned of it in 2020 through a scrawled sentence by my mother (“until 10/15/66”) within my report cards folder.

Quickly back in Eugene, bereft of mechanical skills in woodworking class, I designed a three-legged space-age coffee table and purchased walnut wood for it. With no idea how to move from drawing to product, the instructor in the final week glued my wood strips together for tabletop and legs with me observing. I deserved to fail. I stored that unfinished project in my closet for years and turned the legs on my father’s Shopsmith lathe in high school. At college, I found a woodshop to plane the surface, band saw my inked curves, and lacquer both sides. It turned out lovely, seven years after intended.

As in the year before, I earned A's in Math-2 and orchestra. There seemed to be a direct correlation between music training and mathematics beyond merely counting measures.

By the end of high school, nearly all the top academic students participated in band, orchestra, marching band, jazz band, drama, choir, and often in combinations thereof. I do not know why this linkage exists and how the mutual enforcement works. However, merely taking a music class did not mean participating students met academic standards.

Yet, those whose brains engaged mathematical or scientific thinking tended to be highly attracted to classical musicianship, yielding higher grades in both as the result. It appears that lack of music programming emotionally affects those college bound students, almost as if musical practice provides a healthy work/life balance during their school years.

### Lanky and Awkward

My growth spurt came at age 13; growing what appears to be full foot taller. I did not learn the value and effectiveness of body height in leadership until some decades later. In Junior High, I felt completely out of step due to my towering height.

In 12/1966, I broke my right arm (greenstick fracture) by hanging by my knees from the monkey bars in gym class and slipping a short 12 inches to the ground. The break was the physics of landing badly with my newfound height.

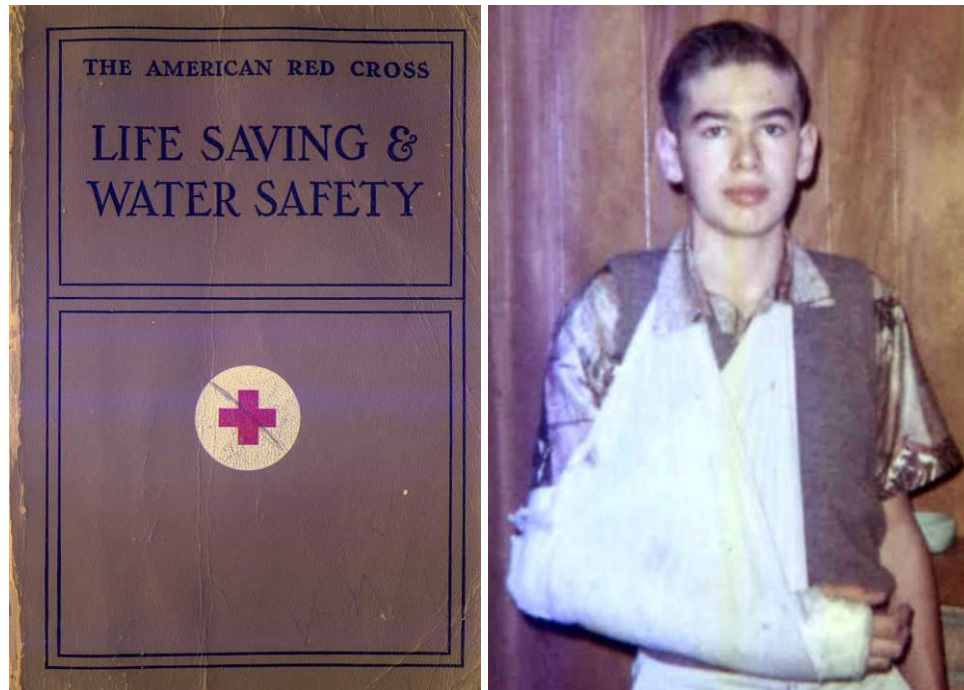


Figure 71 – Lifeguard Manual, Broken Arm, Eighth Grade – 12/1966

I became sensitive to wearing glasses for photos throughout school. This is a pity because my face needed them. I felt ugly with the thick black rimmed glasses of that era. The photo above shows the 1966 Hawaiian print shirt (still attractive decades later).

An obligatory eighth grade end-of-year Sock Hop dance occurred in the school gym with the movie *Ben Hur* showing in an adjacent room across the hall. I welcomed the alternative and thoroughly enjoyed the film. Some girls became friends, but dancing with them seemed overly bizarre. Such activity made no sense to me.

This presaged my coming of age morally but held no predictive evidence of my spiritual transformation during high school. There appeared clear hints of personality traits of common decency and dependability. I had a distant and fast fading memory of my farm life as a nine year old. I sensed something undefined but desperately lacking in my life.

### **Acknowledgments**

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