

# WALK WITH ME



By  
HARRY BRILEY

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

## Chapter 5 – Coming of Age

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Second Edition

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## Chapter 5 - Coming of Age

### **Preface to this Chapter**

1967 - 1971

The transition from childhood to adulthood passed through the bewildering teen years. Teens think parents know so little and yet feel confident to face the world on their own, all but for the harsh annoying reality that most people do not play by our youthful rules.

Teens rapidly absorb new mental skills. I voraciously devoured books all four years. A creeping loneliness started early, which did not alarm me as much as a creeping distance that I felt from God. The turn-around events, while common enough, were not at all common in the manner presented. Indeed the outcomes may appear otherworldly alien to our secular culture of 2021 (fifty years later). Pivotal life events here prepared me to take on active Christian leadership roles immediately after high school at only age 17.

The 1960's saw the increased tension with the unpopular Vietnam War. Many college students and Hollywood movies captured the news with burning flags, hallucinogenic drugs, communes, sexual orgies, frightening mass murders use of occult symbolism, and anarchist 'power' groups engaged in terror tactics. It was not the happy friendly 1950's.

By 1968, a backlash formed, not among the much-alarmed older generation, but among the hippies, mostly starting in California. After reaching dead ends in Eastern mysticism and over-the-top sexual hedonism, their core needs remained unmet. The Rolling Stones song "*Can't Get No Satisfaction*" caught a segment of that rebellion in transition.

One organic counter-movement, the maligned Jesus Revolution, swept through the country. Fringe elements made the news with dozens of cultic spin-offs. Its lasting profound positive changes far outweighed the loose nuts. A generation of new believers discovered an unexpected Jesus-focused spiritual vitality. The New-Age rebellion ironically re-discovered traditional Christian doctrine in new packaging. It seemed the more radical the alternative lifestyle previously taken, the more orthodox doctrines appealed, albeit with uncommon testimonials, alternative clothing, and zealous fervor unsettling to most church attendees. I skipped the beads, drugs, and long hair.

The Jesus Movement matriculated proficient leaders using mentors across denominations. The theme of the experiential role of God's Holy Spirit persisted despite virulent church wars over terminology and validity. Episcopal priest Dennis (and wife Rita) Bennett, an early resource for many of us, resorted to calling the transformation as 'Experience X'.

God called in the parental promise at my birth dedication. He redeemed a gangly moral boy at odds with his father. Even good kids desperately need Jesus. He set my course to be a pulpit preacher, a student senator, and jail chaplain by age 18. That future activity flowed from earlier unpredictable choices radically different from the secular norm.

### **Ninth Grade, Kakahiaka Street, Kailua, Oahu**

#### **Good Morning Street**

My parents packed our new 1966 Vista Cruiser to the gills in 8/1967 and drove it into a Matson Lines shipping container as the only way to transport a vehicle to Honolulu. The rest of our household goods went into a second shipping container. Upon our later return to Oregon, my parents retained the Hawaii registration sticker in the front window. David purchased the car in 1986, tuned it up to near new condition, and toured California.



**Figure 1 – Our 1966 Vista Cruiser (D. Briley)**

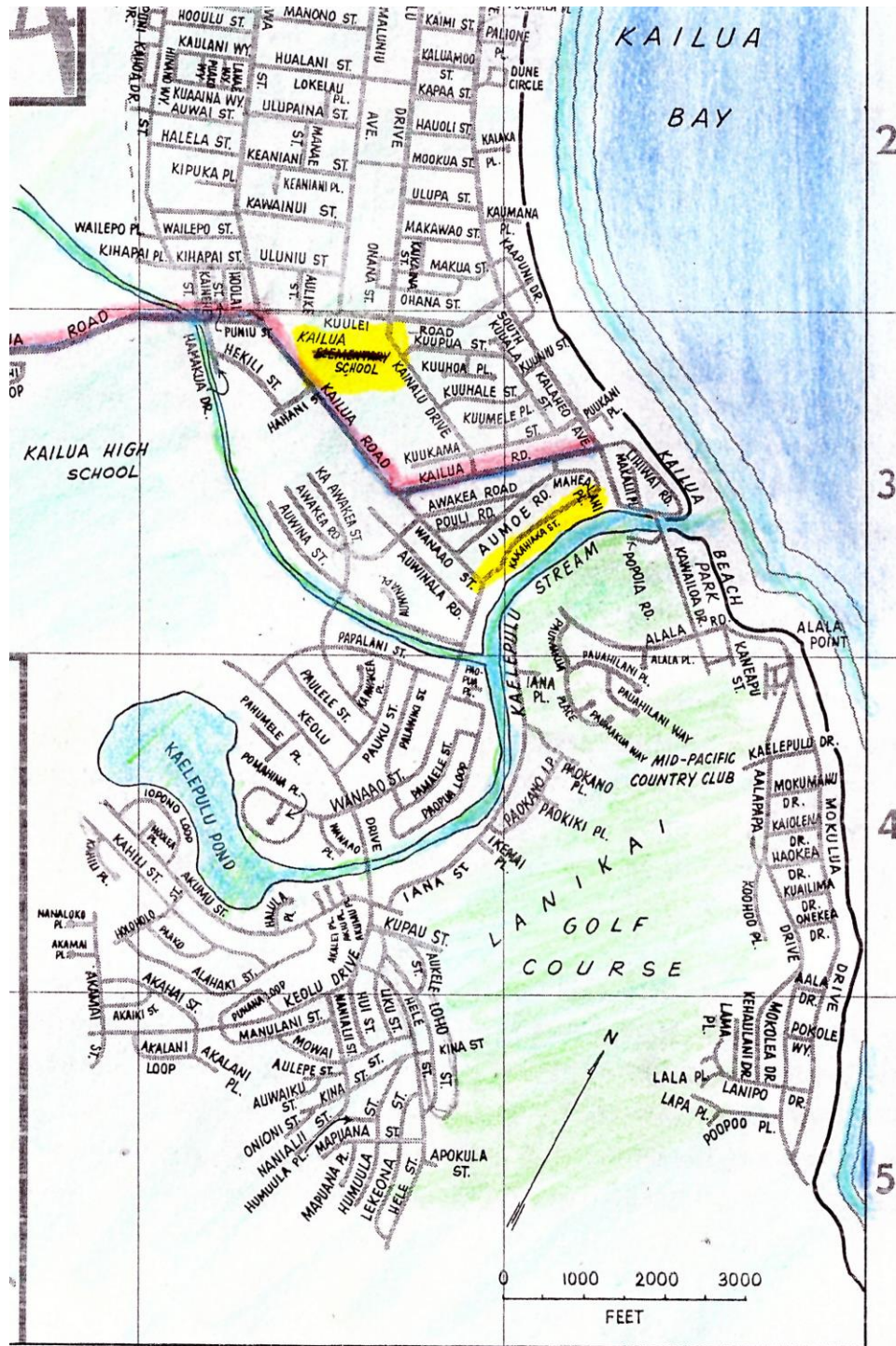
We rented an apartment in Kailua, Oahu (389 Kailua Road #2B) July (?) through October and rented a house on 193 Kakahiaka Street until 7/1968. We had rented this same home for an extended summer vacation after my music camp through 10/15/1966. Forty years later, that home was radically reconstructed, doubled in size, and added a pool (in Hawaii of all places). Nothing street-side looked familiar when Anne and I drove by it in 2005.



**Figure 2 - Harry, David, Michael in Kailua – 7/1966**

Shorts and optional flip-flop sandals became our daily clothing. We wore ‘street clothes’ only for school. Continual barefoot activity toughened up our skin considerably such that we felt minimal heat from sidewalks and street asphalt in the hot afternoon.

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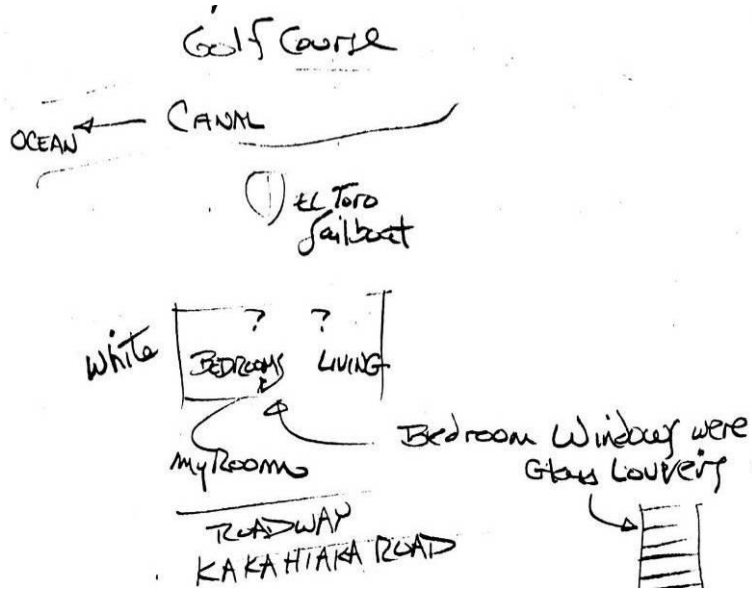


Map 1 - Kailua, Oahu (Tongg Pub, p55, 1965)

Kakahiaka Street (C3) fronts the Kaelepulu Stream (a natural canal to the beach).  
I walked to Kailua Intermediate School (B3, but the map text is in error).

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All Hawaiian words end in a vowel. Kakahiaka means “morning” and the tone of voice tells the kind of morning. Harry in Hawaiian is Hale (Ha-leh) but no one called me that.



Map 2 - Kakahiaka Street, Kailua - 1967-1968

**Air Raid Drills**

Kailua lies just south of the Kaneohe Marine Air Station. We had air raid drills, a leftover from World War II, due to the attack on Pearl Harbor on 12/7/1941. One wall of our classrooms contained floor-to-ceiling glass. The ‘duck and cover’ exercise would not protect us from glass shards, but we treated the air raid alarms with utmost respect.

Kailua Intermediate School had seventh through ninth grades. I attended 8<sup>th</sup> grade for the first school-year month in 1966 and then the entire 9<sup>th</sup> grade in 1967.

NAME BRILEY, HARRY HOWARD DATE OF BIRTH 9/7/53 SEX M HR 5  
 ADDRESS temp. 389 Kailua Rd., Apt. 2-B (until 11/1st) (Bus.) Father Gene  
193 Kakahiaka St. PHONE (Home) 261-2761 PHONE (Bus.) Mother Gene

NAMES OF PARENTS OR GUARDIAN Calvin and Barbara Briley ← RELATIONSHIP Parents  
 FIRST NAMES OF BOTH LAST NAME

DATE OF ENTRY 9/11/67 LAST SCHOOL ATTENDED Colin Kelly Jr. High  
 ADDRESS Eugene, Oregon

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY NOTIFY PHONE DOCTOR PHONE

**KAILUA INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL - PROGRAM CARD 19 671968**

PER.	ROOM	SUBJECT	TEACHER'S	CHARGES	DATE	RECEIPT NO.	AMOUNT PAID	BALANCE DUE
1	5	Spanish II	<i>[Signature]</i>					
2	106	Science	<i>[Signature]</i>					
3	118	Algebra	<i>[Signature]</i>					
4	204	English	<i>[Signature]</i>					
5	DR	Adv. Band	<i>[Signature]</i>					
6	113	Sec. Std.	<i>[Signature]</i>					

Table 1 - Kailua Class Schedule – 9/1967

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**Report Card**

1967-1968 Grade 9 - Homeroom: Mr. Derby – The liberal arts escaped my comprehension and interest. I encountered my first (and only) D grades (Social Studies and Spanish II). That scared me into concentrating and barely finished with a C in both classes.


I only heard Hawaiian as a foreign language. I could handle Spanish nouns but not verb declensions. I struggled with verb declensions in all other languages for the rest of my life.

While I earned only a C+ in English, I avidly read about the Pacific naval battles during WWII. My temperament focused upon technical concepts with an A in Algebra 1, a B in Science, and a B+ in Advanced Band. I had newly learned the Sousaphone and found it much easier to play than the String Bass. My knowledge of the bass clef simplified that adaptation.

**KAILUA INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL**  
 School Year 19 67 – 19 68  
**STUDENT'S REPORT**

NAME Harry H. Briley GRADE 9 ROOM 5  
 TEACHER Mr. Derby

TO PARENTS  
 This Program is designed to give a general estimate of your child's achievement for the period indicated. If further information is desired, conferences may be arranged through the counselor's office. You may know your child's teacher.



FRANCIS I. MIYAHIRA  
PRINCIPAL

NAME Harry H. Briley GRADE 9

Kailua Intermediate School Year 19 <u>67</u> - 19 <u>68</u>	1st QTR.		2nd QTR.		3rd QTR.		4th QTR.		2nd SEM.	YR.	CR.	INDUSTRY		INITIATIVE		CONCERN FOR OTHERS		LEADERSHIP		RESPONSIBILITY	
	1st Sem.	2nd Sem.	1st Sem.	2nd Sem.	1st Sem.	2nd Sem.	1st Sem.	2nd Sem.				1st Sem.	2nd Sem.	1st Sem.	2nd Sem.	1st Sem.	2nd Sem.	1st Sem.	2nd Sem.	1st Sem.	2nd Sem.
	ENGLISH	C+	C+	C+	C+	C	C	C+				C+	1	1	2	2	1	2	2	2	2
SOCIAL STUDIES	C	D	D	B	B	B	B	C	1	1	3	3	2	2	2	2	3	3	2	2	
PHYS. ED.																					
MATH/ALGEBRA I	B+	B+	B+	A-	A-	A-	A-	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	
SCIENCE	B+	B+	B+	C	C	C	B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	
TYPING																					
FRENCH/SPANISH II <u>Adv Bd</u>	G	D	D	C+	C	C	C	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	
	A	B	D	B	B	B	B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
Days Absent	0	0		1	0		1														
Times Tardy	2	0		2	0		4														
												PROMOTED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		RETAINED <input type="checkbox"/>							

**MARKING SYSTEM**

ACADEMIC	CHARACTER
A—Excellent	1—Excellent
B—Good	2—Average
C—Average	3—Needs Improvement
D—Poor	

Figure 3 - Struggling with Liberal Arts - 6/1998

### **Hated Music Lessons**

My father purchased my King Mortone string bass likely earlier in Eugene. I later used it for church orchestra events in Livermore, although it stood in the hall closet untouched for 25 years. The used market in 2015 for this laminated spruce top, maple back, stand-up string bass ran from \$2500 to \$3000 (H.N. White Serial #4397, 1961).

There was no orchestra. The string bass volume could not match the loud brass. The band teacher immediately assigned me as the only sousaphone. I could read bass clef and my protruding crooked front teeth precluded a smaller mouthpiece. I loved him for teaching me to play that fiberglass tuba. I happily could not lug the sousaphone home to practice and sounded tolerably passable in band class.

However, my teacher as a concert string bassist in the Honolulu Symphony became my private tutor at home. I hated to practice. I became passive-aggressive about both the lessons and practicing within earshot of my parents. I could have benefited much more from his tutelage with lessons and practice time far outside my home.

He was the second black person I knew. Having my father hire him explains a lack of bigotry on his part, which, by osmosis, rubbed off on me. Having both black men I ever met as accomplished musicians and authority figures profoundly influenced my racial worldview. They deeply cared about classical music done well by their young charges.

### **Reverse Bigotry**

Kailua became a wonderful place to explore but people made it dangerous. I never saw the issue of race being an issue within our family except with native Hawaiians, and even then, only due to us being targets of their bravado. Unprovoked nighttime beatings from Hawaiian toughs in Honolulu made front-page island news in 1967.

Natives called us ‘Howl-ee’ as a derisive term. The word haole means ivory colored person. It is a neutral term, but the tone of voice carried the intended negative meaning.

This reverse bigotry mostly appeared against those of us who were not tourists or sailors dumping cash into the economy. Having never seen, much less participated in bigotry, it came as a shock. My father worried about our safety all year. Aside from a few loose native bullies at school, I found no hostility from adults. I certainly had no bravado of my own. Perhaps I represented no threat as just a lanky boy enjoying the beach town.

### **Pacific War History**

Historical war knowledge became my passion. At the school library, I read voraciously about World War II and specialized in the Pacific Ocean Theater. I read details about specific battles at each Pacific island, about the role of each aircraft carrier, and about each of the major sea battles. Other boys spouted baseball statistics in 1968, but I knew the war records of the US Naval Pacific Fleet. I once knew all the carriers and battleships by name. It foreshadowed my nuclear weapons career and lifelong non-interest in sports.

## Surf and Sail

I loved to snorkel the clear warm Kailua Beach having a depth of ten feet or more. I could not dive that deep, but water clarity made it feel shallower. The white sandy floor sparkled and had a few colorful sea ‘cucumbers’. Back in 2005, there were still depths over six feet. By 2021, one can wade that entire area at only a three foot depth. My parents briefly drove me to swimming practice at a narrow lap pool. I still could not get physically strong enough to pass the attempted Red Cross junior lifeguard rescue tests.

Perhaps due to my Red Cross sailing card in Newport Beach and my father’s romance of sail, he purchased a used El Toro sailboat almost for my exclusive use. The sail had a red “shovel” emblem above a black “Y” (for Youth). A thin board slid into a slot as a keel.

This leaky dingy made for short distances. Thus, when I sailed down the canal from our back yard, I dumped out accumulated canal water on Kailua Beach. I next sailed the quarter mile to Popoi’a Island (called ‘Flat Island’), dumped out the salt water nearly to the gunnels on that exposed reef, and then sailed home. The speedy trip delighted me, even though it felt like sailing a bathtub full of water near the end of each leg.

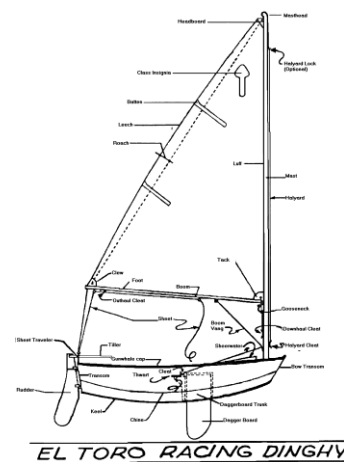


Figure 4 – Kaelepulu Canal (1968) and Profile (eltoroyra.org)

I more often sailed the El Toro near our back yard with a golf ball retriever. Lanikai Golf Course edged the opposite bank with dozens of balls landing in the canal. I think that my father sold the balls back to the Course. It kept me busy on weekends. That little sailboat became an extension of my body. I knew every quirky part of it by feel.

*The El Toro has become the most popular ‘dinghy’. Since 1936, a need called for a small inexpensive yacht tender and training craft. The design was based upon MacGregor Sabot plans (Rudder Magazine, 1939). They are satisfactory tenders and sprightly racers. Junior sailing programs developed many fine young captains. Often sailors ‘move up’ but many return to the lively tactical sailing provided by El Toro racing. The Small Boat Racing Association (SBRA) has gained many able sailors who started out in the El Toro.*

[www.eltoroyra.org/ET-History.htm](http://www.eltoroyra.org/ET-History.htm) (edited)

### Sea Explorers Ship #65

Ninth graders could join the ‘big kid’ vocational Explorers of the Boy Scouts. Sailing sweetened the deal although we rarely sailed. Navy Captain John Heath (retired) supervised our Sea Explorer Ship 65 “Kimo Wilder” as the most active ‘ship’ on Oahu.

The name ‘Kimo Wilder’ honored the original national director:

*Sea Scouts received an important boost in 10/1917 when James Austin (‘Kimo’) Wilder (a veteran sailor, global traveler, artist, and devoted Scout volunteer) became ‘Chief Sea Scout’ (director) of the Department of Sea Scouting of the Boy Scouts of America (BSA).*

*For several years, Wilder volunteered full-time for the Sea Scouts. He organized the scattered units into a national organization that generated widespread interest. Gathering the scattered experience and literature used in the program, Wilder supervised the first true Sea Scout Manual in 1919. - History of Sea Scouts (BSA)*

In 1967, unknown to me, many new changes using the 1966 Sea Explorer manual gave our ‘ship’ an exciting experimental air. The revisions attracted and retained members.

The name ‘Sea Explorers’ had a half-century history (edited):

*On 9/1/1949, the Sea Scouts officially became Sea Explorers for the next 50 years. In 1964, Sea Exploring revised requirements to incorporate some of the experimental vocational Explorer elements from the prior five years.*

*After extensive field-testing, the revised Sea Exploring program went into effect in 5/1966 with a new Sea Exploring Manual, written by Arthur Lindgren (who in 1968 became the overall national Exploring Division director).*

*In 1998, thirty years later, the overall Exploring program was reorganized to bring back its traditional Scouting programs, and Sea Exploring returned to its pre-1949 name of Sea Scouts. - History of Sea Scouts (BSA)*

The Explorer program was originally designed for boys only. Due to its vocational nature with no similar avenue within Girl Scouts of America, the Explorer program much later admitted girls as a co-ed program. The early nautical mindset of close quarters on a sailing ship made it not appropriate for mixing the sexes. Besides, our Sea Explorer units fully identified as Boy Scouts, where we learned to ‘man up’.

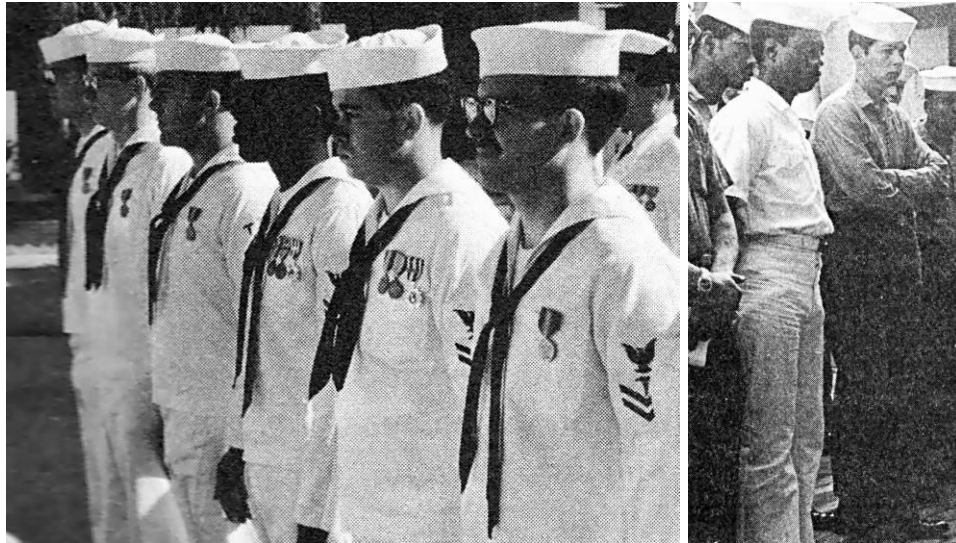
Our ‘ship’ met monthly at St. Christopher Episcopal Church, 93 North Kainalu Drive in Kailua. As my first cognitive experience within a church facility, a lightweight wooden lectern with an unadorned varnished cross (affixed to the front) held my attention. We never used that parish hall podium but moved it aside to set up our own equipment.

Stanchions holding white ropes marked the ship topsides with a forward flag/bell mast and side gangplank entry. Thus, this floor layout easily lengthened when more boys joined. A typical meeting included only 14 boys (7 on the starboard crew and 7 on port).



## Uniforms

Our skipper purchased our uniforms at the local PX (or ‘Exchange’, the general store for military personnel). Sailors (and Explorers) wore white bell-bottom pants, the pullover white long-sleeve jumper, the black rolled neckerchief, and the salt-water washable hat. We wore a chambray dungaree shirt for work parties. The US Navy converted in 1973 from the white jumper/bellbottom uniform to the “tropical white long” uniform.



**Figure 5 - Uniform Transition (Blue Jacket Manual 1973)**

L: Pre-1973 White Jumper – R: Post-1973 “Tropical White” and Dungaree

In Hawaii, we wore the officer “tropical white” short-sleeve shirt (no longer allowed). The right sleeve identified my crew (equivalent to a Boy Scout patrol) with a diagonal red stripe (port/left crew). The right pocket showed my role (Yeoman). The left pocket showed my rank (Apprentice) below the Small Boat Handler bar. The left sleeve sported the Aloha Council patch and our Ship number making this a truly Hawaiian shirt.



**Figure 6 - Yeoman and Apprentice Pocket Patches – 4/1968**

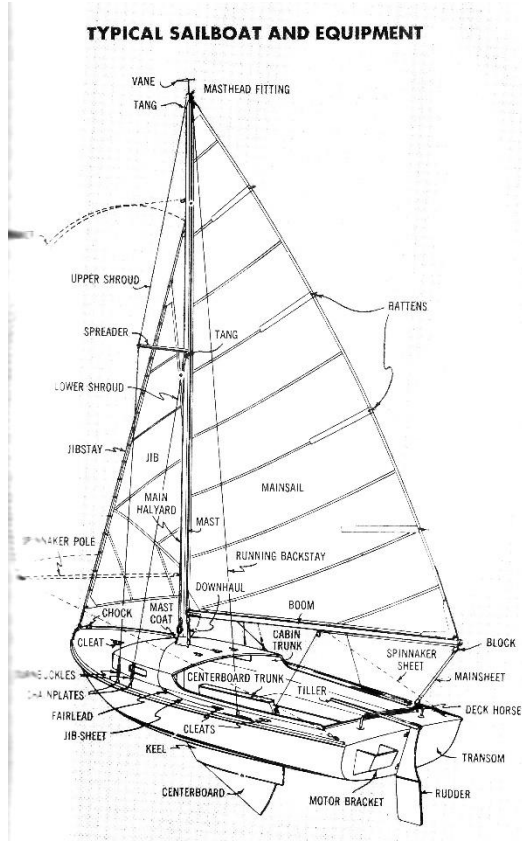
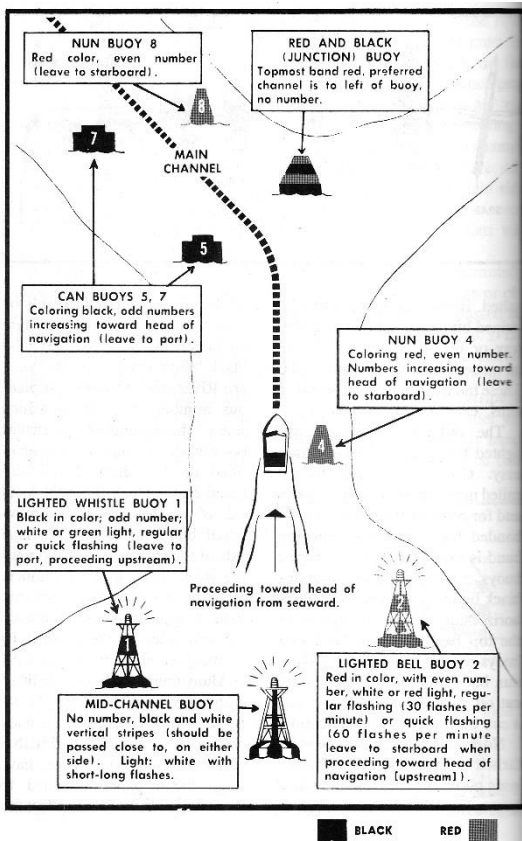
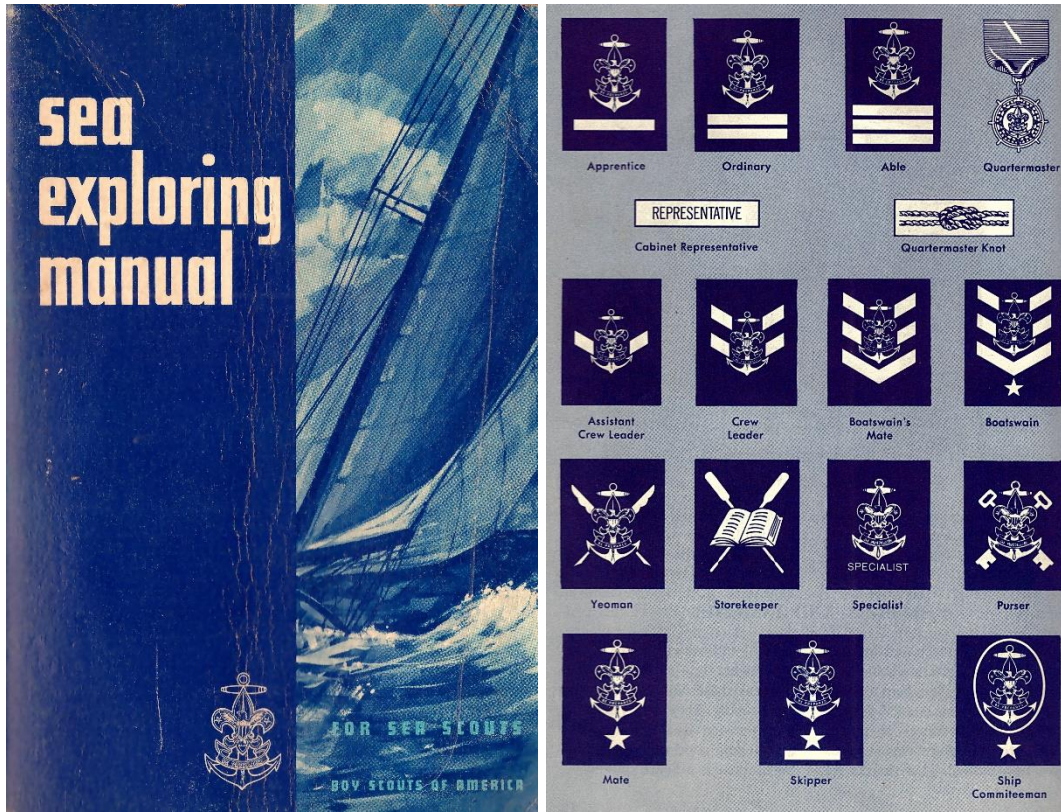


Figure 7 - Sea Exploring Manual, 8th Edition, 1966

### **Plebe Hazing**

For the New Year, during 1967 Christmas break, eleven of us flew to Hawaii (the ‘Big Island’) to walk the two-mile Pele’ Trail and view the freshly active volcano up close. We stayed at the Kilauea Military Camp dorms on the northeast rim of the caldera.

On that January trip, I disliked the sexualized overtones of the older boys and the overt pressure to drink beer and smoke. I dealt with a New Year bash by pouring my bottle into a planter (poor plant). I turned green appeasing a bully by taking a puff off his cigarette. After that night, the older students never again pressured me to smoke or drink.

The blame was not on the Scouts. Every youth group, even in churches, has wolves that introduce bad morals, especially when the ‘wolf’ is stronger, older, or more street wise.

However, I thoroughly enjoyed their Pina Colada made with rum. I perceived how my (presumed) Algonquin Seneca Indian forebears fell as prey to this sweet liquor. Most alcohol has no appeal, but rum or sweet desert wine in small amounts fits my taste. Although the ‘supervising’ adults encouraged usage by minors, I internally knew this behavioral path led to the lower classes. I easily detected who in the ship were destined to become stereotypical dockworkers apart from those with true potential as officers.

I became stronger holding my ground against older peers. That week at the volcano helped me discover points of temptation and the line to maintain my personal integrity.

### **Volcano Puts on a Show**

Walking across the floor of the volcano strongly appealed to my sense of adventure. The Pele’ trail starts as switchbacks down the east side of the caldron and wanders westerly over rough and otherworldly broken lava. The eruptions stayed within the fire pit but hot sulfur fumaroles steamed throughout the caldron. I did not know that I had witnessed the last eruption at Halema’uma’u (until 2018). For the past forty years, lava flowed from the southeast rift of the island. The tectonic plate moved miles west from the fire pit.



**Figure 8 - Pele Trail to Halema’uma’u Fire Pit - 1/1968**

With older teens Bottomley, Don Whitcomb (as Bosun), and Uschmann  
(Closed after 2018 eruption: Halema’uma’u Trail across caldera floor)

The Halema'uma'u Eruption of 1967-68, National Park Service (edited):

*During 10/1967, rapid swelling caused southeast Halema'uma'u to rise. At 1 am on 11/5/1967, fountains 50 to 60 feet high formed a north-south line across the crater floor, and lava poured out at a rate of 1.5 million cubic yards per hour. During the afternoon, fountains occasionally reached heights of 200 feet, and by midnight, the pool of new lava was over 100 feet deep. At 1 am on 11/6/1967, lava poured back into the vent. By mid-afternoon, the surface of the lava had lowered 45 feet, but a narrow ledge remained at the earlier high level.*

*As greater volumes of lava moved upward, a lava lake covered about 40 percent of the crater floor, and around the edges of the lake a levee was built that held the lake surface 20 to 30 feet above the floor. Occasional overflows sent tongues of lava over the floor outside the levee. This cycle of active fountains, a lava lake, followed by a drain back continued for 28 phases, each with the level of the lake surface showing a net rise and its overflows building up the crater floor.*



Figure 9 – Halema'uma'u of Kilauea – 1968 Phase 23 and dormant in 2005

Hawaiian Volcano Observatory reported (edited):

*The overall 251-day event (starting in 11/5/1967) saw a particularly large 80 million cubic meter flow [the last such event for this fire pit until 2018].*

[www.soest.hawaii.edu/GG/HCV/kil-hist.html](http://www.soest.hawaii.edu/GG/HCV/kil-hist.html)

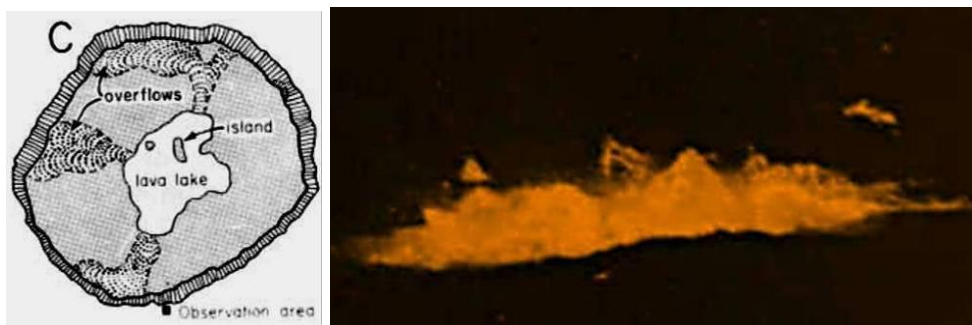


Figure 10 – NPS sketch and my close-up – 1/2/1968 midnight

### Unexpected Eruption in 2018

Per the National Parks website, my memories of parts of the Park were obliterated, covered, or destroyed in 2018. Anne and I visited in 2005 on our 30<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. I more fully describe her first trip to Hawaii and my first return as an adult in the *Isolation into Recovery* Chapter.

In 2005, we found a dormant volcano with all lava activity down at the end of Chain of Craters road. Earlier in the day, Anne, using her cane, lost her balance and fell on wet lava at Punalu'u Black Sands Beach breaking several fingers and wrist. Urgent medical care at nearby Pahala Hospital (a rural clinic) meant that we could only visit in the upper part of the park that evening. Anne insisted with gauze-wrapped knees and an arm-sling to visit this National Park.

We arrived at 4pm and caught the last video presentation of the day. We then raced around the 11-mile Crater Rim Drive, which fully encircled the caldera, briefly stopping at the Jaggar Museum (closed moments prior) to view from the north rim. At near dusk at the west rim, we walked out to the Halema'uma'u pit (see photo from 2005 above).

Thinking the main vent had migrated east (because the Pacific tectonic plate hosting the island had moved west), I fully expected the fire pit to remain dormant. However on 5/4/2018, a 6.9 earthquake, the biggest since 1975, shook the island.

[Two weeks later,] *“the summit area of the park was dramatically changed by tens of thousands of earthquakes, towering ash plumes, and a massive collapse of Kīlauea caldera. Damage to park infrastructure was severe and included wrecked buildings, massive rock falls, collapsed and cracked roads and trails, and numerous breaks to water and sewer lines.”*  
(<https://www.nps.gov/havo/recovery.htm>)

The lava flow obliterated most of the west half the Crater Rim Drive. Due to a major earthquake fissure, vehicles could not drive the south rim west to the fire pit, but a one-mile remnant of the road (now called Old Crater Rim Drive) re-opened to foot traffic by 11/2018. The Thurston Lava Tube after many safety checks re-opened in 2/2020.

By mid-2022, the awesome Halema'uma'u Trail across caldera floor (the former Pele' trail) remains closed indefinitely. On the north rim, the Crater Rim Drive terminates as a parking lot at the damaged Jaggar Museum, also closed indefinitely.

Walk With Me – Coming of Age

**Bridge of Honor**

The volcano trip completed my Apprentice Sea Explorer rank dated 1/5/1968 and awarded during the 58<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America and Bridge of Honor ceremony on 2/15/1968 at “eight o’clock post meridian”.



Figure 11 - Boy Scouts/Explorers - Oregon/Hawaii

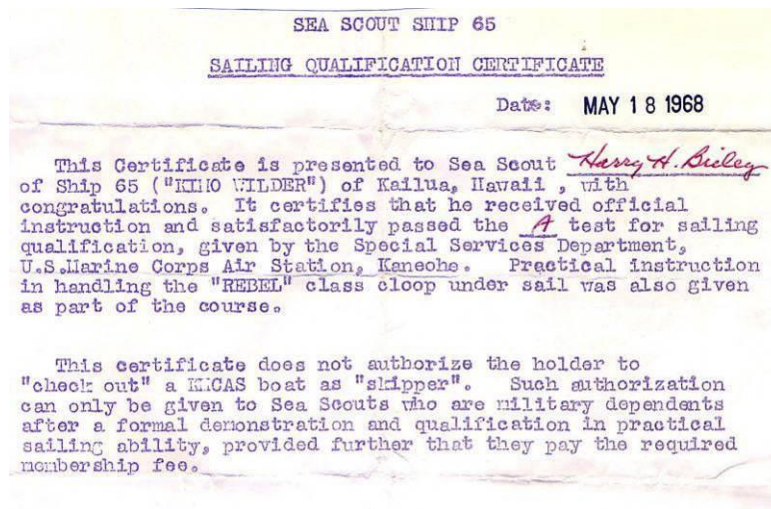


Figure 12 - Kaneohe USMC Air Station Sailing Test – 5/1968

### Sailing at Last!

We sailed two Cal-20 single mast boats for the 6/1968 overnigher. Each boat length fit poorly between the swells making me terribly queasy. Going below accentuated the nausea. When we dropped anchor in a shallow inlet on Oahu, most of us jumped into the shallows, and waded ashore to sleep on the sand. The moon brightly illuminated everything. We slept soundly and I felt as if we were in our own private island paradise.

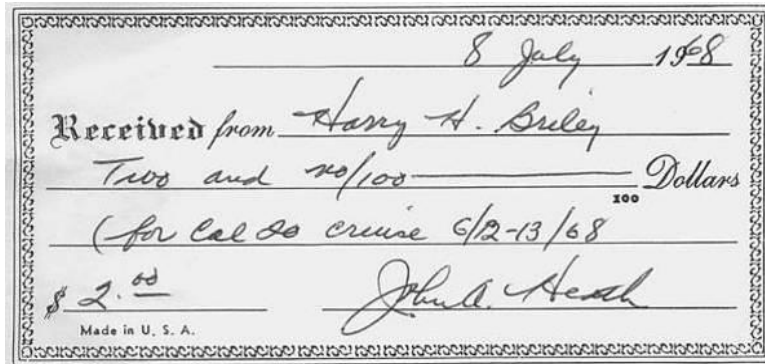


Figure 13 - 'A Two Dollar Cruise' - A lot of money in 1968

I enjoyed the deck caulking work party later on a two-master Ketch for the privilege to take her out to sea for one afternoon. The term 'British Tar' for a seaman became abundantly clear. The deep black tar used as caulking between the teak deck boards covered my pants and exposed skin. It wore off my skin only with time and never came off my clothes. The ship length meant that waves had no adverse effect. Its heft and speed under sail impressed me. My experience topside felt rapturous.

### Trusted are the Lonely

In 4/1968, I became Yeoman (Secretary) in Hawaii. (The Eugene Ship agreed and added the role of Purser (Treasurer) in 12/1968.) These forecast my future organizational roles.

I learned, partly through a Tony Hillerman murder mystery about New Mexico, that the outsider and trusted member of all parties cannot be a friend to any of the same parties. That isolation makes a treasurer not influenced by or beholden to competing interests. It oddly makes the most trusted person in an organization a loner and a bit friendless.

It makes it hard for that pinnacled person to trust anyone else, for by definition, whether false or borne by hard knocks, anyone else within the groups' mind had hidden agendas. Paradoxically, given that competency and aptitude were equal, the suspicious cautious person thus became the most trusted resource whatever the personal toll exacted.

This asymmetrical trust rolled forward into college where I sat several professor homes. That people intuitively trusted me with secrets and stewardship puzzled me. I honored and exceeded their expectations, but I did not actively seek it. It became my life-long nature perhaps because people saw me neither as a threat nor a burden.

### **Brothers and Christmas Puppy**

Being the oldest brother did not gain friends with my siblings. We rarely engaged each other. The Hawaiian outdoors called us daily to each his own drummer, barefoot and in shorts even on Christmas day. Christmas had no religious meaning to any of us other than as an annual source of toys to supplement our birthday loot. However, our beloved joint Christmas gift that year was a pedigree Basset Hound puppy named Grindl.



**Figure 14 - Hawaiian Christmas Puppy - 1967**

### **Porn in Paradise**

In Kailua, a friend tried to influence me with a soft pornographic magazine that he found somewhere. Captivated initially, I became bored within minutes since all the gray-tone portraits looked alike. The idea of looking at porn seemed absurd while living in a beach town which enabled minimal clothing. Bikini swimsuits while shopping and on the streets were the norm. Some women wore a wrap-around skirt with their swimsuit, which enhanced their beauty. Nudity in the magazine thus did not appeal to me.

Already before God activated me as a believer, his fingerprints on my soul protected me from pornography. He unobtrusively kept me sexually pure and reserved exclusively for my future spouse. No moral imperative from some authoritative source imposed compliance through an external means. God quietly engaged me from within.



**Academic Precursors**

The school administered two standardized tests to help measure student strengths and weaknesses. In the fall, my proclivity towards detailed number crunching and visualization topped out above the 95th percentile. The much lower mechanical aptitude and English percentiles confirmed that my career would not be in the trades or journalism (with 65th percentile for Spelling and 75th percentile for grammar: almost as bad as if writing, "*I are a programmer and by pencil I wrote it with.*")

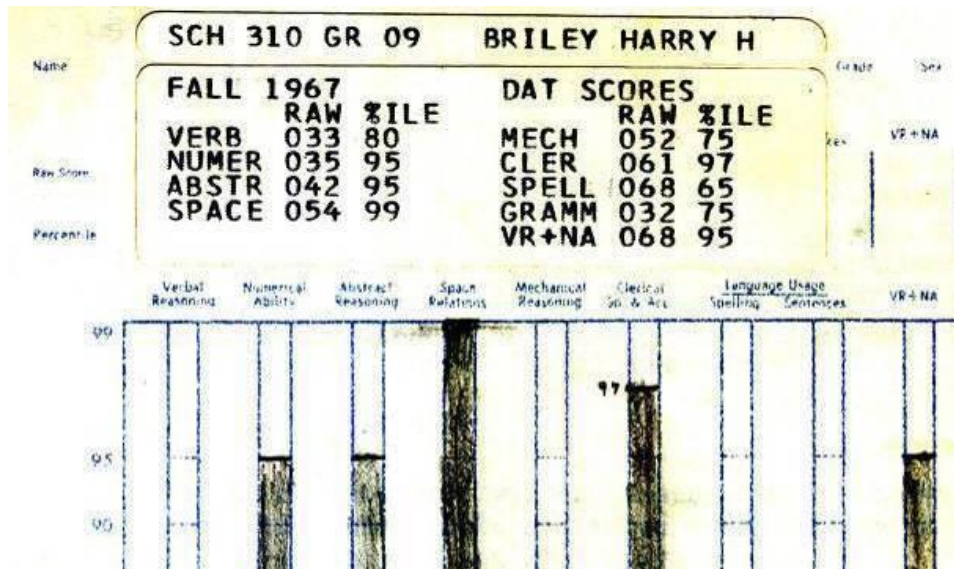


Table 2 - DAT Results - Fall 1967

In February, they administered the second half of the Sequential Tests of Education Progress (STEP) test for science and social studies. The first half occurred in September for reading, writing, and math. While above the 90th percentile among my peers in science and social studies, I still struggled as a competent listener!

KAILUA INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL  
 145 S. Kainalu Drive  
 Kailua, Hawaii 96734

SCORES FOR THE SEQUENTIAL TESTS OF EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS

SCH 310 GR 09		BRILEY HARRY H	
SPRING 1968			
	CONV	MID%	%BAND
SCIENCE	291	091	082-095
SOCIAL STUDIES	295	094	091-096
LISTENING	293	076	064-084

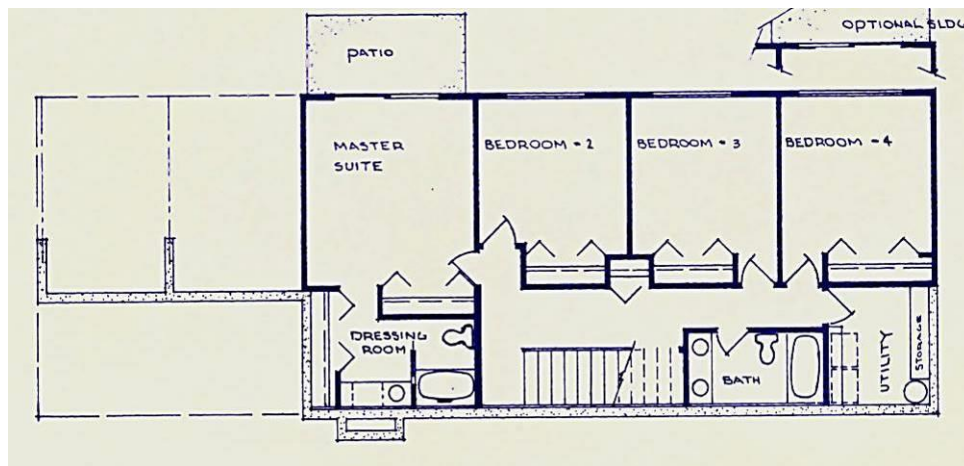
Table 3 - STEP Results – 2/1968

### 10<sup>th</sup> Grade, Donald Street, Eugene, Oregon

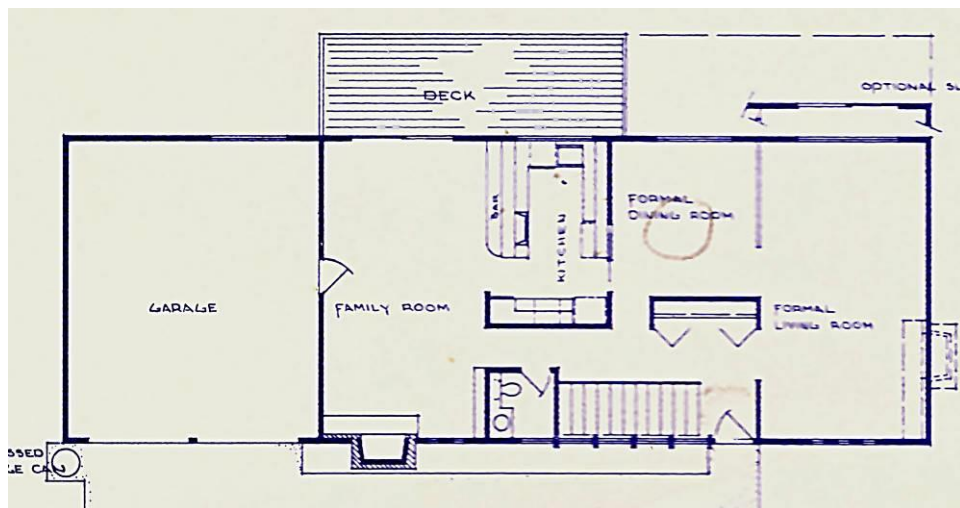
Although my father succeeded in stocks as a day trader in Hawaii, he took increasingly heavier risk. His builder/developer friend, Dairy Breeden, purchased our Barrett Street home and apparently encouraged our soon return to Eugene. We flew to Portland on 7/10/1968 at the exorbitant cost of \$110 per person (about \$1100 in 2014 dollars).

Our newly constructed two-story Breeden-home sat on a cul-de-sac located at 5315 Donald Street off Fox-Hollow Road in South Eugene. My bedroom in the basement floor had a full sliding patio door that opened onto the wooded downslope. The garage thus sat on the top floor. The cul-de-sac was too steep for either skateboard or bike.

Our stay in Eugene lasted only 6 months and ended at Christmas break. Therefore, my parents filed no tax return with the Donald address. The 1968 Tax Return made no reference of buying or selling the home. It might have been a rental from Mr. Breeden.



Map 3 - Monterey Bottom Floor (Breeden Brothers, 1968)



Map 4 - Monterey Top Floor (Breeden Brothers, 1968)

Walk With Me – Coming of Age

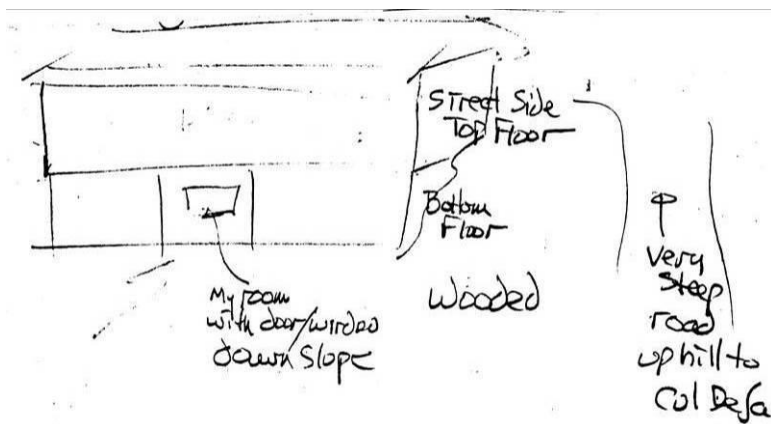
The top floor bathroom had a wide floor-to-ceiling amber window. Even in daytime, it gave no privacy. In the photo below, our bright orange hand towel is clearly visible hanging next to that window, making it the worst place to use the toilet, day or night.



Figure 15 – 5315 Donald St, Eugene - 1968



Figure 16 - The Monterey (Breedon Brothers, 1968)



Map 5 – Donald Street Site Position, Eugene

### Settling in Briefly

I transferred to a Sea Explorer Ship 200 at the Fern Ridge Reservoir, west of Eugene. Their overly boring lifeboat with oars was their so-called ‘ship’. They voted me in as their Yeoman (Secretary) in 10/68 and added Purser (Treasurer) for 12/68. Both roles ended when my family moved to Simi Valley during Christmas break.

I built a crystal radio kit, a 1968 birthday present, with downslope antenna wires in the trees. Even with those limits of my electronics skill, I enjoyed it more than buying a transistor radio. I am still amazed today that I heard broadcasts without electrical or battery power other than mere crystal resonance to nearby radio station waves.

I took the bus to South Eugene High School for that fall semester. Mostly I stayed home to study or once attended a school play in the evening. After I saw ‘Medea’, I decided that some Greek tragedies were exactly that and best left unperformed. The fascination within ‘Medea’ with the occult turned me off to that entire genre of theatre and literature.

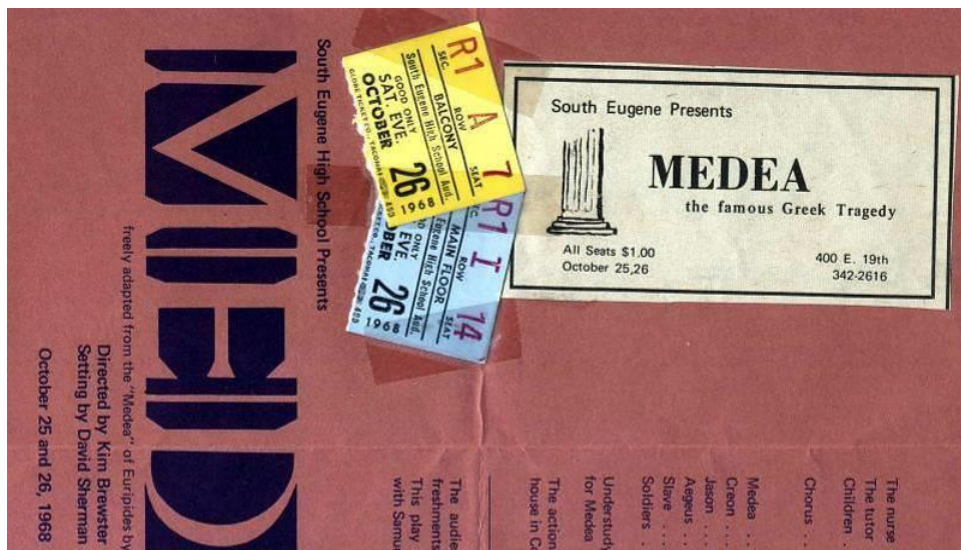


Figure 17 - Medea, South Eugene High – 10/26/1968

### Computer Club

Once again, I earned an A in math and a B in orchestra. I barely earned Cs in English and in a repeat of Spanish II. I got a B in World History probably because of my WWII naval interest. In spite of school courses, participation in a newly created after-school computer-programming club finally lit my academic fuse.

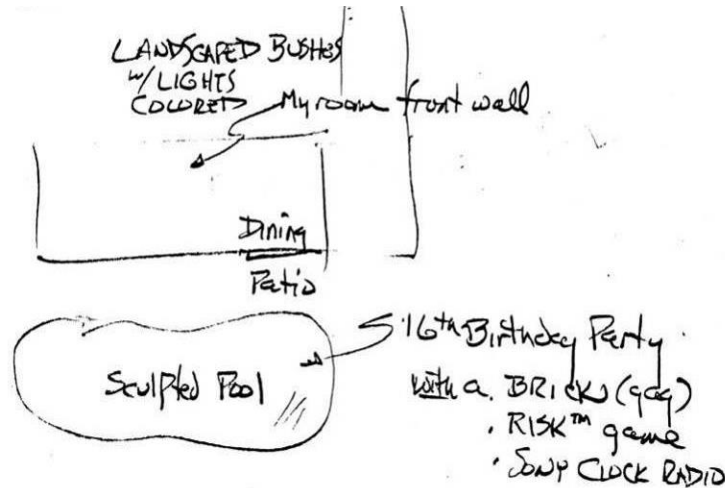
I wanted life grounded with reality. We learned to write programs in FORTRAN and had an old donated IBM 026 keypunch machine to punch our card decks. The teacher submitted them at the University of Oregon computer center downtown and brought back the results the following week. A single compile thus had a week turn-around time, but the idea of programming math problems as a 15-year-old set me on my career track.

### 10<sup>th</sup> Grade, Simi Valley, California

For reasons unknown, we suddenly moved to Simi Valley on 1/1969. My father listed himself as an investor. Our one story ranch-style home had a custom pool and nice multi-color floodlit landscaping in both the front and back yards. The pool held no appeal and I never swam laps, which probably significantly annoyed my father.



Figure 18- 1020 Vallejo, Simi Valley, California



Map 6 - Vallejo Street, Simi Valley - 1969

In 2021, John Satterthwaite found estate photos of our time at this home. At David's birthday party, both my father and I wear short-sleeve white shirts, a narrow tie, and a pen in our pockets. While I wore a tie every day during my 37-year career at Lawrence Livermore Lab, I only wore a tie in high school to perform in band and orchestra concerts. It perplexes me what prompted the look-alike formality for this family party.



**Figure 19 – Dress Ties at David's Birthday - 2/1969**  
L-R: Harry, Calvin, David, Michael, Barbara

The oleanders were in full bloom by our pool that fall. In this photo, I am stunned how skinny we looked. At 150 pounds, I seemed mostly elbows and ribs with no meat. We ate sufficiently but the schoolyard taunt of “beanpole” aptly fit me.



**Figure 20 - Skinny Teens – Late Summer 1969**  
L-R: Barbara, David, Michael, Harry

### Royal High School

Between semesters, I transferred to a newly built high school without a senior class. The school started with just the 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> grade. The ninth grade was still in Junior High. Thus, those first two classes built closer friendships without intimidating seniors on hand.



Figure 21 - Royal High (Briley) and Marquee (R. Sherwood) – 2013

The closed campus originally had no noticeable fencing facing Royal Avenue. There were decorative white cinder block screen walls with open passages, secured by gates. Simple chain link fence surrounded the rest of the site. By 2013, shiny black eight-foot wrought iron fencing funneled visitors to the Administration building and secured the site at night, but marred the street side image. Inside, the campus still appears open and airy.

The campus north/south central axis buildings included (top to bottom): Administration, Library, Cafeteria, and Gymnasium. Four square classroom buildings flanked that axis.

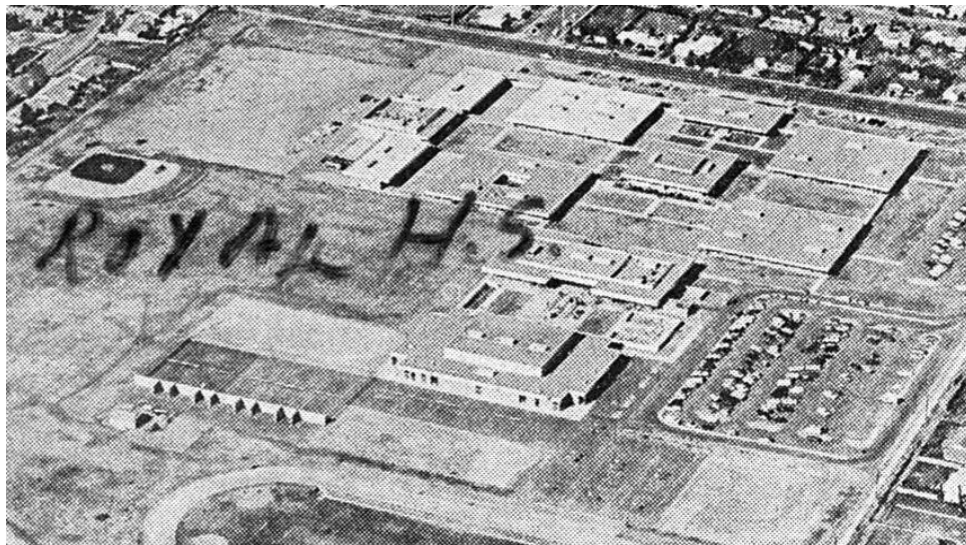


Figure 22 - Royal High School, Simi Valley (Enterprise 1971)  
[www.rhs.simi.k12.ca.us](http://www.rhs.simi.k12.ca.us)

### **Musician Community**

I made many friends among Symphonic Orchestra, Marching Band, Stage/Jazz Band, and Drama students. Our musician subculture became our peer identification as much as other students experienced within athletics.

The Symphony (strings and winds) originally wore marching band pants with a yellow stripe and black dress coat as school-provided uniforms. We wore regular black suits thereafter and saved the military stripe for our marching band uniform.



**Figure 23 - Symphonic Orchestra (1969 Yearbook)**

I detested Physical Education (PE) classes and performed abysmally in all sports. The common showers became an ordeal for a gangly non-athletic sophomore geek. I came in dead last on all track events as the only athletic team for which I qualified. After 10<sup>th</sup> grade, Marching Band happily took the place of the required horrid PE classes. We thus marched our rears off and each student passed the required California fitness tests.

### **Zits**

With the acne scene, my mother quietly purchased PhisoHex cleansing soap (by prescription I think) and I dutifully washed. I still had a moderate case of facial acne with a constant battle with pimples in college. Years later, my newly grown beard cleared up my facial complexion immediately. At age 60, I started getting pimples on my thinning scalp! Thus, I still have the grease that annoys hairless pores.

### **Simi, Simi Valley, and San Jose de Garcia de Simi**

[This Mexican rancho of] *more than 100,000 acres, belonged to various members of the Pico clan. The last word [Simi] is an Indian word meaning “village”. It endures in both the name of the valley and settlement within Ventura County.*  
California Spanish Place-Names, Marinacci, 1980, page 113



### School not as it appeared

There were generic sub-communities (or circles) that made up the campus population, as common to overall humanity. Besides the classrooms in which these circles intersected, the personal lives behind the varied student masks fell into broad categories regardless of their normally identified cliques.

While not a social scientist, I designed multi-variable computer models. As a draft model, I split apart three variables: moral governance (internal/external), commitment to that governance (high/low), and cultural voice of authority (theological/humanist). This yielded eight overlapping circles. The overlap occurs because people hold a mixture of these variables. My model explicitly has a continuum along the governance variable.

Governed by:	Inner Compass	Inner Compass	External Rules	External Rules	<b>1969-1971</b>
Commitment:	High	Low	Low	High	<b>Model %age</b>
Theological	<i>Sage</i>	<i>Good Citizen</i>	<i>Libertine</i>	<i>Religious</i>	60%
Humanist	<i>Philosopher</i>	<i>Libertarian</i>	<i>Libertine</i>	<i>Politician</i>	40%
<b>Model %age</b>	10%	40%	40%	10%	

**Table 4 - Morality Model**

Besides the known drug sales on the football field, there was rot in other aspects within the school. One contact during my 2013 research identified an inherently dangerous circle in the schools as way beyond ‘Peyton Place’ (a TV soap opera of that era). This circle (low commitment to externally defined morality) exhibited behaviors that have made the print media for centuries and the visual media for decades.

Even in 1969-1971, one contact identified inappropriate student-teacher sexual contact including cougar behavior and man-boy homosexual activity, alcohol use by minors, narcotics traffic (as mentioned), and other chargeable offenses. My observations as a young student were naïve. I assumed the best in people unless proven otherwise.

I did not think myself as Pollyannaish. However, I misinterpreted standoffish behavior from some circles as aloofness instead of that they saw me as ‘too straight to associate’. My interests were not what the majority of students considered edgy or risky fun.

### Tough Guys

The bathrooms were terror zones for smoking by the worst students. I learned to take care of bodily needs before and after school. A vocational institute could have better served these lost students. In the past century, a student earned the right to go to High School. Most worked as day laborers after the eighth grade. There is merit in that former system. It puzzled me that bullies gyrated towards those easily intimidated by brute strength. Being fleet of foot kept me safe. Maybe practice with the track team paid off.

### Earliest Friend

Within the first week at Royal, Ron Palmer either attended a common class with me or I wandered into his Chess Club. This aspect surfaced after he contacted me at age 60 with questions about school days. In my archival boxes, I found a drawing proving that he began corrupting me immediately with his perspective line art in my steno notepad.

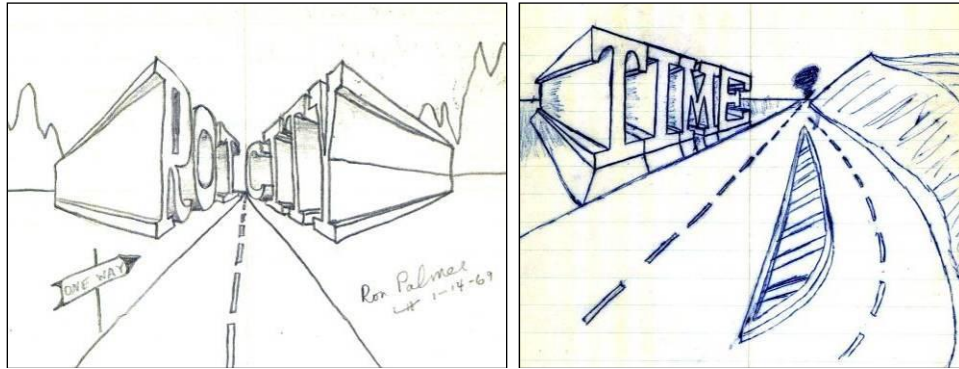


Figure 24 - Perspective Drawings (L: Ron 1/14/1969) - (R: Harry 1/30/1969)

Proof of the friendship is that two weeks later, I offered my own version. My drawing had the unwritten title of "You can't bypass Time." I studiously followed Ron's guide but made a 15-degree off-center vanishing point and added foundation pads under my letters. It had all the marks of friendly one-upmanship throughout high school.

Ron replied (edited):

*Yes, it is interesting to see how soon we bonded. I took a beginning drafting class (mechanical drawing) in my first semester, so by the time you arrived, I had a lot of recent practice, enough to dash it off on notepad paper like that.*

*We both recognize some kernel of similar outlook upon which an enduring friendship is constructed and celebrated. I found a handful of friends over which time [becomes suspended]. If communication stops, we pick up later right where we left off. The mutual respect and affection is just there, spontaneously.*

In 11/2013, Ron and I met fresh for the first time after 42 years. We had spent that summer working out respective memories about Royal High, thus including material in this chapter. A photo shoot together at Newport Beach brought back many memories.

Ron agreed saying:

*I think the photos of you running back from your elementary school and running down to the water edge are very good. It is wonderful to see a grown man excited by what he is doing. Nostalgia trips home are not everybody's cup of tea, but I think that is where we are much alike. I traipse around Simi Valley like that.*

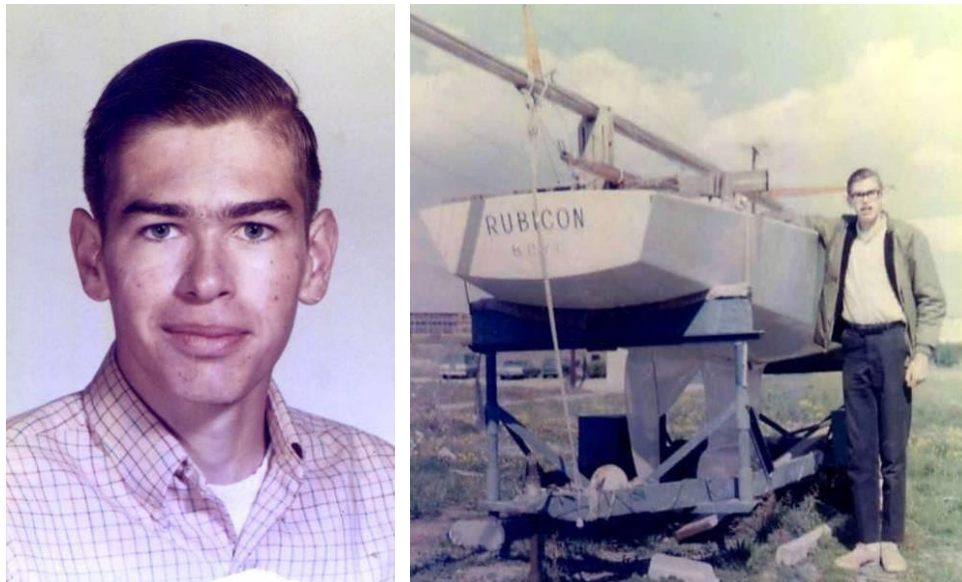
### **Opening Bible for First Time**

I began to struggle with an uneasy sense of distance from God. He seemed to use the low self-confidence of young teens to bring me to himself. I easily remembered the wonder year as a nine year old and that misplaced New Testament, which remained unread. My parents gave me a thin full Bible from my namesake grandfather, Harry Wilson. It had India ink, elegant thin pages, and gold gilt edges. He never used it.

I made the same mistake of many novices by starting from the front of the book. After I had read the Torah (Pentateuch, the first five books written during Moses lifetime), I felt guiltier and more distant from God than before I started reading. Whoever this God was, I could not possibly measure up. That specific message I got loud and clear. I did not return to the Tenach (Old Testament) until late in college. Had I turned a single page into the adventures of Joshua, my scriptural resistance might have melted years earlier.

### **Rubicon –Boat that Never Sailed**

That summer, my father bought a keel-based racing sailboat that needed ‘some’ repair. He had a love affair with the ocean but had no stable income to fulfill his dreams. After his short-lived hope of buying a minesweeper in my sixth grade and unable to pay high monthly dock fees, I suspect he felt that towing a sailboat to water would save money.



**Figure 25 – End of Tenth Grade 5/1969 – Rubicon 8/1969**

The name of Rubicon seemed prophetic. The shell rotted earlier at the stress points holding the heavy cast iron keel. My father did not have the ability or time to repair it. He stored it in the back yard of our future residence on Marcella Drive. He disassembled it and kept the pieces a long time. I took the deck compass to college as a conversation piece. David said our father later stood the boat body on end as a sort of kid clubhouse.

### Summer Teenage Drama Workshops

During the summers, the Drama department took over the sunken outdoor ‘quad’ behind the Library, using the Cafeteria deck as the stage for a Broadway Musical with a pit orchestra. The audience sat in chairs on the grass between the two elevated buildings.

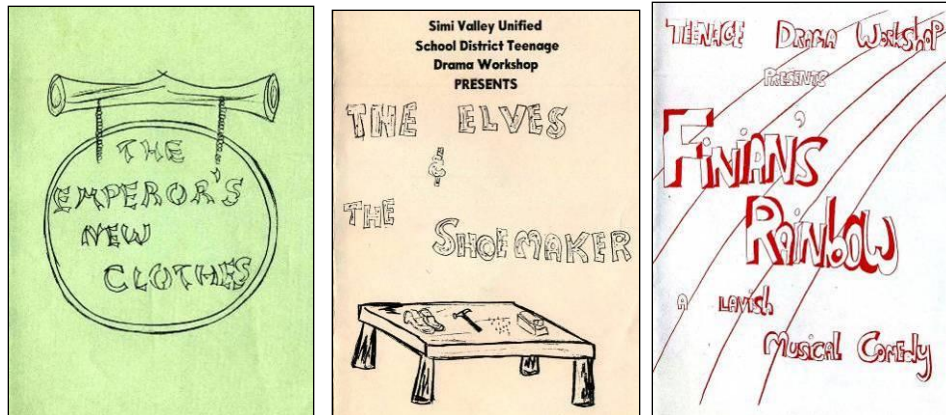


Figure 26 - Pit Orchestra for Three Plays – July-August 1969

In the 1969 pit orchestras, I thought “Finally, real music for a stage production.” Mr. Dean Immel, of Simi Valley High School, conducted using thick scores from hand-inked originals and not from machine printed versions. I enjoyed seeing margin notes from prior Broadway string bass players. That summer bordered on insanely exhilarating fun.

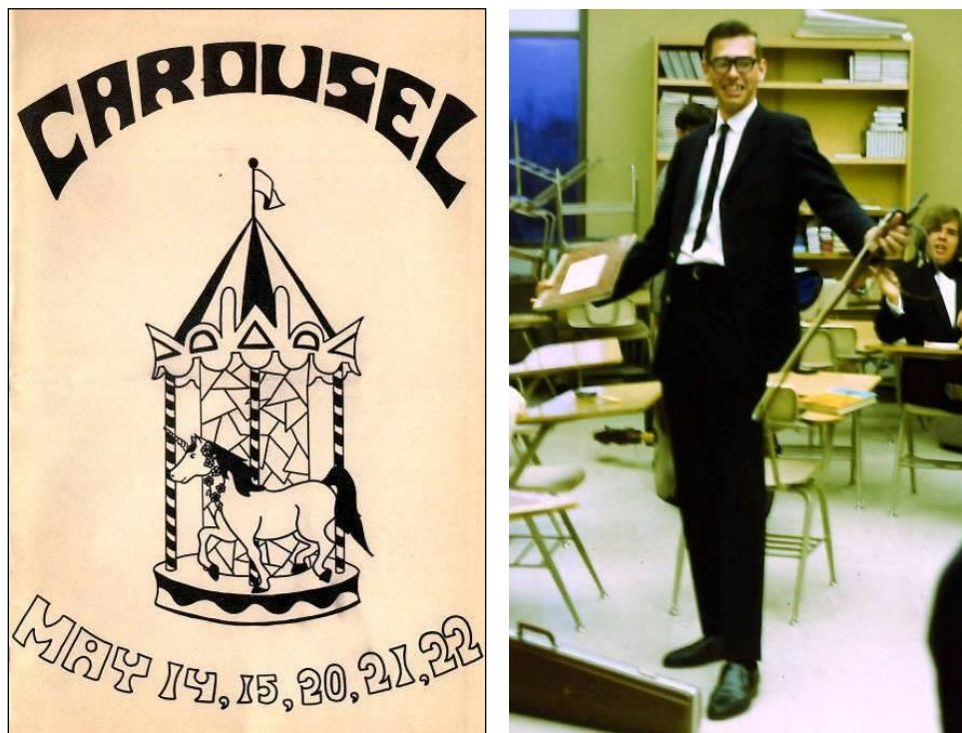


Figure 27 - Look out Broadway! (R. Palmer 5/1971)

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

The 1970 Drama Workshop put on the musical *Oliver!* while I worked in Malibu. However, upon return to Simi Valley, I wiggled into the final show as a stagehand in exchange for watching it free from backstage. Tickets cost \$1 (three gallons of gas) but I felt that I needed every dollar for living expenses in college.

The spring 1971 school-year musical *Carousel* involved only the Royal High music and drama departments but became as large a production as the earlier summer workshops.

In the photo above, I wear a school-owned black suit, as their orchestra uniform. I felt as skinny as my string bass bow. My King Mortone bass lies on its side behind me. My parents were glad to see it get some legitimate use. My mother hauled it in the Vista Cruiser station wagon. My father never attended any of my musical events.

The Symphony Orchestra class watched the film version to learn how the music should sound. I am somewhat tone deaf, which made playing challenging as my strings adjusted to outdoor temperatures. The cooling evening forced us to re-tune after Intermission.

*"Mr. Briley, bring that note up a quarter-step NOW. You are out of tune!"*

Ron Palmer and I created a PowerPoint presentation in 2013 with stage photos and scanned images of every page of every known drama program held at Royal High from 1969 to 1972. Ron realized that he would not become a life-long thespian, and turned to a writing career. Likewise, I would never be a Broadway musician. Yet the Summer Teenage Drama/Music Workshops greatly enhanced both our lives and overall maturity.

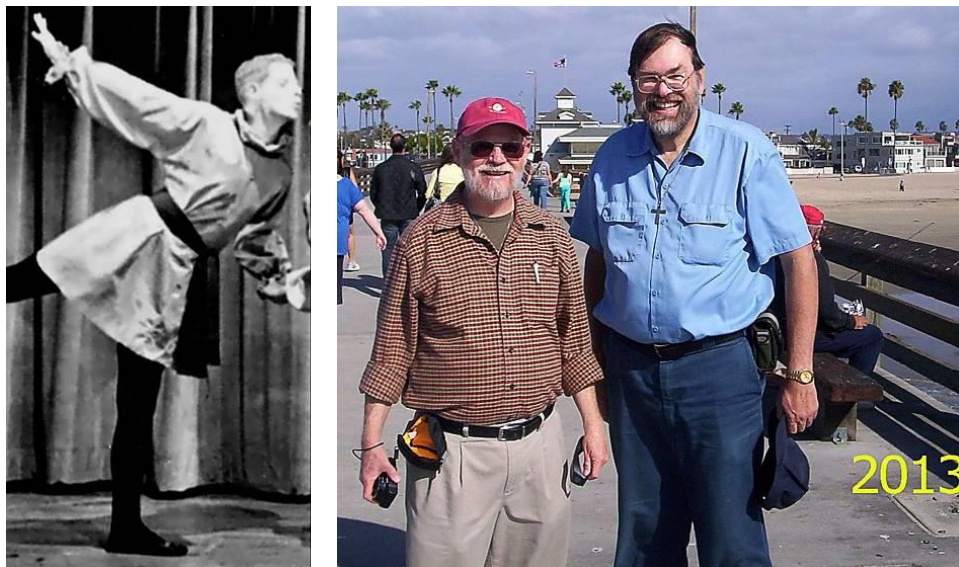


Figure 28 –Ron Palmer (1970 Yearbook) and Reunion (R. Sherwood 2013)

### First Birthday Party with Friends

At age 16, I had friends for a birthday party for the first time. Set on 9/9/1969 as an afternoon pool party followed by a 6:30pm dinner, I made invitations to look like chess pieces and delivered them by bicycle around town. The wholesome party came with three memorable gifts. My parents gave me a Sony wood-cased radio/alarm clock with mechanical flip-over numbers that I used until it fell apart after college. A senior gave me the Parker Brother game of 'RISK', which saw continual play during high school. A close friend gave me a brick in a beautifully wrapped box. He feigned a stumble and dropped it into the pool. I jumped in quickly to rescue it. The joke was on me and the guests autographed the brick, now hidden away lost in a storage box somewhere.



Figure 29- Poolside family in Simi Valley - 1969

Without that brick, I have no record of who attended among those invited. I believe Tim Quilici (Cello) gave the brick. I kept only four table place settings from Bob Wild (Chess Club), Edwin Rinke (Violin), Doug (Andrews? of Drama Workshop), and Karl (Ayerle?). I drew each chess piece with an aspect that I found humorous but did not intentionally tie any piece to a specific person, I drew the humor first and added the names later.



Figure 30 - Birthday Place Settings – 9/1969

## 11<sup>th</sup> Grade, Simi Valley, California

### A Move across Town

In 10/1969, early in my 11<sup>th</sup> grade, we moved across town to a two-story home with more space minus the pool and fancy landscaping. It gave our Bassett Hound dog Grindl a place to romp. The garage stored my father's Shopsmith lathe, which I used for turning the blocks of walnut wood from an unfinished eighth grade project into nice table legs.



Figure 31 - 1787 Marcella, Simi Valley

We brothers had three bedrooms that faced the back yard, Michael at the top of the stairs near the garage, David in the center, and mine at the end of the hallway over our parent's bedroom. The upstairs bathroom gabled window faced the street, exposed for neighbors to view. The sloping roof gave me extra floor space in my closet for storage behind the clothes rod. My father bought a formal executive desk for me that fit nicely beneath my windowsill. That desk became my "office" and heavily used for homework. I kept my room uncluttered, papers in the desk file-drawers, and made my bed up before school. My mother said I began young re-folding my laundry to my liking before putting it away.

David remembered a pool table owning the living room. Though unused, he watched us local teenagers play. I forget playing pool but recall that we indeed had that pool table.

My father gave me his 1963 Oldsmobile Delta 98. He drove me in this car to my eighth grade music camp. I have no idea where he stored it for the past three years. I fawned over that car and cared for it well, but I could not afford the gas. Even at 30 cents per gallon during the "gas war" that year but 8 miles per gallon, it mostly sat in the driveway. I easily bicycled the two miles to Royal High. When I left for college, I gave the car back to my parents. It garnered about \$300 for them.

### Chess Club

With no computer club at Royal, I joined the chess club back in 1/1969. Ron Palmer became the first club president and a competitive mentor. The better players attended the Los Angeles Open Championship, but none placed that first year.



Figure 32 - Ron Palmer at Chessboard (Palmer 1970)

Ron recounted his decline in chess skills in 3/2014 (edited):

*In the Royal Chess Club, I was a decent player, although unrated. I confidently played with my share of wins.*

*During my first year of college in East Texas, I found it surprisingly difficult to find anybody to engage in chess. They played bridge. I played through games (in old [UCSF descriptive: WP-K4] notation) in magazines and books, trying to keep my skills alive. I can count on fingers and toes the number of matches played with a live opponent those four years.*

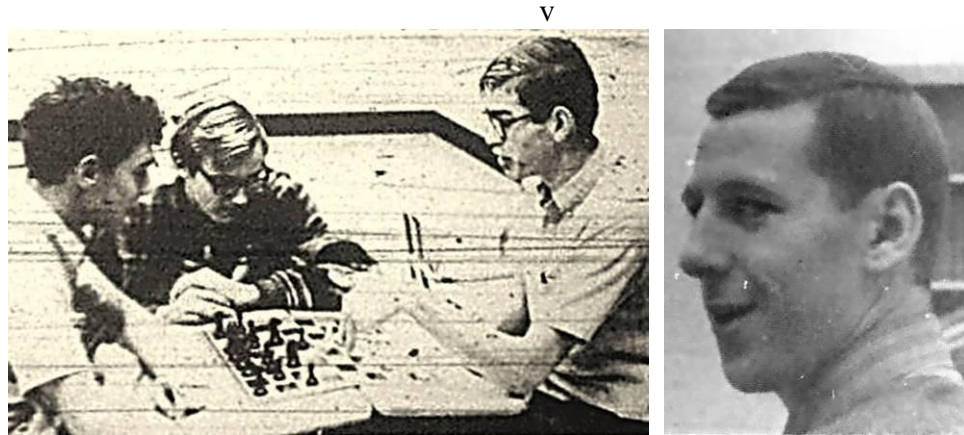
*I wish they retained the old notation. I could follow that in my head fairly well without a board. I have not made the mental leap to the [International Algebraic] notation. When I rarely play out a written game, that notation hobbles me.*

*I rarely play chess on my computer. When it quickly trounces me at the beginner level, it does not do much to rekindle my interest in the game of kings. I still cherish what chess meant to me in my teens, and sometimes think with some decent competition during college, I might have excelled at it. When you see how my skills have atrophied, you can join me in a good, hearty laugh!*



## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

I forget how I became president/treasurer for both my junior and senior year, but this meant attending and organizing tournaments. I thus wrote for the Bagpipe Banner (a twice-monthly insert in the Enterprise newspaper) and attended the Student Senate.



**Figure 33 – Spring Chess (Dave Dixon 1970) – Mr. Ring (1971 Yearbook)**  
With stronger players Perry Wechter and Greg Cooper (L-R) – Bagpipe Banner

Mr. Stanley Ring was our advisor. Five of us attended an invitational meet among 51 high schools, the third annual Los Angeles County Open Scholastic Chess Championship held on 12/22/1969 at Birmingham High in Van Nuys. We held separate tournaments with Agoura High (1/1970) and Moorpark High (2/18/1970).



**Figure 34 – Timed Spring Tournament at Royal (R. Palmer 1970)**  
Paired against Perry Wechter, who later received a trophy from Mr. Ring

About a third of the chess club members attended either music or drama classes and cross-linked with other academic (non-sports) campus clubs.

V



## Chess

Harry Briley, President  
 Richard Aguirre  
 Brad Bakove  
 Rod Bates  
 David Bishop  
 Frank Blake  
 Scott Boyers  
 Michael Burckley  
 Albert Cervantes  
 Mike Coffman  
 Kenneth Conner  
 Greg Cooper  
 Howard Davis  
 Greg Eggerman  
 Jay Einstein  
 Mike Frazier  
 Tom Harrel  
 Steve Harrison  
 Dan Hawkins  
 John Hummule  
 Mike Lapasinski  
 Matt Lipman  
 Kim Mason  
 Jim Meredith  
 Ron Palmer  
 Tim Staller  
 John Stevens  
 Jay Thomas  
 Perry Trein  
 Mr. Ring, Advisor

Figure 35 - Chess Club – Spring (1970 Yearbook)

Two of my news articles listed seven of our 33 or so members in 1970. These were Don Ainslie, David Bishop, Greg Cooper, Bob Patterson (not in yearbook), Perry Wechter (in the yearbook photo but not named), Bob Wild (not in yearbook), and myself.

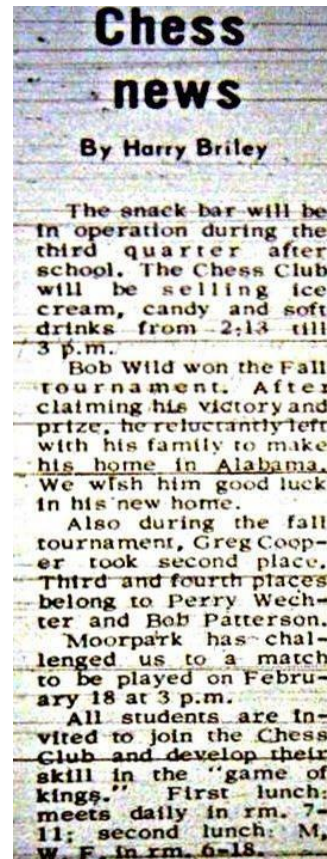


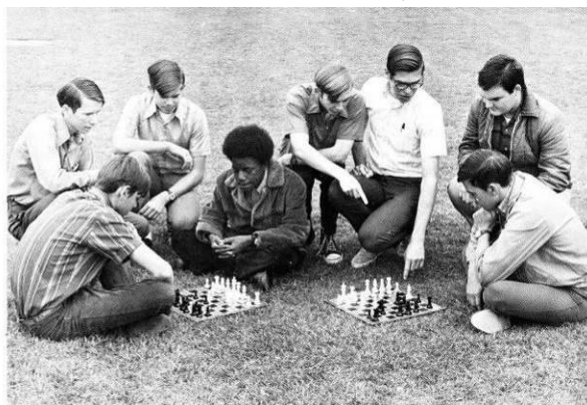
Figure 36 - Chess Team Wins at Spring Tournaments (Bagpipe Banner 1970)

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

The club raised funds for away tournaments by staffing the campus snack bar and donated excess money for school landscaping in 1970. Even though an introvert, this trusted role and interacting with customers became a precursor for future college roles.

Advisor Mr. Stan Ring  
Supervisors Mr. Hitt and Mr. Regalado  
1st Lunch  
Tom Calder  
Doug Canfield  
Mike Moore  
Bob Burk  
Dennis Harvey  
Ken Conner  
Les Mackey  
Charles Embry  
David Tullis

2nd Lunch  
Dave Bishop  
Harry Briley  
Albert Cervantes  
Ralph Esau  
Ken Hill  
Howard Pack  
Greg Seaton  
Jim Sinclair



Two lunches have split the club so that each lunch has a separate club. First lunch in 7-8 is highly active and many students are finding a relaxation from the rigors of school. Second Lunch meets in 6-8 and is holding a continuing tournament that ranks the top ten players.

**Figure 37 – Two Chess Clubs (1971 Yearbook)**

On second board (L-R): Dave Bishop, Self, Ken Hill

Ron correctly described my newfound situation with, “*Hi, I am your friendly itinerant ectomorph!*” (He wrote in 2013 that, “*I heard Gary Owens saying that as one of the on-air personalities at KMPC, and I was a major fan of his love of odd words and phrases.*”)

### Other Chess Mates

While not trying to tell other people’s stories, four chess companions stand out with attributes that drew me as a magnet, which I carried into adulthood. The highly competitive or aloof players did not appeal to me. They won games but lost friends.

Albert Cervantes earned a scholarship to Stanford University in 1971 and we thoroughly enjoyed our chess games. Evenly matched, we played for enjoyment and not for competition sake. He was openly friendly but had a demure personality culturally common to college-bound Hispanics. He would never admit to being a brain, much less brag about his achievements, but he was clearly in the top 1%, maybe higher.

Al Cervantes (BA in Economics at Stanford, MBA at UCLA) had been the Chief Financial Officer for several companies. He wrote in March 2014 (edited):

*I still have the chess book I won by beating a USCF master. It remains one of life's great mementos, but that was long ago and far away. I gave up chess in 1993 after dinner at a friend's home. Kevin their 8 year old was learning and would appreciate a game. He cleaned the board in 30 seconds.*

*Each five succeeding games lasted longer than before, but I was systematically destroyed losing a dollar a game. I finally won game six since the pressure of double or nothing caused him to fault and cry. My family sided with Kevin and I gave him the \$10. I was 1-5 in less than an hour with my ego destroyed.*

*I have not played since. Kevin is a rated USCF master now.*

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

David Bishop had a gentle disposition and was smart as a whip. He never felt he had to prove himself and probably became a CEO. We were constantly helping each other in our chess games, “*Go back, that move puts you in jeopardy.*”

Matt Lipman in Marching Band was a gregarious talker being a younger sibling. He played chess for enjoyment but was thoroughly competent in his games. I looked forward to our matches. If he beat me, he made it seem like a happy favor. He never acted condescending which significantly impressed me.

Dan Hawkins played trombone in Marching Band and violin in Orchestra. We were both in the CSF. He was a competent chess player and a math whiz. He gladly talked but did not initiate the conversations. He was a doer and not a talker. He became an unsung senior employee creating useful software that only handfuls know how to do.

In 6/1972, Dan wrote in the Class of 1971 Newsletter:

*Praise the Lord for the good life that He is giving to the body of Christ, which is still here on earth! I just really thank the Lord for letting us live in a time, which is so close to His coming again, and letting us share what a great life Christ can give even through all the problems. I find myself at Westmont College ending my first year with just a few weeks left until finals. Lord willing, I will continue my studies here in the fall. All praise to Yahweh.*

He confirmed my perceptions in 2/2014 (edited):

*You are definitely correct as to my being a doer and not a talker. I was a math major at Westmont [a Christian college] for 3 1/2 years and then transferred to CSU, Northridge for my BS in Computer Science. I spent three years in seminary and preparation for missions with a year in Costa Rica for language school.*

*My career is with Made2Manage, an Enterprise Resource Planning software system for small to mid-size manufacturers. I was the third employee in this start-up and headed up the original development. At one point, I managed 50+ folks.*

*Ten years ago, we were bought out. Most development moved to Bangalore India where I trained our replacements. The Lord provided for our needs in many ways even though I helped others become monetarily rich instead of myself! ☺*

Christine, Dan’s future wife, played flute in the marching band. Through research for this chapter, I met Dan and Christine at their home in northern Indiana in 2016. We last met 45 years earlier. We compared notes about school, faith, and raising children and grandchildren in the rural farmland of Indiana (versus Simi Valley).



**Figure 38 - Christine and Dan Hawkins, Winona Lake, IN - 6/2016**

### **Social Studies Simulation**

My favorite part of Social Studies included the role-playing game of real countries with various resources and armies. We made alliances, decided when to make war or do our best to sue for peace. While similar to the Parker Brother game of RISK, this paper-based simulation required balancing multiple parameters and negotiations.

We wound up making an intractable mess along with painful experience (as a game) with a supposed ally stabbing me in the back. Traces of that experiential multi-variable simulation appear throughout my degree disciplines and career with computer modeling for the Navy and for business queuing theory.

### **High Strung Teenager**

While academically strong, I was a high-strung teen. Driving practice on the Ventura Freeway made me tense up, especially speeding up the on-ramp hoping that the traffic would leave an opening for me. The slow lane hit the 70 mph speed limit during school hours and we did not dare ask the higher speed of those in the left-most lane.

Once, looking over my shoulder to change lanes, my 20/400 glasses flew into the students in the back seat. Ack! I became nearly blind, driving 70 mph on a busy freeway. Getting a deserved ‘F’ became the least of my worries. I failed but lived.

I found a perfect kinship within the Chess Club with matches against other schools. It felt calming, intensely mental, logical, logistical, orderly, and experimental. However, I got overly competitive with Monopoly, Stratego, and especially RISK. Once, at Aunt Velma’s home, I became a bit too uppity in a game of RISK and both families made an alliance against me. It was not a pretty scene. I got angry about them singling me out as the joint target and stomped off in an unsportsmanlike huff.

### **Future Career Connections**

RocketDyne (North American Rockwell) had stationary rocket engine tests in the Santa Susanna hills that rumbled and rattled windows. Some towns have trains or airports. We had rocket engines. Point Magu held nighttime launches from Vandenberg Air Force Base near Ventura. These generated multi-color vapor trails as the missiles streaked to the Kwajalein Islands (where earlier nuclear tests occurred). Many people stood out in the streets in Simi Valley during a late evening launch to ‘ooh and ahh’ over the colors.

These missile activities did not influence my career. Even so, they fit my interest with the WWII Pacific Theater, the awe of the Gemini and Apollo programs of NASA, and watching the grainy black and white televised images of the first landing of man on the moon in 7/1969. These branches of applied science appealed in my 1969-1970 school year. While I already decided to pursue a computer degree, I could not imagine my real career direction within that discipline. I considered the Navy ROTC or the Coast Guard while hovering around their recruiting displays at parades. My tall height eliminated the Coast Guard and submarines. My dismal 20/400 eyesight eliminated me from flying.

### **Environmental Time Bomb**

Behind the glamour of rocketry and nuclear energy, nearby Santa Susanna (a formerly remote open space) held a devastating 6/1959 secret. A nuclear reactor malfunction caused the operators to release a radiation cloud that covered the southwest corner of Simi Valley. Ron Palmer’s father worked on the sprawling site and knew of (or participated in) open pit trash burning of chemicals (an unsafe toxic waste disposal).

The suspicion of an averted major disaster in 1959 and mounting evidence was first investigated in 1979. A yearlong Los Angeles news investigation by Joel Grover and Matthew Glasser in 2015 presented continuing problems and refusals for remediation. A Jewish summer camp (not the one I attended, but which Joel Grover did) had heavy metal isotopes and radioactive pollution flowing downhill from the hilltop research site.

After delays, the Department of Energy (DOE) cleaned up the acres hosting the test nuclear reactors. However, the series of commercial owners of the bulk of the property avoided acting upon chemical spills from the thousands of rocket tests and the burn pits. Now, instead of isolated acreage, housing developments are creeping up the hill towards the former test site. See: [www.data.nbcstations.com/national/KNBC/la-nuclear-secret/](http://www.data.nbcstations.com/national/KNBC/la-nuclear-secret/)

In my career with the DOE, I knew about a Super-Fund that attacked the most onerous Cold War chemical spills and radiation contamination. I knew about Hanford, Rocky Flats, Savannah River, but never realized Simi had such a site in need of a deep scrub.

My short duration as a high school student on the far end of the valley limited my exposure. However, those who grew up as children or lived their whole lives nearest the site needed closer health monitoring than provided the past six decades. While not a memory of my time in Simi Valley, this investigation exposed the painful contrast between the glamour about big science and the resistance to take ownership for poor ecological stewardship in the pursuit of that science.

## Music Groups

I played string bass and sousaphone in my junior and senior years. Several musicians doubled up on instruments in multiple groups. Tim Quilici played cello, trumpet, and baritone. Frank Blake played string bass in two groups and was in the Chess club.

### Instrumental Music

**SAXOPHONES**  
Richard Broomfield

**INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC**  
Chip Weaver  
Nash Leon  
Tony Barlow  
Judy Ain  
Roland Dourlain

**TRUMPETS**  
Lee Neuschwander  
Mike Rotman  
Jim Tillman  
Neal Zane  
Leonard Bostock  
Tim Quilici

**TROMBONES**  
Debbie Delahooke  
Phillip Moon  
Jan Phillips

**DRUMS**  
Dave Mosman  
Henry Bloch

**GUITAR**  
Scott Smith

**BASS**  
Frank Blake  
Harry Briley  
Mr. Graf, Director

## Stage Band



## Concert Orchestra



**FLUTES**  
Colleen Messinger  
Theresa Monger  
Yvonne Vandertouw  
Carol Emary  
**OBOES**  
Cheri Pettit  
Sharon Zikowski  
**CLARINETS**  
Dolan White

Jackie Butler  
**BASS CLARINET**  
Chuck Jewell  
**ALTO SAX**  
Richard Broomfield  
Chip Weaver  
Judy Ain  
**TRUMPETS**  
Lee Neuschwander  
Mike Rotman

Leonard Bostock  
**FRENCH HORNS**  
Debbie Freeman  
John Hummel  
Debbie Smith  
Mike Sforza  
**TROMBONES**  
Debbie Delahooke  
Mike Plummer  
**PERCUSSION**

Dennis Christian  
Kurt Milliken  
David Mosman  
**VIOLINS**  
Ed Rinke  
Traby Knobles  
Jone MacCulloch  
Bertha Lemos  
Greg McQueen  
Dan Hawkins

**VIOLAS**  
Dennis Graham  
**'CELLI**  
Joy Talbert  
Tim Quilici  
**BASSES**  
Frank Blake  
Harry Briley  
**PIANO**  
Donna Pratt  
Mr. Graf, Director

Figure 39 - Stage Band and Concert Orchestra (1970 Yearbook)



**Figure 40 - Orchestra Letter – 1970**

It cost me an arm and a leg to purchase my music varsity ‘letterman’ sweater. I proudly wore the Green and Gold with my Orchestra letter and music pins. It was the first time in my many home moves to belong to a particular school tribe. Music was an integral part of my school life and my musician friends tended to join the same campus clubs as me.

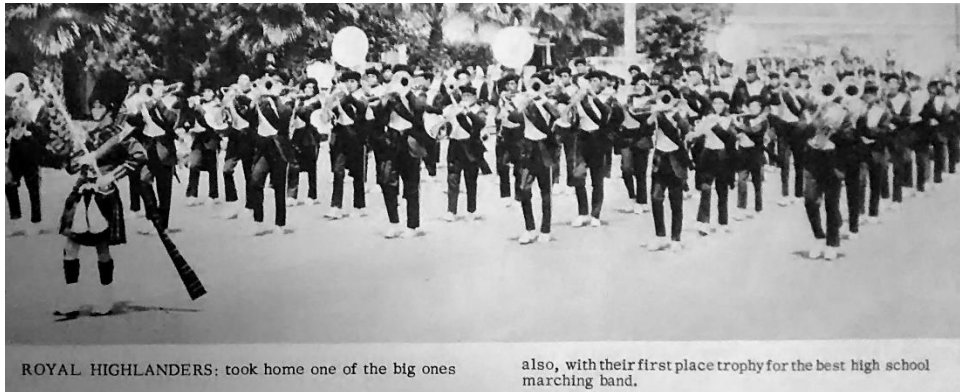


Walk With Me – Coming of Age



**Figure 41 - Stage Band Practice (1971 Yearbook)**

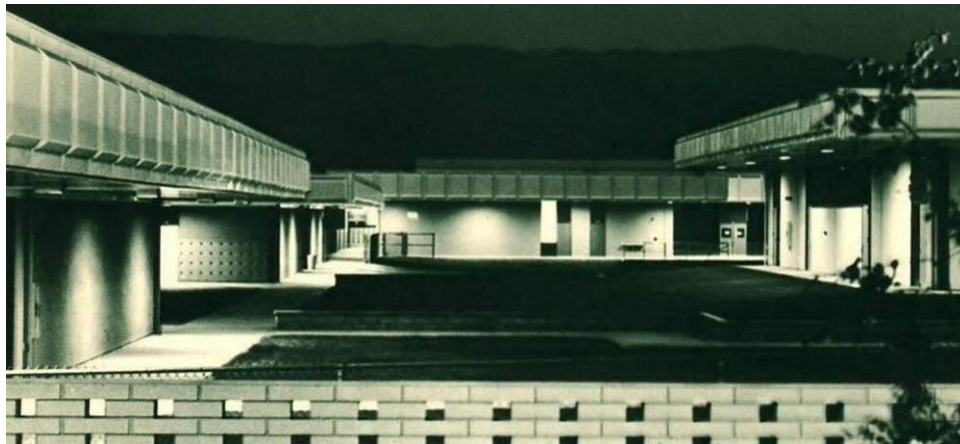
Richard Broomfield became the class clown and leader on his saxophone. I struggled to amplify my bass above the full-on brass. The audience mostly felt rather than heard the low notes thumping along. A concert bassist never spins an upright bass but such show-off moves at key spots were part of a stage band.



ROYAL HIGHLANDERS: took home one of the big ones

also, with their first place trophy for the best high school marching band.

**Figure 42 - Marching Band (Enterprise, Spring 1970)**



**Figure 43 - Royal Campus at night (1969 Yearbook)**

### **Baptism into Water**

My father gambled in commodity futures on margin (using borrowed money). A storm or drought wiped out the Midwestern crops. This ruined and reduced him to being a truck driver to make ends meet. He kept all this financial loss from us. He did not expect us to take jobs or help. Our job, as kids, was to attend school and do school homework.

My faith tipping point came on 2/1970 in the mid-point of the Jesus Revolution in the Los Angeles basin. I learned in 2017 that Velma invited my father to attend a mid-week prayer-and-share service at the charismatic church where she and her younger children newly attended. He found those Thursday mornings exciting. On Lincoln's birthday, my father tentatively invited me to attend since school was out on that Thursday.

From an early testimony written during college:

*[My father did not let me] attend church services nor Sunday school. I asked Jesus to be my friend and savior at around the age of 9 years old during a Billy Graham radio program "Hour of Decision". I coasted through to my junior year in high school. I then felt the need to take Jesus as Lord of my life (more than merely as a friend) as I searched for a closer walk with this [now distant] savior. I was invited to attend Melodyland Christian Center in Anaheim. After this first time in a church [service] since my salvation, I met Jesus as Lord with a fantastic experience involved in Baptism in Water (2/12/1970).*

Indeed, Jesus was only a friend. I felt much distant from my first love of him as a nine year old and had no one to guide me. I had no prior corporate worship experience. I had never seen a baptism, never heard hymns, and had not observed speaking in tongues or miracles. I had most unhappily read the Torah as my sole scriptural knowledge.

When my father invited me to the 'prayer and share' Thursday, he said miracles occurred and promised great events. My instant willingness stunned him. As a sullen sulky teenager mulling over how to mend the distance from God, I intuitively grasped this rare opportunity given my father's lifelong hostility towards churches.

We drove the hour across Los Angeles to Anaheim Christian Center, but the main pastor [Wilkerson] was on vacation. It started as an Assembly of God denomination and five months later became Melodyland Christian Center. There were no spiritual fireworks. My father felt sorely disappointed and told me so several times during the hour home.

I ignored his harsh protestations after a girl of my age went to the open microphone. She praised God for letting her read as far as Romans chapter ten. I was thunderstruck. I recently struggled to finish Deuteronomy, and she read all the way to Romans.

This miscommunication was a God thing, which I figured out weeks later. Clearly, the girl had started from the letter of Romans, and not from Genesis. However, the impact rattled me. I wanted the same close fellowship with God that this girl expressed.

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

I did not hear the invitation for baptism, but on the drive home across Los Angeles, I blurted out that I wanted baptism. My father mumbled something half-hearted like, "OK, we'll go back tonight." That came as a relief, without any prior hint of his willingness.

I internally thought, "I hope he doesn't change his mind."

My father indeed approved because he drove the long hour back across Los Angeles that evening. He stayed quiet all day except that there was a 'possible opportunity' for baptism and his low-energy "OK". I waited for his answer with antsy trepidation on that mid-morning drive home. I figured upon never getting another chance if he said, "No".

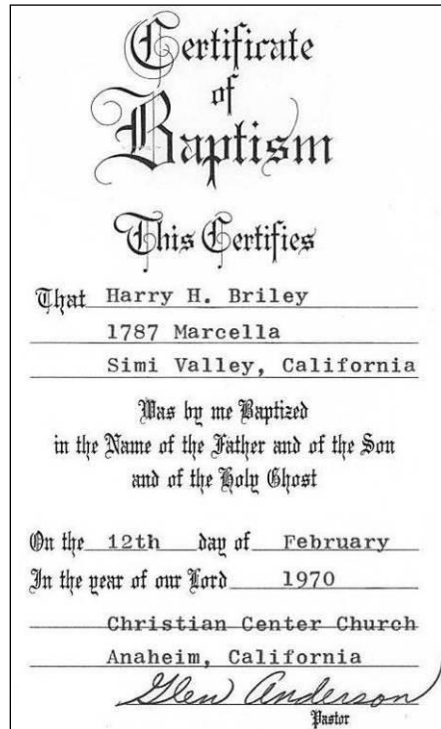


Figure 44 - Spring Snack Bar (R. Palmer 1970) - Baptism 2/12/1970

I thought of baptism as a private family affair. I merely sought a solution to the spiritual distance that so troubled me. Baptism sounded like the right direction. This occurred at the Christian Center before their move to Melodyland Theater. The assistant pastor, Glen Anderson, re-explained about Jesus and led about twenty of us in a simple commitment prayer in the dressing room. For the first time, I understood the Gospel (good news). Minutes later, we trooped down a hall to the baptismal access door at 8pm.

Since I had logged years of Red Cross swimming, I expected only to get wet. Without my 20/400 thick glasses, I could not see the congregation nor be so influenced. The pastor faced me and asked if I turned my life over to Jesus and wanted baptism. I affirmed both counts and he immersed me. Coming out of the water, I felt an enormous burden lift off my shoulders with a physical sensation of incredible lightness. I floated up the stairwell and lightly careened off the hallway wall into the dressing room. Obviously, I did not float, but I sensed gravity much lessened, especially on my shoulders.

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

My concern about separation from God became completely and immediately resolved. That physical release left me in complete awe. I realized years later, given my home situation, that God chose an overt physical sensation to drive home the spiritual truth of forgiveness and an inner transformation. It felt as if someone turned on a fire hose into a dirt-filled metal pail ... Ka-blam! Clean pail. The internal impact seemed that physical.

As I exited the dressing room to the parking lot, I was ‘shocked out of my socks’ to see my cousin Kurt and Aunt Velma’s family happily greet me. Kurt told me in 2017 that this became their new congregation. It doubly stunned me to see a full auditorium as we re-entered the building. Where had all these people come from!?

In the parking lot, Kurt invited me to ‘WOW week’.

*"What's that?" I asked, adding, "If you are attending something about God, I might as well tag along. School is out that week and I'd love your company."*



The congregation had not yet moved from Candlewood Drive. This huge youth event initiated the former theater-in-the-round as their new church building. This initial WOW week led to several offered in following years.

*Pastor Ralph Wilkerson took the 3,200-seat Melodyland Theater, located across Harbor Boulevard from Disneyland and turned it into one of the largest (at the time) and most influential churches in the Evangelical or Charismatic/Pentecostal community. In the 1970s, during the summer, the church hosted weeklong ‘Charismatic Clinics.’ These events featured speakers from the Charismatic and Pentecostal movement, and drew people from all over the world. Developers bought the church buildings in 1998 just as Pastor Ralph Wilkerson was deciding to retire. They demolished all the buildings in 2003.*  
- [en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Melodyland\\_Christian\\_Center](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Melodyland_Christian_Center)

The Spiritual Counterfeits Project filled in the sad follow-on story (edited):

*Anaheim Christian Center bought out the 3200-seat Melodyland theater-in-the-round. They packed four Sunday Services [and already] pioneered the Thursday morning ‘Prayer and Share’ service [the one Velma invited my father in 1970], which became legendary as a [true] miracle venue, attracting more sick and broken pilgrims than Lourdes and Garabandal combined. ... The real threat was Christ. He had not come back when advertised. The 1970’s became the 1980’s. Jesus People Music began to die out. The Thursday morning miracle service turned into a Pentecostal roadshow, minus the miracles.*  
– D. Spillman, SCP Newsletter (Winter 2014), V38:2 (page 4).

### **Immersed into His Holy Spirit**

Spiritual gifts, in the media and by many Pentecostals, raise alarm about suspension of rationality and decency. I therefore wrote my chapter *Appendix F: Analysis of Tongues*, with an orderly description of the main debate positions, and observations of spiritual gifts within my Wesleyan Methodist and Southern Baptist moorings.

In the same earlier testimony written in college, I continued:

*I was invited to Anaheim to a Ralph Wilkerson Outreach Week (WOW), March 24-27, and was introduced the very night before to another most memorable experience called the Baptism [into] the Holy Spirit (3/23/1970 10:30pm). I asked Jesus to baptize me into his Holy Spirit and to give me whatever gifts he chose. Within an hour after that simple prayer, I noticed that passages in the Bible that seemed so difficult earlier in the evening were now understandable.*

Forty years later, in 2010, I recounted the full details to Kurt Schroeder as follows:

“That March night before WOW, I showed up at your house in Cresta Verde in the late evening and shared your bedroom. You had a reel-to-reel tape player with a sermon tape talking about some annoying blather about some erudite stuff. I almost fell asleep.

You ‘suddenly’ remembered leaving your Bible at church and needed it for the opening talk for WOW. Therefore, we re-dressed and drove to some small church building.

Kurt filled in some details:

*It was Trinity Missionary [and Alliance] Church located in Corona, [at 1569] Yorba Street. They had a [crisis] hotline in this little white-painted church [now Centro Libre], not much to look at, but God touched lives. I invited my friend Steve [Horowitz?] who ran the hotline. He was a completed [Messianic] Jew, and together we shared with you about the baptism of the Holy Spirit.*

I did not know your friend was Jewish. I doubt it would have registered as unusual even if I had known. After small talk, you got your Bible as if to leave, and he turned and gently asked if I knew about the Holy Spirit.

I responded, “*I did not know there was such a thing as a Holy Spirit*”.

I had not read those parts of the Bible. Both of you opened your Bibles and gently shared commonly referenced scriptures. I soaked it up readily. We sat down with no sense of time for how long we were there. More absorption. More scripture.

He asked, “*Do you understand these verses?*”

You may have briefly mentioned the gift of tongues, but only in passing. I clearly had no idea what it was. As just ‘one of the gifts’, that seemed fine by me. You tied it into Acts Chapter 2 and moved on. The passages focused on the overall role of God’s Spirit.

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

Your pastor friend asked if I wanted God to baptize me into His Spirit. I am glad he used the preposition ‘into’ because that unusual wording quickly connected with my full-immersion water baptism [exactly 40 days] earlier.

I thought, “*Immersion into God? Cool!*”

[Until 2011, I never counted the actual days from my water baptism. It had always been ‘about a month’. Being exactly 40 days pointed to Jesus going into the wilderness after baptism. It is one of those subtle God-cidents observed decades later in hindsight, as pointing to the situation as being not so accidental.]

One of you gently led me in a simple prayer. There was no loud music, no one shouting in my ear, no revivalist preaching, and no wild enthusiastic worship. No sounds at all.

We were just three quiet young men in an empty quiet church on a quiet street. I valued this gentleness and respect. I felt no psychological pressure or being ‘caught up in the moment’. I so hated a pressured sale pitch that I would have instantly recoiled.

First, you asked me to confess to God any sin that I needed to. You both stepped aside to give me space to be in private prayer. The next proposed prayer followed on this order:

*"Thank you God for forgiving my sins, through Jesus. Baptize me into your Holy Spirit and give me whatever [spiritual] gifts you want to give me. Amen."*

Whoa! Immediately, instantly, the caliber of the sensation at my water baptism recurred. Instead of a load lifted off my physical body, it felt as if a liquid filled me from the tummy upwards. Others report a joyous warm oil feeling. It seemed temperature-neutral to me, definitely not foreboding nor cold, perhaps warmish, not a heat flush, but certainly joyous. When this odd sensation reached my mouth, I softly spoke, unprompted, with some unusual syllables. Thank you so much my friend for not prompting me!

I overheard one of you remark, “*Wait, we haven't told him about that yet!*”

It was not an extensive vocabulary, among several, which came soon after. It was just a couple of sentences. “*Abba*” was one of the first words. Imagine my open surprise when I finally read Romans 8:15, “*You have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.*” ‘Av’ is Hebrew for father and ‘Abba’ is the Aramaic diminutive form, akin to a child saying ‘Daddy’. I had not heard that specific verse quoted that evening.

One of you then said, “*Don't let Satan say that you are being foolish.*”

I quickly responded, “*He already has and it did not work.*”

Your pastor friend said, “*Continue to praise God. You might find it easier by lifting your hands.*”

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

Sure enough, the joy and flow of words (both of my understanding and in the spirit) became much more natural as I raised my arms. You both let me enjoy the moment of simply speaking to the Lord out of love and just sat watching quietly nearby.

We said some sort of prayer of thanks all around and went back to your house. Back in your room, you rewound the audio sermon tape and started it over. The long forgotten topic made sense. It amazed me that a 30-second prayer had such an immediate effect.

### **Wilkerson Outreach Week**

WOW week registration started early at 6am on Tuesday morning, yet I felt well rested. The Bible that previously felt mostly ink on paper became heart-legible. Verses leapt off the pages with clarity. That life-forming week was my first and only time at Melodyland.



Figure 45 - Wilkerson Outreach Week \$20 – 3/24/1970

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

Pastor Ralph Wilkerson seemed misplaced. I erroneously thought the weekend featured David Wilkerson, then famous for his book *The Cross and Switchblade* and who started Teen Challenge. I took many notes of three leaders in the charismatic movement and read their articles in Logos magazine during college: Loren Cunningham (Youth with a Mission), Bob Turnbull, and Bob Mumford. However, my life was not in their orbits.

The four conference tracks (Sponsor, College, High School, and Junior High) and the interfaith charismatic committee included Episcopal, Lutheran, Assembly of God, and Baptist home churches. The event included afternoons at Knott’s Berry Farm (Tuesday), Disneyland (Wednesday), and stage-fright witnessing on Laguna Beach (Thursday) using the Four Spiritual Laws booklet (Campus Crusade for Christ, later as CRU).

My chosen high school sessions attended included these hour-long talks:

<b>Tuesday –</b>	
Keynote: Ideal Man	Guy Rowe, Youth Minister, Melodyland CC
Bone in my Nose	Loren Cunningham, YWAM
I Believe	Bob Mumford, Melodyland School of the Bible
Chaplain of Waikiki	Bob Turnbull, Honolulu
Evening Rally	Pat Boone, Singer
<b>Wednesday –</b>	
Keynote	Bob Turnbull
Play for Keeps	“ “
Rebel	Max Rappaport, San Clemente Church
Evening Rally	Bob Turnbull
<b>Thursday –</b>	
Faith: Intellectual Suicide	Ray Rempt, Ph.D. UCLA
Peace Maker	“ “
A Better Idea	Dick Eastman, Bethel Temple AOG, Sacramento
Tough	Bob Turnbull
Evening Rally	Dave Wilkerson, Teen Challenge
<b>Friday -</b>	
Q&A Discussion	Dave Wilkerson
Good Friday Service	Ralph Wilkerson, Pastor, Melodyland CC

After Friday night, much hushed talk occurred in your house. I could not pick it out. It sounded like, “*Mumble, mumble. What will Calvin [my father] think? Mumble, mumble. Should we tell Calvin? Mumble, mumble.*” My parents were soon to arrive. Anxiety palpably rose in your household. I was blissfully ignorant of the content. My thoughts were, “*Isn't this how everyone comes into the presence of the loving living God?*”

It was profoundly unusual. When I shared a factual retelling, my father said nothing. I felt he did not understand me just as I had not understood the audio tape. He said, “*Oh, OK, that's nice. Are you ready to go home?*” That damp response left me bewildered. He had no reference point for comment. I happily avoided giving a theological defense. Still processing new data myself, he inadvertently gave me needed evaluation time.



Aunt Velma reflected upon that same season of time:

*I accepted the Lord for myself, late in life, in Corona, in 1968. I was very ill with a severe ulcer. Several women and our pastor [Ralph Wilkerson] came, prayed for a healing, and I was totally healed instantly! They led me to the Lord and [then] into the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.*

*When I began to tell my children of all the strange things I was learning (directly from the Bible!), Kurt caught the hunger to know more. We had 'gone' to [the Lutheran] church and 'read' the Bible many years, but had never learned the full truth it set forth. We had a lot of fun together catching up on [Bible] basics!*

*When Kurt gave his heart to the Lord, it was with a bang! He was an on-fire Christian and began to serve the Lord with all he had. You met Kurt later in [February] 1970 and I know you remember the thrill of becoming a born-again believer and being baptized [into] the Spirit.*

*I wish I had not wasted so many years [going my own way]. However, I can look back and see His hand upon me and I am grateful. Perhaps, my mother, who died after months of tuberculosis, might have prayed [before she died, for my late change of heart]. Someday we will see the full picture.*

### **Sad Episodes in Those Years**

Some months later, my father was obsessively desperate to replicate my experience. He sought the gift of speaking in tongues rather than the giver, the Spirit of God himself. He did not tolerate me saying that we leave the gifting to the will of the giver.

He verbally cowed me to join with an unknown pastor to pray extra hard over him in his bedroom. My parents' bedroom was an off-limits place I rarely went. It was weird to attempt to force God's hand. The newfound gift of discerning of spirits was flashing alarms on all my circuits. My father did not speak in tongues, was deeply hurt, and felt as if God abandoned him. However, all I wanted to do was to escape and apologize to God for not being strong enough to speak the truth more clearly to my father.

In my cousin's family, Kurt recounted in 2017 that his father Millard had his own demons to fight. In youthful zest to convert his rigid executive father, Kurt emphatically said, "*Jesus loves you.*" Millard grabbed Kurt by the hair, threw him to the floor, and said, "*Don't ever say that to me again!*" Mark, among the three siblings who became pastors, said that their harsh father softened late in life after Velma died. At nearly 80, he welcomed Jesus into his life. The inner transformation amazed the whole family.

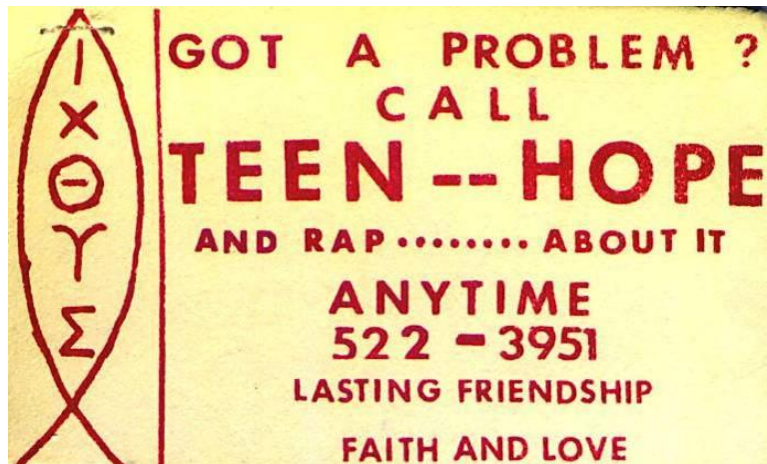
Mark said, "*He became [gentle]. He was not the father that I knew growing up.*"

### **Integrating Faith into Life**

In short order, my father returned to his anti-church restrictions. He forbade me to attend church and youth groups that met in a church building. Yet, he allowed me to attend Teen Hope that met in the living room of Lee and Samantha (Sam) Inman. They were complete strangers to him. I counted my blessings frequently about that loophole.

I continued the same earlier testimony as written in college, as follows:

*Going to high school after these experiences was never the same, for now I was committed to Jesus Christ and to His work. The rest of high school for me was involved with Teen Hope, a spirit-filled, active, concerned independent youth group directing witnessing efforts on campus and in town.*



**Figure 46 - Teen Hope Calling Card - 1970**

In my senior year, my father let me drive other students to those long Thursday evening gatherings (7:30pm to 10pm) on 2279 Lansdale Court. There was singing, stories about witnessing on the Royal High campus, a Bible lesson, and refreshments afterwards.

Initially, I did not accept their refreshments since I had no money or social experience with any faith community. Sam took me aside and firmly commanded me to join the students in the kitchen. She literally needed to tell me that the refreshments were their gift to us. This odd social incident reflected my incomprehension of any human giving out of love. Everything about this new positive faith was so radically transformative.

In my early naiveté, an unfamiliar student showed up one evening and during the break time suggested a New Age experiment (purposefully not explained here) which entailed standing at a distance, eyes closed, and willingly off-guard. The adults were off in the kitchen. Upon return, they recognized the danger and had the student leave their home. The Lord stood by as my shield but they said I looked white as a sheet. The impact experientially knocked me backwards with no one near me. It felt polar opposite of God's Spirit and I counted it as an intentional spiritual sideswipe at my young faith. Instead of joy and grace, this occult experiment brought a deadly internal chill and fear.

### **Radio and Books – Christian Theology**

I valued Teen Hope, but I desperately wanted to know more about the Bible and the role of God's Holy Spirit. Without a 'church home', I pursued books circulating between other Jesus People, and one radio program in particular. Episcopal priest Dennis and his wife Rita Bennett hosted a weekly radio program. It was scholarly, practical, and absent of emotionalism. I received Rita's monograph before the publication of Dennis' book.

Over the years, her 1970 monograph (*A Study Guide of the Spirit Filled Life*, St. Luke Episcopal Church, Seattle, undated, 34p) is still the most concise, unassuming, practicum of God's Holy Spirit. Together, she and Dennis greatly expanded it in 1/1971 as *The Holy Spirit and You: A Study-Guide to the Spirit Filled Life*, 1971, Logos, 224p.

Dennis wrote earlier about his journey as a priest following the St. Marks' Church (Van Nuys) split that occurred after his 4/1960 sermon "*on the underground Pentecostal movement that was quietly racing through many churches*". Moved 'out of the way' by his bishop to Seattle at St. Luke, his faith story was first documented by Guideposts magazine editor John Sherrill (*They Speak with Other Tongues*, 1964, Fleming Revell). Dennis wrote a follow-up narrative (*Nine O'clock in the Morning*, 1970, Logos) which illustrated the hard-won wisdom he used for mentoring us new believers.

### **Vachon on the Jesus Movement**

Journalist Brian Vachon wrote *A Time to be Born*, 1972. He broke the first story about the Jesus Movement in California with a photo essay for LOOK magazine in 2/1971. TIME magazine devoted an entire issue in 6/21/1971 on the topic.

About a year later, Brian revisited California for follow-up interviews and observations. Although both his photographers Jack and Betty Cheetham had since openly become believers, he kept a jaundiced reporter eye looking for chinks in their armor.

I had no direct contact with the adult mentors of this organic movement. Brian saw behind-the-scenes at the Melodyland Christian Hotline in Anaheim, the revival within Calvary Chapel at Costa Mesa, and the early days of Jews for Jesus in Berkeley. This book painted the broader picture of why and how the Jesus Movement appealed to my generation. Brian could guess at the appeal to addicts seeking recovery from a bad LSD trip or to protestors seeking utopia. However, he could not explain why middle-class youth and successful professionals fully engaged the same community. The baptism into God's Holy Spirit figured prominently among his many interviews. His observations (good and bad) matched my impressions of that era and echoed my faith story.

I discovered in 2013 that my long-time music minister, Dr. Merrill Smoak, was a youth pastor in Los Angeles. He took his youth groups to concerts of famous Jesus People bands that I knew only through vinyl records. A Christian Book Store in southern California employed Al Moser (a manager friend at my work) as a high school youth. This store carried those first early albums. In 2012, we both easily named many of the 1970's groups and songs. [www.fullcirclejesusmusic.com](http://www.fullcirclejesusmusic.com) still 'broadcasts' those songs.



Figure 47 – Significant books for Jesus Movement - 1968-1972

### Jesus People Icons after Forty Years

There must be something about forty years distance that resonates with us to look back and determine what was good for posterity and what was disposable. Forty years has a strong biblical ring to it (forty years in the desert and forty days of temptation).

Of course, these become other people's stories, but the names and places interface with my story. I stumbled upon these resource links searching for background data.

Top names in 1970 included Lonnie Frisbee (unknown to me until Vachon interviewed) of Calvary Chapel and Larry Norman (whose music we all sang). David Sabatino of Jester Media produced unauthorized documentaries about the rise and fall of these icons.

David tried to speak as a historian saying these men affected his life in a positive way. He researched their downfall with archival video interviews, later aired by the San Francisco Public Broadcasting Station, KQED. He asked hard messy questions of faith and forgiveness while presenting his observations.

- Lonnie Frisbee (2006) - [www.lonniefrisbee.com](http://www.lonniefrisbee.com)
  - Lonnie nearly single-handedly launched the Calvary Chapel and Vineyard denominations into the limelight, but his moral failings (homosexual activity that he himself called sin) caused both communities to airbrush him from their histories. This left him bitter at not getting due credit.
- Larry Norman (2009) – [www.fallenangeldoc.com](http://www.fallenangeldoc.com)
  - Larry nearly single-handedly launched contemporary Christian music, but his moral failings (adultery, abandonment of a son out of wedlock, theft of music from other artists, etc.) showed a serious disconnect from the faith.
  - David failed to mention that John Thompson reported the reconciliation between Larry Norman and Randy Stonehill in *Christian Musician* magazine (May/June 2003), after which Larry re-released Randy's CDs.

Bob Gersztyn, Larry's long-time photographer, wrote in 2008 (edited):

*During [Larry's final 10/2003] concert; there was an important reunion between Larry and Randy Stonehill, who had not seen each other in 20 years. I [then] found out that Larry's second wife, now divorced from him, was Randy's first wife. Larry mentored Randy to become a Christian rock star, but [this infidelity] obviously [had torn them apart]. - [www.wittenburgdoor.com/larry-norman.html](http://www.wittenburgdoor.com/larry-norman.html)*

Susan Perlman, of *Jews for Jesus*, wrote of Larry's faith (edited):

*Larry [Norman in 1971] told me that Jesus was the Messiah that came to die for the sins of humanity and had conquered death. I [later] went to Larry's concert and was impressed by some of what I saw and heard. As we became friends, I found him kind, creative, and contemporary in his outlook, even though he had certain [high] standards of morality that one did not often come across in [New York] City. My friendship with Larry, my curiosity and avid interest in reading convinced me to look into the Bible. - "Loss to Life", 2003, page 14  
[Reprinted and revised from "Jews for Jesus", Ruth Rosen, 1987, page 196]*

Jamie Owens Collins wrote on 11/15/2010 (edited) about Larry's absence in her DVD "First Love" reunion project featuring a dozen Jesus Music pioneers:

*Larry Norman (an old friend of ours) was invited to be part of First Love. My husband, Dan Collins (co-producer) spent a long time on the phone with Larry. Unfortunately, there was a terrible and very public rift between Larry and Randy Stonehill, which made it impossible for them both to appear in the project.*

*Thankfully, Larry and Randy reconciled [in 2003] before Larry [died in 2008]. Larry's contribution to early Jesus Rock is unquestioned. He was a character, to be sure, but he was greatly loved. I wish he could have been [in the project, as Contemporary Christian Music] left behind and ignored most of these [early] artists, but their music and stories are genuine and powerful.*

A panel discussion with older seminary professors of New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary discussed how the Jesus Movement affected their lives. They left the question begging about how the early charismatic aspects affected their Baptist decisions.

- Forty Years Later (2013) - [www.youtube.com/watch?v=rEhsyDtlqlg](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rEhsyDtlqlg)
  - The professors mention their own long beards, odd clothing, and cross-denominational youth choral groups such as 'Continental Singers'.

I hear infrequently, but often enough, that Baptist missionaries credit the Baptism into God's Holy Spirit as crucial for their mission fields. [Ref: Spiritual Warfare Conference at Golden Gate Seminary [Gateway Seminary in 2016] (Southern Baptist), 2005]

Pastor Todd Wilson in 2006 of Grace Covenant Baptist wrote (edited):

*An increasing number of International Mission Board [IMB] applicants describe a 'private prayer language' with reports of it on the field.*

*Dr. Jerry Rankin, **president of the IMB** [1993 - 2010, now emeritus] admitted to using a private prayer language and recently reiterated that it is always in private. [Dr. Rankin did not ally himself with disorderly charismatic activity. Use of tongues in a public service was already a **cause for dismissal** from the IMB.]*

*In 5/2005, the Personnel Committee adopted guidelines: "If 'private prayer language' is an ongoing part of his conviction, a candidate **has eliminated himself.**" [They exempted current missionaries on the field.] The trustees later adopted this guideline in 12/2005 [by a **58% vote** of 25 to 18].*

*Notice that the decision was based on what the majority of Southern Baptists accept. This can prove to be a dangerous precedent.*

[www.baptistboard.com/showthread.php?t=4461](http://www.baptistboard.com/showthread.php?t=4461) [Bolding is mine]

Maranatha Music (launched by Calvary Chapel) hosted a reunion in 1999 with several founding Maranatha groups performing after a 25-year absence. When ‘Love Song’ came on stage, one of them gave a shout-out for the unmentioned late Lonnie Frisbee.

- Reunion (2013-Part A) - [www.youtube.com/watch?v=NWHf3tB2v8k](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NWHf3tB2v8k)
- Reunion (2013-Part B) - [www.youtube.com/watch?v=9n9awvPqedE](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9n9awvPqedE)

The anonymous source for these videos updated his comments in 10/2013 (edited and re-arranged here). Details about the Asbury College revival and the huge Explo’72 gathering appear later in my *College with Purpose* chapter.

*The Jesus Movement began in California in [1967] and spread through North America and Europe, before dying out [in fervor by] 1980. It was the major Christian element within the hippie counterculture, or conversely, the major hippie element within strands of Protestantism. The Jesus movement left a legacy of denominations and organizations, and affected the Christian right and left. Thousands of converts moved into church and parachurch leadership roles.*

*Duane Pederson coined the terms ‘Jesus Movement’ and ‘Jesus People’ in his ‘Hollywood Free Paper’. The Jesus movement was partly a reaction against the counterculture from which it originated. Their theology called for a return to simple living and some asceticism. Many Jesus people lived in communes.*

*They sought to return to the original life of early Christians. Jesus people often viewed churches as apostate, and took a decidedly counter cultural political stance. The movement tended towards strong evangelism and millennialism. Most read Hal Lindsey's book **The Late Great Planet Earth**. They strongly believed in miracles, signs and wonders, faith, healing, prayer, the Bible, and powerful works of the Holy Spirit. Example: a miracle-filled revival at Asbury College [Wilmore, Kentucky] in 1970 grabbed the media attention nation-wide.*

*Secular and Christian media in 1971 [LOOK (February) and TIME (June) magazines] and 1972 caused the movement to explode, attracting evangelical youth eager to identify with it. The high point was the weeklong [6/1972] gathering in Dallas, Texas known as Explo '72. It attracted 80,000 youth. The very traditional Campus Crusade for Christ organized it and involved the traditional leader Billy Graham. Many young Jesus people attending discovered traditional avenues of Christian worship and experience for the first time.*

*Jesus music, or gospel beat music in the UK, primarily began when some hippie and street musicians converted. They played the same music as before but wrote lyrics with a Christian message. The informality of the music and worship greatly influenced contemporary Christian music and affected most evangelical churches.*

*Some music groups became leaders within the movement, most notably Love Song, Second Chapter of Acts ... Petra, Phil Keaggy, Randy Stonehill, Andraé Crouch, Keith Green, and Larry Norman. In the UK: Malcolm and Alwyn. Chuck Smith founded the first Christian rock label (Maranatha!) in 1971.*

Elaine Gale wrote in “*Jesus People Reunion? They Never Really Left*” (edited):

*The young leaders of the 1960s Christian movement have grown up, as have their churches. They shorn their wild hair, shed their bell-bottoms for blazers and now shuttle grandchildren around in minivans. However, the former hippies of the Jesus People movement say their fervor for Jesus has not mellowed with age.*

*Many young leaders matured into high-profile pastors at mega churches. Among them is Chuck Smith Sr. of Calvary Chapel in Costa Mesa and Greg Laurie, whose Harvest Crusade rallies draw more than 100,000 celebrants every summer. "It was a unique time in history when the whole counterculture movement was taking place," said Laurie, who credits his Jesus people experience for starting Harvest Crusade [in 1989]. [In 1999,] many leaders [and former bands] of the movement gathered at the Arrowhead Pond in Anaheim. It was a first-of-its-kind reunion to commemorate their decades of commitment to Christ.*

*The Jesus People movement gained momentum in pockets all over the country during the early '70s. Rebelling against the Vietnam War and the formality of churches, counterculture outcasts welcomed the Jesus people's meld of Protestant piety and modern music. The movement started with the 1967 opening of the Living Room storefront mission in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco.*

*"A lot of kids were dropping out of society and getting into drugs," said Laurie, whose Riverside-based Harvest Christian Fellowship has more than 25,000 members. "Then, there was this sudden movement among young people who were turning to Jesus Christ." The Jesus People movement featured spiritual pep rallies crammed with born-again Christians with scruffy hair, known to detractors as 'Jesus Freaks', who professed to get 'high' on Jesus Christ.*

*"Major religious movements always leave legacies," said the Rev. James Wind, president of the Alban Institute. "The Jesus People had a tremendous impact on informal patterns of worship." Many experts agree that although the movement lasted from 1969 to 1974, it has had long-term effects. Casual attire in church, a conversational style of preaching, hi-fi sound systems in sanctuaries and even the mega church phenomenon are among trends some link to the Jesus People.*

*The movement gave birth to a cottage industry of book publishers. Evangelical publishing [already] began as an outgrowth of missionary organizations. It was the Christian music industry, however, that exploded. "I think the movement had a tremendous influence in terms of guitars or drums in church," said Chuck Fromm of Maranatha Music of San Juan Capistrano. "It was a grass-root, bottom-up faith instead of a top-down faith." - Los Angeles Times, 4/23/1999*



### **Chance for Early Graduation**

During this same spiritual overhaul, I took ‘Algebra II and Trigonometry’ as a self-paced experiment from March through June.

Mr. Ring: *“Here is the book. Show up for the mid-term and final.”*

He set me completely on my own. I took the tests in his presence. There were better students. While I always got an A in math, I got this A only with dogged determination.



**Figure 48 - Mr. Stanley Ring (R. Palmer 6/1971) - Math Award 6/1970**

The successful experiment challenged my readiness to graduate at age 16 despite my sufficient credits and a suitable GPA. Royal High thus awarded me their annual Department of Mathematics trophy while still in my junior year. I learned through that experiment that I lacked study discipline for college. Calculus intimidated me. I thus postponed early graduation knowing that I simply needed an extra year to grow up.

### College Placement Scores

I misplaced my college placement scores taken as a junior for 40 years. I typically said that I did well in math and poorly in English. Percentiles refer to students scoring lower.

The Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test (PSAT) scores yielded 77% Verbal and **95%** Math among all junior boys (gender specific) who completed their first year of college.

College Entrance Examination Board PRELIMINARY SCHOLASTIC APTITUDE TEST						
BRILEY	HARRY	H	JR	51	68	69
NAME OF STUDENT		GRADE	VERBAL	MATH	YEAR	
				77%	95%	

Table 5 - PSAT Results - Fall 1969

The National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test (NMSQT) showed only 80% for math and a devastating 34% for English. I hope these dismal ranks were solely against scholarship competitors. It affirmed that scientists/engineers tend to be poor writers.

STUDENT	SEX	SELECTION SCORE	1-ENG. USAGE	2-MATH USAGE	3-SOC. ST. NAT. SCI.	4-WORD USAGE	SEL. SCORE PERCENTILE	1-ENG. USAGE	2-MATH USAGE	3-SOC. ST. NAT. SCI.	4-WORD USAGE
HARRY H	M	117	20	27	26	20	70	34	80	79	46
SCALED SCORES						PERCENTILES—College-Bound Participants					
NATIONAL MERIT SCHOLARSHIP QUALIFYING TEST SPRING 1970 SEA <b>PRESCORE</b> ®						NATIONAL MERIT SCHOLARSHIP QUALIFYING TEST SPRING 1970 SEA <b>PRESCORE</b> ®					

Table 6 - Dismal NMSQT Results - Spring 1970

The American College Test (ACT) yielded English 81%, math **98.9%**, social studies 94%, natural sciences **98%**, with a composite of **98%** among juniors. I never internalized that the ACT flagged me in the **top 2%** of potential college students nationwide.

STANDARD SCORES				
ENG.	MATH.	SOC. S.	N. SCI.	COMP.
23	33	29	31	29

Table 7 - Superior ACT Results – 4/1970

Royal High Mean Scores = 25 24 24 23 24 for the year 2011-2012

The SAT yielded 80% verbal (556/800) and 90% math (698/800) among junior/senior boys (gender specific). The **top 10%** level matched my experience at New Mexico Tech.

LAST	FIRST	M.I.	ACH			GRADE
BRILEY	HARRY	H	ACH 1	ACH 2	ACH 3	11
SCHOLASTIC APTITUDE		TEST DATE				
VERBAL	MATH					
524-586	668-728	0770				
556	698					

Table 8 - SAT Results – 7/1970

504 519 = Royal High Mean Scores for juniors in 2012

No advance placement (AP) or honors courses with 5.0 for an ‘A’ existed in 1971. The maximum GPA was 4.0 for high school and college coursework. College and career recruiters looked at coursework titles to ascertain the difficulty of each ‘A’.

### College Search

Whenever school counselors coaxed, I methodically read Lovejoy's catalog and other guides. I proudly presented counselor John Patterson with 150 four-year colleges that offered a BS in Computer Science. He sent me back to trim the list to 10. I erased 140 names by tedious research. The in-state tuition with public colleges drove the final cuts. The mail went out to ten before June. Eight replied. Five names fell. Three remained.

By the end of summer, three colleges each accepted me: California Polytechnic State College at **San Luis Obispo**, California State College at **Chico**, and University of California at **Irvine** whom I listed to receive test scores. San Luis Obispo accepted me into their impacted Computer Science major in which only 100 new students could enter. Their affirmation elated me but distressed me about how to pay for room and board.

College	Student: Faculty	Fresh ACT	Fresh SAT	%grad in 6 yrs	Tuition: Out State	Campus Room/Brd
UC Irvine	20:1	23-26	950-1100	65%	11,611	5,083
CSC, Chico	20:1	23-26	950-1100	50%	9,480	4,413
Cal Poly, SLO	17:1	Unk	Unk	49%	9,582	4,625
NM Tech	13:1	27-28	1100-1200	40%	5,646	3,426
Harry (1970)	12:1	29	1254			
Georgia Tech	20:1	>28	>1200	68%	6,732	4,052
Cal Tech	5:1	>28	>1200	80%	16,011	4,625
MIT	5:1	>28	>1200	89%	19,600	5,800

Table 9 - College Comparison (Data: Money Magazine 1994, Chap 7)

I wisely allowed all colleges to review my test scores. On 6/11/70, Mr. Simon Gormley of New Mexico Tech noticed my 98% ACT ranking with my expressed interest for math and computer science. His letter came as a complete surprise and as the **only** college that so inquired. It met my ideals with a small student population, rural setting, superior 12:1 teacher ratio, science oriented, and no fraternities.

College	Sci & Tech Top 10	Overall Value: Top 100	% Freshman Out of State: Pub. Top10	Tuition Value: Pub.Top20	Selective Admin
Cal Tech	1 of 10	5 of 100	n.a.	n.a.	Unk
Georgia Tech	2 of 10	15 of 100	36% (5 of 10)	8 of 20	6 of 15 Top Most
NM Tech	3 of 10	19 of 100	41% (1 of 10)	11 of 20	11 of 15 High
MIT	10 of 10	n.a.	n.a.	n.a.	Unk

Table 10 - Top Science/Technology Colleges (Data: Money Magazine 1994, Chap 7)

On 6/25/70, Mr. Gormley asked that I apply stating “*very strong financial aids*”. He said the college had 800 students with 85% of the staff with doctorates. Without funds, the out-of-state tuition much discouraged me and I set Tech aside for seven months, out of sight, and out of mind. I did not realize how serious they were to get my application.

### Gindling Hilltop Camp, Malibu

I worked the summer of 1970 to earn money for college at a Reform Jewish Camp in the Malibu hills. Doug Dubrall, then with a Catholic background, invited me to hear the recruiter in his home on Victoria Street. He forgot how he heard about that job opening.

**Wilshire Boulevard Temple Camps**  
CAMP HESS KRAMER  
GINDLING HILLTOP CAMP

June 9, 1970

**PERMIT TO WORK**  
Date of Issuance: 6-19-70 Date of Expiration: 9-20-70  
on Saturdays and during Regular Vacation from School  
(This form must be in custody of employer during time of employment and returned to employee when employment terminates.)

EMPLOYER:  
NOTE Minor's Age and Proof, THEN read on back of card:  
Ages 12 and 13—Par. I  
" 14 and 15—Par. II  
" 16 and 17—Par. III  
ALSO read Par. IV  
—OVER—

Name: Harry Briley Sex: M  
Address: P. O. Box 617 - Simi Valley Age: [redacted]  
Birthdate: 9-7-53 Proof: School Rec.  
School Name: Royal High  
SCHOOL DISTRICT: Simi Valley Unified  
Signature: Charles W. Watson, [initials]  
Title: Work Experience Coordinator  
CALIFORNIA STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION FORM PSA-6

Figure 49- Camp Letterhead and Work Permit – 6/1970

The Gindling Hilltop Camp wanted dishwashers and kitchen cleaners. They paid \$50 a week (\$1.25 per hour) plus room and board, a perfect first job for 16 year olds. We arrived together, but Doug left mid-summer. I continued the full 10 weeks, picking up Jewish roots of faith in isolation without outside Christian help or church resources.



Figure 50 - Gindling Staff Cabin, Malibu, California - Summer 1970

(The camp is located up from Neptune Beach in Ventura County. The cabin we lived in at the upper facility is down-slope at Lat. 34.06452 Lat. 118.970 at elevation of 695 feet.)

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

I listened to a couple of guitar ‘jam’ sessions in the evenings in the counselor cabin singing “*The Canadian Railroad Trilogy*” by Gordon Lightfoot. His folk song mesmerized me for its story-telling and melody shifts.

With much fear and trembling, and novice faux pas, I asked for an audience with the Rabbi mid-summer, researched the Jewish library at camp, and from far across the room told him that Y’Shua the Maschiach loved him and wanted him to follow Him.

Horribly ill prepared and nervous beyond nervous, I felt that it came across as wholly inappropriate. He complimented me saying it must have taken courage to meet with him. I quickly left the building deeply embarrassed, literally quaking in my shoes, physically unable to talk further and much ashamed at such poor communication.

My father visited a few times to help me learn to drive the twisting narrow mountain road for my driver test. He was impressed that I attempted to witness to any adult, much less to a Rabbi. That was one of the few times that he ever complimented me. He took me on two other jaunts to undeveloped housing tracts for further driving experience.

During one well-tuned assembly-line washing segment, I flipped a clean coffee mug a bit too wide and caught a stanchion pole holding up the washing machinery. The broken mug left a wide gash on the base of my left thumb. A doctor at Camp Hess Kramer at the bottom of the hillside put in several stitches without local anesthesia. Without health insurance and not wise in the ways of the world, I could not be choosy. Glad to have a thumb. I quickly put the incident behind me, glad to be at work the next day.

During a trash incinerator task, a bee stung me on the arm. The kitchen manager applied a poultice of wet flour dough and had me sit quietly with no ill effect. Although I had desensitization shots as a child, all bees put me on high fear alert. This event made me more relaxed around bees using calm evasion rather than the former tense fear.

As part of my newfound forgiveness and restored closeness with Jesus, my confidence soared even while forbidden to attend organized religious groups or churches. The summer isolation experience at this Reform Jewish camp became a turning point. I gained a more mature and calm composure, passed the dreaded driving test easily, built up my scriptural knowledge, and had built up a reputation for work organizational skills.

This ‘desert experience’ let me read the Bible like “*the Jews [in Berea, who] ... searched the scriptures daily, [to see] whether those things were so*” (Acts 17:11). I later matured in the field of apologetics. That summer-long job led to a lifelong affinity for the Jewish flavor of Christian faith, but I had no options to act openly upon it until mid-life.

In my last week there, I heard of a woman, an active believer in Jesus, in charge of camp horses. Our schedules never meshed and we never met. It was a God thing.

### **Limited Jewish Religiosity in Town**

After my summer in Malibu, I had no other Jewish contacts during high school.

Two student friends discovered as Jewish in 2013 were not observant (religious). One girl felt as if in a bubble devoid of religious discussion during high school, but her parents allowed her explore without qualms. She visited several boring churches and briefly enjoyed ‘out there’ eastern religions. Her grandparents were Orthodox but her parents, as were mine, lived as completely secular families devoid of Jewish traditions. Neither student saw any religious fervor among Jewish students during high school.

Unknown to me, one Jewish congregation (Conservative) existed in Simi Valley, Temple Ner Tamid [Light Eternal] (for the candle suspended over the Torah scroll cabinet). My father would not let me visit, much less attend, even if I had known. This congregation met in an old farmhouse on Pepper Tree Lane. That synagogue was not particularly religious and appeared more interested in social stature.

This contradiction occurs locally too. On visits to Temple Beth Emek (Reform) in Pleasanton in 2012, an elderly woman took me under her wing, showed off the place, helped me feel at home, but strongly voiced her atheism. Her pronouncement came after describing the synagogue in such glowing terms as if she agreed with the teachings. She attended solely for community friendship among other Jewish people.

#### **“Lottery Winner Plans to Buy Simi Temple Site for Church”**

*Winning \$17.1 million in the state lottery was only part of Simi Valley resident Lydia Neufeld's dream. Neufeld said that she and her husband, Dave, are buying a former synagogue for \$900,000 for use by their church, the New Covenant Pentecostal Church of Simi Valley.*

*The temple is selling the 3.7-acre site on Appleton Road that includes six classrooms. Members of Temple Ner Tamid said their congregation would merge with the larger Temple Etz Chaim in Thousand Oaks. Membership has been steadily declining for years, from a high of 160 families [in 1980] to 60 families [in 1990]. The main reason for the decline is the lack of a full-time rabbi for two years, said Blanche Rever, a member for 21 years. Rever was happy that it would remain a place [for] faith "instead of being torn down for tract homes."*

*- Carlos Lozano, Los Angeles Times, 7/10/1990*

Even though one congregation dwindled in 1980, two Jewish congregations took its place in Simi Valley by 2013. B'nai Emet [Truth] is a Reform congregation led by the daughter of the retired Rabbi of the above named Conservative Temple Etz Chaim [Tree of Life] of Thousand Oaks. The second new congregation, Chabad of Simi Valley, states that every Jew is automatically a member and there is never a need to pay membership dues.

12<sup>th</sup> Grade, Simi Valley, California

Ring of Fire – 9/1970

During the fall 1970 fire season, Simi Valley, which sits in a salad bowl of hills, seemed encircled by wildfire for several days. The smell of smoke persisted. The alarming nighttime show seemed spectacular with high flames visible miles away. There were no breaks except where the Ronald Reagan freeway cut through the Santa Susana hills. Santa Ana winds fanned the flames our direction over those hills and down slope.

This enormous Wright/Clampitt Fire, which started on 9/25/1970, was the most recent significant fire in that area until 2005. The Wright/Clampitt Fire traveled from Malibu north to Newhall, consuming about 164 square miles.

County of Los Angeles Fire Department report in 2010 (edited):

*Forty years ago, the 1970 California Fire Siege remains as a significant series of fires in Los Angeles County starting on 9/25/1970. Raging fires flared up all across the state. At the height of fire suppression efforts on 9/28/1970, over 10,000 personnel and 800 units of fire apparatus battled the fires that went on to burn 1,000 structures and damage 2,000 more.*

*The three largest fires – the Clampitt, Wright, and Agua Dulce fires - burned a combined total of 157,058 acres and destroyed 357 homes.*

*The Clampitt Fire was by far the largest, burning 107,163 acres in Newhall. Four civilians caught out in the open, as the fire burned through Chatsworth, and 103 homes, were lost during this massive fire.*



Figure 51 - Southland Fire (Los Angeles Times 9/29/1970)

### Radio Club

Doug Dubrall, HAM radio operator WA6RJN (still of Simi Valley in 2012) introduced me to Amateur Radio and to skip waves from distant stations. He wrote arrangements of Beatles tunes for his clarinet quintet in Concert band. We met in marching band class.



Figure 52 - Dubrall Call Sign Card - 1970

Doug pulled me into the Radio club in my senior year because we spent the prior summer together at Malibu, where he set up his HAM station on our dresser with antennas strung on the staff cabin backside. In essence, he had a 700-foot mast (the height of the hillside). It gave unobstructed western and southern skip shots across the Pacific Ocean.



Figure 53 - HAM Shack on a Malibu hilltop – 6/1970

The Morse code test and no spare money kept me from an Operator license. As only a hanger-on at the club, the concept of personal radio communications enthralled me (the harbinger of CB Radio and much later ubiquitous cell phone).

The club planted a passion for verbal radio. I became a disc jockey at KTEK, my college radio station, broadcasting an hour of Classical music and an hour of the latest Jesus Rock. I scoured friend's collections for their purchases because the station only had secular albums on hand. In Livermore, Anne and I joined a Citizens Band Club ("*The Mafia*"), which later became an official REACT Chapter that monitored Emergency Channel 9. This emergency use occurred before cell phones and roadside phone boxes.



## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

I helped Doug set up his equipment on a trash can in the 1971 yearbook photo below.

v

Advisor:  
Mr. Cowan  
Harry Briley  
Rawl DeLaTorre  
Doug Dubrall  
Ken Hill  
Mike Landon  
John Leas  
Richard Lidyard  
Alan Milford  
Mike Wilson  
Les Wilson



**Figure 54 - Amateur Radio Club (1971 Yearbook)**

With elbows on the HAM set: Doug Dubrall (L) and Ken Hill (R)

## Marching Band

There were four of us sousaphone players in 1969-70, but I was the only one in 1970-71.

The drill team and Letterettes (carriers of 25-pound shields) marched behind us in chilly morning practices. The graduating drill team from 1970 wrote about: “*poor souls*”, “*blisters, pain, agony*”, “*sleet, hail, and snow*” (winter parade), “*uniforms, boots, gloves, practices, hard work, fun crazy times*”, ... and they would do it all again in a heartbeat.



**Figure 55 - Letterettes (1971 Yearbook)**

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

We stayed after school and showed up an hour before school for practice, which drew us musicians like a magnet. Mr. Van Crane worked our rears off perfecting steps and routines while we memorized our music. With motivated students, a passionate teacher, and a talented drum major, we pulled in trophies from every street parade. I saw the same bonding can-do attitude behavior at the Summer Drama Workshop musicals.

v



Doland White President, Kim Hutchins Vice President, Candy Brooks Treasurer, Debra Delahooke Librarian, Jackie Butler Uniforms, Jon Phillips Asst. Drum Major, Tony Barlow Drum Major, Judy Ain, Linda Bathauer, Humphrey Beem, Henry Bloch, Leonard Bostock, Harry Briley, Richard Bloomfield, Debra Burk, Robert Burk, Karen Butler, Christopher Chapin, Deanna Clouse, Vincent Conese, Lucy Delgado, Roger Denison, Roland Dourlain, Barbara Doyle, Douglas Dubrall, Charles Embry, Michelle Gama, Sharie Harmon, Dennis Harrigan, Dennis Harvey, Daniel Hawkins, Janice Hawkins, Glenn Hedge, Lori Hicks, Gerald Hoff, Frances Hoggan, John Hummel, Debra Kissam, Steven Lawson, John Leas, Richard Lords, Tim Matheson, Theresa Monger, Paul Moon, Phillip Moon, David Mosman, Alan Neuenschwander, Martin Oliver, Jan Phillips, Conna Pratt, Michael Rotman, Deborah Smith, Randall Smith, Shari Steketece, Donald Stites, James Tillman, Craig Wells, Gerold Will, Gerald Williams, Michael Wilson. Majorettes: Cheryl Gilkison and Susan Pettigrew.



Figure 56 - Marching Band (1971 Yearbook)

While the only sousaphone in Marching Band in 1971, I was in the middle of three sousaphones at a spring basketball game. We played ad-hoc riffs after a hoop shot.

v



Figure 57 - Basketball Pep Band (1971 Yearbook) and Highlander Uniform - 1971

### Senior Papers

As a senior, I had Advanced English composition in Period 2 with Mrs. Laura Phillips. As a math major, my writing badly needed an editor, but the content and research showed that I had a focused mission. A personal passion made it much easier to write.

I loaded the first paper in 10/1970, titled “*Morality and Christ*” with rhetorical questions. It was not diplomatic but rather bombastic. I complained about the disparity between what men call ‘moral’ and what we could have freely in Jesus. I got 43/50, a ‘B’, with a side note, “*Interesting and well written, but you need to steer clear of gross generalizations without proof and [so many] over-emotional rhetorical questions.*”

My follow-up paper, in 11/1970, titled “*What is Faith?*” briefly analyzed the term’s meaning and misappropriation, giving three aspects of proper definition. I got 37/40, an ‘A’, with a side note, “*You have worked out most of the mistakes that you were making earlier – Very good improvement!*”

In 1/1971, I wrote “*Glossolalia - An Old Tongue*” which Mrs. Phillips suggested as the topic, much to my surprise. I put in too many expansive adjectives and superlatives, but organized and researched it better. I reported about a religious movement. I did not yet feel I could describe my daily speaking in tongues with credibility, but the topic enabled me to write knowledgeably. I got 58/60, an ‘A’, with a side note, “*Paper indicates much research and work. Areas are almost too scholastic.*”



Figure 58 - Laura Phillips - English, John Patterson - Counselor (1969 Yearbook)

### Learning to Write

I got to college solely on my math skills (and God, as mentioned). Many science geeks commonly lack significant writing skills. My SAT and ACT scores were not bad for the English portion, but were definitely far from stellar college material (as noted).

Not until my Master Thesis ten years later, did someone privately teach me how to write. My thesis advisor, Dr. William Whisler, left as a Fulbright Scholar to Ecuador halfway through my thesis. He became my hero. While others skipped the Thesis hurdle to take the comprehensive exam, I wanted to learn to write a Thesis well. He enthusiastically accepted such a long distance learner.

I suspect that he gleefully red-inked all 168 pages as we exchanged draft chapters by international mails. No e-mail existed. My workplace reserved ARPA-Net solely for military use. The IBM PC would not appear for another three years. My only technical solution was writing my own word processor in FORTRAN. HBWord composited text from a HTML-similar data file into printed output. A correction on a page would involve only keypunching a few lines, instead of hand typing an entire page.

### Desktop Typewriter

College students needed keyboard skills. There were no personal computers. Night adult school beyond the regular school day attempted to impress typing skills upon my fingers.

Most students hauled off a portable electric typewriter with their suitcase to college. My mother let me take her 24-pound Smith-Corona Coronet with a stylish cyan blue shell.

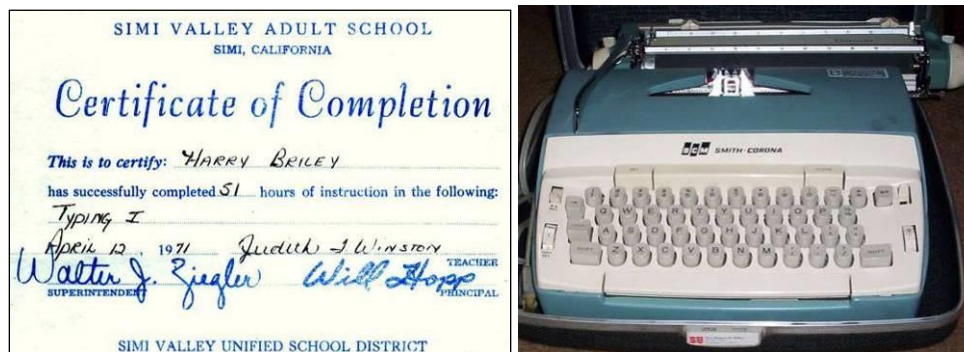
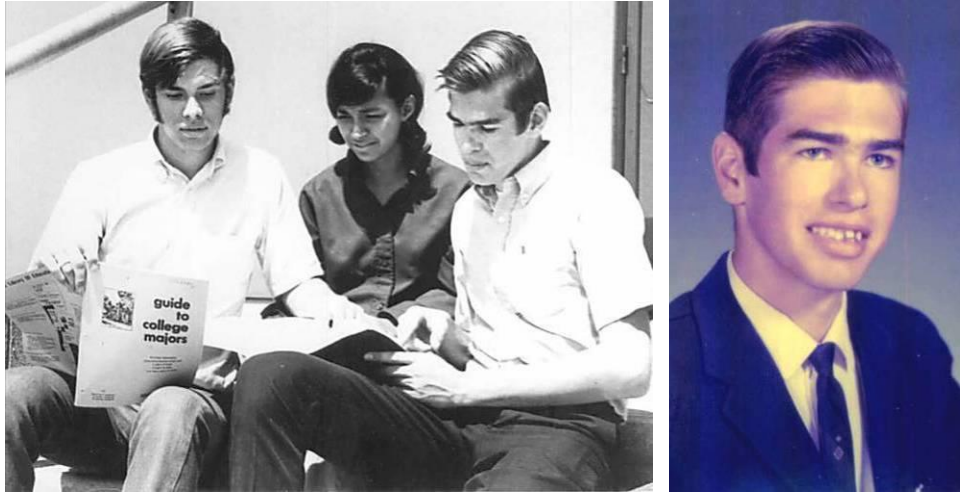


Figure 59 - Typing Certificate and SCM Typewriter – 4/1971

I used many correction slips that, when whacked with the same bad keystroke, transferred a white imprint exactly over the incorrect letter. I never became a touch typist. That skill soon devolved into a six-finger mode in college, the thumb and first two fingers on each hand. That unorthodox style suited me by typing almost as fast as I could think.

**California Scholarship Federation**

The 1971 Yearbook and my 1973 security clearance paperwork listed me as the Treasurer for the California Scholarship Federation (CSF) during my senior year. I forget its activities. I am missing from their yearbook photo. I was not the straight-A (4.0) nor the brainiest student. However, they emphasized college prep coursework rather than GPA.



**Figure 60 – Graduating (Enterprise 8/1970) and in 10/1970 (1971 Yearbook)**  
 “Reviewing Their Chances: for scholarships are (L-R) John Leas, Sue Escandon, and Harry Briley” (Enterprise 8/10/1970)

The CSF Gold seal on my diploma confirmed my Life Membership (Chapter #887). I qualified with four or more semesters in the last three years of high school. My name is missing from the graduates list in the Commencement brochure (since I already started college). However, my name appeared as a CSF Life Member.

The brochure listed only 13 such students, 8 being musicians. Judy Ain (4.0 student) played saxophone in many venues, Marie Cornelius (4.0) played trumpet, Barbara Doyle (4.0) played clarinet, Daniel Hawkins (4.0) played violin and trombone, Sherry Pettit (4.0) played flute, Brad Swopes was in choir, and Joy Talbert (4.0) played cello. I played string bass and sousaphone. I remain amazed they listed me with this stellar crew.

<i>CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION LIFE MEMBERS</i>		
<i>Ain, Judith Pattison</i>	<i>Hanson, David Lewis</i>	<i>Pettit, Cheri Lyn</i>
<i>Briley, Harry Howard</i>	<i>Hawkins, Daniel James</i>	<i>Stringer, Susan</i>
<i>Cornelius, Marie Margit</i>	<i>Jackson, Peggy Lou</i>	<i>Swopes, Brad</i>
<i>Doyle, Barbara L.</i>	<i>Means, Joy Rene'</i>	<i>Talbert, Joy Louise</i>
<i>Ellis, Donna Lee</i>		

**Table 11 - CSF Life Member, Graduation Program – 6/1971**

I received my CSF gold cord tassel in the mail some weeks later.

### Statistical Comparisons

School data for my class of 1971 showed that half the students were college bound but less than 15% made the jump directly to a four-year college.

Without funding, I would have never made that jump and the idea of a Junior College in those days never occurred to me as a viable path towards a computer science degree.

Back then, local junior colleges focused on remedial coursework missed during high school or prepared one for a vocational career that only needed an AA degree. By 2014, after several economic depression cycles, the Community College system seems to be the only pragmatic way to afford the first two years of college general requirements.

John Patterson, our counselor for college, wrote in 6/1972 (edited):

*Mr. Phil Stephens will be our new Principal now that Dr. Bill James is leaving Royal High School. - Class of 1971 Newsletter, 6/1972*

*This information has been most helpful from the follow-up questionnaire that you filled out in the fall of 1971 [six months after your graduation].*

*1. The data [from our first two graduating classes] indicates a predictable pattern.*

*2. College/Career breakout:*

	<i>Class of 1971</i>	<i>Class of 1970</i>
<i>Full Time Employment</i>	28%	23%
<i>Vocational Training</i>	16%	14%
<i>Junior College</i>	37%	44%
<b><i>4 Year College</i></b>	<b>14%</b>	<b>12%</b>
<i>Military</i>	4%	4%
[Other	1%	3%]

*3. The data emphasize the critical role of Royal in providing the tools and background for [both] continuing education [and] the skills and attitudes for work.*

*4. More than 50% of our students work full time or part time [while continuing their education]. The largest number of the jobs is in the clerical occupations.*

## 6.5 Earthquake – 2/1971

I woke at 6am on 2/9/1971 to the San Fernando Saugus-Newhall earthquake. It felt like my mom shaking the bed, gentle but insistent.

Los Angeles Fire Department Historical Archive (edited):

*Fourteen persons were killed today, nine of them in hospitals as a minute-long earthquake rolled over Los Angeles and suburbs at 6:02 am.*

*It was the worst recorded quake in city history. Heaviest death toll was in San Fernando Valley, epicenter of the jolting, rumbling temblor. Scientists at California Institute of Technology said the quake measured 6.5 on the Richter scale. Its epicenter was 10 miles east of Newhall.*

*Emergency crews evacuated an 80-square-mile area near Van Norman Dam, Mission Hills, which has a crack, down its center, and leaking water. The quake was the worst in the Southland since the Long Beach disaster of 1933.*

– Herald-Examiner Vol.V No.318 - 2/ 9/1971



Figure 61- Day of Disaster (Los Angeles Times 2/10/1971)

My father drove us to see the nearby damage, including one high freeway section that dropped about 200 feet crushing a pick-up and occupants flat. This specific earthquake instigated the effort to retrofit California buildings and bridges to withstand earthquakes.

Roger Greensfelder wrote in “*Seismologic and Crustal Movement Investigations of the San Fernando Earthquake*” (edited):

*The epicenter of the main quake was [near] Magic Mountain, about six miles north-northeast of Sylmar. No seismograph stations were close enough to determine reliably the quake's focal depth; however, a depth of about 7 miles is reasonable. The thousands of after-shocks recorded in the first few days were scattered from the main epicenter south to Sunland and southwest to Chatsworth.*

*The old hydraulic earth-fill dam on Lower Van Norman Lake suffered major sliding on its upstream face, posing such a threat that the large area was evacuated for a four-day period. People returned only after the lake level was lowered and careful inspection showed no immediate danger. Both the severely damaged dam on Upper Van Norman Lake and the lower dam must be rebuilt.*

*Modern freeway roads and bridges in the Sylmar area were severely damaged. A number of bridge spans collapsed; **one collapsing span killed two men in a pickup truck.** [The earthquake] compressed eight-inch thick concrete slabs into ridges that thrust over one another in a north-south direction. Lateral spreading affected freeway sections underlain by fill material.*

*Most bridge collapses were in the Interstate-5/ Highway 210 interchange, and pavement ridged there to Highway 405 interchange, two miles to the south.*

*A fault disrupted the Foothill Freeway 210 just west of MacLay Street; preliminary measurements indicate 5 feet vertical and 4.5 feet horizontal (shortening) displacement across the main zone of rupture.*

- California Geology Journal, April/May 1971, Vol. 24, No. 4-5

### Report Cards

1969 - Grade 10B - My solitary C was in Physical Education (PE). Since gangly and uncoordinated, I hated both physical training and mandatory showers. I got an A in driver education (academics) but failed driver training on the Ventura Freeway.

Quite unlike unpromising elementary and junior high report cards, a turn-around occurred upon becoming an active believer in Jesus in early 1970. That primary factor appeared to bump up my general maturity regarding most schoolwork and revitalized my GPA.

1969-1970 - Grade 11 - After escaping PE for Marching Band, I nearly earned all A's (3.67 GPA), with even an A in US History (although I often fell asleep in class). I earned sufficient credits and required courses to graduate early to college.

1970-1971 - Grade 12 - Aside from not practicing for Orchestra, I still earned nearly all A's in my final semester. By that June, those final grades did not matter since my parents already put me on a passenger train to New Mexico Tech.



### **Underground Witness and Error**

I huddled with other Christian students behind one of the campus buildings for Bible study and prayer, even on cold winter days, before school started.

We offered a counter culture to the drug trafficking on campus. The illegal drug corridor ran through Simi between south and north California. The school administration saw us as equal enemies. Drug sales seemed to be a notch more preferable than open Christian expression. The ongoing hostility towards infectious student faith has old roots.

In Los Angeles, the Hollywood Free Paper came out as a Jesus Movement tabloid to present Jesus on the streets. The paper was the antithesis of the drug-hazed Hollywood Free Press that it openly mimicked. The fervor among our campus Christians became electrifying as we planned how to mass-distribute these papers on the sly.

We found several broken lockers on the new campus as drop points, opened with a correctly placed ‘thump’ of a fist. We thus could disperse several hundred copies without lugging supplies around and the administration did not have a choke point to control.

In early 2/1971, we ordered 1000 copies (10 bundles of 100 for the 1500 students). I borrowed my parent’s Vista Cruiser on a false pretext with three friends. We picked up the papers directly to save shipping costs. God did not let my lie go unpunished.

While we sang praises to Jesus heading home, the car suddenly stalled going north on Sepulveda Boulevard. I swerved into the next lane just enough to crease the door of the car beside me but left the station wagon unscathed. I had a dead car, an accident, and a thousand contraband Papers. We exchanged insurance, restarted the car, and hid the papers at their campus drop points. No one knew about that trip except those in the car.

Steven McKown (Class of 1971) in that car commented in 4/2016:

*You were serious and passionate about your faith, which is a good thing. Terry Keegan and I were a part of the 'Jesus People' movement on campus. We were both on the [staff of the student newspaper] Bagpipe Banner.*

*[Although not part of your campus prayer group,] we knew each other from that common point. Terry [, Steve Bathauer,] you (using your parents car) and I went to Hollywood to meet with [Duane Pederson] who put out the Hollywood Free Paper. The man was not what I expected at all. [In the mentioned accident,] the car accelerated uncontrollably for a brief moment.*

I drove home emotionally deflated. My father framed the insurance settlement on my bedroom wall as sufficient punishment. I treated myself more severely with good reason. I experienced the vital lesson that an honorable end did not justify a deceptive means.

According to a diary entry, we distributed 800 copies over lunch on Friday 2/19/1971 and the rest distributed at that evening’s wrestling meet.

Steve Bathauer sent a lone sample of a *Hollywood Free Paper* from 1972 from his archival boxes in 2017. In examining the contents afresh, it spoke to aimless people on the streets caught up in alcohol, drugs, and lack of purpose. Aside from the ads for events, it was a wildly illustrated newsprint tract rather than a journalist newspaper.

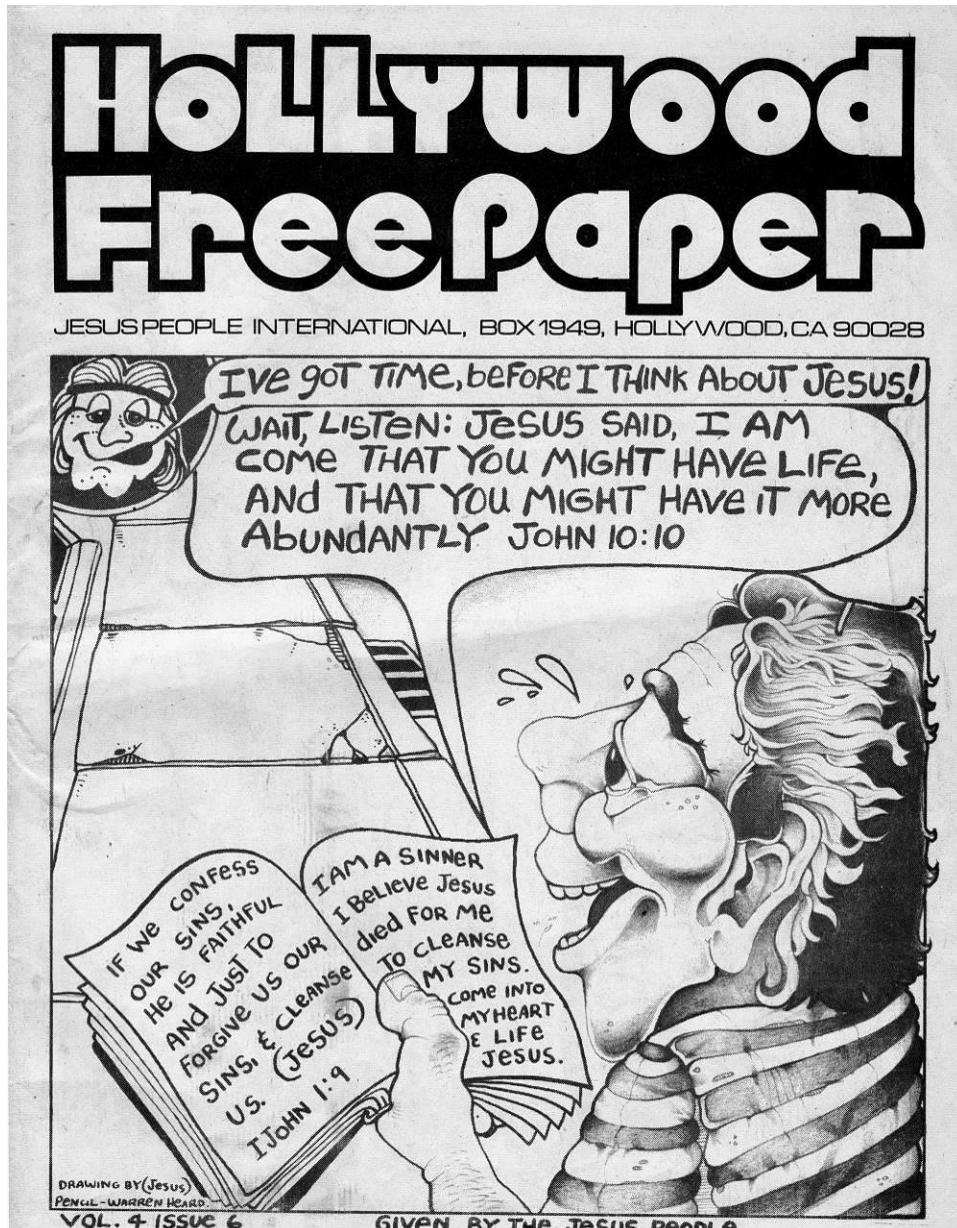


Figure 62 - Hollywood Free Paper, V4N6, 6/1972

The principal, Bill James, recognized the source but not the drop points. Some papers blew around as waste and he called in us ringleaders to account. We agreed to police the campus on Sunday 2/21/1971 and he dropped the matter. I suppose he felt awkward to ‘throw the book’ at his normally wiser college-bound students. He had ‘handled the issue’ and we cleaned up the trash from our final clandestine distribution.

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

Out of the 1000 copies, we only found 50 blown against the school fences. That caused great rejoicing among us that 95% of the papers made it home.

The school eventually allowed the Fellowship of Christian Athletes (FCA) on campus in 1972 and a specific School Assembly with an overtly Christian presentation. Steve Bathauer said an unofficial Christian Club met in a teacher's homeroom in 1972-1973.

The Royal web site in 2013 openly listed both FCA and Christian clubs, stating:

*The Christian Club meets Mondays at 8am. We serve others, gain wisdom, discuss important issues, welcome all students, and enjoy each other's fellowship. We host speakers, movie nights, and service projects. – Advisor: Dave Sorenson*

### Those Jesus People!

The unusual fervor of student faith during the spring of 1971 in the Los Angeles basin warranted TV coverage. Many parents wanted to know how much to worry.

**The Jesus Movement: Revival '71**

This week Larry Badger and Eyewitness News explore the revival phenomenon – a massive crusade that is capturing the hearts of the young from coast to coast. The new cause? Religion. Not the organized religion familiar to many of us. But a simple, and very personal, belief in Jesus and His teachings. A belief that has helped many kick the drug habit. And has given all a new faith in the future.

Monday through Friday. May 17 through 28.  
At 4:30 p.m. on kabc-tv.  
Where news is concerned.

**eyewitness news**  
4:30, 5 & 11 pm / kabc-tv  
benti/story/nahan/sloane

2/12/75

Figure 63 - Ten days of News Coverage – 5/1971

### Theology by the Seat of our Pants

A false bottom in an archival box hid news clippings from the Bagpipe Banner and the local Enterprise newspaper. Poignantly, it held my short-lived 30-day diary from 1971. These entries expose the background environment from which I cut my spiritual eyeteeth.

I learned theology by the seat of my pants, especially since my father forbade me to attend any church. I tired of people claiming things that they could not back up, namely special insights or interpretations that did not stand up to inspection. My later avocation became historical and evidence-based apologetics for historic Christian faith.

### Diary References

I **bolded** dates in diary entries to reflect how much occurred for each day. Explanatory notes from 2013 appear in [brackets]. Written prayers appear in *italic*, as does follow-up interviews of participants. I initialized some student names to protect them from recrimination or avoid defamation in these summarized but controversial entries.

Diary entries refer to specific radio programs aired in 1971 which most influenced my newfound understanding about living a life that reflected Jesus.

- KHOF – FM (King’s Herald Of Faith) – Los Angeles Christian radio station (1956-1983)
  - Founded by Faith Center, Pastor Ray Schoch, Assembly of God pastor
  - [fbn.faithbroadcastingnetwork.info/index.html#KHOF-FM](http://fbn.faithbroadcastingnetwork.info/index.html#KHOF-FM)
  - **Pastor Ray Schoch** (d.1977) “*Pastor’s Desk*” Program (I misspelt it as ‘Shock’)
  - Brian Mobus, General Manager, 1969-1971
  - [fbn.faithbroadcastingnetwork.info/khof\\_fm\\_mobus.html](http://fbn.faithbroadcastingnetwork.info/khof_fm_mobus.html)
  - After 1977, it lost its moorings. It became KKLA-FM (Salem Media) in 1983
- KFSG – AM (Four Square Gospel) – Los Angeles Christian radio station (1924-1973)
  - History and Myths: [jeff560.tripod.com/kfsg.html](http://jeff560.tripod.com/kfsg.html)
  - Aimee Semple McPherson, popular controversial evangelist pioneered station
  - Station ran from her Angeles Temple: Church of Foursquare Gospel (est.1928)
- **Father Dennis** (1917-1991) and **Rita Bennett** “*Walk in the Spirit*” (1969-1971),
  - This Episcopal Charismatic program went off the air on 2/28/1971
  - [www.emotionallyfree.org/DBbio.html](http://www.emotionallyfree.org/DBbio.html)
- **Paul Finkenbinder** (1929-2012) “*Hermano Pablo*“ (Brother Paul), Assembly of God
  - [en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hermano\\_Pablo](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hermano_Pablo)
  - [www.message2conscience.com/history.aspx](http://www.message2conscience.com/history.aspx)
- **Kathryn Kuhlman** (1907-1976) “*Heart to Heart*”, Controversial Healing Evangelist
  - [www.kathrynkuhlman.com/about.html](http://www.kathrynkuhlman.com/about.html)

The diary refers to home groups which my father let me attend, not church buildings,

- “**Universal Teen Hope**” – a local youth group led by Lee and Samantha (Sam) Inman
  - They usually met Thursday night, but we dropped in other days with questions
  - Darlene and Paul appear to be adjunct adult helpers
  - They ran a Teen Help Line service separate from their home telephone
  - The diary hints that they did not initially understand the Baptism into God’s Holy Spirit nor how much Satan was likewise active and afoot with local youth
- “**Koinonia**” (meaning ‘Common’) – a peripatetic youth group from First Baptist Church
  - They met on Saturday night in student homes in rotation open to all students
  - Led by Dave [McKey?], a PE Teacher at one of the schools
  - I first heard the full rock-opera “*Jesus Christ Superstar*” on vinyl at one meeting

### Thirty-Day Diary - 1971

February 19 **Friday** - I was dismayed about [lifeless] prayer and Bible study this morning [at school. Even so,] we passed out Hollywood Free Papers, 800 copies at lunch and at the wrestling meet. Principal Bill James [called us in, but] did not prosecute for passing them out. Part of our group volunteered to clean up campus on Sunday afternoon.

S reported that last night he felt like he freshly woke up from a sleep from five months. He felt like a bucket cleaned by high-pressured water. He has an intense desire to understand the Bible. *Lord, he needs your Baptism into the Holy Spirit* [BHS hereafter].

S distanced himself far from our fundamentalist leanings, wrote in 2013:

*I was rather unfortunately caught up in the Jesus Movement and much of what I remember is painfully colored by that. The only positive is my appreciation of the importance for an evidence-based approach to questions of life, the universe, and everything, rather than blind acceptance. Those years taught me a lot about self-delusion. I was involved with a group called Campus Life (Youth for Christ), often went to different prayer meetings held in people's homes [e.g. Koinonia], and sang with the [traveling] "Up with People" youth choir.*

I visited Steve Bathauer [a sophomore, Class of 1973]. He mailed the [Campus Crusade for Christ] 'Dove' tract about the Holy Spirit to a girl who needs the BHS.

Steve Bathauer recalled in 2014:

*[We drove in your parent's car] to get the [bulk] Hollywood Free Paper. My family attended First Baptist but I left it because I no longer believed in the supernatural gifts. I have fond memories of the Royal High years, which included a campus Bible Study club initiated by the students.*



Jill and Steve Bathauer – Fall 1994

I read Robert Monger's [booklet] *My Heart Christ Home* [Intervarsity Press]. I have been forgetting to meet Jesus in the 'drawing room'. My 'workshop' needs refreshing. *Clean out that 'hall closet'!* I heard Kathryn Kuhlman and Dennis Bennett programs.

February 20 **Saturday**- Had lunch and dinner at Terry Hagan home, and said that being his guest made me thankful. I [enthused] about the "*Jesus the Light Festival of Music*". I said I preferred songs relating to Christ and that rock music tended to stay within the bounds of drugs and erotic love. *Lord, thanks for providing for my physical needs and allow me to provide as you warrant. Thank you for a life to live.*

February 21 **Sunday** [No church] - I learned about tools we should use, but not misuse, to bring people together. I read Matthew 3 and 4. *Lord, I am so glad that it is real.*

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

February 22 **Monday**- I read Psalm 51 and First Corinthians 1. Christ is a title, as in Jesus the Christ. I prayed that God would give words to Jeff Green for starting the discussion during second period. Since Jeff was ill prepared [apparently not a surprise], God did not let Jeff speak at all except for asking. “*Well, are there any questions?*” The discussion carried on for the rest of the period [on its own accord].

Steve Bathauer told me he rapped for two hours with Bill Sauerwald [a few years older than us] about salvation. I heard Kuhlman speak on the ‘Sword of the Spirit’, read Rita Bennett’s [Syllabus] on the Holy Spirit and heard Ray Schoch speak how Satan is fallen.

February 23 **Tuesday**- Nothing happened. Depressed. [This odd entry emphasizes the high-octane activity I came to expect and an ordinary school day threw me for a loop.]

February 24 **Wednesday**- I re-read Matthew 4. Jesus quoted scripture and the devil left him. We must be willing to leave our world activity to follow Jesus. He has called.

Steve Bathauer wanted several two-hour raps. We decided to have 3-6pm rap, and potluck dinner at my house [How did my father handle this!?!]; and 7-10pm at Jim Tillman's for usual Koinonia for Saturday. I informed [12 others of the plans].

Dennis and Rita Bennett answered my letter of questions over the radio of February 9. They have a Friday night youth meeting and televised once for Seattle news. Their young people were enthusiastic and going on for about four years. The Bennett’s radio program “*Walk in the Spirit*” will shortly end [2/28/1971] after two years on the air.

Rita Bennett made these on-the-air comments to my questions:

- A young married couple works with a group much better than a single youth
- Leadership should be baptized in the Holy Spirit, and be ready for God's leading
- Every meeting is usually different, but let the Holy Spirit guide
- Our meetings should function with the power that the Holy Spirit gives
- Explain [first] all actions to newcomers such as praises and lifting hands to God
- God has already moved. Man has finally decided to meet God

Faithfully in Christ,



**Figure 64 - Three letters from Dennis and Rita**

I heard Ray Schoch [on] “*Pastor’s Desk*” [speak] on Ephesians 6.

- God’s armor fits
- Do not complain of your lack of strength or troubles
- Jesus died for that purpose; to raise men up from a **sea of sin**
- God and Christ will BHS and with that, come strength from God
- It is not your strength



Figure 65 - Sea of Sin, A doodle in diary margin

February 25 **Thursday** - A Sinaloa Junior High girl yelled “F\_\_\_\_ you” [at me without cause]. I responded with “*God loves you!*” and continued riding my bike to school. I read second half of First Corinthians 1. *Lord, I have a problem with procrastination.*

February 26 **Friday** - I went to S’s and rapped about his illness and told him about your power. Lee and Paul [of Teen Hope] came over. [Later,] SS reported that all four (Lee, Sam, Paul, Darlene) [of Teen Hope] were [newly] BHS.

February 27 **Saturday** - I visited Steve Bathauer [in the morning], who wanted to [rap, since he requested it], but his mother kept him home because of illness. SS came over to ‘Harry’s Thing’ and wonders about the Holy Spirit. We all went over to Teen Hope [some time before dinner]. Sam has CHANGED! *Praise you God!* They got [BHS] at Topeka in the Action House. *Praise you Holy Spirit!*

After dinner potluck [at my house], we went to Jim Tillman's for the usual Koinonia meeting. Bill Sauerwald showed up [See February 22]. Dan Hawkins [then a Junior but graduated early in 1971] asked about eternal security. We rapped mostly on that subject.

Dan Hawkins (Class of 1971) recalled in 2014:

*Koinonia was started by young people from First Baptist but was definitely made up of many other churches. It met in homes instead of the church. They intended to make it much more open and not tied to a particular church. There was great singing, great fellowship, good studies, and good memories.*

*My personal involvement with the Jesus People movement was much more in my college years up in Santa Barbara [Westmont College] with marches, concerts, Bible studies, coffee houses. When returning from college, I met and courted my wife [Christine, from] the Koinonia group.*

S called me while at Jim's about [our] physics homework. I told him how to overcome his illness. I called later [and] showed him Romans 8:27-29. Millard Day of Moody Press has a good study guide [on this topic, likely “Basic Bible Doctrines”, 1953].

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

February 28 **Sunday** [No church] – I watched two movies [on TV] “*Mad, Mad, Mad World*” and “*McKenzie Break*”. Nothing else [since my father forbade attending church].

March 1 **Monday** – SS is still interested about the Holy Spirit.

[SS’s adult faith path went in a direction that I least expected. In 2014, she participated in a dozen groups within the homosexual-oriented Metropolitan Community Church (MCC) at their conference level. While I disagree with her sentiments, SS made faith in Jesus as one focus in her life. I noted the same in my **College with Purpose** chapter about Marsha Stevens, formerly with Maranatha Music who likewise joined the MCC.]

SS’s pastor in the MCC and long-term lesbian partner blogged on 7/28/13:

*A recent survey of unchurched young adults revealed the top three traits they associate with ‘Christian church’ are homophobic, judgmental, and boring. ‘Christianity’ has a serious branding problem. We can ignore it, or we can take it seriously and look at how we might ‘rebrand’ ourselves as people who travel the path of Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ. ... SS and I caught glimpses of that transformation earlier this month at the General Conference of Metropolitan Community Churches. ... There is not a single cross in our new advertising materials. Why? That symbol of the Christian church has come to represent something for a new generation that Jesus certainly was NOT: homophobic, judgmental, and boring. ... SS and I moved to [CT] from [MA]. I was in the process of leaving the pastorate that I had served for six years, in the only Metropolitan Community Church in Massachusetts. ... I knew that Tony would not give us a hard time for being lesbians...*

I visited Steve Bathauer to review a doubt about his salvation. He had thought a curse against the Holy Spirit. I told him that Satan put such thoughts into his mind. I said that Satan wants us to dwell on worry and sin. [I said,] “*Do not let your mind wander when reading the Bible, which is the best time for Satan to attack.*”

March 2 **Tuesday** – I mulled over whether one could be saved without BHS. [Obviously yes, but I could not then comprehend why anyone would willingly bypass the BHS.]

March 4 **Thursday** - I attended Teen Hope [usual night]. The subject covered agape love versus selfish love. Lee is [newly] realizing that spiritual warfare is a reality.

March 5 **Friday** – I visited Steve Bathauer [after school] and rapped.

March 6 **Saturday** – I attended Koinonia. Bill Sauerwald told of his arm being healed through prayer. Steve Bathauer told of his [Monday March 1] experience with fear and Satan. Many prayers. I read John 14.

March 7 **Sunday** [No church] - Steve Bathauer visited and we biked to Teen Hope where Lee explained about those who have never heard the good news, but [according to



## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

Romans] can obey Jesus law [unknowingly]. Somehow, he correlated all saying that those who knew not Christ but neither rejected him could be saved. Darlene elaborated on their views about Satan [apparently treating Satan as impotent]. I [privately] prayed for them concerning Satan. We biked home and prayed together before Steve left.

Paul Finkenbinder spoke about tithes [to which I agreed]. Lee and Sam added Malachi chapter 3. The Inman's give five percent interest on money they borrow from God. [My not having parental authority to tithe may have prompted this odd journal entry.]

March 8 **Monday** - I heard Kuhlman and Finkenbinder programs. Ray Schoch reran a program from February 24 [Armor of God from Ephesians 6]. I needed to hear that program a second time. I prayed about colleges, financial aid, and tithes.

March 9-11 **Tuesday-Thursday** - During these three days, so much happened spiritually! [However, I failed to write it down!] Steve Bathauer and I talked with [custodian] Robert Scull, a Christian from Thousand Oaks who works at Royal High.

March 12 **Friday** - During nutrition break, T hassled S [by the outdoor lockers and] I smartly slapped T across the cheek. He retaliated [as expected]. I apologized and offered my hand. He slapped it away. This was the first time I ever struck [anyone]. It was not [done] in hate or temper. He left S but with fits of anger, T and G felt my action [seemed way out of line. Observers] Steve Bathauer, S, and Gary felt that T needed it.

S responded in 2013:

*T gave me the most emotional pain at Royal High. I do not remember this specific incident, but it gave me a bit of long overdue pleasure to hear about it.*

After second lunch, T kept G from hassling S by remarking that they should respect S as a brother, and not as a thing. T and I do not seem [emotionally] bruised after this morning and perhaps [we both] wonder at my action. I have prayer and reading to do.

[At Marching Band,] a drill team member offered half her doughnut. I accepted her gift awkwardly in light of this morning. Dan Hawkins reminded me that [I should take it since] I had accepted the greatest gift of all, namely Jesus. J [badly] used God and Christ in vain more than usual, almost every other word, which quite disturbed me.

*Master, be with me in all my trials in a most assured way as you have been. Thank you.*

After school, I asked Steve Bathauer [and two others] to find Scripture about [the proper handling of disputes]. Gary, a new brother two weeks old, carried his Bible and called out to Steve and I as 'brothers' while getting our bikes [to ride home]. His street friends were harassing him about accepting Christ and were literally kicking his Bible around. He says he has been BHS. *Lord, his left eye is damaged and should be healed.*

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

March 13 **Saturday** - On KFSG, Tommy Bared spoke about Holy Spirit, faith, and healing. Steve Bathauer visited for a few hours. We went to his house, rapped, and prayed. He later picked me up for Koinonia.

Jon Colias attended and [he only then] found out about his father's sponsorship of our morning meetings at Royal. [The late Mr. Peter Colias, a history teacher, connected to the Gideon's, let our underground Christians meet in his homeroom during the cold winter months. He might have gotten in trouble for helping us but neither Steve nor Dan recalled any problems.] There were many prayers, prayer requests, and rapping. Bill uses the name Holy Spirit quite freely, but does not seem to know the full power of God.

We planned Saturday for spaghetti dinner at Bill's and then Koinonia at Dave's. Praise God! I read Galatians 1 and 2. Steve may visit tomorrow to share [Jesus] on the street.

March 14 **Sunday** [No church] - Steve Bathauer came over at 2pm. We biked to Crestview Elementary School and talked to a father on a mini-bike. We talked to [a man whose last name is] Gindlesburger. Steve wore a button, "Join the Jesus Revolution".

Behind that school, Steve found two kids building a tree house. After [a lot of] coaxing [of me] on Steve's part, we talked with them [using the Good News Glove (CRU or Campus Crusade for Christ)], exchanged phone numbers, and handed out tracts. We passed out tracts called "*Good News*" to several other kids [children].



Figure 66- Good News booklet and Glove (CRU)

We watched a bus come back from a church camp. It had broken down only once, at the church when it had just stopped! We skimmed through the Bible picking verses out. Terry [Hagan?] gave me a "One Way" sticker. Steve and I stopped to find out if Randy showed up at the Nazarene church building. [I did not go inside the building.]

March 15 **Monday** - S said that he stepped into that Nazarene youth meeting last night. He says there is a vitality not found in his own church or at the Baptist group. [He?] mentioned that it was small. I told Richard Lords and Dan Hawkins about yesterday's response of two children. Alan [?] gave me three Gideon pocket New Testaments.

## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

*Lord, this journal reminds me of my activities with you and your actions and blessings. Thank you for Steve Bathauer. Please release [your Holy Spirit in him], I pray.*

March 16 **Tuesday** – My failure to journal [immediately and not backfill] causes sudden forgetfulness. I told Jim Tillman about the Sunday [witnessing to children] with so much excitement that I surprised myself. All radio themes said to crucify self with Christ. I prayed about NM Tech, my ministry, and my surrender to Christ, to God, to Spirit.

March 17 **Wednesday** - Satan tried to persecute me about Hollywood Free Paper:

- B [loudly proclaimed] that “*it is not free*” [but it was]
- Mrs. Snell [Librarian] said that they “*do not want such junk in the library*”
- P said he did not like it at all (although he tolerates other people reading it)

*So God, Satan progressively grew bolder each time. Despite it all, you won in my heart knowing that I [will certainly] ‘suffer’ [minor verbal derision] because of you.*

[As I approached] Gary today, he responded with a smile. My spirit recognized his [spirit a few minutes] before I even [recognized him as] Gary. I did not notice his damaged eye [see March 12]. He says the Lord is straightening him out [and that] *kids* [drug-users] on the football field are responding to Jesus. *Lord, I pray that Gary's ministry be of you and that the kids accept your son Jesus as their personal savior.*

I read John 8. Steve Bathauer [and I discussed] First Timothy 1:20 [about those who willfully blaspheme]. *Lord I go [to college] as an answer to prayer. Guide my writing to the college and my love towards [my fellow] man.*

March 18 **Thursday** - I read John 9 and 10. It was a day of [spiritual] dryness, except tonight. I drove Mike [my middle brother] and SS to the Sinaloa Junior High music concert [instead of to Teen Hope]. Just before the concert started, SS [suddenly] grabbed my arm. I found out about her epilepsy. She felt as if she might have her semi-annual seizure. We went outside and Mr. Van Crane [Royal High music teacher] kept close on hand. To get out of the wind, we went into a practice music room. *There [Lord,] you put upon my heart to lay hands upon and pray for her healing. It took faith (belief and trust) to do that much. We then drove to Teen Hope. Sam took over from there. You, my Lord, were in control all the while. Thank you.*

About five minutes after arriving at Teen Hope, the Hotline rang. I answered. T [wow!] asked about the Bible rap [schedule and content for that evening].

[Everyone] rapped until 9 pm when I left. A long prayer [in my car] occurred in tongues and in English of praise and thanks. I picked up Mike just after the concert ended. *Lord, you knew I was going to go to Teen Hope [after all] instead of the concert. God, [let] everything that is to be done, is done, has been done, [... consequently] be done with you involved, concerned, guiding, creating, and loving.*

END OF 30-DAY DIARY

### Miracle of College Funding

A tapestry of God's grace became the means to attend college. While concerned about funds over the Christmas 1970 break, I penciled a cartoon on a 3-inch white tile of our breakfast nook. A parent penguin looks kindly down at a baby penguin protesting his lot in life. My parents protected it for years with plastic wrap until they sold the house.

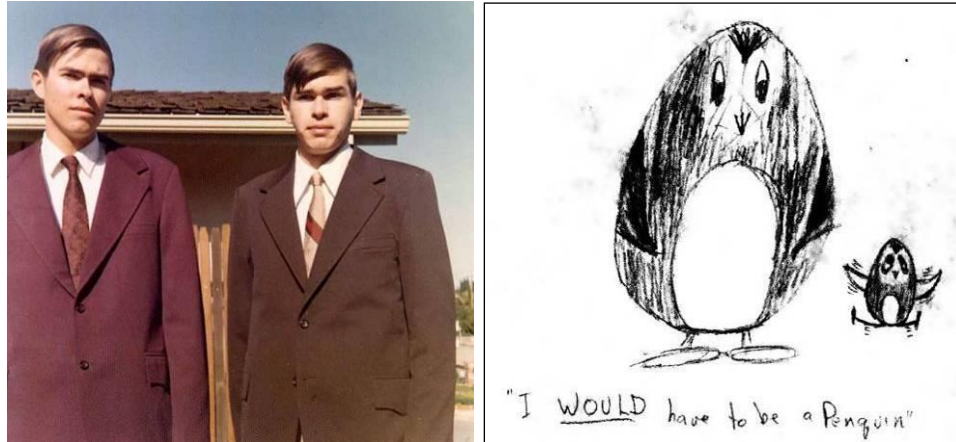


Figure 67 - Michael/Harry first sport coats – Penguin Blues – 12/1970

Even with gas at 35 cents per gallon, I still did not have coinage for much gas. I sadly bypassed the Royal High yearbook as a luxury. Ron Palmer, feeling as the yearbook steward for me, gladly gifted his 1971 edition in 2013 for the photos in this chapter.

By Christmas 1970, my earnest prayers reflected panic. I applied to the few scholarships that I located. Neither counselors nor my parents pointed out sources. No aid came from the colleges. The local Police Auxiliary gave me a \$25 Scholarship for two books.

With parental funding absent, my mother dutifully filled out unhappy data on forms. My father, with no savings, lived paycheck to paycheck as a truck driver with a mortgage.

### Financial Countdown

These spring 1971 excerpts from correspondence and journal entries reflect my naiveté and edge-of-seat financial story. Without e-mail, postal letters stretched out the agony.

1/25 – Dr. Thomas Nartker (Computer Department Head) sent a computer letter (all upper case in those days) and an unprinted student address encoded on a Hollerith card.

2/4 – Mr. Simon Gormley Jr. (1932-2021, Director of Admissions 1969-1980) expressed “*very much interest*” and wondered why I had not applied last June! He urged utmost speed. I sent in the one-page application with the \$5 fee, checking every box for aid. For work qualifications, I foolishly wrote, “*Math oriented. I could handle anything you give me from dishwasher to assistant professor.*”

2/15 – Mr. Gormley enclosed Financial forms and wrote Royal High for my transcript.

2/25 – Upon receipt of the transcripts, Mr. Gormley sent an acceptance letter [received March 1] and requested the \$25 admissions fee, a large sum (\$250 in 2014 dollars).

Back on 2/6, I typed unusual questions to the computer student. She responded on 2/27 [received March 2] with six hand-printed pages (written all in uppercase of course):

What are the town’s distance, credit, and attitude towards the college?

*Write checks with ID. Cash a check at Tech for up to \$25. It is a mile to town. [Socorro] is a little Spanish towns with a [central] plaza [hosting] a Safeway, two drugstores, hardware store, barbershop, Belen Saving and Loan, the bus station (Continental Trailways), and the Capital bar. If you do not go around looking for trouble, there is no problem [not true], but relations are not outstanding [true].*

[Tell me about the student] facilities? Do the washing machines work?

*The wash machines work, eventually. Sometimes, you have to lift the lid up and down 10 times. They overflow and eat your money but it is not too bad. Cost is 20 cents per wash and a quarter for an hour dry. There is a phone in each room for free local calls. Calls outside of Socorro must be made **collect**.*

How many [job] openings in computer program for incoming freshmen?

*You [may] get a job as a [computer] operator or a programming job with TERA.*

Does the [degree] program sufficiently prepare you for a computer career?

*I will be a competent programmer by the time I get out of here. I regard the school quite highly and a grade of ‘B’ in science is worth an ‘A’ at most any other place. We write programs with a high emphasis on science. [Her remarks were completely correct. Top students struggled to keep their GPA above 3.5].*

Did the college receive my ACT or SAT scores?

*Admissions received your transcripts but not your test scores.  
They accepted you for both admission and co-op work-study.*

3/2 - I had only read about my acceptance the day before but had not heard about the work-study. I did not know how badly they wanted me. An institution had never courted me. The entire process felt bewildering. They accepted **only 45** freshmen that summer.

As the go/no-go dates loomed, I asked the Lord to open doors widely or close door firmly because I could not attend without his direct engagement. A month before the deadline, San Luis Obispo offered a \$100 scholarship (equivalent to one month room rent).

3/3 – Mr. Gormley sent the Co-op acceptance for work starting 6/14/1971 and a second request for the \$25 fee before the end of March. The earnings of \$1600 per year covered half my costs. I was ecstatic. While below minimum wage, it was a livable stipend.

He wrote, “A *work-study program will be a challenge, but we are confident that you have the capability and willingness [e.g. over-the-top chutzpah] to succeed.*”

3/7 – Mr. Gormley must have rolled his eyes at my next letter. I wrote (summarized),

*“My enrollment depends upon financial aid. My counselor [John Patterson] felt it best to obtain the most aid to limit work hours [to free up] study time. I cannot afford \$25 until notice of aid for all costs. Please notify before March 26. In turn, I can meet your deadline. I accept both admission and Co-op program.”*

I likely took the \$25 from my summer wages. I mailed the fee mid-month and got a long-distance call that same day inquiring after it.

3/29 – Mr. Gormley thanked me for the \$25 before the 4/1 deadline and noted that the State of New Mexico had just **increased** tuition and fees for June. Ack!

4/1 - I foolishly wrote to a student paper at NM Tech reporting this salient new data.

*“I needed coaxing that nonresident tuition was worth it. Two colleges tied for first place. Tech offered half my costs from work-study or loans. My counselor called the Cal Poly/SLO computer director, who praised NM Tech's program”*

4/3 – I sent a financial needs update,

*“My father is no longer employed at Wick Building Systems. He was laid off on 4/2. The PCS [Parental Confidential Statement] should have no estimated income and should state his occupation as ‘unemployed’.*

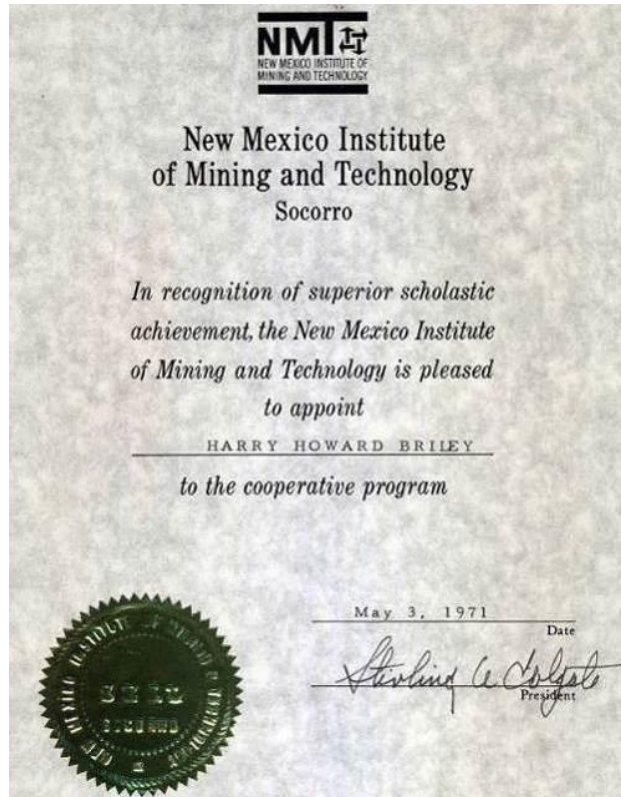
## Walk With Me – Coming of Age

4/19 - My father and I jointly signed a revocable Residence and 20-Meal contract #087 for the summer session with yet another deposit (a refundable \$15 cleaning fee). I signed based upon the work-study job (half the costs) with the balance due mostly on blind faith.

5/3 – President Sterling Colgate signed and sealed my certificate for Co-op work-study program, **two full months** after Mr. Gormley informed me.

5/10 – Not hearing about financial aid for months from Cal Poly, I wrote about my father’s unemployment just in case they had a financial package in the works. I should have mailed it back on 4/3. They never responded.

At the last possible sweat-inducing week, I could not cover room and board (a deal-breaker). My morale sank, thinking no doors would open at all. The Tech response came during the same week in which I had to send resignation letters to my three California colleges. The summer quarter started in only 30 days.



5/11– The financial aids officer at Tech wrote (but I did **not** receive until a few days later) about the remaining 50% of my needs as follows and requested my urgent reply.

Estimated annual costs: \$3312	(A \$38,000 equivalent cost in 2013)
Co-op Earnings:	\$1600 (20 hours a week at \$1.70/hour)
20% of my savings	\$100 (from my Malibu camp wages)
Education Opportunity Grant	\$800
National Defense Student Loan	\$800

I made sure thereafter to affirm that God opened the door in such a way that I could not whisk it away as a coincidence. No other college had inquired. None of the colleges who accepted me offered an aid package. It proffered a single choice, a single door, not only cracked open, but fully blown off its hinges. Everything that transpired afterwards re-emphasized that God indeed acted upon my faithless plea and gladly took credit.

Sometime between April 21 and May 12, date unknown, the Enterprise published an announcement with **no corresponding letter** from the California State Scholarship and Loan Committee. It appears this committee handled all state-funded scholarships for in-state colleges, which might explain the dreadful non-response from California colleges.

# Scholars are named

The California State Scholarship and Loan Commission has announced that 22 Simi Valley and three Moorpark high school students have been awarded scholarships. The scholarship award is for a maximum of \$1,850, but in no event in excess of tuition and fees at the college or university selected by the student.

The Simi Valley winners were Kathryn D. Acoff, 685 Sandy Ave.; Harry H. Briley, P.O. Box 617; Paul R. Cartwright, 1536 Earl Ave.; Kathryn A. Douglas, 1261 Hartley Ave.; Michael J. Doukas, 1805 Hillary Ct.; Donna L. Ellis, 1008 Ventura Ave.; Charles R. Kimberling, 1649 Pride St.; Tina M. Licker, 2519 N. Marisa Pl.

Ann Macy, 2396 N. Elmdale Ave.; Janet S. Oliver, 2950 Sycamore Dr.; Stephen V. O'Neal, 2591 E. Marie St.; John G. Ott, 2038 Heather; Ronald S. Palmer, 1263 Hudspeth St.; Bradley D. Richardson, 623 Appleton Rd.; Edwin G. Rinke, 1528 Los Amigos Ave.; Helen F. Shaban, 2297 E. Larch St.; Ann L. Spiller, 1149 Neal Ct. Janita R. Strout, 2372 Erringer Rd.; Stephanie Kopcha, 2730 Niles St.; David S. Paine, 1090 Vallejo Ave.; Penny L. Riley, 1206 Graham, and William L. Robertson, 2618 Lee St.

Moorpark winners were Carol A. Brusven, 319 Dorothy, and Raymond M. and Susan L. Hebel, 3960 Hitch Blvd.

Figure 68 – Unclaimed California State Scholarship – April/May 1971

This award placed me among students with a better GPA. I highlighted those that I knew: Donna Ellis (4.0 student), David Paine (4.0), Ron Palmer, Brad Richardson (4.0), Ed Rinke, and Bill Robertson (4.0). The Los Angeles Times on 6/13/1971 listed 32 of those that I knew at Royal, many in music, as 4.0 sophomores, juniors, and seniors.

This unclaimed award covered all in-state tuition/fees within California but specifically **excluded** room and board. The announcement came about a month too late.

Ron Palmer remarked (edited):

*I qualified for this scholarship in 1970, but I did not claim it until a full year later. I fled Simi Valley within a couple of days of graduating. I was fortunate that my Texas aunt took me in, which is why I enrolled at Sam Houston State University for my first year. I did well scholastically that first year.*

*I was accepted at a small liberal arts college in Los Angeles the following spring, and only with my aunt's guidance that I discovered I could still claim the California Scholarship for three more years. It [was] late spring of 1971 when this article appeared which explains why both your name and mine appear. Normally, all the recipients would have been in the same graduating class (1971).*



Walk With Me – Coming of Age

5/26 – Two weeks before graduation, NM Tech published this article in the “Enterprise Sun and News” (Page 9), a benefit that only occurs with small hometown newspapers.

*Former Royal High School student, Harry Briley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Briley, will receive Co-op employment at New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology. The state institution, oriented toward education and research in science and engineering, emphasizing the earth sciences, offers renewable scholarships to outstanding students, and encourage students to accept further challenges working in the Cooperative Honors Program.*

*Participants in the Co-op Program are chosen on a competitive basis to become employees of one of the Institute’s three divisions, and are usually **placed in positions** commensurate with **their fields of interest**.*

*Students benefit from the low ratio of one professor to each 12 students, and guidance offered by the 200 scientists and technicians employed [on campus]*

It pumped me up to have paying work in the field of my interest as an untried freshman!

**Leaving Home**

At age 17, I missed the 6/16/1971 graduation ceremony. High School classes ended Friday. Saturday 6/12-13 on my first train ride, the Santa Fe “El Capitan” sped across the southwest desert. A bus connected on Sunday night and on Monday, college started.

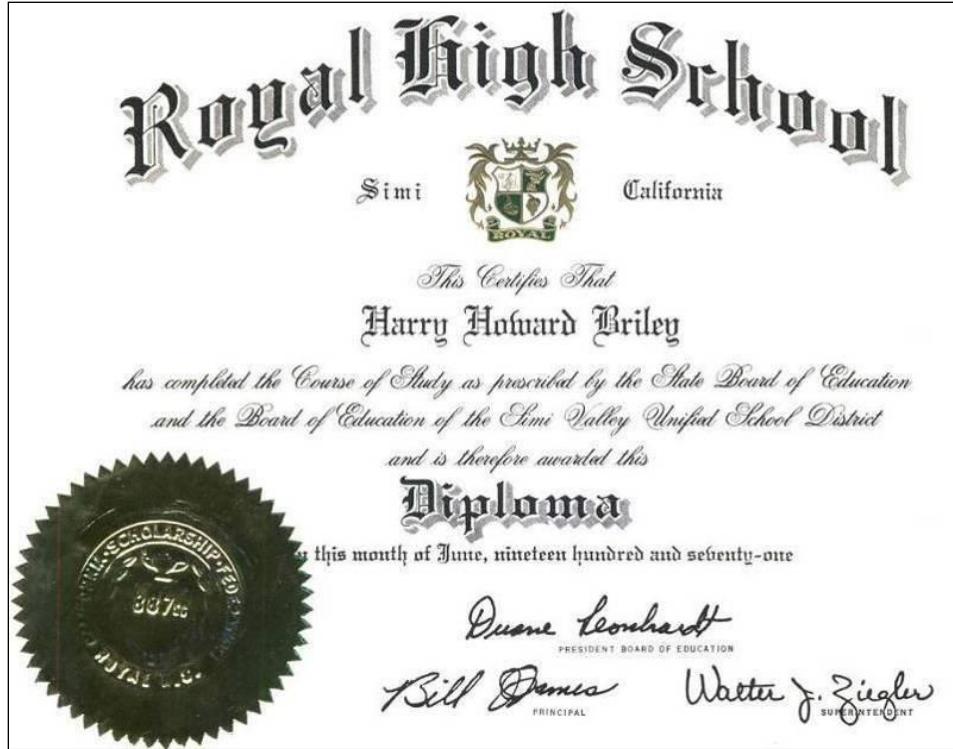


Figure 69 – Diploma with gold 887 CSF Seal – 6/1971



Figure 70 - Union Station with David (8) - Los Angeles, 6/12/1971

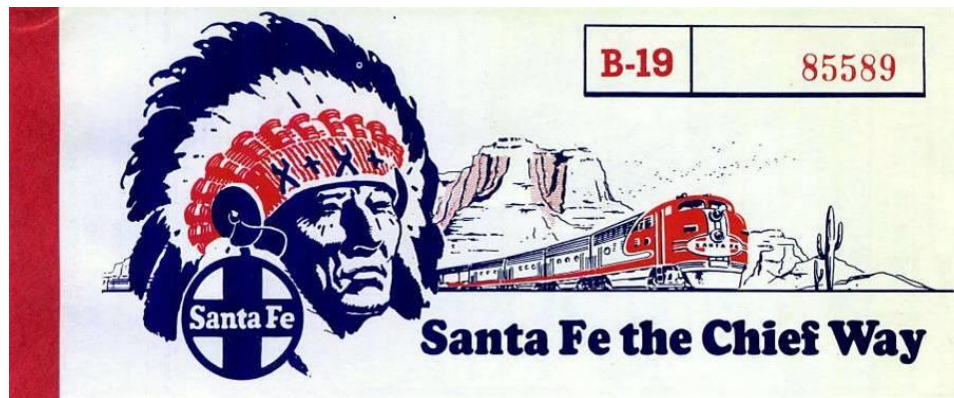


Figure 71 - Los Angeles to Albuquerque Ticket (\$35) – 6/12/1971

Issued July 1, 1970



All-High-Level El Capitan is America's most popular economy service between Chicago and California.

This folder tells about the many features and services offered on El Capitan along with schedule and points of interest along the route.

Santa Fe will do its best to make your trip on El Capitan an enjoyable travel experience.

**DINING CAR SERVICE**—The Hi-Level dining car offers a fine selection of food at popular prices. Breakfast service starts at an early hour; Lunch at 11:30 a.m. Dinner is served immediately on departure from Los Angeles and Chicago, and at 5:30 p.m. the next day.

The **KACHINA COFFEE SHOP-LOUNGE** is on the lower level of the lounge car. Here you can purchase coffee, milk, fruit juice, sweet rolls and sandwiches. Continuous service from early morning until late at night.

**YOU'LL ENJOY THE LOUNGE CAR**; it is a friendly meeting place for all passengers. Attendants serve refreshments from morning until midnight. You'll find current magazines and newspapers in this car, also a writing desk stocked with stationery.

**BE SURE TO MEET THE COURIER-NURSE**—There is a friendly Courier-Nurse on El Capitan. She is a registered nurse who is aboard to assist mothers traveling with children and any passengers requiring her assistance.

**RADIO, MUSIC AND TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENTS** are carried throughout all cars. The Courier-Nurse makes brief announcements as the train passes points of interest en route. **NOTE ABOUT PORTABLE RADIOS**—Passengers using portable radios will find best reception by placing radio near the window. Please keep the volume low to not interfere with train music or announcements during the day. Please do not play the radio during the late hours.

**AT ALBUQUERQUE** there is a short stop for leg stretching while train is being serviced. At other stops the schedule does not permit passengers to leave the train.

**DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR LUGGAGE**—The attendant on your car has checked all luggage in the special racks on the lower level. Just hand your check stub to the attendant any time during your trip and he will make your luggage available to you. (There is no charge for this service.) Passengers are cautioned not to store heavy luggage in racks over your seat on the upper level of chair cars; these racks are designed for personal items needed during your trip.

**PLEASE LET CONDUCTOR POUCH YOUR TICKET**—When the conductor makes his call after you board train he will collect your ticket if you are going beyond his run and give you a receipt from the envelope pouch in which he places your ticket. Tickets are picked up to avoid bothering you each time there is a change of crews. If part of your ticket must be returned, it will be given to you before reaching destination.

**A WORD ABOUT SMOKING.** The majority of our travelers have requested we change our program on permitting smoking in chair cars. **WE PROHIBIT SMOKING IN CHAIR CARS BETWEEN 10:00 P.M. AND DAYBREAK.**

At other times we rely on your consideration of other chair car passengers in judging how often to smoke at your seat.

If you notice your neighboring passengers objecting, we suggest that you limit the amount of smoking in your seat, and make an occasional visit to the lounge car where smoking is more acceptable to all passengers.

**PILLOWS** are available from the chair car attendant. He will be through the train to offer you a pillow, which can be rented for 50c (tax included) for your trip.

**DRESSING ROOMS AND LAVATORIES** are located on the lower level of each chair car. Also, there are lavatories on the upper level of the lounge car.

**CHAIR CAR ATTENDANT** is available to assist passengers with their luggage at no charge. If you have difficulty operating the seat the Chair Car Attendant will be glad to assist you.

Figure 72 – Brochure about El Capitan (Santa Fe 7/1970)

# EL CAPITAN

Tr. 18, Eas  
Chair-Car 1  
ti

Altitude	Mls.	Read Down	
13		Leave San Diego Train 77 4:00 pm, arrive Los Angeles Union Station 6:55 pm.	
318	0	Lv LOS ANGELES..... Cal.	7.30PM
	1	.. Cross Los Angeles River..	7.33PM
830	9	Lv PASADENA..... Cal.	8.00PM
	21	.. Cross San Gabriel River..	8.21PM
860	34	Lv POMONA..... Cal.	8.39PM
1077	60	Lv SAN BERNARDINO....	9.12PM
3822	87	Cajon Pass between San Bernardino and San Ga- briel Mountains.....	9.48PM
2715	106	Ar VICTORVILLE..... Cal.	10.33PM
	108	.... Cross Mojave River....	10.36PM
2105	142	Lv BARSTOW..... Cal.	11.20PM
476	307	Ar NEEDLES..... Cal.	1.55AM
476	307	Lv NEEDLES (PST).... Cal.	2.00AM
		Leaving Needles turn watches AHEAD one hour.	
	320	... Cross Colorado River... .. Calif.-Arizona boundary..	3.11AM
3335	369	Lv KINGMAN (MST)⊙ Ariz.	4.14AM
5242	457	Lv SELIGMAN⊙..... Ariz.	5.55AM
7313	534	... Cross Arizona Divide...	7.21AM
6902	541	Ar FLAGSTAFF⊙..... Ariz.	7.33AM
		⊙ Lv. Flagstaff 8.30 am., via Motor Coach. Ar. Grand Canyon 10.05 am.	
		⊙ Lv. Flagstaff 9.15 am. via Motor Coach Ar. Phoenix 1.30 pm.	
6902	541	Lv FLAGSTAFF⊙..... Ariz.	7.33AM
	573	... Cross Canyon Diablo...	8.09AM
4843	599	Lv WINSLOW⊙..... Ariz.	8.50AM
	603	Cross Little Colorado River	8.55AM
	704	Cross Ariz.-N.M. boundary	10.11AM
6506	727	Lv GALLUP..... N. Mex.	10.37AM
7247	756	.. Cross Continental Divide.	11.07AM
	852	.... Cross Rio Puerco....	12.32PM
	876	.... Cross Rio Grande....	12.56PM
4934	887	Ar ALBUQUERQUE.... N.M.	1.10PM
4934	887	Lv ALBUQUERQUE.... N.M.	1.20PM
6457	954	Ar LAMY..... N. Mex.	2.26PM

Table 12 - El Capitan Schedule - 1971

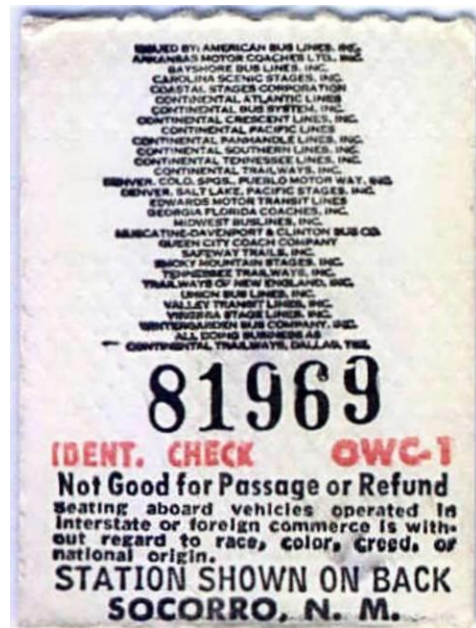


Figure 73 - Luggage Tag and Bus Ticket to Socorro - 6/13/1971



Figure 74 - El Capitan Hi-Level Lounge Car (Fred Harvey 1956)

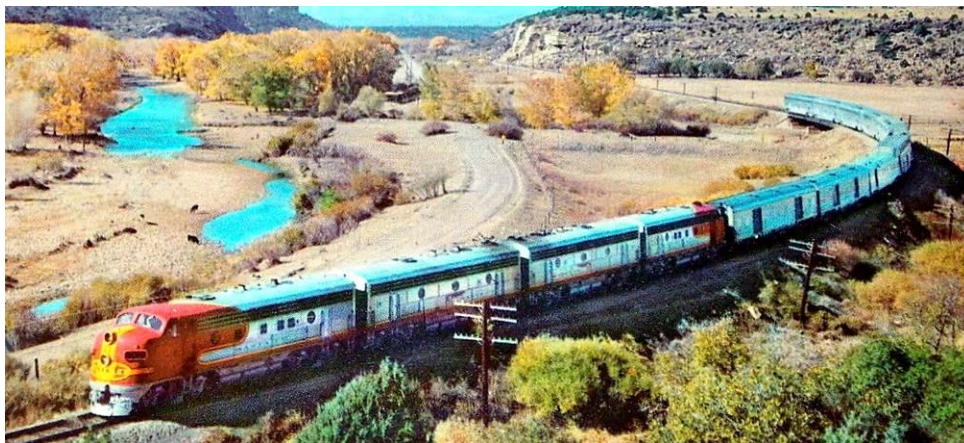


Figure 75 - El Capitan in Shoemaker Canyon, NM (Fred Harvey 1959)

### Arrival at New Mexico Tech

True to the newspaper announcement, co-op honors freshman could indeed choose jobs from among their fields of interest: the north, the south, and the west fields ... digging five-foot deep trenches. I needed a few classes to apply for my *academic* field of interest.

A year later, as a sophomore and employed at TERA, I declared financial independence from my parents at age 18, declared citizenship in New Mexico, and paid in-state tuition. The age of majority of age 21 made this an early and significant change of financial status. While statistically a poor college student, I paid all my bills.

### **Acknowledgments**

I edited and credited materials from public sources in offset boxes.

Materials not publically available came from:

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- Velma Schroeder, my aunt, Letters to me

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