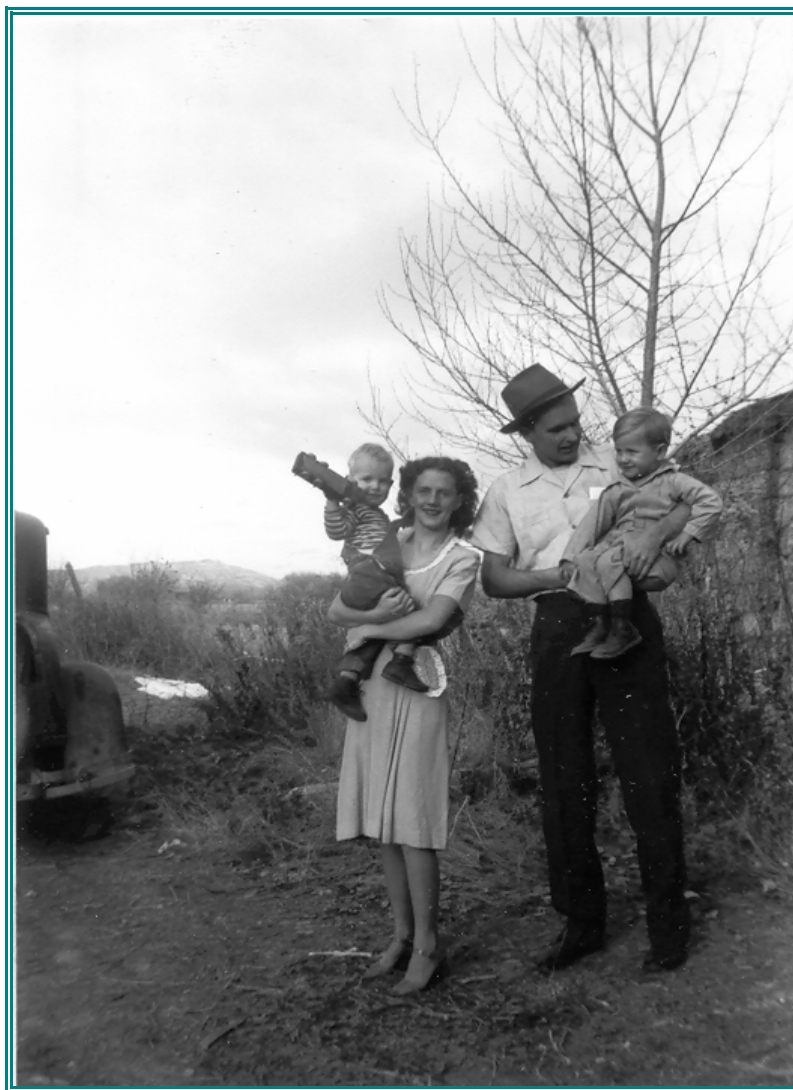


# UPHILL - BOTH WAYS



Volume 6    -Naples 1941  
                  -Salt Lake City 1942  
                  -Hanford 1943  
                  -Pearl Harbor 1944

**James R. Jensen**

5324 SW 153<sup>rd</sup> Avenue  
Beaverton, OR 97007

Dedicated to us...

..Four and Five



## Contents

Mom returned to Naples in Fall 1941 ..... [82](#)  
 Dad returned to Naples in Fall 1941 ..... [82](#)  
 3<sup>rd</sup> South and 2<sup>nd</sup> East Apartment ..... [83](#)  
 Sidecar Baby ..... [84](#)  
 Aunt Viola and Uncle Conrad ..... [89](#)  
 Don't Touch me ..... [90](#)  
 Twisting the Baby's Head ..... [92](#)  
 Trade School, Welder and Machinist ..... [93](#)  
 Happy First Birthday, Ronnie ..... [94](#)  
 Dick appeared about now ..... [95](#)  
 Memory Grove ..... [97](#)  
 Remington Arms Plant - Utah Ordnance Plant ..... [99](#)  
 QC Supervisor at Remington Arms Plant ..... [101](#)  
 Photos of the Remington Arms Plant: ..... [103](#)  
 .50 Caliber Machine gun shell ..... [108](#)  
 Back to Naples Again ..... [108](#)

Attachment 1 Utah Ordnance Plant Remington Arms Co. SLC, UT . [110](#)



### Mom returned to Naples in Fall 1941

Mom and Mable spent a few months in Seward after she got married. But when the military presence in Seward became disruptive to civilian life, Mom went back to live with her folks in Naples. Mable didn't returned at the same time. She stayed behind and married Ted Handy. When mom returned to Naples, she took up residence in grandpa's house because "the boys were off to war", such an off-hand way to say it, isn't it. Her return was November, 1941, a month before the nefarious bombing by the Japanese of Pearl Harbor. Mom said it got so that women weren't safe in the streets due to the frequency of rapes in the daytime. Pretty rough time.

### Dad returned to Naples in Fall 1941

Dad had to stay behind to sell the house he had built for mom. He also had to make a quick trip up the Alaska Railway to Fairbanks to buy a wooden box of fossil mastodon or mammoth ivory which is still at 2821 N. He returned to mom in Naples on Christmas day, 1941. Mom obviously was pregnant when she left Alaska and since I was born in SLC in March 1942, she and dad obviously had to have moved to SLC before I was born in March 1941. Mom's memory is so deteriorated now that I will probably never be able to reconstruct the specific dates but the facts and the order in which they occurred is accurate here.[<sup>1</sup>]

---

<sup>1</sup> Without meaning to suggest anything in particular, I must admit that even this matter is open to interpretation. Once one admits irregularity in what is otherwise a predictable course of events, the door is opened to anything.



## 7. SALT LAKE CITY 1942-43

When the US finally entered WW II after the nefarious Japanese<sup>[2]</sup> bombing of Pearl Harbor, mom and dad, who were married 1941, were still living in Seward, Alaska. Seward was at the head of the pivotal Aleutian chain-where key battles were waged in Atu and other remote outposts- as the railhead to the interior, hence all military bases of Alaska. It was then turned into some sort of military installation. All civilians were sent "stateside" or "the lower 48". Dad tried to join to SeaBees but they wouldn't take him because he was married. So they moved to Salt Lake City where I was born in LDS Hospital on State and South 21<sup>st</sup>, which was razed in the 1970's. Dad enrolled in a crash program to become a mechanic and machinist. Dick was born 18 months later. Then we moved to Naples, Utah, the little town east of Vernal where mom's multitudinous family lived.

### 3<sup>rd</sup> South and 2<sup>nd</sup> East Apartment

After mom stayed a while in Naples, dad also returned from Seward to Naples. Dad worked at odd jobs for a month or two but he got bored, wasn't earning enough money, was impatient with a one horse town. He and mom decided that they needed to move to SLC for reasons that I haven't heard ever explained - partly because I never asked. The only apartment they ever lived in was the one on 3<sup>rd</sup> S and 2<sup>nd</sup> E. They pointed out the apartment to me when drove by it with the statement, "That's where we lived when you were a baby."

The building was a three story brick building on the southwest corner of 3<sup>rd</sup>

---

<sup>c</sup>I am not an expert in Japan. But it is my firm conviction that the Japanese who did this dastardly thing to us are alive and well in Japan today. And we have General McArthur, and those who agreed with him, to thank for writing a Japanese constitution that forbade them from raising a military which has given us 50 years of peace in the region.

It was of no small interest to read this past week the words of a current Japanese leader who said that same thing but in different words. He said that the weak movement afoot today to alter the Japanese Constitution to allow the formation of a military should be resisted at all costs - and here's the point- because he fears that the Japanese will once more begin to flex their muscle in the world.

The treacherous spirit of the Samurai epitomizes my view of the Japanese even today, and it is a nasty spirit. It confuses me because I find their art and life style and zen the most beautiful in the world. How does one reconcile these treacherous with the beautiful creations?



South and 2<sup>nd</sup> East. It was close to busses, being only 5 blocks from the dead center of SLC, i.e. East Temple and South Temple where the large statue of Brigham Young stands in the center of the intersection. This photo gives you an idea of the inside of the apartment.

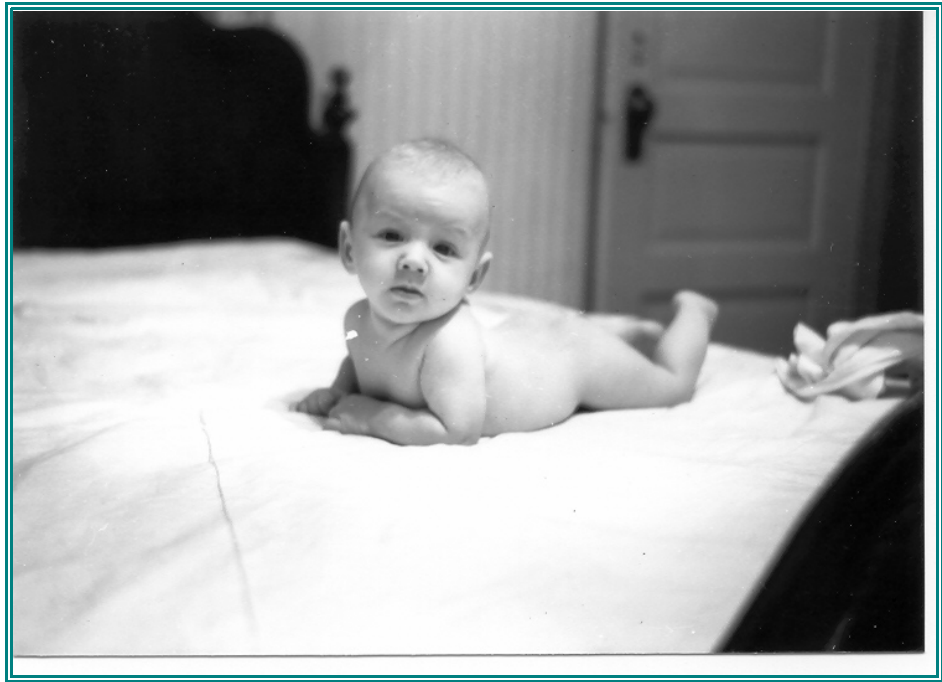


Figure 3. Ronnie at about 11-12 months

Look at the backgrounds of some of the following photos for more insight into how the apartment was decorated. A simple pre-war apartment for two kids without any money.

### Sidecar Baby

It didn't take dad long to get another motorcycle after he and mom returned to SLC in early 1942. Since I was born in SLC March 31, 1942, they obviously moved between January and March 1942.

Mom told the story about rides in the sidecar of a motorcycle before I was born. I apparently was late in hatching and they wanted to get the deed done. To hasten delivery they mounted the side car on dad's motorcycle and took several long bouncy motorcycle rides with mom in the sidecar. (See the section below about motorcycles and University of Utah). Whether or not there was medical evidence to support this belief, it was commonly accepted that jolting would shake the baby loose. The side car had to be used because she wouldn't fit behind him in the saddle. Turned out that the bouncing didn't help. But that's why I love motorcycles.

Mom liked this baby. She was 19 years old, just a child herself. But she



thought this kid was OK. She is a beautiful woman and produced this big-headed kid that was a handful. This is in the apartment on 3<sup>rd</sup> South in Salt Lake when I was about 6-8 months.

In those days breast-feeding had become an embarrassment, evidence that a woman was a low-class person and so on. Doctors prescribed tight binders over the breasts until the y"dried up" to terminate lactation.

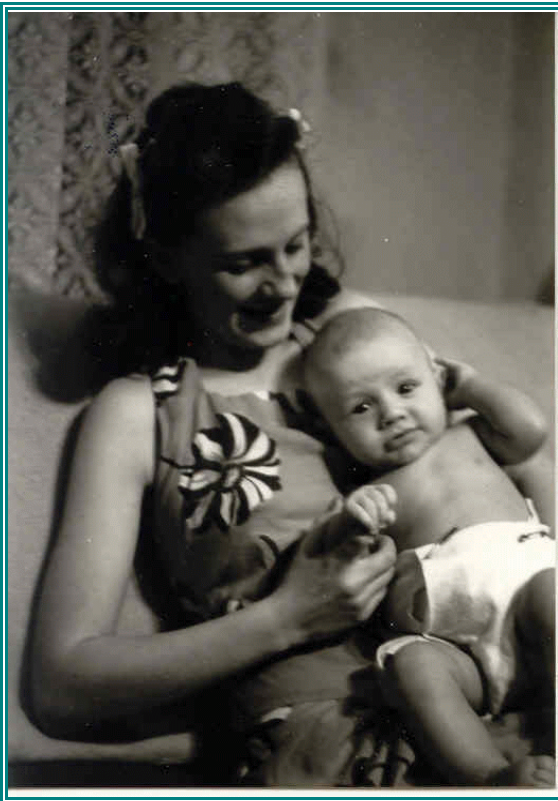


Figure 5 Marie and Ronnie SLC



Figure 4 Mom and Ronnie



So I was bottle-fed. The pendulum has swung the other way today, though your mother experienced more than a little bit of judgment and criticism for breast-feeding you. The health benefits today are well know.

There seems to be a requirement that parents take embarrassing pictures of their babies. Why? Did I ever do that to you? Be glad I didn't put the photo in where I am holding the pot in my right hand rummaging around in it with my left, grinning at the camera. Dad probably put me up to it. Probably 2 years old here and full of it.

In those days the fancy little training toilets didn't exist in the world my folks were from. Perhaps the wealthy had them, but everyday families just used an old fashioned chamber pot to do the training.



Figure 6 1 year old on pot





This little brown dog stayed with me until I was 14. I loved it, even when I was 14.

Somewhere along the way its right ear was worn off. Excelsior showed through the tear but it was packed tightly enough that it didn't come out if I handled it gently. I did.

I finally had to give him away in Seward when we were shaking down belonging so that we could pack everything into the covered bed of a 3/4 ton 1951

Chevrolet pickup. I really missed it and felt it unfair to be forced to leave it behind.

That was tough. I also left behind a collection of wonderful cartridges , including a 130 mm Cartridge with the fuse removed from the projectile. I missed that collection that was stored in a plywood box that dad made, along with what I called a "sea cucumber." I see today that it was what is now called a "loofah sponge." Whatever, it was oil-soaked, and from the beach during one of our interminable beach combing session, so I could call it whatever I wanted to call it and no one in Seward was going to know different. They believed me when I confidentially called it a "sea cucumber" because they didn't know either what it was.



Figure 7 Ronnie and Doggie



I imagine that mom dreaded coming home from shopping because she never knew what dad was going to do with the baby. The baby obviously didn't care but mom didn't think it was funny to take a couple of socks and pin them on the baby in place of a real diaper. The hat, always a hat. And a paint brush. Today the FDA would issue a recall for such a dangerous baby toy. It's a miracle that you kids survived, based on the inane alarmist passionate generally stupid directives from that bunch of mis-guided otherwise nice morons who run this country. But don't have the common sense of a flea God help us.

This little radio stayed with us for many years. It was later dropped so the case was cracked, but it still worked even though it was a tube radio that was affected by being dropped. Radios sat on the kitchen table, unless they were the monstrous console models that took up half a wall. This is the one that Cousin Marion would turn on for us to listen to the Lone Ranger in Vernal 5 years later when she tended us after school while mom worked at J.C. Penny's store in town. It was dropped on the floor at one point and lost one of the front top corners but the tubes seemed to work OK and we had a great time tuning it. Such a unique set of sounds came from a tube radio as you scrolled across the dial. Shrieks and growls and rumbles and ticks and tom-



Figure 8 Ronnie in sock diaper.



Figure 9 Ronnie in high chair



tom's and about anything you could imagine. Further, they changed according to the time of day as the ionosphere raised or lowered diurnally. Digital radios today are pretty sterile things in comparison..

## Aunt Viola and Uncle Conrad

Dad's sister Viola shows here in the days when she was still in good health. Something happened to her and she deteriorated over the years and had chronic medical conditions

that limited her activities of daily living and impacted her family members. I

remember her interest in health matters that led her, in 1953, to eschew the use of cow's milk and to substitute "lucerne", to buy a special machine to make juice of vegetables like carrots, and to

avoid the use of soaps, using scrub brushes and water instead. At least that's how I remember it when we visited them for a few days in 1953. But here she was healthy.

This was also in the days before Conrad lost his leg. He was a brakeman for the railroad and one night as he routinely mounted a boxcar after having given the signal with his lantern to the engineer to move out, he slipped on the metal rung of the ladder, fell to the ground at which point his leg was simply amputated. My memories of him are basically of the wooden leg. He had a healthy attitude about it and kidded and joked a lot.

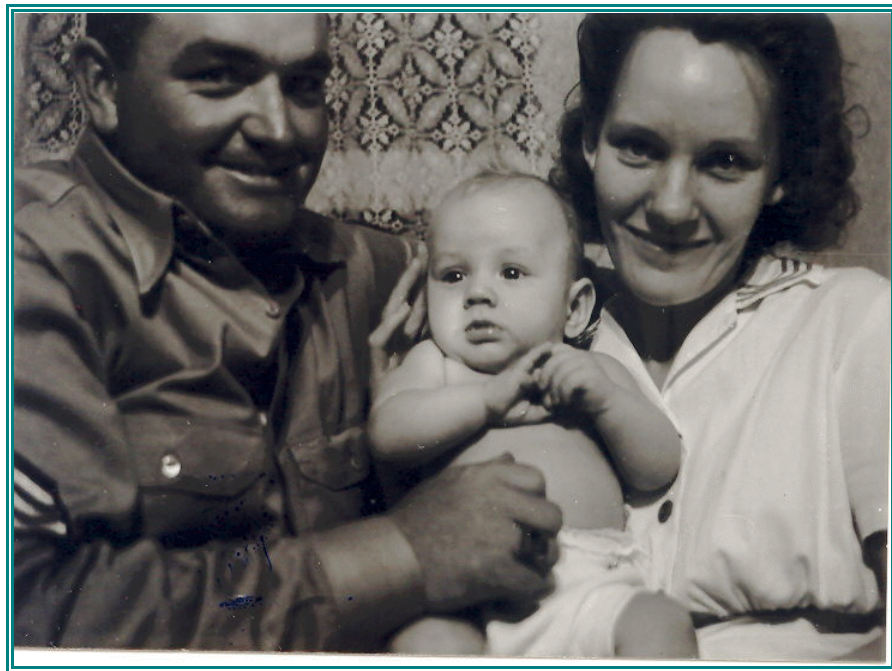


Figure 10 Aunt Viola and Uncle Conrad



## Don't Touch me

There has always been a certain amount of discomfort for me when being touched. That response is part of my nervous system. It simply is part of me, and when I'm in that mode, a touch by anyone for any reason makes me re-coil. Don't touch me! Which is odd because when I'm in another mode, I love to be petted and rubbed and touched. Mom has told the story many times of an episode that happened in SLC. That means I was about 2 years old. Mom and dad had apparently put me down to take a nap and after I was sleeping they went out, probably to get some time away from the baby. While they were out I woke up and discovered that they were not around. I obviously don't know today what went on in my head but it probably wasn't a nice thing.

Mom and dad got back, probably only being gone a short time, and found an upset baby. They took me out of the crib to comfort and reassure me, but I would have none of that. After mom set me down on the floor to do whatever I did on the floor, I crawled under their bed, all the way back to the wall. Mom tried to coax me out to no avail and I was too far back for them to reach me easily. I went to sleep and only came out after I woke up. But they still had to pull me out by the leg.

That's how I am today. Whenever I hurt myself, I do not like someone trying to help me. It infuriates me, unless I'm hurt so badly that I really do need help. I do not know why I respond that way, why I feel the way I feel. It is disconcerting to people, loved ones in particular, to be ferociously rejected that way by me when they are trying to help me after I've been hurt. My mom finally understood that so when I was hurt, she'd do a quick sort of exam from a distance to see if I had broken something or was going to bleed to death. If not, she left me alone and when I was ready to get help, I would.



When I try to capture the feelings and thoughts going through my head at such a time, I recognize several things. One is that when I am hurt I just feel rage at the pain and want to lash out, so it's a good thing that I push people away. I really want to hit them in my anger. Another is that I am usually embarrassed at being hurt, because virtually every time I am hurt it is the result of my own stupidity, a failure to pay attention to what I'm doing and the risks associated with it. That's obviously not always the case but most of the time it is.

Another feeling is a resistance to accepting help, even when I need it and the person can provide it. Logic would dictate that I should be grateful and should graciously accept what's being offered. But that's not how my psyche operates.

I prefer to be left alone, I do appreciate the quick check to see if a limb is hanging, but I prefer to be left alone. Then when I'm ready I will get up and take care of the problem and seek assistance if I need it. The obvious problem with that approach is the unfortunate rejection it signals to whoever comes to help me. If it weren't for my age when I first exhibited this isolating tendency when hurt, I'd wonder if it wasn't caused in some manner by how I was handled some times.



Figure 11 Sleeping, leave me alone



## Twisting the Baby's Head

Dad had his way of handling the baby. This is another story reported by mom from our time in Salt Lake City. Like most people in those days, they did not have a car, and since they lived in the city, they couldn't keep horses. So they used public transportation, buses and trolleys, paying with tokens, where the world at large could observe, whether it wanted to or not, the manner and style of parenting exhibited by James Alvin and Marie, AKA my "parents." It left something to be desired in some instances, but probably no more than for most specimens of *homo sapiens sapiens*. In those days the three of us went together on a trolley and on some of those times dad would hold the baby.

On more than one occasion he and I got into a test of wills that received public attention, actually a prophetic [and not entirely complimentary for either of us] state of being for the two of us. While I sat on his lap looking forward, he would take my head between his hands and try and turn it. Being naturally stubborn, I did not like that so I'd resist him. Which seemed to make him more determined to achieve his objective. By now little old



Figure 12 Baby in stroller

ladies on the trolley were watching what was happening with undisguised concern. They wanted to whack him with their umbrellas for being mean to the baby. Then he would escalate the process by adding audible grinding noises and grimacing while



he acted like he was trying forcibly turn my head. Mom didn't say how these interactions ended but I imagine that she probably took the baby away from dad, to the relief of the little old ladies. Who probably, and with some justification, felt sorry for her.

## Trade School, Welder and Machinist

I am not clear on the specifics of this course but apparently young men -and woman- who signed up for this course were able to attend the course at no cost to them, plus the government paid a small living allowance to get them through the course, enough to pay rent and buy some food. That's the only way dad could have done it, but he wasn't alone. The government had such an appetite for war machines that it needed all the machinists and welders they could coax, plead and bribe into its service. In the end the only alternative for the government was to simply create the machinists and welders by these programs. So dad went through was apparently a 6 month course, taught on the University of Utah campus, to become a journey man machinist. He did accomplish this and took a job at the Remington Arms Plant that had recently opened.



## Happy First Birthday, Ronnie

I'll admit it. I don't remember this birthday. Obviously mom made a cake, from scratch for those of you who care about such details. She obviously made a two or three layer cake and iced it on a dinner plate. The words doubtless come from one of those little packages of hard-sugar letters and numbers. It says, "Happy Birthday to You" and has something in the bottom center. Without any external evidence, I'd be willing to bet that I wasn't able to blow that one candle out.



Figure 13 My First birthday Cake





### Dick appeared about now

Dick appears to be something like 4 to 6 months old so I, being 14 months older, was 18 to 20 months old at the time. Obviously he objected to my holding him, or having his photo taken- but in any case, I'm having a grand time grandstanding for the camera. In my diaper.



Figure 14 Ronnie and Dickie

Mom always took good care of herself and dressed well. She stayed within her budget by sewing whatever she could, which eventually included sports coats. She liked hats in the 1940's and wore them well. The car in the background was probably a nearly new car. Gives you a point of perspective.

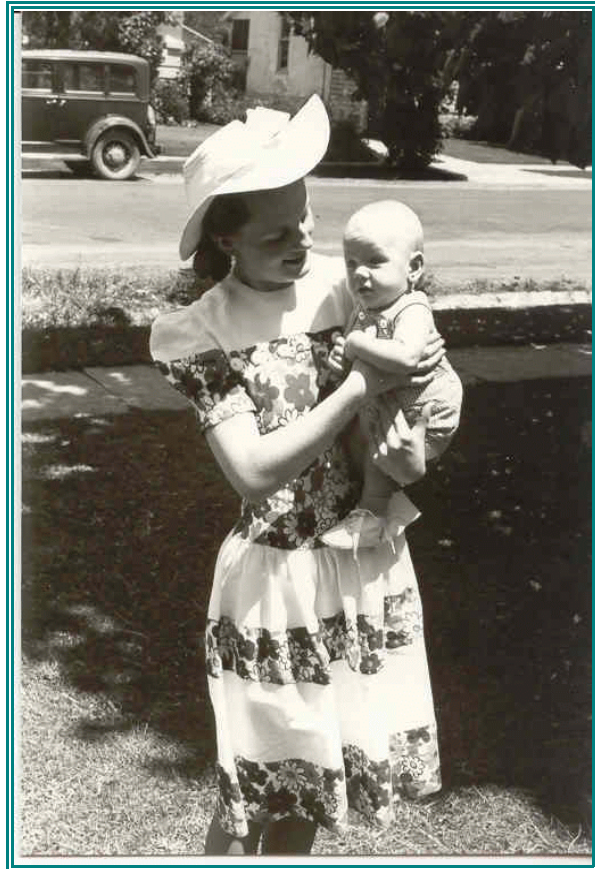


Figure 15 Mom and Ronnie



I frankly have a hard time imagining where she could be going that she should feel it essential to wear a fancy dress coat, gloves and hat with a veil. Really quite extraordinary, isn't it. Gloves were mandatory with this lovely coat and she looked good. Dad was probably proud of her. She always dressed well, took great pride in how she looked.

This is taken in the center of Salt Lake City, so you can see that it, too, is a very young city, compared to what it looks like today in the area, 4<sup>th</sup> south and 2<sup>nd</sup> East.



Figure 16 Mom in finery in 1943



## Memory Grove

Actually, I don't have any memory of this place but I remember hearing the name many times. Memory Grove was a popular source of recreation for families with limited resources. Limited resources made this sort of public entertainment particularly appealing. For the price of car fare, a family could take a picnic basket and spend a Sunday afternoon together enjoying the sunshine and freedom of a park.

Hats were part of my life back then and continued to be up to the present.

This photo was taken on the same day that Bud Hegyessy spent the day with mom and dad in Memory Grove. You've seen the photo of dad duded up with Bud in his ROTC uniform? That granite memorial was in Memory Grove, a place behind the state capitol in Salt Lake City. This photo is also taken in the grove.



Figure 17 Ronnie wearing one of his inevitable hats in Memory Grove



To you recognize dad's outfit here? It's the same he wears in the photo with Bud. Mom's wearing a summer outfit, fancy hat, full skirt and smile. She made all of her own clothes for all of my early life, though I expect she purchased the hat and the shoes.



My love of flowers, persisting to the present in a virulent form, was earned early. I don't know whether it was somehow an intrinsic response to beauty, or was a response I learned from dad. That's where it would have come from if it was a learned response.



## Remington Arms Plant - Utah Ordnance Plant

Dad talked about the Remington Arms Plant several time in my hearing but I had absolutely no idea what time period he was there until I did some research about that plant and its role in the war effort. While Dad talked about having worked at the plant, he had no photos of it, and nothing to indicate that he actually worked there, so as I started looking at his work history in detail I contacted Remington Arms. On the internet, I found a man named Roy Marcot, who as the historian for the company has access to all company documents including restricted ones. I told him what I was after and he replied via email:

*Subject: History of Remington Arms - Salt Lake City Plant*

*Date: Sat, 8 Sep 2001 11:12:41 -0700*

*From: "roymarcot" <roymarcot@email.msn.com>*

*To: "James Jensen" <jrjensen2000@yahoo.com>*

*CC: <LWierjr@aol.com>*

*Dear Jim:*

*There is frightfully little available at Remington Arms Company about its munitions plant in Salt Lake City during World War II. I am attaching (below) the text on Remington's munitions effort, but I'd suggest getting together with the various historical societies in Salt Lake for more information about the plant.*

*All my best,*

*Roy Marcot*

*Tucson, Arizona*

This synopsis was included in Roy's email:

### "Remington's Utah Ordnance Plant

- First shipped ammunition in February 1942.*
- Eventually reached a manufacturing capacity of 5,000,000 rounds per day.*
- Ultimately reached peak employment of over 10,000 munitions workers.*
- Utilized 3 primary manufacturing buildings and 200 other structures on a 5,000 acre site near Salt Lake City.*
- Awarded the Army-Navy "E" Award for manufacturing excellence on September 23, 1943.*
- Produced 1,241,932,000 .30-06 cartridges and 418,345,000 .50 caliber cartridges."*



## University of Utah photos of the Plant

I went to the Utah Historical Society and the Library of the University of Utah to see what information they had but it seemed they had even less. So I surfed the net searching for sites that might deal with Remington ammunition and found several that seemed like long shots. I sent 8 or 10 emails to the webmaster or the "contact" person. I received no reply, typical of cold contacts on the internet in my experience, but I had lost nothing in the effort. At least I was in there pitching, trying to get more information to satisfy my own curiosity and to provide my kids with more understanding of what dad did there.

But the internet is a remarkable thing. I later received an email from a person I had never heard of, Keith Pagel, six weeks from the time I sent the email to the Webmaster of the "Fifty Caliber Society". He apologized for the delay and said he'd only received my email that day. His "cc:s" included four other people, none of who I knew, one of whom worked for Ohio State University. The upshot was that he had additional information to flesh out the facts, and even had a URL that listed 6 photos. - at the Utah Historical Society! While they were listed, I could not figure out how to access the photos, so I've emailed them with the URL and a request for the procedure to view the images, or a request to provide them on CD for purchase. I think we'll get some photos to add here. The paragraph he provided is this:

*"Utah Ordnance Plant, Salt Lake City, Utah- This was a '2nd Wave' plant run for the government by Remington Arms Co. It was originally constructed to manufacture Cal. .30 and Cal. .50 ammunition. The first lot from production was accepted in March 1942. The headstamp code used first was 'UT,' but in late 1942 this was changed to 'U,' which remained the code for the balance of production. The change to 'U' was made to correct excessive case scrap loss caused by the 'T' eroding from the heading tool during mass production. Utah Ordnance Plant stopped production in late December 1943 when it was put on standby status. During the production phase this facility produced a total of just over 1.2 billion rounds of Cal. .30 and over 400 million Cal. .50 rounds."*

This is interesting because it suggests a reason for dad leaving the plant: it was put on standby in Dec. 1943 after operating only 21 months. That may be when mom and dad moved to Naples.

I just received a black-tip Cal. 50 cartridge that I purchased from Keith.



It is a black tip, i.e. armor piercing, and is stamped for 1943 at the Utah Ordnance Depot. For \$15.00. It will be stored in dad's machinist toolbox, an appropriate archive for it, and for whoever is interested in it.

About a month after corresponding with Keith, I contacted George Kass at Forensic Ammunition Services, a man he referred me to, an expert in munitions who lectures around the country on the topic. His reply was prompt, another of those internet surprises and included more information than I had before, still not a huge amount, but more so I am slowly accumulating information about the plant here dad worked. I have attached his reply as "Attachment 1" to this chapter

### QC Supervisor at Remington Arms Plant

After getting his journeyman's card, and joining the right union, dad landed a job at the Remington Arms Plant in the south-west side of Salt Lake City on Redwood Road. I like it that I worked across the alley from the defunct plant during the mid 1960's for Deseret Book Press, a job shop and book bindery. The loading dock where we disposed of the waste from the cutter opened onto the narrow alley across from the plant. I looked directly into the aging, decaying concrete structure that remained. There were a few night lights to reveal what was inside, but it was deserted, not even a night watchman on the premises. Rebar starting to show through the decaying concrete. Today I wish I had taken a camera and walked the 5,000 acre plant, taking photos of what remained, although I didn't have a clue about what was there. I could have asked an expert later what the photos meant.

I don't know what work he was assigned to do, but whatever it was, the product was cartridges. I don't know what he did to demonstrate his excellence but he was good enough that they pulled him off the machines and did two things with him. One of them was to make him a Quality Control inspector.

He checked the specs of sample rounds before lots were shipped by railroad to the munitions depot. Checking specs with a micrometer sounds easy. Just take this device and hold it over the thing to be measured, turn the wide barrel until the anvil touched the thing, then turn the small handle until the pressure release was reached and finally read the size off the scale. Except it wasn't that simple. When the specification calls for a three-thousandths of an inch



clearance, one is entering a world where what you and I think "fits exactly" is no longer accurate. A good machinist in those days before the sophisticated measuring technologies of today developed a sophisticated sense of touch that was required for accurate measurements at that level because there is actually a certain amount of friction between the mic and the sample. In fact, to my hand when I tried to mic something under his direction, I felt so much friction that I concluded that the sample was too large. He took the mic and checked the spec and said it was right on. I suspect that part of his success was in the development of this refined sense of feel under conditions that were really counter-intuitive to the average man or woman.

The plant manufactured 30 caliber and 50 caliber ammunition. The 50 caliber was shot in machine guns that looked like this one:

There are groups of shooters today that get together and use these weapons for target practice and so on. Amazing, really, because the slugs are half an inch in diameter and have such energy that nothing survives the impact of several of them. It is a native American affection

for fire arms. Which, ultimately, is one of the truly great and effective forces that control and limit and curtail the rampant idiocy and stupidity and insanity of politicians in Washington, D.C. They know, with the same certitude they have that the sun will rise in the east in the morning, that if they EVER attempted to take over the government by force that an unorganized but astonishingly powerful group of mavericks would appear on the White House Lawn with this exact weapon to contest anything that needed being contested, even if it meant sacrificing their lives. Our right to "Keep and Arm Bears" is secure. Haha. If you think that an unprincipled self-serving liar like Bill Clinton might never think about taking control of the country you are as naive as he is unprincipled. Thank god for the Amendment to the constitution that provides for us the right to keep and arm bears.

I don't know if this story actually took place in Utah or in Hanford, Washington so keep that question open. But the facts are the same, regardless of



**Figure 20 .50 Caliber machine gun**

<http://www.hqmc.usmc.mil/factfile.nsf/7e931335d515626a8525628100676e0c/aa27932a142dc6538525627b006ae4f8?OpenDocument>





where it happened. The other assignment he was given make him proud, for good reason, and it was a most unusual assignment given the single focus of the plant, i.e. just churn out box car loads of the same ammo day after day. He was pulled from the QC assignment and given liberty to do what he wanted to do. How this came to be is illustrated by this story.

Dad worked at the plant for a while so had become familiar with the work of most of the guys in the different sections. His mind was extraordinarily fertile so when he saw anything, it was not just observed, it was analyzed. Usually that was the end. But in this instance what he observed produced a response.

What he watched was a group of guys assigned to cut pieces from metal stock. This was done manually with hack saws. Cut, cut, drop; cut cut drop;... change the blade, and repeat the process. I've forgotten the exact numbers, but you get the idea. These guys could each cut something like 15<sup>?</sup> pieces an hour. Dad's observation of the cuts led to his making a jig, a sort of template that would hold the stock and the saw in such a way that the cuts were as accurate, but vastly faster and the saw blades lasted longer. Instead of 15 an hour, each man could now make 60 or some such big number - and use fewer blades.

He did these sorts of things free-style, effortlessly. It was his nature to problem-solve but not only by taking things that everyone agreed was a "problem". Everything, even established procedures, were analyzed this way, and he could determine new ways in some cases for speeding the process up, for reducing the amount of waste, or for increasing the quality. So one fine day, the shop super said to dad when he came to work, "Jensen, you don't to draw any prints. You just walk around and do what you want." That gave him latitude to go anywhere in the shop reviewing how things were done and devising new methods to do all the things just enumerated. Pretty extraordinary for a 25 year old kid who never graduated from high school and grew up in a true desert in a town of less than 500 people. James Alvin was a miniature Leonardo or Michelangelo. Really, though you may not have sufficiently broad detail about him to know it yourself..

### Photos of the Remington Arms Plant:

It will be a life-long lament that I failed to take any photos of the defunct, decaying, long-abandoned Remington Arms plant that I looked at every night for 2 years while working my way through the University of Utah by working part-time



in the evening 1964-67. I worked in the Book Bindery of the Deseret Book Press on Redwood road, and when I was a laborer on the cutter at the end of the hot-melt machine that was fed by the 18-pocket Pocket Collator, I was constantly fighting with the vacuum removal system that didn't work as advertised. As a result, I had to spend much time manually hauling the cut-off waste out to the loading dock, with this borderline-gorilla who's IQ was smaller than his shoe size. He was harmless but strong so you were real careful about what you said. Anyway, he and I swept up and hauled waste out there. And more than once I stood on the dock staring into the decaying concrete structures a few feet away that had a few bare bulbs glowing dimly in the light, water dripping on the floor, concrete turning to dust, surface of the floor covered with gritty debris. **THAT WAS WHERE MY DAD WORKED!** What was wrong with me! I should have been poring over the place for weeks on end, shooting a hundred rolls of photos of whatever was there. Just to be in touch with my dad. What was wrong with me!

So I purchased an expensive set of photos to share with you whether or not you want to see them! Six of them. Here they are. The mountains in the back ground are the Oquirrh Mountains, now denuded but there are pioneer accounts of riding horses over them when the grass was as high as the horses' bellies. Something went wrong, didn't it.

Anyway, I can't tell you what each of these photos represents, but I want you to see them because this is a place your good ol' grandpa Jensen spent a year or so. When he, too, was 24-26. That ought to place him in time for you, should give you a personal sense of what he was about. It is significant, isn't it, that when he stood in these buildings when he was 25 like you are? A young man. Family to tend to, frustrated and eager at the same time. Building bullets to kill people. My, my.



Numbers 1 and 2:



Figure 21

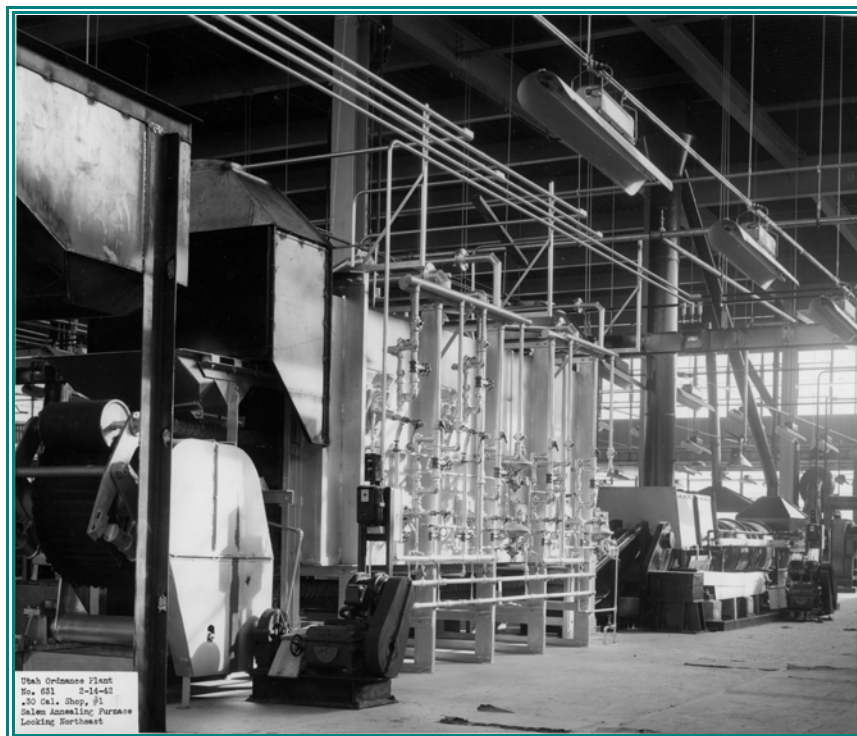


Figure 22



Numbers 3 and 4:



Numbers 5 and 6:



Utah Ordnance Plant  
No. 66 2-1-42  
Treaser Camp, U.S.  
High. 251A  
Looking Northeast



Utah Ordnance Plant  
No. 639 2-1-42  
Gate House #6  
Looking West



### .50 Caliber Machine gun shell

Here's an image of an armor piercing shell that I purchased through the internet. It was manufactured at the SLC Remington Arms Plant while dad worked there. Keith R. Pagel is the name of the man who deals in these sorts of things. I located him through the internet. This is a live round and could explode I suppose but that's such a low risk that I'm not concerned. I'm just glad to have this thing that was created there while dad worked in the plant. On the bottom, it's stamped "U" for "Utah Ordinance Plant" to distinguish it from the St. Louis plant that was in operation at the same time. It is also stamped "43" for the year it was created in, 1943. Keith had one case of these rounds and sold it to me for \$15.00, which seems sort of steep I support for one cartridge but not when it is what this is. They are five and a half inches long , about the size of the image:



### Back to Naples Again

I don't know for sure why dad left Remington Arms, and since he was constitutionally unable to stay at one job for long, it may be that he simply got fed up with the plant and walked out. That, however, isn't my guess. He was trained to be a machinist and had a job as a machinist and was able to do things that he liked to do. So the fact that the plant was put on "stand-by" in Dec. 1943 persuades me that he left the plant in Dec. 1943 when it shut down. It was never re-activated.

He and mom now had two little boys ages 1 and 2 when they moved back to Naples. I again have no information about the reason for the return, but knowing that they had minimal resources and guessing that they had no savings, they probably decided that rather than continue to run up living expenses like rent



without any income, they would prudently take *Greyhound* out to Naples and just hang out until things settled down. It must have been comforting to be able to do that, to be able to count on being able to stay with grandpa and grandma Merrell.



## Attachment 1 Utah Ordnance Plant Remington Arms Co. SLC, UT

UTAH ORDNANCE PLANT  
REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Utah Ordnance Plant was one of three "Second Wave" GOCO (Government- Owned, Contractor-Operated) plants for World War II. The plans for a second wave were drawn up in the spring of 1941. Construction began during July and August of that same year.<sup>1</sup> The Utah Ordnance Plant was designed by Smith, Hinchman and Grylls of Detroit, Michigan.<sup>4</sup> The Government asked Remington Arms Company to supervise the design, engineering and construction - a feature not embodied in the company's previous contracts.<sup>2</sup>

Remington Arms Company undertook to operate the Utah plant even with the burden of operating Lake City and Denver Ordnance plants. To staff this facility, which covered five thousand acres, the company recruited and trained more than ten thousand employees in a non-industrial area where workers with factory experience were almost unknown.<sup>1</sup> Construction began on July 21, 1941, on a 5,000-acre tract in the basin of prehistoric Lake Booneville, within the urban limits of Salt Lake City. Every conceivable device was employed to expedite the work. Three main manufacturing buildings, administration building and some 200 other structures were erected.<sup>2</sup>

Seven months after construction was started, the first lot of ammunition was accepted by the Ordnance Department. A force of some 200 foreman and supervisors was trained at other Remington- operated plants. First designed to produce 2,000,000 caliber .30 and 600,000 caliber .50 cartridges per day, the plant's capacity was greatly expanded after operations began. This resulted in an actual installed capacity of 5,000,000 cartridges per day. The plant manufactured ball, amour piercing and tracer in caliber .30 and armor piercing, tracer and incendiary in caliber .50.<sup>2</sup>

During the summer of 1942, as Ordnance had predicted, the shortage of copper and a revision of requirement led the Ordnance Department to specifically direct Utah and several others ordnance plants in June to freeze their production at the level attained in mid-May.<sup>1</sup> When the success of the small arms ammunition program enabled the War Department to reduce schedules sharply late in 1943, orders were received to terminate operations at Utah at the end of the year, placing the plant in stand-by condition. Production to December 31, 1943 was 1,241,931,847 rounds of caliber .30 and 418,344,629 rounds of caliber .50 ammunition.<sup>2</sup>





BIBLIOGRAPHY AND REFERENCES

- (1) Thompson, Harry C. and Mayo, Lida - *United States Army in World War II, The Technical Service, The Ordnance Department: Procurement and Supply* - Office of the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army; Washington, DC; 1960; page 194.
- (2) Remington Arms Co., Inc. - *In Abundance and On Time 1939-1943* - Remington Arms Co., Inc.; Bridgeport, CT; 1944.
- (3) Fine, Lenore and Remington, Jesse A. - *United States Army in World War II, The Technical Services, The Corps of Engineers: Construction in the United States* - Office of the Chief of Military History, United States Army; Washington, DC; 1972; pages 191-192.
- (4) Lincoln, Samuel B. - *Lockwood Greene: The History of an Engineering Business 1832-1958* - The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, 1960.
- (5) War Department, *SB 9-35 List of Manufacturers and Their Symbols*, War Department, Washington, DC, 1 August 1945.

