

Dad Decided to Leave Manhattan Project

For his own personal reasons that mom does not know -or which she won't reveal to me- dad decided to leave Project Manhattan and go to Pearl Harbor to help in the clean-up after the Japanese Bombing. He was not ready to stay with our family. The only thing that Mom said in December 2, 2001, was that dad reached the decision to leave Hanford and go to Honolulu with three other guys who were rooming with him but that's the extent of her knowledge. There are different points of view about what was going on. The only time I clearly remember hearing the opposing view was in 1953.

Bombshell with Time fuse

In the summer of 1953, when we went to Naples and stayed with grandpa and grandma in their small house that was next to Grant's large house we did everything together as a clan. At one point during that long stay, Dad's good friend something-Pope wanted to see some of dad's slides of Alaska. Since Grant hadn't seen them either, he went with us to Pope's house that evening. I don't remember much about what went on because it was another of those boring evenings where us kids had to sit still and be quiet while the adults talked about pictures that I already knew about. I wondered why we were forced to be there when we could have been playing on Grant's farm, chasing each other playing hide-and-seek or "No bear's are out tonight, daddy shot them all last night".

After the slide show was finished it happened. The mine was laid. Talk turned to dad's peregrinations, probably in an admiring way. But at some point Grant interjected a wry, almost bitter comment, "Yeah and you left your family behind so we had to take care of them". That surprised me. There were immediate protests and clarification but the damage in my mind had been done.

I had not realized before that there was any possible explanation for dad's going other than that he just wanted to go and that it was a good thing overall. I had never perceived that being left to live in a garage on a poor farm while he was gone was somehow wrong.

Dad Stopped by on his way to Honolulu

It must have been fall or spring when dad came through Naples from Project

Manhattan judging from the scenery here. The "building" on the right is made of either sod blocks or unbaked adobe bricks. The mountains are the Uintah's which are 5-6,000 feet high and covered with snow.

Mom was fanatical about appearance. She always took good care of herself and never appeared in public in anything that wasn't in good taste as was this dress, and heels. She weighed 100 pounds until she was older than 40, a miraculous achievement, even if she is 5 feet 2 inches tall. It was no accident.

This is one of the few pictures that show Dick with a smile on his face.

**Dad Joined
Honolulu Lodge
1245**



Dad signed up to work in Pearl Harbor during the reconstruction after the Japanese bombing. His contract, that is still in his papers, routed him by Pullman

to Mare Island outside of San Francisco where he spent time until he could get on a steamer to Pearl Harbor. His contract was to work as an "inside machinist" in Pearl.

He had to join a union there, and be assigned to a local lodge. He apparently worked in "Navy Yard 31" and was a member of "Honolulu Lodge 1245", an AFL affiliate.

These badges are from his wooden tool box that mom gave me him after his death. Because it is the only personal thing he possessed that meant so much to me. Notice how these badges place a perimeter around the possible dates that he lived there. Some are missing from the time sequence identified by them, but they are reliable indicators of the likely time interval he was in Honolulu. That's important because mom's personal memory is vague and I don't know of any document otherwise that can clarify the question.

Dad's Honolulu Union Book

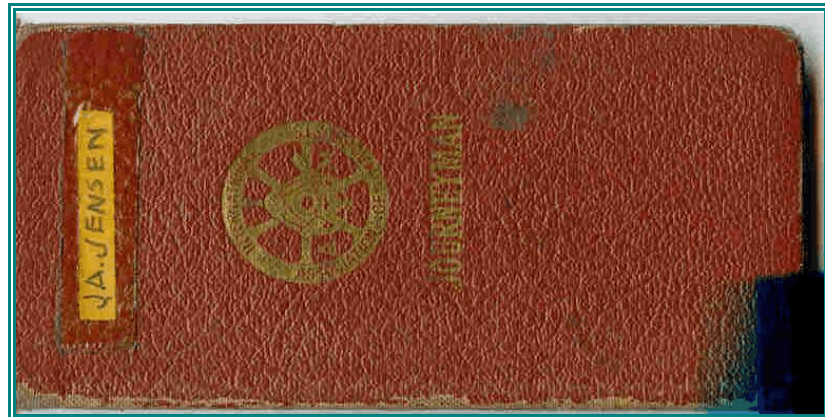


Perhaps the

most exciting discovery in July 2002 was finding dad's union book for Pearl Harbor. I already had a fix on his time in Hanford but Pearl was a mystery. I now have the beginning and ending months based on objective, third-party evidence. The puzzling thing is that I have contradictory information, information that was produced by neutral third parties. Here it is:

- The first hand-written notation in the Honolulu book is Dec. 30, 1943.
- That note is struck out and a new date is written in of Jan. 10, 1944.
- He was originally placed in Lodge No. 1743 - dues of \$2.00 per month
- On March 23, 1945, he was moved to Lodge No. 1245 - dues of \$2.20 per month
- He paid monthly dues from Jan. 1943 through March 1946.
- The Hanford badge was issues Sept. 12, 1944

Something is wrong. He couldn't have been in both places. I asked mom if she understood this contradiction and she didn't. Following are scans of all pages with information.



INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS, Local 1245
 Morgan J. Haywood, *BUSINESS MANAGER*,
 312 McCandless Building, Honolulu 16, T. H. Phone 65852
 Meetings at 7 P.M. 2nd and 4th Fridays at 50 South Queen Street,
 Honolulu, T. H.

Shop..... Bldg..... Floor.....
 Steward

DUES MUST BE PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS LIMIT SURE

Headquarters: Machinists' Building, Washington, D. C.
 Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor

International Association of Machinists
 THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Name *James A. Jensen* Card No. *R12234*
 IS MOST EXPERIENCED AT
Machinists WORK

and is entitled to the Rights and Privileges of Membership, as long
 as this book is stamped in accordance with the Constitution.

William H. Mitchell President
Walter Keor Fin'l Sec'y

Ledger Page *2* Line *49*

TRANSFER ACCOUNT STAMP



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IDENTIFICATION

When found please forward to:
 Address *Jornal, Utah* *September 30, 1943*
 (Date of filing this form)

Height *Six* Feet *Three* Inches
 Age *25* Years, Weight *125* Lbs.

Address _____
 (Place)

Address _____
 (Place)

Address _____
 (Place)

Signature of Member *James A. Jensen*
 Card No. *R12234*

BENEFITS

Delinquency for three (3) months in payment of dues or assessments shall automatically cancel membership and all rights and privileges of membership shall terminate. The period of good standing membership of any person whose membership has been cancelled for delinquency shall be determined from the date of last reinstatement, and all rights, privileges and benefits shall attach and date from date of last reinstatement.

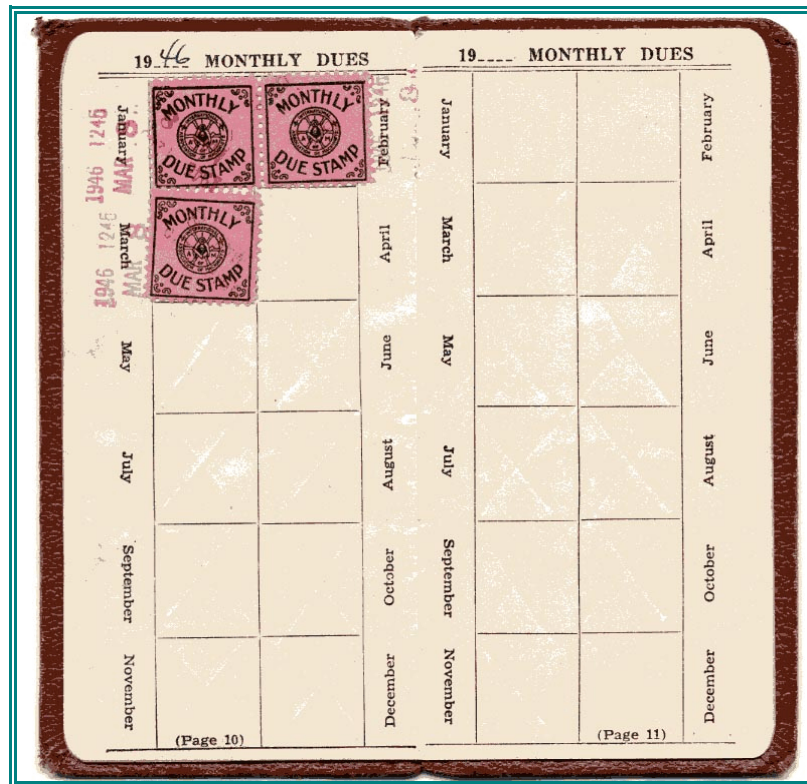
Members who have been six consecutive months without standing and who have ceased work and standing and who have not been approved by the Executive Council, or who have been reinstated that have satisfied the Executive Council that they are unable to secure employment, shall receive such donations from the dues and contributions as may be determined in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

Members on strike, or victimized, but not at the time entitled to donations because having the required six months standing, shall be entitled to such donations from the Grand Lodge as may be determined in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution as soon as they are able to secure employment, provided they have been reinstated for the required six months period.

No donations shall be paid unless the strike or victimization extends over a period of at least six months. If such donations paid by the Grand Lodge shall be divided or apportioned to the members involved in the same ratio as per capita tax is paid upon said members.

In the payment of donations provided for in the Constitution, provided for in the Constitution, the Grand Lodge shall, in their opinion, the funds of the Grand Lodge do not warrant the expenditure.

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Joe O'Leary

Dad met Joe O'Leary in Pearl Harbor and they became good friends, even roomed together. He and Joe shared a lot of interests which produced interesting experiences that he summarized in short stories over the years. These interests included anthropology, botany, skin-diving and exploring. Outside of the scientific interest that runs through his stories and the collections he brought back, there was a quality of mysteriousness that ran through many of the Hawaii experiences.

Joe and dad wanted to visit abandoned ruined temple sites and dug up stories about many that were on the "big island" [Oahu] where they lived as well as some on other islands. They had a third friend who shared their interests and weekends. His name was Dallas.

Dad described one of their excursions to a deserted temple site. Apparently Hawaiians placed curses on temple sites when they were abandoned, or the desecration of temples resulted in their becoming cursed and abandoned. To enter such a site was to expose oneself to whatever curse was placed on that particular site.

In those days there were no anthropological or archeological maps showing where old temple sites were located so they had to find old people to get

confirmation of the legends they collected and to get directions to the locations -if they were lucky because those who knew where the sites were also knew the curses and believed that in even giving directions to the temple exposed them to the curse. Dad found an old Hawaiian woman, enormous was the word he used to describe her, who knew the way to this particular site. She was a brave woman who gave them directions. She described the route over mountains and streams, miming the acts of wading through water, climbing over fallen logs and so on. When she neared the temple in her narrative, she averted her face and closed her eyes lest she be contaminated by the curse but she showed how to cross a stream and where to turn and what to look for to tell that they were in the right location.

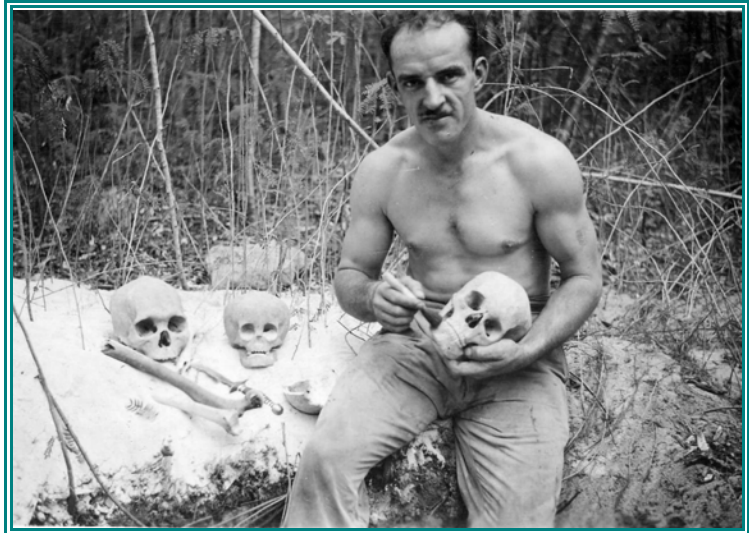
Joe, dad and Dallas followed her directions and found the temple site. As expected, it was overgrown with vegetation and the structure had practically disappeared. But the perimeter of the temple itself was visible. The three of them explored the area surrounding the temple, but only Dallas stepped into the temple proper. They finally returned to base in Honolulu without incident. Many years later they compared notes, Dad in Utah, Joe in Florida and Dallas still in Hawaii. Joe had remained a bachelor until he died but Dallas had gotten married. He was unable to have any children. The curse on that old temple was barrenness for those who desecrated it.

Skulls

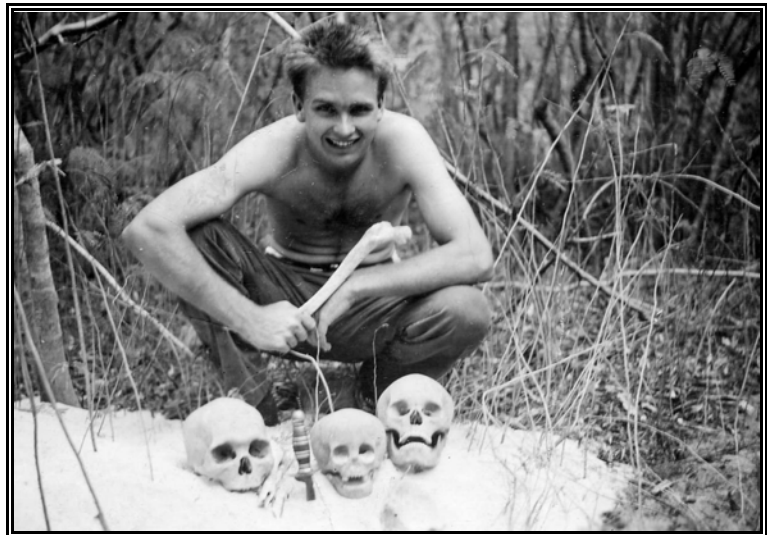
Joe and dad explored Hawaiian burials on Oahu. Some of them were on beaches. They dug up several burials and took some of the remains back to their apartment. For the two of them, the thrill of discovery led them to explore and test things.

They did not discuss their activities in public. But one evening when they came home from work, they discovered that all of the remains were missing. The windows and doors were locked and showed no sign of forcible entry and as far as they knew no one had keys to their apartment except for the white man who managed the complex.

In one of the grave robbing trips, the two of them took photos of each other. I don't remember whether or not dad explained how they came to find this graveyard but whatever, they did find it and exhumed half a dozen skulls and limb bones. Joe has a brush, removing sand from the skull.



Dad's hair is standing on end but I imagine it wasn't fear. He's holding a femur, grinning like a cannibal which is probably what he's pretending to be, the skulls sitting in front of him, grinning at Joe.



It was in Finland 18 or so years later that I did the same thing. I took a timid companion in Loimaa into a deserted church yard surrounded by a 10 foot high fence. We pushed the heavy, creaking door open and walked our bikes to the back. As the Finns had said, the church itself had been burned down, and the whole yard was covered in tallish trees. In the left, back part of the 4 acre church yard, we came upon a burial mound. I excavated two skulls and brought them home with me. You know the one I kept, Heikki. He's still here.

The final odd footnote to this particular story is that around 1985 he received a notice from some government agency that he was in violation of some government regulation concerning human remains and that if he didn't promptly send the aforementioned Hawaiian skull to the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D.C. that he obtained "illegally" in 1945 in Hawaii -as I did 18 years later in Finland, a skull you know well- he would be prosecuted to the full extent of the laws. etc. ad nauseam. He gave in. He had no leg to stand on, he had no idea who ratted on him, and he was plain tired to death with the unending relentless unmitigated, unqualified and eternal asininity and stupidity of 25 year old bureaucrats who think they are Jesus Christ -Buddha? Muslim? - him [or her?] self incarnate. He threatened to send these same stupids a bag of his fecal material when they harassed him in one of his quarries for not submitting to them some five-part report in quadruplicate telling them in abject, forelock-tugging prose how he "planned to restore his area to its original state after 3 months of crapping into a hole that hadn't -and wouldn't - see moisture for 50 years." They ultimately required that he plant some non-native clover [!!!!] that wouldn't even germinate in the first year, let alone survive into maturity. Thank you, Washington D.C. Can you tell that I sympathize with him in his endless fight against self-righteous, ill-informed or just plain stupid bureaucrats hired on the strength of a bachelor's degree in "anthropology" to tell him, a Man of the Desert, how he SHOULD behave in lands he knew more intimately than they ever would - speaking from their hot tubs in Vail, Colorado, learnedly telling him that he MUST re-plant the Dalton Wells quarry with some god-forsaken clover that never had -and never would- survive that arid climate. I wish he had sent them a box of you-know-what.

Ghosts

The strangest story he told about Hawaii is scarcely believable but I do believe it. First, you need to know that his friend Joe was a phlegmatic unflappable man who took everything in stride and never lost his cool. Joe looked like a bald blood hound. This incident happened on the island of Kahoolawe which was later turned into a bombing range by the military but access was open at the time they lived there.

Dad and Joe dug up an account of an old village site on Kahoolawe that they wanted to visit. It was inland and was supposed to contain the remnants of temples and some unusual structures and artifacts that they wanted. They didn't own a boat so had to find someone who would ferry them over and back. The taboo on

the site made it difficult to find a willing boatman but they finally located an islander who would do the job. He wasn't excited to do it but the money persuaded him.

The access to the site they were interested in was difficult to find because it was simply a small cave on a narrow beach on a coast that was generally cliffs. They departed Oahu and did find the location because the islander either knew the access or else he understood the directions well enough to home in on it. After they finally found the site, the islander insisted on returning to Oahu. Immediately. He said they could use his boat if they wanted to but that he was too scared to stay and that he had to be returned directly to Oahu. Being present on the island where the curse was unnerved him. Joe and dad discussed this change in circumstances that they hadn't expected. They agreed that Joe would stay on Kahoolawe and that dad would man the boat and go back with the islander, drop him off, and return to Kahoolawe. So that's what they did.

While dad was gone, some horrible things happened to Joe. When dad got back to the island, it was late in the evening. When dad finally found Joe he was in a state of shock. His psychological condition was serious enough that they did not do any exploration on the island. It was too late to return to Oahu that night, so they spent a fitful night. They left as soon as they could the next morning when it got bright enough.

Joe's account of what happened was frightening. He said that after dad left, it started to rain. That was OK. It was Hawaii. So Joe holed up in the cave that was the access to the island, sort of a tunnel through a tall but narrow coastal mountain that stood as a barrier between the beach and the jungle on the other side.. While he waited for dad to come back, Joe started to feel uneasy, which was unusual for him. As he sat alone inside the cave on this uninhabited island he saw two apparitions. He wasn't sleeping and wasn't drunk, just quietly watching and waiting for dad's return after which they were going to hunt for the abandoned village that was supposed to be near to this tunnel. Suddenly, something made him look at the entrance of the cave. He saw a man run across the cave entrance. The man didn't slow down, he didn't look into the tunnel, and he made no noise. He just ran quickly across the mouth of the cave. That obviously upset Joe but he wasn't out of control, just upset that he should see such a thing when he was a practical man not given to visions. The real shock came a bit later when he saw the man run as silently and fast in the rain but in the other direction across the mouth of the cave. Followed this time by a rolling fire ball. That appeared to be pursuing the man. Joe's upset was great enough that when dad returned, he was easily persuaded to skip the exploration and to get off the island as quickly as they could.

It was too late to return that night but as soon as it was daylight, they left. And never returned.

Joe and dad made spear guns to hunt fish with when they were skin-diving. Dad's is still in Provo. A length of amber rubber tubing was the source of energy to propel the nasty steel spears that dad machined for this purpose. He cut the spears in half and threaded them so he could break the spears in half for transport. The trigger was an elegantly simple device. It was a strip of spring steel attached on one end to the mahogany hand piece with a stout hinge. The other end was shaped into a narrow curved trigger. This trigger set squarely over the end of the hand piece and was perforated in the center with a hole that was slightly wider than the diameter of the spear. To cock the spear, one held the trigger flat on the hand piece and then threaded the spear through the hole in the trigger. The spear was then knocked in the clasp in the middle of the amber tubing and pushed down against the tubing to stretch it to whatever length one wanted. At that point the trigger was released against the spear which naturally pushed against it and caused it to bind diagonally on the spear. At that point the spear could only be released by pulling the trigger which straightened it and aligned its center hole with the center hole in the handpiece which thereby allowed the amber tubing to propel the projectile straight out at whatever was aimed at..

Papaya tree outside barracks

When I developed this negative I was thrilled. This is the only photo I have seen of dad in Hawaii and the only one I've seen of Joe. I coaxed mom last summer to let me take her stash of black and white negatives so I could print the ones I didn't already have. When I started sorting them last night, I put them into piles of Seward, Vernal and a few of Hawaii. I was intrigued to see some of Hawaii so this was one of the first 6 I scanned and inverted. I was astounded. That is skinny, grinning dad by the shorter, heavier younger Joe.

The photo fits the stories he told. He lived in an army barracks on the second floor. Next to the building was a papaya tree that he and Joe used for their personal fruit garden. One night after watching a papaya ripen, they snuck out with a long pole to get it down so they could eat it. In the dark, they

misjudged the distance. When the dead-ripe papaya fell, it struck one or both of them in the heat in a juicy mass. The papaya tree on the left of the photo may be the one in question though I don't see why they'd need a pole to get its fruit. There must have been another one. Those are banana tree leaves behind them.

When I got the collection of negatives, I obviously didn't know what images were in the set. Turns out that I already had the majority of them, thanks to mom who made them up for Christmas around 1984. I was disappointed to receive a metal recipe box of a bunch of old photos. But it didn't take long before I started



to think about them, finally sorting them chronologically, buying an album to display them, and writing short paragraphs for each set. It turns out that her gift was a real gift, one that contributed to this product, stimulating it by the memories it brought back to mind.

Dad's Collections

Dad had a penchant for collecting about any thing he found as long as it wasn't too large to pack around. There are still amber quart jars sealed with Bakelite lids in the basement of 2821 North that contain sea life that he collected. Along with some plaster casts of fish. He made molds of fish that he and Joe speared and then made these casts that he painted in the natural colors of the live specimens. These are all still in Provo. Another collection that damaged me for life is his seed collection, some of the most amazing seeds I've ever seen. Consequently, I can't pass up seeds. I collect them for their uniqueness and beauty, some from Brazil that the Dept. of Agriculture would probably take a dim view of if they could see them, and others from various places I've lived in the US.

Another collection he brought back was a set of knives that he machined probably to test his ability and to create things that he loved. One has a sinuous "S"-shaped blade and sets in a similarly shaped metal scabbard. Another collection included war clubs from Tahiti.

The prize of all the things he brought back was a fairly large wooden bowl. It is carved out of a wood prized for its resistance to splitting when filled with water. The tree is extinct now so the bowl belongs in a museum.

Dad left Honolulu

I have no evidence about his reason for leaving Honolulu. He did return to Naples in 1946. His union book shows dues paid through March, 1946 but there is a letter from the secretary of the union in Pearl Harbor addressed to dad in Vernal. The secretary thanks him for his payment through March and states that he is returning dad's dues book to Vernal. This letter refers to a letter from dad that was dated Feb. 14, 1946 so dad apparently left Pearl Harbor around mid February, 1946. So he came back to live with mom and Dick and me. In the little garage behind grandpa's house in Naples. Pending purchase of the Ashton Place. The next volume, Volume 4 Vernal Utah describes the 4-5 years I lived on that little farm.

Dad returned to Naples in 1946

After he had his fill of Pearl Harbor, dad returned,- again- to Naples, where the three of us were camped out in a garage. Waiting for him to get over his urge to run around. The change in our lives was profound I am sure though I have no specific memories of them. Indeed, I don't remember his returning, though it must have been a time of celebration for mom.

Mom and Dad buy the Ashton Place

I obviously don't have a clue how long it took. But he and mom finally scraped enough money together that they were able to make a down payment on a 2 acre farm on the west side of the valley outside of the Vernal city limits. It was the "Ashton Place" and we moved in before I was in kindergarten. I know that because I have clear recall of him coming to Central Elementary School when I was out of kindergarten to give me a ride home. On a pillow tied to the bar of his bicycle, on his way home for lunch, from LT Payton's Machine shop on the east side of Vernal. My bum ached by the time we got home. And dad was tired.

ORIGINAL 2001 NOTE:

I'll work on "Vernal, Utah 1946-51" for next Christmas. It is probably going to be as long as this entire text. Rich memories of all kinds, and lots of images to share with you.

**Love
Dad**

I do hope that this means something to each of you. Your own stories are continuations of this one. There really is no separation. This started with your great-grandparents and beyond - and it flows right down through me into your own lives. You may not see that because this part of the story only get me to age 6. But when you each make your appearance in following years, you will be more able to see that this story is yours as well.