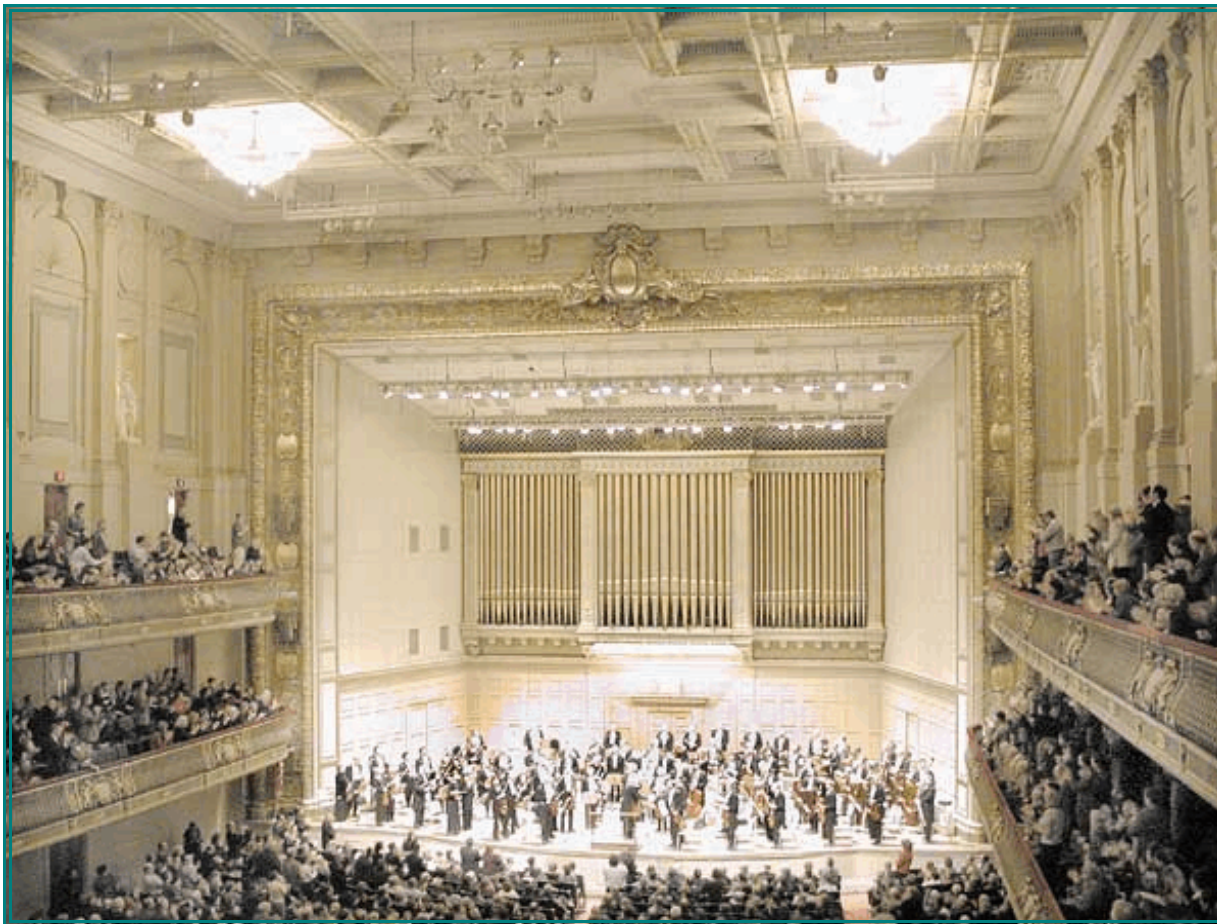


UPHILL - BOTH WAYS



Volume 9 - Boston 1956-60[©]

Part 4. December 2006

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Dec. 27, 2005

Well, we got home OK yesterday from Lopez and a small miracle happened over Xmas. Something major changed in my pelvis such that I can sit in chairs now, walk normally, and take much fewer narcotics. The net result is a dramatic increase in the quality of life for us.

So perhaps in 2006, I will be able to finish the Boston volume entirely like I used to do for you.

Nov. 10, 2006

Well, the change was permanent. I still hurt a lot and I still take morphine every day, and hydrocodone several days a week, but I can work in the yard, sit in a chair, and so on. Thank heavens.

Some More Atom Bomb Ruminations:

What did you think about all of the atom bomb test stuff in the two volumes, and how they were viewed by the US citizen of that era? Pretty amazing, isn't it, to see how common place they were and how little concern people had about the risk of radiation poisoning. Nate and I talked about this recently and wondered when the shift in attitude was accomplished.

It appears that what happened is that somewhere probably in the 60's with the general uprising and rebellion against everything involving war, authority, and so on, the position and perspective of the atom bomb and things nuclear underwent a profound change. The knowledge that had been freely available about the dangers of radiation were glommed onto by the liberal lefties and converted it into diatribes and paeans and propaganda. As a result, the younger generations became anxious about the possible risks, and the media amplified the anxieties every chance they could -as did the fearfilled educators- until by the time you kids showed up, there were many anxiety-filled stories about how awful life was in the 1950's "under the atom bomb threat/shield." With some hand-wringing, and wrinkled brows to emphasize the severity of their trauma. Except that some of those people weren't even born in the 50s and some not in the 60's.

When these people correctly pointed out that Einstein, who initially exhorted Roosevelt to build the a-bomb first, later pleaded that it be destroyed, they sounded reasonable and so on. Those kind of people would have you believe that "everyone" was running around scared of the atom bomb in the 1950's.^[1]

That simply is not true for the vast majority those of us who grew up in the 1950's.^[2] We knew the role it had played in terminating the war (no need to get into an argument here about whether or not it saved hundreds of American and Japanese lives in a pitched land battle, we can at least agree that the war ended ended within 10 days of the dropping of the

¹Do you understand why Einstein got so worried that he told Roosevelt to build the bomb? There were few physicists in those days and fewer that specialized in nuclear matters, so everyone in the community knew what everyone else in the community was doing. It was because he knew that the Germans were getting close and that Russia was also moving in that direction. We also found out after the war that the Japanese had already developed primitive atom bombs!!!! So we were not the ones to start the atom bomb thing alone. Everyone who could did try, After seeing the actual damage of radiation on victims of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, he then argued against the bomb. But note, this was AFTER the war was over and after the US beat the Nazis at getting the atom bomb.

²I think I should enter a note that MAY be relevant. I am NOT a baby boomer. I preceded them by 5-8 years. That may be a big difference. So I have to admit that perhaps there were youngsters in the late 1950's who were in fact being bombarded with antibomb stuff. That would actually make sense, because by the 1960's the propaganda was well developed and all over the place. Nuclear electricity plants were shut down etc. So I guess you need to remember that I am older enough to have grown up loving the bomb.

second bomb, an end not in sight before them.)

We viewed the bomb as simply a really powerful bomb, not much different than the regular kinds of bombs we knew well - how did we know? We knew because we saw them regularly in the 5 minutes newsreels that played before every movie showing in the US. Those news reels dealt with politics and the war and international events. They were a source of current events. I don't know how old the information was but would guess it was a week or so old. These reels kept up updated and showed actual footage of various theaters of war, showing things like the horrendous liquid fire of napalm sprayed out of tanks on Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima and so on. We understood bombs.

We also got to see pictures of actual radiation victims. They were horribly burned, no doubt, but I know I didn't feel any sympathy. For one thing, they were so removed from my world and were so foreign that I didn't feel sorry. But more importantly, those were Japanese people. It was their own fault. They actually deserved it - not our problem because their own leaders picked this fight. Those leaders were even manipulating the peace process in Washington to make it look like we were reaching agreement, earnestly transmitting documents demonstrating their 'changing' positions. Obviously they were not.

The weekend before the bombing of Pearl they sent a multi-page document to Washington that sounded like they were in a peaceful frame of mind, Except that: they purposely held back one page, and they sent that missing page to arrive at a convenient time around the bombing of the harbor had been accomplished. That's pretty darn sneaky and they deserved the worst treatment we could hand out to them.

Those men lied and attacked us first, and basically destroying our blue water Pacific fleet. How could we feel anything but deep anger at them for (1) lying, and (2) destroying our fleet. We were Old Testament Jews who believed in eyes for teeth and so on and didn't feel apologetic about feeling that way. True, it was sad and bad but we believed -as I do today- that the number of people on both sides who would have died if the war had landed on the Jewish mainland, would have been astronomical in comparison. So the bomb was just a huge bomb with some bad results.

My view of the universe was pretty simple then, pretty black and white. And I associated -based on my own life experience- consequences and punishments commensurate to the seriousness of the transgression. My folks made it pretty clear that there must be that relationship. The destruction of our entire Pacific fleet while they were deceitfully "negotiating" for Peace was a dastardly deed. So I thought it only reasonable that they would have to suffer enormously.

Plus -this is an important fact given the intense anxiety some have about the danger of the spread of radiation- we observed that the radiation

effects did not even spread to adjacent cities, nor to adjacent countries. We saw that while the things were toxic, they did not spread the radiation all over the place like some claimed. (I have to say that Chernobyl reaffirms that observation for me. Not all nice, but not as bad as anticipated at the time of the meltdown. I was in Phoenix with Marvel, Julie and Bessie.)

As was said about the '60', "If you remember it, you weren't there", likewise anyone who claims to have been terrified about the A bomb DURING the '50's wasn't there. It was a life saver, big business and proof of our greatness as a nation. To drill home the constant presence of the bomb, I will continue to drop more tests into these volumes until I have put them all in.

I loved it to discover in 2006 that the Japanese themselves were working on the Atom bomb!!!! I didn't know that until 2006!!! I love it. I love it to death to hear that. It puts them in the role of whining hypocrites doesn't it. They lament the inhumanity of the US -which it was- but they conceal the fact the they would have been in the position of victors if THEY had managed to get their bomb working first. They had even moved part of the industry to Korea to conceal it. After the war ended, investigators found cyclotrons and centrifuges which had been used in preparing fissile matter for Japanese A-bombs. So it turns out that we just got to them first, otherwise, we would be speaking Japanese today.

At this point I'll give you an overview of the entire testing groups (300+ individual tests) that I am scattering amongst Volume 9 so you'll see how the test you run into fit together <http://prop1.org/2000/nuctests.html>. The table, which follows several pages below, shows all of the tests from the first year, 1945, through 1963, when atmospheric testing was ended. That was the year I came home from Finland.

That's 20 years, starting with the famed Trinity Test, the first atomic bomb created by mankind, and ending in 1963 when USSR and US signed nuclear a binding non-proliferation agreement. I say 'binding' because the previous verbal agreement to suspend testing was violated by the USSR after a brief hiatus.

Note, however, that nuclear testing didn't stop. It went underground and based on the information on the same webpage that I found this information, more underground tests have been done later than were done in the atmosphere. During your lifetimes, you will see the return to nuclear energy as the depletion of the oil reserves accelerates and governments finally screw up the courage to counter the powerful oil industry and find alternate sources of energy.

Oil is finite and it is being consumed at a prodigious rate. So there is no alternative but to find alternative energy. Nuclear has been around a [Japanese Atom Bomb Works](#)

When I encountered the articles and photos last summer about the Japanese atom bomb project, I was too excited to think about saving the images so I could provide them to you. So I went back and found it which is shown below. Doesn't it strike you sort of hypocritical of Japan to charge the US with barbarism when Japan itself was on the same road to creating and dropping Atom bombs? The problem is that we just got there before they did. Japan has no moral position to look down on and criticize the US as barbaric. They are the barbarians, witness Nanking Massacre etc.

Anyway, here are a few photos of Japanese nuclear hardware:

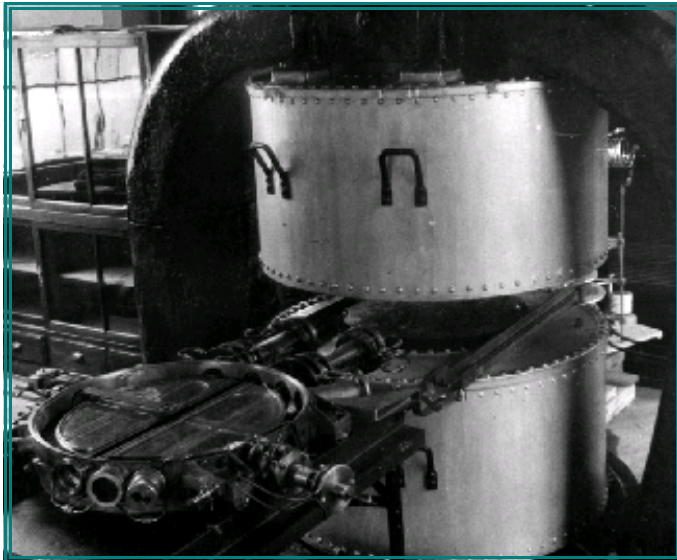


Figure 2 Japan's 1st cyclotron -built 1937
<http://www.rarf.riken.jp/facility/history-e.html>

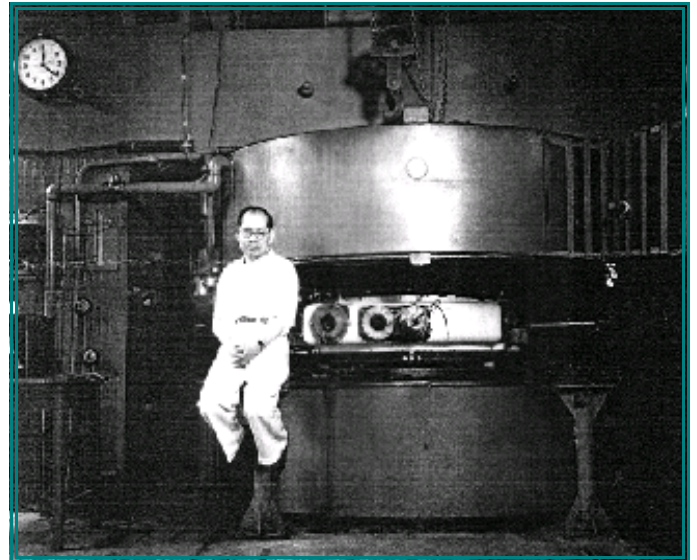


Figure 3 2nd Cyclotron - 1944

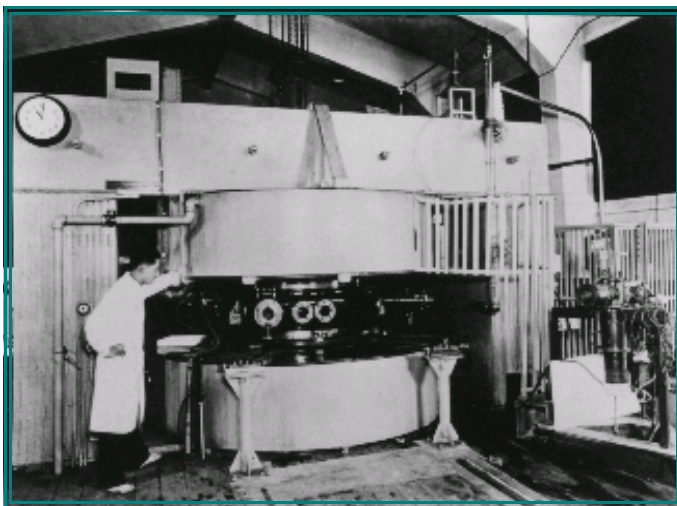


Figure 5 1944 cyclotron again
<http://www.rarf.riken.jp/facility/history-e.html>

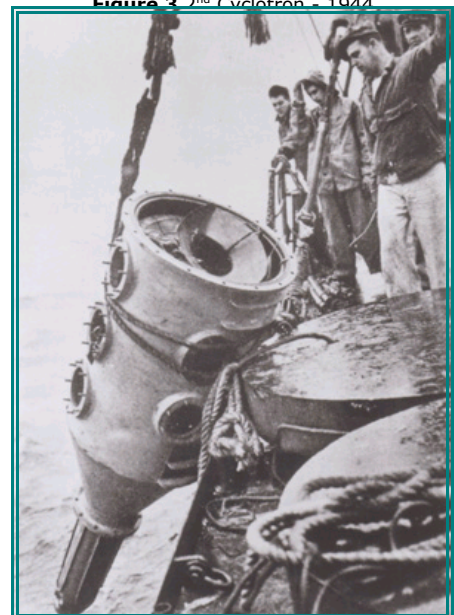


Figure 4 One of the cyclotrons being dumped into the Tokyo Bay in 1945.

Go to this link and spend half an hour reading it:

<http://freerepublic.com/focus/f-news/1464754/posts?page=53>

It is a thread created by educated people who express thoughts and ideas about both Japan and German atom bomb hopes in WW II.

Note this photo. Look at who visited (RIKEN is the nuclear lab) Japan as far back as 1929. Heisenberg and Dirac themselves visited and doubtless provided much needed information. Japan was earnestly pursuing the bomb that far back.



Figure 6 "Professors Heisenberg (fourth from left) and Dirac (sixth from left) visit RIKEN"

<http://www.riken.jp/engn/r-world/riken/history/zaidan-b/index.html>



Figure 7 Celebration for the 1943 completion of the second cyclotron.

This brief summary explains how Japan relied on Germany to provide sufficient uranium to finish its bombs. But that the submarine carrying the material was captured. The materials were thrown overboard:

"If the "No. 2 Project" was to succeed, and uranium ore was to be enriched, where was Japan to get uranium sources from? On the advice of the RIKEN Chief Scientist Satoyasu Iimori, an expert on rare elements, the army ordered all its front-line command centers to conduct top-secret investigations, and simultaneously requested the uranium sources from the Nazis, who were then on the brink of defeat. On the evening of March 24, 1945, the German U-boat U-234 left the naval port at Kiel and headed for Japan on a special mission. It was carrying secret materials along with two commanders from the Japanese navy's technical division.

On April 15, the U-boat left Kristiansand, at the southernmost point of Norway, and took a long course around the Cape of Good Hope towards Japan. On May 7, Berlin fell to the Red Army. The Nazis surrendered unconditionally to the Allies and issued surrender orders to their armed forces.

The U-boat had to obey the order to surface and surrender. But the two Japanese officers pleaded with the captain, Johann-Heinrich Fehler, to help them complete their mission. Eventually, however, he decided to surrender. That night, the two Japanese committed suicide. They received a proper burial at sea. On May 19, the U-234 surfaced, and soon it was captured by a US Navy destroyer, and held at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The U-234 had on board designers and blueprints for Messerschmitt fighter planes, about 200 pieces of military hardware, and ten metal boxes.

Half a century later, documents about the U-234 buried away at the US National Archives and Records Administration revealed what even the sailors on the U-boat did not know, that these boxes contained 560kg of pitchblende (uranium oxide). On them were written the words "For Jap Army".

<http://www.riken.go.jp/r-world/info/release/riken88/text/no08-e.html>

The Germans believes that Japan actually had detonated an atom bomb as noted in this quote from the Wikipedia article about U-234, the German sub that transported the uranium and 2 Japanese officials:

"Wolfgang Hirschfeld was radioman on U-109 under Korvettenkapitän Hans-Georg Fischer and then under Kapitänleutnant Heinrich Bleichrodt when they hunted in American waters during the late phases of Operation Paukenschlag, or Drumbeat. At the end of the war, he was Oberfunkmeister (Master Chief - Radio) aboard the U-234. Hirschfeld has revealed since the war that U-234 crew members believed that Japan had succeeded in test-firing an atomic weapon before their departure from Germany in March 1945."

1946 Atlanta Constitution Atom Bomb Articles Reporter David Snell, author of the story of Japan's successful atomic bomb test, was a member of the Constitution's reportorial staff when he joined the Army in 1945.

Snell, a native of Minden, LA, was in charge of the Constitution's News Bureau at Marietta immediately before entering the Army, having served for a while on the city staff in Atlanta.

During his Army service, Snell filed a number of stories to the Constitution both while in training in the United States and after arriving with the occupation forces in Korea. One of his stories in Korea was an interview with Bishop Arthur J. Moore, of Atlanta, who visited China, Japan, and Korea representing the American's Bishops's Association to survey church conditions preparatory to the return of missionaries.

In Korea, Snell was assigned to the 24th Criminal Investigation Detachment checking on crimes against the United States. His discovery of the atom bomb story was not in his official line of duty and was not a part of his official assignment.

While with the Constitution, Snell lived at Marietta. His wife is the former Julia Williams of Augusta, Ark. Their one son, Barry, was born while they resided in Marietta.

Japan Developed Atom Bomb;
Copyright 1946 by the Atlanta Constitution and David Snell.
Actual Test Was Success

Japan developed and successfully tested an atomic bomb three days prior to the end of the war.

She destroyed unfinished atomic bombs, secret papers and her atomic bomb plans only hours before the advance units of the Russian Army moved into Konan, Korea, site of the project.

Japanese scientists who developed the bomb are now in Moscow, prisoners of the Russians. They were tortured by their captors seeking atomic "know-how."

The Konan area is under rigid Russian control. They permit no American to visit the area. Once, even after the war, an American B-29 Superfortress en route to Konan was shot down by four Russian Yak fighters from nearby Hammung Airfield.

I learned this information from a Japanese officer, who said he was in charge of counter intelligence at the Konan project before the fall of Japan. He gave names, dates, facts and figures on the Japanese atomic project, which I submitted to United States Army Intelligence in Seoul. The War Department is withholding much of the information. To protect the man that told me this story, and at the request of the Army, he is here given a pseudonym, Capt. Tsetusuo Wakabayashi.

The story may throw light on Stalin's recent statement that America will not long have a monopoly on atomic weapons. Possibly also helps explain the stand taken by Henry A. Wallace. Perhaps also, it will help explain the heretofore unaccountable stalling of the Japanese in accepting our surrender terms as the Allies agreed to allow Hirohito to continue as puppet emperor. And perhaps it will throw light new light on the shooting down by the Russians of our B-29 on Aug. 29, 1945, in the Konan area.

When told this story, I was an agent with the Twenty-Fourth Criminal Investigation Department, operating in Korea. I was able to interview Capt. Wakabayashi, not as an investigator or

as a member of the armed forces, but as a newspaperman. He was advised and understood thoroughly, that he was speaking for publication.

He was in Seoul, en route to Japan as a repatriate. The interview took place in a former Shinto temple on a mount overlooking Korea's capital city. The shrine had been converted into an hotel for transient Japanese en route to their homeland.

Since V-J Day wisps of information have drifted into the hands of U.S. Army Intelligence of the existence of a gigantic and mystery-shrouded industrial project operated during the closing months of the war in a mountain vastness near the Northern Korean coastal city of Konan. It was near here that Japan's uranium supply was said to exist.

This, the most complete account of activities at Konan to reach American ears, is believed to be the first time Japanese silence has been broken on the subject.

In a cave in a mountain near Konan, men worked against time, in final assembly of genzai bakuden, Japan's name for the atomic bomb. It was August 10, 1945 (Japanese time), only four days after an atomic bomb flashed in the sky over Hiroshima, and five days before Japan surrendered.

To the north, Russian hordes were spilling into Manchuria.

Shortly after midnight of that day a convey of Japanese trucks moved from the mouth of the cave, past watchful sentries. The trucks wound through valleys, past sleeping farm villages. It was August, and frogs in the mud of terraced rice paddies sang in a still night. In the cool predawn Japanese scientists and engineers loaded genzai bakudan aboard a ship in Konan.

Off the coast near an inlet in the Sea of Japan more frantic preparations were under way. All that day and night ancient ships, junks and fishing vessels moved into the anchorage.

Before dawn on Aug. 12 a robot launch chugged through the ships at anchor and beached itself on the inlet. Its passenger was genzai bakudan. A clock ticked.

The observers were 20 miles away. This waiting was difficult and strange to men who had worked relentlessly so long who knew their job had been completed too late.

OBSERVORS BLINDED BY FLASH

The light in the east where Japan lay grew brighter. The moment the sun peeped over the sea there was a burst of light at the anchorage blinding the observers who wore welders' glasses. The ball of fire was estimated to be 1,000 yards in diameter. A multicolored cloud of vapors boiled toward the heavens then mushroomed in the stratosphere.

The churn of water and vapor obscured the vessels directly under the burst. Ships and junks on the fringe burned fiercely at anchor. When the atmosphere cleared slightly the observers could detect several vessels had vanished.

Genzai bakuden in that moment had matched the brilliance of the rising sun in the east.

Japan had perfected and successfully tested an atomic bomb as cataclysmic as those that withered Hiroshimo and Nagasaki.

The time was short. The war was roaring to its climax. The advancing Russians would arrive at Konan before the weapon could be mounted in the ready Kamikaze planes to be thrown against any attempted landing by American troops on Japan's shores.

It was a difficult decision. But it had to be made.

The observers sped across the water, back to Konan. With the advance units of the Russian Army only hours away, the final scene of this gotterdammerung began. The scientists and engineers smashed machines, and destroyed partially completed genzai bakudans.

Before Russian columns reached Konan, dynamite sealed the secrets of the cave. But the Russians had come so quickly that the scientists could not escape.

This is the story told me by Capt. Wakabayashi.

Japan's struggle to produce an atomic weapon began in 1938, when German and Japanese scientists met to discuss a possible military use of energy locked in the atom.

No technical information was exchanged, only theories.

In 1940 the Nisina Laboratory of the Institute of Physical and Chemical Research in Tokyo had built one of the largest cyclotrons in the world. (Cyclotrons found in Tokyo by the invading Yanks were destroyed).

THOUGHT ATOMIC BOMB RISKY

The scientists continued to study atomic theory during the early days of the war, but it was not until the United States began to carry the war to Japan that they were able to interest the Government in a full-scale atomic project. Heretofore, the Government had considered such a venture too risky and too expensive. During the years following Pearl Harbor, Japan's militarists believed the United States could be defeated without the use of atomic weapons.

When task forces and invasion spearheads brought the war ever closer to the Japanese mainland, the Japanese Navy undertook the production of the atomic bomb as defense against amphibious operations. Atomic bombs were to be flown against Allied ships in Kamikaze suicide planes.

Capt. Wakabayashi estimated the area of total destruction of the bomb at one square mile.

The project was started at Nagoya, but its removal to Korea was necessitated when the B-29's began to lash industrial cities on the mainland of Japan.

"I consider the B-29 the primary weapon in the defeat of Japan" Capt. Wakabayashi declared. "The B-29 caused our project to be moved to Korea. We lost three months in the transfer. We would have had genzai bakudan three months earlier if it had not been for the B-29."

The Korean project was staffed by about 40,000 Japanese workers, of whom approximately 25,000 were trained engineers and scientists. The organization of the plant was set up so that the workers were restricted to their areas. The inner sanctum of the plant was deep in a cave. Here only 400 specialists worked.

KEPT IN DARK ON EACH OTHER'S WORK

One scientist was master director of the entire project. Six others, all eminent Japanese scientists were in charge of six phases of the bomb's production. Each of these six men were kept in ignorance of the work of the other five. (Names of these scientists are withheld by Army censorship).

The Russian's took most of the trained personnel prisoner, including the seven key men. One of the seven escaped in June, 1946, and fled to the American zone of occupation in Korea. U.S. Army Intelligence interrogated this man. Capt. Wakabayashi talked to him in Seoul. The scientist told of having been tortured by the Russians. He said all seven were tortured.

Capt. Wakabayashi said he learned from this scientist that the other six had been removed to Moscow.

"The Russians thrust burning splinters under the fingertips of these men. They poured water into their nasal passages. Our Japanese scientists will suffer death before they disclose their secrets to the Russians," he declared.

Capt. Wakabayashi said the Russians are making an extensive study of the Konan region.

When Edwin Pauley of the War Reparations Committee, inspected Northern Korea, he was allowed to see only certain areas, and was kept under rigid Russian supervision.

On Aug. 29, 1945, an American B-29 headed for Konan with a cargo of food and medical supplies, to be dropped over an Allied prisoner of war camp there. Four Russian Yak fighters from nearby Hammung Airfield circled the B-29 and signaled the pilot to land on the Hammung strip.

PILOT REFUSES; REDS FIRE

Lt. Jose H. Queen of Ashland, KY., pilot, refused to do so because the field was small, and headed back toward the Saipon base, to return "when things got straightened out with the Russians." Ten miles off the coast the Yak fighters opened fire and shot the B-29 down. None of the crew of 12 men were injured, although a Russian fighter strafed but missed Radio Operator Douglas Arthur.

The Russian later told Lt. Queen they saw the American markings but "weren't sure." because sometimes the Germans used American markings and they thought the Japs might too. This was nearly two weeks after the war ended.

Capt. Wakabayashi said the Japanese Counter Intelligence Corps at least a year before the atom bombing of Hiroshima learned there was a vast and mysterious project in the mountains of the eastern part of the United States. (Presumably the Manhattan project at Oak Ridge, Tenn). They believed, but were not sure, that atomic weapons were being produced there.

On the hand, he said, Allied Intelligence must have know of the atomic project at Konan, because of the perfect timing of the Hiroshimo bombing only six days before the long-scheduled Japanese naval test.

Perhaps here is the answer to moralists who question the decision of the United States to drop an atomic bomb.

The Japanese office, the interpreter and I sipped aromatic green tea as Capt. Wakabayashi unfolded his great and perhaps world-shaking story. His eyes flashed with pride behind the black-rimmed glasses. When the interview ended, he ushered us to the door and bowed very low.

Korea in August 1945

When Japs Tested Atom Bomb—This was the war map of Korea in August, 1945, when the Russian spearhead pushed down the western coast in the drive on Konan, site of the Japanese atomic project. The atomic test was made at an unchartered inlet in the Sea of Japan. Today the 38th parallel just above Seoul divides Russian occupied territory from American. Konan remains tightly under Russian control. Russian proximity to Konan prompted the Japs decision to destroy the bomb.

Japanese cyclotron

AT WORK ON ATOM—Japan is known to have worked on Atomic energy as evidenced by this picture printed in 1940 showing an atom-smashing cyclotron. Such equipment was discovered by the U.S. Army after Japan's surrender and was destroyed by the Army then.

News to Me Groves says of Japanese Atom Bomb.

Washington, Oct. 2 (UP).

Major General Leslie Groves, Chief of the atom bomb Manhattan project said Wednesday night when informed of reports that Japan explored a test A-bomb three days before surrender.

"I would be very much interested if the story were true."

"It's all news to me."

War Department officials declined immediate comment on the story carried by the Atlanta Constitution which said that the writer, recently returned from duty with a criminal investigation detachment, had given his information to the American Army Intelligence Unit in Seoul, Korea.

Dr. Carl T. Compton, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, told a Senate Committee a year ago that Japan had been trying to develop an A-bomb but that the effort failed for two reasons: Japanese physicists reached mistaken conclusions, B-29 attacks demolished the laboratory where such experiments were being conducted.

American forces entering Japan after the surrender of the nation discovered a cyclotron (an atomic splitting device used by laboratories) and destroyed the instrument.

Many military experts concerned with atomic development contend that Germany was far more advanced than any other nation except the American, British and Canadian teams in the race to produce an A-bomb.

German scientists were known to have made substantial strides in research before the military collapse of the Reich. Indeed it is recorded that non-Nazi scientists who fled Germany contributed valuable knowledge to the research which ended in production of the first A-bomb in New Mexico

Japan Sought Peace Through Russia Nearly Month Before First A-Bomb.

New York, Oct. 2---(UP).

America's submarines and pre-atomic bombers had Japan so thoroughly whipped that the Emperor sought peace through neutral Russia nearly a month before Hiroshima's destruction. Long before that, Japan had periodically tried to make peace with China.

The inside Japan story is told in "The Lost War" published Wednesday by Alfred A. Knopf. The author is Masuo Kato prominent Japanese correspondent for 20 years. Kato was in Washington for Domei News Agency when the war started, and was repatriated. When Domei was dissolved after the war, the American educated Kato became managing editor of the Kyodo News Agency.

Writing in traditional newspaper important things first style, Kato starts his book with this lead paragraph:

The thunderous arrival of the first atomic bomb at Hiroshima was only a coup de grace for an empire already struggling in particularly agonizing death throes. The world's newest and most devastating of weapons had floated out of the summer sky to destroy a city at a stroke, but its

arrival had small effect on the outcome of the war between Japan and the United States.

CITES BUNGLING.

Kato assured Allied readers, already aware of their own "bureaucratic bungling" during the war, that the totalitarian Japan's bungling was far worse. He describes incessant Army-Navy-civilian jealousy, the drafting of vital skilled workers for frontline duty, and poor planning in almost all phases of the war effort. Even Cabinet members were kept from knowing Allied progress against Japan.

He records a little bitterly the Japanese Army's absurd effort to hide the truth even when the nation was all but crushed. Because of this he believes no people could hate its leaders more than the Japanese people hated their military by the spring of 1945.

Revealing that Emperor Hirohito finally overruled the military clique that had dominated him throughout the war, Kato relates the surrender developments in these words:

Japan's diplomatic maneuvering for peace dated from the negotiations by Russia in April 1945, that her neutrality agreement with Japan had lost its significance in view of the war between Japan and Russia's allies.

KONOYE SEE EMPEROR

Prince Konoye was received in audience by the Emperor on July 12, 1945, and ordered to go to Moscow. On the following day the Foreign Office notified Moscow that the Emperor was desirous of peace and that Konoye would be sent to Russia in that connection. No reply was forthcoming but it was hoped by the Japanese Government that Premier Stalin and Foreign Minister Molotov would transmit to Britain and the United States at the Potsdam Conference Japan's desire to discuss peace.

long time, is used successfully in Europe and will be the cheapest in the end, and cleaner than most. The sole problem is the disposition of the spent fuel which has a lifetime of 10,000+ years. But that can be dealt with once - again- when politicians get some spine and mandate that Yucca Mountain will be the repository and appropriate measures are taken to ensure that radiation will be contained.

Let's do a little math exercise here to get some perspective. To set the background, I will ask you what you would guess the volume is of spent uranium that needs proper burial? Obviously we don't know but I am wondering, do you think it is a huge amount as in the hundreds of tons, something that would fill the state of Rhode Island maybe or some such thing? That was how I was thinking about it until I picked up my little bottle of mercury the other day. It occurred to me that mercury is lighter than uranium but for the sake of argument, let's say that the pound of mercury fills the same volume as a pound of uranium would. That way we can estimate the volume of waste we are talking about.

I just figured it out: the pound of mercury would occupy about 3 ounces by volume. That means that a quart bottle filled with uranium would weigh 10 pounds, which means that a gallon bottle of uranium would weigh ~43 pounds which means that a 55 gallon barrel of uranium would weigh 2,365 pounds, i.e. more than a ton. That is not much volume for that much weight, is it. Now some more.

I figure that in my garage I could stack 5 barrels high, I could stack 9 barrels wide and I could stack 12 barrels along the long axis. So $5 \times 9 \times 12$ equals 540 barrels. At 2,365 pounds apiece that would be 1,277,000 pounds give or take 5 pounds. A million and a quarter pounds in the tiny

space of my garage!!! Did you have any idea how little volume we are talking about when we talk about nuclear waste?

So the storage problem is really POLITICS. No one wants it in their backyard. So what has to happen is for the federal government to just pay off Nevada and order it to open Yucca Flats so that we can finally start storing the stuff permanently in that god forsaken, empty state. There is so much empty space that Nevada could hold all of the uranium the human race will ever use before it destroys itself somehow. Fascinating, isn't it.

Let me not deceive you: there will be substantial volume of concrete and other stuff used to encase the spent uranium so it will be a bigger pile than my garage. But still - it will not be this overwhelmingly large volume that Greenpeacers and Sierra Clubbers would have you believe is just sitting around in someone's backyard waiting to explode all over everybody.

Sorry, got lost there. I was saying that from the beginning some people have hated atomic energy. But the amount of testing that was done and publicized is astonishing. And as noted previously, I did not worry about 'the nuclear cloud.'" It was a safety umbrella as far as I was concerned because it ended WW II. Tom and I tried recently to figure when public opinion turned. It seems that it must be part of the fallout of the Viet Nam conflict that the hostility to nuclear became so widespread. Perhaps not. I don't know.

The interesting table I mentioned is on the next page:

The Post War Test Series				
	Operation	Year	Location	#
1	Crossroads	1946	Bikini Atoll	2
2	Sandstone	1948	Enewetak Atoll	3
3	Ranger	1951	Nevada Test Site	5
4	Greenhouse	1951	Enewetak Atoll	4
5	Buster-Jangle	1951	Nevada Test Site	7
6	Tumbler-Snapper1	1951	Nevada Test Site	7
7	Ivy	1952	Enewetak Atoll	2
8	Upshot-Knothole	1953	Nevada Test Site	11
9	Castle	1954	Bikini Atoll & Enewetak Atoll	6
10	Teapot	1955	Nevada Test Site	14
11	Wigwam	1955	Pacific Ocean	1
12	Project 56	1955	Nevada Test Site	4

13	Redwing	1956	Bikini & Enewetak Atoll	17
14	Plumbbob	1957	Nevada Test Site	30
15	Project 58	1957	Nevada Test Site	2
16	Project 58 A	1958	Nevada Test Site	2
17	Hardtack I	1958	Bikini & Enewetak Atoll	35
18	Argus	1958	South Atlantic	3
19	Hardtack II	1958	Nevada Test Site	37
20	Nougat	1961-1962	Nevada Test Site	32
21	Dominic	1962	Christmas & Johnston Island	36
22	Storax	1962-1963	Nevada Test Site	56
			TOTAL	316

The point of so many tests was to learn what was going on inside the thing when it went off. They experimented with different combinations of different designs, experimented with different numbers of stages. Size of the bomb and the yield, i.e. the amount of energy and radiation released, were important tests because that information would help future scientists design tactical weapons.

These weapons would be small in terms of size and yield which would make them suitable for use in limited conflicts and particular targets that cannot be attacked effectively any other way. Today, Feb. 2006, the prime example of the sort of target that would be a good candidate for the use of these small weapons is the nuclear industries of Iran and North Korea. They have disseminated the different segments of the process in order to prevent a repeat of the astonishing attack of Israel on Iraq in 1981.

Do you remember that during YOUR lifetime, Israel made a pre-emptive attack against Iraq's nuclear power installation? BBC reported:

["An undisclosed number of F-15 interceptors and F-16 fighter bombers destroyed the Osirak reactor 18 miles south of Baghdad."](http://news.bbc.co.uk/onthisday/hi/dates/stories/june/7/newsid_3014000/3014623.stm)

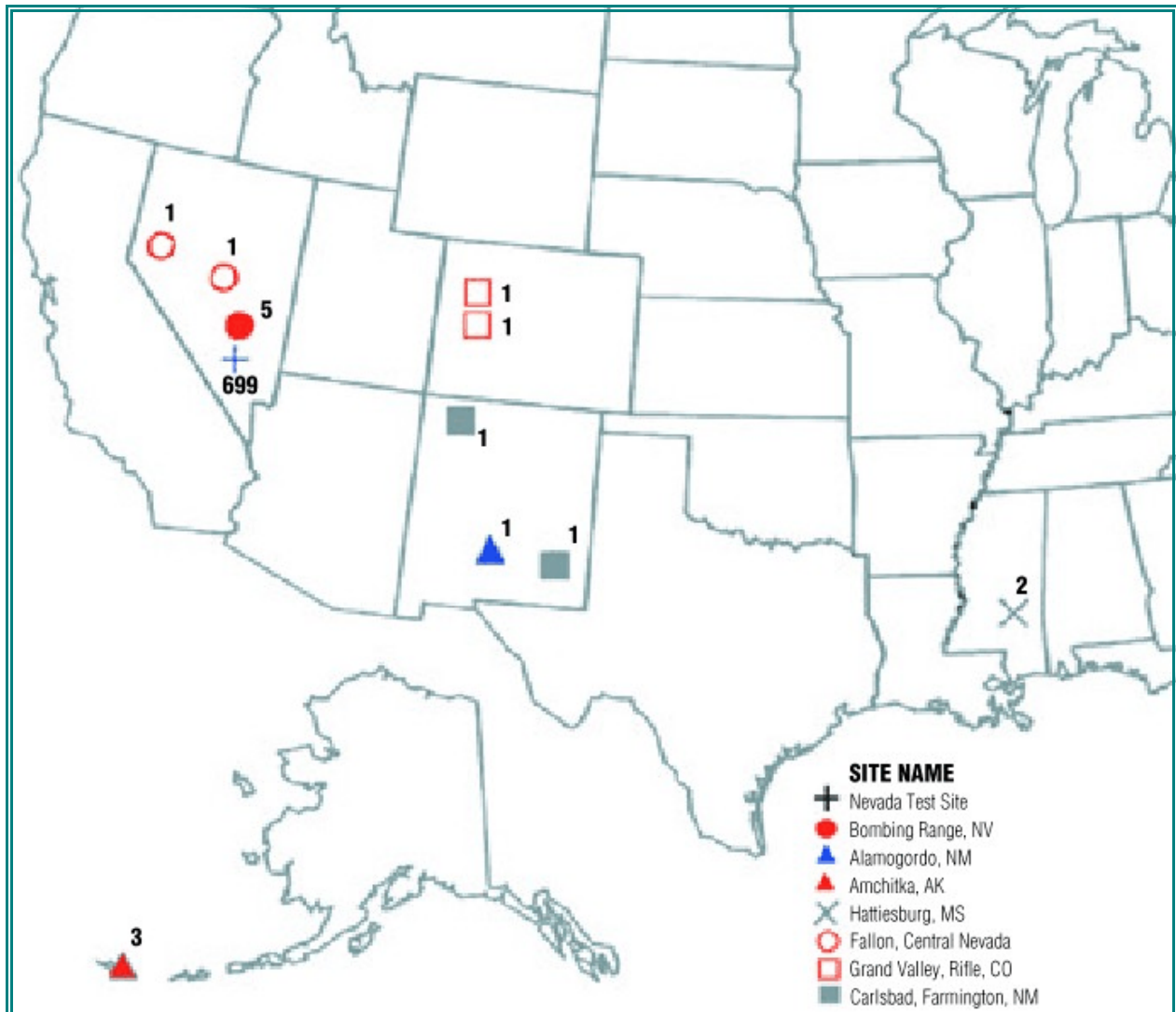
<http://news.bbc.co.uk/onthisday/hi/dates/stories/june/7/newsid_3014000/3014623.stm

France sold the knowhow and materiel to built a nuclear reactor. We know where their morals are - in their bankbook. That made everyone nervous because Madman Saddam was president back then and people feared he would do what he did - try to build a bomb. The world feared once the bomb was built, Iraq would test it on its neighbors, i.e. Israel.

Iran had the same fears so it attacked Iraq, first, in 1980. It failed to completely destroy the reactor so after repairs were made, processing of uranium resumed and we all feared the bomb was the goal. THAT is why the UN imposed all of the sanctions in the 1990's against Iraq -which Iraq ignored. Bush use that as part of his rationale for his war.

In 1981, the year after Iran had failed to slow Saddam, Israel collected evidence that Saddam had actually set a date for the first tests. That was it. Israel could not tolerate nuclear power in the possession of any of it nasty cousin Arabs who hated it as much as it hated them. The military launched a finely focused attack of a few planes and a bunch big bombs and put Osirak out of commission for a few years. But the French needed a bit of moolah so continued to see them nuclear dingle-dangles. (See why the US and France have such opposite points of view about how to handle Iraq? We'd be more sympathetic to them, too, if we were selling them centrifuges and uranium.) This time, the bombing done by F-115's and F-116's was successful. The damage was so complete that Iraq's nuclear industry never recovered -as Bush et al discovered after waging war and hunting all over for the WMD.

The really astonishing thing about that table is the sheer number of tests. I count just over 300, and suspect that this is not actually a complete tally. Why do I doubt the accuracy of these numbers? ^[3] Because the pressures against nuclear power have become so immense that I can imagine that politicians would hunt for ways to minimize the magnitude of the



program. Perhaps not. But I am a cynic as far as politics go.

The map shows the locations where testing was done in Continental US. I was surprised to see that Arkansas, Missouri, New Mexico and Nevada were used. I wonder if the reason was that the soil and rocks in those

³I read somewhere on the internet in 2006 that there have been thousands of atom bomb tests by all nations combined.

locations were suited to particular kinds of tests. What's interesting is to compare this map against the table above. You cannot find any of those locations listed under "LOCATION". All of those test sites were either in Nevada and the South Pacific. I don't know what this means but imagine that it is precisely the sort of shenanigans I just mentioned.

Obviously I wasn't aware in Boston of all of this information. I give it to you to make sure you have it. It will not be provided by the media, nor by most educators. But it is part of your heritage.

However, I was aware of all of the testing taking place at the time and as noted, I was actually proud of the accomplishment. I did understand that there were major risks from radiation. I understood something of the magnitude of the blast. But those effects didn't bother me.

Test: Fizeau

Time: 16:45 14 September 1957 (GMT)

Location: NTS, Area 3b

Test Height and Type: 500 Foot Tower

Yield: 11 kt

LASL boosted fission device. Possibly a test of the XW-34 depth bomb. Device dimensions: diameter 16 inches, length 31.75 inches. Total device weight 131.3 lb. Predicted yield 8-10 kt.

**October 9, 2006:**

I found this website <<http://prop1.org/2000/nuctests.html>> today which had a surprising statistic:

"1,000+ U.S. NUCLEAR TESTS, ONGOING SINCE 1945 conducted since the US signed the CTBT in September 1996

[You can order photos of the tests by name from the U.S. Archives.]

Prepared by Jackie Cabasso"

I dug deeper into the website and find that it is an anti-nuclear group who is collecting statistics and data about nuclear testing by ALL nations who have nuclear capabilities. They also collect information on anti-nuclear movements, sit-ins, proposed regulations, propositions and so on. So the

1,000 are not all American tests. But since I could only find 300+, that leaves 700 tests performed by the Soviets, France, Britain, China and whoever else has them. It's rather hard to believe that so many tests could have been done by others but the "data" is here for your consideration.

1,000+ U.S. NUCLEAR TESTS, ONGOING SINCE 1945 "^" indicates "subcritical" tests conducted since the US signed the CTBT in September 1996 [You can order photos of the tests by name from the U.S. Archives.]	Apache 1956 Apodaca 1971 Apple-1 1955 Apple-2 1955 Apshapa 1963 Arabis-Blue 1970 Arabis-Green 1970 Arabis-Red 1970 Argus I 1958 Argus II 1958 ArgusIII 1958 Arikaree 1962 Arkansas 1962 Armada 1983 Armadillo 1962 Arnica-Violet 1970 Arnica-Yellow 1970 Arsenate 1972 Artesia 1970 Asco 1978 Asiago 1976 Aspen 1958 Atarque 1972 Atrisco 1982 Auger 1968 Auk 1964 Austin 1990 Avens-Alkermes 1970 Avens-Andorre 1970 Avens-Asamlte 1970 Avens-Cream 1970 Aztec 1962 Azul 1979 Baccarat 1979 Backbeach 1978 Backgammon 1979 Backswing 1964 Badger 1953 ^ Bagpipe 1998 Baker 1946 Baker 1951 Baker 1951 Baker 1952 Baker-2 1951 Baltic 1971 Bandicoot 1962 Baneberry 1970 Banon 1976 Barbel 1964 Barnwell 1989	Barracuda 1963 Barranca 1971 Barsac 1969 Baseball 1981 Bay Leaf 1968 Bee 1955 Beebalm 1970 Belen 1970 Bellow 1984 Belmont 1986 Benham 1968 Bernal 1973 Bernalillo 1958 Bevel 1968 Bexar 1991 Biggin 1969 Bighorn 1962 Bilby 1963 Bilge 1975 Billet 1976 Bit-A 1968 Bit-B 1968 Bitterling 1964 Black 1962 Blackfoot 1956 Blanca 1958 Blenton 1969 Bluegill 3 Prime 1962 Bluestone 1962 Bobac 1962 Bobstay 1977 Bodie 1986 Bogey 1964 Boltzmann 1957 Bonarda 1980 Bonefish 1964 Boomer 1961 Borate 1987 Bordeaux 1967 Borrego 1982 Bourbon 1967 Bouschet 1982 Bowie 1990 Bowl-1 1969 Bowl-2 1969 Boxcar 1968 Bracken 1971 Branco 1983 Branco-Herkimer 1983 Bravo 1954 Brazos 1962	Breton 1984 Brie 1987 Bristol 1991 Bronze 1965 Brush 1968 Buff 1965 Buggy-A 1968 Buggy-B 1968 Buggy-C 1968 Buggy-D 1968 Buggy-E 1968 Bulkhead 1977 Bullfrog 1988 Bullion 1990 Bumping 1962 Bunker 1964 Burzet 1979 Buteo 1965 Butternut 1958 Bye 1964 Caboc 1981 Cabra 1983 Cabresto 1973 Cabrillo 1975 Cabriolet 1968 Cactus 1958 Calabash 1969 Calamity 1962 Cambric 1965 Camembert 1975 Camphor 1971 Campos 1978 Can-Green 1970 Can-Red 1970 Canfield 1980 Canjilon 1970 Canna-Limoges 1972 Canna-Umbrinus 1972 Cannikin 1971 Canvasback 1964 Capitan 1972 Caprock 1984 Carmel 1963 Carnelian 1977 Carp 1963 Carpetbag 1970 Carrizozo 1970 Cashmere 1965 Casselman 1963 Cassowary 1964 Cathay 1971	Catron 1958 Cebolla 1972 Cebrero 1985 Cedar 1958 Centaur 1965 Ceres 1958 Cerise 1966 Cernada 1981 Cerro 1982 Chaenactis 1971 Chama 1962 Chamita 1985 Chancellor 1983 Chantilly 1971 Charcoal 1965 Charleston 1957 Charlie 1951 Charlie 1952 Chartreuse 1966 Chateaugay 1968 Chatty 1969 Chavez 1958 Checkmate 1962 Cheedam 1983 Chena 1961 Chenille 1965 Cherokee 1956 Cheshire 1976 Chess 1979 Chetco 1962 Chevre 1976 Chiberta 1975 Chinchilla 1962 Chinchilla II 1962 Chipmunk 1963 Chocolate 1967 Cimarron 1962 ^ Cimarron 1998 Cinnamon 1966 Clairette 1981 Clarinet 1999 Clarksmobile 1968 Clean Slate I 1963 Clean Slate II 1963 Clean Slate III 1963 Clearwater 1963 Climax 1953 Club 1964 Clymer 1966 Coalora 1983 Cobbler 1967 Codsaw 1962 Coffer 1969	Cognac 1967 Colby 1976 Colfax 1958 Colmor 1973 Colwick 1980 Commodore 1967 Comstock 1988 Concentration 1978 Contact 1989 Corazon 1970 Corduroy 1965 Cormorant 1964 Cornice-Green 1970 Cornice-Yellow 1970 Cornucopia 1986 Correo 1984 Coso-Bronze 1991 Coso-Gray 1991 Coso-Silver 1991 Cottage 1985 Coulomb-A 1957 Coulomb-B 1957 Coulomb-C 1957 Coulommiers 1977 Courser 1964 Cove 1977 Cowles 1972 Coypu 1963 Cremino 1978 Cremino-Caerphilly 1978 Crepe 1964 Crestlake-Briar 1974 Crestlake-Tansan 1974 Crew 1968 Crew-2nd 1968 Crew-3rd 1968 Crewline 1977 Crock 1968 Crowdie 1983 Cruet 1969 Cuchillo 1972 Culantro-A 1969 Culantro-B 1969 Cumarin 1970 Cumberland 1963 Cup 1965 Cyathus 1970 Cybar 1986 Cyclamen 1966 Cypress 1969
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Dalhart 1988	Driver 1964	Flax-Test 1972	1977	Hula 1968	Kermet 1965
Daiquiri 1966	Dub 1964	Flora 1980	Guanay 1964	Hulsea 1974	Kernville 1988
Dakota 1956	Duffer 1964	Flotost 1977	Gum Drop 1965	Humboldt 1958	Kesti 1982
Daman I 1962	Dulce 1962	Floydada 1991	Gundi 1962	Hunters Trophy 1992	Kestrel 1965
Danablu 1983	Dumont 1966	Fob-Blue 1970	Gundi Prime 1963	Hupmobile 1968	Khaki 1966
Danny Boy 1962	Duoro 1984	Fob-Green 1970	HA(High Altitude) 1955	Huron 1956	Kickapoo 1956
Darwin 1986	Duryea 1966	Fob-Red 1970	Haddock 1964	Huron King 1980	King 1952
Dauphin 1980	Dutchess 1980	Fondutta 1978	Halfbeak 1966	Huron Landing 1982	Kingfish 1962
De Baca 1958	Eagle 1963	Fontina 1976	Hamilton 1958	Husky Ace 1973	Kinibito 1985
Dead 1962	Easy 1951	Fore 1964	Handcar 1964	Husky Pup 1975	Klickitat 1964
Deck 1975	Easy 1951	Forefoot 1977	Handicap 1964	Hutch 1969	Kloster 1979
Delamar 1987	Easy 1951	Forest 1964	Handley 1970	Hulia 1963	Knickerbocker 1967
Delphinium 1972	Easy 1952	Fox 1951	Haplopappus 1972	Hybla 1963	Knife A 1968
Derringer 1966	Ebbtide 1977	Fox 1952	Hard Hat 1962	Hybla Fair 1974	Knife B 1968
Des Moines 1962	Edam 1975	Franklin 1957	Hardin 1987	Hybla Gold 1977	Knife C 1968
Dexter 1971	Eddy 1958	Franklin Prime 1957	Harebell 1971	Hyrax 1962	Knox 1968
Diablo 1957	Eel 1962	Freezeout 1979	Harkee 1963	Iceberg 1978	Koa 1958
Diablo Hawk 1978	Effendi 1967	Frigate Bird 1962	Harlem 1962	Ildrim 1969	Kohocton 1963
Diagonal Line 1971	Egmont 1984	Frijoles-Deming 1971	Harlingen-A 1988	Imp 1968	Koon 1954
Diamond Ace 1982	Elder 1958	Frijoles-Espuela 1971	Harlingen-B 1988	Inca 1956	Kootanai 1963
Diamond Beech 1985	Elida 1973	Frijoles-Guaje 1971	Harlingen-C 1988	Ingot 1989	Kryddost 1982
Diamond Dust 1970	Elkhart 1965	Frijoles-Petaca 1971	Harry 1953	Inlet 1975	Kyack-A 1969
Diamond Fortune 1992	Embudo 1971	Frisco 1982	Harzer 1981	Ipecac-A 1969	Kyack-B 1969
Diamond Mine 1971	Emerson 1965	Funnel 1968	Hatchet 1968	Ipecac-B 1969	Laban 1983
Diamond Sculls 1972	Emmenthal 1978	Futtock 1975	Hatchie 1963	Islay 1981	Labis 1970
Diana Mist 1970	Encino 1962	Galena-Green 1992	Havarti 1981	Item 1951	Labquark 1986
Diana Moon 1968	Encore 1953	Galena-Orange 1992	Haymaker 1962	Izzer 1965	Lacrosse 1956
Dianthus 1972	Erie 1956	Galena-Yellow 1992	Hazebrook-Apricot 1987	Jackpots 1978	Lagoon 1971
Dido Queen 1973	Ermine 1962	Galileo 1957	Hazebrook-Checker berry 1987	Jal 1970	Laguna 1971
Diesel Train 1969	Escabosa 1974	Galveston 1986	Hazebrook-Emerald 1987	Jara 1974	Lampblack 1966
Diluted Waters 1965	Esrom 1976	Ganymede 1958	Hearts 1979	Jarlsberg 1983	Lanpher 1967
Dining Car 1975	Ess 1955	Garden 1964	Heilman 1967	Jefferson 1986	Laplace 1957
Disc Thrower 1966	Estaca 1974	Gasbuggy 1967	Hermosa 1985	Jerboa 1963	Laredo 1988
Disko Elm 1989	Estuary 1976	Gascon 1986	Hickory 1958	Jib 1974	Lassen 1957
Distant Zenith 1991	Evans 1958	Gazook 1973	Hidalgo 1958	Jicarilla 1972	Latir 1974
Divider 1992	Fade 1964	George 1951	Hod-A 1970	John 1957	Lea 1958
Dixie 1953	Fahada 1983	George 1952	Hod-B 1970	Johnnie Boy 1962	Ledoux 1990
Dofino 1977	Fajy 1979	Gerbil 1963	Hod-C 1970	Jornada 1982	Lexington 1967
Dofino-Lawton 1977	Fallon 1974	Gibne 1982	Hognose 1962	Jorum 1969	Leyden 1975
Dog 1951	Farallones 1977	Gibson 1967	Holly 1958	Junction 1992	Lime 1966
Dog 1951	Farm 1978	Glencoe 1986	Holog 1997	Juniper 1958	Linden 1958
Dog 1952	Faultless 1968	Gnome 1961	Hood 1957	Juno 1958	Links 1964
Dogwood 1958	Fawn 1967	Goldstone 1985	Hook 1964	Kankakee 1966	Liptauer 1980
Dolcetto 1984	Feather 1961	Gorbea 1984	Hoopoe 1964	Kappeli 1984	Little Feller I 1962
Dona Ana 1958	Fenton 1966	Gouda 1976	Hoosic 1962	Kara 1972	Little Feller II 1962
Door Mist 1967	Ferret 1963	Gourd-Amber 1969	Horehound 1969	Karab 1978	Lockney 1987
Doppler 1957	Ferret Prime 1963	Gourd-Brown 1969	Hornet 1955	Kash 1980	Logan 1958
Dormouse 1962	Fig 1958	Grable 1953	Hornitos 1989	Kashan 1973	Long Shot 1965
Dormouse Prime 1962	File 1968	Grape A 1969	Hosta 1982	Kasseri 1975	Longchamps 1972
Dorsal Fin 1968	Finfoot 1966	Grape B 1970	Housatonic 1962	Kaweah 1963	Lovage 1969
Double Play 1966	Fir 1958	Greeley 1966	Houston 1990	Kawich A-Blue 1988	Lowball 1978
Double Tracks 1963	Fisher 1961	Greys 1963	How 1952	Kawich A-White 1988	Lubbock 1991
Dovekie 1966	Fizeau 1957	Grove 1974	Hoya 1991	Kawich-Black 1989	Luna 1958
Draughts 1978	Fizz 1967	Grunion 1963	Hudson 1962	Kawich-Red 1989	Mackerel 1964
Drill 1964	Flask-Green 1970	Gruyere 1977	Hudson Moon 1970	Kearsarge 1988	Mad 1961
Drill 1964	Flask-Red 1970	Gruyere-Gradino	Hudson Seal 1968	Keel 1974	Madison 1962
	Flask-Yellow 1970			Keelson 1976	Magnolia 1958
	Flathead 1956			Kennebec 1963	Mallet 1968
	Flax-Backup 1972			Kepler 1957	Manatee 1962
	Flax-Source 1972				Manteca 1982

Manzanas 1970	Monahans-B 1988	Olive 1958	Plaid II 1966	Redwood 1958	Scroll 1968
Maple 1958	Monero 1972	Onaja 1972	Planer 1969	Reo 1966	Scupper 1977
Maribo 1985	Montello 1991	Orange 1958	Platte 1962	Rex 1966	Scuttle 1969
Mars 1958	Monterey 1982	Organdy 1965	Platypus 1962	Rhyolite 1988	Seafoam 1973
Marsh 1975	Mora 1958	Orkney 1984	Player 1964	Rib 1977	Seamount 1977
Marshmallow 1962	Morgan 1957	Osage 1956	Pleasant 1963	Rickey 1968	Seaweed-B 1969
Marsilly 1977	Morrone 1970	Oscuro 1972	Pliers 1969	Rinconada 1962	Seaweed-C 1969
Marvel 1967	Moth 1955	Otero 1958	Plomo 1974	Ringtail 1961	Seaweed-D 1969
Mast 1975	Mudpack 1964	Otowi 1962	Pod-A 1969	Rio Arriba 1958	Seaweed-E 1969
Mataco 1963	Muenster 1976	Owens 1957	Pod-B 1969	Rio Blanco-1 1973	Seco 1981
Mauve 1965	Muggins 1983	Paca 1962	Pod-C 1969	Rio Blanco-2 1973	Sedan 1962
Maxwell 1966	Muleshoe 1989	Packard 1969	Pod-D 1969	Rio Blanco-3 1973	Seersucker 1965
Mazama 1958	Mullet 1963	Packrat 1962	Polka 1967	Riola 1980	Seminole 1956
Memory 1979	Mundo 1984	Paisano 1963	Polygonum 1973	Rivet I 1967	Sepia 1965
Mercury 1958	Muscovy 1965	Pajara 1973	Pommard 1968	Rivet II 1967	Sequoia 1958
Merida 1972	Mushroom 1967	Palanquin 1965	Pongee 1965	Rivet III 1967	Serena 1985
Merlin 1965	Muskegon 1962	Palisade-1 1989	Ponil 1985	Rivoli 1976	Serpa 1980
Merrimac 1962	Mustang 1963	Palisade-2 1989	Pool 1976	Roanoke 1962	Sevilla 1968
Mescalero 1972	Nama-Amaryllis 1971	Palisade-3 1989	Poplar 1958	Romano 1983	Seyval 1982
Mesilla 1962	Nama-Mephisto 1971	Paliza 1981	Portmanteau 1974	Romeo 1954	Shallows 1976
Mesita 1973	Nambe 1962	Pamlico 1962	Portola 1975	Roquefort 1985	Shaper 1970
Met 1955	Nancy 1953	Pampas 1962	Portola-Larkin 1975	Rose 1958	Shasta 1957
Metropolis 1990	Narraguagus 1963	Panamint 1986	Potrero 1974	Rousanne 1981	Shave 1969
Mickey 1967	Nash 1967	Panchuela 1987	Portulaca 1973	Rovena 1966	Sheepshead 1979
Midas Myth/Milagro 1984	Natches 1963	Panir 1978	Post 1955	Rudder 1976	Shoal 1963
Middle Note 1987	Natoma 1973	Par 1964	Potrillo 1973	Rulison 1969	Shrew 1961
Midi Mist 1967	Navajo 1956	Parnassia 1971	Pratt 1974	Rummy 1978	Shuffle 1968
Midland 1987	Navata 1983	Parrot 1964	Presidio 1987	Rushmore 1958	Sidecar 1966
Miera 1973	Nebbiolo 1982	Pascal-A 1957	Priscilla 1957	Russet 1968	Sienna 1966
Mighty Epic 1976	Nectar 1954	Pascal-B 1957	Project 56 No. 1 1955	Ruth 1953	Silene 1973
Mighty Oak 1986	Neptune 1958	Pascal-C 1957	Project 56 No. 2 1955	Sabado 1983	Simms 1966
Mike 1952	Nessel 1979	Passaic 1962	Project 56 No. 3 1955	Sacramento 1962	Simon 1953
Milk Shake 1968	New Point 1966	Peba 1962	Project 56 No. 4 1956	Salmon 1964	Sled 1968
Mill Yard 1985	Newark 1966	Pederal 1971	Project 57 No. 1 1957	Salut 1985	Small Boy 1962
Milrow 1969	Newton 1957	Pekan 1963	Puce 1966	San Juan 1958	Smoky 1957
Mineral Quarry 1990	Nightingale 1988	Penasco 1970	Puddle 1974	Sandreef 1977	Snubber 1970
Minero 1984	Nipper 1969	Pepato 1979	Purple 1966	Sanford 1958	Socorro 1958
Miners Iron 1980	Niza 1981	Pera 1979	Purse 1969	Santa Fe 1958	Solano 1972
Ming Blade 1974	Noggin 1968	Persimmon 1967	Puyé 1974	Santee 1962	Solanum 1972
Ming Vase 1968	Noor 1968	Petrel 1965	Pyramid 1980	Sapello 1974	Solendon 1964
Mini Jade 1983	Norbo 1980	Piccalilli 1969	Quargel 1978	Sappho 1972	Spar 1973
Miniata 1971	Normanna 1984	Pike 1964	Quay 1958	Sardine 1963	Spider-A 1969
Mink 1961	Numbat 1962	Pile Driver 1966	Queso 1982	Satsop 1963	Spider-B 1969
Minnow 1964	Nutmeg 1958	Pin Stripe 1966	Questa 1962	Saturn 1957	Spoon 1964
Mint Leaf 1970	Oak 1958	Pine 1958	Quinella 1979	Satz 1978	Sprit 1976
Minute Steak 1969	Oakland 1967	Pineau 1981	Raccoon 1962	Saxon 1966	Spud 1968
Mission Cyber 1987	Oarlock 1977	Pinedrops 1974	Rack 1968	Sazerac 1967	St.Lawrence 1962
Mission Ghost 1987	Obar 1975	Pinedrops-Sloat 1974	Rainier 1957	Scaevola 1958	Staccato 1968
Mississippi 1962	Oberon 1958	Pinedrops-Tawny 1974	Randsburg 1990	Scantling 1977	Stagecoach 1998
Misty Echo 1988	^ Oboe 1 1999	Pipefish 1964	Raritan 1962	Scaup 1965	Stanley 1967
Misty North 1972	^ Oboe 2 1999	Pipkin 1969	Ray 1953	Schellbourne 1988	Stanyan 1974
Misty Rain 1985	^ Oboe 3 2000	Piranha 1966	Reblochon 1978	Schooner 1968	Starfish Prime 1962
Mizzen 1975	^ Oboe 4 2000	Pisonia 1958	Rebound 1997	Scissors 1968	Starwort 1973
Moa 1965	^ Oboe 5 2000	Piton-A 1970	Red Hot 1966	Scotch 1967	Sterling 1966
Mogollon 1986	Ocate 1972	Piton-B 1970	Redmud 1976	Screamer 1965	Stillwater 1962
Mohawk 1956	Ochre 1966	Piton-C 1970		Scree-Acajou 1970	Stilt 1967
Molbo 1982	Oconto 1964			Scree-Alhambra 1970	Stilton 1975
Monahans-A 1988	Offshore 1979			Scree-Chamois 1970	Stinger 1968
					Stoat 1962

Stoddard 1968	Teak 1958	Tomme/Midnight	Tun-A 1969	Vesta 1958	Wineskin 1969
Stokes 1957	Techado 1983	Zephyr 1983	Tun-B 1969	Victoria 1992	Wishbone 1965
Stones 1963	Tee 1965	Topgallant 1975	Tun-C 1969	Vide 1981	Wolverine 1962
Strait 1976	Tejon 1963	Topmast 1978	Tun-D 1969	Vigil 1966	Wool 1965
Strake 1977	Teleme 1975	Torch 1968	Tuna 1963	Ville 1985	Worth 1967
Sturgeon 1964	Temescal 1974	Tornero 1987	Turf 1964	Villita 1984	Wrangell 1958
Stutz 1966	Templar 1966	Tornillo 1963	Turk 1955	Vise 1969	X-ray 1948
Suede 1965	Tenabo 1990	Torrado 1969	Turnstone 1964	Vito 1967	Yankee 1954
Sugar 1951	Tenaja 1982	Tortugas 1984	Turquoise 1983	Vulcan 1966	Yannigan-Blue 1970
Sulky 1964	Tendrac 1962	Towanda 1985	Tweed 1965	Waco 1987	Yannigan-Red 1970
Sundown-A 1990	Tern 1965	Toyah 1963	Tybo 1975	Wagtail 1965	Yannigan-White 1970
Sundown-B 1990	Terrine-White 1969	Transom 1978	Tyg-A 1968	Wahoo 1958	Yard 1967
Sunset 1962	Terrine-Yellow 1969	Traveler 1966	Tyg-B 1968	Waller 1973	Yellowwood 1958
Sutter 1976	Tesla 1955	Trebbiano 1981	Tyg-C 1968	Walnut 1958	Yerba 1971
Swanee 1962	Tewa 1956	Trinity 1945	Tyg-D 1968	Ward 1967	Yeso 1962
Switch 1967	Texarkana 1989	Trogon 1964	Tyg-E 1968	Washer 1967	Yoke 1948
Swordfish 1962	Thistle 1969	Truchas-Chacon 1970	Tyg-F 1968	Wasp 1955	York 1962
Sycamore 1958	^ Thoroughbred 2000	Truchas-Chamisal 1970	Umber 1967	Wasp Prime 1955	Yuba 1963
Tafi 1980	Throw 1968	Truchas-Rodarte 1970	Umbrella 1958	Welder 1968	Yucca 1958
Tahoka 1987	Ticking 1965	Truckee 1962	Uncle 1951	Wembley 1968	Yukon 1962
Tajique 1972	Tierra 1984	Trumbull 1974	Union 1954	Wexford 1984	Yuma 1956
Tajo 1986	Tightrope 1962	Tub-A 1968	Uranus 1958	Wheeler 1957	Zaza 1967
Tamalpais 1958	Tijeras 1970	Tub-B 1968	Valencia 1958	White 1962	Zebra 1948
Tan 1966	Tilci 1981	Tub-C 1968	Valise 1969	Whiteface-A 1989	Zinnia 1972
Tanana 1962	Tinderbox 1968	Tub-D 1968	Vat 1968	Whiteface-B 1989	Zucchini 1955
Tangerine 1966	Tiny Tot 1965	Tub-F 1968	Vaughn 1985	Whitney 1957	Zuni 1956
Tanya 1968	Tioga 1962	Tulia 1989	Velarde 1973	Wichita 1962	
Tapestry 1966	Titania 1958	Tuloso 1972	Venus 1958	Wigwam 1955	
Tapper 1969	Tobacco 1958		Verdello 1980	Wilson 1957	
Tarko 1980	Tomato 1966		Vermejo 1984	Winch 1969	
Taunton 1962					Compiled by Jackie Cabasso

Hearst Syndicate

To get back life in Boston: To make money during my senior year at Belmont HS, 1959-1960, I worked every weekend at the Hearst Syndicate. That was a great job. It took me into a world that is gone today, the ink stained, piquant smelling world of printing presses, folders, and cutters. I've already talked about it in other volumes above.

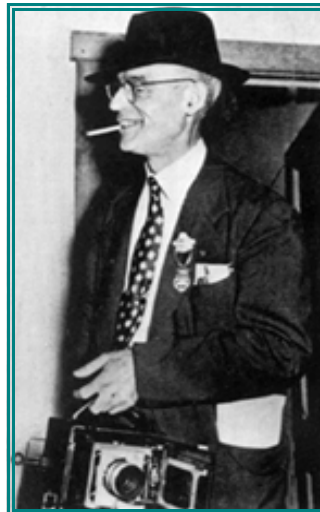
Large metropolitan newspapers in those days put out two or three 'editions' during the day, always trying to outdo each other by getting 'scoops', tips or important information before competitors did. The Hearst group put out 2 or 3 editions a day so there was always a frenzy in the print shop, the distribution center, the layout room, the advertising office, the coffee shop, everywhere you went.

Guys like the one of the following page were sort of the creme de la creme. This is Moe Fineberg, photo taken in the 1950's, working for the Record American, the same I worked with.

He's carrying a view camera but I want you to look at how he is dressed. He's wearing a a suit and tie to go to work, to go out into rough weather, into messy wrecks, anywhere the action is. He goes and this is how he starts out. I keep beating on this because it is so easy today for people to brush off assertions I make about the 50's being a kinder, gentler time, saying that things aren't that much different. They are much different. Reporters today do try to look nicer than most schlocky people on the street but not by much.

I managed to spend some time in the printing area and loved the noise and machinery and smells. I technically wasn't allowed to be there but I managed to get into the print shops because I did have business in the 5 story building that took me to different areas.

The most dramatic printing was done on the 3 story web presses. If you've never seen one of those things fired up, printing and folding and spewing a newspaper you haven't seen one of the most amazing machines out there. (At least the used to be out there. I don't know how newspaper printing is done today.)



Web Press

This image shows the tail end of a two-story web press where there are at least 4 webs coming out. The rest of press extends probably another 100 feet to the right of this photo. Separate vertical sections are lined up so that the output of one is the input for the next and so on. A "web" is a continuous length of paper that starts at the far right of this press, and feeds through the individual sections of the enormous printing press. Each vertical section of the press has series of rollers that handle the paper, some of them just pull the paper through the presses, other of them are "coated" with the images that are applied to the paper stock, others are ink supply rollers that continuously feed ink to the image



rollers and so on.

This image shows the last vertical section of the press. It is where the webs all come together, are fed out into rollers that divide the web in half (if required by the print job as in a newspaper), cuts the individual sections off the web one section at a time, which is REALLY fast, folds it again and shoots it out onto conveyor belts where they are gathered and collected and bundled and tied and distributed to the distribution area where trucks wait to pick them up and haul them directly to newspaper boys, stores and so on.

In that image you can see three individual webs coming out of individual slots at the top right, another coming under the bottom bar in the center and going up to become the inner sheet of the section of the newspaper, and one more web sheet being fed into the set from the left side at the bottom.

The web sheets pass through the press in horizontal fashion. At the end in the section shown above, they are then directed 90 degrees down.

The first thing the sheets flow over after they make the turn is a long flat surface with a peculiar shape: it is Vee-shaped. When the sheets of paper are pulled down over that Vee, it folds in half. This folded web hits the rollers where they compress flat, the first of several folds. That makes the section of a newspaper you hold when you pick up a section of a newspaper.



This small image is a close up of the Vee-shaped end-on. Such a simple solution to a delicate problem that must be solved at very high speeds.

This next large image is a great view of multi-section, multi-section web press. The human at the bottom right gives you a perspective about the size and shape of these



Figure 11 <http://www.keskisuomalainen.fi/museo/nayttely/offseti2.html>

remarkable machines. It turns out that this is a Finnish press (Keski-suomalainen - means "Middle Finnish")

This press actually has five levels where pressmen attend the rollers and webs: bottom floor, the blue First Story and three stainless steel "floors". Amazing, isn't it. You have no idea how thrilling it is to see the thing fired up, paper flying through so fast you cannot even see the ink colors, let alone images and type. Folded sections of newspaper flow out of the bottom so fast that a man could not keep up if he were alone pulling the sections off the bed. It is done mechanically.

Rolls of newsprint wrapped in heavy brown paper for shipping from the paper factory sit on the floor near the section where they will be installed and used to create the webs that come out the far end -the end that appears in the first photo above. There are two widths: the narrow width by the person is that one used to print the single-sheet that you find in sections of newspapers. The double width roll on the left is used to print the double-wide pages in a newspaper section.

Linotype Machine

This funny looking typewriter was used to set the print for books, magazines and newspapers. It was called a linotype because it miraculously prepared "lines-of-type". Instead of having to manually set type from cases of small letters and numbers, technology had advanced to the point that a man could now sit at this heavy-duty typewriter with the copy just above his fingers and set type. As he struck (that is how they did it, strike in a peculiar motion, not like on a regular typewriter) a key, a small "mold" for that letter or number fell down a trough into a tray designed to hold one row of letters. After a row was completed, he hit a key that move that row of letter "molds" out of the way.

That row of empty letter "molds" was then poured full of molten typemetal and allowed to cool. The row of congealed metal, called a 'slug', was set into a device



Figure 13

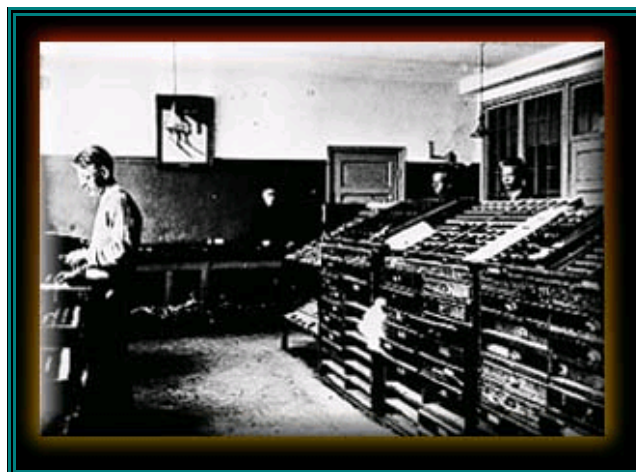
<http://www.keskisuomalainen.fi/museo/nayttely/rivilat1.html>



that collected slugs to build up columns of type.

After all of the rows were completed, they were locked up and taken to the print room. In the bottom photo you see a cylinder that is printing a page of newsprint. The cylinder was created out of the slugs. The web of newsprint flows over the rollers and over the man's head. He's standing in a tunnel of enormously high speed flowing newsprint.

This image shows the type setting rooms before the "Lines-of-Type" machines came on the scene. Big difference, huh. (Same website) The cases on the right side of the room held loose type pieces - as described last year- from which words and rows of words and pages of rows were created a letter at a time.



The Hearst Syndicate job was the second installment of my time in the world of printing, Rollie Thomas and the Platen Press being the first. The third installment was in SLC when I spend 2+ years working at the Deseret News Press out on Redwood Road. The place is probably gone by now but at the time it was a huge operation and I was able to work in virtually every department - except for the printing presses. The foreman had a prejudice against college students who leave him after getting their degrees, so I spent my time doing everything else.

I imagine that all the time I spent in print shops contributed to my interest in books and everything that goes into them, including writing. I spent time around editors watching how they worked and seeing then how the guys out in Composition took the correction and incorporated them into the plates or whatever medium they were working with. I love printing and writing and UBW is the final product of that love.

Printer's Hat

The men who worked on the presses were resigned to being permanently dyed with print ink from top to the bottom. But they did go to some pains to protect themselves, for example, some of them would fold a clean printer's hat each day out of newsprint. This image shows you how to do it, so grab a piece of a newspaper and figure it out! The kids will love it.

PRINTER'S HAT

by courtesy of
Eyre & Spottiswoode Ltd
Her Majesty's Printers

- ① Take a folded sheet from the newspaper
- ② Fold down the corners A & B along the dotted lines
- ③ Fold in the top layer of the bottom edge twice...
- ④ Turn it all over
- ⑤ Fold the ends in along the dotted lines at C & D. For bigheads, C & D further apart
- ⑥ Fold the corners F & G inwards
- ⑦ Fold flap over as shown, tucking M N in beneath H K; then...
- ⑧ Fold point P inwards beneath R S
- ⑨ Insert thumbs into the bottom opening & open out until...
- ⑩ R & S meet. Fold in the tips X & Y beneath R & S
- ⑪ Then open out & ...

Caxton's your uncle!

Diamond Saws & Polishing Wheels

There is one more thing I forgot to include last year about MCZ: the use of diamond saws and polishing tables. In some instances, thin sections of slice bones were needed so the interior structure could be studied. The lab had two devices that satisfied there needs.

The first was a diamond saw. I was familiar with saws of all kinds. This diamond saw looked like a circle saw except that there was a small spout for water to flow out of onto the cutting edge. The saw table was much simpler in general but it had a hood along the back and around the sides to contain the mist and water that splashed around.

The blade was a miracle. I was familiar with saw blades. Dad had many kinds, i.e. cross cut, rip, key hole, table, coping, back saw, and jig. The amazing this was that this circular blade did not have any teeth. I could run my finger along the outer edge as it was turning. It was smooth, although there was a rough feeling. That feeling came from the embedded industrial diamonds that did the cutting.

It was the roughness that did the job. What happened was that the blade basically sanded a narrow track of stone away as it turned. This track was the thickness of the blade. I was actually disappointed to discover that a diamond saw didn't really 'cut' the stone. But as I thought about it, it was obvious that wood saws actually do the same thing so I am not sure what I was expecting. The neat thing about this "saw blade" was that I could hold my finger on the "cutting" edge while the blade turned.

To cut stone, you start a slow drip of water over the blade. Obviously, the saw must be surrounded by a shroud to catch the spray, and there must be a drain in the basin around the saw to remove the water. The water washes away the particles that are ground away by the blade and also cools the blade, extending it's life. Then you secure your stone on a table with devices made for the job to keep it from moving or turning. Otherwise, it would twist or turn and would bind against the blade, causing it to overheat or even break.

As the blade turns, throwing off a small stream of small drops of water, you press the stone lightly against the rotating saw blade. The blade etches a furrow in the stone which slowly develops into a real cut that finally separates the halves. Dad said the idea is to let the saw do the work, not you, meaning that you moved the stone slowly without pressure, allowing the blade to remove the stone as it turns.

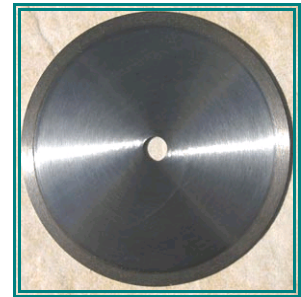


Figure 17
http://bargainblade.com/Diamond-Saw-Blades_MCA21.html



Rock hounds use these saws to cut semi-precious stones like agates or opal. You've seen the thinly sliced layers of these stones. Rulon Ramsey had them in his basement. When you hold these thin slabs up to the light, you see beautiful patterns that look like paintings.

Water on the rough cut surface would brighten the colors in the rock, but when it dried out, the color faded.

To maintain the brightness the stone must be polished. I was surprised at this device, called a lapidary table. There was a 2 foot wide metal disc sitting down in a metal hood. The hood was to catch water and debris that came off the table when it was turning.

To polish one of the cut end of a rock, one put a bit of water on the table and then sprinkles some coarse abrasive uniformly to form a sort of paste. Then the surface to be polished

I laid down directly on the grit as the table turns. One checks it every few minutes to see if the grit had created a uniform surface.

Once the surface is uniform, water is run onto the table to wash off every bit of the grit. After it is clean, the process is repeated but with a finer grit. One of the finest grits is called Jeweler's Rouge and has the consistency of powdered sugar. So one polishes with a grit, washes the table, polished with a finer grip, washes the table, and so on until the surface is as polished as much as desired.



Test: Maple No Photo

Date: 10-Jun-58

Place: Bikini Barge 12 213 (225) UCRL WD

"Dirty" 2-stage test, predicted to be 89% fission

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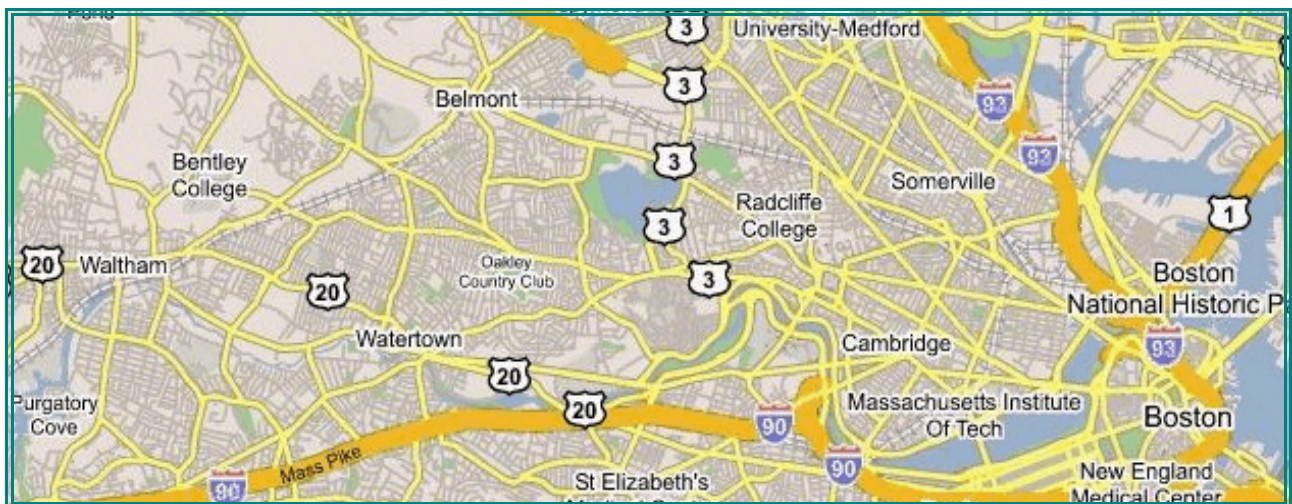
Waltham vs. Belmont

In some respect, the difference between Belmont and Waltham was nearly as great as that between Waltham and Seward, excepting geography. Waltham was an industrial and agricultural town and Seward was a logging/railroad/shipping town, so both were lower socio-economic communities.

The comparison of Belmont and Waltham reveals that in the late 1700's Waltham started as a rural community and then became an industrial-manufacturing city during the industrial revolution because there was a river that provided cheap power. Belmont also had early agricultural base in the form of home gardens, but since it was not situated on a river, it had no power to draw factories and industries. That early difference persisted in the 1950's and probably today.

Waltham thrived as a manufacturing town while Belmont was a quiet farm community. The Waltham Watch Factory was the largest factory but others were constructed on the river to capitalize on hydro power. The population was expanded by the influx of factory worker who settled near the factories, many of whom were immigrants. The growing populace consumed more fruits and vegetables which stimulated the growth of truck gardens in the fertile soil (I can attest to that having worked in those farms 2 summers). Again, workers were attracted to serve these farms. The net result was the development of a community that was based primarily on manufacturing and agriculture. Similarly, demand for construction supplies and household supplies increased and drove growth of that segment of the economy. Belmont was quiet.

Here's another map of the metro region showing both towns & Boston:



Waltham is on the west end of the map, Boston is on the east end and Belmont and Cambridge are in between. Waltham and Belmont were only a few miles apart but geography had a dramatic effect on the development of both. The key element is the river that runs through Waltham. Pretty surprising, isn't it, how dramatic the effect one feature of the geography.

In contrast, Belmont had no river. Therefore, there never was and never will be heavy industry. Interesting isn't it, how profoundly important geography is to the growth of and nature of cities. (I learned that in the 4th grade in Seward.) The fact that there was no river meant there was little likelihood that industries and manufacturing plants would be developed. That had obvious consequences in Belmont and it persisted probably today.

Belmont also did not have a prominent center. I don't know whether that's related to the river or not. There were no tall buildings, and there were lots of twisting streets lined with trees. It was a "bedroom communities" that attracted professionals like faculty members from Harvard, MIT, BU, BC, Brandeis, Simmons, Tufts, etc. who wanted peace and quiet which were not available in urban settings. to set up housekeeping in quiet pleasant Belmont. I'll list a bunch of these universities below. I was impressed even though I didn't actually see most of them, They flavored the sense I had of Boston and Belmont. Belmont was the polar opposite of Vernal. Money, power, and all thing associated with money and power.

The kids in Belmont HS were obviously the children of these prominent families. Not all were, but enough were that it imparted a distinct flavor to the student body, an intellectual, sophisticated flavor. I moved into Belmont and automatically -I discovered later- into that group of the students headed to college, the other two groups being the ones who were headed into business or technical jobs.

Looking back, I wonder how I ended up with the fancy pants bunch. The fact that I chose the college curriculum obviously contributed to that outcome, but there other kids in the college track didn't end up in this social group. So how did some of us end up there? I am asking here about why was I accepted into that social group, not why I was in the college preparation course at BHS. That was a choice. Obviously, the fact that I was in the college prep track had some influence but there was more.

There was apparently some sort of a screening process done by the group which checked out new students and decided if they met the standards of this group. I was never aware of it. The only evidence I know to support that idea is the fact that Dick and I were invited to become members of the Belmont Assembly, a hoity toity tuxedo-formal affair that only the cream of the cream were invited to (I'll tell you all about it later.) I believe that dad's position at Harvard was the key element that put us in the insider's circle, because our personalities sure wouldn't have done the job.

Belmont had a totally different atmosphere than Waltham. Belmont was a quiet, residential community with educated families. Sophisticated is perhaps too fancy a word for Belmont, yet it is not far off. Waltham doubtless has its educated folk, but it was mostly a manufacturing city of factories and not highly educated folks. Both were great places, indeed, I felt more comfortable in Waltham than Belmont because my roots were more like that than Belmontians'.

Test:	Redwood	No Photo
Date:	27-Jun-58	
Place	Bikini	
Possible XW-47 prototype, 2-stage, 250 kt fission yield expected; similar to Aspen, Nutmeg, Dogwood devices		

733 Belmont Street

Looking back, I see for the first time -at this instant- that part of the reason mom and dad were so cheap in Waltham was because they were trying to build a down payment for a house. Simple, isn't it, but I never saw that until just now, 10:07 p.m on April 28, 2006. No wonder they insisted on us boys earning our own money. They both had to work just to get by so had little discretionary income that could be set aside to build a down payment. Actually, at the time I was suspicious about their claim of being so poor that they couldn't buy us our clothing and so on, but what was a kid to say. Turns out that they could have bought the clothing but at the risk of not being able to build the down payment. They had no way to earn a third income so were limited to what the two of them earned.

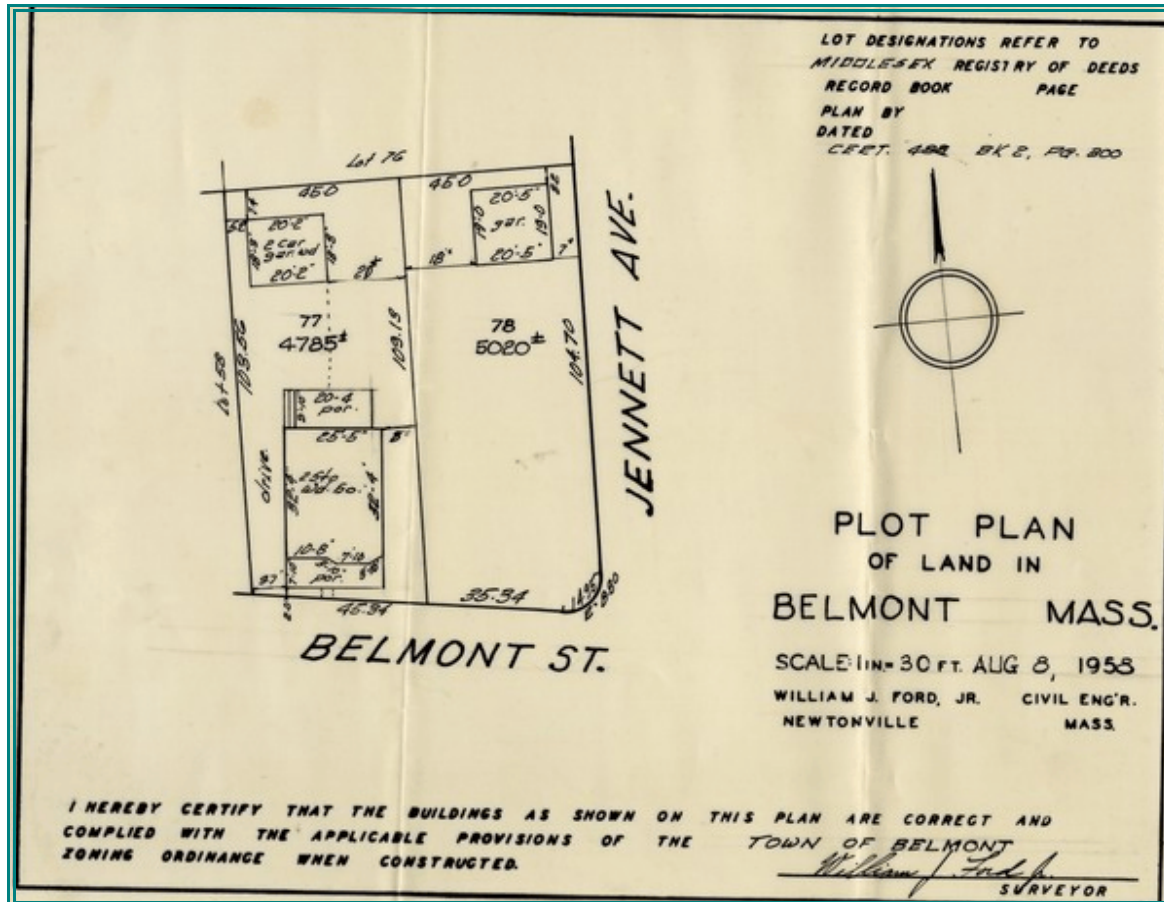
They paid the bills regularly, bought groceries and so on. But neither of them would make a peep about their finances - probably sensitivity from depression times during which poor families like theirs concealed their true financial condition- so perhaps there were in dire straits and we just didn't know.

I think that more information would have changed my experience in that house. If I had understood that the reason for their penury was the fact that they were saving to buy us our own home I would have understood and more importantly, I would have felt like a participant. If I had understood that their harsh edict to work and to buy all of our own clothing was part of this process, I would have not felt so bitter about it. As it was, the edict came across as another of their arbitrary unkindnesses.

It took two years to get the down payment together and in 1958, they

did buy a house.

This is the Plot Plan for the property. The house is the large rectangle in the bottom left. The other two smaller rectangles were two-car garages.



One was right behind the house and was accessible along the driveway that ran along the left side of the house on this plat. The other one was only accessible off Jennett. We did not use the latter, rather rented it to neighbors on Jennett.

They took a long time finding a house in an area that was appropriate for a Harvard University employee. You couldn't just live anywhere, you know. No kidding. AG Cranney, a self-important LDS man who expected his wife to serve him dinner while he sat alone at the dining table and she stayed in the kitchen, coming and going through the swinging door according to his needs, was horrified to hear that we were living in Waltham. He said, "Oh, a Harvard man cannot live in a place like that."

But note that while the address was right, i.e. "Belmont", we were only on the edge, literally, of Belmont. We could not afford a house with a fine street address. Belmont Street was the dividing line between Belmont and

Watertown.

Watertown was basically another low-class Waltham-type town, factory workers, recent immigrant families not completely assimilated and so on. I understood that. It didn't bother me particularly, except when my friends came by to pick me up for a date. I figured they knew that I was practically in Watertown. Steve and Wayne were great guys and never said a thing but I am sure that they, too, understood the score. But at least I lived "in" Belmont.

I hunted for real estate documents in the stuff from the studio, and found all of the closing documents for the sale in 1961 as well as some documents from their purchase on August 08, 1958. The price was \$31,000, a substantial sum in those years, but the house was largish and worth the price.

This is the 1959 Tax Statement. It showed that the house was valued at \$5,000, and lists only ONE of the garages, which was valued at \$400. I

1959 TAX RATE Per \$1000		THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS Town of Belmont OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES				5700 REAL ESTATE TAX JANUARY 1, 1959
School Rate	\$ 20.38	You are hereby notified that your 1959 REAL ESTATE TAX upon the following described parcel of land is as follows				Form 108 A. W. L. & Co.
General Rate	\$ 32.62					
Total Rate	\$ 53.00					
LOCATION	LAND EXCLUSIVE OF BUILDINGS		BUILDINGS EXCLUSIVE OF LAND		TOTAL VALUE	
	AREA	VALUE	DESCRIPTION	VALUE		
77 BELMONT ST	4785	1200	HSE D GAR	5000 400	6600	
PAGE AND LINE	NAME AND ADDRESS	TAX	SEWER	STREET	TOTAL TAX AND ASSESSMENT	
171-7	JAMES A JENSEN-MARIE M JENSEN 733 BELMONT ST	349 80			349 80	
Due and payable in full on July 1, 1959. THIS TAX MUST BE PAID IN FULL. Taxes not paid when due are subject to penalties at \$1.00 for demand, and charges and fees. Taxes remaining unpaid after November 1 are subject to 4% interest from October 1. For receipt, enclose addressed envelope with entire bill. FOR INFORMATION REGARDING THE TAX ASSESSED, INQUIRE OF THE BOARD OF ASSESSORS. Any application for abatement or exemption must be filed in writing ON AN APPROVED FORM, with the Board of Assessors on or before Oct. 1, 1959. (See Chapter 444 of the Acts of 1954). All payments must be to the Town of Belmont. Mail to Collector's Office. TAXES PAYABLE at the Collector's Office, Town Hall, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Daily excepting Saturday. This form approved by Commissioner of Corporations and Taxation.			RECEIVED PAYMENT OCT 23 1959 FRANCIS J. LALLY TREASURER & TAX COLLECTOR		DEMAND CHARGES AND FEES INTEREST TOTAL	
			FRANCIS J. LALLY Collector of Taxes		704	

hadn't noticed that previously that the property appraiser missed the fact that there were two two-car garages. Perhaps someone originally thought that reference to "two two-car garages" as a mistake. The total value of the property was \$6,600 for which the total annual property tax was \$349.80. (Belmont was identified as "Town of Belmont", not just "Belmont", doubtless a hangover from colonial times in which that distinction was necessary to differentiate between this entity from another.)

\$349.80 doesn't seem like much today, but it was back then. If you use the price of gasoline as a measure with which to compare the size of the property taxes, you will be surprised. In 1959 gas sold for 15 cents a gallon. So one dollar would buy 6.66 gallons. Multiply the total taxes by 6.66 to see how many gallons of gas you could buy for that amount. 2,329.67 gallons is the answer.

Now multiply 2,329.67 by the price of gas today which I'll set at an even \$2 a gallon. \$4,659.34 is the present day value of that "small" seeming property tax amount. Indeed, if you look carefully in the rightmost column, you will see that they were assessed a penalty of \$74 for late fees. It was due July 1st. I can't guess what they had going on that prevented them from paying on time. I was still at home, a senior, so they didn't have any extra educational expenses. They never did. I paid for all of my college (with the assistance of Marvel in some instances). That is a 20% penalty for 6 months lateness! They really meant business didn't they.

In comparison, my property taxes for 2005-6 in Beaverton were about \$2,000. So I am getting by very cheaply compared to what they had to pay back then. I am not sure why the property tax statement gave a value of \$6,600 when we had just paid \$31,000 for the place. Property tax values are always out of sync with market values, but in this case, the tax value is only one fifth of the market value. Today the two values only vary by ~5-20%.

Dutch Hip-Roof House

A photo of the house and the '56 Chevy Bel Aire follows on the next page. It sat on a narrow lot of 4,785 square feet. To give you a frame of reference, compare that to the 5111 house. That lot had something over 10,000 square feet, so this was roughly twice the size of the Belmont log. When you covered it with this house, the paved driveway and the two double-car garages there wasn't much lawn left - which suited me just fine. You can see one of the garages on the left here, behind the house. The other one sat on the far right corner of the lot and faced out on Jeanette Street.

Dick told me that he'd visited the place in the 1990's and that someone has built another house on the lawn to the right of the house here so it must really look cramped. The tree was gone, the porch was changed, the awnings were missing. Our turquoise and white 1956 Chevrolet Bel Aire sits on the street but we rarely left it there. There was too much traffic, too much risk of damage. The double car garage on the far left background was reached by that narrow driveway that filled the entire space

between the two houses. Literally. I could reach out of the car window and touch the neighbor's back porch when backing out. You can see the curb for the left edge of the driveway in the bottom left corner of the picture, and can see where the house sits so can figure out just how narrow it was. The Chevy wasn't a narrow car so backing out onto Belmont street which had rush hour traffic was hair-raising.

The style of the house was called Dutch with hip-roof. I thought it was sort of weird but it was appreciated as a nice example of a familiar European



house style so I didn't complain. Wouldn't have done any good anyway.

You can just make out the garage behind the house. The doors were totally different from modern garage doors which are lifted vertically by an electric motor. These "doors" were like the ones in closets, two "doors" on each half of the doorway, each of which in turn was divided into halves which were joined by hinges. They folded out like modern closet doors do. The other garage was identical. Dad rented it to make a few bucks. I didn't meet the renter and don't know where s/he lived but it obviously had to be on that street. There was a minor problem with the garage around 1958 when some neighbor kids that did a little vandalism.

It's difficult to see but it is there, a 7 foot tall hedge behind the Chevy. It was flat on top and on both sides, and ran down to the corner, turned and ran down to the second garage. Us boys got to trim the hedge, as if we had a clue. No training, just "Here are the pruning shears. Go prune the hedge,

both sides, and collect the clippings.”

The first time I did it, I actually was pretty excited. It seemed cool to have a hedge and to be trimming it. I liked cutting things up. The notion of making a beautiful, flat surface out of the small branches of little shrubs planted closely together growing together like spider webs appealed to me. I'd seen photos of beautiful, manicured formal gardens in England, with shrubs trimmed in the shape of animals, stars and so on, and figured that I'd be doing the same thing shortly. Hahaha. Ever tried to trim a hedge? And make a uniform plane? It is considerable harder that it looks, particularly since in those days there were none of these nifty electric hedge trimmers that look like small sickle bars that make 18" flat swaths at a time. Hope, we had the hold handy-dandy hedge pruners that allowed you to quickly gouge a deep hole in the hedge, and fairly quickly after you got tired and hot and sweaty and tired of the whole thing.

The only problem with the hedge was that some kids tried to set it on fire during a Halloween season I think it was. The thing was too green to give them much satisfaction but a nasty gaping hole remained that never did fill in completely during the time I was there.

The roof was for me the highlight of the house. It was covered with slate tiles, actual flattish pieces of slate. I saw lots of slate in Seward and loved how it split easily into planes but had never seen it used for decorative purposes like this. I loved the idea. Here's an image of the roof tiles: There was a pile of extra tiles in the basement that dad had to use several times.



Boston lived

Although
a hurricane

on the end of hurricane alley.
we never experienced the full force of
we did feel the tail end of several.

Some of the winds were severe enough to lift or displace these tiles so dad had to go up on the roof and figure out which tiles were loose and replace them, not an easy task. It is never easy to insert a roof tile or shingle into an existing roof and crumbling slate tiles probably made it even harder. There was no choice, however, so he did it. Didn't swear in my hearing.

The house had four levels. There was a full, unfinished basement that was used naturally for storage, furnace, water heater and the like. The main

floor was entered from the front door that you see in the above photo, from a side door midway along the house along the drive way, and from the back from the back yard across from the garage in the above photo. There was a large covered porch which I loved. Just inside the front door was a large vestibule. On the left was a staircase to the second and third floors.

Straight ahead past a large closet for hanging guests' coats you entered the kitchen which had a small breakfast nook on the far side. The living room was to the right with a fireplace, with the dining room beyond it. The dining room had a neat feature I thought although it wasn't useful to us. There were 2 swinging doors from the kitchen, which allowed a server to come into the dining room through one door and return to the kitchen through the other one. On the back side of the house accessible through the back door was another large porch. This one was enclosed with screens so was actually a sleeping room if one wanted. I wanted in the sweat, humid, hot summer because we didn't have air conditioning but mom and dad forbid it. I don't know why.

The second floor had the only bathroom in the house, the only drawback in the place. It was obvious that the bathroom was an addition. I say this because it was a largish room that wasn't laid out like bathrooms usually are, i.e. rectangular, and because there was a large window on the back wall. This window was painted permanently for privacy's sake. So the place was built with a privy originally.

The master bedroom, also on the second floor, lay across the front of the house. You see three windows with awnings. Those are over the master bedroom, which had a large closet along the easy (right) side of the bedroom.

There was another bedroom behind the master bedroom, and then what one would call a suite of three rooms. It appeared that there was originally one room to the right end of the room that became the bathroom. It had a nice closet and was probably the third bedroom, but some home owner needed more sleeping space. He simply extended the second floor out and over the back porch which previously only had a roof over it. The entire width of the house on the second floor was enclosed, and then divided into two bedrooms. These two bedrooms were reached through the original bedroom room so you walked through two rooms to get to the second bedroom. There was a three-room suite which sounds nice but isn't. The first room became a sitting room which had the closet that Dick and I shared as best we could, and which stored our individual chests of drawers. But our bedrooms were too small for anything than a twin bed and a desk and chair. At least there were windows completely around two sides which made them airy and light. They were good bed rooms, except that Dick had to go through my room and since we were constantly sniping at each other, this

was a disaster just waiting to happen.

Notice the dormer on the second floor over the driveway? That dormer was built over the landing half way up the hardwood stairs to the second floor. On the front of the house, under the eaves you see a small window. That is the attic which you accessed through a steep stairway just above the landing. The attic was tall enough to walk round in but had no insulation and wasn't heated, so we didn't use it for sleeping. It wasn't even used for storage. That was for the basement.

The basement created some interesting activity for a year or so. The person who designed the house obviously underestimated the load that the first-floor joists would have to bear - the first the floor, second floor, the garret floor and then the enormously heavy slate roof. To give you an idea of the weight of the roof alone, consider this fact. Each of those 4 inch by 4 inch tiles weighs 11 ounces. EACH one.

Compare that to the fiberglass shingles your house has today to get an idea of the load created by a slate roof. I checked on the web and found that shingles today, depending on the quality range from 150 to 400+ pounds per 100 square feet. Compared to the, slates run 900 pounds, making them at least twice as heavy as fiberglass shingles. That weight naturally presses down through the entire house frame.

One bright Saturday morning as Dad hustled downstairs, on fire to get something, he stopped short. He thought that the first floor joists were sagging. He picked up a 4 foot long bubble level to check to be sure it wasn't an optical illusion. It wasn't. It wasn't critical, but would become so if not dealt with.

He bought half a dozen screw jacks that extended to 8 feet. They were like this image, only longer, with a large flat plate on the top. I don't know how he knew how to do this, probably asked around. Whatever, he understood that he should not make the one+ inch correction all at once. To do that would be to wrench nails and joints and tear them for sure. But by making the change slowly, over a year or so, the frame could re-form itself without damage. He'd give something like a quarter turn a week or some such thing until things were level. Of course, those jacks became permanent parts of the house so he picked the location for them with consideration.



Figure 26
<http://www.a1scaffold.com/unibasecollarsj.htm>

Family Pictures

Apparently around the time for me to jump off, mom realized something big was going to happen. So she did something she hadn't done for several years. She insisted that dad get a bunch of photos of Dick and me,

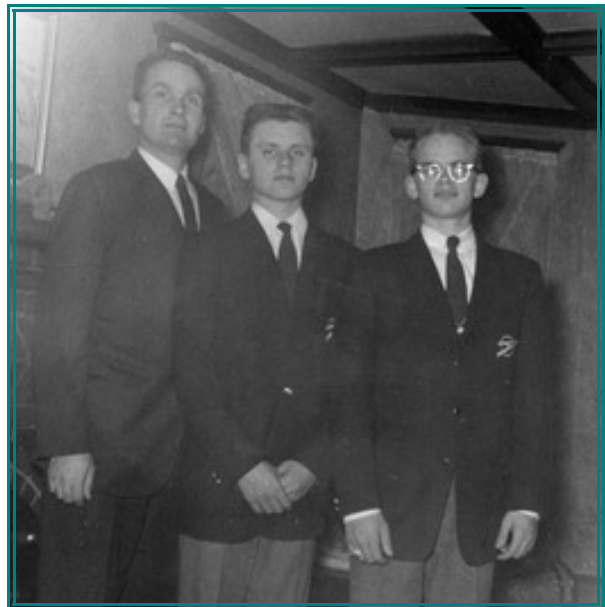
which he also did. One event with this sort of assignment was Christmas of 1959.

This also shows the mullioned ceiling over the living room and dining room. Instead of painting the walls and ceilings, we had to apply a sort of watery stain with monks cloth, not letting it run down the walls. Dick and I are wearing blue blazers with a fancy emblem over the pocket. I pair of intertwined circles and several thing sticking through. They were meant to inspire us. They did. I wanted to take the logo off.



Here's a black and white photo of the same photo session. I think it conveys the emotional sense of the house that year better than the soft colors do. It was dark and cold in that house and mom and dad were unapproachable even though they are what we needed the most. We lived parallel lives, all of us suffering in out solitude.

That year was pretty grim. Look at me. My expression captures the tenor at home of my senior year. I couldn't wait to get out and they couldn't wait to get me out. I was terrible to them. We all knew where we stood but all pretended that there was nothing unusual. I don't know precisely why, nor do I think it could be teased out. It would be the equivalent of Fourier Analysis, but with 'currents' of emotions and feelings, tenuous things in the first place. I had terrible grades, I was lost in the college application process, I didn't have any parental support or even interest in what I was doing, which schools I might apply to. No, they pawned the job off on me, feeling proud of themselves by saying, "Oh, you can do that! You do WHATEVER you choose to do and we'll stand behind you."



Test: Newton

Time: 12:50 16 September 1957 (GMT)

Location: NTS, Area 7b

Test Height and Type: 1500 Foot Balloon

Yield: 12 kt

LASL test of XW-31 variant, boosted primary in thermonuclear system mockup. Design yield 50-70 kt. Device dimensions: diameter 28 inches, length 39 inches. Total device weight 1346 lb.



Questions & Speculations & Hot Air

Being a teenager?
Want to do it again? Nope.
Easy? Nope.
Fun? Well, that depends.
Doesn't it.

And so on. There are a jillion questions to ask about the entry of puberty and exit from the trip as an ill-formed adult specimen. Some of us do fine, while others have a disastrous experience. And every thing in between. The fact that every person has to go through this experience suggests that there is a reason, a purpose or whatever you want to call it. It is like the veil over our eyes is removed at the same time our minds experience a comparable liberation and our bodies assume the shape and so on of adulthood.

The best I hoped for most of the time was to just stay out of any adult's cross hairs. It was a tough time. It is for all teenagers. Each of you struggled in your own way with that segment of your life. But as I've pointed out *ad nauseum*, I believe that the normal hormonal storms and eruptions of my teen years were exacerbated by the move from Seward which was geographically a long distance and emotionally in a galaxy far far away.

I just checked Mapquest for the mileage - 4,781. But that's a different route going diagonally across Canada and then dropping down into North Dakota and Minnesota. Our route was straight south across Alberta to Utah and then a right turn east to Boston. There was a long dog leg that added hundreds more miles, so the distance for more like 5,500. I just checked the distance from Beaverton to Belmont Street - 3,101 which is about as far as one can go in the continental US, west coast to east coast. So the trip from Seward to Boston was almost as long as driving round trip from Beaverton to Boston.

Geographically, that's a long distance but the emotional distance was staggering between teenage life in Seward and teenage life in Boston. A universe of difference. Need to be reminded? Go back one volume and re-examine the photos of Seward, the docks and the scruffy houses and downtown. There was no luxury house, no paved streets, not fancy restaurants, no museums, large libraries, car dealerships, colleges, and no venues to attract teenage idols. Indeed, I had never heard of such a thing - I told you about Elvis Presley in the first volume. What a weird phenomenon, shrieking screaming teenage girls. I just mention him to give you a sense of how isolated Seward was, even teenage phenomena were barely present.

I need to clarify one thing, however. My perspective of Seward's teenage life is actually distorted. I was only 14 when I left Seward, so I hadn't been one for long which means I hadn't had much time to get into the scene. More significantly, my folks were terrified that I would "get into trouble" if I were allowed to interact with the other kids my age in town. So they circumscribed my range severely with edicts that prevented me from attending school dances, such as they were, becoming friends with any non-LDS kids, and so on. I never did actually experience whatever teenage life there was in Seward. I am sure it was richer than I experienced.

Another note in defense of my folk's honor: I charge them with putting a chastity belt on me and keeping me in a monastery. That is a bit of an overstatement, but not much. It captures the flavor of my life as a young teenager in Seward. However, they get credit for doing a remarkable thing that I told you about in Vol. 8: they understood that they were severely curtailing my social life with their rules, and they understood that teenagers will be teenagers, that hormones will be expressed or they will ferment.

They decided by themselves to form a weekly dance club, the Gateway Swingers, for teenagers. There was nothing else for teenagers and that spells trouble in any town. I don't know whether they had to rent the old Fort Raymond Rec Center but suspect it was "donated" to them. The town had few outlets for teenagers who were getting into trouble.

I didn't hear much about that aspect of town life because adults stopped discussing the topics when I came near but it was clear from things that I saw at school that things were not good in River City. I imagine that any Sewardite who with the courage to take on this age group in any manner was given congratulations and support.



The interesting thing about it that I'd forgotten is that they carefully controlled which kids were allowed to be part of this dance club. Today? There'd probably be some stupid ACLU action against them for having the audacity to discriminate who got in. But I remember at least one occasion where some kids like the McCracken's appeared at the Rec Hall and attempted to crash the party. It was doubtless more appealing than hanging out on a dirty wet corner.

But dad took things in hand, and being larger -and louder- than the teenager hoodlums, he persuaded them to leave, which they did. I suspect that dad was assisted by the parenting power of the age: telling Jeffrey that he'd explain to Red what was going on, probably made Jeffrey see that he'd prefer to hang out somewhere else - where there were no adult supervisors. I don't know how many times this happened but after several skirmishes, the message was understood in the town: you got into the Swingers only with the approval of Jim and Marie and if you tried to crash the party, you would be bounced by a pretty big man. That was sort of scary and pretty neat at the same time.

Back to Belmont

Belmont was a pretty uniform mixture of professional people, businessmen, educators and intellectuals -there was no industry or manufacturing. Obviously, the mixture was more complex than this but this statement gives you a reasonable sense of the uniformity of the community. Obviously, the kids I associated in high school came from these types of families. Not all were, but most of them were that it flavored the student body. I don't think that there was a single black kid in the high school, which is a bit surprising considering how many blacks there were in the metropolitan area. As a result, the type of kids I socialized with was affected greatly by the demographics of the town -as it was in Boise. This meant that our preferences in music were genteel I suppose, more sedate than those of Waltham teenagers. Oh, we liked jazz and rock and roll, but the sedate music of Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, Johnny Mathis and this ilk was the fretwork on which all music was hung. When we had parties, we all took LPs among which these crooners figured prominently.

Back to the business of 'teen scene'. It was about as hectic as yours though the range of provender was comparatively limited. Everything you experienced was, however, available to anyone willing to seek it out back then, so it isn't that the items involved changed. It is that their presence has grown explosively. TV hadn't deteriorated to the point it had during your childhood, nor had the other entertainment media, so things were pretty tame. But only by degree. Here is a random group of tidbits that

give you the flavor of the environment I lived in as a junior and senior.

Dee and I have watched a bunch of 1950's TV shows and are amazed at the innocence and simplicity of the language and the productions themselves. Commercials were actually embarrassing in their inanity, and unsophistication, feeling like something that an uncle and his kids made out in the backyard in an hour instead of an expensive advertising agency. The humor was simple and didn't attack things and tear down institutions.

Bills

Mom was a packrat. As a result, I found in her things odds and ends which tell something about the Belmont era. The phone bill is dated Jan. 14 60. The total was \$8.53, including 44 cents for "Long Distance Calls". Notice that there were NO taxes, no fancy little charges tacked on just to

New England Telephone & Telegraph Company
67 PLEASANT STREET, ARLINGTON, MASS.
Telephone MISSION 3-9950
WHEN PAYING IN PERSON, PLEASE PRESENT BOTH BILL AND STUB
WHEN PAYING BY MAIL - PLEASE ENCLOSE THE STUB AT THE RIGHT →
JAN 14 60 IV9 0571

Balance from Previous Bill (Please deduct any portion paid)	
#Message Units including tax of	06
Long Distance Calls (Statement(s) Enclosed)	44
#Directory Advertising	
Other Charges and Credits (Explanation Enclosed)	
#Local Service Charge (Including tax of 73)	8 03
TOTAL AMOUNT DUE	8 53

For one month ending date of bill.

generate money. Compare this to your bills! And in that era, the phone service was perfect. Long distance was in need of help. It had the hollow scratchy quality that us old people associate with long distance. You guys grew up with long distance so clear that someone in LA could persuade s/he was sitting across town.

This is one of the documents generated when we bought the house. I have no idea what "Direct Reduction Mortgage" means but it obviously refers to the way that payments are allocated between interest and principal. The mortgage is in the name of JAMES A JENSEN, ET UX which is a pretty chauvinistic way to include Marie. That's how it was done in those days. "ET UX" is Latin for "AND WIFE". The mortgage was registered Aug. 14, 1958. We started school in Belmont the end of that month so the move from Waltham wasn't even completed by the time we had to go to the new school.

DOCUMENT NO. 3408
Number

Direct Reduction Mortgage

JAMES A. JENSEN, ET UX
To
Newton Co-operative Bank

Date August 11, 1958
Amount \$ 14,500.00
Location 733 Belmont Street
Belmont, Massachusetts

FROM THE OFFICE OF
#345
Thomas F. Donnelly
272 Centre Street
Boston, Massachusetts

RECEIVED FOR REGISTRATION
AUG 11 1958
3 O'CLOCK 40 M. 19
NOTED ON CERTIFICATE NO. 95601
IN REGISTER BOOK 608 PAGE 57 m

Received and entered with _____
Book _____ Page _____
Attest _____
Register

DUPLICATE

The other bill in mom's things is the 1958 registration fee for the 1956 Chevrolet. The car was 2 years old and the charge was \$35.27. The value of the car which was purchased for around \$2,000, must have been around \$1,400.

A.W.L. & Co. Form 209
1959 STATE EXCISE RATE
\$64.13 on \$1000

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
Town of Belmont
Office of the Collector of Taxes

Notice of Motor Vehicle and Trailer Excise
JUN 16 1958
Date of Issue

You are hereby notified that your 1959 MOTOR VEHICLE and TRAILER EXCISE is as follows:
DUE AND PAYABLE WITHIN 30 DAYS FROM THE DATE OF ISSUE OF THIS NOTICE. IF NOT PAID WHEN DUE YOU MAY LOSE YOUR NUMBER PLATES.

PAGE and LINE	NAME AND ADDRESS	Registration No.	Excise
46-17	JAMES A JENSEN 733 BELMONT ST	304566 016483	35 27

Excise not paid when due is subject to penalties of \$1.00 for demand, charges and fees.
For receipt, enclose an addressed envelope with entire bill.
FOR INFORMATION REGARDING THE EXCISE ASSESSED, INQUIRE OF THE BOARD OF ASSESSORS.
Application for abatement may be made only as provided by law and in respect to overvaluation or to the sale or transfer of the motor vehicle or trailer and must be filed in writing on AN APPROVED FORM by the person assessed with the Board of Assessors WITHIN SIX MONTHS of the date of this notice, or of the date of sale or transfer of the motor vehicle or trailer, but not later than January 31, 1960, however, if the bill or notice is first sent after January 1 of the succeeding year, on or before the thirtieth day after the date on which the bill or notice is so sent. THE MINIMUM EXCISE IS \$2.00. No abatement can reduce the excise collection to less than \$2.00.
Excise remaining unpaid for more than 30 days after date of this notice is subject to 6% interest from the due date if payment is made before the commencement of recovery proceedings; to 12% interest if paid after such commencement.
All payments must be made to the Town of Belmont, Mail to Collector's Office.
EXCISE PAYABLE at the Collector's Office, Town Hall, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Daily excepting Saturday.
This form approved by Commissioner of Corporations and Taxation.

Demand _____
Charges and Fees _____
Interest _____
TOTAL _____

FRANCIS J. LALLY
Collector of Taxes

Sombra

In spite of my whines and complaints about Boston and things in general, the fact remains: those 4 years were foundations for much that I have done, of who I have become. The problems did not stem so much from the environment, as from the family. In fairness to the four of us, we were adrift in a maelstrom of forces and things which were as foreign to us as a speech in Greek. None of us had a handle on what was going on, so none of us was able to get himself under enough control to relax and enjoy the ride, much less have resources to use in assisting each other. We were lost and all suffered and struggled. That's sad to say, but it is reality. As I look back today, I am confused about what I see and what I remember and how I understand what I see and remember.

On one hand, this little family pretended it was pure and wholesome and good. Marie seemed to stand in front with the sword of truth and righteousness, declaring anathema on wrong doers - loudly- in our presence, apparently with the hope that her loud judgments of evilness would persuade us to not follow suit.

But on the other hand, the experience of being a child in that family was not one of light and goodness. When we closed the front door, the rules changed. She stopped pretending to be our best friend and became the angry mother who was not understood and not respected and not honored. Quick to accuse and punish, she seemed to have a presence in each room, knowing beforehand what wrongs we were going to do.

The interesting thing about this issue of purity or goodness or whatever you call it is that I actually bought into it. It never occurred to me that mom's and dad's pretenses about the wholesomeness of our family weren't right. Never. I figured that the feelings I had of negativity in the family probably stemmed from me being a bad boy. That was how I experienced the difference between their portrayal of our family and my experience in it. It wasn't until I started UBW back in 1999 or thereabouts that I began to get it that my poor nuclear family was diseased and seriously so.

I do understand that a certain percentage of this negativity is typical of teenagers. Indeed, you could each even write the script for that part because each of you lived it. The transition through puberty to adulthood is one of the most painful experience which we all share, no exception.

You do know what for me was the additional dimension, don't you, the dimension that just stretched me to the limits of existence - alone, in a house filled with three other people struggling mightily to keep a mental balance, to withstand and endure the traumas that were piled one after another.

The damn move from Seward. Right? Right. Please don't think I'm being histrionic - though I am, and please don't criticize me for wallowing in self-pity - though I am. Because the move was a profound force, like an intense field of gamma radiation, that impinged on every aspect of all of our lives, a Richter Scale 10 event that set off the reformation of me as a person in a totally new setting, one filled with all the things I talk about in this volume. (Don't you DARE move your kids after they turn 12. I will come back and haunt you!)

Having whined like that, I freely and happily and easily acknowledge that the move to Boston, "was grand!" It was. The city and culture of Boston, were grand and altered me in various ways. I know it and acknowledge it. As you read this volume carefully, you will see a huge number of seeds planted that erupted into parts of me as you knew my at 5111. That is a wonderful thing, and you kids even benefitted in various way I think you will see.

I even can thank mom and dad for the gift, but I will never be able to get around the disastrous 4 years -a parallel dark universe to the amazing 4-year one- in Boston that my life was shattered into by that emotional tsunami. It deranged my personal emotional and intellectual universes for ever.

Test: **Project 57 No. 1** No photo

Time: 14:27 24 April 1957 (GMT)

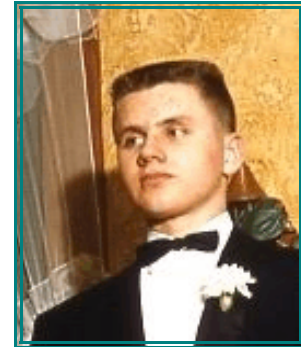
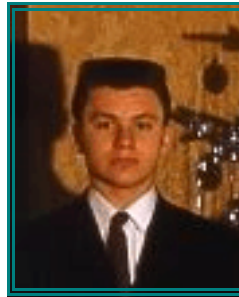
Location: Nevada Test Site, Area 13

Test Height and Type: Surface burst

Yield: Zero

This was an AEC-sponsored plutonium contamination hazard test of the XW-25 air defense warhead, which was expected to be widely deployed in large numbers, even within urban population centers. The warhead contained plutonium and depleted uranium. No nuclear energy release occurred. The warhead was 17.4 inches by 26.7 inches long, and weighed 218 lb. It contained about 100 lb. of high explosives.

Here is graphic evidence of the state of my mind in that house. Snippets from some of dad's photos reveal the sadness and depression and general unhappiness that I experienced at home in my senior year.



Caveat: There were happy times as well, but the vast majority of them took place outside of home, i.e. church, school, shopping, dances, work. This was not a happy time. These photos show how I felt at home. Surly, sullen, sad, mean, unhappy. And note how happy and cheerful mom was. Even Dick made a brave show of it. But I think that was for the PHOTOS only. He was as unhappy as I was, but didn't show it as readily.

The photo of mom staring adoringly up at me epitomizes the external quality of our relationship. Which is describe by a single word:

Phony. Just plain phony.

In the house, we were not smiley friendly to each other. At best, we were silent. That was what I usually expected and what I got. Her smile which looks so natural and happy is fake. She looks like she is adoring me, admiring me. My own expression and body language tell the truth.



I am staring into the distance in spite of her cutesy smile and the fact that she is holding my arm closely to herself - which just drove me crazy. I hated it when she sidled up that way. I wanted to jerk my arm away. I don't know if it was a simple invasion of my privacy, a reaction to feeling her breasts on my arm, a taboo in particular with her, which she effectively, oh so effectively, communicated to me. Women's breasts are off limits, they are taboo, don't touch them. And yet there SHE HERSELF is, pressing herself against me. This happened whenever she could show off in front of someone or a camera, but it made the situation totally confusing. Today I don't know what she was doing, was she simply trying to be "one of us kids?" Whatever, she made me crazy with her extremes of personality. I wanted to

slap her in the face, punch, kick her. Grrr (more about this in the posthumous volume for you guys.)

Can you see the enormous indifference and anger in these photos? I can tell by my sleepiness that I was forced to get out of bed on an early Saturday morning so that "family pictures" could be taken of me in a tuxedo worn for a prom. It was another of those contests of will where I tried to assert myself by stating what I wanted - which happened to not be the official schedule for the day - which then results in a surly command from dad to get dressed and get down here - while mom played the good cop.



Note also that I am staring off into the distance, not at the camera. The camera was where I was 'supposed' to look but no way in hell was I going to do that. That was the only power I had, to not look where I was supposed to look. It was the only way I had to express my outrage at what was being done - by where I looked, how I looked and how I held my body. I was just outraged.

I hated being forced out of bed for what was such a silly reason. I never got to sleep in except on weekends and since I stayed up late on Friday, I wanted to sleep in Saturday. But not so. And dad was basically sadistic about how he woke us up. He'd crank the hi fi up to max with some noisy piece like the "William Tell Overture", with a 14 inch speaker, and stand by the machine, literally stamping his foot on the wooden floor, while he clapped his hands noisily and shouted with the music. That is how I was awakened, again and again. So, no, I was not happy to be in that photo shoot and my expression shows it.

You also see that I am physically withdrawing from her touch. I am barely tolerating her and her phoniness because it was pure phoniness. She did not like me, she did not help me, she did not trust me, she did not think I was capable and so on. Yet she had to gally to always show off for other 'members' how close she was to her sons but grabbing their arms and whirling like a dancer or some equally stupid, asinine, embarrassing thing. I can't tell you how humiliating it was.

When she really went over the top, apparently feeling good and feeling like she was going to 'show' those college students how good of a mom she was, how much her sons loved her, how much of a teenager she was - I still don't know what her motivation was for this- she would make some funny remark and slyly say something like, "Isn't the right ,Ron?!" after which she would sort of hold my shoulder with one hand while she leaned backward,

drew her other arm back, hand knotted into a fist, and pretend to punch me in the stomach. Gag, she just made me crazy. I want to hit her right now. She screwed me up so badly.

It was pure phoniness. I am just incapable of finding the right words here to explain it all, but I think you get the point, don't you? She did this sort of thing to me so many times in Boston that I wanted to slap her. I hated it. Especially at the church building where she tried to impress people with how well she communicated with her kids -I guess- she would pull that trick. Gag me with a spoon.

I remember talking several times to a pretty Radcliffe girl named Geri. I had a crush on her so was nervous talking to her anyway. Harvard, MIT, Brandeis, Radcliffe students were sort of intimidating and speaking with them brought that sense out. It was no time for mom to play the role of a coquette - especially with her SON! (You see, I think that she didn't understand the proper types of boundaries that should exist between moms and sons. And that is a troubling, suggestive revelation, isn't it.)

She would -as usual- grab my arm or hand and then sidle up, again, and lean on me saying something cutesy, with an extravagant phony smile on her face that I never saw anywhere else in my life (which is why it felt so phony). She made sure that Geri could hear her loud attempts at humor. She wanted to impress the college students, I suppose. Can you figure out why an adult woman would flirt with her son in the presence of educated college students?

She did this so often that I made a point of avoiding her when there were people around. I KNEW that if I walked up to her while she was in conversation with college students what she would do. I wanted to puke, I wanted to crawl into a hole, I was embarrassed at how she behaved, etc.

Holden & Me

Another way to describe what it felt like to go to (a) live in Belmont with this high strung family and (b) go to high school in Belmont is turn to "literature". What a terrible way to classify an other wise great book! "Literature". A term as phony sometimes as what Holden -and I and you?-experienced. Holden Caulfield. Holden Caulfield's description. Remember who he is? Catcher in the Rye? That's the one. Read it again and you'll remember how I felt (perhaps how you felt though you weren't in the ivy league area or city filled with private schools and money and opulence and snobbery) He was a teenager in New England in the early 1950's a few years before I was, few years before while I was. I went to a public school and had exposure to private school types, he went to a private school, in NYC. I love that book because it does capture my own experience so well - because I was Boston, and because I was around private school kids and rich snooty people.

I was aware of the book and managed to see it in a bookstore near Harvard Square. The bookshop was a scruffy dingy beat-up place with a beatnik running it, a shaggy bearded old guy smelling like a cigarette. Clientele was comparable. I felt like I was entering a combat zone. There was no particular objective, I was just browsing. It was on this visit I believe it was that I found a copy of St. Augustine's story and dipped into it. Pretty astonishing stuff. Supports the apocryphal? attribution to him, "Lord give me continence - just not yet."

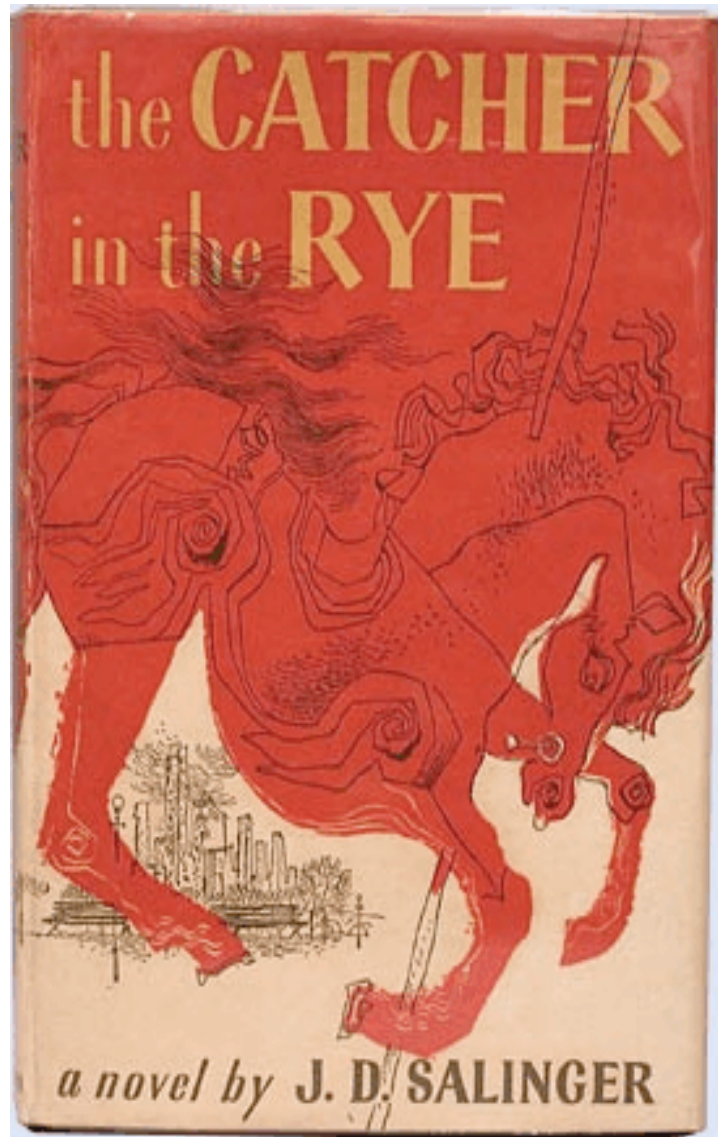


Figure 38 .<http://www.bartfield.com/bks/fs.htm>

On one of the crowded shelves crowded between customers I found a pile of books with some sort of notice on it. The notice said something that caught my attention. I don't remember what it said, just that it caught my attention. The worst thing one can do, if s/he wants to keep a kid from doing something, is to tell him/her to not do it. So I picked it up and started reading it. That was "On the Road", Jack Kerouak. I found Catcher in a similar setting and was equally interested in it. I didn't read it completely for many years but eventually I got back to it.

When I read Holden's story I could relate. I'd hung out around private school kids, and was uncomfortable with their attitude. I don't really know whether or not they had the attitudes I thought they did. But it didn't matter, did it. My perception was my reality. I was uncomfortable, I was inferior, I was uncertain, and I perceived "them" as stuffed shirts, boastful, arrogant. Internally I felt like crawling into a hole when I was with them. For example, Jack Cranney -one of "them" in reality even though he was a 'member'- took me to one of the football games at Belmont Hill. The atmosphere reeked of wealth and superiority. I was miserable. At the end of the game there was an open house sort of things for alumni and families to gather. I hated it.

Holden, I was in about the same place. I understand. There were substantial differences, to be sure, yet there was essentially a one-to-one mapping as far as the emotional and intellectual experiences of the two of us. I was spared the trip to the funny farm - was I? Wait till you read about my Freshman year of college - if I dare really tell it in the posthumous volume I keep referring to.

I've figured out a way to show you what my inner person felt like. It came to me yesterday. Just insert clips of my face in the photos from 733 Belmont Street. They are pretty darn sad and scary. Mom's letter, alluded to elsewhere, that she always felt like I thought she could do nothing right, was the stimulus to recovering this memory, a bitter, sad one. I really was unhappy, the entire year. Another bit of evidence were my final grades in Senior year, one B, two C's and one "D". Look at my faces, remember mom's anguish at my harshness and consider these grades. Do those suggest anything about happiness? Positive outlook? ANYTHING good? No. They don't. And that's because there was nothing good to report. Being able to get out of the house.

Now for a surprising revelation about her secret life, a life none of you suspected of her, particularly since she always presented herself to each of you as a holy, pure, righteous, obedient daughter of God.

Test: Project 57 No. 1 No Photo

Time: 14:27 24 April 1957 (GMT)

Location: Nevada Test Site, Area 13

Test Height and Type: Surface burst

Yield: Zero

This was an AEC-sponsored plutonium contamination hazard test of the XW-25 air defense warhead, which was expected to be widely deployed in large numbers, even within urban population centers. The warhead contained plutonium and depleted uranium. No nuclear energy release occurred. The warhead was 17.4 inches by 26.7

Marie the drug addict

Does that blow your sox off? Are you shocked? MARIE JENSEN? Not possible. Well, she was, the closet-sort of drug addict, but it wasn't until the 2000's that this idea dawned. Looking backward, I can piece together the disparate bits and pieces to create this picture, and after living with the idea for several years, I am positive this is true. How ironic, the woman who held herself out as the model of goodness and everything uplifting turns out to be a plain old-fashioned drug user. This puts her relentless harsh judgment of alcohol and drinkers there of in a different light, one named 'hypocrisy'. That is on my spectrum of sinfulness (haha) right at the end - whited selpuchres and such. She wore her religiosity like shield from the evilness of the world - while she dabbled in it herself. So if any of you have felt bad about how she judged you, take heart. She was as soiled.

Why do I go about the negative things about mom and dad? I guess I can't answer the question to my own satisfaction. I find myself harping on this niggling sin and that irritating meanness. Should I just let that all go? No, I don't think ...well, yes, I suppose I SHOULD, but I will not.

I just reread this and can see that the fact that I whine and complained about her on the previous page might make you think that the fact that I reveal her addiction here is just nastiness on my part. That's not so. It just worked out that way that I introduce the drug addiction here and I know that's so because it was only in rewriting that the details above came out. They were not present in the original writing when I talked about photos and then drugs. At least consciously I didn't plan this but who knows?!

The reason I won't is because -here's a shiny example of rationalization- of this hypocrisy on the one hand, and the constant rain of criticism that fell on me on the other. She even found reason to get suspicious with raised eyebrows and smirking lips about a jump suit I

bought. How evil of her!

There was nothing that she couldn't soil with a nasty knowing nod of her head. I won't leave her memory alone - at least I will not leave it as a white image. She turns out to be as damaged as the rest of us. Note, she was no worse than we are, but nor was she any better. That's the point.

I was aware of the large number of medications that she dabbled in, particularly from Boston forward. She was a skilled impersonator of a sick person so to a kid, her drug usage seemed entirely appropriate - especially since it was always authorized by a "doctor" a pillar of virtue like she. She was so staunchly 'righteous' and positive of being 'good' that it was beyond me to even suspect she was a drug abuser, particularly when she was so critical of drug abusers. Well, well, well.

In addition to adding some tints to her image, there is a positive reason to pursue this business: it explains some of the variability in her behavior. That's typical of drug addicts. They are angry and unhappy at one point and then shortly thereafter, they are relaxed and comfortable, acting as if nothing had happened. A whipsaw experience for those around them, confused, angry, at a loss to understand what happened. Let me tell you the story of her drugs that continued up to the time she was admitted to Capital Care Center for something like Alzheimer's disease - which was really the implosion of her brain after Jim died, leaving her alone and afraid.

Remember first that one of the most prominent features about of Marie Jensen was her medical history. Illness was part of her life from childhood. You can read in her own history in Volume. 3 about her near-death from having a tooth extracted, about her breaking her arm, about being kept home from school because she was not healthy enough and so on. She even reveled in being the victim, and thrived on being the subject of people's concern about her.

Oh, she would pass off your concerned questions, "How are you today, Marie?" with a long-suffering, "Oh, I'm getting better," (Stage instructions: back of wrist pressed against her forehead, looking downward). If pressed for details about her condition, she would provide them with feigned reticence.

She would only give you a performance if you insisted on it, being such a virtuous persons she wouldn't inflict anything about herself on you. You had to ask, but if you did, you'd get it. She calibrated her performances with the eyes and attention of her audience, knowing when to change the subject lest she be accused of whining.

One feature of this performance was the way she separated herself from the illness. She seemed to get some benefit from speaking in the third-person about the source of her pain. For example, when she suffered from colitis, a frequent source of suffering for her, and was asked how she

was, she replied bravely, "Oh, the colon is acting up again." Or when dealing with kidney problems, she would refer to "the kidneys" as if they were not part of her body. I don't understand why she did this -I found it pathetic and irritating- but my interpretation was that by doing this, she could give herself permission to carry on about her illness, thinking that she wouldn't sound like she was whining. Perhaps not, I don't

Another feature of her sickness was how she adopted doctors and cultivated relationships that were more personal than professional. I am not suggesting anything immoral, but she was careful in her choice of the doctors that she would include in her medical drama. Her doctors were individuals who willingly became counselors, going beyond lab values and physical findings. This careful selection of doctors was one of keys to having a constant supply of drugs.

When she visited the doctor of the day, she would sometimes have actual problems but she would exaggerate symptoms to elicit the response she wanted, or she would simply make up something. Over the years she mastered these skills so had a constant supply of the drug she wanted.

Miltown

The first of the drugs she used for anxiety, depression or whatever the symptom was, was Miltown, a tranquilizer. It was later renamed to Equanil, a name that I remember her using.^[4]

The impressive thing about this drug was that cooperative doctors in the Ward prescribed the stuff for her any time she wanted, and so much was prescribed that she got it in 1,000 tablet bottles. She stored the bottles on the top shelf of the tiny linen closet at the top of the stairs on Auburn Terrace. When I asked her why she kept it there instead of in the medicine cabinet, she said that it had to be protected from sunlight. Maybe, I don't know.

Miltown was invented in 1952 and was the first of a series of "minor" Tranquilizers to be prescribed by the medical profession. One of the first doctors that she 'adopted' was a Dr. Nelson in Boston. He was a kind, patient man, and listened to mom in the hallway of the chapel. I don't know whether she visited him in his office but she probably did while I was in school. In the end, she got prescriptions for miltown and other drugs of the same type which were blossoming in the 1950's.

⁴While editing this page in 2006, I discovered that my first approach to these meds was just an attempt to list her medications. At that time, I did not realize that she was a drug addict. That insight developed slowly as I looked further at her drug usage.

Here's a recent comment about the Miltown phenomenon that describes Marie:

"In fact, Miltown was one of the biggest drug abuse phenomena of the 1950's, probably the first really middle-class drug abuse phenomenon, and the drug quickly established itself as the "happy pill" alternative for harried housewives and stressed-out commuters. It was called a "dehydrated martini" by some,..."

[<http://www.doitnow.org/pages/210/210-1.html>](http://www.doitnow.org/pages/210/210-1.html)

You understand why her anxiety developed in Boston. It may have been present in Seward but that was such a low key setting that it wouldn't as intense as in Boston. In Boston her tension just exploded so that she ended up taking antidepressants by the thousand: from Alaska to Boston, from a tiny town to a metropolitan, was a tough transition. I just wish I had been given some of that stuff to help with my own anxieties that were probably proportionally as severe. But I was just a kid.

Now tell me please, why was it good for her to get a drug to help her deal with her anxiety created by that damn move but not for me? I resent that today. How selfish. She and dad simply had no conception of my struggle, of Dick's struggle, adjusting with the same things they were struggling mightily with: dad cried at night? Mom became addicted to tranquilizers? But me? And Dick? Grow up, don't whine, don't complain, get over it. Only defense for them is that they were like most parents of the era.

We did not get help of any kind, counseling, or even compassion. What we heard was, "You boys are the cause of this colitis!" or comparable claims, blaming us for her problems. In retrospect it is evident just how unfair her accusation was because the damn move was the precursor to her intense social stressors, not us boys. No doubt we didn't help things, but be fair to us. We were just trying to navigate the maelstrom unmedicated, uncounseled, while she got to console herself with broasted chicken -that she pretended to dislike eating. Man alive, just give it to me instead of whatever else I was given.

Antidepressants

Remember that antidepressants are different drugs than tranquilizers. I do not know when she started taking antidepressants, whether she started them in Boston. Such drugs were being developed and introduced to the public in the 1950's so it is not unlikely that she had her chance to use them. This may be due to the fact that she had medical doctor friends who worked at medical schools where cutting edge research was going on.

The drugs were available and she made herself look like someone who

needed them. Oh, I am not suggesting that she understood what the new drugs were or what their indications were, rather that in general she mimicked a psych patient requiring medications in general. I know that she took antidepressants. Welbutrin was one near the end of her life, and in the care center others were also prescribed. But I am sure she tried experimental antidepressants in Boston. Makes me think of the Stones' "Mother's little helpers".

Librium

This one she used frequently in Boston. I can't say much about what she did in Provo because I wasn't there, and I can't say much about Seward because I wasn't connected to the adult world. Most of this history is for Boston with the exception of the Percocet which I know she bought in bottles of 300 or 500, more bottle than one at a time.

The manufacturers made hay with these new drugs. Did they not know that they were as problematic as the major tranquilizers? One can't say but given their record it is easy to surmise that they did but wanted money more than safety. Here's a clippet from a website:

One 1969 ad for Librium, headlined "A Whole New World... of Anxiety," pictured a mini-skirted college coed with the problems of the age etched in the lines of her face.

<http://www.doitnow.org/pages/210/210-1.html>

Here's an actual ad. It is a sad thing how the LDS men who were doctors enabled her dependency, but I can remember her in the hallway away from the crowd, engaged in serious conversations with these men now and then. In retrospect, she must have been sharing her emotional, psychological trauma while she sought meds. And in keeping with the tenor of the era where these miraculous meds were just being discovered, the kind men gave her whatever she wanted.

more accessible and communicative

That is the way Librium-treated patients are often described in the growing literature today, as psychiatrists delineate the value of this agent in helping patients gain more from psychotherapy. With Librium you can reduce anxiety, agitation and tension in patients with mild, moderate, or even severe emotional disorders and thereby make them more amenable to your therapeutic regimen.

Consult literature and dosage information, available on request, before prescribing.

LIBRIUM

LIBRIUM® Hydrochloride — brand of chloriazepoxide

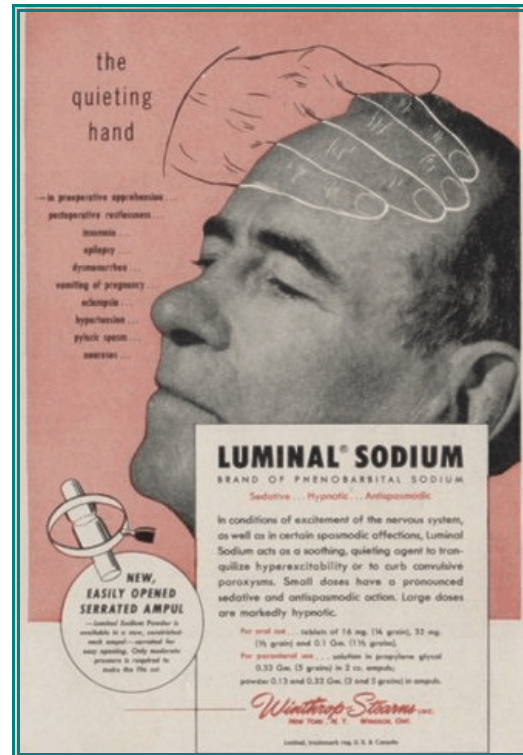
ROCHE Division of Hoffmann-La Roche Inc. 200 U.S. 100, Nutley, N.J. 07110

Phenobarbital

I can hear her voice saying that she guessed she needed to take a “phenobarb”, an abbreviation that fell from her lips as from someone who was familiar with the drug. Given the fact that these drugs were all new, no one understood the dependency that they created, for which reason, no one would raise an eyebrow when she said that. Indeed, people felt sorry for her, which is precisely what she wanted them to do. Today if someone announced that s/he guessed that she needed a phenobarb, others would raise all three eyebrows and guess that there was a fool or a drug user.

This is 1954 ads for the new drug. It gives you a sense of how the US viewed these new tranquilizers. Marie was not an exception. The drugs were new, they worked so they were exciting so people who needed them used them. Helping hands, even spiritual, angelic hands, soothing the troubled brow. These potent drugs really were not understood at all. The drug companies (hopefully!) Didn't understand that they were enticing people to become drug addicts by advertising the drugs in such a way that they seemed innocent and harmless.

Here's another ad for phenobarbital, image of a middle aged woman. The text at the top is 'Mable is unstable" and the rest of the ad expounds the wonders of the drug. So consider the effect of the public if they kept seeing these drugs advertised in such glossy terms, without any description of the side effects. Sounded like taking another aspirin.



Test:

Rose

No Photo

Date: 2-Jun-58

Place: Enewetak

Barge 15 15 (125)

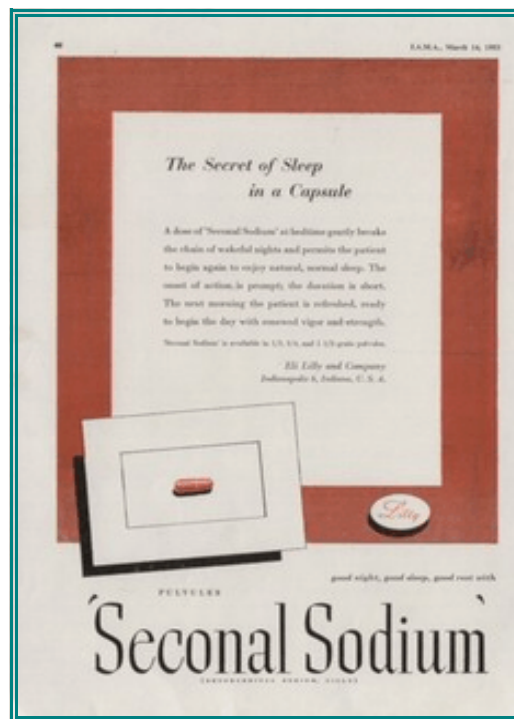
Exploratory shot, possible XW-49, 80 kt fusion expected, 2nd stage failed to ignite

Seconol

I can still hear her voice when we got home from church, saying, with a pained frowning expression, "I have such a bad headache, I guess I ought to take a seconal." She made it sound like she hated to take the drugs, like she was forced to do it, like she was resisting mightily but in the end, having to give in, but she let us know that if she could have her way, she wouldn't ever take these drugs.

Today, that sense that came across from her statements might be interpreted as an indication that she already understood that she was addicted. Why else make such a big deal out of it. No one acts that way when they take antibiotics or aspirin. If we need the meds, we take them, Period, no need to carry on. But she carried on so I do think she knew what she was into, and did not understand how much she revealed about her state of mind by the bogus, and unnecessary, rationalization. Since none of us could know about addiction, there was no point. The fact was that she got part of her daily nutrition from medication so we didn't pay much attention to her taking meds.

Notice the headline: "The secret of sleep in a capsule." Wow. 1960's all over again. It is such an innocent ad, one tidy capsule in a double frame, with the gentle message that the sandman was here, the sleep fairy was ready to help you sleep if you needed it. Sounds like "Mrs. Robinson" doesn't it, and her stash to help her get through the day. So is anyone surprised that drugs became a major problem in the 60's? We had been inundated with these kind ads for a decade, drugs which did create killer dependency. The US was ripe for what happened.



Percocet

After I left home in 1960, I lost touch with her drug usage, but when I visited Provo with you kids over the years, I always saw Percocet in the cupboard, over the microwave, bottles of 300!! She obviously had maintained her taste and need for some "psychological" support. There probably was a psychological need for something, but not for pain killers, painkillers that are recognized even today 40 years later as dangerously addicting.

It was interesting in later years how she said she hated to take antidepressants. At the time she said that, I hadn't put things together and I really did believe her. Now I can see how disingenuous she was to dare to claim that she didn't like psychotropic meds. She loved them and had live on them for 35 years.

She who pretended to be so pure was a drug user. The irony of this is complicated and it is encapsulated by a comment made on-line on her funeral page. One of the boys on the corner who was a drug addict, whom she despised for his drug addiction -I knew her intense dislike of him personally- noted that she was a strong woman, but difficult to get to know. Right. As a dirty drug user, he didn't have a snowball's chance of EVER entering the arena of the blessed who earn her condescension. Because he was worthless. But the irony ...

Benzedrine

This stuff was freely available in the 50's and was available over the counter. It was even handed out to air travelers as a way to clear their sinuses for altitude change. But it was just an early form of meth and was abused until someone got wise and clamped down on it. Mom didn't use it, but dad did. Whether his use was legitimate or not, I don't' know, but I remember the tubes he put into his nose and inhaled through. I know she used the stuff as did dad, and that they got angry if Dick or I tried. These things seem to have dropped off the map in the late 50's.

Welbutrin

I don't know what other types of anxiolytic or antidepressants but I know she took welbutrin near the end. In the Alzheimer unit, she was given several heavy duty meds to control her so she couldn't commit suicide. By that time, there was legitimate need for the meds. Actually, I

think that she did need antidepressants, but she was haunted by the anxiety of her generation about mental illness being a sign of bad genes, poor parenting or something else. She benefitted from welbutrin when she took it regularly, but then she would decide that she was 'better', as if taking an antidepressant for a while was sort of like taking antibiotic for an infection. It will heal the problem and make it go away in which case there was no longer need to take it any more.

But because she dabbled in other things that were mood alterers, she probably never got the benefit out of the antidepressants that she otherwise might have experienced. I think she experimented with what she had, mixing cocktails in an attempt to "feel better", pretending to herself the whole time, "That these are medicines that the doctor ordered, so it is OK to use them like I do. I am not a drug addict."

Test: **Linden** No Photo

Date: 18-Jun-58

Place: Enewetak

Barge 8 11 (12-13) Ktn Possible XW-50 primary

Chapter Contents:

Belmont High School - the setting

OK, enough sniveling, JR. You made it through, and were actually toughened by this harsh treatment and harsh experience. Get over it. Deal with it. Onward and upward. As you all know, high school was, for better or worse, the central event of teenage life. Regardless of where you did your time, you did it some way. Belmont High School was where I did my Junior and Senior years. I'll give you some of the highlights of those two years to show you what my times were like, so that you can compare them to your own.

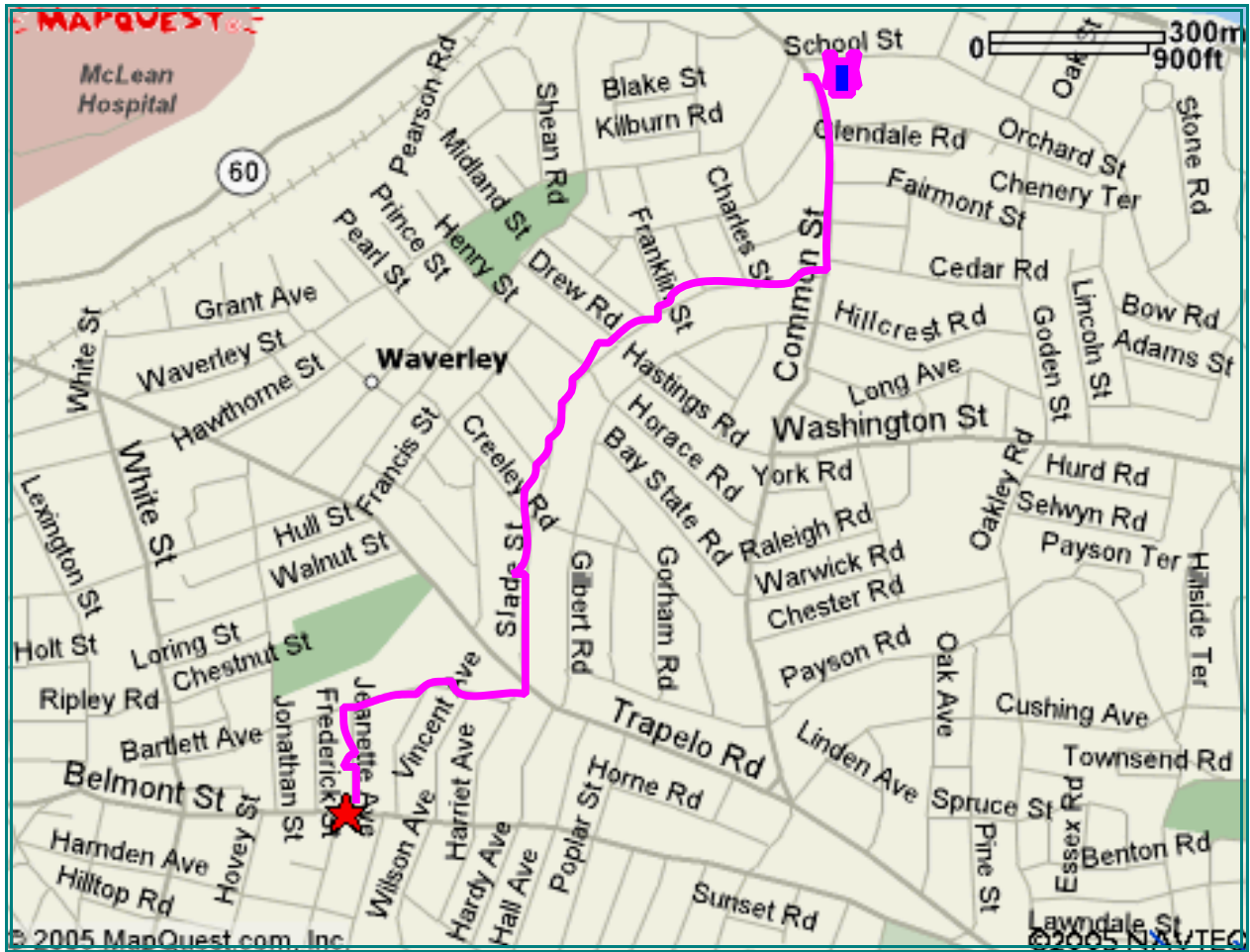


Belmont HS was an old building. Judging from its construction I guess it was built in the early 1900's and hadn't been remodeled since. We lived about a mile and a half from the school. As the crow flies. This poor image

is all I could find on the internet of the roof line. Dad took the other photo of my class as it exited the school to be seated for the graduation ceremony in June 1960. It gives you a clearer view of the architecture. Notice that people are dressed in Sunday-best again. Some women even wore white gloves for the occasion, and some men wore hats. I am disoriented as to where the second picture was taken in regards to the first but you get the point.



The distance from our home to the school was about a mile and a half. Here is a Mapquest map that shows the route we took. The wobbly (that's how we walked) pink line is the 'average' route we took, although



we often took other routes depending on how we felt and whether we were fighting enough that neither wanted to walk with the other. You can see how many alternate routes there were. The blue-pink thing at the top was the school, located, at the time, on School Street. Those were cold windy winters so the walks were unpleasant in both directions. But since mom and dad worried about us committing grievous sins if left untended for half an hour, we were forced to go to school even when we had fevers and runny noses that only contaminated the rest of the school.

Poor Dick

In retrospect there is a matter I need to talk about that is gradually clarifying as I age and ponder the early years. Dick was a cross to bear for

me. That's how I felt about it. I felt like he was horning in on my own friends instead of making some of his own, and so on. Plus I was just generally irritated and upset about life in general. Our home life was not conducive to forming peaceful relationships. Indeed, it almost like we were trained as spies on each other. I know we weren't - even Marie wouldn't stoop to that level. But I know that her style of punishment encouraged each of us to have solid alibis at hand at all times, plus, it encouraged us to be able to recite in detail how the other one screwed up, disobeyed, stole something, broke something, hid it, threw it, and so on. We were not exactly rewarded for such behavior - BUT- we weren't the one who was punished. THAT was reward.

Even in teenagehood, we had tender relationships, never at ease really. It would not be true to say that we never had peaceful times because we did. But if you asked me to share one right now, I couldn't. Because the negative ones outweighed them. An insight: we never were rewarded positively. That wasn't their style. They just wanted to ferret out evil and smash it. Good behavior wasn't of any interest to them. So we didn't think much about it either. All I can say is that they had hateful childhoods to have come out of them so damaged.

I am understanding that there were two sides to my relationship to Dick. I never thought much about it. I just felt irritated and angry at him. And tried to find ways to not be with him. It is embarrassing to say that, but it is true. I did my best to shake him off so I didn't have to share myself with him. How terrible of me!

Today, I see him as a little brother. He was so close in age -14 months behind- that he was basically a twin. Plus mom encouraged that twinning which made us both nuts. I think that her insistence of sameness did affect his and my relationship, negatively for the most part. We did not want to be the same, we did not want to look alike. Indeed, we wanted to be our own person, to be able to make our own choice of shirts and pants and sox. She sent pretty contradictory messages, didn't she, by trying to make us into twins, but then watching over us like a Nazi, hunting for the evil in the house, encouraging each of us to rat on the other. Very confusing.

But Dick needed help, like I did, and since I did have a few months on him, I did have something offer. But could I be big enough to share with him and get through some of the hard spots? Not on your life - seemed to be my constant response. But he kept trying, even up to the end of our time in the same house.

I owe him a big apology for what I did and didn't do, to and for him when I could have done better. Because some proportion of my meanness was under my control. I tell the story of mom's method of splitting us into dissenting camps as if that were the explanation for my meanness to Dick.

That is true - but only to a point. I don't know where the point is, but I know that I could have been kinder to him.

When I was struggling so hard in Waltham and Belmont, he was too. Did I ever think of that? As the older, it would be expected that I would be able to sense those sorts of things sooner than he did, and that I would be able to comment about them to him. Do you agree? I don't know either. But I am sure I could have done him better than I did, and that my constant endless rejection of him at church, home and school has affected his life.

I of course don't know particularly what would have been different, if anything, for him but I am sure that things would have been more positive if I had been a better older brother to him. There were times in reality when I did think about him as my little brother and wish I had been closer to him but that was too later, after I had been married a few years.

When the song "He ain't heavy, lord, he's my brother" came out in the 1970's, I actually was affected by it, which is a surprise in the context of what I've been saying here. But I thought about him various times as I heard the song, and felt tears thinking that the statement was true, that I would help him. But that was pretty maudlin I suppose since the times had passed when I could have done anything meaningful about it with him. But the bottom line of this tangent is that he deserved better than he got from me.

Back to BHS:

Fact: given the over-the-river-and-through-the-woods route we necessarily had to take to get from the red star to the blue-pink device, we had to walk it. There were no MTA busses that could have taken us there, even if we had been willing to have invested the additional 60 minutes that would have been required to do it. MTA was not what you call a fast way to travel. It was safe, it was cheap, but it was not fast. So walk it was.

Fact: mom and dad would have gone to hell -a pretty substantial accomplishment for anyone, particularly for them in their mind- before they would have driven me to school. Did you hear me? And do you see the obvious implication for how I raised you in Boise? About the only thing I got from them some mornings before I went to school was well-intended but usually harsh bits of advice. What a way to brighten my day.

They did not "do nice." That was not part of their parenting vocabulary That was not a member of their skill set. The only reason to have offered a ride was to offer me up as a sacrifice on the altar of respectability for the Principal or some such thing. I blanch at the thought that they might have actually taken me to school in a car, even though the winters were really cold and miserable.

Not once, not one single day did they EVER take me to school. If I was sick enough to have a ride, they considered me sick enough to stay home which was about zero - check out my report cards below, I think I was absent a total of 3 times for two school years. Perish the thought that they could have actually taken me there. But I want to point out a crucial bit of information about mom and dad: they did -or did not do, as the case may be- precisely what their parents did or did not do. Think about it. Horses and buggies? Think someone would fire up the ol' team just to haul a kid half a mile? Probably not. Everyone understood that, so that's what mom and dad learned and that is how I was handled. Matter of factly, you will get yourself there, thank you very much - and don't you dare be late.

Here's the old high school which was torn down many years ago apparently. This is the only photo I could find on the internet. I wrote to the principal but have not heard back and probably won't.

When you look at the map above of the route from 733 to BHS, you see School Street. The school was actually perched on the northeast corner of the intersection of School Street and Common Street. The tennis courts were east of the building, and the athletic fields were on the north side of the school, across another street. The photo is out of focus, but so was the building. It was a grim sort of place, three stories tall.

The bottom floor was where the locker rooms were located, along with the boiler room and such mechanical rooms. Offices and classrooms were on the second and third floors, except for the technical course students. Those guys had their own building and workshops somewhere else. I never saw it which is sort of odd, but that gives you an idea of how far away it was. The kids who chose Technical over College or Business ended up there and most of them were Italian-last named types, tough guys who wore white tee shirts and duck tail hairdo's.

Atmosphere of BHS

Before looking at the faculty and the classes that they offered, I want to give you some information about the demographics of Belmont town and Belmont High School. In general, it was just another high school, comparable to Capitol High, but on closer examination, one sees enormous differences. The differences arose from the wide variety of forces in the Boston metropolitan area. which influenced the atmosphere in Boston, Belmont, and BHS. I am going spend some time now going into detail about some of those influences to show what they were, and how they affected us. The truth is that you all were affected by some of them, as you may be able to see as you read this part of UBW. You will know when I have returned to BHS when you find a chapter that identified and teachers I had

and the courses they taught, along with their photographs. Meantime, enjoy an excursion around the metropolitan area.

I identify seven forces, influences or institutions that I was aware of which colored my time at Belmont HS, namely:

- 1) **The curriculum was divided into three tracks: college, business or technical.**
- 2) **American history filled New England and permeated the atmosphere**
- 3) **Ethnic groups maintained their identity with individual cultures and holidays**
- 4) **Large number of private and prep schools**
- 5) **Large number of colleges and Universities**
- 6) **Great and Famous people**
- 7) **Harvard University**

I'll talk about each of these in this order because they contributed mightily to the experience of BHS in particular and Belmont in general.

1. Three Tracks of Study

1) **Students were divided rigidly into three tracks: college prep, business, or technical.**

It was a surprise to be told that I had to choose what kind of 'job' I wanted to have when I grew up, or something to that effect probably because I had never been forced to make that kind of decision before. I was used to the method used in the west of a single track for everyone where students chose the courses they wanted to take, which would determine the direction their future would take.

A. Business/Commercial

As the name of the track indicates, the courses taught in this track were designed to prepare students to be book keepers, home makers,

cooks, secretaries, and so on. The track was subdivided into two sub-tracks:

1. Commercial

English, Typing, bookkeeping I - II, law, correspondence, accounting, business machines, Business fundamentals I-II, filing, office practice, advertising, stenography, Economics, Sales, Commercial Drawing, Business Arithmetic and others

There were 5 faculty members for the Commercial Track.

2. Home Economics

English, Sewing, cooking, home nursing, Clothing, Food, and other courses

There were 2 faculty members for this track.

B. Technical

This track was divided into five sub-tracks:

1. Machine Shop
2. Auto Shop
3. Electrical Shop
4. Sheet Metal Shop
5. Woodworking Shop

Some of the courses these students took were the same as the ones taken by business students. There were 6 faculty members to handle this track.

C. College Prep

The college prep course was not subdivided. It was basically a classical education for high school students who wanted to go to college. It lasted for 4 years, starting with the ninth grade. The following are the required classes that all students had to take:

- 4 years of English
- 4 years of Math (2 years Algebra, 1 yr. Geometry, 1 yr. Trigonometry)
- 2 years of 2 foreign languages

(Italian, Latin, French, German, Russian, Spanish)
-or- 3 years of 1 of those languages
4 years of PE
Chemistry
1 yr. Physics
1 yr. American History
1 yr. Ancient History -or-World History

In addition to these core courses, we were allowed to take extracurricular courses which for me were A Capella Choir, Glee Club, and Madrigal (only 10 kids allowed into the group)

2. American History

There was a strong connection with American history, a sense of living in a remnant of times gone by when important things had happened. Boston is one of the oldest settlement in North America and retains a sense of its place in history. That sense is communicated subtly to its citizens. It was impossible to not be aware, when reading Longfellow or Robert Frost, that both of them were native New Englanders, and to feel a sense of particular familiarity with them as a result. That wasn't possible in Boise, was it.

Similarly, when studying American History, it was easy to take personal interest in it because Boston IS American History. To help visitors get the best cross section view of this history, Boston put together a day-walk called the "Freedom Trail". It is a walk that starts at the Boston Common and ends at Old Ironsides. This day long walk, takes the walker from one famous historical monument or building to another, Old North Church where Paul Revere did his lanterns, Paul Revere's home, Old Burial Ground, and so on. Here's a quick tour of the sites on the Freedom Train that gives you the sense of the history that was nearby.

Freedom Trail

Early American history fills the city and creates an awareness that one doesn't have living in the west. I walked the trail several times and ran across bits and pieces of it while I was working as a copy boy for the Hearst Syndicate. I didn't realize until recently that the Freedom Trail came into existence during the time I lived there, in 1958:

"In 1958, local journalist William Schofield had the idea that Boston's sites could be more accessible to residents and visitors, and conceived of the Freedom Trail. The sounds, and neighborhoods along the way made walking The Freedom Trail an instantly popular activity." (From website for Freedom Trail. Map shows the course and sites.) A natural and easily-accomplished idea, the sixteen historic sites between Boston Common and The Bunker Hill Monument in Charlestown were connected by a red line, and The Freedom Trail was born. In addition to the historic sites, the beauty of the sights,



I walked the entire trail one time with a German exchange student that the Hinkleys foisted off on me - because they were tired of him I think, though he was OK to deal with, sort of dry and pedantic- and walked parts of it on two other occasions, once with my favorite girl friend, Marie Guillemin. But rather than try to create my own story of the trail -and because I don't have photos so will have to borrow them from the internet anyway- I'm going to just borrow the descriptions, history and images straight the on-line website at <http://www.thefreedomtrail.org/tour.htm#travel>.

I enthusiastically emphasize to you that I AM BORROWING THIS! I

am not plagiarizing! All the photos and text in blue are from this site.

The Boston Common

“Originally owned by William Blackstone who came to Boston in 1622, the Boston Common is America's oldest public park. Situated on 44 acres of open land, it was used as a common pasture for grazing cattle owned by the townspeople of Boston. The Common later became a "trayning" field for the militia and was used as a British Army camp during the occupation of Boston.

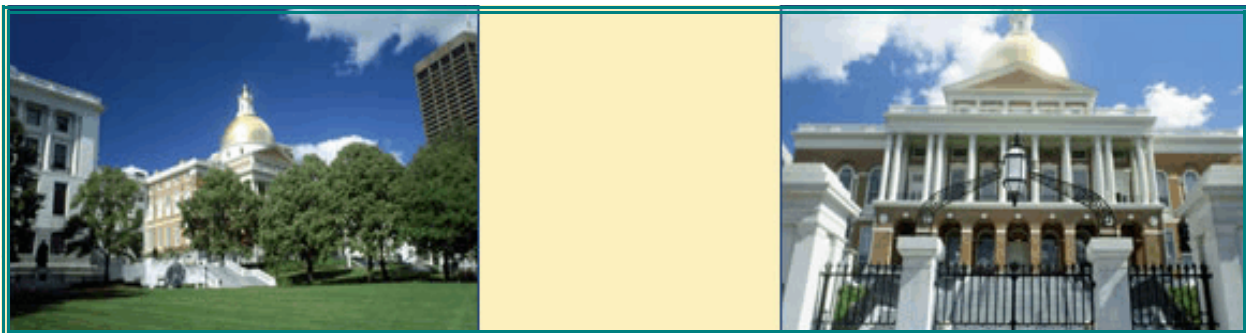
Over many generations, the Common has been the site of hangings, duels, public celebrations and spirited oratory. Now it hosts squirrels, pigeons, and plenty of neighborhood dogs that are walked here daily from their fashionable addresses on Beacon Hill.”



The State House

“Designed by Charles Bullfinch, the State House was completed on January 11th, 1798, and widely acclaimed as one of the more magnificent and well-suited buildings in the country. The land was originally used as John Hancock's cow pasture.

“Today, the State House is the oldest building on Beacon Hill, and its grounds cover 6.7 acres of land. In 1802, the original wooden dome was covered with copper to prevent water leakage. In 1874, the dome was gilded with 23-carat gold leaf. The State House is the seat of Massachusetts' state government.”



Park Street Church

Aldie Ockenga's dad was a preacher at this building. She was a petite, blonde nordic type with a good mind, as beautiful as could be. I was smitten with her and tried to establish a relationship with her but without much success. I called screwed up my courage several times and called her on the phone - never approached her at school because I was too insecure. She was polite but that was all. Even offering to go to her church with her didn't work. She was pretty high-toned for an inferior guy like me. The church was beautiful.

"This church was founded in 1809 in the midst of an exciting chapter in the nation's history. Ten people, including author Oliver Wendell Holmes, gathered in the mansion of William Thurston on Beacon Hill on February 27th, 1809, to discuss the organization of a church in this area. By mid-March, the committee had located a site at the corner of Park and Tremont Streets, and Park Street Church was founded.

"America" (My Country 'Tis of Thee), by Samuel Francis Smith, was first sung at the Park Street Church on July 4th, 1831. The church was also where William Lloyd Garrison delivered his first major public address against slavery in 1829."



Grainery Burying Ground

“With its massive Egyptian Revival-style gates facing Tremont Street, the Granary Burying Ground is the final resting place of many eminent Revolutionary-era patriots, such as Samuel Adams, Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and John Hancock.



Originally called South Burying Ground because of its location at the most southerly area of Boston settlement, it was then renamed Middle Burying Ground, as Boston sprawled toward the south. The current name is derived from the grain storage building, or granary, which stood on the site where the Park Street Church now stands. ”



King's Chapel

"In 1688, the Royal Governor built King's Chapel on the town burying ground when no one in the city would sell him land to build a non-Puritan church. The first King's Chapel was a tiny church used by the King's men who occupied Boston to enforce British law. By 1749, the building was too small for the congregation, which had grown to include a number of prominent merchants and their families.

The congregation hired America's first architect, Peter Harrison, to design a church "that would be the equal of any in England." The new church was completed in 1754. Harrison's plans included a steeple, which has never been built, and a colonnade, which was not completed until after the Revolution. The magnificent interior is considered the finest example of Georgian church architecture in North America."



King's Chapel Burying Ground

"Located next to King's Chapel on Tremont Street, King's Chapel Burying Ground was Boston Proper's only burying place for nearly 30 years.

The Burying Ground is the final resting place of some of Massachusetts Bay Colony's most prominent citizens - John Winthrop, the Colony's first governor; William Dawes, Jr., who rode with Paul Revere to Lexington and Concord; and Mary Chilton, the first woman to step off the Mayflower in Plymouth Colony."



"The skull and crossbone design on early tombstones served to remind Puritans that life as a mortal is brief. Later designs carry the same message, but aren't so stark and scary."



Benjamin Franklin's Statute & First Public School

"As you follow The Freedom Trail down School Street, you will notice a half-smiling, half-serious statue of Benjamin Franklin outside the Old City Hall and a plaque on the sidewalk, marking the site of the first Public School.

It is the first portrait statue erected in the United States. This is also the site of the country's first public school, Boston Latin School (1635), which is still in operation in the Fenway neighborhood of Boston."



Old Corner Bookstore Building

"This little brick building sits at the Corner of School and Washington Streets, Old Corner Bookstore was a flourishing literary center in the mid-1800s. The original building was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1711, and was replaced by the current gambrel-roofed structure built in 1718 by Dr. Thomas Crease.

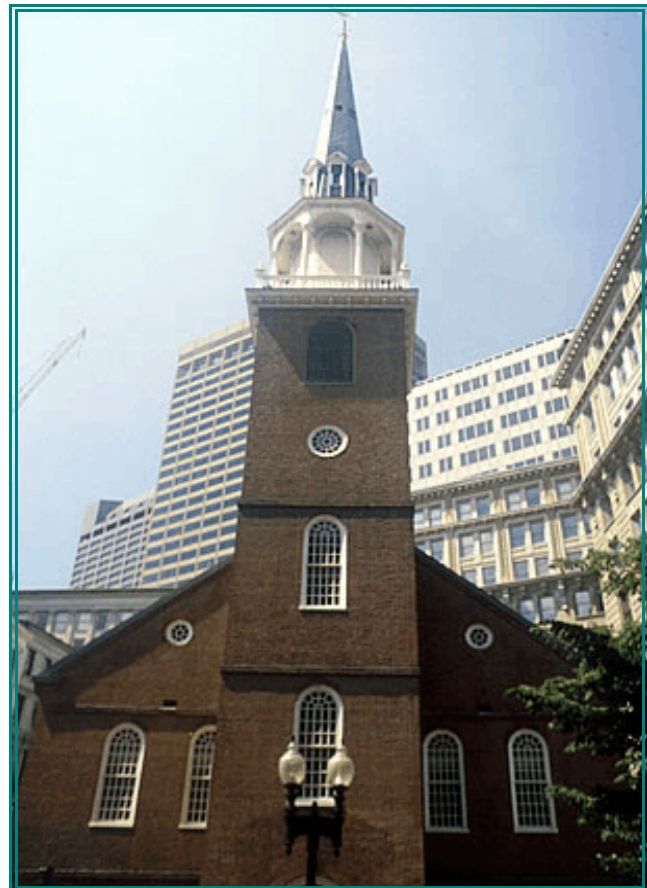
"The street level of this house was used as a pharmacy, the upper stories as a residence. The transition from medicine shop to marketplace for ideas began in 1829 when the house was leased to Timothy Harrington Carter, a bookseller. The first bookseller's business, Carter & Hendlee, was followed by nine similar companies over a 75-year period, the most famous being Ticknor & Fields."



Old South Meeting House

"Built in 1729, Old South Meeting House was a Puritan house of worship. It was from here that an outraged Samuel Adams gave the signal to proceed with the Boston Tea Party. Following a two-year rehabilitation and restoration project, the Old South Meeting House reopened in October of 1997.

Old South's reputation as a place for history-making oratory has continued through the generations. You can go inside to visit "Voices of Protest," a permanent exhibition that tells Old South's story over two centuries. It's a sometimes disturbing, often inspiring, frequently controversial, but always fascinating story of the people who have made history within these walls."



Old State House

“Beginning with its construction in 1713, the Old State House was the headquarters of British government in Boston. The building's distinctive cupola was once the tallest and most impressive building in the town, sending the message that there was no higher authority than the king.

It was just outside these doors that the Boston Massacre unfolded in 1770, and from this balcony that the Declaration was first read to the people of Boston in 1776. Now, Old State is the oldest surviving public building in Boston, housing as a museum of Boston history operated by the Bostonian Society.”

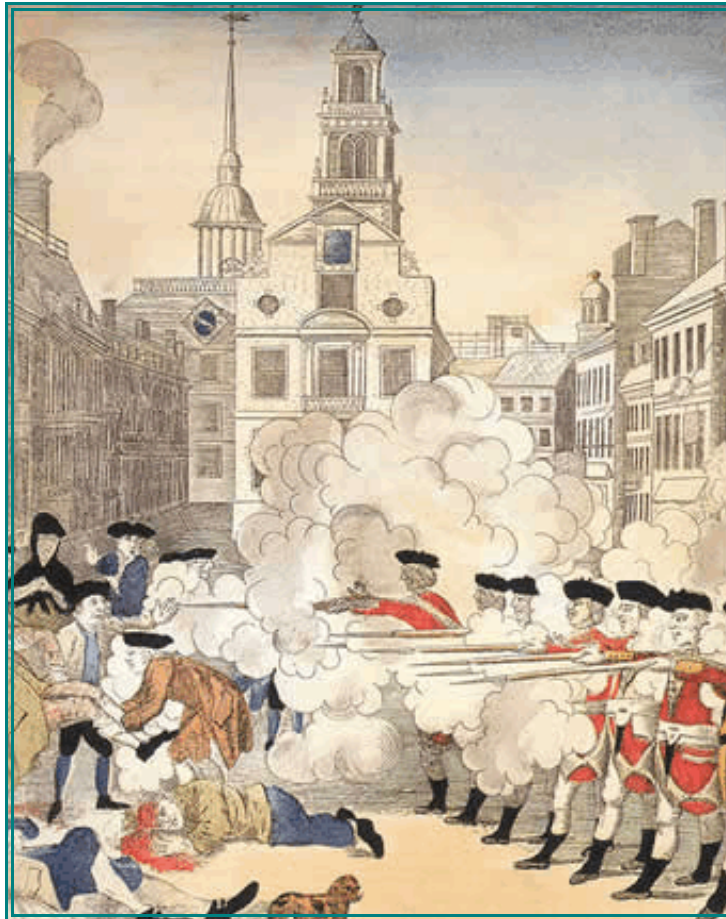


It is an odd thing to walk the Freedom Trail and see these famous bits of history nestled amongst modern skyscrapers. That seems incongruous but that's how it is. It doesn't diminish the experience but it always surprised me.

Site of The Boston Massacre

“On the way out of the Old State House, notice the ring of cobblestones marking the site of the Boston Massacre on what is now a traffic island. This event helped to fuel the spirit of rebellion in the Colonies.

Five men were killed in this clash of Patriots and Redcoats on March 5, 1770, including Crispus Attucks, the first African-American to die in the Revolution.”



Faneuil Hall

"The "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall was the site of many fiery town meetings. Wealthy merchant Peter Faneuil built it in 1742 and to the town as a gift. Faneuil Hall has served as an open forum meeting hall and marketplace for more than 250 years.

The first floor served as a marketplace for the local townspeople to sell their goods. The second floor housed the town meeting hall. Here, Bostonians protested the taxation policies of the British Empire and set the doctrine of "no taxation without representation."

It was here on November 5, 1773, that John Hancock and other Bostonians held the first of the tea meetings to discuss the fate of that "baneful weed." Famous abolitionists Wendell Philips, William Lloyd Garrison and Frederick Douglas all spoke here."



The headquarters of one of the oldest military groups is located on the second floor and continues to hold monthly meetings there.

Paul Revere House

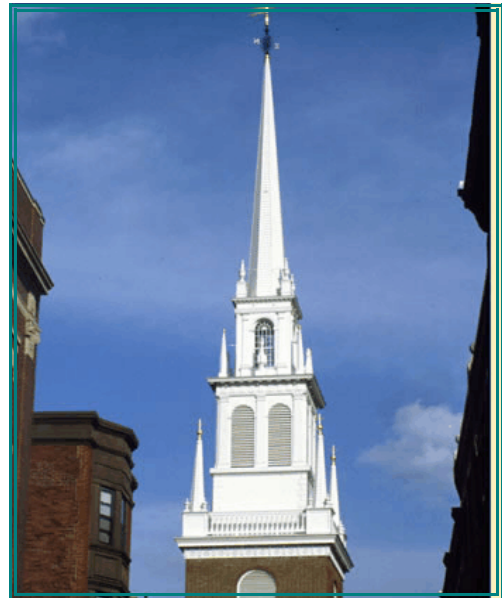
“Built around 1680, the Revere House was home to silversmith and patriot Paul Revere when he made his famous ride in 1775. Inside the house, visitors obtain a fascinating glimpse into everyday life for the Reveres during the Revolutionary era.”



Old North Church

“On April 18th, 1775, Robert Newman, sexton of the Old North Church displayed two lanterns to warn Paul Revere and others of the British troop movements. Paul Revere's famous "midnight ride" began with that signal, and so did the American War for Independence.

“Built in 1723, Old North is the oldest church building in Boston, and continues to serve a thriving, active Episcopal congregation.”



Copp's Hill Burial Ground

"Copp's Hill Burying Ground is the final resting place of merchants, artisans and craft people who lived in the North End. Located on a hill on which a windmill once stood, the land was given to the town.

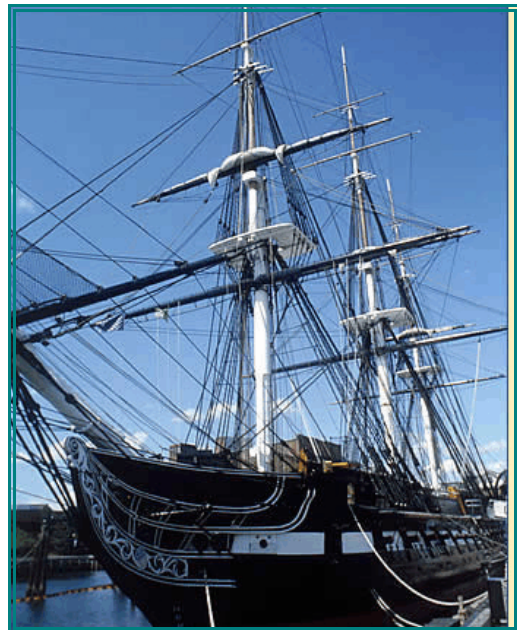
The grounds are also the final resting place of thousands of free African-Americans who lived in a community on the current Charter Street side of the burying ground, called the "New Guinea Community." Because of its height and panoramic vistas, the British used this vantage point to train their cannons on Charlestown during the Battle of Bunker Hill."



U.S.S. Constitution aka "Old Ironsides"

"The oldest commissioned warship in the world became known as "Old Ironsides" during the war of 1812 when she fought the British Frigate H.M.S. Guerriere. The Guerriere sank like a stone, while the cannonballs she fired at the U.S.S. Constitution merely "bounced off" as if she were made of iron.

"In fact the Constitution is made of a three-layer sandwich of wood from all across America. Her "ironsides" are white oak from New Jersey, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; her frame is the dependable live oak from Saint Simons Island off Georgia; and her masts are yellow pine from Georgia and the Carolinas.



Bunker Hill Monument

"Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!" This famous order, which legend attributes to Colonel William Prescott, has come to immortalize the determination of the ill-equipped Colonists facing the powerful British Army during the famous battle fought on this site on June 17, 1775.

"The Battle of Bunker Hill marks the first time a unified Colonial army held its own against the British army. Today a 221-foot granite obelisk denotes the site of the first major battle of the American Revolution."



You may not know all of these monuments but after you finish the day-long trek, you feel like you have come face to face with American History, which you, indeed, have.

Back to the atmosphere of BHS:

3. Ethnic Groups

Another feature of the environment that added flavor and interest were the ethnic groups which persisted in different parts of the metropolitan area. Boston was a melting pot, the one you studied in American History. But in contrast to Boise, Boston showed the effects of this melting far greater than Boise does, although Boise is undergoing a comparable shift.

This admixture of peoples of different nationalities gave variety to everything we did outside the home, whether shopping, attending some sort of public performance, or anything else, we frequently bumped into something that reminded us of one or another ethnic group. These groups had maintained their cultural identity over the years, in much the same way Hispanics in Boise are doing. That is a good thing -as long as the group finally learns to speak English. They don't have to give up their identity to learn a "foreign" language, i.e. English, and it sure makes it a lot easier to get a better job than flipping hamburgers or cleaning toilets.

Businesses are a sign of an ethnic enclave. Foreign language signs are used to identify who's who, and help the older generations, the non-English speakers, find what they want. In addition to the presence of foreign languages, these stores naturally provided foreign food some of which were really exotic. For example, one a trip to Haymarket Square when I was working as a copy boy for the Hearst Syndicate, I found some Armenian shops. The item that interested me most was a fancy bread. It was braided, probably 3 strands, and puffed up enormously, with a dark shiny tan texture. In the surface of the braid, whole chicken eggs had been embedded before baking.

The first group I was aware of in Belmont was the Jews. They had a large synagogue and I ended up spending many afternoons there in the last semester. That was where my group "Beat Beard and Bongo" practiced before going out to coffee shops down town in Boston. I am not sure how many Jewish kids were in the class but know it was considerable. I was surprised when I hunted through the year book for Jewish names to see how few there were. Perhaps there weren't as many of them as I imagined? In any event, the way they showed up was in celebration of their holy days, Yom Kippur, and so on. The Jewish culture was most visible in school because Jewish holidays were also honored by the school system. So between Jewish and Christian holidays, classes were short students virtually every month.

These ethnic groups even retained vestiges of their original enclaves in Boston, although there were none in Belmont. The flavor of foreign groups was apparent in many ways and added something special that I

liked. I have always wanted to be an anthropologist, thanks to Alvin, so Boston and Belmont were great places for people watching.

I would guess that the largest ethnic group outside of Germanic and British Isles folks was the Italian bunch. I've told you that there were many Italians in Belmont. This is a list of those in the Yearbook:

Albano	Argiro	Bellino	Biondo
Calabrese	Caputo	Carreiro	Cartolano
Caruso	Casella	Castagno	Catalano
Centore	Ciano	Colantuoni	Colluchio
Corsiglia	Corso	D'Andrea	De More
De Natale	De Vito	Di Iorio	Ferreira
Fiocca	Firenze	Fiumara	Fonseca
Forziati	Freese	Giordano	Leofanti
Lettieri	Listro	Macauda	Maggio
Manfredi	Marchisio	Mazzocchi	Mondello
Nazzaro	Scammel	Tortorella	Neri
Nunnari	Oliverio	Petrino	Piazza
Pizzi	Polcari	Quattrocchi	Robbio
Rossetti	Runci	Sacca	Selvitella
Serra	Sesser	Silvagni	Skahan
Spinelli	Spuria	Stella	Silvester
Todaro	Tortorella	Veneri	Viglirolo
Vultaggio	Yeraco	Zona	

That's 65 Italian names, which is 20.4% of a class of 318 students. Pretty high percentage, isn't it. The only "foreign" group that might stand out in your own high school classes would be Hispanic, but my recollection is that there weren't that many of them in Capitol. To find concentrations need to go further west to Nampa, Caldwell.

There were a fair number of Germans but not as many of them as there were Scots-Irish. Check out this list of the latter:

MacDonald,	MacDonnell,	MacIver,	MacKerron,
MacKerron,	MacCleod,	McAuliffe,	McBride,
McCormick,	McDonald,	McFadden,	McGrath,
McLaughlin,	McLean,	McNulty.	O'Brien,
O'Connor,	O'Leary	Callaghan,	Murphy,
Murphy,	Fitzgerald,	(there were others)	

The most exotic of the ethnic groups, at least to me, was the Armenian group. The easiest way to identify them was by the fact that their last names ended like AremenIAN:

**Bhogosian
Hartunian
Sarkisian**

**Fundukian
Margosian
Yakubian**

**Hanrahan,
Ohanesian
Zartarian**

**Haroian
Parseghian**

I'm sure that there were other Armenian names but I didn't know how to identify them.






4. Prep Schools & Private Schools

Another feature of the region that affected the atmosphere of Belmont High was the large number of private and prep schools in New England. We all were aware of them and all carried a bit of inferiority complex about them because they were supposed to produce better students and they were patronized by wealthy people. All of us had friends who went to one of more of these prep schools, so we knew first hand what it was like when we listened to the friends carry on, hoping -successfully- to impress us.

"The Catcher in the Rye" was written in the 1950's and was based on private schools in New England which explains why it was so familiar when I read it the first time. I had three friends at church who went to three different prep schools: Charlie Clayton went to Rivers Country and Day or some such place, Doug Jackson, son of the mission president, went to Browne and Nichols in Cambridge, across the river from Harvard, and Jack Cranney who lived just off Trapelo Road attended Belmont Hill Prep School in Belmont.



Charlie was pretty laid back about everything, so he didn't create much of an impression either way about prep schools, but Doug Jackson did. I don't think he really tried to impress us. He just did. For example, he rowed in 6-man sculls and since the school was either on or near the Charles River, he got to practice rowing on the Charles River at the same time the Harvard Six were out, pretty impressive. Doug had girl friends who also attended a girls' prep school, Buckingham which was a feeder school to Radcliffe. Just the names were impressive. But Jack Cranney did his best to impress us. He did. He took me with him to football games at Belmont Hill and I don't remember what else, talked non-stop about playing hockey, which big shots had attended his school and so on. They all wore blue blazers and the right ties and so on.

So yes, prep schools impressed us. Everyone had friends at one or the other, and everyone was familiar with the names of all of the larger ones. To give you a sense of how many of them there are scattered all over New England, which all feed the Ivy League and Sister Colleges, I prepared a rough table showing the names of some of the schools, their states and inserted a copy of a photo or their logo which follows.

SCHOOL NAME	CITY - STATE	LOGO OR PHOTO
Beaver Country Day		
Belmont Hill	Belmont, MA	
Berkshire Country Day		
Berkshire School	Sheffield ,MA	
Berwick Academy	Berwick, Maine	
Boston College High School	Boston, MA	

<p>Boston Latin High School</p>		
<p>Brewster Academy</p>	<p>Winnipeaukee NY</p>	
<p>Brooks</p>	<p>Andover, MA</p>	
<p>Buckingham Brown & Nichols</p>	<p>Cambridge, MA</p>	 <p>2 schools joined forces</p>
<p>Buxton School</p>	<p>Williamstown MA</p>	
<p>Cambridge School</p>	<p>Weston, MA</p>	
<p>Capitol Hill Chauncy</p>	<p>Waltham, MA</p>	

<p>Groton</p>	<p>CT</p>	
<p>Milton Academy</p>	<p>Milton, MA</p>	
<p>Phillips Exeter Academy</p>		
<p>St. George Academy</p>	<p>Newport, RI</p>	
<p>St. Johns</p>	<p>Danvers, MA</p>	
<p>St. Marks</p>		
<p>St. Sebastian</p>		

<p>Tabor</p>	<p>Marion, MA</p>	
<p>Thayer</p>		
<p>Trinity</p>		
<p>Ursuline Academy</p>		
<p>Waldorf School</p>	<p>Belmont, MA</p>	
<p>Walnut Hill</p>	<p>Natick, MA</p>	

There are more private and prep schools in New England today, probably most of the other being ones created after this period of time. But this gives you a sense of the number of schools.

Again, *Catcher in the Rye* gives a fair description -insofar as I am qualified to judge it which isn't very far- of what prep school life is like. And you can judge the impact that that image has on yourselves to get a sense

of how prep schools in the neighborhood affected me. I believe they provide superior education and would have benefitted immensely from having attended one. Especially today with the general transformation of public school into (1) mouthpiece of the liberal/leftist powers of the US, and (2) warehouses for storing kids during the day for busy parents, and (3) social services where education is not possible because resources are invested in dealing with the poverty and the social problems that are endemic in our society. Home Schooling is a great way to go -if you can invest enough time in it to be sure that your kids in fact learn enough of the stuff that they will know to get ahead in college if they should choose to attend college. It is a no brainer in that case. I would have done it for you kids if I had understood it, though I would have struggled mightily with it. Actually, I am not sure I would have been dedicated enough to the idea to make it work. I worked so many hours to earn money, and spent so many hours at church, that I didn't have much time to spend preparing things for your education. But I do believe it is a good method to do the job.

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5) Universities & Colleges

The next major influence upon the atmosphere of Belmont High was the (1) number and (2) caliber of the universities and colleges located in Boston, in the Boston Metropolitan area, in the state of Massachusetts and in New England - which, as you recall, is a small area which meant that news from all over went quickly everywhere. At first glance it may seem unlikely that the presence, or non-presence, of a bunch of universities could have any effect on the atmosphere -of that's the right name to use- of one's high school. But it is so.

During my senior year, my friends, all of whom went to college^[5], talked about the different colleges they had applied to. Invariably, they (i.e. the ones that I associated with) applied to at least one of the Ivy League or the Sister Schools. Even if they didn't, they still applied to universities in New England. There were few who applied for schools in the Midwest and almost none to colleges in California. It was the same effect when they talked about spending the weekend with friends from such and such a private school, or going to home coming at a private school, or attending a rowing match, etc. They talked about going to this or that ivy league college for visitor's day which were set up to give interested students a chance to look the schools over - and for the schools to look the kids over. These universities were talked about with a familiarity that bespoke long relationship in their minds and as a result it felt like all of us knew these colleges and thought about them as parts of our universe - whether or not they were.


The following list contains most of the universities, colleges and professional schools that were alive in the region in that era, therefore, the ones my friends applied to and attended. There are new colleges created since 1960, but I didn't include them. I have dealt separately with Harvard and MIT because it had such a singular influence on my class. It stood head and shoulders above the others. I'm throwing in this bunch to help you understand how prominent colleges were in our daily life. In several cases I add some notes about universities that with which I had personal experience.

Note that most of the logos I have included below have been updated with modern graphics - I tried to include original ones, but I believe that you can see when you examine them that the style of graphics is certainly different than it would have been 50 years ago. So let's tour a bunch but not all of the higher ed outfits in Boston. This information is taken from their own websites.

⁵The numbers: 298 of 319 graduating seniors (from all three tracks) went on to some higher education.


You can see the obvious impact of having about a jillion colleges next door, but the thing that is not obvious but which is perhaps more influential still is the fact that many of the faculty members of those colleges live in Belmont. Which means that their kids go to Belmont which means that I was studying (haha) with them. The influence was real.

1. Art Institute of Boston

29 Everett St., Cambridge, MA 02138 (Affiliated with Lesley University) http://web.lesley.edu/aib/	
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“The Art Institute of Boston at Lesley University is an accredited institutional member of the National Association of Schools of Art and Design (N.A.S.A.D.).”

2. Babson College

Babson College 231 Forest Street Babson Park, MA 02457-0310 Main Campus http://www3.babson.edu/	
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“Babson College, located in Wellesley, Massachusetts, is recognized internationally for its entrepreneurial leadership in a changing global environment. Babson grants BS degrees through its innovative undergraduate program. It grants MBA and custom MS and MBA degrees through the F.W. Olin Graduate School of Business at Babson College. Both programs are accredited by the AACSB International—The Association to Advance Collegiate Schools of Business, and the New England Association of Schools and Colleges. Additionally, Babson offers distinct executive education programs to help companies reach their strategic goals: Custom Degree and Credit Programs, Consortium Programs, and Open-Enrollment Programs. By infusing the spirit of innovation into our academic programs, Babson educates leaders capable of anticipating, initiating, and managing change. Moreover, the College continues to be recognized for its curricular reform.”

3. Bentley College

175 Forest Street, Waltham, Massachusetts, 02452-4705 http://www.bentley.edu	
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“Bentley College is a business university. We do for students interested in business and related professions what the leading technological universities do for students of science and engineering.”

Note that Bentley is located in Waltham.

4. Berklee College of Music

I spent 20 minutes on the website trying to find an address!!

<http://www.berklee.edu/>



"Founded in 1945, Berklee College of Music is the world's largest independent music college and the premier institution for the study of contemporary music. The college's 3,800 students and 460 faculty members interact in an environment designed to provide the most complete learning experience possible, including all of the opportunities and challenges presented by a career in the contemporary music industry."

5. Boston Architectural College

Boston Architectural Center
320 Newbury Street
Boston, MA 02115

<http://www.the-bac.edu/>



**BOSTON
ARCHITECTURAL
COLLEGE**

"The Boston Architectural Center (BAC) is an independent, professional college located in Boston's Back Bay, offering bachelor's and master's degrees in both architecture and interior design.

Founded in the 1880s as a club for architects in the Boston area, the BAC has maintained close ties to the professional design community throughout its history. These ties are evident today in the BAC's faculty of practicing professionals, many of whom volunteer their time at the Center, and in the BAC's commitment to concurrent academic and practice-based curricula as the cornerstone of a design education."

6. Boston Conservatory

The Boston Conservatory
8 The Fenway
Boston MA 02215



[>>Apply Now](#)

<http://www.bostonconservatory.edu/>

"The Boston Conservatory trains exceptional young performing artists for careers that enrich and transform the human experience. Known for its multi-disciplinary environment, the Conservatory offers fully accredited graduate and undergraduate programs in Music, Dance, Theater, and Music Education, and presents over 200 performances each year by students, faculty, and guest artists. The intimacy of our class

settings provides a student-centered atmosphere that is uniquely intensive and supportive.”

7. The Boston Theological Institute

210 Herrick Road,
Newton Centre, Massachusetts. The BTI is located in Sturtevant Hall 1st and
2nd floors (197 Herrick Road).



<http://www.bostontheological.org/>

“The Boston Theological Institute (BTI), an association of nine theological schools in the Greater Boston area, is one of the oldest and largest theological consortia in the United States. It is the only one to include as constitutive members schools representing the full range of Christian churches and confessions...”

8. Brandeis University

Brandeis University
415 South St.
Waltham, MA 02454-9110



Brandeis University



<http://www.brandeis.edu/>

“Characterized by academic excellence since its founding in 1948, Brandeis is one of the youngest private research universities, as well as the only nonsectarian Jewish-sponsored



college or university in the country. Named for the late Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis of the U.S. Supreme Court, Brandeis University combines the faculty and resources of a world-class research institution with the intimacy and personal attention...”

Note again that Brandeis is in Waltham.

9. Emerson College

<p>Emerson College 120 Boylston Street Boston, MA 02116-4624 http://www.emerson.edu/</p>	
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“Emerson College is the only comprehensive college or university in America dedicated exclusively to communication and the arts in a liberal arts context. It is located in downtown Boston, at the gateway to the Theatre District and in close proximity to major media outlets. It also has facilities in Los Angeles and the Netherlands.

The College was founded in 1880 as a small school of oratory. Over the years, it has evolved into a multi-faceted college that is internationally recognized for excellence in its fields of specialization, which are communication, marketing, communication sciences and disorders, journalism, the performing arts, the visual and media arts, and writing literature and publishing.”

10. Emmanuel College

<p>Emmanuel College 400 The Fenway Boston, MA 02115 http://www.emmanuel.edu/</p>	
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“Emmanuel College is a Catholic, coeducational, liberal arts and sciences college founded by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur in 1919. Emmanuel is one of the fastest growing colleges in the region since becoming coeducational in 2000. Emmanuel prepares students with the skills to succeed in tomorrow’s world and the social conscience to make a difference in that world. At Emmanuel, students become engaged learners and develop leadership skills through participation in campus life. They are critical thinkers, ethical decision makers and contributing members of society.”

11. Lesley University

<p>Lesley University, 29 Everett St. Cambridge, MA 02138 http://web.lesley.edu/</p>	
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“Lesley prepares women and men for professional careers in education, human services, management, and the arts. Since 1909 when the school was founded to train early childhood educators, Lesley has been a leader and innovator in educating for the professions that put people first. A commitment to the liberal arts, scholarly inquiry, and lifelong learning forms the foundation of Lesley's educational philosophy.”

[This is near Longfellow Park where the chapel is.](#)

12. Longy School of Music

Longy School of Music,
One Follen Street,
Cambridge, MA 02138
<http://www.longy.edu/index.htm>



"Founded in 1915, the Longy School of Music is a vibrant conservatory and school of preparatory and continuing education located near Harvard Square in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The Conservatory offers degree and diploma programs for undergraduate and graduate students; children from twelve-months to eighteen-years old participate in the rich offerings in Preparatory Studies; and Continuing Studies at Longy provides a center for avocational and non-degree adult musicians from the region."

[This is where Ms. Devaron Cook worked in 2006.](#)

13. Massachusetts Institute of Technology

massachusetts institute of technology
77 massachusetts avenue
cambridge, ma 02139-4307
<http://www.mit.edu/>



"The mission of MIT is to advance knowledge and educate students in science, technology, and other areas of scholarship that will best serve the nation and the world in the 21st century.... The Institute admitted its first students in 1865, four years after the approval of its founding charter. The opening marked the culmination of an extended effort by William Barton Rogers, a distinguished natural scientist, to establish a new kind of independent educational institution relevant to an increasingly industrialized America. Rogers stressed the pragmatic and practicable. He believed that professional competence is best fostered by coupling teaching and research and by focusing attention on real-world problems. Toward this end, he pioneered the development of the teaching laboratory.

Today MIT is a world-class educational institution. Teaching and research—with relevance to the practical world as a guiding principle—continue to be its primary purpose. MIT is independent, coeducational, and privately endowed. Its five schools and one college encompass 34 academic departments, divisions, and degree-granting programs, as well as numerous interdisciplinary centers, laboratories, and programs whose work cuts across traditional departmental boundaries."

14. New England School of Law

New England School of Law
154 Stuart St.
Boston, MA 02116
(617) 451- 0010
<http://www.nesl.edu/>



“Located in downtown Boston, New England School of Law is an educational community characterized by substantive instruction with a strong foundation in ethics. The school's highly qualified and accessible faculty are committed to both teaching and scholarship. The academic program emphasizes extensive preparation in practical skills, including instruction in legal writing and clinical work. Founded in 1908 as Portia Law School, the only law school established exclusively for the education of women, New England School of Law has been coeducational since 1938. It was renamed New England School of Law in 1969.”

15. New England Conservatory

New England Conservatory
290 Huntington Ave
Boston, MA 02115
<http://www.newenglandconservatory.edu/>



“The mission of New England Conservatory is the education and training of musicians of all ages from around the world, drawing on the talents of an accomplished faculty, and nurturing individual excellence in a challenging and supportive community dedicated to the highest standards of performance, teaching, and scholarship. In so doing, NEC aspires to ensure that music has a central place in public life and that the broader value of a rigorous musical education is recognized. ”

16. The New School of Music

The New School of Music 25 Lowell Street Cambridge, MA 02138 http://www.cambridgemusic.org/html/	
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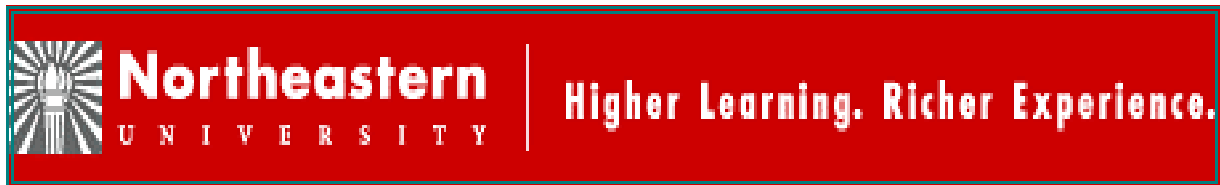


"Built in 1883 and housed in the Historic Brattle Street Neighborhood, the Lowell Street School is the only remaining wooden schoolhouse in Cambridge. We are proud to preserve and continue its tradition in the education of our community."

If you will dig up one of the maps in Parts 1, 2 or 3 above of Cambridge and locate Longfellow Park, you will also be able to find Lowell School. It was just a few blocks from the church on Longfellow Park.

17. Northeastern University

Northeastern University 60 Huntington Avenue Boston, MA 02115 http://www.northeastern.edu/neuhome/index.html	
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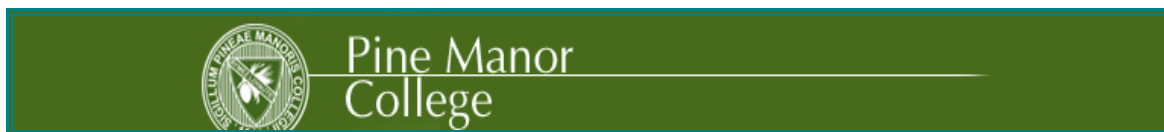


"At the end of the 19th century, more than half of Boston's population were either immigrants or first-generation Americans. Hard-working and industrious, they sought to improve their lives and the lives of their children. Chief among the city's institutions committed to helping these people achieve their dreams was the Boston YMCA.

Founded in 1844 in London, the Young Men's Christian Association chose Boston as the location of its first American branch, in 1851. In its articles of incorporation, the Boston YMCA announced that it would have "a committee on lectures, whose duty it is to procure teachers and lecturers for any private classes that may be formed by the members." These lectures proved to be immediately popular, drawing large numbers of young men seeking self-improvement."

18. Pine Manor College

Pine Manor College 400 Heath Street Chestnut Hill, MA 02467 http://www.pmc.edu/	
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"Pine Manor College is a private four-year liberal arts college for women located in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, just minutes from downtown Boston. Pine Manor is among the most affordable private colleges in Massachusetts and ranks among the Top 5 liberal colleges in the United State for campus diversity according to US New

Pine Manor College was originally established as a post-secondary division of Dana Hall School in Wellesley in 1911...In 1930, the College received a charter as an independent junior college and in 1959 gained the right to confer the degrees of Associate in Arts and Associate in Science. Pine Manor Junior College became a separate corporation in 1962 and in 1965 moved from the Wellesley campus to its beautiful 60-acre campus in Chestnut Hill, five miles west of Boston."

19. Regis College

Regis College 235 Wellesley Street Weston MA, 02493 http://www.regiscollege.edu/	
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"Regis College is a Catholic liberal arts and sciences college. It was founded in 1927 by the Congregation of Sisters of St. Joseph of Boston and has more than 10,000 graduates worldwide. The College offers full- and part-time study on the undergraduate and graduate levels. Located in Weston, Massachusetts, Regis College is in the greater metropolitan area of Boston, twelve miles from the center of the city.

The College occupies a suburban, 168-acre site which was originally the Morrison estate. There are more than 1,300 students (full-time, part-time, undergraduate and graduate) who form a community of women scholars able to express their best selves in pursuit of academic excellence at Regis."

20. Simmons College

Simmons College
409 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, MA 02215
<http://www.simmons.edu/>



SIMMONS
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

“Decades before women in America gained the right to vote, Boston businessman John Simmons had a revolutionary idea — that women should be able to earn independent livelihoods and lead meaningful lives. It was this same spirit of inclusion and empowerment that produced the first African-American Simmons graduate in 1914, and created one of the only private colleges that did not impose admission quotas on Jewish students during the first half of the 1900s.

Since 1899, Simmons has offered a pioneering liberal arts education for undergraduate women integrated with professional work experience. Today, Simmons encompasses the many benefits of a small university. ... Simmons consistently ranks among the nation’s top schools in the U.S. News & World Report annual survey. That’s no surprise. Simmons educates people who share a passion for learning, a commitment to community, and the determination to make a difference.”

21. School of the Museum of Fine Arts

School of the Museum of Fine Arts
230 The Fenway
Boston, MA 02115
<http://www.smfa.edu/>



in partnership with Tufts University and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

“Located in the cultural heart of Boston, the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston (SMFA), is a unique institution, dedicated to educating artists and focused on fostering creative investigation, risk-taking, and individual vision. We do this by emphasizing studio practice and by offering students an unusual amount of freedom in their course work.

We offer renowned undergraduate, graduate, and continuing education programs in addition to programs leading to the Diploma, the Fifth Year Certificate, and the Post-Baccalaureate Certificate. Our programs are enhanced by our close relationships with the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the third largest fine arts museum in the nation (and our next door neighbor!), and with Tufts University.”

22. Stonehill College

<p>Stonehill College 320 Washington Street Easton, MA 02357 http://www.stonehill.edu/</p>	 The seal of Stonehill College, featuring a central shield with a cross and a star, surrounded by the text "STONEHILL COLLEGE" and a banner at the bottom.
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"Stonehill was founded in 1948 by the Congregation of Holy Cross whose members established the University of Notre Dame (1842). In the Catholic tradition, the Holy Cross Community seeks to broaden and enrich the horizons of students. This spirit is reflected in the mission statement of Stonehill College."

"It is the mission of the College to provide education of the highest caliber, grounded in the liberal arts, comprehensive in nature, nurtured by Catholic intellectual and moral ideals and committed to the creation of a just and compassionate world..."


Education in the Holy Cross tradition is education both of the mind and the heart. The founder, Father Basil Anthony Moreau, C.S.C., wrote in 1849 that "we shall always place development of the whole person side by side with the acquisition of knowledge; the mind will not be cultivated at the expense of the heart."

23. Suffolk University

<p>Suffolk University · 8 Ashburton Place Boston, MA 02108 · http://www.suffolk.edu/</p>	 The logo for Suffolk University, featuring the word "Suffolk" in a large, serif font, with "UNIVERSITY" in a smaller, sans-serif font below it, and "Boston · Madrid · Dakar" in an even smaller font at the bottom.
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"Suffolk University is a comprehensive private university located on Boston's historic Beacon Hill. This global university offers a wide range of undergraduate and graduate degrees in over 70 areas of study."

24. Tufts University

<p>Tufts University - Boston Campus 136 Harrison Avenue Boston, Massachusetts 02111 http://www.tufts.edu/</p>	 The logo for Tufts University, featuring the word "TUFTS" in a large, white, serif font above the word "UNIVERSITY" in a smaller, white, serif font, all set against a dark blue rectangular background.
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"Founded in 1852, Tufts University is recognized among the premier universities in the United States. Tufts enjoys a global reputation for academic excellence and for the preparation of students as leaders in a wide range of professions. Recognized by the Carnegie Foundation as a "Doctoral/Research Extensive" institution based on the breadth of basic and clinical research conducted, Tufts has extensive and highly regarded liberal arts, sciences and engineering programs that draw outstanding students from around the world with the highest academic achievement and standing."

25. Wellesley College

<p>Wellesley College 106 Central Street Wellesley, MA 02481 http://www.wellesley.edu/</p>	 The logo for Wellesley College, featuring the words "WELLESLEY COLLEGE" in a blue, serif font.
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"Established in 1901 by student and faculty agreement, the Wellesley College Government Association is the official organization of all Wellesley students. Through Senate, its elected representative body, College Government officers are elected each spring on a campus-wide basis; Senate representatives are elected from each residence hall and from the Davis Scholars and Wellesley off-campus students."

26. Wheaton College

Wheaton College 26 East Main Street Norton, Massachusetts 02766-2322 http://www.wheatonma.edu/	
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"Wheaton was founded in 1834 as a female seminary. The college became coeducational in 1987, after more than 150 years as a leading college for women. Wheaton's traditional commitment to equality is today reflected in its commitment to diversity in all its forms. Wheaton is an active community of learners who value the liberal arts as a means for personal growth, professional success and leadership that improves the world.

Drawing students from across the country and around the globe, Wheaton College is a four-year, private liberal arts college with a student body of 1,550. Wheaton's residential campus, one of the loveliest in New England, is located in Norton, Massachusetts, between Boston and Providence, R.I.."

27. Wheelock College

Wheelock College 200 The Riverway Boston, MA 02215-417 ph. 617-879-2000 http://www.wheelock.edu/	
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"Lucy Wheelock founded this College in 1888 with a powerful and simple charge: "Plant in the land of children whatever you wish to put into the life of our times." In Wheelock's second century, this sense of purpose informs a community that extends from the Boston Campus into classrooms and communities across the nation, Bermuda and Singapore. The following Quick Facts reflect opening fall 2004 enrollments."

28. Wentworth Institute of Technology

Wentworth Institute of Technology
550 Huntington Avenue
Boston, MA 02115-5998
<http://www.wit.edu/>



"Founded in 1904, Wentworth Institute of Technology is an independent, co-educational, nationally-ranked institution offering career-focused education through 16 bachelor's degree programs in areas such as architecture, computer science, design, engineering, engineering technology and management of technology."

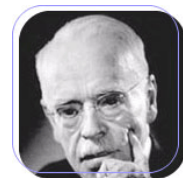
6) The Great & Famous

Back to the list of environmental factors that colored the atmosphere of Belmont High School.

Belmont was a residential-bedroom community for Cambridge and the inner city. It was attractive to well-heeled folks who couldn't find -or afford-a spot on Beacon Hill or other high-brow locations. Belmont naturally had a sprinkling of businesses, the largest concentration being located on Belmont Circle, to service private residences but there was no major "city center", there were few professional offices, and basically no manufacturing. It qualified literally to be a 'bedroom community'. Faculty member from colleges and universities might choose Belmont to live, as well did other professional people.

Here are a few of the people that I was aware of, most of which may not be familiar to you but they all were well-known in the US at the time.

Dr. Paul Dudley White who was the personal MD for the US President at the time, Dwight D. Eisenhower, commuting as necessary. I never understood why Ike's MD would live in Belmont, rather than Wash DC.



Edwin Land, the inventor of polarizing filters and cameras. He had a huge manufacturing plant out on Route 128, a circumferential highway created to pull industry out of the center of Boston. It worked. You know of him because he created the Polaroid Land Camera Corporation.



Robert Welch of the Welch candy company lived in Belmont. He became famous as a founder of the controversial John Birch Society (JBS) in 1958:

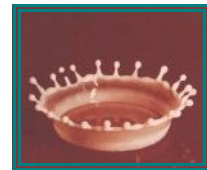
"The JBS was established in Indianapolis on December 9, 1958 by a group of 12 "patriotic and public-spirited" men led by Robert Welch, Jr., a retired candy manufacturer from Belmont, Massachusetts. "
<http://www.answers.com/topic/john-birch-society>



He was a controversial character, and was widely attacked during the '70's. (Walt Kelly even devoted one hilarious volume to a parody of the JBS.)

Harold Edgerton, the MIT professor whom developed strobe photography into the astonishing tool it has become. His most famous photo of the era was the image of a splash of milk.

I visited him in his home one evening to ask him to speak at a conference for Explorer Scouts in Cambridge. It was a surprise for some reason to discover that he lived 2 miles from our house, a few blocks away off Trapelo Road. Eliot Vining, the executive director for the Cambridge Explorer Scout Council, was the guy who put me up to it. We were preparing a program for a council-wide all-day activity in Cambridge and we decided that we would like to hear Mr. Edgerton talk about the technological things he had done.



Mr. Edgerton welcomed me into his home that evening and was kind. But he was sad and after hearing me out, turned me down. The reason was understandable and I felt sort of bad having even asked him. He was recovering from the death of his 20 year old son who died the previous month in a bizarre accident while diving in the ocean somewhere with Jaques Cousteau, the man on the right. Mr. Edgerton was grieving and unwilling to do any presentations. No problem, however, because by the time the conference came around, I had moved on as had he.



The Perry family, famous for arctic exploration, was also situated in Belmont. I didn't see them and don't know where they lived but their presence added a piquant note to the image of Belmont with its manicured yards and well-maintained homes.

J. Allen Hynek. Dr. Hynek was associate director of the joint Harvard-Smithsonian Astrophysical Laboratory and was the man who was assigned by the feds to keep track of everything floating around up there. Remember that Sputnik went up in 1957, and that we all stood out on the dark lawn at 5am looking in the sky to see this incredible thing. The US was so stunned at being “beaten” in the race to space that anything to do with the space program exerted a great influence on its environment.

His son Scott was in Dick’s class. Scott and others like him influenced things subtly but effectively. Scott was a kind, intelligent, curious mind whose behavior was observed others and doubtless had some impact.

There were obviously many others but these give you a sense of what was in the town. We were aware of this fact that the great and famous lived in Belmont and had an increased sense of pride in our town as a result. How did that affect the atmosphere at BHS? That’s hard to say, as it is hard to say precisely how these other factors affected the atmosphere. They all were simply part of the environment.

7) Harvard University

The last of the forces that influenced the atmosphere at BHS was Harvard. I won’t belabor the fact here. I think that you get the sense of its presence through this volume of UBW. 14 of my class mates went to Harvard. I don’t know how many classmates belonged to Harvard faculty members but believe it was more than 14.

Perhaps the best single indicator of the importance of Harvard is the



role that Dad's employment at Harvard played in our being invited to join the Belmont Assembly, one of the most prestigious teenage activities in the greater Boston area. I only knew of one other such Assembly (a la Jane Austen if you need orientation to the notion of 'assembly': series of fancy pants parties put on for the upper crust, formal wear, formal decorum, etc.) in Boston which gives you a sense of its importance. In our case, it was simply Dad's job that got us invited. That's how important and prominent Harvard was at Belmont HS.

Social Life

Social life was as important to me as education, in fact, given what I'd been going through, it was actually more important. Information was of secondary interest. I needed to find a place with friends and a place in a community. Home life was so sad and empty that it provided no support. I have to say that there were some very rare instances of positive things at home but they were so rare as to be non-existent.

When I approached the school building each morning it was with a mixture of two feelings, trepidation about another sad day in classes where I didn't care a bit about what was going on and hated being embarrassed, and a feeling and anxiousness about being able to spend some time with friends, which took place a bit between classes, but primarily after school in the Locker Rooms.

Locker Room Confabs

There were separate locker rooms for boys and girls but after the bulk of the kids were gone, the left overs each would go to the others' locker room and hang out for hours. The school didn't chase you home. You were free to stay around as long as the building was open, probably intentional to provide kids a healthy place to hang out.

Here's a photo of the girls locker room at quitting time. Note, again, the dress, how formal it is compared to today. This was a standard day, not a special one when people would have dressed up even more. Do you get tired of me pointing this out? I apologize if it offends you so please understand that the point is not to say this was better than that. I do feel that way but that is not the reason I keep pointing this out. The reason I point it out is to give you evidence of the claim I make that the social fabric of the US was different when I was a

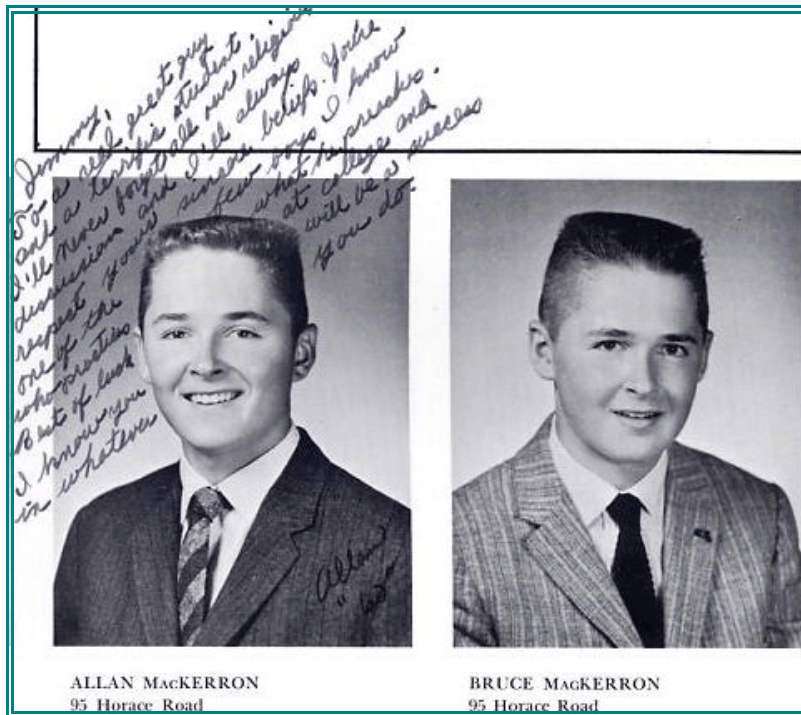


kid. Because it is true that nothing has changed, at least you hear that saying, "Oh yeah, things were just as bad then." But they weren't. And how people dress indicates profoundly important things about how they view society and their places in it. And indicate something about how much respect that have for themselves and for others. (Marie is the bottom left girl.)

Things are gradually coming apart. Just look at how people dress today even at church. Churches even take pride in being tolerant of levis. Small things show this to be true, but important. The US is in a downward spiral. Nate and I were talking about this last month. I believe he was reading a book that talked about it somehow, or he was just making the observation himself.

What stands out in your eye when you look at that group of girls? I don't know of course but dress obviously has to be one of the things that come to mind, and hair styles. Everyone's hair was well groomed and taken care of, and most of the girls had overcoats, not short jackets, which meant that this was a late fall picture I'd guess.

Some of the conversations centered on religion and philosophy. The McKerran twins were devout in their faith and sort of proselyted but they also respected people's faith. They were also in track so I saw them after school there. And their home was on my way home so I'd walk with them sometimes. I even spent some time in their home talking about things in general. They were the ones who invited me to attend the "New Life Club" which met on Sunday nights. Mom and dad surprised me - they actually allowed me to attend.



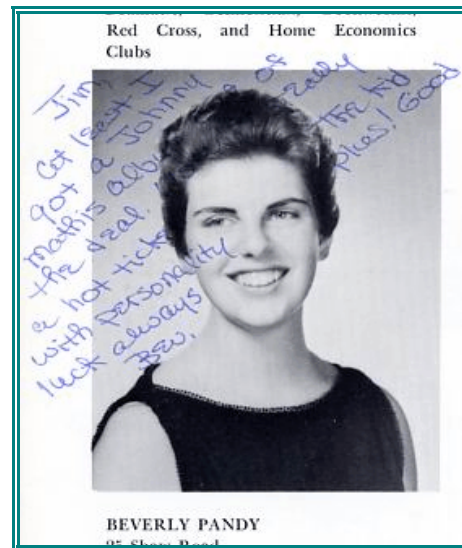
Poetry and literature were other standard topics. I first encountered TS Eliot at BHS at fell in love with his writing. So I bought a book that contained all of his poems and plays. That was unusual for my group so it circulated amongst them. I wrote on the back end sheet the names of each kid who borrowed it - last I looked it had something like 6 names. That's pretty amazing isn't it, 6 teenagers borrowing a book of TS Eliot's poetry?

Philosophy was another favorite topic. That's why I ended up joining the Philosophy Club. And music was also a favorite but curiously, teenage rock and roll wasn't the number one topic. We tended toward easy listening (see the section below on music and I think you'll surprised.) And Jazz.

Bev Pandy's autograph says:

"Jim. At least I got a Johnny Mathis album out of the deal. You really are a hot ticket, the kid with personality plus. Good luck always. Bev."

She was convinced that during a trade of LPs I ended up with one more album than she did. I think that she did lose out somehow,



but the problem was that there were two other kids involved in the trades and it was during that process with those two that one of them must have ended up with an extra album and Bev ended up short one. But she did get a Johnny Mathis.

Girl Friends

I had several girl friends at BHS. There were many girls that I spent time with but there were only three that I considered to be special, the first was Sheila Ford, second was Linda Angell, and the third was Marie Guillemain. I dated other girls now and then but these three were of more particular interest, Marie being the one I liked the best.

"Steady dating" was practiced by teenagers and was accompanied with "pinning". Pinning is the 'ceremony' whereby a boy gives a girl his fraternity pin, or whatever personal item of jewelry he has and wishes to use to "mark" the girl and "his". If she was willing to accept the token, the status a "his" and "her" special friends was formalized and recognized by the rest of the student body. It was not a mandatory thing and actually wasn't much practiced by the group I hung out with.

John Hildebrand and Zonda Mercer were steady dates, as were several other pairs, but most of us didn't formalize the relationship. We simply dated each other more often than others, thereby demonstrating essentially the same thing without the limitations and obligations that go with being steadies. Being steadies mean first that you could only date each other and second, that the two of you had to attend the big dances or events together, sort of the head and tail of the same coin. So Sheila, Linda, and Marie were not steady dates, although Marie certainly came close. I was besotted and everyone knew it, as was she, so the deal was informal but as effective I suppose. No one butted in when there was an acknowledged steady relationship on penalty of a broken nose of some such thing.

Aldy Ockenga

Aldy was a girl I wanted to date badly but never managed to arrange it. I don't know why. But I do know that I was tongue tied by her, whether on the phone or in the hall or locker room. She was a year behind me in school and while that was only a year, as you know, in high school it can be a formidable barrier. At least it was to me.

Based on the names in the back of my TS Eliot book, she borrowed it for some time. I don't actually remember



the occasion but since that sort of borrowing a loaning usually took place after school in the locker room, I have to guess that was where we exchanged the book.

She was not really shy, but was difficult to draw out into conversation. A pale skin and naturally blonde hair, she was sort of like a violet in bright sunlight. She's wearing a standard issue "uniform", crewneck sweater and a wool skirt with knee-high socks. Her clasped hands suggest some tension here.

I remember one lengthy phone conversation that I had with her about philosophy and religion. It was late enough on the winter day that the sun had set. I sat on a chair looking out at the darkness of our yard, listening to her voice trying to imagine I didn't know what. She would answer questions and give her opinions but always seemed to have a limit that prohibited her from really letting loose.

I was intimidated by her actually. She was very bright and knew she was. That made me nervous. I didn't have a sense of being smart and had no idea of the impression I created. I lived in her alone and wasn't secure so I always was uneasy talking to Aldy even though I badly wanted to take her on a date. One of the few times we talked, I asked about going with her to her dad's church. I have forgotten the name of it, but remember that it was one of prominent, best known churches down town in Boston proper. So he was an accomplished minister with a reputation to keep. I suppose that this requirement is what controlled Aldy. I couldn't even get her to agree to meet me at her dad's church for an evening or afternoon meetings. About that time I knew my efforts were in vain so I stopped.

Ann Smith

You have to ask Dick about Ann. We both dated her at various times because she liked us both and didn't show a preference. I think she was in Dick's class and that he dated her more than I did. I spent more time on the phone with her, getting in bad trouble one day. I was sick, sick enough to persuade mom and dad to let me stay home from school. Of course, for them, I had to feign imminent death. Well, I shattered the illusion. I called Ann after 8 to see if she was home. She was, so we talked until 5pm. Literally. We even ended up reading the newspaper to each other just to have things to talk about. So, when mom and dad got home I got hell. Mom had naturally checked up on me several times during the day and discovered that the phone was always busy. I never got that chance again.

Ann was a fun friend who would I could walk home with and chat forever. The only date I remember was when I took her to the bird collection at MCZ. I don't remember the circumstances other than to point out that it was after hours and that I was using dad's outside key to get in.

It may not have been forbidden but if it wasn't, it should have been.

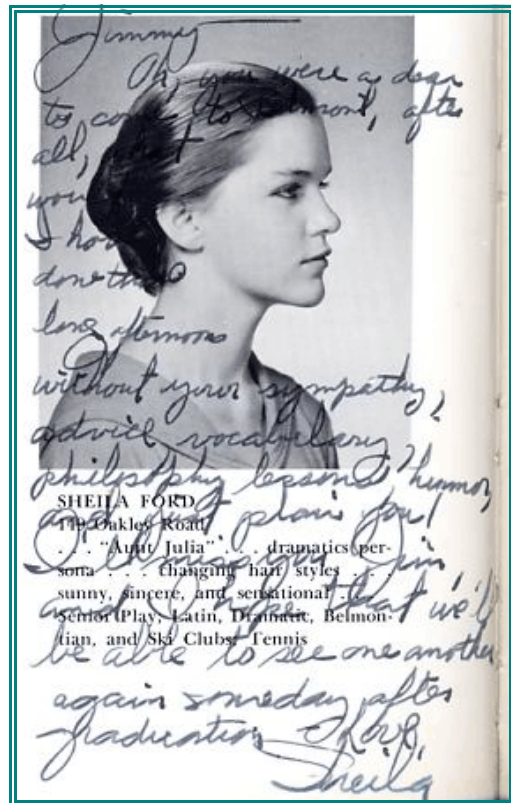
I took her inside the faculty areas and went to the bird skin collection because they were the prettiest part of the Grey Bird Collection. She was properly impressed by them as anyone was who had that chance. The colors and shapes and sizes ranged all over the spectrum and you could begin to guess what you'd find in the next cabinet or drawer. I'd worked in the collection distributing moth crystals so had an idea of where some of the prettier, more dramatic bird skins were so took advantage of that information to impress Ann. We ended up getting a little distracted by each other but had a good time and went to Brigham's for a frappe.

Sheila Ford

Sheila was the most striking girl I dated. She was an admixture of what came to be feminism and traditionalism. She had the most beautiful eyes of all of the senior girls and she wore her hair in a bun most of the time. The most beautiful hair style, in my estimation, for women is long hair pulled back tightly off the face into a bun, twist, beehive or whatever she liked to wear. The entire face and ears are revealed - which is a good thing as long as there is a face and pair of ears that stood up under close scrutiny like hers did.

This is her autograph in case you can't read it:

"Jimmy— Oh, you were a dear to come to Belmont, after all, what would I have done those long afternoons without your sympathy, advice, vocabulary, philosophy lessons, humor, and just plain you! I'll miss you, Jim, and I hope that we'll be able to see one another again someday after graduation, Love, Sheila."



She was one of the few people to sign my yearbook, "Love". That was not done at BHS. She was a dramatic person and had a flair for saying and doing things that caught people's attention but she wasn't outrageous. She was Sheila. Notice that one of her extracurricular activities Dramatic Club and Senior Play, and is identified as 'Dramatis persona', and "changing hair style."

She loved her long hair and loved to redecorate during the day. She had no qualms about trying something totally new, outrageous, knowing that hair is the crowning beauty of a woman. Or used to be.

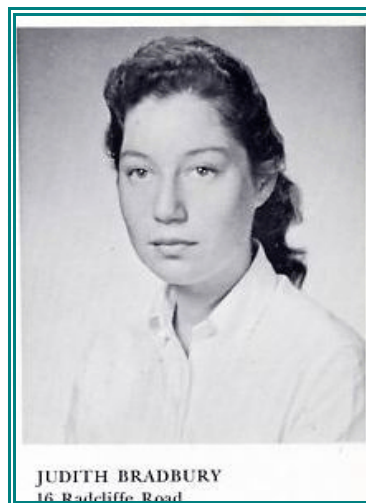
The most eventful date was when I took her to a ball in Boston during one cold winter. I drove so we didn't have take the MTA and risk getting dirty or wet. Driving in Boston at night is a trip, especially parallel parking but I was an expert at doing that so it wasn't a problem. After the dance, I took her to my home and we had ice-cream and cookies to end the evening and then I drove her home. By the time we got to the house, mom and dad had retired upstairs and didn't surface -which was a surprise. I expected one of them to pole their nose in to be sure I wasn't engaged in some illicit hanky panky. They were so fixated on sex. I don't remember what the occasion was. It was held in a big old Boston hotel in the center of town, which had a huge formal dining room like you see in old movies. It had a balcony all the way around so the ballroom was sort of like an atrium. There were refreshments and we were in semi-formal dress.

I don't think you kids will ever know the excitement of dressing up to go to a formal or semi formal event. It is nerve-wracking on one hand, yet on the other, it is intoxicating. I felt grown up and accomplished and brave to go to these things, and with the girls of this era, who were trained to be ladies and to expect men to be gentlemen, I felt that I was escorting the girls to the event. They held my arm, I walked on the street side of the sidewalks, took their coats and helped them put their coats on, seated them at a dining table, opened doors, and generally watched out for their welfare. Sound odd? Probably does, but it was a pleasant thing, to play grown up, to be adults ourselves. Look out, Sir Walter Raleigh.

Judy Bradbury

I think I dated Judy. I'm still not sure. I remember spending an evening at her home, also on the Hill. It was an odd sort of experience. Going into this large beautifully decorated house was sort of like entering a museum or salon. No one was there except Judy, an only child. She was fun to talk to but she also maintained a distance from me. Sitting on the couch to listen to music was fun and meant that we sat at each end. She was not an affectionate person but was funny, in a bittersweet sort of way, as if she had experienced great sadness in her life which permeated her view of everything.

She was usually as sober as in the photo.



She was Jewish and practiced her religion to some degree though I doubt she was very strict. She didn't seem to want to go to a movie or out for ice cream so we'd sit at her place and talk and listen to records. She never took pains to dress herself up to show off her beauty. As you see, she was beautiful, particularly when she smiled which was rare. Anyway, she became the pianist for our beatnik group "Beat, Beard, Bongo" which I tell you about elsewhere.

Janet Strazulla

Janet was a Junior when I was a senior who was in the Acapella Choir and Glee Club. I obviously had no classes with her so associated with her only during music classes or in the locker room after school. The locker room, specifically the Girls' locker room, was the social center for the school for the kids in the College Track. The tech kids were in entirely separate buildings so had no reason to be there, and the business kids didn't hang around much.



I wasn't aware of any prejudice probably because I felt none toward tech and business, but it may well have been present. Other kids were from pretty high octane families and may have had trouble with their noses going into the air when they shouldn't have. Tech and business doubtless were sensitive about the difference because academically they were middle and lower class. Sad, isn't it, but so typical. Teenagers are humans after all.

I actually dated Janet more during Xmas of my Freshman year at BYU when I was home for 2 weeks than during high school year. I was attracted to her because she was gentle, polite and because she was beautiful. I don't know what her dad did for a living but he was successful even by Belmont standards. Janet lived in Belmont Hill, the measure of success.

When I visited her at Xmas on the Hill, I was properly impressed. The homes were all large, all set back from the streets with well manicured lawns and yards, paved driveways, often two stories, and so on. I was careful to park where I didn't block traffic and didn't damage any shrubs. It was snowy that winter so ice was a consideration, particularly on the Hill. The thing that impressed me the most during that visit was her Christmas gift. She was headed to one of the Sister Schools the next May so her college money was being collected. Since she was of a strong Italian family, the family members who visited at Xmas would make donations to Janet's school in a unique way. A small Xmas tree had been decorated and set along side the large one on a table. It was the receiver of bills. People would fold bills lengthwise and then slip them into spaces on the tree so that over time, the thing looked like it was completely decorated with bills.

She said that it had over \$3,000 a the time I was there, which was a years tuition, room and board so you figure out how much that is today - for a Sister School.

The Acapella Choir was performing at WBZ tv station in Boston that season. So to arrange a date she and I agreed that she would go with the kids on the bus as required and that I would drive down separately. I would pick her up after the performance and we would go do something else after. The problem was that mom or dad was either using the family car or wouldn't let me use it, probably the latter. No problem said Janet. She got a hammerlock on her mom and got the key to one of their cars. I was elated. It was a late model, white, four-door Cadillac! Wow. Was I in heaven! I'd never driven one before and now had the chance to drive into Boston and use it on a date. We had a grand time and I hated to take her home in her car and leave her.

Cassie? Casagrande

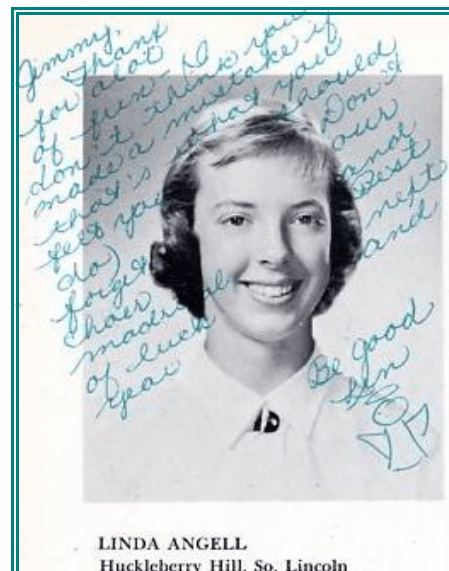
Funny, I can't even remember her name. A gorgeous blonde girl who went to the snootiest girls' school in the metro area, Buckingham. Jack Cranney dated her sister, so we double dated several times. I actually met her through Jack. Again, she lived on the Hill in a large house set back a fair distance from the street. There was a long narrow driveway. I took her out various times though I can't remember what we did.

The most memorable thing about her was her parents. Her mom was an Austrian who was cordial and friendly with Jack and me. She liked to administer head rubs, or whatever a massage of the skull is called. It would about put you to sleep. It was her dad who was the famous one.

He, too, was Austrian -so how come a Spanish surname? Casagrande is large house- and was a civil engineer. His most famous accomplishment was helping design the railroad track and trestle that crosses the Great Salt Lake. I was impressed and found him impossible to talk to. Both parent's accents were pronounced and when you couple that with the fact that they were intimidating, I preferred to not even see them.

Linda Angell

Linda was a sweet person, a tall, thin girl who was an excellent student and was involved in various extracurricular activities.



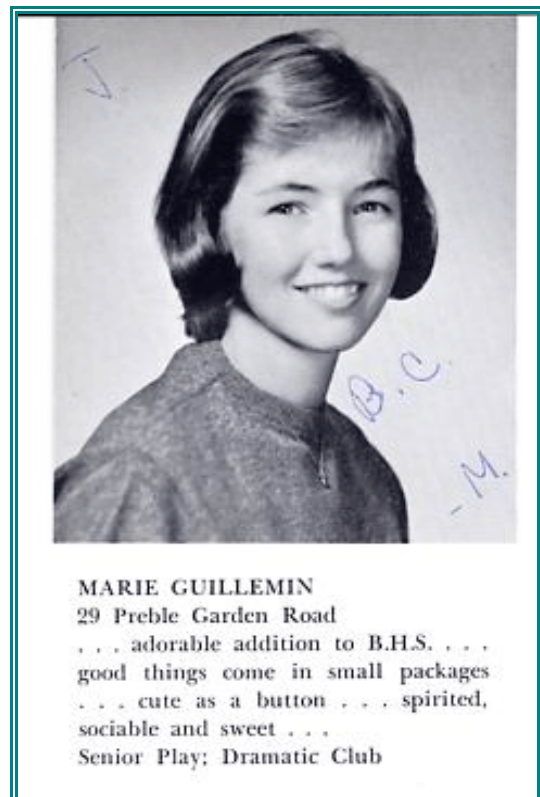
Among them were the same music groups I was in, Glee Club, Acapella Choir and Madrigal. She lived in Lincoln, outside of the school district, so was one of the kids whose parents paid \$600 tuition for the opportunity of having their kid attend Belmont High. See, BHS was considered one of the best public high schools in the area so people who wanted the best public school education would actually pay that much money to send their kid to BHS. To give you a measuring stick, think of it this way: our 1956 Chevrolet Bel Aire, top of the line, was \$2,000. So the \$600 was a third of the cost of the car, so if you bought a top line Chevrolet today, you'd probably pay \$30,000. That would mean that the equivalent of \$600 would be something like \$10,000 in today's money, a pretty stiff tuition wouldn't you say, to go to Capitol High?

It was interesting how the other kids in Acapella viewed our friendship. They were aware that we were special friends -we didn't use slang terms "a number" or anything else to indicate that a pair had sort of separated them from the general dating pool. We said "they are dating". Pretty simple. So Linda and I were dating, for most of my Junior year. When the voting took place, I was elected to be president and Linda was the vice president. Which was a nice arrangement - until good ol' Marie appeared. I was knocked head over heels in short order. It was a nice thing for the rest of the choir to make this arrangement in the beginning but it finally was a source of discomfort for us.

Marie Guillemín

I don't remember how it happened but there was an unpleasant episode where I changed my allegiance to Marie. Marie was new in town. She came in during the senior year. The fact that she was a loner without any friends, disoriented and not sure of who anyone was, where anything was, and so on, made us natural friends. I knew exactly how she felt.

Marie had been dating a loud mouthed Armenian, Carmeris, who was really besotted with her. Understandable. He spent his time trying to figure out how to get to first base (that's how they said it back then) but she was flat resistant. Marie was a



staunch Catholic girl who wore her religion like an armor.

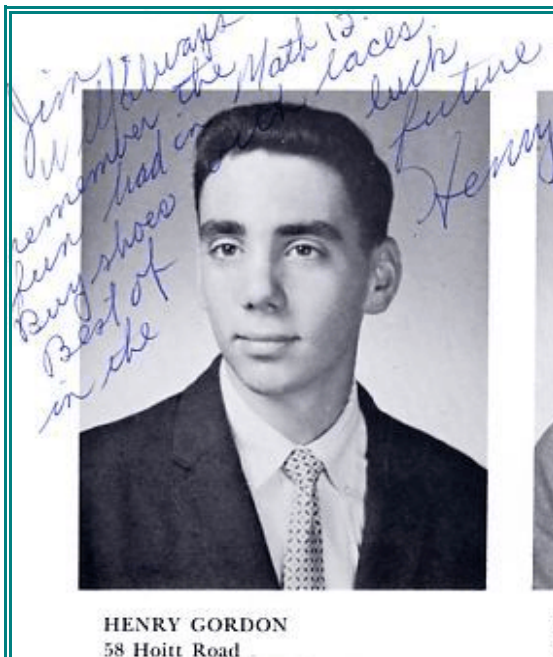
In due time, she and I began to notice each other in the locker room and we switched our attention to each other. The natural injury caused by the shift in allegiance occurred, at least to Linda. I don't think that Carmeris really cared. He actually congratulated me and said, "She's a door hanger." referring to how she would sit by the passenger door, implying that he had tried some moves and been rejected. He thought that I had made some progress. I had not and I hadn't tried. Our agendas were different but I couldn't convince him of that.

Linda was well liked but boys were not really interested in dating her. So my changing to Marie was a double blow. She would not find someone else for a while. She did show some anger but she was realistic enough to see that what was done was done and that it wasn't going to be changed. I was always uncomfortable when I saw her thereafter, which was everyday in music classes but that was the way it was. I had made the choice so I had to live with the consequences. She did not harass me.

I'll tell you a whole lot more about Marie later. She was without doubt the highlight of my Senior year, probably of my two years in Belmont. You will understand when you read what we did.

I'm going to be a shoe sales man

Tom, Henry and Richard commented in my yearbook about my shoes. The joke about them stemmed from the fact that I often took them off, and



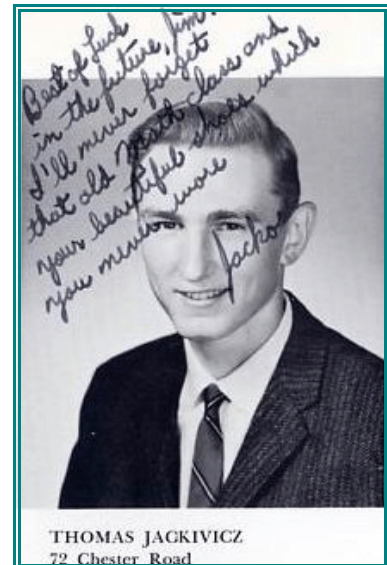
forgot them - sometimes I didn't but after a while I'd get engrossed in the class and forget at which point they would disappear. So it was not unusual that I had to hunt for them when class ended. The curious thing was that they would actually end up in the trash can by the teacher's desk. I still don't know how kids were able to get them there without the teacher knowing. Maybe she did and I just didn't know.

I wore Bass Weejun penny loafers with the penny (left):



or Desert boots - bought, of course, with my own money at Filene's in most cases. The penny loafers were well constructed so if I took good care of them, I could get them half-soled for \$6 and not have to buy a new pair for another year. Walking as far as we walked was hard on soles - souls.

Tom said, "I'll never forget...your beautiful shoes which you never wore. Jacko." Henry was more specific; he said "Buy shoes with laces." Richard just said, "Good Luck with your shoes." But the fact that I lost my shoes wasn't why I was going to be a shoe salesman. It was because as seniors we all had to take batteries of tests, supposedly to help us decide what type of work we were suited for. I expect that all of you had to do that same thing when you were in high school. The tests are supposed to help you discover what your interests are, what your strengths are, what your weaknesses are and so on. That way you would be able to pick the right college. Right? Not so. My tests showed my interests and whatever else was evaluated were the same of those of shoe salesmen.



That seemed pretty bizarre. We'd never thought about that sort of job, but there were things like bank tellers and the like. But it was difficult to think that shoe salesmen somehow had particular interests, a profile that could be identified, a profile that set them apart from other mortals.. I didn't know whether to be angry or insulated or what.

I had no idea that show salesmen even had profiles and I was surprised that I would score like a shoe salesman. I had a lot of laughs about this with my class mates who were to be doctors and dentists and so

on. I was bothered a bit about it but at the same time, it was so far from reality that it was really just a joke. So far I still haven't made it to shoemaker school so I'm probably going to fail that too.

