

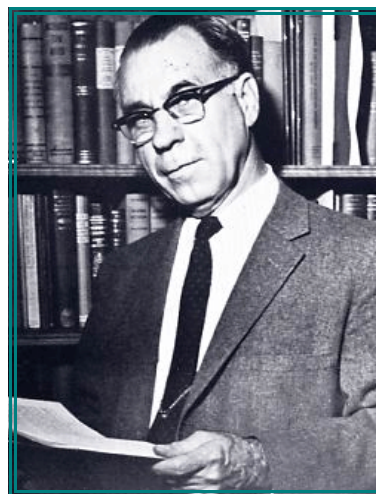
Chapter Contents

So in the context of all of the things I noted above, I was a student, mediocre at best, but a student nonetheless.

The Principal - "Ol' Higgy"

The principal was Mr. Higgenbotham. The name about says it all. He's actually smiling here though it's hard to tell. He was solemn, taciturn, an unfriendly, business-like man who ruled the school with an iron fist. He didn't tolerate monkey business and had no patience with students who didn't conform to the mold he had in mind, regardless of the reasons. Sounds like one of the founding fathers described in Mr. Gotto's book that Tom introduced me to recently. Gotto seems to long for the day when schools provided the style of classical education that was provided in those days, particularly in Boston high schools.

I never met the man in the two years I was there and I was glad I didn't. It was a bad sign if you received a note summoning you to Mr. Higgenbotham's office. (The photos of teachers and students that follow are from the 1960 yearbook.)



The old school was retrofitted with a PA system. It was used every morning to make announcements from "The Office." Some times the announcer was a student, sometimes a secretary, and rarely "Higgy" himself. That was a bad sign, meaning that we were in for a lecture about some sort of sin we had committed.

Like Higgy, all teachers dressed in Sunday best. If the men didn't have a complete suit on, they always wore a jacket and a tie. No informality was tolerated, nor did any teacher even expect it. Indeed, student dress code was only slightly more relaxed. It wasn't unusual for there to be groups of students who were also in Sunday Best.

Home room & Miss Ames

Just like you, we had home rooms, places we went to at the start of the day. That's where we'd hear the PA system. There were announcements about the lunch menu for the day, concerts, holidays, upcoming SAT tests, free symphony tickets, games and free tickets.

I don't know how your experience was but my home rooms tended to be fairly relaxed in comparison to formal classes. Horseplay was definitely not allowed but students were allowed to talk quietly. After taking Roll, the home room teacher sent a note to the Office indicating which students were absent that day. I suppose that today teachers are wired to the office so this task can be done on a computer. But not then. Good ol' mule power.

Miss Ames as you can see above, was not a particularly happy person. She smiled but she was tired of students and teaching and could get real crabby real fast. The English she taught was not the English I studied. She was one of the faculty members who taught courses for students in the Business Course of study. I was in the College Course.



Home room, the first class period of the day, was no different than any other classes because I didn't know anyone. I just sat and read or listened but had no friends. The second year I had picked up some friends so felt more comfortable in home room because I had someone to talk to.

Test: Fir	No Photo					
Date:	11-May-58					
Bikini	Barge	10	1360 (1500)	UCRL	WD	Clean 2-stage
TN device, only 90 kt fission (6.6%)						

Test: Butternut	No Photo					
11-May-58						
Enewetak	Barge	10	81 (105)	LASL	WD	TX-46 primary test, similar to Oak and Yellowwood

(Note: I am going to cram in a lot of nuclear tests - to show you just how many tests there were in one year.)

Academics

This list includes all of the major classes I took:

1. Chemistry
2. English
3. American History

4. French
5. Mathematics
6. Physics
7. French
8. Physical Education

Electives:

In addition to the required classes, we had to select enough elective courses to fill out the rest of our day. For me, that included driver's education and music classes:

9. Driver's Education
10. Music (Glee Club, Madrigal, Acapella Choir)

1. Chemistry & Mr. Libby

There was only one Chemistry Teacher, Mr. Libby. He looks here to have been around 50 years old. He could be mean and he could be funny but he was a good teacher. I just wasn't a good student. He was also sort of tired of teaching I think. (I certainly couldn't tolerate public school teaching so can't complain.) Note that he was the "Head of Department", a fairly stuffy title given the size of the faculty.

He was a fair teacher and had a soft spot I think. His dour expression didn't reveal it but his actions did, in spite of his gruffness. For example, when he handed back tests, calling names out loud for us to go pick them up from his desk, he would say, "Jensen. Who passed this test by the grace of god and with the help of Libby."

Mr. Libby tried to make chemistry interesting and safe in the lab that was used for both chemistry and physics. The lab hadn't been updated since the building was built so things were pretty old. That didn't hold him back however. He had a store room located between the classroom and the lab such that he could open the 'wall' of both sides of the storeroom and see into both. That meant that students in the lab could also see students in the classroom so he rarely opened both. It allowed him to go into the storeroom to prepare some of the experiments he wanted to show during class so that he didn't risk burning down the classroom because the store room was better shielded from fire.



Sodium Boom

One of his experiments, a classic in his mind I think, involved sodium. As some of you remember, the chemical sodium is actually a metal. That has always struck me as funny - everyone knows it is in salt and bicarbonate of soda so it can't be a metal. That's how my mind works. Not too sophisticated, is it, but at least it does something. In the photo you see the person actually cutting the metal with a knife, that's how soft it is. Note also

the fact that the hand holding the metal sodium is in a glove.

There's a reason for that precaution, not just good hygiene. Sodium is what's called a highly active metal. That means that sodium molecules really likes to hold hands with oxygen molecules, in a reaction that's sort of like fire. Since oxygen molecules are all over in the room, it is a bad thing to get a little sodium on your skin. The reason that there is no reaction in this picture is that the metal is still coated in kerosene. That's how it's stored, in a bottle filled with kerosene to keep oxygen from getting to the oxygen. (Can you see why the bottle isn't filled with water? H_2O ??!!) Even when the sample is pulled out of the bottle, it is still coated with liquid kerosene so this cutting can be safely done in room air. However....

For this performance, Libby went into his store room, carefully raised the sliding door, and locked it in place. He was methodical and careful about everything he did and doubtless for good reason. Then he put on his rubber apron, pulled down from the cupboard the things he needed for his demonstration and continued the lecture through the window.

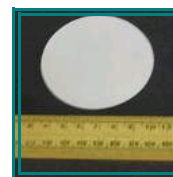
He donned gloved and took the sodium out of the bottle with large forceps. He cut several small pieces with a knife although they were not as large as the ones in the photo above. Cutting a metal with a knife was a new idea, particularly since the 'metal' looked as soft a plasticene clay. He lifted these small bits into a mortar and pestle and slowly ground them into tiny a size.



Figure 4

<http://www.vanderkrogt.net/elements/images/sodium.jpg>

There was enough kerosene on the fragments that the grinding produced a grainy residue. He showed it to us as he poured it out onto a 6 inch filter paper.



Then he laid the wet filter paper on the top of a graduated cylinder. He described to us how violent the reaction could be between sodium and oxygen, emphasizing the oxygen in the room was enough to do the job, and told us to watch this setup. He told us we would forget about it before anything happened.

So we all secretly promised ourselves that WE wouldn't forget. We sat there slyly looking out the corner of our eye at the apparatus so that no one could tell that we were trying to keep track of it. After a while Libby had finished cleaning up in the supply room and came back to the desk to complete his lecture. (I don't



remember how he cleaned the mortar and pestle but he couldn't have washed the stuff down the sink.)

Watching the filter paper was like watching grass grow. No obvious change took place and in 5 minutes all of us forgot about the thing. I don't know what we thought, i.e. did we think he was just pulling our leg?, but I know we all forgot about it. Until there was a resounding "boom" at which point the filter paper burst into flame and smoke, and bounced almost to the ceiling, burning out by the time it fell back to the slate lab bench. The kerosene had finally evaporated enough that oxygen could get at the sodium molecules. Oxidation took place as promised and we were stunned for a minute because we had all drowsed off to his boring recitation.

I don't imagine any of you are surprised to discover that I damaged myself and some of my personal property during two incidents in chem lab. It would have been a surprise if that hadn't happened.

Test: **Wahoo** No Photo
Date: 16-May-58
Place: Enewetak
Underwater -500 9 (-) DOD/LASL WE Mk-7 deep water effects test, water depth 3200 ft.

Chlorine Gas & Emergency Room

It was in Libby's class that I earned a ride to an emergency room in Boston. I've always had difficulty with safety rules, regardless of how well thought out they are, or how essential they seem to be when I hear them. I listen with half of my mind, and want to get on with the task at hand. I didn't come to listen to a dry lecture about things that aren't going to happen. Let's go! What happened was basically another of my impulsive, unthinking actions, and in this case, I gassed myself with chlorine. That's the stuff that was used in WW II battlefields for which soldiers were outfitted with gas masks like this. Libby should have issued one to me as soon as he saw me!



The lab assignment for the day was to make chlorine gas over water, a pretty uncomplicated task, and safe when done properly. The apparatus consisted of

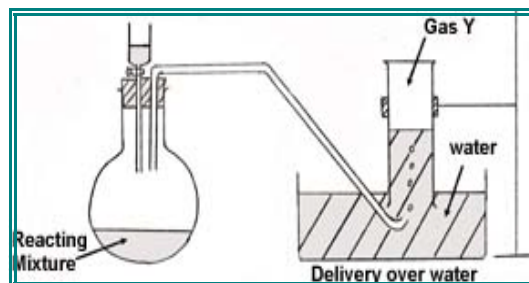


Figure 8

<http://www.saburchill.com/chemistry/chapters/chap047.html>

something in a flask that had a black rubber stopper in place. A glass "L" was inserted through the stopper which allowed the gas which was created inside of the flask to get out. An amber rubber tubing was connected to the outside end of the "L" with the other end of the tubing under water. This is an oversimplified description of the apparatus but you get the basic idea here.

When the chemical reaction, whatever it was, was started, the gas flowed out of the flask through the rubber tubing into the water. To collect the gas we filled a small bottle with water by lying it on its side in the vessel of water prepared for this purpose. After it was filled, we raised the bottle so that it was upside down, the mouth downward and still underwater.

We moved the end of rubber tubing that was in the water to be directly under the mouth of the bottle at which point the small stream of chlorine gas flowed into the bottle. As the gas collected inside the bottle, the water was driven out. When the upside down bottle was filled with gas, we placed a small glass plate tightly over its mouth and held it in place while we removed the bottle from the water and then set the bottle upright, never removing the glass plate.

After collecting 4 bottles of gas this way, we were to perform several experiments on the gas. I had a friend that worked on the bench by my place and we were always chatting. At one point someone else came over and asked us if we had smelled it. I didn't remember that the assignment included smelling the stuff but remembered that there were equally bizarre tests we had to do on other substances like taste them. So I didn't think anything other than that we had to smell it. This kid obviously had and wanted to hear what we had to say about it.

When it comes to learning new information, I am curious and naive, sort of gullible. So while those two watched, not trying to stop me, which lend credence to the idea that this was a required part of the lab, I picked up one of the glass bottles. If one of them had indicated in any way that it was a joke, I would not have done this.

I held the bottle up to my chin, took the glass plate off the top of the bottle and then held it up to my nose. I took a deep breath, at least a deep as one can when breathing in 100% chlorine gas. It was actually a short breath. As soon as chlorine comes into contact with moisture it creates hypochloric and hydrochloric acid. When this stuff comes in contact with mucus membranes, it causes tremendous irritation. I felt like I couldn't breathe in and was afraid about what might happen. And I had a really severe cough.

After Mr. Libby found out what had happened, he made arrangements for me to be dismissed from school for the day and the Office called dad at work. So I had to wait, coughing my head off, until dad could get back to Belmont. He drove a Harvard vehicle for some reason.

Then we took a fast ride clear into Boston to Peter Bent Brigham's ED. I don't know why I wasn't taken to the Mt. Auburn Hospital which was half the distance but I didn't say a word. Dad had to come to Belmont High from the museum and then hauled me in the panel truck downtown, not a very fast ride actually. After giving a history of my embarrassing error, I took a pulmonary function test. Yep, I wasn't able to breathe too well. I wasn't sure why they had to use a device to tell them that. I could tell them.

Maybe that's where I decided to be a respiratory therapist. 20 years later I was using the same 13-liter Collins spirometer to do PFT's except that there now an electric motor instead of a wind-up spring to make things move. Such neat toys. Maybe THAT'S why I became a respiratory therapist. I also learned what chlorine gas exposure in war does to soldiers.

I was held for observation for several hours. Finally the doctor told dad that he could take me home and advised me to be careful in the future explaining that I could hurt myself. I spend the rest of the day at home, a real luxury since it wasn't allowed much otherwise. The jokes about death being the only excuse for missing work also applied in our house to missing school.

Test: Koa

NO PHOTO

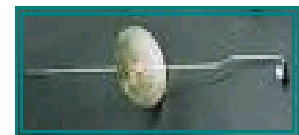
12-May-58

Enewetak Surface 3 1370 (1750) LASL WD XW-35 ICBM
warhead, fission yield 750 kt (1 Mt predicted)

I burned my favorite shirt

One of my favorite shirts was a dark striped one that I bought for a few bucks at Filenes - where I bought all of my clothing. (When you buy your own, they mean more.) I would have been shocked at the thought of paying full price for anything. On this day, we had to do a test with a fancy device called a "deflagrating spoon" like this one.

To use it, you put the substance to be tested into the tiny spoon on the right end of this long skinny shaft and then held the left end straight up. Guess what the flat disc in the middle is for? I didn't know what 'deflagration' was so here's Wikipedia's take:



"Deflagration is a process of subsonic combustion that usually propagates through thermal conductivity (hot burning material heats the next layer of cold material and ignites it). Deflagration is different from detonation which is supersonic and propagates through shock compression."

Now you understand what that disc is for: it is a shield to protect your hands

in case the stuff in the little spoon explodes while you are experimenting and something goes wrong..

Well it did. And it burned three small holes in the front of my shirt.

We were using a highly reactive chemical called potassium permanganate to do something. Wikipedia says of the stuff, "t has a sweet taste and is odorless." Note the word "odorless". Smelling things is not automatically bad after all. I just smelled the wrong thing.

The only part of the experiment I remember is putting a few grams of the stuff into the tiny spoon on the end of our fancy dessert spoons. Then we went to a ventilated hood that had a Bunsen burner. These images give you the idea of both.



Figure 11 <http://plantbio.berkeley.edu/~taylor/tour1.html>

Things were going well. The permanganate plus whatever else was mixed with it ignited as planned when held in the Bunsen Burner flame. But again, I wasn't paying proper attention to what was going on. I held the spoon up to look at the stuff. It had a strange flame. The flame was obvious but it seemed to be detached from the chemical, as if it was going out. So out of curiosity, I held the thing, closer to me, still in the hood, leaned over and puffed on the flame wondering if I could blow it out.

I couldn't. The flame flared a bit in response to the puff of oxygen, and tiny bits of the liquid, syrupy, burning stuff jumped off from the spoon - onto the front my nice shirt. I didn't tell Libby what had happened, just put out the flames and resigned to throwing the shirt away. It naturally happened to be one of my favorite. I do that all the time. The first time I wear something I really like, I permanently damage it somehow, cut it, stain it, or something equally bad. It's in the genes so be careful.

Test: Yucca

Time: 28 April 1958 (GMT)

28 April 1958 (local)

Location: 85 mi. NE of Eniwetak (28 deg 37 min N; 163 deg 01 min E)

Test Height and Type: Balloon; 85,250 ft

Yield: 1.7 kt



This photo shows men who were observers of the Atom Bomb test

named "Yucca". It wasn't a large one, and was conducted on a balloon at 85 thousand feet above the earth. The thing to note is how they are dressed. No protective clothing at all, one guy without a shirt, another with a pair of binoculars, watching a nuclear test. I can't tell whether the clouds are the test. So what's important about this photo?

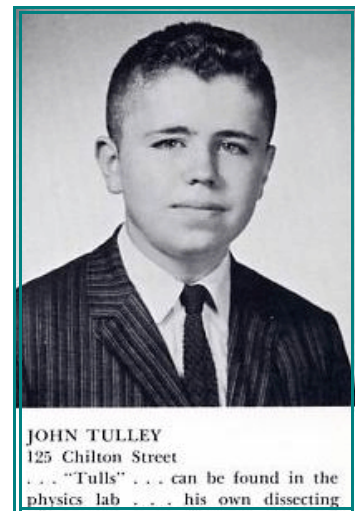
First, this was taken in 1958!! That's 13 years after Oppie and Grove stood in their street clothes on the 24-hour old Trinity site. So these guys don't seem to have 'gotten' it yet, do they. That's the point: the US did not live under an umbrella of doom and gloom and terror about nuclear things. It didn't even live under such a cloud in the 1960's. That's a creation, a fiction, of the media and special interest groups. That's fine, but recognize that you are being led by the nose. Those types were living under a fearful nuclear cloud but most of us weren't.

Test:	Holly	No Photo
Date:	20-May-58	
Place:	Enewetak	
Barge	13	5.9 (11)
LASL	WD	XW-31Y3 proof test

Tully's Alambique (a still)

The last installment on the Chemistry Class, the most interesting of them all, was Tully, a fat little, socially retarded toad, a guy who wore tacky shirts, was pretty harmless and smart as a whip. A twerpy little guy. He was very smart and had learned to be quiet about what he wanted to do. He just did things, concealing them by not talking about them. So effectively that he was able to produce half a liter or so of high proof ethanol under Mr. Libby's nose. That was sort of like the Mexican gardeners a la Cannery Row growing Mary Jane in the city parks of San Diego using city water and fertilizer until some nerdy student announced on a field trip that, "Teacher, did you know this was marijuana?"

Tully's technique was simple, hence its invisibility. Since he was ahead of the rest of the class in the first place, he was allowed by Mr. Libby to do other labs just to keep him from getting bored - notice, not "out of trouble". So Tubby, much maligned Tully, would stoically go to the open storeroom window and ask Mr. Libby for such and such glass



JOHN TULLY
125 Chilton Street
... "Tully" ... can be found in the
physics lab ... his own dissecting

ware one time, another day he'd ask for such and such chemicals and so on. None of these things set off alarms because they were standard lab equipment and supplies.

He smuggled from home a box of raisins to make his own alcohol. Having read up on moonshine techniques, he followed them to a T. In his locker which was just below his assigned position on a lab bench, he stored a flask that was properly filled with raisins in water. I don't know whether or not he used any yeast.

As expected the little critters did their job and in a week or so, Tully had a thriving colony of intoxicated raisins rising and falling rapidly in the flask.

Now the conspicuous part. He had to set up a still, an alembic, to separate the alcohol from the dregs. This wasn't a high tech problem. Arabs, paisanos, red necks and hillbillies had done it for a really long time. It was guaranteed to work, whether potatoes (vodka), corn (whisky), honey (mead), rice (sake), agave (tequila), grapes (wine), sugar cane (cachaca), apples (hard cider) or whatever. Sugar and yeast just had this cozy relationship that virtually all peoples of the world figured out one way or another..

The problem really was the visibility. Mr. Libby did in fact have a coiled tube housed in a sleeve through which water could be passed. This was obviously used in the lab for some legitimate experiments, otherwise it would not have been there. Tulls wanted to use it but I don't remember whether he actually did.

"Tulls" would have thought it all out, how to stand patiently in line and mumble his request when it was his turn. Ol' Libby who was taciturn at best, would have cast an evil eye on Tulls who looked sideways a bit to deflect any questions. Libby wouldn't let that conspicuous of a request to go by without question. The most likely reason to use the water cooled still would be to collect alcohol and the Board of Education would doubtless frown on such activities inside the school. So I expect that Tulls resigned himself to a simpler apparatus that did the job though it lost more of the hooch. too busy to bother with questions to the brightest student.

Tully decided instead to ask for the proper kinds of flasks and stands that would could be assembled into a primitive still that looked something like this. In the end, he got Mr. Libby to willingly participate in this off-schedule activity with him , i.e. the production of moonshine, in the LAB with LAB EQUIPMENT paid for by the citizens of Belmont, etc. Haha hee hee. Tully got Libby - over a barrel.

After the yeast and grapes had done their duty, on the next Lab day Tulls, being in a ferment himself to see what was going on in his locked locker, would have started the process of



Figure 14
www.m-w.com/mw/
art/alembic.gif

actually harvesting his `shine. He secured the flask of fermented raisins over the flame as in the above diagram. Then he put a sort of shield with a diagonal down spout over the top of the flask. That way any steam that came out the flask would encounter the glass shield which was cooler than the temperature of the steam.

This caused the steam, which was primarily alcohol at first, especially if he kept the temperature too low for the water to actually boil, to condense on the underside of the shield. Then it flowed down to the flanged edge where it collected and then flowed down into the collection bottle as you see in the diagram. Heat was needed to get the liquid alcohol converted into vapor, at which point the heat would naturally rise upward, where cold converted the vapor back into a liquid. That is the essence of a still. Anyone can make one if s/he really wants and has ingenuity if no \$\$\$.

Tully collected this fluid and tried not to grin too much. He carefully took things apart at the end of the lab, made notations in his lab book of his results, cleaned the glass ware and returned it to the store room. And took the ethanol home and had a giddy party.

I don't know how many times Tully got away doing this but it was one too many. Libby was pretty irate about what Tully had been doing. But Libby was implicated himself because he loaned the equipment and some of the supplied to Tully. So he couldn't make too big of a deal about it. Libby himself had handed Tully the glassware and whatever else Tully used out of the store room, so how could Libby grouse? He had failed to ascertain what Tully was doing. Tully got a mild tongue lashing and that ended the deal.

The sad thing was that Tully couldn't gloat to his friends about what he'd done. First place, he didn't have any, and second place, he was afraid they'd rat on him.

2. English

As in all US schools, except maybe weak-hearted LA which is infested with do-gooder CEA and NEA types, English is the standard language that everyone must study every year. That makes sense. How else can one speak well enough to get a good job? How does one become president of a bank if s/he can't speak English well? Sympathy doesn't do the job - there must be confidence that what a person says is what s/he means and that s/he understands what the money owner says. Two way street, so we had our annual dose like everyone else did.

I can't say it was superior to other schools, but it was sufficient. I had two English Teachers at Belmont, one for each year, Mrs. Hornsey and Mr. Brown who were diametrically opposed in competency.

Test: Nutmeg No Photo

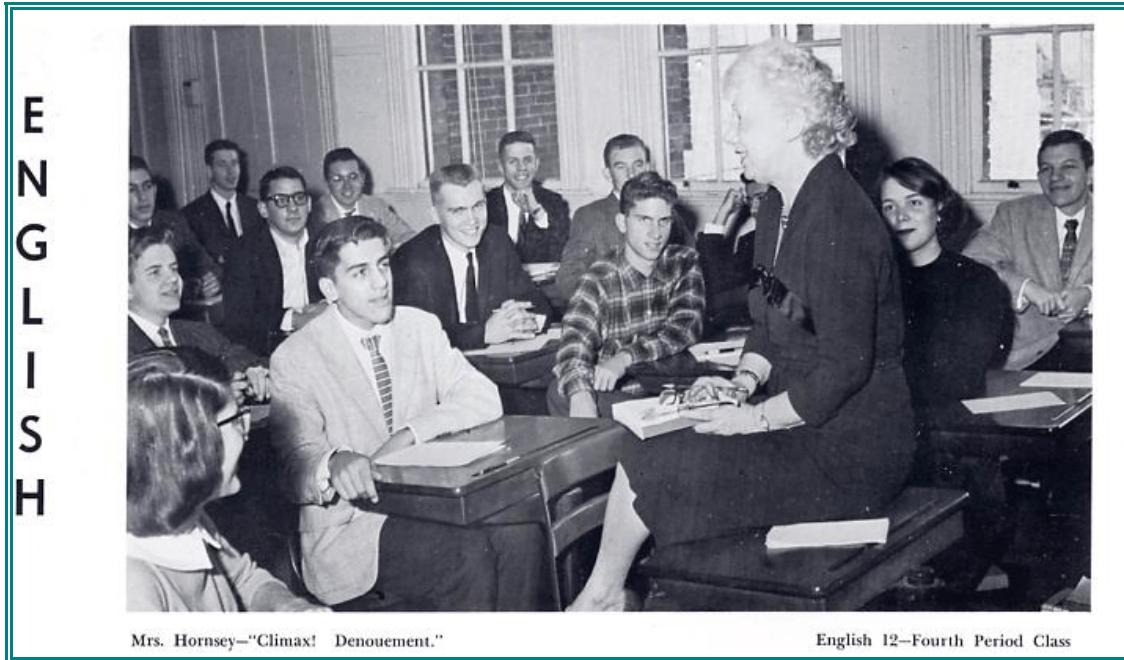
Date: 21-May-58

Place: Bikini Barge 12 25.1 (8-25) UCRL WD

2-stage TN device, possible Xw-47 prototype

Mrs. Hornsey

I think the best way to give you a quick impression of Mrs. Hornsey is to tell you that she was a 55 year oldish Shakespearean Actress. Gray-



haired, dramatic to histrionic at times, demanding, squinty-eyed or wide-eyed in amazement, demanding, threatening, cajoling, and above all else, devoted to making sure we were as prepared as she could make us for entry the next year into reality and adulthood, i.e. college. There was no other objective or target in her world. Business? No way. Technical school? Insulting to even say the word. She was pure college snobbery and a damn good teacher- of 3 or 4 out of my entire educational career that I consider good..

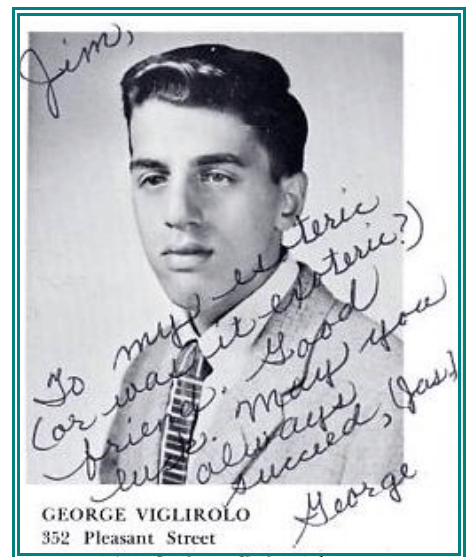
I have no idea what she thought of me. She was actually one of those teachers who was approachable by students who had the temerity to approach the throne. But I was not one of them. The only time she used my name was (1) when she passed out scored tests of (2) when she asked me a question in class. She was devoted to the Socratic Method which is actually a terrible thing for students. Because it is unguided. For example, if you were told to read Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native", she could open her lecture about it with a broad question like, "What was the function of Egdon Heath?" and then call one of us. And stare and wait.

If you hadn't read the thing, you had no clue. And if you HAD read it, you still didn't know what direction to take and that was important. Because she always had a specific target and if you missed it, the best you could

hope for was a "Oh, that's a nice thought, Stu, what do you think was the purpose of Egdon Heath?" And so on until one of us, often Joan Goldberg, got it.

It is interesting today to look at that photo above of her class. That was my class. I was seated on the left-most row in the back of the room as far away from her as I could get. Somehow my shoes ended up in the trash can which was sitting to her left in the photo. Ken Tiger is the right most kid, the poet in our beatnik group "Beat, Beard and Bongo." Next is Joan Goldberg, teacher's pet and early admission to one of the sister schools.

The guy in the light jacket on the left side of the photo is George Viglirolo. He and I spent time each day trying to find a word that the other wouldn't know. I finally stumped him with "Hemophagist", word that I borrowed from Jack Cranney, an LDS kid in Belmont who went to snobby Private Belmont Hill. It means 'eater of meat' and I have never found it in a dictionary but it does mean 'eater of meat/blood". This is the etymology: "hem-" is Greek for 'blood or meat,' "-phag-" is from the verb 'to eat' and '-ist' of course is "doer of something". As you can tell from his autograph, he loved it and his name for me was "Jas.", the abbreviation for "James".



That group of kids was the core of my social group. Most of them signed my yearbook, a measure of students (at least in those days) friendship. The guy farthest away, the back of the farthest row, is Phil Rightmeier. He was a cross country runner with me (one year) and in Spring Track (which I ran one year and was assistant to another.) I borrowed a recording of Segovia to play for Marie Guillemin and I managed to scratch it. So I bought him a replacement. That way I could keep it.

He also worked at Harvard near the MCZ when I was in the Gray Bird Collection cleaning bird skeletons. I thought I'd look him up last year and found him in Google, located somewhere in England, an anthropologist. Expecting that he would be glad to hear from a long lost friend I emailed him and reminded him of those two facts and asked him again what the electronic gadgets were that he was making that summer. His reply was sort of shattering. He said, "Oh, I remember you, the kid that moved in. What can I do for you?" I never replied.

I had the same thing happen when I managed to dig up Phil Leonard. He was a math professor at the U of Arizona. His reply was basically the same. I telephoned him and he ended saying that yes, he supposed we

could continue a conversation but he didn't know what we would talk about. We never talked again.

Vocabulary and Manners

She was big on vocabulary. Each week she gave us 10 words to learn and ordered us to use them in our speech. She explained that the first time we did, it would sound like a gunshot had gone off by our head, so odd it was, but that as we continued using it, the more comfortable the words would become until they were natural parts of our vocabulary.

That was just how it was, and of course, I loved it. I have always loved to use big words - that's that I have been accused of doing. But anyone who accused me of that doesn't understand the deal. It isn't that I am trying to impress anyone. I don't care what someone thinks of my word choices.

The reason I end up using big words is because big words usually are the words that capture a meaning precisely, a word that identified an object or a feeling with clarity. It has nothing to do with showing off. Big words - like scientific names- are like magic words. Big words give me ownership of things. To use the right word is satisfying like few things are. I always did well in vocabulary.

One of the "subjects" that Mrs. Hornsey spent considerable time with - remember, us kids for the most part, were headed to Ivy League or Sister Colleges with all their history and money and influence- was Manners. Today, you'd all laugh your head off at the idea of doing what we had to do.

After teaching us the rules of etiquette involved in meeting people the first time, she would set up mock situations and ask us to tell her what the right responses were. But the manner she used to test us was painful. She would say, "Jim, Marie, Tom and Linda, come to the front of the class. Jim, you are Joe's father and with him you meet your friend Linda with her boyfriend Tom. Please do the introductions now for the class to see."

Then while everyone watched, some sniggering at our discomfort, we would remember who was to be introduced first to whom and so on - oldest to the youngest, female to males first. Those were the rules. And in reality it helped to know first that there were rules and second, to know them so that we could use them at the Assemblies which I'll tell you about elsewhere.

Test: Umbrella

Time: 8 June 1958

Location: Enewetak Lagoon

Test Height and Type: Underwater, -150 feet

Yield: 8 kt



Umbrella was a DOD sponsored weapons effects test for a medium depth underwater explosion. A Mk-7 bomb was used for the test (30 inches in diameter, 54 inches long, device weight 825 lb.) in a heavy pressure vessel (total weight 7000 lb.).

Poor Mr. Brown

He meant well, but unfortunately his students were brighter than he was. He didn't compare well to the other English teachers. Worse, he didn't even know it so their kidding went over his head. Maybe that's a good thing actually. I don't know. But he also participated willingly in some pretty embarrassing things.

For example, he got carried away one Monday explaining how suburban he had become. He had bought his first house and was becoming a regular land owner, taking care of the property, mowing the lawn, weeding and so on. This Monday he recounted an encounter that he had with a chipmunk that weekend. For some reason, either confidence or embarrassment, the story got out of hand. He began to elaborate until he was telling things that were just impossible, i.e. lies.

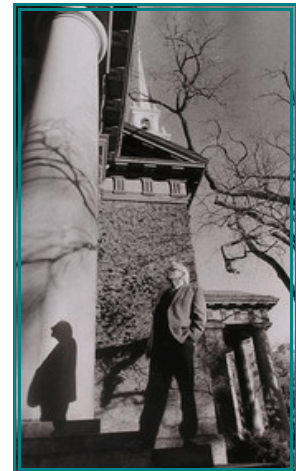
He said in the beginning that the chipmunk had run at him and he had not stepped back, proud of his bravery. Then he said that the thing came closer and he stepped closer. The creature then ran up his pant leg and he pantomimed his attempts to get rid of it. In the end, he described how it had even managed to get under his belt up under his shirt. By then everyone was embarrassed and looked away out of sympathy for him.

There were to memorable experiences in his class that I thank him for. First, he introduced me to a young author who was just making his mark by assigning us to read "Cry the Beloved Country". This image shows him years later and indicates that he achieved fame. The story is set in South Africa and deals with destruction of family and nationalism. I hadn't heard of the latter and was struck at the fairness of the notion and the unfairness of forces mitigating against it which in this book led to destruction of families.

The other was an assignment to choose one of Shakespeare's Sonnets and write a 3 page paper about it, explaining what it meant. I scanned my precious Yale Shakespeare and chose Sonnet 117 which reads thusly:



Mr. John L. Brown, English



CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Have you read that before? If you haven't, go back and read it again, and slowly. Savor the words and the meaning.

Now I ask you an obvious question you may have already asked: why did I pick this particular sonnet that dealt specifically with the quality of true love and its persistence? Given the home context I came from, it would be easy to surmise that I was unconsciously grasping for that which I did not have, seeking something I knew I wanted even though it was not only denied, it had never been offered. I think today that it was a cry for help from me although the paper didn't reflect a plea.

That sonnet has the passion and meaning of Elizabeth Barret Browning's "How Much Do I Love Thee":

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Thanks to Mr. Brown I learned what a sonnet was and came to appreciate the power of the form, and specifically, the power of CXVI. I saved the paper somewhere because I earned an A", and I earned the "A" because I loved the language and as a budding teen filled with the wondrous thing called 'love' I blossomed in my writing. Thank you Mr. Brown. I must leave thee, now.

Test: Rose

No Photo

Date: 2-Jun-58

Place Enewetak

Barge 15 15 (125)

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

3. American History & Mr. Myers

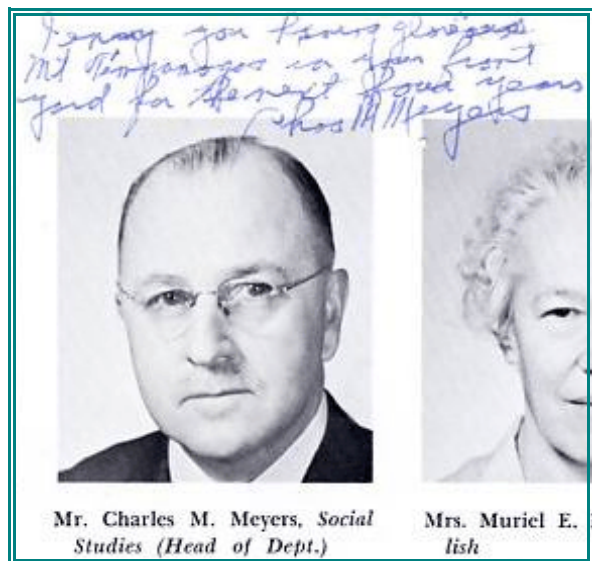
Can you read his autograph? "I envy you having glorious Mt. Timpanogos in your front yard for the next four years. Chas M. Meyers." He obviously had seen the mountain and remained amazed at it. He talked to me about it as well about a trip he had taken out west during which he spent time in SLC and Provo.

You see from his demeanor what his personal style was, serious and direct. But at the same time he had a spot of humor. So dry it scarcely shown through, but it was there and revealed a sensitivity to students and their problems. Although I didn't get an A, I understood that I hadn't earned it. I didn't feel like he was punitive like I did with some teachers (who probably weren't either although they seemed angry or judgmental - probably frustrated more likely.)

His subject was lethal to students and he knew it but he was resigned to the job. He tried to instill some interest in American History by telling anecdotes that did liven the recitation of dates and places. I even remember some of them because of his style which is a compliment, the "Tea Pot Dome Scandal" for one.

The biggest surprise was an assignment that he gave me in class without any warning. He said, "JJ (that's how he addressed me) I want you to take the class on such and such a day and tell us about Brigham Young and his colonization of the intermountain region. Is that OK?" What was I to say? I said I would do it and I was actually pleased at the idea.

Having been a public speaker since I was a little kid prepared me for this sort of solo performance. I expect that other students would have been intimidated about speaking to the whole class, especially for 50 minutes, but I had been saying 2 ½ minute talks" since I was 6 or 7 in Vernal, years



before even going to Alaska. So the process wasn't scary.

Remember the other aspect of my social life that entered into this assignment. I attended "Youth Fellowships" with class mates on Sunday Evenings and took some of them with me to Sacrament Meetings. So we were used to talking about religious things. Indeed, most of us were genuinely curious about each other's beliefs. That doesn't mean that we never disagreed because we did - we were all defensive to varying degrees in different situations. But we all respected each other's beliefs.

I discovered later when we signed yearbooks that some of my classmates actually had a high opinion about me which was a surprise.

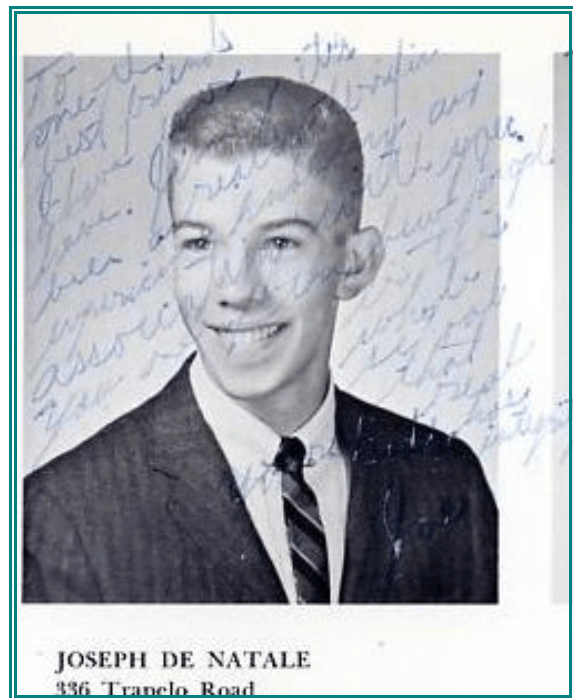
One of them was Joe Denatale. He lived a few blocks from my place so we occasionally walked home together. Topics of conversation were standard high school student topics, music, classes, teachers, grades, and some religion. His autograph was touching. I can't find my yearbook right now to interpret it completely but know the essence. He starts:

"To one of the best friends I have ever have [sic]. Jim, it's been a really terrific experience knowing and associating with you. You [sic] one of the few people in this whole school that has real integrity. Your Buddy, Joe"

That's a pretty amazing thing to hear, particularly because there were a number of other people who I thought had integrity like Wayne Hurlburt, Steve Lawrence, and Phil Leonard.

The point of telling you that is to give you a sense of how at least some of the class responded to the lecture I gave about Brigham Young. They were interested and curious. The Jewish kids like Stu Cohen naturally gave me a hard time. They gave everyone a hard time, but they listened.

I had prepared maps, and handouts and had quotations from LDS history books so the lecture really did cover a lot of territory. (Haha) Starting with the Juarez Colonies in northern Mexico where John Taylor, Prophet, hid from the feds during the polygamy raids, clear up to Raymond, Alberta, Canada, Brigham had founded over 120 settlements. He'd stand up one Sunday and just call out names. John Brown, you're a sawyer, I want



you and your family to move to "Hole in the Rock" (or wherever it was) to start a new settlement. You will also be Bishop. Tom Smith, you're a miller. Take your family and move with John to (place)." He would continue assigning people in the audience until he had created in one stroke a new settlement peopled with all of the specialties that would be needed to make a go of it. He would give them a deadline to move and that was the deal.

Those were the sorts of things -that I learned for the first time- which fascinated the students. Learning that Brigham was the greatest colonizer of the US was pretty surprising to them, and it made me proud to be LDS. Dick was the only other LDS in the 1,200 school which meant that there was no abuse like you kids experienced in every grade in Boise. We were really like exotic beetles that kids wanted to know about.

Of course, there were those who wondered about horns and multiple wives and funny underwear but it was generally a benign curiosity, not criticism. That was bearable. I think that Mr. Myer understood that was the case so he didn't worry about putting LDS kids in a hot spot with this assignment. He had given the same assignment to Martha Cox who graduated the year before.

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

Jazz Research Paper

The biggest writing assignment from Mr. Myers, really was a humdinger. Write a 25 page research paper on a topic dealing with American History, a pretty large area to choose from. We had to submit a proposal to him first stating what our topic was to be and what we intended to do about it. Sounds easy today but at the time it wasn't. Today? At the drop of a hat I can write a 25 page paper on about anything I want to without doing a great deal of research! But back then I had to dig up information.

Well, I was particularly privileged, more privileged than I even understood. I got to borrow dad's library card and go to Harvard's Widener Library -3rd largest in the US- and did research. Man did I do research. The index cards for the collection were stored in heavy wood cabinets about 6 feet tall. These yard wide cabinets were stood back to back in rows of 3 or 4. The total area covered by the index cards themselves was probably at

least at large as the entire recreation hall at the Goddard Chapel.

I'd take the scrap paper provided for this purpose, write down the author, title and Dewey Decimal Number. I'd had them to the library assistant who would disappear for a while, depending on where the books were located. Then I'd take the book to a study table, sit down and start perusing for information relevant to my topic.

I have lost the paper somehow in the garage but it should turn up again and when it does, I will come back to this page and update this information. I prepared probably 150-200 index cards with quotes, titles and so on for use in the paper. I finally assembled this work and ended up with a paper over a hundred pages long.

I was pleased and anticipated getting a good grade. But when I got it back, I was disappointed. It was marked down to an A-, because it was over 100 pages and Mr. Myers only wanted 25. Ah well, so much for encouraging creativity and all that jazz. I understand that he had to read a lot of long papers in long hand -this was before typewriters had made inroads- which was a long difficult task. But I had hoped to get an A.

I did see the paper recently and flipped through it to see what I had said. I don't remember what I had said, but I remember being surprised when I noticed that Mr. Myer has obviously read the entire text. That was proven by the fact he had written in comment clear up to the last pages. That was a surprise because I sort of expected that he would have just skimmed it and given a grade.

Test: Cactus

Time: 5 May 1958

Location: Runit (Yvonne) Island, Enewetak Atoll

Test Height and Type: Surface, 3 feet off shot building floor

Yield: 18 kt

LASL test of a MK-43 primary in a thermonuclear system mockup. Similar to the Elder device. Predicted yield 13-14 kt. The Cactus device primary weighed 110.3 lb (50 kg). The over all device weighed 1432 lb. and had a width of 18 inches and a length of 69 inches.

The device was detonated 596 feet southwest of the Redwing Lacrosse crater. The Cactus crater had a diameter of 346 feet, and a maximum depth of 37.2 feet (with a 8-14 foot lip). In 1979-1980 this crater was used as a burial

pit to inter 110,000 cubic yards of radioactive soil scraped from the various contaminated Enewetak Atoll islands.

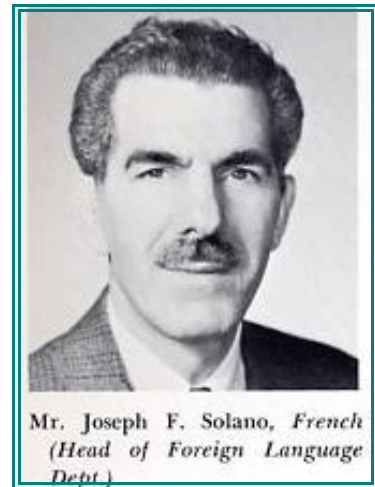


4. French & Mr. Solano

As noted before, in the college course of study, I had to study one language 3 years, or two languages 2 years apiece. 2 years of Latin was

enough. I don't know why I even chose it other than the fact that I was in love with Roman mythology (any mythology). It was a mistake because it was too complex syntactically than I was able to comprehend. Five cases in the single and plural numbers, plus all of the moods, tenses, numbers and persons in the verb just blew me away. So I opted to take something easier. French appealed as the language of art, of fine literature and so on, so I chose French. Italian, German, and Russian were also offered but didn't appeal. So French it was.

Mr. Solano was a native Frenchman who had migrated early enough to the US that he had no accent, but he was a native French speaker. The name is more Italian than French. He is smiling in this picture but he didn't smile in class. His style was to ask specific questions of specific students, to spread the pain as it was. So each class period I was in mortal fear that he would call on me.



There wasn't enough time for him to ask questions of all questions in one class period, but the anxiety was always there. When a student didn't answer properly, he sighed and would explain what the correct answer was. If it was a frequent mistake that we made, he would sort of lecture us all about it - again. There were a few students who did well and he enjoyed them a bit, but most of us didn't find much joy in his class.

The only anecdote I remember about the class went back to his childhood. He was born and raised in Paris. One class period he got excited about a memory that related somehow to what we were studying. He told us how he looked forward to coming home from school and changing out of his school uniform. Then he went to the kitchen where he was given a chocolate candy and French Bread. He said that was one of the nicest combinations, French bread and a chocolate candy bar. I tried it but didn't find the same joy.

You see my final grade in the snippet in the next column of the report card. "D" BYU didn't have much of a standard in those days, did I it.

SIXTH MARKING PERIOD					
	ACHIEVEMENT	EXAMINATION	FINAL MARK	FINAL EFFORT	SUBJECT COMPREHENSION
English	A	B	B		
Chem	D	C	D		
French II	D	C	D		
Math 10	B	C	C		

Test: MagnoliaNo
Photo

Date: 26-May-58

Place: Enewetak

Barge 14 57 (55)

LASL WD

Proof test of Cougar device

5. Mathematics - Mr. Stone

Mr. Stone was my first math teacher at Belmont. He didn't know anything about me and he didn't care anything about me. This photo shows what he looked like, sort of a flat affect, focused and almost tired.

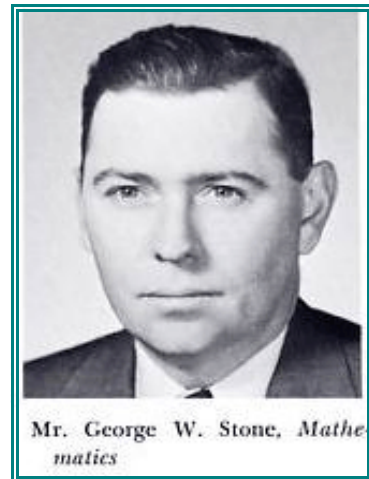
It's interesting that his title is given as "Mathematics" because his personal view of himself and his position in the school was primarily a coach, the coach of the baseball team to be precise. It is understandable why he felt that way as I will explain in a minute.

My final grade in the class was a C. That was really a gift because I had a "e" in two of the grading periods. The subject matter was algebra and I had never recovered from the Waltham fiasco, STARTing in the Second year of Algebra.

His lessons were pretty dry, and seemed to follow the text. There wasn't much extracurricular stuff like in 12th year Math. Just go to class, listen to the lecture, try to understand, take notes, go home, read, do homework, and go to class again. One nice thing about Mr. Stone is that he didn't call on students by name. Indeed, he didn't call on students much as all as far as I remember.

What he liked to talk about was sports, especially baseball. He'd spend 10 minutes at the beginning of some classes reviewing what had happened at the last game, going in detail through what had happened. Why do that in Math class? Because he was a coach first, and a math teacher second. That's why I chuckle above that his title in the yearbook is "mathematics". That was his second choice.

His first choice for conversation was Wilbur Wood who happened to be in my math class. So the baseball discussions sometimes turned into discussions between Mr. Stone and Wilbur. To give you the context for this matter, remember that Boston was the home of the professional baseball club named "Red Sox". It, like most of professional teams had varied experience over time, but they had enough winning seasons to be beloved by the



Mr. George W. Stone, *Mathematics*

audience. Fenway Park was where they played. And baseball was a springtime disease. The advent of transistor radios was a god send to these fanatics who could now listen to the game 24 hours a day instead of waiting for a few news clips on the 10om sports news on TV. New England was baseball mad. Everything stopped when games were on.

Test: Tobacco No Photo

Place: 30-May-58

Place: Enewetak

Barge 11.6 (175)

LASL WD

Exploratory shot, XW-50 Nike-Zeus prototype, 2nd stage failed to ignite

Wilbur Perfect Game

Wilbur is the one of two members of our class who became famous, the other being Ken Tigar, the "Beard" of our beatnik group. There were many of us who thought we would become doctors or politicians, mathematicians, physicists, thespians and so on. But of us all, only Wilbur made it. I tell their story in detail below but throw this bit in here to show that Mr. Stone really did have something to crow about.

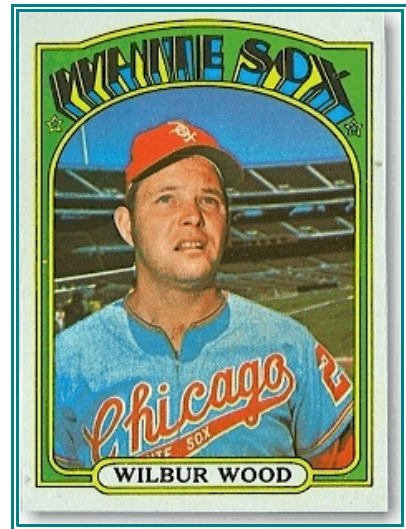


Figure 26

<http://www.hill.af.mil/museum/history/kellyjohnson.htm>

Slide Rule

This was the handiest, slickest thing in the math world. No computers, not even handheld calculators. It made complex computations easy and fast - once you understood how to do it- at least faster than pencil and paper or an old fashioned analogue calculator.



To give you an idea of just how powerful it is/was, I want to show you something you're already very familiar with, my all-time favorite airplane:

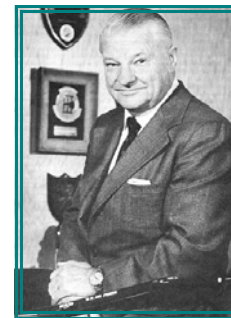
(You just knew this was going to appear)

Do you remember any of the story I've told some of you? How Kelly Johnson (at right) at the Lockheed Skunk Works in Long Beach started in 1959 - the year BEFORE I graduated from high school- began working on this bird? That was a long time before computers became part of the universe. They existed, but they were dinosaurs. Your cell phones probably have about as much computation power as rooms full of hardware did back then - perhaps an exaggeration but not much. Even an old 286 was superior in firepower to ENIACs and UNIVACs of this era. So Kelly and Co. Used the slide rule, that odd little toy-looking device.



Figure 28

<http://www.wvi.com/~sr71webmaster/sract~1.htm>



This is one of dad's slide rules. It appears about actual size. All slide rules work the same, although some used different "slides", the thing in the middle that slides back and forth



which gave it more functions, but the larger the slide rule, the greater the

degree of refinement of values. For high school, this was just fine.

Let me teach you the simplest form of computation I remember, multiplication. First, get acquainted with the parts of the device that you see above its storage pouch.

The frame consists of a board the width and length of the slide rule.

On top of this frame is a white strip along the top and a corresponding strip along the bottom, with a hole between them.

That hole is filled with a carefully manufactured strip of wood that slides freely right and left through the opening between the stationary strips.

The silver picture frame holds a piece of glass that has a fine hair line incised across the bottom of it. This frame has flanges turned into the slide rule, which slide inside slots cut into the top and bottom edges of the frame. This window frame, as I call it, is used to select numbers by placing the hairline directly over them.

The most confusing part of this image is the mass of rows of numbers. They are called 'scales' and allow the user to do really fancy things like square roots, logarithms, sines, tangents, etc. COMPETENT, users, that is. I just had to look up how to spell "tangent". Note, first, that the scales are identified along the LEFT end of the slide rule with a large letter, "A" at the top, "B", "C", "D" and then "K". When the Slide is turned over, it has additional scales on the other side as well, each with a unique letter on the left. The top-most "scale" isn't a scale - it's a ruler in inches. Haha

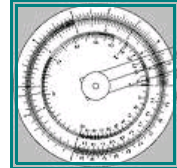
The numbers for each scale start from the left, and run to "9" on the right end, sometimes with a "1" to the right of the "9" denoting "10". There is usually a series of large numbers between which there is a set of smaller numbers. For example, on Scale "D", look at the space between 1 and 2. There are smaller numbers counting from 1 to 9 again. Those small numbers allow you to do numbers like "11", "12", "12", "14"... or decimals between 1 and 2, so you can count from "1" to "2" with the large numbers, or you can count "11", "12", "13", "14"... and so on. Some numbers are colored red for reasons I don't know and the Pi sign shows up several places. You only work with two scales at a time - and you must be sure that your eyes don't jump to another scale. Also haha.

Let's multiply 2×2 . To do multiplication, use scales "C" and "D" and start on the left end. Always start on the left. (If your numbers get too big when you get to the right end? Well, guess what. You just remember the next number of the series that you are looking for, slide the picture frame back to the left end of that same scale, find that number assuming that everything is now 100 or 1000... times bigger, and continue counting! Snazzy, huh. Haha You guys missed out on a neat device that makes you feel like you really did something! Somehow punching buttons on a calculator or computer don't give you a sense of accomplishment like this does.)

Step 1: Position

Step 2: Put the hair line of the glass slide across number "2" on the bottom scale of the slide. Then "read" the "Result" of the addition. It appears under the hairline on the scale just below the slide, "4". This sounds much harder than it is. This is because there are 7 scales, and each scale is divided into numbers which are subdivided into tenths. And so on.

The really fancy slide rules were the ones that were built like circles inside of circles.



Test: Yellowwood (No photo)

Time: 2:00 26 May 1958 (GMT)

Location: Enewetak lagoon

Test Height and Type: Barge, 11 Feet

Yield: 330 kt

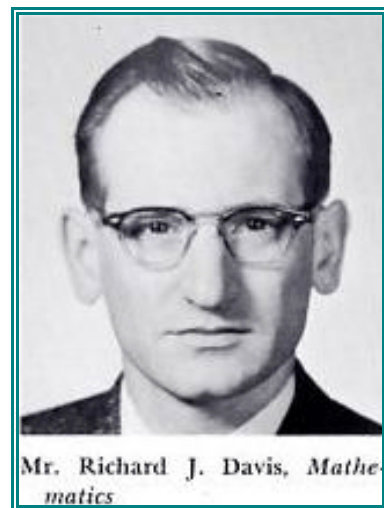
This was a LASL developmental test of a "clean" TX-46 warhead design. The predicted yield was 2.5 Mt, of which only 200 kt was expected to be fission (8%). The test was a fizzle with only low level thermonuclear burning detected in the second stage. This system was eventually developed into the W-53 9 Mt Titan-II warhead and the B-53 strategic bomb.

Mr. Davis & Math 12

Mr. Davis taught Senior Math the year I took it. It was more of a disaster than was Junior Math with Mr Stone. Mr. Davis was a skinny, intense, nerdy guy who loved that kind of student, intense and nerdy. You can see here his intense, almost cold stare. I knew nothing of his personal life as was the case with all of these teachers. Collegiality between students and teachers was not allowed, not even considered. The rare teacher who spoke pleasantly to a student was truly rare.

His demeanor intimidated me such that I didn't perform well even when I might have known the answer to the rare question he asked of me. Most of the time, his questions were addressed to the class at large and the fanatic math brains loved showing off their knowledge. Which I have to admit was impressive.

There was a math club and the kids in that club were his favorites. I



didn't go to the club for obvious reasons but I could tell that they were his favorites. They would engage him at the beginning of class to show him what they had figured out. The problems he propounded were fascinating but I couldn't begin to participate. I found them fascinating but couldn't begin to work them.

Mr. Davis gave me a "D" for "Achievement" which was different than "Effort" which he didn't score. I am not sure what the point was in giving me a "D" in Achievement when my Final Score was also "D". That seemed sort of like a gratuitous slap. He didn't like me any more than I liked him apparently and that was his way of driving home the fact that he didn't think I was a very good student. Too bad he didn't take me aside and talk to me about things.

	ACHIEVEMENT	EXAMINATION	FINAL MARK	FINAL EFFORT	SUBTOTAL
English 12			B		B
U. S. History			B		C
Math 12			D		D
Physics			C		C

He might have come away with a different point of view, indeed he may have been surprised at how well I was doing given the home life I lived. One never overcomes losing an entire year of algebra, particularly when competing with kids all of whom completed that year. He had no idea about that, nor did he care. His demeanor shows that doesn't it?

But he wasn't alone as you can see when examining the above snippet of the Grade 12 Report Card. Do you think I could get into college today with those final grades? One B, two C's and one D? Pretty poor.

Test: Sycamore No Photo

Date 31-May-58

Where: Bikini

Barge 12 92 (5000)

UCRL WD

"Clean" TX-41 fizzle; predicted yield 5 Mt total , 200 kt fission; low level burning in 2nd stage; similar to Poplar and Pine

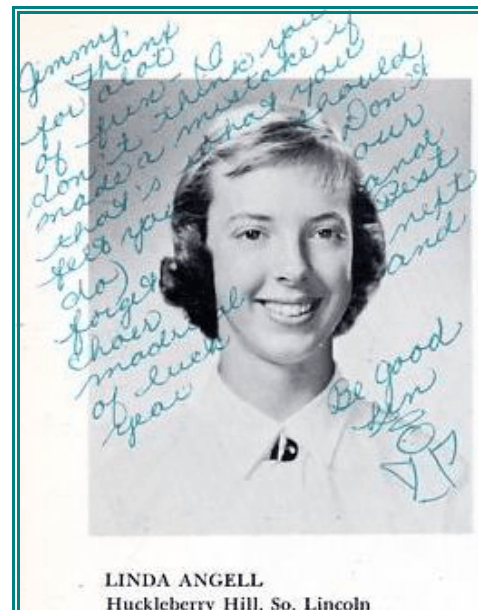
6. "Doc" Bettencourt & Driver's Ed

Linda Angel was my girlfriend at the time. She lived about five miles west of my place. Her house was a new one that was designed by an architect who likes blocks and squares. It was a gorgeous place. I didn't have a driver's license but because of mom's and dad's reaction, I didn't even dare press harder. I had to make it known that I wanted to get a license to drive the car but didn't want to risk an outburst. So when I went to visit Linda on Friday or Saturday evenings, I had one option: riding my bicycle. The MTA didn't run that far out. My bicycle was a primitive balloon-tire bike that didn't have lights, so it was risky, particularly since the route out to her house were narrow two-lane roads.

That didn't have any sidewalks, or street lights. It was my sole option, however. So rather than risk a mild cataclysm, I just bit the bullet and told Linda I'd be out on my bicycle. Real impressive, wasn't it. (I suppose my 'devotion' to her was reflected in my sacrifice? It was pretty embarrassing anyway.) Since we always sat around in the living room listening to some of my LPs, I had to haul them out with me, records like "The Kingston Trio", "Frank Sinatra", "Harry Belafonte" and so on. (See the section on pop music elsewhere with thumbnails of the actual LP albums.)

There was a miracle of sorts apparently. My folks relented. They were not as cruel as I paint them, yet they were in a particularly painful way for a struggling teenager. There was just never a dialogue between us about what I needed, what wanted, or how I felt about things. I was never asked questions, I was just observed and judged. When I ventured to put out a trial balloon, I did it tentatively, ready to withdraw it instantly. Their eyebrows always told the story.

The long ride and difficulty of carrying LPs while I rode, late at night, must have piqued my folk's conscience. Most of my friends had licenses and some even had their own cars like Steve who had a bright yellow VW bug that we double dated in several times. Well somewhere along in 1959 they allowed as how it probably was time I got my license, whether it was a sort of punishment or reward, I couldn't tell.



Test: Umbrella No Photo

Date: 8-Jun-58

Place: Enewetak

Underwater -150 8 (-) DOD WE

Medium depth underwater effects test, Mk 7 used.

Test: Aspen No Photo

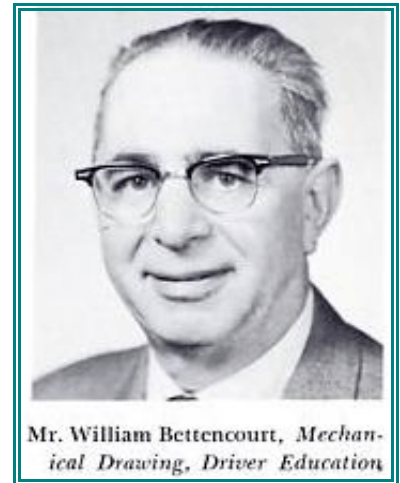
Date: 14-Jun-58

Place Bikini Barge

Yield: 319 (300) UCRL WD Possible XW-47 prototype, 2 stage, 150 kt fission yield expected, fired in Bravo crater

I signed up for Driver's Ed in the fall semester and was taught by a jolly old character named Doc Bettencourt. He taught accounting classes to the kids in the business track. Remember the three tracks, college, business and technical. We had to pick one when we registered and were stuck there ever after which made it more like the European model of education.

As can be seen from his photo here, he was primarily a mechanical drawing teacher (i.e. from the Technical Course faculty) and was given the Driver's Ed program. I guess it had to be assigned to someone and he got it. He was suited for it because he didn't get excited. The only drawback of Doc Bettencourt was that he liked to talk and like to repeat his stories and his jokes which he'd doubtless recycled for years. Other than that, he was a good teacher for this course.



Mr. William Bettencourt, *Mechanical Drawing, Driver Education*

I don't remember how many cars were outfitted with two sets of steering wheels and brakes since he was the only teacher. There was probably only one. That created great competition for the class since he could only take 4 students at a time in the car. There was a small fee as well for what I'm not sure. The car was probably donated by a local car company. I say that because it was a current model which was outside of the school budget.

Driver's License

We had to attend a regular class like the academic classes. Some of them were taken up watching movies, others devoted to lectures. He used handouts from the public safety department of the state that showed us how bad teenage drivers were. We naturally figured that we were different. Teenage boys had the worst records of drivers of all ages.

He explained about insurance and how it worked and made sure that we understood that we had to get special coverage for our family cars. Mom and dad made sure I understood that I was going to pay for that additional coverage and that they would crucify me if I had a car accident. I think that crucifixion would have been preferable to their punishment.

The driving classes were a hoot. He would sit in the passenger side telling his stories non stop, almost like we were in class or were just sightseeing. But when there was some sort of issue, he would use his brake or grab his wheel. He did it in such a way that the car was always under his control and safe but the student driver was allowed the freedom to get into trouble. Never did he raise his voice. The most animated he became in response to something wrong was to sort of chuckle and comment about how that could have caused a problem. There was none of the judgmental, critical commenting like I did when I tried to teach you kids how to drive.

I think that he confined most of our drives to the town of Belmont but when he wanted to emphasize certain driving or parking issues, he would take us along Trapelo Road into Cambridge which had it all. The 3 of us who were not driving got impatient for our turn, and since we knew we were also going to make mistakes, we didn't hassle the one who was driving. We all got our turns to make fools of ourselves.

The reason that I took the class instead of learning at home was first, that dad knew he'd kill me before I learned with him, and second, that the insurer would give me a discount if I presented satisfactory proof of completion of the course along with proof of having the license.

The hair-raising part was the end of the semester. You know how it is. I had to take the written exam which I passed and then had to go take the driving test. The inspector I don't remember. But he scared me. Probably was just doing his job but his judgment figured so large in my social life plans that he was enormously fearful.

The hardest part of the test was parallel parking. It was a major part of the test since parallel parking was a fact of life in a metropolitan area. The formula was pretty straightforward: drive up until you're about 2/3 of the length of the car along side the car, stop, cut the wheel all the way to the right, slowly release the brake and back in until headed straight into the curb, back until the front of the car was parallel with the back of the car, slow, cut the wheel hard all the way to the left and then back in - until you hit the car behind you. Not really.

The other important part of the driving was street car tracks. They

created a hazard the way that they were deep enough to capture the front wheels of a car and hold it for a second. When the rails were dry, the hazard was worse. You had to cross them with the wheels at a fairly sharp angle to the wheels would avoid being trapped. You feared how it would go when the inspector was in the car but it went OK but it went OK.

I passed the written and driving tests the first time and got the license in the mail. It was like being liberated, the notion that I could take the car alone and drive into Boston or out to Weston or wherever. I had to buy gas every time I took the car, or had to give mom money every time, but that didn't diminish the joy of having wheels. You can probably remember the joy you felt.

I received this blue re-application card but due to the mission didn't need it. It was a fancy, new-fangled IBM punch card that had been punched. Pretty darn impressive in those days. Instead of using old-fashioned paper forms, the Department of Motor Vehicles had bought time on an IBM mainframe and converted their system to IBM cards. Note that the form was blue which probably meant renewal, plus the fact that the right third was perforated to be torn off, and was printed so that it could be stamped by DMV and mailed back as my actual license. Pretty up town. That was my first experience with the application of computers in everyday life.

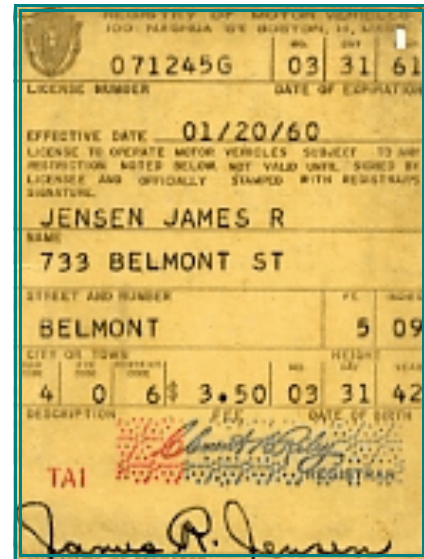
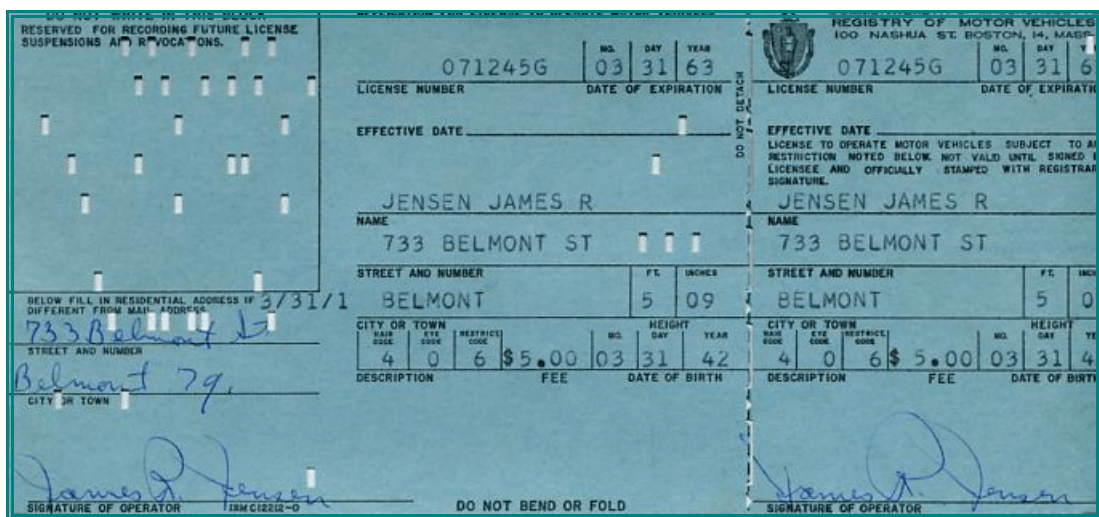


Figure 36



7. Mr. Libby & Physics

He taught both Chemistry and Physics and used the same classroom for both. The physics Lab was also the classroom. The physics apparatus were located in a wide section the classroom behind the benches, so all we had to do for physics labs was turn around.

I don't remember a thing about this class. Except for one surprise. I got a "C". There is something about physics that foxes me. It seems counter intuitive in some respects which ultimately paralyze my ability to figure certain things out.

For example, lets assume I am in a small boat at a dock, sitting still. If someone exerts a hard push on this boat with me in it, it will move away at a speed that can be calculated, based on the amount and rate of energy applied to the boat. Let's say it starts to move at 5 mph. So far so good.

Now, let's assume that Jim gets nervous about being pushed away alone from the dock. He is going to make a huge jump as the boat moves away so that he can get back onto the dock. This jump will push the boat in the same direction it is already moving. So to my mind, the result of Jim's enormous push onto the boat should be increased speed.

Guess what. It is not. The boat SLOWS down.

That sort of thing is just nuts. I can't understand it. Oh, I can walk through the equations that show the effect of removing 180 pounds from the combined mass which was moving at 5 mph, and see that the equations "prove" that the boat alone will move slower because the large mass with forward momentum was removed. But does it seem logical? No.

With that kind of handicap, I was doomed in physics. I actually liked the class and enjoyed the labs. I just didn't get the hang of thinking like a physicist. If you know any, you know that they are strange birds, pens in their pocket, ask them the time and they'll put you on hold while they calculate how many seconds their watch lost today, and add that to the number of seconds it has lost each day since it was last wound and finally he will give you the current time -which keeps moving, frustrating him- with 3 point accuracy. I just want to know the HOUR of the day, but they don't think that way either.

	ACHIEVEMENT	EXAMINATION	FINAL MARK	FINAL EFFORT	SUMMARY
English '12			B		B
U. S. History			B		C
Math '12			D		D
Physics			C		C

8. Foreign Languages

I don't remember what languages were taught at Capitol and Boise High, but I imagine that there were fewer than at Belmont. That's not snobbery to say that, I'm pointing out another aspect of the classical education provided for those who wanted to take advantage of it. BHS provided at least 2 years study in each of these languages:

1. **French**
2. **German**
3. **Italian**
4. **Latin**
5. **Spanish**
6. **Russian**

The reason that Italian was taught was that -assuming that Italians represented the same percent of the entire student body as they did of my class- they represented 21% of the students. And there were a bunch of parents who wanted to be sure that their kids were able to speak the language properly, hence Italian courses.

HardTack I Nuclear Test Series: These are the tests which comprised HardTack 1.

Name	Date	Location	Test Type	Height	Yield
Yucca	28-Apr-58	Enewetak	Balloon	85,250	1.7 (1.7)
Cactus	5-May-58	Enewetak	Surface	3	18 (13-14)
Fir	11-May-58	Bikini	Barge	10	1360 (1500)
Butternut	11-May-58	Enewetak	Barge	10	81 (105)
Koa	12-May-58	Enewetak	Surface	3	1370 (1750)
Wahoo	16-May-58	Enewetak	Underwatr	-500	9 (-)
Holly	20-May-58	Enewetak	Barge	13	5.9 (11)
Nutmeg	21-May-58	Bikini	Barge	12	25.1 (8-25)
Yellowwood	26-May-58	Enewetak	Barge	11	330 (2500)
Magnolia	26-May-58	Enewetak	Barge	14	57 (55)
Tobacco	30-May-58	Enewetak	Barge		11.6 (175)
Sycamore	31-May-58	Bikini	Barge	12	92 (5000)
Rose	2-Jun-58	Enewetak	Barge	15	15 (125)
Umbrella	8-Jun-58	Enewetak	Undrwater	-150	8 (-)
Maple	10-Jun-58	Bikini	Barge	12	213 (225)
Aspen	14-Jun-58	Bikini	Barge	11	319 (300)

Walnut	14-Jun-58	Enewetak	Barge	7	1.45 (1.3)
Linden	18-Jun-58	Enewetak	Barge	8	11 (12-13)
Redwood	27-Jun-58	Bikini	Barge	11	412
Elder	27-Jun-58	Enewetak	Barge	9	880 (800)
Oak	28-Jun-58	Enewetak	Barge	7	8900 (7500)
Hickory	30-Jun-58	Bikini	Barge	12	14 (8-12)
Sequoia	1-Jul-58	Enewetak	Barge	7	5.2 (5)
Cedar	2-Jul-58	Bikini	Barge	11	220
Dogwood	5-Jul-58	Enewetak	Barge	12	397
Poplar	12-Jul-58	Bikini	Barge	12	9300
Scaevola	14-Jul-58	Enewetak	Barge	20	0 (0)
Pisonia	17-Jul-58	Enewetak	Barge	6.5	255
Juniper	22-Jul-58	Bikini	Barge	12	65 (0.2-60)
Olive	22-Jul-58	Enewetak	Barge	8	202 (50-125)
Pine	26-Jul-58	Enewetak	Barge	8	2000
Teak	1-Aug-58	Johnston	Rocket	252,00	3800 (-)
Quince	6-Aug-58	Enewetak	Surface	3	0 (-)
Orange	12-Aug-58	Johnston	Rocket	141,00	3800 (-)
Fig	18-Aug-58	Enewetak	Surface	0	0.02 (-)

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	Test: Scaevola	<u>167</u>

Test: Cedar No Photo
 Date: 2-Jul-58
 Place: Bikini Barge 11
 Yield: 220 (100-200) UCRL WD
 2-stage "clean" TN device, predicted fission yield 30 kt

BHS Music

Music was the key to my social life at BHS. Sports also played a role but was minor compared to music. All of my direct friends participated the same music groups so I saw them several times a day, five days a week. I don't know how my life at BHS would have gone if I hadn't had music to hang onto to create a sense of participation in the school life, serving as the center of social life each day. Class were unhappy times for me. I was so far out of the mainstream that I was simply going through the motions like a zombie. Absolutely involvement in the class activities other than the minimum to just get through.

BHS has the usual assortment of music options for students, ranging from the instrumental to vocal. I chose to not play clarinet any longer after leaving Waltham so did not participate in the Band like Dick did, or Orchestra. But I joined every music group:

- 1. Acapella - president**
- 2. Glee Club**
- 3. Madrigal**

I'd never heard of Madrigal except in literature but it sounded interesting so I joined. I participated in the three groups for both years.

The curious thing about music at BHS was the fact that it was regarded with the same enthusiasm that sports were. Boise was different wasn't it? Sports got the lion's share of the money for non-academic things and so on, but in Belmont. I think that has to do with the notion of a classical education. Sports were included in classical education but primarily as a way to keep the body strong and healthy, not as a way to bash your opponent's head in. The famous Latin phrase from Juvenal that applied to this business is "*Mens sana in corpore sano*". It means "A healthy mind in a healthy body." Neither is given precedence, both are necessary for a person to be successful.

The music teacher was Howard Nettleton, who had taught at the school for many years. He was in his 50's and knew his stuff. We called him "Howie" behind his back which fit him. Gruff on the outside, he was a compassionate teacher who did his best to motivate students and inspire them to go beyond everyday levels. He was capable of considerable anger when he was ignored but for the most part he tolerated a low level of student chat.



Mr. Howard A. Nettleton, Music Director



1. Acapella

The Acapella Choir was "Howie's" pride and joy. As a result of his skills, the group was known locally as an outstanding choir. As a result, it was invited to participate in festivals and events that average choirs were not. That was one of the 'sticks" that he beat us with to encourage us to work hard, the reminder that we had to be as good as our predecessors were. As noted above, I was elected as president of Acapella during senior year, which was an honor. It was a prestigious role, comparable to being student body president, a reflection of the tenor of the student body and the position of popularity that I had achieved. There was actually little to do as president and I don't know whether that was because I didn't choose to get active or not. Whatever, Howie was happy with things.

The only on-going task I had to fulfill was to give pitch to the male voices, while Linda Angell did the same for the females. It was a matter of pride for Howie to conceal the source of his pitches. I think he would have been happiest if he could have had two students with perfect pitch. That way they wouldn't have needed a pitch pipe to get the pitch in the first place. We were mortal, however, so we each carried a small round pitch pipe in our long voluminous sleeve. Then when the clapping was dying down, we'd try to be so clever at nonchalantly holding the pipe to our mouth to get one pitch.

Then we'd carefully lower our pitch pipe back to our pockets, pretending to have been coughing. We would quietly hum the tone just loud enough so that only those standing by us could hear. The tenor to my left would have to figure his own pitch from mine and then disseminate it along its row. Basses would do the same. In some instances, the tenors and basses were divided into two voices so that four male tones had to be created, the same for the females.

Once Howie was satisfied that we had the right tones -and it must have been nerve-racking early each year until he was sure his pitch givers were competent- he would raise his arms and launch us into the next piece. It was an interesting thing for the audience because they really couldn't hear much of the quiet humming we were doing. There were several most embarrassing moments during formal performances when Howie frowned his frown and shake his head.

That meant that someone didn't have his/her pitch, so we now had to start again. This time there was little attempt at subterfuge. We just wanted to get it right. Those instances were caused by the pieces more than by the students. They had 8 tones that were so close to each other than we sometimes missed. I felt like it was my fault and had hot burning ears for the entire piece. I don't know to this day what had gone wrong.

This is the A Capella choir.



I am the seventh guy from the left, on the second row from the back. Look two more guys to my left and you see Dick The girl in front of me, to my right, was Linda Angell and the girl to her left was Ilse Klemperer.

2. **Glee Club** This photo includes about one half of the glee club, the largest musical group.



In this Glee Club photo, I am the fourth from the Right, on the second row from the back. Notice that glee club uniform is less extravagant - there is no scarf or whatever the thing is called that hangs around the neck. The Glee Club was the group for the commoners, anyone with a body temperature above room temperature, not much skill was needed. Those who wanted to sing but either weren't good enough for the Acapella Choir or Madrigal, or weren't interested in working as hard as one had to work in those two groups. It was much larger than the Acapella Choir - the photo in the preceding page shows one fourth of the total Glee Club.

The two choirs sang fairly different music. On the other hand, the Acapella choir required a smattering of knowledge of music fundamentals, i.e. the difference between a fat, oval shape on the second line up, and a note with 2 wiggly tails and a dot on the top line. He liked it if we spoke some Italian, mezzo, al fine, dc, dc al fine you're a genius, fortissimo, piano, pianissimo, sforzando, stupido, and so on.

Howie was a patient leader most of the time. He seemed to have patience probably earned from years of teaching. But there was a limit. When he got the sense that too many kids were not paying attention, or kids kept messing up on a certain passage even though he had drilled it, he would get angry. His baton got heavy use around the time we had public performances as he would sometimes throw it in the general direction of the offenders.

Test: Dogwood	No Photo
Date: 5-Jul-58	
Place: Enewetak Barge	
Yield: 12 397 (300-500)	UCRL WD
Similar to Redwood, Aspen, Nutmeg; possible XW-47 prototype, Piccolo 2nd stage, pred. fiss. yield 250 kt	

3. Madrigal

When I moved to Boston, I don't think I had even heard the word "Madrigal". When I first heard it, I understood it to be a type of song. Then I learned that there were groups which were called "Madrigals". They sang only madrigals. Madrigals were medieval songs written for three to 8 voices, meaning parts, which could be carried by individuals or pairs.

We didn't know much about the history of the style which you can read about in Wikipedia if you wish. We just understood that that it was a rare privilege to be able to sing in this type of musical group in high school. Of course, it should be noted that Boston had a variety of ancient music groups some of which we were familiar with. That fact lent appeal to our own Madrigal group. small groups. Once more, the environment of historical Boston impinged on what we experienced in high school.



Madrigals tended to be about love and life and death, emotional, sometimes poignant topics. It was a rare experience to sing acapella in small groups where our individual mistakes stood out like they did. That obviously created enormous pressure to learn our parts well and to perform

them better. This was most apparent when 10 voices sang 8 parts, i.e. one voice per part, acapella, singing harmonies that were not familiar to us. Look at the photo of the group and imagine that each was singing a unique line. Pretty amazing, isn't it for a bunch of teenagers. It was a wonderful experience. I don't remember how many times a week we met to practice, just that it wasn't 5 days a week.

The high light of the Madrigal group was to attend music festivals in the metropolitan area where we competed against other Madrigal groups. I don't have recall of a specific festival but I remember that we always performed well above average. Thanks to Howie.

4. Concerts

Howie's calendar called for two prominent performances in the high school, the Christmas Concert and the Spring Concert. That gave him several months to prepare each of his groups for the concert:

Band
Orchestra
Glee Club
Acapella Choir
Madrigal group

In contrast to Capitol High where there was a luxury of more than one music teacher, Howie did it all alone. He personally conducted each of these groups, which must have been an enormous job. It is ironic that in the listing of faculty members in the Yearbook that after his name is the designation "(Director)" Ironic since he was alone.

The concerts were always well attended - lots of interested, proud parents you know. The auditorium was decorated for the Xmas concert and filled to standing room only. The spring concert didn't have decoration but it was as well attended.

In between the school concerts, the Acapella choir was occasionally invited to participate in public for other events. The most memorable I remember was a Christmas concert we did on WBZ, one of the prominent Boston TV stations, and another at a large church.

Test:**Poplar**

No Photo

Date: 12-Jul-58

Place: Bikini Barge

Yield: 12 9300 (5000-10000) UCRL WD

TX-41 "clean" 2-stage variant; predicted yield 5-10 Mt total, 450 kt fission; similar to Pine and Sycamore; largest of Hardtack I, and 5th largest U.S. test ever

5. Music Festival & The Lorna Cook DeVaron

I believe this concert was in the fall of 1959, the first semester of my senior year. It was held near Weyburn, someplace north of Boston. As I recall, we went by school bus early in the day in order that we would have the whole day for this group of 8-10 choirs who had never met each other, to practice together for the performance that was scheduled for 7pm that evening. It was a regional high school music festival for all types of music, an opportunity for high school students to experience what it is like to work under well-known directors.

Our assignment was Lorna Cooke Devaron. Miss or Mrs. -I don't recall but in those days you made the proper distinction- Devaron thought that she was bestowing a great gift on us with her presence, She was from a Boston college, that much we understood, and by her words and demeanor, she let us know that she was too busy or too important to babysit like she had to do. In the end, she and we had opposing views about how well she performed. She's her with one of her daughters who was a jazz musician. Hard to believe that she would have allowed one of her offspring to indulge in such pedestrian, plebeian music. Sniff.

I spent a good part of the day with Ilse Klemperer who was also a member of the Madrigal group as you saw above. She was a funny kid and excellent students. She probably earned straight A's, but we hit it off as friends anyway. I'm not sure that my friends knew what poor grades I was getting. I don't remember either way telling them what I had earned, but am sure that I never made a big deal of it. They



Figure 44

http://www.longy.edu/news_events/press_releases/02-24-05_DeVaron.htm



could tell that I was intelligent and was nice so that was enough to be my friend.

Time is too much passed to be able to reconstruct the background to conversations. Whatever the case, Ilse and I talked in the recent past about the Swedish Actress Mai Britt who starred in a movie "The Blue Angel" which had just come out. It was a resurrection of the original 1930's "Blue Angel" in which Marlene Dietrich starred as Lola. Mai naturally played the famous role recreated the famous actress in the movie. Based on our bandying Marlene and Mai about, I believe that we must have seen the movie at the Brattle Theatre where we saw various Bergman movies.

Mai was a iconoclastic sort who married Sammy Davis Junior, shocking the rest of the western world. It wasn't polite even then to comment of miscegenation so we didn't directly, but that taboo only lent a frisson of daredevilness to any allusion to the union. That's something teenagers like, the borderline bad. So we joked variously that day. We shared several classes and were in all of the same music groups so were already good friends. She was not socially active, probably because her mind could be intimidating to the male mind. She certainly was pretty enough and funny enough.

We sat together on the bus on our way back. Why didn't I sit with my "girlfriend" Linda Angell who was also on the trip? It must have been after time that Marie and I found each other. Indeed, I am finding a dim memory of some sort of mild confrontation with Linda about being boyfriend and girlfriend. It was outside near a building in a cold evening, and she taxed me with my fickle behavior. I had no answer. There was no logic to the deal, nor was there any plan to change things. Matters of the heart are absolute and indefensible. They just are. We ended the conversation without any yelling but I felt bad and avoided her the rest of the evening just as she avoided me. So when the time came to get on the busses to go back, I looked Ilse up and sat with her.

One of the topics of conversation on that ride was which university was I going to. That was the dominant topic in most of our conversations that year, "Where are you going? Have you applied?" And "Have you been accepted?" She was accepted at one of the Sister Colleges which was a wonderful thing, but she was worried about money because it was expensive to attend one of those snooty places.

We had already talked about both Blue Angels and the movie Blue Angel. I acknowledged that I also had to pay my own way because I hadn't



earned a scholarship. In the jovial tone of our conversation -she was always fun to talk to, never a down day like some girls who suffered whatever they suffered some mornings- she said went on about how she needed to come up with some money but didn't know what she could do to earn that much. At that point, referring to herself, she made a joke about doing what the Blue Angel had done, i.e. be a call girl, and added with a smirk, "I could do that! I have the bare essentials!" No doubt.

By that comment, she meant that she had the minimal educational skills to be able to do the job. In a split second she realized that the statement was a double entendre, that she had made a lewd comment about herself. She turned a bright red, as only blonde pure white Nordics can, and started laughing hysterically. She covered her face trying to cover her embarrassment, but couldn't. No one else heard her faux pas so no one understood why the two of us were making fools of ourselves about some joke. It was clever, risqué and funny.

Anyway, the practices with the other 8-10 choirs from the region did not go well. All choirs were supposed to have learned the piece that Ms. Cook had assigned month before. But some obviously had not practiced enough. That angered Ms. Cooke immensely and she let us know about it in explicit terms. She was irritated at having to take time to walk some of the choirs through the more difficult passages, and we got tired of both hearing her complain about it ,and having to sit and wait wasting time. Admittedly, the piece as difficult, a recent work by the famous Ralph Vaughan Williams. (I just checked Wikipedia and note that Mr. Williams had passed away in 1958, so Ms. Cooke was probably wanting to honor the memory of the man with a stellar performance of one of his more famous pieces. But it wasn't happening thanks to the slacker choirs.)

Belmont had it cold. We really had done our job. That was Howie's way. He would never send a group to a festival without preparing them for two reasons; first, he wanted students to be able to perform well so that they enjoyed the experience, and second, he didn't want his reputation besmirched by sloppy vocal chords. Ms. Devaron's anger was so immense that we also felt like we were chastised. We were indignant. In the end, we did not like her or the experience. We thought we were hot stuff. Silly us. And, I believe after 50 years, so was she.

Test: Scaevola

No Photo

Date: 14-Jul-58

Place: Enewetak Barge

Yield: 20 0 (0) LASL ST

XW-34 1-point safety test, successful

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Sports

This chapter explains, in case you didn't already know, why I didn't push you kids to join sports groups, to play baseball, basketball or football. You all got your chance to play soccer, basketball or T-Baseball, but even then I didn't push any of you. Were you aware of that? I expect you were but did you understand why? This chapter provides some explanation.

I went to Seward when I was 9 years old. By that age most kids were already playing one or another sport but that wasn't possible for me. Living a mile outside of Vernal made it impossible. The nearest kids, the Coopers, were a quarter of a mile away so getting together for anything was an ordeal. No such thing as rides from parents. Plus there weren't enough kids between the two Cooper families, the Roberts family and our to mount two teams of any kind. I am not sure I even understood the idea of rules, or very well, nor was there any space that could be used to play any sports. Mom loved basket ball so she would haul us to the new chapel to watch basketball. It was amazing. She got so excited that she would just forget us and disappear in her shrieking about plays or umpire calls. Livid, fervent, passionate. If I asked what happened, she might try to explain but if she did, I didn't have clue about what she was trying to say. It was over my head.

When we got to Seward, there were a few boys who lived closed who we could play baseball or football with. We didn't even really play sandlot sports. A few of us would grab a ball and bat and knock the ball around in

the muddy, sloping dirt road in front of the house for a while. Dad gave us a fancy white football -which embarrassed me- so we'd play with it, but my hands were too small to throw it, and it was always wet so it was pretty hard to get the feel of the game. Half the time our 'games' ended in fights because none of us knew the rules and each thought he did. Disagreements rarely resulted in much more than name calling. But I didn't learn much about team sports. The problem was compounded by the fact that mom and dad didn't know nor seem to care about the rules.

As far as sports at school, the Seward school had a squeaky little guy whom the kids loved to call "Coach", at least by the guys who fancied themselves football players and basketball players, but he had no resources either in terms of sports equipment, staff, space or talent. A town of 2,000 people don't have the wherewithal to support sports and music. Paying teachers for Readin', Writin', and Rithmetic was all that could be done. Going to Waltham, then Belmont, and finally experiencing region-wide music and sports events in the Metropolitan area was mind-boggling. There were more kids playing trumpet in Belmont High School than there were students in the 12 grade in Seward.

Then we moved to Boston, wooh, what a difference, a jillion kids my age, all of them tough, street wise, who knew the rules cold for any sport. By then I was completely allergic to even the idea of joining a sport especially for competition.

Competition is a real problem for me. Really. I hate to participate in any event where there is a winner and loser. Always. Even when the odds are good that I will win. I don't know where this anxiety -or whatever it is called- arose. But I become so focused on winning that I lose my sense of perspective. I get a kind of killer instinct and determined to beat whoever is there. I lose my sense of balance, my sense of gentlemanliness. No, I want to win and I want badly to win almost an any cost. That's bad. I know it's real. Inside I feel an anger kind of feeling, a determination to eliminate the opposition regardless of who they are and almost regardless of the rules.

That sort of mentality seems, as I reach backward in history, that this problematic behavior arises in large part because of how our parents treated us. I understand that they wanted to teach good sportsmanship and fair play. I understand that, but when they refereed a boxing match between us, it felt like they wanted one of us to kill the other. They yelled their instructions loudly, getting more excited as things progressed. At some point, one of us hit the other too hard, gave the other a bloody nose, that mayhem resulted. At that point, the injured kid turned into a whirling dervish, flailing and swinging with total abandon, smashing the kid as hard and fast as possible.

Perhaps that doesn't sound like something to create the sort of bloodthirsty competitor I am, but I don't know of anything else that would

do it. It is a real thing, though. I've said, and I know it is true inside of me, that if I ever got in a fight, I would turn into a monster and would forget any rules. I would gouge eyes, kick gonads, smash anything, hard fast and mean. It is not a pretty thing, but it does play a part in the decision to not participate in organized sports. I would have had a hard time. I suppose that over time I would have learned to play by the rules, but I never wanted to do that.

In Waltham we were pushed into Band, a disastrous sort of experience talked about elsewhere. I just was not ready for socialization at that point where I needed self confidence in new settings. Going on a bus crowded with raucous kids, to cities every weekend that I'd never heard of, was traumatic. It was not fun.

In Belmont Dick and I ventured out into the world of sports. It actually was a big deal for us to do that, given this history. But we were intimidated by and unprepared for real team sports. Running sounded like something we could do, however. I don't have specific recall but am sure that we were particularly 'interested' in getting involved in after school sports because mom and dad were, as usual, trying to find something to make us do to keep us out of the house until they got home from work.

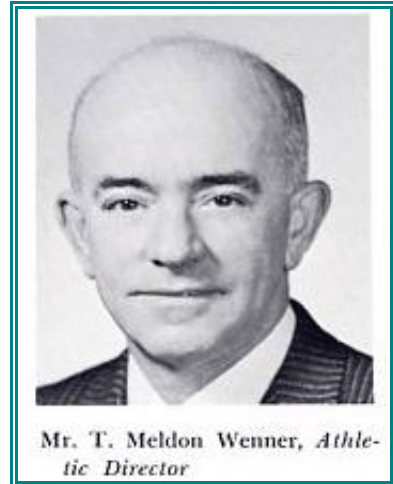
Can you figure it out? I don't get it. What was their problem? I know that they were worried about inappropriate sexual behavior but just what did they think we were going to do?!?! I am probably more puzzled by that today than I was at the time because I just accepted what happened as being what was supposed to happen. Today I see that they obviously had major sins in mind and as a father I am angry that they were so suspicious of us, so sure that we were evil little boys. What a terrible way to teach and train young people, that they are not trustworthy, that they are not able to make good decisions, and so on.

Any way, after getting our marching orders that we had to do sports, running seemed like something I could do. I'd done it all my life -haha. And it didn't require me to learn rules, or strategies or plays, nor did my own performance depend on that of another. Those things kept me away from team sports, those plus the fact that I was a 15 years old who hadn't ever played team sports. So, no, I did not choose to even try out for baseball, basketball, soccer, football or even ice hockey. I had played around on the little ice slab behind the theater in Seward pretending to play hockey. But there was never any adult supervision, nor even any teams. It was just a bunch of us kids playing "sandlot" hockey, who managed to get to the ice while there was still enough daylight -not much at mid-day- to play. We had a few pucks and hockey sticks (for Xmas) which we carefully taped to keep from fracturing them. We still fractured them. We'd knock a puck around and whacked each other more than we hit it. I played goalie and it isn't a fun job. No, I didn't want to try out in Boston where Hockey is well

established and there were little league hockey organizations. That left the different flavors of running: fall was cross country, winter was Indoor Track, and spring was Track.

Mr. Wenner & Coach Seammons

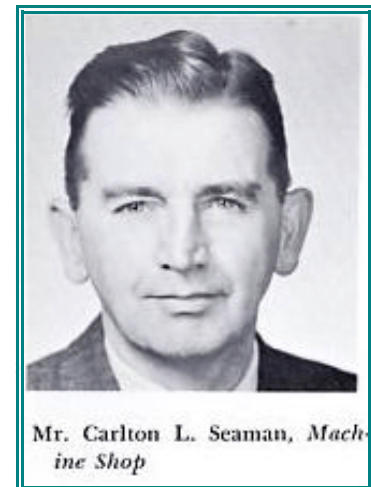
The coaches for these track sports were Mr. Wenner and Mr. Seammons. Mr. Wenner was in charge of all sports at BHS, and found time to personally coach track. It seemed like he enjoyed track and working with kids who showed ability. I liked Mr. Wenner even though I was intimidated by him. He seemed reasonable. When a kid didn't do well, he didn't rag on him. He actually seemed to understand, heaven forbid. Winning was not what he was about.



Mr. Seaman was actually the nicest of the physical education faculty. Perhaps that was because he came out of the Technical Track: he taught machine shop. He, alone, handled cross county.

It turned out that Mr. Seaman drove home after school by heading west, ending up on the west end of Trapelo Road. The intersection where he joined Trapelo Road was far closer to 733 Belmont Street than walking home from school was, so whenever we three managed, Dick and I rode with him to that intersection.¹

He was a nice man, sort of a gentleman, easy to talk to, but also willing to ride along without probing. Made for quiet rides because I didn't know how to talk to adults, even nice ones. He asked about us, however, and it may well be, that part of the reason that he seemed to take an interest in us was the fact that dad was also a machinist. I don't know that, but I was a surprise the he found out where we lived and when



¹ I just checked maps.google.com and it appears that Waverley Street was the road that he took from the track. The track was across Concord Avenue, so Mr. Seaman would have gone west on Concord and turned south to find Waverley.

he found that his ride would take us fairly close to our house, he offered to give us rides.

I felt a bit odd riding with a teacher but the thing was it was so late in the day, all of the other kids had gone home, except for those in track. And those in track knew that he gave us rides and it was just fine. I would have been uncomfortable to ride with a teacher like that if it had been during the day when most of the students were around. I appreciated those rides, particularly after running for an hour or so. It saved about of the distance of the walk I would estimate.

Cross Country

Cross country was distinguished by courses that measured more 10-12 miles. They varied a bit at different schools, some shorter, some longer. A long track like this calls for judgment about how fast to run at different points in the course, a difficult thing when you don't even know the track. My biggest fear wasn't not winning. It was getting lost. You got any idea how difficult it is to run a track through a town, out in the country a bit and back to the school with lots of cross streets that tempt you? When you get behind the pack alone, it becomes a real problem.

We practiced most days by running 4 to 6 miles. On Saturdays, we would go out on the road for a 10 miles run. No real pressure on us, just a conditioning run. It was satisfying to get out alone running in the quiet of a country road, covered by trees. It wasn't easy of course, and I can't say I really enjoyed it, but there was satisfaction after it was over. By the end of the season, fall had fallen so early morning runs were cold. We'd wear extra shirts, but by the time we finished, we'd have stripped off most of them and wrapped them around our waists or over our shoulders. Then we'd walk the mile and a half home.

I finished the season without particular success. I am not an athlete nor, as I indicated, am I competitor. I am actually tough and stringy with great endurance but I am not built to compete in track either.

In retrospect, it seems sort of futile to compete in 12 mile courses when we never practiced at that distance. However, the idea was the same in all schools, apparently, so the playing field was level.

Outdoor Track

I signed up for Outdoor Track and selected the Mile as my distance. I had never run a mile but I was intimidated by the speed of the guys running shorter distances, the 100, 220, and quarter mile. They looked like whippets turned loose. I knew I couldn't begin to compete with them and

since the mile was the longest distance, I chose it hoping that the distance might work to my advantage. It didn't. My best time was close to 5 minutes - which I believe Lisa has recently beat!

The first part of the season went fine but something happened to put an end to my competitive running, indeed most running at all for the rest of my life. I started a running program at Capitol High but after 2 or 3 days, the same pain developed so I had to stop running. As the season progressed, my right leg gradually developed a resistance -I don't know what else to call it- to the stress of running. It manifested itself like a hot needle inside my calf, like the bone was hot. The longer I ran, the worse it became. During a track meet near the end of the season, I collapsed because I could not stand on my leg. It was most embarrassing but there was nothing to do about it. Dad was called at work to come and pick me up.

He did, but again, my interaction with him it was about as painful as the leg pain. When I got into the car, Mr. Seamons helped me because I wasn't able to bear my weight on the leg. Once more, I mistakenly judged dad. He had come to pick me up which was a real big deal, and I took it as a measure of his concern for me. Wrong. After I was out of the public eye, I started to cry about the pain and the embarrassment, lamenting how badly my leg hurt. I looked at him, expecting some sympathy. Guess what I saw? An angry face, a clenched jaw, with not a word of sympathy. Obviously, I said no more. I just waited until I was home, got into the house and up the stairs to my bedroom to get away from him.

Perhaps he was tired of having to come and pick me up at school? Two times in one year was a big burden, you know. This was the same year that he had to come to school to pick me up and take me to the emergency room for chlorine inhalation. But even so, it hardly seems like the way a parent should act. I expect that there were actually three parts to his problem. One, he hated to miss work, second, he hated to give rides and third he hated to see me whine, like it was unmanly of me I suppose. Whatever the situation was, it was just one more of a life long series of disappointments in how he treated me.

Anyway, after I had to stop running, I asked Mr. Seamons if I could stay on as a "manager" since there were managers for the various track teams. He said that was OK so I managed all track activities from there out for the remaining year and a half.

My heart just wasn't in sports of any kind. I was going through the motions because I was forced to do so but my preference would have been to sit out. I can't say, with 50 years of perspective behind me, that track contributed to my personality or life. Does that sound like heresy? Shouldn't participation in sports always improve oneself? It didn't make any difference that I can see. If it made any difference, it was whatever benefit one might derive from simply going through exercises over many months

that one doesn't really care to do. If that bestows benefit, then I suppose it did but otherwise, I don't see any. The reason sports made no difference is the fact that my heart wasn't in it. Had I been dedicated to track -and had I been able to continue running- perhaps the outcome would have been different.

Tumbling

For reasons I don't know, teenagers in particular were hooked on tumbling in the late '50s. I know. I was there. This photo probably shows where it all started, probably California. It reached Boston and as a result, mom and dad bought three straw ticks to use as tumbling mats in the living room. When put end to end, they extended from one wall of the living room clear through the dining room to the far wall. A great distance for kids to run to get up a head of steam before executing some sort of tumble, flip of whatever, and a good pad to protect whoever tipped over when doing head stands, walking on their hands, etc.



Neck Injury

This was the first of many skeletal injuries that I have experienced, all of which ultimately led to fractures and arthritis. The total number of broken bones? 3 ribs in the first motorcycle accident, 6 ribs and one clavicle in the second accident, two vertebrae in the Final Fall of Man -whoops something is showing! Throw in the damage caused in this tumbling accident and you end up with degenerative disc disease at two levels in my neck. I'm a wreck as Dr. Ruff told us yesterday when he evaluated me for steroid injections into to my spine for pain management, "The whole package!" he gleefully said. Made him feel like he really had something to work on. He did. A life long accumulation of skeletal trauma that impressed the heck out of him. (Somewhere in UBW you will run into a exhaustive listing of all of the diseases, infections, parasites, major accidents and surgeries. It's 6 pages long, without any annotation other than a description of the event.

Anyway, it was on those mats in our front room that I experienced the

first severe neck injury. I was lying on my back like the guy in the above picture but was just acting like a vault lying about half way across the mats. Guys would get a run from the couch, and then hit my feet and vault over my head to finish their run. Things went fine until one bozo didn't get enough height. His sweat caught on the back of my feet. I was unprepared for this so when his energy pushed me backward over my head, I neglected to turn my head. So the vertebrae in my neck were stretched out after which my head turned to the side and my neck snapped back together - with vertebra out of place.

I didn't get any sleep that Saturday night, but we knew that there was a chiropractor in the branch. After Sacramento Meeting was over, we sought him out. He took me to the floor of the rec hall, laid me down and worked on my neck. He managed to get something to move but it didn't relieve the pain, rather just shifted it. Over time the pain receded but that has to be the origin of the disc disease I have at C5-6 and C 6-7. So don't hurt your neck. It causes arthritis in later life.

Cheerleaders & Bands

I don't suppose I need to say much about these things, other than to note the large variety of costumes. There must have been half a dozen different groups of cheerleaders. The second photo gives you a sense of just how many there were.



Dad took these photos at



some sort of school function the year after I left so I don't know what was the occasion.

In the second photo you can see some red uniforms near the left edge of the photo. That must be from



the opposing school so part of the groups in the photo are foreign. Dad overexposed two of the shots which means he was shooting, again, without his light meter.

Field Hockey

That's Marilyn Brainard on the left, twisting and turning, trying to follow the wooden ball the girls used in this game. Marilyn was the piano player for the Glee Club - of the Acapella Choir? (Get it! Haha. At least she was in both.) Had to have balance in one's resume if you wanted to get into a good school, which Marilyn did, like Wellesley, or



Radcliffe or Vassar.

The shin pads didn't really protect them well but in those days, it was all the girls used. The hockey sticks were skinny, ineffectual little things with which to chase an equally small, fast moving ball, all in all, a game of madness as these women loped up and down the field yelling to each other, swinging and sometimes connecting. This playing field was on the east side of the bleachers for the football field. You can see the two tall goal posts in the center top.

I don't imagine that women who play field hockey today wear nice neat pinafores like this, do they? This image from the web shows how different the uniform is today and it looks like the sticks are slightly bigger? Back then girls were feminine. The pinafores over white blouses, white anklets instead of knee-hi athletic socks, ineffective shin guards instead of industrial strength shin guards, no head adornment instead of face masks and head bands, and simple sneakers instead of high-tech athletic shoes make a world of difference. I don't know whether one is better or not, but there is certainly a difference. Just a matter of changes in society in general. These girls at EMU probably play more aggressive therefore "better" hockey?



Figure 55

http://www.corriere.it/Hermes%20Foto/2002/08_Agosto/28/0H1K4S5R--550x450.jpg

Ice Hockey

This sport was the only one that interested me personally, but again, the level of skill shown by the players so great that I knew I would not be able to compete. Does that sound like defeatism? Perhaps it is. I don't know. All I knew was that considering how beaten down I felt and how unsupported I was, I just couldn't stand the thoughts of getting involved in one more activity where I would stand out as an incompetent kid. School classes were not an option - I had to go so I went. But sports were optional so why would I put on a uniform and skates and go out and make a fool of myself? Those guys had been playing team hockey since they were five years old, and in competitive leagues. I didn't actually even know the rules of hockey even though we had attempted to play in Seward. Sort of a sad comment actually but there were no adults to teach us so we just went on the rough ice and had a good time pretending we were playing -falling and bumping over each other. It wasn't background for starting competition in

Belmont.

I don't know any of these players, just put the photo in to show part of the team.



Soccer

Soccer was well-known in New England, probably because New England retained ties to Europe that younger parts of the US didn't. Frenchman and French Teacher Mr. Solano was the coach. Made sense to have a European teach a European sport. I hadn't heard of soccer before going to Boston, at least I hadn't heard enough to remember that it was a game played with a white ball that people kicked around. It was new to me and of course, was not something I could play. These are all Belmont kids. Carmeris is the guy on the left side.



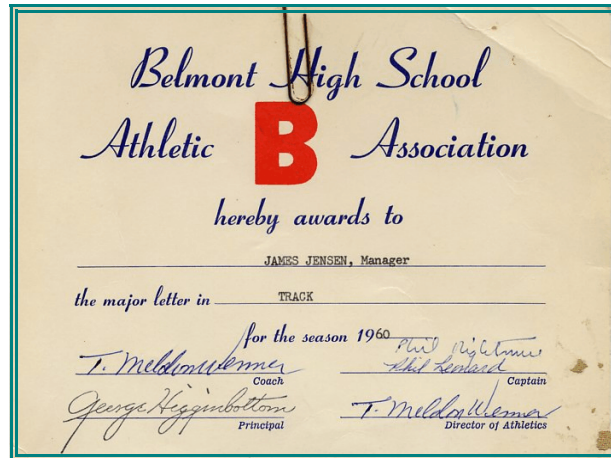
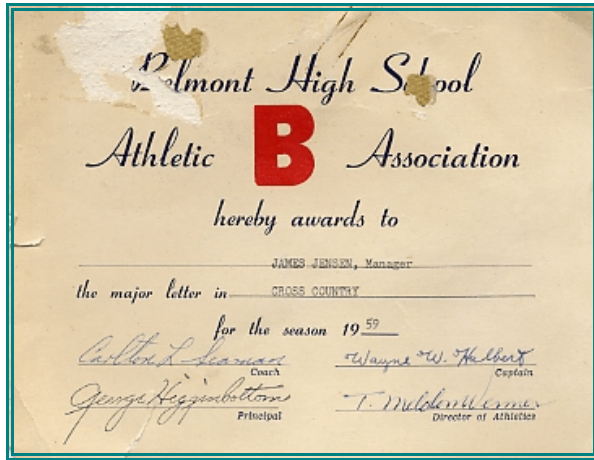
Letters

I received four letters - I know because I found them in a box. Two for fall track, one for cross country and one for music - I think. I'm not sure about the latter.



I can't even tell you what these were for. They were big deals at the time.

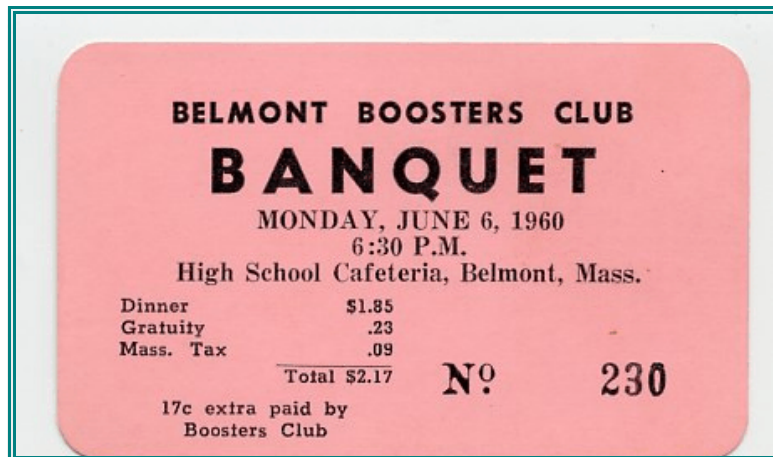
These are the certificates that came with the letters.



I don't know where the ones are that went with the other mystery letters.

Sports Banquet

These letters and other awards were given out at a large banquet in the classy cafeteria each spring. This is the ticket provided to each recipient who received something on June 6, 1960, a few days before I left Belmont forever. Note the prices. Dinner was \$1.85,, with a 23 cent gratuity built in. The Boosters club paid an extra 17 cents to keep the price of the tickets at \$2.00 even.



Wilbur Woods

" During the years 1971-1974, Wilbur Wood was one of the most dominating pitchers in baseball. In those four seasons, the durable lefthander won 90 games, pitching 1,390 1/3 innings in that span. A knuckleballer with exceptional control, Wood posted a better than two-to-one strikeouts to walks ratio for those four campaigns. This is the story of one of the most underrated players of the last thirty years."

<http://www.baseballhalloffame.org/library/columns/rw_040830.htm>

This kid was a star. He was all Mr. Stone could talk about in the math class he was supposed to teach. Math? Why? When we can talk about Wilbur! Here's a clip that tells his history in the pros. He was really that good. He actually pitched a perfect game in his senior year. I don't think that Mr. Stone, the coach of the base ball team, recovered until the next fall, perhaps ever. I haven't seen him since that hot spring.

A perfect game? I didn't have a clue but I didn't reveal that. I allowed someone else to show their ignorance at which point Mr. Stone politely explained, "That's where the pitcher strikes out the 27 batters he faces in a game, i.e. three strike outs in each of the nine innings, without even a foul ball from one of them. Pretty darn impressive. Here's a neat summary of Wilbur's professional life. He was one of two of us who became famous, the other being Ken Tiger who I will -or I have already told?- tell you about.

Wilbur Wood's 1972 Topps baseball card

During the years 1971-1974, Wilbur Wood was one of the most dominating pitchers in baseball. In those four seasons, the durable lefthander won 90 games, pitching 1,390 1/3 innings in that span. A knuckleballer with exceptional control, Wood posted a better than two-to-one strikeouts to walks ratio for those four campaigns. This is the story of one of the most underrated players of the last thirty years.

* * * * *

Following the 1966 season, Wilbur Wood was at the crossroads of his baseball career. Up until the point the Chicago White Sox purchased his contract from Pittsburgh, on October 12 of that year, the southpaw's major league resume was hardly impressive. Over parts of five big-league seasons (1961-1965) with the Red Sox and Pirates, Wood's career numbers were 1-8, 4.16. It was obvious that Wilbur's fastball-curveball combination was just not good enough to fool major league hitters.

It was with Chicago, under the tutorage of teammate and future Hall of Famer Hoyt Wilhelm, where Wood decided to return to the pitch that would define his career—the knuckleball. Wilbur had thrown the knuckler since his junior high school days, but never more than fifty percent of the time, and never in a clutch situation. Now, convinced by his wife Sandra, he would give baseball one last shot as a full-time knuckleball pitcher. "If the knuckleball didn't work," Wood would recall years later, "it was back to my father-in-law's plumbing and heating business."

That decision, coupled with Wilhelm's gentle coaching and guidance, paid immediate dividends. Wood spent the next four seasons (1967-1970) as a mainstay of the ChiSox bullpen. He set a then-major-league record by appearing in 88 games in 1968, winning The Sporting News American League



Fireman of the Year Award. The resilient lefty would go on to lead AL relievers in games appeared in each of the following two campaigns. During his four-year stint in the Chicago bullpen, **the Belmont, MA native** would accumulate 56 saves and a 2.49 ERA.

But it was as a starting pitcher where Wood's star would shine the brightest. A freak knee injury suffered by Sox starter Joe Horlen on April 4, 1971, thrust the knuckleballer into Chicago's starting rotation. He responded by posting a 22-13 record. The southpaw tossed 334 innings (second in the AL to Mickey Lolich) and completed 22 games, two more than the entire White Sox rotation finished the previous season. On thirteen occasions, Wood took the mound with only two days' rest. He quickly catapulted himself to ace of the Chicago mound staff.

The next season he did even better, winning 24 games while hurling a league-leading 376 2/3 innings, the most innings pitched in the majors since Grover Cleveland Alexander's 388 in 1917. Wood's 49 games started were the most by a South Sider since Big Ed Walsh back in 1908. During the '72 campaign, Wilbur took the ball 25 times on only two days rest compiling a 12-10 record in those starts.

Wilbur Wood made an unlikely hero. The, portly, cigar-smoking lefthander was once described by author Roger Angell as having the physique of "an accountant or pastry cook on a holiday." He would quip about his 39-inch waistline, "I need all that weight in the middle to keep my balance." Notorious for his dislike of workouts, Wood was fortunate to excel in throwing a pitch that took little physical effort, but was mentally tough to master.

And master it he did. With the introduction of the designated hitter rule in the American League for the 1973 season, many predicted Wood would have his biggest season ever. Now that the rubber-armed southpaw did not have to be removed for a pinch hitter in the late innings, it was figured he would be a lock for 30 wins. Some even predicted 40. Instead, Wilbur finished 24-20 for a White Sox club that won ten fewer games than in 1973. Still, Wood made history as his won-lost figure represented the first time a hurler both won and lost 20 games in the same season since Walter Johnson posted a 25-20 mark in 1916. (In 1979, fellow knuckleball pitcher Phil Niekro would finish 21-20 for the Atlanta Braves marking the last occasion a major-league hurler would both win and lose 20 games during the same season.)

Wood made history in other ways in 1973. On Monday night, May 28, he took the mound against Cleveland in the completion of a game suspended two nights earlier after 16 innings. He threw five innings, and although allowing an unearned run to the Indians in the top of the 21st inning, Chicago rallied for four in the bottom of the frame, Wood receiving the win. In the evening's regularly-scheduled game, Wilbur hurled a complete game, four-hit shutout, thus winning two games in the same day. His line for the night: 14 innings pitched, six hits, one unearned run, three walks, nine strikeouts.

The southpaw wasn't as lucky on July 20 in New York. Starting the first game of a twin-night doubleheader against the Yankees, Wood failed to retire a batter. Despite fanning lead-off batter Horace Clarke, the New York second sacker reached first on ChiSox receiver Ed Herrmann's passed ball. Wilbur then allowed four hits and a walk before being lifted for fellow knuckler, Eddie Fisher. He was the losing pitcher in a 12-2 Yankees thumping.

Wood then convinced Sox skipper Chuck Tanner to let him start the nightcap. This time, he made it into the fifth inning before yielding after allowing Roy White's grand slam, this time losing 7-0 to "Sudden" Sam McDowell. Wood became the first pitcher to start, and lose, both ends of a twin bill since Fred Toney, pitching for Cincinnati, lost twice in one day to the Pittsburgh Pirates on June 23, 1918.

The lefty enjoyed his fourth consecutive 20-win, 300-plus innings pitched season in 1974, becoming the first pitcher in White Sox history to post four consecutive 20 win campaigns. The next season, however, Wood slipped to 18-20, suffering his second 20-loss season. He also missed a fifth consecutive 300 innings pitched season by eight-and-two-thirds.

On Sunday, May 9, 1976, at Tiger Stadium, Detroit, a sixth-inning drive off the bat of Tigers centerfielder Ron LeFlore struck the left knee of the 34-year-old southpaw. Wood went down in a heap, clutching the knee. The next day, he underwent surgery for a transverse displaced fracture of the left patella (shattered kneecap). Wilbur Wood's season, and for all intents and purpose, career, was over. Ironically, it was a left knee that both started and ended Wood's rise to stardom.

After two mediocre seasons following the injury, Wood, an avid fisherman, retired after the 1978 season and literally "went fishin'" back in his native New England, where he resides today. In 1998, Wood boasted to Sports Collectors Digest, "You'll never again see anyone do the stuff I did." Indeed.

Wilbur Wood floats another knuckle ball up to Comiskey's homeplate.

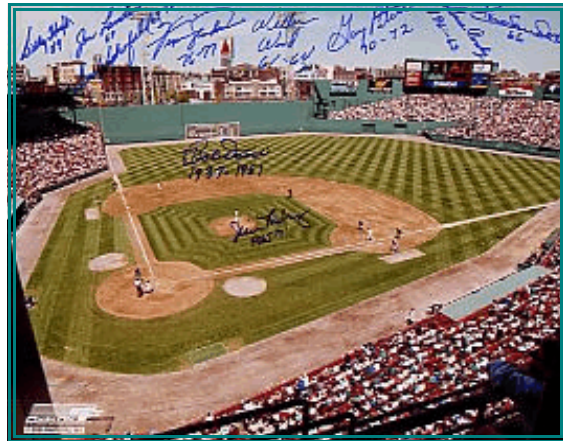
(This was when he played for Chicago which he did for many years.)



Item Code: 63939

Mounted Memories Wilbur Wood Autographed 8X10 Photo

Wilbur Wood played for 17 seasons on 3 different teams and ended his big league playing career in 1978. The 8x10 photo is personally hand signed by Wilbur and is officially licensed by Major League Baseball. It comes with a certificate of authenticity and hologram from Mounted Memories. \$ 33.00



Boston Red Sox/Fenway Park 8x10 Color Photo.

Autographed by 10 Boston Red Sox -

Gene Conley, Bob Doerr, Billy Hoefft, Fergie Jenkins, Jim Landis, Jim Lonborg, Gary Peters, Ken Sanders, Dick Schofield & Wilbur Wood. \$59



<http://www.chicagobaseballphotos.com/>

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 The Bay Bops
 Paragons
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 The Mills Brothers
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 The Channels
 Martha & the Vandels
 The Miracles
 Billie Ward & the Dominos
 The Matadors
 The platters
 Fleetwoods
 Bo Diddley
 The Chords
 The Chams
 The Cleftones
 The Crests
 The Crowd
 The Dells

Project 58 Test: Pascal-C No Photo
 Time: 20:15 6 December 1957 (GMT)
 Location: Nevada Test Site, Area 3e
 Test Height and Type: Underground burst in shaft, -250 feet
 Yield: Slight
 Los Alamos one-point safety test of device scheduled for firing in Operation Hardtack. Similar to Hardtack II Valencia and Hardtack II San Juan devices. Possible XW-42 test. The device was 13 inches in diameter, 17.3 inches long, and weighed 92.9 lb.

Test: Morgan (No photo)
 Time: 13:00 7-Oct-57
 Location: NTS, Area 9
 Test height & Type: 500 ft. Balloon
 Yield: 8 kt (2-10 kt)
 XW-45X1 test, boosted Swan primary and Flamingo secondary

This table summarizes some of the nuclear tests I have sprinkled through the text to give you, in one place, the real view of just how many tests were set off in 1957 - 1957 along. I am not sure how it worked but the agency that was in charge of the nuclear testing gave names to each individual test, but in many instances, a bunch of individual tests were clumped together into under a single name. The tests that I'm using right now are from a series names "Operation Hardtack I" and they are:

BOLTZMAN, May 28, tower, weapons related, 12 kilotons (kt)
FRANKLIN, June 2, tower, weapons related, 140 tons
LASSEN, June 5, balloon, weapons related, 0.5 tons
WILSON, June 18, balloon, weapons related, 10 kt
PRISCILLA, June 24, balloon, weapons related, 37 kt
COULOMB-A, July 1, surface, safety experiment, zero yield
HOOD, July 5, balloon, weapons related, 74 kt
DIABLO, July 15, tower, weapons related, 17 kt
JOHN, July 19, rocket, weapons effects, about 2 kt
KEPLER, July 24, tower, weapons related, 10 kt
OWENS, July 25, balloon, weapons related, 9.7 kt
PASCAL-A, July 26, shaft, safety experiment, slight yield

STOKES, August 7, balloon, weapons related, 19 kt
SATURN, August 10, tunnel, safety experiment, zero yield
SHASTA, August 18, tower, weapons related, 17 kt
DOPPLER, August 23, balloon, weapons related, 11 kt
PASCAL-B, August 27, shaft, safety experiment, slight yield
FRANKLIN PRIME, August 30, balloon, weapons related, 4.7 kilotons
SMOKY, August 31, tower, weapons related, 44 kt
GALILEO, September 2, tower, weapons related, 11 kt
WHEELER, September 6, balloon, weapons related, 197 tons
COULOMB-B, September 6, surface, safety experiment, 300 tons
LAPLACE, September 8, balloon, weapons related, 1 kt
FIZEAU, September 14, tower, weapons related, 11 kt
NEWTON, September 16, balloon, weapons related, 12 kt
RAINIER, September 19, tunnel, weapons related, 1.7 kt
WHITNEY, September 23, tower, weapons related, 19 kt
CHARLESTON, September 28, balloon, weapons related, 12 kt
MORGAN, October 7, balloon, weapons related, 8 kt

http://www.nv.doe.gov/library/films/fulltext/0800021_22.htm

29 tests in 12 months, or 2 ½ tests per month. Compare this to space shuttle flights. You are probably aware of just how unaware you are these days about shuttle flights, but can you remember back in the '80's when it was new? Never missed a thing, but today, they are so common that they just blend into the background of the news cycle. That happened with less than 4-5 launches a year. Imagine, then, if it went up basically every 2 weeks. You wouldn't hardly be aware of it, would you. That's how it was with these blasts.

Opposition was developing and testing, both atmospheric as well as underground, was stopped completely in 1962. But the opposition seemed sort of odd, sort of empty, overdone, exaggerated. Because we had seen so many tests for 15 years, and we knew that none of the people who sat outside, unprotected in restaurants specifically to watch and be thrilled by the atom bomb tests were injured. Tens of thousands of viewers sat in hotels and restaurants in Las Vegas so that they would be able to watch blasts. No one reported injury. That is not a trivial fact, is it. Oh, our saviors would like to ignore this fact, but they can't. It's just like trying to ignore the fact that Oppenheimer and Grove stood on Trinity, the first blast

site, in their STREET CLOTHING, 24 hours after the blast had taken place and they did not melt down, their flesh did not slough, their hair didn't fall out, etc. I know radiation is horrible, nasty stuff, but in some way, it is not as bad as represented by the terror-mongers who would have us believe that being within a mile of a nuclear bomb is a sure sign that radiation poison is going to get you.

On the source page for this table is this quote:

"Approximately 18,000 members of the U.S. armed forces participated in exercises Desert Rock VII and VIII during Operation Plumbbob. Their leaders were interested in knowing how the average foot-soldier would stand up, physically and psychologically, to the rigors of the tactical nuclear battlefield."

We don't know how much exposure they received but at least part of them were on the ground only in trenches, i.e. not well protected at all. I hate to say it, but nuclear bombs seem to me to be less risky that we are told unless you are really close to the site of the reaction. Look at Chernobyl, 250+ years later. It is famous but we are not seeing accounts of hundreds of thousands of people dying of various cancers and so on. Oh, there are hundreds of thousands who were exposed but somehow the consequences are apparently not as lethal as the Sierra Club types would have us believe.

Teen Scene - Music, concept and commodity

I'm going to spend a few chapters on "Music" and will preface them with some of that darn philosophy/metaphysics. Music had always been part of my universe, thanks primarily to dad, also because radios were becoming part of everyone's home. Little Crosleys like this were appearing on kitchen counters or tables. Dad played his 78 RPM's of classical music. My music universe was pretty narrow, even through age 14 in Seward. When I went to Boston, it exploded, sort of a super nova event in my personal universe.



Figure 69
[http://archives.radioattic.com/image/s/c/Crosley_1526_\(1946\)_Verville.jpg](http://archives.radioattic.com/image/s/c/Crosley_1526_(1946)_Verville.jpg)
 9

I was introduced to an enormous range of new types of music, instruments, venues, scores and personalities. The effects were permanent and spilled over onto all of you in my music choices. I like virtually all kinds of music and will do one chapter of the teen music world as I experienced it, and another chapter on classical music in the same era. At this point I just want to talk about music, its role in my life and how it affected you all.

My experience with music spilled over onto you, sometimes subtly. Remember when I'd sit in the doorway between 2 bedrooms at bedtime?

Upstairs and downstairs, depending on where you were hanging out? You guys played musical bedrooms. I'd play the guitar for you and sing you to sleep. Sometimes, I'd start the entertainment with the introduction to a story: "Once upon a bear, there were three times, some time, any time and no time..." All of you got exasperated at that dumb joke and yelled, "No dad! Say it right!" I'd say, "OK!", you'd settle back in bed, and I'd do the same thing again - for several more times. By the time I played it right, you were so wound up that you COULDN'T sleep. Finally, I'd stop and you would finally get to sleep.

This is what I'd do specifically to rile you up: I'd play "Down by the Station early in the morning" by strumming the C, G7 and F cords just to get you in mind for the sweet melody. Then, when I was ready to start singing - which I'd announce to you- I'd slide my fingers up the neck one fret and continue strumming. Naturally, this made a dissonant sound and you'd start all over, "No dad! Not THAT way! Play it right!" I'd promise to play it right, return the normal position, strum through the series of cords in the right order, and then, repeat the gag. Finally, I would actually sing you the songs right and eventually you'd sleep. Those are sweet memories, tired, freshly washed and pajamed kids in bed after a long day of running and dreaming and playing.

Point? Music. Music has always been part of my life as explained in previous volumes, but the importance of music in my life has never been greater than it was during teenagehood. Today music continues to fill the space around me. Remember in Boise how your mom didn't like the international music I listened to? So she pretended to give me a nice birthday present - a setup with a set of headphones that picked up the radio signal and cut the sound from going to the speakers - just so I "could listen to the music ANYWHERE!" Wasn't that nice. Reality was, she couldn't stand the music. I didn't know that and would have listened to something else. But I always had to have music on, a trait picked up from my parents. Did you ever notice that they always had a small radio on by their bed? Every time you would go into their bedroom, this radio played a quiet, oh so quiet background of classical music. Same in the kitchen. I am the same way. I need noise. I feel alone without the soothing sounds around me. People or music.

Classical music always inside of me but I branched out into every conceivable kind - including some that you kids probably would be surprised about - e.g. I like some heavy metal stuff, and so on. Naturally, I don't like it all, but I don't like all of ANY kind of music. Very picky. Dick, on the other hand, was arrested in classical. It's obvious when he's around my non-classical music that he doesn't care for it. Just look at his cd collection - mostly classical with some easy listening and soft jass - but no rock and roll, bluegrass, country, blues, pop, etc. Pretty intense indoctrination. In these

chapters I'm dealing with the non-classical music of my teenagehood. Classical will get its treatment later, some pretty wonderful stuff there, stuff only found in large metro regions.

You kids shared it with me early in your lives and eventually went your own way. I want to tell you in some detail about my teenage music. It was a remarkable set of stuff and I think it compares favorably to any era that has followed. Indeed, I find it amusing that some of you actually like '50's music as much as or even more than you like some of the music of your own era.

Now an important secret: Did you know that I was once a teenager, just like you? Yep, pimply, sweaty, insecure, nervous, agitated, anxious, emotionally up and down, confused. Music was a major part of those years. On one hand, when I'd come home from another sad pointless day at school, to an empty house, I'd turn to classical music for comfort. Beethoven's 6th and 9th were soothing, inspiring and raised the hair on my arm, helping me to forget the pain. On the other hand, on weekends when I got to go out to parties with my friends, popular music served as the thread on which our time seemed to be hung. However, the range of music subsumed by the term "pop music" is probably decidedly wider than your own. Maybe not. How about light classical like The William Tell Overture, a bit of choral stuff, the Kingston Trio, Harry Belafonte, some Aaron Copeland "Appalachian Spring", Frank Sinatra, Buddy Holly, etc. Was your public, teen-age, music palate, the one you shared with friends, that broad and inclusive? I bet it wasn't.

As you know, I started in music with classical and cowboy music in Vernal, but little kids aren't caught up emotionally like teenagers. To little kids, pretty music is just that, pretty music. It is in puberty that our minds blow open to be exposed to the world. We begin to feel the unfamiliar, intoxicating twinges of emotions stimulated by music. It was in Seward around the 13th year that I became aware of pop music and felt some of the excitement that it caused, particularly in the company of pretty young women. Remember the dance club that mom and dad organized to keep kids off the streets - literally? Well, that was a great place to experience the new twists of emotion that arise when dancing with kids in a safe setting, where we got to hold hands, got to do square dances, do folk dances, and just experience the proximity of each other.

But what I experienced in Seward was nothing like what happened when I landed in Waltham. There, in that metropolitan setting, I was pressed on all sides by the enormous wealth of pop groups from across the US and some in Boston. Let me set the stage for you so you understand specifically what era of US history I'm talking about so there's no confusion.

First, I was 14 in 1956 when we came out from Seward, was 18 in 1960 when I went to BYU, and was 19 in 1961 when I went to Finland. Those 5

years encompass my passion and love and involvement with popular music. When I speak of my popular music, it is the music of 1956 through 1961. The Beach Boys and the Beatles were too new to belong to my world. Of course, I was aware of new singers but I no longer was interested in them like I was as a teenager.

I didn't hear of the Beach Boys until I came home in 1964, and I didn't hear of the Beatles until late 1963. I was headed home from a missionary conference in Finland and splurged to buy a TIME magazine, a rare thing because we had little discretionary income. I read an article about this amazing group called the "Beatle" which was being exported from Liverpool to the US. The Beatles according to the article threatened to overtake all of the pop music of the US.

The picture in the magazine was the famous first album cover in black and white, the four heads with their enigmatic smiles.

They were just babies but they shocked the pop music world. Their power is felt today and I expect that you all can tell ME just what kinds of effects they had on your own music. Truly and amazing group, but note: they were not part of my own era of popular music. They were 2 years to new to be mine. When I came home at Xmas time in Dec. '63, I spent 5 days alone in London starving and exploring. This image, except that it was 20 feet high, was plastered around the City. I stayed off Oxford Street and when I walked to the British Museum, or to Piccadilly Circus I would run into this poster which was familiar to me thanks to that TIME magazine. When I started listening to the radio in Jan. 1964, all I heard was 'I want to hold your hand', with its funky bass line that powered the whole thing.

Ed Sullivan, the ubiquitous, awkward sales-



Figure 70 <http://beatlesnumber9.com/disc.html>



showman of the 50's introduced many artists to the US public, among the more famous being the Beatles. His show was early Sunday evening. He did the deed and introduced the group sometime in late 1963. By all accounts, his studio was nearly demolished in the teenage girl pandemonium which ensued. The stage dicks managed to get the boys off stage before their clothes were shredded for souvenirs. Beware the American Teenage Girl on a collecting mission.

Ed had various nervous gestures and postures that comedians mocked but he was a master at finding and introducing new talent - he also had Presley's scalp on his coup stick. His show really was nothing more than an upscale talent show, each program compiled of 6-12 acts of various kinds, including singers, dancers, ventriloquists (They still successfully pedaled their wares in the '50's.) jugglers, puppeteers, acts of virtually any kind that would entertain.)

As a tangent to the story about 1950's music, I gotta tell you about perhaps the most bizarre act that Ed Sullivan ever had on, a guy named "Tiny Tim" who later married "Miss Vicki." I think this guy was Lebanese or something like that. He ended up making a pot of gold by playing the role of an effeminate ukelele-singer who specialized in the songs of the 192-30's. People watched him out of horrified fascination and everyone had strong reactions -see his nose in the right half of this image? Isn't



Figure 72 <http://www.tinytim.org/articles/index.html>

that about the most horrific nose you ever say? He always wore a cape. Most people I know were horrified at this spectacle.

His long hair was greasy and flopped about but that was less of a concern than the fact that he sang in high falsetto with lots of tremolo, eye movements, and cute little waves to the audience as you can see in the left image, his left hand in the position he'd use to wave to the audience between strums. He didn't even play the uke very well. All he did was a downward strum with his left index finger. That was all. No fancy picks, nothing, just a monotonous down-down-down while he change cord positions with his right hand. I was amazed when he was one. I could scarcely believe that anyone would allow themselves to be shown on TV looking and acting that way. His bizarre nose, huge horse teeth, long stringy hair, poorly maintained clothes, and squeaky voice were just amazing. Whatever one thinks, he made an image one didn't forget and he kept making money with this routine until he died in the '90's.

End of tangent, back to the music of the 1950's: Teen age music in

that era varied a great deal, as you'll see below. But not nearly as varied as in the 80's and 90's. The music I loved and danced and partied to was truly 1950's music, along with a smattering of 1940's big bands like Tommy Dorsey. This was a rich time for American music and you all know some of the songs and identify them as soon as you hear them. I doubt that music of the 1990's is going to be remembered 50 years from now. I don't know why I say that other than the fact that hardly any of it catches my attention. It probably doesn't mean much to others, but I associate it with the general deterioration in American Culture that is reflected in all of the arts, socially, educationally, etc. (Are you getting tired of me being a doomsayer? I am, but I have these little outbursts as new realizations cross my screen.) Tom, you read "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." How many years to you give before the US also completely loses its position of pre-eminence in the world?

You all can describe what music was "the music" of your teenage age years -can't you? The curious thing to me is that although I was in the same house with you, I can't tell you what it was, not that I should be the one to 'explain' it. Part of the reason was that you were afraid to play what you wanted to listen to when I was around, but the other reason is that when I heard your music, I couldn't identify a style. It seemed to wander all over the map, bits of this and bits of that. No, I just mean that I knew so little about the music that you listened to that I didn't learn it. Oh, I can mention names of prominent singers like Jackson the Cadaver, the head-shaking blind Black singer, and a few others, but I just don't know. I'm not sure what that means - other than that we didn't communicate about music. Right? Is that a problem that you will be sure to remedy if you have kids of your own? They will turn into teenagers and will be ravenous for the music of the era. I feel sort of guilty that I didn't pay enough attention to your music to learn it. Suggests that I wasn't a good parent in that way, too. By the time we get through pulling all of these pin feathers, I will be bald.

It is remarkable how the things that enter our awareness during puberty stand head and shoulders above all others as hall marks of your identity, i.e. things you really care about, things you really love, things you really get involved with, share with other teenagers, think adults don't understand, think you're the only age capable of understanding things and so on.

Were hair cuts critical to your identity? Clothing choices? Slang? Friends? Yep. And so on. But of them all, I would suspect that the thing that literally resonates the loudest in your skulls is the music you enjoyed. I am going to provide 75-80 images of the groups I liked. Most of them are album covers I gleaned from the Internet -for which I am NOT going to give URL's since they are ubiquitous and not associated with only one site- along with a few publicity photos. There were naturally too many to list them all,

but these give you a good insight into the range and types of music we listened to.

Note: dance is obviously connected to music but to simplify the telling -and the reading I think- I will deal with our dances in a separate chapter.

Test: **Hickory** No Photo
 Date: 30-Jun-58
 Place: Bikini
 Barge 12 14 (8-12) UCRL WD
 Possible XW-47 primary test, similar to Hardtack II Neptune and Titania

Types of Music

I am only dealing with non-classical music in this section, which I've divided into 5 arbitrary groups. I emphasize that the groups themselves are arbitrary, and that many of the artists are also arbitrarily assigned to one of another group. How does one really draw a line between 'rock and roll' and 'black music'. I'm telling you this so you realize that I know how arbitrary some of this is. You can assign them differently if you want -you would probably be more accurate than I am. These are the 5 groups:

1. **Jazz and blues**
2. **Easy Listening**
3. **Folk and blue grass**
4. **Rock & Roll and pop**
5. **Doo-wop & Black music**

I'll say a few words about each type and give you a table of photos of the prominent groups that I knew and liked. I hope that the photos will recreate insofar as possible for you , the aura of the era. I treat classical music in its own section.

Test: **Sequoia** No Photo
 Date: 1-Jul-58
 Place: Enewetak
 Barge 7 5.2 (5) LASL WD
 Similar to Hardtack II Otero, test of Hardtack I Pisonia primary

1. Jazz & Blues

This was the era when I was introduced to jazz in its rich variety. There was a jazz club at BHS that I joined. It was actually more of a social group than a study group, but there were several kids who seemed to actually know something. They'd have meetings at their homes, I'd go, and they would talk about New Orleans, Jelly Roll Morton, Chicago, and so on. I didn't know anything so was a sponge soaking up the information.

During my senior year I wrote a research paper -that I discuss elsewhere- on the History of Jazz, a rather self-conscious title I suppose. But I was earnest. The thing ran over 100 hand-written pages which was an enormous task, my hand being so crappy. During the research, I learned an enormous amount, field songs, hollers, speak-easys, etc. Wonderful introduction to this dimension of our rich heritage.

This was the time that I was introduced to the Modern Jazz Quarter, Lionel Hampton, Dave and Brubeck. Dixieland jazz was all the rage, the most famous group being "Firehouse 4 plus 5".

It was a satisfying thing many years later in the company of one of Tom to go to "Jazz Alley "in Seattle, run by Demetrius-someone, to see Tom's bass teacher John Clayton performing. During intermission I introduced myself to Lionel Hampton and got to shake his hand.

I have listed a dozen or so greats, just a sampling, most of which will be familiar to most of you I believe.



Figure 73

<http://www.arcanerecords.com/jpgmp3/200211534.jpg>

The Modern Jazz Quartet

The original incarnation of this most famous group was created in the 1950's. Those of us who liked jazz, love this bunch. It was so unusual because it consisted of a piano, a bass, vibes and an upright bass. No brass or strings or woodwinds like whiny saxophones. Really smooth. I owned this album. Got it by trading a Kingston Trio album

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/LPs-beige%20crate/>



Oscar Peterson

He was around but not well known by most kids, only those who "dug" jazz.



Figure 75

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/LPs-beige%20crate/>

Errol Garner

Another famous pianist with a wonderful orchestra.



Figure 76

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/LPs-beige%20crate/garner,erroll-the%20most%20happy%20piano.jpg>

Eydie Gorme

A smoky sultry singer, jazz was her style.



Figure 77

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/>

John Coltrane & Milt Jackson

These guys were cool. Those of us who liked jazz would trade albums from time to time. There were no cassette players in those days and tape recorders were 40 pound



Figure 78

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/>

Frankie Lane

He was a cross-over between pop, jazz and country. My favorites included "Jezebel" and "Granada".



Louis Prima & Keely Smith

Another jazz singer, beloved at BHS. In this album he's singing with Keely Smith, another great jazz musician.

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/LPs-beige%20crate/>



Figure 80

Glenn Miller

From the '40's, he was still a hit.

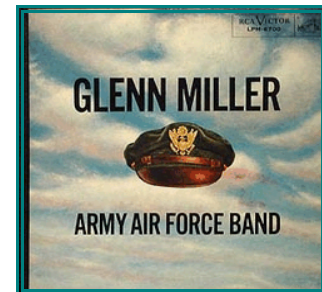


Figure 81

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/LPs-beige%20crate/>

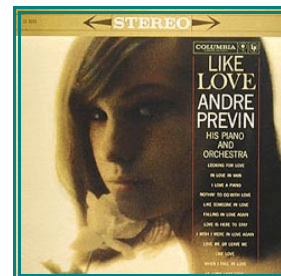
Lionel Hampton

This guy needs no introduction, does he. The same, except that he's 50 years older than in this photo. Tom introduced me to Lionel at Jazz Allen - Demetrius someone?- in Seattle around 1995. Thank you Tom. It was an event for me to actually meet this legend I had liked for 50 years



Andre Previn

I believe that he is familiar to you. It was in our basement for many years.



Dave Brubeck Quartet

He was around in the '50's but became a blockbuster in about 1959 with his "Time Out Album". It was filled with odd time signatures, something that us kids who fancied ourselves musicians, thought was cool. Not only were the time signatures different, i.e. 5/4, they sometimes switched back and forth in a piece. So we all sat around listening to these pieces trying to figure out the tempos, beating time with a hand. Do you remember seeing this album at 5111? It was there.

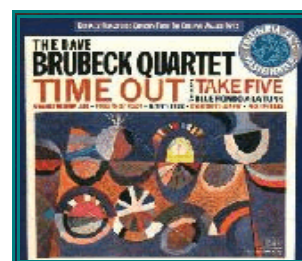


Figure 84

<http://www.sjk.org/konsert-er/gudim-info.html>

Lambert, Hendricks & Ross

"Lambert Hendricks and Ross: three distinct voices, three unique talents. Whether singing hot or cool jazz, or their self-composed originals, this trio always entertains and amazes. L H & R were obviously a huge influence on Manhattan Transfer (in fact, Jon Hendricks went on to collaborate with the Transfer on many of their most successful projects, including "Vocalese"). L, H & R modeled their vocal arrangements on the horn section of the Count Basie Orchestra, as the Manhattan Transfer went on to do as well."

<http://www.singers.com/jazz/lambert.html>



Anita Kerr Singers

"From Nashville". That's not where I think of her being from. How about you?



Henry Mancini

He too is familiar to you. It too was in the basement.



Hi Lo's

A legendary group that I think most of you are familiar with.



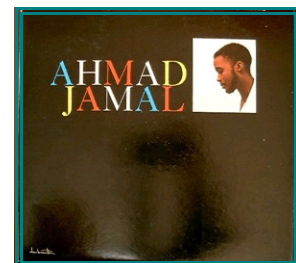
Tune Weavers

I don't know if you are familiar with this bunch but they sang complex, arrangements like Anita Kerr or the HiLo's.



Ahmad Jamal

Ahmad Jamal was a young jazz on the way up. His first big album -shown here- came out in 1958. It was a hotly traded item amongst those of us who belonged to that informal 'jazz group'.



Miles Davis

This is a 1952 photo of Miles who was already legendary. You all know him in his later incarnations and probably know more about him than I do now.



Louis Armstrong

He was famous everywhere, perhaps the best known of jazz musicians in that era. And probably because of his alltime favorite "The Saints go Marching In." That managed to be played at half the dances in Belmont, and was always part of the intermission performance at the Belmont Assemblies (see elsewhere),



Duke Ellington

This was the classiest of them all, "The Duke". Easy to listen to and easy to like. Everyone like Ellington. Isn't this a great shot of him? So appropriate.



There were of course dozens of other artists and groups that were popular. This gives you a sense of what we liked. What is surprising as I write this is to see how many of these artists are familiar to you, that they have persisted through the years. That speaks well of them I suppose. And as I am always asking, "What or who of the popular music of 1990's will be listened to in 2050's?"

2. Easy Listening-Romantic Music

Frank Sinatra

The Crooner. He was the king, the most famous, the most universally loved by my group. His albums showed up at most parties the senior year.



Figure 94

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/LPs-beige%20crate/>

Johnny Mathis

I had this album. Gorgeous lovely ballads when Johnny was young and first hit the charts

(You wanna listen to the most passionate album of all time? Get his "Open Fire, Two Guitars". Nothing like it.)

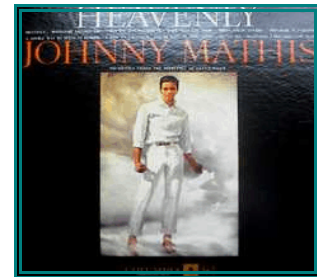


Figure 95

http://parsec-santa.com/celebrity/celeb_pages/JohnnyMathis.html

Harry Belafonte

I owned this, my favorite album of Harry. He was the first black to sing in Carnegie hall. The cover shows him on stage, with a minimalist back group who did a superb job.

This two-album set opened like a book, one disc in each side. My favorite cut was "Take my mother home." I've looked for that over the years but never been able to find it again. Guess I need to buy this album to get it because it doesn't show up on any of the new CD releases of his work. The text is Christ on the cross, talking to Peter, telling him to take his mother home and be her son in his place. Powerful song.



Figure 96

<http://webhost.bridgew.edu/jhayesboh/musica/>

Pat Boone

This guy was another crooner, sang ballads and love songs that girls shrieked over. I liked his voice but wasn't that fond of his music. It was just present. "Love Letters in the Sand" was probably his most famous song, popular while I was still at North Junior High in Waltham.



Figure 97

http://www.roxybar.it/lovesongs/us_cita1.htm

Nat King Cole

Nat had one of the smoothest voices of them all, singing ballads with a softness and warmth that appealed to the young teen age heart in love. His daughter, Natalie, has cashed in on his fame I suppose. Her voice doesn't please me although she's been well-received in some quarters.



Figure 98

<http://www.sjk.org/konsert/gudim-info.html>

Billy Vaughn

Another big band leader with a great sound. Mood music I guess it would be called today, but it was great dance music.



Figure 99

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/LPs-beige%20crate/>

Four Freshmen



Figure 100

<http://www.singers.com/jazz/four-freshmen.html>

Doris Day

She was in movies and had her own albums, a kooky sort of blonde. Pajama Game was a popular movie with a great sound track that showed up at parties.



Figure 101

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/LPs-beige%20crate/>

3. Folk & Blue Grass

Folksinging was becoming popular. The funny thing about it, of course, was the fact that this music was just early American music. Nothing new. Odetta was popular, Joan Baez was just becoming famous, Pete Seeger was becoming a senior member of the movement and so on. The Kingston Trio, Brothers Four and so on turned out many albums, most of which I bought.

Pete Seeger

Pete was the granddaddy of all folksingers in my era. He stood head and shoulder above all others as the true folksingers. I am not sure the reputation was deserved but he had it. He played guitar sometimes but his favorite instrument was the 5-string banjo. In the 1950's he was really just a singer but as things developed and the Viet Nam era blossomed, he took a major place as a leader in the sing-outs and sit-ins. It was a time we haven't seen since, civil disobedience all over the place.

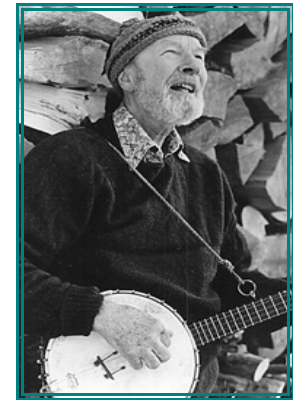


Figure 102

<http://press.org/abouttheclub/record/1998record/record-1-22-98.html>

Kingston Trio

I had this album. They were an immensely popular group that was riding the wave of a folk music movement that affected middle class teenagers. The ballads were sometimes risqué so mom and dad disliked them out of hand. Which is sort of the standard generational conflict, isn't it.



Figure 103

<http://www.moneyblows.com/My%20Pictures/LPs-beige%20crate/the%20kingston%20trio-from%20the%20hungry%20i.jpg>

Odetta

Jack Cranney introduced me to Odetta one Sunday afternoon at the Casagrande home. I was struck by the deep resonant voice of this woman. She came out of nowhere and I was knocked off balance that a black woman could sound like that. She didn't become really famous except among a small group.



Figure 104

<http://www.bluesup.com/indexofbluesup.html>

Miriam Makeba

She was a new comer from South Africa in the late 1950's. Her blackness aligned her with Odetta but I don't know whether or not they had any bond. The thing that set Miriam apart was her language Xhosa, the largest click language of Africa. She sang songs that employed these unique sounds which fascinated us.



Joan Baez

She is as familiar to you as she is to me and she's been around for almost 50 years now.



4. Rock & Roll & Pop

Yep, this was the era when rock and roll hit the scene and eclipsed all other types of music as far as teenagers were concerned. This was the real deal, the real rock and roll, which has later evolved, as all music does, into different types of music. It was populated with a wide range of groups, white groups, black groups, instrumental, blues, and so on. I apparently was an aberration as a teenager, however. I intensely disliked Elvis Presley. I never liked him. He seemed phony, artificial, over-acted. That makes me a minority of one apparently, doesn't it. But he won't show in the following list of thumbnails because I still don't like him. The media have the incredible power to transform a routine death into a earth-shaking event that reverberates for generations. Witness the Elvis-related stuff going on all the time today. He wasn't that great, but he had the good fortune to have captured the heart of the media who saw a chance to make headlines which is money.



Buddy Holly was another example that I can't figure out where a person has a certain amount of fame but after they die, they are built into super-human status. Witness John Kennedy. He was OK, but not the walk-on-water man, same deal with John Lennon. Buddy Holly was killed in a plane accident I believe after which he was worshiped as the hope of white music or some such silly thing.

A great number of the images that follow are from <http://www.history-of-rock.com/DooWopSound.htm#silhouettes>.

Danny and the Juniors

These guys came out of no where in 1957 with their hit "At the Hop", hops, being, of course, teenage dances with DJ's to spin the 45's. In this image you see them in their sweaters and cool white suede shoes. Elvis sang about "blue suede" shoes. Suede was cool and I had a pair of light tan desert boots



Figure 108

http://www.vghf.org/juniors_1957_white_buck.jpg

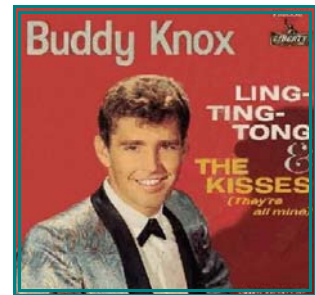
The Chordettes

In the aftermath of the Mr. Sandman sensation, The Chordettes found themselves in the whirlpool of stardom. Nightclubs around the country clamored for them. They perfumed on radio programs (including Alan Freed's), entertained for President Eisenhower along the way, and sustained their television presence with Ed Sullivan, Gary Moore, and Robert Q. Lewis (on whose show they became regulars).



Buddy Knox

He was another of the one-hit-wonders who showed up with a great song and then never equaled it again. His was "Party Doll" one of my all time favorites.



Teresa Brewer

She married Mickey Mantle, famous baseball player and sang a few terrible songs that sold well. They seemed to come out of it OK.



Buddy Holly & the Crickets

His opening hit was "That'll be the Day", a sort of solemn, funky sound that was great to dance to. I think that he, like John Kennedy and John Lennon and a bunch of other people have experienced an unwarranted burst of glory after their death. The image that persists is far greater than during their lives, something that can only be explained by pointing at the amoral media that ALWAYS tries to cash in by exaggerating reputations. Look at what they did to President Reagan? He wasn't much liked when he was president but upon death, he became a figure of glory and beauty. The nation wept. And I say, "Why? Why do you now love him when you hated him in life?"

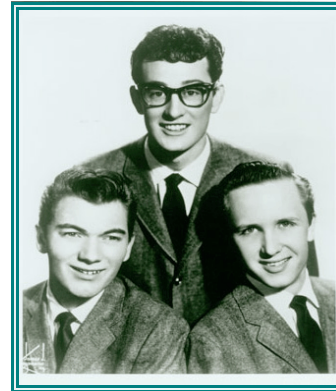


Figure 112

<http://www.allposters.com/IMAGES/PEPH/BH3B1.jpg>



Connie Francis

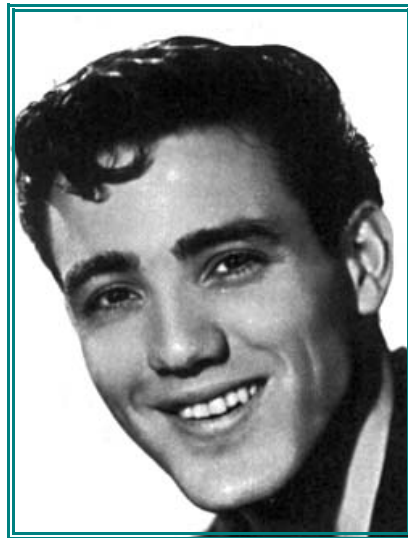


Figure 113 Jimmy Rogers



Figure 114 Everly Brothers

Sheb Wooley

He was a one hit wonder, "The Purple People Eater" was a smash hit but he never produced another one. It had electronic gimmicks which is part of what made it appealing. This was about 1958 so Les Paul and his electronics had been around for a while but this was going a good step further, a harbinger of what finally happened.

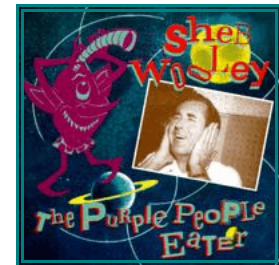




Figure 119 Eddie Fisher



The Bay Bops

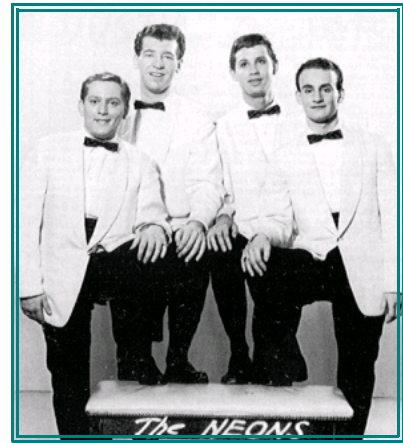


Figure 117 The Neons



Figure 122 Moon Glows



Figure 121
Larry Chance & The Earls



Figure 120 Paragons



Figure 124 The Elegants



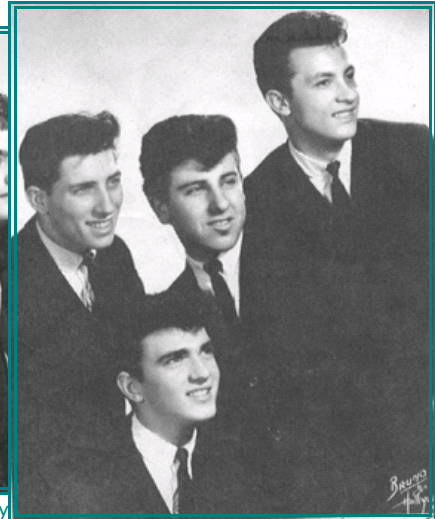
Figure 123 Larry and the Ebb Tides



Figure 132 Mono-Tones



The Mystics Figure 133 The Five Satins



Jimmy Figure 131 Jimmy Gallagher & The Passions



Figure 130 The Flamingos



Figure 129 The Jive Five



Figure 126 Vernon Green and the Medallions



Figure 125 The Nutmegs

5. Doo-wop & Black Music

I'm not sure whether I need to create this separate group or not. Whatever the case it, however, it isn't wrong to have a group dedicated to these type of singers. As you look at the group names you see that they are mostly Blacks. They are all mixed up here!! Sorry. That's how it is though. I bet that you'll change your own assignment from one sitting to the next!

Ink Spots

The Ink Spots played a large role in pioneering the Black vocal group-harmony genre, helping to pave the way for the doo-wop explosion of the '50s.



Figure 135 The Youngsters

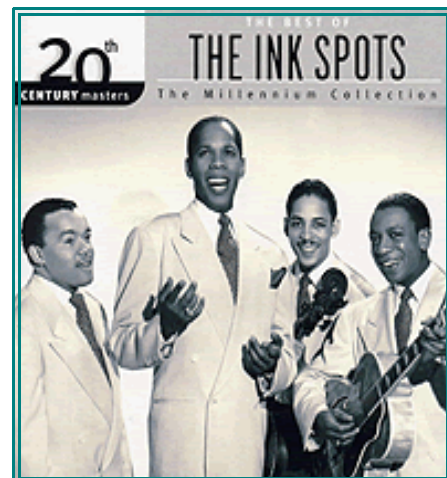


Figure 134

<http://www.singers.com/jazz/vintage/inkspots.html>



Frankie Avalon



Figure 137 Eddie Cochran



Figure 138 Bito and the Elegants

The Mills Brothers

An astonishing vocal group that grew into one of the longest-lasting oldies acts in American popular music, the Mills Brothers quickly moved from novelty wonders to pop successes and continued amazing audiences for decades. Originally billed as "Four Boys and a Guitar," the group's early records came complete with a note assuring listeners that the only musical instrument they were hearing was a guitar. The caution was understandable, since the Mills Brothers were so proficient at recreating trumpets, trombones, and saxophones with only their voices that early singles like "Tiger Rag" and "St. Louis Blues" sounded closer to a hot



Figure 139
<http://www.singers.com/jazz/vintage/millsbrothers.html>



Figure 141 <http://www.cod.edu/...Coasters>



Gene Vincent

Dixieland combo than a vocal group. audiences for decades.



Figure 142 The Aquatones

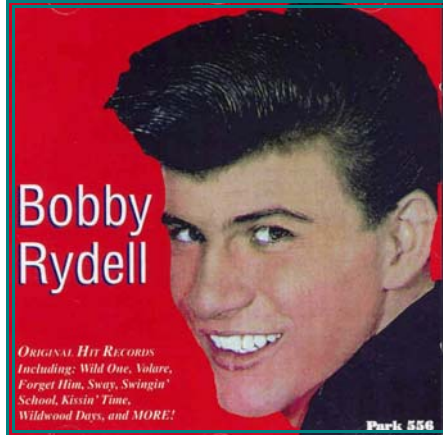


Figure 143 Bobby Rydell



Figure 144 Chuck Berry



Figure 146 Gene & Eunice



Figure 145 Mickey and Sylvia



The Teen Queens



Figure 148 Fats Domino



Figure 149 Chordettes



Figure 151 Crescendos



Figure 150 Shirelles
<http://www.beatlesagain.com/broods.html>



Figure 152 Frankie Lyman & The Teenagers



Little Richard



The Olympics



The Capris



The Cellos



The Channels



Figure 158 Martha & the Vandels



Figure 159 The Miracles



Figure 160 Billie Ward & the Dominos



Figure 162 The platters



Figure 161 The Matadors



Figure 163 Fleetwoods



The Chams



Fig 68 Bo Diddley



Figure 166 The Chords



Figure 167 The Cleftones



Figure 169 The Crows



Figure 168 The Crest



Figure 170 The Dells

So that ends the excursion through pop music of the 1950's. It was a grand one. If you needed any proof, just look at the persistence of the music today. It won't die. It feels like 'my' era, the one where I turned into an adult. Sort of. I still haven't accomplished that yet! So we'll move on

This ends the Xmas gift for 2006, Not bad, huh, written volumes every single Xmas from 2000 forward. That is an accomplishment considering what I going through for 2 of those years.

I just looked at the remaining unfinished files for Volume 9 and it appears that there is enough for at least 2 more volumes the size of these. I am feeling a need to get into some plastic art now. These 6 years without any hand crafts has left me famished for some carving or bead making or ceramics. What I am trying to say is that I think I am going to put a stopped in UBW after next year and let the adult volumes sit until whenever the time will be right to take them in hand again - if that ever happens. Love. Dad