Life and Teaching

Autobiography of
Leslie W. Trowbridge

2001 21st Street
Greeley, Colorado 80631

September 17, 1991

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Introduction

It seems appropriate at this stage of life to put words to paper to assist family and friends in recalling events that are memorable, important, interesting, and perhaps significant. While I don't plan to depart for some time, memory has a habit of fading, and more importantly, Mother Anna Trowbridge is still bright, active, and vigorous, and has a good memory of the past. As I go along, I'll probably depend on her to fill in certain gaps in my early years and perhaps even go back somewhat into the years before my birth on May 21, 1920.

As I have not made a practice of keeping a diary, I shall need to depend almost exclusively on my own memory. For that reason, I won't claim to be complete or exhaustive. Obviously, the things that stand out in my memory are those events that made some impact, inwardly if not as an outward manifestation. Sometimes, seemingly trivial events cast an inordinately strong effect on one's life – may even influence a decision or new direction.

So, for better or for worse, this will be a patchwork history of my life. Some gaps may become evident. Some things may be dwelt upon for what may seem to be overly strong emphasis. What you see is what you get!

Chapter 1, Antecedents

The Trowbridge family began in this country in 1637. We are descended from James Trowbridge, who was brought to the colonies in 1637. He had two brothers, William and Thomas. The complete history of the Trowbridge Family in America is printed in a book by that title published in 1908, authored by Francis Bacon Trowbridge. I have a copy of that book, which is a prized possession to me.

Members of the family moved from Massachusetts to Wisconsin in about 1837 and settled in Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, where they homesteaded a farm. My grandfather, Charles Cobb Trowbridge was born on that farm. He became a dentist and practiced in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, where my father, Donald Howlett Trowbridge was born in 1896.

My mother, Anna Ida Koerner, was born in Curtiss, Wisconsin, in 1989 to her parents Moritz Koerner and Clara Koerner, both of whom were immigrants from Germany.

Donald Trowbridge and Anna Koerner were married in Curtiss, Wisconsin on June 19, 1919. They lived on a farm in Curtiss, town of Mayville, where I was born on May 21, 1920. My brother, Robert, was born in the some house on May 16, 1921. Six years later, another brother, Charles, was born in Milladore, Wisconsin, on July 6, 1927 on the farm where we were all raised.

In 1921, Donald and Anna moved to Lone Rock, Wisconsin, where Dad operated a small garage. He was somewhat mechanically inclined and during the fall and winter when Bob was less than a year old, he took a special course for auto mechanics at Austin, Minnesota. The family lived at Lone Rock only a short time, before moving to Milladore, Wisconsin.

In March, 1922, the Trowbridge family moved to a 160 acre farm five miles north of Milladore, Wisconsin. Only about 40 acres were fit for cultivation at that time, but gradually the arable land was increased by diligence and hard work. Among my first recollections are memories of “clearing” the land for crops. This meant removing brush, trees, stumps, rocks, and debris, plowing and leveling the land and fitting it for crops such as corn or oats. So my first memories involved work with my mother and father and brother Bob to “break” new land for cultivation.

Chapter 2

My early years on the farm are remembered with pleasure and satisfaction. I know that as children, we were well cared for, had enough to eat, were loved and felt secure. Our parents worked hard and as soon as we (Bob and I) were big enough to help out with chores and farm work, we automatically became part of this work ethic. It was obvious to us, even as very young children that living on a farm was a cooperative effort. Everyone had to "pitch in" to do the work that needed to be done. There were animals to feed, crops to plant and harvest, a garden to cultivate, and errands to run. These were all fun things to do. I can't remember feeling like shirking the tasks. We were set a good example by our parents and in addition, it was fun to experience all the variety of things that happen on a farm. I am sure it made us more self-sufficient and resourceful to have to do jobs and solve problems, one right after the other. Every day presented new challenges and there was a lot of satisfaction in making things work. Machinery broke down, animals got sick, weather sometimes was bad, and often things didn't work right. But such is life on the farm. I can't remember ever getting discouraged or very frustrated.

We had lots of enjoyable experiences too. One recollection is about visits from Grandma and Grandpa Trowbridge from Fond du Lac. They had a shiny black Model T ford coupe and once in a while they would appear in our front yard, having come for a visit. Bob and I would jump on the running board as soon as the car stopped and of course always wanted to know what they had brought for us. Grandma Emily was a kind motherly person and always had something for us. Grandpa Charles was a rather stern, forbidding person but it was possible to get a smile from him too. Sometimes they came in the winter – probably by train to Junction City or Milladore, where Dad would pick them up by horse and sleigh.

I remember that sleigh very well as it had a cozy little cab built on the front of the sleigh box and Dad had rigged some kind of a kerosene heater inside it. It had a bench seat with lots of blankets and a glass window in the front so Dad could drive the team. Two black work horses, Doll and Babe, pulled the sleigh, and it would take hours to get anywhere. We used to go to school programs at Stepping Stone School in the conveyance in the winter and it was very comfortable. Of course, Doll and Baba would have to stand outside the school for about two hours until we were ready to go home, but Dad used to take a pail of oats along for the horses to munch on while they were waiting.

One winter night we were coming home from a school program and I complained to Mother that "The files are bad tonight". She became suspicious and when we got home she made a close inspection of my head and found it filled with head lice. A shaven head and plenty of soap and water followed. The rumor was that kerosene would get rid of head lice and I think some of the neighbor kids might have received that treatment, but I don't remember that was what Mother used on us. Of course head lice are very contagious so almost all the kids in school got them at the same time.

A frequent Sunday trip was made up to Curtiss to see Grandma and Grandpa Koerner who lived on the farm there. Usually there were several other families who'd come to visit on Sunday too, so we looked forward to seeing plenty of cousins, aunts and uncles as well. Uncle Koerner lived next door to the home farm and their family numbered about ten. Uncle George wasn't married but he was living at home as I recall. Uncle Oscar ran the home farm and he and his wife Dorothy had three children our age. Of course in the summer, at home, we had lots of company from these families on Sundays, and it was common to have twenty or thirty come for dinner. Two tables were often set for the adults and all the children. These were our happiest times.

We had softball games, and on rainy Sundays would spend afternoons playing caroms on the carom board. Uncles George, Oscar, and Ervin all liked the game and we used to have some rousing games. Uncle George had a good sense of humor and I still remember his laugh at “sinking the black carom” to win the game.

Chapter 3

Starting school was an event that I remember. It was Stepping Stone School that was located on the corner of County Trunks S and H. It was on an acre of land that had been part of Ed Haasl's land. The school yard had a pump and a flag pole. There was a big oak tree in back of the school that made good climbing. It was almost possible to get on top of the roof of the school by climbing high in the oak tree and some of the "big boys" were able to do that.

The school was one room with a row of windows on each side of the room. There was a "boys hall" and a "girls hall" where we hung our coats and caps. There was a ten gallon white ceramic tank of drinking water in the back of the room with one dipper that everyone used. In The front of the room was a tall black stove that had to be fed wood in the wintertime. Those who sat next to the stove had the task of keeping it full of wood to burn but the benefit was that they had the coziest spot in the room. Of course, sometimes it got rather hot next to the stove, when it really got fired up. Ed Haasl usually supplied the split wood.

The teacher's desk was on a raised platform about 8 inches high so teacher had a good view of the whole room. There about 30 children most of the time I was going to school there. All 8 grades were taught and classes were about 5-6 in number. Sometimes only one child was in a particular grade. A recitation bench was in the front of the room where each class would go in turn as they were called by the teacher. Of course the entire school could hear all the lessons, but I can't remember that it ever bothered my studying. Might have even helped revier in some cases.

When I started as a first grader, I was five years old, but as I remember there were other five year olds as first graders also. I can't remember many kids in my class but I remember the "big kids" who were in the 7th and 8th grades when I started. I remember "Kelly" Krause, and Leo Steckler, and "Tubby" Brandl, and Ethel Rogers, and Gladys Krause, and Mary Vokac, and Georgiana Moss and several others. It seemed that I would never get to be one of the "big kids" in that school!

I have heard that Mother sometimes needed to take me up Haumschilds hill to see that I got to school on some days. I can't remember that I ever didn't want to go, but I do recall that I was pretty shy and maybe the prospect of meeting all those strange faces was frightening. At any rate, I'm sure it wasn't necessary very often. Bob started school the next year and from then on we walked together the mile and a half from home to school. Sometimes we "cut across" the fields and went through Rogers' yard to save a few steps. I remember we had to keep an eye out for Rogers' red bull as we went through the pastures.

Coming home from school was always an event because there were ten or fifteen kids who lived on the mile or two of County Trunk H. There were at least three Rogers, two Haumschilds, five Haasls, two Trowbridges, two Brandls, and maybe one or two more. Lucille Hassl who was in one of the upper grades used to try to frighten Bob and me by telling us that there were elephants and bears in the hollow between H and our house. We believed her somewhat and at any rate used to run as fast as we could through that stretch of road. Usually there were dark shadows in the woods and brush alongside the road so we could imagine the worst things happening.

Another event I remember was a spring day when the big snow banks on the side of the road were melting a bit and the snow was slushy. They were often 8 or 10 feet high. Between the school and Rogers, there was a low draw where water would run part of the year. There was a big galvanized culvert there. In jumping up and down over the culvert on that particular day, my feet went through the snow and down into the water below. Try as I might I couldn't get them back out. Some of the kids ran up to Rogers and got Grandpa Rogers to come down and pull up on my shoulders and extract me from the prison I was in.

Another aggravation that I remember was when Lawrence Haumschild, who was bigger than I was, got me down on my back in the middle of the snowy road and washed my face with snow. I don't remember that I ever got even with him, but the incident has flavored my memories of him in a negative way even to this day. His brother, Ervin, was in my class and we were good friends all our school days and beyond.

Jerry Forst was one of the upper grade boys at that time. Dad sometimes hired him to help with farm work or making firewood. His pay was small but in line with the times. One morning, Dad gave me a fifty cent piece to take to Jerry as pay for some work he had dome. It was a snowy day and the road was covered with a few inches of snow. As I walked along our road, I tossed the fifty cent piece in the air and caught it. One try and the coin fell into the snow on the road and was lost! I spent an hour looking for it without success. Imagine my chagrin in having to tell my Dad that night that I had lost Jerry's payment. Throughout the winter, I kept the incident in mind and would look for the coin on every trip down the road. In the spring when the snow melted, lo and behold, I found the coin right where it had been dropped!

We used to enjoy our recess periods at school and had a game we called "peeney". I have tried to recall the rules of the game but haven't got them all straight. Anyway, it involved a stick about three feet long and another stick about 8 inches long. We would dig a small trench and lay the small stick across the trench. Then with the longer stick, we would loft the small stick into the air and forward into the field. If some caught it, we were "out" and they got their turn. If it landed on the ground, someone would pick it up and throw it toward the trench where we had laid the longer stick crossways. If they hit the stick, we were out. If they didn't hit it, we would get a chance to toss the small stick in the air and hit it a good whack with the longer stick and send it flying hundreds of feet. That was one way to get in trouble with the teacher because windows got broken in the school and Mr. Haasl would have to come over and repair it. I don't remember the rules for scoring in this game but it occupied many pleasant recess periods.

When I was in third grade, there were only two of us, Mary Steckler and I. Our teacher was Ada Schultz. When it came time to promote us to 4th grade, Mary had to stay behind, and I got pushed to 5th grade. That eliminated one grade level – one less for the teacher to have to worry about. So that was how I got to finish 8th grade when I was 12 and got to start high school at Milladore when I was 12 years old. I graduated from high school at 16 and from college at 20.

One event that comes to my mind - one of many – is the annual school picnic at Stepping Stone School every spring. This was an event looked forward to by everyone – even the busy fathers who were usually in the midst of spring plowing or planting. But everyone took the day off, the mothers brought potato salad and gallons of lemonade, fathers brought their horseshoes and baseball bats, and everyone settled in to have a good time. As kids, we looked forward to the last day of school and it seemed the solidity of family life was cemented more firmly by this annual event.

Another event that I remember was when Florence Ragan was our teacher – probably in seventh or eighth grade, and her brother came on a Saturday to take a group of us on a Boy Scout hiking trip. I remember we had our scout manuals with us and we hiked up County Trunk S toward the north, past Vokac's place, past Markiewitz's, past Bruening's place and on to the north. We ended up at the Little Eau Pleine Bridge and had a picnic. We looked at all the birds and looked for other animals along the way. We carried our water containers and our sandwiches, and had a good day. For some reason, this sticks in my mind as one of the things I remember with fondness about my days at Stepping Stone School.

Sometime along about 3rd grade, our teacher introduced us to Hohner harmonicas. I suppose they cost about 50 cents. If they had cost any more, I'm sure Dad wouldn't have been able to afford it. Anyway, we followed the instruction manual and learned how to play the harmonica. We had a little harmonica band that probably played for other kids in the school. At any rate, that experience is memorable because I have enjoyed playing the harmonica on occasion ever since.

I have often referred to a lesson we had in geography in 5th or 6th grade where we made a flour, salt, and paste model of South America. I remember we worked all afternoon on it and when the model hardened, we were able to draw on with crayons and put in the rivers and mountains and boundaries of various countries. I use this as an example of "hands-on" learning which is all the rage now in educational circles in science. It is true that the experience made an impact and is remembered much longer than the more traditional learning by reading out of the book or reciting in class.

When pupils at Stepping Stone reached the eighth grade, they all had to take a county achievement test to determine if they could go on to high school. The test was administered by Superintendent S.G. Corey in Wisconsin Rapids. We all had to go to the big field house at Lincoln High School in Wisconsin Rapids to take the test. This was an intimidating experience as the test was given in the "no-nonsense" tradition with a precise starting and ending time, monitors patrolling the aisles to prevent cheating, etc. I'm not sure how many eighth graders from Stepping Stone School took the test or how many passed, but at any rate I got through and was able to go on to high school.

High school for me was the Milladore State Graded School. In order to get there, Dad bought me a brand new Montgomery Ward bike and I rode the five miles each way morning and night. The roads were rotten granite and not too bad to ride on, except in the winter when the snow and ice became a problem. In the spring the sinkholes got wide and deep but with a bike, one could walk through the bad stretch and get where you were going.

Lawrence Rogers started high school a year before I did. I don't think he went but two years, but we overlapped at least one year. Since I had a bike and he needed transportation, he proposed that he pedal the bike and I would ride on the handlebars. I readily agreed to this because the pedaling on the country road was not an easy task. But I didn't realize until later how sore one's seat gets bumping along for miles on a handlebar. Because the bike cost all of thirty dollars, it was important to keep it from being stolen, so Dad arranged with Mr. Anton Kupsch in Milladore to let me store the bike in his garage near the school grounds during the day. This arrangement went on for all three years I went to school in Milladore, and when Bob rode along with me to school, he and I both had our bikes in a safe place during the day.

One of the traditional activities for a freshman in high school was to be subjected to an "initiation". This was a little frightening because I had no idea what an initiation involved. Dad took me back to the high school after doing the evening chores and waited in the car for me. I remember the event and some of the activities. The older students had rigged up a series of planks on sawhorses in the high school gym. We had to walk these planks blindfolded and at the end we had to dip our fingers into some slimy, cold concoction, take out a slimy round "sheep's eye", they said, and eat it. This was pretty horrible until we found out in the hilarity afterward that the "sheep's eyes" were ordinary peeled grapes.

High school was an exciting experience, especially because I was the youngest, and probably the smallest kid in the school. I was twelve years old and weighed about 100 pounds. One teacher I remember was Leonard Vander Grinten, our science teacher. He taught General Science and Biology. He was a stern, formal man, with a high pitched voice. We got along fine because I liked science. One day he asked me if I would be in charge of answering the telephone which hung on the wall inside the library door, and my desk was next to the door. Well, we didn't have a telephone at home and it looked like a pretty frightening instrument. I would have to take messages, call people to the phone. For whatever reasons, I declined this opportunity and the teacher didn't insist. But to this day, I still don't like to talk on the telephone. I'd much rather walk a mile than to call someone on the phone, Maybe I should have taken the chance he offered me!

Chapter 4

When Bob was six and I was seven, one summer day around the fourth of July, he and I were taken over to Rogers farm and told we were going to stay with Rogers for a day of so. This of course was a great treat because we liked the Rogers boys and they had all kinds of exciting things to play with. Most of these were homemade such as the "whirligig" in the back yard. Of course being the 4th of July, they had lots of firecrackers and sparklers to set off. We stayed overnight one of two nights, I suppose and then were taken home. To our surprise we had a new baby brother – Charles. This was a great event and we enjoyed our new brother. He was born in the upstairs bedroom of the "old" little house which was our home at that time. Dr. Reis from Junction City was the attending physician. I suppose being born at home in those days instead of in a hospital was the normal state of affairs.

We had many occasion to socialize with the Rogers family. I remember it was common to join then on a picnic out at one of the rivers – the Big or Little Eau Pleine – on a Sunday in the summer. Also on at least one occasion we had Thanksgiving dinner with them. They had a large family - about 8 children – so it made quite a family feast. They raised turkeys and on the summer preceding, the turkeys would spend a lot of time roaming the countryside and they roosted in the trees near our farm buildings. Why they preferred to roost there at night instead of at their own home, I don't know. Anyway, Mr. Rogers thought it only appropriate that the fattest turkey who fed on Trowbridge's corn all summer should be the Thanksgiving meal and we were invited to share it.

When I was eight, there was in operation the soapstone mine on our back forty. This was set into operation by my grandfather, Charles Cobb Trowbridge. The mineral talc, or "soapstone" as it was called seemed to lie in outcroppings around the farm and would be plowed up from time to time in cultivating the fields. So Grandpa Trowbridge contacted a mining company owned or directed by C. R. Nutt of Plymouth, Wisconsin. First they dug a pit mine and verified that talc was there in quantity and could be reached in veins deep within the ground. Then a shaft was sunk, 85 feet deep, and tunnels branched out in all direction from the shaft. A structure was built over the shaft and a steam engine (or perhaps gasoline) operated a winch and cable that raised and lowered a bucket into the shaft. In this bucket the talc ore was raised to the surface. In the branch tunnels below the ground were small railroads on which carts were pushed to the shaft carrying the ore. In the late afternoon, miners would blast down the ore at the ends of the tunnels and in the morning the loose rock would be hauled out. It was loaded onto trucks and driven to the railroad at Milladore. Uncle George Koerner was one of the drivers of these trucks for a while. The ore was processed somewhere and the refined talc was used for firebrick, talcum powder, rubber tire manufacture and a number of other things.

I was taken down into the mine only once by my Dad when I was 8 years old. Riding down in the bucket for 85 feet was an experience I will always remember and hiking through the dark tunnels to the ends where the blasting was done was very impressive. The mine continued to operate about five years I guess and then was closed up. At the present time the mine is filled in with dirt, rock, debris, and water, but I am sure the old tunnels are still there waiting for – who knows when someone might want to reopen the old talc mine.

When Bob and I were about 11 and 12, we had a visit by our aunt and uncle, Marie and Emil Trester and their two boys. The elders decided to take a trip to Milwaukee, taking Charles and Delbert (the cousin about Charles' age) with them. To do the chores while Dad and Mom were gone were Bob, cousin Clifford, and myself. This was reasonable, since we were used to all the farm work and were responsible and trustworthy.

Everything went fine while the folks were gone the better part of a week. Since one of the common tasks on the farm was breaking new land for cultivation, it seemed appropriate that we might surprise our Dad and Mother by clearing some new land. So we got out the usual equipment and along with our old grey horse proceeded to pull stumps and roots, haul rocks and tree stumps to the abandoned mine hole. Of course to get the stumps out, it was necessary to use small charges of dynamite – about a half stick or a full stick per stump. We would use an iron bar to make a deep hole under the stump, attach a one foot length of fuse and a blasting cap into a stick of dynamite, put the whole thing down in the hole under the stump, split the end of the fuse and light it. Then we would run about 100 yards away and wait. In about 30 seconds, the blast would occur. If it had been set right, the charge would have blasted the stump out of the ground and it could be hauled away by old Dick, the grey horse.

This went on for several days and we made quite a bit of progress. Needless to say our folks were QUITE surprised when they got home. We each received a talking-to about handling dynamite! But to us this event didn't seem a bit unusual because we had been doing it under Dad's supervision before. One humorous note in regard to old Teddy, our collie dog; He used to get quite excited about the blasting. In fact he couldn't be torn away from the blasting site. It was his custom to stand on top of the stump and bark frantically at the burning fuse. At the moment of the blast, he would be thrown into the air, turn a somersault or two and land on his feet, ready to do battle with the ugly fuse again.

Chapter 7 Insert

When Bob and I were about seven and eight years old respectively, our folks began to attend the Methodist Episcopal Church in Milladore. At least that is the age when I first realized that we had become members of a church and that we were expected to join the Sunday school and attend church regularly. The church in Milladore had only about 25 members who attended regularly and the minister was assigned from Mosinee or Wisconsin Rapids. My first recollection of a minister was Reverend Stromberg, a tall Swede who had a wife and two daughters. We had church every Sunday and always had a summer vacation Sunday school that lasted about two weeks. I don't recall how we got there but I do remember some of the teachers. One of these was Beulah Jadack, a diminutive little unmarried lady who lived south of Milladore. Another was Mrs. Uher who also lived south of Milladore and had at least three children who were our age and attended Sunday school regularly. Mr. Uher always rang the church bell on Sunday mornings. Our dad was one of the persons who took up the collection each service. The music was supplied by Mrs. Stromberg or Mrs. Uher from a small pump organ in the front of the church.

In addition to the Sunday school activities and the church services, there were frequent picnics, pot luck dinners, strawberry shortcake festivals, and other events. Going to church and Sunday school was a pleasant experience – and hopefully had a salutary effect on our young lives.

It was decided to put a basement under the church in order to gain more space and to get the building up higher and away from the possibility of flooding, wet floors, etc. So a building fund was established and the work was done with a lot of volunteer help by members with their horses and tools. I'm sure Dad put in many hours of work as a Saturday volunteer to help get this job done. When the work was completed, a Sunday dedication of the remodeled church was held and everyone in the congregation came out for the festivities and a big church dinner. The Ladies Aid Society was an important contributor to work and funds in this small church. The church couldn't have gotten along without them. There always seemed to be a lot of good feeling and cooperation by everyone concerned, although I suppose the usual amount of friction and bickering occurred from time to time.

Another minister I remember was Reverend Blackburn. He had a wonderful deep singing voice and he tried to get the Sunday school to form a choir or singing group. I sang along as best I could and I expect I learned something about projecting my voice when singing and other techniques from my association with Reverend Blackburn. At least one effect may have been that I have sung in a church choir at one church or another for over fifty years, and still do so regularly at the First United Methodist Church in Greeley.

When I went into the service, Reverend Lane was our minister in Milladore. He was still preaching there when I returned from overseas in 1945. As I have mentioned before, Dorothee and I invited him to marry us in Chicago in 1946. He also baptized our first child, David, in Milladore the next year when we had taken the teaching job in Wisconsin Rapids.

Chapter 5

Farm work was always interesting and varied. Needless to say, it was also frequently hard physical labor, tiring, and sometimes repetitive. Examples of these kinds of tasks were hand hoeing of corn and potatoes, picking stones off the fields, cultivating corn by following the old grey horse behind a walking cultivator, shocking grain, and many other tasks that needed to be done to get the crops planted, cultivated, harvested, and stored in the barn.

Looking back on these activities, I am amazed at the great variety of things we had to do. There never was a dull moment- always something new and different. Children today living on a farm are undoubtedly blessed with an equally exciting life of activities. But what about the children in the cities or small towns, do they get to do equally exciting things?

Perhaps the best way to get a feeling for the many types of activities would be to take a fairly typical day from rising to bedtime, on a day in the summer when the farm work was in full swing.

In the summer, the cattle spent the night in the pasture, grazing until dark, resting beneath the trees during the night, and getting an early start on "pasturing" as soon as the sun came up. So when we awakened at about 5:30am, my job and Bob's was to call old "teddy" and head for the east pasture to bring the cows to the barn for milking. We'd start by calling "Come, Boss, Come, Boss" as loudly as we could. Ears would perk up in the pasture and slowly the herd would start moseying its way toward the barn. This would take about fifteen minutes, and with little urging from Teddy, they were soon coming in a single file toward the open barn doors. One might wonder why they would respond at all, but they knew the routine once they arrived at the barn. They would enter the barn, go to their respective stanchions, and the low manger in front of them might have a forkful of silage with a handful of bran or grain sprinkled on top of it. In addition, milk cows would have filled udders – even to the point where some milk might be dripping from the ends of their teats. It certainly must have been a relief to be "milked" if nothing more than to relieve this tension.

For many of the early years, hand milking was the norm. It wasn't until we were in high school that Dad got milking machines for the herd. So the normal procedure was to get a 10 quart milk pail, a three or four legged stool and a wet cloth to wipe off the teats, because they almost always were a muddy mess. Then by squatting down on the stool close to the right side of the cow, you were able to milk her. Usually you had to hold the cow's tail between your knee and her leg to prevent it from swinging around your ears. I think this work strengthened my hand and finger muscles because even today I have a strong grip – about 70 pounds.

After the milking was done, the cows would be let out to pasture and our job was to open the gates and drive the herd out to whichever pasture they had for the day. Teddy was always anxious to help in this job. A dog on the farm always led more than a "dog's life" and they seemed to lead a happy existence. I don't know how one knows if a dog is "happy" or not but they certainly gave the impression of exuberance and well-being.

Next would come breakfast that Mom had prepared while we were finishing up the chores. We always had good appetites and a hearty breakfast put us in good shape for the day's work.

After breakfast, there was the job of cleaning the barn. We didn't have a powered barn cleaner in those days so a shovel and wheelbarrow was the way to do it. A flat shovel that fit the gutter and a slippery plank to wheel the manure up onto a wagon soon provided a full load and then we got old Dick and Babe to pull the wagon out to the hayfield or cornfield where we unloaded it. This was our only fertilizer in those days and probably was one of the best kinds. Certainly it recycled the feed and straw in days before "recycling" was the "in" thing.

After the barn cleaning the day was open to whatever needed to be done. Planting crops, cultivating the new corn, putting in a garden, picking up stones off the fields, fixing fences, repairing machinery, or perhaps going to town to get feed or groceries were some of the possibilities.

Going to town was a treat. We had a 1920 Maxwell car first, then later a 1926 Chevy. I even remember when we bought the Chevy – a used car from Mr. Paulson in Marshfield. Why I remember a used car salesman, I don't know, except that getting a "new" car in those days was quite an event.

Dad pulled a small trailer with the Chevy. One day we went to a neighbor a few miles away to get something. Bob and I were permitted to ride in the open trailer. As we were going along about 35 miles an hour, the trailer hitch came loose and Bob and I took an adventuresome ride along the road until the trailer veered into the ditch and we got tossed out. We were unhurt but surprised. Dad didn't know he had lost the trailer and he went driving merrily along until he got to the neighbor's yard. Imagine his surprise when he looked back and found his trailer and two kids had left him! He drove back frantically in the direction he had come, and found Bob and me pulling the trailer by hand down the road. Plenty relieved we weren't hurt, I guess.

If it was haying season, from about June 15 to July 15, our farm tasks involved cutting the hay, raking it into windrows after it was fairly dry, and then loading it with a hay loader onto a wide rack wagon, pulled with a team of horses. We had a rack that had a front structure that had a seat for the driver about six feet higher than the base of the hayrack. There was a protective iron ring around the seat so that the driver wouldn't fall out. This made it possible for a 9 or 10 year old to drive the wagon safely while Dad loaded the hay as it came up from the loader. After making about two rounds of the field, driving over the windrows, the load was usually big enough and it could be taken to the barn where a hayfork would lift the loose hay into the wide barn door. The power for this came from the old Fordson tractor, or perhaps a team of horses. Broken hay ropes of jammed pulleys and other events made this a suspense filled activity. Fortunately, no one ever got hurt, but plenty of dust was breathed and a few calloused hands were the usual result.

If it was the season for grain harvest, the days were filled with similar activities. First the ripened oats or barley had to be cut and shocked. This meant taking the bundles of grain which were cut and formed by the horse-drawn "binder" and setting them into vertical "shocks", with about ten or twelve bundles in a shock. One would pick up two bundles at a time, one under each arm, carry them to a suitable open space, and set them vertically. This was done with several others, and the shock was capped with a horizontal bundle to keep most of the rain from going down into the shock of grain. These shocks would sit in the field a week or so until a threshing crew could load them onto wagons and haul them up to the threshing machine.

Shocking grain was not my favorite activity because it was usually hot and sticky. In addition, the grain straws would scratch one's arms and by the end of the day, plenty of raw scratches could be seen. Barley straw was the worst! Luckily, Dad didn't usually plant too much barley.

Threshing day was the best. Dad usually arranged with Joe Brandl to bring his giant steam thresher early in the morning of threshing day. Neighbors would have come earlier with their wagons and teams of horses. Usually a crew of about 25-30 men and boys were present. We would watch the road more than a mile away for the first sign that the steam thresher was on its way. It would come lumbering down Haumschild's hill at a snail's pace, making a big racket. When it finally arrived, it would be set up in the front yard and the threshing machine was run by the steam engine with a long wide belt. One never wanted to get too close to that whirring belt as it could have taken you for a fatal ride into the big pulleys of the machine.

The straw blower would be pointed toward an open spot where the big straw stack was going to appear by the end of the day. Wagons would be able to come up close to the threshing machine and the straw bundles were thrown into the conveyor belt. A great clattering would be heard and from the other end of the machine would come a stream of grain kernels and straw from another spout.

The grain kernels were bagged into 80 pound bags and carried manually to the grain bins, usually in a shed nearby. I can remember the pride I had when I was finally big enough to "carry sacks" of grain to the shed. Do this job for about four hours straight and you know that farm work is exhausting!

The big event of the day was when Mother called "Dinner!!" Usually two or three neighbor women helped her prepare the hearty meal for the hungry crew. The steam engine would be shut down. Horses would be tethered and fed a few handfuls of oats. Men would come to the house for a sit down meal at long plank tables and partake of a feast of the best food one could find. And what appetites! Fresh corn on the cob, mashed potatoes, baked beans, lemonade, pies of every kind, strong coffee, every kind of farm food one could imagine. These meals and the camaraderie around the tables were just great. For drinks, there was always a keg or two of beer. My Dad was not a drinker, but he sure enjoyed the taste of cold beer at one of these events.

The afternoon resumed until the job was done. Sometimes a thunderstorm would put an end to the work for the day and the crew had to return the next day, if it was dry enough to continue threshing. During the threshing season, eight or ten farmers would help each other to get the job done, so one would get to enjoy the event several times during the summer. I don't know of a single experience that was more strengthening in growing up on the farm than to witness the unstinting cooperation by a group of farmers to complete an essential farm task. The advent of the "combine" a few years later took away all of this because now individual farmers could do their own work independently. None of the cooperative crews were needed any more.

Chapter 6

Late summer always brought the ripening of the blueberries in the marsh north of our farm. It was about a mile away and reached by walking through the pasture and woods, following a trail through the squishy marsh and out to the area where the little spruce trees were growing. Newcomers to the experience would always worry about whether there were snakes in the marsh, but in all of the hundreds of times I went there, I never saw a snake, I don't think they liked the wet, swampy ground.

Soon one would begin to see the low blueberry bushes filled with ripening berries. If one was lucky, you might find such a prolific group of bushes that you could sit right down on the grass and hummocks and pick berries without moving much further. The berries were small – not as large as "highland" blueberries but sweet and abundant. A five or ten quart pail fastened to your waist with a belt was where you dropped the berries and it would take more than an hour to fill it, even if the picking was good.

At lunch time, you could rest in the shade of a spruce tree and eat your sandwiches and coffee. Usually you would fasten a white handkerchief to a nearby tree so you would find your way back to the trail at the end of the afternoon. Sometimes people did get lost in the marsh – directions were confusing – and they might have to walk miles until finally they would come to a creek or a road and find their way out.

Some summers, especially during the hard times of the depression in the '30's, hundreds of families would come to the marsh to pick blueberries for sale. At the end of the day many would stop at the well at the farm to quench their thirst. Always they would exclaim about how good the water was – cold and refreshing. It is true that our well water seemed especially good tasting. It came from a deep well – more than a hundred feet deep – and seemed to have a fresh taste.

Other berries and fruit we picked in the summer included wild raspberries, choke cherries, pin cherries, goose berries, and others. All of these ended up as delicious jams and jellies.

In the evenings in the summer, once a week, there would be a free movie in town – Milladore – and it would be projected on the west side of Holtz's feed store. No seats were provided so everyone stood through the entire movie, but that didn't seem to discourage anyone from coming. There usually were 75 – 100 people there – probably the most exciting event of the week for this small town. Sometimes I would ride my bike to the movie – a distance of about five miles. I had rigged a small washing machine engine on the back of my bike and belted it to a large wheel fastened to the rear wheel of the bike. When this was running, I could go about 20 miles an hour on the road. It seemed that fast anyway. Sailing along without lights along the extreme side of the road, it was probably a dangerous thing to do after dark.

After I reached high school age and even after I had started college, an occasional big event was a wedding dance at Brey's dance hall. These would attract the entire community – about 200 people. It was customary for everyone to be invited to a wedding dance. The music was furnished by Ernie Mancl and Hank Zivney's band which consisted of two button accordions, a clarinet, a trumpet, and a set of drums. Often a tuba was part of the band. Polka music – waltzes, Dutch hops, and polkas - was the standard fare. Our community had many Czech, Polish, Bohemian, and German families so the music consisted of ethnic tunes with lots of rhythm and fast music.

At about age 15, I got up enough nerve to ask girls to dance so my dancing skills consisted of doing polkas and waltzes. To this day, those are the only kinds of music I can dance to, except perhaps a fox trot or two-step. At the age of 15, also, I was a junior in high school and at our school in Milladore was a girl, Mary Zvolena, who was a freshman. I thought she was great and so I sought her out for every dance I could. We never had a date but saw each other frequently at these wedding dances. She ultimately married Carl Haasl, a near neighbor of ours.

Since the Milladore High School had only three grades, it was necessary to go to Auburndale High School about 8 miles away to complete my high school education. Since the distance was a little beyond convenient bike riding, Dad arranged for me to ride to school with Hank Bruening who drove a 1927 Chevrolet. Bob also changed schools and went to Auburndale that year too. We would walk to the County Trunk H, about a half mile from the farm and wait for Hank to show up with his car at about 8:00 every morning. The system worked out very well and I suppose Dad paid Henry something for the riding privileges. Henry was a senior in high school as I was so we were classmates. There were 17 students in the senior class. Mr. Neal Thorpe was the principal. (Incidentally, this “class of 1936” celebrated its fiftieth reunion in 1986 at Auburndale, Wisconsin. Eleven of the 17 class members showed up with their spouses for the reunion).

I enjoyed my senior year and got good grades. At the end of the year I had grades high enough to qualify me to be class valedictorian, but the rule was that you had to have attended Auburndale High School all four years to qualify. So that was a little disappointing. But we got Mr. Thorpe to write a letter to the Central State Teachers College at Stevens Point explaining the situation and I was able to get a tuition scholarship of $25 a semester when I attended there the next year.

Chapter 7

It was sort of automatic that I would go to college after graduation from high school. I don't remember that our family ever talked about it but I had done well enough in high school to give promise of being successful in college. Looking back on it, I am somewhat surprised that this large step would be undertaken. It certainly wasn't the norm for kids from the farms around Milladore to even think about college.

Anyway the only possibility for college was that I would go to Central State Teachers College in Stevens Point, a distance of about 25 mils. I could help with the chores in the morning, drive to school, and drive back in time for chores at night. Bob would go along too but he would enroll in P.J. Jacobs High School in Stevens Point. He finished his last two years of high school at that school.

How to get there? We only had one car and Dad was willing to give it up for us to drive to school. That must have been a considerable sacrifice, too, now that I think about it. It was the old 1926 Chevy and he cut a door in the back of the car where the rear seat was located. Then he built two wooden benches along the side behind the front seat. It was sort of an improvised station wagon. The purpose was to make it possible to haul extra passengers who wanted to go to Stevens Point to high school as well. The Milladore high school only had three years so there was a need in the community to go away to a bigger high school.

Our first passengers were Lloyd Dickrell, Ray Cherney, Sophia Kozlowski, and Elizabeth Gebert. I was the driver and Bob sat in the front beside me. The passengers helped pay for the gas. We would pick up Lloyd at his home at the cheese factory on North County Line Road. Then we would pick up the other passengers in Milladore and be on our way.

The system worked fine, and to supplement our income, Dad arranged for us to pick up a bundle of newspapers, the Stevens Point Journal, after school and deliver them along the river road (Highway 10) on our way back to Milladore in the evening. This worked O.K. for about a month. What happened was that Lloyd Dickerel and Ray Cherney would take turns throwing the copies of the newspaper out the back door of the Chevy when we passed in front of a subscriber's home. Of course, sometimes the paper would land on the roof or under some bushes or in a mud puddle. The subscribers apparently complained to the Journal office and we lost the job. "Inadequate supervision" or "lack of responsibility" was sited. Needless to say, this event made me feel terrible. First job and first firing!

The second event that threw a wet blanket on the first years' experience was on an icy day in December. The roads were slick coming into Stevens Point and I was following too closely behind a flatbed truck. The truck suddenly slowed down to make a turn into a drive way and I couldn't stop on the slick road so crashed into the back of the truck. The flat bed pushed the radiator of our car backward, and shoved the hood of the Chevy through the windshield, showering the front seat with glass. No one was hurt but the car was out of commission.

Dad got Hughes Brothers in Milladore to repair the car and we were back in business in a couple of weeks. I don't remember how we fared in terms of school for that period.

Another accident occurred in the spring, again on an icy road in Junction City. It was also a case of following behind a truck that made a sudden right turn. This time, the rear door flew open and a couple of the passengers flew out onto the pavement. Lloyd complained of a sore back, but that was the only potential injury. We went up to Dr. Resi's office in Junction City. He looked us over and let us go.

This time, it was necessary to arrange to rent a room in Stevens Point near the college for a month or so. So Bob and I took a small gasoline stove and a couple of beds to the room. We lived on bread, pork and beans, and sweet rolls for a month or so while the car was being repaired. I don't remember what the passengers did to get over this period. I also don't remember what arrangements there were made for insurance. I'm sure Dad had insurance on the car but whether there was any liability insurance escapes me. In those days, people weren't so ready to sue someone at the drop of a hat. It seemed people understood the vagaries of natural events and were willing to shrug them off.

Chapter 8

College was fun and I don't remember that the work was too hard. Because of the driving back and forth, I didn't take part in any clubs or activities. Also, I was still only about 120 pounds and small, so wasn't an athlete. Anyway, I got plenty of exercise chasing the cows, and helping with the farm work on Saturdays.

I took Chemistry, Math, History, and English in my freshman year, I remember Mr. Rogers for Chemistry. Gilbert Faust was our lab assistant. I had Mr. Jenkins for History, Dr. Nixon for Math, and Miss Wilson for English. I'm surprised I still remember their names. Only a small percentage of instructors had their doctorates completed.

Chemistry was interesting, but mystifying. I found it not quite as enthralling as physics but did O.K. in it. One event stands out. In lab, we had occasion to use a volumetric flask, which is a flask of precise volume with a ground glass stopper that fitted the neck of the flask tightly. One day the flask tipped over and broke the neck near the top. I was mortified, particularly because I didn't see how I would ever be able to pay for the flask – a policy that I believed to be in effect. At least that is what my classmates led me to believe. So I spent several hours with some emery powder and reground the stopper so it would fit the now shortened flask. Fortunately Mr. Faust accepted the repair job – perhaps because he could see my consternation. I didn't have to pay for the flask, which would have been several dollars.

In History, we were told we had to write a paper in class for the test. Mr. Jenkins would assign us the topic when we arrived for the exam. I thought about a possible topic for a few days as I prepared for the test and finally chose one I thought I could write on. I wrote out a complete paper of about five pages and put it aside. When I arrived in class on the day of the exam, the topic I was assigned was exactly the one I had written about in my review! So I just turned on the switch and wrote the paper from memory. I got an A+ for the test.

In Math, we studied differential calculus one semester and integral calculus the second semester. There were some pretty sharp kids in the class, including my best friend, Ray Wiersig. We studied together in the library and often got chastised by Lulu Mansur, the librarian for being too talkative.

At some point in my freshman year, we had to take an IQ test. IQ is a ratio of metal age divided by chronological age. Since I was only sixteen, my ratio came out pretty high – 132. For some reason, everyone got to know what everyone's IQ was – a practice I don't think would be permitted nowadays. At any rate, my classmates started coming to me for help on math and science and they called me "Mr. High IQ".

I took Physics as a sophomore under Mr. Rightsell. He was a short, little man with a neat black mustache, and was a very good teacher. One thing I remember about him was that he had constructed a working model of a steam locomotive in his basement and he brought it to class one day to demonstrate it. It was a marvel to watch it perform!

We had physics labs and did the usual experiments. One on static electricity is memorable, because they had a large Wimshurst static machine in the lab and the boys used to play around with it by having a group join hands and the ones nearest the machine would hold on to the terminals while someone else would turn the crank. I was standing near the demonstration desk where there were water pipes running horizontally along the back of the desk. As I leaned over the desk, a rather large static discharge left my body through my penis and grounded through the water pipes! I always stood some distance away from the water pipes after that experience!

When I was a senior, we had a senior prom, I was pretty shy around girls so didn't even plan to get a date for the prom. But another student, Clifford Sprague, and I decided to run the cloak room and check coats for the evening. We borrowed some tables and coat racks and set them up in a convenient spot near the dance hall. I think we charged a quarter or maybe it was only a dime. Anyway when the evening was over, Clifford and I could split $40 in take. I still remember the fantastic feeling of prosperity I had as I drove home after the dance with $20 in my pocket!

In my senior year also, I did my practice teaching and was assigned two classes at different levels. One was a Biology class at P.J. Jacobs High School where the teacher let me teach much as I wanted to without even remaining in the room much of the time. The other was a 7th grade Math class at the Demonstration School on the campus. I enjoyed both of these experiences. When it came time to fill out my placement forms, I was only 19 years old. When the director of the placement office asked my age, I told him, and he said "Let's put down 20".

My graduation was attended by my immediate family, but also my uncle Oscar and Aunt Dorothy came to the event. My Dad gave me an heirloom gold pocket watch that had belonged to her mother, Emily Trowbridge. I wore this watch for many years and then gave it to our daughter, Edith, on her graduation from high school. She still has it and it still runs well.

Graduation was in 1940, in the tail end of the Great Depression. There were about ten applicants for every teaching job. I sat down and hand wrote 130 letters of application and sent them to superintendents of schools around Wisconsin. I guess I didn't think about going outside the borders of the state. I did not receive a single reply or invitation for an interview.

The next September, I decided to go back to Stevens Point for an additional semester of work in the Rural Department. I received in January a certificate to teach in a State-Graded School. From January to June, I worked with my Dad in the woods on the farm, cutting firewood and doing other jobs.

Because Dad knew Aurelia Malik who was the clerk of the school board in the Milladore State-Graded School district, I was hired to teach 7th and 8th grade classes at Milladore in September, 1941. Matt Knedle was the principal of the school. I started there in the fall and taught my first day on the job. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the daughter of the school board treasurer delivered a month's pay to me in the amount of $82.50! I have taught continuously since that time, except for 3 ½ years in the Air Force. In May, 1991, I completed fifty years of science teaching. Dorothee and I celebrated by taking three of my former doctorial students and their wives out to dinner at Nino's in Cedar Falls, Iowa, on April 27, 1991.

Chapter 9

My year of teaching in Milladore was interesting and exciting. I taught all the classes in the 7th and 8th grades. These included math, science, history, music, art, social studies, and whatever else was to be taught. I directed a small choir which performed at least one public function. What I knew about directing a choir was less than nothing but we got along O.K.

One day the supervising teacher, Loretta Farrell, visited my classes and stayed all day. That was a long day but I guess I did O.K. as she let me continue teaching.

One morning I arrived in Milladore and found nearly the whole town had burned down during the night. Almost all of the buildings on the north side of the street were gone and smoldering. The fire had apparently started in Brey's tavern and spread both directions. It took Worzella's store, Blenker'S dance hall and tavern, the farm machinery warehouse, and several others. Fortunately, there was no loss of life. Within a year, come of the buildings were rebuilt. There are still gaps and vacant lots on the street to this day, but the town survived.

In December, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and war was declared. The draft was started within a month or so. I got a deferment for one year while I was teaching but it was obvious I would be drafted in a few months after school was out. So I decided to volunteer for some branch of the service where at least I could have some choice in what I was to do.

In June, I decided to enlist in the Navy. It seemed like a nice clean service to be in. It was necessary to take a physical exam so one day I drove to Oshkosh where the Navy recruiting office was and took a physical. The first stop, I was told to remove all my clothes which I did. Then I was invited to sit in the dental chair, stark naked. The dentist looked in my mouth, wrote something on a slip of paper, and then told me to get dressed. At the next station I was told I had been rejected because of physical reasons. Since I was in good health, I asked "what was the problem" and was told I had a "malocclusion", an under bite. The Navy didn't accept anyone with this condition. So I drove home morosely.

Looking further, I learned that the Army Air Force was looking for aviation cadets to study meteorology. One needed to have his bachelor's degree completed, so I decided I would apply for that opportunity. I was accepted in a few weeks and went to Wisconsin Rapids to be sworn into the armed services.

About the end of June, I was ordered to report to the University of Chicago, where the cadet training was going on. I took the train from Junction City to Chicago, and then took the "IC" the Illinois Central train that ran south along the shore of Lake Michigan. This was pretty heady stuff for a country boy. When I arrived at 59th Street, I got off the train and walked toward where I believed the Windermere Hotel was located, where we were to live. I had a splitting headache from the excitement and fatigue, and somehow got my directions wrong. I walked about ten blocks carrying my heavy suitcase until I decided I must be going in the wrong direction. Then I turned around, walked the ten blocks back, took a street at right angles and walked another ten blocks. Fortunately this was the right direction and I arrived at the hotel about 10:00pm I met Paul Drexler, my roommate, found my bed and went to sleep. He probably wondered what kind of an unsociable guy he was to room with!

Chapter 10

My ten months at the University of Chicago as an aviation cadet were interesting, rigorous, and memorable. They were interesting because of meeting all the interesting cadets from all parts of the country. Many became good friends who remained so throughout all the years following. Among these were Dick Sweeney, Henry Brack, Chet Newton, and others. It was an interesting time also because of the subject matter of meteorology, which not only served as my service contribution but also became embedded in my career as a teacher at the University of Northern Colorado.

The experience was vigorous because the courses were compressed into a ten month period – perhaps the equivalent of two or three years work in a normal program at a college or university. I was never threatened with failing any of the courses but I certainly had to work hard at them. I graduated in May, 1943 with a diploma and a commission as a Second Lieutenant and was assigned to my first post at Marfa, Texas. My brother, Bob had also joined the meteorology cadet program when it came time for him to enter the service. After half a year, he transferred to a flying cadet program and went to Murfreesboro, Tennessee for flight training. After completing his program, he spent the war ferrying planes across the United States from one airfield to another.

The period in Chicago was memorable because it was there I bet Dorothee on September 30, 1942. She lived on the north side of Chicago with her mother and three sisters and a brother. The cadet program arranged buses for the cadets to go to various USO centers and one weekend we went to Lincoln Park on the north side near Lake Michigan. There was food and dancing but I wasn't in the mood to participate, so I went back to the bus to sit and relax until it was ready to go back to the UC campus. I sat in a front seat and peered at the rear view mirror for a while.

As I looked through the mirror, I saw an interesting, tall, slender girl walk toward the Lincoln Park pavilion. I decided to go back to the pavilion so I followed her for some distance. She went into the ladies room and I waited for about ten minutes. As I was about to leave, she came out and stood near the dance floor. I walked up to her and asked her to dance. At an appropriate time, we went to the table that was laden with food. We filled our plates and looked for a table to sit down.

As we started to eat, I noticed that I had put a large mound of butter on my plate – which I had assumed in the dim light when I filled my plate, to be potato salad. I am a lover of potato salad, which can partially account for my mistake, but perhaps it was a certain starry-eyed attention to this beautiful girl I was with that caused it. At any rate, we exchanged names and addresses. I thought she said Dorothee Kohringer so I labored under a misapprehension about her name for a few weeks. She asked what I was studying and I said meteorology. She said, "Oh, you fix meters on airplanes."

We agreed to follow up on our new interests and from then on we dated about every weekend. When my parents came to Chicago for my graduation, I introduced her to them. When I went to Texas, I wrote to her regularly. When I was due to be sent overseas in July, 1943, I called her – probably my first long distance telephone call. We agreed to continue writing and while we didn't make any promises at that time, it was becoming obvious that we were seriously interested in each other. Later on, when I was in China, a series of letters brought forth the agreement that she would wait for me and we became engaged. My first move when I returned to the United States after I was discharged from the service was to buy an engagement ring and give it to her. I don't recall but I expect we looked at rings together and decided on it jointly.

My first assignment was as weather officer at an airfield in Marfa, Texas. Several of us who were assigned to airfields in Texas drove down there together to our respective locations. The air base at Marfa, located in west Texas, was for the purpose of training pilots. The planes in use were AT-17's, twin engine planes constructed with wooden struts for the fuselage and covered with fairly heavy canvas. The wings were of similar construction.

On my first day on the job in my new assignment as base weather officer, a large thunderstorm came directly across the airfield. When it reached the field, it dropped copious hail of about ¾ inch diameter. All the planes were tethered out on the field and received the full brunt of the hail. Being of canvas and wood, they were punctured by the hail and looked like pepper shakers afterward. Ninety planes sustained such damage they could not be flown again until they were repaired! I was visited by the base commanding officer after the hailstorm and queried as to whether I could have forecast the storm. I told him the truth – that almost all thunderstorms have hail in them and to predict exactly what direction they will travel and drop their hail is practically impossible. So he didn't pursue it further, but I must say I was pretty anxious about the possibility of a court martial after my first day on the job!

In July, 1943, I was called for an overseas assignment. I left Marfa and went to Riverside, California, where the contingent for a troopship was being brought together. After about a month at Camp Anza, Riverside, we boarded a troopship, a converted Italian liner, renamed The Hermitage. It carried about 5000 troops.

As an officer, I had an inside cabin, which I shared with another officer. The enlisted men were bunked in large rooms with bunks about five tiers high, in the hold. I was glad to be an officer! The food was good and our duties were few. One duty was to serve as O.D. (officer of the day). This meant staying in the hold with the enlisted men one night a week and tending to any problems that might come up. Another duty was to censor the enlisted men's mail. This meant reading their personal letters and cutting out any offending phrases or words that might give away our location, destination, or other secure information. Letters often looked like confetti after we were finished with them!

This was rather embarrassing work, as the most intimate details were often described in the letters, but I guess it was necessary, as everyone was trying to convey, directly or indirectly, information that was deemed to be secret by the military authorities.

We headed across the Pacific, taking a very southerly route around New Zealand and Australia, because of the danger of Japanese submarines in the Pacific at that time. The ship was blacked out at night, presumably showing no lights. The sea was calm and only a day or so gave rise to some seasickness. I was able to ride it out without getting sick by spending such days in my bunk.

There is a ceremony held by seamen whenever a neophyte crosses the equator. We wore fatigue suits and were subjected to some horseplay in the form of dunking in sea water, drinking a vile liquid, safe enough but tasting terrible, and other initiation events. Everyone enjoyed themselves and we all got a certificate proclaiming us as members of King Neptune's court, etc.

We stopped twice, once in Wellington, New Zealand for a day or so, and once in Perth, Australia, for a similar period of time. In Wellington, some of us visited a park by taking a taxi. Because of the gasoline shortage, the taxi was powered by charcoal gas, which wasn't very powerful. As we approached a small hill, we were told to get out and help push the cab up the hill. We arrived in Bombay, India, and had a few days there. My recollections are of a rather dirty, smelly city, but interesting to a person making his first contact with the eastern world. We waited a few days for a British ship which was to take us to Karachi. This trip took a few days, and when we arrived in Karachi, we were billeted in a camp with tents, until the train transportation was ready for us.

We had enough time in Karachi for several of us to hire a boat and to go fishing in the Arabian Sea. This was uneventful except for me, who became sick to my stomach with a fierce headache. I didn't enjoy the day at all. An interesting footnote to this event is that when Dorothee and I visited my Air Force buddy, Henry Brack, in Florida about 1985, we were reminiscing and he told me about a boat trip he took in Karachi, and about "some fellow" who got sick and spent the day lying horizontal in the bottom of the boat. I had to admit that I knew the fellow who was such a wet blanket on that outing!

After a few weeks, we loaded aboard a wide gauge train and traveled across India for about two weeks, northward to Kashmir, and then southeastward along the Ganges River until almost the vicinity of Calcutta. There we crossed the Ganges by ferry and then took a narrow gauge railroad northeastward to Assam Province. After about two weeks total time, we arrived at Mohanbari, Assam where we were stationed as weather officers, forecasting for Army Transport Command flights across the Himalayas (the "Hump") to China. These planes carried fuel and supplies to the Chinese armies who were fighting the Japanese in southeastern China.

Mohanbari air base was located among tea plantations and was in the foothills of the Himalayas. It was cool in the summer and not too cold in the winter. We lived in winterized tents about 12 feet square. My roommate was Lt. Clayton Pohley, a classmate from the University of Chicago aviation cadet program. We got to be good friends and had several contacts after the war when we lived in Ann Arbor, and he with his family was teaching in Warren, Michigan.

I was a forecaster for the "Hump" flights throughout the winter of 1942-43. We had no worries about attacks from Japanese as they were fighting in Burma against General Wingate's forces. The "Burma Road" was under construction at that time, and it eventually was completed making the "Hump" flights unnecessary. But this was close to the end of the war. The transport of fuel and supplies by airplane to China proved to be an effective way to supply the Chinese armies of General Stillwell for many months.

In May, 1944, I was transferred to the China end of the pipeline and was stationed in Chengkung, near Kunming, Yunnan Province. So I had two flights across the "Hump" – once getting to China, and once returning. I had no desire to negotiate that difficult route very often.

Chengkung was at an altitude of about 5000 feet and was cool and comfortable. My colleagues there were Lt. Morse and Lt. McQuistion. We enjoyed each other's company and did a good job of keeping the weather station operating efficiently. My stint in China was about 14 months- from May 1944 to August, 1945. The final two months of my stay was in Yankai, China, farther east and in charge of a weather station that was forecasting for fighter bomber flights to the east, where the Japanese were transporting war materials along the railroads. The American planes harassed the Japanese as much as they could.

In August, 1945, the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In three days, this brought an end to the war. A month was used in winding up the affairs at the weather station and in September, I was on my way home. I flew to Calcutta where I stayed at a British officer's club for a few weeks, then flew to Karachi where I shipped aboard a troop transport returning servicemen to the U.S. We returned by way of the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Atlantic Ocean, landing in Norfolk, Virginia in early December. I was discharged there and then took a train to Chicago where I spent a few days with Dorothee and then went home to Milladore to see my parents.

My war experience was not traumatic or especially dangerous. I worked at something I enjoyed and learned a lot as I did so. My meteorology training proved valuable in the future as I returned to the University of Chicago in 1946 and secured a master's degree in Physical Sciences in 1948. Then, 14 years later, when we moved to Greeley, I had the opportunity to teach meteorology at Colorado State College (later UNC), which I continued to do for ten years until Dr. Glen Cobb was hired as a fulltime meteorologist and oceanographer at UNC.

Chapter 11

When I was discharged from the Air Force in December, 1945, I began to look for a teaching job. There was a shortage of teachers at that time but finding a job in the middle of the year wasn't the easiest. But a job appeared in an elementary school – grades k-8, in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin and I accepted it. So I started teaching 7th and 8th grades in Lake Geneva in January, 1946. The town was a tourist town with a high influx of people in the summer but a normal population during the school year. Many of the children were sons and daughters of wealthy Chicagoans who lived in the lake community and commuted to work in Chicago. Some of the kids were a bit spoiled – not a typical Wisconsin farm type. So my principal suggested for discipline reasons, that I wear my officer's uniform while teaching, to give an air of authority, I guess. Anyway I did so for a while until the uniform needed cleaning and then shifted to civilian clothes. My salary was $2100 a year – quite a jump from the $990 I had earned in Milladore my first year of teaching before the war. I bought my first car, a 1941 Plymouth, so I was able to drive into Chicago on weekends and visit Dorothee.

We decided to be married in August, 1946. The location was a small Methodist church near Dorothee's home on the north side. Since I attended the little church in Milladore before going into service, we decided to invite Reverend Herbert Lane, the minister there, to officiate at our wedding in Chicago.

The wedding was well attended. Even Dorothee's father, Karl Kohring, was there in his new suit. My folks came from Wisconsin as well as many aunts, uncles and cousins. I remember the experience of George and Ella Uhlig who somehow got going the wrong direction on the outer drive in Chicago in their model A Ford but made it to the church on time. I also remember that at the last minute I needed a pair of suspenders for my rented tuxedo, and Charlie (my best man) and I had to go from store to store in the loop to try to find a pair in the last desperate hour before the wedding.

The reception was held near the church. It was in the form of a smorgasbord. We had live music and dancing. I remember Dorothee placed a ban on any hard liquor, but I think maybe a little of it showed up anyway. We had wine and it was a serious question (in my mind) whether to ask Reverend Lane to offer a toast with wine. Anyway I did, and he did, and fun was had by all!

Dorothee and I went to the Edgewater Beach Hotel on the lake shore and rented the bridal suite. At least that's what they said it was. The cost was nearly a hundred dollars even in those days. Dick and Harriet Sweeney, my army friends, came to visit us the next day and we went sightseeing together. For some reason it sticks in my mind that Wisconsin had a severe frost on August 31, our wedding day, and my parents had to go back home to the task of cutting the corn immediately and filling the silo before the corn dried out and would not make good silage. My farm instincts and memories still came forth, even though my career was to be in teaching.

Dorothee and I went to Lake Geneva and rented a small apartment and school started right after Labor Day. No long honeymoon for us. We enjoyed Lake Geneva in the fall. It was a beautiful town on a beautiful lake. The summer people were leaving and school activities were beginning. It was a great time!

About a week after arriving in Lake Geneva, Dorothee complained of severe stomach pains and it turned out she had appendicitis. She had the offending organ removed at the Elkhorn Hospital.

Late in the fall, she complained of nausea in the morning after breakfast, and some wise friend decided she might be pregnant. They were right and one year after our wedding, David was born. By that time we were living in Wisconsin Rapids, where I had taken a physics job at Lincoln High School in January, 1947.

Chapter 12

Probably my best friend at Lake Geneva was Sheridan Ellsworth, also a teacher in the elementary school. Sheridan had but one eye but it seemed not to hinder him in any way. We decided to drive to Milwaukee one night a week to take a course in “Exceptional Children”. Sheridan chose to drive and I had no objections. The ride in and back was always exciting because Sheridan drove fast and with his one good eye, I must say he seemed to overtake and pass cars with aplomb!

Because my education had been in preparation for secondary science teaching, I sought a job in that field instead of at the elementary level. Such a job opening came up in the middle of the year in 1946. It was at Lincoln High School in Wisconsin Rapids. This had appeal because it was to teach Senior Science and Physics. So I applied and arranged to meet the superintendent, Mr. Floyd Smith in Madison, a point about halfway between Wisconsin Rapids and Lake Geneva. I drove to the agreed-upon meeting place, a motel and announced my presence. A short time later, Mr. Smith arrived, went to the desk and asked if anyone was there to see him. The clerk said “A boy is waiting for you!”

We moved to Wisconsin Rapids during the winter break and rented an upstairs apartment on Riverside Drive. I plunged into my new job with enthusiasm and enjoyed it. During the summer vacation, we decided to buy a house of our own and found a small house on 8th Street South about two miles out of town. The owner was a retired farmer who had built the house, but now wished to move to Arizona. We paid him $2500 cash and $500 more for the furniture and moved into our own home. It had just three rooms with an outside toilet. It was heated by a large pot-bellied stove in the living room. Water came from a small hand pump that was connected to a “sand point” that was punched down about 25 feet into the porous sand beneath the house. Water was good tasting and apparently healthful.

I have trouble remembering whether we decided to build an addition on the house the first summer or whether we waited until the next summer. At any rate, we needed a somewhat bigger house with indoor plumbing. So I borrowed $2500 from the Wood County Bank and hired Bill Haasl and his friend to build a 12 foot addition on the house. It went rapidly and when the outer walls were completed and a roof shingled, I proceeded to finish the interior myself.

I installed a bathroom, a wood furnace in the basement and built some kitchen cupboards. Our son, David, had arrived on August 31, so it wasn’t long before I had a “little helper” to assist me in finishing the house over the next year or two. Then in December of 1949, Tom was born and we now had two boys to help and of course, to look after.

Shortly after, we decided to build a garage for the car and I plunged right into that as if I knew what I was doing. The kind of life on the farm and some advice from my Dad fitted me well for these kinds of construction jobs.

In November, 1951, baby Edith arrived. On checking the records, it was learned that she was the first girl born into the Trowbridge family in 90 years! Her predecessor was my Aunt Sarah Trowbridge, sister of my grandfather Charles Cobb Trowbridge, born in Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin.

Our little house served us well until in 1954,I decided to pursue a doctorate in science education at the University of Michigan. So we put our house up for sale and attracted a buyer on a land contract arrangement. This meant that we received monthly payments and the deed was not turned over to the buyer until the last payment was made. Any default would result in our getting the house back. The plan worked out very well and the house was paid for in about ten years.

Our best friends in Wisconsin Rapids were our neighbors, Harold and Phyllis Sultz, Don and Margaret Klement, and Don and Bunny Hall. We still correspond and visit with some of all of these when we go back to Wisconsin.

The three children went to Two Mile School, a block away. The location was good, the job, secure, and the neighbors congenial. My salary went from 2100 up to $4500 by 1954. I attend the University of Wisconsin three summers and obtained a master's degree in school administration. After completing this, I decided I didn't really want to be a school administrator, although I did apply for a position or two with no success.

In attending the U. of Wis., three Lincoln High teachers took turns driving to Madison weekly. They were John Nelson, Cornwell, and I. We stayed at dormitories on the Madison campus. I would leave the meager sun of $15 for groceries for Dorothee and the three kids for the week and she always managed on it. I finished my degree in August, 1953. Part of my tuition and expenses were paid by the G.I. bill of Rights, which helped out thousands of returning servicemen of World War II.

Chapter 13

In August, 1954, we moved to Whitmore Lake, Michigan, about ten miles from Ann Arbor where the University of Michigan was located. We rented a small house, much like the one we left in Wisconsin Rapids. David and Tom went to an elementary school nearby. Edith would start school the next year. The year went quickly and only one event stands out. We went home for Christmas, to Wisconsin. When we returned, we found a water pipe had burst and the basement had been flooded. Fortunately a neighbor heard water running and investigated, and turned off the water – or perhaps we would have had a swimming pool in our basement instead of merely a foot of water.

I taught 7th and 8th grade science at the University School in addition to 12th grade physics. In addition I embarked on a doctoral program in science education. Dr. Francis Curtis, a big man in science education had just retired from the University of Michigan, so my major advisor was Dr. Stan Dimond, a professor in curriculum and instruction. This was a happy circumstance because Professor Dimond was a humane and understanding advisor. When I visited with Dean Koch of the Graduate School about my program, he noticed that I had completed two masters' degrees, one from the University of Chicago in Physical Science and one from the University of Wisconsin in school administration. He waived all further content courses and told me to concentrate on the necessary education and psychology courses. In addition, I had to gain a reading knowledge of German and French.

This I did over the next 6 years and finally in my seventh year, I took a half time leave in order to complete my dissertation. PSSC was a new star on the high school physics horizon at that time and I chose to compare its objectives with those of traditional high school physics. To gather data, I arranged to attend a PSSC Institute at Bowdoin College in Portland, Maine during the summer of 1959. This was an 8 week course during which Dorothee and the kids stayed in Ann Arbor and kept thing moving. Howard had appeared on the scene in 1957, having been born at University Hospital in Ann Arbor. So we had a complete family with lots of responsibilities. We were frugal and my salary, together with off campus teaching was reaching about $10,000 a year which was adequate but not excessive. We made out O.K. In spare moments I worked on completing the upstairs bedrooms, building in plywood cupboards and closets. We had good neighbors and an enjoyable 8 years in Ann Arbor, which is a beautiful city and exciting to live in with the University activities, etc.

I completed my degree in January 1961 and began looking for a new job. Although I would have liked to stay at the U. of M. it was not in their policy to hire their own graduated so I kept ears open for other locations. During 1961-62, I continued to teach at the University School. Along in March or February of 1962, a professional friend from Wayne State University notified me of a vacancy at Colorado State College, in Greeley, Colorado. I applied and made contact with Dr. Harley (Hap) Glidden, who was chairman of the division of physical sciences there. We agreed to meet each other in Chicago as he was returning from a conference in New York. So I drove to the Union Station in Chicago where he and I had coffee and talked about the job. A day or so later I received an offer to come to Greeley at a salary of $8000 as an assistant professor. The salary was low – about $2500 less than I was getting in Michigan, but I decided to take the job anyway.

Our move to Greeley took place in August, 1962. We rented a U-Haul-It truck, packed everything we owned in it, put our new house up for sale, and struck off for Colorado. I drove the truck and Dorothee followed in the blue Chevy, which was fairly new. It took three days of driving on highway 30 (no interstates in existence yet). My most memorable impression was our stop for lunch in Eaton, Colorado where WE SAW OUR FIRST COWBOYS! The kids' eyes bugged our over that.

Our first home in Greeley was a nice rental house near Maplewood School on 11th Street. It had three bedrooms, a full basement, attached garage, etc. Also it was directly across from an elementary school where Howard would begin kindergarten in September. What a break!

My job turned out to be just exactly to my liking. Old Cranford on the CSC campus was my office home, shared with Bob Sund, who proved to be quite an influence in my life. David, Tom and Edith got situated in the Lab School and Howard went to Maplewood. I taught an earth science class, a physical science teaching methods class, an elementary science class, and who knows what else. It was very exciting and I enjoyed every minute. The best thing was sharing an office with Bob Sund who was a dynamo and a corn popper of ideas. It wasn't long before our conversations led to the possibility of co-authoring a book on teaching methods in science.

Chapter 14

A new president, Darryl Holmes, came to CSC about 1964. He immediately found himself immersed in a building and expansion program, as the college was growing at over 10% a year. Also a name change was in the offing – the University of Northern Colorado. Several old-time faculty at CSC had certain reservations about this step, with the possible implications of moving toward an expanded role for the college-university. Even from the vantage point of today's educational climate (1991), it is uncertain whether it was a good move, because the role of the institution as a teacher education entity perhaps was diluted. A succession of presidents since that time has taken the university down a different, more expanded road. It still is the "third" institution in the state of Colorado behind CSU and the University of Colorado. Funding never has matched that of the larger institutions. An ever changing Board of Trustees, exclusively for UNC, has muddled things a number of times, primarily because of their inexperience and naiveté. The latest muddle occurred ten years ago when Robert Dickeson was hired as president. More about that later.

In 1965 two things of importance happened. The first was the reorganization of the institution into a university with colleges and departments. The largest college, the college of Arts and Sciences, contained 17 departments including all the sciences, mathematics, English, history, political science and several others. Science Education was formed as a department in 1965 and I was offered the opportunity to become the first chairman of that department. I accepted with only minor reservations – those due to the fact that two other faculty members Drs. Olson and Sund, were more senior in tenure. However Dr. Glidden seemed to have much confidence in me and I agreed to the appointment. One sixth of my time was allocated for administration – not commensurate with the amount of work involved. However I enjoyed the responsibility and we seemed to have a congenial department. We hired George Crockett shortly after this and later Jim McClurg who stayed with us about five years. At his leaving, Jay Hackett, one of our own department graduates received a joint appointment with Earth Sciences. Soon we attracted several doctoral students because of a series of NDEA Fellowships we were able to offer. In addition to that, others came without financial assistance and it wasn't long before we had a nucleus of graduate students in science education that became an active entity, a sort of "critical mass" that allowed us to offer more courses, have valuable seminars, and even provide some teaching assistance to other departments such as physics, chemistry and biology. During the period from 1962 – 1983, we graduated more than 100 students with doctor's degrees in science education. The national and international impact of that effort is still very much in evidence around the world. These people are in their productive years and are doing many good things to advance the cause of science education in the United States and abroad. The second thing of importance that happened in the early '60's was the construction of Ross Hall, the new science building. Prior to that time, all the sciences and mathematics were housed in Cranford Hall along with education and other departments. Cranford was the original building on the campus, having been built in 1980, the year of the creation of the State Normal School which became UNC many years later.

The move to Ross Hall was a great improvement because we now had our own laboratories as well as ample office space and classrooms on the third floor of the building. Our only complaint was that it was not air conditioned and there were a few weeks each summer when we could have used it. As it stands the building never has been air conditioned even with a highly touted "renovation" that took place in 1990. The renovation was mainly the building of a laboratory wing on the north side that was equipped to handle toxic fumes for chemistry and biology departments.

I remained a chairman of science education for 17 years, with one or two interruptions as I took advantage of opportunities that came up. The first of these was a year at New Your University called the Triple-T project. Dorothee, Howard, and I moved to New York City and lived in a high rise apartment. Howard went to a public school on Manhattan and Dorothee taught in another one. The year was interesting and a learning experience. Edith worked for the telephone company that year and following our return to Greeley, she enrolled in NYU and in four years secured a B.A. in art education.

The second opportunity that came up was the president of the National Science Teachers Association which occurred in 1973 – 74. Again we left Greeley and moved to another city – this time Washington D.C.

Chapter 15

Several years prior to being elected to the presidency of NSTA, I had worked on a variety of committees and served as a director for four years. My opponent in the election was Dave Lockhard from the University of Maryland and a very well-known person. I didn't have high hopes of winning the election. As it was, it was very close. Upon learning of my victory, I arranged with NSTA and UNC to permit me to take a leave of absence from UNC for a year and our family moved to Falls Church, Virginia. Howard again went with us as he was now in high school. He attended school in Falls Church.

The year passed quickly, with quite a bit of traveling, speaking engagements, committee meetings, and planning for the annual convention and three regional conventions of NSTA. We had the opportunity to go to Jamaica on one occasion and also to England to attend the meeting of the Association of Science Educators there. I gave a lecture in Leeds and Dorothee and I had a chance to travel to Trowbridge and Taunton, where we explored my family roots. Thomas Trowbridge was a landowner in Taunton and attended churches in that city. He bequeathed a legacy to his church which is still in effect – a small amount doled out to the poor of the parish annually. Three sons of Thomas Trowbridge came to the "colonies" in 1637. Their names were Thomas, William and James. Our branch of the Trowbridge family is descended from James. This history is documented in "The History of the Trowbridge Family in America" published in 1908.

The highlight of the presidential year was the annual convention which was held in Chicago at the Hilton and Blackstone Hotels. About 6000 persons attended this convention, one of the larger NSTA conventions for those times. An astronaut-geologist Harrison Schmidt spoke as well as several other big name speakers. A group of UNC students and alumni held a surprise breakfast for me on one morning, at which they sort of roasted me for my year as president. My mother, Dorothee, Dave, Edith and Howard were also in attendance at the convention.

We have had good luck with our house renters during our various safaris. Nothing of major damage occurred, rents were paid on time, the renters were congenial folks who had teaching or other job responsibilities in Greeley and were trustworthy. On one occasion I received a telephone call from a renter who said. "Mr. Trowbridge, your lawn sank". "What happened?" Well we left the water on all night and in the morning the lawn had sunk about three feet!"

In 1977, I had a visit from Dr. Guo Chorng-Jee, professor of Physics at Taiwan Provincial College of education in Changhua, Taiwan. He was seeking someone to visit Taiwan and give some seminars in science education. "Well", I said "It just happens that I have a sabbatical leave coming up this fall and I'd be happy to consider an invitation." So in a matter of two months all the details were taken care of and Dorothee and I were on our way to Taiwan. We spent one semester there and returned in January, 1978, after an enjoyable experience. I gave many seminars and speeches and traveled about the island of Taiwan. Dorothee and I had the opportunity to travel with a class of senior science students who were provided the traditional trip around their island before graduation. This gave us a chance to see all parts of Taiwan and meet many new friends. We were treated like guests all the time, which is a characteristic of the Chinese on Taiwan. It made us want to go back, which in fact did come about seven years later when we were able to spend an entire year there.

Chapter 16

The Science Education Department at UNC prospered through the years. The number of masters and doctoral degree candidates increased so there were about 35-40 graduate students at all times in some phase of their programs. We had many enjoyable times, picnics, parties, etc. as well as many professional and academic events relating to the progress the students were making. Each of the Science Ed. Faculty had about 3-4 doctoral advisees to supervise at all times. This meant much work in reading drafts of dissertations, giving examinations, holding doctoral defenses and attending graduations. The years went by quickly and one had the feeling of contributing significantly to the advance of science education in the United States and abroad.

In addition to the work with graduate students, many undergraduate classes were taught as well. I taught meteorology courses in the Earth Sciences Department for ten years, until Glenn Cobb was hired as a full time meteorologist – oceanographer. I taught the secondary science methods courses regularly and also usually had one or two general education earth science courses to teach. I enjoyed all of these tasks. I felt that the combination of some science subject matter courses along with some pedagogical courses was the best combination from the standpoint of interest and work load.

Bob Sund was a wonderful colleague to work with through the years. He and I collaborated on several textbooks for science teachers and elementary children in science. Most of the work in preparing manuscripts for these books had to be done at night, on weekends or during vacations. It was enjoyable and remunerative. Over the period from 1967 when the first royalties began to appear until the present, I have collected over $200,000 in royalties. Needless to say these monies helped put Dave, Tom, and Edith through college. Howard had the opportunity for a college education also, but chose not to take it.

In 1981, a new president of the university was hired. The previous president, Richard Bond, was a good president, but because of some unwise practices in over hiring and failing to maintain a balance between expenditures and resources available, the university was reaching an untenable financial position. The demographics of the times also played an important part in accounting for a reduction in university enrollment and of course a loss in tuition

The new president had mandate from the Board of Trustees and the Colorado legislature to bring the expenditures and resources into line. His method was to reorganize the university and eliminate certain departments. The faculty agreed that changes needed to be made. The methods the president used of eliminating tenured and untenured faculty members were not accepted by the faculty. Regardless, the president went ahead with his plan and 47 faculty members lost their jobs, including myself.

One of the methods to be put into practice to reduce the faculty was to offer the chance to retire in 5 years for those approaching retirement age. A large number of faculty were on 12 month contracts, historically the type of contract offered to new hires in the ‘60’s and ‘70’s. In return for an agreement to retire, faculty with such contracts were promised full year employment for a period of five years. Many signed these agreements, including myself. I was age 61 at the time and anticipated retirement within five years.

When the new president's reorganization took place, those faculty in departments that were to be eliminated, who had signed the "Option A" contracts were told the contracts were null and void. Seven faculty members were so affected. These seven persons sued the university for breach of contract.

June 30, 1983 was the termination date for faculty who lost their jobs in the reorganization. Because the agreed upon date of retirement was to have been September 30, 1986, the suit claimed back compensation for three years and three months of employment. To this date the issue has not been resolved, although the courts have affirmed the claims of the plaintiffs. Haggling still goes on concerning the amounts of damages, etc. It is expected that a resolution might be forthcoming in 1992. The cost to the university for the seven litigants will be in excess of $1.2 million dollars. This includes back pay, PERA benefits, and interest from July 1, 1983 to the date of settlement.

The president has now moved on to other pastures. He succeeded in "breaking tenure" which was one of his objectives. By eliminating departments, he was able to terminate 47 faculty members. The faculty morale through the university was at a nadir during his entire reign. Enrollments are beginning to increase, not necessarily due to anything the university administration had dome, but because the normal population of college age students has again increased.

During a four year hiatus from 1983 to 1987, I taught at other institutions including Texas A&M University, National Taiwan Normal University, and the University of Northern Iowa. In September, 1987, I rejoined UNC and was assigned to the Earth Sciences Department. I was the only faculty member of the 47 who lost their jobs a=who was rehired to teach at UNC. The story of the event is told at another place.

I taught three years in Earth Sciences and retired at the mandatory retirement age of 70 years in August, 1990. I then went to the University of Northern Iowa at Cedar Falls, Iowa for a one year appointment in the Physics Department. I completed that assignment in May, 1991 and celebrated the completion of fifty years of teaching, having begun in 1941. Summer of 1991 is for me the first summer off for approximately 30 years. I am enjoying the relaxed routine for a few months but will undoubtedly begin to think of something else to do in a short while.