

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

MEMORIES OF HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

IN

AMES, IOWA

1955-1958

by

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Topeka, Kansas

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INTRODUCTION

In the year 2010, I wrote a book entitled, *Looking Back, Memories of Ames, Iowa, 1948-1955*. It is available on the internet via the website of the Ames Historical Society which can be accessed at www.ameshistory.org. On the left side of its home page is a menu, and clicking there on “Your Stories” will bring a list of items on the website. A link to my book, *Looking Back*, is in the list. Since what is posted there does not include that book’s introduction, I am quoting it here in its entirety:

Dedicated to the Members of the Ames High Class of 1958

INTRODUCTION

The year was 2008, and that June members of the Ames High Class of 1958 converged upon Ames for two days to renew old friendships and celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation from high school. The class reunion concluded with a banquet at the Memorial Union on the campus of Iowa State University.

After the meal, we were treated to a wonderful PowerPoint presentation by Dennis Wendell, Collections Curator, and Alan Spohnheimer, Administrator, of the Ames Historical Society. With words and photographs they returned us to the Ames of our elementary, junior high, and high school years.

During the presentation, Dennis told us that the Ames Historical Society had very little on the Fourth Ward of Ames compared to the rest of the city and made a plea for us to fill in the gaps. As an archivist, genealogist, and historian, I made a mental note to do just that. Besides, Dennis and I had both studied organ at Iowa State with Professor Marianne Webb, so I felt a double responsibility to do something in this regard.

Months later, I remembered my resolve but couldn’t locate an email address for him. And that brings us back to Marianne Webb.

She was a native of Topeka, Kansas, where I have lived since 1980, and got her bachelor’s at Washburn University here before going elsewhere for graduate school. Near the end of the academic year 2008-2009, Marianne was one of a handful of people honored by the University as outstanding alumni. She invited me and my wife to attend the banquet where they were honored.

Since I knew that Dennis had helped Professor Webb with cataloging her professional materials for Southern Illinois University Carbondale as she approached retirement there, I asked her if she had Dennis's email address. She did and sent it to me directly upon her return to Carbondale.

I emailed him, and thus began an ongoing conversation by email, phone, and in person, that resulted in this book.

Much of what I have written pertains to aspects of the Fourth Ward in Ames for that is where we lived. Nevertheless the scope of this book is broader than that, for much of what is here written is based in part on my mother's diary (with a bit now and then from the record she kept of the family expenses). Thanks to Dennis, I have had a wonderful time *Looking Back*.

Roger M. Goetz

I had always planned to write another book covering the years 1955 to 1958 when I and my classmates attended Ames High School, but the following three writing projects left me no time to start on such:

Remember Days that Have Gone By, Glimpses into the Life of Ames Diarist, Sidonia Helena Heck Getz (Goetz) which I wrote in the year 2010. It has three parts and covers Mother's life from her birth in 1901 until her marriage to Father in 1934, including her three years of nurses training in Milwaukee during which time she also kept a sort of diary and her years as a nurse at the University of Wisconsin Hospital in Madison, where she was the head of one floor of the hospital.

The Family and Letters of George Getz (1843-1913), Pioneer Farmer in Carroll County, Illinois. This was about my great-grandfather Georg (George) Götz/Goetz/Getz (who came to America in 1866) and his family. What spurred me to write this book was receiving from Germany nearly three dozen letters he had written back to family there from 1866 to 1898. Fortunately this project only took two years (2010-2012) because I had help from Evelyn Getz Leonhardt, a cousin of mine, who is a retired high school German teacher. She spent the summer of 2009 translating all these letters for me. I then spent four to ten hours most days writing this book which came to 365 pages.

How Does It Work?, The Life and Brothers of Charles A. Getz (Goetz) from 1908 to 1948. This book covers the period from Father's birth in 1908 to when we moved to Ames in 1948 and covers 656 pages. I started

writing it in 2012 and completed it on New Year's Eve of 2013.

After completing these three books, I was so mentally and emotionally exhausted that I put off starting this book about my high school years in Ames for many months. On top of that, after many medical exams and tests, it was determined during the spring of 2014 that I have multiple myeloma (bone cancer) plus several other serious health issues, all of which plus chemotherapy make me very tired at times. Nevertheless, I decided in May to begin gathering material for two additional books I wanted to write. One is a sequel to the third book mentioned above. The other is this book, which is a sequel to *Looking Back*.

As noted above, that book was dedicated to the members of the Ames High Class of 1958. After looking through our high school *Spirit* yearbooks over the last several weeks, I came to realize that there was not a single member of our class whom I disliked. They all were wonderful people to have as classmates!

And so, this sequel to *Looking Back* is likewise

Dedicated to the Members of the Ames High Class of 1958, all of whom knew that

Ames High Aims High!

Roger M. Goetz

CHAPTER ONE

OUR FRESHMAN YEAR COMES TO AN END

JUNE 1955

As May turned to June in 1955, life began to change for the members of the Ames High Class of 1958 in ways which were commonplace to us back then but are quite different from school life in 2014. When we were growing up in Ames, there were no school busses transporting children back and forth between home and school.

Some of our classmates attended St. Cecilia Catholic Parochial School then located at 122 N. Oak Avenue (now at 2900 Hoover Avenue) and were brought to school there by parents if they didn't live within walking distance. The rest of us attended our own particular neighborhood school.

An aside: two of our classmates who went to St. Cecilia were Chuck Judge and Mary Louise Judge. Many years later (perhaps in the 1990s), I was on an airplane flying somewhere and struck up a conversation with the man sitting by me. I eventually discovered his last name was Judge. I had never met anyone with that surname outside of our classmates, so I told him about Chuck and Mary Louise. I was amazed to learn that he was their uncle and had lived for a time in Ames. Talk about a small world!

Returning to our neighborhood public schools in Ames: our elementary schools were located within about a half a mile of their students' homes. We students walked to school in the morning, home for lunch, back to school after lunch, and home at the end of the school day.

Our elementary schools had no cafeteria and most mothers were stay-at-home moms, so this worked out okay. Besides, what we had to do was nothing like the stories we heard of children of our parents' generation who lived in the country. They had to walk a couple of miles on gravel roads to and from school. And the walk was uphill both ways!

When we completed sixth grade, however, we had to go to junior high school.

In those days, junior high schools typically included grades seven, eight, and nine in contrast to their general replacement decades later, namely middle schools, which typically include grades six, seven, and eight. In other words, we had our high school freshman year at junior high rather than at Ames High.

While attending junior high, we still had to walk back and forth between home and school twice a day unless we happened to live more than a mile away from school. Then, we were allowed to ride a bicycle rather than walk. A very small number of children were allowed to bring their lunches to school and eat them there. Personally, I liked going home for lunch because I could watch television while I was eating.

There were only two junior highs in Ames:

Welch Junior High School at 120 S. Hyland Avenue with Mr. John E. Harlan as principal
and
Central Junior High , 512 Clark, across the street to the east from Ames High with Verna B. Schmidt as principal.

Students living in Wards 1, 2, and 3 went to Central and those living in Ward 4 went to Welch.

Since I attended Welch, I didn't know Principal Verna Schmidt; but, when I was going to Ames High, one of the guys in my class told me she was hard of hearing and wore a hearing aid with the controls inside her bodice. He told me that when he was a student at Central, some of the boys liked to play a trick on her. It went this way:

While talking to her, a boy sometimes began in a normal voice but soon got gradually softer. She responded by reaching into her bodice to turn up the volume. A moment later, he got softer still; and she turned the volume up even more.

Then after a bit he spoke loudly, and she hastened to turn the volume down again. She apparently never caught on to this cruel trick and perhaps put it down to the hearing aid not working properly.

On Thursday, June 2, 1955, both Central Junior High and Welch Junior High had a special awards assembly honoring students in seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. Some of the awards to ninth-graders were as follows:

high scholarship:

Central:	Phil Bappe, Kit Carr, Susan Dailey, Bill Dwinnell, Margie Easton, Kathryn Hanson, Bruce Hildreth, Charles Judge, Mary Judge, Connie Kuhl, Dave McFarland, Mike McKinney, Joyce Olsan, Jack Smalling, Mary Ellen Walsh, and Mona Wolf
Welch	Fannie John LeMoine, Kathleen Melampy, Janet Fiske, and Fred Errington

Ames High commencement ceremonies were held that evening in the school auditorium at 8:00 p.m.

But I didn't go since my family had no one graduating. My only sibling, Chuck, had graduated the year before. Besides, I had something more important to do that evening.

CHAPTER TWO

KEPT BUSY WITH ORGAN MUSIC

SUMMER 1955

What was the important thing I had to do on the evening of our honors assemblies in Junior High?

At 7:15 p.m. on Thursday, June 2, 1955, the organ students of Margaret Snodgrass at Iowa State College together gave an organ recital at Collegiate Presbyterian Church just west of campus. I had to be there because I was one of the students playing the organ that evening.

That reminds me of a joke that our classmate Dave Trump told me when we were in high school. At that time, the members of his family were Presbyterians; and the Presbyterian Church was founded in Scotland where people were known to be very, very frugal. Dave's joke went like this:

One Sunday morning in a Presbyterian church, they were planning on some kind of upgrade to the church and needed people to pledge money to help pay for it. Knowing that getting money for this might be difficult, they wired the pews with electricity.

After the sermon and the offering, the minister got up and made an impassioned appeal for people to donate to this project. He ended his appeal by saying, "I want all of you who will give at least fifty dollars for this project to please stand."

No sooner had he said this, the sexton threw the switch and electricity zapped all the people sitting in the pews.

Everyone leaped to their feet and then rejoiced at how financially committed everyone was to this project. The minister had a brief prayer of thanksgiving, and they all sang the Common Doxology before going home with joy in their hearts.

The next morning, when the sexton was cleaning the church, there in one pew he found a dead Scotsman.

While I don't know the specifics for my Ames High classmates, I do know that most of us were busy in many ways the summer we became sophomores. For me, one way I was busy involved playing the organ.

Back to the recital the evening of June 2, 1955: why was I playing in this Iowa State College organ recital when I was only fifteen years old?

When our family moved from suburban Chicago, Illinois, to Ames in August of 1948, my father arranged for me to resume taking piano lessons. This time it was at Iowa State.

In 1951, I got a new piano teacher at Iowa State. Her name was Miss Margaret Snodgrass (now Mrs. John Storm Mueller).

Upon her arrival in Ames, she also became the organist at my church. Prior to that, I had never paid much attention to organ music. Now, with my teacher playing the organ there, that all changed because I knew and admired her greatly.

I soon discovered that I liked the organ better than the piano and a year later began asking her once in a while to let me switch from piano to organ lessons. Each time she always told me that my piano technique was not yet good enough to study the organ.

Finally, when I got to Welch Junior High, she allowed me to start organ lessons on the condition that I continue piano lessons at the same time. I was thrilled!

A new way of life began for me that fall. Nearly every day after school, I rode my bicycle down to Memorial Lutheran Church at Lynn and Lincoln Way and practiced the organ there for about an hour and a half before going home for supper. I remember thinking about giving all of this up to participate in junior high sports but decided I wanted to study music instead.

After that year of studying both organ and piano, Miss Snodgrass told me that I might as well drop piano lessons because my organ study was improving my piano technique instead of the other way around. Why was that the case?

I practiced the organ 1 ½ hours a day but only practiced the piano about 10 to 15 minutes a day and not every day. Happily, after I no longer studied piano with her, she also let me begin studying music theory so I could one day compose organ and choir music of my own.

A memory comes to mind as I write this. There were times when Miss Snodgrass drove some of her students to places elsewhere in Iowa to attend an important organ recital. On one such trip, one of her college students asked me what class I was in. He meant at Iowa State.

I told him I was only in junior high. He didn't believe me, and Miss Snodgrass told him that such was the case. I guess I looked older than I actually was in those days!

When we finished ninth grade at Welch, my musical world changed big time!

Miss Snodgrass resigned from Iowa State to go study organ in Germany with noted organist and composer Helmut Walcha (1917-1999). I greatly missed her because she was my mentor and had shaped my tastes in organ music. I idolized her and didn't want to stop organ lessons.

Somehow it was arranged for me to start studying organ during summer school in June and July at Drake University in Des Moines with Russell Saunders (who later was a noted organ professor at Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York). He was a wonderful teacher as well!

The only problem I had with this was getting there and back. My parents couldn't take me and I didn't drive yet. They thus arranged for me to go by bus from Ames to Des Moines and back. I don't think the bus dropped me off at the university but at the bus depot and thus I had to catch a city bus to Drake. I can no longer remember that detail.

What I do remember clearly to this day is riding on the bus from Des Moines back to Ames!

On the trip back, I was very well aware that I was an unaccompanied minor. More than once I felt uneasy because there was a male passenger who looked to me like he was a shady character. Thus, I wasn't sure I was safe from some kind of physical attack if he got off the bus with me in Ames! Only one time did such man get off the bus in Ames and thankfully he left me alone!

While writing the previous paragraph, another memory surfaced. One Tuesday afternoon a couple of hours after getting back from Drake, I got a phone call from Hans Eschbach, who was playing the organ at my church that summer until they found a replacement for Margaret Snodgrass. His brother, Art Eschbach, was the owner of Eschbach Music House on Main Street in downtown Ames and also a member of our church. Hans asked me if I would play the organ on the following Sunday.

Without thinking, I agreed to play the organ the next Sunday and as soon as I hung up I regretted it big time! Miss Snodgrass had occasionally had me play a piece at church during the offering or as the postlude after the closing hymn. But I had never played the liturgy and hymns for church before.

Fortunately, I had learned all of the musical liturgy from her so that wasn't the problem. Rather, it was the hymns! And at that time it took me one solid hour of practice on each hymn to be able to play it without a mistake. Groan!

One can imagine how delighted I am that playing hymns is no longer such an emotional torture because by the time I finished college, I could look at most any hymn and play it just fine after running through it once or twice and now I can play them without any

practice at all.

My mother's diary, book 10, begins with an entry dated July 28, 1955 – Thursday

Roger played the organ again in church on July 3rd, and for Communion at that. He did extremely well. He had his last lesson at Drake U. the 20th, but keeps on practicing [the organ] at the Campus Baptist Church 5 days a week.

It is so hot in the loft & he takes a fan sometimes – to be exact – last Tues. & today (it's been 102°). He called Father before he left for practice & asked him to bring the fan home, please, on his way from work at 6 (so Roger wouldn't have to bring it in his bicycle basket). Father agreed to do it & Roger said to me, "He's the nicest guy!"

For this to make sense to those of my grandchildren's generation and later, it should be noted that in those days, most churches were not air conditioned. Thus, since hot air rises, the summer temperature in an organ loft or balcony was much, much higher than that in the pews below.

In addition, the loft was also much closer to the roof which in those days normally had little or no insulation in it and that made the temperatures up there even worse! Why was this the case? Because the cost of heating a building in the winter back in those days was very little compared to heating costs in the twenty-first century, so back in those days it was economically unimportant how good the insulation was.

Further, how could Dad pick up my fan at a church of which we were not members? In that era in many places, including Ames, churches were never locked so that anyone could go in and pray as the need struck them. Such is no longer the case!

I am eternally grateful to my parents for paying for piano and organ lessons for many years, plus paying our own church and other churches for practice time on their organs. Since I was very aware of how much that all cost, when I was a pastor in the Twin Cities area from 1968 to 1980 and after that in Topeka, Kansas, I always insisted that anyone, whether a member of our congregation or not, be allowed to practice free of charge. I insisted on this for two reasons: first, helping people become organists is a blessing to the church at large; and second, when a pipe organ is used regularly the instrument fairs better than when it is not.

But organ music was not the only thing keeping me busy during the summer we became sophomores.

CHAPTER THREE

KEPT BUSY WITH GARDENING

SUMMER 1955

The July 28, 1955, entry from Mom's diary about me continues as follows:

He & his father have been playing Michigan Rummy together evenings, also worked together in the garden last Sunday. It's Roger's duty to take care of the garden & when he has help, he's very happy about it.

Where was this vegetable garden?

Two houses south of us, at 834 Ash Avenue, was the home of Professor Doctor Walter H. Chivers (1892-1964), his wife Margaret, and their daughter Nancy. On May 17, 1955, at the end of a two-month process involving 520 students, Nancy won the spelling championship at Ames High School. She has a special place in my heart because some years earlier she taught me how to play the wonderful game of cribbage.

The next lot to the south was a vacant lot. The Chivers owned it and had a garden there. Since they didn't use the entire lot, they let Dad have a garden there as well. Dad was delighted and gardened there for many years. I remember Dad telling me that homegrown vegetables nearly always taste better than store-bought ones and, if we were to have a depression like the one in the 1930's, we wouldn't starve.

Also, I should mention that both Mom and Dad grew up on a farm and told me more than once, "A farm is a great place to be from." They thought it was wonderful in many ways for a child to grow up on a farm, but that they weren't the least bit interested in pursuing farming as a career!

Thus Dad became a scientist and Mom became a registered nurse; but from having grown up with them as parents and hearing other people talk about things, I realized that you could take my parents off the farm, but you couldn't take the farm out of my parents (this incidentally is also the case with my wife Betty).

Thus, Dad was delighted to do vegetable gardening on that vacant lot, and Mom was delighted to have lots and lots of space in our backyard and on the south side of our house to devote primarily to flower gardening. During her years growing up on her farm home in Wisconsin, she had been a major force in doing both vegetable gardening and flower gardening there. And after she was grown and had left home, her mother used to report via letter how Mom's garden was faring on the home place. These letters focused especially on the flowers Mom had planted way back when.

Dad, ever the scientist, approached gardening from a scientific point of view. When he

planted tomatoes, he well knew that their vines tended to sprawl on the ground which reduced their tomato production and so he devised a different approach to growing tomatoes. He bought a number of metal fence posts and pounded them into the ground some distance apart running in two rows the width of his section of the Chivers vacant lot.

These posts had many holes running up from where they stuck out of the ground up to the top and Dad strung heavy wire from post to post to post about 2 ½ feet above the ground and then again about 5 feet above the ground. As the tomato plants grew, he kept them off the ground by tying them up with twine to the wires. These tied-up tomato plants eventually formed two “hedges” of tomato plants about sixty feet long and about five feet high.

As these tomato plants were growing, Dad showed me how they produce little shoots inside a “V” of two larger branches. He called these little shoots “suckers” and told me that they would never produce tomatoes but merely sapped strength from the rest of the plant. Thus, he taught me to pluck such “suckers” off the plants so they would focus on producing tomatoes. And produce tomatoes they did!

I remember one year an early frost was predicted and so we went over to the garden and picked a hundred or more of green tomatoes, carried them home, and spread them out on the basement floor on newspapers to ripen. That took about a week to ten days for them all to ripen.

Mom then canned quarts and quarts of tomatoes and it took a lot of work. After it was done, I think she wasn't too interested in ever canning tomatoes again. Even so, they were delicious when she fixed them in one way or another. My favorite was stewed tomatoes with pieces of bread in them.

Now I should mention that back then either at the south edge of the Chivers's lot or at the south edge of their garden lot was the Ames city limit. Going south from that point, the road turned from being a paved road to a gravel road.

Even so, there was yet one more house south of the Chivers's property with the address of 930 Ash Avenue. This house, commonly called “the farm house” when I was growing up, was the home of Fred and Beth Earl, whose twin daughters, Jane and Elizabeth, were classmates of my brother Chuck (Ames High class of 1954). These two girls were noted dancers; and, after finishing high school, they headed to Hollywood to make a career in show business. A bit of their beginnings was written up in the Ames newspaper and can be found on the internet at the following location:

http://www.ameshistory.org/exhibits/tribune/11/wf_1118b.htm

Besides playing organ and gardening, I had another thing keeping me busy that summer.

CHAPTER FOUR

KEPT BUSY WITH RESEARCH SUMMER 1955

The July 28, 1955, entry from Mom's diary, cited in the previous two chapters, continues as follows

He [Roger] is still working on his 2 yr. old project of looking up and recording the genealogy of kings & rulers of most all the countries that have ever existed. He goes to the library (College) & finds all sorts of books that haven't been used for years. One day when he checked some out, the librarian asked him if he was a graduate student. We asked him what he answered and he said, "I smiled and said I was a high school student."

Has done considerable work on it this summer and the dining table is piled high with books & papers. His room is a perpetual mess. He takes out books & old & faithful comics, reads them, & never puts them back – that is barely ever. One day there were 20 encyclopedias on the floor – most of them open to a certain place.

I was inspired to start doing this by Miss Reba Carey (1903-1968), my eighth-grade history teacher at Welch Junior High School. When she was teaching us about the American Revolutionary War (1775-1783) against Britain and King George III (1738-1820), she explained the British monarchy to us because this was something about which we knew little if anything.

To show us what the monarchy was like, she proceeded to write on the black board a genealogy of George III. She started with Cedric, the first king of Wessex, who lived in the Sixth Century. After writing his name on the black board, she wrote down generation after generation of kings until she reached King George III.

Her presentation fascinated me, and I decided to start a new hobby of doing royal genealogies of rulers past and present throughout the world.

To do this I needed to have access to the Library at Iowa State, and so my father arranged for me to have the library privileges he had as a member of the faculty. This meant that when I checked books out, I had to sign his name rather than mine. And that gave both him and me a surprise. Why? Without even trying to do so, when I signed Dad's name, it looked like his signature!

These books which had not been checked out for years were kept in storage somewhere rather than in the library itself. From what I heard, I gathered they were stored in the

basement of one or more buildings on campus. As a result, I had to wait until these books were retrieved from storage before I could check them out.

In contrast, there were books in high demand which were kept in the library's reference reading room. Such books could not be checked out, not even by faculty. As a result I often spent many hours doing research and writing down the information I wanted on the rulers and nobility of various countries, including their names, their dates of reign, and their genealogical connection to one another.

My classmates also were busy in various ways the summer we became sophomores. There were many opportunities for us to do. One example of many is the following:

On Wednesday, August 3, Box Scout Explorer Post 154 headed for Wyoming to explore various areas in the wilderness. The grade level at Ames High in the coming school year of those going were

seniors:

Jim Balloun, John McComb, and Leon Wardle

juniors :

Ed Hansen, Jon Piersol, and Bob Stebbins

sophomores:

Dwayne Catron, Bill Henderson, Jim Johndreau, Dan Schaefer, and Phil Seymour

CHAPTER FIVE

MANY ADJUSTMENTS TO MAKE

FALL 1955

When we started our sophomore year at Ames High, we had to adjust to many things new to us.

One was that, as sophomores, we were at the bottom of the social totem pole with juniors and seniors above us. In contrast, during our previous year in junior high, we were at the top of the social totem pole with the seventh-graders and eighth-graders below us. This change, of course, affected how we behaved in school during our sophomore year.

Another adjustment arose from the fact that students from Central Junior High and Welch Junior High were combined into our sophomore class. There were so many of us that we filled six home rooms: 109 and 119 on the first floor and 210, 233, 234, and 238 on the second floor. The total number of students in a homeroom ranged from 26 to 31 students for a total of nearly 180. This seemed large to us; but with the Baby Boomer generation following close behind, we were deemed the last of the small high school classes in Ames.

The number of students coming from Central was something like two or three times the number coming from Welch. Thus, after three years at junior high we had to meet and get to know dozens and dozens of new classmates. Meeting these new friends was exciting!

As was noted in Chapter One, those of us living in the Fourth Ward of Ames lived too far away from Ames High to walk or ride a bike to school. Thus, once a month, the Board of Education issued us a book of 40 free bus tickets to use on school days. To get to school we had to ride a specific bus. It left the West Gate at 8:12 a.m. each school day and followed the “Crosstown” city bus down to Ames High. We got there about 8:30. For those of us in Fourth Ward, this was a brand new educational experience.

As sophomores, we also had to learn our way around a new building – new to us, that is. Our high school building opened its doors to students for the first time in September of 1939. Architecturally, it was wonderful!

It was built around an open courtyard to provide better lighting for interior classrooms. We supposedly had a ground hog residing in our courtyard and a few students maintained they had actually seen it.

Thus, when groundhog day (February 2) fell on a school day, we heard one of two messages during the morning announcements over the public address system: (1) since it was cloudy, spring would come early, or (2) since it was sunny, our resident groundhog had seen his shadow and run in fright back into his burrow. so winter would last six

weeks longer.

One distinguishing feature of the building was the auditorium which had very good lighting and acoustics. Such were real assets for the concerts and plays we students performed on stage there. And the seating capacity of 1,100 made room for the audiences these artistic productions attracted!

We had an assembly in the auditorium, usually every other week, and we had a seat assigned to us by our homeroom teacher to make sure we actually attended. Seniors sat in the center and juniors sat toward the front on both the left and right sides. Sophomores were assigned to seats toward the back of the auditorium. We had a wide variety of things presented by various groups in our school with an occasional presentation by one or more people from outside the school.

Assemblies were usually held on Friday mornings from 10:25 to 11:05. To make time for this, the first three class periods those mornings were shortened from 55 minutes to 40 minutes.

Another distinguishing feature of our high school building was the gymnasium. It's seating capacity was even bigger than the auditorium's – 1,700, in fact.

One of the new things was having a special room set aside as a study hall. Its width (going from the hallway to the outside wall) was the same as most classrooms; but it was more than twice as long as the ordinary classroom. And the study hall usually contained far more students than the average classroom could hold.

With so many students in one room, the following regulations were written in our Student Handbook and rigorously enforced:

1. Students are expected to be in their seats and quiet when the bell rings.
2. No privileges are granted until the attendance has been checked.
3. The following regulations dealing with speaking privileges are observed:
 - a. No speaking privileges are given except when the room is quiet.
 - b. Only two at a time may speak.
 - c. Students are expected to whisper rather than talk out loud and stand while speaking.
 - d. Everyone should move quietly.
 - e. Conversation should be limited to one minute subject to renewal.

Just to the south of the study hall was the library which could be accessed through two doors between the two rooms. The library with its high ceiling Sand oak-finish was a great place to study. To go to the library, a student had to get permission from the study hall teachers.

At the far south end of the library were two conference rooms, regarding which our Student Handbook said:

The two conference rooms may be used when a student desires to study by himself; for example, in practicing a speech or a report for a class, or perhaps in reviewing for a test.

Since seniors had first priority to using these conference rooms, sophomores and juniors rarely got to use them. By the time we were seniors, however, some of my friends and I got to use a conference room during many of our study halls. We did some studying and some visiting – sometimes mostly visiting!

At Ames High, lockers were a major part of school life. When we started school as sophomores our homeroom teachers assigned a locker to each of us and each of us had the same locker all three years. These lockers were located on both first and second floors on both sides of the various hallways.

One of the curious things (at least to me) is how these lockers in each hallway had all odd-numbered lockers on one side and all even-numbered lockers on the opposite side. On top of that, which side was odd and which side was even was not consistent from place to place.

How many lockers were there in all? One thousand and twenty-one!

In these lockers, we kept books not being used at the moment, school supplied, personal items of various sorts, and, when the weather demanded it, jackets, coats, gloves, scarves, hats, and the like. Since we did not have all of our books at one time, this meant that between classes we often had to go to our locker, get what we needed for the next class or two, and arrive in our next classroom before the bell rang and made us tardy. And, it should be noted that sometimes the distance from once class to the next was far from short!

How long did we have to get to our locker and then to our next class? Three minutes. During that time we had to walk, not run, in the halls and on the stairs and never, never slam a locker door in haste. There were times when these three minutes seemed far too short for what we had to do!

CHAPTER SIX

PATRIOTISM AT AMES HIGH

FALL 1955 AND AFTER

When we started our sophomore year at Ames High, I soon discovered that there was a special plaque in our school's main lobby. Something of its beginnings is found in the Tuesday, December 4, 1944, issue of the Ames High Weekly Web. There was an article about the Ames High Student Council and it contained this sentence:

The council unanimously voted to have a certain amount of money set aside each year to pay for a bronze plaque to be erected after the war with the names of boys killed in action.

The war came to an end in 1945 and thus action was taken by the 1945-1946 Ames High students. By voluntary subscription, they raised enough money to buy a beautiful bronze plaque commemorating the loss of fifty-six students who gave their lives in World War II from 1941 to 1945.

During our sophomore year at Ames High, ten years had passed since that plaque was made. As a result, the student body during the academic year 1955-1956 placed a second plaque in the main lobby in memory of students who had died in the U. S. military service during the ten years after the first plaque (1946-1956).

Since the Baby Boomer generation (which began soon after the end of World War II) necessitated building a bigger high school, the high school building we attended eventually housed the Ames Police Department. I thus wondered whatever happened to these two plaques. In hopes of finding out, I sent an email about this to a number of people and got the following response from Dennis Wendell (class of 1959), Curator Emeritus of the Ames Historical Society:

I'm pleased to report, per a telephone conversation with Bill Ripp, that all three bronze plaques are mounted in a hallway (between the media center and multipurpose room) of the present high school. They are pictured on p. 237 in the 2001 edition of the Ames High Alumni Directory. The original plaque covered 1941-1945, the second 1946-1956, and the third 1954-1997. For a while, one of the plaques was in storage after an act of vandalism, but is now restored and viewable. Don't toss your old directories thinking they are completely superseded!

I wondered why the third plaque started with 1954 instead of 1957 and asked Dennis about this. He explained it as follows:

I had the same thought, but the photo of the bronze plaque clearly shows

1954. This was because Rodney Paulson (Class of '42) died March 29, 1954, and his name was omitted from the second plaque.

These plaques show that patriotism was very important when we were in high school.

Our Student Handbook, after a few introductory pages followed by the Table of Contents, began with a patriotic page. First on this page was a picture of an America flag fluttering in the wind, and beneath this picture was the following:

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Below this was another patriotic item, less well known but equally important:

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed, a democracy in a republic, a sovereign nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

This creed was written by William Tyler Page (1868-1942) in 1917 to submit to a nationwide patriotic contest growing out of America's entry into World War I. The hope was to have a statement of patriotic faith that was both concise and complete. On his way home from church on Sunday that May, he was inspired by having recited the Apostles' Creed that morning, to begin writing this creed.

In March of 1938, this creed was selected as the winner of the contest out of more than 3,000 entries. It was officially accepted on behalf of the American people on April 3, 1918, by the Speaker of the United States House of representatives and the U. S. Commissioner of Education.

Concerning what he wrote, Page is reported to have said the following about it:

The American's Creed is a summing up, in one hundred words, of the

basic principles of American political faith. It is not an expression of individual opinion upon the obligations and duties of American citizenship or with respect to its rights and privileges. It is a summary of the fundamental principles of American political faith as set forth in its greatest documents, its worthiest traditions and by its greatest leaders

CHAPTER SEVEN

AMES HI AIMS HIGH FALL 1955

After the patriotic page in our Student Handbook was a page listing the members of our school's administration, namely, the superintendent, the principal, and the members of the Board of Education. The following started on the page after that:

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

This message is addressed to all students in the hope that an insight can better be gained in regard to some of the traditions and ideals which have become so much a part of school life. A student can become adjusted more happily to his school environment when he senses that for which the school stands and that which it is attempting to do for him.

Upon entering, a student should recognize that Ames High is essentially a democracy in action. He will choose his leaders, and he will be a leader when he merits such leadership. Each student will be given numerous opportunities to express himself in such ways as initiating discussion in homerooms and in the various groups with which he happens to be associated. He will necessarily have to be a good follower as well as a leader.

Each person in a democracy has certain inalienable rights, but at the same time he also has limitations which he must necessarily impose upon himself. He must, for example, be responsible for his own conduct. Conduct in Ames High is largely a matter of self-discipline where the good of the group receives first consideration. Ames High students are trusted to do what is right, and such trust has proven to be wisely placed.

As a new student, you will soon sense and come to feel some of the traditions which have made Ames High rank with the better high schools in Iowa. One is the attitude toward scholarship which perennially ranks it highly among contemporary schools. Another is the practice of good courtesy wherever and whenever you meet an Ames High boy or girl. Finally, and certainly one of the most important, is the emphasis given to spiritual values and living the wholesome life. Recognition is made that good character is undoubtedly one of the most desired outcomes of our school program. You will soon discover the true significance of the motto *Ames Hi Aims High*.

HERBERT ADAMS
Principal

Near the end of Principal Adam's message, he touched upon two important points: "spiritual values and living the good life." If one does a search at the present time (2014) on the internet regarding these two concepts, a whole bunch of different (and some even contradictory) explanations can be found. What was meant in the 1950's by our principal?

We have a hint in his next sentence which indicates that one of the major outcomes they were trying to achieve was producing students of good character.

Another hint to what was involved is found in the following excerpt from the Standard Weekly Program pertaining to the homeroom period as found in our Student Handbook:

Monday – Devotions are led over the loud speaker system by two members of one of the homerooms. The president reads and leads discussion of the weekly calendar. New problems which the homeroom may wish taken to the student council are considered.

The first paragraph of the following item in our Student Handbook gives further insight into all of this:

Girl Reserve

Girl Reserve, a club open to all high school girls, stresses character building and community service in its creed and code. Regular meetings of the entire club are every two weeks on Friday morning. Social activities include a mother-daughter tea, a dad-daughter party, a newcomers' party, and a big pal – little pal picnic. The Girl Reserve club cooperates with the Hi-Y club in such activities as preparing Christmas gifts for patients of the Story County Home and sponsoring the annual Friendship Week conference.

Even more of what this was all about can be found in the first two paragraphs of the next article in our Student Handbook:

Hi-Y

The purpose of the Hi-Y club is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character. Although membership is not compulsory, every boy enrolled in high school is eligible for membership in the club. The club meets on alternate Fridays during the regular assembly period, either for a general meeting or for

hobby group meetings. A variety of hobby groups is offered to appeal to the interest of every member.

The Hi-Y club carries on many activities outside of meetings. The club joins with the Girl Reserve to distribute gifts to patients at the county home at Christmas time. The club also joins with the Girl Reserve to sponsor Friendship Week, an annual event emphasizing the place of religion in life. Together with the Girl Reserve, it honors the new students in a get-acquainted party in the gymnasium.

How was it that the Girl Reserve and Hi-Y clubs were interconnected?

The Girl Reserve was the high-school club connected with the YWCA (Young Women's Christian Association) and the Hi-Y was the high-school club connected with the YMCA (Young Men's Christian Association). The connection between these two becomes even clearer in the next article in our Student Handbook:

Friendship Week

In accordance with the purpose of the Girl Reserve and Hi-Y clubs, "to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character," these organizations sponsor an annual Friendship Week conference. During the month of January some outstanding youth leader is invited to spend three consecutive days in Ames High School. The program for the week includes an address before the entire study body each day, class forums, personal conferences, and luncheons for each cabinet to visit with the speaker.

Now we see what Principal Adams was writing about in the last part of his message:

Finally, and certainly one of the most important, is the emphasis given to spiritual values and living the wholesome life. Recognition is made that good character is undoubtedly one of the most desired outcomes of our school program. You will soon discover the true significance of the motto *Ames Hi Aims High*.

CHAPTER EIGHT
SOPHOMORE OFFICERS
SEPTEMBER 1955

The following is the beginning of Mom's diary entry for Sept. 13, 1955 – Tuesday:

Roger started 2nd year high school on the 6th. He seems to like it. Enjoys German – in fact, everything. Comes home for lunch. Gets home at 12:05 & leaves at 12:30 to catch the 12:40 bus.

I don't know how long my coming home for lunch lasted, for I don't remember doing so at all. I remember eating in the cafeteria most of time I was in high school.

I remember one time going through the cafeteria line one of the items was a glass of tomato juice. I told the three guys I was with that I had been allergic to tomatoes and eating them made my nose and ears turn red.

“This we've got to see,” they said.

I told them I was outgrowing that allergy and they'd have to give me their glass of tomato juice if they really wanted to see it happened.

After they sat down, they gave me their glasses to drink. I then chugalugged four glass of juice on an empty stomach and soon after my nose and ears actually turned red. This was the last time I ever had such a reaction to tomatoes.

During our senior year, Dave Trump and I sometimes went and ate lunch together at the bus depot which was only a few blocks away. We really enjoyed doing so, partly because of the freedom we felt and partly because it made us feel grown up.

After reading this chapter, Dennis Wendell (class of 1959) emailed the following comment on November 4, 2014:

I always walked or rode my bike home for lunch, thus avoiding the cafeteria line, but Ron Moses and Jack Morris would frequently grab a bite to eat at the pool hall and enjoy a few games.

Principal Herbert Adam's comment that students at Ames High were living in a democracy in action (Chapter 7, page 17) became apparent that very September. Members of each sophomore homeroom elected their officers for the first semester. Those elected, with the homeroom numbers in parentheses, were as follows:

President:

Jim Dresser (109)
Phil Bappe (113)
Karsten Smedal (210)
Kit Carr (233)
Terry Stine (234)
Mona Wolf (238)

Vice-President:

Linda Adams (109)
Jean Bachman (113)
Bruce Hildreth (210)
Margie Easton (233)
Leon Harris (234)
Don Lange (238)

Secretary:

Robt. Dan Shaeffer (109)
Faithe King (113)
Sandy Akin (210)
Suzanne Pinnell (233)
Pat Boomfield (234)
Bud Erickson (238)

Treasurer:

Don Overland (109)

Activity Director:

Betty Kerr (109)
Don Milliken (113)
Joan Bachman (210)
Ben Fellows (233)
Sandra Rouze (234)
Mike McMinney (238)

Intramural Captain:

Bill Alexander (109)
Bruce Hildreth (210)
Martin Klingseis (234)
Dick DeVaul (238)

Red Cross:

Sandra Schultz (238)

Hy-Y Representative:

Marvin Bogue (109)
Dave Browning (113)

Girl Reserve Representative:

Donna Erickson (109),
Karen Pratt (113)
Kay Gibson (210),
Judy Matterson (233)
Mary Ellen Walsh (234)
Karen Martin (238)

Girls Athletic Association:

Stella Dixon (109)
Kathy Hansen (113)
Joan Bachman (210)
Sandra Lampe (233)
Mary Louise Judge (234)
Iva Jean Davis (238)

CHAPTER NINE

SOME OF OUR TEACHERS

1955-1958

Once a week the *Ames Daily Tribune*, had a full page entitled “Ames High School Web”. This page had a column entitled “Corridor Chatter” which featured humorous things of one sort or another.

The October 12, 1955 Corridor Chatter began by joking about some of the teachers as follows with additions and corrections in brackets:

Words We'll Remember

Mr. [Raymond] Smalling:	Dress right, dress!
Mr. [Ronald] Easter:	Your attention. I repeat, your attention!
Miss [Edna] Wilcox:	With your notebooks closed—
Mr. [Richard] Day:	There is no substitute for thinking.
Mr. [Dale] Heideman:	All right, you guys.
Mr. [Everett] Ritland:	Good afternoon.
Miss [Madeline] Canvin:	Time!
Mrs. [Elizabeth] Dickenson:	There is to be no talking.
Mr. [Kenneth] Page:	When I was in Washington—
Miss [Mary] McNally:	There will be a short assignment today—only four exercises and two outlines.
Mr. [Hiram] Covey:	No one will funk [flunk]; they'll just get kicked out.
Mr. [Gerald] Seilert [Sielert, drivers training teacher]:	Look out for that cliff-f-f-f!
Miss [Ruth] Miller:	Has everybody turned in their holly wreath money?

The rest of this chapter sets forth a few Corridor Chatter items and some memories about some of the teachers.

Miss Ruth Miller

Miss Miller was a teacher of algebra, solid geometry, and trigonometry and served as faculty advisor to Fire Squad and Girl Reserves. Here follow some Corridor Chatter dates and things written there about her:

September 28, 1955:

Miss Ruth Miller and her Firesquad must love the beginning of the year. The obedient sophomores observe the regulations forbidding running to the lunch line; seems funny, but the end of the lunch line is made up of sophomores. How long before they will catch on?

October 19, 1955:

Miss Miller during fire drill: "Please form three lines."

Students: "But, Miss Miller, there are only two of us!"

It should be noted that the Firesquad supervised the lunch line in addition to all fire drills.

November 9, 1955:

Some of Miss Miller's solid [geometry] students are firmly convinced that the school will need a psychiatrist in the near future. Some students report it is taking up to one hour to get their minds untangled after solid class to even think straight.

and also the following:

Miss Miller claims she can explain cubes, trapezoids, and even squares. We wonder how she would explain Warren B.

Mr. Hiram Covey

Mr. Covey was teacher of economics, sociology, and American government, and served as head track coach, sophomore basketball coach, and assistant football coach: Items from Corridor Chatter follow:

October 5, 1955:

Notice

Everyone please look in their lockers. It seems Hi Covey has lost his Volkswagon. Anyone finding it bring it to room 208 because Mr. Covey is lonesome.

October 12, 1955:

We found Hi Covey's Volkswagon. It seems some joker put it on the trophy case and hung a sign on it saying, "Soap Box Derby 1955." We hope you enjoyed these jokes about the Volkswagon because it sure has been hard on our economics grade.

October 19, 1955:

Mrs. Covey, upon looking in the trunk of their Volkswagon, exclaimed: "Gee, they even give you a spare motor!"

And under Hi Covey's picture in our 1956 yearbook he is quoted as saying, "Volkswagon . . . 30 miles to a gallon."

Mr. Robert Hamilton

From Corridor Chatter, Wednesday, November 23, 1955:

Mr. Hamilton: What three words are most commonly used among high school students?

Delores R.: I don't know.

Mr. Hamilton: Correct.

Mr. Hamilton was the drama and speech teacher and faculty advisor to the Palm Club, the only honorary organization at Ames High. It honored members of the Drama Club who did an exceptional amount of work in drama. Delores R. would have been Delores Kay Robbins, a senior.

In Mr. Hamilton's speech class, students gave speeches at the front of the room; and behind the students he sat at his desk and observed. I remember one time a girl was giving a speech and all of sudden she got a bewildered look on her face, slowed down, and stopped. We all turned around to see what Mr. Hamilton thought of this and discovered that he was holding up a sign he'd made which read, "Project!" We laughed – and tried to keep it from happening again.

Speech Class is touched upon twice in Mom diary:

April 24, 1956 - Tuesday:

Roger studied last night until 1 a.m. on a debate for Speech Class today – whether Alaska should be granted Statehood. He's on the affirmative side. He looked up a lot of statistics to determine some percentage concerning population of the 48 states when they were admitted to the union. At 9:45 p.m. he announced that he had 48 long divisions to make & wanted to learn how to use the slide rule.

Dad could help him only slightly – he had forgotten – so Roger set out to learn it himself from an instruction book. I let him sleep late this morning & then took him to school so he could get an extra 45 min. sleep after all that long toiling.

As he was getting ready for school, he said, "I had a nightmare last night. I dreamed I had to go from Wash. D. C. to Alaska by covered wagon – & that was sheer torture. On the way the negative side attacked us." I hope his 48 percentages will prove the point he's trying to make.

May 17, 1956 - Thursday:

Roger lost the debate, but he got a better overall grade than his opponent.
His delivery wasn't so good.

Mr. Wayne Cross

In the fall of 1955, there were so many sophomores wanting to be in choir that Mr. Cross found it necessary to go from four choirs to six! I imagine rehearsal space was not large enough to accommodate everyone. Thus, sophomores were not allowed to be in the A Capella Choir. Even so, without the sophomores, this choir was quite large. It totaled 62 singers, 27 boys and 35 girls.

To accommodate the sophomores, the new Sophomore Chorus was created. It consisted of 36 singers, 19 boys and 17 girls. Those of us in this mixed chorus selected the following as our officers: Don Milliken, president; Suzanne Pinnell, vice-president; Kit Carr, secretary-treasurer; Dan McCarthy, librarian; Mary Kay Arthur and Dave McFarland as robe-keepers.

There already were two Girls' Glee Clubs, one for juniors and seniors and one for sophomores. Now with the increase of singers, the Boys' Glee Club was split into two similar groups.

Regarding Boys' Glee Club, I remember that there was a boy who during rehearsal sometimes changed the words we were singing. Mr. Cross couldn't hear him over the rest of us, but those around him did and had to keep on singing without laughing. And we didn't mind in the least!

Regarding Mr. Cross, Dennis Wendell (class of 1959) wrote:

After Donny Martin graduated, I filled his shoes as piano accompanist for the choral groups directed by Wayne Cross. Later, I worked with Wayne as organist at First Methodist.

What Dennis wrote brings back two memories connected with Don Martin (class of 1957).

First memory: during academic year 1956-1957, Don was a member of the Ames High Cheersquad. When that group led cheers at basketball games, Don's physical agility in doing bodily flips and other kinds of gymnastics during those cheers was absolutely amazing!

Second memory: I didn't know that besides playing the piano, Don also played the organ; but somehow he knew that I played the organ. Thus, I was quite surprised one day when he approached me and invited me to go with him to the dedication recital of a new

pipe organ in a Roman Catholic church in Des Moines. I was delighted to accept. Don picked me up in his own car to go to the recital. That made me feel important because he was in the class ahead of mine and thus, I thought, was more important than I was.

Here follows a note I received from Marianne (Chance) Wagaman:

A remembrance of Mr. Cross is the Choir Reunions he had around Christmas time. It was so fun to attend, greet him and sing our favorites from choir while he accompanied us on the piano. He was so kind and it was a pleasure to be in his music classes. Bill and I attended the reunions when we could.

Mrs. Rose Elliott

When we were in ninth-grade at Welch Junior High, many of us took Latin; but when we went to Ames High, some of us switched to German and studied that for two years with Mrs. Elliott.

I am forever grateful that she required her students to learn to read and write the old German script even though it had been abandoned in Germany. She told us that if we came across a German handwritten letter prior to World War Two and wanted to read it, we would have to be able to read that script. And after I got into doing genealogy of my father and mother, I could never have traced their ancestry in Germany back to about 1600 without being able to read the handwritten church records of baptisms, marriages, and burials.

One day something happened in first-year German class that I remember to this day. A boy was reading some German out loud and made a mistake in pronouncing the German word which means "with that". In German the word is "damit." The first syllable (da) is pronounced "dah" and the second syllable (mit) is pronounced "mitt" with the accent on the second syllable. Well, the boy pronounced it "damn it" and the class broke out in laughter.

Puzzled, he stopped reading and asked what was so funny.

Mrs. Elliott told him to read that last sentence out loud again.

He did and made the same mistake. He was still puzzled by our laughter so Mrs. Elliott told him to listen to his voice while he read. This time he heard his mistake and then read it correctly.

At the end of our second year of German (1956-1957), Mary Louise Judge wrote the following to me in my yearbook:

Aren't you sorry we don't have anymore German. It's sure been fun. I hope you have loads of fun and I'll be glad to have you in classes again next year.

Connie Kuhl also wrote about German class:

We've had gobs of fun in German these two years. You study too hard, though. Lots of luck to one of the best German Students.

Mrs. Elliott was a wonderful teacher.

Miss Madeline Canvin

Miss Canvin was in charge of homeroom 109 (my homeroom) and many times would say, "109 every time." I had her for bookkeeping and typing. When I took typing class one semester, she had the students sit alphabetically by last name. Mary Lou Gould sat just in front of me.

Now, Miss Canvin insisted that there be no talking in typing class; and, after a couple of days in her class, I was able to suppress exclaiming something out loud when I made a typing error. This was not easy for me, but I finally figured out a way to compensate for not talking when that happened: I would hiss between my teeth to express my frustration. Every time I did that, Mary Lou laughed.

At the end of the semester, I got an "A" in typing and Mary Lou got a "B". Mary Lou was very upset about this since she and I had identical scores for the entire semester. So she stormed up to Miss Canvin, pointed this out, and asked why she had only gotten a "B" when I had gotten an "A".

Miss Canvin told her it was because she had laughed a lot in class.

Mary Lou then came over to me and told her what Miss Canvin had said. Mary Lou was quite angry with me at that moment.

One time when I came in and sat down at my desk in homeroom 109, the moment I took my seat, I realized someone had put a tack on it with the point sticking up. Fortunately, I didn't sit on it squarely and could barely feel it with my right buttock.

I immediately knew one of the guys in our homeroom had pulled this prank, so I kept my face still and showed no reaction at all. Also, I leaned ever so slightly to the left so I could no longer feel the tack.

When we all got up to leave, the tack was stuck in the seat of my pants, so I surreptitiously brushed it out of my pants onto the floor.

As soon as I was in the hall, one of the boys asked me if I hadn't felt the tack on my seat when I sat down.

I played dumb and said, "Tack? What tack?"

He then told me that someone had been putting tacks on the seats of desks, but he didn't tell me who the culprit was and I didn't ask since I was playing dumb about the whole affair.

Incidentally, someone (I don't know if it was someone in our sophomore class or someone in an earlier class) had in a slightly negative way dubbed this teacher "Ma Canvin". That seemed amusing to us. Nevertheless, calling her that did fit, for she was never married and tended to see us as her children.

Regarding Miss Canvin, Dennis Wendell (class of 1959) wrote:

My mother pursued the commercial curriculum at Ames High School and had Miss Canvin for short hand, bookkeeping and typing. I followed suit and had the same teacher. To this day, I balance my checkbook and do a spread sheet for my budget. Kids called her "Ma" Canvin and made fun of her behind her back, but I respected her.

Under Miss Canvin's picture in our 1956 yearbook she is quoted as saying, "I'll give plenty of time to prepare for a timed-writing . . . Go!"

Another memory of Miss Canvin comes from Iva Jean (Davis) Pascek:

My memories of Miss Canvin are mostly about living next door to her as I was growing up. She lived just to the south of us with her widowed sister, Alice Lyles, in a small Cape Cod style house with its immaculate lawn. That immaculate lawn was the bane of the kids on the block because it was forbidden territory. We all knew we were not to step foot on the lawn.

And that presented real problems because the Davis front yard was the locus of many football games. Invariably the ball would end up in Miss Canvin's yard. If the ball was just into the yard, we would retrieve it as quickly as we could with the most minimal contact with the grass. I think I remember actually tiptoeing when I had to get the ball.

If the ball went into the shrubbery that surrounded the front of the house, we would have to go up to the front door, using the front walk and not

cutting across the yard, and ring the doorbell to ask permission, very contritely, to retrieve the ball. We would then secure the ball, all the while conscious of being watched by Miss Canvin or Mrs Lyles.

A special high school memory of Miss Canvin relates to my steadfast refusal all through high school to take typing. She, being much wiser than I was in my neophyte women's lib days, gave me a graduation gift of the first six weeks of her summer-school typing class (or as Miss Canvin insisted - "typewriting class") in the summer we graduated.

One of the other people in the class was an Iowa State student who convinced me how helpful knowing how to type would be in college. I consequently ended up taking the second six-weeks of the twelve-week typing class and paying for it myself.

Thank you Miss Canvin for your gift!

Miss Canvin lived at 1213 Marston Avenue and the Professor Arthur Davis family lived at 1217 Marston Avenue. Iva Jean's father was a full professor in the Department of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics at Iowa State.

CHAPTER TEN

“DRAGNET” AT AMES HIGH

OCTOBER 1955

When we were sophomores at Ames High, many of us were avid listeners/viewers of an important weekly show which was on the radio from 1949 to 1957 and on television from 1952 to 1959. It's title was “Dragnet” and each episode presented the police procedural of dealing with a case in Los Angeles.

The producer of “Dragnet” was Jack Webb, who also had the major role in the show as Sergeant Joe Friday. In 1968, an amusing parody of part of “Dragnet” was done by Jack Webb and Johnny Carson on “The Tonight Show”. This may be seen and heard at the following link:

<http://biggeekdad.com/2013/06/the-copper-clapper-caper/>

If it doesn't open when you click on it, copy and paste it into your internet program. As you watch it, note how this routine starts out with “This is the City” and that Jack Webb eventually indicates his name is “Friday”.

Someone at Ames High also wrote a parody of “Dragnet” that appeared in the Corridor Chatter on Wednesday, October 26, 1955. It follows:

This is the school. The time is 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The place is room 109. My name is Saturday Afternoon. There are 530 students loafing here daily. One of them has the Web box, my job, find it.

I was working the fifth period watch out of journalism. Then it happened! We knew the criminal was somewhere in the building. Our problem was to find the right one.

A loud explosion went off directly above our heads. I grabbed my cannon, shoved it in my pocket, and dashed upstairs only to find a dead end. Some chemistry student had just tried to find a substitute for the Hydrogen bomb. He succeeded.

At 2:13 I returned to 109 to get out an all homeroom bulletin on the box. I was then told Chief Adams wanted to see me. He informed me if I didn't get a lead soon, I'd have to turn in my pogo button and leave.

2:24: I returned to room 109 and received a call that Mrs. Dickinson wanted to see me. At 2:30 I walked in what I thought to be the morgue, but it turned out to be the library. Mrs. Dickinson told me she had a boy in the library yesterday that seemed to be odd. He didn't talk. This was the first lead we'd had.

Upon checking, I found his name to be Fingers Dugan. There was something about that name that made me think he could have stolen the Web box. His record showed that he had been sent up once for working in the Green Gander underground. This was our boy.

I took a trip up to the history room. Since Mr. Gates left, that room hasn't been watched by Chief Adams. It would be a good hiding place. I found nothing.

Back in room 109 I received a call from the gym. I couldn't recognize the voice, but whoever it was said I should come to the gym immediately.

In the gym I met Fingers Dugan face to face. He was six foot seven, weighed 369 pounds, had red hair, green teeth, black eyes. He wore black gloves, pink pants, and orange shirt. He was carrying the Web box. Just a run of the mill, small time burglar.

He said he wanted to give himself up. I asked him why. He told me the Smalling calenthenics were too much for him. I took him in and booked him.

On October 24 trial was held in room 204. Fingers Dugan is now serving a life sentence in solid geometry. The story you have just heard was true, only the names have been changed to protect me.

The Web box now sits in its same old spot and as usual it is empty!

Some things in this article may be explained as follows:

- (1) "Chief Adams" is a parody of Mr. Herbert Adams, the principal of Ames High at the time.
- (2) "Green Gander underground" is a parody of "The Green Gander", an Iowa State campus humor magazine whose roots went back to 1915. As time progressed, however, the magazine's humor became more and more

suggestive and by the 1950's it regularly included "pin-up" style poses of female students at Iowa State. For a number of reasons, including embarrassment to Iowa State, the magazine was discontinued in 1960's.

- (3) "Smalling" is a parody of Mr Raymond Smalling, who was the boys physical education instructor, intramural director, basketball coach, and sophomore football coach.
- (4) The term "Smalling calenthenics" is not a typographical error for "Smalling calesthenics". Rather it was a slightly derogatory term for some exercise routine that Smalling had boys do because it was different from the usual way of doing things. After one academic year, the term stopped being used.
- (5) The final sentence was almost the same as that actually used at the end of each Dragnet show. Only, the last word was different. The original sentence ended: "only the names have been changed to protect the innocent."

What was the Web box? We find the answer in the following item which appeared in Corridor Chatter on Wednesday, November 9, 1955:

The Web staff is really concerned. After an honest attempt to explain the importance of the Web box and the necessity for good jokes, we have found that so far we have not even received the usual gum wrappers or algebra papers. What's happening? Doesn't anyone chew gum or study algebra any more?????

—

If you think we are hard up for jokes, you are one hundred per cent right!

This column that day ended with the following statement:

Well we are through. Happy? We do want to close with this one encouraging thought to all you Chatter readers. Here it is: The jokes we didn't print were even worse.

After reading this chapter, Dennis Wendell (class of 1959) perused copies of "The Green Gander" from the 1950's in the Ames Historical Society collection and then wrote me that he was amazed at how long the really risqué drawings, cartoons, and jokes were tolerated by the College administration.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

BACKROOM BOYS

NOVEMBER 1955

Mom wrote the following in her diary on Nov. 2, 1955 - Wednesday, to which I have added some explanatory information in brackets:

Father came home the 28th instead of the 31st – so he had 3 days rest at home [Dad and Reinhard Friedrich had left on Friday, October 21, for a ten-day vacation at the Friedrich's lake home in Minnesota].

Uncle Jule Heck [a brother of Mom's father] died Oct. 27 & Uncle Lewis Getz [a brother of Dad's father] died several weeks ago [on October 12].

I had [hosted] neighborhood club the 24th. My chrysanthemums were beautiful & I spent hours the day before picking & arranging them. Roger observed this and said, "Women spend so much time for no reason."

Sunday was cold & rainy and Roger decided to build a fire in the fireplace. Says he, "When you two die, I don't want to be stuck with all that firewood." We have 4 hug piles outside & the garage attic has a supply. All from 8 trees cut down last winter.

Whenever one of us said something that tickled Mom's funny bone, she quickly wrote it down so she could include it in her diary whenever she got around to writing in it. Thus, she wrote at the beginning of each book of her diary, "All quotes verbatim."

The following Wednesday, November 9, 1955, the following article appeared in the Ames High Web page:

Back Room Boys Return

The Back Room Boys came back for the Stardust party in the study hall Saturday night from 8 to 11 p.m. Sponsors were members of homeroom 113.

Committee chairmen were Jean Bachman, program; Faithe King, decorations; Kathy Hansen, publicity; Dave Browning, monitor; Don Milliken, concessions; John Highbarger, clean-up. Homeroom teacher is Ray Smalling.

Highlight of the party came during intermission when the Back Room Boys, Ed Mezvinsky, Terry Rust, and Tom Mosness, gave an

extemporaneous performance of “Ki Ko Mo”, Joyce Olson, Sandy Rouse, and Linda Adams sang two numbers, “Stardust” and “Blue Moon.” Karen Compton did a pantimoine [pantomime] to “Dance With me, Henry,” Gerry Malone played the drums accompanied by Merrill Harlan.

Dancing and refreshments completed the evening.

The Back Room Boys performed the previous winter at Ames High as can be seen from the Wednesday, February 23, 1955, Ames High Web Page. This article gives the name of the “Back Room Boys” as “Backroom Boys” and the title of the song “Ki Ko Mo” as “Kokomo”. Here follows the first and last paragraphs of this article:

Talent Show Runs Variety

Talent was plentiful Friday as six Ames High school acts and two Boone High school acts entertained the student body at the annual talent assembly.

....

The program was closed by a selection of acts by Terry Rust, Ed Mezvinsky, and Tom Mosness, the “Backroom Boys.” They gave, via piano, voice, drum, and dance, “Earth Angel,” “I Got Rhythm,” and “Kokomo.”

Of these three Backroom Boys, only the name of Ed Mezvinsky sounded vaguely familiar and I wondered if he were related to the man who had a grocery store located near St. Cecilia Catholic Church and School back in the 1950s. Research on the internet finally unearthed the following excerpt from *The Des Moines Register*, August 3, 2003:

Years before, as a popular Ames High School student who made three key second-half steals in the 1955 state basketball championship game against Iowa City High, Mezvinsky oozed a pleasant, confident drive.

After all, he was the son of Abe Mezvinsky, who peddled fruit off railroad cars and rose from a Ukrainian immigrant with \$5 in his pocket to the head of a small supermarket chain in central Iowa.

Mezvinsky remembers how his Jewish father's store sat smack in the middle of a Catholic neighborhood in Ames. One day, the Catholic priest gave a sermon about one of the best examples of Christianity around: Abe Mezvinsky, the Jewish store owner who took in hobos and gave them food.

But the elder Mezvinsky also instilled a drive for financial success in his son. When Ed Mezvinsky returned from college to help run the store and decided to run for the state Legislature, his father asked him, "Can you make any money in politics?"

Not if you're honest," Mezvinsky remembers telling him.

"Then why are you doing it?"

The lengthy article from which this excerpt is taken was entitled, "Whirlpool of lies swallows Mezvinsky". It was written by Mike Kilen, Register staff writer and is available on the internet at the following location:

<http://crab.rutgers.edu/~mchugh/nigeriamezvinsky.html>

From another site on the internet,

<http://www.snopes.com/politics/clintons/mezvinsky.asp>,

we learn that on July 31, 2010, Ed Mezvinsky's son Marc was married to Chelsea, daughter of former President Bill Clinton and wife Hillary. This website also included the following:

As the *Houston Chronicle* noted, the lives of the Clinton and Mezvinsky parents were intertwined, both personally and politically, long before Chelsea Clinton and Marc Mezvinsky announced their engagement in November 2009.

Both articles are interesting and may be read by clicking on the links or, if that doesn't work, copying and pasting each one into one's internet program.

CHAPTER TWELVE

CARRYING A BRIEFCASE NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1955

From the Friday, November 25, 1955, issue of the Ames newspaper, we learn that the previous Tuesday, November 22, there was an important event that involved a number of girls in our high school class. Back then there was an organization known as Camp Fire Girls and they had a special program for girls of high school age known as Horizon Club.

A *second* Horizon Club in Ames was formed in the fall of 1955 for ninth-grade girls attending Welch Junior High and that Tuesday, 23 girls were initiated into that new club. It took place at the home of Mrs. James Hilton, whose husband was the President of Iowa State College (now Iowa State University). Mrs. Hilton served punch and cookies after the initiation.

This short initiation was conducted by the following members of the first Horizon Club in Ames, all of whom were sophomores at Ames High:

Joan Sclarow
Jackie Inglis
Mary Hillyard
Phyllis Veline
Louise Thompson
Ava Lee
Pat Yochum
Mona Wolf
Carol Arrasmith
Faithe King
Kathy Hansen.

Their leaders were Mrs. R. A. Veline and Mrs. Marvin Gould.

On Saturday, November 26, 1955, Mom wrote a lengthy entry in her diary. To understand how she felt and thus she wrote about it as she did, one should know that prior to marrying my father, she herself had been a registered nurse with considerable hospital experience.

Over the years she told me more than once and also noted in her diary several times in the 1950s and 1960s that the quality of hospital nursing had deteriorated considerably since she had given up her career to marry my father in 1934.

Her professional career as a nurse was as follows:

Columbia School of Nursing, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Nov. 1925 – Jan. 1926 Temporary member of the faculty

University of Wisconsin Hospital, Madison, Wisconsin

Feb. 1926 – May 1926 General Duty Nurse in the Orthopedic Wards

May 1926 – June 1931 Head Nurse and Assistant to the Supervisor of the
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department
(Ward 5 East)

June 1931 – April 30, 1934 Nursing Supervisor of the Surgical Wards

University of Wisconsin School of Nursing, Madison, Wisconsin

June 1931 – April 30, 1934 Instructor of Surgical Nursing

Also, in reading the following entry from Mom's diary, it should be noted that she was not a judgmental type of person. Here, then, is the diary entry she wrote on Saturday, November 26:

Mon. the 21st, Chas. [my father] had an 8 a.m. app't [appointment] at Iowa City Hospital, so we left Sun. p.m., stayed at an excellent motel overnight, got to the Hosp. at 8 & sat. Not a thing done to him until 10:30.

At 11:30 he had head x-rays, at 2:30 the interne took his [medical] history and at 4:15 Dr. Obergon finally saw him. Finished at 5:30.

Took all day to do something that could have been done in 2 ½ hours. Typical hospital disregard for the patient's feeling – everything is done at their convenience. The hosp. smelled like old wet hay – was I happy to leave!

Chas. has to go back for a check by neurosurgeons & [word not clear]. Came home at 9:15 p.m. & it was wonderful.

Roger carries his high school books in a brief case – sometimes an encyclopedia and always a dictionary. He carries all his books with him & doesn't keep them in the locker like others do. One day he said, "There's word around that I carry a set of encyclopedias in my briefcase."

He plays [the organ] in church tomorrow.

Regarding this briefcase, Dad told me I should have a brief case at school. I didn't want one because high school students didn't have brief cases and indicated such to Dad. Nevertheless, he insisted I should have one and gave me a very nice, fairly large brief case. Since I had it, I decided to make the best of a bad situation and carry all my

textbooks in it. In this way, several times a day I saved time between classes by not having to go to my locker to get things for the next class or two.

I was very well aware that I was the only student in high school carrying a briefcase and occasionally felt a little uncomfortable about doing so. That all changed before I finished high school. I don't recall which year it happened, but it came about this way.

While we were passing between classes, one of the boys in my class came up from behind me, goosed me, and then walked around me on my right. Now I always carried the brief case in my right hand and that worked out well in this situation.

Without even thinking, I swung my briefcase at him and hit the back of his left knee. His knee buckled and he sank slowly down to the floor. Seeing that happen, I grinned to myself and swept past him feeling smug. Some of our classmates thought this event was funny. After that I was glad I had my briefcase for I now knew that it was my "secret weapon". On top of that, I never got goosed again!

Mom's next diary entry, written on Wednesday, December 28, 1955, brought the year to an end.

I feel like singing Hallelujahs! Chuck is allowed to stay at I. S. C. [Iowa State College]. Last spring quarter his grade point was 1.8 & this quarter he got –

Surveying	– E
Math	– D
Econ	– C
Physics	– E
P. E.	– A
AROTC	– F

It's only because his all college grade point is 2.0 or over, I guess. Dr. Montgomery has decreased his thyroid [medicine] gradually since fall & I think that is a factor he hasn't done well. Also he has had girlfriend difficulties. Now he has 3 and doesn't know which one he likes he best.

Roger has been getting A's & B's. Played the organ for the Sunday School [Christmas] program on Dec. 18. The other day I went to the upstairs bathroom & here he was shaving – the first time in months & the first time he did it alone. He said, "I feel rather silly."

Chuck was in Kansas City before Christmas & met a girl there & had a few dates. Said her folks have a lot of money & Roger said, "Now that's the girl to marry."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE REST OF OUR SOPHOMORE YEAR

JANUARY - JUNE 1956

In the following excerpt from Mom's diary written on Monday, January 30, 1956 she misspelled Mr. Heideman's last name by putting a second "n" at the end. This would have been the original German spelling of his name, but when World War I came along, there was so much anti-German feeling in this country that most with German surnames ending with "mann" dropped the final "n".

Students at Ames High often misspelled his last name by reversing the order of its first two vowels to make it "Hiedeman" and this spelling sometimes occurs in our *Spirit* yearbooks. as well. Here, then, is what Mom wrote:

Roger complained to his Geometry teacher (Mr. Heidemann) last week that the class was progressing so slowly, so today Mr. H. told Roger that he could work ahead as fast as he wanted to, didn't have to get the daily assignments but has to take the exams & spend the regular time in class. Well, Roger went to work & by this evening was 13 pages ahead of the class. He was real thrilled about the whole thing.

A few months later, Mr. Heideman asked for a volunteer to go to the blackboard and write on it a proof of a particular theorem. Since no one else in the class offered to do so, I stopped what I was doing and volunteered to do it.

While I was writing the proof out, some of the students objected to what I wrote at one point. Mr. Heideman told the class that I was using things they had not yet learned. At that moment I realized that if one of them had written out the proof he had requested, it would have taken nearly 100 statements. The way I did it took only about 20 statements. Was I ever glad I was working ahead!

Excerpt from Mom's diary, February 24, 1956 – Friday:

Monday the 27th Roger plays in the organ recital. One piece is his own composition – about 7 pages long.

Excerpt from Mom's diary, March 9, 1956 – Friday:

Last Saturday Roger went to the college library after his music composition class to work on his history project which he calls his hobby. Lunch time came & went, we wondered but didn't worry – yet. At 3:00 his friend Eddie Krekow called, but Roger wasn't here yet, so Eddie started looking for him at the Baptist church where he practices, at the barber shop, at our

church but couldn't find him.

At 4:00 Dad went to the library (Eddie had looked there too) & went where he thought Roger might be, & there he was – studying away at the history books. He had become so interested & besides he had told me he would go to the library. Foolish of us to worry – he was where he said he was going to be. No lunch didn't matter, apparently.

On Saturday, April 14, 1956, Mr. Richard Trump, Ames High biology teacher took four sophomores to Northeast Iowa Science Fair sponsored by Iowa State Teachers College. The fair was a contest primarily among high school seniors, but Mr. Trump took sophomores thinking they might become interested in doing such a scientific project in the future. The four sophomores he took were Jerry Booth, Jim Easter, Larry Jones, and Steve Synhorst.

Excerpt from Mom's diary, April 22, 1956 – Sunday:

Friday, April 20, we went to the H. S. to hear Roger sing bass baritone in the H. S. Soph. Chorus & Boys Glee Club. This p.m. the Boys Glee Club went to Woodward by bus to sing for the Inmates. They sing exceptionally well and Roger enjoys it.

On Tuesday, April 24, all of us sophomores had to go to the school cafeteria to have a Schick test. There they inserted under the skin on our arm a small amount of diphtheria toxin to see how our bodies would react to it over the next couple of days.

All of the juniors had this test on May 2 and all of the seniors on May 7. Children in other schools were also being given this test on different days

This testing was initiated because there had been a sizeable increase of diphtheria cases in some parts of Story County. The physicians and nurses giving the test did this as volunteers without pay.

As our sophomore year drew to a close, we got our 1956 *Spirit* and had fun signing them. Here follow a few of those addressed to Alechia Bode:

Dear Alechia,

You are a real character and it's been loads of fun talking to you this year. Even if you still call me Miss Bachman I like the name Joan anyway. Luck! Always!

Joan

Alechia, we “shure” have had fun in this dear Home Ec class. I bet we gave all the teachers a few gray hairs. Hope we can be in some classes together next year so we can drive a few more teachers insane. Good Luck always.

Judy

Ishee Mae,
Abyssinia around.
Stan Scholl

Dear Alechia,

To a wonderful girl & I wish you all the luck in the world.. Thank you for helping me in home ec when we cooked. You sure have been nice to me when I came new & I want to thank you for that too. Good luck in everything you do.

Love,
Kathy Vierson

Hi,

It sure has been fun being in the dumbest row in Geometry. Hope we don't have to struggle through this again next year.

Pat Bloomfield

I didn't mean a word I said!

Don Watkins

Wednesday, June 13, 1956, Ames High Principal Herbert Adams announced the top scholars for the academic year just ended. Those in the sophomore class who maintained a 4.0 grade point with straight A's were Fred Errington and Fannie LeMoine.

Those maintaining at least a 3.0 grade point were Mary Arthur, Dick Boast, Lorelee Bowlds, Jim Bragonier, Prudence Campbell, Kit Carr, Marianne Chance, Iva Davis, Dick DeVaul, James Easter, Marjorie Easton, Barbara Erickson, Dave Erickson, Roger Goetz, Kathryn Hansen, Elliott Haupt, William Henderson, Bruce Hildreth, Jim Johndreau, Larry Jones, Charles Judge, Mary Judge, Faithe King, Michael Klein, Constance Kuhl, Michael McKinney, Karen Maakestad, Judith Mathison, Kathleen Melampy, Dick Ramsey, Stanley Scholl, Jack Smalling, Carol Smith, David Taylor, and Mona Wolf.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

WALTHER LEAGUE 1956-1957

Excerpt from the diary entry Mom wrote on Saturday, August 4, 1956:

Starting July 22, Roger is summer organist [at Memorial Lutheran Church]. We are all pleased about that and he enjoys it. Is taking organ and piano lessons.

July 24th Roger & I helped serve picnic supper at the Ledges to 2400 Walther Leaguers. 70 people at the 10 tables served & it was done in ½ hr. The International [Walther] League had [its] convention at I. S. C. [Iowa State College]

This was the first time that the Walther league had its national convention on a college campus. They were invited to do so at Iowa State by the pastor of my church (W. J. Fields).

On Sunday, July 22, 1956, the day I began as summer organist, many Walther Leaguers attended the church services at Memorial.

An interesting side note to this is that some years after coming in 1980 to be assistant pastor (later associate pastor), organist, and choirmaster at my present church in Topeka, Kansas, I was visiting with a woman in our parish and learned she had gone to that Walther League convention in Ames.

I asked her if she had attended service at my church and learned she had. I then told her I was the organist that morning and added, "that was the first time you ever heard me play the organ."

We both got a chuckle out of this discovery.

At the time of this Walther League Convention, the youth group at Memorial was not a member of Walther League, but after that national convention, we high schoolers decided we wanted to join. To accomplish that I wound up filling out the necessary paperwork and writing our new constitution to submit to Walther League national headquarters. We were accepted into membership and, to my surprise, I wound up being elected the first president of Memorial's Walther League.

As president, I was, among other things, in charge of the monthly meetings of our executive board; and the pastor did not attend those meetings. I guess he trusted us to do things right.

Since he wasn't there, it was my responsibility to close the executive board meeting by leading the officers in praying the Lord's Prayer out loud in unison. One might think there was nothing to this, but I found out differently at the end of one of our meetings.

After I said, "Let's close with the Lord's Prayer", we all folded our hands, closed our eyes, and bowed our heads. I was to start our praying the Lord's Prayer together by saying, "Our Father."

Unfortunately, my brain malfunctioned and I started praying the common table prayer many of us used at church and home: "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest." No one joined in!

Immediately we all broke out into hysterical laughter. It took a long time for us to stop laughing. When we finally did, we all folded our hands, closed our eyes, and bowed our heads; and, before we could start praying the Lord's Prayer, we all broke out into laughter.

After several more times of trying this and failing because we kept starting to laugh, we gave up and went home.

As far as I can remember, the following Ames High juniors were members of our Memorial Walther League: Carol Arrasmith, Roger Goetz, Rosalie Haeder, Edwin Krekow, Shirley Vogtlin, and Donald Watkins

Two of these were not in our senior class at Ames High. Shirley Vogtlin lived north of Ames and went to high school up there for her senior year. The summer after our junior year Rosalie Haeder moved to Vermillion, South Dakota, where her father became a professor there at the University of South Dakota..

At the end of our junior year when we wrote notes to each other in our *Spirit* yearbook, two of them in my yearbook mentioned Walther League:

Dear Roger,

Oh, what a great & glorious president of Walther League you are. Keep up with all your brains, but don't run away from them.. I hope you learn to roll up your sleeves. Don't forget that warm morning we put up the Christmas scene [in front of our church]. Don't give Heideman such a rough time next year. Be good & good luck. I'll sure miss Walther League next year.

Rosalie [Haeder]

Dear Roger

I believe that you have made a very good president this year in Walther League. Keep playing the organ and I hope that you get the honor of being the first

to play the new one.
Good Luck. I'll see ya next fall.
Carol Arrasmith

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER

SEPTEMBER 1956

Here follows the entry, slightly abridged, that Mom wrote in her diary on Friday, September 21, 1956:

What a thrill! I stood on the curb on Lincoln Way & saw Pres. Eisenhower motorcade by – waving & smiling to everyone. Chas. [my Dad] thinks it's silly to be thrilled by anything like that.

On Sat. Sept. 8, Dad went to Waterloo to get Chuck [my brother]. The Chevy is in the garage & they came home about 3, unloaded & went shopping. After supper, I helped Chuck pack & Sunday after church we left for Valparaiso, Ind. Stopped at Mount Carroll [Illinois] to see J. Glen [Dad's youngest brother] & Grandpa & Grandma Getz.

Left about 5:30 and by 8:30 were 60 miles from Valparaiso so we stayed overnite at a motel. It was cold & raining. Got up at 6 & got to Valparaiso at 9 DST. We helped Chuck unload at the dormitory [at Valparaiso University] & left at 11 a.m. – the 10th. Got home about 7:30 – 370 miles.

Chuck registered the 11th & classes started on the 12th. He's taking Liberal Arts Law. His studies are 2 gov't courses, Spanish, English, & Christianity.

Roger's junior year in high school started Sept. 5. He's taking 5 subjects & works hard. Has been getting good grades. Joined Boys Glee Club. Has been organist at our church all summer and loves it. His lessons will start Sept. 27.

....

During August, Van Scay put in Formica counter tops in our kitchen, plastic wall tile in ½ bath & above the counters & vinyl tile on floors. Cost \$734.

Chas. [Dad] was in Atlantic City at the A. C. S. [American Chemical Society] meeting Sept. 18-20. Kitty Hach took him by plane to Des Moines & went to get him too [at Des Moines and flew him to Ames].

All of us students at Ames High left the school and walked down to Lincoln Way to see

our U. S. President, Dwight David Eisenhower (1890-1969), go by from the west to the east on Lincoln Way (which back then was also U. S. Highway 30 through Ames). As he went by, he was standing in a convertible and waving his greetings to the thousands and thousands of people who were there to see him.

Earlier, he and his wife, Mamie (Doud) Eisenhower (1896-1979), had been in Boone, Iowa. Boone, located about 18 miles west of Ames, was her hometown.

We were excited to see our president in person for the first and probably last time in our lives!

The Ames Historical Society has a wonderful website about Eisenhower's visit:

http://www.ameshistory.org/exhibits/tribune/10/wf_1039.htm

Mom mentioned above that I had played the organ that summer and loved it. There were two incidents, however, that were not much fun.

One time in those days before air conditioning, one of the ushers came and cranked open the window near the organ console about fifteen minutes after the service had started. There was a breeze coming in that west window and it kept blowing the pages of the hymnal while I was playing. The first chance I got, I slipped off the organ bench and cranked the window shut. And after that I used paper clips so the pages couldn't blow.

Another time, I played the opening hymn from the left page of the hymnal and did not notice that there were two more stanzas written without music at the top of the next page. So, I when we were done with the stanzas on the left page, I played the closing "Amen" and stopped.

The substitute pastor (Pastor Fields was on vacation) was still in the vestry waiting for the last stanza and so was not at the altar when I stopped playing. He popped out of the vestry door and announced, "We continue by singing the last two stanzas of the hymn." I was terribly embarrassed and played the last two stanzas with a very hot, red face.

When Pastor Fields returned from vacation and heard what had happened to me from members of the congregation, he was very upset with the substitute pastor and apologized to me about this. He also told me that the pastor and organist were to cover for each other's mistakes rather than pointing them out. So, painful as this event had been, I was glad to learn this very important lesson from Pastor Fields!

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

RAKING LEAVES

OCTOBER 1956

On Friday, October 12, 1956, Mom wrote the following in her diary:

Roger had his first date. Called for Carol Arrasmith & went to the homecoming Ames High game & dance afterwards. Dad took him over & Mr. A. [Arrasmith] bro't him home.

Dad was in Eglin Field [Eglin Air Force Base], Fla. Left Sat. noon from Des Moines & went as far as Arkansas & on to Fla. Sun. a.m., arriving there at 9 a.m. Left Fla. 4:30 [p.m.] and was home at 10:30 (from Des Moines). [He] saw the Air Force show. The ROTC Air Force invited him & some other faculty.

Have been getting nice letters from Chuck. He got 97 in [on his] first Spanish exam.

Speaking of Air Force ROTC, our classmate, Terry Stine went through all four years of AFROTC at Iowa State. When I sent Terry an email on October 13, 2014, about severe crosswinds at airports in the United Kingdom during their unusually hard winter of 2013-2014, he replied with the following personal anecdote:

Anybody who flies most likely will have crosswind landing stories, and having flown as an instructor in T-33's, T-38's and F-4's I've got some doozies!!! But my most memorable one was with a Colonel not a student.

Early in my career, when I was still just a 1st Lieutenant T-38 Instructor Pilot (IP), I was assigned to fly with our Wing Director of Operations, (DO) a full Colonel, from Laughlin AFB to Shepard AFB for him to attend a meeting with the Shepard DO. Shepard was well known for its crosswinds, and we had a strong right cross on this day. I was in the rear cockpit in the instructor seat, and the Colonel was flying.

On landing he got it on the middle of runway; should have been on the right side, and immediately started a fast drift toward the high grass on the left side on the runway. He didn't correct the drift and I had to take the airplane away from him.

I hollered, "I've got it" and jammed the throttles into afterburner along with some right rudder and aileron and went around! I flew a closed pattern and landed the bird myself. It was very quiet in the cockpit as I

flew the aircraft around the pattern, landed, and taxied in.

Nothing was ever said again about this incident. It was very hard for me, a young lieutenant, to take the plane away from a Colonel, but it was either that or become crispy critters!!!

Earlier, on September 29, 2014, Terry emailed me the following anecdote about something that happened during the fall of our junior year at Ames High:

In the late Fall of our junior year to make money for the prom, we had a city wide leaf rake. On the Thursday [October 25, 1956] before the weekend event, Dave Browning, class president, made an announcement over the PA system concerning time to show up, etc.

Mary Louise Judge, our class secretary, and I were in the same home room, so on the way to our first class just for fun I asked her if they had gotten a permit for the leaf rake.

With a confused look on her face she said, “What are you talking about?”

I told her that you can't go out into a city and solicit work on a scale this large without a permit from the City Clerk.

Still doubting what I was telling her, she asked me if I was serious.

I told her I was absolutely serious and at this time we split up headed to different classes.

Since I was just kidding, I completely forgot about it until I walked into the school the next morning and was met by the four junior class officers, four very unhappy campers, who the day before had gone to the City Hall to get a LICENSE TO RAKE LEAVES!!!

Although it was totally unintentional, I still get a kick out of thinking about the day I sent our best and brightest to Ames City Hall to get a LICENSE TO RAKE LEAVES!!!!!!!

That was an extremely busy week end for me as can be seen from the following excerpt of what Mom wrote in her diary on Monday, October 29, 1956.

Roger had a strenuous week end & he's sick today. Fri. p.m. organ practice at St. Paul's [Lutheran Church] – also Sat. a.m. Sat p.m. a leaf raker for money earning for the Jr. class for their Prom.

Sun a.m. played [organ for church] at St. Paul's. Sun. p.m. [afternoon] decorated Arrasmith's basement for [the Walther League] Halloween party [on] Wed. the 31st. Sun. eve [went on] a hay ride at church near Boone (?) & came home at 11:30.

Stayed up late Fri. & Sat. reading. No wonder he's all in. Can't seem to get him to bed on time – ever.

Regarding not going to bed on time, I must note that after we moved to Ames in 1948, when I was eight years old, I started having trouble falling asleep. Our family consisted of my parents, my brother Chuck (who was 3 ½ years older than I), and me. I went to bed about 9:00 p.m. but could not fall asleep because I could hear the rest of the family doing things. Only after everyone was in bed and the house was quiet could I relax and fall asleep.

In time, I started propping a book up against the wall next to my bed and reading it with a flashlight until everyone else was in bed. And by the time I was in high school I often read in bed until 1:00 a.m. Thus, on most Saturday mornings I slept till noon. And that's how I became a night owl!

Writing this reminds me that during the fall of my sophomore year, I developed stomach trouble and could not eat breakfast until I had been up for at least 1 ½ hours without getting sick to my stomach. There was a positive side to this: I didn't have to get up for breakfast and could sleep later.

And Mom, bless her soul, sometimes let me sleep even later and drove me to school rather than making me get up in time to catch the bus!

There's a sequel to this night-owl business that comes to mind as I write this. During the summers in my college years, I didn't like the coldness of the inside of our air-conditioned home.

Thus, after supper, regardless of how hot and humid it might be outside, I spent the evening in shorts, barefoot and shirtless, sitting on a comfortable lawn chair in the large screened-in porch on the back (east side) of our home reading a book by the light of a small lamp. Next to me was a TV tray with a large glass of ice water and a portable radio tuned to WOI-FM, the Iowa State College radio station so I could listen to classical music while reading.

Sometimes about 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. Dad would wake up and see I was still out there. He didn't like that, so he would come downstairs, open the door from the dinette to the porch and tell me with a stern voice, "You're turning night into day and day into night. Get to bed!" At that time, I'd do as he asked.

One night, however, I heard on the radio that two miles west of us there was a tornado heading our way. I immediately got up, took my stuff inside, and ran upstairs. There I woke Mom and Dad and told them about the tornado, and we all headed for the basement.

After we were down there for awhile, Dad, ever the scientist, went up to look out a west window to see what he could see. His attention was captured by the large soft maple across the street. And when I say “large”, it was just that. Its trunk was about four or five feet in diameter and it was much taller than our house.

He saw the tree was twisting violently in the wind so that one side and then the other twisted toward our house while the opposite side twisted away. He hurried back down stairs and told us what he had seen.

Fortunately, the tornado veered and we were safe.

The next day, I told Dad, “You know if I hadn’t been up late and heard the radio, we might have all been killed in our beds?”

He nodded, but said nothing.

Never again did he complain about my staying up late at night on the back porch!

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

BUSY LIVES

NOVEMBER 1956 - JANUARY 1957

During the month of November, Mom found time to write only once in her diary, on Friday, November 16, 1956. The entire entry shows how busy our lives had become.

Last Friday the 9th at 11:30 p.m. Chuck came home [from Valparaiso University] by car with a Kappa Sigma alum who lives near Chicago [Chuck was a member of that fraternity while a student at Iowa State]. Seems that Kappa Sigmas just don't miss the Western Dance which is held each year about this time if they can ride, walk, or crawl over. Dad & I were invited too & we stayed from 9:30 to 11 a.m. Chuck left Sun. p.m. about 2 o'clock with Pat Hand by car. They stopped at Iowa City & Geneva, Ill., & [the] result was that Chuck didn't get the 10:50 p.m. train to Valpo. Stayed overnite with Pat & left early in the a.m.

Last nite we went to High School with Roger – to [attend] classes [with him] from 7:15 to 10:00 [These classes were shortened from the time they were held during the regular school day].

The painters came Oct. 31st & they worked two weeks & still have closets & ceilings to do in the boy's rooms. Took them a week to wash, sand, undercoat & enamel the kitchen, dinette & ½ bath. I worked long & hard getting all cupboards emptied & moved back. [They also] Did my & Dad's rooms & the bath rm. upstairs. The basement ought to be done too. Chas. the dear soul suggested that we eat out while the kitchen was being painted – so we did.

And the busyness of our lives was far from over. It was two months later, on Wednesday, January 16, 1957, before Mom found time to write another diary entry. She did not write things in chronological order but as things came to mind. Her entire entry is left the way she wrote it.

Chuck didn't come home for Thanksgiving. He went to Cook's (Don) [a high school and college classmate of Dad's] in Geneva [Ill.] & Karen [Chuck's girlfriend] went there from here & the 2 of them stayed at Cook's from Wed. Eve until Sunday.

On Dec. 15 at midnight & greeted me with "I'm hungry." So I got up – Dad got up before I did – & we sat & talked while he ate scrambled eggs & toast.

Karen was thru with classes on Dec. 21 but couldn't go home [to Waterloo, Iowa] – the roads were icy & her mother felt she shouldn't drive. So Karen was here overnite & on the 22nd – Sat. – her father came & got her & Chuck went along.

He came home by bus on Dec. 24 at 6:20 p.m. We went to candlelight services at 7 p.m. & after church opened the gifts. About 9:30 we had coffee, stollen & cookies & then the three “boys” [Dad, my brother, and me] played “Clue”, Roger's new game. Everything was peaceful & it was a happy Christmas Eve. Dec. 25 – church at 10 a.m. & a turkey dinner at 12:30. We all sat by the fireside in the evening and played Clue some more. It was fun.

Dec. 30th Sunday Donald [the Rev. Donald Heck, a nephew of Mom and a pastor in Livermore, Iowa] & family came for supper & stayed until almost 10:00 p.m. Eleven at the table.

Chuck went to Waterloo to get Karen. They & another couple went to Des Moines to a show, after dinner out, & came home about 4. Chuck took Karen back to Waterloo Jan. 3rd & was actually home by a little after 11:00. On Jan. 6 he went back to Valpo. Rode with 2 brothers from N. Iowa who go through Ames on their way.

On Jan. 1st we had Wella & Reinhard Friedrich, Bob & Dorothy Friedrich & Bobby & Billy & Karen for 1 o'clock dinner. Watched the Rose Bowl game & [then] Bob's went home. About 7 we had supper & then Kitty & Cliff Hach came over & they all stayed until 11 p.m.

Grandpa Getz died at 12:30 a.m. on Jan. 10. On the 13th (Sunday) Chas. & I drove to Mount Carroll [Illinois] for the funeral.

Dec. 16, Roger played [the organ] for the Sunday School pageant & he played for Xmas & New Years & [Sunday] the 30th. Tonite is Couples Club at church.

Mom wrote a letter to her sisters Irma and Viola in Mondovi, Wisconsin, the day before she wrote the above diary entry. It includes a little more information about the death of my grandfather:

Charles's father [Jacob George Goetz (Getz)] died (age 89) [Thursday] Jan 10 at 12:30 a.m. They called us at 6 that a.m. Sunday Chas. & I drove over for the funeral. Left at 7:20 [a.m.] & were home by 9 p.m. – about 425 miles in all – & that's a strain. He was sick only a week – his kidneys & heart just gave out.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

HAPPY THINGS

JANUARY – FEBRUARY 1957

On Tuesday, January 22, 1957, Dad drove to the Des Moines airport and caught a flight to New York. There he attended the Carbon Dioxide Committee of the National Fire Protection Association.

January of 1957 drew to a close as busy as ever, but with some very happy things for our family, our church, and Iowa State. The month thus ended on a happy note, a happy *musical* note.

The Roger Wagner Chorale, a world famous touring choir, came to Ames on Saturday, January 26, 1957, to give a concert the next evening in the Iowa State Men's Gym under the direction of the Chorale's founder, Roger Wagner (1914-1992).

The Chorale was accompanied by duo-pianists. The concert also included some works for just these two playing the two pianos the Chorale brought along on their concert tours. Thus, a piano tuner traveled with the Chorale as well.

One of the members of the Chorale, and also a soloist with them, was Lyle Heck, Mom's nephew. He stayed at our house on Saturday and Sunday evenings. We were delighted to have family time with him and I imagine he was glad to stay with us rather than in a hotel.

During supper on Saturday evening, Mom told Lyle we were unhappy with the quality of piano tuning in Ames

He told her if she would invite their piano tuner to come for supper Sunday night, he would be happy to tune our baby grand in exchange for the meal. Why? Because traveling as they did, they got very hungry for a home-cooked meal.

The next afternoon was a very happy time for us at church. On Sunday, January 27, at 3:00 p.m. Memorial Lutheran Church and Student Chapel in Ames had a worship service for the laying of the cornerstone of the new church being built onto the east side of the first church. Dad was chairman of the Building Fund Committee.

That evening we had the piano tuner as our guest for supper. I can still remember how delighted he was to be there with us.

Next we went to the concert. Lyle had a solo part and sang very well. After the concert Lyle introduced us to Roger Wagner himself!

Monday morning the piano tuner came and tuned our piano before the Chorale left Ames that noon. As a result, our piano now had a brilliance of tone it had never had before.

When it was time to be tuned a year later, I forbade it as long as possible because I did not want to lose that brilliance. Finally, it had to be tuned and it was. After that, it played in tune but with no brilliance whatsoever.

An excerpt from what Mom wrote in her diary on Wednesday, January 30, 1957:

Roger got 2 A's & 3 B's as semester grades. Dec. 27 he went to the High School Xmas formal – dressed in Dad's suit & black shoes & Chuck's bow tie & cuff links. Said he had a very good time.

He's Pres. of the church youth group & tonite they get their Walther League Charter after a pot luck to which Roger took a cake. He's quite thrilled about becoming a Walther Leaguer.

An excerpt from what Mom wrote in her diary on Monday, February 18, 1957:

Yesterday I paid Roger his allowance through Mar. 31. So he spent 2 hrs. setting up an elaborate book keeping system. The money covers spending money, Walther League dues, savings for holiday gifts, savings for his bank account, Sunday School & church. Went to the bank this noon & divided the rest into appropriate labeled envelopes.

Valentine's Day I got a dozen red roses from Charles. Made me feel so good.

An excerpt from what Mom wrote in her diary on Wednesday, February 27, 1957:

The other day Mr. Wells at the high school called Roger in to tell him the result of his test – just what kind we don't know. He's in the upper 2 % & Wells told him he was doing very well – that he was in the elite. So Roger says, "What does elite mean?"

Mr. Kenneth Wells was the high school athletic director and football coach among other things, including being a counselor. I assume the test was some kind of achievement test.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

MY GRANDFATHER HECK DIED

APRIL 1957

An excerpt from what Mom wrote in her diary on Wednesday, April 3, 1957:

Irma [Mom's sister] called me last night at 8:30 p.m. to tell me that my father died at 6 p.m. yesterday. Peculiar thing – we were talking about him at about 6 [p.m.] at the dinner table. He had been sick for several weeks, pneumonia followed by kidney & bladder trouble. Irma helped Olinda [another sister] take care of him and I guess it wasn't easy. The funeral is April 6 – 2 p.m.

Roger, Dave Trump, and Eddie Krekow have been having Friday night get-togethers which they call “stag parties”. They go to a movie and then to Dave's or here, have something to eat & then play games. It's important that they stay up until midnite. No girls involved, thank goodness. There is lots of time for that.

Mom wrote the following in her diary on Monday, April 8, 1957:

Sat. the 6th we got up at 4 a.m., had a quick breakfast, & left at 5 for Mondovi [Wisconsin] for my father's funeral. First time in my life I left with dirty dishes in the sink.

We met Rev. Donald Heck [Mom's nephew] where [highways] 3 & 69 meet (about 50 miles [north of Ames]) & he parked his car & he went with us. Helped with the driving. Got to Mondovi a little after 10:30.

[a lengthy list of the family members they saw before the funeral is here omitted]

I heard the nicest thing anyone can say about anyone. Pastor Hemer said that years ago Roy Tanner told him that whenever he tho't of a Christian he thought of my father. I also learned that he [her father] had been honorary pres. of the congregation for years. He had [prior to that time] been president for 30 years.

Now there is only one left of that family – my Aunt Bertha Lauterbach, his sister, & she's 89 or so. It's a strange feeling that now we're the “old folks”.

After the funeral the Ladies Aid served refreshments & I saw dozens of

relatives I had not seen for a long time. Many I saw at Mother's funeral.

We left Mondovi at 4:30.

Minnie [Donald's widowed mother] went along & went home with Donald. It took us 5 hrs. & 15 min. to go 275 miles – got home at 9:45 (stopped once for gas). That's just too fast, but we were glad to get home & we were all dead tired.

Roger was a pall bearer (Chuck was for Mother). He [Roger] had sniffles coming on & that tiring trip made it worse & he missed school today & will tomorrow.

I'm glad my Dad is out of his misery, nevertheless, even tho' we knew that he couldn't live much longer after turning 90 in Feb, it was a shock and it's like closing a book – ending a nice story.

Lots of memories will haunt me & most of all when I sit outside in the twilight & dusk which I love to do & listen to the crickets & night sounds. That's what he liked to do.

I miss Mother most at Christmas time & always have. Guess I'm in a nostalgic mood.

Chas. left Des Moines yesterday about 10:30 a.m. for Miami by plane – A. C. S. [American Chemical Society] meeting. Called me at 7:30 to tell me he arrived safely – the sweetest thing.

Reading how my mother missed her mother brought back an old memory. I don't remember which year it happened, but I was either in high school or college, I think in high school.

One summer's day, after lunch, I went into the living room and sat down at the piano to play some pieces. I did this periodically for my own entertainment and especially to improve my sight-reading skills.

Mom was in the kitchen washing up some things.

Before long I started playing a waltz by Johannes Brahms. In short order, Mom came into the living room wiping her hands on her apron and spoke my name in agony.

Startled, I stopped playing and turned to look at her.

She was white as a sheet!

Alarmed, I asked, “What’s the matter?”

She told me that she had been thinking about her mother all day since it was her mother’s birthday and then when I started playing the Brahms waltz and it shook her up because when she was a child, she used to hear her mother play that very same piece from time to time.

I don’t know what year this happened, but it was on August 6, my grandmother’s birthday.

Writing this about this memory just brought back another one.

At one point in math class on the Monday after Grandfather Getz (Goetz) died (see the end of Chapter 17), Ruth Miller, our teacher, said to me, “Roger, you’re not paying attention.”

I had mentally drifted off into space and returned with a start.

I then told her I was having trouble focusing because my grandfather had died a few days ago.

Upon hearing that, Miss Miller expressed her understanding and sympathy in such a wonderful way that I still love her for her kindness. It was just what I needed to hear at that moment in time!

CHAPTER TWENTY

OUR JUNIOR YEAR DRAWS TO A CLOSE

MAY 1957

On Tuesday, May 7, 1957, what Mom wrote in her diary began with the following:

Sat. the 4th Roger went to the Junior Prom. Took Iva Jean Davis. He looked very nice in the white jacket formal. He went with Arthur Roy & girl friend, but Dad took R. and Iva to the H. S. for dinner at 6:00 & Arthur brought him & Iva to their respective homes to change into picnic clothes. This was at 12:30 a.m.

They then went to McFarland's Lake where the whole Jr. Class assembled for refreshments. Roger came home at 2:45 a.m. Got up at 8:30 for Sunday School feeling very weary. Slept from 11 - 1:15, went to Woodward at 2:00 with the Boys Glee Club. Home at 4:45 – slept 6 - 7:30 & then studied. Next year the night out will be longer I'm afraid.

Mom's diary entry dated May 20, 1957 – Tuesday included the following:

[Friday, May 17, Roger] & Dave Trump went to Des Moines. Dave drove his father's car. They were gone from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. They went in with the purpose of "browsing" in a 2nd hand book store which was opened last fall. Roger took \$16 along – money he had saved from his allowance.

Well they couldn't find the store & it was too recent to be in the phone book, but they did find another one & Roger bo't some poems by Poe – a little thin volume for 52 ¢. On the way home they tho't they should have asked someone where the book store is that they were trying to locate.

Our junior year was drawing to a close and time to sign year books arrived. Some of the notes in Alechia Bode Daniels' *Spirit* follow:

Dear Alechia,

It's been nice having you beside me in history except for the fact that you never get caught reading et. & if I so much as move I do. Don't you wish you were in my homeroom?

Have fun this summer.

Stella

Dear Alechia,

Well here it is the end of our jr. year. Let's hope that we get to graduate together next year. We've had our troubles this year. Betty &

Marv. I was so sorry to hear about Marv.

As ever – Loads of Love,

Gloria

P. S. Well, you're still writing so I guess I'll write some more. We've been good friends for close to seven years (Oh, excuse me, 11 yrs). Let' keep this up. Maybe we can break a record.

Love,

Gloria

Alechia –

Haven't seen much of you 2nd semester, but I'll never forget 1st semester typing – what a blast!

Have fun this summer, but be good.

Jackie

Alechia –

One more year left. Have fun and don't forget our second period lit. class. We've had a "ball" with "Gus"

Karen Houge

Alechia –

It has sure been nice knowing you and we have sure had a lot of fun together this year. Loads of Luck and don't work too hard this summer.

Shirley Vogtlin

As was noted in Chapter 14, Shirley Vogtlin and Rosalie Haeder were classmates who went to high school elsewhere our senior year. Another girl who did not return that fall was Fannie John LeMoine. By the time she completed our junior year in high school, she had completed four years of high school Latin, four years of high school German, four years of high school French, and four years of high school Spanish. Thus, at the age of 17, she skipped being a senior in high school and was admitted to college and earned her bachelor's, master's, and doctor's degrees.

In 1966, she joined the faculty of the University of Wisconsin in Madison. During her career there, she became Professor of Classics and eventually Associate Dean of the College of Letters and Science.

Here are some of the notes from my *Spirit*:

To Roger G.

Well we have had a lot of fun this past year, and do a lot of nutty things. Remember the night we had the ale and cracker party or the time Dave T.[Trump] and I made you walk home or the time you and I installed a racetrack in your downstairs.. I hope you get you're A in physics. You

are the smartest guy in class though I don't think D. H. [Dale Heideman] realizes it. Good luck this summer. I hope we can have lots of fun together and finish our chemistry lab. Best of wishes to a guy I am happy to say I understand and can count as a very, very good friend.

Your Pal

"Ed Krekow 1957"

Mr. Goetz,

History, Literature have been fun this year with you whispering the answers to me. it's nice to make the teachers think I know something. Seriously, it's been fun having you around to give me my assignments. Keep reading Science Fiction & someday you may blow up the School (I hope). Good luck in the coming years in everything you do. Bye.

David Nairn

Roger

It's been fun having you in History this year. We've had some times. Did you ever get all your pocket books back. Let's play some pool this summer.

Lot's of luck & have fun.

Dick DeVaul

Roger,

Well how do you like [homeroom] 109 by now?

Hasn't history been a mess?

Hope you have fun next yr.

Stella [Dixon]

Roger!

All right, you bloak [bloke]! Settle down and fly right. Physics was a ball. Too bad you couldn't quit with me. Still think you should have gone canoeing at the prom. [a sentence in French here omitted]. (Be good to dumb animals)

Judi Mathison

Roger,

Thank you for all your help in Lit. this year. I really appreciated it. I don't have to wish you good luck in your grades cause you'll probably get straight "A's". You've been a big success in your life. Be good.

Marianne C. [Chance]

P. S. That was real Clever what you wrote in Bill W. [Wagaman's] Spirit.

This reminds of something that happened in 1980. My family and I moved to Topeka, Kansas, that June, and the first day of school, I took our daughter Anne to begin first

grade at Topeka Lutheran School. I did not just drop her off but went in with her.

When I went into the school office before leaving, I saw to my great surprise Marianne Chance Wagaman standing there.

I said, “Marianne, what are you doing here?”

She replied, “Roger, what are *you* doing here?”

I told her I had just moved to Topeka and was a pastor at St. John’s Lutheran Church, and she told me she was the remedial reading teacher at our school. She and Bill had gone off to college and had been living in Topeka ever since!

I want to close this chapter with one more of the items in my yearbook:

My dear Roger Getz,

You have been a big pest this year but maybe I’ll forget during the summer. See you in good old 109.

Donna Erickson

Note how Donna spelled my last name: GETZ rather than GOETZ. This happened to me from time to time while I was attending Ames High because a year ahead of me there was a student named Peter Getz. Even teachers sometimes spelled my last name GETZ! And to top it off, occasionally a teacher called me “Peter”! Whenever this happened, I wasn’t the least bit upset – in fact, I found it amusing.

On Tuesday, October 6, 2014, a number of us from Ames High Class of ‘58 had lunch together in Ames arranged by Alechia Bode Daniels. When Donna Erickson arrived, I was so delighted to see her again after some years and said, “Donna!”

I put my left arm around her shoulders and told her, “My favorite memory of you is when you invited some of us over to your home and served us fruit that had been soaking in brandy overnight.”

She grinned.

After we’d all sat down, I learned from her and others at the table that day after having her brandied fruit was the day I was ordained. I was totally surprised to hear this, for I had forgotten this. This means that the first time I had brandied fruit was on a Saturday in July of 1968.

Whenever I have had brandied fruit after this, I was always sadly disappointed. Why? Each time the fruit was greatly inferior to that made by our classmate Donna Erickson!

In closing this chapter, I should mention something about the notes we signed in each other's yearbook, and this is true for more than the few notes included in this chapter. Some notes ended with telling the person to have fun. Sometimes they ended with telling the person to be good.

Why were there so many notes ending one way or the other?

Of course, we knew that it was possible to have fun and be good at the same time. Nevertheless, many of us, when separating from a classmate, found it amusing to say, and I quote, "Have fun or be good; and, if you can't be good, don't name it after me."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

TABLE POUNDING

JUNE 1957

After we completed our junior year at Ames High, I had an “interesting” summer. Mom’s diary entry on Monday, June 10, 1957, started this way:

Roger’s report card showed 4 A’s & 1 B. He was very happy about it & so were we.

He’s teaching Bible class [at Vacation Bible School at Memorial Lutheran] mornings last week and this week.

Several evenings since school is out (May 27 was last day) he went to Hach’s [Chemical Company] with Chas. [Dad] who is teaching him [Roger] glass blowing.

I remember that my Vacation Bible Class consisted of seventh-grade boys. Why? Because I told those in charge that boys that age would learn better if they weren’t distracted by girls in the same class. They listened to me and did as I suggested.

Mom’s next diary entry, written on Thursday, July 4, 1957, gives more about my glass blowing activities among other things:

Chas. left Tues. the 2nd with Reinhard and Reinie Friedrich for their cabin at Cross Lake, Minn. They will be gone 3 weeks and I’m glad I don’t have to go fishing.

Anyway I couldn’t have gone along if I had wanted to. I had a vein stripping op. [operation] on both legs on June 26. Was at Mary Greeley Hospital from Tues. eve until Sat. morn the 29th. My legs were very uncomfortable & painful for a week but feel better since stitches were taken out yesterday. Dr. Bliss operated.

Nurses certainly aren’t what they used to be – they do the charting, they do the treatments, and they give the pills. It seems that the comfort of a patient is something they never think of anymore. Nurses aides (usually high school girls) give the bedside care, and it just isn’t the same. When I was a nurse, the biggest satisfaction came from making a patient comfortable, but it seems that’s a lost art.

....

Roger is set up to do glass blowing in the basement kitchen [at our house]. Makes small [test] tubes for Hach Chem. Co. at 2 ½ ¢ apiece. So far he has made 1050 & 88 more. Has to buy the torch & dark glasses which calls for about \$21-\$30. Also pays for the oxygen.

If he would only work 4 hrs. a day 5 days a week , he would make pretty good money, but all he's done this week is about 3 ½ hrs. He's too interested in his history hobby, esp. since he got a new portable typewriter.

Started as a [summer] church organist [at Memorial Lutheran Church] middle of June so he does considerable practicing.

.....

Getz reunion was June 30 & Kitty Hach flew Chas. & Roger over after church. Took 2 hrs. one way 7 they were home by 7 p.m.

I remember Kitty's flying Dad and me to the Getz reunion in northwestern Illinois. Kitty saw and heard Dad and some of his brothers talking politics. They all agreed with each other; but, as they talked, their voices got louder and louder; and they emphasized some of their words by pounding the table with the side of a fist.

On rare occasions, Grandfather Jacob Getz opened his mouth to speak; and immediately his sons stopped talking to see what he had to say. They did this out of deference and respect for the father whom they loved.

Grandfather only said a few words; and, when he was done, his sons agreed with him and then resumed their conversation, starting in a normal voice and again getting louder and louder as they talked with occasional fist pounding.

The next time I saw Kitty after that week end, she told me with a sort of awe in her voice that she had never dreamed that there could be another man like my dad.

I, of course, had to smile at how surprised she was, because it was no surprise to me: I'd been seeing these brothers all my life!

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

OFF TO OKLAHOMA AUGUST 1957

On Monday, August 12, 1957, Mom wrote the following in her diary:

Dad came home Mon. Jul. 21st all rested up and with a luscious suntan [He had gone with Reinhard and Reinie Friedrich (see the July 4, 1957, diary entry in the previous chapter)]. Bro't home about 50 pounds frozen fish. We kept enough for three meals & gave the rest away.

Chuck & Karen [his girl friend] were here from July 12, Fri. eve, until Sunday the 14th at 4 p.m. Chuck was such a charming gentleman, very kind & thoughtful of everyone. He & Roger didn't quarrel once all week end & that was a thrill. The three of them played a lot of cards together.

Roger left Sat. Aug. 10th for the Walther League Convention at Stillwater, Okla., on the Okla. A. & M. campus. He & Eddie Krekow left on the noon bus for Carroll [Iowa] where they got the chartered bus at 4:15 p.m. Rode all night. Will ride all night Thursday & get to Ames Friday noon the 16th.

One of the people I met on the chartered bus was Roger Rusch, who lived on a farm near Estherville, Iowa. He took the following picture on that trip:



From left to right are the bus driver, Ed Krekow, and me.

We stopped for supper at a bus depot in Kansas City, Missouri, and then continued on our way for an all-night ride.

Somewhere in Oklahoma, I woke up about 5:30 a.m. All the other Walther Leaguers were still asleep, so I went and told the bus driver, "I need to use a bathroom *soon*." I had to do this because buses had no toilet back then.

"I'll stop at the first place I find open," he said.

Finally at 6:30 a.m., out in the middle of nowhere, he found an open restaurant and stopped. I dashed in and asked a waitress, "Quick! Where's the bathroom?"

"Upstairs and down the hall to last room on the right."

I hurried up there, turned right, and headed toward the room at the end of the hall. When I got there, the door was standing open and I was shocked to see a very elderly woman lying in bed asleep. The waitresses's directions were given using *her* right, not mine!

I ran to the other end of the hall and found what I was looking for.

Concerning this event Roger Rusch wrote:

On bladder pain, I recall that the bus driver told us that he would be driving for a long time without stopping and that we should relieve ourselves now. Neither of us thought this would be a problem ... at that time.

We all had breakfast at this restaurant and then continued to Stillwater. We stayed on campus in dorms and attended the convention in a large building, the gymnasium as far as I can remember.

Mom's diary entry written on Thursday, August 15, 1957, notes:

Have had 2 cards & a letter from Roger & he seems to be enjoying the convention. Doesn't like the heat, however.

The high temperature most days was 100 degrees Fahrenheit or more.

The following is Mom's next diary entry, dated Aug 16, 1957 – Friday:

Roger came home at 12:30 p.m. today & slept all afternoon. Left Stillwater Okla. yesterday at 3 p.m. Got to Carroll [Iowa] at 6 a.m. today & the bus to Ames didn't leave until 10:15. Got 6 hrs. sleep on the bus last night.

This evening he's suffering from a horrible letdown – he's tired & grumpy & highly dissatisfied with this “dead town” after “5 glorious days” at the convention. Came home with a long list of addresses & wrote a letter to Tim Ristau in Cleveland. On top of all his blue feelings – the TV set won't work tonite. Said he's going to Walther League Conventions until he's 80.

There is no question that this convention was a most uplifting spiritual and emotional experience in my young life.

Along this line, I still remember how intrigued some of us Iowans were to hear some Walther Leaguers talk with a Texas accent – something we'd never heard before. Some of us thought it was really neat and started to talk that way the rest of the time we were there. It didn't last long, however. After being back in Ames a couple of days and no longer hearing Texans talk, I forgot how to emulate their accent.

For the record, I never attended another Walther League convention. As for Tim Ristau or any others whose addresses I had written down, no ongoing friendships developed.

In contrast, Roger Rusch was my best friend during our years together at Iowa State. And I was interested to learn from him that his great-great-grandfather's brother, Nicholas J. Rusch (1822-1864), was the first lieutenant governor of Iowa.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

SCHOOL AND MUSIC

SEPTEMBER 1957

On Sunday, September 8, 1957, Mom took her diary in hand for the first time since August 16, and began writing. Here follows the first part of what she wrote:

Had services in our new church [building] for the first time today. Hope I can get used to contemporary style furnishings. Roger was hired as summer organist & today was the last day of the summer schedule, but Mrs. [name here omitted] insisted on playing the new Holtkamp organ for the first time.

She played what sounded like a funeral dirge for the offertory, and she insists on accompanying the congregational singing instead of leading it, using muffled tones – can hardly hear the organ [when we sing] & Chas. came home mad & just sick. After paying \$17,000 for a Holtkamp organ which has strident [= bright] leading tones, she doesn't use them.

At 10:15 Chas. left for Des Moines, in an Institute Car to catch the 11:40 plane for New York City & the A. C. S. [American Chemical Society] meeting. Will be home this Friday for dinner.

Roger left for Fort Dodge [Iowa] at 1:30 p.m. with some other Walther Leaguers to attend a study session for officers. Came home at 11:15 p.m. Janet Bossenberger, the student worker [at Memorial Lutheran], drove.

Roger started school as a senior in H. S. Takes Chemistry, Solid Geom., gov't & typing. Belongs to Boy's Glee Club, Choir, Science Club, Astronomy Club, & was appointed Treas. of Hi Y.

What was the Institute to which she referred? I asked Dennis Wendell, Curator Emeritus of the Ames Historical Society, and he replied as follows:

I'm certain "Institute" refers to the "Institute for Atomic Research." It consisted of faculty researchers from Chemistry and Metallurgy, Physics, Engineering, and Biology. Charles is listed in the vintage 1952 booklet I found in your collection (last accretion).

The subject of greatest interest to me in what Mom wrote was music at Ames High. That prompted me to read the activities of all of the seniors as given in our *Spirit* of 1958 and compile a listing of who was involved in our musical groups. Here is what I compiled after reading through our class members four times.

A CAPELLA CHOIR

Mary Kay Arthur	Patricia Bloomfield	Richard Boast
Jerry Booth	James Bragonier	Kathleen Carr
Marianne Chance	Carolyn Ellingson	David Erickson
Donna Erickson	Roger Goetz	Mary Lou Gould
Kathryn Hansen	Bruce Hildreth	Diane Houser
Faith King	Ava Lee	Karen Maakestad
Judith Mathison	Donald Milliken	David Nairn
Suzanne Pinnell	Sandra Rouze	Joan Sclarow
R. John Smalling	Carol Rae Smith	Sandra Smith
Robert Stensland	Louise Thompson	William Wagaman
Mona Wolf		

MIXED CHORUS

Sandra Akin	Jacquelyn Dotson	Janyce Hutchison
John Lowther	Karen Martin	Mary Martin
Alice Olsan	Richard Ramsey	Carole Sorenson
Judith Sylwester	Phyllis Veline	

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Jerry Booth	James Bragonier	David Erickson
Roger Goetz	John Lowther	David Nairn
Richard Ramsey		

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Sandra Akin	Iva Jean Davis	Jacquelyn Dotson
Barbara Erickson	Donna Green	Gloria Green
Mary Hillyard	Janyce Hutchison	Sandra Lampe
Eveline Litchfield	Karen Martin	Mary Martin
Alice Olsan	Carole Sorenson	Judith Sylwester
Phyllis Veline	Patricia Yochum	

BAND

Mary Jo Anderson	Carol Arrasmith	James Bragonier
Robert Bundy	Prudence Campbell	Ronney Case
Barbara Cox	Sonja Haugen	John Highbarger
Mary Hillyard	Diane Houser	Jacqueline Inglis
Larry Jones	Sandra Rouze	Arthur Roy
Sandra Smith	Diane Storby	Marcia Textrum
Louise Thompson	Mary Ellen Walsh	Richard White
Patricia Yochum	John ("Jack") Young	

ORCHESTRA

Linda Adams	James Bragonier	Susan Dailey
Mary Lou Gould	William Henderson	Mary Hillyard
Karen Maakestad	Suzanne Pinnell	Joanna Schultz
Carole Sorenson	Diane Storby	Marcia Textrum
Louise Thompson	Richard White	Patricia Yochum
John ("Jack") Young		

It is interesting to see that many of us were in more than one group; and some, in as many as four.

Regarding music in our lives, on September 29, 2014, I forwarded an email to Terry Stine which I had gotten from a relative in Indiana concerning some stunning music in the link it contained. I thought he would especially enjoy this because his career was that of a pilot in the U. S. Air Force. The email I forwarded read as follows:

"Il Silenzio"

About six miles from Maastricht, in the Netherlands, lie buried 8,301 American soldiers who died in "Operation Market Garden" in the battles to liberate Holland in the fall and winter of 1944-5.

Every one of the men buried in the cemetery, as well as those in the Canadian and British military cemeteries, has been adopted by a Dutch family who mind the grave, decorate it, and keep alive the memory of the soldier they have adopted. It is even the custom to keep a portrait of "their" American soldier in a place of honor in their home.

Annually, on "Liberation Day," memorial services are held for "the men who died to liberate Holland." The day concludes with a concert. The final piece is always "Il Silenzio," a memorial piece commissioned by the Dutch and first played in 1965 on the 20th anniversary of Holland's liberation. It has been the concluding piece of the memorial concert ever since.

This year the soloist was a 13-year-old Dutch girl, Melissa Venema, backed by André Rieu and his orchestra (the Royal Orchestra of the Netherlands). This beautiful concert piece is based upon the original version of taps and was composed by Italian composer Nino Rossi.

What a shame, when there are more patriots abroad than we have at home....

<http://www.flixxy.com/trumpet-solo-melissa-venema.htm>

Terry Stine replied later the same day:

Thanks Roger, I love this piece! As a matter of fact I have always loved the trumpet. While in high school, I spent hours in the balcony of the Memorial Union's Great Hall at college dances listening to Big Bands, such as Ray Anthony, Ralph Martiri, Harry James, and I saw Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong in concert at the Union. I also saw Rafael Mendez, the world's trumpet virtuoso, twice at Iowa State, and once at Ames High. Do you remember when he gave a free concert at our school? I remember it well; he traded horns with Jim Wiener a band member who was a couple classes behind us.

Terry's memory is correct. Jim Wiener was a sophomore, and thus the concert was during our senior year at Ames High.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

STUDENT TREASURERS

SEPTEMBER 1957

On Wednesday, September 11, 1957, Mom wrote the following entry in her diary:

A few days ago Roger was elected Librarian of the Boys Glee Club & today he came home & said he had been elected to the Jr. Red Cross Board.

As treasurer of Hi Y, he runs the concession stand at the football and basketball games, so after school today ordered refreshments – for instance, 25 dozen wieners. Also after school he went grocery shopping for the Greek foster child (guess he's about 17 now) the Hi Y is sponsoring. I had to make a list for him last nite of foods high in protein.

Tonite he went to Walther League and first called everyone to urge them to come. He was a busy man. Elections of officers tonite & his last night as President.

Roger's glass blowing equipment bill came to \$119.47 which includes the oxygen tank (which is \$39.00), gauges, cutters, etc. He blew enough tubes [for Hach Chemical Company] to make \$118.88, so Dad gave him 59¢ to settle the bill (on Sept. 5). So he's planning on doing some more blowing week ends – maybe – & again next summer.

The Hi-Y club activities were funded from two sources: the profits from concessions stands at home football and basketball games, plus members' donations of a nickel a month for our war orphan's support.

Since I was in charge of the concession stand at football games, I attended every game and never saw a single play at any of them because of where the stand was located. When it was a cool evening, our best seller was coffee. The cost of making a cup of coffee was only a few pennies, so most of what people paid for coffee was pure profit for our Hi-Y. And this helped make up for having other items available that were not all sold.

On page 71 of our 1958 *Spirit*, the article, "Student Treasurers", notes:

\$50,000 a year [= \$411,000 in the year 2014] is handled by the student treasurers. The treasurers are chosen by the faculty sponsors for their dependability, accuracy, neatness, and availability.

Each student collected money, made out receipts, financial reports, an

annual report, kept a set of books, and made a tentative budget for the organization he represented. By doing these things, the student learned many business procedures.

The system used for handling the money is known as a triple check. If the student wants to make a purchase for the school, he has a requisition signed by his faculty sponsor and the principal. He receives a check from the general treasurer, makes the purchase, has the clerk sign the requisition which is then filed. The financial reports are subject to check by the board of education and a state auditor.

The treasurers are supervised by Miss McNally, the general treasurer.

On that page was a photo of the student treasurers below which we were identified by row and from left to right. My last name was misspelled as Getz. I was curious as to what organizations each of us served as treasurer during our senior year and began searching through the *Spirit* to find that out.

I spent many hours for two days going over and over and over all of the items by each senior's formal photo and reading many other pages over and over again and writing down what I discovered.

I sometimes found apparent contradictions pertaining to our six home rooms. Three of them had a person listed as secretary-treasurer and other three had a person listed as secretary. Two of our home rooms had this officer who was in our Student Treasurers group, but the other four did not.

I finally realized that these homeroom officers were not part of the Student Treasurers group. And a bit later, a realized that there were nowhere near enough sophomores and juniors in our Student Treasurers photo to represent all of the seven junior home rooms and the eight sophomore home rooms.

An aside: note how each class following ours was larger. We were heading toward the Baby Boomer Generation which began arriving in this world in 1946. I can remember during our senior year, some of us saying to each other, "We're the last of the small classes at Ames High."

After my realization about homeroom officers, I began to rewrite what I had jotted down and checked all those pages in the *Spirit* a fifth time and started eliminating information that didn't belong here. Regarding Student Treasurers Laralee Bowlds and Connie Kuhl, I never did find the group each served as a student treasurer. But, from my point of view, all of that work was well worth it. Why? Because I discovered that there were two student treasurers who were not in the Student Treasurers photograph, namely Sandy Akin and Diane Storby.

Here then follows my reconstruction of the seniors who were Ames High Student Treasurers during Academic Year 1957-1958:

Sandra Akin	Mixed Chorus Secretary-Treasurer
Loralee Bowlds	(her organization not located)
Marianne Chance	Girl Reserve Treasurer
Marj Easton	Palm Club Treasurer
Dave Erickson:	Senior Class Treasurer
Roger Getz [Goetz!]	Hi-Y Treasurer
Mary Lou Gould	Orchestra Secretary-Treasurer
Karen Houge	Pep Club Treasurer
Diane Houser	Band Secretary-Treasurer
Connie Kuhl	(her organization not located)
Judi Mathison	A Capella Choir Secretary-Treasurer
Jim Merchant	Athletic Treasurer
Denny Porter	Varsity Club Secretary-Treasurer
Jack Smalling	Student Council Treasurer
Diane Storby	Future Homemakers of America Treasurer

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THE ASIAN FLU HITS AMES

FALL 1957

On Sunday, September 29, 1957, Mom wrote the following entry in her diary:

Today Chuck is 21 – bless him. We have been getting letters from him radiating with good spirits – he enjoys his studies – he’s co-capt. of his fraternity intramural program – plays football for them – his P. E. is swimming & he’s the best one in his class “the guy to beat” they say of him. He auditioned for and was accepted in the Valpo Chorus [at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana].

Roger missed last Mon-Tues-Wed of school because of a bad cold. He has been elected Vice-Pres of Science Club & was appointed the Christian Growth Chairman in Walther League.

Yesterday Dad bought a Cadillac Sedan – shiny black & it’s a very beautiful car inside & out. it’s so gleaming & clean, it seems the garage ought to be re-decorated and carpeting put in!

Regarding my brother Chuck’s swimming ability, he became very active as a child in swimming lessons and competitions at Sunset Park in Glen Ellyn, a suburb of Chicago, and continued that at the Ames Country Club after we moved to Ames in 1948. He also was active playing football at Welch Jr. High and Ames Sr. High.

Such was not the case for me, however. I loved to be active swimming and playing touch football when I was young, but that all changed because of my health. On December 29, 1949, I had my tonsils out. What happened after that surgery I wrote up in Chapter 16 of my book *Looking Back*. It began this way:

A month and a half later, Mother was pleased with what she saw and recorded it in her diary:

Roger is gaining weight and growing and looks healthier since he had his tonsils out.

Yet all was not well. In the Fall [of 1949], I had loved to run and play outside. I could placekick a football as far as any other boy in my class. But now, playing had become an effort. At home, just walking up a flight of stairs winded me.

Mom, noticed this, and the doctor had my basal metabolic rate measured. I had a low thyroid and had to take thyroid extract. It helped, but they had to keep increasing the dosage over the years. By the time I was in high school the dosage was much larger than usual. As I say, it helped, I could enjoy recess activities again, but I didn't have the energy to participate in sports.

By the time I was in high school, things had improved some, and during my senior year at Ames High I participated in an intramural badminton tournament. I was happy to do that because summers my brother and I used to play badminton in our backyard when I was in junior high and with Ed Krekow while we were in high school. I felt I did quite well. I defeated all of my opponents but the last one: David Leon Martin, a sophomore, so he was the school badminton champion that year and I was runner-up. I was actually surprised that I made it that far.

Returning to Mom's diary, the next entry was written a month and two days later. She began it Thursday, October 31, 1957, and wrote seven pages of what had been happening. She set it aside before she was finished and wrote two more pages on November 2. Here follows a small excerpt from the first part of her diary:

Oct. 9 – Wed. – Roger came down with the Asian flu & didn't go back until the 21st. Had 9 tests to make up & he's been working awfully hard. Last night he didn't get to bed until 2 – night before it was 1 – he's still coughing & I'm worried.

The 1957 Asian flu pandemic began in China early in 1956 and spread to Singapore by February of 1957. A few months later it reached Hong Kong in April and the United States in June. The death toll in the United States was approximately 69,800, and worldwide it was about two million. This pandemic finally came to an end in 1958.

From the same diary entry, we see that my mother also came down with the Asian flu. Here is part of that entry from its continuation on November 2:

Well – Oct 23, Tues I went to bed with the flu, temp 102 – was better Thur & Fri & then Sat. at 3:00 a.m. I had a chill & temp of 103. Dr. Schanke ordered antibiotics & by Mon my temp was normal. I was up some – weak as a kitten.

Dad had been getting me my meals – mostly cereals & toast & coffee & fruit. Wed Oct 30 – Thur Oct 31 – Fri Nov 1 – we went out to eat. Today (Sat) I got all the meals & it was quite a chore, but I'm so thankful I'm better. Wed & Thur I washed, also swept the lawn. Today it's cold & gloomy.

Roger worked at the concession stand yesterday at the football field from 4 to 9:30. It was raining most of the time during the game & they had a lot of food left over.

But I remember that the sale of coffee was much higher than usual so we didn't lose a lot of money.

Mom's bout with the Asian flu, however was not over as the following excerpt from what she wrote in her diary on Saturday, November 30, 1957:

Roger played the organ Thanksgiving Day and will again Dec. 1st. Thur. was the first time he played the new organ for a service & it sounded so much better than Mrs. [name omitted]'s plodding. The compliments were very nice & numerous.

....

I think I'm finally over the flu altho I still tire very easily. Middle of Nov. I ran a fever again – 99.2 to 99.6 for 5 days. Have had a sore throat off & on for several weeks.

By evening of Nov 18 we had 12 in. of wet snow

I remember how devastating the Asian flu was to the student body of Ames High. At times about half of the students were home sick. Nevertheless, classes continued and had to be made up as Mom's diary shows.

The most poignant memory I have about this was what it was like after returning to school. and having physical education. The boys not recovering from the flu jogged to the field south of Lincoln Way, did something there, and jogged back to the school again when it was time.

Not so for those of us recently returned from having the flu. The P. E. teacher simply had us walk, not jog but *walk*, to the field and back again. He knew it was almost more than we could handle and it would take us the entire P. E. period do just that!

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

HECTIC HOLIDAYS

DECEMBER 1957 - JANUARY 1958

On Friday, January 3, 1958, Mom took her diary in hand for the first time since November 30, 1957, and wrote the last entry in Book 10 of her diary. Here follows her entire diary entry:

Dec. 11, I was on the committee for the [Iowa State] Senior & Junior Chem Circle party.

Chuck came home [from Valparaiso University], eve of Dec. 20 – Friday. Sat. p.m. he left for Waterloo [Iowa]. He had brought Karen [his girl friend and future wife] with him the 20th & left her at her home [in Waterloo where her father was a vice president with Rath Packing Company].

Sat Eve he spent with her while waiting for Roland [son of Olinda (Heck) Moy, a sister of my mother (Roland and Chuck were the same age)] who wasn't free to leave until 1 a.m. Then Chuck & Roland (Moy) left for Mondovi [Wisconsin] & got there at 5 a.m. Slept until noon (the 22nd) & at 2 p.m. Sunday, Chuck was best man for Roland's wedding.

Chuck left Mondovi at 7 p.m. – stopped at Waterloo on the way home – put Karen on the train [for Chicago] & got home [in Ames] around 2 a.m.

The 24th we went to Xmas Eve service & at 10 a.m. Dec. 25 [to Christmas Day service]. Had a chicken dinner at 1:00. Kitty & Cliff Hach came at 4 p.m. & stayed for supper. Dec. 28 p.m. we went [next door] to Neff's open house.

Dec. 30 we left at 3 p.m. for Livermore (90 mi.) for dinner at [Mom's nephew] Donald's (Heck). Left at 9:15 p.m. in a med. heavy snow storm, but got home ok. Jan. 1st we had dinner & supper at [Reinhard] Friedrich's & family & tonite we are going to Hach's for dinner.

Roger played organ Dec. 25 & 29 – Jan. 1 & 5.

I'm glad the holidays are over. They were almost too much for me this year. I still tire so easily & I think it's still from the flu. All the baking, Xmas shopping & going places was strenuous.

I didn't have an ounce of Christmas spirit this year & it's just no fun

without. The gift exchanging seemed utterly silly to me, esp. the 50¢ & \$1.00 exchanges at Chem. Circle & Neighborhood Club (Dec. 23) seem so childish. No snow until a.m. of De. 25. Warm weather – 55° for days before that.

Chuck left for Chicago Sat. the 28th. Spent New Year's Eve with Karen. She & a friend live together – they cooked a Thanksgiving dinner for the boy friends. Also Sat. Chuck called us to let us know he got there OK & he was about to sit down to dinner at Karen's.

Classes start for both Chuck [at Valpo] and Roger [at Ames High] Jan. 6. Hope Chuck got the studying done he had planned on – but probably not.

Roger took Aptitude Tests at the college during vacation. Has near genius IQ too – like Chuck. Dr. Fritz recommended that he go on for a Ph. D. in chemistry.

I did graduate from Iowa State with a Bachelor of Science degree cum laude in Chemistry (Honors Program Graduate) with additional majors in mathematics and modern symbolic logic. But during my first year of graduate school at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, I decided to go to seminary so I could make a living doing church music by being a pastor, choirmaster, and organist. I've never regretted it.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

ICE SKATING

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY 1957 AND 1958

Dozens, sometimes hundreds, of us kids who grew up in the Fourth Ward of Ames used to go ice skating on the east end of Lake LaVerne. located on the Iowa State campus just west of the Memorial Union and a little ways northwest of the intersection of Lynn Avenue and Lincoln Way. This manmade lake was constructed and landscaped in 1916 where the Squaw Creek often overflowed it banks and flooded the creek's bottoms. This project was paid for by LaVerne Noyes, a member of the Iowa State class of 1872.

By the time I was in high school, Lake LaVerne had gotten a lot of silt washed into it; and the water was far from clear. In the summer time, it had a brown color; and Ed Krekow, a high school classmate and friend, dubbed it "Lake LaMud".

Back in our high school days, there were three main places people went ice skating, namely, Lake LaVerne, Squaw Creek on the northwest side of Brookside Park, and the new ice rink in that park formed by flooding the contiguous basket ball court, tennis court, and badminton court with water. Information about all of this may be found at the following link of the Ames Historical Society:

http://www.ameshistory.org/exhibits/tribune/11/wf_1152.htm

In that article, we learn that one of the persons helping with this ice rink was Kenneth Wells, coordinator of the recreational program of the city of Ames. He was also on the faculty of Ames High, serving as athletic director, boys' physical education teacher, and football coach.

This reminds me that a year or two after I graduated from Ames High, Dad told me he had learned from Coach Wells that he wished I had gone out for football.

Astonished, and I asked Dad, "Why?"

"Because you have such muscular legs," he replied.

I had to smile at that because legs got that way not from athletics but from years of organ practice on Mondays through Fridays at Memorial Lutheran Church. It was not the organ pedaling that did it, Rather it was pedaling my bicycle (with wide tires and only one speed) south from the church up the very steep hill of Lynn Avenue.

Now back to ice skating: on Wednesday, August 27, 2014, I sent the following email to Dave Trump; and to it I have added additional thought in brackets:

Hi, Dave!

I was reading something Mary Kay Arthur wrote in my *Spirit* yearbook at the end of our senior year at Ames and it triggered a memory that a group of us used to go ice skating on the creek south of 13th street and perhaps a little west of your parents' home.

I wonder if we sometimes had a bonfire near the creek. I think so, but my memory of this is not clear. I recall that sometimes we went to your house afterwards for refreshments and to warm up.

Did that creek have a name?

And then another memory came back to me. One winter's afternoon or evening several of us guys went into an area where there were no houses to go sledding. One guy brought a toboggan and several of us got on it to go down the hill. As we neared the bottom of the fairly long slope, the toboggan hit a tree stump only a few inches in diameter that was hidden in the snow (the tree apparently had been sawed off prior to that time). We hit the stump and stopped suddenly. The result? The toboggan was split in half from front to stern and then consisted of two separate pieces, the left half and the right half.

I don't remember who had brought the toboggan (the name of David Nairn comes to mind but I have no way of knowing if that is correct), but whoever it was that brought it, he was in a "cold sweat" because he had brought it without his parents' permission. This ended our sledding event that evening. [After that toboggan crash, I never heard another word about it, so assumed that whoever brought the toboggan didn't get into trouble about this whole affair.]

Any memories you have of this plus our ice skating events I would be very pleased to get from you.

On September 14, 2014, Dave Trump replied as follows, and all of the people he named were part of our ice skating "gang":

Sorry it took so long to get back to you.

Indeed we did have several ice-skating parties. The creek was Squaw Creek as in the book about Ames called "Between the Squaw and the Skunk" (not sure about the order). The land was a small undeveloped portion of Brookside park – so we weren't trespassing

We would gather at my house on 13th street then trek down to the creek usually with a jug of Hot Chocolate. Frequent participants were me, you, Mary Kay [Arthur], Mary Lou [Gould], Bill Henderson and Art Roy and probably Sarah Hendrickson (Art's eventual wife) and perhaps Prue Campbell and maybe Dick White (not totally sure about those last five and I suppose there were others too, that I'm not recalling at the moment). Skating on the creek was dependent on the water freezing without a snowfall. Snow after the hard freeze wasn't too much of a problem as long as the weather had stayed very cold. We just took snow shovels down and cleared a space – but a hard-frozen creek without snow was the best – we could skate up and down the creek for several miles.

I remember those skating parties as one of my favorite activities of our high school years

The same was true for me as well.

And all of the people Dave named above were part of our skating group.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

BASKETBALL

JANUARY 1958

The basketball season was a very busy time for me during our senior year, not because I was on the team, but because I was Hi-Y Treasurer. As treasurer, I was in charge of the concession stand at home basketball games just as I had been for home football games.

After school before each basketball game, one of the tasks I had to do was prepare apples for sale. Since the powers that be didn't want people discarding apple cores on the floor during a basketball game, I had to core them before they could be sold. From time to time another student or two helped me with this project.

Now we did not core all of the apples we had on hand. Rather we cored as many apples as we thought might be sold. Sometimes, however, the demand for apples was greater than expected, so during the game I had to core more apples. This was not a difficult job, but it left me with sticky fingers (with no way to wash my hands until the game was over). Sticky Fingers Goetz I was known as in them days

This last sentence is patterned after occasional remarks made by Fibber McGee on the comedy radio show *Fibber McGee and Molly*, and is not intended to be a piece of historical fact.

This coring of apples did have an added benefit for me. I didn't like raw apples at all until I tasted the ones we were coring. They were Red Delicious apples and I liked them to my great surprise.

The concession stand was located on a table standing between two sets of bleachers just west of the center line of the basketball court. Normally this presented no problem. One time, however, during the game, the basketball was loose and rolling toward our table. One player from each team came charging to get the ball, crashed into our table, and knocked it over, spilling everything onto the floor. Selling anything during the rest of the game was extremely difficult and we didn't sell much.

I have another important memory of basketball that season at Ames High. Some of the Ames fans became unhappy with the calls the officials were making and started booing. After this happened quite a number of times, Mr. Herbert Adams, our principal, stopped the game and made an announcement over the PA system from the floor. He told the crowd that booing was not consistent with good sportsmanship and should stop. He added that if there were any more booing, he would stop the game and forfeit it to our opponents. The result? No more boos!

Our senior classmates who played on the varsity basketball team were Jim Dresser, Gary

Ellis, Ben Fellows, Don Milliken, Dennis Porter, and Ron Toppenberg.

The seniors on the cheersquad were Pat Bloomfield, Dick Boast, Kit Carr, Robert Schaefer, and Carol Smith. The school songs and cheers they led with the assistance the Pep Club (which had about 70 girls in it) made games fun and exciting. I still remember our loyalty song:

Students of Ames Senior High
Proud of our school are we,
Cheering the orange and the black
On to the victory.
(Rah! Rah! Rah!)
Comrades in work and in play
Loyal and true are we
Doing the best for our high school
Ames Hi Aims High.

To me the most exciting sport was high school basket ball because it moves fast and I knew the kids on the team. One evening when they played away (I think it was in Boone), we finally won in something like the seventh overtime. All though I was at home listening to the game on the radio and the team couldn't hear me, I couldn't help but cheer often and loudly during the game. The result? The next day when I got up in the morning, I discovered I had lost my voice.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

OSLUND DRUG STORE

FEBRUARY 1958

Mom's diary, Book 11, began with the following entry:

Feb. 24, 1958 – Monday.

Today is our 24th wedding anniversary. Neighborhood club in the p.m. & basketball [probably at Iowa State] in the Eve. We had dinner out.

Chuck was home between semesters. Drove a car for 2 girls from Valpo who had dates here. He was home again last wk. Came at 4:15 a.m. Feb. 20. He stopped on the way near Cedar Rapids & slept 4 hrs. Missed classes [at Valparaiso University] Friday the 21st which we didn't like at all.

He had a conference with Pastor [W. J.] Fields which seemed to do him a lot of good, so perhaps the trip wasn't in vain. His semester grades are horrible. 1 F & 4 incompletes. He just can't seem to attain the proper degree of trying & self-discipline – poor fellow.

He left Sunday noon – the 23rd. Stewing around about a car & girls, I think, takes up too much time.

Feb 23, Sunday Eve. we had dinner at the Oslund's.

The Oslunds were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Oslund. Art Oslund, a pharmacist, was well known in Ames as the founder of Oslund Drug Store (located in downtown Ames at 308 Main Street).

From time to time I was with Dad when he went into Oslund Drug to pick up a prescription and saw them visit. It was clear that they knew each other. Nevertheless, until I read this item in Mom's diary, I had no idea they saw each other socially. If I knew it back then, I've long since forgotten it.

A very interesting article about Oslund Drug can be found at the following website:

http://www.ameshistory.org/exhibits/oslund_drug.htm

Mom's diary entry continued with the following information about Dad and me:

Jan. 27 – 28 – 29 Dad was in Ft. Dodge [Iowa] officiating as chairman of

the Iowa District West Board of Directors [of the Lutheran Church – Missouri Synod (LCMS)]. Feb.12 & 13 he was in Chicago & gave a talk at the [LCMS] Campus Workers Conference.

Roger took the LLL [Lutheran Laymen's League] scholarship test Feb. 15.

Of all Mom wrote in this diary entry, the only thing I remember is that I had taken that scholarship test, but I have no idea where I took it. The results of my taking this test are recorded later in Mom's diary and will be noted in a later chapter of this book.

CHAPTER THIRTY

VIVIAN SNOOK SMEDAL

MARCH 1958

The next time Mom wrote in her diary was on Wednesday, March 12, 1958, and here is the first sentence:

Chas. & Cliff Hach flew to Chicago today in a Howard Flying Service (Ames) plane, on Hach Chem. Co. business, just for today.

Wanting to know more about the Howard Flying Service, I did some searching and found an interesting website:

http://www.ameshistory.org/exhibits/tribune/11/wf_1101.htm

There I learned that the Howard Flying Service was owned and operated by Earl Howard, who also was manager of the Ames Municipal Airport.

One paragraph from this website caught my attention:

Earl belonged to the OX5 Aviation Pioneers, an organization that chronicles the history of aviation, especially as related to the pre-war use of vee-configuration engines pioneered by Glen Curtiss. An Ames aviatrix, Vivian Snook Smedal, was also a member of this group.

Since I had an Ames High classmate named Karsten Smedal, I was curious to see if he was related to Vivian and wondered if she might even be his mother. Thus, I went to the website about her:

http://www.ameshistory.org/exhibits/v_snook.htm

Here is the first sentence there:

Vivian Snook Smedal was born in Mt. Carroll, Illinois, on March 3, 1908, to William Floyd and Adella May (Sisler) Snook.

I knew that Mount Carroll is the county seat of Carroll County, Illinois, for that is where Great-grandfather George Goetz/Getz (1843-1913) had settled after migrating from Germany to America in 1866. I was intrigued to learn that Vivian's mother belonged to the Sisler Family because two of my Getz cousins had a Sisler husband. Were they related to Vivian?

This prompted me to do some genealogical research on the Vivian's mother Adella May

Sisler (1868-1960) and learned her father was Benjamin Sisler (1843-1928), a son of John Sisler (1787-1879).

Further research showed that John Sisler (1787-1879) was an ancestor of Ray Luther Sisler and Robert Eugene Sisler Jr., who married a daughter and a granddaughter respectively of Lawrence George Getz, my dad's eldest brother.

Vivian was one of four children born into the following family:

William Floyd Snook

born July 20, 1864, in Akron, Summit County, Ohio
died February 13 1940, in Ames, Story County, Iowa
buried Oak Hill Cemetery, Mount Carroll, Carroll County, Illinois
married October 23, 1890, in Woodland Township, Carroll County, Illinois, to

Adella May Sisler

born June 22, 1868, in Woodland Township, Carroll County, Illinois
died June 4, 1960, in Los Gatos, Santa Clara County, California
buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, Mount Carroll, Illinois

children:

- 1) Mary Neta Snook (she usually went by her middle name)
born February 14, 1896, in Woodland Township, Carroll County, Illinois
died March 23, 1991, in Los Gatos, Santa Clara County, California
- 2) William Benjamin Snook
born March 21, 1903, in Mount Carroll County, Illinois
died February 17, 1906, in Mount Carroll, Carroll County, Illinois
buried Oak Hill Cemetery, Mount Carroll, Carroll County, Illinois
- 3) Vivian Maxine Snook
born March 3, 1908, in Mount Carroll, Carroll County, Illinois
died May 30, 1996, in Ames, Story County, Iowa
- 4) A daughter
born and died December 5, 1909, in Mount Carroll, Carroll County, Illinois
buried Oak Hill Cemetery, Mount Carroll, Carroll County, Illinois

Neta, the older of the two children to live to adulthood, became a pioneer aviatrix in 1917. On January 3, 1921, Neta gave Amelia Earhart her first flying lesson. Further information about Neta may be found at:

<http://www.ameshistory.org/exhibits/snook.htm>

More about Vivian can be learned from the website about her future husband, Olav Smedal (1905-1993):

http://www.ameshistory.org/exhibits/olav_smedal1.htm

The second page of the website notes:

Olav worked for The Tribune, producing the Ames Theater Company advertisements which appeared in that newspaper. An employee of the company was Vivian Snook, the younger sister of Neta Snook Southern, who was Amelia Earhart's first flight instructor. Vivian was secretary to the president of the theaters, Joe Gerbracht.

Olav and Vivian were married on August 1, 1937, in Ames, and the next page of the website contains this information:

Olav, Vivian and their two children, Karsten and Kären, lived at 1131 Northwestern Avenue in Ames.

Karsten Smedal was indeed a son of Vivian Snook Smedal a grandson of Adella Sisler Snook. Thus Karsten and I have cousins in common.

That established, we turn to the entry in Mom's diary which triggered the writing of this chapter.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

LOTS TO DO

MARCH 1958

Here, then, is the complete entry which Mom wrote in her diary on Wednesday, March 12, 1958:

Chas. & Cliff Hach flew to Chicago today in a Howard Flying Service (Ames) plane, on Hach Chem. Co. business, just for today. Chas. been horribly busy this winter and it worries me – he gets chest pains when he gets too tired. Nitroglycerin relieves the pain. For instance last week —

Mar. 4 – Grad-Faculty luncheon (which means no noon rest) & Hach Chem. Co. in the evening.

Mar. 5 – Chamber of Commerce luncheon & dinner. He's on the Greater Ames Committee & has been to numerous meetings about a new hospital.

Mar. 6 – In Ft. Dodge all day, meeting a man from the Synod [LCMS] headquarters [in St. Louis, Missouri] regarding the stewardship program.

Mar. 7 – Talked 2 periods at the high school at their annual Career Day. At Kiwanis for lunch. Council meeting [probably at Memorial Lutheran Church] in the Eve.

Mar. 8 (Sat.) – At Boone [Iowa] all afternoon having been asked to consult on an infant business [just getting started].

Mar. 9 – Voters Assembly [at Memorial Lutheran] in p.m. [afternoon]. For supper at the Baptist Church & a talk [he gave] afterwards: "The Christian Faith as I see it."

All of this on top of getting his work done at the office.

Last night [Tuesday, March 11] he was at Hach's [the Hach Chemical Company] until 10:30 – talked on the phone with Pastor Fields about the new policy on church personnel until 11:30 (1 hr.). To bed at 11:45 & up at 6 this morning.

Roger is taking the College Entrance Exams this coming Sat. – the 15th in Des Moines.

The item Mom wrote above for March 4 about Dad's having no noon rest refers to the fact that on most work days over the years, Dad left the Chemistry Building at noon and was home about 12:10 p.m. to eat the lunch Mom had prepared for him. That done, he lay down on the sofa to rest from 12:20 to 12:50 and then returned to work.

Since we lived south of campus about a half a mile, this schedule worked unless he had a noon meeting of some kind. Since he was a member of Rotary, he had lunch downtown once a week and Mom had a "vacation" from feeding him that day.

A little bit more about Career Day on March 7 can be found in our *Spirit* 1958 yearbook, which devoted page 101 to Career Day. One of the three photographs there shows Dad (who was Head of the Iowa State Chemistry Department) consulting with my classmate, Jack Young, about chemistry. Jack and I both majored in chemistry at Iowa State and so had classes together from time to time.

On Monday, March 24, 1958, Mom took pen in hand and wrote another entry in her diary:

Roger played for his first wedding Saturday 7:30 p.m. We had permission from the bride to come & listen. He did very well.

Read in the *Lutheran Witness* the names of the 4 LLL scholarships & Roger's name wasn't one of them.

Yesterday was a big day for Roger. The spring Walther League [Zone] Rally was at our church & he had many duties to perform in connection with it.

I was supposed to help with the supper, but didn't because the long standing bothers my legs too much, so Chas. went in my place.

Sat. a.m. Chas. marched in the Centennial of Iowa State College parade in cap & gown. He didn't own one, so he borrowed Dr. Martin's & marched in Cal Tech colors [rather than in those of the University of Illinois].

Tonight we're invited to the [chemistry professor Fred] Duke's for dinner.

Wed. Eve I have to go to the Chem. Circle. Will have to leave Lenten services [at church] right after the sermon.

Friday Eve the 28th Roger sings in the choral concert at the high school. He's in the A Capella Choir & Boy's Glee Club.

Here is the next entry from Mom's diary, which she wrote on Friday, March 28, 1958:

Roger didn't win an LLL scholarship [see the end of Chapter 29] but he was in the upper 6% so he got word from Valpo [Valparaiso University] that he can apply for a University scholarship. However they are granted mostly on need and we aren't very needy.

Roger looked over the questionnaire and said – This will rule me out right away – “What make & year is your father's car?” (The answer is – 1957 Cadillac)

The final next entry in Mom's diary is dated March 30, 1958, Sunday, and was quite short:

Chuck came home yesterday [from Valparaiso University] at 3:30 a.m. for Easter vacation. Chuck asked for a job with Jensen construction for his summer via correspondence and was accepted. He went out for football this spring.

Easter that year was Sunday, April 6.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

DON WATKINS REMEMBERS

1953-1955

I have several clear memories of how discipline was enforced at Central Junior H.S. when I was a student there, 1953-55. Miss Verna Schmidt was the principal I remember, not one to tolerate rowdy boys. I wasn't one of the boys who earned Miss Schmidt's close attention, but I admired those whose daring-do got them in hot water.

I don't know when corporeal punishment in public schools was proscribed in Iowa. It was after Miss Schmidt's time, because reliable sources had it that she kept a short piece of hose in her office and with it administered punishment to the worst of the offenders against good order. It was said she preferred beating a few times on the back of the thighs.

The same reliable sources added that at least one boy – known to all of us for many exploits – refused to let her use the punitive equipment on him: he told her that, hell, no, he wouldn't bend over and let himself be beat on with that thing! He left her office with his dignity intact, none the worse for wear.

My home room, overseen by Mrs. Rose Elliot, teacher of German and Latin, was at the south end of the building on first floor. The room was consequently near the south door of the building, and our room's door faced that of Miss Enid Dennison, teacher of geography, across the hall. Miss Dennison earned the attention of certain boys because she often dressed in bright colors.

One day a fearless fellow in our home room brought in a handful of red haw fruits from the tree just outside. As Miss Dennison walked energetically into her room, my colleague, red haws at the ready, hit the moving target presented by her rear end.

She gave no sign that she felt the speedy, little missile and definitely did not look behind her. For whatever reason she chose not to pursue justice. I would like to name the student who counted coup on Miss Dennison, but I'm not absolutely certain and don't want to give credit where it's not deserved. Now I've recorded this breach of the peace, one that went unpunished at the time.

Mrs Rose Elliot, on the other hand, was not long-suffering.

One day my classmate David Trump said or did something that agitated Mrs. Elliot to the point that she told David to go immediately to the principal's office.

He refused, not just once but several times when ordered to leave the room.

Mrs. Elliot startled all of us when she strode across the room and grabbed David from his

front-row seat by the collar and seat of his pants. I wouldn't say he flew through the air, but he was propelled horizontally through the door, ending up in the hall and definitely bemoaning his situation! The mother of two sons, Mrs. Elliot seems to have known what was sometimes required to get a hot-tempered boy to obey her command.

I would add to Mrs. Elliot's memory by retelling an incident concerning discipline which she reported from her own childhood. She was a tireless storyteller, taking a lot of time in class, it seemed to me, to tell of her life and family.

One day, she told us, her mother took her and her brothers not especially willingly to a revival meeting of the classic variety in the early 20th century: big tent, seating in rows for the multitude, and a fire-and-brimstone preacher. One act in his performance saw him gesture at individuals in the audience, asking them about their prospects for salvation. Pointing at her older brother, the preacher asked "Are you saved, brother?"

Rose Elliot's brother, to their mother's horror, answered loudly, "Yes, safe on first and sliding' second!"

All the children were immediately whisked out of the tent homeward.

Many memories crowd together when I think of Central, including the daily route my friends and I took to get there from our homes south of the main line of the Chicago & North Western Railway (now the Union Pacific). In order to save a few minutes, we crawled when necessary under active freight trains temporarily sitting on the tracks near Abe Mezvinsky's Ames Fruit and Grocery Store, just west of the Ames Depot. We crossed over the rails beneath freight cars rather than take the longer route under the overpass on Grand Avenue. More than once a trainman would see us and in rich language ask us if we wanted to get our damned legs cut off. We were fearless in our stupidity.

– Donald K Watkins, AHS Class of 1958

On Sunday, November 9, 2014, Don Watkins and wife Mary, who live in Lawrence, Kansas, drove west about 30 miles to Topeka to attend the second (11:00 a.m.) service at St. John's Lutheran Church, where I am a semi-retired pastor but still play the organ each week and direct two choirs. After church, Don, Mary, my wife Betty, and I went to the Sunday brunch at the Capitol Plaza Hotel as is our custom when they come to worship with us.

While we were visiting during our meal, Don told me the above-mentioned incident about Mrs. Elliott (described on pages 27 and 28 of Chapter 9) and Dave Trump, one of my best friends during our high school days.

I was delighted and asked him to write this up for me to include in this book.

On December 8,2014, He emailed me what he had written at my request. He insisted that I had to have Dave's permission to include it in my book.

I immediately forward Don's email to Dave with the following introduction:

Below are some memories Don Watkins wrote up for me to include in the book I'm writing. Is it all right with you if your name is used in the article below?

About seven hours later, Dave replied:

Sure! I've long outlived the dreaded "Permanent Record" with which those of us who were serial miss-behaviors were threatened! OTOH [on the other hand], I don't remember that specific incident - but I have no doubt it probably happened as Don remembers.

Thanks to Don and Dave, then, this chapter is included in this book!

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

WORRIED ABOUT MY PARENTS' HEALTH

APRIL - MAY, 1958

As our senior year at Ames High began drawing to a close, many of us had mixed emotions to deal with. We were filled with excitement at the prospect of graduating from high school and felt regret that the day was fast approaching when we would no longer see our classmates on a regular basis. After all, many of us had been friends for most of our lives!

Another thing going on at this time were health issues my parents had to deal with. These can be seen from the next two entries in Mom's diary:

April 8, 1958 – Tuesday

Last Wed. the 2nd Charles came home from Dr. Montgomery's office with the news that he has a stomach ulcer. He had a gastrointestinal fluoroscope. Has had no typical ulcer pains & no indigestion whatsoever. Has complained of pain below the sternum, mostly at night, but not every night. The doctor is much concerned because the lesion may be cancer. My world just sort of fell apart when I heard that.

Charles is on a bland soft diet & is to call the doctor this week, & they want to check the results of the diet. Charles has been awfully tired all winter & that worries me no end.

Chuck left about 2 p.m. on Easter Sunday the 6th. The 3rd – his father bought a 1954 lite blue, 2-door Buick for him to use. I was much relieved that he didn't have to drive all those miles anymore in that old broken up [down] Oldsmobile. Paid [\$] 850 for the Buick – \$395 allowance for the Oldsmobile.

May 8, 1958 – Thursday

On Apr. 26 Charles had another fluoroscope & the stomach ulcer looks more benign & shows signs of healing. Happy Day at the Goetz house. I didn't realize how oppressive those 1st three wks (Apr 2-26) were until they were over. Chas. is now on a liberal ulcer diet & has another exam about May 17.

On Apr. 27, Chas. was guest speaker at the Walther League Rally at [the City of] Rock Rapids [located] 228 mi. NW [of Ames]. We left at 10:15 a.m. Had dinner at Storm Lake [Iowa] & got to Rock Rapids [the county seat of Lyon County, Iowa] about 4:30. Chas. organized his speech, sitting

in the car, & then we went in.

Had a turkey dinner at 5:30 and at 6:30 Chas. talked. No public address system & Chas. had to shout at the top of his voice. He was all in when he was through & at 8:15 we started the 4-hr. drive home. Such torture.

Last Sunday, May 4, Chas. talked at the Algona Circuit LLL [Lutheran Laymen's League] Rally at Livermore [Iowa, where Mom's nephew Donald Heck was the pastor]. We left [Ames] at 4 p.m. Had supper at Ft. Dodge & got to Livermore at 7:30. Chas. talked at 8:15. We had refreshments & left at 10:15 [p.m.] and got home at 12:15 [a.m.].

On May 5th Monday I went to a "coffee" at Martin's to meet Marion's mother & at 1:30 I went to see Dr. Bliss about my rt. leg – varicose veins. I went to the Hosp. at 8 p.m., Tues. May 6, & on the 7th I had ligations done under local [anesthetic]. Made about six incisions. Four were to take out perforators left from last year's vein stripping. Came home last nite about 8:30. Seems like I'll be hobbling around at least a week.

May 3rd Roger went to the Prom with Iva Jean Davis – same girl as last year & they had no dates in between. He was home by 12:30 [a.m.]. Most of the kids stayed out all night.

By going to the Prom, we seniors were in the homestretch of our high school days.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

MARCIA TEXTRUM GOES TO CHILE SPRING AND SUMMER 1958

As we entered the homestretch of our senior year at Ames High, our classmate Marcia Textrum was not with us. She was the daughter of Myron Douglas Textrum (born in 1901) and his wife, Janice (English) Textrum (born in 1902). They lived at 13th and Burnett.

Her father was self-employed and had his own business, the Iowa Farm Management Company. The government of Chile offered him a job there and he accepted it. Marcia described this as follows:

He worked for the Chilean Government, through Point Four in Agriculture. Helping to improve their farming procedures.

Thus, near the end of February or the beginning of March in 1958, the Textrum Family headed for Santiago, Chile. To get there, they traveled down the east side of South America, stopping in most of those countries along the way.

They lived in Chile for about five months and Marcia wrote the following about that time in her life:

Yeah, I had my 18th birthday down there. Fun! I made friends with the people my age in Chile, and got the feel of the people. Mom and Dad mainly stayed close to the American community.

I couldn't leave the house on the eve of my birthday, as it was the night of the Communist Party presidential rally, and we were told to stay in. They had the riot police out that night. So I stayed in. That was a different experience.

She noted that she didn't think living in Chile was that different from living in Ames, while Brazil was much different. She then added this parenthetical thought:

Interesting now, we have a son-in-law that is Brazilian. Genesisio is married to Bob's daughter, Sarah. They met in Japan where she was working. He didn't speak English, and very little Japanese. Sarah is great with languages, so she learned Portuguese to converse with him. They live in Florida now, and have 3 children all of which speak Portuguese and English. I think Sarah speaks Portuguese to them more than English.

This "Bob" that Marcia mentioned is her husband Robert Stensland, another member of

our Ames High Class.

While Marcia was in Chile, she graduated from Ames High School. She was able to do this because she had already earned enough classes to graduate.

When they left Chile to return to their home on Burnett in Ames, they took a different route to see more sights. Regarding this, Marcia wrote,

[We traveled] back home along the West of South America, to Peru, Aruba, Panama Canal area, and Venezuela (again). They made us deplane to go through a fumigation room. Almost didn't get out of there, as I was a minor when we went down, 17, and was on Mom's passport. They had not recorded my Small Pox vaccination, so they were going to refuse to let me get back on the plane. Boy was Daddy upset!

They arrived in Ames as August turned to September so that Marcia could begin her freshman year at Iowa State.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

AN ACADEMIC ADVENTURE

MARCH - MAY 1958

In Chapter 29, we learned from Mom's diary that I had taken the Lutheran Laymen's League (LLL) scholarship test on February 15, 1958. This was a competition for high school students in the western half of Iowa to get a scholarship toward attending a Lutheran college or university. I was hoping to get a scholarship to attend Valparaiso University ("Valpo"), the Lutheran university in Valparaiso, Indiana, where my brother Chuck was a student.

As noted in Chapter 31, on Saturday, March 15, I went to Des Moines to take the basic College Entrance Exams in the areas of English and mathematics. My results were, of course, sent to Valpo at their request.

About a week later, Mom read in the Iowa District West Supplement to *Lutheran Witness* the names of the four LLL scholarship winners and discovered I wasn't one of them. Even so all was not lost as can be seen in Mom's March 28, 1958, diary entry quoted in Chapter 31:

Roger didn't win an LLL scholarship but he was in the upper 6% so he got word from Valpo that he can apply for a University scholarship. However they are granted mostly on need and we aren't very needy.

Roger looked over the questionnaire and said – This will rule me out right away – "What make & year is your father's car?" (The answer is – 1957 Cadillac).

Not found in Mom's diary are what happened next:

First, I went ahead applied for a scholarship to attend Valpo and major in chemistry.

Second, Floyd Sturtevant, my chemistry teacher during my senior year at Ames High, took class time to give us the College Entrance Exam in chemistry. After he had graded it, this wonderful teacher of ours went over all of the questions and the correct answers to teach us what we didn't already know. That was a lot of fun!

Third, Valpo responded to my application for a scholarship by asking me to take the College Entrance Exam in chemistry. So, off again I went to Des Moines to take that test for Valpo. It was a snap because I'd already taken it and basically knew all the answers thanks to Mr. Sturtevant.

From Mom's diary we learn two more parts to this adventure:

Fifth, I got a \$1,000 scholarship from Valpo to attend there. A thousand dollars in 1958 is equivalent to \$8,171 in 2014. I'm sure I was awarded this scholarship because of how well I did on the College Entrance.

Another factor in Valpo's offering me this scholarship may be something I learned when consulting with my counselor during my freshman year at Valpo. He told me that on my math College Entrance Exam I had been rated as "junior genius".

Bewildered, I ask him what that meant.

He told me, "You missed one question."

I give the credit for this to my fabulous high school math teachers, Dale Heideman and Ruth Miller.

Fifth is the following quotation from Mom's diary:

Wed. the 14 [of May] was Awards Day at the high school & Roger came home with a Commercial Award – typing 56 words per minute—and a music award, having sung in Boys Glee Club, Mixed Chorus & A Capella Choir. Also a Bauche [Bausch] & Lomb Chem. Co. Award (a medal) for the best science student in the high school. He and esp. Dad & I were very thrilled.

I still remember that awards assembly vividly. It was in the gym and I was sitting up high in the bleachers on the west side. When Mr. Sturtevant announced that I had won the science student award, I was absolutely dumbfounded. I had no idea such was the case. On top of that I was absolutely floored and embarrassed by the loud applause I got while going down to receive the award.

Additional information about this is on page 149 of our 1958 *Spirit* yearbook:

More than 500 awards were given at the two awards assemblies.

At the Fine Arts and Scholarships Awards Assembly awards were given in stenography, debate and speech, Latin, and vocal and instrumental music. There were also some special awards given. Jerry Garner [a junior], Connie Kuhl [a senior], and Barbara Calhoun [a junior] placed first, second, and third respectively in an American History Test sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Roger Goetz received the Bausch-Lomb Award as the outstanding senior science student. Ronald Moses [a junior] received two science awards, an honorable mention in the

regional contest as the Future Scientist of America and a cash award from the Des Moines Division of the Iowa Metal Association.

At the Athletic Awards Assembly Kenny Wells, athletic director, summarized the fine job that our school did in all our athletic fields this year. Awards were given to the boys who participated in the spring sports.

Intramural individual and homeroom awards were presented. Girls won awards for participation in G. A. A. (Girls' Athletic Association) and Pep Club. For the first time the Pep Squad named a Pep Club Girl of the Year. This honor went to Linda Miller.

There were three photos on this page. One was of the G. A. A., another was of Linda Miller holding a large white Teddy bear, and the third showed me blowing glass for the Hach Chemical Company. Looking at my picture as I wrote this made me chuckle.

Why?

I was wearing a short-sleeved shirt with the cuffs folded up twice. This was the fashion requirement for us boys back then!

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

“NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING”

1957-1958

After completing the previous chapter, I began looking over my additional notes from the month of May 1958 to decide what to include in the next chapter and what title to give it. During this process, the word “May” triggered the memory of the choir singing the English madrigal, “Now is the Month of Maying,” under the direction of Mr. Cross.

In short order, I mentally heard the music being sung and was surprised I apparently still knew the words. Wondering if my memory were correct, I went on the internet and found them:

Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Fa la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la lah.
Each with his bonny lass
Upon the greeny grass.
Fa la la, etc...

The Spring, clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness,
Fa la la, etc...
And to the bagpipe's sound
The nymphs tread out their ground.
Fa la la, etc...

Fie then! why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing?
Fa la la, etc...
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play barley-break?
Fa la la etc..

This is the text we sang at Ames High except for one line. Instead of “Upon the greeny grass”, we sang “A-dancing on the grass” (and I found that text on the internet as well). An excellent performance of this lively piece is presently available on the internet at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qE0sH6ugOtE>

In Chapter 9 I noted:

Regarding Boys' Glee Club, I remember that there was a boy who during rehearsal sometimes changed the words we were singing. Mr. Cross couldn't hear him over the rest of us, but those around him did and had to keep on singing without laughing. And we didn't mind in the least!

That happened on this piece as well. The phrase "A-dancing on the grass" became something like "His hands upon her ass." I'm sure the girls didn't hear him, but some of us boys did!

Someone asked Mr. Cross what barley-break was, and he told us he thought it was some kind of outdoor game they played. Further information about this can be found at

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Now_Is_the_Month_of_Maying

and

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Barley-Break>

as they stand at the present time.

Did Mr. Cross know the information contained into these two article? And if so, would we have ever learned and performed this wonderful piece of music?

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

GOODBYE, AMES HIGH

MAY 1958

On Wednesday, May 21, 1958, Mom wrote another entry in her diary:

Sat (17) Dad had another fluoroscope & his stomach ulcer is all healed up. We are all much relieved to say the least. Sat. Eve the 17th Roger had a birthday party – Mary Kay Arthur, Mary Lou Gould, Karen Cameron, Ann Fields, Dave Trump & his girl friend & Ed Krekow.

Since we are still eating out on account of my leg (no standing yet for me) he didn't get a birthday cake so Mary Kay brought a cake mix and baked a cake for him at 9 p.m. & they ate it so warm that the candles started melting. They played cards, played records and argued religion & went home at 12:30. They had a lot of fun.

This morning I met with the past & future Chem. Circle officers to plan next year's program.

Two entries in my 1958 *Spirit* touch upon this party:

Hi Rog,

You know this year has been a good time. You are a pretty good sport when it comes to ice skating. Don't forget your birthday party (17th). I won't. Melted candles just don't taste too good.

Best of luck,

Mary Kay Arthur

Dear Roger,

A very happy (?) birthday to you. I really did have fun at your house that night even if you are a Lutheran. Best of luck always.

Mary Lou [Gould]

In gathering material for this book, I contacted Alechia Bode Daniels to see if she would look in her yearbooks for any notes written by classmates that I might want to include. She replied on Thursday, September 25, 2014:

Dear Roger,

Just finished reading over my yearbooks – '56', '57', '58'. I am going to

copy the words written by classmates and send them to you with any comments in Red– do whatever with them.

I was amazed my senior yearbook has no signatures or comments in it. Just a poem I wrote in 1960. I don't know if you knew it, but the last months of our senior year were hard? scarey? for me. I had found out I was pregnant in late January – 1 month. I knew if the school found out I would be expelled. If my parents knew, it would break their heart. Fear!! like I had never known – the guy was an older man I was dating – divorced with 2 children. He said he would marry me – after I refused to abort the pregnancy! I never told my folks till after we were married – two days after our graduation ceremony. I elected not to attend any of our graduation events. No one knew – the poem I wrote in my '58' yearbook reveals the intensity of my shame in what had occurred!

I had forgotten about it all till I opened that yearbook.

When I saw Alechia in Ames on Tuesday, October 7, 2014, she gave me the copies of notes in her yearbooks and asked me to include her note above in my book.

On Friday, May 30, 1958, Mom wrote in her diary:

First rain in about a month. Chas. left the 25th – Sun – for “Friedrichshaven” in Minn. to join Reinhard Friedrich. Kitty [Hach] flew him there – leaving at 11:30 a.m. The 26th I had Neighborhood Club,

Sun. eve. I went to Roger's Baccalaureate service held in the H. S. stadium. The 27th was Commencement. Roger was on the honor roll in the group that has a 3.5 or more [grade] average for 3 years. I was very proud of Roger, but it was a peculiar feeling. No more high school days at our house.

Roger has been to a party every night for a week, “Senior Week”. Has been home in good time every nite. He was sorry he went to the street dance – said it was a waste of time.

It was true that a lot of us didn't care for the street dance, but all the other nights were very good indeed.

And so, as May turned to June, our Ames High days came to an end. After that many of us would rarely, if ever, see each other again. It was a time of change for all of us, but nothing could take away all the wonderful things we learned and experienced at Ames High.

Truly, those were the days.