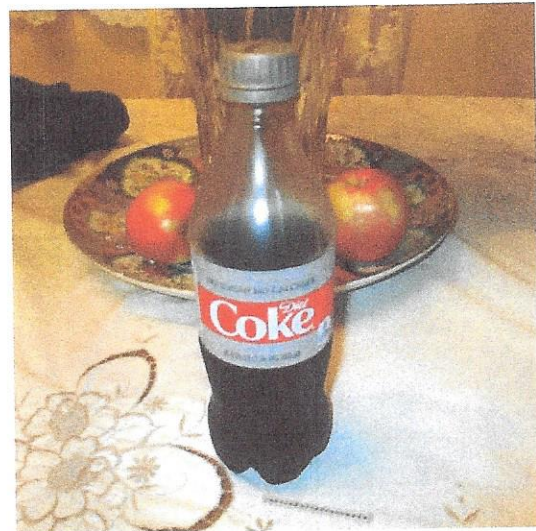
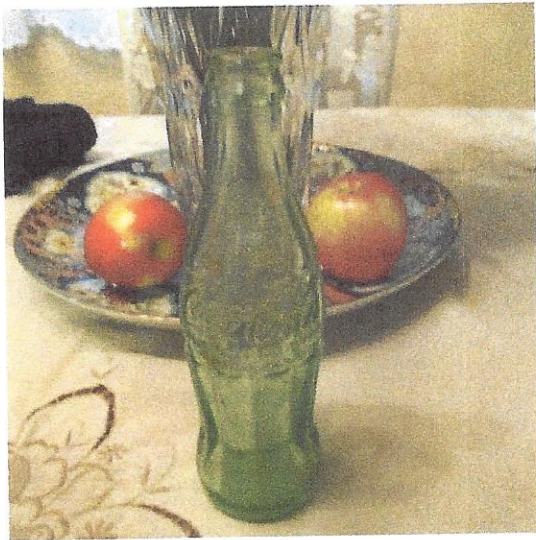


The Change Decade

Change

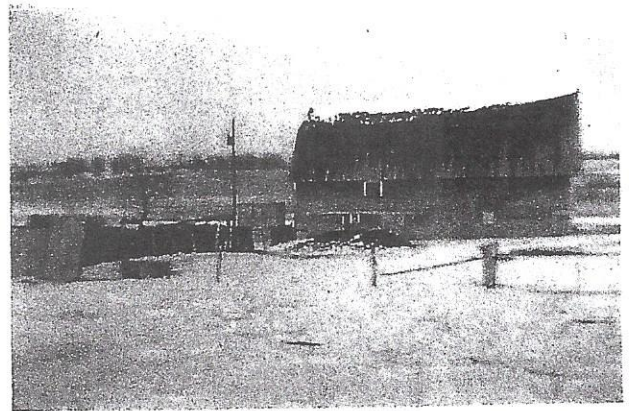
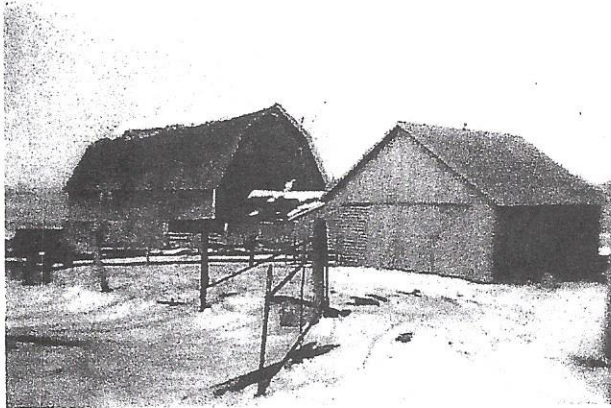
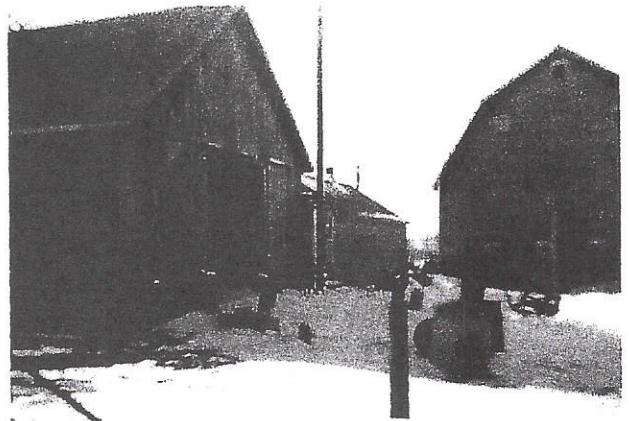
Our life on the Savage farm between Troy Mills and Coggon came to an abrupt end in the spring of 1953. We had some warning as Father and Mother visited several farms with the intention of relocating. It was all of interest to Andy and I but with no real understanding of the changes such a move would make in our lives.

"Our dilemma is that we hate change and love it at the same time, what we really want is for things to remain the same but get better." Sydney J. Harris



On the other hand, the more things change, the more things stay the same. Andy and I were about to experience more change than we were expecting with the move from the Savage farm to the Liberty farm.

Move to Liberty farm



New farm, although from the pictures, you can see the property was not that attractive.

Moving

I'm sure that giving up the Savage farm and purchasing the Liberty farm was a hard decision to make for Roy and Hazel. Farming on shares on the Savage farm had allowed Father to grow his operation to a sizable operation to where we were milking 30 cows and feeding out various hogs and cattle.

In addition, Ruth, Dorothy, and Lloyd had all been born and raised there and had completed High School in Troy Mills. And of course, it meant leaving Grandpa and Grandma who lived just $\frac{1}{2}$ mile down and road and moving 20 miles away. But I think the Roy and Hazel had the belief that if they were ever to own their own farm, they had better take the opportunity when presented or they would never own their own property. Father would have been 52 at the time so I imagine he was beginning to feel the years passing.

So we found ourselves visiting several farms that were for sale in the area and finally settled on the Liberty farm. It had a larger house, in decent condition, with a large dairy barn and several older outbuildings. There was considerable permanent pasture along with some decent quality farmland. Our Real Estate agent was Bill Harris from Quasqueton and it wasn't until later that I learned some of the financial details of our purchase, but to Andy and I at the time, the details weren't important, we were just excited to move.

Dissolving a 50-50 farm operation was not an easy process. There may be silage left in the silo and hay left in the barn to be adjusted for. The grain and hogs were relatively simple but the dairy cattle were more of a problem. I believe that perhaps a third party was utilized to try to divide the cattle fairly and evenly. The machinery would have been owned by the renter.

In that day, the procedure was to move on March 1st, but of course, it really required many trips back and forth to deliver all the livestock and equipment and probably the cooperation of all the parties involved. Some might bring trucks and hayracks were loaded full. Relatives and neighbors assisted when possible and the great day finally came when we were settled in a different house and farmstead.

There was still the outhouse but we did have running water piped into the house for the first time on the Liberty farm. And the new farm was located on a decently large creek. For Andy and I, there were many new places to explore and a new school to attend. That meant it was back to a one-room country school for Andy and I and leaving the three-room school at Monti.

It was only several years later that Grandpa Ed passed away and Grandma Effie and Paul came to live with Father and Mother. Looking back, the decision to leave the Savage farm was really the end of our family relationship to the Troy Mills and Coggon area. With a few exceptions, the Todd's, the Richardson's, the Bruce's, and the Phillip's are all gone from the area. And for all practical purposes, the move to the Liberty farm was the beginning of the end of Mother and Father's farming operation.

New school.

Liberty School

When we moved to the Liberty farm, it was back once again to an old one-room school. After going to the "big" Monti Consolidated, the Liberty school seemed small and cramped once again. There was the same picture of George Washington on the wall, the morning pledge of allegiance, and the rolls of pull-down maps hung over the blackboard. My only 8th grade classmate was Jim Beebe. But since we moved in March of my 8th Grade year, I only had three months at the Liberty School. Andy would have had two more years there.

Once again, being older, we had to take our turns going for water up to Kerkov's and once again, there was the outhouse. But of course, it was an exciting time with our move from the Savage farm and going to a smaller school really didn't make any difference to Andy and I, anyway.

A big day came when we had the visit from the County School Superintendent, Ralph Ferris. We all sat at attention but I suppose, looking back, that it was the teacher, Mrs. Martin, who was really under the gun. During this period, we also had to take our 8th grade graduation examination. I have no idea if anyone ever failed this exam. But the whole process culminated in an 8th grade graduation ceremony held in Independence at the end of the school year.

Independence hadn't been consolidated at the time and all the local elementary schools were still in operation. Then these local districts paid tuition to Independence for the High School students. It wasn't until about 1960 that after couple of votes, Independence finally consolidated its school system to create Independence Community Schools and that was the end of our one-room schools.

I've always said that in a limited way, that old one-room school provided good education. Because it was small, everyone was pretty much aware of the instruction that was being given. In other words, when you learned the multiplication tables, over the years you were liable to here it being taught over and over. There was lots of reinforcement of the basics of reading, writing, and arithmetic. And of course, that was the disadvantage also. There were limits on just how much could be taught.

And once again, we had that walk to school. Luckily, it was only a walk of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile so the walk wasn't bad.

The Liberty school actually still exists as it was sold to a local farmer and he moved it and it still stands as a kind of workshop. Even after all these years, it's hard to drive by that old building without thinking back to the old Liberty School.

New Church

Since Andy and I had spent our lifetime in the small Methodist Church in Troy Mills, it was quite a change to move into the larger church in Independence. From an average Sunday attendance of perhaps 30-40, the Independence Church had an average attendance of 250-300. We had gone from being big fish in a small pond to being small fish in a big pond.

Not only was there to be a different church in our lives, but the Independence congregation was in the process of financing and constructing a new church building. Being new to the congregation, we weren't much of a part of the program but we did get a glimpse of the work and effort it takes to build a church. The pastor was a Rev. Cougenhuer and he was just the type of individual it took to oversee a project of that size. By that, I mean that he wasn't afraid to ruffle a few feathers and still be able to keep the building program on track.

Of course, it was far too much to ask to take the old church down, so the old church remained to finally be reconstructed into offices and a Sunday school.

Anyway, the new church being done, we got to celebrate what must have been one of the first weddings in the new church when Lloyd and Dorothy got married in the new church. ???



Rev. Thomas D. Hersey
205 No. Franklin St.,
Manchester, Iowa

April 8, 1954

Mr. & Mrs. Roy Stinson & Sons
Independence, Iowa

Dear Friends:

This day I have issued a certificate of transfer of your membership to the First Methodist Church in Independence, Iowa, commending you to its care and fellowship. In your new relationship we bid you Godspeed.

April 8, 1954

Thomas D. Hersey, Pastor of
The Gray Mills Methodist Church.

Rev. Congdon had sent the request for your letters of transfer to Rev. Scott who formerly was pastor here, but was transferred last fall by appointment to Williams, Iowa. I have been appointed as supply pastor here until Conference time to fill the vacancy resulting because the minister expected could not receive the appointment. So I have undertaken to send your letters as was requested.

Sincerely yours,

Thomas D. Hersey.

Liberty Furnace

We graduated from the old Warm Morning stove in the living room of the Savage house to a genuine furnace in the Liberty house. That is, in the basement of the Liberty home was this gigantic old wood/coal furnace that vented directly above into a grate in the living room floor. I suppose that that furnace was a great advance for its day as it had a remote damper control that could be operated from the first floor, and had a built in water reservoir that could heat water in the winter.

Heat was by convection and rose to the second floors through registers in the floor of the various rooms. Of course, one day we looked up to see the weird sight of a leg sticking out of the ceiling of the living room. Aunt Edna had somehow stepped through one of the registers.

So for the first several years on the Liberty farm, we were still doomed to get up the wood in the summer. We bucked up the wood into lengths that would fit on a hayrack and hauled the logs to the house where we used a bucksaw to cut the wood into usable firewood. Coal was expensive, but we did get several loads of coal for the coldest part of the winter, as coal would hold a fire better overnight.

You can predict the results of all of this. Mother or Father would get up early in the morning and shake the grates on the furnace so that the ashes fell into the ashpan. Hopefully some live coals remained, fuel was added, and the fire was stoked up. Of course, at some point, the fire built up until the first floor above was too hot, while upstairs was still cold. It took much experience fueling the furnace and operating the damper control to maintain any kind for steady heat.

This system lasted until well after Grandma Effie and Paul arrived and therein lies the tale of an amusing conflict between Grandma and Father Roy. Of course, to Father, using up the precious wood or coal was a constant concern. Even so, because of Grandma's age he made an attempt to heat the house more than he might have before Grandma and Paul arrived.

But Grandma Effie was a fanatic about keeping fresh air in the house. So after Father had stoked up the furnace below and got some heat going, he would be irritated to find that Grandma Effie was busy opening windows above where the cold was coming in and the hard-earned heat was escaping.

I imagine that it was a great day when that old furnace was finally hauled away and a new propane gas furnace along with heat runs was installed. No more cutting and hauling wood, no more adjusting the damper, just even heat wherever and whenever needed. And of course, we had another gain, that of the fuel bill.

Fishing Pine Creek

When we moved to the Liberty farm we had, for the first time in our lives, access to a real creek. And in this creek were real live fish just waiting to be caught. So Andy and I became the fishermen that we are today. That is, incompetent hacks.

The big catch in Pine creek were what we called suckers that ranged to about a foot long. After digging and searching for worms, down to the creek we would go catch our fish. And we would be successful.

Then one very hot day, we went down to fish and found that our prey, the poor suckers, were in a sort of stupor and the fact was that we could just wade out and gather up what fish we wanted. That sort of ruined our fishing as the challenge was gone. And that was just about the end of my fishing career.

We did have a good instructor in our fishing expeditions. That was Jimmy Randall. Jimmy had lived along the creek all his life and he was much more proficient in all things wildlife and we spent a great deal of time together.

I mention Jimmy because after I went in the Marines, Jimmy Randall also joined the Marines. He was at San Diego and never came back from a leave. I was home one leave later and a couple of FBI agents appeared one day and asked me if I had any information about Jimmy. Of course, I didn't and to my knowledge, there has never been any indication whatever of just what happened to Jimmy Randall.

Anyway, that placid little Pine Creek was fun to play in, until the day that we get heavy rains upstream. Then it can turn into a raging river. After one of the worst floods, there suddenly appeared an extra cow in our herd. We did make an attempt to find the proper owner but noone ever showed up to claim that cow. It makes you wonder just how many cattle were washed away that day. Like many other streams, we all go down to look with our jaws dropping. "Gee, I didn't think it could get that high!"

Of course, as fast as it rose, it fell, leaving all the fences washed out and new erosion along the bank. And also leaving the county the job of repairing the washouts on the various bridges.

And then once again, it was back to the same small innocent waterway. I've often wondered, can larger fish come up the creek during that high water or is the reverse true, most of the fish get washed downstream along with the trees and trash.

New Liberty Road

Moving from the new road at the Savage farm, it was a step backwards and down to an old dirt road at the Liberty farm. Incidentally, the Liberty farm still has some large excavations that are labeled gravel mines on the soil map. I do believe that in the old days, gravel was excavated from our farm to build up the old roads in the area. This was not limerock but a reddish type of fine gravel like you might find in an old riverbed. Why it was located on the top of the ridges I don't know.

It was only a year or so after we moved before the Buchanan County crews arrived to build a new road. To begin with, a considerable number of large trees had to be removed from in front of our house and a great pile of green trees and brush soon accumulated. We waited for the experts to show us how to burn this pile of green wood.

One guy climbed up on the pile with some sort of combustible liquid, the fuel was lighted, and the guy got blown right off the pile. Andy and I just stood and looked at each other. So that is how it is done. Anyway, the pile did burn up.

Building up the road was easy in front of our place, but down the road the crews ran into a big exposed ridge of limerock. Day after day we could hear the equipment hammering and scraping, trying to build the road through solid rock.

Finally, the road was done, gravel was spread on top, and we were right back up on top of the world.



Droopy

Soon after we moved to the Liberty farm, we found ourselves without a dog. Naturally, there was a period of mourning, but Andy and I soon had an urge to get another dog as boys living on the farm and having a dog go hand in hand.

It was when we went to the National Dairy Cattle Congress in Waterloo one year that we solved our problem. As we were leaving the fairgrounds, there was someone selling or giving away Labrador Pups. We prevailed on Mother and Father to take one home and we had our dog.

We named him Droopalong Catastrophe, Droopy for short. If I am fortunate enough to be greeted by a dog in Heaven, I hope it is Droopy. Droopy had what we called a soft mouth. That is, he could catch a rabbit, come to a fence, set the rabbit down, hop over the fence, and watch the rabbit run away unhurt on the other side, as if to say, "Oh, what the heck." Catching a fox was a little beyond his capacity. The idea of growling at someone or even worse, biting someone never seemed to have entered his head.

Droopy was smart enough to observe the family in their Sunday clothes, say goodbye and go back to his basic duty of guarding the farm. But when we got in a vehicle with our workclothes, there was droopy, all ready to go. He was a pest when we went fishing, as he didn't see any problem in going swimming as we were fishing in our small fishing hole.

Droopy was just what a family dog should be. Friendly, affectionate, and a member of the family.

I was in Vietnam when Mother wrote that Droopy had passed away. Even though I had been away from home for years while I was in College and then in the Marines, I can tell you that it was an emotional time to hear that good old Droopy was gone.

Fox digging

One day on the Liberty farm, Andy and I got a brainstorm and put two and two together. It seemed that the county was paying a bounty on fox. Bring in a pair of fox ears and you got two dollars. Then we noticed the foxholes that were evident on the north side of the farm. Whalla! Let's go dig out those fox and earn some money.

Well, the digging didn't come until later because we had a better idea. Let's take a hose, crank up the old F-20, and gas the fox right out of their holes. We drove up by the holes, adapted a tin can to the garden hose, attached the can to the exhaust, started up the tractor and waited for our bonanza as the exhaust drove the fox out. Unfortunately, soon the heat of the exhaust melted the hose, the metal end fell down into the manifold, and our gassing project had to be abandoned.

We took to the shovels. We were smart enough to plug up the escape hole before we started and the digging began in earnest. Would you believe that we cornered one poor old fox? However, this fox seemed to frown on the idea of allowing Andy and I to cut off his ears. Trying to attack a fox with shovels is something like trying to attack a mouse in the kitchen with newspapers. That fox escaped out of the hole and took off across the field with Droopy in hot pursuit. Of course, Droopy could outrun the fox but when the fox turned to fight, good old Droopy didn't have the capacity to attack. He gave a wonderful display of barking, however, until the fox disappeared into a fencerow.

Somehow later, we did get lucky enough to catch a fox and do you have any idea how tough a fox ear is? We didn't have anything on the farm that was sharp enough to do the job. Somehow, we used some tool to gnaw those ears off and soon we were presenting our gruesome trophy to a somewhat disgusted clerk at the courthouse and claiming our two dollars. That was the end of our fox money-making project.

It wasn't until later that John and Mike got into trapping and spent considerable time setting traps and also having some success. The financial rewards were somewhat small in their enterprise, also, since the fur-buyers always seemed to find John and Mike's particular furs as lacking in some crucial respect. But I'll give them credit, Mike and John had much more determination than Andy and I did in our fur adventure.

Liberty Farm Geology

For Andy and I, one of the unexpected good fortunes of moving to the Liberty farm from the Savage farm was the great variety of geological formations. For one thing, once again there were fossils to be found, this time in the back timber where the erosion had exposed a layer of limestone.

Also, we found an obscure reference to the supposed find of gold on Pine Creek. So there were days spent in panning for gold. Of course, we really didn't know how to pan for gold, and there is little geological evidence that there was any gold here anyway. However, the subsoil that underlays most of the land in the area consists of a bright yellow clay intermixed with fine yellow pebbles that could be mistaken for gold. Could it be possible that we were poor in spite of the fact that we were sitting on a gold mine?

But the most obvious evidence of geological formation was in the old mines located on the Liberty farm. These really amounted to just holes in the ground and were not mines as you might imagine a mine. The product of these mines was a fine, red gravel that served to form a subbase for roads and such. Unfortunately, intermixed with this gravel were stones of every different size and description. So when we arrived, these two mined areas consisted of holes in the ground where water tended to accumulate, surrounded by large numbers of discarded and useless stones and boulders.

The strange thing was that these deposits of red gravel were found along a ridgeline. Since, these gravel ridges looked like old streambeds, these formations puzzled me until we found the term "esker" which described ridges like this that were formed during the formation of streambeds under existing glaciers as the glaciers melted. I'll let the experts determine if these are really eskers.

But if a person looked closely, intermixed among the stones were numerous geodes. Mother Hazel said that oldtimers called these geodes "Indian Paintpots." Unfortunately, many times it was not clear whether the stone we picked up was really a geode. The only way to really make sure you had a geode was see if it would break open. When it did break open, you had proof that it was a geode. Unfortunately, at that time you only had pieces of a broken geode.

In addition, Liberty township was one of the first areas of Buchanan County to be settled and there were several other old diggings on the property which it was easy to imagine were old small foundations for early settlers cabins. Most of these "holes" were filled over the years with junk which might or might not be worth excavating for their historical value.

Lloyd and Andy and the Army

Lloyd entered the Army in the early 50's but my memories are so blurry of the time sequence I'll have to have Lloyd straighten me out. I seem to remember Lloyd working on the new addition to the school at Troy and I remember him working on the new church in Independence. Is that possible?

Lloyd started at Fort Bliss, Texas, and went for advanced training for an anti-aircraft gun, could it have been a quad-50? I do remember that when he got overseas, the Korean War was over and he was stationed in Hokkaido, Japan and of course there were no quad-50's in the unit. He had some typing skills and so he moved into the office, which if I remember right, burned sometime during his service. I remember picking Lloyd up after his service or perhaps it was on leave, in Cedar Rapids and stopping at Bill and Dorothy's on the way home.

Andy was at UNI and joined the Army under a program where he would be guaranteed Russian studies at the Monterey language school. It was a great program but when he got to Monterey, there would be no Russian study programs starting soon so he spent the year studying Arabic. The Army, in its magnificent way, never changes.

I was in the Marines at the time and it worked out that I had the opportunity to visit Andy at Monterey and we got the opportunity to do some sightseeing together in Northern California. I was on the way overseas and Andy was due to come home, so Andy and a friend started out to bring my Triumph (TR3) back to Iowa. Somewhere in Nevada, they lost control and rolled the Triumph several times. Andy seriously injured his arm but their lives were saved because his friend had insisted that they have seatbelts installed before they began their trip home.

The car was repaired in Nevada and Bill and Dorothy made a trip out and brought the car back to Iowa.

Andy spent his Army career in the States working for the National Security Agency and I always teased him about translating Arabic comic books. He served his time and was discharged with a provision that he could not travel in or over the Middle East. I assume that prohibition has worn off after all this time. I have always taken pride in the fact that all the members of my immediate family served their time in the military. It doesn't seem that important anymore and I have never encouraged my sons to go in the military. There may be good things about service in the military but if you are aiming for a professional career, the military is pretty much of a dead-end.

The Studebaker

After the Hudson came the Studebakers. At least the way I remember it, father and mother had two Studebakers, and my memories are of the last one. Father was working and I was in High School so it was in the middle to late 1950's.

The suspension was giving away and as a result, the left front tire was beginning to seriously lean inward. I probably wouldn't be writing this if father were alive because this was a very poor (financially) period in father and mother's lives and I'm sure that he was embarrassed about the decrepit condition of the car. And once he got on his feet financially, he always traded for a good car and I'm sure that no one in our family ever resented him for doing so, considering the years he spent driving poor cars.

Anyway, this Studebaker developed another problem. It seems that the bolts holding the front seat came loose. This presented no problem if the driver, and I was driving then, drove carefully, as if there were an egg between the accelerator and your foot. The problem came when for any reason you tromped down on the accelerator. The car lurched forward and of course, the seat fell back, and your foot came off the accelerator. The car slowed immediately and the seat fell forward and your foot jammed the accelerator again. There you went, lurching down the street with the front of the car jumping up and down until you regained your senses and got your foot out of the way. I've often thought we owned one of the first "low-rider" cars. Some California driver must have been driving through Independence and saw us and thought, "Hey, that looks neat!" The technical term here is a "driver induced oscillation".

I think father drove that clunker until about 1960 when I went back to school for the second time and sold him the Ford I had purchased in the year that I worked for Greenleys.

To High School

Whatever big-head I developed with my success in elementary school was pretty well deflated when I entered High School. There were plenty of county kids in High School all right, but there were also plenty of town kids who had grown up together and were far wiser than we rubes in the way of High School. And there was a far greater range of abilities than I was used to, including better and smarter students.

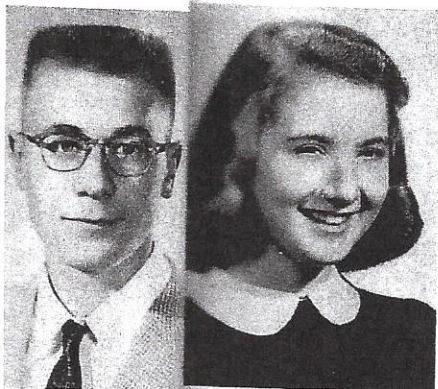
And it was the first time I was really exposed to male teachers, as most of our instructors in High School were male. For the perspective of time, I can't say that a teacher being male or female made any difference. But at the time, it seemed normal that as a student moved from the all-female world of the elementary school, into the more competitive world of the High School, that men would become more evident.

I wanted to go out for basketball, but as we were still milking, Father wouldn't hear of it. But mother insisted on us all being in the band and chorus so even as a freshman, I did begin to get into several extra-curricular activities. Band and Chorus did the most to allow me to integrate into the High School.

There wasn't much doubt about what instrument that I would play in the band as Mother and Father had the old Clarinet, so I became a Clarinet player, and I use the term Clarinet player loosely. Luckily, later Mr. Miller assigned me to the Bass drum in the marching band, and I was quite comfortable with that.

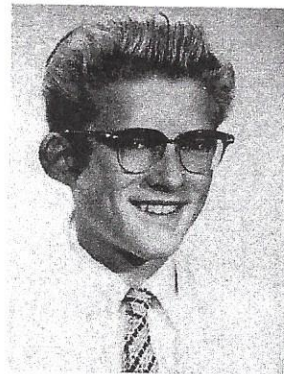
Even so, coming into High School as a county kid with no real acquaintances, I developed several habits that I never lost. I was not one to speak up in class and was most likely to pick a seat in the rear of the room if we had the option. I also didn't take any advanced Math or Physics courses that would have helped me later in college. I maintained the full four years of Ag. Education, which was about worthless. If any of my Ag. Classmates ever read this, I know that they'll agree.

AYMOND MILLS SUE ANN RAYMOND



HANK MUNSON BOB ROSE

In spite of our ingenious idea, the best we could do in the race for place was third. Jim Wessels represents Elvis from Marion. From mighty Mustangs John Albright and Jerry Barske, he begs, "Don't be cruel." Incidentally, the juniors and sophomores were awarded first and second place respectively.



PHILIP PRIEST



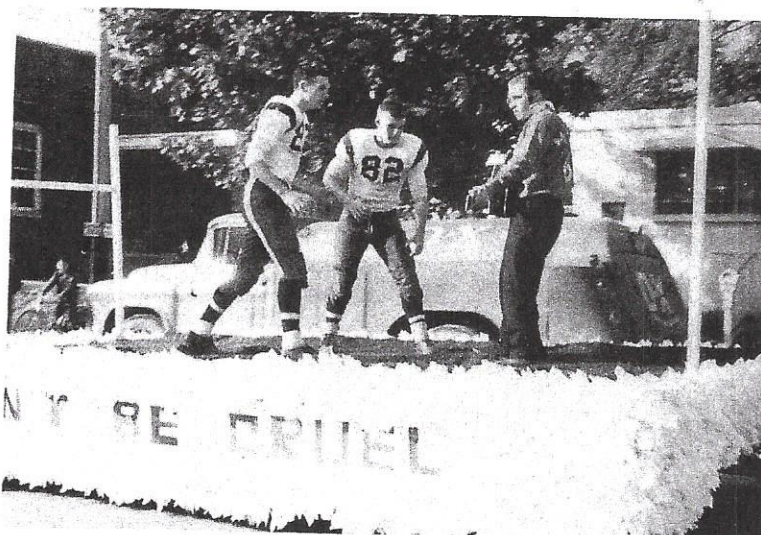
GARY PUFFET



LARRY QUIGGLE



Jean Ann Knoll and Sally Holland sell refreshments at the Wapsie Kick-off Dance. Bob Rose buys as Gil Cromwell and Sue Ann Raymond wait their turn.



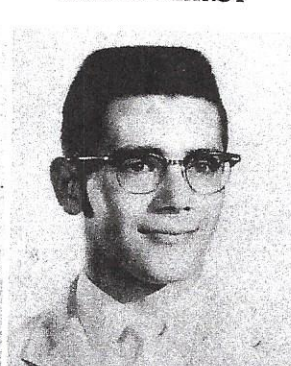
JERRY POSTEL PEGGY RHODES



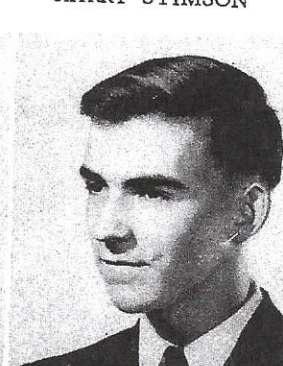
MIKE SCHMITT

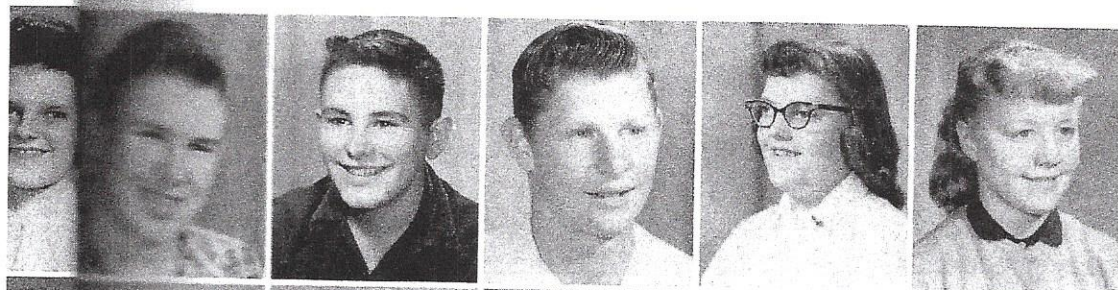


WALTER SEARCY

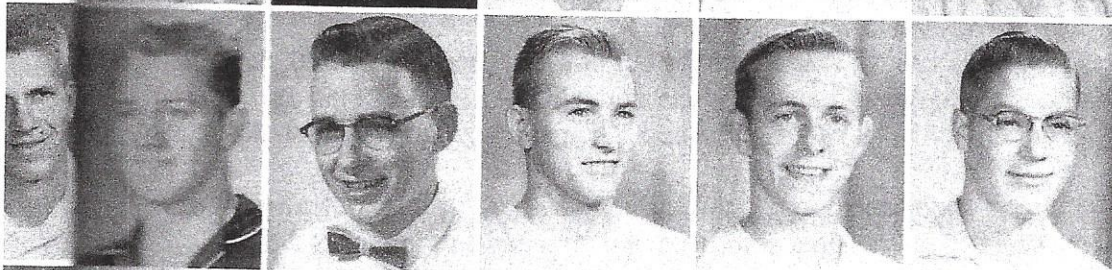


HARRY STIMSON

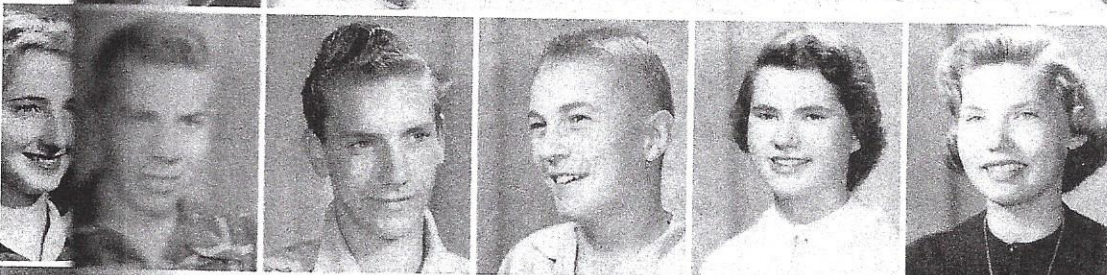




Dick Kress
Russell Lohrer
Wilbur Main
Judy Martin
Dawny Mason



James Mason
Bill McDonald
James McDonald
Charles Miller
Everett Mills



Burdette Neal
Daryl Nelson
Ronnie Nelson
Carol Olesen
Kaaren Overland



Jean Paisley
Kathy Payne
Ronald Palmer
Karla Raine
Annette Reed



Virginia Rose
Karen Sagert
Harold Saunders
Andy Stimson
Bob Turner



Pat Turner
Jerry Walton
Ann Wiesender
Elaine Wilkinson
Sally Williams

High School Burns

It was in my sophomore year that the High School burned. The School system had been preparing a new school for a middle school and suddenly, with the burning of the High School, the High School students moved into the new middle school and the poor junior high students and teachers had to unpack and stay in their old school.

I was amazed at the damage to the High School. The structure was basically brick and from the outside, you would say that it wasn't likely to burn. The story was that at first, the fire department believed that they had it under control but the fire got into the walls and the firemen weren't able to keep it from spreading to the ceilings and when the fire was over, only the brick exterior was standing.

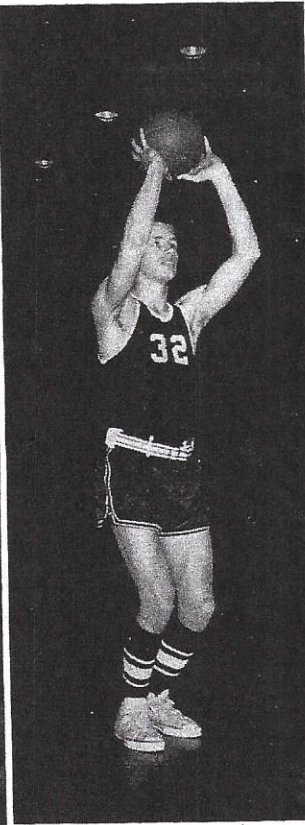
Of course, for we students, it meant a week or two off of school, a degree of excitement, and in general, a good deal. For one thing, the old gymnasium was a crackerbox, small, with little seating. The new Gym was large and modern. New rooms were bright and clean, we had a decent stage at one end of the Gym, and in general, it was a step up.

But we did lose one asset, that was of the old auditorium of the old school. This auditorium had been sort of a community gathering center, in fact, this was where I celebrated my greatest triumph, that of graduating first in my class of the eighth grade country schools.

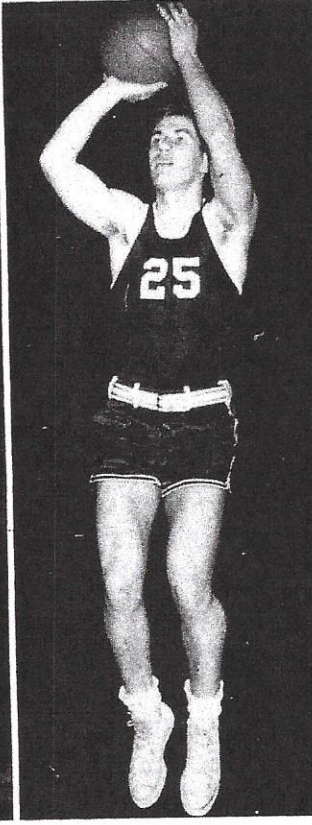
So even though the new school was bright and shiny, for programs the janitors had to drag out rows of chairs for the audience and place them on the basketball court.



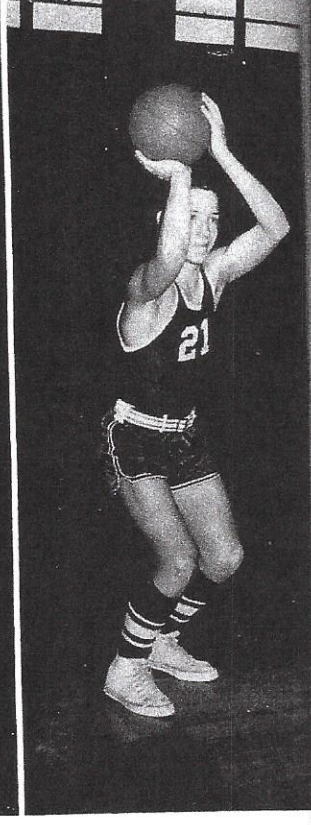
John Albright



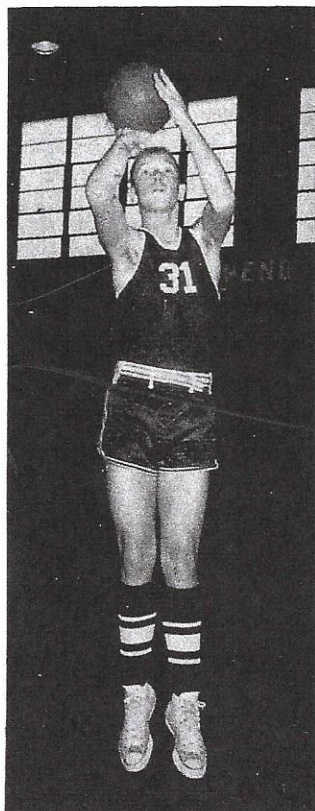
Tom Cabalka



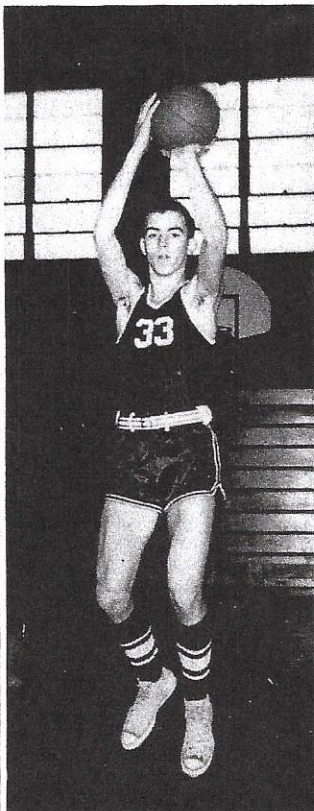
Casey Clough



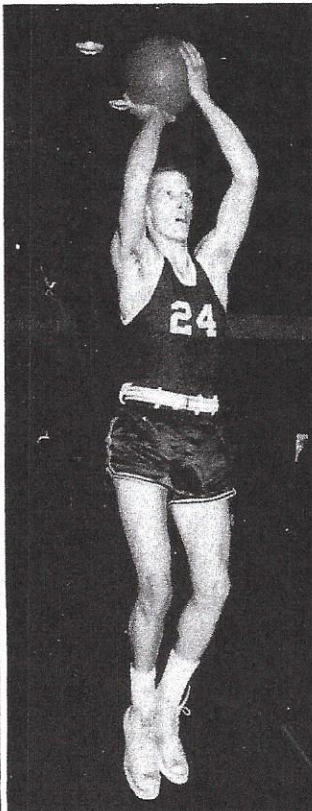
Bob Deines



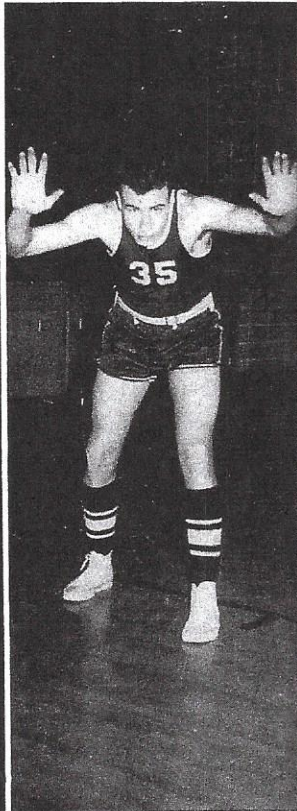
Rick Deines



Harry Stimson

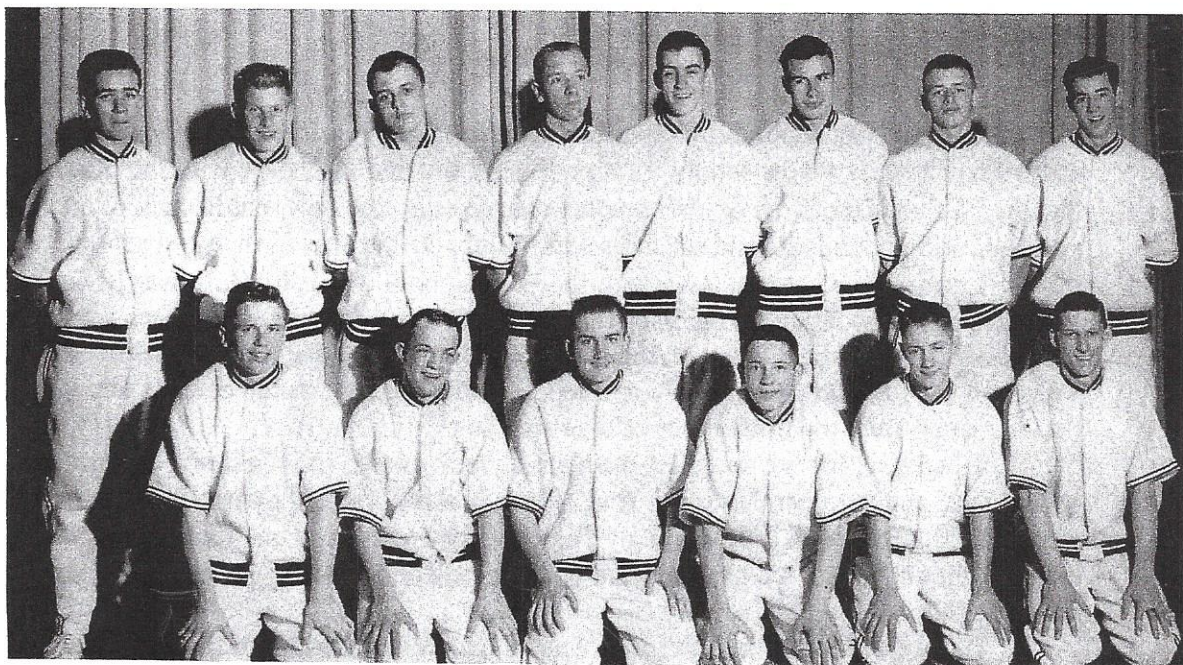


Gary Wiegand



Dick Wilkinson

Varsity Basketball Squad



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Chester Schmitz, Bill Eggers, LeRoy Greenley, Bob Deines, Lee Holst, and Gary Wiegand. BACK ROW: Kenny Kruempel, Larry Henderson, Jim Johnson, Rick Deines, Harry Stimson, Dick Wilkinson, Tom Cabalka, and John Albright.

Fresh-Soph Squad



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Brian Crawford, Bob Allen, Jim Mason, Rich Cromwell, Jerry Jensen, Dick Kress, and Jeff Wilson. BACK ROW: Dick Buelow, Mercian Slaughter, Gene Franck, Bob Teague, Jim Burr, Ronnie Foland, Jim Hamilton, Ronnie Clough, Ben Rowland, and Coach Henry Anderson.

Girls Sports

It was quite a shock to move into another world of athletics in the larger Independence High School. We had grown up in the small school system of Troy Mills where the high school fielded both boys and girls basketball teams. One game nights, the girls teams played first to be followed by the boys teams.

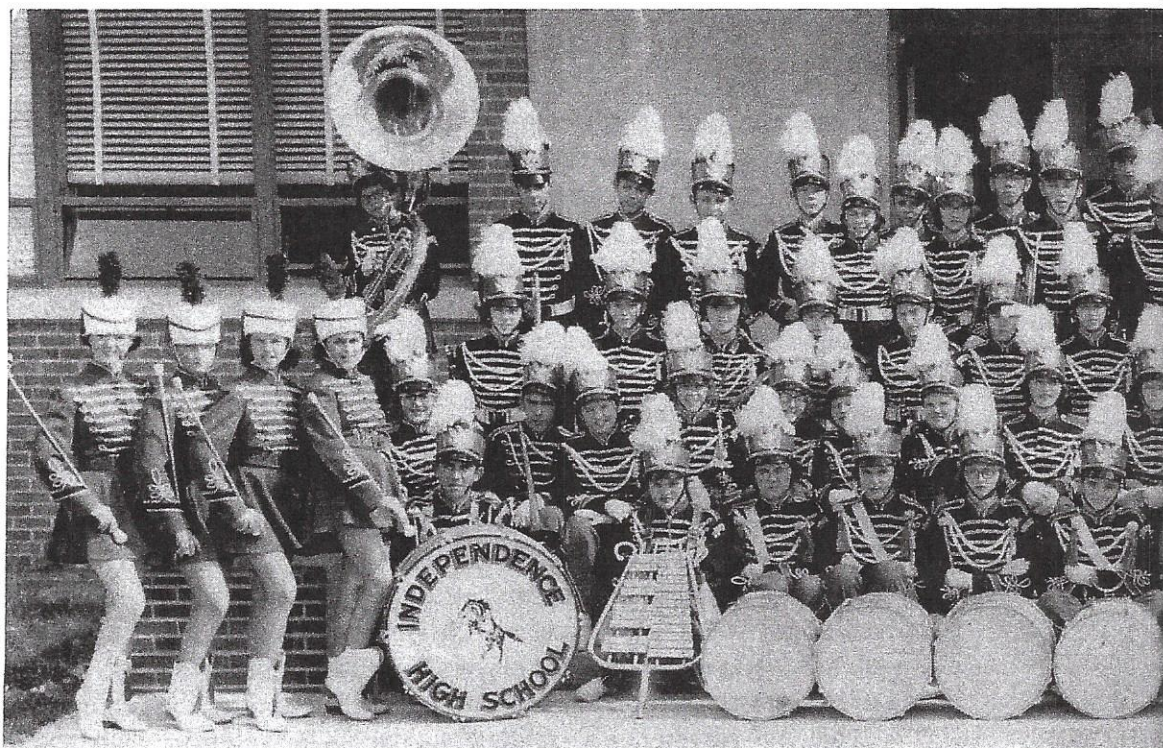
But at Independence High School, there were no girl's teams that competed between schools. Instead, on game nights there was a fresh-soph boy's game, to be followed by the varsity boy's team. Girls were limited to PE and intramural sports in a form called GRA (Girls Recreational Assn.) And it wasn't considered proper for boys to wander into the gym where the girls were participating. Of course, this system allowed the varsity boys teams to have complete control of the gym in the ideal practice period, that is right after school.

I've often wondered just how the powers-that-be justified this unequal treatment of girls. I think that the thinking was that no truly sophisticated school system would allow their female students to run around the basketball court in full view of the crowd. And of course, the idea that a girl could run up and down the court just like the boys was unheard of. Even back in Troy Mills, a half-court game with a two-dribble limit was all that could be expected of a girl. Girls evidently had to be protected from the exertion and rough and tumble of the game of basketball.

This lack of inter-school competition for girls seemed pretty silly to us as we had grown up following the Troy Mills and Coggon girl's basketball teams. We already knew that in the small schools systems of our day, girl's basketball was just as important as the boy's, and in some cases, even more important. Even statewide, the girl's state basketball tournament attracted as much, if not more attention as the boys. All during the 1950's and even in later years, the girl's state tournament was dominated by small schools.

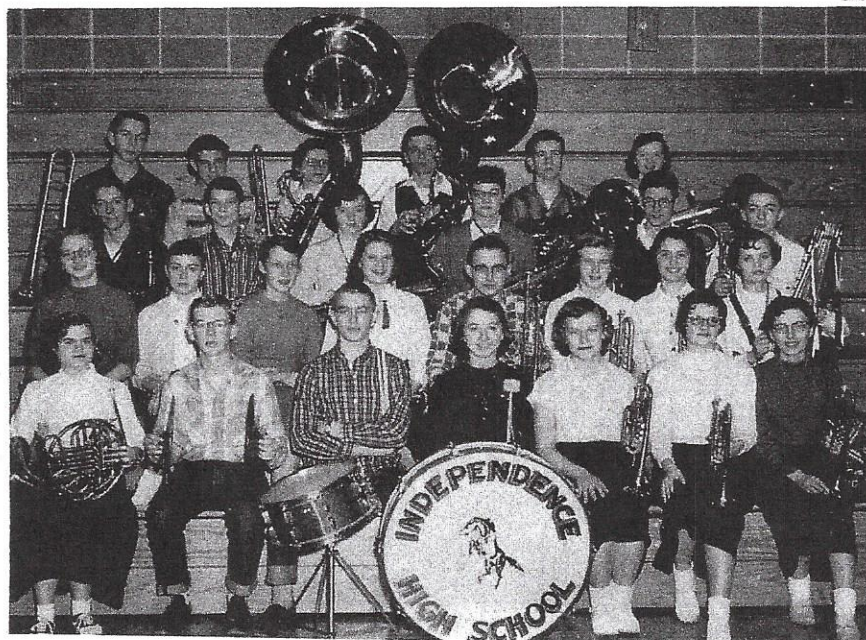
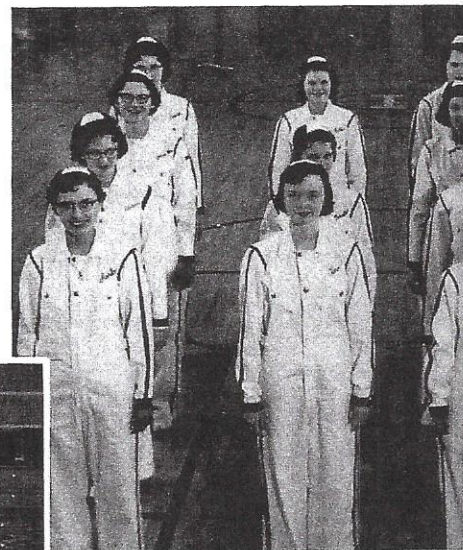
But who was I to complain if Independence High School didn't allow girls to play competitive sports? The girls of the day certainly didn't seem to mind taking a back seat to the boys. And of course, the net result was that the varsity boy's basketball team pretty much monopolized the fan support of the community in the winter.

Energetic High School Band



Everything and everybody has ups and downs--and the IHS band is no exception. Sometimes we've probably thought the scale was a little lop-sided, but when we really stop to think back, this year has been an interesting, if not exciting one.

The muddy football field we waded through three times a week during football season getting the half-time show to click, made us groan and grumble, especially when we cleaned our shoes. But getting



Sunrise by Request

On some impulse, and I don't know why, I volunteered for the school play, "Sunrise by Request". I guess that it must be some sort of measure of just how much positive influence High School had on me. Either that, or the powers that be were so desperate that they would take anyone.

Anyway, that performance was my one lifetime stage performance. My main memory is that I had a line that went something like, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." All during rehearsals, I persisted in mistakenly saying, "The way to a man's stomach is through his heart." I'm sure every member of the cast was holding his/her breath during the actual performance to see if Harry would say it right or not.

And I have suffered from Post-Traumatic Stress Syndrome every since. For years I have had this dream that I'm about to go on stage and suddenly realize that I haven't learned one single line. And in another place, I've recounted the dream that I'm in the locker room getting ready for the basketball game and can't remember the combination to my locker. The team leaves for the floor and I'm still there, trying to open my locker.

Anyway, "Sunrise by Request" came off as scheduled and I don't remember any mishaps, or any great congratulations either for that matter. I kind of came away with the idea that I wasn't much of a... sesspian...thesspian...er...thespian.

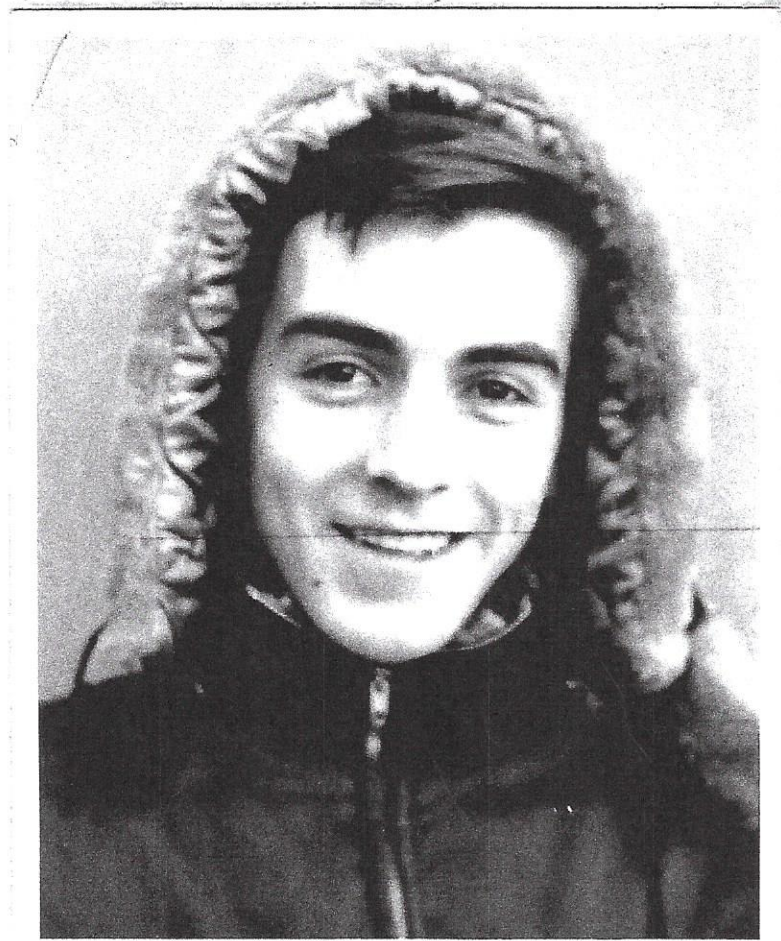
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A ROW-PETERSON PLAY

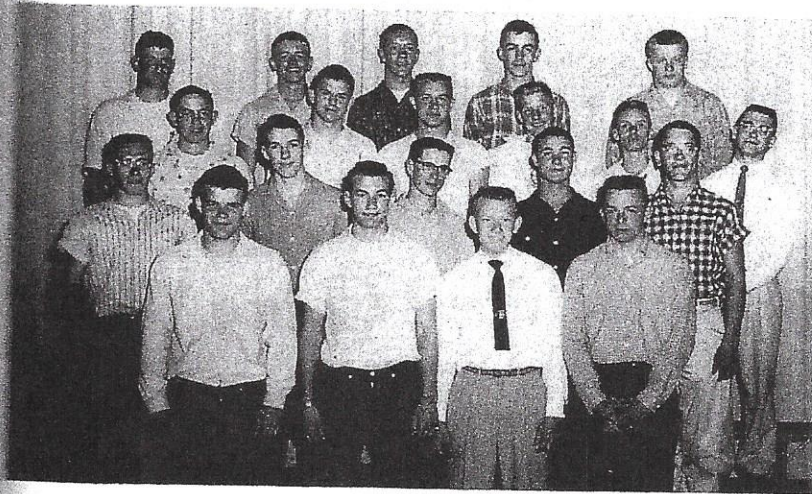
*Sunrise
by Request*

Price, 75 Cents

MARCUS BACH



The "I" Is The Symbol Of Athletic Achievement



As a boy, how I used to look with envy and admiration upon those high school athletes who wore sweaters with an "I" on them. How big and important they seemed! I dreamed of the day when I too might be displaying a letter on my sweater.

Now we are members of the select group which is privileged to wear the sign of athletic achievement. I don't feel big and important, but I am proud to wear my "I."

Thespians Perform In Play By Iowa Writer

December 8 was the date of the annual all-school play. This year's vehicle was "Sunrise By Request." In spite of all the pre-performance jitters, the production went smoothly and, we felt, successfully.

Because of the fact that the setting for the play was Alaska, the props committee hunted high and low for bear-skin coats, snow shoes and other cold weather gear. It's surprising what can be found in crowded attics. A totem pole and authentic mukluks were the two unattainable items. One creative member of the cast supplied the totum pole. He made it! But no one ever came up with the authentic mukluks.

Incidentally, the play was written by Marcus Bach, noted Iowa writer and theologian.



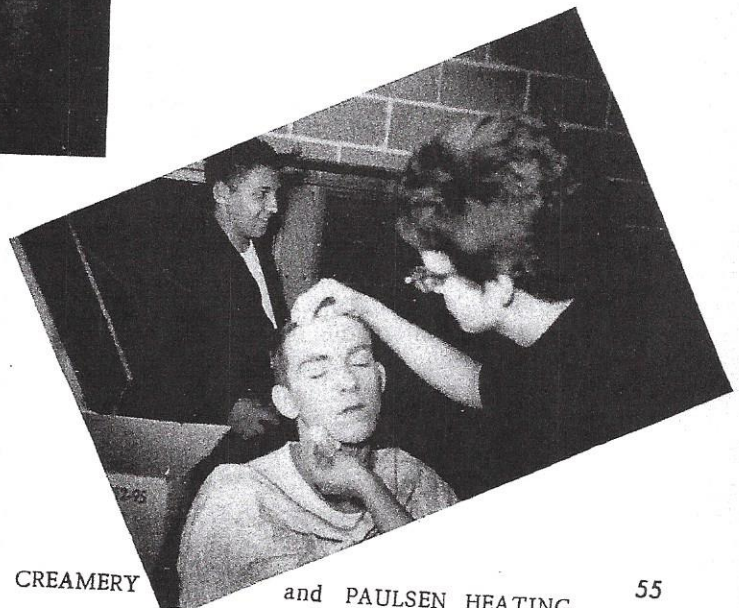
Cans and jars and bottles, all containing food . . . this was one of several successful Y-Teen service projects. One night before Thanksgiving the girls braved the cold and made a house-to-house campaign for food donations. All the donations were divided among as many baskets as could be filled, and the baskets were given to the needy.



There's Always Something Going On



Penny awaits approval of her posters for the all-school play. There seem to be no complaints.



Vicki applies the grease paint with a firm hand.

Chorus

Chorus was another of those extra-curricular activities that amounted to week after week of practices to be punctuated by a very few terrifying performances.

We had the advantage that through whatever coercion possible, we did have a pretty good representation of boys in the choir, including most of the athletes and BMOC's.

One of the additional chores of being in the band and choir were the annual Wamac conference individual musical competitions. I always escaped the competitions, evidently because no-one had any confidence that I could win any ribbons. But even though not personally competing, there came the year when the Wamac conference vocal competitions were held in Independence. We were all required to attend for assisting in ushering and such.

My job was to usher during the girl's vocal competition which was being held in the sanctuary of the Baptist Church. Ushering only meant that when each girl got up to sing, we had to keep the doors shut and not allow anyone in or out during her performance.

It was here that I had an experience that I have retained my entire lifetime. I didn't know that lady who was doing the judging as she could have been from another school or perhaps from a nearby small college. She was sitting quietly, taking notes as each girl sang, even acting just a little bored, as were we all when this particular girl got up to sing.

Now, even being from a small community, we had all grown up among people who were good musicians and singers. But even to me, it was obvious the instant this young girl stood up to sing that this was a VOICE. The crowd was silent and I could see the judge straighten up and sit staring at this girl. Suddenly the judge stood up and stopped the girl and gave her some advice of some sort. In fact, the judge seemed agitated as she corrected and interrupted.

I was halfway between shocked and embarrassed for the young girl. And she seemed to be a little flustered also, but went on like a trooper.

Over the years, I kept a little eye out for that girl. She went on to sing professionally at virtually all the great opera companies of the world.

What is my point? This judge recognized a great talent when she saw it and had no problems jumping in and assisting. As a teacher, she recognized this as her responsibility.

I think back of my basketball career. The coach never seemed to bother me. He could get angry and yell at several of the others but not me. At the time, I thought it was because I didn't need correcting. But this lesson I got from watching this music teacher taught me another side. The teacher and the coach spent their lives teaching and coaching good but not great singers and athletes. And when they found that great talent, this was the individual that they felt compelled to assist the most. The rest of us, the teacher and coach could watch, listen and say, "Oh, well."



Memories Of Chorus Will Linger On

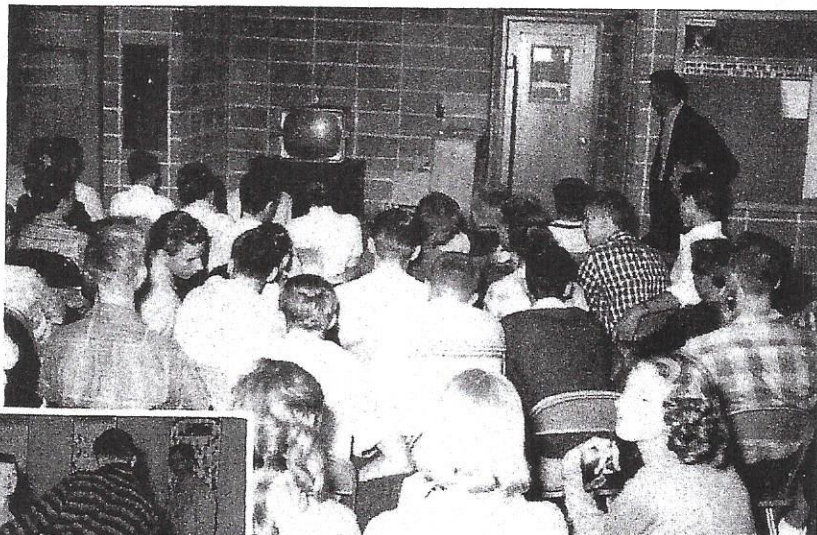
After years of the same hour-long recital of songs at Christmastime, we gave a candlelight service of Christmas narration and song this year. Everyone agreed it was a much more impressive and interesting program. I remember all the trouble we had learning the lock step for the processional. A special after-supper practice was called, but as usual, only the ones who already knew it showed up.

There was the customary round of festivals and contests. We hosted the first County Vocal Festival in the spring. The WaMaC Vocal Festival was at Marion, as was the group contest. There was the realization among us seniors that the trip to the latter via school bus would be our last.

For some of us, there was a feeling of nostalgia as we sang at Baccalaureate. It was our last performance with the mixed chorus. As we stood there, we recalled the fun we had had and the friends we had made.



These Things Happen, Too



"...ball four?!?" The bandroom was transformed into a part-time TV room during the World Series



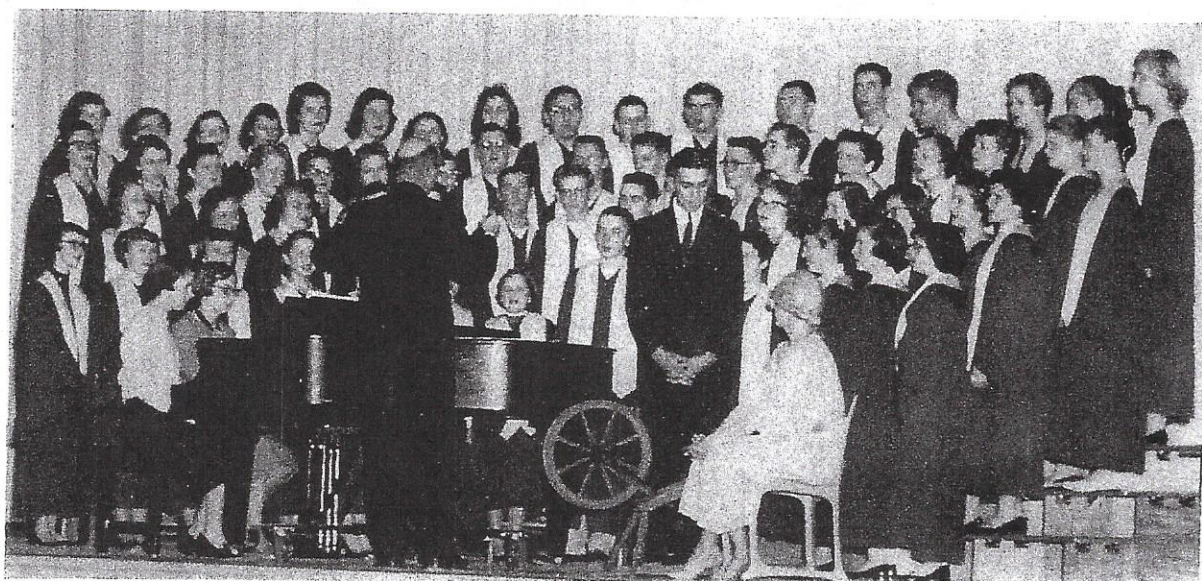
. . . and on many Friday nights, it's the scene of a dance!

Put on a bop record, Le Ann!



owned.

In November the chorus entertained our mothers and fathers at Open House.





Art Club Means Both Work and Play

The Art Club brings back memories of both work and fun. The "stained glass" windows at Christmastime and the huge white rabbit for Easter were projects that everyone will remember.

The once-a-week meetings were well attended. Often we'd become so engrossed that we'd stay longer than planned. Conversation centered around everything from antiques to what color to paint what. Somewhere along the line, we developed a sense of teamwork and fellowship that will be remembered with pleasure and satisfaction.

F.F.A. Encourages Agricultural Interest

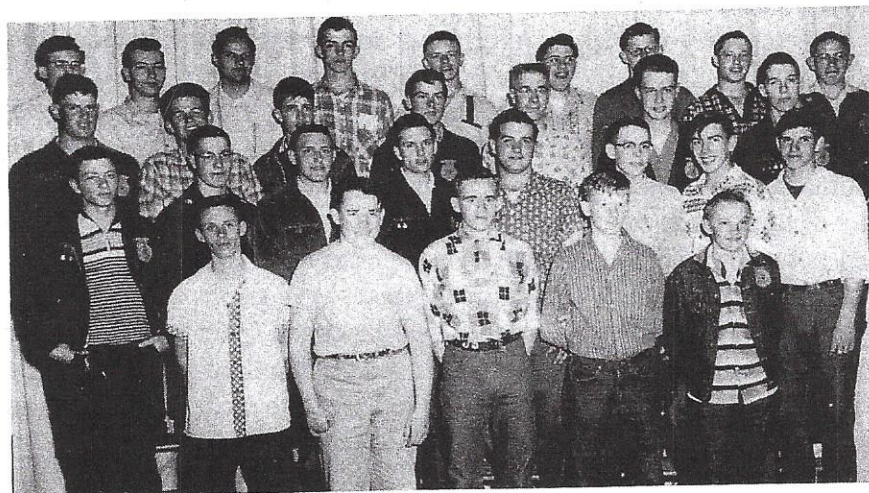
We boys who belong to Future Farmers of America can often be spotted by our blue corduroy jackets. For those of us considering farming as a life's work, FFA is worthwhile as it gives us an opportunity to develop our interest in the field.

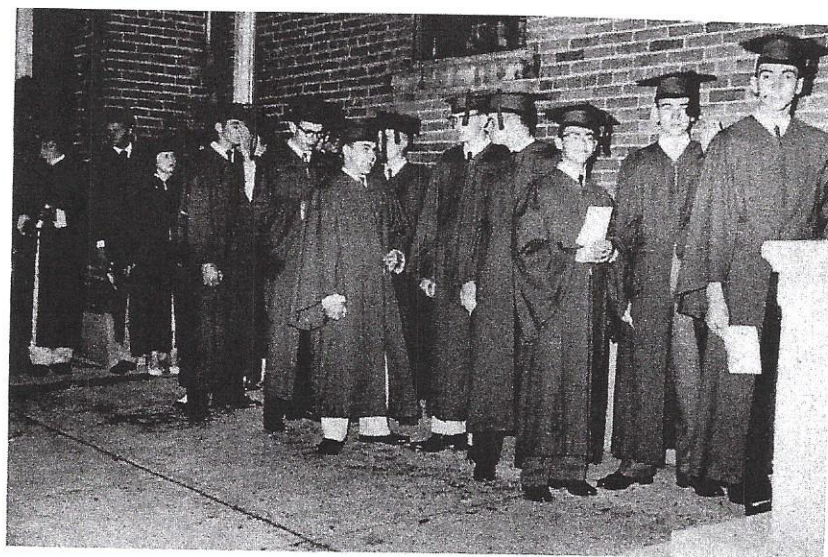
Looking back over my experiences with the club, I think the hardest job I had was to compile my record book to accompany my project. Personally, I'd always wait till the last minute to begin mine and then have to work like mad to finish it on time.

Some of us entered our baby beef and hog projects in judging contests. We often visited farms to make corn checks. We also visited the experimental station north of town.

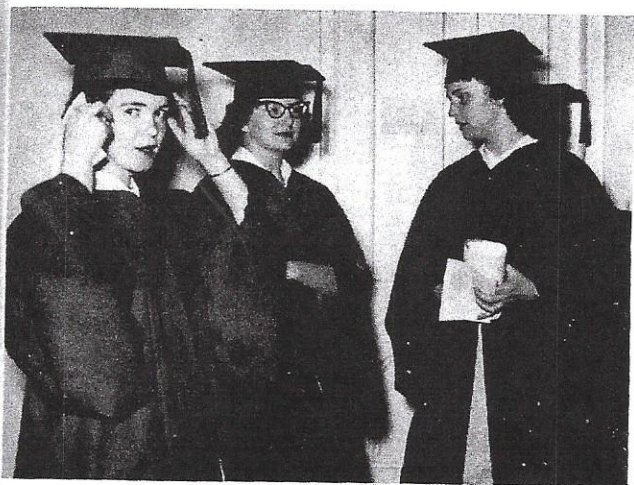
But don't get the idea that FFA was all work. We also had lots of fun at parties and hayrides. During the winter, we formed a basketball team and played other groups in the area.

Annual trips to the Cattle Congress and the State FFA Convention were highlights not to be forgotten. It's all been a most enjoyable experience.

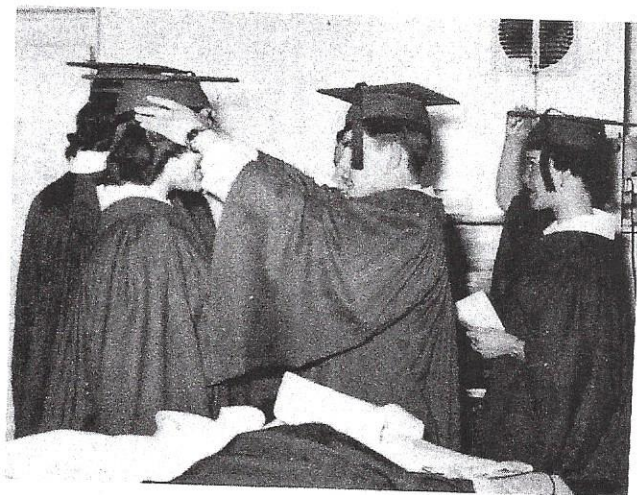




Baccalaureate Sermon Emphasizes Need to 'Put Away Childish Things'



" . . . my cap just won't stay on right."



"Be sure it's on straight!!"



The chorus prepares to face the
assembled crowd at Baccalaureate.

CLASS OF 1957

Graduation Exercises

OF THE

CLASS OF 1957

John Addison Albright	Merle Everett Kidd
Ronald Dale Appleby	Jean Ann Knoll
Margot Penelope Bailey	Robert Michael Kremer
Jerry Lee Barske	Kenneth Charles Kruempel
James Warren Beebe	Susan Ann Leytze
Gary Ray Bergeson	Evelyn Louise Locke
Paul F. B. Breitbach, Jr.	Richard Frederick Lybeck
Keith Roy Brimmer	Yvonne Maxine Mallary
Donna Dee Circus	Raymond Laverne Mills
Keith Edward Clough	Henry Audrey Munson
Patricia Lou Cornwell	Gene Arthur Niswonger
Norman Clyde Crandall	Karan Kay Payne
Gilbert Henry Lakin Cromwell	Louis Edward Poll, Jr.
Frederick William Deines	Jerry Lee Postel
John Homer Derr	Philip Howard Priest
Victoria Josephine Driscoll	Gary Floyd Puffett
Robert George DuToit	Larry Melvin Quiggle
Marlene Ruth Eddy	Sue Ann Raymond
Jane Katherine Elliott	Margaret Kathryn Rhodes
Milton Lee Evanson	Robert Dean Rose
Beth Leone Fillmore	Michael David Schmitt
Barger Louis Frank, Jr.	Walter Ross Searcy
Gerald William Garland	Harry Edward Stimson
Sherilyn Lou Gissel	David Allan Swanson
Leroy Oliver Greenley	Ruth Elaine Van Tassel
Loren Dean Holman	Barbara Ann Waitman
Sally Anne Holland	Mary Lou Wathen
Darwin Duane Johnson	James William Wessels
Irene Kay Kessler	Gary Edward Wiegand
Kenneth Dale Kidd	Richard Dale Wiesender

Virginia Ann Wilson



☆ ☆ ☆

INDEPENDENCE HIGH SCHOOL

☆ ☆ ☆

Baccalaureate Service	-	-	-	Presbyterian Church
Commencement Exercises	-	-	-	Jefferson Gymnasium

Begin College

There stands the new college student, in the old gymnasium, trying to find his way through the maze of registration stations and wondering just what the heck he was doing there. If I had been properly prepared, I would have been pre registered but being that well prepared was not my forte at the time.

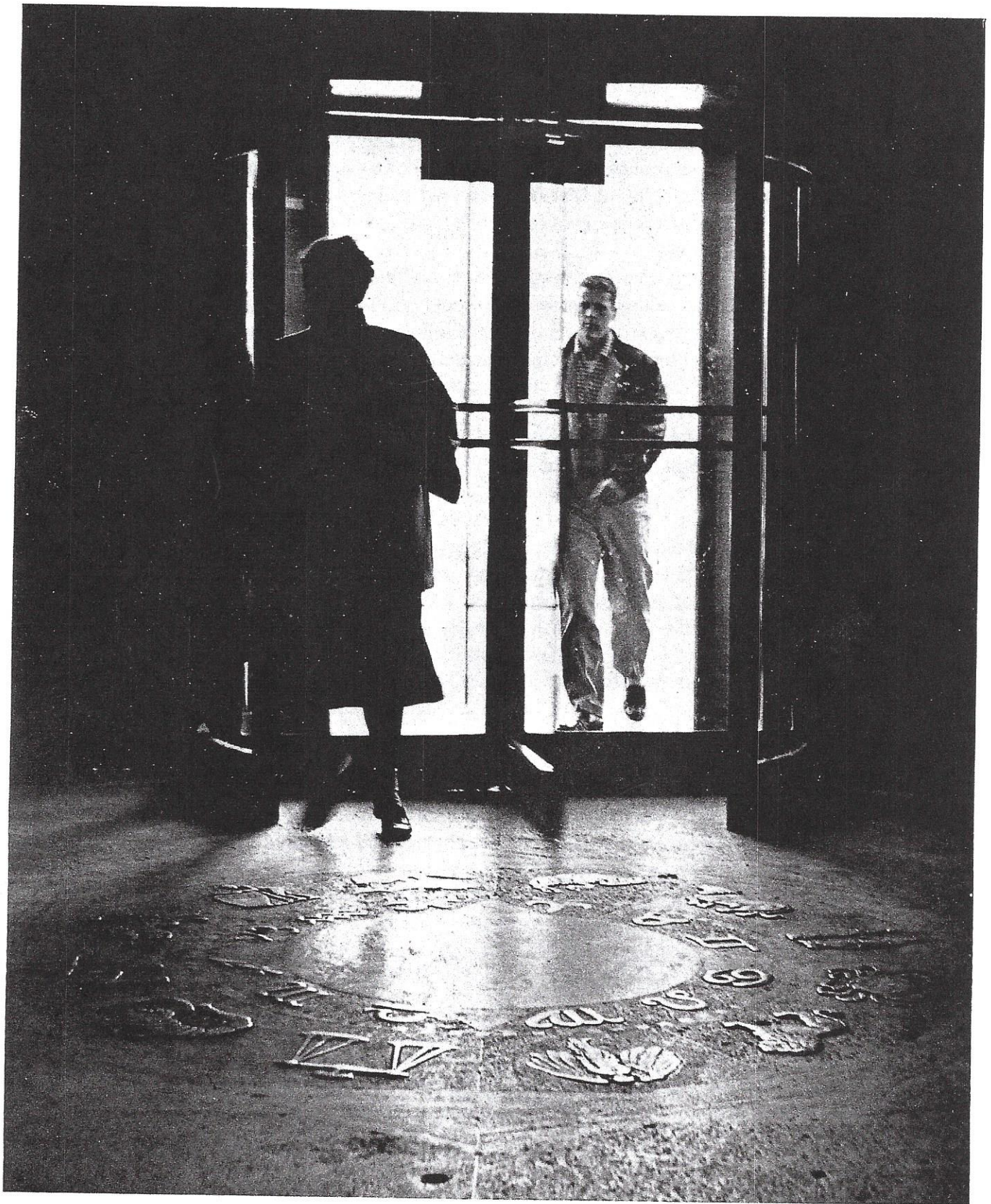
Iowa State College (so named at the time) was huge with a student population of 8-9,000 students (as compared to 25,000+ today). The Engineers were known as geeks, the Aggies were always asked to please clean the manure off their shoes, and the girls were scarce.

In general, the coursework was good and well presented, although Iowa State had, and still has, a number of sadistic and perverted professors who delighted in giving tests where no student can possible score above 50 percent and test questions are given over material never presented. The reason for this must be to reassure the professor that he is still far above the level of the students. We had a biology class where wrong answers were subtracted from right and it was possible to score a negative score on a test. And many people did.

I've always thought that it was wrong that elementary and high school instructors had to have teaching certification but they will let any bozo teach, and I use the term teach loosely, in College. That said, it was always a joy to take a course from an instructor who took an interest in his or her students and pride in their accomplishments.

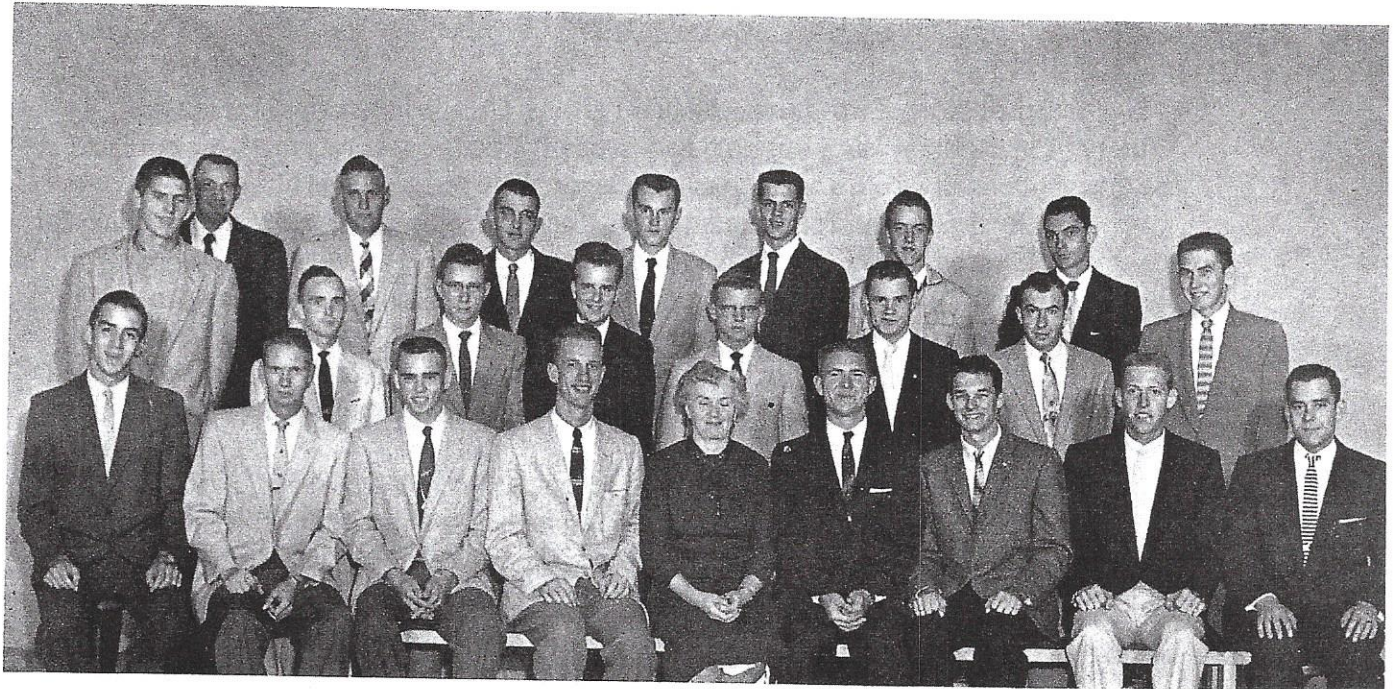
It wasn't until I went back in 1960, after my intervening year at Greenley elevator, that I really began to get courses that interested me, in economics and in government. There were some seminars and more personal interaction with senior professors. I also went to summer school one year which I thoroughly enjoyed due to the contacts I made in Wesley foundation.

The moral- new places and new challenges are always difficult. But if a person can adjust and enter keep his or her enthusiasm up, you can even come to enjoy the circumstances. This was to be even more true with my experience with the Marines.



Walking through this door requires special skill because you have to take a sharp turn immediately inside to avoid the zodiac inlaid in the floor. A favorite Iowa State tradition promises failure to anyone who treads on it.

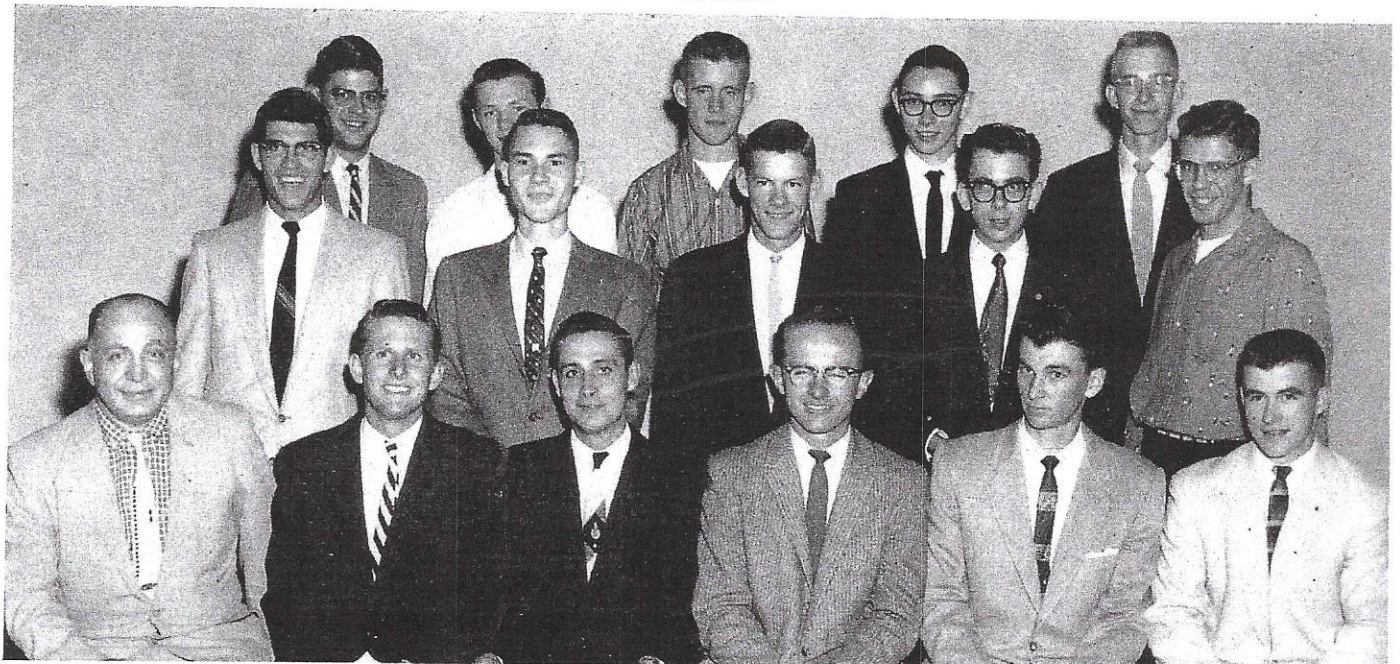
Beta Epsilon Ward



1st row: Stimson, Mogensen, East, Sanders, Mrs. Irene Buchanan (advisor), Cordes (pres.), Jason, Conrad, Drape. 2nd row: Klement, Book, Ficken, Backens, Patterson, Sandvik, Bosworth, Wilcox. 3rd row: Meyer (sec.-treas.), Phelps, Pullan, Witzel, Nelson, Patrick, Davis.

Delta Ward

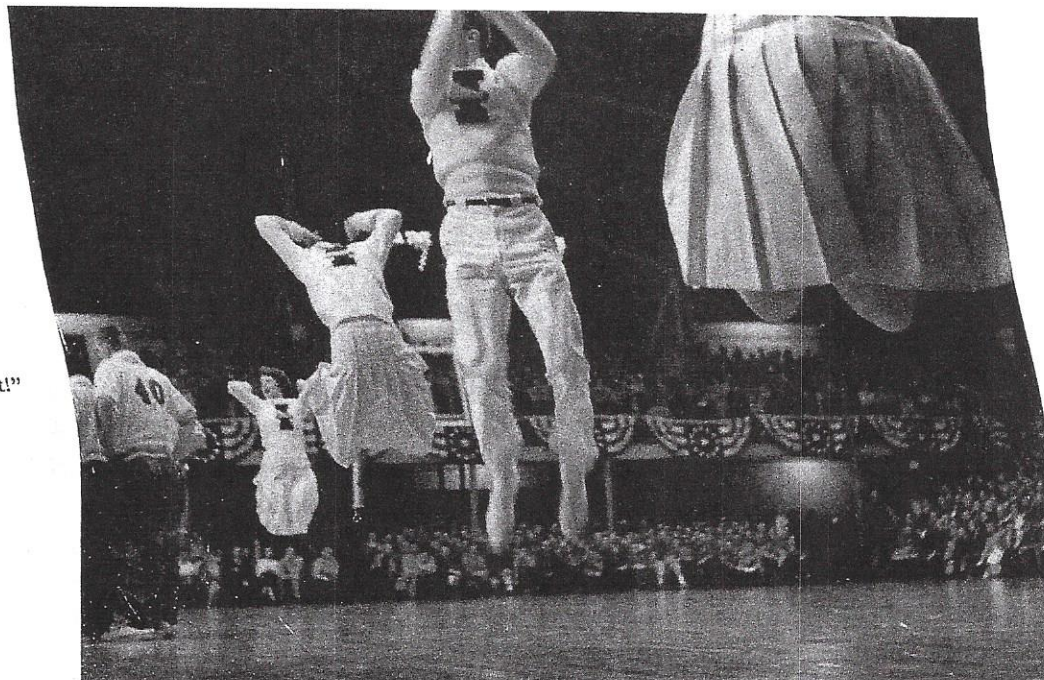
1st row: Zickefoose (advisor), Holmes, Ashbacher (v.p.), Andersen (pres.), Frevert, Grubbs, Bechtel, Bollman, Rogers. 2nd row: Fruechte, Richey, Kruger (sec.-treas.), Thompson, Olson. 3rd row: Burnett, Caldersoo.





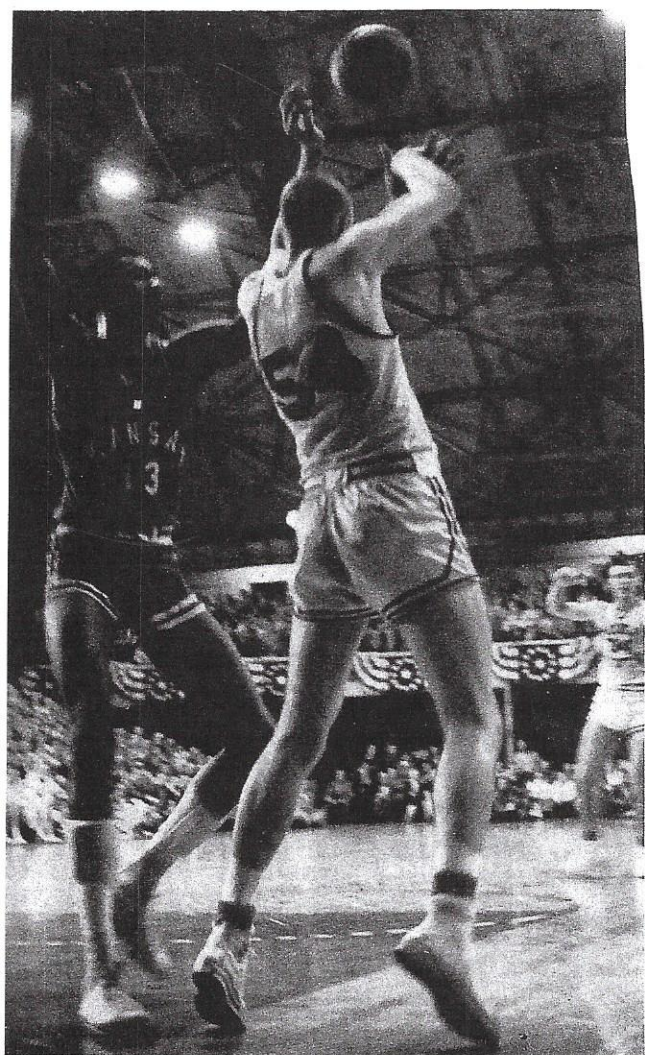
TRANSFER STUDENTS and freshmen were greeted by President James Hilton at the new students' convocation on Wednesday.

A new class begins the struggle to learn the complex elements of education—observation, thought, self-government



"Yea team go — fight, fight!"

Iowa State's Don Medsker and Kan-
sas's Wilt Chamberlin battle for control of the ball in a contest
in which the Cyclones won 48-42.



Iowa State 78, Nebraska 63

With Lyle Frahm and John Crawford blazing the nets for 24 and 19 points respectively, Iowa State had little trouble chalking up their third conference win — 78-63 over Nebraska. The Cyclones enjoyed an 18-25 point margin throughout the game as they hit 44 percent of their shots.

Iowa State 70, Kansas State 77

Despite the second loss to K-State, Coach Strannigan tabbed his Cyclones for their best play of the year. The loss dropped State to fourth place in the conference standings with a 3-3 record.

Iowa State 61, Kansas 90

There was a humiliated Cyclone basketball team after dropping a 61-90 game to Kansas. The loss saw Wilt Chamberlin tossing in 34 points for the Jayhawkers besides grabbing more rebounds than the entire Cyclone team. John Crawford tallied 18 points for State.

Iowa State 59, Oklahoma 56

One of the roughest games of the season saw Iowa State edge the Oklahoma Sooners in an overtime 59-56. The win, cinched by John Crawford's two free throws with 2 seconds remaining, put the Cyclones in strong contention for third place in the conference race.

Wilt

Football merged into basketball and I always attended the games held in the Armory. The Armory was a large old barn type of structure that was probably outdated at the time, but coming from a small gym in Independence seemed huge to me.

The Iowa State basketball team of the time was competitive but not challenging for the conference lead. It was in that Armory that I really began to see the difference between the college basketball game and the high school basketball that I had played. Not only were the college athletes bigger and faster, the game itself was played at a higher level. The only disappointment was that the Big-8 was dominated by coaches who leaned to a slower, defensive style game that ultimately wasn't competitive with the Big-10 or any other of the major conferences.

But with an average team, any great accomplishment is magnified, and I was at the game where Iowa State beat the great Wilt Chamberlain and stopped a 49 game winning streak right in that old Armory. I have recounted in more detail in another place just how the crowd celebrated into the night and ultimately got rowdy, but that is beside the point here.

It was great when Drake came to Iowa State because Drake played a different style game, with a smaller center and loaded with 6-5 or 6-6 leapers who were hard for the taller and heavier Iowa State teams to handle. It was just such a style team that Drake took to the final four several years later.

The crowd was always noisy and if the game slowed, the crowd was prone to find other interests. One was the contest to fashion a paper airplane that could be launched from one balcony and make it across the court.

Another great thing about Iowa State basketball was the freshman team. At that time, major colleges fielded a freshman basketball team. Why the powers-that-be decided to do away with freshman basketball I do not know. It gave a chance for scholarship athletes to hone their skills, and also gave a chance for many walk-ons to participate in big-time basketball.

Iowa State Riots

We come to one of the most perplexing and disturbing of college life, the Iowa State riots. I was part of one.

Iowa State was playing Kansas State with the great Wilt Chamberlain and Iowa State won the game. Off went the crowd to President Hilton's residence to demand that classes be called off the next day in celebration of the event. The crowd was large and President Hilton came to the door and agreed to call classes off the next day. But we weren't satisfied.

Panty Raid! It was the rage of the day and off went the crowd to Welsh hall for a panty raid. The doors were well guarded but that didn't deter the most ambitious of our group, and several of the men were busy scaling the walls. It was here I learned a little of the female psychology. Many of the girls on the upper floors were leaning out the windows waving their unmentionables! Of course, the building was virtually impenetrable and a moment of indecision occurred in the crowd.

I learned more about human nature that night. The crowd decided to go to the highway and stop traffic and build a fire. Through some sort of osmosis, the crowd began to turn ugly. Cars were overturned and a general riot occurred. Why was that?

I bring this up because 30 years later, while our son Mike was at Iowa State, there occurred the Viesha riots. I asked Mike, and I knew before I asked, if he was there and of course he was. Standing on the fringes as I stood on the fringes years before. What I saw and what Mike saw were the same. Crowds of good-natured students celebrating and for some reason, the crowd turns ugly. Interesting social phenomena, don't you agree?

Speech

Speech was one of the required courses at college and one of the most dreaded, as far as I was concerned. Independence High School hadn't required speech at the time and over the years, I had developed a technique as a student that involved finding the least conspicuous spot in the classroom and keeping my mouth shut.

So I well remember that first evening when I knew that I had my first speech to give in the college speech class. I tossed and turned all night. All the next day, at every quiet moment my mind would return to the upcoming speech and trial to come.

I learned a great deal in that speech class. Public speaking is not difficult if you only learn two things. Be prepared and speak about something that you know something about and have an interest in.

This whole experience was and is so strong in my mind that I remember the first topic I chose. I made a presentation on the Atlas rocket. I knew about the rocket, I had studied the rocket, and the presentation went well, at least to my memory. All the sweating in advance had been senseless, I could see, AFTER the presentation was over and I had a full several weeks before I had another.

For my second presentation, I chose to diagram and explain a fatal airplane collision over New York. My fellow classmates were interested, the instructor was interested, and after my formal speech, there were many questions. It was then that I discovered that giving a speech could even be fun. In fact, I'm sure that you could find people who would tell you that they wish Harry would shut up just a little bit.

In my regenerated college career, I met several people who were on the debate team and I was persuaded to join the debate team. Since debate criteria is quite strict, once again I was subject to the stress of performing in public. But with the support of my fellow debaters, debate was enjoyable, although I don't remember much success in a technical sense.

Memorial Union

At some point in my college career, in my infinite wisdom, I decided that it was all a bunch of crap, what was the point of it all, and why not just go to the Memorial Union, find some friends, and enjoy life. So I did.

Cutting classes in college is almost expected, in fact, if all the students signed up for some courses came to class, some of the classrooms were too small, and for a time, I was glad to relieve this space shortage.

Since I grew up without television, television had many attractions for me and I loved to go to the TV room in the union and spend hours watching. The favorite of the day was Huckleberry Hound and the TV room at the Union was always packed for this show. Why was that?

Anyway, in the cafeteria, there were always card games going and groups of students discussing whatever topics and I loved to spend time there during this, my period of knowitallness. And who's to say that it wasn't good for me.

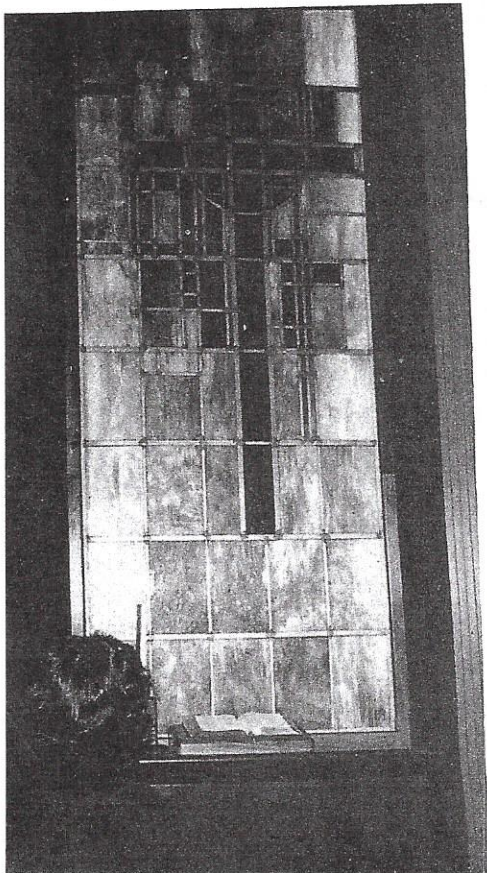
In the entry to the Union, there is the Zodiac, where tradition holds that one should not tread on the Zodiac, but go around. Not me, no silly superstitions for me, I resolutely walked over that Zodiac, day after day.

Like all fads, fancies, or obsessions, the day came when I realized that the Memorial Union was not the most productive of pastimes, especially since it was all costing money that would eventually have to be repaid. At some semester in the future, I finally resolved to get to class and try to earn better grades.

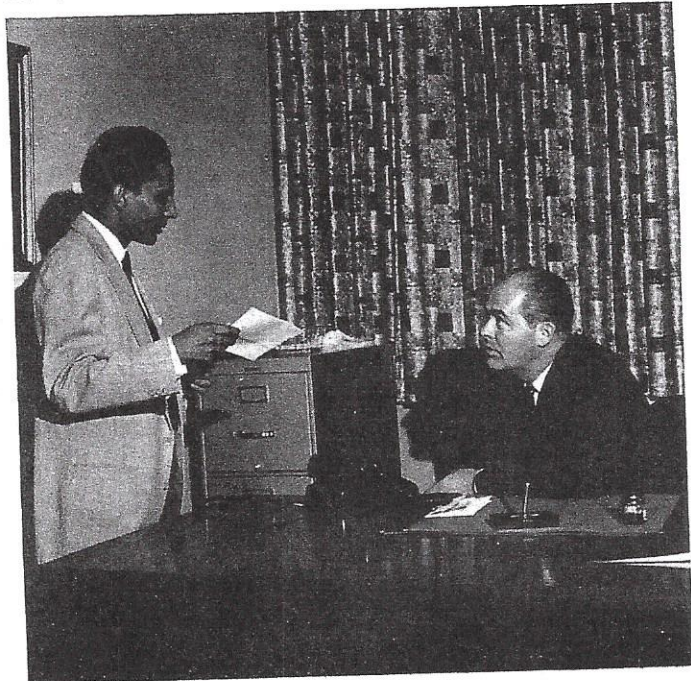


RECREATION AND fellowship go hand in hand as students enjoy an open house in the student lounge.

BEAUTY of the stained glass window in the Mission Chapel is enjoyed by worshippers.



AUGUSTIUS LARTIUS, chairman of the Indian Students Association, visits with Reverend Wilbur Wilcox.

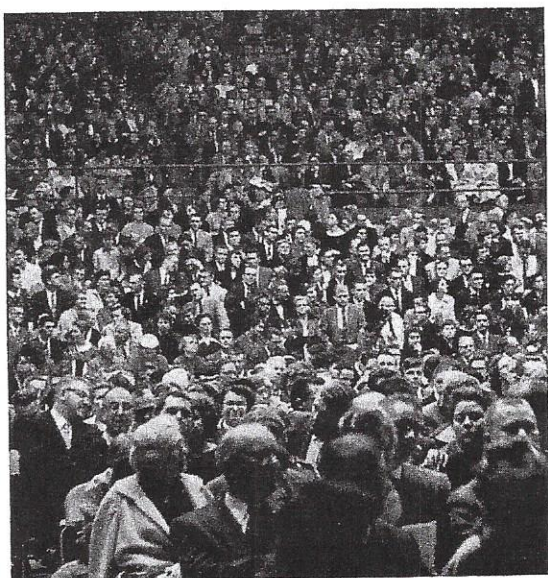


Spectacular costumes and stage settings combined with memorable music and an appealing story for an enjoyable evening at "La Traviata."



Enthusiastic student audience applauds NBC Opera Con

A near-capacity crowd fills the Armory for the NBC Opera Company's presentation of "La Traviata" during fall quarter.



The gay Violetta participates in the colorful night life of Paris in the opening scene in which she meets Alfredo.



Homesick

You might ask, the first time you went away to college, were you homesick? Before I automatically say no, let me review the situation just a little more.

Mother and Father dropped me off at Mrs. Seeleys and my life at Iowa State began. So for the first several weeks, at least, there was so much that was new and different that a person really didn't have the time to be homesick.

It was after this, after the newness wore off and after the classwork began to become somewhat of a drag that thoughts of the comfort and security of home began to filter into the mind. I think every freshman began to have a kind of ambivalence creep into their psyche. Perhaps we were into something that we weren't really suited for. As we compared ourselves to our fellow students, perhaps we could see for ourselves that we really didn't measure up.

We were a good student back in High School. Here, we were only average. We thought we were good athletes. Here we couldn't possibly make the teams. We thought we were good chess players. Here, we were only mediocre.

I don't think it was so much a question of being homesick. It was more a question of the difficulty of facing up to the competition and the difficulties of college life and comparing that to the probably idealized vision of what life was like back home, or in the "old days." What was called homesickness was to some degree, a desire to escape from situation of insecurity back to the security of home.

Anyway, Mother Hazel and Sisters Ruth and Dorothy wrote regularly and there were a few times that I was able to catch a ride back home. It was these infrequent trips back home that really assisted in making the transition away from home. Most of my fellow students from High School were also gone from Independence. A college student back home attending local High School functions feels like a fifth wheel.

It wasn't too long that in spite of the fact that it was good to see Father and Mother again, it was also good to go back to Iowa State where I had developed friends and activities. Slowly, gradually, whatever might have been described as homesickness dwindled away and Iowa State began to seem like home.

Khrushchev

One of the great experiences of Iowa State was the day that Nikita Khrushchev came to the campus. Looking back, even being the leader of the great Satan of the time, security wasn't that tight. And of course, it was an opportunity for me to stand along the parade route to see the motorcade go by.

Khrushchev was in Iowa as a guest of Roswell Garst, who was another of those remarkable Iowans who could parlay his agricultural roots into an excuse to say, "The hell with politics, I want to get to know and trade with the Russians." Sort of in the Henry Wallace tradition of Iowans. So since Khrushchev was coming to the United States for a tour, he stopped in Iowa.

My memories are of seeing the riflemen on the various parade roofs along the way as the cavalcade went slowly along the street. I believe National Guardsmen were stationed along the route. There were big and I thought friendly crowds. Once, about in the area of the Engineering building, a student broke out of the crowd, and ran up to the Khrushchev car, reached in and shook Khrushchev's hand. Probably today, that kid would have been shot before he got to the car.

The tour of the campus over, Khrushchev took off for the Garst farms and we went back to our routine to follow the tour by television and newspaper.

And it was only later that the nation became aware of one of the great oddities of the tour. It seems that from the beginning of the tour, there was a particular gentleman accompanying the entourage. The man appeared in virtually every picture taken of Khrushchev during the many days of the tour. It was only later that someone took the time to ask, "Who was that man?" It turned out that the man has the gall to show up and crowd around at one of Khrushchev's first stops and from that time on, everyone assumed he belonged.

Wilt

Football merged into basketball and I always attended the games held in the Armory. The Armory was a large old barn type of structure that was probably outdated at the time, but coming from a small gym in Independence seemed huge to me.

The Iowa State basketball team of the time was competitive but not challenging for the conference lead. It was in that Armory that I really began to see the difference between the college basketball game and the high school basketball that I had played. Not only were the college athletes bigger and faster, the game itself was played at a higher level. The only disappointment was that the Big-8 was dominated by coaches who leaned to a slower, defensive style game that ultimately wasn't competitive with the Big-10 or any other of the major conferences.

But with an average team, any great accomplishment is magnified, and I was at the game where Iowa State beat the great Wilt Chamberlain and stopped a 49 game winning streak right in that old Armory. I have recounted in more detail in another place just how the crowd celebrated into the night and ultimately got rowdy, but that is beside the point here.

It was great when Drake came to Iowa State because Drake played a different style game, with a smaller center and loaded with 6-5 or 6-6 leapers who were hard for the taller and heavier Iowa State teams to handle. It was just such a style team that Drake took to the final four several years later.

The crowd was always noisy and if the game slowed, the crowd was prone to find other interests. One was the contest to fashion a paper airplane that could be launched from one balcony and make it across the court.

Another great thing about Iowa State basketball was the freshman team. At that time, major colleges fielded a freshman basketball team. Why the powers-that-be decided to do away with freshman basketball I do not know. It gave a chance for scholarship athletes to hone their skills, and also gave a chance for many walk-ons to participate in big-time basketball.

Iowa State Riots

We come to one of the most perplexing and disturbing of college life, the Iowa State riots. I was part of one.

Iowa State was playing Kansas State with the great Wilt Chamberlain and Iowa State won the game. Off went the crowd to President Hilton's residence to demand that classes be called off the next day in celebration of the event. The crowd was large and President Hilton came to the door and agreed to call classes off the next day. But we weren't satisfied.

Panty Raid! It was the rage of the day and off went the crowd to Welsh hall for a panty raid. The doors were well guarded but that didn't deter the most ambitious of our group, and several of the men were busy scaling the walls. It was here I learned a little of the female psychology. Many of the girls on the upper floors were leaning out the windows waving their unmentionables! Of course, the building was virtually impenetrable and a moment of indecision occurred in the crowd.

I learned more about human nature that night. The crowd decided to go to the highway and stop traffic and build a fire. Through some sort of osmosis, the crowd began to turn ugly. Cars were overturned and a general riot occurred. Why was that?

I bring this up because 30 years later, while our son Mike was at Iowa State, there occurred the Viesha riots. I asked Mike, and I knew before I asked, if he was there and of course he was. Standing on the fringes as I stood on the fringes years before. What I saw and what Mike saw were the same. Crowds of good-natured students celebrating and for some reason, the crowd turns ugly. Interesting social phenomena, don't you agree?

Iowa State

I suppose that for those reading these items, it will get tiresome with the often mention of finances but to leave out what were constant financial problems will omit a large part of life.

Tuition at Iowa State was \$77.00 per quarter in the fall of 1957. I never felt that I could afford to live in the dorms as I lived off campus in a rooming house at 138 Campus Ave. owned by Mrs. Seeley. This was off campus to the West, so the worst situation was to have an 8 o'clock class over on the Ag side of campus in the Winter. It was probably a mile walk.

I would say that if you totaled up all of my College experiences I would mark that whole experience as a negative experience. I did make several friends that I have retained over the years, but as far as Iowa State is concerned, I have returned only once with Leroy Greenley for a football game and never for a basketball game. This includes the 5 years that Mike attended recently.

I can't quite explain my ambivalence toward Iowa State. It is a source of pride that I have a degree from there. No doubt the college experience broadened my horizons and I learned much there. I think my feelings all revolve around the fact that if a person spends four years in one place in a constant state of poverty, the negative feelings are transferred to the place, itself. I know that Mike has some of those same feelings toward Iowa State today.

The discouragement

Perhaps it was the lack of interest in the coursework. Perhaps it was because of a total lack of money. Whatever the reason, by the end of my second year at Iowa State, I thought I had had enough.

Mother was concerned, of course, but I argued that I really didn't have enough money to go and it wouldn't hurt to drop out a year to earn money. And that was true enough, although I think that Mother thought that if I ever quit, I'd never go back.

So, still working summers at Greenley elevator, the fall of 1959 I didn't return to Iowa State and stayed on with Greenley elevator. Truthfully, I didn't know at that time whether I would ever go back.

Greenley Elevator

I spent several years working summers for Greenley elevator. Then, after my sophomore year at college, I dropped out a year and worked a full year at the elevator before I went back and finished college.

Working at the elevator fit right into my farm background and I always enjoyed and did well at the elevator. I think that because most of the other workers were older and accepted me into their inner circle, I felt welcome and a valued member of the crew. In my first two years of college, I was in the Farm Operations program and that program wasn't appealing to me that much. And always, during that first two years of college, there were the fond memories of working at the elevator. Combine all this with a continuing lack of money, and when it came time to go back to Iowa State for my Junior year, I didn't go back.

Looking back, that interruption was the best thing I ever did. That year working straightened out my thinking. True, there were several attractions to working and earning your own money. I started at \$1.10 per hour and at the end was up to the grand total of \$1.25 per hour. Overtime was paid the same and as a general rule we worked 60 hours a week. Since I was staying at home yet, I've often said since that I've never had another time in my life that I really had cash in my pocket and even was able to really save money. And the old friendships were still there.

But I learned something else. The work continued right through the winter and the winter wasn't quite so pleasant. The equipment at the elevator was old and what seemed quaint and even amusing when working during the summer became darn irritating after a certain number of breakdowns and near accidents. I got in some moldy corn and that really hit me hard. I came home one day with a reaction to that moldy corn and my hands were shaking so bad that I couldn't unbutton my shirt.

You couldn't avoid noticing that the old-time workers were bothered with coughs and in general their health was not good. It is quite like the problem I had giving up a romanticized view of farming. Eventually, the true nature of the work and the potential becomes clear and this is what happened to me during that year.

When I went back to school the next year, I changed my curriculum to Ag. Business with a Public Service option, which allowed me to carry all my credit forward, but more importantly, gave me the chance to include much more government, economics, and sociology in my studies.

Much later, when we returned to Independence and I beginning farming, Oliver Greenley asked me if I would like to get back in the business and work at the Jesup elevator. For a while, I was enthusiastic and I even went with Oliver that day to the Jesup elevator and looked it over. But I went home that night and finally decided that no, that phase of my life was over and I wasn't going to get back into the grain business. Oliver seemed quite disappointed but I gave him the excuse that the grain dust still bothered me, which was partially true.

I've never been sorry since the grain elevator business has been in a state of continual decline every since, due to the great increase in on the farm storage, the reduction of government held grain, and the tendency of larger farmers to sell directly to larger terminals.

Greenley Con't

As you can probably tell by now, being young and impressionable, my experience at Greenley elevator was a great influence on my life.

It was this period that I really saw the hardness of the lives that some people led. I wasn't that the pay was so bad, because by working the hours that we all worked, the pay added up and it was a living wage.

But the odds of working a lifetime in that kind of work, with large equipment, trucks, augers, silos, and now getting hurt were not good. When you took a good look at the hands of the older workers, the hands were crippled and knarled and showed the scars accumulated over the years. Even using the most extreme caution, the work itself lent itself to constant physical banging and injury, not even considering the constant exposure to dust and pollution.

My first real experience with injury was with my class ring. I jumped off a truck and caught the ring somehow. That was as close as I have ever come to losing a finger. Incidentally, Father had the ring straightened and repaired. After picking it up from the Jeweler, he must have accidentally dropped it in the school parking lot, because someone turned it in later, squashed flat as a pancake. He had it repaired again, but I never wore it again. It disappeared later from our house and Kim always thought one of our baby-sitters took it.

I stood too close to an auger one day and that auger ripped my shirt right off my back. I was bruised pretty badly, but I tried not to show how it hurt me, since it was my own stupid fault.

I had to pick up a load of oats from an old barn which had a ramp up to what was the second floor. Naturally, I fell through the barn with the truck. Come to think of it, I probably wasn't the employee I thought I was. Howard Reck was taking a load of corn to Cedar Rapids and someone pulled out in front of him. He couldn't avoid the car and struck and killed the occupant. That was hard on Howard, even if it wasn't his fault. Later, Howard lost several fingers in machinery at the elevator.

The point of all this is only to point out that even at the time, I think that I realized that there was plenty of danger in the business. After working that full year at Greenley elevator, I returned to school with more determination and energy than ever.

The return to Iowa State

It wasn't exactly a triumphant return, but in the fall of 1960, I returned to Iowa State with a little more determination and a change in curriculum. I switched from Farm Operations to Ag. Business, public service option. This allowed me to keep my existing coursework, but add a great deal more economics and government.

And I was getting old enough that the old bug-a-boo, the draft was becoming more and more of a possibility. It was getting to the place where either I went back to school where I could get a student deferment, or go ahead and go into the service.

Most of my old roommates were gone but there still remained Leroy Witzel and _____ East. We found another home slightly closer to the campus and resumed our college career.

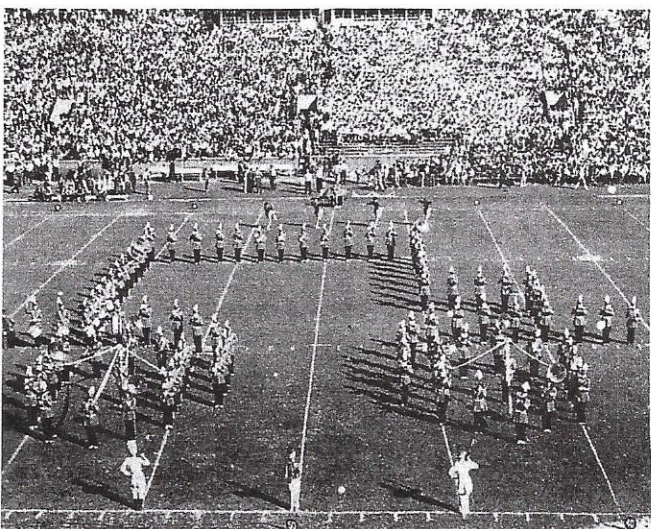
And, because I had found more determination, I explored the options of student loans which did serve to relieve my money problems to some degree. National Defense student loans. In other words, to actually borrow money to go to school was really a commitment which meant that I probably would have to work off the farm to pay the money back.

Along with this new determination was to enjoy the real life that a large university provided. That is, arrange my schedule so that I could see every home football game and every basketball game. And, move myself from the back of the classroom to closer to the front and actually take part in discussions and such. In other words, get with the program.

Iowa State Again



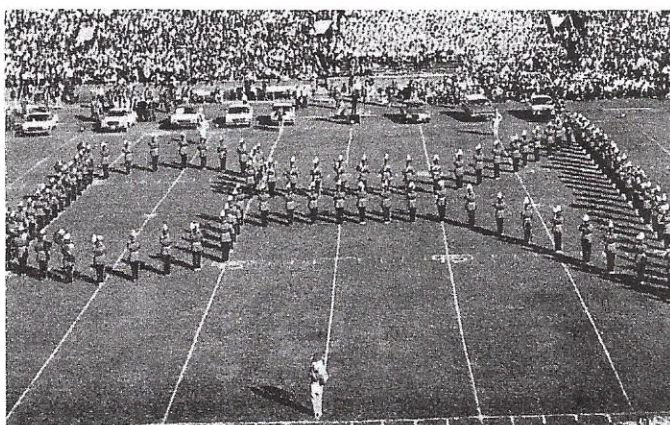
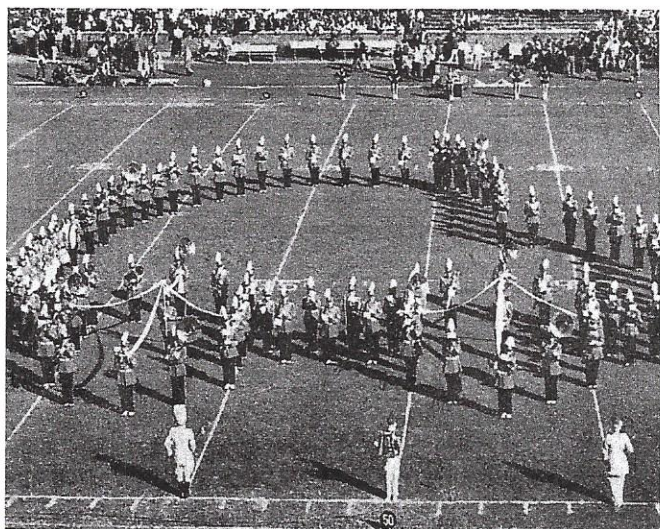
THE IOWA STATE Marching Band, with high-stepping Joyce Rice, led the array of floats and bands along the two-hour Veishea parade route.



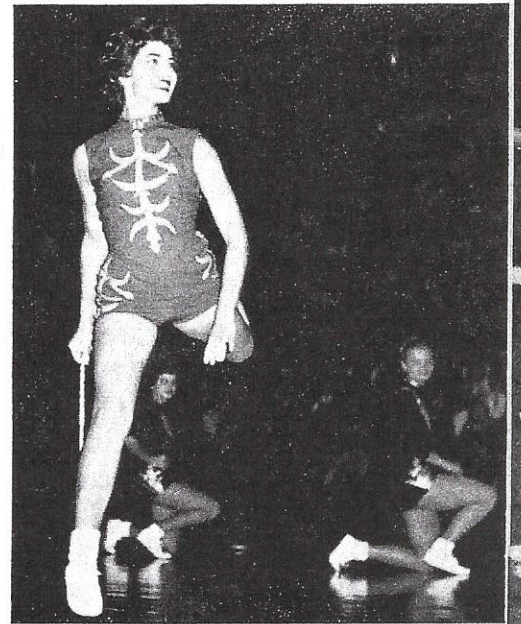
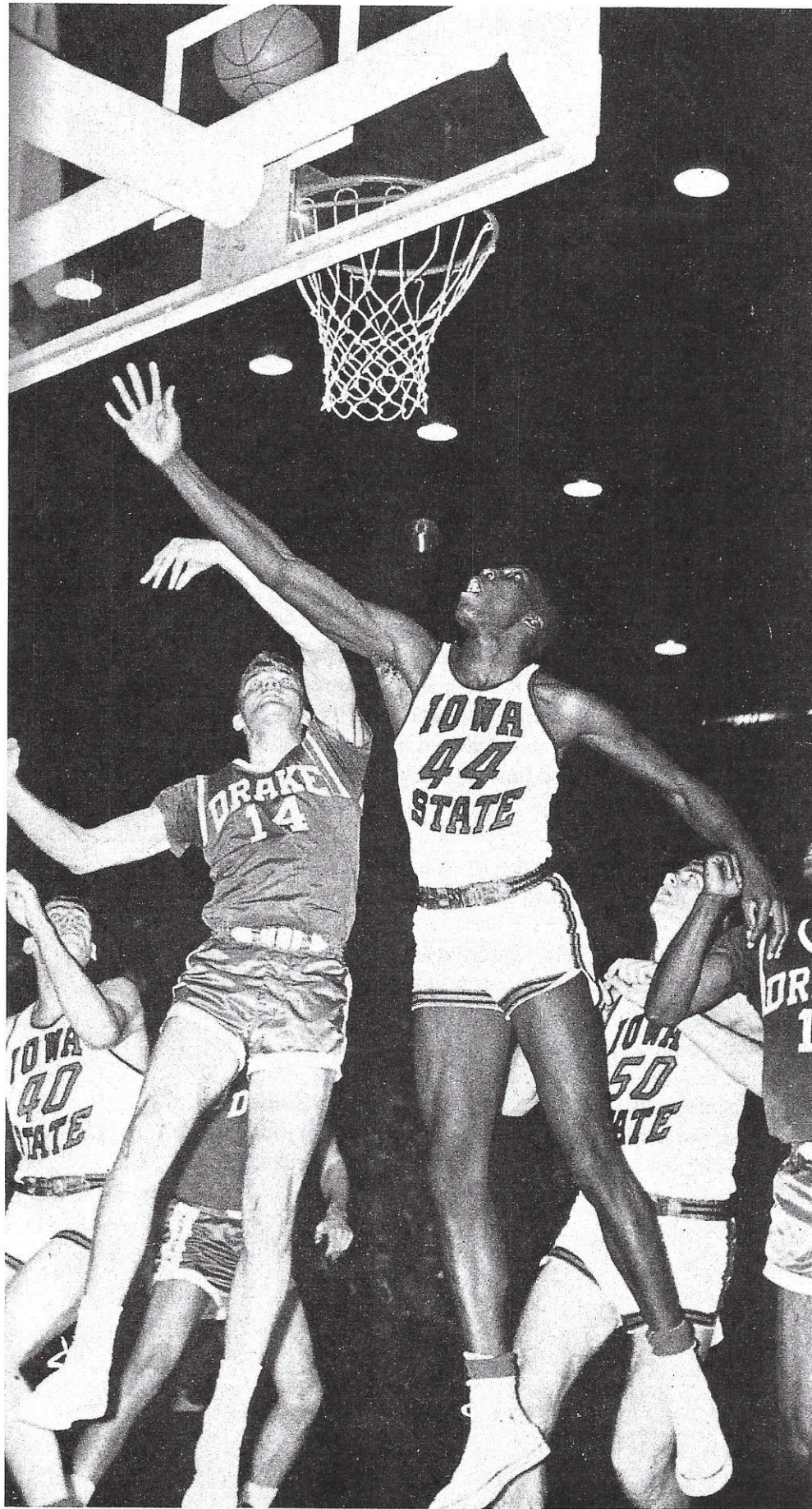
THE MARCHING BAND does a humorous sequence based on the development of the compact car. First it salutes the old-fashioned square-bodied auto, playing "Get Out and Get Under."

Marching Band

The I.S.U. Marching Band is a unit of 120 men which provides pre-game and halftime entertainment for all home football games. A small pep band from this same group provides music for pep rallies. A part of the band personnel also provides music at the basketball games. The band rehearses three times a week preparing football shows which include precision drill, dance routines, and pattern formations. Themes are followed for each show and all music is especially arranged for each performance. Director of the band is Professor Frank Piersol. Drum majors this year were Gilbert Bachmann and John Hayes. Head manager was Dick Landess, and head baton twirler was national champion Joyce Rice.



TO THE STRAINS OF "There'll Be Some Changes Made," (left) the large car shrinks to the size of today's compact. As a grand finale a line of compacts appears while the band forms an auto horn and plays Piersol's composition, "Auto Hornpipe."



JOYCE RICE was featured during halftime intermissions. Miss Rice performed intricate baton routines and dazzled crowds with throws to the ceiling.

HENRY WHITNEY brilliantly deflects the shot of Drake's Harold Ayers in one of the Cyclones' hardest-fought contests.

End of the breakout decade

I don't remember the exact sequence of events, but somehow, at some time, I traveled to Des Moines to take the draft physical. I passed and had received my "Greetings..." letter from good old Uncle Sam.

So on the day that final winter quarter that I walked down the walkway in the lower level of the Memorial Union I was ready for the Marine recruiting officer.

I've often wondered if I was attracted to the Marine Corp because of Uncle Donald and his experience. Or was it just total coincidence? Whatever, the recruiting officer asked me to take the test which was pretty simple and I think I signed up right there that day. At the time, my thinking was that since I was going into the Army as a draftee for two years, how much difference did it make to sign up for three years as an officer?

It had been 10 years since the end of the Korean war and Vietnam was nothing more than a blip on the horizon. I would have been shocked to know what was coming in the next few years.

Of course, at this time, being the new college graduate, I thought I knew something of the world. It would take the Marine Corp to inform me that I really didn't know anything.