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DON'T FENCE ME IN:



**The Adventures of a Boy from
Brush**

Peter E. Hildebrand

Prologue

Somehow from the beginning I didn't like to be confined. The first story I remember hearing in this regard must have happened when I was just about a year old. I was heading out across the street when my dog, Colorado Bill Boy, an English Setter who had been trained as a retriever, went after me. He picked me up by the seat of my pants or diapers and took me back to my Mom who must have been frantic. That dog had been bred by my great uncle by marriage, who came to Colorado in a covered wagon from Kansas Territory in 1888.

I didn't ever really plan on being a stray, it just sort of happened. Perhaps it started because I had horses and a lot of space to use them in. Maybe it was because I liked to hunt and fish, and hunters and fishers need to be away from a lot of people. It could be because as a mid-teenager, I was allowed to spend days at a time with one or two friends and the horses at a cabin on the South Platte River where I did all the cooking. These experiences and the fact that my father had been in Europe fighting World War II for about three years in my pre- and early teen years apparently instilled in me a sense of independence and a feeling of confidence in being able to do what needed to be done.

These experiences also brought responsibilities. Some were learned the hard way. I remember one summer when I was eight or nine years old. I wanted to go catch crawdads with some friends in an irrigation ditch about a half mile from home. Mom reminded me that we were going to a friends' farm for lunch and would be leaving the house at about 15 minutes to 12:00. I had to be on time. It was a tough choice because I wanted badly to do both things. I did go with my friends to catch crawdads, and I did not quit in time to be home by 11:45, selfishly hoping my family would wait for me. At about 10 minutes to 12:00 I heard a car honk and looked up to see them waving gaily to me as they drove by on their way to lunch without stopping for me. Of course I was devastated and when they got home I let them know I was upset that they just drove off without me. I was reminded that I had accepted the responsibility of going with my friends and knew I had to be back home by 11:45. The rest of the family was depending on me to be on time, and our hosts were depending on us to be on time for lunch. Because I was irresponsible did not mean that the whole family was not responsible. My upset was nothing more than being selfish, and my parents did not like selfishness. The codes of this family were to go out of your way for others and accept responsibility for your actions. This early childhood lesson has had a lasting effect on my life.

This tale is told to the best of my recollection. Years may be off a little, particularly as they relate to the period from the 1930s to about the mid 50s. A story like this can never be finished because new things keep coming to mind. I have omitted a few things that came to mind that might have embarrassed others, but in the big scheme of things they don't amount to much. I have taken the time to tell it because when I was growing up in Brush, I had no clue that I might do the kinds of things I have done, gone to the places I have gone, and seen the things I have seen. But I certainly have not been fenced in!

Gainesville, Florida
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DON'T FENCE ME IN

The Adventures of a Boy from Brush

From my memoirs

Peter E. Hildebrand

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2011

For Annie . . . May her horizons always be wide.

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1932-1941: Brush, Colorado

I was born in 1932 in Brush, Colorado, a town of about 2,500 people in northeastern Colorado. Dad delivered me and signed my birth certificate. U.S. highways 6 and 34 came together east of Brush and ran through town so people from the east coast to the west coast remembered Brush (U.S. 6 runs from Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod, through Denver, to California). People from Colorado knew Brush for its parade, rodeo and race meet on July 3rd and 4th every year. The race meet eventually became the first pari-mutuel track in the state, also making Brush well known in Colorado as well as western Kansas and Nebraska. Although most people are not aware of it, James Michener also made Brush famous in his book 'Centennial' about Colorado. His fictitious town of Centennial is a mirror image of Brush. Centennial had a sugar factory on the banks of Beaver Creek which flowed south into the South Platte River. Brush had a real sugar factory on the banks of the real Beaver Creek which flowed north into the South Platte River. In my mind, Michener places his Centennial about 70 miles west of Brush more like at Ft. Lupton, in relation to the mountains. However, the location of the town in the movie Centennial, near Orchard, Colorado, is only about 25 miles west of Brush, on the north side of the river. As in the Michener book, Brush was a farming and livestock area. On Saturday nights, particularly in the summer, people came from miles around to do their shopping and visiting. On some Saturday nights in the summer, one block of Main Street was closed so there could be a street dance.



As a baby in 1932 with my Dad, Paul R. Hildebrand, M.D.



One year old with my Mom, Ann C. Hildebrand, R.N.
Both pictures taken in Brush, Colorado.

Brush was an important commercial hub and the downtown area was a beehive of activity in those days before WWII and for a while afterwards. We had two banks, two drug stores, privately owned men's and women's clothing stores, a J.C.Penny's, bakery, bootmaker and saddle shop, at least two hotels and in one a very nice dining room, three auto stores, feed stores, farm machinery businesses, two lumber yards, a Piggly Wiggly and other grocery stores and later a Safeway, barber and beauty shops, a "dime store," restaurants, a movie theater with Saturday matinees showing westerns, hardware stores, blacksmith shops, granary elevator, an active railroad station although the Denver Zephyr did not regularly stop in Brush, a stock yard which dated back to the trail drive days, a livery, many churches, a hospital and "old folks' home," and three country doctors. My father was one of the three doctors and Mom was his nurse. Mom was the anesthetist for almost all my Dad's surgery. They met at the University of Colorado Medical School in Denver where Mom had come from Pennsylvania to teach operating room technique to interns and Dad had come from Michigan as an intern.

Before WWII, the hospital in Brush was mostly for people who were very sick or having an operation, or for some, having a baby. Many babies still were being born at home. People did come to Dad's office, which was in our home, and he did do some surgery there such as tonsils. He took X-rays and set bones as well. But also, he made house calls and not just in town. Often he would drive 250 miles a day making his calls over an area that spanned a 30 or 40 mile radius mostly southeast and north, northeast and northwest of town. To do this he needed a fast and dependable car so drove a Lincoln Zephyr. Usually it was maroon in color so that people could identify it from far away. One of the other doctors was old and did not make night calls. The other enjoyed his drinks too much and often could not make calls so Dad was "on call" 24 hours a day all the time. During the depression days he often

got paid with something besides money. I remember chickens coming home as well as guns. He received a Remington 12 ga. automatic shotgun and a 44 caliber revolver this way. Our phone number in those days was 50. We lost that great number during the war and when we got back to Brush we had 17J for the office and 17R for the house. Right after the war there was a scarcity of nearly everything including phone lines so we had to have a party line for a while.

Dad did always try to take off Wednesday afternoon where more often than not he would be at the golf course all by himself because everyone else was working. This was a sandhill course south of town on state highway 71 so it was possible to drive around it to find him when there was an emergency and his golf needed to be interrupted. I can remember often being in the car ready to go fishing or some other adventure when the phone would ring and our plans would be put on hold or canceled. Dad never, ever, refused to help someone that needed him. I can remember one time years later when we were at the cabin in the mountains and a fisherman and his friend knocked on the door. He had a trout fly in his ear and wanted Dad to take it out. Dad asked him if it hurt and he said no. Dad said it would hurt if he took it out. Why didn't he go ahead and fish and then when he got home ask his own doctor to take it out. The man was relieved and went away happy. But Dad would have taken it out if the man had insisted.

The hospital, Eben Ezer, was run by the Danish Lutheran Church and had very nice gardens used mostly by the people who stayed at the 'Old Folks Home' which was part of the hospital. It also had a dairy that I would guess had about 30 Holstein cows. I used to like to go to the hospital with Dad so I could go to the dairy and play in the garden. I don't remember the time, but I know we did have 8mm movies of me with a Civil War vet who was staying at the Old Folks Home. He was very old and had a white beard. He must have been about 85 years old at least, and the year was about 1935.

As far back as I can remember I have always liked getting up at the crack of dawn, if not before. Starting probably when I was eight years old, I would get up as soon as I heard the sparrows beginning to chirp. Then I would get my BB gun and go sparrow hunting. Sparrows seemed to be everywhere and were considered a nuisance so no one minded my hunting them. My father had taught me gun safety (first) and how to shoot (second). He was an avid hunter so I came by it naturally. I usually would take a full turn around our block before breakfast shooting only at sparrows and never at anything on the ground. One time apparently one of my BBs hit a window chipping out a small hole. As far as I can remember, that is the only time I ever got into trouble for hunting around town.

We also had a bunch of pigeons. We built a pen in the garage for them and caught a bunch at an old abandoned building south of the tracks on Clayton Street. I vaguely remember going up on the second floor of that old building in the dark and shining a flashlight into the eyes of the pigeons. This way a second person could just go up and catch them.

We lived in the first block north of down town, at 311 Clayton Street. The Methodist church was on the corner and our house was just north of the church with a large double driveway in between. Dad's father was a Methodist minister, so this was also our church. I have been told that when I was two, I decided to go to church during a service. The only big problem was that I had taken off all my clothes first! Later on I did attend Sunday School there, fully clothed, and when I was in high school I even led the choir for a few months.

The minister's house was on the east side of the church so we shared a big back yard. One time, the minister and his son who was my age and I were going somewhere south of town on highway 71 with my Dad. Dad was accustomed to driving everywhere at 90 miles per hour to cover all the ground necessary on his house calls. Bobby Keegan, the minister's son, and I were in the back seat and he was worrying about the speed. In their own car to lock the door you lifted up on the handle. In the Lincoln, whose rear door hinged in the back in

that model, that opened the door. Well, the speed and the vacuum ripped open the door and sucked Bobby out of the car. On his way out he grabbed me, or else had hold of me when he opened the door because I was pulled down to the floor of the car. However, I managed to grab the metal bar behind the front seat and did not go flying out of the car. But when my Dad and the minister looked into the back seat at the sound of the door opening they could not see either of us. Also they could not see back to where Bobby had fallen out because of all the dust from the gravel road. Why neither of the men had a heart attack I don't know, but they were probably hurt worse from fright than Bobby who was mostly just skinned up from the gravel. I think he might also have broken an arm. I was mostly just scared that I might fall out until we stopped.

My next younger brother, Paul, tells much better stories than I do and his recollection often differs from my own. This is particularly true about an incident that happened late one afternoon when we were playing in the sandbox in the back yard. I was probably about seven and Paul about five. I don't remember what it was we were doing that was so interesting, but it was getting dark and we did not want to quit. So I went in and got an electric floor lamp and a bunch of extension cords. I hooked enough of them together to reach the sandbox. Paul, who claims I was always so bossy that he wanted to kill me most of the time, says he figured this was his opportunity to do me in. He plugged the first extension cord into the socket while I was still carrying the lamp toward the sandbox. The grass must have been wet and I must have been bare foot, because I got a real good, solid jolt of electricity before Paul finally unplugged the cord. I do not remember the next few minutes but do remember coming to on the couch in our living room. I knew what had happened and assumed that either I was already dead from electrocution or would be dying soon. Paul was cheering and Mom was trying to convince me that I was all right. Needless to say, I disappointed Paul and survived it!

I used to spend as much time as I could on the farm of Whit and Lucille Gill, about five miles north and east of Brush,

also on highway 71 and just above the river bottom on the south side of the South Platte. They had five boys and the youngest, Bart, was my age. Besides playing with him, I was always ready to ride their pony, Betsy, get the cows for milking, “help” to feed the sheep, drive the horses on the hay wagon, gather eggs, and all the other things there are to do on a mixed family farm. I remember barley (and oat) harvest when a neighbor, Martin Joppa, would come with his threshing machine and big tractor with a huge wheel and belt for powering the threshing machine. Several wagons and teams of horses would be used to bring in the barley bundles to be forked into the machine. This way of harvesting left a big straw stack that was used for animal bedding in the barn and corrals and became part of the manure that was later spread on the fields in the spring. Lunch time during threshing was a massive affair with loads of food for all the hands. An exciting time for a young boy.



Old threshing machine and crew just like the one Gills used, circa 1937. The belt beside the horses ran to the tractor.

Betsy was an old (about 17 years at the time), spotted, Shetland pony. She was cantankerous, liked to buck, and when you were riding her she headed for the barn any chance she got. But I loved her. I learned from her much of what I know about horses. I could catch her in the river bottom pasture if I took a handful of rolled oats and hid the bridle in my belt behind my back. But I had to be really quick and tricky to switch from feeding her the oats (shifting from two hands used to attract her to one hand) to getting a rein around her neck. If she saw the bridle or a rein before I got it around her neck, she would be gone and almost impossible to catch for the rest of the day. The only other thing I could do was to wait until the horses came up to the corral to drink and then sneak around and close the corral gate. But even then, if one of the horses saw you sneaking around towards the gate, they would all bolt out of it before you could get it closed.



Betsy

Gills used to feed sheep every winter. I liked to “help” feeding them oats and hay, but definitely did not like going to the sugar factory to get and haul beet pulp for them. Beet pulp has a horrible smell that penetrates your clothing and is very hard to get off. It is a byproduct of the sugar production process and an excellent livestock feed. The pulp was stored in huge pits at the factory, so it was necessary to go to the factory to get it. It also meant that you had to be a beet grower in order to be able to get the pulp. The beets themselves did not need to be taken to the factory. They could be delivered to any of a number of “beet dumps” located on rail lines around the county. Many farms were within one or two miles of a dump. But it could be many miles to the sugar factory.



Gill’s sheep fattening pens with granary in the background

The Gills always drove their fattened sheep to the stockyards in Snyder, Colorado, a small town about two miles north of the farm and on the north side of the South Platte. This

was a big event that I really enjoyed. I remember on one drive I rode Betsy in front of the sheep, but mostly I was one of several who walked behind the herd with noise makers made of tin cans strung on hoops of wire. Mostly the sheep were fairly easy to drive, but sometimes would head down a side road and be hard to stop. It was sometimes hard to get them started across the bridge that crossed the river, and then after the bridge we had to cross the railroad and drive them through "town." The stockyards were west of town and on the south side of the tracks. So we had to drive them across the tracks once again, and then get them into the pens of the stockyard, weigh them, and then, the hardest part, get them on the rail cars. For me, it was another great adventure.

I got started in the livestock business in 1939 (I think it was) at Christmas. Tied up outside on the crab apple tree in our back yard on Christmas morning was a burro with a big red bow around her neck. Her name was Calico. She was probably for the three of us boys but I don't remember for sure. There was also a donkey saddle (kids' size) and a big Navajo saddle blanket. Calico was exactly what a burro was supposed to be -- stubborn. She was so stubborn that we could not get her to do anything at all. She proved to be the most frustrating Christmas present we ever received and we soon got rid of her. I think Frank Grady at the livery stable had gotten her for the folks, and he took her back. After having had the experience with her, I really admire those persons who only have burros as beasts of burden or for draft and get them to actually do something.

Even though the experience with Calico was very frustrating, I was bitten by the bug and really began wanting a HORSE of my own. On my eighth or ninth birthday, I received one. She was called 'Pet' and had belonged to the Wager family for whom I later worked in the wheat harvest. She was a mid-sized pony and their boys had grown out of her. I inherited the saddle and blanket that had been bought for Calico and I was all set. For a while, we kept her at the livery and Mr. Grady, whose daughter worked in the office for Dad, broke her to harness. He found a four wheel buggy for her so I was set up

with a horse and buggy. I was able to use them enough to be comfortable with them prior to the time we left Brush for California after the war broke out. More on this story later.



Pet and the buggy with me and Mr. Grady.

I have fond memories of fishing with my Dad, and sometimes with both Mom and Dad. The first recollection I have is of fishing for “bullheads” or catfish in Beaver Creek by the sugar factory. There was a small dam that provided enough water to make fishing worthwhile. I don’t remember any of the fish being over six or seven inches, but they were fun to catch. I also remember fishing at North Sterling Reservoir, north of the city of Sterling, Colorado. We mostly caught crappies there. On both the Beaver and North Sterling we used long cane poles with bobbers. I still get a thrill when I see a bobber start to bounce. Even more exciting fishing trips were those we took to another Beaver Creek near Pingree Park, above the Poudre River in the northern Colorado mountains. We stayed at a place called Bennett’s Guest Ranch. There is also a Bennett Creek in the area which I suppose was named for the Bennett family. I remember the father’s name was Joe. The place we fished was Hourglass Lake and it was close to timberline. We had a folding canvas rowboat from Kalamazoo, Michigan, that the folks could put together in a few minutes and it held three or four of us easily. We trolled for brook trout with Indiana

spinners with worms and used fly rods. I can still remember the feel of the trout hitting the spinner and worm. In those days I even dreamed at night about trolling and the feel of the fish.



The folding boat at Hourglass Lake. Mom is standing at left.

I had another friend, Jerry Johnson, whose family had a farm out toward Rose's Lake, southwest of Brush. His grandmother lived in town and he sometimes lived or stayed with her. One year when we were about 5 or 6, Jerry's Mom had a birthday party for him at the farm where there was also a lake. I remember swimming in the lake for a long time in the afternoon. I was aware that I sunburned easily, but we were having too much fun to worry about it. Boy, did I pay for my negligence! My back was solid blisters for a couple of weeks. I *expect we were skinny dipping, so my bottom was probably* also burned, but I remember mostly my back. I suppose my bottom was under water a good part of the time and was spared. Jerry and I weren't as close before we went to California but were close friends after the war.

Other friends were Jon Katzenbach, Fritz Weybright and Bruce McLagan. Jon's Dad owned and ran the local movie theater, Fritz' Dad was manager (I think) at the sugar factory,

and Bruce's Dad owned the local dairy, McLagan's. Our families frequently got together for parties and usually ate Christmas dinner together. One year for Christmas surprises our parents made us bright red Canadian Mounties uniforms with black caps. We must have been quite a show marching around town in those. We went to the Saturday matinees every Saturday. Jon's Dad let us go down front to open the curtain which was pulled open by hand at that time. We thought that was lots of fun and we were very important. The movies were usually double feature westerns with at least one comedy and news. Fritz's family moved to California before the war, but Bruce and Jon were in Brush through high school. Amazingly, Bruce, Jon and I all eventually earned PhD degrees.



Left to right, Paul, me and Jon in Mounties uniforms. Taken in our backyard in Brush. Central elementary school is in the distant background.

I had a special friend whose name was Martin Tapia. His family, of Mexican origin, had a contract to pick up the

town garbage and feed it to their pigs. It was a large family with a wide spread in ages of their children. Martin was my age. They lived east of town in the "Y" where US6 and US34 split (or came together, depending on which way you were going). Martin was always funny and good for a laugh, but he was also quite timid. In those days, most "Mexicans" lived south of the tracks and were mostly farm laborers. Most of them went to the elementary school that was also on that side of the tracks, Knearl School. Martin and a few others came to Central School which is where I went. I really liked Martin and we were together a lot. I also knew his next older brother, Tony, who was a jockey at the race track, at least part of the time. Another older brother, Mario, and I worked together after the war in the wheat harvest. One of his oldest brothers (I think the oldest) called Felix, had a small hotel in town. I learned my first Spanish from Martin -- cuss words, of course. After the war, Martin, Jerry Johnson and I spent a lot of time together. In the 1980s I made contact again with Martin. He had an exceptional family and lived in San Antonio. Both daughters have graduate degrees from Harvard University.

If I had a "girl friend" in the first and second grade, it was probably Rosemary Stratton. We played together quite a lot and even wrestled. But she always won when we wrestled! Other girls that I remember from those years were Mimi McMullen and Donna Lee Starr.

I do not remember anything about it, but I do know my first plane ride was in a Ford Trimotor. I think it must have landed near Fort Morgan, a town nine miles west of Brush because I am pretty sure in those days Brush had no landing strip or air field or whatever they were called. Dad took me along with him and it was also his first plane ride. I imagine someone was charging for a 20 minute ride or something like that. My next plane ride, but not Dad's, was in a DC-3 and it was after the war.



Ford Tri-motor airplane

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1942-1945: Riverside, California

I remember very vividly the Sunday afternoon in December, 1941, when we heard that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. We were eating Sunday dinner. I, of course, did not really know what it meant, but the gravity of the action was permanently impressed on my mind. I expect my parents had been discussing the possibilities if war did break out because within a couple of months (February, I think) Dad took off in our 1940 Lincoln Zephyr for California and he was already in uniform. He was heading for Camp Haan near Riverside and across from what was then called March Field, later March Air Force Base. After school was out in June, the rest of us took off in another car to spend the summer with Dad in Riverside. Jan was just about four, Paul was approaching eight and I was nearly ten. With Mom driving, we went through Greeley, Fort Collins, Laramie, Rawlins, Ogden, St. George, Las Vegas, and Barstow. Dad had rented a house that was ready when we arrived.

Dad was the medical officer in a search light battalion. Before time to return to Brush that fall, it appeared that the battalion was going to be permanently stationed in Riverside as part of the defense for the Pacific Coast. My parents sold the house in Brush and rented another house in Riverside, at 1629 Palm Avenue, about a block from the parent navel orange tree on Arlington Blvd. The house was on the edge of an orange grove and was owned by an Italian, Joe Brusca, who also owned

the orange grove. Of course, as soon as we were settled and in school, Dad and the battalion were transferred out! The first stop for the battalion was Orlando, Florida. Grandma Prissy (Mom's mother) came from Pennsylvania to stay with the three of us boys and Mom went to Orlando for a few weeks to be with Dad before they shipped out to Europe. I don't know how Prissy survived living with and being responsible for the three of us. She tried to maintain control, and, of course, we mightily resisted. Life must have been very regimented for those few weeks. I remember the first morning after Mom had returned. She came in our room and sat on a bed and asked us what we were going to play today. That word, play, sure sounded fantastic!

While Dad was still in Riverside, the folks arranged for my horse, Pet, to be shipped from Brush to Riverside! Jack Boxer, who was one of the first really big cattle feeders in Colorado (his feedlot was right outside Brush) was shipping several carloads of fat cattle to Los Angeles. There was an old railroad rule that with each carload of cattle, one horse and one cowboy could go along to take care of the cattle on the water stops. Jack did not send a cowboy, but did send my horse. After she arrived at the stockyards in Los Angeles, the person to whom the cattle were consigned called us to say she was there and that he had a truck coming to Riverside so he would send her with it. She arrived in good shape and had made the whole trip free. "In believable!" as my brother Jan says. In the meantime, Dad had found another buggy in California and we had Pet's harness sent to us from Brush. So I ended up not only with a horse, but also with a buggy.

Pet and the harness played an important part in our life in Riverside. I used her not only to pull the buggy around town and down to the Santa Ana River, but also to plow the victory garden and haul in firewood from cut down orange trees in our grove. Besides the victory garden we also had a flock of chickens and some pigeons that we kept under an orange tree behind the garage.

Of course, I also rode Pet a lot. Dad bought himself another horse, Pancho, and we kept both of them at the Mills' home about a mile away down Sierra Street. They had a corral and a barn and also had a horse, Sonny. Bo Mills was a major in the army and they were good friends. Their children were about our age (Marilyn, my age; Peggy, Jan's age; and a son Buddy, in between). We used all three horses and rode a lot. The only problem was that Pancho was a bit crazy. He would take the bit in his teeth and run away, especially if you were heading home and started to run or race. Until Dad went overseas, he was the only one who would ride him. After Dad left, I was the one who rode him. The first time I let him run toward home, I almost paid the price. We were on the left side of the road heading toward the Mills' place which required a right turn onto Sierra Street. Pancho started to run and I couldn't stop him. He started to angle across the road we were on and heading toward the corner where he would have to turn right to get to the Mills. Right on the corner was a huge palm tree and he headed straight for it. I, of course, expected him to turn right toward home. At the last minute, just before running straight into the tree, he veered left rather than right. I was braced for a right turn and just about went flying straight into that palm tree. But I did manage to stay on. Because Pancho had missed the turn and was now heading away from home, I guess he was no longer interested in running and I was able to stop him. I have to admit that I was really scared while we were heading for that tree. But I was also mad that I had let him get away from me.

I finally learned how to control Pancho (I had to because I was the only one who would ride him). When he was running away, I would start to whip him and get him to go faster and faster. As he got into it he would finally relax the hold on the bit and I could all of a sudden jerk it up and then get him to stop (the bit we used on him was a Spanish roller which is a cruel bit to begin with). Another way was to pull on one side of his head so hard that he finally had to look away from where he wanted to run and then he would stop running. I finally worked on him

enough that he quit running away and I really enjoyed riding him after that.



Pet and me in Riverside, California, probably summer 1943.

I had a paper route for a short while in Riverside. We took delivery of the papers at the school where I was enrolled and folded them on the outside lunch tables. One day a man drove up and said he wanted to buy my horse (Pet). I thought about it a while and decided on what I thought was a huge price, \$125. He said that was fine, and I got permission from Mom to sell her, so I did. Just the horse, not the buggy or harness or saddle. But of course, I wanted another horse, particularly for the buggy, because I wouldn't even think about hitching Pancho to the buggy! Mom took me to a riding academy where I checked out some horses and decided on Lady, a red roan mare. I trained her to the harness and buggy myself. At first, I had Paul pull on the harness and taught her to rein (she was neck rein broke from riding, and not used to having the reins pulled from the side like is necessary in a buggy). Eventually she was really great with the buggy and could trot for hours at a time. I

used to drive her all over Riverside, believe it or not! We also took the buggy down to the river when we were going to seine for minnows to use for fishing the next day. It was easier to carry a minnow bucket full of water in the buggy than on the bicycles. Grandma Prissy, in particular, used to really enjoy riding around in the buggy. I remember one Thanksgiving when we were going to the Mills' for dinner. Grandma rode with me in the buggy carrying her two pumpkin pies on her lap just as proud as could be.

One time I took a friend riding down to the river. He was riding Sonny, the Mills' horse and I was riding Pancho. We rode bareback. On the way back we were running through an empty field and he fell off Sonny. He was rolling around on the ground groaning. I told him to quit being a baby and to get back on. I got off Pancho and boosted him up. He complained all the way home, but we did not run any more. It turned out he had ruptured his spleen and had to have an operation. He was all right though. After that, no one could go riding with us unless they first had a note from their parents absolving the folks of any fault if anything went wrong.

After the Mills left Riverside, we sold all the horses except Lady. I kept her at another farm about half as far away as the Mills had lived. She was in a pasture most of the time. One day I went out to catch her and she went crazy. I don't know if it was because she was in heat or what, but she came after me with her ears back and her mouth open. I jumped over the fence and she stopped. I got back into the pasture and she came after me again. That made me mad. I caught another horse that I was going to use to go run her into the corral. In leading the other horse out to the pasture, I noticed an old, wet croquet ball in the grass. I picked it up and felt it was heavy and took it with me planning to throw it at Lady if she came after us again. Well she did, and I threw the ball with all my might hitting her right between the eyes. That probably should have killed her but it didn't. It stunned her enough so that she stopped in her tracks with her head hanging down. I got off the

other horse and put her bridle on her. She was docile as could be the rest of the day and never did anything like that again.

Before Dad left he also took us fishing in California, mostly at Fairmont Park Lake in Riverside. The lake had largemouth bass, blue gills and crappies. We dug worms and I suspect Dad bought minnows. He also used a bass plug, but never caught any bass as far as I remember. We fished from shore and sometimes from a boat that we would rent from the boat house on the lake. We preferred to fish from the boat and after Dad went overseas, that is what we usually did. When we were on our own without Dad to drive us to the lake to fish (Mom did once in a while early on), it was a complicated undertaking. If we were going to fish on Saturday, we would ride our bikes down to the lake after school on Friday (if school was on) to rent a boat for the next day. The first day we did this the owner of the boat house was really skeptical. He said he opened at 10:00 AM and we could rent it then. We said no, we wanted to start fishing at 5:00 AM when the fish were biting. We paid for a boat that evening and arranged for him to leave out the oars and unlock one boat so we could get it out. We told him we would crawl over the roof and drop down onto the deck to get the boat. He finally decided to do it and after that he did it all the time for us.

After renting the boat, we went home to get the minnow seine and minnow bucket and headed to the Santa Ana River either on the bikes or in the buggy. We seined for minnows until we had enough for the next day and then went back home. We got up about 3:30 in the morning and rode the bikes through town stopping at a bakery whose back door was always open at that hour and bought some of their fresh glazed donuts. Man, they were good. Then we would go to the lake and one of us would crawl over the roof of the boat house and get the boat and take it around to where the others were waiting with the bikes and gear. We usually were able to get on to the lake just as it was getting light. Dad had done a good job of teaching us how to fish and we usually did very well early in the morning. About 10:00 when other people would be getting to the park,

we would have a big string of blue gills and crappies and be ready to go home. We had to wait until 10:00 to stop fishing because that was when we could take the boat back. We couldn't get out of the boat house until it opened! It was always fun to watch the men who would stare at us with the big string of fish. Some even offered to buy them from us.

In Riverside I was in the 5th and 6th grade at an elementary school a few blocks from us. I think it was called Magnolia or Palm Elementary, about a block off Palm Avenue where we lived. Because there were so few adults available to do things like guard street crossings, the city police organized "troops" from each school to do this. My sixth grade teacher, Mrs. Booth, picked me to be the "sergeant." It was the sergeant's responsibility to train the troop, to blow the whistle when we were going to stop cars and to make sure no kids crossed the street until cars were stopped. Besides the sergeant, there were two "corporals" who had poles that they held out at the ends of the cross walk to stop the students until they could cross. Also there were four "privates" who manned the stop signs and were stationed about 20 yards from the crosswalk on each side of the street. The street we manned was a four lane street, Magnolia Avenue. Because there was so much military influence during the war, these traffic troops had to learn to march and drill just like army troops. It was lots of fun, particularly because we got out of classes to do it. The police also organized a camp for us in the summer. When we were on duty the police would periodically come by to check us out and the teachers also kept an eye on us. But we were basically on our own at the cross walks.

Mom took us to the beach several times while we lived in California. Usually we went either to Laguna or Newport beaches. The one thing I remember most about the ocean was that the waves were huge. One time we were in the surf and I had my back to the incoming waves. One of them hit me and rolled me over and over, scraping me on the bottom and generally scaring me to death. All I could really think of was holding my breath long enough to find my way back up to the

surface, and I didn't know which way it was most of the time. I did finally come up, with a new respect for the Pacific waves.

Mom's Uncle Urb (Urban Seidel) who was Grandma Prissy's brother lived in La Jolla with his wife Helen. He was a retired MD. Paul spent a few weeks one summer with them and enjoyed going to the Cove at La Jolla. One time we were down there and talked Urb into taking us fishing. I am sure I had in mind going out on a boat and doing deep sea fishing, but he took us to some inland bay where all we caught was a small octopus.



At the beach in California with Meg Sharp.
Paul, me, Meg and Jan.

During the summer between the sixth grade and junior high (the summer of 1944 before I was 12 years old) I went with some friends to Colorado to visit the Gills. They had a car that I remember to be something like a 1938 Terraplane. We left Riverside in the evening to cross as much of the desert at night as possible. It was really a hot night. I remember the car boiling before we got into Bakersfield, California. The only liquid the family had for the radiator was the lemonade they had put in a gallon thermos jug for drinking. Have you ever smelled lemonade boiling out of a radiator? We drove into Bakersfield

about 10:30 at night and the temperature was 110°! The next morning I left my watch (one of Mom's that she had given me for the trip) on top of the towel dispenser in a rest room at a gas station in St. George, Utah. I remembered it after we were about 10 miles out of town. We did turn around and the watch was still there, but that extra 20 miles in the desert in the daytime didn't make anyone happy.

The family was going only as far as Grand Junction, Colorado, on the Western Slope. When we got there they put me on a Trailways bus and I went by myself over the mountains, into Denver and then out to Brush. I don't remember much about that part of the trip, but I do remember Whit Gill at the bus station about 5:00 in the morning when the bus got there. I was sure glad to see him. I was there for a couple of weeks but don't remember much about the stay nor do I remember anything about the trip back to California, but I think the Gills took me back to Grand Junction.

I went to Central Junior High for the 7th and part of the 8th grades and was on the bike patrol there. As I remember, this was a much less well organized operation, but also involved getting out of class early to man our posts.

I had two "girl friends" in junior high. In the 7th grade it was Hilah Cherry who lived down near the river. They had a pinball machine in their living room that I really liked to play. I got my first kiss playing spin the bottle with her and some other friends. We "broke up" one day when we were going somewhere on our bikes. She wanted me to take her big sister on my bike and I didn't want to. She got mad at me and that was that! In the 8th grade my girl friend was Barbara Vlack who was the daughter of a colonel. She and I went to the New Year's Eve dance with her parents and mine for New Years 1946 shortly after Dad got back from Europe. I think it was at the Mission Inn. In those days, at least, in California we all danced and I really enjoyed dancing. We felt very adult dancing with all the adults and kissing at midnight! Dad had gotten back to Riverside just a few days before Christmas, 1945, and we left Riverside shortly after New Year's Day 1946.

The rest of the 8th grade I was in Central School in Brush where I had been in the first through fourth grades.

I also hunted in California. Dad had told Mom not to make “sissies” out of his boys while he was gone and apparently had told her I could use his guns if I decided to go hunting. He had a few shells and Mom bought me a few more when they were available. I used Dad’s 12-gauge Remington automatic which was about as big as I was. My first hunt was with a friend and his father who took us down by the river to hunt doves. I did get a shot at one but didn’t get it. After that I went hunting alone or with my brothers quite often. Usually we went on the bikes with my shotgun slung across my handle bars. We sure must have looked like a tough bunch.

I also learned to drive while we were in Riverside. I couldn’t drive out on the streets but I drove the Lincoln up and down our driveway which curved in from the street and then turned left into the garage. I could back out of the garage and then go forward out the driveway or back all the way out. I often drove forwards and backwards up and down the driveway and that, I guess, is why I can back up so well yet today. I learned to drive well enough that when we got back to Colorado I was driving a lot.

I also learned to play bridge in Riverside. Mom was often able to get two other friends together for bridge and I became a fourth on many occasions. I learned well enough that they did not mind playing with a kid. We played the standard Goren bidding system and I got that down fairly well. I also learned about finessing and other tricks of the game. It was a game that I enjoyed for many, many years.

For a while I was in a boys’ choir. I enjoyed singing as long as my voice was a soprano. But when my voice changed, and I could no longer sing soprano I lost interest. Unfortunately my voice began changing shortly after I started with the choir, so that interest did not last too long.

3

1946-1950: Brush, Colorado

We got back to Brush in the middle of the school year and in basketball season. I knew most of the kids in the 8th grade and did play basketball, but I was not very good because I was too short. The folks had sold the house at 311 Clayton St. where we had lived before the war and Dad had had his office, and bought another at 319 Cameron St. just a block further west. Dad now had his office in the Farmers' State Bank Building but he also had space in the front of the living room that he could close off with a folding door so he could see patients who came to the door for help. I don't remember much about the 8th grade in Brush except that I agreed to play drums in the high school orchestra for graduation. All their drummers were graduating. Hunting season was over and I wasn't all that excited about basketball. There weren't any dances at Central Grade School and I guess nothing much has stuck with me.

In the summer between grade school and high school I went to work at Gill's farm starting out putting up hay. The first day the temperature was 103°. My job was driving the truck that pulled up the stacker and dumped a load of hay onto the top of the stack. I backed up while I was pulling up the load so I could see when it reached the top and I had to stop, letting the hay fall off onto the stack. Then I would drive forward letting the stacker back down to be reloaded from a buck rake. The hay was mowed then raked with a side delivery rake into windrows to dry. After drying it was bunched with a dumped rake into piles. The buck rake would go along and pick up a few of these piles and push them onto the stacker. At first we were still using horses on the dump rake and buck rakes. After

a year or two, Whit changed to a front end loader on the tractor that had a buck rake attachment. The tractor was much faster than the horses and one tractor could keep up with the people on top of the stack.

Gills always had a lot of hay and I worked putting up hay for several years. During my high school years Gills changed over from horse equipment to tractors. Part of the time the tractors pulled horse equipment before they bought new tractor equipment. One time I was mowing hay pulling a horse mower with a D-2 Caterpillar tractor that they had! In the middle of one afternoon a storm blew up real quickly and a big lightning bolt struck close to me and that tractor. I put it into high (which was not very fast on that tractor) and headed out of the field without taking time to raise the sickle bar. I was far enough from the fence so that the sickle would not hit it, but I did not see a telephone pole guy wire until it was too late. The tractor kept going snapping off the tongue of the mower which was made of wood and had been cut off so it was only about a yard long. I left the mower in the field and kept heading for the barn.



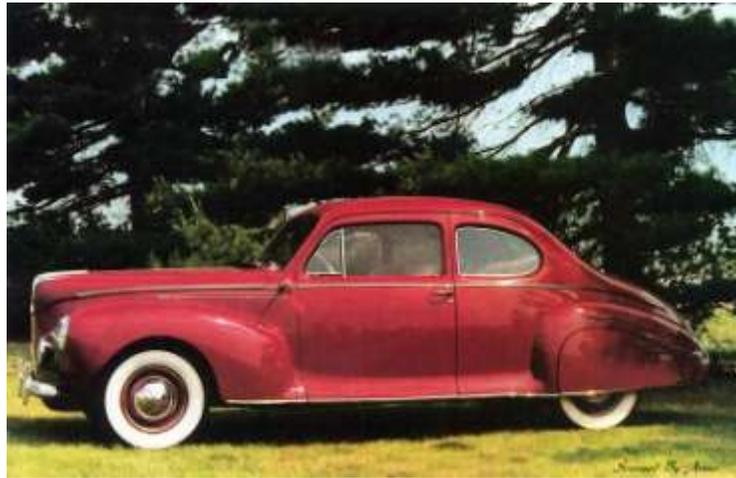
A D-2 Caterpillar tractor like the one Gills had.

I think Gill's pony, Betsy, was still alive after the war but she was getting too old to ride. I took some of my earnings,

went to the weekly horse auction in Brush, and bought a six month old colt. He looked like kind of a jug head at the time because his head seemed too big, but he was a nice bay with four white stockings and a blaze on his face. I called him Blaze. He was the first horse I broke myself from scratch. I kept him out at the Gills so was able to spend a lot of time with him. I decided not to castrate him right away, but let him develop more first. One day when he was about two years old, I had the horses in the corral and was trying to catch him. I jumped in front of him as they were running by me next to the fence like I usually did. Instead of stopping he ran right by me (not over me because I jumped back just in time). As soon as I did catch him that day I tied him in the barn and called the vet, Doc Lamb. He came out the same day, and, as he said, "he changed his mind from ass to grass"! Blaze never did charge past me after that.

For a long time after the war I used the 1940 Lincoln Zephyr because Dad bought the first big car that became available -- a maroon 1946 Buick Roadmaster convertible. The Lincoln originally came with a V-12 engine, but with trips to California and all the driving Dad had put on it, it wore out. We put in a V-8 (factories were still switching over from war production so there were no V-12s available), which left a lot of space between the fan and the radiator. This caused it to heat up easier than it should, particularly in the mountains or driving slowly in hot weather. But otherwise, it was a good engine for the car. We really put that car through its paces. It had big front fenders where two people could sit while we drove through the sagebrush hunting rabbits. The one on the right fender shot rabbits on the right and the one on the left shot at rabbits on the left. One time we were hunting south of town in the blow-out sand hills. I decided to drive up onto a high hill to get a view of where we were. I was driving up the east side without thinking about the blow outs being on the west side of the hills. That big old V-12 hood hid my view and all of a sudden that hood fell out from under us. We were stranded on top of the hill with the front tires hanging over the blowout and

the rear tires also up in the air! Of course, we had shovels, jacks and all sorts of tools in the trunk. Luckily we also had a bushel basket full of coal that we were going to take to the cabin next time we went. It took us about two hours to dig, jack, pull and shove our way out of that mess and it was pitch dark when we finished.



A 1940 Lincoln Zephyr coupe just like the one we had—even to the whitewall tires.

Another time we were hunting Indian arrow heads north of the river, north and east of Snyder. It started to snow and the snow began drifting across the east-west roads. There had been an earlier snow storm that had left some drifts and they became hard to see. As I was approaching one stretch that looked like it might be a drift, I stopped and we looked it over and decided that even if it was a drift we could get up enough speed to get through it before getting stuck. Well, I hit it full out and all of a sudden all we could see was snow coming over the front of the car. We plowed to a stop in a drift about three feet deep. We were packed in so tight that we couldn't even open the doors and had to crawl out the windows. It also took us a long time to dig our way out of that mess! When we finally got out, I

noticed snow smashed into the grill and opened the hood to clean it out so the car wouldn't heat up. In front of the radiator was a solid block of ice that took us another long time to clean out so we could start the car and get going.

We put a trailer hitch on the Lincoln so we could pull a trailer for deer hunting and camping. When I was either 15 or 16 I went deer hunting for the first time. Mom, Dad, Whit and Lucille Gill and I went to Meeker and hunted on a ranch where Dad had worked when he was first in Colorado in 1926. We stayed at a summer camp (log cabin) far away from most other hunters. We could hear shots off in the distance, but no hunters were within several miles of the camp. Although Mom and Lucille each carried pistols, neither one really hunted. They would go out walking but liked to stay in the camp and cook special hunting dishes. One that Mom always liked to cook was peach pie made from dried peaches.

On opening morning I took off by myself. It had snowed about two inches overnight so it was perfect for hunting. I hadn't been out long when I spotted a very fresh buck track. Dad had taught me how to tell the difference between buck and doe tracks. I followed the tracks carefully, always watching ahead for the buck. I didn't particularly keep track of how far I was going but I was moving slowly so it was not real far. I did keep in mind where I was in relation to where the camp was and where Dad and Whit had gone. All of a sudden, the buck walked out of some aspens right into the open, not forty yards away from me. He was not aware I was there. I was carrying a 25-35 Winchester carbine with a folding peep sight that had been my Uncle Blaine's gun. I shot and was sure I had hit the buck because he was just standing there when I shot and I sighted right in on his front shoulder where his heart should be. He jumped and ran and I followed him looking for blood which I knew I was going to see in the fresh snow. After about a half mile and no blood, I finally decided I had not hit him and was trying to figure out how I could have missed. It took me quite a while, but I finally realized I had had a great case of buck fever. I had looked through the peep sight but

looked straight at the buck and not down the barrel to the front sight. The gun was pointed down to the ground!!!

The next day I rode a horse that Bruce Baker, the rancher, had left us in case we needed one. The snow was gone, but because I was on a horse, the deer weren't very spooky. I jumped a little buck (three points) that stopped across on the other side of a hill about 80 yards away. I got off the horse and shot and the buck went down. I watched for a while to make sure that he didn't get up again and when he didn't I turned around to get the horse. There was no horse in sight! Forgetting the buck for a moment, I went after the horse and caught him. Then I went back to where I thought I had been when I shot it and looked over the other hillside trying to find my first deer. I finally saw a leg up in the air and spotted it in relation to some rocks. I dressed it out but could not get it up on the horse. So I carefully noted where it was and went back to camp with the heart that Mom had asked us to bring in. She also asked for the liver, but I don't like liver so I didn't bring it in. We went back in the afternoon and got the buck. The only bad part of that first deer hunting trip was that Mr. Schweers, the high school math teacher, gave me a B for the fall semester because I took time off to go deer hunting (he was jealous!). It was the only non-A grade I ever got in math! Even though I was forever mad at him for giving me the B, I have always thought he was an excellent math teacher.

It had always been a foregone conclusion that I was going to go out for football when I got to high school. I just took it for granted and planned on it right up to the first day of practice when we were to check out uniforms. It happened that that was September first and also the first day of dove season. I thought about it for a while and decided that if I went out for football I would not have time to hunt doves, ducks, pheasants, or anything else after school. That ended my football career before it even started. However, I played the drums in the marching band (as well as in the orchestra) so on Friday

afternoons I went to the games anyway. Even if I had not played the drums, I doubt I would have missed the games.

My usual hunting buddies were Bob Lorensen or Jerry Johnson. Neither of them went out for football either. Bob Lorensen's father was a rural mail carrier. Sometimes we also hunted with Jerry's cousins, Jim and Gene Ruggles. They owned an 80 acre farm northeast of town and John, their father, was also an electrician. I worked for him one summer wiring houses and doing other electrical work. We most often hunted early in the morning before school (usually for ducks) or after school (for doves and pheasants). On the days when we went hunting in the afternoon, I took the Lincoln to school with my gun, shells and clothes in the trunk ready to go as soon as school was out. We would go by the house whoever was going with me and get their gun and clothes and then head for the country.

We mostly hunted doves down on the river by the cabin where we would be in the flyway between the river water with roosting trees and the grain in the fields south of the river. We hunted pheasants all over the place. I remember one opening day when we went out to Jerry Johnson's farm at noon. He, Bob Lorensen and I were there. We parked in their yard and had just started out across what had at one time been their garden but was grown up in weeds. Before we got out of the garden, I had my three cocks. We filled up in a hurry that day.

We used to really enjoy duck hunting. Colorado mostly had mallards and we always tried to shoot only the greenheads (drakes). Our favorite way to hunt was in potholes or along the river when the ducks were up close to a bank. We would fan out in a line and sneak up until they "jumped." Often we would get only greenheads but once in a while there would be a hen that got hit accidentally. It was fun to hunt with a person you knew and hunted with frequently. Bob Lorensen and I hunted together a lot. One time we were hunting deer at Ox Yoke, up in the mountains near Wyoming and he and I were walking along through the sagebrush together approaching a patch of aspen. A young buck walked into an open patch and we both

saw him at the same time. The deer dropped immediately. I asked Bob why he hadn't shot and he said that he did but he thought I hadn't. It turned out we both shot at exactly the same instant. I asked Bob where he had aimed and he said for the neck, which is where I also had aimed. We were both collecting deer skins for tanning. I wanted to make a sport coat out of mine and it took four deer to do it. When we got up to the buck there was apparently one hole in the neck. We did not particularly care who had hit it so didn't look any further. It wasn't until we skinned the deer after getting back to Brush that we realized that there were two holes in the neck about one inch apart! We could tell the difference between Bob's 30/30 and my 25/35 by the size of the holes.

Even when we weren't going hunting for the usual game, we mostly had guns with us. During the late 40s and most of the 50s we did a lot of arrowhead hunting and always took guns along. Usually it would be either a 22 caliber rifle or a 12 ga. shotgun or both. After I started dating, a weekend date often was to go driving and hunting either arrowheads or game if it was in season. Targets of opportunity out of the regular season were rattle snakes, jack rabbits and prairie dogs.

John Ruggles had found a super fishing and hunting camp up in the mountains on the Colorado-Wyoming border. Ox Yoke was actually in Wyoming, but we hunted and fished in Colorado. They had a few non-modern cabins and a bunk house. We could cook our own meals or the wife of the owner would cook and feed us if we wanted. Usually we did our own cooking. One time after we had traded the Lincoln for a 1949 Mercury station wagon, Jan, Paul and I with Jerry Johnson and the two Ruggles boys went up to Ox Yoke to go fishing in the beaver ponds for brook trout. We knew the streams and trails pretty well and drove all over that part of Roosevelt National Forest. One time we saw a porcupine and Jerry Johnson threw his cap at it and got some quills. Not long after that I asked him to check out the right side of the car to make sure I was not going to hit a rock. Just as he stuck his head out I hit a bump

and the quills got into Jerry's head. It was tough getting them out.

As we were crossing one stream, I noticed at the last minute that a rock was showing just under the surface and the water was pretty deep. I hit the brakes hoping to slow down before going over the rock. Instead, I braked just as the front cross member was over the rock and it hit the rock. The car died right there in the middle of the creek. So we got out and decided to let it cool down before we tried to start it. We also washed off the dust. Well, the car wouldn't start and when we looked it over more carefully, we saw that the front was pretty badly bent and damaged from the rock.

We were about four miles from Ox Yoke but everyone thought the camp was in a different direction. I had been driving and keeping track of where we were so eventually prevailed on them that I knew the way to go. We left the car in the middle of the creek and headed off toward the northwest, crossing a sizeable area where we had never been. Fortunately we all had hip boots because we had to cross a number of creeks before we finally got back to camp. We had to call home for someone to come up to get us and they brought along one of Bill Ackley's trucks that went out to the creek and managed to get the car out and up on the back of the truck to haul home. Carroll Garage, that belonged to Harold Gray and was the Ford and Mercury agency where we had bought the car, managed to straighten out the car and put it back into good shape.

We spent a lot of time, both winter and summer, at the cabin on the South Platte River. The folks had bought a lot in town before the war that had an old house on it. They had the main part of the house moved down to an acre lot they leased for 99 years from Andy Christensen. Andy's farm was like the Gills in that it had land both up on the second terrace where it was irrigated, and on the first terrace which was sub-irrigated, alkaline pasture. His house was just up above the lot where they placed the cabin which in turn was on the bank of a seep stream that eventually flowed into the river. The seep was from the Lower Platte and Beaver Canal which was just on the upper

edge of the higher level and between Andy's house and the cabin. Bob and Dottie Lorensen later bought a similar place about one mile up river from the cabin.

The kitchen of the cabin was an add-on room on the south side and had a hand pitcher pump, a kerosene stove and an ice box (there was a phone in the cabin because Dad always needed to be where he could be reached for emergencies), but no electricity. Lights were kerosene or white gas lamps. Heat in the winter was from a fireplace or a two-hole monkey stove on the end opposite the fireplace in the main room. The outhouse was across the seep stream. Furniture consisted of a big table for eating, wooden chairs a few benches, and several bunk beds.



The cabin on the South Platte River during a flood. The outhouse was across a seepage creek and the wooden bridge had washed away.



The cabin and bridge in winter, viewed from the outhouse.

In the summer we usually had the horses at the cabin, keeping them in the enclosed acre around it. We could ride from the Gill's along the river and only need to be on about one mile of road. We rode past the trout ponds on Chris Danielsen's farm and then through a gate into Andy's pasture and down to the cabin. If we were going to stay at the cabin for several days, the folks usually brought us supplies in the car. Unless we hauled supplies on the horses, we usually rode bare back. Often when we were alone we rode all over the river bottom bare bottomed ourselves. This had the advantage that if we took the horses into the deeper water, it didn't make any difference. We had one place where there was about a six foot bank above the seep stream right at its deepest spot. We jumped the horses off the bank and into the stream and of course everything got soaking wet. Sometimes we would ride three or four abreast down the irrigation canal jumping from one horse to another. To do that, though, we had to wear swim suits because it was up near Andy's house.

I could even ride my horse, Blaze, without a bridle. The only time I had any problem with him was if we were racing and he didn't want to stop. Then I would just lean down,

grab him by the neck and slide off the left side, keeping my feet just off the ground. He would immediately stop dead and I simply swung back on and would have him back under complete control. To turn left, I simply slapped him lightly on the right jaw, and the opposite to turn right. To stop, I would lean down and put my hand on his nose and pull back. He was a great horse.

Besides Paul and Jan a lot of the time, my usual cabin buddies were Martin Tapia, Jerry Johnson, and sometimes the Ruggles. I guess Bob Lorensen just didn't like horses, but he sometimes came down in the winter when we would hunt. At night we mostly played poker. We used chips but never bet money that I can remember. There was a big, old battery-run radio that we would get Clint, or Del Rio, Texas on and listen to what then we called western music and now is called country.

One summer while I was in high school I worked for the Wagers in wheat harvest. They were the family from whom the folks bought Pet, the horse that Jack Boxer shipped to California for me. I drove a truck to unload the combines which we always did on the move. Jack Wagers did not like his combines to stop once harvest started in the morning. We would start as early in the morning as the wheat dried out and go as long as possible in the afternoon. His farm was south of Brush in the Woodrow area. They stored wheat in a bunch of abandoned houses scattered around the land they farmed. Once the truck was full with about three tons of wheat, you had to drive as fast as you could to wherever the current place was and unload as fast as possible to get back to the field before the combine filled up again. The Wagers did not have hydraulic trucks so we unloaded everything by hand. You backed up to the elevator and lifted the tailgate which started the grain flowing. Then you got up in the truck and scooped out a cone around the tailgate. Once that was formed you went up to the front of the truck and began scooping grain toward the cone at the back of the truck. That way the slope of the cone did some of the work. But it was still hard work unloading three tons

without stopping. I got so I could do it in between 15 and 20 minutes.

Martin Tapia's brother, Mario, also worked for them. His job was to get in the house and spread out the wheat as it came in. This seemed to me to be an easy job so one time I asked Mario if I could switch with him. He grinned and said sure. I about died from the heat and dust before he finished unloading the truck and I was able to come out for fresh air. There was no question he had the toughest job. I think working in those kinds of conditions hastened Mario's death.

One year at Gills I decided I wanted to stack the hay rather than drive the truck. My stacking partner was a guy from Snyder by the name of Johnny. He had been in jail for something or other but seemed like a nice guy. He sure taught me how to stack without killing myself. You had to get a big 'ball' of hay and roll it toward the corners or edges of the stack rather than pick up smaller loads and lift them toward the corners. To keep the stack straight required only a minimum amount of lifting, mostly to adjust the edges.

A few weeks after we had finished stacking that time, Dad was called out to Snyder. It seems that Johnny had been away from home for a few days and when he came back he saw his wife necking with some guy in his car parked in front of Johnny's home. Johnny went into the house, got a shotgun and came out and shot the guy. Johnny was in his house threatening to shoot himself when they called Dad. Somehow Dad talked him out of the house without anyone else getting shot.

Besides working for the Gills and the Wagers, I also worked one summer for John Ruggles wiring new homes and doing electrical repairs in others. I learned a lot about electricity from John. Sometimes he would leave me alone for a couple of days when he went up the Poudre River to fish. He would tell me what to do while he was gone and then would inspect it when he returned to make sure I had done it correctly. That same summer Paul worked for one of the contractors in town and we both worked on the same house some times. Paul

tells the story about a real slow worker they had one time when they were shingling a house. He moved so slowly that one time Paul nailed down his apron so he couldn't move. It took the guy a while to figure out what was wrong.

Paul (and Jan sometimes) also worked for Doug Stratton on his ranch north of Akron near Fremont Buttes. Because the fields were so big, Paul used to say that when he was 'one waying' one of the big fields out there he would take off after breakfast, turn around at the end of the field and get back to where he started in time for lunch. One time Doug wanted to look for some cows he thought had gotten into the pasture of the 22 Ranch that was owned by Whit Gill's brother Ted who was a state Senator for many years. The pasture had about 10,000 acres (about 15.5 square miles) under one fence and included Prewitt Reservoir. Doug also had a horse he was starting to break and he wanted to ride it while we were looking for the cattle. I took Blaze out to the ranch and Paul, Jan and I went with Doug on that ride. It was really great after we got into the big pasture to be able to ride all day without seeing any fences. However, we didn't find any of Doug's cattle

I had a 1946 Ford Coupe for a while but traded it in for a '49 3/4 ton Ford pickup that I put stock racks on so I could haul horses in it. One time the Gills were going to round up some of the wild horses in their big pasture on the 22 Ranch. They said we could have a couple of colts if we would just go get them. Paul and I decided we would do it and have a couple of new colts to break. We picked a couple of yearlings and with a lot of help finally got them haltered and into the pickup with their heads tied low because they both tried to jump right back out of the pickup. They were really wild. We drove the pickup into the second corral at Whit Gills place and then had to pull them out because they had decided not to leave the pickup. We wanted to keep them in this extra corral and not let them run with the rest of the horses because we were afraid we would not be able to catch them again. We fooled with them for a couple of weeks but finally decided they were tougher than we were and got rid of them.



Paul with one of the colts from the 22 Ranch. Gill's river bottom pasture is in the background.

Another friend in town said he was going to go to Missouri to pick up an American Saddle Bred horse and asked if I would like him to get one for me. I decided I would and he brought back one he charged me \$125 for. He was a beautiful solid sorrel, three years old, and just barely "green" broke. The first time I rode him was out on the road near the place of the guy who bought him for me. Everything was fine until a car started coming along the narrow dirt road. I guess Cherry, for Cherokee as I called him, had never seen a car coming at him before. He stopped, and began to crouch down getting lower and lower as the car got closer and closer. I didn't want to do anything for fear of making things worse so I just waited to see what would happen and hoping he wouldn't jump in front of the car. Just as the car got beside us and was going past, Cherry spun around as if he were on a pivot, right in the same place but facing the other direction. He was really agile and fast. I took him out to the Gills and worked with him a lot. He was great to ride and reined beautifully, leaning down so low on a tight, fast turn that my foot almost touched the ground. He was high strung, but could be controlled by someone who knew what

they were doing. I finally sold him for \$250 to a Grosse Point, Michigan girl at the University of Colorado when I was there. She trained him to be an Olympic jumper and rode him in the National Western Stock Show in Denver. She told me that the first time she rode him into the arena he panicked and about ran away, but she was able to control him and get around all the jumps. His time was very fast, but unfortunately he hit one jump so didn't win.

During my high school days, my cousin, Anna Marie Trexler, from Reading, Pennsylvania came out to Colorado to work for Dad. She is older than I am, was a new RN, and worked in his office. She stayed with us until she got married to Jim Hutcheson. It was the first time we had a girl in the house and it was pretty nice. She stayed in the guest room downstairs and the three of us boys, and any friends we might have staying with us, stayed in the big bedroom/game room upstairs. Jim ran the Conoco gas station in town and later became a State Farm agent. They made their home in Brush and Anna Marie still (2011) lives there.

Anna Marie's brother Jim, who is my age, also came to Colorado. He was only going to come for a visit as I recall, but got a job and stayed for several months. He went to work for Clatworthy Hardware, a farm machinery dealer in Fort Morgan, the county seat about nine miles west of Brush. He delivered machinery all over the area and got to know everyone. He bought himself a 1934 Ford four door sedan. Dad was then driving a 1953 Lincoln and sometimes would trade the Lincoln to Jim for his 34 Ford when Jim had a date. Dad really had fun driving around in the Ford and Jim, of course, loved to drive the Lincoln. Jim still drives Lincolns!

Jim tells the story of the first time he went dove hunting. Jan, who was six years younger and probably about 12 at the time, took him down to the river near the cabin. Jim had a 12 ga. shotgun and Jan had a 410. Jim says Jan would point out a dove and let Jim get the first shot or two and then Jan would shoot the dove for him. Jan was always a good shot. We used to do a lot of trap shooting in those days, particularly in the late

fall at the turkey shoots. Jan could hold his own with most of the men.

One year while we were in high school, Paul and Jim Ruggles went up to Big Piney, Wyoming to work on a ranch that belonged to a friend of the folks who previously had managed the Carroll Hotel in Brush and married the daughter of the owner of the ranch. It was a big place with a lot of hay meadow and the main summer work was haying. The folks decided to go up to visit their friends and go fishing in the Piney Lakes for lake trout. I went along with them. While the folks were visiting at the ranch, I worked with the hay crew, repairing equipment and also stacking hay. We stayed at the main ranch, in the bunkhouse, but ate with the hay crew in the bunkhouse where the hay meadows were. Breakfast was a big bowl of oatmeal, followed by a huge platter of steaks with gravy, bread, eggs, and I don't remember what else. A couple of times at night we drove into Big Piney and went to the bar. Yes, that's right, the bar. We were all in high school, but were tall enough to put our money on the bar so we got served! Paul tells about the time that the father of the wife, that is, the person who really still owned the ranch, wanted to go into town the next day and asked Paul to go with him. Paul was surprised when at dawn the next morning he had to get two horses that they rode to town, about 25 miles away. Grandpa just preferred to go by horse rather than by car!

We went fishing at the lake and caught a few, but not many, lake trout. It was a beautiful place, though with crystal clear water. I decided to go back to Brush with Jim Ruggles who had a fairly old car of some kind. Well, it broke down not too far out of Big Piney. We flagged down a car to take us into the next town to get some help. It turned out that a New York couple in a Cadillac stopped to pick us up and they were really thrilled to be helping out a couple of "Wyoming cowboys."

Sometimes, if we had the horses in town for some reason, such as for the Fourth of July parade, we would ride them to the swimming pool. Brush had a large pool at the Memorial Park, south of town. It was emptied about every two

weeks when it would get dirty and then cleaned and refilled. They did not use chlorine in it then. It had a big chain link fence around it and a bath house for changing. We would tie the horses up under trees beside the bath house. One time one of the horses got loose and was roaming around in the center of town. Someone recognized the horse and called Mom who came out to the pool to tell us. We rode the other horses into town and caught the one that had gotten loose.

Besides hunting, fishing, farming and cowboying, I played in the high school band and orchestra for four years, sang in the choir a year or two, and even sang in the Methodist Church choir for about a whole year. As I recall, all the percussion section of the orchestra (and therefore, the marching band) when I was an eighth grader, were seniors. This left no one to play drums for the graduation ceremony in the spring. Somehow I got the job of playing the tympani for Pomp and Circumstances and just sort of stayed on. That meant I was in the marching band in the fall and had to learn to play the snare drum. I really loved the tympani but did OK with the snare drum. Marjorie Dahms was the other freshman in the percussion section and probably also played for graduation the year before, but I do not remember for sure. I knew marching from my experience with the street crossing patrol in grade school in Riverside, California, so that part of it was not difficult.

Mom was a terrific cook. Coming from a Pennsylvania Dutch family, she cooked lots of food that now we would call heavy. It never mattered if one or more of us boys brought one or more people home for a meal. There was always more than enough. Besides a full meal, she almost always had a choice of two or more desserts. We had some favorite meals that we requested over and over again. At least once a month we would have prime rib roast. The butcher at Safeway knew exactly what Mom wanted and she always got an excellent roast. In those days, prime *meant* prime. The roast would have at least a half inch of fat on it and sometimes more. She would roast it medium and make dark, rich gravy for the mashed potatoes. We often had "hot slaw" with it as well or sometimes green

peas. Sometimes we had other things with the meal, but those were the necessary basics. Several times a year we would have leg of lamb. Mom covered the leg with onions and brown sugar and made a mint sauce to go with it. The sauce was made with brown sugar, mint (either fresh or dried), vinegar, and enough water to make the vinegar taste just right. The gravy from these legs was even darker and more delicious than that from the prime rib roast. We also insisted on mashed potatoes and frozen green peas to go with it. Again, there could be other things and usually were, but these were the inevitable basics.

Mom also made what we called “cure-all” because it was so good “it would cure anything.” It was oranges, bananas and marshmallows. Simple but delicious. We had it for one of the dessert choices very often. She also made super apple and cherry pies that were often requested.

Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners were nearly always the same basic menus. Turkey, of course with a stuffing made of bread, celery, onion and a few spices. I make one that is very similar but use Pepperidge Farms herb stuffing for the bread. Then there would be mashed potatoes, dried corn, hot slaw and cranberry sauce. Sometimes she made sweet potatoes but we did not consider these necessary. Dessert had to be her pumpkin pie that had more bourbon than pumpkin and was like a custard. Sometimes there were other kinds of pies as well, usually including mincemeat for Christmas. For Christmas Eve, we very often had oyster stew and invited the Pettys and Watrous families for dinner. Mr. Pettys owned the Farmers’ State Bank and Helen Watrous was their daughter. Doc Watrous had worked for the Manhattan project during the war involved in something to do with the atomic bomb. He eventually became President of the bank as well. Mrs. Pettys was a member of the State Board of Education. When she was campaigning for election I drove her around the state in her Buick. I was 16 at the time.

The folks always had a long-leaf, Ponderosa pine for a Christmas tree and had big balls, about 3 to 3 ½ inches in diameter for it. There were always huge amounts of presents

under the tree. Not only did we all get things for each other, but many patients and friends also brought presents. Before the war, I well remember the big cardboard boxes that would arrive from the relatives in Pennsylvania. That practice stopped during the war and was never started again.

I did not start dating in high school until I was a sophomore. My first date was a double date with Jerry Richard. His date was Phyllis Hansen and mine was Joyce Stitt. I believe we went to a high school dance. In those days we wore new Levi's to dress up for a dance. I expect that is what we wore. The Hansens owned a farm north of town on State Highway 71 about half the way to Gills. The Stitts owned a farm about three miles southwest of town. Jerry, Phyllis and I were sophomores and Joyce was a freshman. By the time Jerry and I were Juniors we were going steady with the same girls and eventually married them.

The folks bought a farm in 1949. It was the Caldwell place north east of Brush and on the section (square mile) just south of the Caldwell School where the Gills all attended school before consolidation. The school was a two room school as I remember and once when we were young, I went there one day with Bart when for some reason I did not have school but he did. Our farm had 360 acres (a half section plus a 40 across the road). It was adjacent to the railroad that ran between Brush and Hillrose. There was also a beet dump by the farm. Dad obtained the **99** brand for the farm but I don't remember how he managed such a good brand. Paul registered a half diamond lazy H brand which was also a great brand. Because it was in the family, I was given permission by the Brand Commission to use a half diamond lazy **HL** where the L was attached to the H. I worked a bit on our farm, but not nearly as much as I did on the Gill's.

I graduated from high school in 1950 and there were 50 of us in the class. Bruce McLagan and I decided to room together because we were both going to the University of Colorado.

4

1950-1952: University of Colorado

I had always anticipated or assumed I was going into medicine since Dad was a doctor, so when I graduated from high school I went to the University of Colorado in Boulder for pre-med. I had arranged to room with Bruce McLagan in a dorm on campus and Mom took me up to Boulder. I don't remember if freshmen were not supposed to have cars or if that was a rule the folks made, but I did not have a car, at least at first. I did all the things freshmen usually do. Learn the fight song, go to pep rallies, go to Tulagi's for beer, attend all the home games, etc.

I roomed with Bruce the first semester and then changed roommates. Bill MacLeod was from Maybell near Dinosaur National Monument in northwestern Colorado. He was also in pre-med and a great guy. I remember he had a vest made from deer skin that I liked and had one made for me. In those days we always tanned our deer skins for a use such as this. Bill smoked Bull Durham and rolled his own cigarettes. There was a pouch on the vest for the bag of tobacco. I had one put on my vest also, but did not like rolling cigarettes, so didn't use it very much for Bull Durham. That isn't to say that I did not smoke, because I did. I had been smoking for about three years before I went to college! I usually smoked Camels as I recall. I had a 45 rpm record player and a radio in the room with an electric alarm that would turn on both of them. Bill and I always woke

up to Patti Page singing 'Mocking Bird Hill.' We also had a record of '**Don't Fence Me In**,' which has stayed with me so long that it is the title of this book of memoirs.

In the room across the hall and down one door from Bill and me there was a Japanese student rooming with a boy from Montana. This was soon enough after the war that we were not sure about having a Japanese around, but he turned out to be a really nice person. The guy from Montana was also nice, but he came from a logging family that never bathed in the winter unless it was necessary, or unless it had been six weeks since the last bath. The poor Japanese really had a problem. Finally the odor got so bad that a bunch of us went into the guy's room, took him down the hall to the bathroom, put him in a shower and told him to clean himself up -- and stay clean. He took the hint. The Japanese student really appreciated our solution to his problem.

The CU riding academy was right across the street from the dorm so I eventually brought my horse Blaze to school. One of the guys in the dorm by the name of Dick Strobridge was from Chicago. He had a roadster, probably about 1938 vintage which made it only about 12 years old. I think it was a Chevy. He thought it was the fastest thing on the road. I told him that Blaze was faster than his car and he couldn't stand it until we had a race. We measured off 40 yards on the road between the dorm and the riding academy so he would have a paved road and Blaze would be on the dirt shoulder. I rode bareback and a third person, maybe Carl Reale, gave the signal to start. Dick couldn't believe by how badly he lost. Of course, if we had raced much further, he would have won, but he didn't know what I knew about how fast a good quarter horse could get going.

Carl Reale was from Jamestown, N.Y. and was in pharmacy. I think he came to school for the second semester I was there. We became good friends and eventually rented a small house (carriage house, actually) and roomed together for

the second year I was at Boulder. He bought himself a horse and also kept it at the riding academy. We both belonged to the CU Riding Club and I was elected President during my sophomore year. For quite a while, Carl dated Jan Bekins who also belonged to the club and whose father was owner of Bekins Van Lines. I taught Blaze to jump while I had him there, and rode him often up toward the Flat Irons, the mountains that are a trademark of Boulder. It was a nice ride and a good way to get away from people after I got out of town, which in those days didn't take too long. Sometimes the Club would take weekend pack trips into the mountains and these were fun. The second spring after school was out we went for a three day trip up to a high lake. It snowed and was really wet and cold and all of us stayed in the tent that we had taken for the girls to sleep in. Still, it was a lot of fun.

I think that was the same summer that Carl came to Brush for part of summer vacation. We worked at Whit Gill, Jr.'s farm, which was part of the 22 Ranch. Carl helped during hay harvest, but then he left. Whit and Audrey used to have a boat with a big (for those days) out board motor on a small lake near their house and also part of the 22's land. Sometimes we would go over there in the afternoon. That is where I learned to water ski.

Later that summer Whit got himself an old "Co-op" combine and he and I decided to go into the custom combining business. We worked on the combine for several days getting it repaired and a bean attachment connected to pick up bean windrows for combining. We managed to combine his beans and I got a contract for combining the beans on our farm from the tenant. That didn't go very well. The combine broke right away and as soon as I would get it going again, it would break down again. The farmer finally got someone else to do his combining. That was the only "Co-op" combine I ever saw. No wonder!

In high school I had taken two years of Spanish so they put me in advanced Spanish at CU. I got a D and barely made it. I had had all As in Spanish in high school, but I guess that

didn't amount to much. I do remember that I liked the high school Spanish teacher, Miss Klemme, a lot. We thought she was so cute we called her 'Cuddles.' The name stuck. She married John Blum who worked for and eventually bought Alex Lebsock's clothing store in Brush. Being in pre-med I also had to take organic chemistry. I had also had chemistry in high school, but not organic. This one I flunked. This had nothing to do with my high school science teacher, Mr. Mercer, who was very good. We just never had been involved with organic chemistry. The high school math I had taken from Mr. Schweers, probably the best teacher I had in high school, held up very well in college. The botany courses I was supposed to take for pre-med did not sound very interesting so I took plant morphology. That did not go much better. There was no relation between the plants we were studying and farming, fishing or hunting. More and more I was beginning to see that taking care of little old ladies was not what I wanted to do. I finally made the decision to go to what was then Colorado A & M College in Fort Collins to study agriculture. I settled on Animal Production in the Animal Science Department.

In my algebra class at CU the person sitting in the seat beside me was from Iowa. I was talking to him about deer hunting as it was getting on to that time of year. He claimed to be a hunter, although coming from Iowa (for me, "Way back East") I had my doubts. Anyway, I decided to take him hunting with me. We left late Friday afternoon after class and went up to the Ox Yoke area. I had not made reservations and there was no place there for us to stay so we slept in the car parked above one of the beaver creeks where we used to fish. In the morning, I put him part way up the slope and I went down to the creek. Any deer I might jump should run uphill and towards him. I asked him if he knew what direction we were going and he said yes. I decided I better keep him in sight so he would not get out ahead of me or vice versa and to be sure I knew where he was. Well, he kept moving off to the left, going somewhat uphill. So I did the same thinking he must be in some rough going. After a while I called to him. He had no idea where I was or where he

was or where he was going. That made hunting with him a bit difficult.

I decided to get out of the timber and into the more open sage brush and aspen thickets, so drove a few miles to the east of where we had been. I took him down into one draw and pointed out where to go, straight up the draw until he hit the open ground above where he would see the car. I went into the next draw and also worked my way up. Just as I got to the top of the draw I saw what was the biggest buck I ever got. I shot him and dressed him out then went looking for the guy and my car. At least he was with the car.

Then, trying to get him a shot, I decided to circle around with him across the tops of a number of draws I could see set out in sort of a big circle. After we got about half way around it began snowing -- harder and harder. Once we jumped a jack rabbit and it was snowing so hard I could not tell right away how far away it was and thought at first it was a deer on a farther slope. We finally decided we better head back to the car. It was snowing so hard we couldn't see more than a few feet in front of us. We cut straight across the ridge tops and right into the car. At that point we had to load up my buck and head back to Boulder. So he never did get a shot, but I got the largest rack I ever shot. I had the antlers mounted and kept them for many years.

One other thing I did at CU was square dance. I joined the square dance club and really enjoyed it. My partner and I were really good and had a ball. Not only did we dance square dances but also western dances of all kinds. I also did a lot of square dance calling.

5

1952-1956: Colorado State University

When I transferred to what is now CSU and into animal science, I had decided that I wanted to stay in farming and anticipated returning to Brush to farm our own farm. I thoroughly enjoyed animal science and although it took me an extra year to graduate I have always thought it was a good move. At first I roomed with Jim and Gene Ruggles and off and on with a person by the name of 'Pistol' Ward. We had two connecting motel units. My unit was just a bedroom and bath. Theirs also had a kitchen and place to eat. I was the cook and they did the dishes. If the dishes weren't done when I got home to do the cooking there was no meal. So we usually had a clean kitchen. I was naturally a meat and potatoes cook, but Jim and Gene really took it to the extreme. They usually filled their plates with potatoes and gravy before anything else. When they had eaten about two-thirds of the plateful of potatoes they would then begin on the rest of the meal. We went through lots of potatoes.

I took Blaze to Fort Collins and kept him at Kinch and Blaine's place on the Poudre River above LaPorte. Kinch was Dad's aunt (his mother's sister) and had been a school teacher. When she graduated from school she got a job in Meeker, Colorado. (I have no idea any more how this came about.) While there, she met, and finally married, Blaine Hammond. Also while in Meeker, Kinch invited Dad and a friend of his, Bob Worth, to spend a summer there, in 1926. Dad fell in love with Colorado and although he returned to the University of Michigan Medical School at the end of summer, he did eventually return to Colorado. Dad worked on the Starbird Ranch in Meeker when he was there and we have a photo of

him riding a bronco at the rodeo. Dad also loved Trappers Lake and Grand Mesa in general, but never got back there very often.



Dad on the bucking horse in Meeker in 1926.

Blaine was a state tax re-assessor and traveled all over the state settling property evaluation disputes. He really knew Colorado. Blaine arrived in Colorado in 1888. His family left Kansas on a train with a covered wagon on board. In Colorado they left the train and finished the trip in the wagon. Blaine often referred to Oklahoma as Indian Territory and to Laramie, Wyoming as Laramie City to differentiate it from Fort Laramie! He worked as a cowhand on the Poudre and Buckhorn Rivers and rode what he called the 'Old Flowers Trail' many times. It should still be on Roosevelt National Forest maps. He homesteaded a quarter section (160 acres) high up on the Buckhorn, the creek that flowed from Cherokee Park down into the Thompson River just above Loveland. His neighbors just above the homestead were the Dickersons. I did know Mrs. Dickerson but not her husband, but did know their son Allen and his two sisters, Alice and Helen.



Kinch and Blaine Hammond in their home on the Poudre River, ca 1955

Allen Dickerson ran a saw mill that was on their place. He was an interesting old bachelor and the girls wouldn't let him live with them. He had his own cabin a couple hundred yards above their main house. The sawmill was in between. Blaine tells a story on Allen who always talked very slowly. One day while Allen was walking along the road by the sawmill a wagon drove up and the driver stopped to talk with Allen. After a while Allen said, "Would you mind moving up just a little bit? The wagon stopped on my foot!"

Alice and Helen were always busy. They had a huge garden with a high deer fence around it. For many years they netted and banded birds for the Audubon Society along the creek that up as high as they were was mostly just beaver dams and willow meadow. Also for many years they made baskets

from pine needles they shipped in from North Carolina. The baskets were excellent and beautiful. They sold these and other things they made and cooked at a little store they built across the road from the house. That high up, though, there was not very much traffic except on weekends. For many years we got our Christmas tree at the Dickersons. Allen would go out and mark a few that he thought might be good and then we would go up and cut down the one we decided on. Usually we took the top out of a big tree which was all right with Allen because he would use the rest of the tree either for lumber or fire wood. We made a big excursion out of getting the tree and Mom always thought that our trip, particularly in later years, made Christmas for the Dickersons who always had things for us and received presents from us.

One time Jack Hammond, Blaine's grandson from Lance Creek, Wyoming, and I were up at the homestead looking around and found an old nickel slot machine. We took it down to Blaine's and fixed it up so it would work (without money). It was lots of fun. I have no idea what ever happened to it though and am sure it was illegal to have around. Jack spent a year at CSU while I was there and we went deer hunting at Ox Yoke. Jack married a girl by the name of Carolyn and last I knew they had an outfitting and guiding business in Wyoming. Jack's parents were Ken (Blaine's son) and Mur Hammond. After Ken died, Mur moved to Brush.

It was Blaine who got us interested in hunting Indian arrowheads. He had a fabulous collection all mounted in shadow boxes. We did the same things with ours. We mostly hunted in the plains around Brush. The best hunting was north of the river. We named the places we hunted such as 'piano hill' where there was an old piano, and 'the battle field' where we found so many arrowheads rather than tools, we figured it must have been a battle field. During the big drought of the mid 1950s the arrowhead hunting was fantastic. Fields would blow completely bare leaving the arrowheads and tools right on top just like coins tossed on the top of a table. In some places like the battle field, it was incredible. One day we were out hunting

and the wind was blowing so hard it blew the varnish right off the wood paneling of the Mercury station wagon we had (the same one we hit the rock with at Ox Yoke). Most farmers, of course, did not like losing their soil. But there were a few, who were arrowhead collectors, who worked their land where they knew there had been a camp, just to let it blow.

I got married after the first quarter at CSU to the woman who I had been going steady with for a few years. Her father was a farmer southwest of Brush. Her mother had died many years before I met her and she had taken up the duties of cook and housekeeper for her father and two brothers from a very young age. Her father died shortly after we started going together leaving her with one younger (Norman) and one older (Don) brother. Her grandparents who lived on the next farm and her uncle, Harold, who lived on a farm close by arranged for a housekeeper to take care of the family while the older brother took over the farm. Shortly after Don took over the farm, he was picking corn with the new mechanical corn pickers and got his hand caught in it. He had to pull off his three middle fingers to get out of it because no one saw him out in the field. He kept his thumb and most of his little finger, so he could use the hand for most things. One of her cousins, Mildred, who was Harold's daughter, married John Gill who became a plastic surgeon. The grandparents had started a huge brick house on their farm and never finished it. After they died, Henry Anderson, a lawyer in Brush, bought it and made it livable.

We married on December 14th and had our honeymoon at a cottage in Estes Park. We had rented an upstairs apartment in an old brick house on Mulberry Street (if I remember correctly) and moved in after Christmas. I had a 3/4 ton Ford F250 pickup with a stock rack on it so we had a way to move furniture. My wife got a job at Forney's Welders, a company in Fort Collins that made electric arc welders. She was a bookkeeper for them. During the four years we were in Fort Collins she also managed to get in two years of courses at CSU, mostly after I got an assistantship to work on a master's degree,

and she could quit work. We stayed in the apartment until we were able to get a place in a quonset hut in 'Vet Village.' Without children we were allowed a hut that was cut in half lengthwise. By then many of the vets had finished school and the village was being filled up by the increasing number of married students who had not been vets. The people who had lived in the huts before had customized them so each one was different inside. It was cheaper than living in an apartment so was a good deal. Jerry and Phyllis (Hansen) Richard from Brush also lived in Vet Village.

I was active in the Livestock Club and made trips with them to the National Western Stock Show in Denver. One year, after taking a course in Wool Technology (as in sheep, not cloth) and wool judging (sheep pelts, not cloth) I entered the Intercollegiate Wool Judging contest at the National Western. I knew I had done fairly well in placing the wool but did not know how I had done in giving the reasons for my placing. So at the banquet, I sort of anticipated being in the top 10. But after calling off the tenth to the fifth place persons, I decided I had not done so well. I couldn't believe it when they called my name as the winner! The trophy was a spur tie clasp with a sheep on it in silver and gold. The spur is a symbol of a livestock judge. It was one of my proudest possessions. I also participated in livestock judging but did not do so well. I did make the trip with the senior team to Ogden, Utah, but did not win anything. I did, however, win a dairy judging contest on campus once. I also worked as a student assistant in the judging classes listening to reasons. Both giving reasons and listening to them was a great learning experience--particularly giving them. You had to convince the judges that your reasons for placing the four head of livestock, whatever they were, or wool pelts, were sound. You had to have good reasons and a convincing manner.

One year the Livestock Club decided to rebuild the CSU rodeo arena before the spring rodeo put on by the Livestock and Rodeo Clubs. Someone had cleared out a lot of poles in a 'dog hair stand' of lodge pole pine not too far up in the mountains

and told us we could have all the poles we wanted if we would get them out. It was hard work, but fun. We used my pickup and any others around and loaded them up after dragging out the poles by hand from the forest. We did get the arena rebuilt before the rodeo. I worked the arena on Blaze that year. I herded stock from one end to the other or into the gate at the end of the arena. Also I carried saddles and riggings back and forth, etc. I hadn't used Blaze too much for a while and he was a bit soft. Also, the arena was muddy from a recent rain. So he really got tired before the rodeo ended. We made it though.

Another course I took has really helped me. It was in ag engineering and was on functioning and repair of engines. I forget the name of the course. But it did an excellent job of teaching me how to take care of a car engine. I was able to do all my own tune ups after that. I could even time the engine just by listening to it. The shop foreman at the Ford Garage in Brush didn't believe it and told me to bring the car in after I timed it so they could do it right. I had bought the parts at the garage so he knew what I was doing. I did take it in after I finished and he put the timing light on it (I did not have a timing light). He couldn't believe it but it was perfect!

The first summer we lived in Fort Collins I got a job as a butcher at a small private grocery store. I had taken the meats course at CSU and knew how to cut meat but had to learn how to keep up with orders, keep the meat fresh, and treat customers. The butcher in the store where I worked was an old hand and taught me a lot about it and I really liked him. I didn't like the lady who owned the store that much however. One of the best things about working at the store was that I cut all the watermelons (those that we were going to sell in pieces). Whenever I got one that was really great, I bought half to take home. The butcher I worked with retired and left me alone for the summer. Later on he went to work for another grocery in LaPorte and when we moved back to Fort Collins in 1961 I used to buy meat from him there. One year for New Year's Day, the folks were going to have dinner with us in Fort Collins. I asked Mike, the butcher, to get me a really nice

whole prime rib roast. He found a good quarter and hung it for two weeks aging. When I went to pick it up he said it ought to be really great because he had had to cut off a half inch of 'hair,' meaning mold, and that it was 'almost rotten'! That meant it was really well aged. When I opened it up to put it in the oven, I saw he had written on it with pork fat, 'Happy New Year'!

To give you an idea of what the CSU campus was like and how conditions were different in those days, when I was taking the meats course the meats lab was about where the current social science building now is. One day we were going to butcher a pig. The pig objected and got loose and was running around the area. Now a loose pig that doesn't want to be caught is very hard to catch. So I walked over to my pickup that was parked in the shade by the lab, got out my rifle, and shot the pig. We finished butchering him as usual.

The war in Korea broke out while I was at CSU and I was a prime candidate to be drafted. Many of my classmates were. However, I was married, in college, and had good grades so I had a few things going for me. Even then, Dad thought it might be a good idea if I were to join the National Guard as additional insurance. He had joined the Guard shortly after returning to Colorado following World War II and had been promoted to Colonel by this time. His unit in Brush was an ambulance company. So I joined the Guard in Fort Collins. It was a light infantry unit. I joined in the fall when school started and by the time we went to summer camp I had made corporal. This saved me from having to serve KP at camp.

Dad, of course, was at summer camp at the same time I was. One afternoon while I was upstairs in the barracks shining my boots, one of our officers, a lieutenant, came up and told me there was an 'officer' downstairs who wanted to see me. He said he was a COLONEL! I asked the lieutenant to ask the colonel to wait just a minute and I would be down. He said, "If you want a colonel to wait, you go tell him yourself to wait!" So I said OK and just hurried up my shining and went down to see Dad.

We were a recoilless rifle platoon and had 75 mm recoilless antitank rifles as well as carbines and 30.06 rifles. I qualified as sharpshooter on both the carbine and the recoilless rifle. One day the first summer I was in the guard we were called down to Denver to put on a firepower demonstration for the first Air Force Academy class of freshmen at the Lowry Air Force bombing range. Because I was good with the recoilless rifle my officers had me do the shooting. They saw a Hereford bull way out on the range and asked me to shoot at him. I guess I miss calculated the range because I missed him. With the recoilless rifle there was little reason to miss because it was fired from a tripod. While practicing in the basement of the armory with a 22 caliber barrel insert, I used to put all the rounds right exactly through the same hole! But I missed that bull.

By Christmas I made sergeant. I had also graduated with a B.S. and was in graduate school. I think it was Dad who suggested that I ought to look into getting a commission because 1) I had been in the Guard for a year, and 2) I had a college degree. Sure enough, these were the requirements. So I applied and the paper work was on its way through. It turned out that I had to take some sort of an aptitude test which I thought was nonsense since I had a college degree. Nevertheless, I had to do it so one Friday on the way to Brush for the weekend I stopped at the armory in Greeley which was the battalion headquarters and took the test. I was in a hurry and finished about 20 minutes early. The captain who was administering the test graded it while I waited. He looked at his sergeant and said, "He got a 'possible.'" I didn't know what that meant, but he told me that I had gotten everything right! So, I got my commission before we went to summer camp for the second summer.

Dad came to Fort Collins for my commissioning ceremony and pinned the bars on me. It was really weird for me to come out of the platoon, get the bars, and then take over command of the same platoon. Another interesting fact was that right after I was commissioned, we were changed from an

infantry company to an artillery company. My platoon was the survey platoon. So, while I was busy working on my M.S. degree, I also had to hurry up and learn surveying so I could teach it to my platoon. Fortunately my math and trig were good, so I didn't have too much trouble understanding the surveying part. Also, the way the military sets up training and responsibility, it was not too difficult to teach each person's duties to them. By the time we went to camp we had a darned good platoon, if I do say so myself.

I don't think there ever was a greener officer at camp, however. I really didn't know anything about soldiering nor about being an officer. Somehow I managed. One day in the BOQ I was in the head and ran into an old friend from CU we called T-bone. He was a captain! He was complaining about his CO and calling him all sorts of bad names when we heard a flush and out walked his CO. T-bone died! I never saw him after that. Shortly after camp that year I graduated with my M.S. degree and was getting ready to go to Michigan so I resigned my commission.

At CSU I had to take a semester of PE so decided on golf because Dad liked it so much. I didn't learn much golf in PE but Dad taught me an awful lot about the game. Most of all he taught me how to swing and how to hook rather than slice. He was not only a good golfer but also an excellent teacher. I never really ever took up the game until I went to Texas A & M several years later. But I did play one time with him at a tournament at the "Rattlesnake Golf Course" south of the Prewitt reservoir on the 22 Ranch. Chub Gill (one of Ted's sons) had made a course with about five oiled sand 'greens' and nine tees. All the holes crossed each other. When there was a tournament going on balls went every which way. Dad won the tournament and I got the worst score of all.

While I was in Animal Science I began helping Frank Meeks with the sheep flock. The big responsibility was lambing time in the winter. We lambed out about 250 ewes that year. The sheep were originally right on campus but were in the process of being moved to a farm south of the campus about the

time I began working with them. We had to tear down the old pens on campus and build new ones on the farm. There was no electricity for the pens on the new farm so I suggested to the head of the program that if he would pay me double time I would take out the electrical system from the campus and move it out to the farm. He agreed. So I spent a few weeks doing this and even hooked up the new system at the farm to the high line coming in from the road. It was after the meter so there was no problem. It worked fine!

As I was finishing up my B.S. degree program one of my animal science professors, Howard (Stony) Stonaker, who taught me animal breeding and genetics, suggested that I ought to go to graduate school rather than go back to the farm. I had really enjoyed his course and thought seriously about it. He had me apply for an assistantship at the University of Wisconsin and was told I could have one. While I was thinking all this over, Rex Rehnberg, Head of the Agricultural Economics Department from whom I had taken Farm Management caught me on the street in front of the Ag Building on campus and said he understood I might be interested in going to graduate school. I said yes I was thinking about it and he said he would give me an assistantship if I was interested. Although I had not liked the only other economics course I had taken, I had really liked his farm management course and three days later decided to take him up on it rather than go to Wisconsin. Rex was really fair and said with my interests I ought to go to Michigan State to work with Glenn Johnson, so I applied to them as well. I was accepted into the graduate school at Michigan State but not given an assistantship, so in the end I decided to stay at CSU and work with Rex.

My thesis had to do with ranching in eastern Colorado and I spent a lot of time one summer going over ranchers' records getting data. One of the families I interviewed invited me to come back any time I was in the area. Several years later Dad and I went there to hunt geese and they were really happy to see me again.

During my last year at CSU, Rex suggested that I write again to Michigan State and Glenn Johnson to see if I might not be able to get an assistantship then. It turned out that the reason they had not given me an assistantship for an M.S. was because I had had so little economics, not because of my grades which were very good. So now, I would have an M.S. in economics and they took me and Glenn gave me an assistantship. We geared up to go the Michigan for a few years. Dad's brother Waldo had a small farm with a house on it out by the Lansing airport and he said we could stay there rent free for taking care of the place and his dogs. It was a great deal for us and we accepted.

I hadn't gone through the graduation ceremony when I got my B.S. degree, so we decided I should do it for my M.S. The summer graduation exercise was held on the oval in front of the administration building (incidentally it was also on the oval where I had had golf as a P.E. course). It was a beautiful day in the shade under the big elm trees.

6

1956-1959: Michigan State University

We had a 1953 Ford station wagon that we got in 1955 to move to Michigan in. When we got it I put in seat belts and have never been without seat belts since. That was long before most people had belts.

We arrived in Michigan with a few days to spare before school started so we were able to settle in at the farm. It had a big kitchen-dining area, living room and bathroom downstairs and a bedroom upstairs. Our neighbor across the road was Mike Gross. We had about 30 acres and Mike had about 20. There were some blueberry bushes on an abandoned area just adjacent to each of the farms and a creek ran along the west edge of both places. It was a great place to live while in school. The only problem was that it was on the northwest side of Lansing and MSU was on the southeast side of Lansing so we had to drive all the way through Lansing every day to get to school. Because I had an assistantship and we had no-cost housing, my wife also enrolled at MSU after she had been there for a semester and she was able to establish residency.

We stayed with Waldo and Fran (although Fran wasn't there at the time) for a couple of days after arriving in Michigan. They had a new garbage disposal in the sink in their kitchen and we had never seen one. Waldo told us we could

grind any garbage in it. We got some sweet corn and put the husks down it and plugged it up. It turned out that we weren't really the culprits because a plastic spoon was caught in the pipe and that is what caught and held the corn husks. But we never put husks in the garbage disposal again!

A couple days after we had arrived, I decided I better go find the campus which was not too far from Waldo and Fran's house (they lived on Roxbury Road in East Lansing). Talk about shock. The size and formality of the campus scared me. After being able to ride Blaze from class to class or drive my pickup around between classes at CSU, this place seemed like another world. I did manage to find Ag Hall but was so intimidated that I turned around and went home again. The next day I finally got up enough nerve to go in Ag Hall and find the department. The people were very nice and set me up with a desk in the 'grad room.' It was a huge room with about 40 graduate students in it. I chose a place in the far corner away from the windows so I wouldn't be tempted by the outdoors and so I could see everyone coming and going. It was my desk for all three years I was there. I just imagined I had been intimidated when I first drove onto the campus! The first day I was in the grad room several of the students were preparing for their PhD prelims or qualifying exams. Not only did I not know the answers to any of the questions they were asking each other, I did not even understand the questions! It was obvious that an M.S. from CSU was not really enough to prepare me for what I was getting in to. So I started classes scared to death.

Glenn Johnson was one of the leading professors in the country in production economics and I was really lucky to get to work with him. He provided me the assistantship for all three years I was at MSU. He also had so many things going that rather than tell me what I was going to work on, like had happened at CSU, he said to take my time and look around and when I had decided what to do research on he would fund it. (In rereading this in 2007 I realized that I have used this same philosophy with most of my graduate students.) Glenn and I

got along really well from the very beginning. Maybe he could tell how scared and unsophisticated I was, but I always felt like I could walk in on him at any time he wasn't with someone and it was fine with him. Maybe he had the same philosophy that Dad did, that when people stopped by they either needed or wanted to see you. At any rate, I sure appreciated it and have always tried to be much the same way.

He taught one of the toughest courses in the department, his Production Economics course. Of course I was going to have to take it, but he told me to take it first semester. At this point I was beyond being scared. I never worked so hard in a course in my life! But also, I ended up with the best grade in the course and one of the best foundations in production economics that anyone could have. Glenn also had me and Earl Partenheimer who was also taking the course to TA his farm management course during the part when he was teaching production economics principles in it. That was another great experience for me because I learned it even better when I had to teach it. Partly for that reason many of the other grad students in the course came to me for help during the semester.

Earl Partenheimer was also one of Glenn's students and had the desk that faced mine in the grad room. He was from southern Indiana, the area where Dad was born and he knew the names of places I had heard of like Dale, Indiana. We became very good friends. We went home with him one vacation period and he and Kay came to Colorado with us for one Christmas. Earl and I also wrote our first journal article together at Glenn's urging. It was published in 1958 in the *Journal of Farm Economics*, the journal of the American Agricultural Economics Association. Not many students published a year before they get their PhD degree.

Hildebrand, P.E. and E. J. Partenheimer. 1958. Socioeconomic characteristics of innovators. *Journal of Farm Economics*. Vol XL No. 2. pp 446-449.

A couple of memorable things happened on the trip with the Partenheimers to and from Colorado. We drove straight through rather than spend money for a night in a motel. I was driving early in the morning in western Nebraska when Kay and Earl woke up in the back and noticed it was daylight. Earl looked around at the vast horizons and said, "Kay, just look at *that*." Kay looked and said, "What? I don't see *anything*!" It was really great for us to be out in the open spaces again, but neither Kay nor Earl had ever seen anything like it. Before leaving for the trip back to Michigan, we learned that a bad snow storm was heading into Colorado and points east just where we were getting ready to go. We left just as fast as we could and took US34 to Kansas then dropped down to US36 to try to get south of the storm. We got to about Marysville, Kansas when the snow and the dark began to catch up with us. It was really miserable driving, especially later as we crossed into St. Joseph, Missouri. There were at least nine inches of snow on the ground on the level and a lot of wind blowing it around. It turned out that the Missouri state patrol closed the highway we were on but we were already on it when they closed both ends. We finally decided to stop, but by that time there was no place open. Only three cars crossed Missouri that night. After we got to Illinois it got better and the rest of the trip wasn't too bad.

While we were living in Michigan we visited Bob and Iva Worth on a couple occasions. Bob was the person who went to Colorado with Dad in the summer of 1926 and they remained friends. They lived in a suburb of Detroit. They were very gracious people and it was always a good visit.

Waldo bought a small riding tractor with garden equipment and a snow plow for the farm. We really needed it for the snow and I used it a lot for gardening. He also built a four car garage (half Quonset hut) for our car, the tractor and a couple of old cars he had. We had to use the tractor and snow plow often to clean up the driveway and in front of the garage, and a couple of times I needed it to clean State Road where we lived out to Airport Road. In the summer I plowed up land for a

big garden since I had the tractor to do much of the hard work. It must have been about 30 by 100 feet. It really kept me sane during the summer.

Pheasant hunting in Michigan wasn't great, but there were pheasants and even some on our farm. My great uncle Blaine felt sorry for me and arranged to send me an English Setter that his son Ken (Jack's father) had raised and trained in Wyoming. The dog was beautiful and really eager. Knowing that he had been trained in Wyoming where Ken used to take the dogs out in his pickup and then let them run from horizon to horizon, I kept him on a leash for several weeks until I was pretty sure he knew where his home was. One day I decided it was time to turn him loose and let him run. He took off toward the horizon, which in Michigan was not very far away, and never looked back. I have no clue what ever happened to him, but I never saw him again. Advertising did not do any good either. I am sure that whoever found him recognized a good thing when he or she saw it and kept him.

Some of the Ag Econ faculty at MSU had a tradition of taking a spring fishing trip into Canada early in the summer. For some reason, I was invited the first year I was there (and the second). The only other graduate student I knew who ever went with them was Burt Sundquist. I don't know if it was because I had a station wagon or because I came from Colorado and they figured I knew how to fish or what, but it sure pleased me to be asked. Faculty on the trip included Glenn Johnson, Larry Boger, Larry Witt, Dale Hathaway, Dean McKee, Jim Schaeffer, and Harold Riley. Because the trips were early in the year the black flies were terrible. We had to wear mosquito nets over our hats, gloves, long sleeves, etc. Also we put 6-12 repellent all over ourselves. Before putting on gloves we would smear repellent inside our sleeves and down our hands, then put on the gloves and tie them tightly to our sleeves with bandanas. We smeared repellent around our necks before putting on the hoods and tying them tight. Same for our feet. Even the flies of our pants had to be smeared with repellent. We never did catch a lot of fish, but we sure did have a lot of fun.

In 1958, the folks and Jan came to Michigan in the summer. We had arranged a fishing trip into Canada with them, then went on to the AAEEA meetings in Winnipeg and then drove home to Colorado. That was a great fishing trip. We flew in to Doug Hook's camp on Storm Lake that could only be reached by air and spent three days there doing nothing but fishing for northern pike, small mouth bass and walleyes. All we had was our trout tackle and the guides at first thought we were crazy. But after they saw that we knew how to fish and were more interested in the sport than catching a whole bunch of fish they relaxed. When a big old northern got down on the bottom and wouldn't move, the guide would paddle over and reach down with the paddle and hit the fish if it was shallow enough. Then the fish would take off and we could fight him some more. At noon every day we would pull up on the shore, fillet a couple of fish, and cook them over a fire. It took the guides about two minutes to fillet each fish. They had beautifully sharp knives and would cut off the fillet then flop it skin side down on a canoe paddle, put the knife between the skin and the meat and just pull the skin toward themselves. The fillet just came clean.

One year in the fall we went deer hunting with Betty and Bill Champney in northern Michigan at her parent's place. They were Finnish and had a sauna outside. There was a lot of snow and they really tried to get us to go out in the snow to the sauna, steam up a while then roll in the snow to cool off. I might have looked crazy enough to do that but I wasn't! I had never hunted deer in such closed surroundings. There were lots of woods and just a few open places. Also a lot more people than I was comfortable with particularly because we were using rifles. There was a lot of new snow and I figured the deer wouldn't go out in the open with so many people around so I went into the woods. When I entered I had checked the wind so I would be going up wind in the woods. I did walk up to a bunch of deer but they were all does and fawns. I never saw a buck. It was such a dreary day that it was not possible in the woods to know directions from the sun. I had depended on the

wind to keep track of where I was. But during the time I was in there the wind shifted so I came out on the opposite side of where I went in. It took me a while to figure that out and get around to where I had started. We later visited Betty and Bill in Morgantown, West Virginia and I saw them again after he went to the University of Nevada in Reno.

Earl Heady at Iowa State University was one of the pioneers of linear programming in Ag Econ. Glenn Johnson did not think much of the process and did not teach it. But it seemed to me that it was a coming methodology and I decided that I should not get a PhD at that time without knowing about it. So I worked with Dean McKee who had worked with Heady and learned how to do linear programming and what it was all about. In fact, I wrote the first linear programming departmental memo on the subject.

Hildebrand, P.E. 1958. The linear programming approach in farm management analysis. Agricultural Economics Mimeo No. 729. Michigan State University. East Lansing. 25 pages.

<http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00095075/00001>

I decided to use linear programming for my dissertation. In those days we used desk calculators to solve simple linear programs. Even a small program took a long time. But it was not possible nor practical to use a calculator to solve a program big enough to really be realistic and I wanted a realistic program of Michigan dairy farms. Michigan State had a rudimentary computer made with radio tubes that was called the Mystic. But even it was way too small for the program I was putting together. Glenn arranged for me to use the computer at the Atomic Energy Commission in Oak Ridge, Tennessee which so far as I know was the largest computer in the United States at the time (1958). It took up most of a huge building and was also made from radio tubes. So many tubes required a lot of air conditioning and that was not a well developed science either at the time.

I took an M.S. student with me to Oak Ridge who was working on a smaller program and we both used the computer. The Oak Ridge people let us on each night at midnight (approximately) after they had finished their work for the day and cleaned out all the secret material. We used punch cards for input and after getting set up, they left us alone with the computer for the night. That was really hard work, but we finally both got solutions. We were there for three or four days. Glenn had been working on the theory of asset fixity so I incorporated “integer programming” in my work. I was forcing variables to enter as whole integers, one above the original answer and one below it and choosing the one with the greatest profit. Later a person (I think it was Richard Day) incorporated this same procedure into a program and called it “integer programming.” But I did it before he published it!

Waldo had a cottage on Lake Margarethe in Grayling, Michigan which was also home of the Bear Archery Company. He was a good friend of Fred Bear and his wife. We visited the lake on a few occasions. They had a speedboat and scuba gear, both of which I used. I did not really know anything about scuba diving, but went out on the lake by myself in the boat one time to try it out. It all worked fine, but I did not really like the feeling of breathing under water. Waldo liked to fish on the AuSable River, but I never did fish it. Willard, Dad’s youngest brother, had a cottage on Joe’s Lake in Upper Michigan, near Munising. We were there once, but it was on a trip when we were younger. Ron was only about three at the time and Paul used to call him George. Ron would always say, very seriously, “No, dat not George, dat Ronny.”

In the summer when I finished my PhD (1959) I had finished the dissertation and all my courses, but still had a term paper hanging over my head that took me forever to finish. I was also sending out letters looking for a job. One that really interested us was at the University of Saskatchewan. When I finally did finish the term paper, we packed up and headed for Colorado to have a place to hang our hats while we waited for a job. It appeared that the people in Saskatchewan were

interested, but they were all on leave and it was going to be nearly a month before they met to decide anything.

In the meantime, Ty Timm, head of the 'Ag Eco' department at Texas A & M University called me and asked if I had a job yet. When I told him the situation, he said that he would have a ticket at the airport in Denver and that I had to come down to look over Texas A & M. He wouldn't take no for an answer. Well, I went and it looked pretty exciting and we finally decided to take the position there. Ty and Valerie took me out to dinner at Morrison's Cafeteria when I was interviewing for the position. That was the nicest place in town for dinner when I went there.

7

1959-1961: Texas A & M University

We arrived in Bryan/College Station in early October, 1959 and checked into a motel right across from the campus. We were tired, so for dinner I went down about two blocks to a place like a Dairy Queen to get hamburgers or something. There was a short line and while I was standing in it waiting, the person in front of me turned around and said, “Well, hello Peter.” I recognized the face from the interviews, but said I couldn’t recall his name. He said it was Earl Rudder. He was General Rudder, the President of the University! I was embarrassed, but it didn’t seem to bother him at all.

My beginning salary was \$6,900 a year. At the time, that was a really good beginning salary. It was enough that we were able to buy a house so we started looking for one right away. We found one under construction that was nearly complete outside, but not so far along inside that we were able to make some changes. It originally had a living room separated from the family room and we took out the wall separating them and put in two planters to divide up the space. Most of the other changes were minor, but that one change really made a big difference. We didn’t have to stay in the motel too long and were able to move in shortly. Our back yard

looked into a creek with woods on the other side, so when you entered the house you could look back at the woods through the family room sliding glass doors. When we bought the place, on Wayside Drive, we were told that the creek would always be natural and the woods on the other side would always be there. Sure they would! It wasn't long after we moved in that one morning a bull dozer came down the creek, bulldozing it straight and taking out a whole bunch of trees. Then they began taking out the trees on the other side of the creek. That was our initiation into the world of lying developers and realtors.

My work was going to be in range and ranch management, working closely with the Range Management Department and concentrating on the Edwards Plateau area in West Texas. A & M had an experiment station at Sonora where I spent quite a bit of time. My courses were farm management and rural appraisal.

We arrived in October, 1959, and in January or February, I am not sure which, I got up one morning as usual and was ready to go out the door to go to work when I decided I would lie down on the couch for a couple of minutes before leaving. At the moment I did not think that was odd, but it certainly was not something I had ever done before. Well, I didn't go to work that day but went back to bed. Later in the day I had gone to the bathroom and passed out coming back out to get in bed. My wife found me on the floor and we decided she better call the doctor. Because I did not feel I could go anywhere, he finally agreed to come over to see me. He had no clue what was wrong. About a day later when I was not getting any better, we called Dad in Colorado. Immediately after hearing the symptoms he asked her to put a flashlight behind my ear to see if it looked yellow, and it did. He said I had hepatitis! He had always kept up with military medical journals and they apparently covered hepatitis often. So, from several hundred miles away he was able to diagnose what my own doctor who had seen me had not. We called my doctor and told him the story and he put me in the hospital (not knowing what

else to do, I am sure). I was isolated and my food (which I was not very interested in to begin with) was always on paper plates so my whole tray could be thrown out after I had finished. Nothing was done for me in the hospital except the nuns came in every morning to pray for me.

Dad finally prevailed on the doctor, who really wanted nothing to do with me anyway, to let me go home after three days. Dad said there was nothing they could do for me that we could not do ourselves at home. So I managed to escape my only, so far, hospital stay after three days. Dad prescribed my diet which was high protein and low fat and told us I would eat only what I should--to not try to force something on me until I was ready for it. That worked fine. I ate mostly plain rice for quite a while. I could not go back to work for six weeks. At the time, I had accumulated far less sick time than that, but Ty Timm managed to get A & M to grant me the leave necessary to recover. That was great. After six weeks I finally managed to work about one hour a day for a week, then two hours a day for another week, etc. It was a total of 12 weeks before I was recovered enough work a whole day. I had lost about two thirds of my liver function by then. Alcohol was one of the worst things for me so I was a teetotaler for a long time. My only consolation was that Kim Novak had hepatitis in Dallas the same time I did.

We also had a new puppy we got just before I got sick. He was a Spitz from Paul and Nancy's dog Brandy and he was born in Wyoming. We called him Poco Diablo (our rudimentary Spanish for Little Devil) and Poco for short. Because I was home so long, I was able to really work with him and train him at just the right age (eight weeks). I started with sit, and always held one finger up when I said 'Sit.' It wasn't long before all I had to do was hold up the one finger and he would sit. For 'Down' I held my hand flat with the palm down. It wasn't long before when I got his attention anywhere he was and simply put up a finger or put down my palm and he

immediately obeyed. I figured that if he were starting to cross a street or something, I could immediately stop him with just a hand signal. He also learned “Stay” during these sessions. “Fetch” was also fairly easy, so I also taught him to ‘Fetch the paper’ so I could send him out after the paper in the mornings. I also taught him to “Take it to so and so” or “Take it to Pete” and he would take whatever we put in his mouth to the other person. He was not allowed up on the furniture (and didn’t get up on it unless maybe when we weren’t home!) and did not jump up on people to greet them. Both of these we also taught him from an early age. Poco traveled the world with us and lived in Texas; Colorado; Pakistan; northern Virginia in the Washington, D.C. area; Bogota and Cali, Colombia; El Salvador and finally died in Guatemala. He circumnavigated the globe completely going to Pakistan from Denver over the Atlantic and returning to Denver over the Pacific! He was 17 when we finally had to put him to sleep.

Texas A & M had a golf course just south of what they used to call the “Mule Pasture” where in earlier days they used to keep mules. I finally had the time to begin playing golf on a fairly regular basis and Mom and Dad also played the course whenever they came down for a visit. I frequently played with Ty Timm and “Bonny” Bonnen, who was Jim Bonnen’s Dad. Jim was a professor at Michigan State, also in Ag Econ. Bonny was quite old and couldn’t hit the ball very far, but it was always straight down the fairway and his scores were always quite good. There was another person in the department who was a tall Cajun. He hit the ball farther than anyone I ever saw. One time when there were four of us playing, he hit it so far it disappeared for all of us and we never did find it even though it appeared to be going right down the fairway. I also played a lot very early in the morning with Frank Gould. We were on the course before anything had been done to it and no one else was around, so we played fast. Frank was a natural golfer who had grown up across from a golf course and began playing with a stick. He would pick a club while walking up to the ball, drop

his bag and almost without stopping hit the ball, very accurately and quite far. It was amazing to watch him. One time when Dad was down he decided to play one afternoon. He went over alone and teamed up with two of the A & M team golfers. They gave Dad honors and he was waiting for the players in front of them to move further up the course. Both of the team players kept telling Dad to go ahead, that they were far enough away, but he waited. Finally he hit and it went right up to where they were walking! The two 'hot shots' never said anything after that. Dad was a very good golfer and also an excellent coach, maybe because he knew how the body was built.

One year one of my students, C.J. Cage, invited me to go deer hunting on his ranch at Eagle Pass, Texas, with some of his military instructors. I jumped at the chance because 1) I had no idea where to go hunting in Texas, and 2) I was anxious to see Texas ranches and especially his. It was a very big place right on the Rio Grande River overlooking Mexico. We all slept in a big bunkhouse on a cement floor so we had to be careful of scorpions. Being Texas and open scrub, we hunted from a pickup, except when we were after javelinas. I managed to shoot both a deer and javelina. C.J., and everyone on the ranch spoke Spanish well and it was expected on a ranch that close to Mexico. I found out later that after about 10 miles from the border, people tended to understand Spanish but did not speak it unless they had to. Not much farther from the border no one ever admitted to even understanding Spanish. Perhaps it was because I had never hunted in that kind of warm weather or perhaps it was because I took the meat home in the back of the station wagon and the javelina was right over the muffler. But the javelina spoiled before I got it home.

Another time I went fishing with Frank Gould at a cabin he had on either a river or lake, I forget which. When I got home after spending one night there, we noticed a bunch of ticks on me. So we got after them and picked off 50. Then we noticed a bunch more smaller ones and then what appeared to be hundreds of even smaller ones. I got in the tub and soaked

and scrubbed for about an hour and I guess got rid of them. I've never seen anything like it before or since.

Another time I went with Ty Timm to a Texas Cattle and Sheep Raisers barbecue that was being held near College Station. That was a wild, Texas night. Drinking, gambling, lots of barbecue, tall stories, etc. It was held at an old plantation and things were going on in the house as well as in the sheds. Texas is different!

Bryan/College Station had some of the worst weather I had ever been in. In the summer it was hot day and night. I never got used to going out late at night into an oven. In the winter it was equally as cold and often icy. Whenever we got a chance, we went to Colorado. One of the worst things about living in that part of Texas and going toward Colorado was that we could never get out of Texas on the first day of the trip. No matter how hard we tried we never made it. On one trip I had some work in Sonora so we went there first and we left for Colorado after I finished the work. We left Sonora one day right after lunch and got to Dalhart, Texas where we spent the night. The next day we left Dalhart with just a faint streak of light beginning to show in the east. We got out of Texas, crossed all of the Oklahoma Panhandle and were into Colorado before the sun came up! Altogether that morning we traveled 350 miles in less than 5 ½ hours and averaged 65 mph in that time! This was before the days of Interstates and also before the cops were so fussy. You've got to remember that I learned to drive from Dad. He always drove 90 *unless he was in a hurry*. So I just naturally drove fast whenever it was safe to do so.

One time I took a trip with Jim Hildreth to West Texas. We took his car and I drove because he didn't like to drive fast. We drove hard and fast all day and got to Junction, Texas. It's a long way from College Station. We decided we would shower (this was before the days of air conditioned cars) and then drive in to El Paso for dinner. We were shocked when we checked the map to realize that it was still 250 miles away. So

we drove down to the Mexican border through Big Bend National Park. We didn't cross into Mexico but ate dinner on the U.S. side. It was a good dinner in a little cafe, but it might have been where I got hepatitis.

Ken Tefertiller was also a young assistant professor in Ag Eco at A & M and we worked a lot together. He was also in production economics and farm management and had worked on his PhD with Chet Baker at the University of Illinois. We worked hard to restructure the curriculum in Ag Eco and did a lot of linear programming together using the new A & M computer facility that was one of the best in the country at the time. We also played bridge with Ken and Waynelle. Ken later went to the University of Florida and became department head and later Vice President for Agriculture. He hired me to work for Florida in El Salvador while he was head of the department and then later when I went to UF on a sabbatical from the Rockefeller Foundation, he was VP. During the time we were in El Salvador, when we went to Gainesville we also stayed with Ken and Waynelle.

One day, Rex Rehnberg, who was head of the department at what was now Colorado State University and had been my major professor for my M.S. degree, called and asked if I would consider coming back to Fort Collins. They had a new position that fit what I did very well. He said he couldn't pay me as much as I was making at A & M, but it wasn't too much lower. Ty Timm never got over losing me to CSU for a lower salary. Ty had always enjoyed telling people that his range and ranch management economist was from 'Brush' Colorado. I managed to produce one publication while at A & M:

Hildebrand P.E. 1961. Cost of producing lamb and wool on Edwards Plateau sheep ranches. The Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. Texas Agricultural Experiment Station. MP 553. College Station. 6 pages. <http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00055300/00001>

8

1961-1964: Colorado State University

We got to Fort Collins in August just in time to be hosts for the annual American Agricultural Economics Association (AAEA) meetings. It was a very busy time to be arriving, but because we knew our way around it was no great problem. I suspect that we stayed with Kinch and Blaine because I am sure all the motels were full. About all I remember getting done was driving people back and forth to the Denver Airport. We found a house to buy just south of the lake in City Park on Crestview Ave. It had a basement that was mostly finished and three bedrooms and two baths upstairs with a kitchen, dining room and living room with fireplace. Downstairs we had a rec or family room and a room I used for a study. I think it had a one car garage. As I recall, the price was about \$17,000. I believe I made \$7,400 and had been getting \$7,900 in Texas. It was an easy drive to school and on the west side of Fort Collins so it was easy to get to the Poudre River.

Paul and Nancy lived on a place that belonged to Dr. Moss, a Veterinarian, out toward LaPorte. They took care of his horses. One night Nancy went out to look at the horses and Paul was getting ready to take a shower. He decided to sit on the toilet and have a smoke first. When he lit the match the house blew up around him. It seems that someone had been working on the gas line and had loosened it up and gas had accumulated by the furnace pit right beside the bathroom. Paul did not have any clothes on and his hair was on fire, and the door was jammed so he had to break out a window with a chair.

He got out OK but was running around naked when the neighbors began to arrive. Paul said to one of his friends, Duane Reynolds, "Give me your pants!" and Duane started to take them off but then said, "No, then I wouldn't have any on!" That same guy managed to get all the meat out of their freezer and take it home to put in their own freezer so at least Paul and Nanc didn't lose any meat. Paul had been in the center of the explosion so he wasn't hurt and Nanc had been outside. If they had been anywhere else in the house it could have been really bad.

My base course at CSU was farm management and also I picked up the rural appraisal course. I was involved in two Western Regional research committees and one Great Plains Regional committee. I chaired one of the western committees for some time. The western committees met in places like San Francisco, Reno and Las Vegas. Reno and Las Vegas were popular because the rooms were always cheap and they were easy to get to. On one trip coming back from Las Vegas in a DC-4, the pilot flew along the Grand Canyon so we got a super view. On that same trip, there weren't many passengers so we started dancing in the aisle by the exit with the stewardesses! On one trip to Reno we were invited to Harold's Club and had a private talk by Harold Smith, himself. He had his book available and I bought one and had it autographed. He called his book, *I Play to Win*. His point was that if you were winning, go for it big. But quit if you were losing. At another meeting, in Lincoln, Nebraska, home of the 'Huskers,' Mari Sandoz was there autographing books. I bought three and had them autographed. One of my favorite books of all time is her *Crazy Horse* and she autographed it for me saying, *For Peter who walks where the Sioux moccasins once tread*. Before she wrote it she talked with me a while and got the idea from our conversation. Unfortunately, all these autographed books were lost in the shipment to Guatemala in the mid 1970s.

I had a real good undergraduate student by the name of Chris Andrew from Steamboat. Because I did not have any graduate students at the time I managed to get him an

“undergraduate assistantship.” He worked closely with me at CSU and then went to Michigan State to graduate school. I eventually sat on his final dissertation defense in Cali, Colombia in about 1971.

Fellow faculty members at CSU were Charlie Liu, Ray Anderson, Bud (Loyal M.) Hartman, Hank Hudek, Jim Lewis, and Rex Rehnberg. I had not liked Hudek when I took his marketing course as a graduate student, but he turned out to be OK when I got back as a professor. One year we went deer and elk hunting with several of the faculty up in the Bull Mountain country by the Laramie River. That is the same area where Blaine used to always hunt. Hank, who was from Canada, was a good elk hunter and decided none of the others warranted his expertise. So he took me up to Bull Mountain on the evening before the season opened and we laid out where we would go the next morning. We were up and gone before any of the others even got out of bed. We were way up the mountain just as it was getting light and heard a bull bugle very close by. He came into a clearing only about 40 yards away and we both shot at the same time. He was a very big animal and did not fall, but neither of us shot again, both feeling sure we had hit him. He ran about 50 yards down hill and then fell. It was really hard getting him off the mountain. We had to go back to the cabin where we were staying and enlisted help from some of the others who were mad in the first place that we had gone off and left them. We quartered the animal and four of us carried a quarter each. Another carried the rack and another the hide. Fortunately it was downhill. I doubt we could have done it if we had had to go up hill with him. When I got down to the pickup, the laces on my boots had cut into my feet from the heavy load and steep hill. Only one other elk that we know of was killed that day on Bull Mountain. We flipped for the rack and Hank won.

Blaine tells the story about elk hunting on Sholine’s Ranch where he hunted for many years. He was the camp cook and did not go out early in the morning like the others. Instead, he waited until daylight after cleaning up the breakfast dishes

and then turned out the horses and walked in amongst them heading for the pasture. He found a comfortable spot behind some fallen aspens where he could see all around a big park that was surrounded by aspens (most of that country is). He saw a big bull up at the top of the park and carefully pulled down on him and shot. The bull disappeared, but appeared a couple of minutes later in about the same place. So Blaine shot him again and he disappeared again. He reappeared again a few minutes later and Blaine shot him again and he disappeared. When he did not appear again, Blaine went up to see what was going on and found *three* dead elk! He hadn't missed at all. Apparently the elk did not know where the shooting was coming from so they did not run. Jan and I also hunted elk up in that area and he got a cow elk. We were lucky to be able to drive up very close to that one.

Sometimes when we went fishing on the Poudre River we stayed at Bernie and Mac McIsaac's Sportsman's Lodge, up above Kinikinik and Elephant Mountain. The Ruggles stayed there all the time. They mentioned to us one time that there was a place for sale about three miles below them on Roaring Creek. It belonged to a Texas couple who had since bought a place, further down the river at Poudre City. We did not have the money for the down payment but figured we could pay the monthly payments so we talked to the folks and they decided to make the down payment which was half the price. This was really a great place and we had many, many happy days there. The main problem with it was the lack of insulation. The people we bought it from said it was fully insulated and we believed them. Apparently to a Texan, if it has an inner and outer wall it is insulated! But we kept it warmed all winter so were able to use it year around. When we first bought it the road was not paved as high as the cabin and it was open in winter only as far as Sportsman's Lodge. Later they paved it clear over Cameron Pass and kept it open all year. We saw most everything except elk in the yard. We saw, bear, deer, mountain sheep, beaver and coyotes. The fishing was great even when the tourists were around. We simply waited for most of them to leave and would

have the river mostly to ourselves. After Labor Day was the best for fishing. The river was low and clear and except on weekends, almost no one was around.

One year (I forget when) Jan and his family came up to the cabin for Christmas. We and the folks were there for Christmas Eve but Jan had to work so they came up Christmas morning. Over Christmas Eve it had snowed several inches and it was absolutely beautiful. Another time Jan decided to camp in the yard with two of his kids. They put up a tent to sleep in. In the middle of the night the dog that was also in the tent began barking. Jan looked out and saw a bear. He grabbed both kids, one under each arm and ran for the cabin. That was the last camping we did in the yard!

I was hunting mountain sheep from the cabin in the fall of 1963 after being lucky enough to draw a license that year. One afternoon I returned to the cabin completely pooped from climbing from 7600 to 10500 feet and hunting up there all day. I turned on the radio and heard this strange radio broadcast about President Kennedy being shot and President Johnson doing such and so. It took me a long time to figure out what had happened.

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1964-1966: West Pakistan

We were thoroughly enjoying our lives in Colorado and anticipating a long, if not permanent stay there. Out of the clear blue sky Rupert Hughes, the Head of the Department, received a phone call from an engineering company in Denver saying that they needed an agricultural economist in West Pakistan and wondered if anyone in the department might be interested. Rupert and I and our wives went down to talk to them. They said they did not know why they might need an agricultural economist, but if either of us was interested they would send us. We talked about it and finally decided that if they would pay us enough we would do it. We had never thought about traveling like that and were very happy in Colorado, but I was confident that I could do what they needed. At the time I was making about \$9,000 a year and had a year to go before I could expect a promotion to Associate Professor. I was being well paid for an Assistant Professor at Colorado State, but we, and many of the faculty, felt that the rates were too low to be competitive. We decided to ask \$18,000 per year to go to Pakistan. This was to be income tax free and we would have housing furnished in West Pakistan so we would also be

able to save the amount we were paying for our house. That incentive plus the opportunity to travel around the world (West Pakistan is exactly half way around the world from Colorado) we felt would offset giving up our very comfortable and enjoyable life in Colorado. We didn't know it at the time, but that salary and the other benefits, allowed us to bank the full amount that I had been earning the year before we left.

The company, Tipton and Kalmbach, Inc., Engineers, spent a lot of time talking back and forth with West Pakistan because we were asking so much, but finally told us they would agree to that salary. We then set about selling our house and car, getting all our shots, arranging for the storage of most of our things, looking into everything we could find on West Pakistan, and generally getting ready to go. One of the best things we did was to contract with Nan Patterson to take care of our business affairs for us. Nan was the business manager in the department and had taken care of business for another faculty member when he had gone overseas on leave. I had known Nan since I had been in graduate school at CSU and thought a lot of her. We signed a full power of attorney with her so she could sign anything for us while we were gone. This arrangement really worked well.

In March, 1964, the folks took us to Stapleton Airport in Denver where we boarded the first jet we had been on. It was a United Boeing 727 and our seats were in the back right beside the engines. Even though the engine noise was very loud, it seemed quiet compared to the prop planes we had flown before. The worst part was we couldn't even see out. Our first stop was in San Francisco where we went to visit my cousin Jim Hildebrand and his wife who was Japanese. We spent a couple of days there and then headed for Hawaii on a Pan Am Boeing 707 on Pan Am "round the world" flight 2 and flew first class from there on. (Pan Am flights 1 and 2 went opposite ways around the world. Pan Am 1 over the Atlantic and Pan Am 2 over the Pacific from the US.) The size of the first class seats in those days was about the size of business class seats in the early

90s, but the service was excellent. In the 707s there was a round table with a circular bench up in front of the first class seats where we could go to talk, play cards, eat, or just stretch out. The stewardesses were very informal and often sat and talked with us after serving the meal. The bar was open and we could even serve our own drinks if we wanted. After boarding in San Francisco they took our new London Fog coats and hung them in the closets. When we got off in Honolulu they returned them to us but it was too hot to put them on. In Honolulu we spent three days at the Waikikian Hotel on the beach, but it rained hard most of the time!

When we got back on Pan Am they again took our coats and hung them in the closet. Just as we were powering up to take off there was a big bang and the pilot shut the engines back down. After a while we were informed that a water injector on an engine had gone out but not to worry. It was just used to provide extra power for takeoff for long hauls (we were heading across the Pacific to Tokyo nonstop). Rather than wait for a repair, we let off some fuel and then headed for Wake Island to refuel on the way to Tokyo. So we came close to following the route of the atomic bombs to Japan!

When we arrived in Tokyo we had our first culture shock. There were what seemed to us to be at least a million people all with black hair looking up at us as we got off the plane. It turned out that the same night we arrived the millionth passenger was going to arrive in what was then the brand new international airport in Tokyo. Unfortunately, we weren't the ones. When I tried to put on my coat, it wouldn't fit. Apparently a woman on the flight from San Francisco to Honolulu had a coat just like mine and she got mine when she arrived in Honolulu. Like us, she never tried it on until too late. There was no way I could fit in the coat so one of the things we had to do in Tokyo was shop for a new coat for me. That was quite an experience, but we managed to get it done. We only had a couple of days in Tokyo and then headed to Hong Kong, still on Pan Am 2.

In Hong Kong we stayed in the Mandarin Hotel on Victoria Island rather than on the mainland side. It was one of the best hotels I have ever been in. The first evening there we went up to the bar on the top floor to watch the sunset. All the tables along the windows were taken so we sat back in the second row of tables. A very nice older couple with a perfect table came over and invited us to sit with them and we accepted. We had a good visit and even ate dinner with them. It turned out they were going to Bangkok and would be there when we arrived. So we saw them there and then again we saw them in Lahore, West Pakistan. We corresponded with them for a while after that as well.

In Bangkok we stayed at the Erawan Hotel where we made reservations for dinner in the main dining room for one night. When we arrived it was set up for a banquet, but around the edges they had left a couple of individual tables and sat us at one of them. We had only been seated a couple of minutes when the banquet party arrived. We were really surprised to see that the guest of honor at the banquet was Richard Nixon. I have no idea who else was there but it must have been the US Ambassador along with a lot of other dignitaries. So we had dinner (and excellent entertainment) with Nixon!

Our next leg was to Karachi, West Pakistan, still on Pan Am 2, but we landed first in Rangoon, Burma and Calcutta. I remember that in Calcutta the taxiway markers were kerosene pots with a wick like used to be put around construction sites in the US. We got to Karachi early in the morning and had a long layover before leaving for Lahore in the afternoon, so Pan Am put us up in a rest house near the airport. While we were resting, I heard what I thought was a fight going on outside the window. I cautiously looked out and saw it was only two gardeners having a friendly discussion. That was our introduction to Urdu. We flew into Lahore on a Pakistan International Airways (PIA) Lockheed Viscount and were put in the second row of seats and there was a high ranking Pakistani Air Force officer in the bulkhead seat in front of us. As we were coming into Lahore we were taking pictures out the window. It was quite a

while later that we found out that this was illegal. I guess no one said anything to us because it turned out the person in front of us was the Air Marshall himself.

When we got into the airport and had our baggage we were anticipating that someone would be there to meet us. No one was. While I was talking to someone at the information desk I was overheard by another person who worked for another part of Tipton and Kalmbach (T&K). He did not know we were coming but knew where we should go. So he took us to the T&K guest house and got in touch with the person who was supposed to meet us. Her husband was out of the country. She came over to see us to make sure we were OK and invited us to dinner at her house the next night. So we had our first Pakistani dinner in the guest house and got a very much needed night's sleep.

The next night her driver came for us and she met us at her house along with her boyfriend!!! It turned out that whenever her husband was away the boyfriend came over to live with her. He also worked for the company!! What an introduction to life in a Lahore house. We had drinks (lots of them) and were just about to sit down for dinner when all of a sudden there came a big wind and dust storm that blew out the (electric) lights. For about a half hour we couldn't see anything either in the house or outside it. When the wind finally died down and we got lights, there was about a quarter inch of dust all over everything. This was early April and well into the dry season so everything was powder dry. By mid April the daytime temperature reaches 115° F (about 45° Celsius) so we were heading into the hottest time of the year. By the middle of May the temperature drops to about 100° and the humidity reaches 100% and then the Monsoon season starts.

We were assigned an upstairs one bedroom apartment in the WAPDA, the West Pakistan Water and Power Authority, compound and moved in shortly after arriving. The compound had mostly expatriate families but there were also a few Pakistani families in it. I don't remember how many apartments and houses there were in the compound but there must have

been well over 100 families living there. In addition there were servants' quarters for each house or apartment but they were in a different area, still in the main compound. At the T&K guest house, which was not in the WAPDA compound, there were about 10 or 12 servant apartments in the same compound with the house, but only one main house. That meant that there were probably 100 people living in the servants' quarters in the compound. For our apartment we had 1) a cook, 2) a bearer (dusting, light cleaning, serving, and ours did the indoor sweeping although that was not usual), 3) an outdoor sweeper who did sweep outdoors but also did the toilets inside that our bearer refused to do, 4) a dhobi (the laundry), and 5) a driver! Because we lived upstairs we did not need 6) a mali (gardener) nor 7) a chokidar (watchman) because WAPDA supplied them for the whole compound. At first the cook would peel vegetables right over the floor so the bearer, who was also doing the inside sweeping would realize that he (the cook) had a higher status because he (the bearer) was also doing the inside sweeping that was really a job for a much lower servant class. The outside sweeper was the lowest of all and was usually a Christian woman (also the lowest of all).

My position was Chief Economist. This was a WAPDA position, but I was actually paid by donor money and hired by and worked for T & K although I also had to be approved by WAPDA. T & K, in turn, worked for WAPDA. The company (T & K) actually had two different projects going in the country. One was the Link Canal project that had the responsibility for designing and supervising the construction of several huge canals linking the Indus River and its western tributaries to the area between the rivers (Doabs) normally served by the eastern tributaries of the Indus. Water from the eastern tributaries had been given to India under the agreement that separated the two countries. These canals were larger than most rivers in the US. The other part of the company and to which I was assigned was the Reclamation projects whose job it was to design and supervise construction of the irrigation tubewells and canals for surface water. All together the

company had 65 expatriate families in Pakistan. The Punjab of India and West Pakistan had been irrigated for centuries with Persian Wheel wells powered by bullocks, donkeys or camels. For nearly 100 years they also had water from a vast system of irrigation canals that had been built by the British. Altogether this was the largest contiguous irrigated area in the world, comprising some 35 million acres.

There were a number of problems related to irrigation in the Punjab where we were working. The existing canals leaked badly and were not delivering sufficient water for meeting the *increasing needs* of the farmers and the country. Over a very long time the water level in the aquifers was rising and the soil was becoming water logged and as the water evaporated from the surface it was leaving a saline deposit. Also some of the ground water was becoming saline. So our challenge was to design a system that used the fresh water from the rivers that came directly from the Himalayas combined with ground water, part of which was going to be saline and combine all this with existing Persian wheel wells and existing canals. The first project I worked on was Upper Rechna Doab and it had 1.5 million acres. <http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00072229/00001> My primary job was to do the benefit/cost analysis for the project. To just have “put the dollars to the figures” which is what many people anticipate from economists would have been very boring. Fortunately, the company worked as a closely knit team so I soon became involved in all aspects of design. I even was coauthor of a paper in the Journal of Mining Engineering!

Mao, S.W., P.E. Hildebrand and C.N. Crain. 1969. The interdependence of economics and hydrologic criteria in planning water resources development. Society of Mining Engineers. Transactions Vol 244. AIME. pp 15-24.

<http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00080639/00001>

I was in the planning division as opposed to the engineering division of the reclamation projects. The

engineering division supervised construction. Each of the two projects (Link Canals and Reclamation) had a Project Manager who was the boss overall. In Planning, we had a Chief of Planning, my immediate superior, about 7 other expatriates, and some 35 professional Pakistanis. There were agronomists, geologists, hydrologists, engineers and statisticians in the group. All but two of the expatriates were PhDs. One who was not was the Chief of Planning, Dave Greenman, who was a geographer. He was one of the sharpest persons I ever met. I remember one day early on he gave me an assignment to come up with some numbers he needed for a meeting the next day. I thought the task ought to take several weeks but I only had about that many hours. I did give him the numbers and he took a quick look and said they were wrong. So I had a little time left and tried to fix them up. He had to take the “wrong” numbers to the meeting and made me understand that this was the only time I was going to put him in that kind of a fix. After that I was always sure of my numbers no matter what they treated nor how little time I had.

We also had responsibility for creating an overall Indus basin plan that I continued working on after I returned to the US. As part of that plan as well as for our projects, I decided it would be a good idea to set up a linear program (LP) for one project as a whole. By way of Telexes I checked with the Texas A & M computer center where I had worked before and they were intrigued by the possibility of working on a linear program long distance. The company also agreed so we began to work on it. I put a drafting table beside my desk and laid out a grid on it for all the columns and rows. About 10 people were going to contribute to the program and they all came in from time to time with new information to add to it. I also worked on coefficients and as well managed the overall matrix. When we finally had it ready, we sent the matrix to Denver with a traveler and the company forwarded it to Smitty, the manager of the computer at Texas A & M. He had already agreed to key punch all the cards and set it up to run. He communicated with me via telexes through the Denver office. It was an interesting process

that really did work. We looked at cropping patterns for different levels of salinity and amounts of water, and were able to estimate ground water levels.

Partly because of the LP and partly because economic analysis was involved in all aspects of the project from tubewell design to crop production, I became very familiar with all aspects of the project and on many occasions accompanied the Chief of Planning to meetings with top WAPDA officials, World Bank people and USAID persons. Dave Greenman, our Chief of Planning, left after my first year and after we completed the Upper Rechna Doab project proposal to go back to the Denver office to head up the effort on the Regional Plan. Much to my surprise, the company named me to be Chief of Planning. The project for which I had overall responsibility, as well as for the economic aspects which I still did, was Lower Rechna Doab, a 2 million acre area.
<http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00054839/00001>

Many of us played a lot of golf in Lahore. I belonged to the Lahore Gymkhana Golf Club, an old and very well known club, started by the British, that was right across the street from the WAPDA colony where we lived. Most T & K people had joined the Rail Road Golf Club so we played there more than at Gymkhana. In the summer we wore white shirts and white duck pants to work, then wore the same clothes to golf in. They would be soaked either by sweat or rain or both after golfing. So after we had gone home and showered we put on a new set of whites. In the hottest part of the year the Pakistanis worked went until 1:30 PM. The expatriates usually stayed on until about 3:30 and then went out to golf.

Because we were with WAPDA we were able to use the canal roads unless they were wet from rain. There was a great advantage in using the canal roads because it was much safer (almost no traffic) and smoother. Also, there was a network of guest houses along the canals where we could stay at night. Each had a *chokidar* who would let us in. Some of the better ones required a reservation, but mostly it was just first come,

first serve. One time Ted Olsen, one of the irrigation engineers in T & K, and I were each driving our jeeps with a few of our Pakistani counterparts and were headed along a canal road toward a guest house where we had reservations. It started to rain while we were still several miles away and we were stopped at a gate and the guards would not let us through. Nothing we could do would convince them. While we were arguing with them, Ted, whose jeep was behind me, ambled up to the gate and looked around real good. He came back to my jeep and said that there was room to go around the gate and on the other side there was a fairly deep ditch but he thought I could get through it OK. So we decided to try it. I waited until he was back in his jeep and had it started and then I headed for the gate. I had no trouble going around it and the guards jumped out of the way (they did not have guns) and then I headed for the ditch. It was *deep*. At that point I couldn't change my mind because the guards were yelling and coming after us and Ted was right on my tail. I judged the slope of both the near and far side of the ditch and hit it just right and came up on the road OK. Ted, unfortunately, took a little bit different angle and didn't make it up the far bank. His jeep slipped down into the ditch with its left wheels in the bottom. Ted kept going and trying, but finally the jeep just fell onto its left side. I don't know why the guards didn't come after us then because I had also stopped. But they didn't. We finally decided to go find a farmer who had a chain we could buy or borrow and finally found one that I used to pull him out of the ditch. After that we always traveled with chains.

We had bought a long wheel base Land Rover from Dave Greenman when he left for Denver and Ted and Janet had a short wheel base Land Rover they had bought in Utah before coming to Pakistan. We decided to take both of them and go to Swat State in north western Pakistan. We spent the first night in Peshawar where we backed the two Land Rovers together to make it impossible for someone to steal the spare tires that were mounted on the rear doors. Swat is a beautiful but very rugged area with steep mountains and nice valleys. We went up high

enough that we had to cross a glacier that had slid down and taken out the road. People had chopped out a roadway on the ice, but since they had done it the glacier had slipped down another 18 inches or so. We had no problem going up, but coming back down Ted was in the lead and got back up on the road from the ice with no problem. This time it was I who couldn't make it and Ted had to pull me off the glacier and up on the road. Whenever we went anywhere in the Land Rovers one of us always waited until the other had gone through a trouble spot before the other would get into it. It worked fine. However, one time we were out alone in our Land Rover and went into a puddle that was a lot deeper than it looked. The front end went in and came out OK but the rear end hung up when the rear tires fell into the hole. It took me a long time to dig my way out of that one. Those Land Rovers were something else. I used to have a picture of ours crossing a small canal and both the left front and right rear tires were off the ground at the same time.

Eating away from home on these trips was an experience in itself. There was always food available in the bazaars but everything was always so dirty it was dangerous to eat it as it was. We usually took along newspapers to wrap food in after buying it to keep it a bit clean. Rather than buy what had already been cooked we always had them cook something right in front of us or else put it back on the fire to get hot before we bought it. The chapattis we always took right out of the oven. The problem was that there was always so much dirt and dust flying around that anything that stood around for a while was bound to be dirty from that as well as from all the flies that were always thick.

We took one trip in our Land Rover with another family who had two boys and went to New Delhi and Agra to see the Taj Mahal. The road we took all the way is known as the Grand Trunk Highway and it is very famous. It runs from Calcutta to Peshawar, and then from there up over the Khyber Pass in the Hindu Kush mountains and into Kabul, Afghanistan. Because it was the main road in India and Pakistan it was two lanes wide.

In some ways this was good because it gave you more room to dodge animals, bicycles, carts, trucks, people, piles of bricks, etc. that were always all over the road. Nothing ever moved off the road or out of the way until the last minute. Honking did little good most of the time. One time Ted was following me on a single lane road and there was a tonga (two wheel horse buggy) in front of me. I was bearing down on him honking but he didn't move at all. At the last minute when I decided he wasn't going to move over, I pulled off the right to pass. It wasn't until that moment that Ted saw the tonga and he had to pull off to the left because a truck was coming toward him on the right (in Pakistan they drive on the left side of the road).

The Taj Mahal is very much worth seeing if you are in the area. Getting there is the problem! We had a fairly uneventful trip with no problems. At the hotel in Agra we ran into Gary Moore of TV fame. We found the hotels in both New Delhi and Agra without any problems, but in Chandigarh on the way back they had not saved the rooms we thought we had reserved. So we all had to bunk together in the equivalent of the local whore house. It was noisy all night, but at least we got a little rest. It is impossible to drive at night except for short distances or in emergencies because of all the stuff in the road with no lights including more piles of bricks, overturned trucks, people sleeping, etc.

We took another trip in our Land Rover with the Olsens. We went to Kabul! It was a great trip. In the hotel in Kabul we were able to get fantastic Persian melons and grapes that were not available in Pakistan. We also went north of Kabul up over Salang Pass that the Russians had built to be able to invade Afghanistan at any time of year. All areas where there might be snow drifts or snow slides had roofs over the roadway and it was a two lane paved road. When we got up to the top we could look down on Russia. It was interesting to see the caravan trails crossing the mountains. This is an area where camel caravans have been used for centuries and the trails were easily visible. One place we were up so high that we actually filled up our water jug with fresh water coming down the

mountain. We talked with the Olsens about returning to the U.S. by driving our two Land Rovers through Russia and on into Europe. We never really planned too hard for it though.

We often planned to go into Kashmir for a vacation but never were able to make it. Sometimes work interfered and at other times there would be a border conflict between Pakistan and India. So we finally decided to go with the Olsens to what is now Sri Lanka and was then Ceylon for a vacation. We were to be there about 10 days starting about the first of September, 1965. We flew PIA to Karachi and caught Royal Ceylon Airways from there to Colombo. The Royal Ceylon Airways plane was really a British Overseas Airways Comet on which they hung a sign that said Royal Ceylon Airways on the leg into Ceylon.

Ceylon was great. We stayed at the Mount Lavinia Hotel where some of The Bridge over the River Kwai was filmed (it was the hospital in the movie) and also visited the area where the bridge was built. The beaches were fantastic and we even went to the south end of the island and saw the wild elephants. Kandy is also a beautiful area. One of the things we really enjoyed was shopping for gems. We saw some fantastic gems including one blue sapphire that was a named stone and worth about \$250,000 (in 1965). Unfortunately, while we were there, Pakistan finally decided to have a war with India (or the other way around). The main war zone was very near to Lahore. So we were stranded in Ceylon and there was little or no communication because Ceylon depended on India for connections. We heard news of the front on a radio that belonged to another visiting family. One of the brothers lived in Pakistan and the other lived in India. When we listened to Indian radio we learned that the Indians had the Pakistanis on the run. When we listened to Pakistani radio we learned that the Pakistanis had the Indians on the run. I think what was actually happening was that they were chasing each other around in circles.

We were running out of money so we were trying to get in touch with the T & K home office in Denver. We tried the

U.S. consulate (there was no embassy) and all they were interested in was questioning us because we were from Lahore. We got *zero* from them. We tried the Pakistan High Commission (embassy) and they said that because we worked for WAPDA they would do anything they could to help us but that they had no communication with anybody so knew no more than we did. We went to Pan Am even though we didn't fly them to Colombo but because we knew they had a big T & K account in Denver. They said that the Lahore office had told them we were coming to Colombo and had asked them to do anything they could for us! But also, they had no communication at the moment. When we told them that our main problem was that we were running out of money they said that was no problem, "We could just *charge everything to Pan Am!*" We figured that no one would believe us so we asked the manager for a letter saying that and he gave each of us a letter saying that we could charge anything we needed to Pan Am!!! What an airline!

It cost about the same to tour the island and stay in the cheaper hotels in the interior as to stay in the Mount Lavinia Hotel, so we would take a two or three day trip and then return to Colombo to get the news and make another round of Pan Am and the Pakistan High Commission. On one of those rounds Pan Am told us that they had finally been able to contact Denver and that the company had told us to send the dependents back to the states and for Ted and me to get back to Lahore as soon as we were able to do it. Pan Am gave us three first class tickets (the wives and the Olsen's son) and we saw them off at the airport. After another tour or two of the island, Pan Am said that they would suggest that they send us to Cairo and from there to Beirut. They thought that in Beirut we should be able to catch a PIA flight back into Pakistan. (They provided tickets for us for the whole trip back.) Then we went to the Pakistan High Commission and they said that they had a plane coming in from Dacca (which was then still part of Pakistan). Because it could not overfly India it had to land in Colombo to refuel before going on to Karachi. They said they would get us

aboard. So we canceled the Pan Am tickets and went to the airport with an official from the Pakistani High Commission. We went through emigration and customs and were in the transit waiting room and were just called to board when they stopped us. There was a huddle of persons and finally someone came over to tell us that the problem was that PIA had permission to land and take on fuel, but did not have permission to board passengers. Believe it or not, there was a PIA executive on board and he paid \$2500 boarding rights so that we could get on board. They also had to take off two returning PIA crew to make room for us on the plane.

When we got to Karachi we had more problems. The flight from Dacca was considered to be a domestic flight, so there was no one at immigration and customs to let us into the country. We finally managed to get through that hurdle but then found out that we would need a police pass to get into the "war zone." So we missed the first flight to go from Karachi into Lahore while we were at the police headquarters while they tried to figure out what a pass for the war zone was. They finally decided we needed pictures. Ted had one but I did not so I offered them my business card. They stapled that to the form making it "tikka" meaning OK. We caught the second PIA flight from Karachi back into Lahore, finally getting there on September 22. On the way in from the airport (in a taxi because no one was expecting us) we heard artillery from the front. The artillery continued clear up into December.

Those were hard drinking days and we had just received, before the war started, a commissary shipment of liquor and some other things like canned food we couldn't get on the local market. Because we did not know from one day to the next if we would be evacuated, we decided we should work on the liquor supply rather than chance having to leave it behind. We put the Beefeaters gin in the freezer and then drank it straight for a martini. Every night several of us got together at one of our places, had cocktails and then dinner. I had finally gotten over the effects of the hepatitis I had gotten in 1961 in Texas so my liver was able to handle it. A few days before Christmas,

the company said they would let any wives who did not have children come back to Lahore and on December 22 my wife arrived. She was the only wife of our bunch to make it that early.

We were due to end our two years, for which I had a leave from CSU, in March, 1966. In the meantime I had been promoted from Assistant Professor to Associate Professor while in Pakistan. We planned a two week picture taking safari in Kenya and Tanzania plus a couple of days in Cairo to see the pyramids on our way home. The people who had gone to Agra and the Taj Mahal with us were going to meet us in Cairo and one son was going to accompany us back to the states. We decided that since it was going to be a once in a lifetime safari, we would rent our own Land Rover and driver, and set up an itinerary so we knew where we would be every night. The alternative was to go on a tour with a bunch of people and let the travel people choose where we would go from day to day and how long to stay at any particular stop along the way.

We flew a PIA Trident from Lahore to Karachi and an East African Airways Viscount from there to Addis Ababa and then on to Nairobi. The only stewardess on the EAA flight was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. In Nairobi we stayed at the New Stanley Hotel and made contact with the Land Rover and driver. We had mostly booked ourselves into the then new East African Wildlife Lodges scattered around Kenya and Tanzania. On our way out of Nairobi we began seeing game along the highway, the first being a giraffe! What a thrill. We headed first for Tanzania and Lake Manyara. This is a lake on the bottom of the Great Rift and the lodge was on the cliff above it. We were able to drive around the lake where we saw a lot of elephants plus all sorts of other game and huge flocks of flamingos. The driver knew all the game animals well. Either before or after the lake we stopped by the Oldevai Gorge where one of the earliest humans had been found by Leaky. The lodges are all very nice with great dining rooms, bars, and terraces to watch the sunsets.

Our second stop was the Ngorogoro Crater. This is a huge crater full of animals of all kinds. We saw our first lions and rhinoceros there. Also saw a group of Masai (I presume) men walking along with their spears and shields. Once down in the crater we were able to drive around anywhere we decided to go. I am sure that now you have to stay on roads. There were essentially no roads at that time. We spent a couple of days on the Serengeti Plain and there we stayed in a brand new *rondavel* that had been finished about a week before we got there in time for Robert Kennedy and his family who left just before we got there. The lodge was still under construction and the dining room was still in a big tent. The owner, a woman, introduced us to “a relative,” a Hildebrand starling. The lodge was built at the base of a kopje, a rock outcrop that had rock hyrax. These are rabbit size animals, the closest living relative of the elephant.



Hildebrand starling

Our next stop was Amboseli where we had a fabulous view of Mount Kilimanjaro. The lodge was great and the terrace for watching the sunset and the mountain was very pleasant. From there we returned to Nairobi and prepared to go to the Treetops Hotel. On the way out to Treetops we had lunch at the Norfolk Hotel and had a great view of Mount Kenya. Treetops is built in the tops of big trees and overlooks a pond and salt lick where animals come all night long. Lights are

installed for viewing and they do not seem to bother the animals. We were lucky to see a bongo, a very timid antelope. Late at night when most of the people had gone to bed, the “white hunter” asked us if we would like to go down to the ground to see a rhino close up. We did. We were in the shadows under the hotel and the rhino was only about 10 feet away in the light. We also saw a beetle about three inches long. They said that Queen Elizabeth was staying at Treetops when her father died and she became queen.

When we got back to Nairobi we were expecting to leave the next day but realized when reconfirming our reservations that we had one extra day in town. In the morning paper of that extra day I read an article about an irrigation project that USAID was going to fund and decided it might be something T & K would be interested in. We liked Kenya so much that we hoped that they might send us there as Project Manager if we interested them in the project. So I went down to the Ministry of Agriculture to see what I could find out about the project. It turned out that it was not that interesting, but in walking along the hallway I noticed a name on a door that I recognized: Sol Sinclair, an agricultural economist from Canada. I knocked and went in and introduced myself. It turned out that there was another project and they needed another agricultural economist and before I went back to the hotel I essentially had the job. More on this later.

The next day we headed to Cairo, leaving Nairobi in the evening on a BOAC VC-10. Sometime after dinner I went up to the cockpit (we were flying first class and the cockpit door was open). The pilot was in the jump seat with his back to the windshield eating his dinner. The co-pilot was doing a crossword puzzle and the other officer was doing something else. No one appeared to be flying. I asked the pilot, who invited me to sit down, if he could tell me what the Southern Cross looked like because I had not been able to find it in the sky during our trip. He couldn't, nor could the co-pilot nor the other officer up there and they got embarrassed because one of the stars in the constellation is a principal navigational star. So

the pilot gave me a full tour of how the plane was navigated. It was all by radio and had nothing to do with the stars unless, of course, the radios went out!

We landed in Cairo in the middle of the night and had reservations at Shepherds, the very well known hotel in Cairo. But there was no transportation except a bus on which the driver agreed to take all of us who got off in Cairo to 'town.'

He did get us into town but expected us all to get off at one place which was not where any of us wanted to go. He was obviously looking for a bribe (*bakshees*) to take us any further. It didn't work, but with all our screaming and yelling, he finally did take us to the hotel. The company (T & K) had left us a message there saying that I should return to Lahore for about six weeks but that my wife was to go on home as planned. Our planned three-day stay in Cairo gave me (and Pan Am) enough time for me to make reservations to get back to Lahore instead of going on to Denver. While in Egypt we did see the pyramids and the sphinx but generally did not like Egypt and were glad enough to leave it. My wife's flight left before mine so I knew that at least she had gotten off OK. She took one of the son's of the people who had gone to Agra with us and had met us in Cairo both to see the pyramids and to send their son home with us.

I caught Mid East Airlines from Cairo to Beirut. This was before all the problems in Lebanon but I was still a bit concerned about flying an airline from that part of the world. Shortly after we got up the loud speakers cracked and I heard a voice with a heavy Texas drawl say, "Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain from the flight deck speakin'." That was certainly unexpected, but welcomed. While waiting for the Pan Am flight from Beirut to Karachi and sitting in the Beirut airport, I heard a person say, "Hi Pete"! It was a person from the company returning to Denver.

I did spend another six weeks in Lahore and then agreed to work with the company in Denver for a while longer on the Regional Indus Plan. After returning to Colorado, and to Fort Collins where we bought a house on Newsome St., I commuted

to Denver for several months. I soon learned to leave Fort Collins late to miss the Denver rush and then to leave Denver late to miss the rush getting out of town. I didn't mind the commute because I was usually able to drive about 80 or 85 miles an hour and in the morning had the beautiful view of the mountains with the sun on them. As soon as I got back to Colorado I called the person to contact in USAID about the job in Nairobi. He turned out to be Doug Caton, an agricultural economist from the western region that I had known before. He said that yes, I could have the job in Nairobi, but if I was interested in joining USAID they really wanted me to go to Colombia in South America!

This possible change of plans took some serious thought. We had always been interested in Latin America in general and both of us had studied some Spanish, but we had fallen in love with East Africa. We finally decided to name a price (like we had done before going to Pakistan) and if they agreed we would go to Colombia. If not, we would go to Africa, or if both failed, we would stay in Colorado where we had bought a beautiful house and CSU was still carrying me on leave. On the government application form there was a spot to put the minimum acceptable salary and I put \$22,000. If I had gone back to CSU I would have been making more like about \$10,000 or \$11,000 and having to pay taxes on it. I had no idea what that salary meant in so far as U.S. government pay grades. It turned out that it was a very high, executive level grade (FSR-2), and it required the President's signature to hire into it. For not too much less they would have been able to hire me rapidly and at the grade I would have gotten in the position in Nairobi (FSR-3). Besides, the FSR-2 required a full field security clearance that took months to complete. We also had to have complete medical examinations (done at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver) and have dinner with an army colonel in Denver who apparently checked out our social graces! I kept telling them (they called every few days) that those were their problems and that we would be perfectly happy either staying in Fort Collins or going to Nairobi. Well, they thought they just

had to have an agricultural economist who was qualified to do an agricultural sector analysis in Colombia using linear programming and I was one of the very few in existence. They finally agreed, got Lyndon's Johnson signature on the appointment, and I resigned from CSU. We packed, stored, sold the house, and moved to Washington, D.C. for what was supposed to be 16 weeks of intensive Spanish plus some time in the State Department Foreign Service Institute.

In the meantime, during the fall, I went on the last deer and elk hunting trip I ever took with Dad. We took the Land Rover (the one we had bought in Pakistan and shipped home) and went up to a small town on the western slope where Dad knew some ranchers who said we could hunt on their place and one of their boys would be our 'guide.' There was a small hotel in the town where we stayed and Mom packed something for us for breakfast. The next morning, opening day, there was a lot of fresh snow and while going up the mountain on a trail and following a fence, the Land Rover got stuck! This had almost never happened before. It turned out it had a flat tire which was the cause of the problem.

We got up to the base of a high mountain where there were some good meadows and aspen groves. Dad was having trouble breathing and opted to stay down in the lower part while the 'guide' and I went up the mountain mainly looking for elk. I had bought a new gun because the state had outlawed my 25-35. I had shot it only a few times sighting it in but was confident that I knew what it could do. On the way up the mountain while I was walking through an aspen grove, I saw a nice buck about 60 yards away through the trees. He had not seen me so I had time to make sure there were no trees in my way and shot. He started to run so I shot once more while he was running through the trees. He fell and I suspect that it was really my first shot that got him because there was only one bullet hole and I doubt I hit him while he was running through the trees. Anyway, we dressed him out (first time I had had any help with this job) and then continued on up the mountain looking for elk. So far we had heard no shooting from Dad.

It was a hard pull up the mountain through deep snow and I was lagging behind the 'guide.' Mostly, I did not like moving as fast as he was going because all your attention was fixed on where you were going and stepping, and not on looking for game. He had pulled out about 40 yards in front of me and I am sure was pretty disgusted with the 'flat lander' when I stopped and was looking around for game. He was plowing ahead when I saw a young bull elk down below us running slightly downhill. I pulled up and shot once and he disappeared. The 'guide' turned around (I am sure it spooked the hell out of him when I shot) and asked me what I was doing. I told him I had shot a bull elk. He said, "Don't shit me." At about that time we heard a tightly stretched fence wire begin to sing like something was hitting it. He took off downhill like a shot and I followed him a bit slower. When I came over a rise he was standing over the bull that was tangled in the fence and asked me if he should finish him off. I said sure. So I ended up with both a bull and a buck with only three shots. Except for sighting in the rifle after I bought it, those were the only shots I have ever fired from that gun.

We shipped the Land Rover to Colombia rather than the Dodge I had bought after getting back from Pakistan. So that Land Rover (with its right-hand drive) was destined to drive over the Himalayas, the Hindu Kush (between Pakistan and Afghanistan), the Rockies and the Andes as well as the Punjab of both India and Pakistan, the Great Plains of Colorado, and the Llanos of eastern Colombia! It was a great vehicle. By the way, when it was in Customs in Denver after arriving from Pakistan, the Customs agent had never heard of a Land Rover. He called me up to ask about it and I told him it was a four-wheel drive vehicle like a jeep. So we bargained over the amount of import duty I would have to pay to get it into the country. I forget what we ended up at but it wasn't very much. Of course it was also well used. But he said he would have to go out to look at it and would call me back. When he called, he said, "That is sure a great car -- and you screwed me on the

duty!” But he agreed to let me have it for what we had agreed to.

10

1967-1972: Colombia

The first few months of our “time in Colombia” were spent in Washington, D.C. We rented a small apartment in Alexandria about three blocks from the Foreign Service Institute where we both took intensive Spanish. Fortunately they had few enough people taking it at that time so that we both were able to get the full six hours per day of Spanish. In addition to this, we both spent about two hours at night on homework preparing for the next day’s classes and I spent about two hours each morning in the lab listening to myself speak Spanish and working on my accent. I don’t know if it happens to everyone, but both of us began having dreams about our childhoods as a result of the complete immersion in Spanish. After about six weeks of the 16-week course, the embassy in Bogotá called and said they just had to have me right away and they could not wait the full 16 weeks. Again I negotiated (my bargaining experience from Pakistan) and finally said I would leave after eight weeks of the course but only if they guaranteed me a private tutor for four hours a day for as long as I thought I needed it. They agreed and we left for Bogotá after having only eight weeks of Spanish.

Among other things, I had decided that when we got to Bogotá I was going to quit smoking. I had stopped once for two years, later for one year and later again for six months, but each

time starting again. I saw the pattern and decided that I better just quit completely. And I did. I did not smoke again after getting off the plane in Bogotá! And what an arrival! The first secretary of the embassy who was also Chief Counselor to the Ambassador met us at the door of the plane with an embassy car. This was before there were ramps. He had someone take our baggage claims and passports (which were diplomatic passports) to go through immigration and customs, and we just drove out of the airport. I didn't know it at the time, but he was going to be my boss as well. I also didn't know it at the time, but besides the Ambassador and the AID Director, he was the only person in the embassy who outranked me in grade. A visitor from Washington later told me that I had the diplomatic rank of a Lt. General. I also found out that I had a Top Secret clearance.

Partly because of the rank and partly because it happened to be available at the time, we were able to get excellent furniture from AID for the house after we finally found one. We had a large dining room in the house and got a huge, executive dining room table. The house was quite a way up the slope of the eastern range of the Andes above the northern part of Bogotá so we had a good view of the savanna as well as the snow capped volcanic peaks in the central range of the Andes. We had three bedrooms and two baths upstairs and a living room, entry hall, dining room and kitchen downstairs. The garage was down still another level as were the maids' quarters. It rained a lot at that location but sometimes when the afternoon was sunny it was nice to sit on the front lawn which faced west and had the sun on it.

Barry and Ellen Klein moved into the apartment we had been living in prior to getting the house. Barry was an AID intern and was assigned to me. During their stay in Bogotá Barry got the shingles and was in bad shape. His doctor had prescribed morphine for him to ease the pain during the worst of it. I often gave him his shot.

AID was housed in the same building as the embassy. I was never told, at least at first, that there were 'secure' floors

(that is, where people had to have a security clearance to enter) and others that were not. There also were secure offices and others were not. The secretary I was assigned was also the secretary for my boss and was from Puerto Rico so spoke English with a Spanish accent. Outside our suite of offices there was another secretary who spoke with a Spanish accent and who was Colombian. I did not make a distinction for quite a while, but the one in the suite was an American and had security clearance (at least as high as mine) while the one outside did not. She could not enter our suite unless accompanied by one of us. No one bothered to explain that to me so I had to discover it for myself. Fortunately I did not commit any breach of security because of it. I did get a security 'pink slip' one time. I had left my files open when I went to a meeting which was all right. But I did not go back to my office before going home because the meeting had lasted so long. The marine guard found the open files but also found some papers in there marked 'Secret' and my files were not cleared for 'Secret.' The fact that they were not my papers and I had not even known they were in there did not matter.

My work was supposed to be doing the agricultural sector analysis and helping to develop a \$15 million dollar sector loan (after Pakistan with our \$50 million projects, this seemed like a small amount to me). The loan was supposed to be incentive for Colombia to shift *out of* coffee production because the price of coffee had dropped so much. Only the best areas were supposed to stay in coffee. This, of course, was short sighted because not too many years later the price of coffee jumped up when there was a freeze in Brazil and Colombia again expanded their coffee production. But anyway that is what we were supposed to be doing. The counterpart I was assigned to work with was Guillermo Guerra, a Vice Minister of Agriculture under Armando Samper who was the Minister at the time and later became Head of IICA. Guillermo was also an agricultural economist and we got along very well except that I still had a lot of trouble with Spanish. Armando was from the very well known and influential Colombian

Samper family. I later worked with his nephew and I feel sure it is the same family from which a recent President of Colombia comes. The work I had been doing in Pakistan had been very clear and straight forward and we moved ahead with a great deal of efficiency. On the contrary, what we were doing in Colombia was unclear, vague, with little rationale and high handed. After one meeting with the Minister and another Vice Minister, Enrique Blair who later became the Minister, the two of them asked me to stay behind as my boss (the First Secretary of the Embassy) and I were getting ready to leave. This of course raised my boss's eyebrows and his hackles, but he could do nothing but leave and say he would send the car back for me. After he left, Armando and Enrique asked me, "What in the hell do they want?" They simply couldn't figure it out. Most of the time when I came home from work I was so frustrated that I could hardly speak.

One of the bright lights of working in the embassy was getting acquainted with Dick Smith, the Agricultural Attaché who later headed up the Foreign Agricultural Service that was over all the Ag Attaches. Dick was of Cuban extraction and loved baseball. He had an excellent short wave radio in his office and we listened to many baseball games there. He also liked to go out to lunch and had a driver who could take us where ever we wanted to go.

Dick and I accompanied the Ambassador on a trip to look over the proposed sea level canal that was to substitute for the Panama Canal and would run through northern Colombia including the Darien Gap area. We flew a U.S. military DC-3 (C-47) from Bogotá to Chigorodó near the Gulf of Urabá and in the banana producing area of Colombia where a U.S. army otter picked us up for a flight to Cabo Marzo on the Pacific side of the site. We landed right on the beach. Dick and I stayed at the camp there while a U.S. military helicopter from Panama took the Ambassador for a low-level look at the canal route. The otter flew us back to Montería when they got back. In Montería I had to loan the army crew money to buy gas to get back to

their base in Panama! I did get paid back. All in all it was quite a trip.

Among other things, I really became disenchanted with working for the government because of a General Audit Office audit of the USAID agricultural programs in Colombia. At the time, coffee prices had gone down drastically and one of the efforts of the AID program in Colombia was to help them diversify out of coffee and into other agricultural pursuits. The overall goal, of course, was to help increase the productivity and value of agricultural production in Colombia. When the GAO was talking to me I reminded them about our efforts and also that coffee was by far the most valuable crop being produced in Colombia. The total value of agricultural production at that precise time was declining, both because of the drop in the price of coffee and because they were successfully reducing the area planted to coffee. Well, the audit report said the agricultural program was a failure because the overall value of agricultural production in Colombia was declining! That must have been their mission when they came down from Washington.

I finally got so fed up with AID that I decided to resign when I had six months in the country. I went to the AID Director, Marvin Weisman who later became the Ambassador to Costa Rica, and told him about my decision. He said that if I did resign I would not only have to pay our way home but also would have to repay the government the costs of taking us to Colombia. If I would stay for one year, I would only have to pay our way home. Also he agreed to change me from the joint economic section where I had been to the AID Agricultural Office because they were going to have a new Agricultural Development Officer, Ken McDermott. I decided it might be worth trying out the Ag office so they transferred me and I stayed on. Ken, who had come from Brazil, was great to work for and with and I expect if he had been there from the beginning I might still be an AID officer. But in reality I had been so soured by my first six months that I really could not make myself decide to stay with the government.

One of the big programs in the Ag office was the University of Nebraska contract to work with the Colombian Agricultural Institute, ICA. They had maybe 35 persons in Colombia stationed in Bogotá, Medellín and Cali (Palmira) and the Project Manager was Bill Caldwell who I really liked and respected. When he learned that I wanted to leave AID he suggested that I go to work for them because they were looking for a person to head up their agricultural economics group of eight people, also stationed in all three places. This sounded too good to be true. We liked Colombia and did not want to have to move again, so we decided to stay on with Nebraska. We were going to be able to keep our same house, furniture and car (we had shipped the Land Rover from Pakistan to Colorado and then to Colombia). Nebraska agreed to continue me at the same salary I had with AID and the only expense we had was the cost of two plane tickets from Bogotá to Denver. The University of Nebraska paid the cost of the return fare.

Bill Caldwell was a rancher from the Sandhills area of western Nebraska and really had fallen in love with the eastern plains (Llanos) of Colombia. He encouraged me to get to know the area even before I left AID. On the first trip, my wife and I took the Land Rover and spent the night in Villavicencio so we would be ready early in the morning to head out into the Llanos. Early in the morning we headed east on the road to Puerto Lopez where there was a ferry across the Rio Meta. Beyond the landing there were only trails and no real roads. At one point we saw a vast area of muddy trails going all over the place but mostly heading east. I was standing on the roof of the Land Rover with binoculars trying to decide what route to take when a bus that was coming toward us pointed to a road that was not the one they had been on. We made it through there with no problem (the Land Rover training in Pakistan apparently had been good). A while later we rounded a slight rise and saw a swamp in front of us that stretched for miles in both directions. But there were tracks going into it on our side and out of it on the other side, so we decided since it was still early in the day we would try it. Again, no problem. But it was very interesting that here was a vast plain, about 7.5 million acres in size, and there were no roads at all. In many ways it was not unlike the Serengeti Plain except that there were very few wild animals.

The Nebraska Mission had just received a new four-wheel drive Chevy Suburban that Bill Caldwell assigned to me because he knew I would be in the field a lot and that is what he wanted in an agricultural economist. It turned out to be a great vehicle and got lots of use. One problem with it was the skimpy little horn it had so I replaced it with a loud truck horn. In Colombia if you didn't have a loud horn no one moved over for you to get around.

I took Ken McDermott and Howard (Stony) Stonaker to the Llanos for their first visit. Stony was the animal breeding professor at CSU that had arranged an assistantship for me at Wisconsin. He spent some time in Colombia with the Nebraska Mission. We went over the Good Friday holiday. At Puerto Lopez, the ferryman was celebrating and did not want to take us across. We bargained with him and he finally decided the amount of beer he could buy with what we offered was worthwhile so he took us across. We spent two or three hours on the other side and then got back to Puerto Lopez. At that point we realized we had made a *strategic error*. Now the ferryman had us on the other side of the river and we *needed* to return to his side (in the morning we just *wanted* to get to the other side). He would not even come across to talk with us so finally Ken got a boy to take him across in a canoe and he bargained again with the man. I don't remember what it cost us but he did finally get him to come over and take us to the other side. Many years later they built a bridge across the river, but I only ever crossed it once. Stony and his wife tried to buy a place clear out near Puerto Carreño on the Orinoco River.

We took a lot of trips to the Llanos during the three years we lived in Bogotá and most of them were in the "Green Dragon" which is what we called the Suburban. Many of these trips centered on Carimagua, a beautiful ranch of over 60,000 acres of which about 25,000 actually had a title. The rest of it was in no man's land where you just sort of agreed where your boundary ended and your neighbor's (if there was a neighbor) began. Mostly these were just boundaries that you were willing and able to defend. Besides other big ranchers, there were problems with squatters and with the Indians who were still widespread in the Llanos. There was another ranch out there as well owned by a man called Carlos Rodriguez who was a good

friend of Bill Caldwell and where we often stayed when in the Llanos.

On one trip to the Llanos, we had two ICA vehicles. I was driving the Green Dragon and Rafael Samper (Head of the Ag Econ Department at ICA and my counterpart) was driving another four-wheel drive vehicle. Among others in the car were Bobby Edleman from the University of Florida and his graduate student Mike Schwartz whose dissertation I was supervising. We had to go out at night and had arranged to pick up Carlos in Villavicencio. We were going to his ranch and I thought it would be useful to have him in the car to show us the way because there were no roads and worse it was the rainy season. It was about a six hour trip altogether. About an hour out of Puerto Lopez where we had crossed on the ferry, Carlos went to sleep and was no help from there on. It was raining hard so we could not see the stars and there was about three inches of water over most of the grass so it was almost impossible even to see the trails. Believe it or not, I was able to drive right up to his place! Somehow I had dead reckoning in the Llanos just like I did at home on the plains of eastern Colorado. I don't know if that is because the mountains in both cases are in the west or if the magnetic fields are the same or what.

Bill Caldwell and some other friends from Nebraska with money were interested in buying Carimagua. Bill asked me if I would manage the ranch for them if they bought it and we agreed to do it. Carimagua had an airstrip on it and because it was so isolated I told them that I would want a single engine plane to be able make the trip to Villavo (the local name for Villavicencio) in about an hour rather than in over six hours. The ranch house was near the only real lake in the Llanos. It was a beautiful setting and the lake had peacock bass in it besides alligators, anacondas, etc. etc. I negotiated an option to buy the ranch with the owner, Julio Matíz and all was moving well. But the problem was that CIAT, the international agricultural research center funded mostly by the Rockefeller Foundation and USAID, and ICA, for whom I and the University of Nebraska Mission worked, decided that they wanted to buy it as well. Jim Spain who worked for both the Rockefeller Foundation and CIAT also loved the Llanos and especially Carimagua and undoubtedly was behind it all. At

any rate, Bill and I weren't really supposed to be going into business in Colombia so we immediately had to get out of the negotiations with Julio Matíz. CIAT and ICA did finally buy it and made it into an excellent research station for the acid savannah soils of that part of the world.

In those days if a person didn't have title to his land in the Llanos, and most people did not, there was always a chance that somebody who wanted it worse than you did would just try to take it. There were often 'problems' with Indians who, of course, had originally been living throughout the area. One time during the time we lived in Colombia a group of ranchers north of the Meta River invited a whole tribe of about 250 to a big 'feast.' While the Indians were concentrating on the food, the ranchers opened up on them with machine guns and killed them all.

One time we were going out to visit Carlos Rodriguez and to see another ranch that he thought might interest us and Jim Spain was going to Carimagua where he was setting up some preliminary soils research. Jim had managed for Avianca, the Colombian airline, to schedule a twice weekly flight to Carimagua and we were on the initial flight. Jim flew up in the cockpit with the pilot to show him how to get there. We landed with no problem but the pilot decided to go to the far end of the runway (away from the house) to see how firm and smooth it was in case he had to land from the other direction. All went well until he started to turn around to go back to the house. He just happened to start turning on an anthill and one tire sunk in. When we all got off to see if he could get it out without a load, there was nothing in view except grass and a few tree lines along creeks in the far distance. One of the passengers who had not yet figured out what had happened asked, "Why did we stop here?" Another one who was good and drunk asked, "Why doesn't he (the pilot) just back out?"

The pilot couldn't get out and did not have a shovel on board (probably had never been stuck before!) so Jim headed on foot for the house to get their tractor and a chain. With that we were able to pull the plane, a DC-3, out of the hole. Jim agreed with the pilot to 1) lengthen the runway another 500 meters and 2) pack it down before his scheduled return to take us home in

four days. Jim stayed at the ranch and we got back on the plane to go to Orocué on the north side of the Meta River where Carlos was waiting to pick us up. Carlos was there and after crossing the river on another ferry we spent the night at his ranch. The next morning we headed further east with a guide (Carlos was not sure he knew where the ranch was). We went past Las Gaviotas, an outpost in the middle of the Llanos and kept going. Finally we found the house. This was an abandoned house with a thatched roof and a very nice spring nearby. Nothing else was there. We drove much further out and came upon a row of poles stuck in the ground about 200 meters apart. Further on we saw an Indian woman who ran into the forest by the creek and disappeared. We went in that direction and saw what was probably her house. A man came out and asked if we had seen the poles a ways back. We said yes, and he said that was the beginning of 'Indian Territory' and we were on his land. Although the trip to the ranch had been very interesting, it was really too far out and did not even have a title so we decided we weren't interested. We went back and Carlos took us back to Carimagua where the plane was supposed to pick us up late in the afternoon. It had been raining and when the plane came the pilot made a pass over the strip that Jim had worked on and then came back and just wagged his wings and left. We figured that he was telling us that he felt he could not risk landing after the rain and that he would send another, lighter plane out to get us after he got back to Villavo.

Jim and I went fishing in the lake and caught a couple of beautiful peacock bass which the wife of the ranch foreman cooked for us for dinner. While we were out on the lake near an island, we heard a tremendous thrashing around in the water on the island. We never did find out what it was, but it sounded like either a huge snake or maybe an alligator had hold of a big animal and they were thrashing around. The next day I went out on the tractor to keep packing the new part of the runway (making a runway in the Llanos involved mostly knocking down the grass and anthills and then chasing off any stray animals that might be on it before landing). I worked for several hours and then heard a plane coming. I headed back toward the house and the plane landed. Sure enough, the Avianca pilot had arranged for another plane to come to pick us

up, courtesy of Avianca with whom we had bought round trip tickets.

Carlos also had a small landing strip on his place. One time the University of Nebraska was making a TV documentary of our work and wanted some pictures of the Llanos. I was supposed to take the cameraman and his equipment out to Carlos' place in a plane. We left Villavo and ran into a rain storm with low clouds. I had been keeping close watch of where we were and the time so we kept on going straight until I thought we would be getting close (the pilot had never been to Carlos' place before so did not know where we were going). We descended gradually and finally broke out of the clouds safely above ground level. After a few minutes I saw his house and we made a safe landing. On the way back to Villavo we had to land at another ranch but had to fly over the runway first to scare off the cattle that were grazing on it.

In the ag economics group of the Nebraska Mission we had three PhD graduate students who were there to do their dissertation research. One was Chris Andrew (my former "undergraduate assistant" from CSU) who had finished his course work at Michigan State and another was Gerald Feaster who was getting his PhD at the University of Kentucky. I was the field supervisor for Gerald's research. He was working in a colonization area in the upper Amazon basin of southern Colombia in the Department of C aqueza whose capital was Florencia. I made a couple of trips down there in the Green Dragon and one time flew down with Gerald. On the trip when we flew down, Gerald had arranged for a man to meet us in a small town that had a small airstrip with some mules so we could go back into the forest. We made arrangements with the company that often flew us out of Villavo and took off with the owner, himself, as the pilot and extra fuel in the back of the plane. We had the Esso (Standard Oil) airways map that was what all pilots used to get around Colombia and Gerald's knowledge of where we were going as our only guides. The map was wrong but Gerald managed to spot two rivers that came together and we went up the second one and found the town. We flew over the runway to check it out and saw the man and the mules waiting for us. But the problem was that the town had made a football (soccer) field out of the runway and

there were two goals right in the middle of it! So we couldn't land. We flew into Florencia to refuel before returning to Villavo. The trip wasn't all a waste, however, because we flew over the Macarena, a small mountain range just east of the Andes and in the Amazon basin. Very few people have seen it.

Another time I was going to fly from Florencia out to where Gerald was waiting to meet me with more mules. We got to the airport at about 8:00 in the morning when the pilot who was going to take us told us to get there. He was eating breakfast and seemed to be in no hurry. When I asked him about it he asked if I saw those low clouds on the eastern horizon. He said as long as they were there we wouldn't be able to find the place. So we waited with him until he finally said, "OK, let's go." We took off on a nice clear day but there were still low clouds ahead of us. He paid a lot of attention to the compass and to his watch. He finally started really watching his watch and all of a sudden started down through the clouds. We couldn't see a thing, but he kept his eye on the compass, altimeter and watch. All of a sudden we broke out of the clouds and the trees were just below us. It made you feel like you wanted to lift up out of the seat so they wouldn't hit you. The runway was straight ahead and we landed with no problem. Those guys are really good.

On one of the trips I took to Florencia by road, I bought several stuffed birds on the way home. Two that I remember are the Andean Cock-of-the-Rock, an orange bird, and a black bird with a crown. I forget what it was called. I also bought a scarlet ibis one time in the Llanos.



Andean Cock-of-the-Rock

Planes were such a necessary and frequent part of working in Colombia that I decided I would like to fly myself. On one home leave to Colorado in September, I went to the Ft. Collins airport and started taking lessons. During the time I had, I did manage to fly solo quite a few times, but did not have the time to get my license.

My work with the University of Nebraska in Colombia involved not only creating an agricultural economics department at ICA to do research and extension, but also to create a Master of Science degree program in agricultural economics in conjunction with National University of Colombia (ICA was not a degree-granting institution but had most of the agricultural scientists in the country and many more than the university). The program was centered at Tibaitatá, the ICA headquarters outside Bogotá, but we also had people stationed in Medellín and Palmira, near Cali. When the Nebraska Mission started, there were a number of Rockefeller Foundation people assigned to ICA, but they were mostly shifted to CIAT after that center was established in Cali. Among them were Bob Waugh, Jim Manor and Jim Spain, all of whom I would have continuing contact with for many years. I think Chuck Francis went from the Nebraska Mission to CIAT.

The weather at Tibaitatá was much better than in Bogotá which was right up against the eastern range of the Andes while Tibaitatá was out on the savannah. We often had sunny days until late afternoon while in Bogotá it could be raining all day. We often played softball at noon after eating lunch in the cafeteria at the station. Most Colombians, except those from the north coast, do not play baseball. So the Americans at the station had to teach them how it went. At first only the men played, but after a while we began to let some of the women, mostly secretaries, play if they wanted. It changed the nature of the game, but still was fun and good exercise.

The agricultural economics group at ICA had national responsibilities, so I traveled to most of the country, mostly by plane, but also by car. Flying in Colombia is an experience, even with Avianca or the other major airlines of the country.

When it came time to board, everyone just ran to the plane and fought to get on. The reason was that they often oversold the flights so those who got on late might have to get off again. Sometimes they let people fly in the jump seat in the cockpit and I suspect they also let some fly in the lavatories. Also, you never knew when the plane was going to arrive, especially at the outlying airports. They never knew either until the plane was close enough to make radio contact and say it was on the way and when it would get there. So you would arrive at the airport and start drinking beer, never knowing how long you would be drinking before the plane arrived. As long as you were flying Avianca there was a pretty good chance that the plane would eventually arrive, so you just stayed at the airport waiting, and, of course, drinking beer. Flying into the airport in Bogotá was always fun. There is an escarpment coming up from the Magdalena River and it always attracted clouds and thunderstorms. So as you were descending you always ran into heavy turbulence. You could tell how far away from landing you were. While I lived in Bogotá I am sure I flew out every week and sometimes on more than one trip. On a jet it was about 45 minutes from Bogotá to Cali but it took about 14 hours by car. To Baranquilla it was a little over an hour from Bogotá but it took at least two days to do it by car. So it was obvious why flying was so important. Flying out of Medellín in a prop plane was an experience especially if it was cloudy. One time we flew in circles for nearly a half hour, in clouds all the time, before heading out over the mountains. The jets could go straight up so it really saved time.

While I was still in Bogotá Bill Caldwell retired and was replaced by Clayton Yeutter as Project Manager of the Nebraska Mission. Clayton was a lawyer and also had a PhD in agricultural economics. After he left Nebraska he became, among other things, the President of the Chicago Board of Trade, the U.S. Trade Representative (a cabinet-level position), Secretary of Agriculture, and Chairman of the Republican Party. Shortly after he came he decided that he wanted my bilingual secretary, Liz Child, who both he and I thought was the best one the Mission had. We had a big fight because I did not want to give her up. I won and Liz stayed with me all the

time I was in Bogotá. Since then I have had several fights over secretaries and mostly have won them.

While I was with AID I did not have too much opportunity to speak Spanish because everyone in the embassy spoke English. Ken McDermott was the exception. He came to Bogotá from Brazil and with Portuguese but no Spanish, so he wanted to work in Spanish as much as possible. But as soon as I went with Nebraska I began to work almost entirely in Spanish. Soon after I started, I also began lecturing in Spanish because the classes we were giving for the M.S. degree had to be in Spanish. All the research and reports were also in Spanish, so we had to get proficient in writing and editing in that language in a hurry. Bogotá was a great place to learn to speak Spanish because they have excellent pronunciation. Other parts of Colombia do not. Before I left Colombia I tested at a 4.0 in the FSI score system which is just below an educated native speaker (5.0). Much of my knowledge came from working with the theses that were being written by our graduate students.

Although in agricultural economics, much of what we were doing was pretty conventional for either a research/extension organization or a university, we also *were really trying to focus the nature of the program on practical courses and research*. We anticipated that our students would be working in research and extension rather than in academics and pushed them in that direction. One of the courses we started was in research methodology. Several of us were involved and we decided that we needed to write a text book that would help the students *define a researchable problem* because this was almost impossible for them to do. Mike Steiner who was stationed in Medellín, Chris Andrew and I started the book. It turned out that Mike's orientation was much more on the philosophical aspects of scientific method than on practical research methodology, so Chris and I ended up writing most of the book and eventually became the co-authors. I think I actually did most of the writing, and most of it after moving to Cali, but Chris became the first author because he went to the University of Florida after leaving Colombia and had the opportunity and time to go through all the process of getting it published the first time. Although we used it a lot in Colombia

and knew that it worked very well, it was first published in Spanish while I was in El Salvador. Chris first got it published in English by MSS Publishing Company in the US and later it was published more formally in English by Westview Press. Westview also published a new version of it many years later. The first version (whether taken from Westview or MSS) was heavily plagiarized by a person at the University of California. The UF lawyers, however, decided that it was not worth trying to do anything about it other than letting the person's department chair know about it.

Andrew, C.O. and P.E. Hildebrand. 1982. Planning and conducting applied agricultural research. Westview Press. Boulder, CO. <http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00055232/00001>

Mike Steiner found out about a fishing village on the Pacific coast of Colombia called Bahia Solano. We set up a trip there with him. He had been told that the fishermen would furnish everything we needed to fish in the Pacific and he contacted (he hoped) a fisherman who was willing to take us out and who made reservations for us at a hotel in town. The only way to get to Bahia Solano was by boat or airplane. We bought passage on a Beechcraft 99 (the one with the twin tail) and flew in from Medellín. This was a small air taxi company that flew a couple of times a week to Bahia Solano. We were going to stay until his return trip. The fisherman had, in fact, known we were coming and there was a room in the hotel for us. However, the only fishing equipment he had were the hand lines that he normally used. We had taken a number of lures with us. Fortunately, I had taken leather gloves thinking of thumbing a reel, but really needed the gloves, necessary to hold the 300 pound nylon line that was wrapped around a palm trunk that was about three inches in diameter. Poor Mike did not have gloves and his hands were not as tough as those of the fisherman, so he had a lot of trouble when the fish began running.

We went out in the fisherman's dugout canoe that had sideboards nailed on to give it a little more sea worthiness. He also had an outboard motor. The canoe was plenty big and felt sufficiently sea worthy to us so we did not worry so long as the

weather was good. The fishing was fantastic. We trolled at top speed and caught wahoo up to about four feet long, dolphins about the same size, and yellow fin tuna. We sometimes ran with the dolphins and they were jumping all around us. That was exciting because our canoe wasn't a whole lot bigger than the dolphins! We also saw poisonous snakes in the water that was crystal clear and beautiful. One time when the predator fish were slowing down we stopped and still fished for grouper. I hooked what felt like a monster and was slowly bring it in when all of a sudden there was a big thump and then the fish came in much easier. When I finally got it to the canoe all I saw was a huge head and mouth and one rib. A shark had taken all the rest of it on a single pass. I have no idea how big the grouper might have been but from the size of the head, the shark sure got a good meal.

One day while we were about a mile off shore, a big, black storm developed along the shoreline (in many places the mountains of the western range of the Andes rise up directly from the ocean and at high tide the water sometimes touches the leaves on the trees that hang out over the water) and Mike and I got worried. We asked the fisherman if we shouldn't head in. He said, "Why? It's storming in there!" So we stayed out. He was right. Later that same day we were getting hungry so he said he knew a woman who might cook up one of our fish for us. We entered the bay a little way and came upon a thatched roof house in a beautiful setting. In that area wherever a stream runs into the ocean it creates a small beach and sometimes enough flat area to build a house on. She had coconut palms all around and other fruit trees as well. She agreed and cooked not only the fish, but also rice and each of us had an avocado to go with it. It was a great meal except for the smell of drying fish that she had hanging all over the rafters of the house.

We actually made two different trips to Bahia Solano. On the second trip we bought deep sea fishing gear that Mike's sister, Buffy brought when she came on a trip to visit Mike and his family. This time we flew out on Satena which is the Colombian military "airline." We also made arrangements to fly back to Medellín with them four days later. We were at the Bahia Solano airport when the Satena plane (another DC-3)

came in, but they said, sorry, they had no room for us and they refused to honor our tickets. They said, not to worry, that Avianca Air Taxi had a plane coming in a couple hours later and they would 'probably' take us out. Well, the Avianca Air Taxi did come in, but it was going to Buenaventura and not to Medellín. We did not want to take the chance of getting stranded in Buena Ventura. But the Air Taxi motto is, "Don't ask us where we are going, tell us where you want to go." There was one other American waiting in the airport and between us we figured we had the money to hire the plane. So we told the pilot we wanted to go to Medellín. He got back in his plane and called on the radio for permission, which he got. He told the passengers who were on board to get off because he had to go to Medellín. At that point, three nuns who were also at the airport approached us and said that since we were already going to Medellín would we mind if they went along. They had not offered to help pay the cost when we were asking other people for money for the air taxi, however. But we agreed to take them along. So we headed for Medellín. I flew in the co-pilot's seat and was taking pictures as we flew. I saw in the distance a range of hills that were very steep and was taking pictures of them every once in a while when I realized that we were descending and coming right up to them. Finally the pilot asked if that was close enough for a good picture! After going back up to cross the western range and as we were approaching the central range where Medellín is it began to cloud up. The pilot kept looking for openings in the clouds so he could see the ground. One time he saw something that apparently looked familiar so he started down through the clouds and when we came out below the clouds there were mountains on both sides of us! We never did find out if he went back for those poor passengers he made get off in Bahia Solano. Imagine being stranded in Bahia Solano if that was not where you wanted to go. Incidentally, the whole town was wiped out a few years later by a Tsunami.

Mom and Dad came to visit us when we lived in Bogotá. The two years we were in Pakistan they did not come even though we said we would pay their airfare. But they did come to Bogotá. While they were there my wife took them to Honda down on the Magdalena River and the local market there. Mom

loved it but Dad had a bad case of culture shock. He also got sick. At first he wouldn't take achromycin (tetracycline), which I had learned to trust in Pakistan, because it was an antibiotic and, being a doctor, he thought you would have to take it for at least 10 days once you started. I finally convinced him after a few bad days that all he would need would be one capsule just to allow his own immune system to get on top of the bug. He finally took one and was fine within an hour, just like I told him he would be. He hardly believed it, but sure was happy about it. As part of the folks' trip to Colombia we had arranged to spend a week with them on San Andrés Island. This is an island in the Caribbean nearest the coast of Nicaragua but it belongs to Colombia. It is a beautiful island and there are a lot of fish. Most Colombians go there to buy duty free goods, but we were just interested in relaxing. We had two cabins right on the water in a place that also had an excellent restaurant. One day Dad and I rented a boat and guide to go fishing. We didn't catch very much but it was interesting. Later in the day it got very rough so we had to come in. We played lots of bridge out under the coconut palms, visited, and walked around the island. The only problem we had were large crabs that came up out of the shower drain every night.

ICA began to regionalize while we were with them. There were a number of regional centers that were to have certain autonomy in their research and extension programs. Each region would have a regional agricultural economist as well. I agreed to move to Cali, and set up the first regional agricultural economics office and a training program for other regional agricultural economists in Palmira, near Cali. Michigan State University had a group in Cali doing market development work. Harold Riley who was Chris Andrew's major professor was the Principal Investigator and Kelly Harrison was one of the two persons MSU had living in Cali. Kelly and his wife volunteered to help us find a house. Just as we started looking, the Eder family decided to sell or rent the "big house" on their home hacienda just outside Cali. The Eder family owned the Ingenio Manuelita, a 10,000 hectare (25,000 acre) sugar plantation and factory between Cali and Palmira and were the wealthiest family in the area. The father had been

kidnapped and killed a few years earlier and when we were looking for a house, the widow had moved out of the main house and was living in the guest house next door. Her two daughters had built modern houses on the drive into the main house. The main house was fantastic and we rented it immediately.

The house, at the base of the western range, had a yard that was about one and three quarter acres in size, all fenced. It had a pool in the backyard that was about 50 yards from the house. The pool house had a dance floor, a wet bar, and two dressing rooms. However, the pool was not filtered and was filled from the creek. We agreed to paint the pool and the owner put in a filter system. The yard also had a big vegetable garden area with quarters for a gardener. Outside the back porch there was a big tamarind tree with catleya orchids in it. We added to the orchids and eventually had about 250 plants. The house itself had a huge master bedroom and bath that looked out over the pasture and the sugar cane all the way to the central range east of Palmira. That was the view I had from my desk that I had in the bedroom. Outside the master bedroom was what they called the music room and we used as a bar and family room. Beyond that was the entry hall with the other three bedrooms and one bath on the other side. The dining room was on the screened back porch that ran the length of the house. The kitchen looked like a hotel kitchen and there were linen closets, closets for the silver and the trays, a locked pantry, and lots and lots of cupboards. Behind the kitchen was the laundry room and two maid's rooms with their bathroom. There was also a library upstairs that was a huge room itself and had a fabulous view. The walls were about 18 inches thick and there was a full basement with a big wine cellar (empty, unfortunately) in it. The U.S. Consul for Cali had a very nice house near town and up on a hill overlooking the city, but he was really jealous when he saw our house. He said he wanted to trade! Our house, he thought, was much better for formal entertaining than his, and he was right. The Eder family had done all sorts of formal entertaining in their glory days. One of the persons who stayed with them was Louis Agassiz, the very famous biologist, who was Mary Boynton's father. Mary and Damon became friends of ours in El Salvador and we

discovered that he had stayed in this house during a dinner conversation. Mary showed us a book containing some of his letters that talked about it. The expedition had come over the western range from Buenaventura and stayed several days with the Eders.

Moving from Bogotá to Cali was an adventure. The embassy moved our furniture which it let us take, but we had to move our personal things. We had traded our Land Rover for a Ford station wagon because it was too hard to drive the Land Rover with its right-hand drive on the narrow and straight roads full of slow cane trains in the Cauca Valley. We loaded the station wagon down with all our things, two parrots, Poco and a female German Shepherd that we had taken off Mike Steiner's hands when he left Colombia, plus our maid and her belongings. We had to separate the dogs because the German shepherd was in heat. It was really a load but we managed to get everything in it. All went well until we hit the top of the pass in the central range where there was a military post. The lieutenant in charge was insisting that we unload everything and I was insisting that we were not going to do it. Finally a person who was standing around (he did not look official) said something to the lieutenant about our license plate which was an "International Mission" MI plate. This had a certain amount of diplomatic status to it. I jumped on that and told the lieutenant that we had diplomatic immunity and he should call the embassy. This worried him enough that he finally let us go. What a mess it would have been to unload the whole car.

My first office in Palmira was in the National University campus. I hired a secretary and we set up shop. The campus was adjacent to the ICA station in Palmira and they finally emptied an old house on the station where personnel used to live and made it the Regional Agricultural Economics Office. It was convenient among other things because it was right across from the station cafeteria where we ate lunch. Driving from Cali to Palmira was always an experience. We had a car pool and because I lived closest to Palmira I was the last to be picked up. We left our house just as it was getting light and it was always a beautiful drive with the light, fluffy clouds tinged with pink, the patches of bamboo, the pastures and fields and the

sugar cane. The problem was that it was a two-lane road with steep shoulders so whenever there was a wreck the cars began immediately to plug up both lanes each side of the wreck. This, of course, made it nearly impossible for the police or any emergency vehicle to get to the wreck, and when the road was finally cleared of the wreckage, it took forever for the cars to finally sort themselves out. Often if we saw a wreck we would turn around before getting hemmed in and take the long way around which added many miles but usually cut down the time considerably.

CIAT had been created while we lived in Bogotá and was located adjacent to the ICA station on the side opposite the National University campus. Not only were the buildings and laboratories being built far superior to anything we had in ICA (the station headquarters was in a barn), but CIAT also hired away many of ICA's best scientists. Even when they didn't hire away the scientists, they effectively took over many of ICA's crop research programs. This was in the days of the top-down, heavy-handed approach to development and it really showed. I was in a particularly unique situation to assess what this approach did to the national agricultural research service (what now are called NARS). It has provided me with a different opinion of the International Agricultural Research Centers (IARCs) than most international scientists have.

The trainees in our regional agricultural economist program were all from our M.S. program at Tibaitatá and my first counterpart was Alonzo Gallo. Alonzo was from Manizales and was a great guy. He was always happy and really enjoyed the work we were doing. His background was in animal science (zootécnia) so we were a good fit. I had bought a Nissan Patrol, four-wheel drive vehicle that I used for official business and we took that all over the region. One of the more interesting projects we were involved in was with Khaki Campbell ducks, an egg laying breed. There was a community of very small, very poor farmers who were former slaves trying to make a living in an area south of Cali. ICA (research and extension), with some help from CIAT, as I recall, was setting up one of the first DRI (integrated regional development) projects. One of the most obvious problems of the people in the area was a lack of protein, particularly animal protein, in their

diet. We thought that duck eggs might improve the situation for them. Alex Warren, one of the Nebraska scientists also in Palmira, was from Poultry Science and knew about the ducks and also had a source of either ducklings or eggs, I forget which. Ducks appeared to be ideal because after they were 12 weeks old, they are very hardy. This particular breed also can out lay chickens, particularly under less than optimum conditions.

We set up a very interesting experiment (on-farm research) with 16 families where four families fed their ducks a complete ration, four fed two-thirds of a complete ration plus scraps and free range, four fed one-third of a complete ration plus scraps and free range, and the last four only scraps and free range. We worked closely with these families and kept records of their feed and egg production. The number of eggs, of course, went up with the quality of the ration fed to the ducks, but the *feed cost per egg* was the same in all four cases. If a family wanted more eggs they could feed more concentrate. This was my first experience working directly with small-scale, limited resource farmers and it made me realize that *their limited use of new technology was not because they did not want to do something better, but that we who were developing the new technology were not developing anything that they could use*. There were a number of reasons we didn't, but none were very valid. The result of this project helped propel me into what we know today as Farming Systems Research-Extension.

Working on a relatively small experiment station provided all sorts of opportunity to participate in ongoing research as well as design and conduct research ourselves. I began to help design and conduct agronomy experiments with various crops as well as animal experiments. I was learning about research methodology while doing the research as well as learning a lot of agronomy, all in Spanish. With an extension mandate, we were always interested in the immediate application of every experiment so we looked at it differently than many of the scientists who viewed an experiment as part of a series, each of which should be publishable. Some of the titles or extension reports we wrote in those days included 1) fattening steers in confinement; 2) fattening steers on rotational pasture; 3) the care of Khaki Campbell ducks; 4) an

experimental design to improve fertilizer recommendations; 5) the productivity and profitability of layers (chickens) in single, double or triple cages <http://ufdc.ufl.edu/UF00095625/00001>; and 6) an economic analysis of nitrogen fertilizer on pasture.

The Nebraska contract was coming to an end when the end of our two year tour in Cali was approaching so we had begun looking around for something else. Our interests still were very much in the international sphere, both because of the money and because we really enjoyed the life style. I also felt I was good at doing what I did. At an American Agricultural Economics Association annual meeting in the U.S. I ran into Ken Tefertiller who had been with me at Texas A & M University. At the time he was head of the Food and Resource Economics Department at the University of Florida. The university had a technical assistance contract with USAID in El Salvador and he was looking for someone to start an agricultural economics department for the national agricultural research and extension organization of that country. We talked about it and made arrangements for me to go to El Salvador to look over the situation and for them to look me over. Besides the stated job description the person was also supposed to work on a proposal for a USAID agricultural sector loan to the government of El Salvador. Partly because I had done both of the things they needed from the position they were glad to get me and we decided to take the job.

Once again we were involved in making a move. Among other things, I needed to sell the Nissan Patrol and the Ford. The Ford went to another couple with diplomatic privileges so that was fairly easy. I had bought the Nissan locally and sold it locally. I think the price was 35,000 Colombian pesos or about \$6,500. Cali is a notorious place for pick pockets. When the man who bought the car was going to pay me he had me go to his bank with him because he didn't want to have the responsibility of carrying around that amount of money on the streets of Cali. So he took out the money and paid me off inside the bank. Then he agreed to walk with me from his bank to my bank so I could deposit the money there. I had money stuck in all my pockets (I had taken along a jacket to give me more pockets). We made it safely, but it was not a fun

walk I assure you. We had diplomatic import privileges into El Salvador so I ordered a Mercedes 250, bought in Colombia, made in Germany, and delivered to El Salvador. The price was about the same as I had received for the Nissan.