

**PERSONAL HISTORY
OF
JAMES FRANK GOODRICH**

BORN: 23 June 1943
PLACE: Vernal, Uintah, Utah
FATHER: Merrill Goodrich
MOTHER: Agnes Allene Hatley

Preface

My intention is to focus on the positive aspects to my life, except where it might prove beneficial for my posterity to be given an insight into the price we must pay for not fully measuring in advance the consequences of our actions. I take full responsibility for any errors, and I ask forgiveness for any omissions.

I am not sure how certain areas of my personal history will be received by the few that may be inclined to read it. Some family members may look upon any reference I may make to spiritual matters in a less than enthusiastic way. Modern-day philosophies often erroneously associate any mention of God with fanaticism. However, we are encouraged by our church leaders to write our personal history, and to include experiences of a spiritual nature that may be of benefit to our posterity. I would be remiss if I didn't include at least a few spiritual experiences that have had an enormously positive impact upon me, and upon my sweet wife Virginia. Together, we have enjoyed the benefit of many blessings while working through some painfully difficult stages in our lives. We have learned from our mistakes, and I suppose it is only natural that we would both like to pass on to our children and grandchildren advice that may be helpful to them.

To me, my life has been full of adventure and some intrigue, mixed with love, happiness and a substantial amount of contrition. Some may very well look upon this history as insipid or even narcissistic. I hope that will not be the case; however, I will allow each reader the privilege of drawing their own conclusions. To those individuals who are of my posterity, I will echo my Father's introduction in his autobiography: "It's my story, and I'm stuck with it."

I spent the first seven years of my life, living in Naples, Utah. Even though I have brief recollections of living in the smaller house next to Grandpa and Grandma's home, my most vivid memories are after my grandparents moved to Moses Lake, and after our family had moved into their house. It seemed so large. Even now, my recollection sees the doorknobs at eye level and the furniture and other household belongings from a thirty-six inch high perspective. When I was given a tour of the house as an adult, the ceilings appeared to be much lower and the rooms seemed small and somewhat Closter-phobic when compared to my childhood memories. As children, we see the world from a different perspective, and lasting impressions can be made from our observations that would appear to be insignificant to an adult.

In retrospect, I look upon Naples Ward as representing a very slow paced rural setting, combined with a WWII mentality, and an atmosphere that ranged from the very spiritual to the most obscene, dependant upon the occasion and the prevailing environment.

When I was a child it was not uncommon to see horse drawn buggies and hay rakes, model-T fords, and log cabins with dirt roofs. Many of our neighbors still had outdoor toilets. There was an unkempt look about the area that existed into my adulthood. I have occasionally wondered if the Prophet had the Uintah Basin in mind when he said: "clean it up, paint it up, or burn it up." However, in recent years the community has engaged in several beautification programs that have won them recognition on a national level for cities under 10,000 in population.

Our property consisted of approximately fifteen acres. There were two houses, a garage that was converted to a poolroom, a variety of fruit trees and shrubs, a cement tennis court, garden, an old barn and pasture, one milk cow, many chickens, about thirty cats, and a pen made of chicken wire along the east side of our house that was built to keep me from constantly investigating beyond our own property boundaries. I am told that I had a tendency to strip off all of my clothing and go visiting to the Naples Store a quarter of a mile up the road. I suspect that was just my way at an early age of winning friends and influencing people.

We milked our own cow. I remember Mother regularly separating the cream, and how good it tasted on oatmeal mush. The cats and I very much appreciated my brother Johnny. At the barn he would allow us the pleasure of lining up in a row while he attempted to hit our mouths with a carefully aimed stream of milk; it tasted especially good that way. I am sure those practice sessions helped him to become an expert rifleman after he joined the Marine Corps.

We also had an underground cellar. Mother worked in the garden and canned all of our fruits and vegetables. She and Dad were very hard workers. They both grew up during the great depression and understood poverty; but Mother's family was exceptionally poor. At age fifteen the money shortage made it necessary for her to leave her family in Wamsutter, Wyoming and go to live with a family in Rock Springs, Wyoming. She did the housework and the clothes washing for her room and board. Separated from her own family, and with these added responsibilities, she still graduated from high school at the top of her class.

Johnny is seven years older than I, and he is two years older than Dixie. In Naples Ward, the children took their play very seriously and they worked very hard at it. It was extremely difficult for me to keep up with Johnny and Dixie, and their friends. I believe they would tell you that I did a pretty good job; however, I was constantly bringing up the rear, and I would have to persevere to stay within a reasonable distance. My legs were just too short. About the time I would arrive, they and their friends would be preparing to leave. It seemed to me as if I was often left out in the cold, and I was always in hot pursuit.

We had some happy times living in Naples Ward. During the late summer and fall apples were plentiful and tasty in their various stages of growth. I preferred them green. John Nielsen also had an orchard next to our property with some excellent tasting varieties. We had a cherry tree with the best sour cherries I have ever tasted. And the food from our garden was superb. I loved to pick the green peas, sit on the doorstep and eat them fresh from the garden.

Dad enjoyed playing tennis. He had a tennis court built on the east side of our house. They dug four-foot holes about eighteen inches in diameter on each end of the court for basketball bankers. One afternoon, after the workman had left, I was out and about inspecting the job when I inadvertently fell into one of the holes. It was a pretty tight squeeze. I was too short to see out of the hole and it was impossible for any one to see me. I yelled for sometime before I was finally rescued.

We all loved going up on the mountain for a variety of reasons. I was too young to do any hunting; however, everyone else surely did his or her share. We had a cabin on Diamond Mountain and later on Brush Creek Mountain. Sage Hens, Jack Rabbits, and Deer were always plentiful. Dad was good at everything. He was an excellent marksman and the best trout fisherman I have been around. Johnny and Dixie's favorite memories are of Diamond Mountain, mine are of Brush Creek. We never return to Vernal without making a special trip up on the mountain.

We had an old mother cat that must have had a dozen litters of kittens over her lifetime. She had grown too old to reproduce, but her motherly instincts were strong and she never dried up because of nursing her own kitten's babies. She had lost several teeth, but that didn't keep her from stealing baby kittens, carrying them up the black walnut tree and into Dixie's bedroom where she would receive great love and refuge from some outraged mothers looking for their kittens. Our old mother cat wouldn't stop at one or two kittens; she wanted them all.

One afternoon we were traveling to Rawlins, Wyoming to visit Mother's brothers and their families. All of a sudden our 1941 Plymouth started to lurch and it finally came to a dead stop. Dad tried everything to get it started again. Finally he realized that the fuel line was plugged. They wound up taking the gas tank off and emptying it. When they did, a bunch of dandelions I had put into the gas tank was found to be obstructing the gas flow. We never did get to Rawlins on that trip.

Grandpa and Grandma (Abe & Lydia Goodrich) moved back to Naples for a period of time, and Grandpa worked on the building of the new Naples Ward Chapel. That was a fun time for me. Grandma became my best friend, and we spent a lot of time together. I remember her taking me with her to visit with her sisters Josie Goodrich and Rose Eaton. Aunt Helen lived across the street. We visited John Nielsen just prior to his death. His was the first funeral viewing I ever attended. Grandma played ball with me and taught me how to play "Old Maid" and "Go Fish" with playing cards.

Grandpa occasionally took me with him when he worked on the Naples Ward Chapel. I remember one day I was standing watching him at work on the steeple. I was sucking my thumb. Dee Manwaring saw me and made a joking comment about my thumb sucking. It was devastating to a five year old; however, that particular habit ended abruptly that very day.

I had difficulty with school from the beginning. I was not used to a structured environment and preferred learning in my own way. For me, enthusiasm for elementary education ended in the first grade at Naples School. As I recall, first and second grades were in one room on the lower level, and third and fourth were in another. Fifth & Sixth were upstairs.

The second week of school I became disenchanted and decided to walk home. I waited in the willows across from our house until school was out. When Uncle Frank Merrell dropped the other children off at the bus stop I tried to mix in with them, but that didn't work. Needless to say, I was reprimanded. The brief freedom from school I experienced that day stayed with me for years to come, like the plague.

I will never forget our moving to Moses Lake. Johnny and Harold Richardson left in the Dodge truck with our furniture and personal belongings a week or so prior to our leaving. We stayed in a motel that last week. We departed Vernal on the 15th of May 1950. Dixie was allowed to bring two cats with us. They were named Snooky and Tango, and were grandchildren to the old mother cat. Dad took the old grandma cat up to the granary behind the Naples Store. There were plenty of mice for her there. Our cousin Lois Goodrich traveled with us to Salt Lake City. She was going to visit her aunt. Upon our leaving Vernal, Dixie cried quite profusely for a very long period of time. It was a very sad experience for each of us. I had an ache in my heart for our home in Naples, and for many years afterwards. We always looked forward with great anticipation to our return visits.

My first impressions of Moses Lake were not positive. It certainly didn't look like it does today. I can recall many dust storms with tumbleweeds dancing down the streets. Many families lived in Victory Village. It consisted of old housing units taken from the Grand Coulee Dam project and placed where McCosh Park is today. It left much to be desired. We shared the old administration building with the Catholics for our church services. Garth Lybbert was my first Sunday-School teacher.

Because of our late spring departure from Vernal, Dad had made prior arrangements to have beans planted on some land he had leased. He sent ten thousand dollars ahead to pay in advance for the costs. When we arrived in Moses Lake the land hadn't been touched. Even though it was too late to be planting beans, he had no reasonable alternatives; therefore, he went directly to work preparing the land, and planting in hopes to harvest a crop with a decent yield. The late summer rains came early that year and we lost the whole crop. Dad never did recover financially from that costly experience. He made many attempts, but eventually became a pauper. I have occasionally reflected back on some of the unpleasant situations that contributed to our family's financial disarray, and I consider them all to be part of a very important learning process. I too, have made some recent observations that leads me to believe Dad's inability to succeed financially may have come as a blessing to his posterity.

Dad had purchased a small two-bedroom house with a full basement on Cascade Avenue. We lived there for two years. Dixie had contracted rheumatic fever and spent most of that first school year at home and in bed. During the summer Johnny worked on the farm for Goodrich Bros. He also spent time building gadgets, among which was a crystal radio. Johnny had purchased lots of surplus electronic parts and equipment that fascinated me. He didn't appreciate my rummaging through his tools, so he put a lock on his toolbox to keep me out. I was infuriated, and even though I was only eight years of age, I walked directly down to S&M Hardware and purchased my own lock, which I placed on his toolbox. That only exacerbated an already volatile situation.

Debby was born in December of 1950. She was a beautiful baby, and her introduction to the family necessitated some major adjustments by me, as a good share of Mother's time and attention was now directed toward her, and rightfully so. However, I was moved from the front seat of the car to the back, and that was a bitter pill to swallow. Having to sit in the back seat later helped me gain an understanding of the frustrations being felt by our black brothers and sisters in the southern states, and by the future civil rights activists of the sixties.

Debby was a sweet child, and was very neat in her work. She carried those attributes on to adulthood. Mother has often commented on how Debby would return from school just as she left, without one hair out of place. She spent much time during her formative years up in Ruth's bedroom drawing and working with paints. Ruth was an excellent teacher and a good example to her.

I had entered the second grade at Central School. I liked my teacher and enjoyed the cafeteria and other social aspects associated with the school. However, I didn't take well to the classroom structure and my grades were always below average. Most of my time was spent daydreaming and looking out the window. It wasn't long before I realized I was not part of the mainstream, and I began devising excuses for staying home.

The Rose Street Chapel was built shortly after our moving to Moses Lake. I spent a good share of my time on that construction sight. Grandpa was the supervisor, and I knew many of the workers. Dee, Arthur, and Lavell Manwaring came up from Vernal to work on the chapel and lived in the furnace room during their stay. I loved them dearly. Lavell took me to the movies on a few occasions. He had been our bishop in Naples Ward. I wouldn't be surprised if they had become somewhat annoyed by my constant presence, as I really was quite a pest.

I learned every nook and cranny of the Rose Street Chapel. One day I was traveling in pitch-black dark and in a northeasterly direction on my hands and knees in a tunnel I had entered under the stage. All of a sudden I dropped about three feet and ended up in the furnace room. I was very fortunate not to have broken my neck.

Clark Larsen Jr. baptized me in the lake on September 16, 1951. It was a very cold day and the wind was blowing intermittently. Grandpa confirmed me a member of the church in sacrament meeting the following day; a spiritual experience I shall never forget.

Grandma would often walk up to our house to visit, and she was always readily available when needed. I remember her taking me to the doctors, or to the dentist when called upon. She would control the flow of nitrous oxide for my pain, as the dentist would drill on my teeth. I have since come to the realization that my early introduction to nitrous oxide more than likely contributed to addictive traits that plagued me for many subsequent years.

I recall Grandma taking me down to Dr. Gill's office after I had scalded my back with hot coffee. She stood right next to the doctor as he used Ether to peel off the blistered skin and when he taped me up. I had the cast on for six weeks. Oh how it itched! When Doctor Gill took the cast off I was completely healed, and not a trace of a scar or skin discoloration.

It is interesting how the lack of good judgment can plague a nine-year old child. Their decision-making processes occasionally exhibit a complete lack of sensible reasoning. Of course, I am primarily speaking of myself: One afternoon, my friend, Lee Stark, and I were in the rafters of his garage. We nailed a cardboard box between two of the rafters. I then proceeded to get into the box. Well, the box ripped from the rafters and I found myself lying on the floor of the garage suffering from a tremendous amount of pain in my left arm. Lee's parents inspected my arm and felt that it wasn't broken. The pain didn't subside and my arm began to swell, so I decided to walk home. I went right to Grandma's house and she immediately walked with me down to the doctor's office. My arm was broken, and Doctor Gill put it in a cast. There went another six weeks.

Our grandmother had a great love and compassion for all of her children and grandchildren. She also had a special love for my father. Perhaps, because of the suffering she saw him go through as a result of the alcoholism that so negatively impacted our family unit for so many years. Her devotion to my father sometimes brought about embarrassment to him and an occasional resentment from some of his siblings.

Dad had a new brick home built on a lot next door to our grandparents. Grandpa did all of the finishing work. We resided there for the next six years. Living next to Grandpa and Grandma was a good experience for me. They took me to church with them often. Without their example in my formative years, I most likely would have never embraced the gospel later in life. I am greatly appreciative to them for my having been a recipient of their great love and affection. I never received any of Grandpa's carpentry abilities, but I have always had an appreciation for the excellent craftsmanship that was exhibited in his work.

In the early morning hours of December 20th 1952 a C-124 Globemaster crashed at Larson Air Force Base killing eighty-seven of one hundred and fifteen servicemen returning home for Christmas. Most of them were coming home on leave from the war in Korea. It was a solemn occasion on those following days leading up to Christmas for families across the country, and a tragedy of unparalleled proportions, as it was at the time the largest air disaster in history. Even though I was only nine years old I can vividly remember being at the doctors office with an ear infection when I overheard others talking about the disaster. As I recall, it was a cold and foggy wintry morning. It certainly made an impact on our community for years to come.

Adding the new addition to the Moses Lake High School was full of interesting experiences. At age ten, my friends and I became quite adept at walking the ceiling crossbeams of the new high school shop being built, particularly after the workmen had gone home for the day.

One day, Larry Towne and I had climbed a ladder to the roof of the high school gymnasium. We were enjoying the view of the city from the east side of the building when I detected a "Heep Good" soda pop bottle on the roof of the shower room below. It was probably a fifteen-foot drop. I suggested to Larry, if he would shimmy down the side concave he could have the bottle, which was worth two cents at the grocery store. Well, Larry got over the side and realized that it was not possible for him to complete the task, so he pulled himself back up. Now it was my turn. I got over the side, but being heavier than Larry, I couldn't pull myself back up. I hung there for what seemed to be a very long time, probably a few minutes. However, my thumbs had begun to bleed. I soon realized that I was totally helpless. I closed my eyes and began to pray. I

must have fallen asleep, as my next recollection was of my waking up flat on my back. I got up and walked over to the pop-bottle only to find that it was broken. About that time the canopy to the roof popped open and a couple of surprised high school boys appeared, as they had heard me fall onto the roof of the shower room. They helped me down and out through the building. I wasn't hurt, but I did have a very sore back for several days.

At age ten I also learned to drive tractor and cultivate corn. I recall my first experience driving from the field into the farmyard. I was so proud of myself. Several of the workers, including my dad were watching me. I drove beside his 1952 Mercury automobile with just the right space between the tractor tire and his car. Unfortunately, the angle iron on the cultivator extended two feet beyond the tractor tires and I ripped a gouge in Dad's car that extended the length of both doors. My once proud moment ended in self-induced intimidation. Dad had an understanding as to what I was going through, and he did his best not to compound my humiliation.

Johnny graduated from high school in 1954. During that summer he worked for Goodrich Bros. and joined the Marine Corps the following September. We missed him and always looked forward to his visits home. I recall his spending his leave-time driving the combine while working in the wheat harvest.

I have many fond memories of living in Moses Lake and working on the farm. I always had a desire to be around heavy equipment, particularly trucks, and the bigger the better. The power they could produce always impressed me. One-day dad asked me to load several tons of cement bags onto the bed of the old White truck. I stacked them all in the very middle of the truck bed, why I don't know. They were left there for some time and the undistributed weight bent the frame on the truck. Teaching our children often entails costly learning experiences for the child and parent.

Working in Goodrich Bros. potato warehouse in my youth was always exciting. Our operation required sixteen or more people with diversified jobs, and lots of machinery. Farm trucks were unloading on one end of the building. Railroad cars and long distance trucks were being loaded on the other end. There was never a dull moment. Machinery breakdowns and regular breaks allowed for plenty of conversation. I had the pleasure of meeting people from all over the United States, and from all segments of society. Many of the workers were transients and followed the potato harvest from California to Washington.

I would like to take a moment to make an observation. Even though most of my closer associates during my youth came from undesirable home environments, I did learn at an early age that we are all God's children, and he loves each of us equally, irrespective of what our social standing in the community may be. I have had more kind and loving friendships among those that were raised in situations that would be considered socially unacceptable than I have ever had among those coming from wealthier and socially prominent environments. Unlike mortal man, the Lord does not show favoritism. He knows each of us personally, and He judges us according to the true desires our heart, and by our willingness to obey His teachings, as we understand them. I have found that those coming from humble circumstances are generally more teachable and receptive to spiritual truth.

Unfortunately, I never did learn much in school and left as soon as I could legally do so. Teachers are more prepared today in addressing student learning deficiencies. I did get a GED in 1968 and have taken a few English and computer courses over the years. I have had some excellent college instructors. Some of them have become good friends. I am appreciative of the time they have taken to assist me in my endeavors. I too, am very grateful to my Aunt Ruth Goodrich, and for my association with her over the years. She was a great teacher and friend. I look forward to renewing that friendship one day.

In the summer of 1960 Dad and my Uncle "Doc" went into a partnership custom harvesting corn silage. They each purchased four new Ford trucks. Doc had three older "Gale" corn choppers and a newly purchased "New Holland" chopper. It was a great machine. Dad made three of his trucks available to his children for purchase. Our trucks were dark blue and Doc's were all light blue. Dixie's husband, John Mason, had a C-750 Cab-Over. Johnny and I had F-600 conventional models. Dad's truck was also a conventional. He hired a driver, as farming took up most of his time. He had a beautiful crop of corn that year.

Custom harvesting corn silage was a great business, and I really enjoyed that type of work. I recall a time when we were hauling from Moses Lake to Othello. John Mason, and I would get up at 1:00 A.M. and go to the field. I would run the chopper for him while he was loading, and likewise he would load my truck. We would unload ten miles east of Othello and be back at 5:30 A.M., in time to be first in line and one up on the other drivers. We would generally always get seven loads in one day when there were no breakdowns.

We had a great crew to work with. Charlie Schoonover, Larry Webley, and Lonnie Batterman were from Wilson Creek and Odessa. Hardin and Alton Lybbert were also good workers and enjoyable to be around. Vern McGee ran our D-4 Caterpillar, and always kept things interesting, especially after he had a few drinks under his belt.

Dad & Doc did have a great crop of corn that year. They contracted with Harms Feedlot to purchase all of their corn and had it pitted at their feedlot. Jim Harms had a good reputation and they both felt good about the contract. They had no idea as to the extent of Harms financial difficulties. In the process of refinancing, Jim assured Dad and Doc that money was forthcoming, and he asked them to continue pitting the silage at his feedlot, which they did. In my estimation, that became the straw that broke the Camel's back, as Harm's Feedlots wound up filing bankruptcy, which put Dad & Doc in a very awkward financial position. After paying their farm and equipment mortgages, it left nothing to live on.

I hauled a little apple wood that winter and did a few other odd jobs with my truck. In the spring, John Mason mentioned that he had heard the general contractor on the new housing project at Larson Air Force Base was taking bids on hauling topsoil to three hundred new homes. I got in touch with Harry Parker, a subcontractor, and learned the procedures for bidding the job. We won the bid and converted our silage trucks into dump trucks. Doc purchased a "Pay-Loader" with a three yard bucket; He ran it himself, loading our trucks as we hauled dirt from the end of the runway, across the base to the new housing project.

One day, while loading, we were watching a B-52 make a landing on the runway. As it touched down the right wing hit the runway and it immediately burst into flames. The bombardier jumped from the rear of the fuselage and broke several bones from the fall. The rest of the crew was not injured. However, the plane was almost completely destroyed by fire. Monty Holmes (Moses Lake Iron and Metal) purchased the remnants and became the only local citizen to own a B-52.

We put our trucks to work in the pea harvest at Lewiston, Idaho in the fall. That was an interesting experience. However, Dad and Doc never did recover from the prior years losses, and they finally had to go out of business.

I suppose this is as good a time as any to briefly address issues that contributed to our being looked upon as a dysfunctional family. The word “dysfunctional,” may be conservative when used by other family members and close friends in reference to our particular family. Our father’s alcoholism had an adverse impact on each of my siblings, including myself, and at a very early age. Our mother was also greatly affected. With so many obstacles to overcome, and with financial disaster imminent, the time came when she needed to seek security elsewhere. Our parent’s divorce inflicted a devastating blow upon each one of us. It is not necessary to go into every detail that led up to the destruction of our family unit. However, in our father’s defense, I believe it is important to say that we each supplied more than our share of negative input that contributed to an overwhelmingly difficult family situation, and culminated in our parent’s divorce.

Events that created extremely intense emotional levels were a common occurrence in our family, before and after Mom and Dad’s divorce. We children carried many unhealthy attributes on to adulthood and into the next generation. We each, in our own way, presently bear many of the consequences resulting from our past actions that are now being manifested through some of our own children. If they don’t take heed, their incorrect attitudes and actions could very well be passed on to their posterity. God is not a central figure in many of our children’s lives. Materialism and worldly ways have become a life-style in most instances. And, if not curbed, some deeply embedded resentment toward parents could very well impede some of our children’s mental, moral, and emotional growth to varying degrees. They need to “Let go and Let God.” I have found that forgiveness is a godly characteristic that is an important ingredient in the healing process. That is all I am inclined to say on the subject at this particular time.

Our childhood experiences were not all negative, by any means. I often recall a host of past family gatherings and events that bring warm remembrances. Our countless stream fishing expeditions up on the Colville Indian Reservation provides us all with many pleasant memories. The San Poil River, Wilmont Creek, Stranger Creek, and Hall Creek, are just a few of the streams that were very special to us. Dad could always catch twice as many fish as Johnny and I combined.

In our camping experiences, there was always something about the early-morning crisp mountain air that was extremely invigorating. Dad was always the first to arise. He liked to be on the stream a little before daylight. He knew how to keep a good camp, and he was neat in everything he did.

Fish always tasted better cooked on a campfire in a steel skillet, and we often ate them for breakfast. Occasionally, we would rent a log cabin on “Twin Lakes” and enjoy the luxury of having a little grocery store nearby where we could purchase soda pop and “Hostess Twinkies.”

In the spring of 1961 Mom & Dad divorced. Even though I would turn eighteen in June I can still remember how hurt I felt when Mother gave Dad custody of me. I became immediately emancipated. I also made arrangements with Paul Landis, the mortgage holder on our house and home, to live in the house until spring for \$150.00 per month.

At age eighteen I went to work for Federal Electric Corporation as a truck driver, traveling to and from the Titan Missile Sites. This is when I met Sam & Nellie Highsmith and family. Sam was the operations manager for Western Way Rental Systems. They contracted to lease most of the vehicles that were used on the missile sights. Sam & Nellie were looking for a house to rent, so I rented them the larger house and I lived in the smaller one. Chuck Whitcraft, an associate from school, also worked for Federal Electric as a courier. I rented a room to him in the smaller house.

I met my present wife Virginia during that time. She was a senior in high school. Virginia learned how to win a man’s heart through his stomach at a very early age. She was an excellent cook, and was always baking tasty pastries for my family and me.

Sam & Nellie sort of took me under their wing and made me part of their family. Their oldest son Pat was my age. Following Pat was Sandy, Mike, and Susie, in that order. Our friendship grew over the years and I lived and worked with them on several occasions, in Seattle and then in San Francisco. In recent years, I felt extremely honored when I was asked to speak at both Sam & Nellie’s graveside services in Sacramento. Nellie really was a second mother to me. I love and miss her very much to this very day.

If I knew then what I know now, I would have married Virginia in an instant. She really was everything a man would want in a wife and as a mother of his children. However, I wasn’t ready to settle down at that time and I soon moved to Utah to work in the oil fields.

In the process of moving to Vernal, I wound up connecting up with Dad in Salt Lake City, and started traveling with him. We began marketing for a company called Trans-Terra Electronic Listing Service, Inc. They had an electronic method of categorizing and disseminating Real Estate listings to real estate brokers all over the country through teletypewriter exchange equipment. It would be considered a slow method of communication today, forty years later. However, it was a fascinating concept back then.

I would like to digress for a moment and reflect upon our travels during that time. In our work, Dad and I were driving throughout the western States, and even into Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas. In our travels we would sing together. Dad could remember all of the words to hundreds of songs from the thirties and forties. His great memory always fascinated me. He loved to harmonize and sing tenor while I sang the melody. I taught some of those songs to Virginia many years ago. It surprised me years later when I learned that she had remembered all of the words to a few of them.

Dad and I truly had some great times together during our travels, and I reflect back on them now with great fondness. I am sorry that my siblings didn't get an opportunity to see more of that side of his character. I have had many happy experiences over this lifetime, and my association with my father during that period of time included many of them. As we grow older, and learn to accentuate the positive, we gain a deeper appreciation for those things that we once took for granted. I believe, at this juncture, it would be appropriate for me to insert the concluding paragraph to my father's personal history; lyrics taken from an old Ted Lewis recording that was one of his favorites:

"All in all I have no reason to complain, I've had my share of sunshine, and if it ever starts to rain, Why I've got a million-million dreams that are so beautiful; And I've got them down safely right here in my memories. I'm blessed with a lot, ladies and gentlemen, because the kind of things that I've got Are the kind of things that nobody can ever take away from me--Yes, sir!"

My brother, John, recited those same musical lyrics in his eulogy at Dad's funeral. The words very adequately summarize our father's life, and they serve as a reminder to his posterity as to what the more important things in life really are.

Dad was always kind to the poor and the downtrodden. He often told me to be kind to the people you meet on the way up, as you may meet them again on the way back down. Perhaps that is why there was always someone to come to Dad's rescue when he was totally destitute and in great desperation.

My patriarchal blessing tells me that: "Like Nephi of old, I was born of goodly parents." I am very much aware of the truthfulness of that statement. In the eternal scheme of things, I am grateful to have been given the opportunity to come forth at this particular time. I too, am very grateful for both of my parents, and for my placement into the family setting that was given to me. The Lord truly does know what is best for each of us.

Trans Terra Electronic Listing Service, Inc. was based in San Diego, California. Glenn O. Dudley inspired the particular real estate marketing innovation we were bringing to the industry. Glenn is my son Gregory's uncle, and he died of cancer in the early seventies. I credit him with having an ingenuous insight and ability to understand the needs of the Real Estate Industry; an industry, I might add, that was stumbling along as if it were in the horse and buggy days.

In our travels, we looked forward to the day all property listings and sales would be computerized and indexed accordingly, therefore, stabilizing land values. Competition among mortgage brokers would also be enhanced, and lenders would have a better understanding of the market. Some of these things have come to pass, but not to the degree that they could have if honesty and integrity would have been a higher priority in the business world.

The success of our company was dependant upon real estate brokers reporting sales that were made as a result of our service, and then paying a very small percentage of their commissions for those services rendered. Unfortunately, a lack of ethical standards among those in the industry made it impossible for our type of service to become successful at that particular time. The technology needed to police a system of that magnitude is only becoming available in this decade,

and there will always be people finding ways to cheat the system. Therefore, after much blood, sweat, and tears, as well as money, Glenn's company and several other subsequent companies went by the wayside. I tip my hat to those entrepreneurs who were the early pioneers for computerized real estate listings. They were willing to sacrifice of their time, talents, and substance to bring forth innovative ideas that would eventually benefit all mankind. My father and his brother "Doc," were among them.

While working for Trans-Terra, I met and married Glenn Dudley's sister Jean Davenport. She was a very sweet young lady. Jean worked in the office in Poway, California. She had two young sons from a previous marriage. Our son Gregory was born in May of 1963. Because of my immaturity and irresponsibility back then, our marriage was destined to end in a very short period of time. Like so many modern-day children, Gregory and his brothers became casualties of their father's capriciousness, and their mother was obliged to live the roll of a single parent during those very critical formative years. However, Jean did remarry and they moved to British Columbia. She and her husband, Cam, later had a beautiful daughter named Shannon. She and Cam later divorced. All of her children, including our son Gregory, have remained in Canada. Prior to her death in 1988, Jean and I had several heart-warming telephone conversations. To my knowledge, she never demonstrated any bitterness toward me, even though it would have been greatly justified. She was a loving mother and an honorable individual. Vindictiveness was never any part of her demeanor. She is deserving of the respect she has been given from her family and loved ones.

In 1964 I went to work for Western Way Rental Systems in Seattle. I lived with Sam & Nellie and family. Sam was still the operations manager for the company. Western Way had just purchased 371 new Chrysler automobiles and had entered into a contract with West Coast Airlines to supply all of their offices with rental cars under the name "Letz Rent-A-Car." I spent a good share of my time tagging new cars and organizing keys and service records, as well as shuttling vehicles to their various locations. I was able to travel on West Coast Airlines for free. It was an enjoyable job. I had an opportunity to meet people and make many new friends. However, to make an ancient old story short: Western Way sold out to a holding company called West-Cade Corporation. It's officers were all puppets of Hertz Corporation. They immediately began to bleed the corporate assets from the company and allowed it to go into receivership, thus reducing the competition in the Northwest. They had a job to do, and they did it well. There was never any consideration for the many employees and vendors all over the country that were adversely affected by these individuals less than honorable business practices. I ran across some of these people again several years later in San Francisco. They were doing the same thing with other companies there in the industry. To them, their less than honorable business practices were part of a profession.

In July of 1965 I moved to Pasco and began driving truck for Golden Grain Trucking Company. They were on strike and were looking for anyone willing to cross the picket line. At that particular time, driving capabilities was only a secondary consideration when reviewing an application for employment. I was only twenty-two years old and I needed the experience. It was my first time at driving a truck and trailer more than a few miles. Between the union workers and my lack of experience, I found myself in some very interesting situations, to say the least.

We hauled a lot of grain out of Montana into the Tri-Cities. Back then, most of the engines were Cummins with 220 horsepower, and the trucks had no sleepers. We were paid \$2.10 per hour and allowed twenty-seven and a half hours for a round trip to Cutbank, Montana. It took three hard days to make the trip. If we loaded farm storage, the elevator would pay us an extra fifteen dollars. However, it could take up to ten hours to accomplish that little task. To give you some idea as to our speed back then: Fully loaded I could pull Sunset Hill in Spokane at twelve miles per hour.

I will relate one experience I had while I was working for Golden Grain Trucking. It was in the winter, shortly before Christmas. The roads were broken up from the previous years floods that had washed the bridge out at Essex in the southeast part of Glacier Park. The washout was replaced with a temporary one-way bridge. Back then, spring brakes were required on the truck, but not on the trailer. My truck was in the shop and I was driving a truck that for some reason had the spring brake and the trailer load reversed. It was very cold (minus 20 degrees). I was following another one of our trucks with a broken spring on his trailer. We were loaded and headed home. We crossed the one-way bridge and started up the other side. At the top of the hill the other truck pulled over to check his broken spring. I pulled in behind with my lights shining on his trailer. I then pulled the trailer load thinking it was the tractor spring brake and pulled the trailer hand valve down. We both stood in the snow investigating the broken spring from the rear of his trailer. He then walked around to the side of his trailer just as the air bled off of the my trailer and the truck rolled into me throwing me over the fender and pinning my left leg between the bumper of my truck and the tire of his trailer. The pain was excruciating. With just a T-Shirt on I broke out into a sweat in below zero weather. When the other driver backed my truck off of me, it took everything I had to keep from falling to the ground. He then took me in my truck fifty miles into Kalispell to the hospital. Fortunately, I didn't have any broken bones, but I was on crutches for two months and my left leg turned as black as a piece of Gilsonite. I felt very fortunate, for if I had been two feet to the left of where I was standing that night in Glacier Park, I would have been smashed flatter than a pancake by the radiator of my truck.

I returned to Golden Grain Trucking briefly, but had found what I thought was a better job working for Bob Boersma in Othello. He had an old 1954 Kenworth with a recently installed Cummins 335 engine. It had a five speed main transmission and a three-speed auxiliary, and was one of the first 335 engines in the state. I did enjoy passing most of the other trucks, as I could now pull Sunset Hill at twenty-seven miles per hour. Bob paid seven cents a mile, but only \$1.50 per hour work time. We were expected to do all of the service work on our truck above and beyond our regular driving hours. The hours we were required to work back then were well beyond the ridiculous. I was physically exhausted most all of the time. I worked for Bob several times at the beginning of my truck-driving career. But the job was never worth giving any long-term consideration.

In 1966 I received an invitation from Chet Hollenbeck, the original owner of Western Way Rental Systems, to accompany him to San Francisco and begin a new automobile rental company there. He had leased a building across the street from the downtown airline terminal on the corner of Taylor and O'Farrell. He named his company "Aero Rent-A-Car." Chet was the same age as my father, and I had a great love and affection for him and his family. Anyway, his offer was appealing to me at that time, as I was ready to make a change.

We began with just the two of us, and fifteen automobiles. Our only office was in downtown San Francisco. He opened and I closed. Within six months we had built the business up to one hundred and fifty automobiles. We added offices in Walnut Creek, Oakland, San Leandro, and the San Francisco Airport. Chet had me design a logo for a sign to place at all of the offices. I did the template in pencil. A small piece of lead had broken and gotten under my paper, causing an imperfection to the logo. Chet chose to keep it that way and sent it to the printers.

The following year I became restless and decided to go back to driving truck. Chet continued to expand. Several years later I passed the Oakland Airport exit on the Nimitz Freeway and saw an enormous Aero Rent-A-Car sign with the original logo, and with the same imperfection. It made me feel good that Chet would keep it. He has long since passed away, but I very much look forward to seeing him again one day and renewing that friendship.

In the spring of 1968 I went to work for Elmer Loehlein at Lilac City Express. I hauled mostly canned goods and produce from California to Spokane. I really enjoyed the job, making five trips per month to the Bay Area. Back then; everything was loaded onto the floor of the truck. I was in excellent physical condition and could load and unload my truck by hand (800 to 1000 cases - 46,000 lbs) in less than two hours. Truck driving was in my blood. Even now, when I smell diesel smoke I feel a compelling urge within me to get back on the road. I will never regret my choosing long distance trucking as a profession.

In the fall, I received my draft notice. I entered the U. S. Army November 28, 1968. I did my basic training at Fort Polk, Louisiana. We were only in our training unit for six days before they released everyone to go home on Christmas leave. Jim Bennett, a friend from Sunnyside, Washington and I were the only ones in the battalion that chose to remain there over Christmas. We did KP duty for one meal each day, but the rest of the time we had to ourselves. We got to know the Cadre quite well, and went to movies with them on occasions.

I quit smoking cigarettes at the beginning of our training. It was a do or die situation. Unequivocally, the healthiest time of my life was at the end of my basic training. We were all Warrant Officer Candidates in our Platoon and I believe the training may have been more intense for that reason. At the end of nine weeks we were fit and ready to take on most any task.

We then traveled to Fort Wolters, Texas for primary helicopter training. After another four weeks consisting mostly of harassment, we were assigned to a WOC company. Nearly half had already resigned. It only took a few days of classroom environment before I realized that it was no place for me. In my Armed Forces Qualification Test and Warrant Officer tests I scored very high; however, I think they may have made a mistake. I had no math skills, and most of the time I really had no idea what they were talking about. The third day I promptly resigned and was sent to the Engineers and heavy equipment school at Fort Leonardwood, Missouri. There I felt right at home operating bulldozers and other interesting pieces of equipment.

After six more weeks of schooling I received my orders to Viet Nam. And after twelve days leave I reported to Oakland on July 3, 1969. When we arrived a Bien Hoa Airport, South Viet Nam, the rain was coming down in torrents like I had never seen before, or since my return to the states. The air raid siren was going off, and the ground was being shaken violently from 500 lb bombs

being dropped by our B-52 bombers. It was a very impressive introduction to war. We went directly to the reception station and began getting our equipment. Most everything was sour or mildewed from the humidity. We spent an uncomfortable night sleeping on the damp, bug infested ground.

The next day we were sent to the 79th group headquarters on Long Binh Post. We spent that night on the ground under our shelter halves. The following morning about fifteen of us were sent to the 62nd Engineer Battalion on Long Binh Post. From there everyone was sent to land-clearing companies in the field except for Dave Dawson and me. We were assigned to Headquarters Company. Dave became the battalion commander's driver, and I had been designated to replace the secretary to the battalion adjutant, a job that for obvious reasons was not interesting to me.. However, as luck would have it, Tom Churchill, our battalion mail clerk had put in a request to be a door gunner on an assault helicopter and his transfer orders arrived just as I was beginning to train with the battalion S1 secretary. They needed someone to fill his position immediately; I was chosen. Captain Fisher told me it was just temporary, as he still wanted me as his secretary. However, after a few days I knew that was where I needed to be and I began to take on more responsibilities in hopes I could convince them it may be difficult to replace me in that position. I remained in that assignment for the duration of my tour. The new secretary to the battalion adjutant was inundated with work, as every piece of paperwork in the battalion eventually crossed his desk. My heart went out for him. However, at the time, I felt it was better he than me.

I was made a member of the battalion civilian personal board, and was also put in direct charge of the civilian workers within our headquarters company, about twenty people; and I too, was given supervision over the other civilian personal within the battalion, including the unit mail clerks. The first of every month I would accompany our company commander to finance and exchange the military payment certificates I had collected from our military personal for housemaid services and convert it to "piastre" for payment to the Vietnamese.

I would like to make one brief observation regarding my experiences in Viet Nam. In the disposition of my duties I was given the opportunity to visit all of our land-clearing companies in the field on a regular basis. They were scattered throughout the southern part of Viet Nam. My heart went out to them, as the conditions were deplorable. The monsoon rains would cause foot deep mud to traverse, and in the winter it was hot, dry, and extremely dusty. Agent Orange defoliant was everywhere. The jungle was generally dead from the herbicide, but the insects and reptiles were very much alive. I once saw a grasshopper with a nine-inch leg span. A few guys in our infantry support company caught a twenty-one foot Python.

Our men in the field were constantly confronted with sniper fire, with occasional RPG's and mortar attacks. Each unit had many casualties, almost on a daily basis, especially in the spring of 1970. I was with the 984th on the 30th of April 1970 as they cleared the way into Cambodia. It was an extremely sad experience, as our perimeter was nearly over-run by the North Vietnamese Army that night, and many American lives were lost, as well as Vietnamese. The following morning my friend, Zorin Hearts, and I counted one hundred and nineteen dead NVA between our east perimeter and the tree line. A unit bulldozer dug out a hole and they were all buried in a mass grave. I have since often wondered how we accounted for the Vietnamese missing in action. I don't

believe the United States Government has ever officially recognized our being in Cambodia; however, that does not change the fact that we were there.

I was able to take the first Non-Medi-Vac (dust-off) chopper out that morning; and within a few hours I was again safe within the confines of Long Binh Post. However, that experience did give me an added respect for those young men in our land-clearing companies that were required to remain in field positions, as they put their lives on the line every day under extremely hostile conditions. I fully understood why very few of them extended their tour of duty in order to qualify for early separation. The possibilities of being killed or wounded were just too great.

I returned to the states on the 4th of July 1970, via Yakota, Japan and Anchorage, Alaska. On the last leg of our trip we flew over Vancouver, B.C. just as the fourth of July fireworks began. We viewed an excellent demonstration all the way to California. And of course, we considered it our homecoming celebration. The fireworks display put forth by hundreds of U.S. cities was interesting, but not nearly as spectacular as what we had been witnessing for the past year.

I did lose a considerable amount of weight in Viet Nam. At the time of my discharge I was down to one hundred and sixty-four pounds. However, it didn't take long to get back up to two-hundred. After seventeen days leave, I returned to work for Elmer Loehlein at Lilac City Express, and was making five round-trips per month to California, hauling mostly canned goods and produce into Spokane. I worked for Elmer several times over the years.

I moved back to Moses Lake in November of 1970, and married Jeannie C. Cox the following February. We lived on Clark Road in Moses Lake in a house I had purchased in 1967.

The following April I went to work as a truck driver for EZ-Loader Boat Trailer Company in Spokane. I worked there until 1973. It was an excellent job, but very hard work. We ran mostly sleeper teams to Chicago or Up-State New York and averaged five thousand miles per week. My schedule was not conducive to family oriented activities. However, we did manage to conceive our son Justin during that time. He was born March 22, 1972.

In 1975 I briefly went to work as a sales representative in Moses Lake for a company named American Bio-culture. They had a live algae product that intrigued me, and I could see the possibilities of their product revolutionizing the fertilizer industry. As with my past experiences in the automobile leasing industry, I was unaware that a spurious company on the east coast had recently purchased ABI, and their corporate officers were in the process of depleting company assets and preparing it for future bankruptcy.

By the time I learned of what was happening to ABI, I had already sold some fairly large contracts to local farmers. I had received and spent my commissions, and the company had spent the balance of their money. I felt a responsibility to protect those farmers if I possibly could. I gathered some local financial resources, from mostly family and friends, built a building on the flight apron of the Grant County Airport and prepared to honor the contracts of farmers that had been sold. Interestingly, American Bio-culture miraculously sold their eastern rights for several hundred thousand dollars and concentrated their efforts in the Columbia Basin by demeaning the quality of our product and attacking me personally. I then became the villain in the eyes of many of

the farmers. The success of our company was based on future sales. Threats of patent right infringement combined with the disparaging words put forth by their employees created an atmosphere that made it impossible to successfully market our product. Seeing the handwriting on the wall, and not wanting to place any more of other peoples money down a sinkhole, I acquiesced to American Bio-culture and did not pursue it any further. As soon as they could see that we were no longer a threat, American Bio-culture filed bankruptcy and left the area. Several other companies made some meager attempts, but they were mostly scams and soon the concept was once again lost.

In retrospect, I now more fully understand what an adverse financial impact better utilization of fertilizer on farmland and the introduction of nitrogen fixing algae may have had on petrochemical company profits. All large corporations in our society unfortunately practice pigeonholing of innovative and competitive products when it is financially profitable to do so. And they can be very creative in finding ways and people to assist them in accomplishing their evil deeds. These companies will stoop to almost any depth in enhancing their own financial position. If they have a product that adversely impacts the environment, their company will spend millions of dollars falsely convincing the consumer to believe they are in the right. The tobacco and oil industries are classic examples. I learned many years ago that boards of directors for large corporations do not make decisions based on a conscience, or on what is best for mankind, just profit. I too, have found that most of these corporations find it financially advantageous to pursue a conservative political agenda. However, these large corporations will contribute financially to any political party if they can make friends and influence people there that will champion their cause.

Our daughter, Jennifer, was conceived shortly before the demise of our company, Soil Research & Development Corporation. Losing the money of family and friends weighed heavily on my mind, and I fell back into old habits unbecoming a husband and father. The personal financial strain stemming from our small business failure placed the final dagger into the heart of an already unstable marriage. I believe that my irresponsible attitude and actions during that period of time made divorce inevitable, and I have suffered greatly over the years as a result of those actions. After becoming divorced I soon returned to the trucking industry and remained there for the duration of my professional career.

As it was so much a part of my life, perhaps I should touch on my career as a truck driver. There is a negative stigma that is automatically attached to the industry in general, and a stereotype that is placed upon most truck drivers. To my chagrin, much of it is justified. However, it is possible to be a truck driver and still be honest in all of your business dealings, and to live worthily.

In social settings I have always found it interesting to observe the reactions of others when I tell them I am a retired truck driver. At a class reunion sometime back, one past classmate would have nothing more to do with me upon learning of my profession. My credentials did not meet their requisites for friendship. That is okay, as I too, have been given values to live by that they may have also found difficulty in meeting.

Perhaps the stigma should not be as much upon the trucking profession as with the people truckers have to deal with. I have delivered in produce markets across the United States and Canada. Most of them are deplorable in regards to ethics. The old "Seventh and Alameda Produce

Market” in Los Angeles, and the “Water Market” in Chicago were two classic examples of the total absence of moral ethics within the wholesale produce industry. They exemplify the filth and dishonesty that exists in various segments of our society. I had to deal with these people on a regular basis, and try to keep them from getting the best of me. That was a real challenge, and I didn’t always win. But I believe the last fourteen years of my career I was able to keep the standards encouraged by our church leaders in regards to honesty, at least to the greater degree. However, I often fell short in other areas then as I do now in many instances, and I am working every day of my life to overcome long established negative traits that have had an adverse impact upon me, and others, particularly when it comes to words that should remain unsaid.

There is a majestic beauty in this world that can only be seen by one that is drawn to the open road. There is no greater feeling than leaving out in the late evening or early morning hours on a crisp winter morning in a clean truck and a clear night. The stars in the heavens are absolutely beautiful in a most profound way, as is the glittering snow upon the trees as you pass them in the night. Stepping from the tractor at the top of a mountain pass, with mallet in hand is invigorating as you breath in the mountain air while bumping each tire one by one, and listening for a variance in sound and feel.

As a truck driver, creating casual friendships with dispatchers and loading dock personnel was personally rewarding to me. And those connections were also extremely helpful when I was running late and after hours loading could assist me in getting back on schedule.

There is loneliness in driving truck that can be quickly cured by turning on the radio and listening to the many talk shows as people from every segment of society boast their opinions through fifty-thousand watt stations scattered across the country. I have often found myself checking the time on my watch and quickly calculating my arrival time at the next truck stop, that I may have an opportunity to converse with other drivers or late-night travelers willing to share their stories and opinions. It is a great life, and I am extremely grateful for having had the opportunity to be given those memorable experiences.

Jennifer was born February 16th 1977. A short time after her birth I was given the opportunity of seeing her for the first time, and what a privilege it was. Jennifer has always had a strong character and an outgoing personality, practically from her birth. She does posses many positive attributes that can be of assistance to her along the way as she travels her particular path in life.

In 1980 I moved to Vernal, Utah and intermittently worked for Martin Water Service during the next three years. Hauling water in the “Oil Patch” was a new and interesting experience for me. The company supplied me with a trailer, and I lived on the jobsite. During that time I was on more than twenty drilling sites from beginning to end in all areas of Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming. One of my first jobs was east of Hanksville, Utah. Seven of us were there for twenty-two days. We were all living in a KOA campground in one fifteen-foot trailer. I had never before, or since, encountered such deplorable living conditions. I chose to sleep in the cab of my truck and eat sandwiches I would make from food purchased from the only grocery store. Washing in the river was the only way of getting clean.

I was told this was the first oil well to be drilled in a national park. It was July and the temperature exceeded 100 degrees every day. We traveled one hundred and twenty-five miles to a round trip, all dirt roads. The road was built with bulldozers, and was extremely difficult to traverse without getting stuck in the sand several times each trip. Twisted drivelines were a common occurrence. It would take us between eight and ten hours to a round trip, and it was necessary to make two trips per day in order to keep the drilling rig in water. We passed within three miles of "Robbers Roost." Millions of dollars was spent on that well, all for a dry hole.

I would like to relate an experience I had with the Utah Highway Patrol during our Hanksville job. We were all loading at the river, and were required to travel about one mile of state highway before turning off to the east and heading for the rig. Because of the long distance, we were filling our tanks to the very top and were extremely overloaded. One day I came up from the river and onto the highway. I then saw the Utah Highway Patrol with three troopers and a set of jump scales. There was absolutely nothing I could do. They checked my license, weighed my truck, and wrote me a \$480.00 overload ticket. The troopers then instructed me to dump the excess water right there along the side of the road. I walked over and pulled the valve. What happened next was extremely humiliating and exhilarating at the same time; I had pulled the valve on the sprinkler and totally soaked all three troopers from the waist down. It was surprising how well each of them took the experience, as they really were totally saturated with water. Somehow, they even found some humor to it. I can still recall them calling me that dim-witted truck driver from Washington State. That was one of those experiences that only happen once in a lifetime. I never picture those three soaked Utah State Troopers without breaking out in a grin; and I kind of think they may still look upon it in the same way. I am sure they will never forget it, nor will I.

I will relate another experience while working on a gas well drilling rig leased to Standard Oil Company. The rig was located east of the Clay Basin, three miles from the corners of Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming. We were just a few days from completing an 8,600-foot well and preparing to move onto another site. The reserve pit was full of water mixed with all kinds of extremely poisonous and caustic materials. I still had to keep hauling water to the drill rig, and of course, the water would eventually make its way to the reserve pit. The company man for Standard Oil, to assure that the reserve pit wouldn't run over, requested that I take several loads from the pit and dump them down a ravine during the moonlight hours so that I wouldn't be seen, as it was highly illegal. It was obvious to me that these caustics would eventually make their way to the green river and could contaminate it for generations to come. He didn't care, nor did the company he worked for. They were just interested in saving a few dollars by not having to haul these caustics to a facility. I have since learned that this kind of deadly dishonest mentality permeates throughout the oil industry. I was not able in good conscience to follow his instructions, so the reserve pit kept getting higher. I knew if it did break out, Standard Oil would be required to clean it up, thoroughly. The company man told me that if it ran over he would see to it that I never got another job in the oil patch, anywhere. Well, it didn't and I managed to stay employed, but it was very, very close.

This and other life experiences have taught me to understand the importance of having government regulations in regards to our environment, as well as other areas of society, such as the transportation industry. Obviously, one doesn't have to look very far to find strong opposition to that statement. Many people feel that government is incapable of regulating anything. However, I think they are often selling our citizens short. We the people constitute the government, and there

must be a method of oversight on such situations. By trusting industry to regulate their own operations, our society is becoming vulnerable to the greedy whims of a select few. Over the years I have observed some individuals with flagrant disregard for our ecological laws and regulations. In justifying their own actions they always seem to find a way to blame government. The truth is, there is no justification. I truly hope my posterity chooses to be more conscientious in this regard.

I spent the summer of 1982 between Douglas and Baxter Passes Northwest of Grand Junction, Colorado. My son Justin lived with me during that time. We were on nine gas wells for Tenneco Oil Company. Rocky, the company man, liked Justin and he occasionally brought his own children up to play with him. I believe Justin enjoyed that summer; however, he was only ten years old, and he may have missed his mother and sister more than he let on at the time, I just don't know. It has only been the past few years that I have learned how inadequate as a father I really was.

My father died while we were working on Baxter Pass. Coincidentally, the water hauler on the Shelby Rig a mile from us; his father died the previous day and I was working to keep both rigs in water when I received the call Friday evening. The funeral had already been scheduled for Tuesday morning. It was late Saturday before a replacement driver arrived and I was totally exhausted before I left for Vernal. Justin and I traveled all dirt roads through Dragon, Colorado and didn't see any familiar territory until we got to Bonanza. It was a challenging trip, but we got to Moses Lake just in time for the funeral.

Justin returned to Baxter Pass with me and stayed until school started. I then made arrangements with Willis and Carol Southam for Justin to live with them and go to school in Naples. I felt he needed a good example and I knew they were kind and loving parents. I missed Justin very much, and he was never out of my thoughts and prayers; but circumstances often dictate the decisions we make. He needed to be in school, and frankly, he needed a better roll model than either of his parents was willing to provide at that time. In retrospect, perhaps I should have insisted that Justin remain with his mother.

I could write a book about my experiences while working for Martin Water Service. I think of them often, and with some fondness. Memories of the characters I met while working there are indelibly imprinted upon my mind.

In October of 1983 I left Martin Water Service and moved back to Cheney. I had made prior arrangements to go back to work for Lilac City Express and was scheduled to take a truck to Los Angeles on Friday morning. However, circumstances kept me from arriving in Spokane until Saturday. They had sent another driver out on my truck, so I wound up spending the weekend in Cheney. Sunday evening I received a phone call from Kirt Loehlein. Commercial Creamery Company had one truck and one driver. Coincidentally, their driver had become somewhat disenchanted with the job, and he had left their truck in Chicago. It was loaded and was scheduled for a drop in Thorton, Illinois Monday morning and the balance to T.J. Lipton Company in Flemington, New Jersey for a 7:00 A.M appointment Wednesday morning. He asked if I would be interested in flying to Chicago and finishing the trip for them. I was pleased to be of assistance. I dropped in Thorton Tuesday morning and was thirty minutes late getting to Lipton on Wednesday.

I loaded imported cheese in Philadelphia Thursday to be delivered in Jerome, Idaho, arriving back in Spokane the following Monday morning.

After receiving my paycheck, I was very much impressed that this could very well be the type of job I may be interested in keeping. When my new boss to be, Jackie Orth, called me into her office, she asked me this question; "If you were to work for Commercial Creamery, what would you be willing to give to us?" I thought for a moment and then said; "Two weeks notice and a promise not to leave your truck in Chicago." We came to an agreement and I spent the next nine years as their employee. I might add, Jackie was the best boss I ever had, and this was my very favorite of all jobs. I averaged two trips a month back east, and every trip was like going on a new vacation. It was not long before I was allowed to leave early and choose my own routes. I traveled many secondary highways and visited some very interesting places. Occasionally, I would travel highway 40 through Colorado and Utah, and spend a weekend in Vernal.

Commercial Creamery owned powdered cheese processing plants in Spokane, Washington; Jerome, Idaho; Afton, Wyoming; and Louisville, Kentucky. My truck was mainly used for their convenience, customer service, and to facilitate those particular operations. Jackie needed to know that she had a truck positioned in the Midwest that she could depend on in the event they needed a particular ingredient or piece of equipment in a hurry. I hauled a very small percentage of their finished product. Loading large pasteurizers, homogenizers, dryers, or mixers into a 46-foot refrigerated van always made for an interesting day.

In June of 1988, I began to entertain a relationship with my present wife Virginia. She was also divorced and was taking care of her father in Moses Lake. The love and affection we once had for one another soon began to blossom. We were both very serious about changing our lives and conforming to higher standards. Virginia began taking the missionary lessons and soon stopped smoking cigarettes. It took me some time before I was willing to follow her example. We were married on August 31, 1988, and she was baptized and confirmed a member of the CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS the following October 22nd. I stopped smoking and some other equally bad habits the next week on my way to Kansas City, Missouri. Virginia continued to take care of her father in Moses Lake until her brother Jerry and his wife Elaine took him to Garibaldi, Oregon, where he later died in a nursing home in that area.

We first got an apartment at the Garden Manor in Cheney. Virginia traveled with me on the truck almost every trip for the next four years. We had some great times together, and saw some terrific sights. We spent time in places like Kirtland, Ohio, Nauvoo and Carthage, Illinois, and of course, we were in Independence, Missouri the first weekend of every month. After unloading there on Monday mornings, we would often have breakfast in Cameron (Far West).

It was common to travel Interstate 80 on our return trip home. The distance of the pioneer trek that took the saints one hundred and eleven days could now be traveled in less than twenty-four hours. Nebraska and Wyoming are filled with old Mormon landmarks and points of interest. I am sure I have slept in many truck stops and rest areas close to where the saints had camped many years ago. I have never made a trip through Nebraska without thinking about the pioneers, their families, and the hardships they endured for their religious beliefs and the building up of the kingdom of God.

I will relate one experience Virginia and I both found to be briefly exciting, and I suppose somewhat amusing. I had loaded frozen donuts in upstate New York on Friday morning, not far from Palmyra. We dropped in Buffalo and Erie, Pennsylvania that afternoon and spent the weekend in Kirtland, Ohio. We attended church on Sunday at their stake center not far from the Kirtland Temple, and then traveled to Columbus, Ohio for a Monday morning drop. We finished out in Nashville, Tennessee on Tuesday morning. We couldn't load in Memphis until Friday, so we were taking our time and doing some sightseeing along the way.

Thursday morning we found a nice Super 8 Motel in east Memphis. I registered and they directed me to take the truck around the backside of the building, which I did. I felt the truck lurch as I pulled off of the street onto the motel lot. When I looked into the mirrors I could see my van had caught the telephone wires. Several smaller wires and one enormous one were hanging over the van of my truck. The University was next door and someone there had seen what had happened and called the fire department. Virginia and I were reluctant to get out of the truck, as we were not too sure if any of the wires were hot. Soon we heard the sirens. Four rescue vehicles and one fire engine shortly arrived on the scene. I wasn't sure if I should be scared or embarrassed, I think I was a little of both. However, we were greatly relieved to find out we had only broken the main television cable that supplied all of East Memphis. They did much measuring of my van that day, but found it to be in compliance. The cable company decided to replace the previous cable with one that would be underground. It was an all day project; however, the workers were kind enough to run a small cable to our motel, so ironically, Virginia and I were the only ones in the area with cable TV for most of the day.

We were in Jerome and Afton, Wyoming almost every week. We became quite attached to Star Valley and the people that lived and worked there. We considered moving to Afton on more than one occasion. However, Cheney was our home and we enjoyed living there, even if it was only for a few days out of the month. Mother and Wayne lived just across the street, and we were recipients of their love and affection. We also had an opportunity to have some of our children live in our home from time to time, and it was nice briefly visiting with them as we washed our clothes a prepared for another trip east.

Wisconsin was a state that we traveled extensively. I loaded at scores of cheese plants there over the years, and made many friends. Maytag Dairies in Newton, Iowa was also one of my regular stops. They were a small operation, but very neat, and they processed world famous blue cheese. The manager at Maytag was always very kind and accommodating when I needed to load on weekends and after hours. The same individual that established the Maytag appliances started the Maytag dairy as a hobby. It is located across the street from their main manufacturing plant in Newton.

I would like to take a moment to mention the caves in and around Kansas City, as well as Carthage, Springfield and other places in Missouri. These are enormous caves, particularly the ones under the city of Independence. It is difficult to explain their size, as they are manmade excavations cut out of limestone that consist of miles and miles of underground tunnels that periodically open up into many enormous loading docks along the way. One dock can often hold up to ten or fifteen semi trucks at a time. I consider these caves to be our nations food storage capital. I have been told

that Hallmark Cards and General Mills are owners of some of these caves. I wouldn't be surprised if the government was the biggest shareholder. Most of these caves have railroad crossings in the tunnels. Railroad boxcars are also continuously being loaded and unloaded with various products. I have only hauled frozen foods in and out; however, I must say that these freezers are larger than anything I have seen on the outside, and I have been in a lot of cold storage places all over the country. With so many trucks shipping and receiving, you would think more people would be aware of these caves, but I have never met anyone, other than a truck driver, that has knowledge of them. I find it interesting, and often wonder what will become of them during the millennium after the temple is built in Independence. You could place all of the church archives back to Adam in one small area of these caves.

Jackie and I retired from Commercial Creamery at the same time. She and Archie have since moved to Northern Idaho, but we still stay in touch and get together on occasions. I sometimes reflect back on my experiences while working for Commercial Creamery, and I momentarily miss being there. However, my present life is much more rewarding, as it fulfills a deeply embedded need within me to be of service to my fellow man.

As I look back and reflect upon my behavior at various stages in my life, many of my more regretful memories are of times I treated my mother with undeserving disrespect. Mother was especially tolerant of Dixie and I, and we both had a tendency to impose upon our mother and expect her to cater to our wishes and demands. Mother was always willing to pitch in at a moments notice and do house cleaning or any other dirty work she was called upon to do. How selfish and self-centered we were to impose upon our mother in that way.

Our mother was very special to me, and many others. She was the most frugal but generous person I have ever known. Her outward beauty and her inward splendor always impressed our friends and associates in a positive way. I am grateful to my mother for her soft and loving ways. She distinguished herself over the years as being a real lady.

Forgiving others came easy to Mother, and I know she will be forgiven in much the same way. I couldn't even count how many times she was awakened in the early morning hours by me. She would get out of bed, come into the kitchen, and sit quietly for sometimes hours listening to me and hearing of my problems, never judging me. And she often gave me comforting reassurance during some very troubled times. The only way I can honor my Mother's life and repay her for her selfless sacrifice in my behalf is by living my own life in an honorable way, and by becoming a better example to my loving wife, children, and others. Surely, I have much work to do. I have no doubt that I will one day see my mother again, as well as other family members and friends. I truly hope I will be found worthy of their continued presence.

My personal history would not be complete without admitting that my life has been filled with some unnecessary challenges. I regret to say that my actions have not always reflected honor upon Christ's Church. Consequently, I have witnessed the buffetings of Satan in my own life and in the lives of others around me. Family members that know me best are very much aware of the consequences I have paid for having strayed from the straight and narrow path in my younger years. They too, have observed the happiness I now enjoy for having made some substantive decisions that have led to very positive changes in my life. God will forgive us, but the

consequences of sin are far-reaching. Estrangement from some of my loved ones has been part of the price I have personally had to pay for my past negligence.

The observations I am making in these latter years in my life have caused me to become greatly concerned about the spirit of permissiveness that permeates every aspect of our modern-day society. Truly, righteous living and sexual restraint before marriage is considered nerdish and even laughable by a large segment of our society. Sexual immorality is now looked upon as a normal and healthy outward expression of inward desires. There is no longer a distinction between right and wrong. The most heinous of crimes such as rape and child molestation are still looked upon by society with distain; however, the immoral behavior that ultimately leads up to this type of conduct is widely accepted and practiced by the mainstream. Our language has become corrupted with bits and pieces of four-letter words that exhibit all of the traits of a godless society.

I caution my posterity to refrain from drugs, alcohol, and immorality. They are Satan's tools and will ultimately lead you to total destruction. I highly recommend that you refrain from developing an attitude that exhibits pride, vanity, materialism, envy, depression, and an unforgiving heart, as they too are Satan's tools, and he will be more than happy to use them against you. Remember: "Feed the Spirit Before Sports." Don't allow anyone to convince you otherwise.

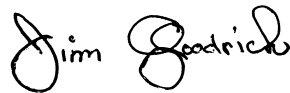
After my retirement, Virginia and I began to take our church activity more seriously. Accordingly, our testimonies have become strengthened. We often fall short and find ourselves in need of repentance; however, we are striving to keep all of God's commandments. As we become more obedient we gain a better understanding of the plan of salvation as presented to us by our Eternal Father in Heaven in the pre-mortal world. We are often reminded that this mortal life here is but a pinpoint when compared to eternity. Yet, so much depends upon the choices and decisions we make today.

Unfortunately, preconceived notions and prejudices instilled over the years have kept many of our family members from enjoying a fullness of the blessings that come from understanding and living the gospel from within. I pray they will one day bring with them godly traits and attributes they were born with and allow Christ to add to these qualities as they apply His gospel teachings to their own lives and magnify their callings within in His church, and under the direction and authority of His holy priesthood.

I admonish my posterity to not fall prey to the ways of the world. Individuals seeking to obtain material wealth at the expense of others are overwhelming our society and they are contributing greatly to its destruction. If you are not prudent in making choices, your children and grandchildren can be among the resulting casualties. In our younger years Virginia and I contributed our share to this dilemma, and we are now forced to watch some of our children perpetuate the problem. We all came into this mortal world with no material wealth, and we will leave the same way. However, we will be accountable for what we did with what we were given. It has been said that we are the sum total of our experiences. What we have learned from those experiences is what we will take with us, for better or worse, together with the good works we have done in behalf of others. College degrees and what is considered success in today's world will be meaningless without an understanding and a proper application of gospel principles.

Tithing is a correct principle taught and practiced by true followers of Christ. Those who say they cannot afford to pay tithing are deceiving themselves and they must be prepared to pay the consequences, as they are robbing God. Remember, members of the church of the First Born will not only be judged by what we have or have not done, but also by what we have become.

In closing, with soberness and in humility, I would like to leave with my posterity my testimony as to the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as restored by the prophet Joseph Smith. I know beyond any doubt whatsoever that the CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS is the only true and living church upon the earth today. Every precept and principle it teaches, as well as every covenant and ordinance performed by authority of the Holy Priesthood within His church is of God and should not be taken lightly. We are all children of God, and should carry ourselves in like manner. I encourage you to follow the example of our Savior Jesus Christ, and learn His teachings. Love one another and come to His Father in prayer often, that you may not fall prey to the deceptions of Satan. I can truly promise, if you will pay an honest tithing the Lord will “open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” (3 Nephi 24:10) If you choose otherwise, there is no promise, and you will one day find yourselves in financial bondage. Read the Book of Mormon often, as well as all of the other standard works of the church. Strive for personal worthiness, and prepare yourselves for the great millennial reign of our Savior, Jesus Christ. May the blessings of Israel be upon you, and may God’s ministering angels be with you and assist you in your righteous endeavors is my constant prayer, in His beloved name, Jesus Christ, Amen.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jim Goodrich". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, stylized "J" and "G".

Jim Goodrich
2004