**Dad’s Job at H. A. F. B.**

In the fall of 1951, Dad closed up his slaughter house because of lack of funds. He went up to Butt Montana where he found a job in a meat packing plant. He would leave home on Sunday afternoon and drive to Butt. He would sleep in the back of the pickup and work in the day time. On Friday after work he would drive home getting there quite late. I have often wondered how he did it and how he didn't freeze at night, with only the thin shell over the pickup bed to protect him. I guess there was a lot my Dad did to provide for his family that mostly went unnoticed. I remember of times that he would go to bed without dinner, just saying that he didn’t feel hungry tonight. I didn’t notice that there wasn't enough for all of us.

While Dad was doing this, Bob who had enlisted in the Air Force came home on leave. He went down to the slaughter house and got looking around and found two orange crates. One was full and the other half full of bill books of people that owed Dad money for meat he had sold them or for an animal that he had processed for them. (An orange crate, at that time, was a wooden crate built 12” X 12” X 24” with a center divider so that it consisted of two sections each equaling 1 foot square.) Dad had written the receipt, but he had never received payment on them. Mom told me that one evening Dad came home from a long day at work and saw her writing at the table. Dad asked he what she was writing and she said that she was just sending letters to some of the people that owed him money asking them if they could pay some on the account. Dad became quite upset with her and told her that she would not do that. These people had told him that they would pay and she was not to remind them of their promise. Bob took the bills to the Attorney in Drigg's and after looking through some of them, said that if Bob would get a power of Attorney from Dad, we could collect about half of them, the other half were already past the date of expiration (I believe that is 7 years). Bob was excited for Dad to come home. When he announced to Dad what he had found out, Dad just went out to his pickup, drove to the slaughter house and burned the bill books. When Bob asked why, Dad just said, "You will hurt people doing that."

Early the next spring (May 24, 1952) as Dad was driving home, on a Friday night, the steering went out on the pickup and Dad rolled the pickup in the Hebdon Lake area. He later told of how he realized he was dead because he remembered looking at the wreck and his body was still laying in the cab. He said he doesn't know how or when he went back to his body, but remembered as he started to regain consciousness, that he realized it was hard to breathe. It impressed him for he had never realized it took effort to breath. He tried to get the doors to open but both were jammed. The truck was upside down. He kicked the rear window out and crawled out through the back. He crawled a little ways to the water where he washed some of the blood off his face. He then crawled up the embankment to the road where he flagged a couple down, who took him to the Hospital in St. Anthone.

*In later years after Dad was gone and I looked at a map of the area of Hebdon Lake, I wondered why Dad would have been in that area. This would have been out of his way. One day while visiting to Lois, Richard’s wife, I told her of my questions about Dad being in the area of Hebdon Lake. If you look at the map as one came from Butt Montana to Victor Idaho, Hebdon Lake is off the route. A few days later Lois suggested that Dad must have gone to West Yellowstone for some reason. I then remembered that Dad told of returning to the sight of the accident and seeing the pickup almost covered with water and eggs and egg shells floating all around. We then concluded that Dad had bought crates of eggs in Montana and was taking them to the restaurants in West Yellowstone, for resale, to make a little extra money.*

After Dad recovered and was home from the hospital for a few days, he started looking for work. He couldn't go back to Montana for now we were without a vehicle. He took the bus to Idaho Falls where he got a job with Dodge, Margaret's husband, painting. He said there were three of them assigned to paint the outside of a four story building from scaffolding. The scaffolding had no safety bars or other safety equipment. Dad said that after they had been painting for a few minutes that he turned to Dodge and said that he didn't feel very safe up there. Just then the third man slipped and fell. Dad said he and Dodge just watched him fall hitting scaffolding as he went down. When he hit the ground, Dad said he and Dodge just looked at each other and climbed down. Help was already at the hurt man so they just left the job site and never came back.

Dad heard that there were job openings at Hill Air Force Base in Utah, so he took the bus down to Ogden to look into it. He said he went in to fill out an application and as he began answering the questions, he came to the question asking for his date of birth, he thought that if they knew he was 65 years old, they would not consider him. He, therefore, changed his date of birth to 1896 instead of 1886. He got the job and went to work as a painter on the aircrafts. He worked there until he retired at age 74 on a medical. Hill Field was offering early retirements and Dad had a heart attack two years earlier, his supervisors convinced him that he could get his full sick pay by taking a medical retirement, plus some incentive for retiring then. He would also get all of his accumulated sick leave and all of his accumulated annual leave. (*I don’t think that Dad had used but a few days of sick leave, while recovering from his hart attack and I don’t think he ever used any of his annual leave.*) Dad decided that because he had changed his age by ten years, when he applied for the job that he should wait until he was 75 to put in for Social Security. When he did apply for the Social Security, he got a letter back stating that he should have applied at age 65 and they gave him back payment.

Dad would often tell of his experiences at the base. One of the experiences that Dad told about at Hill Field was about mixing paint. After he had been at Hill Field a few years, he got the position over the paint shop. One day a man came to him and said, "I know that you don't have the paint that we need, but I have to ask you anyway." Dad ask him what he needed and the man gave him the paint specifications and again repeated that he know they were out of that paint. Dad told him to come back in a little while and he would see what he could find. Later the man returned and Dad gave him the paint. The man was surprised but took the paint and painted the parts he was to paint. Later the inspector came to Dad asking where he had got that paint. Dad, ask him, what paint? The paint for those aircraft parts! Dad asked if the paint was the right color and was told it was. Dad then asked if it was the right specifications, and was again told it was. Dad then asked, what was the matter with it and was told nothing except they didn't have any of that paint on the Base. Dad just told him that he got it off of the shelve. The inspector just muttered and left. Dad said he wasn't going to tell him that all you had to do was to know your color wheel and you could mix any color you wanted.

Dad met Dean Rose at Hill Field and they became good friends the rest of Dad's life, especially after Mom and Dad move to Sunset, for Dean lived just a couple of miles away. Dad told of first meeting Dean when he saw this man painting a sign. The first thing that caught Dad's attention was that Dean was crippled through his arms and shoulders from polio. The second think that struck Dad is that Dean was painting the sign from the top. This was being done free hand. Dad ask him how he did that? Dean questioned as to what he meant? Dad said, "Writing upside down and backward?" Dean just laughed and said letter are just pictures and once you get the picture in your mind, the picture is the same no matter which way you look at it.

Dad's first heart attack came on a Sunday evening when he was 71 years old. I had been to Sacrament meeting with a date, and when I came home from taking my date home, Mom told me that Dad was in a lot of pain. She was sure he was having a heart attack, but he wouldn't let her do any thing for him. I went into his bedroom to an expression of pain like I have never before or since seen on a person's face. Sweat was running of his head as though he had a garden hose running over him. I ask Dad if I could call the doctor and was told "no". I then asked if I could call the Bishop, and Dad told me not to call anyone but to leave him alone. The pain quit before mid-night and Dad went to sleep. The next morning the alarm went off at its usual 4:30 AM time. Dad got up as always, fixed his lunch and breakfast and went to work. He would complain each evening as he returned from work, of the pain in his chest, but would not hear of going to the Doctor. Mom had called the Doctor and told him the symptoms. The Doctor told her that he couldn't do anything unless Dad came in for an examination. He also told her that he should go to the hospital, which Mom explained that there was no way she could get him to consent to going to the hospital. The Doctor then told her that if she could get him into his office, he could get him to the hospital. When Dad came home Thursday, still complaining about the pain, Mom again suggested that they see the Doctor. Dad consented and they went in to the office. The Doctor just listened to his heart and said he needed an ex-ray and his machine at the office wasn't large enough. He would need to go up to the Hospital where they had a larger machine. When they got to the hospital, the Doctor said he needed Dad to sign a paper so they could take the ex-ray; however, the paper was actually an admittance form. When the Doctor saw the ex-ray, he said that Dad should have died at the first sign of pain. The heart had torn away from the lining and scare tissue was already forming. He put Dad to bed in the hospital with orders that he was not to get out of bed for any reason. I went in to visit Dad the next Thursday evening, stopping and putting gas in my car. When I got to the hospital and went to Dad’s room, Dad asked if I could go get him a hamburger, for he was hungry. I asked him if they hadn't brought him his dinner. He said, "Oh yes, but see the man in the next bed?” Well, when they brought Dad his dinner, the man said, “that sure looks good.’ Dad asked him where his dinner was and the man said they hadn't given him any thing except jello and water for two days. Dad just passed his dinner to the man and the man ate the whole dinner. As I looked at the man he was sound a sleep or I wondered if he might be dead. I told Dad that I had just put my last dollar into gas in order to come into town. He said he had some money, so he called for the nurse. He asked her where his pants were, to which she told him he wasn't getting his pants, she couldn't keep him in bed without his pants and she wasn't letting him have his pants. She said that if he gave her permission, she would get the money from his pants for him. He told her to, so she got the money out of his wallet for him. I went over to the Drug store across the street and got him something to eat. When I got back Dad told me that the nurse kept filling up his water glass and then would check the urinal bottle. He said she kept him so full of water that every time she would leave the room, he had to get up and run to the restroom. The Doctor had given orders that Dad was not to get out of bed for any reason. On Saturday the Doctor released Dad to go home, telling him that he would not obey the nurse’s orders, to stay in bed, so he had just as well be at home. Dad went back to work at Hill Field just a few days after getting home.