Mae and I were married on June 19, 1959 in the Salt Lake Temple. I had just started to

work for the IRS, located on the Army Depot, 12th St. Ogden, Utah that spring, as a data processing operator. On the 15th of June I was required to take a two week training class in IBM Board Wiring. I visited with my supervisor about my scheduled Wedding and he was able to arrange for me to have the 19th off but I would have to be back in class on the 22nd. I could then have the following week off for Mae and I to take a Honeymoon trip. As I had completed a class at Weber State Collage that spring I was already ahead of most of my co-workers so it didn’t create any problem to miss one day of the class.

A story I will add here in connection with the Board Wiring class I took. Because of the class I had taken at Weber Collage I was already familiar with the wiring and operations of seven I.B.M. Data Processing machines. In fact I believe that it was because of that training is what gave me the edge on many others that applied for the same job with the I.R.S. Anyway it was still a requirement that every new employee had to take the Board Wiring class. About the first day of the class the instructor showed us how to wire the Collator so that it would merge a white set of blank IBM cards with a blue set of blank IBM cards so that the merged deck alternated colors. He then started onto another subject. I stopped him and asked him if he could wire the collator so that it would again separate the two colors. He said that unless one of the decks of cards has a distinguishing punch in it, it could not be done. Inasmuch as I had played around with wiring the collator and had found a way to do that very thing, I challenged him. Even though I tried to do it in a respectful way it offended him. He repudiated me by saying that I could not do it. I asked him if I could draw out on the blackboard my idea and he had me come up to the front and draw it out. When I was able to draw out the wiring scamatic it visibly upset him but he admitted that I was right.

In the summer of 1961, Mae and I decided that we would like to get our own home. We had been living in Mae’s parent’s duplex apartment. The problem was that we didn’t have a down payment. We discussed this with Mae’s Uncle Dale Porter, who owned Clearfield Manufacturing Co. in Clearfield. I agreed to work part time for a loan of $1,000 that he would pay me in advance when we found a home we could afford. I started working for him part time at minimum wage, at that time it was $1.10 per hour. I worked most Saturdays and most evenings. Then I was changed to the evening shift at I.R.S. so I would work about 6 hour a day for Uncle Dale. We started looking at homes in any spare time we had. Mae also became pregnant with our first child, so that increased our desire to find a home. Uncle Dale was developing a motor scooter that would be used in the mountains mainly for deer hunting. Being able to work Days for Uncle Dale worked out very well and Dale assigned me to work on that development. After some time working with the scooters, Dale hired another man, Mr. Dean Sessions to work with me. Dale asked me to train him on what we were doing. Dean seemed very cocky as though he was my boss and that didn’t set very well with me. After a few weeks, without any prior notice to me, I was informed by Dean that he was the boss for he had bought scooter manufacturing from Uncle Dale. He also rented a shop from Dale on Main Street and we moved the operation to that shop. I asked Uncle Dale how this was going to work out with me working for Dean. He said that I would just sign my check over to him. By this time we had found and bought a small home at 324 13th Street in Ogden. This meant that I would drive out to Clearfield in the morning and then back to Ogden in the afternoon, getting there in time to go to work at I.R.S. in the evening. I didn’t like working for Dean so one day I went looking for another part time job. I went to Stop & Shop grocery store on 12th St. and Washington Blvd. in Ogden, just two blocks from our home. When I entered the store I saw two men working on a display so I approached them and asked where I could find the manager. They replied that they were the manager and the assistant manager and asked if they could help me. I told them that I worked evenings at I.R.S. and was looking for part-time day work. The manager said that they could use more help. He then added that it would require working Sundays, to which I thanked him for his time and excused myself. As I started walking away he called after me and asked why I wasn’t interested in the job. I told him that I wouldn’t work Sundays. He said that that was the only position they had open, so I again thanked him and started for the door. I was just about to the door when he called after me and said that he could use me from 8AM to 2PM Monday thru Friday. I told him that I would have to give my present employer notification and he said that would be fine and I left. The next day I informed Dean that I had found another job much closer to home that would work out better for me. I never thought about talking to Uncle Dale about the matter as I wasn’t working for him any longer and he hadn’t discussed with me my trade to Dean Sessions. I just didn’t think it mattered; however, the next time the Porter family got together Uncle Dale expressed his disappointment in me for not asking his permission to quit working for Mr. Sessions. I apologized but never felt very comfortable being with Uncle Dale after that.

On November 20th of that same year Mae went into Labor. I debated whether or not I should go to work at the store but Mae said she was ok and she would call me if the pains increased, so I went to the store. I had never noticed that you could hear the phone ring in the office; from down in the store, but that day I heard the phone every time it rang. When I finally went home Mae was still only having pains occasionally. I, therefore, went to work at I.R.S. Again every time the phone would ring in the office I would hear it. I would call Mae every hour and unknowingly to me Mom Porter would call Mae every hour, so every half hour she was up answering the phone. Finally, by lunch time, Mae asked me to quit calling her because all she was doing was answering the phone. I couldn’t stand it any longer so I asked for the rest of the night off and went home. Before mid-night I took Mae to the hospital and they put her in a prep room. There was a girl in the next bed with only a curtain between them, who was having a miscarriage and she was screaming to the top of her lungs. Mae just gave up and decided that it wasn’t for her and her pains went away. The Doctor at the hospital finally gave Mae a shot and told us to go home and get some sleep. The shot would ether settle the pains down or if they were real, increase them. We went home and I went to sleep. A couple of hours later Mae woke me and we went back to the hospital. This time it had snowed and I was actually pushing snow with the front bumper of the car. I just kept praying that the Oldsmobile would keep going up the 21st St. hill and it did. When we got to the hospital, I took Mae in and then parked the car. As I entered the hospital the nurse told me to admit her. They had called Dr. Byron Naisbit and told him that he had better hurry for the baby was on its way. Within a half hour I was told over the speaker in the Father’s waiting room that I was the father of a baby girl.

By the following spring IRS changed, from using Electronic Accounting Machines to process the income taxes, to using an I.B.M. 1401 computer. This necessitated reducing the number of operators from at peak operations from over 500 operators to less than 30. All temporary employees were let go and they absorbed many into other departments along with finding others job opportunities with other companies. I was offered a position in another department. I guess I will never know if it was a mistake or not but I turned the offer down and transferred to Hill Air force base. It didn’t take me long to realize that I didn’t like working at the Base. The problem I had with Hill Air Force Base was that they didn’t have enough work to keep us busy and we were often told that there wasn’t anything for us to do – but look busy. This really went against my grain and teachings of how one should work and produce for their employer.

I continued working part time for Stop & Shop. One day, Grant Roberts, a fellow employee at IRS came into the store. He told me that he was working for Commercial Security Bank as an E.A.M. operator. He said that they were looking for another operator and they would be interested in visiting with me. I went in and interviewed with John Howard, the Data Processing Manager, but he told me that I would have to give up my part time work. After considering the position I turned it down because we still were making payments to Uncle Dale and I didn’t see how we could make those payments without the part time job. A couple of weeks later Grant came back into the store and told me about an option that I may not have been aware of. It was that with only three years service with the government, that if I quit I could elect to receive all my retirement investment back into a lump sum payment. I checked into this and he was right. This would be more than enough to repay Uncle Dale, so I reconsidered and accepted the offer with the bank. It was really a good feeling when we were able to paid Uncle Dale off.