

INTERVIEW WITH: Robert W. Brems (His wife, Naomi Brems, is present)  
INTERVIEWER: Jay Haymond  
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JH: Let's start by asking you about the family into which you were born. Remember your father and mother for me, please.

RB: Interesting enough, I'm the offspring from a baker's daughter of New Zealand and a cobbler or shoe maker's son from Germany. Now you say, "How in Heaven's name would two people meet at opposite ends of the world like that?" Well the story is on my mother's side. My grandfather was Scotch, grandmother was English and they had migrated to New Zealand to find their fortunes.

JH: Were they specific about that? Were they looking for gold or was it just a general hope of finding...

RB: I think they wanted to leave the old world and just the new thought of a new place to live.

JH: That meant that they were adventuresome, doesn't it?

RB: It must have been. And the Mormon missionaries were in Auckland, New Zealand, and my grandparents heard the message, they joined the church in 1880 and migrated to American Fork, Utah. Now, on the other side of the world my grandparents on my father's side are living in a place called **Wahtenheim** which is in Bavaria, Southern Germany. About 1875, about the same time, five years, they heard the Mormon missionaries, liked what they heard, joined the church, migrated to Lehi, Utah. So here's Lehi and American Fork, maybe five miles apart, this is how Dad met Mother. Now, I

was born in Salt Lake City six days before my mother, Amy's, 39th birthday. I had two older sisters, **LaRue** the older was 19 and was married the summer I was born. The younger sister, Mildred, was age 17 at that time.

JH: Still living at home I guess.

RB: Yes, all three were living there at home. And if I recollect right, the place I was born was located on South Temple and 700 West Street, right on the corner that would be the northeast corner. I became an orphan relatively early in life. I was five years old and my dad was visiting his foster parents down in Lehi, he was returning back to Salt Lake 19 days before Christmas in 1927 and he met with a tragic automobile accident right in the heart of Murray, 48th South and State Street. No one really knows what happened, it's a mixed account but basically I'm told that some pedestrians suddenly stepped out in front of him, Dad swerved to miss the pedestrians and went head on into an old trolley. Trolleys ran on tracks in those days from Murray to Salt Lake, and he had massive head injuries, he never recovered. Mother was shaken up pretty much, not hospitalized to my knowledge. I got a bad cut over my eye, just missed the vital parts of my eye. A young cousin was with us and the door opened and she just slid out with scratches. Then because I think Mother losing her husband and the Depression came along in 1929, it was devastating for her, so she died a little over two years later, or she died early in 1930. I was seven years old at that time.

Luckily my older sister agreed to raise me, that's LaRue. She was married and I fit into her family very well. I was sort of the oldest and she had a son two years younger, another son and a daughter so that there was her three children and myself made up my childhood years. Her name was **LaRue Reed** and her husband's name was Jim.

I'm trying to remember my parents and I guess because of the trauma of losing them my

mind is pretty much a blank. Only thing I remember of my father is holding his hand and walking down Main Street and naming cars. I must have been about four or five. Then, I could name all those old cars, Dad must have taught me. Seventy years later I remember names like Star, Moon, Stutz, Willys, Hudson, Mormon, et cetera, et cetera, you know. (Laughter) Long gone, those cars are ancient relics but it was quite a thing walking down Main Street naming cars and his friends I guess made him feel important that this little kid could name cars like that. That's the only thing I remember about Dad. Mother, all I remember about her is she was sick, she was in bed. I don't remember doing anything with Mother. Oddly enough I called her Amy, I think it's because the adults called her Amy and I remember one day, it was kind of a funny thing, she's sitting in bed and she gave me a dime to call her mother. I ran to the store and bought me a candy bar, I think it must have lasted about a half day and then it was back to Amy again. (Laughter)

\_\_\_\_\_ [9:20] bribery. And my grandmother, that would be Amy's mother, took care of her in the last years of her illness. She died from cancer.

Now, let's think about when I went to school. I don't remember the house particularly where I was born because my sister told me this. But the only house I remember is when Mother was ill I must have been six to seven years of age at this point, that house is still there, it's on 13th South and 2nd East. It would be southwest corner and it's still there. And I remember Mother taking in boarders in order to survive. And one of the boarders she took in was a rough old engineer, railroader named White. He had a couple of kids, I suppose he was divorced or a widower, one or the other. The kids lived with him in the basement and had two bedroom upstairs but the kids were just old enough that all I remember is they were harassing me. It was not pleasant. My first recollection of school was the Whittier School on 3rd East and 16th South. I must have been in the first grade. It was a terrifying experience to go to school. I was afraid, I was timid, I can't measure the impact of losing my parents on me.

JH: But you do attribute some of that timidity to that trauma, do you not?

RB: Yes, I was somewhat afraid of life, I know I was very timid. I remember the first grade, going to Whittier School, the minute recess broke I would run out and put my back against the wall. I didn't want anybody getting behind me. (Laughter) I didn't have much fun.

JH: That was defensive posture wasn't it.

RB: It really was. And from that experience probably first or second grade and when Mother died I moved in with my sister, **LaRue Reed** and the first home there would be Argyle Court, I remember years in Argyle Court, let's see, I guess I would be from age seven to about 14, yeah, I guess that's about right (I'll have to check it later). Argyle Court was located at 640 West 3rd North. The houses were built very close together. There was a house and a garage, a house and a garage, about -- oh probably eight of them on one side and eight on the other side with about sixteen feet of concrete in the middle for a driveway. And Argyle Court, I remember one of our fun games was to play kick-the-can. You put a can out in the middle of the street and all these homes and garages to hide behind on either side, I'm telling you it was a game of kick-the-can that was awesome. (Laughter)

JH: Did you play it at night?

RB: Yes, you couldn't see anybody, always at night. Then as we got a little older and a little more daring, with little longer legs, we would climb up one of the neighbors' garage and we could jump from the garage to the house, across the house, jump to the next garage, go over, jump to the next house and the macho kids could go down all eight of them from garage to house, they were probably, I would guess, three to four feet apart, so with a

good flying leap you could make it. (Laughter)

JH: Any casualties?

RB: I don't remember any and our particular house, I well remember, it was at the end of Argyle Court and I's sure that house is still there. I haven't checked lately but it would be the northeast corner, last house on the east side. And I went to Jackson Elementary, don't remember anything about it.

JH: No teacher?

RB: No teacher, no nothing. I was just a nonentity I guess. I don't know, I must have learned something but I have nobody particular. I remember the more traumatic things, basically my childhood was the pits. I never had much fun.

JH: You don't count kick-the-can.

RB: No, kick-the-can and run sheepy run, there was a lot of open space around there and those kids would get out and hide for hours and call off colors and be midnight when we'd come in. (Laughter) I remember Jackson Junior High and the only thing I remember again was the negative part of Physical Ed. They were getting into soccer in that school and all I remember was getting kicked in the shins repeatedly. I finally wised up, don't get around the ball and you don't get your shins bruised. So I managed to stay in the background and survive very nicely.

JH: Do you remember a place called Swedetown?

RB: No. I spent most of my growing up years around 7th West, 2nd North, South Temple, along in that area.

JH: I think Swedetown was a little farther north. It was sort of a bedroom for industrial workers.

RB: Let's see, what did I do to earn pin money in those days -- candy bar money. I think there was some railroad tracks that ran...it was along 8th West, if I remember, 800 West. That would be one block west of me. And the coal trains passed there and we'd get our wagon and invariably there'd be some coal that would roll off these coal cars.

JH: These are cars headed for Ogden I guess.

RB: I couldn't tell you which direction they were going. And we'd pick up the coal and sell it to families round about and then farther to the north, maybe about 5th North, it was an ice plant where they loaded ice into the freight cars. And it came from a very high, oh, maybe 100 feet high, it'd come off the ice department and the ice then would roll down an incline plane and drop into the top of these refrigerated cars. Every now and then a piece of ice would cut loose and drop to the ground and the lucky kid that scrambled for it put it in his wagon, haul it home and invariably you could sell that piece of ice because we sold it cheaper than the ice man did and everybody has ice boxes, you know. I remember those two things I used to earn money, ice and coal.

JH: Did you have a wagon?

RB: I had a wagon. My greatest possession. Had four wheels, too. (Laughter) And I remember also physically I was subject to nose bleeds and I guess every bully in town knew that, (laughter) they would find some excuse to bump me in the nose. There I'd go,

I was an expert at stopping nose bleed, I knew three different ways to do it. But I remember some instances that are not pleasant, like I'd go to the store and get a...I was kind of the run for things like sugar and butter and things we're out of. And my friend and I would be coming home, this is one incident, and we were playing catch with this butter and somehow he jammed it in my nose and I got a nose bleed. So I'm coming home bloody with the butter and Mother suspected, that is LaRue suspected, you know, kids were doing this. "Oh no," I says, "I was playing catch and I missed the butter and it hit me in the nose." I wasn't going to have any of my peers work me over, it was... You just take it in the nose rather than report it and get retribution.

JH: Did you refer to your sister as "Mother?"

RB: No. She was always LaRue. She never legally adopted me, she was my guardian. I don't remember, speaking now back on my grandparents, I don't remember meeting any of my father's parents and my mother's grandfather, no, but my mother's mother, I remember that little old lady and visiting her as a grandmother and she died when I was in the service in about '45. Then I was in the eighth grade and LaRue Reed inherited \$1,000 from her foster grandparents who lived in Lehi. Part of this story is my grandfather -- my grandmother died, grandfather remarried six months later, a new wife, Dad was 15, he couldn't handle it, he moved out, some parents named the Briggs sort of adopted this 15-year-old so my grandparents in Lehi were the Briggs, sort of adopted Charles when he was a boy. They died, they left LaRue \$1,000, that was a great god-send. Now they had down payment for a house -- they'd rented all their life. And so we shopped around out in the suburbs, that happened to be 34th South and State Street in those days, the bus line went to 33rd and then from there you'd have to walk. So they found an old home, oh, it must have been 50 years old at that time, a big, thick adobe walls, they put the down payment on it. We moved to what is now South Salt Lake. It was called Ford Avenue, just a little, narrow, couldn't have been wider than 16 feet, two

cars could hardly pass it. It went east off State Street so our official address was 155 East Ford Avenue. And we had the first house on the north side, it was kind of an old yellow brick. Oh, that was great! We had a place for a cow, even had some pigs I raised. I was just out to make money all the time, you know. I didn't have anything and so I remember buying this female pig and raising it, had her bred, she had a nice litter of wiener pigs I sold for five dollars each. I was living high on the hog. (Laughter)

JH: High on the hog you said?

RB: Yes. Oh, and we had chickens and it was great, a garden, I mean for a city kid, all of a sudden vistas opened for me.

JH: We're talking about the 30s, aren't we.

RB: Let's see. No, I think we're talking late 30s.

NB: It'd be late 30s 'cause we were married in '4\_\_\_[25:04].

RB: Yeah. Probably in the 30s. I know it was the eighth grade when I moved there. So I'd have to calculate that. So I attended Blaine Junior High, eighth grade. They had 8th and 9th grade in Blaine Junior High and then on to Granite High for 10 through 12. Blaine again was a disaster for me. I matured late in life, I was small in stature, I mean sports were not my cup of tea. I was not good at it and they'd always two of the best players in Phys Ed, two of the best players would get opposite each other and they'd pick sides, you know, "I'll take so-and-so," "I'll take so-and-so." Well, Brems was about the last one picked. (Laughter) And, being little, I was always the brunt of many jokes and pranks and some things that were a little cruel. And what an assortment we had in that junior high. The ninth grade, there were guys there that were men. I remember one kid

`cause he had hair on his chest and he drove a coal truck. (Laughter) Ninth grade, and here Brems was just a little boy. (Laughs) How could you compete with that.

JH: Chronologically about the same age but had matured or was he held back and therefore more mature because of that change in his ...

RB: He was held back. He was probably 16 if he was a day. And I was about 14. In fact he must had a driver's license to drive the coal truck.

JH: Back then, you know, people drove when maybe they shouldn't have.

RB: That could have been, yeah. Can't remember his name, I just remember his size. Yeah, Evan **Holliday** was another one.

NB: It was about then that you decided to make\_\_\_\_\_.[27:50]

RB: Oh, yes, there was a very kind coach named Clarence Jones. My friend Corbin \_\_\_\_\_[28:02] and I were the two runts of the class and we were lamenting our problems to the coach one day and he gave us the answer that carried us through. He says, "Boys," he says, "let you in on a special secret." He says, "You can't grow in the body and the brain at the same time. You guys are growing in the brain, you're excellent in class." We were probably the top ten percent scholastically. That was all right, we were growing in the brain so if we were little. (Laughter)

JH: What was your favorite subject in school? We're talking about junior high school here?

RB: Yes, junior high. The worst one, obviously, was Phys Ed, you know you had to strip down and play with all the big guys, it was not fun. I think my favorite... Oh, another

one I disliked was music. We had a teacher, a young guy, Alfred Durham, and his music classes, each student in the eighth and ninth grade had to come up by the piano and sign a solo so he could tell whether you were bass or alto or whatever. Well, I mean, I was so terrified and so scared I was about ready to quit school. (Laughter) And for years I kind of clammed up on music and it wasn't until later years I says, "Hey, I don't care what I sound like, I'm going to enjoy it and sing." So I've got on top of that one.

End of Side One, Tape One

Start of Side Two, Tape One

RB: I liked shop, I truly enjoyed making some articles for home in junior shop.

JH: Did that mean that you had confidence in the way you could use your hands?

RB: I would think relatively, mediocre. The only thing I really took pride in was getting good grades. I could do better than the average in that. Otherwise, I was just a non-entity. Let's see, then we moved into high school, Granite High School. I remember some teachers there that impressed me a great deal. Mary Mason, English teacher. We'd simply spun our wheels in junior high on English. I couldn't tell the difference between a subject and a verb when I hit high school. Mary Mason took that all out of me and boy she worked us at the blackboard to where I knew parts of speech and how to use it.

JH: Did you enjoy English after that class?

RB: Yes, I did, I felt confident in it then. Enjoyed writing and putting sentences together properly.

JH: You were diagramming sentences, I'll bet.

RB: You bet, constantly, constantly. I remember my sister talked me into taking a class in Oral Expression -- that's what they called it then -- 'cause she knew I was scared of my own shadow. I was ready to quit school. No way was I going to get up and talk.

JH: Was this extemporaneous talking?

RB: No, there was some preparation to it, it wasn't all that extemporaneous. But she finally talked me into staying in school and the teacher was a charming little lady who happened to be David O. McKay's daughter. She just charmed me and a few others to stay in the class and work. I remember enjoying shop class. I was determined that I was going to get an education and get out of that. I wanted to make more out of life than I had. So my goal was to be a mechanical engineer, go back to Detroit and work for Chrysler. So I took all the shop classes I could and I was good at it. But when it come to going out and in the shop and open up a motor and taking the head off and putting the pistons in, I didn't like it and I wasn't very good at it either. (Laughter) So my senior year I took a class in bookkeeping. And all of a sudden I found my niche. Man, I excelled in bookkeeping, I got A's, I went to a business meet in Provo where all the high school students met to compete. I did excellently, I took high honors. So, all of a sudden I says, "Hey, I'm going to be a CPA, the heck with that mechanical engineering. So from that point on, from my senior, I was oriented to going for accounting. So course I remember my accounting teacher, name was Marie Bosh. She was a strict disciplinarian but she and I got along pretty well together. Lorenzo Hatch was principal and he sure knew how to keep order. Anybody going to see Mr. Hatch, you quivered in your boots. (Laughs) That's pretty good for high school.

Let's see, jobs I had during the high school years. In the younger high school years I cleaned chicken coops, didn't like it a bit. It was dusty and hot. I pulled weeds for

**Pincheon** Floral. Hated that too. Gave me all of ten cents an hour to pull up morning glory and weed his flowers.

JH: This is not just morning glory, it's bind weed, that field bind weed?

RB: No, it was morning glory. You just take that thing and you'd roll it up like a great big **clamppett**. The cows liked it. I worked for a bricklayer named Ben Bricker -- very appropriate. That was my favorite job. He give me a dollar a day and I could be a tender to brick mason for him. He'd go around repairing chimneys and doing all kinds of odd jobs on Saturday. When I got a little older I'd pedal my bike up to place where they had a lot of cherries. It was about 15th East and about 21st South, 17th South. Lot of cherry orchards in Salt Lake in those days. And I'd pick cherries all day for five cents a pound. And after a little while it dawned on me to take my pay out in cherries. Then I would take those same cherries and go over to the more well-to-do parts of Salt Lake, which was strictly around the University of Utah, along 13th East, and go house to house, selling those cherries and I got a lot more than five cents a pound by doing that. I was very business oriented. I remember getting another job, I was a senior about this time, and I wanted a paper route. The supervisor lived in Holladay so I'd get on my bike once a week, pedal uphill to Holladay, it was uphill all the way, the only fun thing was coasting back. I can't remember his name but I'd say "Good morning," or "Good afternoon, are there any openings yet?" "No, no openings, Bob. Nothing yet. See ya` later." I'd coast on home. I kept that up week after week after week. I couldn't tell you how many times I pedaled up to Holladay. Finally, I think he got tired of seeing me. There was an opening down around near where I lived, this was in the fall. The kid had been carrying the Tribune before me could see winter coming and he'd had that experience so he says, "I'm going to quit before winter comes." So the supervisor gave me that job so I carried the morning Tribune all winter long and all spring until about the time, probably the summer, then I think I got a summer job somewhere, but I terminated

in the summer. But it was cold and miserable, it wasn't nearly... Getting the job was more exciting than doing the job itself. But I'll tell you, I could tell my grandchildren that if you're persistent you can accomplish a lot of things. I learned that.

Oh, let's see, I referred to raising some wiener pigs and my job to feed that pig before I went to high school. It was a very sloppy old pen that pig had. That old sow would hear me coming, hear the back door bang and she'd hop up on the fence and her paws were full of muck and shit. If I happened to be near I'd get it all flipped on me. So I would very carefully take the swill we'd been saving for her and the food, just open that door so carefully and tiptoe out and she'd be sleeping and I'd go quickly and pour it in and take off. I managed to get to school without my clothes being soiled. Well I finally sold her but another thing that was kind of cute. I built me a motorized bug, as they called it. Four wheels and a couple of planks in the middle and an old broom wound with rope you could steer. And I worked for a fellow cleaning his chicken coops and he paid me with an old Maytag gasoline engine. Boy, it was neat. I mounted that thing on there, got it so it would go and it was just a great thing for a kid that couldn't drive, to have a motorized vehicle. I remember it was Mary Mason's English class in high school. This guy come to the door and disturbed this class, wanted to see me. I was quite astounded. I come out, he says, "I want to buy your Maytag engine." I says, "I don't think I want to sell it." And I says, "Gee, it's worth ten or fifteen dollars anyway." And the guy whips out a five dollar bill and held it under my nose and he says, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." And I says, "Sold!" (Laughter) That ended my automotive career.

Oh yes, I worked and saved my money one summer, I think I was almost 16. And we found a beautiful yellow Ford Roadster, 1930, '29s we didn't like, they had squatty radiators but the '30 had these tall racy radiators. And it was canary yellow and there was some mechanic over on State Street that had it and Jim went with me and I put down my life savings of \$30 for that old car. But I wasn't 16 so all I could do was just drive it

down Ford Avenue a little and back it up and drive it in our yard, didn't dare take it out on the road. But, when the time come to take it out, I never could get title to it. The mechanic kept putting us off, saying it was lost or something. Finally Jim come to my rescue. We went over there and we found out it was a stolen car and we never would get title to it so he gave me my \$30 back and that ended my dream car.

JH: Were the police ever involved?

RB: Never. It was just between the mechanic and my brother-in-law. Then the next car I bought was a Plymouth, it was about a '39 Plymouth. Maybe earlier than that. Anyway it was very, very narrow. You could only seat three people maximum across this car.

JH: Was it a coupe?

RB: Coupe. And it was very convenient, about then I was getting in the dating mood. I never really dated until I was out of high school, that's when I met Naomi. But it was very convenient. There'd be me, Naomi and my buddy and my buddy's date would always have to sit on his lap so they all liked to go with Brems, you know.

JH: Strategic.

RB: Yeah.

JH: You haven't mentioned church.

RB: Oh, all right, that's a good point. The Reeds were members of the church but completely inactive. So all my life I grew up with no church training whatsoever. When I got to be about priest age ( high school age), luckily I had some friends, I can name them, there

was **Evan Lee, Corbin Emmett, Lloyd Guest, Lynn Shaw**. They were all church-goers. Those three guys would team up and they'd come over Sunday morning about 30 minutes before church started and knock on the door and, "Bob, come to church with us today." **LaRue** would say, "Well, I don't know, he's still in bed." Finally I liked them so much and I associated with them at school, we ate lunch together, that next thing you know I was up getting dressed, going to church. So, thanks to the influence of my peers, they got me started. And then I met Naomi and I mean I took off like a big balloon from that point on. If I wanted to see her I went to church to see Naomi. And things just lined up beautifully from there. We had a temple marriage, it was excellent.

Let's see, I was determined to get the best education possible in order to... I wasn't going to clean chicken coops and drive a taxi like Jim did for years and years. I wanted something better so I said the only way I'm going to get out of this economic rut is to get a good education. I was absolutely determined to go to the University of Utah, which I did. I didn't miss a beat. I went there for three years and the war came along, went in World War II for about three years, and then went back and finished the University, got a baccalaureate degree, went on and got a masters degree in accounting.

JH: Was that equivalent to a CPA at the time or did you, what were the qualifications for CPA?

RB: CPA, you had to have a baccalaureate degree and you to have - I think there was about two to three years experience. Then you could sit and take the test. The test was a three day test, it was very strict. Or you could work for a public accounting firm for a couple of years and get the equivalent. I never worked for a public accounting firm so I went to work for Salt Lake Transportation Company where Jim Reed worked the Yellow Cab. I worked there for, oh, while I was going to university part time. Then I went to work for Nelson-Ricks Creamery. There again part time, get through with school, walk down to Nelson-Ricks. I remember walking down there with my briefcase at five o'clock at night. I then went to work for Western Laundry Press, they were manufacturers of Laundry machinery. So with the experience of transportation, the creamery and a

manufacturer, oh and I also worked at the purchasing department at the University of Utah. I laid all that in front of them and they said, "All right, you've had enough varied experience, you are now qualified to sit for the exam." I hacked through it and passed.

JH: What did you do with that award, they awarded you the certificate of Certified Public Accountant.

RB: Oh, I had it framed! I have it to this day. It's something special. I worked hard to earn, I felt good about it. It's been a blessing, you know, it's opened doors. I'm no smarter than anybody else but to have a degree and have your CPA, it opened doors.

JH: And then you worked where?

RB: Let's see, then... Let me think, after Western Laundry Press, back to school for a couple of years, with the war interrupting, then after I graduated with a master's degree, I went to work for Granite School District. I had two great offers, one was from the telephone company and one was from Granite School District. They were located at 3212 South State, little two-story red brick place.

JH: Did you choose Granite School District because they were located close?

RB: Exactly, my home was two-and-a-half blocks away, I could walk to work very, very easily. I could walk my kids over to Blaine School, which was 33rd South and Main Street and those were good years. I'd go home for lunch, Naomi would have a nice hot meal, I mean, you couldn't ask for anything better than that. Three blocks from work. I worked at Granite District for, I guess 18 years. It was good times. Then administrations changed and didn't fit any more and went onto other things.

JH: Let's talk about your family during the school and the first work years. Talk about that a bit.

RB: The family, let's back onto that a little. We well remember December 7, 1941. That changed many, many persons lives. And it was '42, I was still going to school, the war was moving pretty rapidly. I joined the Air Force, primarily because it was glamour to fly a plane. And you came back whole or you didn't come back at all, you didn't get shot up like when you're in the infantry and you got a grenade thrown at you. So I joined the Air Force Reserve and they said, "Continue on with schooling and when you get through we'll use you." That lasted just a few months, the war got worse and it was in early part of '43 they said, "We need you," and we were married in January of '42, and I went away in the service about 30 days later. But we wanted to get married before I left for the service. It was a lot of fatalistic outlook in those days, I mean nobody could plan their future. You go to war you may never come back and you just didn't do much thinking of the future at all. But we knew we wanted each other, period. Anyway, I wanted to be a pilot and my eyes weren't quite good enough, they were 20/30. So they looked at my math ability and says, "Hey, we'll make you a navigator." So I went to Texas and trained, went to California and trained. We went to Florida and trained some more, back to New Mexico and trained and at that point we were trained, ready to go war. All this time we were being trained on how to navigate by visual, by radio, by Loran, by celestial navigation -- shooting the stars. And whenever I'd get a break Naomi would come down to visit me. California, Texas, we were together in Florida for a while, a little while in New Mexico. After my training they commissioned me a second lieutenant and of course life was much better then. You could bring your spouse, live off the base with her. And my assignment was with the 20th Air Force, stationed in the Asiatic/Pacific area, primarily over in Calcutta, India, that was the first move. And then they would use these B29s to eventually haul enough goods over to free China, then to make another run over to Japan to drop the bombs. It was a long, hard way to get materials near enough to do any good.

And our first child, a daughter, was born, named Barbara, in...was it August, '45. And I saw her for the first time when she was, what, about three months old. No, it was in November, August to November. I think the war years ought to be another topic. I could give a lot of details, just not in the mood right now to do it.

RB: Is there anything else you can think of? Yeah, I think it would. Yeah, I think... I just hit a general summary here, I would like to go into more detail. Grandkids are always interested in, "What did you do in the war, Grandpa."

NB: Every time they get in high school they have to do his story for reports and it's always, "Grandpa's Service."

JH: Well, I think we're close to that anniversary, you know, it's on a lot of people's minds. You got America was involved in a big war. Not much like that has happened since.

RB: No, and the patriotism that existed then, I haven't seen it since.

JH: No.

RB: And I probably never ever live long enough to see it again like it was then. That was an all out effort. You wouldn't think of burning the flag then. Let's talk quickly about my dating Naomi. Basically, I was pretty much afraid of girls because of maturing late, didn't date 'til I got out of high school. So I moved cautiously. But there was an opening dance of MIA, Naomi's dad was the Mutual president, Young Men's, and I went, it was over to Blaine School and I got up enough courage to ask her to dance and she was a *marvelous* dancer. I mean, I really went for it. I didn't step on her feet once, which I usually would do. And so I asked her for a date after that. I guess we dated -- we liked to go dancing to a place they called "The Old Mill." It was up in the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. That was one of our favorite dancing spots. In those days the big dating was dancing. I don't think we went to shows at all, hardly. And it was about our third or fourth date...

End of Side Two, Tape One

*Naomi and Robert....This is a great start! If you would finish the interview together we would have a really nice record of Robert's life. The tape recorder and microphone are with Larry Davis at the Anasazi Village. I hope you enjoyed this experience. Robert, your story is very interesting to listen to and read.*