

was to be taken off. This continuous tunnel was oriented in a north south direction. This is similar to the way bread is made in large bakeries.

As an aside, there was a dirt short-cut path that angled across the brickyard from our house to the corner of 29th Street and Jefferson avenue. Many people including myself would use this short-cut. Often, as I would go across this path an older man coming my direction would pass and say "Hello Ralph was my fathers brother who died in World War I of pneumonia while in England. I told my parents about this phenomenon. They said that I did have some resemblance to my uncle Ralph.

I mentioned that I never knew anyone on the south side of 30th street. However, ones path in life occasionally crosses in distant places. When Ida-Rose and I moved to Schenectady New York to work in the General Electric Company Research Laboratory we found ourselves in a small LDS branch. At the first meeting we attended Ida-Rose recognized Manita Clayton, now wedded to Walter Fowler. Since Ida-Rose and Manita were from the same ward, they easily recognized each other. But for me, I had to move 2500 miles away from Ogden to learn the name of the girl who lived directly across the street from our house.

One day after school, I decided to enter the abandoned tunnel from the north end. It was pitch dark inside. I couldn't see a thing so I shuffled my feet along moving slowly between the tracks towards the south.

I was probably into the tunnel for a distance of 50 feet when I stumbled into an opening. In the process, I bumped the back of my head very hard on one edge of the opening. It was as hard a blow to my head as I had ever experienced and was afraid that I was going to pass out. I was supporting my body in the hole with my outstretched arms. My feet did not touch the bottom of the underground chamber. Evidently this chamber was kind of a plenum through which the fire was intended to come through to bake the bricks. I struggled out of the hole and laid down for awhile to gain my composure. Then I shuffled back to the north end of the tunnel where I had entered it.

This was a very close call. If the blow to my head had left me unconscious, I would have fallen into the plenum chamber and might never have been found.

Streetcar tracks/sweeping curve/occasionally taking out brick/ connecting with Bamburger/ manita Fowler lived across the street from 664---later known in schenectady