

Wilson Lane School

Miss Chadwick, Mr. Graves (also Bishop of the Wilson Lane Ward), Mr. Gibby, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Don Engstrom. We had now gone back to Ogden City from Marriott.

Our new address was 664 30th Street.. Some of my teachers lived in the same house on the corner of 36th Street and Jefferson Avenue and car-pooled together to go to the Wilson Lane School. I went with them.

On the way to Wilson Lane one day, there was an earth quake but we never felt it while driving. Later on, that same day there was an "after shock" and we all felt that one and all marched out of the building.

Don Engstrom was the math teacher and I met with him every morning one half hour before classes to help him understand the lesson material.

Miss. Chadwick taught art and some other subjects that I have forgotten. She thought that I had good prospects of being an artist and encouraged me in it.

Mr. Watson was the science teacher. I found it easy to keep up with him.

I remember him teaching us something about building some electric motors from the theory that he was teaching. He said you could notch the thread spool in a certain way, and wind the wire it in a certain way and place it in an electromagnetic field and it would rotate.

I knew it wouldn't, so I fashioned my own electric motor using the magnets out of the fly wheel of a junked model "T" Ford. Our home was located in Mr. Leeks brickyard and there was lots of junk stuff available in this place. I was accumulating tools at an early age, undoubtedly no later than seven years. One of my tools was a hand held drill. I had located a roller bearing at the brickyard. It was about 3 inches long and one quarter inch in diameter. Now roller bearings are hard. I remember turning the handle half the night worrying a one eighth inch hole through the center of the little round bar. Next, I cut off a tight fitting nail and sharpened both ends of it. I pushed that through the hole. I then drilled an indentation in the heads of two nails. This constituted a needle type bearing. A frame would surround this assemblage

Then, I made a commutator. The commutator consisted of a round piece of wood about one inch in diameter. Two pieces of soft copper was glued to the wood and the ends of the insulated wire that had been wound around the roller bearing were soldered to one end and another on the other. This completed the rotor. One more thing was now lacking. This would be a D,C, (direct current) motor. I needed a source of power. In the early days of telephone when there were "party lines", telephone personnel would periodically replace the one and one half volt batteries located on telephone pole lines, I was always on the look-out for the batteries that they discarded. They always had some life left. This was my power source

Early Schooling

My first school was at Mound Fort which was located at the southeast corner of Washington Avenue and Twelfth Street in Ogden, Utah. It was a sandstone building. I could walk from our house which was located at the north east corner of Jefferson Avenue and Sixteenth Street by taking a short cut westerly over a hill that had several trees on it and ended up on a concrete side walk.

I do not remember the name of my first grade teacher. One thing that I can remember from that grade was that all of our parents purchased a kind of water whistle that you would blow through to create a tune. On another occasion my teacher whacked me across my knuckles with a ruler for being late for class.

I remember more of the second grade which was located in a different room.

We were taught the Palmer Method of hand writing.

There was an ink well that was located in the upper right corner of our desks

Our pens were scratchy old things that were hard to handle.

We practiced this at what seemed an endless enterprise. We worked everything from the bottom muscle under our forearm. One practice consisted of making slanted lines across the page.

We filled many pages doing this. Then we coursed our way across the page making slanted "O"s.

When we got good at this we were promoted to integrating some finger action along with the muscle on the bottom of the arm.

There were a few Japanese students in the room and they all had very beautiful handwriting. I envied them.

I liked this teacher whose name was Miss Jenson. We took sack lunches to school in those days. At about noon time, every day, this teacher would send me and another student to a home located about two blocks south of the school to see if she had any mail. If there was mail, we were to bring it to her at the school. We thought that she was expecting a letter from her sweetheart.

After the second grade was over we had moved from the Ogden School Weber County District in Marriott, Utah. This was a small farming community located about five miles north and west from the center of Ogden. Our parents had purchased a rundown farm house that my father repaired and added to. This lot occupied five acres of land.

The local swimming hole was located at the north end of our fields. Here, in the summertime we enjoyed swimming and diving among the water snakes and fishes.

This creek was called the Mill Creek and was the same creek that ran past our house where we lived in Ogden. People also had a swimming hole in that area.

I well remember our trip to the farm from Ogden. It was a cold and miserable rainy day.

My parents had purchased a milk cow in Wilson Lane and tied it behind our model "T" Ford truck. My younger brothers got to ride in the truck along with my mom and a few other things. As the oldest boy, my job was to follow alongside the cow and hit it with a stick when it didn't want to move forward.

My mother never had any daughters. There were just us boys: Tracy, Eugene, Wendell, Donald, and Delbert.