

Weber College Days

I had always been a good student, be it first and second grades at the Mound Fort School, which was located at 12th Street and Washington Avenue, or in the third through eighth grades in the Marriott School House, which was long ago torn down.

The ninth graders were joined with the Wilson Lane school children because of the few numbers of Marriott students who would normally have been taught in Marriott.

After we moved back to Ogden City where I attended Lewis Junior High School in grade 10, I then attended Ogden High School through the 11th and 12th grades where I graduated in 1937.

I had excellent grades in the Ogden High School, excelling in math, chemistry, and physics. I also studied drafting practice for one year, which incidentally put me on the road to later on take two more years of drafting practice at Weber College.

There had been a problem of getting \$20 for me to start college but this was during the time of the deep depression when jobs and money were scarce.

I did not have any money to start school but my mother remembered that sometime back I had loaned my father \$20 to try to find work in the Mammoth Silver Mines in the Tintic Mining District. I don't think that he made much money there and was laid off soon after he got there so he came back home.

Somehow or other, however, Mom and Dad dug up \$20 to pay me back so that I was able to start college.

Without my education in this subject, I would not have been able to put my ideas down on paper, which resulted in the construction of my BELT apparatus, wherein I succeeded in transforming ordinary graphite into diamond. Men had been trying to affect this transformation for over 140 years.

None of my colleagues had drafting ability. Neither did they have any worthwhile ideas that could have produced a machine that could have simultaneously generated the extremely high pressures and temperature required to do the job.

I was the sole inventor of the BELT apparatus, which was granted U.S. Patent Number 2,941,248 and assigned to the General Electric Company. There was still the problem of getting \$20 for me to start college.

I well remember my frustrated parents wondering how they could possibly get \$20 to get their oldest son into college. They did it; but how I never knew. Bless their souls.

After this brief aside, I need to get to the subject of my enrollment at Weber College. I did not realize that there was such a thing as a scholarship and probably could have obtained one if I had known about such things.

The following story that was found was also called Weber College Days.

I had excellent grades in Ogden High School but did not realize that there were opportunities for good students, like myself, to have a scholarship, so I never asked about such a thing. This was the era of our countries worst depression and jobs were very scarce.

I did not have any money to begin school but my father and mother remembered that I had loaned my father twenty dollars to travel to see if he could find work in the Mammoth Silver Mines in the Tintic Mining District, located near Eureka, Utah. I don't think that he managed to get a job

there, because he soon came back home. Somehow or other my parents scraped enough together to give me back my twenty dollars and I was able to enter college.

Knowing that more funds would be required to buy books and other things, I applied for and obtained a janitorial job at the college. At first it paid 15 cents an hour but later this was increased to 25 cents an hour.

I had a number of morning jobs. I started work at four o'clock in the morning and ended my work at seven o'clock. That was a three hour stint. During that time, these were my jobs:

- 1.Clean the women's toilets.
- 2.Clean the downstairs urinals.
- 3.Clean the college office
- 4.Clean out the junk that had settled on the bottom of the swimming pool during the night.
5. Take a couple of dives and swim once around the pool. Then get out, get dressed and head for my classes.

In an awfully cold winter of 1938, at Christmas time, I had the worst job that I have ever had in my entire life. The old heating plant of the college had to be completely repaired and renewed. While the furnace was being repaired, there was no heat anywhere, so they chose me to kneel in the bowels of the furnace, along with the dusty ashes, and with a short-handeled shovel, dig into the ashes, and shovel them out of the chamber.

I had only a handkerchief to put around my face, nose, and mouth, and this was of little use. The dust penetrated my clothing and certainly passed some of it into my lungs. Why didn't I run away from this? It's the same old story. This was a job, and I needed the money. I spent several days in cleaning out the ashes.

Then they gave me another job! I was to clean about one hundred windows. It was a very difficult job because there were no tall ladders. I could sit on a window sill with my knees dangling inside, and clean the outside of the upper window. I did the same thing for every window in the building. Since I didn't have any tall ladders, the only things that got cleaned were the outside upper windows and all of the inside windows.

The method used was to put some vinegar on crumpled newspapers, and wipe the windows with them. It didn't work, but we had to do it that way anyway. I tell you, there were an awful lot of streaked windows.

Trying to keep this job and, in addition, trying to keep up with my band, soon became too much, and I had a physical breakdown. But that is another story.