

Working My Way Through Weber College Ogden, Utah 1938-1940

As a young man I was always a good student, interested in learning and exploring and getting good grades in school, particularly in scientific endeavors.

There was no problem in that respect. The problem was earning enough money to pay for tuition and books. From an early age, I earned enough money doing farm work to buy most of my own clothes.

I had good grades in the Ogden High School but never even realized that there might be scholarships and student aids, so I never applied for anything of this nature.

Most of my friends were considering enrolling at our local Weber College, which was a two-year school. There were only seven hundred students at this place at this time.

I wanted to attend, but had no money at all. At this point, my parents remembered that I had saved \$20 sometime ago but gave it to my father to go on the Mammoth Mines in the Tintic Mining District to get some work. This was the era of the 1927 Stock Market crash and bank failures and men could not find work anywhere.

I had forgotten all about this but my parents remembered and somehow they managed to repay me for the \$20 and this enabled me to enroll in school at Weber College.

This still did not give me enough money to continue my college education. Fortunately, however, I discovered that the federal government had given money to provide some jobs at the college. Most of the jobs were of a janitorial nature and paid only \$.15 per hour. Later on, the pay was raised to \$.25.

I need to digress, at this point, to say a little something about the "Hi-Hatters" Dance Band. I was the organizer of the band and served as its leader, playing piano. I had business cards made and paid for a telephone in our home to accept calls. Additionally, we had special attire made for each musician and made fancy, lighted music stands to hold our sheet music, copying bands like Laurence Welk and others. At this point in time, I not only was holding down the janitorial job, which began at four in the morning and ended at seven in the morning. I did make money with the band but at a price to my health. Usually, we would play from nine at night to one in the morning and it always took additional time to get to and from the dance hall.

This was all too much! Study, work, and the dance band nearly did me in and I almost suffered an emotional collapse. My parents obtained a doctor to see me but I ended up having to save myself.

I gave up the dance band and turned it over to my friend, Prentice Agee, who was an excellent trumpet player. A year or so later the band disbanded.

I was so bad off that I got behind in school and some of my stiffer math classes earned me a "D" grade. It took at least six months for me to regain my health and get back to normal.