

BEYOND THE DUCT-TAPE

“an outing of lifes’ adventure”



1940 – 20..

Preface

Writing this series of lives' events may not be complete as a journey of experiences and opportunities have long passed. Much of my early life was provided because of my parents. They provided, encouraged and complimented me on my many achievements. Their support was more greatly seen as time passed on and my maturity extended far into the future.

This series of memoirs will probably never be completed during my lifetime. However what is written has been important to me over the years and not so surprisingly even now.

The time period of my early life was from the early 1940's through early 1960's. From there I will reflect on life after the early 1960's.

A LIFE'S START

"Speaking of oneself ... is encouraging others for hope"

There is always a comment or two when it comes to when life really begins. Leaving that to the scholars of spiritual knowledge, this memoir will provide other experiences in life commencing on this planet.

My lifes' beginning was on a sunny afternoon (they have told me) around 4:10 p.m. May 11, 1940. This birth was located in Elyria Memorial Hospital, Elyria, Ohio to Ruth (nee Stock) and Wilmot Long, both residents of Lorain County. One older brother, Glenn was only two years old at the time. As of yet neither brother, Robert nor David, was born. Glenn lived in Elyria the first year or two before my parents bought the farm in LaGrange.

My mother was an only child and lived on the corner of Route 303 and Cowley Road, Grafton growing up like any young girl grows. She experienced life on a farm, small and large animals around her in her early years as she matured. Her dad (Merton Stock) was an avid coon hunter as well as farmer and later an auto mechanic in his own garage located in Belden. Her mother (Ethel Stock, nee White) ran a border house to make financial ends meet and was a farm wife cooking and keeping the household up. My mother attended Belden School and graduated from there. My dad grew up in the LaGrange area and then lived in Elyria for a few years. He also enjoyed farm life with one brother (Raymond) and a sister (Gladys). He descended from early family members (Eldreds) including some of the first that migrated to Elyria by horseback from the East. They settled on Murray Ridge Road on a 90 acre farm later bought by the General Motors Corporation, Elyria, Ohio

Dad attended LaGrange Schools and graduated from there. He had served as a school board member during the time of consolidation of the school district with Penfield, Belden and Carlisle. In addition to his farming of Black Angus cattle and a few milk cows, he worked as a plumber and heating contractor. As busy as his work schedule was he seldom would work on a Sunday as he felt this was a day to rest. The work will always be there!



L to R: David, Wilmot (dad), Glenn, Ruth (mom), Bob, and Me

THE FARM

The farm was purchased by my dad's father in 1920's. Then in 1940, my parents bought the farm and moved from Elyria. Dad's cattle were driven from Elyria down Route 301 taking over two days before getting to their new farm. Location of this farm was on the corner of Whitney and Whitehead roads addressed today as

42070 Whitney Road. While growing up, the address was a long time known as Route 1, Whitney Road, LaGrange.



There were 99.9 acres of land on the deed. We always referred to the farm as a “one-hundred acre” farm. Situated on the farm was a six-plus acre woodlot, a running water stream (most of the time), and one original pond (before a second one was built) and a water spring at the main corner of the farm. Near the woods could be found a swamp area of about one-half acre that could not be tilled. Also located on the farm site were a salt water well near the barn (not drinkable as I remember) and a shallow gas well near the house. We had a large barn, silo, garage, horse barn, milk house,

granary, corn crib, out-house (a real convenience), chicken house, and a wood shed. A large garden was planted annually to provide food for winter use. Several fruit trees were in the small orchard as well as grape vines, gooseberries, currants, and red and black raspberries. The woods had several areas of black berries that were picked every year (maybe for 10 cents per quart for LaGrange Lions Carnival time spending money for us kids).

Our farm machinery was very average with Ford 8N, Allis Chalmers, Case and John Deere tractors. We had plows, discs, planters and drills, cultivators, cultumulcher, hay rakes, round and square balers, silage equipment, hay wagons, bale elevator, a combine, etc.



Before all these houses were built on Whitney and Whitehead Roads, much of the acreage was in tillable acres occupied by wheat, soybeans, corn, hay crops, and pasture lands. In the woodlands

there were planted red and white pines that remain towering over the Northwest corner of the woods as a conservation project.

Neighbor farms on all sides of the home farm were also small dairy farms. We all had daily milk can pickup of cold fresh milk that was hauled by milk cart to the road. Dairy farms had large water-cooled refrigeration coolers in their milk houses. Most of the dairies were only about fifteen to thirty cows in stanchion barns where they were milked each and every day at least twice per day. Every summer crops were planted in the spring (hopefully by Memorial Day). Hay crops were cut to be stored away by mid-June or sometimes later. When I was young, hay was picked up by horse drawn hay loaders and stacked onto hay wagons loose and then transferred to the barn and unloaded for storage. Some hay was stacked in large piles outside for winter feeding. Wheat was threshed and blown into the mows as wheat straw for later use. Wheat grain was used for feeds.

The dairy barn had only eleven stalls for eleven cattle early on. Later though additional stalls were added to accommodate at least twenty cows. One box stall (as it was called) was available for the maternity area for the expectant mother cow. The silo was about twelve feet in diameter and thirty-six feet tall. It was made of poured concrete with twenty wooden doors reaching from the ground level to the top. The silo was filled with chopped corn plants at just the right stage (early-dent kernels) fresh from the field. Sometimes the corn was bundled and then hauled to the silo where it was chopped and blown into the silo. The silo was filled with a tractor with a large belt on a pulley that ran about thirty feet to the large blower that would move the chopped corn up thirty six feet and dropped into the silo for storage. This was then fed daily to the dairy cows until the feed was all consumed.

My early farm experiences began by doing the chores assigned to me by my parents (especially by my father). Such chores included cleaning the cattle, sheep and chicken pens, rather occasionally it seemed. It was really exciting when we got a front-end manure loader for our 8N Ford tractor! Also I would shell out corn for the sheep and the chickens with a hand crank corn sheller, usually after getting home from school. The other chores would consist of pulling weeds in the garden and lawn. I could never figure out how well those weeds would grow usually as could be expected on a daily schedule it would seem! Then there was the carrying of water to all the livestock before water lines were buried to the barns. During the winter we would often have to go to the creek and pond to cut holes in the ice for livestock to drink from. The plus might be we would bring back chunks of ice for making home made ice cream in the basement with a hand crank ice cream maker. Nothing could taste much better than home made ice cream with ice from the pond!

As I became older (like in my early teens) driving the tractors in the fields for tilling the soils to plant crops become regular chores. It was the plowing (trying for straight lines) and the disking and culti-mulching of the soils to get ready for planting crops of wheat, oats, corn and soybeans. Many times I would take cold fresh milk from the milk cans in a quart container to the field for a cold drink on those hot summer days. The milk was so refreshing as I drank it under the only large oak tree in the middle of the crop field!

Many other farm jobs became noticeable as I entered my ninth grade in school. I began to take a strong interest in dairying. This meant that I had to buy additional farm equipment to accomplish all that needed done. There had to be inspection of the dairy facilities and the milk house as well to be able to ship Grade "A"

milk to a dairy processor. Also the dairy barn had to be expanded to hold more cows and feed room facilities be added.

I started out with seven cows of my own including the “dairy calf chain” animal I received from my LaGrange High School vo-ag chapter. The calf came from the farm of



Clayton Bobel, farmer, Penfield. I named her Beverly. She was a three-day old registered Holstein calf that I was required to take to the county fair for exhibition. She won “A” ribbons for her conformation. I had to give back to the vo-ag department the first heifer calf for another individual to win. Luck had it that the first calf was a heifer calf so that now Beverly became my own cow. For the next four years I had purchased more milk cows from sales and other farmers that I finally got up to twenty milk cows in my herd. I was very honored to have receive the trust of the Farm Production Credit Association and Bill Creed of the LaGrange

Branch of Grafton Savings and Trust Bank for financial support. During my senior year in school I had won the first State FFA Farmer Degree for LaGrange High School in 1958. My agriculture teacher who was very instrumental in helping me was George Hyatt.

THE HOLIDAYS

CHRISTMAS - Remembering the special holidays like Christmas in my childhood days is now like re-living the days of that era. We would all be like the kids of that period of time in that we would buy presents for our family members and sneak into a bedroom or other place to wrap them up for their surprise. Managing the tape, ribbons, and that colorful paper which was folded maybe two or three times before it would cover the gift was a challenge. Then how to get that sticky tape off of the fingers and still remain on the package! After all this was done, it was down to the Christmas tree with the packages and carefully placed just before our bedtime. We had to be sure there was room for Santa to leave our gifts!

The tree was always kind of special because we would go to a tree farm to locate just the right tree. Most interesting were the trees my dad picked out because they had their own special shape and somewhat designed! Back then there was not a lot of money to waste so the tree that fit the budget worked best. Needless to say many different shapes occurred!

After a few days outside for the limbs to re-position themselves for inside; then came the decorating of the tree. Of course the parents always had a few things for the trees including purchased ornaments and those large lights that always would heat up and creating a potential fire hazard. The water at the base of the tree in

that bucket that held the tree was so important to keep it fresh. I remember those special lights that looked like candles and the liquid in them would bubble as they heated.

A few favorite things as children we had the responsibility to make a few decorations for the tree. My mother would pop a big bowl of popcorn for us to use. Then she would place a bowlful of red cranberries on the dining room table with the corn. We each had a needle and red string that we would soon use to thread the corn and cranberries alternately until we had the string full and tied. Then our strings would be carefully wrapped and twisted around the tree to fill those vacant spots that would appear. I have to say the tree did look better!

Another favorite thing we would do was to take red, green and any other seasonal colors of construction paper cut into strips and carefully measured to make special links for creating a paper chain. The ends of these links would be pasted together as they were inter-connected to make a long paper chain. Paper chains were then placed on the tree and also hung high between the rooms in the doorways for that holiday spirit.

As all was trimmed at best and looking like Christmas was soon to be here we had another responsibility. There would have to be refreshments for Santa and his Reindeer. So mom would always have a few cookies we could place carefully on a special plate. Then a glass of fresh milk was placed along the side of our special written letter for Santa to read. Of course a few cubes of sugar for the reindeer were placed beside the plate. The letter was important because after all Santa had to know exactly what we needed (or, at least thought we wanted and couldn't do without)! The next morning after we all spent a restless (almost sleepless) night we would be so surprised that Santa would thank us for the special

treats for him and his reindeer. But as one can imagine, we would quickly turn our attention to the tree to see all those new-looking gifts carefully placed around the tree. Soon, we would begin handing out the gifts we looked so forward too for so many days!



After the morning was completed we would head off to the city to have Christmas dinner with each of our grandparents. By this time our wild activities began to slow as we tired. But our grandparents were very special to visit. Some years we would draw names of our family members to determine who we would provide gifts for. This became more popular as the grandparents became older and we had larger families. So at these dinners we would trade among our family members including aunts, uncles, and cousins.

Christmas holidays were very special and fun for all of us. As I became older I learned that milking the cows in the morning plus

the other animal chores had to be done just a little earlier. That meant the cows produced a little less milk in the morning only to hope they would make it up in the evening milking. Then along came evening and these chores had to be all done again. Those hungry animals I thought!

RECREATION ON THE FARM

Even though there were always chores to do as well as those special tasks that had to be done we could find time in the evenings or on the weekend to enjoy some free time for recreation. In the winter it was ice skating, snow sledding on steel runner sleds down the hills in the fields, playing ice hockey on the creek and later on the ponds as we became older. There was a lot of competition among four boys when competing for those hockey goal points. Having an official ice puck was challenging as they were quite expensive for us boys!

SLEDDING... Our farm place had very few hills for sledding. But we had a hill that led down to the creek. The slope was about 60 feet long and then a flat of 30 feet before it dropped off into the creek. So we started our steel runner sleds at the barb wire fence on top of the slope and started down the slope with a gentle shove. The sled picked up speed and glided down the slope and over the flat and just to the edge of the creek bank. Often it went smooth like this except for a few times the glide would be lengthened and into the creek we go. Getting wet was no fun when the air temperature was below freezing! But the sledding was fun for us while we were young.

ICE HOCKEY... Waiting for the pond to freeze solid enough for us to ice skate was always a challenge for a kids' patience! At first the creek would freeze solid enough to set up our hockey field and that was where we would start our ice hockey games until the pond safely froze. The creek was narrow and the length was determined by our energetic goal. Many of games were played on the creek surface over the years.

The big event was when the pond ice became about 6 inches deep we could then skate on the ice with little to no danger. We set our goals apart about 60 feet and the width of the pond about 40 feet. A wonderful and challenging ice hockey field! So for many games during daylight and night hours were played. The bonfire was built for the night time skates and ice hockey games. Many ice hockey sticks were broken over time with the wild plays that were often made!

BASKETBALL... Also playing basketball games in front of the granary with a metal barrel hoop fastened to the building made for a lot of fun as well. We had a night light to see by from the electric post by the building. Many a games were played called "horse" and, or "pig" by spelling out the words for each basket made. Also another popular game was by shooting same shots as the person ahead of one shooting.

Playing basketball on the wood barn floor in the hay mow was also challenging. We spent many winter nights playing ball there. The biggest limit we had was adequate lighting. Also we had to clear out all the straw and hay before playing. But somehow all of this worked out for the enjoyment of our simple fun games.

IN-HOUSE GAMES... Once in a while games in the house were popular too! For instance, playing ping pong on the kitchen table made for challenging fun times as well.



Many card and board games were also played. Checkers and Chinese checkers were popular as well. Several card games (like Hearts, Checkers, Dominos, or Rummy) were also popular for us kids.

SUMMER ACTIVITIES... Summer time allowed many more outdoor type activities for us. Such things as playing back yard softball with the bases spaced out in the yards being sure the ball had to go away from the house windows of course!

Swinging the bat was a big chore for the small country boy at that time. As we grew we got to be more challenging for our competition. Many times our cousins would come over on the

weekend and the ball games became bigger in scope and of course, importance!



The big ball games were played when the relatives would be over for special holiday events. My mother and dad would usually be the location for family activities. We were on a farm with lots of room I suppose!

Other summer games we played back then were badminton and croquet in the front yard. As well, we played horseshoes with a lot of “ringers” in the side yard by the road just across the driveway. The “sounds” of those ringers were a boys’ pleasure! Sometimes you wished you had three horseshoes to throw! Competing with Dad and our Uncle was nothing but challenging.

Another fun thing we did was to ride one of our two riding horses (Tyler and Tippy) around the farm fields.



This is me getting ready to head to the fields. Several events like falling off the horse would always happen. For instance one time I did not fasten the saddle well and I slid around under the horse, saddle and all! Another event was when the horse and I were far from the barn the horse decided that we needed to head back to the barn. And that we did with no control on my part. We got to the barnyard and this horse came to a dead stop and over the head I went like a bird in flight! Well, at least no physical damage appeared, but I did fear another ride like this for a while before I rode again.

I enjoyed riding a bicycle as did my brothers. One of the favorite things we did was to play dare devils on a bike. We would go up and over ramps a flying. Also we would run over each other by

placing a ramp on the chest of one of my brothers. Some of these ideas came from the Hurricane Motor Daredevils at the county fair! We were great imitators doing those special tricks! We got to ride our bikes



quite often on the country roads. We had to have permission from our parents and tell them every time we went biking on the road around to the neighbors! This was one advantage of country living as the roads were not heavily traveled.

I had a liking for motorized vehicles before I became 14 years old. I started with a Cushman motor scooter that I enjoyed riding. It had a kick-start engine that usually worked for me. I did not go far but enjoyed the trip as it is said! Eventually I was able to buy a special motor for my bicycle (about 1955). It was called a Wizard! The bike would go on its' own for about 20 mile per hour. It was fun. No pedaling was necessary! My cousin was out from the big city

(Elyria) and he had wanted to borrow the bike for a ride. He did, and he had a road accident on this bike. He broke a couple of teeth and bruised up a little. He got over it and told me how



bad he felt about wrecking my Wizard bike. I felt bad for him after wrecking! He ended up with a cracked tooth – ouch!

Another favorite thing we would like to do was to go fishing. We had a creek with big blue gills and sunfish as well as abundant bullheads. Often we would be distracted by frogs and a few water snakes of which we dreaded! The creek had a special spot near the neighbor's line fence where we could catch many fish. Also at the road bridge we would fish there and catch large suckers (as we called them). Fishing in the two ponds were a favorite too. We would go to the manure piles up around the barn and get those lively worms for bait. Also at night we would take our flashlights (shading the brightness of the light) out in the dark in the yard and

catch large worms (night crawlers as they were called). These made great bait!

We would catch a lot of fish just for fun, but we thought we were great fishermen! Often we would turn back the smaller fish except the bullheads were returned into the creek where they could grow. They were so hard to get off the hook since they swallowed the hook and bait so deep!



So you see we were just country boys doing common things as we enjoyed living on the farm while we were young.

Well as I graduated from high school I bought a car that I long remember. It was a 1960 red Monterey Mercury convertible with a white cloth top. The car cost me \$3200, a real buy as of today! I had put on “leg pipes” on both sides, cruiser skirts and other decorative features to make this a special car for me. I had this car as I went to college. Eventually it had a motor problem (not unusual for the times) and I had to trade for a better and more gas efficient car as college costs were demanding!



There was no doubt that this car was my steady friend! I would go to “Dogs and Suds” in Elyria and the drive-in movie theater in Carlisle Township on Oberlin Road. Sundays I would wax and polish my car to keep it bright and shiny. One day I forgot to put the top up on the car and we had a sudden rainstorm that drenched the inside of the car. It took several days for this car to dry out inside. My older brother never let me forget this!

MORE ABOUT MY SCHOOL YEARS

Several events of my school years are remembered quite well. I was in a graduating class of 38 kids. Many of us started in the same school (LaGrange Elementary) and continued to graduation. As most kids we remember our teachers and the experiences that were associated with each one. So, this is what I will relate to you as the reader. In the third grade I was taking piano lessons that I remember my mother being very supportive of. She was pretty good on the piano herself! Our instructor would come to the house every Saturday to check out our progress for newly acquired skills we were supposed to learn from the last lesson. I would demonstrate my playing skills with the piano to my third grade class members. I had become accustomed to playing that my piano teacher talked my mother in allowing me to play at a recital at the YMAC in Elyria. For my age this was a scary thing to do. But the concert went on and I survived it all and the crowd seemed to like it.

I didn't stay with the piano too long after that as I grew an interest to be in a school band. So in the sixth grade I played in the School's Junior Band. But before that I took a few lessons in baton twirling. That worked rather well but could not keep up with the girls with their twirling skills. Next I tried playing drums. I even got a drum set for Christmas one year. Lots of practice went on and lots of noise!

For some reason I then advanced myself to an Alto E-flat saxophone. My parents financed one for me and I would pay them back with my allowance money. Well all went well and I was getting better and better in the High School Band. Our band teacher was a slave driver but very orderly in her instructions. We played at local concerts and at all home football games. Our

marching was well known throughout the county. Those special corner steps and cross-overs in the field were specially recognized by many.

Traveling to the away games were special too. We would pile into the school bus and away we went. It was the favorite song time as we traveled. Like 99 bottles of beer on the wall, 98 bottles of beer on the wall, etc.. It seemed kind of crazy, but well mastered by the many students. Those were wild bus rides. Amazing the bus drivers were able to drive with sanity!

I stayed in the band until my eleventh grade. Due to my farm obligations of milking cows as I was building a dairy herd up in numbers demanded more time for chores, so I quit the band. I did not really mind since I was attempting to achieve the goal I had to become a State Farmer Award for our school. And, that paid off as I received the first State Farmer Award for LaGrange High School in 1958.

Since there were so many farm related activities to do the idea of playing school sports just did not work out. Besides I was not a husky school lad like others were. I was not disappointed though. Farming was my real interest. Like watching the crops grow and caring for them so they would produce feeds for my livestock. As soybeans became popular as a cash crop I also grew a few acres of them for extra cash for animal care costs. My brothers and I worked for our neighbor baling hay during the summer (wire-tie bales)!

High School graduation finally came and I enjoyed getting my diploma and having a graduation party to celebrate. Many of my parents and my friends came to my graduation and celebrated too. Even my relatives enjoyed the activities as well.

YOUTH LEADERSHIP OPPORTUNITIES

My parents were quite active in organizations and I am sure that led me to participate in many organizations too. One of the first activities I think of is the regular church attendance we had as a family. As boys we would attend Sunday School as our parents went to church services. My mother would lead a Sunday School class on a regular basis. My dad became active on the Church Board and also served as a Reader for the church. After I became older I participated as an Usher in the church welcoming attendees to the service.

Starting Cub Scouting was a community activity that I enjoyed. I became a Webelos leader for Mrs. Fryes' Cub Scout den. We would meet on Mondays after school in her house. This was a part of Pack 152 of Lagrange scouting group.

I then moved into Boy Scouting as I grew older. Our LaGrange Troop was Troop 118. We would often meet every Wednesday at the Veterans Hall at the Vet Park. Our scoutmasters included Ed Dussel, Glen Opfer, my dad, and a few others over the years.

We had a scout camp with a cabin and lots of land to have fun. Often we would pack up and hike for 5 miles out to the camp. In our packs went all the food each of us needed and the scouting tools. A heavy load it would often seem. All weekend was spent where we could work on merit badges and other skills.

After becoming 17 years old I joined the Explorer Post in LaGrange and continued scouting for a while longer.

As I became a ninth grader, I joined Old Glory Grange in Lagrange. Previous to this I was a member of the Old Glory Juvenile Grange in which my mother was the youth leader there for several years. During my last two years of high school I served as the Master of the Local Grange. My brothers and I were installed as State and National Grange Members during a ceremony in Cleveland, Ohio.

We had many years of serving in the Grange Cafeteria and constructing County fair booths in the Lorain County Fair. The old Grange Hall and the many rural members remain visible in my mind even to this day!

Two other youth organizations worth mentioning because they had meaning in my life were Lagrange High School FFA and county 4-H group. While in 4-H I was able to participate in the 4-H County Band under Fred Epply. We had spent a day on a train (first time!) going to the Ohio State Fair playing in the entertainment area and then returning to our county. I learned many basic things in 4-H that meant more to me in life later. I had great 4-H volunteer leaders over the 7 years in 4-H.

FFA became more important about my freshman year in school. I served as Vice-President and Reporter of the organization over the next four years of school. Earning the school's first State Farmer Trophy for my school met so much for me! Vo-ag training provided me with knowledge to farm for a few years before moving on in life! This ag training prepared me for becoming an agriculture later in life whereas I taught vo-ag and FFA for 12 years! This included West Virginia and Ohio High school teaching.

FROM FARM TO COLLEGE

For the next two years (1958 – 1960) after graduation from high school I continued to farm by milking cows and doing field work to support the dairy business. Later during the two-year period I found a job working at Larson Industries in Grafton for the purpose of supplementing my income. It was here by meeting a close friend from Cox's Mills, West Virginia that I learned there may be more in life than farming. Also I learned that I could still pursue my interest in agriculture by going to college. After some conversation with my parents about this opportunity it was decided that I sell out my investment in farming and attend Glenville State College in Glenville, West Virginia.

My first year in college was living on the farm of my friend (Wade Adams) who had interested me into going to school with him. Many farm experiences I was unfamiliar with (in West Virginia) were learned like feeding cattle on hillsides, moving cattle from one farm to another, taking cattle to the market and how to provide veterinary services as needed. It was a wonderful and educational experience of living in another state with other farm folks learning other farm and systems and family personalities.

My second year at Glenville State was spent living with a town family in Glenville who were very supportive of me attending school. While at school here I worked on the College Farm learning about poultry production. I learned to butcher hogs and process meats (salting, smoking and curing) like pork cuts of hams and bacons. To be honest, I was only a "C" or average student in high school. For once, I applied myself and learned I could do so much better and I did!

I met this wonderful girl attending college as was I during our first year. She was from the area near Glenville in a hamlet known as Lynn. She worked at the Student Union on campus and caught my eye over a coco cola being served to me by her. We talked and I got to meet her mother and enjoyed the relationship with her family. During the spring of the second year at Glenville we decided to get married and work together to continue on in school at Morgantown, West Virginia in the fall of this year. For the remainder of this second year at Glenville I stayed with her at her families' farm. I enjoyed working on this farm to help her mother with the things that needed done such as repairing the tv line up to the top of the hill. I also enjoyed walking up the hills on this farm. The scenery was very enjoyable to view.

I have to express my sincere appreciation to Glenville State College for a very great educational program and their challenging instructors preparing me for the transfer and providing excellent educational training in preparation to West Virginia State University, Morgantown, West Virginia.

During the summers between my college semesters I worked for Western Auto, Elyria, packaging bearings for shipping; the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, measuring set-aside acres on Lorain County farms in the government farm programs; and, delivering house-to-house dairy products for Dairymen's Milk Company of Sheffield, Ohio. I remember "chugging up" many multiple stair steps with numbers of glass one-half gallons of Grade A milk! All of these summer jobs were interesting and educational for a country lad like me. The jobs also provided college spending opportunities as well as for my young family.

Linda had worked several summer jobs during our first year. She then worked at West Virginia University Library as I attended the last two years in Morgantown. We had our first son in my senior year as we lived in an apartment on Beechurst Street.



1964 WVU Graduation day.

My parents were able to attend graduation day. They were proud of both of us for accomplishing this achievement. Our next goal was to start in the work place and begin a year of teaching at Hundred High School for at least one year and then to return to WVU to work on a Master's Degree in Agricultural Education

THE PATH OF 1960 THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

Fall of 1960 began a not familiar future for me. I had been farming for over 2 years since graduation at this point. After giving up my community organization leadership roles; selling my dairy herd and farm machinery; growing to a beginning of new territory; and, now learning to compete for success, I had a lot to learn. This was

the end of my farming on my parents' farm over the years. Maybe I would return to farming somewhere but not for now.

The decision to start a career with the beginning of college leading toward an educational degree to teach others seemed so far away to me. The opportunity to live on a farm in West Virginia while studying for my new adventures was intriguing to say the least! My parents had provided me with the growing experiences to do something for myself now. I had to study and be responsible for earning my own grades and at the same time provide time to help the farm family I stayed with. In earlier pages here I discussed some of these experiences that led me on through graduation and beyond. My spouse became my guide and inspiration for success. The two children became important as we all learned to be a family growing over time.

So as I moved into another whole new area for me after leaving my home farm. The next two years (1960-1962) was spent in Central West Virginia attending Glenville State College. The college was considered a teacher college; therefore I fit right in for my chosen career goal of an agricultural teacher. The education process for me was rather grueling since I never in high school studied so mindfully. After two years at Glenville State I transferred to West Virginia University to earn my BS Degree in Agricultural Education and Biological Sciences (1962-1964). So once again it was to the books and practical experiences WVU required of me that I was moved into the concentration of mind training! In time this really paid off. In my Junior year I earned the "Dean's List" and upon graduation I had earned "Graduated with High Honors". My Ag Instructors and Advisors at WVU were: Dr. R C Butler, Department Chairman; Dr Warren Kelly, Ag Instructor; and Dr. Claude McGee, Instructor.

LEAVING MORGANTOWN

Before graduation occurred, I was offered a teaching position with Hundred High School (1964-65) in Wetzel County, West Virginia. I was promised a Graduate Assistant position back in the WVU AG Education Department if I would accept this one year position. The reason was to fill the county position while the regular vo-ag teacher would be on leave to earn his Master's Degree in Maryland. Needless to say this was an attractive offer, so my wife and I packed up and left Morgantown to Hundred, West Virginia.

Hundred was an interesting place to spend my first year teaching. I had over 60 vo-ag students in the top four grades of school. Also I taught a class in General Science to seventh graders. In addition I had an adult agriculture class to teach in off-school hours. One of the most interesting achievements was the challenge for the FFA Chapter to earn adequate monies for their annual banquet meeting to recognize the parents and chapter members for their activities. To earn this money, members would gather loads of walnuts from the wild and we would have to husk them out and sell them to the State for \$3 per hundred after shelled. Many hours after school was out students would stay to husk. A car was jacked up in the shop just enough to "peel-off" the husk and bare the walnut to package for sales. As a result of this money making activity we held our annual FFA banquet in the spring before school dismissed for the summer. During the summer I visited all of the ag class students to verify their learning experience programs as required for school credits. There were many interesting projects on their farms. I knew as I looked at the poultry and market hog projects that these were soon to be finished out for market weights and preparations to compete in W. Va. Ham, Bacon and Egg competition.

A RETURN TO MORGANTOWN

It soon became time to return to Morgantown during the late summer (1965) to begin my WVU Graduate Assistantship position in the Ag Ed Department with Dr. R. C. Butler, Department Chairman. My assignment was to develop a teaching guide for Ag Teachers in the State of “Insects and Diseases in Agriculture”. Therefore as I continued my required Master’s Degree studies I also developed this handy guide for ag teachers to use. Again I achieved the Dean’s List at my Master’s Degree graduation.

In the fall of the year (1966), I was employed by Lewis County Schools in Central W. Va (School Year 1966-67). My job was to teach agriculture classes in Jane Lew and Walkersville Junior High Schools. It was during this year that I completed my Master’s Degree with my Thesis titled “Programmable Instruction at the High School Level”. The emphasis on the project was to compare the normal classroom learning procedure with developed programmable learning process for student learning in the classroom. Since I had the two geographically like schools, a comparison could be objectively made using students of each school measuring achieved outcomes.

In the spring of 1967 I presented my learned thesis materials to the WVU Ag Ed Department Master’s Committee and succeeded with their requirements earning me to my Master’s Degree in Agricultural Education. My Thesis was then published for WVU. Now it was time to take my education to find a new, challenging teaching position preferably in W. Va.

A NEW TEACHING JOB OFFERED

(More to come...)