

AN INHERITANCE THAT CAN NEVER PERISH

a brief history of
**Justin G. and Frances P.
Longenecker**

PREFACE

The pages that follow present a brief history of the Justin G. and Frances P. Longenecker family. It has been prepared particularly for the children and grandchildren of this couple, although it may also be of interest to other relatives and friends. It is being prepared by Justin without the help of Frances, because we as a couple postponed this endeavor too long. I am not sure I regret this too much. We enjoyed life together so much and we spent our time in ways that enriched our lives and contributed to the basic purposes for which we lived. It was a full life, and writing history was on the agenda but not quite at the top.

I regret that we only obtained a few of Fran's recorded girlhood memories. Perhaps I can remember enough of her stories that I can fill in some of these. She did record two or three of these, at my urging, in the last six months of her life. In fact, I think one of them was written one night when she had trouble sleeping.

I hope the story will be interesting reading by our grandchildren and their children and that they may find some inspiration toward productive Christian lives.

J.G.L.
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CHAPTER ONE

Family Backgrounds

Family backgrounds may be boring, but they may still be of interest as we think about our origins.

Justin's Paternal Grandparents

The Longenecker family had its U.S. beginning in the 1720's or early 1730's when three Mennonite brothers came from Switzerland to the U.S. and settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The family history (probably including some speculation about early origins) is recorded in a book by Esther Mae Longenecker Hiestand, *Pitchforks and Pitchpipes: A Portrait of a Lancaster County Mennonite Family*, published as a Limited Edition in 1989. The author's address at time of publication was shown as 650 Bainbridge Road, Marietta, PA 17547. Justin purchased three copies of this book, one for each daughter.

I recall an account that said the family fled to Switzerland from France in the days of John Calvin after the St. Bartholomew Day's Massacre in France, but I do not know whether this is correct. At any rate, it appears that they were followers of Menno and thus were Mennonites. These are not the same as the Amish, but they did have conservative, plain dress and were hard-working farmers.

When Justin's father, Irvin Brubaker Longenecker, was seven years old, his family moved to Kansas. His father (Justin's grandfather) was John Garber Longenecker and his mother was Barbara Brubaker Longenecker. I'm not sure how many children were here at that time, but my father was the oldest. There were eleven children — Annie and George Decker, Emma and Ira Hamilton, Riley and Albert Beyer, Katie and Reuben Larson, Fannie and Irvin Dayhoff, Levi Longenecker, John and Ruth Longenecker, Alda and John Zook, Mary and Ezra King, and Elizabeth Longenecker.

The story as I heard it was that the family occupied a boxcar or part of a boxcar as they came by train from Pennsylvania to northeast Kansas. The family evidently settled on a farm near Birmingham (Justin's birthplace — a very small village). Two older children (Justin's Dad and Aunt Annie Decker) apparently grew to adulthood and stayed in this area when the rest of the family moved on to Harvey County and settled in a farming area a few miles north of Newton, Kansas, a locality known at that time as East Emmett. The family's way of life is described by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay in a small book, *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1914). The author recorded his experiences while working several days for my grandfather during wheat harvest. There were several children still at home then, but my father was already married (I obtained a copy of this book by searching the Internet). I am confident that my grandmother Barbara came from the same Mennonite community in Pennsylvania, and I presume she had similar northern European roots, but I do not know the facts.

Justin's Maternal Grandparents

My mother, Alice O'Della Gooderl Longenecker (known as "Della" or "Dell" to siblings and friends) was born in Guernsey County, Ohio to Justin's grandparents, William Louis Gooderl and Jane Gooderl. I believe that the families of both grandparents came from England. The family evidently moved to northeast Kansas at some point in her childhood. My mother was the oldest of eight children — Mary and Chris Walker, Ora and Sammie Jones, Lee and Cora Gooderl, Ray and Ruth Gooderl, Scott and May Gooderl, Russell and Edith Gooderl, and Justin Gooderl (after whom I was named). I believe the families of both grandparents came from England. The account of my childhood will indicate that our family had extensive interaction with my mother's family, most of whom lived near us.

Justin's Parents Marry

Both my Dad and Mother were teaching school when they married in June, 1900. These were one-room country

schools. I understand that my father even had some of his siblings in his school. I do not know how many years they taught, but I believe both had attended a school called Campbell's College in Holton, Kansas, the county seat. I don't think there were high schools at that time. I never thought to ask them how or where they met!

In a short time, they had moved to Birmingham, Kansas, located seven miles southeast of Holton, and were operating a general store and a 40-acre farm that adjoined our house. Although I wrote books on small business, I never thought to inquire about the transition from teaching to merchant-farmer. I should make it clear that my mother was a housewife and was not active in the business. And my father devoted himself to the store with sons and occasionally others doing most of the farm work.

Their first son, John, died during the first few days of his life. My brother Howard was born in 1907 (at least he was ten years older than I). A sister, Lois, was born after Howard, but she died in infancy about two years of age, I think, of some childhood disease. Both John and Lois are buried in the nearby Brick Cemetery, located next to what at one time was a country schoolhouse. The other two boys, Homer and Justin, made their appearances in 1912 and 1917.

Frances' Paternal Grandparents

Frances' parents, Frank Isaac Pickering and Bertha Davis Pickering, came from Boulder, Colorado. I believe that the families of both parents had British origins, and I recall our special interest in an English town named Pickering. Her grandfather's name was Isaac Pickering, who lived from 1841 to 1917. Her grandmother was Jane Pickering, who lived from 1847 to 1920. As would be expected, therefore, I never heard Frances describe them or talk about them. Fran's father (Frank) had a number of siblings including Uncle Will Pickering and family of Ohio, Aunt Sarah Knapp of Boulder, Aunt Lottie and Uncle Will Kneisler of Boulder, and Aunt Mary and Uncle Will Fleming of Illinois.

Frances' paternal grandparents had evidently moved from Mitchell, South Dakota (home of the "Corn Palace") to

Boulder, Colorado. I've heard stories to the effect that Frank as a boy rode in a covered wagon on that trip.

Frances' Maternal Grandparents

Fran's maternal grandmother (Davis) died in 1902 and her grandfather died in 1918. Therefore, Fran had no memory of them. They had an English Quaker background. The strained relations between Bertha and her stepmother may have hastened the decision of Frank and Bertha to wed when she was eighteen years old. Frances' mother had two widowed sisters, Aunt Esther Keller and Aunt Ethel Cook, both of whom lived near them in Southern California in their retirement years.

Frances' Parents Marry

Frances' family began in 1910, when her parents married in Boulder, Colorado. After graduating from high school, Fran's father, Frank Pickering, worked in a sawmill and at a brickyard in Boulder. However, he soon qualified for a civil service appointment as a field clerk with the Judge Advocate's division of the U.S. Army. (Later these positions became warrant officers with military rather than civilian status. They moved to Fort Riley, Kansas (near Junction City) when Frank accepted this appointment. Frances' brother Gordon was born during their time at Fort Riley.

The family moved from Kansas to San Antonio, Texas when Dad Pickering was transferred to Fort Sam Houston. It was in San Antonio that Elizabeth, Frances, and Virginia were born.

CHAPTER TWO

Childhood of Justin and Frances

Justin and Frances grew up in drastically different circumstances and cultures. It is interesting to observe the way in which their love was able to surmount these childhood differences.

Justin — Growing Up in a Rural Environment

Justin was born in the family home in Birmingham, Kansas on May 4, 1917. The family doctor, Dr. Smythe, had been called to come the seven miles from Holton to preside at this event. The country was engaged in World War I at the time, and that motivated the parents to name the new baby Justin Gooderl Longenecker after his mother's brother, who was serving in the U.S. Navy's highly-dangerous task of transporting soldiers to Europe while avoiding torpedoes from German U-boats.

Two older brothers, Howard and Homer, were his siblings, ten and five years older. Because of their age differences, the three of them did not play together a great deal. Instead, Justin's playmates were his two cousins, Marvin and Helen Gooderl, who were almost the same age. Their father, Uncle Lee, worked for my father in the family business, a general store known in some places as "I.B. Longenecker & Co." Some of Justin's boyhood memories are included in an appendix to this history.

General Store

The main source of income for the family, I think, was the general store which sold a wide variety of products: canned foods, candy, yard goods for making dresses (as well as lace, thread, etc.), blue jeans and work shirts, work shoes, gasoline and oil, hardware items (like nails, screws, wire, bolts), farm implements (like hay rakes, cultivators, plows,

harrows, hay loaders), and specialized feed for animals (tankage, block salt). The store also included a post office with my father as postmaster. The store purchased cream from farmers and transported it to a creamery in Holton. The store purchased eggs which were candled to be sure they were not spoiled and shipped on somewhere in the large egg crates I helped build. At one time, we had an electric generator and large bank of batteries in the hardware building (behind the main store building) and sold electricity to other homes in this very small unincorporated village.

Family Farm

Our family also owned a 40-acre farm that was behind our home, a farm used for raising hogs, a number of dairy cattle (mostly Holsteins), corn, alfalfa, and wheat. Of course there was a pasture for livestock. We boys had farm duties from an early age. One of my first duties was to go to the hen house every afternoon and gather the eggs. Later, I learned to milk cows by sitting on a one-legged stool and holding a milk bucket between my legs. Then there were field tasks such as helping to put hay in the barn and to shuck wheat bundles (I never learned to shuck corn, probably because I was in school at that time of year). As we grew older, we worked some in the store and sometimes stayed there as the “merchant” when everyone including my father needed to be elsewhere.

Christian Life

My father was very businesslike and seemed to me to be preoccupied with the business. I do not remember his playing with me. Even so, I loved my father, and I had great respect for him. He was a respected man in the community, serving on the local elementary school board, also serving on the high school board, and teaching Sunday School and filling other leadership roles in the small country Methodist church where I would guess we often had attendance of 30 to 50 at best. He liked to sing and wanted any of us who learned to play the piano a little to play and sing hymns before church Sunday mornings. He was a strongly committed Christian. My mother was a godly woman who somehow managed to develop a respect for the sacred and some moral values in me even though I was not then a Christian. I can remember sometimes

seeing her kneeling at a rocking chair in the bedroom, maybe on a Sunday afternoon. She was also careful to read a number of religious periodicals.

School Days

One of my stories in the appendix describes my elementary school experience. My high school was four miles away and we usually rode with someone who had a car but walked on rare occasions. There were eighteen students in my class and 73 in the entire high school. I studied fairly well, but the grades came easily for me. I was sort of embarrassed with good grades, since superiority in athletics seemed much more important. Mercifully, there was a smart girl named Doris who was valedictorian so I was merely salutatorian and barely in the top ten percent of my class (an interesting contrast with Frances, who was salutatorian in her class of 500!). I did play a little baseball and a little basketball. We had a good junior varsity basketball team at one time and could beat the comparable teams from other schools. No doubt I secretly admired some of the female students, but I did not get involved in dating. Well, at the very end of my senior year, I did have one or two sort-of dates with Doris — never any kissing but I did have my arms around her some!

It was time for college or employment, and I had no strong desires or life goals in either area. In fact, I don't think I'd ever thought much about it. These were depression days, so the possibility of a good-paying job was not unattractive. Through a series of seemingly random events (and God's providence, I believe), I landed at a junior college in McPherson, Kansas.

Frances — Growing Up in a Military Family

Frances was born in a military hospital in San Antonio. In an old financial record of her father's, we discovered the cost for that several-days hospital stay for baby Frances and her mother was three dollars per day!

Frances joined a family that included four-year-old sister Elizabeth and eight-year-old brother Gordon. Two years after her birth, another sister, Virginia, made her appearance.

They lived on Shafer Street not too far from the railroad tracks. Her mother was a stay-at-home homemaker, as was almost universally the case in those days, and her Dad was busily engaged in his duties in the Judge Advocate's office at Fort Sam Houston.

Family Trips

Some of Fran's girlhood memories are included in an appendix to this history. She had great memories of the family's periodic (Gordon says "every three years") automobile trips from San Antonio to visit their relatives in Kansas and Boulder, Colorado. Her Dad (Frank) was one of the earliest car owners and greatly enjoyed being on the cutting edge of this new form of transportation. While living in Kansas, he acquired a two-cylinder Maxwell. Later, he owned a Lambert that was used for the 1920 trip to Kansas and Colorado (remember, Frances would have been about six months old on that trip). A couple of years later, they bought a later-model Maxwell and used it on the 1923 trip that included Yellowstone Park.

The whole family went on these trips, and they carried a tent and necessary camping gear with them. The modus operandi at one stage, at least, was for Gordon to help his Dad pitch the tent each night and Elizabeth to help her mother prepare food. Because Frances and her sister Virginia were the "little girls," they were allowed to play while the others worked. There were stories of times when they were slowed by muddy roads and other trials of early travel.

Gordon mentioned that Fran's Dad almost thought of Frances as his "boy," and he named her "Frances" — as close to "Frank" as he could get. He must have been hoping for a son. She wore overalls, and Gordon reports that she learned to whistle early.

Church Life

The family always sought out the Free Methodist Church whenever this was possible. Her father (and I suppose her mother) had been introduced to a vibrant Christian faith by the ministries of the Boulder, Colorado Free Methodists,

including the efforts of his sister Sarah. In the early years in San Antonio, they attended the first Methodist Church because there was no Free Methodist Church. Her Dad liked Arthur Moore, the strong evangelical pastor, who later became a Methodist Bishop. They later joined other Free Methodists in starting a new FM church near their home neighborhood. Dad Pickering was very active in his faith and always willing to share a testimony whenever the service included a testimony time.

Hawaii Assignment

When Frances was six years old, the family moved to Honolulu. Her Dad was assigned to a military base there, and that permitted the family to use a swimming area at or near the beach where she learned to swim. It was here that she started school as she has described in one of her girlhood memories (in the Appendix). Since there was no Free Methodist church available, the family attended the Methodist church, and I believe her Dad served as Sunday School Superintendent.

Omaha Transfer

After a few years of elementary school there, another transfer took them to Omaha, Nebraska. In Omaha, the family built a house across the street from the Free Methodist church, and I think their house was almost an adjunct of the church. Her mother taught a Sunday School class for young people, and this may have included junior high as well as high school age. Frances' mother led them in lots of social activities as well as the Bible study, and a number of young people from this group were lifelong friends. One time, they had a party of some kind for just the girls in the class, and the boys were envious. As I recall, they tried to make off with some of the refreshments.

When Frances was getting old enough to go out with boys, her mother insisted that she be sort of an equal opportunity companion for the boys in the class. In one case, she went to a school play with a boy who wore overshoes and maybe had some other features that embarrassed her. I don't believe she

ever had a steady boyfriend during this time, which extended through her freshman and sophomore years of high school.

Move to Nebraska

During Frances' years in Omaha, her siblings, Gordon and Elizabeth, attended the Free Methodists' Central College in McPherson, Kansas — the same college that I later attended. In fact, her sister Elizabeth and Wesley Walls, whom she later married, graduated from Central College in 1937 (just before I entered in the fall) and went on to Greenville College. Gordon had undoubtedly gone on to Greenville some years before that. Think what it would have meant if Fran's dad had been kept at Omaha longer. She would likely have followed the same path as Elizabeth, and I would have missed her! As a result of having her older siblings in college, she became acquainted with college people and singing groups from the college. I expect she was on the campus of Central College a few times.

Back to Hawaii

It was back to Hawaii for her last two years of high school. Those were exciting years for her. In school, she did well as usual and finished as salutatorian of her large graduating class. This meant she should give a short talk at commencement, an appalling thought to Frances who never enjoyed or felt comfortable speaking in public. She solved this problem by playing her violin as part of the commencement program.

The family again attended the Methodist church. This was a favorable location for girls, because there were many boys from the military who came to church! The girls were in the minority. I think she did well in social life and must have had a steady boyfriend at one time — I never bothered to remember his name. Even at that time, I think, her parents were somewhat cautious about her getting too involved at that age. In fact, I think one boy may have aspired to marrying her. Parental control is not all bad!

CHAPTER THREE

Junior College in Kansas

Junior College is, for many students, a very routine experience. For Justin, however, it was an experience that shaped his entire lifetime.

Discovering Central Christian College

On a family trip, my father, mother, and I stopped overnight with my Aunt Riley and Uncle Albert Beyer in McPherson, Kansas. At their suggestion, we stopped the next morning on the campus of a tiny junior college called Central College (now known as Central Christian College). There were no high-powered recruiters. We were just ushered into the office of President C.A. Stoll, who explained we could even have a ten percent reduction in tuition if I was in the top ten percent of my class (the academics were paying off more than the athletics). There was really no other competition, and the smallness of the school was no deterrent to someone who had known only small schools.

A few months or weeks later, my brother Howard drove me out in his model A Ford — probably 175 miles from our home. My assigned roommate was Charlie MacQueen (technically John Charles MacQueen) who eventually became a noted children's doctor and professor at the University of Iowa medical school. He and many of the other fellows in our dorm had some background in the Free Methodist Church, the church that sponsored the college. These were pretty much the first young people I had known who professed a vibrant faith in Jesus Christ. Some would even stand up in a service and give testimonies. After a week or more of intense homesickness, I enjoyed getting acquainted with them and participating with them in dorm and college life. I realized that the faith of a number of them was more genuine than my own and that it was comparable to the faith of my mother and dad.

The academic schedule presented no problems. One of my most enjoyable classes was an introductory English class in which we often wrote short themes. The instructor, Mamie Matson, a mature lady with a master's degree, spoke approvingly of some of my efforts and encouraged me. I remember I once wrote on "Why I Like My Name," although I do not recall the reasoning. I think it helped prepare me for the writing that has been a part of my life. There were also intramural sports and many social events that made life enjoyable, especially as I continued to get over those initial homesick feelings.

Coming to Faith

The most important event of that first semester (and of my life, for that matter) concerned my spiritual life. Later in the semester, I had seen enough to know I needed to come to faith. In fact, I probably knew this before I came, but I didn't know how. There was a revival meeting one week, and an invitation was given after the first Sunday evening service. I walked to the front, and they prayed with me. However, I didn't think I was a Christian because I didn't feel any different. At another chapel service, I again went for prayer, and the college president got on his knees beside me. After asking me a series of questions, he said, "Young man, you are not far from the kingdom of heaven!" But I still lacked any assurance because of the absence of any dramatic flash on my inside.

I even wrote Mother and Dad and told them I was seeking the Lord. My mother said she would pray on a particular afternoon and asked me if I would do likewise. It happened I could be alone in my room, so I prayed as well as I could. Not feeling any different, I walked out on the front porch or verandah of the dorm which was above the ground level by several steps. It was deserted, and I stood there looking across the campus and thinking of my quest to know God. Suddenly, I seemed to be filled with a consciousness of God and sensed in some way that I was a child of God! It was a very quiet but profound knowledge and one that did not immediately disappear. I think I learned that faith does not depend on feelings, but that some feelings may come later.

My life was totally transformed, although there may have been little evidence to that effect. But my purpose was now clear — to live for Christ — even though I had no idea what I wanted to do. I learned to pray by meeting with a small group of fellows in a corner of the dorm parlor. And I began to enjoy the fellowship of these guys who were now my brothers. Inside, I also knew that if I ever took a serious look at a girl, the most basic question would be whether she was committed to Christ! It was about this time, I think, that my brother Howard came to clear personal faith in the Lord, threw away his cigarettes, and started living for the Lord. My parents must have been quite happy.

Winding up Life at Central

The rest of the year went well. In the spring semester, I had several dates with Elda Pearl, a girl in my class. I suppose I may have hugged and kissed her, but I can't remember, so it must not have been too memorable. She was a nice gal but, for some reason or another, I decided I didn't want to keep it going. Unskilled as I was in such matters, I just didn't write to her in the summer and made no special efforts to start things up in the fall — not a very considerate behavior. Early in this sophomore year, several of us fellows decided to date casually, but not to go steady — something that would have been changed quickly if we had met the right one! So I probably had a few dates. The college had an academy also at that time, and before the year was over I noticed this pretty brown-eyed girl named Mildred Hart (I'm pretty sure that was her name). Anyhow, we eventually had a steady thing going. I'm sure I kissed her because she was so pretty. We had fun, and for one date, three of us fellows rented a horse and buggy and took the gals buggy riding. I think the relationship was based more on looks than other characteristics. This relationship soon disappeared when I moved on to Seattle. In fact, I don't remember writing to her from Seattle.

About this time, my male friends (and some girls too, though none of them were close friends) decided they would go on to Seattle Pacific College, a Free Methodist college in Seattle (now Seattle Pacific University) for the last two years of college. Having no particular direction otherwise, this sounded like a wonderful adventure to me — going west with

my best friends. So we made plans for a trip west, but that takes us to the next chapter of the story. At this time, remember, Frances was just completing her junior year in high school — in Honolulu.

CHAPTER FOUR

Seattle Pacific: Kansas Meets Hawaii

Although we did not meet immediately, Seattle Pacific provided the environment in which we found each other. It is a somewhat extended story that we will explain in the following pages.

Trip to Seattle

The great Seattle Pacific College (now Seattle Pacific University) experience must begin with Justin, because he arrived a year before Frances made her appearance. In the summer of 1937, five 1937 Central College graduates (Charles MacQueen, Walter Helsel, Glenn Stewart, Kenneth Potter, and Justin) made preparations for the trip northwest. Charlie, with the help of a brother-in-law, bought a used Chevy sedan, and we all chipped in on the cost — could it have been \$50 each? Charlie, with the help of his mother, also procured some canned or dry foods that could serve for a few meals. Can you imagine five guys having all their worldly belongings packed into that trunk space along with the food?

We used a book of maps provided by Conoco Oil Company and headed west. I'm not sure any of us had been west of Kansas previously, so we scheduled the trip to include some scenic spots. When we reached Colorado, we drove to the Royal Gorge and then north to Pike's Peak. We made it to the top of Pike's Peak, even though the passenger in the front seat had to hold the gear shift in second to keep it from slipping out of gear. Then, we traveled north to Cheyenne, Wyoming and northwest to Yellowstone National Park. Of course, Old Faithful, Yellowstone Falls, and the other wonders of nature impressed these mid-western guys. After seeing Grand Coulee Dam (in construction), and traveling

down the beautiful Columbia River to Portland, we turned north to Seattle.

One special challenge in this trip was the seventeen flat tires, most on one wheel. In Idaho, we ground off the rough spots on that rim, and it caused no trouble after that. On the trip, I remember that we slept in a school yard one night and stayed with someone's relatives one night, but most of the time I think we lodged in motels, inexpensive ones, of course. We also learned to sing certain folk songs together as we drove along — like a sad Russian ballad, "Ivan Skavinski Ski-var" (no idea of spelling), which we later sang as part of the impromptu entertainment on an early class picnic on the beach of Puget Sound. The last verse was something like:

*Now a Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep
In the light of the cold northern star
And the name that she constantly shouts in her sleep
Is Ivan Skavinski Ski-var.*

Seattle seemed beautiful — we could see the Olympics on the west and the Cascades, including Mt. Rainier, on the east. The dormitory was available, and I believe that I roomed with MacQueen and maybe Helsel that first year.

Justin's Junior Year at SPC

My junior year went well after another little tinge of homesickness at the very beginning. Since Political Science studies were headed and taught by Dr. S. Lyle Post, a new Ph.D. from University of California, my friend Paul Zickefoose from Central College and I both decided to major in that area. In both junior and senior years, course work was interesting in both Poli Sci and other areas. I remember a course in Shakespeare in which we sometimes answered roll call with a quotation we had memorized. I also recall a psychology course taught by beloved Doc Ashton, a constitutional law course, and a course in religious cults taught by Dr. Frank Warren, who later married us.

For some reason, this was not an active year in dating. At some point, I remember having some dates or hanging out with a girl from California named Anna Marie. However, she did not stand out in my thinking, and this never amounted

to anything. There may have been others, but nothing really exciting until my senior year! I should note that my Uncle Russell and Aunt Edith Gooderl lived in the apple country near Yakima, Washington. On occasional weekends, I would hitchhike over the Cascades to visit them and my cousins who were part of the family.

Justin Meets Frances

For some reason, I was helping in registration for fall quarter of 1938 in the main administrative and classroom building, Science Hall. Sometime one afternoon, a friend from Central, Lula B. Gilbert, introduced me to a freshman from Hawaii, Frances Pickering. Technically, the family had moved to the Presidio in San Francisco that summer, but we somehow thought of her as coming from Hawaii. I don't know that I was overwhelmed by that first short intro, but it was a small college with opportunities to notice students in various contexts. Undoubtedly we ate in the same college dining room, which in those days involved sitting at an assigned table and staying there until the meal was declared over (maybe at noon, we left when our table was finished). In the morning, there was a time of devotions after breakfast. But I was particularly aware that Frances played the violin well and had participated in a number of programs — at least I remember it as more than one exposure to her playing.

At any rate, my interest grew as the quarter progressed. I expect I was also attracted by her beauty, but it is hard to reconstruct my thought processes at that time. In any case, I was a bit apprehensive about asking her for a date. My friend, Walt Helsel, was dating a girl who lived in the girls' dorm, so he helped by getting her to evaluate Fran's probable reaction to some overture on my part. So late in the quarter — maybe near Thanksgiving (and certainly a cause for thanksgiving) — I somehow asked to "take her home" after some college function. It was not a solo endeavor. Helsel and his girlfriend and another couple all piled into someone's car for a ride across the canal to the Ballard section of Seattle. There we visited an ice cream parlor of some kind and enjoyed chocolate milkshakes. Although the car was crowded, I have no recollection of her sitting on my lap and I'm sure I would have remembered! Since the college basketball team had a game the following night, I managed

to get a second date the very next day! We were off to a great start! I wish she were here to add her recollections and feelings concerning these early contacts, but for me they were exciting.

I don't recall how many dates we managed before Christmas break, but I think I gave her a small Christmas gift. It was probably a compact (containing powder and so on), a popular item in those days. During Christmas vacation, there was opportunity for an unusual kind of meeting. Frances either caught a ride with California students or rode the bus home to San Francisco for Christmas (she did both at various times), but Kansas was much too far for me to go home. So I decided this Christmas vacation would be a good time to see the West Coast. I really think this was motivated by my desire for adventure and seeing more of the country, although I'm sure it didn't hurt that she could fit into those plans.

Hitchhiking to California

My economical means of transportation was hitchhiking. The first day, I made it as far as a city south of Portland, and I was trying to catch another ride as evening approached. A car slowed, and another S.P.C. student, Orville Parnell, and his dad greeted me. They invited me to come home, share the evening meal, and stay overnight with them — an excellent ending to a fairly successful day of travel! The next day, I had only made it to Grant's Pass, the southernmost city in Oregon, as evening came on. Deciding that riding a bus through the night might be no more costly than staying in a motel, I found the small bus station. When I asked about the bus schedule, a man at the nearby lunch counter said he was driving that way. I expect we may have negotiated a small payment for the trip. We started driving through the night, and he proved to be an interesting companion. He was an ex-con with stories of a kind that I had not heard before, but I did not feel in danger. At one point, he showed me two white-dot lifetime Schaeffer fountain pens, considered very good in this pre-ballpoint era, and offered to sell them at a very low price. So I purchased them and later found that the name on one had been sanded off — undoubtedly a stolen item. I hope I was able to witness to some extent as he encouraged behavior in the direction of loose living.

It was morning when we arrived in Sacramento, where he dropped me in the downtown area. It happened to be near the YMCA, so I walked there and was allowed to use the facilities necessary to shower, shave, and clean up a bit. I managed to snag a ride at a nearby gas station that took me to San Francisco. I do not recall how I got to the Presidio where the Pickerings lived in base housing — a beautiful location overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge (I may have called them to pick me up). The family was friendly to this newly-acquired boyfriend, but they no doubt had their suspicions and questions. At any rate, I was permitted to stay over the next day. It was still a few days until Christmas. I remember sitting with Fran one evening overlooking the bay area and enjoying the experience. Not sure there was any kissing at this time, but at least it was a warm friendship!

I traveled south from San Francisco to Los Angeles. In Salinas, a city in between, the police pulled up and questioned my hitchhiking, which violated a city ordinance. They could see I was a college boy and allowed me go beyond the city limits to resume my journey. In L.A., I found lodging with Hank Bateman, another S.P.C. student, and his mother. I don't know how I was so brazen as to think I could stay over Christmas with someone like this. I still remember the pretty tie they gave me for Christmas, and I hope I was thoughtful enough to do something for them. One day while there, I rode public transportation to the University of Southern California to have a look at their football stadium, and I followed my mother's instructions on another occasion, possibly Christmas Day, to visit some relatives and have dinner with them. Headed back north, I made it to some city the first day (Turlock, I think) and was able to stay overnight with the family of Esther Hammer (later Helsel) whose father was a minister. She told me later that her father called on me to offer prayer in the morning and was pleased that I would do so. The remainder of the trip back to Seattle went smoothly and my main memory is of a Portland restaurant where I, very hungry, ate two of their 99-cent specials!

Graduation from SPC

Winter and spring quarters fled by, leavened, I'm sure, with constant pursuit of and contact with the beautiful girl from

Hawaii. Commencement came, but there were no job offers. In fact, I had not been actively searching for a job, and employment was difficult to find in this still depressed period of 1939. Fortunately, Walt Helsel and Glenn Stewart had lined up summer jobs working in the apple orchards near Yakima prior to attending a seminary in New York and were able to get me into the same employment. So Frances went home for the summer, and I put my educational skills to work thinning apples from a high stepladder in an apple orchard.

Graduate Study for Justin

Seattle Pacific days must now take a different turn, because Frances had three years of Seattle Pacific in which I was not directly involved as a student. In keeping with my political science major, I had taken and passed a civil service examination. However, one did not receive an appointment just because he passed, but this made him eligible, and a job offer was likely to follow. So although I seemed to be aimlessly wandering around, there was a bit of pattern in what I was doing.

Following the summer, the opportunity presented itself to work at the University of Washington on a master's degree in political science. My friend Paul Zickefoose ("Zick"), whose situation was similar to mine, also decided to follow that path. Mine was particularly attractive because an SPC friend from California, Marshall Fiese, approached me about being his roommate. He wanted to stay in the boarding house that was being started by the Schmidt family from Everett who had moved into Seattle. Their daughter Wilma was a student at Seattle Pacific, and all of us knew her. Her parents were doing this to supplement the family income and make it possible for her to continue as an SPC student. Well, at any rate, I could share Marshall's room. Marshall's family did not lack for financial resources. Also, the Schmidts would permit me to work for at least part of the cost of the room and board by doing certain kitchen duties. I also had a minor assistantship at the university, so this was not very costly.

There was a pause between the apple orchard time and the start of school. My friend Marshall had majored in English literature, but he decided he wanted to be a doctor. He decided to take a year's worth of science at Seattle Pacific,

which he loved, and prepare for med school. He later went to med school at Stanford University and, in the medical exam for the state of California, placed number one! So, I had a smart, good roommate and a fine Christian fellow as well.

Before school started, he was going to drive south to Fresno, and he offered to let me ride along if I wanted to. If you're going home to Kansas — that was my goal — it doesn't matter much whether you start from Seattle or San Francisco. In fact, it's probably closer from San Francisco and, besides, there's a pretty girl down in San Francisco!

So I rode down to San Francisco with him, and managed somehow to get to go to the Pickering place at the Presidio once again, and I think this was the time that Frances and I went to a day of the World's Fair which was on Treasure Island. Well, after due time there — probably not many days — I managed to shove off for Kansas. Looking back, I have vague memories that there may have been some hints that might have indicated that the romance was cooling a bit. At any rate, I can remember riding in the back of a truck across Nevada and being a little bit sad. I wish I had Frances here to correct my impressions or to substantiate them.

I managed to hitchhike across to Kansas and was able to spend some time with my parents. Then my cousin Marvin wanted to go out to visit Uncle Russell's in Yakima, so three or four of us went together. Marvin had a Model A Ford, so I chipped in money to buy gasoline. That way I didn't have to hitchhike back to Seattle, but managed to make it back through the good services of my cousin. I was then quickly established in the new room near the university and raring to go.

A Time for Reassessment

I registered for the political science degree, and I got a mixture of political science and economics. The Schmidts' daughter Wilma actually stayed at her own home and went daily to Seattle Pacific. So she was always a connecting link between my boarding house at the university and the Seattle Pacific people. And of course, Frances was on the other end of that line.

But the most important development was not academic. My eventual wife pointed out to me that we needed to have a little separation. From her point of view, which was quite reasonable, she had come to Seattle Pacific and quickly gotten involved in this. She was still a young girl, and I'm sure it did not miss her range of observation that there were also some very handsome guys at Seattle Pacific. One of them in her sights was a great first tenor by the name of Glenn Scarvey — tall, and I think much more handsome than I was. She explained this to me in a nice sort of way — much better than I would have ever figured out how to do it. But, the nice explanation did not erase the pain that went with it. When we parted, she said “Oh, you know, you could write me a letter at Christmas.” Well, this was probably October; Christmas was a LLLOOONNGG ways off.

I remember that ride on the streetcar back to my dwelling in University district. It was depressing, very depressing. Here was my entire future, going down the tubes. I had found the perfect girl; but she didn't understand that I was the perfect male. In fact, she had a pretty good idea that I wasn't. I'm sure I moped around for weeks because I was miserable, and I'm sure Wilma probably dutifully reported this to all the people who cared at Seattle Pacific College.

And Then Reconciliation

Of course, I muddled through my schoolwork all right — I wasn't failing my classes or anything like that as far as I can remember. Around Thanksgiving time, my friends Zick and Gertie persuaded me that we should be doing something together and that I should call this SPC girl we both knew. Well, I tried to call her, but I never could reach her. So I never did have a date in this period. Fortunately, I didn't get sidetracked on anything like that.

At Christmas, I found a job for the Christmas holidays, or at least some of them, working at J.C. Penney's. Penney's had a downtown store, and I'd take a bus or streetcar down there. I wasn't promised very much of a minimum, because some days, by 10:00, if it didn't look like it was going to be a very busy shopping day, they'd say “We probably don't need you the rest of the day; you can go back home.”

But it was also an educational experience. For one thing, I had never worked in such a store before — a far cry from the general store in Kansas. I was put in a department that sold women's house slippers. We sold lots of them, and I guess I was doing selling like anybody else. All I can remember of the whole experience is a morning when a lady came in and asked me if we had any mules — “m-u-l-e-s.” It's evidently a good descriptive word, at least at that time in history, connected with a certain category of house slippers — ones that had no heels in them — but I'd never heard the word. I don't know how I blundered along in answering her question. I'm sure I didn't evidence my shock quite as much as I felt it, but mules to me meant one thing — farm animals! And so I got a little experience here and there as I went through that time.

And, being Christmas, being in the Christmas spirit, and remembering what happened back in October, I wrote a letter, sent it to California without any great expectations, but with, I suppose, a little levity and probably a lot of banality. But at any rate, that was Christmas. As I recall, one of the gifts I received was a New Testament from my parents, and I think that's the New Testament I still have in my office at Baylor.

Shortly after Christmas vacation, our courier Wilma (remember the connecting link with Seattle Pacific) brought me a note. I don't remember the details of the note, but I surely remember the message. It said something like, “If you'd like to come over...,” (I don't know whether she mentioned a time or not) “...it would be OK.” Boy, it didn't take much persuasion, and I sent a note back which, incidentally, we found in her scrapbook. Not a very impressive note, but it said, in effect, “I'll be over Sunday afternoon.”

I remember that afternoon very well. We walked up Queen Anne hill. There's a little park near the top of the hill, off to the right. I can't even remember the name of the park; it's just a little pedestrian park, so to speak, but a nice place. When you don't have cars, you just find nice places to walk, and I'm sure we had been there before. And there, we began to patch things up, and I found that maybe the boys from Kansas could compete with the tenors from the northwest! I found hope arising from the ashes, and, man, it was different! It was exciting! There was life again! Oh, what a

wonderful afternoon! I'm sure I didn't go home depressed that night.

That was the beginning, and from then on, things made good progress. I'm sure that we dated a lot during the remainder of that year, even though she had a very busy schedule. She not only was a good student and kept up with her courses, but she filled other roles: singing in the girls quartet and a cappella choir, playing violin solos and in the string quartet, and serving as a part of the women's service organization called the Falconettes. I think she may have been president, but I never did keep track of these things, which I wish now that I had. One time, I think she was secretary of the whole student association, so she was a busy gal, but she managed to find time for me, too, so it was a wonderful year!

CHAPTER FIVE

The Romance Gets Serious

*Although I felt a close attachment to Frances,
I never discussed marriage. I suppose the reason
was that I never had a job. But now at this point, the
first job opportunity separated us by thousands of
miles, making the romance a little more difficult.*

A Job in Washington, D.C.

At the end of that year, I made my pilgrimage back to Kansas. While there, I received a telegram offering me a position with the Civil Service Commission in Washington, D.C. Now, Washington, D.C. is located quite a few furlongs from Washington state, but it was a job! And to do anything, to get anywhere, you had to have a job. You certainly couldn't get married without one. You had to have money; you had to be able to support a wife — all those things. I suppose that's why I hadn't introduced the idea of marriage earlier.

I rode the bus back to Washington, D.C. with Walt Helsel. Walt, whose home was in Kansas, was going back for his second year at the seminary in New York and managed to schedule the bus trip through Washington, D.C. I remember my mother gave us at least part of a cherry pie to take with us. And I remember being in some lunch counter in some bus station somewhere along the line and eating that good cherry pie.

We made it to Washington, D.C., where my friend Zick and his wife Gertie had already established themselves. I'm not sure I stayed with them immediately. Shortly after this, they moved to a larger apartment, at 115 D Street, very close to the Capitol and to the Congressional library. It had at least two bedrooms, so Bob Wright, another friend from Central, and I paid rent, and they had the rest of the house.

So this started my civil service career. I started on the swing shift, like 4:00 to 12:00 or 3:00 to 11:00. It was a lowly task, a Grade 3, \$1,620 a year, which wasn't bad in those days. I was grading written civil service exams, that sort of thing. So I was learning and seeing what government and bureaucracy were about. After about six months, some of us began to hear of opportunities appearing elsewhere, as it was getting into the military buildup prior to World War II. This was in 1941, you see, and we were in a very busy period of time.

Early in 1941, after about six months in the Civil Service Commission, I transferred to a Grade 4 job (probably \$1,800 instead of \$1,620) with the U.S. War Department. At that time, the U.S. War Department included the U.S. Air Corps, and the job was part of a personnel field office with the Air Force. I didn't know where I would go for awhile. But after two or three weeks of classes in the War Department in Washington, D.C., I was sent to the Department of War personnel office at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio. The so-called Air Material Command was located there. This War Department office was supposed to supervise and guide the personnel actions of this huge Air Force base. It was an interesting experience, and I learned the system as I went along in this organization.

I lived in the modern YMCA tower, ninth floor as I recall, in a single room, bathroom down the hall — group bath, of course. It was a pretty nice single room, so I was doing okay. I guess I ate out all the time and either rode the bus or rode to Wright Field every day with some person who had a car.

In this organization of about a dozen fellows and girls, I began to learn about relationships and building friendships with these people. One guy named Joe was always drinking and always borrowing money — often from me. He would pay it back, but he was soon borrowing again. I was learning something about people who don't live within their means, and people who drink more than is good for them. I tried to be sociable as a Christian, and occasionally I even went to bars with them, drinking Cokes, of course. Not sure that was a good idea, but I had not learned yet how to be an effective witness.

I started going to a little Methodist church in a poorer section of the city, but there were some good Christian people there. I made some friends there. This was not the

socioeconomic level to which Frances had generally been accustomed, but again, I was getting acquainted with another side of life.

About the end of the year, on Sunday, December 7, to be exact, I remember being with a group from the office in some girl's apartment. We started picking up news of an attack on Pearl Harbor. Well, that was very exciting news, and I remember taking the streetcar back through downtown to church. They were selling "extras" on the street, but I went on out to the church. The next day featured the great address by FDR to the Congress, in which he called the attack "a day of infamy" — remember that phrase? He was a great orator, a great speaker, and of course, Congress declared war on Japan.

Frances Visits Me in Ohio

The draft had already started, but I wasn't touched for a little while. It was common for draftees to get two or three occupational deferments. By summer, remember, Frances was completing her junior year, and we were madly writing two letters a week each way. We still have that collection of letters, and Frances and I went over them just three or four years ago.

We developed a plan so that Frances could come and visit me that summer. Now that was a very important visit, and it led to a very important decision. She rode either the train or the bus and met me in Kansas. I think I met her in Topeka, probably in my dad's Chevy. My dad didn't drive much, but he had this good Chevrolet, so I was able to take her to visit my parents and my brother Howard and his family. I had relatives around there. And so Frances made the transition to that very rural homestead with a path instead of a bath, but she managed.

It was a Sunday evening, and I took her for a little joy ride in the Chevy. We drove around in the car and may have parked somewhere (I can't remember) — but anyhow, drove back into the garage. It must not have been super hot, because in the garage — the most unlikely of all places — I worked up the courage to ask this beautiful lady if she would consider marrying me.

Oh, she paused a little bit — I thought maybe she was going to say no. And I'm sure I appeared impetuous, and uncertain, and she said, "Don't hurry. This is very important." She just didn't want to rush through it but to savor the moment! But eventually, she said yes, and so that was where I became engaged. We went into the house, and my parents had gone to bed. I believe we got some ice cream out of the refrigerator and celebrated (the type of celebration that would be repeated many times in our married life!). Well, it was a wonderful evening!

It's a two-day drive from Kansas to Ohio, and I wanted to take her back to Ohio where I was working. My dad allowed me to take their car. This was a carefully arranged trip — not just two young people taking off across the country and staying under whatever conditions. Frances had an aunt and uncle who lived in Illinois, and we were to get to Aunt Mary's the first day and stay with them — in separate bedrooms, of course! And so that happened. I think it was Aunt Mary and Uncle Will — their last name was Fleming. And the next day, we drove on to Dayton, Ohio.

The stay in Dayton was also planned. Frances was to stay with the Frank Girard family. They had nieces and nephews who attended Seattle Pacific and we knew them, so that was the connection. Frank Girard was an engineer for one of the GM plants in that area, probably Frigidaire. They lived in the nice part of town and they were very substantial people, and, of course, provided a safe and reliable place for Frances to stay while we were undergoing the vigors of this wonderful romantic period of our life. It was a period of several days, maybe a week. One time, they let me sleep on a daybed on that outside screened-in porch. I would work at the office in the daytime and take Frances out in the evening.

During that time, I managed to buy an engagement ring. I thought it was a VERY nice one, and I'm afraid it was, eventually, a pretty SMALL one, but Frances never complained. And she was always very proud of it. Now it was just wait a year! The prevailing rule was still in force: "You can't get married until after you graduate from college." Her parents continued to emphasize it.

When Frances left to go home, I believe she took a bus to McPherson where her sister and husband served in some kind of a staff capacity at Central Christian College. From

there, she made her way, by bus or train, back home to the Seattle area. I think her folks were living in Tacoma or Seattle at that point.

So we wrote those letters furiously, twice a week. I would always write long letters, but she was very busy during her senior year. She would often be down to 11:30 p.m. at night, trying to write a little note. I was saying “Can’t you write more? Can’t you write more?” But it was a wonderful year, and we were so faithful to each other, as we looked ahead to the next summer.

At Christmas time, I persuaded her to come back, although this was a very controversial thing. Her folks, especially her dad, wanted her to be there this Christmas. She called on the phone (a very rare occurrence) to tell me that her folks really wanted her to stay there. But after we’d talked a little bit, she said, “Oh, I’ll come.” I had talked her into it, and her dad made her promise she would wait an extra month to get married; she couldn’t get married in June when school was out but had to wait until July!

Well, it was worth it! This time, she stayed in a hotel! And we were relatively unsupervised, except that we were trained pretty thoroughly on how to behave, and tried to observe the proper Christian etiquette during this period of time. Eventually, Christmas break was over, and she had to be on her way back to Seattle. So now, we had just six months to pass until the great wedding day. I was still being deferred somewhat at this stage. After we were married, I got my first call to report for a physical. At that physical, after going to Columbus in a bus, the doctor took a look at my feet and said, “No, you’re not 1A”, or something else — not 4F, which is hopeless, but maybe 1D. But at any rate, here we were, living on borrowed time.

The Wedding in Seattle

The wedding date was July 11, 1942. I had sufficient leave, so I went by train from Dayton to Chicago, across the northern end of the United States, to Seattle. And, surprisingly, my parents took the train from Topeka to Seattle. I believe they stayed with Frances’ parents. I think

they arrived the day before the wedding, so they weren't there very long.

President Frank Warren of Whitworth College married us. He'd been a religion prof at Seattle Pacific and was a greatly admired Christian speaker. Instead of scheduling the wedding in the College Free Methodist Church, we used the nearby Bethany Presbyterian Church. At that time, the Free Methodists did not use musical instruments in their services, and Frances wanted to have string quartet music. She played in the string quartet, and her teacher took her place in the string quartet provided for our wedding.

I stayed at the Pickering home in the few days preceding the wedding and made arrangements to rent a car, which happened to be an old Chevy, for the one-day honeymoon. We were married on a Saturday evening, and after the ceremony, I think we sneaked away faster than we were supposed to — probably my eagerness. We went downtown to the Olympic Hotel, a very nice hotel. I remember we were both wearing hats, really dressed pretty neatly. So that was where we spent our first two nights (this hotel has a different name now — Four Seasons, I believe).

On that Sunday morning we were very slow — I suppose exhaustion! There was no way we were going to make it to Sunday school or church as strange as that seems because that had been our normal practice. Instead, we got in the car and took a trip out toward Mount Rainier. We got out there somewhere, and I know we found a nice place to eat lunch. We went a ways further. I can't remember whether Mount Rainier was visible — I wasn't paying much attention to Mount Rainier!

At any rate, we were trying to do the right thing, and we drove back to her parents' home to see what was going on. My folks were still there, so this was a pleasant experience. I think there were presents still to be opened and that sort of thing, and then we went to church that evening. So we got our church service in following our wedding day — just in the evening instead of morning. I know they invited us to stay there overnight if we wanted to, and I said, "Oh, one more night in a hotel's not going to hurt us!" The next day, we were to leave for Ohio.

At noon, Fran's mother served us salmon for lunch. Then my parents, Frances, and I (believe it or not — what a combination for a honeymoon!) boarded a train headed for Topeka, Kansas. I'm sure my brother Howard must have met us and taken us up to my home twenty-five miles north of Topeka in Birmingham.

CHAPTER SIX

Early Married Life

Our early married life started in Dayton, Ohio, because that's where my job was located. We stayed there for about eight years and then moved on to a different career and location.

Trip to Ohio

I'm sure Frances and I were once again allowed to take that Chevrolet back to Ohio. I remember stopping in the Kansas City area, visiting my brother Homer and his wife Velma and their little baby girl Lois, and then on to Ohio. We arrived there on a Friday, and it was HOT! On Saturday, we made our first big purchase — an oscillating fan, from Western Auto. It was very much needed, because we had an apartment without any air conditioning.

I probably should describe the wonderful apartment I had found (they were really scarce in those days), and this was above a grocery store. There were two apartments up there and one bathroom! I hate to think that I took Frances back to such an apartment! I thought I was doing well, but I needed to do better. But she was a good gal, and she worked with me. Eventually, I learned, but that's where we started. We even had a Murphy bed that folded up against the wall.

Finding a Church

We tried the Methodist Church I'd been attending, and I could see that wasn't going to fit Frances' background very well. There was also a nice church, seemingly, within a short walking distance of our apartment. It was called the Christian and Missionary Alliance. I'd never heard of that kind of church, but we decided to try it out (I may have been in that building for an interdenominational men's meeting while I was still single).

We went to Sunday school and church, and we found friendly people and challenging preaching. What they were preaching was consistent with what I had come to believe. We continued to attend and very soon, they had one of what they called a missionary conference. Well this was really an amazing thing. They had, I think, four missionaries in the course of a week, and these people were surprisingly great speakers, and great missionaries! We decided, "My, this is a great institution!"

So we started going regularly. I don't think we joined for a year or two, but we found there were lots of young couples. We soon provided part of the leadership. Pretty soon, this group started having socials.

I remember especially one of the couples. The wife had been a roommate of Ruth Graham at Wheaton, and her husband had a master's in some kind of engineering from the University of Michigan, and we found them solidly spiritual people.

Some of them had musical talents, and of course, Frances and others always had a good ear for picking out and finding possibilities like this. I don't how long it took (not very long, I think) until we had a male quartet. It was the first male quartet I'd ever sung in, and probably the best one I ever sang in. We had a great first tenor who could hit those notes an octave high without any trouble, to make some beautiful ending chords. We also had a good second tenor, and I muddled along okay as a baritone once I could hear the part and learn it. Our bass could have been deeper and stronger, but we managed. The pastor started calling us "The King's Quartet," and sometimes we sang two songs in the same service on Sunday. Later, we sang some on the radio with our pastor's programs.

A New Apartment

I should mention that in less than six months we found a house in a totally different part of town. We occupied the top floor of the house, which was an apartment all by itself. It was a long way from the church, but by taking the streetcar about a block away from where we lived and transferring

downtown, we could get out there. We went to all the services because we loved it.

Transferring to the Air Corps

Prior to our wedding, I had the opportunity to transfer from the War Department to an administrative assistance position in the power plant laboratory of the engineering division of the Air Material Command. These people were developing the latest in aircraft engines, and I was helping them shuffle the papers and do the personnel work connected with that.

I learned a great deal by having a good boss. He was a man of integrity, a man of high school education, but with very practical experience, which is what I lacked. I had plenty of theory, but I lacked practical experience.

He encouraged me a great deal, and tried to teach me a lot of things. Just for example, he often had a proverb or saying for me. I was a little shy, particularly when I saw somebody of higher status or had to meet someone that I thought was a little more exalted than I was. But he had a nice little saying. He said “Now just remember, Justin, he puts his pants on the same way you do — one leg at a time.”

If I was to go to a meeting outside our department, maybe representing the department, he would say, “Now when you go to the meeting, don’t sit down by somebody you know. Sit down by somebody you don’t know. Talk to them, find out who they are, and make friends of them, because you want to build a network of friendships throughout the organization. This will help you to get your job done.” He was a master at this, and I could see that even the janitors would do anything to help him. He would tell me, “You never know when the most lowly person in the organization can make the difference between your success and your failure.” So he had some very good insights, and I learned what life was like outside the textbook. It was a good experience, particularly when I got into the educational realm, and I needed illustrations. I also had a background of experiences that I could begin to think about when I read about theoretical constructs, and it wasn’t so vague any more.

God at Work in Our Lives

It was a wonderful period of time for us. We built lifelong friendships in that church. We learned a great deal about what it meant to serve the Lord in that church. We saw the Lord change people's lives. And Frances was always busy in music — e.g., organizing a high school girls trio. The ministry of that congregation and that pastor broadened us. And we learned that God had other plans for us.

I wasn't ever drafted; eventually, I received a 1A classification, and I was ready to go. We thought I was going and we never bought a house thinking I would get drafted sooner or later. But when I was 1A, the war was over and I was free.

This allowed the Lord to do very interesting things. The base had to get a little smaller, so they had a "reduction in force." Now, a reduction in force means that you pick a position, and you say "well, this position's out." One of the key ingredients is whether you can keep a position or can "bump" another person, depending on whether you have veteran status. Veterans always outranked non-veterans, as far as I could see. I possibly could have bumped somebody else somewhere else in that Air Material Command. But as we thought about this, we said "You know — is this what we want for the rest of our lives?" And we decided "no." Now, I think providential guidance was at work here. I didn't really know it, but the Lord was leading me into a totally different career, and one that was immeasurably richer in the long run. In the short run, it looked very scary, and like Moses, I said "Who? Me, Lord?"

I should mention that I'd been taking a few classes under an extension arrangement that Ohio State University had with Wright Field, and at the end of the day, I would take a class or two. I had several class credits that could count toward an MBA degree. I'd never taken much business, so I'd have to take a lot more. This was the time we decided that the best step in January, 1950 was to resign my civil service position, move to Columbus, Ohio, and try to complete a master's degree by August. So the first big change occurred almost eight years after our marriage.

CHAPTER SEVEN

New Life Direction and Graduate Study

A few Ohio State University graduate classes eventually led us in a new direction. Our marriage was still young, but we decided to head in a new direction.

Graduate School in Columbus, Ohio

Having decided that Civil Service was no longer a viable option, we moved to complete an MBA degree at Ohio State University. I had already taken some courses in an extension arrangement that Ohio State had in which they gave some classes at Wright Field, where I worked. In addition, I had even ridden to Columbus one evening a week one quarter with another student who was intent on taking a required course by the noted management theorist Ralph Currier Davis. I had enough courses already in hand to make it possible to complete a master's degree by being on campus from January through August.

It included getting a few basic business courses that I had never taken as part of a political science degree. I had a wonderful advisor who helped me work it out. For example, I remember taking and earning an "A" in a five-hour marketing course, probably for undergraduates, but I think he worked it out so I could receive two hours graduate credit for that five-hour course. I was also introduced to the world of finance and many other areas of business that seemed to be fairly new for me.

I wrote a thesis at the end — in those days that was typical, and Frances typed my thesis for me. This was quite a job in those days because if you made a mistake, you had to erase some five copies or so, and retype that letter, so it was a demanding role.

The commencement speaker, interestingly enough, was a man by the name of Branch Rickey of the Brooklyn Dodgers organization, the man credited with breaking the color line by bringing Jackie Robinson as the first black man into major league baseball. I was proud to have him as my commencement speaker.

My mother came for my graduation. The ceremony was in an outdoor setting, perhaps in a corner of the football stadium. At any rate, I expect we took my mother back to Kansas with us as we moved on from Columbus at the end of this period. My father, who had been in poor health, passed away while I was in classes at Ohio State. My brother Howard called me early one morning and also told me brother Homer was working on an audit in Pittsburgh. When Homer called, he agreed to fly to Columbus and drive with us to Kansas. That was a nice aspect of this rather sad experience. The funeral was in the country Methodist church, and he was buried in Holton cemetery. I remember how lonely my mother looked as we drove away.

Home Life in Columbus

We found an old two-story rental house in an older section of Columbus. It had a large garden and a number of poorly heated rooms upstairs. For a little while, we rented out one of the upstairs rooms to a lady working in a factory nearby, and it helped pay our rent, so we were stretching and making things work. We had a little a little bit of garden that summer. Fran worked, in her wonderful, cooperative way — we were a team effort all the way through graduate school. At this stage, I think she was a typist for an electric utility company in downtown Columbus.

I did not work until the summer quarter, but my summer job gave me a wonderful educational experience. At a place called Buckeye Steel Castings Company, I served as a night watchman; they had several watchmen who carried guns. Of course, as a temporary one, I received a proper cap to wear and a proper shirt, but I did not carry a gun because I was just a guy to fill in when the other people were taking vacations. It was a swing shift, an evening shift, and it was wonderfully educational, in that I saw how steel furnaces

worked, in which iron, or the raw materials, were made into molten steel and poured into castings.

I also watched much of the preliminary work; I could observe work processes just by walking around in the factory. There was work still happening when I arrived on the job, and it was very interesting to watch a whole team of workers assemble what they call a major mold — a big, huge box. They would put sand moldings on the inside of that to make the empty places in the castings. The final products were undercarriages and couplers for railroad cars, big pieces. I learned a lot by watching, and it was a good experience, because I would eventually teach management and need to understand factory operations at their most basic level.

A key part of my job was to walk every few hours over a certain path through the plant. Some of this was pretty much deserted at certain stages at night. We would walk around and activate an ADT (?) machine — it was some kind of machine that registered one's presence there, at a particular time. This registered in some downtown office of the security agency, so that they knew this part of the plant was being checked at this particular time for fire security and so on. We had routes that I had to cover at certain times. The job was boring at times, but on balance, I was greatly pleased with this experience.

It did create a little problem for Frances and me trying to get our lives to coincide, since Frances was working days, I was working evenings, and we weren't together very much, except for on weekends. On our wedding anniversary, we managed to go out and have breakfast together at a hotel dining room, so we coped.

Church Life in Columbus

Having attended the wonderful Christian and Missionary Alliance church in Dayton, we found a somewhat similar Christian and Missionary Alliance church in downtown Columbus. It was a pretty good church, and we met some wonderful people there, some of whom became lifelong friends, like Jack Falkenburg. Jack was the director and son of the man who founded an organization called Bible Meditation League that eventually became Christian

Literature International. Jack eventually passed it onto his son, and it's still a going concern today with a different name, but still a worldwide ministry of Christian literature distribution. We made friends with good people. Fran even managed to direct the choir there before she finished. I don't know how all that happened so quickly, but we had an interesting experience and a few friendships that we were able to continue.

Decision about Ph.D. Work

At the end of the Columbus period, there were some decisions that had to be made: do you go to work with an MBA and try to find a job? Do you go on to further graduate study for a Ph.D., and would I ever be capable of getting a Ph.D.? Well, these were hard questions, but the Lord was leading us in all this, in a wonderful way, as we saw this pattern worked out in our life. As we discovered eventually, the Lord was leading us step by step into the profession of college teaching.

Eventually, the draw of the Northwest became very strong. Frances' sister's family lived there. I can't remember just where her folks were at this moment. They may have relocated to Southern California, but at least they were on the West Coast. We also had many friends based on our college days at Seattle Pacific College.

Then an opportunity opened up at the University of Washington. I was accepted into their Ph.D. program. They would give me a graduate assistantship. One of my profs at Ohio State from whom I'd taken at least a couple of courses was always encouraging me in this direction. I think he may have been working on his own doctor's degree, but he was pushing me along, and so it was not as hard a decision as it seemed. Perhaps he had caught an occasional glimpse of creativity in my work.

Leaving Ohio

We did not have a large amount of household goods at this time because uncertainties had prevented us from acquiring a lot of stuff. We lived in furnished apartments

for the most part. We had only one heavy item, and that was a spinet piano. Fran's parents, especially her mother, encouraged us to buy this in Dayton. I think we bought it on an installment plan. We also had a camphor wood chest from her brother and probably a lot of books. We did not haul that piano across the United States in our trailer. I know we had it in Columbus, so we must have shipped it from Columbus to Seattle. For the rest, we bought a trailer. The trailer had pipes at the top edge, and we were able to get that loaded, with canvas over the top of it to protect us from the elements, and we were able to set off from Columbus. We set sail for Kansas where we dropped my mom off. She was living alone on the farm and had come to Columbus for a short visit. The two of us were then quickly on our way to the Northwest.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Doctoral Program

Our steps toward further education were somewhat tentative as we were unsure how far to pursue educational degrees.

Arriving in Seattle

The first phase of the Ph.D. program occurred in the academic year of 1950-51. We made the trip to Seattle, pulling the trailer across the country. We came close to a catastrophe as we arrived. We elected to take the route that went over the top of the Queen Anne hill (a very steep hill) rather than around the base of it, or some reason. I think it may even have had a cable car on it. We never contemplated a problem, but as we drove up that hill, we found our car losing power, and eventually becoming unable to tow that trailer up so steep an incline. By that time, we were something like 2/3 of the way to the top of the hill, and we just drew to a halt. Now this posed an emergency, because this street is often filled with cars. Here we were, ready to be pulled backward by our trailer.

Fortunately, God was good to us, and you know, backing a trailer is an art; it takes a skill of its own because everything is backwards, but I managed to make a turn so that the trailer rolled into an empty alleyway coming into Queen Anne Boulevard. We breathed a sigh of relief, and then went downhill, because we had good brakes.

We arrived at our destination, a small apartment house at 38 West Etruria, I think it was. The Walls family had acquired and leased us the best apartment even though it was share the bath. It was a satisfactory apartment, only a short distance from the Walls (Frances' sister and family) and only a block or two from the Seattle Pacific campus, although I was no longer doing academic work at that institution.

Starting the Ph.D. Program — 1950-1951

My academic program that year included quite a number of fairly basic courses, including four or five accounting courses. I had gotten by somehow in this other program with the minimum coverage of certain areas, so that was being remedied, along with some other more advanced subjects.

My assistantship assigned me to the veteran elderly professor Cox, who came from Texas. Professor Cox taught a large (200 or 300 students) class in Introduction to Business. He taught this class on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, that class was chopped up into what they called quiz sections of about 30 students each, and I, along with other graduate students, each took two of those quiz sections. Here was my first introduction to a little bit of college teaching. Even though they were called quiz sections, the quizzes actually occurred in the big lecture hall. Our classes became discussions on topics which Professor Cox had lectured on and which were covered in their textbook.

When it came time for exams, we each would grade the exams pertaining to our own quiz sections. It was a wonderful experience in that it was the first time I had ever had the opportunity of doing anything that closely resembling teaching. In retrospect, the Lord was beginning to answer this question: “Could I be a college teacher?” Frances, I believe, found a job with the Navy, probably in downtown Seattle. I have no memory of how we arranged our transportation and who rode the streetcars or buses, since we both had to travel a considerable distance. But Fran was contributing, and I had some income and probably tuition remission as a result of my assistantship.

Social Life in Seattle

The Walls family and other friends were close. We lived right in the vicinity of the college, and we were only a block or so from the Free Methodist church where we’d attended as students. It was natural for us to attend there along with the Walls and other people from Seattle Pacific whom we’d

known over the years. I remember being part of a couples class, where I may have taught or helped in some capacity.

Is One Called to be a College Professor?

As we neared the end of the year, the thought still persisted in our minds, “Am I really capable of being a college teacher? Is this really the career?” If it’s not, then a Ph.D. may over-qualify me for more ordinary careers. Like Moses, I still didn’t feel fully qualified to teach.

Well, think of what a wonderful opportunity the Lord arranged for me. In the spring of 1951, Professor Cox approached me and said, “There’s a college in Bellingham, north of here, where they need a Business Administration teacher for next year. Would you be interested in considering that?” That was a very interesting prospect, and yes, I was interested in considering it, and yes, they were willing to take a chance on me, and yes, I was finally hired at \$3,600 a year not including any summer school, and here I was on my way!

I should add a note to say I was not a saint in my consistency. I was stumbling along toward something, but I was filled with uncertainties — any resemblance to Moses was only in the questions I faced. Only in retrospect could I see God’s calling and, of course, I could have fulfilled that call more brilliantly. But the Lord led us to a wonderful field of service and tolerated some good but imperfect efforts.

So in the fall of 1951, I interrupted my graduate program, but opened up an opportunity to experience some real college teaching. During the summer, I worked for a national company called Retail Credit Company, which was located in Atlanta, and among other things, they reviewed insurance applicants for other companies. My main job as a field guy was to take somebody’s insurance application for car insurance or something similar and try to find out something about them. We would pry by going to the neighbors, or by going to anybody we could find who would give a reference on them to see if they were good, solid, reliable people or drunks or something like that. We were supposed to have at least two references on every recommendation that we made, so that was a different kind of experience, but I’m sure very

valuable to me in the long run. That was just a summer job, and near the end of the summer, we moved to Bellingham and started this new program of college teaching.

Trying College Teaching in Bellingham, Washington

A state college in Bellingham, Washington gave me an opportunity to try out my aptitude for college teaching. The school now is known as Western Washington State University. At that time, however, it was emerging from its status as a teacher's college. At any rate, I was employed for one year at \$3,600 for the nine months, with no obligations or income in the summer. I stretched this teaching experience for a second year because of its great value.

The business and/or economics area was quite small with just two teachers. One taught mostly economics courses, and I taught the rest. These included, during the course of the year, seven or eight different classes. I taught three accounting courses, a business law course (even though I'd never taken a business law course!), one course in economics, and miscellaneous others.

All of this proved to be extremely helpful in my preparation for the remaining doctoral work at the University of Washington. When you teach a course, you learn it much more thoroughly than when you're a student receiving an "A" in the same course. My study of economics some years earlier was in pre-Keynesian economics that developed during the depression. When I went back to university, I had a much better foundation than when I had left for Bellingham.

A Beautiful City

Bellingham is a beautiful city. It's located right on Puget Sound and Chuckanut Drive. We found a beautiful home to rent with a great view for \$65 a month. It had a kind of curly little driveway to get down into it, because it was very steep, on the side of a mountain. Our front yard actually dropped 50-100 feet to a railroad track that ran along the shore. You couldn't see it unless you took a long stairs that went down there and also gave you access to the beach at various points. But you could look out from the window of the living

room and see this little island in front of you, other islands in the background. You could see large ships and small ships going out in various places there, and it was the most scenic place we ever lived.

The lady who rented that place to us came back after one year, but fortunately, the Lord provided two other houses in the same area — one for the summer, and the other for the next year.

Church Life in Bellingham

We found a quite substantial Christian and Missionary Alliance church there in Bellingham, so we attended that church and made friends there. I can't remember whether we had special assignments. I'm pretty sure Frances helped with the music — I believe she created a women's trio.

One good experience there was meeting a young couple by the name of John and Jana Thommasen. He was a high school teacher. After teaching in Bellingham, they moved elsewhere in Washington and then taught in military schools overseas. We visited them on our European trip at a vacation spot in north Germany and then near London where they lived.

Arrival of Linda, the First Baby Girl

Another major change occurred with the arrival in December 1952 of our first little baby girl, named Linda. We had applied to a Free Methodist hospital in Oklahoma City and were blessed by having some good friends who occupied key spots in that hospital administration or Board of Trustees. We were all the way out in Washington, but they called and said they had a baby girl. Our dear friend, Velma Wright (wife of Bob) in Oklahoma City, brought baby Linda out to us and we met her in Seattle at the airport. It was very late one night and after making the transfer, Velma either returned immediately to Oklahoma or stayed in Seattle — I can't remember her coming up to Bellingham.

I remember driving through the night with Frances beside me with that baby on her lap (you didn't have to have car seats in those days). What a thrill that was to welcome this

first little baby, and of course, that changed a lot of things in our life. One of the little things I remember was holding her while sitting on the sofa. Right behind where I sat was a little thermostat on the wall, and Linda found this thermostat highly amusing, because she would often get to giggling and laughing as I held her on my shoulder. As far as we could tell, the only thing she was looking at was that thermostat on the wall. Maybe that's why she has always liked to have things pretty warm! We had her dedicated in the church.

We just had a great experience getting started in rearing a baby. I remember some of the relatives coming on one occasion, including Gordon and Rose and probably Steven, when he was a little child. We set up a table outside on a nice summer Sunday afternoon, and it was a great time of celebration, and we were growing up and expanding. It was a great experience.

Return to Seattle

At the end of the academic year in the summer of 1953, it was time to return to Seattle. We had accomplished our purpose in that we had found that teaching was at least a viable alternative, and also, incidentally, picked up some wonderful educational experiences that would stand me in good stead in my further doctoral work.

During this time, Frances helped support our family, maybe not after Linda arrived, but at least earlier. She worked in the office of a naval shipyard that constructed minesweepers. Minesweepers were put together without metal, so this was a very unique kind of construction, and they could go close to mines without detonating them in harbors they were trying to clean out. The shipyard workers would chop off pieces of laminated, very beautiful oak and toss them out on the junk heap. We could get some of those for our fireplace. If I'd been highly skilled, those I'm sure could have been turned into beautiful bookends, but for Justin, they worked better as fuel for the fireplace!

Two More Years at the University of Washington — 1953-1955

We had never owned a home before, but we considered this possibility as we returned to Seattle. We found a small two-bedroom frame house with a low down payment. It even had a wall furnace that heated the house, and just one bathroom, and it was new. It was located in what was then the north part of Seattle at an address called 10610 N. Meridian, near a large shopping center called Northgate. We recognized it was not in the deluxe area — in fact, there was a little house sitting in back of our house, making our lot quite small. Even so, it was our own place, and we enjoyed the experience. As far as I can remember, we at least broke even on the total cost as we moved on to Texas. Of course, this also necessitated our buying a few items of furniture — probably the first bed, maybe a sofa and some kitchen appliances.

The first academic year of this period was primarily traditional graduate classes, and I was able to use some of the knowledge I had developed during my teaching career that had just ended. I believe it was at the end of that year that I took several half-day tests — written tests — in the major areas of the business curriculum. Then, since I passed those, I later sat for a general oral exam — boy, this was the scariest one — with about six or eight professors sitting around the table asking me questions concerning the various fields. It was a great relief to survive that successfully, and the Lord was helpful to me.

For example, in getting one of the economics areas covered, I was assigned to do a study through a book under the guidance of a senior professor. The study involved a presumably good solid textbook. On one occasion, I found some reasons to think I could not get a particular illustration to make sense to me, so I took this to my prof. After he studied it for a while, he realized that I had discovered an error in the textbook itself. My time with that professor always seemed to go even better after that experience.

Also, when it came time, he was not available to be a part of this examining committee. Therefore, it was decided that I could go over to his office and talk with him in there with some questions that he might have in mind. This was a low-pressure situation, so I didn't have to face tough economics

questions before the whole committee. So I got through the first year, and then the second year, as I recall, was primarily devising the dissertation topic. It was not a very spectacular topic, but someone thought it might be a useful project. It was an analytical history of the university bookstore, which started out as a cooperative, and was a good-sized institution at this time. I dug back into all the historical records and somehow managed to get a dissertation out of that. It was in the general field of business history, and while that wasn't a normal thing that we'd write on, it worked.

Since our home was now located quite some distance from the college church that we'd attended earlier, we found a nice little church in this area called the Mapleleaf Evangelical United Brethren Church. This particular church was part of a denomination called the Evangelical Church. It was a good church with a pastor who was a graduate of either Biola or Talbot Seminary. Frances developed a good ladies trio there. I can't remember about the choir, but I have a sneaking suspicion she also directed that. It was a good experience, and we enjoyed that for the two years.

We managed to pay the bills by a combination of income, primarily from my assistantship of minor duties at the University of Washington. Frances, even though she was now a stay-at-home mother, managed to bring in income. One source was babysitting a baby just a little younger than Linda, for a lady who worked as a nurse. The income from this pretty well paid for all our food. Frances also obtained a number of music students. These were piano, violin and maybe viola or similar instruments, and she obtained the students particularly through the efforts of a music teacher in the church we attended. We did pretty well — almost breaking even, I think, during those years.

Baby Nancy Arrives

The most exciting part of this Seattle adventure occurred early in the second academic year. It must have been very early, because we discovered, much to our surprise, that we were going to have a baby! We had almost written this possibility off as it just hadn't happened in twelve years. Now we had two-year-old Linda and suddenly, Frances was

pregnant. What a wonderful event this was! I remember sitting out in the car entertaining Linda as Frances was visiting a doctor during the visit that clarified that this was for real. She came out holding a book, and she said, “The doctor told me to hold this with the title facing outward,” and it was something like *Preparing for a New Baby*. It was a wonderful, wonderful experience, and we celebrated by going to a drive-in nearby and having something to eat, since it was late afternoon.

What a great discovery, and one that enlivened our lives for the next several months. Of course, it was the next summer — June 26, 1955, in fact — when Nancy Louise finally made her appearance. It was an early Sunday morning (an unearthly hour!) that Frances began to feel the pangs, and probably much earlier than necessary, we got the neighbors next door to look after Linda while we went to the hospital. It took from that pre-dawn hour until early afternoon before Nancy made her appearance. Of course, I didn’t sit in the room with Frances. I sat out in a waiting room, like all husbands who did their duty in those days. But I remember first seeing Nancy when the nurse brought her out. I can’t remember if I held her or not, but I thought “What a wonderful, wonderful event!” Frances and Nancy had to stay in the hospital for a few days, which was the practice at that time. I kept Linda during that time — an active little two-and-a-half-year-old girl, but I managed. I even took her along to the university a time or two when I had to go there for something, so it was an interesting experience. At one point, she had some balloons, some of which were getting a little old. She told me she would give the older ones to Nancy, thinking this would be a generous way to welcome that new baby, I guess. I do not remember whether she went with me to pick up Frances and the baby.

Leaving Seattle

Soon after Nancy’s arrival, it was time for us to move and enter new employment. I had searched a bit for teaching positions, although I did not have my dissertation completed. I thought that I could begin earning a little better money by getting started at some institution, so I looked through a book of schools. I was a little reluctant to go back to Seattle Pacific. I know I could have, but it was so small that I could see that I would be teaching

everything just as I did in Bellingham, and I was a little reluctant to become such a general purpose teacher at this point. On the other hand, as a student I didn't like the idea of these huge schools, and I thought, "I don't really want that." Looking through this book, I found Baylor listed with an enrollment of around five or six thousand students. That attracted me. I saw it was Southern Baptist, and while I didn't know much about that, I figured that was probably to the good. It was also in the same state as my brother Homer and his family, who lived in Pasadena.

I also almost had an offer from San Jose State in California, which might have been a very attractive location now to most people, but they were tentative while waiting for a budget decision from the state legislature. I also had a feeler from Ohio State, where I'd done my MBA, and they were willing to give me a one-year contract that could have evolved into a good long-term position. Baylor, however, laid it on the line. No interviews, no money to bring me to the campus. I talked to them over the phone, they had my resume, and they probably checked my references. I talked personally with an ex-Baylor staff member who wasn't really in the business school. Baylor made me a solid offer, and so we said "Let's stick to one that's on the docket here; they're ready to do business." We took that offer and were able to begin our career at Baylor.

CHAPTER NINE

New Career in Texas (1955-1960)

We exchanged the rainy climate of Seattle for the August sunshine of Texas. More importantly, we left behind an introduction to life as a college professor.

Moving to Waco

Having signed a contract to teach at Baylor, we started our trek to Texas in August of 1955 with a two-and-a-half-year-old girl and a two-month-old baby. It was a transition from the cooler, pleasant (though rainier) climate of Seattle to the much hotter climate of Texas, and we began to feel this as we traveled toward the southwest. On some days we would get up very early and travel until about 1:00 p.m. and then get an air-conditioned motel. This enabled us to travel during the somewhat cooler part of the day since we had no air conditioning in our car. We were pulling a trailer, the same trailer we had purchased in Ohio, loaded with many of our possessions. We transported the piano and heavier furniture by using a commercial carrier.

My brother Homer and wife Velma had driven up to Waco and found us a rental house in a somewhat older section of the city, but we stayed at least the first night in a motel. The furniture must have arrived rather promptly, and so we were soon living in our own house at 1000 North 30th Street. Very soon, I found my way to the campus of Baylor University, located the business school, and began building my acquaintances with the faculty and staff. Some of their speech seemed a little southern to my ear at that time.

Life of a College Professor

Although I came to Baylor University without having completed my doctoral dissertation, I nevertheless made the shift from graduate student to college professor. In fact, I believe my initial appointment was as an associate professor, which is one notch better than assistant professor. In those days, they tended to raise the status level of the position as a kind of a substitute for salary, so you got a better sounding title but maybe a little less money. My earliest courses were Introduction to Management and Small Business. Although I'd never taken a course in Small Business Management, this was no barrier to my teaching it. Other management courses were added as time went on so that I had a variety of classes that I could teach.

Our Business School was a relatively small organization at that time (probably 30 faculty) and the dean's office, my office, and others were located on the top floor of the Student Union Building. My office was really a desk in an anteroom that served as kind of an entryway to department chair Dr. H.N. Broom's office. Jim Parsons, who came from L.S.U to teach statistics and, later, accounting, was housed with me; we both had desks in this little anteroom.

We also had student secretarial help for a few hours. One of my earliest student assistants was Maxine Hart; at least that was later her married name. Her boyfriend at the time was Clyde Hart, who was a sprinter on Coach Patterson's Baylor track team. They both came from Arkansas, and in later years, Clyde became well-known as the Baylor track coach, and as the nation's best coach of quarter-miler, or 400-meter, runners. He coached Michael Johnson to an Olympic gold medal, and also Jeremy Wariner and Darold Williamson to gold medals in subsequent Olympics. Maxine later became a graduate student in one of my classes, and she went on for an advanced degree. She later joined the faculty and was a faculty colleague for a number of years, so it was interesting that it started in this way. She probably typed a little bit on some kind of draft of my dissertation.

Trip to Seattle for Work on the Dissertation in 1956

During that academic year, I occasionally found the time to continue work on my dissertation. At one time, in fact, I tried to do a little work on it every afternoon, maybe an hour or two. I had a systematic approach to it, and my new friend Jim Parsons was very helpful in any use of statistics.

However, it was not until the following summer, in 1956, that I completed that dissertation. Rather than teaching the first six weeks of the summer, I planned to use that time for the dissertation in Seattle, and then return to Waco to teach the last half of the summer and thereby earn some income. I missed commencement as we tried to leave for Seattle at the very earliest opportunity. It was a hectic day, trying to get equipment and all the stuff packed in the car and both kids ready to go. President Dwight Eisenhower was the commencement speaker, and at one point, we took a half-hour break to drive the six blocks to Waco Drive to watch his caravan pass by and wave to him.

We did not get away until late in the afternoon, but we decided we were at least going to get away from Waco. We drove to Brownwood — not a very great distance, but we were on our way. We had a little device in the car so we could plug a bottle warmer into the cigarette lighter for Nancy's milk bottle.

We drove straight west to California and visited Fran's mother and dad in Upland, California. We then drove to Seattle, where we stayed with the Walls family for a few weeks while I pursued the completion of this doctoral dissertation.

Completing the Dissertation

Baylor had given me a contract with two salary levels. The lower assumed I would not have the doctorate by the next academic year. The higher one was based on the possibility that I would achieve it, and that was an incentive for me. At any rate, I really wanted to get that thing completed, so I worked diligently. I found a typist somewhere in the city who would help me, and I tried to find out from my committee members what the dissertation needed so I could make those adjustments. At one time, the chairman told me that I could probably go on home and get it worked out without much

problem by the end of December, but that wasn't good enough for me! I told him I wanted to finish it that summer, and finish it, we did. I had to defend the dissertation before a committee at the university before leaving for Waco.

I recall an interesting little incident on the day I passed that exam. I don't recall the circumstances, but someone was looking after Linda and Nancy, and Frances and I were strolling through the university district. We looked in one of the windows and there was a little cartoon-y kind of picture and a tiny little frame around it, and it said, "I am so smart, I make myself sick." Well, having just completed that final hurdle, we bought that, and may still have it tucked away. I used practically all the available time, so we soon high-tailed it back to Waco for the second half of that summer session in good spirits.

My teaching performance was quite acceptable during this early period, and the fact that there were a number of instructors without quite the same level of experience and education helped to put me in a good category. I attended a few professional meetings (some of which were not very professional!), but gradually, I tried to adapt to the role of a student in the field and to take part in activities that would build on this.

Baby Jane Arrives

Sometime during the summer of 1957, we discovered there was a prospect of another member of the family. We assumed, naturally, that it was the boy needed to balance out the children. But, fortunately, we were wrong. I don't recall the precise details, but we made a late summer trip to visit our Kansas relatives. This became a very joyful trip because of this new anticipation.

It was Easter Sunday, April 6, 1958, that it was Jane's time to be born. I expect we all went to church in the morning. In the evening, however, I went to the service alone, possibly helping in some musical number. My mother, who had come to be of assistance at this time, and Frances were home with the girls. I do not remember a feeling of urgency, but when I arrived at home, I quickly discovered that it was time to go to the hospital. After the long wait for Nancy, I think Frances

assumed the process might be slower than it was this time around. After depositing Frances at the proper location, I had barely settled into the waiting room for expectant fathers when suddenly a nurse appeared, calling my name. Another exciting time!

I recall one happy experience the following Christmas season, when we were visiting my brother Homer, Velma and family in Pasadena. About suppertime, Homer and I were sitting near the Christmas tree enjoying a conversation. Frances brought Jane for me to hold and watch over while she worked with Velma in the kitchen. I remember what a pleasure it was holding her. With having had past experience, I realized that babies are not quite as fragile as they seem.

Summer in Boston at Harvard Business School

In the summer of 1959, I had a great opportunity arise when I was accepted in an eight-week Ford Foundation-sponsored seminar at the prestigious Harvard Business School in Boston. We found someone to rent our house in Waco for that period, and we found a house of a high school teacher to rent in a suburban area called Winchester, Massachusetts. This was also the summer that we allowed Clair and Frances Weller and family to borrow our window air conditioning unit and to use it while we were gone.

The educational experience that summer was wonderful as I learned about the case method of instruction and was teamed with great college professors from all across the country who were there for that same purpose. We would have discussion with Harvard faculty on how they did this, what they did, and then we would sit in classes and observe programs of this kind, and we would visit (under the guidance of a local Harvard professor) different business institutions in the area. Eventually, we were to choose one of these and write a case problem that might be one fruit of our labor that summer. There were also social aspects to this seminar; for example, I remember a seafood festivity on the beach.

I chose the Boston Edison Company for my case problem, and developed a problem around a practice of decentralization in one of their operations, which led to the

potential confusion of having dual supervision of the same people. That was an interesting case and it was actually printed and could be ordered through the Harvard system for a while. I don't think it was any world-beater, but each of us taught the case we wrote to our faculty colleagues who were also part of this seminar. For some reason, I wasn't as frightened in doing that as I think I would be now.

Family Time in Boston

On the weekends, we would also visit historical sites in the area, so we got a lot of history on Saturdays, particularly. We would go to Plymouth Rock or some of the reconstructed early villages. We visited Lexington and Concord of Revolutionary War times, and traveled the route of the midnight ride of Paul Revere. Jane was just over one year old, and she rolled down the steps from the second story, maybe to the bottom, but she survived without damage. Linda was learning to ride a bike up there, but interestingly, the Boston kids all called Linda "Linder." On a number of Sundays, we visited the famous Park Street Church, a very famous evangelical church that has remained such over the years. At the time, the pastor was a man by the name of Reverend Harold Ockenga. He was known as an outstanding speaker, and later became president of Gordon College and Seminary, which is also in Massachusetts. Those were interesting experiences for us and with the family.

On our wedding anniversary, July 11th, Frances and I hired a babysitter and went to downtown Boston to eat at a famous seafood restaurant. We probably had lobster, and while I'm not sure how well I liked it, we tried to do things that were characteristic of the area. We also went to Fenway Park, the home of the Boston Red Sox. I don't remember who they played, but I saw Ted Williams hit a home run, and it was interesting to find that the people sitting next to us had driven in from Rhode Island for the game. Those distances and state lines are much closer in New England, we discovered. This was a very educational experience for me and for the family as we had this school opportunity and many traveling contacts that were incidental to that process.

CHAPTER TEN

Family Life (1960-1966)

*These were the growing up years —
finishing elementary school and
going through junior high school.*

Pickering Golden Wedding Anniversary

Early in 1960, we had a wonderful family trip to California. It probably started in the final days of 1959, but we were there for the golden wedding celebration of Fran's parents. Their actual wedding anniversary was later in the spring, but the holiday period worked out much better for getting the family together. We took the train from Texas to California, and the one thing I remember is that we had Jane hanging onto a box of diapers, so she must have been about one and a half. (In 1965, we again rode by train to California, so any memories on the part of the girls may be attached to this later visit). Both the Walls family from Seattle and the Pickerings from Hawaii were there, so it was a real family reunion. I can remember helping to dry dishes after the supper in the evening some days and what a pleasant atmosphere it was.

We were there on New Year's Day, and Frances and I saw the Rose Parade from a spot in the street. It was an interesting time in that University of Washington was playing in the Rose Bowl that day and my brother-in-law Wesley Walls had been able to somehow get four tickets to the Rose Bowl. He and Gordon and Frances and I all went to the Rose Bowl game, which the University of Washington won over Wisconsin. That was a pleasant time, and we had a very nice Saturday afternoon celebration of the golden wedding. I helped write up a summary of their marriage that was a part of that program.

Justin's Mother Dies

After we returned home, it was only a short time, maybe a couple of months, until my mother passed away. She was visiting my brother Homer in Pasadena, and was stricken and died rather quickly. The funeral was in Kansas, so we all went to that funeral. I don't know whether any of the girls have memories of that or not.

Other Family Activities

In August, we decided to take a little trip to San Antonio and Uvalde, just to see some of the parts of Texas that we weren't especially familiar with. That was a very pleasant trip. I chastised the two older girls once for waking Jane up while she was sleeping, but at any rate, it was a fun trip. We were eating in a hotel restaurant in Uvalde and I asked Nancy to say the blessing, which she did very quietly. Then I suggested maybe she could do it with a little more volume, so at the top of her voice, she cried out, "Thank you, Jesus, for the food! Amen!" I'm sure everybody in our part of the restaurant got the message.

On the same trip, Linda got to go horseback riding and Nancy was too leery of the horses' huge size to participate. So while Linda was riding, the rest of us took a hike, which Nancy enjoyed leading.

It was in 1961 that we got Dino, our faithful beagle, who was our family pet for many years, until the girls were in high school and college. We also had a cat named Bubbles, who gave birth to at least one litter of kittens in our house, which helped with the education of the family.

1962 was the year of the Seattle World's Fair, so we made a trip there to visit the Walls in Seattle and attend the World's Fair. We later went down to California on the way back. We stopped in Kansas on our way out, and Linda took along some live horny toads from Texas! At that time, it was pretty easy to catch them around the schoolyard around our house. She also picked up a small turtle in Kansas and then she used these to sell or trade for other kind of livestock on the way! I can't remember what kind of animals she got, but some kind that would trade well for horny toads.

Fran had about twelve piano students, which was pretty standard for many, many years. She would have at least an annual recital, and usually one or two of our own girls would be involved. Somewhere in the mid-sixties, I know Linda had her leg in a cast from a horse-riding accident, and she got the white horse Troy, who was a constant companion to her for awhile.

Nancy was already into books and doing pretty well with the piano. Jane was also into books; I'm not sure how well into piano, but they both seemed to be studious in that way.

Our Church Life

In 1960, we were still active at Hillcrest Baptist Church. Fran was directing the choir, and I was teaching a men's Sunday School class. However, we had also been keeping our eye on this little struggling startup of a Christian and Missionary Alliance church in Beverly Hills. Recently, a new pastor, Hap Arnold, and wife Hazel had come, and we could see that he was more talented and had greater possibilities as a church planter than many of the others who attempt such things. So, in January of '61, we made the shift to the little Christian and Missionary Alliance church. That was quite a shift. We felt — indeed, believed — that this was what the Lord wanted us to do. Also, we believed that when we made this change, we were not to take it lightly and leave again if things did not go wonderfully well in just a few weeks or months. We thought we should try to stick it out for a while, and that this was the Lord's will for us. The Weller family also hooked up with the church about that same time, so we had a little nucleus. Also, John and Loretta Ambrose and family were already there since John had made his decision for the Lord a little bit earlier. We rolled along pretty well, and Pastor Arnold did some wonderful work in our midst, but then in 1963, he had the opportunity to go back and serve at Nyack College. He felt that this was an opportunity that he could not pass up.

After he left, we were blessed by finding a young pastor, Jim Lewis, and wife Marilyn, who came to us from Bethel Seminary in St. Paul. I might note that these pastors were two of the best pastors that we ever had in the church. Reverend Jim Lewis, who became a dear friend of ours and is

still such to this day, is now a professor at Bethel University in St. Paul. They came and stayed from '63-'66, at which time they shipped out as missionaries to Vietnam. They had some very exciting experiences over there, almost dangerous ones, when they first arrived in Vietnam.

I might also note that before they left, we built a new church building on Highway 6 and Country Club Drive. We actually met for a little while in an elementary school because we sold the old church and the new building was not quite ready yet. The new church building was something everybody in the church worked on. We had some construction people who did some of the major work and skilled non-professionals like Charlie Snider directing the volunteer help. Even amateurs such as myself were up on the roof nailing on shingles, and lots of people, including the ladies and girls like Anita Weller, helped. It was a wonderful experience of collaboration in the process of building that church.

Before we moved from the Beverly Hills location, Frances was directing music, and at times, we were able to have a choir. At least part of that time, I taught a Sunday School class, and even back in the Beverly Hills days, we had Vacation Bible School. The ladies did a wonderful job in making that an important time for our own children and those of the neighborhood. Those were busy and eventful years, and led us into our new church, and then we had to look for a new pastor after the Lewises.

My Student Secretary Cynthia

Somewhere in the very early 1960s, I had a student secretary who lived in Waco assigned to me. This was a common practice; we would have particular helpers at that time for our particular use.

The interesting thing about Cynthia was that she had a church background, but apparently no knowledge or awareness of a personal relationship to the Lord. It was seemingly "all church." My general impression was that she was constantly asking me questions. I didn't know why (the Lord must have been prompting her), but she would ask me, "Why do you do this? Why do you do that?" I could see that she was interested not only in just me personally, but the

family, so I made it possible for her to get acquainted with our family, and a few people from the church as well.

At one time, she visited our church. It was amazing how she just kept pursuing this topic and pursuing it, and the relationships with our family and the other families of the church seemed to be of special import to her. To make a long story short, she worked for me in the office one Saturday. Because she lived in Waco, she could do special work for me at odd times. This was a leap year, on the 29th of February. Late that afternoon, she began asking me, “How do you become a Christian?” I tried to think of every possible way that I could steer her to somebody who could help her become a Christian. And I kept saying, “Well, you could do this, when they give an invitation,” or “You could make an appointment and talk to the pastor,” or “You could do this other,” but then I finally trapped myself and I said, “or I guess you could do it now.” She jumped right on that and said “I want to do it now.” Well, I felt totally incapable of helping her, but doing the best I could, I grabbed my New Testament and started going through some of the verses. She believed them; she believed the verses, so it was a case that she just needed to make that decision. After a little while, I asked her if I could pray and she would repeat the prayer after me. I just prayed the simple sinner’s prayer of belief in Jesus and we finished, thank the Lord. I reached out my hand and shook hands with her and I said “Well, welcome to the family,” not knowing what we’d done or what would last.

On her drive home, she went by our house. This was an amazing thing to me — she went in, told Frances that she had accepted the Lord, and I tell you, that started things rolling. Of course, there were some ups and downs. She would often come in with about six questions that she had written out. One time, she came in very discouraged, ready to give up, saying it could work for other people, but she didn’t think it could work for her. Of course, that was Satan tempting and we were able to get over that hurdle and see her on the road of the Christian life.

That was the year that the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship had its biennial conference in Urbana, Illinois, and we managed to get her onto a bus from Dallas to take in that conference at Urbana. That was a great blessing for her. On her second bus trip to Urbana three years later, there was also another blessing: when on the bus ride home, she met a

young man from Dallas Seminary named Henry Hazard. Cynthia, after due time, became Mrs. Henry Hazard, and she has been the wife of a C&MA pastor in Panama City, Florida for many years.

This was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life, but I felt that the Lord was almost backing me into a corner to be of service at this time. Incidentally, she was a Latin major and an excellent student, so she could correct my grammar and she was a wonderful secretary in addition to being the inquisitive person that she was. Our whole family and our whole church rejoiced with her decision to follow the Lord.

Academic Life

One of the very interesting opportunities I had in 1961 was to spend six weeks with the DuPont Company in Delaware. This was an arrangement financed by something called the Economic Foundation that was designed to help young college professors learn more about the business world and to be more intelligent educators. We took our whole family and rented a house in Newark, close to the headquarters of the company. It was a great time for the family as well as for just me personally.

I had the great opportunity to meet and confer with some key people in the company. In fact, they sent me on at least two field trips. My first airplane trip in my life was to Belle, West Virginia, where DuPont had an industrial chemicals plant. I was entertained by the plant manager in his home, who had other key officials from the plant there at that time. Another of the trips was to Circleville, Ohio, where the company produced a thin plastic called Mylar, which was used in satellites. The manager there was Dick Heckert. He personally escorted me through some of the plant — I remember him telling me when to put on my hard hat. Dick Heckert eventually became chairman of the whole DuPont Corporation, so you can see I had a wonderful opportunity to learn a great deal about the business of a major corporation. After this experience, we came home the southern route so we could visit most of the southeastern states, including Florida.

Also in the summer of 1961, we saw the emergence of the first edition of *Small Business Management*. This was a marvelous thing, because I never realized that a person like myself could ever be the author or co-author of a treatise of this kind, but I found it was possible. Here was a really wonderful step in that direction, and one that continued over many, many years. In fact, we now have the thirteenth edition that's dated 2006, but is already out and available for use in the classroom. In general, it has been the most successful small business textbook over most of this period, and I've had very good co-authors helping me on it. It started with Dr. H.N. Broom, who was my co-author for three or four editions. When he was about to retire, we added co-author Carlos Moore in Marketing. Later we added Bill Petty in Finance and Les Palich in Management.

Having seen the possibilities of ordinary people writing textbooks, I began to think of doing a textbook on management, and so I began working on that in 1961.

In 1962, the year of the Seattle World's Fair, I had prepared four copies of a prospectus for this book. It had two or three sample chapters, sample cases, outlines for all the chapters, and an analysis of current competition. It was a pretty thorough document. I prepared four copies of that, and just before we left for our vacation trip to the Seattle Fair, I put those in the mail to four publishers.

That began to get results very quickly. One of the responders was South Western Publishing, but they'd already committed to a similar book. A relatively new company, Charles Merrill Company of Columbus, Ohio, began calling me when I reached Seattle, and they simply wanted to say, "Don't make any decision. We're interested in this book." We later went to California, and by the time we arrived, they were not only calling us, they were saying, "We want you to have dinner with one of our representatives." Frances and I dined with a representative of the Merrill Company in Upland, California. As soon as I reached home, we had a representative of the company walking in with a copy of the contract ready to sign, so they were really serious about this. I responded well and went to work on it, and the first edition of that book was published in 1964. It was just under my own name. It was used at schools like Notre Dame, Texas A&M, University of Cincinnati — well-known schools, good schools, and we were off to a pretty good start. I did four editions without any co-

authorship, and then I added a young man who had been my student and then my colleague, Charles Pringle, who helped me with the fifth edition. The sixth edition was about the time I was making a move toward retirement, so we turned it over to Charles and some other professor from Baylor, and it didn't go much further than that. I kept working on the Small Business book, which was the more logical decision on that score.

We had a two-week seminar at Tulane in New Orleans during that period of time. I think it was in mathematics. I didn't learn much, but I at least tried to improve my own understanding. Also, about 1965, I began directing the graduate studies in Business, which was a small program at that time, and I did that for about five years.

I also became a consultant to the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, New Jersey. This was not as exalted a position as it sounded, but there were several professors who were brought in to help make decisions about the kind of testing they were using for graduate study in business. It was a very interesting experience. It also exposed us to Princeton University, which I enjoyed seeing. Judy Malkiel coordinated our program and was the wife of Burton Malkiel, the well-known Princeton finance professor who wrote the book *A Random Walk Down Wall Street*. The highlight of that experience, which may have lasted two or three years, was finding little tiger slipper socks in the Princeton bookstore. My girls were just about the right age for that, so I brought three pairs home with me, and this was one of the greatest choices of that kind that I ever made. They were very thrilled with that bit of reward from my endeavors.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Growing Up Years (1967-1976)

These were the growing up years of the girls moving into high school and on into college. At best, we can mention a few of the highlights of this period.

Move to Arlington Drive — 1967

Year 1967 was a year of change. We moved from our address at 901 Lawrence Drive to 750 Arlington Drive in Woodway, as we were feeling the need for more space. The Lord enabled us to make a good choice of a home that served well both for our family needs and for our various hospitality events.

Trip to Hawaii

Since this was our 25th wedding anniversary, we planned a family trip to Honolulu. There we stayed with Frances' brother Gordon, Rose, Steve, and Stephany. We saw Pearl Harbor, the Punchbowl, the Polynesian Cultural Center, Waikiki Beach and other sites on the island of Oahu. Nancy was recuperating from a broken collarbone after a biking mishap on our street. At the end of that summer, Linda entered Midway High School as a freshman.

Our 1970 Trip to Europe

The year before this trip, Fran's mother died and Frances and Justin flew out to California for the funeral.

Also that previous year, Jane entered Mrs. Balleou's sixth-grade class, where she learned to be a good student.

As amateurs, we decided to take a family trip to Europe. I talked to Baylor people who had traveled there and learned from their experience. Then we launched out with a general plan and a guidebook entitled *Europe on \$5 a Day*. We eventually covered ten countries in six weeks.

We landed in London and saw the sights there before taking a ferry to Amsterdam. We went to the Reiksmuseum and saw the painting of the *Night Watch*. We visited a flea market, where Nancy got a fringed tapestry that is part of her living room décor today. Then we took the train to Brussels, where Linda ate escargot for dinner and we picked up our Renault rental car. We proceeded to drive back through the Netherlands, across a little part of West Germany, and up to Copenhagen.

In Copenhagen, we arrived too late to find a place to sleep, so we slept in the car outside the train station. It was a cramped, uncomfortable night with the five of us in a small car. The next morning, we transferred to the Fourth of May Hotel. The girls all got Denmark sweaters. After Copenhagen, we drove south through West Germany and then through the Berlin Corridor into West Berlin. We even took a bus trip into East Berlin, beyond the Berlin Wall.

In subsequent days, we saw Nuremberg, Munich, Salzburg, and Vienna, where we saw an opera. After a night in Venice for a gondola ride, we drove to Florence, saw Michaelangelo's *David* and other important places. We found souvenirs of leather goods.

Then it was on to Rome, where we enjoyed the opera *Aida* in an outdoor setting, observed a small part of the Appian Way, and saw the aqueducts, the Coliseum, and the Forum. After Rome, we drove down to Naples. From there, we visited the site of the extinct volcano, Pompeii.

Headed Toward Home

We drove to Pisa, where we saw the Leaning Tower, and then on to Genoa and Switzerland.

In Lucerne, we each acquired a watch, but mine is the only one still in service. From somewhere in Switzerland, we took

a trip up the side of the Alps, where the girls tried skiing and I felt sick from the altitude. After coming back down the mountain, we visited Geneva and then headed off across France. In Paris, we linked up with a lady who was a friend of a Waco neighbor and she led us on a tour of the city. This included the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Louvre, where we saw the *Mona Lisa*.

After Paris, we endured the most sickening Channel crossing of its history, but finally made it to England where we could get our feet on solid ground. It was time to fly home and thus concluded a wonderful European adventure.

LeTourneau College Trustee Board

During many of these years, I was an active member of the LeTourneau College Board of Trustees. That contact began because Clair Weller introduced me to Richard LeTourneau and other members of the family. During one of those years, I served as Board Chairman, and some very important directions were established at that time.

I believe my last Board meeting involved the election of Dr. Alvin O. (Bud) Austin as President. Nancy has taken my place as a Board member, beginning in 1990 to the present time, making it possible for us to have two additional visits from her each year.

Other Christian Service

For a few years, I served as president of the Alliance Men for the Southwestern District of the C&MA. I never felt comfortable doing this, but I was able to get God's businessman, Stanley Tam, to speak at one retreat. I later shifted from this position to that of District treasurer, a spot I found much more comfortable.

Frances was elected president of the Women's Missionary Prayer Fellowship for the Southwestern District about 1975. She was a diligent officer and did her best to make the women's work successful. She even traveled to some of the various church locations to stir their hearts and lives toward missionary work.

Linda Gets Married

In 1971, Linda graduated from Midway High School and entered Baylor in the fall. In 1972, Linda entered into marriage with Lonal Bell, who was in the military service. She later moved to North Carolina to be with him during paratrooper training. By the mid 1970s, Linda had completed her bachelor's degree and also earned her MBA from Baylor. She taught business courses at Mary Hardin Baylor and at Del Mar Junior College in Corpus Christi for several years. During that time, she earned her CPA credentials.

Nancy's Athletics at Midway

In 1973, when Nancy and six other seniors were on the high school basketball team, they went undefeated for the season (37-0) and won the state championship. These involved three difficult wins over arch-rival Robinson. Many of our friends were at the University of Texas to watch the state tournament games.

Nancy's high school coach, Mitch LeMoine, strongly encouraged his basketball players to also run track. This led to Nancy's participation in the high jump, 880 relay, and mile relay. In 1971, 1972, and 1973, the mile relay team won the state championship and set a national high school girls' mile relay time record in 1972. Nancy also found time to get away with Karen Ryden from the Austin Alliance Church to the LIFE Conference in the summer, a good spiritual experience.

Nancy graduated from Midway High School in 1973 and entered LeTourneau College that fall, staying for three years before transferring to Biola University in California for two additional years. She graduated with highest honors with a double major in Physical Education and Recreation Administration (and 30 units of Bible courses). She taught junior high P.E. for a year and a half, before Proposition 13 forced the layoff of many young teachers. She found work as a recreation supervisor for the City of Whittier and began working her way up the management ladder.

Southwest Conference

In 1974, Baylor won its first Southwest Conference football championship in 50 years, under the coaching of the legendary Grant Teaff. The key game was the home game with the University of Texas. The weather was somewhat misty and some people left at the half, when we trailed 24-7.

We learned never to leave early. An unbelievable turnaround led to a 34-24 win. One of my later students blocked the punt that set up our first breakthrough in the second half. This was followed by good play the rest of the season, which gave them the undisputed championship and a trip to the Cotton Bowl. They repeated the championship run again in 1980, and we are still waiting for a great breakthrough in the Big Twelve.

An Eventful 1976

Fran's father, Frank I. Pickering, died in 1976. All of the family gathered in Ontario, California, for the funeral and family time together. Almost all the cousins except Nancy were there — she was working at a camp and then leaving to play basketball in Mexico. She had previously traveled six weeks with the LeTourneau Singers in the Northeast, and transferred to Biola University in La Mirada, California, later that summer.

This was the year that Jane enrolled at Trinity College in Deerfield, Illinois. In the summer, she had participated in a Christian youth witnessing effort at the Montreal Summer Olympics. The year previously, Jane had courageously participated in a Teen Missions trip to Ireland, but I think she found the Montreal trip to be more enjoyable.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Leaving the Nest — Mid 1970s to Mid 1980s

During this period of time, the children were coming to be more fully launched and Frances and I were proceeding toward retirement.

Change in Academic Life

In 1978, I was appointed as the first occupant of the Chavanne Chair in Christian Business Ethics. Although this did not eliminate my prior fields of study and writing, it did introduce a new focus. I was able to originate a national survey of business ethical attitudes, which provided a basis for numerous articles and papers. I should add that I persuaded Joe McKinney and Carlos Moore to join me in this endeavor.

The national survey has been repeated at seven-year intervals and has gained attention in many areas of business ethics research. Other writers have not only referenced it, but used its materials in developing their own lines of research. This research provided the basis for our 2005 paper at the International Council for Small Business Conference in Washington, D.C., that received the “Best Paper” award.

Also, I (and my colleagues) was able to publish an article in the December 2004 Journal of Business Ethics that established a positive relationship between evangelical Christianity and business ethics. I believe this may have been the first to clearly establish this point.

There were, of course, many conferences and papers during this period, as well as later. Furthermore, this work, as well as my work on new editions of *Small Business Management*, continued on through my retirement years. In 2005, the

United States Association for Small Business and Entrepreneurship honored me with their “Lifetime Achievement” award. I do not wish to take great personal pride in such recognition, but to simply thank the Lord for the opportunities He gave me.

Jane Grows Up

In 1976, Jane graduated from Midway High School and entered Trinity College in Deerfield, Illinois. In 1980, Jane graduated from Trinity with her bachelor’s degree in English and the family gathered for the commencement. Jane started work with Vance Publishing Company after her graduation. She started as an office assistant and became involved in research, eventually moving into a key position in marketing research. This company produced trade magazines for a number of important business and industrial areas. Jane completed a second bachelor’s degree in Computer Science during this period. Even after she left the company, she performed various consulting projects for Vance.

Other Family Developments and Changes

In 1981, Linda married Kevin Currie and our first grandson, Justin Colt, arrived in 1983.

In 1982, Nancy and Al Mendez were married in California and all of us were there for that wedding. In 1986, Jane was married to James Edgington in our home church in Waco. 1987 saw the birth of our second grandchild, Chelsea Nicole, and also a family vacation at a Colorado lodge owned by the parents of Kirk Person.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Retirement Years

The retirement years brought much travel, continuing activity and family visits, but not much rocking chair time.

Baylor Retirement

I retired from Baylor in 1985 at the age of 68. With the exception of eliminating teaching, very little seemed to change. Baylor provided an office and I continued to enjoy many of the same academic associations and labors that I had always enjoyed. In 1985, I ended my year as president of the International Council for Small Business (ICSB) at the Montreal conference.

Travel

During our retirement years, Frances and I took many cruises with my brother Homer and Beulah. However, not all of our trips were cruises. For example, we had enjoyed a great time with relatives, particularly Elizabeth and Wesley Walls, on a trip to Great Britain and the Passion Play in 1984. Also, we took a trip to Amsterdam that same year as president of ICSB. Some of the most memorable trips included a 1988 trip to Finland and St. Petersburg, Russia, that concluded with a week in London with Frances' siblings and spouses. In 1991, we visited Switzerland and the Longenecker family farm en route to Vienna for a conference. In 1993, we and Homers took a cruise and land trip to Alaska.

Two other noteworthy trips included travel to New Zealand and Australia in 1995 and to Stockholm, Oslo and London in 1996 for conferences. In 1997, Nancy and Al met us and vacationed for a few days in London, leaving their little boys with Al's mother. Other travel included:

- ✠ 1998 Cruise from Montreal to New York City
- ✠ 1999 Hawaii with Fran's siblings
- ✠ 2000 Seattle for Burton's Pickering Place apartment building dedication and then to Hawaii to meet the Mendezes
- ✠ 2001 Cruise through the Panama Canal
- ✠ 2002 Cruise of the Mexican Riviera (our last cruise with Homer and Beulah)
- ✠ A number of trips to Hawaii to visit Gordon and Rose

Family Life

Following are some events that occurred over this span of time:

- ✠ In 1998, my brother Howard passed away in Kansas. Colt entered first grade. Also that same year, Jane was Operations Manager of the research group at Vance.
- ✠ In 1990, granddaughter Lyndsie Jane Currie was born in January.
- ✠ In 1991, grandson Mark Davis Mendez was born on December 8.
- ✠ In 1992, grandson Jeffrey James Edgington was born on May 11.
- ✠ In 1993, grandson Timothy Justin Mendez was born on April 23, the birthday of Fran's brother-in-law Wesley.
- ✠ In 1994, our immediate family vacationed at Snow Mountain YMCA Ranch in Colorado.
- ✠ In 1996, youngest granddaughter Jori Frances Edgington was born on February 13.
- ✠ In 1999, we had another Colorado family vacation at Snow Mountain Ranch in Colorado.
- ✠ In 2000, Justin and Frances reread all their love letters.
- ✠ In 2001, Justin underwent a triple heart bypass operation in July, performed by Waco heart surgeon Dr. Peper.

Golden Wedding Anniversary

On July 11, 1992 (once again a Saturday, as it was in 1942), we celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. The family all gathered in Waco, including some of the Walls family — Elizabeth and Wesley, Burton, Francine, and Sylvia. We ate dinner at Nick's, the Greek restaurant, the night before the main event.

We received two major gifts that night. One was a cookbook with as many of Fran's favorite recipes as we could manage without disclosing the nature of the project in advance. The other was a beautifully leather-bound book of anniversary poems that I had written over the years to Frances (Appendix).

Saturday afternoon featured an open house in the church fellowship hall. It included a brief program, with some string quartet music that had been played at our wedding, a recitation of a fairy tale version of our romantic life, and a video with photographs and movie clips of our family life. We decorated with the anniversary poems scattered around the walls, and the wedding dress and wedding tie on display. That day, we received a large leather-bound volume of letters from friends and family who were reminiscing and rejoicing with us. It was a beautiful and meaningful time.

60th Anniversary

In 2002, we had a smaller party for our 60th anniversary. It took the nature of an open house at our home and the guests received small wooden giraffes as party favors.

80th Birthday Parties

We also had 80th birthday parties for me and Frances. They were wild affairs with performances of original songs and cheers for the birthday person, and party guests wearing weird hats.

Aigul and Haiely

During our retirement years, the Lord allowed us to reach out to two non-Christians who the Lord sent to Baylor.

The first of these was Aigul, a Fulbright professor from Kazakhstan who requested assignment to Baylor because of her acquaintanceship with our textbook in small business management. Although I was never an official mentor, they used me a great deal because I was retired and available. In fact, I took her to lunch her first day in Waco and found her assigned to the office next to mine. However, note that others also had spiritual input into her life, like Joe and Nancy McKinney, who took her to Sunday School each week.

Sometimes I would take her to Mr. Gatti's for lunch and the conversations would be far-ranging. We also entertained her in our home and invited her to several care group meetings. Near the end of the year, we realized that she was giving serious attention to Christian faith. When it came time for her to be baptized, we asked her where she would like to be baptized and she chose our church. However, she went through a period of doubt and almost backed out. But finally, she came with a clear statement of desire. I think Bill Petty's expression of concern about the importance of baptism in Christian faith helped to cement this decision. She was baptized one evening during the week and there was a good turnout for this occasion of our people and others who had known her. Joe McKinney provided a background explanation during the service and Pastor Rick Koskela baptized her.

The second opportunity God sent our way was a Chinese graduate student in economics named Haiely. I believe that she came in the fall of 2002 and Frances and I had volunteered to be a host family for such a student. We also prayed quite pointedly before we met her that God would make our association meaningful in some way. Our relationship alone, once again, did not do this, because she met other Chinese students who were Christians. However, we developed a close relationship with her and we discussed Christian faith and gave her a Bible.

I urged her to read the book of John and she came to the office one afternoon puzzled by the first chapter's

reference to “the Word.” I explained that to her and we continued the journey toward faith. She loved to stay at our home on weekends. One Saturday evening, she announced that she had become a Christian. I hardly knew what to say, but we once again turned to the Scripture and reviewed key passages regarding sin and salvation. She checked out with the correct answers and I’m sure we prayed with her. Then we asked her if we could tell Amy Beck in the morning, but she said, “Oh, no!” It took a week or so for her to reach a comfort level with her own faith. But shortly after, she not only became more expressive, but she also wanted to be baptized.

She was baptized in 2003 on a Sunday evening in our church and about one-third of the attendance was Chinese who had become aware of her decision. It was a wonderful service and she continued to grow in the Lord. One day, she was discouraged and sobbed and sobbed in my office. But the Lord pulled her through. When she returned to China at the time of Frances’ final illness, she e-mailed us that her mother too had accepted the Lord.

She then moved to Austin to begin Ph.D. work and the Lord provided a good church and strong Christian fellowship to support her there.

EPILOGUE

Our great marriage was broken with the passing of Frances on June 23, 2004. This left an immense gap in our home and hearts, but we rejoice that she is living in a better place. It would be a wish of both of us that our family heritage of Christian faith should continue without breaking into many subsequent generations.

“In his great mercy he has given us new birth into a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and into an inheritance that can never perish, spoil or fade — kept in heaven for you, who through faith are shielded by God’s power until the coming of the salvation that is ready to be revealed in the last time.”

I Peter 1: 3 - 5

APPENDIX A

Childhood Memories

JUSTIN'S MEMORIES

Milking Cows

Starting sometime in my grade school years, I learned to milk cows. There is a special grasp required, so one must learn the technique by doing it. When Homer and I were doing it, I think we each milked two or three cows. I sat on a one-legged, short stool on the right side of the cow. We put kicking chains on the cow before beginning, so the cow wouldn't become startled and kick the bucket that I held between my legs. In the summer, cows would sometimes try to brush off flies and, in the process, hit us in the face with their tails. The cows were standing in the barn with their heads in stanchions that held them steady and enabled them to feast from the trough in front of them.

My Elementary School Experience (recorded 3/27/2004)

My first eight grades were spent in a one-room school house, Birmingham, KS, district 88 of Jackson County. There were never more than 15 or so students in the school, and my class had one (me) or two students. Sometimes, two classes were combined for a particular subject — for example, the 5th and 6th grades might study 6th-grade geography together.

In the first five grades, I had male teachers — Mr. Hodges for grades one and two; Mr. Elliot for grades three, four, and five. In the 6th and 7th grades, my teacher was my cousin, Frances Jones, who also stayed with us as a boarder, and Miss Kelly taught me in 8th grade.

The desks ranged from small for 1st graders to larger for more advanced grades. Each had his own desk, and we were called to the front bench to recite. A coal stove in the corner, maintained by the teacher, provided the heat, and

our restrooms were two outhouses back of the school. I can still remember my older brother's instructions before starting the first day of first grade: "If you need to use the toilet, raise your hand, and then ask the teacher, 'May I please leave the room?'" (my brother Homer was probably in 6th grade when I started). Our library consisted of maybe a couple feet of books on a shelf including some great adventure stories by Horatio Alger!

Making Egg Crates (recorded 3/29/2004)

As young boys, maybe 10-12 years old or so, my cousin, Marvin Gooderl, and I could earn 5 cents each for building egg crates for my Dad's general store (Marvin's Dad was my Uncle Lee, who worked for my Dad as his major assistant and only employee).

The egg crates were used for shipping the eggs bought from farmers. I'd guess the crates would hold 25 or 30 dozen eggs each in two compartments. The parts to the crates were pre-cut and consisted of two end pieces, a center board, and six thin slats (maybe three or four inches wide). We used a wooden holding device to hold the ends and middle while we nailed on the slats. We'd nail two slats for the bottom of the crate and two on each side. I think we'd put three nails at the end, the middle, and the other end of each slat. The slats for the top would, of course, be added after the crate was filled and ready for shipment. I can't remember how the crates were shipped to the market — probably to Kansas City, if not to Topeka.

Each of us would do these individually as we had time and were motivated to earn a little money. It wasn't big money but probably generous for what we did. I expect Uncle Lee built any extras needed if we did not work enough!

Trapping Wild Animals (recorded 3/30/2004)

When I was in grade school — maybe 4th or 5th grade — my cousin Marvin Gooderl and I did some trapping of small animals — possums, muskrats, civet cats, and skunks. Their pelts were worth money. I don't think we

ever learned to skin them, and I remember catching only a very few (I supposed someone else may have skinned any we caught — I know my brother Howard knew how, but he was probably gone from home by that time).

I think we may have caught a muskrat or two, but the only catch I remember was a big skunk. His foot was caught in the metal trap. We didn't have a gun, so we decided to kill him by hitting him in the head with a stick (we were not aware at the time of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!). We were checking the traps early in the morning, and we subdued him in spite of his skunkly defense, which gave us a distinctive odor. When we got to school, the coal-burning stove helped spread the smell, and the teacher quickly recommended that I go home and change clothes. I can't remember whether my mother also made me take a bath, and I can't remember whether Marvin was involved in this part of the adventure or not. I learned a lot about skunks that day!

When Prince Died (recorded 3/31/2004)

Prince was a horse owned by my parents, and he was looked upon as a long-standing family friend. My brother told me that my Grandfather Longenecker gave a horse to my Dad when he and my mother were married in 1900. I think this may have been Prince, but I am not sure.

The death of Prince is my earliest childhood memory, so I assume I may have been four years old (1921). Prince would have been a little over 20 years old. As a result of old age and whatever else ailed him, he was lying down in the pasture and couldn't get up. The humane solution was to shoot him and put him out of his misery.

Before that happened, my mother took me and walked down in the pasture to the bid Prince "Goodbye." I can remember the particular area of the pasture where he was lying. We probably patted old Prince. No doubt, my mother's sadness impressed this upon me. We trudged back through the pasture gate and along the alley to our house. No doubt, his death came within 24 hours. I'd guess Uncle Lee may have cared for these last rites.

FRANCES' MEMORIES

Growing Up in San Antonio (recorded May 2004)

I was born January 11, 1920 at Brook General Hospital on the Army base in San Antonio. My father worked as a field clerk at Fort Sam Houston.

We lived near Fort Sam Houston at 225 Shorer St. until I was six years old. A railroad track was not that far away. The house had a wide central hallway from the front door to the back door — bedrooms on one side; living room, dining room, and kitchen on the other side. I learned to skate in the kitchen! The floor slanted downward slightly from the dining room doorway to the kitchen cabinets. It made a good place to coast from the doorway to the kitchen wall. It helped learn balance.

I was the third child in the family — a sister four years older and a BIG brother who was eight years older. I can remember being astonished and proud of them when they were able to hear each other on the tin cans and string “telephone” they had rigged up between the chinaberry tree on one side of the house to the other side by the garage.

Beginning School in Honolulu (recorded May 2004)

School began for me when my family moved from San Antonio, Texas to Honolulu, Hawaii when I was six years old. When my mother talked about “taking a test” before entering school, I was worried. I had heard about “tests” from my older brother and sister as something to dread. I told Mother that I didn’t know very much, but she assured me it was only a test to see if I knew how to speak English, not Pidgin English (a mixture of languages spoken on the Islands). I was to attend first grade at Lincoln School, and English standard school, along with Elizabeth, who was in 4th grade.

My classroom was a frame building across the playground from the main building, with windows on one side and fold-back doors on the opposite side, which made it open,

breezy, and cool. My first three years were spent in this tropical setting. I frequently would attend school barefooted. Mrs. Healy taught us a song about the hibiscus:

*Hibiscus red, hibiscus pink,
Hibiscus yellow and gay.
Growing low on bushes green,
Many new ones every day.*

One thing I did not like was the requirement one year to take cod liver oil at school because I was underweight.

Piano Lessons in First Grade (recorded May 2004)

While in first grade, I began taking piano lessons from a nice lady (I can't remember her name) who lived not far from our Kewalo Street house. After the initial lesson or two, Mother let me walk to my teacher's house. It was a pleasant jaunt down tree-shaded streets. I can remember enjoying the patterns on the sidewalk of sun through the trees and looking through the trees overhead and enjoying what I saw.

Sunday School Picnic In Hawaii (recorded May 2004)

Our family attended the Methodist church in Honolulu. My parents were actively involved. Mother taught a class and Dad became superintendent of the Sunday School. One Saturday, when I was seven years old, we attended a Sunday School picnic at a private beach on the other side of the island. What fun! In and out of the water, stopping to snack when hungry, but all day playing on the beach in my bathing suit. That was before we knew about sunscreen. I had a terrible case of sunburn – blistered shoulders, puffy, burned lips, and was miserable. I even missed a day or two of school.

APPENDIX B

A Romantic Fairy Tale

*This “fairy story” was written by Justin
and read as part of the program at
Justin and Frances’
50th Wedding Anniversary celebration.
(6/24/1992)*

Here is a romantic fairy story. It tells how a handsome prince found a beautiful princess. It reminds us of the romance of Justin and Frances. Like all fairy tales, however, this story embellishes, exaggerates, and distorts reality. But there is an element of magic in the story that carries us along and reminds us of the marriage we celebrate today. Here, then, is the story:

Long years ago, a handsome prince was born in a Kansas farm house. His parents did not know that he was a handsome prince, so he grew up like other farm boys, learning to hoe weeds, milk cows, pick strawberries, and put up hay. His parents also taught him to build egg crates, pump gasoline, and stock the shelves in his father's general store. For eight years, he attended a one-room school, and, as is true of princes, he was often the only student in his class. He was a very rural, rough-edged, unrefined but nonetheless very handsome prince!

Far away in the land of Texas, a beautiful princess was born in the city of San Antonio. Instead of learning to milk cows and build egg crates, she learned to play the violin and make salads. Her father was a military man, and they moved a lot — always to big cities like Omaha and Honolulu. The beautiful princess went to big schools in the big cities, and she learned the mysteries of etiquette and dinners and teas and fashion and boys and dates. She was a very cultured, gracious, sophisticated, beautiful princess.

When the handsome prince graduated from his tiny high school, it was time to look for the beautiful princess. But she was across the ocean in the land of Hawaii, and he didn't know who she was or how to find her. In fact, he didn't even know what kind of a prince he was supposed to be or where he was supposed to get his princely education. The best place seemed to be a junior college in Kansas. So he looked at Kansas girls

for two years with no success whatsoever. Oh, he found a few who seemed as if they might be princesses, but the passage of time revealed their true nature. While looking for the beautiful princess, he made A's and B's and C's and almost flunked trigonometry. It was good that he didn't need trigonometry to find the beautiful princess!

Far away in the land of Hawaii, the beautiful princess wore beautiful leis, swam at Waikiki beach, and talked with the thousands of handsome military boys who served in Hawaii. Many of them were lonely, so, like a good princess, she tried to lift their spirits and keep them happy. Some of them could see that she was really a beautiful princess and wanted to marry her. But her mother knew they were not real princes at all and insisted she must keep looking and that she must go to college in some faraway place. So the princess cooled it and had lots of fun going to parties, having dates, and playing in the symphony. While she was having all this fun, she was also making A's in her big class in her big school.

When the handsome prince graduated from junior college, he realized the beautiful princess must not be in Kansas. So he followed his friends westward to Seattle. All through his junior year, he looked and looked, but he could not find the beautiful princess. Though filled with discouragement, he returned for his senior year and one last try.

Meanwhile, across the ocean, the beautiful princess discovered she must leave the shores of Hawaii to move with her military parents as they were sent to guard the Golden Gate at San Francisco's Presidio. While there, she often looked at the Golden Gate Bridge as she dreamed golden thoughts about the handsome prince who would some day give her a golden ring and carry her away to a golden palace and eventually celebrate a golden wedding anniversary with her.

The parents of the beautiful princess decided she should not go to a distant college in Illinois as her older siblings had done. Indeed, she should stay on the West Coast where they could protect her from unworthy commoners who might aspire to the hand of the beautiful princess.

While the beautiful princess was registering for her freshman classes, she met the handsome prince who was helping in registration. Of course, the beautiful princess did not know he was the handsome prince, and the handsome prince did not

know that she was the beautiful princess. Nonetheless, he realized that she came from the magical kingdom of Hawaii and knew that a beautiful princess might come from just such an exotic land. So he observed her graceful ways, listened to her melodic violin, and gradually fell under her spell.

On December 2, the handsome prince persuaded the beautiful princess to go on their first date, and he gazed into her beautiful eyes as they drank beautiful chocolate milk shakes together. The handsome prince was so enchanted with the beautiful princess that he insisted they must have another date on December 3 — the very next day. He was quite sure that he had finally found the beautiful princess!

Only two weeks later, the handsome prince hitchhiked to California for his Christmas vacation, stopping for two days at the home of the beautiful princess. She had not yet thought much about his princely credentials, and her parents believed he was merely a college boy who did not much look like any kind of a prince! But they were kind people who allowed him to stay two nights and let him look at the Golden Gate Bridge as he also dreamed of golden rings and palaces and princesses.

Back at school, the handsome prince pursued the beautiful princess as rapidly as good taste and the beautiful princess would allow. Even though he graduated in June, he found a way to return to Seattle in September so he could be near the beautiful princess. However, the beautiful princess began to think he might not be a true handsome prince after all. Sometimes he seemed more like a Kansas farm boy. After all, she was just a sophomore, and she had not checked out all the other college boys to determine their royal lineage. So she sent the handsome prince to the sidelines while she looked at all the other handsome boys. The handsome prince meanwhile fell into a deep depression and once again found other girls who thought they were princesses to be mere imposters.

At Christmas time, the handsome prince wrote a friendly, happy letter to the beautiful princess. It wasn't the only letter she received, but it was the best one. It made her smile and feel happy again as she thought about the boy who might be a handsome prince after all. Her friends kept telling her about his princely-type ways.

So, in the spring, she again became friends with the handsome prince. After her sophomore year, however, the handsome prince

moved thousands of miles away. But it was true love, and absence made their hearts grow fonder. They thought loving thoughts and wrote loving letters twice each week — except when the beautiful princess became too busy with school work.

The following summer the beautiful princess traveled thousands of miles to see the handsome prince. Finally realizing that he was indeed the one and only true handsome prince, she returned home with a beautiful diamond ring. Her parents carefully explained to her that no real beautiful princess could ever, ever, ever be married until she had graduated from college. So she studied diligently through her senior year, wrote faithfully two times each week, and disappointed the many handsome boys who wanted to befriend the lonely princess.

At the end of her senior year, the handsome prince rode the train the many, many miles to Seattle. There he was given the hand of the beautiful princess, and they lived happily together for many, many years. And on their Golden Wedding anniversary, they held a large celebration to rejoice with their family and friends and to hear the story of a handsome prince who found a beautiful princess.

APPENDIX C

Anniversary Poems

I wrote a love poem each year to Frances in celebration of our wedding anniversary on July 11. Married in 1942, I began penning the verses in 1971 on the tiny florist cards that came with the flowers I traditionally sent Frances. Our daughters always found this tradition quite romantic.

1971

One year was good,
Two years were fine!
Think what that means
After twenty-nine!!

1972

Thirty full years of real married bliss
Enriched here and there with a hug and a kiss.
The best day is history must have been this
When you became Mrs. instead of a Miss!

1974

From '42
To '74
Was good enough
To try some more.

1975

Nineteen hundred forty-two
Two changed to one
One love won two

Nineteen hundred seventy-five
One changed to three
Then four, then five.

Beginning love
Expanding love
Developing love
Maturing love.

Beginning, demurring
Expanding, alluring
Developing, assuring
Maturing, enduring.

1976

L ife at the Thirty-Fourth
Work...books, grass, proof with long hours
Beauty...flowers, birds, mountains with music
Fun...food, trips, games with others
Love...work, beauty, fun with you.

1977

On our 35th wedding anniversary:

Remembrance of happy occasions
Recollection of fortunate decisions

Prediction of coming happiness
Anticipation of future growth

Past, present, future
Good, better, best

With you,
With love.

1978

Who would have thought on that first date
Of the consequences in seventy-eight,
Of family, friends and trips that are long
And a happy marriage still going strong.

1979

Love, beginning as a tiny stream,
flows, sparkles,
refreshes, cascades,
deepens, and
becomes a mighty river.

With a St. Lawrence of it!

1980

1938

Monody became melody
Music
Brightened a dreary world.

1942

Melody became harmony,
Zigenunderveisen
Gave way to Stradivarius

1942-1980

Harmony became symphony.
Adagio
Changed to andante and allegretto.

1981

Church and committees, children and classes,
Thirty-nine years, time swiftly passes.

Manuscripts, galleys, all kinds of proof
Sometimes extend from the floor to the roof.

But what makes me happy above all the rest
Of all the advantages, this is the best:

When I come up for air,
You are still there!

1982

Nineteen hundred forty-two,
Nineteen hundred eighty-two.

Ich liebe dich.
Je t'aime.
Te quiero

Viorzig Jahren.
Quarante ans.
Cuarante anos.

Any language, any year
I love you!

1983

Forty-one years of
Work, study, entertaining —
Years of teamwork.

Forty-one years of
Trips, music, football —
Years of joy.

Forty-one years of
Children, caring, praying —
Years of love.

1984

A star for each year of married life,
Sparkling with love for a wonderful wife.
Forty-two starts to '84
Those forty-two call for many more.
Let's add those stars as if they were free,
Let's go for an entire galaxy!

1985

Happy marriage, productive career
Strengthen each other—year after year.

Earliest years, earnings were meager,
But we were happy, ambitious, and eager.

Mid-career crisis just never came
Eyes were on family, and higher, not fame.

Now at retirement, no time to lose.
Both life and love show their bright, richest hues!

1986

Love never fails.
Ours stretches all the way from
Seattle to Waco,
San Francisco to Vancouver,
Yellowstone to Crater Lake,
And is still growing!

1987

In a world of
change,
mistrust,
sorrow, and
hostility,
We are blessed with
stability,
confidence,
joy, and
love
On our 45th anniversary.

1988

A good marriage blends lives
Synergistically so that $1 + 1 = 3$.

For us, the blending of
 Light chocolates & dark chocolates
 Sensodyne & Crest
 Scallops & prime rib
 Reader's Digest & Business Week
 Do it & hire it
 Symphonies & football games
 Red Lobster & Steak and Ale
 Channel 10 & Channel 89
 You & me

has been so delightful that
 $1 + 1 = 3$ is more like $1 + 1 = 46!$

1989

Miles we've traveled,
Literally and figuratively —
Exciting miles to
 California, Colorado,
 Hawaii, Helsinki,
 London, Leningrad,
But more exciting and wonderful
Our miles together for forty-seven years
And our miles to go before we sleep!

1990

Amid change, love is constant.
Our world has changed, from
Radio to TV,
Street cars to Buicks,
Typewriters to computers,
Cash to credit cards.
Our love has endured and grown, from
Tentative to confident,
Careless to sensitive,
Weak to strong,
One strand to forty-eight.

1991

Mein Gebet

Donnerstag, de 11. Juli 1991

Danke, Gott,
Für meine liebe Frau,
Für ihre Liebe und ihre Hilfe,
Für neunundvierzig Jahre
Zusammen,
Danke, Gott.

Danke, Gott,
Für die Gabe ihres Lebens,
Für ihre Freude und ihre
Treue,
Für neunundvierzig Jahre
zusammen,
Danke, Gott.

My Prayer

Thursday, the 11th of July, 1991

Thank you, God,
For my dear wife,
For her love and her help,
For forty-nine years together,
Thank you, God.

Thank you, God,
For the gift of her life,
For her joy and faithfulness,
For forty-nine years together,
Thank you, God.

1992

Our First Half Century

Fifty fantastic years,
Getting married, rearing children,
Bringing flowers, playing games,
Holding hands, doing our best,
Sharing our love.

Five fabulous decades,
Running a household, writing books,
Managing income, paying bills,
Going to concerts, taking vacations,
Sharing our life.

An awesome half century,
Staying together, praying together,
Growing older, growing closer,
Helping others, serving God,
Sharing our faith.

1993

After fifty fast years,
It's another good start
With love and affection
From deep in the heart.

From Nassau to Juneau,
We're cruising along
With the happy enchantment
Of love's old sweet song.

1994

During fifty-two years,
Blessed, splendid, excellent years,
Your love has been
 glowing, bringing joy,
 giving, bringing thankfulness,
 enduring, bringing peace,
 abounding, bringing happiness,
 growing, bringing hope
During years to come,
Blessed, splendid, excellent years,
May this love continue!

1995

In all of our “wanderings”, you add that dimension
That is still guaranteed to hold my attention.

While in Pittsburgh, Chicago, and cool Winter Park,
I found that our romance still had that spark.

In the down-under land of the quaint kangaroo,
I was glad in Seattle we’d once said “I do.”

Through all of our travels, at home or away,
I rejoice in our merger on that special day!

1996

This year of our marriage, now fifty-four,
Brought us places, events, and considerably more.

Maui	Missionaries
Jori	Care Group
Pizza	Russell Square
Maryland	Music Schedules
Willow Creek	Game Night
Oliver	Oslo
Reunions	Page Proof
San Antonio	All Souls Church
Tea at Harrods	Stockholm

Peace, love, contentment — an excellent life,
Made joyful, enhanced by a wonderful wife!

1997

Some Dimensions of Our love

Time: 55 years and counting
Altitude: 39,000 feet to ground level
Temperature: Warm hearts (and cold feet)
Distance: LA to London to Eureka

A balanced and wonderful marriage

1998

In this year of our marriage, now fifty-six,
Nothing is broken,
No need to fix.
In the next year of marriage, soon fifty-seven,
Let's just keep it going—
This model of heaven!

1999

Petunias and pansies can brighten one's life
But not like the joy of a wonderful wife,
Who still makes the marriage at year fifty-seven
A bit less like earth and a bit more like heaven.

2000

For fifty-eight years, we have traveled as one,
With love and delight in the light of the Son.
Though years fly by quickly, my heart is at rest,
In those years long ago, I just chose the best!

2001

A Tree

Our love, a tree,
Enduring roots, growing deeper each year,
Fruitful branches, bearing peace and joy,
Protective leaves, screening sun and rain,
A living tree, a family tree,
Our tree — a giant Sequoia!

2002

Through sixty five years of great married life
I have been blessed by a wonderful wife.

It started in college, in my senior year,
When I saw a new, charming coed appear.

Sight led to courtship and, eventually, marriage
That's weathered six decades of "wearage" and "tearage."

Conscious of God, we have walked hand in hand,
Experiencing life even better than planned.

In the years that will follow, may the life that we trace
Blend contentment and joy with our love and God's grace!

2003

I now see our marriage in its sixty-first year
In the colorful words of a real mountaineer:
 Originating in the Garden of the God(s),
 Strong like Olympic weight lifters,
 Elegant like a Broadmoor tea,
 Focused like Focus on the Family, and
 Reaching for the sky like the Pike's Peak Railway.

June 23, 2004

To Frances:

Those vows that we entered
Back there at the start
Have endured as promised
Til death do us part.

With love,
Justin

APPENDIX D

Recommended Websites

The following is a list of internet websites of some organizations that share my Christian faith and values:

Alliance Bible Church
<http://alliancewaco.org/>

The Christian and Missionary Alliance
<http://cmalliance.org/>

Christianity Today
<http://www.christianitytoday.com/ctmag/>

InterVarsity Christian Fellowship
<http://www.intervarsity.org/>

Campus Crusade for Christ
<http://www.ccci.org/>

The Navigators
<http://home.navigators.org/us/>

World Vision International
<http://www.wvi.org/wvi/home.htm>

Billy Graham Evangelistic Association
http://www.billygraham.org/SH_HowToBecomeAChristian.asp

