



# TRAVELS WITH J&T

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*This book is dedicated to those who have wandered somewhere and absorbed what was there to challenge their own view of life and perhaps change direction.*

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# Prologue

**Traveling Satisfaction** varies among travelers. For us, Traveling had three dimensions: Anticipating, Doing and Recalling. (You could add Forgetting, but that is another matter.) We discovered that our traveling satisfaction was enhanced by putting memories to cyber space or paper.

This ebook focuses on two trips by the authors. The first a lecture tour in South Africa in 1982 during apartheid, and the second a driving trip across the U.S. in 1992 using email for the first time with a few friends and family who were all new to this type of communication.



# 1

## Out of Africa

**I**n the summer of 1982 while Apartheid was still in place we had the opportunity to spend 4 weeks in South Africa presenting Career Development Workshops at several venues with a variety of racial groups. The tour remains our most unique travel adventure.

### The Alaska Contact

There is an odd connection between our South African adventure and my first serious traveling. It began several days after graduating from high school. During prior summer vacations I had obtained reasonably well paying construction jobs, but this June of 1948 the market was not encouraging. I had a card in the local construction union, but after a week's worth of hitting the hiring hall at 7 a.m. I was still unemployed. It was pure chance that on that Friday morning I came across a friend, Jim Tribe, who had worked the prior summer on a mining barge out of Fairbanks and had landed another summer's work and planned to leave for Alaska the following Monday. As it

happened another classmate, Roger Doolittle, was scheduled to deliver a new GMC pickup to his brother who lived in Anchorage and Jim had arranged to ride with him and share the cost of fuel. This would involve a detour up to Fairbanks prior to dropping down to Anchorage.

I can't recall why particularly, but after conferring with Roger, the two suggested that I might go with them. Roger was relatively certain that employment would be available in Anchorage if not Fairbanks and assured me that I could arrange for temporary housing with his brother and his wife in Anchorage. Sounded like a plan to me.

That evening I presented what I probably naively thought of as a plan to my parents. Mom was much less than enthusiastic; but Dad, who had been orphaned early and more or less on his own since he was 15, was supportive. So they advanced me \$50 and we were on our way Monday morning to the Canadian border crossing at Kingsgate, Idaho.

We got along surprisingly well. I had the most driving experience and Roger the least, so Jim and I did most of the driving. We drove 12 or 14 hour days and slept on the ground off the main road, or so we thought. On morning we woke up to discover that we had in fact spread our sleeping bags on a side road. Wonder that someone had not run over us.

It was quite a trip. The Alcan Highway in those days was not paved and in many spots was still under construction. The one way mileage from Eugene to Fairbanks is 2522 miles and given the road conditions I reckon it took us 9 to 10 days, perhaps fewer, but do recall at times the highway was muck, torn up and even hardly there. There was little time devoted to sight seeing side trips.

The northern part of the route was completed, more or less, in 1942. The war gave it a boost and by 1948 it was well traveled, if bumpy. I recall once we were mired down on a particularly rough section and a huge dirt mover came up behind our pick up, slowed to a gentle pace, and then shoved us several hundred yards to gravel where we could regain traction.

Roger and I dropped Jim off in Fairbanks and then back trailed via Highway 3 to Anchorage. His brother and sister in-law lived in a canvas and shiplap tent several miles out of town at Lake Spenard. They were kind enough to set us up in a lean-to pup tent that attached to the back of their tent. The four of us and their large shaggy dog shared the main tent for meals.

Construction jobs were available but required relocating out along the rail road. Given the need for cash and availability of job openings at the Alaska Rail Road Warehouse, I put in an application for a floorman's job.

Each floorman had a fork lift and was assigned a section of the warehouse. The main responsibility was to unload pallets from box cars and set them in piles in the warehouse where they remained until local trucks would come to fetch the goods, at which time a floor man would locate the pallet(s) and move them onto the customer's truck. No big deal, something an alert high school graduate could handle. The shortage of high school graduates and the competition of better paid construction work combined made for a short waiting list of openings. My time frame being short, I opted for the Alaska Railroad option.

There was a cluster of college students from Los Angeles who had settled in for the summer in Anchorage and in a short time I became friends with one who was living with his brother and sister in law. (There seemed to be a lot of that going on.) They offered to rent me bed and board and I gladly accepted. I lost track of Roger, but we met up again in Eugene in the fall and remained good friends as did Jim and I.

Life was okay, if not exciting in Anchorage. I recall we read paperback novels and weekly magazines. I considered renting a set of drums but soon came to my senses. Instead I made a washtub base fiddle out of a galvanized tub, a wooden broom handle and a leather strip. One LA guy played guitar, another cornet and sometimes we found a piano player. It all worked itself into a garage band of sorts.

After a week or two I became acquainted with Dick a Railroad customer who had developed a laundry route that ran on the Alaska Railroad from Anchorage to Fairbanks and return. Dick was in his late twenties, from the east coast and was more or less trying to escape from a demanding, and according to him, overprotective family. He once had thespian aspirations, but apparently received no encouragement and much flack from his parents about not going into the family business or at least doing something worthwhile with his life! For some reason, he relocated for a time in Durban, South Africa, and while there discovered that he could live well on a modest income. His daily living expenses, adequate housing and a personal servant could be had for about \$100 per month in Durban, a cosmopolitan coastal city, he informed me. (This upon reflection is getting very Somerset Maughamish, but please bear with me.)

The lack of a steady income flow for Dick was the catch, of course, and he decided a wiser plan would be to develop his economic base somewhere else and then return to South Africa because it would be difficult for him to earn that much regularly as a foreigner in South Africa. After evaluating various options, he decided to take advantage of the booming financial opportunities in Alaska. Thus, after relocating in Anchorage, looked into several options and hit upon laundry route scheme. It was then that he purchased

a new 1946 Packard station wagon which was the only significant investment required.

Dick contacted several laundries in Anchorage and worked out logistical and financial arrangements with them. He advertised his service and established contacts in labor camps and villages along the railroad. The railroad was the only reliable means of transportation available. There were no navigable roads in those days. He had laundry bags collected and put on the train on a regular schedule and then transferred them to laundries in Anchorage. A week later he would transfer the laundered clothes to the train and then dropped off to his contacts along the route and then pick up the new bags to be delivered to the laundries. Essentially, that is how Dick's operation worked.

This scheme seemed successful and his Packard station attracted considerable attention in town.

As the summer progressed Dick and I came to know one another reasonably well. He was an interesting fellow and I thought it would have been enjoyable to spend more time together. However, I soon learned that he had other interests in the person of a young woman who had been left with 2 young daughters. Whether there had been a husband (or 2) in the mix I never learned. It did seem from what he revealed that she and her two children were living

with him and he was providing some financial support. I met her only once and briefly when he gave me a lift into town and she and her girls were in the Packard. This was long ago and my memory is fuzzy but I recall her being attractive and personable. Or, perhaps I was working my own fantasy overtime.

Dick told me from time to time about life in multi-racial Durban which was totally strange to me. In 1948 there were only two or three black families residing in Eugene. During the war a small population of blacks developed in Portland working in and around the Kaiser Ship Building Works but there was no reason for any of them to visit Eugene. A couple of my high school friends and I would hitchhike to Portland 3 or 4 times a year where we would see blacks on the street, but that was the extent of my multi-racial experience. Thus, Dick's tales about being a white minority among a black majority were difficult to comprehend for me. I had read some about apartheid which was being institutionalized in 1948 and except for being amazed at its very existence, was very naive and informed about its implications.

In early September it seemed appropriate that my Alaska adventure come to an end and that I return for the beginning of school. I bought passage on a non-scheduled airline from Anchorage to Seattle. The non-scheds would place a sign in the window of a downtown store

announcing a predicted dates of flights to Seattle. You had to check daily as the date approached because actual departure dates were a function of all seats being sold. Thus, the initial departure dates were variable and unknown until the day the last seat had been sold. Each flight left the following morning.

A high point of that return trip return in 1948 was when the captain invited me to sit in the copilot's seat of the DC-3 while the latter served sandwiches to the passengers. As had many youths of the day, the thought of becoming an airline pilot had crossed my mind, but the brief experience in the co-pilots seat staring at the accumulated dials and navigation devices forced me to come to grips with my totally inadequate math skills. Back to the band room, for then at least.

Nevertheless, Dick's tales of South Africa had a permanent spot in my memory, and so I was naturally drawn to news over the years to the fate of apartheid and the people of South Africa.

The years rolled by and 31 years later in 1979 I was a tenured university professor and author and had enjoyed a variety of international experiences. Thus the day when I received a letter from Barry Beck, a psychologist and faculty member in Durban, inquiring about visiting the



career counseling program at the University of Oregon I responded with considerable interest and enthusiasm.

Barry completed a program of doctoral studies at the university and following his graduation he, Theresa, and I continued to explore assisting with the development of career counseling in South Africa. That led to our educational tour of 8 South Africa education sites which is described in the remainder of this chapter.

Jack Loughary 10/08/07

# The Magic Box

During the summer of 1982 we had the pleasure of presenting a series of career guidance and counseling workshops to counselors and teachers in South Africa.

The workshop tour was arranged and produced by Barry Beck, Ph.D., counselor and educator in Durban, South Africa, who arranged for a host-contact person at each of the several venues we visited. The hosts made travel and per diem details which allowed us to concentrate on the workshop programs per se. What a gift! Barry was a world class organizer. He was responsible for our orientation and familiarization to South Africa and continuing interest in that intriguing nation.

The content of the career workshops was based largely on learning modules we had developed in our University of Oregon courses and in our consulting practice, United Learning Corporation. The modules design allowed us to adjust workshop objectives and learning procedures to the nature of the several kinds of audiences involved as well as scheduling idiosyncrasies of the several venues. Our learning aids and materials were organized in a large leather case, much like those airline pilots and manufacturer reps carry which we fondly came to call, The Magic Box.

Workshop participants were young and middle aged adults including teachers, counselors, and supervisors in public secondary schools, technicons, colleges, and service agencies. Apartheid was alive and functioning in 1982 and Nelson Mandela was still in prison. Thus race was a variable to be considered when designing our educational tour. Barry Beck provided valuable counsel regarding this issue. While the racial designations took several forms, for example Asian was often defined as “other than white”, the official racial designations were English Speaking White, Afrikaans (Dutch descendants), Black, Colored, and Indian. The participant groups consisted of White (English and Afrikaner), Black, and mixed race.

The language of choice was English and the gender split was over all approximately equal but varied considerably according to venue. From our perspective and within the context of the semi-protected workshop groups, race was not a critical variable. More critical, we suspected, was that of administrative position. Those participants having administrative positions expected to be treated as socially superior to the rest, but that is not unique to South Africans. In the course of the 30 days we attended both formal and informal mixed race social events. At one or two of the informal cocktail parties several of the Black men referred to their official and unofficial wives without blinking an eye. We learned to take that in stride.

## **Learning Objectives**

The workshops were designed to meet the following three learning objectives.

1. Assist participants understand a variety of career development concepts. Some of these were standard for the trade and others had been developed by us over several years.

2. Assist participants begin developing competencies for implementing selected career development concepts with students and clients. In order to do this participants needed to actually practice the procedures. We could barely implement this objective in the limited time available, but it was our experience that if participants understood several of the concepts and how to implement them, it was not especially difficult for them to generalize the methodology to other concepts and competencies.

3. Provide practice in developing additional career concepts and competencies applicable to the needs and interests of their students and clients and consistent with their particular conditions. In other words, clarify and practice the concept of creating career development materials.

Written descriptions of the concepts and procedures with which we were concerned were available in several of our

publications including: “Career Survival Skills”, “Career & Life Planning Guide”, “Helping Others Help Themselves”, and “Producing Workshops, Seminars, Short Courses: A Trainer’s Handbook.” Consequently, there were documented examples of career development concepts and procedures consistent with our career development model and examples of creating procedures.

A particular three component definition of career was basic to implementing the career model upon which our work was based. It suggested that a career consisted of behaviors that could be organized under three kinds of life activities:

1. Job-behaviors which contribute to basic survival needs, i.e. making a living
2. Vocation-behaviors which provide a sense of self-fulfillment, self-worth, or contribution
3. Leisure-behaviors which contribute to recreation and aesthetic pleasure.

In other words, a career consists of those major activities which are of prime importance during one’s life. Selecting and preparing for a job, while important, is a restrictive perception for purposes of career planning. There are several key implications of this definition. For example it accommodates the idea that for some people making a

living, i.e. a paid occupation, may not be the most important part of a career. There is plenty of evidence that this is the case for many people who choose not to climb the vocational ladder to success. For them, a job is a means to support kinds of behavior that have a higher priority in determining self worth. The JVL definition of career was attractive and useful for many people with whom we worked.

## **Learning Topics**

Example of learning topics in the modules included:

- \* Developing Career Information
- \* Setting Realistic Goals for Career Development Programs
- \* Career Counseling vs. Instruction
- \* Including Parents and Other Adults in Career Guidance Programs
- \* Women and Careers
- \* Peer Counseling
- \* Setting Goals
- \* Using Modeling and Demonstration
- \* Value Clarification
- \* Role Playing
- \* Information Seeking Skills
- \* Conflict Resolution
- \* Decision Making Models and Skills
- \* Clarifying and Understanding Feelings
- \* Self-Understanding Models and Techniques

- \* Personal Assessment Techniques
- \* Support Groups (e.g. Job Clubs)
- \* Occupational Planning
- \* Job Interview Skills

When appropriate we involved participants in identifying and modifying learning topics. Active participation in designing their own learning objectives and procedures was an eye opening experience for many if not most of them.

### **Learning Procedures**

“Interactive Team Teaching”, in pedagogical jargon, was the presentation style from the participants’ perspective, but the learning effectiveness was very much dependent upon students being part of our Dog and Pony Shows, but it was Le Show that was most frequently mentioned in evaluations. We both had an interest in a systems approach to designing learning materials that served us well when we began collaborating on guidance and counseling materials. The cooperative developmental work was a very functional basis for designing presentations and exercises. By the time we did the South African tour we were sufficiently familiar with the content as well as one another’s presentation styles that we approached what might today be referred to as seamless.

Besides seeming educationally valid, it was fun. The verbal hand offs, seemingly spontaneous interruptions of one another, audience asides, role switching, leading questions and spontaneous use of participant involvement to make a point or raise a question added to the interest of the presentation without detracting from its learning value, or so we believed to be true.

Put another way, participant interest and engagement were most encouraging. Even though learning does not have to be a barrel of monkeys, it should be at least potentially interesting.

The basic learning strategy usually began by describing a concept and asking the participants to generate information related to the concept and then applying it to themselves. For example, consider the concept of assessing one's personal interests in relation to selecting a job with potentially high satisfaction. In addition to standardized interest inventories there are other ways to assess one's interests. One is to have participants list 20 leisure activities they thought most and least interesting and then note the specific reasons that led to their interest ratings, thus creating a more general idea of personal interest. Another procedure is listing 20 jobs or occupations they have observed and then sort these by high and low interest and then noting what factors led them to rate them high and low. Both procedures can lead to a personal assessment of



interest which can be used in evaluating occupations in terms of likes and dislikes.

We constructed video transparencies using bulleted lists, simple cartoons and overlays. Not exactly cutting edge technology, but they livened up presentations and showed demonstrated interest and respect for workshop participants. Oh if we could only have had PowerPoint!

Then in triads, each participant was asked to summarize what implications the information had for understanding their own interest and how they might use the interest information in planning for their career.

When appropriate the triad discussion could be extended to explore the implications of reliability, validity, normative groups when dealing with career interest assessment. Using the triad model in the South African workshops, we were able to engage most participants in relevant discussions of topics.

## **Venues**

The several venues included workshops of varying length and meetings with research and service organizational staff. For the record they were:

\* National Institute for Personnel Research staff meeting,  
Pretoria

\*Soweto Teacher's College, Soweto

\* University of Witwatersrand Careers Workshop,  
Johannesburg

\* Technicon Natal and University of Natal, National  
Conference on Career Guidance-It's Future, Durban

\* Technicon Natal and University of Zululand, How to  
Develop a Career Guidance Program, Ulundi/Empangeni

\* Rhodes University, Career Workshop for Teachers-  
Psychologists, Grahamstown

\*Careers Research and Information Centre, Teaching  
Skills for Careers Guidance Workshop, Capetown

### **Instructor's Mental Health**

On off days we visited two game preserves, wandered in Durban, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Grahamstown, several rural villages, did an overnight hike in the Drakensberg Mountains and got lost on the hills out of Durban. We met many interesting and helpful people, including Ms. Jerry, an independent business woman and several other nonparticipants who provided a different perspective of South Africa. We often realized that we were in a complicated and different civilization for four weeks.

Two or three workshop participants later enrolled in the University of Oregon Counseling Psychology Department and added variety to the student body.

We were wiser and better informed at the close of The Magic Box Adventure. We hoped our new South African friends appreciated how much we learned from them.

# Travel Diary

Excerpts from South African journal written as events were happening. This was never meant to be published, but it does give an accurate feel of each day, down to how much focus there is on what we ate. Theresa Ripley, 2021

## **July 10-11, 1982 Saturday & Sunday**

A marathon plan trip from Eugene to San Francisco to New York and the 17 hours with a stop at Isle de la Sol to Johannesburg on South African Airway. Most outstanding aspect of trip was closeness of seats and lack of sleeping. Arrived at 5:30 p.m. and was surprised to find no customs inspection. Was met by Jim, a colored (by South African definition), who gave me a big bear hug. Jim was our contact host for Johannesburg. Rode in his small Renault to Victoria Hotel. The city was dead. Our room was clearly 2 star but looked good after 3 days of travel.

## **July 12 - Monday**

Had lunch with Jim at The Curry Tavern—spicy, spicy curry cooled with papaya. The temperature was cool and windy but it was sunny. Supper at Holiday Inn, no waitresses or waiters smiled and service is not good.

## **July 13 - Tuesday**

Went to Univ of Witwatersrand to discuss August 9 and 10 conference. U. of Wits is anti government. Jim picked us up and we stopped at Rau University, an Afrikaans speaking university. Beautiful, stunning architecture and there was an exhibit on instruction 1982 with sophisticated technology equipment. Jack talked to many of the exhibitors which left Jim and I talking and MANY people staring. Not common for a black man and white woman to be talking at Rau University.

Jim then drove us on to Soweto, a city of one million urban blacks. It is rows and rows of approximately 500 square feet houses. Each houses 2 families of up to 10 people-no plumbing or electricity. Went to high school that had 963 students and 29 teachers. We met the principal who had on a suit and sweater and greeted us as “the important people from America.” I quipped back, “well, at least people” and he laughed. He gave us a tour of the meager resources-all doors had hand painted signs of what they were-clerk/typist, principal, etc. There was one room for all of the 29 teachers to do preparation. We then stopped in one classroom, math, and all the students stood up to greet us. All students had uniforms on-girls had on dresses and boys same colored shirts. The principal invited us for tea and after some hurry and scurry the home econ girls arranged a white cloth tea table with tea and good cookies. Jim told us this was “red carpet” treatment.

At our Soweto tea we discussed our conference and discovered we had already been successful just because the conference was taking place. The principal gave us advice and told us to do our best-“Africans are people,” he said, “like anyone else.” On the way back to the hotel we stopped and Jim got permission for the Soweto teachers to attend the conference. Apparently this required special permission. He was delighted!! And needed to make all the necessary last minute arrangements.

We took a walk after we returned and discovered the rail station was segregated. At 7 p.m. met Sue Jerry (Jack’s friend whom he met in London several years ago...she is a white, English-speaking South African) and she took us to The Bistro. Sue told us there were no segregated rails (she was wrong).

### **July 14 - Wednesday**

To the train station by 7:30, over a half hour early for the Pretoria train in the cold station. Train was clearly segregated and we had a 1½ hour ride to Pretoria. Took taxi to HSPI (personnel research institute) and arrived at 10:00 to make presentation. Turned out only to be 3 people. They told us about 4 main research projects of the institute: Sports, Guidance (the DeLange report), Intergroup Relations, and Manpower. They then took us to see Discover system (a US developed guidance system.)

Went to lunch Playboy Club (bunny insignia) with black, male waiters. Jack told them to call us by our first names and acknowledged easier to talk. DeLange report recommends 2 counselors in each school-one for remedial and one for careers. Ended pleasantly and Josephine took us to rug shops and to National Theatre. Pretoria is clean, new, and pretty. Jack bought a beautiful Xhosa rug which is being shipped to the States.

### **July 15 - Thursday**

Jim picked us up at 8:30. Out to Soweto Teacher's College and set up and ready to start at 10:00. Did our introduction slide show and my Illinois slides went over well. People kept coming all the time and ended up with 88 folks. Asked them their problems in guidance and got in small groups and then wrote them on board. Took break and then did 7 components of career guidance and ended with slides of Oregon. Had lunch and talked with some of the participants. They were much better educated and dressed and spoke better English than I expected.

In p.m. an educator from the U.S. south spoke on gifted children-unbelievable Southern belle who was going to help these black folks. She didn't want to meet us anymore than we wanted to meet her. It was clear her trip was government sponsored. We had an interview with black

radio which was going to be translated into the 8 African languages.

This is the first year that Soweto guidance teachers have been organized in an association. Jim is trying to arrange an international trip for them but the complication is getting passports. They are registered in Joburg but must get a passport from their homelands and thus give up Soweto registration. Catch 22.

### **July 16 - Friday**

Almost slept through to 5:00 and napping until 7:00- adjustment is coming. Jim picked us up at 8 a.m. and on to 2nd day of Soweto Conference. Most participants were there by time we came. Started at 9 a.m. and did 1½ hour talk and demonstration on helping skills, then decision-making, then job satisfaction/dissatisfaction. Broke for tea at 12:10 and back at 12:30. Then did short presentation on Women in America and then asked them to formulate questions for us. Main concern was school at University of Oregon (that is, their own schooling!). One participant asked how guidance could change countries. Jack commented that guidance in the US is based on value of individual differences.

Then Jim asked group to evaluate us-what was relevant and irrelevant. They very dutifully wrote as we waited outside in the sun. We then went back in for our official



welcome from the Albino woman who called us Terrific and Jerrific. She ended her compliments by having the group sing “He’s a jolly good fellow.” The group presented a roaster to a guy who just got married and sang a beautiful chant and danced.

We said our goodbyes and sat outside waiting for Jim while one counselor from Alexandria high school described his concerns to me. The students in his school are older than he, unruly, and had killed others during the 1976 riots. They use corporal punishment and what should he do. We told him he had given us more education than we had imparted. Jim then took us to his home for tea and we read the evaluations which were favorable.

### **July 17 - Saturday**

Woke at 7 a.m.-first night of sleeping through!!! Walked down to cash checks and after breakfast another walk in the city area-all blacks-and then took a fairly long walk to civic center. Back in time to take 2 p.m. city bus tour. Went through downtown, entrance to Soweto (no whites go to Soweto), and then back through Jewish Hillbrow.

Got back at 4:30 to find M (a faculty member from Wits) had called to say he would pick us up at 5:15 for theater. He was late and we literally got to theater at last call. It was “The Lady’s Not for Burning”. Boring!! But well staged. Met another couple that M had invited-they were American

citizens but had lived in South Africa for 8 years. He particularly was obnoxious.

### **July 18 - Sunday**

Up and ready to meet Sue Jerry (Jack's SA friend whom he met in London a few years ago) at 8:10. Met Sue's hiking club at train station and took hour's ride out of city to hill we were to climb. Rock climbing was a better word! There were about 40 of us and it took over an hour to climb to the top. We rested and talked with a Jewish lingerie manufacturer that thought "they" had all done it wrong in South Africa and would have to change. We left the group and came back alone, via a slightly obstructed way. It wasn't the most fun I'd ever had in my life. We finally made it down by 1:15 and ate and made it back by 2:30.

Jim had been waiting for us since 12:30. We were filthy !! And both took baths and were downstairs by 3:00. We went on a 2½ hour drive to Jim's hometown of Sharpville where the [Sharpville Massacre](#) occurred in 1960. Jim lived in Sharpville until he was 12. At age 12 Jim had to move from the black community of Sharpville to a community of "colored" people, labels being changed for his family. Jim showed us the colored community and the next door community of wealthy Indians. Jim then took us to his brother's home. The brother was a labor/industrial relations negotiator between management and the black

miners. Then Jim served us a lovely meal of chicken soup, stir-fry vegetables, prawns, and ludquat (oriental fruit). We got back to the hotel by 8:10—a very full 12 hours!

### **July 19 - Monday**

Met Joy (public relations and promotions contractor) and she took us to The Carleton Hotel where we met with the Marketing Director and PR person. Explored the possibility of workshops in South Africa. Then we were photographed and interviewed by a reporter from The Star, nice interchange. We were met by Beryl from The Institute of Personnel Research. Had tea first with Beryl and then met with the members of the institute at 11. There were about 40 people there and after self introductions we talked about computer career programs. We emphasized that development is only ½ the effort—the other half is marketing. Seemed to go pretty well. Had the traditional formal thank you and then had a 10 minute demonstration of Plato with the touch input.

Afternoon consisted of trying to get a South African rand check cashed and in the evening we discussed the U Oregon doctoral program with Jim. Some thought it best for Jim to get out of the country because he was on a security check list. Upstairs to pack for Durban.

### **July 20 - Tuesday**

Checked out and picked up by Jim and went to technical training school for teachers in Soweto. Had tour by PR woman and then Tom met us to tell us the Afrikaans view of the need for black technical people. Mentioned UOregon would be interested in training one of the teachers to come back and teach the guidance teachers. They thought it would be better to have us come back with one of them.

Drove to airport bus terminal and had discussion on apprenticeship with Jim. At Jan Smuts Airport for 2 hours and discussed DeLange Report (Guidance report). One hour flight to Durban and met by Barry Beck and took us to U of Natal to look at the conference facilities. Went to Edward Hotel (4 star) that was a delight after The Victoria.

### **July 21 - Wednesday**

Was picked up by Anne a colleague of Barry Beck and taken to conference. Conference was started by Prof. C, principal of university and gave good stats on manpower needs for year 2000 and the small percentage of all students receiving career guidance. A business executive gave the business point of view and emphasized two points: parent involvement and getting real world experience.

After tea Dr. D spoke as Chr. Of Guidance Committee of DeLange Report. He emphasized:

\* must have 5½% growth rate or will have 25% unemployment in future years

\* features of a guidance program: should be separate subject, freedom of association, each person should be able to perform some kind of work, should be preparation for adulthood, should lead to self orientation

\* needs and present weaknesses: inadequate provision and management, expanding urban populations, limited financial resources, unequal provision of resources, outdated syllabus and training

Two other people then spoke, one of them Jim, who said the DeLange report is for social control and slotting people where the state wants them.

Had lunch with president of Natal University at Faculty Club. Jack and I planned p.m. sessions which started at 2. We gave our reactions to the DeLange Report and then had them discuss this in dyads, and then in sextets.

Surprisingly, it worked. Skeptics thought different racial groups would not mix but it went alright. Came back and had 45-minute group political discussion. Broke and had cocktail party at 4:30 and were cornered by several Indians. Left and had a run along the Indian Ocean. Had excellent supper and service at our 4-star hotel by Indians, but apparently we offended them by not eating all of it.

## **July 22 - Thursday**

Up and met Anne at 8 a.m. Started program at 8:45 with our background slides, then a warm up that moved them

around, then discussed Job/Vocation/Leisure plus an exercise to go with that. That went to tea time at 10:30 to 11:00. After tea we did components of a career guidance program. Ate lunch with educators.

Started p.m. program at 2:00 and did 6 career planning skills and it took an hour. Then did job satisfaction/job dissatisfaction and ended with slides of Oregon. All appeared to be well received. Came back to hotel at 4:00 and had a drink outside viewing the Indian Ocean.

Went to party at Anne's house which combined whites, Indians, and Gugu (black Zulu woman). Found participants at our workshop liked what was happening.

### **July 23 - Friday**

Up and ready to meet Anne at 8:00 and program again started at 8:45. Anne talked about working with women and I gave a decade of change for women in America. Then Jack and I talked about computers in education. At break talked to women who wanted to publish career guidance materials in South Africa. At 11 two talks from industry leaders, one very simplistic.

Had pleasant lunch with Beryl and Anne. In p.m. talked about UO program, questions from participants and evaluation. Back to hotel at 4 and had tea and dessert and read evaluations-pretty good-complimented duo approach.

Ran on oceanfront and took a leisurely early meal at hotel smorgasbord-excellent lobster bisque, fish and salads, yellowtail fish, beef and Yorkshire pudding and desserts. Packed for Drakensberg Mountains.

### **July 24 - Saturday**

Up a little later and had breakfast at Hotel Edward. Met Barry at 9 and went shopping for 2 day's supply of food. Also stopped for bran at health food store. Started our trek to the Drakensburgs gently rolling hills, very dry-took 2 hours to get to our lunch spot at Himville. Had delicious dark grain bread and vegetable soup. Barry and Jack also had cold cuts and salad. Drove another 40 miles and got to our cottage.

Stopped along the way at a black village "supermarket." Our cottage is booked 6 months in advance and it is gaslit and has a thatch roof. Took an hour walk around the cottage and came back to have a drink outside. As the sun went down the temperature lowered, we lit a fire and turned on the gaslight. Joseph, our black 'servant', fixed us supper (steak, potatoes, and carrots) and then we spent the evening talking. Went to bed at 10 in our cylinder beds in which you felt like you sunk into the middle and needed a straw to continue breathing.

### **July 25 - Sunday**

Woke up to a cool house and got up and fixed breakfast and started out for our 5½ hour hike in the Drakensburgs. Good trail and easy, but long, hike. Had lunch by the river-drunk OJ made by river-and then walked back. It was a cloudy, nice cool day. Joseph fixed us kingslip, peas, and potatoes. Had a pleasant evening scheming about future ventures in South Africa, the States, and Hawaii. Had difficulty staying awake until 10 p.m.

### **July 26 - Monday**

Up a little after 7 and fixed breakfast and on the road by 8:30. Drove for 2 hours on a dirt road through the Drakensburgs. Lots of cattle on the road and blacks walking somewhere. Stopped and had coffee and then stopped at Greytown for gas and a look at a craft shop. Tried to stop for lunch at a black village but no where to eat. Stopped at Stranger at 1 p.m. to eat. It was an Indian village near sugar cane fields. Community was both Hindu and Muslim. Ate at Stranger Hotel and had mutton and curry (mild) served by women-Barry said that was very unusual.

Drove on to the Forest Inn near University of Zululand with a short stop at a nearby white town. Forest Inn was definitely one star but it only cost R25 a night for a double. The three of us took a short walk down a cane field and later met in the public lounge. Dining room opened at 7 p.m. and then we were in for a 7-course meal of tomato



soup, line fish, chicken, beef rolled, baked apple, and cheeseboard. Ye gads!! Rolled home and went to bed by 10.

## **July 27 - Tuesday**

Had breakfast at 7:00 with Barry and joined by Anne who had driven up from Durban. Got to the campus by 8:15 and found University of Zululand to be a newly built campus. It had been founded 21 years ago but had been considered a bush college and had been burnt down several times by the Zulus. We were in a very modern lecture hall and finally started the program at 9:15-30 minutes late. Started by briefly introducing ourselves, having them talk to a neighbor considering their concerns of guidance and then did our introduction slides. Then did our job/vocation/leisure talk with exercise. Break for 30 minutes and met a woman principal and asked her to speak up in group. Participants had swelled to 200 by end of morning.

From 11:15-12:45 we talked through the 6 career planning skills. Broke for lunch and went to bookstore and purchased five University of Zululand folders. Went to VIP lounge in sports pavilion and had a ½ hour talk with Gugu, Gemeany, and Zululand University counselor. Talked about university growing from 75 students in 1959 to 2600 today.

Lunch turned out to be apple juice, shrimp cocktail, soup, steak (20 oz.!), potatoes, carrots, salad, and ice cream. Plus wine! Not only that but we were just getting

served our main course at 2:00 when the p.m. session was suppose to start. They didn't seem to be concerned! Finally got back at 2:30 and did lifeline exercise and talked through Career Survival Skills exercises and how to develop them. Finished at 3:45 and overall have to say it went better than we expected.

Barry and Anne drove us up to Richards Bay and got back to The Inn at 6. Got together at 7:00 for a drink and then off to a Zulu party. Our hosts had been at U Oregon for 2 years. First cornered by three inspectors who wanted to talk. Found out people were liking the workshop (especially team teaching) but eye contact was disrespectful...ah, that was the problem! Food consisted of corn mush, cabbage, steak, and SUPER sausage. Left around 9:30 and came home and packed.

### **July 28 - Wednesday**

Met Barry for breakfast at 7 and left for University of Zululand at 8. Started at 8:45 and made a few comments regarding team teaching, using first names, and eye contact. They also made comments and seemed to get off to a good start.

Had everyone get into groups of 5 and make a guidance exercise, very tough to get them to understand. Walked around and talked to many groups. Had tea break and came back and five people reported what their groups had

done. Not bad-how to choose a career, choosing a marriage partner, how to know if students could speak (good woman presenter, the nun in white), and a last very nervous fellow.

Very quickly did components of a guidance program. Broke for lunch and again confusion about what was happening. Got it together and finally were having lunch with the inspectors. BIG AGAIN-asparagus, tomato soup, fish, cabbage, chips, salad, and ice cream plus wine. Got picture taken after a difficult coordination and ready to start afternoon program.

Described UOregon counselor education program and then did Oregon slides and evaluation. Then the summaries and thank yous started. First, we got gifts-mine a purse to keep my feminine charms and Jack an impala to poke out hurts. Then announcements and a summary thank you. Then we gave out our frisbee and three Oregon pens. Finally more announcements and it was over. On the way back read evaluations and they were very high. We were a success at Zululand U!!!

Checked into The Edward in Durban felt like home and went for a run on the beachfront.

### **July 29 - Thursday**

Up before 7 and coffee came at 7:15. Barry met us at 8:30 and went to airport and checked tickets and boarded flight

to Port Elizabeth at 9:45. Arrived at 11 a.m. and met by Bob and Mark. Drove to Port Elizabeth University which is ½ English and ½ Afrikaners. Met people who worked in the university clinic and had a strange tour of the neuropsychological equipment. Had tea with the staff and then went to meet head of psychology department. Went to lunch at university union with about 10 people. Guess what we had for lunch? STEAK, fruit cup, salad, chips, broccoli, and ice cream.

Took a 1½ hour rough drive to Grahamstown. Rather insipid talk on the way discussing career education, etc. Had a quick tour of Grahamstown (population 10,000) and it's a picturesque place that was settled in 1820 by the English. Went to the university and saw our presentation room and met the department head.

Went to Settler's Inn Motel and had a 2 star room with lots of desk space. Got an iron to press very wrinkled clothes. Bob was born and raised in Australia-came here in his 20's and met his wife and stayed here. Met several people for supper at Settler's Inn. (The black waitresses are all called Missy.) The talk at supper revolved around women's issues-much at Bob's initiation.

### **July 30 - Friday**

Picked up at 9 and the conference started on time at 9:30. The beginning was deadly with an opening by the

dean of education and then a listing of our credentials by Bob. Then we did a warmup and our slide intro which seemed a bit deadly. We then went on to our presentation of job/vocation/leisure plus exercise and discussion. Had tea in the church hall. Met black psychology head from the Transki who seemed so interesting.

After tea we did career planning skills and then the components of guidance quickly before the 1 p.m. break. We were both slightly discouraged because we could not seem to get a reaction from the audience. Walked over to the Rhodes Club and had a buffet lunch of roast beef, peas, and carrots and apple crumb cake. Talked to one guidance teacher who said the program was good and got a bit more encouraged.

At 2:15 started and did a shortened version of job satisfaction/dissatisfaction, how to make career survival skills exercises, and a walk through of two career survival skills exercises. Then did an overview of counselor education at U Oregon. The program was summarized by Angela, the black psychology head and she made a disjointed statement and a plea for something. Then Mark summarized and said it had really been a workshop and not a talkshop. Many participants came up to talk afterwards, but we forgot to do an evaluation.

Bob took us downtown and we got perfume, Rhodes sweatshirt, and antihistamines. It had been a beautiful, sunny, warm day and the campus was charmingly beautiful. Came back to the motel and had an hour talk with Bob about meeting with his students tomorrow. Ate at Settler's Inn. Both Jack and I realized how irritated we had become by the day.

### **July 31 - Saturday**

Up at 8 and had good muesli cold porridge. Mervyn picked us up at 9 in his new Golf and took us to the black community on the other side of the street. It was poorer than Soweto—estimated that there are 40,000 black with 50% unemployment among black males. Makes the community tension understandable.

Went to antique shop and then two bookstores to find Andre Brink's books. Went for coffee and Mervyn told us that on a recent visit to his parents one feels unsafe in the country.

Got to university at 10:30, had tea, and didn't start talking to Bob's four students until 11. All four work in high schools as counselors. The main awareness of the 2½ hours was that: guidance is limited to 2 hours per term, each counselor also teaches and has sport and no time, and there are few choices for students. Guidance seems to be a farce.

Came back to hotel at 1:30 and ran up to monument. The 1820 monument was quite impressive architecturally. It is a new, modern conference theatre center. Walked back to hotel and cleaned up and a beer to wait for our “tour” from the dean of education. George, our guide, is an articulate and also theatrical. We had an hour plus tour of Old Grahamstown (avoiding the black section) that was interesting-but smokey.

PLEASE LET ME ESCAPE GRAHAMSTOWN!!!

George and Kathy picked us up at 7 p.m. The evening was an experience in being ignored. Bob had not informed any of the staff that we would be there and social skills are not especially high with these white South Africans. Finally the academic dean talked to us-he had just been to Victoria Falls. Another man from Yale was there. A brief episode with an Afrikaner teacher of philosophy of education. The supper was good! Afterwards, Kathy cornered us to describe her flying travels. Relief, got away and talked to Arthur again. Tried to leave and George waffled and Arthur offered to take us home. A unique evening.

### **August 1 - Sunday**

Breakfast and ready to meet Sam, Mary (faculty member and spouse), and kids by 8:45. Didn't arrive until after 9 and Mary and I sat in back with the 2-year-old. Best experience we had with Sam. Mary described their maid

who had one child not living with her and a husband who occasionally beat her. Victoria has made a huge emotional investment in her 2-year old and actually gets along better with him than Mary (by her own description). One of their main reasons for not going to Capetown was not being able to take Victoria. And of course she cannot go with them to Australia. Mary said she had been raised with the expectation that the future was uncertain and wondered what it would be like to be able to plan your future. She described always living with a packed suitcase under her bed. Mary found my description of the two types of women in Grahamstown being either a college kid or in a frock quite descriptive. It was a pleasant way to leave Grahamstown.

Arrived in Port Elizabeth at 10:30 and left on South African Airlines at 11:30. Got to Capetown by 1:15. Met by Trish and it was sprinkling. Trish took us to Crossroads, the shack town of black people who came to be with their families. It was worst than Soweto. We then went to a Youth Development Center where there was a pottery area and a library. Pretty depressing if this is the best there is. Went to hotel Dorp Huis, a 3 star hotel that had slightly bigger beds, 2 comfy rocking chairs, a pants presser, and a much more homey atmosphere.

Jack and I took a walk down Parliament Row and the pretty gardens and went to the South Africa museum. The



most interesting displays were the human body molds of the various black tribes. Walked back and met Trish and another CRIC staff member who was an Anglican minister's wife from Massachusetts. Took a ride along the coast to Hout Bay. Talked about the workshop on Tuesday and Wednesday and drove back.

### **August 2 - Monday**

Up at 7 and downstairs for an uninspired continental breakfast. Got a car and were off by 8:30, first through heavy fog. Went to Stellenbosch and walked around and had a scone. City has a university but wasn't a very interesting city. Drove to Paarl to go to Nederland estate but one had to book it beforehand. Drove back to Paarl Information Center and got directions to a winery. Got to KVV winery to find we were late for the tour. Drove to Laborie (or KVV estate) for lunch. Beautiful lawns and white building-like a Southern cotton plantation. Restaurant opened at 12:30 and started with good brown bread, a salad, and good (but cheap) estate wine. Had cream of chicken soup, tomato (beef) stew, fish cakes, crumb baked cauliflower, pumpkin or squash rice, and fruit pudding cake. Ye gads!

Drove to Afrikaans language monument and then came back to Cape Town with an uneventful detour to Durbanville. Dropped car off about 3:30 and for the next

hour tried to find a camera shop with a carrying case for Jack's camera. The day was great weatherwise and it was beautiful to see grapes and farmland and the starkness of the cape hills. Ate in hotel restaurant. Somewhat antsy boring evening on my part-day had no work schedule.

### **August 3 - Tuesday**

Up late-8:15-and ate in hotel. Walked to Swiss Air and found they could not change our tickets. Came back to National Gallery and saw a very disappointing art collection. Got ready to be picked up at 12. Taken to CRIC and we had a tour of their sparse facilities and saw their initial start at career information.

Had an unusual lunch with the three field workers without silverware or napkins-served tacos with spiced meat, lettuce and tomatoes, cheese, and rolls. They briefed us on what they have done with teachers and showed us what lesson plans they have prepared. Went to the workshop site and readied room. Started at 2:15 and warmup. Did our introduction slides (projector not good) and then did job/vocation/leisure exercise with few comments from them. Then did a 15-minute overview of guidance components. Had a 30-minute tea break. Did an hour on career planning skills plus questions. Stopped at 5:30 and seemed to have their interest.

Trish brought us back to hotel and seemed the friendliest yet. Had a celebration drink in the bar. Ate in hotel.

### **August 4 - Wednesday**

Up at 7:45 and breakfast in hotel. Out to find art and antiques and had a very pleasant 2½ hours browsing. Jack bought a copper South African railroad oil can and I bought a necklace for my niece. Had lunch in hotel.

Trish picked us up at 1:30 and went to UCT Careers Centre to meet a careers professor. Strange—did not introduce himself and kept shoving all his books at us. Went to workshop with Kim, a UCT Career staff member and started at 3:15. Did job satisfaction/dissatisfaction and gave career survival skills principles and walked them through three other exercises. Explained U Oregon counselor education program and read evaluations. Evaluations were positive.

Stayed to talk for an hour with the CRIC staff. They wanted to know how we did team teaching, if they should be one of the group or an expert, how to discuss with teachers rather than griping, and how to have effective staff meetings. Trish drove us back to the hotel and we sat in the bar and discussed U of Wits workshop.

### **August 5 - Thursday**

Up at 7:30 and down to hotel coffee shop. Went out to find Barclay's bank, and found a department store that seemed to have good gifts. Back to be picked up by 10:30 by Trish. Had a good talk on way to airport regarding funding and the role of her staff. Plane left for East London and Durban at 11:20.

Arrived in Durban at 1:30 and met by Barry Beck who took us to Logan's Bookstore and met Allen, a publisher. Interesting ½ hour talk on publishing career education material in South Africa. Went downtown and had a stop at Swissair to change tickets and then went shopping. Bought gold chains at Stern's and then put bag away at Stuttaford's for my nephew. Walked back to hotel and Barry came at 7 and we discussed trip finances. Down for smorgasbord and had a 3 hour feast and good talk. Barry tells good stories.

### **August 6 - Friday**

Up at 7:30 and met Helena at 9 who is a PR person with Unilever. We had a good hour talk and best idea was to sell a career planning workshop to students in 9 and 10 grades. Went on to 10 a.m. appointment at Elangeni and more planning for future workshops in South Africa.

Light lunch at Hotel Edward and walked downtown. Got tickets at Swissair. Bought briefcase at Stuttafords and a gold chain at Sterns. It rained and was our first rainy day in South Africa. Back to hotel by 5:30 and Barry called with

tomorrow's arrangements. Ate in Grape Vine with hovering service.

### **August 6 - Saturday**

Up and breakfast downstairs. Went for fairly long run along Indian Ocean and then cleaned up and walked to nearby curio shops. Junk stuff. Back to be picked up by Barry at noon and drove for 45 minutes to a game reserve past a poor black area. At game reserve drove around for about an hour and saw elan, impala, cheetah, ostrich, zebra, small monkey, wildebeest.

Drove back through Indian town and then stopped at Oyster Bar Hotel for coffee. Back to hotel by 5, windy, dark day by now. Barry back after 7 and went to British and East Indian Sporting and Dining Club. Had peanut soup, Persian chicken curry, and Turkish delight dessert (gumdrops). A good meal but not outstanding-waiters did wear turbans and brought washbowl. Had drink in hotel and I felt too much wine and it spoiled evening and then could not sleep.

### **August 8 - Sunday**

Started with coffee at 7:30 and saw runners outside and joined in part of a marathon. Beautiful weather and felt much better upon return. Took time to read Sunday paper-lots of sex-related items in paper. Barry picked us up at 11:15

and went to his house and finalized plans and projects. He took us to airport and had coke and then took airbus at 1:15.

Got into Joburg at 2:30 and took cab to Milpark Holiday Inn. Like a HI-no style. Walked around to shops and came back and took a nap-both pooped. Nice lazy Sunday from Durban to Joburg. Went down at 5 to have coffee and plan workshop.

Met Mervyn (host) at 6:30 at hotel and talked for 1½ hours. Went to Gallery Grill for supper and had great salad bar and pork sausage and chips-not as good as Zululand. Had bits and pieces of homemade ice cream. Came back and called Jim and Sue.

### **August 9 - Monday**

Up at 7 and down for a bad Holiday Inn breakfast. Terri picked us up at 8:30 and went to U of Wits. Program started at 9 with an overview by Vice-Chancellor. Then with no introduction Jack and I did a warm up plus describing job/vocation/leisure. Then had tea.

After tea Mr. Staples gave the party line regarding Transval education...unreal. Then a 6-person panel spoke, giving various points of view. Panel went an hour beyond schedule. Went to lunch with panel at faculty club. I spoke with black inspector who said he had good feedback from

Soweto about our earlier workshops and concerned about who would come to U Oregon.

Then tea and Jack and I gave 1 hour presentation on career planning skills. Well received and then asked for comments for tomorrow.

Had brief cocktail party, talked to person from South African mines and back to hotel for quick bath before being picked up at 7:30. Had dinner with some U of Wits people, very pleasant evening with talk about South Africa situation. Tired upon return and called Jim. Tough evening for sleeping because of TV next door and feeling the 48-hour last press of coming events.

### **August 10 - Tuesday**

Up at 6:45 and had breakfast served in room. Organized for conference, but it was very hard to whomp up enthusiasm. Terri collected us at 8:15 and workshop started at 8:30. Did background slides, then did job/vocation/leisure exercise. Did guidance components and then tea break. After break did counselor-based and teacher-based models and asked them to discuss with seat mate and did 30 second reports. Then did counselor education program at U Oregon.

Break for lunch and went to faculty club and had drinks before lunch. Went to bookstore and got Jack a t-shirt. Back

and started at 2 p.m. and did job satisfaction/dissatisfaction and how to build career survival skills exercises. Then asked them to write five main concerns of guidance in South Africa; evaluation evaluations; and slides of Oregon. FINISHED!

Tea break and hassle trying to get Joy. After tea break Mervyn discussed feasibility of building a national South Africa Personnel and Guidance Association. Fifteen minute discussion and then nomination of 15 steering committee members. Andrew gave thank you and Terri bought us back. Called to arrange for evening.

Went for short run...harder breathing in Joburg. A little relaxation before evening gathering. Sue picked us up at 7:15 and went in hunt of Astra Rd-quite an adventure. Finally found Terri's place which was an old farmhouse. Party of 13 people. Pleasant evening and good chats with many. Supper was a Woolworth quiche (good!), salad, cheese, rolls, and ice cream. Went home about 10:30.

### **August 11 - Wednesday**

Joy S. Called at 7:30 and checked day's options and invited Jack to speech for this all women's group...a new alternative. Went downstairs to eat. Packed and got downstairs at 10 to get a cab, 45 minutes later we pirated an incoming cab with another resident. Got to Carleton Hotel around 11 and Jack went off to cash Barry's check. I



contemplated talk and Pat came by and we went upstairs to check out overhead.

Women started arriving at 12:15 and there was a 45 minute standup drinking time. A guy from Black TV came again and had a 5-minute interview. Had lunch with marketing director from Gillette, a tennis star, an academic, a PR woman, a representative from the Carleton, 3 others, and Jack. In total had about 200 professional and managerial women. Definitely professional upper crust of South African women. Joy introduced me to a black woman who was principal of Alexandria high school. Lunch consisted of a tuna filled avocado, main course of chicken over pastry, carrots, and mango ice cream.

Moved to speaker's table and had a charming introduction from Gillette man who promoted three Gillette products, Silkience, Daisy, and erasing ballpoint. I spoke on a decade of change for American women—three points on assertiveness, superwoman, networks and then made changeover to introduction to Jack and talk about dual careers. Jack made few introductory remarks and then gave definition of dual careers and assessment device and ended with New Directions transparency. WELL RECEIVED—many people came to make comments and get my business card.

Then went to women's room to change into jeans and had ½ hour wait for Sue. Sue took us to airport and had

nice goodbye. Got through all procedures and had about ½ hour wait for flight. Left at 6 p.m. and had 3½ hour flight to Nairobi. Served dinner and even gave us toothbrush and paste. Plane was almost empty. Stayed in Nairobi for an hour in the plane because of the night curfew in the country. Left there at 10:30 and had 7½ hour flight to Zurich. Tried creative sleeping on floor and seats.

### **August 12 - Thursday**

They woke us at 4:30 a.m. to serve us breakfast and arrived in Zurich at 6. Got to Hertz by 6:30 and picked up Ford Fiesta.

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The journal goes on through Continental Europe and London and ends on August 28 in Eugene being picked up by a Eugene friend (surprised us) and ends with these words in printed, block, bold letters.

**The Duo Returned in Triumph!!!**

My goodness I was full of ourselves, but it was quite an adventure.

## On the Road Sound Clips

We tape recorded several hours of comments while traveling from one venue to another. Here are brief edited sound clips which may add a dimension to our South African adventure.

Beginning of the tour at University of Witwatersrand. Our guide was a colored counselor. Colored was an official racial designation at the time of the trip, as were Asian, Black, and White.

[https://thinkpint2.com/traveling/africa/sound\\_clips/track\\_one\\_h.mp3](https://thinkpint2.com/traveling/africa/sound_clips/track_one_h.mp3)

Soweto (South West Township) is the large Black town just outside of Johannesburg. The recording was made onboard a South Africa Railroad train after our visit to Soweto.

[https://thinkpint2.com/traveling/africa/sound\\_clips/track\\_two\\_l.mp3](https://thinkpint2.com/traveling/africa/sound_clips/track_two_l.mp3)

The description of a Soweto high school.

[https://thinkpint2.com/traveling/africa/sound\\_clips/track\\_three\\_l.mp3](https://thinkpint2.com/traveling/africa/sound_clips/track_three_l.mp3)

Railroad signage clarifies the rules.

[https://thinkpint2.com//traveling/africa/sound\\_clips/track\\_four\\_h.mp3](https://thinkpint2.com//traveling/africa/sound_clips/track_four_h.mp3)

Counselors taking a break from the Soweto workshop attended by 96 participants. Track describes a Catch-22 with the apartheid government for black counselors.

[https://thinkpint2.com//traveling/africa/sound\\_clips/track\\_five\\_h.mp3](https://thinkpint2.com//traveling/africa/sound_clips/track_five_h.mp3)

Completing the Soweto workshop following the conversation with Isaac, a black counselor.

[https://thinkpint2.com//traveling/africa/sound\\_clips/track\\_six\\_l.mp3](https://thinkpint2.com//traveling/africa/sound_clips/track_six_l.mp3)

## Bagging the Baskets

Upon returning to Ujeanne from our South Africa Education Tour we began the final component of our project. One of the vivid images of our visit was native hand work of South African Zulu women. We say native with due respect because the art work was created from start to finish by women who lived on small farms located in rural South Africa. Often their homes were small, grass, one room dwellings. The women harvested the wild grasses growing on the open fields, sorted and dried them and then dyed them with dyes they produced from natural materials. The colors are subtle, the patterns vivid.

Other artifacts included wood carvings, rock carvings, ceremonial clothing, rugs, knives and child apparel. What struck us as most unique were the woven baskets. They were also relatively light and thus more easily transportable. Our project was a cooperative effort with a South African company organized by Dr. Beck and United Learning Corporation. The working title was “Out of Africa Imports”. The essence of the plan was that Beck’s company would identify sources of baskets and other artifacts, arrange for purchasing them, ship them to the US and United Learning Corporation acting as Out of Africa Imports would be responsible for US customs arrangements, market research and wholesaling the items in the US market. Should the project be financially

profitable, we hoped to sponsor educational opportunities for South African students.

The first hurdle, however, was market research. Would the artifacts, particularly the baskets, sell once we had a sample available in the US?

What we recall clearly is the extent of our naïveté regarding marketing and sales. Whooooe! We discovered a marketing center in Los Angeles, a large stainless steel and glass multi-story building. We were able to piggy back a visit to this LaLa Land Emporium onto a consulting trip to LA. Each floor specialized in specific kinds of imported products and we located what seemed to be the most likely locations for our SA baskets. The first discovery was that there were many basket importers from around the world. Bad news? Depends on the second discovery; there were few from South Africa, at least few that resembled the style of basketry we had in mind, and the prices of those on display were “high end”.

We were also considering relocating to the US Southwest, and so extended our market research to the Phoenix and Tucson areas. As any fool should have known, Arizona is the homeland for many Native American Tribes and thus a considerable source of Indian Baskets. Some, unfortunately for us, were similar in design and appearance to our product. None we thought were up to the quality of our

baskets, but it was also probably true that potential buyers could not tell the difference.

Another revelation was the marketing trail, to coin a phrase. Most Arizona retailers we contacted considered baskets a minor component of their inventory and already had their wholesalers well identified and locked in. We were not welcomed with open, let alone even hesitant, arms.

We decided to explore and expand the product line and turned to an array of African yarns. These were exquisite, but alas the market was flooded with pretty yarns. And we soon learned we didn't know tidily squat about weaving or weavers.

The next step in our education as marketers was to put on our six guns and go for broke, which in this instance involved renting a display room at the Valley River Inn, doing a mailing to a list of friends, getting a receipt book and finding out if we could draw anyone to a sale. We rented a truck for the next Saturday and as we were transferring the inventory from our garage to the sale site, Jack was attacked by a huge flu bug.

Somewhere in that sequence of events it occurred to us that selling to friends was really tacky, so we reduced prices and marched on though the jungle of commerce, Zulu baskets, shields and swords and flu medicine in hand. We

pushed on, held the sale, and sold a goodly part of our test inventory.

A surprising outcome was identifying several people who had standing interests in collecting Zulu baskets and within several weeks sold most of our basket, rug and wall hanging inventory. We have been decorating our home with the remaining Zulu baskets ever since.

As much as we enjoy the basketry we appreciate even more the personal lesson we learned about ourselves and the misfit with commerce. Peddling the yarn was the low point. For that matter, peddling anything that the potential buyer has no need for let alone interest in was degrading. There must be a challenge in the seller-buyer relationship for some but it whizzed right by both of us. It still appeared that wholesale is substantially different than retail. The latter is so personal and imposing whereas wholesale could more likely be turned into an exercise in strategy and all that implies. A game, but not nearly as personal.

We resolved all of this by sending the following memo to those on the Out of Africa Mailing list.

OUT OF AFRICA IMPORTS

BAGGING OUR BASKETS...



Our collection of South African basketry has not sold as well as our Los Angeles, Palm Springs and Beverly Hill consultants suggested.

Consequently, we are going to bag the baskets (as well as the consultants)!

All African baskets, rugs, wall hangings and other items are offered for sale at a whopping 60% discount. That's below wholesale, for gosh sakes!

The event happens next Saturday afternoon at our Garage on Lochmoor Place. That's a right at the Willamette and 46th street traffic light, or robot as they say in SA, up the hill and hang a right on Lochmoor. Park in the circle or there about. A guide will meet you and lead you to the final destination.

We hope you will come. Clearing out our African Basket inventory will make room for the exciting collection of Maori war canoes we expect to arrive in June, assuming the warriors have sufficient stamina.

Theresa and Jack

Believe it or not, the several "Collectors" continued to manifest their interests in baskets, and eventually purchased remaining specimens, leaving us a small attractive collection of varied sized and shaped baskets.

As for the less tangible outcomes of the tour, the contacts we met did not last long. The South African political situation showed brief signs of improving but according to personal reports these were short lived, the vocational guidance movement ran out of steam and the contacts we made with South African Graduate students faded away. Dr. Barry Beck retired and resided increasingly in France, one student eventually earned a graduate degree and relocated to the United States. Another completed a masters degree at Oregon and returned to a teaching position in South Africa. He was a very quick study and an excellent student. He mounted an assertive application effort to doctoral program United States based universities. We must have written over 50 letters of reference on his behalf. Then, suddenly contact with him ceased. We knew he married and had a child shortly after his return to South African, but that was the last sign of him. Some who knew the South African situation better than did we speculated that he could have been killed. He was a kind and open person, but probably too trusting.

As is true in many difficult cultures, survival of the fittest is a complex construct.

We both recall where we were February 11, 1990 when Nelson Mandela was released from prison. We eyed the TV screen and then one another and said, “Now, will it all change?”

## Photo Gallery and P.S.

Pictures taken during the 1982 trip.

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/tripley66/sets/72157600859445924/>

It is now almost 40 years since the South African adventure.

Even though Jack and I did numerous travel trips, some work, other just travel; probably both of us would say this was the most intriguing trip of all.

We had to decide well in advance what materials and procedures to use for audiences far different than either of us. We worked on the materials that went in that Magic Box for a very long time, thinking through each one of them and what was worthy of carrying that far for the intended audiences.

How do two white college teachers from the U.S. introduce themselves to South Africans who are white English speaking, or white Afrikaner speaking, or Coloreds (by their definition), or Indian, or the many different Black homelands we visited.

We decided to put together a brief slide show of our respective backgrounds, Jack a small town in the West, and mine a tenant farm family in the Midwest. In Zululand a

Zulu participant came up after our presentation and said to me, “if we could only grow corn like that.” That’s it, my dad’s field of corn was the highlight for him. My dad would have been proud.

We eventually gave many of our remaining South African artifacts to the local university’s natural history museum, but the house is still very well supplied with Zulu baskets which, par none, are more beautiful than any other baskets in the world in my opinion.

I still watch South African news intently but have lost any current contacts there.

Theresa Ripley, 2021

# 2

## Probing America: High Tech on Back Roads

**T**his chronicles our first trip in 1992 with our lap top computer, Meg. Part of the challenge was convincing several friends to "go email". Once started, you couldn't stop them.

The main reason for the trip from Wilsonville, Oregon, to Chenoa, Illinois, in June of 1992 was never all that clear. There were some specific purposes: visiting Theresa's extended family, attending the thirtieth reunion of her high school class and proving to Jack that Chenoa puts on a knock-your-socks-off Fourth of July celebration which compares with anything, anywhere. In addition, we wanted to see parts of the country that neither of us had visited for over 30 years. The point that pushed us over the starting line was an opportunity to do email as we traveled. We were considerably impressed with the potential of email (e-mail with a hyphen, in those days). The several friends who had email capability agreed that we could post to them

during the trip. We hoped, obviously, that some might reply. Nevertheless, there was still some uncertainty about why we would subject ourselves to 300 mile days in a red Ford Probe across America for two or three weeks during the summer.

Here is the routine. We would start each day near 7:00 AM and usually drive about 300 miles, stopping to gawk and talk as places looked interesting. In the late afternoon, after setting up camp in a tired motel room, we would compose a message on our notebook computer (5.5 pounds), disconnect the motel phone, plug the computer into the wall jack, and "upload". That means the message went by phone line to our network computer in San Francisco. The network, in turn, had programed itself to automatically send the message to people on a directory we called "Meg", also the nickname we gave our lap top. There were ten people in seven cities and three countries listed on Meg. In essence, we posted to Meg and if we were lucky Meg would respond. That's the drill, here is the email story.

Travel for us at least was never the same after having email on the road.

# Day One Wilsonville, Oregon, to Lewiston, Idaho

June 24, 1992

To: Meg

Lewiston is just across the Snake River from Clarkston, Washington. Those two, Lewis and Clark, were important, if you recall any Pacific Northwest history. There is even a bar in the Ramada called Merriweather. We, unfortunately, are not at the Ramada, but rather in the \$37.40 Super 8 bridal suite. Seems there is a baseball tournament starting tomorrow plus lots of people waiting for rides on boats and rafts on the Snake. So, after trying 5 motels you take what you can get and like it. This has been about a 360 mile day, longer than we planned. The two stops we had anticipated didn't work out.

The second was Walla Walla, Washington, home of Whitman College. An attractive and well kept town, but as the thermometer hit 112 we decided to come again.

*From: J in Chicago*

*To: Meg*

*Date: June 24*

*Bon Voyage. Safe trip. Drive carefully. Don't forget to wear your seatbelts. Drink lots of liquids. Use the deadbolt in the motel at night. Don't leave pets in the car. Don't leave*

*Meg in the car. Don't engage in jackrabbit starts and stops.  
Stop frequently to walk around.*

The first intended adventure spot was Stanfield, Oregon. A town of maybe 1500 people, located about 20 miles west of Pendleton. Jack's parents grew up there and we have visited it. His Dad, Bill, was born on a farm out on Butter Creek. He was an orphan by eleven. His mother died in child birth when he was about 9 as did so many women in those days, and his father shot himself in the head when Bill was 11, leaving Bill, his older sister and two younger sisters and a brother to fend for themselves. They did, with the help of various aunts and uncles.

Jack's mom, Margaret, moved to Stanfield with her family from Albert Lea, Minnesota, when she was about 8. Her father was there in search of cheap land, but he apparently forgot to ask about water. On the map Stanfield is 11 miles from the Columbia River, but in the 1910s there were no canals. So John and Sadie Bagan did as best they could. John operated a livery stable for a time, and owned the first trucks for hire outside of Pendleton. Family legend has it that John made and lost a couple small fortunes in sheep. Bill and Margaret both graduated from Stanfield High School which is still there, about 4 blocks down the street from what used to be Clyde McCoy's Pool Hall.



During the summers when Jack must have been 5 to 7, his mother would come to Stanfield with her two children to visit her parents. We found some of the favorite places. The Bagan house is there, with the rusted cars still in the back field. They were there in 1935. What used to be McCoy's Pool Hall now houses the only restaurant in town. John Bagan used to take Jack into McCoy's and buy him a root beer while he tipped a few brews with his pals. Sadie would be furious when they came home. The current restaurant has a large sign in front inviting truck drivers to come in and try the food. We opened the door and a man with a heavy accent said the gas line was leaking, so he was closed. We tried a tavern and a man in a dirty white shirt who was making sandwiches for four fellows drinking beer and smoking cigarettes said all he had left was prime rib, and he ran out of potato (no e) salad but he might have some cole slaw. We backed out of there. The lady in the third tavern told us even without our asking that they didn't do food, but one thick bearded customer offered that there was a restaurant just up the street, that is McCoy's old place.

So the circle was complete. Stanfield, to the casual visitor, is little more than a cheap place to rent a house. We drove on to Hermiston about 6 miles south of the Columbia River and had a surprising good tuna salad at Fountains. Fountains has existed from just after WWII, reads the

menu. It started as the Vets Club, then underwent a variety of name changes, including Tiny's.

Along the Columbia we were not far from Richland, Washington, which got a big boost around 1944 when the government started making atomic bombs there. The high school teams to this day are known as the Bombers, and the school insignia is a mushroom-shaped cloud. (We kid you not!) Parents, of course, have the Bomber's Booster Club.

Well, enough. One thing we can report about the rural areas of this part of America is that fishing worms are holding steady at 75 cents a dozen or two dozen for \$1.25.

Tomorrow we'll be crossing through Idaho and into Montana. For those of you concerned, the radiator is holding out. (The day before leaving the radiator on the Probe appeared to be leaking. After dumping in a can of Stopleak and getting conflicting advice about the product's effectiveness, we bought a spare can and thought positively. We also watch the water temperature gauge carefully.)

*From: S in Eugene*

*To: Meg*

*Date: June 25, 1992*

*Day One and my personal email came through with flying colors. I have and will continue to print them out. I love the thought of you two at the Super 8 bridal suite, goodness maybe you could add that as a standard for all*

*the places you stay across the country and do a Probing  
America's Bridal Suites article for Brides Magazine.*

## Day Two Lewiston, Idaho, to Butte, Montana

June 25, 1992

To: Meg

Well, not quite Butte. Actually we're east of town on the 4800 block of Harrison street in the Copper King Inn, which proudly wears the Best Western badge. You got it, we goofed again. We lost an hour due to the time zone change and averaged about 40 miles per hour winding up the Clearwater River Canyon from Lewiston to Lolo Pass. The Clearwater Canyon's beauty is splendid, but the road is ever so slow. It is windy, narrow and there is absolutely no margin for error on the river side. We were on the river side. The posted speed limit is 50. We settled for 40.

A humbling lesson of today is knowing how it feels to face a travel piece with next to no fresh material, yet knowing our reader is expecting prose which, if not amusing, will help pass the time. We shall see.

We decided not to camp at Missoula, hoping for a site somewhere between there and Butte. A fellow in a gas station suggested the Bearmouth Chalet (yeah, we should have known) about 30 miles out of Missoula. It does exist. You take exit 138 (Bearmouth) and in a mile you come to a dirt road and the Bearmouth Store. A hand scrawled sign instructs one not go farther to the Chalet without

reservation or permission. We had neither, so went into the store, which turned out to be that plus a lounge and restaurant, to inquire. The lady said the Chalet was down the dirt road: rooms without a shower were \$12, those with \$24. No TV, which was okay; no phones, which was not. The email thing, which is a lot of what this is about, simply requires daily phone input. We probably missed an experience, but are thankful. By the way, don't count on simply the existence of a phone sufficing. Some phones, it happens, are hard-wired.

On the road to what eventually was Butte we passed a car with a license plate reading "NoNoNo". Its bumper sticker read, "Families first, Montana is not a zoo". We don't know what that means, but one of the Probe correspondents lived in Montana and we have asked him to explain. It's fair to report that in-car conversation lags about 3:30 on such a day. After a long quiet spell, we did comment on a road side sign outside of Drummond proclaiming it to be "World Famous Bullshippers."

Butte is a dismal town. Jack had warned the tour group, even though he had not been here for 30 years. Basically a mining town, it is mostly full of old mine shafts. Life for those who chose to stay is tied to commercial strips. Long strips of short buildings which we in American have come to know well. Every fast food chain is represented. Near the end of the strip named Harrison is the Copper King Inn.

Checking in anytime after 4:00 is never a pleasant experience for us. This was no exception, although it was interesting. The kid at the desk said he was out of single kings, but had double queens. We should know, however, that the kings were next to the ballroom and a ball was happening tonight. Further, he warned, balls in Butte have much merriment, and so we could expect merry makers next door until midnight, making merry to a 17 piece band. His only other option was a single double away from the ball room. After much consensus making, we opted for the two queens next to the ballroom. The surprise came when we opened the door to 148. Not only were there two queens, but the back wall contained a 4 foot square window looking in and out of the ball room (when a clerk says next door now we will be more discriminating). When they have a ball in Butte, they have a ball! We contemplated going nude, opening the window curtains and seeing how that changed the ball, but...

We are back in our single queen, away from the ball, where it is quiet and far from merrymakers.

*From: B in Denver*

*To: Meg*

*Date: June 25*

*What fun it is to correspond as you travel. I miss Montana. Some of my recent messages have made it; others have not. Generally I send them repeatedly until they go through. If you're still in Montana, remember that no honest patrolman would arrest anyone who has only a*

*can of beer or a rifle open in the car of truck. Speeding is a crime at night but a mere infraction during the day. Watch out for antelope and sheep; don't worry about the people. The Copper King Inn, by the way, is one of Montana's best. I rather frequently went there for meetings, lunches, etc. In fact, it was there that I first learned to speak for 30 minutes on topics about which I knew nothing. The course was called Administration III.*

## Day Three Butte, Montana, to Billings, Montana

June 26, 1992

To: Meg

Here we are, high atop the flat lands of Billings with a stunning view of the Conoco refinery from our eleventh floor Sheraton Hotel room. The scenery from Butte to Billings is fantastic. One may think that "Big Sky" is corny, but there is no question that it is right on! Just spectacular, and this morning whoever is in charge threw in a little lighting for good measure. There is, even for some world travelers, a slight tingle as the car passes under the freeway sign declaring the particular spot to be the "Continental Divide". We could hardly wait for a river to see if it was true.

Midway between horrible Butte and smelly Billings (the refinery has a tall stack which belches fire and farts gas) is Bozeman, where Montana State University rests. The population number about 27,000 without students, and is clean, neat, full of nice shops and eating places. Just as a college town should be. We expected to see Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland Judy come skipping down across the quad on their way to visit Judge Hardy. We walked for nearly an hour, through the small downtown section with



many buildings dating from the late 1890s, to an old well maintained neighborhood, on through to the campus. The campus was clean, as noted, as were the students. Unbelievable, for anyone conditioned on west coast institutions of higher education in a post hip culture.

About the only civilization observable between Bozeman and Billings is the small town of Big Timber. When the sandwich shop lady in Bozeman suggested it for lunch, one of us thought it would be something akin to the Nut Tree north of San Francisco. No, it is a small Montana town. We ate at the Grand Hotel, and it is. Very restored. Very nice, in spite of the fact that the dominating wall piece is the head of a huge, slobbering steer noted to be the head steer of the 1989 great Montana cattle run.

The waitress filled in local details. She raises sheep, her husband is a private land appraiser. They chose Big Timber. We asked her where she grew up. She said everywhere, and we responded knowingly, "Army brat"?

"Exon brat", she replied. Her two sons, aged about 9 and 10 moseyed into the bar of the hotel while we were eating, and she asked what was up, and they said they were going home to fix lunch, and she said climb up on a stool and eat here. They did and we observed a parent who has this marvelous ability to interact with kids about their concerns, (in this case their team's baseball game which

had been rescheduled for the ridiculous hour of 8:00 a.m.) in one breath totally agreeing that they had been done wrong and it was unfair, and in the next convincing them that the early morning hour was probably to their team's advantage.

We liked this waitress so well and she seemed so savvy, we decided to pop the big question, "How is this town going: for Bush, Clinton, or Perot?" There was absolutely no hesitation when she said, "The whole state of Montana is going to go for Perot!" And that's how that plays in Big Sky Country.

This is a busy weekend for Billings. There are several important business conferences in town; the mix of cowboy boots and heavy working boots stands out. Today, tomorrow, and Sunday the local (one assumes) descendent of Chief Sitting Bull of the Sioux and General George "Whoop" Armstrong Custer of the US Calvary reenact their encounter on the Little Bighorn Battlefield. Sunday there is the annual Zoo Grass musical in the park, featuring important groups including Three Dog Night and the Marshall Tucker Band.

What is really curling people's toes, is tomorrow night's Garth Brook's concert! Fans from as far away as L.A. and Texas are trying to buy tickets, which according to our

source, sold out 15 minutes after the ticket agency opened its doors.

Our source is a striking, well different looking, bartender in Jake's, just kitty corner from the Sheraton. We vowed to do a walking tour of Billings, but the heat and boredom of the business district soon won, and we retreated to Jake's for a couple of beers. One was a Bridgeport, which is brewed in Portland, and when we noted same to the blond, she said, "Yeah! I lived there for a while. I graduated from Montana State in television, and I had to go somewhere for opportunities, and so it happened to be Portland."

"I modeled with Jerome Kersey and Kevin Duckworth. They are okay. You know the Blazers are my team, have been for four years. Just because they lost to the Chicago Bulls doesn't make any difference."

She talked more and then moved on to other customers. She managed to maintain 8 or 9 conversations simultaneously, never slighting anyone. One of us wondered if the Blazer stuff was bullshit. The other said, "No. Absolutely, not. I know about these things."

*From: B in Denver*

*To: Meg*

*Date: June 29, 1992*

*I enjoy this interactive communication very much. I can now see why students who correspond this way internationally respond so positively to it. (And why some*

*folks are pushing for basement rates from carriers for kids to do this.) The Wyoming experiences were wonderfully detailed. By the way, how do you manage to sample so many restaurants? I'm driven to grocery stores, to avoid the inevitable soups, sandwiches, however attractive the Wyoming cuisine. Your exploration of small towns, such as Big Timber, does give you a great opportunity to touch the pulse of opinion in those places.*

## Day Four Billings, Montana, to Gillette, Wyoming

June 27, 1992

To: Meg

Gillette, Wyoming. A place we never thought we would be. But fate and strategic planning have ominous influence. One concern is not to arrive in Chenoa earlier than the afternoon of July 2. Because we left a day or more early than need be, and then picked up a few miles in transit, we have a little luxury time to spend. One member of the party has designated two days in the Rapid City, South Dakota, area (another place which another member thought an impossible destination), but even so, as of the morning in Billings we were two days ahead of schedule. This meant a great detour to nowhere or two slow days getting to South Dakota. We choose the latter.

Billings to Sheridan, Wyoming, is about 100 miles. Most of it is on the Crow Reservation. Given our history of isolating Native American reservation on piles of rock and sagebrush, the land looks surprisingly fertile. Dramatic rolling land and bright green. We got off I-90 to a twenty mile stretch of a two lane highway which followed along the Little Big Horn River. Earlier we ventured up to the Little Bighorn monument, but as we saw the number of cars

there had second thoughts, and turned back to the freeway. Well, at least we were close. The houses on the reservation were generally stable looking and inviting. Much different than the conditions we saw on the Southwestern reservations. Ah, Indian reservations, what an idiotic concept. Mostly, one guesses, it provides good paying jobs for the white employees of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, or whatever it is called these days.

Stalling, and looking for history, we turned off at Sheridan, Wyoming, population about 12,000. Modern history repeating itself once more: the old town, in a poor state of restoration, with the now ever present appendage strip of one story retail stores. Lunch was good in a restored 1890 bank. One salad had 7 greens, the other had horseradish dressing....in Sheridan! The restaurant occupied the full ground floor of the large stone building. Alger Street Café, it announced itself in large neon. The young man who greeted and seated us noted with some pride that he predicted we wanted non-smoking. He showed up minutes later announcing that he was supposed so be host today, but the cook quit this morning and so now he had been reassigned to waiting. The cause and effect connect was not all that clear but he rode with it.

He apologized that one of the two soups had been changed from cream of chicken to chicken noodle. We agreed to the switch. He returned in two minutes,

shoulders slumped, saying, sorry but they had switched back to chicken noodle. We liked him. Tall, slim, with the beginnings of a dark beard shadow, we asked if he had been in Sheridan long.

"About 18 months", he replied.

"Where were you before here?"

"Alliance, Nebraska."

"Why would you move from Alliance, Nebraska, to Sheridan, Wyoming?"

He responded matter of fact, "A step up. At least my mother thought so."

We turned off again at Buffalo, which is a community trying to play town. Buffalo is tranquil, if one can use that word about anything in Wyoming. Today, they were playing sidewalk sales (yes they have them on both sides of the main street). The potential customers were few. About half tourists, and half locals. One of the latter was overheard to say that many of his kind left town for the day being somewhat embarrassed over the commercialism of the promotion. Whether correct or not, it was clear that most of the merchants were at a loss as to how to connect with the people wandering about their store front tables. Eye contact was made for an instant and then they would

disconnect without a bit of warning. But it was an informative visit, and we discussed in great depth our growing insight to the rural people of American.

Two hundred miles south-east of Billings on I-90 is Gillette. We had not heard of it, but it is hardly a drive from the Rapid City area, and lists a couple of Best Westerns, one being the Tower (non present) where we rest tonight. The city limit sign lists the population at 25,000, but our informant says it has slipped to about 15,000. She says the main thing here is coal mining. There are over 5 big mines in and around Gillette.

Bailey's Bar and Grill is located in the former U.S. Post Office. You have seen these oblong, two story, brick buildings in every town in American. The lobby in Bailey's remains untouched, and houses a display of photos of the early days of Gillette. Behind the postal windows, where the customers were never allowed, is now a large bar and considerable array of tables. Today we and people at another table were the only customers. They left 20 minutes after we arrived, and so she had little to do but talk with us. She clearly enjoyed it.

Carol has the darkest black eyes, a pleasant moon face, and what seemed to be a painfully tight pony tail. She works at the bank days, and 4 shifts a week at Bailey's. Carol is from Pennsylvania, a small town there, and when



she and Sean were married 8 years ago they moved to Gillette. John, her oldest child is 16 and a junior in high school, and Mindy, 12, were from a former marriage. Cody is 7 and Dean is 3. They live together in a double wide. A year ago they purchased 20 acres for \$32,000 and are well on their way to building a 2400 foot home. Sean is employed by a construction company and his boss is supportive. Sean works every evening after work and Saturdays and Sundays on the house. He finished the foundation, has it framed and roofed, hired the wiring and plumbing done and is setting the fixtures. Sean asked Carol to come to the site tomorrow, Sunday, and sweep up the sawdust. "The ants are beginning to nest," he said.

Carol has no aspirations to move from Gillette. "Gillette is coming back. Walmart came in and gave us the competition we need, and the other merchants responded. Our school system is supposed to be one of the best in the nation, or so I understand. I really would like to teach elementary school, and if the community college extension would offer the courses, I'd take them."

She smiled seriously and said, "Gillette is not perfect, but at some point in life you decide where you are going to live and this is it for us."

One comment about last night in Billings that we did not get to report in last night's communique. We talked for

about an hour with a Billings couple (who did not have tickets for the Garth Brooks concert) and they verified that Montana is definitely Perot Country. The other interesting tidbit that they gave us was that Ted Turner has purchased as much of Montana as he can afford and is turning his property from ranching to a wild game reserve. Thus, the bumper sticker FAMILIES FIRST: MONTANA IS NOT A ZOO has a political statement to make to Ted and Jane Fonda and others like them.

*From: J in Chicago*

*To: Meg*

*Date: June 26, 1992*

*I received your message this morning and thought, "What a trip." Then I realized that I was thinking of 'trip' in 60's terms, not in traveling terms. But, however you want to take it, "what a trip." I hauled out the Atlas and followed your progress. Keep this bits and bytes coming. I just downloaded day two and am looking forward to reading and responding. I've been having trouble getting on again.*

# Day Five Gillette, Wyoming, to Rapid City, South Dakota

June 28, 1992

To: Meg

*From: S in Eugene*

*To: Meg*

*Date: June 29, 1992*

*Wow, I had to get another map out. I am using the little pocket size Rand McNally Road Atlas compliments of the U.S. Army medical department. I wished I had known you'd be going through my family's town of Deadwood. My great uncle was the Justice of Peace and I think Sheriff there for many years.*

Today's adventures held both disillusionment and hope. The disillusionment came at Deadwood, S.D. One of the happy campers had visited this town 32 years ago and at that time the old mining town retold the tales of its famous residents, who included Wild Bill Hickock and Calamity Jane. It was a charming mining town much in the character of Virginia City, Nevada, or Bisbee, Arizona. Today's reality was a mini Las Vegas complete with fat men and women in garish t-shirts carrying around their plastic buckets of nickels and quarters. We queried one gaming hostess and she said that in 1989 the state legislature made gambling legal in Deadwood only. Before that, she said, Deadwood

had been, well, dead. The gambling has been an economic boom but the hostess, who was in her 20's and a lifetime resident, said she cried as she noticed how much the small community was changing. Is gambling and its profits suppose to rectify all the economic ills we have?

The hope came at Chief Crazy Horse Memorial which is just a few miles from Mt. Rushmore. The Crazy Horse Memorial was started in 1948 by Korczak Ziolkowski, a sculptor. If ever completed, it will be the largest sculpture ever made. To give you a sense of size, the four presidents of Mt. Rushmore would fit in the armpit of Chief Crazy Horse astride his horse. The sculptor has never taken any government funds to complete the project, and it is sustained by donations and admission fees from visitors. It has been a family project of Korczak, his wife, 10 children, and others they have hired. The same happy camper visited this memorial in 1958. At that time Korczak's wife collected fees and pointed to a mountain that she said would be Chief Crazy Horse. She seemed a bit crazy herself because you could not ascertain a thing where she was pointing. Now, 32 years later, it is much different. There is a face of Chief Crazy Horse, the arm is pronounced and the horse is beginning to have a shape. Korczak died 10 years ago but the work goes on. There is a quotation from Korczak in one of the pamphlets. "It does not matter when Crazy Horse is completed; the only thing that matters is that the progress never stops."

In between disillusionment and hope was Sturgis. The annual Harley Davidson rally is held in Sturgis, S.D. We visited there today. The bikers were not there, but for one week in August literally thousands of bikers descend on the 5000 population community and spend the weekend biking the Dakota hills.

A major thought at this point is the vastness of the land. Most of us know that, intellectually, but there is something about driving mile after mile along nearly deserted freeways in Montana and Wyoming that heightens the concept. It looks big from 35,000 feet, but it is big on the ground level.

The weather has turned miserable, which is consistent with a 34 year old memory of summers in the Midwest. We are looking forward to thunderstorms, which Morning Edition says are moving eastward at 20 miles an hour. PBS FM , incidentally, is a real plus. The familiar voices of Bob Edwards and Cookie Roberts bring morning cheer to the worn out hotel rooms each morning.

So far about the only apparent function of eastern Wyoming and South Dakota is to take up space. There must be a reason for Rapid City, but it is not obvious. The parking lot is full of tour buses, so someone knows something we do not. So, some things remain normal and

we are thankful for the steadiness. On to Pierre, and the Missouri River!

## Day Six Rapid City, South Dakota, to Pierre, South Dakota

July 29, 1992

To: Meg

First, those of you who ask are getting through. And many thanks. The real kick to the e-mail remotes is getting messages no matter where one might plug into a wall jack.

Speaking of wall, more later about Wall Drug, in Wall, SD. It is many things, and one of them is a person with a vision and lots of determination. We found another such person at Murdo, SD, population 364. We lunched at the Silver Café where the waitress said, "No, we don't serve beer because my mother wanted me and my sister to work here and if we served beer we couldn't." She also told us that there are 13 kids in her high school class, and she doesn't, "you know", really like any of them. The Silver was three quarters full (that means 20 people), most seeming to be local farmers. A very short fat woman entered the room while we were eating. With her were a fat pre-adolescent boy, another boy of about 8 and a black girl of maybe 11. The locals' heads turned with one coordinated movement to follow the black girl from the front door to the counter, where the fat lady ordered sandwiches to go. The wait was long and the black

girl took the little kid out to the car. When she returned, the coordinated head movement replayed itself.

The purpose of the Murdo stop was to visit Pioneer Auto Museum, an item announced by a long series of horrible highway signs. It consists of over 30 buildings, albeit some very small, which contain over 300 automobiles ranging from early 1900 pioneers to muscle cars. There is also a motorcycle collection, featuring Elvis' own Harley. It was the vision of A.J. "Dick" Geisler who started it in 1954. His son continues the place. Besides autos, it has horrible collections of everything you can think of, displayed in a sort of recreated small town consisting of out buildings with homemade signs such as Murdo Bank and Murdo Depot. However, the basic theme is a collection of autos. The man thought that people ought to be able to observe a visual history of autos in one place, and he put one together and maintains it. It is very tacky, but the important thing is that he did it. They buy and sell on the average a couple cars per week. In the parking lot was a 1940's Ford Woody, acquired yesterday.

It is probably true that many of us have a private purpose which we dearly want to pursue, let alone achieve. It was nice to see in the middle of South Dakota that it can be done. But then what the hell, there isn't much else to do in the middle of South Dakota and if you haven't got the will to get out, you might as well work on your dream.



And speaking of dreams brings us back to Wall Drug Store. There must be at least one of the Probe correspondents who has been there and if you have, please tell us about it. Ted Husted had a new pharmacy degree in 1931 when he purchased the drug store at Wall, population 300. He and his wife struggled unsuccessfully to make it a going concern for five years and then she had the idea of putting up signs on the new road that they had “Free Ice Water.”

What has happened since then, is, as they say, history. Wall still has a population of 700, but Wall Drug Store employs 200 people. We had a charming conversation with one of the clerks who told us about the Husted family (and yes Ted, who is now 89, had been in earlier in the morning in his wheelchair) and the employees. In the summer they hire 120 college students and put them up in the 30 houses the Husteds own in town and use as dormitories in the summer. In a good day 20,000 people come in to Wall Drug and gawk, buy, and generally want to be able to say they were at Wall Drug. As our readers might imagine, Jack was a little leery at such a side trip, but even he must admit this man had vision and stuck to it. We seem to be getting that message a lot on this trip!

We decided to get off the interstate and go to the South Dakota state capitol, and it is one whiz bang of a building. If they do politics anywhere near the way they shine floors in

the capitol, this state is in good hands. Our local sources, two real estate agents, confirm that this state is solvent and we heard again for the umpteenth time that *Dances with Wolves* was filmed in South Dakota. We finished our walk around town (pop. 12,000) by going to a pawn shop.

You may know that pawnshops are an essential part of the infrastructure (yuk!) of many Native American "communities". We didn't, and our reason for visiting the pawn shop in Pierre was that one member of the group had promised another, who had never been in a pawnshop, to take her to one. A second reason is because we observed a proliferation of pawn shops during this trip, much of which has been in Indian country. We were curious about them. Fortunately for us, the proprietor was congenial and informative. Actually, he gave us a mini lesson.

To start, he noted as he looked at the calendar on his watch that he would soon be "writing a lot of pawn". It works this way. The Native American (and anyone else, but he liked to stress his affirmative action work) runs out of money about this time of the month. The government check isn't due until after the first. So they bring in, for example, a rifle or watch. He loans them 25 percent of the item's value for thirty days. The interest rate is 30% The customer can "up it" for 30 days more, and another 30% interest. Many of his customers are repeats. He said that 75% of the goods are reclaimed.

A stiff interest rate, but he claims that he encourages his steadies not to borrow more than they need. Well, its one way to go. You've got to admit that 25 cents on the dollar is good motivation for claiming your pawn. But 30% interest. Good god, Visa only charges 21 percent.

And that's the news that's fit to print from Pierre!

*From: D in Eugene*

*To: Meg*

*Date: June 30, 1992*

*I finally printed out days 1-5, took them home and read them last night to my housemate. Since she has never met either of you, I initially wondered if she'd be interested in hearing of your adventures and was pleased to find that she was. She laughed heartily all the way through. She said you make it sound as if these places haven't changed a bit over the last 30 years; your descriptions are just as she remembers. Carry on. I can hardly wait to come into the office each morning to access the next installment.*

# Day Seven Pierre, South Dakota, to South Sioux City, Nebraska

June 20, 1992

To: Meg

Nebraska, you wonder. How in hell did they get to Nebraska? Wrong turn? No, it's really an extraordinarily dull story. One rule of the road is don't try and make something out of nothing, so we won't. Just the facts for those of you who write that you are tracking the trip on your old Rand McNally's.

We left you in Pierre (Pronounced Peer, after the thing in the river for which it was named) doing the 33-mile absolutely featureless drive to 90, where we turned east and on to a stop at Mitchell to see something called the Corn Palace. One of the team has fond memories of family trips during her childhood to the Corn Palace. This is the centennial year, and the third building, dating from about 1912. The building is basically a 4-story auditorium with Russian like turrets covered with child like large and predictable drawings made of various colored corn cobs all around the outside. It is ugly. The concept of a town keeping something like this alive (and it barely is) for 100 years is intriguing. Maybe more later from another perspective.

We were back on 90 in 30 minutes (the other troop member had allowed two hours for this stop), turned south on 29 and coasted into the Sioux City, Iowa, Welcome Center by 2:30. We asked the kindly volunteer, who used to spend 5 months each year in Arizona, but has cut it down to 3, for a room recommendation, preferably something on the water. He directed us to the new (aren't they always) Marina Inn, which happens to be across the river. So that's how we got to Nebraska, where we sit on our balcony, enjoying the humidity, sipping weak Scotch and waters. Just a dull, but yet pleasant day on the road, finally stopping early enough to relax and prepare for 300 miles of cornfields.

Well, yes, maybe something can be added about the Mitchell Corn Palace and that is it looks great when you are 13 and born and raised around corn, but when you are 47 you are a little (a lot) embarrassed about promoting it for hundreds of miles. But let it be noted that we were not the only Oregonians there today...four others had signed the Oregon guest book today and who knows how many others were like the man (who one is sure is from California) we overheard saying, "I just don't see what there is to see." He obviously did not grow up with corn, but more about that in the next few days.

Until then, we intend to have a deck party on our veranda overlooking the Missouri River. At 5 p.m., we will

upload and if we are lucky download, and then have supper at a neon-decorated restaurant, called Garfunkel's, overlooking the river. When all is said and done, not too bad for Nebraska. That's it from the Mighty Mo!

*Homemade sign seen in Sheridan, Wy.*

*Baby Rats \$2*

# Day Eight South Sioux City, Nebraska, to Iowa City, Iowa

July 1, 1992

To: Meg

This has been a day of cognitive dissonance for one member of the group who drove out of Iowa City a few weeks short of 34 years ago. The Iowa River is about the only thing that seems in place, and they built a foot bridge over it. The old college of education and department of psychology are now somehow fused in a single building known as Seashore. It dates a person to know that Seashore was an early 1900s psychologist who among other things was interested in psychological aspects of music, and who developed the Seashore Musical Aptitude Test. It didn't amount too much, after all, but still how many of us have a college building named in our honor.

The faculty of Education, Iowa Testing Center, and the A Computing Center are all housed in the Lindquist center. E.F. Lindquist was a leading light in the design of educational research and educational development testing. One team member had a course from him, which made sense only when he learned that the great professor's degree was in English, or was it humanities. Lindquist did very well financially. He developed highly popular (well,

among the test givers, at least) nationally used achievement tests while at the University of Iowa, but believed it was unethical to copyright them in his name (he also probably knew that the University would sue him if he did). An imaginative fellow, he did what had not occurred to anyone else. He registered a copyright on the mark sense answer sheets of the test. The royalty percentage was very small, but when multiplied by the number of hundreds of thousands of elementary and high school kids who took the test each year, he did well, to say the least.

About the time of his retirement plans were announced for the Lindquist Center. It is not an appendage of the former college of education, but a new building standing near the banks of the Iowa River, across from the medical school complex. It must be twenty years old, or nearly that, and already looks very shop worn, as only students can shop wear a facility. The design is a collection of eight sided components, grouped in four stacks, three stories high. Each component houses a division of the college or other units as noted. The architect's intent was to promote collegiality, which was what the faculties undoubtedly said they wanted. The result, obviously, is complete isolation by "disciplines" which is probably what they really wanted. Which is not all bad, because that is in the tradition of many academics. Keep it separate, don't mix it up or confuse me with other views of truth.



Life goes on nicely in Iowa City. They had their Lindquist and more splashy Van Allen and his belt, the sports complex grows each year, outrageous college costumes arrive 2 or 3 years after hitting both coasts (there are still signs of hippiness in Iowa City). The relative cultural isolation is comforting. If only Iowa City were closer to the sea and mountains, it would be as attractive as Eugene or Corvallis, also culturally isolated. But it is not. Alright! Thomas Wolfe said it first.

*From: B in Denver*

*To: Meg*

*Date: July 2, 1992*

*Iowa City has a strange set of memories for me: I've visited infrequently three times in forty years and always had the same impressions, a college town that comes out of motion pictures. It's wonderful; I just don't know how it stays just slightly out of date.*

## Day Nine Iowa City, Iowa, to Chenoa and Pontiac, Illinois

July 2, 1992

To: Meg

Today we enter Ripley Country and we thought a little orientation would be helpful. Theresa's parents and brother, Ray, were born, raised, lived, died, and are buried here. They were tenant farmers, raising corn and soybeans in combined acreage of around 360 acres. We come to remember the way they lived and to visit the people they left. Ray had three children. Jerry, the oldest, is almost 35 and works in a grain elevator (a hot, dirty, and physically demanding job) and is a gentle giant at 6' 6" with a good facility for words both in written and spoken form. He has two children, Erin, age 7, and Kyle, 17 months. His wife, Beth, a real true arrow shooter, works in the hospital delivering babies. She has to work the entire Fourth of July weekend so we hope to see her on Friday. David, the second son, who is a diminutive 6' 5", lives in suburban Chicago, and has taught high school English for 10 years. Ann, the youngest at 28, works in an auto parts place in Pontiac, doing everything from washing cars, to clerical work, to delivering people back and forth to their cars. Janice, Ray's widow, married Ray's lifetime friend, Jerry, a couple of years ago. Ray would probably be pleased.

In addition to seeing Ripleys we are also attending Theresa's 30th high school reunion from Chenoa High School in 1962. There were 36 in her graduating class if you count the exchange student from Switzerland in her senior year. Most of these people were classmates from first grade (they had no kindergarten) to 12th grade. This is the first high school reunion attended by Ripley, but she has kept in touch with many of her high school classmates, and five of them are recipients of the Circle of Friends newsletter.

And if this isn't enough excitement, Chenoa's Fourth of July is the best it ever gets for this type of celebration. This is the real thing or as close to the real thing as there is. Jack is skeptical of this event (little does he know that it is events), and he will be sharing his reactions to mid-America as the days in Chenoa unfold. Chenoa, as a community, had great promise. In fact, its slogan in the 50's was "Crossroads of Opportunities." And, theoretically, it was. The legendary Route 66 crossed the heavily traveled Route 24 and two railroads also intersected at Chenoa. The opportunity has dissipated, and what is left is a Midwest town with a population of about 1000 serving the area farmers.

Anticipation runs high for the next few day's events. We know we will be having different perceptions of what we observe and will be giving you two perspectives of what we experience. Stay tuned for the best little Fourth of July this

side of the Mississippi! Have a good Fourth of July yourselves.

*From: SG in Eugene*

*To: Meg*

*Date: July 3, 1992*

*It is Friday morning (I know, a holiday), but I have to come in to feed my bird...plus I wanted to write you an e-mail. I took time out for myself last night, sat down and read all of your e-mails what can I say but fascinating! When reading your messages, it's the 'next best thing' to being there.*

# Day Ten and Eleven The Fourth of July in Chenoa, Illinois

July 3 & 4, 1992

To: Meg

Don't be concerned if you missed the 10th day, we didn't do a piece. Well, the immense event is history. It happened last evening and we survived. Not to be too serious about reporting the Chenoa weekend, we did decide it may be more fun to vary our style, moving from the collective we, to the specific I. Theresa thought, because the events and circumstances are so well known to her, that it might be functional for me to begin. Then she will continue, and if it continues to be interesting, we will trade the keyboard several times. If all this seems too much for some of you, we will understand your pushing block and delete. Several correspondents expressed interest in reading about the end of the odyssey, if that is not a self-contradiction of the concept, so here it is.

There are several related pieces: Chenoa, the small mid-western town and environs; the 30th reunion of Theresa's high school class; the July Fourth celebration in Chenoa; Ripley family dynamics. I'm asking Theresa to respond to this rubric, and choose the starting point.

Yes, Jack I can take this form and I think it easiest to start with the 30th year reunion because even though it made a reason to be here, it is not the most important part of the Illinois experience. The reunion was OK. Not dynamic and not a disappointment. I did agree with two classmates that we would never attend a college reunion, but high school reunions seemed like the thing to do. There were 22 classmates present out of the original 36 and two classmates wrote long letters. As far as how the class responded to me, I was nominated, along with one other woman, to have changed the most. I don't know what that means, but never give up a distinction if it is given to you is what I say! Back to Jack for psychological analysis.

I don't know about the analysis, but hey! Several of your eager correspondents deserve additional details. First off, the venue was Baby Bull's, the finest dining Pontiac has to offer. Chenoa has next to nothing to offer, thus Pontiac ten miles west on Route 66 is the choice. I inquired and learned that Baby Bull's is named after a local fellow of Greek decent who to this day owns and operates it (he worked the reunion for awhile). Legend, or perhaps more accurately, rumor has it that when he was an itty bitty baby of Greek decent he looked remarkably like a Bull, so the name and it stuck. He appears to be in his forties, and must like the name. After all, who named his restaurant?

Two reunions were scheduled. The other, being larger, got the big room at Baby Bull's. Chenoa got the small room, to which the only entrance was through the big room. The larger group in the big room was a class of 72, younger and much more spirited and noisy. As the evening progressed this made it sometimes difficult to hear the master of ceremony.

We made a stylishly tardy entry, but style doesn't count that much, so we were mostly ignored. Thirty years is a long time, allowing for considerable changes in the old bod and face. So, actually, some people were unrecognizable to others. A standard question to a couple was which one was the alum. Theresa paused only a moment and ordered her priorities mentally, and took off like an inspired jogger, moving from one classmate to another.

At the end of the program the MC produced a tape recorder and said that all of us (I think she meant the 22 Chenoans) should record salutations and fond wishes to the two west coast absentees who wrote the thoughtful letters.

As the tape recorder was handed off, it was clear that Theresa had about a 45 minute queue ahead of her. She whispered in an aside (knowing her group intrinsically) to me that she would take care of this, gestured to the MC that she wanted to say something, and then announced to the group that we had family commitments and simply had to

leave; what a wonderful experience this, her first reunion had been. The MC deftly retrieved the recorder, passed it to TR, asked her to be the first voice on tape, which she sweetly was, getting us to the family gathering, and eventually the Chenoa street dance by 9:00.

Ripley back. I should learn to take quicker showers.

The two more important events, or happenings, were reuniting with family and Jack experiencing that family and the sense of what my community is all about and what it has done to stunt or shape me, depending on how you look at it. We were only in the area a little over 48 hours but in that time managed to have several family events occur in an easy, delightful fashion. I could describe them all but I will attempt to give you a flavor by describing the last event together which was last evening at the home of Janice and Jerry Campbell, my brother's widow and her new husband, who was my brother's best friend and the namesake for my oldest nephew. Ten of us were gathered: the hosts; Jack and myself; nephew Jerry and his wife Beth (who had just finished working a 14 hour straight shift at the hospital and had delivered two babies) and their two kids; and nephew Dave and his wife Lisa who had come down from Chicago for the Fourth and to see us. Ann, my niece, was absent due to getting the fireworks set up in Chenoa.



They had prepared a super meal down to the homemade ice cream I had requested over a month ago. We sat and discussed the events of the last couple of days: the reunion, seeing two first cousins, other family members, and, of course, Chenoa's Fourth of July. As the meal progressed and the 17-month-old was conspicuously quiet and then appeared proudly with hands caked with plant dirt, the group began to remember times together. The two brothers, my nephews, who thoroughly enjoy one another, began to reminisce about growing up and trying to get each other blamed for the other's pranks. They began talking about Ray, their father, and my parents in the endearing way they felt about growing up together on two farms working together. Jerry Campbell, the new family member and Ray's friend, joined in by discussing the times we all played ball together in our back pasture. The places we were discussing were within a half a mile of where we were having dinner. The ease with which we were going back and forth between history and today, considering the circumstances of group, seemed rare to me.

I believe there are likely two kinds of places where such a complicated, natural relationship vignette could happen. The obvious is in rural or small town settings with several generations of family and friends about. From what I read, the other is in ethnic ghettos and neighborhoods of cities, where, for different reasons, the same kind of ties exist. I would not like the city for an extended period of time, nor

could I connect with the people there. In contrast, there is something very attractive about this rural environment of good people, so much so that one is tempted to dreamily consider escaping to it.

And as for the Fourth of July. Theresa says it is the best damn fourth of July celebration for any town near its size in the USA, and I'm on official record to say, "Right On!" A huge flea market, horseshoe throwing contests, a street dance, ice cream social, a parade with a steam tractor hooting train whistles, and about four blocks ahead of the next entry, a vehicle from every fire department from towns 10 miles around, sets of 3 and 5 couple ponies pulling wagons, kids, tractors, and everything big on wheels that would move. People gathering more than an hour early to view. It all happened, with a fireworks display 4 hours later.

We were not born on the Fourth of July, but, boy was it fun to be in Chenoa when it occurred.

*From: B in New Zealand*

*To: Meg*

*Date: July 5 & 6*

*Dear Nomads:*

*Have had a week in bed with the flu. Loved your reunion letter. Quite a complex social event. Difficult to compare it with anything I have experienced. Passed up the opportunity to go to the 100th and 125th anniversary of my small rural elementary school. The notion of a graduating high school class is a peculiar North American*

*concept. It's interesting how we have issues in common despite being half way round the world. Often I pine for the extended nuclear relationships which were so much a part of my growing up in a small rural town. My present social relationships are probably best characterized as a chain. I know Jim and Jim knows Tom but I have no knowledge of Tom. You have convinced us that Chenoa is the place to be on the 4th of July. All strength to the Loughary-Ripley wagon train.*

# Day Twelve Chenoa, Illinois, to Lincoln, Nebraska

July 6, 1992

To: Meg

A long 500 mile day. The Probe is holding up as well or better than the travelers.

# Day Thirteen Lincoln, Nebraska, to Cheyenne, Wyoming

July 7, 1992

To: Meg

Just a note this p.m. to keep the e-mail trail going. Five hundred miles across Iowa yesterday and nearly 500 today across Nebraska is enough to be thankful not to be a long-haul truck driver. What would that be? The Smithsonian did a story about one driver several months ago, and there is a new book out about the topic in general. We watched the long-haul guy who has a beautiful cream colored tractor hitched to a United moving trailer wash the cab windows and do a general house cleaning of his rig. He is parked just outside our Best Western Hitching Post motel parking lot. By the by, you can kiss the Best Western good housekeeping seal of approval goodbye. Most are old and grungy.

Cheyenne old town is aptly named and mostly commercial, though we did have a good ale there in an old/new tavern. Visited the capital building, which is semi-memorable, drove through neighborhoods which are really first rate, and dragged the troop on a forced march through the city park which was lovely and then understood why some people would like living in Cheyenne.

Must be the age. Seven hundred mile days were a reasonable task years ago. Something over 350 strains today. The choices are obvious: fly, stay at home and drive the Pacific Northwest.

Thought some readers might like to know what this trip costs. One troop member is a picky bookkeeper so all records are available. Thus far, room, gas, and two meals out a day is costing about \$105 per diem. We compare that with England where you can get a dump of a room for \$100 a night not even considering air, car, and meals. We had the good fortune of talking at supper with a couple from Cambridge, England. The man was a travel agent and we asked if there was any good way of beating the rates in England and he said "No." It makes this trip look even better.

One other Cheyenne report from a local who had lived in New York for 13 years. In response to, "What is good about Cheyenne?" he mentioned the low crime rate and good education. He said the high school graduation rate in N.Y. is 30%. Whether that is true or not, it is certainly the reason that he moved his 3 and 5 year olds to Cheyenne.

And so it goes: here we are next to the great divide in a crummy motel room, yet with lots of space and clean linen, watching Sean Connery doing Red October. So, where else in the world?

*From: C and R in San Francisco*

*To: Meg*

*Date: July 12, 1992*

*While you were chronicling the lesser rituals of Middle America, we celebrated the Fourth in Portland. We rented a Probe at the airport, registered at the Heathman under the name of 'Theresa and Jack' and asked the desk clerk to send up corn on the cob. Just kidding.*

# Day Fourteen Cheyenne, Wyoming, to Little America, Wyoming

July 8, 1992

To: Meg

If you know of Little America, no description is necessary. Just an explanation of why we would spend the night here. If you don't, then it is worth a line or two. Most of Wyoming is a huge collection of nothing. More people live in the city limits of Portland, than the whole of Wyoming. There are only 3 or 4 towns on the over 300 miles of highway US 80. Due to the immense landscape, it is awesome, sometimes overwhelming. Other than that, nothing. Little American is about 60 miles from the Western border. It consists of a 180 room motel, restaurant, enormous parking area, trucker's service center, garage, and gift shop. Nothing else, absolutely nothing but high desert. One of the crew stopped here over 30 years ago, when it was a small motel and café. There are many desert areas in this country, and some as uninhabited as this, but this is the only oasis of its type of which we know.

Why would we spend a night here? One troop declared she had it with 500 mile days and set a 300-mile limit. That, as such things sometime happen, was Little America.



The room ain't bad. Sort of a semi-suite looking out over the desert. Clean, large, huge screen TV, and green wall paper featuring huge red, orange yellow, and blue flowers. Psychedelic, some might say. The only drawback is the phones are hard wired, thus making e-mail from the computer impossible. The desk clerk said that every phone in all of Little America is hard wired. Never a team to walk away from a challenge, we began stalking the property, sneaking glances at phone outlets. All in the main structures were hard wired. But, clear at the other end, in the trucker's center, we discovered what we knew had to be. A bank of about 10 phones, all wired with jacks. Electronic communication has become part of a long haul trucker's stock in trade, even if the desk clerk didn't know it. The Center manager said to come back after 7:00 PM and no problem.

Some miscellaneous observations before giving up the keyboard. We find Asian service workers in every town, no matter how small (the towns, not the Asians). Come back in two years, they'll be managers, in four, proprietors. There is even an Asian foods grocery in Cheyenne. Wild Bill Hickock would not have liked that. The rental truck of choice is Ryder. The trails of the past, i.e., Oregon, Mormon, cattle, oxbow, all come together near Cheyenne, or so the people who cardiograph the maps would have you believe. It rained a good part of the afternoon, which allowed us to recall and experience again one of the most

frightening of all highway horrors: a semi passing at over 70 mph, with its last 8 wheels producing a back splash, which for perhaps 4 seconds blocks all view of the road. Oh, you've been there too.

One must learn to take quicker showers or all the material for the day has been used, so to speak. There is an understatement on the accommodations. We have a SUITE here with floor to ceiling windows on two walls complete with a small balcony; gaudy, but nice for a night, colonial-style furniture in the living room; and a curtain separating the king-size bed from the tv area. And all this for \$60. In London it would cost \$500 (if you could even find it), and if one can forget there is no access to anything here, it is a pleasant evening.

The statements made about the vast emptiness of Wyoming are both relative and true. To a prospector or surveyor it is a probably a joy to view. To riders of the purple sage, it is not. The only exception we experienced today was Laramie, home of the University of Wyoming. The town, and that is what it is, is 20,000 people and the students add another 10,000. The campus is lovely, with all of the major buildings finished in a handsome pinkish color sandstone. We journeyed into the big geology museum on campus and saw the area's treasure which is a tyrannosaurs rex dinosaur which was found while doing what Wyoming does for a living these days, viz, extracting something from

the earth, in this case oil. Our 5-year-old neighbor, who is definitely into dinosaurs, will get the museum's prize t-shirt.

We saw a sign just outside Cheyenne today that said 1216.4 miles to Jubitz Truck Stop in Portland. We have seen a couple more updates during the day. Jubitz is taking a lesson from the Wall Drug Store. The sign reminds us that the journey is beginning to wind down. This trip has combined so much (family, nostalgia, growing up friends, current friends, technology, writing, and shared experiences of the troopers), it is hard to decide what is the highpoint. But certainly one of the major high points has been the ability to share this trip with you on e-mail. It has made for an experience that we shall never forget. The thrill of getting up in the morning and downloading a message from New Zealand responding to what we had written the night before, is in the category of magic. But just as magical were messages from Denver, Chicago, Tucson, Eugene, and Sydney. This is The New Village and almost competes with being around the family kitchen table in Ocoya on the July 4th. For many of us in today's world, this is as good as it gets. Thanks for being a part of it.

*From: B in New Zealand*

*To: Meg*

*Date: July 7, 1992*

*Last night we sat down and traced your journey out on our battered AAA map of the USA. We can well understand why one member of the train says 300 miles is*

*far enough. Little America? Not on our map. Are you sure it exists? It's interesting that the truckers need the facility for electronic map etc. Perhaps not so surprising when you consider that modern truck engines have the facility to download diagnostic information on performance and economy.*

## Day Fifteen Little America, Wyoming, to Twin Falls, Idaho

July 9, 1992

To: Meg

Whether or not one would like to live in, or simply visit a small town is an interesting question. For the better part of today it would have been difficult to gather data, there being next to no towns of any size on our route. For those of you following our return to god's country, we left the truck stop at Little America and within five miles turned west on highway 30. This got us to the little town of Kemmerer, totally nondescript now, but in 1902 the site where J.C. Penny opened his first store. The mother store, as it is referred to in the tourist information, probably catered mainly to the influx of coal miners. J.C. did well from the beginning and look what happened. Kemmerer is the most improbable place in the western U.S. to start anything, except a coal mine, so the story is full of hope and encouragement for some of us.

After a long mountain trip beginning at Bear Lake, Utah, and driving through a magnificent 39 mile canyon, we arrived at Logan, Utah. Utah State University has a tidy Mormonesque campus there, and then there is the temple. It has no visible identification. Just some discrete "Please

don't smoke signs". One of the troops thought it might be a hospital, but the other knew better.

It rests, no it reigns, atop a steep hill in the town. The building is made of pink stone, capped with two wooden domes. It is probably 10-15 stories high, not what one would expect to find in a town of 20,000 plus. Finally finding the front door of a new annex, we, dressed in shorts and t-shirts, stepped through an elaborate entrance maze, to be greeted by a blond haired man dressed in a white suit wearing a white tie. He smiled, and we knew we were as misplaced as the Pope in a synagogue. One of us smiled, and could only utter, "What is it?"

"A temple", he said.

We made it through the maze of exit doors quickly, and approached a gardener who was tending a flower bed. We made some inane inquiry regarding the temple. He smiled and asked if there was something not understandable to us about LDS? He stretched LDS into Latter Day Saints and we said we had a general understanding of the church but little more than that. He told us "they" were all preparing for the better life later on, but for now he was tending the gardens of this magnificent temple. Our talk was cordial and we exchanged information on plants. Then he talked about himself and his religion.

He had spent a couple years in Hillsboro, a Portland suburb, and somewhat embarrassingly referred it to as his old stomping grounds. We asked about the full parking lots around the temple and the people dressed up and carrying suit cases. He told us there were a number of weddings scheduled for today.

"The couples have been called. They are mature, 22 to 25, and know what they desire, and have been approved. This is all preliminary, you know. Life here is just a preparation for the real life here after. That is the glorious time." He had a nearly wild eyed look as he related the LDS mission creed.

We said there is a new LDS temple between Wilsonville and Lake Oswego, Oregon, and he said he knew of it and is saving his sheckles (that's right) to visit it. The gardener went on at some length about LDS, and we tried to divert his attention to describing his flower bed design. Strange, in the end we agreed we were a bit more attune to the Mormon missionary cause, and we thought he was more accepting of visiting outsiders. Reflecting on the interaction tonight, here in rural Twin Falls, we realized we had been conned. He got us!

The virtuous feeling of Logan was lost quickly at what passed for lunch at a horror of a truck stop in Snowville, Utah. It made Little American seem nearly elegant. The rest

of the day was spent getting to Twin Falls, Idaho, on I-84. We would definitely like to report that all those politicians that say the country's infrastructure, in this case roads, is falling apart might be on to something. We have observed more than what one would think of rolling and bumping roads. What, we ask, will Clinton, Bush, or Perot do about this.

We thought you might be interested in the Probe correspondents and how their lives have changed the 15 days we have been on the road and corresponding with them. Here are the facts as we know them. J, our Chicago correspondent, has traveled to Tucson and has successfully completed her doctoral prelims and is officially an ABD. P has traveled from Indiana to Bryn Mawr to participate in a women in administration seminar. After initially having some e-mail difficulties in a new location, she reports the seminar to be a success. B, our New Zealand correspondent, had flu for a week but he and his wife A are now following the Loughary/Ripley Wagon Train, as he calls it, in their worn out AAA Atlas and post frequently. They also want to lead the Chenoa Fourth parade next year. B and B in Colorado previously lived in Montana and gave us expert information as we traveled that area, and we called them when we were within 100 miles of Denver. B and J wrote from Sydney, Australia, and kept us alert to the activities of their three children. And last but not least, our Eugene correspondents: S had a family health emergency;



SG reported going into the office on the Fourth holiday to feed the bird, but we really know she wanted to hear from us; D reported her own image of fields and fields of corn as she remembered her own I-80 experience. It seems from your e-mail that for most of you we triggered past travel experiences, or poignant descriptions of how you, too, react to family and school reunions. We have all your "letters" and will reread them after we are home.

# Day 16 Twin Falls, Idaho, to Pendleton, Oregon

Last night on the Trail

July 9, 1992

To: Meg

You know a trip is getting long when you are impressed with the cleanliness and style of a McDonalds. That happened to us today in Meridian, Idaho, which appears to be the booming suburb outside of Boise. You can tell it is booming because the Pizza Hut, which is next to the McDonalds, is at the corner of Progress Circle and Corporate Drive--we kid you not.

The highpoint of the day, and perhaps for many days, came in Baker City, Oregon. For those of you who use to live in Oregon, you probably remember the town as Baker; but the city mothers and fathers decided about a decade ago to rename to the original Baker City, and it appears to have done something for their civic pride because the little town of 10,000 is doing a lot of things. Baker is the home to the new Oregon Trail Interpretive Center. All told, there are to be four by the 150th anniversary of the Oregon Trail which is in 1993. This center opened on May 23 of this year with lots of hype that those of us in the Willamette Valley took with a grain of salt. Well, we are here to tell you this is

spectacular and well worth the drive even if that is from Auckland.

The buildings of the center are located on top of Flagstaff Hill, about 5 miles off I-5 from Baker City. The wagon train ruts which first appeared in 1843 can be seen from the center, and walked by following the asphalt trails. It is only a matter of time before tourists, wanting "real souvenirs", will eradicate the sections of trail, piece of dirt by piece of dirt.

A description would not do it justice. The multi media display is often startling in both its realism and providing a sense of what the emigrants experienced on the 220-day crossing. As many as ten percent of the people who departed Missouri on a wagon train would die on the trail. The Interpretation Center illuminates how the emigrants became one of their own main obstacles. Each passing wagon train made the journey more trying for the next. To quote from a booklet:

"The heyday of the trail occurred after gold was discovered in California in 1848. During the next few decades it is estimated that 300,000 people came west over the Oregon Train. Travel became so heavy pioneers complained it was like one continuous wagon train snaking its way west. Their stock over-grazed a forty-mile swath, great numbers of buffalo, antelope and rabbits were killed

for food and, because of unsanitary camping conditions, the pioneers suffered from epidemics of cholera and mountain fever."

Substitute campers, station wagons, and moving vans for covered wagons and it sounds like a prediction for things to come on I-5 as disillusioned Californians turn, as did the pioneers, to the Pacific Northwest for opportunity and the good life.

We agreed visiting the center at the end of our journey, rather than at the beginning, was fortunate. You have gathered that traveling east we were reminded of the vastness of the land. Leaving the Midwest, we essentially followed the routes of those pioneers of the mid 1840s. It took us 6 days (in a push could be done overland by car in 4) to complete their 210-day trek. We were, one might say, set up for Flagstaff Hill.

The western land is so vast and uninhabited. Water, or lack of it, must be the primary reason. But when there is an opportunity for gain, the pickups and double-wides gather. In Montana and Wyoming, after driving through miles of nothing, one looks out from a sudden rising of the highway to see people extracting oil or gas, digging ore, organizing cattle, or guarding prisoners. Tiny communities, but they found water. Drive by 5 years later and there will be young

trees starting to shade the double wides and patches of grass in front of two or three.

Come fall or winter, reading about water will be a high priority...along with Native Americans, emigrants, and the financing of improved highways. We would like to know more about these things.

*From: D in Eugene*

*To: Meg*

*Date: July 10, 1992*

*What! It's over!? I enjoyed your reports so much that I wanted them to continue, forever! Welcome home!!*

On other fronts we are doing our own "what should we do after the Oregon Trail" discussion. The Interpretive Center made it quite clear that the emigrants still had to decide what to do with themselves after they reached Oregon City. Well, we reach Oregon City tomorrow and we are faced with the same question. Trips and experiences like these always motivate us to rethink what we are doing and why. This was no exception. We had a good discussion after McDonalds (near the corner of Progress and Corporate) this morning until Baker City. We have a list to review tomorrow and will probably add a bit more to it before we reach the headquarters of The Think Pint at Charbonneau, which, ironically, is one of the first areas inhabited by the Oregon Trail settlers. We shall try to use

the past 16 days experience to spur us on to some new things, or at least old things in new packages.

Thanks again for traveling along with us. We hope it didn't get too crowded in the back seat of the Probe, because your coming along enhanced the pleasure of the journey.

Good night and goodbye.....and take care.

Average cost per day: \$105

Total miles: 4777

*From: S in Eugene*

*To: Meg*

*Date: July 13, 1992*

*I'd say MEG was a real success. It sorta reminded me of a good "trash" novel, didn't want to put it down until it was done, either a good novel or life has been pretty dull at the old university.*

## After Thoughts, 2005

Thirteen years after completing "Probing America: High Tech on Back Roads," it has been enjoyable this summer of 2005 to re-read our emails and view pictures and reminisces with some who made the trip with us. The Ford Probe's back seat was small but the Meg community was able to squeeze in. Not so today. Many of us have stacks of addresses in our address book (or is it books) and maintain several aliases (why can't they simply be called mailing lists?) and the Internet technology has grown so much that its 1992 ancestor is hardly recognizable. What seems most important, in looking back, is the experience of being part of the early days of electronic mail. It is still a powerful concept that can enrich communication and those who participate are for the most part better off for it.

Certainly, there were and continue to be problems. Email etiquette, learning how to be precise as well deciding how much of prior messages should be deleted, and developing file management skills are still a challenge to many of us. Gone are the days of hard copy manuals from hardware and software manufacturers, replaced with built in help files and a multitude of handbooks from independent writers.

Dial up began as magic and ended as a pain in the butt; connect delay time of as much as 5 or 10 seconds with high

speed systems can be a source of considerable frustration today. Security protection even for garden variety users is a must and costs of machines continue to decrease. We eagerly acquired blog addresses this year, but to our surprise have since hardly touched them. We also experimented with inexpensive video cameras several years ago, but did not find that they contributed to the quality of email communication. Besides, few people had them at the time. Perhaps that has changed. If I (Jack) could have one improvement it would be a faster spell checker/thesaurus. I enjoy writing more when I have very quick access to both but am frustrated with the slow speed of my "manual" system or the cumbersome built in programs. Even though we do not acquire many new programs or equipment, it is interesting to monitor the state of the art developments. The one observation I (Theresa) would like to make is that all the people that were on the email alias of 1992 are still friends. All of their lives have moved on, but through email they are still friends and their everyday lives are shared with us. That is our definition of The New Village.

We continue to feel at home in the West, the Columbia Gorge has not changed much, the Oregon Trail is still with us in spirit, the Pacific Ocean rolls in and out on schedule, the Internet adds immeasurably to our quality of life and our world wide network of interesting friends continues to expand thanks to the Net. One could truthfully say that life



without the net in general and email specifically would not be nearly as satisfying. Wonder what the next decade will bring.

### **After, After Thoughts, 2021**

Now we know what the next decade plus brought: Facebook, twitter, Instagram, iPhones, and many other ways to communicate. Are we better off with these additional avenues of communication, or not?

I'll leave it to the future reader to decide.

This trip, though, still brings many smiles. We were so eager to experience the trip with others, and they were willing recipients and participants in same. What fun!



Photo credit: Andrew Kim  
Cover design: Cheryl Ruby

## About the Authors

Jack and Theresa worked and traveled on five continents together. They also soloed with domestic and international travel, but the joint travel was the highlight. They authored several books together, and both taught at the University of Oregon. Jack died in 2010, and Theresa is now savoring the recall part of their joint adventures.