

2

One incident occurred at our home at 33 North Main, St. When quite young, maybe 5 or 6 years old, I had rheumatic fever. While recuperating in bed, my father brought me a pad of drawing paper and a box of crayons. I spent hours drawing imaginary maps of Treasure Island. Dad used to read me that book, and my imagination ran wild. When I look back, I realize that it was my first indication of my God-given artistic talent.

A few years later Dad was transferred to the Salt Lake office of the smelter and we moved to a small apartment at 1719 South 4th East. I went to Whittier School nearby. Next I was at South Junior High where my English teacher, recognizing my talent, assigned me to draw colored panels in chalk pertaining to the lesson of the day, on the blackboard while the class watched. My art teacher took me out on sketching trips with watercolors.

Then we moved to a larger home at 1502 South 7th East and I enrolled at East High School. I walked those 12 long blocks twice daily, rain or shine. But the Art and Mechanical Drawing classes fitted my interests exactly. I graduated in 1931 then went an extra year as "post-graduate". I earned the "best-of-the-year award for that year, a \$100 drafting set of instruments as the prize.

The real reason I had for going post-grad for an extra year at East High was to be with my new girl friend, Virginia Shurtliff. Of course there were others, Betty Roeun, Lucille Cole etc. Virginia's brother, Dick, had a bad accident while driving his milk truck, broke his back. Virginia and her Mother asked me to take his place and deliver about 100 bottles of milk daily. This dairy was established for twin Shurtliff sons, Dick and Dell.

So I was up every morning at 4am, drove Dad's car to Shurtliffs and went on my route until about 8am. My pay was \$1.00 per day. This schedule continued through the winter of 1931. Ah, what torture doth puppy-love bring? I was squandering all this wealth on weekly dates at the Old Mill with their daughter.

During 1930 and 1931 I played baseball on the East High team. The coach, Mickey Oswald, put me in right field where I could do no harm. For the final game of the season we played Bingham High for the State Championship. Trailing 6 to 5 in the last of the ninth inning, I hit a 3-run home run to win the Championship for East. As I rounded third, Mickey yelled, "nice hit, Scan". I was very proud to be called by my father's nick-name.

I played baseball in amateur leagues during the 1931 and 1932 seasons. In those years there were organized leagues playing every evening and Sundays at Municipal Park at 13th south and 7th east. I played for the Sugarhouse Firemen and the Lovinger teams.