

Our move to Salt Lake was interrupted by an unexpected national calamity. That morning in November, 1963, Pres. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas.

Having been removed from winter weather for years (our children had never seen snow in California) we anxiously awaited our first snow flake. We stood at the big window in the living room one morning pointing and yelling "there's one...there's one" as we watched the flakes pile up in the front yard. We don't do that any more.

My work went well with a gentle man like Ralph Reynolds to be with. I asked him one day "Ralph, do you go fishing?" He replied "no, I feel sorry for the fish and I feel sorry for the worms". That's how gentle he was.

For several years we designed and produced the Era and did other "outside" work, too. This was my chance to prove that my "30 years of schooling" in Los Angeles had been worth while. I left Ralph and for one year was Production Manager for Circuit & Eddington, a small advertising agency.

Now, with an encouraging group of customers waiting, I opened my own studio at 68 South Main St. and was freelancing once again. My old friends at Deseret Book were my "bread-and-butter" accounts with Jim Mortimer and Ralph Reynolds (yes, the Ralph that I had originally worked for) producing all the newspaper ads and many book jackets. Those were good years. I had proven myself and prospered well for about 9 or 10 years.

Then one day the building manager told me that my rent would be doubled the next month...\$65 to \$130. I moved all my stuff home and worked there in a spare bedroom studio. I was able to establish a much more productive schedule. I could play golf in the morning, drive to town deliver some finished work or pick up some more, then work all afternoon and evening. An ideal arrangement.

My father, Maurice Joseph Scanlon, died August 14th, 1968 of leukemia at his home at 1946 Imperial street, Salt Lake. He was 77 years of age. Buried at Midvale Cemetary.