

## Autobiographical Sketch, Page 1

From WHHS to COP and Iowa, then BWC and FSU: A stop at CPS 103  
Gregg Phifer., FSU Professor Emeritus. First draft 4/90; revised 9/97.

I was born and brought up in Cincinnati, Ohio, Queen City of the Midwest and Gateway to the South. For a year or so we lived across the river in Newport, Kentucky, where I began kindergarten. My Father edited adult publications for the Methodist Book Concern, now the Methodist Publishing House. Mother never worked outside our home until I entered college. My maternal Grandfather and my Aunt Elsie, Mother's sister, lived nearby, first in Kentucky and later in Price Hill, a nice residential area on one of the city's hills. She taught in several Cincinnati public schools, including (briefly) Westwood Elementary, where I attended through grade six and ran the sprints in a city-wide meet. Never a good actor, I had a role in my first play.

Years later I learned that my Father had registered as a conscientious objector to World War I, but was reclassified and exempt from the draft when his Board learned that I was on the way. My birth came May 17, 1918, six months before the Armistice. My Father built a home for our family in Westwood, three blocks from my elementary school and on the bus route to Western Hills High School. Our home at 3126 Daytona faced one house, a cornfield, and a large farm. Norbert Brinker and Bud Rodenberg lived on either side and we enjoyed softball and hardball games at a field just a long block away. My parents refused to let me play tackle football, but I was fast enough to do my part in tag football. I played on several excellent softball teams.

As I grew up we spent summers in northern Michigan at the small town of Bear Lake, eighteen miles north of Manistee and fifty miles south of Traverse City. Since Mother had grown up in Manistee, she returned to her roots. A cousin had a cherry orchard near the home my Grandfather bought, so I did a lot of cherry picking summers—taking my pay in cherries for eating, pies, juice, and even cherry ice. We lived two blocks from the good-sized lake and went swimming once or twice a day. There I learned to swim and took Red Cross Lifesaving training from a WPA worker who came to the lake twice a week. Later I passed the required tests and earned my Lifesaving badge. We also picked some luscious wild strawberries.

Having a Father and Aunt with steady though not high-paid work shielded me from the worst effects of the Great Depression. Dad took several pay cuts at the Book Concern and more than once my Aunt Elsie Young received script for her Cincinnati teaching job, but we never worried about a place to sleep or the next meal. Mother made a point of buying something (a spool of thread, a pack of needles) from those who came to our back door selling notions to earn a precarious living. Nor did she ever turn away anyone who complained of being hungry. Undoubtedly our suburb of Westwood did not see the worst outcasts of the Depression in the thirties.

My parents never owned an automobile, but my Aunt did, starting with a Model T and progressing through other Fords to a Terraplane and finally a Hudson, her last, purchased for less than a thousand dollars. After I learned to drive and got my

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license, I put many miles on these cars, both in the Cincinnati area and in and around northern Michigan. We made several long trips, including one that took my Grandfather Young and his brother Herman back to Canada East from which their family had moved to a Michigan farm near Bear Lake. We drove more than once into Michigan's Upper Peninsula and visited Emery Snyder in Escanaba.

At Cincinnati Western Hills I began seventh grade in 7 M (for mixed male and female) 1 and began the study of Latin. This I continued through Vergil, passing up to my later regret both trig and calculus. I earned a junior letter at the earliest time possible and a varsity letter three years, running the sprints and relays (440, 880, medley) and occasionally entering what we called the broad jump. I continued playing lots of softball, both in Cincinnati and with the Blarney Castle (Gulf) team in Bear Lake. I played left field most of the time and one writeup in the *Bear Lake Beacon* noted two spectacular catches. Years later during graduate work at Iowa I played briefly with a Quadrangle Dormitory team, threw out an opposing runner at the plate, and have a bronze "I" to remind me of that experience.

Besides track, I played a few games with an impromptu volleyball team at WHHS organized specifically for our city meet. We won one game but were quickly eliminated. In high school I received my first semi-editorial job (my English teacher really did the work) on the WHHS magazine, the *Maroon*. My top male grade point average earned me the Harvard award, a book I still own.

As I grew up I attended Westwood Methodist Church at a time when our church emphasized peace issues, even pacifism. My church had two special distinctions: its pastor for a time was Clifford C. Peale, father of the more famous Norman Vincent Peale; and a prominent layman was James N. Gamble of Proctor and Gamble. In elementary school we had once-a-week released time for religious instruction at the church of our choice. My Father had earned journalism degrees first at the University of Missouri and then at Columbia University. Because he edited for the Methodist Book Concern, he took the Kentucky conference course of study and became an ordained elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church. As a young man I remember attending Kentucky Conference with him for a day or two.

My Uncle (LGP I, for Leon Gillespie Phifer; I was Lyndon Gregg Phifer, or LGP II) owned his insurance business in Stockton, California. When I graduated from WHHS he suggested that I come west to the College (now University) of the Pacific. I did, and lived with him, my Aunt Ardene, and my paternal Grandmother during my four years of undergraduate study. He even bought for me the Gray Ghost, a rumble-seat equipped Ford with wire wheels and a rag top. What luxury for three years, my own car! I made excellent use of it up and down California, though primarily, of course, in and around Stockton. It helped me win dates with several college coeds, including some who participated with me in debate. I even double dated with Leon, who was single at the time. In the late thirties an expensive date was a college lecture followed by a thick chocolate shake, "California's Finest Fruit," I called it in an essay.

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At Pacific I debated four years, all over the West Coast and for a tournament in Oklahoma City. At a congress in Topeka I registered as a socialist—the only one. I helped start a track program and earned my varsity BlockP by placing in the Far Western Conference meet. As a freshman I began proofreading for the *Pacific Weekly*. Since I had proofed behind my Father, occasionally catching something he had missed, this was a natural first assignment. I wrote stories about debate and, later, on track. I worked up to columnist (“On the Sidelines”), news editor, and editor in my senior year. We won All-American rating from the Associate Collegiate Press in 1939-40. During my four Stockton years I enjoyed the Life Questers League at Central Methodist and took an active part in the campus Y program. After one debate at Stanford, the director sent me a congratulatory postcard addressed to the College of the Pacifist. I wrote a half-hour discussion program on the pacifist response to international disputes and with several debate colleagues read my script over KGDM in Stockton. In the fall of 1939 going west by train, I listened to radio accounts of Hitler’s invasion of Poland. With Charles A. Lindbergh, I still hoped we might stay out.

I graduated with highest honors and set a GPA record that must have been broken many times since. Where did I ever find enough energy for debate, track, and editing the *Pacific Weekly*, to say nothing of a full load of classes? My double major in history and speech led me to apply for graduate work in both fields. Applications in history arrived too late, but I secured a tuition scholarship in Speech at the University of Iowa. So after one final summer in Michigan I reported to Iowa City.

At Iowa I worked on my master’s degree and wrote a thesis on the logical pattern of Chicago Round Table discussions. Broadcast over the NBC Blue Network, they were (together with Town Hall) the most popular discussion programs of the thirties and early forties. I visited a Chicago Round Table broadcast in the Mitchell Tower studios on the University of Chicago campus. A Rock Island “milk train” took me from Iowa City to Chicago. The train made many stops but costs held within a graduate student’s budget. I completed my degree that summer of ‘41. At the suggestion of H. Clay Harshbarger, I secured an audition with the Crosley Corporation (WLW, the nation’s station) and received an offer to write radio news for them. With one eye on the international situation, I decided instead to return to Iowa for my doctorate and secured a teaching assistantship. That fall I taught seven sections, 140 students, of Principles of Speech, a one-hour required course.

When I registered for the draft, I insisted on marking on my card that I was a conscientious objector to military service. The registrar finally permitted me to do so, though he considered it quite unnecessary.

During my first year at Iowa I lived and ate most of my meals in the Quadrangle Dormitory, at that time the largest men’s dormitory west of the Mississippi. In the fall of 1941 we were moved out to make room for Naval Preflight. I rented a large front room in a private home several blocks from campus. As a teaching assistant I earned the

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princely income of \$45 a month. My room cost \$16 and I ate for \$25 a month: 15-cent hamburgers, a 5 cent double-dip ice cream cone (my favorite, chocolate-covered cherry) and a 25-cent "steak" dinner with hash browns, canned peas, and a poisonous chocolate pudding. This budget left me \$4 for riotous living, including a 35-cent movie not far from campus. How times, and costs, change!

My Cincinnati draft board refused (routine, I learned) to grant me c.o. status; I appealed and had a hearing in Nashville, where my parents moved after unification of the northern and southern Methodist churches, divided since before the Civil War. In the summer of 1942 I took classes through Peabody College for Teachers at Peabody, Scarritt, and Vanderbilt. My instructors came from all three institutions. Finally my IV-E classification arrived, but notice to report came late in 1942. In the interim I studied shorthand, typing, etc. at a business college. Most students were young girls with no previous college work. Finally, just before Christmas, I received my orders to report for Civilian Public Service (CPS).

As many other assignees left on Christmas furlough, I arrived at the Marion, North Carolina, station to join the American Friends Service Committee CPS Camp 19, Buck Creek. Roy Binford, former president of Guilford College, served as camp director; the Park Service supervised project work. At Buck Creek I "frapped" (felled) dead chestnut trees along the Blue Ridge Parkway and hauled wooden rails from the railsplitters for use fencing a park area. For two months I joined the "work jerk" rock-crushing crew assigned to pave a Park Service work area. One day a small piece of steel broke from a wedge and lodged in my knee. The foreman took me to Marion where a doctor under contract to the Park Service (or Selective Service, or the Friends Service Committee) removed the steel. We received fire training and I fought several fires for the Park Service or a nearby Forest. A new experience for me, firefighting broke the monotony of project work. And after a fire we had all the eggs and other eatables we wanted—probably financed by Park Service fire-fighting funds. To battle one especially large fire, assignees from a nearby Brethren camp joined us. Between shifts they sacked out in our barracks.

Some interesting campers were assigned to Buck Creek. The largest group consisted of sons of North Carolina birthright Quakers. We organized language and other classes in the hope that we might be permitted to assist with reconstruction after the war. Never panned out! Several Jehovah's Witnesses came to Buck Creek and I learned to like some of them and understand their eccentric beliefs. Several assignees "just knew" that aluminum cookware would poison us all. I wrote in the camp mimeographed newspaper, *Calumet*, about three men leaving for an unusual assignment in Montana. Little did I know. . .

That spring we learned that Buck Creek was to close and many men transferred to a new camp at Gatlinburg. But Selective Service sent fifty of us to CPS 37, Camp Antelope, in Coleville, California. I volunteered. SS

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furnished transportation across country in the sleeping car, Vendome. We were met with gifts in Asheville by women calling themselves the USO for the CO. We stopped several places enroute, including Kansas City, where I visited my great Aunt, Nora Warren. Several times on the road west SS attached our car to a troop train. On station platforms people identified us as military selectees and greeted us with "You'll be sorry." I remember no special friction between our car of COs and soldiers on their way somewhere. A few even came back to visit. We made the last leg of our journey by bus from Reno to Coleville. Finally we saw our former CCC barracks, a long way from anywhere. We were home, as far as we knew then, "for the duration."

Worried about the availability of firefighting manpower, the Forest Service created at our Dog Valley Spike Camp a flying squadron available to fight fires all over the region. I volunteered, and worked for a few months along the old Lincoln Highway not far from Reno. Then, noting the availability of blister rust boys and Mexican farm workers, the Forest Service found our flying squadron superfluous and I transferred through Antelope to our southernmost Spike Camp, Inyo, in the low Sierras. We worked at 8,000 feet; for my assignment I helped string telephone wire between our ranger station and another across the mountains. Not a bad project! I could have worked the salad detail—collecting garbage from Forest Service camp grounds—but climbing trees and hanging wire seemed more enjoyable.

A rescue mission in the high Sierras above Bishop provided my Big Adventure at Inyo. I had no experience in mountain climbing and did not help bring Herschel Asbury back down the mountain from a ledge where a falling rock broke his leg. His professional guide saw little hope, but our ranger and Paul Olmstead decided to try. They paused with him overnight on a precarious ledge halfway down the mountain. After waiting all day and until midnight, I served on the crew that carried Hersh in a wire stretcher across the glacier. We struggled over a morass of potholes in the ice and near morning reached the terminal moraine where ice yielded to rocks. The doctor who rode a horse up the trail to meet us decided that Hersh could not stand a horseback ride. So six of us carried him down that long trail to the nearest road, *junction* where a Forest Service pickup took him to a hospital in Bishop. My souvenir from all-day and all-night exposure on the glacier was a badly chapped face. A Los Angeles paper carried a short paragraph about our mountain rescue.

That winter of 1943-44 Forest Service called for more volunteers for the CPS Smoke Jumper unit. Several Buck Creek men had transferred in 1943 and served with a unit of sixty jumpers. Forest Service found their work excellent and sought to double this CPS 103 unit to over 120 men. I entered my name and my ranger, who had led our rescue expedition, wrote an excellent recommendation. Smoke Jumper minimum weight was 130 and I made it with a few pounds to spare. After Buck Creek and Antelope project work, I was in the best physical condition of my life. In the spring of 1944 I rode crowded trains from Reno to Missoula, where someone from the Forest Service met me. Nine Mile outside Missoula served as our base and training

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camp. Even though Mennonite farm boys provided much of the manpower and the rest of us had been hardened by project work, we had lots of work with the misery whip (crosscut saw) and regular 7 a.m. runs and exercises before breakfast.

Smoke Jumper training began in earnest. We jumped from our tower, held by a harness and rope that jerked us more severely than I ever experienced on a real jump. We learned to let ourselves down from the trees in which Forest Service expected us to hang up from time to time. I never really mastered this procedure, but somehow muddled through—and in twenty jumps never had to use my letdown procedure. For a change of pace we knelt in the mockup with one foot on the step and learned to step out at the slap on the shoulder by our spotter. I hurt my right arm on the obstacle course and finished training with C squad, a dozen new arrivals recruited to bring camp strength to something over 120. I remember repeatedly running up and jumping from an inclined plane to “hit and roll.” Our normal high altitudes made standing up on fire jumps impossible. This skill I mastered.

On my first training jump I followed fellow Nashvillian Harry Burks out the door of the Trimotor and suddenly realized that I was falling through space toward a fence beside the air strip. I avoided the fence but my “hit and roll” left something to be desired. Since after landing my parachute remained inflated, I pulled the lower load lines toward me until the chute flattened on the ground. On my second jump I rode the step myself, waiting for the slap on the shoulder before stepping off into space. On my third jump I draped my chute across our target circle at the center of the airfield. We had nothing to compare heights to, so before long jumping became less scary than leaning over the railing of a tall building. My luck held. All through my twenty jumps I had a perfectly functioning chute and reached the ground (not hanging up in a tree) every time. On jump six our trainers instructed us to hang up in a tall tree. I obeyed orders, heading for a tall tree. I hit it on the side and slowly slid down until my feet finally reached the ground. On jump seven we set up a fire camp of our own.

While waiting for fire calls, we worked at the Forest Service Remount Station putting up hay for their horses and mules. We could hardly wait for that fire call, but I suppose raking and baling hay hardened us for jumps and firefighting ahead. Then one night as I was peacefully sleeping in my upper bunk at Nine Mile, my squad leader came by with a flashlight to wake me for my first fire jump. A Forest Service stakeside took us to the Missoula airport. There we suited up and climbed into our Ford Trimotor for our flight to Idaho's Clearwater National Forest. The sun came up as we flew and I remembered a fragment from somewhere, “Comes the dawn, we'll be gone. . .” I landed on a slope and did a beautiful roll back over my left shoulder. FS must have been proud of me. I had made fire jump # 1; now we had a fire to fight.

We quickly controlled our fire, putting a line all the way around within a few hours. This one wasn't burning hot or going anywhere. Unfortunately, we saw a big snag in the center with fire established halfway up. So we had to fell it. By bad luck,

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the crosscut saw dropped to us had been lost in the underbrush. So we chewed down that big snag with the axe side of our pulaskis (one sharp blade, one digging tool). This took much of two days, but we did it. Even though our crew included Chuck Chapman, an excellent radio man, the radio dropped to us crash landed and tinkled when we handled it. Chuck could never rouse Missoula even though we strung aerial wire between two trees. Scouting planes flew over several times and one dropped some ham sandwiches. No luck; bears got them before we did, so we existed on the remains of our K rations. Our supper box included a hard but much prized chocolate bar. High school boys manning a nearby lookout visited us and brought down something more edible. We flew in, brought the fire under control; felled that snag; killed the last embers; then walked out. On our route to the closest road we passed a cold mountain stream and enjoyed washing off some of the grime accumulated during mopup work and the sweat from beating on that snag until it finally dropped. Once we jumped we were the responsibility of the ranger of that district. So at the closest road a Forest Service pickup took us to the nearest airfield where our Ford Trimotor came to pick us up and return us to Missoula.

30 I had two more fire jumps in '44. As fire seasons go, this was remarkably mild. I did not participate in our largest campaign fire, where forty jumpers attacked a fire beside Bell Lake. From base camp several of us fought a "walking fire" or two. For smoke jumpers that was no fun at all. Then the first snows of the season powdered the hills around Missoula. Forest Service proved remarkably generous with "compensatory time" for those long days and nights on fires. I don't know how FS figured it, but several of us used a week or ten days of free time to work in the potato harvest near Pocatello, Idaho, earning \$1 an hour and enjoying excellent meals. Then we dispersed to various side camps for the winter. FS authorities assigned me to the Quartz Ranger Station near Lozeau, Montana, to work on a Forest Service bridge project. There I worked in the kitchen part of the time, then on various aspects of the bridge project until recalled to Missoula for retraining.

55 At Nine Mile we had more conditioning and three refresher jumps. I remember that on the last one we persuaded the pilot to take us up to four thousand feet, giving us two extra minutes to enjoy working our chutes. We made most training jumps from a 2,000-foot altitude. Smoke Jumper pioneer Frank Derry told us that we would drop a thousand feet a minute at the Nine Mile altitude, somewhat faster in the higher altitudes from which we made most fire jumps. On fires where we had to reach a distant meadow or a small clearing surrounded by trees and snags, we often jumped from 1500 feet or less. Military paratroopers, who needed to reach the ground as quickly as possible, jumped from low heights. Nobody shot at us, but many tall dead snags and rock piles reached hungrily for errant smoke jumpers.

Between seasons Frank Derry changed our slotted Irvin parachutes to respond more quickly when we reversed the direction air spilled from our parachute slots. Only military doctors trained by the Forest Service had comparable control over direction

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and speed of descent. In 1944 a few jumpers still used the Eagle, a beautiful silk chute with what we called the "porch and ears," but grasshoppers loved them and by 1945 all of us used nylon Irvins. I never jumped an Eagle.

My refresher jumps proved uneventful, and as new trainees reported to Missoula to bring CPS 103 to 200 smoke jumpers for the '45 season, we veterans scattered to various projects. I enjoyed my assignment to the Savenac Nursery along the main road to Spokane. Several of us paid that city a quick visit with one of the jumpers who lived there. At Savenac I helped set out thousands of seedlings in a relatively short time, but then we were recalled first to Nine Mile and then to Missoula. There the Forest Service rented a fraternity house on the University of Montana campus for our use. If we found '43 and '44 relatively quiet fire seasons, '45 provided a welcome (to smoke jumpers) contrast. Round and round our jumping ladder we went. We scarcely returned from one fire before our names topped the list for the next assignment. A stakeside or pickup took us from the fraternity house to the airport. We jumped our fire, controlled it, then either mopped up or (sometimes) let a walk-in crew mop up, walked out to the nearest road, took a Forest Service pickup to the Grangeville airport, and flew back up the Bitterroot Valley to Missoula. Remember the movie, "A River Runs Through It"? That is Missoula, and we had an excellent view when we flew back from a fire. I made all but one of my fire jumps in Idaho's national forests. My one Montana jump came at the end of a long and tedious day of patrolling, when two of us jumped from a Travelair to a fire in Indian country.

One fire followed another. No chance to get bored in '45! I made seven fire jumps, and feel sure that those based in Missoula had even more. Most were relatively small smoke jumper size fires, caused when a lightning strike set a tree ablaze. I remember, however, jumping one fire we could watch burn out of control. Our assignment was to pinch off one finger of the large fire. We worked on that task all night and much of the next day, but then the fire headed our way from below the hill. We were finally pulled out and walk-in crews (blister rust boys, Mexican farm workers, even some military units) moved in. I have no idea how much fire training the soldiers had, but I can't imagine much. One unit of Negro paratroopers had been assigned to fire fighting duty. Back in the forties military authorities distrusted Negro service in combat, hence this assignment. How much motivation could they have had for fighting forest fires? One Negro paratrooper died when he hung up in a tall tree and failed his letdown procedure. We had our share of injuries, some serious, but this proved the only fatality. The Mann Gulch Fire, which claimed the lives of thirteen jumpers, came in 1949, four years after CPS 103 disbanded.

Before the '45 season CPS 103 camp director Art Wiebe visited each side camp to tell us about a new Japanese threat. Taking advantage of prevailing air currents, Japan launched balloons across the Pacific Ocean. They hoped that an incendiary device would set fire to the woods of the Pacific Northwest. One had already landed and started a small blaze. At the request of the Forest Service, I

*South Canyon*

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presume, Wiebe asked if we had any objection to fighting fires caused by those Japanese balloons. None of us did. In the 40s a fire was a fire, however caused, and required quick suppression. A few Japanese balloons landed in northwestern forests. One story appeared in a Spokane newspaper before the government clamped down. Japan must not learn of any success in this unusual venture. I am sure that I did not fight such fires, and if any CPS crews did, no word filtered back to Missoula.

In April 1945 we listened with the rest of the nation to classical music following the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt at Warm Springs, Georgia. And that August I was in Missoula waiting for my name to come up for my next jump when Harry Truman announced that an atomic bomb had destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We knew nothing of the death and devastation resulting. Most Americans saw the bomb as an important step toward the end of the war. We looked forward to the end of CPS.

My last fire jump along the Salmon "River of No Return" proved anticlimactic. Not long after we jumped a cold rain dampened the area, and stopped the fire from spreading. A pack train brought in a fire camp, and we enjoyed far better food than those nutritious but tasteless K rations. As a bonus, mules carried out our parachutes, jumping gear, and some fire equipment. Packing all that stuff out ourselves, as we frequently had to do, was hard work. After the fire season officially ended, several of us returned to Pocatello for a second round in the potato harvest. We had transformed the Smoke Jumpers from a small experimental unit in 1942 to a major force in regional fire control by 1944. By the fall of 1945 veteran paratroopers flooded the market. FS needed us no longer and sought the closure of CPS 103 ASAP. I requested transfer to a Forest Service experimental unit run by the Brethren Service Committee in Olustee, Florida. I stopped briefly to visit my parents in Nashville enroute, then rode the bus to Olustee, scene of the largest Civil War battle in Florida.

Ours was a small unit, one of several, we later learned, under the CPS 149 banner. Our special assignment was the Olustee Experimental Forest. A few with technical training worked in the labs, while the rest of us assisted rangers in measuring the height of trees and doing related chores. We made it to Lake City and the Methodist Church most Sundays. Somewhere and somehow I developed a hernia and received leave to go home to Nashville to have it repaired. While recuperating (lying flat on my back for weeks) I received my discharge from CPS. Selective Service established a point system parallel to the military pattern.

A post-CPS job? No problem for me, and I gather, for others who had advanced degrees and sought college jobs. Veterans on the GI bill flooded higher education while Methodist CPS authorities sent our names and qualifications to Methodist-related colleges and probably to those with Quaker or Brethren connections as well. I received a query from Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia, a girls school that made me my first formal job offer. I also heard from Evansville College, William Penn College in Iowa, and from Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio. After

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Visiting Wesleyan, I went to Berea, a suburb of Cleveland, and accepted the President's offer of \$3,000 for the academic year. In 1946 that wasn't bad.

For the next two years I taught Principles of Speech, helped coach and travel with BW debaters, served as adviser to the *Baldwin-Wallace Exponent* (the weekly school paper), and taught all three journalism courses offered. In '46 I took the train to Chicago for my first convention of the Speech Association of America. In '48 my Boss, Dana Burns, wanted a change, so I spent that summer working on my dissertation concerning Andrew Johnson's 1866 Swing Around the Circle in Defense of Presidential Reconstruction. I wrote Iowa asking for assistance for graduate study. A phone call from E.C. Mabie, chairman of the Department of Speech, offered me an instructorship teaching Communication Skills at \$3,300. What luxury! Again, with no automobile, I saved money while teaching classes and revising my dissertation to satisfy my major professor, A. Craig Baird, and also Orville Hitchcock, who critiqued my writing and made many suggestions. In the summer of '49 my doctoral committee met for my oral defense of dissertation in a conference room of Old Capitol in the center of the Iowa campus. That July Mother came to see Clay Harshbarger hood me.

Before graduation I had tentative offers from Ouachita College in Arkansas, Michigan State University, and Florida State in Tallahassee. At MSU I would have divided my time between Speech and Com Skills, whereas FSU wanted me to begin a debate program. I accepted Clarence Edney's telegraphic \$4,800 offer without visiting campus. In 1947 the Florida legislature made both FSU and UF coeducational, FSU after forty years as the Florida State College for Women. We new faculty were the 49ers, 125 strong, recruited from many top graduate schools. President Doak Campbell and Dean Edwin Walker sought to build a strong program in the sciences (chemistry, physics, geology, meteorology), and recruited men with newly minted doctorates from prestigious institutions. Almost as an afterthought, Campbell & Co. also brought in men (and some women) for the humanities and social sciences. A self-respecting university had to have us as well as scientists. In 1997 we celebrated our Fiftieth Year of Gold as the Florida State University, having grown from less than 5,000 students to over 30,000. We are now a Research 1 University offering the doctorate in many fields, including mine. During my career at FSU I supervised many master's programs, directed twenty doctoral dissertations, and served on many committees. My students teach at fine institutions all across the country; I enjoy seeing and hearing from them at professional conventions.

Betty Flory brought students from Edgewater High School in Orlando to the state Congress I directed. In 1954 she came to Tallahassee as my debate assistant. I directed her master's thesis on the Ethical Proof of Peter Marshall. She remained for an additional year as instructor and debate assistant. We were married in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on June 8, 1956. I had been living in a room on College Avenue, but we looked around and bought a two-bedroom one-bath house at 1584 Marion Avenue. We first dug out and paved a basement, enclosed my study, and added a

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garage and two concrete driveways, one from Marion and the other from Crestview. As our family grew we added a large bedroom, second bath, laundry, and a covered patio especially to help us entertain FSU's debate squad. We found a few gardenias and camellias and many azaleas in our yard. I added lots more and many daylilies.

Three daughters resulted from our union and my life style changed dramatically. All three are now married with children of their own. Margie Tullos (our eldest) lives with her husband Stan in Valdosta, Georgia, where he is a full professor at Valdosta State University. They have three children, Kristen (the eldest) and twin boys, Dylan and Greg. After a year in Aurora, Colorado, and a few years in Decatur (suburb of Atlanta), Linda Rogers and her husband Arnold now live in Tallahassee with their two children, Betsy and Will. He works for Healthplan Southeast; she is a speech therapist at Gilchrist Elementary where both children now attend school. Our youngest daughter, Dorrie Presson, lives in West Palm Beach with her husband Ramon, the singles minister at the big downtown Baptist Church. Dorrie has held several jobs, but currently spends most of her time with Trevor, their two-year-old son. In the summer of '97 she teaches a course at Palm Beach Junior College. Dorrie and Ramon plan a fall move to the suburban Edwards Avenue Baptist Church in Greenville, South Carolina, where Ramon will continue his singles ministry. They also expect an addition to their family in January, 1998. Six grandchildren, with a seventh on the way, keep me young in heart if not in body.

I made associate professor after five or six years, then full professor. My editorial responsibilities included national (*Free Speech Yearbook*, *Parliamentary Journal*), regional (*Southern Speech Journal*), and state (*Florida Communication Journal*). I contributed chapters to several professional books and co-wrote *Salesmanship: Communication, Persuasion, Perception*, with my doctoral student, Richard Baker. Currently (1997) I edit *Retiree News* for the Association of Retired Faculty at FSU. I have presented papers at most Speech Communication Association, SSCA, and FCA conventions since 1950. I moderated the first SCA Town Hall Debate in 1980, then inaugurated similar programs at regional and state conventions. I am a past president of both state and regional associations.

My early publications were in the history of American public address. My most recent professional writing has been in parliamentary law, where I am a CPP (Certified Professional Parliamentarian) of the American Institute of Parliamentarians. I served as parliamentarian for the Legislative Council of SCA, the FSU Faculty Senate, the Florida Credit Union League, the American Library Association, Florida Teaching Profession-NEA, and many local groups. For several years I taught on the faculty of AIP's Parliamentary Practicum at the College of William and Mary.

A decade ago I started teaching public relations. By taking the prescribed examination, I became an Accredited Public Relations Professional (APRP) of the Florida Public Relations Association. Among other volunteer activities, I have officiated

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at more than two hundred track and field meets, mostly at Mike Long track in Tallahassee but also including the Junior PanAmerican Games at Showalter Field in Winter Park and the Junior Nationals in Gainesville. My usual assignments are to the long and triple jumps, but I have assisted with every track and field event. 27

1972 provided the Big Adventure for our family with my assignment to the FSU Center in Florence (Firenze), Italy. Every morning I walked by the Duomo on my way to our classrooms, while Betty and the girls explored Florence museums. We took the train to Rome to pick up our Fiat Familiare, a station wagon large by Italian standards, small by American. We drove it all over Italy, including Rome two more times, Venice, Milan, and other points of interest. During one break we flew to London for a week and visited Bob Spivey (then on sabbatical at Kings College, Cambridge University). The next week we drove across Italy to Ancona, where we caught a car ferry to Zadar in Yugoslavia. We drove the length of the Dalmatian Coast, then across the mountains to Skopje and south on the main highway to Athens. A more peaceful country than the 1972 Yugoslavia would be hard to imagine. We saw one militiaman with a rifle over his shoulder, and he waved us into a motel for smallpox inoculations. On another break we drove north to enter Switzerland through the Simplon Pass, spent two nights in Geneva, crossed into France at Lyons, then drove south to Marseilles and Barcelona before returning across the Coast of Flowers to Florence.

Two years later Betty discovered a lump in her breast. It proved cancerous and led to an immediate mastectomy. Since cancer cells had spread to her lymph nodes, she moved in and out of Tallahassee Memorial until 1978 when her free spirit finally surrendered. Margie had completed much of her work at Eckerd College and Linda was a freshman at Auburn. Dorrie still studied at Florida High. Later Dorrie earned her bachelor's degree at the University of Montevallo, but all three girls returned for master's degrees at Florida State before entering their professions. April

Florida State grew dramatically during my tenure, 5,000 to 30,000 students, now heading inevitably for 40,000. One popular measure is football success. In 1949 FSU helped organize and clearly dominated the Dixie "simon pure" Conference allowing no athletic scholarships. Now we have reached Division 1 and joined the prestigious Atlantic Coast Conference. Bobby Bowden wins bowl games regularly (not the '97 Sugar Bowl against Florida), and FSU winds up consistently in the top five nationally. In 1993 we won it all, our first national football championship. Our baseball and softball teams qualify frequently for the national finals. Our basketball team lost to UCLA in the national final game many years ago. FSU's Lady Seminoles won both indoor and outdoor national championships in track in 1984. Now that I no longer coach, I can boast that our debate teams rank in the top five nationally. 94-12

Since coming to Tallahassee I have been active at Trinity United Methodist Church. I served my two-year term chairing the Administrative Board and remain active in the Commission on Church and Society. Since Betty's death I coordinate

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the Advanced Studies class she began in 1963 and that, by wish of her students, bears her name. Several of her original students still attend regularly. She is well remembered by many in our varied communities. Betty had more charisma in her little finger than I in my entire being. All we who knew her can never forget her beauty of body, mind, and spirit.