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**Wayne Aspinall's  
A Family Message to My Family**

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OF THE  
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**THE COVER:** Paul Gray is a 1990 graduate of Mesa State College. He received a B.S. in Biology and has been a freelance wildlife illustrator for the state of Colorado since 1992. He currently lives in Grand Junction.

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## Introduction

By Steven C. Schulte\*

Near the end of his long life, Wayne Aspinall wrote an Autobiography "purely and simply for those who are interested" (p. 9). Not written with his niche in history in mind, the former Colorado Congressman from Palisade wrote and dictated the seventy-six page manuscript to his last secretary, Ms. Vivian Passer. It is likely that his primary intended audience was his family.

It is a story that captures the major themes of the Congressman's life and career: his boyhood in both Ohio and Palisade, Colorado; the influence of his grandparents and parents; the excitement of carving out a home on one of the last American homesteading frontiers, the irrigation frontier of the arid West. Through it all, Aspinall stresses the importance of his education, obtained in the Mt. Lincoln School District near Palisade and at the University of Denver. He went to college "a green, unpolished country bumpkin," emerging in 1919, "sufficiently trained to take my place" in the world (p. 28). His marriage to Julia Kuns and the raising of a family (three sons and one daughter) is emphasized. His great pride in Armed Forces service in both World War One and Two is also evident. Serving in the Army Air Corps in World War One, he only saw domestic service, but rose to the level of staff sergeant. In World War Two, Aspinall left his family and placed his political career as a successful state senator on hold for another military experience: as a captain serving with the Allied Military Government. In this

\*Steve Schulte, Professor of History at Mesa State College since 1989, is the author of *Wayne Aspinall and the Shaping of the Modern West* (Boulder, CO: University Press of Colorado, 2002).

capacity, he assisted with the reinstatement of civilian governments across Western Europe.

Aspinall's "Autobiography" does not ignore the highlights of his long and rewarding political career (1930-1972), though it forgoes a systematic examination of his many offices, instead offering a series of colorful anecdotes about several key campaigns. What is far more interesting and useful for those attempting to gain an understanding of Aspinall are the insights offered into his political philosophy, especially where the field of natural resource politics is concerned. Aspinall, of course, made his national political reputation as a Colorado Congressman from 1948 to 1972. For fourteen of those years, he chaired the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, the House committee which most dealt with legislation affecting the American West: reclamation, mining, Native Americans, national parks, and territorial issues. In that capacity he was responsible for the passage of some of the most important conservation and natural resource legislation of the twentieth century. A short list of legislation which Aspinall either sponsored or substantially shaped includes the Colorado River Storage Project (1956), the Fryingpan-Arkansas Project (1962), the Wilderness Act (1964), Colorado River Basin Storage Project Act (1968), Wild and Scenic Rivers Act (1968) and the creation of many national parks and park management legislation. As Aspinall observed, "I was a Teddy Roosevelt conservationist...natural resources are for the benefit of man, of that particular age of which he finds himself a part." Above all, he believed, the earth's resources were to be managed "wisely" and used carefully (p. 50-51). Because of Aspinall's emphasis on the utilization of natural resources, he became a favorite target of the growing, 1960s environmental movement, which saw him, in one critic's words, as the environmental movement's "most durable foe."

The reader will also gain an appreciation for some of the character traits that led to Aspinall's legendary political success. His persistence, faith in education and knowledge, belief in thorough preparation, and an old-fashioned sense of hard work emerges in the pages that follow. His respect for his political

opponents and the opposition Republican Party also comes through. A knowledgeable reader can also sense Aspinall's disappointment with his treatment at the hands of his own Democratic Party during his final campaign, the 1972 Democratic Party Primary when he lost to Alan Merson, a young law professor and self-styled environmentalist and critic of the Vietnam War. Merson would lose the general election to Republican James Johnson. Throughout his political career, Aspinall remained centered to the values of his upbringing. By the late 1960s, he could sense that the nation, his state, and political party were changing. During his active retirement years, he seemed more comfortable in the Republican Party of Gerald Ford, endorsing his former Congressional colleague over Georgia's Democratic Governor Jimmy Carter for President in 1976. As he noted, the longevity of his own political career was due, in part to the "stronger and stronger" support he received from Republican citizens of his huge Colorado Fourth Congressional District. Aspinall's long career was also due to a personal campaign style, a non-partisan approach to issues, and a strong emphasis on constituent service. To Aspinall the bottom line on most issues could be reduced to simple terms: is it good for the Fourth Congressional District?

Though the "Autobiography" does not discuss this era, he remained as busy as ever during his so-called retirement years (1972-83). He did not just fade away, working as a lobbyist for AMAX, a consultant to Club-20 (the Western Slope lobbying group), and as a senior advisor to almost every politician who aspired to understand the political culture of Colorado's Western Slope. He was on the phone to Washington consulting on natural resource issues a week before his painful death from cancer in October 1983.

So read on. Drink deeply of Wayne Aspinall's world view. Rooted in an earlier time and space, and the clear product of the late nineteenth century frontier and Victorian sensibilities, Aspinall's outlook emerges in many sections of this document, interspersed by his views on the modern media, religion, tastes in books, and some special messages inserted for his family members.

The editors wish to thank the Aspinall family and Vivian Passer for granting permission to the *Journal of the Western Slope* to reprint this manuscript.



Wayne and Owen Aspinall in Wayne's office, Washington, D.C.  
Photo by Seth Muse. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)





Ralph, Jessie, Wayne, and Mack Aspinall. October 1898.

(Photo courtesy of Mary White.)

**Wayne N. Aspinall's**  
**A Family Message To My Family**

It has been my belief since I was a youth that "the family" is the foundation unit of all civilization—all governments. If this be true, then it is incumbent upon members of families to be knowledgeable of their own origin—their ancestry. Such knowledge will not necessarily make them better citizens. However, in my opinion it will make them more understandable and charitable toward one another. Charles Dickens wrote in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, "In love of home, the love of country has its rise." The psalmist in one of his treatises on family attributes wrote, "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." I believe that such traditional philosophy has helped establish strong civilizations.

It is my thinking that our family (the Aspinalls, the Dickinsons, the Norviels and the Townsends) is no different than other families. We have been blessed or cursed, as the case may be, with origins of serfdom, tradesmen, tillers of the soil, husbandmen of livestock, artisans, professionals, members of the nobility, educators, and so forth. If we go deep enough into our roots we will find members of our family whom we will admire, honor, criticize and question, and others of whom we may not be so proud. Out of such is the progress of civilization.

Personally, I am proud of my ancestors. By and large they have been hard-working, industrious, thrifty, honest, loyal and

God-believing people. They have rendered willingly, unselfishly and constructively of their talents and services to their families and to their fellow men. This is "life" in all of its meaning. In fact, it is the foundation of earthly immortality.

To the best of my knowledge there have only been two members of the Aspinall family during this century who were interested in the details of the family origin. Those two members are Benadah Sullivan Chandler (a third cousin of mine) of San Diego, California and myself. My father, Mack Aspinall, appeared to take but little interest in Benadah's and my interest in our family tree. The source of most of my information comes from the files of the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. and my association with my older relatives throughout the years.

The Aspinall family name originated in 1179 A.D. when one of our ancestors performed well on the field of battle. History relates that he was called before his Chief, Prince, or King, and was knighted with a surname of Von Aspenhalgh, "the one from the mead (meadow) encircled by the aspen trees." The name has been corrupted since 1179 to include Aspinall, Aspinwall, Aspenall, Aspenwall and so forth. The Aspinall family began in Northern England (Lancashire and Yorkshire). I have visited with Aspinalls from such areas.

Our particular line in the Aspinall family were woolen millers. Our first ancestor in this country was Robert Aspinall, a woolen miller of Champagne County, Ohio. His oldest son, William, my grandfather, was a woolen miller also. My father, Mack Aspinall, worked as a "carder" in a woolen mill at Cary, Ohio when a lad of ten years of age. In such work he developed asthma, which difficulty caused the family to move to a farm near Middleburg, Ohio where my father became a successful general farmer at an early age. My father was the middle child of three children (the oldest Bernice and the youngest LeRoy).

The Dickinson family name, according to the best information that I have, originated in the latter part of the 11th Century, sometime soon after the battle of Hastings in 1066. Upon William the Conqueror's successful conquest of England, he gave a bishopric in southeastern England to his bastard half-brother, who became known as "de Caen Son" (Dickinson in

English) or in other words the "son from Caen." This name too has been corrupted to Dickinson, Dickenson, Dickson and so forth. Our line of Dickinsons were early settlers in Virginia and Pennsylvania, moving later (early part of the 19th Century) to Ohio. The early settlers of Dickinson in Ohio were farmers.

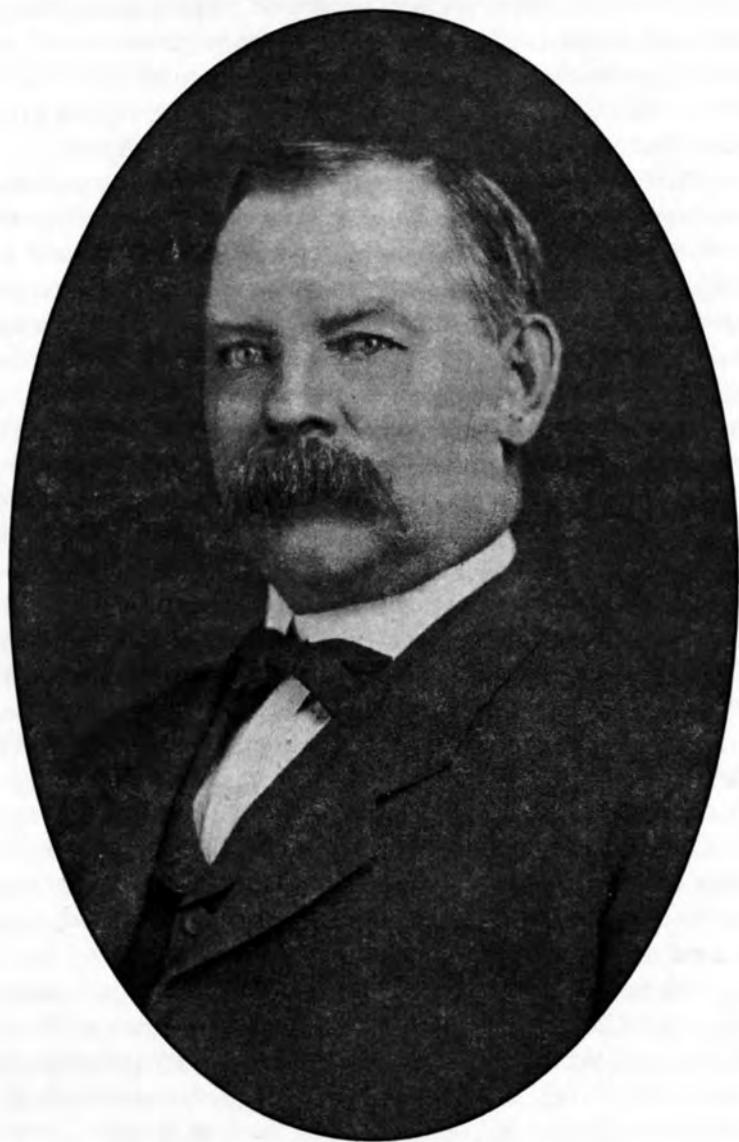
The Norviel family name is apparently a corruption of Norse and French. Their family resided in England, Scotland, Holland and France. Their stay in Holland was reputedly because of religious difficulties. I have been unable to trace back beyond the advent of the first Norviel (William perhaps) in Ohio during the early part of the 19th Century. They too were farmers in the beginning, and my grandfather, Lewis Wetzel Norviel, lived on the same farm at the time of his death in 1935 that his grandfather had settled on. My mother Jessie Edna Norviel was born, married and died (1919) in the same room, in the same farm home of the Norviel family near East Liberty, Ohio. She was the eldest of ten children.

The Townsend family name originated in England. The Townsends, who are a part of our family, settled in Logan County, Ohio around the middle of the 19th Century. My mother's mother was Elnora Townsend of Rushsylvania, Ohio.

If my fractions are correct, I am 14/16ths British, 1/16th German and 1/16th French. Of course, there may be some drops of other blood, which have found their way into our family tree. One never knows what sap will run up the tree originating in the roots below. If I am correctly informed, the only Irish blood in our family comes from a step-great-grandmother, who was the second wife of my great-grandfather Joshua Dickinson.

In passing, it is interesting to note that at this time I know of no Aspinalls living in either Logan, Champagne or Union Counties, Ohio; no Townsends in the area of my grandmother Norviel's home; and, only one or two members of the Dickinson family (of our particular line) in Logan County, Ohio. However, the members of the Norviel family living around the home area, Middleburg, East Liberty and Bellefontaine, Ohio are still numerous.

To my knowledge only two members of our families have been interested in political office holding, my grandfather Norviel



Lewis Wetzell Norviel. Portrait taken circa 9 May 1906. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)

and myself. The Aspinalls and Townsends could be said to have leaned towards the Democratic Party of their day, and the Norviels and Dickinsons towards the Republican Party. However, all of them have been quite independent, especially in voting for whom they consider to be the best qualified candidates.

Personally, I have never voted a straight Democratic ticket, although my name was on the ballot forty times as a Democrat, and also in spite of the fact that I have held all executive offices at all levels of the Democratic Party of the State of Colorado, except that of National Committeeman.

My grandfather Norviel was for some reason or another somewhat partial to me, his oldest grandson. To the best of my knowledge he would never share his cigars with any of his children. However, when I visited him, he always had a San Felice (his favorite brand) ready for me. This did not make necessarily for good relations between my half-uncles and myself.

In our last visit together in 1930, while visiting on the front porch of the old family farmhouse and smoking San Felice cigars, my grandfather gave me the following advice. He suggested that a good citizen should always study the issues, and if he couldn't make up his mind, then he shouldn't vote on that issue, but he should let those who thought that they knew the answers do the voting. He went further and said that a good citizen would always vote for the man whom he thought to be the best qualified. However, if it happened that he couldn't make up his mind about the best qualified candidate, then he should vote for the Republican, because "six times out of ten" he was the best candidate. I remember that when I suggested to Grandpa that it should be the other way around, he guffawed with a hearty laugh, which compared favorably to his big frame of body.

For some reason or another, and it is difficult to even surmise why from any reading of the family history, except in the case of Grandpa Norviel, I was always wanting to run for office among my peers, whether it was in school or out in the public body politic. If I remember correctly, while I was in the seventh grade, I ran for an office and was elected. The same thing occurred while I was in the senior class in high school. Then when I went to the University of Denver and the College of Law

at the University of Denver, I ran successfully for the Interschool Council and was elected president of the Council in 1924-1925. I have seldom been defeated. One of my most crushing defeats I remember was when I ran for the captaincy of the basketball team at Mt. Lincoln High School when I was a senior. My defeat at that time was most crushing, much more so than my final defeat in my Congressional experience.

The following facts of my life are set forth purely for historical purposes, not for any aggrandizement of my successes or failures. I spent forty-eight years in public elective office. If I read Colorado history correctly, only one other individual in Colorado surpassed that, and he was former County Commissioner, former State Representative, former State Senator, and former Governor William Adams of Alamosa, Colorado. It is unlikely that such extensive public elective service could happen now.

My first public office was that of President of the School Board of Mt. Lincoln District No. 35 of Mesa County, Colorado, the school district where I got my elementary and secondary education. My father, Mack Aspinall, and I had this experience in common. He had served as President of the Public School District in Ohio where I was a first grader and spent the first half of my second grade.

One of the interesting experiences of my days in Washington was when my first and second grade teacher came with her daughter to visit me as a member of Congress from the State of Colorado. During the time that I was president of the school board, 1921 and 1922, I remember that we had a program for the consolidation of Mt. Lincoln School District and the Palisade School District. The districts were adjacent. The final vote was 16 for consolidation and 85 against. The 16 votes could be counted from the members of the school board families—the Aspinalls, the Blunts and the Morgans. Almost thirty years later the districts were consolidated. However, that defeat left its imprint upon me.

After finishing law school at the Denver College of Law of the University of Denver, our family moved into the town of Palisade, Colorado. I served as the town attorney for several

years and was elected to the Board of Trustees for the years 1930 to 1934. During these years I received some most valuable experience in public service, especially in the field of providing water for the town of Palisade and the adjacent community.

I have been a continuous resident of Palisade, Colorado since 1925, and presently I live just three blocks directly south of where I lived in June of 1904. Before returning to Palisade from my Congressional experiences, some of my friends saw to it that a street which I had opened up several years before was named Aspinall Drive. My present address is 150 Aspinall Drive. The street is, in fact, Sixth Street extended east of Main Street.

I served in the General Assembly of Colorado as follows: from 1931 to 1935 and 1937 through 1938 as a member of the State House of Representatives, and in the State Senate of Colorado from 1939 to 1949. I was elected for three full terms to the State Senate, but was elected to the Congress of the United States in the middle of my third term to the State Senate. One of the distressing experiences of my public service was that Mesa County had no member of the State Senate during the last two years of my last term. This was because state law did not provide for the appointment of a state senator in case of a vacancy in such office. This was remedied soon after I went to Congress. It has been my belief since that time that an individual should not run for another public office while serving out the term for which he was elected in the first place. To be perfectly frank and honest, I think that a United States Senator, United States Congressman, or any other officer, should resign his present office before running for another public office.

I served twenty-four years in the United States House of Representatives of the Federal Congress—1949 to 1973. It was my good fortune to serve during a period when leadership and experience were acknowledged as necessary by most of the members of Congress. Personally, I do not believe in the limitation of terms of office, for legislators especially. I do believe that office holders should be turned out of office when they are proved to be unworthy or incapable for any reason whatsoever. I feel that the public deserves, and undoubtedly desires, the advantage of experience in their office holders.



I served one year as acting chairman and fourteen years as chairman of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs of the House of Representatives. This Committee during my period of service had jurisdiction over matters having to do with reclamation and irrigation, public lands, territories and insular affairs, mines and mining, Indian affairs, and national parks and recreation.

The Committee could be said to have had jurisdiction over all natural resource values in the sisterhood of states, as well as the natural resource values and human values of the territorial areas. In addition to my membership on the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, I served at various times on the following committees: the House Administration Committee, the Veteran Affairs Committee, the Standards of Official Conduct (Ethics) Committee, the Science and Astronautics Committee, and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

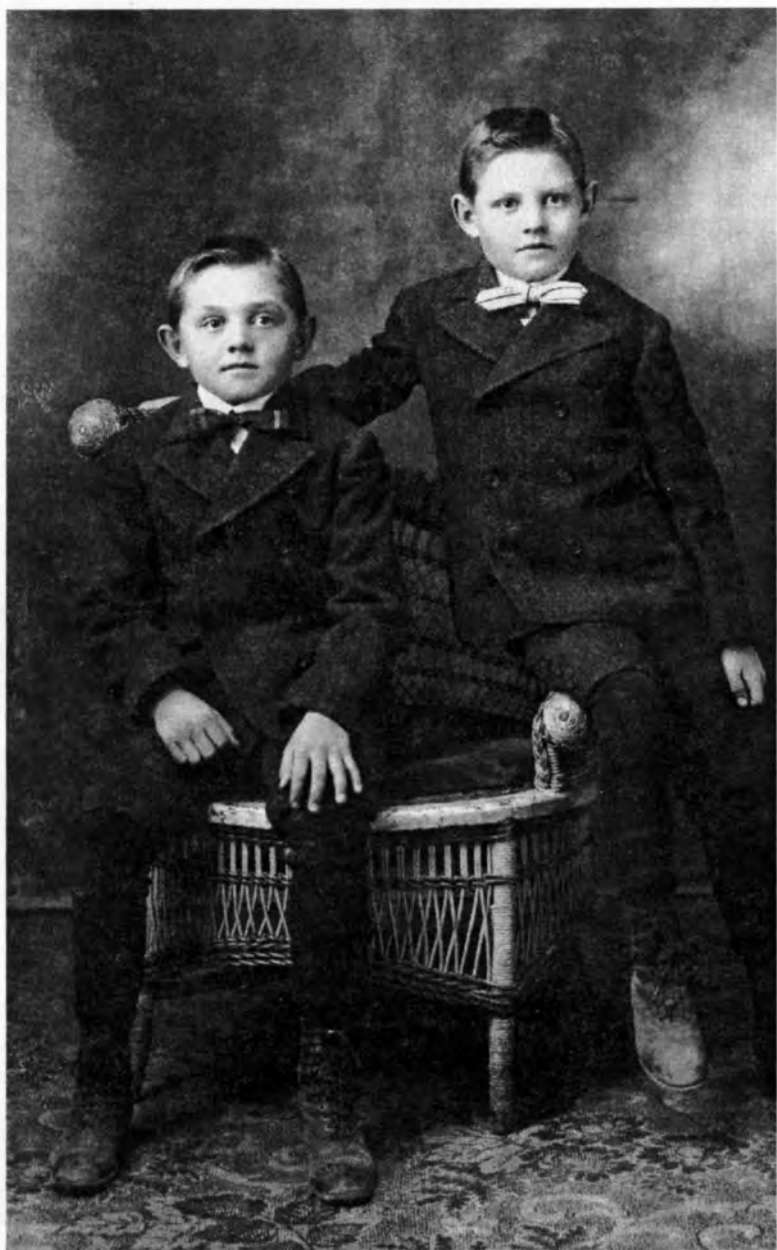
Beginning with my second term in the Congress of the United States, I served in places of responsibility within the Democratic Party—Whip and Chairman of my zone, as well as a member of the Steering Committee.

My public service was further enhanced by my service in two world wars, eight years of teaching in the public schools of Mesa County, Colorado, and one semester at the University of Wyoming as the first occupant of the Milward Simpson Chair in Political Science. The last named service was one of the most pleasing experiences of my life.

In addition to my years as a public servant, I have been a member of the Colorado Bar since 1925; have owned and operated two peach orchards near Palisade, Colorado—the last of such ownership being with my father in the development of a new fifty-two acre peach orchard on Orchard Mesa; and, have also served one and one-half years as a Federal Civil Servant—acting as the District Counsel of the Home Owner Loan Corporation during the years of the Great Depression of the early 1930s.

The rest of this paper shall be about my personal life, written purely and simply for those who are interested. This part of the paper may be somewhat repetitious of what has gone

before. As I write this paper, and especially that part of it from now on, I want all of my readers to understand that the paper is to present information about one Aspinall. I have no desire of projecting myself, now or at any time in the future, beyond my membership of the Aspinall, Norviel, Dickenson and Townsend families. I am aware of the fact, and fully understand as Nathaniel Hawthorn wrote in his *The House of Seven Gables*: "Of all of the events which constitute a person's biography, there is scarcely one...to which the world so easily reconciles itself as to his death." On the other hand, the only immortality that I am sure of is that aid, help, advice and comfort which one may leave to others.



Portrait of Wayne and Ralph Aspinall. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)

## Wayne N. Aspinall

I have been informed, and believe the information to be true from matters of evidence which have been presented to me since my birth, that I was born on a farm, the eldest son of Mack and Jessie Norviel Aspinall, between Bellefontaine, Ohio and Marysville, Ohio, some forty-five miles north and west of Columbus, Ohio. The record shows that I was born on April 3, 1896 in a share-tenant's modest home—attended by a medical doctor from Marysville, Ohio. He, a doctor Davis, practiced in a large area and traveled far and wide by horse and buggy. Once, later in my boyhood, he traveled some thirteen miles by horse and buggy to remove a piece of steel from my eye. It is reported that I might have played too rough with a metallic engine which I received for Christmas, and a part of it stayed in my eye. I also understand that Dr. Davis used strong stimulants (some said alcohol and some said perhaps drugs). It is also said that he rendered a great service—professional to the extreme—to his patients. In any event, he helped me and my brother who was born some sixteen months later, enter this world.

Soon after he was married, my father leased his first farm from his father-in-law, from whom we lived a distance of about one-half mile. The farm house was very modest and the soil was not too rich. However, my father and mother, through hard work and perseverance, made a comfortable living and saved a small amount of money.

When I was four years of age, we moved about one mile and a half from the first home to a second farm which belonged

to my father's father and mother. The home and barn and other buildings were more commodious than the first farm that we lived on. As I remember, there were about one hundred sixty acres in this farm. There was some pasture land and the rest was put in crops of corn, wheat, hay, oats, orchard (peaches, apples and pears) and garden. From this home I walked about three-quarters of a mile to the local public school and enjoyed every yard of that walk to and from school.

The school was called "Whitehall." It was a one-room school heated in the cold and cool weather by a big pot-bellied stove, which burned wood. There was a well and pump near the school house. On the pump there was a wire which held the common tin cup. This wire was also used for disciplinary purposes by the "school marm." Later on in life I was able to remember how efficiently the school teacher could use that small amount of wire.

During the cold weather when it was necessary to keep a roaring fire in the stove, the atmosphere became rather pungent at times. I remember distinctly that we had two girls from the same family in my grade who apparently suffered from some kidney disease. This added to the aroma present in the school room.

I began my early instructions from lessons taken from McGuffey's school books. All of McGuffey's school books were dedicated to the furtherance of the private enterprise system of economics. Undoubtedly, the lessons from those books have made a great (and to me good) imprint upon my life.

One of the boys in the upper grades later married the school teacher. The school teacher was the sister of my uncle M.C. Boals's first wife. Uncle M.C. Boals married my father's mother's sister, Kizia Dickinson. Later they moved to Palisade, Colorado where they lived until they passed away.

My mother became ill soon after the birth of my brother. I can never remember her as one enjoying good health. Later I found out that she had contacted what was then called consumption. Since then, I think that most such cases have been diagnosed as tubercular.

When I was six years of age, my father went to Oklahoma where some land was being opened up for

homesteading. For some reason or another he returned to Ohio without making any decision to move. The following year when I was seven, my father, who had a cousin living in Wray, Colorado, decided that we would move from the inclement, humid weather of Ohio. I remember that we had a public sale in February, 1904 on the farm, and we left soon after that sale for Wray, Colorado where we were met by my father's cousin Everett Dickinson.

My grandfather Aspinall had taken my brother and myself to some kind of a winter circus before we left Ohio. During the three-and-one-half day railroad trip from Bellefontaine, Ohio to Wray, Colorado, my brother and I came down with scarlet fever. When we arrived at Wray the area was going through a winter snow storm. My brother and I were bundled up, placed in an open buggy, and driven fourteen miles to my cousin's home. We remained with them on their farm for about three weeks—during which time we gave their two boys scarlet fever. The happy sequel to this particular event was that we all recovered very nicely.

My father secured a job at a flour mill in Wray, Colorado and worked there until the early part of April, 1904. The owner of the mill had made up his mind to move to Palisade, Colorado, and father came to Palisade, Colorado in an immigrant car—a railroad car which carried stock and furniture and was allowed to carry one passenger to take care of the stock. It is my understanding that the immigrant passenger was able to stay in the caboose while the train was in transit. My mother, my brother and I, and the housekeeper remained in Wray until the end of the school year—my second grade—when we traveled by railroad to Palisade.

The first church that I ever attended in Colorado was a Mormon Church at Wray, Colorado. I can remember the austerity of the service and the appearance of the one conducting the services. Since those days, the early months of my ninth year, I have always been most favorably impressed by the activities and services of the Mormon Church.

One of my early classmates in the public schools of Wray in 1904 was a boy named Joe Grigsby. Joe and I later became associated in social and political activities in Washington, D.C. As I remember, his sister Isabel, who was a schoolmate of mine

at the University of Denver, later came to Grand Junction, Colorado as the wife of Doctor Feldman, a veterinarian. When I ran for the nomination of the Democratic Party in 1972, Yuma County, of which Wray, Colorado was the county seat, had been added to the 4th Congressional District. While visiting Wray I found out that the old Mormon Church had been disbanded as had also the school house of my day.

It has been a peculiar part of my early life that both of the homes in which I lived in Ohio burned down, and that the school in Ohio, the school in Wray, Colorado, and the school in Colorado which I attended, were all dismantled. This is not necessarily indicative of the ravages of time, but sometimes I wonder if my association with these various institutions had anything to do with their demise.

When school in Wray was out in the spring of 1904, my mother, brother, housekeeper and I journeyed to Denver, Colorado where we stayed overnight at the Oxford Hotel, and then came on to Palisade by the way of the Midland Railroad (to Colorado Springs, to Leadville, over Hellgate, down the Frying Pan to Glenwood Springs and on into Palisade).

The family reunion was a happy time and the days of the summer of 1904 were pleasant. We lived in a small home on East Third Street until we moved to the ranch, which was about one mile west on First Street. Dad and his partner had built a small tar-roof shack—14 x 24 feet. The peach trees had just been planted. Some of the ground had been put into cantaloupes and nursery stock. The school was located about three-quarters of a mile distant, and my brother and I began the happy task of walking back and forth to school, except when the weather was most inclement.

Our social activities centered around the school and the Methodist Church in Palisade. Our recreation consisted mostly of helping Dad on the ranch, climbing the palisades and playing with the children of a few close neighbors.

My brother Ralph and I were apparently just regular kids. We were doing chores in the morning and at night when I was five and he was four. We fed chickens, kept the wood box full, helped bait rat traps, and many other activities performed by



Portrait of Mary Kathryn Aspinall. Age 2 1/2. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)



children of that day on farms. We also had our pleasantries as brothers. When I was five and he was four, my father caught me trying to hammer a nail into Ralph's skull. We also loved to throw cans and other articles at each other under the worktable in one of the out buildings. When we were putting up hay, when I was six or thereabouts, I yelled to Ralph that a snake was after him (blue snakes and racers being somewhat common in that part of Ohio in those days), and Ralph almost ran blindly into the hay wagon. If Dad had not jumped off of the hay load, I don't know what would have happened. Anyhow, I remember what happened to me immediately afterwards. A few weeks later we were running down the lane which led from the road to the farm house, and Ralph pushed me and I fell on some rocks and cut my elbow somewhat severely. I remember bleeding like a stuck pig, and what happened to Ralph was about the same as what happened to me when I chased him into the hay wagon. However, by and large we got along fine as brothers.

Because of mother's illness, I spent a great deal of time helping her with housework, while Ralph spent his time with father doing ranch work. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why he followed in dad's footsteps and became a successful horticulturist, and I went on to the university and college and became a professional man. I can say this, that he was more successful in making money than I ever was, and enjoyed his work equally as well. He easily followed in his father's footsteps as far as his economic endeavors were concerned, while I on the other hand, for some reason or another, seemed to counter dad's every wish. Both father and mother desired to see their children finish high school. Ralph never did.

When I mentioned to my parents during my senior year in high school, that I was going to go to the university, dad immediately advised me that that was impossible as he did not have the financial means to further my education. When I advised him that I appreciated his position, but that I was going anyhow, and that I didn't need any financial help from home—this was the last of the argument. I went to the University of Denver. I received \$100.00 cash at the end of each summer for the work that I had done at home, and that is all of the money that I ever

had from home, except a small amount from my mother's estate, for the four years that I was at the university and the three years of college training that I received.

When I returned home from law school, my father frankly advised me that I would never be able to make any money if I were an honest lawyer, and he admitted that he thought that I would be an honest lawyer. Accordingly, he asked me to go into partnership with him on a new peach ranch over on East Orchard Mesa. I told him that I did not have any money for such a venture. He told me that my mother-in-law would be willing to lend me a few thousand dollars. When I replied that I doubted that, he suggested that I ask her. I did ask her. I received the money, and we proceeded to develop the peach orchard. I have often wondered if there wasn't some kind of collusion between my father and my mother-in-law relative to such matter. On the other hand, dad was right, and I can say that it is really the only investment that I ever entered into from which I made a good return. Dad supervised the orchard. I worked in the development of the orchard whenever I had the time, which couldn't have been an equitable part of the development work.

At this time of my life I was engaged in many economic pursuits. I was teaching school, driving a school bus, starting a practice of law, working on the ranch and later on was a member of the town board and a member of the state legislature. As I remember it, I was busy and enjoying life immensely. My wife, Julia, was taking care of the home and doing most of the raising of the children. She was the one woman in the world for me.

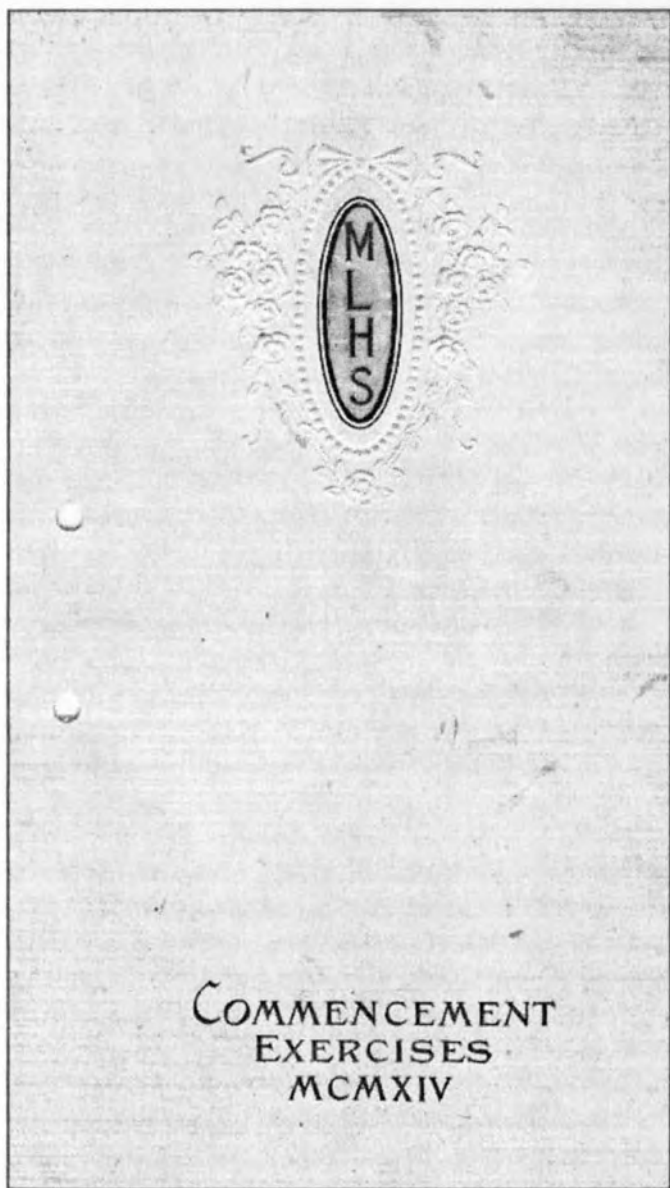
When I suggested to dad that I was going to run for office, he again remonstrated against my ambitions. On the other hand he never placed any opposition in my road. My name was placed before the Democratic County Assembly three times before I was able to get on the ticket successfully. When I became Speaker in 1937, my father visited me. I am sure that he was quite proud of his son; however, he still protested that politics was not the place for a man with a family such as I had, and the limited means which I had at my disposal.

When World War II broke out I suggested to my father that I would have to enlist. Once again he remonstrated. He

wanted to know who would take care of my family. My oldest son, Wayne Jr., had already left for the service. But my two younger sons, Owen Stewart and Richard, and my daughter, JoAnne, were still at home and in school. I frankly told dad that I thought that it was his responsibility. He said no more. He took care of the family while I was gone, and was one of the welcoming committee when I returned home. That really was the last of my ambitions that ever bothered my father. He died the year before I was elected to Congress. After being elected to Congress, Julia, whose mother had died in 1940, and I expressed the impossible wish that her mother and my father could have been present when I took the oath of office. I know that life is full of such disappointments.

My years in school—the grades which are known as the junior and senior high school years—were the most pleasant ones for me. I always enjoyed school work. I was blessed with some of the best teachers that any pupil ever had. Three teachers stand out as having done a great deal to mold my life. The first and most important was the principal of the school, Miss Mable Hoyt; the second, the superintendent, W. J. Stebbins; the third, an English teacher by the name of Miss Krueger. They took a personal interest and seemed to give me, as I remember, all of the extra time that I needed. Undoubtedly, they were far more effective counselors than what we find in most of our schools today.

There were only five in our senior class—four boys and one girl. As of this writing only two of the boys are alive. The other is Harold Crick of Grand Junction, Colorado. I was Salutatorian of my class and had a grade average of what was then 92+. My main athletics were basketball and baseball. As I remember, our basketball team was an average one. We won some and lost some. Later on while I was teaching at Palisade High School, I coached the girl's basketball team. We lost all games. However, we had the spirit and we thought we were going to win at least one until the last whistle was blown in the last game. We had no organized football or baseball in our public schools at Mt. Lincoln at that time. We did play around some. When I got to the University of Denver, I tried football. I was never very successful.



Cover for the 1914 Commencement program of Mt. Lincoln High School. (Program courtesy of Mary White.)

1914

The Senior Class  
of the Mt. Lincoln High School  
invites you to attend the  
Fourth Annual Commencement  
at the Mt. Lincoln School  
Thursday Evening, May Twenty-Eighth  
at eight o'clock

The Baccalaureate Sermon  
will be delivered by  
The Reverend Clark Bower of Clinton  
at Palisade M. E. Church  
Sunday Evening, May Twenty-Fourth  
at eight o'clock

Page one of the Commencement program. (Program courtesy of Mary White.)

# PROGRAM

Music .....

Invocation .. Rev. H. W. Clark

Salutatory—"The Making of Colorado" ..  
Wayne Norvill Aspinall

Class History .. Ellis Roscoe Bricker

"Choosing an Occupation" .. ..  
Harland Hurshal Lunt

Music .....

Class Prophecy .. Harold Lewis Crick

Valedictory—"Rise of the English Novel" ..  
Myra Maysel Craddick

Presentation of Diplomas .. ..  
H. E. Lunt, President Board of Education

Music .....

Benediction .. Rev. Clark Bower

Page two of the Commencement program. (Program courtesy of Mary White.)

# CLASS ROLL

Wayne Norvill Aspinall

Ellis Roscoe Bricker

Myra Maysel Craddick

Harold Lewis Crick

Harland Hurshal Lunt

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## Class Officers

President—Wayne Norvill Aspinall

Vice President—Harold Lewis Crick

Secretary—Myra Maysel Craddick

Treasurer—Ellis Roscoe Bricker

Sergeant-at-Arms—Harland Hurshal Lunt

FLOWER—Cream Rose Bud

COLORS—Crimson and Gold

MOTTO—"Excel"

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## Faculty

W. J. Stebbins, Supt.

Mrs. Maud B. Noidell, Prin.

Arthur J. Coney

Mrs. Margaret Stoner

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## Board of Education

Harry E. Lunt, President

F. B. Young, Secretary

J. G. Morgan, Treasurer

Page three of the Commencement program. (Program courtesy of Mary White.)

It was during my high school days that I became acquainted with the two girls who were later to have such an influence in my life. The first girl who I informally dated was in the eighth grade when I was in the ninth grade. Her name was Essie Jeffers. She was the daughter of a retired Methodist preacher. I tried to help her with some of her studies, especially in history which had never meant too much to her, but was one of my favorite subjects. All that I can say is that she passed the school work of the year. Her family moved out of my school district into Palisade, and for the time being that ended our association with each other.

While I was in my sophomore year, a new family moved into the district by the name of Kuns. I can remember seeing for the first time their daughter standing on the stairwell of the school as she was coming up the stairs. From that time on my mind was made up as to the woman with whom I wished to share my life. Her first name was Julia.

After a few uncertainties, our lives seemed to be centered on each other. School, church and mountain climbing brought us closer and closer. At the end of my junior year in high school, the Kuns family moved to Lincoln, Nebraska. Their experience in the Grand Valley of Colorado had proved to be financially distressing to them. In later years my mother-in-law was known to say that she doubted whether or not the son-in-law which they had acquired because of their stay in the Grand Valley of Colorado was worth the \$20,000.00 which they had lost in their investments there. Of course, this was more or less in jest. On the other hand, at that period of time in the history of the United States, an amount of \$20,000.00 had a great deal of purchasing power and the acquisition of a son-in-law was not too much out of the ordinary.

From 1913, the date of the change of residences for the Kuns family until January 1920, the date of the marriage of Wayne N. Aspinall and Julia E. Kuns in Lincoln, Nebraska, most of the courtship was done by letter writing. During that period I visited Lincoln, Nebraska on three different occasions, and Julia visited Palisade on one. Between the years of 1913 and 1920, Julia kept company with many different young men in Lincoln,



Nebraska, and I kept company with many different girls in Palisade and in Denver during my college years. It was only natural that a marriage resulting from such a trying courtship and for so long a period of time should prove to be very successful.

My years at the University of Denver, from the fall of 1914 until the spring of 1919 (one year being lost as far as schooling was concerned, because of my presence in the military) were busy ones. I studied arduously. I worked at odd jobs continually and I played strenuously. My waking hours were usually eighteen and my sleeping hours never went over six. I had formed the habit as a boy, under the tutorage of my father, of getting up early to do the chores and going to bed rather late after doing my homework for school. This was continued on a more detailed schedule at the university. I was usually up at 5:30 A.M. seven days a week, and to bed between 11:00 P.M. and 1:30 A.M. My work habits formed during those early years of my life have stood me in good stead throughout the years that I have lived.

During the first two years of my university life, I bached (kept my own living quarters, cooked my meals, cleaned the room and used all available time for study). My first roommate was LeRoy Beahm, whose parents lived in Palisade, Colorado, and whose younger brother was a personal friend of mine. In my second year I bached with two others in the home of Dr. Herbert Russell, a math teacher at the University of Denver. One of these roommates was David Kyle, who later became the principal of schools at Brighton, Colorado.

Interestingly, Dr. Russell was my teacher in college algebra and trigonometry during my first year. At the end of that year he counseled me relative to my proceeding further in mathematics. He was a New Englander from Maine and was very professional. He called me to his office and said, "Mr. Aspinall, you don't like mathematics." I replied, "Oh, yes, Dr. Russell, I like mathematics." He countered with the statement that my interest was only slight and that I passed his courses because I did my homework from day to day and not because there was any challenge to me. To this I again remonstrated. He replied that he could teach me calculus and perhaps astronomy, but that it would



Mary and Jessie Aspinall, and Julia Kuns. Picture taken in Palisade while Wayne Aspinall was home on furlough from World War I. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)



Wayne, Mary, Jessie, Mack and Ralph Aspinall. Picture taken in Palisade while Wayne was home on furlough from World War I. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)

be difficult for me and it would be more difficult for him. He suggested that I take a little course which he taught for two hours credit, just enough to finish up the requirements for mathematics at graduation. He stated that I wouldn't have to crack a book, be present at all classes or cause him additional work, as my interest was elsewhere. I followed his advice, took the course, "How to Teach Arithmetic," got the credit, and years later found out that that was the only course that I had at the university which was preparatory to my teaching in public schools. Personally, I have always been thankful to Dr. Russell. On the other hand, when I was in my sixth term in Congress, I was appointed as a member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. It was necessary for me to learn as much about nuclear physics as I could within the time allotted. I had not had any instruction in that field since I was in high school. I enjoyed the added responsibility of becoming acquainted with the obligations and responsibilities of being a member of such a committee, but I can frankly say that it was quite a challenge.

In my third year at the University, I was house manager of my social fraternity Beta Theta Pi. I lived at the fraternity house and for the first time in my university experience, I was able to count on good regular meals without any participation on my part, except for that of consuming. We have had several good men cooks in our family. My father was a good cook, and when Julia and I were first married we lived a year or so with him—he had been widowed just before our marriage—and he taught Julia a great deal about cooking, an accomplishment that later became valuable to her. My son, Owen Stewart Aspinall, is an exceptionally good cook. I would rank him with any of the members of our family, men or women, in the preparation of a good meal. I continue to get my own breakfast, even at these closing days of my life, but there is no cooking involved; fruit and cereal with milk. Throughout the years I have always been partial to home cooking. I would have traded a good restaurant meal for a good home cooked meal at any period of my life. I still feel that way.

As far as I can find out, the former members of my family have never been "joiners." I remember as a boy that my

uncle A.C. Elliott (an uncle by marriage) was a York-Rite Mason, and loved to wear his full dress as a member of the Knight's Templar. I have been told that my grandfather, Norviel, was a member of the Masonic Lodge. However, I have been unable to find any records to that effect. My father and brother joined the I.O.O.F. at some time in their lives, but as far as I can remember they never took very much interest in such organization. With me it has been different.

I started joining clubs and fraternities at the university and have been joining social, political and economic organizations ever since. At the university I belonged to an English Club, the German Club, the Debating Club, a Social Fraternity, a couple of scholastic fraternities and so forth. I found time to be active in all of them, and they performed a great service for me. I was a green, unpolished, country bumpkin when I went to college. I came out sufficiently trained to take my place, not only in the economic world, but also in the social world.

The organizations to which I have belonged and which have had the greatest appeal to me, have been the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. I also hold membership in two other organizations, because of my membership in the two just mentioned, the 40 & 8 and the Military Order of Cooties. Also, I am an honorary member of the Disabled American War Veterans. It has been my contention since being discharged from World War II that the greatest bond of fraternal union comes from having taken the oath of service to our country during the travails of war. Those who have held up their hand and taken the oath of service to their country are indeed bound by a bond of fellowship and common interest that others who have not had such experience have a difficult time understanding.

I have joined other fraternal organizations: the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, all the degrees of the Scottish and York-Rites of Masonry; Ancient and Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine; the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; the Eagles; Lions International; Veterans of World War I; Retreads (Veterans of both World Wars I and II); and the International Association of Turtles, Inc.

Except for the membership in the Odd Fellows and the Eagles, I have given much of my time to the activities of my fraternal memberships. I am a Past Master of Palisade Lodge No. 125 AF and AM; a three time Commander of the American Legion; a Past Chef de Gare of the 40 & 8; a Past Exalted Ruler of the Brotherhood of Elks; and a Past President of the Palisade Lion's Club. I have served as secretary of the Palisade Chamber of Commerce. I am an honorary member of the Grand Junction Chamber of Commerce; an honorary life member of the Colorado Cattlemen's Association; and an honorary life member of the Colorado Mining Association. I have been a member of the Farmer's Union of Mesa County. Many of my relatives suggest that I am a "confirmed joiner."

I was raised in the Protestant Methodist Church. I became a member of the Methodist Church in Palisade in 1908 as a youth. I have had continuous membership in such church—as the Protestant Methodist, the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist, and now the United Methodist. Until I was 53 years of age I gave a great deal of my time to the activities of the church, serving on the Board of Stewards, Superintendent of the Sunday School (at the same time Julia served as Superintendent of the Junior Sunday School), and as a member of the Board of Trustees. Throughout the years, although giving of my talents and worldly wealth to the church, I have oft times criticized its government, a hierarchy similar to that of the Episcopal Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church. I never was inclined to be too militant in denominational matters. As I have grown older I have become less militant. I have reached the age where I can be perfectly at home in a Protestant Church, a Roman Catholic Church, a Greek Orthodox Church, a Jewish Synagogue, a Mohammedan Mosque or any other edifice erected to my Deity, by whatever name it might be called. Oft times when I am asked to which I give my first allegiance, my country, my church, or my family, I am hard pressed for an answer. I usually end up with the answer that to me, they are a trinity; they go together. The organized worship of my Deity without the protection of my government would be difficult; my country without the high moral values of my worship to Deity would be handicapped; and

my home without the protection of my country and without the religious teachings emanating from a belief in Deity would be greatly weakened. Yes, these three are a trinity, such as the Christian doctrine of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Most of the members of my family have been church attendees. Those who have not been regular church attendees have been deep believers in Deity.

Julia and I were married in Lincoln, Nebraska, January 27, 1920. After a short honeymoon in Denver, where we stayed at the old Metropole Hotel and saw the post war play "The Better Ole," we returned to Palisade and started our married life living with my father. I worked on the ranch and became a lessee of another fruit orchard. With the beginning of the fall term of school, Julia began teaching in the Mt. Lincoln School and I began teaching at Palisade High School. We moved from Father's home to a small house at the intersection of First and Main Streets, Palisade, Colorado. During the same year I purchased a twenty-acre fruit ranch which I had formerly leased.

I enjoyed my teaching experience very much, but I was anxious to get to law school. In the early summer of 1922, I sold the peach orchard and secured enough money to start study at the Denver College of Law. Julia and I moved to Denver, Colorado in the fall of 1922. I entered Law School, she became a substitute teacher in the Denver school system, and I became a study clerk in the offices of Lindsey and Larwill, in which office one of my close university classmates, Daniel Kirshner Wolfe, was working.

The years followed rapidly. They were busy ones for each of us. Our first child, Wayne Jr., was born June 15, 1923. Julia's father had passed away a short time before; her mother came to live with us, and was with us off and on until she passed away in 1940. She was a great lady, a devoted mother and grandmother, and helped my family immensely.

I graduated from the Denver College of Law in the spring of 1925, and was admitted to the Bar of Colorado in September 1925. Immediately after taking the bar examinations, Julia, Wayne Jr., and I returned to Palisade in a Model T Ford by way of Berthod Pass, State Bridge and Wolcott. The journey took us two days. I burned out a clutch going uphill from State Bridge to

Wolcott. I was hit by a careless driver between Gypsum and Glenwood Springs. Wayne Jr. was car-sick most of the time. Julia, at least, maintained her composure throughout all of the trip. We immediately set up our residence in Palisade and my home has been Palisade continuously since then, except for my work in Congress and many travels.

While I am on the subject of family and children, I wish to state that the second child, a boy, was a stillborn baby. Like Wayne Jr., he was born in St. Luke's Hospital in Denver, Colorado. When the body was sent home by train, my good life-long friend, Forest L. Tilton, was my companion throughout those dark hours. Julia and her mother returned home sometime later. Our third son, Owen Stewart Aspinall, was born September 21, 1927. The fourth son, Richard Daniel Aspinall, was born December 9, 1928. Ruth JoAnne, our fifth child, was born August 6, 1931. Our sixth child, a little girl, was born by cesarean section immediately following a fall that Julia had in the Kress store of Grand Junction. An employee of the store had left the glass-counter dividers stacked against the counter in the aisle. Julia stumbled over the glass dividers and sustained an injury which she carried with her for the rest of her life. The little girl lived less than 24 hours. Our dreams of six children had materialized, but we were only able to save four. But, what a joy to Julia, while she was living, and to me up to the present time, these four have been.

In Ohio as a boy, my playmates had been mostly my mother's half brothers and sisters. There were a few of my classmates at Whitehall Public School in Ohio whose names I still remember. However, outside of the relatives, there were really no close friends. I remember one day during the summer when I was seven years of age, I spent a part of an afternoon at Grandpa Aspinall's place in his buggy with a girl by the name of Bonnie. It has bothered me since that time trying to figure out how I could spend a whole afternoon riding in a horseless carriage.

After moving to western Colorado, my playmates of course were other than relatives. Although for some time during those early years, I suppose about a year and one-half, my cousins with whom I had been in contact at Wray, Colorado,



came to Palisade and lived west of us about one-half mile east of the present day Highways 6 & 24, east of Clifton, Colorado.

Many of the early friendships formed in those days at Mt. Lincoln School have continued with me throughout my lifetime. They were a group of wonderful boys and girls. Very few of them cared very much about books. On the other hand, they seemed to have patience with those of us who did. Most of them became ranchers or rancher's wives. One became a dentist and moved to Wyoming, where he was a confidant of Governor Ross. One of the girls moved to Kansas City where she became a secretary for a bank president.

Young people today wonder what we did in those days. I have already referred to the mountain climbing activities. In Ohio as a boy, I chased bumble bees with a flat paddle in my hand and robbed their nests of honey. Bumble bee honey is, as I remember it, sweeter than other honey. While dad was plowing, my brother and I used to follow the plow furrow. Every so often we would have to stop and remove the leeches from our toes. There also was a small creek that ran through our property, and from this we fished for crawdads. We had dogs and cats while living on the farms. Ginger was a beautiful collie dog. As I remember, she had hair that tended to be reddish. One of the great events was when she had puppies. After moving to Colorado, my brother and I had rabbits to take care of. We made a small amount of change from the sale of rabbits.

I remember that all through school my parents, especially my mother, kept our clothes clean for church, for school, and for parties. We were always well dressed, although we had very few changes of clothes. Our work clothes were something different. They were clean, but often ragged and torn. As I compare the manner in which boys and girls go to church and school today, and the way that we dressed for school and church, I am inclined to be quite critical of today's inattention to dress and appearance. In those days of yesterday, cleanliness and godliness really did go together.

Until I was ten or eleven years of age, my father always took care of the cutting of my hair. As I remember he always put a crock over my head, and then would just bob off what was

below the crock lid. One day I complained about the way he cut my hair. He finished that particular task, and then said to me, "Young man, if you don't like the way I cut your hair, you can get out and earn your own money to pay for your haircuts from now on." I did just that. Of course in those days, the early part of the century, a haircut was only fifteen cents. About every two or three weeks, I managed to get that fifteen cents together and plunked myself into the barber's chair and for some reason or another, I always felt better after the haircut was over. I suppose it was early independence that added to the personal confidence which I was gaining all the time.

It was in those early days that I began to feel as if our family didn't have its share of the facilities of living. This especially pertained to the lack of bathroom and toilet facilities in our modest home. Until I went away to the university, my brother and I always bathed in a rather good size laundry tub. We always got a bath, at least once a week, on Saturday evening. We took turns seeing who would get in the water first. Also, it was necessary to go outdoors—winter or summer—some forty to sixty yards away from the house to "answer the calls of nature." I remember when I was ten years old and was out in the building which covered the woodpile and a few tools. My grandfather Norviel asked me where would be a good place to make water. I suggested right on the woodpile. He never did forget that. Anyhow, it was a practical suggestion, because it did lend to privacy, which has always been one of the motivating factors of my life. Now in my old age, as I try to recall some of the successes of my life, I am inclined to believe that the fact that I am favored now with the five bathrooms with the two tubs, two showers, five washbowls, five stools and the other facilities that you find in a bathroom of today, is a good mark of the progress that I have made in my life. And yet, as I try to evaluate between the different periods, I am sure that there were some challenges in my yesterdays that are not present today. The people of today do not understand the additional uses that can be made of such common things as mail order catalogs, corn cobs and so forth.

I suppose that if I had to choose any period or periods of my life of which I was and am particularly pleased and satisfied,

it would be the two and one-half years during which I was a member of the Armed Forces of the United States of America, when my country engaged itself in two world wars. I don't believe that I have ever been overly patriotic. I do believe that I have always had an honorable reaction to what I considered to be my duty of the time.

I was a junior at the University of Denver when World War I broke out. I had campaigned as a youth for the election of Woodrow Wilson in 1912. I was cognizant of the fact that he had campaigned for his second election on the issue that he had "kept us out of war." On the other hand, when war was declared against Germany, and the slogan of the day changed to "make the world safe for democracy," I was ready. Four days after the declaration of war, on April 6, 1917, three of my fraternity brothers and I started towards Camp West, near Golden, Colorado, to enlist in the cavalry. We had a blow out on one of the tires before we got out of Denver, and that ended our ambitions in that respect, because the next week, as I remember, enlistments in the cavalry were discontinued. I registered for the draft and began the procedures to get into the flying operations of the Signal Corps of the United States Army before the draft caught up with me. In the meantime I returned to Palisade, where I helped my father with the development and harvesting of the peach crop for that year, 1917. As soon as the fruit was harvested, I went to Lincoln, Nebraska to see Julia. Three days later I enlisted and went to Fort Logan, Colorado for my entry into active service. One of the young men on the train from Lincoln was named Ezra Christensen. We became buddies and for ten days were together at Fort Logan. Then we were assigned to two different flying centers. He went to Champagne, Illinois, and I went to Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. Our friendship has remained throughout the years, and although we seldom see each other (my family and I did drive four hundred miles out of our way in 1930), we have kept in contact with each other.

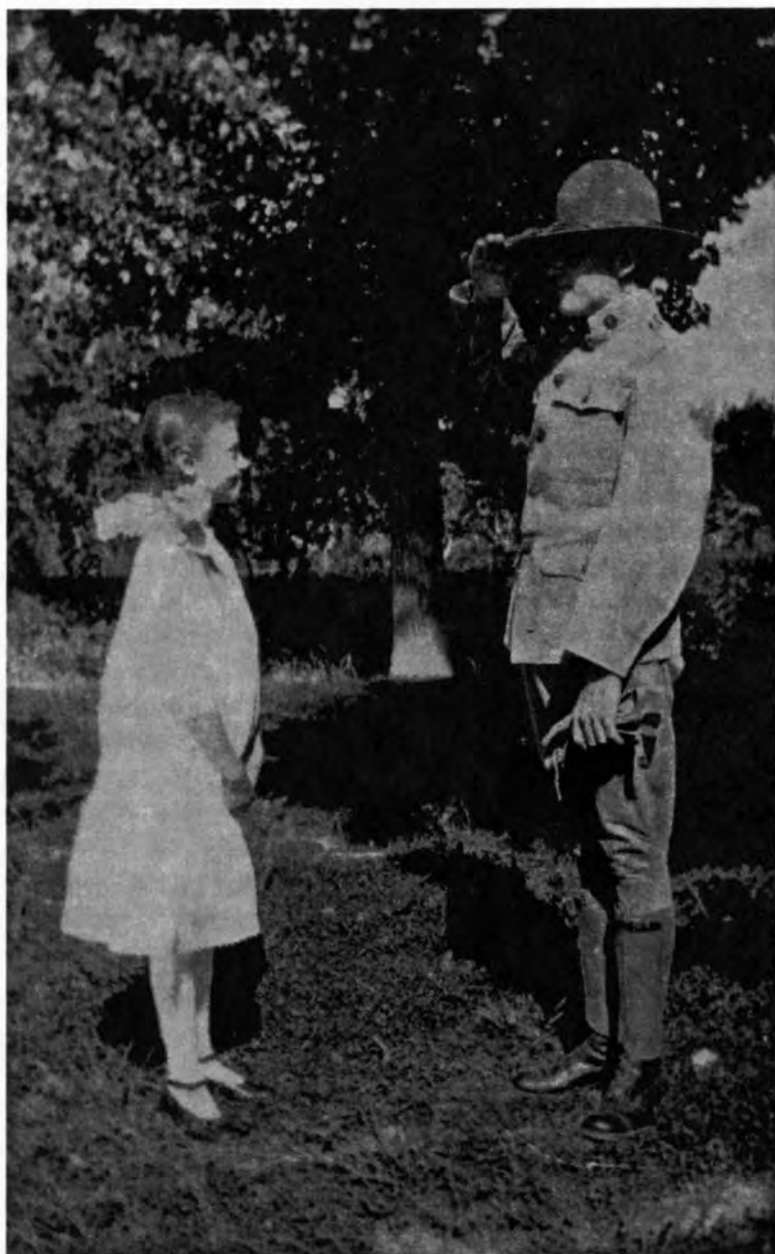
At Kelly Field No 2 in San Antonio, Texas, my first responsibility was that of acting corporal as we helped lay gravel around the air base. I remained there but a short time, and then was sent with the 150th Aero Squadron (a training squadron) to

Waco, Texas. As I continue this narrative of my service, please keep in mind that my ambition was to get into flying duty. What I did in the training squadron was simply fulfilling my duties while I was waiting for the flying opportunity.

My first duty at Waco (keep in mind that I was at the end of my junior year at the university when I enlisted) was that of "dog-robin" for my squadron commander. My duties were to keep his boots shined and his quarters clean. I can't remember which he considered to be most important. I took care of these duties to the best of my ability for about three weeks when he informed me that my services were no longer required and that he was thinking of placing me in the supply work of the squadron. I was somewhat taken aback because I thought that I had been doing a satisfactory job. I told him so. His reply was that his wife was coming to be with him, and he didn't want me around his quarters while he was busy at the office. Naturally I followed his wishes. I soon became a corporal, then a buck-sergeant and then a staff sergeant. My duties were to parcel out the supplies needed by the men of the squadron. One of the fringe benefits, as I remember, was that I got my choice of enlisted men's clothes. If I do say so, I made a pretty good appearance as far as clothes were concerned during that part of my service. In time I took the examination for flying, and when the final results were made, I placed number one in the ten that were chosen to go to Austin, Texas for ground school education.

I remember this part of that examination before the panel of three colonels. I always have been somewhat of an actor. On that occasion I entered the room when my name was called, marched militarily to the examining officers, saluted and stood at attention. I was asked a few questions, especially about my university work and then was dismissed. I saluted briskly, turned about-face and marched out of the room. The applicant who followed me was named Mortelle Weber. He was asked several questions in algebra and geometry, and answered them without any difficulty whatsoever. If those questions had been asked of me, I doubt if I would have been a successful candidate.

In any event, I took the nine other candidates to Austin. The ground school work was very interesting. Flying cadets were



Mary and Wayne Aspinall. Taken in Palisade while Wayne was home on furlough from World War I. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)

given some privileges, but it was mostly a crash study job. About three or four weeks before we were to graduate, the armistice was signed. My interest in the war was over. I failed a course in engines during the next week. I was called in by the commanding officer and told that I could have my commission within six or eight weeks or I could be discharged immediately. I chose to be discharged so that I could return to the university and finish my university training. I have never been critical of this decision.

Sometimes when I am asked what service I performed in World War I, I glibly answer that I "spent my time in Texas trying to get Old Mexico to take Texas back." In truth, it was a very important part of my life. I was booked to go overseas three times, but my commanding officers kept me with the squadron because of my attention to my duties, and also the fact that I had become a candidate for flying.

While at Richfield Flying Field near Waco in the early part of 1918, a buddy of mine by the name of George Blizzard of New Jersey and I went to call on some girls of a family (Buchanan) near Waco. We enjoyed going there for dinners and also to accompany the girls to evening services of the Baptist Church. The food was delicious and so were the girls. I remember one night at a young people's meeting in church, George and I were sitting with the girls in a pew just in front of some civilian youths who were careless and impudent with their language. I had never had girls with whom I had kept company exposed to such blasphemy. I turned around, told them to keep their mouths shut and that I would see them after the services were dismissed. I will have to admit that I was rather surprised when I did turn around that the one to whom I talked was some six inches taller than I, and weighed a good forty pounds more. However, the outcome of this escapade was that after the services were over, George and I excused ourselves for a few minutes from the girls and went out back of the church to meet the boys whom I had challenged. They were there. I took off my military blouse and showed them that I was in earnest. They suggested that there was no need to go any further. I suggested that the only way out was for them to apologize to the girls, which they reluctantly did. Undoubtedly, that could have been my last battle during World War I.

I was discharged sixteen days after the armistice was signed, in November of 1918. I went to Lincoln, Nebraska for Thanksgiving to be with Julia. I returned home soon after, and did some substitute teaching for the principal of Mt. Lincoln High School while he was suffering from an attack of the flu. I then went to the University of Denver in March, and secured my AB Degree the first of June, 1919. Some of the credits which I used for my university work came from the University of Texas at Austin for the work that I had done while in ground school. I have never looked upon this period of my life as an obstacle to my life's work. It has always seemed to me that the experience that I received in the military was most advantageous rather than a hindrance.

As for my period of service spent in the military during World War II, I consider it more as an experience rather than an opportunity to help my country, which motivated my enlistment in August of 1943. I had tried to become a member of the Judge Advocate Corps, the legal branch of the service. They already had had too many applicants. It was suggested to me by the recruiter that I might be able to get into Allied Military Government as a captain and proceed almost at once to a majority. As I have herein before mentioned, I was anxious to get into the service for some reason or another. I signed up and was sent to Battle Creek, Michigan for what is generally referred to as "boot camp." I stayed there for six weeks getting generally conditioned to military service. One of the enjoyable events of that period of my life was becoming acquainted with D. Clarence Schmutz of Cedar City, Utah. Although I saw Clarence but a few times after that during the war, as we were assigned to different places for training, we have been good personal friends ever since. He and his wife, LaRue, live in Cedar City today, and are wonderful people.

After the training at Camp Custer at Battle Creek, I was assigned to Allied Military Government School at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, Michigan. This period of my life was a very pleasant one. We quartered at the Student Union Building and were given a great deal of worthwhile information, especially on those areas where we were likely to serve as military



Mary Kathryn Aspinall's high school graduation portrait, 1926. Mary went on to earn her teacher's certificate at Greeley, Colorado. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)



government officials. Our training ended at the University of Michigan just before Christmas of 1943. I received permission to return home for the Christmas holidays with orders to report back to Shenango, Pennsylvania for briefing procedures attendant to overseas service. I enjoyed the holiday season very much. All of the family were home except Wayne Jr., who was at that time in glider training in Twenty-Nine Palms, California, as I remember.

Immediately after the holidays, I reported to Shenango in northwestern Pennsylvania. Undoubtedly, this was the coldest spot in the nation at that time. I doubt if there have been very many colder since. The only military activity that I remember for the next week or ten days, was an attempt at pistol target shooting. I have often wondered how I was able to make "marksman." It was so cold that our teeth chattered, and holding the pistols level and accurate was impossible. Two or three days before our departure for Camp Dix for embarking, I stumbled over an open trench and broke a rib. I reported in for medical attention, was taped up and was on my way with the others in a few hours.

We were at Camp Dix but a very short time. One night we were put in lorry trucks and taken to the pier in New York City. Sometime late the next morning we set sail for England on the *Isle de France*. This was my first experience on a big ship. That night while sailing through the waters of Long Island Sound and southwest of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, some of our officers went up on the upper deck and began playing with the flashlights. The flashlight batteries were suspended, and in such a position there was no light. Our officers proceeded to hold them at horizontal levels and, of course, immediately there were lights all over the upper deck of the ship. From then on our privileges to roam about the upper deck at night, where the life saving equipment was placed, were denied to us.

The second day out, I was roaming about the ship trying to figure out how much life saving equipment there was. I finally decided that there was enough to take care of 2,400 people. Soon thereafter I stopped an English seaman (the ship was being operated by English seamen) and asked him how many people we had aboard. He said that he was prohibited from giving such

information. I suggested that it seemed to me that we had more people than we had life saving equipment. He smiled and told me that if I were to understand that the total complement aboard (troops and crew) was something like 10,054, I wouldn't be far off. The next morning while we were being briefed in the Grand Salon we were instructed about leaving the ship and the priorities for debarkation in case the ship was attacked. The priorities were: first to certain troops and certain numbers of the crew for manning the life saving equipment. Then other groups were named. Our complement of officers was not mentioned at all. I suggested to one of the officers in charge that I would like to know what was to happen to us in case of an alarm. He suggested that we were to go to the Grand Salon and remain "quiet."

Our passage to England was to take between five and six days. On the night of the fourth we ran into a terrible storm. I began to get seasick and would have done so if it had not been for a great wave coming through the port hole where I was going to bed in the upper bunk, which was number four. I got so wet and cold from seawater that when the steward had taken care of re-making the bunks and I got back into bed, I thought no more of my seasickness.

It seemed to me on the fifth day of our passage that we had changed course. I later found out this to be true. We had learned that there was a "wolf pack" in our proximity. We ran for something like two days, and as I remember, instead of getting into the Firth on the Clyde we were two days over-due when we arrived. I remember that as we entered the Firth, I was most pleased to see the greenery of England on my right, as I remember, and the greenery of Scotland on the left. We debarked at someplace around Glasgow, Scotland and were soon on a train bound for southern England. We saw the coal fires of New Castle as we traveled south. Our group of Allied military officers soon reached Shrivenham, England where we were billeted for the next several days awaiting assignments.

It was at Shrivenham where I went before the assignment officers. I was told immediately that our complement had "too many legal officers," and that some of us would have to be assigned to some other activities. It was first suggested that I be

assigned to a small team of public safety personnel. I remonstrated and said that I was not a lawman as such. One of the officers suggested that I had been trained in the law and that I should know how to enforce it. I replied that in the United States of America they were two different responsibilities. Then someone suggested that I be assigned to the finance team with the idea that I would take over a bank someplace in France. To this suggestion I replied that given three or four months I thought that I could manage a small bank, but that under the circumstances I didn't think that it would be good for the service for me to have such responsibility. I then suggested that it was my understanding that I was to go with the English forces and that if I knew the English military, they wanted somebody who would be able to discharge his responsibilities as assigned. I was immediately dismissed and went back to my quarters with the thought that I more than likely would be placed on a public safety team. Imagine my pleasant surprise the next morning when the assignment list showed that I had been assigned as a legal officer on a "provincial team" (working on the level of the provinces of France) and would be trained accordingly.

Soon after the decision of the assignment board, I was sent to Eastbourne on the English Channel south of London. Except for the inevitable harassment of the "buzz bombs," this was a very pleasant part of my military experience. The only unpleasant part was that of riding a Triumph motorcycle around the dunes of southern England. I liked the marching over the dunes much better than riding the motorcycles. One of my unhappy experiences at Eastbourne was the night that we had our "training under fire." We had to get down on our bellies and crawl certain distances with live ammunition being fired right above us. One of our men forgot that it was a training operation and he got up at the wrong time. I never did find out whether or not it was a fatality. That same night we were served some sandwiches of Spam and some kind of bread. When I got my sandwich, I flashed the light from the flashlight on it; it was crawling with life that had not been intended to be in the Spam. That finished my supper. However, I lost no weight over the experience.

While in Eastbourne, I took a Sunday off and traveled to Walesby where I visited the aunts of Mrs. Jim Lawrence (the Lawrences—Jim, Louise and their daughter Virginia—were friends of ours at Palisade). My hostesses, although aged, were great hosts. We had a fine dinner and I remember the Yorkshire Pie as well as our visit. They were very interested in their niece and her family in the United States. They had gone through four years of having the “buzz bombs” travel over their house on their way to London. They showed me where one had fallen nearby. However, they had gotten so used to it that they said they were not afraid to any great extent. My trip to Walesby and return was on one of the electric railroads of England. It was a very fine experience. The railroads were run on time, were clean, and the personnel were very courteous.

Soon after my return from Walesby to Eastbourne, we were sent to East Hampstead Park near London. This was the area where Henry VIII kept Anne Boleyn while he was waiting for his divorce from Catherine of Aragon. We were kept very close to our encampment while in East Hampstead Park. Our training progressed and our only inconvenience was having the “buzz bombs” go over towards Reading, a railroad center.

One night while I was the duty officer for the post, I was taking a nap on a wooden cot, and when I came out of my slumber (I was not asleep at my post—this was not a permissible activity) I had grasped the string which lighted the globe which was just above me. The ground was still rolling around when I had the light turned on. A bomb had fallen about an eighth of a mile from headquarters where I was. A few days later, Major Rugerri and I with our non-commissioned group were on our way to Purfleet, a bivouacking area preparatory to embarking to go across the Channel. The engine on our Bedford truck sputtered out and we fell out of the caravan. Returning to our headquarters at East Hampstead Park, we were able to get a new Bedford truck and immediately started back towards Purfleet. By that time we were three or four hours behind the main body of officers with whom we had been assigned. On our arrival on the outskirts of London, Major Rugerri stopped to inquire our way towards the bivouacking area. About that time, two or three V-2 bombs fell

not too far from us. They gave no sound as I remember, they just fell out of the sky and exploded. The V-1 bombs, that is, the "buzz bombs" with which I had become familiar, were always noticeable by the putt-putt of the engine, which propelled them, and the light of the engine, which we could always see. When the light went out, we knew that the "buzz bomb" was falling and that only a few seconds would intervene before it detonated. Not so with the V-2 bombs. Major Rugerri made the right contact and soon after darkness we reported to our commanding officer in Purfleet. I think that he was the most surprised English officer there ever was, to think that the ingenuity of the American officers would permit them to join their comrades under such conditions.

That night after our arrival in Purfleet, we were treated to a razzle dazzle of more V-2 bombs: one detonated near the ship which we were to take for France. We embarked on time, sailed down the Thames in darkness to the Channel, and around Cape Dover on schedule. While passing through the narrow channel passage at Dover, we were treated once again to the same bombardment, but nothing happened of any consequence. I remember that I was sleeping down below with nothing between me and the water except a steel hull. It was kind of an eerie feeling for a land-locked mountain man like myself. The next day we arrived at our place of debarkation, and landed in the water and were bivouacked in a fruit orchard near Courselle, some ten or twelve miles away from Caen. From this area we were soon moved to an area outside of Bayeux. This was the area my reputed ancestor, Walter of Caen, was supposed to have lived many centuries before. While in Bayeux, I visited the cathedral—a beautiful edifice, and saw the replica of the Bayeux Curtain (long narrow embroidered cloth) depicting the history of the activities of the conquering lord of that era.

As I remember we waited five or six weeks before we were ordered north, which came through soon after the fall of Caen. We motored through Caen while the stench of rotting flesh of people and animals prevailed in the area. One of the sad experiences of the war was that the Allied airmen let their bombs fall on Caen, in the area where the civilians were, rather than

where the Germans were entrenched. One of my duties was to be one of the officers taking a truck transport shipment (and I use the word advisedly) of the survivors of that bombardment to an area around St. Pere Eglese on the peninsula. It was not a very pleasant experience. The survivors acted like animals. After the journey the trucks looked and smelled like they had been used to carry cattle or other animals to market.

On this trip to St. Pere Eglese, we went through the area where the Americans had landed on the initial entry into France. The evidences of war were everywhere. Soon after this experience we were ordered north to Everaux.

My assignment while stationed in Evereux was to visit Les Andelys just north of the Seine River. On this mission my interpreter was Lieutenant Colonel Odland, the ranking American officer in our group. We were well received by the authorities of Les Andelys. It was in Les Andelys at a lunch furnished by the municipal officers that I had my first taste of horse meat. In fact, it was my first taste of red meat that I had had for some time. It was not bad. I enjoyed the meal very much. Living with my English cousins throughout those weeks and months had almost ruined my appetite. I was rather critical at the time of the English as far as food was concerned. But since then, realizing what hardships they had had to put up with, I have had for them the greatest admiration for their will and determination.

While in Les Andelys, I was asked if I would be willing to transport a fallen American airman back to our headquarters. He had been shot down during the last air activity in this area, and had been kept in a French home for several days. He was anxious to get back to England, so that he could get back in the fight once more.

One other incident took place during that march north from Bayeux to Brussels which I think is worth recalling. We were stationed outside of Hall, and just before the service of the evening meal, I was contacted with information about another American officer who had been shot down and was desiring transportation back to his base in England. I had no transportation at my disposal, but immediately went to our commanding officer, Ian Bruce, and asked him for permission to go and get the

American officer. He was having his pre-dinner drink and was much put out about the audacity of an American Captain who would barge in during such relaxation moments. I didn't let his indisposition bother me. Finally he told me that if I could get a transport, then I could ask an English officer, but that he didn't know whether any transport was available. I immediately contacted an English Captain friend of mine, who had served in India for a long time, a Captain Mason, and asked him if he would be willing to make the effort. Upon his assurance that he would, I went back to the colonel and advised him that I had the transport and was ready for his permission. He showed his displeasure once again. But again, I refused to let it bother me. The result was that we got the American officer and he was returned to his base. It is strange indeed, that when it came to the time of separation of the American officers from the English team, that it was I with whom this English commanding officer, Colonel Ian Bruce, spent the most time in saying "good bye." He wished me well. He hoped that my orders for my return to the United States of America came on time, and that I got back to my work in the State Senate of the Colorado Legislature as planned. We corresponded for several years after that, in fact until his death.

I remember another interesting experience which I had while in Brussels. I think that it was the second morning after we arrived in Brussels, that a young, emaciated man came to my office and wanted information about his mother who lived in Denver, Colorado. As a young man, he had been proficient in music and had gone to Belgium for further training. He had become enamored of a young Belgian girl, the daughter of a professor of music, and they had married. They were living in Brussels when the Germans took over. His mother lived on the east side of University Park out in the University of Denver area in south Denver, directly across the park, which as I remember is about a block square, from the place where I bached at Dr. Russell's. Her son had to go underground, because he was not a citizen of Belgium, when the Germans moved in. He had been underground for almost two years, that is, living in this house and that house and this attic and that attic. After I had told him that I would help him contact his mother, a Mrs. Cates, he invited me

out to the home of his father-in-law for dinner. I accepted his invitation and a few nights later went by tram to the outskirts of Brussels. It was a most pleasant evening with good food, although the menu was quite limited. I forgot my time and stayed until after the time when another tram would return to this particular part of the outskirts of Brussels. I suggested to this newfound friend that he place me on the tram and tell them where to let me off. It was pitch dark, and although I was well armed, I had no idea how to get back to my quarters, the Bedford Hotel. After much remonstrance, he agreed to this request of mine.

We started to the center of the city. The receiver, a conductor on our streetcar line, came back to me and wanted to talk. He spoke in French, which I couldn't understand, and I spoke in English, which he couldn't understand. Finally we found out that each other knew a smattering of German. He advised me that he had been taken a prisoner in the early days of the war, and had gone to Germany and worked in their labor camps. He made a friend of a German guard who told him that if he would put salt in his cigarettes he would become deathly sick, but not sufficiently sick to cause him to die. He followed the guard's instructions and was sent back to Brussels just a few weeks before the liberation took place. When it came time for me to get off the tram, he came to me and said, "Kommen se mit bitte," which I understood was "Come with me please." We got off the car. He linked his arm in my arm, and went to the fore-part of the car and said to the conducteur-motorman in our language, "Er warten se mir" (wait for me). Then he took me, in pitch darkness, some two or three blocks to the Bedford Hotel. This recalls another incident which took place just a few days later. Major Rugerri, who also liked to walk, and I had walked to the outskirts of Brussels near the Leopold Arc. While under the arc and on the side toward Holland, we saw a division of troops on their way to the Holland border. This was an armored division. They spied we two American officers and we took their salutes as they went north. It was late when this experience ended and we started back to headquarters at the Bedford. We knew that it would be dark before we got there, if we had to walk. So, Major Rugerri asked a Gendarme about the tramway schedule. We were told that a



tram (motorcar) would be along immediately. He waited with us, stopped the tram, said a few words to the conducteur, and we started on our way back to the middle of Brussels. Soon we passed a group waiting for the tram and then we passed another group, and then Major Rugerri told the receivieur that we weren't in that big of a hurry and that we could wait for the tram to pick up their regular passengers. The conducteur looked at us and said, "We had to do this for the Germans—we are glad to do it for our friends from America." I shall never forget these kindnesses shown to us by the operators of the tramway in Brussels.

Just a little bit more remains to tell of my experiences of World War II. Along with the American officers, I was ordered back to Rochfort near Palisades, France, just south of Paris. Our headquarters was a great big castle, cold and uncomfortable during the month of October. Before leaving Brussels, the American officers had availed themselves of a supply of alcoholic drinks, mostly champagne, which the Germans had had to leave behind when they left Brussels in a hurry. My orders were awaiting me for my return to the United States when I reached Rochford. The night before my departure for Paris to catch the plane for England, we had a farewell party. The next morning when I said goodbye to my fellow officers, most of them were still on their cots, not inclined to admit the intemperate activities of the night before.

My trip to England provided for another visit with my friend D. Clarence Schmutz, who was still with SHAEF headquarters. Then I was on my way to Liverpool for embarkation and a convoy for the United States. We had a few scary moments during the homeward voyage, which lasted two weeks, but nothing of any direct consequences. I spent a great deal of my time playing bridge with a foursome who appeared to take pleasure in handing to me some of their limited cash. I have often wondered how I would fare as a gambler on one of the cruise ships in the Mediterranean. If that trip home was any indicator, I would do well. Upon landing, I was sent to Fort Sheridan near Chicago where I became acquainted with two situations which were quite distressing. I saw a group of American officers who were awaiting their severance from the military forces, planning how they would

receive large benefits for future services as reserve officers of the military. For a few years after that I kept my reserve status and then I relinquished it. I couldn't see the fairness of getting credit in my particular work for a future service which I thought I would never give. The uncomfortable experience was getting one of the worst cases of athlete's foot that I have ever seen. For many months after my return home, I was incapacitated. In fact, I was bed-ridden for a while trying to get rid of this obnoxious disease. I had always thought that I was very careful of my hands and feet before that experience. I can assure you that I have been more careful throughout the years since.

My separations from the military service have been honorable. The experiences which I had were of immeasurable value to me. However, I have always regretted the fact that in my evaluation of what I gave, I didn't find too much which I have considered to be of value to my country in its time of need. Such, however, are the vagaries of war. Usually members of the military become numbers and they are sent here and there as chance would have it. By and large I experienced no ill effects (social, physical, mental, or financial) from my personal involvement in two world wars. It was difficult, especially for Julia, but she never complained. As I look back over those weeks, months and years in the military, I am of the opinion that I have been a better, more effective and happier citizen of my country because of such service. I am extremely proud of the fact that with my two enlistments in two world wars, I have had three sons and a son-in-law, who themselves were enlistees in World War II, one in the air service; one in the medical corps, armored corps, and paratroopers; and, one in the Marines and later the United States Army. The other, a son-in-law, was in the United States Army.

My philosophical relationship to my country can be pretty well summed up with the following: "My country may she always find me trying to see her do the right, but right or wrong my country." My younger days, of course, followed the toast of Stephen Decatur, "My country right or wrong, my country."

Although I have a reputation for my life of public service to my peers, I have been fortunate in the fact that a great deal of my life's work has been spent in the field of natural

resources values. I was a Teddy Roosevelt conservationist before most of today's citizens were born. I consider myself to be a knowledgeable environmentalist, honestly inclined to protect the biological life forms and ecosystems of the planet. I at least have a fair understanding of the relationship between all of the various forms of life (plant and animal) existing on this globe of ours. I believe that my life span has been in an age when human beings have been the dominant life form in the world. And, in his control he should not only be observant, but he must be practically sympathetic to the other forms of life around him. I have but little use for zealots in any situation. To me they are selfish members of humanity, who go out on a limb for their own aggrandizement or self pleasure.

Natural resources are for the benefit of man, of that particular age of which he finds himself a part. They are to be used wisely, but they are to be used, used for the good of the people of today with a view to the fact that others will follow who may or may not need such natural resource values in the days ahead.

Accordingly, it has only been natural then that a great deal of my life has been spent in trying to determine the right use and the amount of use of water, especially in the West; of timber, especially on public lands; of grazing values, especially on public lands; of minerals, of fish and wildlife wherever found. I sought the wise harvesting of all natural resource values, be it timber, livestock, minerals, water or whatever is a part of life. A non-harvesting philosophy, when the time of harvest is upon us, is not a part of my thinking. All of life's values come into existence, are developed, and are harvested. Today they should be harvested for the benefit of human beings. My fellow citizens are all acquainted with my work in water resource development and the development and wise use of our mineral, timber, public lands and so forth. I am inclined to let the record speak for itself.

Perhaps my fellow citizens are not so familiar with my work in the protection and development of the human resources of our areas off-shore of the lower forty-eight states. My work on the Puerto Rican Commonwealth legislation, on the Virgin Islands, Guam, Samoa, Trust Territory, Alaskan and Hawaiian



Mack and Edna Jane Aspinall (Ralph's daughter) with a rainbow trout caught in Lost Lake on the Grand Mesa. Lost Lake was a favorite place for catching large fish, until someone dynamited the lake. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)

legislation will also have to speak for itself. I carried the "Resolution for the Consideration of the Commonwealth Status" legislation for Puerto Rico when the chairman and sub-committee chairman of the legislative committees did not wish to handle it. That there was only one vote recorded against my position was as pleasing to me, as was the successful attempt to secure monies to take care of the caved-in #3 tunnel of the Grand Valley Water User's Association Canal during my first term.

It was through my personal efforts that an agreement was reached whereby Alaska was to become a state ahead of Hawaii, thereby guaranteeing statehood for both territories.

The same may be said for my work with the Indian tribes of the United States. I have never been satisfied with the way our nation has treated the Indians, realizing full well that I have seen the situation after three hundred years of such development. It is my belief that people who have had their homelands conquered by invading forces should be brought into the mainstream of political control immediately. I am in favor of saving the worthwhile values of other cultures, realizing that the passage of time is relentless in its ability to destroy most any culture. The old adage, "serve for today and let the dead past take care of itself," holds a great deal of value.

Most of my life has been spent in the exercising of legislative service and authority. From the time that I first became a legislative servant, I have heard much said about lobbyists. To the uninformed, the term lobbying appears to be dishonest and dishonorable. To those who are knowledgeable, the activity of lobbying is a necessary part of legislative operations. In today's complex world there is no chance at all, in my opinion, for any legislator or for that matter, administrator in governmental matters, to know everything about his responsibility and obligation. Accordingly, it is necessary for him to seek information and knowledge from those who are actively engaged in that particular pursuit and are knowledgeable about matters surrounding the matter at hand. Lobbying is an honorable vocation when used for the purpose of dispensing knowledge and with the understanding that the responsible party who must make the decision, not only has the responsibility to make the decision,

but must make such decision with an understanding of its effect upon all persons concerned.

I spent two years of my life, 1935 and 1936, as a lobbyist before the Colorado General Assembly. I worked for the Colorado Educational Association, the Small Bucket Shop Operators, the Continental Oil Company, Cortright Publishing Company, and a few others. My work was open and aboveboard. I did not have to register or answer to any governmental agency. I remember this period of my life with pleasure. I found most of the legislators with whom I dealt with thankful to have the information which I was able to give them. I think that the service which I gave as a lobbyist might best be evaluated by the fact that the next session of the General Assembly in 1937 and 1938, saw me as Speaker of the House of Representatives of Colorado. Most of the members of that General Assembly, of course, had served in the previous General Assembly.

If a legislator is not industrious, not sufficiently trained, and not sufficiently intellectual to know how to use the services of a lobbyist, then he has no business holding the office to which his peers have elected him. Lobbyists are supposed to be trained specialists. With that in mind, they should know and understand the positions of those who are in opposition to their interests as well as those in support. In our nation it is necessary by compromise and the give-and-take procedures to make decisions, which are beneficial for the people as a whole, as well as those specifically involved. These are the oft-times hard decisions. But, they are the product of honest and knowledgeable legislators. At the same time one must realize that what appears to be a right decision for one moment, may appear to be a wrong decision at another time.

The present tendency especially for the news media, to try to downgrade the honesty and lack of conscience of legislators and lobbyists, in my opinion, is one of the worst disservices to which the American people must be subjected. With my years of experience, I personally have found (at least to my own satisfaction) that the legislator, executive, administrator and lobbyist have equally as high a plane of morality and conscience as those of the public for whom they serve. I say this

with the full knowledge that "bad apples" are found sooner or later in most any "bushel basket of apples."

There have been many financially distressing periods in my life. I suppose that if I had lived during the last decade I might have thought of myself as underprivileged, as so many of our people of today seem to evaluate their situations, especially their financial conditions. I was born apparently with the work ethic in mind. I was always so busy that even though there were times when I didn't have over fifty cents to my name, I didn't realize that I was in financial straits.

My brother and I, as youths of fourteen and fifteen years of age, always drew men's wages. This was seldom over twenty-five cents an hour, but it took care of our limited needs. We, of course, didn't have much time for work off father's ranch during the year. But whenever we did, we were able to make enough to take care of our clothes and our social needs. I wore knickerbocker pants until I was in high-school, then I was able to buy myself a suit with long pants. I never liked the suit, but it took care of me until I was in my junior year when I was able to buy a suit of my favorite color, a blue serge. When I went to the university I had one suit, and two changes of everything else. On the other hand, I was able to keep up with the students of the day, and I never felt really embarrassed until the end of my sophomore year at the university, when I noticed that I didn't have sufficient clothing to socialize with some of my classmates. I remedied this the first part of the school year when I was business manager of the school paper, the *Denver Clarion*. The editor and I split the proceeds of the paper between us. I was able to get some clothing by selling advertising to people around the university. From then on I was self sufficient in clothing.

In my freshman year at the university, I let it be known that I was a landscape gardener rather than just an ordinary workman around yards. By this maneuver I was able to get forty cents an hour rather than twenty-five cents an hour. On the other hand, when I reverted to washing blackboards in the classroom, doing housework, including calcimining of the rooms at various homes on or near the campus, I still got only twenty-five cents an hour. Many of my schoolmates worked on the tramway of

Denver. We had the reputation of being the "streetcar college." This kind of work never appealed to me, as riding on streetcars made me more or less car-sick.

When I took my flying examinations during the First World War, one of the officers asked me if it were true that I had made all of my way while going through the first three years of the university. When I suggested that it was true he asked no more questions, and I think perhaps the answer to this question was one of the reasons he passed me so quickly.

When I got married, as related earlier, I married a girl who had been raised in a family with plenty of property. To her credit, she never complained of the fact that she didn't receive those advantages (especially in the early years of our marriage) to which she had been used to in her own home. She taught school at Mt. Lincoln School near Palisade and also was a substitute teacher in the Denver schools. When the going got tough in the Depression days, we did without some things that many of our neighbors and social companions enjoyed. This was especially true in those families where there were two bread earners and no children. I just added another job to my labors and Julia just saved a little bit more, and the children never went hungry; they never went unclothed. They too worked at various jobs as boys and girls, not realizing perhaps that they didn't have as much as some of their classmates and schoolmates.

During my first year at the university, I had borrowed about \$100.00 from the Student Loan Fund. I could have secured more, but this was an operation that I never particularly liked. I have never liked being indebted in a financial way to other people. I borrowed the school money in 1914-15. I paid it back in 1948 just before I went to Congress. I didn't have to pay interest on the amount, and I have received some enjoyment since that time by being able to contribute to funds of the university, even though not in amounts that I would have liked to.

When I served in the state legislature, members received \$1,000.00 per term (two years) plus twenty cents per mile going to Denver and returning home, one trip during the session. Nowadays the reimbursement to Colorado legislators is perhaps ten to fifteen times that much. I recognize the more complex



activities of today's world, but as I try to evaluate the results of legislative sessions today, I do not find the work to be any better and of more value to the citizens of the state than it was when I was a member. It is perhaps more voluminous. However, I don't believe that the finished product is up to the standards of the first seventy-five years of our state's history.

In closing this narrative of this part of my life, I wish to advise that it is my opinion that young people desiring an education today can secure it by like efforts as those put forth by young people of my generation. Of course, they can't have cars, gasoline, a lot of clothes, and come home to mama and papa whenever they have the urge. Self denials were common in my day. Today they are the exception.

These are the days when there are certain groups in the United States clamoring for what they contend to be their natural rights. I have lived all of my life in an atmosphere where a person was judged on his individual talents and virtues. If I have been possessed of any discriminatory leanings because of sex, color, race or other conditions, no one has ever seen fit to bring such a shortcoming to my attention. Throughout my public service career, I have had women, blacks, orientals, Spanish-Americans and others at my side working towards common goals.

In the interest of the public welfare, I have always worked with people of the other sex, of other religions, of other creeds, of other nationalities, of other colors and so forth, asking no quarter and giving none. I suppose that my family was discriminated against when the Normans conquered the Saxons of England. From a look at history, of members of my family on that memorable date of 1066 at Hastings, the members of my family have apparently lost no time in trying to fight for equal rights. Like others they emigrated from the British Isles to the lands of the New World, giving of their talents and receiving their shares of the freedoms provided.

I voted for the ERA federal legislation. I did so largely because of my confidence in and respect for the talents of Congresswoman Martha Griffith of Michigan. I really didn't, and don't presently think, that it was or is necessary. Of course, I suppose that I am somewhat old-fashioned. My respect for

womanhood and especially motherhood has always caused me to say "what the gals want, by and large, let them have."

The matter of blacks is a little different situation. They were treated as chattel in the United States of America for far too long. It has been difficult for them to emerge from their former status and join the rank and file of American citizenry. On the other hand, it is my opinion that we have made too much of the civil rights issue as we have been trying to help this segment of our citizenry. Some of the procedures and activities used by the federal government in its endeavor to bring about so-called equality, have in my opinion, led to the opposite, and it has continued the disadvantages rather than furthered the goals desired.

The members of the human race are only equal in all human values when under like opportunities they accept their share of life's responsibilities. Members of the human family cannot be forced by law to respect one another, let alone love one another. These moral concepts are served better by educational, moral and religious goals and activities.

I have had my share of unique personal experiences as I have vied for political office. I have run for the designation of my party for office (the primary) only four times. In other primary elections I have been without opponents. In the first three elections where I had primary opposition, I ran against most honorable and knowledgeable candidates. The public has already judged the motives, the abilities and ambitions of my fourth primary opponent. I need say no more about him.

My first partisan opponent was a lady. I use the term advisedly. Mrs. Bess Billings was a worthy opponent in a very active campaign. Her husband was a prominent dentist, at the time of the election, in Grand Junction, Colorado, and her father had been a former state senator from Mesa County, Colorado, the Honorable Horace T. DeLong. There was nothing little or spiteful about her activities for public office. On the day after election, she called me up to wish me well, and offered her services at any time that they might be useful.

In the campaign of 1938, I found myself once again in trouble. My opposition was the incumbent state senator, the Honorable Roy Chapman. Mr. Chapman had been totally blinded

during his services in the First World War. He used a seeing-eye dog that was his constant campaigning companion. He had rendered worthwhile service during his term as State Senator and was a most worthy opponent. After the election he too wished me well, and offered his services.

My next campaign, which was fraught with much uncertainty, was when I ran the first time for the United States Congress. I ran against an incumbent, the Honorable Robert Rockwell. He had been in office for seven years. We were close personal friends. He had served as minority leader when I was majority leader of the State Senate. His word was as good as gold. His service to his public was above the average. I seemed to gain confidence as the election went on. I had one person, an unpaid former secretary, helping me in the campaign. She, Mrs. Alta Leach Dittman, now Mrs. James N. Noland, stayed in Grand Junction while I traveled throughout the highways and byways of the Fourth Congressional District of Colorado. My campaign was an entirely personal one. As always, I never mentioned my opponent by name. I tried to sell myself and my capabilities.

Many interesting things took place during that campaign. I shall relate but two of them. I was doing all of my traveling by myself. Julia had to stay at home and take care of the children, who were still at home. I had purchased several hundred "Kilroy" signs. They read "Aspinall was Here." I put them on trees, telephone poles, mountain passes and so forth. Toward the end of the campaign I was in what was then Artesia (now Dinosaur), Colorado. After the young lady, Mrs. Irma Ledford, had taken me around town and we had had lunch, she said to me as I was saying goodbye, "Wayne, I think you had better go over and look at the porch of a house on a certain street." All the streets in Artesia were named after different species of dinosaur. I tried to get her to tell me why I needed to see the house, but she wouldn't, so as I drove out of town I went by the place which she had mentioned. I found a bungalow with a front porch, and on the screen of that front porch was the kilroy sign, "Aspinall was Here." I drove to a store which was nearby and asked who lived in that house. With a slight grin, I was advised that a young lady, who was engaged in the oldest of women's professions was living there, and that

most of her clients (I use the term advisedly) were sheepherders. The end of this story is that I carried the precinct by a good vote, and in all the elections which followed. I never lost it.

While campaigning in Leadville during the same election, the mayor, former State Senator Walter O'Brien took me in tow and was my companion as I campaigned the different areas of the city. In the afternoon we stayed on the upper side of the main street, which runs through Leadville, meeting with merchants, churchmen and other residents. And then during the dinner hour, the mayor advised me that after we were through eating we were going down in the other part of town, a part of which included the red-light district of Leadville. His remark to me was "Wayne, get acquainted with these voters, their vote counts just as much as anyone else's." We did campaign that part of Leadville, and we met many fine people, some of whom were inhabitants of the red-light district. They supported me throughout the years, and asked no questions. During that campaign I may say that I learned quickly and well. I have never especially condoned the activity of those engaged in such economic endeavors and related activities, but it is my honest opinion that society, especially respect for womanhood, was more to be desired in those days than perhaps in ours today. Acknowledged and legalized prostitution is more to be condoned than the promiscuity which we find today in our society, especially in our public school system.

I have never been one who has believed in prohibition or abstinence as desired necessary moral or legal goals. To me the goal of temperance is much more to be desired. I realize the fact that there are those who undoubtedly must abstain because they cannot follow the rules of temperance, but with all of that, the higher virtue to me, is to be temperate rather than to abstain. I believe that temperance builds morality and strength. Just as an arm withers with non-use, so to, generally, do those attributes of character and morality which are built by good use, rather than non-use.

A later political event in my life was in my third election to Congress. My opponent was a personal friend, the son of a former Republican county office holder. His name was Howard

Schultz. He had an identical twin by the name of Harold. Each of them had the finest of personalities. They met people well and kept their friendships. I remember one time when I was campaigning down in Durango, Colorado, and I met one whom I took to be my opponent, Howard, campaigning on the main street of that beautiful city. I said to him that I would take a certain side of the street for a while, and he could take the other, and then I would swap over. And, if that was agreeable with him, that is the way that we would conduct the campaign that afternoon. He said that this was all very well and good, but that he was not Howard, he was Harold. Howard was up in Steamboat Springs campaigning that day. Harold was taking care of campaigning for Howard in Durango. I can assure you that campaigning against identical twins is just as difficult as campaigning against the blinded war veteran and his dog. That was the election that I won by twenty-nine votes out of approximately 85,000 votes cast. General Eisenhower had carried the 4th Congressional District by 22,200 plus votes. It was necessary for me to get 11,100 plus of those votes in order to break even. I just broke even.

From that time on, the support which came to me at general elections from the Republican citizens of my district became stronger and stronger. I have been told that after that time I was no longer considered to be first a Democrat and then a member of congress. I was considered by the majority of my constituents as first a public servant, and then a partisan. This does not mean that I did not give my allegiance to my Democratic Party in matters that were purely partisan, but it did mean that I always had the welfare, from the very first office to which I was elected, of my constituents ahead of any welfare for the party as such.

I never really had any trouble in an election after the election of 1952, until I ran my last primary campaign in which I was defeated. With but two exceptions my opponents were honorable and loyal citizens, first of the United States of America and the state of Colorado, and second of their particular party. I have always contended, and I believe it to be true, that I could have sat down to a dinner the day after election with any of my opponents (except the two mentioned), and we would have

enjoyed ourselves to the fullest extent. One opponent who never had any chance, but whose willingness to become an opponent of mine won from me the greatest of respect that opponents can have in political campaigns. His name is Charles Casteel of Glenwood Springs, Colorado. Presently, he works for the Honorable James P. Johnson, Congressman from the 4th Congressional District. Mr. Casteel at the time of the election was the Republican Chairman of the Congressional District Organization. They could not get an opponent at that time to run against me. So, Mr. Casteel offered himself as a candidate knowing full well that he had but little chance of being elected. In my opinion he fulfilled the duties of his political party by giving the voters the chance to express their choice at an election. Any office holder who is worth his salt, is knowledgeable and understands that he cannot please all of the people all of the time. It is always well for him to understand how much opposition he has and what he might do within the bounds of good public service, to remove as much of that opposition as possible. The Honorable Hugh Caldwell, a longtime County Commissioner of Rio Blanco County, was another opponent who followed the same act of political heroism and sacrifice as performed by Mr. Casteel. Such men as these have been good personal friends of mine throughout the years.

During my life I have traveled rather extensively, not only in my own nation, but in foreign countries as well. Most of these travels were done with missions in mind, rather than entertainment and recreation. On the other hand, whenever it was possible to take away from my scheduled business a little time and meet with people of other countries and visit places of interest, I have always taken advantage of such opportunities. One of the interesting events that took place while I was in England preparing for the Channel crossing during World War II, was my opportunity to visit the British Parliament. The House of Commons operations being better understood by me than the House of Lords was where I sought admission.

On that occasion I was in the company of a fellow officer of mine, Captain Leo Fravillig. We presented ourselves at the House of Commons in accordance with their procedures. They

were meeting in the Chamber of the House of Lords. We were conducted throughout the Parliament by a Member of the House of Commons to areas where it was safe for us to go (the Chamber of the House of Commons having been hit by one of the German bombs and severely damaged). When the tour was finished, I thanked the member and during our short conversation he asked me if I was interested in such matters. Upon my reply that I presently was a member of the state Senate of the State of Colorado, and was serving the Senate as the leader of my party and that I had previously served as Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State of Colorado, he invited me and my friend, Captain Fravillig, to come with him and he would give us a place in the gallery where we could observe the activities of the House of Commons that day. He took us not to the general gallery, but placed us in the seats reserved for the heads of state, the highest visiting dignitaries to the House of Commons.

We sat down in this most advantageous viewing area and watched the opening of the House of Commons. The formality of opening the legislative session of the English House of Commons was something that we do not see in our legislative bodies in the United States; for that matter, not even in the national Congress, except, of course, when the President or some visiting dignitary is presented for addressing the members of our Congress.

Shortly after the opening of the House of Commons for that day, a page came to where I was sitting and asked me if I would step out and meet the leader of the Majority Party. I followed the page and was soon in conversation with Sir James Edmundson, who at that time was the Majority Leader. The visit was a very pleasant one and I was honored indeed to have been given the opportunity to gain first hand what was the program for the day in the House of Commons. I returned to my seat in the gallery and another page soon appeared asking me if I would like to have a personal audience with the Speaker of the House of Commons. Upon my affirmative reply, he ushered me to the Speaker's office. The Speaker had removed his official gown and wig and in a most friendly and courteous manner greeted me. I had a twenty minute audience with him. We talked about the different procedures used by the British in the House of

Commons and by the Americans in their state and national legislatures. In Great Britain the Speaker of the House of Commons is chosen for his ability to preside at the session of the House of Commons. He is not known as a party man and is usually not a member. He is expected to be impartial in his decisions and rule in accordance with the rules of procedure. Personally, I think that they do a very credible job in this particular. In our legislatures, the Speaker, of course, is the representative of the party in control. He too is supposed to rule in accordance with the rules of procedures of the body, which he controls. However, he must also protect the wishes of the majority party. This, at times, becomes a very serious obligation.

After the conference with the Speaker, I returned to my seat, and a few minutes after I sat down I was informed by another page that two members of the House of Commons would be pleased to have us as their guests at luncheon. I readily accepted the invitation. My companion, Captain Fravillig, was also invited. Imagine my surprise when the captain courteously declined the invitation and then told me that he had had enough of such experiences and that he wished to go and visit Lloyds of England. Of course, I was agreeable to his wishes; so he went his way, and soon afterwards I found myself in the company of two members of the House of Commons. They were delightful personalities: Sir Joslin Lucas and Major Petrie. They took me to the dining room of the House of Lords, as the dining room in the House of Commons area had not been opened since the destruction by the bombs. The luncheon was a delightful occasion. The food was the best that I had eaten for a month, in fact, since my Christmas dinner at home. We had roasted squab and all that went with it, including a delightful beverage. During the latter part of the luncheon, many of the Members of Commons were brought to our table where I was to greet them, shake hands with them, and in some instances visit with them at length.

One of the members with whom I visited was Sir Malcolm Campbell, who had raced on the auto racing grounds of the desert area west and south of Salt Lake City, Bonneville Flats. He had established some record on such track. Another member



with whom I had conversation was Aneuhryn Bevan, a labor leader. Among other things I congratulated him in the show of lack of partisanship by his party during the war days. He immediately let me know that that was not his decision. As far as he was concerned, fighting for those things which he believed to be right and necessary were just as important during days of war as during days of peace and non-war. I respected his position, but still feel that a country should be united as much as possible during days of stress and turmoil, especially in a national calamity. He then looked me in the eye, and his was the most forceful physique and personality, and asked me if I would like to know who his favorite American was. I suggested that this would be a pleasure indeed for me. He responded, "Not whom you might think. I admire President Roosevelt, but he is not my favorite, my favorite is John L. Lewis, the great labor leader of the United Mine Workers."

Legislative bodies of Great Britain are much different than those of the United States of America. They have what is truly known as a parliamentary form of government. Their secretaries of different cabinet positions sit and work on the floor of the House of Commons and promote and defend their programs as do others of the House of Commons. Governments rise and fall on the success of their operations and the decisions made on their programs.

After the day spent in the House of Commons, I met Captain Fravillig as planned on Fleet Street at a certain number near Lloyds of England. While I was waiting for Captain Fravillig, I was looking at the rather modern multi-storied buildings (five or six floors) that had recently been constructed in that part of London. An Englishman noted my interest and asked me what I thought about their architecture. I replied that I thought the buildings looked well and they appeared to be quite serviceable. His answer was that he didn't like them, neither did most of the residents of London; that they were too modern, and looked too much like that which you would expect to find in the United States of America. I took his position to be the traditional thinking of most of the people of London. Upon Captain Fravillig's arrival at the agreed place of meeting, we returned to

our billet for the night and went through another experience of "buzz bombing" of London.

Some place in this autobiography there should be a statement of my success or non-success as a fruit grower. I would like to say first that although I was never enamored with the responsibility of growing fruit, nevertheless, I did not dislike the task which was mine during much of my youth and at different times during my adulthood. Getting water to the right place on land was always a challenge to me whether as a boy with a hoe or an adult with a shovel. To learn of the value of controlled water to the agricultural and horticultural products which we raised, was always a most satisfying labor. I never particularly cared for thinning or picking peaches. I enjoyed the pruning of the trees and considered myself to be quite proficient at such task. I used ladders and stilts and experienced difficulties with such facilities only two or three times during my life. Once while using a ladder I spun around on its third leg until I grabbed a limb and gently fell to the ground. I fell only a few times from my high stilts, suffering no lasting physical difficulties. I found myself more at ease and pleasure working in the packing shed, making boxes, teaching packers, packing peaches myself, nailing the lids on the packed boxes, and sending the packed fruit to the marketing shed.

One harvesting season (if I remember correctly in 1923), I had charge of the receiving end of the marketing platform. We had a big platform. We had a big crop that year, and the excitement of the harvest was a great challenge. It was that year, if I remember correctly, that we had the railroad strike. There was a great loss by the growers. I suppose that this experience has had some influence on my life since then as to the unfairness of such activities by labor.

I have always been quite sympathetic to the rights and requests of labor, but all too often they have certainly gone too far in their demands. It may be difficult to determine just when the public is being unnecessarily hurt and the ambitions of the workers are in order. Personally, I do not believe that anyone serving the public, whether he be a producer, processor or handler of food, a public office holder, a public school teacher, a

nurse, a doctor, or for that matter any professional person, should have the right to strike in order to achieve his own personal ambitions. This is especially true in a nation such as ours, where the person has the right to choose his own kind of labor. If he isn't satisfied with his current employment, then he should leave it and get into something else. Those controlling the activities of the workman should also see to it that all workmen at any particular labor or service, should be furnished the rights and values to which they are entitled for the services which they perform.

It would be a great service to mankind if by some means or another, all segments of the industrial operation could be made to understand and appreciate the responsibility of all participants. After all, ultimately the consumer pays for all values involved in our economic machine. The necessity of having the consumer's position represented by such zealots as Mr. Nader and like operators, is to my way of thinking, of questionable value to mankind generally.

My travels have been and still are quite extensive. My work and the responsibilities involved therewith have been responsible for practically all of my journeying here and about the globe. Seldom have I traveled just for the pure enjoyment of visiting other places and other peoples. I have visited all of the sixty-three counties of the state of Colorado. I have visited all of the fifty states of the union. I have visited all of the territories or the off-shore areas of our nation. I have been in Canada; the Republic of Mexico; all of the British Isles; all of Europe, except the Scandinavian countries, East Germany, Hungary, Romania, Yugoslavia, Finland, Poland and Albania. I have visited Turkey, Iran, India, Thailand, Malaya, Australia, Hong Kong and Japan. The committee which I chaired in Congress had jurisdiction of (one kind or another) over about one-twelfth of the globe, most of which area, of course, is water.

Some of the members of my Committee who traveled with me used cameras extensively. My responsibilities denied me this pleasure. However, at almost eighty-four, I can say that I remember vividly the experiences which I had in the areas which I visited. It has been a most enjoyable part of my life.

Because of my service in the First World War, I have lived personally the development of the aviation industry. I have flown in planes from the smallest of the World War I vintage aircraft to the largest of the passenger planes of today—C-747s and DC-10s.

I have had some rather anxious moments during my flying experiences. Suffice it to say, that I am a great believer in the statement "that any landing is a good landing, if you can walk away from it." My oldest son, Wayne Jr., a thirty-year veteran of flying with Frontier Airlines and also a World War II flyer, always suggested to me that being in an airplane was much safer than being in an automobile on the highway. I have never briefed the logic or truth of this statement, but I have no doubt that it is factual. I have been fortunate indeed that my wives have enjoyed accompanying me on many of my airplane flights; Julia, around the United States, to Alaska, to Hawaii and Samoa and to the Caribbean Sea; and, Essie our honeymoon trip around the world and elsewhere about the United States. To be frightened of air travel is a great handicap in today's world.

I have always been a firm believer in the doctrine that he who endeavors to live in harmony with the laws of nature will enjoy a better and easier life (a more fulfilling life) than he who either intentionally or unintentionally tries to defy the laws of nature. I must admit that there are times when I get upset when the laws of nature seem to run against my apparent personal welfare, but by and large these are moments in my life when the results are annoying and not disastrous. Most of those experiences which we designate as accidents, are purely and simply the results of failure to live with natural laws, the laws of nature. It has been said that we seldom learn by other people's experiences. But, why anyone should regularly stick his hand in a jar to pick out an orange which is almost as large as his hand, has never been understandable to me.

On the other hand, I too will have to admit that I have been all too careless at times. A few instances where it appeared that fate, or a kind of destiny, seemed to become involved and kept me from premature entry into the spirit world follow.

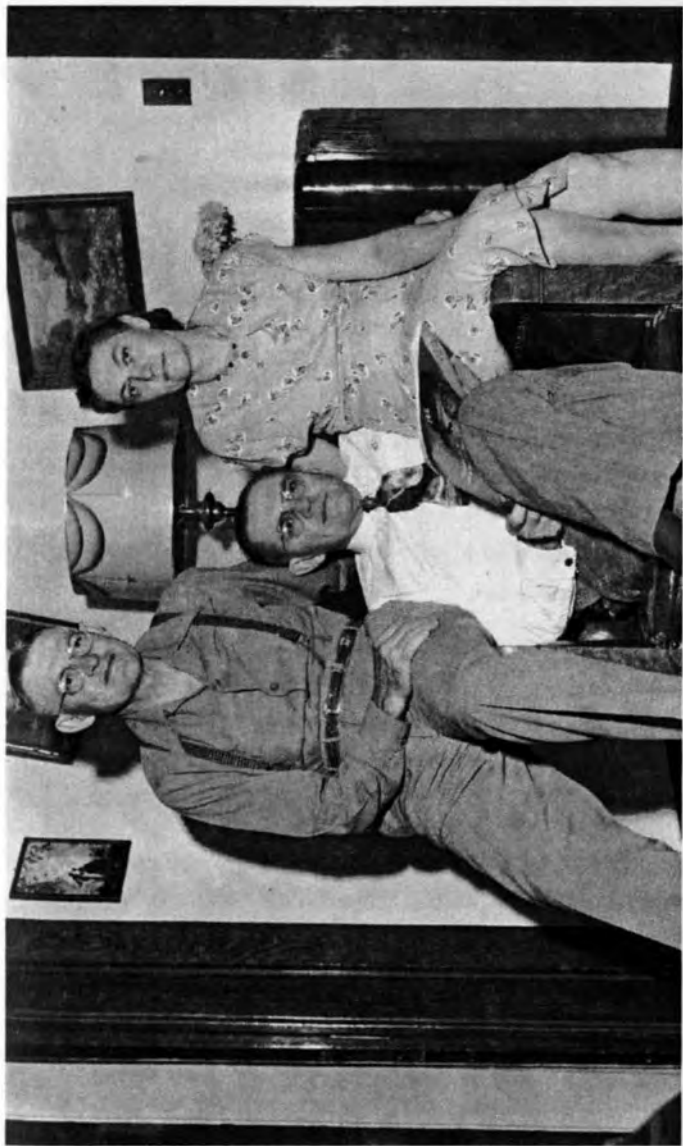
At the age of eight, a few months after my arrival in Palisade, I was playing around a water settling box (four feet wide, four feet long and three feet deep) which was placed in an irrigation ditch in order to catch the alluvial dirt so that we might use the water flowing through the box for domestic purposes. The box was about two-thirds full of what might be called something akin to quicksand. I fell into the box head first. It so happened that my father was nearby and he yanked me out before I suffocated in that fine mud.

At the age of 14 years I got caught in the under-current of the Colorado River.

While driving the school bus for East Orchard Mesa Public School (around 1930), and returning from the delivery of the school children to their homes, I was coming down Orchard Mesa Hill Road after a freeze and a light snow, when I shoved the gears into second speed. The wheels locked and the bus responded as if it were riding on sleds. I fought the steering wheel, the bus turned clear around and the right front wheel went down off of the road towards the river. The bus backed into the bank and because of the shale composition of the bank, the force lifted the back wheels off of the dirt and we stayed there instead of bouncing over one hundred feet down into the river.

During World War II, there were several touch-and-go incidents which need not be referred to in this paper, and there were some anxious moments when the terrorists from Puerto Rico shot up the House of Representatives in March of 1954. I was in the line of fire and one of my colleagues close by was wounded.

In the fall of 1954, I was flying from the Island of Truk to Guam. We were flying in a navy amphibian plane, an SA-16 (something akin to the land plane DC-3), when the plane caught on fire. I was told afterwards by Del Nucker, the High Commissioner of the Trust Territory, that I made one of the most factual statements (when the fire broke out just above where we were sitting) that he had ever heard. He said, that I said that "the plane is on fire." The voltage regulator had melted and it is my understanding that the wires controlling the rudder were only a few inches above where the terrific fire was centered. Later on, after we had returned to Truk for repairs and were about half way



Ralph and Wayne Aspinall, and Mary Aspinall White. Picture taken at Mary's house at 1310 Houston Avenue. (Photo courtesy of Mary White.)

to Truk on our second attempt to reach Guam, we were advised to return to Truk and spend the night as a hurricane was approaching Guam. The next morning when we finally did arrive over Guam, it appeared as if our landing gear had not locked. We did get on the ground safely, but I had begun to wonder whether or not my first trip to the Pacific area was to be cut short.

As I remember I was in my seventeenth year, and had begun to think that I was trained enough in horsemanship to get a job "punching cows." My uncle and aunt (M.C. and Kiz Boals) who lived about a quarter of a mile east of us toward Palisade, had a pretty pinto mare. The mare gave birth to a beautiful foal. I paid attention to that colt until it was two years of age and then decided that it was time to train it to ride. Uncle M.C. was willing. Perhaps I had waited too long; the colt appeared to be well trained to carrying somebody on its back. I soon got careless and while I was riding the colt one day (south of the railroad tracks—south of where Uncle M.C. and Aunt Kiz lived) I began throwing my bandana kerchief on the ground and then riding by the place where the kerchief fell and picking it up with the colt on a dead run. The horse responded well until about the third time of this exercise, when the girth of the saddle became loose and the saddle turned from the back of the horse to its belly. My foot caught in the stirrup and the horse, scared by this time, went pounding down between the trees of a nearby peach orchard, his hoofs falling all around my body. By some good coincidence (some people call it a miracle), my foot came loose from the stirrup, and the horse went on its way. I caught it later a quarter of a mile down from the place where I fell.

I relate these incidents of my life for the sole purpose of letting my readers know that as with events in my life, so it is with events in other's lives when acts of carelessness become very serious experiences. I was most fortunate in the incidents enumerated (as well as in the other events of my life). Others have not been so fortunate. So it behooves all of us to be as careful as possible and adhere to the laws of nature at all times.

Accidents, misfortunes, and adversities have visited our family in the same ways that they have visited other families. Because of one reason or another, it has appeared that at times of

adversity I have been called on to be the strong arm of the family. I am able to advise each of you that I am proud of the fact that I have possessed such capability. However, I can assure you that at times, although the outward appearance might have appeared to be calm and resolute, the inner feelings of sorrow, uncertainty and despair have universally been present. When my mother died November 30, 1919 in Ohio, my father and my sister, then ten years of age, were there. I did my best to comfort my father and my sister. I had already become acquainted with death. Some of my boyhood friends had died during their boyhood and many of my comrades during World War I had already given of their lives.

At one time, when a personal friend, Ralph Atherton, lost his wife, Mae, I was called upon to preside at the last rites; and, I gave the memorial address.

When we lost our two children, I tried to show strength by comforting Julia and her mother.

When Julia passed away in Washington, D.C. in 1969, I was alone without family near, but the family came to my rescue immediately, as they had done in 1961 when she was so sick after her heart attack in Washington.

I have never quite become reconciled to the massive stroke which visited my youngest son, Dick, when he was only forty-eight years of age. It has been difficult for me to condition myself to the fact that such a young, able and effective educator should be victimized in such a manner. When I lost my eldest son, Wayne Jr., from a heart attack he suffered while he was visiting the Space Center in Houston, I knew that one of the lights of my life had suddenly gone out. A father never expects to bury his own son, although it happens all of the time. Only my faith in Deity and my belief that the individual members of mankind are God's own, have carried me through these valleys of personal despair and desolation.

With the normal and natural abatement of sorrows has always come the happiness of the associations of those of the members of the family who have been left to carry on. It has been my happy experience to have them by my side, and to see them take the hard knocks of life, and survive them and provide the necessary joys and happiness to compensate for the sorrows that have visited



us. Always the family members have stood as a unit and have faced the future with the trust and faith that must be present at all times.

I was trained as a boy to the use of firearms, fishing rods, boxing gloves, and tools of work. It is my feeling that all youth should be so trained. I was always trained to use such instruments of death, of sport, of danger, of construction, with an understanding of the constructive goals to be achieved. We hunted and fished for food, for the sport; we never killed wantonly. We used the tools of labor for the purposes for which they were intended. We learned early to take care of all implements of sport and labor, and yet there were times when carelessness seemed to intervene. I remember as a boy while out hunting rabbits with others, I fired the shot-gun at a rabbit and much to my surprise the rabbit got away, but some of the pellets from the shot-gun fell on a neighbor who was with us. He was not hurt, but I never repeated that act of carelessness. It was not difficult for me to make "marksmanship" and "sharpshooter" when I entered the military service. I relate these instances of my life only for the purposes of letting you know that I am opposed to government control of firearms as well as most of the "government do-nots." A better way is through the process of education.

I do not object to sensible registration, but I do object to any action that would permit any governmental official to come into my home (my castle, as it were) and take from me those instruments which I might need in the defense of my household. Government controls to date have not satisfied me that they have even reduced crime, nor do I think that the prohibition of the ownership of firearms would necessarily prevent or reduce crime. If it is in the heart of an individual to do harm to another he can always find the instrument by which to try and accomplish his goal.

I have always been an avid reader. I had good teachers. They saw to it that I learned well. My mother, my father, my grandfather Norviel, and my grandmother Aspinall were also good teachers. Without too much formal education they were outstanding readers. All school work has been easier for me because of the fact that I have been able to read effectively. I have never been a fast reader, but I have usually been a very thorough

reader. Particularly, I have enjoyed history, most productions of historical fiction, religious literature of all religions, poetry and so forth. I have always read the local newspapers, the *Palisade Tribune* and the *Daily Sentinel*. Also, I spend as much time as possible on certain periodicals, such as the *U.S. News and World Report* as well as *Newsweek* and others. During my years in Congress, my staff read all of the papers of the district and placed the important clippings on my desk for my attention. My personal library is not too extensive, but there are many good books included in it. I was very fortunate while attending public schools and the university that I had at my disposal many good books of those times. A good book has often proved to be a better friend of mine than many of my associates. The only way that any book can get you in trouble is by a waste of time.

I have never been one to look back and waste my time on my mistakes of my yesterdays. I have always tried to learn for the future from the results of those mistakes, but to spend time, when it is such a precious commodity, in self-punishment or disappointment, has never been a practice of mine.

By and large I have been pretty well satisfied with my life while admitting that my mistakes have been all too numerous. I cannot say with the former Chancellor of the University of Denver, that if I had my life to live over I would not change a bit of it. With the experience that has come to me with my years, if I had my life to live over, undoubtedly I would have missed some of the pit-falls that were in my way while living my life as it has been, and perhaps I would have striven for some higher goals. But, to spend time over "spilled milk" has never been a part of me.

I have always believed in God, a Supreme Being over all the universe. Although man's pronouncements of Him and His ways have interested me, I have always kept the interpretation of His being and His relations with man as a part of my own counsel. I would rather watch a preacher than hear one any day. "I would rather one would walk with me than merely tell the way."

I have professed my belief in Jesus Christ, the great teacher, the Son of God. However, I have never ruled out for others their rights to their great teachers and their Sons of God.

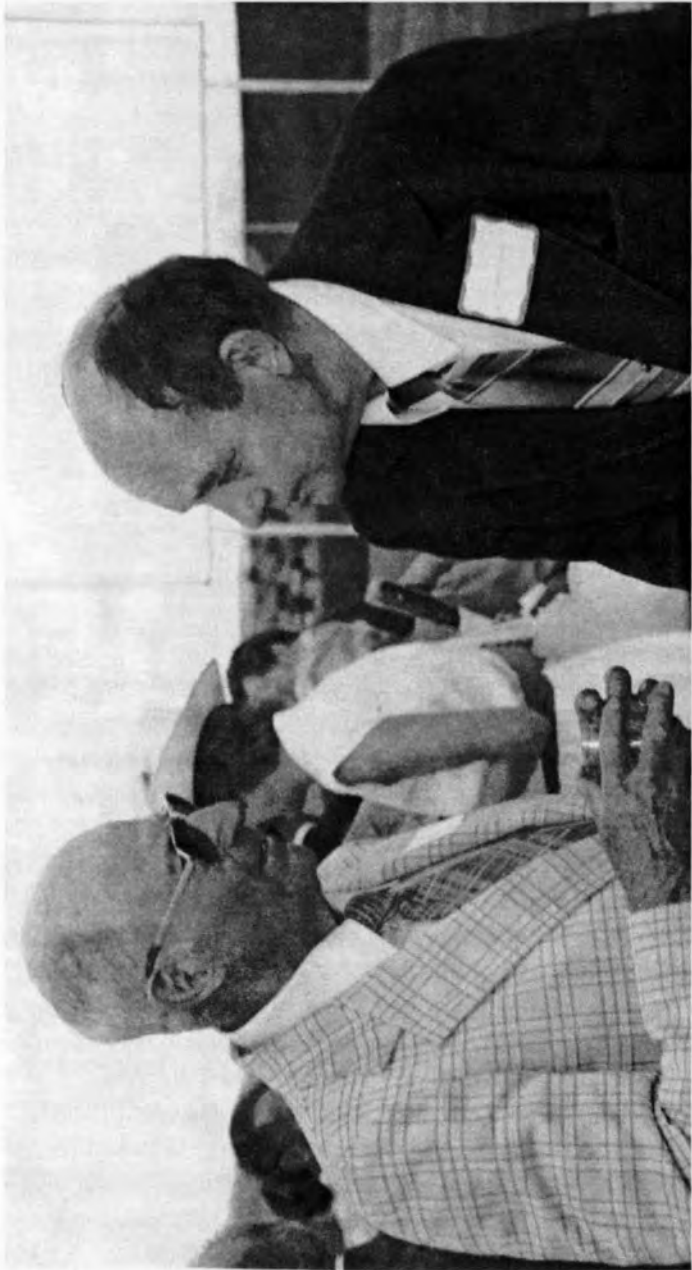
In my belief, God is the Father of all mankind. All mankind are His sons and daughters—all mankind possesses the essence of divinity, some to a greater and more direct degree than others.

I have loved the citizens of my country. They are my peers, serving on different levels of activity according to their natural talents. I have great sympathy for the handicapped and have always endeavored to be charitable to them. I have no use for the parasite, who regardless of his talents or his condition feels that he has the right to live off of the labors of others. If the recipient of charity of his fellows is truly handicapped, he will accept and not demand; he will be thankful and not critical. I am sorry indeed that it appears to me that many of our well intentioned government programs of today have led to the furtherance of the status of parasites, rather than to the searching for the development of the talents of our unfortunate citizens.

As I look to my future, if I have a chance to serve my God and His angels elsewhere, I trust that I shall be qualified for and pleased with eternity. I know only that I would like to be a resident of that place where goodness, righteousness and love prevail. The Holy Writ and other religious writings hold promises to immortality. I am equally concerned that my immortality here on earth shall be available to my fellows in like proportions.

I have always been entranced, challenged and satisfied with the thought expressed by a great writer, William Cullen Bryant, in his production *Thanatopsis*: "So live, that when thy summons comes to join the enumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm, where each shall take his chambers in the silent halls of death, thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust, approach thy grave, like one that wraps the drapery of his coach about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The End



Leonard L. White and Richard W. Aspinall at a ground breaking ceremony for the Aspinall Wilson Center, Western State College, Gunnison, Colorado, 15 July 1982.  
(Photo courtesy of Mary White.)

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