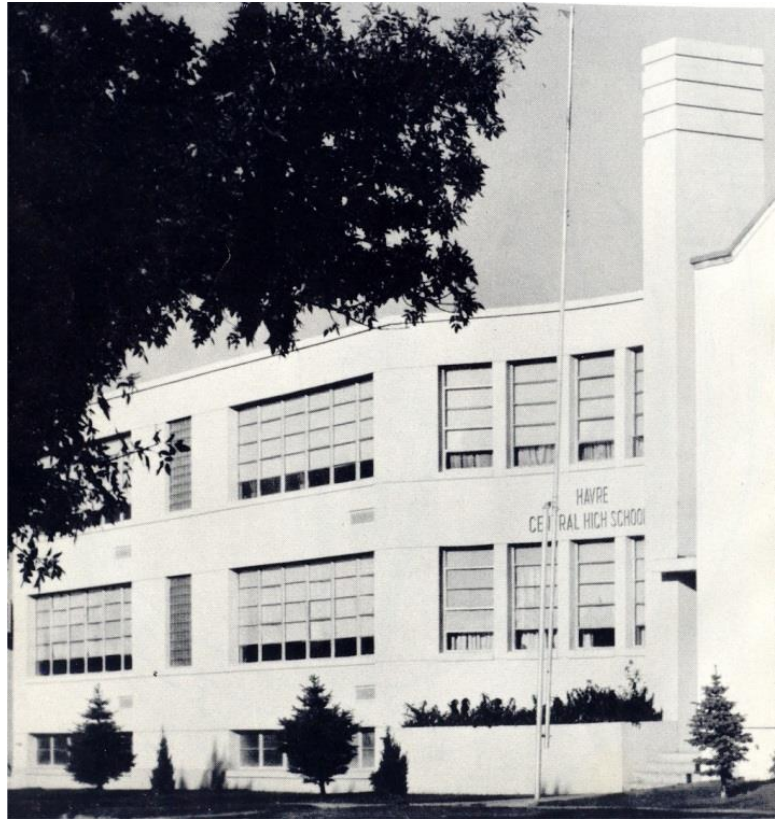


1962 - 1964

High School

I started my freshman year at Havre Central in the fall of 1962. Whether I attended Havre Central or Havre High was never a real option for me. All of my friends, the kids with whom I'd started first grade, were mostly all going to Central so I was too. I think some kids wanted to go to Havre High, but it was pretty much unrecognized until the end of our sophomore year when a brand new public high school was completed. It was at this time that a third to half of my classmates switched schools, mainly because of the more modern facilities and a perception that there were broader options for education. I recall weighing these factors and concluding that I had two years invested so I might as well finish at Central. Looking back I have always been happy with my decision because I think the smaller classes and more intimate atmosphere helped me.



I was a roly-poly short guy during the first couple of years of high school, according to the year book pictures, and wasn't much into sports beyond touch football at lunch.

Havre Central had a small store that was open before school and during lunch. They sold some religious articles but to us kids it was mainly candy and pop. To work in the store you needed to have good grades and be somehow "selected". I don't remember the details but by my sophomore year I got to work there - usually at lunch time. That's where I was on November 22, 1963 when students coming back from lunch gave us the news about President Kennedy's assassination.

Oddly enough I can't remember exactly when I got glasses, but I think it was probably the fall of 1962. My problem was discovered one day when I was with dad on the Coke truck and he pointed out a large herd in a field somewhere near Malta. I commented that I'd never seen that many horses in one place, but it turned out they were cows! I was told that I only needed glasses for distance so only needed to wear them to see the blackboard in school. Consequently they were in my pocket a lot. One day, on the way home from school, I somehow lost my glasses - I'll never know how. I caught so much hell because of losing them that I decided I would just wear my glasses all the time so I'd always know where they were. I've never lost a pair of glasses since.



Dad's only brother, Uncle Lyle, died in September of 1963 in Albuquerque. Amy, along with the 3 boys (Ricky, Tommy and Terry) brought his body back to Havre for burial. I was one of the altar boys for his funeral Mass and I still remember the horror. Although Lyle had lived in Havre off and on from the 1930s to the 1950s he'd lived in Sidney, Culbertson and Albuquerque during all the years I remembered. During the funeral service the priest, who I assume never actually knew Lyle, kept referring to him as Joseph. He somehow had gotten the name wrong and as the eulogy went on and on about "Joseph this" and "Joseph that" I was aghast. We altar boys were seated on the left side of the altar, behind the pulpit, so I couldn't really see any of the congregation. I could only imagine how upset everyone must be that the priest had the name wrong. I was even more confused afterwards when no one seemed bothered by the faux pas. Then I saw the funeral card and for the first time realized that his real name was Joseph Lyle!

That afternoon when we returned from the cemetery dad went into the bedroom and the door was closed. The door to the folks' bedroom was NEVER closed and it was confusing to us. Mom had to explain that dad needed to be alone because he felt really bad that Lyle was dead and I realized that he might be crying in there.

The use of middle names has continued to be an issue as I've researched the family genealogy. The interchangeability of first and middle names, especially in the Anez branches of the family, is so common that it's sometimes difficult to determine what the actual "legal" name of some people should be! This name game did give us one advantage when growing up. Dad was known by all his contemporaries as Guy but grandma, and almost anyone who'd grown up with him, called him Francis. The benefit was that if we answered the phone and someone asked for "Guy" we could just give him the phone. If they asked for "Francis" we'd ask who it was because it was probably someone he'd know growing up. If they asked for "Harry" they probably got his name from the phone book so we could say he wasn't home and take a message!.



1961 Dodge Seneca

The folks bought a "new" car in the spring of 1964, a 1961 Dodge Seneca station wagon. This was the car in which I learned to drive. It had a standard transmission on the steering column and dad made me drive it back and forth in the driveway for, it seems like, six months. He wanted to make sure I knew how to use the clutch, shifter and gas before he would ever let me on the street. Whenever I'd protest that I needed a chance drive on the street he'd say

"steering comes naturally, it's the coordination I want to see".



The summer of 1964, following my sophomore year in high school, was one of the most significant years in my life. First of all we took a family vacation as soon as school was out and went to Minneapolis. Vacations were not unknown, but it was understood that they cost the family a lot. Since my dad worked on a commission basis, and sales peaked during the summer, taking a vacation meant my dad only got his base wage which resulted in considerable lost income. When the budget was tight there were many summers that my dad took his vacation pay as added income to supplement the commission. So this was the last "full family" vacation trip and it was a memorable trip. The Seneca was a good size car but we had two adults and six kids ranging from 16 to 6. Our first stop was in Malta where my dad had to deliver something to the Mint Bar and where we planned on having a picnic lunch. An oversight in this plan was the swarm of mosquitoes waiting in ambush as we unloaded the car for the picnic lunch at the riverside park. As I swatted at a mosquito, that I swear was as big as a fly, I hit the thermos bottle (full of milk) knocking it to the ground and breaking the glass liner. An alternate possibility, which I attempted to put forward, is that the mosquito attempting to avoid my blow flew into the thermos and knocked it



over. Regardless of the cause my parents, now angry and frustrated, recognizing that we could not picnic in this environment, loaded everything in the car and we ate our lunch on the road - without milk.

Our plans were to spend a day or two with my dad's sisters' families, the Bakkens and the Prevosts, in the Sidney area. Memories of this stay mingle with memories of other visits and the only memory that stands out was the day spent "docking" lambs with Melvin. As I recall Bob and Daryl would herd the lambs to me, I would tackle them and along with my dad help hold them down while Melvin cut off the tail, castrated and ear marked each lamb.

Our next stop was in Richardton, North Dakota where we spent the night with a Mrs. Junger, the mother of my mom's sister-in-law, Dolores. It so happened that the night we were there the Abby, a Catholic boy's boarding school, was presenting "Faust", in Latin, and Mrs. Junger's son was in the play so we attended. I was the only kid who "got" to go and that play, in that setting, in those circumstances, ranks near the top of the all-time most boring things I've ever had to sit through.

The next morning we were again on the road for the longest portion of the trip. This was during the time when the interstates were just beginning to be constructed across North Dakota. I can remember some construction and of driving through towns that today you just zip past on the interstate. The most vivid recollection I have is that we arrived in Minneapolis well after dark, low on gas, and neither mom or dad knew exactly where we were. In the back seats, where we'd been "instructed" to be quiet, the tension between our folks was tangible as we waited to see whether we'd find a gas station and get oriented or run out of gas first. Fortunately we found a gas station first and the day was saved.

We spent about a week with mom's parents and I think we went to Austin, MN to visit her brother John. I only have a few specific memories of our visit in Minneapolis. One was going to a Twin's game. My dad insisted that my cousin drive because he wasn't comfortable in the traffic. I have no idea what caused it but we came up on a sudden traffic stoppage that required an instant response and when my cousin was able to get stopped my dad was pretty happy that he wasn't driving. The other memory of the game was watching a Texas leaguer drop between Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris and Joe Pepitone and realizing that even the pros can screw up.



Kuth home in Minneapolis 1964

One day, while in Minneapolis, I heard mom ask dad if he wanted to go to Stillwater to visit any of his relatives. He said he wasn't interested in any of those people so we didn't go and looking back I wonder if we had gone what might have been different when I started looking into the family genealogy.

I have absolutely no recollection of the trip back, probably because my "career" as a working man was to begin when we got home and I would start working at the Coke plant. I had been around the Coke Plant more and more over the years. Initially dad would take one (or sometimes two) of us kids with him on the truck route once or twice a summer. As time went on the opportunities for me became more frequent and by the time I was 15 I think I went with him nearly every day during the summer. In addition during the winter of 1963-64 I would frequently spend my Saturday mornings helping the guys sort bottles. It was fun and never seemed like work. On one occasion when cleaning up after we'd finished I found a \$5.00 bill. No one claimed it and they told me to keep it. I realized a few years later that it was likely planted to compensate me for the work I was doing.