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# Donald Jongeward interview

Donald Jongeward

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## **CWU Living History Project**

**Donald Jongeward**

**Memoirs**

**Introduction**

I begin this record about my return to the work force at Central Washington University with the full knowledge that only one person in the two hundred and sixty million, plus, in this country will have any interest in its contents. That one person is my ever-loving wife. Her interest, if any, may be equally divided between her loyalty and devotion which she vowed so many years ago, and the freedom which she will enjoy for the remainder of the winter. Freedom from my helpful remarks which I give her without restraint, as she goes about her business. So, I will absent myself from the mainstream of activity in this busy household and became better acquainted with the dictionary for a few hours each day. There are times when one must walk the extra mile to prevent discord from spoiling an otherwise harmonious relationship.

This record will focus primarily on my work at Central, with bits and pieces about Lillian and the kids thrown in when relevant. No attempt will be made to register the many extra miles Lillian walked with and for me. Her cheerful personality was a constant source on which to learn and lean for love, help and encouragement. The fifty years or more of close association with her is worthy of a separate and lengthy narration, years which proved to be a great adventure. Many were pleasant when our kids were growing up, until the storm clouds rolled in. But eventually the sun shone again, bringing with it new horizons for them and fulfillment for their parents.

Returning to work on January 2, 1946, was not an easy transition for me after the security of Navy life for three years and nineteen days. As a sailor I was assured of food, clothing, shelter and transportation. Granted, the food wasn't the greatest and privacy was non-existent, but there were perks which partially compensated. But now I was suddenly on my own initiative and expense, not only for myself, but also for my wife.

I will talk about some of the events which occurred until retirement time came along in 1974. Some will be just factual, some may be amusingly factual, and some will be allowed to drift off into infinity without further recognition. I make no effort to sound philosophical about life in retrospect because making profound statements is out of my realm. The severity and austerity of my early years on the farm, especially during the Great Depression, left an indelible impression on me. In those days, one's goal was one of survival, with no thought of planning for greater opportunities in the future. With that kind of a mind-set, becoming a part of an educational institution, however remote the part, wasn't even considered as a possibility.

As the years rolled by, Mr. Courson, the Business Manager, pushed me along into greater responsibility, challenging, supporting and encouraging when my confidence was lagging. My life at Central can only be attributed to the goodness of God, through His emissary, Kenneth Courson. To Him be the glory. I have one regret in writing this account that it is necessary to refer repeatedly to "I" and "me", as though I alone was responsible for what transpired. The alternate would be to use the third-person, but that removes the personal aspect of the record. So be it.

Donald Paul Jongeward

Winter, 1992 — 1993

After WWII, the Clymer house, where I had spent more than five comfortable years before enlisting, was no longer available to me. My friends had sold the property and the new owner wasn't exactly thrilled to

have an outsider clutter up the place. I did find a pleasant room a few blocks from the campus and that was here sweet here until June, 1946. At that time Lillian had completed her teaching contract at the high school in Goldendale and was ready to play house in Ellensburg. During that six months of separation she supported the Greyhound bus lines on alternate weekends.

The availability of housing in the days following the war was just as critical as the current shortage. When we now hear that students are complaining about the primitive conditions in some of the rentals around town, we smile and give each other knowing looks. Who would believe our recital of our early living experiences, much less now live in comparable accommodations. Living space became available only when private property which was adjacent to the campus was purchased for future expansion. When a house was involved it was divided into so-called apartments for faculty or staff. This did serve an immediate need, but as soon as a new college building was approved and funded, the bulldozers moved in.

Early in 1946, the city block which was bounded by 8th Avenue on the south and Walnut Street on the west, was purchased from several owners, most of which included houses and shacks. In 1948 the Lind Science Building was constructed on that block. But in the interim, the structures were converted to living quarters and we were assigned to the front half of an old, unpainted house on Walnut. It consisted of a porch, a combination living-dining room and kitchen and a bedroom with connecting bath. It was furnished (I use the word loosely) with items which were too shabby for use in a dormitory. As we recall, the only source of heat was supplied by a wood and coal burning cook stove. The rooms were arranged so that it was virtually impossible to get heat into the bedroom. Any that did make the trip was quickly offset by a window pane that failed to reach its frame by about two inches. Access to the makeshift bathroom was through the bedroom, so from October until May, time spent in the tub was rather limited.

We had a small ice box, one of those original wooden affairs with the ice compartment on top and a pan underneath to catch the drips when the room temperature exceeded that of the ice. When we forgot to empty the pan we were soon reminded of it by the water on the floor. The floor itself included a feature which made an old salt feel right at home because it undulated as one moved from point A to point B or beyond. Anyone who has lived in those "olden days" is aware that ice had to be gotten from an outside source, but door-to-door delivery was not available in Ellensburg. Not to worry, I was given a key to the back door of Sue Lombard kitchen, in the basement of which was a huge ice machine

The freezing compartment was a great big brine tank in which a number of metal tubs were almost completely submerged. When ice was required, an overhead sling and pulley device was connected to a tub, it was hoisted out of the tank and laid on the floor. Cold water from a nearby hose was poured on it to loosen the ice from the tub so the block would slip out. The proper sized chunk was chipped off, the remainder was replaced in the tub, the tub was replaced into the tank, it was filled with water and I was on my way with my "free" ice. Circulation of the brine was accomplished by a maze of rusty pipes and pumps and when the power kicked on, the noise and vibration could be heard and felt throughout the kitchen above. During the summer months it was necessary to replenish our supply about four times a week so I became quite adept at the process. It was at this Walnut Street house where my Navy buddy, Joe Ross, surprised us when he appeared with his bride at his side. This event was detailed in my record of WWII.

Our traveling was limited to walking or riding a bus so there was little opportunity to escape from our environment. We cleared the vacant lot next door, built a picket fence and planted a garden. Anyway, how much travel allowance can be squeezed out of a monthly salary of \$165.00, with \$35.00 deducted for rent? Our collective savings was locked up in anticipation of the car which we ordered early on. During the eighteen months of waiting for that car, the dealer must have gotten weary of telling us each week that it had not yet arrived. No set of parents ever waited with such expectancy or were so excited about the birth of a child as when we waited for that car to arrive. On that great day, the dealer permitted us to watch the delivery from a box car at the depot and I assisted by driving that beautiful red Oldsmobile down the ramp.

The transition from teaching commercial subjects in high school to ironing my sox and underwear in that miserable apartment was too much of a shock for Lillian. It was her firm conviction that life should be

more rewarding, so when our church was in need of a part time secretary, she applied for and got the job. That took care of four work hours a week. By early 1947 she was looking for new horizons to conquer so she went to work at the college library as the Secretary for the Librarian.

I returned to my former job as the Supt. of Buildings and Grounds, secure in the knowledge that Mr. Courson was still functioning as the Business Manager. However, if I had known of the stress and strain that the next few years would require, I probably would not have renamed on the CWE payroll. After the war the campus was suddenly flooded with students. Many were newly married, sane with children born and yet to be born, and all of them requiring housing. The GI Bill made it possible for them to enroll in college in droves. In desperation, the administration scrounged the State for war surplus housing and within a relatively short time, two developments took place. On North Walnut, just beyond the railway viaduct, several barrack-type structures were moved in for single men. This winter, 1993, while socializing with sane former CDE students, the conversation turned to the extreme cold that was endured in those barracks. One fellow said that he taped a blanket over the window in his room and soon ice had formed between the glass and the blanket, making it impossible for it to be removed. The buildings were connected to the campus central heating system, but the steam seemed to get lost in transit. He tried using a portable electric heater, but when others had the same idea, the circuits would overload and kick off the circuit breaker.

Across the street the married student housing was developed which was known as Vetville. This consisted of several multi-dwelling structures and there were 48 units. Before long it came to be known as Fertile Acres because of the astronomical birth rate within its confines. Both the single barracks and the family units were slapped together for military use on the more mild side of the mountains and in no way were they adequate for our temperature extremes. The winter of 1948-1949 was especially cold and as Vetville was not connected to the central heating system, each unit had its own hood and coal burning cook stove and heater. When families left for a weekend, they were not aware of the probability of frozen water pipes until they returned and this was a regular occurrence.

I shall not forget the weekend following Thanksgiving that year. By Saturday evening the temperature had dropped well below freezing and zero was forecast. About 10 o'clock that night I was real concerned about the conditions at Vetville and so decided to see what could be done about it. I had access to all of the keys but there was no such thing as a master key. So I went slogging in the snow from unit to unit, sorting out the right key and sometimes finding the place occupied. When it was possible I shut the water off and in others I located an electric heater and aimed it toward the most vulnerable place. I arrived home after midnight, stone cold and exhausted but confident that I had prevented considerable damage to the area. The next Monday morning, a Vetville couple stormed into my office in a rage because I had started their electric heater without their knowledge or consent. I must admit that I was somewhat less than cordial with those folks I

There was still a need for additional housing for single men so the administration made arrangements to use the hospital building at the airport. This had been used by the Air Force when they were stationed at that location and it was now vacant. It had its own heating system which usually did its job, but locating coal for it and Vetville, beside the central heating plant, was a challenge that wouldn't go away. We even cleaned up a pile of coal on the top of a ridge between Ellensburg and Yakima which the Army had abandoned.

With students housed at the airport which was sane distance from the campus, it was necessary to provide transportation for them, and this led to a new series of problems in which I was involved. Mr. Courson was able to locate sane Army surplus busses in South Portland, so with two other college employees I was authorized to get them. This sounded like a blast. A professor volunteered to drive us to the yard where they were stored, so, with a box of tools, just in case, we enjoyed the trip to Portland. A group of less qualified bus drivers could not have been drafted. Our combined mechanical knowledge would not have been sufficient to locate the gas tank. Having accomplished this mission, the professor hurried away and we were left to our own devices. After locating the most important features for navigating those olive drab relics, our caravan proceeded up the North Bank Highway along the Columbia River.

It seemed that the vehicle that I was driving had to require a lot of coaxing especially going up a hill. So we stopped and after due consideration, we concluded that the brakes were too tight, so we did the logical thing by loosening them. That seemed to help the situation considerably, until we started down that long hill with lots of curves, into the town of Lyle. Somehow, those brakes were now less effective as I found out when the old bus was going much too fast for the conditions of the road. Trying to shift down into a lower gear only resulted in an ominous grinding noise, as if the cogs on the flywheel were being chewed off. My only hope now was the emergency brake, so with one hand on that device and the other on the steering wheel, we whizzed down that hill and around the curves, too frightened to even think about pleading for Divine protection. As soon as it was possible, another pit stop was made to restore those brakes to a somewhat more safe mode and we proceeded on home with no further excitement.

Well, now we had transportation for those students, but no one to drive, and finding one who was qualified was impossible. In desperation we hired a fellow who was about forty years of age and a sheep herder by trade. He had never driven a vehicle in his life. He was a bachelor, which may have been his lot because of his appearance. But he was willing to learn and we taught him, using the college's 1936 flat bed truck. The condition of that truck had much in common with those busses so he must have figured that was par for the course. John was very proud of his newly acquired ability to drive and before long he purchased a car of his own. He developed into a valuable addition to the work force and after the airport transportation was no longer required, he worked for housing maintenance for many years. He soon came to realize that shaving was a daily necessity and that soap and water could be used to wash clothes.

Before leaving this exciting time in my life, I must pay tribute to those many student who wanted an education badly enough to endure the many hardships to which they were subjected. We had a series of severe winters and the living conditions, whether for singles or for families, were primitive, to say the least. Perhaps life in the military had conditioned them for it.

At this point in time I was becoming somewhat less than excited about working at dear old Central. I was still responsible for building and grounds maintenance with its ever increasing demands. The labor market was such that it was necessary to hire warm bodies, regardless of qualifications. Although my salary had climbed way up to almost \$200.00 per month, when I learned that the Firestone Co. was looking for managers in their retail outlets, I figured that it was time to look for a greener pasture. I went to Seattle for a day-long grilling on the front burner and at its conclusion, it was agreed that we were just not meant for each other. My background in Navy schooling and experience provided sane brownie points in my favor, but it was evident that the demands of operating a business for profit was a sure fire route to hypertension and ulcers. After that short exposure to the world of business, I was reconciled to settle down into a more moderate pace at Central.

One day in 1948, Dr. McConnell appeared at the door of my office in Barge Hall with the announcement that it was necessary for us to move out of the apartment. From his appearance it was obvious that he had been rushing around, trying to find an alternate place for us. His hat was actually pushed back on his head, his coat was unbuttoned and he really looked concerned. He had been informed just a short while before that the contractor who was to construct the science building was due to begin demolition of all of the structures on the site. That included the place which we called home. He informed me that we could move into the college owned Elwood house, on the corner of 8th Avenue and Ruby Street. It has always puzzled me why he had become personally involved in our problem instead of instructing Mr. Courson to handle it.

My better judgment dictates that I devote less space to our second home than to the first one, however, that location provided some interesting events. Elwood had been a private home when it was purchased by the college and it had been divided into two apartments. Our neighbors, a young couple who were students, occupied most of the lower floor, but the only bathroom in the house was upstairs where we had two bedrooms. Sharing a bathroom with strangers, whose lack of cleanliness was a continuing source of irritation, did little to cement friendly relations with them. They were given to partying on weekends with their friends, in their apartment. Beside the racket that produced downstairs, there was a considerable amount of stomping up and down the stairs and the gurgling of the facilities in the bathroom.

We had a very small kitchen and an equally small living room on the ground floor. In fact, the living room was so small that with an upholstered chair on one side and a couch on the other, we could sit opposite each other and play footsie with no strain. The room had one narrow, tall window through which we could see the service station which was just across the street, now a part of the Albertson's parking lot. We were still waiting for our car to be delivered and when we tired of walking, like on a Sunday afternoon, we could sit and gaze out of that window. At that time 8th Avenue was also Interstate #10, with many motorists stopping at the service station. Foot traffic to the rest rooms was in our direct line of vision and it was interesting to watch the passing parade.

There was one fellow who neglected to close the door after he went in. Then he stood on the far side of the john so he could see out of the door, and proceeded to relieve himself, much to our amusement. When he looked up and discovered that there were two faces pressed against the window glass across the street, he merely pulled his head over to one side so that we couldn't see his face and went on with his business. Did he really think that we would only remember his face?

There was another incident which occurred at Elwood which deserves some space. We now had our car so when Christmas rolled around, we drove down to Yakima to be with those of my family who were in the area. It was very cold that day, with several inches of snow on the ground. When we returned home and drove into the garage which was just behind our apartment, we were surprised to see that the eaves were dripping, like a Chinook wind had gotten to town before we did. We were real pleased that the weather had turned out to be so pleasant, until we walked into our frigid kitchen. There we found water dripping from the ceiling and we could hear it splattering in the neighbor's kitchen. Instead of a warm front, the water pipes which led to the bathroom had frozen and ruptured. The shut-off valve for the entire house is located behind the neighbor's cook stove and the down-pour was so great that it was necessary to use an umbrella to reach it. What a mess!

Eventually a college plumber made a temporary by-pass for the cold water pipe but that was limited to just the tub and toilet. No provision was made for hot water, either upstairs or down. Originally, the water was heated by a coil which was located in the fire box of our cook stove. The heated water flowed into a tank which was located behind the stove, which was standard procedure before electric water heaters appeared on the scene. An ancient little electric stove, a discard from the Home Economics Dept. replaced the wood burner and a wood and coal burning heating stove kept us warm.

Graduating to an electric stove, only a two burner, was like joining the rich and famous. But now it was necessary to trudge upstairs for a pail of water from the tub and put it on the heating stove to produce a limited amount of warm water. The outside temperature remained in the zero range for the whole month of January and the snow continued to fall. That was the year that we decided that we preferred to have two Octobers and no January. That concept has remained to the present date.

In the Fall of 1948, the great American Dream of home ownership became a reality when a housing project was being developed between Radio Road and the Vantage road. We arranged with the builder to construct a house for us on a lot which we already owned on Radio Road. We chose the more desirable features of the twenty houses just completed and incorporated them into our plans. The best one, according to Lillian, was the hot water heating system installed in the floors. Having warm feet at bed time was well worth the extra cost. It has been about 15 years since we sold that house but each year since leaving it, as winter approaches, some comment can be heard about those wonderful warm floors. Lillian admits that her warm and fuzzy boots are pulled on in October, not to be removed until April. Not even in bed!

Winter arrived early that year so the contractor was forced to stop construction on the house. There it stood until Spring, with just the walls and chimney and rafters, but no roof, and about 18 inches of snow inside. When it was completed, we lost no time in abandoning Elwood. But one condition developed which we had not anticipated. The stop light at 8th and Main Street was just a few blocks away. Truck traffic was heavy at night and along about the time they were in front of our house they began shifting either down or up because of that stop light. It had required some months for us to adjust to sleeping with all that clatter of

gears and variations in speed. Our bedroom on the second floor front was about fifty feet from the street so we couldn't avoid it. However, when we moved to Radio Road, way out there in the country, the silence was deafening and once again we had to adjust to the lack of all that racket.

Now that we were so far removed from the campus it was necessary to invest in a second car. I located a 1929 Model A Ford, which had had only one owner and that became my transportation for work and general cruising around. Many years later we sold it to a high school kid. I still have recurring dreams about forgetting where I had parked that old Ford on the campus, or that it was stolen.

1949 was an eventful year in our lives. Lillian resumed her academic pursuits at Central and that year she graduated with a B.A. degree. That Fall she went to work as a 4th grade teacher at Washington School. Making a home out of a house and developing a yard from scratch kept us busy. When the new steam plant was finished, working conditions improved considerably for me. Space was provided in the building for a whole new operation at Central, that of Central Stores and Receiving and Shipping. Until that time all of the supplies and parts which were required for maintaining the buildings were stored in a number of places on the campus. There was no control or accountability for charging out or replenishing the stock. Incoming orders were often dropped at the wrong place by delivery man or were lost in the shuffle.

With the campus expanding at such a rapid rate, it was time to consolidate everything into one operation. The instructions which I had received at the University of Indiana and the first-hand experience at the Navy Base on Staten Island were exactly what was required at Central. Thank You, Lord.

Just as a proud parent must brag about a new offspring, so must I go into some detail about my new responsibility. As soon as racks were built by the carpenters, the items in the various store rooms were collected and classified. Each item was given a code number and a file card was made for it, showing the beginning balance, subsequent charges to which department and current balance. It was a simple matter to transfer the daily charges to the cards, which then supplied the basis for accountability and for restocking. The Receiving and Shipping section was a real boom to the campus. At last there was a central location for freight, express and parcel post to be delivered. The Business Office supplied us with a copy of each purchase order which allowed us to inspect incoming items and to deliver them to the proper requesting office. A young fellow was hired to assist and soon things were running smoothly.

Over a period of time the area became too small and the adjacent carpenter shop required more space. To solve the problems, a whole new building was constructed for Central Stores, just across the alley from our original location, and items which were stocked were increased in quantity and diversity. By current standards, the method of record keeping would be archaic, but remember that all this occurred many years before the computer was in general use. The information that Central was using a successful system became known and delegations from other institutions visited for a firsthand look.

Meanwhile, on the home front, changes of dramatic proportions were taking place. Our intention of increasing the population at the corner of Radio and Vista Roads had not materialized by natural means. Therefore we contacted various ready-made factory outlets, where we were given little encouragement. We were subjected to what seemed to be inquisitions, some of which seemed to be invasions of privacy and demeaning in intensity. We could understand the need to protect their products, but the degree of aggressiveness was a little extreme.

However, in July of 1952, we received information from the Washington Children's Home Society in Yakima that there was a sister-brother combination in their holding pen and did we want to inspect them. Well, we were eager to adopt an infant, as long as it was blond and blue-eyed, but two? With some reservations we agreed to see them in a park location on Wednesday afternoon. When we did see those beautiful little kids that day, any preconceived ideas we had about specific appearances was quickly forgotten.

The girl was a pretty little thing, 4 years old, with dark brown hair, big brown eyes, an outgoing personality and wanting to please, but with a disastrous set of teeth. Her brother was a year and a half, with handsome features and complexion similar to his sister. He was in the walking stage but not responsive to strangers. A couple of darling kids! We were told to go home and think about the overall situation before making any decision, but we already recognized' a bargain when we saw it.

On Friday, July 18, 1952, we hurried on down to the old court house in Yakima and suddenly we were the parents of two beautiful children. On the way home, in spite of having driven that old canyon road scores of times, I was as nervous as could be because of the added responsibility in our car. The very first night we discovered that having Jim's crib in our bedroom was a mistake if we expected to get any sleep. So, along about midnight we had to take the crib apart to move it and set it up in Carol's room. Lillian soon learned that cooking for four instead of for two did not necessarily mean doubling the recipe.

And so our life style required great adjustment as the kids settled in and we tried to settle down. Lillian devoted all of her time for the first few years to being a mother and hate maker, until Carol and Jim could be in school or otherwise properly cared for. Her profession as a teacher-librarian was ideal for a working mother as she was able to monitor the kids as they progressed through the grades. They often wondered how she knew what went on that day in school. Because her working hours and days coincided with their schedule, she could be home when they were. As with any family, much can be written about the highs, the routines and the lows which we all experience. Someone has said that children are our source of greatest joy and the deepest pain, to which we can relate. Parenting is the world's most difficult job and for which we are the least prepared.

One of the requirements of the adoption agency was to have separate rooms for each child. Therefore it was necessary for us to build an addition to our house, which included a bedroom and a bathroom. The three bedrooms and bath were all in a straight line so from our vantage point at the end of the hall we were able to hear and see what went on during the night. One night we were aware that Jim had left his room, presumably to go to the bathroom. But when it was obvious that he had not reached his objective, I went looking for him.

Well, the little guy had made a wrong turn and I found him in the kitchen which he mistook for the bathroom. He had one hand on the refrigerator door handle as if he had flushed the toilet and the other hand had opened the tilt-out drawer at the bottom of the refrigerator and he had relieved himself in it. That was the place where the dry cereal was stored, so the Frosted Flakes were defrosted. He scurried back to his bed and the next morning he couldn't believe what he had accomplished during the night. I doubt that he was ever convinced that his aim was that bad.

Carol was quite protective of her little brother in those early days, probably because of their pre-adoption experiences. One morning at breakfast, Jim plopped his oatmeal, dish and all, upside down on his head. When it was explained that that was not done at our house, Carol said "I don't like the way you treat my little brother". That was before he was able to verbalize his reaction to oatmeal, so he resorted to that method to show his distaste for the stuff. Carol displayed a natural ability as an entertainer by dressing up in her mother's castoff clothes and posing on the patio with a make-believe microphone in hand. Somehow that talent was not encouraged by her parents as a potential career. She was quite proficient at doing her version of gymnastics on the front lawn when she thought she could impress the boy down the street with her grace and charm.

The decade of the fifties was eventful at Central as well as at home. My salary had remained about the same for some time and now, with increased family responsibilities and with Lillian at home, the financial picture wasn't very bright. One day I cranked up my courage and went to see Dr. McConnell about a raise, an act of desperation if ever there was one. The President was a tall, ruggedly handsome man with a shock of wavy white hair and laser-like eyes that could penetrate steel. To a hick from the sticks, approaching the President was nothing short of formidable. Kinda like Queen Esther in the Old Testament, going to see the King. I said "Dr. McConnell, now that I have two children to support and a wife who is not working, I



wonder if I can be given additional responsibility so that it would be reflected in my salary". He listened and agreed that raising a family is expensive and that he would consider my request. A few days later I received a note from his office, saying that beginning the next month, my salary would be increased by \$50.00 per month, and signed by R. E. McConnell. Fifty Bucks! And no mention of increased work load.

As I have just said, Dr. McConnell projected a stern image. He was always impeccably dressed and his mannerisms, whether they were natural or adopted, tended to keep the public at a distance. He was a man of great ability and determination to have successfully lead the institution through sane very rough times and to have developed it into a reputable college. However, top management under him must have been frequently frustrated by his one man rule.

Mr. Courson, the Business Manager, was a father figure to many, including the writer. He had a kindly face and manner which instilled confidence in those under his supervision. As the buffer between management and the President's office, he took the hard knocks. He alone recommended and won approval to hire me as the head gardener, way back in 1937. During the twenty seven or more years that he was my boss, it was he who pushed me along into greater responsibility. I never forgot that when it was necessary to straighten me out when I had made a wrong turn, he would do so quietly and with a smile on his face. It was a sad day when he announced his retirement and sadder still when cancer took his life.

A very important segment of our time away from the work place was devoted to Christian activity. Our childhood backgrounds were so well indoctrinated in Sunday School and church attendance that, as adults, following that pattern was a natural consequence. For awhile we attended a congregational type church in Ellensburg, but the organization and doctrine of the Presbyterian denomination was more consistent with that to which we were accustomed. In 1951 we aligned ourselves with the Presbyterians and there we have remained. Currently, we call ourselves Christians first, as we do not always agree with the actions which are handed down by the denomination's headquarters.

Attending the worship services in the old building at 5th and Sprague was responsible for varied memories. The old furnace was not equal to the requirements of cold winter days, probably which led to becoming known as God's Frozen People. The pipe organ had an unpredictable personality, much to the consternation of the organist. Without symptoms, some of the instrument's voices would develop a cold and refuse to sound off at the appropriate time. When the weather turned hot, the wasps, who for years had taken up residence in the upper reaches of the sanctuary, seemed to take particular delight in dive bombing those humans who invaded their territory. Occasionally one would get bashed by a hymn book, which had a way of diverting one's attention from the sermon.

Early on I was elected to the Board of Elders and I soon learned that representing people with diverse opinions required a good measure of the gifts of the Spirit, most of which I had in short supply. Fellow elders were quick to recognize my shortcomings so I was appointed as the Clerk of the Session. That kept me sufficiently occupied so as to prevent voicing my opinions on any controversial subject. The need for replacing that old building had been long recognized and this was a perennial subject. Committees were formed to explore such matters as where to build, what adjacent properties to buy, how to finance, and so on, and on.

The location for a new building was decided for us when Joe e offered to give the congregation about three acres on East Third Avenue, across from the high school. With that settled, an architectural firm in Spokane was hired to prepare plans, one was accepted, a bid call was made, a contractor was selected and construction was begun in the Spring of 1958. Suddenly we were faced with the need for someone who had sane knowledge of what the contractor was supposed to do, according to the blue prints, who could report to the architect between their weekly visits to the site.

There were only two men, along with several men, on the building committee and as the other fellow couldn't spend the necessary time on the site, it became my responsibility. This was an overwhelming experience, but in retrospect, rewarding. It was a great day when we held our first worship service in the

new building in early December, 1958. Third Avenue had not been improved so it was necessary to slog through the mud to get there. We were not without problems in the new location. Like disposing the Tjossem rock collection to make way for the pipe organ, the leaking roofs and agonizing when the budget exceeded \$25,000.00. But God was faithful and all of our needs were met.

During the rapid growth of the physical plant in the decade of the 1950's it was no longer possible for the Business Manager to supervise personally all of its maintenance and operation. A Director was hired to relieve him of that responsibility. The idea was fine but for many years, locating a person who was qualified was a problem. On one occasion when the search was in progress, I was appointed as Acting Director, which lasted for about six months. This was awesome but I survived because of a great boss and a knowledgeable and cooperative crew. Somewhat later I was again given that job and this went on for a year and a half. Perhaps my greatest achievement in that time span took place in Kamola Hall. The interior was badly in need of a paint job so we started on the top floor, first repairing the broken plaster. But instead of using the usual institutional cream-colored calcimine, we used latex paint in four basic colors. That was so well received that from then on, paint, in color, became the standard in all of the college buildings.

In those days it was still possible for managers to fill the vacancies which occurred in the crew. That was before Civil Service was introduced on the campus. I'm not intimating that Civil Service was a bad deal, but it took away the personal contact between the supervisor and the applicant. A central personnel office was established through which all requests for workers were placed. No more was I able to visit an applicant in his home to see first hand what kind of environment he lived in. If he and his surroundings were neat and tidy and he had the necessary qualifications, I reasoned that he would produce satisfactory work. That system worked well for me. But under Civil Service, we had to accept the person who was sent to us by Personnel.

Late in the decade of the 50's an event occurred which was to drastically affect my future at Central. Managing Central Stores and Receiving and Shipping had settled down to a comfortable routine, when suddenly my complacency was jerked out from under me. When I appeared at my office one Monday morning at Central Stores, I found that carpenters were doing some remodeling in the building. I was informed that the Director of Physical Plant was taking over the operation of Central Stores. This was incredible I had been given no hint or heard of any rumor that this action was pending. When I had partially regained my composure, I stormed into Mr. Courson's office and demanded to know what was going on. He appeared to be uncomfortable with the confrontation, but he explained that the Director of Physical Plant had persuaded him to shift the Stores responsibility to his department.

In my opinion, that decision was completely contrary to good business practices. With the Plant as the major customer, surely this would amount to conflict of interest, like allowing the fox to have access to the chicken house. But the decision was already set in concrete and I couldn't escape the feeling that I had been poked in the eye with a sharp stick by my mentor. For awhile I wondered if I had made the wrong decision in refusing an offer of a job on the East Coast. To explain, I had received an offer of employment with the Baltimore School system to be their Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. An acquaintance of mine, who was a native of this area, was the Supt. of Schools in Baltimore and he thought I might be interested. Well, I had seen the dirt and squalor of that city, I had heard that many of the school buildings were a hundred-plus years old and all I could see was problems. So I refused the offer as graciously as I could.

For a time I was a man without a country, so to speak. It was difficult to accept this sudden turn of events and not feel considerable animosity toward Mr. Courson. It appeared that he was at a loss to know what to do with me. After all, I had been a productive employee for twenty years and there was no justification to separate me from the Central payroll. Sane years earlier I had been involved in inventory of movable equipment on the campus so I knew the procedures. No one had been responsible for it for quiet awhile and as it was an on-going process, it was badly in need for up-dating. So Jongeward was told to take over that job.

There was a tremendous amount of detail involved because every movable item, which had an initial cost of \$5.00 or more, was given a number and that number was logged onto a 3x5 card, as well as into great big record books. The number was stamped on a little aluminum tag which stated that it was the property of the State of Wash. CWU, and it was nailed or glued on each item. I had access to past purchase orders for equipment as it was also necessary to find those items and tag them. Talk about finding needles in haystacks! Especially in the sciences when I didn't even know what to look for. In theory, the plan looked like the way to go, but eventually the bureaucrats in Olympia realized that it was unworkable so it was revised. Currently, I don't know what the process is, and I couldn't care less.

As has already been stated, the Business Manager was no longer able to supervise directly all of the areas under his control, and it was necessary to delegate authority to others. In time there was the Director of Physical Plant, Director of Housing & Auxiliary Services, Director of Personnel, Director of Facilities Planning and the Purchasing Manager. I had observed the frustrations that Mr. Courson was experiencing because of the succession of directives from the State Dept. of General Administration in Olympia. Much of the authority which had been his was now being taken away because of more centralization in Olympia. I often heard him complaining about how procedures were changing, especially in the realm of purchasing.

Little did I dream of what was in store for me, when he called me into his office one day in 1960 and asked if I would be interested in a new position, that of Purchasing Agent. I was certainly ready for new horizons to explore and here was an opportunity of a lifetime.

It wasn't until after I retired that it dawned on me that Mr. Courson may have had this in mind when I was taken out of Central Stores, but he was not able to reveal it because of budget constraints. I was not able to describe adequately the emotions which I experienced at that moment or for that matter, in retrospect, in the confidence that my boss had in me to make that offer. And, Providentially, I was so naive about the ramifications of the job, that no time was wasted in accepting. There was so much to learn, especially about the directives from Olympia, but as I had no knowledge of former procedures, I did not inherit Mr. Courson's frustrations. I was moved from the Business Office to my former location in Barge Hall, but now it included a full time secretary and occasional student help. Later, as the work load increased, a full time buyer was added.

Our authority to make any purchase was a requisition form which was initiated by a department head. A budget number was assigned to it, and when the proper signatures were included, it was sent to our office for action. The items which were covered by state-wide contracts were forwarded to the State Division of Purchasing, and in sane instances, we developed our own contracts through the formal bid procedure. But most of our orders were the result of having requested quotations from three or more vendors. We soon learned that it was necessary to maintain an up-to-date filing system so that when we received a call from someone who wanted to know the status of an order, we could respond quickly and accurately. There were those callers who were short on fuse and long on vocabulary and we did our best to prevent an explosion.

Not long after this change in my job, Mr. Courson informed me that a meeting of Business Managers and Purchasing Agents of the State colleges and universities would take place at the U of W and I was expected to attend with him. Great Scott! Knowing that I had nothing to contribute at such a meeting I vowed to keep my mouth shut and listen and learn. I was accepted by the group and learned that here was a bunch of fellows who had the same set of problems and contacts with Olympia that I did. This group of purchasers, all members of the National Association of Educational Buyers, met on a regular basis, each time at a different member's institution. The year that I was their president, our buyer and I were responsible for a regional meeting.

One year when the meeting was scheduled for Pullman, our buyer was invited to attend. At that time she was a single, attractive and intelligent woman. Later, when she remarried, she was still attractive and intelligent. The long ride to Pullman in a motor pool car required an early start so as to arrive on time. When we located the meeting place, we marched in and announced that we were ready for it. That brought

on a look of consternation by those who were working there and then we were informed that we were a day early. Well, there were two options: (1) stay over until the next day or (2) go back home. We went.

The most eventful tune occurred while attending the national conference of our group in St. Louis, especially when returning to Ellensburg. During free times at meetings of this type, the jolly boys gather at the nearest watering hole, and those of us with other interests cruise around to see the sites. In this instance I met the Business Manager of a conservative college in the South, and we did some exploring. The famous arch was relatively new and quite a tourist attraction, so we rode those unique and confining little cars to the observation deck at the top. As we hung up there in space, we wondered if it was built strong enough to support our weight. One evening my friend explained that he didn't dare to see a show back home so we took in a stage play.

I always appreciated the luxury of a sleeper on the trains as I traveled to and from those meetings. On the return from St. Louis, in late March, our train was forced to stop in a small town in North Dakota because of snow drifts. A howling storm had pushed in from Canada, stopping all transportation. The car I was in stopped on a street crossing and within a few feet of my window, a traffic warning bell was going bong, bong, bong, non-stop for the entire time we were stalled there, three days, to be exact. Although the sun shone every day, the wind continued to whoop it up from the north, making it bitterly cold. The diner was thrown open to all of the passengers and when its ventilation system gave up, air pollution took over. After a couple of days the holding tanks under the rest rooms filled, so whatever drained from those facilities was deposited on the ground under the car and promptly froze solid.

The train depot was nearby so each day I called home to report that I was still enjoying North Dakota. By the second day we could see trains being pulled into the yards with several feet of snow on the top of the cars. Late in the third day the highways were sufficiently cleared to allow busses to take the railway passengers a hundred miles west where we could board an eastbound train which had been stopped and turned around. My opinion of North Dakota after that experience, while initially not the greatest, has had no reason to improve.

In direct contrast was a trip to Chicago. The Monroe Calculator Co. was promoting their products by inviting people in purchasing to inspect their factory near Chicago. The administration gave me permission to accept an invitation to participate and arrangements were made to pick me up in Yakima. What a pick up. It was the Company's executive airplane in which no expense had been spared or amenities overlooked. On arrival at O'Hare, we were transported in the company limo to the Edgewater Beach Hotel to enjoy deluxe accommodations and meals. The next day we enjoyed a tour of the factory but at no time were we pressured into buying their products. That afternoon we (four other fellows and I) were flown back to Yakima.

On another occasion, after much soul searching, I refused a company sponsored trip to Kansas City. Let me explain. My office door was always open to salespeople as the nature of our business required vendor competition. One day a fellow from Kansas City was showing his line of merchandise when I recognized that the State Division of Purchasing was in the process of receiving bids for products of similar nature. I explained to him what he should do to get on the State bid list and I later learned that he was the successful bidder because of the information I had given him. As a reward, he invited Lillian and me to see a major league baseball game in Kansas City, at a specified time and at his expense. The temptation was great indeed and the administration did not object. But the more I thought about it the more I became convinced that it was not proper. I was determined to maintain a reputation which could not be condemned by a fault-finder who wanted to raise sane flack.

Speaking of flack, I became the target for it by the big guns in Olympia and they scored sane direct hits, not all of them justified. I had received a request for a humongous amount of furniture for the Student Union Bldg. The dollar amount of the order was beyond our authority to handle so it was routinely sent to the Division of Purchasing. Buying furniture was a messy business at best. Often, the requesting activity had already decided just what they wanted and they were not ready to accept substitutions. "After all" they

shouted, “that is our money we are spending and this is what we want” Conveniently ignoring the fact that the state tax payers were footing the bill.

I was not aware of what happened to the order in Olympia, but apparently an unsuccessful bidder contested the award and the news media went to work on it. One day two fellows came into my office who identified themselves as reporters for the Seattle P.I. They were looking for background information about that now infamous furniture deal. Their requests sounded reasonable enough so I responded to their questions. But, because of my total lack of experience with big-time reporters, my replies were not sufficiently guarded to prevent them from being misquoted. When their report hit the press I was dumbfounded to see that some of my quotes were twisted so that the buyers in Olympia looked less than the professionals they were. That is when they trained their guns on me and the flack came buzzing over the mountains. Like, “Jongeward, what the ‘bleep’ are you doing over there?” Pacifying that nest of hornets took awhile, but eventually it died down and disappeared. I don’t remember how it was settled.

The diversity of experience which occurred over the years in Purchasing prevented the job from becoming routine. Here is a good example: One day a local minister called me with an unusual request and he was emphatic that anything which should result from his call must be completely confidential. He explained that a local business man had come to him for counseling because of a guilty conscience. The man confessed that at one time he had falsified an invoice that he sent to the college for payment of a business deal, which resulted in an over-payment. That was his intention at the time, but now he was experiencing remorse and wanted to make restitution, without the fact becoming common knowledge. Whew! Solomon, where are you when I need you? I remembered that there was a recent report of a fund which had been established to the memory of a deceased college administrator and that contributions were being solicited. To the minister, the idea sounded like a solution to the problem so we scheduled a date for him and his “client” to meet in my office.

The two arrived at the office after everyone else had left the building and I met a very humble and contrite man, who was not a stranger to me. He listened to my suggestion, received my assurance that the situation could be handled anonymously, much to his relief. The memorial fund was increased by a substantial amount. Until this writing, the confidentiality was not broken. Well, the story was too good to keep from my wife. However, as with patents and copyrights that expire, the time has come when some of the details of this experience can be told. The other two people who were involved are no longer here, but their identity will rain in dead storage in my memory bank.

The location of my office in Barge Hall was such that I had an unobstructed view of everyone who used the back door to that building. For many years there was a revolving door at the main rear entrance which did much to slow down the prevailing (and how they prevailed) Ellensburg wind. As the enrollment increased, so did the foot traffic, and that door would spin nonstop. My suggestion to install a generator to create sufficient electricity to service the building was never taken seriously and one day it was replaced with more conventional doors.

The windows in the office were at eye level with the sidewalk as the floor was a few feet lower than ground level. Because of the passing parade, I must admit that my work was often restricted when classes changed. My attention was really in the interest of science as I focused on the manner that people walked when they were not aware that they were being observed. I became so knowledgeable in my research that I could have written a paper on the subject, like a dissertation for an advanced degree in something.

That office location also allowed me to watch the progress being made on the construction of Mitchell Hall a short distance away. The contractor had built a high board fence to enclose the area where building materials were stored. This was in the late 1960’s when human behavioral restraints suddenly disappeared, and that wall became the bill board for all kinds of signs, pictures and mottoes by the “liberated”. What was formerly common place on the walls in public restrooms, was now exposed to the light of day. As an example, in my line of vision was the suggestion “use condoms, no deposit, no return”. That was a

continuing embarrassment to me as I had not discarded my inhibitions. Although that word is now heard and seen throughout the land, even flung from pulpits, I write it with some apology.

Moving into a brand new facility and leaving old Barge Hall brought on mixed reactions. The Business Office occupied the entire second floor of the building, and Purchasing was spacious, functional and air conditioned. But now my view was confined to the roof of Barge and I felt cut off from the main stream. A five foot high wall separated the office area from the corridor which limited my vision of people to just the top of their head as they bobbed along. The area just behind the office was used as a lounge where all who worked on that floor could use their fifteen minute break to smoke, or visit, or slurp coffee. The problem was that the wall which separated the office from that lounge was about three feet short of extending to the ceiling. That left plenty of space for the lounge chatter to leap over the wall and be clearly audible on our side.

There were times when the volume rivaled that of the current Laughlin Group television show. This was not only annoying, but, depending upon the topic of conversation, embarrassing. Many of the girls who worked on that floor were new mothers and those who had not recently endured the pain of child birth, had not forgotten the intensity or the duration of the process. So the agonies of birthing were repeatedly discussed and I soon learned to identify the voice of each owner. As a matter of fact, I think I could have repeated, word for word, the travail which several of the girls endured during that blessed event.

People who happened into the office at break time wondered if they were eavesdropping on a class in midwifing. The background noises which the telephone picked up and transmitted, local or long distance, must have raised many eyebrows. After all, many times the telephone was the only contact a vendor had with Central, so in effect, we were the only window through which an impression of the institution could be made. Enclosing that opening above the wall with heavy glass did cut down the volume to a livable level.

I have already mentioned the change in hiring new employees which resulted when a Director of Personnel set up shop on the campus. Instead of being able to personally interview an applicant, we were required to submit our requirements to Personnel and wait to see who showed up. Kinda like potluck. There was a gal on campus who had worked as a secretary who had quite a reputation. I shall protect her identity by calling her Sexy Sue. She had been married, the mother of two children, and was either separated or divorced. She had a pleasant face and an interesting figure which had outgrown her wardrobe, a fact in which she seemed to take great delight.

When it was necessary for me to fill the secretarial position in our reception area, you guessed it, Sue showed up one morning, ready to go to work. I still wonder if the Personnel Director was lurking in the background, to see my reaction to that revolting development. Knowing his reputation as a jokester and mine as a square, he must have been highly amused to make this maneuver. When we had partially recovered from the initial shock, we (I say we, meaning the buyer and I) decided to make the best of the situation and not indicate our displeasure to anyone, especially Personnel. Sue's wardrobe did not change and her presence and cheerful disposition were attractive to the male students who happened by. In defense, I must say that she was a very efficient secretary and when the pressure of deadlines was on, she would really cooperate to get things done.

Her work station was such that she was the first person to be seen in the Purchasing area. All who came in would state their business to her and she responded to questions or directed them to whomever they wanted to see. Now there was a salesman who represented an office machine outlet who made regular calls, whose name was Ben Dover. I have avoided naming names when possible, but in this instance, it is part of the story. The first time he appeared after Sue came on deck she asked him who he was and he replied "Ben Dover". You try saying those two words in rapid succession and tell me what it sounds like! Her reaction was most amusing, until she read his business card.

It did become necessary to change the location of one filing cabinet after Sue came to work for us. That particular cabinet was used most often because it contained the current purchase orders which required

frequent examination. It was placed at a right angle to my office, just outside of the full length glass panels which separated the inner office from the outer area. But it was not in my line of vision until a drawer was opened. I found that when Sue was working at that cabinet, her profile obstructed my view of Barge Hall roof, so a new location was found for it, in a far corner.

In the early 1970's, when I was attending the regional meeting of Purchasing Managers at the U of W, I chanced to sit next to a man who introduced himself as being responsible for purchasing at Sheldon Jackson College in Sitka, Alaska. At that time my only knowledge of that institution was that it was affiliated with the Presbyterian Church. I learned that each summer the college relied on volunteer help to maintain and refurbish their plant facilities. This struck a responsive chord as it sounded like something in which Lillian and I could participate when we retired. When that time approached, contact was made with the college, and we spent an interesting and rewarding summer working for room and board at Sheldon Jackson College. But that is another story.

At our regional meetings the subject of conversation was increasingly focused on computers. The fellows at the U of W were particularly interested in adapting that mysterious machine to their operation. In contrast, there were those of us who couldn't care less about them and looked upon their advent with a kind of dread. It was with tremendous relief that I was able to retire before the computer invasion took place in the Purchasing Office.

After Mr. Courson retired it was necessary to adjust to a different atmosphere in Business Affairs. The person on whom I could rely, not only as a super boss, but also as a friend, was no longer available. Gone were the relaxed meetings of the mid-management group, where we all felt loyal and secure. For awhile, Mr. Courson appeared at the lounge during break times, but our time was limited to 15 minutes while he had time on his hands. Eventually word got around that he was battling terminal cancer. I shall not forget his last visit. He was considerably subdued and when we parted, the look in his eyes and the grip of his hand told me that this may be the last time he would be with us. Which it was.

When the search for a new Business Manager was in process, our group was given the job of studying the dossiers from the applicants, and to make our recommendation. It was interesting to note that the applications from those who indicated a Mormon back ground, had the most impressive qualifications. The new man brought to the job lots of literature which was intended to set the tone of Business Affairs on a more productive level, most of it being goal oriented. At regular intervals we were required to submit written statements about our new goals for the next period of time. After the initial thrust it seemed to me that repeating it over and over was unnecessary.

In Purchasing we were bound by State laws which controlled the use of public funds. There were set procedures to which we were required to conform, so what more could be said. When the group was told by the new boss that our job was to make him look good, we lapsed into a state of shock.

Early in the decade of the 70's, Lillian and I decided to retire when I had rolled past mile post #60. Our plan was to volunteer our time and abilities to certain Christian organizations who needed help for which they were unable to pay. We decided that our separation dates for Lillian would be on June 4, 1974 and on June 30 for me. With that as our target (note that the word "goal" was not used) I began coaching our buyer in some of the aspects of Purchasing so that she would be in a favorable position to become the Manager. The administration accepted my recommendation and she received the appointment.

In early June, Lillian's friends at Lincoln School sponsored a roast-type dinner for her which culminated her public school career. The School Board may have hired someone to serve as Librarian at Lincoln, but they could not fill the void which she left.

The dinner which was provided for me was also a memorable occasion. Several of our families and friends from out of town were on hand, as well as those who lived in the area, who felt obligated to attend. And so ended my association with Central. I had been on the campus through three institutional name changes and

three presidents, beside the current one. I remain humble and most grateful in the face of all of the blessings which were sent our way.

The “piece de resistance” occurred sane months after we began our retirement adventures. One day the telephone rang and the caller identified himself as the President of Central Washington University. He asked if there would be any objection on my part if one of the campus buildings would show my name on its identification sign. Great Scott! Those awards were usually given posthumously by the U. Did he know something about me that I didn't? I think that I was about alive as usual and I must have sounded like a blatherskite when I had recovered sufficiently to indicate my surprise and pleasure.

My only regret is the fact that my parents were not there, in the flesh, to share in this attention. They were the ones who gave me their name and their heritage, which resulted in this honor. The JONGEWARD PLANT SERVICES BUILDING on the campus is my tribute to them.