

General Electric's Rotating Engineering was intended to give some of the older engineering graduates experience in different kinds of engineering work so that they could intelligently decide on what they would like to do for the rest of their lives.



The General Electric Plant in Erie when I was 6.

My first assignment with G. E. was in Erie, Pa. in the Refrigerator Department. The city of Erie was a very dismal place. The sun didn't shine often and it was cold and damp most of the time. People used to call it, "dreary Erie, the middle by the Lake."

In 1953 Eisenhower was elected President replacing Truman. Truman was a safety fellow and turned out to have been a very good President. Eisenhower, a popular war hero, did very little except play golf while he was in office. He didn't want to change anything and

there was a gradual deterioration in our national strength and spirit. The "cold war" had started and our relations with Russia were poor. Mc Carthy had most people frightened.

In Erie they built both Refrigerators and Locomotives. Five of the buildings at the Erie Works were used to build Refrigerators. Before the war the GE Refrigerator was made in Ft. Wayne. The machine was a monitor top that included the compressor, condenser, and evaporator that were set in the open top of an icebox that was built by and icebox company. After the war manufacturing was moved to Erie. My first assignment turned out to be my permanent one. My initial work assignment was in factory contact, later it was called production engineering. It consisted of providing the engineering help required to make the annual model year feature and appearance changes, to improve productivity and to implement cost improvements.



Edward - age 3 - on the back porch of our house in Lawrence Park.

Many of the young engineers who joined the company at this time, later became our close personal and social friends.

The Millers, Evans, and others. We socialized a lot and made many good friends. Many of them later became Department, Section and Subsection Managers at G. E.

In those days G.E. was very "people oriented." There was tremendous loyalty between management and employees. There didn't seem to be the confrontation the we have today. It was a job that the Monogram was tattooed on everyone's back side.



Mary coming home from the hospital with Garz.

While we were in Erie we lived first on the West side at 238 Clifton Drive in a large furnished house that we rented from the De Longs while they wintered in Florida.

On July 22, 1949 Mary's father was killed in an auto collision in Salt Lake City. It was a tragic loss. He had just sold his insurance business and had accepted a position as Director of the Selective Service for the State of Utah.

Mary and I went to Utah and helped her mother settle her affairs, when Mary's father's assignment with the Selective Service was completed he intended to retire and become an independent insurance agent.

I hadn't been with GE long enough to have any personal time or vacation

but my boss bent the rules and paid me for the 2 weeks that I was gone. I was always grateful to GE for his thoughtfulness.

"Tragic Death of F. Edward Walker"

An Article in the Salt Lake Telegram.

The tragic death of F. Edward Walker, prominent business man and civic leader, in an automobile accident Friday is a shock to his many friends and associates, and a distinct loss to Salt Lake City.

Mr. Walker died in a collision with a gravel truck on Fourth South street, a little after 9 o'clock in the morning. At the time of his death he was Utah director of selective service. He had accepted an appointment to that post from the governor only a few months before, and after accepting it sold the insurance agency which he established upon coming to this city 18 years before.

Mr. Walker had time and again demonstrated boundless energy and enthusiasm and capacity for civic service. It is impossible to list all his many interests in national, state, and city service. He was in the navy in both wars, holding the rank of commander in the last one and seeing service here, in San Francisco and in New Caledonia. He was in the Veterans of Foreign Wars. He was a past president of the Salt Lake Association of Life Underwriters, an active Mason, a Member of the Elks, The Lions and the Tailor-menders. He worked on infantile paralysis campaigns and as head of the Visiting Nurse association. He was on the board of the T. M. C. A. He was an active member of the Central Christian church.

F. Edward Walker had already established himself in this community as an outstanding citizen at the age of 60.

He could have given much more in the way of service to his community and his state. His death is a distinct loss. The Telegram expresses its deep regret at the untimely death of a fine citizen and extends its condolences to the bereaved members of his family.

That summer we lived in a very - crowded 2 room apartment in North East, Pa. North East was about seven miles from EL. In the fall we moved to an unfurnished house in the center of some old World War 1 row type houses in Lawrence Park, (what had been at one time a G.E. Company town) on the east side of Erie.

Since we thought we were permanently located with G. E. we started accumulating household furnishings. We had \$1,000.00 to buy all of the furniture needed for a five room house. We started shopping for second hand furniture. We were amazed at the quantity of used furniture that we could buy with very little money. Among other things, we bought an oak kitchen table and four chairs for \$25.00.

We lived in Lawrence Park for two years. The house was only one block from the G. E. plant. One day Mary was called to the door by the Plant Guard who had Edward by the hand. He had followed me to work because I hadn't kissed him goodbye that morning. He was a cute little guy and we thought there was no finer child in all the world than he.

Ed was a very smart little boy. I remember some ladies being impressed when he read books to them at the age of three. Much of what he read had been memorized since his mother read to him so much of the time.

He was always into mischief. He ran out of the door one day yelling back to his mother, "you can't catch me, I'm the

glinger bread man. I can run away from you. I can, I can." And he could. She never did catch him.



Gary on a blanket in our back yard.

We picked one day in Coaks Forest. He fell in the creek and came crying to his mother that, "The crabs will get me." His mother was filling the bath tub one day when he went in, locked the door, and couldn't be persuaded to come it. Luckily the overflow drain took water and he finally got tired and opened the door. He locked his mother out of the house one wintry day. She was only wearing a light sweater. She begged him to turn the lock. He kept saying, "I can't". Just when she was ready to break a window with a rock he finally turned the key in the door.



Cyril Edward, and Gary

While we lived in this house Gary was born at Hensot Hospital on February 15, 1958. Edward and I had a great time decorating the house to celebrate when his Mother and little brother would be home from the hospital. When we went to pick them up, Ed told the nurse that he was going to teach his little brother how to eat raisins.

In this house, one day Mary thought she had lost her diamond ring in the bathroom sink. I took the sink apart. Each time I touched a pipe it crumbled and I had to replace much of the 40 year old piping and never found the ring. Later we found it on the bathroom rug.



The house on upper Cherry Street that we bought. Our first home.

In 1961 we decided to buy our first home. We located a small two bedroom frame house at 5064 Cherry Street, where Gore Road crossed Cherry St.

It was in a nice part of town (Warwood). We paid \$12,400 for our new house. Mary had saved some money which we used for the down payment. We financed it with a 30 year paying 4 1/4% interest.

That year I spent a lot of time including my vacation putting plastic tile on the bathroom walls and building two bedrooms and a bath in the attic. Now

do you call this "sweet equity".



Edward and Gary measuring the attic between that Cyril built.

Gary was a delightful little fellow, a very placid and contented child. He could entertain himself for a long time with a very few toys. He was quite creative. Cy always thought that he was going to be the engineer in the family.



Gary and Edward asleep in that that attic bedroom that Cyril built.

While we lived here, Martin Evan w as born on September 4, 1961. The \$15,000 that we paid for Ed in Michigan was now \$20,000 for the doctor alone and about that much for the Hospital. Was Marty really worth that much?

Marty was a patient little guy and demanded very little attention. It made

he want to cry when he would find him asleep in his high chair patiently waiting for someone to put him to bed.



Marty at Rensselaer Hospital.

Once Mary was pushing Martin on his tricycle in the basement when it got out of control. His feet got caught in the wheel and he fell off, with Mary on top of him but he didn't cry. A couple of days later she noticed that he wasn't crawling so she took him in to the doctor and found that he had a fractured bone in his leg.



Marty in his Bassinet.

The doctor set the bones and put on a walking cast and Marty ran around like

there was nothing at all wrong with his leg.



Marty with a broken leg.

Gary was a silent one. He forced a deep attachment to an orange plastic truck and his blanket. He carried them around as his prized possessions. When the truck finally disintegrated he carried the blanket around until it wore out.



Marty asleep in his High Chair waiting for someone to come and feed him.

Archie's life was a Peninsula in Lake Erie. It was a delightful place to spend our summer leisure swimming and having picnics. The branch always had one picnic there each year on July the 4th. Admiral Perry built the ship, on this Peninsula, that he used to defeat the British in the War of 1812.



Mary and Edward in a sand box Cyril built in the back yard of the house on 1300 Cherry Street.

Our home in Erie must have been built on a spring. Water leaked into the basement of that house every spring. We tried a lot of different products and methods to seal the walls but were never really successful in solving this problem. Now I know enough to look for this sort of fault when buying a home.



Martin on the beach of the peninsula. His slippers were full of sharp pebbles. That gave him.

In this home we came near to knowing tragedy. When we moved into the house, it had a gas hot water heater in the basement that was not connected to the chimney for the furnace. One cold rainy day Mary called me at work to tell me that everyone in the house, including her mother who was visiting, was dizzy and could not stand up.



Our family about the time that Mary joined it.

I suspected carbon monoxide and told her to open all of the doors and windows and that I'd be right home. In those days most people only had one car in a family. Nearly everyone was in a car pool and on that day it was not my turn to drive. I borrowed one from a friend and when I got home, the children, Mary and her mother were lying on the beds and floors all over the house. I opened all of the doors and windows, called a doctor and the gas company. Mary hadn't opened the doors because she couldn't think of a way to open them without exposing the children to drafts. Our best advice came from the gas company service man, who, while the doctors were examining their head, told me, "Yes, it's carbon monoxide. Give them eggs and milk."

While we lived on Cherry Street Jamie was born on 10-13-62. We were so happy to have a little girl.



1962 - Jamie in Herot Hospital.

Martin and Jamie were so near the same age (13 months) that they were always in trouble together. When they were 1 1/2 years and 8 months old, Martin plastered Jamie with vaseline and then poured a can of baby powder over her. She looked like a ghost. They finished off a large bottle of orange aspirin tablets together and had to go to the hospital to have their stomachs pumped out.



Marty with a good case of Chicken Pox.

One evening Martin came to me complaining that he didn't feel very good. When I put my arms around him, I noticed that his breath reeked of moth balls. He had eaten those white pieces of candy (moth balls) he had found in the pockets of daddy's new sport coat.

While we were in Erie, all of the children had chicken pox at about the same time. Marty in particular was a mass of pox.

When his mother was out in Utah one summer Ed stayed with us. He was only 12 years old. He made lunch for me one day. When I opened up my brown bag at work and jelly beans rolled out all over the floor. He had made me a peanut butter and jelly bean sandwich. The fellows at work never forgot that sandwich. One day Edward thought he'd bake a cake for us to have for dessert when I came home at night. He read the abbreviation (sp) in his mother's recipe book as black pepper instead of baking powder. The cake looked like a pancake and tasted like a Mexican pastry.



Melancholy Edward Filling the gas tank with water as a savings on driving the car.

Once Edward thought he'd help out so he filled the gas tank with water and proudly told his mother that she wouldn't have to worry about running out of gas any more.



Edward carrying wood at Mesa Verde.

Mary mopped us up for several hours after Martin poured a bottle of concentrated soap (Joy) on the floor.

Jennie asked to have a hard cooked egg like her daddy had because she didn't like the egg juice. Edward, impressed by the story of the grasshopper and the ant, was found collecting all of his toys in one corner of the basement for the winter.

We found Marty screaming one day because Gary had tried to flush him down the toilet to find out where he would go.

When my parents were in Michigan we visited them on long week ends. During those years most of our regular vacations were taken in the west. We'd visit Mary's Mother for a week or so and then sometimes we'd spend a few days seeing some of the National Parks in the west.

During those years we saw the parks in southern Utah, the Adirond-

acks, Mesa Verde, Monument Valley, The Geckles, Yellowstone, and Banff.

We visited the Zoo's, Bryce's, and Cedar Breaks one year when Ed and Gary were small and had to carry them on our shoulders most of the way through the park. We tried to get them to walk by telling them that there was an ice cream cone around the next bend in the path.



Mary carrying Gary on her shoulders in Bryce Canyon.

One year we took Ron Walker and Aunt Ethel to the Southern Parks. On the way home we had to replace our transmission in Panguitch.



A cabin dwelling in Mesa Verde.



Gary in a cliff dwelling in Mesa Verde.

Before we got back to Kentucky that year we had to replace two brake drums and two tires and then the water pump went out and we replaced it. It seemed like we had replaced almost the whole car.



Mesa Verde Valley - Gary in a cliff dwelling. The monument, "The Indian Chief" is behind her.

Notice how square the window in this cliff dwelling is. I'm glad I was not competing as a stone mason with these people.

We climbed all over the magnificent cliff dwellings built by the Anasazi Indians in Mesa Verde.



1958 - A frog race on our test platform at Sand.

We went to Monument Valley one year, Stage Coach and dozens of other western movies were filmed there. It is a beautiful area. Soon after our visit the Navajo Indians took control of the area and now no one is allowed to wander around the valley as freely we had done.

Another year we went to Barff and Jasper one year and the biggest attraction was the frog races we had on our test platform. They reminded me of the first horse races of the west.



Gary and Al at Lake Louise.

These were our "Green Salad Days" and Gary and I hiked up to the glacier above Lake Louise.

We did a lot of test camping in those years. Much of the time it was just an

Those were our "Green Sailed Days" and Mary and I hiked up to the glacier above Lake Louise.

We did a lot of tent camping in those years. Much of the time it was just an economy measure.



Marty and I on the rim of Zion's canyon.

Marty and I climbed up to the plateau which was the rim of Zion's canyon. Later we found that the trail we had just climbed was only for experienced mountain climbers --- Marty felt proud and Cy only felt worn out!!

One of our most memorable experiences was a visit to Yellowstone Park in 1888. On our way home from this Utah visit we returned to Kentucky by way of Yellowstone and stayed the night at the Thumb. In the middle of the night our cabin started to shake violently. Still only half awake I thought a bear was trying to get in our cabin and I went out the door with a couple of small pieces of firewood ready to do battle with this enormous bear, large enough to shake a log cabin. Fortunately we never found him. I was brave in those days. The next morning we found out that we had been in one of the most severe earthquakes recorded on the

North American Continent. It sent tidal waves 20 feet high down Hobogen Lake like you would slosh water out of a dippan and then half of a 7,000-ft high mountain came crashing down into the valley below. 28 people were killed in this earthquake. Mary's Mother had come with us but we couldn't get to West Yellowstone to get her on the train so she could return to Salt Lake. She had to go to Cody. We to get on a plane back to her home in Salt Lake City.



1894 - Jamie and Al with a string of trout that they caught in Yellowstone Lake.

We tried to drive to Mt. Clemens often to visit my parents who seemed lonely.



A gathering of the family on one of those visits to my parents in Mt. Clemens in 1932.

It was a long hard drive. There were no super Highways and the 300 miles to Mt. Clemens was almost all the way on urban roads. We usually left after work on Friday when we were exhausted. We had to go through three major cities, Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit. It was slow and nerve wracking but still we drove over on nearly every long week end.



Meals were self-service when we made those visits to Cy's parents in Mt. Clemens.

While we lived in Erie we developed a friendly, close relationship with my brother, Delmar, and his family.



The family at our house in Erie in 1965. Margie, Del, Marc, Spencer and Mother.

He visited them often in those years he was teaching at Cornell and they in turn often came to Erie.



1966-A family visit with Mother and Dad. The children sleep on the front porch.

Occasionally Dad and Mother, and sometimes Spencer would come to Erie for one of the long holiday weekends. One time Spencer tried to come for Thanksgiving.



A family get-together at Del and Marie's farm in Ohio in 1964.

One time Speech tried to come for Thanksgiving. We were snowed in so he flew to nearly every major airport on the east coast and never did make it to Erie.

We usually spent a good share of our time, when we got together, discussing politics or economics. There were no lack of authorities for either subject. When we got together it was very informal. Dinners would be self serve but were usually hearty.

Del and Marge made a wise decision and bought a farm about 7 miles north of Cornell. They never farmed it. They had much of the land in the soil-bank and rented some of it to their neighbors. Del modernized much of the inside of the old farm house and they lived there.

Often we went to their place for a football game or a visit. It was always very enjoyable. We had children who were about the same ages in each of the families. They always seemed to have fun together. On his farm was a large old barn which the children loved to play in.



Eldred Soames and Carl...

He raised a Welch Pony that was smaller than the ordinary horse. There were many nice state parks around

Ethaca where we often went on picnics. I remember quite well one football game that we went to between Michigan and Cornell. Michigan was a power house and Cornell had a mediocre team but Cornell beat Michigan very badly.



The chapel that we built in Erie, Pa.

Erie had a small branch of the church. Floyd Soames was an engineer in the Locomotive Dept. of G.I. in Erie and was the Branch President, the District President and just about every other office there was. He was one of the finest persons I've ever known. While I was there I served as one of his counselors in the Branch Presidency, the District Presidency and as Branch President. In every branch that we lived in there were a few strong families, usually converts, who were the heart of the local membership. (The Churches in Erie, Elphinstone in Ann Arbor, and Hallowell in Louisville) There were only five male priesthood holders in Erie.

Keeping the children quiet and entertained during meetings was a real challenge. Mary would bring many pencils, books and toys to entertain the children while I was conducting the service. Always one of the children would get away and make it to the stand to sit with me. I was also a Scout Master for

a community trace in Lawrence Park and in our branch. Everyone did many things. There were lots of problems even in a small branch.

While we were living in Erie we built a chapel between August 1981 and February 1983. It was a very small one in which we furnished all of the labor except the bricklaying and plumbing. We worked on that chapel every night for months. Sometimes Mary would have a lunch made and the whole family would go to the new chapel and work until it was dark.

We had many disputes with the Church Building Committee in Salt Lake. They did not understand the needs of branches in the mission field and were not very cooperative. Now that I look back on it, they were wrong every time we had a disagreement but they always won. The chapel was built on a sloping lot and without success we tried to get them to let us put classrooms in the basement. When it was dedicated the General Authority in charge of the dedication made the observation, "that it would have been smart to have built classrooms in the basement." Floyd Gossett was the Construction Supervisor. He built this Chapel using the same engineering techniques he used in designing Locomotives. Many times he made me do something over because it wasn't exactly right. I have never seen that kind of careful workmanship used in the construction of any other building. There were only five of us to build it. Working together and building a chapel ourselves developed a love for one another that is sometimes missing in the chapels today where buildings are contracted and there isn't very much of the spirit in the brick and mortar. I think we also acquired a few skills that

we never had before. I remember very well building the cupola on the ground and how the boys and I helped hoist it up onto the roof of the building. The church no longer allows members to build their own church. I'm not sure why they stopped letting members build chapels. Possibly the liabilities involved, careless construction or whatever but something valuable was lost by that decision.

There was no money for janitors in a poor branch like ours so Mary, the children and I went over weekly and thoroughly cleaned the chapel. It was always immaculate.



Our family at the wedding of Carl's Sister Phyllis and Bruce Selnes in Schenectady.

While we were living in Erie my sister Phyllis got married to Bruce Selnes who was an engineer with GE in Schenectady and we went to their wedding reception. He had been on a last assignment with Locomotives in Erie while we were there and we knew him very well. Their's has been a very fruitful marriage.

During the six years that we lived in Erie, General Electric decided to build an Appliance Park where all major appliances (Refrigerators, Home Laundry,



G.E.'s Appliance Park in Louisville, Ky.

built, and we were transferred to Louisville. Manufacturing from all over the east coast was moved to Louisville. We sold the home that we had purchased for \$12,400 for \$14,800 and moved to Louisville in April 1955.



The house we built in Louisville at 635
Enfield Ridge Rd.

We found a nice quiet street off Brownstone Road near St. Matthews which is about 6 miles east of Louisville and contracted with a builder to build us a home. We designed it ourselves and made the usual number of mistakes but it was much nicer than the house we left in Erie. Like all the homes we ever built we had many things we were going to complete in it ourselves. More of

that "sweet equity". In Louisville we planned and built a porch on the side of the house. We did all of the landscaping and finished the basement.



The house we built in Louisville after
the porch had been added to the end of
the house.

For two years there was a slide door on the house that opened out onto an eight foot drop. It was a good thing that none of us walked in our sleep. The equity from our Erie home paid the down payment for the house in Louisville. Interest rates had gone up from 4 1/4 to 6% by now.



Non Walker at Liberty Park in 1961
with Ed and Gers.

Mary's mother came out and helped with the move to Louisville and she took Marty home with her on the train when

Marty home with her on the train when she returned to Salt Lake. When they got ready to leave, Marty suddenly decided that he didn't want to go. It was a puzzled 2 1/2 year old that waved goodbye. When they got on the train to go the other children wept. Gary cried, "Marty, come back." Jamie moaned, "we'll never see Marty again."

Marty's mother lived at 1376 Michigan Avenue and the children dearly loved her house. It had lots of rooms to explore and there was the good feeling of a home about it. She was good to take the children places, do things with them and give them just about anything they asked for. She usually took them to Lagoon or Liberty Park for a day during their vacation and they developed a fond feeling about the park, they almost had some ownership in Liberty Park.

Grime from her skirts was enough for her to live comfortably and do most of the things she wanted to do. Her wants were not extravagant. She was good to us. If I commented that I'd like something she was quick to get it for us. She gave me most of my tools in my workshop.