

3. The Provo Interlude

As early as 1935, possibly 1934, Dad had selected his master's research project at Brigham Young University (BYU). He would gather information from the stakes of the Church on attendance and various other measures of member activity, then analyze them statistically to determine if correlation could be found among the various activity criteria. Later, as seen below, the subject changed. Our time in Provo for Dad to complete his M.A. degree, one year, would have been longer except for his research and course work done during several previous summers. The school year 1936-37 was a brief interlude between the longer periods of seven years in Monroe and four years in Wisconsin that would follow.

I attended third grade at the BYU Training School, a laboratory teaching environment for the university's students majoring in education. My memory of that year is sparse—I don't recall the names of my friends or my teachers. The school was a large, redbrick building (Fig.1-8) at 550 North University Avenue, five blocks from our home. Founded in 1875 as a K-12 school, the Brigham Young Academy in 1903 split into two entities, Brigham Young University and BYU High School (BYH). In 1922 the main structure became known as the Education Building. It was closed in 1968 and remained vacant for more than two decades. Owing to a community restoration effort it was saved from being razed and is now the Academy Square branch of the Provo Public Library.



Figure 1-8. The BYU Training School is at left, Education Building at right in this 1902 photo.

Photo courtesy of BY High Alumni

Our home was a basement apartment at 731 North 400 East, an area now included as part of the BYU campus. I believe we attended the Manavou Ward. My memory of Primary is mainly of playing on the church lawn before and after class. Our neighbors across the street were the Cullimores; the father was a doctor and drove a Terraplane (a brand of Hudson Motor Car Co.) with a torpedo-shaped, glass hood ornament. I figured only doctors could afford that kind of futuristic extravagance. Lloyd Cullimore was my age, also my principal playmate.



Figure 1-9. Our home in Provo was the basement apartment at 731 North 400 East.

By mid-May Dad had finished his thesis, titled: *Changes in the Numbers and the Priesthood Affiliation of the Men Used as Ward Teachers in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1920 to 1935*. It was the culmination of a major research effort, spread over at least four years. He found that ward teaching in the Church was inadequately done, despite the substantial increase in the number of priesthood holders assigned to the work over the fifteen-year period studied.

My father passed his oral examination on May 25, 1937, received his degree on June 9, and shortly thereafter we moved to Madison, Wisconsin, where he had been accepted for further graduate work, aiming for a Ph.D. in economics.