

On Jan 22, 2016, at 3:07 PM, RICHARD PAUL <rdpaul10@msn.com> wrote:

Mel,

My nephew, in LA, will be in town in two weeks to ferret out the clippings, photos, etc., for Edgehill BB/All Church, and Sports Illustrated, et.al. My IT guru son should help me get a grip on scanning and emailing my description of my personal introduction to Paul Hansen, Bill Jrs. poem, and other excerpts from my Personal History.

Are you aware that Edgehill teams had not just nominal satin uniforms, but had satin warm ups, jackets and pants, and also "letter sweaters?" We had an annual year ending dinner, often times with speakers like Vadal Peterson, the Ute BB coach in the 40's and mid fifties, special clinics with college coaches and players.

Funds were raised by selling refreshments at the games (stake and otherwise). Tickets were sold for the Edgehill Annual Christmas Tourney and the EPBST in March. We had showers, locker rooms, & an office where equipment (Converse All-Star BB shoes/seconds, socks, shorts, shoe laces, etc., were sold at a profit), and towels were rented out for 25 cents, practice basketballs were checked out, team jerseys were available in 6 different colors, for teams without their own. These teams were pretty intimidated playing against Edgehill in their satin gear.

These ventures were managed by youthful "gym workers," that were paid 50 cents an hour. That would be at least \$5.00 today. Hans was the center of the experience. He was a master organizer and value-oriented mentor. We all did our best for him, whether playing the sport or being a helper in any way. His expertise, his sense of humor, his being a master of human relations across a broad spectrum of relationships was the glue.

Into his mid fifties he played pick up games with any takers. Saturday was "Open Hours" at the gym costing 25 cents an hour. Players came from all over to compete. My gym job was to clean up the facilities before and after and collect the fees. I was about 13-14 years old at the time. He left the keys on his back door knob so I could get there real early in the morning. Sometimes I would pick them up at 3:00 am and shoot baskets all night as a prelude to my tasks. I never advanced that info to anyone. But, I think he had a notion.

That season I was the youngest player on his Explorer team, and I was by far the best shot, with good reason. I remember crying when we lost to South Edgehill (Jim Wooley's team), which was the first stake game Hans's teams had lost in 8 years. That was shortly after Edgehill Ward was divided in two. Jim W. and John Christensen were two years older. Both John and I were playing at East the next season. Then, from H.S., I had a full scholarship at the U. The only other player to play in college from Edgehill/ S. Edgehill was Doug Howard who played both basketball and baseball at the Y. I treasured the one season that I was coached by Hans. Doug never had that privilege. He was a heck of an athlete.

I hope that you picked up the letter to the editor that I wrote at Hans' death that was published in the DESNews, in 1990. It was entitled "A Thousand Points of Light." I will get the exact date from Allen Brown if you haven't gotten that far yet.

Sorry for meandering.

Dick

