

heard the strains of the Utah band practicing in the stadium. It couldn't have been a more symbolic tribute for my old friend.

### **HOW GREEN WAS MY ALLEY?**

There are few things that warm my heart more than fond memories of Dicky and Floyd during our formidable years in the old neighborhood. My daughter Leslie and family recently moved into to that area just above Westminster College and I wear her out with boring anecdotes. For every house, street and alley I pass by there I have a fond memory of a friend, a prank, an eccentric neighbor, (like Val Holstrom who raised snakes), a lawn that I mowed or watered in the summer, or a memory of when that house was not yet built and we played marbles in the vacant lot. Floyd Brown and I patrolled the area and we took no prisoners except for Gene Wimmer, Carlyle Clark, and Roger Crane. The alleys formed a network of fantastic shortcuts between our homes. The alleys were also an easy way to approach neighbors' back yards for night activities, such as window peaking for a few of the unsavory youths in the neighborhood. (not I)

If I ever write a book it will be entitled: **"How Green Was My Alley?"**

My daughter Leslie and family live right next to the Edgehill Gym. Holy Cow!! That is sacred ground. Among other things, I had one of my first jobs at the gym. Paul Hansen had things so well organized that several of us, in our teens, were gym workers and we cleaned up the locker rooms, the toilets, swept the floor, etc. I had the Saturday morning shift. The night before Paul would leave the strand of keys to the gym on his back door knob. Instead picking them up at 7:00 am as directed, I would pass by at 2:30 am and spend the night, all alone in the gym, practicing my jump shot. I think Paul probably knew what I was up to.

I drove by the gym yesterday after visiting Leslie and her family. As I glanced at the gym's entrance, a vivid memory came forth. Let me explain:

Royce Roosendahl was a nifty round-ball player, tutored by "Hans." He was also the Caddy Master at the Salt Lake Country Club. He was about 6 years older than I. I knew nothing about golf, but I followed some older boys to the course to caddy. I waited at the end of the line and Royce finally got me a job carrying for this eccentric old gal. I probably broke every principle of caddying and golf etiquette, walking in sand traps, etc. At the end of her round she dispatched me to the caddy shack without a word. Royce asked how much she paid me and I said: "nothing." He marched me to the Lady's Locker Room and knocked on the door until she came out. He proceeded to remind her of the going rate. After that, I had a huge fondness for Royce and when he played on my dad's team I cheered for him the loudest.

One early Saturday morning, as I was en route to work at the gym to clean pots and bowls, big and small, etc., I noticed this huge stack of towels at the door. Nestled there was a note saying: "Like Robin Hood, who robs from the rich and gives to the poor, I bequeath these towels to the Edgehill Gym." They all had "The Country Club" monogrammed on them. This was Royce's way of thanking Hans for being so instrumental in his life. Honesty was to be a later lesson. After being a star at East High and then for my dad's team, Royce

joined the Navy. When he got back, I was playing at the U and he tried out for the team as a walk-on. He didn't make it because he didn't have a "jump shot." Royce later became a very successful owner of restaurants and was admitted as a member of the prestigious Salt Lake Country Club where he never cheated at golf. At this writing, he recently had a heart transplant and is presently in a nursing home with Parkinson's Disease. I had occasion to visit with him and let him know that I always looked up to him and just how much I appreciated his kindnesses towards me.

One of these kindnesses was when I, too, became a member of the S. L. Country Club. On one of my first forays into the club's legendary men's grill, I was hosting a couple of business clients as my guests and at the table adjacent to us were several prestigious and venerable members who seemed to be watching my every move, almost mocking me. Among them was Royce. Seeing that I was embarrassed and self conscious, Royce came over to me and put his arm around me and said: "Dicky, these guys really like you and aren't making fun of you as you are probably thinking. You see, Noland Schneider just bet Jimmy Dunn \$350.00 that you would pick up the spoon before the fork." I learned that this bet was small peanuts to these guys compared to out on the course.

The "jump shot" revolutionized basketball in the early fifties. Paul Arizin of Arizona University and Frank Selvey of Furman College were the first great "jump shooters." I was one of the first at the Edgehill Gym. I worked on it night and day and had it perfected by my 14<sup>th</sup> year. That was a real advantage for me with my basketball career. My brother, Bill, had his very own interesting style of playing and shooting that I will further highlight later. Another of his endearing talents was that of being a poet. At the time of Paul Hansen's passing in 1990, Bill wrote one of his best poems that captured the feelings of literally hundreds of those who Paul touched through his years of coaching and mentoring at the gym.

#### A TRIBUTE TO "HANS"

HERE'S TO PAUL HANSEN . . . OUR COACH, MENTOR AND FRIEND .  
A SALUTE FROM HIS PLAYERS WITH ALL THE LOVE WE CAN SEND.  
HERE'S TO ANOTHER TIME THAT WE NOW FONDLY RECALL,  
WITH MEMORIES CHOREOGRAPHED TO A BOUNCING BALL.  
HERE'S TO "THE GYM" THE SANCTUARY OF OUR YOUTH . . .  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD SHRINE WHERE KIDS SEARCHED FOR TRUTH.  
HERE'S TO THE GAMES WE WON . . . AND THOSE WE LOST,  
AND HANS' CONSTANT CHALLENGE TO PAY VICTORY'S COST.  
HERE'S TO THIS MOLDER AND BUILDER OF YOUNG MEN. .  
WITH HIS KNACK FOR INSPIRING AND CAJOLING TO WIN.  
HERE'S TO THE SHOOTERS, THE PASSERS AND LEAPERS . .  
TO THE CAPTAINS, THE STARTERS AND . . . EVEN THE SLEEPERS.  
HERE'S TO THE AWKWARD, THE SLOW AND WEAK SIGHTED,  
TO THE BENCH WARMING CREW THAT HANS NEVER SLIGHTED.  
HERE'S TO SATIN JERSEYS AND EDGEHILL LETTER SWEATERS,  
TO THE TROPHIES AND HONORS FOR WHICH WE'RE STILL DEBTORS.  
HERE'S TO WORK PARTIES, OPEN HOURS AND TRIPS WE'D TAKE  
TO SNELGROVES AND CUMMINS AND SUMMERS AT PAUL'S LAKE.  
HERE'S TO HANS' LOVE AND PASSION FOR THE GAME,

THE ROUND BALL WAS FEATURED . . . BUT "CHARACTER" WAS ITS NAME.  
HERE'S TO THOSE LUCKY GUYS THAT WENT ON TO EXCELL . . .  
TO THE SCHOLARS AND LEADERS WE GUESSED WOULD DO WELL.  
AND HERE'S TO THE OTHERS LIFE FOULED ALONG THE WAY,  
STILL TREASURING THE MEMORIES OF A MUCH HAPPIER DAY.  
HERE'S TO THE FORTY YEARS HANS PURSUED A NOBLE CAUSE . . .  
AS THE STUDENT . . . THEN THE MASTER OF HUMAN NATURE'S LAWS.  
HERE'S TO THE HOPE THAT HANS' HEAVEN HAS A GYM . . .  
AND DOUBLE THICK MALTS ARE THERE WAITING FOR HIM.  
HERE'S TO THE NEW KIDS WHO WILL GREET HIM THIS WEEK . . .  
TO THAT TEAM HE'S NOW COACHING EVEN AS WE SPEAK.  
HERE'S TO OUR CHANCE FOR ONE MORE "EDGEHILL CHEER . . ."  
JUST IN CASE OUR OLD COACH IS STILL LINGERING NEAR.  
YES . . . HERE'S TO YOU PAUL HANSEN, THREE CHEERS FOR YOUR STORY!  
YOU LEAVE US AND OLD EDGEHILL TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY.  
HERE'S TO YOUR MEMORY AND TO THE LESSONS YOU SHARED . . .  
WE'RE NOW PART OF YOUR LEGACY . . . LIVING PROOF THAT YOU CARED.

Bill Paul

I was lucky to have an older brother who was the pathfinder for me, at least when it came to scouting, sports, clothing styles, and girls (later on). Through him I gained wonderful associations with his older friends. One of these was Allen Brown, our next-door neighbor. Allen enjoyed entertaining our rag-tag crew of younger gullible waifs. One night, we were sitting out on our front lawn with Allen and we were in a pensive mood viewing the vastness of the heavens and stars above us. An airplane flew over with its lights blinking on and off. Allen had us convinced that he could read the code emitted by the blinking lights. "All is well, all is well." That's what he told us the plane was signaling. Years later, he told us of his adventures as a Smoke Jumper, fighting forest fires. I never knew what was "the truth of the matter;" however, his tales were all exciting and adventurous. Allen, a handsome fellow, later married a classmate of mine, Gay Cederlof, who was the prettiest girl in the school.

Jerry Sheya, another older neighborhood mentor, took a liking to me and helped me through a few tough spots. He saved me from Dan Hess now and again. Dan was an older bully who loved to pin me to the ground and beat on my chest, just below my throat, with his knuckle. Jerry's brother was a Marine and fought in the battles of the Pacific during World War II. He later wrote a book called "Guadalcanal Diary." I nearly memorized it. He was truly a neighborhood hero.

Val Holstrom was a quiet type. He was also the scariest of all of my brother's friends. He raised poisonous snakes in his backyard pen. One day a "Cottonmouth" escaped and terrorized the neighborhood for days. People were afraid to go outside. Gardening was neglected and all pets were put on a leash. He finally recovered it in the vacant field behind the Flandro's home, right across the street. I knew that area well because I mowed and watered the grass there every summer.

This was the biggest crisis in the neighborhood since the "Great Prison Escape of 1946." The Utah State Prison used to be located on 21<sup>st</sup> South and 16<sup>th</sup> East. They moved it to the Point of the Mountain in 1954. (The State is planning to move it again, since that area is now populated some 65 years later). Highland High School now stands on the former site. The prison was an ominous presence with its high sandstone walls and gun turrets looming over that busy thoroughfare. Terrible stories were always circulating about the unsavory inmates.

The most horrid of all was about Hyrum Beebe who was a bald, degenerate-looking convicted murderer on death row. You can imagine the excitement when we found out that Hyrum and several associates had scaled the wall and escaped into our extended neighborhood. This was the most sensational of the frequent escape attempts. Most all of the escapees were soon captured and placed in solitary confinement. But ol' Hyrum, he was at large for quite a spell. He was the source of many a young child's nightmares during that time. I was one of those who fantasized of the terrible things that could happen if he were to kidnap me and take me as a hostage. I found solace in the adventures of Tom Sawyer when Tom outwitted Indian Joe in the cavern. In our neighborhood the closest thing to Tom's cavern setting was the Edgehill Gulch, which was only a few blocks away from the prison. I just knew that ol' Hyrum was hiding in the Edgehill Gulch. Even after they had captured him I kept my senses alert around the Edgehill Gulch. It was hard to think that our glorious gym was so close to such a perilous place. Would you believe that the gulch was reclaimed in the '60s and that Leslie's house is situated right where Hiram probably hid? I am sure that his spirit lingers near, but I won't tell anyone.

Soon after there were road signs that some jokers put up along the street below the prison walls that said: "**Slow! Prisoners Escaping.**" In 1955, after the prison had been closed, but not yet demolished, my buddies and I used to take our girl friends (dates) through the dilapidated prison grounds at the wee hours of the night guided by our flashlight beams. It was very scary for me, let alone for the girls. We highlighted the tour with a visit to the solitary confinement area. Some of the graffiti was a little embarrassing but we waxed eloquent to the girls about the details of ol' Hyrum's detention inside and the serious crimes of the other convicts who domiciled there.

Before Hyrum died of old age, while waiting out his many appeals, I read an article speculating that he was possibly the Sundance Kid.

Regarding the present location of the State Pen, I expect that any time now there will be signs put up out there on the freeway saying: "Slow! Prisoners Escaping."

## **PAUL HANSEN BANQUET**

Another fond memory came to mind when passing by the gym. In the Spring of 1965, I organized a dinner at the gym in honor of Paul Hansen. We invited everyone we knew of who was blessed by the gym experience and by Paul Hansen's friendship. It became an elaborate affair with Royce Roosendahl donating the meal, and the ward Relief Society preparing it. Little did we expect that three hundred plus would come to the event. It was all a surprise to Hans. We added to the invitations a request for a

donation to buy a gift for him. We gave him a new Pontiac. Of course he was overwhelmed, but quite angry with me. He would have preferred that any proceeds would have gone to the gym program.

While I was lining up the details for the dinner, I went to the University of Utah Administration Building where I discussed with Dr. Lowell Bennion, a University Vice President and icon in his own right, the possibility that the University community might become aware of the great service that Paul, a professor there, had provided to our community. I was seeking recognition for this man I so loved. Lowell stunned me when he asked: "Do you really think that Paul wants recognition?" I had to double clutch several times after that as we went on with the planning. Lowell Bennion and Paul Hansen were both cut out of the same cloth. Both were brilliant humanitarians, and highly effective teachers. I shouldn't have been surprised when Paul was mad at me after the fabulous dinner. Had I known Paul better, I probably would have understood that the dinner was really for us, and for me in particular. Nonetheless, none of us attending will ever forget it. He forgave me on his deathbed and thanked me for the fond memory of so many glorious faces.

Time marches on, and life styles change, but if there could still be an Edgehill Christmas Tournament or the EBST, the Edgehill Basketball Post Season Tournament, I would be there just to take in the atmosphere. And while sitting there in the bleachers I would recall that first interview with Hans, after my bittersweet combat with Mary Jane Rice. I would breathe in the aroma of the hotdogs that were always for sale at the big games and remember my role as a gym worker cleaning "the pots and bowls big and small," as Hans used to call the sinks and toilets.

I would recall the excitement of my first organized practice as a 10 year old and how Coach Howard Smith noticed all of my enthusiasm and lack of discipline and sent me to the showers during the first 5 minutes. I was suspended for a week. Did I ever pay attention to his every word after that incident? So did everyone else.

Later, my high school coach would say to me: "Dick, back when you and Gary Chestang were playing for me you would do everything I asked you to do. Gary, on the other hand, would do just the opposite." Gary went on to be an All-Stater and played at the U. Who knows just how good this big 6'7," 240 pounder might have been if he could have had the early Edgehill experience that I enjoyed.

I would think back to the tragic event when someone had, during a social, propped up the handle of the drinking fountain located in the hall just outside the gym and left it stuck that way over night. When the water pressure built up, the water shot out from the fountain with so much force that the gym was flooded and the floor was seriously warped. What a disaster! But Hans rallied the troops and we formed a work party. We screwed down the warped areas and sanded down the high spots until the floor was just like new. The work exhausted us; but nonetheless, we all took even greater pride in that sacred shrine after that.

I will always remember Hans as my brother's coach and how he assigned me to be the ball boy and took me on road trips with my brother's team and allowed me to shoot around before and after the games. I saw my brother grow into a man under Paul's tutelage. I witnessed him do marvelous things on the court. He inspired me to try to follow the same pattern and Hans had a willing pupil with Dicky Paul. I played for him just one year before high school ball, but I learned lessons for a lifetime. He invited me to spend two weeks with him and another teammate at his cabin at Hebgen Lake that summer. I cherish the memory.

When Paul was suffering from Parkinsons, I was saddened that he was confined to a Nursing Home and couldn't return each summer to his beloved Hebgen Lake. Noting his disappointment, I arranged and financed for him to have a full-time nurse to accompany him while he took a nursing home sabbatical at Hebgen. This took some doing, but it was a crowning moment for me for I felt like I had atoned for all of the hoopla at the Paul Hansen Banquet years earlier. He was very touched and appreciative.

It was a bitter-sweet experience because the disease was so pervasive and caused so many limitations. He couldn't take in and enjoy the activities that he had previously relished. The hardest part for him was to be so completely dependent upon others and not to be able to engage in the multitude of projects that he always had programmed for maintaining and improving his rustic paradise. He had been extremely generous over the years in sharing his utopia. It became apparent to me that his main incentive for having such a fantastic get-a-way was to give his many friends access to a glorious, scenic, outdoor experience that they would never forget. That experience could be stupendous by itself, but was only amplified because of the consummate pleasure of being in Paul's company and soaking in his superlative persona, his keen sense of humor and his positive outlook.

Unfortunately, he passed away shortly thereafter; but not before I had the golden opportunity to play for him a video of the classic sports (basketball) movie: "The Hoosiers." The time and place of that epic story was chronologically tied to my early Edgehill-Paul Hansen experiences.

I was in Los Angeles having an important business conference when I heard of his death. I left the meeting immediately and penned a little editorial for the local newspaper which I faxed from my client's office. The Deseret News published it in totality and later I had endless comments from friends and associates in Salt Lake about it. Foremost, they thought that I had moved to L.A. The fact that the document did come from L.A. probably enhanced its positioning on the editorial page. Paul Hansen would probably have been upset at me for singing his praises but I could tell that the family and friends of Paul were delighted with the perspective I portrayed of "Hans." Even my brother Bill, who was the ultimate "wordsmith," seemed to be moved by it and told me that it inspired the poem that he wrote and read at the funeral. I was honored to be a part of the funeral services for both Paul Hansen and Jack Gardner, my great coaches and mentors.

Paul Hansen was a brilliant intellect. He could have been at the top of any field that he might have chosen. He could have been a stellar basketball coach, even in the NBA. He could have been a politician at the very top. He was by far the most popular figure in our surrounding neighborhoods. He could have been a brilliant scientist because he was a stellar mathematician and a vigorous problem solver. He excelled as an academician and was the head of the School of Secondary Education at the U. of U.

What he loved the most was mentoring young people. He invested his time and talents in quietly, patiently and effectively lifting people. He was a master of human relations. Though he was extremely effective with young men in bringing out their talents and personalities, he was beloved by most everyone he dealt with, from the paper boy to the University President. . . from the cleaning lady to the princess of the ball. I have tried to emulate his example applying these skills, but I have to admit that I haven't been able to hold a candle to his achievements in this regard. Often I have thought, what would Hans do in this personnel conundrum I am facing, or this potential human relations nightmare? I just hope that I can keep at it and learn by my mistakes as measured by his formula of enriching and empowering others with his superlative support and advocacy. I would be pleased if my children might benefit by whatever pass through they might have attained on a second-hand basis of the Paul Hansen life formula.

When I drive by the Edgehill Gym I am saddened that what was once a laboratory of character building and upward reaching in the human experience is now, quite possibly, just another church gym. I have deemed it important that the spirit of the Edgehill Gym during those Camelot-like days might live on through its beneficiaries who, by their best efforts, can carry the scepter of Paul Hansen's legacy into their own families and communities. I have tried my best to do so. Only through my own attempts to do this have I come to the realization of just how brilliant and formidable Paul Hansen's body of work was.