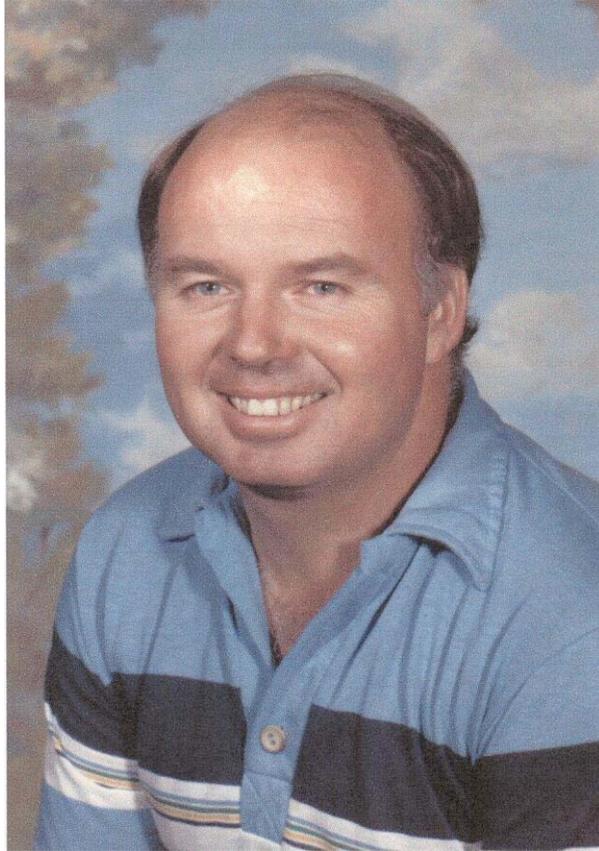


Robert Steeg Moon Jr



Early Memories: Two years of age

Empire Rd. Oakland California was the first house that I remember living in. the house backed up to a field adjacent to the old Oakland Airport. From across the field I remember watching planes land and take-off. I remember watching as a plane crashed and burned one late afternoon. My parents were watching me play in the yard when I believe I heard my father say several times to my mother that a plane had crashed. We all watched as a big fire burned high in the sky.

On another occasion I remember hearing a siren, and peeking out the window from behind the security of the curtains, I saw a big red fire engine came by.

I remember my mother heating towels in boiling water and placing them on my father's legs because he had Polio. I remember that it was uncomfortable for my father to go through this procedure. I kind of remember him talking about his almost complete

recovery and give credit to this procedure plus exercises that built up other muscles to compensate for those affected by the Polio.

Ivy Court: Four years to Ten years old

When I was two, 1946, my father bought a new house in Walnut Creek on Ivy Ct. The home was torn down in 1997-1998 to make room for high-rise buildings and a freeway. The house backed up to the old Walnut Creek Elementary school, which was located, at what is now the corner of Olympic and California streets. Our yard was large at this new home. As the years passed from ages 2 through 10 I learned many things from my father. I spent many hours working with him laying cement blocks to act as retaining walls. We planted trees and grass and built fences. I learned to take care of the yard that we had worked so hard on because my dad worked six days a week at Bonyngs' furniture store as an interior decorator. He left the lower yard for us as a playground. I can remember flattening the lower yard out and planting grass so that the kids in the neighborhood and I would have a place to play tackle football. One day when I was working on the "football field" I found a bee nest in the ground. I decided to stick the garden hose down the hole and drown the bees so that they would no longer bother us when we played. Needless to say that was a big mistake. The bees came flying out of the hole and attacked me. They got underneath my t-shirt and stung me so many times I was red all over. Boy did that ever hurt.

That was not the only time that I used the hose as a weapon against pests. We always had gophers digging in our yard. There was so much open space between us and the schoolyard, the gophers loved to dig and feed in our yard. So I used to regularly stick the hose down one hole and stand over another hole with a shovel in hand. Whack! When the gopher showed his very wet head I would knock him for a loop.

My grand father William Moon (1888) gave me a bow and arrow set and a big archery target. We hung the target on the fence at the top level of the back yard, remember there was a lot of space between the fence and the school yard, and we spent lots of time shooting arrows.

I just remembered something that we used that space between the back yard and schoolyard for. The mustard plants grew very large back there and there were pine trees to hide behind. If you pulled the mustered weeds out of the soil you had a really good weapon to through at someone. We would play war until the weeds ran out.

I remember well the only fight that I ever got in was with our neighbor Jimmy Fuller. It wasn't much of a fight though. Jimmy picked up a rock and hit me over the head with it. It put a nice hole in the top of my head. The cut bled for a long time but my pride

was hurt more than my body.

My dad was into model trains. He gave me one for Christmas. We made great plans to dig out a basement under our house so that we could set up the train in a permanent place. So we went to work digging out the space under our house, bucket by bucket, to make room for the train set. We never finished the project because we moved to another house.

We had a dog for a spell. He was an Irish Setter we named Mike. He was a part of the family. After a couple of years he was stolen or lost. The family missed him. That was the only pet we had except gold fish.

Scouts:

When I turned eight I remember two things that helped mold my life. My mother became the den mother for our Cub Scout group and the friends that I made through scouting would last along time. Mom was good at helping us make all kinds of projects, advancing in rank and the treats I remember as being the greatest. We all stayed together in the scouting arena through our sophomore year in high school in Troop 222 in Walnut Creek. I ended up a Life Scout and part of the Order of the Arrow group. I was a couple of merit badges short and too involved in other things to spend the time to become an Eagle Scout. My father really wanted me to become an Eagle but I could not see it at the time. He tried to get me back into the program by becoming a district leader and Scoutmaster but by that time I was pretty much dead set against spending the time. Most of the members of the scout troop were athletes. We started at 8 or 9 years old playing baseball in the city recreation league. Many of us went on to play some college ball. One of the guys made it to the big leagues. Rich Nye played several years for the Chicago Cubs.

Baseball:

As I think about the baseball we played I often wondered why we stood out. I attribute it to the fact that we all played for ex-professional baseball players. From the time I was nine years old and played for the "Maple shop" until I stopped playing baseball in college at Florida State I played for one baseball player after another. These coaches taught us the fundamentals of the game. Most of us could play any position on the field. In fact I know that I played every position at one time or another. There are several games that stand out in my mind. I don't know that the stories are that important to tell but I will anyway. I remember a game at Mt. Diablo High School in 1958. As a freshman at Clayton Valley I started for the Varsity team. I played third base and I think I

hit sixth of seventh. The pitcher we faced that day was one of the fastest throwers in the area. He was a little wild that day and didn't mind throwing inside. Needless to say he threw a fastball and hit me right in the middle of my back. After wiping elephant tears out of my eyes I finally made it down to first. I remember playing against Antioch High at the old city park in down town Concord. The field was right behind the old armory. In the bottom of the sixth inning down by two runs and the bases loaded I found myself up at the plate. The coach gave me a sign that I missed and my only thought was to make good contact. The coaches' plan, I was to find out about later, was to suicide squeeze the player at third (real questionable strategy). I swung away and hit it over the armory. Grand slam, boy was I happy until I got back to the dugout and the coach said that he would have to fine me fifty cents for missing a sign.

I remember making the traveling team at Florida State (Freshman). We went to Gainesville to play the University of Florida. We stayed two days and played four games in those two days. We slept in the field house and ate at the football training table. We didn't win too many games but it was fun playing in a big time conference.

Probably the most memorable game was played in Lodi Dodger field. I was playing on a semipro team out of Pleasant Hill and part of the Twins organization at the time. We were a ragtag group of 20-25 year old men who didn't want to believe that their time had come and gone. We showed up to play a game in the heat of the central valley. Our catcher somehow got lost and did not show up for the game. The coach asked me to catch because we did not have anyone else who could do it. I thought to myself "You still don't have anyone who can catch". I had never been behind the plate prior to that game. The first pitch was a fastball that I did not even see. It hit the umpire square in his mask. He had some choice words for me. The second pitch was a fastball that the batter swung at. I blinked, missed the ball and it hit the umpire again. He was ready to kill me...! I couldn't blame him for being upset! I stood up turned around and told him I would not miss another one, I didn't. In fact I threw out two guys trying to steal second and tagged a guy out at the plate. Offensively I hit two home runs and a double to help us win the game. I do remember struggling to get off the field after the game. I was exhausted!

Eastern Walnut Creek: 11 to 18 years old

In 1955 my family moved out on Ygnacio Valley Road. Eichler built some new modern homes that my dad really liked. It had four bedrooms, two baths, a flat roof, radiant heat and more glass than any house I had ever seen. We were one of the first families to move there. Needless to say we would have to make a lot of new friends because we were now in a different school district. I went to sixth grade at Ygnacio

Valley Elementary, seventh and eighth grade at Loma Vista Intermediate and High school at Clayton Valley. I still saw all of my old friends because we still played sports against each other and met at boy scout meetings 3 or four times each month. One of the new friends I met was Virginia Humphries (Ginny) and Michele Waymere (sp). Though Ginny did not know it she was the first girl I fell in love with. I had a natural in because my father decorated her home in the foothills of Mt. Diablo. The two girls hung out together and I with lack of understanding teased them all the time. One day at school they decided they had had enough and together punched me in the eye giving me my first black eye. They also got to stay home for a day.

The area around where we lived was really rural. Walnut trees covered a narrow Ygnacio Valley Road (now a 6 lane street). There was a horse ranch across the way owned by Bing Crosby (now Heather Park recreation area). There was very little East of where we lived until you got to Concord. In fact Ygnacio Valley Road stopped at Oak Grove. It was not completed over the hill until we started high school.

High school: 14 to 18 years old

The Mt. Diablo Unified School District opened a new high school when I was a freshman. Clayton Valley was a long way from our house because Ygnacio Valley Rd. ended at Oak Grove. We had to go down Oak Grove Rd. to Treat Blvd. and from Treat Blvd. to Clayton Valley Rd. It was fun being part of a new school. It was an interesting four years. I was a pretty lazy student much more capable than I showed. In fact I remember my father making me sit out part of the baseball season during my sophomore year. He would say many times, "if you don't get an education the only thing you will be able to do is dig ditches". Although I understood what his point was it wasn't as big an influence as it should have been. During the years at Clayton I played four years of baseball, one year of football and two years of basketball. I was a member of the senior men's honor society, CV block society and awards commissioner on the Student Council.



Dale Smith and Bob Moon "young studs" This picture was taken during a fashion show at Rancho San Miguel Swim Club and you and I were models. Probably circa 1961 or so. I don't know about your modeling career, but this event was the beginning and end of mine. The car was an Alpine Sunbeam, don't remember where it came from, but we were just sitting in it... we weren't allowed to actually drive it. "Dale Smith 2002"

I only dated a little because I was (second true love) very much in love with a girl that I met from Florida. Diane Brantley came to Walnut Creek during the summers to visit her Aunt who lived only a couple of blocks from us. A true southern belle smote me. As silly as that seems it was really helpful. We wrote each other during the year and then seemed to enjoy each other's company during a portion of the summer for three years. She and I both went to FSU. When I left for Florida I had made arrangements for her to meet me at the plane in Tampa. She showed me all the sites and I met all her relatives including her grandfather who was the Mayor of St. Petersburg. The only thing wrong with this scenario was that she had arranged a date for me. She was going steady with another guy. I don't know where to put the rest of what follows so I will just stick it here.

Staying in the south for a couple of years especially 1962-1964 was a real education. I stayed at Diane's house for a few days. It rained every afternoon at about 4:00 and was dry by 6:00. It was so humid I had to roll from one side of the bed to the other all night long just to stay out of the puddle of water I was creating. I loaded my stuff on a bus and headed for Tallahassee. The ride was very enlightening. I had never seen Shanty houses. Places along the road where black families lived. There were homes with no windows. There was an outhouse, outdoor plumbing and kids playing without much to wear. I ran into public bathrooms labeled Colored and White. I saw

blacks ordered to the back of the bus. I saw special areas of diners set aside and labeled Colored. Drinking fountains were labeled Colored and White. Entrances into stores were also labeled Colored Entrance and White Entrance. This was very disheartening to me because at home just two doors away was the most beautiful black girl. Everyone I knew enjoyed her attention and friendship. When I was a senior in high school I played basketball with her older brother whom I thought the world of. I was not at all pleased with what I saw on that trip and I would get into trouble over it all the time I was at FSU. When I was at FSU there were no blacks allowed. They had to attend black schools such as Florida A&M which was just south of Tallahassee. Bob Hayes and other great black athletes attended there. It wasn't too long after I got to the South that all hell broke loose. Sit-ins, riots and marches were taking place in Mobile, Alabama and then all over the south. John Kennedy was killed in Texas and politics in Louisiana were to deteriorate. When I drove home the second year from FSU I stopped in Shreve Port, LA for the night. The hotel I checked into was having a political convention of some kind. I was a little late to order dinner but a guy from the convention invited me in to have some food drink. All he asked was that I vote for a certain person. "Sure I like that guy" and the food was good!

There were some good things I found in the south also. I had a good time joining and being part of the Phi Kappa Tau fraternity. It was a time of drinking and making marry with a bunch of good ole boys. We had special Snipe hunts for the gullible types, We created an out door ice rink on our patio and made the news papers all along the East Coast including the New York Times. My family drove to Florida for Christmas and we stayed at Sarasota. Christmas day we went water skiing with the porpoises. On the way home through Arizona my dad ran into a sand storm. When it was over he found that one side of the car no longer had paint on it.

Back to high school

There was a group of guys (Bud Beemer, Val Snow, Walt Boettcher, Mike Smith) that hung out together, played sports together and spent Saturday nights cruising the main in Walnut Creek and pretended to chase girls. We had marathon basketball games and ate a lot of my mother's spaghetti. When these events weren't going on I was lifeguarding at Rancho San Miguel with another set of friends, Dale Smith, Norm Songy, Jim Stanley and Perry Angle. I also spent the usual amount of time on Boy Scout trips and working around the house. Dad worked six days a week and he was pretty appreciative that I was willing to paint the house and fence and do a lot of the landscaping, wash the unending glass windows and keep the cars clean. We also spent a lot of time over the years

working together on different projects. I learned to be pretty self sufficient and not afraid to tackle major jobs.

Some Frustrations: All ages

Like many people who drink alcohol Dad had periods of time where he did not handle it very well. Every once in awhile he would throw a tirade and get some of life's frustrations off his chest. I did not enjoy these moments. I was always trying to settle things down and protect my mother. Fortunately dad never physically abused anyone.

There were several things that helped to frustrate dad. First I did not work very hard to get really good grades until I was a senior in high school. I think that I had about a 3.7 as a senior but my overall was under a 3.0. He wanted me to do well in College and was frustrated that I did not have the same strength of vision. After the first couple of years at Florida State and having little academic success I think that he was about ready to give up on me.

Bud Beemer and I decided one day that the best thing for us would be to go in the Air force on the buddy system. That little act shook my dad up more than anything that I had done up to that point. He felt that the promise that WWII had been the war to end all wars was a promise that the government had not kept. He was afraid that I would go to Vietnam and be killed. Bud and I had to go to the Oakland induction center to take our physicals and be processed into the service. When they took my blood pressure it was pretty high so they made me lay down in a dark room to try to get my blood pressure to go down. It went up so they gave me a 4F classification and sent me home. Bud went ((My version of the story is different than Bud's) further through the process but ended up getting a 4F classification because of bad knees. We escaped. My dad's fears were probably true because one of our best friends Walt Boettcher was killed in Vietnam when he stepped on a land mine.

I know that dad struggled with the fact that I joined the Mormon Church I asked him bluntly one day what church he would go to..."I have my own religion" was his comment. But from that time on he pretty much left the subject alone. He had worked for many years with a Mormon, Rudy Coffman. He knew Rudy was a good man but he also knew that he could not get a recommend to attend the Temple because he did not pay tithing. To my dad that was wrong, and that is what he knew of the Mormons. By the way Rudy had a significant hand in the original decorations in the Oakland Temple.

Conversion: 21 years old

Half way through the second year of College at Florida State grades being pretty

poor and being cut from the baseball team I proceeded to come home and rethink what I was going to do in the area of my education. I got a job working in a plastics factory making test devices for smog testing units. I also enrolled in some classes at Diablo Valley College. It was in a class at DVC that I finally began to believe that I could be a good student. It was a Physiology and Anatomy class. I was so interested in the subject that I studied many nights until 1:00 in the lab. Finally, I aced what everyone said was the hardest test every given.

That next summer many of my friends and I got together for a party at my house. Beer and talk and music were the order of the night. Several girls got the word that there was a party and crashed it. One of the party crashers was a young lady named Sandi Hatch (Third true love). She wasn't interested in drinking or smoking but she had a mischievous glint in her eye and was at ease in a conversation. We spent an hour or two on the patio away from the others talking and getting to know each other a little. Being the suave college guy that I was, I forgot to get her phone number. I had to get it from another girl that I knew. Sandy and I had several conversation dates. In the conversations the Mormon Church came up several times. I knew nothing of Mormons, I knew very little of religion except what I had learned as an altar boy in the Episcopal Church in Walnut Creek. {As an antic dote, I had gone to Church a lot as a youth and my mother made sure that there was some religious background.}

Sandi invited me to attend her church meeting one Sunday. Remember now I was used to going to a meeting that lasted about one hour. We went to church two different times each segment lasting one to two hours. At the end of the day I was exhausted.

Being a good LDS person she next invited me to meet the missionaries and learn about the Church. I wasn't sure what was going on but I soon found out. After the first lesson they had asked me to pray at least once and challenged me to be baptized the next Saturday night. Woe! I was



interested enough to learn what was going on but baptism seemed a little radical at this early date. Never the less we went on with the lessons and attended church each week for

some months.

After a time, Mel Hatch, Sandi's' father baptized me in Walnut Creek's Overlook Chapel. I was impressed with Bishop Rader and the many members that fellowshipped me into the Oak Grove Ward. I suppose that my conversion was based less on scriptural knowledge and more on the many programs for the youth, scouts and adult programs such as sports and attendance at the Temple in Oakland. I worked on church building programs, played in many church golf tournaments and on basketball teams and in this process bumped up against many really good, good men who became people that I enjoyed trying to emulate. I remember attending MIA meetings for the youth at President Adams home. (At the time President Adams was one of Sandi's favorite people.) These people were incredibly "cool".



Picture below is of Sandra Faye Hatch Bigelow and Mary Moon in Chico about 1967. At this time we were engaged. At some point after we were not. This was Mary's first year and soon my sister Sally and her husband Loren King would also be in Chico going to school

And Life goes on:

I lived for a time in Walnut Creek at No. Main and Geary with a school mate Dale Smith. Dale was a real trip to live with. He was in to art, paper routes, acid, girls and just about everything that a young LDS kid should not be involved with. It was during this time that I asked Sandi at the Rheem theater (real romantic guy) to marry me, I, half kidding, suggested that we just start for Reno right then because she said yes. To my surprise she smiled and laughed and said lets go. Well we thought better of it, and so we were officially engaged. After a short time I moved to Oakland and took a job working with Mel Hatch as a research assistant with the University of California located at the Alameda Naval Air Station. Much of the work was in the field of bacteriology. Some was simply applied to academia but others I suppose had something to do with germ warfare. That was a really scary thought. After

working for Mel for a year and going with Sandi for now about a year and a half, I decided to return to College and finish up my degree.

I enrolled at Chico State College. We had lots of good times at Chico. For about a year Sandi came to Chico on weekends driving my TR-4. After that year she enrolled at Chico herself to continued her education. It was some time in that year that we broke up and sort of went our separate ways. I wasn't convinced that it was over, probably male denial of the facts. Other really good things happened at Chico. I met Preston Haley who became my roommate and treasured friend. I met a girl, Gwen, who became a good friend. We spent several nights one winter walking, skipping and singing as we walked around the city in the rain getting soaking wet. A couple of early roommates and I formed a trio with the idea of making some money and getting free food. The Ditobo (Dick, Tony and Bob) trio was launched and we played the guitar, piano and sang folk songs and some rock n roll at the Pizza Place and the Silver Room, an infamous bar in downtown Chico. Times with Sally and Loren were fun as we shot guns, watched the Raiders play football every Sunday and played a lot of sports including basketball, softball, handball, tennis and of course golf.

Life after the Bachelors degree:

In January of 1969 six and a half years after beginning college, much to my fathers delight, "I didn't think it would ever happen", was his comment. I finally received my bachelor's degree in the discipline of American history. My father bought me a VW bug as a graduation present. I loaded up the car with everything I owned and headed for BYU graduate school. I wanted to go to BYU for a couple of reasons. The first reason was that I was still, in my own mind, chasing Sandi. It had been about a year since we had broken off our engagement but that male denial thing was still bouncing around in my head. And quite frankly I was still very much in love with her. The second reason was that I wanted to be near LDS people and in the atmosphere of that religious setting. I had been accepted to graduate school and found a place to live, in the basement of a professor's home. It was located on the hill above campus. The new confidence that I had following graduation at Chico was soon to be dissipated. Sandy was engaged to someone else. Boy did that hurt! I met both of them on the steps of the library and she

stopped to show me her ring. I was not all that impressed, but with my heart in my throat, told her congratulations and it was a beautiful ring. The third true love and person who had introduced me to the church was no longer in the picture. But things work out for the best. (Sandi always wanted to marry a returned missionary and hoped he would be and institute director is my recollection). She has a wonderful family and except for a couple of physical set backs has had a great life. We have contacted each other about every ten years from the time she was married until 2005.

For a few weeks I was a little lost in my own misery. But I ended up becoming involved in my studies and in extracurricular activities to a degree that even surprised me. I received mostly A's for my class work and participated as the male lead in a road show play for our BYU ward. I played basketball all winter and in the spring I played a lot of golf.

The son of the people I was living with had just come home from his mission in time for spring break. He wanted to drive to California to see some relatives and play some golf. Yep, that was all it took to recruit me. So we packed up everything in my VW and took off for almost two weeks to visit people and play golf. We played in Vegas and in the desert and in the San Diego area. We met up with some girls (I had met them at Chico) from Escondido and took them to Disneyland. Not a bad spring break for a couple of Mormon guys. I'm not sure how but I seemed to be able to stay away from becoming involved with any of the girls I met from the ward or who were in my classes.

At the end of that first semester I was ready to come back to BYU for all the right reasons. I was determined to do all the necessary work to get my teaching credential and teach in Utah. So I came home for the summer got some work and was ready to return in August. The only thing I hadn't planned was where I was going to live in September so I left home a little early to find an apartment. When I got to Provo I found that there was a brand new apartment building just down the street from the field house. The only problem was that it was not yet complete. I had to wait a couple of weeks before I could move in. I took all my stuff down to a friend of mine from high school (Bob Toone) and left it in his garage and decided to take a trip and camp out in my VW bug. So I headed for Yellowstone Park. I spent four days walking around different parts of the Park. It was a really great experience. I headed back to Provo to see if the apartment was

finished. It wasn't so I decided to head south to Bryce Canyon, Zion Nat'l Park, Glen Canyon Dam and Lake Powell. Again, I had a great time. I hiked through the canyons and stopped and looked at all the monuments most of which I knew something about because of all the history classes I had taken. One day before school started I arrived back in Provo and was able to move into the apartment.

The most important class that I ever took at BYU was student teaching. I was assigned to Payson High School and was to teach US History. I enjoyed that experience greatly. I also was able to become involved as an assistant basketball coach. It was there that I decided that I truly wanted to become a teacher and a coach.

Health issues:

I have already mentioned the issue with hypertension (irregular high blood pressure). When I first enrolled at BYU I had to go through a health screening. At that time they reaffirmed that I had high blood pressure and also found that I had been exposed to TB. I was tested positive and carrying the Bacillus that causes the disease. I was a little concerned but they gave me some medication that was supposed to suppress it. For the last 40 years I have had no problem with TB. I developed a severe case of bursitis in my right shoulder while at Florida State and had a lot of trouble throwing a ball with any velocity. That symptom has persisted to this day to the point that I don't like to throw a ball more than a few feet. In my middle 50's I was diagnosed with adult onset diabetes. It seems to run in some of the family. My father had it and my sister Sally has the same condition at about the same level. In the year 2005 the blood pressure, diabetes and TB are being successfully treated with medications. In May of 2004 I had bilateral total knee replacements. Two to three weeks after the surgery I was moving around pretty well. I went back to work at school after six weeks. Started hitting golf balls after four months. Started playing golf after 5 months. The awful pain prior to the surgery has been replaced with pain that is much less in intensity and duration. Flexibility has not improved much but I am able to function pretty well as attested by an 11.3 golf handicap at the present. Modern medicine is really a miraculous thing. I am confident that we will all live better and be more productive because of it in the future.

Christmas vacation 1969 Bob and Patty meet:

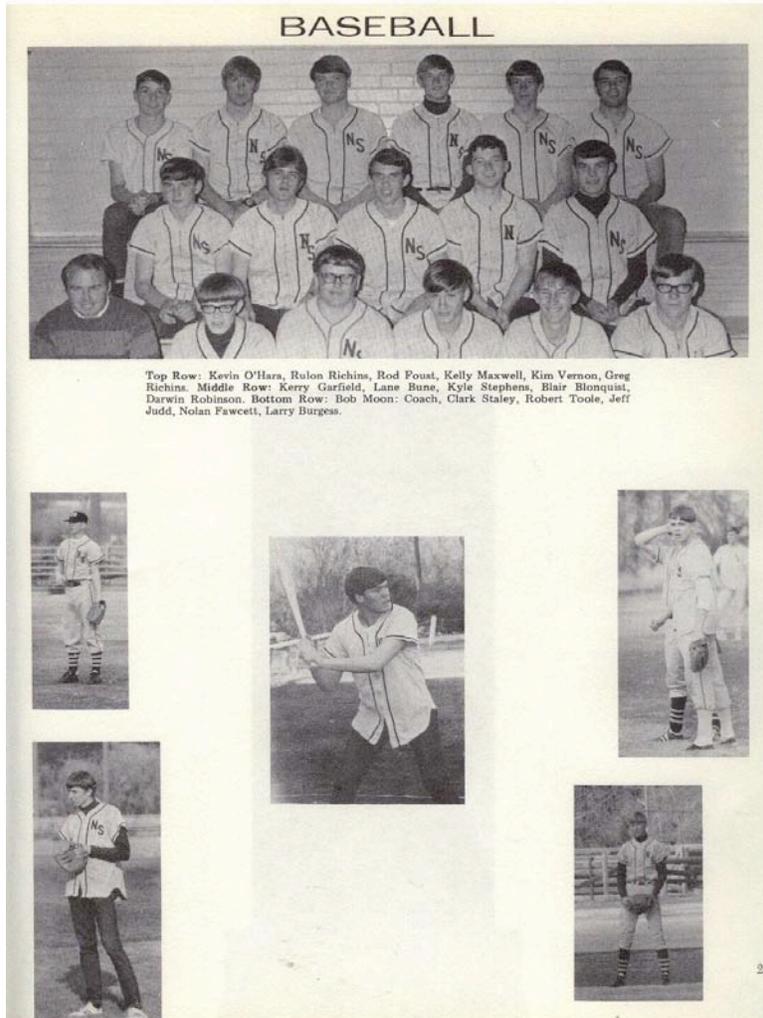
I am going to try to tell this story but I hope that Patty will write a similar piece and relate the real story. I am convinced that I can only remember the male side of things and it is usually wrong. Early in December I had dated a young lady from Los Angeles. She was living in the same apartment complex. She lived with Dora Anderson who would eventually try to play matchmaker. When Christmas vacation came the girl I was dating left for home. Soon there after Dora's sister Patty and her brother Phil came to Provo for a Christmas visit. Dora had been telling me about her sister for a while and you always wonder if the stories are true or accurate. But I was ready to meet Patty and see for myself. I'm not sure what was going on in my mind but when we met I know that I really liked her red hair, the way she looked, the things she said and the way she smiled. The story goes that she was baking chocolate chip cookies in her sister's apartment while I sat in the living room and watched a football game. I noticed that while she made cookies she completely cleaned everything up as she went...now that is impressive. We played cards together, against my roommates. We walked in the snow and spent a good bit of time together going to movies and looking in shops. I felt very comfortable with her. I said several prayers that first week and all that I felt was good. I did not get the same feeling when I asked about the girl from LA. I was tired of the dating game. I felt like I was ready to make the commitment and it seemed that the Lord had confirmed it. So I asked this virtual stranger if she would marry me. I don't remember her first response but I think it was mostly surprise and she thought I was nuts. In my mind I knew that this was right I was probably fairly cold about it though. People have often said that they are afraid of me at first because I am somewhat harsh. Patty was not put off when I told her that I needed an answer in a week or so because I was heading for Coalville to start my teaching career. I am not sure about the time line but after a short time she said yes. We made plans to buy a ring and all the trappings that go along with getting engaged and getting married in the Temple.

About two days later I had to go to the airport to pick up the other girl and tell her the news. She was not happy and the hour ride back to Provo was very quiet.

Teaching in Coalville, Utah:

After completing student teaching in December at Payson High School and my education classes at BYU I was lucky enough to land a job teaching for the spring semester at North Summit High School in Coalville, Summit Co., Utah. When I arrived at North Summit in January of 1970 I was assigned to teach seniors in what was called American Studies and 8th and 9th grade physical science. The contract I signed was for \$3,000.00 for the half year. The senior American studies classes were the best classes I ever taught in High School. The interaction with virtually every senior in the school was interesting and helpful to me to get to know the school population quickly. The only problem was that I was taking over midyear for one of the most popular teachers in the school. It took some work to win over the classes that were already used to a style different from mine.

By the time I had arrived in Coalville the basketball season was well underway and though I had been an assistant coach at Payson at the start of the season there was really no place for me to fit in, in January. However, I quickly found out they did not have a baseball coach so I worked at finding if there was interest in starting a baseball team. They had not had one for several years. We were able to gather a lot of community support and manpower refurbishing the local ball field. A backhoe was brought in to scrape the infield. The infield was tilled and leveled and a mound was built. The backstop was painted and repaired and a snow fence was used for an out field fence. We did not have any money for the program so old uniforms were used and one of the kids had catcher's gear. The dynamics of the athletic program at North Summit were such that Coach Ted Chidester controlled football, basketball and track and field. He wanted me to know right away that he was against the idea of splitting up the athletes and that certain students were on the track team and were not available for baseball. So I started the team without the best athletes in the school. After awhile we, having some success, were able to share some of the athletes as long as I knew Track came first. When we started winning games the sharing of athletes became a two way street. My recollection of the number of wins and loses is pretty fuzzy. I know we won several games and people were pretty surprised about our ability considering they had not played much in previous years.



Top Row: Kevin O'Hara, Rulon Richins, Rod Foust, Kelly Maxwell, Kim Vernon, Greg Richins. Middle Row: Kerry Garfield, Lane Bune, Kyle Stephens, Blair Blonquist, Darwin Robinson. Bottom Row: Bob Moon: Coach, Clark Staley, Robert Toole, Jeff Judd, Nolan Fawcett, Larry Burgess.

Page from the 1970 yearbook for North Summit High School, Coalville, Utah

The one thing I do remember were the long bus rides to Ogden and other schools. Every trip was a marathon.

But back in the classroom I was able to teach some great students. One of the best lessons I was able to teach in the spring was how to do personal research and class presentations. Student projects included mink farming, drug culture in Utah, teen pregnancy and prostitution in Salt Lake City. We had great presentations on the drug culture. We were able to bring in an ex-student who had been incarcerated in

Evanston Wyoming for drug use. Her tale was very interesting to me and somewhat shocking to the community. We had a young lady who went through her senior year pregnant. The students were able to follow the progress of her pregnancy through out the spring. She was able to relate to the students what she was going through as a single teen mother-to-be. Some students even made a documentary of Prostitution in Salt Lake City. Their research and presentation was very interesting and needless to say shocking to the Administration.

Patty and I had been painting and cleaning a house south of town during the months of January and February. The house was pretty rugged but it had a good oil heater

and some character. However, at the last minute we ended up getting a cleaner house for less money just two blocks from school so we moved right in. On March 7, 1970 Pat and I traveled the length of the state to be married in St. George, Washington Co, Utah. After the wedding luncheon we left for a two-night stay in Las Vegas. On Monday we drove back to Coalville, Utah to resume my teaching duties. It was during that ride back to Coalville that Patty first began to wonder if she had married the right person. I was pretty sullen I guess and did not laugh much at her jokes as she tried to break the ice.

It was not until later in the spring that I realized that most of the students were related to each other in one way or another and it was very interesting watching their interactions. These students in particular were an extremely talented group. This small population seemed to be participants in everything that happened at school. Pat and I went to athletic events, theater and music productions during the three months that we were there. It seemed that all the same students had a part in all of these events. We also chaperoned dances and had opportunities to make friends with a Jewish family who were also teachers.

The administration was not always as supportive and had, what I thought to be, very unreasonable demands to monitor the morality of the students. The example of this is there directive that we were to monitor the length of the girl's skirts and turn anyone whose skirt did not reach the floor when they were on their knees to the office for discipline action and removal from school. I ignored that directive for several reasons. First, it is the parent's responsibility to dress and monitor their children. It would be extremely rude and embarrassing to have the girls kneeling on the floor everyday. There were several non-Mormons in the class, one of which was a model and state beauty pageant winner. She dressed pretty hip for 1970 and Utah. Her father was also a Utah Highway Patrol officer. I thought he could determine what his daughter should wear. It would have also been disruptive to the class I was teaching and I probably would have lost the class altogether had I spent class time to check and correct dress patterns. The Principal and I had several meetings about this issue and eventually he was fired. All though they invited me to return the next year Pat and I had decided that is was not where we wanted to spend our lives.

The final straw that sealed our fate was that they mistakenly sent my last check to my home address in Walnut Creek. We had practically no money. So we barrowed \$20.00 (can you imagine driving from Utah to California on \$20.00 today) from the people who lived across the street so we could head for home. We left everything in Coalville and drove to California. The next week my father and I drove his business van back to Coalville to gather up all our stuff.

An Eternal Family begins



We were married on March 7, 1970 in the St. George Temple (**The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints**) for time and all eternity.

There was quite a group who had come to this event. On my side, my parents Bob and Billie, Val Snow, and two of my room mates from the apartment in Provo. On Patty's side, her mother Vera Leola Carruth Anderson, two brothers Dave and Philip, her sisters Dora, Norma and Leola and her uncle Norman Welch and aunt Dean Carruth Welch. Also in attendance were her aunt Theo Carruth Morrison Lind and her husband Elmer Lind and her cousin Greg Morrison and wife Jenae. All in all there were about twenty of us in this distant but beautiful place.

The wedding party went into the Temple early in the morning because Patty had to get her own endowments prior to the sealing ceremony. Val, who could have gone into the Temple, decided to stay outside with my parents to keep them company. We owe him a debt of gratitude as he explained what was going on in the temple ceremony.



Val Snow, Robert Moon Sr., Robert Moon Jr., Patty Moon, Vera Anderson, Dora Anderson, Above Robert Sr. Phil Anderson, Norman Welch, Billie Moon, Dean Welch, Joanne Welch, Leola Anderson Renberg, Elmer Lind, Top row, Lon Welch, Dave Anderson, Marilyn Anderson, Jenae Morrison, Greg Morrison, Norma Anderson and Theo Lind.

The group was in the Temple for about three hours. Both of my parents were incredibly patient with us considering they were not even allowed to view the wedding. They never said anything negative to us and seemed to be happy and loving parents. The ceremony itself consists of two parts. The first session was for Patty to go through the temple for the first time to get her “endowment” which is basically a set of promises that she made with the Lord. For those of us who already had completed our own endowment stood in proxy for someone who had passed away and was not able to do that ordinance for themselves. The second portion of the ceremony was the sealing ordinance. Here we

were counseled concerning the marriage covenant and sealed to each other of all time and eternity.

When Patty and I came out we had already been married and Sealed for time and all eternity. Dad and Mom were extremely supportive and willing to help in any way. It meant a great deal to have them there and we hoped in some small way we could repay that love they showed us at a future time.

Dad and Mom were still smiling after waiting in the Temple grounds at St. George, Utah. They arrived early in the morning with the rest of us and waited for almost four hours outside until we were finished. Lesser people would not have driven so many miles to be left out of the proceedings. The fact of their own elopement might have helped. Also Dad had worked with an LDS man at Bonyng's (Rudy Coffman) and knew through him what the Temple regulations consisted of. They knew ahead of time they would have to wait outside.



When the wedding ordinances were completed those in the party milled around the Temple grounds visiting and taking pictures. Norman Welch particularly made an effort to visit with my parents to make them feel included.

Above: Bob Sr. and Billie

Right: Bob Sr. and Billie



Norman Welch was the Bishop of the Connell Washington Ward. All of Patty's relatives were at that time active members of the Church. Her Aunt Theo and Elmer Lind were bee keepers so each time we visited them in Vernal, Utah we would to get some creamed honey which was our favorite.

Left: Never been kissed before



Val Snow (Best Man)
Bob Jr.
Wayne Ward (Roommate)
Phil Anderson (Brother-in-law)





Left: Bob Sr. congratulates Bob Jr.



Pat's dress was made by one of Dora's roommates. It was somewhat of a struggle to get her to complete the project. But in the end it looked just great on Pat. My suit was hand made by a tailor in Evanston, Wyoming. It was very fashionable in 1970. I still like the look!

Pat's mother Vera Leola Carruth Anderson, Pat's younger brother Phil Anderson, Patty, Pat's older brother David Anderson, Pat's youngest sister Norma Lynn Anderson.





Left: David Anderson, Stan Morrison, Jenae Morrison, Theo Lind and Elmer Lind.

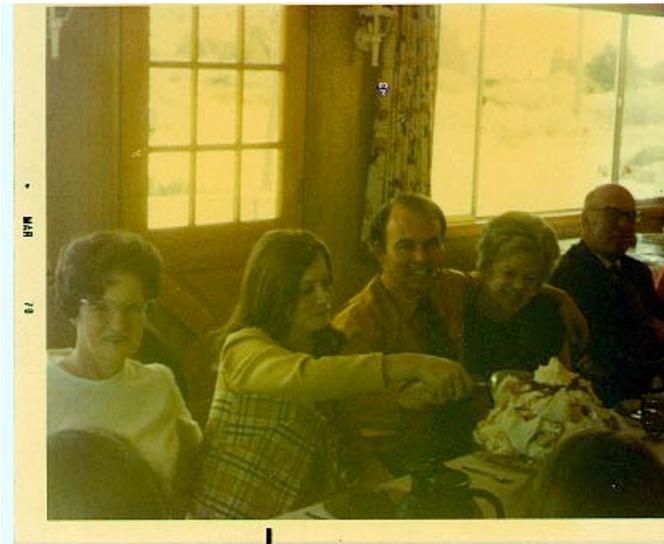


Although Mother looks pretty good in this picture she was battling breast cancer and was beginning the decline that would eventually take her life in December of 1972 just two and a half years in the future.

On August 21, 1999 three year after the passing of Robert Sr. and about 27 years after the passing of Mary Willette, Patty, Bob, Tobin and Lydia met at the Temple in St. George to do ordinance work for our ancestors. We baptized and confirmed many but the main reason we were there was to ceremoniously thank my parents for their love and support that they had shared nearly 30 years earlier in that sacred place. So on that day, vary early in the morning we began what was to be a long and wonderful day. We took on their names and stood as proxies before the Lord to be baptized, confirmed and endowed for them. And then in a sealing

room we knelt and held hands and sealed them to each other and to ourselves for time and all eternity

I had made arrangements for a wedding luncheon at a place just off of the highway north of St. George. We piled into cars and met at this home converted into a German restaurant. We had a very nice luncheon and a superior German Wedding cake that impressed everyone in attendance.



Left:
Vera Anderson, Patty, Robert Jr.
Cutting special German Wedding
Cake Billie Moon, Robert Sr.

Left:
Norma Anderson, Joanne Welch,
Lonnie Welch, Norman Welch,
Dora Dean Welch, Jenae
Morrison, Greg Morrison,



After the luncheon the games began. Patty's brother and sister kidnapped her and pretended to hide her away. Some thought it tacky but it was all in good fun. Soon there after we said our thanks and goodbyes and headed to Las Vegas.

We begin our stay in Chico

We rented a small studio apartment across from the swimming hole at Bidwell Park. We felt that we needed to secure a residence before school started. We paid rent for the summer even though we knew we would not be in Chico for the month of August. Jobs were not that easy to find in Chico. So I decided to try my hand at migrant farm work. We called Pat's uncle Norman Welch in Connell, Washington with the hope that he could put us to work during harvest. Believe me when I tell you that was the worst summer of my life. Norman was able to get a job for me working for the grain cooperative in the local grain elevator in Connell. I was sick with grain fever the entire month I was there. Plus, I think I was nearly buried alive once or twice. When we finished that adventure we returned to Chico. Pat was able to find a job as a waitress in an oriental restaurant called the Rice Bowl. I got a job working in a gas station. I enrolled in the Master degree program in American History and also took classes to complete the teacher credentialing program. I loved the history classes and Loren (Sally's husband at the time) and I spent time competing with each other for grades. I think I won most of the time. (of course that is my recollection) I was very frustrated with the credentialing program though. I had done my student teaching at BYU and taught high school for half a year. The education department was making me jump through many hoops. So I decided to get out of the credential program and just go through the State. (that was an option at that time but is no longer available) I sent all the required material to the California Department of Education and they sent me back a life credential. Chico was not happy with me but it was the smartest educational decision I ever made. During the year we were in Chico we re kindled our relationship with Preston and Mary Haley and with Sally and Loren King. We moved twice while we were in Chico. We spent time going to plays movies, playing golf, pinochle and more golf. We worked and planned for another day. Sometime in late July of 1971 I heard from two schools. One of the schools was in Roseville and the other was in the Mt. Diablo Unified School District where I had grown up. I decided to stay near home. I began my California career in September of 1971 at Pine Hollow Intermediate School in Clayton, California. We moved from Chico to a two bedroom

apartment on Monument Blvd. in Concord. At the same time Pat went to work for my father in his interior design studio. My first contract in the MDUSD was for \$8500 per year. Not good but better than Utah. In 1972 my mother passed away after suffering from cancer. We moved into the 254 Los Cerros house and my father bought and moved into a condominium at the corner of Treat and Bancroft. Five months later our eternal family got its next addition. Tobin Gregory Moon was born at 7:36 am on May 8th 1973 at the Kaiser hospital in Walnut Creek. I was able to witness the birth. It was just about the coolest thing that I had ever witnessed. Birth is truly a miracle.

Teaching and Coaching in MDUSD

During my first several years in the MDUSD and at Pine Hollow I taught several subjects including biological science, social studies, math and physical education. Most of my time was spent teaching biological sciences. I did not like the book approach being used by some of the teachers so I spent the first year developing a lab manual that would allow the students to have a hands on learning approach, I found that the students enjoyed this approach as did I.

In 1979 there was a teacher strike for eleven days. I discovered during that time that you could not trust the District to hold up their end of a bargain. We were all frustrated at the time and it took several years before things got back to normal. Anyone that tells you that business was as usual is blind or just stupid. The education system in MDUSD never recovered until Paul Allen became superintendent. Teachers believed in him and he believed in us.

In late 1979 I moved from Pine Hollow Intermediate to the intermediate next door to College Park High. I liked Pine Hollow better but I was Coaching two sports at CPHS and wanted to be closer to the school. Finally, in 1981, I moved over to the high school. My first assignment was Introduction to Social Studies and Biology and I became the varsity basketball coach and coached the jv baseball team as well. After that first year at College Park my assignment was for the most part biological sciences. I held that position until 1995 when I moved to the Physical Education Department.

In 1985 after a heated exchange with some of my trusted colleagues I stopped coaching at CP and within a couple of days was asked to take over the job at Liberty High School. Liberty was a great place to coach. I enjoyed three successful years there before returning to CP. I had been teaching at CP all the time and the travel was beginning to get to me. When I came back to CP the basketball program had gone into turmoil and the principal was ready for me to come back. Our teams had great success from 1988-1996. We were either co-champs or champions 3 out of the nine years and

participated in five NCS post season contests. In 1995-1996 we were undefeated in league play.

In 1990 I took over as Athletic Director. My legacy with that position if I have one is the organization of a successful athletic booster club. We developed several fund raising activities including a crab feed, welcome to College Park dinner dance and the sale of spirit clothing. We also negotiated with a health organization to have a certified athletic trainer on campus for the first time. I was athletic director of three years while at the same time coaching varsity basketball, varsity golf and teaching three Biology classes and two Physical Education classes. In 1993 the school put me back into Biology full time and made me choose between basketball and Athletic Director. I was having too much fun coaching basketball and golf so AD had to go. After the 1997 basketball season I decided that I had had enough and quite frankly I was having a hard time with my health and harnessing enough energy to do the job correctly. So I retired from coaching basketball. At the end of the school year the basketball coach at the Junior College across the street asked if I wanted to help him as an assistant. I thought about it for a while and then decided I would give it a try. It turned out badly for me because I was basically a bus driver and kept meaningless stats at practice. Our attitudes about how to treat other human beings were diametrically opposed.

In 1999 the girls AD and the Principal had had enough with the girls varsity basketball coach. On a Friday morning early in January they came to me with what was a pretty big problem. They had fired the coach and neither the JV or freshman coaches were interested in taking over the job. The first league game was that night and no coach. They came to me and asked if I would come out of retirement for the rest of the year and coach the girl's team. I had never coached girls basketball before and didn't really want to do it. But being the sucker I am I said yes.

I met with the girls at three o'clock to find out what they did and what they new. Believe me it was a shambles. After talking to them for a few minutes I scrapped the play book in favor of two sets they seemed to know better than others and told them I would meet them at the gym before the game to go over a few things. We got our proverbial clocks cleaned that night. But we began to practice in earnest and they steadily improved over the course of the season. By the end we played better basketball and were very competitive.

In 2002 I gave up the job as varsity golf coach to again take on the mantle as Athletic Director. It was a job that could be frustrating at times because of the protective attitude of many parents today. It was at the same time stimulating trying to

find ways of funding sports so that the largest possible portion of the student body could have an opportunity to be part of a team. When I retired from teaching after the 2005-2006 school year I talked to the district and to the administration at College Park about staying on as AD. I appreciated the fact that the school wanted me to stay on in that capacity but the District for some unknown reason did not want me to continue.

In 1997, while coaching basketball at the college I was able to secure a part time position teaching in the Physical Ed. Department. Teaching at the college for the last nine years has opened up a whole new and pleasurable world for me. I have been able to teach the fundamentals of golf to people who really desire to learn how to play the sport.

After Retirement

So I have been asked what will you do with yourself? I normally just tell them I may have to un-retire so that I am not so busy. Besides the normal stuff one does, like babysitting the grandkids, doing long neglected yard work, working on a serious tan and traveling to see the kids and to do research, I am still teaching at the College, hosting a genealogy website, writing a book on family history, and playing golf with my friends. I have been blessed beyond measure. Life was and still is great!!!

