

This is just a small part of the life of Frank W. Anderson. Frank grew up in Rifle, Colorado. He is a second generation Colorado native, his father, Frank C. Anderson, was also born in Rifle back in 1902. Both of Frank's parents had previous families with two children each, a boy and a girl. These children did not live with the second family, so Frankie was the oldest of the second set of children. Before Frank and Alvera, Frankie's father and mother, were married, Alvera told Frank that she wanted a dozen children. Frank said he would go half way. This might not sound too bad but at the time Frank was 45, and Alvera was 30.

I guess Dad must have compromised since we ended up with eight children in the second family. I have three brothers and four sisters that are younger than I am. I also have two half-brothers and two half-sisters, which brings the total number of children to a dozen.

Early life was a lot of fun. I always had someone to play with, and Dad was always glad to take time to play with us or help us with things we wanted to do. Dad had been a farmer on Holmes Mesa, a mesa above Rulison, Colorado. When he moved back into Rifle, he bought a house and converted it into apartments. He also started doing carpentry work and painting for other people and soon was a general contractor.

I think my first impression of the media was when I was small, perhaps even before I went to Kindergarten. Dad and I would go down to *The Rifle Telegram*, our weekly newspaper. While dad talked with the editor, I would go over to the window and watch Carl Waddell as he set the type on the old Linotype machine. There

was just something that was really fascinating in that old machine. The keyboard did not look like a regular typewriter, and it had so many neat little moving parts. As the years went by, I was still fascinated with that old Linotype. By the time I was in fourth grade, I would volunteer to be the reporter for our 4-H club. This gave me a chance to get to see this machine up close once in a while. By the time I was in the sixth grade I would sometimes go down on Wednesday nights and help them print *The Aspen Times* on the old flatbed-web letterpress. By now I had "Printer's Ink" in my veins.

During high school my pastor taught me a lot about printing. I would watch him work on the church bulletin. These were the days of the old mimeograph machines. He would draw his own pictures on the front of each Sunday's bulletin, and then he would hide peoples' names in the drawing. I thought it would be nice to be able to draw, but really didn't think I had much ability in the drawing department.

After I graduated from high school I went to Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, Illinois. One day around Christmas time, I found the darkroom. I had read a lot about photography, but without a darkroom I never had the chance to put any of that knowledge into practice. The next semester I spent most of my spare time in the darkroom. Since some of the students were service veterans, I had some very willing and excellent teachers in the darkroom. Most of our work was for the school year book.

The next year I went to Baptist Bible College in Denver, since my grades had dropped and I was on academic suspension. There I had the

opportunity to set up a darkroom and do most of the work for our year book.

The school also bought an old Model 80 Multilith for \$50, and I was selected to be the printer. I had read some about offset presses and knew they were supposed to run with ink and water. Needless to say, the first time I tried to get it to run I ended up with ink on everything. I knew I must be doing something wrong, so I went down to Addressograph-Multigraph. There the secretary, in her dress and high heels, gave me a five minute demonstration on a newer but similar machine. After my lesson, I went back and tried again. This time I actually managed to get a fair image onto some paper.

We were using direct image paper masters and a typewriter to image them. Once in a while I would have someone add some extra things with ink and a brush or pen. I could still remember how nice a job hot metal did, but sometimes one has to be satisfied with what they have.

The next fall I didn't have enough money to go to school so I joined the Air Force. The Vietnam war was in full swing and I didn't think I wanted to be in the Army. In the Air Force I took a by-pass test for photography and managed to get 80 percent, even though I really didn't know that much about photography.

I was assigned to the Base Photo Lab at Barksdale AFB, in Shreveport, La. There I started my "on the job training" in the black and white lab. After awhile I was moved to the color lab. In those days we used the C-22 process for our negative film and our enlarger only had gelatin filters which were pretty well burned up from the heat of the light bulbs. I don't

know how anyone ever managed to get halfway decent pictures printed with that old setup. One day when I was trying hard to get a print color balanced, I made the mistake of saying, "Maybe my problem was due to being partially color blind." A couple of days later I was back in the black and white lab.

A short time later I was moved to the Target Analysis Unit. There we processed satellite and high altitude photography into prints for the photo interpreters. The whole mission of our squadron was making maps and air target charts from scratch. A very interesting process to say the least.

After service my next contact with mass communications came as a business machine repairman. The only company that had plain-paper copiers was Xerox, and I wasn't working for them. The copy machines we fixed used a special zinc oxide coated paper and ran the exposed paper through a bath of light kerosene or naphtha. Calculators were strange machines also, that looked almost like typewriters. The carriage, containing a bunch of knobs, would clatter and bang back and forth to produce the answer. We did carry a pretty neat mimeograph machine that used a silk screen instead of a drum covered with a cotton pad. These duplicating machines did almost as good a job as the offset duplicators did, and were pretty easy to run.

My next job was with Mt. Bell. I started there working on office conversions. The process of building a database consisted of using a teletype machine and making a paper tape to send over the phone line to the computer that was in Denver. To think that the computers we have sitting on our desks today are more powerful than the

machines that filled the biggest part of a room then is mind boggling! After six years with Mt. Bell, doing data entry and some computer programming, it was time to move on.

Being self-employed, unemployed, retired or however one wishes to consider the situation, I then helped out in the Inter-mountain Bible College print shop. Even though the presses were ready for the bone yard, we did manage to get some things finished that looked pretty good. There we had an IBM Selectric composer with 16K of memory for our typesetter. It was not much more than an old IBM typewriter with a golf-ball print head. If the electricity went off you just started over, since we weren't lucky enough to have the magnetic card recorder that went with this machine.

My next real contact with printing came when I was working part-time as a computer repairman. The *Palisade Tribune* was considering buying a laser printer and a computer, but was still using their typesetter. They weren't in too much of a rush until the day their typesetter went down. Bill Conrad knew it would cost him almost as much to get a repairman here to fix his old machine as it would to buy the computer and laser printer. The big problem was trying to get everything to work good enough so they could get their paper out. With my background in printing, I was able to communicate enough with Bill and Kathy Conrad to finally get everything to work for their next paper. It is a lot easier to learn a new system over a month or two, but when one has to, the rush job will have to do. The typesetting on the laser printer didn't look too bad, especially on newsprint.

Ever so slowly, typesetting was becoming more affordable for me. Having an IBM-XT, clone I added WordPerfect 5.1. Then I bought a PostScript interpreter and some PostScript fonts to use on my dot matrix printer. These didn't look too great, but they also weren't that bad. For over a year, I used this system to typeset my church's newsletter. Finally this last summer I had enough money saved up for my own laser printer.

My next step will probably be to get a bigger and faster computer and some graphics programs, but there is no need to rush since prices keep coming down every day and products keep getting better.

From that small start before Kindergarten, through the biggest share of my life, I have been interested in print and printing. It must really be true, "it doesn't take much ink in one's blood to become addicted to printing for life."