

Written by Theron Smith:

Although born and raised a "Mormon" in Utah, I never felt guilty about any of my religious beliefs. Even my non-mormon friends never made me ever feel guilty. Life never seemed as complicated in the 1930s as it does today. I was well into my teens before I ever heard of the word "prejudice". And the first time I heard it was in the movie "Pride and Prejudice". Never understood what it really meant until I listened to radio commentators comment on racial prejudice.

My non-mormon friends and I played and sometimes ate together without knowing we were supposed to be prejudice against each other. Our parents never mentioned it nor did any of our school teachers. We all were glad to be living in a free country where our religious beliefs seemed unaffected by the rest of the world. And we certainly loved our State of Utah where all religions were welcome, although many of my Mormon Ancestors as well as many non-mormons were forced to fight for their lives every step of the way from the East to the edge of the Great Salt Lake.

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My first meeting with officer Blitz-Kreeg was in Orem near Geneva Steele. I had just purchased a new station wagon and was not yet acquainted with all the its latest features. What a smooth, joyful ride I thought as I rounded the bend near Geneva. I did manage to look down at the speedometer like I always do in my travels. I was utterly amazed. The needle was on the 80mph mark. It felt like I was going about 50. Too late, I looked up and glanced through my rear view mirror at the brilliant flashing lights coming up extremely fast behind me. I pulled over on to the shoulder and stopped.

Officer Blitz-Kreeg (mustache and all) slowly got out of his car and stepped up to my window. He looked liked a ZCMI model on TV. I said an almost silent "hello" when he asked me how fast I was going. I said meekly 80. Mumbling something in his deep voice, he finally blurted out "I'll write out the ticket for only 70mph.

When I finally found time to get off work and pay the fine at the courthouse, I reflected over my experience, vowing never to get a speeding ticket again.

Growing up as a "Mormon" in utah with officers like Blitz Kreeg around to make citizens toe the line wasn't easy for many of us teenagers. Even though our goal was to obey all traffic laws and regulations, the Blitz Kreegs showed their prejudices against Mormon Youth by continually harassing us soon after we took time to get our driver's license.

It wasn't easy to pass the test. Most of us learned to drive from instructors who were either an older family member or one of our parents. Our cars weren't built to withstand long-range traveling and hard city-driving, so we had to be ready for any crisis during our driving tests. Good thing Blitz Kreegs were not our testing officers.