

The History of
Joseph Theron Smith
as written by him



edited by his children

Chapter One

Early Childhood

A typical western blizzard swept through the small town of Grantsville in Tooele County, Utah, near the west edge of the Great Salt Lake. The snow fell hard on rutted unpaved streets as Dr. Phipps delivered JOSEPH THERON SMITH, born at 9 A.M. on 10 November 1921, the second son of George Stephen and Hedwig Hazel Kunz Smith; Ray George was the oldest son, Norma Jean (3rd child - only daughter) and Dale John the youngest son.

Dad and my grandfather Joseph William did a lot of sheep herding together. They trailed sheep mostly into Utah and Idaho. According to Dad, he met mother while herding sheep near Williamsberg, Idaho. After grandfather Joseph William was tragically killed in an industrial accident and Dad lost his fine team of horses and most of his livestock, he moved his wife and two sons to a small community called Herriman, in Utah County, 6 miles west of Riverton near the Oquirrh mountains. At one time in Utah's great History, the community was also known as "Ft Herriman" and was used to protect settlers from invading Indians.

According to Dad, he found employment with the Ohio Copper Company in Lark, Utah a few miles West of Herriman. My brother Ray said we first moved in temporarily with Uncle Hale and Aunt Agnes Dansie, my Mother's sister and brother-in-law. I have no recollection of this lovely farm house except the memories and pictures I have acquired over the years after staying with my cousin Bob Dansie during several summers working as a farm hand and learning the "art" how to work and be happy.

My first memory of a home was the one my parents rented from Bishop Crane. I still vision the huge cistern near the house and the swift stream of water running down the cement ditch in front of our lot. Mother's continual loud warnings still ring in my ears as I heard her frantically yell at us to keep away from these two "off-limit areas". Later I found out she never learned to swim and was always afraid she would have to rescue us from either drowning in the cistern or the ditch.

Our moving into the Bodell home not far from Cranes, proved to be a real learning experience for me. Events happened that had an everlasting impression on my growing-up years. I lifted something too heavy and it caused me to have a hernia on my right side. I remember the pain in my right side either from lifting or playing too hard. But I remember trying to impress my friends how easily I could climb trees or move the wheelbarrow about full of dirt so they wouldn't label me a sissy. I merely put up with the pain.

One stormy night lightening blew the transformer in front of our house. All the lights were out in our area. I peered out of my bedroom window as a wild flash of lightening bolted across the sky and extremely loud claps of thunder boomed in my ears. In almost total blackness of late evening, I watched a man climb the light pole in front of our house. As he neared the half-way point up the pole, I saw a flash of light, heard a loud groan and saw the man slip slowly toward the ground. His chest was smouldering as his body lay motionless on the ground. Later Dad told me he was Bro. John Bodell, a trouble shooter for Utah Power and was sent to inspect the transformer. I remember shaking with fright and shedding a few tears as his body was placed in an ambulance. Thunder and Lightening bothered me from then on. I remember hiding under the bed

when a heavy storm passed over our home. Feeling any type of a shock through my body seemed to terrify me and I never volunteered to fix an electric cord or replace even a light bulb. The fear left after I reached the ripe old age of thirty.

My two cousins Jesse and Ruth Dansie showed up one Halloween evening on our doorstep. They knocked and I opened the door to see only a skeleton and an ugly witch in front of my face. I was terrified and started crying. The pranksters and Mother tried to console me. Only after someone slipped me a piece of candy did I quit crying. I was afraid of the dark for many years after that experience. Even when we played "after dark" games I remember finding ways to always be stuck with a friend rather than going it alone. But it seems none of my friends ever objected to me being with them. Maybe they were afraid, too.

I learned to love peanut butter and jam sandwiches while Dad was working in the mines. One day I opened Dad's lunch bucket and found a soggy peanut butter and jam sandwich. It tasted so good I talked him into doing it again. I found my taste buds soon addicted to those sandwiches but it soon ended when Dad found out he had "miner's con" and quit the mines again. He found employment on George Dansie's farm in Riverton, Utah.

Life in Riverton wasn't at all bad. We rented one of George Dansie's home on Redwood Road. I wasn't old enough to start school yet, but remember when I rode on Dad's shoulders to see the fire at the grade school in town. As we arrived, I remember hearing an eerie noise like an old piano playing in a horror movie. It was the piano falling from the 2nd to the first floor and the keys were making eerie sounds. Dad was quick to remind Ray and I that kids playing with matches could be disastrous.

One Sunday morning while walking to church, we came upon my first car accident. As we approached an intersection a car was on its side. A man was on the ground near the car on a stretcher. He was bleeding from the ears. Beer bottles and food were scattered all over the road. As the injured man was loaded into the ambulance, I thought to myself this wouldn't have happened if the man had been going to church instead of trying to fish on Sunday. Never had any problems with going to church on Sundays after that.

My parents decided to have me operated on to correct my hernia. I remember entering the operating room in the County Hospital and started to cry when the nurse tied my hands down to the table. It scared me and Mother said I cried through most of the operation. I felt like I was dreaming most of the time. Ether is supposed to help stimulate dreaming. It worked on me.

One day it was impossible for Mother to visit me. I remember feeling homesick and tears started rolling down my cheeks. A little black boy was in bed next to me. He tried his best to console me. His father came and I do remember laughing between sobs at some of the jokes he told and funny songs he sang. I remember how white his teeth were as he went through his song and dance routine. This experience helped me later to communicate with blacks when I was on my mission and during my army days in the Philippines.

Mother finally arrived. I had swollen eyes and was sobbing. She slipped me a penny to hold but unfortunately I put in my mouth and during a sob sucked it down my throat and swallowed it. I remember the nurse giving me an enema but never did find out if the penny ever was found. I only know the enema was very uncomfortable.

I was released from the hospital after spending 21 days in bed. It took several

days to get adjusted to "home life" again, including walking without falling down. But I was extremely happy to be home.

My taste buds were tested again one summer's hot day when Dad took me to the Milk Coolers. As I gulped down the cool refreshing milk directly from the cooling units, my taste buds went "bananas". From then on I knew my taste buds were hooked and I never stopped thirsting for milk, especially after it was chilled. A cold quart of milk never seems to last very long in my presence.

After farm prices tumbled, Dad returned to the mines. We moved back to Herriman and rented the Miller home. One Sunday afternoon a non-member family came to visit us. I remember they came in a Model T Ford. Their son was my age but was crippled so we played in the car. After running out of things to play with, we found a can of pipe tobacco in the jockey box and I tried chewing some. It tasted horrible, but as I chewed, I also swallowed it. I got sick real quick and ran to Mother. She best described my condition as "looking a deathly green around the gills". I remember throwing up even my "shoe 6strings". After such an ordeal, I vowed never to touch tobacco in any form again. And I can never recall playing with my crippled friend again.

Living in the Miller home has some lasting memories for me. I remember getting acquainted with Leon and Douglas Miller. We played for hours along the ditch bank in front of their home. Our toys were wooden blocks. We dug caves and built dirt houses with garages. Our imaginations ran wild. We dreamed of the future. I don't ever remember thinking that we were poor because our toys were only wooden blocks. I learned to be happy with whatever was available.

Art Miller became a special friend to me. He was a hunchback, but taught me many lessons in coping with handicaps. We were close friends for many years which lasted until his death untimely death some years later. His talking parrot was a unique pet. Whenever we knocked on the door the parrot would squawk out the phrase "come in". He would also say "Polly wants a cracker" at the drop of a hat. I always thought someday other animals would learn to talk "plain English".

My "teasing nature" almost cost me my eyesight. I kept teasing my brother Dale one evening. He got mad and picked up a table knife and threw it toward me. The knife stuck in my forehead above the right eye. I still have a small scar to remind me of this almost tragic experience for me.

For some reason my memory bank still has the "amputation" story in it. Our neighbor Brother Bowles had to have his leg removed and the story being circulated about it left me with an eerie feeling. It seems Brother Bowles complained about his leg was asleep even after it had been amputated.

After the doctor gave Dad a final warning to leave the mine, we moved into Salt Lake City on 11th East and 17th South; my first experience living in a big city. Dad got a job as a driver for the Royal Laundry while Mother operated a hamburger stand located in front of our home. The many experiences that happened here had a great influence on my life.

I remember Mother taking me to enroll in kindergarten. We went to the Emerson School. At first I was fearful of being "left alone" without Mother being there. The teacher gave me lots of projects to do which eventually took my mind off Mother. Getting to know some new friends helped considerably. We rested on a floor mat after doing what the teacher asked and were even given a small carton of orange juice which only added to all the excitement that was going on.

Roger Purdie became one of my great friends. He lived a few doors up 17th South and we spent many hours playing together. I remember Roger came barreling down 17th South on his tricycle. He was out of control by the time he came to the corner and hit the mailbox at top speed. He got two black eyes and some deep scratches on his arms and legs. You can be sure I took every precaution when I rode any such vehicle in the future.

Betty Forrest was a girl I met in kindergarten. She walked home with me one day. I remember inviting her into the hamburger stand. Mother asked her if she would like to try for a "lucky bite". When she drew a piece of candy out of the surprise box, sure enough it was "pink". Mother gave her a whole bar of candy as the winner. I always suspected Mother's special handling of that "lucky bite" was the real reason why Betty came out as a winner. You can be sure we became the "best of friends" after that, even after she moved to another school.

Mother's famous hamburgers became well-known by students attending Westminster College just up the hill on 17th South. One student I remember was "Bubbles". He was an extremely happy but very large in stature. He could sing and dance, play the slot machine which my folks had. I also learned a lesson about gambling. The odds of winning were 5% for the customer and 95% for the owner of the slot machine. I never had a desire to gamble. And I will never forget when federal authorities confiscated the "one arm bandit" after gambling was declared illegal in Utah.

I remember going with Dad on his laundry route. I got well acquainted with how the city was laid out. During heavy winter snows I watched Dad help others out of the drifts on the "avenues". I even learned some driving skills from Dad on slick city streets.

Gus and Laura Sandstrom often came to visit my folks. I became acquainted with Clayne and we became friends and played for hours together. Sometimes we visited the Sandstrom home which seemed good to get away from our neighborhood.

One chilly weekend we borrowed the Sandstrom's dodge truck and motored out to Grantsville. I remember Mother bundling us all up in warm quilts and we rode in the back of the open-bed truck. We started out real early to arrive in time for one of Grandma Smith's delicious noon meals. The truck reached a top speed of 15 miles an hour. We finally arrived at Grandmas log home, despite the motor missing and hissing a little. She had cooked a delicious meal on a coal stove which she kept shining clean. I remember she grew many flowers inside her home, claiming they bloomed so well because she talked with them.

On our way home the truck finally stalled at the Tooele and Grantsville crossroads. Dad tried starting it several times but finally gave up and decided to thumb a ride into Salt Lake and pick up one of the trucks he delivered laundry in around town. It seemed he was gone many hours but finally drove up in the truck. It was very comfortable and gave me a better feeling about our visit with Grandma that cold day. When we got to Magna one of the tires blew out but Dad knew how to change the tire and after much sweating and hard labor, we were on our way. Pulling into the curb in front of our place was a beautiful sight for me.

Don't rightly know why my parents moved to 10th East and 32nd South near the brickyard. But I thought it was the most beautiful house ever built. The "breakfast nook" was a new concept. I remember enjoying our meals in this nook. We became a closer knitted family. The bathroom was brand new - what a joy to take a bath in. The basement was huge and became our "playground" during the winter or when it was

raining; a child's delight. Dad constructed a chicken coop and bought new baby chicks for us to take care of along with a ewe about to lamb. We had all the eggs we ever wanted and fried chicken with all the trimmings.

Mother's health deteriorated while we lived on 10th East. Dad's income fell below standard because of the depression. We listened to an old Philco radio. I scrounged up a crystal set and listened to the dance marathon at the old Salt Palace. We listened to Myrt and Marge and Amos and Andy on the radio. Little did I realize Dad was to lose this beautiful home because he couldn't make the payments. He finally bought some ground on 5th East and 34th South near the Granite High School. He literally built a home by himself on this piece of ground.

Mother was operated on to remove her goiter. She almost lost her life. I remember Ruth Dansie stayed with us while Mother was in the hospital. She didn't take the place of Mother but took real good care of us.

My closest friends on 10th East were Lynn Austin, Beverly Benson and Mildred Anderson. Lynn and I played together for days on end. Both our mothers were will so we were drawn together almost like brothers. Lynn owned the very latest in "car toys" that could be interchanged from a sedan to a convertible or a sporty truck. We let our imaginations run even wilder than when I played with the Miller boys. One time we were airline pilots sailing through the sky. Another time we operated huge steam engines, lifting heavy beams atop the Empire State Building. Our secret hiding place was inside an old steam engine on the edge of the brickyard property. No one ever found us inside that engine.

Mother let us use the "monkey stove" in our basement for cooking "hunter's stew". I remember throwing in the pot every kind of vegetable available with a few pieces of beef, chicken or lamb to give it added flavor. After steaming the ingredients for an hour, we sat down to a very delicious meal of "hunter's stew". The aromas still penetrate my nostrils when I think about those days.

School at Roosevelt became an important part of my life. I learned how to spell from Miss Mathews who taught us phonics. She aroused my interest in reading good books and I enjoyed them because I could read and spell the bigger words that we hadn't yet learned.

Another teacher Miss Beck taught us all how to dance. I remember on Friday nights she had all come to the school and we learned the latest dance steps. Grace Riches and Glen Pratt substituted as our orchestra - they both played the piano real well. I remember taking Georgene Cahoon on my bike to the dance. We had a great time. All of us greatly benefitted from Miss Beck's "second mile" efforts.

If the depression had any adverse effects on my personal life, I never knew it. I do remember "little things" that helped me realize something "bad" was happening to some of my school chums. One of my friends brought 4 or 5 egg sandwiches each day for his lunch. When I asked him why - Leonard said his chickens were good egg producers and he usually ate the surplus. Others brought "potato peelings" for their lunch. I do remember having only two pairs of socks which required washing every other day so I could wear them to school and church. Rather than feeling poor, I felt rich for having two pairs instead of only one like many other of my friends had.

I did have an unhappy experience while attending Roosevelt. Two popular boys in the school would choose up sides and hand pick their touch football team members. I was always one of the last to be chosen. One day I noticed one of the boys slipping Tab

Aoki a candy bar so he would be chosen early. As I pondered the situation while walking home that day, the thought came to me - find a way to buy Tab a candy bar. I sneaked into the closet where Dad's purse was kept and I took out a dime. After buying the candy bar, I gave it to Tab that day prior to the game. He chose me early and at last I got on the winning team for once. The candy cost only a nickel so I still had a nickel left. I purchased another bar and gave it to Tab the next day. He chose me again and after we won the game I was on cloud nine. I decided to try the same scheme again.

During the class period that same day, the teacher spied Tab eating a candy bar while he was studying the lesson. It seems the teacher had watched Tab eat bars before and she was extremely anxious to find out where he got money for all this candy. Tab finally had to tell the teacher who was the candy and money suppliers were. When my name surfaced, the teacher went directly to my parents who were glad to nip in the bud any such schemes that may be in going on. Of course I must have learned a great deal from this ghastly experience because it never happened again. My one great sorrow was Tab and I never spoke to each other from then on.

Fractions were never my strong math accomplishments. But our teachers had different ideas about the subject. I remember my teacher got us to practice and practice until we automatically completed even the hardest set of fraction problems. To let us gain even more confidence in ourselves, our teacher entered us in a district-wide math competition. Our class took first place in the contest. I learned that repetition and practicing is one great way to learn. This bit of knowledge aided me the rest of my life. I never felt unhappy about tackling a problem - practicing, practicing on it - until I became knowledgeable and efficient.

One day in my penmanship class the teacher told me my writing was horrible. Feeling blue and dejected, I tearfully told Mother about the incident. She offered the word "practice" to me as the answer to my problem. As I thought about the sad dilemma I found myself in, it didn't take long to decide my course of action to "show" my teacher that I could learn to write better. So I began practicing. I remember writing every word in the dictionary plus all my favorite scriptures. Attacking my Boy Scout Magazine was next, then the Reader's Digest, the daily newspaper and many other sources too numerous to mention. Although it wasn't easy, my theory of practice, practice won out. At the end of the year when I handed in my penmanship test, my teacher admitted my writing had even passed hers. This incident proved beneficial to me not only in the secretarial field but the printing industry which I became productive and efficient in both later in life.

As members of the Hillcrest Ward on 9th East and 32nd South, I remember the bishopric always showed a family movie on Friday nights. The film was run on a 16mm arc projector. Sometimes the projector would overheat and catch the film on fire, especially in the heat of the summer. I remember one night we had to vacate the building because the smoke was so thick we couldn't breathe. But the movies were great and brought many families close on Friday nights.

I remember going to one movie - it was a serial called the Shadow. During the scary parts, I covered up my eyes, then peeking at the screen as I slowly separated my fingers. I looked around to see others doing the same thing. It was great entertainment for us and brought parents out to be with their kids.

Another experience I remember while residing in the Hillcrest Ward was our closeness to Bishop Harline. Several times I caught the stomach flu and Dad would call

in Bishop Harline to administer to me. I would immediately quit vomiting and go to sleep. He became a very special person in my life. After he was called to be the Stake President we even loved him more.

Bishop Hughes was another great man who had an impact on my life. He called me to be the secretary of the Deacon's Quorum. Never in my wildest dreams did I think this assignment would be the beginning of a very long and eventful-packed experience as a clerk in the Church for many, many years. When I was ordained a teacher, Bishop Hughes asked me to be the secretary to the quorum. He also asked me to be the secretary to the Priest's quorum. My future career was starting to bud into being a record keeper at a very young age.

Our neighbors on 10th East, the Peterson's, were energetic and farmed their one acre of ground like real farmers. I remember helping them haul soil or manure in their old Model T Ford truck. For many years I wanted to own a truck but other interests took first preference and I never did own any of the "classic" trucks. I did learn a lesson from the Peterson's - hard work and imagination helped keep people off government welfare and away from "soup lines".

Learning to swim in my youth wasn't easy. My body structure seemed to get in the way of any sporting event I participated in. I could never touch my toes without bending my knees. But I remember going to the brickyard "clay hole" to swim. Our pool consisted of a dirty canal used by the brickyard to dispose of their waste water from the kilns where bricks were made. Our diving board was a limb of a tree hanging over the deepest spot in the canal. I remember jumping into the water many times.

One day some of my illustrious buddies decided it was time for me to swim like everyone else. I learned to "dog paddle" a lot. They picked me up and threw me in the deepest part and said sink or swim. Feeling a little scared at first, I began kicking my feet and thrashing my arms like the rest when they swam. It worked. Slowly I made it to shore. Although I was shaking a little, I could swim which was the most important part of the experience. From then on I enjoyed the ole swimming hole.

I even learned how to dive headfirst into the water. But it almost proved to be a fatal experience for me. One day I climbed up the tree prepared to dive and my foot slipped. I remember feeling one of the new shoots at the bottom of the tree penetrate my leg just below the groin area. The wound hurt quite a bit and as I saw blood spurting from the spot where the limb had penetrated I panicked. I saw part of my muscle inside my leg and thought it was my insides were starting to come out. I was crying when my brother Ray ran for Dad because I couldn't walk. Dad came and carried me home on his back. He took me to the doctor and I remember he cleaned out the wound and said it was a miracle the sharp root missed my groin. The scar is still visible on my left leg.

Growing up without earth-shaking experiences does not always happen. I remember an incident that happened while we lived on 10th East that turned into one of those experiences. Dad had brought home a ewe for us to raise. It would eventually be our winter's meat supply. One day our neighbor's German shepherd got into the pen and attacked the ewe. I came out of the house and saw the dog chewing on one of the ewe's legs. He had eaten half of the leg and the ewe was in great pain. Dad called the dog's owner Wilford Ence and he was very sorry about the incident. We had to kill the ewe but that experience left me with a fear of German shepherds as well as giving me nightmares for a long time after it happened.

The Tolman's who lived next door on the south were fascinating to talk to. Bro.

Tolman was a railroad engineer and told me lots of exciting stories. While mother was in the hospital I ate some meals with them and they helped me through the crisis of being without a mother. I once had a hankering to become an engineer but finally gave up the idea when I learned most engineers were inactive in church because of their crazy schedules.

Barnes lived to the north of us. Acel and I became good friends. His father was a policeman and was inactive in the Church. One reason I could see why - he smoked. But he treated us with respect. Acel would partially go to church with me but never on a regular basis. He soon started smoking and became totally inactive. This probably happens in other churches where the parents send their children to church but never go themselves. I always felt extremely grateful that my parents took me to church rather than just send me without them.

Roosevelt school holds other previous memories for me. I remember playing softball during recess. Laurel Jensen could hit a ball as hard as any boy. She was always hitting home runs. We considered her our equal. Many of us became traffic cops. We were taught to uphold the law and prevent accidents. I remember an accident where a second grader was run down by a motorist who didn't heed our warning. He ran over the little girl. Luckily she was only bruised and skinned up a little. The police officer came and commended Laurel and I for bravery but I think the driver received a ticket. At least he should have.

After we decided to build a house on the lot near Granite High School, I remember helping Dad clear the land. The soil looked black and very rich. He built a two-room house with an attic. We had no inside plumbing but Dad did have a well dug near the house and I remember carrying lots of water so Mother could cook and wash dishes. Our toilet facilities was a little shack about 50 feet in back of the house. It was called a "one holer". A peg was installed to hold a Sears catalog. It was mighty uncomfortable to go to the toilet during freezing temperatures. Bundling up to run to the "outhouse" was a real chore but we survived. I remember taking a bath every Saturday night in an old iron tub that we filled with hot water. The kitchen became our bathroom on "bath night".

Our well water tasted irony at first. After the pipes were worn down some then it tasted better. I remember feeling like a real millionaire when Dad piped the water into our kitchen. It eliminated carrying water so Mother could do her cooking. Way to go Dad!

Dad finally bought a cow and some chickens. He later got some rabbits for us to raise for our meat supply. We ate lots of eggs. Once in awhile Dad went hunting and killed us a deer. We ate the meat even though it didn't taste as good as beef or lamb.

Walking to Roosevelt and Church from 5th East seemed difficult at times during the winter. I felt sorry for Mother. She suffered the most. But never did they send us alone to Church while they stayed home in our comfortable little house. I remember facing snowstorms a lot but we hardly ever got sick. I developed a strong constitution which later helped me break a school attendance record in my junior and senior high school days. Sometimes I didn't wear the proper clothing and felt the cold, but my moving fast, I managed to survive those days.

I bring the Pratt Brothers into my history because they were different than any others I had ever known or have met in my entire life. In the 6th grade these brothers could grow beards. Their builds were like high school seniors. Their brother Glen was a

fine musician but still needed a shave in the 6th grade. He was built like a musician however and never participated in any sports. But we all enjoyed his music. Come to think about it, I never shaved until I was a junior in high school. I hope none of boys will have to shave when they are in the 6th grade.

Henry Ence and I became good friends. He was also born a hunchback but still a little different than Art Miller. I was always amazed how Henry developed so many talents even though with permanent body handicap. His parents built a well-equipped gym in their house so Henry could develop his frail body. Mother let me play with Henry at least three times a week. I was fascinated by what Henry could accomplish with his hands. At times he repaired any old clocks or worn out motors. Watching his long slender fingers fit small pieces together was indeed very fascinating to me. I learned a lot about handicapped people and their purpose in life.

Our ward sponsored family-oriented dances. I remember dancing with Mother seemed a real privilege. She encouraged me to dance with girls known as "wall flowers". I found out they were some of the best dancers and could teach me many of the latest dance steps. I tried getting my buddies to dance with them but they didn't respond. In the end my buddies were the losers.

I remember Lucy Gertsch was one of my better Sunday school teachers. She gave us advice on bettering our lives. We all felt her love and compassion for us. Later in life I found out she was one of my Swiss relatives through the Boss line. Her Swiss background became visible to me as did so many other of the Boss clan I met.

Clair Burgener was another special friend I met in the Hillcrest Ward. We survived many scouting trips together. On one of our trips to the Uintahs I remember Clair and his cousin Albert decided to take only canned goods for their meals. They lugged a huge box of all these various canned foods up the steep trail to scout camp. It took them most of the night because the box was so heavy and they had to rest a lot. Can't remember if they got rid of all the cans of food or not - but we did try to help them eat the food. The both of them got tired of canned food within a week after we arrived at camp. Clair went to California and became one of the senators and served in the Senate in Washington, D.C. for several terms. I also found out later he was a "shirt-tail" Swiss relative.

Attending Jr. High was a bit different than grade school. While some teachers didn't impress me, I had one or two that did. Miss Larson was one who left a legacy to all her students. Although she had a life-threatening disease, her gentleness towards all pupils even the "bad" ones, helped us take our studies seriously. She taught us how to enjoy the classics. I read Secret Garden twice and saw the movie three times because of her encouragement. Miss Larson finally died of TB and we all went to the funeral. Didn't see a dry eye anywhere.

Miss Mason was another teacher who went the "extra mile" to teach us but she was well-known as the "tough taskmaster". Outside she appeared tough but her "inside character" was the student's best ammunition to learn English. Miss Mason on many occasions let us act out our feelings. She made up the script and then let us do the acting. I remember Beverly Carlyle and I was in one of the scenes. I was the mean employer and she was to ask me for a secretary's position in my company. I yelled at her to get out of my office but she persisted with a tearful plea that she needed the job. Miss Mason gave us both an A on our performance. We were both stunned along with the rest of the class. Our learning experiences in this class were great in Miss Mason's

English class.

Attending Granite High School was a rich experience for me. I met many new friends and associated with old ones from Roosevelt and Granite Jr. High. I remember going on dates, watching basketball and football games with Blaine Simpson. We were buddies all through high school days. And we went to dances at the Mill Creek Ward. The Bishop felt these dances would be good for young LDS people to be on Friday nights. He was right. He hired a good orchestra who played music from the "Big Band Era" and let us form our own opinion about what tunes we wanted to dance to. Sometimes Blaine and I took dates and other times we went "stag". I always tried dancing to every number the orchestra played because I wanted to get my moneys worth. The price of the dance was 25 cents. Tried talking Blaine into doing the same but quite often he only danced about half the time. At these dances I cultivated a taste for music played by a "full" orchestra -the bigger the better.

My sensitivity for keeping detailed records continued to play an important role in my life. I remember taking office-related courses such as typing and bookkeeping. But I never really got hooked on them until I attended college. The Bishop asked me to be the Elder's Quorum Secretary. Again I learned the importance of record keeping as well as being punctual and correct with the information I recorded.

Our family became a close unit while we lived on 5th East. I remember playing games and singing together around our wood-burning stove in our tiny living room. We didn't travel much but as a family we visited our cousins in Herriman. Sometimes Dad let me stay with the Dansies and I helped them during the summer with their farming. Bob and I became great friends and we endured many hardships on the farm together. Learning to ride horses was one of my fondest dreams and Bob helped me make the dream come true. I learned how to haul and stack wheat which was pretty rough on a "city dude".

I remember one time going to Herriman and staying all summer. Dad drove me to the farm. As we approached the old cement bridge covering the ditch in front of the Dansie farm, I noticed a black pony grazing in a nearby pasture. My imagination ran wild and I couldn't take my eyes off that pony. As Dad stopped the car I quickly grabbed my bag and ran into the house to find Bob. We raced upstairs to his bedroom and discussed plans about my learning how to ride horses, especially that black pony.

The summer seemed so short. I learned how to haul hay to the barn on "slides" (hay racks without wheels) and how to throw lots of shucked wheat onto the stack without fainting from over work. But learning to ride horses, especially the black pony, was more than this "city dude" could even hope for. It was hard for me to return home.

One day I called Laveryle Gillespie and asked her to go to the Mill Creek Ward dance with me. She had been going steady but was getting tired of him. We headed for the dance and had a nice time. Somehow Laveryle's friend found out I had taken her to the dance and came looking for us. But we were able to sneak out and took off in my Dad's 32 Chevy like we were running the Indy 500. Nothing ever came of it. I found out later that if Laveryle had let her "ex" know what we were doing he wouldn't have been mad. He knew Laveryle was really like a sister to me.

Other friends I remember were Doug Hardy, the Inkley Brothers, Betty and Mary Osguthorpe. Betty and I danced together at our afternoon school dances but she was waiting for a missionary so our association was somewhat limited. I did date ask her sister Mary for a date several times but we never tried to go steady. After Blaine's father

died, his mother moved into Salt Lake. I remember Blaine's new front room had hardwood floors, which proved to be great for dancing. I remember asking Mary Osguthorpe to one of our "home dances" at the Simpson's. We played "big band" records nearly all night. She seemed to enjoy them as much as I. We became very good friends but never any serious dating.

Blaine's mother was a nurse at the County Hospital. One day she invited us to visit the cancer unit. We talked with several patients stricken with cancer. I remember one patient who had been a "smoker" from his teenage years to the present time. The left side of his whole cheek had been removed, including part of his jaw and neck. We could see his teeth, gums and part of his windpipe. The horrible scene made me deathly sick to my stomach. I am sure Blaine's mother wanted to impress us about the "evils of smoking". She taught us first-hand knowledge about the "weed" which I never forgot. I never remember being tempted to try a cigarette, after this great learning experience.

I remember Dad teaching me how to milk a cow. Perhaps I should have asked Mom to help me for she was the "champion" milker in her day. But I finally managed to learn as well as feeding the pigs and sheep. Out of these learning experiences, I found out how to gauge my working time with how to play. I remember creating quite an imaginative process in me.

Several friends I met while living on 5th East were Blaine Hall, Doug and Maurine Edmunds, Mitso and Rose Hagio, Gay and Hunter Coons. Much of our favorite pastime was playing football in a the cow pasture just north of our house. Being rather small in stature for my age, I remember getting "beat up" the most which was the reason I never tried out for any sports in high school or college.

We pulled some strange "Halloween tricks", especially those that produced weird noises. I remember tying old tin cans, nuts and bolts onto a very thin rope, then stretching the rope across 5th East street in the darkest spot. Soon an unsuspecting driver would come speeding along in his car and hit the rope. All the objects that were loosely attached to the rope would burst loose and make a loud crashing sound. The driver usually braked to a sudden stop, get out, look around to see how much damage was done to his car. Most of the drivers knew they had been bitten by pranksters and usually got back into the car and sped away very fast. One or two of them got mad but did nothing.

Another Halloween trick we did was attach a thin wire to window screens. After dark we stretched the wire about 30 to 50 feet away from any house of our choosing. When everyone was asleep we moved our heavy-greased fingers up and down the wire which made weird sounds. Occupants of the house would try to find out who was making those eerie sounds but we were always at a safe distance away so they would usually go back into the house scratching their heads. Despite all the strange things we did, not once did we ever destroy property.

Rotten tomato fights are hard to describe. In the Fall all the kids in the neighborhood chose up sides and we used tomatoes as ammunition. After each fight we all looked like bleeding warriors. Our mothers scolded us for getting our clothes all stained, but we enjoyed the rotten tomato fights every Fall.

I remember one night Doug Edmunds, Blaine Hall and I sneaked over to the high school playground. We saw some drunks holding a party in their car. As we tried to get a closer view, they suddenly decided to take off in one big hurry. We got out of there in a hurry, too so the drunks couldn't see us. Blaine and I were short and we ran under a

volley ball net without any problems. When Doug who was over 6 feet tall ran toward the net he didn't see it in time and hit the bottom of the net with his chin. When Doug hit the ground with a thud, I thought he was dead. But as we reached him, he sat up moaning and said "what hit me". It was my first experience of witnessing any of friends being knocked out cold.

During one school year I remember officials conducted a time study. They asked us to fill out a questionnaire, mainly to determine how many minutes it took the majority of students to get to school each morning. After I turned in my questionnaire, the teacher gave me a bad time. He questioned my honesty. When I told him where I lived - only 3 minutes away - he said nothing more. But I enjoyed living close to school because Mother's home-cooked meals were more tasty than dry sandwiches. I got tired of egg and peanut butter sandwiches.

We still elected to attend the Hillcrest Ward. Our home was in the center of two other ward boundaries. Even though it was rough going in winter snowstorms, walking made us much healthier. As children we were hardly ever sick. I remember getting a commendation in the 12th grade for having an almost perfect attendance in high school. The only absent time I had against me was not my fault. One day I came down with a little rash. The school nurse sent me home as having scarlet fever. After a few days the rash and fever both went away and I returned to school. They ruled I only had a "kid's rash". I never really had to stay home but the few days dented my attendance slightly and I wasn't able to pick up the perfect attendance. The doctor never did tell my folks what I had which made me feel a little negative about the medical profession.

One summer I remember working on the Hansen farm in Lewiston, Utah. I always enjoyed hauling hay and thinning sugar beets on Aunt Lucy and Uncle Lloyd's farm. My cousin Eldon and I played in their big cow barn for many hours. Sometimes we played Tarzan, swinging from rafter to rafter. Other times we played cowboys and Indians. I learned to ride horses even better at the Hansen's.

One time I remember going with Eldon to a murder mystery staged by traveling actors. All scenes of the mystery were played in a tent set up outside in one of the parking lots and we sat on benches in the open air. The acting was superb and sometimes scary enough to hide our eyes.

Two special friends I remember while living on 5th East were Thelma Singleton and Lois Wright. Once on Valentine's Day I gave Thelma a huge valentine. She appreciated someone being nice to her, I gave her the valentine on the way home from school and she blushed. I was shy, too and told her not to open it until she got home. The next day she thanked me and said it was the nicest valentine she had ever received. We were great friends after that.

I invited Lois Wright to a Junior high dance. Dad agreed to be the chauffeur and drove us in his laundry truck. I had planned to go on my bike, but the weather changed my mind. Good thing - because Lois wore a very neat dress. She took first place that night for having the most modest yet prettiest dress. The dress lacy yet had a high neck and long sleeves. The entire night was impressive for me and I remember feeling happy with asking Lois to the dance.

Working for Doug Cutler on a part-time basis helped me get through school. Doug's father owned a produce farm on 39th south and 11th East. I made \$4.50 per week, working full 5 1/2 days for 9 hours a day during the summer. But the money did help me. I learned not to spend more than I made. And I never borrowed money which

helped me later in life. My goal was to get completely out of debt by the time I was 55.

Although never participating in any sports, I attended many football and basketball games. Living across the street from the Granite High School campus made it easy to attend lots of games. Granite never won many football games but Cec Baker the basketball coach had a winning team most of the time. We went to the state tournament every year I was in high school. I remember watching Granite play Uintah in the old Deseret Gym for the state championship. The game was exciting down to the last second. Each team played a very tight defense. The first quarter ended up Granite 3 and Uintah 0. The half ended with Granite 6 and Uintah 3. I yelled so hard during the balance of the game I couldn't talk for a week. The final score ended with Uintah 20 and Granite 18. I don't ever remember watching such an exciting basketball game in my life.

When I graduated from Jr. High my parents bought me a new suit with the pleats sewed in the pants. Sure easier to take care of with the pleats always looking neat and like they were freshly pressed. But I was the only person ever to wear such a style. After the graduation exercises I gave a short benediction. Some wise guys in the audience applauded. I was embarrassed to say the least.

When high school term ended one year I remember asking Dad for the car to do a little celebrating. Max Cook had asked Beverly Carlisle and I LaVell Rupp to be our dates for the school dance that particular night. I dropped off Max and Bev at her home then drove LaVell to her house so she could change dresses for the dance. After LaVell ran into the house, I remember her brother honking for me to move so he could leave in his car. As I backed out of the driveway onto what I thought was the street, the car slid sideways down into a six-foot drain ditch. Luckily the running board caught on a ledge about half way down into the ditch but it was evident we needed a wrecker to get the car out. LaVell's uncle owned a garage and he agreed to pull the car out for \$5. I had to call Mom and she asked our neighbor Bro. Moore to bring her and the money all the way out to Taylorsville where LaVell lived. By the time we got the car out it was so late we decided to cancel our dates and go home. I was completely exhausted and Max was completely exasperated. After that LaVell always kidded me about not dating her because I was afraid of her driveway.

I remember going to many family reunions while I was in high school. Whether my cousins lived in Bern, Idaho, Midway, Provo or Grantsville, Utah I was always happy to see them. We always got along well together. Some of my favorite cousins were Bob and Thelma Dansie, LaRue and Janeal Kunz, Eldon, Jay and Idonna Hansen, Carl Boss, Don Jesse and the Batemans from Midvale or the Palmers and Smiths from Grantsville. Staying with Uncle Parley and Aunt Hilda Kunz in Bern, Idaho over night was always a neat experience. They lived in the old John Kunz III family home with oodles of bedroom space. Uncle George and Aunt Edith Kunz were two of my favorites who lived in Bern, also. In Midway, Utah we held the Boss reunions at the "Hot Pots"; in Salt Lake at Liberty Park. Provo was as far south I ever got until I was 19 and left for my mission to the East Central States.

After graduating from high school Blaine Simpson and I had an opportunity to attend the USAC in Logan under a government-sponsored program. I remember filling out an application that allowed us to work on campus during the summer then register for the Fall semester and we could work out our tuition of \$75 for the entire year.

We arrived in Logan around 1 June 1941 to find a place to live. Fortunately under this program we were assigned to live at the old Woodruff School in downtown Logan,

across the street from the Bluebird Dance Hall. Blaine and I were assigned to sleep on the second floor, west side, and had many unusual experiences with many fond memories of these accommodations.

During that entire summer, I remember learning something about the building trade. Blaine and I were assigned the "hod carrying" duties. We supplied "hod" for the bricklayers, a mixture of lime and water which sealed the bricks together. Another of our duties was to see the bricklayers were well supplied with brick. Near the middle of the summer we had developed not only our muscles but a time when we carried over 115 bricks at a time on the wheelbarrow, starting out at first carrying only about 80. I remember hearing the bricklayers say we were their best "hod" carriers. We didn't earn much "pocket money" but were extremely healthy because of our job assignments.

I met several great guys while living in the "dorm" as we called old "Woodruff School". I remember bunking next to Arnold Chatwin. His home life was so bad he joined the program just to get "away" from his parents. He smoked a lot and we had several conversations about the evils of smoking. He asked one day why I never started. Besides being our Church beliefs, I said my Dad reminded me several times that "if you never start, you never have to quit". I also told him about my experiences with smokers in the cancer clinic in Salt Lake. We became great friends.

Meeting Daryl Stanley was a great experience. We became as close as "blood brothers". Although we didn't have much spending money, we usually chose our entertainment that didn't cost a dime. The LDS Institute sponsored various types of socials that fit our empty pocketbooks. We discussed going on missions but it appeared a war may change our plans. Daryl and I are true friends even to this day.

An unusual incident happened in the "dorm" that almost destroyed my "innocent reputation". I remember it all started out as pranks imposed by the "older" students on the "younger" ones. Eventually the day arrived to get even with the perpetrators who delighted in doing a number of prankish numbers on "innocent victims", like short sheeting beds, placing toy snakes in beds as scare tactics which worked especially at night. One evening I found my bed hanging out the window. When I tried to pull it into my room, the think wire broke and the bed fell to the ground two stories below. I had to lug the bed and all the bedding up two floors without any help. One day while working in the kitchen on KP, I was rummaging through the broom closet and found a dead mouse in a trap. I hid the mouse until supper time. I remember we had steaks that particular night. Just before supper was served, I slipped the dead mouse into my cocoa cup and held it down with a spoon. It almost gagged me into complete hysteria, but I managed to hide the mouse without anyone catching me doing such a "dirty" trick.

Everyone got comfortably seated in the dining room and started eating their first bite of steak. I yelled "look fellows" as I pulled this dead mouse from my cup with my fingers. A few knew about my joke but those who had been playing jokes on us did not. Several looked rather pale as I held up the dead mouse. One guy ran for the bathroom, while another one tried putting up a big front, but he too suddenly headed for the bathroom, holding both hands over his mouth. The steaks were left untouched on their plates. Those who knew about the joke laughed a lot. Others were a bit skeptical about how the mouse ever reached the big cocoa vat. Had most of the crowd known I played this joke on them, my reputation would have been ruined and my life wouldn't have been worth a "plug nickel". One thing for sure, I never played a trick like this ever again on anyone.

Fall came and I registered for a course in AG Econ with a minor in Animal Husbandry. Both turned out to be boring subjects. I did learn an important lesson from my Ag Econ teacher, a Mr. Cutler. He asked us the first class period, "How many want to graduate?". Almost everyone in the class raised their hands. He continued, "There are 3 millionaires on Main Street that never went beyond high school". Most of us got the picture immediately after the teacher explained that a college degree didn't always mean financial success. I remembered my Ag Econ teacher's advice about getting the most out of our college courses through study and developing our imaginations.

Winter snows arrived that year in abundance. The temperatures hit the zero mark several times. I was helping a plumber dig trenches and lay pipe in those freezing temperatures between heavy snow squalls. I had thought about changing my major, why not my job assignment? As I thumbed through the catalog listing all courses available, my eyes hit the words "Secretarial Science". The words had a "ringing" effect through my brain. I immediately changed my major. I remember going to the first shorthand class - there were 4 times as many girls as boys. I liked the odds. The same happened in my type class. The odds were unbelievable!

Not only did I change my major, but I also changed jobs. I took on the "clothes washing" job for all the dorm with a very serious outlook. Washing dirty clothes in a warm, comfortable room beat out my previous job by several times and I became quite proficient in getting the washing all done without losing any of the guys clothing. This job fit into my lifestyle more and I not only learned how to wash colored socks without damaging the white clothing, but the "art" of scheduling which ultimately played a major role in the business world I finally chose for my occupation. I mastered getting all the washing done during the week so I could have Saturdays and Sundays for myself.

I also took my new courses seriously. I not only learned how to type fast but developed a liking for shorthand. All the girls in the class helped take away any boredom, if there was any. It seemed logical to use my scheduling skills in my everyday chores. I used it on my lessons, on my work and on my playing time. They labeled me in the dorm as the "fastest" and "best" laundry in town.

While in Logan I learned how to roller skate. This type of entertainment fit into my financial situation. For 25 cents I could ask a girl for a date and have fun for 3 solid hours. I met Burdine Hyde and we did a lot of skating together. Thought at one time I could get serious but she seemed pre-occupied with a Dale Crabtree and she finally married him. I remember feeling a bit sad about this love affair, but knew my mission call was more important. A world war was beginning to shape up with Hitler rising as dictator in Germany.

The semester finally ended. I talked with Dad and Mom and found out they could not send me any supplemental money while I was in Logan so I decided to find a job in Salt Lake and register at the LDS Business College. Blaine found a job at Kresses and said they had an opening for a bus boy. I applied and got the job. But fate seemed against me. One noon during the rush hour, I was taking a tray of dishes out to the kitchen. A waitress had overloaded the tray with small salad dishes. A man was standing in my way as I carried the heavy tray past him. I was forced to tip the tray slightly to pass the man and two dishes fell off and broke into a hundred pieces. The next day my boss fired me. Blaine told me later the man who stood in my way was the big boss from Chicago. You can be sure I never placed myself into that kind of a position again. I learned to never put a lot of trust in bosses like those at Kresses and what it felt

like to be fired from a job for the first time in my life.

Bishop Urry told me about an opening at the Temple Square Coffee Shop. I quickly applied for the job and was hired. This job fit into my plans for attending the LDS Business College. I sat in classes in the morning and worked in the afternoons. Fortunately my shorthand teacher at the LDS Business College was the same one I had in Logan. She helped me a lot into liking shorthand and becoming quite efficient at dictation. I also liked the teacher who taught type and the one who taught accounting. The waitresses at the coffee shop were very kind to me and shared a few of their tips whenever I went the second mile to help them clean off their tables during the rush hours. I also prepared orders and delivered them to the rooms for hotel customers. Some paid me a sizeable tip for this service.

Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese during this time on December 7, 1941. We were all ushered into the assembly hall and heard President Roosevelt declare war on Japan. It was a sad day for everyone. Many of us young men were stunned and could not say anything. I remember thinking what affect this would have on my application that I had previously sent in for a mission call.

Most of us found out how to exist with a "live war going on". I continued working part-time and attending the business college. An interesting event happened one night at the coffee shop. A Jewish couple held their wedding reception in our down-stairs accommodations. I was extremely naive about alcoholic drinks. As the reception progressed, I could smell alcohol in the empty glasses as I carried them to the dishwasher. I found out later the punch had been spiked with liquor. Every time I was offered a drink I gave it to the night cleaning man. This happened several times. One time as I started up the steps to give the glass of punch to the night man, I noticed him falling towards me down the stairs. I thought he stumbled at first but soon realized he was "stoned". I felt bad because it was my first experience with "spiked punch".

Returning to the reception area, I found the bride to be very unhappy. The groom was also "stoned", even more so than the night cleaning man. I learned valuable lessons from these experiences. I remember wanting to be married in the temple even more than ever before and my mission really started to mean something to me. I prayed even harder than before that my call would come through.

Working in the coffee shop opened my eyes to many types of life-styles. Many people seemed only temporarily happy in the way they were living. One of the waitresses Lorraine Oblad went through a very unhappy experience which gave me more confidence in the "Mormon Way" of life. One night after closing time, Lorraine left with a fellow who promised her wealth and a great social life, if she would go with him and be his wife. Didn't see her for two weeks. But when she returned and related her experiences, we were glad the boss gave her another chance. We all welcomed Lorraine back and treated her like a "long-lost" sister. This little experience also added to my desires to marry in the temple.

My unusual working hours prevented me from attending my church duties. But I slowly gained an even greater desire to go on a mission. Even my shorthand classes made me want to study harder. I remembered what I had accomplished in my 4th grade penmanship class. So I began practicing my shorthand. I practiced on the all the dictionary words, took down gospel sermons in Sacrament meetings, radio talk shows and even Pres. Roosevelt's fireside chats. My typing speed increased to 90 wpm. Even though I made gallons of coffee I never drank one drop. Many customers commended

me for my coffee because I made it to suit their taste rather than mine.

I remember going to a dance in my first rental car. Lynwood Christensen and I decided to take our girls to the Stan Kenton Orchestra dance at the Rainbow Randevou in style. I asked Joey to go with me to the dance. We had a great time. She didn't go with me much because she was waiting for a soldier to come home on leave. It was for the best because I was expecting a mission call now.

Knowing my mission call would come shortly, I started working full time at the coffee shop. One day I noticed a woman sitting at the counter. Didn't notice anything unusual about her until I noticed she had no arms. She was holding the fork and knife between her toes. Her graceful movements kept me spellbound. I didn't say anything to other employees of the coffee shop. I was thankful for the gift of being able to handle situations with handicapped persons.

My mission call arrived in March of 1942. I was called to the East Central States Mission, with headquarters in Louisville, Kentucky. Everyone at the coffee shop seemed excited. All of the employees chipped in and gave me the "Triple Combination" and each one signed the fly leaf. I was very grateful for their thoughtfulness. I remember the dishwasher trying to confuse me with questions about Masons and why Joseph Smith became one. Little did I realize that a time in the mission field would come when these questions would be answered.

I remember the in-depth interview with Elder Richard L. Evans, member of the Council of Twelve. When he asked me about ever telling a lie, I felt bad that I had to say yes. But I promised him it would never happen again.

Working as a bus boy taught me some valuable lessons. I learned how to carry a tray full of dishes on each hand. This saved me lots of unnecessary steps and time. I learned on the glass washer how to clean more glasses within the time allotted me than anyone else. This one experience would help me in the future when I ran my own print shop.

I entered the Mission Home before my farewell in the old Miller Ward Meetinghouse corner of 33rd and Main in So. Salt Lake. Lots of my friends showed up and I felt very scared when the Bishop said it was my turn to speak. Can't remember what I said because my knees were knocking so hard, but felt the burden lift when I sat down.

The Mission Home was a great experience. We were taught some gospel principles and how to meet the public by General Authorities, ex missionaries and mission presidents. No missionary lessons were given us during our stay in the mission home.

I did discover the Mission Home President and his wife were human. On the night I returned from holding my farewell, it was a bit late, when I discovered the front door was locked. Not wanting to wake up the Mission President or his wife, I went around back of the building to try my luck at pelting the windows with small pebbles so my sleeping companions could open the window for me to enter that way. To my utter amazement I found a long ladder standing by my bedroom window which was definitely left open. Without a moments's into bed and slept soundly the rest of the night. Rumors were this was common practice since few missionaries ever came in after the doors were locked. It provided a way for missionary with special problems as I had experienced that night to enter the home without making any fuss. You can be sure the mission president had something to do with this kind of arrangement.

We were just beginning to understand missionary work was all about when someone told us our train would be leaving early the next day for Cincinnati, Ohio. Our training seemed so very short. I called my parents and made preparations to meet them at the D & R G Depot. A few friends and members of the ward showed up to see me board the train. I remember feeling a bit excited but sad. Didn't have any special girl friend to worry about so my feelings centered around leaving my parents.

Traveling by Southern Pacific Railroad to Cincinnati, Ohio was a unique experience for a "small town" boy. As a boy nearly 19 I had never been beyond Provo. Now I was finally on a train headed toward cities well beyond this great city. I remember looking at very breath-taking scenery as we passed through the Colorado Rockies. Two of my Granitian buddies David Bagley and Henry Florence were going to the same mission as I. We could hardly believe our eyes as we shared the beautiful scenery changes in Missouri and Ohio. I remember our first stop was St. Louis, Missouri. Walking around the huge depot was quite an experience. We met a policeman who seemed anxious to talk so we obliged. David asked him why was the "billy club" he carried around seem so heavy and the handle so long. He explained that some troublemakers had to be hit on the shins to stop them instead of on their heads. My shins even hurt while he was telling us the story.

After changing trains in Cincinnati, we headed for Louisville, Kentucky. I remember the missionaries who were laboring in the mission office were at the station to meet us. We were immediately interviewed by James P. Jensen, the Mission President. My interview was short and sweet. About all he asked was what schooling I had and some of my activity in the Church. Elder Florence and I were sent to Goldsboro, North Carolina which would be amount to another day's ride from Louisville. Little did I know how this assignment would affect my life.

Our trip to Goldsboro was long and tiring. But as we slowly went deeper into the "South", I had the feeling of someday involving myself with these great people and their culture more deeply than I ever anticipated. The scenery was magnificent. The hills and valleys were all different shades of green, obviously from heavy rainfalls. The new crops were beginning to show through the red sandy soil and the blossoms on the trees were beginning to show signs of life in various colors. I was happy to be introduced to North Carolina at this time of year.

We arrived in Goldsboro and was met at the station by Elder McLean our district leader. He drove us to a Sister Smith's home in Goldsboro. She treated us like one of her family even though we were new "greenies" from the West. I remember attending MIA, Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting held in a small wooden chapel in Greenleaf. The next day Elder McLean assigned us a Senior Companion and we went out "tracting" for the first time. My entire body shook with fright as we knocked on the first door. This feeling never seemed to entirely disappear during the rest of my mission.

Although we tracted down several streets in Goldsboro, there was never a time we met anyone real interested in our message. The saints fed us our meals at first, then we finally rented an apartment and started to do our own cooking. I soon started to grow up and receive a stronger testimony of the work the Lord had for us with the help of our saints like the Epps and Smith family. Our landlords the Wilsons were non-members but they treated missionaries like their own sons and daughters. Mrs. Wilson's cornbread I remember was different than most I had eaten. It seems she put yeast in

the dough and cooked it in the oven not on top of the stove. I hope to never forget the Wilsons.

After laboring in Goldsboro, Elder McLean drove us to a little town called Nahunta. A new church meetinghouse was being constructed mostly through the labors of the local saints and also some of the missionaries. The basement was nearly completed when I arrived for the first time. The site was tucked away in some pine trees, a beautiful site for a church. Little did I know how important this chapel would play in my life.

One day while visiting with sister Smith, she let me look at some pictures of her family. To my amazement I saw Leslie Godwin's picture in an album. Found out he was her nephew. Leslie and I went to school together in Salt Lake and were great friends. I don't remember him ever mentioning any relatives in North Carolina but then neither of us were into genealogy in those days. Found out the world was small after all.

On our "P" days I remember playing basketball in Nahunta with the Maples and Aycock families. Ruby, Shirley and Hiram Maples were all good players and could keep us with us most of the time. I remember meeting Dimple and Denzil Aycock and some members of the Harper family, not knowing they would all play a very important role in my life. I started to harbor an unusual feeling of peace and contentment about this entire little town in Wayne Co., North Carolina.

Elder Lawrence Angerbauer was my first companion. We boarded a bus and headed for Fuquay Springs. I remember stopping in Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. The city didn't seem very large but was impressive because of it's historical background. We arrived in Fuquay Springs and went directly to the Smith Family home. Bro. Smith was a jeweler and the family had a room set aside just for the Elders to stay in when laboring in Fuquay Springs.

I remember we visited a "holiness" church with Bro. Smith. This was my first experience where people shouted during the sermon and prayers offered by the preacher. The visiting preacher worked up a sweat trying to get the audience riled up. I said a silent prayer that I never wanted to witness someone being saved. After about a half-hour of ranting and raving no one came to the altar. He finally gave up and ended the meeting. My prayer was answered and I have yet to this day see anyone being saved in that manner.

Elder Angerbauer could play the piano so we enjoyed singing with the Smith family. This was really our only activity since the Smiths were the only members in Fuquay Springs. My spirit for missionary work gradually developed from this experience. Singing together with the Smith family often reminded me of those happy times when my family experienced singing together in the "olden days" when I was but a "teenager".

We continued our missionary work without having anyone commit to baptism. I remember walking to other small towns around Fuquay Springs. Apex was a typical small "tar heel" community. Two member families - the Youngs and Beesleys lived here and we enjoyed visiting them. Sister Young operated a movie theater. She invited us to see a movie one afternoon. About the middle of the movie all the lights in the entire community went out. I remember eating popcorn in the dark theater for the first time in my life. Kind of an eerie feeling but we were able to crack a smile about the incident. The Saints treated us well and most missionaries enjoyed the "hospitality" of the southern people.

One day while tracting in Fuquay Springs, we happened to knock on a door of a Baptist Minister. He invited us in and allowed us to give him our message. I remember vividly one remark he made as we were leaving; "I sure wish our Church would use your tithing system, it is very good and sound". We then offered short testimonies and left with friendly gestures. Hopefully someday he will hear the message again and maybe join the Church.

In the little town of Varina we met another minister but this time I felt a different spirit. He let us stand outside for nearly 20 minutes then invited us in. Elder Angerbauer explained that we were ministers of the Gospel. The minister excused himself for a few minutes and returned with a bottle and a cup in his hands. He said it was poison and tempted us to drink it and if we didn't get sick or die he would join the Church. We bore a short testimony to him and left feeling sad that such an incident happened. Later we read in the local newspaper this same man was fired as minister on immoral and other sinful practices his congregation heaped upon him with good cause.

My first District Conference was held in Raleigh. The evening before I remember helping the MIA leaders with decorating the hall for the Gold & Green Ball to be held the next day. Our District President Elder McLean asked Elder Angerbauer and myself to be the hosts at the dance. This would be my first experience of attending a dance without doing any dancing. Missionaries were not allowed to dance on their missions. The Ball was a success and I was proud of the LDS girls who had dated non-member boys. The boys were impressed because there were no drinking or smoking at this dance, yet they had a good time.

Elder Angerbauer finally received notice of his pending release and after feeling shocked I finally realized my mission would come to an end one day. We shared our feelings about being "close companions" and the choice people we were privileged to meet. Don't remember feeling depressed over our failure to baptize anyone but do remember the joy I felt over making a new and everlasting friend in Elder Lawrence Angerbauer.

I received a letter from President Jensen with instructions to wait at the Raleigh bus depot for an Elder Roy Howell who was called to be my second companion. One of Bro. Smith's sons heard I needed a ride into Raleigh that day so offered to let me ride in his car. He left early so we arrived in Raleigh around noon, and Elder Howell's bus wouldn't be getting into the depot until about 4 p.m.

The depot was only about two blocks from the "capitol building" so I decided to see what an "old-fashion, Southern" town building had to offer. The little park surrounding the building was well-stocked with gorgeous flowers of all colors, shapes and sizes. I was very impressed with the beautiful trees, some very old and some quite new. And every plant seemed so green and fresh, probably from the heavy rains falling last night.

As I sat on a park bench, breathing in all the beauty of the earth that surrounded my very being and reading from my scriptures, a man slowly walked up to me and asked if he could sit down beside me. I looked up and saw a well-dressed black man. He asked me if I was a minister. When he found out I was from Salt Lake City, his face lighted up and told me his unusual experience with the University of Utah.

He said all his life he wanted to get an engineering degree. After graduating from high school, he sent applications to several "Engineering Colleges" but all refused

because he was black. After learning he would not be drafted, he decided to send an application to the University of Utah, who supposedly had accredited engineering courses. Not only did he receive an immediate reply, but he was allowed to register by mail instead of going in person to Salt Lake City. I am not sure of the details but he finally ended up getting his degree because someone cared enough to overlook his skin color. I felt great inside as he unfolded the story to me. I also felt a little remorse because we were instructed at that time not to preach the gospel to "blacks". I felt he was a "golden" candidate.

After our conversation, the clock showed 2-1/2 hours away from Elder Howell's arrival. I walked downtown and noticed a theater showing a war movie. As I remember the name of the movie was "The Invaders". One scene in particular seemed very unusual. German spies got off a U-boat near Alaska. They were sent to America to blow up several strategic military installations. The spies finally came to a community that seemed odd to them. All the men had beards and wore black capes and the women had long hair tied in a bob and wore very long dresses. I remember the leader of the spies asking one of the men if they were "Mormons". After responding with a loud laugh, I suddenly realized I was the only one in the entire theater making any kind of a noise. Sheepishly I slid down deeper into my seat until the movie was over then I dashed out to so no one would recognize me.

Stayed with the Hodges that night. Early the next morning I walked to the bus station. Finding out that the bus wouldn't arrive for a couple of hours, I decided to walk through the park close by. While sitting on one of the benches reflecting over some scriptures I was reading, I noticed a black man slowly making his way towards me. He asked if I was a minister and I told him yes. I introduced myself and when I said my home was in Salt Lake his face was beaming and started telling his experience with the Engineering Department at the University of Utah. He had completed all his courses in Raleigh and was advised to get in touch with the University of Utah and ask about completing his course by correspondence. He was accepted without any hassle even though they knew he was black. I was impressed with his story but don't know whether he was ever impressed with mine. I did tell him about the restoration and all of its promises for all races of people.

My new companion Elder J. LeRoy Howell finally arrived at 11 a.m. His home is in Blackfoot, Idaho. Found out that I knew his sister Dorothy at the USAC in Logan. We seemed to "hit it off" together right at the start. I also learned that Elder Howell had relatives in Nahunta and was one reason why he was transferred from Virginia to North Carolina. Neither of us ever dreamed what an impact his transfer would have on my life.

One very warm sunny morning Elder Howell and I left on the bus for Fort Bragg, a nearby army post. He wanted to visit a non-member cousin who was stationed at the Fort. After an enjoyable meal he had prepared for us, we went to see Kay Kyser and his big band for a two-hour session. We stayed in one of the visitor's barracks that night. Had to take three showers before I could feel cool enough to sleep. The weather was extremely hot and humid that night! The next morning we were served "army chow" for breakfast - my first time! Can't say it was the best but it did beat my cooking a long ways!

On our return to Fuquay Springs we stopped at some more of Roy's cousins - the Marshburns. Even though they knew we were "Mormon Elders" they treated us with love and kindness - typical of the "southern tradition". This was my first experience

with crops damaged by a freak hailstorm. Every living plant was literally destroyed. Roy and I wished we could have remained to help them replant.

Walking out into the country sometimes played havoc with my feet. After stopping in Angier and Kenneybeck, tracting along the way, my right foot began hurting. My big foot began swelling. Bro. Smith a church member living nearby came along and gave us a ride into Fuquay Springs. Found out later my ingrown toenail caused all the problem plus a blister on the heel of the same foot. Dug out the ingrown part of the nail and lanced the blister. Felt good when I walked slow and easy but not if I walked 20 miles.

The next day we took a bus into Goldsboro and ended up in Nahunta for dinner. Drove past the new chapel - quite a remarkable change since I last saw it. Elder McLean asked us to help with the interior painting. Seemed good to be on top of a ladder painting the chapel walls and window casings. Ate dinner with Bro. & Sis. Hermany Aycock and his wonderful family.

Trying to paint and concentrate on my assigned talk for Sunday soon turned into a disaster. The brush I was using didn't respond to dipping into the paint bucket nor was my mind sticking to the subject of my talk I was silently preparing. At times I have felt prepared to give a talk but for some reason I felt nervous about it. Couldn't really understand any reasons for my feelings so I continued to paint without thinking about the talk.

I noticed Elder McLean come into the chapel with someone walking beside him. He introduced her as Neva Harper, one of Walter's daughters. Don't know why I slopped a big gob of paint on top of my head as we were introduced but it proved a big factor for losing a big part of my hair. I immediately went to Sister Hilda Aycock's home and started trying to get the paint out of my hair. I tried paint thinner and it still took me about two hours to remove the paint. Have never known for sure if the gob of paint made me go bald early in life.

Elder Howell and I discussed my feelings for Neva Harper after the paint incident. We both concluded the meeting was a bit unusual. My heart told me to continue to talk with Neva - but just casual missionary talk as I knew mission rules were quite clear about how Elders should act around young women. I continued to feel she was a special spirit and felt our meeting was different. Elder Howell walked with us as I told Neva how I felt. She said little but I knew she was thinking real hard.

Neva left for Washington D.C. but gave me her picture. I gave her one of mine. Elder Howell and I continued helping the Maples with their tobacco crop, a very messy job. Can understand why the Lord gave Joseph Smith the Word of Wisdom. I was finally glad to get a bath and put on my regular missionary attire. Realized most of the Saints who grew tobacco were in a "dilemma" because it was their main money crop, hoping someday in the future they will find other ways to finance their farms.

Went tracting around the Nahunta area with Elder Howell. Met some more of his relatives - the Edgertons. My foot still hurts a bit. Helped the Harpers and Aycocks with their tobacco crops. After getting cleaned up and into our missionary suits, we headed out to our new assignment in Smithfield.

Our missionary experiences in Smithfield were different than I have ever experienced. Our tracting never really proved to be very fruitful so far as baptisms were concerned. But we did meet lots of prospects who later would probably join the Church. With the war on, most of the people we met seemed interested only in getting their

soldiers back in one piece. Guess we didn't take advantage of the situation as we should about teaching those who had lost their loved ones in the war.

Learned one hot morning what a "Dear John" letter was. Elder Howell received a letter from his girl friend mailed from California. She informed him in one small paragraph that she was married and lives in California. He was shocked at first because he had left her with a lot of valuable items they would use after getting married. He learned later from his parents that she took everything with her.

As we continued our missionary work, the police chief came to see us. He asked us questions like why weren't we in the army and what were we doing in Smithfield? We explained as best we could but don't know whether he truly believed us. But we were never questioned again. Our landlady helped our cause along without really knowing it. She heard our story - but never would commit to baptism though I felt she believed it.

After attending a district conference in Raleigh, Elder McLean assigned Elder Howell and I to the Roanoke Rapids area. It's a small mill town in the northern part of North Carolina. The flowing rapids through part of the town made an unusual sight.

After locating a Mrs. Cagle, we made arrangements to rent her bedroom but eat our meals at her mother's boarding house. The arrangements turned out to be okay for us.

We tracted the entire town. Met the Pullem family and held several meetings in their home. Seemed interested in our message but never would commit to baptism. But our efforts were not all in vain. We met a radio announcer - Jack Hutchinson. Several times we discussed world religions which caught his "fancy". Jack had traveled the world over several times but had never taken any time to discuss the many religions he saw while literally seeing the world. He was especially impressed with our views, even though he knew little about the "Mormons". We were delighted and thrilled when he listened to our discussions. Most of the time we met in Jack's sleeping room and I remember holding a filmstrip projector on my stomach as we viewed the picture on the ceiling as we all laid on Jack's bed. He kept asking us questions and finally asked us to meet his family who lived in Virginia.

We got permission to visit his family and on our way to Virginia we passed through Yorktown. I remembered studying in my history class about this very popular revolutionary war town. I shed a few tears as I read the plaque describing what happened. I probably realized this was the spot where we Americans gained our freedom from England.

Jack's wife Mary really treated us like family. I felt in my heart she would follow Jack into the Church and be baptized one day. We ate a very hearty supper and then talked with Jack and Mary until very late in the evening. An early breakfast the next morning was equally satisfying as supper had been the night before. We said goodbye to this wonderful family and headed back to Roanoke Rapids. I had to agree this was a very enjoyable experience for us.

We continued our labors in Roanoke Rapids. I felt the people were listening to our message but would not be baptized at the present time. It seemed we were planting seeds which would grow into a large church membership someday with an organized branch. Families like the Pullems and Barnes would someday come into the Church. Even the Cagle families who rented their homes to the missionaries would become interested. We wished it would happen now but our responsibility was to teach them about the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It was their freedom by choice when to accept the

message.

The Stokes in Rocky Mount was a typical "tar Heel" family who had lots of problems trying to stay active. They treated us like family and listened to our advice. But they lived in a very small branch with very little contact with other members of the Church.

Elder Howell started thinking about an end to his missionary labors when he would head back to Blackfoot. We had developed a strong friendship bond and knew his release would sever it. But we knew this bond would last forever as we did with the many families we had met during our labors together in North Carolina.

Held several inspirational meetings with Jack Hutchinson and the families in Roanoke Rapids. I felt impressed how Jack was studying the gospel. He was very methodically and seemed to enjoy hearing about every new principle. Jack asked us to visit his brother in Norfolk, Virginia. We arrived there late one evening. Couldn't locate Jack's brother but spent the night with 3 other missionaries. Four of us slept crosswise in one bed. Didn't get much sleep as my feet were hanging off the bed. To get a peaceful rest my feet need to be "on the bed". The next morning I walked around with my eyes half closed most of the time.

The next day we toured the naval yards in Norfolk. This was my first visit to see the ocean and all of its scenery. I had only seen battleships in movies. Crossing the water on a ferry was also a new experience for me. Was thrilled to take a ride from Norfolk to Newport News.

Returned to Roanoke Rapids and learned that we were to take a bus to Goldsboro. Arrived in time to take a taxi to Sister Ebby Smith's home. She fed us a delicious "southern dinner". We felt excited about the news that Elder George Albert Smith would be in Nahunta to dedicate the new chapel.

Helped with some final painting in the chapel area, prior to the dedicatory service. Slept at Dimple Aycock's home that night. Had a royal visit with Uncle Herman. We all enjoyed his kidding the missionaries.

The dedicatory service was indeed a beautiful experience for all of us. Knowing how these wonderful saints had made so many personal sacrifices, made the event even more special. Lots of memories are connected with the construction of this little white meeting house tucked away in the Nahunta, North Carolina woods.

Elder George Albert Smith offered the prayer, after many missionaries spoke. Our Mission President James P. Jensen also spoke of the Nahunta Saints' personal sacrifices and dedication to the building of this beautiful but simple church edifice.

After the dedication of the Nahunta Chapel, I was given a new companion. He was Elder Robert H. Brummett from Oakland, California. We sadly said goodbye to Elder Howell who was released and returned to Blackfoot. Elder Brummett and I headed for Roanoke Rapids.

Our first week was a disaster. Elder Brummett had a bad case of yellow jaundice and stayed in bed until it went away. I took advantage of Elder Brummett's illness by discussing our message with our landlady Mrs. Cagle. She probably won't join the church, since her husband was a mason, but she is being exposed to principles she had never thought about before, especially now that her husband had died without being "saved" as she put it. Mrs. Cagle let me read the mason's manual which strengthened my testimony considerably about temple work. In the fly leaf of the manual it stated

that much of the information had been taken from Solomon's Temple. I was able to understand more about Masonic practices as I read their manual.

We continued our labors without much success. No baptisms but we did make a few contacts and planted more seeds. Elder Brummett soon got his release and headed for California. My next companion was Elder Bryan from Tooele. Our new District President Hyrum Loutensock sent us to labor in Elizabethtown, North Carolina. There was only one member family - the Atkinsons with 12 children.

Our first room was located over a local cafe. This was my first try at "batching" for our existence. Buying groceries and then cooking our own meals was a new experience for me. Our cooking abilities were extremely limited. But we managed to suffer through this experience without any noticeable physical damage. I know it was because the Lord was protecting us. We both felt relieved when we moved on to where others cooked for us.

Prejudice against "Mormons" seemed rampant in this area. I do remember ordaining my first Deacon, Charles Page. He asked me to ordain him which turned out to be a very interesting experience for me. I trembled with fright at first but settled down during the ordination and had no problem with subsequent ordinations after that.

The Atkinson family and their 12 children was a joy to be around. We held our own sacrament meeting and Sunday school in their home. I learned to love the children who seemed to care for each other a lot. Perhaps they planted a seed in me to have a large family of my own.

Our travels also took us to Chinquapin and Albertson, North Carolina. We met some wonderful Saints there. The good members from Chinquapin gave me a quilt with all their names sewed on the blocks. I sent the quilt home for Mother to store until I could use it. I shall never forget these good people.

We also went to Wilmington, North Carolina. I had read about Wilmington in my history books. The Henderson's treated us like family. I know leaving these people will be very hard for me to do but I know someday I will have to move on.

While in Dulah, North Carolina I remember meeting sister Jenny Duncan. She was a typical "southern granny" and able to tell interesting stories about her experience in the Church. Granny showed us some of her old-fashioned relics. She had an iron that could be heated up by filling the bottom with hot coals from the fireplace. This relic had been in the family for many years, but was still being used as a backup whenever the lights went off during an ironing session.

I also blessed my first baby. Sister Suggs asked that I bless her baby. Feeling a bit nervous at first, I managed to get through the experience which probably prepared me for blessing my own children some day.

During our district conference in Wilmington, I had an unusual feeling come over me that my days in North Carolina were numbered. My thoughts seemed disjointed as I tried talking about truth. Elder Bryan had been released and I was now working with Elder Loutensock who was our district leader. On Monday, March 8th Elder Loutensock informed me that I was being transferred to the mission office in Louisville, Kentucky. I boarded the train after experiencing deep sadness within because of my love for all the "tarheels" in North Carolina that I had met - both members and non-members. I did not know for sure when I would ever see them again.

As I rode across North Carolina the scenery seemed even more breath-taking than when I first viewed it. The train ride helped me revive many wonderful memories of

the "south" that I had experienced so far during my mission. The feeling I had of the Lord sending me to the East Central States Mission was one of gratification and a knowledge it was the right mission for me.

As the train pulled into Louisville on March 10th, Elders Gibson, Muir and Teerlink were there to greet me. I was driven to the mission home where President Jensen asked me to see him in his office within an hour. Pres. Jensen asked me to be the Mission Recorder and Comissarian. Not fully understanding what my duties would be, I was unafraid of what was in store for me during the next year in the mission home.

During this assignment, I had several unusual experiences. Studying every morning with Pres. Jensen helped my testimony grow. I learned more about what the Prophets and their predictions. At no time did I ever doubt them. I also gained a strong testimony of Joseph Smith and his important assignments while he lived.

My mission recorder duties was a great learning experience for me. I learned how why the Church kept individual records on every member. Certain statistics were entered on these records and I learned the importance of accuracy and how the statistics were used by church leaders to upgrade programs that would bless the lives of every member of the Church. This training further developed my skills as a keeper of records and prepared me for whatever the future offered to use these clerking skills.

As the comissarian I learned how to keep the proper inventory on hand of all lesson material that the leaders and teachers in the various branches of our mission would need plus our entire force of missionaries. I also learned how to operate a mimeograph and printed a monthly publication of what was happening in our entire mission. Little did I realize the impact on my life this experience would have for me. I tried to take full advantage of my learning opportunities.

Pres. Jensen gave the office staff several opportunities to speak in various sacrament meetings. At times we traveled to Ft. Knox and spoke to the LDS servicemen and their families in their meetings. Other times we spoke in meetings held in our LDS chapel in Louisville. At first I was frightened of these speaking assignments. But as I learned to love those great members sitting in the audiences the fear left me. The Facers at Ft. Knox, the great members in the Louisville Branch all helped me to dispel my fear of speaking.

One day I was overwhelmed with joy after receiving the mail. A notice of a baptism came in from one of the branches in Virginia. I opened it as usual and found that Jack Hutchinson and his entire family had been baptized on March 7th. Even though I had been feeling a bit weak from a chest cold the past two days, I felt well enough to give a loud shout and a hurrah.

Neva and I exchanged a few letters while I labored in the office. She seemed to be in my thoughts more than ever before. Shirley Maples her cousin also corresponded with me and sent me the latest information about Neva's activities. She had moved from Washington, D.C. to East Orange, New Jersey because of her work. She wrote one day and said she didn't think it was right to write me while I was still on my mission. Although I was hurt, I knew she was right and we did not correspond. Shirley's letters did help me to know she was not getting serious with any servicemen like I had heard from certain missionaries.

After learning in detail about my duties in the office, Pres. Jensen one day asked me if I would go with Elder Butler into Kentucky and do more missionary work. I know he wanted me to get some more spiritual knowledge found only in regular missionary

contacts with the great non-member population in Kentucky. I felt much to gain by going on this assignment with Elder Butler.

My labors in the mission home came to a halt as I packed my bags and headed for Lebanon, Kentucky. On our way to Lebanon we visited Stephen Foster's home where he wrote "My Old Kentucky Home". My soul was filled with memories of the past as I remembered many times while growing up while listening to Stephen Foster's great music.

We stopped in Bradfordsville. Was introduced to the Tunget Family and remember visiting with Aunt Magg. She was another very interesting "southern woman" who was easy to adopt as my Great Grandmother because of her age. She told us special stories about her conversion. I fell in love with her at first sight.

After arriving in Lebanon, I met Elders Colvin, Hope and Wagstaff. Elder Norwood Porter joined us later. We literally drove through all the Kentucky Hills in our old Plymouth called "Gertie". Getting it to start was a chore by itself. After grunting and groaning for a few sputtering moments, the engine would start. We replaced some worn-out tires then started on our trek through smooth rock bottom mountain streams and up the Kentucky Hills. We learned some valuable driving lessons while traveling in "Gertie".

Driving through the hills and streams after some 4 or 5 months "Gertie" finally developed brake and transmission problems. Reverse and second gears finally gave up the ghost. The brakes quit and we were forced to use the handbrake. I was given the assignment to be the driver. It was a nightmare driving up and down the streams and the steep mountain dirt roads. Good thing we didn't have to worry about any traffic problems. Elders usually went where sane people wouldn't be seen. But we plodded along visiting some of our members who lived back in the hills. They always made us feel welcome and like family regardless of what time of day or night we arrived.

In towns like Sulpher Wells, located deep in the heart of the hills, we met LDS families like the Froggets and Ashburys. They washed our clothes sometimes by hand. They fed us even though food was scarce on their table. I learned to appreciate the sacrifices they made to make the Elders comfortable in spite of their humble circumstances.

We held a conference at Sulpher Wells. The chapel was quite small but the Saints had big hearts which compensated for the size of the building. The conference was a great success. The spirit was there. I felt Pres. Jensen was indeed inspired when he sent me from the office back into the field. As usual after the first session, a huge meal was served. Missionaries gained weight at these dinners.

The second session was better than the first. The spirit radiated from the speakers more than ever. I loved the Glen Slinker family for helping me to feel comfortable away from my home. We enjoyed discussing these conference sessions before retiring in a bed they held special for the missionaries. They treated us like their sons. We thanked Heavenly Father for leading us to such great people.

An unforgettable incident happened while heading for Meshack, a small village high in the "Kentucky Hills". As we splashed through a smooth rock-bedded creek and started up a steep hill, the motor decided to stop dead. I quickly pulled the handbrake on because we had no reverse or second gears. Elder Butler tried starting it but was unsuccessful. Elder Wagstaff finally volunteered to try backing "Gertie" down the steep hill to see if he could start the motor. Since "Gertie" had no brakes or reverse gears, he

had to use the handbrake to inch the car backwards. He inadvertently slipped "Gertie" into reverse and lost control of the backward movement. The car gained speed as it hit the bottom of the hill and Elder Wagstaff couldn't see where he was going so just let go of the steering wheel and closed his eyes. We all were praying. The car came to a complete stop by the side of a large gate post in a corral owned by a farmer. We surveyed the damages. To our amazement the right side of the running board was dented slightly, all the tires were okay, Elder Wagstaff was not hurt, and the farmer's gate post had only a minor scratch on it. There were no signs of any skid marks yet the car had come to a complete stop. We could only thank Heavenly Father for answering our prayers because we had literally seen a miracle. That night we stayed with the Tom Toolley family, non-members who let us give them the missionary discussions.

Other towns we visited were Bowling Green, Richardsville and Hopkinsville, Kentucky. The Millers lived in Bowling Green. They were new converts and treated us like family. We decided to walk out in the country and tell the people about our conference to be held on Sunday. I remember walking 5 miles and arrived at the Davis family's home. Both my feet hurt this time. The family lived in very humble circumstances. We ate supper in very unclean conditions. Our bed in the attic was very dirty but we managed to get a few winks. It was their life-style and the accommodations were offered to us innocently and in a kindly manner. We tried teaching them Gospel principles that would help raise their standard of living. Hopefully they will find the way.

Visiting the Meltons in Hopkinsville was another great experience. This family treated me like I was their child. After eating some tainted fish for supper at one of the families in the hills, I became very ill. The Meltons called their doctor and he put me to bed immediately. Said I had colitis. Sister Melton nursed me back to health just like mother would have done. In about a week I could get myself out of bed. I helped her get the children ready for school; by combing their hair, putting on the little ones shoes, feeding the little ones breakfast; washed dishes and vacuumed floors; the least I could do for such a wonderful family.

In Central City, Kentucky I met the Noffsingers. These saints were loved dearly by all the missionaries. Sister Noffsinger helped me get over the final stages of my illness. She provided a feather bed for me to sleep on. It reminded me of my Grandmother Rachel Smith's bed in Grantsville, Utah. My body literally sinks down into the feathers until every muscle goes to sleep. I rested very comfortably while completing my recuperation.

While we were in Central City, Elder Butler received his release. Our new DP was an Elder Charles Wilson from California. We held a "going away party" for Elder Butler and an "introductory" one for Elder Wilson. Had a wonderful time.

After Elder Butler left for Utah, Bro. Miller made arrangements for all of us to conduct a religious assembly program at the Bowling Green Business College. We sang "I Am A Mormon Missionary" and "In The Garden". Then we all gave short talks to the students. This assembly brought back memories of when I attended the LDS Business College in Salt Lake before going on my mission. I talked to the students about some of my experiences in college and how soon they can be put to use in their lives. A few students offered a few compliments after the program. I was indeed grateful to Bro. Miller for this experience.

On June 17th, 1943 I baptized the Bratchers - a husband and wife who asked me

to baptize them before they returned to their army base. We found a suitable spot in a creek deep enough to baptize Raymond and Pauline Bratcher. They were my only baptisms during the entire time of my mission.

Elder Wilson encouraged us to find out what a "street meeting" was like. We decided to hold one in Bradfordville. Our pulpit was a gasoline pump. A few people stopped and listened - maybe about 100 who heard our message. But we never got any invitations to come and explain any more of our message in their homes. We hope someone will eventually think about what we said and someday ask missionaries to explain more of the doctrines of salvation.

We received a communication from the mission office to go and visit a man in Paducah, Kentucky. Found out during our visit that he was a former Baptist minister named Fleetwood Rogers who wanted to join the Church. His story was a very unique one.

While "Bro. Rogers" was a Baptist minister, a friend gave him a set of law books about different court cases - some involving the Mormon Prophet Joseph Smith. He felt a strong desire to find out which were proven truths verses which were lies about Joseph Smith. On his own without any contact with LDS members or missionaries he began reading other books including the Book of Mormon. He finally gained a very strong testimony during his research and sent a letter to the mission office, requesting someone to meet with him about joining the Church. After our meeting with "Bro. Rogers" we reported what he told us to Pres. Jensen. I found out later that he was baptized and is now a faithful member of the church in the little branch in Paducah.

To add some color to his church activity, Bro. Rogers obtained a job with a chemical company in Paducah as night watchman. One night some chemicals caught fire and caused a real explosion. Bro. Rogers saved several employees lives but was burned in doing so. He recovered but still had some bad scars to show for his experience in that explosion.

In Madisonville, Kentucky I met Nell Haley, a very pretty girl afflicted with TB. We visited her regularly and explained the Gospel many times. She gained a testimony after many serious bouts with that dreaded disease. When she asked for baptism, the doctors advised she remain in bed as her frail body was too weak to be carted somewhere to be baptized. After her death her mother let the lady missionaries submit Nell's records for baptism in one of the temples. We all felt extremely happy about the way was opened up for Nell to finally be baptized.

In Elkton, Kentucky Bro. Harris died and we were asked to sing and preach at his funeral. The funeral was held in his home as there was no LDS chapel in that area. It was an extremely hot day in August and Bro. Harris had refused to let the mortuary embalm his body. When we started singing my nostrils filled up from the worst odor I had ever smelt in my entire life. With each deep breath I took while singing "Of My Father", I felt myself getting nauseated. We finally made it through Bro. Harris's favorite hymn but I was feeling very sick to my stomach. I quickly went outside for a breath of fresh air which helped me from losing both my breakfast and dinner. To this day I feel a bit sickish in my stomach when I visit a mortuary, especially if the weather is hot and humid. Hopefully I will be able to overcome this feeling because someday I will have to enter a mortuary as one of their "deceased clients".

One hot summer's morning Elder Wilson presented a new plan to us. He said we would start out in "Gertie" and look for a town where no LDS members lived. His idea

was to tract the entire town and invite them to a meeting that evening in the town hall. We found the small town and secured the town hall to hold the meeting.

Elder Wilson then started us out in two's to tract the entire town. He further asked that we take no thought where we might stay that night but find a place by the Spirit. It was scary at first but Elder Wagstaff and I finally found the Isabelle family who said we could stay at their home for the night. Mrs. Isabelle fixed us a bite to eat for supper and we gave them our message and seemed very hospitable to two Mormon missionaries. Before retiring we asked them to kneel in prayer with us which they did. This was a very humbling experience for us all.

Visited several more families and invited them to our meeting held this evening. The meeting was successful. We preached "the word" to those who came to listen. Had quite a few positive responses. I personally learned a lot from this experience. Was certain the Lord was on our side. Also, I found out the Spirit would help us when we gave it a chance. The Isabelle family came to the meeting and expressed their feelings about knowing more of the Mormon Church. I was deeply impressed with their sincerity.

Along with meeting the Noffsingers in Central City, I also met the Gossets, who were relatives. I got to know Flossie Noffsinger who was like my own sister. We talked about the future. She hoped to someday marry and move out West. She finally married Frank Nebeker, owner of a ranch in Shoshone, Idaho. Her dream had come true!

In Bradfordville one Sunday I was asked by Elder Wilson to speak on "tithing". When I got about half-way through my mind centered on some contentions among the saints. My emotions surfaced and I began to warn them that the wrath of God would swoop down upon them, if they didn't rid themselves of these contentions. I predicted they would lose their building and their testimonies. (After I started working in the Church Building Department, I learned their meetinghouse was destroyed by fire and many older members fell away from the Church.)

Meeting the Ray family in Madisonville, Kentucky was a delightful experience. I again learned "southern hospitality" in its finest setting. Bro. and Sis. Ray were fitting examples of the great virtue of making everyone feel hospitable who entered the front door of their humble home. I learned a lot from this family as we held many lively meetings in their home and talked about the importance of families and how to greet visitors who enter the front door.

These sessions in the Ray home greatly helped me to prepare to do the same when someday when I would have a home and family of my own to put into practice the many truths I learned here in Madisonville.

I learned the great heroes of our Church were the saints who lived in humble circumstances yet gave freely their services to others whether they lived in the Kentucky Hills, in small hamlets, in large cities or on farms. If any medals were given, these saints should be given them without hesitation. I hope in my mind's eye, I will be able to see these wonderful saints forever.

On September 29th I received a letter from Pres. Jensen to come back to the office in Louisville. As I contemplated this would be my last meeting with these wonderful saints, I started thinking about how effective my labors had been both in North Carolina and Kentucky. I felt returning to the mission home would end my missionary labors in the field before getting a release to go home. I had mixed emotions.

After bidding farewell to the Noffsingers, the Jumps and the Elders, I caught the train bound for Louisville. When I arrived back in the mission home I met Elder Jed Harris who explained my new assignment as Editor of the Courier and Serviceman's Coordinator. My previous experience in the office helped me to catch on to my new assignment very quickly. I used an old mimeograph and typed stencils to print the Courier. In a short time I even used various ink colors to vary each edition. I also helped Elder Black with his bookkeeping duties. I felt very confident getting back into office work again as I had lots of experience so far in my previous church callings as well as schooling in two colleges.

One day Pres. Jensen told us he was being replaced by a Graham H. Doxey from Salt Lake City. (I noticed how shaggy my clothes looked so I bought me a new suit and a couple of shirts and ties). Pres. Doxey and his family arrived on October 8th at 11:30 a.m. He had 3 sons and one daughter. As I got to know the family better we became one of their family. I helped Roger their youngest with his math. He did well in school and later became a high financier in his father's business.

As time flew by during my labors in the mission home, I became acquainted with Elders Hope and Black. We struck up a life-time friendship and enjoyed laboring together, having many enjoyable experiences. Pres. Doxey continued to have us go to Ft. Knox and be the Sacrament speakers. Sometimes he let us teach Sunday school in the Louisville Branch. I taught some children and found it not only a challenge for them but for me. In my dreams I had always wanted to be a teacher but never got the opportunity. Now that I got a taste of teaching, my desires were even greater than ever before.

One Sunday when a couple of us went to Ft. Knox to speak, I was greatly surprised to find Elder Brummett in uniform, seated in the audience. After his release, he was drafted into the army and ended up at Ft. Knox in a tank battalion. He stayed at Ft. Knox during the rest of my labors in the mission home. We got together many times in the mission home and talked about our mission experiences in North Carolina. But our story didn't end in Kentucky.

Elder Charles A. Callis, Church Apostle, came to visit our mission one day. He literally thrilled us through and through internally with his stories. I was felt greatly honored to be able to sit next to him at the supper table. He told of his wonderful experiences as mission president in the Southern States Mission. But the one I enjoyed most was his very touching story of growing up in Ireland. He was forced to work in the coal mines at the tender age of 9. His mother encouraged him to get an education to avoid being a coal miner the rest of his life. After reading every book he could lay his hands on, he decided to change his employment. After meeting some Mormon missionaries he came to America and went to law school. He did get his law degree but didn't practice very long. His call as a mission president lasted 40 years.

One exciting moment we had with Elder Callis happened one day in the park. He wanted to play a game of horseshoes with Elders Black, Hope and myself. We agreed to let Elder Callis win this particular time so we all carefully missed the pegs once in awhile, trying to make it appear like he would win without any problems. At the supper table that night Elder Callis told Pres. Doxey that he had won one game but "knew the Elders let me win". We found out it was very hard to fool an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Getting to know Pres. and Mother Doxey help change the atmosphere in the

mission home. They gave me sound advice about Neva and how I should approach the draft situation back home. We studied, played, sung songs and worked together as a family. This wonderful family had quite an influence on my life, even after my release as a missionary.

Elder Callis dedicated the Louisville Branch chapel. He offered a beautiful prayer and blessed the faithful saints who had struggled and sacrificed to pay for this building. These services reminded me of the dedication of the Nahunta chapel in North Carolina. I was greatly overwhelmed by the Spirit at both dedications.

After Elder Black was released, I was called as the mission bookkeeper. I had learned a lot from Elder Black and found this assignment to be quite an exciting one. Watching over the financial records of the entire mission was a unique experience for me. I watched the financial contributions by the saints grow to amazing numbers. I was greatly touched after receiving two different contributions; one from a new church member who paid over \$6000 to get caught up on paying his 10th that he had missed before being baptized. The other one was receiving ten pennies from a child who had obviously had to scrape very hard to make his contribution. I felt proud to belong to such a great organization. I surely had no problems paying my tithing after this rich experience.

We had some very exciting moments in the mission home while the Doxey's were there. One evening Pres. Doxey decided to take us all out to dinner and a movie. We left Sis. Sidoris the housekeeper home to act as security against prowlers or thieves. When we returned home that night, we found Sis. Sidoris in a frightful state. She was so frightened the minister next door had to tell us all what happened.

It seems Sis. Sidoris heard the dog barking in the basement. She hurried downstairs to find out why. She didn't turn on the light but knew about where the dog was so reached out to pick him up. Suddenly a huge rat grabbed her finger and wouldn't let go. She ran upstairs screaming with the rat still hanging on to her finger. The neighbor next door who happened to be a minister heard all the screaming. He came over and found the rat still clinging to Sis. Sidoris's finger. He finally had to slit the rat's throat before it would let go.

The minister took Sis. Sidoris to the emergency room at the hospital to get her a shot for rabies. They had just returned when we came in the door from seeing the movie. You can be sure Pres. Doxey had the house fumigated for rodents. He didn't want Sis. Sidoris to every go through that experience again.

The Doxey Family enjoyed good operas and stage plays. One evening they took us to see the opera "Porgy and Bess" and a stage play called "Arsenic And Old Lace". I enjoyed both productions and they probably created a further desire in my nature to attend such events later in life.

The war seemed to have depleted the pool of young LDS men worthy to go on missions. Pres. Doxey received word from Salt Lake that late in November he would be getting mostly lady missionaries. Sisters Russon and Balli were the first of the lady missionaries to be sent to replace the Elders. Sis. Balli came to the mission with a steamer trunk full of her clothes and sundry odds and ends. The trunk was so heavy that two Elders were hardly able to lift it into the car. Carrying it to the car into Sis. Balli's assigned room in the mission home took 3 Elders. It isn't hard to imagine what problems Sis. Balli had transporting that heavy trunk around the mission as she was transferred from place to place.

When Pres. Doxey learned that Elder Hope and I were going to Virginia together after our releases, he asked us to accompany him and Mother Doxey to tour the mission which would end in Virginia. This fit into our plans as Elder Hope's father had asked him to pick up a car in Virginia before we made our way to Utah. Pres. Doxey had also remembered to permit me to visit Neva in New Jersey on my way home. All our plans were working out better than I had ever anticipated.

We held conferences in Tennessee, parts of North Carolina, West Virginia and Virginia. Once again I was able to view the beautiful scenery in these states. I became fascinated with how green the foliage was compared to our desert-like scenes in Utah. The magnolias were in bloom and presented another rare treat for me. I met saints in many of the branches located within the five states comprising the East Central States Mission. My testimony grew to great proportions because the members I met were all dedicated to improving their lives and helping others without selfish motives. I was very happy that Pres. Doxey let us go with him on this tour of the mission before I was released.

We left the Doxey's in Virginia and headed out toward Washington, D.C. Sight seeing in Washington D.C. was another unique experience. I enjoyed visiting the many tourist attractions, whether they be political or the every-day values of life. But I was most impressed with attending a Book of Mormon study class taught by Cleon Skousen, employed by the FBI at the time. He gave one of the most interesting lessons I had ever heard. I became an instant loyal fan of Bro. Skousen and had further dealings with him later in life.

After leaving Washington D.C., we motored on to New York City, first stopping in East Orange, New Jersey. Talking with Neva again, gave me a sure feeling that she would be an extremely wonderful wife and mother of my children. Neva took us on a breath-taking tour of New York City via the subways. None of us ex-missionaries had ever been on subways before. We were speechless after learning how easy it was to get around in such a huge city overcrowded with people and fast-moving vehicles. In the evening Neva took us to hear Phil Spitalmy's all-girl orchestra. I had been a fan of this great orchestra for years and was awe-stricken throughout the entire performance. Neva also took us to Radio City Musical Hall where we saw Victor Borge perform. He didn't quite get around to show off his musical abilities, but his funny antics were hilarious. I laughed until my sides ached until they hurt. When she took us in the elevators to the top of the Empire State building, the view I had of New York City cannot be described fully with American adjectives.

Neva took me to one of her friends wedding reception in the East Orange chapel. She stood in line as one of the bridesmaids. I thought she was pretty enough to be the bride. We went to church on Sunday and I was really in love with her by the end of the day. When I dropped her off at her apartment that evening, I asked her to marry me. We sealed it with a kiss and knew for sure she was the one I wanted for my wife. My head went into the clouds and my heart stayed in East Orange as we headed for Niagara Falls. I enjoyed all of the scenery along the way - you see I was in love!

Philadelphia was the first city where I got mixed up on one-way streets. Couldn't understand at first why everyone was honking at us until it became apparent our car was heading the wrong way. Found out later that few signs were posted to let out-of-towners know which are the one-way streets in this mixed-up city. Despite the confusion, we visited some very interesting but historical sights.

Looking at the Niagra Falls seemed spectacular to me. Was hard for me to comprehend the amount of water going over the falls every second. Didn't realize there was a Canadian side to the falls until someone told us. We crossed the border into Canada which was my first experience in crossing any border. I was not impressed at all with the red tape involved. The Canadian border patrol searched our car and did not seem glad that we were visiting their country. The view from both sides was about the same. To me the red tape between the US and Canadian borders was a joke!

The highlight of this trip was going through the picturesque and quaint fishing village of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine. I remember studying about these beautiful states in school but to be there in person made it more electrifying. Again I was seeing these areas through rose-colored glasses being in love with Neva. But I felt happy about what I saw in every state.

After heading out West, I remember going through St. Louis, Kansas and Wyoming. The foliage wasn't as green as in the South or Eastern part of the America, but I still saw their beauty spots. As we rolled onto 5th East where I live, more beautiful scenery passed before my eyes - Granite High then my home.

I was literally amazed at how much work Dad had done on our house while I served a mission. He had practically re-built a two-story house. I could race up to the finished attic on stairs inside the house instead on the outside. There were new kitchen cabinets and the living room had been remodeled. Hard to believe Dad had done all of this construction when he couldn't even send me \$5 a month when I attended college in Logan.

After saying goodbye to Elder Hope and dragging my suit cases into my room, I set my parents down and told them about Neva. They were anxious to meet her so I started working on a plan for getting her to come out West. I started working for Kennecott Copper and earned enough money to buy an engagement ring. Sent her the ring airmail special delivery. She told me later that she put on the ring late one night and went to sleep after a hard day at the office. When her sister Lavina saw the package, she tried sneaking a look at the ring on Neva's finger. It happened several times when Lavina caught on Neva was awake and was hiding the ring under the covers. After Neva exposed her ring finger, they both had a good laugh over the incident.

I continued working for Kennecott and to raise even more money I sold my calf to an Uncle in Tooele. In the meantime Neva got her vacation in June of 1944 and flew out to visit us. The folks fell in love with her. We shared a very happy two weeks together in Salt Lake. I showed her all of my boyhood spots from 11th East and 17th South to 10th East and 33rd South. I bought Neva her first malted milk at a local drive in. She couldn't drink it all because it was so large. We went up Parley's canyon to lookout point and viewed Salt Lake City at night. This seemed the right setting to talk about marriage. We faced the problem of my being drafted into the army very shortly and her having to return to New Jersey. We decided to pray about what we should do. After receiving an answer, we decided to get married before she returned to work.

After some very hasty planning, we got a few announcements printed, got our marriage license and Neva sent her boss a telegram asking for an extended leave to get married. Mother ordered a Becker's wedding cake. I asked Roy Howell to be best man and he came all the way from Blackfoot, Idaho.

On June 28, 1944 we were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Nicholas G. Smith. Roy Howell and Melvin Teerlink acted as witnesses. The ceremony made us feel like

these plans were made in heaven before we came to this earth. I never saw Neva looking more like an angel than during this occasion.

After the ceremony we joined all our relatives and close friends to eat our wedding breakfast at Walgreens on the corner of South Temple and Main. Progress has now changed the scenery - Walgreens has been torn down and has been replaced by a new bank building. I've been a witness to several changes in that area since a young boy.

Ray and Margaret were kind and let us use their home on 23rd East for our first wedding night. When Neva opened her suitcase she found all her clothes filled with rice. Her close friends made sure they helped her pack the night she left New Jersey. We had a good laugh over that experience.

Roy Howell offered to take us with him to Blackfoot for part of our honeymoon trip. We stayed in his mother's large home which housed many southern relics. Roy's folks came from Wayne County, North Carolina. The setting indeed fit into both of our life-styles for that moment when life was admired through "rose-colored glasses". The following day Roy drove us to the train station and we headed out for Mt. Home, Idaho. My sister Norma and husband Max were stationed at the Airforce base and had invited us to see visit them on our last leg of our hurried honeymoon.

Of course we viewed all country scenery as two very much in love and even the desert seemed beautiful. I happen to read "Gasoline Alley" and saw Skeezix was on his honeymoon. This was unique since I had grown up enjoying this comic strip.

After a glorious week on our honeymoon, we finally realized the end was near at hand. I had received my draft notice and would be going in the army for basic training while Neva would be returning to her job in New Jersey. Saying goodbye to her was the saddest day of my entire life.

My experience at the induction center at Ft. Douglas was nothing to crow about. After being herded into various rooms like a bunch of sheep, taking both written and physical exams, we were introduced into army life by a few officers who knew very little about PR tactics. And they know even less about showing positive feelings for other human beings. I felt quite sure most of the non-coms who treated us like animals forgot they had been humans at one time in their lives. We all felt sorry for them rather than any hate for their actions. But we learned to cope with the situation very fast by becoming "scarce commodities". Play it safe - don't let anyone know of your whereabouts ever. With a name like mine - Joseph T. Smith - hiding is the name of the game if I am to survive which I managed to do for most of the time spent at basic training.

Boarding a troop train early in the morning wasn't a pleasant experience. They told us we were headed for California. The journey was a far cry from the one I experienced on my honeymoon. Not only was our sleeping quarters horrible, but the food was not tasty or satisfying. After arriving at Camp Roberts, I found myself feeling homesick for the second time in my life. Only this time it was for both my wife and parents. The first time it was for just my mother while I was in the hospital just after my hernia operation at the age of 5.

At Camp Roberts we were told basic training would last 17 weeks. At first I was placed in a "clerks school". Was enjoying it very much, but then the Germans broke through our lines in Belgium, and we were all herded into infantry training. We were informed that most of us would be walking over 1700 miles during our training. My feet were sore enough to have walked 3000 miles, especially when we had a 25 lb. knap sack

on our backs.

Most of the nights were cold on the desert of California even though temperatures during the day exceeded 100 degrees. I licked the problem by drinking ice-cold milk instead of anything warm. My body seemed to adjust to the cold better than my mates who drank coffee then froze most of the morning hours. Despite all the walking we were subject to, our physical shape far exceeded our expectations. Very few of us ever experienced time off for being on sick call.

Jed Harris and I (one of my old missionary companions) talked a lot about our future plans. We prayed that our lives would be spared and that we would be able to continue on where we left off after being released from our missions. Making the army our career was the farthest from our intentions. Elder Jed Harris was killed by the Japanese. He was one of the finest spirits I had ever met.

One occasion I took the opportunity of proving the truthfulness of the word of wisdom. Several mates were always complaining about not getting their favorite brand of cigarettes at the PX. For some reason I was agitated several times when they complained. I decided to try my experiment on the one who complained the most. Sometime ago I remember reading about an experiment conducted and printed in the Reader's Digest. The experiment proved heavy smokers could not tell one brand of cigarettes from another, especially after smoking for over 10 years or more. I blindfolded my buddy who complained the most. To make it look official I turned him around 4 times then gave him one of the popular brands to puff on. It was obvious to those I used as witnesses that he was guessing on this one. The next cigarette I offered him was the one he supposedly disliked the most. He said it tasted pretty good. The real test came when I gave him his favorite brand. He took one puff and threw it on the ground, saying I don't like that one at all. When I took the blindfold off and he saw his favorite brand on the ground, his face went red with blind rage. But I never heard him complain again.

Another mate came up and tried to disprove the experiment by saying you can taste the different brands after smoking them for a week or more. That night we switched his favorite brand and for one week he smoked an off-brand cigarette. After the week ended, we showed him our experiment and he never complained any more either.

I found out later that another of my missionary companions, Elder Wagstaff was killed in Germany. We enjoyed traveling the "Hills of Kentucky" together. My prayers were for his wife and baby that he left in American Fork.

As a soldier my progress did not always satisfy my superiors. One hot day on the firing range I was trying by best to qualify as a marksman. For some reason when I pulled the trigger, my arm would flinch and the bullet would miss the target by two or three feet. This happened several times. The line officer became upset and grabbed my rifle and with his eyes shut he hit the target dead center, qualifying me to be a marksman. I now understand why my interest in an army career was severely lacking. Pecking on a typewriter seemed more appropriate than shooting a gun.

Going on a 50 mile hike with a 25 lb. pack on my back was not the worst experience I ever had in the army. I walked the full distance without any trouble except feeling a bit sore on the bottoms of each foot. Some of my buddies had a difficult time so I thought of a plan to help encourage them to make it without dropping out. Living the word of wisdom gave me added strength to take the arms of those having the most

difficulty and literally drag them toward the finish line. Had they dropped out, it would mean they would have to try again until they made the trip. Most would have been discouraged and would never reach their potential as good fighting infantrymen.

After our basic training ended, we were allowed a furlough before shipping overseas. I asked for the maximum because Neva and I were meeting in Nahunta, North Carolina. Excitement filled my entire being as I called Neva and told her I was on my way. Frustration set in when I learned this particular train in North Carolina made whistle stops at every crossing and station all the way from Virginia down to Goldsboro, North Carolina. It seemed like we traveled for days but finally I met Neva in Goldsboro for the first time after being married to her. Everything changed when we became husband and wife again. What a reunion we had at her home. Nahunta seemed even more beautiful than when I was on my mission. The saints treated us like a king and queen. I never felt so happy in my life.

Leaving the Nahunta saints again was a sad occasion. But Neva and I would be traveling together this time. We finally landed in Chicago just before Christmas time. It was bitter cold in the windy city this time of year. I wore my heavy army overcoat but still the cold penetrated. Neva and I decided to see a movie to get warm. After the movie we shopped around in big department stores to get warm. The time arrived for us to head West. We boarded the train and found they had booked us to ride in an old chair-car section. It was even worse than the army train in which they shipped us to Camp Roberts. What a wild ride we had across the wide-open country to into Salt Lake City! But sharing it with Neva was much better than doing it alone as I had done previously.

Spent short Christmas at my folks. Then headed to Los Angeles. We arrived in time to find an apartment before I had to report to the Ft. Ord army base. We didn't see much of each other while I was getting processed to ship overseas. I felt my destination would be somewhere in the Pacific Islands. Neva gave me a beautiful wrist watch as a going-away present. I was deeply touched and couldn't hold back the tears. As we said our final goodbyes I felt I would see her again. It was a peaceful feeling, knowing we would be a family again after the war ended.

Neva headed back to Salt Lake. She decided to stay with the folks and find work in Salt Lake while I was overseas. She found a government job and was able to keep busy while I was in the army.

One hot morning we boarded small boats and headed down a river toward the spot where our troop ship was anchored. We went aboard the U.S. Fond Ulac about 9 P.M. They literally pushed us into the ship's hole like so many cattle. I selected a hammock nearest the entrance to the hole for a specific reason. It proved a blessing during our entire journey. The next morning I woke up through a fitful night of dozing off and on, feeling a bit sick to my stomach. I raced to the deck for some fresh air and empty my pitiful stomach. To my surprise we hadn't even left the dock. You can imagine my thoughts when I realized we hadn't seen the ocean yet and I was experiencing pangs of seasickness already. My third homesickness feeling didn't help matters at all.

Our ship finally started sailing quietly under the Golden Gate Bridge. I had an empty feeling; but I was not alone. All of us aboard experienced an emptiness that can only be felt by soldiers leaving the good ole U.S., not knowing when we will return to our

loved ones. The picture of that beautiful "Golden Gate Bridge" stood out as a vivid reminder of the freedoms we enjoyed living with our families in America. Suddenly we realized that we were fighting to preserve those freedoms.

While aboard the U.S. Fond Ulac, some of my feelings of being seasick was interrupted. Eating candy bars instead of going to the mess hall was a great help. Several times I tried picking up my food in the mess hall but every event was a disaster. Just about the time I got close enough to the cooks who "threw the food" onto my plate, someone would get sick, throw up, and fill his helmet before my very eyes. My poor ailing stomach would go into convulsions and I raced to the deck and throw up almost everything except my toenails. I got worse when a black soldier boy got ill near me. When I saw him turn a sickly green around his gills, I raced toward the deck again only to heave without anything in my stomach. After heaving hard and long, my head and stomach hurt so bad, I thought it possible to never eat again as long as I lived on this ship. I was hoping that wouldn't be too long!

When we crossed the International Date Line, I heard my name announced over the loudspeaker to report to the Captain's Quarters. My sick feeling was then for a different reason. I hadn't remembered doing anything against the law while aboard this ship. When I got to the Captain's quarters, I found out they censors who looked at our mail every day was impressed with my handwriting and recommended that I be selected to fill out some of the certificates, indicating where and when we had crossed the International Date Line. My ill feeling vanished and I filled out certificates for the next three to four days. I was again thankful to a penmanship teacher for giving me a good reason to change my handwriting ability from bad to excellent.

The Captain's Quarters was much more comfortable than the "hole" and my stomach never complained much even though I ate only candy bars and drank chocolate milk until we stopped at our first port.

Sailing for 40 days and 40 nights on a weak stomach finally ended on our stop at the famous Guadalcanal Naval Base. Couldn't believe I lived that long feeling seasick over my entire body. Hoped I had died by now. When I raced off the ship and laid down on the grass and the entire dock area seemed to literally bounce up and down like our ship, I knew my heart was still beating. I shut my eyes and opened them slowly. The island and sky seemed to be moving up and down. I wondered if I had contracted a permanent disease.

We finally reached Leyte in the Philippine Islands. It was obvious there had been quite a battle here just a few days before we landed. After boarding our landing craft, we passed partly submerged ships of all kinds, saw splintered coconut trees floating in the water near the shore, and some bombed-out native bamboo buildings with some of their contents spread all over the area. I got my first taste of war and it wasn't a pleasant sight.

Our sleeping quarters consisted of an old army tent large enough for 4 army cots. We were given a mosquito net to put over our cot so our bodies wouldn't become a mass of bites during the night while we were sleeping. What a low blow! None of us had ever been trained in the art of stringing up a mosquito net in the light. But the sun had now gone down and to our eyes it was "pitch black" in our tent. The next morning was a sight for sore eyes. Some men had lots of bites over their entire bodies from head to foot. I was fortunate that mosquitoes never liked my blood for some reason and always chose the person next to me. It seems most of us had strung our nets with gaps on the

sides of the net where the darn mosquitoes slipped through and started their "bloody work". Few of us ever forgave our superiors for pulling such a trick on us.

The next day we were transported to the replacement depot. An armful of mail from Neva was waiting for me. For some reason the first letter I opened announced the birth of our first born. I re-read her letter and cried several times, learning everything was alright with both Mother and baby. It took me several days to read all the letters from home as I had to digest every word. My only feeling of sadness came as I noticed some soldiers never got one single letter. The look on their faces cannot be fully described with words but viewed personally with human eyes. I shall never ever forget these experiences this second day on Leyte.

Most of my buddies who came on the U.S. Fond Ulac with me, picked up a rifle and headed toward the front lines. I was given a type test and for some reason typed 75 wpm with no errors. This I had never done before. But I turned in my rifle for a typewriter and headed for the 6th Army Area Command Post as a clerk. I felt grateful that my skill as a typist proved far above my skill as a rifle marksman. I know my life was indeed spared from having to fight the enemy on the front lines. As I watched the number of daily casualties sent to my office, I felt even more humble and grateful. I learned that Elder Harris and my friend Evan Lee were both killed by snipers. Further sadness hit my soul when I learned that many of our soldiers were killed because the enemy knew of our troop movements both on land and by water. Much of this was because people talked when they should have been listening.

I met Maurice Graham who was assigned to the General's office. We became great army buddies and enjoyed many discussions about our families and our plans after the war. Attending our LDS weekly meetings was a source of joy that helped us get through each day away from our loved ones. We met in a nice comfortable army-built chapel near our base. One week end we held an LDS Servicemen's Conference where more than 400 attended. They came by boat, plane, jeep or walked great distances to attend the conference. There were representatives from every branch of the service - from an Airforce colonel to a seabee buck private and many from the navy and marine branches. Stories that surfaced about how each had learned of the conference and how they got permission to attend were next to being miracles. Some told how the news reached them through listening to old radios that had been literally been sent to the junk heap, while others got last-minute permission to leave their area because they were LDS and their commanding officers knew of their honesty about actually wanting to go to such a church meeting. Some that came by boat were able to bring a few non-members with them. Others that flew their planes into the area were given permission to land and because of the wide publicity even the tower operators knew the conference was being held.

While some spoke during the conference, I was taking the minutes. I had time to reflect over some of the many wonderful experiences I have had. How the Lord blessed me when I used my skills to further his work here on earth. When I did it with a sincere heart, the blessings He shared with me filled my bosom with incredible proportions. I will always try to use my talents to promote the Lord's work here on earth.

During the conference talk about honesty in going to meetings, I can now understand many reasons why a lot of us who were LDS never had to stand much guard or KP duty. At Camp Roberts I stood only one guard and two kp duty assignments. Most of these duties were given to us on weekends. The LDS soldiers wrote on their

request for passes that they would be "in church". I learned later that army personnel doesn't always believe you. Oft times they sent spies to see if we were honest about being "in church". After learning that we were where we said we would be, the harassment ended.

One of the two times I pulled KP duty was when an Italian buddy of mine and I were assigned together. His parents owned a fancy Italian restaurant in San Francisco. After washing the pots and pans which was our assignment, we both started craving for a good salad. The chef was just beginning to start his menu for the evening meal. We asked him if he would let us make the salad. He approved and I cannot begin to describe how my Italian friend went to work on the salad. I can tell you that he used the largest salad bowl the army had. It measured 4 feet in circumference. I cannot list anything he left out of this salad, but the contents filled the bowl right to the edge of the top.

As our buddies came to eat supper that night, I was astonished beyond belief. Though other dishes were prepared for them to eat, like fried chicken and all the trimmings, the salad soon disappeared from that huge bowl. I watched over 3/4 of the men go back several times to eat that salad. If I hadn't witnessed such an event in person, no one could have ever made me believe it happened. The real lesson I learned from that experience was my Italian friend shared his talent by making a salad that almost everyone enjoyed. The expression on their happy faces proved my friend had passed the test to prove he was a master salad maker.

After the conference ended, I was called to be the secretary to the 8th Army Area Command LDS Serviceman's Branch. We held four meetings every week - Priesthood, Sacrament and Sunday School meetings on Sunday and MIA meetings on Tuesdays. At MIA some of our activities included swimming in the ocean and playing volley ball. Since my tent was close to the beach, everyone would deposit their clothes on my bed before changing into their swim trunks. This drew lots of comments from my buddies because it was obvious we enlisted men were chums of some high-ranking officers. One of my LDS buddies was a full colonel while others were majors and captains. You can imagine the varied comments I heard when they saw me fraternizing with all this "brass". It was bad enough knowing Maurice Graham who worked in the General's office. Some believed my story about our church activities. Others were skeptical and didn't want to believe me.

LDS Chaplain Erickson was finally assigned to our command. He was baptized by fire, after submitting his first report to the chief of chaplains. The report showed he held over 200 meetings during the month while the other chaplains held only 30 or 40. Chaplain Erickson was invited by the Chief of Chaplains to the main office and explain why he was "padding" his reports. After showing everyone how many LDS meetings were being held in the area during the month without his personal appearances, he was completely exonerated and even praised for belonging to such a well-organized church. We all laughed about the incident but Chaplain Erickson didn't have any trouble finding more base chapels to meet in rather than ole army tents.

The army policy was - you had to accept your cigarette allotment whether you smoked or not. We used the allotment to trade the natives for pretty beads, shells and many worthless trinkets. At various times the natives complained when we tried trading off-brands for their worthless goods. One day I took out the well-liked brands from their original package and replaced them with unlike brands. Most of the natives

couldn't read and accepted my scam. It proved again that most smokers could not taste the difference between cigarettes.

My army cot started sagging after sleeping on it for many months. I started thinking about a plan to replace it with a more comfortable bed. One day I met a buddy who said he replaced his by "moon-light requisitioning" an inner tube from the airforce dumping grounds nearby. It took me awhile to get up enough courage, but one night I slipped under the old wire fence and found me an old broken-down inner tube. I found some two by fours and began cutting strips of rubber from the inner tube. After nailing four shorter even pieces onto the frame I made from the longer pieces of wood, I then stretched rubber strips I had cut from the inner tube and weaved them in and out until my mattress was soft and pliable. Never slept so comfortable in the army during my entire "soldiering" career. My back never hurt again. I helped others to try sleeping under similar circumstances and they were most happy and gratified for sharing my talents.

One evening we found ourselves without any refreshments after MIA. We quickly accepted an idea from one buddy to ask the person in charge of making ice cream for our company if he would let us trade our beer allotment for some ice cream. You should have witnessed 8 people trying to consume 10 gallons of ice cream that evening. Our stomach ached for hours after our "ice cream eating spree". We held other sprees since we found the right person to get our ice cream from. He was an inactive LDS but liked beer more than ice cream.

I was assigned one guard duty while serving on Leyte. At first I was afraid, mainly because rumors were flying around our area about some Japanese patrols were seen within the last week. I believe it was a scare tactic to keep us awake during our guard duty. You can believe both my eyes were wide open during my tour and there was never a happier GI than me when my relief came.

Leyte was hot during the summer. And it seemed much hotter when the rains came. We usually slipped on our trunks and headed for the ocean when temperatures reached 105. To my dismay I found this was only place in my world travels where I still sweated while swimming in any kind of water. I didn't think it would ever happen in the ocean. My skin got so dry that most of the time I had a rash and was under the doctor's care during my stay in the Philippines.

One day without any warning they put us on a plane and flew us to the island of Mindoro. Found conditions to be a lot better than on Leyte. Our tent had wooden floors and a Filipino house boy swept out our quarters every day. He even shined our shoes. What a way to live! I had a severe toothache one day and the dentist drilled my tooth out with a drill he pumped with his foot. It hurt! I also received a telegram that our first-born had arrived. When I told my father that it took the red cross almost 8 months to get his telegram he never contributed again to their cause. We laughed about it since it was indicative of how the red cross and army worked as a team.

Mindoro was an island with very few inhabitants. I never saw any of the natives except our house boy. I kept busy in the office trying to sort out ways to keep up with army routine. The filing section was assigned to me. Didn't have much to do because but neither did my superiors. Wondered all the time I was on Mindoro why I was there.

For some reason not revealed to me at the time I was inspired to type myself up a chauffeurs license. Didn't do any driving while stationed on Mindoro but after a couple of months working in the office it became evident our section would be transferring to

the 96th Inf. Div., stationed just outside of Manila. Still had no clue as to what my new assignment would be.

We finally left Mindoro and landed in Manila. The 96th Inf. Div. was about 15 miles from Manila. I found out my new assignment would be chief file clerk in the AG Section and would have access to some very confidential files. One file I clearly remember contained all the details how the U.S. and our Allies would ultimately invade Japan. The number of personnel, equipment and supplies were all listed in detail. I guarded the file with my life.

Another file I remember contained regular weekly casualty reports from all units fighting the Japanese. It made me very sad as I found out how many American soldiers and Sailors were being killed each week. I got very angry when the officials in Washington failed to reach an agreement when to drop the Atom Bomb on Japan. If they had dropped the bomb six months sooner, thousands of American lives would have been saved. I had a hard time forgiving our politicians in Washington for pulling such a "stupid" error.

My assignment with the 96th Inv. Div. was filled with some very interesting experiences. I remember sitting on my bunk one day reading about the progress of the war when someone called my name. To my utter amazement I saw Robert Brummett standing in the doorway of our sleeping quarters. He had been transferred from a tank unit as a commander over an all-black company. He said they picked him out to be commander because of his experience as a missionary in the South. After visiting his unit several times, I learned that most of the men liked Lt. Brummett as their commander because he showed no prejudice toward any of them. Bob was able to teach many of his men the principles of the Gospel. His 1st Sgt. was especially interested in asking lots of questions about the Church and its teachings.

As a company commander, Bob was issued a jeep. We saw much of the "safe areas" around Manila. I saw some beautiful, lush green hills dotted with small homes built by Filipino farmers. Bob drove me out to visit with several families he had met. They treated us like we were their sons. The homes were not luxurious but I felt very comfortable visiting with the Filipino people. They offered us simple food and it tasted as good as any served in our mess halls. I felt fortunate in being able to get away from army life and feeling the homey atmosphere these wonderful people offered us - for it was all they had after being under the evil rules of the Japanese for so many years during the war.

One Sunday morning our regular driver Sgt. Lundell asked me to reserve the truck and drive our LDS men into Manila to our LDS Church Services. This was the answer I had been waiting for. It came to me why I had typed up that license for myself. Army regulations would have made it impossible for me to drive the fellows into Manila had I not possessed my chauffeurs license. As I met our CO for the first time, he asked me how many Jewish fellows I was taking into Manila. When I told him my name was Joseph Smith from Utah he said, "oh are you a Mormon?" We had a good laugh about it and he asked for my license and immediately gave me permission to get the truck from our motor pool.

As we stopped at the MP gate, one of the MP's asked me if we had room to take a Filipino woman into Manila. We all agreed and she sat in front with two of us. It was not hard to determine her intentions for riding in with us, but we all managed to smile and treat her like a normal young lady. She asked for a cigarette. None of the 12 of us in

the truck smoked which seemed to surprise her. She got braver and asked for a can of beer. I could tell she didn't really believe any of us when we said none of us drank beer or any other alcoholic beverages. It bothered her a lot so she finally asked what kind of American GIs were we? Everyone gave her a big smile and said we were LDS Servicemen going into Manila to church services. As we neared the center of bombed-out Manila, she asked me to stop and let her out of the truck. I'm sure the girl had never met such a group like that in her entire life. She was about 21 years old. I felt sorry afterwards that we didn't ask her to attend our Sacrament Meeting.

I enjoyed a few luxuries while stationed at the 6th Army Div. Headquarters. Filipino civilians could be hired to wash our clothes. I hired a mother and her two daughters. The daughters were 9 & 12 years old. They washed our clothes in a nearby river after beating each piece with a rock until all the dirt was gone. Sometimes our clothes smelt a little musty after the washing, but this arrangement was better than us trying to wash them in a small sink in the latrine.

One Saturday after the Filipinos returned my washing, I asked the mother if the two little girls could go to church with me the next day. She gave her permission so I took them to their first LDS church service. After services I took them to the Army PX for some ice cream and candy. I was amazed at the answer these two little girls gave me when I asked them what color ice cream they wanted. Both had never ever tasted ice cream. They lived in the mountains above Manila during the Japanese occupation and survived mostly on roots and fruit found in that area. After I chose vanilla cones for them, they tasted the sweet ice cream and were "hooked" from then on. They had tasted a little Filipino candy but I bought them chocolate bars which seem to satisfy them thoroughly. I became quite attached to their bashful and shy but sweet personalities. Whenever convenient I took them into Church several times. They became attached to me though I didn't know it at the time.

After attending church in Manila several times, I was asked to be the chorister. At first I was very scared but managed to lead each song the first Sunday without making any mistakes. My short training in the mission home paid off. I even remembered how to beat four/four and three/three time. At first our GI organist played by ear so he chose only the hymns he knew by heart. Some hymns had offbeat timing and I wasn't acquainted with them so made a few mistakes. After the GI left for the states I managed to locate a Filipino girl, from one of the families that Bob Brummett knew. She could read music and became our organist. She wasn't a member so at times got lost in some of the timing, but I managed to survive the ordeal as did the most of my audiences.

At church one day I met a sister Fujardo. She was the only LDS member in Manila that we knew of. She told me a very exciting yet inspiring story about her conversion that I had ever heard.

It seems her husband was a high-ranking naval officer and they lived in a very beautiful house on Dewey Blvd. in Manila. Sister Fujardo invited some of us over after Sacrament meeting. All that was left of her beautiful home was a canvas shelter. Some GI's had found a huge canvas and had fastened one end at the top of one wall that was left standing and by fastening the other end to the ground made her a shelter. It was now her home. She cooked and slept under neath this shelter. I felt so very sad that so many of the Filipinos had to suffer the ravages of war which made me dislike war even more.

Sister Fajuardo continued her story. After the Americans had secured Manila from the Japanese, she decided to look for a church building so she could attend services. The only building she found still standing intact and was not far from her canvas shelter was a building that was shared by most of the military chaplains of various faiths. As she entered the door for the first time, her eye caught some very unusual church services going on. Knowing a little about army and navy protocol, she noticed a buck private at the pulpit conducting the meeting. Then she noticed an officer and two non-commissioned officers sitting at the sacrament table, breaking bread and blessing the sacrament. All the service men in the audience seemed to have happy smiles on their faces.

After the service she left and began thinking about how the officers and non-commissioned officers all fraternized without any fear that MP's would swoop down on them for breaking tradition. Some of the words that were spoken by the speakers impressed her. Again she noticed there were no chaplains around conducting the services which really got her mind into a tizzy. She felt an urge to return to these services the next Sunday. She noticed that at this meeting the one conducting was a captain and those blessing the sacrament were both army and navy enlisted men, no officers. Still no chaplains had showed up to conduct any of the meetings. She said the speakers really got to her spirit this time.

Her inquisitive mind finally took over and after the services this time began to ask questions. She found out that when someone starts asking questions in an LDS meeting, there are dozens of eager men who are in a position to get into the discussion. She said when I left that meeting I had lots to think about. Her heart told her to return to several more meetings. She was finally baptized and had become the center of attraction to all of the servicemen stationed in and around Manila. I was extremely impressed with Sister Fajuardo's story of her conversion.

Going to Pungsunnen Falls in a small boat was another highlight of my army assignment to the Philippines. I remember hiring two highly-skilled Filipino men to maneuver our boat up the narrow streams without mishap even though I thought our boat would capsize several times. I was amazed at the strength of these two men because they never once asked me to leave the boat even though we had to go through some mighty steep places along the way up to the falls. After about a two-hour boat ride, we finally got to the top. We relaxed in a beautifully-designed spa-like building with a hot bath and restaurant facility. The hot bath felt good over our aching bodies that survived the long arduous trip. We were fed traditional Filipino health food, consisting of many vegetables, fruits and some meat. I felt the trip was worth the price of 30 pesos and the experience at the Falls made it even more enjoyable.

Bob Brummett and I went on many trips around Manila in his jeep. Most of the people lived in shacks because the Japanese had either bombed their homes completely or burned them to the ground. A few who lived in the country still lived in quaint Filipino homes. We met a few who even had in their closets old heirlooms that dated back to their early Chinese and Japanese ancestry. Although these kind people didn't have much food to offer us, they willingly shared their all. None of the beautiful souls would take our money, even after we offered to pay for our meals. We learned to appreciate their super kindnesses and awesome hospitality.

I remember one day we visited the servicemen who were taken prisoners by the Japanese. Found out they were treated in the most inhuman ways that I have ever

heard or read about. I met one man in his 40s who survived the ordeal by learning how to make little trinkets from even the smallest of grasses or reeds growing in the swamps near their death camps. He could braid into a chain even the smallest blade of grass. I shall never forget the pain I felt for these scrawny, half-starved American GIs who were desperately trying to recover from some of the worst crimes ever inflicted on humans.

From one of my files I learned that our politicians in Washington finally decided to drop some atomic bombs on Japan. Reports that came to my files showed the bombs completely destroyed Tokyo and Nagasaka. The devastation cannot ever be described with words. I was able to talk with some military personnel who were the first ones in Japan after the bombs were dropped and they were able to describe more in detail of the horrible destruction and terror the Japanese suffered. I had mixed feelings about the entire mess.

I do remember one night watching a movie as the projectionist stopped the film and announced Japan had surrendered. I never heard so much chilling yells in all my life. The entire post turned out for one huge celebration. Many got drunk while most of us talked about what we would do after getting discharged. My entire body was filled with tearful emotions and happy thoughts about home. I longed to hop on a plane or boat and head for Salt Lake to see my wife and baby. The reality of the war being over was catching up with my emotions and caused me to think of this assignment in the Philippines. I have grown to love the Filipino people and it would be similar to leaving the mission field. My emotions seemed as high as a kite can go on a windy day in March.

Very little was accomplished in the office the next day or two. We were all waiting for the list to be posted showing who had enough points to be discharged. Bob Brummett said he was on the first list and would be leaving on the first boat for the US. We spent some time together reflecting our tour in the Philippines. It appeared we would be separated for the 3rd time since becoming missionary companions.

I saw Bob off on the ship he took to go home. We shed a few tears but I knew my time would soon come. I told him Lyman Wisner and I would meet him in Oakland where our wives would be waiting for us. The list with my name on it finally was posted and I headed for the Replacement Depot near Manila Harbor. My two little Filipino girls who had faithfully washed my clothes somehow knew I was going to leave soon. They came to my quarters and with tears in their eyes gave me a gift of appreciation for the little things I had done for them. I was saddened because I knew they would be left with no one to take care of them like I had done. Their future did not look very bright. I hugged them the best I could and asked them to write me, writing down my US address on a piece of GI stationery. After some sad moments they left and I never saw or heard from them again.

Zero hour arrived. We finally started going aboard the Sea Barb, the ship that would carry us to the good ole USA. It was a converted luxury liner made into a troop carrier. I felt a little more at ease on this ship than I did on the US Fond-alac when we came to the Philippines. I had more room to roam about and was not confined to our sleeping quarters since the war was over and enemy subs would not be lurking around our path we were going toward the US. Somehow I managed to make friends with one of the ships crew members who gave me a few rare privileges like dining in his quarters, lending me some good books to read, including his Koran Bible. I even watched the waves bounce around from the deck without feeling seasick.

After about 2 days on the water, I heard my name announced over the sound system. I was directed to go to a certain room. When I arrived there was Bob Brummett waiting for me. For some reason they had him change from his original boat to mine. He said the army authorities had asked him to transport some special files to the US and they were already aboard the ship I was assigned to. He had asked that I be his assistant in guarding these files thus my name was announced over the sound system. I was happy with this assignment because it kept me from pulling KP or Guard duty and other menial army tasks. It made me realize Bob and I were together again for a little while longer. I reminded him of our first meeting at the bus depot in Goldsboro, North Carolina.

We landed in San Francisco 11 August 1946. As our boat splashed its way under the Golden Gate Bridge, everyone aboard certainly had a change in attitude. Instead of sadness covering the entire ship, loud cheering and hand waving filled the early morning air. Many threw kisses at the bridge. And as we docked, several hundred people stood cheering us on. Bob went his way to the officers' quarters and Lyman Wisner and I went to the enlisted men's quarters where we couldn't hardly wait to get ourselves mustered out of the army. We went directly to the PX where both of us drank ice-cold milk until we bursted. It seemed like years since we had drank such tasty, ice-cold milk. For some reason raising milk cows in the Philippines was never a successful venture. What an enjoyable hour we spent in the PX.

Our patience was tried to the limit before getting our discharge papers. Red tape still was the real factor in slowing up the process. After getting through the red tape, Lyman and I immediately went to the airport and hired a pilot to fly us over to Oakland where our wives was waiting for us. Our plane trip was exciting as we flew over many historical spots in the San Francisco-Oakland areas. I could feel the fluttering of my heart gain momentum as we started to touch down at the Oakland airport. I would see Neva for the first time in over one and a half years! As the plane landed, Lyman and I got out of the plane and we both started running toward the fence where our wives were standing. I thought Lyman with his long legs would hurdle the high fence instead of going through the gate, but we both managed to slip through the gate into the arms of our sweethearts. There is no word to describe the feeling as we embraced. I had seen lots of movies where GIs returned home but this was my return in person. I remember looking up at the sky. It was so beautiful and radiant that I could hardly contain myself. Two years in the army - and now I was a free civilian once more. I could hardly believe it!

After many moments of feeling pure joy through my entire body, we finally arrived at the Brummett home where Bob's parents served us a delicious home-coming dinner. The difference in this meal and the army chow we had been eating cannot be fully described in words. I suppose it tasted even better with Neva in my arms.

Our visit in Oakland was short. I went into town with Neva and shed my army clothes for some civilian duds. The civilian duds made me feel like a new person. We boarded a bus for Salt Lake and headed out on a Union Pacific Mainliner. And what a ride it was! We sat in the front two seats near the door and could watch the bus swing around the mountain curves. Of course we shut our eyes in the worst of the curves. It seemed the bus driver was speeding toward Salt Lake for our benefit because he never slowed down around even the most dangerous curves. The bus depot in Salt Lake looked good to me as our bus stopped to deposit us. Mom and Dad met us and I finally

got to see my son for the first time. I felt heaven was within my grasp.

Adjusting to civilian life had some challenges. We lived with my parents at first on Fifth East until making some real decisions on continuing my schooling or finding a job. Our final decision was made to go to Logan and register at the AC. We decided to search around Logan for a bank that would loan us money to buy a home. Bank officials told us of a home for sale in Hyrum not far from Logan. We met the owner and he was willing to sign the papers. Our real problem was his renters. They had been looking for another rental unit without any success. Time was running short when I would have to register for school and the odds seemed against us when the home we were buying would be available. I visited the renters and found out the father was a recent convert (with a handicap) and had 4 little children. Bank officials had the right to evict them, but our hearts were not set on doing such a deed. My chances for entering college faded away finally and we returned to Salt Lake feeling a bit downcast. I decided to find a job until I could register for school.

We stayed with my parents for awhile. I remember going home teaching with Dad to the Wallin family. As we entered their home, I saw mountains of diapers on three separate couches in the front room. The mystery surrounding the presence of all these diapers unfolded as Sister Wallin introduced me to her set of triplet boys. I hadn't seen an "instant" family before in my lifetime.

I finally ended up working for Deseret Book Co. My previous secretarial training came in handy and I found a job in the audio-visual and film department as a secretary. I met A. Hamer Reiser, manager of the Book Store. He greatly influenced my goal of working some day in the Church Offices at 47 East So. Temple. Bro. Reiser worked closely with the First Presidency and I had a desire to work for them one day.

Orson Goddard and Eugene Hill were my superiors. Both became great, close friends of mine. Eugene had married one of the Wray girls from Madisonville, Kentucky. I learned a lot from working side by side with these two brethren. Working as office secretary provided me with some very valuable experience which later proved to have a profound affect on my future.

After living with my folks for quite sometime, Neva and I decided the time was ripe to find a comfortable home of our own. My salary at Deseret Book wasn't very high but we both knew the time had come to make a change in our lives. I contacted a former missionary companion and now realtor Floyd Black. We began a search for an affordable home to purchase. He finally found a modest home on 10th West near the fair grounds. I was eligible for a GI loan so Neva and I visited the Veterans Administration on Redwood Road and 17th South. To my amazement one of my cousins Kenneth Kunz was in charge of the loan department. He helped us with submitting our application. But we still were frustrated with the red tape associated with VA loans. After many frustrating trips to the VA offices we finally signed the papers and purchased the home on 10th West for \$4000 at 4-1/4%. My father thought it outrageous to pay such a high loan rate. But our payments were only \$37 a month which was not too much of a strain on my meager salary of \$150 a month.

Moving into our first home was very exciting. We moved in on Saturday, December 28, 1946. It was snowing hard at first, but cleared a little in the day. Dad and I made the decision to move despite the inclement weather. I borrowed Hagio's truck and my Dad and brother Dale helped us load our possessions on and we set out for a new adventure in our lives. We felt blessed to find ourselves in our new home where we

could share our own set of rules as a small family.

My parents invited us over to a New Year's dinner. I tasted each morsel of Mom's cooking, drifting momentarily back to the Philippines. The two scenes certainly as different as night and day. Here I sat with my wife and son beside me, enjoying one of Mom's delicious meals and feeling grateful that my life was spared so we could be together again. My heart bled for those two little Filipino girls who had lost their father in the war and would now be living under horrible conditions near the army camp.

Moving into an older home presented some challenges. I literally had to learn how to be an electrician, carpenter and painter. None of these life pursuits ever struck my fancy and I only learned enough to get by. But our perseverance paid off and we managed to get our home in such good condition we began inviting friends over for dinner and other visits. Lyman and Ramona Wiser rented an apartment near the fair grounds and were not too far away so we invited them on several occasions.

Pres. and Sister Doxey my mission president invited us over to his home for an evening visit. I remember rushing around after work trying to help Neva get Roger ready so we could catch the bus into town. Pres. Doxey lived on Military Drive, way across town, so it seemed like an hour before we finally arrived at their beautiful home. My thoughts turned to owning a car many times as I was frustrated by either waiting for late busses or friends who said they would pick us up. However, we did delay buying a car until I started working for ZCMI which is another frustrating story to tell.

We visited our new 29th ward. The building was built in 1901 and was quite a small one with a partially-finished basement. It definitely was not designed to accommodate all the church programs. Most of the classrooms were very small and hard to find. I taught the Elder's Quorum at first, then Bishop Burt asked me to be the ward clerk. I had no idea what this job required, since our membership was nearing 900 because of all the new homes being built in the Rose Park subdivision. Within a year our membership had risen to 1700. My ward clerk responsibilities grew intensely and I was reading over 60 families in sacrament meeting for approval for them to become members of our ward. Our Bishop would say we will now turn the balance of the meeting over to the ward clerk to read all the memberships.

Working at Deseret Book created in me a desire to learn more about visual aids. I was also responsible to preview all movies our division received. Movies were rated for their family-oriented messages. Promoting sex and murder ideas were strictly forbidden. Most of the western movies were high on the list of approvals. At times Neva and I saw as many as 5 or 6 movies during a given Saturday.

Time quickly swept by in our new home. Steven our second son was born the night before the "Days of 47" Pageant was shown in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. I was asked to be choir secretary and was in charge of all the music and scheduling of the pageant choir. Pageant actors and singers had practiced for 30 days before the actual performance. Working with choir members and watching the actors as they rehearsed, provided me with some unusual experiences. In one scene where Noah was preaching over an altar, the prop man underneath was supposed to blow smoke through a rubber hose, trying to make it look like authentic biblical days. After about 15 days into the actual production, the prop man started blowing smoke rings. Luckily none in the audience noticed the incident except the director who about fainted when he saw perfect smoke rings coming through the hose to the altar where Noah was preaching. He also about fainted again when the stage hand fell asleep just before he was to produce loud

thunder and lightening in a crucial scene.

The next night I was sitting in the audience watching the pageant when they suddenly announced Steven's birth. I don't know of any other birth that was ever announced in the tabernacle.

We had many friends visit us during the first year in our new home on 10th West. We enjoyed visits from Shirley Maples and Dimple Aycock, two close friends from the mission field. A companion Hyrum Loutensock and wife Leola dropped by. One of Neva's close friends, Eloise Thomas, even did a lot of baby sitting for us.

In mid-June of 1948 Neva's two sisters Wilma and Vivian came West to find a job. They also were excellent baby sitters and helped us raise Roger and Steven. Felt sorry for the Nahunta Branch because it seemed like more stalwart members were leaving to come West.

Our first Christmas in our new home was mixed with joy and sorrow. Fred Harper, one of Neva's cousins, phoned the shocking news that her only brother Billy was killed by a car, while walking home from school. I felt bad Neva couldn't go to the funeral, but we did enjoy Christmas since Roger was old enough to understand why he received gifts from Santa. I have Neva a mix master which helped her with cooking even more delicious meals.

A dear friend of Neva's Winnifred Morse came to visit us around the first of April. She told us about her conversion and baptism.

Her parents were extremely upset when Winnie finally joined. She came West and found a job as a registered nurse. Neva and Winnie became close, long-life friends even after she married one of my Granitian friends, Jim McLachlan.

In April conditions at the office changed dramatically. We received news of our move from So. Temple to Indiana Avenue. I felt frustrated and actually disliked our manager for moving us into an old school building - with very little heat and not well designed for our operation. I was forced to ride the bus to work which only added to my frustrations. After I left Deseret Book, the operation was later moved back to So. Temple. Unfortunately I still nurtured a dislike for the manager even though he died before the office was moved out of the old school building.

Another event that caused me great concern was the time George Webb called me and said he was going with ZCMI Visual Aids. He had given a lot of his time to build up the Visual Aids Department at Deseret Book but no one seemed to care so he was leaving. He asked me if I was interested in going to ZCMI. I met Les Olson the manager and he hired me. The store was located on State Street and Motor Avenue.

Les Olson had 10 kids and wanted more. We often joked about getting reproducing ink in our blood because many of us at ZCMI ended up with large families. I enjoyed working at ZCMI with all of its benefits.

My job as ward clerk continued to occupy a lot of my time. Families were moving in so fast I hardly had time for anything else but keeping up with membership records. Bishop Burt liked to begin their meeting at 7:30 p.m. and usually didn't quit until 1 a.m. I took mountains of minutes. We now have over 400 children under the age of 4 in our Junior Sunday School. Kids were everywhere! They were climbing out windows and running through the building like so many sheep. Church Building authorities were trying to alleviate the situation by construction meetinghouses in the Rose Park area but were experiencing difficulty in getting the right plans drawn up.

We suffered through this unusual growth for a year. Making up the yearly

statistical report was a real traumatic experience. One day Bishop Burt called and said the PBO office secretary called and asked us to be interviewed by the Deseret News Church Section Editor. He wrote up a story and took pictures of us. His story told about our unusual growth - the ward membership now totaling 1700 - in a building designed to hold only 200. The story also told about how I was the first one to submit my report to the PBO office - even ahead of the Japanese who were always the first one.

Little Shirley our first daughter was born July 31, 1948. She looked like a twin to Steven. Shirley was one of those rare spirits who was gifted with a loving personality much like her mother.

While working at ZCMI I worked with our sales manager Tom Fyans. He became my idol and was one of the most meticulous salesman I ever met. His sales presentations were always perfect in every way. One day he suggested I think about getting into sales. The Dictating Machine Division finally had an opening. I was sent to New Jersey for a special two-weeks training. We were housed in a hotel near the home where Neva stayed in East Orange, New Jersey. Couldn't recognize the home where she stayed, but staying there brought back many memories of meeting her after my mission was over to find out whether or not she would still marry me. I received sales training on the Edison Dictating Equipment for two weeks. During the training, I had to convince myself of whether or not I wanted to make salesmanship my avocation.

After the training I gained permission to start at the top in Harold Bennett's office, then in the merchandising office. The merchandising manager was very uncooperative, stating clearly he had no intentions of using dictating equipment but was completely satisfied with using a woman secretary. I began to acquire a very deep hatred toward salesmanship and went to my boss and asked that he put me back in the office.

The next events almost turned into a complete disaster. Our 2nd daughter Wilma Jean was born February 22, 1950, now a total of six in our growing family. I had an opportunity to sell our home and move in with my parents until another home could be found. Previously I had finally broken down and purchased an old Plymouth from Moedl Steadman, one of the ZCMI salesmen. That was my downfall! It seemed impossible to save any money from the moment we purchased the car.

Living with my parents, made it possible for us to plan a trip back to North Carolina. Our car had only two doors so we used mattresses in the back for the three older ones to sleep on. Wilma was only 6 months old so she slept in front in a drawer we took out of one of our chests. The drawer fit snug between the dashboard and the front seat between mother and I. This made it very convenient for Neva to nurse and change Wilma at the appropriate times.

After finally getting the car all packed with our kids, the food and clothing we were taking on the trip, our journey got under way around six in the morning. Arriving in Denver late that night, we finally found a motel and enjoyed a peaceful rest until the next morning. When I started the car, the motor sounded very strange, like something scraping down the side of the cylinder wall each time the motor turned over. I searched for a garage that would be open on Saturday morning but it appeared there were none. As luck would have it I found one off the main highway and had him look at the problem. He found a broken piston ring. The mechanic had trouble getting into the old engine but finally got us on our way after a five-hour delay and charging us \$75 for the repairs. My pocketbook sure went flat in a hurry.

After that traumatic experience, we headed across Kansas. Ran into one of the worst hailstorms I had ever seen. The hail bounced off the top of the car like rocks. Found out later the hail made dents all over on the outside of the car, ruining the paint job.

We managed to keep going and finally in Missouri we stopped at a service station. Steven seemed quite curious about Negroes. The man was black who waited on us. When Steven saw him, he asked if he always wore that mask. Luckily the man didn't hear Steven and we continued on our way. I suddenly realized this was the first time ever that my kids had seen a Negro. There were not too many living in the West at this time.

We finally arrived in North Carolina but still had to cross the mountains before getting into Neva's part of the state. Decided to stop by the side of the road to rest. As we came to a stop I felt the tires hit something. Got out of the car to find out I had straddled a deep ditch near the side of road. The front tire was on one side and the rear tire on the other side of the ditch. If I drove the car forward the back tire would slide deeper into the ditch and the car could turn over on its side and even on land upside down. I realized the only way to save the car from total damage was to find a huge wooden plank. Walking up the road a few feet, I saw an old broken-down shed-like building. A large plank was standing up against what was left of the shed. It was heavy but I managed to carry it down to the car. It fit perfectly between the front and rear wheels over the ditch. With a prayer in my heart I started the engine, put the car in gear and put a heavy foot on the accelerator. The plank slid a little as the rear tire crossed over the end but luckily we got back onto the highway without any more difficulty; a disaster averted!

Neva directed me onto the road she thought went into Nahunta. She said most of the roads were now paved and they all looked the same. We got lost for an hour but she finally recognized the road that would take us into Nahunta and we finally stopped in front of the old homestead. Good to be back into the mission field again!

I got all the kids out of the car and entered Neva's folks home. Neva's Father said hello and handed me a special delivery letter from my Dad. Uncle Sam wanted all the inactive Reservists over in Korea. Dad received my orders while I was on our way to North Carolina. My reporting date was in Fort Ord, California. When I called Dad and told him it would be impossible for me get back by the required date he let the draft board know that I couldn't be reached and was on my way home from the South. The draft board was kind enough to take my name off the shipping list.

Went visiting to everyone on our itinerary. I enjoyed visiting with some of the Saints I knew as a missionary. The country's beauty hadn't changed any. And the Saints treated us like they always did. I was happy that we took this trip to North Carolina for many reasons.

Vivian, Neva's sister, decided to ride back with us to Salt Lake which made conditions a little crowded, but we started out with great anticipation. Our only problem on the way home developed just outside of Amarillo, Texas. I have a habit of checking my tires and found the right front one had been wearing very thin. Experience told me to seek out an alignment garage before getting another tire. We still had over 700 miles to travel before arriving in Salt Lake. After a little discussion I dropped off my passengers at a nearby park and headed for a garage. While waiting for the alignment, I learned some valuable lessons about used cars. I noticed a Cadillac in one of the stalls. The

engine had been removed and a man was using special equipment to straighten out the chassis which was bent almost 60 degrees upward. The attendant told me the car had been wrapped around a heavy metal telephone pole. The process of straightening the chassis would take about a week - but the front end would be like new. One of the mechanics said they would sell the car for more than the repair costs. From this time on I made sure none of the used cars I ever purchased ever had front end repairs like the Cadillac. The repairs took nearly 2 hours which put us behind so Neva, Vivian and I elected to drive straight through to Salt Lake.

I drove until my eyelids wouldn't function anymore. Vivian started driving until her eyes kept closing. I remember going over Soldier Summit feeling like a dried prune. My eyeballs were swollen and I literally felt like a bowl full of jello. When we arrived in Salt Lake the mileage showed over 700 miles. I vowed to never try that stunt again. Got to my parents home late at night. I was ready for some real sleeping in a good bed once more.

Reported for work and told my boss about the call to serve in Korea. He immediately sent a complaint in for me to stay long enough to get my affairs in order at the office. Got a reprieve for two weeks and started to prepare for my ultimate induction into the war with Korea. Just before the two weeks were up, it was announced that anyone with 4 or more dependents could ask for dismissal from the Army Reserve. I had my request in headquarters as soon as they opened. I also resigned from the Reserve never to sign up ever again!

Continued looking for a home. Finally found one in Granger. Just as we made arrangements to close the deal, the family decided not to sell. Finally made a deal with the Parr family on 3450 West. Moved in with grateful hearts and started living again in our own home in Granger. Went to church only to find the Bishop (which was Grant Bangerter then) needed a ward clerk. Found out later that Orson Goddard whom I worked with at Deseret Book was a counselor thus my name was acted on quickly to be the new clerk.

Life in Granger was not dull. Heavy winter snow streams covered Granger so heavily one year that rotary snow plows had to be put into service. I remember the snow was piled so high on each side of the roads that a person could walk across the telephone and electric wires high up in the air. One day I got stuck 25 times in my driveway because of the huge snow drifts.

After the old Plymouth wore out, I bought a 1955 Chev. After driving it from Granger into Salt Lake for several months, something happened to the electrical system. Driving the car from Granger to Salt Lake City magnified the problem and the motor soon began conking out at different intervals. I took the car into one garage after another but none of the mechanics could find the trouble.

One morning as I reached the intersection of West and South Temple the motor quit. Luckily a friend was behind me and saw my dilemma. He pushed me to a service station on North Temple. The attendant asked me to start the engine while he looked under the hood. To my utter amazement the car started but I heard the attendant yell "shut it off". As he took his head out from under the hood I could tell his face was all wet. I got out of the car as he said, "I found your problem". Apparently when the engine heated up a broken spot in the water hose opened up and splashed hot water over the distributor until it cut out. The attendant said he had never had this problem before but learned something new almost every day. I learned a lesson from this experience - take

time to maintain all water hoses.

One day I received a call at work, and the person asked me if I were interested in going to Los Angeles and interview for a position with the Howard Hughes Corp. My airline ticket would be ready at the airport, prior to my departure. I made reservations to leave Saturday morning on Western Airlines. When I arrived at the airport the ticket was not there. Finally the desk clerk found out where the ticket was and I finally boarded the plane for Los Angeles. We made a brief stop in Las Vegas to let some gambling passengers on board. One gambler raced towards the seat next to mine and was all out of breath when he whispered to me "I just lost \$4000. My wife will shoot me when she finds out." Didn't feel a bit sorry for him as he told me of other losses he suffered during the year. Felt glad that I gained my knowledge about winless odds in gambling at a tender age while we lived on 11th East and 17th South.

Bill Gay, one of the LDS administrators in Howard Hughes" organization met me at the airport. He explained in detail some of the requirements I would face. One I remember was to "wine and dine" military generals and some movie actresses. Hughes would furnish us with pocket money to spend on these individuals but I could not spend one dime on my family. As I questioned others who had been employed by Hughes for several years, I was not real impressed with their answers. When I took the shorthand test the next day my speed had dropped to 90 WPM from 130 WPM. I was convinced my services were not needed here so I returned home, still in a daze about my experience. Not long after I soon reached the conclusion my job opportunities were better in Utah. (years after when I lived in Orem, my choice seemed to be right as I met others who were not happy they went with the Hughes Organization).

Prior to our daughter Wanda being born, Neva"s mother suddenly died of a cerebral hemorrhage. Neva was unable to go to the funeral, which I always regretted for some reason. Soon after Wanda was born on October 25, 1951, a very healthy baby. Had to start making some decisions about our home.

One day I received a call from Pres. Graham Doxey, my former Mission President. He asked if I felt venturous enough to work for him part time and finish my studies at the U of U. Indeed I went home in a quandary. Neva supported me and I decided to finish my studies. I resigned my position at ZCMI and started working for Doxey-Layton Real Estate Company on 9th South.

Our home on 3450 West seemed to get smaller and smaller. My studies at the U of U were being interrupted quite often. Couldn't feel good about my grades, my church work, or my part-time job. I continued on as Ward Clerk until Grant Bangerter was released as Bishop and appointed Stake President.

In the meantime I decided to stop going to school and get a full-time job. My friend Warren Durrant had let me take his cow, if I would milk it and give him half of each milking. But it sure kept me confined to home. Never did like to be confined that tightly. I did make several feeble attempts to buy a cow but the price of feed help change my mind. Winder Dairy was too close and would deliver all the milk we could afford to drink! My interest in becoming a part-time farmer dwindled every time I milked Warren Durrant's jersey cow during a snowy blizzard or a summer thunder and lightening rain storm.

Before Wanda was born we said the kids could name her. They chose Wanda

with no alternate boy's name. Said she was a girl and didn't need to choose a boy's name. When she was born I named her Wanda Sue.

During a weak moment of trying to decide about school, I answered an ad and found a job with Peerless Beauty & Barber Supply, located across the Main street from the City & County Building. The new owner, Mr. Gore from Chicago, wanted a male secretary to run his office. He gave me the job after being satisfied that I could handle all the paper work involved with beauty operators. The salary was good and I again thought about what to do with our home.

Pamela, our 4th daughter was born February 12, 1953. She was our first redhead and was talented with a love for music, similar to Roger, our eldest. No one at the hospital or several friends seemed to think she would be a red head. But it turned out she was real red.

Maurice Harmon was made the new Bishop. He still chose me as the clerk. I learned many valuable lessons under his guidance. Bishop Harmon was the big reason why we finally started to raise funds to build a new chapel. I remember going to many chicken dinners at his half brother's café on 39th South in Salt Lake to keep the new building under construction. We finally moved into a new chapel and it was like heaven. Bill Cox, our home teacher, and a mink farmer, swore up and down that Pamela 's hair wouldn't be red. When me paid us a visit, he just stared at her, shaking his head.

My job at Peerless got more interesting as timed moved swiftly on. Mr. Gore asked that I produce a price list every week on the spirit ditto machine. This experience played a key role in my career as a printer. I learned how to produce lists under extreme odds. But while I was suffering under these odds, I spent hours researching various ways to produce copies other than from a ditto master. This proved to be a giant step toward becoming sort of a "copy expert".

Our fifth daughter Nancy Jo was born February 25, 1955. She was born with a congenital heart problem. When I blessed her a feeling developed my soul that she was in danger of losing her life at a very tender age. Several times we raced Nancy to the hospital to get oxygen so her breathing would be normal again. I noticed a blue cast coming from her crib each time we had to rush her to the hospital. One early morning on July 15th we sped to the hospital. We traveled were going well over the speed limit and I spotted a patrolman. I stopped and told him about Nancy and he immediately went ahead of us with his siren on. We reached the hospital in good time but I felt Nancy's time was up. The doctor did all he could but her tired little body failed to respond and she died. A Dr. Werner was performing experiments on hearts. Our doctor encouraged us to let Dr. Werner perform an autopsy on Nancy to find out the reason she was born with this heart condition. Maybe it would help in the research. The results showed Nancy's heart was performing its work backwards. Dr. Werner thanked us deeply for allowing him to examine her heart. Later on through Dr. Werner's research, many new infants would be saved with Nancy's heart condition.

President Doxey spoke at Nancy's funeral, held at the McDougal Funeral Home on Redwood Road. Mrs. Gore my boss's wife attended the funeral and was visibly touched by President Doxey's words. She was Jewish and had never been to an LDS funeral before but seemed to be impressed with the truths that were taught even at a little baby's funeral. From then on I felt very close to Mrs. Gore.

We still were in a quandary about our home. It was now much too small for our

growing family. We finally had Bro. Nielson a ward member give us a bid on the cost of remodeling our home. He added three more bedrooms and a bath and enlarged the living room. Enjoyed this new addition for several years.

Our third son Wendell was born September 11, 1956. He also had red hair. Nancy looked as if her hair would be red, too, but she never lived long enough for us to find out. Wendell seemed to enjoy animals more than the other boys. Hopefully he will someday train animals as his career.

As time sped on while we lived on 3450 West, many events started happening in Granger. The growth in this area was phenomenal. Our ward leadership even changed again. Bishop Harmon went into the Stake Presidency and Keith Andrus was appointed the new Bishop. He asked me to be his second counselor. When we first moved to Granger there was only 2 Granger Wards, 1 Bennion Ward, 1 Taylorsville Ward and 1 Kearns ward. Homes were being built in this area so fast it was hard to keep up with a church building program. New wards were being formed and new buildings were being constructed. Watching the Church Grow in this area was something to experience.

After moving into our new chapel, Church Building officials approved razing the old Granger Chapel. To some long-life members it was hard for them to watch old memories disappear. To others it meant progress and growth in the area. The entire State of Utah seemed to be growing at a very rapid pace.

I continued to serve very faithfully as a counselor to Bishop Andrus. Learned many new procedures to operate a ward. A problem developed which concerned me very much. Even while I was serving as a counselor during the next year, I also had to train 4 new ward clerks. It seemed like the clerk's Bishop Andrus appointed were having to be released for some infraction of Church rules. It was hard on me at first because the time it took to train each new ward clerk, my job as counselor suffered a little. I remember Bishop Andrus calling 3 older sisters to be Presidents of the Relief Society, YWMIA and Primary. Within 9 months they all announced they were pregnant even though they had passed the age of ever raising any more children. Everyone seemed confused why this happened, even their husbands and their doctors.

Bishop Andrus asked me one day to go with him to visit a family who had requested welfare assistance. I well remember in many Bishop's meeting when Bro. Andrus was the Elder's Quorum President, he opposed handing out welfare assistance to only a very few. As we knocked on the door I wondered how Bishop Andrus would handle this case now that he was Bishop. The little mother invited us in and I immediately saw a little infant that looked under nourished. The father, a big, boyish-looking man was sitting on the couch, feet up in the air, and was smoking a cigarette. As I watched Bishop Andrus assess the situation, a special spirit seemed to enter his mind. He told the little mother she could get food and clothing for her baby. But he grabbed the father by the collar and told him to find a job or he wouldn't receive any food to eat. It turned out that the father found a job. Bishop Andrus told me later that this man was a third-generation welfare recipient and someone had forgotten to tell him to find a job which would solve his financial problems. I was certainly impressed with the way Bishop Andrus handled this problem.

After the new meetinghouse was finally paid for, Elder ElRay Christiansen dedicated it in March of 1957. I was extremely touched with this experience because I knew so many of the ward members had willingly sacrificed their hard-earned money and labor to build such a nice edifice. Elder Christiansen's dedicatory prayer was even

more impressive to my soul.

As time flew by, our 5 older children began singing together. Roger seemed to have perfect pitch and they developed into quite a singing group. They performed in over 200 ward and stake functions as well as many special events. I had the privilege of driving them to every event which was one of the greatest experiences of my life.

As the population growth continued to increase at a very high rate, the sad news finally reached Bishop Andrus. Our ward was being divided. The families on our street were now members of the new Granger 7th Ward, with Bro. Roseberry as the new Bishop, Bro. Bradford and Gibb were the counselors. Guess who was appointed as clerk - yes it was me.

Conditions were also changing dramatically at work. Mr. Gore felt his beauty business was not bringing him the financial success he had counted on. I sensed he was going to sell the business and that I would soon be out of a job. I had previously been working part-time for a construction company. But this job, too, was in danger of being shut down because of poor management. As I sat in my office in Peerless one day just prior to going home, the phone rang. The voice on the other end told me of a job opening in the Church Building Department. He said I should immediately get in touch with Glen Rudd. I phoned Brother Rudd who said he had just gotten out of a meeting with Bro. Wendell Mendehall and was told about the opening. He asked me how I knew and seemed startled when I told him. The following day I was interviewed by Bro. Mendehall he gave me the job. When I told him about the phone call, he said no one knew about the opening except Bro. Rudd, and other members of the Church Building Committee who had no time to contact anyone. To this day I was always grateful to that dear soul who called me because my experience working at the Church Office was the best job I had ever hoped for in my entire life.

My six older children continued their singing for various groups on a regular but sometimes very close schedules. I remember driving them from one end of the valley to the other, singing for welfare funding events, sacrament meetings, stake social events and many other types of events. Their fame as child singers continue to broaden and they were invited to sing at hospitals, old folks home and even at the Church Offices. One Christmas they were invited to sing at the Holy Cross Hospital where all were born. A Deseret Newspaper Reporter got wind of it and took pictures as they sang Christmas carols for the doctors and nurses. The story was published in the Deseret Newspaper featuring my six children who were all born at this hospital and delivered by the same doctor Morgan S. Coombs). There was even one nurse who had been in the delivery room as each one was born. (Mrs. Woodruff).

I started my job in the Church Building Department on August 15, 1956. For some reason I had previously worked for several businesses owned by the Church but never was hired to work in the Administration Offices at 47 E. South Temple. This job was a fulfillment of one of my secret dreams. And as I rode the elevator to the 4th floor and found my desk, my whole countenance tingled with excitement. Bro. Mendehall told me I would be Agenda Secretary. My primary duty was to prepare a detailed Agenda for the Building Committee each Tuesday morning. I soon found out that this assignment would be an even greater opportunity for me to become an "expert printer".

Soon after I started my job at the Church Building Department, my mother's condition worsened. She had Leukemia in its final stages. I was prepared for her death, knowing this fatal disease would soon take away her life here on earth. As she forced

herself to take the cobalt treatments which made her deathly ill, my dear Mother did her genealogy submissions very faithfully. She told us when she could no longer get out bed, she wanted to die. I remember going to work one Friday morning when my Aunt Lucy called and said, "Your mother cannot get out of bed". Soon after my Mother slipped into a coma and died on Saturday. I immediately phone everyone that would be interested in knowing of her death. In my bosom I had a similar feeling when our daughter Nancy Jo died. It was a relief to know the suffering would end.

A huge crowd showed up at Mother's funeral. Many of our relatives came. Her friends came in droves because she was well loved by all. Dad seemed to hold up under all the strain that family deaths can cause. I remember he kissed mother just before the undertaker's final closing of her casket. This act of kindness and love impressed me for the rest of my life. After Mother was laid to rest, Dad lived with Ray in Rupert to help him on the farm.

Though we had added on quite a large area to our home in Granger, year by year it seemed to get smaller and smaller. Our 6th daughter Rebecca was born April 11, 1958. As I brought Neva and Becky home from the hospital my mind wandered off into space. I asked myself why all my children always fell asleep in our car. It suddenly dawned on me that we spoiled them right at first while transporting them from the hospital to our home. To test my theory, many times when any of our little ones failed to shut their eyes and sleep normally, I took them for a ride in the car. Soon after I started the engine, almost without exception they slept like a log until I brought them back home.

My job at the Church became more interesting as time flew by. I watched the Church grow from almost every angle possible. Buildings were being constructed all over the world. The Church's financial condition was strained so Bro. Mendenhall initiated a "building missionary service program. Church authorities approved the program and it literally saved hundreds of thousands of dollars in tithing contributions. I was happy to have been in this position where all these changes were taking place. Under this building missionary plan, many new meeting houses were built without financially burdening the Saints. More Saints were able to donate labor instead of cash.

Our department personnel consisted of 8 persons when I first started working for the Building Department. But as church membership increased so did our department personnel and we soon had to move out of the administration building into the old mortuary building on Main Street just above North Temple. One of my new assignments was to be supervisor of our little printing department.

One very important job we were first assigned was printing the Oakland Temple Specifications. Usually specifications of this magnitude was sent out for bid to local printers. I was asked by Bro. Mendenhall if it were possible to get these specifications printed in two days in our print shop. After discussing the job with my small staff, we decided to take on the project.

Our staff worked hard on how this project would be completed as a rush job. When all supplies were on hand, it was decided the job would be started at noon. All of us went the extra mile and completed the job by 9 a.m. the next day. Six copies of the specifications were delivered to the architectural department so they could be sent to the project in Oakland by air express. Our little print shop gained quite a reputation by delivering over 900 pages well before outside shops could make delivery. We had little trouble with management to get approval on getting the latest printing equipment installed.

While serving as the Agenda Secretary, I continued to experiment with various printing equipment to produce the Agenda faster with less expense. Our regular Form 21 was being typed several times to get it into final stages to be copied so all of the members of the Committee on Expenditures could have copies for their Tuesday morning sessions.

Prior to my employment, the Building Committee would take various projects to the Tuesday morning meetings and discuss each on an individual basis. The meeting usually ran well over 4 or 5 hours and many projects had to be deferred until the following week.

After many blood, sweat and tear sessions, we finally arrived at a design for the Form 21 where the information would only have to be typed once before ditto copies were made for the members of the Committee on Expenditures and Building Committee. At first all form 21s were reproduced on the ditto machine. After A.B. Dick started to manufacture their small 360 printing press and Eastman manufactured their transfer machine, did the agenda preparation change both in quality and less production time. The Tuesday meeting time was reduced from five hours to one and a half hours. The cost and time for doing the minutes for each meeting was reduced in half.

I felt grateful for going through this experience with men like Bro. Barker and Vandenberg. They were appreciative of what I had done to reduce not only the cost of the meeting but the time. My experiences at Deseret Book, ZCMI, Doxey-Layton and Peerless Barber & Beauty Supply all helped to change conditions in the Church Building Department.

After high-speed copiers were placed on the market and our department purchased one, reproducing the Agenda was much less stressful and done with unusual quality.

Time passed rapidly again and our 7th daughter Barbara was born on November 11, 1959. Little did we know she would be our last daughter. Her big eyes melted our hearts the first time she opened them at her birth. Again, the problem of space began to surface and we thought about a larger home.

During this time Neva received word that her father went into the hospital. We discussed various options of how Neva would take time off from being a mother to our growing family and visit her father. It was finally decided that Wanda and Wendell would go and that my Dad would also go along. Aunt Lavina also helped my Dad with the driving which turned out to be a blessing. Dad was able to baby sit the kids while Neva and Aunt Lavina visited their father in the hospital until he finally died in August of 1960.

While Neva was gone, our older children participated in the Ward Roadshow as well as other events. I practically run myself ragged but some kind neighbors brought us food at various times which really was a miracle.

Looking for another home was stressful for me. But I happen to bump into Keith Andrus and told him we needed larger accommodations. He told me Lucille Cox had just told him her parent's old home was for sale. Neva and I went into Salt Lake and inspected an old home on 932 So. 11th East. The one real feature that sold us on this grand old house was the size of the rooms and especially the stairs leading to the second story. Remodeling possibilities were great so adding up all the pluses we made Lucille an offer which she readily accepted.

Neva started moving the smaller items in our car during the following month.

She made at least 35 trips. We had some help to move the larger items which helped my aching back. Some of the rooms needed re-painting so we selected the color and started the herculean task. When I brushed paint on a certain spot on the wall, it would flake off onto my brush. After a few attempts I stopped feeling very frustrated but decided to find out why the paint wouldn't go on. We finally found out the walls had been coated with calcimine, a flaky substance that would not accept any kind of paint. Our only choice was to scrape every bit of calcimine off the walls. We started one morning and after a week of scraping, we finally completed the dirty task. To this day, if you mention the word calcimine, all the Smith Family who scraped off the icky stuff, will only give you a horrible stare. We finally completed the new painting and really enjoyed our labors as well as the smell of new, fresh paint.

Not long after we moved to 11th East, my Dad received a call to serve in the Alaskan-Canadian Mission. He had a deep desire to serve a mission after mother died. His heart attack had prevented him from going earlier. Now it seemed Dad's life was in order so he could now accept the call. We all went to Idaho for Dad's farewell. His farewell was held Sunday, Mar 28, 1967 in the Acequia Ward. The children sang "I Am A Mormon Missionary". I gave the benediction. We all enjoyed the feeling within us of Dad's going on this mission. It was a fulfillment of a life-time desire. Dad seemed very excited as the time neared for him to enter the mission home.

After surviving the painting project, we decided to install a new bathroom upstairs. There were no problems finding space near one of the bedrooms to install two wash basins, accommodate and a full-length mirror across the basin area. Never did hear many complaints from the girls about not having enough room to do their primping.

To supplement our income we rented the basement apartment to the Bush family. Jackie was a devoted friend to Shirley. She moved in with her twin sisters and mother. This venture was not only a choice one from a financial viewpoint, but getting to know the Bush family was better for us socially. After the Bush family moved out of our apartment, we rented it to some supposedly non-smokers. But after our house started smelling like a cigarette factory, we asked the renters to move. After getting rid of the cigarette smoke, we became more selective and rented the apartment to Jerry Terry, who worked with me as a printer. After their baby arrived, they finally bought a home and we decided to use our basement for other purposes.

As my duties increased at the office, I became more involved with printing. I sensed my Agenda Secretary's job would probably end when Bro. Mendenhall left the Building Department. So I trained myself to know more about the printing process, relating it to the highest form of production and the cheapest way to reproduce any document. My department purchased a new A.B. Dick 360 to speed up our printing requirements which started my career as a printer.

One day when our regular operator was ill, I jumped in with both feet and learned to operate the equipment. My entire being was filled with fascination and excitement about the possibilities of what this equipment was really designed to do and for some reason I was filled with a keen desire to even own a press someday.

About this time, Don Jesse who worked for the Seminary Department contacted me and explained he was working on some important lesson material that would require lots fast turn around time on the printing press. My boss gave me permission to help Don during this emergency and I began to run the press myself quite often before and

after regular hours. It was soon obvious that Don had more work than our press could handle along with our increased work load.

My old car began to give me mechanical problems. I started searching for another car but when the dealers quoted me prices, I was startled to find a press was cheaper. So I bought a 350 A.B. Dick press and opened up a print shop in our basement. It proved to be a good venture because I was able to keep up with Don Jesse's needs as well as teach my older children the art of printing.

As my friends learned I now had a press in my basement, the orders for printing increased dramatically. Having learned the art of production, I was able to meet all schedules which further increased the number of orders that came into the shop. A friend Roger Grooms even brought his 1250 Multilith in to help with the orders. We really cranked out a lot of work but it soon became evident that the A.B. Dick produced about twice the work as the 1250 Multilith did.

Many times my children would say - I need some money - I turned them loose on the press and they earned their own money for schooling and clothing. I was grateful they could learn as young as they did.

I became fascinated with the color process and did lots of experimenting. At the office I found ways to paint colored pictures via the printing press. By using reverse screening I could lay different colors down on paper like an artist would use a paint brush. I soon purchased an offset camera for my home business and became quite efficient at making offset plates.

Before the Christmas Holidays we started designing and printing our own family cards. We received lots of compliments on them. In fact I picked up several new customers who wanted us to print up card with their family members on them. Printing wedding invitations was also fascinating but required more expense than we wanted to invest in so kept it a low-key project. At first we usually printed plain invitations but soon the bride and groom wanted their pictures to be included which was a more expensive process.

My job at the office kind of split. When Bro. Mark Garff became Manager of the Building Department, he changed our responsibilities. I wasn't happy with the job as Agenda Secretary. I focused more on my responsibilities as Supervisor of our printing department. My knowledge of the art of production seemed to increase with each request for printing that went across my desk.

As my printing business at home increased it was apparent my A.B. Dick 350 would have to be replaced. I decided to try for a loan at a local bank. The loan officer checked my records and issued me the money. I was please that I could receive it just on my signature as collateral. It made me feel good that my controlled spending and watching my cash flow really paid off.

This time around I purchased an A.B. Dick 360 with an automatic jogger and receiving tray. This really increased my production capabilities and I established a reputation for getting all the jobs out on a "quick-turn-around" basis. Our printing business at home almost doubled.

The building department began to run into production problems due to certain individuals who lacked knowledge about the art of printing and especially producing quality work with a quick-turn-around time. My instinct began telling me there would be more changes made in the building departments leadership. And Fred Baker was

finally appointed Chairman of the Building Department.

About this same time I started having problems with Roger. He got into trouble with the law which made me feel very sad. After deciding to attend college in Cedar City, he had a leading part in the opera. Ed Malm owned a plane and agreed to fly our family down to Cedar City to see Roger's performance. Roger did a superb job. But my heart still was pained because of what Roger did with his life.

Roger finally joined the army and got interested in being a teletype operator. We received letters from Roger while he was stationed in Panama but after being discharged, we never heard from him again for several long years. Our family did lots of praying for Roger, always hoping we would hear from him sometime, even if it was just a note.

While helping Roger with his legal problems, I got a clear picture of why our courts were always jammed so heavily with unsolved cases. After personally involving myself with Roger's case which went before the courts, it became evident our judicial system was bound with so much red tape, I literally gasped when the judge said it would take several days to solve this case. But I persisted in using one of my most valuable assets - showing the judge that the wheels of justice could be accomplished in only one day. I helped the judge and the lawyer to reduce the paper work and get the case solved before the day was over.

Meanwhile Steven was taking flying lessons in his spare time. I managed to go on several trips with him and enjoyed every one. A week after receiving his pilot's license, he received a mission call The Great Lakes Mission. His farewell was held in the LeGrande Ward on Sunday, June 5, 1966. They split the mission and Steven began serving in the Columbus Ohio Mission.

After his release I met him at the airport. He promptly told me that his bride to be was Maria Barlow, the daughter of the mission president. They were married the 23rd of August 1968 in the Salt Lake Temple. Church authorities allowed only Maria's mother to come to the wedding so Neva and I helped with most of the wedding arrangements. Soon after Steven and Maria found themselves in the Army. Steven entered training as a helicopter pilot.

After high school, Shirley went to the Church College of Hawaii. She had a good tutor - Aunt Lavina. She fit in with the various cultures as well as the college programs. We let her go another year before entering the B.Y.U. This turned out to be an important step in her life because she met her future husband, Blair Olson, during this year. Santa left a ticket to Hawaii under the tree for Mother so she could visit Shirley and with Aunt Lavina the same year. We all saw Mother off on the plane Christmas Day. She enjoyed an exceptional visit with Shirley and Lavina. It also proved to be a good experience for us to be without a mother for over a week.

After Shirley finally enrolled at the B.Y.U. in Provo to finish her teaching certificate, we decided to send Wilma to Hawaii. Again Aunt Lavina became a special person in Wilma's life similar to that of Shirley. Meanwhile Shirley decided to get engaged to Blair so he gave her a ring at Christmas time. Blair went into the service and served in Viet Nam. Shirley continued her studies at the Y in Provo and also helped me with a print shop we opened up in Orem on 7th South and 950 East. After working 8 hours in the building department, I quickly traveled to Orem and supervised a special

printing assignment I was doing for the Seminaries and Institutes. Again my knowledge of production helped the Seminaries to complete special lessons for the coming seminary year for all students.

Steven completed his training and was sent to Viet Nam as a helicopter pilot. Both he and Blair had indescribable experiences in Viet Nam, a war that should have never been fought. The politicians around the world were responsible for not making it a "winning war" and we lost thousands of good men unnecessarily during the conflict.

Wilma started her schooling at the Church College of Hawaii under the watchful eye of Aunt Lavina, our second daughter to do so.

She had a close brush with death during a runaway tidal wave episode. She managed to escape the wave's fury ending up with scratches and sore limbs while her friend was sept away and hurt seriously. Wilma completed her studies at B.Y.U. in Provo and ended up with a teaching certificate. She also proved to be a hard worker and helped with our printing business. But she proved to be a very good seamstress like her mother and her college credits in homemaking literally gave her an extra occupational benefit should she ever want to leave the teaching profession.

When Shirley approached the time for her graduation, she received her student teaching assignment near our home in Salt Lake. One day she noticed some lumps on her neck. The doctor said it was Hodgkins Disease or cancer of the lymph glands. I was felt horrible as did the rest of the family. But Shirley continued faithfully and prayerfully completing her student teaching. I asked my Boss Bro. Wendell B. Mendenhall to give her a blessing. After he gave the blessing I felt Shirley would continue on with her life because of her great faith and the fact she had been a special spirit who could help many children in school rooms across the nation.

Blair was being released from the army and their plans for marriage continued. Shirley went to the doctor for a checkup and he said most of the cancer was gone. But he cautioned her that her chances of having children were slim because of the chemotherapy treatments she received. I was not fully convinced she would not have a family, knowing her great faith in our Heavenly Father.

When Blair came home Shirley decided to marry him and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 28 May 1970. This was a very special occasion because she was our first daughter to be married and had licked the dreaded disease. Shirley continued teaching while Blair toiled onward toward his master's degree at the BYU.

Not long after Shirley's marriage Wilma began a serious relationship with the Fullmer family through Wanda's involvement. I never did understand the full story. She continued her studies and finally made marriage plans to marry Keith Fullmer. They were married 3 June 1971 in the Salt Lake Temple. Another very special day for a very special daughter.

During our marriage crisis, conditions at the Church Building Department continued to change. After discussing conditions with Don Jesse one day, he invited me down to Provo for an interview to work Seminary Printing Services. I was impressed by their future plans for printing manuals and other seminary teaching aids. Asking for a transfer was a bit shaky because my Building Department Supervisors were not creative or blessed with vivid imaginations.

After finalizing the transfer, I was asked to be the supervisor of the Printing Services. As the transfer came through Becky was admitted to the hospital and was told she had rheumatic fever. We were successful in treating Roger for the same disease in

the Primary Hospital so decided to admit her for treatment. She had to stay in the hospital for a month which ran up a huge bill. When I submitted my insurance form, I was told it was not valid because of my recent transfer from the Building to the Seminary Department. I knew those in charge of the insurance in both the Building and Seminary Departments didn't fully realize the game they were playing so I continued my battle to wake them up to the hard, cold facts. The bill came to over \$3000 and I had to prove my financial worth was not sufficient to pay even a portion of the bill - that the amount for medical insurance being deducted from my paycheck each month was sufficient to pay for such a large amount. One day I finally received a check in the mail from the Fast Offering Funds which I didn't understand at all. But I paid the bill in full and that made me feel an even greater allegiance to the Church after I got over my anxiety about the entire incident.

We decided to look for a home in Provo or Orem after transferring to the Seminary Department. My new office was located under the BYU football stadium. One day I happen to run into an old ex-East Central States missionary Jeston Jacobson as he walked on the sidewalk near my office under the stadium. I explained my dilemma and he seemed excited about a home on Carterville Road that hadn't even been listed but was available for immediate occupation. He drove me over to see a 7 bedroom home owned by a BYU Professor named Chauncey Riddle. I was impressed with the location - on a country road with a Swiss-like setting, viewing the mountains to the East.

This is where this journal ends. The next portion is another typed journal by the author but at a different time. That date and time is not know as of this day. Some of the stories and incidents are repeats of the above journal. References are giving this time for some of the material that he gathered.

Theron's siblings and sister-in-law

Theron with son Steven

Standing left to right
Dale and Theron
Sitting/kneeling
Norma, Ray & Margaret

My Personal History

by

Joseph Theron Smith

According to my birth certificate, I was born at 9 a.m. on November 10, 1921 in Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah to George Stephen Smith and Hedwig Hazel Kunz. I was their second son and the attending physician was Dr. J. A. Phipps. My parents said it was snowing when I first saw daylight. But this information is all I know about our home in Grantsville before moving to Herriman, Salt Lake County, Utah.¹

Father obtained a job, working for the Ohio Copper Mine in Lark, Utah, so we moved to Herriman where my parents rented a home from the millers. While living in the Miller home, I remember my folks were acquainted with a non-member family who visited us frequently. They had an old model T. Ford. I recall playing with a crippled boy in this old Ford, while his folks were in the house visiting my parents.²

One time we found some pipe tobacco in the glove compartment and dared each other to chew it. Of course I didn't know you were not suppose to swallow the stuff. I soon found out why. My mother best described my plight. She said I was green all over. After some hours of vomiting up even my "shoe strings", I regained my health and vowed never to touch tobacco in any form again. I can never recall every playing with my crippled friend again.

Another memory was playing with Leon Miller. For many hours we played along the ditch bank in front of Leon's home. We used wooden blocks for cars and trucks to use our imagination and ream about the future. Not once did we think our parents were too poor to buy real toys to play with. We thought our imaginations were more important.

I also remember Art Miller's parents home Westward across from our house. It was huge and the Millers owned a parrot. When you knocked on the door, the parrot would say, "Come in." It would also say, "Polly wants a cracker." I became well acquainted with Art who was a hunchback. Even after moving from Herriman, Art and I were the best of friends. The millers created an everlasting impression on me because of the many kind things they did for our family.

Father never gave a reason for moving into the Wil Bodell home. But I remember some incidents that happened. They played some very important parts in my life.³

I recall playing out back when suddenly some hard lumps appeared near my groin. After visiting the doctor, he announced I had a hernia. It didn't mean much to me at the time, but I found out some months later what it really meant.

Another vivid memory was watching John Bodell get electrocuted. He was a trouble shooter for Utah Power and Light and was called to find out why the lights went out in Herriman during an electrical storm. I remember watching Mr. Bodell climb up the light pole to the huge power box. Suddenly I heard a groan and saw him fall to the ground. I was never sure whether he was dead before hitting the ground, but it shook me up when I learned he was dead. Fro some reason I was always afraid of electricity and thunder storms after this incident.

My cousins, Jesse and Ruth Dansie, always visited us on Halloween. One time they came dressed like a witch and a skeleton. I became very frightened, even though I knew who they were. For many years after, I was deathly afraid of the dark. I always felt comfortable, if someone came along with me in the dark. I recall playing "run sheep run", "kick the can", and "cops and robbers" after dark, but always felt more comfortable when lots of kids were around to play with.

After father got sick from working in the mine, we moved to Riverton, Salt Lake County, Utah. We moved into a house owned by George Dansie. I recall a few things about living in Riverton.⁴

My father would take me to the milk coolers and give me fresh milk. My taste for milk grew by leaps and bounds. To this day, I really enjoy drinking a glass of cold milk at any meal. I especially learned to enjoy the freedom of farm life. Freedom to enjoy the wide-open spaces - of being able to run and play without being limited to a specific area.

While living in Riverton, I remember one early morning father took me on his shoulders to see the schoolhouse burn down. The whole building was ablaze when we arrived at the scene. I specifically heard the piano playing as if dropped from the second floor onto the first. Kind of scary, but exciting to me. I know this scene impressed me greatly because I have always been careful to prevent any kind of fire.

Also, while in Riverton, I witnessed my first car accident that helped me keep active in Church, especially on Sundays. As we were walking to church one Sunday, we neared an intersection and saw a car laying on its side. A man was laying on the ground near the car. He was bleeding from his ears and there were pop bottles all over. Father told me he was on a Sunday outing and probably should have been in church. This left a lasting impression on my mind. For it wasn't heard for me to attend church on Sundays.

My folks decided to have me operated on for my hernia. So they took me to the county hospital on 21st South and State in Salt Lake City. I remember the nurse tying down my arms then wheeling the stretcher to the operating room. I was scared but when they gave me the ether, I remember dreaming I was crying all the time. I remember coming out of the ether and my side hurt. My mother comforted me. But I still was crying. She gave me a penny but I was sobbing so that I swallowed it. Even though I was given an enema, I never did recover the penny.⁵

After I got over my homesickness I began to notice those around me. One little Negro boy became my friend. His father was funny and would entertain us all the time he was there. I still can remember how white his teeth seemed to be as he sang songs and told jokes. I learned to appreciate the Negro race which helped me later in life.

After the doctor released me from the hospital, my folks took me home and I had to stay in bed and learn to walk again after being in bed for 21 days. Today kids get up and walk after one or two hours.

According to father's history, we moved back to Herriman, although I don't remember anything that happened there. I don't remember where we lived. However, I do remember moving to 17th South and 11th East where the folks had a hamburger stand.⁶

Some outstanding things that happened on 11th East in Salt Lake City, were my first day in kindergarten. Mother took me and I wasn't quite sure I wanted to stay. But

the teacher was nice and had lots of things for us to do. I attended Emerson Grade School and enjoyed myself after getting used to being away from my mother for part of the day.

I soon met some friends. Roger Purdie and I became close buddies. We went to school together, church together, and played together for hours at a time. I remember one day Roger came down 17th South on his bicycle. He went too fast and hit the mailbox on the corner. He blackened both eyes and scratched himself up quite badly. But it impressed me enough to remember Dad's advice - to go by rules if you want to survive.

One day I walked home with Betty Forrest. Mother saw us coming so when I asked her to come in the store, she agreed. After getting her in, I asked mother if she could try a "lucky bite". She drew a piece of candy out of the box and sure enough it was pink. This entitled her to a bar of candy. I always suspected mother made sure Betty got the pink one. Because Betty and I became great friends after that.

I remember the Westminster College students coming to the lunch stand to eat their dinner. One student that really was outstanding was, "Bubbles". He was huge for his age and always seemed so happy. He could sing and dance and always played the slot machine. The folks kept the slot machine for sometime, but finally the authorities came and took it away. However, I learned a real lesson from this machine. You never did really win at gambling. The desire to gamble was never in my mind from then on. I knew slot machines were for "suckers" who lost their money 99% of the time.

Dad worked for the Royal Laundry and I remember riding in the truck sometimes. His route was on the avenues in Salt Lake. At times during the winter, I went with him and his truck was heavy enough to push large touring cars out of the snow banks or slick gutters. I learned some driving skills from father, especially during the snowy seasons.⁷

Gus and Laura Sandstrom were very good friends of my folks. They would come to visit us quite often and bring their son Clayne. We became good friends and always seemed like brothers to each other. Sometimes we would go and visit Sandstroms. It seemed good getting out of the neighborhood and visit with friends.

One weekend the Sandstroms let us borrow their old Dodge truck. I remember the folks bundling us all up and we rode in the back of the truck. It was a real cold day and we were all bundled up in lots of quilts. We started out early enough because the truck would only go about 20 miles an hour. The truck stopped several times, but dad managed to get us to Grantsville where we visited Grandma Smith's comfortable home. Grandmother always served delicious meals. She baked everything on an old stove. But she kept it shiny and clean. She always had many flowers. Grandmother claimed she talked to the flowers and that was the reason they always looked so nice.

On the way home, the truck stopped again at the Tooele and Grantsville cross roads. This time for good. Father had to thumb a ride into Salt Lake and get the laundry truck. The laundry truck was much warmer. Near Magna, the truck tire blew out and dad had to stop and change to a spare. Changing a tire during this period was hard. But dad finally got it changed. We arrived home very late. I can see the relief on my folks faces as we pulled up to the curb in front of our house.

Our next home was purchased by the folks on 10th East and 3200 South. Dad built a chicken coop and bought 1500 new chicks. We had fun tending to these new

chicks.⁸

Many memories are connected with living on 10 East. I remember mother becoming ill. It was another of her major operations. She had to have a goiter removed. Our cousin Ruth Dansie would stay with us, while father was working. I remember some good times with Ruth. She was a good mother to us while mother was in the hospital and even after she was recovering from the operation. However, I can say mothers are invaluable and cannot be substituted for in a growing family.⁹

While living on 10th East, my parents went to the Salt Lake Temple every Friday night. We had lots of fun entertaining ourselves at home. Father bought a Philco radio and we listened to radio serials such as Mert and Marge, Amos and Andy, Tarzan and other exciting programs I remember getting hold of a crystal set and would listen to dance marathons. Dancing couples would see how long they could dance without falling asleep. This was the craze around the country.

I had many friends on 10th East. Lynn Austin and I would play together for many hours. His mother was afflicted with arthritis of the worst kind. She had to be cared for constantly. But Lynn and I would play for hours at his home. He had a set of cars that could be interchanged - one time you could be playing with a sedan with a fancy top, then a truck, or a car with its top down and a rumble seat. Very exciting and fun to play with. We would lay on the lawn and look up at the sky, dreaming about the future. Many times we played house out in the wheat field across from Lynn's house. Other times we played "doctor" in one of the garages. Beverly Benson and the Anderson girls were our best friends. We played "house" together on many occasions.

Another fun thing was going to the brickyard and play on the old steam engine. Money was scarce so we were forced to play with toys like the steam engine. It didn't cost a dime.

On several occasions we cooked "hunter's stew" on mother's "monkey" stove. This stove was located in the basement of our home and we used wood to heat up the top of the stove. Then we poured in every thing from vegetables to meat into the stew. It was delicious. I know this experiment taught me the goodness of vegetables and meat. It certainly made me a meat and potato's man.

- 1 Birth Certificate issued by Mary E. Halladay, Registrar
- 2 George Stephen Smith's Personal History
- 3 Ibid
- 4 Ibid
- 5 Ibid
- 6 Ibid
- 7 Ibid
- 8 Ibid
- 9 Ibid