

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
DONWORTH VERNON GUBLER

11 August, 1915 - 4 January, 2004

PREFACE

November 17, 1987. For at least a decade it has seemed as inevitable as the proverbial "death and taxes" that I would one day decide the time had come to write my memoirs. There has always been a nagging anxiety that all of the experiences and circumstances that make me, Donworth Vernon Gubler me, would be forever lost if not set down in print. Seeing my beloved brother, Tell, fall victim to Alzheimer's disease has lent a certain urgency to my anxiety. And then there has been added to 'urgent anxiety' a bit of egotism—prompted by friends and family who tell me that I have had an interesting life and should write it down. There is one more motivation. For some time our Church leaders have urged us to keep daily journals and write our life's story. I have not been a diligent chronicler of current doings. Guilt prompts me to make amends for that shortcoming by writing my autobiography. "But why now?" you may ask. And I must admit to another part of the equation.

Over a year ago, one of my all time best friends, J. L. Crawford, asked if I had read the autobiography of one of our great teachers, A. Karl Larson. He showed me the book and urged me to read it. A few weeks ago, while trying to bring some order to my cluttered shelves, I chanced upon that 750 page tome and guiltily decided it must be returned immediately. I sat down on the spot, read a few pages and realized I just couldn't return it until I had devoured its pages. So, I hurriedly did that and in the process, a thousand memories were awakened and jotted down. A few days after returning that volume with the determination to begin writing at once, my sister-in-law, Edna Nielson Gubler gave us a book "Goodbye to Poplar Haven", by Edward A Geary, a former colleague of mine at BYU. It again reminded me of how I was charmed by Leo Tolstoy's initial literary success, "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth", and also brought a flood of memories from my own youth. The waves of nostalgia engendered by Edward's paean to his home town found me making further notes and within minutes of finishing his book, I began this introduction to my own.

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CHAPTER 1

LAVERKIN, OUR TOWN, OUR PEOPLE

History:

To set the stage for my advent into the world on August 11, 1915, I shall seek to draw a word picture of LaVerkin as it was on that date.

Dad, Henry W. Gubler, was born on February 22, 1874 in St. George, and mother, Susanna Pickett Gubler, was born January 14, 1887 in St. George. They were married on January 1, 1895. They, with Uncle Joe and Aunt May Gubler, moved to LaVerkin on New Year's day, 1899. They, with Uncle Jim Pectol, leased the ranch for two years from Thomas Judd. Mr. Judd was called on a mission to Nevada and felt compelled to sell his ranch. Dad and Uncle Joe felt inspired to buy part of the ranch land and permanently settle there.

Dad and Mother first lived in a house that had been brought in from Silver Reef, by then a ghost town. This house stood in the extreme south end of town. In the summer the brothers, working together, built one-room rock houses with basements for their families on the present sites. Those houses still stand today back of the houses that displaced them as residences.

Out of those first trying years comes an apocryphal story about Mother. She was possessed of a tenacity and determination seldom equaled (though LaVell and Ardella come close). For many years when the oldsters got together to reminisce, this story was told and retold.

When Dad's rock house was finished, Mother wanted to move immediately. Dad either didn't share her yen for haste or felt too busy to respond immediately. Mother decided to go it alone. The one item that remained to the last was the kitchen range—several hundred pounds worth. No one could ever quite believe that this little dynamo of a woman could wrestle this stove out of the house in "Juddville", out into a wagon, then out of the wagon into the new house. From the little Mother would divulge, it appeared she got the broom handle under it and gradually edged it to its final resting place. A lesser woman would have stormed and ranted or wheedled until she got her way. Mother liked neither to threaten nor cajole.

Other families soon bought land in LaVerkin and together they founded the LaVerkin Bench Canal Company and began building permanent homes. By 1915 LaVerkin was a flourishing town, complete with a chapel that was also used as a school, and a store and post-office. Dad and Mother ran the latter two businesses in our home. They did sell them to Emil and LaVerna Graff a few years afterward.

The town developed a community spirit in its social and religious life as well as some traditions that served its people well in the decades to come.

The homes were strung out laterally below the canal and the hill, from Thompson's home on the south, to Grant Button's next to the cemetery on the North. Almost every lot contained a barn and corals where were kept chickens, pigs, cows and horses. The boundaries of our lot were marked with a Rose of Sharon hedge on the north and west, and a line of Lombardy poplars on the west and southwest, and the canal on the east. East of the house stood what later became the old barn and sheds. The latter

and west, and a line of Lombardy poplars on the west and southwest, and the canal on the east. East of the house stood what later became the old barn and sheds. The latter furnished space for drying the thousands of pounds of raisins, peaches and apricots, etc. that we did each year.

Our family owned the large 5 acre lot now bounded by Center Street on the North, Morris Wilson's 5 acres on the South, Main Street on the West, and the canal on the East. The 10 acre field immediately west of the Gubler and Wilson property just described, also belonged to our family. About 2 ½ acres of this property was sold or given to the community for a town square. Uncle Joe owned 20 acres immediately south of the Church property where stood the little red school house and chapel. Folks then weren't unduly concerned about the separation of church and state and were perfectly capable of working out an amicable plan for joint use of this lovely little edifice.

Uncle Joe sold two building lots south of his home to Loren Squire and Clifford Wallace. They were both LaVerkinites in my youth and later built homes there. The 20 acre lot which Uncle Joe owned west of his home was chiefly planted in cherry trees and provided work for many of LaVerkin's youth during the cherry season.

Dad and Uncle Joe began farming with a partnership; but they both had large families and when those families began to grow up it was thought best to divide their holdings. Knowing Dad and Uncle Joe's character and personality, it is inconceivable that any kind of friction or disagreement brought about the change. They were both easy to get along with even though Dad was the most acquisitive and business oriented.

School

The red sandstone chapel/schoolhouse stood just south of what is now 100 South on the east side of Main Street on land that had belonged to Uncle Joe, and north of their present home. It was originally a one-room structure, but an early addition was built on the east end. The main room was used for the 5th through the 8th grades of the elementary school. The addition was used for the 1st through the 4th grades. The school and church was the center around which most church and school activities revolved. It was heated with a pot-bellied stove.

One is not apt, in the normal course of events to hear the words "Truant officer" anymore. In the early years of LaVerkin the word was used to inspire fear and trembling. Sluffing school was a heinous breach of discipline and if persisted in, called for a visit from the truant officer. He was an officer of the county school board and had the authority to mete out suitable punishment to recalcitrant students. No one, parents included, wanted to run afoul of the truant officer's ire. Parents, in reality, were often more severe than the T.O. One can hardly refrain from wishing for the days when teachers had enough clout to discipline without being threatened with legal action. Oh for the days when Mr. Iverson took what he deemed was necessary measures:

L Kell
Loren Stratton was a sly, dry-witted 8th grader. One day he had a few students sitting near-by laughing. Mr. Iverson ordered them to cease and desist. All obeyed, but Loren still had a big sassy Cheshire cat grin on his face. Mr. Iverson ordered, "Get that grin off your face." Loren, with a sweeping dramatic gesture, brought his hand down past his smile and erased it. By now the entire group began to laugh. Mr. Iverson, equal to the challenge to his authority, grabbed Loren by his coat collar and booted him out the door.

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kneeing him in his rear end at each step. Not a soul dared snicker or smile. Loren was persona non grata until he made a suitable apology.

Another apochraphal story will illustrate how authority kept youthful exuberance in check. On this occasion it was the frightening truant officer who took the matter in hand. Bill Sanders was the culprit (but a hero figure for those who dared even think of it). Bill and some of his friends thought they could out-do the teacher and the truant officer by becoming untouchable. They found a skunk and got some scent on their clothes, then went to school. Pandemonium broke out when they entered. They were not allowed to savor their day in the sun for long. They were immediately remanded to the custody of their parents where they had to rid their bodies and clothes of the terrible skunk smell, plus whatever additional tasks or punishment their folks might demand. There was no ACLU to take the student's part. They were no match for the teacher/parent/alliance. One can scarcely withhold a great big belly laugh at the entire incident.

My earliest acquaintance with teachers was with Miss Miller. I was not yet in school, but was stirred by compassion for her plight. She was accused of some moral lapse. She was pretty and that was enough to assure my being on her side. In addition, my folks must have felt sympathy for her because from their whispered discussions I imbibed a feeling that justice wasn't being served. Little 5 year old boys don't have much clout in an adult world, so I did what seemed like the only thing left to do; I robbed my piggy bank of its meager savings, screwed up my courage and delivered my largesse to her lap as she sat on the school house steps, and ran before she could remonstrate. I always hoped she somehow understood that she had a confederate who opted for mercy.

As I write of these early events I feel constrained to relate them to events that happened in our crazy 1996 world. A 6 year old caught a girl of the same age and kissed her on the cheek. It became a 'cause celebre' over the entire land. How to punish such a breach of conduct?

My "naughty" episode was all a matter to be handled between me and the teacher. She knew she had full authority to take care of the matter as she felt necessary. I got to the schoolhouse before anyone else. It seemed an ideal time to frighten the teacher. Her desk was a four-sided one with an open section. I secreted myself to the rear of the open side. The class gathered as Miss G prepared to begin our lessons. As she pulled her chair up to her desk, I tickled her legs. She was suitably startled. Not only I but all of my classmates knew that wasn't the thing to do. Miss Gregerson understood that this was a boyish prank and not a lavisicious deed. She taught me first through fourth grades and could have made life unbearable had she reported the incident to Dad and Mother or to the truant officer. They would have felt themselves duty-bound to administer a suitable dose of pioneer style discipline. I suspect that Miss Gregerson's laid-back approach added its bit to the love and respect I felt for her, my first teacher.

The town-square was the focus of sports and was a much-used facility. LaVerkin always fielded one of the most competitive baseball teams in southern Utah. It was not at all unusual for LaVerkin to host teams from Cedar City, Beaver, Kanab, St. George and Hurricane. It was a source of embarrassment for them to be beaten by a town team that had so few young men to choose from. The Wilsons and Woodburys were the dominant sports families.

Church

LaVerkin Ward was a strong ward from the beginning. All citizens of the town were LDS and most were active. Each member had to serve in several callings. Who would want to miss Sister Amelia Sanders' testimony on fast day which usually included one of her unforgettable stories? Yes, living in LaVerkin was a spiritual experience.

By my early youth, LaVerkin already had a creditable missionary tradition. Bishop Wilson, Uncle Arthur, and Uncle Joe went on missions, and it was not unusual for LaVerkin to have more missionaries out than all the rest of the stake (Hurricane, Toquerville, and upriver towns) combined. Mission farewells and welcome homes were gala events. If you like goose-bumps, a sure place to experience them was at the homecoming of ward missionaries. There was something mysterious and thrilling about the changes that had taken place with one of our own in two short years. It was high drama to hear missionary stories.

One of the most inspiring missionary stories in all the history of the church involved Uncle Joe and Aunt May. Uncle Joe served in the Southern States Mission. He and his companion were doing country tracting and were having little success either in proselyting or finding hospitable people to feed them. (They were serving without purse or script.) After going hungry for several meals they were feeling discouraged and decided to stop and rest and pray. Accordingly they left the road and repaired to a secluded spot. After earnestly praying for relief they found beside them on a log a loaf of freshly baked bread wrapped in a dish towel. Uncle Joe put the dishtowel in his valise. When he arrived home and was unpacking, Aunt May saw the dish towel and asked where it came from. She then remembered the mysterious disappearance from her window of a loaf of hot bread wrapped in an identical dishtowel.

By 1915 Dad had been a counselor to Bishop Morris Wilson since the organization of the ward. He eventually served in that capacity for 23 years. LaVerkin citizens were almost all active in the Church. We had a few—Charley Button and later Uncle Arthur Woodbury who seldom darkened the chapel door, but our people were a spiritually healthy group. Anything less than 75-80% attendance at church meetings was very unusual.

Everyday life

LaVerkin people sometimes paid a heavy price for their isolation. It was a full day's journey to St. George and medical help. Mother and Dad lost two babies who died of pneumonia. After their illness was diagnosed it was too late to get medical help.

Life was primitive at best for the first few years. The only water available at first was that from the Virgin River. Dad had a cistern at the top of the lot and it was filled with Virgin River water and piped to the back of the house. When the silt had settled out, the water had to be boiled before drinking. In the summer storm season it might (depending where rain had fallen) be soupy slate gray or a dull red, equally soupy. We hated to irrigate with the gray soup because it was a sticky clay from Long Valley and did not enhance our soil at all.

The canal was our summer swimming hole. Later, Utah Power and Light cemented the canal and increased its capacity to produce power. We young males claimed the west tunnel exit as our own private swimming hole. It was off limits to girls. What a wonderful thing it was for us after a hot day hauling hay or picking peaches to be able to dive in the cool water in the buff. How much prickly heat was assuaged in that cold mountain water? It spelled blessed relief for our itching bodies. Progress is often a mixed blessing. Such was the case when we young males lost our swimming hole. U. P. and L. was no longer willing to risk being liable and closed that part of the canal to swimming.

Among our pioneers, Saturday was bathing time for the entire family. More often than not this was done in a # 3 tub and the bath water had to serve for several bathings. This was no time to be persnickety or overly modest. During the winter the Saturday evening bathing ritual took place in the kitchen, handy to the kettle and buckets of water simmering on the home comfort range.

LaVerkin had it over most towns because 'bath day' could be something vastly different. Mother Nature had provided the LaVerkin Hot Pots with no hint of stinginess in her bounty. Hot sulfur water came boiling out of the hill just a few feet above the Virgin River south of town. Two caves in the hillside provided the 'Hot Pots'. The women and girls used the upper one and the men and boys used the lower. This way, no bathing suits were needed, and no special dressing rooms. The water came out at a temperature of 108 degrees, just about as hot as the human body can tolerate. It only took about 15 minutes to get to the point where one had to sit on the bank or whenever the situation allowed, jump in the icy waters of the Virgin River. Do you suppose the "Virgin" was shocked by such goings on?

Uncle Joe had a hand in converting the Segler family and they came to Utah and settled in LaVerkin. Uncle Joe had impressed on the family what a wonderful bounty was ours in the Sulphur Springs, and it was he who took the Seglers for their initial visit to the Hot Pots. There are two ways to enter the pool—either slowly and gingerly for the weak-hearted, or a breathtaking spine-tingling plunge. Being of the tougher mold, Uncle Joe jumped in. Brother Segler followed suit. He came flying out of the water shrieking "I'm scalded! I'm scalded!" He remained forever convinced that he had done himself irreparable harm.

One good thing resulted from the hotness of the water. Nobody could remain in it very long, so they did not hinder others from having their turn. The townspeople formed a company and each stockholder had a bath-card that allowed 100 free baths per year. The LaVerkin Hot Springs became a town treasure—much used and deeply appreciated. There was something soul satisfying on one of those evenings when your very bones had been chilled by one of our three-day northers to pay visit to the Hot Pots.

There was another Saturday ritual that one can hardly imagine in our days of total availability. There was no Kiwi shoe polish in fancy cans. We simply turned over a stove lid, and spit in the middle of it where there was a good soot residue. A brush was used to mix the soot and spit to the right consistency. It was then applied to our shoes with the brush and polished with a woolen cloth.

There is a large rock in the middle of the Virgin River near the newer hot pots. That rock is a constant reminder of how tenuous our existence is. Right above the aforementioned hot pots there is a cave (our hills are full of caves). The first I heard of that

one, Owen Sanders explored the cave and ran out of light. He spent hours finding his way out.

The next incident involving the cave involved Clark, Max Woodbury and me. We went exploring with one flashlight. We came to an arm of the cave where the hole into a large room was quite small. With eminent good logic they convinced me that since I was the smallest of our party I should go first. I succumbed to their superior logic (arm twisting) and agreed. They soon realized that there was a serious problem. If I took the light they would be in darkness while I was going in. Again superior logic (more arm-twisting) prevailed and I—the resident claustrophobic started into the dark cave room without a light. It soon occurred to me that I'd been had. I was stuck in the hole with total darkness ahead. No self-respecting claustrophobic could abide such a situation. I nearly tore my sides to shreds as I desperately extracted myself from that intolerable situation. So much for the superior wisdom and persuasiveness of perfidious older relatives!

The next cave story happened to Tell, Audrey, LaVell, Percy and me. We also were bent on exploring the cave. As we approached the cave, Tell led out, followed by Audrey, then LaVell. Audrey stepped off a huge boulder as LaVell was in the act of stepping from under it. The boulder let go and rolled in a mighty crashing leap to the river. Had the rock fallen a moment sooner or a moment later it would surely have killed one or both of them.

Our people

Only three homes stood on Main Street in the block north of our home. Ben and Georgia DeMille lived in a log cabin on the corner lot across the street north. This old cabin remained there for years and was a constant reminder that our pioneer days were not far removed from us. Allan Stout and wife had a home half a block north of the DeMilles. Their home burned down during my youth.

North of the Gubler barn Uncle Arthur and Aunt Laura Webb owned a home. These good folks moved to Salt Lake and the distance pretty well severed their relations with us. I never understood what appeal being a city slicker had for country folk, but cousin Roscoe, my age, never even wanted to see LaVerkin again. Uncle Arthur was a half brother to Dad. It was when Dad's mother married a Webb that Dad moved in with Grandpa Gubler's second wife and was raised by her. I regret that I never had the foresight to ask Dad how that arrangement worked out. It must have been a good one because Dad and Uncle Arthur had a warm and wholesome relationship and did not suffer from lack of love.

Opposite Uncle Arthur's to the east, was a frame house that housed Aunt Hattie and Uncle Arthur Woodbury's family as early as I can recall. However, they moved to a house on a lot east of Dad's sorghum mill early in my life.

On the north east corner of Uncle Arthur's and Ben DeMille's block stood the house of Powell and Gretchen Stratton. Uncle Sam and Aunt Pearl Webb lived one block north and across the street (First East) from Strattons. Uncle Sam was another half-brother to Dad. He died in my early youth leaving a large family. His daughter Marguerite was my age and was a beautiful girl.

The rest of our earlier citizens lived in the south end of town. "Uncle" Willy and Aunt Eunice Hardy's home was located on the inside corner where Main Street turned

west, presently 3rd South and Main Street. Jim and Myrtle Segler had a log cabin on the upper part of the lot north of the Hardy family. They were southerners who had been converted by Uncle Joe while on his mission to the Southern States.

A half block to the west of the Hardys lived the William and Sarah Amelia Wilson Sanders family.

THE THOMAS JUDD FAMILY from whom Dad and Uncle Joe purchased their farms gave land in LaVerkin to their children. Those who settled there were John and Camilla Woodbury Judd, James and Maude Judd, and Wilford and Kate Judd Thompson. They lived along First West on what is now 300 South to 400 South, better known as Judville.

James and Maud Judd were active in town and ward affairs. To my young mind they were the rich folks and their home was the most pretentious in town. Brother and Sister Judd were the first townspeople to be called to preside over a church mission. In early times in LaVerkin it was common to send a couple to Salt Lake City to attend general conference. Upon their return they would report to the ward in sacrament meetings. I remember the Judds, especially Maud, doing that

Camilla, wife of John Judd, son of Thomas Judd, was a lovely and talented lady. She was LaVerkin's poet laureate. Many of her writings appeared in Church publications. No LaVerkinite of the time could forget Sister Judd's readings, and no important event transpired without her planning and directing it or taking a prominent part in it. She was universally loved and respected. John Judd was a strong supporter of LaVerkin and civic affairs. Dad considered him a paragon of integrity, and John had the same regard for Dad. They worked harmoniously together for several decades. Both of John's sons became medical doctors.

NELLIE STOUT was a fixture as long back as I can remember. One of her daughters, Ellen, became a beloved cousin when she married Max Woodbury. Nellie was our store clerk after her husband died, leaving her with four daughters to raise. Nellie was a good woman, patient and kind—a prominent figure in our town. After many years alone she married a man of means and we were glad to see her happy.

BISHOP MORRIS WILSON was our spiritual leader for 23 years. There were several things that bound our family's lives to the Wilson family: (1) Dad served 23 years as Bishop Wilson's counselor. (2) The two families were of the same age. (3) Our lots joined each other. (4) Dad was an ardent Republican and Bishop Wilson an equally ardent Democrat.

Bishop Wilson was an avid reader and a good speaker. Dad was not the equal of the Bishop as an orator, but played his role as a counselor to the hilt—always supportive, always respectful. In the political and civic arena, Dad played the stronger role. Grant Wright in recent years said, "Your Dad was the most honest man I ever knew."

I was the same age as Paul Wilson, so our paths crossed in countless ways. In the main we were good friends. Inevitably there were times when we were at outs with each other, but such times were rare. Paul was more talented than I, and was suave and handsome, but not egotistical. He was, in general, a great boyhood pal. We had a couple of minor scuffles, but only one was worth remembering. He and Joe Irwin once decided they were going to get me to smoke. I refused and they became more determined. Seeing the impossibility of getting me to cooperate, they wrestled me to the ground in front of Graff's store and rubbed cigarette butts in my mouth and nose. They picked a sure way to intensify my already strong feelings against the use of tobacco.

Paul and I played on many LaVerkin baseball and basketball teams. The town always had more than its share of good athletes (Wilson's, Woodburys and some Gublers) and regularly trounced teams from the larger towns around us. Paul and I played basketball for Hurricane High School. We also belonged to a male quartette for several years as well as playing in the school band and orchestra.

I had an unforgettable experience with Delworth, Paul's younger brother. We were hiking on the hill above our place when Delworth, always the daredevil, slipped and fell on a cactus plant right on the edge of the highest cliff. Only the cactus plant kept him from falling over the cliff. We spent hours pulling cactus spines from his rear end. On another occasion we caught some crows. The crow that I took home afforded us great entertainment for several months before it flew away and joined its fellows.

The Wilsons have, through the years, made a great contribution to our town. Thora, the Wilson's only daughter was a paragon of virtue and goodness. She married Ed Gubler, a cousin of mine, and they with their large family made contributions of inestimable value. Thora was talented in music, and committed and untiring in her service to town and church. Her daughter Gail is a chip off the old block.

Another of the early LaVerkin families, the GRAFFS, lived a half-block south of us on the lot carved out of the Wilson four acres that bordered ours from the canal to Main Street. Emil had come to LaVerkin to teach school, but decided he preferred another way to make a livelihood. He purchased Dad and Mother's store and post office and settled down to stay. The store in my youth bore the legend "Rio Virgin Central Store" and was located in front of their home. In the course of events the Graffs expanded into fruit raising, chicken and turkey raising, and ranching.

My first recollections are tied to that store and post office. What a great day it was when we could find a hidden nest and were allowed to take an egg to the store and trade it for a goodie. A dozen eggs were worth about 10 cents, so we could get an all day sucker for 1 egg. That candy display had a fatal attraction for me. So strong it was, that it lured me into leaving home. The Graffs were good and friendly neighbors. They would often say, "Why don't you come and be our boy"—a mighty tempting offer. What would it be like to be petted and pampered instead of having eight siblings older than myself, who were "domineering and hard to get along with"?

One day (I must have been about five) I was being harassed by older siblings and I was sure Mother didn't love me. I filled a little suitcase with a few clothes (all that I had) and slipped out of the house, by heart beating with trepidation and anticipation. Sister Graff opened the door in answer to my timid tapping. "I've come to be your boy", I said. My excitement was matched by their embarrassment. How were they to tell a triumphant young boy that they didn't mean what they had said so many times? They had to think not only of their own embarrassment but of Dad's and Mother's relationship with me. In a supreme act of diplomacy, they convinced me that it was necessary to go home in order to save mother from having a broken heart, while at the same time assuring me that they would like very much to have me as their own. It was a masterful performance that saved me from losing face with the Graffs.

At age 14 I became the Graff family barber and milkmaid. Mr. Graff was a consummate businessman. He convinced me that it was good training for me to learn to cut hair and was willing to risk a few nicks while I was my own apprentice. He offered me 10 cents a haircut. What a horrendous job it turned out to be! His sons, Shirl and Mace were good boys, but they just couldn't understand being disciplined by someone so near their own age. They simply couldn't sit still, and saw no reason to do so while I cut their hair, but I learned an "avocation" and all my years traded haircuts with various people and cut hair free for many friends.

The 15 cents he paid me for milking the cow was much more easily earned. I loved to sing as I did so and Sister Graff was profuse in her praise of my voice. She assured me that no one could coax the milk out of a cow as well as I could. I was not one to question a compliment, and busted my buns to extract every drop of milk from bossy.

Mr. Graff hired a lot of us kids when he began raising nursery stock. We worked for 15-20 cents an hour. He began planting an orchard on the slope above LaVerkin Creek. I was put in charge of hauling water to the young trees in a 50 gallon barrel mounted on a wooden sled. The water had to be dipped and hauled from the canal which was a block away. The horse became frightened one day and ran away, wrecking the sled and barrel. Brother Graff was very unhappy with me at the time and I felt humiliated. As near as I can remember, Mr. Graff gave up on that project.

The Graffs remained best neighbors until I was in my teens and they bought a store in Hurricane and moved there. Sister Graff was a great asset to the Church and town. She was tireless in providing music and did much to encourage the youth to develop their musical potential. Mace, the oldest son, grew up an outstanding scholar with obvious potential. He gave his life in World War II at Iwo Jima—a terrible blow to the Graffs and the town. Shirl was also a scholar and became an M D. To the joy of his mother, he had a huge family (13). The only daughter, Dawn, and Ardella were best buds for many years. Dawn lost her way spiritually and lived a sad, wasted life. She died fairly young. I spoke in her funeral. I always kept in touch with the Graffs whenever I came to Dixie. Each time I visited them I was reminded of Sister Graff's admonition just after Mace's death and while Dawn was being treated for mental illness. "Oh Donworth",

she said, "Don't limit the number of your children as we did. We decided to have only three so we could give them everything, but look at us now. Only one left."

Another of the town characters was WILFORD THOMPSON. The Thompsons were in LaVerkin because his wife Kate was a daughter of the Thomas Judd family who established LaVerkin as a fruit ranch. They lived on the last lot in the south end of town where the dugway began that took us to the hot springs. Kate was a homebody, but friendly. I was their home teacher for many years.

What set Wilford apart was his love of his hometown, and promoter of sporting events. Their son Ashworth (Cat) was Utah's first All American. Cat was a fitting name for him. He played on the Dixie High School team that won the consolation championship at the national high school championships in Chicago. What euphoria this championship aroused in Southern Utah! Ashworth and two Ward brothers from Parowan were recruited by Montana State and went on to National College Championships. Little wonder that Brother Thompson continued to live in a state of euphoria. He never missed a sporting event and was a never-say die supporter of LaVerkin athletic teams. He could become very emotional if the local team was not being treated fairly.

One incident stands out in my memory. Brother Thompson was umpiring a baseball game. His objectivity was challenged and the debate became quite heated. Suddenly he passed out. The debate turned to what should be done for Brother T. Finally someone brought a pail of water and began to sprinkle some of it on his face. In great histrionic tradition he kept his pose but whispered to the one cradling his head, "Don't get it on my shirt". Every town should have such a booster.

SARAH AMELIA SANDERS. Three or four generations of children grew up in LaVerkin with this master teacher and story teller as their Sunday School or Primary teacher. Many of us came to regard her fast and testimony as our favorite meeting. We could almost always depend on a story from her to illustrate the theme of her testimony. Eighty years as a teacher attest to her ability to hold children spellbound. Most of us who had the blessing of having her as our mentor kept in touch with her when we came home for visits. I would be naïve and conceited to suppose that I was more her "pet" than anyone else, but I do have dozens of letters received through the years while serving on a mission, going to school and serving in WW II and the Korean War. I never passed up a chance to visit when I came home on leave or vacation.

I did have the privilege of speaking at her funeral and considered that a signal honor. Sister Sanders was the sister of Bishop Morris Wilson. She and Brother Sanders were in the second wave of pioneers who came to LaVerkin. I have remained close to the Sanders family through the years. Between my mission and WW II, I often sang duets or in quartettes with her son Bill. In 1991 Harriet and I purchased Bill and Norma's home, and I spoke in his brother Moroni's funeral.

There is a delicate story in which Sister Sanders played a part which illuminates another facet of our lives in those early times. One Sunday we were in the midst of a Sunday School lesson when I had a severe case of diarrhea. I was in desperate straits—too bashful to tell the nature of my emergency, but realizing that I could not hope to last until the end of class. I was sitting next to the west door of our little red schoolhouse and chapel, and decided to make a run for it. I only took one step before Sister Sanders grabbed me and sat me down.

Fully aware that I was about to embarrass myself before the entire Sunday School (we had only light curtains separating 4-5 classes), I waited only a moment. When her gaze was focused on the other end of the bench I ran pell-mell out the door and toward the “two-holer” on the hill. Had she had time to analyze the situation, Sister Sanders would have known that something was wrong. I may have talked in class or fidgeted, but it was not like me to leave class. To have done so would have aroused some parental ire that would have been difficult to dampen.

Our “two holers” were half a block away—the ladies’ was first, then it was a good 30 yards to the men’s. I made a gallant run for it, but only got as far as the ladies toilet when I could hold out no longer. My Sunday trousers were knickers with a strap around the knee. I was the last boy in town with such pants and I hated them passionately. Now, the next thing was to get home unseen.

Mother had not attended Sunday School and her first reaction was anger that I would cut class. It didn’t take much to convince her that I had a genuine problem. She was sympathetic, but at a loss as to what to do. To my great joy she finally made the decision that my knickers were not worth cleaning, so I got rid of the hated knee breeches.

Sister Sanders did not hear of this incident till many years later. I was home on leave during WW II and paid her a call. We had a hearty laugh together.

HARDY, JIM, and WALTER SEGLER. Uncle Joe was called on a mission to the South early in the century. I imagine, since he and Dad were running the farm together, that this was a mutual arrangement between them that the money to sustain Uncle Joe came from their joint earnings while Dad took care of the farm. Uncle Joe converted or became close friends with the Seglers family after they were converted. They moved to LaVerkin some time before I came on the scene.

Jim was the oldest of the clan, Hardy was next and J. Walter was the youngest. They were good people but quite superstitious. Hardy and family were close neighbors who lived kitty-cornered from our house. They had three boys and three girls and Hardy maintained that he had planned it that way. The older kids, Howell and Elzyvee spent quite a bit of time at our place. Howell was not afraid of work and was quick to grasp how to be most helpful. He put in many an hour of work with no expected reward.

Elzyvee always reminds me of a little incident involving her. I was the chief “milk maid” for our family and Elzyvee often came over to talk to me while I did chores. One evening she was sitting on the top pole of the fence, about six feet high. I gave into a mischievous impulse and squirted some milk at her. It hit her squarely in the eye. She fell backward, and like a cat, landed on her feet. I still have quite a few letters from Howell and Elzyvee written during my war years.

Most towns, even little ones, have their “geniuses”. LaVerkin was no different. Try PERRY ASAY, for example. The Asay family was one of the later arrivals, probably in the 20s. There were several children near my age. Perry was a year or so older. I don’t recall anything that set Perry apart until my mid-teens. He began to play the guitar and was instrumental over the course of years in teaching a whole generation of us to play. On his own he figured out all of the chords—minor and major, sharps and flats, and helped us to use them. He also taught himself to play a number of other instruments. With only a high school education he taught himself carpentry and engineering. Many families in LaVerkin have some of his handiwork. It is my judgment that Perry could have been a brilliant engineer or musician had he had the training and encouragement.

MILLIE SANDERS, wife of Moroni, is a cousin to Perry, and also had musical talent that blessed our town. She played by ear and could play anything she could hear. How many thousands of dances and programs must she have played for! I always felt close to Millie and Moroni.

LA FELL IVERSON gave the lie to those who say they owe the school eight hours per school day, nothing more. Brother Iverson came to LaVerkin in the second or third wave of settlers. He and Cleon came to teach; and stayed to become a mainstay in the Church and a productive, well-loved teacher. LaVerkin would have lost much had they settled for an eight hour per day teacher instead of a 24 hour per day church man, teacher, and civic servant. Mr. Iverson was principal of our little two-room school and later Hurricane Elementary. He touched almost every facet of our lives as Bishop’s counselor, Bishop, Stake Sunday School Superintendent and counselor to Elmer Graff, the stake president for many years.

I have no doubt that it was Mr. Iverson who largely awakened in me the desire to be a teacher. I may have wavered many times in what I would want to teach, but never in my ambition to be a teacher. The two or three report cards that remain of my years with him bear the same message: “Donworth talks too much.” He would have applauded the knowledge that I overcame that propensity had he seen the recurring entries on my Air Force efficiency reports: “This officer is very quiet and reserved but is conscientious and dependable. I guess I just got it all said early on.

As proof that he was not too concerned about my verbosity is the fact that Superintendent Iverson chose me as a counselor in the Stake Sunday School after my mission. He also told me that I was being considered to be bishop just after Pearl Harbor and that he concurred in the

choice. We remained close friends until he died. I regularly visited the Iversons when I came home on leave.

UNCLE JOE AND AUNT MAY GUBLER were principals in my life. They married the day before Dad and Mother, consummating a relationship of eternal standing. It must have been a heady experience for these two young Swiss men to take their brides to conquer a new frontier. How they must have loved working together to pioneer a new town!

Uncle Joe was known for his powerful voice. Dad was nearly his equal. They pioneered the first long distance communications system in the county. They lived nearly two blocks apart and it was a nuisance to walk that distance to see each other. So, they learned to take advantage of those powerful Swiss lungs. It must have been disconcerting when Emil Graff built his store between them.

Uncle Joe was a gentle, kind man. He was a superb gardener and divided his time between gardening and fruit growing. He had a cherry orchard in the field west of his house where Horatio and Genevieve now live (1991). I learned an early affection for him because of an incident related to his strawberry patch. He came into ownership of a fair-sized tract of land that included the lower reaches of LaVerkin and Ash Creek near the confluence with the Virgin River.

When I was about 12, Clark and I got permission to go fishing, one of the two or three times per year my brothers and I were granted Saturday afternoon off to go to Ash Creek and catch suckers. Most people disdained them because of their many small bones, but Mother had taken to pressure cooking them, which eliminated the problem. It was a double treat to go fishing—we got some time away from work and had fish to eat. To us sucker fishing was the elemental sport, pitting barehanded boy against slippery fish in icy cold water—no hooks, no lines, no bait. I can't imagine a greater thrill than to immerse myself with only my face above water and to find a 12 inch sucker at my finger tips. Girls were seldom found near our fishing holes, so we left our clothes on the bank.

On that day we followed our usual path toward the fishing holes, but to our surprise, found that Uncle Joe had planted a strawberry patch astraddle of our trail. This was by far the easiest access to the creek, so we continued on our way. The first strawberries were ripe and tempting, so we sampled a few. To our chagrin, Harris, Uncle Joe's youngest son and LaRue Stratton appeared over the horizon. What an embarrassment!

Of course, Harris told Uncle Joe and we had to go admit our guilt. Uncle Joe was kind and gentle but said he felt our education demanded that we be punished. He told us he felt a dollar from each of us would help us to remember our folly. He also allowed that we could pick cherries for him to earn the dollar. We felt relief that we could expiate our sins with this dear uncle. We worked several times for Uncle Joe and settlement came on the third of July. Uncle Joe told two

contrite boys that he was sure we were good boys and had learned our lesson and that he didn't want our dollars. For two dollars Uncle Joe forever purchased our love.

Aunt May and Uncle Joe were spiritual giants and left a long shadow. Aunt May was a fitting companion to Uncle Joe—a faithful, loving dedicated and committed woman. I loved her because I was sure she loved me. One incident will illustrate the affection Aunt May generated in me. She was my Primary teacher when I was a “Boy Trailbuilder”. When my 12th birthday arrived and I was to be promoted out of Primary, I couldn't bear to see our relationship end. I begged her to let me continue for six months and help out. She granted my request.

She gave generously of her time and talents and raised a family to be proud of. Some of my cousins are to this day some of my best friends. Her son Wickley is as Christ characterized Nathaniel, “A man without guile.”

AUNT HATTIE WOODBURY, my mother's older sister, was another relative whose family came to mean a great deal to me. Max, Tell's age, and Gladys were near my own age and have been the dearest of friends for many years.

Aunty was a strong-willed woman. Though she was smart and talented, I felt afraid of her. When I was 8-10 years old the Woodburys lived kitty-cornered from our barns and corral. Our two families had a lot to do with each other—mostly play. Tell and Max were bosom buddies. Tell's buddies had to put up with me much of the time because he had become my protector and buddy. So, I grew up with a warm relationship with Max that has lasted unabated into my late years.

Gladys was a year older than I but we were always close. She had a keen sense of humor. She won my undying affection because she, with another cousin, Marguerite Webb, taught me to dance. Dancing remained a life-long joy, though Harriet's illness precluded much time being spent in that pursuit. All the Woodbury girls, Dixie (Ezoe), Melba and Gladys were talented and popular. Like their mother, they contributed much to the social and spiritual life of our town. All had nice singing voices and were creative thespians and musicians.

VIDA DUNCAN was one of those who gave freely and unstintingly of her time and talents and thus improved the quality of our lives. She was a very good pianist and aside from teaching many LaVerkin children to play, was always available to accompany others or to play solos. She and her husband June had handsome and intelligent children. Their son Evan was a highly intelligent and motivated young man and held great promise as a scholar. He was about 16 when I returned from my mission. He and I became close friends. What a blow it was to us all, and especially to his mother when he was killed in a freak accident. Some of us were doing civic work. Evan fell off a truck under the wheels and died on the spot. I spoke at his funeral and remained close to the family until our paths diverged.

My life was also bound to the Duncans in another way. One morning I was on my way to the south of town. As I was passing the church house there was a stir across the street where a

number of young people were waiting for the school bus. All of a sudden a crackling and sparking added to the laughter and talking. I dashed over to them. Grace Duncan fell like a log to the ground clutching her arms and hands to her chest. I could see then that she was clutching a small copper wire and it went from her over the electric wires directly above. I quickly grabbed a stick and pulled the copper wire off the electric lines. Grace was left with deep burns where she grasped the wire. The electricity also burned her legs where it grounded. Grace has suffered with foot problems all her life as a result from that accident. I baptized Grace and a half dozen other young people of her age as I was getting ready to leave for my mission.

THE HARDY FAMILY, Uncle Will and Aunt Eunice were some of the early LaVerkin pioneers. Sister Hardy was a superb cook and always had some goodie to offer when we kids came calling. My excuse for going visiting was Chester. He was a year older but we had a common interest—horses. Chester had a beautiful mare and I had Dan, a gelding caught years before on the Arizona strip. Dan was a marvelous cow-horse. He could outguess any cow on the range. One only had to point him in the direction he was to drive a cow and he would do the rest.

I loved to ride him bare-back. Chester and I often rode our horses up and down the Virgin River and Ash and LaVerkin Creeks. One of our favorite pastimes was to hunt squaw gum—the sap of the Squaw berry bushes. This gum, if chewed after aging for a year, had delicate and delectable flavor. Mother was delighted when I could share my squaw gum with her. I always felt I could gain some good brownie points by doing so. We sometimes chewed pine-gum, but it was much stronger.

When I was about twelve I called Sylvia LeaMaster my girl-friend. Sylvia's parents managed the hot springs for a time and on occasion I walked Sylvia home from ward activities. That was a test of mind over matter to do so if it was dark when I returned home because I was afraid of the dark. It was sheer bravado that got me through it!

I was unhappy when the LeaMasters moved to Toquerville. One Sunday I coaxed Chester to ride the four miles to Toquerville with me. I found Sylvia and was showing off unabashedly when Dan, darn him, defecated on the sidewalk in front of Slack's store. Unfortunately the storekeeper chanced to come outside at that crucial moment. I was ordered to dismount and clean up the mess. What ignomy!

Apropos of girlfriends, I was once enamored of blond-headed Georgia Elder. We had a pie cherry tree in our orchard. I took double pie cherries to her to show my undying love. That spring the Elders left town, I insist not on my account. I've always been glad that the Elders moved. Who can guess what those double cherries might have led to? I might have married Georgia and then would have had to claim her cousin Joe as a relative. Joe had an unusually long tongue and could stick it into his nostrils. What an embarrassment it would have been to have a cousin who loved to demonstrate his ability to keep his nose clean without a handkerchief! Ugh!

Our closest neighbors were the DE MILLES. They lived in a log cabin across the street north of us. Like most everyone in LaVerkin, they had three things—a pig, a milk cow, and chickens. Both our chickens and DeMille's flock ran free. Sister DeMille knew her chickens by name and if one of her hens didn't come home to lay its egg, she would come to our place looking for it.

As often happens with people who are very private, Brother DeMille was sometimes the butt of practical jokes. I remember one summer when pranksters removed a pair of Brother DeMille's long handled underwear from their clothesline, filled it with straw and hoisted it to the top of the town flag-pole.

A spring rite that took place in every town with an irrigation system was the cleaning of the town ditches. Each stock-holder had to work off his canal assessment or pay cash to have it done. For a couple of days almost every man in town met and worked together. Ben DeMille was well known for his obsessive fear of mice and reptiles. On one occasion that fear provided our ditch digging crew with one of the funniest scenes one could conjure up. A lizard ran up Ben's leg. What followed was a dance that would have done credit to the most practiced voodoo dancer, accompanied by an Indian-like whoop. Ben grabbed for the lizard with his left hand and with his right pulled out his pocket knife. He had to use his teeth to pull the blade out, and then he cut out the lizard and his trousers gathered around it. When he threw the blob away it was a bloody mass, hardly recognizable as a lizard.

I still have a vivid memory of that hilarious scene as well as one that involved me. We boys were in the midst of a game "Run Sheep Run" at DeMille's. It was just at twilight and we all were running pell-mell to our hiding places. I headed straight west of their barn toward the house. The next thing I knew, I lay on my back gasping for breath. The DeMille clothesline had caught me just above the Adam's apple.

No history would be complete without AUNT PEARL. I scarcely knew Uncle Sam Webb, Dad's half-brother before he was taken away by cancer. He left Aunt Pearl with four lovely daughters: Thelma, Flora, Marguerite, and Pearl; and three handsome sons: Paul Rodney and Roland. I cannot even imagine how Auntie managed keeping a large family together until Uncle Gene Henroid came along to help out. He married Auntie and they lived happily together.

Since our north pasture was almost barren, Dad had to use every feed resource he could muster to help the cattle make it through three or four months of winter. One resource (but not a very palatable one) was the leftovers from sorghum making—beggas. Perhaps one of the most distasteful assignments for us boys was to take a wagonload of beggas when a norther was blowing. That was when the cattle most needed sustenance. It could not be put off or avoided.

I still remember the last load Clark and I were asked to deliver. The temperature must have been in the low teens with the wind chill factor hovering around zero. We were sure we were not going to survive. Miraculously, we did and were nearly home when one of us said something

funny. Have you ever seen a frozen face in the act of trying to smile or laugh? It is one of the funniest things I remember seeing.

Another example of the lengths Dad took to provide feed for his cattle is his onetime use of cactus. There was quite a bit of it on the 240 acre dry farm. It was common to see road runners, birds which nested in the cactus, lizards, and snakes, wild life one seldom sees any more. To make the cactus palatable, Dad burned the spines off with a blowtorch. The cattle caught on really fast to that delicacy.

How did we go about taking care of the dead? There was a practicing mortician part of the time in St. George, our very own Horatio Pickett and his oldest son, Uncle Henry, but in LaVerkin it was done in place. The Relief Society took care of preparing the body for burial. The men-folk dug the grave. Whatever was done had to be done expeditiously, especially in the heat of the summer. The casket was a homemade pine box with little embellishment.

The town-folk had frequent opportunity to witness or take part in funerals. Our direct family lost two little girls at the turn of the century, but was spared any more deaths until Winferd died in 1948. In retrospect it seems to me that death took a terrible toll of our young bread-winners. Nellie Stout was one of those widows with a young brood. Dad was mindful of these widows and was often a surreptitious midnight visitor with some of his surplus—a thing not many knew.

One indelible impression remains of death during my youth. Earl Jackson died, leaving a large young family. His wife was Uncle Joe's daughter Partha. Earl had been washed and dressed in his temple clothes and laid out on the parlor table for viewing. His son, like a paper boy hawking his wares, posted himself at the gate and shouted "Come in and see my Dad," to all passersby.

To sum it up, LaVerkin was such a nice place in which to grow up and such a magical town with warm-hearted, loving people. It was a self-contained microcosm that left me feeling there could be no other place half so enticing. It was for me, the center of the universe—and in my memories it still is.

GUBLER FAMILY PHOTOS



Parents Henry and Susanna Gubler



LAVERKIN VALLEY

Gubler lot and barn foreground X



Front row: Ovando Horatio LaVell, Clark, Donworth Back: Tell, Ruth, Winfred, Rosalba

GUBLER FAMILY

PHOTO TAKEN IN 1937 WHILE DONWORTH WAS ON HIS MISSION



Back row: Percy, LaVell (holding Susanna), Bill (holding Janice), Ruth, Quinta (below) Henry,
Susanna, Ovando, Genevieve

Middle row: Clark, Tell, Audrey (holding Iris), Rosalba (holding H.De), Ardella (above) Alice,
Horatio holding Deon (above), Winfred (with Marilyn)

Front row: LuDeen, Brian, Jane Rae, Deloy, Norman

CHAPTER 2

FAMILY MEMBERS

DAD.

Henry W. Gubler had the reputation of being an honest man. I had come to regard him as Mr. Integrity, and was glad others recognized that quality in him. He was a good businessman and some might have thought he was sometimes a hard bargainer, but sharpness never gave way to dishonesty, cheating, lying or deceit. Dad belonged to that generation of men whose word was as good as their bond. He took pride in having striven to have a good reputation. A couple of simple examples will illustrate the point:

I was once on a peddling trip with Dad when we ruined a tire—a Sears tire. I felt the tire guarantee did not cover the problem. Dad insisted he was going back to Sears anyway and ask for a replacement. I said, "What are you going to do—lie about it? Dad was filled with righteous indignation at such a suggestion. "I'm going to tell the truth". He did, and got his tire. I was taught not to question his integrity.

Another incident makes plain the value he placed on the family's reputation. Winferd, for a very short time after his return from a mission, ran with a wild crowd. I found a keg of homemade brew behind the office stove at the swimming pool while I was looking after the place for Winferd. I loved him dearly, but felt a duty to tell Dad. In quiet but forceful language, he told Winferd if he wished to persist in his wild ways to leave the country so as not to sully the family reputation.

One other story illustrates Dad's strict sense of honesty as well as his love of the Lord. In the early days we gave produce for tithing and for welfare projects. Dad always saw to it that the Lord got our best fruit or hay.

Dad must have had a little of the gambler in him--how else can you explain his penchant for trading. That was most in evidence when he peddled and often made trades for goods one might have considered a bit out of the ordinary. Mother shook her head one day when he brought home some dried elderberries. Most interesting, however, were his horse trades. I call this one

"Delayed Recompense"

One day in July Dad came home with a nondescript mare which looked to most of the family like a refugee from the glue factory. She seemed to have nothing to recommend her, too ungainly to be a decent saddle horse and not large enough to be used as a work horse. Dad informed us that she would prove to be the ideal utility horse, ignoring the snide remarks that greeted her first showing. Nobody could even think of a name for her

A couple of months passed with no thought of using her, but Dad still entertained high hopes for her. The rest of us just felt embarrassment and tried to ignore what we thought of as Dad's folly.

In mid-July the regular team was badly needed to mow our 3 1/2 acre field of alfalfa, and our two acre patch had been cut and needed raking. This situation seemed like vindication. The rake was the logical machine for this one-horse, one-man job

We all went about our regular jobs and Dad disappeared into the barn, where he found a harness. He hitched the horse up to the rake and it went around the field as if bred for the job. Dad left her standing while he urged one and all to see her moment of

demonstration for the doubters. Dad climbed aboard the rake, took the reins in hand and clucked a gentle "git up". The mare didn't move. A tap with the reins elicited no response. I was told to get a switch and use it. Now it was our turn to laugh. It had become a contest of wills. Dad told me to get some dry grass, put it under the mare and light it. The old mare took ten steps forward then stopped. She lay down between her shafts and rolled over a couple of times, splintering the shafts, tangling the reins and breaking them. The old mare had her day in court and was clearly the winner.

But that is not the end of our story. A couple of months went by and one of our teams was pulling the mower in the orchard lot. Old Jack, with no warning, dropped dead in his tracks. Dad again said, "Let's try the old mare in his place". The doubters scoffed, but at Dad's bidding the old mare took her place along side her mate and served for quite a while as a faithful member of our workforce.

The scriptures were a great part of Dad's life. He studied them and knew the gospel well. His 23 years in the bishopric attest to his total commitment to the Church. From our observations as his family it seems likely that Dad was a 99+ % home and ward teacher; had 100% attendance at meetings or a good excuse; paid 100% tithing; kept fast day religiously; and supported 5 sons, 1 daughter, and himself on missions—for something like 16 years. Until his death he continued to donate \$200 to any of his progeny who accepted a mission call.

Southern Utah had a severe draught in 1935 that threatened the area with crop failure. Stake conference came in early September and the Church members were asked to take part in a special fast in connection with the conference. Dad was asked to offer the invocation for the afternoon session. It would have been impossible to have found a more respected, faithful man to call on the Lord for respite from the heat and lack of moisture; and one could have hardly found a more concerned, faithful, believing audience. The combination produced phenomenal results. Before the afternoon meeting was over, thunder and lightning announced a forthcoming deluge. A veritable cloudburst ensued. Dozens of waterfalls along the hills east of Hurricane and LaVerkin gave us to know this was a biggie--probably the biggest rain in the memory of residents. We had more water in our back yard than ever before or since. For years after this event, people chuckled and said "Don't ask Henry Gubler to pray for anything, he overdoes it".

I insert here one of the comic events connected with our stake, which was comprised of LaVerkin, Hurricane, Toquerville, Virgin, Rockville, and Springdale. We had two brethren afflicted with palsey. One shook his head from side to side, and the other man's head shook up and down. Both were active in church affairs.

The town reprobate, Brother Lemmon, was as impious as the others were pious. On one occasion he was approached and asked why he didn't attend church. He responded, "When President Grant attended our stake conference, I decided it was time to get some religion so I attended one meeting. There was Pres. Grant preaching the gospel. Behind him on the stand sat Brother Campbell and Brother Hirschi. Brother Campbell was nodding his head "No" and Brother Hirschi was nodding his head "Yes". I decided if two good religious men like that couldn't agree there was no use for a sinner like me to try to understand."

For a time in the 30's both Dad and Ovando were on the stake high council. They bore testimony of an event that sent chills up my spine.

President Heber J Grant was the visiting general authority for stake conference. For several days prior to conference the stake presidency and high council had been preparing for an important event, the organizing of a church branch in Short Creek. There had been gossip about some of the residents of the town being polygamists, but the stake president was told to go ahead with the branch to counteract the growing movement.

On Saturday afternoon of conference the stake leaders met with President Grant to install the new branch presidency. After a short discussion, Pres. Grant asked the new branch president to be seated before the assembled stake authorities, and he laid his hands on him and began the setting apart. He only said a few words when he lapsed into silence for quite some time. Finally he started again, but only got as far as he had the first time. After a long, embarrassed silence, he withdrew his hands, walked around to face the man and said, pointing an accusing finger, "Where is your other wife?"

Of course this brought to a halt the organizing of the new branch and revealed that the polygamy was wide spread. This event marked the beginning of a concerted effort by both church and state to stop the movement. They did not succeed. Colorado City was founded and prospered against all attempts to control it.

Dad was a tireless civic worker. The town got its culinary water system because of Dad's foresight and devotion to the cause. Such service was rendered without remuneration. Bishop Loren Squire records in his history of LaVerkin, that Dad and Uncle Joe Gubler mortgaged their farms to raise money to bring in culinary water from Toquerville.

One can scarcely think of describing Henry W. Gubler without mentioning his toughness. They just don't make 'em' any tougher. He was a full-blown ascetic without the ascetic's fanaticism. He enjoyed his food, but couldn't be enticed to overeat. He was an early to bed, early to riser. He found joy in hard work and brought his children up with the same work ethic.

Dad said he only had one year of high school, when Aunt Mary insisted he come to Kanab and live with the Bowman family and attend school. He only stayed one year because Auntie was jealous and wouldn't let him stay. Dad did not let that keep him from developing good handwriting (much better than mine—more even and neat). Neither did it keep him from being a good businessman and being active in politics and the church.

There was one facet of Dad's character that I wasn't aware of until my early 20's: Dad refused to bear grudges. He was a patient man, but if he had to correct or criticize it was done without rancor or spitefulness, and he was always able to forgive and forget.

MOTHER.

God must have loved us to have given us such an angel mother. She it was who was surrogate elder brother. She it was who taught us to love each other as siblings; who inbred us with a love of books, of education, of good manners. She it was who earned our respect and love and instilled in us a love of the gospel and a respect for the Lord's servants. She took us to Church whenever she could and sat with us on the first or second row of seats so that we could not be easily distracted and could imbibe as much as possible of the church service. We early learned that staying in our seats for the full time was possible and expected, except for an extreme case.

We learned early from a persuasive and ingenious mother to like going to Church meetings. Her ploy was to let us know that there was no denying of free agency when we

were allowed to remain home during Church meetings, but she had to remain with us so that we would not be tempted to go outside and play and cause other miscreants to do likewise. As for me, I do not remember having taken that course.

Mother was loving and compassionate and never let us entertain the thought that we were not loved. That is not to say we were not disciplined. Mother was the disciplinarian and we knew to whom we had to account, first and foremost if discipline was needed. Mother must have been an A student in anatomy class, because she knew where pain could be administered in the proper dosage.

Mother's "lift", already described, could be best described as "hair raising". Disciplinary variety could be gained with equal success by tingling the calves of the legs with a poplar willow. This was partly a do-it-yourself project; you had to furnish the willow, of which there was a daunting supply on the poplars surrounding our lot.

We were not a swearing or profaning family and we all sensed Mother's aversion to the practice. We were told what the penalty would be—cayenne pepper or soap in the mouth. Since we were reasonably smart kids and had no propensity for using expletives, there was little recourse to this kind of persuasion. Besides, we knew Mother was capable if the occasion warranted action.

Mother had a vocabulary of expressions of her own that were different and unique: "reesty", rancid; "legging it", running; "yikeway", die; "gentleman cow", (she couldn't say the b word); "collary marbles", stomach ache; "rare overs for meddlers"; "Beholden to"; Gieken (gawken)", geek; I don't savvy etc.

A favorite verse she quoted when someone worried, was:

"Eat when you're hungry
Drink when you're dry
If a tree don't fall on you
You'll live till you die."

When we kids got hurt, she'd say in a sweet, soothing way: "Don't worry, it'll feel better when it quits hurting."

Mother was much more patriotic than most. That may partly be the reason for her desire often expressed that she wished she were a man. I believe it was also true because she would have ~~needed to be a soldier~~ ^{serve her country}. She was in her preferred milieu when she was out of doors, especially working in the soil.

It took many years before I fully realized the chasm that lay between Mother and Dad. Had I been more observant or more perspicacious—more concerned, less selfish, I would have certainly become aware that their relationship was not the usual connubial one. The fact alone that they no longer slept together should have been an obvious clue. Whatever the time or reason, I grew up not knowing that their conjugal relations were anything but normal.

It was after my mission before I realized that Mother's relations with Dad were duty driven. Divorce then was just not an option. When I finally became fully aware that there was little happiness there, I tried to heal the wounds and revitalize the relationship.

I had good rapport with Mother and took the opportunity to discuss her situation with her. I pointed out to her that she was letting her negative feelings canker her soul. It was amply evident that there was little probability that she would be able to, or even want to restore any romantic feelings for Dad; but I felt for a few months that I was having real success in getting her to realize that she was the loser if she could not exorcise the ill will

that characterized her feelings toward him. When she found I was not trying to take Dad's side or get her to love him, she seemed to soften and gave it a real try. She finally, said she was not capable of continuing.

When I perceived that Mother was not able or willing to normalize her relationship with Dad, I decided to try another tack. Mother heartily disliked being dependent on dad for money or transportation. This later kept her from visiting her sisters or going shopping. I decided she should and could emancipate herself so that was no longer a problem. She needed to learn to drive a car! I convinced her that this was the path to freedom.

So, when the men were away at work, I gave her a series of drivers ed. lessons. We went over the clutch, accelerator, brakes, keys, and steering wheel. I had her go through the motions, coordinating clutch, gearshift, and accelerator. After a number of practice sessions we were confident she was ready. The first test was to be made in the backyard—starting and stopping. We went through the motions a couple of times then I took my place in the passenger seat and off we went! Mother stepped on the accelerator and let out the clutch. No student driver ever went through a driving lesson faster than we did! The car shot backward out of the parking spot some 20 yards, then around the pomegranate bushes in a beautiful U-turn, and back in the opposite direction toward the house. I finally grabbed the key and turned off the engine. We came to a halt between two large nut trees with not so much as two inches on either side of the car. Mother had taken her first and last driving lesson. She disembarked hastily and fled to the house.

As far as problems between Mother and Dad, we will probably have to wait until such things are ironed out up yonder. In the meantime, I am filled with overpowering awe and gratitude that they put family before their own happiness. One can only conjecture what might have come of us had they taken a different path. All I know is that ten children love and admire and appreciate their total commitment to us. They will certainly be given a crown of righteousness for enduring nobly to the end.

Toward the end of her life, Mother lost touch with much of reality. It was during this time she became a bull fighter. Ovando and Horatio had spent a morning branding and de-horning cattle in preparation to take them to the summer range. One steer had been de-horned and castrated that very day and obviously resented the humiliating procedures. This steer was a bleeder and continued to spray out a fine bloody mist.

Some of the cattle milled about the sheds, and some, the abused one among them, went a short way toward the house. Mother came out of the house and seeing several steers that she deemed too close, she essayed to drive them back to the barn. The abused steer saw a chance to wreak vengeance and charged Mother. She picked up a small club that lay nearby and an unusual battle ensued. Mother gradually gave ground. The steer, half-blinded by blood and spraying Mother from top to bottom, drove her into the garage. Both Mother and the garage walls and ceiling gave evidence that she fought a gallant fight until she was finally able to open the garage door enough to escape.

WINFERD, a free spirit and a loving brother!

Before I became aware of my older siblings, Winferd, being the eldest of the clan, was gone from the nest much of the time. While Ovando and Horatio were very serious, Winferd was a blithe spirit. Early on, I perceived a difference but little knew of the import of that difference. The Winferd I came to know was a fun guy—I often tended the

LaVerkin Hot Springs for him while he was managing them, but I seldom found him working alongside Horatio and Ovando in the fields.

Winferd became a paragon of virtue. His finest moment was when he met, wooed and won Alice Isom. Only my tender age and financial fluidity kept me from beating his time. Winferd loved a good laugh and was for years the resident honeymoon shivaree instigator.

OVANDO. I still have the image, etched in my memory as a child, of sitting on Ovando's lap after he returned from his mission and awkwardly trying to get acquainted. I sensed it was a great moment in the life of our family and was awed by this handsome, charismatic man who was telling me how big I had become while he was away. I was pleased to be the center of attention with him. He still had that aura about him that said something special had come into his life, an aura that I came to see with other siblings fresh from serving the Lord. There were 15 years difference separating us but that was the beginning of a conviction that never left me...a conviction that I wanted to be like him and liked by him and that I wanted to go on a mission. That desire was strengthened as others of my brothers and sisters took their turn on missions.

Ovando immediately took his place as a surrogate father figure for me. He was steady and dependable. More than any other of the children he shouldered the responsibility for seeing that each of us carried his or her load and got his or her opportunity to get an education and go on a mission. His call to be bishop of our ward enhanced his influence and authority in family affairs.

Let me share with you a few of the things that were the hallmark of Ovando's character and personality as I saw him. I disclaim any attempt to recount things in the order of their importance.

Ovando's Swiss forbears would have, without question, applauded his work ethic. There was never a hint that he dodged work or used his authority to get out of work. He shouldered more than his share of unpleasant or difficult assignments. There is no doubt that Mother's and Dad's lives were infinitely easier because of his sense of responsibility. When Dad broke his legs and was incapacitated for weeks it was Ovando who donned the mantle of responsibility and leadership and kept things running smoothly. Dad had implicit faith in Ovando's sense of responsibility and was relieved of considerable anxiety because Ovando was there.

Mother was the family's education advocate. She apparently inherited her father's love of learning. Ovando served as a catalyst for many of us. Dad was not so much opposed to education as turned off by some people whom he called "educated fools". He had to pretty much make his own way in the world since childhood and felt education was not for everyone. He did have a jaundiced view of his "fools", so Ovando and Mother's views were ameliorating influences. Dad did not oppose his children getting the best education possible. The fact that our family produced two PH.Ds, five B.As and three with two years of college attests to Mother's and Ovando's influence.

As for me, Ovando's influence was crucial. I had come out of a mission after World War II with the intention of being a farmer as I waited for the millennium, which I was sure was imminent. My two years of Jr. College seemed ample for my needs. Ovando's advice was: "Forget the Millennium! Get on with your education."

On the lighter side, do not forget that Ovando had a mellifluous bass voice. Soon after my voice changed I became aware that he was not singing the same notes as most of the rest of us. I liked what I heard and loved to sit by him and soon learned to follow the bass part along with him. Most of his life he used that talent to improve the spirit of worship for all within the sound of his voice. He sang in many a quartet and chorus in his day.

One of Ovando's characteristics that spoke to my heart was his capacity for forming deep and lasting attachments. More than anyone else in the family he maintained close relationships with our extended families: the Picketts, the Stevensons, the Webbs, the Johnsons, and Bowmans. He took the lead in welcoming them to our home and visited regularly with them when the opportunity presented itself. He continued to visit companions and relatives until they passed away or it became impossible otherwise. When we family members moved away from LaVerkin, Ovando took time to visit us when he traveled north on business and to sell fruit or sorghum.

For those of us who have known Ovando for decades, one characteristic stands out: faith. His unswerving devotion to the Church began at an early age and never waned. His devoted missionary work was the beginning of a lifetime of service in hundreds of callings. He was no namby pamby, take-it-easy, get-by kind of missionary and he never lost that missionary fervor. He pushed himself and his missionary companions to the limit just as he did in his callings after his mission. It was always a pleasure to visit his former companions with him and see that their missions had left them with an abiding faith in the Lord.

He was a devoted, dedicated, loving bishop. It is a measure of his devotion to the Lord's work that he was called to be bishop soon after returning from his mission even though he was very young and in spite of the fact that he was unmarried.

Another evidence of Ovando's capacity and willingness to serve was his many years of dedicated service to scouting. Merrill Christopherson, chief scouter for many years, often bore testimony of his appreciation for Ovando. It is to Ovando's credit that each church calling, no matter its seeming importance or lack of it, received his faithful attention. He inherited from his father the philosophy that only death knocking on the door would keep him from carrying out his duty. He, like Dad, was wont to say, "A headache doesn't feel any worse in church than at home!"

It is said that Demosthenes, an Athenian statesman, went about Athens with a lantern looking for an honest man. Too bad he wasn't able to visit LaVerkin. He could have found several there. And Ovando would have been one of them. His good name was as important as life itself.

Ovando has ever been a conservative. That means he was not given to hasty judgments or thoughtless actions. However, the longer he stayed at home the narrower his marital playing field became. It finally dawned on him that there were no eligible girls left in LaVerkin and the surrounding areas. He was not given to compromising his ideals. And so years passed. It was strange for family and friends to note that Ovando remained calm and undaunted through it all.

OVANDO BITES THE DUST. Edna Nielson did not suddenly become a “ball of fire” and everyone’s darling when she came to LaVerkin as Ovando’s wife. The same qualities and characteristics that immediately endeared her to Dixieites and uniquely set her apart were much in evidence in Springville where I first got to know her. She is a people lover now—she was a people lover then. She had a marvelous and infectious sense of humor then—she’s the life of the party now. She loves everyone and has time for all, now as then. For her former bishops to have a successful choir then, it was only necessary to appoint her choir leader. The same is true today. She cajoles and encourages and may even occasionally reprove, but always gently, with good humor and with a sparkle in her eye that obviates any ill feelings—and thereby hangs the tale of the “smitten bachelor” alias Ovando Gubler.

Harriet and I were members of the Springville 9th ward choir and had come to love and admire Edna’s inimitable ways. We had also wished that we could somehow get Edna and Ovando together—without letting Ovando know that a trap was being prepared. Nothing better illustrates Edna’s charisma and charm than the effect she had on Ovando when that fateful meeting occurred.

Ovando had reached the ripe old age of 58 without having found Miss Right. Hundreds of people had, through the years, tried unsuccessfully to marry off this erstwhile bishop. It was a challenge to everyone who knew Ovando to have him running around loose, contrary to all the mores and the judgment of his contemporaries. However, but this time, most had left off trying, and judged the case to be hopeless. Ovando, meanwhile, was quick to point out that his patriarchal blessing promised that he would find a wife in due time. How could anyone question a patriarchal blessing?

Ovando had, through the years, developed an understandable wariness because many of the ladies who had been suggested as possible mates were not what one might describe as queens. To be truthful they had a decidedly “picked-over look”. Being well aware of Ovando’s extreme caution, it was difficult to think of a way to get them together without seeming to play the role of matchmaker.

Ovando often came to stay with us when he came north so I grasped one of those occasions to coax him to attend choir practice. He had a nice bass voice and liked to sing so it was not difficult to persuade him (but without a word about our charismatic choir leader). Well you should have seen this normally reticent, cautious brother rise to the bait!! WOW!! Within five minutes this bachelor who had been consigned to outer darkness—to bachelor's limbo—for his failure to marry and have a family was poking me in the ribs and asking, "Who is she? Is she married? Is she dating anyone? How old is she?"

To his credit and to LaVerkin's good fortune, Ovando pursued Edna with uncharacteristic speed, enthusiasm and determination, and soon carried her triumphantly to Dixie. Edna's father, Peter Nielsen, was sure she would shrivel up and die in our arid and provincial environment, and was loathe to see her talents and charm lost in the desert. Little did he realize that his favorite daughter would become everybody's sweetheart. Edna gave her heart to Dixie and in return has become an institution in our midst. Who can or would want to imagine Dixie and LaVerkin without Edna Nielson Gubler?

ROSALBA. I only knew Rosalba as an adult. She was 11-12 years old when I was born and was at least 14-15 years old when my memory of her emerges. What I remember of her was all highly complimentary. She was kind and gentle—a conscientious and thoughtful person. My instincts tell me that Rosalba was Mother's premier helper—always there, non-complaining and helpful. That leaves me to suppose that Rosalba was my second Mother and spent much of her youth caring for me and Ardella (who came along four years later)

I still remember two little incidents connected with Rosalba. When she went to Dixie College she took homemaking classes, and when she came back in the summers we got to taste a lot of different dishes. First of all she brought back the candy making art and made all kinds of candies and that began the tradition in the Gubler family of each of us getting a box of home-made candy as part of the Christmas celebration. We really looked forward to that because there were always luscious new kinds of candies: fudge, penuche, dipped chocolates and all kinds of candies, along with our wonderful old sorghum candy. Then for New Years we usually had it all consumed and we got a second box.

My senior year in high school, I followed the training rules for our basketball team and didn't touch a piece of candy until March, after the last game was over, then I finally ate pies, cake, and candy to my fill again.

Another incident involving Rosalba was one of those times when she came home from college at Dixie. She was the chief preparer of the Thanksgiving dinner and she served something I had never seen before—raisin/carrot salad. I've since come to love it, but it looked like a crazy combination to me and I announced that I didn't want any. Rosalba only said, "You killjoy!". That hurt me about as bad as anything and I remembered it for years simply because I loved Rosalba so much. She had always been such a kind, gracious person and it bothered me for a long time afterwards to think that I had hurt her feelings.

I found an old copper ring that turned my finger green. It didn't have a set in it but I was as proud as a king about that brown ring. I wore it for a few months and it came up missing one day. I quizzed everyone in the family and asked them to look out for my ring. One Saturday Rosalba excitedly called and said, "Donworth, Donworth! I found your brown ring!" She took me in the bathroom and showed me a brown ring around the bathtub. I had been the last to take a bath. I have never climbed into a bathtub since that I didn't think about Rosalba finding my brown ring; and I have meticulously cleaned up after myself the rest of my life.

Rosalba's early years came during the true pioneer times in LaVerkin—no cars, no refrigerators, no hot running water (or cold). People largely made their own clothes, made their own soap. She was, even in her youth, a mother by intuition and nature. What a lucky boy was I to have a sister of such caliber! One can scarcely calculate the worth of such a blessing. Thanks, beloved sister.

Several times I have told her vocally and by letter that she was made from the same bolt of cloth as the pioneer women whom we eulogize on the 24th of July celebrations. The quality of her children and their abiding love, respect and admiration for her are her diadems.

HORATIO was the most meticulous of all of us as far as grammar and dress were concerned. He was very precise about everything he did and he kept the family on the straight and narrow grammatically. He wouldn't let us get away with misusing the King's English and I suppose we all have him to thank for that. We didn't particularly like it at the time, but it was probably exactly what we needed. The local jargon was filled with swear words and ungrammatical usage; and of course, Mother wouldn't allow any swearing. We got a good dose of Cayenne pepper or soap in our mouths if we were heard swearing around Mother.

Like Ovando, he was hard working and conscientious; and these qualities endeared him to me and were a great help to our parents as we younger siblings came along. He was more serious than most of us and in callings to be bishop and stake patriarch came to be looked on as a spiritually oriented man. Some of the ward members characterized him as "straight laced". Those of us who knew him best, accepted the phrase as a compliment.

RUTH. I don't recall my early relations with Ruth. It was in her first year of marriage that she and I got at odds with each other. Mother, during that winter, went to St. George to supervise the education of some of the family—Clark, Tell, Horatio and Rosalba, as I recall. Ruth and Bill were put in charge, leaving us to our sibling rivalries. It wasn't easy for me to accept her role as major-domo and she took the role seriously. She made food—cookies, cakes, candies—and rationed them out imperiously as though we were in a depression. We came to logger-heads a number of times when she tried to regulate my social life.

Proof that we were not all the time at odds, is the fact that we both were able to reason and arrive at mature decisions. Silent movies had come to LaVerkin a few years earlier and they were played also on Sunday evening. (where?) There were no church activities with which the movies could run competition. There was also the fact that since the movies had only been shown for a short time, the brethren had not come out in

opposition to Sunday movies. Ruth, LaVell and I discussed the matter and decided movies were not a suitable activity and that we would not attend.

What most convinces me that our relations were, in general, on a high ground is the direction they have taken for me as a young adult and older. I have adored Ruth's children and loved them as my own. Ruth, through the years, has been a great correspondent. Next to Mother, Ruth has written to me more often than anyone else. She never misses an anniversary. Her children are paragons of righteousness.

TELL It was in my early years that Tell began to become a real part of my life. Perhaps the most impressive incident of these years, was when he ran away for most of one day and climbed the hills above home with Reed Wilson. Dad had needed him, and a whole day's anger came to a head when Tell arrived home. A tire bead was cut from a discarded tire, and retribution set in. Tell was held at arm's length and whipped with uncharacteristic severity. He rose to the occasion with an unsuspected histrionic ability which moved all of us onlookers to floods of tears. His wails that great welts were being raised on his body had the desired effect of ameliorating Dad's anger and certainly occasioned a great flood of sympathy from us younger brothers and sisters.

While Tell was responsible for feeding the pigs, the old pig up and died of starvation or thirst, I don't know which. When the folks asked tell about the pig, he said, "She's all right. She's okay." For several days he kept reporting that the pig was in great condition all the while she was dead.

Tell got his high school education at St. George and in the process became involved in scouting under a great scouter, Carl Moss. This was to be decisive in his life both in terms of developing ideology and his later life's work. It was also the catalyst which bound my soul to his, because his enthusiasm and idealism enveloped him in an aura which had a magic attraction for me. This scout training was put to good use in LaVerkin Ward in the summer and later on a more permanent basis when he settled in LaVerkin. One generation of boys was outstandingly good because they had the good fortune to be there when Tell was.

At Dixie College Tell became Chief of Police; and it was then that a facet of his personality came into full flower which has been an outstanding characteristic of his since that time--honesty. Honesty is not just a badge for him to wear or a precept to be taught to others, but a truth which guides every action and influences every thought. His total commitment has been manifested in several ways which set him apart from the run of the mill "good" people.

1. No traffic law is violated no matter how personally uncomfortable it may make him or how foolish it may seem. If it is the law, it is to be honored. Neither does it matter whether he is alone or in a flood of traffic.

2. Long before a litterbug law was considered, Tell conceived his own. If each were to unthinkingly throw his waste materials around, we would all soon live in a wasteland. Beauty is a legacy which must be passed on unsullied or better than received. Tell, years ago, put this philosophy to use as a guide for his conduct. This philosophy guides as much in the High Uintahs as in Salt Lake.

3. If you'd like to see a look of incomprehension or of disappointment on his face, ask Tell sometime to let you use his I.D. card or hunting license or suggest he use yours. These are things which "Mr. Average" does everyday of his life and thinks nothing of it.

"No one cares", or "No one will ever know", or "It won't hurt anything, everybody's doing it", to him are signs of weakness. No excuse is adequate to persuade him to violate the code.

Now all of this takes on real significance when put alongside another characteristic which has profoundly affected my life--unselfishness! Life was reasonably severe for us in our youth. We had plenty to eat, enough to keep warm, but rarely anything to spend for the things a boy wants. How incomprehensible it was to me to see a person other than parents (who one comes to expect to give their all) willing to give anything he possessed if he even suspected it was wanted. Compared with some of his more parsimonious brothers this quality to the folks seemed less than ideal, but somehow this quality spoke to me. We became pals; and unselfishness became a lofty ideal to me, though never attained. For Tell it seemed to be part and parcel of his being--as natural to him as breathing and eating.

After marrying, he went to California to improve on a natural talent with mechanical manipulation. He became a watchmaker. It seemed such an ideal profession, but one thing stood in the way of success--unselfishness. The master watchmaker was a great success--he could fix anything! But during the depression everyone was having a difficult time. When Tell faced these people and was to set a price on his ability, he failed by worldly standards because he loved each of these people and had not the heart to charge what his expenditure of time would have dictated. I think I love him as much because of this so-called failure as for any of his successes--and they are many.

The failure at watchmaking led to a profession in Scouting. Continued success as a volunteer scouter brought Tell to the notice of the Council of Scout executives and he was offered a position as a Field Executive in the National Parks Council. It was while he was back East attending a professional school that Audrey died. At first glance it seemed impossible to continue his chosen work with four young children who needed their Dad more than ever before. How could he possibly care for them and remain in a profession which is the most demanding of all professions in terms of time required.

Loving relatives rallied to his help and he was encouraged to go on. Then followed several years of the most acute loneliness one can imagine. Tell would sometimes travel most of a night or a weekend to spend a few minutes or hours with someone who understood. Fortunately a lonely woman existed, too, and when he and Ella met and married, the loneliness and longing were relieved. He was able to go on and become one of the most beloved Executives in all of Scouting.

There have been two things in Tell's life which have been a source of regret to him. One--he did not fill a mission. Two--he was not able to complete an education. The purpose of a mission is to save souls. I know of no single person who has saved more souls than Tell. Love and compassion, unselfishness, dedication to others--all these, Tell has personally developed to a higher degree than most of us do with a mission and a lifetime of experience.

Speaking as the one who has spent much time becoming educated, I must say that Tell is the most truly educated of us all. If, as I think, education's function is to teach us to adapt to life and help others to make such accommodations, then Tell has become educated to a much higher degree than most of us. It would be nice for me, especially, to equate education with hours spent in the class room. I can't in honesty, feel that this is the case. Some people learn more from life than from the classroom. I have no educated

friends who approach life with so much wisdom as does Tell. There is no educated friend to whom I would not take pride in introducing Tell.

If one were to divide the great men of the world according to their humility it would immediately become evident that there are two approaches to success. One, that which leads men to believe that whatever talents they have are gifts to be used in the service of mankind. Another is to feel that talent is a sign of inherent superiority and is for one's own aggrandizement and only incidentally for others. There is, in reality, a third group whose members don't even recognize themselves as being among the talented--who are so humble that it never even occurs to them that they have talent. This humility gives them such genuine warmth and sincerity that it becomes one of their chief adornments. Tell is of this group. He would be the last to even suspect--much less to admit--that he had any talent. But Tell has talent, to me the greatest of talents, the ability to love deeply. Paul put this in perspective in his discussion in First Corinthians of gifts. After listing many gifts for which one should seek, he comes to charity. "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Now there are other great gifts which Tell has which have become so completely sublimated to his life of service that only those close to him might suspect their presence. His mind is seething with inventions. It is my firm conviction that had he dedicated his life to science, he would have become widely known as an inventor. But other things were too important--spiritual things--so Tell has not become rich or famous. Nothing proves this more conclusively than his choice between the physical-mental gifts and the spiritual ones. This choice reveals the innate wisdom and goodness of this wonderful brother.

LAVELL was only a child of four when I was born, so many of the same conditions prevailed in our lives. Knowing LaVell's loving nature is all the evidence I need to deduce that she was kind and good to me. I'm sure that she was busily engaged in those early years helping take care of me. What I do remember well, is that LaVell carried more than her share of the load of work as we grew up.

Whenever there was extra work to be done--bottling fruit, picking and sorting fruit, canning and labeling sorghum--LaVell was called on. What she did was done well, speedily, and without grumbling or complaint. One of the most easily conjured up pictures of our youth is of LaVell, bundled up against a cold "norther", canning sorghum. I'll bet that 2,000 gallon tank full of sorghum was a daunting task. She must have imbibed the work ethic from her mother's milk. In her mid-eighties it has not diminished. I can imagine her saying, "It they don't have gardens in Heaven, I won't go."

One other vivid memory I have of LaVell happened when she was about 20 and I about 16. We were standing on the path between DeMille's and the old Stout home. I don't know what triggered our conversation but she was lamenting her perceived lack of popularity. I tried to tell her it was a figment of her imagination but didn't convince her. She said it was easy for me to say that because everyone liked me. I told her it was silly for her to think that way. Just at this juncture a man came toward us. LaVell said, "You just wait and see. He will speak to you but not to me." And that is the way it happened. I tried to bring etiquette into the argument by pointing out that she should, as a woman, be the first to speak. I tried to show her that I didn't wait for someone else to greet me, so I

left little reason for anyone to ignore me. I recalled the anonymous statement, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

LaVell and I spent happy years together at BYU. She became an admired, successful professional woman, who proved that she was liked by all who came to know her. Imbued with the pioneer spirit, she overcame obstacles that would have seemed impossible to conquer by a lesser person. I salute her as one of God's great daughters.

Experts on etiquette say that no one should even think of dropping in on someone without making an announcement beforehand. LaVell has quite a different approach. While I was department chairman at BYU I had a sign made for my office door which said, "If I'm in, you're in; come in." That sounds like LaVell.

LaVell has had more than a full share of tough times. What a blow it was to lose Percy, a soul mate! What it must have taken in terms of stamina and grit to pick up the pieces and get a college education! She did it against almost insurmountable obstacles to become a beloved teacher and colleague at BYU.

CLARK Johnson Gubler arrived two years ahead of me in the family hierarchy.

He was well established as the apple of his Mother's eye by the time of my advent—a tough act to follow. He was a winsome lad, I'm told, with dark brown curly hair that Mother could hardly bear to cut off. Clark early developed a propensity for practical jokes at my expense. His favorite was to catch me before I awoke in the morning and hold a pillow over my head. Being the family claustrophobic, I could stage a suitably desperate struggle that gave evidence of great histrionic capacity. It was years afterward before I came to realize all kids didn't have fears of closed and dark places. I've forgiven Clark, long since!

Clark was a competitor in picking fruit or fishing. Being the smaller brother, I had to be content with taking second place. Clark just seemed to always be ahead of me—and of course, he was in our youth, a better worker, a more mature helper on the farm.

Clark and I got the Chicken Pox in the middle of the summer. Dad wanted us to work on the farm and Mother wouldn't let us. We both had extremely light cases so for 3 or 4 days we lived in what came to be known as Dad's bedroom. We got out of doing a thing on the farm and just had a hilarious time while we were recovering. We could look outside and see the activity going on but nobody could press us into work service and we loved it.

Clark was one who didn't worry about what people thought of him. I don't mean that in a negative way because he lived one of the finest lives among us kids, but he was always making noise. He would go up on top of the barn and yell and sing at the top of his voice. I was just appalled that he would do this and I would say, "What will people think? He would say, "What do I care what people think?" He was thinking in terms of good or bad, but I was thinking of what was acceptable to people. He used to embarrass me quite often by climbing on top of the barn and yelling his head off.

Clark bought some overalls he was inordinately proud of, called VITS. They had a slogan, "If it's VITS, it fits". We used to love to tease Clark by saying, "If it wears VITS it has fits".

Tell and I were both of a different mold in some things than Clark. Tell was more laid-back—more of a dreamer than either Clark or I, and there was a natural competition between him and Clark. This difference often had the effect of pitting Clark against Tell

and me. Tell became my protector and often took my part. As we grew up our natural affinities seemed to bring Tell and me ever closer together.

Clark went to high school in St. George and very early his propensity for self-discipline and hard work set him apart from the rest of us. Before graduation from high school, he had set his goal to become a chemist and pursued his goal with industry and tenacity. Just by way of contrast, I was still changing majors and interests right up until I received my PhD. Clark never wavered in his educational goals, nor his goals in teaching and performing research in biochemistry.

Even more important in Clark's life is the fine balance he was able to maintain between the educational, spiritual and temporal facets of his life. He has never wavered in his devotion and faithfulness to Maurine and his children. He has always honored his parents and loved and supported his siblings and their mates. There are some words that have just seemed to be coined to describe Clark: integrity, hospitality, and self-discipline.

ARDELLA. I was blessed to have a younger sister as well as older ones. I was doubly blessed that I came to understand what a blessing that is before I alienated her with my stupidity and thoughtlessness.

Ardella arrived 4 years after my own debut. Everybody loves a baby. I was already obnoxious and spoiled, and now an adorable baby sister comes along and usurps all of my cherished prerogatives. It took a while to find that siblings can learn to get along in the same household. We got along, but it took years for me to understand the true greatness of my little sister.

For several years Ardella and Dawn Graff were almost constant companions. Our front lawn became a playground for them and several other girls. Nothing quite irked Ardella as much as being told that the girls really came to play with me (Donworth) rather than her. I'll carry to my grave a little memento of those times. She became piqued because I was teasing her and others. She found a marble and threw it at me. I was running and turned toward Ardella when the marble hit one of my front teeth. The tooth cracked and the root was killed, but the tooth remained.

I ought to tell you about Ardella and the shed. We had a pigpen and a shed southeast of the old house a ways. Ardella and Dawn started a little bonfire in the shed. I don't know if it was to keep them warm or just for the fun of it, but it was soon out of control. The shed had cane seed and cane tops to thresh the seed off from. The girls burned up the shed and pig sty along with it.

One little activity that Ardella and I and probably Clark and maybe some of the others engaged in for excitement concerned the people who drank. They had to make their own brew from the fruit that was in abundance around here. There were always a few drunks at the dances. There was no place to go to drink. Since they couldn't take booze into the dance hall they would hide it along ditch banks around town. All we had to do was watch where the cars went. The more they drank the noisier they became, so we could locate them quite easily. Their favorite place was down at the bottom of the field west of the Gubler home. We would hide in the field and watch those guys come down the street past where the school now is and hide the booze. We expected two kinds of excitement out of it: The first was when they came back and found their liquor gone and would get awfully noisy: The second came when we took it home and fed it to the pigs.

and watched them get drunk. It was really funny to watch the pigs stagger around when they had a little liquor in their bellies.

Ardella is probably the best dancer I ever danced with. I came to realize just recently how she became such an expert. When she was in her youth she loved to do fun things with Dawn Graff. She got so absorbed in playing that she would wait to go to the bathroom until she could hardly hold it. She would do this little straddle legged dance and hold her legs together tight and keep on playing until she couldn't hold it any longer, then head for the bathroom. She really did some novel dances.

I received a tender sweet letter from Ardella while in the mission home. I hadn't realized she had such beautiful handwriting, quite different than my untidy script. Ardella and I had the usual brother-sister quarrels when we were young. With shame and reluctance I admit that it was I who was most responsible for the bad times. Ardella was a true blue defender of her next older brother. I didn't become aware until I went away to Dixie College what a treasure Ardella was. She was post-mistress and confidant in my courtship of Leonora Wilson when her parents tried to break us up.

She turned out to be my all-time favorite dancing partner. We became true friends and confidants and I believe it was my urging that started her dating Willard Duncan, whom she subsequently married. I have never gotten over the loss of Willard. His demise was a great loss to me.

What a joy it was to be at BYU together in later years.

CHAPTER 3

THE EARLY YEARS

I was born on the 11th day of August, 1915, the youngest child and sixth son of Henry Wickley and Susanna Pickett Gubler. Mother and Dad had already lived 17 years in LaVerkin. It was the home of substantial pioneering stock. My older siblings, Winferd, Ovando, Rosalba and Horatio were already in their teens. The middle siblings, Ruth, LaVell and Tell had already learned the rigors of pioneer youth—they knew how to work and to be helpful in caring for younger family members. I'm certain that a new baby was a welcome addition to the family and that I got plenty of attention.

When I became the 11th member of our family and for a time after, it seemed that I would be the last. Ardella did not arrive on the scene until almost 4 years later. Two of my elder sisters, Ozana and Josephine, were among the first born in the family and both died in their first year. Except for Dad and especially Mother, the two little sisters would hardly have seemed part of the family because none of us knew them.

Uncle Charley Pickett, Mother's brother, seemed like a member of the family as he often came to LaVerkin when he felt unwelcome at home in St. George. He was the last of Grandpa Pickett's first family and resented his step-mother, Aunt Nene; and she was jealous of him.

To be as objective as possible, I must admit that some of my older brothers and sisters have told me I got too much attention and was a spoiled brat. That, of course, is almost impossible to give credence to, given the fact that I am universally considered to be the epitome of humility, gentility and kindness—modesty, too.

A new house was being built when I arrived. It had been hoped that it would be finished on time for the occasion. The new home was built immediately west of the rock house that had been built of natural rock and had housed the post-office and store, as well as the family. The older house, now over 100 years old, is still standing and testifies that Dad and Mother were tireless workers and built to last.

Dad and Mother had hired Uncle Henry and Uncle Ellis Pickett, Mother's brothers, to build their new home. The fact that it has stood the ravages of time so well speaks eloquently of the quality of workmanship and materials that went into it. The uncles learned their craft from a master craftsman—Grandpa Horatio Pickett. Uncle Joe and Aunt May used a similar architectural plan for their new home and had it built by the same Pickett brothers. Both homes are still in use at this writing (1998).

There are only two memories of those first 2-3 years that remain etched in my memory. I remember clearly, even today, of being held on Grandpa Pickett's lap. That is my only recollection of him, but when I later described it to the folks they were unanimous in the opinion that it was Grandpa Pickett.

There must have been a terrific snowstorm in St. George during the winter of 1918. I remember standing in a path that had been cleared, and being unable to see over the top of the snow. Mother assured me I was recollecting a scene from early St. George.

Our new home consisted of a parlor (all the rage at the time), a dining room, separated from the parlor by a large sliding double door, and which opened out to the front porch. There was a master bedroom on the southeast corner with a small bedroom/utility room between the master bedroom and the parlor.

The upstairs consisted of three bedrooms and a screened porch. The north bedroom was called the boy's room, the one on the south was the girl's room. As long as I can remember, Mother was the sole proprietor of the west (front) bedroom. She must have arranged that soon after Ardella arrived on the scene. We boys also shared the screen porch. Rank had its privileges and the older boys usurped the north bedroom. Guess where the "spoiled brat" ended up? I spent most of my youth sharing the porch with Clark or Tell and only after the older ones went on missions or away to school was I privileged to sleep in the sanctum sanctorum. In reality we younger boys felt perfectly happy to sleep on the porch most of the year. Sleeping out in the winter was quite a different thing, but still had its salutary charms; those first few minutes between cold sheets forced us to cuddle. There were few differences of the day that didn't give way at such times. Mother also was thoughtful and kind enough to provide us with a heated stone. She had several round gray soapstones, which she kept on the kitchen stove during cold winter days. There is not much that can engender an appreciation for a Mother's concern equal to a hot soapstone on a cold winter's night. (Apropos of cuddling, I imagine Harriet developed that same appreciation for it and we both enjoyed that aspect of our marriage). Occasionally we shared the porch with wasps.

Having a new bathroom didn't stop us kids from getting our weekly bath in the #3 tub in the kitchen. Bedrooms, parlors, and dining rooms are all nice, but the kitchen was the center of life on the farm, especially in the winter. The kitchen was always cozy in the winter and after a LaVerkin 'norther' it was doubly appreciated. Furthermore, it was much of the time filled with cooking odors. Nothing was equal to a seat on the oven door after a day in the cold, with hot bread, butter and sorghum to feast on.

One of the things that first came to my attention on my mission was that no one in Germany was equipped to make bread. Mother was a master bread-maker. Her half and half whole wheat/white bread is remembered as one of the delights of my childhood. There was no store-bought bread to be had, so bread-making was an appreciated art. Nobody in my life eclipsed Mother's art. Try to image what a magic moment it was when Mother announced that the bread was out of the oven—hot and steaming, and we each got a slice smeared with real butter and sorghum. No king ever had better fare than that! It must have been a daunting experience for Mother to see several loaves of bread disappear in a matter of minutes by 10 hungry kids. Some Mormon women still make bread, but the art, alas, is almost passe. Those of us who grew up on bread and milk will testify that the bread made all the difference.

How did we take care of milk and other perishable foods without refrigerators? Long before my time some ingenious soul had noted that when we perspire, it cools us off. Using that same principle it was discovered that burlap could be wrapped around a box and then kept wet, and it would cool the inside of the box. Of course we couldn't attain nearly freezing temperatures, but there was a marked difference in food so cooled and that which was not cooled.

Now let me acquaint you with another aspect of farm life. There were 11-12 mouths to feed. It took a bit of doing to just keep food on the table. Our large family used at least 3-4 loaves of bread per day. Truly bread was the staff of life as we knew it. The other "staff of life" was milk. Almost every household in our town owned at least one cow to provide milk. We had to have two, and usually had at least three. Early in the day our milk was put out in pans in the cooler until the cream came to the top. The cream was

skimmed for butter. Later we got a cream separator and turning it often fell to middle age siblings. Cows provided us with meat (though we were not big meat eaters and quite generally followed Word of Wisdom guidelines) butter, cottage cheese, and cheese. We were a family of milk drinkers. Just imagine with me a normal supper (what we called the evening meal). We probably averaged 8-10 people. At least 6 of us had a scant quart bottle set before our bowl. Most of us men consumed that quart with bread and with whatever else was available—green onions, water cress, radishes, honey, celery, cheese, sorghum, preserves, and/or bottled fruit. This was our preferred supper. Most of us men (boys) poured the top 3/4 of our milk over the bread because it was creamier, then drank the remainder. Does bread and milk awaken thoughts of abject poverty? No, not to us who were raised on it. We, in our 70s and 80s and 90s still consider it our # 1 choice for an evening meal.

So you see, a cow was as indispensable as the air we breathed. Old bossy gave us strong bones and teeth as well as our beverage of choice. Butter and cream were a cook's delight. Almost anything—vegetables, fruits, etc, tasted more delectable when prepared with them.

Mother labored with a deep conviction that the milk cow's strippings were far creamier than the rest of the milk. She became convinced that Tell, the resident chore-boy, was not extracting all that the cows were capable of providing. Failing in her attempts to get Tell to try harder, and taking advantage of my inordinate love of praise, Mother enlisted me to prove her point. Each day after Tell brought in the milk, Mother provided me with a large cup and sent me on her errand. I conjured visions of being Mother's pet with all the attendant advantages

Tell, in the meantime, was savoring the denouement of his nefarious plot. He gave me two weeks to master the milking chore; then as I stepped into the shed, Tell appeared from behind the door with two empty milk pails. "You like milking the cows so well that I'm going to turn the chore over to you." I've never quite reasoned why Mother let Tell perpetuate this scheme unless she was truly convinced that I was doing a more conscientious job. Cream was one source of pin money for her, so every drop was precious. I remained the designated (milk) stripper until I went away to college

LaVerkin started out as a fruit growing enterprise. Stark Brothers, still today a major nursery in the USA, provided much of the planting stock in LaVerkin's beginning. It was hard to feel poverty ridden in a land overflowing with peaches, grapes, figs, strawberries, apples, pears, plums, cherries, pomegranates, nuts, etc. What can equal the delight arising from having the earth's bounties available fresh from May to November? No wonder that I have such great veneration and appreciation for the land!

Along with having the aforementioned fresh fruits to enjoy 6-8 months of the year, winter was no less bounteous with its gifts—honey, sorghum, dried fruits, nuts, and canned fruit. Apropos of that, Mother and the girls aimed at bottling 1000 quarts of fruit and vegetables each year. Our cellar was bulging with goodies. Dad was no less a genius as he supplemented the riches we produced with honey, vegetables, and cheese bartered for with sorghum.

Future generations may be interested in what kind of agricultural operations we were engaged in. Dad had planned well for taking care of his large family. He had diversified so as not to be dependent on any one crop or operation. His motto was that, "No one is as far from market as he who has nothing to sell".

There were five plots of ground that constituted our farm. There was the five-acre 'further' field which lay 2 blocks from our home. Just a half block away was the five-acre pear orchard. A half block away facing Main Street was an eight-acre plot. Two acres had been sold off a five-acre plot, leaving a three acre field. Hardy and Lovina Segler built a house on one of the acres that had been sold. Uncle Arthur and Aunt Hattie built their home on the other acre lot.

Our home, barn, corrals, etc were on the east side of Main Street on another five-acre lot. Directly across the street was another seven and a half acre plot. Two and a half acres had been taken from what had been a ten-acre plot for the town square. The lot where our house stood was planted into a vineyard and into peaches.

Some 250 acres of dry land north of town, and 600 acres east of town (taking in some of the foothills and most of the hill) provided some scanty winter range for the cattle. Thirteen hundred acres on the Coal Pits provided the summer range for the cattle. The land east of the town was homesteaded by Tell and Audrey. Dad built them a home on part of the homestead in exchange for the land.

The further field, the three-acre field and the seven and a half acre field west of our home were farmed intensively with alternating crops of alfalfa (needed to supply feed for our draft and saddle horses, milk cows and for some range cattle in the winter), sugar beets (for seed), and cane (for sorghum making).

Our chief cash crop was sorghum. Dad was ingenious and resourceful. By innovative methods he had revolutionized the production of sorghum syrup to the point where he could produce three to four thousand gallons per year. In the process, he dramatically improved the consistency and quality of the product. He had gone from cooking the sorghum in large single vats to graduated, smaller ones, which resulted in much lighter color, and a more flavorful product. He had purchased a 2000 gallon tank from Silver Reef, which made it possible to standardize the quality. With hundreds of gallons mixed together while hot, the end product was alike in density. An ingenious heating system using crude oil from a small well in Virgin, made it possible to maintain even heat on the boilers. We supplied sorghum to stores all up and down highways 89 and 91 all the way into Idaho. During my youth, sorghum sold for about 90 cents per gallon in LaVerkin.

When Dad made the trips north with sorghum he always returned with the truck as heavily loaded with goods to sell in LaVerkin.

It has been said that a woman can throw away more with a teaspoon than a man can bring in with a shovel. Well, no one could have said that of Mother or our girls. Mother matched Dad's ingenuity with her ability to stretch her resources to the limit. Waste was an anathema—a thing Mother could not tolerate. No eggshell was cast aside until cleared with a practiced finger of all the egg white. No mixing bowl was ready to wash until devoid of all its contents, either cleared by an eager child's finger or a spatula. Mother was a super cook and used that ability to provide a kingly fare for her family.

Mother used to often announce after supper, "What kind of fruit would you like?" For several months I aggravated the heck out of everybody because I would be the first to speak up and yell, "Plums!" If I was willing to get a bottle of them from the cellar, I could take my pick. Everybody got so sick of plums the whole pack of them were angry at me. They thought I was a spoiled brat.

Pigs and chickens were also a part of our domestic economy—as they were for most of our LaVerkin families. Pigs could be raised almost completely from waste—skim milk, fruit, leftovers, surplus grain (mainly sorghum seed), etc. We always had several pigs, which were fattened and butchered on the farm. As was often said, “Nothing but the squeal was wasted”. After butchering, the pigs were dipped in scalding water then shaved. We sold a lot of the meat. Mother superintended the making of head cheese which used almost all of the non-bony part of the head. I was squeamish about head cheese but liked the taste. Mother also extracted every ounce of fat and later made it into soap or pie crust. Can you believe what we boys did our bit to avoid waste? We made footballs from the pig’s bladders.

Chickens also had an important place in our economy. We ate eggs boiled, fried, poached or scrambled several days per week. They were also used for cooking breads, cookies, cakes, and custards. Some hens were allowed to brood their own eggs. We had a contest with the others—they hid and we tried to find. If we waited too long the hens hatched their brood. The cockerels were used as fryers, the older hens and roosters were roasted or made into soup. I feel bad for anyone who has been denied the gustatory pleasure of home-made chicken soup. Of course the noodles were home-made too—almost a lost art.

Aside from all of the practical things chickens were used for, who is to deny the pleasure it affords to listen to the clucking of a mother hen as she hurries her offspring out of harm’s way, or the crowing of a rooster at the crack of dawn? Indeed who could match the pure joy of a child allowed to exchange an egg for an all-day sucker at the store; or who cannot imagine the tender feelings aroused in the child for the hen who laid the treasured egg—Symbiosis in action!

That reminds me of another of the simple pleasures of the time. We simply didn’t have that many boughten toys and I’ll bet nobody ever had more fun than we did. There were bare bones of animals that had died through the years out in the hills. If an animal died, people would just drag it outside of town a ways and let it go. After a year or two in the sun and rain, the hide would come off and the bones were bleached pure and clean. We would go out and gather up those bleached bones and make animals out of them. We had a certain bone out of the leg that was used as a horse and we had deer and cattle. We had bony sheep and every kind of animals you could imagine. We would make great big displays--ranches, barns, shelters of all kinds for those animals, and hook them up to home-made wagons and all kinds of things.

Mother had to be creative in a lot of ways just to meet the day-to-day exigencies of pioneer life. There was never enough money for even the necessities. Keeping 10-12 people in clothes was one of her greatest challenges. She rejoiced when May 10th came along, probably more than the children. That was the day, hallowed by tradition inherited from Grandpa Pickett. It was Grandpa’s birthday and the day the kids were permitted to go barefoot. No more stinky socks. In retrospect I find it difficult to understand the magic and the joy the day engendered. Anyone who has stubbed a toe then endured the pain each new stub occasioned will understand why I have some reservations about it. I also remember quite a number of times when I stepped on a rusty nail or some grass-burrs.

I must have been only 7 or 8 when the following occurred: Aunt Dodi, Mother’s eldest sister, lived in Virgin. Mother and Dad were going to Virgin, Dad on business, and Mother to visit. They told me I could go along. To date this, one only needs to know we

were traveling in the old two-seat buggy—yes, by horsepower! As a condition of being allowed to go, I had to find my cap, which I had carelessly misplaced. A desperate search ensued with me importuning for more time. Alas, no cap, no ride. I did find it, but too late. It was right there on the tongue of our wagon. I went howling out of the lot and down Main Street after the distant buggy—oh for Uncle Joe's magnificent voice! I ran half the way to the end of the bench, only to see the buggy disappear from sight on the hill above. The neighbors along the way must have wondered what terrible calamity had overtaken me. Or, heaven forbid, they might have thought Donworth had finally gotten what was coming to him, an old-fashioned tanning.

There were two jobs I found particularly odious (To be perfectly honest there were a couple of dozen jobs I didn't like). There were two ways to sharpen our tools; they could be filed, or sharpened with a grind-stone. The latter was made of sandstone with a diameter of 18 inches x 1 ½ inches wide. We raised quite a bit of hay. It had to be cut with our horse drawn mower, the cutter bar of which was 4 feet long. It took what seemed like hours to sharpen it. Turning the grindstone fell to the lot of us wee lads. Some of our more 'advanced' neighbors had outfitted their grindstone with a treddle so the sharpener could also turn the grindstone. Dad, I suspect, thought it good to teach us to work and did not covet the neighbor's kid-relieving gadget.

My second honourous job (also great as a teaching tool) was to punch clothes. Dad had built an outdoor clothes washing set-up for Mother on the south end of the old rock house. It consisted of a fireplace with two # 3 tubs of water. When the water was almost boiling, the clothes were put in it. They then had to be punched with a conical tin puncher mounted on a 4-foot broom handle. With 12 of us in the family, there was a great deal of washing to do. One day per week was set aside as washday. Nothing interfered. So I became a clothes puncher at an early age and thought myself aggrieved because I was the only boy my age subjected to such an indignity. Bleeding hearts now might call it child abuse. I thought so seventy years ago.

One of our "kid" jobs during the summer was to tromp hay--an itchy job. It was no fun to be enveloped in hay thrown up on the load. We weren't always successful at getting the load balanced. It was especially hard if there was a lot of grass in the hay. I was helping to take a load out of Woodbury's lot west of town on a very rough road. As we left the field, the rear wheel hit a deep rut, throwing me off the wagon and onto a barbed wire fence. I still carry a large scar in memory of that event.

Mother taught me an early lesson about the work ethic. I was the delegated chip bringer-inner. Bear in mind that the cooking stove was heated up both summer and winter—there was bread to be baked at least once a week (our hungry gang ate nearly 300 slices per week), meals to be cooked and water to be heated. This meant that the first order of business was, upon arising, to get the fire blazing. Our old Home Comfort range never got much of a respite. Each evening before dark I was to bring in the wood and a pan full of chips to be used to light the fire next morning.

My lesson having to do with chips took place one evening when I forgot to bring in my allotment. Mother would accept no excuses. I had to get the chips. I was a coward in the dark and also resented having to go to the wood-pile. My youthful stupidity led me to think of revenge. I filled the bottom of the pan with dirt and rocks, then put a barely adequate layer of chips on top to hide the rocks. I complimented myself on having fooled my Mother. And I did fool her for the next 8 hours. When it came time to begin the

days' work it took little time to discover my subterfuge. Mother knew exactly what to do. First she got me out of my warm bed before I was ready. The next thing was to send me out in the cold to get the chips, then I was reintroduced to Mother's arsenal of teaching tools. I was told to fetch a willow off the poplar tree in our front yard. Having had experience with some of my recalcitrant siblings in the past, Mother knew where that willow could be applied to do the most good. Lesson? Don't try to outwit a savvy, experienced Mother

It might be enlightening to acquaint future generations that a resourceful, dedicated Mother can hardly be equaled when it comes to ensuring discipline. One additional disciplinary measure was "Mother's lift". This consisted of grabbing a tuft of hair at about ear level and lifting gently until she had the wished for attention. It did no good to remonstrate for that only prolonged the agony.

Now, lest you think Mother's life was taken in disciplining her offspring, think again. She only rarely went to such extremes and those times were memorable enough not to ask for repeats. Let me, then, bring this little treatise on discipline to a close by saying, nobody had a more loving and dedicated Mother. None of us, her children, have ever resented her disciplinary methods or thought them cruel. She was a noble woman whose only thought was our welfare. All of us were more embarrassed and ashamed by disappointing our Mother than by any physical force she may have used.

Just so my progeny can conjure up a picture of how it was in LaVerkin in the 1920s and 1930s here are a few word pictures:

Because of the heat and lack of cold storage, and the ubiquity of flies, food, especially milk and sweet things had a short shelf life. Flies were a nagging problem. It required eternal vigilance to keep them out of our milk buckets. Even at best one could scarcely get by a milking without having to rescue 2 or 3. It was probably a good thing that only the chore boy knew how many had to be fished out. Mother was meticulous about cleanliness and was distressed about any lack of sanitation. Our cows were kept in a corral and the manure provided an ideal medium for fly propagation. In the warm months there were swarms of flies everywhere.

There was another plague that one seldom hears about today—prickly heat. It was not feasible or possible to bathe every day, and sweat built up and fostered a viral itch around the arm pits and wherever clothing was tight. (This was also a problem with babies). It generated a rash that was excruciating. Small wonder that we boys headed for our tunnel swimming hole after a day picking peaches or hauling hay. No wonder we young people were ready to start an insurrection when Utah Power closed the exit from the tunnel—a casualty of our ages' predilection for lawsuits.

For many years every home in LaVerkin had to have its own two-holer—outdoor toilet. This not only was a source of unwelcome odors if not taken good care of, but provided another breeding place for flies. It had to be, for obvious reasons, built 50-60 yards away from the house. The toilet paper of choice was a Sears catalog (newspaper and commercial toilet paper were not usually available). Usually our ubiquitous flies, the odor in summer and our famous "northers" in winter kept us from overdoing our stay. Years later when our two-holer was no longer used as a toilet, Tell and I would, at a prearranged signal, meet in it when we wanted to be alone. Nobody ever thought it might be occupied, and nobody discovered our secret.

Another thing that is now passe in all of Utah was then fairly common—a cistern. Ours was located just below the canal bank and could be filled with water when one had a watering turn. The water was then piped to the barn for the animals or to the back of the house for use there. This was quite an improvement over carrying the water in buckets. The canal water was, in stormy weather, not usable. Having a storage facility that I would estimate neared 15-16 hundred gallons, made it possible to have water when good potable water wasn't available. Even so, it was necessary to boil the water before drinking. Such measures were also advisable because it was not possible to police the canal and see that kids and animals were not bathing in it.

My first calling in the Church (exclusive of priesthood assignments) was given me at a very tender age (I can't recall the date). I was called to be Sunday School secretary. It was a job that had not been done well before. I showed at least a spark of youthful ingenuity in making the reports mirror what was actually happening in the Sunday School.

Two different events occurred when I was twelve that revealed later propensities. Ovando, whether willingly or coerced, took me on a sorghum selling foray up highway 91 as far as Logan and into Idaho. This was something someone of the family undertook at least twice a year. I hated peddling with a passion and avoided it whenever possible. Peddling fruit involved going from house to house in strange communities—Richfield, Joseph, Antimony, etc. Tell and Clark were like Dad, born salesmen, so it wasn't often I had to go. This trip with Ovando was different. There was an aura of excitement and adventure about it. I was not expected to do the selling. That was left to Ovando. My task was to help carry the sorghum into grocery and produce stores. We carried our sorghum in gallon, half-gallon and quart size cans and started out with 400 total gallons. Sorghum sold for 90 cents a gallon in LaVerkin and we added a few cents per gallon the further we carried it. Our very best customers were a series of Utah Poultry Cooperatives (now IFA). They dealt chiefly with farmers, and farmers were the biggest sorghum users. A lot sales were usually made in Northern Utah.

What quickly changed my attitude about this trip with Ovando was the chance to see the big city, and that he kept in touch with his mission companions and with relatives who were not well known to us younger siblings. We visited many of these on our way and I was welcomed warmly (well, most of the time). Ovando's mission was recent enough that one could still savor the excitement and inspiration of it. I loved the special relationship these men felt for each other. Ovando, more than any other of the family kept in touch with our extended family members who no longer lived in our Dixie—there were Uncle Charley and Paul Pickett, Uncle Arthur and Aunt Laura Webb, Uncle Henry and Aunt Mary Bowman, and the Stevensons. How I loved this loving brother who was welcomed so warmly wherever we went.

Uncle Charley, Mother's youngest brother, was not much older than some of his Gubler nieces and nephews and was always welcome at our place. It was also expected that any of the family would stay with him and Aunt Jane after they moved to the Salt Lake area. They were not at all religious, but were the soul of hospitality.

Uncle Arthur and Aunt Laura Webb and family had lived in a home on the lot across from our corrals in LaVerkin, then moved to Salt Lake when their house burned down. Uncle was soft spoken and kindly. We were always welcome at their home. Their

son Roscoe was my age so it was fun to stay with them, and they helped acquaint us with the big city.

The Bowmans, Uncle Henry and Aunt Mary and their large family lived in Logan for a time. Ovando had lived with them for a short time while he went to school and was the same age as some of the family. Aunt Mary was a kind, loving, mothering kind of person. She reminded me, with her gentle sweet manner, of Aunt Lena Pectol. Aunt Mary was Dad's and Uncle Joe's and Aunt Lena's half-sister. I hadn't been at Bowman's very long before I committed a couple of faux pas that soured my relations with Uncle Henry to the point where he could barely tolerate me. We spent several days there and I didn't feel welcome in spite of auntie's efforts to make our stay pleasant.

The number one faux pas occurred the first evening. We were having a bread and milk supper and the milk was sour. I innocently remarked that it was so, which did not impress Uncle. It would have been unheard of at our table in LaVerkin to eat sour milk. My innocent remark was made, thinking that sweet milk would be forthcoming when it was discovered that the milk was sour. It wasn't.

Faux pas number 2 occurred the next morning. Uncle came in the bathroom as I was washing up. I let the water run as I washed—standard procedure at home. Uncle was beside himself at such gross waste, and vented his spleen, which must have festered the night through, judging from the volume and intensity of his anger. Needless to say, I was thoroughly embarrassed and could hardly wait until we left—too bad. I loved Aunt Mary and could not help thinking it was a waste for such a fine person to have to live in the same house with that ogre.

Uncle Henry's treatment not only did not endear him to me but exacerbated an incipient attack of homesickness. I still recall bearing my testimony in sacrament meeting after our return and telling ward members how glad I was to be home "among the best people in the world"—and that came from the heart.

I gave my first real talk in sacrament meeting about the time of the aforementioned trip. I found in the Articles of Faith by Talmadge a discussion of "sins of commission and omission" I was fascinated by this, expressing new ideas, words and experiences, which became a life-long enjoyment of public speaking.

Scouting never took firm root in LaVerkin until my beloved pal, Tell, came along. There was a succession of Scoutmasters, each only lasting a few months. Tell must have felt chagrined to live with the knowledge that my highest rank was second class. Ovando was singled out to pass me off on cooking. Probably one of the greatest tests of his integrity was whether or not to sign his name to the second class card. Had anyone seen the food I prepared, Ovando might have had to live under the opprobrium of nepotism. It just may be that he took me on the aforementioned sorghum-peddling trip so no one would ask about my scouting skills.

There was one trip I made with Winferd, which really dates LaVerkin as a pioneer town. We took a load of fruit (mostly peaches) to Cedar City. Try to imagine the conditions. We traveled the 40 miles by wagon; there were no paved roads, and keeping roads open was all one could expect. The trip took two days of travel each way. Wagons had no springs. The Black Ridge Road was a test of faith. Our peaches, when we arrived, were no longer fit to sell to regular clients. Instead, we went to the Indian reservation. Our fruit was just what they wanted—the riper and juicier, the better. They came to us with gunny sacks and left with the full sacks slung over their backs and juice running

down their backs. I haven't a clue as to the reason for me accompanying Winferd, unless to keep the horses quiet while Winferd sold the fruit.

The first truck I remember was a high wheeler, with wheels almost as high as a wagon wheel. My only memory of it was one time when I wanted to go along for a ride but was denied. So, as the truck began to roll, I grabbed the bed, which was almost too high to reach, and started to trot along. By the time we started north on Main Street I could no longer hang on. The top of me was moving faster than my legs, so I fell on my hands and knees and face on the dirty, gravelly road—oh, hurt, hurt, hurt.

A trip over the rocks and chuckholes of our roads was not considered a pleasure cruise by wagon or by car. Once, coming off the Black Ridge and entering Dead Horse Hollow on a moonless night, Dad found his brakes gone. He made Clark and me get in the back of the truck with instructions that if he yelled at us to jump, we were to do so without hesitation. We were terrified, but made it down the grade safely.

Among a boy's most cherished possessions are a dog, a picket knife, and a gun. To Mother, a dog was a nuisance. A cat, now, was something else. With granaries and cane seed and hay-stacks all around, mice could take over a place in no time. A hungry mother cat with a brood to keep was of necessity a good mouser. We had lots of cats, but I never got my dog.

I did get my gun, however. It was a Benjamin Air Rifle. It could be pumped up as many as nine times and at its maximum pressure, could drive a BB through a $\frac{3}{4}$ inch pine board. My bragging was too much for Tell and Clark. They never lost an opportunity to twit me about my "wonder gun". Somehow their teasing led to Tell asserting that the gun couldn't shoot from the backyard to the tin shed. I dared Tell to lean over and let me shoot at his rear end. Tell accepted my dare. The result was most gratifying. The BB hit his rump with a resounding whump, elicited a yelp of pain as it found its mark, and forced him to be a bit more respectful.

Sometime around 12 years of age (does it seem that an inordinate number of my stories happen at this same age?) I was given the opportunity to make a choice. I made the wrong choice that time, but the experience made me do some soul searching that brought me to realize that each of us is responsible for his or her own moral and ethical choices. It happened like this:

A road construction firm was working on the road leading over the hill to Virgin. A large boiler was not functioning properly and was holding up men and machines. The boss came to Dad early on a Sunday morning asking if he would let one of his boys work for him. I was the right size, so Dad told me I would have to make the choice—keep the Sabbath Day holy or not. The boss then offered me a dollar to climb into the long boiler, clean out the soot and see if I could tell what was wrong. That dollar was enough to make up my mind. We rode out to the work site and when I began to crawl in that confined black hole, my claustrophobic heart nearly failed me. I was in my own private hell for the 25-30 minutes my work lasted. I shame-facedly took my dollar and never again chose to work on the Sabbath. Dad could have easily dissuaded me but he knew that his example had been eminently unequivocal. I felt the weight of responsibility lie on me and knew I hadn't made the right choice and was immediately sorry for it.

It was not long after this event that another moment of choice occurred. Mother had taken part of the family to St. George to attend school. I have not the remotest idea what prompted her to take this child and leave that one. Ruth, LaVell and I stayed in

LaVerkin. It was on a typical fast Sunday that we came home at 3 o'clock and were impatiently waiting for another hour to pass when we could eat. We began discussing what was a pretty profound subject for young people of our age. We had, for years, become accustomed to a Sabbath routine. That meant Sunday School from 10 to 12 and Sacrament Meeting from 2-3. Our bishopric had long since decided to make a pact with the youth of the ward. The promise was made that if they would come to Sacrament meeting, the meetings would last no more than an hour. Our family usually waited an hour after services to eat dinner. Ruth, LaVell and I began discussing fast day in relation to that schedule and came to the realization that we were not keeping a full fast by a couple of hours. At the same time we decided that we should not attend movies on Sunday, and we haven't, ever since.

I am always brought to wonder at the resourcefulness and ingenuity of our pioneer ancestors. I've already mentioned our evaporative coolers, which not only cooled our food and thus made it more easily preserved for longer periods, but made it more palatable.

The first ice cream was made with ice brought from perpetual ice caves on Kolob Mountain—20 miles away. Huge chunks of ice were hacked from the ice in the caves, covered with saw dust and brought to town in a wagon. Summer holidays most always called for ice cream made from ice stored in these mountain caves for who knows how long. Turning an ice cream freezer had its own reward. The turner got to lick off the dash when the ice cream was hard enough, so there was never any lack of eager volunteers.

Hot weather also called for root beer, cooled in our evaporative coolers. Both root beer and ice cream didn't have a long shelf-life, as you can well imagine.

One of the joys of life in early LaVerkin was the togetherness engendered by our isolation and the necessity for helping each other. There was no TV, nor radio to furnish us with entertainment, so we provided our own. Our celebrations were spontaneous and fun. From the very beginning settlement, the pioneers began developing traditions.

One event we children didn't like to miss was the semi-annual cattle drive. Come Spring, the cattle had to be taken to their summer range in the mountains (mostly Kolob) and in the Fall down to a lower range. All of the cattlemen in Hurricane, LaVerkin, and Toquerville gathered their cattle together in preparation for the drive.

On the appointed day the drive began in Hurricane. Each cattlemen furnished some cowboys and the drive got underway with a great "hollering and bellowing". By the time the herd got to LaVerkin's lower lane, the cowboys had gotten things under control. Several large bulls led the parade, while behind them came the main herd consisting of older cows accustomed to the semi annual trek and bawling calves separated in the melee from their mothers and not taking kindly to their deprivation. The shouting of the cowboys and the bawling and lowing of the cattle made for a cacophony that was at once spine tingling and different than any other. It took 3/4 of an hour to get 400-500 cattle through town. Probably every boy who witnessed the drive hoped in his heart he would one day take part in the drive himself.

Clark and I accompanied Dad and our older brothers to the Coal Pits to make fence. We camped at night near some cliffs. The older members of our crew picked nice level spots to spread their bedding. Just below them the ground was sloped toward the east. It seemed such an ideal slope but we were warned that it was too steep. We

obstinately insisted on sleeping there and learned an important lesson about gravity. We spent the night crawling back to the top of our bedding.

CHAPTER 4

THE TEEN YEARS

I liked my high school teachers (some more than others). I was especially taken with our music teacher, Bird Terry. He grew up in Enterprise and graduated from BYU. Before our school year began, he had already visited many of our homes and put in a plug for orchestra and band classes. He had charisma--charm. He was handsome and talented, liked kids and had no problems with discipline.

Mother and Dad purchased me a cornet. It turned out to be a lemon. It was hard to blow and I never could toughen up my lips. I had the good fortune, however, to fall heir to a new sleek trumpet whose owner let me use the entire 4 years at Hurricane. Jasper Crawford, who became one of my 3 or 4 lifetime friends, was the owner of the trumpet. He was talked into playing the tuba by Mr. Bleak.

Band, orchestra and chorus became my favorite classes. Mr. Terry only taught at Hurricane High for a couple of years before his talents were discovered by larger, more affluent schools. For me, he later played a significant part in my life. I got many opportunities to perform duets, quartets, choruses, and band concerts, all of which enriched my life.

Glen Snow came to Hurricane as our principal. We heard he was a wrestler in college and he looked the part. He seemed friendly enough, but there was a look in his eye that said, "Don't mess with me." His red, sandy hair seemed to corroborate that assessment. If he caught a student disturbing others he was likely to put his arm around the offender's shoulder and with a smile squeeze him in a vise-like grip that left no doubt who was in control.

One day in chorus students were practicing an operetta. All of the cast were on the stage. Mrs. Snow came from her office to get Mr. Terry to the telephone. Mr. Snow hovered about for a few minutes when it became evident that the boys in the back of the stage were horsing around. A few were in the stage dressing room and several others were trying to get in. Mr. Snow leaped to the stage, saw the latter group at the door and in one motion grabbed one offender by the collar and threw him literally like a rag doll to the center of the stage. He then yelled "Open up!" The boys in the dressing room were scuffling and shouting so loud they didn't hear the order. All 30 of the students on stage saw and heard Mr. Snow give a mighty blow of his fist to the middle door panel. The students were petrified at the sight of a giant man with a bloody fist. We all thought there would be hell to pay. Mr. Snow visibly got his anger under control and departed the scene without saying a word. He never brought up the matter again.

Lest you think I was immersed in music only, I hasten to say there were others who aroused a deep and abiding interest in their subjects, such as Mr. Larson in biology, and Mr. Stevenson in seminary

My teen years arrived during the great depression. We were a family of 12 with older members going on missions or leaving home to get an education. My father, a hard-working son of Swiss converts, lost his father when he was ten. He had been compelled from that age to make his own way in the world, so he was of necessity and nature a hard worker. We children were expected to do our share. I must confess, however, that I was a stranger to the work ethic. Little did I suspect that my Swiss blood would exert itself later

We used to have the old coal stove just inside the door on the east side of the living room. One night we got down low on coal. What was left was fine without any good lumps. The fine stuff was hard to burn--hard to get going. One night I went over and opened the door to see why the fire wasn't burning. I happened to have a bullet in my hand that I was playing with and just for the fun of it. I closed my hand half way and acted as if I was throwing the bullet into the fire. I closed it up and nobody thought any more about it until all of a sudden the stove exploded, scattering soot and fine coal throughout the room, which sometimes happened with fine coal. I never could convince Dad that I didn't throw that bullet in there.

Cars were invented in Germany in the late 1800s. No longer was man tied to his little area dictated by how far he could walk or ride a horse. The auto age did not arrive in LaVerkin until several decades later than in the cities. When it did, it quickly changed the courting practices of young people. Young men from LaVerkin could date young ladies from Hurricane and even St. George. Without cars it was a two mile walk to Hurricane for an evening date.

The auto arrived in LaVerkin when I was in my teens, and I took to the new mode of transportation like a duck to water. Since my brothers were all older than I, it was necessary to be more ingenious and inventive if I was to get my "rightful" share of car usage. If you believe my siblings, I became a genius at the game. Said brothers maintain that I got to use the car much more than anyone else. They ascribed my success to being a spoiled brat. You, perspicacious reader, knowing as you do my unselfish and loving nature, will scarcely be able to give credence to such perfidious accusations. I must, ala George Washington, admit to having developed an uncanny gift--the ability to use the last dregs of gas as I drove into the yard.

In order to live up to a strict code of honor which I have, throughout my story tried to maintain, I feel it incumbent upon me to tell some instances that reveal a certain lack of sagacity and judgement in my youth. Please, young readers, do not think of these, my mistakes, as excuses to go and do likewise, but as warnings.

The following incident is without a doubt, the most dangerous and foolhardy thing I ever did with a car. The hill stretching for miles north and south between LaVerkin and Hurricane is called the Hurricane fault. On top was a lookout which afforded a great view of the town. This was a favorite spot, as well as a spot southwest of Hurricane where there was also a lookout which gave an excellent view of the valley, located on the cones of several extinct volcanoes.

I was on a date with Leonora Wilson. We stopped at the lookout, which faced west to a sheer 1600 ft. drop to the hills below. Trying to show off and give Leonora a thrill, I drove over a slight rise at the top and dropped a foot or two off the west slope. We came to a halt when the car high-centered on a protruding boulder. I tried several times to back up without success. I was scared stiff, but tried to summon the bravado to convince Leonora we were in no danger.

The chance of anyone coming our way were slim, at best, so we were left to our own devices. I asked Leonora if she knew how to drive. She didn't. I spent some time showing her what I intended to do. I would place myself in front of the car with my legs firmly braced on the rocks immediately below. I started the car and told her to depress the clutch, put the gearshift in reverse, and at my signal, let out the clutch and give the

accelerator a slight tap while I pushed. It worked, but to this day I am still aghast at the foolish chance we took.

In 1936 Dad bought a new Ford sedan. It came with a radio, to our delight. It wasn't too long before we discovered a problem. The battery didn't carry enough of a charge to be used with both the lights and the radio at the same time. What a letdown! Always ingenious and unwilling to do without the radio, I took to running without lights whenever possible. It worked quite well on a moonlight night.

Hurricane, at the time, had graveled roads, which were quite white in the moonlight. I had the car one evening, and had reached Hurricane. As there was a full moon, I turned off the lights. No sooner had I done so, than I plunged into a four foot pile of gravel. It had been brought there by road workers just before they quit, and they had not put signs on it. Luckily, the insurance company paid the bill.

In another case of moonlight madness I was driving north on Main Street in Hurricane. I had the road to myself, so I switched on the radio. Driving about 50 mph, I suddenly found myself on the wrong side of the road. At the same moment I passed a large 6 foot deep trench on my right. There was suddenly a large gaping hole and a pile of dirt in front of me.

Dad and I were on our way home from a pedaling trip, loaded with coal. At the south end of Springdale there are a couple of bends in the road, also a slight incline. We were following a sedan, when the driver put on his brakes as we approached the slope. I put my foot on the brakes but found they had gone out. We gained speed on the sedan and saw we were going to have to pass, when another car approached from the south. We somehow squeezed between them with not an inch to spare.

A minute and a half later four horses loomed before us. I swerved the truck where I spied a slope leading to Rockville's canal, and by taking it, narrowly missed the horses.

A minute later we were traveling 40 mph in Rockville, when 4 or 5 cattle came filing across the highway. There was one small gap in the center and I took it even though I knew it was too small. We missed a sturdy beef on the right, but couldn't avoid the head of a cow on the left, whose horns made a terrible racket as they crashed against the truck bed. We always wondered what happened to the cow, but we couldn't stop to find out. It must have suffered a terrible headache. As for me, it was a good thing Dad was witness to it. Otherwise my siblings would have surely thought it was a fabrication to cover my inadequacies as a driver,

Heaven knows I had laudable goals, but they took second place to some other very obvious ones, chief of which was chasing girls. I wanted to have a girl of my very own, some one warm and cuddly, beautiful and brainy. There were lots of near-misses who seemed to fit the bill, but there was always a flaw. So I was always on the look out--ever alert lest we pass each other in the night. Since I became aware of the difference between boys and girls, there were always some who came close.

Small town kids usually do not choose a mate from their peers. Home towners come to feel too much like siblings to be interested romantically, so when the county decided to bus LaVerkin kids to Hurricane to school there opened up a whole new and expanded opportunity for the dedicated girl watcher. So now there was brunet Violet, blonde Loretta, gregarious Leah, petite Norene, and exotic Nellie.

There were also girls from out of town who came to LaVerkin and brought with them a romantic aura, such as Thora, Iona, and Erma. I corresponded with several such girls quite regularly. Nobody could accuse me of ignoring any worthwhile possibilities, such as girls from far away places like Hatch and Cedar City, who had relatives in town and came to visit for the summer or special holidays. My favorites were crazy Theora, and shy but intellectual Marie Porter. I corresponded with them clear into my college days at Dixie.

Romance

I believe myself to be more sensitive than most people. I always wanted to be liked, which was one motivator to be aware of other's feelings.

My first telling experience came with my courtship of Velma Spendlove. This was no superficial high school affair. I loved as deeply as I've ever loved since. I experienced the terrible pangs of jealousy, and promised myself I would never again let the green monster take possession of my soul. I kept that promise. I experienced my first kiss and was sure it would consume me—and was willing to risk it! We were sure this was our destiny as did most people who knew us. But let me begin at the beginning.

I no longer remember the first time I became aware of Velma, but it must have been early in my sophomore year at Hurricane High. I must have fallen hard, because I kept a diary that revealed a jealousy that was all consuming, frustrating and debilitating. I couldn't stand to read it when I returned from my mission and destroyed it.

Why was I jealous? Velma was madly in love with Alton Oviatt, the number two man about the school. She couldn't even see me. It took two months for me to conquer my despair. It finally came to a head in this wise.

Max Woodbury, a cousin, and I were riding about in Dad's car. We spied two girls out for a stroll. I suggested we invite them to share our car. They accepted, much to my surprise, and Velma chose to join me in the front seat while Clara sat with Max. We drove about for a while, than I suggested we park at Webb's flour mill, a well-known parking place. Now I must admit to a total ignorance of what one did in such places. I had only heard of the place from Horatio, the Gubler family's Beau Brummel. What I also didn't know, was that Velma was more knowledgeable about such matters than I. She acted on that knowledge and kissed me! That was the beginning of our courtship—no more jealousy, no more chasing after anybody else. This was it for a year and a half, then it ended slowly and painfully: Slowly, because I couldn't bring myself to tell her of the strange new thoughts and feelings and ambitions that wrung me; painfully, because we had been genuinely in love. Because the change in feeling came over me first, I, sensing how it would hurt her, couldn't bear to tell. Because I was not experienced enough as a thespian to hide my new feelings, she knew.

Basketball

What brought about the change? At the beginning of our senior year, Coach Elmer Graff was conducting basketball intramurals. One day he called me after dismissing the others and asked, "Wouldn't you like to try out for the varsity basketball team?" I was utterly taken by surprise. I had never allowed myself to even entertain the

thought. I loved sports but also knew that I was expected to be in the cane field topping cane as soon as I got home. I was also the chore boy. Coach Graff listened while I told him I couldn't be spared, then said, "Let me handle that part of it. I'll talk to your Dad." He did, and Dad acquiesced, though I'm sure, reluctantly.

I made the basketball team, and it was the beginning of the end for Velma's and my courtship. I made first team and entered into training to do anything and everything to get in shape for the season. I ate a minimum (almost nothing) of sweets, no pie, no cake, etc. during that year. I didn't even open my Christmas and New Year boxes of candy until the middle of March when the basketball season ended. I was determined to keep up my health. That meant plenty of sleep. No longer did I feel I could stay out at night beyond 8 or 9 o'clock. That alone was the single biggest change to our relationship.

I also had time to think of the future—mission, education—and came to realize that to marry young was to give up those goals. It soon became evident that basketball and courtship did not mix. Ironically, I had been elected cheerleader (then a studentbody office) at the close of my junior year. Now, as a basketball team member, I could no longer carry out that responsibility. Velma was pressed into service as a cheerleader! Hurricane High School formed a sports league with other small schools in Southern Utah: Dixie, Cedar City, Kanab, Orderville, and Enterprise. Dixie and Cedar City were the heavyweights in our league. Enterprise had the lowest enrollment, and often had difficulty in fielding enough boys for a team. Hurricane High was mid-size.

One of my most treasured memories was my year as a member of the basketball team. I am still surprised when I think that with my little experience I was able to compete well enough to make the first team. I certainly did not make it on superior athletic ability or training. Where I did shine was in conditioning. I was disciplined. I trained religiously and probably had as much or more stamina than anyone on the squad or among my competitors. I could run the full four quarters and still have energy to spare. I played guard and could outlast most anyone in the league for sheer endurance. When we played Dixie (our biggest and most "hated" competitor) at home I held their most prolific scorer, Lynn Empey, to one of his lowest scores of the season. I was tough and tenacious. There were two other memorable games; one with Enterprise, where I scored an unbelievable 34 points. I never came near that total again and have to admit that it was a fluke. Enterprise had one of its bad years in 1933.

We played Cedar City on their court. They were the heavies that year. They and Dixie were tied and the title rested on our game. Though Dixie was our usual enemy, we felt they were the most deserving team and hoped to help them represent our league at state. Cedar had a reputation for cheating, which underlaid our determination to win this last game. The referees allowed the play to be more like football than basketball. Many fouls were called on our team, but we were able to tie them at what should have been games end. The Cedar time-keeper held the stop watch so our time-keeper could not see it. Cedar City made a basket and went ahead, then the game ended. Our principal and coach were indignant and filed a complaint against them, but finally decided against pursuing the matter.

The day after we played our last game was an emotional one for me. It hit me all of a sudden that things would never be the same. The camaraderie that characterized our relationship as team members would inevitably dissolve and become only memories. This was my first great lesson about such matters. It took a half-day to sort things out and to

drain me emotionally. I lay on the hay in the barn and cried uncontrollably for several hours, then opened my box of Christmas candy that had stood those months for my ability to discipline.

I graduated from Hurricane High School in June of 1933. I was to have occasions akin to that many times in my life as I said good-bye to people or situations which reason told me I would never enjoy again. Actually, time did bring many of us together again in wholly unexpected and previously unimagined circumstances.

One of those strange circumstances came about only a few months ago, leaving me with a nostalgia I have not felt for 55 years. I attended the funeral of my beloved friend, Evan Memmoth in Ogden. Evan's wife was a cousin of Velma Spendlove. Ruth, after the funeral, reminded me of that relationship and noted that Velma lived in Bountiful, was lonely and not very well. Ruth urged me to visit her on the way home.

I visited and found that Velma had two not very fulfilling marriages. As I kissed her goodbye, Velma said rather sadly, "I've wondered many times how life might have been had I married Donworth." Donworth wondered too, for this was the girl whom I truly expected to be my wife, long, long ago. We shed a lonely tear in memory of what once was.

CHAPTER 5

DIXIE COLLEGE
Fall 1933-May 23, 1935

One must know our sweet Mother to know why it was more the pressure of tradition that took me to Dixie college than any great conviction or determination on my part. Mother must have had education in her genes because there was a palpable, if seldom articulated pressure to get an education.

So, come September 1933 I was taken to St George to begin a new chapter in my life. Arrangements had already been made for me to live with the John H. Schmutz family. We were to pay \$12.50 per month for board and room. I'm sure by the end of the first week I had long since eaten up any hope there had been for Schmutzes to profit from the arrangement, but Sister Schmutz seemed not to be the least concerned about profit. She prepared wonderful, filling, nourishing meals and always in copious quantities. There was ice cream almost every evening and always chocolate flavored except for one evening when she served a different flavor. Ray, the younger son, ordered chocolate from then on.

Sister Schmutz didn't even flinch when another boarder displayed a well developed propensity for finishing off any left over food after we had finished our ice cream. Virgil Stucki was from Delta, a straight A student, a good tennis player, and a very talented trumpet player. However his expertise in other things paled when compared to his ability to dispose of food. He kept pace with us all during the regular course of the meal. It was after dessert that Virgil's food capacity was nearly limitless. He wanted to begin again with the first course--rather embarrassed and tentative, saying, "There are only a few potatoes left." (or meat, gravy, bread, vegetables etc) and follow through to the end.

Virgil became, during those two years, a frequent companion as we attended school events. He became my academic savior and a life long friend. It was in German where his help became decisive. Because I wanted to follow my brothers as a missionary to Germany and because of my Swiss heritage, I took German. I was struggling because I didn't know English grammar and was near failure when Virgil took over the task of helping me. It was only a short time until he had me on the way to success.

I signed up for a harmony class from Clara Woodhouse, who came to Dixie College directly after graduation from BYU. All of us in her class were her ardent fans. She loved music and her students and it was pure joy to learn from her. The first few lessons were all right, but I was soon over my head in the study of chord structure. It was my good fortune to have Virgil as a classmate. He answered the questions I was too embarrassed to ask in class. In no time I was deeply and joyously immersed in the mysteries of music composition and structure. I still correspond with "Aunt Clara". ("Aunt", because we once thought she was going to marry John Schmutz' brother.) I also took band and orchestra with Virgil.

On many occasions I was able to induce Virgil to spend a weekend with me at LaVerkin. I've always remembered his first reaction as we drove into our back yard.

I had one of very few unpleasant incidents my first quarter at school. I signed up for a history class with H.L. Reid. My first day I had difficulty finding the classroom and was almost late, and had to take a seat on a back row. The next day I arrived in time to pick a front seat (a carry over from my youth when Mother insisted we sit near the front in Church to avoid being distracted by those sitting behind). Mr. Reid called the class to order then asked me where I sat the day before. I told him. He then said, "From now on you will sit on the back seat." After our first test for which I got a C grade, (A) approached Mr. Reid to ask if there was something I could do to improve my grade. He remarked, "You are a C student, will always be a C student and nothing you can do will make any difference." I did almost nothing in the class and got my promised C.

I only got two C's at Dixie. The other one was in Chemistry. I'll blame that one on Clark. He simply over-rated my intelligence. He advised me to skip first quarter chemistry. I had not had any chemistry or math, but he, judging by his own "smarts", was sure I could hack it. I was lucky to escape with a C and have never touched a chemistry book since--nor wanted to.

Another teacher who touched my life deeply at Dixie College was Arthur K. Hafen, our German teacher. I continued to visit with Brother Hafen when opportunity made it possible until his death.

There were few teachers whom I didn't enjoy and appreciate. Some became my mentors, who inspired in me the determination to be a teacher. I may have changed a dozen times what subject I aspired to teach, but never did I lose the desire to do so.

Dixie College was a church institution until a few years after my time there. It provided a wholesome LDS environment for its church members who consisted of 99% of its studentbody. Many of its teachers went on to other educational institutions and/or other positions of prominence. Two, Eldon Beck and Joseph K. Nichols later joined the BYU faculty. Professor Nichols inspired a great number of his students to major in Chemistry--my brother Clark was one of those. J. L. Crawford and I both started out to major in Zoology under Eldon Beck

As for music classes, I had no horn of my own, so was encouraged to play a college-owned mellaphone (trumpet) for the first year, then switched to the tuba for the second year. Earl J. Bleak, the band and orchestra teacher was another great one. His musical organizations filled a great, cultural need in the St. George area.

Both Stan and Ray, the Schmutz children, were musically inclined. Ray and I spent many an hour playing clarinet and guitar duets. Ray was still in the lower grades of high school and Stan was in the upper grades. Both became first rate musicians. Stan attained such proficiency on the E flat Alto saxophone that he led and played in a popular dance band along with Virgil at BYU.

My time at Dixie was a time of broadening horizons. One of the totally unexpected experiences at Dixie College came about quite by accident. There was a dance studio near the Schmutz residence. The proprietor had started a class in Adagio. I was approached to join that class. I explained I had no money and no outlook that my financial condition would improve. Unwilling to give up, because she needed one more male partner, the proprietor asked if I would join at no cost. In case you don't have a clear idea what adagio dancing entails, I hasten to elucidate. The dictionary definition is, "A slow ballet dance requiring skillful balancing." I was to have Thelma Bleak, a daughter of Earl J., as my partner. She was a petite blond with a winning personality and a great sense

of humor. It was good practice requiring gracefulness, agility, and strength. We gave recitals around the area; and it gave me a bit more poise and self confidence, as well as more fine friends. It was fun especially to go back a year later, and put on a program at Hurricane High.

I contracted a case of blood poisoning that Sister Schmutz declared needed immediate attention. Penicillin had not been thought of and blood poisoning was a real threat which, if not treated quickly, could cause death in just a day or so. I had a long, angry red streak running from a sore on the back of my left hand to a swollen gland under my arm that made Sister S, as Mother's surrogate, take the offensive. I was ordered to stay at home and lie on my back and keep hot compresses of Epsom salts on the hand. So I lay on my back for several days. Sister S, not unmindful of my boredom, invited little Beverly Moody to be my entertainer. She loved having a captive audience and spent a good deal of time jouncing up and down on my stomach. There was also perpetual chatter with her face close to mine.

After a few days Sister S. allowed me to go to LaVerkin. I had no sooner landed home than I began to feel ill. In 48 hours I began to break out with measles. Food was repulsive and there was no way to entertain myself, because the sick room had to be darkened lest my eyes be irreparably damaged. So much for Beverly Moody and her winsome ways.

Cash was scarce in the Gubler household. I was allowed to have a few gallons of sorghum on hand which I sold for occasional pocket change. Fortunately prices for college sponsored events were very reasonable--50 cents for a dance ticket.

Mother had two brothers who were prominent residents of St. George. Uncle Ellis Pickett was a lawyer and a favorite of us nieces and nephews. He never failed to be interested in us. His good humor was infectious. His wife, Aunt Ruth was a tall stately woman who seemed to have a special love for Mother and her children. She and Uncle gave us kids employment on their lot whenever they could. Aunt was afraid we would over do and watched over us like an old mother hen. She and Uncle Ellis were not active in Church but radiated a love and concern that endeared them to all of us.

The other brother was Uncle Henry, a mortician.

I spent the summer of 1934 at home helping on the farm. I moved to St. George to attend my second year at Dixie College September 17, 1934. Following are diary excerpts.

Sept. 17, 1934. Beginning school at Dixie College. Mother and Dad had made arrangements for me to board with Brother and Sister (John and Ada) Schmutz for the winter, for the princely sum of \$17 per month (one of life's greatest bargains!). On this day Dad took me to St. George and I officially moved in, with great misgivings. I hate to begin school.

Sept. 18. Deloy's birthday. Went to school. It took two hours to figure out my courses—I had one sweet time. I walked home with three girls who live next door: Naomi Todd, Florence Prince, and Fawn Schmutz. Attended an MIA opening social—lots of beautiful girls.

Sept. 19, Wednesday. Started school with a bang. Emily Brooks tried to inveigle me into dating her. She has a great sense of humor. I could like her a lot more if she weren't so forward. That goes for any girl.

I played Mr. Bleak's trumpet in band today. He wants me to play the tuba. It is awfully hot here this fall. Went to show with Lelwin W.

Sept. 20. I paid \$8 for a Carter pen and pencil—extravagant!! Went to a dance. It was a drunken brawl. I hate to see so many fine young guys going to the dogs.

Naomi Fordham cried tonight because she said I didn't pay her enough attention. I've never ever given her any encouragement, so I don't feel guilty—just bad.

I couldn't play the mellaphone with the orchestra. Someone took it home. Mr. Bleak wants me to learn to play the tuba, so I lugged it home after school. Fought with the girls.

Sept. 25, Tuesday. My self respect and self-confidence are at a low ebb. Went to a 10 cent movie and still feel cheap. Perhaps I would feel better if I would study more seriously. Dad left the car with me.

Sept 27. Went to a movie, "The house of Rothschild" with cousin Gladys Woodbury. Good!

Sept 28. Attended Alumni dance with Lucille Johnson. Took Mrs. Gregerson to LaVerkin to visit Audrey. Got Tell to sleep with me.

Sept 29. Molasses time! Dad and I cut cane all morning then readied the mill for a Monday start making molasses. Ovando came home after helping Horatio move. I'm sick. I lost the nice Elgin watch Tell gave me.

Sept 30, Sunday. Went to Sunday School then Sacrament meeting. Most of the afternoon was spent in getting ready to go back to school. Dad decided to let me take the car. He is certainly not going to need it. Once he gets started making molasses he'll be working daylight to sundown, six days per week.

October 1. I made up my mind after this day to get my lessons. Mr. Hafen read a letter from Clark to our German class. I miss Clark more every day and hope I'll be able to go to school with him sometime.

Dee Judd and I went to the show, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Norma Shearer and Frederick March.

Oct. 5. Danced, Lucille Johnson begged me to do it. I gave a bunch of LaVerkin and Hurricane kids a ride: Miles Wallace, Ruth Judd, Bill Isom and Clemmons Hinton.

Oct. 6. Cut cane all day—worked hard and cut one more row than our hired man usually does. Ardella coaxed me to go to the 49ers ball. It was a lousy dance. Leonora wanted me to take her home but I heard Jap Crawford, my dearest friend was here so I went outside to find him. He was drunk. We sat in my car and I cried, I felt so bad. But I like him so much that couldn't change my feelings for him. I didn't realize until then how much I wanted him to be my pal—he is more like a brother.

Naomi Fordham asked me to go to a third year party with her. I didn't want to, but didn't know how to get out of it.

Oct. 9. I played a horn solo in the program. Had to do an encore, as unlikely as that may sound.

Oct. 10. Played the tuba in band for the first time. I like it.

Oct. 19. Went hunting with Ovando and Winferd. Had my deer killed and cleaned by 9:30. I was pretty proud of myself—my first hunt—the first shot with a hunting rifle—Got my deer in the heart!

Oct. 20. Visited Dee Judd—spent all night with him at work in a service station.

Oct. 24. Went to a dance with Florence Huntington. Visited afterward with Naomi Todd.

Oct. 25. Hitch-hiked home. Wayne Wilson picked me up. Visited Tell and enjoyed playing with Brian (Tell's baby).

Oct. 26. One of Uncle Joe's horses, Nigger, was dead when we got to work. I skinned him and fed him to the pigs (We only have about 100.) They proved to be truly omniverous. Chased pigs all day.

Oct. 27. LaVell's birthday. Worked hard all day. Had a good conversation with pop about his family tree. Had a good party in LaVell's honor.

Oct. 28. Had to top a bit of cane so molasses making can go on tomorrow. Came to St. George with a bunch of politicians—a funny lot! Stan and Dad got home from Kansas today.

Oct. 29. Went to Ambers—Schmutzes, and teased the girls a bit before retiring early. Worked out a good study schedule.

Oct. 30 We had a good program in assembly today. I enjoy Naomi better each day. We attended an MIA dance.

Oct. 31. The band got out and marched today. It was the first time I've marched with the tuba. It is a beast. I'm financially embarrassed, so was forced to forgo the Halloween ball.

November 2. Traded a gallon of molasses to have my suit cleaned and wore it for the first time today. I hate coats. Virgil and I talked into the wee hours.

Nov. 4. Made a bet with Tell for \$100 that he will be studying at Stanford University within five years.

Helped Fawn with her German lessons. I'm really enjoying German. I wish I knew it all already.

Nov. 10. Hitch-hiked home to help with the farm work. Hauled cane seed until noon. Dad asked me to go to New Harmony to bury goats. The government is buying them from goat farmers who are going broke. The bank leaves it to farmers, or in this case, the bankers who hold a mortgage, to slaughter them and then they are buried. We buried about 700 carcasses.

Nov. 11. I helped Dad with the pigs, the milking, then helped Ma get dinner. Didn't make it to Sunday School.

Nov. 12. Armistice Day. The band was a substantial part of the program. Got a date with Irma Nelson for the dance and with Alda Stucki for a movie—both are nice girls.

Nov 13. Fasted all day.

Nov. 15. I've always either vaulted or jumped fences—too much trouble to go through the gate. Today I learned a lesson. Halfway to school this morning I realized I had forgotten a needed note book. I hurried back home and as I left the house to return to school I started my run to jump over the picket gate. I skidded and landed squarely behind my testicles on the top picket. It tore my pants to shreds and came near ruining me. I'm staying in this morning. Helped Naomi with the dishes. Found some crutches Tell had once used and they helped considerably. Naomi went to the drugstore and got me some S.T.37 (a disinfectant). It seemed to help.

Virgil took me to a movie "British Agent". Good.

Nov. 16. Feeling fine! My leg doesn't hurt much but decided I needed to stay home and keep it soaked with S.T.37. I'll nearly die if I can't dance tonight. I'll take Irma, no matter what.

We did go and I was able to dance quite a bit and enjoyed it. I liked it so well that I got another date with Irma. Got home late but my leg is tolerable.

Nov. 17. Paul Wilson and I hitched a ride home. It has rained all day--the first in nearly a year. Not much to do—something that doesn't happen often.

Nov. 18. Conference time. Jasper was there and came home to eat dinner with us. He has joined the CCC. Took Audrey to hospital to be operated on. Ma became angry with me because I told her she should quit talking negatively about Audrey. She refused to let me turn the separator and we knocked the bowl off. I'm persona non grata

Nov. 19. Leg rather sore. Audrey operated on. Alda S asked to be released from our date. I'm ashamed I was secretly glad. She's too nice to be hurt. Got a date with Erma for a movie. Enjoyed it!

Nov. 20, Tuesday. My leg is becoming increasingly sore. I decided to go home with Tell and have him nurse me for a few days. I won't tell the folks I'm missing school.

Nov. 21. Put saltwater packs on wound. In warm salt water for several hours. Ovando came up to see Tell and came near finding me there. We read the book "When a Man is a Man" until midnight.

Nov. 22. Tell and I got up at 6:30. I read to him while he got ready to go to work in Toquerville (4 miles). He had to walk. At about 10:30 Tell returned. I had been taking a sitz bath. Tell's boss had called the job off but gave Tell full pay for being so diligent as to walk over and back

I cleaned up the house. It needed it. Audrey is not a first class housekeeper.

Nov. 23. Friday. My leg hasn't improved. I hated to do it, but wrote Erma that I couldn't see her.

Nov. 24. I went home and the folks just took it for granted that I was just returning from St. George. I helped a bit but it was stormy. I was glad not to have to use my leg more than necessary.

Nov. 25. Gladys, Tell and I went early to St. George. Tell took me to a movie. Erma gave me a large portrait—got razzed about my fence jumping propensities.

Nov. 26. Lots going on this holiday eve. Got a date with Erma for tomorrow's dance. Paul, Keith and I went home after the school program

Nov. 27, Thanksgiving. Canned sorghum until noon. Dance and movie with Erma Nelson.

December 1. Ovando and I harvested beans all day. Jasper C. came down from CC Camp so we attended the annual Boy Scout Banquet.—Good!

Dec. 5. Went out selling molasses—trying to, that is. I did get rid of 20 gallons to Mathis Market. I'm hoping Dad will give me a few dollars. That is mostly how I get a little money now and then.

Dec. 6. Tell came down with the molasses for Mathis Market then we paid Sister Schmutz half a months rent (\$6). Good to be out of debt.

Dec. 7. The teachers have really poured it on this past 10 days. But it is all over now, for better or worse. Took Erma to dance and movie. Had a sweet time. Erma is leaving for California next week. I didn't get going (to LaVerkin) until late. Virgil came with me and we didn't get home until 3 a.m., then we didn't go to bed for a while.

Dec. 8. We arose late then canned molasses until noon. After that we cleaned Ma's lily pool.

Did ward teaching and felt glad to get it done early. Made molasses candy but didn't get done in time to eat any tonight. Maybe it will give us added incentive to arise early tomorrow.

Dec. 9. Audrey's birthday. Enjoyed Sunday School. We helped Ma make ice cream. Got to St. George in time for orchestra practice then played in conference. Richard R Lyman gave his famous "Courtship and Marriage" talk—good!

Dec. 10. Glorious freedom is here at last. No more tests for 3 weeks! Erma wanted me to come out for the evening as she is leaving for California tomorrow. I didn't go because of band practice—but I was glad I had a good excuse.

Dec 11. Erma changed her schedule a bit and spent most of the day in St. George determined to get my H pin or pen or ring. She seemed quite reluctant to leave. I was not anxious to continue dating her and I would have to do some explaining.

Dec. 12. Ruth's birthday. Virgil and I spent a time in the band room playing and singing. I praised his singing and he immediately fell silent. He's a funny guy. He can't stand to be complimented at all—and he is really musically talented.

Dec. 13. For all intents and purposes school is over. For band we just listened to recordings or sang and played—such fun! I also visited with the girls at Amber's. Fawn and I did some acrobatic dancing. We fell all over ourselves a couple of times. How nice to be through with our tests and be able to relax.

Dec. 14. Went to ball game with Chris—Dixie 44, BYU 43. The band played at the game. I danced a few times—much enjoyed.

Dec. 15, Saturday. Washed dishes for Sister Schmutz. What a great lady!

Got ready to march. We did some maneuvers to advertise the dance then played for the dance for an hour, then danced. Virgil and I had a malt then came home and talked for hours.

Dec. 16. I found Naomi and we walked and talked. I feel I could easily fall in love with her. Being alone with her gives me a feeling of contentment, as if nothing else mattered. I guess I'm a big sap. The full moon was out and lent an air of romance to the evening. I'm in love with love, I fear.

Dec. 17. Had a movie date with Alda. She's a sweet girl.

Dec. 18. Brian's birthday. Delta Phi Alpha had a practice for an upcoming program and I spent some time in the biology lab. Dawn and I attended our dance numbers—adagio.

Dec. 20. A movie was made in St. George and environs. I went with Virgil and just sat by and listened. Virgil plays trumpet in the dance band. Lots of the movie people were at the dance.

Dec 21. Had a good dance. Tell came down and we peddled a bit of molasses then went to a movie.

Dec. 22. Practiced some dance tunes with Virgil then I rigged up an outside Christmas tree.

Dec 23. I feel blue today. I just must be falling in love! Went up town and hitch-hiked home. Paid the guy with molasses for the ride.

Dec. 25. Went to St. George with Orville Isom. Got a shirt, perfume and candy for Christmas.

Dec 26. Horatio and I worked all day. We were both exhausted and silly—about laughed our heads off.

Dec 29. Had to get up early to practice for the parade. Practiced until 12 then marched in the parade. After dinner we played again as we marched to the races at the park. Took Naomi for a ride.

Dec 30. Dad had me haul a load of goat carcasses to Virgin.

Dec 31. Hauled feed to the critters. LaVell and I stayed up until 1:30 making candy and doughnuts for New Years.

1935

January 1. We started the new year with a family dinner (only Clark not present. He is serving a mission in Germany). The singles polished off the old men by a score of 42-31. *- basket ball.*

I'm not anxious to begin school (my second year at Dixie College); however I have committed myself to do better. My New Year's resolutions are:

1. I am going to face things more seriously:
 - a. Try to get my lessons more seriously
 - b. Help Dad more

Jan. 2, 1935 I came back to school with Miles Wallace. It is surely the weeds (!) to have to study again. However, I've turned over a new leaf. I'd like to get an A in all my subjects. I get terribly sick of just moping around without a girl. I sorely miss not having a steady. It is twice as nice to have one girl you really like than to go with a lot of them. You just get acquainted then quit. I hope I find someone to fall for right away.

Jan. 3. Visited market for Dad to try to sell some of our pigs. It seems strange to start school in the middle of the week. Naomi Todd, our next door neighbor was fighting with me over my "H" pin and broke a leg off Aunt Amber's chair. I really feel sick about it. Naomi and I spent a lot of time together—fighting much of the time; and ambivalent regarding our relationship with each other. I'm very lonely. I believe I'm in love with love.

I visited Aunt Lena Pectol, Dad's sister. She acted tickled to see me. She paid me nice compliments. I need to visit her more often. She is a sweet lady.

Jan 6, Sunday. This is only the second weekend I have stayed down here in the past year and a half. Had a nice visitor—Aunt Clara Woodhouse. She is my harmony (music) teacher. She is a sweetheart.

Jan. 7. In heavy fog I spent the night roaming about. I'm lonesome. I've lost 4-5 lbs. My waist has gone down by two notches.

Jan 8. Dad was in town today—Ovando, to Ovando told me Dad felt bad that I didn't go home last weekend. I'm glad he likes me to come.

I've been corresponding with several people in addition to Mother. There have been quite a few letters from Erma Nelson, Don Pickett, Mary Jo Pickett, Clark, and Marie Porter, (a former resident of LaVerkin. She is a senior in high school in Hatch Utah. She is a really intelligent young lady and an entertaining one—very funny)

At this juncture Clark has completed his first year on his mission. He expresses a strong testimony and love for the Church and gospel. He is anxious to see me get ready for a mission

Don Pickett wrote on Jan. 12: "If my letters sound like I'm lonesome, it is the truth. You are the first guy I ever met my own age I understood, that was not a filthy smut or didn't belong to the Church."

I'm needed at home to help out with the work this weekend. We had a chemistry test today. I probably flunked it. Phyllis Nisson dared me to date her. Wow!

Jan. 13. Letter from Marie. She tells of hearing Richard R. Lyman's lecture on courtship and marriage. I heard it about a year ago. Naomi's guy is here for a few days. I don't like it.

Jan 14. Mother's birthday. Helped both Amber and Aunt Ada (landlady) do their housework.

Jan. 16. I'm to play a melephone solo in the assembly on Friday.

Virgil Stucki played for the dance at Hurricane tonight so I took him home with me. Went with Uncle Joe—pretty good dance. I took Leonore Wilson home—also Ardella and Willard Duncan. They seemed to like the back seat! Virgil helped with chores. Too wet to do more. Introduced Virgil to the Hot Pots.

Jan. 18. Took Leonore Wilson to LaVerkin after the dance

Jan. 20. Ovando brought us home. Attended a practice session—a minstrel. Tell is here for a few days to work in the "Relief" office

Jan 21. Preparing for Minstrel show which will play on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Jan. 22. I made a fool of myself today. Doris met me at the library. She said "hi" as she pushed on the door. It came open as I yelled "hi" (much too noisily inside of the library). I got a well deserved lecture and felt terribly foolish.

I'm suffering sore muscles from throwing the girls in my Adagio dance class. I took Tell to a movie and the minstrel show.

Jan 25. Date with Beth Seegmiller for Friday.

Jan. 26. I got a call from Chester Hardy asking me to go to LaVerkin for an M-Men basketball game. Tell talked me into going home with him. We walked about 10 miles before we got a ride—with a Nelson guy who was stepping out on his wife! I was able to help our M-Men team win a game against Virgin 17-23.

February 8. The unbelievable happened. Hurricane beat Dixie—on Dixie's floor, even. It riled some of the Dixie fans. I won a couple of bets on the game (50 cents).

Feb. 15. Emil Graff wrote me to ask me to pick up his truck and drive it to LaVerkin. Paul Wilson and Miles Wallace wanted a ride. We started bravely but had trouble on the way. The folks were surprised to see me on a Friday evening. It makes Dad happy to have me to help on week-ends.

Feb. 16. I beat Dad to the chores this morning then we worked on the lot all day... Merle Wallace came to invite me to a party and to bring Leonora Wilson. I was sorry she had a date. Practiced basketball.

Feb. 17. Horatio's birthday. I got up before Dad again and did the chores. I think it really pleased him. He is surely a swell guy. I'd like to make him feel how much he means to me. He gets despondent sometimes and doesn't think we appreciate his efforts for us. Ovando was peddling sorghum and told me I could take his car to St. George. How nice of him!

Feb. 18. I took Naomi to the ballgame. We quarrel a lot and are sarcastic—a bad habit and one I must conquer.

Feb. 21. Miles Wallace and I went to LaVerkin to play M-Men basketball. They beat us, but only slightly. There were some beautiful girls who acted as their cheer leaders. I almost fell for one of them

Feb. 22. Dad's birthday. I gave him a razor. Worked all weekend.

Feb. 24. Ovando still peddling so I got a few kids to help pay for gas and went to St. George. Dated Naomi.

Feb. 25. We are working very hard on our dance revue. It comes off tomorrow. We practiced on the Wadsworth stage tonight.

Feb. 26. Our Adagio act went over well.

Feb. 28. We were asked to perform our adagio act for the school assembly. The audience seemed to like it

Went home to LaVerkin and took the sousaphone with me so I could clean and polish it.

March 1. Dad and Ovando away for the day. I worked the horses all day. Made a batch of molasses candy.

March 2. Awoke to a snowy surprise. Cousin Dave Tweedy died last Friday. I played taps at the grave-side. Came to St. George with Uncle Ellis.

I took Naomi home. She told me she was 21 instead of 18. She was afraid the age difference would bother me. It didn't. I like her more all the time.

March 3. This is the beginning of the end. Friday marks the end of this quarter. It will be a relief to have chemistry off my back.

March 6. Ada Schmutz awakened me to tell me of a terrible accident that had occurred. An oil well blew up when the men were blasting for oil. 10 people were killed. The townspeople are in shock and can talk of nothing else. It blew several people to pieces with nothing remaining. School pretty well was out all day.

March 7. Dad and Ovando attended the funeral for the oil well people. Ovando stayed with me to attend a ball game. I took Naomi home then invited Virgil to come to LaVerkin with Ovando and me.

March 8. Spent most of the day helping Ma to clean up her hedges, lawn and flower-beds. Also took a load of beggas to the cattle. We were late arriving in St. George. Earl Bleak unhappy as Virgil and I are members of the band and were late to help out with the band.

March 9. Brought Miss Woodhouse home after Sunday School. Practiced the quartette and attended a funeral—then another quartet practice.

March 10. The band played for assembly and I also took part in a little skit

March 11. Another day has slid by and the school year is almost gone. It seems to be losing its zest for me. Nothing seems to excite me. I'd like to be on a mission.

Sometime in the spring Dad decided the old green Chevy had outlived its usefulness and ordered a Ford (1936 model). I was getting mighty anxious for its delivery.

March 18. Our Delta Phi Alpha music club put on the assembly program. I played a melophone solo and was asked to play that in the South Ward MIA.

March 24. Surprised the folks by going to LaVerkin. Rosalba was there from Logan. Hoed beets all afternoon. Dad traded the car in.

March 31. Went to Sunday School Walked home with Elva Stout. She asked me to go to the girl's day dance in Hurricane next Friday. I would have liked to go but had a date for the Prom at Dixie.

April 3. Went to Hurricane to play for the operetta. The operatta was well done. Took Ardella and Elva to the operatta.

April 4. Took a program to Cedar City. Our dance number was well received For some time I've been wondering what I was going to do about clothes to wear for graduation. My old corduroy couldn't do at all. I remembered I had \$25. in the bank. The money came from a heifer the folks had given to me (by what stroke of luck I can't fathom). The heifer had a running sore on her leg. The government had a program to weed out bovine TB. My heifer had it and she was declared unfit for human use. I was reimbursed to the tune of \$25. The money had lain in the bank for several years. I proposed to use it to buy clothes. Ovando, practical, pragmatic soul that he was, was sure I'd lost my mind. Dad didn't especially like the idea, but felt he had no right to make the decision. Mother could read the desperation in my voice when I explained my need. Free will won out, and aided and abetted by a first rate J.C. Penny clothes salesman, I bought a magnificent set of threads—the works; tie, shoes, socks, shirt and beautiful gray summer suit. It immediately transformed me into a prince—all that, and heaven too for a paltry \$25. It would have been worth \$250.

My first dance in my new suit was to the graduation ball. I dated Dixie Adams for the occasion. Too bad I can't adequately explain the euphoria my clothes occasioned in me. I had the time of my young life.

April 8. I try my meagre Deutsch. Ich bin sehr linsam und habe Heimweh weil ich letzten Samstag, nicht noch House ging. (I'd give a buck to go home. I'm lonesome for the old place—more than I have been all year.)

April 10. We gave a band concert in Bunkerville. Ray and Stan had to push their bus about 5 miles.

April 11. Our Adagio act was to have been taken to Hurricane today but Lloyd Bleak was ill. I went on to Hurricane with others who were involved in the program It was great visiting the high school. Attended girl's day dance—danced lots of dances!

April 13. Percy, LaVell, Tell and Audrey and I went to the LaVerkin Hot Springs to explore a cave almost directly above the little 'hot pots' just off the swimming pool.

April 14. I've enjoyed my Zoology class under Dr Beck. After doing chores I went upon the hill and collected bug and plant specimens for his class. I caught several exotic lizards. Dr. Beck said one of the lizards was worth \$2.50. I pickled a number of good specimens.

April 16. Hurricane High students open the day at Dixie College. We erstwhile Hurricane students showed them around then had lunch with them. As part of the program afterward, I took part in a pie-eating contest. I acquitted myself well.

Ardella and Willard and I spent the afternoon finding a prom dress for Ardella. Willard is to join the CC Corps tomorrow. I hate to see him go he's such a great guy.

April 18. We are to go to Provo to take part in the state band contest. I was supposed to be up at 4 am. I didn't awaken until 5 am. I arrived at Anderson's Ranch 15 minutes late very much embarrassed. We arrived in Provo at 9 am. Merlin Christensen spent much of the day with his younger brother—a man after my own heart. Lots of

pretty girls! We were in the parade, which lasted from 6 p.m. till 10 p.m. There were 80 bands.

April 21. Our band and orchestra people from Dixie College were to play in the Easter program at Zion Park, but a flat tire kept us from keeping that appointment.

Visited with Lona Haslam—she is Chester Hardy's cousin. She is a beauty. Uncle Willy Hardy has been telling me without much subtlety that I should marry her.

April 22. Ovando and Dad are to take a load of hogs to the market in Las Vegas. I stayed at home and plowed all day.

Tell found a beautiful beetle. I caught two gophers and put them in a box to take them to Dr. Beck. They got away. I had hoped to get a couple of brownie points for my Zoology class. I've become intensely interested in Zoology and could envision majoring in it. Dr. Beck said my beetle was a rare one.

I fell asleep at school today and missed an entire class. I'm mortified.

April 24. I'm to play in a brass quartette for graduation and practiced for it today. I'm playing the guitar a lot and it affords me a lot of happiness.

April 26. I'm attending every possible dance these days. Today I had to suffer a bit. I attended one last night then had to get up at 4 am. This was a Zoology field trip with Dr. Beck. Boulder Dam is now complete and is filling up. Our trip was to catch desert specimens for Dr. Beck's laboratory. The areas we collected specimens from will soon be an island. Chris and I teamed up together and caught about two dozen lizards and a sidewinder. We also took time to visit the dam. What an engineering feat!

April 27. Chris and I arose early to get some more specimens for our bug collections.

I took Lily Huntsman to the dance. We hoped to make Harold Mace jealous. He and Lily had dated for some time but he was now dating a girl who, in our judgement, is a sap. Lily is taking it hard.

April 30. The Enterprise High School graduating class spent the day at Dixie College. Lots of nice people! Chris and I acted as hosts for the College.

May 1. Opera practice for orchestra and cast. Lee Judd and I attended the movie with Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy—I loved every minute of it.

May 3, Sat. I got up at 7 am and started home. Got a ride in about 20 minutes. Worked all day. Tried to study but was too tired.

May 5. Tell and I got up at 6 and headed for the cracks where I made a plant collection. I had a good one collected, but one of the teachers decided it was in her way and discarded it. Burn!! LaVell helped me gather some more plants on the hill and press them.

Ovando brought me to school. Willard Duncan and I played our guitars and sang. W. stayed overnight.

May 6, Monday. Willard had to rush to the CC Camp. I spent an hour with Mary then she walked home with me. I asked for a date but she already had one.

May 7. The end of school is fast approaching and leaves me realizing that I'll be saying goodbye to a lot of good friends.

May 8. Wednesday. There will be no more German classes. I only have to finish reading a couple of novels. Chris and I practiced a number for our closing assembly.

May 10, Friday. I had to dress up as a woman for the assembly program. Not my cup of tea. Took Lily Huntsman to the dance. Good time!

May 11 cut some wood and washed dishes for Sister Schmutz.

May 12. Attended Thelma Bleak's dance recital. She and I danced together in our Adagio dance program several times during the winter.

May 13. A very bad cold kept me from classes. In the evening I drank some ginger tea and hot lemonade and sweat like a butcher all night.

May 14. More of the same but also had a sore throat. Stayed home all day and doctored myself. I'm aware of the old saw "He who doctors self, doctors fool".

May 15. Made it back to school in spite of adage. The orchestra played for the opera. I had a great time.

May 16. We played for the opera again. I sat by Virgil Stucki and we had a ball. The opera was well done, well received and funny.

May 17, Friday. Squired Mary to the ball. Chris took a friend from Delta. I especially enjoyed the dance because my dating Mary made Keith jealous. There is nothing like a bit of intrigue to spice life.

May 18, Saturday. Home to LaVerkin. I somehow sensed they were trying to toughen me up for the days ahead and also to make up for all the work I had missed while in school. Only pride kept me going.

May 19, Sunday. Returned to St. George with Wilsons. Spent time on a harmony journal and at orchestra practice. Chris and I took Lily to a show then attended the baccalaureate services.

May 20, Monday. Final tests, signed autographs. Played for opera

May 22. The Seniors had "sneak day". Virgil and I stayed home and worked on school journals. Got more autographs.

May 23, 1935. Ardella's birthday. No classes. School ended at noon. I worked for the school all afternoon. The orchestra played for the processional for the grads. I was one of the graduates. I still have a year to wait till Clark is home and I can go on a mission.

May 24. We irrigated all day. Dad promised I could use the new Ford to go to the banquet and dance in St. George. The banquet was nice but a bit over long. The dance was good but quite a bit short. Lily seemed reluctant to let me go. I think we're all finding it difficult to bid farewell, knowing full well that for some it will be forever. How does one make do with only 13-14 dances to dance with 30 lovelies?

May 25. Luckily the farm was wet so there wasn't much to be done. I didn't get home until 4 am.

May 26. Picked strawberries. When Merrill Christopherson came by we sang and played the guitar. He is a great boy's man.

May 27. I've been restless, as if I should be in school. I had a fine group of friends.

May 28. Went ward teaching with Ovando after which we rode around in the car as we listened to the car radio.

May 29. Visited with Elva Stout. Cleaned up the yard and got a load of cinders.

May 30. Dance at Hurricane, even though the kids are a bunch of brats. I took Velma home and enjoyed talking about old times. She was my first serious love affair.

June 1. Helped Dad move about 75 head of cattle from the lower pasture to the top of the hill. Milked Stout's cow and papered some of the living room.

June 2. When I got up Dad had just returned from looking for Penny (#2 saddle horse). He found him dead—hit by a car. We went back and dragged him off the road. He was a swell horse.

Took Mother to get her Patriarchal blessing from Patriarch Benjamin LeBaron.

June 3. Arose early. Picked peas until noon then went to the Hot Springs to baptize a group of kids. Among them was Mont Sanders and Grace Church. Went to Hurricane to take a horse home to take Renny's place

June 4. I spend a lot of my free time playing the guitar. I'm often joined by Willard and Orin Duncan, and Verda Duncan. Both of the boys sing great parts, and Verda has a lovely liquid alto. We get called on to entertain a lot and enjoy it.

June 5. Horatio came home from Logan today. He stayed up with Genevieve Heaton. What a late time guy! He got home at 4:30! It makes my hours seem less late.

June 7. Don Pickett and I have been corresponding quite regularly. Today's letter from him tells me he intends to come, but has to work things out. Horatio told me all about his girls at Logan.

June 8. Irrigation turn. I just stretched out on the grass and slept much of the time.

June 9. We had to get up at 4:30 to finish irrigating then worked until noon.

Clifton Wilson and I went to St George and went to two movies with our dates.

June 10. Picked peas, mowed the lawn and trimmed the hedges.

June 11. We thinned the cane all day. This was always one of my least favorite jobs. It seems like pure drudgery.

June 12. I'm regularly collecting insects and reptiles. Today I worked on a snake pen.

June 13. Went to show "Anne of Green Gables"—wonderful! Took Velma home.

June 14. Went sporting with Clifton Wilson. and Mina Crandall, a last year's girl. I took some cane seed for Earl Bleak. I spent a bit of time at Schmutzes. Good dance!

June 17, Monday. Arose early and helped get our scout troop off the mountain. I had passed up going with them because I felt I should be more helpful on the farm.

June 18. Worked on snake pen, caught a nice king snake and promptly lost it. Made my bed on the tree house.

June 19. Dob Orton and his orchestra played for the dance—wonderful toe-tapping music. Dated Leonora Wilson.

June 20. This is the kind of day memories are made of. It was irrigation turn again and Horatio and I were elected to stay home and irrigate. The remaining townfolk were giving Uncle Willie Hardy a proper send-off. He died June 16.

Horatio and I saddled up our horses so as not to be compelled to walk to our fields. I got on my horse and rode him out of the lot. There, he suddenly began bucking. I was neither expecting nor prepared (only once, about 6-8 years earlier, I had been on a bucking horse) and made a hard landing on my head and shoulder. Not satisfied with just having dumped me, he made another pass and stepped on my leg. I was nearly unconscious from the blow on my head. My head and shoulder swelled quite badly but there was not a scratch otherwise. Later in the day I went to a movie. The folks wondered later how I escaped being killed.

June 21. I was plenty sore when I awakened this morning but still hope I'll be able to ride again tomorrow. I don't want the horse to think his actions are acceptable

I mowed hay all day. At about 4:30 I stopped the horses while I oiled and greased the mower. Old Prince was standing there, his usual calm self, when he dropped as if he had been shot. After a brief few minutes he as suddenly got up. I waited awhile to decide what to do and Prince repeated his act. He seemed to have gotten over what had affected him so drastically.

June 23. Clifton and I and friends made another dating foray to St. George but both decided we were through down there. I think Leonora was the one who made me wonder why spend time and money to go to St. George when there are such comely girls so close by.

June 24. Canal cleaning time! Once a year all the able-bodied men of the town gather at the head of the ditch then are organized in groups of 10-15 and sent to various places on the town's ditches. It usually requires at least two days to complete the job.

June 26. Another town tradition is geared to our three summer holidays. None of the doings of the days creates a festive spirit like some good band music. We always manage to find 10-15 musicians who are willing to practice for a half month for the occasion. Horatio, Clark, and I provided 3 willing souls. Horatio played baritone as did Clark, and I played mellophone or trumpet.

June 27. Horatio and I went to band practice then picked up our girls and went to our place where I made a batch of sorghum candy.

June 28. Tried to get the horse to buck again, but he wouldn't do it when I wanted him to. Went to the dance with Lenora. Time flies. I've been out of school for nearly a month and a half.

July 4, Thursday. Had to arise early to join the band in serenading Hurricane and LaVerkin, then had to hurry back to Hurricane to join the parade. The parade preceded a program I was in charge of providing a quartette for.)

Afternoon was spent in sports for young and old, followed by a baseball game. I took Lenora to the dance—didn't get home until daylight.

July 5. Picked apricots for welfare cannery. Coaxed Lenora to keep me company. Afterward I took Ma and LaVell joy-riding.

July 6. Horatio and I took our girls, Genevieve and Lenora for a joy-ride.

July 7. Attended Church. Saw an evening movie with Leonora. Had a good time. I'm getting to like her quite a bit—too much, in fact.

July 8. Started the beet seed harvest at daylight. Was glad to go to bed early after a hard day's work.

July 9. It was terrible getting up so early again. I'm afraid this will kill me before the harvest is in. We had an unnerving experience. Just after we began, Horatio was driving the team. I reached my fork up by the side of the mower to get some stray stalks. Just as my fork came up, he put his arm down and my fork ran through his fleshy forearm. It was a sickening thing. It took considerable force to extract the fork tine. The wound was hardly visible afterward. There was hardly a drop of blood. I took him to the doctor but there was little he could do except watch and wait.

July 11. Got up at daylight and worked until sundown. I must be getting inured to hard labor. I've felt great today. Ovando and I attended a movie. Found Leonora and took her home. I play the guitar almost every day.

July 12. I'm getting tougher! Must be result of frequent dating—attended dance.

July 14. Clark's birthday. Movie with Leonora.

July 19. Went to dance. Danced several times with Donna Wilson. Lenora told me she wished I wouldn't because it made her jealous.

Went to St. George to get clothes for Clark. He tells us he is about in rags.

July 20—Big day!

We arose early, loaded our saddle horses in the truck and took them to Virgin. We rode them in order to get them out of the park. Horatio and I found a wild long-eared bull. He was determined not to join the other cattle. We chased him most of the day until all of us—horses and bull were so exhausted we could hardly put one foot before the other. The bull finally stopped dead in his tracks, turned to face us. After a few seconds he charged Horatio's horse, hitting it squarely in the breast. The horse absorbed a tremendous blow and just stood trembling. We feared we were going to lose a horse.

We finally got the bull in with the other cattle and gave him a while to recover. After branding and marking the calves, we turned the herd loose. They went out peaceably except the bull, who spent his time looking at us as we sat and stood along the fence. The bull had not seen where the other cattle exited. Now we had another problem—how to get him out of the corral. Dad insisted he get into the corral, sure the bull would do his bidding. The rest of us—Ovando, Horatio and I didn't share his assurance the bull would oblige. We all begged Dad to let us take his place, but to no avail.

Now look at the scenario—Mr. Bull is on the north side of the corral with his back to the gate we want him to exit. He is angry, exhausted, and sees no way out. He weighs in at about 1800 lbs., and is equipped with two 14 inch horns. On the south east side of the arena outside looking in are three strapping men shaking in their boots, but in no way able to give more than vocal support. Our real hero, Henry W. Gubler, stands ready to take action. He stands a skinny 5'7" tall, and weighs in at 165 lbs sopping wet. He is crippled and couldn't run even if there was a freeway open to him.

Mr. Toro surveys the scene and decides to do what bulls do best, charge the tormentor. He lunges at Dad, all 1800 lbs. of angry bull, but Toro doesn't know what to do in the face of this fearless foe. He stops a scant half-yard away and retreats to the other end of the corral. He lowers his head, and turns toward Dad again, pawing the dust furiously. He makes a second charge, but is mystified by this unperturbable enemy who didn't follow the script. A third time he returns to his position in the north end of the corral, paws furiously, and with lowered head charges. This time he veers off to the left and leaps over the corral and runs on to join his cows. All of this time our toreador held his ground defiantly. Ole, Torero!

July 21. Went to Wilson's right after Church and persuaded Brother and Sister Wilson to go to LaVerkin with us. It seemed good to meet our families.

July 22. We are preparing our band for taking part in the 24th doings. That calls for frequent practices.

July 23. Dad decided it was necessary to finish getting our cattle out of the park. I wrote Lenora a note expressing my regret that I couldn't keep our date to the 24th evening dance. We were gone all day until 10:30—I hurried and was able to see Lenora home.

July 24. A day much like the one on the 4th. I picked up L., Cliff and his girl and went to Zion Park. Found Jasper and persuaded him to go with us. Saw Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes"—good film. Had to walk home again from Hurricane

July 25. Mowed hay all day and picked some peaches for Glendonens. Date with Lenora—spent time at her home—another late walk home

July 26. Ward teaching to Glendonens. He said he would like to have me study with him. He said he can open fields to me that will absolutely change my life! *Undoubtedly!*

July 28. Went to Lenora's quite early. Horatio had the car so there was a lot of walking to do.

July 30. Picked peaches for Graff all day. It seemed good to have a little cash rattling in my pockets—visited Lenora briefly. She had a date.

August 1. Got a date with Donna Wilson—I think it was done more for the effect on Lenora.

Aug. 3. It's great to be in love and have someone to depend on.

Aug. 4. Dawn Graff relayed a message to me at Church that Don Pickett is in St. George waiting for a ride to LaVerkin. Boy, was I tickled to get that message. Took girls, Lenora and Glenna Stratton for a short ride. Got a date with Iona Haslam.

Aug. 5. Rode around with Iona. After all the times she told me she didn't believe in love, she is trying to tell me she's in love with me.

Aug. 6. Had fun kidding Chester Hardy along. He keeps telling me Iona is in love with me and he wants to be sure I don't marry someone else. He gets perturbed when he thinks I'm not taking him seriously.

Aug. 7. Picked peaches. Don and I rode the horses to Hardy's and visited Iona for awhile.

Aug. 8 Took Iona to Cedar City (her home). She asked me if I still wanted to marry her! I used to kid her about marriage and when Uncle Willy (her Uncle) asked me why I didn't marry her, I told him she had turned me down. So he tells her that and she says, "Gosh, I can't tell when he is kidding or not. I told her I wasn't ready yet.

Aug. 9. Went to dance. Leonora thought I had too much fun. Don and Jasper went home with me.

Aug. 10. Decided to rest for an evening. Made molasses candy and ate most of it.

Aug. 11. Nobody recollected it was my birthday so it went by peaceably.

Aug. 12. Clark sent me a couple of German books. Jasper sent me a nice billfold. Don and I went hunting—got one rabbit.

Aug. 14. Picked a load of peaches. I'll be glad to get them done. Took a hot bath at the springs. Took car to St. George for repairs. Don said we made it in 26 minutes—shameful!

Aug. 23. The governor visited the Peach Days program. I played in the band that performed at the program. The celebration consisted of baseball, rodeo, fights, and a dance.

Aug. 25. Took girls to a show. Don plans on leaving tomorrow. After we got to bed I dared Don to go to South America. We had been reading ads asking for young men to work there in the oilfields. We decided to leave in about 3 weeks. Scary! Romantic!

Aug. 27. All I can think about is going to S.A. The entire family is ragging us about deciding to go. Ma thinks I've lost my ideals and plans. I tell her if my ideals can't stand up to temptation, they are not very solidly based.

Aug. 28. Loaded pears all day. Dad, Don and I left about dark with a load for Nephi.

Aug. 31. Got rid of our load just before dark. Boy, do I hate to peddle. Dad is a great peddler.

September 2. Pear season is in full swing. Lenore is feeling bad that her school starts in a week. She doesn't realize what a privilege it is to get an education. Look who's talking!

Sept. 3. We loaded the pears up and Dad and Ovando decided to send me and Don peddling. We drove as far as Cedar City and I told Iona I couldn't keep our date. She asked if she could go with us. I told her yes, and she took us up on it as she has folks in Richfield to stay with. It took us the best part of three days to sell our load of pears—ample evidence that we are not the salesmen Dad is.

We picked Iona up in Richfield and hurried home. Iona told me she would wait for me until I returned from South America. The best part of it all was I got back home in time to see Lenora.

Genevieve and Horatio were married today. We also made it back to their reception.

Sept. 8. Don and I attended our Church meetings then picked up our girls and went to a show in St. George. If anything could give me cold feet about going to S.A. it would be lovely Lenora.

Sept. 10. Chester Hardy and Hazel married. Delworth Wilson and Niel Heywood begged me to get our car so we could find and shivaree them. I did, but didn't find the newlyweds.

Sept. 11. We finished picking the pears and Dad, bless him, decided to go peddling alone. The suspense, as you might guess, was pretty awful until Dad made that decision. I'm ashamed not to have gone with him. We'll be leaving for S.A. all too soon so I don't want to lose a minute with Lenora.

Sept 15. Irrigation time in the morning. Lenora spent some time with me as I worked. In the evening we took her folks for a ride. Had a talk with Lenora's mother.

1936

1936 was a crucial year for me. I was preparing for my mission in the fall and my services were badly needed on the farm. Faithful Ovando was there seeing that we all got our chance at education and a mission. At that time, I was the only boy left to help. It was not easy for Dad and mother to keep us in school and send us on missions, so each of us had to help in whatever way we could. Strong bodies and willing hands were much needed.

When Dad made the trips north with sorghum he always returned as heavily loaded as when he left. He brought back products that were not commonly raised in LaVerkin's hot climate. There were turnips, celery, cabbage, onions, and honey, plus coal for our winter needs. Utah Poultry stores (Now IFA --International Farmers) were the chief outlets for our sorghum, and they were loyal customers who had come to rely on Dad to provide them with a quality product and deal fairly and honestly with them. Much of the sorghum produced by other farmers was usually not cooked enough and was apt to ferment, or was too dark and strong to tickle the palate. As a footnote, after the family gave up sorghum making, some of the last year's crop was still being used 10 years later.

South America

All of my life a mission had been one of my unchanging goals. Four of my elder brothers and a sister had already served, and the transformation the mission had worked on them inspired me. Now something unexpected came along that caused me to put the mission on hold.

Don Pickett, Uncle Leo's son, came from Pasadena to spend the summer. He was suave and urbane, where I was a small town country boy. It was such fun for me. We took to each other like only cousins can. We milked cows, slopped the pigs, hoed cane, and picked fruit. Don was not afraid of work, so we worked together long and hard.

We also played hard and sported the girls. Double dating was more fun than ever before. Most often, I dated Leonora and Don took Glenna Stratton. Don and I played a little game that afforded us much laughter. I taught Don 8-10 words and phrases in German. I would speak to him in German and he would respond with his few words in different sequences. He was a convincing actor and the girls were led to believe we were talking about them. They never realized how much mileage we got out of our silly little game.

As we worked side by side during summer, he filled my mind with romantic notions of visiting the exotic lands of South America and becoming rich. Don had read that Standard Oil was hiring young men to work in the oil fields. We were overcome with euphoria and by early September made the decision to go. We confided in no one until a few days before our scheduled departure, but most everyone came to understand what was afoot.

Dad was for me then, the person who provided food, shelter and shoes. He was not one to express his love verbally and I avoided him for days whenever I had been reprimanded, thinking he was angry at me.

The fateful day came. On the eve of our departure to California we bedded down on a day bed in the living room so as not to disturb others at 4 a.m., our time of departure. At three, Dad turned on the light to tell us good bye. He was leaving to check on his cattle. With tears streaming down his cheeks he embraced me and told me he was sorry that I hadn't felt like confiding in him. Then he fished a \$20 bill out of his pocket and said he wished it could be more and hoped that I would remember what I had been taught, and guard my good name. There were no recriminations or criticism. I suffered a melt-down. I couldn't remember ever seeing Dad cry; then to be given money I didn't deserve--it was too much. A vision from Heaven couldn't have done more to open my eyes to this wonderful, loving, forgiving man. It was a time of illumination for me, yes, a time of illumination and change of attitude.

It was too late to call off our trip. My ego kept me from telling Don that I no longer wanted to be rich or famous or romantic, so I went to Pasadena with him. Don and family treated me royally, but my heart wasn't in the search for the romantic. I was homesick and wanted desperately to go back home and help with the sorghum harvest.

Don and I did quite a bit of sight-seeing. The roller coaster at Long Beach was my favorite thing. The beach and ocean were wonderful, but I remember my unconcealable joy when Don and I found that it was Standard Oil of New Jersey that was recruiting oil workers. Fate had intervened. I wrote Dad immediately to ask his forgiveness and to tell him I would like to help finish the fall farm work then take my turn on a mission. Dad's

kind loving reply and rejoicing that I wanted to go on a mission was all I needed to get me on the bus home.

From the moment of my return I never ever had a disagreement with Dad. I discovered what I should have discovered a long time before--he loved with a tender forgiving heart. I hasten to say it wasn't a change in Dad that made our relationship change. It was my thoughtlessness, my selfishness and blindness that had kept me from understanding and appreciating this warm and loving, wise Dad of mine.

With Mother, the evidences of love were always there. It was to her I always turned in my youth with physical or emotional hurts. She was a strict disciplinarian but never left any doubt in her children that she loved us. There was, of course, my youthful selfishness and thoughtlessness which must have occasioned a lot of sorrow for mother, but the generation gap was not nearly as pronounced as that between Dad and me.

After my California/South America adventure, my heart and mind focused on pleasing Mother and Dad and preparing for my mission. I realized how selfish and inconsiderate I had been—how little thought there had been of their wants and feelings. There had been a miraculous transformation in my feelings and thoughts. Dad and Mother were no longer just providers who worked every daylight hour because they liked it. They were providers because they willingly chose that role and because they loved us. Of course, it was only when I became the provider that I fully understood their devotion to the work ethic and the Church and family. At any rate, I worked less like an inconsiderate boy and more like a part of a team bound by love as well as necessity to provide for each other's needs.

Dad was a tireless and ingenious farmer. When he and Mother, Uncle Joe and Aunt May began the great adventure of turning the LaVerkin Bench into a fruitful Eden, they were primarily fruit farmers. They were severely limited in how they could dispose of their crops. Most of the fruit was perishable and thus, not deliverable as fresh fruit to the market. So, most of the fruit had to be dried before being taken to market. Our tin sheds were loaded with drying raisins, peaches and apricots. When dried, Dad, the super-salesman, took them by wagon to the mining camps of Nevada, and to towns in Southern Utah.

Fruit continued to provide much of our income, but the advent of cars made it possible to take the fresh fruit to the market. By then fruit was no longer our prime crop. Sorghum and beet seed production along with cattle raising had become an integral part of our livelihood.

In the late summer and fall of 1936 we were involved in two important operations—harvesting the fruit—pears, apples and peaches, and in making sorghum and selling it. The latter had become our main source of income.

I took several loads of fruit to market in Richfield and surrounding towns, then became the chief cane cutter. In prior harvest times I was in school during the day so contributed mainly as a chore boy and cane topper. If I worked hard in the evening I could top enough cane to run through the mill the next day. Then I had several cows to milk and animals to feed. I still had chores to do, but had 8-10 hours of cutting to do besides.

We usually produced 3-4 thousand gallons of sorghum per year. That required 5-6 weeks of hard labor with a crew of 4 men and a boy (topper).

I continued to date Leonora after my return from California. She was a talented pianist and a sweet and lovely young lady. She brought out the best in me. I had one weakness that eventually brought about the breakup of our courtship--I was not sympathetic. Mrs. Wilson was a hypochondriac. She simply gloried in her illness. I was not prepared for the kind of fawning sympathy she expected of me. She regularly held my hand as she orally catalogued her illnesses, while expecting effusive outpourings and sympathetic understanding from me. Had this happened after my mission I would have been a lot more diplomatic and somewhat more able to express sympathy. I had not grown up in a family of complainers. We bore our ills with a minimum of complaints. Mother, though tender and solicitous of our welfare, was herself, the most ascetic of us all when confronted with her own health problems. Dad bore his own pains and aches (and he had plenty of them) by simply going his way, unwilling to give his ills any quarter. His antidote for pain was WORK, so I had neither experience nor the propensity to be a dutiful diplomatic suitor of Ivy Wilson's daughter. I am still turned off by hypochondriacs who take advantage of others by playing up their illnesses.

At the beginning of our courtship, Leonora's mother welcomed me as a potential son-in-law. Later I became persona non grata. Ivy (poison Ivy, as she came to be known by me and friends) Wilson wrote me a letter that was destined to bring about the final denouement. I felt that to continue our courtship was to subject Leonora to a family vendetta and would obviate any possible conjugal bliss. She expressed her willingness to take that chance, but I couldn't find it in my heart to subject her to that possibility.

I received my mission call in the midst of the sorghum season. I was coming across the 3 acre piece where Ardella's and two more houses now stand, when I saw Mother coming from our front lot toward me waving a letter. I ran the rest of the way and eagerly tore it open. My fond hope that I'd be called to a German speaking mission was realized. How I exulted! Clark and Mother shared in those exciting moments. I had been sleeping in the north bedroom, and Horatio's steamer trunk was in the room covered with hotel stickers. How those stickers with the names of all of the important cities of Europe conjured up visions of far away places!

As soon as I got my call the Stake President had me ordained to the office of Elder. Paul Wilson got his call (both of us two years later than now days) at the same time. It was an exciting time for us. Paul was called to the Eastern States Mission. We were given the same date to report to the mission home in Salt Lake, and even traveled to New York on the same train. His was a two-year call. Mine was for 2 ½ years and ended up being 33 months.

The Bishop gave us the privilege of baptizing a number of young people in the ward, as I have mentioned before. Among those whom I baptized were Mont Sanders and Grace Duncan. I had saved both of their lives. I no longer remember all of the details of Mont's near drowning, but it occurred on one of those days when I was taking care of the LaVerkin Swimming Pool and Resort for Winferd. There was always a crowd there on weekends and holidays. I spotted Mont lying on the bottom of the swimming pool. I pulled him out and got him breathing again. I mentioned Grace in an earlier chapter. It was she who reminded me of those events. She claimed I saved another of those kids, but I no longer have any recollection of it.

I thoroughly enjoyed telling everyone about my call, sure that everyone shared my euphoria. And maybe some did for reasons I never dreamed of. Sometimes it is good to be dumb and happy. Why press for the truth when the imagined is more palatable!

I told Leonora Wilson and it gave her quite a jolt. We continued to date for some time, but it signaled the approaching end of a lovely courtship.

Clark had returned from his mission in July and it gave me opportunity to have a more mature relationship with him than we had prior to his mission. We used some of the time to study the gospel (the B. of M. mainly) and speak a bit of German. As you may imagine, I did not contribute much to that endeavor. We also went on several dates together. Phyllis Nisson, Ruth Judd, Norene Stratton and I attended every dance in the area. One memorable date was a dance in the Zion tunnel.

One evening I had a date with Phyllis to attend a dance in St. George, the final dance in the recreational hall. Winferd was to cut the cane the next day, but became ill. Clark and I flipped a coin to see who would replace him. Clark lost, but was so unhappy about it that I cut cane while he picked Phyllis up in Springdale and brought her to LaVerkin. I then took her to the dance. True brotherly magnanimity, right!!

I made several peddling trips while I was waiting for my mission. I disliked peddling with a passion. I most certainly did not inherit any of Dad's talent for that pursuit. Tell did, and that often obviated the necessity of me accompanying Dad. Tell was, however, working for E.J. Graff at the time and Clark was in school. That left it up to me.

One of our peddling trips was more memorable than the others. We had peddled in Richfield, then went north to Aurora, a small farming community. I contacted a couple at a farm house and they came out to the truck to see what we had to sell. I immediately noted they spoke with a fairly strong German accent. I brashly asked in German if they were Germans. They might have become insulted by my temerity or my poor speaking ability, but on the contrary, seemed genuinely pleased. It turned out that they were immigrants of only a few years and still had a large family and many friends in Hamburg and the surrounding area. They also had been close friends with the Branch President and his family, the Stelzigs. They wrote me a few weeks later with a list of relatives and friends whom they asked to visit and greet for them. Thus, I had instant friends when I arrived in Germany in December, and was assigned to the Hamburg--Aurora district!

A couple of weeks before I was due to leave for my mission I received a letter from Ivy Wilson, Leonora's Mother, demanding that I return Leonora's picture. I immediately sat down and wrote a letter to Lenora telling her that there was little chance our marriage could succeed with her folks feeling as they did. It broke my heart to treat her as I was doing but that I felt it was best. It required only a week in the mission home for me to feel I had made a serious mistake. I wrote her immediately asking her forgiveness and for a reinstatement of our tacit agreement to wait for each other. I never received a reply to that letter nor to another written a couple of months later. My "Dear John" set some kind of record (and from her Mother). It was good that I was busier than the proverbial pig on ice or I would have suffered acutely—and did for some time after receiving it. *My letter*

Dad finished the sorghum making on November 17—just a couple of days after Ovando and I left LaVerkin with a load of sorghum and my trunk. We visited Uncle

Charley Pickett and Aunt Jane in Magna on Saturday night. On Sunday we went to Salt Lake where I attended Church with a sometime girlfriend, Naomi Todd.

I pause in my narrative to express my thanks to a faithful, loving Mother. Come hell or high water, Mother write a letter each week. You must understand, these were not little casual notes. They were wonderful wondrous epistles, filled with all the little daily chores and all of the tidbits of news that transported the reader back to the home fireside.

I spent, in addition to my 33 mission months, 4 years in World War II, the Korean War, and years away at school, receiving about 1300 letters just to me and my family! That is constancy! Ironically Mother always had an inferiority complex about her letter writing capabilities. Everyone should be so fortunate as to have such a poor letter writer as a Mother!

MISSION YEARS
Nov. 1936-July 1939

December 4, 1936.....(training).....Hanover
 December 18, 1936.....Hanover
 January 5, 1937.....Hamburg
 April 22, 1937.....Schleswig, Kiel District
 June 3, 1937.....Kiel (city)
 August, 20 1937.....Wesermunde
 June 8, 1938.....Saarbrucken
 August 3, 1938.....Frankfurt
 March 15, 1938.....Dortmund
 Released July 3, 1939

This narrative begins mid-mission where my mission diary begins. It will be much richer in detail because I will be able to mine its pages for memories and insights. I will use direct quotes to give a more accurate picture of me as a youthful, naïve missionary rather than what memory leaves me with in my 70s

KIEL DISTRICT

April 22, 1937 we were told to start our labors in Schleswig on der Schlei. Our first need was to find an apartment. We found a nice one very quickly and also registered with the police (a regular formality in Nazi Germany).

We attended church in Kiel and no time was wasted in asking me to speak. I was pleased to be able to speak German without notes and with passable fluency. Whenever I was in Kiel we had a standing invitation to eat with President Hansen and family. They are intelligent, faithful members and do a great deal for the missionaries and for the branch and the district. I quickly established a warm relationship, which lasted for years and resulted in me sponsoring them to the U.S.

We stayed overnight with the Metelmans and departed for Schleswig April 26. After arrival we went tracting for two hours. A more provincial atmosphere reigns here and the people seem more friendly. I thoroughly enjoyed my first active day with Brother Fluikiger and feel sorry we are not to be together for long. (He married Heiman's daughter later—a strong couple.)

On April 27 we had a great day studying and tracting. When we returned home we were surprised to find Wolf and Streadbeck waiting. President Kelly wants all of the missionaries in the Kiel District to work together for a while.

April 28 we tracted for 2 hours then went to the Soldiers Hospital to visit a member from Hamburg. He had known Horatio when he served there. He seemed glad to see us. Brother Fluckiger and I went into a store to get some things we will need in our apartment. When we came out the police were awaiting us. This turned out to be a case where provincialism resulted in them being more suspicious. They have seldom had anything to do with strangers. We were taken to the police station where they grilled us at length, investigated our passes, and phoned Kiel for help. They could find nothing wrong so rather reluctantly turned us loose.

April 30. We all met together then went tracting. After dinner Fluckiger and I went home and found Elders Fetzer and Welling awaiting us. Welling and I went tracting again. In the evening we sang and visited. I wrote a poem, "Missionary's Lament", after supper. Its a masterpiece (tongue firmly in cheek).

May 1, 1937. Today is Germany's Labor Day. Work is forbidden. Everybody is on the street celebrating, bands marching, parading. We all boarded the train for Rendsburg where we dined with Welling's Housfrau (landlady). We took pictures and watched parades. I almost succumbed to homesickness. Brother Fetzer has a record player and all the latest records. I don't know whether the music brought on the blues or not, but I recovered in time to give a talk in the evening meeting. Brothers Fetzer, Welling and I sang a trio for the same meetings.

May 4. Brother Fluckiger received word he is to leave. We cooked up a grand plan to get some publicity. Our plan included a Word of Wisdom display with a frog as the chief protagonist and a statement that Mormonism has nothing in common with tree masonry or Communism. I wrote our propoganda on a type machine, took it to the police for an ok, then to the press for publication (we hope). We then bought some material for an experiment with a frog and a drop of nicotine. The frog acquitted himself nobly. He died!

In Schleswig we rented from an old bachelor, Herr Messer, who was accustomed to retiring very early. We were to take the front door key with us if we intended being out beyond Herr Messer's retirement hour. We hated to take that monstrous key. It was $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch deep and at least 4 inches long—and 6 inches when unfolded. The business end was shaped like a pistol. Brother Welling was a fastidious dresser and the key's bulge was not at all suited to his well-tailored look. I found him trying to unload the key on me whenever his turn came to carry it. One night he left the key with Herr Messer, hoping we would be back home in time.

It was long after bedtime when we arrived and Welling had to sheepishly own up to the fact that he had not brought the key. There was nothing to do but awaken our good landlord whose bedroom was above the door. After a few carefully aimed stones, we awakened him. I called up to him "Bitte verzerhen Sie uns Herr Messer, dass wir Sie zerstort haben." (Pardon us for having destroyed you--- Zerstort should have been verstor). This was my addition to a missionary's list of faux pas. Our landlord was sleepy and befuddled, but let us in without a reprimand.

May 9. Mother's Day. We had two Mother's Day programs. I had to give two talks and sing a song with some of the brethren. Afterward, an investigator asked us to

help him celebrate his birthday He wanted to sing and play the zither. I played the guitar and about wore my fingers out.

May 12---a very different day. We took our baths in a public bath-house. None but the wealthy have bathing facilities in their homes. We're accustomed to more modest bathing.

We watched some new recruits being schooled in military drill. Everything had to be done with precision. The goose-step was just too much for some of them.

We visited Brother Schmidt in the hospital. As we were leaving, a young fellow accosted us and asked if we were Mormons. He said he could tell at a glance. He is a member from Berlin.

May 13, another different day. After tracting and dinner I was engaged with Herr Messer in a gospel conversation about the book of Mormon when a policeman arrived. He asked me to come to the police station and bring the other missionaries too. He said he had visited some of our meetings during World War I. He stayed and talked for about an hour.

At 3:30 I rounded up the other missionaries, Fetzer, Welling, and Streadbeck, and we went to the police station. The policemen asked all about our work—how, when, where, why and for how long have we been teaching and expect to carry it on. They informed us we are not to hold meetings with friends.

May 15 Streadbeck and I spent long hours talking about family, missionary work, church, etc. He said I had been talking a lot in my sleep—all in German! I wrote a letter to Woodrow Dennett offering a few suggestions.

May 17 We went to a display of World War I weapons—big Bertha plus a lot of war pictures. It makes me heartsick to see them training their youth to die to satisfy their power hunger and greed. I can't understand how the world can so soon forget the last war and its horrors. There are still a lot of "war heros" walking the streets who are getting along the best they can with a leg or an arm or both missing.

We have spent several hours working on our translation of "The Restoration". — more good practice with German, on quite a different level than usual—good!

May 24 We gave out a book a few days ago. The contact had such a keen interest in our message. Today we went back expecting an outpouring of the spirit. One could hardly imagine a greater contrast in a 24 hour span. He wasted not a minute to declare us persona non grata. He said he wanted nothing more to do with our Mormon doctrine and that he had discovered that we were Mormons and that was enough. It did not matter what the teachings were. We both got a bit blue and discouraged. He had seemed so genuinely interested and willing to inquire. We didn't have much enthusiasm left for tracting.

May 28. We have done a bit of sporadic tracting but let discouragement creep in. We've just got to work harder. There was a German naval ship in the Kiel harbor today. Welling and I went aboard. We were shown around and treated very nice. One of the sailors told us a German naval vessel had been bombed by the Reds in Spain, which made a very tense situation. The young sailor who had reported the bombing incident to us was warned not to talk to us. I can imagine Brother Heimann's reaction to this. He will for sure think this is the beginning of WW II. Everywhere we turn people are gathered in small groups discussing the bombing.

We've had another missionary with us today, Elder Greenwood. He is so sure that war is coming that he has spent his day fixing his bike so he can fly to Denmark, taking it for granted that missionaries will be called out of Germany immediately if war is declared. There is a lot of gunfire and much aerial activity the past few days. I might say I feel no trepidation.

In a letter from Tell, he said that Ivy Wilson (Lenora's mother) is spreading her poison (gossip) abroad. My first reaction was anger and desire to retaliate. Reason prevailed. I wrote her and asked her not to do it anymore, and to think of the results of taking people's names in vain.

We had an invitation to visit the mental hospital, and took the opportunity to do so today. The doctor in charge showed us around and among other things, told us that a majority of the patients are alcoholics.

While tracting we met a lady who was willing to talk to us, but who felt no need for religion. She is concerned about her son who is in a period of crisis in his life. The lady said she had brought up her two children not to be bandits and law-breakers and that was good, but she was worried about the outcome. The son said he didn't believe in God and called his life a dog's life. How blind we humans are. Neither this woman nor her son know how hard and purposeless life is when we choose to exclude god. She felt she had done her duty by teaching them the principle of basic honesty. The son wanted to see us again.

We also got invited to meet with another man who didn't believe in God. We talked with him for 1 ½ hours. He thanked us for coming and said we had helped him. He was likeable, frank and interested.

The absence of any mail for a week makes us wonder if the police are intercepting our mail to see if we are subversives.

June 1, 1937. The communication between us elders and mission headquarters isn't very good. Nobody is sure just whose jurisdiction we are under. At any rate we held a missionary meeting this morning and decided four of us should work out of Kiel. I was hoping to stay in Schleswig. We spent the morning paying a few quick visits to friends we have made while tracting, and collecting books we have loaned out. Welling and I made some sorgham candy. I still have 1 quart of the delicious stuff. We spent the evening packing. We had hoped to leave today but didn't get unregistered with the police. Welling and I talked for hours about our lives and plans. He is such a nice guy.

June 3 Sister Metelmann was surprised to find us back in Kiel so quickly. We read in the Deseret News that big changes are in the offing. All of Germany will be a separate mission. Switzerland and Austria will be another mission. Brother Kelly will be president of the German Mission. There will be some drastic changes as we get our new assignments.

June 4, District President Heimann asked for a meeting with us elders. We talked over our situation and Brother Heimann wanted us to go to Lubeck. I didn't feel we should make another change until we got clarification from President Kelly.

Sister Metelmann is another one of those angelic women who feel themselves called as surrogate mothers to minister to always hungry, pink-cheeked, homesick elders. She can see worn-out socks and underwear almost before they need mending. She sees us missionaries at our absolute worst (at home goofing off, being lazy) yet doesn't lose faith.

I only mention a few invitations to meals, but the saints in both Hamburg and Kiel have had us in 4-5 times per week—good old southern hospitality, I presume.

As Brother Streadbeck neared the end of his mission he conceived a desire to visit Denmark. He proposed that we rent a motorcycle and go to Copenhagen. We jolted along on the brick road with rain pelting us in the face for about 20 miles. I've never been disenchanted of a lark so quickly. Fortunately I was able to prevail upon him to abandon our plans and return home.

June 6. Our first weekend in Kiel, Brother Streadbeck and I were invited to attend church meetings in Flensburg. A young member met us at the train station and took us to the chapel. Sunday School and testimony meetings were excellent. Klinds asked us to lunch and after it I helped with the dishes. We went for a walk along the shore and I got my first look at Denmark. I talked in our evening meeting and felt I was making good progress with the language.—my best talk to date.

June 9. We got word from Brother Kelly that he was going to make some changes. He asked Brother Streadbeck to suggest someone to manage the Mission School in Hannover. Brother S. told him that I was the only one in our district he could recommend. If I had a bit more experience I might have been able to do it. I'm not old enough on a mission to take such a job.

June 14. I spent some time with Heinrich Kuhr today. We got started talking about America. Heine became euphoric. He, like Heinrich Hansen, has been thinking about it for some time. I wouldn't part with my US citizenship for anything. What a great gift my Swiss and English progenitors left me!

June 20, 1937, I was officially transferred to Kiel, Germany's chief North Sea Naval base. Kiel, like Hamburg, had strong priesthood leadership, and therefore, a viable branch of the Church. There were four missionaries serving here: myself; Emil Fetzer (later to become the Church architect who designed many of our temples); Paul Welling (a brother to one of Ovando's missionary companions who later became my companion in Wessermunde/Lehe—he later took his own life); and Arval Streadbeck (my companion whom I had first become acquainted with in Hannover at the two-week missionary training course. He later became a faculty member of the U of U in their German Department).

The missionaries assigned to Kiel were assigned also to look after members in several small cities between Kiel and the Danish border. My diary opens on a Sunday and we four are in Rendsburg to visit and hold meetings with whatever scattered members we could find.

It didn't take long to find that our landlady was a member and had long since taken it upon herself to mother all of us green missionaries. Sister Metelmann had a heart of gold and was endowed with all the motherly instincts, enhanced by her love and appreciation for the gospel. There must be an especially beautiful and peaceful spot in heaven for such.

One scarcely notices the day to day goings on in Kiel, but let a navy ship from some other country visit the harbor and one sees an immediate transformation. Where we had been crossing several streets while tracting and were oblivious to anything different about them, we now were made amply aware that these were no ordinary streets, but were part of the "red light" district. Girls advertising their wares were at every doorstep or window opening. We changed our tracting route quickly!

Several U.S. Navy ships were in the harbor and sailors were everywhere in evidence. Most had two things in mind—strong German beer and girls. Neither was hard to find. One sailor, at least, was not interested in those attractions and began talking to us. He and several of his friends went to Church with us, ignoring two young girls who were standing on the corner saying, “I luff you” over and over again.

June 23, Wednesday. At noon we boarded the bus for Hamburg. I stayed in the same hotel where I stayed my very first night in Germany alone, because no one had met me. This was quite a difference! In the ensuing months I had gained linguistic confidence and also knew my way around two important cities (Hamburg and Kiel). I also had friends, both German and American.

We did two things that missionaries do whenever they get together: exchange experiences and catch up on mission gossip; and visit saints from previous areas of assignment. Apropos of the latter, I learned that Harold Gode was to be baptized on Sunday—news to make any missionary’s day.

Part of our day was spent at the U.S. Consulate getting Streadbeck’s passport renewed. That was followed by an afternoon at the world renowned Hagenbeck Zoo—quite a sight for a country hick.

One of our reasons for being in Hamburg was to welcome some in-coming missionaries, among them Woodrow Dennett of Springdale. What a thrill to see someone from home—someone who could tell me about home and loved ones. It was quite a reunion! How different for Woodrow to be met by someone from home, compared to my cold arrival 6 months before. We spent an hour aboard ship before debarking. Part of the news from Woodrow, is that he is engaged to Merle Wallace, a mutual friend and a LaVerkinite. (His engagement ended with a “Dear John” mid-mission.—Why would one even want to be different?) Woodrow and I had a hotel room together, which allowed us to talk until 2 a.m. with no inconvenience to anyone. I had hoped to get him as my companion, but the next morning we saw him and several other missionaries off for Berlin, then took the train back to Kiel.

There was mail for me in Kiel. One letter (almost a book) was from Frau Julion from Altona. We had met with her several times. She had already informed us that she was wedded to Christ and in this letter informed me that it had been revealed to her that I was the one chosen to baptize her! In pure Shakespearean lingo “she has completely popped her cork”.

Arval and I played host to several of our branch members and took them aboard the navy ship, “The New York”. The navy people were very gracious and provided guides to show us around, then served us ice cream. Arval and I had already been on the ship and had made friends with one of the sailors. Arval took him on a bicycle tour of Kiel. On Sunday we took the Hansens aboard the U.S. Navy ship “Arkansas”. We and our guests were treated differentially.

I carried on a regular correspondence with quite a few people during my mission. The number one correspondent was, of course, Mother. Tell wrote occasionally, as did many of my siblings and Dad.

I also wrote quite regularly to Doris Tobler. Our lives had touched at Dixie College and we went on an occasional date. While at Dixie, Doris was dating Murray Webb, a cousin to Velma Spendlove. The Isom/Spendlove family had a hereditary illness similar to muscular dystrophy. Doris and Murray had given some thought to marriage

She came to me sometime in our second year at Dixie and asked my advice about marrying into the Isom/Spendlove family. She knew that Velma and I were seriously involved; and that at the beginning of our senior year of high school I had suddenly terminated that relationship. She wanted to know why we had broken up, and if the family's predisposition to MS had been a factor. I could tell her that although Velma and I had not discussed the matter, I knew the possible ramifications of such a marriage and was willing to take that risk. So, we carried on a rewarding but not romantically oriented correspondence. Doris graduated from College and married Murray and they had a great marriage.

In Hamburg, tracting had not been a part of our daily regimen. All over Germany it was either forbidden or frowned upon by the Nazi authorities and therefore avoided by the missionaries.

June 29, 1937. We registered at the police station today. We ate dinner at Sister Starkjohan's. After dinner we went to Brother Hansen's barber shop and he gave me a haircut, a regular thing while in Kiel.

We tracted for two hours, and I really enjoyed it. I've prayed that the Lord would help me to learn to enjoy that part of the work and I feel that my prayers have been partly answered already. I just must get in and amount to something as a missionary. I'm trying to follow President Grant's advice, "That which you persist in doing becomes easy to do; not that the nature of the thing has changed, but your power to do has increased." I have adopted it as my motto and I hope that through diligently following it I may expand my possibilities to where there is no alternative but success.

July 8. We were invited into a home this morning by a young man and had a long conversation with him.

One old lady had told us before in no uncertain terms that she didn't want any more tracts. So today we went by her house without offering her one. She had a speech all prepared and was badly disappointed that we didn't give her a chance to give it, so she followed us to the next house and told us that what angered her was that foreigners had the audacity to try to teach the Germans anything. I admit it's a waste of time for some of them. One man told us we were too pious and would never get anywhere. Another came running after us in a rage and told us to take our tracts and scam.

Another lady on our tracting beat opened the door and allowed me to give my tracting spiel for the day. She listened closely, I thought, and I was thinking what a great prospect she would be, when she blurted out, "Sind sie Neger? (Are you a Negro?) I said I was not and began anew with my message. At about the same juncture, the lady interrupted again, "Sind vielekicht halb blutiger Neger?" (Are you a mixed blood Negro?) A bit perturbed, I answered negatively and after a slight pause I began a third time. This time she answered "Dann hat Ihre Backeaknocken Mutter vielleicht eimen Neger gesehen wahrend Sie schwanger waren denn sie haben die hohen knochen cenes Nigers" (Then your Mother must have seen a Negro while she was pregnant because you have the high cheekbones of a Negress.)

We were invited to dinner at Heimanns. Brother Heimann thinks war will start tomorrow. We read in the newspaper of another church being forbidden, and it is punishable by imprisonment to say anything from the pulpit about the coming church elections. They are gradually but thoroughly squeezing the churches out. I can't help but think we'll be on their list before long. They are taking the smaller ones first.

We visited Kuhr's as was our habit on Friday evening and made sorghum candy "viva la trunk". Can't you see taking a gallon of sorghum in a steamer trunk?

July 14, 1937. While tracting this morning we met a man who was determined to make us quit tracting. He became frustrated and angry because we refused to show our passes and permission to tract. He also accused us of being "Bibel Forscher" (Bible students).

Welling and Fetzner transferred to South Germany. I'll miss them. The Saints in this area are determined to make pigs of us. It is not at all unusual for us to have three invitations to meals in one day. They never pass up a chance to have "coffee" (postum type) served with delicious wurst and cheeses. That would all not be so bad, but these dear old sisters can't bear the thought of their boys not being properly fed. That means being served prodigious quantities of food and seeing that it is all eaten. Also, it is not uncommon for a missionary to quickly gain 20-23 pounds in the first 5-6 months in the mission-field (I did).

I hadn't been in the mission 10 days when I got my first introduction to German hospitality. I was invited to a special branch dinner at Christmas time. There were 6 of us missionaries, so Streadbeck felt he could not bring along all of us. Since I had had a couple of years of German, the lot fell to me. When dinner was ready a large plate full of boiled potatoes was passed around. I took two quarters and passed it on. Everyone was looking my way and a big guffaw ensued. I turned my most winsome pink. The laughter was obviously directed at something I did or didn't do. Brother Streadbeck informed me that the potatoes were the main course and good manners would dictate that I eat up and make the hosts happy.

July 21. Today was our day off. Brothers Woolf and Greenwood joined us. We ate at a restaurant then spent the evening at a variety show. I came away pretty disgusted with smoking and drinking.

July 23. Tracting was a great success today. We gave out 2 Books of Mormon, were invited into one home, and had 12 conversations. Brother Alley and I were invited to dinner by Heimanns. Brother Heimann declared the government had forbidden any more tracting and that no meetings could be held with friends. How can this last much longer? We have few privileges left.

July 25, Sunday. What a day! We studied all day then had a sacrament meeting. Three missionaries spoke. One of them, Jack Alley, murdered the language (all by himself). There was little evidence of the spirit in what he said or how he said it. It was an embarrassment for the branch members as well as for us missionaries.

He said, "A young man tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor blade. His friend found him and pasted his throat back together. Then he had his leg broken and they took him to a doctor to have it repaired. The members couldn't help laughing. The sad part was that Jack is only a week or so from finishing his mission. He is one of those who came on a mission because his mother wanted it.

July 27. A card came in the mail for Jack Alley that leaves us shocked. We read it and don't know what we should do. The card was in English and from a girl where Jack had recently been stationed. She wrote of the good times they had had together, and that she was grateful that he had a little brightness in his dreary round in Germany. We really should tell President Kelly. One guy like that can do more harm than 3 or 4 doing their

duty. The card left no doubt as to why there was so little spirituality in Jack's talk of a few days ago.

We visited with a family today that are so enamoured of Nazism that they are in danger of losing their testimonies of the gospel. They almost worship Hitler. Her advice is that we should have a picture of him in the church. I fear a lot of members will feel compelled to make that kind of choice. It is not to be wondered at that Hitler knows how to manipulate an audience.

July 29. I went tracting alone this morning and had an inspirational conversation with a lady. She at first said she already had a church. I told her that the very proliferation of churches was proof that most of them were wrong. I felt inspired as I talked to her and felt I was being directed to say what I did. I left her crying as she promised to investigate further.

August 1, 1937, Sunday. Our testimony meeting was a spiritual feast. One feels the tension building up among the members as they read the papers and talk among themselves. President Hansen (Branch President), showed me some correspondence he is having with the authorities. He feels the time is not far away when tracting will no longer be possible.

August 2, 1937. I got up early and studied, then we were just getting ready to go tracting when Brother Hansen came in to tell us that it is forbidden. No more tracts; no meetings except with Church members. If that is to be the extent of our activity I'd as soon go somewhere we can work—South America, for instance.

August 5, Kiel. Received a letter from President Kelly. "Be packed and ready for transfer at Hamburg Conference." Two may be sent back to Kiel. I hope I do.

Sunday, August 7, I sang a duet with Heinrich Kuhr and gave a farewell talk in Sacrament meeting. In the four months here I've talked a dozen times, but always extemporaneously. I like to prepare my talks.

August 9. Packed my things then went to H. Hansen's barbershop for a haircut. Brother Hansen wants to go swimming tomorrow.

August 10. Spent the day on shore and harbor. It was a beautiful day for swimming and sightseeing. We spent some time at the monument to the sea soldiers of WWI at Laboe, a seaside resort.

August 11, 1937. Today is my birthday. Everyone was so nice. Sister Metelman gave me a huge bowl of fruit and a vase of lovely flowers. Sister Brandenburg gave me a nice photo album, a chocolate bar, and a card. The Kuhrs gave me a lovely card and the missionaries treated me to a movie.

The best part of the day was the letters from Mother, Clark, Tell, Ruth and Bill, Mary Jo Pickett and a card from Frau Hoff. How did they ever manage to get them here on my birthday?

At noon we went to Heimann's for dinner. What a lonely feeling is the thought of eating for the last time with these hospitable, loving people. I don't feel worthy of such goodness. It will, to be sure, make me try harder to be worthy of their friendship and love.

I had the wonderful privilege of giving blessings to two of the older sisters. Sister Heimann has severe eye problems and asked me to administer to her before departing.

I heard Sister Kruger was not planning to go to conference in Hamburg. I sought her out and asked why she was not going. She replied that she was not well enough. She

asked for an administration and though I was alone I felt inspired to do so. As soon as I took my hands from her head she stood up and said, "I'm going to Hamburg." I was so glad to hear her say that. These people may not have another opportunity to see a president of the church in their lifetime. President Grant will be our visitor.

August 12 was an exciting day. Elder Greenwood and I packed our baggage and took an 8 a.m. train to Hamburg. After leaving our baggage at the chapel, we took the opportunity to see more of the city, and to get malted milks. At noon we went back to the meeting house and had a couple of free hours to meet many acquaintances as we assembled for conference. We also met several mission leaders and general authorities at the railroad station, including Pres. McKay, and Pres. Rees of the East German Mission. At 3 p.m. we had the privilege of meeting and shaking hands with our beloved President Heber J. Grant.

How nice it was in the evening to see many of my friends from Altona as we looked forward with anticipation to hearing Pres. Grant. He spoke for an hour. Pres. Richard L. Lyman was there and also spoke to us.

After conference I took time to say good-bye to my friends from Kiel and Hamburg, among them Sister Gerber, Lotta Stelzig and Liese Lotta Steur. I gave Harold Gode a book as a remembrance of his baptism.

August 13. When I asked Pres. Kelly when our missionary meeting would be he said he saw no way we could meet during the day, and gave me permission to spend the day visiting the saints. I had left there with no opportunity to say goodbye when I was transferred to Kiel. I was saddened upon visiting Jentzschs. They have quit attending church and had taken up some of their Word of Wisdom habits, all because Brother J had seen a former branch president drinking. So sad to see someone lose their testimonies.

The Stelzigs invited me to dinner and gave me one of his excellent brushes as a going away present. After several other visits I returned to our hotel in Hamburg where Pres. Grant and the two mission presidents are staying. Pres. Rees took me aside and told me how they have decided to divide the missions, and that he would be my new mission president. I feel content with that. President Richard R. Lyman came in and we three visited for some time.

Our conference meeting started at 8 p.m. Just before the meeting was to start, Pres. Kelly told me about my transfer to Wessermunde/Lehe and that my companion would be Brother Welling. I rejoiced all evening at that news. I know we will get along famously if I do my part.

Our meeting was a spiritual feast. Pres. Grant went to his hotel after his speech. Brother Lyman gave an inspirational talk. He is a great speaker. After our meeting I went home with Brother Balstead where I stayed overnight. Brother B. is an older missionary.

August 14. When I returned to Kiel, members assumed I was back to stay. When I have to take leave all over again it will be painful.

There was a package for me from Mother at the customs office. They wanted 48 marks for duty. I got Brother Heimann to sign a letter swearing I was not being paid by the Church. It didn't cut any ice with customs so Brother Streadbeck decided to have them send the package to Denmark. Then began a few days of frustration. In between our making arrangements we administered to their son who had a bad case of blood poisoning.

Streadbeck and I made arrangements to borrow Brother Deerschauer's motorcycle and pick up our package in Copenhagen when it reached there in a week. One can gauge how prized our packages from home are from the frenetic activity this package brought about.

August 15. The members seemed delighted to see me back. While we were waiting to receive our errant package, I stayed and attended church services and prepared my farewell address. After Church everybody went swimming except me. When Sister Inge Kuhr returned early, I soon understood why the brethren insist that companions stay together. After we talked for a while, she told me she couldn't bear to see me leave and that she wanted to go with me. She had only married Heine because her mother didn't want her to, and said that she will never be happy.

It made me terribly blue to hear her confession. I thought she and Heine were a perfect young LDS couple. I wonder if I am at fault in any way that she has come to feel as she does. She was brave about it, but it broke my heart to its depth. I tried to say something to help her, but words failed me.

My farewell talk after such an afternoon was not what it might have been and should have been. I felt sick all evening. Branch President Hansen paid me a very nice compliment and the audience sang several appropriate songs. Brother Hansen read a poem he had made up for the occasion. There were lots of tears shed and though I felt a bit ashamed, I joined in with a few bucketfuls. I was emotionally drained by it all.

August 16. I stayed with Hansens overnight, and Heinrich's sister-in-law fed me breakfast. Sister Metelmann asked us to dinner (at noon). I also unregistered with the police and pressed my clothes.

We were invited to Kuhr's (Heine was on vacation) for dinner, and Bro. Streadbeck made some pies. I was alone in the living room when she began telling me she loved me and didn't care to live without me. I was completely unnerved. It was not something I felt I could share with Bro. Streadbeck, my companion. I've been on my mission 8 months and have worried so much the past few weeks that I feel like an old man.

August 17 we arose early and left for Copenhagen on Brother Deerschauer's motorcycle. On the way to Flensburg I learned how to drive the diabolical thing. We got through German customs, but the Danes wouldn't let us through without a driver's license. There was nothing left to do but to go back to Flensburg and leave the cycle with the Klindts where we ate dinner. Neither of us had enough money for a train ticket. We asked if Sister Klindt could help. She didn't have any cash, but went to a neighbor who was out warming up his car. He offered to take us to Denmark.

Just inside Denmark he took us to a great, high tower from which we could see a beautiful grand view of both Germany and Denmark. He also stopped at a small city and treated us to lunch, then helped us to find the best route to take. We bought a return ticket to Germany at Nyburg, and then crossed the channel to Copenhagen, arriving at 1 a.m. There was only one hotel with a vacancy—single bed.

Since we barely had enough money to get back home, we were unable to take a tour of the city. So did the next best: we went by shank's mare and nearly walked our legs off. We did take in a movie "The Good Earth" when we got too tired to walk any more.

I fell in love with Copenhagen. The people seem carefree and happy. There is not the hurry and bustle of New York or Chicago, but it is gay, lively and clean. It has the desirable qualities of both large and small cities, without the undesirable ones

In the evening we went to the Railroad station to check on train schedules. At one of the turnstiles, who should come through, but Oscar Kirkham, a well-known scouter in the Church. We were a bit embarrassed because we addressed him as Richard R. Lyman. He was slightly miffed, but forgave us. We chatted for about an hour.

Our return home was tiring. We had to change trains 5 times. Near the border we looked up a brother Jessen who offered to receive our long lost package, but it hadn't arrived there, so we gave him money for the duty and asked him to send it back to Germany. We went by bus to Flensburg, then took the motorcycle and headed for home.

August 20 I finished packing early and checked my luggage. Sister Kruse brought a farewell package of sweets. Sister Metelmann gave me a sack of cakes for the trip. I got my bicycle and flew to Sister Kruger's. It was her birthday so I took her some flowers. She was surprised and pleased to be remembered. She gave me part of her birthday cake.

Sister Metelmann asked me to dinner. What a lovely, motherly sister. How could one not love her. She worried that I was not eating as heartily as usual.

I went at 2 p.m. to board my train for my new home. Sister Kuhr was there with a box of chocolates. I tried to counsel her that we had to both forget, but she was so moody about it that I promised to write, against my better judgement.

WESERMUNDE/LEHE

Wesermunde is another harbor town, closely tied to Bremen. Wesermunde is only 5 hours by train from Kiel, but seems half a world away today. Brothers Baer and Welling met me at the train and took me for an orientation stroll about the town.

August 21 I received a card from Brother Jessen telling me that he had been able to get my package, so if everything goes well, I may get it in time for Christmas.

August 22 President Rees bade all us missionaries to join him in Bremen where he wants to talk about the future of the work in Germany. We met in a hotel there for meeting, then he took us out to dinner. He spoke about the restrictions placed on us by the Nazis. We can't teach out of the Old Testament at all because it is Jewish scripture. We were told which areas allowed tracting and which ones didn't. We are to work closely with members. After the evening meeting we came back to Wesermunde.

August 25. It is county fair time in Wesermunde. We took the opportunity to join the crowds there in the evening.

I was asked to say a few words in mutual, and also give the lesson in German without preparation. It wasn't so good, but I learned a lot and believe I could do better next time

Paul Welling, my companion, is not only suave and urbane, he plays a mean trumpet. We had some discussions about using music to take us through college. An E flat alto sax greatly appeals to me, as does the trumpet. We looked at some used saxophones. Paul offered me the use of his trumpet to develop my musical skills.

We had a few days in late August when we ran out of funds and were faced with certain starvation. It is good to be resourceful and lucky. A timely visit from one of our more affluent missionary friends, Brother Petty, saved the day. On a visit to the county

fair I made my contribution to our salvation when I was moved (yes, the devil made me do it!) to put down 20 pfennigs down on a roulette table. Our return—a box of cakes and one of candy.

Paul and I, after much thought and discussion, promised each other to be more disciplined—to get up earlier, study more, and speak only German. I feel grateful to have Paul as my companion. We get along splendidly.

August 31 Brother Selmann went with us to explore the availability of a meeting house more suitable to our needs. The lawyer who handles our present facility agreed, finally, to let us off the hook.

September 1, I was sustained as MIA President. I had to give the lesson and it was very much better than it was last week, but capable of considerable improvement.

Paul and I made an agreement. I bought his beautiful trumpet and hope to be able to play it well.

September 2, we had our first Relief Society today with three sisters and we companions. It was fairly good.

September 5. Had a great fast and testimony meeting. These meetings have always been my favorites ever since I can remember Sister Sanders and her riveting testimonies.

September 6. We hear conflicting information about the legality of tracting. As nearly as we can discern there is no national law against it so we decided to give it a try again. Our problem is that this small city has been tracted over and over again.

Brother Stuhff arranged for us all to go to Helgoland today. It is a solid rock jutting up in the North Sea that serves as a military bastion. It was a dreary North Sea day with about 5 minutes of sunshine. All of us became nauseated to some degree. The city is orderly and clean—just my idea of a perfect assignment. I had some interesting conversations with a group of girls and passed out a number of tracts. The (Tour) group leader got me in a hole by asking what we thought of the Jewish question. I had to mainly sidestep that issue—both because I know very little about the Jews and also am aware that they are the Nazi's whipping boys.

September 8, the package finally arrived and we're savoring Mother's welcome, Delicious goodies. Our landlady was so impressed with molasses candy that she wanted us to make a batch so she could learn how to do it!

September 10. We had a long and serious discussion with a contact after they fed us supper. He professed to believe the gospel was true, but that there is something in his life that keeps him from being baptized. I hope we can follow up on that.

September 19, Sunday. We have a dirth of musical talent in our branch. Brother Zielinsky tries valiantly but is not piano friendly.

Paul and I are rather discouraged. Our efforts are half-hearted because we feel they are not rewarded. We decided to give tracting a month-long try even though we continue to be told it is forbidden. We'll see.

September 20, Monday. After noon we helped the landlady prepare for the air protection practice. Every window must be hung with black paper. If anyone is caught with a window which lets the slightest bit of light through will be fined 150 morls. All lights had to be covered too. All cars and bicycles had to have their lights covered and all street lamps were covered. The practice is to last six days.

We ate dinner then I went to the meeting house and practiced my trumpet. When I came back, Paul was pacing the floor. He had remembered that we were invited to the Sellmann's for lunch—the second time we had forgotten. We hurried to Sellmann's to apologize and make amends. Afterwards we visited Brother Kinast. He has a live-in friend, which is not an uncommon practice in Germany. If his common-law wife marries, she loses her widow's pension from WW I. It makes for a difficult situation since we can't use them in the Church (unless, as often happens, we aren't aware that they are not legally married). We found out during our visit that this is the case with them.

September 22 we went tracting and had a few conversations. We also contacted Brother Grothe and went out to look at a chapel, liked it, and made arrangements to rent it.

After practicing my horn, I began browsing through some old conference reports. It brought me to some pretty serious thinking about how little we are accomplishing here and the responsibility we have to use our time more wisely. I have prayed earnestly for some time that the Lord would forgive my weaknesses and help me immerse myself in the work as I should.

I helped the landlady remove the black paper from the windows then she invited us to have coffee. It afforded me the opportunity to explain the Word of Wisdom. She said she thought Welling and I were model young men. Frau Allert is the daughter of one of our members, but is not herself a member.

September 26 Paul and I sang a duet of "O My Father" in sacrament meeting with guitar accompaniment. I taught the priesthood lesson.

The next day, we tracted 3 hours and visited a friend. At noon I went to the local (chapel), and after practicing the trumpet, renewed my reading of the 1934 conference reports. My mind turned again to thoughts about my responsibility as a missionary, and brought me to realize how great my transgressions are and have been. I prayed earnestly for the Lord's help in overcoming my weaknesses, and asked His forgiveness for my sins. I also asked Him to let me know how I stood with Him.

I had been weary all morning and my thoughts and feelings had been extremely depressing. After praying earnestly for some time, I started home. All of a sudden the tiredness left my body and my heart was filled with a feeling of exaltation and satisfaction. I felt the Lord had answered my prayers. This was a day of satisfaction and joy!

September 28. While tracting we were invited into a home and had a good visit. After tracting a few more houses we were coming down some stairs when a man accosted us demanding to see our permission to spread tracts. We showed him our passports but that didn't satisfy him. He insisted we go with him to the police station. We told him we would not go unless he could show he had the authority to take us in. He showed us his identification as an officer of the local police department. He questioned us at length and took one of our tracts. During the entire time I didn't feel the least trepidation and realized what a wonderful feeling of confidence and calmness one gets, knowing he is serving our Heavenly Father who has power over all. People may laugh at our youth and our religion, but they will have to answer for it sometime. I never remember feeling so confident and having the assurance that I am engaged in a righteous cause and that no one can do me harm. I feel I am growing and becoming stronger in spirit and understanding.

September 30 we had a very good visit this morning. A lady had lost her husband a few months ago. We explained our work for the dead and marriage for time and eternity. I enjoy the work more each day since we began tracting. For the first time I feel I'm making some contribution. I love to bear my testimony to the people we meet while tracting.

After looking and negotiating for a month for a new lokal, we finally signed the papers. The missionaries used some of their own money to buy paint, then put in the labor to get it painted and fixed up. The truck came about 3 on Thursday, and we soon had things carried to the new Lokal. We were busy until 7 p.m., when we turned over the keys of the old meeting house to the landlord.

October 1. After tracting all morning, we returned home to find a letter from President Rees to Paul, transferring him to Cologne. What a blow to lose him as my companion. We get along so perfectly and have felt so good as we earnestly tried to use our time wisely.

October 1 to 3. The mission arranged for many missionaries to attend party day at Buckeberg in the vicinity of Hamelin, the locale for the fairy tale "The Ratcatcher (Pied Piper) of Hamelin". An estimated 1,200,000 people attended. The intent of the celebration was, I think, two-fold: 1. To give notice to the world that Nazism is here to stay; and 2. To propagandize the Germans. I'm not sure how much the world was impressed. They should have been. Their demonstration of "Blitzkrieg" was awesome. The Germans were given huge doses of Goelch and Hitler's anti-Jewish and Aryan superiority propaganda. Little doubt remained after the two days were over that Hitler had things well in hand on both counts.

It was a tiring two days at Buckeberg but an instructive experience to be near Hitler and see one of the world's greatest orators/rabble-rousers in action. He uses hate for the Jews skillfully to unite his people and take their minds off political matters. It was both an exciting and a worrisome experience. I shall probably never again see charisma and oratorical ability so well fused into one great event.

Summarizing the message of the party day: Germany is too crowded, needs more land, and must have its colonies back to survive. Germany will get them peaceably if possible, by might if necessary.

He said when he came into power, his enemies predicted he wouldn't last 6 weeks. He praised the people for their unity and support. The great sham battle on the plains was a revelation to me and certainly must have made people proud and have given the world pause. "Blitzkrieg" became a reality.

October 4. When we arrived back home, Brother Fluckiger was here for his goodbyes. He is my ideal of what a missionary should be.

October 5 and 6. I helped Paul pack and we visited as many members as possible and bade them goodbye. When Paul boarded the train I felt as alone as I have ever felt in my life. To keep from letting my thoughts and feelings overpower me I went right out and tracted for 3 hours, then conducted sacrament meeting.

October 10 Brother Zielinski and Brother Sellmann managed to get involved in a brouhaha and the former left the Chapel in a huff. No telling how long it will take to get them back on speaking terms. Strangely enough, we had our largest attendance in Sacrament meeting to now! In the absence of a branch president (the missionary who had served in that position had been transferred), I had to take charge and also speak.

October 11 I expected my new companion to arrive. I do know it is to be Hyrum Smith (His father is a son of Joseph F. Smith and is in the Presiding Bishopric). I went tracting for two hours and had a number of good conversations. As a rule, however, most people have little interest in religion. It is OK for dumb clucks like us, but they are past that stage. Truly this is a time of gleaning.

October 12. I tracted four hours and had good conversations. I had dinner with Sellmanns then visited Brother Kinast, Frau Bartzke and the Mohr family. Everyone, bless 'em, tries to feed me until I get more than one can eat.

At Mohr's I was introduced to a lady who has been to Christian Scientist meetings and had a good discussion about the differences in our beliefs.

October 13. Brother Smith arrived in the afternoon. I helped him with his luggage. He has a lot of it as he is about ready to be released.

October 15. I studied while Hyrum got things in order. At noon Frau Allert asked me to come and listen to her extensive troubles—they involve us as well. It seems Frau Albert's land-lady wants her to kick us out and rent our rooms to her at 20 marks per month. We pay 4 marks. Frau A. has a meager income and would be able to pay her rent if she kicked us out. She is in the throes of getting a divorce because her husband is having an affair and wants to marry his 17 year old paramour. All of this has Frau Albert discouraged and unhappy. I was not able to give much consolation.

October 15 Hy wanted to spend the day watching the steamer "Bremen" pull in. Some of the ship's crew spent much of the day showing us the liner as well as the goings on connected with getting the passengers off and unloading freight. First class facilities were lovely but the second and third class accommodations were far from impressive. They demonstrated pretty clearly the existent class consciousness. Money talks. All of this was very interesting for a small-town boy.

In the evening I taught the Relief Society lesson. We decided we didn't have enough woman-power to warrant continuing the meetings for the present.

October 17, 1937, Wessermunde. After practicing my horn, I went to Sunday School. Afterward I spent the afternoon reading a book, "Larry". It is the letters and diary of a young fellow from age 18 until 20, who was killed while he was in Arizona on vacation. On his last evening there, he rode his horse out to watch the sunset. He was playing idly with the lasso when something frightened the horse. The lasso caught his wrist, pulled him off the saddle and dragged him until his head hit a stump. He died instantly. The problems and feelings which had confronted this young man seemed so real to me. It is hard to understand why a young fellow with so much potential, whose mental grasp, enthusiasm and understanding of life were so nearly perfect must leave this life. His love of the west made me a bit nostalgic. If I were here for anything but to proclaim the gospel, I couldn't stick it out. There is nothing to compare with my wonderful parents and siblings and friends at home. I can't imagine anyone who could take their place.

October 18 I arose early to study for my expected conference talk. It doesn't seem right for Hyrum to waste away his birthday in sleep, so Happy Birthday, Hyrum! He aged a few years when he began worrying whether he could find a suitable mate. I discouraged him as much as possible. We had a good discussion about the kind of wives that would suit us. He prefers his rather well built—husky! —And I—well, we'll see about that later. Brother Smith is ready to go home and start looking for a mate. I'd say it is the call of the

wild, but Hyrum doesn't seem to fit the part. He has a very negative attitude about the local Saints.

October 19. I think I've made the wrong diagnosis of Hyrum's condition. He's feeling the call of the ocean. He could hardly wait to get down to the harbor to see the liner "Bremen" depart. It broke his heart to leave before it got under way, but Sellmans invited us to lunch so we couldn't wait. We spent much of the afternoon at Kinasts and had some fruitful gospel discussions.

October 21. We traveled by train to Bremen for missionary conference, since it was too foggy for the boat to sail. Bremen is district headquarters. We took some time to walk about the city and see the old buildings and statues. There is a statue of Knight Roland, several old churches, and city hall (Ratskeller).

October 22, Friday. What a fine day! From 9 until 12 we had a meeting where each gave a 10-15 minute talk, then we had an inspirational testimony meeting. It is wonderful to see such a group of young fellows together from all walks of life, yet because of a common purpose have left everything they hold dear to give 2 ½ years of unselfish service to bring a precious message to the world. To hear their message is a sacred privilege.

After our meetings we all went to a fall carnival and walked around among the crowds. At 5:30, Brother Smith and I came home on the boat. On the way we met some young fellows who wanted us to help them with the words to some American songs. They sang and played to us then I sang some English songs and played their guitar.

October 25. I went tracting alone. I've never been laughed at as much as today. It seemed as if the devil was lurking behind every door. (Maybe he was!)

October 26. We watched as the "Europa" pulled anchor and departed. It is interesting to watch the crowds and their different reactions, and try to imagine what these people were thinking.

October 28. Hyrum received a letter from President Rees wanting to know if he still wanted to be released in time to get home for Christmas. He does. That means 3 short three months together.

October 31. Up early to prepare conference speech. Our District President spent several hours with us. He asked for a special meeting of branch leadership and insisted I play a trumpet solo in both meetings.

November 5, Friday. I received a nice letter from Kuhrs inviting me to come to conference in Kiel and stay with them. I wish I could accept the invitation. They were certainly a bunch of loyal friends up there.

I conducted our meeting and also sang a solo with guitar accompaniment.

Hyrum received his release and notice that his money is in Holland. He wasted no time in telegraphing Berlin and getting permission to go after it. He left at 10 p.m. on the 8th. I am very much at sea as to what is going on. Changes come and go without much communication. I dislike facing another week or 10 days alone, but it looks as though that will be my lot.

November 9. I translated some health statistics comparing our Church with others. Typed my conference talk and will have Brother Kinast correct it. He did and I was highly elated to find there were no grammatical mistakes.

I visited an elderly lady whom I had met while tracting. We had an expanded conversation about the differences between our Church and others.

November 10. Further translations. Frau Allert attended MIA with me. Brother Kinast walked home with us and we had an argument about the Word of Wisdom. Frau Allert feels it is downright impolite not to accept liquor and tobacco when they are offered. I strongly disagreed, explaining that others lose respect for us if we do not stick to the standards we espouse. Brother Kinast said he was having a difficult time with his drinking buddies who couldn't understand the change in him since joining the Church. He invited me to go for a walk with him the next evening. I know he did it because he knew I was alone.

November 13. Hyrum having returned the night before, we traveled by train to Bremen for conference. The missionaries, Köhler and Barnes, met us at the station and took us home with them. I met my new mitt, Howard Lyman. I took an immediate liking to him. We'll get along well. It's a great feeling to be a senior companion, especially after Hyrum Smith. I liked him but he was too ready to go home to do much but take in the harbor every day. I hope I'll be able to help Howard love the work and the people. I will only need to be humble and put my faith in the Lord.

November 14 we started early with a missionary meeting at Pres. Rees' hotel. It was wonderfully inspirational. Each of us bore his testimony. It gives me a thrill and sort of makes my throat tighten up to hear such a group of young men who are so earnest in their convictions. No one could attend such a meeting and not go away with a strengthened testimony of the gospel and a burning desire to do his duty. I left, thankful to Heavenly Father and my wonderful parents for the opportunity they have given me to come here. I'm thankful also for my new responsibilities as senior companion and as Branch President.

We took Pres. and Sister Rees to the station and bid them adieu, then sent Hyrum to Denmark. The rest of them saw Brother Lyman and me off. I have a very good impression of Brother Lyman. He is willing and has a likeable personality. I have no doubt that we will make the most of our time together. I am resolved to put personal likes and dislikes aside and help him love missionary work and our branch members.

November 16. We started with a bang this morning—studying German and scriptures. At 10 we went tracting, and Howard took his first turn at a door. I think he'll do well and like it.

November 19. Sister Wessel, a young mother, has not been active for a long time. I felt inspired to visit her. At first she was reticent about coming to Church. She had been reprimanded some years back; as she felt, unjustly, and was resolved to give up her membership. We told her she would be warmly welcomed and was needed in the branch. She finally agreed to come, and did. I was never more thrilled because I felt the Lord had of a surety answered our prayers.

We fasted yesterday and today. (48 hours is the longest time I have ever fasted.) I wanted to prepare my body and spirit for the important work before me. I conducted our sacrament meeting for the first time as Branch President. I spoke for 15 minutes

Today I received a letter from Paul Welling. Some time ago, he and I met the attendant at the city bathhouse, a Mr. Reutemann. He was genuinely friendly, but seemed mainly interested in us as Americans; and because he plays the zither and I play the guitar, and because he is trying to learn English. Elder Lyman and I met him and arranged a meeting at his home.

As we boarded the street-car to go home, whom should we meet but Brother Kinast—smoking a cigarette. I have never seen a man look so caught. It was a terribly embarrassing moment for us all. He has always seemed steeped in the weed, but I took his word for it. That leaves us with another priesthood holder whom we cannot count on as a possible branch president. I try very hard to be understanding, but my opinion of him went down a few notches. I'm more afraid of what it will do to his estimate of himself.

November 24 we spent several hours tracting and had some good discussions—also visited members. One lady came to MIA as a result of our tracting. The Grothes invited us to dinner along with some neighbors. The evening was terribly boring. We had little opportunity to enter the conversation, but also found it difficult to find an opening that would allow us to leave without losing face. It was 11 before we got away. We left, knowing every operation (10-12 of them), and every ache and pain Sister Grothe ever had. When we arrived at our door, we found to our consternation that we had forgotten our key. We banged around and were just going to start off for a hotel when the landlady saved us.

November 26 we received a letter from Pres. Kelly advising us he is our mission president. President Rees will preside over the newly formed East German Mission. Our mission is the West German Mission. This explains why everything has been in such a muddle these last few months.

Saturday, November 27 We boarded the train for Hamburg after lunch. The trip was long and tiresome. We checked in at the Central Hotel, then took the opportunity to visit some "Hamburgers", chiefly the Stelzags and others from Altona. I also picked up the Reeses and took them to their hotel.

November 28. The Altonians invited me to attend Sunday School in their branch. When I did, I was asked to speak. I could hardly move for kids hanging on me after the meeting. The Stelzags invited me to dinner where we had a good visit.

The afternoon conference session was a tremendous success. Pres. Brey, the Hamburg district president, prepared the program and conducted. Hamburg has a lot of talent and it showed. President Rees was the main speaker.

An hour between meetings afforded us an excellent opportunity to visit. In the evening I gave a short talk. Pres. Rees outdid himself and gave the best talk I have heard him give. There were some beautiful musical numbers.

Heinrich Hansen was at the conference from Kiel. We had a good visit and I was brought up to date on the news of the branch.

President asked the missionaries to meet him at his hotel. Sister Kaska invited me to overnight at her place. She had prepared supper and insisted I sleep in her bed while she took her couch. She prevailed in spite of my earnest protestations. She had to take care of her boy, no matter what.

November 29. Sister Kaska prepared breakfast then saw me to the Railroad station with my bags stuffed to overflowing with victuals. I was glad to be home again in spite of having had such a spiritual feast at conference.

December 1, 1937. I received a telegram from Hyrum and before I got it open I was in a panic. I couldn't figure what it could be. He announced he is coming here.

December 2. I hope Hyrum isn't easily insulted. I talked him into going to Hamburg to try to trade his Dec. 16 steamship reservation for an earlier one. It would make it difficult to have him here the entire time. I can see us sitting on his trunk with

him—or at the harbor watching the ships pull in and out for two weeks. We took him to the station.

In the evening we visited Sister Wessel and planned our Christmas program. Kuhrs sent a large cake.

December 3. Today is Thanksgiving day. We joined the other missionaries at President Adler's home in Bremen to feast on roast goose and all that goes with it. The missionaries were Hyrum Smith, Hyrum Schumann, Richard Barnes, Curley Robbins, Kohler, Howard Lyman, and myself. After dinner we went to the missionaries' apartment and sang while I played the guitar.

The other missionaries took us to the train to see us off. There was a pretty young girl sitting alone, so I joined her and we had a lovely chat. She asked me what I expected to do when I was released. I told her I wanted to be a musician. She spotted my guitar and insisted we sing some American songs. I almost fell for her. She had such a delightful personality.

December 4 I received heart-breaking news from home. Alton Oviatt's mother passed away unexpectedly. Alton was a high school buddy. He is serving a mission right here in Germany. My heart aches for him.

December 6 we got Hyrum on his way after a lot of fooling around. It will be nice to get back on a semblance of a schedule. Howard is such an adaptable fellow. We'll get to work now. Brothers Zielinski and Sellmann try my patience. They are so childish we spend half of our time keeping them out of each other's hair.

December 8. We visited Sister Leede in Wesermunde. She is another of those who married out of the Church and now pays a heavy price. Very seldom is a sister able to bring a non-member husband into fellowship. What a burden to carry.

I finally got all of my Christmas greetings sent to America

December 9. We heard that Sister Wessel has broken her engagement to a Mormon-hater. I feel sure that it was inspiration that took us to Sister Wessel when she was in doubt about her relationship with the Church. She has been a help in our Sunday School. We visited her this evening and sang and talked for some time. I'm really getting my money's worth out of my \$19. Guitar. It goes about every place I do.

December 12. We had a good Sunday School this morning. We studied all afternoon. I had to conduct sacrament meeting and talked for 15 minutes without notes for the first time. I had asked the Lord to help me and felt he certainly did.

December 15. We've undertaken a plan to visit all of our members before Christmas. One visit was to Brother Zelinski. He is still at odds with Brother Sellmann, and says he won't come to Church as long as Selmenn is there.

Another visit was to Sister Neelen. a long-time member who is having persistent health problems. She said if we hadn't come, she would not have believed in the Church any more. All she did was wail and cry about her troubles. Instead of making me sympathetic, it disgusted me thoroughly. She doesn't come to Church all the time when she is well, and hasn't been known as a visitor of the sick, but is certainly ready to tell others what they should do.

December 17. Herr Reutemann invited us back again, and asked me to bring the guitar. We sang and studied English until 10. As we were leaving, I mentioned the Book of Mormon. That led to a gospel conversation that lasted another hour. Herr Reutemann