

A PREFACE

This past May (2014) my Grandson Brennan Pixton asked me in a telephone conversation for a copy of my personal history. He had, he said, a project he would like to pursue that would utilize that particular writing. Sure, I said, thinking I had several versions of my life's story I could share with him, if I could just find them. I searched and searched - files, folders, two computers, envelopes - only a few assorted writings and chapters of an extended version of my history could I find. I kept saying to myself, "I know they're here somewhere, I remember writing them." [Over the years, under various motivations, I'd written of my experiences from what I could recall. Sometime I'll likely run across those prior musings, which hopefully will be welcomed, if for no reason other than they will have been recorded closer time-wise to the actual remembered occurrences.] Ah, well ... I'll begin again -

MY LIFE

Version 2014: age 82

Chapter I. As an earthling my birth was recorded as June 4, 1932, and a few weeks later my name was given by my Father, Seth W. Pixton, as Richard Brewer Pixton, as he and those assisting him as Elders of the Church blessed me. I don't remember what was said in the blessing but it must have been good - look how its all turned out for me! [smile]

I'm told I had it made as an infant having a neat, caring older brother, Charles, (13-months my senior) who could show me all the right moves to win the affection of everyone, especially Mother (Ruth Naomi Brewer Pixton - that's where the "Brewer" in my name comes from, Mother's maiden name). Again I'm told (having no personal recollection) the four of us - Mother, Father, Charles, and I - lived at 285 C Street, a little apartment on the Avenues in Salt Lake City, Utah, just below the LDS Hospital where I first proclaimed my arrival (I believe I actually cried, so I'm told). *Note: at this point in my story just assume until I say differently that the facts and situations related are "So I'm Told".*

By the time I was born Father had gone to work as an Electrical Engineer with the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, where he continued to work all of his professional life - he never changed employers. Before that, following his graduation from the University of Utah (BS, Electrical Engineering, 1925), he served a full time mission for the Church in England from 1925 to 1928, a considerable portion of which he served as Mission Secretary and later Secretary/Treasurer under his Mission President, Apostle James E. Talmage of the Quorum of the Twelve. He developed a close relationship with President and Sister Talmage which continued after his mission. He was one of 24 pallbearers at Elder Talmage's funeral (1933) in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. I do remember Charles and me going with Father and Mother to visit Sister Talmage after she was widowed. (Her home was on the Avenues, too.) Charles and I would be guided into the front room of her home where we were instructed to play quietly while the grownups visited in another room. Our "quiet play" was usually "Tiddly Winks" (definitely an analogue, "hands on" experience). Of course, we were very quiet, being obedient boys. [see exposition hereafter of the "China Buffett Fiasco" for notable exception.]

Mother had graduated from High School in her Junior year at age 16. To help with family finances she worked at various places over the next few years. One such place was Sweet's Candy Company where she, with two friends also working there, would "wander to the chocolate dipping room and choose a freshly dipped cream center, to finish off . . . lunch" almost

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every day. This was perhaps the origin of her renowned "sweet tooth". She also had attended the University of Utah part-time. Then in 1926, she and all of her family but her Father became ill with the dreaded disease diphtheria. Her Father became the family nurse, administering such home remedies as thought to be helpful. When she and her younger brother, Allan, age 14, did not improve, the doctor was called in (a house call). He could not help Allan, who died; one look at Mother and the doctor said, "Good ---- girl, you get to the hospital!" She was hospitalized for three months, which left her speech and limbs paralyzed. After a year of struggling, she could finally talk and walk and move her arms and hands again. She believed that she would not have gotten better except for the faith and prayers of her loved ones in her behalf.

In 1928 a tall, handsome, recently returned missionary, Seth Pixton, and Mother were both singing in the Wandamere Ward choir. They noticed each other. Mother had other beaux besides Seth, one of whom earlier she had written for the last year of his mission and then was devastated when he broke off with her about a month after he returned home. Seth persisted. He would "bump into her" in places where she just happened to be. Then, too, both of them serving on the Stake Sunday School Board made staying "in touch" easier. Besides his good looks, he was a college graduate, had a good job, and drove a new, green Ford Roadster. So, in the course of time, they began real dating, became engaged and then married in the Salt Lake Temple in October, 1929, Elder Talmage officiating and Sister Talmage attending. From that time on, Mother's life mission was the loving of and caring for her family, fulfilling a promise she made at the time of her terrible, debilitating illness.

We left the "Avenues" for a little house at 979 Hollywood Avenue in Sugar House, then a named residential/commercial area three miles or so southeast of downtown Salt Lake City. It was Aunt Florence's house, which she didn't need at the time. To get it rented she had asked her brother, Silas (Mother's Father) - who had a real estate business - to see if he could help. He told my parents about it and they rented it right away. It was a nice place. Photos of the era show happy boys enjoying the grass, dirt, and worms of the back yard, all while grownups sat in lawn chairs visiting. Visitors included Grandma and Grandpa Pixton, Aunt Helen, Aunt Florence and her son, June, Aunt Norma, Mother's youngest sister, and the Burnett cousins, Mother's older sister's family who lived within walking distance. Those early pictures are among the few we have of Grandma Pixton who died in December, 1935.

Charles and I "came of age" in this house and neighborhood. We were living in the "Burbs" but we didn't know that until it was all long gone. Early on all sorts of traveling salesmen and merchants would come through the area, selling almost everything imaginable: milk and cheese, eggs, repair services, coal, spices, chinaware, pots and pans, ice, books and encyclopedias, etc. Some had trucks, some animal drawn carts, some just walked. Some came regularly like the milkman or the Jewel-T man or the coal man or the Fuller Brush man or the ice man. Others came every-once-in-a-while. In those days, one had to get out and hustle for business; after all, there was a Depression on all over the country.

Most families in the neighborhood had children so there was always something happening: games, tag, tricycle and wagon riding, impromptu dramas, vagrants, visitors, etc. (Vagrants - now that was scary). You never knew who one might be - the State Prison was less than a mile away and prisoners were known to have escaped. oooooh-wow! So, there were

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rules: Don't go around the corner unless I'm (Mother) with you; don't go in anybody's house, play outside; don't play in the street; don't fall, you'll hurt yourself; don't eat other people's food; never accept a ride from anyone you don't know, etc. Also, do come when you're called; be quiet when asked; mind your manners, be polite, etc.

Vacant lots are wonderful places to play. There was one on the way walking to the Burnetts. In it grew all sorts of weeds: cheese-its, down-puffs, holly-hocks, sunflowers, milk-weed. You could even eat the cheese-its, if you knew how. And no one ever got sick. Although, you do have to be careful, be on the lookout; after I was an adult, while playing ball in a vacant lot, I stepped on a rusty nail sticking up in a board. Not fun; puncture wounds hurt and immediately require a tetanus booster shot - the one that's given with the huge, square needle!

Father had that green, Model A, Ford roadster with a rumble seat. It was a thrill to catch him pulling into the driveway after work and then jumping on the running board for the ride to the garage, which sat back behind the house. But there were rules for that too: Never run behind the car and don't jump on until you're sure Daddy's seen you waiting. Running boards on a car by then were more for looks or style rather than for real functionality once electric starters became common. Before then, starting a gasoline motorcar engine was either by physically inserting a crank into the slot in the hub of the flywheel and cranking it around, or, with the clutch disengaged and the gear box set to "high", pushing the car forward - preferably down a slight incline - and after developing some speed, jump on the running board, slip into the driver's seat, turn on the ignition, pop out the clutch, and hopefully start the engine by compression. Those were the days ... especially if you were alone without any help! You had to make some adjustments in the sequence of necessary steps or face one big mess. (The first car Charles and I owned was one of these critters - a 1931 Chevrolet sedan.)

A roadster had only a bench front seat inside the cab of the car. The rumble seat was a pivoted part of the trunk that could be tipped open revealing another bench seat, not under cover but in the open air. Thus the name, because sitting there you had the wind in your face and you heard every sound made by the car traveling along the road. Also, back then there was a lot more noise - and mud and bugs and bouncing - than travel on today's super highways, unless, of course you're traveling off-road, 4-wheeling through the countryside.

I don't remember when I was told I had a big voice, or even that I was ever told so. But I did. While still just a wee lad living in Aunt Florence's house, one Sunday after Junior Sunday School ended, some nice ladies asked me to sing, I don't remember what. I belted it out. They said something like, "We need him, and his brother, too" (him, I guess, so I wouldn't be alone and because Charles also liked to sing). It turned out they were looking for children to sing in the "Little Brother Vegetable" program (c. 1936) in the Tabernacle (on Temple Square). The program was a Primary Association effort to encourage families to eat better by including vegetables in their diet. It was a big production with costumes (I think I was a string bean, maybe Charles was, too) and music and singing. Of course we sang the title song [Primary Song Book, 1905; p. 151] and danced around doing movements attributable to beans - whatever. There were lots of other "vegetables" doing similar things, surely a grand production: colored lights, "cast of hundreds," costumes, music, narration, and wiggle dancing!

One Sunday morning I was in my walker on the front porch playing while mother was dressing
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Charles for Sunday School. How I evaded the porch gate was never learned but I did and ran my walker off the front porch, down four steps. That surely was something to scream about and when I did, Mother came running. Knocked out of my walker by the fall, two front teeth had punctured my lower lip, the top of my head had received a strong blow, and blood "was all over". Father was called away from Priesthood meeting to come home and see to my care, which included many stitches to close the wounds. The scares of those injuries remain on my lip and head to this day. Yes, I never tried that again; no, that unfortunately was not the last time I tried a stupid thing (ST).

A close second (ST) may have been the "I dare you" challenge made by one of the older, "braver" children to the rest of us, in the immediate vicinity of our house. Our side of the road started with Miner's two-story house on the corner, ours next, and a small, dirty-looking, older one, on the other side of us. It was set back off the road much further than ours or Miner's, giving it a "spooky" look. No body ever came out to play with us - we wondered if anyone lived there. It had been built far enough in the past that the steps into the basement went down outside the foundation in the front, not inside as is the case with most recent construction. The dozen or so steps were set in a stairwell which was dark at the bottom.

The "dare" was to see who wasn't afraid to go down all the steps and touch the bottom one. Remember, the place looked "spooky" and the bottom was quite dark. Well, several of us, including myself, finally got courageous enough to go as fast as we could, straight down, touch the bottom and race back up. Those not actually performing the "dare" grouped around the stairwell, checking to make sure the bottom was touched, not just gotten close to. (I can hear the arguing even now, "You did not!", "I did, too!", "No, you didn't!", "Yes, I did!", and on and on. So pretty stupid, right, for just a little rush? Just how much stupid became all too clear the very next day when the police came to that little house and captured an escaped prisoner (from the nearby facility less than a mile away), who had apparently been hiding out in the basement the previous day when we were all taking our turns running up and down those stairs. Someone was truly watching over us!

Nothing else quite that exciting occurred while we lived there. But there were other little moments of extra interest. Like the time a strange man came walking into the neighborhood from 11th East and we all scurried home thinking he might be the "Bogey Man." And the time one of the Miner's small children locked herself(?) in their second floor bathroom and someone (also a small person) had to climb a ladder up to the outside of the bathroom window, open it, and crawl through the narrow space and open the door from the inside. That was finally necessary when the child who was locked in, couldn't understand any of the shouted instructions from those outside trying to tell her what to do. It was a fascinating three-quarter's of an hour!

Through it all Charles was my bosom buddy until he went off to Kindergarten at Forest Elementary School. The next spring (1937), mother took me to "K open house". I fell in love with the place and wanted to follow my big brother there. But before school commenced again in the Fall, Aunt Florence wanted her house back and we needed to move. Thus we had to say "good bye" to Sugar House, Snelgroves Ice Cream Parlor, Ebbmeyers Bakery, the library, playmates and neighbors, Father's Barber Shop (those yummy lolly-pops), Fairmont

Park, and all the other things we had so enjoyed.

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Before moving on, I would not wish to leave the impression that all was "sweetness and light" on Hollywood in Sugar House, SLC. Large to the contrary looms the "China Buffet Fiasco."

Mother presented her side of that "incident" as follows: "I told those two boys (Charles and me) not to play around the china buffet, time and again. All I wanted was for them to be a little more obedient. (After the crash c. 1935) "I bundled you up and we went for a walk".

Jumping ahead to Mother's 85th Birthday, I read the poem I wrote about "CBF" as part of the celebration (1991):

Boy Blue and Boy Brown, together they grew,
Inseparable at play and in finding mischief to do;
What one couldn't reach, the other one could;
And what one didn't do, the other one would.
(I wonder, might that be the reason they say,
"Mix a Blue with a Brown and you'll turn Mother Grey?"

"Don't hid there, my sons," Mother would say
To two little boys, hard at play.
"Oh, it's okay, it's okay!" as one they would say.
"We won't touch or disturb any things in our way."
"We'll go around them: you'll see."
"I'd feel better," she'd say, "if you'd simply obey."

"You're not supposed to be here," whispered Boy Blue one day.
"Mother said." -just two little boys hard at play-
"Besides, see, there's room enough only for me!"
Pushing in, Boy Brown showed him that that wasn't true -
"Look," said he, "I squeezed here, right beside you!"
(Boy Blue was his idol as well as his chum.)

Blue turned to escape, with Brown squirming behind -
Two little sons in a world all their own,
Laughs on their lips and smiles on their cheeks.

The tall china cabinet - set close to the wall
Forming a space through which boys might crawl -
Shuddered, then tipped, and continuing to fall,
Smashed to the floor with a loud, awful crash,
Showering glass everywhere. All Mother's best dishes,
Including the prized ones from Grandmother's cupboard,
Were dashed into shards, dashed like old wishes!

By the sound of the crash Mother knew one treasure was gone -
But what of her second, her Boy Blue and Boy Brown?
Rushing in, she saw, that while both were unhurt,
Their laughter had ceased and their smiles become frowns.

4b.

What should she do? Too late for the china. . .
Without any tears, or even a word,
She bundled her sons and all went for a walk!

Thus did she deal with the disobedience that day
Of two little boys, just hard at play,
At the moment their play left a treasure destroyed.
For, instead of the punishment so justly deserved,
With forbearance and love, she clasped them to heart!
Oh Mother, dear Mother, how welcomed that was!

The cabinet had been a handsome piece with curved glass front and glass shelves. Father subsequently turned the remains into a bookcase which, when it was through cradling books, held stores in the "fruit room" the rest of their lives.

While we lived on Hollywood Avenue, the china buffet wasn't the only piece of furniture that would never be the same - the old fashioned ice box gave way to a modern electric refrigerator, Mother's first, which moved with us when we did. That was a good thing. But the obsoleted appliance couldn't just be thrown away during a time of great Depression. Inquiring around, Mother found a new home for it, out-of-state in Wyoming. And we (Mother, Father, Charles and me) got to take it there, to Uncle Will and Aunt Tranny (Tranquilla) Triplett who lived near Green River, where Uncle Will was working for the railroad. The ice box became the "passenger" in the rumble seat of Father's car and the rest of us road up front. That, in its self, was an adventure as the bench seat could only sit three across. Solution? Charles and I took turns sitting on a juvenile chair placed at Mother's feet. (Ummm - before seat belts were required, obviously.)

We were excited when we finally got to where the Triplett's lived, on a real farm, with cows and chickens, and a salt lick and a cooler house. The lick was a huge hunk of rock salt placed in the pasture for the animals' use. Their tongues had worn smooth places with their continual licking. (We got to taste a piece that was broken off - keep it, thank you, it'll never replace table salt.) The cooler house was a low, roof-like structure placed near the pond, into which blocks of ice cut from the frozen pond were put and covered with sawdust. Things to be kept cool were then placed on top or next to the ice. Pretty cool (no pun intended) until possibly there was a scorcher of a summer. Our ice-box "passenger" was intended to replace or at least supplement the cooler house. Our "kin" were thrilled to get it so I guess it did.

Our big trip of 300 miles was very successful - and fun.

The move was in Salt Lake City from just off 21st South and west of 11th East to just off 13th South and east of 11th East at 1155 Sherman Avenue (another rental property), which turned out to be on a premier sleigh riding hill in the wintertime. (Now you know.) It was a bigger house with a covered front porch, screened-in back porch, nice back yard, and detached garage. The four of us hardly filled up all the space. And, yes, there were still rules: Stay on our side of the street, watch out for cars going and coming, come when you're called, be nice, etc. The boundaries, further, on our side of the street were Merideth's house to the West and the end of the cement sidewalk on the East, which end was the fenced property line of the orphanage located there between 13th South and Sherman Avenue.

As before in our prior neighborhood, there were lots of kids. We knew all of the families on our side of the street, at least we were acquainted with them even if they had no children young enough to play with us. There was a vacant lot across the street (out-of-bounds) and one between Coleman's and Merideth's on our side, which was the baseball diamond and then the football field, if in the fall, we piled leaves deep in the street to lengthen it. This was our domain for five years.

I later came to recognize that one of the ugly things in our neighborhood in those years was how many of the kids (never Charles nor me) taunted the boy across the street who sat in a wheelchair on the porch of his house when the weather was nice. His body had been twisted horribly by polio and his speech was not understandable. He tried so hard to communicate but few treated him kindly or seemed to try to respond positively; rather, it was so much easier just to make fun of him. It was awful the way they laughed and carried on. Eventually the boy got better but the treatment he received before that happened was truly shameful.

One of the "problems" in the neighborhood was there were older kids who became the idols of us younger ones. (Don't ask me why but one who comes to mind is Bud Bingham.) So, inevitably, there were the questions, "Well, so-and-so does that, why can't I?" Or, "What's wrong with that?" Or "It's so early, the other kids are still out playing. Do I have to quit?" Somehow we survived our "unequal" treatment. In 1938 and again in 1940 our family grew with the births of Robert and Paul. That took care of the supposed extra space(?) in the house. Still, the back bedroom Charles and I shared was where the action was, including the great buffalo hunt and, by extension, where the planning took place for the flight of the ducks.

The "great buffalo hunt" came about in his manner. Great-grandfather William Weaver, Grandmother (Ellen) Pixton's father, passed away in November 1938, just a few months after I turned six and Charles turned seven (Robert was less than six months old). With his passing, his reed organ was gifted to us, "The boys need a musical instrument in their lives." (We were always noodling it when we visited him while he was alive.) The organ was encased in a dark-stained, wooden enclosure topped with a tall, intricately carved crown - very impressive and very intrusive, too. At home (on Sherman Avenue) the question was, "Where are we going to put that?" Against the wall in the Living room was the answer. (Joy, joy!)

Getting the organ to play all by myself was no simple matter. Even though tall for my age, I had not sufficient height as yet, to sit on the stool to reach pedals and keyboard at the same time. Hence I developed the technique of standing before the instrument balanced on one foot, and then, while placing my other foot crosswise so as to catch both bellows foot-pedals,

pumping vigorously and playing a one-fingered version of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." That was about the extent of solo performance. However, with assistance (Charles), all of the organ's features could be activated: one or more of the tone stops, the left-knee actuated lever for octave coupling, and the right-knee lever for volume control. The bellows had an escape vent to protect against too much air pressure caused by pumping the pedals too hard. The opened vent made a wooo-shiing sound and as we go older, we had contests to see who could make the loudest noise the fastest, truly a remarkable musical achievement.

Now, germane to "buffalo hunting" - all previous matters being interesting but extraneous - was the stool providing the place to sit while playing the instrument. It was covered with a scarf which had long tassels along its edges. The seat's height could be adjusted by screwing it in or out of its mounting but just for fun, you could also twist the seat out all the way, then give it a good tug and it would spin around fast until it was lowered all the way. While spinning, of course, the tassels on the scarf would stand straight out, very much as if they were being blown by the wind.

Ah, the wind! (cut away) Out on the prairie, hundreds of buffalo; one stands out, flying in the wind. The warrior poises, aims, lets fly his spear ... a hit! The animal is down, the warrior whoops ... Success! (cut back) In the house what to use for a spear? How about unscrewing the handle from the carpet sweeper (used to clean rugs before there were vacuum cleaners)? Ah, a straight, smooth shaft. Should work well. Now, elevate the target (seat) so it stands out by putting it at the center of the bed, twist it out for the longest spin, give it a fast tug. The tassels are flying, here it comes, aim and throw the shaft. Missed. Try again. A hit, you got it. Yes, yes! Wait - what was that crash? (That was the window in the bedroom breaking when the "spear" missed the "buffalo" - **hunt over!**) Not a complete loss, though - we did learn how to replace and glaze a broken window.

The "flight of the ducks" began simple enough. For Easter one year Charles and I each were given a cute, fuzzy, yellow baby duck - not as a pet but ostensibly to be raise for eating on Thanksgiving Day. Uh_huh. Well, anything you're going to eat you don't name, you don't accommodate, you don't play with; we did all of those things. We named them; we sank a wash tub in the ground and filled it with water for a little pond for them to swim in, and we taught them to fly - almost.

We fed them regularly and when they were fully grown, we chased them around the back yard, hoping they might "grab some air" to escape from us but all they ever did was run and flap, and squawk and then squawk even more. Pathetic. More direct action was needed. So on the appointed day, we scooped them out of their pen, set them on the roof of the garage overhanging their home, and released their legs with the command, "FLY!" It didn't happen. But oh how they squawked (no surprise), trying to stop slip-sliding down the roof, maybe from instinct flapping their wings wildly as they dropped through the air, and scrunching up pathetically upon hitting the ground, still squawking and still flapping. It was a loud, comical spectacle! And one that brought out a lot of observers, "WHAT was all that noise?!" "Oh, nothing." That was it.

When Thanksgiving came neither of us even thought about making them our meal. Our ducks simply were given to Aunt Naomi in Tooele where their intended use was accomplished.

The words of a hymn come to mind as a sort of summary of my growing years on Sherman Avenue: *LDS Hymns*, # 91, "Father, Thy Children to Thee Now Raise"; excerpt from verse 2:

... lead us as thou hast the faithful lead;
Feed us with knowledge and daily bread.
Let us not stray from the paths of truth;
Forgive the folly and faults of youth.

During the two years before Paul's birth, Bob (Robert) was the cute, little baby of our family, receiving the attentions attendant to such positioning among siblings. He seemed to fit right in - what wasn't to like about another boy in the family? The toys Charles and I had not worn out were passed on. In time, too, he formed a bond with Paul similar to Charles and me.

The example of Mother and Father giving Church service was ever before us. Mother was in the Presidency of the Young Women's organization and Father was in various Priesthood callings in the Elders Quorum or the Bishopric. We sons (Charles and I) accompanied them faithfully to meetings in the Emerson Ward chapel (located on Emerson Avenue, no less). Brother Emery was our Bishop whom we saw in between Sundays almost every week when we shopped at his little corner grocery store near home. The "big" meetings for children were the Junior Sunday School on Sundays and Primary on a week day afternoon. I particularly liked Primary because the chorister frequently led singing contests between the boys and the girls. We boys regularly "won", triumphing on pure volume.

The activity program for seven- and eight-year-old boys and girls was called Zion Boys and Girls. We studied the things we needed to know to be ready for baptism when we turned eight, and then to keep on track afterward. At nine years old the group separated, the girls to their specialized program and the boys into Trail Builders, first as Blazers, then Trekkers, and finally, Guides. In both programs the participants had bandoleers which slipped over the head and were worn around the neck, onto which badges earned could be sown or glued. My Trail Builders teachers were really neat ladies - I could hardly wait each week to be in Primary. With their's and Mother's encouragement I earned all my badges. (Because of age grouping, Charles advanced a year ahead of me and thus we were never together in the same class.)

But then, that was the story of my life, always following him and trying to live up to the expectations of teachers who had taught him before me. "Oh, you're Charles' brother! Well -" and so on. That didn't happen so much in public school, though. Mother's idea was that Charles would blaze the way. If she and he liked the teacher and he did well, she would see that, if possible, I got the same experience. But by insisting on my placement with his First Grade teacher, I got off track to follow him during the remainder of the years we attended Emerson Elementary (which, unlike our Ward house, wasn't on Emerson Avenue).

Things couldn't have worked out finer for me, though, as I got placed in Miss Brooks Second Grade class. I could do no wrong. If ever there was a "teacher's pet," that was me in Second Grade. Among the tallest in class, my assigned seat was in the back row, second file from the left. The windows of this first floor classroom, at my back, faced east onto a cement court be-tween the main building and the single story building that housed the Kindergarten classes. There were two doors into the hall at the front of the room with a chalkboard in between. Miss Brook's desk was toward the left side up front, with a storage closet behind it.

The most responsible tasks from Miss Brooks had to do with being "picked" to assist her: going to the Principal's office as Class messenger (one got to carry the "hall pass" when on that errand!), ringing the hand bell (signaling the start or end of some classroom activity), counting "noses" (taking attendance), distributing and collecting papers (passing out drills and picking up assignments) and other "stuff", and staying after class to talk or clean the chalk board - I could reach the top - or whatever. (It has occurred to me that maybe she picked me to defuse any misbehavior in class since I was a big kid - if that was the reason, she was completely successful. She was wonderful and so was Second Grade - all but the time I got kissed.) Enter Janet Judd, a pretty girl, also in Miss Brook's class.

One Spring day (of course) at the Noon break - I lived about a block and a half from school and always went home for lunch - for some forgotten reason, I found myself "trapped" in the classroom near my seat (second file, back row) by Janet who, teasing me, said she was going to *kiss* me. The teacher was away; all the other students but one of Janet's friends had left. Just the three of us. Panicville!

"Oh, no you're not!" I said with determination.

Keeping the desks between us, I tried to get away, out one of the doors, but she had me cornered. Her friend was helping her, too. The windows were open and I thought about escaping that way - but school rules prohibited climbing out windows (and I always tried to obey the rules). I couldn't dodge or slip by her or her friend, so after a short time jerking first this way and then that, she caught me and kissed me. Smack!

"Oh, yuk! Kissed by a girl!" How embarrassing! How awful!

I still remember the feeling of panic that weld up within me - how silly to think back on it now but back then it was like something unlawful, almost forbidden. Boys, I believed, real boys, didn't do things like that. And what would Mother say? Shame, shame, shame. (Actually, she probably would have laughed.)

For fear of being further humiliated I don't believe I told a soul. Janet and I had been classmates before that kiss but we were just in class together afterward. I couldn't look at her without being uncomfortable and embarrassed all over again. That was silly, too. Later she invited me to a party at her house but I didn't go, wouldn't go, or tell my Mother the real reason why. Janet and I simply went our "separate ways" and, I'm happy to report, lived to kiss again - her, I only suppose that to be so, but me, not outside my family for years and years.

Still, in all, Second Grade was wonderful and I would never have had that experience if not for Charles and the effort Mother made to have me shifted to his First Grade teacher, thus putting me "off track" to follow him in future class assignments - but "right on track" for Miss Brooks! Hooray for me!

I wish everyone could have a special time like I had in Second Grade: a year as the "teacher's pet", a great teacher like Miss Brooks (in my mind, she was every bit as pretty as Eve Arden in "*Our Miss Brooks*" on television), and (yuk!) a first kiss! O to be Seven again!

I did well academically, getting all "S's" (Satisfactory's) on my report card for subjects and deportment (behavior) from the 1st through the 4th grades. Except in 4th grade nature studies where I got the only "NS" I ever received. At the end of the school year we did a unit on wildlife. We had to make a notebook and draw pictures as illustrations. My birds were so stupid looking I refused to turn in my notebook, and I flunked - NS, Not Satisfactory. What did I learn from that experience? Don't ever take an art class!

There was a rule at school: no fighting on the playground. One day, for some reason, Charles got challenged to a fight. Taking the action away from school, the punching and scuffling began after the combatants crossed 11th East, the main street north and south in the area, well off the school grounds. Since word of the coming conflict had gotten around before school was out, I and a bunch of other students hurried to the spot announced, in my case, the little brother going to his big brother's aid. When I arrived, the two of them were already on the ground, flailing away. I lost my courage. I just stood there and watched until someone noticed me and shouted, "There's his little brother! Let's get him, too." Or some such remark. Anyway, the fight turned away from Charles and started in on me. So, in a way I guess I did help out.

Jumping ahead more than seventy years later, Charles and his wife, Judy, came to visit Faye Ann and me in December 2012, in the late Fall before he died. We sat around remembering all the good, old days when we were growing up. He specifically recalled that fight because I was the one who got hurt, which I hadn't remembered. He said someone took a swing at me and hit my nose, which then bled all over my shirt and, of course, trying to stop the bleeding, blood got all over my hands and face as well. He said Mother had a fit when we got home with me covered in blood - and her boys in a fight, oh brother. She calmed down, got the bleeding stopped and turned on the TLC as we told her how it all happened. She wanted to do something more, like hold the culprit responsible, but finally it was just dropped and nothing else happened. (That I know of, though, neither one of us ever got into another fight!)

As small boys we did wrestle around on the rug in the living room on occasion. We "scuffled". I recall one evening while scuffling I ended on top of Charles, who usually won our little skirmishers because he was older and heavier. That time I just got tired of being on the bottom, so I caught the fingers of one of his hands and bent them backward. In pain he rolled off me and I pinned him. "That wasn't fair," he yelled, at which point Father put down the newspaper. "What's go on?" he wanted to know. Charles told him, showing how I had bent his fingers and hurt him. Father smiled, chuckled a little, and said something like, "Well, it looks like he did win since he's on top, but it wasn't fair the way he did it. Don't hurt each other when you're playing." My joy at being on top was short lived; I never used that means again (and, naturally, ended up on the bottom more often than not). So be it.

We liked to have a "ride" on Father's leg: he would cross his legs at the knees, one over the other, have the "rider" sit on the foot of the suspended leg, and proceed to swing that leg up and down. You had to hang-on or the "horse" could buck you off! He would also lift us up high and lightly bump our head on the ceiling - he was 6' 4". That was way up there! Occasionally he would play ball with us - and he was pretty good having been the pitcher for the company (MST&T) baseball team. All during our growing up years whenever we would go to a park to have dinner, there was always a warm-up period to practice catching fly balls, before

the ball game would start. Father usually was the warm-up batter - he could knock the ball a country mile every time he'd swing, if he wanted to. And he could direct the ball to whatever player hadn't had many chances to catch one. In that he had no peer.

Attending Church meetings anchored our Sunday activities. In the 1930's Sunday started with Priesthood meeting at, say, 8 am for an hour; then, Sunday School, 10 or 10:30 am for a half-hour opening exercise and an hour class period; then, Sacrament meeting any time from 4 to 7 pm for an hour and a half (always three speakers!). Relief Society met one morning in the middle of the week, Primary one afternoon, also in the middle of the week, and MIA (Young Men/Young Women), one evening in the middle of the week. The weekday meetings were usually scheduled so no more than two were on the same day, thus giving those families with participants in more than one auxiliary breathing room.

Family activities were often Church or holiday connected. Frequently Sunday afternoons were spent visiting extended family members, both Brewers and Pixtons; and there were more of the former than the latter. There was Great-Grandma Stevens, Grandma and Grandpa Brewer, Uncle Shelby and his family, Uncle Preston and his family, Uncle Wayne and his family, Aunt Melba and her family, Aunt Lois and Uncle George (who was an FBI agent); Aunt Norma (our baby sitter) and Uncle Melvin (played the saxophone) were at home until each married and then they were added to the visit list. There was also Great-Grand-Father Weaver, Grandfather Pixton and Grandmother (Ellen Weaver-d. 1935-dimly remembered via a few photographs of her) and his second wife (1937), Lillian Cook Wilson, a widow, whom we always called Aunt Lillian, and Aunt Naomi and her family. (Grandfather's marriage to Lillian concerned my Father, and for a time, relations were strained between them.)

Most memorial days we visited both City and Wasatch Lawns Cemeteries to decorate graves and honor the dead members of our immediate and extended families, although this varied from year to year. It almost seemed that as more and more passed on, there was less and less visiting. Then, too, as we (the five brothers - Charles, me, Robert, Paul, and Tom) married and relocated, there was no or little opportunity to continue the tradition.

Holidays were special. Each birthday was a personal holiday with attention being directed to the individual, always accompanied by presents (only one, possibly two, during the lean years of Father's serious illness), cake with ice cream, and the traditional candle ceremony with chorus. New Year's didn't vary much from year to year with nuts, homemade fruit cake and carbonated grape juice toasts; playing family table games, of which, Chameleon, Rook, Pit, and Chinese Checkers were favorites; listening to the big band's sounds (radio) from the "hot" ballrooms in Canada and the USA; and staying up past midnight and singing "Auld Lang Syne" ("should old acquaintance be forgot") as the new year began.

Special attention was given to the birthdays of both Lincoln (February 12) and Washington (February 22). March had St. Patrick's Day, with parades, and maybe an early Easter. But March or April, Easter was huge: dyeing and decorating eggs, filling Easter baskets, Easter egg hunts and rolls, new wearing apparel, magnificent music in Church and cathedral, Sunrise services, and (most importantly) wonderful speeches, talks, and sermons about Jesus Christ. Memorial Day, of course, was the May emphasis but came to share time with growing recognition of Mother's Day. (Now we have contests for Mother of the Year in each

State and for the entire nation, but will it ever be so? Mightily, we hope so!) And the grand-daddy of the motor speedway races - the Indy 500 - added excitement (radio) to May 30.

June 14 was a day to bring special emphasis to our American flag, our banner of red, white, and blue, to display it proudly, as on every other National holiday. A day to remember and honor Fathers was added in this month. July 4, our nation's birthday, was next, with concerts and parades all over the country, flag waving and baton twirling, fireworks displays and arena shows, and picnicking everywhere. And in Utah and principally other Western states, Pioneer Day, July 24, commemorating the arrival in Utah of the Mormon Pioneers, outcasts from the US of A. (I marched in the parade on this day as the bass drummer in the Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Band.)

Then came Labor Day, Columbus Day, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. Labor Day was notable as the herald of going back to school after Summer recess. Columbus Day honored the notable explorer who restored the knowledge of the existence of the Americas. Armistice Day memorialized the ending of the First World War on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month of 1918, supposedly the war to end all wars. Thanksgiving, with historical roots in the struggles of the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, was emphasized anew during the Great Depression years and the Second World War.

I remember one particular Thanksgiving at Aunt Naomi's house in Tooele, Utah ...

(At this time, Naomi was my Father's only living sister; his other two sisters, Helen and Dorothy, were dead. Dorothy I never knew, she having passed on in 1927 before I was born; Helen died in 1940 while still quite young, being only two years older than Father. Her death had a heavy impact on me. She had been my favorite aunt and seeing her lifeless, lying in her coffin at the funeral home was very upsetting. Even more traumatic, following the service honoring her, the members of the family, who were seated apart from the general congregation, stood and began filing past the bier, where each stopped, leaned over, and kissed her dead lips. I was behind my Father and wondered what he would do and if I would be expected to do the same. He stopped, sadly looked upon her earthly remains, spoke a soundless farewell, and stepped away. I was immediately relieved. I asked him why he had not given his sister a final kiss. He answered, "She is not here; that is not her. She had gone on." His answer has made a lasting impression. It has become a testimony in me: we move on at death.)

(Aunt Helen's death so soon after she had stopped by to visit us was very sad, indeed. She seemed so full of life, enthusiastic and engaging. Mother had just made some hand-dipped chocolates that were drying on the back porch, "Don't touch, boys." Helen swept through and sampled them. I remember that. Then she left - it was in the summertime - for advanced study at a mid-western university for only a few weeks. While there she had a "nervous breakdown" and died suddenly, just 38 years old.)

(Many years later I was visiting with Mother and the topic came up of how we got that wonderful, polished Cherrywood Chickering piano we all learned to play on. She said, "Oh, that was Aunt Helen's and after she died, Father agreed to buy it so there would be funds enough to bring her body home." It was Aunt Helen's legacy to us, as it were.

All of us sons took piano lessons and enjoyed playing for years, often with gusto -

meaning, L-O-U-D-L-Y.)

Now, back to Thanksgiving at Aunt Naomi's in Tooele ... it was memorable for several reasons. She, with her husband, Joe Beck, and three sons, lived on a farm with horses and other animals; they raised rabbits for table meat; they grew almond nuts as a cash crop; and, after Uncle Joe retired from his barber shop in town, near the railroad tracks (proximity to which was the source of a lot of his stories), he put a barber's chair on his front porch and continued barbering. He was full of funny, funny stories and was always telling one or cracking a joke. He was a hoot to be around. Their three boys, Ray, Calvin and Seth, our cousins, were just a little older than us, which made them instantly interesting and knowledgeable. Lucille, their oldest sibling, was married to Larry (like Father a baseball pitcher), himself a pretty neat guy; they were there, too.

Waiting for dinner to be ready, we boys all went to the barn to see the horses. Calvin had a pretty cream-colored mare named Dolly. She was a big horse - well, I thought so. We were standing close to her, so we could touch and pet her, when she lifted her forefoot nearest me and put it down squarely on my toes. Oh, that hurt! Skilled horseman that I wasn't, I started yelling and hammering with my fists on her leg to get her to move. Nothing. I'm hollering and screaming and hammering, louder and harder. Still nothing. Finally, Calvin noticing what was wrong, steps over, hits the back of Dolly's knee (I didn't even know where it was) and she lifts her foot immediately. I yanked my foot away and the rescue was completed. I never forgot Dolly (but forgive her, yes).

We sat down to eat at tables made of long boards laid on saw horses covered with butcher paper. (So - there were lots of us to seat.) Must have been 20 or more people, all Becks and Pixtons. Like at home, I expected the main dish - on Thanksgiving - to be turkey. As the meat platter was passed, with so many kids there, I thought I'll never have a chance to get a drum-stick, my favorite piece. But "drumsticks" were in rich supply. Marveling at this I innocently asked, "How come there's so many drumsticks from these turkeys?" (Of course, now you can walk into a grocery store and buy a package of drumsticks almost any time; not so then.) No matter: the answer to my question was, "It's not turkey. It's rabbit and rabbits have twice as many legs as turkeys." Sounded good to me and tasted great. Memorable Thanksgiving indeed. (After dinner we viewed the pens which held the breeding rabbits that furnished our feast; they were huge, weighing up to 23 pounds or so.) Just another day on the farm.

There was also a memorable Christmas, notable for the paucity of its material gifts rather than the plenty of Thanksgiving just recalled.

Maybe two years after Father became so ill, we were having a pretty tough time. Charles was no longer living at home, having left to be on his own, because Father wanted it so. (During our last visit together I asked Charles what that was all about; he couldn't remember. I think I do, though, but I didn't remind him of the loud discussion between them, which I overheard, when he had raised his voice in Mother's defense over an untrue accusation.) There was nothing to put under the Christmas tree - in fact, Christmas Eve found us without even a tree. We were feeling pretty low. To raise our spirits, Mother said something like, "Come on. Let's go up to the corner (where beautiful trees had been for sale during the season) and see if

there isn't something left we can get." Why not? We put on our coats and went outside into the cold, Mother, my three younger brothers and me.

We walked to the corner. The lot was closed down, it being at least 8:30 in the evening. One attendant remained but there wasn't even one tree left standing on the whole lot. We boys were thoroughly discouraged. Mother saw the scraggly stem of a little tree lying on the ground. Picking it up, she told us to gather a few of the scattered branches that were lying about, which we did. "What for?" we asked. "When we get home, we can tie them in place on the stem and we will have our Christmas tree." Mother had one dollar and offered it to buy the stuff we had scooped off the ground; the attendant said, "Okay", and we went home. We rehabilitated the stem as Mother suggested and decorated it with lights and bobbles. And I think there was a star on top, too. We agreed it was a most beautiful creation. It did lift our spirits. We sang carols, reviewed the story of the Christ Child, and went to bed less sad than we had been. In the morning Mother probably had a little something for each of us as well as our traditional stockings, none of which I remember. But I do remember that tree and all of us decorating it. That probably brought us our greatest gifts that year: peace, hope, and love.

One of Mother's favorite projects was having each of her son's picture taken on a pony by a photographer who traveled through the neighborhoods in the summer. Four such "sittings" showed young cowboys with full costumes, including cowboy hats; Paul's picture showed a pair of disembodied legs (Mother's) behind the pony seemingly attached to the two hands holding a frightened, teary-eyed boy in place so the shot could be taken. (Paul, not yet two, apparently wanted nothing whatsoever to do with a pony.) No matter: four out of five (.800) is a very good success ratio.

Mother had another "picture" project regarding her boys. She engaged a portrait artist to paint a color portrait of each. There were no "sittings" involved; the portraits were painted from the mission photographs used in the individual printed mission programs of the four oldest sons; an earlier photograph was used for Tom's portrait because Mother wanted her "gallery" finished, for whatever reason, before Tom would be old enough to be a missionary (although he later did complete a mission in Samoa). These portraits were hung prominently in her home until she died. She gave us to believe we were her greatest treasures.

However, I know her patience was tried on occasion. One such trial was the time on a Sunday afternoon Charles (I'll blame him, he's not around to deny it) led a revolt of brothers refusing to go to Sacrament meeting. "They're boring, they're all the same, they're too long, etc." Tired of arguing with the two of us, Charles and me - Robert probably wouldn't have cared where he played with his toys and Paul was just a little baby still in diapers and nursing - Mother said, "Alright, you can all stay home. I'll go by myself." (Father was not home, likely off doing church work before meeting; therefore, without a car, Mother would have to walk to Church, which she could do from our house on Sherman avenue). Mother continued, "However, I'm going to leave Paul home. You can take care of him; he won't mind and it will be a nice rest for me." Or something like that. She walked off. No problem. Ah, but there was - almost as soon as Mother left, Paul began to cry and cry and cry. Two and a half hours worth. Nothing worked to stop his crying. He didn't stop until Mother got home. We had failed in the one thing we were supposed to do. We couldn't even take care of our little brother. That was

the start and the finish of the revolt. Believe me, we were ready to go from then on when time came for Sacramento meeting.

As we got older, Mother let us branch out in interests and activities. We could visit friends outside the neighborhood, play or visit across the street, and stay up later at night. Of course, I thought (incorrectly) I should be able to do what Charles was doing although a year younger than he. Well, it didn't quite work that way. I really couldn't do everything he could; he was older, bigger, and stronger. And he (believe this?) actually wanted sometimes to be with his friends without me, his dear, sweet, lovable, little brother, tagging along.

One such time was a Saturday (I think) when he got permission to visit his friend Birdee Brineholdt (sic) who lived two blocks north of Sherman Avenue, which meant he was entrusted to carefully cross 13th South Street, a major east/west road, going and coming. Well, I knew who Birdee was and I could safely cross 13th South and I thought I should be able to go, too. "No," said mother. "No," said Charles. Well, I wanted to see what they were going to do and, sneaking away, followed invisibly behind him - he never saw me until I got there.

What I saw then was that they were working on a project moving some turf from one place to another using gardening tools, including a pitch fork. Charles was mad at me, "What are you doing here? I told you no; Mother told you no. Go home!" Ignoring him, I went over to where Birdee was standing by a pitch fork. They had been using it to dig and lift the sod out. To show my skill, I grabbed the tool and shoved it hard into the ground ... almost. One of the tines of the pitch fork pierced Birdee's foot through his shoe before entering the ground. Oh, boy, was I in trouble. I was scared and felt awful. Birdee was scared and felt worse. Charles was really upset, "Just wait 'till I tell Mother!" After the accident, everything kind of blurred. Charles' friend was taken to get medical attention, ending their visit and project. I don't remember my punishment but it couldn't have been any worse than the awful feeling I had for having hurt someone (doing something stupid). What made it worse for me was, when Birdee died a couple of years later, I always wondered if what I did had anything to do with his death, like causing blood poisoning or something else. I can only hope not.

In time, I, too, got permission to visit out of our immediate neighborhood. Maurice Petersen lived across the street up near the orphanage. We used to scavenge the neighborhood garbage cans, looking for electronic and electrical discards. Occasionally we'd find something "neat", pull it out and take it to his home. Then, we'd start dreaming of possible uses for it. Once we got a project chassis which we were going to turn into a vacuum tube power amplifier, complete with push/pull 6L6G's but without any money to buy parts and tubes, nothing came of it. His father was a Salt Lake City policeman, which made us very careful how we acted. Of lasting worth, he taught me how to eat his dog's biscuits - it was fun until I learned about the flies ground-up in the mix. I visited him once after I moved away. On that occasion I lost the brakes on my bicycle zooming down Sherman Avenue off 13th East and ended in a scraped-up mess across from his house. That was my last visit; I walked home pushing my bike, which, after repair, was fit to ride again but never down steep roads. Like father, like son, Maurice eventually became a police officer.

My interest in things like a project chassis came from observing my Father build our home sound system. The system included a power amplifier, input amplifier, radio, and phonograph

turntable. He loved classical music including opera, and art songs and other serious solo pieces performed by the likes of John Charles Thomas (baritone), Kate Smith (soprano), and Fritz Kreisler (violinist) and other artists of the 30's and 40's. Regularly on Saturday afternoon, we could listen with him as he tuned into the broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera from New York City. *Rigoletto* and *Lohengrin* were operatic favorites. He regularly purchased new recordings (78 rpm shellac) and shared the music with us. (I'll have to admit, though, one of our all time favorites was a zany record from a group called the Hoosier Hot-Shots.)

Father played the violin. He played in the Jordan High School orchestra and retained some of his skill for many years, sharing his talent with his young family at times if coaxed. His unaccompanied rendition of the "Flight of the Bumble Bee" was always as impressive as it was delightful. He encouraged us in our musical studies and enjoyed our piano playing.

Sister Nuttall (sic) was mine and Charles' first piano teacher. She came to our house to give us lessons. Since we had identical practice assignments, we sort of challenged each other to see who could play the exercises and pieces best. The real challenge, though, was practicing enough during the week in between lessons to show improvement by the time she came again. Sometimes you could almost fool her by saying, "O yes, I practiced really hard ..." but not very often could you get by after having not practiced. "Boys that's a waste of my time and your money"

We became good enough to play for Mother's friends once or twice. Then there were the "command performances" called recitals, where a group of students was brought together to play pieces for each other and their proud parents. Our teacher liked to hold these gatherings in those student's homes where there was a good (in tune!) piano available and enough room to seat several people. The one event I remember was held at the Cheshires home. Sister Cheshire and Mother served together in the Ward Young Women's MIA. Her daughter, Patsy, was, like us, a student of Sister Nuttall's. Patsy was our age and a cute girl; we were old enough to notice. That made performing at her house even more awkward than merely playing in front of a bunch of people we didn't know. Who would want to flub up in front of her? Certainly not us.

Under such pressure I balked when my turn to play came. How embarrassing. It was only after much coaxing that I finally played my pieces. I guess I did pretty well. For years afterward I continued to play them for my own enjoyment, viz., *Strolling Harp Player*, *Whispering Pines*, and *Rustles of Spring*, come to mind.

By now you've probably guessed our new, exciting window to the world in those long ago days was the radio. It was marvelous: sounds coming into our home from all over the country! I well remember building my first "Crystal Set" radio and getting it to work so I could listen on ear phones to my adventure programs: Jack Armstrong, the Lone Ranger, Adventures of the Sea Hound and more. Also, collected box tops from cereal boxes could be exchanged for model airplanes (balsa wood), which would be mailed to you, which you could then glue together and hand launch into flight. Further, you could collect special milk bottle caps and use them for admission, in lieu of cash, to the Saturday morning matinee at the local motion picture theater. (As we had to complete our tasks helping around the house before we

could attend on Saturday mornings, we often had to run most of the way, a distance of over a

mile, to get there before we missed anything.)

One day near the middle of 1942 Father mysteriously got us all together in our car - "Let's go for a ride" - and drove up onto 13th East Street near the campus of the University of Utah. "If we were going to buy a house down this street (13th East, south of 5th South), which one do you think it would be?" He indicated the houses we were driving past. We all picked out the newest, biggest one in the middle of the block. He chuckled and pointed to an older one, two doors north of that one. "That's our new home," he said.

Chapter II. We were all moved out of 1155 Sherman Avenue and into 544 South 13th East in time to celebrate Paul's second birthday on June 22. Our "new" house had a living room and dining room across the front, each with a big picture window framing a view of the mountains east of us, three bedrooms, a bathroom, and a kitchen on the main floor. Downstairs were two more bedrooms and unfinished areas for food storage, laundry facility, Father's workbench, and, as the furnace had been converted to natural gas, an unneeded coal room (which Charles and I co-opted for our model train layout, such as we got built).

In time, to somewhat relieve the congestion of only one bathroom for the whole family, a primitive shower was rigged downstairs utilizing a floor drain and hot and cold water taps already in place. A #10 tin can became the shower head by punching many small holes into its bottom lid and nailing it to an exposed floor joist, with the open end up. Each tap was then connect by a length of hose to a wye junction and another hose from the wye was run up into the open end of the can/shower head. Voila! Add a soap dish and you had a shower, which was regularly used until, years later during remodeling of the basement, an actual full bathroom was built.

As time went on, the things I missed about no longer living on Sherman Avenue faded away. Instead of one close-by grocery store there were three - Wood's, Bickmore's and Wheelwright's. Instead of being within walking distance of only an elementary school, I could now walk to elementary (Douglas), junior high (Roosevelt), and high (East) schools, and a large university (Utah). (And I did walk a lot - walking has been my favorite exercise most of my life.) However, it was farther to my favorite radio parts supplier, O'loughlin's Radio, down on 9th East and 13th South. Fortunately my prized purchase from there had been made before moving up on 13th East: it was a 1D8GT vacuum tube.

Reading a book Father had given me for a birthday - "A Boy's Book of Communications" - set my mind whirling. In it were instructions for making all sorts of electrical devices, including some using vacuum tubes. Here's where it gets a little crazy. I dreamed about projects using a diode tube to make a rectifier, a triode tube to make a preamp, and a pentode tube to make a power amplifier. Then while looking through some magazine or catalog I came across the description of a new three-in-one-envelope tube, the 1D8GT. I had to have one! Three-in-one. Wonderful. So I bought one - and couldn't get any of the circuits I tried to work! What a disappointment. The 1D8GT went on the shelf - maybe some day ...

"Some day" came years later (1951) when I built a preamp for an amplifier I scrounged from an old console radio sitting unused in Charles and my basement apartment in Provo where

we were both working for the US Bureau of Reclamation, he in a long-term office job and me in a summer job. When I asked Ed Pinegar, the landlord, if he would mind if I took the

innards out of that old radio, he said, "No. Go ahead. It hasn't worked for years." (That was a lot easier than scrounging in garbage cans back in the day with Maurice Peterson.) That Fall I hooked up the whole rig, added my 1D8GT preamp and a new 45rpm record player and had a durable sound system for years - loud enough so occasionally I'd get a "request" from up-stairs to "tone-it-down". Which was most likely when I pulled out the stops to listen to Stan Kenton and his jazz orchestra. I really liked him.

In 1951 I had asked Charles if he could find me a summer job with the Bureau, though nothing as exotic as his recent two summer stints in Alaska surveying federal lands. He turned me on to help wanted for maintenance workers along the Deer Creek-Salt Lake aqueduct and invited me to room with him in Provo if I was hired. And that's what happened. My job consisted of walking (of course!) from the base of the Deer Creek Dam down Provo Canyon to the siphon over the foothills at Point-of-the-Mountain west of Alpine, Utah. My associate was a younger man named Jim Walker.

Our work consisted of locating the access gratings along the aqueduct, often hidden by heavy brush cover, inspecting them for soundness, removing any rust build-up, and painting them with a rust inhibitor. I enjoyed being out-of-doors and getting my daily exercise. Jim wanted to be a power pole lineman and was hoping to get an appointment in the Fall. (I was saddened to learn later he had gotten his wish, begun his training, and was electrocuted his first year while up a pole working a job. Such a really nice guy. So young. What a loss.)

I attended church with Charles in his Singles Ward. The main activity was a Ward carnival to raise money for the building fund for a new chapel. His participation was to come up with an attraction (game/activity) for the "Midway". I suggested a game that would test the steadiness of the player's hand, all in fun, of course. He said, "Go for it." I designed a board which supported a length of copper tubing (standard drinking water pipe) over which the player had to move a circular metal loop by an attached insulated handle without touching the pipe in order to score (points?). Moving the loop to the end of the pipe without touching caused the "success light" to light, signaling, "You did it!" However, if the loop touched anywhere other than the end, a loud, old, car horn (Ford) sounded. "You flubbed." The clearance of the loop from the pipe was about a half an inch all around, so one had to be pretty steady-handed to avoid the horn. I had lots of fun devising the circuit and running the game. Charles enjoyed painting and lettering the board and got some good comments about the attraction, too.

Neither of us had a car. I relied on being picked-up and dropped-off each day; Charles walked to work and back. So when summer ended we had to decide how we were going to get back up to Salt Lake to register for Fall Quarter at the "U". "Simple," he said, "we'll fly there." It sounded okay to me. So on the Monday morning when registration opened, we chartered a flight from Provo to Salt Lake, caught the bus at the airport, and arrived for class registration in plenty of time. Thus began my third year of college in style. Without Charles' suggestion I would have taken the bus home.

I was back in school but unsure about my major, Chemistry. Nevertheless, I pursued the requisite coursework a quarter at a time with solid performance in German, Humanities, and

Men's chorus. I had a full "head of steam" for the LDS Institute (adjacent to the campus) and Delta Chapter, Lambda Delta Sigma, my Church fraternity. (There I honed my game of ping-

pong, ate lunches of "Mr. Good Bars" and pop, and hung around with my Institute buddies.) My major course work in math and sciences slipped from good to fair to failure by the end of the school year (June, 1952), landing me on the wrong "Dean's List". I continued as a paid student employee in the Theater Department with the Young Peoples and the touring theater companies. I gave up my Lab Assistant job in the Chem Lab. All the while the Korean War raged on and being on the Dean's List nullified my student deferment from military service.

One very memorable happening, though, was being on the committee in charge of the New Year's Eve Celebration at the Institute. It was a beautiful event with equal parts of fun and devotion. I assisted in every phase of the planning and set-up I could: scheduling, decorations, lighting, music, devotional, refreshments. And I succeeded in getting a very lovely young lady, Marilyn Steiner, - a student in the Nursing School, which was located far off campus at the County Hospital - to be my date. It took me two months to convince her to go with me. But I really blew it. My final touches of preparing everything to be just so kept me well into the early hours of New Year's Eve. As fast as I could, I showered and donned my tuxedo and rushed to call for her. She accepted the corsage I had for her and we hurried off to the party - almost two hours late. From there it was all down hill, though I loved every smile she gave me and every accepting nod of her head as I excused myself yet again.

When we arrived it was so far into the evening we had already missed half of the celebration. If I could have spent the rest of the time with her our date might have been salvageable. But thinking about everything afterward, I should not have even had a date that night; I was just too involved and busy. And after years and years and years of doing things, I do have a fault of under estimating the amount of time a thing will take me. Almost always it takes longer, sometimes way longer, than I estimate. No surprise, then, that was my one and only chance to date Marilyn. When I tried to apologize she said I had made it very nice for all the other people and goodbye. *E fine.*

Another difference between living on Sherman Avenue or on 13th East became readily apparent with the coming of winter after our move. On Sherman we (one of us couldn't go alone) just had to grab our sled, trudge up the road to 13th East, jump on our sled, and hang on tightly as we zoomed down fast enough on fluffy, new snow to almost take away our breath. The downward slope was quite steep for about a block, so much so, that often the City road crews would put temporary "Road Closed" signs along the 13th East intersection, which kept cars from spoiling our "sled" run or running over us. (The road was so steep that cars couldn't safely drive those sections when covered in snow and ice.) Some winters, though, there was a sort of "tug-of-war" between streets in that part of the city as to which ones would be closed to automobile traffic and which ones would be plowed. It made a lot more sense (to us Shermaners, always) to let 13th South be the one plowed and not Sherman (after all, there was a double yellow line dividing the lanes of that road); when it didn't happen our "preferred" way, we would slip over and move the signs to the top of our road. Eventually, though, the City started plowing all those streets (bigger plowing budget/more trucks?) as more and more houses were built along the steep portions, where before there had been only vacant lots; also, sidewalks and gutters came as "improvements" along with the new houses - imagine how painful it would have been to topple off a sled onto any of that cement!

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The lot on which our 13th East house was built was part of an old orchard. The ground sloped down away from the house to the neighbor's fence behind us. The yard was full of fruit

trees. Two big cherry trees - one sweet, the other sour - stood near the back of the house, an apricot tree grew behind the garage, and some pear and apple trees were spaced out over the remainder of the back yard. A grape vine ran along the fence between our house and the neighbor's to the north. At the time we moved in, the space between our lot and the Martin's south of us was unfenced. Ah, open space for boys and girls - they had two boys and two girls; we, four boys. It was so-o-o easy to retrieve balls and other toys after playing together.

For awhile, freedom to come and go, playing all the way, prevailed. Then Mr. Martin (Brother M) planted a rare Lilac bush at the rear corner of his house at the property line between us, smack in the running pathway. Sometime later, whether one of us or one of his children - his boys, Stan and Bob, could really tear out after one another - his prize bush was injured: a branch was broken off. Mr. M scowled and muttered for days before a crew showed up to erect a spiked chain-link fence between our yards. (That did not entirely "stop" forays across the boundary as we became adept at climbing or hurdling it. The trick then was not to get caught in his yard! But he installed outdoor lights to watch for our incursions. So, finally, we ended up having to walk carefully-not on his special grass-around to his back door, hoping someone other than he would answer, and ask permission to retrieve our errant ball, air-plane, whatever.) Thus by such means were neighborly relations established between our families. Truly, then, as Robert Frost penned, "good neighbors fences make."

We visited around our new neighborhood. Three houses north of us lived the MacGregors with two girls the same ages as Charles and me. Theirs had been the original farm house when the orchard had been in production; an old barn was still standing at the rear of their property. But best of all, a huge, old tree was still alive beside the house, from a large branch of which hung, on long, long ropes, a marvelous, wide-seat swing. Its arc was so long, once you got it pumped up, you could keep swinging without further effort for several minutes. Pure enjoyment.

Tucked back behind the big house we had earlier pointed to as being the one we wanted to be our new home, was a smaller house where the Roaners lived. Their children were younger, about the same ages as my little brothers. Then behind us lived the Hansens: the Mom and Dad, three daughters, Carol, Dawn, and Bonnie (my age), and one son. Jim was a year younger than me. His house occupied one-half of a double lot; the other half had been planted into grass, which became the neighborhood playground. Most afternoons and nights, weather permitting, something was going on over there: football, freeze-tag, run-sheepy-run, etc. (Outside lights made nighttime activities possible.) It was too far to go around the block, so we made a place for us to "slip" through the fence, not "climb" over it, a forbidden activity.

At the back of our lot along the fence was row of good sized rocks sticking partly out of the ground. These became our foxholes and hiding places when we played games needing foxholes and places to hide. (Ten years later while father was recuperating from his illness, he built an outdoor fireplace using those rocks; where they had lain he planted grass, leaving only his hand-made structure to hide behind.) After we initially moved in, one of Father's first projects was putting up a set of clothes lines so Mother could dry her wash. To that end one row of fruit trees was dispatched. Further, it being in the 40's with the World at War, the re-

mainder of the fruit trees in the middle of the back yard gave way to a Victory Garden. (The US Government encouraged each home, where possible, to raise at least some of their own

food to help with the War effort by freeing up more farm produce for the Armed Forces.) We planted a variety: beets, carrots, beans, squash, tomatoes, and peas. With the end of the War in 1945, the garden reverted to grass (which didn't require nearly as much weeding!).

On 13th East, we did not entirely lack for winter fun, either. When the snow was just right, the smaller children could sleigh ride down the slope of the back yard - granted, not very fast, or take an even shorter ride down the slightly steeper slope of the driveway for about ten feet in the front yard. Further, the front lawn was large enough for a good-sized Fox and Geese ring and an even larger one could be made in back. I don't need to tell you how much fun that game can be unless you've never played - lots of running and breathing cold, crisp air. Invigorating! And, of course, snowball fights and snow forts and snow angels and foot sliding and icicle sipping and just falling or plopping down in the soft, fluffy stuff. Heavenly! Lastly, there was snow shoveling and ice chipping and window scraping and salt scattering. What sport!

One lasting asset the move to 13th East brought into my life was a gang of boys I could pal around with, rain or shine, indoors or out, night or day, year after year. They did not replace Charles as my truest friend but provided for an expanding comradeship. Said another way, we grew up together and enjoyed doing so. It was wholesome association, centered in good homes and blessed by progressive activity in Church, community, and school. Most importantly, I learned how to be a better friend. Actually, I did more roving around with the bunch than Charles - he being slightly older (13 months) always seemed to be out ahead, getting into newer things and moving on - but never too busy or occupied to succor me. Then, too, he felt, I think, the pressure of being the oldest son and the impact his actions could have.

One occurrence comes to mind: Charles and I had been working on our model train layout downstairs in the former "coal" room. We were preparing to lay some track. Wanting the finished effect to be as authentic as possible, we decided to whittle each tie (representing the creosoted timbers which form a real track bed) by hand. The starting point, then, was to saw cut small pieces of wood into the approximate shape needed, which we did; next, with a knife, further shape each piece to give it "character"; finally, stain/paint them authentically. From the pile of cut pieces I put a few into a pocket, thinking to whittle away as I had time, and headed out to catch up, the group having just left. "You go, I'm staying," Charles might have said.

I catch up as they're walking across a University parking lot, west of the U of U football stadium. What fun - they're just lighting small firecrackers and tossing them as they walk. It's in a big, open space, nothing around, so what's the harm? Well, none, unless you're tagged. (Now, I'm not throwing anything but I do have a pocket full of "ties" that might be mistaken for 'crackers.) As we get to 4th South and University Street - end of the parking lot - zum, a police cruiser intercepts us. I'm not feeling very brave when one officer asks who has the 'crackers. (My hands are stuffed in my pockets like maybe I'm hiding something.) He comes directly over to me, touches my pocket, feels the "ties" and says "Crackers?" I stammer out, "No. You're wrong," and reveal my pocket's contents. "What are these?" he asks, looking at the little pieces of wood. "Model railroad ties". "Oh." We're given a warning to desist because someone living near the parking lot has complained about the noise. We turn with quickened steps, homeward bound, and leave. Gathering over. See you later. What a relief.

By leaving Emerson Ward our family passed out of contact (however minimally) with two

marvelous musical personalities, Grant Johannesen and Dorothy Kimball Keddington.

Grant was in his "teen" years in the Emerson Ward area when we moved onto Sherman Avenue in 1937. He left about two years later to go to New York to study with an internationally renowned concert pianist, Robert Casadesus. Why that is of some passing interest is that Grant, even before his legs were long enough to reach the pedals, was playing the Ward organ to accompany hymn singing during meetings. Do you catch that image? Here's a child prodigy at the organ during Sacrament meeting, his little legs hanging down off the bench, his feet about a foot away from the pedal board. Yet he could play anything and everything! At the time I was too young to realize what a special thing it was for one so young to be doing so beautifully what he did. He went on to become world renowned as a pianist.

Dorothy Keddington also lived in the Emerson Ward, in one of the grand, old houses along 11th East. She possessed a gorgeous soprano voice. I heard her sing on a number of occasions, but mostly the times I remember were when I was older. She was in demand as a soloist for concerts private and professional for many years. Her voice had the power to amaze and the control and lyricism to mesmerize. One thing she seemed to like to do was visit various public schools and entertain the students with her singing. Her "*Italian Street Song*" was brilliant. She was very striking in appearance, as well.

The only time I had personal contact with either of these superb musicians, other than being an audience member, was the day Grant Johannesen visited East High School during the year (1948-49) I sang in A Cappella Choir. As we took our seats to begin rehearsal, Miss (Lisle) Bradford, the director and music teacher, stopped talking with her visitor, and, facing the choir, said something like, "Today we'll have a special treat instead of practicing. Grant Johannesen (an alumni) came by to see me and has agreed to play the piano for you." (clap, clap, clap). (By this time he had played with top orchestras before audiences worldwide.)

Grant, acknowledging the applause, asked, "What would you like to hear?" Someone yelled out, "Ritual Fire Dance" (a solo piano piece by Manuel de Fala, at that time very popular). A sort of I-can't-believe-you've-asked-for-that-piece-first look came on our guest's face and he started playing something else, something lyrical and soothing. Doing his own choosing, he continued playing. He was large of stature (he'd grown a lot since Emerson); his long arms and long hands seemed to embrace the piano, enabling him to draw wonderful music out of it. (Although he was playing a ten-foot grand piano, it almost seemed too small for him.)

He tried once more, "What would you like to hear?" The response came again, "Fire Dance." He shook his head, saying something like, "That piece is so intense, it exhausts the performer." Turning back to the piano, he played on from his recital and concert repertoire. Then with probably less than ten minutes remaining in the class period, he stopped, flexed his shoulders and hands, and without comment, began playing "Fire Dance". (loud applause) When he finished, he was "wrung out", hair all awry and forehead sweaty. (more loud applause) He smiled and turned to converse with Miss Bradford as the period ended. *E fine.*

Earlier I mentioned I had marched in 24th of July parades as bass drummer with the Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Band. I got to do so because I was befriended by its director, Brother

Jack Kent, an amazing man. Not robust in physique, he got around using a crutch under one arm. (He marched with the boys like that, too, hobbling along on his crutch.) Our initial meet-

ing was in Liberty Park, one of the original Pioneer planned "open spaces" in the early layout of Salt Lake City. I was participating in a Scouting "Skill-O-Ree"; he was some kind of adviser for the Scout Council. I was quite tall for my age (yes, really?), so I stood out above a lot of the other participants. Jack came over and introduced himself to me as the leader of the Scout Council band. Would I like to tryout and join with them? he asked, noting my size, primarily, I guessed. (Their usual bass drummer was gone; they needed a new one.)

I wanted to know what was involved, so he got ready to show me. (He just happened to have the drum there at the park!) I moved around so I could try beating it and as I picked up a drum stick to give it a whack, Jack stopped me with, "NOT like that. That's a sure way to break a drum head." He explained, "The proper stroke uses the wrist, like this." After he showed me, I tried it, by imitated him. "That's it, you're getting it," beamed Jack. Recalling other drummers I'd seen, I asked about playing both sides of the drum. "Not necessary," he replied. "One side, using the wrist stroke, is plenty. Use the other hand to help hold it in."

Remembering, "it's in the wrist," I continued practicing (correctly) for a few minutes until I really got the hang of it. I definitely wanted to participate with the band. When I asked permission at home, I was told I could: "Find out when and where you need to be for the start of the parade." Done. At the place and time indicated I was there, ready to march in uniform. It never occurred that the drum might seem to get heavier as I tired marching for three miles, me beating out the cadence all the while. And it did "get" heavier but, in spite of that, I made it to the end - which was back at Liberty Park, where my band adventure had begun.

After things settled down from the move, Charles and I resumed piano lessons but with a new teacher, Sister Lela Seabury (whom we always referred to as Mrs. Seabury). How Mother found her I never learned but she was reputed to be very good and Mother felt we ought to progress from where we had gotten with Mrs. Nuttall. Our new teacher taught at her home, which meant we, rather than she, did the traveling for lessons. We adapted easily to the change. One recital we played with her I recall vividly. We performed "*Glow Worm*" on seven pianos with three students (six-hands) on each instrument. It was a "gaser!" We ended our studies with her at about age 13 or so, when we really lost motivation for practicing. *E fine ...*

Charles never resumed lessons after that, that I ever knew of. I, however, at some point, wanted to become more proficient and was sure Mrs. Seabury could help me. She had, after all, been a Master Class Student of the same Robert Casadesus who figured prominently in developing Grant Johannsen into an international concert pianist - not that I ever thought I was that good. I developed my strong desire to be better while serving in the Army.

After release from active duty (September 1954) I returned home and approached Mrs. Seabury with my desire. She said she would be happy to resume teaching me as an adult. So for several months between discharge from the military and beginning a Church mission (February 1955) I studied piano once again. This time it was never a chore to practice; it helped motivate me that I was spending my own money, earned by my "blood, sweat, and tears" in the Army.

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My focus was on improving my skill to sight-read, to master playing techniques, and to teach piano playing to others. This time with my "old" teacher was most helpful. It increased my

understanding of the piano, my love for its richness of musical resources, and my ability to play. I was enabled thereby to helping my own future accompanists find the deeper aspects of music being performed, to myself accompanying fine singers (something I had always wanted to do), to playing in ensembles with adults (and my very own grandchildren), to learning organ playing, and to composing "graciously".

Sometimes in life, if we're very fortunate, things do come full circle: a number of years ago, I was directing our Stake's production of the musical, "The Music Man." In one of the scenes a young girl is practicing her piano exercises. I taught the girl playing the part to do the exercises I really used to do while learning to play the piano, with some exuberance by exaggerating the movements. When we got to our "opening night" performance, who should be there in the audience, five hundred miles away from her home in Salt Lake City, but my old teacher, Lela Seabury! How could that happen? (Incidentally, she loved the piano practicing scene which used the exercises she taught me so many years ago!)

How it happened was, unknown to me until that night, one of her daughters and her husband had lived in our Ward for years. We were good friends, visiting in and out of each others homes all that time. I had even been their Home Teacher for years as well. They were Shirley (Lela's daughter) and Matt Bowman. Shirley had invited her Mother to come for a visit, which coincided with the performance of the musical. It was a grand (if short) reunion. Later after Mama went home, I was visiting with Shirley about growing up with all that piano playing going on at her house. She said it was a real trial for her as she had absolutely no musical talent whatsoever: "It was tough, trying to be my Mother's daughter."

We had gifted musicians living right next door. Wallace (Mr. Martin), Stanford (Stan), and Robert (Bob) each played very well; Mr. Martin, piano, Stan, violin, and Bob, viola. From time to time any one of them could be heard practicing: Stan on Mendelssohn's *Concerto for Violin* or Bob on a William Primrose selection; but mainly it was Mr. Martin playing Chopin or Schubert on his baby grand in the front room with the door and windows wide opened.

In the Church, a long time ago, instrumental music was played during the passing of the Sacrament, one piece accompanying the passing of the bread and a second with the water. Various soloists and small groups were invited to perform. Usually in our Ward it was the Ward organist or a pianist but occasionally it was a string player or string ensemble. Brother Martin was invited now and then. The mood created by the renditions was intended to draw the worshipers into quiet contemplation in keeping with the sacred nature of the Sacramental ordinance. But it was possible, even though a piece was lovely melodically and played exquisitely, for its context to be entirely wrong and thus completely inappropriate to the purpose.

Of course, if one didn't know the context, one's contemplation would not be impaired. But if you did know, you would be upset. This gets back to what pieces are picked in music teaching books for students to learn and play, say, during a piano lesson. A particularly lovely number in perhaps many such books was (is) the "*Barcarolle*" by Jacques Offenbach. Out of context, which was the way I was introduced to it, it is very lovely (though how "very", varied

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with the skill of the performer). However, once you've seen the opera, "Tales of Hoffmann," from which this piece comes, you'd never expect nor desire to hear it played in Church. Ever!

That's because the number comes from Hoffmann's second tale of love involving the courte-

san Violetta. The scene is at night on a moonlit waterway. They are in a boat, gliding along, while she sings to him a gorgeous melody, "*Barcarolle*", trying to seduce him. That's it; you be the judge - appropriate or not? (My observations stem from being in the chorus of the Utah Summer Music Festival's performance of this opera for two weeks. I was well aware of what Offenbach's "moral play" was about: his main character, Hoffmann, was playing the "romantic" for his drinking buddies.) You know what? None of this matters any more because all performances (including the most prevalent practice of soft organ music) were abolished in favor of quiet stillness, which is today's blessing during the Sacrament service.

That first summer (1942) we ranged around our new environs, Charles and me. We were not restricted so much as before in our old neighborhood. We located Douglas Elementary just south on 13th a block and a half. Further along on the same side of the street, three blocks away, was East High, from which we would both graduate in due course (a moment of awe, please). Just before crossing over 8th South to get to the high school, on the corner was a small, dingy-looking candy and snack shop on the ground floor of an apartment building (think of it as an "inconvenience store" due to three rather large, cracked steps leading up into the store) but worth the effort, because inside was an old fashioned ice cream fountain where you could still buy a real malted milk shake or a cherry phosphate (like a carbonated soda, only more lethal). We were liking our move up on the "east side" more and more.

I did wonder what it would be like going to a new school in the Fall - different building, different principal, different teachers, and different kids. Oh yes, one newbie - me. Before I knew it, that first day came, and since I had not been registered at the end of the last school year, I had to stop with Mother at the office to do so, which made me late for the beginning of class. Now to get the whole picture you need to remember Mother believed in the words of counsel from the School District physician, Doctor Paul(?), who said, "You are wise, Mrs. Pixton, to see that your boys get plenty of sunshine by having them wear knickers, exposing their legs to the light" (or something like that, same idea).

Both Charles and I wore brand new knicker trousers - a pretty sea green color - that first day. At the school office the decision was made to add me to the split 4th and 5th grade class, the all 5th grade class being full. The office assistant led me up the stairs - the higher grades' classrooms were on the second floor - to my assigned classroom. I stepped into the room, in my new knickers, of course, and before the assistant or the teacher could say anything, a big, loud-mouthed boy yelled across, "Uuuh! We don't want him in our class! Look at his pants!" (I learned later my "unofficial greeter" was Hubert Barlow, who became an antagonist all the way through high school - oh, joy.

Now, we had been told in the office that the split class had the better, more mature students who could study and work on their own and who were less likely to be distracted during the times when the Fourth graders were being taught (that is, in the same classroom - both grades were going to be taught). Well, after the shock of my "welcome" died away, I sat in the seat I was assigned (among the more mature students as previously indicated) and my first

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day started while the rest of the students resumed theirs. Hubert did not get his way. They were stuck with me. But when I got home I told Mother I'd never wear knickers to school ever again. And when I told her why, I didn't have to; it was really a shame, though, to waste

such nice clothing. (Charles also became exempt, knicker-wise.)

During the Thirties and the Forties (1932-46) Salt Lake City Public Schools utilized an 11-year school calendar: Elementary School started with an optional kindergarten, then 1st through 6th grades followed. The next year of schooling was called the "articulating unit", which combined grades 7 and 8 for the final year of Elementary School; Junior High School contained grades 9 and 10; High School finished with grades 11 and 12. Students could opt for an additional year after grade 12, most often to play competitive sports. These persons were termed "3rd Year Seniors"; most students graduated after completing eleven years of studies, often at age 17. Knowing about this educational schema downplays the significance of graduating from high school (in SLC) at an age younger than the expected age of 18. Perhaps taking credit for something I was not (brilliant) led to my frustrating efforts to settle on a major in college and why it took me so long to graduate (1949-52; 1957-59). In the end, I was very fortunate. My Grandfather Brewer had a strong influence on finally resolving my dilemma.

It was my blessing, after having barely walked in the door following release from active military duty, to accompany Mother - "I need a Priesthood presence with me tonight" - to keep vigil with her at her Father's bedside. When we got there, he was alert and welcomed us. He and I chatted quietly about my recent experiences in the Army. I told him I wanted to serve a mission before returning to college. At some point he looked squarely at me, though to move caused him more pain, and said, "If you've found something you like and you're good at it, then go for it." I received the impression he was referring to my musical activity. At about that point, Mother sensed he was tiring and indicated he should probably rest, so our talk ended. She sat at his bedside while I moved nearby to another chair. I dosed a little, being weary after having just completed my trip from San Diego, California, when I arrived some two or three hours earlier. Around midnight Mother shuck my shoulder gently and said, "He's gone." How sweet it was that I could be there with them, Father and Daughter, at his passing. I've always treasured his final words to me and later, I did "go for it."

In spite of such a rude welcoming to my new school, I settled in nicely, not having any trouble to speak of, unless you might consider not being able to read what's on the chalkboard a problem. By the time one was in the 5th grade, it was anticipated that you would have to move among several teachers throughout the week. Being tall, I placed myself in the back rows of my classes. However, after one shift of classes and, having seated myself in the back of the room, I couldn't respond to the teacher's questions about the material written on the chalkboard. I didn't know what she was talking about. My guessed-at answers weren't even close. The teacher (not my Home Room teacher) said something like, "Richard, come up and sit here in a front seat." When I had done so, I looked at the board again - and, wonder of wonders, there was writing on it which I could actually read! That fixed the problem. I followed through with this same "cure" in my other classes as needed. Thank heaven for that teacher.

What is the most common answer to the question, "What do you like best about school?" It has to be, "Recess." That would have been my answer had I been asked. For one thing, I learned how to play "marbles" and got pretty good at it. Then there was "tag", sometimes just

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the boys and sometimes with girls, too. Once the upper playground was planted in grass, it was nicer to play ball than before on the asphalt. It would really have been great if I hadn't been hit hard with a bat to the head by some girl who didn't know how to play the game.

(That was difficult to forgive and forget.) There were also the "monkey bars", the "slide", the "teeter-totter" and the "swings", although that playground equipment began to be removed for safety reasons until none was left.

There was also a down side to "marbles", and it slowly passed out of vogue, at least for me. The basics were: (1) a circle was drawn in the dirt about two to three feet across; (2) everyone wanting to play the current round put the number of regular marbles agreed upon into the center of the circle; (3) the person determined by lagging to take the first turn began shooting at the marbles in the antie, knocking them out of the ring one at a time; if you failed to knock one out, the turn passed to the next player; (4) the player with the most marbles captured once the center was cleared was the winner; everyone got to keep their booty. A different kind of marble was used for a "shooter". These were slightly bigger and heavier than the ones used as anties, and usually cost quite a bit more to buy. If you played a "cut-throat" game, you could loose your shooter. When that happened to me, loosing a real beauty of a shooter, my interest waned and I quit. My best marble gone forever ruined the game for me.

Being in school, though, became even more fun for me; it had always been fairly easy (except when I couldn't draw birds and received an "NS"). I made a bunch of new friends, some of whom continued all through high school. I learned to enjoy reading for pleasure, not only for assignments. One summer, in responding to the vacation reading challenge, I decided to concentrate on dog stories, and was introduced to "*Silver Chief*", "*Silver Chief to the Rescue*", and "*Prince Jan*," all of which I loved. Another summer it was "*Two Years Before the Mast*", "*Treasure Island*", "*Robinson Crusoe*", "*Moby Dick*", and "*The Count of Monte Cristo*". And later still, "*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*."

I made an ongoing study, too, of scripture, notably, "*The Doctrine and Covenants*" and "*The Pearl of Great Price*." Cleon Skowson became a favorite Church author. Thinking I should also be conversant with criticism against the Church, I perused anti-Mormon material like Faun Mackay Brodie's "*No Man Knows My History*". Its author being a daughter of Thomas E. Mackay, an Assistant to the Twelve, and a niece of President Mackay, it troubled me that she could write such a book, ostensibly about the Prophet Joseph Smith, yet completely miss the significance of every aspect of his life and ministry.

During these same years I viewed the movie, "Brigham Young". Dean Yeager who starred in the title role later joined the Church, perhaps touched by the real perils his portrayed character passed through in life. The opening scenes of this movie pictured mob activities against the Saints, notably the "wolf hunt" depredations committed in the Nauvoo area. The beating and whipping of Mormon men, chained to trees and stripped to the waist, was dramatized. Finally the killing of the Smith brothers, Joseph and Hyrum, was enacted. I cried. I was so strongly impressed that their pains became my pains. Stranger still, my testimony grew stronger of what was right, the Prophet's work, and what was wrong, the awful persecutions.

In the elementary schools of my youth in Salt Lake City it felt "right" to sing carols of the Christ Child at Christmastime and to recite the scriptural accounts of the First Christmas as a choral

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reading by the older students for the younger ones. But time has brought change to that sweet practice as well as to other aspects of innocence and perception.

One day, for instance, Mr. Wood, the butcher, was there in his store, cutting and carving. The

next day, he was gone - dead due to diabetes. Soon no one would remember the jolly, heavy-set man who waited on boys on Mother's errands as nicely as he waited on their Mothers. To the envy of those boys, he constantly snacked on lunch meats - which ultimately killed him. All too soon, the "Woods" sign comes down, replaced by "Jensen's". Life goes on.

The worn path across a vacant field, short-cut to "Woods/Jensen's", is itself cut off by fencing raised to exclude "trespass." Our big, new apartment buildings need that kind of protection! Keep the boys away! Down 5th South, Bickmore's becomes Horsely's becomes Savages' becomes a barber shop. Neighborhood grocers succumb to super-sizing but boys and men still need hair cuts and places to just sit awhile. Wheelwrights lock the door and empty the store of all goods but remain in their house (to the side and behind the store). It's adequate for the family and lies in a good neighborhood. The scarey, old woman running the fountain store across from the high school locks her doors for the last time. Urban renewal is on the way. Who knows what will happen to her property but across the street a vacant lot will become a church where infants can be baptized to the strains of a cappella music. And Douglas Elementary ceases being a school and becomes a center for the elderly because children no longer live in the surrounding neighborhoods. Not forgotten, Roosevelt Junior High becomes a private academy but its tradition escapes, flying off, never to return.

Chapter III. Of the public schools in our area, the most physically challenging to attend was Roosevelt Junior High School at 8th South and not quite to 9th East, a distance of six and a half long Salt Lake City blocks or roughly a mile. If you gave yourself 30 minutes, you could generally arrive on-time walking, benefiting from it being downhill all the way. Coming home, though, you could expect it to take longer, being uphill all the way (yes, really - simple physics). As much as possible, then, I tried to leave for school on-time to avoid having to run some or all of the way, risking bodily injury via a hard fall or slipping crazily. Imagine what it was like to have fallen down, torn a pant leg, bloodied a knee or elbow or both, and having to still finish going on, then being a sore, unsightly mess all day. There was no "going home" for such reasons. Tough it out was the only balm, unless you were really hurt and needed an ambulance or rescue service. (And how often did that happen? - Zero times!)

The curriculum at the Junior High level was mostly prescribed, with few electives, which were not really "electives". For example, what would substitute for Boys Shop or Gym? Girls Homemaking or Gymnastics? Point made. (Of course, now either gender could take any of these courses, if offered.) But in 1945 there was still differences of offerings by stereotypes. (I never heard any complaints but why would I.) There were mathematics, wood and metal shop, music and glee club, history, social studies, gym, homemaking, english and specials. Immature though I was, having missed a year of social growth by 7th and 8th grades being combined, it felt alright to be there. I was kind of a wuss, though, being timid and unsure.

Being in music for two years, first, general music, then, Glee Club, with Mr. Vernon J. LeeMaster was a big boost to my development. We got along great. By height in the 10th Grade I was paired with a taller girl, Ann Nicholls, for performance dancing and assembly

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programs. When I tried to start a friendship beyond that pairing I was rebuffed, I wasn't "mature" enough. At high school (East) she was into running everything: she was decidedly above my station. She married an "older man", BYU philosophy professor Truman Madison, who was Bishop of the student ward where Faye Ann and I, with Mark, lived while I did grad-

uate study in music, 1961-62. (Faye Ann was the Relief Society President there in our student ward; I directed the Ward Choir with Gerald Dick, a graduate organ major, as accompanist.)

Another touchstone was my worsening capacity for physical activity during my first year at Roosie. I developed a hernia which excused me from all physical education the last half of the year. The next summer soon after my 14th birthday it was repaired surgically, followed by a long period of bed rest - standard practice after operations at that time. My confinement was so long I literally had to learn all over how to walk. That was tougher than the surgery.

My one run at student office was seeking election as school newspaper editor for my Sophomore year. I lost. By default I became the Editorial Assistant. However, during the same election, one of my friends from Douglas, Alan Matheson, ran a catchy campaign and edged out the "in" crowd guy also running for President. The winning technique was to broadcast over the school broadcast system at lunchtime pithy verses such as: "Bessie meet the train, The train meet Bessie. The train was messy, The mess was Bessie. Vote for Alan Matheson." He aired a new verse each day. At the end of the week everyone knew Alan was a sharp, funny guy and he won.

Early on there seemed to be no one for me to pal around with at school. Then I noticed a group eating lunch behind the building, sort of. I walked over and, recognizing two of them, asked if they would mind if I joined in. "No, come ahead," one of them answered. So, for a while I ate lunch with the "toughs", Earl White, Dick Chase, and Ronnie Earl. How they came by that reputation I don't know. Hey, in the basement at Ronnie's house I'd helped make the home-made root beer we drank all summer. They were my friends and really likeable guys.

Shop class had to be seen to be believed. The two male teachers (the only name I recall is Mr. Hammond - he was the "nicer" one) had established a "reign" of discipline which they imposed on every new class. It was impressive and intimidating. Not many rules: no horsing around (too many power tools to allow any shenanigans) and no talking (too dangerous to be distracted), except to the teacher or, with permission, to another person. Simple. As we newbies bobbed our heads in unison signifying we understood, one of the teachers would bring out the "rule enforcer", a varnished, shiny, heavy, wooden paddle with an attached wrist strap. Several maybe one-inch holes had been drilled through the face of the paddle. If you violated a rule and got caught, you were directed to bend over at the waist, grab your ankles, and hold that position while your rear-end was paddled. The number of swats given increased with each successive infraction. It was pointed out that the holes in the paddle made each swat hurt more - I never did understand the mechanics involved during my year in shop.

Such physical discipline was bound to be challenged and it was, as I recall, near the end of the school year. A swat recipient (student) complained to his parents, who hired an attorney, who advanced a law suite against the teachers and the School Board. It was a slam-dunk winner for the plaintiffs. Ergo, good-bye paddle, good-bye teachers, good-bye updates on the evening news, good-bye "actual pictures" of the "offending instrument", goodbye notoriety.

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For the record, I almost made it through both classes before being paddled but it would have been okay to have missed out altogether. It was not fun - apprehension of the possible pain was as great or greater than the actual pain. (Mr. Hammond directed a "mild" swat in my case.) But how about making something, wasn't that the purpose for shop after all? My ef-

forts in wood shop (first term) produced an ottoman which Mother upholstered to match an armchair she had covered; metal shop (second term) produced a new shovel for our fireplace.

When I was able to return to sports (PE) I had fun learning to tumble and to wrestle. There was no win-or-loose with tumbling, you just did it, hopefully correctly so you didn't get hurt. But there was a certain science to wrestling which favored the guy with the longest lever. My "levers" were definitely longer. I was assigned a match where the betting favored my opponent, "Oh, you can beat him." Hah! The teacher/coach, Mr. Smith, got down and shouted such encouragement to me that I remembered the moves I needed to pin my opponent. It was a hard match but I persevered and won. It was a fair fight, too, since the other teacher/coach, Mr. Kartchner assisted the other student.

As an aside, I think Mother may have swayed Mr. Smith to sort of "look out for me" due to her friendship with him (Clyde) and his wife (Verlee) through a dinner group they had belonged to together in past years. Just a hunch.

During the Spring of my second year at Roosie, an opportunity arose for after-school employment on the custodial crew. (I had had to relinquish my paper route when it was learned I didn't get out of school soon enough to continue.) It undoubtedly helped that Mother and the head custodian, Mr. Scheerink(?), a Dutchman, already knew each other. Earlier he had built a lovely gum-wood desk for her, having been a woodworking craftsman before emigrating to America. The other student helper, Bob Harding, and I became better friends as we swept out classrooms, dumped wastepaper cans, and mopped floors together. On Saturday mornings after we cleaned the cafeteria, we shot baskets and played a little hoops one-on-one. We then accompanied each other going home. It was a good use of time and helped with our family's finances. (Bob and I had association in the same Aaronic Priesthood quorums, too.)

Growing up I had wanted a bicycle but we could not afford its cost while Father was unable to work. About the time I developed a really strong yearning, and independent of that, the Martin's next door decided to throw away a bike frame they no longer wanted. Talk about luck! I went over to see if I could have their discard. "No problem. Take it." What I got was a cracked frame with a front fork, handlebars, narrow hard seat, and no wheels or tires. Perfect as a good starting point! I had the frame welded, bought wheels, inner tubes, tires, a seat extension post, and fenders, and put it all together. It wasn't pretty but it was mine. (This is the rig I burned out the brake on going back to visit Maurice for what proved to be one last time.)

As indicated, I had to get it repaired so I could continue with my paper route. My delivery area went from 12th East on the West to the Administration building on the University of Utah campus (approximately 17th East), and from South Temple Street on the North to 4th South on the South; it was much too large to be delivered by walking alone. Most of my customers were "paying" customers, that is, they subscribed for home delivery service. On this route were a few "complementary" customers, one's who received delivery service free. One comp customer was Elder Joseph F. Merrill of the Quorum of the Twelve. Another was Sister May

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Anderson, the second General President of the Primary (1925-1940). At that time she and her sister, Minnie, lived together (proverbial "old maids"). (Theirs was one of the yards my brother Charles cared for by mowing and clipping the grass.) A third, also of the Twelve, was Elder John A. Widsoe.

Individual delivery persons were considered independent business owners. The newspaper publisher "sold" their product (newspaper) to the carrier and billed each month for the amount purchased. The publisher also determined the monthly cost to a subscriber. The difference between carrier purchase cost and subscriber cost was the profit the carrier earned but only if all subscribers actually paid up currently. If a subscriber failed to pay the carrier in any given month, then the carrier was "shorted" by the amount not collected. If too many failed to pay, the carrier might not be able to pay his bill. Thus collections was the bane of every carrier: you literally sank or swam. If someone refused to pay, you had to stand the loss, having already delivered the papers, paid for by you but not by them. (Carriers today do not have to collect accounts; all subscriptions are billed by mail. A big win for the carriers - hurray!)

Trying to collect an account by contacting the subscriber at his home was the only time while I had my paper route that I was bitten by a dog. Delivery to that house was no problem. You could speed by on your bike and throw the paper on the porch, dog or no dog. But there was no protection going up to the door in person. The time I was bitten, the dog was free in the front yard and, as I headed for the front door, it started to growl. I hesitated. It charged and, as I turned to retreat, nipped the back of my leg at the knee, through my trousers. Its bite broke the skin. Frightened and mad, I made it back to my bike. About that time an adult came out of the house. "What's the matter?" "Your ---- dog bit me! I'm reporting it." The dog was hauled off, quarantined, and tested for rabies; I was given a shot and put under observation for thirty days. Fortunately for the dog and me, neither of us had rabies.

Another "Home Front" contribution to the War effort (through 1945) was food and gasoline rationing. Ration books for food were issued according to the number of persons in the family. The books contained stamp-like coupons for various rationed commodities. Purchase of a rationed item had to be accompanied by the proper coupon which was torn out of the book and given to the store clerk at the time of purchase. Gasoline rationing books were likewise issued to limit domestic consumption. So far as I was able to observe - and Mother said it was so - we never had trouble staying within allotted amounts of food stuffs (but we did eat a lot of margarine). Father, our only driver, said we always had enough gasoline for essential travel (but no long trips).

Student assemblies and programs were usually very enjoyable and fun to be in, if you were. For one assembly as part of a skit, Mr. LeeMaster had a group of us learn and sing, "O bring the wagon home, John, it will not hold us all; we used to ride around in it when you and I were small." (This is an old Barbershop song.) One of the participants was a boy named John something or other - probably Karpowitz, a big, likeable, popular student who played end on the school football A-team. As we sang, a little, red wagon was pulled out onto the stage with John scrunched up in it. The crowd went wild. The show was a winner!

Another time for Christmas, the singers all wore choir robes and, carrying flashlights made to look like lighted candles, marched from the back of the auditorium singing the carol, "*Oh*

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Come, All Ye Faithful", in Latin. Our "*Adeste Fideles*" filled the room with glorious sound to match the lights. And one last example - When the University of Utah decided to produce musicals for summer entertainment (c. 1946), they put a touring group of young performers together to go around all over the Salt Lake City area and introduce the first selected show, "*Blossom Time*", by singing some of the wonderful music from it. They came to Roosevelt

Junior and put on their little snippet for us, complete with costumes. The music for this musical is all taken from the works of composer Franz Schubert (1797-1828). I wanted to rush right out and get tickets for the whole show.

(While I missed this one, I was already to see the next one which was "*Promised Valley*", written especially for the 1947 Centennial Celebration of the Mormon Pioneers in Utah, to be performed on the new, giant, outdoor stage constructed in Ute Stadium Bowl - the football venue at the University. I was a Boy Scout, BSA, attending the National Scout Jamboree that summer. The encampment was about a mile east of my home, on land belonging to old Fort Douglas. Going to "*Promised Valley*" was one of our scheduled Jamboree events. Unfortunately, our night for attending was rained out, totally. But then, three years later (1950), a revised version of "*Promised Valley*" was performed to commemorate the Centennial of the Territory of Utah and I was a cast member. I sang in the chorus and played the part of the Indian Chief (tableau), complete with feathered headdress).

Close to the end of my Sophomore year (1947), those students going on to East High School were invited to visit on a particular day to receive orientation and have a look around. I determined to go. Then I started hearing about all kinds of hazing activities we would be subjected to if we showed up. Such talk put me on edge and worried me, big time. I imagined all kinds of tricks that might be perpetrated at my expense. I was so agitated I was tempted not to go. When the date and time came, though, I hurried along, hiding behind anything that might conceal me, dreading every step that might bring me closer to disaster. And, like many things we worry about, nothing happened (worrying does matter). I didn't even see any of the dreaded "Juniors" who were supposed to be so determined to make us miserable. I was so relieved. East High, here I come!

Summer vacations from school usually meant work for Charles and me. I started with a paper route and Charles obtained a few lawn mowing jobs (one of which already mentioned was for the Anderson Sisters). As summers would come and go, a string of different jobs played out. Here I was very fortunate, for as Charles would move on to better paying work, I could inherit his previous ones, such as, picking up the care of Sister Pack's and the Shaeffer's lawns. Another time I replaced him at J. I. Case Farm Machinery Co. unloading farm equipment from railroad box cars. (I got injured on this job: my forearm was sliced open by a new tumble plow when it slipped from my grasp and its steel blade fell across my arm - bloody ouch!)

I also had to find my own jobs. The ones at Stadium Gardens, a florist shop near home, and Utah Sand and Gravel Co. were in that category. For two summers we both worked on a furniture repair crew for the Salt Lake School District. My summer between high school and college was being a gardener at one of the showplace schools in the District. Most exotic, though, were the summers I worked on, or performed with, the University Summer Theater. (That was my "nighttime job"; often during the theater season I had a "daytime" job, as well, for economic reasons: the work season spanned the theater season, before and after.)

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It was due to these various jobs I worked, beginning from age 13, that I could pay fees, buy new clothes, and provide for personal items, like bike parts and Mr. Goodbars.

Chapter IV. Which brings me to that memorable first day at high school. I walked there, arriving at the appointed hour. Signs pointed to the places I needed to go to get

registered and checked in. One of those places was the PE office. Outside the door into this office along a wall of the gym was a long, painted, wooden bench. Students, I supposed, needing the same sign off as I did, were sitting on the bench. When one would stand to enter the office, those waiting would slide along, closing up the gap. (I can do that, simple enough.)

Scene: I'm sitting on the "ready" bench, last in line. The person in front of me stands and heads to the office. I'm alone. I begin sliding along toward the end of the bench ... r-r-r-i-i-i-p-p-p! Unbelievable! My new \$100 gray gaberdine trousers are ruined. A protruding nail point has caused a 3" X 3" tare in the seat; my white under shorts are exposed. Why am I the only one to have this problem? I saved all summer to buy these particular pants so I would be in style with the latest clothes. This is the first time I've worn them. I could have cried. Instead, embarrassed by my shorts showing through the huge tear, I sneak outside and, covering my exposure as best as I can with my hand or a notebook or whatever, get home to put on a different pair of pants. I was mortified to be in public practically "undressed." What a first day!

Imagine my response that evening to the question, "Well, how did it go for your first day?" Mother listened, looked at the damaged pants, then said, "I can have the re-weavers fix that." She did so and the pants became wear-able but the re-weaving was very noticeable - gaberdine is such a soft, flat fabric there is no depth in which to merge or hide the inserted threads.

It is ironic that this difficulty should originate at the PE office since my sole purpose being there was to affirm my selection of ROTC in lieu of PE - no more PE. The Fates seemed to have combined for one last jab (now, that's deep). At the time I was sure my 175-pound physique would never be missed on the playing field or court of any sport. Which is not to say I didn't enjoy a game of tennis, single or doubles, or some competitive fast-pitch softball on occasion. I did. Charles and I played tennis for years and, when we could, joined Stan and Bob Martin for doubles.

Also, one of my singing companions during a University Mens Chorus tour showed me the basics of softball fast pitching - he said with my long arm I'd have an advantage of greater leverage, hence more speed from my windup. I practiced. I got so I could pitch pretty good. I pitched and played center field for Headquarter's Company, US Army, Fort Myer, Virginia, while stationed at the Pentagon and later while in Seoul, Korea, and back home in Salt Lake City. (Of course, by then my 175-pound body had materialized into a trim, taugth, tough 203-pound hulk.)

My high school days played out against a background of growing tensions between Russia and the United States. A notable accelerant was the proliferation of nuclear weaponry when the Soviets gained the ability to make atom bombs through espionage and intrigue. Soon the airwaves and films were filled with "what-if" dramas of nuclear annihilation. Americans were warned to build fall-out shelters and to stock large quantities of food and survival gear against the possible coming Holocaust. I'm sorry to admit I worried at age twelve (I did, I really did) I

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would be cheated of the chance to go to the defense of "my country" because the war (World War II) was going to end before I had a chance to fight! Why did I worry? The coming years furnished plenty of new opportunities to fight for "noble" causes. My "war" came all too soon in Korea. There was more than enough goar and glory to go around.

A month before I turned thirteen, the war with Germany ended (V-E Day 8 May 1945). I was

completing my last year at Douglas Elementary. I don't recall anything special happening to observe that marvelous event. For America, the job was only half completed: the fight with Japan must also be won. The Pacific War continued for three more brutal months, ending abruptly following the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, two large Japanese cities on the main island of Honshu, ushering in the age of nuclear warfare. I distinctly remember V-J Day, 14 August 1945. We were up Big Cottonwood Canyon at the Spruces Campground, in the mountains east of SLC. (Aunt Melba had "loaned" us their camp site for a few days.) One afternoon we heard sirens and cannons going off as sound drifted up the canyon from down in the city. "What is that?" we wondered. "The war's over," Father said, when he arrived.

We cheered and were grateful and happy. "Bring the troops home," became the incessant call. The second call was for economic assistance to the countries of Europe and the Near East to facilitate recover from the devastation of the war years. The third was returning the United States to "normalcy", whatever that might be. For us, we noted Father and Mother went out on a "date" which hadn't happened in a long while. The Liberty Bonds and Stamps (wartime) sales program at school was converted to Savings Bonds and Stamps buying competitions (peacetime). Soon G.I.s began returning. It was noticeable how the numbers of M-Men increased markedly with twenty-somethings joining with the Gleanors once more (formerly the two oldest groups comprising the M.I.A. - Mutual, both replaced by the Young Single Adult program.) The presence of these older men made for some of the best Firesides on Sunday evenings I ever attended. It was joyous to have them back home!

Rationing gradually disappeared - ironically it became **more** difficult to get some items that had been rationed. Go figure. New household appliances and automobiles became available. Jim Hansen, my buddy from across the backyard fence, got hold of me one day to ride "shotgun" in his Dad's new Packard in a drag race up Foothill Drive. The car was bright and smelled brand new; it had a big engine and smooth shifting via "three on the tree." (Gas was again available sans rationing coupons.) The race was against a new Studebaker with automatic transmission. At the set time and place, the two cars lined up side by side (don't do this at home). Windows opened, we yelled, "Three, two, one, go!" Gas pedals floored, tires laying rubber, we peeled out ASAP. We (Jim and me) jumped out ahead but lost by a quarter of a car length at the end of the mile run at the top of the hill. The different was the time lost in hand shifting the Packard verses the automatic shifting of the other car. Hydroglide (the newest version of automatic shifting) was a great improvement. But the race was exhilarating!

It was said of the atomic bombing of the two cities in Japan that it saved at least ten thousand American lives which would have been forfeit in an invasion of Japan. It wasn't until later that the terrible cost in Japanese lives was learned, however. There was the "cost of war" and much more to discuss in "current events" when school resumed in the Fall of 1945 (Roosevelt first year). We had a "This is in your future" newspaper, of sorts, which described wonderful changes likely coming in our then present "way of life", discussion of which began our days.

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For example (1) Houses would have cordless light fixtures throughout; electric power would be transmitted to them, like radio waves. (Though predicted in 1946, it still has not happened as yet - 2014. One down.) (2) Automobiles would travel automatically from home to office via special highways. (When a test strip of such a highway was tried a few years ago it simply proved infeasible - further the cost was exorbitant. Two down.) (3) City dwellers would strap on a personal helicopter unit and fly from apartment to office and back. (The regulation of

such use of airspace became much too complex for safe operation. Three down and out!) So much for the future as envisioned immediately post-WWII. But it was fun to dream!

One of the great benefits of my high school years was having some really good teachers who drew out of me my best effort (reflected in my 3.91 GPA). I have to share, though, the circum-stance of one of my non-"A" grades. Mr. Glen(don) Iverson, my best English teacher, had a student teacher assigned to him to mentor and supervise. (I'll call him Mr. CC, for "Copy Cat".) During the first weeks of his presence in our class, Mr. CC observed Mr. Iverson, his speech, methods, and gestures. Then, Mr. "I" turned the class over to him to instruct. It be-came my worst nightmare to have to sit in class and watch him imitate Mr. "I" every which way he could: his voice, mannerisms, manner of presentation, etc. It adversely affected me to the point I couldn't (or wouldn't) do the homework assignments, namely, the written work - and what's an English class without written work?

When Mr. "I" noticed I was having a problem, he stopped me after one class and asked me what was wrong. I told him. He tried to encourage me to "get back with it". I told him I just couldn't, "He's (Mr. CC) such a phoney." Mr. "I" told me he was going to have to let the "D" Mr. CC was giving me stand. I said, "I'm sorry, I'll have to take it." I recovered and returned to my usual "A" with the departure of Mr. CC. All was not lost: that encounter helped me do some needed growing up.

One of my "fabled" stupid things - the pants ironing incident - was something I did write about in Mr. Iverson's class. Under date of October 27, 1948, I turned in the following piece entitled,

Never Again

I am sure that everyone who has ever read the funny papers will have heard about or read something of that celebrated family of Dogpatch - the Yokums (Pansie, Pappy, L'il Abner and the pig.) No telling how many daring exploits have been inspired by the quaint and unique ways of doing things they have. Never a dull moment is experienced by any member of this family.

Now just for a moment, let's consider one of these peculiarities - the manner in which Pappy Yocum presses his pants, a process which inspired what was to be one of my most painful adventures. If you have read any of their adventures, you will probably already know how this operation is accomplished.

Most people, as you know, take off their pants before pressing them, but not Pappy. He has the job done while he waits - in them, of course. He is simply put on the family ironing board and Pansie press(es) his trousers. She make(s) several long sweeping strokes with the iron across the seat of his pants and a few short ones along the

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creases. A wisp of smoke rises gently from his seat and the job is finished. And as is common to only the funnies, Pappy is none the worse for wear. Simple? That's what I thought!

It was, as I recall, about two years ago in the middle of a cold, cold October. My brother was busily pressing his own pants for wear the next day, and I, having nothing to do at the time, was idly watching him.

My own pants, which, by the way, were a loosely woven wool trouser, were in need of pressing. My brother looked so industrious as he labored to press the pant's creases to a razor edge that I commented, "You can press mine when you finish yours." "Do you want me to?" he replied. His congenial manner should have warned me then that he was a bit too cordial to be helpful.

Innocently I replied, "Would you?" "Why sure, I'll press them for you, Dogpatch style." "OK." "Bend over then, and I'll get things ready." He mysteriously draped the damp pressing cloth over my seat, as I stooped over, and started to press. The pressing cloth must have been extremely damp, because the minute the hot iron touched it, clouds of steam rushed through my pants. "O..u..c..h+*#%!" I blurted and straightened up like a sprung jack-knife. I yelled loud enough to wake the dead.

Not wishing to let my parents know my condition, hard as it was, I tried, with no avail, all the household remedies known to medical science for the treatment of burns. Nothing seemed to help, not even the old standby - bicarb-of-soda - worked.

Doing the best I could, under the circumstances, I limped through the next three weeks of school, dreading every bump or unnecessary movement. Whenever I could I remained standing rather than sitting and had what is known as a "hangover." My parents later found out what had happened and each, I think, had a good laugh, which, the thought of, didn't help me any.

Pappy Yokum is still getting his pants pressed the "old way," but I'll never, never try it again. (end of paper)

An additional note: fearing such a prolonged period of pain with constant weeping discharge that might indicate possible infection, I did see a doctor, who dressed the wound, a large, second-degree burn, appropriately, something I had not been able to do, but not without a smile and a laugh or two and shaking his head, thinking (I believed), "Stupid, stupid, stupid."

The culture of East High School was that it was the best in the city; its rivals were South High School, on State Street almost to 17th South, and West High School, on 2nd West off 8th North. Rivalry was strongest between East and West, for example, East's school colors were Red and Black (which was also the name of the school newspaper), while West's colors were Black and Red (ditto for its school newspaper). The students at East were all "Eastsiders" (from more affluent, middle class families) compared to "Westsiders" less affluent, lower class families (the "other" side of town). As I noted earlier, these were cultural perceptions: "Go East! Beat West! Yeh!" It didn't always work out in favor of East in whatever competition was

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engaged; the top choirs were each outstanding; football (E-win), basketball (W-win), and track and field (E-state champs) (1948-49) were amazingly evenly matched. Of course, competition existed in all fields across the metropolitan area and statewide. But the local "hate 'em" rivalry was East vs. West, always sure to draw a crowd. The chant, "Wo bow ski whaten daten, lada anis. Wo bow ski whaten daten, lada anis. Easca beelee eatun deatun; easca beelee wotun dotun. Wo bow ski whaten daten, lada anis!" let opponents know East was present and the faithful were gathered.

That was pure fun.

The main building housing East was a landmark - it was that old. Some modifications had been made: an annex was built to house the PE department - I received **my** "initiation" there in my gaberdine trousers the first day of school - and one of the interior window wells had been converted to an elevator for impaired students. My extra-curricular activity, Rifle Team, used the shooting range situated in the basement. The main entrance was up a flight of several steps through several doors and a few more steps onto the first floor. Straight ahead was the Auditorium main floor; access to the balcony was off the second floor. Administrative offices clustered to the left on the first floor; the library and a ballroom were on opposite ends of the second floor. On all three floors classrooms were located along the outside walls, each one having several rows of windows for light and outside views.

And on occasion there were some very strange views! One day in our Radio Electronics class, which met in a 2nd floor room on the west side of the building - the really hot, sunny side - we were interrupted by knocking at one of the windows. (At this part of the building the 1st floor extended beyond the 2nd floor; the resultant roof over the 1st floor was covered with tar and crushed rock, furnishing a surface where someone could stand. So, while someone knocking on our classroom window was surprising, it was not impossible.) The teacher and we all went over to look. A disheveled, bewhiskered man was clamoring about. He looked to be in rough shape; his face and neck appeared badly sunburned. A window was opened and he was helped inside. The authorities were called. In the interim before they arrived, he said he had gotten drunk the night before and, how he couldn't remember, climbed onto the roof to rest, passed out, and slept until awakened by feeling like he was roasting alive. Too strange!

Miss Clara Cirkel was my high school first year English teacher. She had never married and was probably nearing retirement - her "frumpy" appearance suggested that. (Some students failed to show her the respect she deserved and earned by her competence. She loved to teach and associate with teenagers.) I may have been in a minority but I liked her; she had a beautiful smile and a lyrical sound in her voice when she read to us, which she did, she said, because she wanted us to "feel" what the poet's intent was. I remember best her reading of a poem entitled, "Green Fire." (Green Fire is the color of the first growth of leaves in Spring.) She made that special time of reawakening come alive for me, and bless her for it.

Earlier I mentioned the "11-year education plan" in the SLC of my public education days. Mine was the next-to-last class under that plan; a change was made (1946) back to twelve years (adding 8th grade back in) so that the Class of 1951 would have had the full twelve years. (I was in the Class of 1949.) I recall that Jim Hansen, just a little younger than I, was caught in the transition. Instead of being a Junior when I was a Senior, he was only a Sopho-

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more. That didn't seem to bother him at all. He finished high school, college, and served a mission, all in due course; entered the Business world as a ZCMI executive intern; married and raised a family (my son, Steven, and Marva, his bride, celebrated their marriage in the Salt Lake Temple with a Wedding Breakfast at the Hotel Utah at the same time Jim and his party were enjoying an identical event for one of his daughter's in a banquet hall across the mezzanine from us - and we visited briefly when, coincidentally, we each stepped out of our respective events for a moment); and, after settling in Farmington, Utah, he ran for, and was

elected, many times, to the House of Representatives in the United States' Congress. His last term in the Nation's Capitol ended in 2000, the year Faye Ann and I returned to Maryland.

Uranium prospecting and mining became increasingly high priority activities following the detonation of the nuclear bombs that ended the Second World War. "Penny stocks" attracted investors to gamble on the profitability of these activities. (As late as October 1954 when I got out of the Army, I invested a sizable chunk of my savings in such a venture, on Charles' advice. I never saw a "penny" of profit, however. It was a mercurial market with buy-outs and mergers, and splits and re-splits, almost on a daily basis until the original stocks became the proverbial "not worth the paper it's printed on." I had neither the time nor the disposition to devote the necessary attention which would have been required to stay on top of developments, as I was serving my mission during this period.)

Jim's Father was one of those who went prospecting with a hope for riches. He'd be gone for weeks and months at a time before returning home. During his last trip, in a heavy rain storm in desolate country in Southeastern Utah, he (Hansen) insisted his companion miner take his coat to stop shaking from the cold. That action saved his friend's life but cost him his own, as he got pneumonia and died. The funeral service was a sad affair, brightened only by the recounting of his last selfless act. His life ended so abruptly, needed changes went unmade.

Jim's attitude was, "I can't do anything about that now," and he pressed on, continuing to live and to do things, as evidenced by what he accomplished throughout his life. And of course, we still did stuff together growing up.

For example, we were over at the "other" Hansen's place watching Gordon, the older brother to Jerry, our age, tune-up his "hot rod". We, then, including the boy's father, piled into the car for a test drive. It was so fast and quick. Its acceleration was breathtaking. We got in a line of cars on Main Street near Temple Square waiting for a red light to change when a big sedan behind us knocked into our rear bumper. We were shaken. Looking back, we thought, "Oh, well, accidents will ...", when it hit us again and then again. It was "beating up" on us through the actions of its driver, some older dude. With that, the boys' father jumped out, viewed the bumped area, and started yelling at the other driver to stop what he was doing, who then appeared about to lunge at us yet again. The father jumped back in and, using all the quickness the car had and its great maneuverability, Gordon got us out of there fast - very fast!

The midget auto races came to town but only raced on Sunday night. We wanted to see them but didn't have money for tickets, besides it would have been on a Sunday night. What to do? Slowly a scheme evolved. We would slip out after the Sacrament was passed and return before the third speaker was finished. Jim would fabricate a midget racer starter bracket for the front bumper of his (Dad's) big, red, pickup truck. When we got to the track we

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would hurry into line when the volunteer starter vehicles were called. (To save weight midget racers had no electric starters; they were started by being pushed from behind against a special starter brace at the rear of each vehicle.) Having given volunteer service, we could stay for the races, no ticket required. Slick. Now, how to cover our absence? (Our conniving occurred after Father's release as Bishop but that shouldn't have mattered - it was still wrong.)

Our meeting house, the old 33rd Ward Chapel, had a balcony where a portion of the congregation sat for each service. After the Sacrament, the boys would leave the chapel through the

side door at the front, to disrupt as little as possible, and emerge in the balcony for the remainder of the meeting, if all things went as intended (by the Bishop and the parents). The missing time, then, could be accounted for by affirming presence in the balcony the whole time (which was obviously untrue). The first time we got to the track we were late and missed being called as a "starter;" the second time, we made it. We were "hot stuff", driving around that track, helping to get the race started - big time! We watched the cars run for awhile, then hurried back to Church. Our, "Oh, yeh, we were upstairs," didn't fly twice in a row. Busted.

Dogs make fine pets - for other people. My "close encounters" usually ended badly, some worse than others. Jim acquired a Weimerauner (breed) pup. It was playful and personable like any other pup but ate like a horse, huge quantities of dog chow. They named him "Pilot". After a year, with forepaws up, Pilot could stand over six feet tall and weighed ninety pounds or so. Keep in mind, though, he thought he as still just an adorable pup. And what do pups do? They jump up and greet you, inviting affection in return. Right. After he got that big, about the only human who could match his physical presence was Paul Andrus, an Army veteran and returned missionary from Japan. I was visiting in Jim's home when Paul dropped by, probably to visit Jim's sister Dawn. Paul and Dawn had been in a Ward produced three-act drama playing a husband and wife. Pilot jumped. Paul wavered but managed a robust talking and petting exchange, then pulled him off his shoulders and set him down on the carpet. I could never have done that. My instinct was to flee, get out of the way. (I had been bitten once; once was enough.)

Pilot became unmanageable when he got even larger. In the city there was just no place big enough for him to roam at large. So, he was taken to the country and put on a farm, with one of Jim's kinfolk. Pilot exulted - dogs do that when unhampered by the restraints of civilization. All was right in his world for awhile. Then he tried to outrun a Greyhound bus Greyhound - the big dog picture on the side of the bus - and lost. That was a sad day. He finally got over-matched.

I have had two other dog encounters, both ending sadly badly.

Many years ago while our four children were still at home, a family in our Denver ward needed to make a geographic move where they could not take their beautiful German Shepherd dog, Queeny. Almost at the last minute before they left we agreed to keep her, against the time of their possibly being able to have her in the future. We didn't know a thing about taking care of a dog, let alone such a beautiful, loving animal. In hind sight, the critical thing we didn't have was a place to tether her in the backyard, so she could run around but not get out. She craved human association, never wanted to be excluded from outings. So after a short time we got used to having her in the house and going with us in the car.

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One day, though, we had to leave her at the house. Since we had no way to secure her in the backyard, I took her into the basement, clipped on her leash, and looped it up over a joist brace. I spoke to her, "It's okay, girl. We'll be right back. Don't worry." Something like that. Of course she didn't want to stay, she wanted to go with us. She pulled and tugged on her chain and made little barking sounds. We left. When we returned, it was too quiet in the basement. I rushed down ... and to my great sorrow, found she had tangled the leash and hung herself. I broke down and wept, calling and hitting her still warm body, "Queeny, Queeny, you can't be dead. Breath! Be alive. Oh, Queeny, Queeny." But ... she ... was ...

gone. We all felt badly but I was the sadist of all. My ignorance had robbed a gentle, loving spirit of her life. If I had realized the leash had a swivel on one end, I would have made sure that end was the one hooked to her collar. I had it backward. Oh, I lamented her loss. It was sooooo hard giving her carcass over to the pound technician who came to take it away.

Some time later (still living in the Denver area), Jeff and I were coming down out of the mountains on the way home when I decided to stop and inquire about a sign at the roadside advertising free puppies. Though I didn't want, ever again, to be responsible for another "Queeny", I rationalized if someone else, say, Jeff, would be responsible, then it might be alright to have a dog once more. We looked at the litter and Jeff picked the one he wanted, saying he'd for sure take care of it, and we drove home. Though surprised, everyone welcomed the little fellow happily. Feeding and watering fell mainly on Faye Ann but playing rested with the children, ours and the neighbors. This puppy got named "Queeny II."

Early on, Queeny II began nipping at the heels and legs of the children. As she got bigger, the nipping became painful. We tried to break her of doing so but we found nothing that helped. Even the collected wisdom of dog owners of how to deal with the problem failed us. Then the nipping became a bite. That was too much, as was hitting her with a rolled up newspaper every time she bared her teeth in chasing or playing. Avoiding her became the name of the game. And rationalization followed: maybe some one else could be successful with her and she could become a fun pet. Who better to help than the pound. Exit Queeny II.

Growing up, none of us first four sons could have a pet, a real pet - ducks don't count. Tom, the youngest of our five, on the other hand, had pets: two small dogs, Mac and Rusty, a tame duck, and a wild duck. Actually, the ducks were more "projects" than pets. The tame duck thing was more like what Charles and I experienced. Tom's bird, Quacky, almost ran afoul of one of the neighborhood cats which, crouching low, stalked it up the driveway nearly into a very busy south 13th East Street. The duck's loud squawking and flapping drew human intervention soon enough to save it from taking the final few steps into oncoming traffic. (The cat had to look elsewhere for entertainment or dinner, though.) Smart cat, dumb bird. In the end the duck's fate was to be released into the lake at Fairmont Park back in Sugarhouse. Tom tossed Quacky over the fence heading it toward the water. Hesitating only briefly, it slid in, then as if a great truth had been suddenly revealed, dived under for a long ways and, surfacing, swam away into the center of the lake, never looking back. So long, Quacky.

The wild duck had an injured wing, which Tom splinted. He then sheltered and fed it until its wing healed. Part of the attention he gave was to fill the wheelbarrow with water and, while the bird splashed around in the little portable puddle, take it for walks around the yard, sort of Dr. Doolittle style. Yes, the creature did fly again, up, up, and away. Thanks, Tom.

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Another post-WWII phenomenon was an abundance of older and really old cars. Father wasn't bitten by the new car bug, however. He (and we, Charles and I) continued to drive his prewar, shift-on-the-floor, gray, 1937 Ford V-8 sedan. (During one trip Charles and I made to Provo, the car would hardly push 45 MPH on the flat; but it ran well.) Around the neighborhood some "previously owned" cars started being seen. Across the street, Jack Fisher had a 16-cylinder Huppmobile; the hood covers on each side were thick plate steel, so heavy it took two strong boys to lift one. Another, in particular, that caught our attention - besides its low price - was the 1931 Chevy sedan Jack Newton had up and running. (Jack lived around the

corner on 6th South.) Without haggling we bought it, for how much I don't remember, but it ran and ran and ran until ... it threw a rod. Major repairs were needed.

Full of enthusiasm we parked it around back on Mother's recently installed cement patio and began disassembling the engine. Our intent was good. Our accomplishment consisted of completely pulling the engine apart. So many things thereafter countered our good intentions, mainly we got immersed in higher priority matters: school, work, military service, a mission, a marriage, on and on. Father finally had it all hauled away for junk, rusty junk, at that. For awhile afterward, the patio could again support a basketball game or two, until Bob's big, green vehicle broke down and reclaimed the vacated patio parking spot. Father didn't wait as long this time to clear it off.

About nine months after WWII began to end, Mother gave birth on March 1, 1946, to her fifth son, Thomas Lynn. He was the last addition to our family. The four older sons born one-and-one close together twice, with 6 years intervening between pairings, provided natural companions, Charles and me, and Bob (Robert) and Paul. There was to be no "pairing" for Tom. Nevertheless, he developed his own, two-fold, with Ben Stohl and David Thomas. I remember less about Bob and Paul growing up due to the age gap between them and Charles and me. On the other hand, I remember more about Tom because he was the youngest and I was much older. Sounds crazy, I know.

Yet for all of us, we lived in the same house, took our meals together, celebrated together, played together, did chores together, cried together, felt together the love our parents had for us and all listened to Mother's blessed sleep-inviting lullabies from infancy upward. We were family and confident of our heritage. As we matured, I feel we actually grew to appreciate each other more. The differences caused by age gaps became less and less important. Even as we were growing up we played indoor games, for example, in which all could participate, very young, older, and in between. There was "Button, Button"; "Hide the Thimble"; "Magic Frying Pan"; "Pin the Tail"; "Twenty Questions"; "Charades"; "Musical Chairs"; and our favorite, "Hide and Seek". (Oh, there were many wonderful hiding places.)

And there also was Bob (Robert) Scott. In an act of compassion, Mother agreed with her sister, Melba, to take in one of the boys (Bob) of a destitute family, which if placement within related families wasn't possible, would be broken apart. So, for a time, he lived with us. His age didn't match any of ours, as I recall. He was combative from the start, his family having been uprooted and threatened with dissolution.

Things started badly, almost from the first day, when Bob S. handled and ruined a class project Charles had spent many hours making, after Charles had warned him not to touch

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anything in his room. (Bob did, anyway.) Bob S became the proverbial thorn in everybody's sided. Conversely, we didn't treat him very kindly, always giving him a hard time about something. Things came to head when Bob S had provoked either our Robert or Paul, who took out running after him, to chase him down and get "even". As Bob S was attempting to escape, running for his life, as it were, he leaped over the end of the front porch, and, instead of landing on his feet to keep running, he landed on his one arm (the right, I think - I was witness to the struggle) and broke it. Coming up in pain, holding his arm, the chase ended. An awful thing had happened - for which we were actually glad. Shame on all of us. We had

need of much repentance but that was of no help to Bob S. Someone took him to the doctor to get his arm reset and put in a cast. Not long afterward it was concluded we could not continue to have him in our home because of the constant tension and quarreling it invited.

Shortly thereafter the whole arrangement to keep their family together unraveled. The dynamics for successfully accomplishing such a desire were missing though we tried. We were saddened by our failure and were sorry for the family. Bob went away and we never heard from him again.

One of the more enjoyable parts of "high school life" was attending the various "Assembly" programs, when classes would be dismissed and everyone would gather in the auditorium. Scott Flandro, a vocal impressionist, was always entertaining; his impression of "car-starting-and-fading-off-in-the-distance" was as good as a motion picture sound track. Dortha Sharp playing a Chopin "Polonaise" brought the house down every time (and if you didn't really like classical piano music, as a strikingly attractive blond, she was just interesting to observe). Helen Sorenson's violin trio made anything they played sound wonderful (and they were okay to look at, too).

There were pep rallies, and speakers, and discussions, and previews, and on and on ...

During World Series time, a listening place was setup in the Ballroom and students (and teachers) could wander in and out to hear the broadcast (radio only).

An historic event to awaken national interest after the awful devastation of WWII was the year-long exhibit of the basic documents of American freedom carried into 300 American cities aboard a specially prepared railway train. Prior to the Freedom Train's arrival in Salt Lake City, a contest was held to select the most knowledgeable student regarding the Train and its contents (c. 1947). The winner was me; the prize was being interviewed on-air locally to stimulate interest prior to the Train's arrival. Before I could experience my "fifteen minutes of celebrity" the program format was changed to a three-contestant quiz show. I consequently shared the spotlight with the two next highest scoring contestants. And, truth be told, that was probably a much more interesting program than the solo interview of a "nobody" would have been. The panel was only stumped once; none of us could remember the name of the American Heritage Foundation's consultant who shepherded the whole Heritage of Freedom project: Frank Monaghan. Not too shabby for a bunch of high school Juniors. (I loved every minute I spent studying and learning for this activity; it made me even more grateful to be an American. What a truly great country this has been and can be again.)

Previously I identified Glen(don) Iverson as one of my best teachers. Another was (J.) Hazel

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Witcomb, who taught U. S. History. She brooked no nonsense in her classes: she was there to teach and we were there to learn. (She was one of "those" teachers, who, when, as a student, you found you had been "put" into one of her classes, you tried ever trick to transfer out - she was too hard!) Actually, I liked "those" teachers (getting into such a class meant that the dorks were elsewhere - sort of like scholars only, Ahem!) It was really neat (cool) to hear her talk about places she had been and the experiences she had had (her husband had been in the U. S. Foreign Service), yet, at the same time, she challenged us with discovering our National heritage.

For instance, at the beginning of the year, she gave us an extra credit question about a historical situation, which, she said, she would not cover during regular class time. Any student could come to her privately at any time with the answer and receive the extra credit, with the proviso not to share the answer with anyone else. The question posed to us was, "Why was the inauguration of George Washington, the first President-Elect of the United States, suddenly moved from Philadelphia to New York City?" I did the research and earned the extra credit, assuring my "A". (For fun, since you're reading this "history", why don't you do your own research to answer this question and sometime let me know what you learned.)

That I ever knew, not many in the class found the answer but one who did was Steve Covey, the same Steve Covey who became famous and very wealthy later in life through his books and courses on improving personal and corporate success. (His middle name was Richards from his Grandfather, Stephen L. Richards, 1st Counselor to President David O. Mackay - which I only found out years after our association had ended. It was strange, in a way, that unless some one was active in your Ward or Stake there in SLC, you never knew whether or not they were Church members. It was never talked about. You just assumed they were until you learned differently.)

Another influential teacher was Fred Bennett, teaching Civics. (His nick-name was "Lefty"; he was very personable.) He appointed me and a good friend of mine, Jay Smith, to jointly investigate the matter chosen by the class for review and recommendations. That was, "Why was the food served in the school cafeteria so gross?" We discovered the biggest cause was complacency: it had become "just a job". Our recommendation was to fire the manager. And, in a way, that's what happened, not because we recommended it but because our report shed new light on a perceived problem. It became a Win-Win situation. East's cafeteria manager was sent to West High and their manager came to East. Through contacts the next year, I was told the food at both schools had never been better. Change is good.

Chemistry was a Senior's only course that Richard Howell had taught for a long time without becoming complacent. What made for high interest could be whom you were paired with for Lab experiments. Would they help or hinder? Not showing bias, but if paired with a girl, the guy had to do most of the work. That worked for me - after I got rid of my personal, medical problem. I started getting horrible head aches in class. Finally, Mother took me to be examined by her eye doctor, believing I was suffering from eye strain. The "eye test" showed (inconclusively to my way of thinking-I really couldn't see the difference between some lenses) I needed glasses, which were purchased, made and fitted quickly. I was told, "You need to wear them often so you can become accustomed to them."

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Chemistry class was taught in a tiered room with each row progressively higher than the one in front. To get to ones seat, one or more steps had to be climbed. When I bravely stepped into class wearing my new glasses, the steps seemed to move away from my foot as I tried to walk up them. Not only my head but my eyes, as well, started to ache. Wow, now two problems. This is progress? I tried toughing it out for a couple of weeks and somehow by that time I had "lost" my glasses - and, though I looked and looked, I could not find them. Mother was concerned, wanting to get me another pair. I said, "No. Let's just see what happens without them for a while." Result: no more eye strain, no more head aches. Pairing up for experiments, once again, became my chief concern. I actually did very well, surviving

Bunson burner duels and all other nonsense. With Mr. Howell's blessing, "Be good to UR self", I projected myself as a Chemistry Major when commencing college studies at the "U" after high school graduation (1949). (Never did find those glasses; it's still a mystery.)

Other teachers very much contributed to my success and enjoyment in high school. My Physics teacher, D. E. Powelson, a year after I had been in his class, commented regarding our association, "Not much of a stranger," indicating the enduring quality of our teacher/student efforts together. Jesse (Jess) Black's Commercial Law class was another excellent encounter and meeting of minds. Algebra and Solid Geometry taught by Virginia Fraser prepared me well for Trig and Calculus in college. My unofficial "extra-curricular" efforts for the German Club brought appreciation for "all that you did and it was a pleasure to work with you," from Valois (A.) Zarr, the club adviser. Encouragement from Alvira Cox, the faculty adviser (sponsor) to the student newspaper, *Red and Black*, was always helpful (I was part of the Business Staff).

Finally, I come to Lisle Bradford, the vocal music teacher and A Cappella Choir Director. Her personal influence was far reaching and lasting. My introduction to both her and the choir was via their concert visits to us as students at Roosevelt Junior High. They came every year as a preview of things to anticipate once we moved on to high school. I was sold. I wanted to sing in the A Cappella Choir. Was I disappointed I couldn't do so as a Junior student, Seniors only? I went to Miss Bradford personally to plead my case. "No," she said, "but it's not that you couldn't do it, it's that I can't make just one exception." She sent me back to "serve my time" with one of the Boys Glee Clubs, directed by the Band/Orchestra teacher, Arch Tueller.

He was an excellent instrumental musician. His groups played well enough but he didn't seem to know the voice. We were expected to vegetate for a year, biding our time, before trying for the Choir. I revolted and transferred out at the semester break into the Radio Theory and Technology course, which I thoroughly enjoyed. Come Spring (I think it was) I tried out for the Choir and was accepted, big, changed boy's voice (I had become a Bass) and all. The group was large by any standard - 200 voices. (A cappella means "without accompaniment", just the human voice.) Lots of students I knew also "made it in", which was nice.

We rehearsed almost every school day. One work that especially impressed me was *King David* by Arthur Honegger. With some atonality it was a technical challenge but redeemed the dissonances by equally wonderful harmonies. If I remember at all correctly we included *The Peaceable Kingdom* section from it in our New Year's Eve radio broadcast (national hook-up). This section musically describes the Lamb and the Lion lying down together, certainly apropos to a resolution that the Prince of Peace speedily come again, this time to rule

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and reign forever. (Also, being other than at home on New Year's Eve was new for me and because that tradition was special, this became special too, as an enhancing activity.)

In the Spring we became the "church choir" for one Sunday afternoon at the newly constructed church diagonal across 13th East from the high school. While we waited for our time to perform, we witnessed an infant baptism by sprinkling, something a lot of us had never seen before. When it came time, we filled the vaults and crevices with glorious sounds, *Halleluiah, Amen*. If we needed a reason to fulfill that invitation, it was to demonstrate that, as a tax supported class at a public institution, the Choir was a community resource, available to all.

Speaking musically, the final big activity for the entire school was the bi-annual musical. Sigmund Romberg's *The Desert Song* was the opera performed. Singing roles were selected by audition, Miss Bradford being the final arbiter. Some parts were double cast, including the lead soprano and the part I got. Neither the lead tenor nor the lead bass was doubled. This became significant for the third and final performance: up to that point each person in a double cast role had had a chance to perform. The entire company then voted (raised hands) for which of the two (in doubled roles) should get the extra show. I thought I as the better *Mindar* (my role), certainly the better singer and voice, but Lynwood was into more activities school-wide and carried the popular vote, "Sorry, Pix." Even more disappointed was the losing female lead, who was a 3rd year Senior (and may have come back for an extra year just to be in the opera, and she did have a good, strong voice but the other singer, though younger, was better.)

My "role" actually was a joke, other than having to be bigger and look tougher than the rest of the company of "riffs" (Arab desert fighters), because it had about ten seconds of solo: "Mighty Mohammad, the King of men. Look down upon us and keep us from sin." That was it. The best part of the part was wearing the flashier costume! Of course, all singers sang with all the chorus parts so one wasn't just filling space on the set. (After the voting for the "third performance cast", Miss Bradford invited all non-selectees to be more engaged in the overall production by assisting with entrance cues, scenery and prop shifts, costume changes and curtain calls. Why not? I had a blast the third night getting into everything any one would let me and still making the final curtain call!

Shortly after the opera closed out, it was noised about that the University of Utah Theatre Department was looking for male singer/actors for a Young Peoples Theater production of a new adaptation of "*Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*." I went for an audition - and became a "Thief". Ross Ramsey had written the adaptation for stage and was directing the production. Before coming to Utah he had been a successful actor in Hollywood on radio, having been the voice of "Raymond", the spooky "Host" of "Inner Sanctum Mysteries", a nationally broadcast show. (In my University revival post-Mormon-mission period, I studied basic acting techniques in a class he taught. He demonstrated his "Host" voice and laugh for us, just for fun.)

Though in the chorus, this part had more "meat on the bones" than being "*Mindar*" in "*The Desert Song*."

Oh, we are ten times four makes forty,
Forty, sporty Thieves of Baghdad, by gad!
At the drop of a hat we will shot, to boot,
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As we gather in our bounty and divide up loot.
(can't recall the next two lines)

* * * * *

Never yet have made a blunder,
Smart don't you see.
Oh, we are ten times four makes forty,
Forty, sporty Thieves of Baghdad, by gad!

Don't you agree? (The play was very successful with the intended audience. By this time I believe my blood began morphing into grease paint - I was hooked on theater/theatre,

however it's spelled.)

Miss Bradford did one other special thing for me-she became my first private vocal teacher in this manner: near the end of the school year she announced to the Choir that if any student would like some pointers on improving his or her singing ability, come and see her during her consultation period. (Every teacher had a regular counseling/consultation period during the day.) When I did, she suggested I come after school once a week and we would work on the songs she would give me to learn and perform. I did so. She gave me two lovely songs, pitched for my bass vocal range. The first was an art song, "*Who is Sylvia?*" (*that all her swains commend her.*) The other was, "*Ole Man River*", from the musical, "*Showboat*". With her help I could sing both songs quite well before school ended. (They are still in my repertoire. Good songs never grow old.)

The halls at East were emptying fast as the school day ended in late May, shortly before graduation. As I approached the descending staircase from the 2nd Floor, I noticed a student on the stairs stop and begin to go back up. Then he stopped again and seemed to be "lost", as if he didn't know whether to continue to go up or to turn around and come down. He then would take a few steps, stop, turn around, take a few more steps, and so forth, up and down - he was "caught" in a cycle he couldn't escape. Some other students coming by, noticed his predicament and, calling him by name, began to jeer at him, yelling, "What's the matter, -----? Can't find your way home?" He became even more confused and agitated.

The jeering continued. His tormentors seemed to be enjoying his plight. "Serves him right. He's a weirdo anyway." It was horrible. I remember going to him quickly and attempting to assist him. Another student went for the Boys' Counselor; we got the sense this poor, floundering student was (in the vernacular) "coming unglued." The Counselor arrived and led him off the stairs, presumably to his office where the appropriate contacts could be made. I never learned what became - let's call him John - of John. I only hope it turned out alright in the end. But I can't understand the inhumanity that was exhibited toward him by those who should have been his classmates not his tormentors. Where was the compassion?

Commencement was in early June (1949).

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Chapter V. Mother attended my high school graduation alone. Father wanted to come but he just wasn't "up to it." On this simple phrase hangs a large tale of personal struggle and depression for him. If it could have been any other way, I feel he would have gladly foregone the anguish and hopelessness of his terrible trial. But such was not to be.

His personal history only hints at but never confronts his plight. In the parlance of that day, he experienced a "nervous breakdown." Slowly over time, probably starting during the last year of WWII (1944-45) with his professional work (MST&T) in telecommunications, his becoming Bishop (June 4, 1944) of a very recently organized new Ward (Douglas), and his teaching evenings at the University of Utah in a war training program, I began losing him as my loveable, caring, laughing champion, the man I loved most on Earth and whom I wanted to be like

so very much. And I never really got him back, since by the time he reemerged, I had had to move on with my life. (I so much envied my three younger brother, Bob, Paul, and Tom, when I would get photographs of the four of them, Father included, having gone off on some outing or excursion together.)

Mother was the rock, our sure foundation, through all this dark and troublesome time. It must have been heart wrenching for her to see the love of her life slipping down, down, down into complete withdrawal. She never flinched, though, assuming the burden of breadwinner and confidant to us all. Three times she snatched Father from premature departure from this life. It was during this troublesome time that he and Charles had their "falling out", which withdrew from immediacy my other sure prop. But if it had not been so, I likely would not have sought and embraced so many vivifying surrogates, as I felt my way through his absence. (This will give some context to the "sparse" Christmas I recounted earlier and of my "blossoming" under the tutelage of gifted teachers in junior and senior high school.)

Mother, bless her heart, did come to my high school graduation - regardless of how tired and worn-out she felt. And I handled Father's absence badly: I told her I wanted to be alone going home which denied her a companionship she needed, too. Unthinkingly, I was very selfish in my rebuff. Oh, she tried so hard. From her own small resources, I'm sure, she bought and gave me my "graduation" present, an Inkaflex wristwatch - which never had to be wound as the motion of your arm/hand caused the winding mechanism to activate. I cherished it and wore it every day thereafter until it was stolen one evening in Seoul, Korea while I was playing Special Services (Army) basketball. Stupid me, again. My fault, completely. Too trusting. In retaliation (against the theft) I bought a **Japanese** pocket watch the next time I went on R&R in Japan (what **Korean** would ever want to steal IT, they so hated each other. IT never was.

There never was any doubt in my mind that going on to college would follow high school graduation. Obtaining as much education as possible was always a personal and family goal. I felt I didn't want to be an "Engineer" due to some illusive insight that "that" had become part of my Father's problem. So, pushed along a little by the nudging of my high school Chemistry teacher, I declared my major as Chemistry. It was, after all, one of the sciences, and staying with the sciences seemed a good idea since I had strong preparation in math and sciences. Strange, though, at that time my "scholarship" aid - a minimal amount (\$15) - was from the Department of Music. Ummm. What did they know that I didn't?

A college education was vastly more affordable in 1949-52 than it is today (2014). In my 44.

"Accounts Ledger" for 1952 I show \$37.50 for Winter, \$36.50 for Spring, and \$61.35 for Fall, totaling \$135.35 for a full year of college! The education plan at the "U" provided three regular Quarters of twelve weeks each (Fall, Winter, and Spring) and a two-term Summer Quarter of six weeks per term (or sometimes, one regular length Quarter). To be considered a "full time student" required at least 12 quarter hours of classes per Quarter. Entering Freshmen were encouraged not to "overload" the first Quarter, sort of a trial period to adapt to college life. Not believing I could fail, I registered for a "full load", which, if I remember correctly, was 15 hours, short of the maximum permissible of 17 hours for anyone. Here we go!

Charles was already on campus so I was assured of at least one familiar face among the thousands that were there. Early on I gravitated toward Kingsbury Hall, the on-campus

theater building for the Theatre Department in the College of Music and Arts. Remember, I had performed as a "thief" the previous Spring in a Young People's Theater production, which gave me some familiarity there (KH). I found my former Church Sunday School chorister, Joseph Williams, a veteran actor himself, employed as Stage Manager. I told him something like, "I'm here to volunteer my services. Is there anything I can help with?" He put me in contact with Aaron Roylance, the lighting guru, which began a collaborative association enduring until I finally graduated (1949-59).

Unknowingly, I was about to "plug into" some cutting-edge technology in stage lighting production, unavailable anywhere else in the nation: stage lighting control (at KH) was achieved by an invention called a "suitcase dimmer", the brainchild of Ariel Davis, an erstwhile student, and friend of C. Lowell Lees, Dramatics Director at the "U". (This particular program furnished a congenial laboratory for his experiments while he developed and patented a multi-variably-tapped auto-transformer.) His invention sparked wholesale replacement of traditional stage lighting controls: gone were the rows and rows of power rheostats backstage that had to be operated by hand, on cues from lighting directors located at the back of the performance venue via in-house telephones. Sounds as cumbersome as it was.

Dr. Lees "loved" the new dimmers. (What I didn't see observing as the proverbial "fly on the wall", Aaron filled me in as we went along.) He (Dr. Lees) could stand in the control booth and talk the operator through lighting changes on the spot, "Let's paint the set with a little more yellow. That's perfect." Of course, the lighting plot was usually choreographed during rehearsal-sals so only occasionally were changes made *ex tempore*. I learned first hand the "hanging" of lights for a show and the adjusting of "throws" of the variable focus "lanterns"; this was done hanging one-legged from the an "A" frame ladder twenty feet off the stage.

My first "staring" light assignment came due to my alacrity on the "A" frame. In the Shakespearean play, "*Antony and Cleopatra*", at the end of one scene, Cleopatra - in this production being played by Colleen Kay Hutchins (Utah's recent Miss America Winner) - draped on her royal couch, speaks the line, "... or I'll unpeople Egypt!" as the curtain falls. To heighten the dramatic effect, a special (big) spotlight was positioned on a platform suspended over the stage, access to which (each performance) was only gained via the "A" frame. (I was unani-mously "elected" to the position of "spot-lighter to the star"! Thank you, I'm sure!) The effect was my spot would fade in to full while she was speaking and then, as all other lighting faded, narrow the spot to illuminate only her face, and then blackout. I had to be up there to run the light through its motions (now done by remotely controlled spots on stages all over the world).

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I can still hear the voice of Dr. Lees personally attending to this effulgent moment, "That's it. Stay with her. Now close it in, just so. Perfect!"

My other university activities went on around my theater involvement. At that time, the "U" Department of Music did not have a "home". Practice rooms were available in the basement of the Student Union building and a moderately sized reception hall on the second floor served as the recital and program venue. Classes were held wherever space was made available. For example, the Mens Chorus rehearsed in a refurbished Army barracks "off" campus to the south of the football stadium; one music theory class utilized a similar space. The Modern Dance and Ballet Department was alike a step-child at its inception, but reached

National prominence through its subsequent professional spin-off, Ballet West. The bands and orchestras were somewhat itinerant, too. How this is all related to *moi* is that early on I traveled with the Junior Corps de Ballet and orchestra as a member of the stage and lighting crew for Christmas season performances of *The Nutcracker Ballet* in Denver, Colorado. We traveled by train, my first such excursion.

And, be reminded my major was Chemistry. So, I studied Physics, Inorganic Chemistry, Trigonometry, Integral Calculus, English, Typing (this was an absolutely necessary skill), Political Science, Humanities (art appreciation-"What is the artist *telling* us?" and philosophy - "What is beauty?"), Geography, American Theater History, German, Acting, gym (one "U" graduation requirement was the ability to swim thirty yards and tread water for ten(?) minutes but I also polished up my Tennis game and learned Fencing with Charles as my sparing partner), and Bacteriology - you'll recognize the General Education nature of much of the previous listing of courses, no doubt. That, supposedly (broad, general knowledge), is one of the distinguishing features of a college education, *nicht war?* (Before I finally graduated with a Bachelor's of something, I had "broadened" into six changes of majors and collected some horrendous number of credit hours - unofficial professional student status.)

I passed through my Freshman and Sophomore collegiate years with ease. Living at home was very helpful and kept expenses eminently affordable. Neighborhood friendships remained open and family ties added comfort and strength, though I did miss the close prior association Charles and I had had all of our lives until then. One role he lovingly assumed due to Father's illness was ordaining me to succeeding Priesthood offices, as a Priest in June, 1949, and an Elder in September, 1951. Nineteen, the age I was ordained an Elder, was the usual age for young men planning for Church missionary service - which I obviously hoped would be possible, although Charles had been stopped from beginning his mission to the Eastern States Mission by the local Draft Board, as the draft for the Korean War was in full swing. The dilemma Charles faced was he could continue on student deferment, or, be presumptively thrust into military service, since serving as an LDS Missionary did not, according to the Board's determination, qualify for a Clergy deferment. He opted to "wait-it-out" hoping for favorable changes that would permit him to serve as a Missionary but after three years, he enlisted to get on with his life.

What should have been my Junior year was disastrous, dispiriting, and decisive. My mind could not "get around" the concepts of Integral Calculus nor the structures of Organic Chemistry. I finally gave up and flunked out. (Oh, I was counseled, too late, I could have withdrawn and tried again later but I was not mature enough to embrace that option.) Feeling

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very much a failure, I was observing (in my role as Lab Assistant) an afternoon class of students doing their experiments. Suddenly, it came into my mind the thought, "Look at these people." Some I knew, some I didn't. "Are these the people you want to spend the rest of your life with? Doing what they're doing, acting as they're acting?" "No," I said to myself, quit as an LA, and left, never looking back. Getting on the "Dean's Bad List" took away my student deferment and effectively made the decision for me of what I would be doing soon enough.

I did not drop out of everything, however. There were still the "gang" attending late night movies at a downtown theater and finishing off at "Chili Villa", a greasy-spoon that made the

best tasting chili ever; the ping-pong tournaments at the Institute at which (Dr.) George Pace, one of the instructors, whipped me with, "Now I've got cha', Richard"; the Spring Tour of the Mens Chorus featuring my solo in "*The Foggy, Foggy Dew*"; and the nights under the stars in the tunnel (light control center) at the Summer Festival Theater in "Ute" Stadium with my brother, Bob, hanging twenty feet of the ground from a light pole running a follow spot.

At this point Father had recovered somewhat. His days as a returning Electrical Engineer were still in the future but he was determined to work his way back into good health. His self-assigned project, which eventually lasted for years, was to transform the basement of our house into an apartment that could be rented. He did so by heavy, continuing manual labor. The old "coal" room (Charles and my model railroad venue) was made into the living room of the apartment. Hundreds of pounds of concrete had to be broken up by sledge hammer and hauled away (he used it to level the back of our lot). His hand-drawn plans provided for then finishing the excavation of cubic yards of dirt that had supported the slope of the coal chute and framing and pouring the basement walls to extend them down to the foundation level. His clever design provided an outside entrance to the apartment by reconfiguring the steps off the back porch.

A kitchen was built, a full bathroom with shower was completed (goodbye, Temp!), a space heater added, and walls constructed for enclosure and separation from the remainder of the basement. When the apartment was finished, he installed cabinets and book shelves in the two downstairs bedrooms, which could be added to the apartment by leaving the privacy door open. In spite of the original intent, the apartment was never "rented". Marcy and Todd were in it for a while, Faye Ann and I lived there the year before Mark was born, and Jennifer, Bob's oldest daughter, stayed for sometime until the issue of privacy of the telephone surfaced. Initially the telephone in the apartment was an extension of the house phone, so just by lifting the receiver on any phone, the conversation happening on any other phone could be listened to. Mother thought that was alright (it was her house and her phone) but Jennifer didn't. As a result a second line was added. Other than those uses, Mother did not like the idea of strangers so close by, even in her home, as it were.

Some of what Father had planned was never built. He left space for a second bathroom to facilitate the rental of just the two basement bedrooms, independent of the apartment. It became, instead, a storage room and remained so at the time of his death. By then, though, he was retired from the Telephone Company after many years of additional service and long past making any further changes. When no longer otherwise needed, he settled into the North basement bedroom as his office and show-place of working years memorabilia. And for

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his books and lesson manuals and scriptures.

My letter from President Truman 12 September 1952 let me know what I would be doing in the Service of my Country for the next two years. I think I welcomed that assurance. It became clear I would be able to serve a Mission since successfully completing two years of active military service would trump any determination of eligibility by the Draft Board which had denied Charles his opportunity for missionary service. It is now, to me, still an amazing curiosity of how small groups of individuals, the Draft Boards, in Salt Lake City and a few other locations, could be so antagonistic to the virtue of sending forth emissaries of peace rather than instrumentalists of war, that they would act against the sacred activities of the

Church with such force as to cause the near collapse of the whole missionary program. That they would maintain they were but doing their patriotic duty is even more amazing.

My draft notice, which I had anticipated all summer long, didn't arrive until after I had begun classes for Fall quarter at the "U". What was with me? I had thought long and hard about what had happened as I floundered and failed the previous Spring quarter, and decided to demonstrate to myself I wasn't that bad and I could succeed at college. I would treat myself to a "new" start to raise my confidence by, again, changing my major, this time to "Geography." Geography? In my mind I conceptualized that a little more knowledge about "countries and their peoples" might come in handy. Thus I began a "short" quarter of school, completing nearly two months of university classes, all at passing levels, before officially withdrawing from attendance. (Withdrawing is much easier on GPA than quitting - see, I did learn a thing or two, after all.)

During this short return to the University, I met and dated a lovely young lady from Richfield, Utah, and a fellow Lambda Delta Sigma-er. We went to several Lambda Delta mixers, dancing to such popular songs as "Blue Moon", "Deep Purple", and "In the Still of the Night." Though I wasn't then and never have been a very good dancer, she "suffered" me to keep trying. I let her know as we began to hold hands as we walked along, that I was bound for induction at the end of October. She said she would like to write to me while I was away, but I convinced her I was leaving for an unknown future where there could be a very real possibility I might not return (the armed conflict in Korea was very much still alive in the Fall of 1952), since my 1A classification might usher me straight into a combat outfit. She accepted that, and true to her word, she never did.

That, however, is not quite the end of the story. Almost five years later, shortly after returning from my Mission, which followed my military service, I received a telephone call from her. She was in Salt Lake City and suggested we meet. I said, "Sure." Driving her car, she picked me up at home and we drove to the old Newhouse Hotel (since razed) There, over dinner in the elegant, hotel dining room, we reminisced. While I was being a soldier and a missionary, she had finished college, then gone to work at the Church College of Hawaii, where she had become the Dean of Women. It was a pleasant, nostalgic reunion of two older, dear friends. She drove me home and we parted for the last time. I sincerely hope life has been as good to Barbara Christensen as it has been to me.

Looking forward to my "liberation" (being able to be a Missionary) I went to my Stake Patriarch in October (1952), one week before my induction, for a blessing. Mother went with me.

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She had never received her personal blessing from a Patriarch up to that time. Maybe her having missed doing so was, in part, a reflection of Father's feeling that the course of his life had been set by his close association with Apostle Talmadge for the many months of his Mission, and that a Patriarchal Blessing was unnecessary. (Or perhaps she felt her special blessing of recovery from her serious illness - diphtheria - was all she needed or could receive.) Regardless, we went together and received our blessings. Mine was of comfort and admonition; hers, one of commendation and assurance. [see Appendix A for the Patriarchal Blessing of Richard Brewer Pixton; Appendix B, pertaining to Ruth Brewer Pixton (Mother)]

Also about this time, I talked with my Father to let him know how I felt.

"I feel awful about going off like this, into the Army. I feel like I'm letting the whole family down, with you sick and Mother working, and Charles not living at home, and the 'boys' (my three younger brothers) so young. I'm going off by myself and my needs will be taken care of, but the rest of the family ... "

"You go ahead and serve our Country and everything will be alright here at home," Father said. "We'll be okay. Don't worry."

A feeling of peace came over me, relieving me of undue concern or anxiety for loved ones left behind.

By the time of my induction, then, I was enthusiastic regarding my course of action. I had previously made an attempt to enter military service at the start of the Korean War and had been rejected. That earlier try was at the end of my Freshman year, shortly after the war commenced on June 25, 1950. The Air National Guard unit at the Salt Lake airport was among the first units called to active duty. However honorable and patriotic my intent, I was much too late to be accepted, there being no time before their departure to train me for any military duty. My feeling was I wanted to serve with my friends in the Air Force (as opposed to another branch of service), and it wasn't that I would be a raw recruit in any event. Why, Air National Guard would be fortunate to get me!

As noted earlier, in high school I had opted for ROTC instead of gym to meet the physical educational requirement for graduation. My decision to do so was partly because Charles, before me, had opted for ROTC and seemed to like it and was doing very well. Further, I thought he looked good in his khaki uniform and I hoped putting on the uniform might improve my appearance and give me some identity.

My experience proved different. I wasn't "selected" into the "officers ranks" for my second year as Charles had been, along with its opportunities to command and to perform with the Sabre Drill Team - which was one of the "neatest" activities one could engage in at school and admired and enjoyed by nearly everyone. Not being selected was a big blow, confirming my low self-esteem, but I stayed with the ROTC program, hoping I would get my chance later on. Besides, I was still that 175-pound wonder - a condition which never changed throughout high school and the first three years of college! And it wasn't that I didn't eat - I was a big eater, I loved to eat, as a matter of fact, but I never gained a pound.

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Jerry Weaver helped to make that second year endurable and, yes, fun. We became buddies within the non-commissioned officer ranks: we participated in the "Combat Team" demonstra-tion - firing weapons (blanks, of course), tossing grenades and smoke bombs (non-lethal, of course), and making "gung-ho" noises as we charged the "enemy's" position (all on the Home Team's football field, of course); we "drilled" the corps in absence of any officers (which was frequently) and stood parade formations as NCOs (we got to relay the commands of the officers to the "rank and file"); and we competed against other high schools in the city as members of the rifle team, shooting 22-caliber target rifles in standing, kneeling/sitting, and prone positions (for which I was awarded a high school activity "letter" but, due to a snafu, never received).

Late in the school year (1949) I was made an ROTC officer to replace someone who had fouled up, carrying with it a place on the Sabre Drill Team, but by then neither thing (being an officer and SD Team member) was such a "big deal" since I had found other interesting and fulfilling things to do. (I was made the Battalion Adjutant at the lowest officer rank, Second Lieutenant - mickey mouse small stuff. I'm not even sure my Lieutenant's bars trumped in appearance my NCO chevrons! Hey, I didn't campaign for the change; I was approached with pleading ... "for the good of the Corps".)

Nevertheless, listing my "assets" for advancing my UANG enlistment, I had received two years of military-style drill instruction and practice, surely a big plus. "Not so", I was told, "you don't know anything about what we do and would be of no help at this point", meaning, as we are being sent into a live combat zone overseas, every one needs to know what he or she is doing. It also didn't count for anything that my draft classification was 1A, the top category.

October 28, 1952, was a "watershed" day in my life. From the events of that day came experiences, opportunities, and training I could have acquired in no other way. With it began a 23-month period, about which I have said during all the years afterward, "It was a good experience *to have had*."

The actual day of induction was a beautiful Fall day. Reporting to the Induction Center at Fort Douglas, Utah, at 7:30 am, I found myself in company with more than sixty other men, most of whom were about my age or younger, some older. (The oldest "draftee" at 26-years-plus was David "Hatch" Howard, whom I didn't know at the time but with whom I became well acquainted later.) Four friends from high school, Bob Krantz, Wally Penrose, Harvard Reed, and Jack Sieverts, as well as an acquaintance from my home neighborhood, Ralph Wilhelmsen, had also reported as ordered.

The first "business" of the day was to strip down to shorts for a "physical", which at that point was impossible to fail, because if you were breathing and warm, you passed! All did not pass equally, however; each was assigned a "Physical Profile" designator from "A" to "D", "A" being the most physically fit. My designator was "B". (Remember, I was still that 175-pound won-der/specimen from high school days!) I came to realize that that simple "B" acted to preserve my life by keeping me out of harms way for my entire stay in the military. Wally, Harvard, and Ralph were not as fortunate: each of them was an "A" profile and ended up in the Infantry.

But lest you think our physicals and profiling were accomplished with dispatch, let me say that 50.

from that very first hour on we learned and began to experience the first rule of military life:

"Hurry up and wait!"

Next, the AFQT (Armed Forces Intelligence Quotient) was "administered" to us. This written test was intended to measure our basic intelligence and rank us by percentile. The Army administrator tried to motivate us to do our best ("very best") on "this one" (the current test) because if we failed it,

"We have another one for you to take. And if you fail that one, we have still another one for you to take, which no one as ever failed. But the best thing for you is to do

your best on this test (the first one)."

That was enough for me. I did my best - and was the only one in the group to land in the 99th percentile! I felt sorry for some of the guys who seemed to have problems with the English of the test for they scored very low. But things brightened up for them, as there was "no way" they were going to be rejected, all being "A" profiles, and were headed for the Infantry in spite of test scores.

Following the test, we had some "free" time - but couldn't leave the Center. I telephoned home that I had been accepted and would be leaving via train that evening. Around 5:00 pm, we were "put" roughly in a formation and, with the administering of the oath, were "sworn in" and became official military personnel - PVT-1s (Privates) in Uncle Sam's Army. The group inducted was not quite as large as the group that had reported that morning.

Some had been sent home - for whatever reasons I never knew - and one, my acquaintance from the neighborhood, Ralph, had "struggled" with the written test for most of the day. (I suspected he was "dogging it"; he had been saying from the morning on that he was not going into the military. While physically fit - an "A" profile - he was determined to prove he was men-tally "unfit". It didn't work. He scored well enough to take the oath and leave with the rest of us.)

After the "ceremony" we lined up with our personal luggage (three days' clothing and a few personal items - razor, tooth brush, comb, books, etc.) to board the train, into which sleeper cars had been shunted for our use going to Fort Ord, California. Before getting to the train, we had to pass a small table that jutted out slightly into the line of march at which a sergeant sat. He asked,

"Name?"

To which you replied with your name. As I did so, I noticed him confirming the name on his list of inductees. I also noted that by my name, after having given me a quick visual appraisal, he put a check mark, as he had done by one other name above on the list, that of Joseph Inkley's. The sergeant's list included the AFQT score beside the name, and apparently his noting the "99" beside my name caused him to give me, although a "B" profile, the "once over" and, seeing I had pretty good size (at least stature), to check my name. Joe (Joseph Inkley) also had an AFQT in the high nineties and, although not as tall as me, was husky (an

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"A").

Thus we, Joe and I, became the "house mothers" for our group until we reached Fort Ord. Mainly we each had half of the meal tickets for the group and were responsible for seeing that everyone, who wanted to, got fed in the Dining car. (It, incidentally, also meant we ate *last* in our half-group. Uhhmmm.) These slight duties punctuate an otherwise leisurely and uneventful trip. What lay ahead I could at that time but imagine.

Heavy, wet fog welcomed us to the Monterey (California) peninsula and Fort Ord the evening our train arrived. Billeting for the night was provided in transient enlisted barracks, courtesy of the 6230th Reception Center. In the morning our Salt Lake group of inductees was split. We "got the word" that more than half were to remain at Fort Ord for Infantrymen training (MOS,

"Rifleman" - Joe Inkley was with those men, all of whom, I surmised, were "A" profiles). [MOS means "Military Occupational Specialty", i.e., your Army job]. The rest, including myself, were to be sent down the coast to the Southwest Signal Replacement Training Center at Camp San Luis Obispo, California.

What a pleasure to learn I was not destined for infantry duty! As a group, we immediately sensed our "shipping overseas", especially into a combat zone, would be delayed while we received some sort of Signal Corps technical training. There were smiles all around! However, we did not leave immediately for Camp San Luis Obispo: the first rule of Army life, "hurry up and wait," came into play.

We were told that we would "ship out" as soon as space was available for us at "Bispo" to begin Basic Training (only eight weeks' worth, not the sixteen our ex-buddies were going to get at Fort Ord!) Yeah, right. We were a little skeptical. Indeed, I was afloat in a "sea" of skeptics until our orders finally came down the following week. In the meantime, we learned all about "co-sacking."

"Co-sacking" is an Army expression denoting "personnel without assignment." Having sufficient numbers of troops unassigned (or in transit) at any given time is how the Army gets all the grungy work done that needs to be done. "Sackees" are, therefore, a manpower resource. The camps and forts "count" on them being available. So when one is told, "Oh, golly, gee whizz, we just don't have room for you right now so you can start your *real* training," you better believe it was all planned to be like that all along!

What does a "sackee" do? We learned, in a hurry, to read the Company bulletin board daily, where no end of surprises awaited. For me, the surprise was seeing my name, "Pvt. R. Pixton, US 56132985," on the KP duty roster every other day. Thus in my first week in the Army, I "pulled" that duty at least three times. KP, of course, is duty in the mess hall, doing whatever is assigned. Mostly, the duty was cleaning up after the cooks and after the men following each meal. "Welcome to the Army, Private Pixton." (It is ironic that I ended my Army career in the same way - pulling KP, actually peeling potatoes, just like the cartoons show!)

Being new draftees, at night we were restricted in where we could go and what we could do, to get us more use to Army discipline, so we were told. In order to do anything outside

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restrictions, i.e., leave the Company area, a pass was required, except to attend church services on the post. Seeking out the Church (LDS), then, became a pattern for me wherever I was stationed. Thus my military experience included going to church from the beginning.

My first full week of service (while co-sacking at Fort Ord) ended notably with the election (November 1952) of General Dwight David Eisenhower as the next President of the United States. Election results were broadcast in the barracks by radio (no television for the masses or the troops, quite yet). As I listened to the reports while lying on my bunk, tears came into my eyes and I thought,

"This Country is going to be in good hands. That's who I would have voted for, if I could have voted."

Having just passed my twentieth birthday (1952) the previous June, I was not yet old enough (21) to vote. I had, however, joined that grand company of comrades-at-arms, stretching back to the Revolutionary War, who "were old enough to die for their Country but too young (and immature, some thought) to elect its leaders."

The "Army way" continued to reveal itself when on 6 November, right after the election, the orders transferring only ten of us (the SLC group) to Camp San Luis Obispo came down. Twenty-three other recruits were added to our number for the bus ride south. The nine who had come with me from Salt Lake City essentially became my buddies during Basic Training: Al Citerio, Tad Hideshima, Hatch Howard, "Chuck" McPhail, Ivan Payne, Carl Petersen, Gerald Pratt, Jack Sieverts, and Stan Smoot, particularly Hatch, Chuck, Ivan, and Carl who became my "hut mates".

The NCO (meaning Non-Commissioned Officer, usually a Sergeant) who was to be in charge of our Basic Training greeted us with,

"First, you guys are all gonna get eight weeks of basic infantry training and I'm gonna see that you get it, starting with a hair cut." (I can't begin to express in writing the special features that characterized Sergeant Nahas' speech - truly, you had to be there.)

He went on,

"The uniform and gear you draw will be regular Army infantry issue, only you will have Signal Corps insignia and patches. Then, when you finish Basic, you will go to an assigned technical school."

We fumbled for our pencils and began reading the different descriptions of the "schools" being offered. Beside each course title was the number of weeks required to complete the course, for example, "Field Radio Repair, 39 Weeks" (which being the longest, was easily the most popular).

Sergeant Nahas further cautioned,

"Now you see the third course down the list? Don't any of you choose that because 53.

nobody gets it. So just don't even choose it; you'll just be wasting a choice."

Right then I skipped down to the third description which was "Cryptography, 10 Weeks". What I read fascinated me. So, not heeding Sgt. Nahas' caution, I made "Cryptography" my *first* choice, figuring that if most guys followed his advice there could be a few spots available for the likes of me. "Oh, go ahead, give it a shot. Why not?" My second choice - no surprise - was the longest course, "Field Radio Repair", and my third, something like "Field Radio Telegraphy", also a long course. (Actually, I had a strong liking and aptitude for radio as it had been a hobby of mine since the fourth grade.)

Imagine my very pleasant surprise weeks later when I was told I and seven others had been selected for "Cryptography." This taught me the second rule of military life:

"Know when to volunteer, but mostly, never."

Camp San Luis Obispo had been a principal Signal Corps training base during WWII and had been decommissioned when the war ended. However, soon after the Korean "conflict" began, it was reactivated to resume its previous function. Located by Morro Bay, California, it received heavy fog night and morning, especially during the Winter months, which was the main season I spent there, November through mid-May. The phenomenon of fog rolling off the ocean was so regular that it seemed one could almost set a watch by it, that is, 3:30 pm and 9:30 am. It also made for damp, misty weather and bone-chilling cold for most of the season. What a lovely place for an Army training facility, a truly inspired location! (In truth, locations are selected to match the terrain and climate of possible combat zones. 'Bispo was a good match for Korea: cold, damp, and miserable, at least in the Winter.)

The buildings of the camp were clustered in three groupings, roughly corresponding to the principal functions of Basic Training, Signal School Training, and Camp Administration. Basic Training quarters consisted of row upon row of 5-man huts, interspersed with an occasional mess hall/company headquarters barracks and a shower/latrine structure.

When not engaged in a training activity or at the mess hall, the only other place permitted at the commencement of Basic Training was one's assigned hut. Permission of the Hut Leader was required to go to the latrine and shower. Absence from the hut was timed. Discipline and deprivation were the twin attributes emphasized during the first three weeks. We lived together, ate together, marched together, got cold, wet and hungry together, and slept together, five up, in the same little huts, with rudimentary oil stove heaters. Fortunately, in my hut we were all LDS. This helped us to become acquainted early on.

* * * * *

How well acquainted is illustrated by an unexpected "reunion" with one "hut-mate" some 34 years later in the Salt Lake Temple where Hatch Howard, then a Counselor in the Temple Presidency, stepped before a group of male, own-endowment patrons, which included my son, Jeff, as a new missionary, and me, to outline the process of the endowment they were going to receive for themselves. As he began his instruction, glancing over the group, his eyes fixed on my face. He stopped talking, continuing to look at me, and, trying to remember, asked,

54.

"Don't I know you?"

"Yes," I said, "I was your Platoon Sergeant during Basic Training in the Army 34 years ago." (Actually, I believe I misspoke and said, "Field 1st Sergeant", but the key word was "Sergeant.")

"Yes," he answered, that's right." (Pause) "I see they even let Sergeants in the Temple." (A slight stirring among the patrons)

He then quickly dissembled from his last remark and apologized. I smiled and nodded my head in salute to him. He returned to giving the instructions that were the purpose of the meeting and we were all one in Spirit once again. I could take no offense from what he said for I remembered how very much he, as an already returned missionary and the "old man" (26) of our group of inductees (SLC), had intensely disliked being in the military.

* * * * *

After three weeks, restrictions began to be relaxed: one could visit the PX (Post Exchange or Camp store) after training was completed for the day; evening hours were generally free barring a scheduled activity; passes to go off base were available occasionally during week nights and on weekends; the day room/game room/post library could be visited, as well as the movie theater; and additional *food* could be bought at the snack bar!

Training was both practical, "hands-on", and theoretical. Sgt. Nahas was always at the center, either demonstrating, for example, how to survive a bayonet attack, or showing a movie (he called it a "filum") and lecturing on its meaning. He saw that every one could exit a tear gas filled room functioning and could identify the odor of nerve gas and administer the antidote. He qualified every one in rifle and machine gun use. He exercised along with us and walked or ran every step of every march, hike and run. He unrelentingly lead us into becoming soldiers, proud soldiers, which caused a love/hate regard for him to develop.

Midway through the cycle, he picked trainees to assume command and leadership positions. I became the training Platoon Sergeant for my platoon. I "won" the job during a "tryout" in which he asked for "volunteers" to practice marching the troops. (I already knew how to do so due to my previous ROTC experience. Yes, let's hear it for Rotcy!) As before on the train going to Fort Ord, it again became my responsibility, this time as Platoon Sergeant, to see that "my" men were fed before I ate, which quickly taught me how to "inhale" an entire meal in less than three minutes! (Once this rigor of Basic Training passed, I swore to myself that I would never again rush through a meal, that I would slowly savor every bite. I believe I have kept that pledge.)

Nonetheless, during this time of "forced feeding" I began gaining weight, something I had not been able to do since high school. (Certainly, the pints of ice cream "smuggled" in to us those first weeks of restrictions helped. Actually, helping to arrange for ice cream smuggling was my first covert military intelligence operation. Sure!) My form expanded to button-popping firmness. Stepping on the scales showed that in just a few short weeks I had become a 203-pound body of health and fitness. I never felt better in my whole life.

55.

Looking back, however, after more than thirty years in Federal government civilian service, I now see that Army Basic Training caused the development in me of what some have called my "intimidating presence," criticism of which I received over and over again during my career. But at the time (1953), there I was, 6'5" tall, muscular and fit, a graduate of Basic Training and proud to be a soldier. It was for me a time of new self-worth and esteem.

Not everyone, though, thought as well of me as I thought of myself. The night before graduation from Basic Training, a bunch of the guys caught me as I was going from the latrine back to my hut. I knew I was in for some hazing. I was "one of them," someone who had exercised leadership and command during Basic Training. Sergeant Nahas had warned the would-be-hazers at the end of the last formation that afternoon not to "try anything" with him because he would bust some mouths and knock some heads, notwithstanding any "tradition" they might suppose there was to "get" the trainers. No one bothered him.

Instead, I (and others) got a "ride" to the showers, carried along swiftly in the middle of the bunch. To say I went willingly would be totally inaccurate. I was scared. I didn't know any of

them, except for one particularly large man, who "hated my guts" (that was his expression) for bringing a certain un-soldier-like act to his and command's attention. "I'll get you," he said at the time. Well, he did.

I was tossed into the showers, cloths, towel, toiletries, and all (they had caught me just as I was returning to my hut from *already* having taken a shower). I wiggled a little, unsuccessfully, to try to escape before being doused, and afterward, came up sputtering, yelling, "If I catch pneumonia (it was in the middle of a California Winter), I'll see you all hang" (or some such nonsense). Even before I yelled out, they (the bunch) were all laughing and had begun leaving to find their next victim. They were having their fun and could care less what I was yelling. My hut-mates, too, thought the whole thing was funny, they themselves being less than totally supportive of us "trainee-trainers." None of them had come to my rescue.

Still, I wish I had had a less fearful attitude. At the time I had trepidations over what might happen. (Remember Emerson Elementary? Mother said, "No more fights.") How was I to know how quickly it would all be over? It took some time before I realized what happened was not personal but directed at the position I had been placed in. In the end, what happened? "You got thrown into the showers. No big deal. Those guys are history. Let it go."

After graduation the next day, 10 January 1953, I was transferred to regular Signal School housing in preparation for going to Crypto school. The guys comprising the hazing bunch, likewise, moved on in preparation for their next assignments. Our only regular contact thereafter was on the exercise field. (You're gonna love this!) The phrase, "You can't escape your past," came true for me. My "fame" as a Basic Training platoon sergeant (my performance of which got me drenched in the shower, *nicht war?*) followed me into School Company where I was designated Acting Field First Sergeant for a period of time. Oh, how the troops loved me then! I conducted calisthenics (daily), everyone's favorite pastime, by counting aloud the necessary repetitions of each exercise (the infamous Army Daily Dozen), *while performing the drills personally, as well*. We also marched everywhere, eventually with some pizzazz and vocalization, viz.,

56.

ME: "Johnny was home when you left!"

TROOPS: "Yer right!"

ME: "Johnny was home when you left!"

TROOPS: "Yer right!"

ME: "Sound off!"

TROOPS: "One! Two!"

ME: "Sound off!"

TROOPS: "Three! Four!"

ME: "Cadence count!"

TROOPS: "One, two, ... three, four!"

Fortunately mine was not a lifetime appointment, but while it lasted, it was not bad duty for a Lowly Private. Nevertheless, I continued to have to get up and stand "reveille" (roll call) formations each morning where various "opportunities" were "offered." The most important thing to remember during these formations was the second rule of military life:

"Know when to volunteer, but mostly, never."

As a result of *not* volunteering, I came in for a good share of "police" work, that is, grounds clean up. (Moving through an area to remove all the trash on the ground was termed, "policing the area.") This assignment was also called the "butt detail," as much of the trash encountered was discarded cigarette butts. In the process of learning the "work" of the "butt detail" I memorized the third rule of military life:

"If it moves, salute it; if it doesn't move, pick it up; if you can't pick it up, paint it."

It further became apparent that there were three ways to do anything: the right way, the wrong way, and the Army way. More than once I witnessed volunteers for "typing jobs" being put on latrine clean-up duty because the work needed "a fine touch with attention to detail." And when that happened, the duty sergeant would laugh a hearty, "Har, har!" By now you've probably guessed, too, that Camp San Luis Obispo was no different than Fort Ord in needing so much "co-sac" time to keep things running along.

But one morning, just the way the sergeant worded the need for typist help, made me volunteer. (Actually I *could* type, reference my acquiring the skill at the "U" with a proficiency of about 60 words per minute.) As I recall, only two of us "bit" on that particular "opportunity." There were the usual cat calls,

"Oh, boy. You guys'll be sorry. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

But this time ... it was all the remainder of the guys who were sorry because the request I volunteered for *was legitimate!* The plan was to get some men who could type to assist in the Camp Message Center, which was operating short-handed. Well, the two of us were given a typing test to check our proficiency. Mine was not high enough to pass but since it was obvious I could "touch-type" - that is, type without looking at the keys - I was allowed to come to work for about two weeks and practice typing until my accuracy and speed became acceptable! Once that happened I began learning the work of the message center.

57.

Not long after starting this training, the CO (Commanding Officer) for the Message Center asked me if I wouldn't like to go to work full-time for him. What would that mean, I asked. You would move to a regular barracks, out of School Company, and have a regular "9-to-5" kind of a job, was his reply. Would I still be able to go to Crypto school if I accepted his offer, I inquir-ed. Yes, he said, for he intended to keep me only until my background, security clearance came through. What was that you just said, I asked, about a background check? Your clear-ance hasn't come through net, he told me, so I'll use you only in the nonsecurity areas of the Message Center until you are cleared. He concluded by saying he would release me to go to school, once I had been cleared, whenever the next Crypto class started. Such a deal, how could I loose ...

On the strength of what I had been told, I became a "regular." There were obvious advantages, the biggest one being not having to face another round of "opportunities" every morning with the uncertainty of whether or not to volunteer. Another advantage was more free time. Another, gaining experience working in an environment similar to the one in which my future specialty would be performed. And, of course, I would not be any closer to the war. So I made the switch.

One of my hut mates got a very special notice upon graduating from Basic Training. Carl Petersen was discharged and told to go home. Reason: He appealed his classification and won. Why he was ever inducted will probably remain a mystery but was likely caused by a horrendous foul-up in initially finding him fit for duty instead of his true classification, 4F. Carl was a swell person to be around, always helpful, and tried as hard as he could to do the things expected of him but some things were just beyond his physical capacity. He used to joke about those things and never lost his sense of humor. But he had been in a serious motorcycle accident. Putting him back together required a metal plate to be placed in his head and numerous wires inserted to hold his joints and bones together. In layman's terms, he was really "messed up". In his case, we all were very happy to see him go.

* * * * *

In the late 1990's, Faye Ann and I were attending a party with a group of friends (empty-nesters) and playing a "can-you-guess-who-this-is" game as an "ice-breaker". Each person was told to write on a slip of paper three "facts" about him- or herself, the more obscure the better. The slips were then gathered, mixed up (to destroy any perceived order), and read by the game moderator, one fact at a time. Each participant wrote down his guess of who the person was that that set of facts identified. Being really obtuse, I put down for my first "fact",

His former Basic Training company guide-on bearer is the husband of the current General President of the Relief Society of the Church (everyone at the party was LDS).

That was a stump-er. No one guessed it was me. But the "guide-on bearer" was Stan Smoot who was inducted at SLC in the October 28 group with me and ended up in the same Basic Training company, Company 10, at 'Bispo. His wife, Mary Ellen Smoot, served as General Relief Society President, 5 April 1997-6 April 2002 [source: *Church Almanac* 2008, p. 130].

* * * * *

Stan Smoot had been a dairy farmer in Farmington, Utah. Solidly built, about 5'9", a prince of 58.

a fellow, I believe he had already served a mission for the Church prior to induction. Certainly he was one of the more mature LDS men (22) undergoing training. His attitude was buoyant and uplifting and he had a smile and kind word for anyone and everyone. Of more immediate importance in Basic Training, though, was his steady, "classic", thirty-inch (30") stride. He "beat" all the competition in try-outs for the position, including myself. (My natural stride was so long, the Company had to almost run to keep up the pace I set - which is mostly why I lost out - but Stan really "looked" the part, sharp in his close-cut GI haircut and solid and fit as he was.) The importance of the Guide-on Bearer was he set the tone for the formations, drilling, and marching of the whole Company. Who wouldn't want the best man available to lead out carrying the Company flag, with its emblem and insignia?

He was a model soldier. It was uplifting to be associated with him, even for as short a time as ten weeks, from induction through Basic Training. Whenever I had Company drill detail, I knew I could count on him to follow orders and execute with precision. I kept my eye on him and, due to his example, I became a better soldier.

* * * * *

Years later, after we both had stopped being soldiers, we were talking and reminiscing, when he said to me,

"You know, I kept my eye on you. I have used you as a good example in talks I have given and lessons I've taught."

I was stunned. These words had deep meaning for me, coming as they did from the man who married Mary Ellen, his sweetheart, the woman who would one day serve as the General President of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; the man who had served as a Stake President and a Mission President; who had owned and operated a very successful dairy business; who had, indeed, been outstanding, it would seem, in whatever he attempted; who was my old Army buddy, my Company guide-on bearer, my model and inspiration.

From this I learned again the great lesson,

"You never know who is watching. Be careful. Be true."

* * * * *

Letters from Mother kept me in touch with home. In one of them she said she needed a "break" and was coming to visit me with Tom, my youngest brother, then about nine years old, as her traveling companion. Thus for a weekend in early February the three of us visited. I didn't have a lot of money - not on a Private's pay, most of which was going into a savings allotment each month - so we rode the free base shuttle bus back and forth into town and went to places within walking distance. Mother kept commenting about my strong, physical appearance.

"My word, son, look at you. You look like you're going to pop the buttons off your shirt!"

In a way I hadn't wanted them to come (I know that may sound awful). I was actually exulting 59.

in being "on my own." But I'll be grateful always they came. It was nice to be with them. Tom particularly seemed to be enjoying his "grand tour." One of the West coast delicacies we savored together was abalone steak - now no longer available, abalone being a nearly extinct sea creature. Saying goodbye to Mother and Tom the morning they got back on the bus headed for San Francisco was not easy for me, notwithstanding my earlier feelings of interrupted independence.

One of the community sponsored activities in San Luis Obispo for servicemen was to be invited into the homes of the residents for the holidays. Those military personnel who wanted to participate could "sign up" to be "adopted" by a family for, say, Thanksgiving or Christmas. This appealed to me, not that I was "home sick" just a tad or anything like that. Actually, I had pretty much been a "home body" prior to being drafted. Up to that point my travels without another family member had been infrequent and of rather short duration, a week being the longest. Those trips I had taken were for "business," such as, with the Junior Ballet Troupe for their performance of "The Nutcracker" in Denver, Colorado, being on the stage and lighting crew; with the "traveling" theatre group of the University of Utah for performances of selected plays in outlying areas of the state; or on the Spring concert tours of the University of Utah Men's Chorus, singing throughout Utah and California.

Via the community "adoption" program, the Howell family of San Luis Obispo made me part of

their Thanksgiving celebration. They had FIVE boys; it was the next best thing to actually being home. I say that because my brothers and I were FIVE boys growing up together. As you might imagine I had no problem relating and fitting in. What a wonderful day, a truly joyous interlude in my military training, which resumed all too soon.

Imagine my happy surprise when the Howell's "requested" that I be allowed to join them again, this time for Christmas! That day was a pleasant repeat of our earlier visit together. Being with them taught me an important lesson of life: there are good people, very good people, in this world who are not presently members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints but who would make wonderful Saints if given the opportunity. That's how I felt about the Howells.

Although our efforts to "stay in touch" fizzled out over the years since those two special days, I will carry with me always the memory of their hospitality and friendship.

I would not have you believe my *every* waking minute was scheduled by the Army. The further away from the initial three weeks of Basic Training I got, the more "free" time I had.

I used some of that time to get acquainted with the Post library and "day" room, the sort of official/unofficial recreation area. One of its features was a console stereo phonograph with a bunch of records. One night when I was the only one in the place, I put on Beethoven's *Third Symphony* ("*Eroica*") and cranked up the volume until I was "bathing" in sound. What a sweet respite from training! Another time, it was Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* ("*Choral*"), same volume setting. By such "blow out" sessions I came to "own for life" those and a number of other classical orchestral and choral gems.

For several Wednesday evenings while at Camp San Luis Obispo I was privileged to attend 60.

some super "missionary training" classes taught by the Warner twins. These brothers had returned from missions just prior to being drafted and were a few weeks ahead of me in their training cycle. While missionaries, they had helped pioneer a new "systematic" approach to teaching the Gospel to investigators. And I and the small group attending "classes" with me got to feel their ENTHUSIASM and to learn the "secrets of effective missionary work" from "two pros" (which they surely were). (Utilizing this approach, the Northern States Mission, where the plan was tested, zoomed into the lead in convert baptisms in the Church - so what they could teach us was "hot stuff." It brings a broad smile to my face even now just thinking about them and our classes.)

We learned and practiced various door approaches - including the "missionary two-step" - designed to get missionaries inside the house where they could then sit down and present a short lesson on the "Godhead." We memorized that lesson. Too, we studied the other five systematic lessons and each one's accompanying hand-drawn illustrations. Our study was facilitated by each of us having a copy of the little, gray booklet, published by the Church, containing the lessons and sample dialogues between missionaries and "Mr. Brady", the ideal investigator. (This booklet and its subsequent revisions have been replaced by the new guide for missionary work, "*Preach My Gospel*.")

Returning to my hut following one of these sessions, I was gazing up at the myriads of stars visible in the surprisingly unclouded night sky, when I met an acquaintance walking in the

opposite direction. We stopped to talk. He was curious and asked me what had I been looking at, my head tilted skyward.

"It's such a beautiful, crisp, clear night, I was just looking up at all the stars. For me they are a wonderful testimony of our Heavenly Father who created them."

"Do you really believe there is a God?"

I bore my testimony to him: yes, there is a God and the heavens testify of his power and glory.

I was thinking within myself, having just come from my "prep" class,

"This is great. Here is someone who simply walked up to me and wants to hear what I have to say. This is great. What's so tough about missionary work?"

When I finished with my declaration, he said,

"I wish I could believe like you do. I wish I could believe there is a God. I wish I could believe."

He walked away. That "shook me up". It had never occurred to me that any one could gaze up into the heavens and see all the marvelous things there and *not* believe there is a God. My friend - I can still "see" his eyes - had been sincere in his expression, his doubt, his longing. Maybe, just maybe, a seed was planted that night but I never got to see him again, so I don't know the rest of his story.

60a.

On three other occasions I made special use of "free" time. The first was while still at Fort Ord. I had heard from Charles that one of his all-time favorite architects, Frank Lloyd Wright (an iconic American architect and *pater familias* of a whole school of design), had designed a house at Carmel-by-the-Sea (I hope I've got that right) on the Monterey Peninsula in California. Not being too far away, I went down to look around. Viewing the building from a distance, it seemed to be part of the natural cliff overlooking the bay, the profusion of glass panels reflecting the natural materials - rock and surf - so as to multiply their number and surges. Those were the affects for which Wright became famous. It was a lovely place.

The second was when I hiked from 'Bispo to the top of Morro Rock overlooking Morro Bay, some twelve miles from the post. It was on a Saturday in early Spring, after the fog had abated. The flora were budding and sprouting, the seals were barking, all nature coming alive again. When I got onto the round plateau on top, I was alone. All that space to myself! So different from the confinement of the five-man huts and the seemingly never ending rows of bunks, one on top of another, in the barracks. I danced a jig, exulting in the moment; then, lying down in the meadow, I dosed and dreamed for a time. All too soon, the sun dipped toward the ocean, bringing me back to the here and now with its glancing rays. Pulling on my shirt and lacing my combat boots, I started back, riding the bus for the last few miles. What a wonderful day!

The third was traveling back to Monterey to visit with my Douglas Ward friend, Dean Bitters. How this came about was that when I learned he was attending Army Language School up

there, I contacted him. He invited me up for a picnic on the beach and said he would "bring the girls". "They" turned out to be his Turkish language instructor and her girl friend, also having something to do with the school. (All the instructors were native speakers employed by the Army, along with support personnel, also from the studied country, who could help with customs and practices.)

Dean had enlist in the Army with the proviso of some special schooling in lieu of combat training. Ergo, he landing a spot at ALS to study Turkish. After our pleasant afternoon on the beach (I had to cover-up the whole time to avoid sunburning), I did not see Dean for many years (- I never saw "the girls" again). [According to Douglas Ward Bulletin, January 22, 1956, Dean was in Coburg, Germany, using "French in his Army work".] What, suddenly there's no urgent need for Turkish? [DWB: "Being in Germany makes one aware of how fragile peace can be at times and it is a constant reminder of the years of strife that proceeded this period of relative peace."] Finishing his Army stint, he did return to SLC and Douglas Ward, where he married and became the Bishop of the Ward for a time. While he was Bishop, I visited, met his wife, and caught up on happenings, as much as we were able in the short time we had.

Before I ever dated Mary Sorensen, the four of us, Dean, Charles, Mary, and me, and several other "drop-ins", used to socialize at the Sorensen's home, with whom Dean lived for a time while attending the "U". Their mothers were sisters; Mary and Dean were cousins. I inquired after Mary and he told me of her marriage to Bob Johnson, another former Douglas Ward member, and of their family of adopted children. I was happy for her and her family.

61.

I enjoyed the fellowship of the local Saints in the San Luis Obispo Ward on Sundays. They were somewhat reserved toward servicemen, due mostly, I suppose, to our being so temporary, so transient. I also tried a time or two attending weeknight MIA meetings but there was little match of age groups, the local group being mostly persons somewhat younger than the GIs.

Undoubtedly our most successful collaboration between the local Saints and those at the Camp was collecting a fairly large group of servicemen and going down to Santa Barbara, California, for the Sunday morning session of Stake Conference with Elder Matthew Cowley, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. (San Luis Obispo was at the northern end of the Santa Barbara Stake, one hundred and eighty miles from the stake center.) My trip down and back riding in a member's car was long but enjoyable. We were united in spirit all the way. Elder Cowley's talk was memorable for, as it turned out, it was one of the last public addresses he gave prior to his death - his untimely death some said.

Elder Cowley was known as a great missionary to the Maori peoples of New Zealand. He invariably spoke of their simple faith, faith strong enough to be healed in miraculous ways, faith strong enough to be raised from death. Though I do not remember his exact words, I do recall he did feed us spiritually by what he said. Of that occasion it truly could be said,

"It was good to have been there."

As the chill of Winter changed to the more pleasant coolness of Spring, the Signal Corps

celebrated its 90th Anniversary with a public open house at the Camp. I was "tapped" as a member of the official honor guard for the occasion. So all day Saturday, March 7, 1953, I stood at "parade rest" in a ceremonial helmet, clutching a bayoneted rifle with ceremonial scabbard. Very impressive. A week later I received an "endorsed" copy of "Letter of Appreciation" for our "cooperation and support" (by then I had begun "Crypto" school) of the earlier celebration.

Cryptography (dictionary) is "(T)he act or art of writing in secret characters; also, secret characters or cipher." Because of the "non-disclosure" directive I signed before I was released from active duty, this definition is about all I feel comfortable telling. (It's not so much the twenty years in Leavenworth (KS) Military Prison but the fact that any light you receive while there has to be piped in!!) Putting that aside, I did find the time I spent in the Post Comm Center very helpful because I became familiar with the environment - we actually used that same Center as our "base of operations" (for training purposes). Our study and application would lead to our acquiring a true Military Occupational Specialty, (MOS) 1805, Cryptographer, as we graduated on 9 May 1953 from the assigned 10-week course.

With that, we got the last laugh on the shenanigans pulled on all of us Crypto-designees the last week of our Basic Training, which was the "Field Exercise" for our entire Company, where, in a bivouac setting, we were supposed to "taste" what it would be like to do what we were going to be trained to do. Only that didn't apply to our Crypto group. Since none of us (that we knew about) had received our security clearances (cleared to handle classified material) there would be nothing for us to do, in our specialty. So we became "sackees" and pulled KP the entire week. Fast forward to school graduation: The Crypto guys were the first

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group to receive permanent assignment orders. Most of us were subject to orders cut prior to completing the course. No more KP. Find someone else, we're out of here!

Chapter VI. My first posting was to Detachment "M", Headquarters, United States Army, at the Pentagon with quarters at Fort Myers, Virginia, next to Arlington National Cemetery. With a reporting date of 21 May and travel by air authorized, I had time to visit my home in Salt Lake City enroute. It was a frenzied group dashing about 'Bispo for the last time as we cleared out as soon as we could. At this point I don't recall whose car we road in or who all traveled together back to Utah but it was probably an LDS bunch, as there was no smoking, cussing, or other rudeness the whole of the journey. (My "Accounts Ledger" shows a May 9 item of \$10 for "Transportation SLO to SLC.")

The driver (car owner, naturally) convinced us we should head straight east out of camp on a road through the California Coastal mountains, thence across the Nevada desert into Ely, up through Wendover and into SLC. We made it to Ely where we had to wait while we awakened a service station operator to unlock his gas pumps for our last fill-up before hitting SLC. It was Sunday morning and Mothers' Day. As I was dropped off at Church, I noticed the building, as expected, was still under construction but meetings were being held in the recreation hall portion (now called the cultural hall) that had been finished. I was asked to give the opening prayer. I can't put into words the marvelous feeling I had while praying, as if the Heavens were opened above my head and that if I extended my hand, I would be lifted up and away.

I hadn't let Mother know of my plans as I wanted to surprise her, if everything worked out to be able to do so, which they did, and she was surely surprised. It was wonderful to be home again after being away for seven months. She told me it was enough I had arrive safely, that that was a wonderful Mothers' Day present. (Ledger: May 11, Tommy - Dairy Queen.) All too soon my leave was over and I flew on to Washington D.C. to begin my new assignment. (Ledger: May 20, Cab - \$3.50 [for the "scenic" tour for a guy (me) who didn't know the "territory"!]) I quickly (on my own) found the Church and regularly attended Sunday meetings with the singles Ward that met in the Washington Chapel off 16th Street in NW Washington.

For a special 4th of July celebration, one of the sisters, through arrangement with the composer, Crawford Gates, was going to stage a concert version of his musical, *Promised Valley*. Naturally, I had to be involved. (Recall, I had been in the 1950 production, so I was looked on as a "resource" person. I turned down a chance to take one of the singing roles because I wanted to do the technical support!)

The "stage" was a large platform at one end of the cultural hall. There were probably four ceiling mounted spot lights pointed toward the stage, controlled by off/on switches. (Fortunately for a concert version, numbers of special lights are not necessary.) Additionally, there was one floor-standing follow spot available, again on an off/on switch, but having also an iris and color wheel. Finally, there was one, old-style, power rheostat dimmer, usually paired with the follow spot. I decided to make a control unit to centralize operation of the available resources, including sharing the one dimmer.

The design for control was simple: Based on the "one wire" model I learned to use while working at KH with Aaron Roylance (U of U) I bought some receptacles (electrical outlets), 63.

four SPDT switches, a power cord, and some common household circuit wire; at the one theater supply house I found in Downtown D.C. I purchased some colored gels and a pin spot to use as a podium light. (Ledger: Electrical equip. for "P.V" - \$13.00) I then constructed a sloped panel, wooden box, painted it flat black, and mounted and wired together all the components. The "hot" side of each spot was plugged into the common terminal of its corresponding switch; "up" connected the light to a continuous power source, "down" to the dimmer. I added a fifth switched circuit (DPST) for the pin spot. Ergo, e Fine. After I paired blue and pink gels on the ceiling spots and filled the color wheel of the follow spot, I was up and running. Perfection, such as it was. (I had to "borrow" a lot of extension cords from the "locals" to make all the control runs from the light panel off stage to the small balcony out front from where I did the lights during the show.)

Now, lest you forget, the performers made the show good, the lights added to their accomplishments, letting them show to their best. (I took my "bows" with the cast, too, smilingly.) (Incidentally, I still have both the pin spot and that control box.)

The Church building had a wonderful pipe organ, on which a Church appointed Organist played regular mid-day programs as an attraction to advertise the Church. Legrand Maxwell was the last musician to serve in the calling. As his release and return to SLC coincided with my transfer to my next duty station, I was able to return West with him, six of us "stuffed" into his car. We drove non-stop, taking turns driving, in route to SLC less than three days. Due to a NLT date of 26 July 1953, I made a short visit home once more. But, you ask, back to D.C.

in May and out of D.C. by July? What gives? Another tale is to be told.

My unit CO (Commanding Officer) was Lt. Col. William Wheland, a reactivated reservist, as nice a person as you'll ever meet. He was inspiring as he explained our role and operation. I was glad, truly glad, I had been picked for the spot I was in. I was immediately integrated into the program, pulling my share of duties, including manning the "front door", through which only authorized personnel could pass. The assigned staff I knew, the "drop by" visitors, I didn't. As luck would have it, I was substituting for the regular admitter at lunch time early in my tour. A Brigadier General swished in and was almost to the "door" before I stopped him and requested his ID. Correct procedure, bad move. "You know who I am," we said, a statement, not a question. "I'm sorry, Sir, but I don't. I'll need to see your ID." (The procedure was to match the ID with the "Admit Roster".) In a huff, he left, throwing back at me, "We'll see."

The very next morning, Col. Wheland called me in for a chat. (I'm not making any of this up.) He said, "There is a space in Tokyo where we need to send a good man. That would be you. How would you feel about that?" Knowing that time in Washington was limited to orientation and not a permanent arrangement, and knowing that shooting was still going on in Korea, I responded, "That's fine with me. I'd like that." "Good." And that's how I came to be on my way so quickly after having barely arrived. It was obvious to me I had been "set up" for the least desirable available assignment, as a day later other temps got their assignments to places such as Rome, New York, and Naples, Italy, both civies only posts. (Should have let the General in. But what would have prevented him from faulting me for that, instead?) This illustrates yet another rule of the military: Rank has its privilege (RHIP).

Part of getting ready for overseas assignment was the purchase of suitable civilian attire,
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should the need arise for my remaining behind in the event of a military withdrawal. My ensemble included shirt (Irish linen), slacks, sport coat, genuine leather belt, brown, wing-tip dress shoes and colored socks, all from Raleigh's Haberdashery, an "up-town" mens store in downtown Washington, D.C., courtesy of the U.S. Army. (The "left behind" contingency never happened; I did get to wear my civies on R&R in Japan, though, the following Summer.)

I didn't let my imminent departure interfere with enjoying what remained of my time in D.C. When my Company XO (Executive Officer) advertised for players for the softball team, I "volunteered". Did I pitch? I was asked. Yes, and I can patrol in the Outfield as well. I was "in". Game day found me - three guesses - right, on KP again. (The work at the Pentagon was by schedule, three days on, two off. Our "off" days opened us for "sackee" chores. (How sweet it was.) About 4 pm in the Afternoon, the XO personally went to the Mess Sergeant and said, "We need Pixton to play ball; we have a game this Afternoon. Let him off as soon as you can." What was the Sergeant going to do, keep me in the Mess Hall washing pots and pans? Not hardly. I was gone in a flash but not without a grumble or two from the Sergeant.

This game I started in Center Field but the XO let me know I might be needed to pitch late in the game depending on what happened. It was a close game. The other team had a man on Third, one away. Their batter hit a fast, looping fly ball to Center. I started running in, full tilt, with the crack of the bat and caught the ball at my shoe tops, and, without breaking stride, rifled a strike to our catcher who tagged the runner out. Double play. We win by holding

them one more inning. That probably was the pinnacle of my sports career. Every one needs at least one time when everything clicks perfectly together. That was my mine. Too bad I couldn't have stayed around for the whole season ...

I had an unexpected souvenir when I departed Fort Myer, a Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints hymnal. After we got talking - our schedules didn't exactly mesh - I learned my bunk mate (I had the top, he had the bottom) was a Reorganite and he found out I was a Mormon. We compared notes rather extensively; there were a lot of things they had changed or dropped as being no longer pertinent, such as, all references to temple work were removed from the Doctrine and Covenants; their missionaries are paid similarly to those of other protestant faiths; and their ministers will drink a cup of coffee or tea with anyone, it's okay. He wanted me to have the hymnal since I expressed considerable interest. I thanked him for his kind gift and have enjoyed browsing in it many times since our amicable parting.

My departure for Tokyo was to be by air transportation, soonest available. The Company Commander at Camp Stoneman, California, had other ideas. He read my orders but interpreted them differently. His rationale was that the Cease-fire in Korea had gone into effect 27 July 1953, one day after I reported in, thus eliminating any urgency of travel to the Far East. I was his to do with as he deemed proper, although my orders clearly declared I was to be processed through transportation entities as already "attached" to Detachment "M", Tokyo, and was to have arrived overseas not later than 30 July 1953. I was told (that's an "Order") I would be rostered for duty like every one else: KP, fire-watch, parade formations, Company runner, etc. In following those orders (I stood fire-watch for four hours the first night there), I was living one final Army rule: Obey the most recent order first, grieve later.

When I didn't show up in Tokyo on schedule, my outfit (Detachment "M") started tracing my

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whereabouts. Bright and early one morning (I think it was the next Monday) an officer of Major rank and wearing Washington Headquarters insignia stepped out of his chauffeur driven staff car and called the CO to attention, directing him to find me as quickly as possible and to report to him ASAP. When I arrived he introduced himself as the West Coast representative of Detachment "M". I acknowledged him (with a smile). He then "read the riot act" to the CO (a lowly Captain). After that "dressing down" I was left completely alone - like my first orders said, I'm just passing through, thank you. Revised orders sent me to Travis AFB, where, at long last, I made connection with my flight, a commercial 4-prop-engine plane.

To obtain expedited handling, my orders were appended to an existing classified list. My boarding for the flight was not without its drama. Situation: I'm a lowly Private, E-2; other military travelers are Sergeants, at least E-7s, with hash marks and rockers all over their uniforms. How could I be placed aboard the same plane with them? They fully believed some mistake had been made. Surely, some one would notice that and take care of it. Nothing. Travis to Tokyo was a long flight, 42 hours elapsed time. My attempt to sleep in-flight over-night was semi-successful. Our stop-overs were Honolulu and Midway Island. We got off the plane at both places but there was nothing to do except stretch and walk about a little.

The one bit of excitement had been around 10 pm west of Hawaii. All of us were laid back, relaxed, pending lights out for sleepy time. Suddenly the plane hit a vacuum pocket and

dropped straight down about ten feet before the wings caught air again, generating lift once more. That woke everybody up! Those who had their seat belts fastened moved with the plane; the rest "floated" like the absence of gravity for a brief time. After that, sleep was just a far away dream for awhile. The announcement from the flight deck, "This is your Captain; we're okay; try to get some sleep," seemed darkly humorous to us.

The plane was met by an Army bus and a chauffeured staff car. The bus was for the Sergeants, the car for me. I liked it, they didn't. What could I say? So long, guys. I was impressed by the care given to my dilemma trying to leave the States. My new companions (we were like one, big family, only not so big - me, an officer and a sergeant) conversed all the way in from the airport, regarding the things I needed to know right away so my transition would go smoothly. They explained our billet was in a secured building across from the moat surrounding the Imperial Place. How's that for prime real estate! In effect, it was my "hotel" to come back to each time I rotated out of Korea after completing a "temporary duty" tour.

As my first tour was not to begin until on or about the First of November, I had two glorious months to savor Japan under the very big shadow of America's continued presence eight years after the end of WWII. Still then, the Japanese were very polite and helpful (for instance, doing everything they could to understand me when riding their buses, to get me on and off at the right stops for my intended visit or other purpose). Speaking of one local custom that nearly wiped me out - literally - was the road traffic driving on the "wrong" side of the street. They had the British system, which put everything backward from what I knew. Thus, when attempting to cross the road, instead of looking for traffic coming from left to right, you had to look from right to left - or get run over (one narrow escape is all it took for me to change my "outlook" - a taxi nearly clipped me my first night on the town). I was trying to get to the Ernie Pyle Theater, a large building in downtown Tokyo which served as the Recreation

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Center and major PX for assigned American military personnel and all visiting United Nations troops. (My first purchase in Japan - Aug 7 the day of arrival - was for Sunglasses and soap, \$8.41).

(As the post-war occupation came to an end, all of these fine accommodations reverted to the Japanese, rightfully so. But it was marvelous while I was there. Just outside EPT were little shops full of about everything one might want to purchase for souvenirs. At various times I purchased two music boxes, one for my Mother and the other, for my future wife on our first anniversary - and I did keep and give it true to my intent. Also, I purchased several Japanese wood-block prints; a set of Goya Horses for Charles - he loved the artistry of that medium, and two signed First Edition prints, titled, "White Rain" and "Woman Praying", both finely done by one of Japan's premier artists, which I "loaned" to Mother for several years until she returned them to me as she began arranging her affairs pending her "flying over".)

Once again quickly affiliating with the Serviceman's Branch of the Church gave form to my off-duty hours. Brother Armand Moss, himself a GI stationed in Japan, was the District President. After we became acquainted, he called me to be the District Clerk, in spite of not knowing exactly how long I might be around. I made one visit to a Branch outside of Tokyo with him and spoke at the Conference. (I saved my talk - and just had to "polish it up" to fulfill my first speaking assignment one week after I arrived in the Mission Field - now that's advanced planning! One of my rules is, never throw away a talk.)

I purchased a very good slide camera at the EPT PX (Ledger: Oct 1 \$70.00) and took many pictures both in Japan and in Korea. In fact, I continued to film with it well into the advent of digital optics, but when Kodak "retired" from making Kodachrome film and Carousel projectors, I stopped, too. (This camera has such a large lens aperture (1.2) that I was able to snap pictures inside a Kabuki Theater using only available light - that's pretty darn good! It was also the camera used to collect the hundreds of images integrated into my stage show, "*Family, Flag, and Faith*". And my one and only picture taker of Mainland China, Hong Kong, Japan (round 2), Hawaii, Alaska, Victoria, B.C., Constitution Bi-centennial America, early Mormon Migrations, and the Mexican Riviera.)

One challenge I gave myself was to increase my vocabulary. I got a pocket-size note book into which I wrote words I chose to learn. Then as I traveled (car, train, bus, or plane) I'd study my "Word of the Week", memorizing its spelling and definition. Sometimes it would bring a smile to my face at the circular nature of some of the definitions. Two like that I recall are "Evanescent" and "Vaporous". In my reference dictionary at the time, Evanescence was described as being vaporous; while Vaporous was equated with evanescence. Lots of fun, *nicht war?*

During the first of my TDY returns, I awoke to a scene of terrible destruction outside our building. A typhoon had struck Tokyo harbor during the night and toppled a huge, metal chimney visible through the windows of our bunk room on the second floor. Further, the whole area was water logged and littered with all sorts of debris, including uprooted trees. The flimsy, temporary housing of thousands was obliterated. The main market place, the *Ginza*, was destroyed. (We were completely shielded being in one of the few reinforced concrete buildings in the area.)

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During my second return, Bob Kohls and I went on a cruise and sightseeing trip, which included sailing the Sea of Japan (the *Kogina Moru (sic)* was our ship); busing from Beppu to Mount Aso, a "live" volcano (the mud in the crater was bubbling); and then on to Fukuoka to catch the airliner back to Tokyo.

While aboard ship, we got our "sea legs" when the vessel started to roll and pitch as we sat at dinner in the ship's dining room. From our table we could look directly out a port hole at the ocean, a very scenic view, unless the boat is off horizontal. What a strange feeling! To look out and see the line of the ocean rotated 40 degrees from the level of the room. Oh, mercy! Don't think, just keep eating, it will all return right again soon. And it did as the water smoothed before we had to return to our state room.

At Beppu, we visited the large Buddha and met and visited with Chieco Nakamora, who, in Japanese style, was assigned as our "house girl". We learned she had been orphaned when her parents were killed in the A-bomb attack on Nagasaki, the second Japanese city to be destroyed by an atom bomb. Once we learned that, we couldn't shake off the feeling our situation was very much the conquered serving the conqueror.

Sunday morning, despite fog and rain, I determined to find the meeting of the Serviceman's Group and join them for Fast and Testimony Meeting. I invited Bob along but he wanted to stay put and see what developed. My quest was tortuous and late arriving, so that by the time I got there, the last person was just finishing his testimony. I was welcomed and, still on

my feet, invited to conclude the meeting with my testimony (for surely I had one, for no one without one would have ventured out on a day like it was). I did. What a nice spirit prevailed. I missed taking the Sacramento, of course, but felt my effort was still well worth it.

My last return was occasioned by the coming expiration of my two-year Active Duty commitment. The CO at Camp Stoneman, who had given me such a hard time, would have loved the fact that I was scheduled to "float" (go by slow boat) back to CONUS (Continental US), ultimately vindicating his assessment that rapid travel was no longer required. So having reached the end of my official duties, in early September while waiting around to leave, I bought tickets to go hear the Tokyo Symphony again and attend some other performances yet up-coming. I was determined to enjoy everything I could.

One thing I didn't want, though, was harassment from the troops who still had longer to serve. So I rushed to a conclusion when, one night after lights out, my bed (top bunk) started shaking. "Good grief, you guys, knock it off!" But the shaking continued and I was getting annoyed. Quisenberry said, "No body's touched you or your bed. Honest." (If he said it, it must be true.) "What's going on?" Jumping down out of bed, then fully awake, not just my bunk but the whole floor was shaking. Then we realized - it was an earthquake. (Welcome to the Pacific Rim seismic activity zone!) We were "shook up" (just a pun!). Brick buildings suffered some damage but not our concrete fortress. Let's hear it for the 441st CICD, our host at Norton Hall!

On 20 September 1954 (a date that will live in my memory with much joy) a new travel order was issued for ten of us departing Tokyo in September, changing our mode of transportation from "on water" to "over water" (we could fly). There was a catch, though, but the idea of 68.

avoiding a troop ship was so appealing, we, to the man, decided to chance it. The "catch" was, we had to be at the embarkation post by 1600 hours, the same day as the date of the order. Only by really hustling were we able to get all the clearances and sign-offs necessary before we could board the bus with our duffel bags packed and ready. Additionally, I took time (not much) to give away all my concert and theater tickets, my "loss" (but I was flying home), their gain. Out-of-breath we made the deadline.

Then nothing happened. Shudder, there was no plane. Had we been duped? It seemed so as we were put to straightening things up, busy work. By after dinner at the Mess Hall we were dismayed, believing we had been "tricked" into volunteering for the shipment get-ready crew. Sleep came but it was not restful. After several hours of gloom the next day, we got word there really had been a plane but it had been delayed for whatever reason. Our return to ZI was back on track. Everything was okay! We knew it for sure as we took our seats in a Navy VR-7, its military version of the Lockheed "Constellation" aircraft. This was first class, with sheik, backward facing passenger seating, touted to be safer in the event of crashing (another attempt at dark humor?). This plane was a generation newer than the DC8 I flew in headed West and considerably faster and quieter. (All this, and headed home, too!)

While "in country" (Korea) I had two distinct groups of associates/buddies: those at work and those at Church. I was the only one in both groups (that figures). My "Boss" (CO) was Major Charles "Chuck" Sovern, with Captains Leo Worden and John Phillips, and a Lieutenant whose name I can't recall, making up the rest of the officers. Enlisted personnel included

Sergeants Null and Hunt, and rank-and-file lower graded persons Bob Kohls, Bob Quisenberry, Dick Bonk, Stan Earhart, Hurb Davis, Don Sorensen, myself, and one other whose name is lost to me. We were small in number but VIP with the CG (Commanding General, Maxwell Taylor). No one "messed" with us, although some Company level officers tried a time or two (and you already can guess how those attempts turned out - wins for the "General's" men, losses for all others).

Heading my group at Church was my cousin, Calvin Beck, Tooele, Utah (remember his horse, Dolly, the beast that tromped my foot?), who (Calvin not the horse) was serving as the Serviceman's Branch President; Chaplin Lell O. Bagley, Koosharen, Utah; the other members of my Quartet, (William) "Bill" Mickelsen, St. George, Utah; Arnold Stringham, Lovell, Wyoming; and (Lawrence) "Larry" Bull, Woods Cross, Utah; my Chorister, John Russell, Los Angeles, California (I played the organ, John led the hymn singing); and (Gilbert) "Gib" Yardley, Beaver, Utah, just a really fine associate and Gospel Brother. (I can't even name these Brothers with-out tears of love and gratitude flowing down my cheeks for their comfort and companionship some sixty years ago. We were close. It was not possible to know and appreciate everyone who was there as the whole group numbered around 170 members and our military assignments were all over the "map", viz, in many diverse places.)

My "office" was one half of a Quonset Hut, the "operations" side. The "analysis" side, the other half, was staffed by officers only until the demobilization effort following the commencement of the Cease-fire left their ranks short-handed. So when I returned to TDY in Korea in March the CO made me a deal, come over to the "analysis" side and join that team and you can have a regular day-job, no more shift work, freezing nights, cold water in the showers, or open Jeep runs for midnight chow. That was enough persuasion for me. I crossed over. My

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former associates razzed me for a time - when they could catch me on their day shift but that was pale hazing compared to being tossed in the shower by a group of dedicated Justinians.

Captain Phillips became my teacher, for which he was well suited, having been a college History professor before being recalled to service in Korea. John explained and showed me the hows and the whys and turned me loose, mentoring my progress and suggesting changes where necessary. Thus, I completed my military service performing these new duties. In the end, my work was recognized by being awarded a Commendation Ribbon with Medal Pendant and a Citation, which read:

Corporal RICHARD B. PIXTON, US56132985, United States Army. Corporal PIXTON, a member of G2 Section, Headquarters Eighth United States Army, is cited for meritorious service in Korea during the period 3 November 1953 to 27 July 1954. Serving as an Intelligence Research Analyst in the Office of the Special Security Representative, Corporal PIXTON was responsible for research and analysis of highly sensitive intelligence material. He frequently worked long hours and by his untiring efforts contributed materially to the superior operating efficiency of his office. His fine technical ability, initiative and outstanding devotion to duty contributed immeasurably to the continued smooth functioning of his section and gained him the respect and admiration of his associates. The meritorious service rendered by Corporal PIXTON throughout this period reflects great credit on himself and the military service.

[dated 12 Aug 54]

You'll note, by inference, I had been promoted twice since Basic Training, first to PFC (one chevron) which happened after arriving in Tokyo, then to Corporal (two chevrons), which was on 13 March 1954. Thereafter, in connection with my new duties, I was recommended three times for Sergeant but each time was disapproved, citing the slowdown and downsizing of the military consequent to the Cease-fire. That was okay with me since no shooting trumps three chevrons every time.

Being the "new kid on the block" when I arrived the first time, I was assigned to the "night" shift - the only other possibility was the "day" shift. It was in the mission statement for our office to be maned around the clock, 24/7. Having but two shifts, the twenty-four hours were divided 7:30 am - 6:30 pm, 6:30 pm - 7:30 am. Meals were served at the Mess Hall in the Company compound about ten driving minutes away from the office, way too far to walk. The schedule of servings was (approximately) Breakfast, 7-9 am, Lunch, 11 am - 1 pm, and Dinner, 5-7 pm. There was little leeway for dawdling. And it was a long, long time from Dinner to Breakfast.

Enter anchovies (canned in oil) and crackers, the "staple" of the "night" shift. Bob Kohls was my first "mentor" (and we maintained our friendship in spite of my later change in duties) in all things pertaining to the job, including personal comfort, i.e., not being hungry - a hungry cryptographer is a distracted cryptographer. Most nights there was no action but we were present and ready, nevertheless. We nibbled on A&C and really "dug in" about midway through the shift. There was no TV and Armed Forces Radio signed off with the playing of the National Anthem at Midnight. Reading helped some to pass the time but the best relief was a spirited game of Cribbage. Having never played, I was "easy picken's" while I learned, although there

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was no real prize for winning beyond noticing having done so, plus having nudged more time off the clock, which otherwise rested heavily upon us, the night crew.

Why did it take two to handle the "night" shift? One was needed to keep the other awake: a single, missed message could have spelled major disaster. Period.

More "civilization" slowly grew around our base installation as the business of fighting a war became less engaging. It was little things added to little things. More hot water for the showers became available - between Midnight and 3:00 am (so adjust your schedule accordingly). A fourth meal was added at Midnight to better serve the needs of 24/7 coverages - what a welcome relief that was - only so many anchovies can be ingested before rejection sets in. A third shift was inserted in the work day, shortening each shift to 8 hours. An ice cream maker arrived at the compound PX but it could only run for 3 hours, so first come, first served (no pun intended). Better merchandise selections showed up on the PX shelves.

The big, traveling entertainment shows stopped in Seoul, featuring Hollywood Starlets. Travel restrictions into Seoul were lightened with fewer "off limit" locations. And a new issue of Military Script (Army money) was distributed to close off the illegal possession and use of the then present series by civilians. (There was a considerable Black Market for that currency because often GIs paid in military script for purchases off post, contrary to regulations. The biggest problem the civilians had was finding some GI willing to buy for them items that could only be purchased at a PX or Commissary. If old series script wasn't exchanged for new series script during the narrow time window allotted, the old script became worthless. It was a

pathetic situation watching Korean "mama sauns" try to get some GI to help them. Aiding in such a situation was punishable by forfeiture of pay, reduction in rank, and confinement.)

Some restrictions did remain. Our Sergeant Hunt was roused by the MPs in an off-limits area and treated roughly when he appeared to be resisting their authority by fighting back. Major Sovern commented, "He (Sgt. Hunt) misunderstood and stood up when they said, 'Shut up', and they clobbered him until he sat down." (His attempt to lighten the severity of the situation was futile.) What a mess. We (Detachment "M") lost a good, long-serving, trusted member; his infraction removed him from being able to continue serving in the outfit. I worried, too, about his family and how his foolishness would affect them. How important it is to ever be true to the trust in you. Why risk it all by being untrue in even the smallest matter?

The temperature outdoors continued to drop as Fall slipped toward Winter. It was so cold when Winter finally came, the coldest I've ever been in my life - and I was only as far north as the 38th Parallel. I can't even imagine the daunting cold encountered by our troops along the Yalu River and at Chosin Reservoir in the first year of the War. Even with snow, I believe our lowest temperature was +4 degrees. On Thanksgiving Day, our cooks served up a much appreciated full course traditional dinner. At the time there in Seoul I penned the following lines:

THANKSGIVING 1953

For the last of November Thanksgiving Day came mildly to Central Korea. The almost-light of its first hour revealed the muddy pocks and pooled prints left by the light rain of night. Water-softened ground quieted the dip, dip of after-storm drops. Gentle breezes 71.

dried the wet-bent grass. Here and there damp leaves twirled and flipped. Crisp, ringing air lightly brushed the landscape, readying the nature forms for day. The gray flat of clouds above began to move before the wind, only to wrinkle against the Eastern horizon, uncovering the warmed, blue sky of dawn beyond. Eagerly the Sun's rays vaulted toward the Earth through the widening yawn in the mask of night passing eastward overhead, inviting all they spread upon to awaken into the peace of early morning.

One of the things Calvin (Beck) did as Branch President over LDS servicemen was to call me as the Sacrament Meeting organist. The Post Chapel was a large Quonset Hut with a second-story choir loft. The organ was in the loft, a long ways from the front of the Chapel, making coordination with the Music Director (Hymn Chorister) both challenging and essential. John Russell filled the MD/HC calling admirably; we were rarely out of sync.

The organ was a Hammond, two-manual, full pedal-board, drawbar-style instrument, much like the original unit in the Douglas Ward chapel (my "home" Ward). Historically, when that building was approved right before WWII broke out, the plans provided for a pipe organ. However, all construction was suspended until after the war ended. With peace restored, plans were renewed to begin building but the planned structure, for a number of reasons, had to be substantially reduced in size and scope. One of the reductions was postponing installation of the pipe organ due to cost, which had skyrocketed during the war. A nave to hold the ranks of organ pipes was, nevertheless, built, then covered up with fabric screening material. The cavity held the speakers for the Hammond as long as it was in use. Finally, a pipe organ was installed, replacing the electronic instrument. To complete the transition, Roy M. Darley,

at the time an Assistant Tabernacle Organist, was invited to play a "dedicatory" program, which he graciously did.

I learned all I could about playing a Hammond by talking with Louise Bauman, the organist in Douglas Ward, and then hands-on noodling through its various features. So when the call came in Korea, I felt I was prepared, and I was. Each time I played I felt I got better, and whether or not that was true, I enjoyed serving with John.

Early on I organized a male quartet to sing at various functions, mostly for an activity night program. The members were Bill Mickelsen (tenor), Arnold Stringham (tenor), myself (Baritone), and Larry Bull (Bass). Three of us were from Utah, the fourth, from Wyoming; we met and became acquainted for the first time in Seoul, Korea, serving our Country. Through our music we also served our fellow Saints and "guests" (it may seem strange to refer to the native Koreans as "guests" but we - the LDS GIs - tried always to so treat them). Such kind treatment was a distinguishing factor between "us" and "them", i.e., most other GIs.

In his essay, *The Korean War and the Gospel*, Honam Rhee [see, Out of Obscurity: The LDS Church in the Twentieth Century; *The 29th Annual Sidney B. Sperry Symposium*, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 2000; pp. 293-4] says, "I was blessed with this knowledge (of the gospel) through an example of a man by the name of Calvin Beck, who was serving in the army during the Korean War. ... I noticed Calvin Beck right away. He was always polite and courteous to everyone, and it was clear that he was genuine and true in his interactions with people. I never heard him swear. I never heard him raise his voice or get

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angry with anyone, and I never saw him on Sundays. ... he was gone first thing in the morning". This consistent absence intrigued him, so when Calvin invited him to "come and see", he accepted. (Calvin's) church "was a place and feeling I had never known before," Prof. Rhee continues. After his visit to church, Calvin "sat down with me for twenty-five minutes and within that period of time he was able to explain the plan of salvation." Whereupon, Prof. Rhee expressed his feelings, " ... Confucius ... said, If you discover the truth today, you can die tomorrow. Calvin, I can die tomorrow." He was baptized in September 1954 by Allen Potts, another member of our LDS Servicemen's Group (he and Calvin both served in the 304th Signal Battalion). [Note: Honam Rhee was a professor of Asian and Near Eastern language at Brigham Young University in 2000; Prof. Rhee earlier had been the first President of the Seoul Korea Stake, the first stake on mainland Asia, when it was organized in March 1973 [Out of Obscurity: ... , p. 286; *Almanac*, 2008, p. 451]].

It was my privilege to assist in missionary efforts in Korea. To a group of 71 investigators - a lot of contacting and teaching preceded gathering such a large group! - I presented a lesson on "Faith", using as my example, the hope one has, that when the light switch is turned on, the light will light. Oh, what a joy it was to work with so eager a group. They got it! Another way I helped was I got licensed to drive Army vehicles, both trucks and sedans. Somebody had to be able to transport the investigators, there were so many of them. (Oh, yes, in connection with official duties, I occasionally had to make a "run" up to Corps Headquarters and for that, too, I needed an "operator's permit".)

Again, working with this wonderful group of investigators, I was assigned to write letters, in English (this was an effort to help improve language proficiency), to three Koreans, Sister

Kim, her friend (name now forgotten) and Brother Shin Ho Bom. They were so appreciative. With tears in her eyes when I left, Sister Kim gave me a beautiful Korean doll to take home, so I wouldn't forget her or "them".

My life was blessed in another missionary-focused effort, as well: I was called to teach the Priesthood Group lessons on Sunday. After I shared my experience under the Wagner brothers while in Basic Training, it was decided to make the new "Systematic Plan for Missionary Work" the course of study and that I should be the instructor. Our study was aided by having copies of the little "gray" booklet published by the Church containing the "Plan" for all who wanted one - the material really was new inasmuch as none of the returned missionaries in the group had had opportunity to use it, so they were interested, as were those, like me, who were getting ready to serve, following release from military service.

And not last nor least were my efforts through music. The organ playing I've already mentioned. Special musical numbers in Sacrament Meeting were a rarity but, three years before when I played in "*Promised Valley*" I was so loathed to relinquish my score I cobbled together a piano version of the *Goin' West* and *Hymn of the Plains* (Come, Come, Ye Saints) sections before I returned the music. I shared this music as a piano solo with our Seoul Group on the Sunday given over to remembering the Pioneers - apropos to the wave of "new pioneers" about to arise, in part, from our efforts and labors among the Korean people.

One last experience. Apostle Harold B. Lee of the Quorum of the Twelve came to Korea, the first modern Apostle to do so, in 1954. Clad in the requisite OD Army field uniform, he spoke

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to the LDS Servicemen's Group; then he wanted to speak to the Koreans who had come to see him. To do so, he had to leave the chapel and step outside. Standing among the servicemen who had come out to watch, I observed him move to face the considerable group of Koreans who had gathered, look out over them, and slowly and deliberately say, "My name is Lee." Instantly there was recognition and bonding manifest by an audible gasp and "oh-ing". He was one with them (Lee is one of the five most prominent Korean surnames)! He went on to speak a short while (using an Interpreter) and then bid them farewell. It was marvelous to be a part of that moment.

I thoroughly enjoyed my association with the quartet. Our "show stopper" was "*I Wonder Whose Kissing Her Now?*" This particular song captured in its lyrics the anxiety of separation, which was something personal to all of us. Without the music, the effect is incomplete but the gist of its sentiment is captured in words, such as,

"I wonder who's kissing her now?
"Wonder who's teaching her how?
"Wonder if she ever tells him of me?"

* * * * *

"I wonder who's buying the wine
"For lips that I used to call mine?"

* * * * *

Part of our fun and "charm" was we "hammed it up" - a lot. We'd hum and haw around, warming up, then begin singing, as if practicing for a performance, which, of course, we were already performing. One member (the "designated interrupter") would stop us after we'd sung

a line or a phrase, and ask a (dumb) question, such as, after the first line, "What's a now?" There'd be looks of horror or embarrassment or displeasure from the other three members as we'd stop singing and try to respond to the question, usually with a question, "What do you mean?" "Well, he's kissing her now, so what is it?" We'd brush off the nonsense, waving our hands and muttering, "Let's go on, get back to singing," and begin again, singing beautiful, straight harmony for awhile. Then we'd glide into the phrase, "... who's buying the" (STOP), don't sing, "wine", Word of Wisdom, you know. After an anguished pause, I'd blurt the word, "MILK", and all would smile, nodding heads, yes, yes, and sing on, "For lips that I used to call" (STOP). A rhyme with "Milk" is needed, fast. I'd appear to be thinking hard, then blurt out, "SILK", and everyone would smile once again, nodding heads, yes, yes, that's Word of Wisdom compatible and, mopping our brows, finish the song. Hilarious (with loud applause)!

Our office building was separated from the village area behind us by three rows of rolled concertina wire, which is like barbed wire but made of steel and razor sharp. The idea was to protect us from an initial incursion. It served its purpose well - only one "attempt" was ever made - by a very drunken civilian who plainly didn't know where he was, who was in the process of wiggling and twisting his way under the wire, which, by doing so, tripped an alarm - that none of us on duty had ever heard go off before and caused us momentary panic, all racing to reach the single carbine rifle kept in the office to ward off just such an "attack." Being the tallest I was able to reach over and grab the rifle first. MPs answered the alarm, as gently as possible extracted the man from the wire, and took him, badly cut-up, away with them. There was "table talk" at Mess that evening. E fine.

74.

This incident was a sad commentary on the pitiable condition of the Korean people in the area around us. Almost any change was better than their existing conditions. Hence, the eagerness and willingness to "work" for the soldiers, as "house boys", "laundresses", or "seamstresses". The man, all cut-up crawling under the concertina wire, was better off after being hauled away because he would receive medical attention, dry quarters, and food for a short time. Helping themselves better their lot was manifest in other ways.

Stealing was one of those ways. In spite of repeated warnings to be "on guard", military personnel walked seemingly carefree on excursions into downtown Seoul. (I didn't go often, it was too depressing: flimsy, make-do, packing crate "houses" in bunches everywhere you looked. The only (emphasis, only) standing structure in the whole city was the Catholic cathedral; every other building had been destroyed under the repeated bombing and shelling by both adversaries as Seoul changed hands over and over again.)

One of the tricks used by the boys was to rush past a GI walking along and quickly push a square of cardboard up the front of the GI's shirt, snagging the clips of the pens and pencils in his shirt pocket. Sometimes, a distraction was staged by an accomplice or two. When that happened to me once, I noticed my loss quickly enough, so that by running after the kid, who didn't seem to be very old, I caught him and took back my stuff. (I wouldn't have been fast enough, though, if I hadn't been warned ahead of time about that particular scheme.) It pays to heed warnings.

Earlier I recalled the loss of my prized high school graduation watch. About to play some basketball, I noticed I still had it on my wrist, having forgotten to put it unobserved in my pants

pocket, usually a "safe" place. Not wanting to keep it on, I hurried over to my street shoes and shoved it under the sock in one of them. That wasn't careful enough. Two Korean kids had been hanging around the gym when I first got there. Nobody was paying them much attention, myself included. Too bad. When I finished playing and went back for my watch, it was gone and so were the kids.

Another concern was not getting back as much laundry - socks, shorts, shirts, pants - as given to the "house boy" to be washed. The kids having such "jobs" had it pretty good, by comparison, so they tried hard to please. This led to some (GIs) taking advantage, including giving verbal abuse via cussing and swearing. I had no complaints and tried to give no offense. My 'druthers would have been not to have had a "house boy" but that would have been unkind - they needed the employment, as meager as the wages were. Besides, you never knew when you might be instrumental in a miracle like Calvin, my cousin, experienced.

Still another "unexpected" occurrence happened while playing yet again at basketball. I say, "at", because basketball never was really "my game" - ping pong, chess, or fast-pitch softball would claim that distinction, or maybe all three. (It was basketball, however, provided for by Special Services in Seoul.) I "sky-ed" for a rebound but, coming down, I didn't stop coming down until I was all scrunched-up on the floor, hurting big time. My left knee had "locked." That earned me a week's "vacation" at the 121 Evac Hospital (of "*MASH*" fame, as the receiving installation for the "*4077 MASH*" which never truly existed - but the 121 EH was for real).

75.

Since I had been a teenager, my left knee had "momentarily locked" at various times and places but each time I had been able to quickly kick my leg out straight and, whatever was causing the problem, quit. It hurt some and was tender for a while but still functioned. Not this time. The guys I'd been playing ball with took me to the hospital where I had room and board for a week. I watched carefully what the doctor did, so I could maybe avoid going back if my knee locked again. Essentially, the knee was put in traction: two cords were taped on either side of the leg, below the knee, the cords were then run over pulleys at the end of the bed, and weights were hung from the cords, exerting a constant pull on the knee. The idea was that the pulling might relax the joint enough so that whatever was fouling its movement would settle down. It worked. I was released to return to duty 24 February 1954, but not before I turned down a "Purple Heart" for my injury: I felt to do otherwise would be very inappropriate, grossly trivializing an honored, meaningful award.

One of the nicer, little improvements was the move of our Detachment "M" group from the regular EM barracks to refurbished space in the Compound Command building. Access was easier, the showers closer, and the Mess Hall next door. Too soon, though, another drama of conflict played out when the incoming HQ Commander thought since we (Detachment "M") were billeted in his command area, we ought to act like his troops. He "ordered" us to stand Company formations, especially morning roll call, and participate in drills, fire watches, KP, etc. Well, you know the "drill" by now: obey the most recent command immediately, grieve later.

The resolution of our "grievance" (not being subject to all that petty, annoying stuff) came quickly one day later. The Commander was told, "Leave those troops alone. They are not counted in your manpower table. Their work mission requires their availability 24/7 in direct

support of the Commanding General." That ended the "intrusion". The one concession made was that all of our people would stay clear of the Company area each morning during roll call (about 0800 - 8 am), leaving beds neatly made up for "inspection". Day sleepers could not begin resting until after morning formation had ended.

Sometimes the changes were temporary, to be enjoyed while they lasted. The most delicious such change was when the refrigerators on the Officers Mess ship (which was anchored in the harbor near Seoul) malfunctioned and the whole store of prime shrimp had to be sent to the EM mess halls to avoid wasting it. For a week, we ate shrimp everything; the officers' long faces made our feasting all the more enjoyable.

Off hours witnessed a lot of card playing. Pinochle and Euchre were the most frequent. I tried Pinochle for a while but quit permanently when a double run and triple Pinochle happened together in the same hand. That was like having "seen it all". Nothing was left to experience. Why bother? After that, I couldn't even enjoy watching. I was never tempted by the other game. No one wanted to play that game "just for the fun of it;" it was always for money (big money), of which I had very little, most of my pay going into savings. My playing Cribbage ceased with the coming of midnight chow and my duties changing to "analysis" work. And I really didn't miss playing.

What I did enjoy was visiting, talking, walking, and taking pictures. There was always a friend to see, or a conversation to enter, or place to go, or a scene to capture on film.

76.

It is said, "One picture is worth a thousand words." That is especially true when the "picture" is the view out the cabin window of your airborne aircraft, seeing its left outboard engine on fire and smoking, while the Captain (pilot) calmly announces over the onboard PA system, "Now, if you'll all return to your seats and fasten your seat belts, we'll swing around and land this airplane. Thank you." (The problem with the "burning" commenced during take-off; the "swing around" was completing the first circling of the airport.)

The previous paragraph describes the reason for the delay of one of my return flights from Japan to Korea. One of the engines on the huge C124 aircraft actually had caught fire as we were taking off. Some one said, "Hey, I think one of our engines is on fire!" In a rush, everyone jumped up and swooped over to look out and see for themselves. Our plane (with its one engine aflame) listed slightly to that side, so it seemed, which caused the Captain to interject his remarks. We were a panorama of concern and worry until the wheels touched down; those who had tried holding their breath started breathing again (that is a bit exaggerated). There was no question everyone was comfortable with the Captain's decision to land and get another plane before continuing the flight. What's a few hours, anyway?

Going home, it was a sight of a different sort that got us out of our seats, or would have, if the seat belt sign had not been "on". In the dimmest, rosy light of early morning, our plane flew over the ocean toward Wake Island, which suddenly appeared below us, its runway covered with 40,000 Goony birds. The only effective dispersal of the "squatters" was the plane buzzing the landing strip several times. Once down, it was good to get off the plane, to walk to the island's high point of about twelve feet above sea level. (Your perspective is affected by being able to see the whole island from that one spot.) What a postage stamp of a place to locate, to land on, and refuel! Truly a wonder of navigation!

Going home, the time seemed to pass more quickly than flying in the opposite direction fourteen months before, but no less excitingly with another "new era" about to dawn in my life. First, though, I needed to finish my present activity, i.e., completing two years of active military service. My time in the Far East started as the Cease-fire agreement to end the Korean War went into affect, with a stipulation it would become permanent in one-years time, if both parties honored its provisions. That happened. (The "included time" upon which my Com-mendation Award was based ended when the agreement became permanent - 27 July 1954.) From then on, actions to demobilize were "hastened." I benefited from that "hastening."

Going home, I separated from active duty at Fort Ord, California, where I had began my first duty assignment in 1952 (way back then!). Any thought I had that my Corporal stripes (E-4) would render me above ordinary "sackee" duties was quickly erased: everybody, I mean everybody, in my discharge Company was at least a Corporal, many were Sergeants. And because of that reality, I earlier told you the consequence: KP became my ultimate duty. I just had to hang on until my name was reached and I'd be out of there, finally. Truth be told, I didn't mind it all that much, for it did keep my hands and mind busy, my hands peeling potatoes, my mind making plans.

The eventful day arrived on 29 September 1954, where, by order, I was "trs to the USAR for compl of eight (8) yrs svc ... ". (Ask me sometime if you have trouble with the military jargon and I'll gladly interpret for you.) Bottom line, I had six years and one month to complete in the

77.

Reserves (active or inactive - I opted for the latter). My active duty time was shortened by one month due to the War having ended - I didn't complain.

Chapter VII. In preparation for departing Fort Ord, I arranged a ride south to Los Angeles.

Traveling POA along Highway US 101 was exhilarating - flat out, pin the needle on 60 and charge through the thick, thick fog, daylight or darkness. I was grateful for the ride (and grateful to be alive!). It had been "white knuckles" all the way. After overnight at a motel, I stopped to purchase a jacket to ward off the suddenly cooler weather, and boarded the bus to La Mesa, California, to visit Grandfather Seth S. Pixton and Aunt Lillian. They looked great. Their lined, aged faces shown with a healthy Southern California sun tan. Mornings, Aunt Lillian sent us "boys" off to the park where we talked and Grandfather played asphalt shuffle-board as his day's exercise. (He could still push a "mean" stick!) I was a guest in their lovely little home, enjoying with them the wonderful abundance of flowers and greenery.

All too soon, I was on the bus once more, this time headed for SLC, having seen Grandfather and Aunt Lillian for what might have been the last time. Respecting Grandfather, it was my last visit as he passed away in November 1956 while I was in the Mission field. After we were married, Faye Ann and I sought after Aunt Lillian, and, finding she had moved back to SLC, visited her there in her apartment. She was a lovely person, soft-spoken and gentle, and as Grandfather confided in me during my visit, had been a true comforter and helper to him. (I don't think he would mind my sharing his gratitude and love regarding her.)

Almost in the moment of reaching home, I said "Goodbye" to my other Grandfather, Silas M. Brewer, who died a short while after we were able to greet each other at his bedside.

I was happy to be back. I shifted into "civilian" mode easily. I told you about starting piano

lessons again. I started dating again, too. Mary Janet Sorensen and I went out several times together. We had known each other since grade school and she played a "mean" cello. I love orchestral strings! It was a natural pairing. Mother became concerned I was losing my focus about serving a mission when I delayed starting my mission interview with the Bishop, but I hadn't. Soon enough I had that interview (Parley P. Giles-November) and at the Stake (Junius M. Jackson-January) and with a General Authority (Oscar A. Kirkham, First Council of Seventy-January - at that time, final missionary interviews were always with a General Authority.) When my call came, it was for the Northwestern States Mission, headquartered at Portland, Oregon.

My scheduled beginning date was in early February 1955. In those days (sounds like a long time ago, doesn't it) departing missionaries were honored at a planned "Farewell". It was a special Sacrament Meeting that the missionary to-be and the family planned, including who the speakers were and what music would be used. When the plan for the meeting was completed, the Bishop would review it and (usually) approve it without changes, but if changes were necessary, they would be agreed upon and made. The Bishop would then schedule the Farewell for the Sunday closest before the missionary entered the Mission Home.

My call came later than another one to another Ward member who had already had his Farewell scheduled for the Sunday closest to my departure, further complicated by his Farewell Program announcements having already been printed with that date. What to do?

78.

I wrote a letter to the Church Missionary Department, explaining the situation and asking for a short delay in my mission beginning date to allow for a timely Farewell - for me. (Brother, no ego there!) They responded affirmatively. Thus I unwittingly introduced an element of speculation at the start of my mission service. The speculation was by the other Elders going to the Northwestern States Mission at the time for which I was originally scheduled - apparently that listing didn't get corrected. When I didn't show up to leave with them, there was some head shaking and nodding, "Maybe he changed his mind about serving." Later when my name began appearing in connection with various Mission activities, indicating I actually had come to the Mission, they were happy they had been wrong.

Mother needn't have worried about my dating Mary Janet, who fully accepted my intention to serve a mission from the beginning of our association. We conducted ourselves accordingly. Shopping for clothes for the appropriately attired NWS missionary occupied time close to departure. I "fell" into a "deal" for a pair of leather lined, brown, wing-tip dress shoes which had been ordered but not pick-up when the person backed out of going. They were the finest pair of shoes I ever owned and lasted far longer than my mission. Mother accompanied me from store to store and commented on my intended purchases (I was spending from my savings). And I needed her kind of "good taste" assistance. Finally, all was ready, the program set, and my Temple Endowment received in the Salt Lake Temple, 3 February 1955.

I will be eternally grateful for all the support demonstrated at my farewell. Melvin Dunn, a music colleague from the "U", played the organ Prelude and Postlude, and two Special selections between speakers; Mary Janet played two Special selections on the cello, with piano accompaniment, following the administration of the Sacrament; something not done any more, the Ward Choir sang the Sacramental Hymn; and my "Cousins" quartet, Joanne Brewer (soprano), Margorie Burnett (alto), Boyd Brewer (tenor), and myself (bass), sang "*The*

Lord is My Light" as the closing hymn. The prayers were given by my cousin, Calvin Beck, and my Father, Seth Pixton. Speakers were Lawrence (Larry) Bull, a singer in my Seoul, Korea, quartet and former Army comrade; Reed Reeve, a personal friend in the Ward; Bishop Giles, and myself. (At farewells it was customary for the departing missionary to speak briefly at its conclusion.) In connection with the farewell, those attending could make, if they so desired, a contribution toward the missionary's financial support, which was most generous in my case. The meeting was well attended (usual for farewells) including all of my other family members who could come. Behold, a Royal Send-off!

Attendance at the Mission Home+ (replaced by Mission Training Centers) was for one week, 16 through 23 February (1955). Because of limited space, missionaries living in the immediate surrounding area were asked to go home each night to sleep and return each following day to continue with the training. Under that schedule I found it difficult to stay focused on preparing to enter the mission field. On the concluding day of training, we were "set apart" by a General Authority, Elder Marion Hanks of the Seventy, in my case. Even that night, we "locals" had to return home to sleep and pickup our luggage for the train ride into the mission field the next day. How times have changed - for the better, may I add quickly.

+ [Note: The 1955 Mission Home was actually several, old houses on the west side of North State Street, not far from Eagle Gate and the Lion House, that had been remodeled to provide meeting rooms and temporary quarters for soon-to-be missionaries. Space was very limited.

79.

My departure for Portland, Oregon, was sentimental, tears and hugs and kisses and hand-waving. The train service was Pullman to our destination, which meant we had overnight sleeping accommodations. Our little group was met at the station upon arrival the next day, 25 February 1955. The welcoming committee was led by Mission 2nd Counselor, Elder Dalton, a full time missionary. His face had a somber expression, as did those of his companions. They were wearing black, stove-pipe, formal hats; a dress hat was one of the articles of attire for each new missionary. We stood still, looking at them, so somber every one of them, expressionless. My gray, domed hat seemed out-of-place. I began to worry I had purchased the wrong hat for this mission. Then Elder Dalton began to smile and the others with him started to laugh. We sensed we had been tricked, and joined the merriment. After hand shakes and shoulder shrugs, we load our baggage into the "Mission" car (probably the President's own vehicle) and were driven to the Mission Home, a lovely, large house with beautiful flowers, mostly roses, surrounding it on all sides.

We were introduced to President James McMurrin and his wife, Sister McMurrin. With a sly smile, President asked, "Did everything go alright at the station?" "Oh, yes," we said. "Good". We were directed to bedrooms upstairs for our use over-night and told the schedule for the remainder of the day, which included a visit to the Mission Office and introduction of the Mission staff. While at dinner I remarked casually to President McMurrin, "I hope we'll be able to use the new missionary plan in our missionary work." (This was a reference to the *Systematic Plan* in the gray booklets from which I had been teaching for the last year in Seoul, which I learned from the Warner twins, which was taught more recently in the Mission Home training in SLC.)

President McMurrin, clearing his throat, answered, "Harumph. Well, Elder, we have a plan that we use here in the Northwestern States but it's not that one. We quite like it, though, and

so will you as you get to know it." All of this he stated quietly but forcefully. Elder Hawkins received his assignment. When I asked about mine, President McMurrin replied something like, "We need a little more work on that." In the morning I learned I would be laboring with Elder Max D. White, the leader of the Puget Sound District in Tacoma, Washington; Elder Hawkins went on to Seattle. I surmised it had taken a little longer to arrange an initial assignment with a strong leader for me, to show forth the merits of the "Anderson Plan", the plan for this mission. We plunged in. I accompanied Elder White in his travels, tracted, held discussions, taught lessons, bore testimony to the truthfulness of the Restoration, studied and prayed.

I did grow to love the "Anderson Plan", twenty-six lessons grounded mainly in the Bible. I never saw or heard of any investigator receiving all twenty-six, though. Still, I was very much taken with the work. Initially, while tracting (calling on people at their homes), Elder White led out, demonstrating the NWS door approach. I believed the "new plan" procedures would be helpful and persuaded him to let me try at the next door. Okay, he agreed somewhat reluctantly. Though I had never actually tried a "new plan" door approach, I trusted the testimonies of the Warner twins who had assisted in the "plan's" development and testing. First, I had to "set the scene" as we stood on the front porch of our "test" house, before knocking (or ringing the door bell), which I did by positioning Elder White off to the side behind me. (Oh, this was going to be fun, even amazing - I had that much confidence!)

Knock, knock, knock. A woman came to the door, which she opened slightly. I said, "Good 80.

afternoon. We're ministers of the Gospel and we've come to call. I'm Elder Pixton," reaching out to shake her hand, which she opened the screen door to do. Whereupon, I passed her hand over to Elder White, while continuing to speak, "and this is Elder White." As they shook hands, I stepped into the house, and gesturing to the front room, asked, "May we sit down to share a thought about Jesus Christ with you?" Nodding, "Yes", we move into the room and seat ourselves - only an astonished Elder White is still standing outside on the front porch! I wave him to come and be with us (we really needed to stay together: mission rule #1 - never leave your companion!). He hurriedly came in and sat down.

We began presenting the "Scroll" discussion, a new lesson developed in NWS to precede launching into the "Anderson Plan", wherein the lineage of the Hebrews and the House of Israel are presented, with connection to Book of Mormon times and peoples, and with modern-day prophets called of Jesus Christ (the Joseph Smith story). The teaching aid used in the presentation was a small replica of a real scroll, made from a sheet of window blind material with stained split dowels fixed top and bottom and with appropriate terms and drawings printed on it. (It was small enough to be carried in the breast pocket of a suite jacket: rolled tightly it made a stout knocker for doors and dog's noses.)

We had been talking together, reading from her Bible, and presenting the topics of the discussion for about twenty minutes when the woman looked up and spoke, gesturing to the door behind us, "Hi, honey," or something similar. Turning around to look, we saw a not-too-happy-man standing in the kitchen doorway, wondering what was going on. We, turning to the woman, introduced ourselves and invited him to join us but he waved off that invitation and invited us to leave. We did. Because of its obvious advantages, though, we began using the "new door approach" regularly because it facilitated a NWS goal of teaching more lessons inside the homes visited rather than on the doorsteps or porches.

Another approach was to tell briefly about the Book of Mormon, it being new scripture for our times. If interest were shown, a copy was "loaned" for further reading and study. The idea behind the book being "loaned" was the implication of a call-back or follow-up visit. One such approach yielded a miraculous encounter.

Exactly a month into my mission (25 March 1955) (quote) (D)uring Elder White's and my afternoon's work I contacted my first minister, a Reverend Case. He introduced himself, however (unlike his door name plate), as Pastor Case: 'I realize the term Reverend is not scriptural.' He believed that the Christian world had better 'stay with the Bible - scripture - instead of using man-made books (referring to the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price)', and then hurriedly closed his door before I could testify. (unquote) [Missionary Journal for date given, and following material in (quotes).]

(quote) Further evidence of the divinity of the Book of Mormon came this evening when the story of a family tragedy was recounted. (unquote)

We called on a Mr. and Mrs. Wooten to learn whether they wished to continue reading a copy of the Book of Mormon that had been "loaned" to them. We talked briefly. Then one turned to the other and said, "Show them the book." A regular soft cover missionary Book of Mormon was handed to us, the very same copy that had been "loaned" to them. We each handled it

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and examined it - nothing seemed extraordinary or remarkable about it.

Mrs. Wooten then related the following: a daughter of the Wooten's borrowed that copy of the Book of Mormon to read herself. It was put on a shelf next to the Bible in a bookcase that had been in the living room of her (the daughter's) home. Sometime later the daughter's husband fell asleep while smoking in the living room. (quote) Fire turned the room to ashes, suffocating the husband (who apparently was awakened by the blaze but could not crawl to safety before being overcome). (unquote)

In the ashes of what had been the living room was found a melted glob of material that had been a TV set; the bookcase, with all its contents, was completely destroyed excepting that very copy of the Book of Mormon which had been placed on the shelf next to the Bible!

With something akin to awe, Elder White and I reexamined the book - not one mark was on it; there was not even a smoky smell. It had survived a fire hot enough to melt a TV set, burn all the other books in the bookcase, and reduce the living room to ashes. My testimony of the Book of Mormon being a divine gift was strongly affirmed: Book of man (as charged by Reverend Case) - never!

"What do you think of the Book of Mormon now," asked Elder White. "It must be true," spoke Mr. Wooten. "What do you want to do about it?" "We'd like to keep it a little while longer." "Okay," said Elder White, "but we'd like to pick it up when you're through. Would that be alright?" The Wootens agreed that that would be fine and arrangements were made for a day and time to retrieve the book.

A week later (1 April 1955) I was transferred to Newberg, Oregon, as Junior Companion to

Elder Reed B. Burnett to open that area for missionary work. It was while there I learned that when Elder White (and his new companion) called for that special copy of the Book of Mormon, it was not there. When he asked the Wootens if they had forgotten to set it out as agreed, they said, "No, we put it there, just as we said we would." But, the book was never found. Could it be that it was claimed by a higher power as an additional witness? Perhaps... But my testimony was strengthened, for I had held that marvelously preserved book in my own hands, had leafed through its pages, and bear witness this day that it was not marked by the fire in any way.

As a footnote: a week or so after Elder White and I had first heard from the Wootens about their tragic loss, other Elders were tracting in Olympia, Washington, which is about thirty miles from Puyallup, Washington, where the fire occurred. Upon knocking at one door, these Elders were greeted with, "Oh, you're those Mormon missionaries with the book that won't burn!" SLAM! They didn't know what to make of that rejection until they, too, heard the story. Perhaps some day we will learn the full purpose of this miracle, and a thousand times a thousand others ... Perhaps, if we are worthy to receive it. I pray we will be.

Let's return a moment more to my labors in Tacoma with Elder White. He was a hard worker. That set the tone for the rest of my mission - don't sit around, do something, make things happen. For example - just follow along with me a minute - I left SLC on 24 February (1955), arrived in Portland, Oregon, on 25 February and spent the rest of the day with President and 82.

Sister McMurrin and the Mission Office staff, and traveled to my initial Mission Assignment the day after that, 26 February. In passing sometime during the day, Elder White mentioned that we and the Olympia Elders, Elder Smith and Elder Deputy, would be attending the Grey's Harbor Branch Sacrament meeting on Sunday (tomorrow) and that he and I were to be the speakers, watching my face for any negative reaction. I looked back at him and responded, "That will be great!" Now he's the one surprised. "It'll be your first Sunday in the mission field and you'll be speaking." I smiled. (Remember, I shared with you my rule about Church talks? Never throw one away.) I was prepared - I just needed to adjust my District Clerk talk (Honshu Servicemen's District, Tokyo) to the present situation and invite the Spirit to be with us.

As appointed, the four of us drove to Grey's Harbor on the Pacific shore of Washington state (a truly beautiful, scenic area on the ocean). Elder White and I spoke about twenty minutes each. Elder and Sister May, a full-time missionary couple laboring in the Branch, invited us all for dinner after the meeting. [Journal entry: Delicious.] Elder May had conducted the service as the Branch President. (That was another plus for me, being the Missionary District Supervising Elder's companion, I got to go where he went, meeting the Saints and Missionaries, and learning the administrative workings of the Mission.)

Before March was over, I had taught two lessons, "loaned" well over a dozen Books of Mormon (quote) [EW] "I've never had a Junior who could loan more books than I." (unquote), made friends with a number of kids and dogs, attended my first baptism (six converts), and enjoyed a (Tacoma) Stake M-Men and Gleaners awards dinner and entertainment, at which I was surprised to see and visit with a few old friend who had relocated to the area. They included Chaplain Lell O. Bagley (Korea) and his wife, Carol (Washington, D.C.), both of whom I had met individually while they were apart because of the War - it was wonderful to see them together; Richard Pexton and his wife, Donna (SLC); and Janet Young Hammond

(Lambda Delt', U of U). [from Journal entries]

As missionaries, we don't suddenly stop being whom we were prior to the Mission. Preparing for mission service, however, focuses thoughts and effort on sacred purposes, which may lead persons to change the emphasis given to various aspects. Or, not, without an occasional friendly reminder.

Recall from what I said earlier as to the reason Stan Smoot was selected to be our Basic Training Company guide-on bearer. Got that? Right, his classic 30" (thirty-inch) stride. Why wasn't I competitive? Right, again. My stride was too long, everybody was practically having to run to keep up with me. Consider, I'm still the 6'5" I was then, same long stride, but Elder White is around 5'7" or -8" (and more "round" than he would like to be). (quote) Elder White remarked about my stride today as we moved uphill toward the car, "When you get there, Elder Pixton, just get in and wait. I'll be along shortly." (unquote) I slowed down so he could catch his breath.

Another time (on a Monday) (quote) Elder White conducted four lengthy lessons (Anderson Plan lessons, which worked best one-on-one, so there wasn't any involvement for the companion missionary) during the day throughout which I tried my hand at composing music to fit the 6th and 7th verses of the 55th chpt of Isaiah. [EW] "I've had companions that went to sleep or wrote letters or half listened, but never who composed a song before!" (unquote)

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Guilty - I still have the piece tucked away some place in my files.

(A Thursday) (quote) Did my first tracting this afternoon in a discouragingly cold wind. I did not "take" any doors. Elder White demonstrated and loaned 2 B(ooks) of M(ormom) in 12 tries. This evening I spent sometime playing the organ in the (S)take house here. Same fine instrument as in Douglas Ward back home. (unquote) Music to sooth my soul.

(A Monday) [First Mission Conference with President and Sister McMurrin and Elder Dalton, 2nd Counselor] (quote) Flew up to Seattle this morning (by car) for missionary conference ... For study meeting this afternoon the (P)resident asked a group to sing some special numbers. Ten responded, I with them. Elder Young conducted, Elder Allen accompanied and everyone seemed pleased. During a 4-hour testimony meeting, everyone bore record of the work. What a wonderful experience. (unquote)

(A Monday) (quote) So cold has it been for this country that the annual Tacoma parade of the Daffodils has been postponed till the middle of next month. [Today was supposed to be the first day of Spring] Well, because (S)pring is the time for new things (and mostly because he needs one) Elder White went looking for a suit of clothes. Gone is his size 40, 32-inch-waist figure. Alarm set in when the clerk said, "We'll fit you with a 42 and allow 36 inches around ..."! (unquote)

(Tuesday) (quote) The dieter was off and counting every calorie today - ah, that delicious Knox gelatine. No desert again tonight. I hope the members who have been feeding us don't take offense - with Elder White dieting and me not eating chocolate. (unquote) (Wednesday) (quote) Extra calories keep looking more appetizing to the protein shadow. (unquote) (Thursday) (quote) The rent, two medium wedges of delicious pie, which threatened Elder White's diet, closed this evening during supper at Bishop Eastman's when he successfully

gambited to check-mate offers of both chocolate cake AND strawberry ice cream! (unquote)

(Wednesday almost a week later) (quote) The "slimming" Elder White, "I've been eating so much food for protein content, I never will loose any fat at this rate." (unquote) To be continued? ... (I believe he decided to "accept" the size 42 and the "comfort" inches around the waist.)

And this on the Thursday before departing Tacoma, Washington: (quote) These people have been great - will miss them. (unquote) I've especially appreciated Bishop Eastman, 2nd Ward.

Travel back to the Mission headquarters in Portland, Oregon, was by train. While enrout, I talked with a man in the Navy, sitting next to me, for about an hour. He seemed interested in my activities as a missionary, demonstrating to me that all around us are opportunities for spreading the Gospel. I was met by Elder Burnett, my new companion, and Elder Welker of the Mission Office staff, and since I had been late boarding in Tacoma and I hadn't been able to check my luggage, I wrestled it into their car and we drove to the Mission Home and sleep.

Accompanied by Elders Dalton (2nd Counselor) and Welker (Clerk), Elder Burnett and I arrived in Newberg about 10:00 the next morning, 2 April 1955. The first order of business was to locate a place to stay, which we did in town at ----- (address).

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Among the first things I said to Elder White when I got to Tacoma was, "I'd like to have the opportunity to open a new area." This is it - Newberg, Oregon: Home of George Fox College, a small, Christian school in a town of about 4,000 people, essentially rural, with 31 different churches sending forth just about every "wind of doctrine" (Ephesians 4:1) imaginable. There was a small LDS Branch, too.

(quote) Elder Burnett seems to be a fine chap. Younger than I, (he's 20) has been in the field for nine months. This is his first assignment as senior. A bit nervous now, he'll grow more confident day by day as the Lord strength(en)s him for the work ... with the help of the Branch President and the Relief Society here, set up housekeeping. From all appearances, we'll get on fine. Elder Burnett eats the same things and likes the blankets up under his chin - moue simpatico. (unquote)

On our first Sunday in the area, via commercial television, we viewed the first session of General Conference in the home of one of the less active members of the Branch, attended Fast Meeting at the church, and ate Sunday soup and biscuits, with strawberry desert, at Brother Stewart's, a Counselor in the Branch Presidency. (quote) These people have taken us right in - even let me sing for them at service(?) this evening. So many fine people have we met. (unquote)

Finding people to teach through tracting was, at first, the only means to develop contacts in a new area. So, we walked and walked and walked ... during the first weeks in Newberg. We got used to hearing such classic door replies as, (quote) Bring him in here and let him read the Bible. Don't he know it's the word of God?; Don't care if you are elders, we just put the run on one here in town and I guess we'll do it again if we don't hear what we want; and, Too many churches in the world-that's what's wrong. Not enough Christians! (unquote)

Two more: (quote) I do my worshipping in church on Sunday. Outside of that I don't want

nobody coming and talking anything about religion to me; Yeh, there (are) a lot of guys going around making a soft living selling books! (unquote) This latter remark was an apparent reaction to other door-to-door callers who were trying to sell something and we've been lumped in with them, our message not being given a complete hearing.

Contrasted with these rejections were the responses of those willing to listen. One of those was Mrs. Siefert, (quote) who invited us right in after only seeing us. 'I know who you are. I don't let everyone in. But two such fine, young men must be missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ in Salt Lake!' Two elders seven years ago had helped this woman when she needed real help and she always has remembered. Talked about Salt Lake and the Tabernacle organ like she (was) a Mormon already. (unquote)

When I noticed (during tracting) Elder Burnett was not walking up quite even with me, I asked him about it. He replied, somewhat out of breath, something like, "Elder, you just keep going and I'll follow back here to put out the flames." It was that "walking fast" of mine, again. (quote) Around the apartment, things have reached a stable condition of me doing the cooking and Elder Burnett putting the dishes through the wash-dry process. (unquote) We observed this date (6 April) the restored Church was 125 years old.

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No two days were ever the same. The Restored Church just passed its 125th anniversary since its organization but (quote) this afternoon we met a Church of God minister preparing himself for missionary work in SLC-among the 'deceived peoples' of that city! (unquote) The following day, (quote) We were cursed and rather shabbily treated for some reason today - perhaps our own shortcomings (are) the cause. But new light came when news reached us that a Presbyterian minister had been jailed on charges of seriously molesting women. (He) has a family of his own and was (P)resident of the Newberg PTA. (unquote) These experiences were balanced by being able to hold our first evening cottage meeting with the Carroll family, of which the husband "thinks he's been baptized." It was a good start.

One week after we began tracting in Newberg, we finished loaning our first 60 Books of Mormon and, in one day, held three meetings, both personal bests. (We thereby had temporarily run out of Books to loan.) Filling intending to make up for lost opportunities when the replacement shipment arrived at the end of the week, we were called away to meet with Elder Annie T. Forsyth, missionary District President and his companion, Elder Brown, for a study class and testimony meeting in McMinnville (Ore.). The other missionaries in the District joined us, as well. (quote) My, what good men I'm laboring with. Each has an honest testimony and love for the Gospel. I thrilled again, as I have each time, in recounting the incident of the hurricane during President McKay's recent trip. He's a prophet of God - no doubt about that in my mind! (unquote)

Without a car ("missionary chariot") between us, Elder Burnett and I depended on the members for transportation, beyond what we could do by walking. And they were very good about helping whenever needed. Their helpfulness went way beyond that, too. Early on they began referring potential investigators for us to meet and teach. Sister (Verlee) Storms talked us into letting her wash our clothes on Tuesdays, using the argument, "You see ... that will give you more time to missionary to get us more members so each of us can resign a few of our jobs to them." (quote) Sounded so easy, we accepted. Wonderful people. (unquote)

It wasn't until 25 June (a Saturday) that (quote) we went to Portland and found Elder Burnett a car to use - '35 Plymouth in pretty good shape for an old car (unquote), ending, we supposed, nearly three months of "dependency." (In accord with Church policies, a missionary could apply for permission to own and operate a car in connection with missionary activities. The application, forwarded through his Mission President, was sent to the First Presidency for approval. Once approved, a car could be purchased and insurance coverage under the Church's Group Plan obtained for the applicable fees.)

The period of "relief from dependency" was very short-lived: the very next day (Sunday afternoon, 26 June) the transmission began to fail when a tooth broke-off from the car's low gear - (quote) so looks as if early repairs are going to be needed (unquote). Brother (Bob) Storms offered to fix the transmission and early the next morning (27 June) Elder Burnett and his temporary companion, Elder Hoops, the Accountant in the Mission Office, took the car to Brother Storms and (quote) they got the job done (unquote). (I'll come back to the need for a "temporary" companion for Elder Burnett later.) When Elder Burnett visited me (I'm out of action "temporarily", due to a recurrence of my old "war" injury - locked left knee) he reported (quote) his car works like new with a rebuilt transmission in it (unquote). Dependency be-gone, again! (By then Elder Hoops had returned to the Mission Office and Elder Warnnick,

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from Pleasant Grove, Utah, was Elder Burnett's newly assigned companion. I had been replaced. It had been a "grand" ride for me serving with Elder Burnett for the nearly three months of our companionship.)

During that period of time, we really had "stirred" things up in Newberg and the surrounding areas. We received a report that missionaries from seven different denominations were visiting in town to counteract our efforts. Anti-Mormon literature was being distributed. The local Ministerial Association sent out representatives who would go down the opposite side of the street we were tracting, contacting the residents to warn them against us (we observed this happening were they would call with literature in-hand).

Active anti-Mormon preaching was observed of or reported by the Free Methodist, Baptist, Seventh Day Adventist, Church of the Nazarene, Church of Christ, Lutheran, Jehovah Witnesses, and Methodist Episcopal churches. And earlier, there was the minister of the Church of God who was going to SLC to straighten out the "deceived" there. Collectively, their (quote) biggest perversion (of our beliefs) is that we don't believe the Bible or in Jesus Christ (unquote). Truly, a new war of words.

At one house, in answer to our knock, the woman answering the door, said, "I know who you are. Come on in. I've got to find out for myself. You can't be as bad as my minister says you are." We met with her to answer her questions to her satisfaction. (Beyond that, I was unable to return and had no further contact.)

No doubt, pressure was being applied to stop people from listening to or visiting with us. Investigators began making up stories to avoid us. An example: (quote) Called back on Mrs. ----- this afternoon and she started in on saying her husband had had to do something in town last night, which is why they were not at home when we called. However, her better-self took over, (and) she admitted the lie and gave the real reason - didn't want to see us (unquote). In that case, though, she agreed to a make-up meeting, which turned out fine.

Another contact quit who (quote) told us not to bother coming back as her neighbors and an aunt were hounding her to death against the "Mormons" (unquote).

Perhaps the most bizarre occasion of breaking contact with us began one afternoon when, having called back to follow-up on an earlier visit (loan of a Book of Mormon, likely), we were invited inside. Then, leaving us standing in the entry hallway, the woman stepped away into the kitchen, and, closing the door, talked in muffled tones with another person who hadn't wanted to be seen by us, having stayed in the kitchen when the front door was answered. As we strained to hear what was going on, it became apparent they were trying to decide what to do - about us. Had inviting us into their house been a mistake?

Everything went silent. No more hushed talking. We stood there for several minutes. When we heard what sounded like steps exiting the house, then a car start up in the drive-way and drive off, the strangest feeling came over us. We had been left standing alone in their house! Shaking our heads, we departed, shutting the door behind us. We did not try to visit again.

Elder Forsyth, our Missionary District President, was a special man. In high school he

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excelled at playing baseball, so much so, that he was recruited by professional baseball teams and signed with the Cincinnati Reds(?) as a rookie catcher in their farm system. His prospects were good that he would make it to the big leagues. However, when the call to serve a mission came, he accepted it with his whole heart and left baseball, not sure whether he would ever be able to go back after his mission. Physically, he "looked" like a catcher: large hands, muscular arms, solid chest and waist, heavy thighs and pile-driver legs, the picture of power and swiftness, an enviable combination. His clothes clung to his body, giving him a style and grace all his own. His broad chest was never intended to wear a buttoned jacket. His smile was all encompassing in its native attractiveness.

Yet, he was humble, hence in tune with the Spirit, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day. Because of this, he was misunderstood - by companions, members, investigators. The things that happened to him, to his aid, made him a "legend" in his own time - really. That was what was misunderstood. As background, Elder Forsyth was beholden to his home Stake Seven-ties Quorum for funding his mission. He had no funds of his own and, though I've forgotten the details, his family could not (would not?) help.

(At the time (1955) it was not uncommon for Seventies Quorums to finance one or more missionaries in their respective Stakes. That was considered part of their commission to lead out in the missionary activity of the Church. This purpose was facilitated by there being a Seventies Quorum in every Stake, under the priesthood direction, not of the Stake President, but of the First Council of Seventy, the General Authorities at Church Headquarters.)

Elder "F" would arise some mornings and announce, "Today is not a good day to go tracting." So the companionship would study the scriptures and teaching lessons all day or until time for a scheduled meeting. Again, he would say, "We need to go here - or there - or wherever," and accomplish a specific purpose: recontact someone, teach a particular lesson, search out an individual, knock on one more door, etc.

Unlike most missionaries who received funds regularly at the first of the month during their mission service, he could never depend on his funds reaching him timely. Too often it was in

the middle of the month or, sometimes, not at all. Invariably he would have personal needs he just didn't have funds to purchase. For instance, he needed a new pair of shoes, the soles on his were worn through (holey). As he walked past a shoe store in town, the owner came out and asked him to come inside and select a new pair, saying something like, "I had a feeling you could use a new pair and I want to help." Another time, it was a clothing store owner impressed to provide him with a new suit. With needed food, too, he was assisted. What a truly remarkable and special person, who touched my life profoundly by his great faith!

(While I was still laid up in July, Elder "F" visited to tell me President McMurrin was being released (hush, hush) and that he [E.F.] was being transferred to Spokane, Washington, I surmised as the new Missionary District President - little did I know then that in fifteen months I would follow him and preside in that same District until the end of my mission. That was the last time I saw him - I hope everything good continued to happen to him.)

Let's return to 25 June, the Saturday we found a car for Elder Burnett in Portland. In the evening, after enjoying "a fine experience" in the make-up meeting with the family that had 88.

"skipped" out on our appointment the previous night, we returned home. (quote) While I was typing material for my talk in Sacrament meeting tomorrow (26 June) - my first chance here in Newberg to speak - my left knee slipped out of kilter and locked. Just when we have transportation for the first time to save a few steps - well, into the VA (Sam Jackson Veterans Administration Hospital in Portland) in the morning (unquote).

Seen the following morning (Sunday), the VA doctor confirmed my previous treatment at the 121 Evac Hospital, Seoul, Korea, as the best temporary treatment. (quote) Spent the afternoon and evening in traction, a jug of cold water hanging from my left foot over the end of my bed (unquote). Elder Hoops, Elder Burnett's temporary companion, spoke at Sacrament meeting in my place. (quote) Couldn't sleep with traction device on, so after a pseudo-ortho examination, "Dr. Pixton" decided my knee was unlocked and off it came (unquote).

My admission to Sam Jackson VA Hospital on Tuesday (28 June) for extended treatment closed the door on continuing missionary activities for a time, thus the need to provide a new companion for Elder Burnett, which was Elder Warnnick. My treatment program was in three parts: 1) Bed rest for a week; 2) exploratory surgery, joint repair; and 3) convalescence for a month. The hospital environment was so different from what I had so recently enjoyed. Loud, horrible music and tobacco smoke filled the air. I (quote) (K)ind of wandered about the place today. Then the nurse making her final check this evening informed me that I was only to leave bed when absolutely necessary, and then walk on crutches (unquote).

For one used to moving around ("fast walker") and doing stuff, bed rest was "hard". A visit from the Protestant minister assigned to the unit helped pass the time. While serving in the Newberg Branch I had talked about wanting to help them participate in the Stake Roadshow activity planned for the Fall (1955). The Branch had never previously participated and the thought of being able to do so was exciting for them - if, as Sister Storms put it, I would write a script for them. Okay, I said, thinking that might be a good means for bringing the members closer together. (There were two "groups" in the Branch; when one was "in", i.e., had the leadership positions, the other was "out", and vice versa. They seemed to trade off being "in" or "out".) Consequently, I did some thinking about and planning for a road show as time was

available.

During the first day, there was a clarifying of the environment of the unit I was in. The loud "mouth" and the cigar smoker were moved out; also, the "midnight talker" had an operation, which quieted him. Things were looking up. But continuing vigilance was still necessary.

Visits with mission personnel were always welcome and refreshing. (The Mission Office staff were the couriers of my mail and "care" packages from home, which I very much appreciated.) Additionally, I felt so badly troubling the Mission Presidency with my problem. Throughout my incapacity, though, they were ever kind and gracious. After a week of bed rest, my knee was operated on by Dr. French and "fixed", hopefully, for the rest of my life.

Soon after the surgery, my doctor began urging me to lift my left leg. "I can't, I can't", was my wailing answer. That went on until the ninth day: "Pixton, if you don't lift your leg tomorrow when I come in, I'm going to burn the mattress out from under you!" Highly motivated, the next day I managed a good leg lift. In the meantime I was being assisted into a wheelchair

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each day for about week, to make the rounds needed, as much on my own as possible. To immobilize my knee after the operation, my leg had been encased in a huge, cotton-batting cast, which was removed on the eleventh day, using tin snips and a second doctor. Then after removing the stitches, Dr. French said, "Wait an hour before you start running all over the hospital!" What a kidder! A few days latter I lost my wheelchair driving permit and had to shift over to crutches, not the ordinary kind but the Canadian type, which depended on arm strength to carry the weight of the body rather than on cushioned under-arm supports. The advantages were faster mobility and less muscle atrophy.

(quote) Doing all of my getting about by crutches now (July 29). ... Mr. Wilcomb, an investigator contact from Newberg, was in here for a check-up last week. Visited with him during some of the evenings. The Aders, Storms, President and Sister McMurrin, and several of the missionaries have been up to visit. Elder Burnett's uncle, Ivan Burnett, and his wife also stopped by. Surely breaks the set of this place. Doctor Messenger tried to kick me out today but I've another week to go. (unquote) (That was a concession once I explained thoroughly that I had to be fully ambulatory, because I would be totally without nursing service once I left.)

(quote) Aug(ust) 4. Leaving tomorrow. Had some fine experiences while here. Am, for these last meals, eating in the mess hall which is a change from room trays. Lots of fine fellows around here of all ages. Gos (Illmore T. Gosden who, leaving for a home visit over the 4th of July holiday, quipped, "You guys take care of the Fourth and I'll take care of the Fifth (of Scotch, of course)"), Jim, Bob, Mike, Joe, John, Malarky, Smith, Big Bob, Kriedl, Manion, Quigley, and faces in between. Mrs. Roberts (Woody), "Cooky", "Dr." Spears (Harry), Stevenson, Masonic, Paul, Miss Rice, Tom, all the help. (unquote)

I may have made medical history with this particular hospitalization. Sam Jackson VA Hospital was an orthopedic specialty hospital. (How fortunate for me!) When my doctors were interviewing me for medical history, they sought some trauma/injury of my knee, way back when, to explain its degenerating condition. I could give them no such history, except for my habit of sitting frog-legged style, i.e., with both legs spread out to the side and flopped over, so upper leg, knee, lower leg, ankle, inside of foot, all lay flat, touching the floor, mat, rug (or whatever surface) at the same time. They postulated sitting like that for many years

(since a wee laddie) may have stressed the joint sufficiently to tear the cartilage and precipitate the "locking" phenomenon. They wanted to do a write-up, with pictures, in black-and-white and color, and had me sign a release - because I definitely wanted to be famous - surely you've heard of the sitting-frog-leg-style-cartilage-tear syndrome?

Putting levity aside, (quote) It felt very good to leave the hospital (August 5). One can't, however, just say goodbye and be done with such an experience. Our sufferings make deep impressions upon us. Mine, though not severe (for which I am most grateful), was long enough to impress my mind with two thoughts, foremost: the urgent need in the world for the Gospel, with its way of life of peace and brotherhood, and the inestimable blessing of good health. (unquote)

I took up residence in the Mission Home and entered into the work of the Mission office, able to be lifted and buoyed up by serving with them and with President and Sister McMurrin at the close of their five-year mission in the Northwest. Three times a week (MWF) I returned to the 90.

hospital for hydro- and physical-therapy. (I required a "driver" from the Office staff.) (quote) About half-way through the treatments my leg had sufficient strength again to support itself and normal load, and my crutches were replaced by a cane (unquote) - which was "dashing" itself, being blonde colored wood with a white rubber tip - (quote) What a figure I cut while walking, homburg, cane, gloves. (unquote)

In the Arts, there is an obligation to "give" something of yourself, each time you perform, whether, for example, in painting, dance, or music. Constant and continual "giving" by an artist, diminishes that person's resources and can lead to inartistic performance and "burn out", unless a means to balance the "giving" with "replenishing" is utilized. For me, in music, I have "tucked away" masterful performances of top artists that "sway" me or "fill me up" by their beauty, and, when I need a "boost", I go to my "hidden treasures" and "fill up" by listen to one or several, however many are needed, without distraction or interruption, letting these special performances wash over me with their gorgeous sounds. I am thereby rejuvenated and can "give" meaningfully once again.

Matters of the Spirit are much like the Arts. The Lord's injunction has always been, "Seek ye first to obtain my word, then, if ye are willing, you are called to the work." "Seek not to declare my word before you obtain it." "Study diligently and I will enlighten your mind so that in the day of your need, in the very hour, I will bring to your memory what you should say." Missionaries are very like artists. Their dedication for two years requires heart, might, mind, and strength. Their concerns are not theirs, per se, but those of others, by-and-large. They study and commit to memory the substance and tools necessary to their unified goal - bringing souls unto Christ. And they need to refresh their own souls if they would affect others refreshingly.

In my view there is nothing like a Conference of United Laborers bearing testimony to the Work, to refresh the soul, especially one that is benefited by wise, inspired counsel and admonition. After more than a month in the hospital I really needed recharging. And I got it directly. I was fortunate to attend the last of the missionary conferences President McMurrin conducted, as his replacement was due in early September. In attendance were all the missionaries in the immediate Portland area. President McMurrin was a forceful speaker, his

voice raising and falling in loudness according to the emphasis intended. (He had honed his speaking skills as Speaker of the Utah (state) House of Representatives for several years.)

He delivered to us on this occasion a masterful discourse regarding the true Priesthood of God. (We were giving him our rapt attention.) He remarked how in the Kingdom, this authority is used without pomp or show, without special vestments or robes, referring to the practices of apostate Christendom. Then, referring specifically to the rich vestments of clergymen, he brought his hand down sharply on the rostrum - BANG - and in almost a shouting voice, exclaimed, "We don't need them!"

Sister Winters (of the Office Staff) had been listening with one ear, so to speak, while keeping her hands busy with knitting (literally). Anyway, she wasn't paying full attention, so when the President's hand banged down on the rostrum, followed by his loud voice, Sister Winters was so startled she let out a scream and threw her knitting into the air, which couldn't help but be noticed by everyone in the room. She was so embarrassed, "Oh, I'm so-o-o sorry."

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President McMurrin couldn't suppress a chuckle (under his twitching mustache) and a mirthful gleam in his eyes. Needless everyone, she especially, paid close attention for the remainder of his talk. What's the harm in a little drama. It did not diminish the marvelous spiritual effect of the Conference. (quote) What a feast we did have! All bore fine testimonies. (unquote)

Mid-month (Aug 14), the entire Mission Office staff (to which I now belonged, having begun to pay my monthly boarding bill) accompanied President and Sister McMurrin to Woodburn, Oregon, for the Mount Hood District Conference. Of note, (quote) President McMurrin gave a wonderful discourse on the nature of God. He has certainly born valiant witness to this work wherever he has gone. The hearts of the saints surely belong to him. (unquote) It is (still) difficult to put into words the warmth of feelings I had for this servant of the Lord.

He placed no restrictions on my period of recuperation, "Get well." Once released, he put me back in the "traces", little things as first. "Elder Dalton (Mission 2nd Counselor), take Elder Pixton, and go help this Sister with her request for an Elder to dedicate her husband's grave." We went and, at Elder Dalton's direction, I dedicated the grave (which thing I had never done before). (quote) Sister Pearson (wife of George Milo Pearson, recently deceased) thanked us by word and letter, "We are most grateful for your part in dedicating the grave of our son and brother. Your words... truly put the right finish to the services ... (they) were most in keeping with the situation and gave us the comfort and solace of placing 'Milo' in his rightful position for progress if he so chooses." (unquote)

"Elder Pixton, I think it would be appropriate for you to speak briefly during the Mount Hood District Conference." (I had.) (quote) About the 24th of August President McMurrin interviewed me about m(y) condition and decided that I should replace Elder Conger (unquote), whom I had known up in the Tacoma-Seattle area during my companionship with Elder White. I would assume his clerical work in the office and he could then return to active proselyting, definitely a "Win-Win". When I told President McMurrin about my offer to the Newberg Branch, he agreed to let me write and direct a "Roadshow" for them.

He permitted "time-off" when my parents and youngest brother, Tommy, visited me in the mission field following my release from the hospital. (Their visit was Aug. 25-28). They had been worried about me, especially Mother. We spent the few days they were there, visiting

and eating together. Sunday evening of the weekend they were with me, we saw the Robert and Verlee Storms family in Sherwood (near Newberg) - and I got to speak in Sacramento meeting, making up for the talk I prepared but couldn't give when I became disabled two months earlier.

(quote) Sister Storms told me afterward that our visit just simply revived the Sabbath for them. Some very worldly people had just been looking through their house to see whether or not they desired to rent it, and their attitude had quite upset the Storms. But that feeling completely disappeared, she said, with the sweet spirit my parents brought with them. Another shot-in-the-arm, so to speak, was the fact that both Tommy and I called them "Mother" and "Father," which, as she related, is a practice quite foreign to the Northwest. ... Monday morning, after a brief visit, the family started for home, leaving me in fine spirits and more appreciative for them than ever. They arrived home safely, without much trouble. (unquote)

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A new phase of my mission began 3 September when Elder Conger left the Mission office, to return to proselyting activities. I had learned his clerical duties but did not have his efficiency as yet. I can't blame my forgetting to update one particular elder's auto insurance record to still depending on a cane to get around, either. Ordinarily, being a few days tardy wouldn't have mattered unless the elder's car was involved in an accident in the interim. It was. He was doubly upset: an accident and no coverage. I was so sorry and processed the application immediately. Ironically, this same elder later "requested" the use of my cane when he injured his foot. "Sure, be my guest," was my response, "and just keep it." Small recompense.

Life in the Mission Home and Office was very different from being in the field. With little opportunity for proselyting activities, just being there was its own reward, close to the Mission leaders. Having meals prepared and served daily was a big difference - no discussions between companions about who's doing the cookin'! And a bedroom alone was a luxury. Too, my special privilege was to be there when "the changing of the guard", so to speak, occurred.

The incoming Mission President, Elder Douglas H. Driggs, and his wife, Sister Effie Driggs, arrived on 6 September. The "hand-off" period lasted until the McMurrin's departure the 17th. President Driggs' pioneer fore-bearers settled Driggs, Idaho; from there, he and his brothers fanned out, himself alighting in Phoenix, Arizona, where he founded and presided at Western Savings and Loan, a prominent financial business in that area for many years (but caught up in the frenzied collapse of the 1980's). As a couple, they made a striking impression. He was 5'4" tall, she a bit shorter; both were beautifully attired and groomed, their lustrous, silver-white hair framing his handsome and her pretty face. His favorite expressing (regarding his height) was, "The true measure of a man's stature is from the shoulders up."

(quote) A point of deference was raised by President McMurrin at dinner - said he felt uneasy still presiding at table when his successor had already arrived. He was, however, assured by President Driggs that he was still in charge until he left, to which President McMurrin (gave) his usual, personable smile, and disarming chuckle. (unquote) During the time of overlap, office work proceeded routinely and the transfer of duties and responsibilities to President Driggs was completed. Specifically, my duties were clarified. "Elder Pixton," said President Driggs in one of our discussions, "I'm going to make you Mission Secretary." Assuming I had the "high ground", I replied, "But President, there no longer is a calling of Mission Secretary."

He looked back at me with intensity, and answered, "Well, if I want a Mission Secretary I suppose I can have one, can't I?" "Yes, of course, President." "Then, that's you." E fine.

He expected me to lead out, when and where appropriate. I did. The Mission Office occupied a substantial part of the basement floor of the Portland Ward meeting house, not far from the Mission Home. The missionaries in the Office traditionally presented a "Missionary Program" Sacrament meeting in the home Ward. I organized and conducted our participation at the end of September. Speakers were Sisters Winters and Grant, and Elders Hoopes, Adams, and myself; a missionary chorus of six elders from the close-in Districts comprised of Elders Conger, Barlocker, and four others, sang two special music numbers. Sister McGuire gave the closing prayer. (I noted the named Missionaries for various reasons: it was Sister Winters whose scream and tossed knitting punctuated President McMurrin's discourse at his last Missionary conference; Sisters Grant and McGuire were her companions, and together, they regularly went out to perform proselyting activities; Elder Hoopes was Elder Burnett's first

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temporary companion when I re-injured myself and also companioned with me in the Mission Office; Elder Adams was voice for a very special blessing of healing, to be visited hereafter; Elder Conger was my predecessor in the Mission Office; and Elder Barlocker and I had a mini-reunion in the early 1970's after Faye Ann, I and our family, relocated to the Denver, Colorado, area, into the same Ward where he was living.)

President Driggs supported my continuing efforts on the Newberg Branch roadshow. I was somewhat frustrated on two counts: there was no obvious individual talent to draw on and my music resources were all back home in SLC. With a title like, "*Touring the USA*", new words to old songs had to be written and a script of dialogue had to be created to give cohesion to our mini-play. When we began rehearsals on 9 September I had but four pages of script finished; not until our second and last rehearsal on 20th did I have the final two pages - with more music to learn. Overcoming their shocked reaction, "There's more?", (quote) they buckled down and worked hard, learning most of it very well. ... it was a group undertaking all the way. (unquote) I was so pleased with their performance at the Stake center on the 24th. To have them have that experience, even just once, was worth all our struggles. They earned an "Honorable Mention" rating for their efforts. (Elder Hoops endured as my "companion.")

"Home Night" at the Mission Home on 15 September was a party for the McMurrins. On his last day, 17 September, President McMurrin walked unannounced into the Mission Office. With that personable smile of his, he approached Sister Winters and said, "Well, Betty, ..." (no one ever referred to another missionary by his or her given name; by understood protocol, it was either "Elder" or "Sister"). He didn't get to complete his greeting, for when she heard her name, "Betty", spoken, Sister Winters let out an ear splitting shriek, which brought the entire office to a halt. President McMurrin chuckled, "I didn't mean to startle you. I was just going to wish you good luck in everything." He then bid each of us, in turn, goodbye (accompanied with quite a few teary eyes and lingering hand-clasps). Then he and Sister McMurrin drove off in their new, blue Cadillac sedan, bringing to a close a remarkable five-year mission.

The work of the Mission continued; though valiant stewards had departed, new ones with great promise had assumed its direction. (quote) A group of elders (was) called one evening to administer to a young bride involved in a serious auto accident. Elder Adams spoke mouth and promised her complete recovery. She left the hospital about six weeks later, to the ap-

parent amazement of her doctor. (unquote) Prior to her recovery, she was visited again by the elders and by President McMurrin, her "guardians", if you will.

A "guardian" of a higher sort, Elder Harold B. Lee, presided and spoke at our Stake conference on 18 September, the day after the McMurrin's left. The new Mission 2nd Counselor, Elder Keith Sellers, arrived at the Mission Home and took up his labors under the guidance of his departing predecessor, Elder Dalton. The "*Anderson Plan*" was laid to rest, except for the "Scroll" lesson, which continued in use. The original "stick figures", drawn by hand, were replaced with beautifully, color-printed, flannel-board lessons, corresponding to the discussions of the new "*Systematic Plan*". A large, roll-up flannel board became the preferred basis of lesson presentation - it was "huge"; it became part of the drama to set it up while introducing the material to be discussed.

The "three-some" of Sister missionaries in the Mission office dissolved with Sister Winters' 94.

being released from her mission to return home. Her replacement, Sister McGuire, had arrived earlier in the month. Elder Dalton, also, was released to return home. He was "one-of-a-kind", the genuine article, full of the Spirit and love for all. He would be missed. But Elder Sellers was very good, too. (He even let me purchase his "Gospel Chariot", when later I was returned to the field. What a car! A green, Mercury coup, with a "Columbia" rear-end, giving eight (8) speeds forward and four (4) speeds in reverse(?). I wanted to keep it and drive it home when released, that's how much I liked it. Later on, I'll tell why that never happened.)

Another change began in September, one that tugged at my "heart strings". If I could have altered it, I would have done so but it was beyond my influence. Brother and Sister Geraud Olie (OH-LEE-A), the Mission Home custodian and cook, were a wonderful couple, strong members of the Church, converts from the Netherlands. (quote) I had many occasions to talk with them and to learn of their love for the Gospel. (unquote) Both had taken out citizenship papers, which, for Sister Olie, were to become final June 4, 1956, and for her husband, shortly thereafter. (quote) Oh, how these folks have a love for education! They just couldn't get enough. Brother Olie agreed to school me in the German tongue if I would help him and Sister Olie with English. Unfortunately, because of my preoccupation with the roadshow, I was not able to take advantage of this kind offer, and, by the time the roadshow was over, the Olie's were on the(ir) way out of the Mission Home. (unquote) That has been my lament: what might have changed if we could have done some language drills together?

In talking with them, they recognized in me a kindred soul, one who had been abroad in the world among "foreigners" and experienced differences of culture and practices. "Yes," I said, "I was in the Army and lived in Korea and Japan for fourteen months." (quote) One of the reasons, undoubtedly, for their being asked to leave was their sometimes mis-articulation of language [English, in this case]. But here, I found, if you just listened carefully (something very few Americans take time to do), you could understand every word. And again, Sister Olie was a good cook but not the fanciest, and Sister Driggs was inclined to expect a little too much and to get a little impatient, something that Sister McMurrin just didn't do. Anyway, the Olie's and I had a very friendly and instructive relationship while they remained. (unquote) (An important part of the situation, of course, was that Custodian and Cook were paid positions and of concern in the Mission's budget that good value was being received for funds expended.) I was saddened to see my friends leave.

A replacement for Sister Olie was hired but none for Brother Olie. Sister Allen arrived on a rainy day in early October, for a temporary period only, leaving in November before Thanksgiving. After Sister Allen, Sister Farmer stayed for about a month and left, followed by Sister Glass, who came shortly before Christmas.

About the second week in October I caught a bad cold, which put me in bed. Beside being ill, I was wrought up about the "Mary Janet" issue: it had been some time since I received a letter from her, in fact, none since being disabled. After I missed meals the first day of being sick, tacitly having begun a "fast", I decided I would continue fasting until I got an answer to my question, "What about Mary Janet and me?" It is amazing to me, in retrospect, how I got to such a point that I needed an answer to that particular question. Dating her and taking advanced piano lessons were the main reasons that made the time, between release from the Army and the start of my mission, so enjoyable. Nonetheless, there was no "wait for me"

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understanding between us.

She hadn't waited. Writing to me and responding to my Mission related questions became less and less frequent. She decided to return to Graduate School and to continue dating. I had lost focus, investing too much time and worry and anxiety for naught, not realizing she was doing what we had agreed she should do. President Driggs intervened on the third day of my "fast" with, "Get up, Elder Pixton. Come, eat. There's missionary work to be done." In complying with his invitation, I had my answer, "Move on: she has." I had my focus back.

During the month I learned of the deaths of two of my "comrades in pain and service" at the hospital. I hope their step through the veil was not apprehensive. Long hours in the Office kept me busy. I was "tapped" again to respond to a request for help with a funeral service for a less active Brother, Levi ("Lee) Boulter Pead. I didn't know him or any of the family. When I sought counsel regarding the situation, I was told, "There's nothing you can do for him; he's dead. So, teach the Plan of Salvation to the living; there's still time and hope for them." That was the help I needed. Elder Hoopes was again my companion and shared responsibility: I gave the opening prayer. He then gave the obituary, followed by my "sermon": "Lee is gone. I can't do anything for him. But you're here and let me help you with that." It worked out beautifully, although I did have my doubts it could be so easy and direct. Elder Hoopes then closed with prayer, and at the graveside, I pronounced the dedication. We were blessed.

Toward the end of the month, the Driggs' older son, John, joined them. He served as a "family Missionary" for a short time, visiting and teaching with the full time Elders in the field and at conferences. He was an "alright, neat guy." He was handy as the family chauffeur, too. I continued to learn of the Spirit in my work, as well. I recall the happenings of a particular night after dinner which taught me a valuable lesson. The elders of the Office staff were congregated in the front hall of the Mission Home, discussing what activity to pursue for the remainder of the evening. Some thought a movie, some thought something else, whatever. I was standing by, listening, when President Driggs walked into our group, and, tossing the keys to his personal car to me (his Mission Secretary), said, "Here, Elder Pixton, take my car, go to a movie - take a break." And he went away.

This incredible feeling of clarity of purpose suddenly washed over me as I stood there with the car keys in my hand: "Let's go to the hospital and visit Sister -----," I said. The three other

elders agreed that that was what we should do. So we did.

Coming into her room at the hospital, the Sister said to us, "Oh, I've been praying the Elders would come. I need a blessing." We united and blessed her, visited a while longer, and returned to the Mission Home. I have often thought on that occurrence since. When we Elders were just standing around looking for something to do, we thought only of our own needs; but when the means for doing a greater work, i.e., using President Driggs' car, was given to us, the Spirit gave us the specifics of what we should do, which we did, and became the answer to another's prayer.

Music is both my refuge and bolster. I'm always grateful when I can use it in the service of the Lord. It also "tunes" my spirit to grander things than mere "flesh and blood." It has led me into the depths of beauty, peace, and harmony. I enjoyed playing the organs in the chapels of 96

worship wherever I've gone, and the pianos, too. I have lifted my voice in singing, as well, solo or ensemble or chorus or choir. My life has been and is enriched immeasurably thereby.

Unable to interest anyone else, I received permission to attend, on 8 November by myself, an evening solo concert by Alexander Schreiner, internationally acclaimed Tabernacle organist. The venue was in downtown Portland. When I arrived a little early, Brother Schreiner was playing a final check of the organ especially assembled for his concert. By error, a short pedal board had been sent. He indicated there was no way he could give the concert having only that pedal board. Immediately a full pedal was found, installed and tested. (Brother Schreiner was famous for his articulate pedal playing. Without that his concerts would be incomplete - it was half of the show!) Now things were ready. The entire program was wonderful. I thanked President Driggs heartily.

Earlier as November began, Elder Whitney Young was called to replace Elder Hoopes, my erstwhile companion. Elder Young was a skilled musician as well as trained in accounting matters, which was the principal reason for his transfer in. In discussions, though, when he and Elder Hoopes were not going over the Mission's accounting work, we thought how our music might be put to use to cheer the Saints at Christmas. We agreed to co-author a script for a dramatic presentation (a mini-pageant) that could be shared with the close-in Mission Branches, which were six in number. President Driggs approved the idea with enthusiasm. Elder Young and I agreed also to co-direct the production but that he would accompany the singing, both ensemble and solos, while I would deal with the technical stage matters: props, scenery, make-up, and lighting. We would not have access to a sound system, nor any costumes to speak of. Living without the things we couldn't have, did simplify matters.

In the interim, the regular work of the Mission and the Mission Office continued apace. A new 1st Counselor was sustained in the Mission Presidency, Brother Johnson, formerly a Bishop in the Church; his wife, Sister Johnson, was called as a counselor to Sister Driggs. I had personal knowledge of a matter that might have precluded Brother Johnson from serving as a Counselor, so when the vote to sustain was called, for the first time ever, I raised my hand in opposition. My negative vote was noted. Following the meeting, I was interviewed privately by President Driggs and I presented my recent observations at a local store that gave rise to my vote "to the contrary". Later, President Driggs arranged a meeting with him, Brother Johnson, and myself in which I presented once again my observations. Brother Johnson

averred the person I saw could not have been him as he had never been at the location where the reported behavior occurred. I accepted his testimony and withdrew my opposition.

Elder Hoopes went to his new assignment 18 November. At this time a severe winter storm struck the area, putting everything under a thick coating of ice; temperatures plummeted. This, in turn, hampered all kinds of travel and slowed or postponed missionary activities. However, Brother Latimer from Alaska was able to appear for his re-baptism, an ordinance that can only be approved by the Mission President. As this was the third time he had been baptized, he was strongly admonished to let it be "the last time". We were all witnesses to his renewed determination. Our Thanksgiving (holiday) was fittingly observed.

About 5 December things moved into "high gear" for the Christmas program. While Elder Young was finishing the script, I was designing spotlight units and a dimmer control panel

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which, I thought, were essential for an over-the-road show going to six different venues.

Finished script in hand, we met with all of the missionaries in the Portland area to learn what our talent pool was and to make preliminary selection of cast members-which included just about every one available. "A Carol of Christmas," the project's name, in three scenes presented "revised" versions of *Christmas Future*, *Christmas Present*, and *Christmas Past*. (A nod of appreciation to Charles Dickens!) Scene I depicted a Family awaiting the return of their missionary son; Scene II, a Missionary at Christmas on his mission thinking about home; and Scene III, a Couple without family being visited by Home Teachers on Christmas Eve. Rehearsals were held at times to be the least disruptive of on-going missionary work.

Busy as I was, it was nevertheless my privilege and pleasure to meet Brother Jens Christensen Westergaard at this time. Being a "local legend" in the Church in Portland, he was the "first Branch President in Portland after his baptism in 1898." [2004 Church Almanac, "Oregon Church History".] Well advanced in age, he nevertheless enjoyed visiting with all the "new" missionaries and telling again the stories of the early struggles of the Church.

In the beginning, he related, there was little interest in the Church. Something had to be done to arouse an interest. So, for a time, baptisms were announced in the local papers and various persons were invited that the "growth" of the Church could be observed. It was a good plan and worked to a degree - the only "failing" was that the same persons were being baptized again and again. He and all of us listening to him talk had a good laugh together over that.

He was not a tall man, and it could be said of him as Isaiah said of the Savior, there was "no form or comeliness ... that we should desire him" [Isa. 53:2] But there was a special spirit about him which was felt when one came into his presence: "Truly, this is a servant of God." Although a nonagenarian (in 1955) he still possessed a twinkle of eye, firmness of step, and winning smile. He honored me with a hand-decorated Christmas envelope and message in which he paid tribute to his deceased wife.

Though he longed to be with her, the timing of their reunion had been placed in his very hands through an unusual promise: The story was he was seated near the speaker's rostrum in a conference session. The speaker (who?) stopped his delivery, looked down at Brother Westergaard, and promised him he could live upon the Earth as long as he wished, and die

when he chose. Then the speaker returned to his message. After being told this story, I asked him if he felt it was time yet, and he told me, "Not yet." But by the time I returned to Portland at the end of my mission (February 1957) he had passed on. He had finally decided "It was his time".

[The following three paragraphs are included for the "Techies"; others may skip ahead without penalty.]

The (Christmas program) lighting units were made from ordinary #10 cans, by removing one end, making "church key" cuts (for air flow) in the remaining lid, and screwing a standard, porcelain light socket through the vented lid onto a block of plywood, which formed the base of the unit. The socket was wired to a double female receptacle attached to the back of the

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block; gel holding brackets were cut and bent from angle brackets, then screwed in place along the front rim of the can; and the whole assembly was spray-painted flat black. Using regular hanger strap, a "U"-shaped yoke bracket was bent for each unit and attached to the ends of the block with lag screws, which could be wrench-tightened to hold the unit in any set position to shine the light where desired. C-clamps were used to attach the units to improvised "lighting tree", i.e., just any old step-ladders that happened to be in the church building. Several male-to-male patch cords were made, in varying lengths, to permit ganging lights together and connecting to ordinary power sources (110-20 volt) with regular extension cords.

A control panel with dimmers was built from scrape wood found in the basement of the Mission Home. (Incidentally, that's where the tools used were also found.) The design was for four dimmer circuits and an un-switched through circuit for ganging multiple power feeds. Ordinary rotary room dimmers, 300 watts capacity, were used, with each circuit having a SPDT by-pass switch, changing between through-dimmer or direct power sources. Regular duplex power sockets were the outputs. The finished panel-box was, of course, painted flat black. Ambient light would be relied on for illumination of the control panel. To stay within each dimmer's power handling capacity, only 150 watts, or less, incandescent, par-type spots and floods were used. (That limit made possible the ganging of two units per dimmer circuit.)

The program was staged "in-the-round", requiring no scenery, per se, and little furniture. We "borrowed" upholstered pieces from the "foyer" and a rocker from the "Mother's" room, if available. And of course, step-ladders (in the building) and a dozen extension cords (brought from home and "loaned" for our use). Lastly, a piano had to be moved into the space. (We sent a note regarding these items to each of our contacts in the various Branches thus including them as participants in the performance they attended.)

(quote) 18 December. Spent most of today trying to find equipment for the Christmas program - dimmers, make-up, etc. (unquote) (This reference to "dimmers" was my continuing effort to rent a "Davis dimmer", the suitcase dimmer developed at the "UofU". Not finding one, I hurriedly built the device detailed above. Not finding lighting units to rent, as well, I had to scramble to build four units, also detailed above. Nothing like waiting until the last moment!)

(quote) 19 December. Ran a long rehearsal during the afternoon, becoming somewhat horrified, with opening night tomorrow, at how much everyone forgot. Hope for the best though. (unquote) (The loss to missionary work out-of-doors due to two consecutive days of wind and ice was somewhat ameliorated by our lengthy rehearsal - good show!)

On 20 December, after returning from running last minute errands pertaining to "A Carol of Christmas", (quote) ... the President called me into his office to tell me in a nice way, I was being replaced as Mission Secretary. Nearly took all of the soup out of me. At 4:30 the missionaries were off for opening night at Seaside, Oregon. Not very polished performance. Last song, "O Holy Night", redeemed the missed lines and muffed parts. Called special rehearsal to iron things out for tomorrow night. (unquote)

(quote) 21 December. Had a good rehearsal. Slept well, also. (unquote)

(quote) 22 December. Two shows tonight Molalla (Ore.) and Woodburn (Ore.). It really 99.

sounded good at the second. The saints wherever we've gone, so far, were enthusiastic. Some even cried a bit. (unquote)

(quote) 23 December. The show tonight at Estacada (Ore.) didn't have the edge that last night's shows had. However, the addition of a Davis dimmer to our equipment made the lighting much better than before. President Driggs and his wife were to have seen this show, but their youngest daughter, Anne, visiting from Phoenix over the holidays, arrived late by plane. So they missed it. (unquote)

(quote) 24 December. President still feels he wants me ready to leave on Monday, so today was an unusually long work day. I visited Mrs. Roberts (Woody) and Mr. Gosden (Gos) for the last time at 7:30 AM (at VA hospital). Then over to the office until 5:00 PM, when I took 45 minutes off to go eat the party dinner over at the Home, washing underwear and socks out in between. Then avoiding the programming committee, back over to the office. But instead of doing the work I had to do, I went into the chapel and played the organ awhile. It was 10 O'clock when I finally shut the office. Arriving at the Home I was thoroughly disgusted to find everybody else had gone partying, and there was no one there to sign the letters I had worked on all day! I felt like going home (SLC). Elder Robinson, who is replacing me, arrived about 10:30 and, after a quick trip to the Post Office, we both retired. (unquote)

(quote) 25 December. Merry Christmas. I awoke about 6 and opened the remembrances of my loved ones, having a very fine few minutes alone with them. This year I didn't feel quite right in spending the money I had, for presents and cards. Next year will be the same. After playing the organ over at the ward for a little while, then, taking Elder Robinson with me, I drove to Newberg for Sunday School, being the principal speaker myself. Earlier in the morning, I spoke to the President who extended my departure date to the 28th, which will give me sometime to breath, anyway. At 3:00 O'clock the missionaries set out for The Dalles and White Salmon and the last two showings of "A Carol of Christmas." We changed the arrangement of equipment in the Mission car I was driving, making room for our housekeeper, Sister Glaus(sic), to travel with us. Bless her heart, she really enjoyed both shows. We had a large crowd at The Dalles, about 250; and 50 or so at White Salmon. (unquote)

Of all the performances, the last was perhaps the most touching. First, the good, dear, faithful saints attending there didn't give up on us when we were more than an hour late arriving due to heavy ice and snow hindering our way over the highways and bridges. And truth be told, we almost gave up when continuing became most difficult. Secondly, being the last show, I believe we "gave it our all", knowing we would never have this same opportunity

again. There was hardly a dry eye in the audience or among the cast at its conclusion.

While I might not be speaking for the entire cast, their feelings may be reflected in what I wrote in summary: (quote) I really enjoyed doing this whole undertaking and it certainly made this a memorable Holiday season and Christmas day. And we have certainly been blessed of the Lord in spirit and throughout our 435 miles of driving. I received a marvelous thrill being associated with the production. (unquote)

[excerpt from mag tape recorded Dec. 31, 1955]

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Nineteen fifty-five certainly has gone swiftly and, as this is the last day of the year, I do wish to record some of my thoughts. It has been a year of many changes; it has been a year of rich experience, and yet, within its walls I have felt the very depths of depression. I can't recall a time when I have had such mixed feelings, undertaking such a singular enterprise.

May I say that the love and faith and support of those at home have been pillars and guides to me, and I pray that they may continue throughout the coming new year. I pray also that I might achieve a peace of mind and a resonance of personality that may indeed be fulfilling throughout the coming year, and that I might increase in virtue and love and temperance, and in every needful thing - this is my desire.

I thank God for all that he has given me and for all the many blessings that are mine daily. Thank you, God, for noble parents and noble brothers, and for a richness of experience unparalleled in times past. Amen.

Chapter VIII. Missionary work is work. Like all enterprise, effort is required for success. And like any enterprise, it has both highs and lows, ups and downs. Discouragement and disappointment are not strangers. My reassignment out of the Mission office to Bend, Oregon, and a companionship with Elder Roland Oliphant brought me cumulatively "low" and "down", discouraged and disappointed. Elder Sellers, the new Mission 2nd Counselor, loaned me his car to drive to my new assignment. (quote) Traveling to Bend ... I stop-ped for a short, pleasant visit with Robert Storms and family in Corvallis [Ore.], drove across the pass between the Willamette valley and Central Oregon without chains, which just isn't done in the middle of the winter ... (unquote)

Elder Oliphant was there to receive me at the apartment we would share for five months. We shared other similarities. Most immediately, I was recovering from recent hospitalization due to an injury, while his acute longing for his wife and small son, back home in Utah, made him physically ill much of the time; neither of us could sustain a full, active schedule of missionary work. In turn, President Driggs was hoping that I, tempered by my condition, might be more sympathetic toward Elder Oliphant. Another similarity was we were both "older elders", me, due to having had to delay beginning a mission until two years of military service was completed and he, because his draft board stopped him from going on a mission while he was single. And last, but certainly not least, we both genuinely desired to serve missions. So, humbly, we agreed to make the most of our situation, with him as the "senior" companion.

If anything, it was colder in Bend than it had been in Portland but having Elder Sellers' car to use did limit our exposure. Since it was Elder Oliphant's belief his transfer to Bend was the final one before his release, it made more sense for me to have a car than for him. I applied for the necessary approval and contacted Elder Sellers. He wrote, "I feel I would have to get \$250.00 out of it. If you wish to buy it for this amount, let me know and I will not try to sell it (in the Portland area)." The necessary approval from the First Presidency was received 25 February. Thus, for \$250 (a loan from my family), which I paid Elder Sellers, I acquired the 1947, green Mercury coupe, with Columbia rear-end, that had been his "Gospel Chariot".

It had started to "cost" me even before its purchase. On a very cold, miserable day the first week in February, I laid out under the vehicle, on the bare asphalt, without adequate winter clothing or gloves, to "fix" something or other - I don't remember. It took longer than I planned but I stayed with it. When I finished, I was very chilled, edging toward being frozen. Worse. I developed a severe ear ache, which disabled me for a whole week. The members' came to my rescue and I got medical assistance, which greatly aided my recovery. (quote) Doctor's comment: Now you know how a real ear ache feels! (unquote) Elder Oliphant did what he could to aid, mostly by not complaining about my unwise activity.

It was like that, the whole time we were together. We adjusted to each others condition and accommodated each others needs. Certainly one of the nicest things said to me during my entire mission was his teary-eyed, heart-felt comment as I prepared to leave in May for my

next assignment in Yakima, Washington, "I was hoping they would leave us together until I went home in July." I felt his disappointment, too, but I was also looking to be more active than I could have been if I had remained in Bend. (I'm probably his only companion who ever thought, "Elder Oliphant was good for me." Patience and compassion had devolved.)

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Did I mention, the members in Bend were terrific. I really got to know many of them personally. The member District President, Max Williams, and the Branch President, Grieg Coyner, became my good friends, as they were to Elder Oliphant before my arrival. As missionaries, anything we needed to move the work along, we got. Norm Whitney was another who went out of his way to befriend me. "Ah ha," you'll say to yourself when you learn he was the high school music teacher! That was a bonding element, but it was more what we were able share with him and his family during their grieving for their sweet, infant daughter, Nan, who died. (I never sang better than I did at her funeral in response to Norm's request.)

I couldn't then, and can't now, help contrasting the love and compassion suffusing every aspect of Nan's departure with the cold, mechanical, dismal pall enshrouding the burial of a weeks-old Indian girl, the daughter of a young couple who were our neighbors. There was so much hope mingled with the tears and sadness of Nan's passing; no hope, no compassion, no comfort, nothing, from the minister reciting at the Indian infant's grave - not even an indoor service for her, in the very dead of winter. Both families were bereft; for one, their little one was only gone for awhile; for the other, she was damned, lost forever. They, too, were lost; we could not interest them in our message.

I struggled inwardly at first in Bend; self-piety clouded my view, which was, "How did I loose favor with the President?" Rather than opportunity, I regarded my circumstance as exile. As I said earlier, Elder Oliphant "put up with me", for which I'll always be grateful. Then during our February Missionary Conference, President Driggs devoted an hour to restoring my vision, talking with me personally: (quote) 'Elder Pixton, you have one of the finest concepts and knowledge about the Gospel of anyone I have met. I wanted you to be out using this ability of yours to teach others instead of wasting it on routine matters in the office. Elder, I consider 25 hours spent by you in teaching the Gospel to be of greater worth than 50 hours of most of our elders.' It humbled me to know of President Driggs' great regard for my talents. What a responsibility is mine, even more so now! (unquote)

Even ahead of this clarifying "pep" talk, I did come to grips, somewhat, with reality. As the new member of the companionship, I knew nothing about the status of our contacts or the schedule of lessons to teach. As we focused on the contact list, Elder Oliphant would give a short report of where we stood with each. One name popped out at me, Walter A. Roy; he had had all the discussions but was not yet baptized. "Let's go talk to him," I said. "Okay, I don't know, though. He knows the Gospel but - ", commented Elder Oliphant. He didn't suppose much would result from another contact.

We arranged a visit. "Brother" Roy received us with restraint. "Were we going to go over everything, again?" was his question. "No," said Elder Oliphant, "Elder Pixton just wanted to come by and meet you and visit for awhile." So we visited. It soon became apparent to me that what had been said about his knowledge of the Gospel was true. I felt impressed, then, to ask him simply, "Brother Roy, you know and understand the Gospel so fully, why haven't

you been baptized?" He looked directly back at me and replied, "Nobody has ever asked me!" Whether that was truly so, I couldn't say - and at that point it didn't matter. I said to him, "Then, Brother Roy, will you be baptized?" He returned, "Yes, I will." We were stunned - and happy - both at the same time!

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Seizing the moment, I moved on, "Brother Roy, we are planning a baptismal service in Prineville (the nearest Church building having a font) for February 2nd. Will that be soon enough for you?" "Yes, that's fine," he said. "But," he went on, "there's just one thing I won't do, so don't ask me." "One thing?" I inquired. "Yes. I've seen those, who were just baptized, stand in Fast and Testimony Meeting and bear their testimonies. Don't ask me to do that." "Alright," I replied, "we won't ask you to do that. That isn't a requirement in order to be baptized." We left with his firm commitment. Our entire visit took less than half an hour.

On the appointed day, it was my privilege to baptize Brother Roy and to stand in the circle as hands were laid on his head and Elder Oliphant confirmed him a member of the Church and bestowed the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Truly, it was a "privilege" because, while I had had no hand in teaching him the Gospel - others had planted and watered the seeds which bore good fruit - I had, under inspiration, asked the all important question, "Will you be baptized?" My role was being a "servant of the harvest". (quote) I thoroughly enjoyed this service, even though it was my first day out of bed after the ear infection. (unquote)

How marvelous are the workings of the Holy Spirit. At the very next Fast and Testimony meeting, Brother Roy was the first one to arise and testify. (Even now, almost sixty years later, my eyes mist at the memory of his pure, simple utterance.) He said he had been waiting all his life to make such a declaration. He was so thankful to finally be a member "of this Church." That is the true joy of missionary work: another of Father's children has passed through the gate and is now upon the pathway home.

I experienced another singularly spiritual moment in Bend, on a beautiful, Spring day. Elder Oliphant and I were walking down one of the main streets in town (notice, I said "walking"), on our way to call back on a "missed" appointment. (Sometimes persons would agree to meet with us again, then not answer the door when we called back; sometimes, when that happened, just to be sure no one was home, we would immediately call them on the telephone. If the call was answered, we would simply confirm the appointment, saying, "We'll be right over!" and hurry there.)

Well, we were hurrying back in such a circumstance. A marvelous feeling suddenly came over me, totally. I exclaimed, "Elder, isn't this the greatest thing we could be doing in the whole world!" Elder Oliphant asked, "What do you mean?" I continued, "Here we are, missionaries for the Lord, Jesus Christ, on a beautiful day in the Spring of the year, on our way to teach someone about the Gospel that could change their lives forever. We have no cares of our own (speaking for myself), only the cares of those we teach. Isn't it just great? And even if we are unsuccessful with these people, we are still on the Lord's errand and are His servants!" He agreed, and for a moment, he forgot his terrible home sickness and longing for his little family in Orem, Utah.

On that occasion, I received a sure confirmation that what we were doing was acceptable before the Lord.

We are taught in the Church not to seek after office or assignment. Yet, in my heart, I really wanted to become the Mission Presidency 2nd Counselor, the "highest" organizational calling that could come to a full-time missionary during the era of my missionary service. I thought I

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was that good (and in so thinking, I probably disqualified myself, lacking sufficient humility to be a servant to all). Nevertheless, because of this desire, I was particularly watchful over the office of 2nd Counselor.

As the "Elder" serving in that calling would complete his mission, I'd say to myself, "Maybe now is the time I'll be called." But Elder Dalton was followed by Elder Keith Sellers, not by Elder Pixton (which was, at very best, unrealistic, as at the time of that change, I had served less than a year, and was recuperating from surgery, with still months of rehabilitation yet to come). My self-reassurance was, "Don't be discouraged. There's still time." Then - time ran out.

About four months or so into 1956, I happened to "bump" into Elder Kent Linebaugh as he traveled through Bend where I was laboring; or maybe, it was he who "bumped" into me - his cream-colored Mercury coupe was easily recognized by another Mercury coupe owner (so far as I knew, we were the only members of that exclusive club). "Where are you going," I inquired. "To the Mission Office", he replied. "Oh," I said, "what's happening?" "Elder Seller's is being released." (Chungg!) Hesitantly I ventured, "So, you're ...?" He finished, "Yes." My last question was, "And when do you go home?" His release date was close enough to my own that I then realized my desire was never going to happen. Goodbye, desire.

Upon reflection, I'm so thankful I failed in that desire. Had I not "lost out", I'd never have been sent to Yakima, Washington, and, likely, never have met Faye Ann Johnson, whom I later married. And what a blessing that has been in my life! Further, I would have missed all the other marvelous things which occurred in the second half of my mission. "Seek ye first the Kingdom," became my personal mantra, beginning the relinquishment of pride and conceit and the turning from my will to His will.

What would be the chances of meeting someone in Central Oregon (Madras, specifically, where the elders of our district had gone, after study class, to "help" the Relief Society sisters celebrate their organization's birthday - with a fine dinner, of course) - continuing my original query - who would know my Grandfather Seth S. and his family? Remote, would have been my guess but, while waiting for preparations for dinner to be completed, I met and talked with Brother C. Neldon Stocking, the Madras Branch President. He remembered "some Pixtons from 'way down Riverton (Utah) way (whom) his folks used to go visit when their home was in Draper" (across the Jordon River valley from Riverton). He knew Grandfather, and Olive and Jane, his sisters, and Uncle Willard, from his visits there with his parents. Amazing.

Weekly written reports were an integral part of missionary life. They were the principal means of assessing the status of activity progressively. Other ways included interviews with the Mission President (I certainly appreciated that one) and one-day exchanges within an assigned companionship with the mission District President/Supervisor and his companion (this leader's title changed from one to the other following President McMurrin's departure) or with the "Traveling Elders", special missionary representatives of the Mission President. The fundamental purpose was always to encourage and inspire better performance, acknowledging

the "free-will" and voluntary nature of each missionaries' service.

President Driggs' prospective activity goal for me, companioned with Elder Oliphant, was 25
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proselyting hours per week (the Mission goal was twice that or 50 hours per week). Except for the first week in February when I was completely immobilized by an ear infection, in our first nine weeks together our hours of proselyting activities averaged 25.5 hours per week, right at the mark, giving the happy prospect of realizing the hoped-for benefit of our paring. But for the next twelve weeks our activity dropped off to a smidgeon more than 10 hours, on average, per week. In the same two periods of weeks (first 9/next 12) my personnel study rose from 8.66 average per week to 15.33 on average, nearly doubling.

What was going on was, it became more difficult to schedule around Elder Oliphant's health needs, hence I had a larger challenge to fill-up my days with meaningful activities, congruent to being a missionary. One thing I did was review memorized scriptures and learn new ones. Another was obtaining a public library card (the place was across the street from the back yard of our apartment) and checking out such titles as, Brodie's "*No Man Knows My History*," Dante's "*Divine Comedy*," and Farrar's "*Life of Christ*."

We went to a number of movies to break-up days of inactivity, to name but five: "The Court Jester", "Picnic", "Littlest Outlaw", "Johnny Appleseed", and "Passion Play" (only remarkable in Mary Magdalene's declaration of the Risen Lord). President Driggs okay-ed attendance, if, by doing so, Elder Oliphant would become less tense and then, relax. (He benefited greatly from "The Court Jester," which we viewed seven times, on different occasions, of course.)

There were "visits". We (quote) stepped across the street to view a community hobby show exhibiting in one of the local grade school buildings. Elder Oliphant summed the whole affair by saying, 'It's interesting to look at, but the real interest in most of these activities is doing them.' (unquote) In the absence of Brother Whitney, the regular director, (quote) (A)t the close of Sunday School this morning, I casually suggested to President Coyner (Branch President) that I'd direct a rehearsal, if the Branch choir wanted to practice ... (S)o at 6:00 PM we held choir practice, which, not speaking for anyone else, I thoroughly enjoyed. (unquote) When it came time for the "Spring Concert" at the high school, Brother Whitney directing, we attended.

We made the "grand tour" of the Church organizations in the whole central portion of Oregon state, from Madras and Bend in the West to Burns and John Day in the East, in response to invitations by Missionary and Mission leaders. What this amounted to in terms of travel, as of April 30, was having (quote) driven over 3,000 miles since January. (unquote) We had been "busy" without accomplishing much "business".

I'll have to confess that one of our trips was to Portland for what proved to be my final post-operative check-up. (quote) The check-up showed fine progress in healing the knee. Also learned more concerning the general condition of both hips and knees. Conservation is the order for the rest of my life, which probably won't last too much longer than 80 or 90 years. (unquote) Choosing the scenic route down the Willamette valley, we stopped in Corvallis, where Bob Storms was attending Oregon State University. Elder Oliphant got to meet the whole Storms family, Bob, Verlee and their boys, Rob and Rusty. (They're probably my favorite members from the Branch in Newberg (Ore.)). After (quote) a fine visit (unquote), we

drove over the pass through the Cascades, passing the Three Sisters sentinels, into Bend. (Brother Roy, our rough diamond, was ordained a Deacon on 22 April. How grand!)

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(quote) The President had a fine talk with Elder Oliphant yesterday [April 30 in connection with a Missionary Conference] and he caught fire today. We went tracting for the first time since I've been with him. It really felt good to get out and meet the people again. Many interesting experiences ... We had a fine evening with Brother Roy. I had decided to give him some more information on the preparation for the Restoration before (leaving him). His only question was on that very subject. (unquote)

(quote) Guess we over did yesterday. Elder (Oliphant) felt tired all day. We stayed in and studied. (unquote) Thus began a new period for him of "not feeling peppy." A week later, after lots of rain outside and lots of study inside, his doctor's examination disclosed (quote) (N)othing wrong yet. [My comment] Knock on wood. (unquote) As something positive, one evening for M.I.A., I began teaching a class for those (young people) who wanted to learn to lead singing and to play the piano for Mutual meetings. Medically, there was nothing to report on my companion. (quote) Wish I could help him more; I really like him. (unquote) The entire month of May we mustered but 31 total proselyting hours of a Mission goal during the same period of 200 hours. One day "on fire" had not been nearly enough to change anything.

Along the way, in reply to an earlier letter (catching up on correspondence was another thing I did to fill time), President Driggs used the phrases, "when ever you get around to (it)" and "let this ride along as long as you care to" regarding the final payment owed on a loan granted me and for payment of my December board bill (at the Mission Home), both matters having been forgotten in my funk at being sent off to Bend. He also shared with me the contact made with an investigator I had been unable to pursue personally and answered my inquiry on behalf of a man who had been divorced three times.

I wrote to him again, mostly reporting my dealings with Elder Oliphant. Near the end of his reply, he said, "Elder Oliphant has needed the encouragement, understanding, and patience of a strong companion ... ", which brought to mind an instance when it appeared a Church leader, believing I was the "senior" elder, had programed our Sacrament meeting talks so he spoke first and I, last. He was hurt, somewhat, by that assumption, for when he began his talk, he said, "Usually the "senior" companion is asked to speak last, but, in this case, I'll go ahead and speak first." It was too late for an apology, but then, thankfully, it had not been my doing. I wouldn't have knowingly offended him, ever.

A third letter from President Driggs a week or so following April (1956) General Conference acknowledged receipt of a check paying off the remainder of my loan. Then after some kind words about Elder Oliphant and me, he wrote,

Sister Driggs and I had a wonderful visit with your mother in our room at the hotel one day (the Hotel Utah was still a "guest house" back then), and then that evening I had the pleasure also of meeting your father. He had come with your mother to the reception of the Primary Association. You certainly have charming parents, and we did enjoy our visit with them tremendously.

My father, being there with Mother among all those people, was a joy-filled report of his improved condition, giving substance to his assurance that he and the family "will be alright" in

my absence for both military and mission service.

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Then my "separation" notice arrived, transferring me to Yakima, Washington (legitimately) as senior companion to Elder Marion L(yman) Henrie, effective May 28, 1956. (My personal proselyting activity kicked up to 28 hours transfer week and to 54 hours the following week; I was off and running (also "walking fast", the bane of previous companions) again!)

Elder Henrie welcomed me to our apartment, 112 South 2nd Ave., off the railroad tracks in an industrial part of town. It was not far from the Church building on 8th Ave., just off Spruce, close enough to walk to, should that be necessary. East of the Yakima River, which flowed on the east side of town was an area called Terrace Heights, where few members lived. South-ward was the independent community of Union Gap, sort of the entry way to the "Lower Valley", and to the west were a few small villages scattered among the farms and orchards, which ran up into the foothills of the Cascade range. North of town, across a sweeping curve in the river was the small community of Selah, an important storage and shipping point for the fruit grown in the "Upper (Yakima) Valley". Growing, harvesting, and storing a variety of fruits were the principal agricultural activities; premium quality hops for beer making was also cultivated. Specialty items such as mint and asparagus were grown, too, mostly in the "Lower Valley". (The aroma from a field of mint was almost intoxicating.)

One of the first things Elder Henrie made me aware of was a list of young girls in the Ward who were washing and ironing the white dress shirts of the missionaries. Surely, I would want to be "served" in that manner, wouldn't I? "Does this list include all of the girls in the Ward?", I wanted to know. "Almost," he replied, "excepting the three Johnson sisters" (who, interestingly, were Bishop Johnson's daughters). I said to myself, then and there, "I've got to meet those three!" They seemed able to do the right thing by not participating in such a dubious project. Yes, I definitely wanted to meet them.

I didn't learn, nor did I want to know, how the "shirt project" got started but I put an immediate end to it. First, I never started. Second, when Elder Henrie asked, "What will I do for shirts?", I responded, "We'll go shopping and buy you some drip-dry, non-wrinkle ones you can wash yourself." We went shopping and made the requisite purchase. (He did just fine washing his own shirts.)

I met the oldest daughter, Faye Ann, in this manner: It was a Saturday morning in early June. Elder Henrie and I had called by to discuss the details of an upcoming baptism with her father,

Bishop Johnson. The person to be baptized, Billie Jean Vales, had been taught by the elders before I arrived, so Elder Henrie was to follow through and perform the ordinance. We three men were standing in the living room of the Bishop's house, discussing matters, when Faye Ann, just returned after her Junior year at BYU, and dressed in a floppy sweat shirt and sweat pants, bounded off the stairs, into the room. "Oh," she said, somewhat embarrassed for having interrupted us, "sorry." No big deal. Her father simply introduced us, "This is Elder Pixton, and this, Elder Henrie." I was inwardly delighted, having now met the first of the three sisters.

I don't recall what she said but I do remember that that was when I began referring to her as "Sister Johnson." Little did I realize also at that time, I had "thrown down the challenge", so to speak, accepting which, she determined to get me to call her by her given name, "Faye Ann",

before she returned to BYU in the Fall. It was "fun and games" for her, a test of wills.

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Of some interest is the way the "arena" for accomplishing the challenge was formulated, unbeknown to either of us. A special class for college-age students was to run at the same time as Mutual. (Still in 1956 persons in this age group were included as a regular M.I.A. class, called "M-Men" and "Gleaners".) We (the missionaries) agreed to teach the class; the subject would be the "Systematic" missionary plan. Class members would take turns being the "investigator" and give answers to questions as if they didn't already know what the right answers were or ought to be. The class met most weeks throughout the Summer.

Elder Henrie and I regularly attended the Sunday meetings of the Yakima Ward. We spoke in Sacrament meeting a time or two, and I played the organ and sang as well. On one occasion four of us, Brother Wydel Henderson (an uncle to Faye Ann), Gary Garlick, Elder Henrie, and myself, sang "Oh, My Father" as a quartet with only twenty minutes of rehearsal after Sunday School. (I have a hard time being *ordinary* when performing and I tend to push for perfection as much as possible; I have been termed "too severe" because of this trait. I have had to watch myself closely, all my life, to avoid being too harsh, too hard.)

And we looked forward each week to meeting with the special class studying the missionary plan. Before the final session, "Sister Johnson", in responding to one of the my questions, started wandering off, sort of into "what if's", that didn't make much sense. In exasperation, I finally broke in on her ramblings with, "Oh, come on, Faye Ann ... ". She stopped and smiled. Point, set, and match. (It wasn't until much later I learned about the "challenge" stuff and how she had "won".) As a footnote, we presented the (quote) last of proselyting plan lessons to M.I.A. group tonight [Sept. 11], with a fine spirit attendant. One of the Gleaners quipped, 'I don't believe I'll come again. You ask too many questions.' Reply, 'I shall not return to your M.I.A. again. Our lessons are completed.' (unquote) We had had such a good time together, it was with reluctance we had finished.

In Bend, I had not had much opportunity to get to know my supervising elder, Elder Burton McKee, located in Prineville, Oregon, because of the special arrangement of my companionship with Elder Oliphant. We would meet at study groups, conferences, and baptisms, but there were never any companion exchanges or working visits. That all returned to normal in Yakima: exchanges and working visits resumed, which I thoroughly enjoyed.

My supervising elder was Elder Charles D. Salisbury, an engaging personality, likeable and easy to work with. His headquarters was Richland, Washington, one of the tri-cities in the southeastern part of the state. (The other cities are Pasco and Kennewick, the latter of which became home to the Columbia River Temple of the Church in 2001. Brother George Johnson, Faye Ann's brother, was called as President of that temple in 2013.) With his companionship, Elder Salisbury was always a welcomed visitor and leader. Describing himself: I'm about 5'10", already balding on top (and pushing 30 years old), unmarried, love my missionary work and eat(ing) meat. (I never quite understood that "last" descriptor.) Likewise, Elder Deputy, his companion, had his bio ready: I'm about 5'8 1/2", have lots of hair, enjoy my work, and like short, blond women (stated, perhaps, for shock effect); my home is in Maryland at Salisbury. (That would propound an interesting door approach, "Hello, I'm Elder Salisbury and this Elder (indicating his companion) is a Deputy from Salisbury." (Smile)

Elder Henrie was from Sutherland, Utah, a small farming community near Hinkley, which is 108.

close to Delta, which came to some prominence in the hay-day of the Tintic Mining district. On Saturday mornings driving to study class in Richland with the rest of the District, we had more than an hour's down time traveling, each way. Wanting not to waste a moment, we looked for ways to stay occupied in missionary matters. One activity was memorizing and reciting scriptures. Another was learning and singing new hymns together. Actually, Elder Henrie enjoyed singing about as much as I did. And he was good at it, too. We harmonized and our voices blended well. Also, we might review a particularly challenging part of a lesson presentation, discussing it back and forth.

(In those days, before Interstate Highways were built between Richland and Ellensburg, it was a challenge to find and use the "fastest" routes across the wide open spaces between towns; as often as not, those routes proved to be the secondary roads the farmers used.) In a hurry sometimes, we took those roads, but not always, considering the extra wear on our vehicle. And the bouncing and jostling and dust! My green Mercury was always equal to the task, though, and delivered us safely on every trip. (Of course, the gas tank couldn't be empty and more than once we glided into a pump on fumes, literally, finding a station from the top of a hill, down which we could coast to the pump and gas up, hoping for no stops in between. Once, a red light at an intersection almost gave us heart failure before it turned green!)

Study class had taken on new importance due to the switch from the "Anderson Plan" to the "Systematic Plan". Learning to utilize the flannel board (30"X36") with the wonderful, colored lesson pieces could be daunting. The suggested arrangement of pieces for each lesson was, inevitably, the beginning point. These arrangements were pictured and, initially, were copied by all the missionaries. Soon, small variations were tried. In my case, after carefully studying each lesson, I made some major changes in my presentations while teaching, which seemed to clarify the points to be made. As I had opportunity, I shared these revised versions. They were adopted. The two best presentations were "*The Book of Mormon*" and "*The Apostasy*". I could not have made the changes made without the special help of inspired insight. It was a gift I received at that time, in that place, under those circumstances, to further the work of the Lord. My prior learning and use of the Anderson Plan helped immensely, too.

One big advantage of the Anderson Plan was "never" running out of material: there were, remember, 26 lessons, most of which weren't used, because the investigator, in general, was either baptized or dropped after less than half of the lessons were given. Comes, now, a six-discussion plan. What do you do after that? Again, it came to me to develop a "Church Organization" lesson, which could be given before or after baptism, to expose the new, or soon-to-be-new, member(s) to the special meanings of important concepts and terminology.

This was a fun project for me, designing and cutting out pieces for a flannel board display. Then scripting the presentation. Essentially, geometric symbols - discs, triangles, twelve-pointed stars, seven-sided shapes - were chosen to represent Priesthood offices and callings, at both the General and Local levels, viz., Church-wide or Stake/Ward or District/Branch authority. The levels were differentiated by using varying shades of blue paper, from which to make the symbols. The script was flexible to permit one, two, or more sessions to cover the material. This became a "best seller" (most requested but entirely free - the latest "order" I filled was for a younger brother of one of my neighborhood "group" members who was serv-

ing on his mission in Yakima the year after I was married, and he caught me visiting in town!)
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Resuming a full range of missionary activities in Yakima was time and effort consuming, and, I thought, "I'll let up on my journal keeping for awhile". For future reference, I'd have the letters written home, wouldn't I? Thus, for several weeks, that's what I didn't do, while putting special emphasis on missionary work. Then in August I was inspired to start recording again. My impetus was (quote) a very good genealogical meeting at Sacrament service ... (T)he point was beautifully illustrated that this matter of record keeping is an individual responsibility. (unquote) (That was the meeting [on Aug. 12], by the way, in which the earlier mentioned quartet of brethren sang - it all seemed to conspire to get me writing again.)

However, for two months I missed noting the now lost details of this wonderful work. Except, of course, the required weekly statistical reports were kept, actually covering all sixteen weeks Elder Henrie and I labored together. So, I'm going to let the numbers show how rich and full our experience was, most memorable and intense.

Of our sixteen weeks together, only two failed to come very close to or exceed the Mission goal of 50 proselyting hours per week. Those two were the first week, when I transferred in from Bend with "time out" for travel and getting "settled in", and the fifth week, when traveling to and attending the Mission-wide conference in Portland occupied three full days.

Presiding at that conference was Elder Marion G. Romney of the Quorum of the Twelve. The inspiration of the instruction received and testimonies given were heightened by individual interviews with Elder Romney. Of mine, I remember expressing the hope that nothing in my actions had or would deter anyone from studying or embracing the Gospel. I had in mind one particular time in Newberg when Elder Burnett and I had been late for an afternoon appointment because, having to walk a lot, I insisted we make a short stop at our apartment for lunch before continuing. Actually, as it turned out, the woman and her son were looking for a reason to discontinue our meeting together, and, unfortunately, I gave it to her. She was the contact who ripped a page from her Bible so it wouldn't contain a particularly pointed scripture that we had just referenced, with her reading from her own book. "It doesn't say that any more," she emphasized. Elder Romney was kindness and reassurance personified.

This conference was the second one I was able to attend with an Apostle as the visiting authority. Earlier, while I was in the office in Portland, Elder Adam S. Bennion, also a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, visited the Mission in November, near the start of President Driggs' term. Elder Bennion was fairly new in the Quorum and stated his intent was to sense the spirit of the Mission and of the missionaries. Thus our individual interviews with him centered on personal testimony. Elder Bennion's influence was peaceful and accepting, almost, an "I'm still learning" attitude. (He had been serving in the Quorum a little over two and one-half years at the time of our Conference and passed away a year after I returned home; his tenure as an Apostle was not quite five years. His was a gentle ministry.)

How can I ever express my love for Elder Henrie? He put his whole heart and soul into the work; in that, we were joined in unity. In tracting all over the area - north along the ridge were dwelt the more affluent to the lower-lying avenues and streets, fanning out from the ridge, where lived the common and poor folk - we knocked 1,809 times to share the glorious Gospel message and recorded 1,018 Gospel conversations in 329 hours or about 22 hours per week.

Add to that our 466 teaching meetings, of which Elder Henrie conducted 210 and I, 256, for a 110.

total of 389 hours; visits and other non-teaching activities took an additional 57 hours, adding to total Investigator involvement of 446 hours or close to 30 hours per week. Not including the two weeks - first and fifth - when travel and Conference shortened the time available for proselyting, we averaged 52 hours per week in proselyting activities. (If you're curious, we didn't exactly do nothing those two week either, but they were closer to the activity level of my previous assignment in Bend, 28 and 22 hours, respectively, 1st and 5th weeks.)

And what was the "harvest " of all our efforts? I baptized one married mother, Virginia Lee Thomas, on 4 August, 1956, and Elder Henrie confirmed her a member of the Church, thus uniting a previously part-member family (he was a Senior Aaronic Priesthood holder), and blessed their child, Shirley Jean Thomas, the next day at Fast meeting. One other baptism was scheduled before I was again transferred and Elder Henrie later reported that Homer Wallace was baptized and confirmed. We also placed (loaned) 9 Books of Mormon and left dozens and dozens of tracts and pamphlets for further reading and study by interested persons. We also left a pool of good will into which other laborers in the field could dip at a later time, bringing who-knows what additional blessings into the lives of others of Father's children.

Oh, there was personal growth for both of us. I had phenomenally good health for four months, a total of only 5 hours of chargeable illness. My command of scripture multiplied with 172 repetitions of learned scriptures, the ones integral to the lessons, and 20 new ones memorized. Together Elder Henrie and I memorized several Church hymns that made up a "singing" Restoration lesson we developed, to add to our tools for teaching the Gospel. And we taught the "M-men/Gleaner" class in M.I.A. and provided talks and music for one Sacrament meeting. (Glancing at the program for that service, our participation was as follows: after the administration of the Sacrament, I played an organ solo; following a talk by a Ward youth, Delbert Brown, I played a second organ solo. Then Elder Henrie and I each spoke, in that order, followed by Elder Henrie singing a vocal solo as the closing hymn (which is something never seen anymore but which was permitted at that time.))

I enjoyed a coterie of members, recently baptized members, and long-term investigators, affording pleasant interludes of peace and interest. Most often there were the Saturdays with the Sandbergs, the former bishop of the Ward, and his family; then, Joe McReynolds and his wife, always ready to feed the missionaries at dinnertime on their little "island farm" (which was obliterated by the extension of the Interstate through Yakima); Bishop Johnson and his family; Brother David Dance, 1st Counselor, and his family; Brother John Stolp, 2nd Counselor and his family; Sister Woody, a dear, little 80-something Sister; the Meltons, recent converts in their sixties; Bill Schupe, an aging auto-body repair wizard and his wife - he would do anything for the Elders - they were so poor, they were reluctant to go to Church because they didn't have any nice clothes to wear. Eventually overcoming that obstacle, Bill became active and for a time, many years later, was the Home Teaching companion of his former bishop, Bishop Johnson. And not least, there were the Buttons, Floyd and Polly and their family. We were the "tall" of it, when we got together, each of us (them and me) being over six feet tall. And we loved to laugh.

Mrs. Grams was a wonderful, somewhat reserved, woman we contacted early in our street

tracting. Invited into her house, I became immediately interested in the large, marimba-like

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musical instrument in the room we entered. "Oh, that", she said, "is my vibraphone." "Do you play?" "Oh, yes, a lot." We taught a first discussion and she played for us. She liked what we had said and invited us back. Several times we returned. We became friends. She had us come to lunch regularly. She continued to play; she really was quite good. We invited her to be baptized, which, not rejecting it outright, she said she would have to think about it.

In the meantime, I began to play piano (she had one in the room with her vibraphone) along with her playing - we "jammed it up". When we told her about our "local congregation" (the Ward) she became interested in the order of service and the use of special music. We told her there was place in the service for special musical numbers, in keeping with the sacred nature of things. She became excited when we said we would "check" to see if we might not be able to invite her as a special guest to share with our congregation her talent and music. It was arranged to do so, at a Sacrament meeting. It was novel, different, but beautiful and well received. She had played one of "our" hymns, which was also one of hers. (Not wanting to make a "production" of taking her instrument in and out, it was moved in before, and removed after, the meeting - but I don't recall who hauled it from her home and returned it.)

Noting a "bothersome third chord" in the chorus of a new song I planned to enter in the 1956 YMMIA song contest, I ended the Sabbath Day that witnessed my resumed journal writing. (quote) [Aug. 13] Early this morning Elder Deputy and Elder Salisbury arrived unannounced to work with us for a day or two. (unquote) Elder Salisbury, the Richland District Supervisor, and I (quote) spent the day together. (unquote) Elder Henrie and Elder Deputy paired up and did likewise. (quote) We talked with Mrs. Cash again, with result that she is not yet able to accept that though a man does good, doing good does not make him an authorized servant of the Lord. (unquote) Priesthood authority, conferred by the laying on of hands, can be a stumbling block for some.

(quote) Tonight in calling upon the Taylors, we learned of the death of Mrs. Taylor's father back east and of her trip to attend the funeral. Mr. Taylor is having smoking troubles but trying to overcome. Both are seeking the truth. I surely hope they enter into the Kingdom. Last we visited Br. and Sis. Thomas, the lady whom I baptized a week ago Saturday and her Aaronic Priesthood holding husband. They were very receptive to part two of my Church Organization lesson. (It is impossible to fully estimate the value of visual aids in making teaching effective.) Elder Salisbury remarked, "Scrud, she was answering questions (review on part one, same lesson) that I would have trouble with. It's terrific!" (unquote) Our visitors stayed overnight with the Sandbergs (quote) a wonderful, homey member family here in Yakima. (unquote)

(quote) I enjoyed my day working with the traveling elder [Elder Deputy] today [Aug. 14] ... My concern lately has been that I haven't particularly felt that the Lord was with me but I've been wrong. It has just seemed so natural that I lost sight of the fact that this is the most general way for the Lord to influence - naturally. How do I know?

(quote) I attempted to present a (F)irst (P)rincipals lesson to the M.I.A. group this evening and neglected to open the class with prayer. The Spirit of the Lord just wasn't there. I had a most difficult time covering the material. It wasn't until after leaving that I came to realize what the

trouble had been. I must confess that though I have many weaknesses, the Lord has strengthened me and that He is with me to the extent that He will chastise me yet, that I might walk

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more humbly before Him. My life would be very empty should I ever cease praying. (unquote)

(quote) Even though quite late I must record the singular experience of this evening's labors [Aug. 15]. Elder Henrie and I spent the forepart of this night calling back on those for whom we had L.A. Temple tickets, living in the area surrounding Yakima, who had not been home on either previous daytime call earlier this month. Then at about quarter-of-Nine, we were heading southward back across Yakima returning to our regular tracting area to work for awhile, all the time driving, I kept thinking of something or trying to think of what I had really intended to do when we completed the call-backs, when suddenly I remembered that I had thought we might also call on Br. Clyde Bettker - a recent convert with whom we are occasionally still meeting. (unquote) At that same instant, Elder Henrie spoke aloud, "Brother Bettker."

(quote) Right then I turned the car around, heading back in the opposite direction than we had been traveling. Peculiarly too, now I think of it, until I turned south, away from Br. Bettker's, nothing had troubled my mind at all, even though at that time I had already forgotten my intention of visiting him to present a priesthood organization lesson. On answering our knock at his screen door, Br. Bettker welcomed us in with the words, "I guess you know this is an answer to prayers." Without explaining further right then, he placed a telephone call to a friend of his, Homer Wallace, with whom Clyde has been discussing the Gospel. Then before Homer arrived, Br. Bettker explained that he and his friend had met earlier in the evening and had opened their study with a prayer asking that the Lord send them the missionaries this evening if it was His will that Homer should meet them at this time. Clyde went on, saying that they had completed their meeting without any missionaries coming, had concluded that the time was not yet ready, and Homer had returned home.

(quote) Not ten minutes after he left, we arrived, and Homer was back before ten more minutes past. Yes, we had come in answer to prayer and the material of our lesson was concerning the very subject Homer had read on in the "*Marvelous Work and a Wonder*" the night before. The Spirit was in rich evidence to me throughout our meeting. At the end, Homer retold the circumstances that had led him to begin an investigation of the Church; how he had felt that he had already been saved in a Holiness church; how trouble came with the minister; how his mother, who loved the Lord and had personally witnessed his power in answer to the prayer of faith in behalf of sick persons, had been cut off from the church; of the feeling of gloom and darkness which followed his break with the church; of his fight against Br. Bettker at first; of how the veil was finally lifted from his mind one day recently; how he then began to diligently study the claims Clyde had presented to him; how he lost his job in the Lower Valley and had to move to Yakima for work; and closed with the words, "I hope this really is the truth, I want it to be."

(quote) Praise the Lord, in His love for us, that He will still guide us to Him if we seek his will. Thanks to the Lord for strengthening us his weak servants that we can participate in this great work of the gathering. Honor and glory be to Him eternally. (unquote)

(quote) [Aug. 17] Spent 13 hours in proselyting work, longest missionary day of my mission to

date. Ate lunch with Mrs. Grams, dinner with Sister Woody. Mrs. Grams had "*God Be With You Till We Meet Again*" all written out for me to play on her vibraphone, but we arrived late and had to settle for one tune the usual way, she on the 'phone and I on the piano. (unquote) 113.

And of what did the "longest day" consist? Did it just happen? It began with two hours of personal study, including review of the lessons to be taught and perhaps practice with the flannel board. Then all eight of our scheduled appointments "came through", no cancellations, no "skip outs." (It was truly wonderful when that happened. We "lived" for such days!) Being mid-August when daylight hours are prolonged, evening tracting was possible without causing offense and we did that for two hours, some during the day and some in the evening, having ten Gospel discussions along the way with new contacts. Finally, we "nurtured" our dear investigator friends for three hours, which included our lunch with Mrs. Grams and "jamming" on the 'phone and piano. Always indispensable in all of this was inviting the Spirit, in prayer, to be with us, whose coming is a discernible presence. He is the great teacher and testifier!

Little did we know that that "perfect day" marked the beginning of our last month as companions. I had truly learned the foolishness of seeking for office in the Kingdom by my coveting the office of Mission 2nd Counselor. My joy was full as a laborer with Elder Henrie (why he never even once mentioned my "fast walk" but was always there, matching step for step. I might have to take some credit for his losing eight pounds in three weeks, however.) (quote) Ah, things are great! Everybody's happy! (unquote)

We carried on with our ministry: going out to the people in their homes, sharing Gospel truths, teaching principles, confirming ordinances, blessing the sick and ill, strengthening new members, laboring with the undecided, loving the lost and discouraged, raising our voices in song, testimony, and prayer, and keeping faith in great thankfulness with the true believers, the members of the Ward. We sorrowed over those blinded by the errors of men, were disappointed with those who decided to "wait", mourned with the mournful, broke bread with the poor and meek and humble, and prayed always for the triumph of the Word over falsehoods.

(quote) Out tracting this afternoon, Elder Henrie "suffered" to have his pants ripped by a small hound, Weimerauner by bred. Since we were in the neighboring lot at the time of the incident, the mutt's owner agreed to repair the damage. One of Elder Henrie's suits will feature rewoven trousers shortly. (unquote) After an hour's discussion at Brother Bettker's with Homer Wallace and his daughter, Shirley, (quote) in which I attempted to answer some of Homer's questions, Elder Henrie bore such a testimony of the work that I never supposed he could. Br. Bettker closed the discussion with his testimony. Surely the Lord opened the scriptures to our understanding this night. (unquote)

(quote) After presenting part two of the organization of the Church today to the Bybee's, Mr. Bybee asked, "When does a fellow get a chance to go fishing?" Then he promised to meet us in Sunday School this coming week. Perhaps the Gospel message and its importance is finally working on him to the extent that he will do something about it. (unquote) In talking with Br. Gary Garlick, we learned he was working nights at a local cannery, on the same crew with one of our contacts, Mr. Jacobs. Because Gary drank milk (quote) at coffee break instead of stomach solvent, they had a nice discussion on the Church. ... Gary made the comment that whenever someone not a member of the Church will begin to defend its claims, that individual is a good contact. (unquote) Later, (quote) Our meeting with Tottons was stim-

ulating tonight; he is just as straightforward about the Gospel as he was in selling me two tires a month ago; she is more skeptical because, as she says, of being brought up in contact with both Catholic and Protestant doctrine. To quote Elder Henrie, "We can baptize him now, she's

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the hold back." (I) hope they both study and pray. (unquote)

We lost a dear friend, when, after giving us lunch again, Mrs. Grams (quote) asked us not to return for a little while. She lacks sufficient faith at present to be baptized, knowing she has just recovered from a T.B. infection three years ago. I think I may still just drop in on her to have a "jam" session now and then, though. I think eventually she'll come into the Church. (unquote) Meltons are progressing; he is (quote) to speak in Sacrament meeting Sunday. (unquote) Calling on Sister Woody, we found her note telling us she was called away (quote) to the bedside of her sick brother in Orting, Washington. (unquote) Our little flock, joined by two contacts in a local hospital, was diminishing and scattering.

(quote) Bill Rose informed us he was more convinced, since our discussions started with him, that he, and not we, is on the right track, (closer) to what things really are. He has set his mind against his own faith, Judaism, and western Christianity. Instead, he accepts evolution in all its tenants, to the point of no God. Man must rise without recourse, he says, to the weakness or ease of creating a god to explain difficult things; that is, he is along; man is, and rises through development of his own intellect. No god, no immortality, except as man lives on through the things, ideas, children, or what, he leaves behind. Evolution of this kind be damned, I say. God lives, Christ is real; these are truths. (He wouldn't admit my testimony to mean that "I know" - just the way you would like it to be, says he.) I know!

(quote) Eighteen months in the Mission today [Aug. 26, 1956]. We enjoyed another visit from Elder Deputy who stopped and lunched with us on his way to become Supervising Elder of the Wenatchee District, north of here. (unquote) Two of our newest members spoke in Sacrament meeting, Brother Clyde Bettker and Brother Melton. Both did well, especially Brother Melton, it being (quote) quite a step for a man to talk before a group for the first time after he's sixty-five. (unquote) The Brother, who's a barber and cuts our hair, Andy Holt, (quote) spoke well, nearly as well as the haircuts he gives us. Sis. Ann Darby sang two solos beautifully. (unquote)

(quote) [Aug. 29] Journeyed to Pasco, Wash., for conference with the Mission Presidency. The morning was taken up with work on the Book of Mormon lesson. Elder Linebaugh presented a new version, then Elder Salisbury ran through his, and finally I gave mine. Considerable discussion followed each presentation, pro and con. After a wonderful lunch served by the Relief Society sisters, we reconvened for testimony meeting. All bore fine testimonies and told of their present labors. (unquote) President Driggs served a mission, as a young man, in England when Elder Heber J. Grant, an Apostle, was European Mission President. He (Pres. Driggs) often quoted from his mission, what he was told: "We have been feasting on the fat things of the Spirit of the Lord in this conference. Now, go out and give it away. Give it all away! The more you give away, the more you will have to give." Ever trying to follow counsel, Elder Henrie and I sought to contact more of the Temple ticket people on the way home.

(quote) [Sept. 8] Attended study class in Richland and presented my *Church Organization*

lesson to the group. Enjoyed an afternoon and evening of fellowship with the elders. Had opportunity to attend the cinema - "*Jubal*," a good Western 'mel-drama', and "*The Man Who Never Was*," excellent master intelligence at work. (unquote) (Same "P" Day activity as in Bend, however, no longer directed at "stress reduction" but more to camaraderie.)

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In the early part of September we began to encounter an aggressively negative opposition to our efforts to teach and educate the people regarding the Church, something that wasn't present before or, at least, we hadn't noticed that it was. What would happen is, we would call back on a family we had begun to teach and their minister ("our friend") would be there to join our discussion, and provide any "necessary" correction. How was that supposed to work? it didn't. The whole time would be taken up in answering "questions" and, as in a tennis match, words were knocked back and forth, the family becoming the "spectators", keeping "score" between the two sides.

Or, we would find the family we called-back on, had been given "points" to ask about, when the topic came up in our teaching discussion: they had been "primed" to divert our attention. On the fly, so to speak, I thought it would be good to clarify matters for all concerned. "Let us tell our story," was my theme. Elder Henrie was not too enthusiastic about the prospect, "What if you can't be there?" he asked, not that he didn't have confidence in me, for he did. He was asking for himself. I tried to assure him, "What could happen?" I asked.

Well, shortly after I had made arrangements for the "clarifying" meeting - they would ask their questions, we would give our answers - unrehearsed, of course, I received the letter of reassignment to Spokane, Washington, as the new Supervising Elders in the District. Whoa! I asked Elder Henrie what he wanted to do about the meeting. It was scheduled for the week after I transferred. He asked me back again. I said I thought he should go ahead with it: he would have his new companion by then and he could invite one or two other Brethren from the Ward to accompany him. They should be alright, I opined, ill-advisedly as it turned out.

(quote) [Sept. 12, the date of my transfer notification] Elder Henrie and I had a wonderful meeting with Br. Bettker and Homer Wallace this evening. At the end of our Gospel discussion, the elder and I sang and harmonized on several hymns, telling the Gospel message in song. After(ward), Mr. Wallace requested baptism on Oct. 6th, our next regular service. May the Lord bless him. (unquote)

(quote) [Sept. 15] We spent the morning getting me read to leave for Spokane. I drove through the afternoon, arriving at 5:00 PM. (unquote)

As to the "Q&A" meeting, Elder Henrie let me know it had not gone well because it became too confrontational and "our side" didn't have anyone strong enough to oppose the tide, which he said, "probably won't have happened if you could have been there." I sensed his disappointment and felt badly about my not having been able to finish "what I started." Upon further consideration, however, the meeting could not have succeeded without the Spirit present, and it was not. The investigators were lost, being tossed into confusion, not knowing whither to look for the truth. Nothing was clarified.

Chapter IX. Spokane, Washington, chief city of "The Inland Empire", the Eastern jewel of Washington State. Its northerly situation in the Western United States made it ideal for strategic placement of early "Cold War" components: an intercept fighter base, Geiger Field; an "early detection" radar grid; and ICBM location and control. These additions brought the area to prominence and economic boom in the first few years after the end of WWII. The closing of the air base in the mid-fifties had heavy negative impact on the area economically and Churchwise. One of the richest agricultural areas in the country is located south of Spokane, called the "Palouse", where premium wheat grows out of rich, black top soil, which, in places, is seventeen feet deep. Unbelievable!

Missionary labors commenced in Spokane in August, 1896, an initial effort by Elder Edward Stevenson of the First Council of Seventy and Mathias F. Cowley, which Included Palouse and Walla Walla. The Northwestern States Mission (Oregon, Washington, and Northern Idaho) was organized in 1897. By 1900, Washington had two "conferences" (designated locales), the Eastern in Spokane and the Western in Tacoma. Called as Mission President in 1902, Elder Nephi Pratt established mission headquarters in Spokane, where it remained until January, 1905, when it was shifted to Portland, Oregon, which, as noted was the location of Mission headquarters during my service as a missionary. [Source: 2010 Church News Almanac, p.409] Along a wall in the Mission Office (Portland) was a row of pictures of all the presidents of the Northwestern States Mission. Elder Pratt's picture was there, along with, among others (if memory serves me correctly), Elder Melvin J. Ballard, an Apostle, and our recently released leader, Elder James A. McMurrin.

When I got to the apartment upstairs at North 2215 Cedar in Spokane, Elder Robert E. Robinson from Chambersburg, West Virginia, and I met for the first time. We probably each thought, "Here we go, again, a new companionship. Hope it works out." It did. Elder Robinson was a great companion for the five weeks we served together, just long enough for him to get me oriented in the District and acquainted with the Saints in the Spokane 2nd Ward. At the onset, the District was large, having sixteen assigned missionaries in eight companionships, including my own with Elder Robinson. As Supervision Elder I was expected to visit and work with one companionship each week, to encourage and "correct" as deemed appropriate. I was quickly "initiated" into this aspect of my new assignment by the visit of the "traveling Elders", Elder Cheeseman and Elder Parkinson, which coincided with my transfer.

The Spokane District was the "Eastern rampart" of the Mission; only one district, Alaska, was further away from Headquarters. For that reason (and the District's size) I felt my responsibilities keenly as a matter of considerable trust from President Driggs. Traveling to the various places where missionaries were laboring was through wonderfully scenic country: eastward from Spokane, Coeur d'Alene and Kellogg, Idaho; centrally, the Spokane Valley; and southward, Pullman and Clarkston, Washington, and Lewiston, Idaho. What quickly became evident was I now had both a private and a public ministry: the things Elder Robinson and I did together were the regular things of any companionship; the labors with the other companionships were the oversight and assistance functions inherent in supervision.

Once the "traveling elders" withdrew, I set Wednesday of each week my day to visit around

the District, a change from Friday, the prior practice. This left "free" the beginning and ending of each week, to attend to matters "at home." Out of all of the missionaries in the District,
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Elder Dee Lamar Conger was the only one I had known from a previous assignment, that being in Tacoma, Washington, during my first three months in the mission field. He was one of the "north end" (Tacoma) elders. A true, faithful servant of the Lord, his approach was low-keyed and genuine, with just a touch of his Deep South, Alabama drawl, if needed, to make a point. I appreciated his unflagging support and insightful comments at our study classes. His sense of humor was marvelous. He completed his mission in January 1957.

Early on, I became aware of another "situation" that needed "attention". While visiting and working with the elders in Kellogg, Idaho, they told me about this "wonderful contact" they were teaching who gave them free foot massages. Would I like to meet her and have one? (This seemed to be a practice akin to the "shirt" laundering scheme I encountered in Yakima.) "Tell me more, Elders," I said. After they explained what they could - the feet were key to dealing with the "ten zones" of the body - I concluded that getting bare foot massages was probably not in keeping with appropriate missionary decorum and instructed them to stop it, which they said they would. (They continued to be top performers in the District, though, foot massage or no foot massage - it wasn't key to the Gospel message.)

An observation I made following my visits with companions and reviewing their written reports was the need for closer ties between them, with some but not all. One indication of the need was the lack of study time together, as reported. Another was the absence of scripture memorization and a third was an imbalance between companions in the number of lessons taught. Yet a further indicator was not utilizing Sundays for missionary activities and finally, a feeling that "study classes" (on Saturdays) were not helpful ("interesting," "beneficial," "motivating"). The last item, I pledged to them in my weekly "Comparative Summary", would be "worthwhile" if they would but "come and see." (I devoted special emphasis to making that happen; we "enjoyed" our time gathered together, as a result. I always invited those elders who didn't want to play B'ball after we studied and ate, to join me in scripture memorization! B'ball usually won out! You remember why I abstained from "dribble and shoot"? My "war" injury.)

While I labored in my own companionship, I was not aware of the "big" picture regarding the Mission as a whole, nor regarding the District where currently assigned. Suddenly, as part of the "management" team, my view was broadened to consider both higher echelons: "my missionaries" and I became competitors at the District level and contributors to mission-wide goals. At the District level, since "average" determinations predominated in the statistical comparisons made, small districts had a marked advantage being comprised of fewer persons, hence enjoyed a lower probability of marked variations in individual performance, i.e., fewer people to get sick, injured, depressed, "beat-down", discouraged, or unmotivated - yes, all of those things could and did happen to almost every missionary at one time or another.

Our challenge was, in fact, difficult, given our initial investment of eighteen (18) missionaries, comprising about 13% of the strength of the Mission with about 135-140 total missionaries. We were "compared", under the label, DISTRICT "X", with districts having only two, three, or four pairs of missionaries. So, I had to stop worrying about ranking among entities, and concentrate on building up and encouraging each companionship, and counseling individuals, "betimes", as needed. Those were sweet moments under the direct influence of the Spirit,

which I cannot share. Suffice to say, we labored in the Spirit and under His influence as much as our preparation and disposition permitted us to. And we did become Number 1, briefly, at

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the beginning of 1957, sharing the lead in the entire Mission with the Willamette District, up from Number 3 the previous week. Likewise, Spokane contributed measurably, I believe, to the Mission total of baptisms for 1956, which was 792 converts, just shy of the goal of 800.

Every missionary assignment was subject to the call of the Mission Presidency; changes were usually conveyed from Headquarters by the 2nd Counselor. Elder Linebaugh was still serving in September when I was made Supervising Elder in Spokane. Upon his release to go home in late October, Elder William E. Cheeseman, who had been one of the "traveling Elders", was called to replace him. Elder Cheeseman became our "communicator". As I felt the messages he conveyed to the supervisors each week needed further dissemination, I started my own "news letter" and "Comparative Summary" as a means for regular contact and instruction, expanding on what the prior Supervisor, Elder Jackson, whom I never got to meet, had been doing. (It was told to me how much getting in on the "knowing" was appreciated.)

Of primary interest was who was where and who was transferred or released. Every month, it seemed, there were both new and missing faces. In early October, a senior missionary couple, Elder and Sister James E. Parker, arrived to "open" a new area in Spokane, which was the attendance area of the Spokane 3rd Ward. They, while in the District, functioned under different guide-lines than the single missionaries and were, for all practical purposes, independent in serving in and assisting the Ward and its members. They, of course, were invited to all District events but had some discretion whether or not to attend. They were always welcomed, nonetheless. That same week, Elder William Brown was released from his mission. On his last report he wrote, "I hate to see my mission coming to an end. It seems like I'm just about ready to go out and tell somebody about Mormonism ... I have really enjoyed my mission here in the Northwest. It will always be something to remember." Upon his departure, his last companion, Elder Wunderlich became "senior" to Elder Mackey Boley, who was transferred into the District.

One of the changes I made to the layout of the weekly letter was to drop the alphabetized listing of missionaries (I never did like being listed near the end of such listings, being a "P") and showing companionships by location, with senior companions listed first, then juniors immediately below. The purpose of this change was, in a subtle way, to focus attention on the pair of the Lord's representatives then ministering in a specific area among the His Children. Another change was to begin to share positive missionary experiences of others in the District that were sent in with their reports. For example, Elder Hill, in Lewiston, Idaho, wrote, "I am certainly convinced of this more positive approach since we put it into action since you and Elder Cheeseman were here. We met a fine woman in tracting on Sept. 26, gave her the Godhead lesson and got a call-back Sept. 27 and gave the Apostasy lesson to her and her husband and brother-in-law. We gave the Restoration on Oct. 1 and was able to schedule them all for baptism for Nov. 3."

Elder Kelvin T. Johnson from Barnwell, Alberta, Canada, a new Elder in the Mission, was assigned to be my companion 20 October 1956. He was about 6'3" with a stride to match mine; I knew we were going to get along just fine. Elder Robinson, my previous companion,

transferred to Burns, Oregon, wrote on November 7, "Thanks a lot for the report (I had sent him a copy of the last one I prepared with his input). You certainly are to be commended for the effort you put into the summaries for the missionaries - I'm sure they appreciated it. ...

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Everything here in Burns (Ore.) is fine. My new companion is doing fine too. I hope I can teach him as much as you have taught me. I certainly enjoyed working with you. ... Please tell all the people up there hello for me. It certainly is easy to become attached to one place - especially the people there. ... I'll be thinking about you and your companion Sunday evening - isn't that when you have to speak in Sacrament Meeting? Good luck in all you do elder. Sincerely, Robert E. Robinson P.S. My companion doesn't walk as fast as you. HA!"

Some of the people "easy to become attached to" were Bishop Melvin McFarlane and his family. We took dinner with them regularly each month, enjoying their children and the "homey" atmosphere. Of particular note was one evening when just after prayer to begin the meal, someone came to his front door. The Bishop excused himself, saying something to the effect that around dinner time he would occasionally get "callers" looking for "assistance." He was away from the table for several minutes during which we could hear snatches of conversation. Finally, the talking ended, the visitor left, and the Bishop returned to the kitchen, holding in his sides and stifling a huge laugh.

"That's a first," he said. He went on to tell what had happened at the door, his visitor standing out on the porch. It seems the person averred he was a member of the Mormon Church but because he traveled around constantly, his membership record was kept in Salt Lake City at Church Headquarters, locked up tight "in the vault". The same was true for his friend and traveling companion, gesturing to another person standing out on the sidewalk. He stated he "was a Seventy" but his friend, having not been in the Church as long as he had, "was only a Sixty." And could he (the Bishop - they knew that was the house where a Mormon bishop lived) give them some help. All the time the Bishop was relating this tale, he was smiling broadly and barely able to keep from boisterous laughter. He said after such an inventive story, he felt he had to "reward" him somehow and gave him five dollars and a "Good luck!" Altogether, we laughed with him.

The good health I had enjoyed in Yakima continued in Spokane until the end of October, when, for three days, I was "laid out flat" by some unknown malady. "Sounds like the Palouse Lightning", someone said. Whatever, Wednesday was a total washout, Thursday and Friday only a little better, as I was able to keep three appointments that had been scheduled for those two days. Thus in my letter at the end of that week, I wrote, speaking frankly for myself, and of others who'd experienced illness the previous two weeks, "Just about everybody's well again in the District." Of course, I followed that observation with, "... here are three DO's to help maintain (restored good health): Get up in the morning by 6:30 A.M.; Retire in the evening by 10:30 P.M.; Wear your hat when out-of-doors (and of course, everything else you would normally wear for warmth outside.)" [parentheses in original]

Also, by mid-October, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, was closed, the missionaries pulled out, and sent to Colville, Washington, to open the area; the companionship of Elders Hollingsworth and Price continued in the new location, which being near the Canadian border, I asked (rhetorically), "Tracking by dog sled?" Not quite - but the temperature did plummet to -44 degrees, prompting a call from Elder Hollingsworth, asking if they should continue to tract in

such cold. Answer, "NO! Stay inside, stay warm, study well." At the end of Week One up there (October 28) Elder Hollingsworth wrote to me, " ... sorry the last report was so late (B)ut we packed them Friday expecting to do them on Saturday evening (B)ut couldn't find a place
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to live - and didn't get unpacked until Friday of this last week." Then his "as soon as you can" request for help prompted Elder Johnson and me to travel to Colville on November 7 to lend what guidance and assistance we could. We were also able to find and visit my Mother's cousin, Gerald Stevens, a member of the Church, living there. He and Sister Stevens hosted dinner for the four of us. They owned acreage in the forest, from which they harvested timber from time to time, whenever they needed money to meet some financial obligation, viz., taxes, doctor's bills, living expenses. (When Gerald's mental health began to deteriorate, they moved to Portland(?) where proper care was available. Sadly, sometime later he wandered away from their car parked in a shopping center lot, became lost, and died from exposure in a snow storm before he could be found.)

Returning to my report and letter for the period ending November 3, Elder Lloyd (companion, Elder Byram), shared the following, "We had a lady in the hospital (Spokane) that we administered to and she is doing very nicely. The doctors can't figure it out. We know it was the power of the Priesthood though." I added the thought, "What a rich full time of our lives this two years is!" Further on point, I wrote, "Just before Elder Robinson left he had a contact tell him she had made up her mind to be baptized - for two reasons - his testimony in Fast meeting one Sunday, and that Apostasy lesson in the Plan. Now, this lady has been studying the Gospel for nine years and this was the first time that the message of the Apostasy had gotten through to her! We sow and reap in many ways."

About *that* Apostasy lesson: when Elder Robinson had related to me the history of this particular contact, Sister Vivian Ziglar, I said, "We should schedule a time to visit her." Her husband, Larry, a member of the Church, had hoped for nine years for a miracle in his wife's behalf, that she would be able to accept the Restoration of the fullness of the Gospel and be baptized. Her stumbling block was believing there had been an apostasy making a restoration necessary. I felt inspired to say, "We'll give her the new (flannel board illustrated) Apostasy lesson." I coached my companion on what he should not do at a particularly critical point in the presentation. "Don't move or say anything when we get to that place," I cautioned him. He questioned something like, "Another Apostasy lesson?" "Yes," I responded. "Sometimes, we just need to go ahead and do the thing indicated."

Using the flannel board effectively was a special gift given to me during my mission. As already noted, I was frequently called on to instruct gatherings of missionaries how they, too, could be more effective in their presentations of the lessons using the flannel board. It brought a special joy to me to be able to do so.

Our appointment was set; we went to the Ziglars. Setting up the flannel board (approximately 36" X 30" in size) was an attention getter in itself. The beautifully drawn characters and items that comprised the lesson were placed one by one on the flannel board to briefly illustrate the Savior's personal ministry in establishing his Church while He walked in mortality. The center piece of the lesson was a drawing of what looked like an ancient American temple, with terraced steps narrowing up to a center spire, set on a foundation beneath all of the steps. The "foundation" read, "Apostles and Prophets"; the steps on one side read, "Priests", "Teachers,"

"Deacons;" the other side, "High Priests," "Seventies", "Elders." The foundation piece, which said "Apostles and Prophets," had a long tab sticking up from the center of the printed, colored part, such that, when the upper "Priesthood offices" were placed on the flannel board to
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complete the structure of the "temple", they laid over the tab, in such fashion the "foundation" could not be removed from the board without also freeing the "upper structure."

Together with reading from the Bible the pertinent scriptures, the dialogue accompanying the "building" of the Temple, representing Christ's Church, went something like: "Everything Christ did was necessary." [picture & word strip] (response) "Christ established His Church." [word strip] (response) "The foundation of His Church was Apostles and Prophets, whom He called and personally ordained." [picture - laying on of hands & word strip] "The authority He gave them is called the Priesthood." [foundation picture & word strip] (response) "The 'fitly framed' together organization included High Priests, Seventies, Elders, etc., which are also Priest-hood offices." [place imprinted pieces on board as recited] (response) "After Christ died, was resurrected, and ascended into heaven, His Apostles were killed or otherwise done away with, causing loss of the foundation Priesthood authority." [pause - slowly lift "Apostles and Prophets" piece up and away from board. The other pieces, over-lapped on the tab, fall off the board and flutter to the floor] (DON'T MOVE OR SPEAK)

The silence that followed the lesson presentation to that point was prolonged as Sister Ziglar pondered the meaning of the truths so movingly set before her, accompanied by the witness of the Spirit. She looked up finally, and said, "Well, I guess it's time I got baptized." Only then did we three others in the room move and speak, nodding agreement and voicing affirmation. No persons were ever happier than us at that moment.

Saying what she did took exceptional courage on her part, knowing she would be immersed for the ordinance to be correct and she, an acute asthmatic for several years, had a fear of her breathing stopping. My hands were the ones blessed to assist her into the fount on December 1, 1956, and then to baptize her. The ordinance was accomplished without incident, laying to rest all her fears. Her confirmation took place afterward, under the hands of holders of the restored Holy Priesthood of God, her own, dear husband being voice and pronouncing a blessing, validating the reality of the Restoration.

The night before I became so terribly ill at the end of October, we were traveling back to our apartment following a very successful missionary lesson. The road was wet, the weather sloppy. I was enjoying the moment, glancing over from my driver's seat at Elder Johnson - I honestly don't recall who was talking. Too late, I saw the car ahead of us had stopped. I couldn't stop fast enough. Damage to my vehicle involved the bumper, grill, and radiator; to the other vehicle, a small crease in the trunk. My citation required posting bond of \$25, which was done the next day. Right after impact, I remember exclaiming something like, "Oh, things were going so good. Sorry, Elder." He had tried to warn me but, even with that, the road condition thwarted my earnest attempt. As required, I notified President Driggs, requesting permission to continue to drive and to borrow \$80 from the Mission to cover my repairs. Happy that there were no injuries, he approved both requests. (The bumper and grill were never the same after the accident; the "neat looking" Coupe front-end was gone.)

How would you go about telling the wonderful sisters of your Ward you couldn't come to a

special Thanksgiving dinner already planned for "you dear, full-time missionaries?" Elder Johnson and I were unable to do that, resulting in three appointments. We were so stuffed by the end of the second dinner, we embarrassed ourselves at the third one and had to confess.

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We did, however, thoroughly enjoy the hospitality at all three homes, in sharp contrast to the situation confronted earlier in the forenoon, prior to our first appointment.

"It's a holiday," I said to Elder Johnson, "let's go share some Gospel spirit with someone who's usually not home when we call by on regular workdays." "Really, today?" he questioned. "Sure." We set out. Only one door we knocked on was opened with an invitation to "come in." That invitation was from a young woman, perhaps just a little older than us, with a smirk. We walked in and I began to explain the purpose of our calling by. As we looked around, the first woman had been joined by three more, each one standing by what appeared to be her bedroom. None of them appeared dressed for the day. Elder Johnson seemed bewildered and I stopped talking, becoming uneasy, perhaps a little apprehensive. The four of them were "giving us the eye." Whereupon I turned to my companion, and spoke, "The spirit here is not what we came seeking this morning," or something like that - definitely the wrong spirit was there. We donned our hats and left, posthaste. That call ended our tracting for the day.

My Grandfather Seth Pixton passed away in La Mesa, California, on 25 November 1956. His body was "returned" to SLC where he had lived and worked all his adult life. Being "on the Lord's errand" I could not attend his funeral service but sent a telegram of condolence to the family. Burial was in the family plot in City Cemetery, overlooking the valley, beside his wife, Ellen Weaver, my Grandmother, who had preceded him in death by twenty-one years, and his two daughters, Dorothy and Helen. "Aunt" Lillian, his second wife, was left widowed; she remained in SLC.

As a young man, he served a mission for the Church in England, the homeland of his father, Robert Pixton, who was the first convert in the family line to the "Mormon" faith. While in the mission field he led a chorus and sang in a quartet and was recognized for those efforts. Not surprisingly, when he returned home after three years away from his wife and first daughter, Naomi, he served for a time as a Ward choir director and later, was a producer of operettas. (If you've ever wondered, now you know, "music making is in our blood.") He had lived to be 81 years old.

In responding to my telegram, Father assured me "all was well" with them, and included a "by the way", Charles was due out of the Service shortly and would be coming "home", meaning, he'd be living with the family once again, not by himself in an apartment somewhere. That was good news to me, having the family together again. Just prior to my release, Mother wrote in one of her letters that "the three of them" - Charles, Robert (Big Bob), and Paul - were a "noisy bunch" in the basement, which she loved. The only thing better would be for each to find jobs and get on with it: it looked like Paul would be in Yellowstone; Charles was "holding out" for Alaska; "Big Bob", ?

Corresponding with Charles had helped me cope with various challenges, one in particular that had really upset me. Elder Cheeseman had accepted some of my ideas for moving the work forward, then published them as his own, or so it seemed to me. I complained about

that in one of my letters. I was looking for consolation or sympathy but got neither. He wrote, "Richard, a lot of good can come from our ideas if we're not concerned with who gets the credit. Do you really believe, anyway, that at this late date in the history of this world there are any truly original thoughts to be thought?" Thinking about his reply, I had to agree: okay/no.

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Two more areas, Lewiston, Idaho, and Pullman, Washington, were closed in November and the four elders transferred, leaving only seven companionships in the District. I have interesting memories of each of these places - Lewiston, because tracting one afternoon with the elders there we engaged a Catholic Father in dialogue somewhat slurred by his "confession" of drinking too much Sacrificial wine but inviting us back again when he wasn't impaired, and Pullman, because we met and had dinner with Brother Golden Romney, a legendary character there at Washington State University where he was, and for years had been, the Athletic Director, plus I was able to reconnect with former Bishop Vaughn Eastman and his family who had moved to Pullman from Tacoma.

At the District Conference held Monday December 10 with President Driggs, his wife, and Elder Cheeseman, I renewed my acquaintance with Elder Everett Johnson, at that time, Supervising Elder of the Wenatchee District, who, with his companion and the other pair of missionaries in his District, came to Conference at the invitation of the Mission President. He and I had known each other since my days serving as Mission Secretary in Portland. He was an "L.A. boy", very much liked by all his associates; I also was a fan. His serving as a missionary was very much an act of faith by him as his eye-sight was already beginning to be impaired. (Our regard for each other was renewed more than twenty years later when he came to Denver, Colorado, on a training program for blind entrepreneurs; it was so good to "see" him again, and him, me, and to visit once more. Though legally blind by then, his spirit, truly, was unimpaired. He was a superb man.)

Elder Johnson (the Canadian one) and I shared another memorable moment when we, together, received a Christmas card from Mary Sorenson, the one and same Mary I had said "Goodbye" to as the train pulled out of SLC to carry me into the mission field. It seems dating Kelvin (Elder Johnson's given name) at BYU was one of the diversions Mary had in her life while I was fretting her failing to write to me. What were the chances that the two of us, Kelvin and I, would meet, let alone become missionary companions, out of 140 or so elders in our Mission? When she learned we had, via correspondence from him, what was she to do? Wish us both well (one card), which she did, and move on, which she also did, as we did, too.

After study class the Saturday prior to Christmas we held our District Christmas party, undoubtedly, singing carols and eating goodies, talking of home, and wishing each other the Season's best. Adding to our celebration, Elder Johnson and I sang with the Ward choir for a special program of carols and scriptures in Sacrament meeting. Christmas Day we spent all day traveling and visiting with investigators. On New Year's Day we spent the whole time with members, enjoying their company and hospitality.

As mentioned before, the Spokane District began the New Year tied for 1st place in the weekly "competition" among districts. It was wholly a group effort, one aided by its reduced size. One thing, though, beyond our control, was a big dip in daytime temperature, which plunged to -29 degrees in metropolitan Spokane, almost cold enough to freeze exhaled breath into ice crystals. Tracting became "neigh unto impossible" - who are those crazy guys

out in this cold, knocking on my door? was the overwhelming response to our potential visit. Ah, but it did give us a wonderful "test" zone for practicing the "silent" door approach. Most houses had storm doors of glass or transparent plastic - the "residents" knew about Winter in this locale.

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When someone did answer our knock, they did so standing inside their warm house, looking out through their unopened storm door. Have you ever tried to be heard talking under such circumstances, blowing out clouds of vapor in the attempt? Well, the "approach" was only to "appear" to be talking but simply mouthing the words, no actual vocal sounds, while still blowing out clouds of vapor. Straining to hear what appeared to be spoken, the person would open the storm door a crack; when that happened, you had to "turn on" the vocal sound quickly so there was actually something to listen to. It worked. Even if the jester was for a short, "Step in and warm up." At the very least, we were recognized for our zeal. And maybe a callback or referral.

My car took another beating when, in spite of driving with caution, I couldn't control a slide into a post down a little incline while trying to keep an appointment at night, miles away from our apartment. Fortunately, the damage was to appearance not to mechanical features. My "Coupe" really looked "bad" - "anybody hurt in that wreck?" was the usual greeting thereafter.

One very pleasant thing happened through our contacts with the members in the area. A member recognized me from earlier days when I had dated her daughter. Sister Ula Quinton, formerly Ula Butler, introduced her husband, Bert, and indicated they had a home at Hayden Lake, Idaho, an hour or so from Spokane. We talked about the Mission and when I mentioned I was the Supervising Elder, she invited all of us to visit them for lunch some Saturday, which was the usual day for study classes, upkeep chores and recreation. I accepted her kind invitation and had 100% attendance of missionaries at their home in early February.

It was a special time: good rest from labors for "my missionaries" and a time for pleasant memories for me. When we all lived in the Douglas Ward in SLC, she with her two children, Theola and Dwayne Butler, I made a pact with Theola to be my partner for a summer square dancing class - I think 8-weeks long. Dwayne and I had talked beforehand, and he thought she would say, "Yes". She did. He was agreeable to learn, too, and took his girl friend, Helen Scott - also someone I had dated earlier. The four of us rode together to go to classes each week, Dwayne driving - he had the car. Theola was "waiting" for someone but we had fun learning about "all jump up and never come down" for the summer.

The twenty-fourth month of my two-year mission, February 1957, was to have been the original end to my mission. I wrote to President Driggs, volunteering to extend my mission due to the "down" time away from missionary activities necessitated by my after-surgery rehabilitation in mid-1955. Under date of February 8, 1957, he responded as follows:

Dear Elder Pixton:

I have appreciated the splendid leadership you have provided as Supervising Elder of the Spokane District. I have been giving a great deal of thought to your letter written me some time ago to the effect that you perhaps could stay a little longer than your regular two years if you would be needed. I have now determined that it would be

very helpful to the mission and to me, if you could stay for a few weeks beyond the normal time of your release. The following will give you a general idea of what I have in mind.

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We are having Missionary Conferences in two of our large Districts, Tacoma and Seattle, on February 18 and 19. I would like you and your companion to travel to Tacoma on Sunday, the 17th, and be with us for our Conference, the 18th. We hold our Conferences there in the Second and Third Ward Chapel in Tacoma. The Conference will commence at 10:00 a.m. February 18, Monday morning. The next day our Conference will convene in Seattle at 10:00 a.m. in the Seattle Stake House. I would like you to be prepared to give a lesson in each of these Conferences and also plan to give a talk for fifteen or twenty minutes in each Conference in addition to the lesson you present. [Note: A subsequent letter changed the travel-to-conference day to Saturday, the 16th, and switched the days of the two Conferences, Seattle, first, then, Tacoma.]

Following the Conference in Seattle, it will, no doubt, be necessary for you to return to Spokane to turn the affairs of the District over to your successor. When you have turned your records and the affairs over to the new Supervising Elder, we would like you to make your way to the Mission Home in Portland. Then I would like to have you plan to spend two or three weeks with Elder Chessman in working with some of the Missionaries in this part of the mission. On March 2 I would like you to go with us to our Southern Oregon District Conference where you will be expected to participate in the Southern Oregon District Missionary Conference on Saturday, March 2, and in the District Conference Sunday, March 3, and in the Willamette Missionary Conference in Eugene on March 4. [Note: The effective date of my transfer to the Mission Office was February 25, when Elder Douglas J. Hanks became the Supervising Elder in the Spokane District.]

On March 11, we will have a combined Missionary Conference of the South Portland and North Portland Districts and I would like you to participate in that Conference in much the same way as you have done in the previous ones. Following this Conference, if you could spend another week or two in the Mission, it would be a great contribution and I would like to have you write me and let me know how this would work in with your plans. I pray the Lord will bless you abundantly and reward you for all of your faithful service. I pray too that you and Elder Johnson and all of the missionaries in the Spokane District will continue to have the Spirit of the Lord to direct you in your labors. ...

Although I had transferred several times before, the last one from Spokane was different from the others. With them I knew I'd soon have a new companion and, together, we would continue to labor; this time there would be no new companion. It was a strange feeling, hard to describe. It was also apparent I was probably calling on my "gospel chariot" for one last trip of consequence, just get me to the Mission Home. The effect of the two "knocks" it had sustained were accumulating adversely; it was no longer running smoothly. There would be no drive home (to Utah) with my "Coupe." The program laid out for me by President Driggs had already begun.

The value of my contributions was described by Elder Cheeseman: "The presence of Elder Richard B. Pixton, Supervising Elder of the Spokane District, along with his companion, Elder Kevin T. Johnson, were certainly an asset to the missionary meetings. Elder Pixton's presen-
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tations of the lessons in the meetings contributed greatly to the success of the conferences." I was, as I've said before, the messenger but the Spirit was the teacher: it was a gift I'd had. President Driggs made two other requests: "You need to sing *that* hymn in the Conferences you attend," and, "I'd like you to try and devise a way to capture your lesson presentations so that others can learn to present them as you do."

The Hymn referred to was, "The Seer, Joseph, the Seer", No. 296, *Hymns of the Church ...*, 1948. The hymnal setting was for soloist and choir; I adapted it for solo voice only, making it much more portable (than having a trained choir on hand for each performance). Further, President Driggs got me to promise I would sing that hymn as part of my mission report when I spoke in my home ward. (It used to be customary for a returned missionary to report in a Sacrament meeting, usually as the only speaker that evening; those, for me, were some of the most interesting and inspiring meetings I ever attended.) I kept my promise.

His second request was in lieu of working with Elder Cheeseman, as he was off attending to his assignments, which all too often resulted in my presence being supernumerary. The challenge was attempting to capture, in snapshots, the progressive placement of flannel board figures for the lesson being taught. The "technology" was cut-and-paste, typed word strips, not including much-to-be-desired miniature versions of the pertinent pictures applicable to the matter being presented. Frankly, I got bogged down in repetitive minutia: every detail from the previous snapshot had to be included in the following "picture" of the board. I "retired" to a quiet corner of the Sunroom at the Mission Home; not only was I out of the way, I was so remote I nearly got missed for dinner! (I must say, though, I never did miss dinner but I also never did finish a final, written version of any of my lesson presentations; they all came home with me, to be filled away for historical reference.)

I'm certain President Driggs sensed my frustration. One day at the end of March, finding me in my "sanctuary", he said, "Elder, it's time for you to go home." I stared back at him, "Oh?" "Yes. I'm picking up a new car here in Portland for my son, Gary, and I thought you and the other Elder being released might like to drive Sister Driggs and me to General Conference in Salt Lake City." And that was it. We arrived in SLC safely after a night's stopover in Lagrand, Oregon. He and Sister Driggs delivered me to my home and briefly visited with my parents, whom they had met previously. (Mother had made it a point to contact Sister Driggs and Anne, their daughter, whenever they had come down to Conference, she being employed in the business office of the Hotel Utah, across from the Temple grounds.) Saying, "Goodbye," they left. What a special way to conclude, what till then was, the "best two years of my life."

Anecdotal reference to my green, Columbia-transmission-equipped, Mercury Coupe, is in order: It never ran again after I drove safely to the Mission Home. It never moved from the spot on the curb where I parked it, weathering even the "silver thaw". I thought I had made arrangements for it to be sold but those arrangements vanished. The Mission Clerk sent me a very nice letter, wondering what could be done to get it removed before the Mission Home open house in the Fall. I replied I had exhausted all of my resources. It was finally hauled away as junk, the cost of removal being the value of the reusable parts acquired thereby.

Anecdotal Selective Service information: On Jan 21, 1955, I was reclassified IV-D and remained so throughout my mission; on Jul 16, 1957, I became I-R, eligible for recall.

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Chapter X. My return from missionary service began a period of major transition, of letting all the ordinary, regular feelings, thoughts, and activities back into my life. Foremost, I didn't know what lay ahead of me like I had, more or less, both for the two years of military service and the just completed two years of being a missionary. For sure, I wanted to "date" again but, the big question was, with whom? I'd have to "check" that out, find out who was still around; I suspected many if not most of my contemporaries were "gone": moved away, married, started careers, and so forth. In this area I was not entirely blank - I knew I had to visit Mary Janet right away and to deliver the three letters to Faye Ann I'd written while in Spokane but never mailed.

I was more sure than ever I wanted to "finish" college, at least through baccalaureate graduation. I knew I needed to start applying, in my own life, the pattern of action I'd been preaching on for a good portion of the last year of my mission. Apparently, my presentation had been effective and memorable, as my missionary friend Kent Linebaugh, then the Bishop of his own ward in the Salt Lake area, having called me to discuss a young family recently moved into his ward from mine, asked me, "Do you remember that talk you gave about life being a series of challenges, performances, and reviews?" I answered, "Yes, I do." "So do I," he went on, "and I've thought about that over the years. It was pretty impressive." At that point I was quite embarrassed and moved our conversation to the purpose of his call. He then named the members who had moved there and asked for my appraisal of them. I was happy to reply, "They're solid, good people. If more saints were like them, we'd be close to Heaven on Earth." After we hung up, I so appreciated his call and reminder of a time when the Spirit had been very close.

When I went to register for re-admission to the University of Utah, I encountered an anticipated challenge - being on the Dean's (failure) list as a result of that disastrous Spring quarter in 1952. Five years later I'm being "interviewed" in the Dean's office, "So, you want to come back?" "Yes," I said. "I've grown up a lot since my last attendance, spent two years in the Army and two years on a mission for the Church (everyone in administration at the "U" knew what that meant)." "You're also eligible for the GI Bill, right?" "Yes." "Well, I think that about covers it. I expect the next time I see your name on the Dean's list, it will be the *other* one, for merit." "I'll surely try," I enthused. After that, I could, at least, re-launch.

The first "visit" I made from home, after returning, was Sunday night down to visit Mary Janet. Mother wondered about that, "Do you have to? You've just gotten home. Can't it wait?" "No," I replied, "I want to see her." I did. When I arrived after walking down, her mom and dad left us alone in the living room. We stood looking at each other, across the baby grand piano. We talked. It became apparent we were not the same two we had been in the Fall of 1954, when we last dated. We had lost that special regard we had had. With muted smiles, we decided to part, to "move on" to whatever lay ahead for each of us. (Mother needn't have worried, I only wanted to make sure.)

My "visit" to see Faye Ann and to give her "her" letters, took longer to arrange, she being at BYU in Provo, not exactly within walking distance. Using Father's car, I drove down and met

her. I explained why I had written letters to her but never mailed them. It was a stretch, that I didn't want another distraction during my mission like the one I came with, regarding Mary Janet. She listened politely and took them, to read, she said. I invited her and her sister,

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Linda Rae, also a student there, and the other students from Yakima to come for Sunday dinner with us in Salt Lake. I also tried for a return visit after she had read the letters and got a, "We'll see." (She was very busy finishing her degree and graduating at the end of the semester. The Yakima "kids" did come up for dinner and she and I did meet again but she was intent on finishing school and returning to Yakima where she would be teaching 4th grade the next year; in doing so she would be realizing her goal of becoming a school teacher.)

My three younger siblings were there in the house when I returned but I can't recall that Charles was; it seems he may have gone up to Alaska, on survey again. The three of them were busy with their own things and friends. Robert (Big Bob, as Mother referred to him) was almost nineteen, Paul, near seventeen, and Tom (not Tommy), was eleven. The Selective Service role as it affected mission service by young men was vastly improved since the time of my dilemma. Young men could volunteer for missions in unrestrained numbers. As I recall, there was a question of whether or not to go in Robert's mind. One Sunday dinner when he was hedging on the matter (so it seemed to me), I "lost it" (my missionary zeal erupted) and I sent a verbal jab at him, sitting across the table from me, "You don't know what you're talking about! You won't know until you try it for yourself. You've got to go after it. ... (etc.)" The previous questioning talk was stifled, not a group of "happy" campers left the table that day.

Whether my outburst had any effect, I don't know; I like to hope it did, in the mode of, "Reproving, betimes, with sharpness; afterwards showing forth greater love lest he whom thou hast reproved esteem thee to be his enemy." Anyway, Robert was called to a mission in England, the third generation of Pixtons to labor there. Paul, subsequently, went to Germany as a missionary and Tom served in Samoa. (Charles would have served with all his heart if he had been allowed to fulfill his call.)

That summer I was first home, if memory doesn't fail me, was when Robert had the "sweetest" Summer job I ever heard about: he was a swimming pool inspector for the State Health Department. His "work" was driving around the State to obtain and test water samples from motel swimming pools. When he finished each day, it was (naturally) at a place with a pool, which he could certify, and then relax in, with a back-stroke or two. His car, his own, was a big, green sedan (Plymouth?) well matched to his sizable frame (6'7"). Talk about cushy! Paul went to Yellowstone National Park as a Park Attendant, with some of his friends, while Tom and Ben Stohl, his constant companion, trampled the grass between their homes, about a block apart on opposite sides of Thirteenth East, the street both homes fronted on.

Father had returned to work and was again performing field work for the Telephone Company. Mother remained in the workforce, once she had established herself in the Accounting Office of the Hotel Utah. Her "treat" for our birthdays was to have each, in turn, eat lunch with her in the Hotel Coffee Shop, selecting from the mouthwatering items on the menu. The "home" situation was much improved over three years ago, though not quite up to the euphoria of "Pippa passes."

My need to earn money while attending the "U", to meet its attendant expenses, was virtually eliminated due to the G.I. Bill: Tuition was fully covered, with other allowances funded, including a monthly stipend while enrolled. It was "nice" not to have study and work, too, unless I really wanted to, which, in the case of the Summer Festival Outdoor Theater, I did, madly!

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Having the "hold" removed from my record, registering for Summer Quarter at the "U" was without incident - remember, I had an "Uncle" who was now paying the bills and I was determined to be a full-time student, and actually study "full-time," as well. It is hard to put into words how good it felt to just "go to school." I made the Dean's list for five consecutive terms, each time receiving an "at-a-boy", signed and personal.

On the dating scene, I went with a recently, returned Sister Missionary (she had served in the Northwestern States, where I met her and we became acquainted) all of twice: once to a Fireside and once to dinner atop the new Student Union Building at the "U". The evening's entertainment, with the dinner, was a wonderful Spanish guitar artist, who had truly mastered the instrument. He could play with verve and passion. I thoroughly enjoyed the whole evening but I believe my date was overwhelmed. She would never go out with me again. Apparently, if I enjoyed "that" kind of music (classical guitar), "that" plus me were too wild for her. (And I'm chagrined, I can't even remember her name, although ex-Apostle Richard R. Lyman, whom we passed on the stairway at the Fireside, commented upon my recognizing him - he was a favorite of mine - "What a nice looking couple." That may have chased her off, as well.)

Looking back, my attempts to date were pathetic. My pre-Army girlfriend was gone; my square dance "partner" was "promised;" my pre-Mission girlfriend exited; my post-Mission LM adventure was short-lived; another past-friend, whom I walked a mile and a half to visit, carrying a surprise birthday cake, on a Sunday evening, also had a "promise" (her Mother insisted her Father drive me back home, how humbling), and another friend with whom I was able to enjoy a home-cooked meal, who then, after harmonizing together a chorus of,

"Each campfire's light anew,
"The flame of friendship true,
"The joy I've had in knowing you
"Will last my whole life through,"

told me in a very sweet way, she, too, had "an understanding" which did not include me: "all my attempts vanished like the Summer's dew." Even one high school classmate, whom I had admired "from afar", met me, one-on-one, but confirmed she, too, was "waiting." And any further association with Faye Ann was foreclosed by lack of proximity.

Thank Heaven for full-time studentship and Summer Festival Theater! And lively repartee with brothers-three around the dinner table and with University teachers and fellow students, on and off campus. Most of the "old" crowd at the Institute, too, were gone, save for Brother "B" (Lowell Bennion), whom I had reason to contact soon after returning home. I went to see him for guidance about a prospective calling in the Church. I had been asked by a member of the Stake Presidency to consider a six-month stake mission to "top off" my full-time mission experience. I, however, felt I had been in missionary service for the better part of the last five years and that my attention should be focused on finishing college. Given my circumstances,

Brother "B" agreed this was my time to acquit myself academically to prepare for the rest of my life. While I declined the invitation to serve a short-term stake mission, I did not foreclose other opportunities to serve, viz., Stake Sunday School Board member, Ward Choir Director, Aaronic Priesthood Advisor, Ward Teacher, Road Show writer and director, soloist, etc.

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It was too late by the time I returned in April to get on the technical crew for the summer shows, so I auditioned for the chorus and "breezed" in. My singing "partner" was interesting: she was a "young" widow - with an eleven-year-old son. (Her husband had been one of General Doolittle's bomber pilots making the 1942 WWII raid on Tokyo, Japan, where, after being shot down, he was captured and beheaded as an enemy combatant. For a time after the shows ended, I'd go down to her home, where she lived with her parents, and visit for an hour or two, on Sunday evenings. Mother became very concerned but, after seeking and obtaining Priesthood counsel in the which I was told not to be too hasty to deprive those who had given their lives for their country of their temple blessings - I always knew I'd only marry in a temple - I stopped seeing her. Mother was relieved.

Charles came back from Alaska (his Summer job surveying Federal lands) in the Fall (1957) for his last year at the "U". He returned to Alaska following graduation in 1958 and while there, telephoned his proposal of marriage to Patricia (Pat) Walden, a special young woman he had met in Colorado, just before shipping out from Fort Carson in 1955 for his overseas assignment in Berlin, Germany (he, like me, was in G2, military intelligence work). His courtship (mostly by mail, coupled with one salutary New Year's Eve intrusion) was eminently successful, as she said, "Yes". They were married in September, 1958; I served as his "unofficial" photographer at the Temple grounds following their wedding in the Salt Lake Temple; as a family, we went to Denver for their reception, where he favored me as his "best man." His gift to me of a leather brief case lasted almost my entire working life; I also "hung on" to the drope kit from him, until it threatened an "independent life" (soil, wear, and tear) of its own (and the manicure scissors stopped working). Now, my best "buddy" was gone, permanently.

Back during the Fall of 1957 I reconnected with the University Men's Chorus and began taking serious voice lessons with its director, John Marlowe Nielsen, my friend and teacher. I talked with him about possibly taking the Chorus on its Spring Tour (an annual trip) into the Northwest area where I just completed a mission for the Church (Marlowe and his family were all members). He felt we might do so, since Idaho and Eastern Oregon and Washington were within the recruitment areas of the University. I was appointed "Tour Manager." On tour the next March, we sang six concerts in five days, performing in Northern Utah (at a high school); Idaho Falls and Boise, Idaho; Bend, Oregon; and Yakima and Spokane, Washington. Our "program package" included a wide variety of chorus music for men's voices, three chorus members as featured soloists (myself, a baritone, and two tenors), our two accompanists as piano soloists, and a co-ed quartet (four young women who sang as good as they looked).

Local support for our concerts was provided by LDS Church units: the stakes/wards and district/branches in the cities visited. I was able directly to arrange the visits in Bend, Yakima, and Spokane through my prior contacts in each place; Marlowe handled the other places. The "cost" of the concert to the sponsoring unit was to "host" the tour members overnight in private homes and to feed them dinner before the concert and breakfast the next morning. Tour members were assigned in pairs to facilitate smooth arrivals and departures. Extra-

special for me were our visits in Yakima and Spokane.

In Yakima, our large tour bus (paid for by the University) was met by the local sponsor's representative, who turned out to be Faye Ann. Handing the listing of pairings of personnel to her, she quickly matched them with the host family, introduced the parties, and sent them away. I

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stood off to the side, ready to assist if needed. Pair by pair everyone was finally assigned and had gone. I was alone. (Marlowe's group had driven off to their motel.) Faye Ann looked at me and said something like, "Well, that's all the drivers. I guess you'll have to come home with me." "Okay," I smiled. What else was there to do? I was treated royally; she even gave up her bedroom to me for the night. It was great to be back in the Johnson's home. After the concert, Faye Ann and I walked about the neighborhood for a while, visiting together and enjoying the moment.

In Spokane I spoke with Brother Larry Ziglar after the concert. He brought me up-to-date: he and his wife, Vivian, had gone to the Temple and been sealed before she passed away, succumbing to her long-time malady. He was so grateful the Gospel had finally united them forever and he was gracious in his praise for my help to that end. It was a touching moment.

Back home, after completing my fourth straight quarter in school I decided to give-it-a-rest for the Summer. I was not idle, however. I worked the Summer Shows, enjoying, once again, associating with Aaron Roylance as his assistant in the "light tunnel." Having said, "So long," to Charles, I said to myself, "It's time I got going, too (not that I hadn't been searching and seeking). I'd like to be married and out of here (my parents home) in the next year." Ha. How could that happen? I surely didn't know. Wishful thinking? Perhaps. My patriarchal blessing, though, contained the promise, "You will be enabled to live long upon the earth and fulfill you measure of creation in righteousness, and be permitted to take a fair daughter of Zion to the House of the Lord and there be united in that union which insures you a continuation of your companionship with your descendants and your companion throughout the endless ages of eternity." I believed in that promise and, so, continued hopeful.

One might suppose that a student in his eleventh quarter of college level studies (that's enough credits, almost, for graduation) - such a student would have firmly in mind a specific course of study, a "major" field of concentrated effort. I was not that student - I had the credits but was still pushing into three different areas: political science, theater arts, and music. I interviewed with the department heads of poli-sci and theater arts, and, while I could thrive in both, my heart was really in music I concluded after their discussions and advice. My target became a Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance and Music Theory. As an "applied" degree, I was required to learn and perform in five different languages. My five were English, German, French, Italian, and Liturgical Latin. The most difficult for me was French: too many "silent" letters. The two "must" songs I learned for my Senior Recital were my "be all and end all" for French. All the others I handled with fluency; in fact, at one point, later on, my German was pronounced as being "excellent" by my adviser at BYU. (The occasion was being invited to sing at the funeral of a former faculty member, who was German by birth; the selection was from *Meistersinger* by Wagner.)

Having finally settled on a "major", I was pressed to get every requirement accomplished. In

addition to course work, I performed as often as I could in a variety of venues, under differing circumstances: ward choirs, quartets, church soloist, party entertainer, singing competitions, Fulbright application, student recitals, community choruses, vocal ensembles, etc., of course, continuing my singing with the "U" Mens Chorus. My "applied" training included being student conductor of the Mens Chorus, training and directing the JACL convention choir, and leading the ward choir, all of which gave me experience but did not count for course credit.

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Just prior to Charles' marriage one small ray of hope on my dating radar appeared: Faye Ann moved from Yakima to Salt Lake City. How this came about is quite notable, certainly more than by chance. On a Friday evening at dinnertime, just as we finished the blessing on the food, the telephone rang. "I'll get it," I said as I quickly moved from the table to the phone. "Hello?" There was a brief silence before I heard, "Hello. Do you know who this is?" I responded, "Sure - hello, Faye Ann." I really had known who was calling as soon as I heard her voice. "Oh," was her return comment. Okay, with the formal recognition phase accomplished, she began telling me her present dilemma.

Joan Morgan, a college-age, unmarried, young woman in her Ward (Yakima) wanted to drive to Salt Lake City to see if she could get a job working at Church Headquarters. Faye Ann also decided she did not wish to continue living at home to teach in Yakima. She picked Salt Lake City as a good place to relocate to, applied to the Salt Lake City Public Schools, and was hired to teach for the school year 1958-59 (her teaching credential was earned at BYU, which probably facilitated her transfer between school systems, after having taught only one year previously.) Joan and Faye Ann got together, deciding they could help each other, since both wanted to go to the same city. And Joan already had a car they could use.

(I really don't know which came first: Faye Ann's contract with SLC Public Schools or Joan's desire for employment at Church Headquarters - whatever.) They got to SLC in late August a week before Faye Ann was to begin teaching after Labor Day and began looking for a place to rent, at least for the school year. Beyond that, they didn't know - indeterminate at best. A lot could happen in a year. But more immediately, nothing had turned up in all their looking during the whole week following their arrival. They needed some help.

(In retelling the story in later years, Faye Ann said Joan asked, "What are we going to do?" Actually, Joan could turn around and drive home to Washington but Faye Ann had a contract. Faye Ann said she said, "Well, I know someone who lives here but I don't know if he'll even remember me" - after all, our most recent contact had been at the U of U Mens Chorus concert in Yakima, some five months before. In desperation they decided to call. Faye Ann was surprised I had remembered in answer to her query, "Do you know who this is?" But on my part, there was no hesitation - I just knew who it was.)

"So, can you help us?", was Faye Ann's question. "Yeh, probably," I replied. I already had something in mind, having made a Home Teaching visit with my Father recently to Sister Sadie Pack, a widowed lady living across the street, up at the corner. She told us her renters upstairs had moved out and she wanted to get new renters as soon as possible. She was elderly and wanted persons who would be "proper" - no children and no loud parties. When I hung up the phone, I remarked, mostly to myself, "Well, how about that!" I shared the situation with my family, who naturally were interested to hear the whole story.

I then called Sister Pack, asking if her apartment was still for rent. "Yes, it is," she responded. I told her of the situation regarding Faye Ann and Joan and asked if I could invite them to call on her so she could see and talk to them personally. "That will be fine. These are 'proper' young ladies, are they not?" I assured her they were. I called back to Faye Ann at the motel where they were temporarily, giving her the contact information so they could arrange to see the apartment and be "interviewed" by their prospective landlady. They got the apartment.

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I felt good about having helped the "girls" out of their dilemma; they were able to move ahead with their plans and I plunged back into school. I let them know what the meeting schedule of the Ward (Douglas) was, since they now resided within its boundaries. I had to smile how that had worked out, us being in the same Ward, given all the other possibilities existing in the Salt Lake metropolitan area. They became active members of the Ward; I remember this particular year as the Priest's Quorum Adviser as the year "Richard R." was reactivated (one of "my" boys in the Quorum) but the son of the Stake High Counselor (Ross P., another of "my" boys) went inactive.

I was thrilled by what subsequently happened in Richard R.'s life: what I had done to begin his return was to give heed to a prompting to stop by and visit him, on my way walking home from Church, shortly after he had begun missing his priesthood meetings. In response to my knocking, he came to his front door, and seeing me - his Quorum Adviser - invited me in. We talked briefly; he told me he had "slept in". I let him know, not only did his Quorum members miss him, but I did too personally, genuinely miss him. He looked at me and pondered what I had said. Then he questioned, "You came here personally to tell me you missed me being in Quorum meetings?" "That's right." We discussed some of the things he could look forward to by resuming his Priesthood activities. He said he would come back - and he did! Later he served a mission, was married in the Temple, had children and became a Bishop for his ward.

My heart went out to Ross P. I had experienced in my teen years how dull life could become without the light and practice of the Gospel. My despair was assuaged by a Father's blessing - how fortunate I had been. I made an overture similar to the one to Richard R. but to no avail. Ross chose to pull away and do other things, "like my Father does on his Sundays." (He was observant and critical of his Father, specifically, of his taking care of his flowers - roses, beautiful roses- on the Sabbath. Yet, his Father was unstinting in his service on the High Council, which his son also perceived negatively.) I also visited with his Father, to lend what support I might but, bottom line, at that time Ross went off on his own tangent. And that really bothered me: I wanted to "win" all of the confrontations of the spirit, not loose any but such was not to be at that time. (I never learned what might have happened thereafter.)

When dark clouds of trouble hang o're us
And threaten our peace to destroy,
There is hope smiling before us
And we know that deliverance is nigh.

Hymns, 1985, no. 19, We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet, vs. 2

With Faye Ann now on the scene I gladly expanded my student-home-church routine to include her as often as I could, without being intrusive or becoming a nuisance. And that worked for awhile. We'd take walks now and then on the "U" campus along landscaped paths, talking and learning more about each other and our desires and ambitions. Some

nights when I was on the way home after hours of study on campus, I'd run up the stairs to her apartment, knock on her door and visit for a few minutes, then head home (a half-block away). And I made an assumption: that I was the only young man pursuing such interests with her. Dead wrong. There also was Kurt.

The night I learned about Kurt was embarrassing for all three of us. I was my usual assuming 134.

self at the end of a good day at college, striding quickly toward home about Ten p.m., smiling as I thought of stopping briefly to talk with Faye Ann. Reaching her place, I bounded up the stairs - and nearly knock her and Kurt over, who were standing close together saying good night after their "date". (Her front door was unlighted at night and I was not looking up but keeping my eyes on the stairs, taking two at a time.) What a shock. When I reached the landing, there they were. I couldn't escape fast enough to avoid an awkward introduction, "Kurt, this is Richard; Richard, Kurt." I mumbled something and, apologizing, hastened down the stairs and disappeared. Faye Ann was put out with both of us. I knew she wouldn't let me call by after that and, later, she told me she'd cut Kurt off, too. I had botched the works.

While the "freeze" was on, I could only shake my head how stupid I'd been, assuming I could just pop in on Faye Ann any time, day or night. Sometime later, before Christmas, she relented and I was able to call on her and visit again. That was really nice. I decided I wanted to do something special with her, so after she had gone home to Yakima for the Christmas holidays, I bought two choice tickets for the "Nutcracker Ballet" performance on New Year's Eve by Ballet West, the new professional ballet company in Salt Lake City. I then called her to invite her to go with me - and struck out! She declined my invitation, saying she wanted to spend as much time in Yakima as she could.

Oh, was I disappointed. I had built up in my own mind how that wonderful music and superb dancing would usher in a spectacular new beginning for our association. Mother, sensing my deep disappointment, volunteered to go with me since I had two tickets. I couldn't explain how that wouldn't accomplish my intended purpose. I was miserable and thought I needed to be alone in my misery. What about the second seat? I went alone and left it empty. I concentrated on the performance, music and dance, and, though sadly alone, was revived.

Resuming our association after she returned I became more convinced I wanted to spend much more time with her - actually, forever. I, however, sensed a new focus for her attention: she had previously expressed her desire to serve a full time mission for the Church and on her birthday in September of the previous year she had reached her twenty-third year, the age at which she could be called to serve. I knew from my experience what a marvelous time and blessing such service would be in her or anyone's life. I was conflicted. I wanted to ask her to marry me, which, if she accepted to do so, would close off a much hoped for opportunity. It wasn't like it was a sudden desire she had; it was one she had been looking toward and anticipating, and had likely discussed with her Father, who had been her Bishop, as well.

I didn't know what to do. My feelings for her were so strong but could I do that to her after all her planning and preparation? I sought counsel from a member of my Stake Presidency, the one who had talked to me soon after my being released from missionary service, President Sharp. He it was who had accepted my decline of serving a short-term stake mission. Would

there be any help for me in my present situation from the faith-full resolution of the prior one? Yes, he thought so. The concept was still to embrace a mission but one of a different nature. I could prayerfully propose that, I said, and she could prayerfully choose!

So, blessed with that new insight, after a lovely evening together in mid-February, I proposed to Faye Ann to marry me and enter on a mission of a different kind. She said she would have to think about it before she could answer. She had not said, "No", so I was very hopeful her

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consideration and prayer would cause her heart to resonate with mine and her answer would be, "Yes!" Waiting for her answer was new territory for me as never before had I made a proposal of marriage.

We went to a concert of the Utah Symphony shortly thereafter were a Brahms concerto with guest soloist was the main feature - at this point (age 82) I don't remember if it was his Concerto for Violin or his Second Piano Concerto. Which ever it was, its beautiful tones washed over us with warmth and passion. (There is nothing like a Brahms concerto for warmth and passion!) Upon returning to her apartment, we sat down together and I asked, "Well, have you had enough time to decide?" "Oh, yes," she said, "and yes I'll marry you!" That was the happiest moment of my life.

At that point a hundred things rushed on us to be considered and accomplished. Would you believe before making our plans to wed public I said I had to write to her Father and ask for his blessing? She said that would be nice, old fashioned but nice. She would like that, too. In his reply he said he assumed Faye Ann and I had agreed to be married and that being the case, they would be happy to have me as a son-in-law with their blessing. Knowing we wanted a temple marriage, Faye Ann would need to take out her endowment sometime before the wedding which was scheduled for June 29 (1959). (That day was a Monday, which brought on some interesting comments as to why a weekend had not been chosen.)

The car Faye Ann drove to get to work, of course, belonged to Joan, her roommate. So, in April, two months before we were married, we contracted together to purchase our first automobile, a light blue Oldsmobile-88 sedan (that's commitment with a capital "C"!) This vehicle was in lieu of a red and black Buick sedan I found and initially favored until Faye Ann said she didn't want a "red" car. That was enough for me - goodbye Buick. Another early consideration was the engagement ring. Of course we wanted it soon; it was a matter of recognition of a very happy time in our lives. I got to make the selection. Stan Russon, a former thespian who figured in my training in stage acting back in the days of the old Thirty-third Ward, was a salesman at Leason-Persall Jewelry in downtown SLC and helped me select a ring for Faye Ann. He made sure we had it for the announcement reception Faye Ann's parents gave us at the Hotel Utah during April General Conference time when many members of the extended Johnson family in Canada could join the celebration while in Salt Lake for the Conference.

Not least among the must do items was choosing a wedding dress. Unexpectedly, Faye Ann found the one she wanted at Auerbach's Department Store (not ZCMI) which required little alteration to make it "temple ready." It was a gorgeous gown for a wondrous bride! Our announcements were printed by my former missionary companion, Elder Reed Burnett (Newberg, Oregon, where my knee re-injury occurred) who at the time of our wedding had his own printing business in Ogden, Utah. Then there was the task of developing the "lists" of

guests: for in the Temple, on the Temple grounds after the sealing, at the Wedding Breakfast, to the Reception (in Yakima), and to the Open House in Salt Lake City.

Importantly we remembered to obtain our marriage license at the County Court House and to "leave" it at the Temple after Faye Ann completed her endowment. (It was a tense moment the morning of our wedding when our temple helper asked for our license and I responded, "You already have it, I hope." It was not in the folder. Reconstructing the events following the

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completion of Faye Ann's ordinance work, which was weeks ago, our helper then had placed the all important document in a drawer in one of the ornamental tables lining the wall of a main temple corridor. "Let's look there," our current helper suggested. We looked; it was there (miracle of miracles already)!

And there were a myriad of other considerations the "women" had in preparation for our wedding that us "men" were not apprised of nor concerned with but which were essential, I was assured: things like bridesmaids and their dresses and showers and photographs and music, refreshments, a wedding cake, etc. We went together to select wedding rings (and I didn't "entrust" them to someone else as I had the marriage license.) And I did get to participate in a pre-wedding "shower" - given by my associates in the University film repair lab where I worked (for pocket change) as a repair technician. In the pre-flat-screen TV era, the main classroom media tool was 16mm motion pictures. There were hundreds of titles in the film library and each reel had to be inspected for damage after each showing before it could be re-shelved and circulated again. It was a "view" and "splice" operation involving thousands of feet of film - very responsible. The women of "my" crew (fellow employees) - that was everyone except me - had fun giving me a "party", which included refreshments and gifts of handyman things every new groom would need: hammer, pliers, screwdriver, wrench, tape, and candies.

Going to be married became the center of my attention. It put a smile on my face, a gleam in my eyes, and extra bounce in my step. Which did not go unobserved by my student friends, university associates, and Church brothers and sisters. One example was an afternoon as I was striding by the Music Department's secretary/receptionist, she called after me, "Richard!" I swung around to answer her, "Yes?" "You're getting married?" "Yes." "Is it right?" "Yes." "What's different than before when you weren't?" (I finally got to say more than "Yes.") I shared with her my smile, gleam, bounce, and genuine pleasure of being with Faye Ann and of wanting to be with her when I wasn't, of the whole new concept of "we" that had come into my life, and of the realization of one of my fondest dreams and desires. "Wow," she said. "That's what I want, too." She was a lovely young lady, very pleasant to be around and to work with. I felt sure she would and told her so - and bounced away, smiling and gleaming.

Though central, it was not my only concern. There was the little matter of finally being able to graduate from college. I had done it! - almost. To get all my language credits finished, having run out of time in my schedule for a classroom course, I got approval to complete one quarter of study by correspondence, which I did. In Musicology, I had "missed" taking one of the traditional offerings; again, it was a time constraint, but I had the requisite number of hours by substituting a "Modern and Twentieth Century" class for a "Baroque and Classical" one. I petitioned the specialty Chairman for waiver and, after we talked - we were acquainted through being in the same Stake in musical activities - he gave his approval, nodding his head

that he felt I would not neglect the "missed" period in my solo repertoire. He was right, as I sang Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Haydn.

The "tour-d'force" of my final quarter was my Senior solo recital. It was an ambitious program including selections from Handel forward through the Twentieth Century. I had need of two accompanists, as the modern numbers were pianistically very difficult. My regular accompanist, Paul ----- welcomed the help, especially since it was from the regular pianist of the Utah

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Symphony, Ardeen Watts, a member of the piano faculty at the "U". (This "lifeline" was extended in the last week of rehearsals prior to the performance. Wow! What a pick up! He "pulled" me through my French numbers with the tonal whirl and splash of his piano playing, so characteristic of the genre.) I enjoyed singing this program. Marlowe (my teacher) pointed out to me the special attention it received from our Department Head, Dr. Leroy Robertson, in that he personally attended, something he did not do often with "senior" recitals. The "audience", of course, was partial to me - many had been personally invited to attend, although it was not restricted to those only - and their applause was loud and prolonged. I may have gotten an encore, some ditty like "On the Day I Get to Heaven." (You have to practice and learn pieces for "encores", and sing them very well, to preserve the quality of your planned concert - it would not be good to flub an extra number following twenty well performed ones.)

Faye Ann left for Yakima right after her teaching year ended, which was before my college graduation, so she did not attend and I missed her. I was, however, cheered on by other members of my family. I sang with the Mens Chorus as we performed the special music, then marched in line with the graduates as diplomas were awarded. My chief concern from then until our wedding day was to plan our honeymoon - she left it pretty much up to me after suggesting, "Canada is nice." I had other guidelines, such as when we needed to be in Yakima for the Reception and in Salt Lake for the open house.

I worried about finances - how to pay for our first trip together without going into debt, which was important for me and I felt it would be for Faye Ann, although we hadn't discussed it at all. I wrote for tourist information from Victoria, B.C., and planned our itinerary from Yakima, following the Reception, to returning to SL for the open house, making key reservations for lodging. Assessing the costs, including ferry charges, meals, and gas, I concluded I'd have sufficient funds, provided I sold the books in my personal library and my reel-to-reel tape recorder (an important adjunct for my continuing study of singing), which I was able to do. (Father also forgave a significant debt I owed, his contribution to our "commencement.")

Everything seemed ready for the big day. Faye Ann and her family were back in town and the Sunday night before we were to be married had finally arrived. We kissed and departed to our respective abodes, she to the hotel and I to my parent's home. We were on the threshold of establishing another eternal family, a sacred dominion. And suddenly the tiniest of doubts worked its way into my mind: is this right? I'm sure, now, that it was the Devil trying to thwart another covenant union. As I ever so briefly entertained that thought, my mind's eye was shown a picture of what it would be like to wonder alone in the dark and dreary world. Just as quickly as it had come, I refused any further consideration of doubt and the picture disappeared and was replaced with the coming joy of celestial union. My heart was completely at peace. I slept well until waking for the most important day of the rest of my life.

ALWAYS

No thought more joyous, nor goal so bright,
As loved ones, gowned of Truth and Light,
 Hand to hand, in purest bond,
Dwelling through eternities.

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To have the best of Earth refined, become
Sublime, and set the way, the course of suns,
 In sweetest song of single pulse,
Exalted through eternities.

RBP - "*an Anticipation verse*"