

Memoirs
of
Gayle DeWitt
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MEMOIRS OF GAYLE D. TAYLOR
My Early Days

World War I was coming to an end the year I was born. It was also the year of the great flu epidemic. August 16, 1918, was my birth date. I first saw the light of day in Chandler, Arizona, Maricopa County.

My father was David Kenneth DeWitt and my mother was Elizabeth Adelaide Fuller DeWitt, both native Arizonians. Dr. B. B. Moeur, later Governor of Arizona, delivered me.

I remember very little, if any, of my pre-school years, but when I was ready to go to school my parents sent me to live with Grandpa and Grandma Peterson in Mesa, Arizona.

The only thing I remember about my first day was the special dress that my mother had made. It was pongee with scallops, and in each scallop my mother had embroidered pink flowers.

The school was called Lincoln, and my first teacher was Miss Clay. The school was about a mile from my grandparents' home.

During this time, my parents began to build a house on 2 ½ acres which my grandmother gave to my mother. I lived in this house until I graduated from high school.

All my growing up years we lived in what we called "the country". As I remember, we first had electricity when I was about 8 years old. Also, we had our first bathroom.

Dad used to take us occasionally when we were children to the American Kitchen, in Phoenix, for dinner. This was always a gala occasion. After eating, we would go, sometimes, when the stores were closed, and window shop. We would look and wish we had certain things. Dad would always say he would buy it for us if the stores were open. We would then accuse him of purposely taking us after closing time so he wouldn't have to buy it for us.

On these trips to Phoenix Dad and Mother were very loving, and we would all giggle when Dad would give Mother a kiss.

Franklin School was one of the last old landmarks (dismantled in 1970) in Mesa, Arizona. I spent the school years of fourth to eighth grade there, graduating in 1932. My most memorable experience was singing, in the chorus, "The Waltz of the Flowers" at the graduation. I wore a blue organdy dress with a pink sash.

Miss Cutland taught Home Economics, and I learned to make Cheese Dreams and sewed my first dress. I remember modeling it at a fashion show and Joyce, my youngest sister, sitting on Mother's knee, shouted out, "Hello, Gaylie."

I enjoyed Miss Huber, who taught us singing each day. We would sit at our desks and balance our music books in front of us, while Miss Huber blew her pitch pipe.

Miss Ellsworth, who later married my Uncle Orin Fuller, taught us Physical Education. For some years I held the State Championship for the soccer kick at the State Track Meet.

O. P. Greer was principal of the Franklin School. Aunt Mable Peterson, Mother's sister, later became his secretary when she graduated from college.

I loved my art teacher, Leota Horne. She was so pretty, and lived east of us on East Fourth Avenue. Miss Hill was my geography teacher, and this is where I learned to spell geography: "George Edwards' old grandmother rode a pig home yesterday." Mary Alice Bell taught English.

After leaving Franklin School, I entered Mesa Union High School. I loved my four years in high school. I was active in several school organizations, and in my Senior year, I was the President of Girls' League.

I remember going to the national meeting with Elma Jacobsen, our sponsor, in San Diego, California. This was really a big thing and most memorable. Miss Jacobsen was the Home Economics teacher and we became good friends. We stayed in the U. S. Grant Hotel, and it was the first hotel I ever stayed in.

My high school years were very happy years. I was able to make the Honor Roll rather consistently, though I never fancied myself brilliant. I was a member of Ghatso, a society for good grades. My grades in Algebra and Geometry left something to be desired. It was a good thing I did well in my other studies. I also belonged to Quill and Scroll, a journalism society.

In my sophomore year, Harvey L. Taylor came to our high school as principal. I remember the first day we saw him was in an assembly, where he was presented to the student body. We all thought he was the handsomest man around, and we gasped as he lead a song, for fear his pants would come off. He was straight up and down and his belted pants hung low on his hips.

For three years I was his Assistant Director for spectacular pageants which he put on at Desert Knolls Amphitheater on the desert east of Mesa. Horses, people, Indians, whites and what have you were used in the cast.

I also sang in the chorus directed by Mr. Haroldson, and appeared in some plays. I don't remember who directed the plays.

I am not quite sure, but I think I ran for the Student Body President/Vice President, and was beaten by Evelyn Ivy.

When I was Girls' League President, my sister Betty served as Vice President.

I ran with a group of girls, among them being Dicie Jennings, Ruth Altman (with whom I went through grades 1 through senior in high school), Charlotte Webb and Florence Farnsworth joined the group in high school. Also, Dixie Standage and Mona Millet, from Alma School, became part of us. Marjorie Ferrin and Georgia Curtis from Apache Junction joined with us.

Boys that I liked were John Donaldson, Garth Jenkins, Charles Pearce, Lane Pew, Blaine Cummand, Benner Hall, Frank Kznarich and Frank Hunsaker.

I really had a case on Garth Jenkins, who had aspirations to become an actor in Hollywood, and actually tried it and didn't succeed. John Donaldson was killed in World War II.

Dicie Jennings and I exchanged Sunday dinners all our growing up years. She had very "tony" older sisters that seemed like the very epitome of glamour. I remember rumble seat rides with her sister Ina and her husband Frenchie Navarr.

Dicie married right out of high school to Kenneth Lane, a classmate. She worked for the Arizona Republic and had two children.

My Dad was a contractor, first building railroads and then highways. We spent every summer with him in the camps, and we spent the winters without him, with my mother acting as both mother and father during those winter months.

I recollect summers in New Mexico, when I was a little girl. One summer we lived in an old hotel in Bluewater, New Mexico, owned by my mother's aunt and uncle, Aunt Deborah and Uncle Fred Nielsen.

We never knew the real name of the hotel, as most of the name was obscured on the sign. Only the last four letters r a t s were left, and so we called it the RATS HOTEL.

Dad's uncle Jess DeWitt, from Holbrook, worked for him, and he always kept us in stitches. One day he had us kids before him, teaching us in his sing-song manner:

“Again we meet around the board
Of Jesus, our redeeming Lord.
With Faith in his atoning blood,
Our only access unto God.”

Even though the above verse was of a sacred nature, we grew hilarious.

One summer we lived in Gallup, New Mexico, in a tourist camp, as they were called in those days. Often there would be flash floods which would disrupt areas.

One particular day, we were allowed to go to the movies. It was “The Virginian” with Gary Cooper and Mary Brian. While there, a flash flood came down the arroyo which cut through town and water flowed high. It was very disconcerting as the sound in the movie did not go with the lip movement. Our mother was very glad to see us come home, for the flash flood had been a worry to her.

I guess the summer in a camp that I remember the most was 1936, the year I graduated from high school. Dad was building road in the Concho, Arizona area, on Highway 60. We lived in tents with board floors, and ate our meals in the cook house. On my birthday, August 16th, 1936, Mr. Wilse, Dad’s cook for many years, baked a cake in which was found \$5.00 wrapped and baked in the cake. It was an exciting birthday.

Dad’s cousin Waldo DeWitt, who was near my age and who later became chairman of the Arizona Tax Commission, worked for Dad, and we became good friends.

Max Willis, from Snowflake, Arizona, and I became good friends. He worked as a waiter in the cook house. He later went on a mission to Argentina, and worked years for Frontier Airlines.

That year, sitting in a car at the camp, during an awful thunder storm, we heard on the radio that Will Rogers and Wylie Post had been killed in an airplane accident.

In the fall of 1936, I went to live in San Francisco, California with my Aunt Madge and Uncle Guy Stephenson. There I had my first year of college at San Francisco Junior College.

My aunt and uncle lived in an apartment on Francisco Street, in the Marina area just off Van Ness Avenue.

I slept in a pull-down bed which opened up in the living room. It was on this bed I felt my first earth quake, when I felt the bed shaking and thrashing around. I arose from my bed and ran quickly to the window and saw lights going on all about me.

I enjoyed my church experience and all school experience and met many nice people.

In 1937-38 I attended Gregg Business College in Phoenix, Arizona. Since I was back in Mesa, with my parents, I rode with Myrtle Carr, who lived out east of Mesa. It was convenient for her to pick me up. I don't remember the make or year of her car, but it was very old fashioned and large for the times. Gayle Johnson also rode with us.

One of my friends was Geraldine Lang, from Chandler, Arizona. We sometimes sluffed school to go to Nelson Eddy and Jeannette McDonald movies. We would swoon with proper aplomb.

My dad practically made me go to Business College and at the time I thought it was a trifle harsh. I have been very thankful that I learned to type and take shorthand.

My first job was a temporary one at a Security Company in a building on Central Avenue in Phoenix, Arizona. My boss's name was Mr. Furlong. My second job was at Arizona Title and Trust Co.

My last job was with Barrow's Furniture Co., in the office. One of the managers was Mr. Sale, father of Jimmy Sale, a classmate of mine at Mesa Union High School.

In the fall, I went to B.Y.U. for the 1939-40 year, and lived in an apartment with Dixie Standage, Carma Flake, and Lita Anderson. We lived on the corner of 1st East and 5th North, across from the lower campus.

I joined the Val Norn social unit, and enjoyed some nice contacts.

I also went with Weldon and met his family, and we had many enjoyable times together. One of the nicest we had was when we drove to Salt Lake to see the much acclaimed movie "Gone With the Wind". Weldon was also an expert at cooking steaks on rocks, and it was a real event to go into the canyons for a steak fry.

In June, 1940, I again went to San Francisco and secured a job with Edward Brown and Sons, Marine Insurance. I lived again with Aunt Madge and Uncle Guy, and enjoyed the experience of going to work dressed up in what I considered a "spiffy" manner. I wore a suit, white gloves, and carried a purse. Every morning I rode the F Street car to California Street from Grant Avenue.

I also worked for Crown Zellerbach, which was in a very tall building, and I remember standing at the window and watching the troop ships come in. It was World War II time.

I took active part in church activities at the Hayes Street Ward. I taught a Sunday School class and was active in the Gleaners. I was also on a Stake Board.

I have written episodes regarding meeting Weldon, dating, marriage and birth of Stephen and Dee. Also, have mentioned the various places we have lived.

When we lived on 11th East, my sister Joyce lived a year with us while attending B.Y.U. Steve also started school at Wasatch school on 9th East.

About this time we decided we would like to live nearer town. We bought an old two-story home at 73 No. 5th East, and had many joyful times while living there. Dee started kindergarten at Maeser School, and Steve was about in the third grade when we moved there. The teachers were older women and were very knowledgeable, and both boys had a great time there.

After Maeser, both attended Farrer Jr. High, and also had a great experience there. Then came Provo High, which both attended.

We loved the Provo 8th Ward, and I have written about my Relief Society experience and friends.

Steve had his mission call in 1965 while we were still on 5th East. He went to Paris, France, and seemed to be quite happy there. While we were in Cairo Egypt in 1963-64, he studied the French language and was already able to speak. His mission call was in the 8th Ward, East Provo Stake.

In 1967 we decided to build a house at 1861 Oak Lane in the Oak Hills area. Weldon was with a group of friends who were developing this property. The house was ready to move into in September, 1967.

Dee was already in his Senior year at Provo High, and President of the senior class. He had lots of friends and lived in the same area that Steve Thomas, Rick Nelson and Craig Nelson lived. They still remain close friends.

In January, 1968, we met Steve at the Salt Lake airport. We even took Sandy, our dog, with us. Each letter that we received from Steve, he always said, "I guess Sandy will be gone when I get home." Sandy was thirteen years old and still around, so we took him to the airport, too. When Steve stepped off the plane, Sandy ran to him, and Steve picked him up and hugged him.

Sandy didn't last long, and one day while Dee was skiing, he collapsed. We knew we had to take him to the veterinarian, but I said we can't do it until Dee gets home. When he did, he laid down on the floor beside Sandy and cried. Weldon and I took Sandy out to the vet and that was the end of Sandy. This dog was loved from the

day that Paul Harmon left him on the back porch with a note thirteen years before.

Even though Steve didn't go on his mission from the Oak Hills 4th Ward, he had a welcome home in both the Provo 8th and Oak Hills 4th.

Dee finished his freshman year at B.Y.U. and left on his mission April 1969. His mission call was to Buenos Aires, Argentina, and he always seemed very happy.

Since he had Spanish from Paul Lloyd in high school, he felt comfortable as a Spanish speaking missionary. He has been able to use the language a great deal since his mission.

In May, 1969, Steve married Margaret Dickerson in the Salt Lake Temple. Steve then went to Harvard Business school, and received his MBA in 1971.

While they were at Harvard, Phoebe Ann Taylor was born, October 31, 1970, in Boston. I will always remember Steve's telephone call when he said, "We've just had a little spook."

Jacob Stephen was born May 24, 1973, in Calcutta, India. Steve was working for Citibank of New York.

On March 10, 1973, Dee married Shana Pace in the Provo Temple. After graduating from Brigham Young University in 1973, he then went to graduate school at the University of Virginia where he received his MBA in 1975. While in Charlottesville, Virginia, their first child, Roxane, was born.

Dee's first job was in Guayaquil, Ecuador. He worked for Citibank of New York also. Sam, their second child was born while there.

Peter was born in San Jose, California after they moved back, due to a cancer problem. Hilary was born in Bellevue, Washington, after he was transferred there by the bank.

They then moved to Salt Lake City, and their last child, Michael, was born in Cottonwood Hospital in Murray.

San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge

I attended San Francisco Junior College 1937-38. My Uncle and Aunt invited me to live with them in their apartment on Galileo street. We were where we could overlook the San Francisco Strait leading into the San Francisco Bay.

At that time, work on a bridge connecting Marin County and San Francisco had been in process for over three years, because of a growing population. People wondered how a bridge could be built because the gap was a mile wide, and the Bay waters were exceedingly deep and dangerously turbulent.

The engineer, Joseph Strauss, chose to sink only one of the bridge's two vertical piers in the water of the Bay. The other was anchored in the Marin County shoreline. All other parts of the bridge, including the floor and its roadbed hang from cables suspended by steel ropes.

It took a little over four years to build and on May 27, 1937, the Golden Gate Bridge was opened to pedestrians and automobiles. Over 200,000 people walked, strolled, ran and danced across the bridge for the first time.

My uncle and I walked across the bridge the first day it was opened. I shall always remember this event and have considered the bridge a very graceful symbol.

In 1941, after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, my aunt and I stood at the kitchen window looking out to this elegant bridge expecting the Japanese to bomb San Francisco.

Where I Was When Pearl Harbor was Bombed

In 1941 I was living in San Francisco's Marina District with my uncle and aunt, Guy and Margaret Stephenson. I was working for Crown Zellerbach Corporation, and enjoyed my life very much.

On Sunday, December 7th, we took our usual route to Church through the Presidio, enroute to the chapel on Hayes Street. After an enjoyable Sunday School and class, we returned home by the usual route and when we got to the Presidio the gate was closed, and we were told the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, so we went home by a different route.

We were told we should have blackout curtains, be off the streets after work, so that meant going directly home. For many evenings with the lights off, we stood at the kitchen window and gazed at the Golden Gate Bridge, fearing airplanes and a bombing by the Japanese. In several weeks the curfew was lifted, but still there was a great deal of fear.

The building I worked in had many floors, and we could see the troop ships coming and going. Many L.D.S. boys left on those ships, and while in San Francisco swelled the ranks of our M.I.A. at church. It was a full house at each meeting.

This was a time of fear, but also interesting, and I met many wonderful people.

How I First Met Weldon J. Taylor

I had my first year of college at San Francisco Junior College. I lived with my Uncle Guy and Aunt Margaret Stephenson. Aunt Madge, as we always called her was my father's sister. Their apartment was on Francisco Street and very near where my college was.

After my first year of college, my Dad insisted I get a year of business college, which I did.

In 1939, I made the decision to go to Brigham Young University, so prepared myself for that experience. My friend Charlotte Webb had already been to B.Y.U. She informed me that her friend, Jack Gibb, a B.Y.U. professor, and Weldon J. Taylor were coming to Mesa on their way to summer school at the University of Southern California. Weldon was a professor in the business school.

She arranged a blind date for me, so that is how we met. It was a very nice occasion. In September we met again and dated all year. We had some very wonderful times together.

After the school year was over, I went back to San Francisco and worked for Crown Zellerbach Corporation. It was war time and I remember looking out the window where the office was and seeing troop ships coming and going.

We wrote letters and kept in touch with each other, and in 1942, we became engaged.

My Engagement, Marriage, and Birth of Our Two Children

Something I will always remember is where I became engaged. I was working in San Francisco and living with my Uncle and Aunt, Guy and Margaret Stephenson when Weldon came to see me.

We had a very nice time together, and before he left, we drove up to the top of Telegraph Hill, where he proposed to me. The ring came later in the mail.

We decided that we would be married in the Salt Lake City Temple on November 5, 1942.

I went by train to Salt Lake City, and was met by my Grandmother Peterson and my Aunt Mabel Peterson Skinner. Grandma was visiting Mabel and Earnest in the Farmington, Utah, area. Earnest taught Seminary. I stayed the night with them, and they went with me to meet Weldon at the Salt Lake Temple.

My parents were not able to attend, as it was war time and my dad was working in construction in Tucson, Arizona.

Our marriage was lovely and we drove to Sun Valley, Idaho, where we had our honeymoon. I am happy that we have been able to return to Sun Valley two different times.

When we married, Weldon was a single Bishop in the Lakeview Ward on Geneva Road, Provo, Utah. He had been Bishop for two years, and was thirty-four years old. I was twenty-four years old. The Stake President, A. V. Watkins, later U. S. Senator from Utah, gave Weldon eighteen months to find a wife.

We lived out of the Ward, at 1026 West Center, because Paul and Alene lived at Cherry Hill Farm in Lakeview.

We eventually moved to 64 North 1st East, as being in a basement was not good for our health.

Our first child, Stephen DeWitt Taylor, was born August 12, 1945, while we lived downtown, across from Provo Bakery. We later moved to 344 N. 1st East before Weldon was released. Stephen was blessed in the Lakeview Ward.

William DeWitt Taylor was born December 20, 1948, while we were living at 741 North 11th East, where we had bought a home in University Gardens. Dee was blessed in the 13th Ward, which at that time was meeting in the Social Hall on the B.Y.U. campus.

How I Feel About My Club - Literary League

Literary League has enriched my life and made it more enjoyable.

Literary League has brought love and friends into my life that would otherwise not have been possible.

Literary League has enabled me to bring the therapy of laughter into my life.

Being in Literary League increases the span of a joyful life. I was 24 when I joined Literary League in 1943.

My Portrait

In the Fall of 1945, Alvin Gittins, portrait painter from England and a recent convert to the L.D.S. Church, was studying at B.Y.U. He and his wife Gwen lived around the corner on 4th North. We then lived at 741 North 1st East, Provo, Utah.

We had become friends, and Weldon, who was still Bishop of the Lakeview Ward, had asked Alvin to speak at Sacrament meeting, which he did. He and Gwen were a very interesting couple, and we enjoyed our contact with them

One day, when Stephen was about two months old, Alvin asked me if he could paint my portrait. He told me he had an odd shaped canvas and would like me to stand in a certain position, wear a red skirt and black blouse. I told him I would love to have my portrait done, but he would have to come to our house, because Steve was young and I didn't want to take him out.

He came for several sittings. I stood by the curtained window on the south end of the living room. I was able to find a red print skirt, which he painted red in the portrait, and a black blouse. When he finished the portrait, he offered it to me for \$50.00. We didn't feel we had the money to purchase it, so that was the end of that.

Some years later, after we had moved to 73 North 5th East, some of the Ward kids told me that my portrait was hanging in the Farrer Junior High School. This was a great surprise.

I went over to the Farrer and, sure enough, it was on one of the walls of the main hall. I later learned that Alvin painted the portrait of J. Y. Thornton, Principal, and the deal was that my portrait went along with his painting.

I didn't give much thought to the situation, but a few years later, Bob Laird, who was in our Bishopric, and who was a counselor at Farrer Jr. High, told me he noticed that my portrait was in a closet at the school. I asked him if he thought he could get it for me. He said he would try.

One day he came to our house with my portrait and told me I could have it for \$50.00. I was very happy to finally have it in my possession. I've always liked it. The remaining years that we were on 5th East, it hung over the desk in the entry hall, which Roxane has now. For the past twenty years, it has hung over Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry's desk in our entry at 1861 Oak Lane.

Alvin Gittins left the faculty at B.Y.U. and taught at the University of Utah the rest of his life. He passed away about 1984. We went to the Kimball Art Center in Park City, Utah, to view his art exhibit a week or two after he passed away.

He painted portraits of several of the L.D.S. Church authorities.

Ida Smoot Dusenberry

When we moved to 741 North 1st East, Provo, Utah, in 1945, our neighbor on the north side was Ida Smoot Dusenberry, retired professor at B.Y.U. in the School of Education. She was the sister of Reed Smoot, who had been a Senator from Utah for many years (1903-1933), and in 1900 was made an Apostle in the L.D.S. Church.

Mrs. Dusenberry and I took to each other immediately. She was an aristocratic and determined woman, and, yes, almost eccentric in her ways -- but I loved her for it. We grew to like each other very much.

She was inactive in the Church, though in her younger years she had been a Counselor to Sister Emeline B. Wells of the General Relief Society of the Church. Because Sister Wells was in her 80's, Ida did all the traveling for the Relief Society. In fact, she was 28 years old. I remember her telling me she met Gandhi while on her way through India.

We had wonderful visits together, and sometimes when someone in her Rook Club couldn't come, she would call me. I always begged off, as I wouldn't dare play because I knew I wasn't good enough for her group.

When Stephen was nine months old, she came over one day and placed him on her lap while sitting on the sofa. She held him with one hand and with the other said, "Say Ida, say Ida". This she did over and over, and before she left, she had him saying his first word, "Ida".

When she passed away her daughter, Margaret D. Terry, gave me her desk and a chair with a maroon velvet seat, and a cream pitcher and a sugar bowl. I have always treasured these items.

November Snow, 1948

Today is November 11th, 2000, and looking out this morning at the falling snow, I was taken back to one November day in 1948 when it started to snow and didn't let up until well into December.

I'll never forget that the street was plowed frequently, and each time, the snow grew higher on each side of the road. Finally, as we looked out the window we couldn't see the cars passing on 11th East.

Eventually the icicles formed on the edges of the roof, and hung to the ground. I remember people skiing on the east mountains.

A funny thing just happened - I was doing things in the house and I thought about Oliver and Barbara Smith who lived across the street. I called her on the phone and we spoke our memories.

On December 20th, 1948, Dee was born, and the weather was so brutal that we weren't able to have him blessed until March, 1949. He will be 52 December 20, 2000.

Experience living in Queens Ward, Flushing, N.Y.
Written for Queens Ward Memories, 50th Anniversary - 30th for building

We lived in the Queens Ward, Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y. In 1951-52 while Weldon was getting his Doctors Degree at New York University. Our address was an apartment complex on 217th Street, Bayside, very near the residence of Howard R. Driggs.

Owen Cullimore was the Bishop, and the Ward met in a building at Flushing. Weldon taught a Sunday School class and I served as a Counselor in the Ward M.I.A.

We have very pleasant memories of our experience there, and met many wonderful friendly and generous people.

Our two sons, Stephen, age seven, and Dee, age three, accompanied us in this very eventful time of our lives.

Our Summers in South Dakota
1948, 1949 and 1950

During the summers of 1948, 1949, and 1950, Weldon taught summer school at the University of South Dakota, in Vermillion. The town was situated near the Missouri River and was a very friendly college town.

The first summer we lived in Professor Cumming's home, a two story house next door to Garnet and R. F. Patterson. He was Dean of the Business School.

Dean Patterson came to us and asked if Art Volk, recently graduated from the University of Colorado Graduate School of Business, who had signed a contract, could live with us until he got adjusted and could find a permanent place to live.

I was pregnant with Dee, and wasn't too keen on having a roomer and boarder. We agreed, though, and within days he became a member of the family.

Steve was nearly three years old, and he and Art became good friends. In fact, Art promised to dance at Steve's wedding. That first summer, we enjoyed rides with Art in his convertible. We would tear off on the country roads, with corn fields on both sides, our hair blowing. What a fun time we had.

The summer of 1949, we lived in Professor Perkins' house. This time we had Dee with us, so we were a family of four.

The most memorable event that summer was the two Mormon missionaries who were at our house often. Conversion was difficult in this Lutheran and Catholic town. The missionaries were Sid Gilbert, now a C.P.A. in Provo, who does our taxes. I cannot remember the other missionary's name. We enjoyed them very much.

Our friends told us they loved having the Mormon missionaries as long as they didn't talk religion. Art Volk was married that summer.

We stayed in school housing the summer of 1950, a mobile home. Steve learned to ride a bicycle by the time he was five, and Dee fell off the counter and broke his collar bone.

The summer was hot and humid, but we enjoyed the people, school and town.

Weldon went back to South Dakota to a meeting in the fifties, but I didn't go back until November, 1985. On our trip home from McLean, Virginia, where we visited Steve and family, we drove home through Vermillion.

We wanted to see Art Volk and it was a joyful reunion. We drove to the new business school and parked. Weldon went inside and the first person he met was Art. They clasped each other and came out to the car where we could visit.

Art was retiring and going to Mesa, Arizona for the winter. Jean, his wife, had passed away. His daughter in Omaha had had her second baby (he was on his way to Omaha, Nebraska) and his son was on the Business School faculty. It was a joyous reunion.

Our older friends were gone, but we saw where they had lived. We found the Cummings' house and Perkins' house. The trailer area was gone.

It was a pleasant occasion, and we were glad we had taken the time to return.

India

In 1963, on our way to Cairo, Egypt, one of our most interesting stops was Calcutta, which I shall never forget. As we drove from the airport to the hotel, I was stunned at the number of poor people living on the streets. A good many were lying on the ground, I suppose, sleeping.

We stayed at an old British built hotel, which was quite elegant. I'll never forget the lavish buffet which was served. I warned Steve and Dee about choices to eat, as much wouldn't be washed carefully, and I'm sure this is where Steve caught his amoebic dysentery.

We found Calcutta very interesting. It is the second largest city in India and 14th largest in the world. Also, the port of Calcutta extends nearly ten miles along the river, one of the busiest harbors in the world.

Since I am writing this thirty-six years later, it is interesting to note that Steve worked for Citibank of New York in Calcutta, and while there, their second child, Jacob, was born.

Also, Phoebe was blond and past two years, and Margaret's biggest problem were people coming up and putting their hands on her face, hair, hands, and arms. It was something to worry about because of so much disease in Calcutta.

After a few days, we left for Benares, and we found that an extremely interesting city. Benares is a holy city on the banks of the Ganges River. We found the street markets, or bazaars, very interesting. As we were walking through the markets where food is sold, huge plates of rice were covered with flies. They would shoo them off when people wanted to purchase some.

Another interesting thing is that Hindus make pilgrimages from all over India to bathe in the waters of the Ganges River at Benares.

We were rowing down the Ganges when Dee and Steve said, "Mama, look at the body floating down the river, with a crow on its abdomen."

Hindus believe that anyone who drinks Ganges water before death does not have to return to this world and start another life. People who come to die in the Ganges will be carried away to Paradise.

We loved Agra, for that is where one of the most beautiful and costly tombs in the world is. It is the Taj Mahal, built between 1632-1653, by about 20,000 men. Another gorgeous thing about it is that the tomb is in a lovely garden, where pools reflect the building.

I am quoting: "Before the Empress died in 1631, she asked her husband Sha Jehan to promise her three things: he would take care of her children; he would not marry again, and He would build her the world's most beautiful tomb. He kept his word."

We spent a few days in New Delhi, the capital of India. It is here where the magnificent Parliament Buildings and other government structures have been built.

We went to see Gandhi's tomb. He was shot to death by a Hindu assassin, January 30, 1948. Gandhi was a political and spiritual leader of modern India. The people of India bestowed on him the title, "Mahatma" which means "Great Soul." He was brought up a Jaen. The Jaens are from a strict Hindu sect.

After a wonderful week of seeing several interesting cities, we flew to Iran, where we stayed a night or two with John and Rissa Clark. John taught at B.Y.U. and Rissa was in my Literary Club.

Steve became very sick while on the airplane, and we cautioned him not to display any signs of illness, or he would be quarantined and not allowed to leave the airport. It was a struggle, but we made it to Cairo.

Egypt

In 1963, Weldon received an appointment for a year as a consultant for Egyptian Business, in Cairo. This seemed terribly exciting to me, but Steve and Dee were a little reluctant. Steve was to be in his first year at B.Y.U.; Dee, three years younger, wanted to remain in Provo schools with his friends.

I found, in checking up on Cairo, that it was the largest city in Africa. The area that Cairo was in was the heart of the richest agricultural region on the continent. It was at the head of the Nile Delta, and on the east side of the Nile River.

Also, the encyclopedia said that it was divided into two sections, the native quarter, and the European section. I also learned that the older section had twisted narrow streets, that there were crowds of people pouring through the streets. They would be pulling carts, and there were donkeys and camels on the streets. Also, the name Cairo comes from the Arabic words El Tahira, which means "victorious city."

I reported some of this information to Steve and Dee, and finally convinced them we should go. Steve could go to American University, and Dee to Maadi College, a grade school through high school, in the suburbs of Cairo. They finally felt better about the year away from Provo and friends, and we took off.

We settled in a very nice apartment on the island of Zamalk on the Nile River. We had a very comfortable apartment, and most of all, a kind, likable Egyptian cook named Abduhll. He came from near the Sudan, and had worked for many English and American people. We found he knew about our kind of food, so had excellent meals.

Steve got registered at the American University and Dee at Cairo American College, with grades through high school and also eight lower grades. Dee was in the ninth grade. Steve played basketball with the Egyptian team. Dee had friends from all over, since embassy people sent their children to Maadi.

I remember one day we were eating at the Hilton, and all of a sudden, Sammy, a black boy, Dee's age, came running to our table calling out, "Dee, Dee, Cassius Clay is in the lobby. Come quick." Dee picked up a card on the table and ran out and was able to get his autograph. Of course, Cassius Clay became Muhamed Ali. Weldon and I also saw him.

Also, about this same time, I was walking past the Shephard's Hotel, and Malcolm X and his entourage walked out.

One of the places we loved most was the national Egyptian Museum. This is the place where the treasures from the tombs of the ancient kings and queens of Egypt

were kept. We went many times, as there was so much to see. We were intrigued with the King Tut collection, and many other statues, pottery, jewelry, and mummies.

We saw the pyramids many times, and the most famous were the Egyptian pyramids which stand near El Giza, about five miles from Cairo. They are considered one of the seven wonders of the world.

When Bob Sears came to Egypt to visit, he wanted to see the three pyramids, so we drove him out there. He jumped out of the car and climbed up to the top of Cheops. The base of Cheops covers about thirteen acres. The top point stands about 451 feet above the ground. Another interesting fact is that it is estimated the pyramid contains 2,300,000 stone blocks.

Our good friends Sarah and Stewart Grow came to visit, and they wanted to see the tomb chambers of Cheops. I remember that Weldon took a picture of them coming out.

The next largest pyramid is Chephren, the tomb of one of the rulers of ancient Egypt, and the third is Mycerinis. These pyramids are also huge. Another interesting thing is the Greek historian Herodotus says 100,000 men worked for twenty years on the great pyramid.

Dee was nearly sixteen and eager to learn to drive so he could get a driver's license when he returned to Provo. He learned to drive on the roads around the pyramids. Weldon would take him out and Dee would spend an hour or so driving here and there. He loved it.

It was in Egypt that I developed an urge to walk. Cay Parrish and her husband Lawrence, from Storrs, Connecticut, were also in Cairo at the same time. He also acted as a consultant. We became good friends, and spent lots of time seeing the city. We saw the store, Groppis, that had good things to eat!! Also, other small museums and mosques.

While we were in Egypt, we were pleased to have Burt and Lorna Harrison visit us. Burt also taught at B.Y.U. Probably the most exciting thing we did was drive to the Citadel and stand looking out over Cairo. It is huge and was built by Saladin.

During the time we were in Cairo, there were more than two hundred mosques. Many of the mosques are strikingly beautiful. They are really wonderful examples of Arabian architecture. One of the mosques we enjoyed very much was Ibn Tulum. It is supposedly built on the spot where God spoke to Moses. Another beautiful mosque is Sultan Hasan.

Back to Saladin. He was the greatest Moslem warrior of the 1100s. He was regarded as a saintly hero, and even the Christians found him honorable. He was born in Mesopotamia, and went to Egypt to help the rulers govern the country.

While we were living in Zamalek, Steve got very sick with hives. He was out of school and we remember him walking around the rooms in the apartment to try and ease the hurt. We took him to the Egyptian doctor, and when we came home he told us the doctor used a screw driver to give him a shot. Actually, we had to have someone going to Jerusalem to bring medicine back to clear up his problem. It could not be gotten in Cairo.

We became acquainted with Vangie and C. J. D. Brown (Brownie) from Bozeman, Montana. They also lived on Zamalek. For the life of me I can't remember what he was expert in, but it seems like he was a water expert.

We remained good friends and kept in touch. Both are deceased. The last time we saw Vangie was when she was visiting a grandson in Orem. We took her to lunch at the Tiffin Room at Z.C.M.I., University Mall, Orem.

Other people we know who came to see us while in Egypt were Boyd Ivory, Martin Hickman, a professor at B.Y.U., and later, James and Barbara Lipscomb, who lived in Maadi. Jim was in charge of the Harvard program which dealt with the program helping Egyptian business.

One of our memorable evenings was at Christmas time at the Lipscomb's. We enjoyed Jim and Barbara very much and we had a lovely evening. Of course, our favorite incident was when Dee accompanied Steve on the trombone, when they played "O Holy Night".

We also knew the Brummett family, from the University of Michigan. I can't remember the son and daughter's names. Lee's wife was Eldora.

We also remember a well educated Palestinian young woman, who worked in the same office as Weldon. Since it has been many years, I can't remember her name. She told me that the Jews came at sword's point and drove her family off their property, which they had deeds for hundreds of years. She said, "We are going back some day." Will that question ever be solved? I'd love to see her again.

After living on Zamalek, we moved to Garden City, near downtown in Cairo. Our apartment looked out over a small park and the Nile Corniche. We wanted to have Dee take piano. I remember the piano we rented was carried up several flights of stairs, on the back of an Egyptian man. Dee studied with Professor Pizzaro, an Italian living in Cairo.

We were able to find a very competent Egyptian that Steve could study French with. I am sure it helped Steve get a missionary call to the Paris French Mission. We arrived home in 1964, and it was the summer of 1965 that he received his call.

We saw the first "Aida" at the Cairo Opera House, done by an Italian Company. Dee saw his first opera, which I'm sure gave him a love for opera. In later years he was on the board of Utah Opera.

We also enjoyed some interesting places near Cairo, one being Memphis, twelve miles from Cairo. Memphis was an ancient capital, founded about 3,400 B.C. by Menes, the first king to rule over a united Egypt.

Memphis was also the seat of government for early Pharaohs. We saw two enormous statues, one reclining, of Rameses II.

We loved Alexandria, which we called Alex. It was long the center of Greek learning and civilization, and was founded by Alexander the Great in 332 B.C. It is beautifully situated on a ridge of land between the Mediterranean Sea and Lake Mareotis. It was celebrated for its great library and school of medicine during ancient times.

We saw one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, which is the Light House, known as the Pharos of Alexandria. It was built 300 B.C. Pharos, where it was built, is no longer an island, but is attached to the mainland.

Alexandria has two harbors, and it is an important port. It was also an important British Naval base until 1947. We visited Montaza Palace where King Farouk spent time. Weldon also attended a conference for Egyptian business that was held there.

Seventy miles from Alexandria is El Alamein. We saw where Marshal Rommel and the Axis forces advanced as far as El Alamein in the World War II drive towards Alexandria. British troops, however, stopped the conquest of Egypt.

One of the great trips taken while in Egypt was to Aswan and Abu Simble. Weldon, Dee and I went by train to Aswan.

Aswan is a trading center and winter resort, in upper Egypt, below the first cataract on the Nile River. Also, Aswan (at least in 1963) is a meeting point for camel caravans from the Sudan.

Another interesting fact is that they have huge granite quarries, which in pyramid times, furnished stone for the pyramids. The granite was also used for the walls of the Aswan Dam.

Steve saw the Aswan Dam being built, on a trip to upper Egypt and remembers riding on a bus filled with Russian workers.

After the Aswan Dam was built, the Temple of Isis, on the Island of Philae, was nearly covered with water. If I remember correctly, it was also moved to higher ground.

Certainly Abu Simble was one of the most exciting places we saw in Egypt. We left Aswan on a hydrofoil, and were on the Nile for several hours. Dee loved our ride. Upon arrival we saw four colossal statues of Rameses II. The seated King guarded the entrance to a hall cut out of solid rock. There was also a second Temple which was dedicated to his great royal wife, Nefertari.

Because of the High Dam construction, it was necessary to raise the temples to an upper level some years later. When we saw them in 196~~5~~³, they were in their original spot on the edge of the Nile.

I actually hated to come home in the fall of 1964. We had had so many wonderful experiences, met very nice people, but it was time to get back. Our trip home through Europe was also nice, as we saw so much. Steve and Dee were glad to be on their way home, though they admitted the year had been great. Also, we would be seeing our friends and relatives again.

In 1974, we returned to Cairo, where Weldon taught at the American University. We lived in an apartment near the Shepheard's Hotel. It was also near the Garden City area, where many of the Embassies were.

We returned to the Egyptian Museum and various other places already mentioned. Steve, Margaret, Phoebe and Jacob came, and that was enjoyable. All in all, our stay was worthwhile. We count this experience one of the best.

On our way home, we stopped in Charlottesville, Virginia, where Dee was going to graduate school. It was wonderful to see Dee, Shana and Roxane, who was born there.

It was good to get home and be in our house again, and to see our friends and relatives, but the memories of Egypt come often, and I love thinking about it.

St. Catherine's Monastery and Mt. Sinai

Reading about Moses in the Bible brings back memories of our trip to Mt. Sinai.

We sometimes attended a Community Church in Maadi, while living in Cairo in 1963-64. The Minister was Reverend Meinardus. We enjoyed the experience. He arranged a tour to St. Catherine's at the base of Mt. Sinai, and we participated. We drove across the peninsula, and the most memorable thing about the drive was having the driver point out what he called the manna trees that kept the children of Israel alive for 40 years.

Upon arrival, we were shown a very primitive room, but clean, where we were to stay the few days we were there. St. Catherine's is a Greek Orthodox Monastery with a small group of Monks. One that I particularly remember is Father George, who had lived there for many years

A memorable trip for Weldon was riding a camel to the top of Mt. Sinai. I was not able to go, since I had strained my ankle, so stayed and looked around the area. Father George showed me the burning bush which he said was the original, and that the monks continued to care for it.

Weldon walked down the trail from the top of Mt. Sinai. He said there was a sign stating that this was the place Moses received the Ten Commandments.

The plains of El Raha, where the children of Israel lived for 40 years, were pointed out to us. I think the Bible says there were over 2,000,000 people involved in the Exodus, but I can't possibly see how, as the plains there wouldn't be near large enough.

Also, we saw the "bonery" where the bones of hundreds of monks were stacked in order to bury them as the years passed.

This was a very interesting trip on this bare peninsula, though we did see evidence of Bedouin tribes. We also saw the Red Sea, where it is purported the children of Israel crossed in order to escape the Egyptians.

The Holy Land

For the past two months, I have been reading "Gordon of Khartoum, Saga of a Victorian General," by John H. Waller, which I have found very interesting. I have always loved history about the British Empire, especially history about India, Egypt, and the Sudan. We found our trips to Egypt, India and the middle east extremely interesting.

The nearest we got to the Sudan was going to Abu Simbil by hydrofoil on the Nile River. I also remember our cook, Abduhl, who was from Nubia, speaking of the Sudan.

I was particularly interested in his chapter entitled, "The Holy Land", for in 1963 while living in Cairo, Egypt, I went to Jerusalem with Barbara Lipscomb and her mother. Of course, we visited all the holy places, and were particularly impressed with the tomb where Christ was placed after hanging on the cross.

I somehow got it in my head that it was General Gordon for whom the tomb was named, and faintly remembered the story that I heard somewhere while in Jerusalem. Of course, I remember, over the years, of always hearing it called The Garden Tomb by people who had been there.

Mr. Waller states, "Gordon also concluded that the sepulcher where Christ was placed after being taken down from the cross was an old tomb, in a garden, near Skull Hill. Most experts dispute this, but 'Gordon's Tomb', as it is called, attracted enough attention so that it was purchased by the Archbishop of Canterbury and preserved for many years as a Christian Holy place." General Gordon spent a year in the Holy Land making judgement as to location of Holy places.

My next trip to Jerusalem in 1964, was with Weldon and Dee, and it was a thrill to see again all the Holy sights with them.

Muhammed the Brass Man
1964-64, 1974, 1975

One of the pleasant things about living in Cairo, Egypt, was visiting Mohammed, the Brass Man, in the Mouski, directly across from El Azhar, the oldest University in the world. There was always a kind of excitement for me when I stepped into the narrow alleyways that led deep into the heart of the bazaar.

Each shop keeper beckoned to the people, as they walked, to come in and see his wares, and it was hard to resist their sales talk. The one with the biggest smile on his face was Mohammed, the brass man. You were welcomed with great ceremony and he immediately would want to serve coffee. After explaining you did not like coffee, out came the Coca Cola or Sparthes, an Egyptian bottled drink.

We had been told by Embassy officials that he could be trusted, especially if you didn't try to make him come down in price, so we followed this rule, and felt that we were able to purchase some genuine and lovely items.

On our return in 1974, it was still exciting to walk the alleyways of the Mouski, and end up at the Brass Man. We cherish items bought at Mohammed's, and will always remember these vivid experiences.

Petra

Petra was an ancient city in Northern Arabia. When I went to the Holy Land with Barbara Lipscomb and her mother, we also took a trip to Petra. Petra was indeed a rose-red city. The red sandstone walls rise as high as 200 feet. It is an old and sturdy civilization.

The Greek name Petra means rock, or rock city. Trade was carried on by caravan routes between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea. Petra began to lose its importance and declined rapidly. In the 600's the Moslems conquered it.

Barbara, her mother, and I rode through a tunnel-like road with others, on horses, for some time before we reached the beautiful temple, of which David Roberts made a great lithograph picture. We have a copy in Weldon's den.

Also went again to Petra when Weldon could go. It was still a great experience.

Our First Trip to Sydney, Australia, in December, 1976

On December 14, 1976, we left Salt Lake City for Los Angeles and Honolulu. We stayed at the Hilton Hawaiian Village.

On the 15th of December, we took a trip around Oahu, and Weldon's wallet was stolen. We were in a very crowded area when someone took it out of his pocket. We also lost a bag with our clothes on the Pan Am bus, but a man retrieved it, so all was well.

On the 18th of December, we arrived in Fiji. We lost our camera at the airport but were fortunate to finally find it.

After getting settled at the Regent's of Fiji, we took a tour of the Highlands on a mini-bus, with two Fijian hostesses and an Indian driver.

We drove over winding lava bed roads high into the mountains, pelted by driving rain. We continued through rain forests and saw native life. Had cucumber sandwiches, coconut cookies and an orange drink.

Before leaving for Sydney, we had an interesting trip to Turtle Island. It took forty minutes to cross the island, and was the hottest day I can remember. Left early evening for Australia.

Several days after we arrived, we went to Bobbin Head, where we had a picnic lunch. We saw kangaroos (one in a pouch), wallabies (little kangaroos), wombats (short legged, hairy, large face), emus (like and ostrich), cockatoos, kookaburras (Australia's national bird), eagles, dingoes (wild dog-like), coyotes, and Goamas (like large lizards).

The day before Christmas we went to Martin place, downtown Sydney, and heard the Salvation Army Band and Chorus. It was a very good program. Then, when we got home, and since it was Christmas Eve, six missionaries came for traditional dinner.

On Christmas day we went to Palm Beach, saw the beaches and had a good walk. The day after Christmas, we drove to Gasford and Terrigal, north of Sydney. Terrigal Australians are the most "outdoorsy" people I've seen. When we got home we went to Bishop Cook's and had a delicious meal with family. We enjoyed the evening very much.

On the 28th of December went to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. Stayed after while Steve had choir practice. He was the director. We met Sister McKay, who was 82 years old and sang in the choir. An interesting thing was that, as a girl,

she sang in a choir that was directed by Weldon's father when he was on a mission to Australia.

The next day we took a ride on Mona Vale Road, for fruits and vegetables, and picked up Weldon at a golf course where he was playing.

Had dinner when we got home and then Family Night. I think, if I remember correctly, that this was when Phoebe, as she was eating, kept saying, after each spoonful, "Delicious, delicious, I'm always hungry."

On December 30th, we had a ferry ride from Manly to the Opera House area. We saw sailboats, each one manned by one man. The harbor was filled with them. We had a wonderful sight of the Sydney Opera House.

On the last day of the year, we took the train at Pymble for Winyard Station in Sydney. Met Steve at I.A.C. and had lunch at Unique Business Men's Lunch.

We then walked to Queen's Square, and saw a lovely fountain. Also, a huge chess board and two people playing. Walked on to St. James Church, designed by famous convict architect Greenway.

This episode happened at the University Mall, September 5, 1974.

Weldon and I were walking in the mall, since we slept in, had breakfast late, and wanted to avoid the sun. We met Bill and Fay Firmage and had a good visit.

Bill was Steve's Deacon leader when we lived on 5th East and 2nd North. Bill loves to tell this story: "The lesson for this particular Sunday was on the Beatitudes. Bill asked the group, 'What are the Beatitudes?' No one answered, but then Steve held up his hand and said, 'There are some people that have A attitudes, and some who have B attitudes.'"

We have always enjoyed mentioning this and smile at Steve's remarks.

Relief Society President, 1954

Written January, 1982

My happiest years in Relief Society were in the 8th Ward, East Provo Stake, on the corner of 2nd North and 5th East. We moved into the Ward in 1953, and I was made Relief Society President in 1954. Our Bishop was Raymond Farnsworth, a BYU Professor.

My Counselors were Marie Bullock, 1st Counselor, and Jessie Bushman, 2nd Counselor. My Secretary was Nedra Tucker, and after a year, Verna Tolman, from Pennsylvania, became secretary. We were a good combination and worked well together.

We had good class leaders, two of whom were Genevieve Allen as Theology teacher, and Ruth H. Beecroft as Literary leader. The work day leader was Vera Jensen, who was innovative and creative. She lived around the corner from us on Center Street. Also, Zina Dunford participated in the work department, and was just as creative, and a quilt expert.

During these years, the Church sponsored the 4th of July celebration, in which the Wards participated in a huge bazaar. Each Ward was assessed so many sewn items, and so many food items, of which there was a great quality. Countless hours were spent by our Relief Society Presidency going over the sewn items, pricing, weighing, sacking candy, picking up cookies, cakes, bread and pies. All had to be delivered to a central place where the sewn items were turned in and the food items frozen until time to be sold. Then Relief Society women spent assigned hours helping to man the bazaar.

Cannery assignments in those days were large, and oftentimes last minute assignments, when the call came for twenty women at one time. We spent hours on the telephone and used our cars to transport women to and from their shifts. This was not one of my favorite memories, as I found the cannery dull, dreary, and cold, and the fruit and vegetables were not always first rate.

In order not to have Ward bazaars to take care of our financial situations, because our assignment for the 4th of July was so large, we chose to earn money by putting on the High Priest Banquet and the Seminary Banquet. We were able to earn enough to keep solvent.

For those banquets a banquet committee was selected to relieve the officers of planning the food amounts, buying, cooking, and serving. We all participated, however, in the preparation. With Vera Jensen's decorations, the tables were a work of art. We also sold hand made articles to the membership, if they so desired.

As a Presidency, we did much visiting, helped with funerals, and quilted quilts, which were sometimes given as wedding gifts from the membership. In those days we had many good quilters, and the women stayed until the quilt was finished, which sometimes was late in the afternoon. Many good friendships were formed over the quilt frames.

The work day luncheons were always special, for which I credit Vera Jensen with her special aptitude and creative ideas.

I believe we provided good teachers for the lesson material, and our attendance was high, with as many as sixty-five attending. I remember our opening day Autumn Leaf luncheon was attended by eighty-five women. We were a cohesive group, and we were proud to belong.

A number of the original group still get together each month to have lunch and renew our friendship. We look forward to our association. These friendships have been rewarding and happy. We have shared many wonderful experiences together.

Relief Society President
Oak Hills 4th Ward, Provo, Utah

During my term as Relief Society President, rather than have a bazaar, we had a garage sale. We asked for contributions from all Ward members, which included furniture, clothing, dishes, toys, lawn mowers, appliances, etc.

Everything was brought to Barbara Jacob's home. (Must give a lot of credit to Barbara for the success.) All donations were priced by the Relief Society Presidency.

On the night before the big event, we carted everything to the cultural hall, lined the hall with tables, and placed the contributions on tables ready for Saturday morning. It was a gala event, and we made a lot of money. We never had to ask the Bishop for money, and had a good balance at the end of our term.

Because we did so well, we were able to provide home making days that were free to the women. In February, Valentine shaped cakes were provided and with the help of Cheri Lyon, Faye Beck, and Gwen Lloyd, each woman was able to take home a cake beautifully decorated for her husband's valentine at no cost.

For an October homemaking day, Ann Wiest took her station wagon and we gleaned the fields of dried weeds for dried flower arrangements. The cultural hall was filled to the brim and any interested woman was able to make her own bouquet and many went home in a happy mood. I might add that Barbara Jacobs hobbled about the field on crutches suffering from a broken ankle.

We all remember the quality Christmas items made under the direction of Sonia Despain. Lovely large fruit wreaths, beautiful white feathered wreaths, and unusual Christmas tree skirts, which many of us still use in our holiday decorations. We had a close relationship and are still very good friends.

My Relief Society experience in this ward was not always pleasant, and I felt used-up before three years had passed. The prepared material for our use did not seem as challenging nor pertinent to what was going on in the world. Relief Society was becoming geared to the young women, so it was a relief when Weldon retired from B.Y.U. and we returned to Egypt for a semester at the American University in Cairo.

I had lots of respect for Bishop Robert Leishman, as he rarely bothered us and gave us our autonomy at a time when greater stress was put on Priesthood Leadership. He allowed us to keep our money, to write our own checks, and make our own decisions.

For this I thank him.

Quito, Ecuador

We left November 19, 1977, from Salt Lake City, to visit Dee, Shana and family in Quito, Ecuador, where Dee worked for Citibank, after graduating from Graduate School at the University of Virginia.

Upon arrival, we rested a bit and in the evening we went to a fireside at Elder Gene Cook's home. We met some very nice Church members.

On November 24th, Shana cooked a lovely Thanksgiving dinner. We brought the Norbest turkey from U.S.A. and we were so glad that we could all be together.

The next day Dee took us to Mitad del Mundo (Middle of the Earth) to see the Equator Monument, with North and South lines. There was also a museum with animals, birds, and exhibits of the early Indian life. It was a most interesting day.

I found it interesting that Ecuador's capital is 15 miles from the equator. It is in a high valley between two ranges of the Andes. Snow capped volcanoes rim the city. Because of its altitude (9,186 feet), Quito has year-round spring weather that averages 65-70 degrees in the daytime.

Another thing that Weldon and I found interesting is that Quito is a great city for walkers, especially down the cobbled streets of the old city. There you find plazas with vendors selling fruit, ice cream, and chocolate. There are also many sidewalk cafes and boutiques.

Spanish conquerors founded Quito in 1534. The cathedral at Plaza de Independencia houses interesting sculpture and paintings. Jose de Sucre, one of Ecuador's greatest heroes, lived in this church. Inca gold shines on the altars and ceilings of most of the churches, and churches also have spectacular colonial art collections.

Dee took us on a trip to Otavalla and we found the market place was most colorful with the Otavallians displaying their wares. There were blankets, sweaters, embroidered clothes, woven Christmas decorations, pre-Columbian pottery, weavings, etc.

The men dress in baggy white pants, white shirts, a black poncho and black hat, and they wore white sandals. The women dress in black and wear chains of gold beads around their necks, with a black head-dress on their heads.

We drove on to the village of San Antonio, where there is much wood carving done. All the shops are around the square, and the garden in the square was especially

lovely. This is the place where Dee and Shana bought Weldon's golfer that stands by our fireplace.

We stopped and had lunch, which Shana prepared, at the foot of Cotacachi Mountain. We found the lake very beautiful, and particularly a nice place to eat the great lunch Shana had prepared.

Otavaleno Indians wear white pants, like the Gaucho pants, and a dark blue poncho, a black hat and sandal-like footwear made of the same material as rope.

Women wear a shirt called Anaco with embroidered blouses and many bracelets made of beads. The Indians are famous weavers.

Another trip on November 8th – we left Quito at 9:30 and drove past an industrial area, villages, farming area, and Cotopax Volcano. The volcano is snow covered, and we were told is 20,000 feet high or more.

We soon reached Ambato and drove about the narrow streets and saw where the Mormon Church was located. We also stopped at a huge Catholic Church across from a beautiful square.

We drove on and stopped at Dalasaka, where a fiesta-type celebration was going on in front of a Catholic church. Indian men were dancing to band music, and most were very drunk.

We then followed the Pastaza River through the huge gorges with waterfalls on both sides of the road. The jungle growth, flowering trees and bushes were beautiful.

The road was dirt and rough at times, and one lane. We descended from the Andean mountains to Puyo, gateway to the Amazon Jungle. Spent the night at quaint and sparse but clean lodgings. We enjoyed the night's rest, had breakfast and back to Quito.

We attended our first bull fight in Quito. This is quite a sight, though I don't like to see the bleeding bull.

All the fans were shouting "Ole'", and it was as though they were all at a football game. One matador was carried off the field because of the bull. The star matador really won the hearts of the people, and it appeared to be quite an art.

All the spectators bring bottles of wine and guzzle while the show goes on. The matador received much acclaim, with carnations thrown to him.

One of the nice trips was when Shana took us to Old Quito, so that we could see San Francisco Church, begun in 1534 by the Spanish. It was full of 27 karat gold. I was somewhat repulsed by the gold, the ornateness, and dirtiness.

Our stay in Quito was wonderful. We were so glad we had a chance to go to this beautiful and interesting city.

Steve and Family Arrive in Quito

On December 6th, we spent the day resting from our Galapagos trip, and getting ready for Steve and family's arrival.

We all went to the Quito Airport to meet Steve, Margaret, Phoebe and Jacob. They came in on Air France, from Lima, Peru. They were all fine and it was good to see them. Spent the afternoon sightseeing.

Shana and Dee's children and Steve and Margaret's children enjoyed being together. Roxane was especially enchanted with Phoebe and Jacob.

Dee took us all out to the equator and then we spent the afternoon shopping. We had a great dinner and a wonderful visit.

On the 9th of December, Dee took Steve and Dad down to Old Quito sightseeing. In the evening we went down to Hotel Colon, where we had dinner. Very nice being together.

The next day we all went to the airport to see them off for Miami and Biloxi, Mississippi, to see Margaret's people.

Before their flight left, we shopped, and went to Burger King for lunch. Did some shopping in the Folklore Store. It was there that we met Olga Frisch, a Hungarian who came to Ecuador forty years before because of Hitler. She was 76 years old. She encouraged the Indians in their native arts. Her shop was very elegant, with gorgeous things. Steve and Margaret purchased a wall hanging and so did we. Shana seemed to know all the interesting places.

It was wonderful to be together as a family.

Our trip to the Galapagos - December 1, 1977

We were off to the Galapagos after a two hour wait at the Quito airport. This flight took us to Guayaquil. We continued on and were bussed to Iguana, where we boarded the ship that took us to all the islands.

Our first stop was Seymour Island, where we were introduced to the blue footed booby and the magnificent frigate, sea lions, small birds, (Darwin's finch) and beaked mocking birds.

We left the ship by small pankas (boats). All trails were marked and we had to stay with guides. Meals on the small ship were very good. After our dinner, we had a briefing for the next day.

The boat moved half of the night and after breakfast, the next morning, we took a panka and went out to Hood Island. Hood is a volcano island. There is vegetation, a vertical wall on one side, and a gradual slope on the other. Iguanas rest on the black rock and are red and green on the back. A small monster out of the past, not more than 4 feet long, iguanas are an inoffensive animal.

Upon arrival at Hood we were met by sea lions both in and out of the water. We saw the blue footed booby and the masked booby, finches, mocking birds, frigates, red-beaked tropic birds, albatross, and galapagos hawks.

The Marine Iguana handles itself very well in water. They swim on the surface of the waves. They allow themselves to be carried back to the rocks by the waves, where they cling to the rocks with their strong claws.

On the island of Florianna, we saw the pink flamingoes that get their color from eating shrimps. They also eat living organisms out of the mud. A very interesting candelabra cactus grows on the island that resembles the saguaro cactus in Arizona.

The beach here is sandy and the walk delightful and fun to wade in from the panka. Also on Floriana is where the post barrel is. Letters or cards can be placed here and someone picks them up and takes them elsewhere to post. A lovely day.

We visited the Darwin Experiment Station on Santa Cruz Island and heard all about the breeding of turtles, and later saw the big tortoises in enclosures. The turtles became almost extinct because of whalers, sealers, and smugglers. Whalers could live on tortoise meat as a tortoise could live a year in the hold of the ship. Now they are breeding the turtles again and will gradually place them back on the islands.

Weldon and I took a mile walk, and then the panka back to the boat. While on Santa Cruz Island, we saw the tall cactus tree called puntia.

In the afternoon, we went to Placa Island and saw the sea lions all along the coast. Hundreds of them, with a bull frantically going back and forth.

While on the island, we also saw the swallow-tail gull, magnificent frigate, masked booby, red-bill tropic bird, and brown pelican. This island had red, orange, and yellow vegetation similar to portulaca and semi-tall cactus. Also saw the yellow land iguana. When we got back to the boat, the seals were right up on the dock. The landscape was so beautiful.

I don't know whether I've already said, but the boat traveled at night so when we woke up we were at Bartolme Island and James Bay in the afternoon.

We saw little vegetation, and what was there was called pioneer endemic. We hiked to the highest point, where we could see islands and marvelous scenery. We also saw the lava lizard and brown pelican.

After descending, we took the panka to Sandy beach. Dee did some snorkeling and the rest of us waded in the water.

We went to James Island on December 4th. We all felt James Island was the least attractive of all the places we visited.

We did enjoy the lava beach, with the pools and the marine life. We saw sea star, pencil urchin, crabs, and other marine life. The seal grotto was interesting but there were not many seals in the grotto.

We also saw some cacti, galapagos hawks, brown pelicans, and American oyster catcher.

The next day we spent most of the morning sitting on the Iguana waiting for transport to the Baltra airport. When we finally did leave, it was two hours to Guayaquil, where Shana's friends Jackie and Elena met us and provided us with a car and drive to see Guayaquil.

It was an interesting drive. We saw Citibank where Dee worked, the L.D.S. Church that they attended, where they lived while in Guayaquil, and other interesting sights.

We got back to Quito about 7:30. Roxane and Sam were just fine, and we were so happy to see them.

Our Second Trip to Sydney, Australia

We left Salt Lake City for Sydney, Australia, February 27, 1978, and arrived there on March 1st. It was a nice ride on Qantas. We were met by Steve, Phoebe and Jake. The children had their school uniforms on and looked so cute and Australian.

We rested the rest of the day to overcome jet lag. It took us 1½ hours to San Francisco, 5 hrs. and 30 minutes to Honolulu, and 10 hours to Sydney, a total of 17 hours.

We reached their home and Margaret was there to greet us. Their home was lovely and had a beautiful garden and view.

I must say, both Weldon and I slept the next day away.

One of the first things we did was see the Moscow Circus on Ice at Wentworth Park. Weldon and I have seen a lot of ice shows, but never one like this: a huge big top, with ice rink and trapeze set up.

On March 11th, we went to West Head and did some hiking. We had lunch looking out on beautiful water with white sailing boats. We all went as a family, and the children did well.

I remember that Weldon enjoyed playing golf, and so one day, Margaret and I took the ferry to Sydney. We had lunch at Australian Square and looked around at shops. Also browsed around in a lovely book store.

A very memorable day was going with Betty Stanley to Coara, through the Blue Mountains. We stopped on the other side of Katoomba and had a bite to eat.

We arrived at Cudglo Station in Coara, owned by Mr. R. B. Campbell. The station was originally in the outback and was 17,000 acres - now about 2,000 acres.

The house and buildings were built around 1850. The long road to the house was lined on both sides with large pepper trees. Also, I might say that I remember seeing kangaroo hopping about the area we traveled through.

We were able to see Jacob compete in a four-year-old swimming race for his school, Mossman Prep. He came in 4th or 5th at the olympic pool.

In the evening we went to the opening social and Relief Society birthday of Greenwich Ward. This was a very nice meeting in which Steve, as Bishop, was one of the speakers. He did well and also played some opening music on the organ. A lovely buffet was served afterwards.

We were able to see the McLeay house at Elizabeth Bay. The house, originally built about 1838, had been restored beautifully and it was an enjoyable experience.

We had lunch at McDonalds and came out and found the battery dead in a driving rain storm – sheets of rain, in fact.

In the afternoon Steve took us to the movie, “Picnic at Hanging Rock”, taken from an Australian book. Well done with film moods and symbolism. It was still raining when we came out of the theater. Later learned there had been 4 inches of rain.

On March 20th we flew to Adelaide and stayed at Travel Lodge. The next morning we got up early, had breakfast, and walked about Adelaide. We were particularly impressed with the Adelaide Festival of Arts Building/

We took the tour that took us into the mountains near Adelaide and stopped at the Cleland Reserve. We saw some animals plus wombats, koala bears, kangaroos, dingos, and many different birds.

We stopped at the German Lutheran town of Hahndorf, a small town in the Adelaide Hills, settled in 1839 by Lutherans who were escaping religious persecution in Germany.

On to Lobethal, another Lutheran village, and saw the first and oldest Lutheran Church in Australia. We also went to a museum where many German items are displayed. The 1st Lutheran College in the southern hemisphere is in this place.

Came back to Adelaide and took plane to Melbourne and stayed at the Hilton. The next morning we took a walk and saw some old restored homes of Melbourne.

On way out of Melbourne, we saw the old jail where Ned Kelly, Australian folk hero, was hanged at age 26.

Took tour bus to Ballarat. On the way we passed lovely farm land, horse breeding farms, fruit farms, mainly apples.

On entrance to Ballarat, a gold mining town, stopped at hill where Battle of Eureka was fought. A diorama depicts this battle.

The best part about the stop was a greenhouse, with the most beautiful begonias I’ve ever seen. What oohs and ahs. I think they even surpassed Burchart Gardens. Drove to the botanical gardens and saw another most gorgeous display of begonias. Also the fibrous begonias were a sight to behold, plus salvia, canna lilies, zinnias, asters, and marigolds. Also roses, some beautiful Italian sculpture, a poet’s cottage, and fernery with gorgeous ferns.

On the way back, we stopped at Sovereign Hill, in Ballarat, an old mining spot.

Back to Melbourne and upon arrival in the city, we were in the worst traffic jam we were ever in. Finally we made the Hilton, and then dashed to the airport to wait two hours. We arrived in Sydney by 11:30 p.m.

On the 23rd of March, we spent most of the day at Royal Easter Show, a big State Fair on gigantic proportions. We were very impressed with the fruit and displays. The next day we started out for Dubbo with the family for a four day Easter holiday. Stopped at Orange for our breakfast in a park.

Our next stop was Wellington, where we went to the Museum to see over 100 clocks. Wellington was named after the Duke of Wellington. We happened to be there at 12:00 (noon) to hear all the clocks chime.

Stopped in Orange on the way back to see begonia collection. Quite nice, though inferior to Ballarat.

Then we went on to Dubbo, where we visited the old jail believed to have been completed in 1887. We saw solitary confinement cells, condemned cells, male cellblock and female cellblock. Also, exercise yards, hospital, library and an old well, and charge room. An excellent restoration.

We left Dubbo and drove to Western Lands Zoo, where animals roam the area. It was beautifully laid out, but a disappointment as to the number of animals.

Our next stop was Warrumbungle National Park. We saw lava mountains and remains of a volcano center thirteen million years old. We had our lunch in the park and drove on to Mount Stromli and Siding Spring Observatory. The large telescope was installed with the help of the United Kingdom and inaugurated by Prince Charles. It was the largest in the Southern Hemisphere.

The country landscape was awesome but eerie in some respects. The clouds were lovely and at times we could see miles ahead. It was here we all got a thrill when we saw a kangaroo leap across the road.

Our last day was spent driving in the countryside on country roads and over small rivers and creeks. Saw lots of cows, sheep, and horses. The heavy rains had made the rivers churn and the land was beautiful and green.

We stopped at a park in Mussellbrook and had our lunch, and then to the grape country and inspected the Wyndham winery. Then on to Cessnock and to Hunter's Point for a view of Hunter Valley. While there we saw a goana, which looks much like an iguana.

We drove on to Wyong and on to Tallway towards Sydney, crossed the Hawksberry River and back to Mossman. The countryside was all very beautiful.

We had been in Sydney since our arrival on March 1st. It was March 27th when we arrived home. We fell in love with Australia and our stay was a happy one. Steve, Margaret, Phoebe and Jacob were so good to us.

New Mexico Experience - 1980

In the fall of 1979, Weldon was invited to teach at the University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque, during the spring semester of 1980. Dr. Robert Lenberg, a former student of Weldon's, was head of the Marketing Department, and suggested we come. Weldon taught three basic marketing classes with forty students each.

It was a rewarding experience, and Weldon grew to love the Anglo, Hispanic, and Indian students who were competent and colorful. It was an outstanding experience.

The first thing we did after getting settled at 7305 Montgomery Street, was find a regional section in a bookstore. The first book I bought was "Death Comes for the Archbishop" by Willa Cather. I had read it many years ago, but didn't remember much about it. This book changed my life perspective and completely captured my imagination, and I became interested in the three cultures.

In our Saturday exploring, we gained more knowledge and respect for this "land of Enchantment". We found great satisfaction in seeing the ancient pueblos, ancient 17th century churches, and the living pueblos, of which there are 19. The little Hispanic villages in the northern mountains of New Mexico, were equally as interesting.

The hours we spent walking about Taos, Santa Fe, and Albuquerque were rewarding. It was a wonderful four months, and has given me much to think about.

I feel somewhat like Willa Cather, after she made her first of many trips to New Mexico (1912). She said she "found a Western land with a past, and it began to press into her." The discovery of this region was the principal emotional experience of Willa Cather's mature life. It seems to have been an emotional experience for me to see these ancient pueblos, cliff dwellings, and churches, and know that people lived and grew up in such an environment. I felt we really discovered New Mexico.

One of our favorite trips was to the Acoma Pueblo, which is also known as "the city in the sky". It is not known how long the Indians have lived on the nearly 400 foot high rock. Acoma tradition has it that they lived there several hundred years before Coronado's visit in 1540-41.

Before Acoma, the Indians lived on top of the "Enchanted Mesa". The most impressive thing is the Mission Church which San Estevan dedicated to St. Stephen. It was established by a much beloved Friar by the name of Juan Ramirez. The church is built in the early Pueblo style, and is the largest of the early New Mexico

missions. Some claim the present building is the original, others claim the original was destroyed in the uprising of 1680 and rebuilt in 1699.

The incredible thing about this structure is that every stone for the building, and every bit of earth in the many pounds of adobe, was carried up the rocky trail on the backs of Indians. Logs from 12 to 19 inches in diameter and over 40 feet long were carried from the San Mateo Mountains, a distance of at least 30 miles. They were then hoisted to the top of the rock with grass ropes.

We enjoyed very much being on top of the rock and viewing the houses and the church. Most of the Acoma Indians live in Acomita, but about eleven families still live on the rock.

I attended a very solemn religious ceremonial the 1st of May, 1980, with Joan Crockett, at San Felipe Pueblo, on the west bank of the Rio Grande, about thirty miles north of Albuquerque. An image of San Felipe is carried from the church into the plaza and placed in a bower. The ceremonial dances begin, and continue until late afternoon, when the image is returned to the church. It is the Green Corn Dance that they do, and imagine, to my surprise (I thought there might be 50-75 Indians dancing) there were hundreds of men, women, and children participating and dancing to the sound of the drum and chanting.

An employee of the Crockett's invited us to go and meet her family, as well as the program. The home facing the plaza was pleasant, well-furnished, and a host of family members were seated around the huge table, feasting.

The Indians of this pueblo lived on top of the Mesa before the pueblo uprising of 1680, and since the early 1700's the Indians moved down on the banks of the Rio Grande. I count this one of the great experiences while in New Mexico.

Another trip which we thoroughly enjoyed was the High Road to Taos through the northern mountains. We began the trip at Espanola, which lies on the banks of the Rio Grande, and drove through ageless Spanish communities, some of them being: the famous weaving village of Chimayo; Santa Cruz, home of the massive church of Santa Cruz; Cordova, which must look like a mountain village in Spain; Truchas, which commands one of the most inspiring views of the Southwest. We then went to Las Trampas, a picturesque village that still continues the methods of former generations.

We then went on to Picures Pueblo, where we stopped to see the museum, and wanted to see the replica of an 800 year old kiva. Because of muddy roads, we were advised against it.

My favorite church of the pueblos is the original mission church at Laguna. I judge

the mission church could have been built after 1450. The church, on the outside, is pure white, and against a blue sky the church is quite incredible.

Inside, it is narrow and long, with huge beams and high ceiling. The walls have a highly designed Indian motif. Birds are used as some sort of symbol in the paintings. Carved wooden statues figure prominently in a recessed box. Before "Death Comes for the Archbishop" was published, Willa Cather and a friend returned to New Mexico by train in order to see Acoma again. They had to stay a week at Laguna pueblo, at a boarding house which they found distasteful, before the rain let up and they could be driven to Acoma. She said later that this ought to be a very fruitful week, as she was able to make some decisions regarding the final writing of the book.

We drove to Taos where we again visited Taos Pueblo (we had done so in the early fifties) and points of interest in Taos.

We enjoyed a visit to the artist R. C. Gorman's Navajo Gallery on 5 Ledoux Street, and the place where he once lived.

Personally, I found the shops at Old Town in Albuquerque more interesting than Taos Old Town, but that may be because I knew it better.

We loved browsing about Santa Fe. It is loaded with first-class shops surrounding the Plaza de Santa Fe. The Palace of the Governors is the oldest public building in the United States and is a museum of sorts. The Indians of the surrounding pueblos display their wares on front of the palace.

Another point of interest is St. Francis Cathedral, which was built more than 100 years ago by Bishop Lamy who became archbishop in 1875. The greatest treasure housed in the church is "La Conquistadora" (Our Lady of Conquest). The Conquistadors brought it to New Mexico and during the Pueblo Revolt in 1680, it was rescued and taken to El Paso for a 13 year exile. It was returned in the 1692-93 conquest of New Mexico.

The charming little Gothic Chapel called "Our Lady of Light", built in the 1390s by the Sister of Loretto, is nearby.

The oldest mission church in the United States, San Miguel, is near, and the remains of the original church, built at this location, are buried beneath the chapel floor. The mission bell, dated 1356, is a moorish bell, which reached Mexico City and then Santa Fe. There is a good deal of silver in the bell, which accounts for the tone.

Now to finish about Albuquerque. I found Old Town a happy place to stroll. The plaza was colorful and on one side, San Felipe de Neri church stands. Interesting shops and restaurants also front the Old Town Plaza.

We enjoyed the hiking trails along the Rio Grande in San Gabriel State Park. We walked this trail many times. The University of New Mexico is a charming array of buildings built in the Pueblo style of architecture.

We were happy to have Dee stay with us when he came to Albuquerque on business for his bank. He went with us to Old Town when we purchased an R. C. Gorman lithograph, which has hung on the wall over the piano.

I fell in love with the country, and am happy that we have been able to go back two times to the "Land of Enchantment", where we so enjoyed four months of our life.

My Favorite Church Job
How I Feel About my Garden

I've always loved my garden and the relaxation it has offered me. It is a good way for me to get rid of hostile feelings, digging, pulling weeds, etc. There is a serenity about a beautiful yard. For eight or ten years I prepared a large bouquet of flowers and placed it, every Sunday, on a table on the platform of the Chapel of the Provo 8th Ward.

When I didn't have flowers, I learned where I could find flowers in the Ward and would have something every Sunday in the Church. It was a rewarding experience and my favorite Church job.

I was so impressed with the floral offerings and displays in the old churches of England. People really cared about the beauty of their churches. I remember the flower show in the Ely Cathedral, the church where Cromwell camped, horses and all.

I think often of the beautifully manicured yards and the wealth of flowers growing at Christ Church in New Zealand. It was oohs and ahhs wherever we walked. The roses were so beautiful. It was a perfect climate for growing flowers.

On our walks around the neighborhoods of St. Ives, a suburb of Sydney, Australia, where Steve and family lived for two years, we also found beautiful yards and flowers. People take great pride in the looks of their property.

Marigolds, asters, salvia, impatiens, chrysanthemums, and fibrous begonias fit best in our yard.

The summer of 1981 was the best ever, and I am hoping for an equally successful 1982.

Weldon has ideas for his garden in the gully. I love the summer.

DeWitt Reunion - Written in 1984

On November 1, 1984, we left Provo, Utah, to attend an Abel Alexander DeWitt, Sr. (my great-grandfather) Reunion in Mesa, Arizona, slated for November 3. My enthusiasm to attend had been great when first hearing about it, but seemed to wane before leaving for Mesa. Nevertheless, we took off, spending the night in St. George, Utah.

We arrived at my sister's (Betty Vance) home, in Tempe, Arizona, about 4:00 p.m. Almost immediately met with our aunts and uncles, children of Aunt Leila and Grandpa DeWitt, Abel Alexander, Jr. Betty and my sister Carol, had prepared a lovely buffet, which all enjoyed very much.

Those present were Kempe DeWitt, Lincoln and Betty DeWitt, Edith and Rick Wert, and Ruth Wake. Anna and Russell were not able to attend because of her health, and Bob and Edie could not be present.

On November 3, 1984, the day of the reunion, we all met at the Westwood Church and couldn't believe it when I say 250 people of this extended family. Paul DeWitt, my Dad's cousin, who lives in Page, Arizona, welcomed the group, and dinner was served.

After the dinner hour, a program was held. It was announced by Gwenivere DeWitt Hulse, and each family provided a number. Our family (Abel Alexander DeWitt, Jr.) was represented by numbers provided by Susan Vance Brown, and her children. (Betty DeWitt Vance and Marion.)

Susan sang two vocal numbers accompanied by her sister Carolyn Vance, and the children (Cody, Audrey, Ben, Amy, Jonathan, and Melody), sang two numbers. Betty Vance gave two stories regarding our father (David Kenneth DeWitt), which were done with finesse.

On Sunday we attended Waldo DeWitt's meeting, where Weldon heard Waldo give his life story in High Priest meeting.

Attendance at these meetings were enjoyable. Several visiting DeWitts were in attendance.

We returned to Provo with an enthusiastic feeling that this experience was valuable and enjoyable. I would attend another one.

Mt. Rushmore - written in 1985

Each summer for three summers (1948, 1949, and 1950) we drove to Vermillion, South Dakota, through the Black Hills. We made a point of seeing Mt. Rushmore and it was a phenomenon each time we gazed at it.

In November, 1985, we once again stood in awe at the likenesses carved into the mountain. We remembered, then, how it all came about.

It was Doane Robinson, South Dakota State Historian, who first proposed in 1923 that a colossal memorial be carved on the face of a mountain. He thought of Kit Carson and John Colter, Western heroes, but the sculptor that he invited to survey the site in 1924, had a different idea.

Gutzon Borglum, born in St. Charles, Idaho, saw instead the likenesses of four American Presidents, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Borglum studied art in Paris and was a friend of Auguste Rodin. Mr. Borglum had important commissions and was considered an innovative civic and monumental sculptor.

Construction began in 1927 and continued for fourteen years. The heads measured sixty-five feet from top of head to chin. The rough shape of each head was formed by blasting away sections of rock as thick as 120 feet. Despite the use of such brutish methods, Borglum achieved a surface of amazing smoothness.

He did not see the final realization of his vision, as he died in 1941. Lincoln Borglum, his son, carried on for a year until the work was finally stopped, though not completed, due to lack of funding and weather delays.

On this trip we visited Stephen, Margaret, Phoebe, and Jacob in McLean, Virginia. It was also nice to see Rapid City again, and the beautiful Black Hills of South Dakota.

Trip to Mormon Colonies

In August, 1986, we drove to Tempe, Arizona, and along with my sister Betty and brother-in-law Marion Vance, drove to Nueva Casa Grande, Mexico and the Mormon colonies, Colonia Juarez and Colonia Dublan. The occasion was for the three-day Skousen Reunion, August 12, 13, and 14, 1986. My Grandmother DeWitt was Caroline Skousen DeWitt. We had excellent quarters at a motel owned by Church people in Nueva Casa Grande.

On our way to the border, at Douglas, Arizona, we met Marion's friend, a former Argentine missionary companion, who owned the Gadsden Hotel, last of the great hotels build by the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, early in the 1900's. They treated us to lunch, and a tour of the hotel, which had a sweeping stairway on the east side of the hotel. We were impressed by a large stained-glass window across the whole east end, depicting scenes of Arizona, and which had been made by Tiffany's in New York City. I would judge the stained glass to be more valuable than the Hotel.

Because of car trouble, we drove back to Tempe, spent the night, and the next day returned to Mexico in our car.

We crossed the border without too much trouble. We were glad that Mike Mills, Marion's brother-in-law, notarized a statement that we were United States citizens, as we did not bring our passports with us. We drove through Agua Prieta and on to our destination. We stopped once at a road block where Mexican soldiers with guns searched the car for drugs. Then on our way to Colonia Dublan, Nueva Casa Grande, colonies, and to Juarez.

We reached the motel La Hacienda, cleaned up a bit, and drove to Colonia Juarez, about eighteen miles, for the evening activities, a dinner and program on the lawn of Juarez Academy.

We met new people, and were especially glad to see Fern Skousen Mohler, my Dad's cousin from Albuquerque, New Mexico, whom we already knew, due to our stay in Albuquerque when Weldon taught a semester at the University of New Mexico.

The next day we drove back to Colonia Juarez for a rodeo, and that night enjoyed a dinner and program at the Church.

The program was done well and was directed by my Dad's cousin Viva Skousen Bluth Brown. We were impressed with the cloggers, made up of young married women who lived in Colonia Juarez. Several were grandmothers.

We attended a lovely breakfast on the third morning, at the home of one of Hannah

Skousen Call's sons in Colonia Dublan. It was simply wonderful. We had more opportunity to get acquainted with relatives.

After breakfast we took a train ride into the mountains, where an old sawmill had been. The train must have been early 1900 vintage. It was dirty and not very comfortable. It looped back and forth, and went slowly through the Mexican countryside. On arrival there were two large trucks and a pick-up which were to take us back to Colonia Juarez.

You can't imagine the trip back. Betty, Marion, Ruth and Willard Skousen, Weldon and I, plus two other cousins from California, rode in the pickup, minus seats. There was no road and the driver took off over the Mexican desert. What a ride, over washes and ruts.

We left the next morning and drove back to the border without mishap and spent the night in Tempe. We returned to Provo the next day.

Meeting Pavarotti - 1986

In April of 1986, I read in the paper that Luciano Pavarotti, the great Italian tenor, would be singing at the Huntsman Center, at the University of Utah, on September 9, 1986. Tickets were selling for \$10.00, \$40.00, \$75.00 and \$100.00. Weldon and I decided that we would afford the \$40.00 seats, and that we would invite Dee and Shana. They said they would like to go.

I called the ticket bureau in Las Vegas, Nevada, and ordered the four tickets, and within a few weeks, they arrived. As the months passed, I kept worrying for fear he would have a sore throat the night of the performance. I couldn't stand the thought of this happening, for I had always wanted to hear and see him perform.

When we got to Dee and Shana's that September 9th, Dee said to me, "How would you like to have dinner, after the performance, with Pavarotti?" I said, "You've got to be kidding." "No, really - the Utah Opera office called (Dee is on the Board) and invited Shana and me to the dinner, and I told them my parents would be with us for the performance. 'That's all right, bring them, too.'"

The concert was glorious, for Pavarotti was warm and friendly and gave much. His "Una Furtiva Lagrima" from "L'elisir D'Amore" was so nice and I loved his encores, which I failed to write down. I also liked Verdi's "Questa le Sere Al Placido" from "Luisa Miller."

So at 10:30 p.m., we left the Huntsman Center and drove to the New Yorker Club in downtown Salt Lake. I didn't know there was so much night life at 11:00 p.m. in Salt Lake. We were shown to a small dining room, with places for about forty people, and there we waited for the great tenor. Within a few minutes we heard clapping and bravos as he strolled through the club to the dining room. We all shook hands and were seated -very near so that a conversation could be carried on.

Pavarotti was so warm and friendly with everyone and carried on an animated conversation. When everyone was ready to leave at one o'clock in the morning, Glade Peterson, head of the Utah Opera, asked him if he had a final word for the group.

Pavarotti, with outstretched hands, said, "Only what my Priest tells me: 'Give, give, give.'" As we left Weldon said, "I enjoyed your music very much, but the spirit of your philosophy, 'Give, give, give', was divine."

It was a memorable evening which I shall always remember, and certainly the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me.

"Take Pride in America" Award

In July of 1988, we went to Washington, D.C. for Weldon to accept the "Take Pride in America" award, since the entry that Weldon had sent in for the Provo River Trail Committee was one of the winners. We arrived on Saturday evening and stayed in a hotel near George Washington Hospital.

Next morning, Vernald Worthington picked us up and then we went back to Arlington, Virginia, to pick up Virginia. We then went to the Arlington Ward for Church. After Church, Mark and family, along with Cathy and family arrived and we had a very lovely Sunday dinner.

After a good visit, Pat arrived from a Singles Conference at Palmyra, New York. We drove home with her, where she hosted us for two nights. After a good night's sleep and breakfast, we drove into Washington D.C. to her parking stall at the Senate Building. We viewed the Senate Chambers and saw several Senators. We then walked to the National Art Gallery where Gauguin's paintings were on display. It was a large display, with people crowded in like a can of sardines. I can't say it was a very pleasant experience trying to see the paintings. Then we went back to the Washington Marriott Hotel where we had lunch, and then strolled the mall. Then back to the Senate Building for a look-see.

Next morning we were up early to visit the White House south lawn where the "Take Pride in America" awards were to be given. Pat drove us in and attended the ceremony with us. It was hot and humid, and the sun was torrid as we sat on the south lawn.

The U. S. Marine Band, clad in their red uniforms, played for the audience. Secretary Hadel, of the Interior Department, took charge. President Reagan walked out to the platform on the south lawn, and delivered a speech on the environment. Everyone applauded, and he returned to the White House.

Presentations were made in the Rose Garden.

We left the south lawn about noon and Pat took us to a very good fish restaurant. After another good visit, she drove us to the National Airport, where we waited for our trip back to Salt Lake City. It was a quick trip filled with interesting things to do.

A Memory of Mabel, my Aunt

Written for Mabel and Earnest Skinner's Memory Book,
presented to them on their 50th Wedding Anniversary, 5/29/89

This is not a humorous incident, but it is an incident that remains very clear in my memory.

When I was seven years old and started to school, I lived with Grandpa, Grandma and Aunt Mabel Peterson at their home in Mesa, Arizona. In those days, their home was in the country. The red brick house sat back off the main road, and a long lane led to the garage beyond the house and near the corral.

One day, I heard Mabel coming in the lane driving their Rio touring car. Happy that she was home, and eager to see her, I ran out of the creamery side of the house and hopped on the running board of the car, but my foot slipped and I fell off. The wheel ran over my leg (I don't remember which one) and Mabel stopped the car and called out for Grandma.

They both carried me into the kitchen and prepared a bucket full of hot water, in which they had me soak my leg. My leg wasn't broken, for which I was glad, and I can't remember how many days I had to keep up this treatment. You can be sure I never hopped on a running board again.

The attention they gave me was wonderful, and I'll never forget this incident.

Phoebe's Graduation and Trip to Charlottesville

Written in 1988

The first part of June, 1988, Weldon, Roxane and I left by air for Washington, D.C. to attend Phoebe's high school graduation from Maderia, a girls' high school on the banks of the Potomac River at Greenway, Virginia.

We drove by taxi to the Tyson Corner's Marriott Hotel to await Steve and Margaret's arrival the next day. After we checked in, the three of us walked over to Tyson Corner Mall. The shops were fun and Roxane bought a T shirt with Banana Republic on it. We had a bite to eat, at Roy Rogers, and retired for the night.

Steve and Margaret arrived about eleven o'clock the next day with a rented van already to show Roxane the historic sites. We were then disappointed to learn that Jacob would remain in Coral Gables because of school.

We spent six hours going here and there, so that Roxane could see the Lincoln Memorial, the Jefferson Memorial, the Viet Nam Memorial, the Arlington Cemetery, with John F. Kennedy's grave and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the Senate Chambers, the Declaration of Independence, and the White House, etc. This was thrilling to Roxane.

That evening we saw Phoebe for the first time, and attended her affirmation at the school. It was a proud moment to see her. She had done well at Maderia, and dearly loves her school. Upon our arrival back at the hotel, we found Jacob. Steve and Margaret decided to have him come. Next day was graduation, in a lovely amphitheater, with a string quartet playing as the girls marched in wearing white and carrying a bouquet of red roses, through the forest to the platform. It was a proud moment, as we watched her receive her diploma. After the lovely graduation ceremony, we were treated to a buffet lunch and visiting.

We spent the afternoon visiting the Worthingtons, and then a quiet evening and rest. The next morning we made the trip to Charlottesville to visit Joyce (my sister) and Dale, and for Roxane to see her birthplace. It was a nice drive and Roxane got to see the hospital where she was born, the area she lived in and where her Dad went to Graduate School. She was quite thrilled.

We spent the night with Joyce and Dale in their lovely two story home at Earlysville, Virginia. We had lovely food and a pleasant visit. Next morning we drove back to Dulles Airport and returned to Salt Lake City.

It was a pleasure to have Roxane go with us. She told us that she enjoyed our companionship. We'd love to take her on a trip again.

Jake's Graduation

In 1991, we attended Jake's high school graduation in Westport High School gym and it was very impressive. We were glad to have been there.

In the late afternoon, Jake's Japanese friend's parents entertained a large group on the school grounds of a grade school. We were entertained with baseball, and an excellent barbecue. We met many nice people and school mates of Jacob's.

We also went to New York City to the Harvard Club where we attended a dinner in honor of Jake's graduation. This was a very nice affair and an excellent opportunity for us to dine in such a nice place.

Jake will be going to the University of Arizona, at Tucson, Arizona, for his first year of college.

Branson, Missouri Experience

This is one trip that I'll never forget. Weldon and I took it in October, 1996, with John and Dorothy Bowen. It is a trip where everything was taken care of by Carefree Travel. All we needed to do was go beforehand, and pay for everything. Then no worries – only get on the bus at Carefree Travel in Provo, then to the S. L. Airport, where we boarded the airplane to St. Louis. We were met there and bused to Branson. We had a great place to stay, and a bus picked us up for everything for five days.

The programs which we saw included The Lawrence Welk Show, Shoji Tabushi, Andy Williams, Mel Tillis, the Osmonds, Bobby Vinton. We also saw "The Promise" a play about Jesus.

My favorite show was Bobby Vinton and the Glenn Miller Orchestra. This was a #1 Big Band show. I love the songs he sang and played on the clarinet: Blue Velvet, Roses are Red (my favorite), Please Love Me Forever, Blue on Blue, Sealed With a Kiss.

I think he wrote the above songs.

Another pleasant experience was on the Kenny Rogers boat. It was a most enjoyable show.

All I can say, it was a sensational five days. I'd love to go to the Christmas show.

Vance Reunion at Aspen Grove - 1998

A memorable afternoon happened to Weldon and me on August 13, 1998. It was the Vance Family Reunion at Aspen Grove. About eighty of the Vance (Marion and Betty) family were present.

Terry and Cathy Dodds called and said they would come down and pick me and Weldon up. They did so, and we had a delightful ride and visit to the B.Y.U. summer camp.

We had a nice visit with Marion and Marie. Also David, Cathy, Janie, Richard, Mike, Tom and Carolyn. We have had the good fortune to know them all well, since they came to B.Y.U.

We were able to see Becky, Kim, and Bret Dodds. Also several of the other grandchildren of Betty and Marion.

I should say that Betty, my sister, passed away several years ago, and that Marie is Marion's second wife. She is a lovely woman.

Cacti

At Thanksgiving time, 1991, Weldon and I took a trip to Arizona with Dee, Shana, and family. We stayed with the Vances in Tempe and Dee and his family stayed with Shana's sister in Mesa.

We drove through the saguaro country. I said, "Look at all the cacti". Michael, age nearly 7, said, "No, cactuses." I said, "When there are more than one, it is cacti, and cactus when there is one." "No, Grandma, cactuses." We tried to convince each other and kept this conversation up for several miles.

Early in December, we had dinner at the Tom Cheney's. Tom is a retired English Professor, and so I decided to straighten this out, so I related the story to him and the guests. He went to his den and brought back a special dictionary and told us that cacti was preferred, but cactuses was also correct.

I still haven't been able to convince Michael that cacti is preferred.

My 80th Birthday - 16 August 1998\

On Saturday, the 8th of August, we celebrated Steve's birthday, which is on the 12th, mine, August 16th, and Shana's, the 26th. We drove up to Park City and had a delightful time on their balcony. Margaret and Steve prepared a barbecue and a wonderful birthday cake with candles, and while all together, had a call from Phoebe.

On the 12th, I went to lunch at the Lotus Garden with Barbara Jacobs, Dorothy Bowen, Shirley Paxman, and Sarah Grow. This is the way we celebrate our birthdays and have for many years. Shirley had small cupcakes with candles, and I "blew and blew", while about fifty people sang Happy Birthday. Wayne Booth spoke on Mormon Hymns.

On the 15th of August, Dee, Shana, Roxane and Sam came down and we went to Joe Vera's to celebrate. Had large glass of ice cream with six spoons.

On the 15th Phyllis Olson came to wish me happy birthday and brought me a lovely card. On the 16th Bryce Taylor, who was born on my birthday, and Dee and Shana called on the phone to wish me another happy birthday.

On the 16th Phyllis Allen called and wished me Happy Birthday. Verl and Vivian Clark left a birthday message on the message box. Steve was on a motorcycle trip, and he called on his cell phone. It was fun to hear from him out in the "toolies".

On August 17th, Otella Devy called to wish me Happy Birthday one day late. She said she couldn't get me on the 16th.

Weldon gave me a lovely plant and a diamond ring. I had lost two diamonds, so will try to hang on to this one.

A lengthy great telephone call from my sister Joyce. She has close ties with Weldon and I, and Steve and Dee. She lived with us when she went to B.Y.U. in the 40's.

Also had a birthday lunch with Dorothy and John Bowen at the Sizzler.

The Wise family, who live in our Ward, came and brought me a glass dish of dried flowers. It still sits on a table in our living room.

Edna Done called and wished me happy birthday.

What a wonderful birthday. Now I'm 82 (August 2000), but still had a good one up at Dee and Shana's. Dad reached around Peter's back and took my hand and kissed it, and said, "I love you."

Trail Story Dictated by Weldon in 1993

In 1974, Weldon was called by Leona Holbrook, a member of the Provo Jordan River Parkway committee, to write a report on recommending zoning provisions along the Provo River. There were commercial, residential, recreational and public property zones.

The committee, after studying the problem, decided it would be a good idea for them to walk the river from the mouth of the canyon to Geneva Road. When the report was submitted an addition was made stating that before parkway activities got underway, a trail should be built along the river. That would be the best way for people to become aware of the great experience that it was to walk along the river.

This was the first time a trail was mentioned in the program. Now emphasis shifted from parkway to trail. The committee agreed this was a good idea and agreed to proceed on this basis.

In 1975, our hiking group didn't want to hike in the mountains due to the deer season. None of us wanted to get shot. We decided to hike the river.

Weldon noticed developments taking place along the river that would inhibit building a trail. Weldon went back to the committee and told them what we saw. The outcome was everyone favored a trail. It didn't help the next two years, despite the fact that Weldon urged them to go ahead.

In 1976, Weldon was invited to a meeting. He found out that County money was spent for other things and Provo City was not disposed to appropriate more money. It was stated that there was no money for the acquisition of property.

Weldon was assigned to investigate and find out the facts, so after Josephine Zimmerman wrote a story for the paper, the public began to call Weldon.

Thus the Citizen's Committee was formed. Hundreds of meetings were held with the cooperation of Rex Lee, Ariel Ballif, Karl Young, Sam Brewster, Karl Snow and Willard Gardner.

These hundreds of meetings continued until now, and now we have a connected trail from the Lake to Bridal Veil Falls. The ribbon cutting recently took place, on the 5th of June, 1976.

Kenneth DeWitt Family Reunion

In November, 1998, we went with Dee and family to the Kenneth DeWitt Family Reunion in Mesa, Arizona, at the Mesa Sheraton Hotel.

The first night we stayed in St. George at Shana's parents' winter home. We have stayed there before, and found it always a nice experience.

We found Mesa one huge metropolis, with no landmarks which I remembered. When I left in 1936 to go to Jr. College, in San Francisco, the population was approximately 3,000. Now, at least in 1998, it was 400,000. I couldn't believe it. The desert to Superstition Mountain is covered with housing projects, strip-malls, and convenience stores: no landmarks that I knew in the old days.

It was enjoyable to see my sisters Carol and Joyce and their families, and I should thank Joyce, with her aids, for arranging the reunion.

Steve, Margaret, and Phoebe were there and took us about the Mesa and Chandler area. What a sight.

Also, they were kind enough to let me visit with two of my childhood friends. Dicie Jennings Lane and I went all through school together. Mona Millet Lofgreen joined us in high school. I have managed to keep in touch with both through the years.

Another nice occasion was visiting with Waldo and Nancy DeWitt. Waldo is my Dad's first cousin, though nearer my age than my Dad's. Nevertheless, Dad and Waldo were very close friends, and Waldo spoke at Dad's funeral. It was a very nice experience.

Also visited Diane and Bill Woolf (my niece) in their new home. We love Diane greatly. She stayed with us a year when she taught at Provo High School, and we introduced her to her first husband, Bryan Terry. After Bryan was drowned in Utah Lake, she married Bill Woolf. Both were doctors. They meshed 10 children into a wonderful family.

Also, while in Mesa, we had lunch at the Landmark Restaurant. It is located in the old Alma Ward Chapel. The gable roofed building houses the restaurant, and the Church was built in 1908. This was the Church that Mona, my life-long friend, attended.

Our drive back to St. George, where we stayed the night, took us through Fredonia, Colorado City, and Hillsdale, Utah. We all had a wonderful time together. It was a memorable experience.

Hiking

One of the best things that happened to Weldon and me, in our life together, is our love for walking and hiking the mountains. We can give Shirley and Monroe Paxman credit for getting us started.

Every Saturday, for some years, beginning in the early 70's, we hiked in the mountains of Utah County. We walked the trails in Hobbie Creek Canyon, in Provo Canyon, Santaquin Canyon, in the Sundance area, Aspen Grove area.

We also did mountain trails. My favorite is when we walked up Rock Canyon, turned off and walked north, and then back to the tip of Squaw Peak. Standing on the tip and gazing over Utah Valley was exciting. We also saw Utah Lake. Squaw Peak has become my icon, and I enjoy looking out my dining room window and seeing the glorious sun and clouds behind and in front.

Monroe, Shirley, Weldon and myself really enjoyed putting together a hiking guide to the many trails around Provo. We entitled it "Utah Valley Trails".

One of the great experiences was walking about England. This was in May and June of 1977. We first walked about London and saw Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, Marble Arch, and Fleet Street. After having lunch we had a walk on the Thames, saw Parliament, Big Ben, Westminster Abby, Trafalgar, Parade Grounds, and St. Paul.

We drove to the areas where we wanted to walk. We went first to Stonehenge, via Windsor Castle, where a Jubilee celebration was going on. We walked in these areas.

While at Stonehenge, situated on the Salisbury Plain, we saw monuments of prehistoric times, devoted to sun worship, then mounds within view, which were burial mounds.

River Trail

Through the efforts of the River Trail Committee, Utah County enjoys a scenic hiking, jogging, and biking trail.

Weldon has always said he felt the Parks and Trails along the river benefit the whole community. He also said that the trail was at the center of the population area, "where people are going to talk about it."

Weldon has been a prime mover of a committee which has pushed the concept of a trail along the river bank.

Some of the goals and purposes of the committee were:

1. To preserve, restore and enhance the natural environment of the Provo River.
2. To provide a green corridor of vegetation along the river.
3. To improve the quality of the Provo River.
4. To provide a trail system along the river from Utah Lake.
5. To provide a trail system along the river from Utah Lake State Park to Deer Creek Dam.

The first major visible project of the River Trail was in 1980. At the conclusion of the dedicatory program came the arrival of a jogging team which ran to the scene of the meeting from a beginning at Utah Lake.

Weldon, long time chairman of the River Trail Committee, in behalf of the work of the committee, was honored by President Reagan with the "Take Pride in America" award, in recognition of efforts made to preserve and enhance the nation's cultural and natural resources.

Our Hiking Experience

I've always liked the sentence, under Introduction, in the booklet Utah Valley Trails, that Monroe and Shirley Paxman and Weldon and I put together: "Utah Valley, around Provo, Utah, is a hiker's paradise, surrounded by enticing mountain peaks, many of which open up to vistas of scenic beauty."

For quite a few years, the four of us have hiked at least once a week, year around. We also went when the weather wasn't at its best.

I've always been grateful for the experience whether it was in the snow or sun. As it says in our booklet, I became interested in walking when we lived in Cairo, Egypt.

I'll never forget when the four of us did a walking tour of England. The English countryside was so beautiful, and we found the public footpaths wonderful. They were everywhere.

One hiking experience that I love was to the top of Squaw Peak. I will always remember our standing on the tip and looking over Utah Valley. What a sight. The peak is my icon, and in the winter, spring, and fall, I have a great look at it from my window. In the summer the bushes up above become covered with leaves, and I can't see it. Always, if I'm driving home on the road north of the Temple, and towards Rock Canyon before turning to go up on the hill, I get a great view.

Our hiking days were wonderful and very eventful. The Provo River Trail gave us a lot of happiness, and we often did the trail between Geneva Road and the Lake. I am grateful for the opportunity we had.

November 2, 2000

My grandchildren mean a lot to me and I've had the pleasure of being with them on many occasions. I have written down several humorous happenings and wish to remember them.

Roxane has spent time with us on several occasions. Here are several funny things that tickled me a lot.

In the summer of 1981, in Provo, she made these comments: "When I go to the movies with people, I don't act like a brat."

Another comment: "Now, Grandma, I don't want to be disciplined. All I want to be is an actress, because I really know how to act up."

"When you are a little kid, you like candy, and when you grow up, you don't like it as well. That's the way life is."

Carolyn Vance had her wedding reception April 4, 1985, at the Excelsior Hotel.

The children were eating quite a lot of food, and I cautioned Roxane. She said, "Grandma, usually the food is quite 'yucky' at these affairs - this is an opportunity."

When she was age 10, we were at Vivian Park having lunch, after we had taken a ride on the Heber Creeper. Roxane said to Peter, "You disgusting little boy."

In the summer of 1982, without stating my own views, Roxane said to me, "Grandma, Sunday is the 'baddest' day of the week."

Early in the 1980's, Jacob paid us a visit along with Phoebe. One of the answers I remember is, "Grandma, I came to America for American food." "Well, Jacob, that's what I've been cooking, is American food." "No, I mean McDonald's, Denny's, Taco Bell and Burger King"

Also, and this may have been on the same visit, I gave him a little binocular. He went outside, and was gone for quite a time. When he came back, he looked sad, so I asked him if something was wrong. He said, "Yes, he had lost the binoculars." I said, "Did you say a little prayer?" Then he said, "Yes, and those holy guys up there didn't come down." He later found the binoculars.

When we were up in Bellevue visiting Dee and Shana in 1980, we all went to a McDonald's to eat lunch. We were sitting at the table and Peter turned to me and

said, "Dog, bite, hurt, skeered." I looked around and there was a dog outside the window. A whole story in four words.

In August, 1982, Peter was age 3 1/2. I guess I made a phone call to Dee and Shana, and Peter answered the phone. I said, "Hello, Peter", and he said, "How you doing?" We nearly cracked up.

On May 9, 1982, Dee asked Peter, age 3, if he would like to give a talk at their Family Home Evening. He asked him if he would like to do it on the Ten Commandments or The Good Samaritan. Peter thought it over and a few minutes later said he would give it on the Ten Samaritans.

In the last part of August, 1987, we were driving home from Salt Lake with Michael, Hilary and Roxane. Michael said, "Hilary hates my guts." When we got to Albertson's, we turned East, and Michael said, "Where in the heck are we?"

At dinner, on a Monday Family night, we were eating, and Phoebe kept saying after each spoonful, "Delicious, delicious, I'm always hungry."

I've tried to find "sayings" by Sam and Hilly, but haven't come up with any. I'm sure they have given me some great laughs when little children.

Indeed, my grandchildren have given me much pleasure. I hope we can continue to see each other often, for I love them very much. They are so important to me.

Weldon

My dear Weldon passed away August 21, 2000, due to a fall in which he had to have seven stitches on the back of his head. The Emergency Room doctor said there could be severe complications.

We had walked in the Mall four days after the injury, and he seemed to enjoy the walk. We came home, had lunch, and he took a little rest.

I felt it was time he should get up to go to the bathroom. He could not, and he was like a "zombie". I remembered, then, what the emergency doctor said: "One of the severe results could be loss of consciousness."

Our telephone was out of order, so I ran across the street to Lila Anderson, a nurse. She called the paramedics and they were here very quickly. They tried to revive him, but couldn't, so said they were taking him to emergency.

When Lila took me to the hospital, they said he had passed away. It was a blow, and hard to realize that I was alone.

Dee and Shana, in Salt Lake City, Steve and Margaret in Park City, came immediately. It was a sad situation.

His funeral was August 26, 2000, at our Church, Oak Hills 4th Ward. He was buried at the Provo City Cemetery. I go frequently to the cemetery to be near him and meditate.

We had a great life together, and he left me with many wonderful memories. He lived in two centuries, and was 92 years old.

Positions I've Held Through My Life

- 1935-36 Stake Gleaners in Maricopa Stake, Mesa, Arizona.
1935-36 Taught Sunday School class in the Mesa Second Ward.
1936-37 Stake M.I.A. Board in San Francisco, California, Hayes Street Ward
1936-37 Taught Sunday School Class in Hayes Street Ward, San Francisco, Calif.
- 1942 Was married.
1943 Relief Society Secretary in the Lakeview Ward. Weldon was Bishop
- 1950's Active in P.T.A. at Maeser and Farrer Jr. High, served on various committees.
1950-57 Kept the books for the Bishop's Storehouse, across the street from the old Post Office.
1950-52 Special Interest leader and First Counselor in M.I.A., Queen' Ward, Long Island, New York.
1954-58 Provo 8th Ward Relief Society President.
1950's Stake Literary Leader. Homemaking Lesson Leader, Provo 8th Ward.
1950's Beehive Leader for three years.
1950's Taught Literary Lesson at State Hospital for two years.
1950's Visiting Teacher in Relief Society.
- 1967-68 Vice President of B.Y.U. Women.
1968-1969 B.Y.U. Women's President
Early 1960's - Ward Literature teacher in Relief Society.
1969-1974 Oak Hills 4th Ward Relief Society President.
- 1970's Taught Sunday School Class.
- 1987 Taught Relief Society Compassionate-Social Relations lesson, Oak Hills 4th Ward.
1989 Pink lady at Cardiac Re-Hab, U.V.M.C. about 10 years.
Over the Participating in Community Drives
years Visiting Teacher in Oak Hills 4th Ward for many years.
- 1970's Assisted Weldon in the moving of the Provo River Trails.