

The History of William D. Taylor

With the thought that there may be some more years left to me, I will recount a chronicle of my life. My family knows very little of my history, other than the time I was actually with them. By all accounts, we were a happy, prayerful family blessed with faith in God and obedient to the gospel of Jesus Christ. In my own life, there has been much joy, love and adventure, but also pain and disappointment. I will say I have lived in the slow and low risk lane, too often hiding my candle under a bushel. Where the end was pretty well known from the beginning. Where disappointments dragged down accomplishments. Where successes fell short of expectations. Where fear too often overcame faith. All in all, a mixed bag assessment. I could easily write a "cup runneth over" memoir recounting the great blessings, successes, associations, and achievements of my life. I suppose I'll blend the good and the bad. Few, if any, will read this anyway. Suffice it to say, I relate to Garth Brooks' lyrics in "Standing Outside the Fire: "Life is not tried, it is merely survived if you're standing outside the fire."

I didn't get into the fire much. I've always been more of an observer than a participator, more wary than adventurous, more a facilitator than an activist. The thing I've never figured out to this day and will probably never understand is with the great education, the diverse experiences, the intense curiosity, the power of keen observation and extensive reading, is why I can't express a cogent opinion or make a persuasive argument. I am like Moses: I am not a man of words...for I am of slow speech, and of a slow tongue." "I am of uncircumcised lips." I'm far short of Moses' stature, but like him, I may not enter the promised land in the end. I will go to my grave feeling that if this is a condition for the eternities, I'm in for endless woe.

More than countering unfulfilled wishes is the companionship of my eternal partner Shana whose steadfastness and love have kept me in an overall state of joy and happiness.

In my mind, I lived at the zenith of world civilization—the second half of the 20th Century. WWII had ended, freedom had spread and God was revered. Judeo Christian values were sacrosanct. Severe economic disruptions of the past were no longer a worry. Sports heroes and entertainment icons were inspiring and captivating, while self-indulgence, loose morality and narcissism were disdained. Education was the 3 R's. Gender roles were not confused. Literature was not infected with salacious debris. Coarseness got your mouth washed out with soap. Families were the bedrock of a strong society. All races prospered. Media was objective and honest. People didn't consider themselves victims and run whining to the government for "fairness."

Early Life

In the cold, snowy winter of 1948 in Provo, Utah, snow depths were over four feet when on December 20th an 8 lb. 10 oz. baby boy was born to Gayle and Weldon Taylor at the Utah Valley Hospital. He was transported to his home in the University Park subdivision (just South of today's Kiwanis Park) on 11th East near 9th North and because of inclement outdoor conditions didn't leave the house until March of '49. He was christened William DeWitt Taylor,

the William after his grandfather Taylor, and DeWitt, his mother's maiden name. Joining his nearly 4 year older brother Stephen DeWitt, he would go by the name "Dee," a name which was always confusing to the world when those who didn't know him called him "Bill." Over his lifetime he would spend hours explaining why he was called "Dee."

His first memories were of living in Queens, New York City as a two and three year old. His dad, who taught Accounting and Marketing at BYU, was getting his PhD at New York University. The family lived on the third floor of a nondescript apartment building in Flushing near the site of the 1964 World's Fair. Etched in his memory are the childhood events of getting a penicillin shot, watching Howdie Doodie in a neighbor's apartment, a girl who liked to play doctor, taking a dive in the complex's swimming pool and getting stranded on the roof of the building.

I now switch to first person. At the swimming pool I remember watching all the kids in the pool diving and jumping into the water. I can do that, I thought. Next thing I remember is being under water with my eyes open seeing a net that divided the shallow water from the deep. I struggled to the surface. Someone pulled me out.

The apartment rooftop was where mothers washed clothes and hung them on clotheslines to dry. I'd been up there a few times with my mom but on this day I went up alone. I pushed the door open and walked out onto the sun drenched roof. The door to the roof closed behind me and I walked around exploring the area. Returning to the door I found I couldn't operate the doorknob. No one was on the roof and I figured I'd wait until someone came up who would open the door. I grew increasingly scared and went to the edge of the roof and looked below. I saw a police car parked in front of the building and immediately ducked down below the roof top parapet. I had in mind that police went after bad guys and I didn't want them to come looking for me. For a bit I was quite scared. At some point a woman came to the roof with her wash basket and I was able to escape.

Other episodes include getting lost on the Empire State Building observation deck and going up the Statue of Liberty steps on my dad's shoulders. I learned to fear doctors when on a house call I got a painful penicillin shot. We went to the Hill Cumorah pageant. Before heading back to Utah, my dad bought a 1952 grayish blue Dodge Meadowlark. We arrived at our University Garden house after driving through the Southern states. I was always drawn to new cars after that and could always identify makes, models and years of even outgoing models such as Kaiser, Hudson, Packard, Studebaker and Edsel.

Back on eleventh east, days were spent playing outside with friends. Barbara and Oliver Smith and their children lived close by as well as Marion and Sam Monson with a couple of kids. Tim Hickenlooper lived down the street. We ran around the neighborhood as four year olds pulling pranks such as switching Deseret News, Salt Lake Tribune and Daily Herald newspapers from porch to porch. The worst thing I remember was when Timmy and I, after hearing that a cat always lands on its feet, somewhere found a kitten and in a garage kept tossing the kitten up in the air. Well, it did land on its feet until it didn't move anymore. Looking back, I'm glad I hadn't reached the age of accountability. We attended church at the at the campus social hall building

(later the Language Training Mission - LTM) until a new chapel was built just off of 9th East on 9th North.

In 1954, we moved to 73 North 500 East. For \$13,000 my parents bought a Dutch Provincial home near Center Street. It was white with a green roof. Three bedrooms and two baths were upstairs with a piano room, living room, dining room, kitchen, half bath and den on the main floor. The basement was unfinished but had a laundry room, the furnace and soft water area, a storage room which led to back door steps, and a coal chute. Over time, the open area had a ping pong table and an electric train set up. There were no windows to the outside. The backyard became my mom's masterpiece with beautiful plants and trees, a begonia house and a grape arbor. A mammoth poplar tree stood in the middle of the back patio. A large Dutch elm and box elder were to the back of the yard. To the very back was the 12' X 18' "little house" which was a fun playhouse. An irrigation ditch ran across the wire fence line at the back of the yard. Houses on the block were given a "water turn" periodically where you could flood yards, flower beds and crops.

Inside, the staircase leading to the second floor was a favorite play area for me in the house. I had a huge marble collection filling two shoeboxes which I routinely would unload at the top of the stairs to see them cascade down. Marbles were a big deal for most kids—boys. During the Spring marble season the games were "chasees," "rings," and a game called "taw back." In each you would try to win marbles to increase your collection. Another well used collection was my army men. Many battles were conducted in my room and on the stairs.

Recess on the playground at Maeser School was the most popular time for kids to play. Girls would play hopscotch and jump rope. Other seasons were yo-yo season where most boys had a Duncan yo-yo and we would learn and do yo-yo tricks (over the falls, walk the doggie) when we could. Kite season was in the early spring. This was an after school activity over at the Farrer Junior High field. How high could you get that kite?

Before going to elementary school I remember the only time I ran away from home. I don't know the motive but I was upset enough and threatened to leave. I had a little red metal tool kit which I emptied and put in a can of Campbell's Tomato Soup. By the time I'd walked a half a block to Center Street I decided maybe this wasn't a good idea. I stalled a little and then turned around and walked back home. I found out that my mom had had Stephen follow me just in case I got too far astray.

My elementary school was Maeser, a block and a half south across Center Street on 500 East. I walked on the sidewalk past the tall chestnut and catalpa trees lining 5th East on the other side of Center Street. I walked past Danny McKinley's and Sherwin Massey's. Maeser was a great place where we raised the flag, said the Pledge of Allegiance and opened the day with prayer. All of my teachers were great. My Kindergarten teacher was Miss Martineau. It only happened once to me, but this was a time when a teacher could administer corporal punishment without repercussions. She used her turquoise ring and rapped it on your head if you were

misbehaving. I don't remember what I did but I was once the subject of her disciplinary technique.

The playground was at the center of most memories. We played baseball, kickball, slaughter (tackling the kid running with the kickball), tether ball and marbles. I was in several schoolyard fights over the 5 or 6 years. Teachers usually broke them up or you cried "uncle" if you'd had enough. I remember going up against Kay Bullock, Terry Shipman who had a cast on his broken arm, and Donnie Nelson who had a twin named Ronnie. I was not always the winner but got involved sometimes because some kid was being picked on.

In the spring we celebrated May Day. Each grade wore costumes sewn by the mothers. Several maypoles were set up in front of the school and we sashayed around the poles weaving the colorful ribbons. I only remember two of the costumes. One was Hawaiian menehunes (leprechauns) and the other was frogs. The Hawaiian angle was owing to an exchange program with Hawaiian schools wherein school principals could do an exchange for a year. We had a Mr. Konahale for first or second grade. My best friend at the time was Cary Seegmiller. He and I were called in to Mr. Konahale for bullying a boy named Bobby Cole.

One incident in my early elementary years demonstrates I had been taught prayer's usefulness when faced with uncertainty. I had been given a silver ball point pen or maybe I had taken it from my Dad or Mom. I took it to school and somehow had lost it during recess. Later in the day when I realized it was lost, I panicked. I said a prayer asking for help to find the pen. I then looked out over the vast play field in back of the school and saw a glimmer near the back of the playground. I ran out to the location and sure enough it was the pen.

In the fifth grade I got glasses. I was self conscious for several days but don't remember anyone making fun. In the sixth grade, 1959, there was the Kennedy/Nixon election. Most Utahns favored Nixon and I know my Dad did. It was a topic of some conversation at school and I remember mock votes being held which favored Nixon. My Mom favored Kennedy which at that time I could not understand.

As I moved through elementary and on to Junior High I made many friends and engaged in neighborhood pranks. Gail Kelsey lived around the corner on 1st North but we had a little pathway where we could jump a wire fence between houses to make the distance shorter. We each had basketball backboards on our garages and spent many hours shooting hoops. In between our houses there was a backyard shack belonging to Roy and Cora Helm, our neighbors to the North. It was old and run down and hadn't been used for years. Gail and I got in and explored through a few old desks and drawers. To our delight, we found two or three small bottles of mercury. We'd seen mercury before somewhere so we knew what it was. To this day we have no idea of where it came from, but there was enough we could pour out a two or three inch blob on a table. Don't know what became of it. We shot arrows at birds and Gail was able to pilfer his mom's titling jar to get money to buy candy at Hansen's Market, a few blocks away. We'd bring it back to my backyard where there was a good sized box elder tree in

the back of our property behind the little house. We'd climb up the tree and eat the candy. No wonder I had 14 cavities by the time I was 7.

Across the street from us lived the Farr family. There were four brothers. Only one, LaMont (Montee), was near my age. He and I would do some stupid things. There were some large red ant beds behind the Peck home, on the corner north of Monte's place. We would stir the red ants any way we could, taking care not to get bitten. His dad had a lot of axle grease in the garage. We delighted in rousing the ants into a fury and then slathering huge gobs of grease on them. On other occasions we would put firecrackers in the ant holes and blast the beds to smithereens. Other antics were placing a dart board on the floor between us trying to hit the other's hand with a dart before pulling out a previously thrown dart. We played mumblypeg with pocket knives. His dad had an old truck with a camper shell. We purloined Pillsbury crescent rolls from his Mom's fridge which were in a tube and removing them, put them over the burner on the camper stove and ate burnt and doughy rolls. His dad, Maurice Farr, worked for the Bonham corporation which manufactured Tote Gotes. These were small off-road, low torqued scooters and we could ride them around nearby streets and once on a Uintah's scout trip.

Other neighborhood friends included Larry Bagshaw, Dana Smith, Buddy Murphy, Gloria Bushman, Christine Stevenson and Karl Sorensen. Karl and I were fast friends at the age of five. He and his family lived on Center Street in the basement apartment of his grandfather, Dallas Young. We played Davy Crockett and had raccoon tail hats with toy muskets. We learned to play chess and I would normally beat him. His dad gave him some tips and I could never beat him after that. When I would have lunch at his house, his mother would often prepare liver and onions. It was pretty good. Karl moved to Indian Hills after the Kindergarten year.

I consider my first date to have been with Christine Stevenson. She was a few years older and was the granddaughter of my mom's friend Vera Jensen who lived on Center Street. For years from the Jensen porch we would watch the July 4th Parade. Christine lived in Texas and would come with her mother each summer. When I was 6 or 7 we walked the 3 blocks to the Paramount Theater to see "Gone With the Wind." I think we were bored and might have left early. Not much of a date.

One of my brother's neighborhood friends was Glen Weeks. His father, Clyde, was the bishop in our Provo Eighth Ward at the time. I would tag along with Steve and his friends and though a bothersome pest, would try to do as many things with them as possible. His other friends included Tim Lewis, Dickie Watson, Doug Trotter (Bug Juice), Raymond Georges, and Johnny Ashton. Often, Glen came over to the house and would play the piano (that piano is now in Sam's house). He could play by ear and he would play different pieces without music. One of his favorites was "Exodus." He would also play boogie woogie and rock and roll tunes. I had started taking piano lessons a few years earlier at the age of eight. I credit Glen with getting me into piano playing by ear.

On some snowy winter evenings, I would join with Steve and his friends and from the front of Bill Firmage's or Dickie Watson's house, throw snowballs at cars on Center Street. Occasionally, a hammered car would pull over and the enraged driver would exit the car and try to chase us down. We fled in all directions and I don't remember anyone being caught. A highlight of the winter season was "bizzing." Streets were not well plowed and would be reduced to a sheet of ice. Hiding in front of our house, we would await a slow-moving car and run onto the road to hitch on to the back bumper and "biz" as far as we could.

Steve and his friends were a little more ambitious in their pranks. He and his friends were hauled in by the police for stealing soda pop at a small market on University Avenue near BYU High. They had to appear before Juvenile Judge Monroe Paxman who along with his family were very close friends with our family. I don't know if any punishment was meted out. But Mom and Dad were sure embarrassed.

At Maeser, linked by sports, a group of guys was formed that stayed together through high school. Mike Folster, Steve Higginson, Terry Shipman, Bruce Farrer, and Paul Peterson were all good buddies. We would ride bikes to each other's houses to play. On Sunday afternoons before Sacrament Meeting we would play baseball or football at the Farrer Junior High field. Over the Line, Workups, Home Run Derby and Indian Ball were our favorite games. With Terry, during the winter, we would go to his dad's bakery, Provo Bakery, and sit on the soda fountain stools and drink hot chocolate with marshmallow added. We often played at his house on First North and First East, close to the downtown area. We went to several movies although the only one I remember was Taurus Bulba at the Paramount starring Tony Curtis and Yul Brynner. Close to his house was Speckert's Market, a small grocery store. Terry and I stole a pack of Salem cigarettes (somehow I think it was he that did the stealing). As I recall, we took them behind my house and tried to smoke. Filter cigarettes were fairly new and we kept trying to light the filter end and had no success in actually smoking.

Folster played baseball at BYU and later became a high school teacher and football coach at Cyprus High School. Higginson went on to play college baseball in Price and worked many years for the railroad; Shipman, whose father owned Provo Bakery, played some college football at Utah State, I think; Farrer became an elementary school principal in Orem and Paul Peterson, whose father was the Provo Cemetery sextant, rose to academic success obtaining his PhD at Arizona State and joined the leadership group at Fannie Mae in Washington D.C. Unfortunately, this group of friends didn't go forward after my mission and college years.

Our newly built chapel was a block and a half away on fifth east and second north. It housed the Provo fifth and eighth wards. It had a second floor cry room where restless babies and toddlers could make noise while parents could follow the Sacrament meeting through a large glass window. There was also a basement where you could find the scout room and a few classrooms. A small gym or "recreation hall" was at the back of the chapel. Friends and I would sneak into the gym in the evenings to play basketball. We'd leave a window open to get in. The building custodian, Brother Conover, lived next door, so we had to be careful. Among those who played were Conrad Teichert, Gail Kelsey and the Turner brothers, Michael and Evan. It

was in this chapel I learned to play the organ with teaching from Glenna Monk, the Ward organist. Many leaders and teachers from that ward contributed to building and strengthening my faith and testimony up until 1966 when we moved to a new home in Oak Hills. We were cruel and unruly with some of our teachers with spitwads being our ammunition. Mom served as Relief Society president in the ward and even after leaving, stayed close to the Eighth Ward Ladies—Jesse Bushman, Marie Bullock, Venita Kelsey and others.

I spent many hours with my mom in those early years and became a mama's boy. She would take me shopping for dress patterns and fabrics at places like Taylor Bros. and Heinselmens in Provo all the way up to ZCMI and Auerbachs in Salt Lake. The basement at ZCMI was fun. The snack bar sold boiled hot dogs which were delicious. I would accompany her food shopping at O.P. Skaggs, where the Marriott Hotel is now located. We would visit her friends Shirley Paxman, Dorothy Bowen, Mary Firmage, Myrtle Calder, Edna Done, Arminta Matthews and others. Both Mary Firmage and Myrtle Calder had swimming pools. The pools attracted yellow jackets and it wasn't exciting to get in, although I did.

Shirley Paxman was probably my mom's best friend. She and her husband Monroe lived close by and there was always something going on at their house on second north and first east. They'd put together a spook alley for Halloween that went through the basement of their Victorian home. In the summer they'd host a carnival in their huge yard and a New Year's party in a soda fountain built by Monroe on their top floor. One year at the carnival I was dressed up in a horse costume and coached by Paxman son David to be able to do simple arithmetic by tapping my foot to answer a two plus two question. I was nervous, I guess, and was embarrassed when I my foot tapping was not always correct.

Farrer Junior High was just a block and a half east of our house and was the site of many after school and weekend sports. During school, for our period of Phys.Ed, we'd play a game called speedball. It was much like rugby and where you run with a soccer ball, get tackled and dropkick goals. In trying to block a kick by Terry Shipman I came away with a very sore forearm. It was difficult for me to do my afternoon Daily Herald paper route and a couple of days later, one of the paper recipients, a Mr. Taylor, was outside his house and noticed my swollen and sore arm. He thought the arm was broken and suggested I have it looked at by a doctor. Soon after, Mom took me to John Bowen's office and I came out with an arm cast. I'd broken my collar bone when 2, so this was my second bone breakage. Shipman, coincidentally, had broken his arm at Maeser and I remember him using it as a would be weapon to brandish if any kid bothered him.

I was beset by other injuries in my early years. Mom was often engaged in yard work in the back and some tools were inevitably left out. I was always running around in the backyard and one time speared my foot on a pitchfork left out prongs up. The bleeding wouldn't stop and Mom rushed me to Shirley Paxman's to staunch the flow. Shirley was an RN and with pressure and bandaged I came out of it all right. I got a tetanus shot at John Bowen's office. Another time, I stepped on a nail and didn't do anything about it until playing barefooted on the grass at Memorial Park the wound became infected. Another trip to Dr. Bowen for treatment.

At this age you started to think about your clothing and I became in tune with this because of my brother. To be a cool guy in high school you had to shop at Hoovers, Clarks and Levins. Hoover belts, madras and Gant shirts and Corbin pants were the order of the day. I was not up to the status of the high school cool guy in the 7th grade but my brother wanted to dress me as his personal Ken doll. I particularly was embarrassed when passing the Sacrament at church where as a pipsqueak 12 year old I was wearing such stylish clothes. I would hold my hand over my Hoover belt buckle so as not to be judged (as if anyone cared).

Our Phys. Ed and Health instructor was the legendary Lob Collins. He'd been at Farrer forever and was a tough as nails type of guy who would broach no disrespect. One of the activities he scheduled was boxing. He taught us the basics and picked our opponents. I'd watched boxing on TV and was already following Utah's Gene Fuller who became Middleweight Champion. The technique was to bounce around staying on your toes looking for an opportunity to take a jab at your opponent. I thought I had mastered this technique and was certain I would be formidable against Darrell, my friend. The bell rang and I danced into the center of the ring jogging back and forth waiting for Darrell to engage. He stormed in and in a frenzy started throwing punches like a jackhammer and my technique could not save me. I don't remember what happened after that, but I learned that in form vs. substance, the latter will take you the furthest.

It seems like Lob Collins was the leader of getting the boys and girls together for dancing. In the gym the boys would line one wall and the girls the other. The music would start and we were paired off to dance the jitterbug and foxtrot. Some of the songs were Mancini's *Moon River* and a very young Barbara Streisand singing *People*. I was scared of girls and the only one I felt comfortable dancing with was Karen King. She later married Kenny Fakler.

Another thing I learned in Junior High was that my brain was wired differently. I had great ability to memorize and store knowledge. I read many books and was always a top performer. What I couldn't do was form, meld and articulate these facts into opinions, ideas, critiques and meanings. This condition became apparent when we were studying and writing about the European Common Market in Mrs. Stewart's 7th grade English class. In a debate format we were to argue the pros and cons of the issue. It was tough for me to formulate and articulate any thoughts and opinions and was largely silent. This condition has haunted me throughout my life and I'm amazed at the success I've obtained while living with this mental lid.

Sports was an almost every day activity during my early years. I played a lot of flag football, little league baseball and basketball in the city leagues. I took up golf and tennis. My friends—usually Folster and Higg— and I rode our bikes with a small golf bag over our shoulder to Timpanogas Golf Club (now East Bay) as much as we could. I used some of my Dad's old clubs. I took tennis lessons at Memorial Park on Center St. for a couple of summers and entered different city and state tennis tournaments later becoming the top tennis player at Provo High in my senior year. With flag football in the city league, we played at Timp Park, the main Provo baseball field. I was the quarterback and called the plays, much more running than

passing. I wanted to play in high school, but the family trip to Egypt for a year and a late return the next summer made it difficult for me to join the already organized team.

In little league baseball as well as Pony League and Colt League I was a pretty good fielder but not a great hitter. From 8 to 12 years old I played for J.A. Hogle, the same team as my brother. Other friends played for Reams, the Lions or the JC's. I could not hit the ball the first season. Even being tossed an underhand pitch from 10 feet it was a swing and a miss. I played 2nd base and later 3rd, and with our manager Jack Craghead of Craghead Plumbing, learned the fundamentals of the game. I made the All-Star team in my 4th year but was always ticked off that I couldn't hit a home run. In Pony League—12 to 14—I played for Modern Cleaners at Harmon Park on 9th East and 2nd South. I played catcher and outfielder. My hitting improved but still no home runs. Colt League was played at Timp Park for 15 and 16 year olds. I played for VFW along with Mike Folster, Lew Swain and Wayne Potts and was one of the top 10 hitters in the league playing 3rd base. Most of my hits were down the middle grounders. The most memorable happening for me at the park was finishing a game and walking out to my red VW convertible and finding it filled with hundreds of empty beer cans. To this day i don't know who did it, but some girls must have gone to the garbage behind Harold's Bar, gathered the cans and dumped them in the car.

During the pre-high school years, the winter sports I played were basketball, archery, bowling and ice hockey. Archery was in the old downtown National Guard building. That was the first place I had a Coca Cola. Didn't like it. Bowled in a kid's league at Regals and played hockey in the concrete domed structure which later became a Reams store. We had to make shin guards with lengths of hanger wire sewn into denim material. I had learned to ice skate with Dad and Steve at Vivian Park and the Utah Lake boat harbor.

One of the most transformational years of my life was June of 1963 to August of 1964 when my dad took a one year sabbatical leave from BYU to set up a Ford Foundation sponsored business program in Egypt. There was no way I was going to go. It would be the ninth grade school year and I couldn't leave my friends and sports activities and even my piano lessons. My life was just going to go to waste for a year. But there was no way I was going to prevail and we prepared to leave in June of 1963 for our adventure. The night before leaving we stayed with our friends in Salt Lake City, the Harmons. I was good friends with the oldest son, David. He was a year younger than I at 13. We both liked to watch the Tonight Show with host Steve Allen, and the night before leaving we stayed up late to watch Allen's antics. The next morning we boarded a United Boeing 707 and flew to Honolulu with a stop in San Francisco. I don't think I'd flown before so it was quite an adventure.

The Harmons had lived in American Fork, where the father, Paul, ran a Pontiac dealership. From time to time in the summers, Steve and I would sleep over with the Harmon kids in the backyard of their place. There were four Harmon kids, Marcia, David, Greg and Brenda. We'd tell scary stories and sing a ditty before dropping off to sleep. It went "Mr. Bear had (put in your own word) in his underwear"). A couple of times, David and I would hunt nightcrawlers and go fishing the next day. He knew where a little pond was toward Utah Lake that was regularly

stocked with rainbow trout. One day we easily caught as many as we wanted and started our return on foot to Dave's house. While walking along the road we passed a house where a barking dog ran off its property and chased us. I got a bite on the back of my foot which began bleeding. We hitchhiked, and hopped in the back of a pickup which pulled over for us. At a doctor's office I was later patched up and given a tetanus shot.

The Harmons later moved to Los Angeles where Paul studied for his PhD at UCLA. They moved to Westwood which was near the new LDS Los Angeles temple. On one evening, Steve and I, with Marcia and Dave, snuck into the temple grounds and at the decorative fountains, we removed shoes and socks and climbed into the fountains. We harvested all the coins that had been thrown in probably for months. We came home with quite a stash, over \$100 in pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters. As I recall we were guilted by our parents into returning them. We went to a Dodger/Philly baseball game at the Colosseum. Sandy Kofax threw for the Dodgers and Robin Roberts for the Phillies. Steve, a relatively new driver, rear ended a car on the way back to Westwood. Our '59 Pontiac Starfire was sidelined for a time. Paul Harmon, a former car dealer, had connections to get the repairs done quickly. The Harmon family later moved back to Salt Lake where they lived on Laird Avenue around 23rd South. Sadly, Marcia and Greg later took their own lives, the mother, Margaret succumbed to MS while David was on his mission to Belgium. He had been promised his mom would survive his mission and when she didn't he took it very hard and slowly disengaged from the Church.

On all of our flights to Egypt and back home a year later, we flew first class. I liked to collect the free little bottles of booze that were served. I don't remember what happened to them but it seems I returned to Provo with quite a collection. When our flight arrived in Honolulu, we were met by one of my mom's relatives living there. We were adorned with leis and spent the night at their home. The next day we boarded Japanese Airlines (JAL) for our flight to Tokyo. We made a refueling stop on Wake Island. During the layover, Mom got a kick out of seeing the short of stature Japanese pilots kicking the 707's giant tires making sure there was enough air. Passengers were given JAL fans as souvenirs on the flight. I kept mine and nearly 60 years later it sits in our curio cabinet. Upon our arrival in Tokyo we were met by the travel agency SITA which with personalized tours would oversee all of our stops en route to Cairo. In Tokyo we stayed at the Imperial Palace Hotel, just across the street from the huge park and palace of the emperor and his family. The city was humid and hot with heavy traffic and what seemed like kamikaze drivers speeding in all directions. We spent several days in the country seeing Nikko, Nara, Kyoto and Osaka. At a Shiite temple site in Osaka there was a group of small elementary school children in school uniforms touring the location. They all had their little cameras and upon seeing 6'7" Steve, they ran up to take his picture, rarely having seen someone that tall in a country of short people.

Dad had planned on getting a Nikon camera in Tokyo, which he did, and at the same camera shop I bought some binoculars. Steve and I would always rib Dad as the quintessential tourist for saying "We're from out of town" to the non-English speaking Japanese salesman as we entered the store. Duh. He was known for other faux pas's. With our allotted \$50 in spending money, I also bought a small SONY transistor radio and Samurai dagger.

From Tokyo, we flew to Hong Kong on Cathay Pacific. We stayed in the Mandarin hotel where we experienced some of Chinese culture attending a dinner show of song and dancing. I bought a nice Tissot watch at one of the busy shopping areas which I later lost at Liberty Park in Salt Lake after finishing a tennis tournament. We made all of the typical tourist stops such as Victoria Peak, Repulse Bay, the ferry, a drive to the Red China border, eating on a floating restaurant, etc. Dad, Steve and I went to a tailor for suit and sport coat fittings. The articles were completed and returned to us within 24 hours. I didn't wear mine in hot Egypt and by the time we returned to the U.S. I had outgrown them.

From Hong Kong, we stuck with Cathay Pacific and headed to Bangkok. In choosing lodging, Dad had consulted with BYU professor Virginia Cutler who had spent time in Bangkok. She recommended the Trocadero Hotel as a good, reasonably priced, well located hotel. My mother immediately saw that the hotel was not of the same category as our Tokyo and Hong Kong stays. When shown our room, Mom said we're not staying here. The furnishings were sparse and the floor was linoleum, more like a Motel 6. Dad tried to talk Mom into staying, but there was no way. Mom called another BYU Professor who was living in Bangkok, Max Berryesa, to inquire about other options. We wound up at the 4-star Erawan Hotel which had a swimming pool and was much better. I was amazed to see small lizards running along the walls of the room.

Dad had a contact in Bangkok named Tim Wang Lee. He had attended BYU but I don't think he was LDS. He and his prominent family owned a large bank in Thailand. We were invited to his palatial mansion on the outskirts of Bangkok for dinner. The large high ceiling dining room was open to the outside to capture the breezes of sultry evenings. Small lizards and birds seemed to be at home in the residence. Everything we ate in the seven course meal was new to me though I didn't eat the balut (unhatched ducklings). Steve claims he later got his amoebic dysentery from eating in Thailand.

We motored along the klongs of Bangkok on a tourist boat and I remember purchasing a silk tie from a shop onshore. SITA made sure we saw all the highlights of the city including the Grand Palace and other temples.

Next we were off to India. Our first stop was Calcutta. It was nighttime when we arrived at the dilapidated airport. We awaited our bags and transport beneath some India tourism wall posters. Out into the evening heat and the heavy humidity, we loaded into the awaiting SITA limo for the drive to the hotel, an architectural relic of the Raj. Along the roadways were plenty of people going about their business and to my surprise were many cows grazing on the medians and walking along the roads. On our one day stay we saw a few sites in the crowded, dirty city including the Jain temple.

In the afternoon we caught a flight to Banaras, situated along the Ganges River. On our walk from the parking area to the river we passed through a narrow alley where on each side there were beggars and lepers with diseased arms and hands outstretched for alms. The city was

home to the burning ghats, cremation fires along the bank of the river. Many people were bathing in the holy water with others clamoring to get down to the flow. We climbed into a small boat with our guide and traveled up and down a length of the river seeing smoke and fire rising from funeral pyres on the bank. Further out in the river floated something with a black crow on a raised stick. As we drew closer, we saw the bird was on the extended arm of a corpse. Our embarrassed guide said the body had probably been tied with a rope and heavy rock to be submerged and taken to the sea.

Our next stop was Agra, home to the Taj Mahal. Besides admiring the structure and fascinated by its history, I remember most the Monkey Temple with hordes of monkeys climbing on the building's exterior architecture. Moving on to New Delhi, we stayed in yet another classic British mansion converted to a hotel. I think this is where Steve and maybe even I began to suffer the jippies. By the time we boarded the flight to Tehran, Steve was feeling pretty loose. Before getting on the boarding stairs, he had to run to the other side of the plane and in the darkness threw up on the tarmac. We had heard that some Asian and Middle Eastern companies could get quite strict about admitting arriving passengers who were sick. Arriving in Tehran, soldiers boarded the Air India plane checking passports and fumigating up and down the passenger corridor. Though feeling deathly ill, Steve survived entry into Iran and we were welcomed by BYU professor John Clark and his wife Rissa. They took us to the Tehran Hilton for our stay. We spent some time in their apartment and they took us to an outdoor restaurant on the outskirts of town specializing in BBQ chicken. On the subsequent days we visited key sites in the city including the Shah's palace.

From Tehran, it was on to the beautiful city of Beirut, Lebanon. We stayed in a wonderful hotel, The Phoenician, overlooking the Mediterranean. The weather was temperate and the skies were clear. With the ouster of non-Muslim minorities over many decades, the city is now run down, no longer the Paris of the Middle East.

Egypt

Events of the next year became some of the most exciting and transformative of my life. Upon arrival in Cairo we stayed at the new Nile Hilton. Our rooms overlooked Tahrir Square to the East. The Nile was to the West. The square was always teeming with undisciplined cars, jammed buses with kids hanging on the back and commuters out the door. There were donkey carts and foot traffic heading to work, kiosks selling newspapers and magazines, galabiya clad hawkers vending juices from five gallon bottles, and touristy pedestrians walking into and out of the Egyptian Museum. The din of it all seemed to capture the whole of Egypt.

To the north were the Arab League buildings. To the west was the island of Zamalek, the floating Omar Khayam restaurant, the 26th of July Bridge and the Kasr el Nil Bridge. The tallest structure in Cairo, the Cairo Tower, was on the south end of the island. Along the Corniche Avenue bordering the Nile, there was noisy car traffic combined with the donkey drawn carts

and the overfilled buses. The warm air was redolent with the blending of many aromas. Inviting reddish, clay tennis courts were at the south end of the hotel and I remember hitting the ball with the "pro" several times. At a welcoming dinner there, we and our Ford Foundation group were entertained by, at least for me, a minimally clothed belly dancer. I think I felt a little uncomfortable, but much to the delight of our group, she gyrated right next to me and flung her sash over my head. My face went red with embarrassment.

After a few weeks at the Hilton, we moved to Sharia 83 Ismail Mohamed on the island of Zamalek. Our first apartment was a penthouse with a two floor layout on a seven story building. We had a long somewhat narrow balcony facing west where Steve and I were able to play catch with a baseball and our mitts. Our cook and housekeeper was a jolly, stout and older Nubian fellow named Abdul. He wore a white galabiya with a turban and a dark vest. He referred to Steve and me in his pigeon English as the "chuldrun" and my mother as "Lady." He had cooked for expatriate families for years and we were happy to have him. We enjoyed his baklava, homemade shredded wheat and stuffed green peppers. We visited his humble family shanty and were laughingly and unexpectedly surprised when his wife and daughter sprinkled perfume on all of us as a traditional welcoming gesture. Rather than a dog, which is not well looked upon in Muslim culture, they had an in-house goat.

We were also afforded a driver named Mohammed. He was short, and slight with a dark complexion. He always wore a white shirt, suit and tie and was helpful in all things. Our building, like most others, had a "boab" stationed at the front entrance to attend to the residents and guests as they entered and exited the building. Food and drink vendors would pass on the streets in the morning with their pushcarts shouting their wares throughout the surrounding neighborhoods. "Spathis!" the national soft drink, became a familiar echoing cry each morning. Unlike the grimy, dusty, litter-filled, crowded city which Shana and I visited in 2020, Cairo of 1963 was less filthy, more exotic and clear-skyed. Colorful jacaranda trees and pungent eucalyptus lined the thoroughfares. Jasmine fragrance was in the air on the warm muggy evenings. Signs of Nasser were plastered everywhere.

My brother contracted a case of hives during our early months and his only comfort was to completely disrobe, wrap himself in a sheet and ceaselessly walk groaning through all rooms on both floors of our two floor apartment. The Ford Foundation had a recommended doctor for our ailments. His name was Dr. Doss. My mom, with me in tow, took Steve to the good doctor where he was given a shot of something. The reusable needle and syringe looked more suitable for a horse. Anyway, the hives went away. Fortunately, I don't remember anyone having to go back to Dr. Doss again.

School had not started yet and I began spending much of my time at the Gezira Sporting Club. The place had been established by the British decades before and had retained its popularity with expats and well-heeled Egyptians. I spent hours playing golf, tennis, and swimming at their facilities. I had never played tennis on clay courts and it was eye-opening to see the courts twice daily maintained with sweeping and striping. Young barefooted ballboys were at your service and at a cost of a few piastres they retrieved the tennis balls during play. I often played

with my father who always beat me by playing a controlled, steady game while I played a take no prisoners style committing multiple unforced errors punctuated with my Wilson Jack Kramer racket being flung to the ground or into the net. Strategically, I was the hare, my father the tortoise.

The nine hole Gezira golf course was a great part of my fun at the club. I would often take a taxi from home to the course with my green stamp set of Wilson clubs where young caddies would heft your bag. They gave tips and provided course knowledge. Because of them, for years after, I still used my 5-iron for short chips around the green according to their instruction. Usually, I played alone with a caddy although I often played with my father. When going alone in a taxi, the drivers spoke no English so I began picking up some "kitchen Arabic" including how to give directions. "Yemeen," "shamal," and "alatool"—left, right and straight became often used parts of my taxi vocabulary. . Sometimes after swimming or tennis I would just hang around the club staying out of the heat playing ping pong, swigging ice cold bottles of Coca-Cola with a young French kid named Jean Marc.

School began and I boarded a Cairo American College (CAC) school bus each morning walking a few blocks to the west side of Zamalek. It was there I met a fellow ninth grader, Jill Strachan, who became a good friend. I remember her most for the cat-eyed glasses, short hair and her plaid skirts. Her father, a distinguished looking, white haired, English accented gentleman, worked for the State Department. The bus trip took about a half- hour. Cairo American College, in the Cairo suburb of Maadi, was a K-12 school with a multinational student body. I interacted and made friends with kids from the US, Philippines, Spain, Finland, the UK, Romania, Hungary, Sweden and I'm sure other countries. Egyptians were not admitted. Some teachers came from the US on short term contracts. Others might be American women married to Egyptians. Mrs. Noor, a memorable history teacher, was married to an Egyptian. They all seemed to me to be very good. I remember taking English, Algebra, World History, Science, and French. Mr. Adams was my English teacher and an Armenian, Jack Kalpakian, was my algebra teacher. The French teacher was French, a stern thin woman with glasses and short reddish permed hair.

The building's main entryway was through a high metal gate lined with palms and leading to a two story building which surrounded a large courtyard. An outdoor basketball court was on the north side. As basketball was a favorite sport, I spent a lot of time on the clay court with friends, and a school boys' team came together under Coach Fisher, our Science teacher from Kansas. The team members came from Spain, Liberia, France, The Philippines and of course the U.S. The top rivalry was a Presbyterian school—Schutz—in Alexandria. They historically trounced CAC but we were determined to beat them. We bussed up to Alexandria to play on their court. We won that game as well as the return contest in Maadi. I think our girls' team was victorious as well.

Concerning basketball, a touring group of NBA players came to Cairo to play an exhibition game against the Egyptian national team. The outdoor stadium at the Gezira club was the venue. I must have gone with my brother and we saw some of the greats including Bob Cousy, Bob

Havlicek Oscar Robertson, Bob Petit, Jerry Lucas, and Elgin Baylor. Red Auerbach was the coach. I got most of their autographs after the game. Soon thereafter was announced the coming visit of newly crowned heavyweight champion Cassius Clay, the Louisville Lip. A few months earlier, Sammy the Liberian and I were shooting baskets on the CAC school court listening to reports of Clay and Sonny Liston's heavyweight battle on 2-25-64. Following Clay's victory, he converted to Islam and changed his name to Muhammad Ali. He followed his victory with a visit to Muslim Africa where he was idolized. One afternoon my parents and I were enjoying an ice cream sundae at the Nile Hilton coffee shop. In runs Sammy shouting "Dee! Dee! Hurry! Hurry! Cassius Clay is in the lobby!" I grabbed the small table centerpiece card and hustled to the hotel reception area where Clay and his brother Rahman were holding court. I was able to get his autograph and shake his hand. He signed the centerpiece card: "Muhammad Ali World's Champ". He and his brother later put on a sold out boxing exhibition at the Gezira stadium which my brother and I attended.

Speaking of stadiums, the country had just completed the construction of a national soccer stadium on the outskirts of Cairo. Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev visited the country and along with Egyptian President Gamel Abdul Nasser gave speeches to tens of thousands at the new stadium. The USSR had replaced the US as the dominant ally and was in the midst of constructing the Aswan High Dam. At the end of the fiery speeches, the crowd exited the stadium to find that some of the gates were not opened leading to a crush of people wanting to get out. It was a scary moment for little ole me but we finally exited without injury. Another international political luminary we saw was Communist Chinese leader Chou-en-Lai in a black Cadillac with China flags leading a motorcade near the Kasr al Nil bridge on Zamalek.

After two or three months we moved from our Zamalek apartment to Garden City, where the roomy flat of the former Ford Foundation director became available. It was in an upscale area close to the American and British embassies. Our sixth floor penthouse apartment faced the east side of the Nile. The spacious balcony was alive with fragrant jasmine, potted plants, ferns and vines. We overlooked a neighborhood park and just a block away the coffee and cream colored Nile flowed. A large fountain had been built recently in the middle of the mile wide river which spouted a towering plume of water hundreds of feet into the cloudless sky. In the distance were the Giza pyramids. To the south was the Belmont Building, a tall, thin skyscraper with large signs advertising Belmont cigarettes and Coca Cola at the top. On the street below our balcony, I would throw locally made marble sized "cracker balls" to hear the pops and to see young kids in the neighborhood trying to catch them before they exploded.

Just before leaving Zamalek a tragedy occurred in our apartment building. An American family, the Prestons, from Ames, Iowa, lived on the other side of the building from us on one of the upper floors. There were three older kids, two boys who attended upper grades at CAC and an older daughter. The father worked in some agricultural capacity with USAID. Early one morning we were notified that the daughter had thrown herself from the balcony to the street below. It was here I learned of my dad's great ability to offer comfort, spiritual perspective and meaning to the grief-stricken parents. We didn't know the family well but I've always remembered chaplain-like empathy shown by my father.

I gobbled up all sorts of newspapers and news magazines. I still have a November 23, 1963 edition of the English language Egyptian Mail headlined with the assassination of JFK. I would read the weekly editions of Time Magazine, Newsweek and when available the International Herald Tribune. I read a number of paperbacks though the only one I remember was Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*. Always a history fan, I was mesmerized by Egyptian history. We got connected with who I think was a Fulbright grantee, a curator of the Egyptian collection at the Brooklyn museum. He would take a group of Fulbright people as well as those of us who were interested from the Ford Foundation and visit historical sites off-limits to the usual tourist. Among other ancient wonders, we entered fascinating and colorful tombs in Giza and Saqqara and visited digs in process and less known pyramids as far away as Fayum. At the "bent pyramid" in Dashur we got our Ford station wagon stuck in the sand and it took some effort to push it out.

We made many visits to the pyramids of Giza. We rode camels, entered the inner chambers of the largest pyramid, Cheops, and fended off the many little kids asking for "baksheesh." My brother and I were able to scale to the top of Cheops where we saw dozens of etchings in the limestone of names and dates going back a few hundred years of those who had "summitted" this ancient wonder of the world.

It was at Giza where the desert road to Alexandria started. The most travelled road to Alexandria went through the Nile delta. On the faster but less scenic desert road, I learned to drive. We would take our Ford station wagon a ways out from the pyramids and I would take over the controls. The car had a standard transmission so I mastered the shifting routine. My brother had given me a few chances with his emerald green '56 Chevy Bel Aire in Provo but I never got the clutch action down.

I don't remember why, but in Garden City I began to sometimes take the train to school. It was cheap and from the downtown Bab-a-Luk station took us to the stop in Maadi where we disembarked and walked on dust covered streets three or four blocks to school. Both the train and the bus passed by onion warehouses and outside storage areas. In my mind I can still smell the unpleasant aroma of rotting onions. We also passed by the new white colored Maadi military hospital. On the bus on one occasion we were returning home from school and an argument broke out between the diminutive French boy Jean Marc and an older, bigger, dark curly haired Hungarian by the name of Mishka. Jean Marc pulled out a switchblade threatening Mishka. Mishka parried the slash from Jean Marc but was stabbed in his forearm by the knife. As he jerked his arm away, the knife was flung and stuck in the upholstery of a nearby seat. The driver broke up the spat and I don't remember if there were any consequences.

Maadi was an outlying Cairo suburb and the home to many expats. My good friends—Pat Lerch and Kip Shane—lived there. Dad's Ford Foundation colleagues the Brummets, the Parishes, and the Lipscombs lived out there as well. I stayed overnight at Pat's a few times and we would go to outdoor evening movies at the Maadi country club. Pat was from Columbus, Ohio, and had a brother a few years older. His father worked at the embassy and during my

year there he got a new black Mercedes 220. I felt like a real diplomat when riding in it. Pat had a reel-to-reel tape recorder and would obtain tapes with the latest US hits. We spent hours listening to the latest Beach Boy, Jan and Dean, The Four Seasons, Lesley Gore, Petula Clark, and Beatles hits. Upon returning home, and following Pat's example, I bought a tape recorder and would spend hours recording hits off the radio. Kip, from South Dakota, was a smart kid but lazy in his studies with no real interest in sports. I think he played the guitar. In a conversation with him I pronounced the word "indicted" as "indickted." I was embarrassed when he corrected me as I thought I had a sophisticated vocabulary. The three of us explored the Mokattam hills to the southeast where pyramid stones had been quarried. We jumped off limestone cliffs onto a sloping sand base. "Ya Salaam!"

It was popular among the Maadi crowd to have parties featuring the latest US hits and lots of gab. Some older kids smoked and drank beer and I think there was some dancing. Chubby Checker and the "Twist" were popular and I remember doing a little bit of that. I was afraid of girls but they all seemed pretty nice. It seemed like Sonia Gutierrez was sweet on me and grabbed my hand once. Pretty uncomfortable.

I learned many Arabic words and phrases. They were useful in our treks around the country. Among others were Aywa (yes), La (no), Sayeeda (hello), Sabah al Kier (good morning), Mafeesh feloos (I don't have any money, a phrase good for answering the interminable asking for "baksheesh") Ana tekalam arabi (I speak Arabic), Ana awez moya (I want some water), quice (good, nice), bint (girl) waled (boy), maleesh (never mind), bokra (tomorrow) Yallah! (Get moving!) I won't forget Lerch, Shane and I being approached one evening near the Kasr al Nil bridge by a galabiya dressed guy asking "Enta awez quice bint?" (Are you interested in a nice girl?). I don't remember if we said "mafeesh feloos," or just peeled out of there.

At our apartment, two things took me unawares. The first was one night I was awakened by the urge to pee and walked out into the hallway near the kitchen. I flipped on the light and jumped out of my skin when it seemed like hundreds of cockroaches scurried in all directions over the tile floor. They wouldn't be the last cockroaches I saw. The other thing was when walking into the kitchen at mid-day I came upon Abdul in the middle of his prayers. He had his prayer rug on the floor and was kneeling prostrated while praying. I didn't say anything and quickly backed away not wanting to disturb his worship. While I was not unfamiliar with Muslim worship in a mosque, it was a surprise to come upon an individual petitioning Allah in the privacy of his workplace.

We held our own worship service on Sundays. We read a chapter from Talmadge's *Jesus the Christ* and on occasion were joined by LDS travelers. Boyd Ivory was one there for a few weeks from Spanish Fork. I think he was the father of the Ivory twins who played basketball for Spanish Fork. Other visitors were my parents' good friends Grant and Rose Calder, Bert Harrison with wife and son, and Stewart and Sarah Grow.

My mother was a one in a million when it came to greeting, hosting, befriending and reaching out to people of all stripes. She made friends with everyone. She was well known for her visits

to the souk or Muskee, the Cairo bazaar where narrow and winding alleys, fragrant with a thousand aromas, were lined with small, colorful shops. Sold were wares of all types. Her best merchant friend there was Mustafa the "Muskee man" from whom she and accompanying friends must have bought merchandise in the thousands of dollars. Brass, leather, and glass were favorite purchases. We bought brass trays, hassocks, camel saddles and luggage. Mom should have received a commission.

Shortly after the move to Garden City, my mom tracked down a piano teacher for me. He was an Italian living in Cairo by the name Professor Pissarro. He played violin in the Cairo Symphony and also in the opera orchestra. We rented a nice upright piano and soon the professor would come for weekly lessons. Sometimes we would go to his apartment in central Cairo for the lesson. He was very focused on the fundamentals and I would constantly be playing scales and arpeggios from a Czerny music book. The Professor's apartment was near a more upscale section of Cairo with modern shops and boutiques. We often would pass by Groppi's which had changing window displays, delicious ice cream and other goodies.

Steve was a trombonist and he had brought his horn to Egypt thinking it might be of some use. One of my mother's fondest memories was of Steve and me playing "O Holy Night" on Christmas Eve at the Lipscomb's in Maadi.

I had learned to play the piano by ear and enjoyed fingering popular songs when I could. I recall a birthday party at Jill Strachn's where in the background of party noise I played "Rhythm of the Rain" by the Cascades and a few other recent hits on Jill's spinet piano.

Steve was into jazz and he had brought several albums and I learned to enjoy listening to Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Oscar Peterson, Stan Kenton and other jazz artists of the day. We had a small GE phonograph hooked up to two speakers and I always had fun conducting music a la Eugene Ormandy and George Szell, particularly classical pieces like Beethoven symphonies and Ravel's Bolero. Beethoven's 6th Symphony—The Pastoral—has been my favorite Beethoven symphony ever since.

Cairo's music scene was diverse. We only frequented Western musical performances at the historic Cairo Opera House. This hall had been dedicated in 1867 at the completion of the Suez Canal. The first performance at the new opera house was the debut of Verdi's "Aida." The opening opera of the 1963-64 season just happened to be "Aida" and Rahmades' "O Celeste Aida" has remained a favorite aria of mine. My opera glasses were my humongous Tokyo binoculars, a little out of place. Egyptian music was interesting to listen to but the only word I could understand was "habibi" which meant a dear one or loved one to include girlfriend, boy friend, fiancée and other manifestations of affection.

Films were shown at Cairo movie houses and we first went to Steve McQueen in "The Great Escape." The theater was jammed with Egyptian men, almost all of them smoking throughout the film. The hall was filled with smoke but we could still see the screen. The packed house stood and cheered as McQueen vaulted the barbed wire fence on the motorcycle. Another

good movie we saw was Hitchcock's "The Birds." My parents enjoyed the Montgomery Clift movie "Freud," not a favorite for me.

Trips to Luxor, Aswan and Abu Simbel were very memorable to a 14-year old kid always fascinated by history. The British-built Old Cataract Hotel in Aswan was steeped in history though we stayed in the New Cataract Hotel, an adjacent wing built in 1961. We also stayed in the new Amun Hotel, built on an island in the Nile. It was close to the Mausoleum of Aga Khan III. A fresh red rose was placed by his wife at the foot of his tomb every day, a practice started by his wife which continues to this day as we saw on our 2019 trip. In 1964, it was a beautiful white marble mausoleum built on a barren hill above the Nile. Fifty-five years later, it had turned a dusty brown with years of wind-driven desert dust. Near Aswan was the village of Kom Ombo where we saw magnificent temples and visited a community of resettled Sudanese and Egyptian Nubians whose homeland would be inundated by the coming Lake Nasser.

The massive new Aswan High Dam was under construction by the Russians and I marveled at the huge dump trucks being used in the project. After our tour of the dam, Steve stayed behind and would make his way back to the hotel via a bus carrying Russian workers. It would be a few years before the river would be backing up to create Lake Nasser. Abu Simbel was 150 miles south of Aswan and was best accessible by hydrofoil. A bouncy ride delivered us to the incredible site in a couple of hours and it was very impressive. Several years later, of course, the temple was miraculously moved to higher land so as not to be covered by the rising waters of the lake. I wished we could have continued up the Nile less than 50 miles to Wadi Halfa so I could say I'd been to Sudan.

In Luxor, we stayed at the Winter Palace Hotel, another 5 star hotel built in the British colonial era of the early 1900's. A ride in a donkey-pulled carriage took us to a small launch which ferried us across the Nile. From there we were driven to the Valley of the Kings and saw the amazing hieroglyphics and still vivid colorful pictures and hieroglyphics within the tombs. To illuminate the tomb interiors, large mirrors were positioned to reflect light from the outside to the chambers within. Amazingly, it had only been 42 years since Howard Carter discovered the Tut tomb, many of its artifacts now displayed in Cairo's Egyptian Museum. We returned to Cairo on an overnight Hungarian built train where we had cramped sleeping berths. The train ran on a narrow gauge track. There was a fair amount of jerking and rattling owing to the uneven track bed.

Among our visitors was the Calder family. Rose, Grant, and their three children Kent, Greta, and Scott had spent the last few years in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia and were returning to the States. We had a fun couple of days with them which included a trip to El Alamein on the Mediterranean coast. We stopped at the British, German and Italian cemeteries and war memorials commemorating the great WWII battle fought there. People were warned not to step out into the battlefield area as there were still unexploded mines. Some shells of destroyed tanks still littered the brush covered desert landscape. Returning to our apartment, Kent and I threw cracker bombs off the balcony to the young kids on the street below.

My parents and I took a side trip to Beirut and Damascus during our Cairo stay. Beirut had been a stopover on our way to Cairo. These several months later, we returned to the beautiful Phoenician Hotel. The next day, accompanied by a personal guide, we ascended the winding mountain highway en route to Damascus passing through the area of the storied Cedars of Lebanon. When the highway descended to the east, we entered the fertile Beqaa Valley with its green cultivated fields and toured the Roman ruins of Baalbek. In Damascus we saw the house of Ananias, the Street called Straight and the supposed location where Paul, in making his escape from Damascus, was lowered from the city wall in a basket. I searched for a good crusader sword in the souvenir shops but could not find one.

Other trips were equally exciting. On an invitation from one of my dad's students, we drove to Port Said, the northern entryway to the Suez Canal. We stayed in a nice hotel and the next morning were treated to an excursion of the port aboard a large motor launch. Later, we drove the length of the canal which connects the Mediterranean Sea with the Red Sea and divides Africa from Asia. From Port Said south 125 miles to the city of Suez we saw many ships making the one-way passage north. A berm separated the road from the canal and as vessels passed we saw only the upper deck and the funnels of the ships. Most recognizable were the Russian ships where the funnels were painted red with a yellow hammer and sickle rising above the desert landscape. We made a rest stop in the city of Ismailia, continued to Suez, and after a dip in the Red Sea, returned to Cairo on the bumpy two-lane highway.

On two or three occasions we drove to Alexandria where my dad held conferences at the Salamlek Palace. It was formerly a palace of King Farouk, a dissolute, hedonistic, obese, though very wealthy ruler until his abdication in 1952. My mother and I stayed at the Beau Rivage Hotel on Alexandria's Corniche. I would cross the boulevard and swim in the Mediterranean Sea. Near the Salamlek Palace, now a hotel, was a private and mostly deserted little beach where I would entertain myself in the tidal pools.

The beaches on the coast west of Alexandria were spectacular. At Sidi Abdul Rachman, the sand was white and the azure water so inviting. We stayed in a beachfront accommodation and as I wandered along the beach, I was shocked to see a topless young sunbather soaking up rays on the sand. Sorry to say, but I think I walked back and forth a couple of times. Further west was the famous and more established beach at Mersa Matruh. We didn't make it that far.

It was tough to leave Cairo after a year which started with apprehension and uncertainty. I had been transported to a different world where I melded into the culture, customs and history of a fascinating land. I had made great friends and experienced memorable episodes of seeing and learning that would forever enrich my understanding and appreciation of the world. Here was a place where great societies flourished thousands of years before America was discovered. On a lighter note, how many at my age could say they'd had a cook, housekeeper, chauffeur, a caddy and ball boy at their service? I would return to Provo, Utah, with a store of knowledge and experience, understanding and feelings that could never be replicated through books or travel. I almost didn't want to go back. What a year!

Our return trip was through Europe, the first stop being exotic Istanbul. My brother and the two Parrish boys—Laurie and David—made their own way back to the States. I felt bad I couldn't join the big boys and make some more exotic stops, cities like Isfahan and Persepolis in Iran. It worked out okay though. Istanbul was a magnificent stop. Topkapi Palace, St. Sophia, the Blue Mosque, and the Grand Bazaar were highlights. Along the Bosphorus, we drove to the Black Sea, another sea/ocean I could claim to have swum in. Athens, Rome, Zurich, Berlin, Paris and London were the other stops. My dad bought a red VW convertible in Germany which would be shipped to New York. He and Steve would later pick it up and drive out to Utah.

High School Years

We moved back into our home on fifth east and I invited my friends over to relate my experiences. I gave them all a tarboosh and maybe some other trinkets as souvenirs. They were happy to see me as I was them. School was over a month away and the football team was already selected and practicing. Positions had been determined and I was bummed that I was unknown to the coaches. I put on the pads once but never was jazzed after that. Tennis and basketball became my sports.

Since school hadn't started yet I kept busy with a new reel-to-reel tape recorder taping music from our new stereo hi-fi cabinet. I became pretty well versed on the artists of the day and the music. I restarted my piano lessons with Robert Smith, a music faculty member at BYU. Before the Egypt trip, several of his students became friends including Brant Harmon, Paul Hart, Rick Nelson and Paul Rogers. I was good enough to play pieces at church and student recitals but hit a wall when other activities took precedence. So the lessons stopped. I was frustrated by not being able to play anything without making a mistake. My repertoire was mostly composed of pieces from Chopin, Mozart, Haydn and Liszt. I have always loved classical music for its disciplined form and structure, its complexity and soothing lyrical predictability.

I was a diligent student and except for algebra and physics generally got straight A's. The social sciences were my forte. I was a mildly popular and visible kid who palled around with the jocks and eastsiders. I ran a losing race for student body president against Lew Swain and was voted the Senior Class President in a race with friend Bruce Farrer. I think Bruce was bummed in losing and we never rekindled a close association. Here I was—at the peak of my high school ascendancy. I was mostly a straight A student, had a key role in student government, was captain of the basketball and tennis teams and had the respect of teachers and school administration. "A legend in my own mind," as they say. I still live off of that capital and as the "eternal chair" of the class of '67 reunion committee and have headed up eleven five year class reunions.

These high school days were fun but also stressful. I was consumed by my basketball experience and started out strong as a sophomore even though I had missed a year of visibility while in Egypt. Provo High was a 3A school, the highest designation in Utah, and we played the other 3A schools in Utah County as well as preseason games with the Salt Lake high schools like East, Skyline, South, and Highland. I was a starter guard through my Junior year. As a

junior I was one of two of us to be called up from the Junior Varsity to the Varsity squad. I had a couple of successful games. One was in Spanish Fork where I scored 16 points in a very close game and was credited for a major reason for the win. In a later home game—I think also against Spanish Fork—I hit a first half half court shot at the buzzer to give us the lead and momentum shift going into the second half. Going into my senior year I was voted in as co-captain and touted as a player to watch for state accolades.

During the summer of 1966, I decided to get contact lenses. College players used them and I thought they might benefit my game. Big mistake. I was never comfortable with the contacts with my eyes being teary, foggy, and uncomfortable. In a preseason game in Logan, I lost a lense and didn't play very well. The rest of the season was mediocre at best and I lost my starting position. Our family also moved up the hill to 1861 Oak Lane.

During my basketball experience a characteristic of my personality became more evident. Even in junior high and city leagues I was always a good outside shooter, but I had no inside game. I would not penetrate or crash the boards and take shots in the paint as much as I should have. My dream of college basketball went down the tubes.

Seemingly, haunted by my past, I continued to stew and was dragged down over this and other flaws—at least by my estimation—throughout much of my life. Why couldn't I relegate these things to the past and move on?

Socially, I didn't break out of my timidity but continued to date on occasion. While a junior in high school I liked a girl, LuAnn Collins, and we went out together to school dances including the Junior Prom. On that evening I double-dated with Bruce Farrer and Julie Fuhrman. I was driving our white '63 Buick LeSabre and before the dance we drove to the Oak Crest Inn at the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon for dinner. En route I was confused about the I-15 exit and wavered back and forth uncertain of whether to take the exit or not. At that point I was lit up from behind by a Utah Highway Patrol trooper and I pulled over. He approached our car and asked for license and registration. I wasn't sure what I'd done but he said he was looking for a car like ours driven by a suspect running from an alleged rape. With my reckless driving he thought he might have his man. Seeing us in tuxedos and prom formals, he gave us a short lecture and let us go with a warning.

I was a klutz when it came to girls and wasted inordinate amounts of time sitting by the phone preparing my asking out spiel and working up the guts to make the phone call. My association with LuAnn petered out and she began dating Dave McMean, a cheerleader at Provo High. I was jealous and felt like a fool for botching my connection to such a nice girl. Before leaving on my mission I asked her out again, this time to a movie at the Villa theater in Salt Lake. Before the movie, we had dinner at the nearby Hawaiian Restaurant. Following dinner I discovered I hadn't brought my wallet and she wound up paying for dinner and the movie. I must have paid her back but maybe I didn't. Embarrassing.

I was anxious to get out of high school and move from the fun and games atmosphere to the more serious and scholarly pursuits of college. I was able to get a scholarship to BYU and got into the Honors Program which made for upper level learning and easier registration. Many classes called for critical thinking and discussion with class participation a large part of the grade. I struggled but managed to get through it all.

The summers after my junior and senior years, my dad helped me get a job with Gil Olson, the owner of a Philips 66 gas station on the corner of 12th South and University, just north of Provo High School. Gil was somehow connected with my dad and had me haul hay a few times at his family ranch in Wallsburg. Gas was around 25 cents a gallon back then. There were some interesting characters at the station like Dale the mechanic. Besides attending to cars coming in for fill-ups, oil, and tire checks, we also did lubes and oil/filter changes, car washes, fan belt and water hose fixes, tail light and headlight replacements, new tires, flat tires, wheel balancing, alignments and radiator flushes. Dale was a guy who I always described as having a rod up his you know what. He had a short fuse and used colorful language. He would describe a lazy, unmotivated person as being "a turd in a punch bowl." He was unhappy with me when I tipped over our water filled car wash drum into the side of a Cadillac I was washing. There was a small dent in the door, but we never reported it. One of our best customers was DaCosta Clark, a well-known oral surgeon and I think a stake president. He drove in to gas up his boat after a Utah Lake water ski outing. It was only after the fill up that I realized I had put in regular gas rather than the ethyl blend he had requested. Owner Gil apologized on my behalf, but Dr. Clark went ballistic using salty words not fit for a stake president. Fortunately, he didn't remember me when I had my wisdom teeth pulled a few years later.

The summer of '67 I wanted to go to France to study. That fizzled so I sought jobs at the National Parks in the region. The one I took was at a Fred Harvey Chevron station at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. Fred Harvey Corp. ran and managed all concessions within the park confines. I drove down in our red VW convertible and stayed the first night at a campsite strumming my cheap green stamp guitar.

The Fall of 1967, I enrolled at the Y and began taking classes

Mission to Argentina

In 1968, I turned nineteen and was eager to go on my mission. The Vietnam War was in full swing and deferments were given to students and missionaries. The Church was told to restrict the number of missionaries going out and a ward was only able to send out an Elder every six months. This policy backed me up just a little and I was able to put in a semester in college before leaving in April. Other of my friends including Rick Nelson, Larry Corbridge, Al Thomson and Lew Swain left earlier. Most of my old Maeser School friends including Mike Folster, Steve Higgenson, and Terry Shipman did not go on missions and we went separate directions following high school.

Because I had studied French at CAC and later at Provo High and BYU, I thought I was a dead ringer to be called to a French speaking mission. Additionally, I worshiped my brother and he had served in France so I wanted to follow in his footsteps. I was just a little disappointed when I opened my envelope and found I was being sent to Argentina. I quickly warmed to the unexpected destination and was grateful I'd had a few years of high school Spanish.

That I would go on a mission was never in doubt. It was a rite of passage for most LDS young men. The spiritual benefits were there for the taking. I had never doubted the truth of the restored Church, but in the Salt Lake Mission Home and the Language Training Mission in Provo I sought greater confirmation that through the Holy Ghost the Lord would plant a sure witness within me. I read the Book of Mormon so I could put Moroni's promise to the test. In the late evening when others were asleep, I arose and went to a private classroom area within the LTM and entered a closet. Kneeling, I petitioned the Lord for a sure witness of the Book of Mormon pleading for a burning within my breast. After a few hours my store of righteous desires was depleted. While I had not felt any burning, I did feel a comfort of mind that what I was doing was correct.

What qualified me in the pre-existence to be born into a faithful LDS home I don't know. The Church was part of my genetic makeup. I was a sober, unemotional kid, but never felt any deep spiritual yearnings or suffered any adversity or crises which would lead me to question my faith or stray from the example of my parents. Along with family prayers, I said my personal prayers. I attended church and went to high school seminary, but except in some Sunday meetings, there was never an undercurrent of spirituality that would course through my soul. As I grew older I wondered why it was so difficult for me to access the Gift of the Holy Ghost leading me to assume I must be unconsciously receiving inspiration. Study and prayer, but especially faith, are the answers that sustain me to this day. We are physical and spiritual beings but the spiritual being is not always easy to bring to the surface. So, for me, it's "True to the faith that our parents have cherished, true to the truth for which martyrs have perished."

Being on a mission in Provo for two months was weird. On Diversion Day with my companion, Tom Singleton from Plain City, we'd walk the familiar Provo City streets, hoping not to see anyone I knew. I didn't want to tarnish my experience by reminders of my past. We walked by my house and fortunately saw no neighbors. I did see my Mom a couple of times and she was good to supply me with plenty of goodies at the LTM. I was staunch in the following of mission rules. In retrospect, too staunch. My brother was to be married in the Salt Lake Temple during my LTM stay. I was the Zone Leader at the time and was made to feel that by attending the wedding I would not wholly be committing myself to the mission. I was good at memorizing the six discussions and went for the next two years feeling that missing one word or straying from the script was a transgression. I lived more with the letter of the law rather than the spirit.

Elder Singleton and I were the only two elders going to Buenos Aires and it so happened we were booked on the inaugural flight of Aerolíneas Argentinas out of Los Angeles with stops in Mexico City and Lima. Boarding in LA, we found ourselves to be the two passengers in the long

Boeing 707. We both got Cokes. At Mexico City the plane filled with hundreds of passengers carrying luggage and all kinds of Mexican souvenirs. We made it to Ezeiza Airport in BA and were picked up by assistants of the Mission President, Vernon Bettilyon. One of the PA's was my cousin Bryce. After a day or two at the very nice mission home at 1380 General Belgrano in the affluent suburb of Martinez, I was shipped out by bus to the bastion of Catholicism in Argentina, Lujan.

Lujan was the home of the great basilica, home to the much revered Virgin de Lujan and visited by millions every year. My companion was Elder Steve Wilson from Mission Viejo California. With my rigid adherence to mission rules and routines and the beginning of "trunkiness" on his part, we still got along pretty well. We lived in a little casita adjacent to the main home occupied by "Big Mama" and Alberto. There was an outdoor shower with cold water. Only once did "Big Mama" allow us in her house for a hot shower. The hot water "garafa" was small so our showers were short. Most importantly, we had to polish the black tiles surrounding the shower. Their house was in a rural area—the campo—a few miles outside of Lujan. We took buses into town and walked an awful lot. Our chapel was a rented old small building just down the street from the basilica. The only members lived in nearby General Rodriguez. Hermana Tacconi had two young teenagers and they were very active and were on the receiving end of many visits. At our church location, we missionaries did about everything—teaching, giving talks, priesthood ordinances, and the most successful proselyting method, teaching English classes. One activity held there was an "asado" BBQ party for our English class students. I don't remember setting up tables or grilling the BBQ on the parrilla, but I do remember wine being served and consumed within the chapel area. I felt helpless to do anything about it and resigned myself that Jesus had turned water into wine and wine had been used for the sacrament in the early days of the Restoration.

Though we taught many lessons we never were able to get anyone to the font. We tracted and tracted, but the pull of the Virgin de Lujan and the "Yo soy Apostolica Católica Romana" was very strong. Memories include teaching youth at the Catholic school of the Hermanos Marista, getting a golden contact to agree to baptism until in the final interview he said he couldn't obey the Law of Chastity. Tracting and teaching during the day was problematic because we would often find only the housewife at home and though they may have been very receptive, their husbands would be upset upon returning home from work. In one instance, the husband threw rocks and chased us away when we caught him at home. By Mission directive we were asked to ask at least three Golden Questions each day. It was tough to just walk up to someone and ask "what do you know about the Mormon Church" and "would you like to know more?" Some elders were noted for their capacity to get on a crowded colectivo (bus) and "run the table" walking the aisle asking each passenger the questions. I think I fudged the numbers from time to time counting as "asks" times where I almost asked.

At least once a week we would travel to the nearby town of Mercedes for our district meeting. The District Leader was Elder_____, a good, hardworking elder who was a great friend of my cousin Bryce. He is to be remembered by his constant use of the word "flip" as his preferred

4-letter F word. His companion was Elder Molto, a Mendocino with whom I would later in the mission become a companion.

Elder Wilson, I think in a way to avoid the drudgery of tracting, would come up with reasons we had to go to BA every few weeks. We would pass through the cities of Merlo—where there was a chapel—and Liniers, the home of Argentina's largest slaughter houses. We would have lunch with other elders at the downtown Costa Azul on LaValle, known for its dulce de leche filled crepes and tasty alfajores, a very popular, circular cookie cake having a consistency somewhat like our Kit Kats.

Our prayers were heartfelt and sincere to lead our contacts to baptism. Our testimonies poured from our hearts and our lips and we fasted to be led to success. It seemed one obstacle after another would get in the way. Elder Wilson thought it would be better for us to move from Hostería San Antonio (Big Mama and Alberto) to downtown Lujan. We found a place which was a second floor apartment over a family owned Italian restaurant just a half block of cobblestoned street from the basilica and a block from our meeting house. Nearby was a delicatessen owned by a fellow who had been attending some of our English classes. We became good friends with him and his wife and were invited to his home to watch the live broadcast of the moon landing. Upon arrival we were asked if we would like a drink? "Sure," we said. Out on a tray with two shot glasses came a bottle of Jack Daniel's. "Oh, no gracias. We don't drink that," How about some wine? We said "no gracias." Beer? Nope. "We're sorry, nothing with alcohol." "Is coffee okay?" We said no, but asked if they had any soft drinks? "Sure" they said, and went to the fridge and grabbed a couple of bottles of Coca-Cola. Coke was highly discouraged in the Mission but at this point what could we do? It tasted pretty good.

Elder Wilson was transferred to La Plata and Elder Thornton became my second companion. He was a tall, thin elder, not far from his release. Opposite from Elder Wilson, he was more introverted and doctrinaire in his work. We weren't together long and is best remembered for picking at his food to detect any insects, hair, or other impurities. I swear he had a magnifying glass at meal time.

My first transfer was to the small somewhat isolated town of Venado Tuerto several hours northwest of Lujan in the province of Santa Fe. The Church had been there for over twenty years and there was a solid core of members attending in what had been a large downtown villa. The town had been built around ranching and agriculture. My companion was Elder Miranda from Mendoza who also served as the branch president. We had a few baptisms and enjoyed the family atmosphere of the branch. At the branch Christmas party I became the designated Santa Claus. During the party I surreptitiously ascended the church building and with some "Ho, ho, ho's" jumped down from roof to wall to fence to ground with a bag of goodies. I later played and sang *Silent Night* with my guitar.

Elder Miranda was not much into tracting so we spent most of our time visiting members. For district and zone meetings we would go either to the big city of Rosario or San Nicolas, a large town about an hour away. The weather was very hot with no air conditioning. The town shut

down after lunch for a couple of hours while people enjoyed their siesta. We sought relief at our pension for rest and at 3 o'clock returned to our work often not finishing before 10 PM. Elder Miranda was a little lax on mission rules but as a "greenie" I played by his rules which were geared more toward his branch president role.

My next transfer was to the Mission Home in Martinez where I would become the Mission Historian. I was there for an unheard of seven plus months. As more of an office environment, proselyting did not start until after 5 o'clock. The daytime hours were filled with administrative duties ranging from phone answering, gathering statistical information from the branches, office reception, car maintenance, errand boy work, and care of the mission historical records. The records, recorded in handwriting through the early years, traced the arrival of the earliest missionaries to South America. Those elders, including Melvin J. Ballard, Rulon Wells, and Ray Pratt arrived in Buenos Aires in December of 1925, and established the South America Mission. It was amazing to read writing concerning their early experiences. Much of the early work was directed to the German population and some missionaries shortly moved into Brazil.

It was natural that I would get to know President Vernon Bettilyon and his family as well as the several other missionaries assigned to the mission headquarters. The Finance elder, Legal elder, and PA's officed there and arriving and departing elders and sisters were constantly coming and going. My cousin, Bryce, was a PA at the time. The atmosphere was always busy. The previous Historian, Elder Cecil, left after training me for a week or two and I became companions with Elder Cienfuegos, a SoCal product, who was in charge of legal affairs, mostly visa issues. Many other companions came and went and the months were filled with stories and experiences too numerous to detail. Willy Yang and the Chinese restaurant on Libertador, the Nazi fighter pilot Helmut Muetzger, the auto/pedestrian accident on Maipu, the dinner with Brother Burgoyne of Murdock Travel, the visits of Elders Hinckley and Haight. Housesitting for my cousin David Vance in San Fernando. The Vicente Lopez Ward. Hermana Pera. Golf in Belgrano. Pension in La Lucila. Camera loss on train from Retiro. Next door tennis. Basketball. Soaking for severe athlete's foot. Boca-La Plata soccer match. Movie with Bettilyon family - Viva Las Vegas. "*The Magic Flute*" at the Teatro Colon. Eating at the Embers. Lunch with BYU professor Terry Hansen at La Cabana. Anyway, after seven months I was once again sent out to the field to the small city of Campana, about fifty miles up the Paraná River from BA. Known for its large ESSO refinery, the city had a constant smell from the refinery emissions.

Not much membership growth in Campana for the last few years and I hoped to make a difference. There was a branch of about twenty active members headed by a young and devoted branch president. My first companion was Elder Hobbs from Garden Grove, California. I was assigned to be the district leader with two elders in nearby Zárate, Elder Morley and Elder _____ who was the branch president, as part of the district. Tracting was the name of the game and over the few months I was there. It bugged me that Elder Hobbs' door approach was always the same. "What do you know about the Mormon Church? Would you like to know more?" We developed some good contacts but never got beyond the third of six charlas. The

meeting house was a large old home with a kitchen where we would bake chocolate chip cookies and teach English classes.

Campana and Zárate were in the Paraná River delta and there were many inhabited islands which in the early 1920's had become home to many Germans fleeing Europe after WWI. Some of these Germans had been baptized in the early years of the South America Mission. With the passage of years, these members were isolated and did not have much contact with the Church. An older couple was still known and as the islands were only accessible by boat we boarded a launch in Zárate for a two hour ride. These boats were floating supermarkets and moving vans.

To get to their house, we disembarked at the designated stop and followed a trail along a narrow canal with fruit trees on one side. About one hundred yards in, we came to an old home and were joyfully met by the older couple, probably in their later 70's. We had a short sacrament meeting inside their home and listened to stories of missionary gatherings on their property. I thought of my Uncle Marion and the "ches" of the 1930's who must have had activities here.

After a few short months and no baptisms, I was moved to Floresta, the sixth ward in the Buenos Aires Stake as companion to Elder Livingston. We hit it off very well and lived upstairs in a home owned by an old Italian woman named Piera. Piera did some great cooking and always served plenty of soda pop with the meal. After the late dinner, Elder Livingston and I would go upstairs to our room and have a contest to see who could burp the loudest. We got some pretty good volume and Piera suggested we might knock it off. At least we learned the Spanish word for burping—"eruptar."

Before I was transferred out, we tracted out a terrific family, the Garrido's, who were great Golden Contacts. When giving the third charla about the Word of Wisdom the oldest boy went into his room and brought back a pack of cigarettes. He crumpled the package in his hand and threw it in the garbage. We knew we were on the right track.

Another contact we found was a Sra. Caballeros. Over the years, she had met with many missionaries and had a basic knowledge of the Gospel. Through her attire and jewelry we surmised she was a gypsy, of which there were more than a few in BA. She offered to read our palms and she looked at my life line saying that I would have a long and productive life. She said I would experience a serious and traumatic event in the not too distant future. When I was diagnosed with cancer ten years later I always remembered the senora's prediction and while not believing she had occult powers, it sure was a lucky guess.

With about four months of my two years to go, I was transferred to Mar del Plata. The city was Argentina's most popular casino and beach resort attracting thousands during the year. There was a large branch and it was a popular spot with the missionaries. My companions were first Elder Frandsen from Vernal and later Elder Bundy from Fredonia. We lived in a nice pension with two other elders just a few blocks from the ocean. We worked hard and had many

memorable contacts who almost reached baptism but were waylaid near the end for various reasons. On one Sunday we had ten investigators at church.

It was a sad departure from the mission in April, 1971. I had grown to appreciate the people and culture of Argentina and for many years have played and sung the sambas and tangos of the old masters. I felt I had worked hard and constantly sought the Spirit. With one-third of my service in the mission home, I felt I had lost a huge chunk of time prevented from being able to fully immerse myself in the work. Nevertheless, I know there was purpose in all of this and some of my most memorable times were spent working at 1380 General Belgrano, Martinez.

On the way back home I traveled once again with Elder Singleton who I had hardly seen on the mission. I wanted to stop at a few places along the way and he was amenable to that. We had a great stop in Peru we were able to stay in Lima for a few days. There on a Sunday, I was asked to play the organ in church since no one else knew how. We flew to Cuzco and took a train to Machu Picchu and felt a little funny wearing suits and ties. We had a great time wandering around and snapping photos. We returned to Cuzco and on to Lima where we prepared for our next stop in Boston.

My brother, wife, and their newborn daughter lived in student housing in Cambridge while Steve was finishing up his MBA. We attended one of his classes the next morning. Then it was on to Salt Lake and back to Provo.

Back to College

Most things are a blur about my return. It was April, 1971. I gave a homecoming talk at church and must have gotten into a block semester at school. I bought new clothes and remember wearing gold corduroy bell bottoms with burgundy colored buckled boots. I got pulled back into the social scene rejoining the Samuel Hall crew participating in meetings and going to parties.

My academics were based in part on my brother's trajectory. He'd been an English major and went to Harvard for an MBA. I would do the same. In the end, I had a good GPA but missed out on Harvard after spending days on the application. My dad's secretary typed the application and I had Stephen R. Covey write the recommendation letter. My GMAT score was unimpressive and I had no relevant work experience which more and more the admissions people liked to see. Out of caution I also applied to Northwestern and Columbia and on a lark submitted an application for the new BYU Law School after a good LSAT score. I was accepted at all but Harvard and began measures to move to New York after accepting Columbia's invitation and securing on-campus housing at their Manhattan campus. During this time, Dad suggested I take a look at the University of Virginia's business program. Through his connections in the leadership in the Intercollegiate Schools of Business Association, he knew the Virginia dean which led to my application, acceptance and decision to go to Charlottesville.

At the same time I was considering future schooling, I was moving toward serious thoughts of marriage. On Halloween 1971, best friend Rick Nelson and I went to a costume party put on by our Sam Hall group. I was costumed as a zombie with a bloody white coat and Rick must have been similarly attired. Rick wanted to visit a girl he'd been dating, Kathy Davis, who lived in The Elms apartments just south of Heaps (now Brick Oven) on 8th North and 1st East. At the front door of Kathy's apartment were a guy and a girl dressed in a blue and green plaid outfit, who I presumed were just returning from a date. Rick knew the girl, named Shana Pace, who was Kathy's best friend. The boy was John Zediquist, a San Jose friend of Shana and her family. He left and the three of us chatted briefly after finding that Kathy was involved in some Angel Flight activity. Kathy and Shana were from San Jose. Rick's and Shana's fathers, both doctors, and the two families had known each other for years. That is how Rick knew Shana. I think Rick and I went over there a few times before I called to see if she'd like to go to a John Denver concert at the Smith Fieldhouse. On a visit before that, I saw she was making popcorn. As a popcorn maker and lover (of popcorn), I was able to make a connection that lessened my anxiety in forming a stronger relationship. You could say we were brought together by Rick and popcorn. At the Denver concert she wore a self made long black skirt patterned with bands of color reminding me of Egyptian tomb pictures. She had a long sleeved black blouse and looked great. At the concert, conversation was easy and she gave me a back rub when I mentioned a little discomfort. I learned she was a great seamstress and later that she made many of her own clothes.

After returning from the mission, Dad, through a relationship with banker Harm Steed, helped me get a job as a teller at Walker Bank in the afternoons for \$1.75/hour. Harm was the bank manager. I worked inside and at the drive-up window and later helped Eldon with collections on past due auto loans. We had some scary experiences chasing down debtors and repossessing cars. It was a fun job and I got to like the people who worked there. Once having met Shana, I always hustled to get from the bank to The Elms when the workday ended. We dated for a few months and I was sad to find that she'd be going to Spain for a semester abroad. I was smitten and we exchanged letters nearly every day. In April or May of 1972, I picked her up at the Salt Lake airport and had the 8-track player in the GTO set to play the Hallelujah Chorus when we started back to Provo. I soon later drove out to San Jose to visit accompanied by two of the Davis boys, brothers of Shana's friend Kathy. I took a rest in the back seat and let Richard Davis drive. During that rest, we made good time. I think Richard was doing 100 mph as we crossed the Nevada desert. I stayed at Shana's house at 1521 University Avenue. She introduced me to her parents Dr. Joseph Pace and Pauline Clyde Pace. Her three brothers and three sisters were elsewhere. Maurio, the oldest sister, and Craig, brother number two, were married. She introduced me to surrounding city sites and we spent a day in San Francisco. We had a picnic in Golden Gate Park. She wore a cute brown one piece outfit.

Later in the summer her family had a gathering at Lake Tahoe in a large home, sort of a VRBO. After work at the bank, I jumped in the GTO and made the 550 mile trip in about six hours averaging a speed of 90 mph. A highway patrol trooper stopped me somewhere in Nevada for going over 100 mph and said while there was no posted speed limit for I-80 in Nevada, they

figured 90 mph was a flat maximum. I took it a little slower after that. I couldn't wait to see Shana.

I had decided to take our relationship to the next level and getting the Oak Hills 4th Ward discount, bought a diamond at Bullock and Losee Jewelers. Dick and JoAnn Lossee were members of our ward. Tahoe would be the place of our engagement. I ensconced the ring in my suitcase waiting for the right time to make the proposal. The right time never seemed to come up and I returned to Provo putting the ring in a drawer of my bedroom desk. I didn't pull it out until November when I proposed at my parents' Provo house.

We set March 10, 1973 as our wedding date. It was predicated on the status of Shana's folks who were preparing to go on a Church medical mission to Mexico. We were still attending school so the March date was not friendly for any kind of traditional honeymoon. Following our Provo Temple wedding, we had a brunch for family and friends at the Wilkinson Center on campus. As I look back, after having witnessed many other weddings, ours was really a low key, low cost event. There were no tuxes, no reception, no rice, no best man or flowers. I wore an ugly brown polyester suit, though Shana looked radiant in a pinkish ensemble. We had no photographer, so there were just a handful of black and white pics taken by I don't know who. But so what? We were married and would set off on a great life together.

After lunch, we hopped in our new red VW beetle and returned to the 100 East 100 South basement apartment we had arranged for. Then it was on to Salt Lake to the Tri Arcs hotel off of Main Street and 500 South for an overnight honeymoon. We had dinner at a Roy Rogers restaurant just a few blocks away on State Street. The hotel later changed to the Red Lion and is still there. The next day, a Sunday I think, we had no plans and drove to my Aunt Margaret and Uncle Reed Holdaway's place in Springville. My parents and other family members were there for a luncheon. A few weeks later, we drove out to San Jose for a wedding reception held at the Pace medical office. No cost there.

That first week together was a metaphor for our life together—nothing fancy, socially conservative, below the radar, uncomfortable as country clubbers and closer to cheapskates than big spenders. Shana particularly was a behind the scenes girl, comfortably invisible and seeking no recognition.

Graduate School

Charlottesville, Virginia was a very comfortable place to live. We found a place to rent on Gordon Avenue just a few blocks' walk to the Rotunda and the grounds of UVA. The apartment was the upper floor of a nice colonial style red brick house accessed by an outdoor stairway. Below us was another apartment occupied by another student couple. The main part of the house was owned and occupied by an older, white-haired Virginian lady named Mrs. Peake. Her older sister, close to 80, lived with her. The sister had a mint 1956 blue and white Chevy

Bel Air in the driveway. It was in pristine condition and had less than 10,000 miles on it. I would have liked to have bought it.

Mrs. Peake was of old southern gentry which became more apparent when we tried to sublease our apartment during the summer and would return to the apartment in the fall. We would be in Chicago for a short internship with Harris Bank. Because of our one-year lease, we were on the hook for the summer months. Most students were leaving Charlottesville for the summer so there wasn't much demand for housing. We had no luck and no takers until a black couple came and said they'd like to lease it for the summer. When we informed Mrs. Peake we had some renters to complete our one-year lease and that they were a young black couple, she hit the ceiling.irate, she nearly kicked us out and let us out of our three month liability. I don't know if she found anyone else. We spent our second year at Copley Hill, university housing for married students.

During that summer we loaded up our red VW with our meager belongings and drove to Chicago for the Harris Bank summer internship. Rick Nelson, who had just graduated from Northwestern, found us a basement apartment in Evanston. The owners of the house were Ed and Pat Cook and they lived above our muggy basement abode. The basement was low ceilinged and to get to the bathroom you had to go through Ed Cook's workshop. When he would come down to the tool room he would be whistling as a warning for us to cover up or clear out. There were plenty of cockroaches, so much so that we asked the Cooks to help get rid of them. We expected an exterminator or cans of insecticide to ward off the invaders, but Ed and Pat had their own idea. Late one day, I headed to the bathroom and jumped when I saw a frog or a toad stationed on the cement floor. This was Ed's exterminator. We didn't protest but it seemed the cockroach problem didn't abate. Friend Steve Thomas arrived a few weeks later to attend Northwestern and stayed with us for one night.

I took the train to and from downtown Chicago work. Harris Bank was one of the largest banks in Chicago and I was hired to work in the international department. My task was to analyze the possible opportunity for Harris to open a Hong Kong finance company. Though I don't think an office was ever opened, the project did serve as the basis for a case study which I presented as the required "supervised business study" to be prepared by all students their senior year.

Shana got a job with JS&A in Northbrook, not far from Evanston. JS&A was a mail order house selling calculators and electronic gadgets, sort of a predecessor to the Sharper Image. They advertised in the Wall Street Journal and in airline magazines. Joe Sugarman worked out of his Northbrook house with a handful of employees. Shana liked the job okay and brought home a good paycheck and a trinket or two.

With Steve Thomas we went to the PGA's Western Open and saw some top golfers such as Arnold Palmer and Lee Trevino. Cameras in those days were not allowed because the clicking sound could distract a golfer. One of the Saturday leaders was J.C. Snead. We were in the gallery close to where he was hitting his second shot on a par four hole. Just out of his backswing he was coming down on the ball when a loud click broke the silence of the gallery.

Snead couldn't stop his downswing and dribbled off a terrible mishit. He went wild with swearing and would have hit the perpetrator with his club had he known who it was. He bogeyed the hole and fell down the leaderboard a couple of strokes. With Steve we also took a trip to Nauvoo.

Back to Charlottesville, we had been able to get into married student housing at Copley Hill. We lived on the top floor of the two story apartment dwellings. We had a few friends there including fellow Darden student John Musgrave and his wife and Lynne and _____, a law school student.

School was tough and I was not a star. Class participation was paramount and my contributions were scarce. I was not the prototypical BYU graduate who shone as a class leader in non-LDS settings. I was a little fish in a little pond. The one time my religion came up was in a Sales and Marketing class where the case study for the day was about George Romney and American Motors. The instructor asked if any of us were Mormon and I meekly raised my hand. He wanted to know traits of Mormons and how they played into Romney's success. I don't remember what I said. There was only one other LDS kid in the class of 150. His name was Dave Oiler, an Idahoan who had attended BYU. He left the program after one year.

The Charlottesville Ward had been around since the 1930's and was now part of the Richmond Stake. The ward met in an old Baptist building and had an active membership of about 75. Bishop Stevens was an old-timer who had served as the bishop for upwards of twenty years. He was a genial slow talking old Southerner with thinning white hair and an engaging smile. Most of the members were very humble. Many had been raised in Appalachia, and while not hillbillies, they were salt of the earth faithful people who left a deep positive impression. I was called to be the Priest Quorum advisor and had only a couple of boys. I coached the Young Men's basketball team for a short time and remember going to Richmond to coach the team in the Richmond Stake Center. We spoke in Sacrament meeting shortly after we arrived. I talked about achieving balance in life. To make my point, I described the stress I was under to study one evening, I spurned Shana's amorous intentions saying "Don't. Can't you see I'm doing my FI-nance?" She replied, "Well, can't you see I'm doing my RO-mance?."

Shana got a job as a secretary with a place called the Consultative Resource Center. It was led by Dr. Cherry, supported by a PR guy named Jerry and an Executive Assistant named Vernetta. Jerry was a lush boozier and Shana had good stories about his behavior. She made good friends with all, particularly Vernetta. By this time Shana had been pregnant with Roxane for a few months and delivered her after thirty plus hours labor at the Charlottesville Hospital. She was the hardest to deliver and the hardest and most stubborn to raise. Shana's mother came out for several days to help out.

The second year was not as stressful though there was still a lot of pressure to be prepared for interviews and a hope the recruiting season would be bountiful. My early hopes and dreams had always been to go overseas and get into international banking. The quickest way to do that was to interview with large banks with an international presence. I interviewed with First National City Bank of New York (later changed to Citibank), Bank of America, First National

Bank of Chicago, North Carolina National Bank, Wachovia Bank, First National Bank of Dallas, and a few others. Harris Bank wasn't hiring. My interviews went well and I was invited to New York, Chicago, Charlotte and Dallas. My interview with FNCB was fortuitous since the interviewer was Dennis Lockhart, a good friend of my brother. I was invited to an interview in Dallas, but the day before my visit I was informed that because I had a cousin who worked for the Dallas bank—David Vance—policies on the hiring of relatives in the same department prevented me from being considered.

I received offers from Chicago and New York and while both were good offers, opted for New York. With FNCB, it was a faster route overseas.

We went to New York for a three month training period. We were put in a penthouse multi-floor apartment on 62nd between second and third avenue called Lyden Gardens. It was across the street from the Ear, Nose, and Throat Hospital. We felt our living conditions were very luxurious given our status at the bank. Other Citibank couples in the same training program as we were in the building including Mike and Lupe Algood and Jim and Han McMaster. Han was Vietnamese and got together with Shana on occasion to do shopping. Han bought a live chicken somewhere in Manhattan and with Shana brought it home on the bus to chop off the head, defeather, and prepare for a meal.

Roxane had started crawling and she was all over the place inspecting garbage baskets and the like. She would go with Shana on shopping trips and walks carried in the baby carrier secured to Shana's chest. They would go mainly on buses where Shana found New Yorkers to be friendly and helpful. Bloomingdale's was not far and was a favorite destination. I could walk to work as FNCB was only 10 short blocks down to 399 Park Ave. We attended the Manhattan First Ward in the new Church complex near Lincoln Center. We attended a handful of Broadway shows including Chorus Line, Shenandoah, and Candide. Shana's brother Craig and family lived near Boston and one weekend, the hottest days on record in the area, we visited them and tried to keep cool. I think Craig and wife Margaret had three or four kids at the time. We also received a visit from Shana's sister Maurio and husband David and kids in their yellow Torino station wagon. David was finishing up a military commitment at Ft. Belvoir.

Ecuador

Following training, it was my choice to go to either Riyadh, Saudi Arabia or Quito, Ecuador. Along with Shana, I felt the Ecuador experience would be better for all of us. In Riyadh, she and Roxane would be in a compound with not a lot of things to do. Ecuador, though we knew little about it, would be more enjoyable both from a working and living viewpoint. So in the late summer of 1975, we prepared to head to Quito. We purchased the household goods we would need, mostly at the Macy's on Herald Square. Furniture, tables, mattresses, and other household goods would all be shipped to Quito.

So far, life was going according to plan. Though there had been ups and downs in school, athletics, mission and interpersonal relationships, but on the whole I couldn't complain. At age 26, I was on top of the world.

After touchdown in Quito, we taxied to the Intercontinental Hotel. Quito, at 9,300 feet above sea level, was on a plateau on the east flanks of 16,000 foot volcano Pichincha. The hotel was at the edge of the plateau overlooking a steep drop off to the east. Snow capped volcanoes could be seen in the distance. Volcanoes Cayambe, Antisana, and Chimborazo, the highest at just over 20,000 feet were visible. Most prominent to Quito inhabitants was the towering and nearly perfect cone of Cotopaxi. Imbabura rose further to the north. We were looking forward to finding a permanent lodging in the coming days.

We were hosted by Chilean FNCB international staffer Mario da Bove who took us around to see the area. Over the next few weeks we met a number of Church people since Quito was the headquarters of the Andean Region. Most memorable were the Browns. He was the legal rep and with his wife Marilyn and two young daughters were a fun family. Charlie and I went to a few movies together and I think I've never laughed as hard when we went to one of Peter Sellar's Pink Panther movies. He and I were belly laughing while the Ecuadoreans present didn't get the outrageous jokes through the subtitle translation. We saw them a few times in subsequent years when in Salt Lake but they ultimately divorced and we lost touch. The head of finance there was Wayne Ethington. His wife was DeAnn and they had red headed kids. We were less chummy with them but they were good people. When they returned to the States, Wayne joined the Tabernacle Choir. We didn't see them post Ecuador until Wayne's untimely death years later. I attended his funeral in American Fork and expressed condolences to DeAnn but by that time I don't think she remembered me much. A group of the MoTab members sang at the funeral service. We grew quite close to Craig and Bonnie Anderson from Logan. They were childless at the time. Craig worked with USAID in the area of agriculture. We played card games together as well as other socializing. Before we could get settled in Quito, I was told that we were now needed in the Guayaquil branch. This threw us for a loop since all of our clothing was for the cool weather of Quito. Guayaquil, Ecuador's commercial center, was a hot, miserable, humid city on the banks of the Guayas River which flowed into the Pacific Ocean some fifty miles to the West. It did have a 20% hardship status, about the only thing at that point that made the place attractive.

Leaving our picture perfect Quito location with the "serranos" (the mountain people), we made the transit to what could have been a different country and became "monos" (monkeys), the people of the coastal regions. Our home for a month and a half was the Hotel Continental, the top hotel in Guayaquil. One thing about FNCB is that they treated their International staff like royalty. Roxane was considered the "reina del hotel" (hotel queen) and was recognized by most of the staff as Shana would traverse the corridors, lobby, and restaurants of the hotel. I was assigned to work in the bank office as an apprentice loan officer under the direction of Argentine branch manager Miguel Criscuolo and corporate lending group head Ruben Mantilla.

The Guayaquil branch was very busy and profitable. Access to dollars and a ceilingless loan limit made us capable of considering any request made by customers and potential borrowers. We aligned ourselves with the top companies in each of the important industries. In agribusiness Ecuador was a top commodity exporter of bananas, coffee, cocoa, and sugar. I came to manage relationships with the three largest sugar mills—San Carlos, Valdez and Astra. We would provide short term export financing as well as longer term loans for equipment and expansions. Other relationships I managed were the country's biggest paper mill, flour mill, and commodity exporter. Cooking oil, detergent production and heavy equipment imports became other focuses. Many of the lending staff had been educated in the U.S. and English was the language of the senior people. As a trainee, I was later joined by Thunderbird University MBA John Short. We were the only U.S. staff in the bank and he and his wife Ethel became good friends with Shana and me.

We found a place to live in the nearby upscale suburb of Urdesa near the large looping avenue named Circunvalación which bordered a boggy slew separating Urdesa from Ciudadela Kennedy. We attended church in a relatively new chapel in nearby Kennedy. It was about a mile away from our place and I walked to early morning meetings on Sunday before the heat got too bad. Shana and Roxane would arrive later in our burgundy colored Peugeot 504. The only other Americans in the branch were Jackie Baker and her three young kids. Her husband worked for the DEA and was anti church. Jackie lived in upscale Los Ceibos and she and Shana had home Primary at Jackie's.

Many experiences were chalked up in the next year and a half. Sam's birth, our maid Marcia, two traffic stops—one where I clipped a motorcyclist and the other where I passed through a traffic intersection where the policeman directing traffic had apparently signaled me to stop. In the first traffic case, I was miraculously bailed out by a young FNCB intern, Xavier Macias, who happened to be passing through the same intersection and saw my distress. The motorcyclist was knocked over but was apparently unhurt and ran up to the traffic policeman yelling and pointing at me. I thought I was toast. Xavier ran up to the officer and negotiated on my behalf. He was able to pay off the policeman and the motorcyclist and get me going again. In the other traffic situation, I stopped a few blocks away as I saw the policeman in my rear view mirror chasing and waving his arms. I was able to go on my way only after a significant donation to the "Guayaquil Police Department" which no doubt never left the possession of the now enriched officer. Other events included the heavy seasonal monsoons, the cricket invasion, bats in the attic, thievery of everything including front yard plants and windshield wipers, awarding of a first prize in a costume party. The harrowing two hour road trip to Salinas with inconsolable Roxane in a car seat, travel to Quito with Shana's folks where we witnessed deadly car accidents were other memorable instances.

We made friends with Wells Fargo rep Patricio Merino and his wife Robin. Robin introduced Shana into an American/British wives association and Shana became the treasurer. I chastised her for calling the Ecuadorian currency "suques" instead of the correct "sucres" in reporting association account balances in one of her meetings. We took a couple of nice trips with the Merinos. One was a picnic to the foothills of Cotopaxi and another was a trip north to Pasto,

Colombia. We stayed in a nice hostoria on the shores of Lago Lacucha. The drive was beautiful as much of the way it followed the river. On the way, we stopped at the town of Otavalo, famous for its distinctive people dressed in white with blue ponchos and fedora hats. Crossing the Ecuador/Colombia border was a little dicey as the guards seemed to be suspicious of everything. We later visited the Merinos at their home in Marin County, but lost touch after a few years.

At church, I was called to be a counselor in the Kennedy branch to President Enrique Abad who was still learning the ropes of Church leadership. Things would occasionally vary from the usual Church practices. One brother asked if the chapel could be used for the funeral of his brother, not a member of the Church. Presidente Abad gave the OK and when we showed up before the funeral, the chapel had been decked out like a Catholic basilica. There were large silver crosses, candlesticks and other Catholic paraphernalia throughout. Some attendees were smoking or drinking coffee. It was too late to do much other than hope it would soon end, but I think we were able to prevent candles from being lit.

Did you ever hear "Here Comes the Bride" at an LDS wedding? Well, I played Wagner's wedding march on the branch piano for a young couple as they strode up the aisle to the podium. I think they were married by a civil authority. I felt uneasy about doing this and wondered how often this had been done in an LDS chapel. I may be mixing things up, but it seems like the couple had been less than chaste in the run up to their marriage. In fact, the groom had been called as the Sunday School President and I felt guilty in sustaining him (I copped out by not raising my hand either way) knowing he had slept with the girl just a short time before. President Abad had taken a "boys will be boys" attitude and wasn't concerned.

We thought we had seen everything when on the Sunday before Christmas we were shocked when the sacrament was passed using holiday chocolate cake. Are bread and cake close enough? Again, too late to do anything about it and I guess it was just as efficacious. In the Ambato Branch where we later visited on a Mission President assignment, the sacrament water was passed to the congregation using two glasses—one with polka dots and the other with bands of green for 60 or 70 attendees. We were sitting at the back of the hall and received the cup as some of the last.

Shana's pregnancy with Sam was monitored by Dr. Naboja. He was a jolly, overweight obstetrician who didn't speak much English. I would have to translate for Shana on her visits. Unlike some expat women, who preferred to have their babies back in the States, we decided the risks were low after consulting with other women and evaluating the medical clinic. The place used by most expatriate women and wealthy Ecuadorians was the Clínica Gil. Established and run by a now older female Asian doctor, it was in a seedy area of Guayaquil across from "La Maternidad," a sprawling place with little privacy where most Ecuadorian women went to deliver. The Clínica Gil had a limited number of private rooms which were very nice and clean with inviting decor and second connecting rooms where family and friends could celebrate the births.

When Shana's water broke, we rushed to the clinic and were assigned a room while Shana went through labor. When the time came, she was rolled into the delivery room experiencing a great deal of pain. I think we expected an epidural to be administered but I don't think it happened. With Dr. Naboa's limited English, Shana pleaded with me to tell him in Spanish that "It hurts!" When Sam was born, they were having trouble getting him breathing. I think Dr. Gil got involved and ordered a nurse to get the suction machine thinking Sam's unresponsiveness was due to a clogging of his airway. Shana and I were in a state of frenzied concern as the suction machine was wheeled in from another room. It was plugged in, but it didn't work! Somebody said to plug it in on the other side of the room. That plug worked but it seemed like an interminable time before Sam let out a cry. He stayed in a hospital incubator for several days before we could bring him home.

We experienced another scare with one year old Roxane when hit by some malady her body became limp, lifeless and extremely dehydrated. We had been told by someone to give her Pedialyte to restore her hydration, but it was impossible to get her to drink any by bottle or otherwise. We were at our wits' end and called the missionaries to help give her a blessing. An Elder Love helped me administer and shortly thereafter she began to bounce back and took the Pedialyte. After a few days, she was back on track.

From time to time Church authorities would visit the country usually staying among the American contingent in Quito. While in Guayaquil, we were asked if Elder Theodore Tuttle, in the presidency of the First Quorum of the Seventy, with his wife Marne and daughter Bobbie could stay with us during a visit to Guayaquil. We of course were honored and readily accepted. I was surprised to find out that Elder Tuttle was a great boxing fan. Former world middleweight champion and Utahn Gene Fullmer was one of his favorites. Argentine boxer Carlos Monzón was reigning world middleweight champion at the time and had a bout in Argentina which was to be broadcast on TV. Elder Tuttle was glad to watch the fight the evening of his stay with us. Elder Tuttle led a district leadership meeting while there and I remember feeling bad because the members, who hadn't seen many Church leaders, didn't recognize his stature in the Church.

Our branch, just like Latinos in general, loved parties and dances. It must have been during the Christmas season when a costume party was held. Shana and I went dressed in Egyptian galabiyas and red tarbooshes (hats). Some of the youth leadership were in charge of judging for the best costumes. After the banquet, the dancing began and we returned home to go to bed. These parties go on forever and we had no desire to stay into the morning of the next day. Around 1:00 AM our slumber was disturbed by loud yelling and knocks on our bedroom window. Our household was on the upper floor of the house and had a small balcony. Someone would have to climb up to the balcony to be able to knock on the windows. We were a little frightened and had not yet come to our full senses. After determining that the intruders were from the church, I went to the front door and discovered that some members of the branch were awarding prizes for the best costumes at the party. They said we had won first place and presented us with a cake. We were glad the homeowner was not awakened.

We loved our maid, Marcia. She was helpful in all ways and we came to trust her completely. She was great with Roxane and later Sam and would do cleaning, cooking, and shopping as well as babysitting. When we later moved back to Quito, we were thrilled when she joined us. She took care of the kids for several days as my parents and we traveled to the Galápagos Islands. Toward the end of our Quito she turned sour and left us claiming we owed her for Social Security for which she was right and we settled. We had been naive and did what others did. It was sad to end on a bitter note.

Just prior to the Guayaquil reassignment and not knowing the move was going to happen, I was called and set apart to be the branch president of our north Quito area. A new church building had just been completed not far from our residence. A few weeks passed and the assignment to Guayaquil changed everything. While this was going on, I had felt an intermittent pang from my groin down my right leg, maybe a couple of times a day at work. The sensation began happening more frequently, finally enough that I felt I should see a doctor. Shana took the kids to California for our four week summer vacation as I had to wrap things up in Quito and find a place back in Guayaquil for when we returned.

The doctor told me I was likely experiencing a case of epididimitis, a condition causing testicular pain and was prescribed antibiotics. He even thought tuberculosis was a possibility and suggested that a stateside diagnosis was probably a good idea. I said I was soon headed to the States and would be seen as soon as I got there. Before leaving, I spent time in Guayaquil searching out a place for us to live. In Los Ceibos, I found a perfect place belonging to a high official of the Aduana who along with his young family were moving to Spain to take a high level consular job. As a senior customs official in Guayaquil, his house was primo with all the latest appliances and decor. The house would be held for us until our return.

On to San Jose, I was quickly taken to Dr. Joe's colleague Dr. Styblo at the Good Samaritan Hospital. Soon after, I was prepped for an orchiectomy and the next thing I knew, I was just out of recovery and the doc told us I had a tumor in the testicle which was cancerous. We were not expecting this and were blown away when considering what this would mean for the trajectory of our lives.

Back to the USA

Dr. Joe immediately started using his connections get me on the right treatment path. We wound up with a Stanford referral, Dr. Thomas Stamey who was the head of Urology at the Stanford Medical School in Palo Alto, about 30 or 40 minutes from San Jose. I was put on a track which would consume our lives for the next year.

My future status back in Ecuador was not clear, but it was clear that we were not going back anytime soon. I spoke to my boss in Quito, Mike Alcivar, who was very compassionate and let me know we'd see how things went to determine the likelihood of return within a short period. A lymphangiogram done at Stanford determined that the embryonal carcinoma had spread throughout my lymph system. (The lymphangiogram entailed the insertion of IV's on your upper

foot and the injection of contrast dyes which would show the dye throughout the lymph system and highlight areas where there might be tumor). This test would show if surgery were advised. It was. The subsequent surgery, a retro peritoneal lymphectomy, cutting me from just below the sternum to below the navel, showed that in an examination of over 100 lymph nodes, the tumor had broken through four of the nodes. Chemotherapy was advised. These treatments would take at least three months and we would need to remain in the area. I advised Alcivar we would not be returning to Ecuador and he said I could remain on the payroll with all my benefits and they would come up with a stateside slot when I was ready. Citibank was indeed a great company to work for.

In San Jose, we took up residence in the Pace house on University Avenue next to the IBM building and across the street from Joe and his brother John's medical office on Alameda. We were fortunate to have the family support to make our lives as normal as possible. Shana was familiar with all things San Jose and we were afforded Craig's VW hatchback for all our driving.

We got to know the Stanford Oncology Clinic very well before and in between the surgery and chemotherapy sessions. My oncologist was a Dr. Einstein, a Fellow in the medical school. He was assisted by different residents and medical students over the weeks including a female with whom I was a little queasy when she handled my genitals and polked her finger up my rear end.

The chemotherapy sessions were brutal. Some of the medications used were bliomycin and cis-platinum, still then considered experimental as testicular cancer treatments had changed in recent years. The hair didn't take long in coming out and the nausea and bouts of throwing up were horrendous. Nurses, doctors and med students were in and out at all hours. Checking of vitals and blood pokes never ceased. In a medical school hospital sometimes you became a guinea pig with medical students learning how to set an IV. More than once they couldn't get the needle properly set and the procedure would start again. In one misapplication, blood started spurting all over. I learned to ask for a specific nurse—Bunny—who always painlessly hit a vein. Unfortunately, she was not always around. I came to loathe needles and pricks, but that was just part of the game.

Hospital stays were two or three nights as the killer chemo dripped in and the feeling of nausea began to build. Gagging finally grew to multiple bursts of regurgitation ending in green bile. It brought short term relief and you learned that once the puking was over, you could feel pretty good. That didn't last long, however, as once home you felt like crap for a couple of weeks. And at least in my case almost suicidal. I would not sleep much and during the night I would go outside and walk around and lay on the picnic table. Hot showers several times a day would give some relief. Lortab tablets post surgery made me loopy. It was hard to be around the kids. Noise agitated me. On a couple of occasions I went out to Los Gatos and stayed at Shana's uncle and aunt's place. I actually looked at my .22 Ruger as a solution.

While the physical discomfort was intense, primarily a constant nausea feeling, the mental agony for me made it impossible for me to concentrate or engage in a task. After three or four days the intensity would wane and after two weeks time I was slated for another session. After

one of the first couple of chemo treatments I developed a cyst on my tailbone called a pilonidal cyst. I had had this before as a teenager, but in the form of a boil like sore. I remember going to Dr. Bowen's office and having him lance the boil. There was so much pressure built up that the pus erupted and flew all over the place. Dr. Bowen swore and finished up. The later cyst was internal and probably due to reduced immunity from the chemo. Anyway, in-patient surgery was performed by Dr. Stiblo at O'Conner hospital (where Shana and Peter were born). I had to wait for the incision to heal before my next round of chemo and this took a couple of weeks. To speed the wound healing, I would go to the roof of the IBM building which Joe owned and was next door to the home on University. I would lay out on the roof with my rear end exposed so the sun would hasten the healing. After several weeks, I was good for another chemo session.

Shana and I would often have to drive to the Stanford Oncology Clinic for assessments between my treatments. I had to measure my urine output as there was always a concern for kidney damage. My kidney function had fallen to nearly 30% (It fell to 6% before I had my transplant forty years later). Shana heard one of the doctors say something like I should have at least thirty years of good life and sure enough, things fell apart when I hit sixty. We think some kidney damage may have been caused by my treatments which later doctors did not dispute.

During this time it was clear we would not be returning to Guayaquil. I wanted to go back overseas but I would have to wait months until I could be confident I was cancer free. Citibank was great with me and found a position in the international banking office in San Francisco. The office was managed by Don Vogt who had previously been a colleague of my brother. I would go up there on the train or bus as often as I could between treatments. Once we knew we were staying, we bought a new house in Foster City, just east of San Mateo and midway between San Jose and San Francisco. It was a nice upper middle class community with nearby shopping and a nice ward house. Al Ford and others helped us with the landscaping and concrete pouring for a sidewalk leading around the house to a backyard patio. It wasn't long before Shana was called as Primary President and I was called to be the Deacon's Quorum advisor. The ward was unique as it was composed of Tongans and the rest of us. Many of the Tongans worked at the San Francisco airport and there was a sizable Polynesian community in the area. Shortly after we arrived a split was made to create a Tongan ward.

Two houses away on Decatur St. lived Betty Meulners and her family. Shana became best friends with Betty and Roxane enjoyed playing with her daughter. Betty was good at crafts and taught Shana how to make metal flowers. Her husband Mike was a captain in the army with the Corps of Engineers. They subsequently moved around a lot and we have only seen them once when they visited here in the late 1980's, but have exchanged Christmas cards for over 40 years. Shana made many neighborhood friends who shared daycare duties. One of my Citibank Ecuador colleagues, Colombian Camilo Patino and his wife visited us.

Memories of Foster City include Roxane getting lost riding her bike over a bridge to the Edgewater Shopping Center; Peter being born in San Jose after a harrowing trip on the 101 highway; his eating of backyard toad stools leading to a quick trip to a clinic for ipecac treatments; Big red headed Sam's enjoyment of work and his first nickname—"Mas,"

pronounced “mass” (Sam spelled backwards). He gave his first Church talk when we were assigned as family speakers. He said, “The Holy Ghost helps me to do right.”

We inherited Shana’s brother Craig’s yellow VW hatchback and later bought a light blue 504 Peugeot station wagon from an Atari employee in Sunnyvale. The kids would enjoy outings where the car was led by a “ghost” which would lead us to unknown places for treats.

Earthquakes occurred occasionally. Once, I was recording music to a cassette tape from a long play phonograph. The needle started jumping around during a Brahms piano concerto and a light fixture began to sway. A few other things rattled around but there was no damage. I kept the cassette for a while and you could hear the needle jumping disrupting the music. Later, a rolling quake during an evening Church party at the ward house brought everything to a halt. Again, no damage. A more harrowing experience for me occurred in downtown San Francisco where when on the 42nd floor of the Wells Fargo building, we felt the structure noticeably swaying and all hit the floor.

I finished my treatments at Stanford but for years anguished over each twinge of pain that might signal a return of the cancer.

Early in 1980, I became aware of Citibank’s plan to open six new international banking offices in major cities around the country. Seattle was one of them.

Seattle

We were happy about the Seattle opportunity. Mt. St. Helens had just erupted, I guess as a welcoming signal to our arrival. Shana and I flew up there, rented a Toyota Corolla and drove around the area. I met with Jim Hawkanson who headed up the Citicorp USA loan production office (LPO) there. They had just moved to one of the upper floors of a new skyscraper at 1111 Third Avenue. It had a beautiful unobstructed view of Elliott Bay and the Olympic mountains in the distance. Technically, I was to initiate a branch of Citibank International headquartered in Miami. The US law at the time didn’t allow banks to cross their home office state lines to source deposits and conduct full service banking activities. International banking, on the other hand, was permitted through Edge Act banks which were able to finance trade and take deposits from foreign companies. I dealt with Japanese trading companies, Seattle based offices of international banks, and trade departments of US companies who were already doing business with Citibank through our LPO. I hired three women there—a Jamaican, a Filipina, and Annie Wong from Hong Kong. During our time there, our branch was the most profitable of all the new branches which included Boston, St. Louis, Houston, San Francisco and Los Angeles. I put on trade conferences and golf tournaments for our clients. The branches were later phased out as banking laws became less restrictive.

We moved to a new home in Bellevue, just north of the 405 highway which crossed the Lake Washington floating bridge, past the University of Washington and into Seattle. I took the public bus from a stop that was just a short walk from our home next to a building housing offices of

the recently established Microsoft company. Our home was in a cul-de-sac in a beautiful wooded area called Yarrow Bay Estates. The air was cool and fresh with a scent of Northwest pine. It was like living near Lake Tahoe. We had great neighbors on either side of us, a family with two early-teen daughters on the north and a woman with a young daughter on the south. Roxane made a good friend, Ann, who lived a couple of streets away. There were two other kids who lived at the end of the cul-de-sac.

We became members of the Kirkland 1st ward in the Redmond stake. We made many friends in the Ward including the Rowes, Beales, Johanssons, Timmermans, Schofields, Taggerts and others. I was called to the Elders Quorum presidency. Later, I became the Scoutmaster and nearly burned down the church constructing and trying to cook in tin foil ovens. I did scout leader training and went on a few camp outs with my small group of boys. There was a large protected green area just north of us where I would take the boys on hikes and once we camped. The area was quite amazing, covered with trees and ferns. Shana was busy with our three young kids. Roxane, and later Sam, went to Kirkland Elementary north near the town center. They both remember their first grade teacher there, Mr. Short.

We became fans of taking the kids out to eat and south on 108th St. we had a McDonalds and the new Bel Square mall in downtown Bellevue. Shana and I particularly enjoyed Gino's Pizza and still regard their pies as some of the best we've had. I had a downtown Seattle lunch at Wendy's with Roxane and Sam on their birthdays. On a much later trip back to Seattle to see a BYU-Washington football game the three boys and I went to Pike Place Market, the Seattle Underground, our old neighborhood, a Mariners game and Whidbey Island. This visit was 20 years after we had lived there. I took the boys to church in the Kirkland 1st ward on a Fast Sunday and bore my testimony mentioning the impact the ward had had on my family. Things had changed a lot and there were only a few people there who remembered us.

We got to know the Schofields who lived in an apartment complex not far from us. The husband was in training at medical school and University Hospital. The wife stayed at home with a small child and would get together with Shana on occasion at the pool and hot tub at their place. This day she took Peter as the older kids were at school. Shana and friend got lost in conversation not noticing that Peter was floating face down in the hot tub. They pulled him out and he was turning blue but after a short time were able to resuscitate him.

Many nights Shana and I would have popcorn after putting the kids to bed. Roxane complained that she didn't get any so I started to take a small cereal bowl of popcorn up the stairs and place it in front of her closed door. She always got a kick out of it. We had a memorable birthday party for her where I stretched several lengths of yarn all over the downstairs crossing one length over the next under and over furniture until it looked like a mixed up maze of different color yarns. At the end there was a prize for the party goer who was able to make her way to the end first. On another occasion, we couldn't find Sam anywhere, inside or outside. It got to the point where we were desperate and called the neighbors and were nearly at a stage of hysteria where we were going to call the police. Then Shana re-entered the house and found Sam asleep under the dining room table.

Past the end of the cul-de-sac were some train tracks where a train would pass maybe once a day. Sometimes some of us would walk along the track bed for a good distance. We laid pennies on the tracks and got some smashed pennies. A few times we went to a beach on Lake Washington where we inflated our raft and played in the water. McDonalds was our go to place for fast food.

At work, Hawkanson was replaced by Bob Jacobs, a career Citibanker from New York. He had a small schooner which was disassembled and was trailered across the country. In his corner office he had some powerful binoculars and would watch ships coming into Elliott Bay reading what their posted flags said. He had an understated sense of humor. I was sort of an outsider to him as he was more comfortable with corporate lenders. The revenues of my business usually fell to the credit of other units who managed the overall relationship with the Japanese trading companies. He had to bear my costs, however. The Citicorp USA (CUSA) account managers were all good guys—Fred Gretch, Robbie Nimmo, Nick and Scott.

During this time I put on international trade seminars in Seattle and Portland and invited specialists from New York to present topics to Citicorp customers in the Northwest. The bank dealt with such companies as Weyerhaeuser, Nike, Paccar, Georgia-Pacific and many others. The Citibank International offices around the country got together a couple of times in Houston and then Boston. I put together an Asia-Pacific trip timed with a trade conference to be held in Hong Kong. I had contacts with peers in Tokyo, Seoul, Taipei, Manila and Hong Kong. In Seattle, I had made friends with the head of the Korea Exchange Bank and had a nice visit with him in Seoul where he took me on a tour of the area. In Manila, I stayed at Steve and Margaret's place in Dasmarinas Village, in the Makati suburb. Steve headed up the Citibank finance company there. He and Margaret were in Australia so I was hosted by Phoebe and Jacob. While there, I played tennis with Phoebe and went to Jacob's T-Ball game. One morning, we loaded in the car and their driver was to take us to the Pahsehong Falls, a scenic location a few hours away. Midway there in the middle of nowhere, the car overheated with steam shooting out from under the hood. Upon inspection, the driver discovered a leak in the radiator hose. Not to worry, he added some water and tightly wrapped a banana leaf over the leak, and though we didn't make it to the falls, we were able to make it back home. On a bright note, I was able to watch a video tape of the BYU/Southern Methodist Holiday Bowl that Steve had secured showing the unlikely comeback of the Cougars with Jim McMahon throwing the last second pass to Clay Brown to win the game (known in Cougar lore as the Miracle Bowl).

I continued to track my experience with cancer. What had become quarterly check-ups at Stanford were now transferred over to the Virginia Mason Clinic in Seattle. I still experienced little winces of pain here and there and feared that bad things were happening again. All these were false alarms, but I was glad to have the competent, professional follow-up.

About then, the HR rep in San Francisco called about a possible move to the Consumer Bank Division for a job based in Salt Lake. After some interviews and a trip to Consumer

headquarters in St. Louis, I was offered the VP level job to run the Citicorp Person to Person offices in Utah.

Salt Lake City

It was almost unbelievable to think we would be going to the home state. I had not known that Citicorp even had a presence in Utah. We were thrilled to return to the Beehive state and looked forward to being reunited with friends and family. Shana and the kids stayed home while I went on the first house hunting trip.

I was hooked up with a realtor from Mansell named Dave Bennion. He was a pleasant fellow who showed me locations in the Southeast valley in Sandy, Willow Creek and unincorporated areas. One of the homes was on Tree Farm Lane and was only a year old with little evidence of previous habitation. Bennion said it was a popular area for non-LDS out of staters. In the cul-de-sac there was a Geneva Steel GM, an Amex exec, a ski equipment company CEO, and a Jordan School District administrator. Across the street was a family with a girl Roxane's age named Meredith.

Shana came out to see the place and we bought it for \$183K. We had sold our Bellevue residence for close to \$200K. There was only one other LDS family on the street among two dozen houses—Mike and Sue Stevens. With housing turnover for almost forty years, there have not been more than 4 LDS families on Tree Farm Lane. I didn't expect to be in the house for more than three years. I still had dreams of returning to an overseas posting or, if staying in Utah, moving to a nicer home and neighborhood. Our ward house was almost a mile away in the Dover Hills subdivision. The elementary school, Canyon view, was a half mile away on Bengal Boulevard. When Hilary started school, we would have four kids at CanyonView. They adjusted fast to the location. It didn't hurt that Shana's sister Nikki, her husband Alan, and their kids live just 10 minutes away.

We lived about 15 miles from downtown Salt Lake City where I worked. Commuting was not difficult as the I-215 interstate allowed me to get to work in 15 minutes. My office was on 200 S. between State and Main Street. The strategy of Citicorp in the United States was to break the shackles of interstate banking. Banks were not allowed to source a deposit outside of their state lines. As a way around this in Utah, the bank set up an industrial bank which technically was not a commercial bank. While not being able to offer checking accounts, Citicorp Person to Person, which I now managed, was able to provide money market accounts and CDs at favorable rates compared to the local competition. Our primary lending product was a Home Equity Loan. At this time only a few banks had the deposit capability. Later acquisitions of savings banks in Florida, California and a few other states expanded deposit taking capability in Citicorp's quest for national banking rights.

Citicorp, AT&T, Flying J

There were six offices in Utah stretching from Orem on the south to Ogden on the north. The managers in each office reported to me as did Vic Pardini, the head of the operations group. He spent a lot of time trying to collect on unpaid home equity loans. There were probably around 60 people in all with a dozen Account Executives who sourced second mortgages and marketed the newly introduced first mortgage programs.

Arizona was the region's headquarters, managing operations in Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona. My boss in Phoenix was the guy who hired me, Chuck Johnson. He was a slick, smooth, no-nonsense guy with an Oklahoman accent who could intimidate the heck out of weaker people. He could convince an inspector or auditor that black was white. I had a pretty good run for a year but became a target when some bank operations issues got in the way. After a good first year review, I was given some stock options and a nice bonus. At two dinners in the Phoenix Wrigley Mansion, Johnson sat me next to Rick Braddock, one of the top guys in the U.S. Consumer Bank and later, John Reed, who would shortly become Citicorp CEO. Johnson thought I was a new look cosmopolitan guy who could move toward a full service bank presence.

The second year I had problems. We were deemed too aggressive in sourcing wholesale first mortgages in states like Texas and California. We approved First Security, for example, to use our adjustable rate mortgage product in the states where they had retail loan production. We delegated our approval process to them and would buy and service their loans as long as they met our lending parameters. We grew too fast in some minds as we were outstripping growth in the other states in the region. A few other issues arose and I had to fire several people over the course of the year. Phoenix took over our credit function and I now reported to Kent Ashton who would keep a closer eye on me. For the first time in my years with Citicorp, I received no raise.

In the early summer of 1989, we took a family camping vacation to the east. This was to be a trip of a lifetime. It is fully recounted in an appendix included within this account. We outfitted our Suburban so the kids had the entire back area to sleep and play. I rigged up a small basketball hoop attached to one side. We would usually always stop for lunch at McDonalds. Our first stop was in Ft. Collins, Colorado where Shana's brother Craig and family lived. We drove through rain much of the way and by the time we arrived in Ft. Collins, the water had found its way through the tarp that covered our suitcases and seeped into some of our belongings. Upon arrival, we found a laundromat where the clothes were dried. We had a good time with the Pace's and continued on to a reserved campground near Mount Rushmore. The skies were overcast and threatening rain as we set up our tent. We were far from other campers and our tent looked out onto green meadow. Shana set out to prepare a spaghetti meal on our Coleman stove. A drizzle began but it didn't dampen our spirits or our appetites and then it was off to the tent and into our sleeping bags.

We motored on to Rochester, Minnesota and with a suspicious noise up front, limped in to a Motel 6. Though late in the day, I hoped to find a diesel repair place. It was the next morning where fortunately we found a place where a fix put us back on the road. Next stop was Chicago

where basketball crazy Michael hoped to see anything Michael Jordan. Our kids all had nicknames by this time. Roxane was "Ra," Sam was "Unck," Peter was "Dibs," Hilary was "Diller," and Michael was "Rikker." We laughed as we passed a truck that had Rikker on the trailer.

En route to my brother's house in Westport, Connecticut we camped in Batavia, New York. We stayed at Steve's for a few days and went into New York City with cousin Jacob. We attended a Yankee game the next evening and encountered unbelievably slow traffic and rain as we attempted to get back to Westport. It was after one o'clock when we pulled in. We did several other things like visit Stew Leonards and go to a movie. Jacob was an usher at the theater.

We pushed on to Maine passing Kennebunkport and stopping L.L. Bean where we each purchased an item. In Vermont, we stopped at the Vermont Country Store and I purchased a wooden hammer with which I threatened to mete out punishment for any unruly behavior.

We traveled on to Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. hitting all of the main historical sites. At Gettysburg, Sam flew into a tantrum and made the day a little less than satisfying. We visited my Aunt Virginia and Uncle Vern in Arlington and they were happy to see us. We made our way home passing through Charlottesville, West Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, Nauvoo, St. Louis, Independence, and back to Salt Lake. Shana was nearly crazy by this time and it was none too late when we got home. In spite of frazzled nerves, the trip was a success and supplied a trove of great memories.

About this time, there were a few failing small banks in Salt Lake—Rocky Mountain State Bank and Utah First Bank. To make further inroads into commercial banking outside of New York, Citicorp bought the banks and decided to turn management over to the San Francisco based Western Region. This ultimately led to a new management team led by David Brooks, a Crocker Bank guy who would oversee all consumer banking in the West. Citicorp Person-to-Person was now eliminated with the six offices becoming Citibank Utah branches. Dan Jorgensen came in to head up the Utah operation and David Poulsen became the credit head. Kane Gong was the operations guy. These three had been long term very experienced Citibankers overseas and while I wished I could have been placed at the head of the new "Utah Bank," I knew I was not in good standing with Chuck Johnson and his crew to expect any recommendation. I was placed in charge of all sales and marketing for the consumer bank. We inherited some commercial lending activities with the newly acquired banks and Poulsen was placed in charge of that.

Jorgensen treated me well but he fell out of favor with David Brooks and the LDS HR "snake" Dave Beckstrand. One of Brooks' guys from Crocker, Larry Flowers, would replace Dan. We hosted a going away party for Dan and a welcoming party for Larry at our home. I wrote and sang a song about Dan's going and Larry's coming.

I got along well with Larry and one of his major goals was to inject a Sales Culture into our organization. I was quite creative in devising activities within the branches to stimulate

customer interest and “fun” when you visited a Citibank branch. We had activities within our branches to stimulate and motivate employees to achieve production goals and build greater teamwork. We had employee Olympics, breakfasts, video skits, offsite meetings and presentations, contests, holiday parties, etc. My leadership team (Gary, Bobbi Woody, Vic Pardini, Mary Turner, Scott Peterson, Julie LaPitina) was very receptive to the approach and we had a lot of fun.

As the Person-to-Person organization was integrated more into the Bank, my progress was stymied and news that the Utah organization was to be sold to Key Bank pressed me to quickly look for other jobs outside of Utah. After three years, I was ready for a change. I still had a hankering to go overseas in spite of health concerns. Times were tough for Citibank worldwide with real estate markets suffering downturns leading to substantial write-offs for the bank. Earnings expectations were lowered and one of the investment funds available to employees—Citicorp book value stock—took a dive and wiped out about one-third of our growing nest egg. Opportunities for postings overseas dried up and a Brazilian job which had looked pretty good vanished in a bank wide deployment of the caution flag. Former connections with the International Division in New York got me a trip to Rome for consideration as the credit head for an Italian bank recently acquired. The senior Citicorp official didn't seem too keen on me when he found he'd have to bear the expense of accommodating a large family including Hilary who had just been born. In retrospect, bringing up kids in Naples would probably not be a wise challenge. Steve was a big help in providing contacts for me in the US. I visited New York, Miami and Chicago to explore possible options, but nothing materialized.

In late 1989, the acquisition by Key Bank went through and I was left blowing in the wind with a six-month severance package (not as good as International Staff VP's who received a month for every year at Citibank). I was provided out-placement services wherein I had a place to show up to look for opportunities, send letters, prepare a resume, and use the phone. It was a pretty good setup, but you were on your own. The next eight months were mental torture with growing anxiety that I couldn't get an equivalent job in the local banking world and the world as I had known it was going to end. It was hard to get out of bed and face the world each day. I felt I was less well regarded by God. After all, Dave Poulsen didn't skip a beat and walked right into a job as President of AMEX's Centurion Bank.

In April of 1990, my mother called asking if I had seen a job listed in the Help Wanted section of the newspaper. The listing was vague but it was looking for a seasoned banking person to head up an office in Salt Lake. The rest is history as I was picked to set up an industrial bank for AT&T Universal Card wherein they could more fully comply with banking regs that required credit cards to be issued through banks. Up to this time, their rapidly growing “free for life” Universal card was issued through a bank in Columbus, Georgia as a MasterCard or VISA card. Shana and I were flown out to Jacksonville where I interviewed with the Universal Card leadership. We became aware of another guy from Salt Lake was there to be sized up and we sneakily watched him walk into the building in the Bay Meadows office park. Would I get the job or would I not? We went to dinner with Bob Miller, and AT&T old timer

As the approval process was proceeding with Utah regulators and the FDIC, I spent most of a year traveling back and forth between Salt Lake and Jacksonville, Florida. AT&T wanted to pursue this operation as quietly as possible, not wanting to alert banks to their plans. I wasn't supposed to tell anyone who I was working for until the approval was obtained. Kind of an uncomfortable situation to be in. Rather than start up a new ILC, AT&T decided to acquire an existing ILC located on Highland Drive and 4800 South, near the Cottonwood Mall. Subsequently, I pointed my seniors to an existing building in the International Center near the airport. The main purpose of the building was to become a major credit card processing center to match the size of the Jacksonville operation. The AT&T Universal Bank would be only a small part of the square footage. The transaction closed and made my Coldwell Banker friend a ton of money, a little to the dismay of the Jacksonville people who wanted to use their own contacts for a deal of this magnitude. Several hundred employees would work at the center, under the control of Fred Winkler, a former Citibank head of the operations center in South Dakota. He had been my boss for several months before this transaction was formalized and with me coming from a different corporate culture, I don't think he ever trusted me.

Another change at that time put Jerry Hines as my boss. He was an operational guy, an AT&T veteran. My relationship with him slowly went downhill. He saw Universal Bank as a legal necessity, a cog in the greater scheme. Now that the bank was approved by the regulators and was in operation with a good board of directors, he didn't need a high paid guy with my background in marketing. My resume was good for the regulators, but Hines wanted a guy more in his mold. My hires for credit and compliance came out of my world. He wanted to get an AT&Ter into the finance position. In fact, an older fellow in the Jacksonville finance department had his bags packed to take the position. I balked because the bank needed someone with banking experience. To that end I finally hired a guy who had worked for a local ILC specializing in credit cards.

The cultural clash was apparent. I was given something like a one percent raise and reprimanded for use of my Jazz tickets for personal purposes. I had had AT&T pay for the season tickets and made them accessible to the service center to reward employees. I was to use them for board members. Hines was suspicious and sent spies to see who was sitting in the seats. Unfortunately for me the invited board members backed out at the last minute and couldn't attend. Rather than let the seats go empty, I eat my kids go. I was called on the carpet and had to write up a report explaining my actions. Hines evaluated me as being "untruthful" on a boss/subordinate survey submitted to a management/leadership group putting on a one-week training session at Sundance. I felt my goose was cooked.

It was early on May 5, 1995, that he unexpectedly walked into my office and canned me. I was scanning the Wall Street Journal at my desk as he closed the door behind him. As he walked toward my desk to sit down, I said something like: "This can't mean anything good." After letting me know this was the end, he wanted to go offsite to talk. We drove to a nearby coffee shop and talked about the reasons for separation. I don't remember anything said. I had been blindsided. My stomach was reeling with fear and resentment, but mostly desperate turmoil that I hadn't been out in front of this and had absolutely no fall back in place.

I think Hines wanted to have me clear out my desk right then but I explained to him that with a bank he would need to involve the board of directors and the state banking regulators so that the bank's independence from a non-banking entity—AT&T—was acknowledged. We agreed that I would stay for a few weeks to accommodate an orderly transition.

Later in the morning, I met with my direct reports to fill them in. My CFO had been pre-alerted to the action and would stay in his position under the new president, a Utah guy he'd worked with at USAA in Salt Lake. Now as an AT&T employee, he was working in Columbus, Georgia, with the AT&T card processor Total Systems.

I hid my internal psychic devastation as best I could over the next several months. I bargained for a three month severance and continuation of insurance coverage. It seemed that even with four years service I would not be eligible for the pension. I think Hines, feeling sorry for me, must have gone to bat for me and I did receive the pension. I talked to a labor attorney about filing for a wrongful separation on the basis of age discrimination and assorted other beefs I could conger up, but that didn't seem to go. I pled that I was the incoming president of the Utah Financial Services Association and currently the President of the Utah chapter of the BYU Management Association all to no avail. I sought advice from Bob Daines, a BYU Business professor who I had brought on to the Board of Directors. There was no way I could stay with AT&T in any capacity, so I needed to move on.

That night, I couldn't sleep and my heart was pounding out of my chest. Shana calmed me down but for the next several weeks I would have panic attacks which would drive me out of bed in the middle of the night to run back and forth on Tree Farm Lane to quell my psychic torture. My doctor diagnosed anxiety with depression. He prescribed the NSAID Paxil and an occasional Xanax to attenuate the symptoms. I never thought that I'd turn into a nutcase who would be talking about mental disorders with professionals. Little did I know. I thought my bout with cancer was the worst thing I could ever experience both physically and mentally. I had promised God I would forever be a faithful servant if I was spared. The mental suffering with the AT&T separation by far surpassed the physical torment.

The next four months of 1995 were agonizing. It was hard to get out of bed. Looking for a job was one of the hardest jobs you could have. So many dead ends. This was worse than leaving Citicorp. I wrote what seemed like hundreds of letters to almost anyone I had a connection with. What a pride buster when you get no responses. Thinking to get out of the banking industry, I began to examine getting into the small business world by investigating franchises and classifieds where businesses were offered for sale. I could have had a job at Merrill Lynch as a stockbroker, but that just didn't feel right. I could have opened a new Alphagraphics store in St. George, but that didn't feel right. There was another ILC option and I flew out to Cincinnati, but the job went to some other guy. While all this was happening, there was an ad in the newspaper for the purchase of a dry cleaning business. It was offered through the commercial arm of a residential real estate company. We had already looked at an electronic door company out on the west side, but that wasn't us. The dry cleaning didn't seem much like us either, but I

found it was owned by a classy ex-banker named Ed Radford who had overseen the two-shop operation for seven years. I knew him. His kids weren't interested in working it, so he was trying to sell. For him, it had been successful enough and being older, he just wanted to move on.

The Cleaners

It all came together in December of 1995. We acquired Sunshine Cleaners. It took three or four years for us to figure it out. There was always a crisis with lost clothes, suspicious or outright dishonest employees, equipment breakdowns, unhappy and downright nasty customers, robberies, stolen cars and government regulations. But overall, since it was ours, it was less stressful than working for a troublesome boss kowtowing to corporate practices. After several years, we seemed to be in the groove. All the kids worked there at one time or another along with cousins, friends and ward members. We had fun. Shauna, Shirley, Sue and Lori were our original employees at Sunshine Cleaners on 39th South. Debbie and Beverly on 9th and 9th. They each had their interesting stories. For several years, we outsourced our shirt laundry to Luisa Guarderas who ran a wholesale laundry business in the back of our Continental Store. We later bought her out and started doing our own shirts. That move worked out well. We continued having tailoring done by Aurelio Leone.

Almost two years after the cleaners acquisition, I got a call from George Sutton, the State Banking Commissioner. He regulated the ILC community for the state and had overseen an influx of large US corporations seeking to get an ILC license. With the license, they would be able to legally acquire banking capabilities previously denied non-banking entities. He had received a call from Phil Adams, the CEO of Flying J, inquiring about setting up an ILC to fit in with the company's national truck fueling programs. The result of that call was a four year stint with Flying J setting up Transportation Alliance Bank, while Shana and the older kids played a bigger role in the operation of Sunshine Cleaners.

I mostly enjoyed these stretches with Citibank, AT&T and Flying J because I had some independence geographically. I was more successful and comfortable working semi-independently where I was a president or general manager not needing to so often interact with superiors or peers. Pluses and minuses there as sometimes independence ended with a loss of trust and confidence from superiors.

During this time, in the late 80's, 90's, and early 2000's, the family experienced some fun times. The 1983 Suburban, early 90's Plymouth Minivan and later Cherokee's and Grand Cherokee's ground out many miles on different excursions. Besides our cross country trip in '89, we visited both Disneyland and Disney World, Sea World, San Diego Zoo, back to the Church sites in the East and Midwest, Laguna Beach with the Nielsens, Thanksgiving with the Fischbeck's in Mesa among others. I took the boys to BYU bowl games in San Diego and places like Pasadena, Lincoln, Tallahassee, and Seattle for big games.

We weren't good at taking many pictures, but a couple stand out to me. Roxane as an Ecuadorean with a baby on her back. That was set up by our domestic, Marcia. Hilary will forever live with her Annie pose singing "The Sun'll Come Out Tomorrow." Michael's throwing of the Slinkie on the steps of the capitol and the Michael Jordan shot on the back deck are memorable. Sam as a hard working redhead is his kid pic.

At home we went to all BYU games and tailgated in the #1 parking area thanks to Al Ford who had forked over enough money to secure Cougar Club benefits he was not interested in. We camped, climbed Timp, visited and camped at Great Basin National Park, scout trips to the Unitas and Timp. We skied mostly at Deer Valley, Snowbird, Solitude and Brighton. At Brighton and Snowbird we enjoyed our noon lunches grilling hot dogs and hamburgers with an Hibachi grill on the tailgate. On the way up to the resorts I would get the kids all fired up by saying repeatedly: "Today's gonna be a great day!"

July 4th's were memorable as we would often go to Provo to sleep at grandma's, attend the early morning balloon festival, and watch the 4th of July parade on Center Street and 5th East. We would play golf at East Bay. Who can forget the trip to the Great Salt Lake pumps where either Bud or Michael threw up a Slurpee in the Suburban.

As for golfing, Peter recorded his first birdie at number 3 Sawgrass in Ponte Vedra. Buddy parred his first hole at Wingfoot near the airport. Sam became the master golfer, accompanying Bud and Al to Park Meadows. I recorded two hole-in-ones during those years, one on number 6 at Hobbie Creek with my dad and Gail Kelsey present, and the other at the Tournament of Goons at Payson's Gladstan course.

We'd go to movies. My favorite was Back to the Future which we saw in some theaters near the Cottonwood Mall. It's the only movie I went back to the theater to see two more times. I loved the bully character Biff. A favorite movie at home was It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World. I think Sam memorized most of the dialogue.

As a family, we'd periodically go out to eat. Besides the regular fast food places, I think it might have been Niki and Al who identified Astro Burgers as a good place. We liked it. For over 30 years it has been the go to place for family get togethers. Other members of the Pace family are accustomed to eating there when relatives come from out of town. Some of us liked to go to Chuck A Rama because of the large soft serve cones. Shana cooked great meals at home with casseroles, meat and potatoes and great desserts. Dominoes became our favorite pizza until Little Caesar's came into play. While it was still common to go to pizza restaurants, Shana and I liked Round Table Pizza at the Olympus Hills shopping center.

I guess we watched TV during all of the 80's and 90's. The Walton's, Taxi, and St. Elsewhere were some series we enjoyed in Charlottesville. As the family grew, we never watched much together as I had growing up when TV was more of a novelty. Later, we never got into Cheers, Mash or Seinfeld opting for Monday Night Football with Howard Cosell and other sports shows and specials. We even watched Miss America and the Oscars. The kids didn't get hooked into

much although *Saved By the Bell* was a favorite and Roxane was upset and pouted when we were trying to keep MTV out of the household. Network TV was turning to junk during this period as feminism and liberalism began to take hold in the country. Shows with a strong masculine and traditional values based foundation—*Bonanza*, *Father Knows Best*, *The Walton's*, *My Three Sons* taught boys honesty, compassion, and hard work. The culture then shifted to chickification and sissyness with the acceptance of political correctness, feminization, secularism, liberalized sexual norms eventually leading to the “woke” world we live in now.

Nothing new here in world history. The Bible and the Book of Mormon recount this slide time and time again as do common sense reviews of empires. Anyway, our family came of age during this period and have mostly avoided pitfalls that have beset so many others. The abandonment and absence of the Christian God in our collective lives can only lead to destruction.

Sunshine Cleaners was a completely new experience for us. I felt embarrassed as a visible member of the financial services community in Salt Lake, I was now by virtue of my own inadequacy, forced to shuffle into a lackluster, blue collar business. It was hard on my ego. I had to hide my face in public. If I was who I pretended to be and wanting to be, wouldn't I be setting up some high tech or software company showing my high intelligence and versatility to the business community? What humiliation! That I had to seek help from my brother (\$100K loan) and Shana's mother was even worse. I exited the leadership of the BYU Management Society, The Salt Lake Rotary Club, the Utah Financial Services Board and a place on the Utah Opera Board. I felt like the general of the South Vietnamese army who hightailed it out of Saigon and moved to the US to run a convenience store in Houston. How could I tell friends I'd moved from bank president to pressing pants?

Time heals most things and after several years my deflated ego was patched sufficiently to see that we could make a real go of our new enterprise. I guess I never did things enough times to qualify for Heber J. Grant's statement about things becoming easier for us the more we do them. My golf game sucked, I could never play a piano piece without a mistake, write an essay without botching it somewhere and so forth. But I think we did a good job in running the cleaners, tightening down operational policies, improving customer service, making correct financial decisions and for the most part hiring capable workers. Purchasing the 9th and 9th property and taking over the shirt laundry gave us more control and the bottom line grew substantially. None of this would have been possible without the family. It truly was a family business.

Flying J

Taking this job with the cleaners being the family's economic foundation would be fun. There would be windfall income and even if the rug were pulled out from under me at some point, it wouldn't jolt financial security. The characters in my run with Flying J would be good for a serialized melodrama. Phil Adams was a rough and tough hands on CEO who had led the company for several years under the hand of owner and founder Jay Call. Call had a history of

flying helicopters and planes, hence the name Flying J. Adams gave me pretty good freedom to get things started. My work was between operational offices in North Salt Lake and the corporate headquarters in Brigham City.

To keep his eyes on me, Adams put a legal lackey named Jeff Bell to work with me in organizing the Bank. Later, CFO Paul Brown became my boss. Paul was a good old guy who expressed some caution and skepticism about suggestions and actions that I would make and take. Four years later he was in charge of moving me out and getting a new guy in.

I organized a capable Board of Directors and hired some good people to staff the Finance, Credit, and Marketing functions—Jill Bishoff, Lane Anderson, and Tamara Grimes. We were a good team. Jill, Tamara and Lane had worked at small banks and were well versed in their duties. The state banking regulators were pleased with how the bank came together and said the application was as good as they'd seen. We offered CD's and a credit card developed with MasterCard. Later, we started thinking about other types of lending, particularly factoring. It was at this time that Paul and Phil decided they needed another type of banker to press forward with the bank. Secretly and unbeknownst to me, Paul began talking to a few people and got a name submitted to the state and FDIC for approval. So many people knew about this before I had a clue—even my replacement's son who worked for the FDIC in Washington, DC. I was steamed and went looking for Paul. He was at a business lunch with several people at a hotel restaurant. I hopped in my red VW and went to the hotel. I stormed in, saw Paul, went to the table and asked him what was going on? He was taken by surprise, mortified, and embarrassed to be accosted in such a manner. He said we'd talk about it later in the day.

He brought the FJ attorney and the HR head into the office to deliver the news. With both the AT&T situation and this one I felt that confrontation could have been avoided. Why not just sit down and tell me they appreciated what I'd done and wanted a new leader to move into the next phase? Once again, the corporation could not fire the CEO of the bank without a decision of the bank Board of Directors. I knew my place. I was not going to try to convince the board to reject my firing. I wrangled three months severance from them and went on my way. It was back to the cleaners.

A little later, I took on another banking project to see if I could get an ILC license for a mortgage banking outfit out of Kansas City, Northstar Mortgage. I worked for two or three months putting an application together and found three outside board members. The mortgage company invested heavily in residential mortgages that had higher returns but lower quality. The national market was very good at this time and I felt there was a good chance I could get the package approved. The FDIC balked, concerned about asset quality and we ultimately had to back off. This was in early 2000. Several years passed and the market did tank with the Great Recession of 2008. Holders of these high yielding mortgages had the run pulled out from under them. Northstar, as a holder of subprime mortgages, would have been hard hit.

Another project I worked on during this time was trying to set up a community bank. It would be based in Utah County and would be called Mountainland Bank. I developed an extensive

business plan and brought Al Thomson and Dan Jorgensen to help with different aspects of the approval process. Often, the major stumbling block for a new bank is acquiring capital. Dan had many contacts from whom I was wanting to secure funds. Al helped with financial projections. Despite much time and effort, things, particularly capital, didn't come together and I abandoned the project as the Flying J opportunity presented itself.

The Decades of Disease

I did not have good fortune with my health. In later years, my calendar was filled with medical visits for many conditions. Cancers, heart disease, diabetes, hemodialysis, fistulas, kidney transplant (**Sam saved me**), restless leg, gout, broken foot, stroke, broken back, hernias, sleep apnea, atrial fibrillation—most with attendant surgeries, tests, procedures, therapies, follow-ups, hospital stays, and medications. Four or five insulin shots a day, eighteen different pills.

That was just the physical fun. Mentally, I became a basket case. The job losses were one thing. The traumatic brain injury caused by a car accident were another. Many were the times I was on my knees to plead for relief from the destructive monster occupying my gut. There were years when I felt I could barely hang on. Besides God, I think I was saved by Xanax. I saw two psychiatrists and a mental health therapist who helped with a slow recovery of my marbles. All of this started with my forced departure from AT&T in 1995. It shot up after my 2016 car accident where I fell asleep at the wheel west bound on Wasatch Blvd. before Fort Union. In a Honda Pilot, I flew off the east side of the road, airborne for 100 ft., down an embankment, plumping on the ground breaking several vertebrae in my lower back. As I flew out into the void, I remember saying to myself "Oh no, not again." Fortunately I missed any oncoming traffic. Good citizens rushed to my aid and EMT's from a nearby station arrived and pulled me out of the car, put me on a stretcher board, and hustled me to the hospital.

Following surgery a few days later, I actually felt pretty good. I wore a turtle shell brace that Shana would put on and take off each day. A few days later I was hit with the consequences of a Traumatic Brain Injury (TBI). I fell into the depths of depression and spent the next several months climbing out from that house of dejection and gloom.

Like the recovery from my transplant surgery the year before, it was increasingly hard to get back into the game of life. Mental and physical barriers were both pretty high. One thing followed another with shortness of breath, pulmonary tests, stress tests, medications, stroke, new heart valve, broken foot, physical therapies, back injections and so forth.

Through all of this, I wouldn't have survived without Shana. With my issues, I dragged her through the depths of my misery and she assisted in every aspect of my life. Hilary was a big help in confronting my anxiety. Many were the times I thought how I could leave this life of despair without leaving a scar on my family.

As family and professionals helped pull me out of my impending doom, I began to feel more excited about the prospects of the future.

Travel

From the point beginning with living in Egypt, I was mesmerized by the prospect of living overseas and traveling as much as I could. Spending two years in Argentina on my church mission added to the mystique of overseas life. My schooling ended with the Darden MBA with interviews with banks who had overseas opportunities. Citibank offered a post in Saudi Arabia or Ecuador. We chose Ecuador and lived in Quito and Guayaquil for three glorious years. Sidetracked by cancer, remaining in the US was required to follow up with the disease. Given a job in San Francisco, we later were posted to Seattle where I remained focused on international business.

It was during this time that Shana's parents started a yearly practice of family travel. What followed were trips to Hawaii, Cancun, Ixtapa, Guaymas, Cabo San Lucas and Tahiti, mostly at Club Med resorts. In Mexico we took a lot of side trips seeing the archaeological sites at Tulum and Chichén Itza, taking zip lines in jungles surrounding Puerto Vallarta, ATV's on the beaches of Mazatlan, a several hour train ride to Copper Mountain (Mexico's Grand Canyon), the pelicans, deep sea fishing, scuba diving in Cancun, Moorea, and Barbados, trips to Isla de las Mujeres and Cozumel.

We then started cruising in the early 2000's. For the next 20 years, we cruised the Caribbean twice through the Panama Canal, three times to the Mediterranean Sea, the Baltic Sea, to Japan, China; another cruise to Southeast Asia, the Mexican Riviera, around South America, to Cuba, the Hawaiian Islands, river cruises on the Rhine and Danube and in the Mekong Delta as well as two sailings along the fjords of Norway. Shana's least favorite cruise was from Montreal to New York. We can't forget the Galapagos and Alaskan cruises back in the 1990's. It almost became a race with Shana's three siblings as to who could go on the most cruises. Her brother Nathan and wife Jenni were way ahead taking several cruises each year.

Early on in family cruising, Shana and I became the ones who would tell her mom where we should go and would then become the travel agent for the group. This worked well for the most part as Shana had a good connection with our travel agent Judy at Columbus Travel in Bountiful. She even planned a couple of trips for the family that we unfortunately had to back out of. These were the Black Sea cruise and the European river cruise from Amsterdam to the Black Sea. After then, Shana's folks had passed away and everyone was on their own. Pauline was the catalyst for all the family travel and since she had paid for it, there was little consensus on destinations after she was gone. The Fischbeck's and the Andelin's began serving multiple missions so there was little opportunity to get the whole group together again.

Along with the cruises we began taking trips with Alan McKay who operated a travel company that catered largely to would-be travelers along the Wasatch Front. He hosted tours around the world and was the type of guy just our speed. He was friendly, funny, knew his stuff, paired us with the best local guides and by himself made the trip 50% better than if we'd have gone with a typical tour group. There were usually 30-40 average Joes on the tour and we'd fit into one tour bus. On the five trips we did with Alan, he told many of the same jokes over and over but they

were always funny. We first did a Peru trip which included Manchu Pincha, Iquitos and the Amazon River, and the Sacred Valley. Next was Vietnam, Cambodia and Thailand where the highlights were Saigon and Vietnam War sites, Angkor Wat, and Bangkok and its surroundings. The next trip was to Egypt, Jordan and Israel followed by the last one to South Africa. That was right before the China flu which shut down travel. Since then, with the exception of a Norway cruise, I became travel averse. We had visited over 80 countries and given my physical limitations at the age of 70, and the hassle of preparing and the stresses of airports, lines, cancellations, baggage loss, TSA, wheelchairs, nothing appealed to me anymore. Short car trips had more appeal to me and we began visiting places like the Oregon coast, Yellowstone, Nevada and St. George environs.

I wish we had done more for our kids in the way of travel. Our cross country trip of 1989 was the pinnacle of family fun on the road. I've appended a write-up of this trip. We made visits to California and Disneyland and later to Disney World Orlando. We took fun Thanksgiving trips to the Fischbeck's in Arizona. Sometimes cousin Bud would be a part of the travel. We had a memorable trip to the Lehman Caves at Great Basin National Park in Nevada. When Roxane had moved to Washington D.C., we took another trip to see Church sites in New England. Camping trips to hike Timpanogos or up to the Albion Basin and the Nebo Loop were highlights. Partial family trips coincided with BYU football games where I would take one or all the boys to places like Seattle, South Bend, Tallahassee, San Diego, Albuquerque and Logan.

Cleaners ownership made for family togetherness but it curtailed getting everyone together for vacations.

Church

From an early age until the time of this writing my faith in Jesus Christ has been at the foundation of my behavior, the well-being of my family, and all of my important decisions. Much of my stability of belief I credit to my parents and ancestors who were early converts from Scandinavia and England. I will not betray that heritage which was built by physical hardship, sacrifice, and above all, faith. Though in some ways I might be a lesser light to theirs, I cannot reject the foundation they laid to support the dedicated efforts from those who followed. I wish to be a link in the armor worn by those that fight for the gathering of Israel.

My Church membership charted my life. It would have been easy for a fortune teller to predict the course I would take based on my faith. I would attend to my duties of church attendance in primary, Sunday school, Mutual. I would take Seminary, go to BYU, go on a mission, be married in the temple and attempt to raise a family in righteousness. Despite the earthly challenges of overcoming deficits in my life brought on by health, social inadequacies, mental trauma, intellectual shortfalls and failings of the natural man, I would somehow persevere and endure to the end. I have tried hard to protect my "brand" as a Taylor concealing the tarnishes and dents that might expose character deficiencies.

Sports

Sports and competition along with faith, education, work, and marriage have been the pillars of my life. As I look back, there were so many competitive activities. I was drawn to them all. I can't remember when my dad didn't play catch with me in the driveway or hit grounders and fly balls to me over at Farrer Junior High. At school there was competition in marbles, yo yo's, baseball, slaughter (a sort of rugby), football, kickball, running, high jumping, speedball. As I grew older I joined Little League baseball as a second baseman, city sponsored flag football as a quarterback, tennis and in the summer golf. A group of friends would ride their bikes with their clubs on their backs to Timpanogos Golf Course, now East Bay. I also joined a Saturday morning bowling league at Regal Lanes and played Little League ice hockey where my Mom would sew hanger lengths between two pieces of denim for shin guards. It was constant outdoor activity. Because of competitive winter basketball, I didn't start skiing until after high school.

Sports added so much spice and flavor to life and taught so many life lessons: how to deal with success and failure, teamwork, fighting through injury, strategy and tactics, fairness, sportsmanship, seeking excellence, goal setting, controlling emotions, results of cheating. I was a pretty good athlete as a kid. I could run the fastest, jump the highest and be a team leader, especially as a kid in elementary school and junior high. My abilities peaked in high school and in college it was intramural sports and church ball.

Last Few Years

In the later stages of my life I was beset with heart failure and cancer and it was clear to me that my days were numbered. Hospital visits were frequent and there was seldom a weekday where Shana didn't shuffle me somewhere for an appointment. These revelations were hard on the family but with the exception of Hilary, I think they handled it well.

Dad finished this in October 2022